

They'd take thereof, like fragrant musk, within their breasts to hide.
 Should Adam see its meadows fair bedecked with all their flowers,
 Straightway his yearning after Rizwán's garth he'd cast aside.¹
 Summer and winter blows the breeze with even mildness there,
 So that it makes the roses smile aglow with joyous pride.
 Should once a scantling of its bounty spread across the earth,
 'Twould turn to garden and to lawn the desert parched and dried.
 Should but a drop from out its waters reach unto the wastes,
 The rose and hyacinth would bloom where brere and bramble bide.
 Should but its cloud of winter-rain pass forth from it away,
 'Twould gain the many virtues fair of bounteous April-tide.
 Through yearning for the tulip-garth its vales and fields unfold
 The liver of the Khoten deer² alway with gore is dyed.
 Should once the path of Khizr lead him through its valleys green,
 The Fount of Life he'd change for you bright streams that through them glide.
 If Fortune were to register the countries of the world,
 To head the list of lands with San'á-town 'twould sure decide.
 What if the earth should vaunt her to the skies with yonder town,
 When from the sight thereof amaze would Jesu's heart betide.
 If any region show the handiwork of heavenly power,
 Its every field's a mine, a quarry every mountain-side.
 If God Most High would shield a land from all of scathe and harm,
 He would to Veys Qarení's soul its guardianship confide.³

* * * * *

¹ Rizwán, the angelic gatekeeper of Paradise.

² [i. e. the musk-deer of Tartary. This is another instance of Husn-i-talil, or Actology. ED.]

³ Veys-i Qarení, or Uveys of the tribe of Qaren, a famous saint of the early days of Islám, was a native of Yemen. Though contemporary with the Prophet, he never saw him; but having heard that he had lost one of his teeth, and not knowing which, he broke out all his own to make sure that the same one was gone. He was killed in battle, in 37 (658), fighting along side of 'Alí, the Prophet's son-in-law, against the usurper Mu'awiya.

CHAPTER X.

THE LATE CLASSIC AGE CONTINUED.

MUHAMMED IV—MUSTAFÁ II.

1058—1115 (1648—1703).

The Köprilis. Vejdí. Názilí. Niyází or Misrí.

Nazím. Tálib. Nábí.

In 1058 (1648) Sultan Ibráhím was succeeded by his son Muhammed IV, whom the Turks call Avjí Sultan Muhammed, or Sultan Muhammed the Huntsman, on account of his extraordinary fondness for the chase and marked preference for a country life. After reigning for thirty-seven years, this sovereign was followed by his brother Suleymán II in 1099 (1687). Four years later Ahmed II, another son of Ibráhím, ascended the throne, to be succeeded in 1106 (1695) by Mustafá II, a son of the Huntsman. This Mustafá, who reigned till 1115 (1703), is the last Sultan of the Classic Period. Not one of these Sultans seems to have given any special encouragement to poetry or to have made any attempt to cultivate it, except the last-named, who wrote some mediocre verses under the Makhlas of Iqbálí.

Individually they were not great men, and during the most part of the half century over which their reigns extend, the destinies of the Empire were in the hands of the illustrious family of Köprili. Five members of this house held the office of Grand Vezir; and well it was for Turkey that at this crisis

of her history she had those among her sons to whom she could turn for guidance. The house of Köprili did much for the state, but it did little for literature; all their energies were too sorely taxed in defending the country from traitors within and from foes without to admit of the Vezírs bestowing much attention on mere amenities like verse, although doubtless, after the custom of the time, they rewarded those poets, such as Ná'ílí, who composed qasídas in their honour. As the services rendered by this family were exclusively political, it would be out of place to dwell upon them here; but these services were so brilliant, and the part played by the Köprilis was so prominent and so unique, that to omit all mention of the family in any book which has occasion to touch, however slightly, on the history of Turkey, would be both inexcusable and unjust.¹

Vejdí is the makhlas of 'Abd-ul-Báqí of Constantinople, another of the many poets who flourished at this time. This writer, who was Secretary of the Divan, enjoyed the special

¹ Köprili Muhammed Pasha, the first member of the family who held the Grand Vezirate, was raised to that office in 1066 (1656) when he was seventy years of age. He went on the lines of Murad IV, suppressing evils of every kind with the most ruthless severity. On his death in 1072 (1661), he was succeeded by his son Köprili-záda Ahmed Pasha, surnamed, on account of his many noble qualities, Fázil Ahmed, or the Admirable Ahmed, who held the Vezirate till his death in 1087 (1676). In 1101 (1689) Köprili-záda Mustafa Pasha, another son of old Muhammed, was made Grand Vezir; he discharged the onerous duties of his high position in the most exemplary fashion till he was unhappily killed in battle against the Austrians, at Salankemen in 1107 (1694). Amuza-záda Hüseyin Pasha (Hüseyin Pasha the son of the Uncle, a cousin of Ahmed and Mustafa, was the fourth Grand Vezir of the family, while the fifth and last was Köprilizáda Numan Pasha, a son of Mustafa, who was appointed in 1122 (1710) but retained his position for only fourteen months. The surname of Köprili, the Köprü man, was given to Mevlânâ because he was a native of the little town of Köprü (The Bridge) close to Köprü (The Vezir's Bridge) near Amara in Van Mouda, but the Köprü is really of Albanian origin, Muhammed's father having been an Albanian who had taken up his abode at Köprü.

patronage of Shámí-záda Muhammed the Re²'is Efendi, through whose influence he was promoted to the important position of Beglikji. ¹ Here he won so much favour with old Köprili the Grand Vezír, that the jealousy of his former patron was aroused, the result being that through the machinations of the latter, Vejdí was executed by the order of Sultan Ibráhím, on the 4th. of Ramazán 1071 (3rd. May 1661).

Vejdí's poetical work is represented by a little díwán of ghazels, of which the following is an example.

Ghazel. [286]

Alack for at this night-carouse of dole no shining light is mine;
To wit, no loving leal and true within this world of blight is mine.

The while that everyone now weareth on his head some burgeon fair,
Within the garden of the world. alas, no leaflet bright is mine.

I bear no wound by œiliad dealt, nor thrall of musky tress am I,
And so to stand within the valiant ranks of Love no right is mine.

'Tis truth that Love's elixir hath refined my heart to purest gold,
But yet to bear it in her hand no silver-bodied wight is mine.

The lamp of teen am I, I burn for parting, union ne'er I name;
But meet for night am I, no jewel fit for morning's sight is mine.

Oh how should I not wail and make lament and rend my garments, say?
No cupbearer of roseate cheek, no wine-cup of delight is mine.

So sore a yearning for Stamboul is in my weary heart, Vejdí,
That fain I'd thither fly, but what can I? no wing for flight is mine.

One of the most eminent poets of this time is Ná²ilí (Yeni-záda Mustafá Efendi) of Constantinople. The biographers give

¹ The Beglikji was a high official who presided over the three offices which were under the immediate direction of the Re²'is Efendi: these three offices formed the department called the Díwán-i Humáyún Qalemi, or Chancery of the Imperial Diwan. The title of Beglikji still exists, and is given to the chief of the Díwán Qalemi, the office from which the Imperial mandates are issued.

us but few particulars concerning his career. According to Safá'í, he was employed as a clerk in the department of mines in that public office which looked after those branches of the revenue that were farmed out by the government. Towards the close of his life he lost the favour of the Grand Vezír through the calumnies of certain envious persons, and was banished from the capital. He died in 1077 (1666—7).

