

Thou hast wasted Islam's army through thy bribery forsooth:
Thou mayst deem we know not, yet is there no news to wing its flight?

Natheless, with God's high aid to wreak our vengeance on the foe,
Have we not an ancient servant with the zeal of Islam dight?

Now have I declared commander a Vezir of high emprise:
Will not Khizr¹ and the Prophet lead? is none to guide aright?

Is it that thou holdest all the world for void and empty now?
Is there none to rule the Seven Climes,² Murádí, in his might?

With the accession of Sultan Ibráhím on the death of his brother Murád IV, there comes a break in the line of poet Sultans. This sovereign, whose interests were circumscribed by the walls of his harem, appears to have been absolutely indifferent to poetry and to poets. He was equally heedless with regard to public affairs; and the worst of the abuses which Murád had striven so relentlessly to suppress began to reappear on every side. At length, after a reign of eight years, he was in 1058 (1648) deposed and put to death, having exasperated all classes by his boundless extravagance and by the endless taxes which he levied. The people were taxed and re-taxed to gratify every costly whim of the ladies in whose society the Sultan found all his pleasure and passed all his time. We read of a sable tax and an ambergris tax, raised to supply the Seraglio with furs and perfumes; and we are told of a chariot adorned with precious stones constructed to please the sumptuous taste of one fair favourite, and of a gem-encrusted caïque built to bear the Imperial pleasure-parties on the waters of the Bosphorus. All this was no doubt very delightful to the Sultan and his ladies, but the price paid for it was the life blood of the nation.

¹ Khizr, the supernatural being who comes to the aid of poor Muslim in distress. See Vol. I, p. 172, n. 1.

² The Seven Climes, i. e. the whole world. See p. 96, n. 1.

Every office was sold to the highest bidder, every form of oppression was practised, in order to procure money for the wild extravagances of the palace; till at length some of the more honest and thoughtful among the people, seeing that this could have no other issue than national ruin, determined to stop it in the most effectual of all manners, and so brought about a revolution with the result already mentioned, and seated Ibráhím's son, Muhammed, then a child of seven, on the throne of 'Osmán.

Nef'í of Erzerum, as the author who now claims our attention is generally called, is, by the unanimous verdict of the modern Ottoman critics, one of the crowning glories of the earlier Turkish literature, and the second, in point of time, of those four great poets who by virtue of race and commanding genius stand forth as leaders and captains from the serried ranks of the Old School writers. As in the case of his great predecessor Fuzúlí, we have but few particulars concerning Nef'í's career, and these few relate chiefly to his tragic fate. 'Omer (such was the poet's personal name) was born at Hasan Qal'á, a little town in the neighbourhood of Erzerum. Some time during the reign of Ahmed I he made his way to Constantinople, where he adopted the profession of an accountant. Nef'í dedicated some brilliant qasídas to Sultan Ahmed, as also to his son the luckless 'Osmán II; but he does not appear to have made much way with the Imperial patrons before the accession of Murád IV, whose special favour he succeeded in acquiring, and whom he eulogised in a series of magnificent poems which have proved the despair of all subsequent Ottoman qasída-writers.

Unhappily for himself, Nef'í's genius for panegyric was equalled by his gift of satire; he is the greatest satirist, as he is the greatest panegyrist, in Turkish literature. This dangerous gift naturally enough got the poet into trouble.

With the single exception of the Sultan himself, not one of the great dignitaries of the state, not one of the eminent literary men of the day, was secure against the stroke of those Shafts of Doom,¹ as he called his pungent and bitter lampoons. One day when Sultan Murád was in the Seraglio gardens reading in this book of the Shafts of Doom, a thunderbolt fell at his feet. This the Pádisháh interpreted as a sign of the wrath of heaven against the audacious poet, who was in consequence then and there banished from the court. Before long, however, the sentence was rescinded; and Nef'í was recalled and reinstated in the imperial favour, but with the condition that he would henceforward refrain from satire. But this, whatever Nef'í might promise, was more than he could perform; the passion to satirise had become as it were a disease with him, — he was unable to resist lampooning his own father — and when the Vezir Beyrá'm Pasha, the Sultan's brother-in-law and an officer of some distinction, whom the poet had previously lauded to the skies in a grandiloquent panegyric, returned from temporary exile in Rhodes, Nef'í attacked him in a satire so savage and so grossly insulting that the Vezir besought Murad to deliver the offender into his hands. The Sultan granted Beyrá'm's request; and by the orders of the latter, acting under the official sanction of the 'ulema, many of whom had been hard hit by the barbed and poisoned Shafts of Doom, Nef'í was bowstrung in the woodyard of the Seraglio, and his body cast into the sea. The story is told that when Nef'í was being led to the place where he was to die, the executioner, venturing on a grim jest, said, 'Come on, Nef'í, we are going to a wood where thou mayst cut thee Shafts of Doom,' to which the luckless poet could find no better answer than, 'accursed yoke! wouldst thou too be witty.'

¹ *Sham'at Qazi.*

Most authorities place the execution of Nef'î in 1044 (1634—5); but Hajji Khalifa and, following him, Von Hammer make it a year later, in 1045 (1635—6).

More than any other Turkish poet is Nef'î dependent upon style, upon execution, for the position which he holds in his country's literature. The pre-eminence of that position is indisputable and undisputed, but it rests exclusively on the marvellous brilliancy, the imperial magnificence, of the poet's language. It is only as a writer of qasidas that Nef'î has acquired so great a name; his ghazels are of comparatively little account, and his satires are so gross that they cannot be read without disgust. It therefore follows, almost of necessity, that whatever be his merits, they must lie in the manner, not in the matter, of his work. The object of the qasida is eulogy of the highly placed, and eulogy of the highly placed is never, even under the most favourable conditions, very hopeful for poetry. But the conditions under which the Turkish poets wrote such eulogies were very far from being the most favourable; for leaving out of sight the personal deserts of the great men in whose honour they sang, tradition and convention had rendered impossible any sympathetic or even sincere treatment of their subject. That Nef'î was not sincere in his extravagant laudations of the vezirs and pashas whom he extolled, might easily have been gathered from the fact that many of his panegyrics are corrected by his satires; thus Mehemed Pasha the Georgian (Gurji Mehemed Pasha), of whom he says in a qasida that,

'Neath the fanqâ of his glorious splendour is the sphere an egg,

'In the balance of his stately portance is the earth a grain,'¹

is described in the Shafts of Doom in such a manner as to

¹ زبیر عنقای شکوئنده فلك بر بیضه

کف میوزان و قارنده زمین بر مثقال

rendered by the phrase 'correctness of diction.' Each word is chosen with the most perfect felicity, it is always the right one among all others in the language for the place where it occurs. There is, moreover, no suggestion of forcing; every word and every phrase falls naturally, inevitably as it would appear, into its own proper place. There are, it may be added, practically no *ziháfs* here, and hardly any of those awkward-sounding *imálas* so prevalent in earlier writers.

Nefí's *qasídas*, exordiums and panegyrics alike, are of course gorgeous with all the opulence of his marvellous imagination; glittering images and similes are flashed one upon the other till the mental vision is like to be dazzled by the excess of rhetorical brilliance. This luxuriant extravagance is often mere beautifully expressed bombast which when translated sounds trivial or meaningless enough; but at times, when the poet places something of a curb on the exuberance of his fancy, the exaggeration not only ceases to be displeasing, but adds a distinct artistic value to his work.

Although the general character of Nefí's *qasídas* is such as I have described, there are a few among them which, while exquisite in diction and delicate in imagery, are inspired by a simple natural feeling, the freshness of which is very delightful, coming as it does with all the charm of the unexpected.

The so-called satirical poems of Nefí would be more correctly described as vituperative or invective. For the most part they miss the point of satire, which is to show up what is really vicious or foolish, and are little else than a mass of scurrilous and obscene abuse flung at whatever person chanced to incur the writer's displeasure. These satires are the counterpart of the *qasídas*; just as in the latter Nefí overleaps the bounds of taste and propriety in the fulsome adulation and the extravagant and bombastic flattery which he heaps

upon his patrons, so in the former he leaves far behind him the limits of decency, and riots in every excess of filthy and foul-mouthed abuse. Here again we see the same extraordinary facility of language and the same marvellously fertile imagination; only it is no longer the perfumes of the rose-garden that surround us, but the poisonous exhalations of the cloaca. Most certainly it was in Turkey as in England, and much that nowadays would be condemned was permissible enough when Nef'î wrote. But even then there was a point beyond which one might not go, and beyond which Nef'î went, as the story of his career abundantly testifies.

The old Turkish poets, almost without exception and for the most part with but scant justification, were, as we have several times had occasion to observe, ever wont to indulge in self-laudations of the most extravagant and most barefaced character. Whether this practice, so much at variance with the humble, even abject, tone usually adopted by the Eastern writers, arose, as Kemâl Bey suggests, from the mystic fervour of certain poets who in praising their own genius meant to praise that Universal Genius of which theirs was an emanation; or whether, as Ekrem Bey maintains, such passages were written by the poets in defiant response to the hostile criticisms of their rivals, and by way of vindicating their claim to the laurel in the eyes of posterity, the custom was formerly so universal that, with the single exception of Nedim, there is scarcely a poet of eminence belonging to the Old School who has not written at least one long piece of verse exclusively devoted to the glorification of his own transcendent talents. Nef'î's Fakhriyyas, as such self-laudatory poems are called, are among the most famous in the language. Here as elsewhere the great natural gifts of the poet make themselves apparent, and weave about us a spell under the influence of which we can read with pleasure works the very

purpose of which, self-glorification, we feel to be an outrage on good taste.

Determined seemingly not to be behind the age, Nef'í too has his Sáqí-Náma; but the poem which he wrote under this title is not, like those of most of his contemporaries, a more or less elaborate mesneví, but is a brilliant little terkíb-bend consisting of five stanzas and celebrating the praises of the wine-cup, to which it is addressed.

Nef'í's ghazels, while quite as correct and classic in language as his qasídas, are much more subdued in tone; the brilliant imagination is here under strict control, and the passionate love of gorgeous colour is no longer allowed to assert itself in every line. The note struck is not exactly mystic, as the older poets understood mysticism; it is rather contemplative and reflective. The critics, dazzled perhaps by the exceeding splendour of the qasídas, seem to set comparatively little store by the ghazels; yet there appears to me to be much in them that is beautiful in a quiet and unobtrusive way.

A noteworthy feature of all Nef'í's poetry is its comparative freedom from the equivoques and other similar childish conceits which we have seen to be so general in old Turkish literature. Conscious, as it would appear, of his own high genius, he disdained to trick out his work with a meretricious finery such as lesser men might find it needful to employ in order to secure public favour for their verse. In this particular, as well as in the brilliancy and correctness of its language, the poetry of Nef'í must be accorded a higher place than that of Fuzúlí, to which it is infinitely inferior in all deeper and more truly poetic qualities. Nef'í is the greater artist; Fuzúlí the greater poet.

No poet since Báqí's time did so much to refine and polish the language as Nef'í; although, as I have already said, his idea of refining and polishing the Turkish language

was to turn it into the shadow of the literary idiom of Persia. In the preface to his anthology, Ziyá Pasha dwells on the service which Nef'í really rendered to the Ottoman speech; but after pointing out how the Erzerum poet, together with Nábí who flourished a little later, elaborated and amplified the language, he goes on to say that these two writers revolutionised the poetic literature of Turkey; and this, he declares, they did by bringing it closer still to the Persian models, in construction as well as in vocabulary. It is perfectly true that Nef'í did use all his influence to assimilate the literary language of Turkey yet more closely to that of Persia, and by so doing inaugurated the ultra-Persianism which marks so much of the poetry produced during the closing stage of the Classic Period. But the step thus taken and the effect resulting from it can in no way be correctly described as revolutionary; they are no more than the climax of a movement which had been in force from the very beginning.

At the commencement of this chapter I spoke of Nef'í as the founder of what I called the Artificial School. This School looked upon Báqí as its master, but it contented itself with studying and developing the technical side of that poet's work, and did not, like the contemporary Natural School led by Yahyá Efendi, endeavour to import into poetry any freshness either of subject or feeling. The result of this was, that of these two schools, which between them embrace all the noteworthy poets of the last half century of the Classic Period, the first, having for aim the yet faster rivetting of the fetters of tradition and alien authority and the yet more absolute divorce of poetry from actual life, was doomed to sterility, dying within fifty years and leaving no successor, while the second, which endeavoured, though a little unconsciously to itself, to see things as they are, and to express

simply and naturally what it saw, became the parent of the Transition and the ancestor of the Modern School.

It was at the hands of Nef'î that the Turkish *qasída* attained its crowning point; and the cultivation of the *qasída* became as much an object with the Artificial School as the Persianising of the language. The example of 'Urfî, the great Persian *qasída*-writer of the time, had doubtless no little influence alike on the manner and matter of Nef'î's work, and may possibly have confirmed that poet in his choice of a verse-form which in itself offered the most favourable medium for the expression of his peculiar genius. In this matter of the cultivation of the *qasída*, Nef'î's influence has been more abiding than in his attempt to further denationalise the language. The Artificial School received it at his hands and passed it on to the poets of the Transition. And so his works of this class came to form a series of models for a host of subsequent writers, many of whom have done good work and earned for themselves a well-deserved reputation, but not one among whom, it may safely be said, has been able to rival as a *qasída*-writer the gifted poet whom in this matter they have agreed to look upon as master.

That Nef'î, in common with many of the more eminent poets of his day, was a loving and admiring student of Bâqî is shown by an examination of their respective *dívâns*. Not only did the later poet set before himself the same end as his predecessor, namely the perfecting of the literary language of his people, but he studied his master's works so closely as to assimilate something alike of their spirit and their phraseology. The two following examples of closeness of thought and expression, which have been pointed out by Professor Nájî, can hardly be altogether accidental. In one of Bâqî's poems we read,

To us Western readers he fails to appeal with the same force as the three remaining members of the illustrious quaternity; on the whole we are unable to take him quite seriously; we admire his command of language, we recognise his wealth of fancy, but we cannot get rid of the idea that all the while he is laughing alike at his patrons and his readers. Unquestionably Nedîm gave proof of the keenness of his critical acumen when he wrote,

‘Nef‘î was the artist of speech in qasidas;’¹

and no doubt Ekrem Bey is justified when he says that Nef‘î is worthy to be reckoned the first of those men of genius who by the eloquence and correctness of their language are the pride of the ‘Osmanli poets,’ ‘a writer such that though so many poets have striven hard during two centuries and a half to copy him, not one has succeeded in coming near him;’ and no doubt Kemâl Bey is right in regarding the openings of Nef‘î’s two greatest qasidas as being among the most brilliant examples of Ottoman poetry; and Ziyâ Pasha in describing him as the Sultan on the throne of the realm of speech, in whose company none may travel, any more than the wren may pair with the falcon. Yet all these high qualities are of a nature such that to thoroughly appreciate them one must be an accomplished Ottoman critic. And so it comes about that we who are not such, and cannot be such, find ourselves unmoved by the works of this great poet, because we fail to discover in them that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

It should be said that Nef‘î was one of the best Ottoman writers of Persian verse; Ekrem Bey, indeed, maintains that he was the very best with the exception of Sultan Selîm I, and adds that his poems in that language would have called

نفعی وادی قصایدده سخن پرداز در^۱

forth the surprise and admiration of ʿUrfi and Fayzî themselves.

In the translations which I have made from Nefʿî's qasidas I have as a rule stopped short at the end of the exordium; the panegyrics are all very much the same, and are alike without interest and without value; to have inserted them would merely have detracted from the beauty and the unity of the several poems.

The first of which I give a translation is one of the most famous qasidas in Ottoman literature; it is known as the Eyler Qasidasi or 'Doth'-Qasida, a name given to it from the circumstance that each of its riming lines ends with the word eyler or 'doth,' as a redif. This qasida is an early one, being dedicated to Sultan Ahmed I; the exordium, the whole of which is given in my translation, is, as will be noticed, purely philosophical in subject. Shinásî Efendi, the founder of the Modern School, wrote a Nazíra or rival poem to this famous qasida.

The Doth Qasída. [256]

Deem not the Sphere, revolving, maketh morning eve to be:
 It warneth of the latter end of everything we see.
 In very truth, this world is like a fleeting dream of night;
 For even as we close and ope our eyes the moments flee.
 Oh how should they of such a land, where e'en this brief respite
 For rest is loss, e'er win to skill, or art, or mastery
 Or let us hold that time enow for rest were granted man,
 How should the sage discern the paths of right and villainy
 Can e'er there lie discernment of the paths of right and wrong
 In yonder heart wherein the hosts of woe strive bitterly
 There is no one will find the path of truth, unless the man
 To whom the Guide Eternal send His Grace to company
 Unless that Grace divine the comrade be, all in vain
 Who trusteth unto reason here, must meet calamity
 The skill of reason lies in understanding' field alone
 But how should understanding fill a heart for certainty

If understanding be yon science whence the human mind
 And intellect may learn to wot of destiny's decree,
 The men of heart and soul will never thereunto incline,
 For such a lore would but confound the soul more drearly.
 According to his mind will be each mortal's yea and nay:
 Think not he reckes about the Sphere who speaketh verity.
 The rakes, God-cherished. of the inward truth regard not here
 The Sphere nor yet the wisest sages' high authority;
 No rule do they accord to yonder Heaven's traitor shifts:
 All knowledge they renounce, and bow to Fate and Destiny.
 But is yon whirling Wheel itself free of all dule and pain? —
 For it likewise hath Fortune made its sun a goad to be;
 And glorious decks the forehead of the day with fair brocade,¹
 But in its liver's blood doth stain its skirts with cramoisie.²

* * * * *

The next example is from another very celebrated *qasída*, concerning which there is a story, somewhat improbable in view of the extremely elaborate character of the poem, to the effect that Nef'í composed it impromptu for Sultan Murád. In this *qasída*, the subject of which is the delightful springtide, each couplet (except the first) has two rimes, the first, repeated three times, peculiar to itself; and the second, that common to the whole poem. Poetry rimed in this manner is technically called *musammat*, and is not uncommon; it is much like the Leonine verse of the Latin poets of the Middle Ages. The exordium of this poem and that of the Eýler *Qasídasi* are the two which the late Kemál Bey described as being among the most splendid achievements of Ottoman poetry. I give here a portion of the panegyric by way of a sample of such things.

Spring *Qasída*. [257]

The early springtide breezes blow, the roses bloom at dawn of day;
 Oh let our hearts rejoice: cup-bearer, fetch the bowl of Jem, I pray.

¹ Referring to the morning.

² Referring to the sunset.

The gladsome time of May is here,¹ the sweetly scented air is clear,
 The earth doth Eden-like appear, each nook doth Irem's bower display.²
 'Tis e'en the rose's stound of glee, the season of hilarity,
 The feast of lovers fair and free, this joyous epoch bright and gay.
 So let the goblets circle fair, be all the taverns emptied bare,
 To dance let ne'er a toper spare what while the minstrels chant the lay.
 A season this when day and night the tavern eyes the garth wi' spite:
 Though drunk, he loved a winsome wight, would none Medina's Sheykh missay.³
 Oh what shall now the hapless do, the lovelorn, the bewildered crew?
 Let beauties fetch the bowl anew, to spare the which were shame to-day!
 Be bowl and lovesome darling near, and so the hour will shine with cheer:
 And he in sooth will wise appear who maketh most of mirth and play.
 That toper's joy in truth were whole who, drunken and elate of soul,
 With one hand grasped the tulip-bowl,⁴ with one the curling locks' array.
 Cup-bearer, cast those airs aside, give wine, the season will not bide,
 Fill up the jar and hanap wide, nor let the beakers empty stay.
 Each tender branchlet fresh and fine hath ta'en in hand its cup o' wine:⁵
 Be kind, O Rose, bloom forth and shine; O Rosebud-lip, O Cypress-Spray!
 Of this say not 'tis dregs;⁶ 'tis clear;⁷ pass round the bowl, and banish fear;
 Submit thee to the turning Sphere; and hand the wine without delay.
 For wine of lovers is the test, of hearts the woe, of souls the rest,
 The Magian elder's⁸ treasure blest, th' adorn of th' Idol's festal tray.¹
 'Tis wine that guides the wise in mind, that leadeth lovers joy to find;
 It casts it unto every wind, nor lets grief's dust the heart dismay.
 A molten fire the wine doth flow; in crystal cup, a tulip glow;
 Elsewise a fragrant rosebud blow, new-opened and sprent with dewy spray.
 So give us wine, cup-bearer, now, the bowl of Jem and Key-Khusraw,⁸

¹ *Urdi-bihisht* (here rendered 'May') is the name of the second month of the ancient Persian solar year, when the sun is in Taurus, 20th. April to 20th. May.

² *Irem*, the terrestrial Paradise, see Vol. I. p. 326 n. 5.

³ *Sheykh-ul Harem* = The Elder of the Sanctuary, is the title of the civil governor of Medina.

⁴ The bowl is tulip-hued, red being filled with wine.

⁵ The branchlet's cups are the bud.

⁶ See p. 232, n. 4 *supra*.

⁷ The Idol is the adorable cup-bearer.