With the possible exception of Yahyá Efendi, Ná'ílí is the best poet between Nef'í and Nábí. He has nothing in common with Yahyá, neither is he a follower of Nef'í; for although his language is full of Persianisms, and his style extremely artificial, both are quite unlike anything that has gone before, at all events in Ottoman literature. While keeping safely within the Persian lines, Ná'ílí made bold to cast aside many of those threadbare metaphors and expressions which had done duty since before the Suleymánic age, and which, having received the official imprimatur of Baqí the Poet-King, had recurred with wearisome monotony in the pages of well-nigh every subsequent díwán. For such conventional commonplaces he substitutes novel phrases and novel combinations, always borrowed from the Persian, but hitherto unknown in Turkish poetry. This freshness of phraseology, joined to a delicate subtlety of imagery and a highly artistic style, gives a distinction to the work of Ná'ílí which renders his verses delightful reading after the unvarying sameness of so many among his contemporaries and immediate predecessors. So fascinating is this freshness, and the individuality of style resulting from it, that Professor Naji declares that it is scarcely possible for a Turkish poet to read Ná'ílí's ghazels without desiring to imitate them, a feat, he adds, in which it is very hard to succeed, as the old master is not to be easily beaten on his own ground.

A further characteristic of Ná'ílí's work is its extreme art,

his poems are worked up and polished almost to a fault. In some instances he has carried this refining process to such a point, pruning away everything that appeared to him pleonastic or redundant, that his meaning becomes obscure, and his verses are extremely difficult to understand.

It may appear strange that with all their artificiality and manifest laboriousness there should be much of passion in the poems of Nā'ílí, but such is the case, and the evident sincerity of this has secured for him the suffrages of the Ottoman critics of to-day. Thus Professor Nájí says that while the words of the artificial poets are as a rule without any trace of that true love which is the very soul of poetry, there are many passages in Nā'ílí which will send a thrill to the lover's heart. Ziyá Pasha also has a good word for him, commending alike his language and his matter, and coupling him with Fuzúlí, whom, however, he resembles only in so far as he is at once artificial and sincere.

Nā'ílí is an interesting figure in the history of Turkish poetry, and there is much in his díwán that may be read with pleasure, but it cannot be said that he rendered any real service to the development of literature in his country. It is true that he was an innovator, and it is clear that he was a man of exceptional ability, nay, he even achieved something in relieving, if but for a moment, the somewhat depressing monotony of the late Perso-Turkish school. But unhappily his innovations were in the wrong direction, a direction whence no true or permanent benefit was to be hoped. For he is as Persian as Nef'í himself; all those wonderful new phrases and expressions of his are to be found between the covers of the Persian dictionary; and so un-Turkish is his idiom, so filled is it with Persianisms of every description, that many of his lines are unintelligible to a Turk unacquainted with the language of Irán. Neither did he, like

Yahyá Efendi and his followers, seek inspiration from the world around him; he was content to go for that to his own imagination, and to learn from his Persian masters how to make use of what he found there. All that Ná'ílí really did was to stir afresh the now stagnant waters of Perso-Turkish culture; he brought no new vitalising power into Ottoman poetry, and so his work has remained without that influence on the subsequent literature of his country which might have been expected from a poet so highly gifted as himself.

Ná'ílí's work is limited to his Díwán; it is principally in his ghazels that he excels, though some of his qasídas are both interesting and meritorious. He has an elegy in terjí'bend form on a brother who died in youth, which contains several beautiful passages, but is marred by the hysterical weakness of the refrain which Kemál Bey compares to the lamentations of the Egyptian wailing-women.

In order to distinguish him from another writer of the same name who lived during the first half of the nineteenth century,¹ this poet is frequently called Ná'ílí-i Qadím or Ná'ílí the Elder.

The following passage from the opening of a qasída in honour of the Sheykh of Islam Sun'í-záda is addressed to the reed-pen then universally used in the East.

Qasída. [287]

O reed-pen black of garb,² for all that double-tongued thou be,³
Caltrop-bestrewn the poetaster's pathway is by thee.⁴

¹ [The author seems to have had some doubt as to the period when the second Ná'ílí flourished, as he has placed a query in pencil opposite the statement. He also has noted in pencil a reference to the *Service Émancipé* vol. XVI, p. 71. Et.]

² Referring to the dark colour of the reed.

³ 'Double-tongued,' which here refers to the two ends of the bit of the pen, is used figuratively for hypocritical or deceitful.

⁴ That is, to use the pen correctly to compose correctly is a poet's task to the unskilful writer.

What then although thy tongue be twy, and though thy wede be black?
Thou art the spy within the veil of fact and fantasy.

What then although 'tis thy command that rules the marshalled lines,¹
O standard-bearer of the truth, ensign of poesy!

In showing forth the praises of the fair one's eyebrow curved
Thou makest Ramazán's bright crescent's finger shame to dree.²

Thou'st found the way unto the pearl of mysticism's hoard;

'Tis thou who givest substance for the jewellers' trafficky.³

Speechless, but yet within the inkhorn's vault a Plato thou;⁴

Silent, but yet thou mak'st the world to echo ceaselessly.

If to the sages' feast thou com'st, thou Aristotle art;

Yet all unknowing beest thou in the unmeet company.

Each shaving cut from thee a dagger is full keen of point;

Of all necessity of hone or grindlestone thou'rt free.

Thou art the gem, yet from thy mouth are pearls of wisdom shed;

Mine of the gems, gem of the mine, thou'rt like the shell, perdie.⁵

* * * * *

Ghazel. [288]

Wails the nightingale, the rose's torn and shredded spare behold;
Shattered lies the rose, the nightingale's distraught despair behold.

E'en for chastity's sweet sun-love blushing, is she dew-besprent;
All the purity of yonder bashful Rose-leaf fair behold.

Purer shines her skirt than e'en the essence of the Holy Ghost;
Yonder radiant Lamp of beauty's nuptial-chamber there behold.⁶

¹ The lines of writing drawn up in order like lines of soldiers.

² The 'crescent's finger,' i. e. the crescent moon itself, by its form suggests an eyebrow. The fast which is observed during the month Ramazán is ended by the appearance of the new moon; this being anxiously looked for, may be supposed to wear a brighter aspect than usual in the eyes of the devout Muslim, exhausted with long fasting.

³ The 'jewellers,' i. e. the dealers in beautiful fancies and ideas.

⁴ The 'inkhorn's vault' is the pot for ink at one end of the Eastern qalem-dán (pen-and-ink case) which is inserted into the girdle.

⁵ The oyster-shell which besides enclosing the pearl, itself yields mother-of-pearl.

⁶ The Lamp or Taper is the beloved. See Vol. II, p. 205, n. 7. The first line means that she is purer than even the Holy Ghost, by whom conceived the Virgin Mary, who is the type of purity.