⁸ *Key Khiraw* (or *Key Khuray*), one of the ancient legendary kings of Persia, must not be confounded with the historical Scythian monarch *Khuraw Parwiz* (*Khurayev Prityz*) the lover of *Shirin*.

Fill up a brimming measure thou, let all distress from hearts away.
 Yea, we are lovers fond and free, for all that thralls of wine we be;
 Lovelorn and stricken sore are we, be kind to us nor say us nay.
 For Allah's sake a goblet spare, for yonder Moon's that shineth fair,¹
 That I with reed and pen prepare the Monarch's praises to essay; —
 That Sun of empy and command, that Champion-horseman of the land,
 As blithe as Jem, as Hátim bland,² whom all the folk extol alway:
 Of Rúm and Zanzibar the Fear,³ Rider of Time's piebald destrier,⁴
 Hunter of legions far and near, Behrám,⁵ Ferídun-ensigned aye:⁶
 That Monarch of the °Osmán race, whose noble heart and soul embrace
 Arabian °Omar's⁷ saintly grace and Persian Pervíz⁸ glorious sway:
 Sultán Murád, of fortune bright, who crowns doth give and Kingdoms smite;
 Both Emperor and Hero high, the Age's Lord with Jem's display:
 That King of Kings, of happy fate, that ornament of throne and state,
 Of fortune fast, of glory great, Iskender-brave and Joseph-gay:
 Is he the Monarch, stay of earth: the Moon that all things decketh forth;
 Behrám the fearless, great of worth: or else the Sun of bounteous ray?
 Like Jem, of nature royal and free: like Rustem, lord of valliancy;
 Like Jesus son of Mary, he, of heart and breath most blessed aye.

* * * * *

In his Course of Literature, Ekrem Bey quotes as a fine specimen of ornate style the following verses from another

¹ Yonder Moon' is some young beauty who was present. In this couplet, (the guríz-gáh), the passage is effected from the exordium to the panegyric.

² Hátim of the tribe of Tayy, an ancient Arab chief famous for his boundless generosity.

³ Rúm (practically the Ottoman dominions) typifies the land of white men; Zanzibar, the land of black men: together they represent the whole world. See Vol. II, p. 361. n. 7.

⁴ The 'piebald destrier of Time,' is night and day, or good and evil fortune.

⁵ The Behrám here referred to is the Sásánian Behrám V, (generally called 'Behrám Gúr.' Behrám the Wild Ass) the great hunter, some of whose adventures are recorded in the romance of the Heft Peyker or Seven Effigies.

⁶ Ferídún is an ancient King of Persia who delivered his country from Zahák, the Arabian tyrant who had defeated and slain Jemshíd. Ferídún had a famous cow-headed mace which was made for him by Káwa the patriot blacksmith.

⁷ °Omar, the second Caliph.

⁸ King Khusrev Pervíz of Persia, the hero of the romance of Khusrev and Shirín.

Spring Qasída by Nef'í, in praise this time of the Sheykh of Islam Mehemed Efendi.

Qasída. [258]

The tide of vere hath reached once more the garth and spread its carpet green;
 Again the sultan rose doth grace the garden throne with lovesome mien.
 Again the vernal breeze hath won, with rise and fall, the bower unto,
 And shed new life, as Jesu's breath, on all the faded blooms and treen.
 A broidered carpet decks the earth from the reflection thrown thereon,
 Whene'er the heaven spreads the pearling cloud, its gem-enwroughten screen.
 The sunbeams of the grace of spring have reached unto the mirror sky,
 What then should that be cleared of all the rust of darkling clouds bedene?
 Each rose within the tulip-land becomes a whirlpool midst a sea
 Of blood, and makes that bark, the bulbul's peace, go round and round in teen.¹
 The breezes trace the wavelets o'er the water's face on such fine wise
 That there is ne'er a master thus could grave the silver plate, I ween.
 A golden stamp on azure wavéd silk, he must it deem who sees
 The image of the shining sun fall'n on the water's surface sheen.
 Let such as would deny the lanthorn's beauty in the glow of noon
 Behold the gulnár² taper ray midmost the jasmine-garden green.
 The red seal of the Lord of Love appears thereon as 'tis unrolled, ---
 No rosebud scoll is this, it is the bulbul's warranty to keen.³

* * * * *

In another part of the work before mentioned, Ekrem Bey quotes the following lines from a qasída in honour of the Grand Vezir Murád Pasha, as an example of good exaggeration, after which he proceeds to cite some further couplets from the same poem, in which the canons of taste having

¹ The garden red with tulips is regarded as a sea of blood in which the many petalled roses, fatal to the nightingale's peace of mind, represent the eddying whirlpools so dangerous to dips.

² The gulnár is the bright red pomegranate flower.

³ Here the unopened rosebud is considered as a rolled up scroll which on being spread open, proves to be a warrant sealed with the red seal (the petals of the rose) of the Lord of Love, and giving the nightingale authority to wail. In other words, the rose on opening causes the nightingale to wail for love of it.

been disregarded, the exaggeration is bad. I translate only the passage held by the Bey Efendi to be good. It may stand as a specimen of Nef'î's manner when describing a battle.

From a Qasída. [259]

* * * * *

May hearts aby to look upon his lance in wild mellay
 What while the foeman's crimson blood adown its length doth stream?
 Yea, even as the heads of fone fall earthward like to balls,
 Behold, his charger's hoofs as bandies smiting these do gleam.
 The darksome dust that circles him¹ about is e'en the smoke,
 Whene'er in fierce advance yon bounding flame doth onward beam.
 Soon as he draweth up the ranks and springs upon the foe,
 For dread are earth and sky fulfilled of shrigh and yell and scream.
 What time the ground is shaken 'neath the earthquake of his charge,
 That the dread Day of Doom was come, would all men surely deem.
 The flashing of his shining sword amid the darkling dust
 Is as the leaping flame that thwart the murky cloud doth leam.

* * * * *

The following, which is the exordium of a qasída dedicated to Sultan Murád, is likewise quoted by Ekrem Bey. I give it here as an instance of the simplicity with which Nef'î occasionally wrote.

Qasída. [260]

Welcome to thy bounty, zephyr fresh and fair,
 Naught but Universal Grace such sweets could share.
 Now thy breath makes earth to blossom like the rose,
 And thou bidst the season smiling looks to wear.
 Through the realms of China hath thy pathway lain?²
 Else what is this breathing fraught with musk so rare?
 Yea, thy breath all musky doth a thousand worlds

¹ The 'him' in this line refers to the 'bounding flame' of the next, that is to the Vezir's charger. All the other couplets refer to the Vezir himself.

² China or Cathay, the land of musk and sweet odours, see p. 157, n. 1 *supra*.

Of odour every moment shed along the air.
 Never hadst thou scattered fragrance like to this
 If thou hadst not lingered mid the loved one's hair.
 Never might the lover find a friend like thee,
 Though of friends the Seven Climes fulfilled were.
 Thou'rt his friend who's bounden fast in beauty's chain,
 His whose heart is stricken sore of love-despair.
 What the plight of yonder love-distraught heart,
 That it dree not anguish through the comb for e'er? ¹
 But be its dule or little or mickle through the comb,
 It ne'er may sigh aweary for fear or yet for care.
 Of somewhat of its dolour let it on piteous wise
 Make yonder winsome beauty's attiring-maiden ware.
 And should she still nor pity nor rue its plight upon,
 Is there not yet thy justice, my Sovran debonair? ²

* * * * *

Here is the opening stanza of Nef'î's Sáqî-Nâma. Although the goblet is apostrophised in the first line, it is the wine within it that is really addressed. This poem is very Persian in construction.

From the Sáqî-Nâma. [261]

Hail to thee, O crystal Goblet, brimmed with Wine of ruby ray!
 Let her learn of thee to circle — e'en the Sphere that scorns delay.
 Hail to thee, O bright Memento of the blithesome age of Jem;
 Glory of the reign of Jemshîd, Pride of Pesheng's ancient day! ³
 Hail to thee, O lovelorn Beauty of the tavern-palace fair;
 Daughter of the Magian elder, Sister of the Chenker gay! ⁴

¹ As we have seen before, p. 157, n. 5 *supra*, the comb is an object of envy with the poets, as it is allowed to play freely in the loved one's hair.

² This couplet is the *guz'ghah*, where the exordium passes into the panegyric. Here the poet would bid the lover's heart appeal to the justice of Mural against the heedlessness of his beloved on of her taming woman.

³ Pesheng is another of those ancient heroes of the Shah-Nâmâ. He was King of Turan and father of the famous Alexander.

⁴ It is interesting to note how Nef'î here declines to use what doubtless any other poet would have employed, the beloved metaphor for wine adulterated

Thou'rt that life-restoring Spirit of the slain of dule and woe;
 Even Khizr's fount beside thee would be naught but mirage-spray.
 Thou'rt that Coin that circles current in the mart of them of Love;
 Through thy virtue name and fame are gems whose worth is passed away.
 Thou'rt that Ornament of wisdom whose all-perfect grace hath swept
 From the mirror-soul of men of heart the rust of drear dismay.
 Ne'er had frozen-hearted lovers given for thy dregs their lives,
 Did'st thou not shed strength and ardour on each soul that strengthless lay.
 Thou'rt no wine: thou art the life of those the slain of grief and stress:
 Thou'rt the soul, nay, not of our world: thou'rt the soul of all that is!

* * * * *

The next poem is translated in its entirety. It is one of Nef^c's Fakhriyyas or self-laudatory pieces. So far as the form goes, it is what is called a qit^ca. This poem, which is a fine one, can hardly be read otherwise than mystically; the identification by the author of his individual genius with the universal is surely the key to its interpretation.

Fakhriyya. [262]

Yea, I am that Nef^c, radiant-hearted, pure and calm of soul;
 Purity's bright bowl is lucent through my mind that knows no fright.
 Heaven ever hopes for aidance from my reason's shining star;
 Learns the Intelligence Supreme¹ from mine all-comprehending spright.
 All the treasures men do long for by my soul are held as naught;
 Yet through niggardize I'd change not against earth my woeful plight.
 Grace Divine doth flash in lightning forth the mirror of my thought;
 From mine intellect's horizon shines the spirit's eye with light.
 Though it stirs not forth the centre, yet it roams the regions six, —²
 This my subtle heart, which reeks the quest a trivial feat and slight.
 It hath brought me to the Ka^cba of the Truth by such a road
 That the Blest to make collyrium of my pathway's dust delight..

rez = daughter of the vine, and invents in place of this his dukhter-i piri-mughán = daughter of the elder of the Magians (see p. 232, n. 4 *supra*) and hemshíre-i sáqi-i sheng = sister of the gay cup-bearer.

¹ For the Supreme Intelligence, see Vol. I, p. 42.

² The regions six, i. e. the six directions, see p. 46, n. 1 *supra*.

I'm the Universe of Inward Truth, I'm free of Fate's control;
 From my spheres' revolving cometh pain or woe to ne'er a wight.
 I'm the Sea of Knowledge, all my depths and shores with pearls are strown,
 Naught of refuse or defilement doth my sands or beaches blight.
 Why then, while my lot is this wise, stoop I down to poesy?
 What should I? — I may not win me from my passioned heart respite.
 If this passion thus should linger hidden in my heart and soul,
 And no word from out my riven breast on any ear alight,
 And I died, then mazed and wildered were the folk of all the earth
 At the wondrous words the grassy tongues would from my grave recite.¹

The three following ghazels, taken from Neff's *díwán*, are all quoted with high approval by Ekrem Bey in the preface to the third part of that charming series of poems which he entitles *Zemzeme*.

Ghazel. [263]

I thought 'twas pride made thee no look upon the rival throw;
 How great the grace, I deemed so small, thou didst on him bestow!

Thy glance hath put the heart to shame before the world at last;
 By God, I held for leal and true to secret pledge you Woe.²

Had I not seen thy beauteous visage in the mirror shown,
 I'd hold that like the moon thou dost unique in beauty glow.

I knew not that the tavern stood so brave and fashioned fair;
 Methought the rakes did all desire of fine abodes forego.

Again, Neff, I've heard of thee, that thou had magic wrought.
 In sooth thy verses all are signs and miracles, I trow.

Ghazel. [264]

Never wilt thou look and see the wound within my heart that be
 Can it be that beauties' away, treat them love's fool on the woe?

¹ The grassy tongues are the tongue-shaped blades of grass growing over his grave.

² The Woe, or Torment, is the beloved, see p. 182 n. 4 and p. 184 n. 109.

Never may the hapless lover's pain by any sigh be shown;
Nay, not e'en although his heart were torn to fragments by his sighs.

All this murder thou behold'st is wrought by yonder deathly glance,
So their two-edged sword is never laid down by her tyrant eyes.

With thy locks may not the lover bind that erring heart which he,
Like to Mejnūn, can no longer rule? Or what may he devise?

Sorely Nef'ī ever yearns to show his bitter pain to thee;
Have thou ruth and some day seek that wound within my heart that lies.¹

Ghazel. [265]

Now 'tis this wise, now 'tis that wise; no one may the Sphere gainsay;
'Tis inverted, and so likewise is this sad world's every way.

Zealot, forthright turn thou toper, dwell no more mid shows, be wise;
For 'tis thus within the mystic world we win to kingly sway.

All the world 'twould overwhelm in one sole point of blackest light, —²
Such the wondrous power the sage's tawny reed-pen doth display.³

There is none who can distinguish 'twixt my soul's sky's morn and eve,
Such the sun and moon that glorious forth my mind's horizon ray.

'Tis not only Nef'ī who thus prideful boasts at wisdom's feast;
Seek, and thou shalt find that thus all guests divine their words array.

¹ The repetition of a part of the first line of the first couplet in the second line of the last in this ghazel, is an instance of what the rhetoricians call *Redd-i Matla'* or Return of the *Matla'*, see Vol. I, p. 80.

² The 'blackest light' here means the black ink by means of which writers and thinkers illuminate the world. *Sunbul-zāda Vehbī* in his *Shevq-engīz* uses the expression in the following verse to describe the eyes of a beautiful brunette:

ایدوب! اول چشم سپیکاره نگاه، گورسین نیدوگنی نور سیاه،

"By looking on those eyes of dark deeds thou may'st see what the 'Black Light' can do."

The term originally belongs to the terminology of the Mystics, where it is used to denote the Light of Absolute Being, which blinds by its excessive radiance. See *Whinfield's Gulshen-i-Ráz*, p. 13. The same thought is expressed by *Henry Vaughan* as follows:

"There is in God, some say, A deep, but dazzling, darkness."

³ The allusion is to the dark brown colour of the reed-pen or *qalem*.

The following is among the few unobjectionable passages in the Shafts of Doom. This particular Shaft is levelled by Nef'í against his father, who appears to have supplanted him in the favour of some great man, here called simply the Khán. As this is a Persian title, it is probable that the circumstance referred to occurred early in the poet's career, and somewhere near his old home in the district of Erzerum, which marches with the Persian frontier.

From the *Sihám-í Qazá*. [266]

Ne'er since my lucky sire to be the Khán's buffoon began
 Have once mine eyen won the lentils or the curds to scan.
 Now poverty's become my curse, so were it strange should I
 Sue of the Khán an alms, in short, adopt my father's plan.
 I marvel, is this meanness in the Khán or in my sire?
 Now, who on courteous wise will put that question to the Khán?
 He is no father this, but a black plague about my head:
 And so the Khán regards my words as naught to yonder man.
 Through poverty my hands are weighted down as 'twere by stones,
 The while he sells his flummery as jewels to the Khán.

Yahyá Efendi,¹ the Sheykh of Islam, was one of the most eminent men of the time of Murád the Fourth. Upright in an age when corruption was the rule, gifted with a far-seeing sagacity, learned as a jurist, accomplished as a scholar and a poet, and endowed with an irresistible charm of manner, he was well equipped to command the affectionate esteem of all who knew how to value loyalty and true merit. Yahya was the son of the Mufti, or Sheykh of Islam, Zekenyya Efendi,² who died in 1001 (1592-3). Following in the footsteps of his father, from whom he received his earliest

¹ [I find in the margin pencil reference, in the author's hand, to Muftá Hadib's *Khatt n khattájan*, p. 247 (an excellent Biography of celebrated Calligraphists), and to Article N^o. 48 in the *Mezma'at Mu'allim* Sec. 11.]

² Zekenyya is the Muslim form of Zacharia. Yahya of Ebu

lessons, he entered the legal profession, and, after having passed through the usual course, holding several muderrisates and serving in various provincial mollaships, among others in that of Cairo, where he succeeded the biographer Qínálízáda, he was in 1012 (1603—4) appointed to the Judgeship of Constantinople. This was soon followed by the Vice-Chancellorships, first of Anatolia and then of Rumelia, till in 1031 (1621—2) Yahyá was named Sheykh of Islam in place of Es'ad Efendi the son of Sa'd-ud-Dín the historian. But in the following year, that of the accession of Murád IV, the poet was deposed from this high position. His dismissal was the result of his own somewhat aggressive integrity, and was brought about in this way. On the occasion of one of the customary official visits paid by the Grand Vezír to the Sheykh of Islam, Yahyá gave 'Alí Pasha the Archer (Kemán-Kesh 'Alí Pasha), the then Prince Minister, politely but clearly to understand that he altogether disapproved of the system of bribery which flourished under that Pasha's administration, and which found in him an active supporter. The Vezír in revenge persuaded the boy-Sultan that the Muftí had opposed his accession, which, he said, had been effected by the army alone. Murád thereupon deposed Yahyá and reinstated Es'ad Efendi; but on the death of the latter in 1034 (1625) Yahyá was reinstated as Muftí, which office he continued to hold, with one short interruption necessitated by political exigencies, till the year of his death.

Yahyá Efendi stood high in Sultan Murád's favour, and many of the best and most efficacious measures introduced by that monarch were due to his influence. When the Sultan set out on his expedition to recapture Baghdad, he took Yahyá with him; and it was owing to the advice of the latter that twenty siege-guns, which proved of much assistance in the leaguer of the city, were taken along with the army,

instead of being sent by river with the rest of the artillery which did not arrive until twenty days after the siege had begun.

On the march to Baghdad the imperial army halted for a brief rest at the town of Aq-Shehr, and on the following day the Sultan and some of his courtiers, among whom was Yahyá, went to divert themselves in a beautiful park called Bash Tekye which lies on the south side of the town. Towards evening Murád, who, as we know, was fond of poetry, wrote the following verses over a window in a kiosque there, and at the same time requested the Sheykh of Islám to compose a Nazíra, or parallel, to them:

In truth this pleasaunce fair is e'en a verdant field of Paradise,
Whereinto were a dead man brought, alive for joyance he would rise.
What time Murád from overthrowing Persia wended to Baghdad,
He rested here and drank this Kevser, as 'twere wine, in gladsome wise.¹

Before sunset Yahyá had written under the Sultan's lines these verses:

Fair fall the life-inspiring stead wherein lisse and gladness lies!
Did any bird but eat its grass, he'd turn a speaking parrot wise.
I'd say a field of Paradise, but Paradise's envy is
This peerless pleasaunce since the King to deign to grace it did devise.
That righteous King doth laud its water in his verse for Kevser-stream;
How bright and clear the verse, how pure the stream whereof it doth appize.
Full heartily may men on earth, in heaven may angels, say Amen,
The while that Yahyá's earnest prayers for yonder King of earth arise.²

¹ بیشتندرم فیطبعدار حقیقا نه بیو عشرتکده زیبا

دولتا داخل اولارم مرده اولوبدر ذوق ایله احیا

مرادنی نتمم ایوانلارم فحارم تم دندلی بغداده

نمتم اولدلی ارحدلی به نهوشدورم شراب آسا

² ایمن حینای فوجماجیش صفاکستر حتمت اشرا

دندلمم دسه نه مرغ اوله اوله لطفی کویسا

Sultan Murád never ceased to hold Yahyá Efendi in high honour and esteem, and when Ibráhím succeeded his brother on the throne there was for a time no break in the good fortune of the venerable poet. But at length, about the time when the nefarious Jinji Khoja¹ was exciting men's minds, certain great people who had for long been jealous of Yahyá's prosperity, and possibly hostile towards him because of the integrity of his character, managed so to work upon Ibráhím that he withdrew his confidence and favour from the Muftí. Yahyá, who had for so long been accustomed to receive the affection and veneration of both high and low, could not endure this, and died at about eighty years of age on the 18th. of Zu-l-Hijja 1053 (23d. February 1644). Yahyá's popularity was great, and on the day of his funeral an immense concourse of people thronged the Conqueror's Square and accompanied his body to its last resting-place, in the tomb of his father Zekeriyá.