Mid the circle of familiars of yon rosy radiant Lamp
Still of nightingale and moth lovelorn the hand and spare behold.¹

Every moment would the eye of Jacob drown in floods of tears
This alcove of blue enamel,² dolour's home of care behold.³

Midst of torment's locks the troubled plight, like that of gentle hearts,
Of yon wild and wanton beauty with the troubled hair behold.

Lo, what jewels issue forth from Nâ'îlî's irradiate soul;
Yonder hoard of talent, yonder mine of knowledge rare behold.

Ghazel. [289]

O Lord, deliverance from hope and fear on me bestow,
Vouchsafe a mind that will full fain life and the world forego.

Unto Love's watcher through the night within this drear abode⁴
Grant Thou a Taper⁵ mid the gloom of wilderment to glow.

Cupbearer-Sphere, I seek not yonder beaker bright, the sun;
Do thou a pitcher broken like my heart unto me show.

Make Thou the heart familiar with the joy of Job's distress,
But give unto the patient spirit strength to thole its woe.

The Sultan on the throne of Love is Nâ'îlî become;
O sigh, a canopy of smoke spark-broidered o'er him throw.⁶

Ghazel. [290]

Ay, the satin of estate,¹ which on the wise do all revere,
On the fool's vainglorious shoulders showeth but as costly gear.

¹ That is, behold there the traces of those who have perished for love of her.

² The sky.

³ Jacob weeping for his lost Joseph, the usual type of sorrow. Jacob's tent after the departure of Joseph is called by the poet. *Bevâ'î Mîm* the Home (or Home) of Sorrows (or Care).

⁴ The world.

⁵ A beloved one.

⁶ The Sultan's throne was sometime surmounted by a canopy decked with stars in gold embroidery, thus to be represented by the *shamsîr* (stars) which are the smoke of the consuming hearth. Vol. II, p. 147, see also also, sometimes, the *shamsîr* arising from it burning.

⁷ Referring to the state robe of the high official *shamsîr* (p. 147, see also).

Never is the wise diverted by the diverse gauds of state;
But the fool, for lust of office, trembleth 'twixen hope and fear.

Yonder deep blue tent of heaven, which is mourning's home, doth shine
In the fool's unheeding eye a tile-encrusted belvedere. ¹

As the old and threadbare awning of this ancient hospice ² seems
In the sage's vision yonder pall thou nam'st the Starless Sphere. ³

Ná'ilí, upon the finger-nail of yonder festal moon
Doth a fragment of the sage's bosom-rending heart appear. ⁴

Ghazel. [291]

Whene'er the heart's tumultuous fiery sea a moment's quiet knows,
Each scar of dule the body bears a wild and gory whirlpool shows.

From end to end this world's a steep and rugged hill, the hill of pain,
Where every mattock-wielding hope doth but a BÍ-Sitún expose. ⁵

Let hearts creep off and seek the dark, but only let thy darkling locks
As musky willows bowéd droop upon thy cheek's fair garden-close.

Whene'er the wanton liplet of thine eyen's glance doth murmur soft,
Each movement of thy lashes weaves a magic charm that all o'erthrows.

Upon this juggler's stage, ⁶ O Ná'ilí, in knowledge wisdom lies;
'Tis not from 'neath the dervish cloak that one the seven goblets shows. ⁷

¹ Referring to the blue-green tiles wherewith buildings in Turkey and Persia are often decorated.

² The 'ancient hospice' is the world.

³ The 'starless sphere' is the Primum Mobile or Empyrean, the ninth or outermost of the Ptolemaic spheres, which encloses all the others. See Vol. I, p. 43.

⁴ The festal moon, i. e. the new moon whose appearance shows that the Ramazán fast is over and the Bayrám festival begun. Being crescent, it is shaped something like a bent finger; to the nail of this is said to be fastened a piece of the sage's (studious recluse's) heart, he being an enemy to all merry-making.

⁵ The mattock-wielder is Ferhád. BÍ-Sitún, or the Pierless, is the modern name of [Behistun (near Kirmánsháh, noted for its Achaemenian inscriptions), the] mountain through which Ferhád cut a road in the vain hope of winning Shírfín. Here the poet compares the hopes of men to the disappointed lover whose arduous and painful labours availed him nothing.

⁶ The world.

⁷ The seven planetary spheres are the 'seven goblets;' here the allusion is

Ghazel. [265]

Thou it is dost grant this sad and woeful life in loan to me:
Ay, forsooth, straightway 'twould slay me, cruel one, to part from thee.

Yea, the desert-whirlwind shows me how 'tis Mejnûn's soul that still
Roams, the weary wildered spirit of the wastes of tormentry.¹

While that I, possessed, knew not myself did reason rend me sore,
And did make e'en Plato my disciple scant of wit to be.

Trust not Jupiter midmost the heavens to order things aright²
Should he say unto thine eye, 'Thou'st learnéd me this gramarie.'

Nâ'ilî, by such a yearning am I branded that my sighs
Show to me this sphere for ever wrapt in ashen drapery.

Mysticism, which played so prominent a part in the earlier stages of the development of Turkish poetry, has ever since the beginning of the Classic Period been receding further and further into the background, so that now, when that Period is hard upon its close, it is somewhat surprising to encounter a poet possessed of no little merit and ability finding therein the fountain-head of his inspiration. For although there has been a constant succession of mystic verse writers during the whole course of the Classic Age, these have been almost exclusively dervishes belonging to one or other of the many religious orders, not even one among whom can be said to have attained any eminence as a poet; while the really distinguished men of letters, though touching from time to time on transcendental things,

to some conjuring trick of producing a number of article from up the sleeve or under the coat. The meaning is that those who make the great show of religion are not those who really understand the most.

¹ Mejnûn, the lover of Leyla, who in his frenzy used to wander through the desert.

² When personated the planet Jupiter is generally represented as a royal administrator.

have done so only incidentally, never making such, as their predecessors did, the primary motive of their work.

Niyázi, though not a great poet, was a man of considerable talent and stands a long way ahead of the throng of Mevleví and Khalvetí sheykhs who have of late been the interpreters of mystic philosophy in Turkish verse. Mysticism, moreover, is the key-note of this poet's work; whatever else is to be found in his díwán is of quite secondary importance, and almost as it were accidental.

Muhammed, known in Ottoman history as Misrí Efendi and in literature as Niyázi, was born at the little town of Aspuzi,¹ near Malatia, in what is nowadays the province of Ma^cmúrat-ul-^cAzíz. After receiving his first lessons in mystic lore from his father, who was a Naqshbendí dervish, he studied in Márdín and Cairo and at the village of Elmali in Anatolia. When his studies were completed, he was sent by his last teacher, a great Khalvetí Sheykh, to ^cUshsháqí near Smyrna, there to act as his vicar. But ere long this teacher died, whereon Niyázi is settled in Brusa, living there in a cell which one of the citizens built for him. The fame of his sanctity having reached Köprili-záda Ahmed Pasha "the Admirable," he was invited to Adrianople where the court was at that time established, for Sultan Muhammed the Huntsman disliked Constantinople and visited it as seldom as possible. Niyázi was honourably entertained in the second capital of the Empire for twenty days, after which he was sent back to Brusa. By and bye he was again summoned to

¹ Aspuzi, which is beautifully situated, lies some four kilometers to the south-west of Malatia, the inhabitants of which city used to repair thither to pass the summer season. But in consequence of the military occupation of Malatia in 1255 (1839) during the war with Muhammed ^cAlí Pasha of Egypt, the citizens, who were in their summer-quarters, were unable to return, and thus they acquired the habit of living all through the year at Aspuzi, the result being that that town has now become the chief place of the province, while Malatia is falling into decay.