Many stories such as the following are told about Yahyá Efendi. There were two brothers, 'Alí and Mes'úd by name, both distinguished members of the legal profession. The latter was promoted a step above his brother, who thereupon grew madly jealous, and rushing into their mother's presence,

بهشتك قطعسى دیردم ولی رشك بهشت اولمش
 قدوم پادشاه ایلده بو نزهتگاه بی همتا
 صوبین کوثر دیه نظمنده اوکمش اول شه عادل
 خوشا پاکیزه نظم روحبخش آب لطافتزا
 دیه اخلاص ایلده بیرده بشر گوکده ملک آمین
 دعا ایتدکجه اول شاه جهانده صدق ایلده بجیا

¹ Huseyn Efendi, nicknamed Jinji Khoja or Master Demonist, was an impostor who by pretending to exercise jinns or demons attained high favour under Ibráhím; he was made a Qadi-Asker or Vice-Chancellor, and sold for money high offices in the state. He eventually fell into disgrace and was executed.

cried out against Mes'úd, swearing to take his life. The lady, terribly alarmed, went straight before the Sheykh of Islam and besought him, saying, 'O my lord, give this 'Alí too the same rank as hath been conferred on his brother; he is about to kill my Mes'úd.' Yahyá replied several times, 'Fear not; he will not kill him;' but the frightened mother persisted, saying, 'He will kill him; he hath sworn it; he is overcome of wrath; have pity!' At length Yahyá said, 'O lady, how should he kill him? If he kill him, then they will kill him too; and if they be dead, thou wilt die of grief. But the heavens are not so kind that they should kill the three of you, and so deliver us from your hands.'

Distinguished alike in the learning proper to his profession, in literature, and in politics, Yahyá Efendi is the most illustrious of the Ottoman Muftís since the days of Ebu-s-Su'úd. As a poet he holds a far higher place than Ebu-s-Su'úd, higher even than that occupied by the other great legist Ibn Kemál. The work of the Muftí Behá'í Efendi, which we shall have to consider a little later on, is not equal to that of Yahyá, while he need scarcely fear comparison with the Sheykh of Islam 'Arif Hikmet. Indeed Yahya Efendi may fairly claim to be reckoned first among the poet-Muftís of Turkey.

Yahyá must have begun early in life to distinguish himself as a poet, for Qíná'li-záda, whose memoirs were, as we have seen, completed in 991 (1586), accords him a flattering notice, and prophesies that, if he live, the voice of his fame will echo through the world. Yahya is a poet of considerable importance in the history of Ottoman literature, not so much because of the quality of his writings, though that is high, as on account of his being, as I pointed out at the beginning of this chapter, the chief of that group of poets who paved the way for the Transition Period. This group, which I called

the Natural School in distinction to the contemporary Artificial School headed by Nef'í, aimed, if not at bringing poetry into closer connection with actual life, at any rate at enlarging the somewhat restricted field hitherto open to the poet by the introduction of fresh subjects taken from every-day experience. As the founder, or at least the leader, of this school, Yahyá was naturally little influenced by Nef'í and the ultra-Persianism which he introduced. On the one side he joins hands with Báqí and on the other with Nedím. His style is modelled upon that of Báqí; but he is inclined to treat his subjects in a more objective fashion; he frequently speaks of matters which must have come within his own experience, and draws his similes and metaphors from things which he has himself seen and observed, not merely read about in the pages of his predecessors. It is this feature which most clearly shows the connection between his own and his followers' work and the poetry of the Transition, one of the distinctive characteristics of which is the displacement in subject and metaphor of the traditional by the actual. A freshness, amounting almost to originality, results from this happy innovation, and characterises the truly individual work of Yahyá and his associates and successors.

The poetry of Yahyá may thus stand for the link which binds together the Classic and Transition Periods. Báqí—Yahyá—Nedím: such is the true line of development in Ottoman poetry; Fuzúlí came and went leaving no successor, while Nef'í, for all the brilliance of his genius, was blind to the true signs of his time, and, starting on a false track, inaugurated a movement foredoomed to be short-lived.

Yahyá's actual work in poetry ¹ consists of a *Díwán* and the inevitable *Sáqí-Náma*. It is in the former alone that he

¹ His prose work consists of a translation of Ghaffárf's *Nigáristán*, and some professional writings.

shows himself an innovator. The Sáqí-Náma is a short mesnevi of seventy-seven couplets; it is continuous, not broken up into sections like most of the longer works of its class. Some consider it the best of the Turkish Sáqí-Námas, and probably they are right; it is entirely mystic in spirit, and entirely classic in style and sentiment.

But all that is really important in Yahyá's work is to be found in his ghazels. Looking at these solely as poems, without regard to any tendencies they may indicate or any influence they may have had, we find them to be possessed of much merit and to reach a higher average of excellence than is usual with contemporary writers. The technical workmanship is good, as becomes that of a disciple of Báqí; although, since the refinement of the language is not the poet's primary object, he is less careful to avoid imáles and old-fashioned words and phrases than are Nef'í and those who follow him. It is true that we have in his verses neither the fire nor the opulence of the great poet just named, but the freshness to which I have before alluded lends an interest of a novel and pleasing kind, and many quaint and pretty fancies conceived in the spirit of his master sparkle in his pages.

It is perhaps only natural that Nedím should think well of his forerunner; at any rate in that qasida to which I have so often referred, he brackets him with Baqí as together typifying the highest point to which the ghazel had attained in Turkey. Ziyá Pasha too recognises something of the work done by Yahyá when he speaks of the latter's calling into existence a new fashion of ghazel writing, the delicacy and graceful simplicity of which he praises, adding that in the hands of this poet words seem to unfold themselves so that he is able to arouse the soul latent within them.

In the first of the following ghazels the influence of Baqí is very visible, as it is quoted by Oulá zada it must have

been written early in Yahyá's career, when probably he was most completely under the spell of the master.

Ghazel. [267]

O locks that dangle curl on curl, the hooks are ye of Love;
By you are drawn the hearts of all the company of Love.

Be but the dear one fair, and be the heart but passion-fraught,
Then all is ready, and awaits the gramarye of Love.

Burn moth-like in the fire, nor utter any wail or cry:¹
O wretched lover, such is the high courtesy of Love.

Thy grieving heart, O frenzied lover, is for sooth a sea,
Wherein belike do lie the pearls that priceless be of Love.

And what if Yahyá enter without fear Love's holy place? —
Open to them of heart doth stand the hostelry of Love.

Ghazel. [268]

Never shall I grieve me though thou thinkest bitter words to say;
Since it is from yonder tongue, through yonder lips, they'll find their way.

Hence for aye may lovers tremble for their lives; what shift may save,
O my Liege, whenc'er they deathly eyen languor do display?

We are frenzied of a beauty all perfection, such an one
That the mirror, when she looks therein, doth sun-like glorious ray.

E'en in Paradise, I fear me, naught of rest may lovers see,
Should the houris learn the fashions of Istambol's beauties gay.²

¹ For the moth and the flame, see Vol. II, p. 55, n. 4.

² Istambol = Constantinople. [The name is a corruption of ἐς τὴν πόλιν, and occurs as *Istan Búlin* (إِسْتَنْ بُولِين) in the *Kitábu 't-Tanbíh wa'l-Ishráf* of Mas'údí (ed. de Goeje, p. 139, l. 1), who wrote in the middle of the tenth century of our era (A. H. 345), five centuries before the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. ED.]

Never may the Lord, O Yahyá, part us from her cypress-form;
Ne'er from o'er us may the shadow of God's mercy pass away.¹

Ghazel. [269]

Nay, we want no bowl, like Jemshíd, hence to drive away our bane:
We are lovers, and the lover knows no plaything like to pain.

If in truth thou be an ocean, show thyself a drop forthright:
Glide, O heart, to yonder Rosebud's heart as glides the dewdrop fain.

Fate will suffer not the noble soul to live, where'er it be;
Is there any man like Adam now on all the wide world's plain?²

Ah, the heart forlorn hath found no shore to Love's vast ocean sweep:
Midst a whirlpool wild as yonder ruffled tresses is it ta'en.³

Not as other's poems are they; in thy words is soul for sooth:
Yahyá, lo, their hidden meaning is a salve my heart to assain.

Ghazel. [270]

Every honour on the sovran thought of thee mine eyes bestow;
Whensoe'er it comes, a crimson carpet 'fore its steps they throw.⁴

Who would seek to fly entreaty of his dear, but what avail?
Even as the lover prays her doth the fair one wayward grow.

Watch thou henceforth o'er the treasure of entreaty, sparrow-heart:
Since th^y Falcon flies the highest heaven of waywardness, I trow.⁵

How then should the crazed bulbul keep the secret of his love
Whereoe'er he meets a gape-mouthed fool he tell him all his wo.

¹ The second line of this couplet repeats the first, the 'shadow of God's mercy' being the 'cypress-form' of the beloved.

² Adam being said to have lived to great age.

³ The ruffled, i. e. fluffy or wavy. (The c. repeats cutting the ribbon which I

⁴ As when a king comes, a carpet is laid down for him to walk on. So when the thought or image of his beloved, which holds sovereign sway over him, comes into the poet's mind, his eyes are laid down at his feet.

⁵ The Falcon is the beloved before whom the poet's heart is as helpless as a sparrow.

All she doth, Yahyá, is gracious kindness, be it less or more;
Say not of yon Moon-face: much her rigour, scant her troth and slow.

Ghazel. [271]

The pupil of mine eye doth scan the darling's cheek always;
Mine eye from out that window yonder tulip-land surveys.¹

The time is come when once again it grasps its golden bowl, —
The squint-eyed jonquil waiting spring midmost the garden-maze.²

The heart's frail bark doth look to see thy favour's breeze arise;
How many on grief's shore full eager for the wind do gaze!

O love, the jasmine heard that thou wast coming to the garth,
And, filled with eagerness, it clomb the wall to scan the ways.³

Yahyá, what court to prideful airs pays he who is a man?
He heeds not fortune, nay, nor any store by rank he lays.

This last ghazel which I translate is an example of the fresher and more realistic style I have mentioned which Yahyá did so much to introduce; this poem might almost be the work of a Transition writer:

Ghazel. [272]

Yon moon-faced beauty hath undone her black and fragrant hair;
'Tis as Cathayan merchants loosed their bales of perfumes rare.⁴

A wayward child a-plucking a white rose, frail leaf from leaf,
Is yonder sweet what time that she unwinds her turban fair.

¹ In this second line, which repeats the first, the eye stands for the pupil or the power of sight, the window for the eye, and the tulip-land for the red cheek of the beloved.

² The 'golden bowl' refers to the yellow flower of the jonquil.

³ Husn-i Ta'îl (see vol. I, p. 113): the jasmine grows up walls; here the poet says that having heard that his beloved is coming, in its eagerness to see her, who is whiter and fairer than itself, it has climbed up the wall to scan the approacher to the garden.

⁴ We have seen how the hair of the beloved is always regarded as sweetly scented; 'Cathayan merchants' because Cathay is the land of perfumes.

Deem not the stars are scattered and the sun is risen high;
You silver-frame hath doffed the gold-wrought trouser-band she ware.¹

Soon as the breeze, O tender Rose, brought news of thine approach
Did every rosebud rend its purse of sequins then and there.²

Yahyá hath yearned to circle her even as doth the sash, —
Von graceless Paynim who hath loosed the zone which she doth bear.³

The following, which are the opening lines of the Sáqí-Náma, show how purely mystical that poem is:

From the Sáqí-Náma. [273]

Come, thou still elate from the Banquet Etern,⁴
Who drunk and deject in dismay's street dost yearn,
The door of the tavern is wide, up and haste!
'Tis, praise God! the season of opening at last.
And ah, what a door! heaven's crescent its ring;
'Twere meet were its besom a bright angel's wing.
The besom of 'No' sweeps its carpetings clean,⁵
Nor leaves any dust of 'aught else' therewithin.⁶
Nor e'er shall be closéd this tavern's door;
Its fast and its feast, they are one evermore.
It stands ever wide through the aid of our Lord;
'Besides' 'tis the key to its lock doth afford.⁷
And here where the loved one may cup-bearer be,
The wine which is served is of all headache free.
Then, cupbearer, fill full the glass, let it troll;
Fulfil plight and pledges, and hand round the bowl
A-brim with that wine which is theriac fine,
Not theriac, nay, which is Keyser divine.

¹ The stars represent the gold embroideries on the beauty's belt, their being scattered is her casting that belt aside; the sun's being risen is the appearing of her fair body as she undresses.

² Money is given to the bearer of good news, so here the rosbuds are said to rend (i. e. open) their purses, and give their golden sequins (i. e. yellow stamens) as a present to the breeze for telling of the beloved's approach.

³ For the paynim's zone (zunnit) see Vol. II, p. 11, n. 4.

⁴ The Banquet Etern, i. e. the Eternal Feast (Ewá'el Etern) see vol. I, p. 22.

⁵ 'No' for 'No God but God' — ⁶ 'Aught else' than God.

⁷ 'Besides,' for 'no god but (or beside) God.'

* * * * *

What wine, which to drink not were sin and were shame!
 The secrets of God in that potion do lie;
 How should not the wise be made drunken thereby?
 Therewith are the woe-working glances elate,
 The which they who know not deem pride 'tis doth sate.
 Before yonder wine would Jemshíd prostrate fall,
 Iskender would bow him as this tavern's thrall.
 Its beams, which on all sides resplendent do ray,
 The fashion of Solomon's signet display.
 The wine of that cup is the sun of delight,
 Each bubble thereon is the sphere of true plight;
 And hid in each bubble thereof the Nine Spheres,¹
 How splendid the lofty pavilion appears!

Riyází, who has already been mentioned as the author of an important Tezkire, was likewise a poet of some repute. He was born in 980 (1572—3), entered the legal profession, served as molla at Jerusalem, Aleppo, Damascus, and Cairo, and died on the 29th of Safer, 1054 (7th May, 1644).

The author of the Compend of Memoirs does not speak very favourably of Riyází's personal character; if we are to believe his assertions, avarice and meanness marked this poet, who was, he contemptuously adds, completely under the control of his wife, a final touch which may possibly owe its presence to misogynistic prejudices on the part of the Arabic writer. None the less, Riyází's literary powers were considerable; Ziyá Pasha, who describes him as the white rose of the garden of speech and the champion of the field of art, singles out his *qasídas* for particular commendation. Riyází followed the lead of Nef'í only in the special attention which he bestowed upon the *qasída*; his style is not modelled after that poet, neither does he belong to the school of Yahyá Efendi. Alike in the manner and the matter of his work he is content to walk in the footsteps

¹ For the Nine Spheres. see Vol. I, p. 43 *sqq.*

of his predecessors. He does, however, peculiarly affect short metres in his ghazels, into which he frequently omits to introduce his name. Riyází too has his Sáqí-Náma, a mesneví of the usual type, consisting of 1025 couplets.

The following is from the opening of one of the three qasídas printed by Ziyá Pasha in his anthology.

Spring Qasída. [274]

'Tis now the time of mirth and glee, 'tis now the hour of fair delight,
 The Sphere doth now repent of all it wrought of old of fell despite.
 Again it is a market-day of merriment, liesse and joy,
 Again each nook is of some blithesome company's carouse the site.
 Again the rose and nightingale have each with other plighted troth;
 The plane-tree and the garden-cypress dance with hand in hand empight.
 And how should not the rosebud make the nightingales to mourn and rave,
 When every smile of hers a thousand veils of coyness hide from sight?
 Again do turtle-dove and bulbul at the Sultan Rose's feast,
 The one discourse with mirth and wit, the other sweet ghazels indite.
 Again the roseleaves of liesse are spread around on every side:
 The lovesome rose hath oped, 'tis time to hand around the goblet bright.
 The cupbearer again sheds roses from the collar of the flask:¹
 Again the circling Time hath wroughten all the wine-adorers right.
 Such growth and flourishment hath come to all the trees and all the flowers,
 To-day the Túba and the garden-cypress hand and skirt unite.²
 'Twere passing strange did not the rosebuds come to speech, like parrots fair,
 Such virtue doth this living breath inspire in forms withouten spight.
 The rosebud hath conceived the floral life by yonder vernal breeze
 For that is Gabriel, and he likewise is Jesu's mother light.
 And if the virtue of the spring do seek no further grace, what then
 The rocky stone and tender shoot are both as one before its might

* * * * *

Ghazel. [275]

When thy house she honour, kiss the dust beneath her graceful feet,
 Kiss her pearl-beadewing rubic, though no promise thou canst get.¹

¹ By the 'rubic' the red wine running out the collar of the *sharab* (the *sharab*).

² The Parashal tree, see Vol. I, p. 36.

³ The 'pearl-beadewing rubic' is her red lip, that at *sharab* was *sharab*.

Should thou pass, O breeze of morning, yonder where Mansúr was slain,
Doing honour to Love's martyr fair, his cross with kisses greet.¹

Even should that Palm of beauty bare her dagger o'er thy head,²
Fall before her feet and kiss her dagger-wielding hand as meet.

Bow the face, O musk of Khoten, mid the dust the loved one treads,
Then bekiss her musky garment and her brigand tresses sweet.

Look with heed upon Riyází the enchanter's beauteous verse,
Kiss the characts of his poems, these be magic charms, I weat.

Another eminent qasída-writer of this time is Sabrí, whose personal name and style were 'ilmí-záda Muhammed Chelebí, that is, Master Muhammed the son of 'ilmí. Of his career no particulars are forthcoming beyond the facts that after having served as an assistant to Yahyá Efendi, he became a *cadi*, and that he died in the year 1055 (1645—6).

Ziyá Pasha describes Sabrí as a sweet-voiced poet, and says that his works, though few, are graceful. He is lavish in his eulogies of one qasída in particular, which he designates as a rosary of pearls and a string of jewels, and declares to be worth a whole *díwán* in itself. Kemál Bey takes the Pasha to task for his excessive commendation of this poem, which, according to Kemál, is a long way below its *nazíra* by Nef'í; while Ziyá asserts that Nef'í might have looked on it with envy. Kemál then goes on to pick out another of Sabrí's qasídas which he pronounces to be the best, and which, he adds, has remained 'virgin' up till now, no poet having ventured to imitate it.

In his qasídas Sabrí is a follower of Nef'í; but in his *ghazels* he is a disciple of Yahyá Efendi, in the spirit of

¹ Mansúr [properly Husayn b. Mañsúr, called Halláj, the Wool-carder,] the patron saint of the Muslim mystics, who was executed at Baghdad in 309 (922), by order of the Muslim 'ulemá, for preaching pantheistic doctrines and declaring himself to be one with God. See Vol. I, p. 21, n. 2.

² The palm, like the cypress, typifies a graceful figure.

whose school he often draws little pictures from sights he has actually witnessed. Thus in the following couplet from one of the ghazels we see the Sultan, attended by his nobles, riding out in the morning to the course to watch the horsemen practise with the *jeríd*, a stick used as a dart, the casting of which was a favourite exercise in old times: ¹

To watch the *jeríd*-play at dawn the Sultan Rose hath sallied forth,
In *feré* with all the florets, zephyr-mounted, to the tourney-square. ²

The following is from the opening of the *qasída* so highly praised by Ziyá Pasha; Kemál Bey, while denying that this poem has any other merit, admits its excellence from a technical point of view.

Qasída. [276]

That Joseph fair, the age's happy fortune, now is lord of might;
The eye of yonder Jacob, long desire, is now illumed with light. ³
The Sphere sheds Pleiad-clusters 'neath the feet of them that pluck the grape; ⁴
And Fate fills empty-handed longing's lap with treasure rich and bright,
The wistful strangers' eve is now the *humá's* shadow of good luck;
Again from forth the natal star the rays of fortune greet the sight,
Now Luck doth favour mirth and wine, as did the luck of Jem of yore;
The turn is now the beaker's turn, the age the epoch of delight,
The Sphere hath kept its troth entire, and Hope converseth with Success;
And Grace as cupbearer is here, and Heart's Desire's the banquet dight.

¹ [It is still practised to some extent, and I have witnessed it at Nicosia in Cyprus, at the Festival of the Bayram. 119].

² سیر سیرده بیقیدی دیو شاه کدل ساجر
از قمار خنک بان اوله میدانه بیقیدی قرب

The flowers tossing in the breeze are figured as riding on it.

³ According to the legend, Jacob grew blind from his weeping and weeping for his lost son Joseph; but he regained his sight when Judah threw over him the shirt of Joseph which the latter had sent as a token to his father when he made himself known to his brethren in Egypt. The shirt was a divine heirloom, and had been worn by Joseph when he left his father's house.

⁴ A bunch of grapes is often likened to the Pleiades.

Again th' adorn of hand and head of every one who knew not joy
 Is Jem's rose-shedding bowl and Dárá's diadem that gleameth bright.¹
 Again for them who tell the stars² in wanhope's night hath broke the day;
 Again the dawn whose sun is grace doth bounteous give to each his right.
 How bountiful a dawn, the vestment of an hundred Joseph-suns;
 For lo, it brings to this poor sightless Jacob-world the gift of sight.³
 O blessed radiant world-illuming day of every joyance, when
 The shaft of sorrow's eve's become the heart's core of Not-Being's spright.
 * * * * *

The next passage is from the poem approved by Kemál Bey; it is dedicated to Sultan Murád, whose sword is eulogised for having purged the Empire from the corruption which was destroying it. In the course of the poem Sabrí hints that the first line of the first couplet is by the Sultan himself.

Qasída. [277]

All the Age's troubles the sword hath swept away;
 Bright and sheen the sabre in Allah's hand doth ray.
 As pictures drawn on water those troubles straight became,⁴
 Which showed on earth as down doth on cheeks of wantons gay.
 That winsome youth, the Empire, hath bared his lovely face;
 He shareth in the beauty of equity to-day.
 It is as though the down which his cheeks began to bear
 By yonder glaive were shaven whose work is praised aye.
 The Age's happy planet again is loosed and free,
 E'en like the spare o' th' Idol who sips the goblet-spray;
 And clear again the mirror-uplifting Heaven's brow
 From all the weary wrinkles of sorrowful dismay.
 The dust of care and dolour had ne'er been brushed aside,
 For all the breeze of springtide's endeavour and essay;
 The meadow of the Empire had never joyous smiled,
 E'en though the Stream of Khizr therethrough had made its way;

¹ Dárá i. e. Darius.