Adrianople; but the popular excitement caused by the mystical and prophetic character of his preaching led to his banishment to the Island of Lemnos. During the whole time of his residence there, this island enjoyed complete immunity from the descents of the Venetians, between whom and the Ottomans there existed in those days a practically chronic state of warfare; which circumstance was looked upon as a miracle resulting from the presence of the holy sheykh. The fame of his sanctity was yet further increased by an incident related by Safá'í to the effect that following the example of the patriarch Joseph, he prophesied to a geomancer, who was likewise in exile on Lemnos, that he would shortly be permitted to leave the island, but that on the first occasion of his trying to exercise his craft, he would infallibly be hanged; — all of which, of course, duly came to pass. After a long banishment of twenty years, Niyází was allowed by Kōprili-záda Mustafá to return to Brusa, whence in the following year he was for the third time called to Adrianople. But as he would not desist from preaching in the old strain and so throwing the whole city into commotion, he was once more banished to Lemnos, where he died in the Rejeb of 1105 (March 1694).¹

Sheykh Misrî or Misrî Efendi, as he was called, was a prominent figure in his day, so much so, indeed, that he even attracted the attention of some of the European writers who about this time visited Turkey — notably of Prince Cantemir, who resided for several years in Constantinople, and wrote a highly entertaining, though not always very reliable, history of the Empire. The Prince conceived the extraordinary idea (in which he has been followed by some subsequent writers) that Misrî Efendi, as he always calls

¹ This is the date given by the historian Fehid V. von Hammer (loc. cit.) a later date, 1111 (1699), but without mentioning his authority.

him, was, if not a Christian at heart, at any rate very strongly inclined towards the doctrines of the Christian Church. This notion probably arose partly from the circumstance that Niyázi's religious teaching had involved him in trouble, and partly from an imperfect understanding of some of his poems wherein the name of Jesus is mentioned. In support of his assumption, Prince Cantemir quotes two of Niyázi's ghazels, of which he offers a translation so inaccurate as to prove how limited was his knowledge of literary Turkish, and how little he was qualified to form opinions based thereon. On the other hand, Von Hammer, while correct in maintaining the groundlessness of the Prince's conception, is quite wrong when he says that the name of Jesus occurs only once in Niyázi's *díwán*, and that the two ghazels quoted by Cantemir are apocryphal, and not to be found among that poet's works. As a matter of fact, Jesus is mentioned several times in Niyázi's verses, though not more frequently or in any other connections than he is by scores of other Muhammedan poets; while as for the two ghazels, a very moderate amount of patience is necessary to discover them in their natural places in the *Díwán*.

Though Niyázi wrote a good deal of prose, his poetical work is confined to his *Díwán*, which again is restricted to ghazels, nothing so worldly as a *qasída* gaining admittance to those sacred pages. These ghazels are almost without exception mystical in the last degree, and consequently very often well-nigh impossible to understand, so that when trying to puzzle out their sense one finds oneself in constant agreement with the Muftí, of whom Prince Cantemir tells, who, on being appealed to on the question of their orthodoxy, replied that only God and Niyázi knew what they meant.

Some of the ghazels are in Arabic, while in others the lines are alternately in that language and in Turkish. Some-

times Niyází ignores the prosodial increment known as the *Kesre-i khaffa*, just as *Veysí* does in the poem translated in this book, and sometimes he observes it, apparently without rule. In some of his poems he uses *Niyází* as his *makhlás*, in some *Misrî*; it is possible that at one period of his literary life he may have used one of these, at another the other; and that the name employed thus roughly indicates the period when the poem was written.

Here are the two *ghazels*, the existence of which is denied by Von Hammer, and on the strength of which Prince Cantemir would make a Christian of *Niyází*. They are fair specimens of his style and of the usual mystic poetry of Turkey and Persia.

Ghazel. [293]

In me forsooth unbounded skill in Names Divine doth lie,¹
And ever do I journey through the Mystic Letters' sky.²

The stars that stud the heaven of my heart may ne'er be told;
In every sign a thousand suns, a thousand moons, have I.

Doctors would hold it for their shame to teach the A B C;
This A B C, that seems so mean, in my regard is high:³

In truth, that is the heaven, the empyrean of all lore;
E'en on the ground thereof for me unnumbered jewels lie.

Hereby indeed hath *Misrî* become one with *Jen's* breath,
Naught cometh to my heart, and naught doth pass therefrom for aye.⁴

¹ The ninety-nine Names of God, each of which has some occult value or mystic lore.

² When speaking of the Archaic poet *Ne'mat*, we came across the sect of the *Hunufi* (Literal), in whose doctrine each letter of the alphabet has some esoteric significance.

³ This verse, with the two following, refers again to the mystical value of the letters.

⁴ This is the couplet in the poem on which Cantemir, amongst others, misunderstanding it, found his strange opinion. He translated it into the following sense of his work) i. e.:

(I) on my it is, joined the agreement of *Jen's* and *Misrî's*.

(II) therefore my work neither has nor can have any value.

Ghazel. [294]

I am he who knoweth all the mysteries of human lore,
I'm the life of earth, and I the treasures of Truth explore.

Hid within me lie the secrets of the Mysteries' Mystery;
Here within I hold the Trust,¹ and I'm the treasure-house therefor.

Clear in everything the beauty of the Godhead I behold,
So whenc'er I look on yonder mirrors, joyance comes me o'er.²

Every word of mine's a key to ope the lock 'A treasure I';³
Eke of Jesu's breath am I the close familiar evermore.⁴

All existent things I've given for the One Existency;
Now am I one with Thine Essence, Names, and Attributes and glore.

Whatsoever be on earth, in heaven, is bounden unto me;
I'm the talisman all-potent ruling hid and overt lore.

I'm that Misrí, I am monarch o'er the Egypt of my frame;⁵
Though in form contingent, I'm in truth the Mystery of Yore.

The following is from a somewhat lengthy poem describing
the "Spiritual City."

Poem. [295]

My pathway to a city led the which a plain doth compass fair;
Who enters in sees naught of death, he drinketh of life's water there.

¹ [i. e. the Trust (emánet) which God offered to the Heavens and the Earth; and, on their refusal to undertake so heavy a responsibility as that of representing God in the Phenomenal World, to man. ED.]

² The 'mirrors' are all phenomena, in which the mystic sees reflected the beauty of God.

³ Alluding to the well-known tradition of God's saying 'I am a hidden treasure.' See Vol. I, p. 17, n. 1.

⁴ This is Cantemir's verse: he mistranslates:

'I am the most excellent seal of things visible and invisible;

'I am always with Jesus, and with him do always agree.'

⁵ There is here a play upon the name Misrí, which means Egyptian, and which Niyázi probably adopted by way of souvenir of his Cairo life.

Goodly its building is to see, its gates are thirty-two, perdie,
 'Tis greater than all towns that be, all round is orchard and parterre.
 Its air is fraught with sweet delight, who enters never seeketh flight;
 Its mountains tulips red and white, its gardens smiling roses bear.
 Its bulbuls warble plaintive lays, it filleth hearts with glad amaze,
 There wander through its garden-ways and all its alleys beauties rare.
 Aneath the treen to lutes they sing, the fruits upon the branches swing,
 And ere thou proffer anything thine every hest is answered fair.
 Whoso doth drink of Selsebil, the vintage doth his senses steal,
 And Tesnám maketh him to reel; who quaff thereof are drunken e'er.¹
 'Tis not of Paradise I show; that were no boon to these, I trow;
 Nay, at the joy and bliss of these all they of Eden wildered were.
 Its name, the City of the Truth; God set His secret there in sooth;
 And God He taketh all for guest who are of yonder secret ware.
 Among them is nor strife nor fight nor envying nor hate nor spite;
 Friends all, there is no stranger wight, but each to each is brother dear.
 Their selves than life more precious are, their words than honey sweeter far,
 No talk of me and thee doth jar, for all are one in union there.
 No prophet to that town hath come, there hath been none to call them home,
 For from the path they ne'er did roam, their acts are as the Koran e'er.
 The Faith of Truth it is their faith, the Sea Essential is their path,
 Fulfilled all the desires they have by Fate alway and everywhere.

* * * * *

'Tis of the Soul's Land I have told, have writ with anguish manifold;
 And every soul descending thence is housed within these bodies here.
 Come, leave not in the clay thy soul, but mounting upward find thy goal,
 Were it besecming man that earth should be his prison house for e'er
 Hark thou unto Niyázi's cry and open wide the inward eye;
 One day thou'lt pass full suddenly, and all will weep, but see thee ne'er.
 Yon City of the Truth attain and therein to God's secret gain,
 And let the sea of knowledge fill that heart of thine for e'er and e'er.

The next ghazal, in praise of his birth place, A-puck, is perhaps the only non-mystic poem in the whole of Niyazi's Díván.

¹ Selsebil and Tesnám are names of rivers in Paradise.

Ghazel. [296]

Bless it God! of nightingales¹ the garden bright is Aspuzi,
Eden's bower to mind recalling, fair in height is Aspuzi.

Equable of climate, all of joy and gladness gathers there,
Country of the sages' banquet of delight is Aspuzi.

Deyr-Mesih beside its virtues holds as naught the Stream of Life;
When it floweth, like a graceful gliding spright is Aspuzi.²

When it dons its greeny garment in the lovely days of vere,
Sooth the stage where doth the season's Khizr light is Aspuzi.³

All around are fruits as dulcet as the lips of beauties fair;
Yea, a winsome youth with satin green bedight is Aspuzi.

O'er its apples are there rubrics written there withouten ink;
Truly, wondrous an ensample of God's might is Aspuzi.⁴

Therefore are its folk with wisdom and with wit abundant dowered;
Ay, the magazine of men of lore and light is Aspuzi.

Good it is, if said of Eden-garth 'aneath it rivers flow';⁵
Yea, and of yon bowers of Heaven a foresight is Aspuzi.

Had but death's cold blast, Niyázi, never swept o'er yonder land,
Who is there that would not witness, 'Eden's site is Aspuzi?'

¹ 'Nightingales' may here have 'poets' as a secondary meaning.

² This couplet is a little confused; Aspuzi seeming to be here taken as the name of a stream: possibly the small river which flows into the Tashma Su, itself a tributary of the Euphrates, and upon which the town is situated, bears the same name. Deyr-Mesih, the 'Monastery of the Messiah, must be some place in the neighbourhood.

³ For Khizr, the green-clad prophet, see Vol. I, p. 172, n. 1. The 'season's Khizr' simply means all the greenness of spring.

⁴ This couplet refers to the well-known yazili elma or 'written apples' of Aspuzi. When the season approaches [at which the apples begin to colour, they are wrapped round with pieces of paper on which words or verses have been cut out: in this way the surface of the fruit is protected from the sun and so kept pale except where the incisions have been made in the paper, the result being that when the apples come to be unrolled the words are found marked upon them in reddish tints.

⁵ 'Aneath it flow rivers.' often said of Paradise in the Koran.

We have but few details wherefrom to construct the biography of the poet Nazím. Little concerning his life appears to be known beyond the facts that his name was Mustafá, that he was employed as clerk in one of the government offices, and that he died at Belgrade in 1107 (1695) during a campaign against the Austrians, being at the time attached in an official capacity to the Janissary corps.

Nazím left a large *díván*, the greater part of which consists of *na'fs* or hymns in honour of the Prophet. These are for the most part in *qasída* form, but they likewise include several of the *ghazels* and other poems. Indeed, Nazím is probably the greatest *na'f*-writer in Ottoman literature whether we regard the extent or the merit of his work. Speaking of him in this connection, *Ziyá Pasha* says that no other poet has been so gifted or has attained so much success.

But Nazím has a better title to our respect, for in all his work he strove after simplicity, so far as such a quality was possible in the age in which he wrote. His vocabulary no doubt is very Persian, but his style is easy and natural, his construction straightforward and free from obscurity, and his meaning almost always clear and self-evident. In view of this, the most marked characteristic of Nazím, it is, as *Kenal Bey* has pointed out, somewhat astonishing that *Ziyá Pasha* should have coupled him with *Sann*, one of the most artificial poets of the early Transition.

From an historical point of view the most interesting feature of Nazím's *diwan* is that it includes for the first time, so far as I have been able to discover, a section of *harq*. As I have more than once had occasion to remark, the *harq* is the literary development of the *turla* or folk-song, and its introduction into the *diwan*s of the poets is one of the most salient distinctions between the Transition and earlier periods. By his work in this direction Nazím proved his kinship with

the writers of the succeeding age, but otherwise his poetry belongs to the Classic school; for although his style and construction are simple, they are, equally with his vocabulary, quite Persian.

If Nazím is indeed the earliest poet to transform the turkí into the sharqí and promote it to a place in his díwán, his work becomes one of the landmarks of Ottoman literary history, and acquires an interest and importance far beyond that to be derived either from the number of his naʿts or the simplified Persianism of his style.

These sharqís, which are placed at the end of the printed edition of the díwán, are seven in number, and belong, with one exception, to what I have described in the Introduction as the second or irregular variety of this form.

The following couplets, translated from a qasída, give a fair example of Nazím's brilliant though rather monotonous naʿts.

Naʿt. [297]

Guest of yonder Feast where shines the Beatific Vision's light,
 Mirror-bearer, yea, and Mirror is he ¹ for God's visage bright.
 Time and space are but the centre rounded by his Glory's O; ²
 Ringed the compass of the eighteen thousand worlds is by his might. ³
 Ever crescent, aye abiding is his perfectness and power;
 Sans vezír and sans adviser is the Kingdom of his right.
 Sweeps the pinion of the Cherubim the dust afore his court;
 Waits the Holy Spirit, servant at his portal day and night.
 Men and genies bide within his Garth, ⁴ the refuge of the world;

¹ 'He' of course refers to the Prophet.