² [i. e. who lie awake from love or anxiety. ED.]

³ See the first note to this extract.

⁴ A picture drawn on water is the symbol of anything without permanence.

Had not the cloud of triumph, of glorious victory,
 With freshening rain and plenteous done all its drought away.
 In cause of Faith and Empire that aye-victorious brand
 Hath spent the glorious lustre that did its face array.
 May any stour or dust now extend the hand unto
 The vestment that adorneth the soul of glorious sway?
 Our prayer is this: 'God aid thee with mighty aidance still,'¹
 O damaskeenéd Sabre, whose power doth doom portray.
 The hest of Fate to thee was that thou with streams of blood
 Should turn the face of earth to a land that floods affray,
 That so the buried treasure of confidence and peace
 Should by the traitor blood-streams be bared to light of day.
 'Twere best his head were humbled who would the land divide,'²
 Beware thou give not quarter to yonder vile array:
 'Twere best the rebel army were scattered far and wide,'
 Confound the evil-plotters and drive them every way.
 Thou art that wonder-worker of victory sublime
 Such that whoever bare thee on woeful field of fray
 Doth straightway to the foeman's bedazzled sight become
 Himself as Hayder, while thou as Zu'l-Faqár dost ray.³

* * * * *

This ghazal from Sabri's *díwán* is a little out of the common in sentiment.

Ghazal. [278]

Bethinking thee how brief is time, drink not nor feast thus merrily!
 Thou must in sooth be silent soon, so bluster not as doth the sea.

¹ Koran, XLII, 3.

² This line and the first of the following verse are in Persian, and are quoted from one of the classic writers.

³ Hayder, the Lion, is a surname of the Caliph 'Alí; Zu'l-Faqár is his famous sword. This sword is generally represented as two-bladed or two-tipped, and figures in the right hand paw of the Persian lion. The name, which literally means 'vertebrate,' refers to the wavy undulation represented on the edge and back of the sword. [The name literally means "the Lord of the Vertebrate," which certainly many mean "vertebrate," but a Zu'l-Hayder means "living," but I rather think that, as applied to the sword, it signifies "the Diviner of Vertebrate." ED.]

One day they'll twist thine ear and dolour's plectrum will make thee to plain,
So give not ear at this carouse unto the lute's soft melody.¹

Win free from forth the waste of woe, give up the gear that binds to earth;
But flaunt not in unseemly weeds although that thou Love's dervish be.

The tavern-folk will cast thee down one day, O preacher, from thy chair;
So sneer not at the vintner sage, thou'lt fall from thine own high degree.²

Beware, Sabrî, nor boast within the vale of Mejnún and Ferhád;
However loyal a lover thou, drive not thy reason hence from thee.

Unji-záda Mustafá Chelebi, Master Mustafá the Flour Merchant's son, known in the history of Turkish literature as Fehím, was born in Constantinople, and wrote during the reigns of Murád and Ibráhím. Fehím was one of the few eminent poets of this time unconnected with the legal profession; indeed, he does not appear to have exercised any regular calling, but to have lived by his wits, getting what he could out of his patrons. He attached himself to Eyyüb Pasha, one of the great men of the day, who, being appointed governor of Egypt, took the poet along with him to Cairo. But Fehím did not like Egypt and wrote against the country in his verses; he moreover fell into disfavour with his patron, who appears to have given him his dismissal. At any rate he betook himself to Me^cálí Bey, a native nobleman who was famous for his generosity, and who in recognition of a qasída which he brought him, promised to provide the poet with the means of returning to Constantinople. The Egyptian noble was as good as his word, and sent Fehím with the caravan conveying the annual tribute from Egypt to the

¹ In this quaint verse the person addressed is compared to a lute, the pins (in Turkish the ears) of which are twisted or screwed so as to stretch the strings that these may give forth their plaintive notes when struck with the plectrum.

² Here the 'preacher' typifies the rigidly orthodox; and the 'tavern folk,' the mystics.

metropolis; but the poet was destined never again to see his home, for death overtook him on the journey at Ilghin in Asia Minor. The date of Fehím's death is variously given, Safá'í placing it in 1058 (1648—9), and Rizá and Sheykhí in 1054 (1644—5).

Fehím, whose work is entirely lyrical, consisting wholly of ghazels, qasídas and so on, must have begun to write poetry early in life, as we are told that he had formed a complete díwán by the time that he was eighteen years of age. So strongly was he imbued with the spirit of the new school that many of his ghazels read like the work of a poet of the Transition. Not content with merely deriving his imagery from familiar surroundings, he writes complete ghazels having for definite subject the description of some picturesque sight or incident belonging to the every-day life of his time, and in so doing he advances a step beyond any of his predecessors.

Strangely enough, Ziyá Pasha omits to mention Fehím in the survey of Ottoman poetry which he has prefixed to his anthology, an omission for which he is somewhat sharply called to account by Kemál Bey who rallies him for ignoring the earlier poet while eulogising Nazím and Sheykh Ghalib, who both endeavoured, without much success, to write nazmas to one of his qasídas.¹

The two ghazels which I have selected for translation are both examples of Fehím's love of dealing with familiar scenes.

¹ This qasida, which is a nat or hymn to the Prophet, is regarded by Kemál Bey as the best of Fehím's poems. The following is the couplet quoted by the Bey:

دشمنی که در روزگاری دولتت درین عالمی آمدند که سینده جان
 در این عالمی که در روزگاری دولتت درین عالمی آمدند که سینده جان

²Thou hast turned the sun from his path, thou hast given the beams of thy moon

³Thy miracles are proclaimed from land to land by day and by night

the first is in praise of a dancer whose feats of legerdemain come in for special mention, and the second is addressed to a young dervish of the Mevleví order, that order during certain of whose rites the well-known *simá*^c or circular dance is performed. These two poems, alike in subject and in treatment, are quite in the manner of the subsequent period.

Ghazel. [279]

Whene'er begins yon Idol, sweet of mouth and bland, to dance,
The life and soul within the lover's trembling hand do dance.

What manner dancer she, a Woe as of the Day of Doom;
For if she dance, in ecstasy the sea and land do dance.¹

Fair fall the executioner of nimble hand who makes
Upon her finger-tips the life-destroying brand to dance.

E'er since the tongue hath honoured been by uttering thy name,
It ever makes the dance's praises fair and grand to dance.

Fehím, for ravishment of thy sweet poesy, full fain
In Heaven's high sanctuary yearn the holy band to dance.

Ghazel. [280]

Alack! alack! those tyrant eyes of thine, O winsome Mevleví,
Have ranked their lashes, all athirst for blood, intent to slaughter me.

I knew not how the Mevlevían girdle was the heathen zone,
Until those heart-seducing locks of thine, O Paynim, I did see.

What time thou dancest, fore the blazing splendour of thy beauty's orb
The Doomsday sun must pale, a dim and feeble mote, in verity.²

Commotion carpets all thy way, and torment from thy tresses' chain,
Whene'er thy lissom woe-exciting form advanceth fair and free.

¹ The dancer referred to may have been a boy, and not a girl; there is nothing in the text to show.

² Alluding to the tradition that on the Last Day the sun will be brought near till it is only a mile off from the Judgment-plain.

For all that thou, full bashful, look'st not up, thy gleaming beauty bright
Hath made thy lover's eye the point where glory shines in radiancy.

And when thy glances shed dismay, and in the dance thou wav'st thy hand,
As daggers in the inmost soul thy keen and pointed lashes be.

Have ruth, O Moon, nor let Fehím bemoan because of thy duress;
His hand may on the morrow reach the skirt of Shems-i-Tebrízí.¹

The following passage, which is from the opening of a Fakhriyya by Fehím, is quoted by Ekrem Bey in his Course of Literature as a good example of the rhetorical figure called Rujú^c or Correction.

From the Fakhriyya Qasída. [281]

I make mine eyen the floods portray,
'Neath the waves of the wrinkles my brow I lay.
Oh! how were his forehead not furrowed deep,
Who as guest of this villain Sphere doth stay?
So vile and base is my plight become
Through the cruel Heaven's ruthless way,
That the captive bound in the headsman's grip
Doth smile when he seeth my sad decay.
Wel-a-way! woe is me! for my fortune's sun
As dark as the night hath made my day.
With the tears of grief have my days gone by,
No smile did the face of delight display.
Nay, nay, God forgive me, I've erred indeed,
And have libelled the Heavens and Fortune, yea,
For to me have their rigour, taught much and well
O God, unlearn me this lore, I pray!

* * * * *

¹ Shems-ud Din of Tebriz, a famous Sufi saint, was a personal friend of Mevlana Jelal-ud Din. He was killed in 613 (1217). The Dewān on which his name is really the work of Jelal-ud Din, by whom the correction was made from motive of friendship. Concerning this correction see, e.g., Mr. R. A. Nicholson's excellent work 'Selected Odes from the Dewān of Jelal-ud Din Tabriz' (Cambridge University Press, 1914).

The Sheykh of Islam Behá'í Efendi,¹ who now claims our attention, was of illustrious descent, his father 'Abd-ul-'Azíz Efendi, the Vice-Chancellor of Rumelia, being the fourth son of the famous muftí and historian Sa'd-ud-Dín, while his mother was a grand-daughter of the muftí and poet Ebu-s-Su'úd. Behá'í, whose personal name was Muhammed, was born in Constantinople in 1010 (1601—2). The traditions of his family placed any other career than that of the Law out of the question, a career for which, moreover, the intelligence and ability displayed by the lad while still in early life marked him as eminently suited. When sixteen years of age he accompanied his father on the pilgrimage to Mekka. After holding a number of muderrisates he was, in his thirtieth year, appointed to the mollaship of Salonica; four years later he was promoted to Aleppo, but in the following year he was denounced to Sultan Murád as a smoker of tobacco, by Ahmed Pasha the governor of the city. Murád IV, who was an anti-tobacco fanatic, had forbidden throughout his empire the use of narcotics under all manner of terrible penalties, and when he heard that the Molla of Aleppo had disobeyed his orders, he not only deposed him from his office, but banished him to Cyprus. After a year or so Behá'í was pardoned, and bye and bye he received successively the mollaships of Damascus and Adrianople. In 1055 (1645—6) he passed out of the order of Mollas, being named Judge of Constantinople, a step followed in due course by the Vice-Chancellorships first of Anatolia and then of Rumelia, until in 1059 (1649—50) he attained the supreme rank of Sheykh of Islám. A dispute with the English ambassador in which Behá'í, who had developed great arrogance of temper, over-

¹ [In a pencil-note in the margin the author refers to a story concerning this poet in the *Simá'c-Khána-i-Edeb*, p. 8; and to an article in the *Mejmú'a-i-Mu'allim Náji*. ED.]

stepped the bounds of decorum, led to his deposition and banishment, nominally to Mitylene, although in fact he was allowed to remain at Gallipoli. Permission to return to the capital was not long deferred, whereupon the ex-muftí came back and lived quietly in his residence on Qanlıja Bay¹ near the Castle of Anatolia on the Bosphorus, until he was summoned, after no very long interval, to resume his high office, when for the second time "his shoulders were adorned with the white pelisse of the Muftíship."² He retained his position during the two and a half years that remained to him of life; and on his death, on the 12th. of 1064 (2nd. January, 1654), he was buried in the neighbourhood of his own house, and on his tombstone was engraved the line:

'May Paradise be thy resting-place! The Fátiha!'³

Behá'í was a man of considerable natural ability, but owing, it is said, to over-indulgence in narcotics, his learning was not very profound. In the earlier part of his life his temper was mild and gentle; but success seemed to bring out the worse side of his nature, and arrogance and proneness to anger characterised his declining years.