² In the original: 'Being and space (i. e. all existences) are the dot in the ج of the جلال (glory) of his greatness.' That is, they are but a little thing created for his honour. Similar plays on the forms of the letters are common in Eastern poetry.

³ See Vol. I, p. 54.

⁴ This 'Garth' is the famous Ravza, that part of the mosque at Medína, where the Prophet is entombed, which is decorated so as to resemble a garden. There is a good account of it in Sir Richard Burton's 'Pilgrimage,' Vol. II, p. 68.

Spirits of the great and mighty ever haunt his Ka^cba's site,
 Magnified and head-exalted all the lovers of his gloire;
 Abject and abased and tearful all the foemen of his rite.
 Every pebble 'fore his threshold gleams a gem for Kingly crowns;
 E'en as life's elixir shows the dust wherewith his temple's dight.
 King and mendicant alike are guests of yonder host, his grace;
 Aged sire and tender suckling in his bounty's praise unite.

* * * * *

Thou art yonder Light of guidance, Radiance of the feast of truth,¹
 Prophets and apostles circle moth-like round thy taper bright.
 While my life abides I wander through the moorland of thy praise,
 Still within that plain I find not for my heart or soul respite.
 Though for faults and flaws unnumbered but a worthless mote I be,
 Yet I win to glory, rose-like, when thy virtues I recite.
 Many and diverse the garments woven on the loom of grace
 By my virgin mind that scorns with borrowed raiment to be dight.
 Heads do ache not from the joyance born of my fair fancy's wine;
 Heartening is my fluent verse's vintage gladdening the spright.
 This qasída to thine honour glows the garth of purity;
 Midst its blooms nor dread of thorn is there nor trace of autumn blight.
 Every line I write a rank is in the mosque of thy renown,²
 Ever doth my reed the summons from the minaret recite.

* * * * *

The next translation is that of a ghazal.

Ghazal. [298]

At length the springtide of the bower of my desire is here,
 And cull'd the posy of mine ancient longing's fair herbere.
 Were't strange an, like narciss and rose, to eye and ear I turn,³
 Since now the word of union from thy love-ome mouth I hear
 He, like to Khizr, ne'er shall die, who once hath butted thee, sweet
 For from those ruby lips of thine life's water floweth clear.⁴

¹ From this point the poem is addressed directly to the Prophet.

² The idea is that of a rank or row of worshippers.

³ We have before seen the narcissus likened to the eye because of its colour and the rose to the ear on account of the shape of its petals.

⁴ 'Life's Water' is here gentle speech and sweet music and life.

Alack, alack, that through my yearning for thy charms, the wreath
My patience wore is rent, on rosebud wise, O Fairy dear. ¹

What wonder if thy glance's shaft abide within the heart? —
The tablet of entreaty's pierced by wanton beauty's spear.

Conceive not that the crescent's form is bowéd thus for naught,
Before thy curvéd eyebrow's shrine it louteth from the sphere.

What though it tremble in the slaughter-house of grief for thee?
The heart's the fluttering bird that for the chase of Love they rear.

The goblet of delight would be the brand that burns my breast,
The purest wine but tears of blood, withouten thee, my Fere.

'Twere meet thy verse were called a carcanet of pearls, Nazím;
For thridden on the string of speech the gems of thought appear.

I shall give in conclusion a translation of the first of the
seven sharqís, — the first poem in the native Turkish form
in this work.

Sharqí. [299]

Naught of peace it findeth elsewhere, my love;
Yes, my foolish heart is with thee; yes, with thee.
I'm thy lover, show thyself full fair, my love;
Yes, my foolish heart is with thee; yes, with thee.

Be thou heedful of my soul-destroying cry;
Lo, my breast afire for many a flaming sigh;
Union with thee 'tis I crave of God Most High.
Yes, my foolish heart is with thee; yes, with thee.

'Tis not little I have grievéd, thou away;
Were it much if I should win to thee one day?
As thou listest, welcome me or say me nay,
Yes, my foolish heart is with thee; yes, with thee.

Though my dwelling-place, O Joseph rosy-clad,
Be, like Jacob's, in the house of mourning sad,

¹ When the rosebud opens, it is said to rend its garment, i. e. the calyx.

O'er the Egypt of the heart thou reignest glad.

Yes, my foolish heart is with thee; yes, with thee.

Since thy lightning-cheek afore the heart did leam

Joyously I go, my breast for thee a gleam.

I'm thy lover now, a lover like Nazím;

Yes, my foolish heart is with thee; yes, with thee.

It would be unjust to imitate Ziyá Pasha and omit all mention of Tálíb, who, though by no means a poet of distinction, left a little *díwán* which merits a passing notice. Muhammed Efendi (such was his name) was the son of an *imám* at Brusa, entered the *‘ulemá*, and, having served as judge at Kutahiya and Erzerum, died in 1118 (1706—7).

According to Kemál Bey, Tálíb and his contemporary Rásikh endeavoured to strike out for themselves new paths in poetry, though for the most part with but scant success. Tálíb's ghazels are, indeed, unlike those of the poets whose works we have been considering, being often marked by a pensiveness verging on melancholy, and yet more frequently by a philosophising tone caught probably from Nabi, who was about this time introducing a deliberative and didactic spirit into Turkish poetry.

The two following ghazels will give an idea of Tálíb's style.

Ghazel. [300]

There is no balance to the righteous, true as conscience' eye.¹

There is no culture like to knowing where our failings lie.²

How should the mirk of sin o'erwhelm the radiance of grace?

The locks of night veil not the bright moon—'twere mad the sky

¹ The 'eye of conscience' is a common expression and a new rendering of the 'voice of conscience.'

² This couplet has passed into a proverb, and is quoted as such in Fawá'id Ziyá's collection.

From forth the fetters of earth's cares may no one win him free;
To yonder toper e'en the wine-sea waves no file supply. ¹

The zealot will his zealotry rue sore in Pardon's hour;
Not thus will he repent who sinnéd sans hypocrisy.

The skirt bedewed with drunken tears is needful thereunto;
Through arid zealotry wins none to pardon's wealth anigh.

Tálib, 'tis time the rosebud of our fond desire should ope,
For in these days no smile across the lips of hope doth fly.

Ghazel. [301]

The autumn gusts have scattered all the rose's leaves in blight at last;
The wind hath strewn around the bulbul's nest in harsh despite at last.

Bethink thee, heart of mine, how Alexander's mirror is the tomb: ²
The gravestone is that hostel's sign whereat we all must light at last.

The heart becomes matured and pure by pressure of the world's duresse,
As grapes to must, and must to wine, are turned by treaders' might at last.

The eye of my fond hope is blanched, ³ and old I'm grown for yearning's pain;
Von Joseph-cheek hath made me e'en as Jacob, drear of plight, at last.

I saw her signal to the rival secretly, and am fordone;
The eyebrow-falchion's tongue ⁴ hath smitten sore the wailing spright at last.

My zeal will ne'er consent to love's fair honour being rent, elsewise
I should renounce the wine of yonder charmer's love-delight at last.

O cupbearer, roll up straightway the carpet of liesse, for sooth
The drunken hand lets fall the robe hilarity hath dight at last.

¹ The rippling waves are here likened to the teeth of a file, and a file is used for cutting through chains. The idea is that no one can win freedom from the cares of life, from which even wine — mystic or otherwise — cannot free the toper.

² Alexander the Great's magic mirror, in which he could behold all that was taking place.

³ With weeping.

⁴ The curved eyebrow of the beauty is likened to a falchion or scimitar; the 'tongue' is the blade.

O Tálíb, many of yonder steeds, my futile fancies, have perspired
Before these graceful verses coursed the spirit's meadow-site at last.

The Classic Period of Turkish poetry (that, namely, during which the influence of the great Iránian masters was absolute and unquestioned, and which was definitively established when Ahmed Pasha, the Conqueror's vezír, modelled his *qasidas* and *ghazels* on the work of the Persianised Nevá'í) comes to a close when Nábí, writing verses which by courtesy alone can be described as Turkish, carries the art of adaptation to its furthest possible limit; a circumstance which curiously enough synchronises with the career of Sá'ib, the last Persian poet of true eminence and originality.¹

This Nábí who thus, as it were, stands sentinel with Ahmed Pasha, the one at the nearer, the other at the further end of the vast palace of Turkish classic poetry, is, apart from the accident of his appearance at a critical time, a writer of more than average interest and merit, and of far more than average renown.

Born somewhere about the year 1630 in the ancient city of Urfa,² whose name commemorates that Ur of the Chaldees whence Abraham journeyed in his youth, Nábí, whose personal name was Yúsuf, came to Constantinople to seek his fortune, when Muhammed IV occupied the Imperial throne. The poet succeeded in gaining the confidence of that Sultan's favourite, Mustafá Pasha, who made him his *kyaya* or intendant, and in whose service he remained some thirty years.

¹ [I must again express my dissent from the view that the development of Persian poetry came to an end with Sa'ib or any other writer. I do not see one in admiration for Sa'ib's genius, but Qasim (to quote one instance) who flourished only half a century ago, is in my opinion, perhaps, if not though less edifying, a poet. (E.)]

² Urfa is the Turkish name of that city which the Greeks and Romans knew as Edessa or Callirhoe, it is, perhaps, from the letter of the first Arabic name of Rawha is ultimately derived. [In Syriac it would be] *Ur*.

passing his time, as he himself tells us, between the capital and Adrianople. At length, in 1096 (1684), Mustafá Pasha having been appointed to the command of the troops operating in the Morea, Nábí Efendi accompanied him thither. But in 1685 his patron died, whereupon Nábí made the pilgrimage to Mekka and Medína, on his return from which he took up his residence in Aleppo. Baltaji Muhammed Pasha, he who was to dictate peace to Peter the Great ¹ on the banks of the Pruth, having been named governor of that city, conceived a great affection and esteem for the poet, and when in 1710 he was summoned to Constantinople to succeed the last of the Köprilis in the grand vezirate, he took Nábí along with him and procured for him the office of Anadoli Muhásebejisi, or Auditor for Anatolia, which, however, was soon exchanged for that of Suwári Muqábelejisi, or Collator for the Cavalry. Nábí died, upwards of eighty years of age, on the 3rd. of the First Rebí^c of 1124 (12 April 1712), and was buried at Scutari, where his tomb, which had been neglected and allowed to fall into disrepair, was restored some few years ago through the efforts of a few persons interested in Turkish literature.

Nábí was for long one of the most popular among the Turkish poets; indeed, it is still the custom among certain classes, when one desires to praise the eloquence of a speaker or to ridicule the affectation of a pedant, to say that 'he speaks like Nábí.' One element of this popularity lay no doubt in the immense variety of subject and manner that characterises his work. For Nábí was not only gifted with talent, he was possessed of ambition, the ambition of asserting his lordship over every field in the wide domain of literature. He would be master alike in poetry and prose, and not in

¹ [Or "the Mad," as the author suggests in a pencil note, with a reference to the *Academy* for January 22, 1898, pp. 89—90. ED.]

one branch alone of these, but in all; qasída, ghazel, and mesneví must equally bear witness to his versatility; poems religious, philosophic, didactic, and romantic, songs of love and wine, mystic and material, all are there to prove the many-sidedness of his genius. Similarly with prose; he writes biography,¹ history,² travels,³ and letters;⁴ in short, there is scarce anything within the literary sphere of his day that he does not attempt.

On looking through the collected poems of Nábí we are struck first of all by his extraordinary facility of versification; we feel, as Ekrem Bey puts it, that there is nothing which he could not have thrown into poetic form, had he so desired. But it is doubtful whether this marvellous facility was in reality a boon, as it led to a diffusion of energy in a number of different directions, success in each one of which calls for abilities widely varying in nature, and rarely if ever found united in a single writer. In all of Nábí's work there is skill, in much of it there is talent, but in none of it is there genius. His poetry can bear no comparison with that of the great masters, his ghazels are cold and tame beside the passion of Fuzúlí or the grace of Nedím, his qasídas grow pale and ineffectual before the brilliancy of the panegyrics of Nef'í, and his romantic mesneví shows flat and uninspired when contrasted with the imaginative beauties of Sheykh Ghalib. Had Nábí, who possessed both talent and industry, concentrated his attention on one particular branch of poetry, instead of dividing it as he did, he might indeed have missed some

¹ *Zeyl-i Siyer-i Veysí*, a continuation of Veysí's *Life of the Prophet*.

² *Tárikh-i Qanímcha*, an account of the taking of Cumme (Badkub) by the Grand Vezir Kopruluzada Ahmed Pa-ha in 1683.

³ *Tuhfet-ul-Haremeyn*, an account of the author's journey from Cairo to Mecca and Medina; this work was written in 1693.

⁴ *Muncheát*, the letters of Nábí collected after his death by his friend Hájí-záda 'Abd-ur-Rahm Bey.

thing of his popularity with the multitude, but on the other hand he would have been more likely to achieve a position in the first rank of the poets of Turkey.

Like most eminent poets, Nábí is representative of his time. In his work — and this is its chief interest — the Classic Age joins hands with the Transition. We have seen how, ever since the Archaic Period, it has been the custom of Turkish poets to seek their inspiration in the contemporary literature of Persia, how Jelál-ud-Dín, Nizámí, Jámí, ‘Urfí, Shevkat and many others have successively served as models to the writers of Turkey. Nábí is the last to follow this tradition; after his time Ottoman poetry no longer reflects as in a mirror the varying phases through which that of Persia passes. And that is why I have called Nábí the last of the Classic poets of Turkey; he is the last to obey that ancient though unwritten rule which bids the Turkish poet look to his Persian brother to direct his steps.