¹ This bay is sometimes called Behá'í Kurfezi or Behá'í's Bay, on account of the poet-muftí having lived on its shores.

² The official dress of the Mufti consisted of a white cloth robe trimmed with sable, the large, round, white turban known as *sumí*, and dark blue boots called *ásunmání*; the dress of the subordinate members of the *ulema* was similar, only the robe and turban were green instead of white. The Grand Vezir wore a robe of white satin trimmed with sable, and a tall conical head-dress somewhat like a truncated sugar loaf which was called the *qalayi*, and was covered with white muslin, a broad band of gold lace falling across it in front. The Grand Admiral and the Chief Eunuch also wore the *qalayi*, but their robes were of green satin, as were those of the other *vezirs* and *pašas*.

³

میرلک دیریم اولی القاتل حید

This line is a chronogram giving the date 1064 (the closing words of the *Fátiha*) are a request to the visitor to repeat the first chapter of the *Qur'án* for the repose of the dead man's soul.

As a poet he was by no means equal to his predecessors Ebu-s-Su'úd or Yahyá Efendi. His work is said by Ziyá Pasha to resemble that of the latter, but Kemál Bey's statement that the two Muftís went each a separate way, is nearer the truth. They have, however, these points in common: neither is an imitator of Nef'í, and both look to Báqí as their master. The little díwán formed by Behá'í Efendi's lyric poems contains much that is beautiful, especially in the section of ghazels, though perhaps Ziyá Pasha somewhat overshoots the mark when he says of this poet that he discourses like the nightingale, singing in so very charming and lover-like a fashion that he who ventures to criticise is simply talking nonsense. Besides his lyric work, Behá'í wrote a long mesneví which he presented to the Sultan. As this poem is a Hasb-i Hál, or *Plaint*, it is probable that it was composed during one of the periods when he was under a cloud.

The following ghazel is quoted with approval by the critics.

Ghazel. [282]

The loved one's gracious dreams by thee are scattered, Cry, what wouldest thou?
O'erthrown through tormentry by thee the world doth lie, what wouldest thou?

Have ruth upon my wounded heart, and let it haunt they tresses' snare;
By setting free the bird whose wing is broke atwy, what wouldest thou?

My Leech, thou know'st a thousand remedies to cure each ill, but since
'Tis mother-born,¹ this frenzy wild whence lovers sigh, what wouldest thou?

Thou'st gone and tangle upon tangle blown the loved one's locks and curls;
O breeze, 'tis but one woe the more thou'st wrought thereby, what wouldest thou?

The noble of the world are martyred by the glaive of love for her;
By laying hand upon thy sword, O headsman eye, what wouldest thou?

Full fair thou picturest the charmer's mole and down but, O Bihzád,²
What time it comes to winsome ways and gramarye, what wouldest thou?

¹ i. e. innate.

² Bihzád is evidently the name of an artist.

Thou art not like Behá'í, nay, the grace of peace may win to thee:
 Away with care, O joyless heart, thou beest not I, what wouldest thou?

Ibráhím Chelebi of Constantinople, known to fame under his makhlas of Jevrí, was by profession a calligraphist. As besides writing with much elegance, he was very careful to copy accurately, specimens of his penmanship were in much request among the connoisseurs of the capital; and so, being a quick worker, writing sometimes as many as a thousand couplets a day, he was easily able to earn all that was necessary to supply his modest wants. Many examples of his delicate and graceful craftsmanship are still extant, one of which, a beautiful little copy of the díwán of the Suleymánic poet Khayálí, is preserved in the library of the Royal Asiatic Society of London. Amiable and gentle of disposition, Jevrí was also blessed with a contented and unambitious mind; and he passed his life quietly in his native city, dividing his attention between the transcription of the works of others and the composition of original verses of his own; for he was born to prove the exception to that Eastern proverb — surely the vengeful reprisal of some cruelly wronged poet — that ‘every copyist is a dunce.’¹ If not actually a member of the Mevleví brotherhood, Jevrí was at any rate closely connected with it, so it is not astonishing to read that among his calligraphic triumphs were twenty-two splendid copies of Jelál-ud-Dín’s Mesneví. Like many other persons endowed with an artistic temperament, this poet-calligraphist was sadly afflicted with nervousness; with him this showed itself in an unconquerable dread alike of mounting a horse and of entering any kind of boat, and so when he used to visit his friends at the Mevleví head-quarters at Galate, rather than cross the

¹ *كُلُّ كَاتِبٍ جَاهِلٌ*. [Pencil reference, in the author’s hand, see note to the already mentioned *Khatt-ü-Khattat*, p. 235, and the *Shi‘ar-ü-Liwa‘ü-L-Edab*, p. 41, 100.]

Golden Horn in a caïque, (for there was no bridge in those days), he would walk all the way round by the Valley of the Sweet Waters. Jevri's uneventful life came to a close in 1065 (1654—5).

Besides his *Diwán*, this poet left several *mesnevís*, the best-known of which is that called the *Mulhima*¹ or *Revealer*. This work is, as the author avows in the prologue, a modern recension of the old *Shemsiyya* of the archaic poet *Saláh-ud-Dín*, itself a translation or adaptation from the Persian.² Jevri protests that the task was beneath him, but says that he was prevailed upon by a friend to re-write the old book, substituting for its uncouth and obsolete language, an idiom more elegant and more in harmony with the literary taste of his day. The work, as he left it, does not differ materially from its prototype, judging from the analysis of the latter given by Von Hammer, and presents a curious medley of natural science and popular superstition. Poetical value it has none, but it is interesting as an epitome of old Turkish folklore connected with the weather, as it treats of the prognostics, relating alike to the crops, to the public health, and to political events, to be deduced from various meteorological phenomena, such as eclipses, halos, shooting stars, thunderstorms, earthquakes, and so on, according to their occurrence in the months of the solar year from October to September. The ascription of some of the formulæ to the Prophet Daniel (who in the East figures as a master in all occult lore), and the frequent mention of the King of *Bábil* or *Babylon*, a title never borne by any sovereign in Muhammedan times, point perhaps to an ancient Jewish or Chaldean source. Jevri completed this work in 1045 (1635—6).

¹ *مخبر*.

² See vol. I, p. 389.

Jevrî has further a mesnevî describing the personal appearance of the Prophet, written as a nazîra to the Hilya of Khâqânî. He likewise composed nazîras to the famous Terkîb-Bend of Rûhî and to several of the qasidas of Nef'î. His Mevlevian proclivities showed themselves in two works, the first a translation with commentary of forty couplets taken from the Mesnevî, the second, which is in Persian, a selection of 360 distichs from the same poem, the commentary in this case consisting of five couplets to each one of the text, the whole arranged in the form of a terkîb-bend; this second work bears the title of Jezîre-i Mesnevî or The Isle of the Mesnevî.

A noteworthy point in Jevrî's dîwân is the large number of chronograms, somewhere about fifty, which it contains. This is a sign of the times; for though the chronogram had for long been a feature in Turkish poetry, it only now begins to assume a prominent place and to give promise of the great popularity it is destined to attain during the Transition Period, when it often occupies more than the half of an entire dîwân.

Jevrî's really original work is confined almost wholly to his dîwân; Professor Nâjî commends his poetry for its elegance and grace and says that his language is more orderly and better arranged than that of almost any other poet of his time.

The contented mind of Jevrî may be traced in the two following ghazels from his diwan.

Ghazel. [283]

Lo, the heart hath passed from yearning' path, from earth' desire, in time
Now no longer unto passion or to greed may it incline.

Sick am I, dry lipped, yet should I die I will have naught of care
Not from Khizr, nor from Jebrîl, † not e'en from my love brought.

† Khizr, the guardian of the Fount of Life. Jebrîl, whose breath restored to life the dead.

Ah! the folk of heart may never glean the fruitage of desire,
Even from the bowers of Irem, or the Túbá-tree divine.

Unto them of heart the bounties of the world are e'er denied;
Bitterness is still their portion, even when they quaff the wine.

Nay, the sigh's keen shaft hath reached not, Jevrí, to the mark of hope,
Though it smote the Empyrean, passing through the Heavens Nine.

Ghazel. [284]

I'm contented e'en if Fate should never let me smile again;
Only may it spare to blind me with the dust of Fortune's bane.

Let the Sphere ne'er light the taper of my hope, I've passed therefrom;
Only may it spare to leave me mid the mirk of dole to plain.

Let the wind of Fate ne'er ope on earth the rosebud of the heart;
Only may it spare to ravage like the leaves my spirit fain.

I'm content whatever suff'ring Jevrí maketh me to bear;
Only may he spare to bid me favours of the fool to gain.

The next passage is from the opening of a qasída addressed to a certain Hayder Pasha, apparently the governor of the Arabian province of Yemen, which, with its capital San^cá, forms the subject of the exordium.

Qasída. [285]

The breeze of dawn that over all the world doth wander wide
Would make each waft a living soul if Yemen-ward it hied.
How glorious Yemen! should the zephyr blow with its sweet air,
To all it would the scent of God's life-giving breath provide.¹
How glorious Yemen! whose all-lovely peerless regions bright
Have even with the Paradisal bowers and gardens vied.
If houris found the virtues of its dust in Eden's² soil,

¹ [Alluding to a tradition that "the Breaths of the All-Merciful come from Yemen," or from the South, for Yemen has both meanings. ED.]

² [Eden and Aden on the Red Sea, the chief poet of Yemen, bear the same name in Arabic, ^cadan. ED.]