The great Persian poet of Nábí's time was Sá'ib,¹ so it is he whom the Turk naturally chose for master. That Sá'ib was a man of genius is shown clearly enough by the fact that he was able to invest with a fresh vitality the moribund poetry of Persia.² Avoiding alike the well-worn mysticism of the followers of Jelál-ud-Dín and the now threadbare Bacchanalianism of the school of Háfiz, Sá'ib made his clear, transparent verse the interpreter of a common-sense philosophy which, being new to Persian poetry, was hailed with all the interest of the unfamiliar. The same philosophising tone, borrowed direct from Sá'ib, characterises a great deal of Nábí's verse, and affords occasion for the display of one of its most salient features, that rhetorical figure technically

¹ Sá'ib was born in Isfahán about 1010 (1601—2) and died about 1088 (1677—8).

² [Again I must express my entire dissent from this view of Persian poetry. See n. 1 on p. 325 *supra*. ED.]

called *irsál-i mesel*, (which consists in giving a proverb or brief parable and its application in a single couplet), in the use of which Nábí is, according to Ziyá Pasha, without rival in Turkish poetry. The Turks are very fond of proverbs and possess a great number of them, so this proverbial philosophy of Nábí's was quite in touch with the national genius, and no doubt had its effect in bringing about the poet's popularity. Naturally enough, a number of contemporary and succeeding poets followed Nábí in this direction, notable among whom are Sámí, Ráshid, Seyyid Vehbí, Muníf, 'Asim, and Rághib Pasha, in some respects the most eminent of the group.

Nábí's Persianism is far more pronounced in his language than in his matter, so that in truth he has more real affinity with the disciples of Yahyá Efendi than with those of Nef'í. He may be looked upon as a member of the Natural School who elected to write in the fashion of the Artificial. And that fashion he carried farther than any other writer either before or since his time. The remark of Ekrem Bey, that, although a Persian poet might see at once that they were not Persian, an Ottoman poet would have considerable difficulty in pronouncing them Turkish, refers to the opening lines of the address to Reason in Nábí's romantic poem the *Khayrábád*. In the first fourteen couplets of this speech there is not one Turkish word, not even one Turkish particle or one Turkish construction. It is manifestly impossible to carry the Persianising of the language further than this, where every single thing Turkish has been Persianised out of existence. Little wonder that the critics rise up and unamously condemn such writing. At the beginning of his great romantic allegorical poem entitled *Beauty and Love*, Sheykh Ghahb, speaking of the *Khayrabad*, which had been extravagantly praised in his presence, denounces the ultra-Persianism of Nábí's style, and anticipating the modern author of the *Course*

of Literature, censures him for his long successions of Persian genitives, a fault which he shares in common with Fuzúlí, but with less excuse. Even Ziyá Pasha, who looked upon Nábí as one of the great lights of Turkish poetry, finds himself constrained to offer an apology for the Khayrábád on the score of its having been written in the author's old age.

As in questions of diction and vocabulary this poet proves himself to be the ultimate issue of Perso-Turkish classicism, so in the matters which he considers and in his manner of confronting them he shows himself the immediate forerunner of the Transition. His ghazels are not given over to the rose and the nightingale, the spring and the cupbearer; when he does not philosophise he writes about things which he has seen, or dilates on places with which he is familiar, such as Maghnisa, Aleppo or Constantinople. He is the first great Turkish poet whose work is systematically objective. And it is here, I believe, that we shall find the true secret of his popularity. For the first time a poet of real eminence speaks as a fellow-Turk to his Turkish countrymen; his language may indeed at times be foreign, that is still the custom of the schools, but what he has to say is something with which all can sympathise and which all can understand. At last the genius of Turkey is beginning to find an utterance.

Nábí's ghazels alone form a fair-sized volume, to each section of which is prefixed a quatrain. It is in the ghazels that the influence of Sa'ib is most apparent; we have in both poets the same clear, incisive language and the same sententious style. It is here too that the proverbs and maxims are mostly in evidence, and it is here that the poet is so fond of moralising in his terse, epigrammatic way. The ghazels have generally been reckoned among the most successful of Nábí's works. The remarks of Ziyá Pasha, who may be taken as the spokesman of the school of criticism immediately

preceding that of the present day, well reflect the light in which Nábí was regarded by lovers of poetry before the Western culture of the modern scholars had led them to demand from literature something other than what had satisfied their fathers. In the ghazal, says the Pasha, Nábí was the world-conquering Khusrev, in none of whose work is to be seen either obscurity or feebleness, whose verses stir up the soul as one reads them, and are free from the slightest vestige of harshness. Metaphors are to him as his private property; and in the application of proverbs he has no rival, for although much has been written in this way, there are no sugar-sweet phrases such as his; while those pleasant figures of his are even as wax in his hand, to which he gives whatsoever fair form he pleases. This last remark is true enough in its way; for as we have already seen, Nábí was gifted with a wonderful power of versification, and could, within his own limits, do pretty well what he liked. But to say that there is nothing in his ghazels either obscure or feeble is a ridiculous exaggeration, seeing that although he has many beautiful verses and not a few wholly admirable ghazels which are both truly poetic and truly philosophical, the great bulk of his work is very different; so different that searching through his *diwán* for the verses of real merit is, according to Ekrem Bey, like gathering flowers in a field of hemlock. Ekrem Bey is a modern critic, one of those whose training has made them look for something more from poetry than mere verbal finish and quibbling ingenuity, and whose antagonism is invariably aroused by the presence of the latter pretender. As this second pretender is unhappily much to the front in these ghazels of Nábí, it is not surprising that Ekrem Bey should find so little there to please him, and should declare of Nábí, as Fuad Pasha did of a much lauded scribbler of his day, that his work resembles

a paste puff, which though it looks substantial enough, is in reality but an empty shell.

The *qasídas* do not rank quite so high as the *ghazels*; even *Ziyá Pasha* reckons them for the most part as of 'the category of superfluities.' This form, he admits, did not altogether suit the genius of *Nábí*. Still he has a few good poems of the kind, particularly a hymn to God, another to the Prophet, and two poems, one (the *Sulhiyya*) dedicated to the Grand Vezír *Huseyn Pasha* on the conclusion of the Peace of *Carlowitz*, the other (the *‘Azliyya*) addressed to *Mustafá Pasha* on the occasion of his deposition from some office. But on the whole, *Nábí's* *qasídas* are evidently laboured, and he has forced his nature in composing them, which is unworthy of so great a master of language, who ought to have done better work than this. *Ziyá* adds that the poet *Muníf* who copied *Nábí* surpassed him in this direction.

The famous *Khayriyya* is generally reckoned to be *Nábí's* masterpiece. This is a long didactic poem in *mesneví* verse addressed to the writer's son *Ebu 'l-Khayr*, from whose name the title is derived. The exact date of the poem is not mentioned; but near the beginning *Nábí* tells us that he wrote it in *Aleppo* where he was living quietly after having served in different capacities for thirty years, sometimes in the capital, sometimes in *Adrianople*. He further says that *Ebu 'l-Khayr* was eight years old when the book was written, and had been born when he himself was in his fifty-fourth year. This would give something like 1692 as the date of composition. As befits its purpose, the *Khayriyya* is written in a clear and simple style, without affectation and, unlike the other *mesneví*, the *Khayrábád*, comparatively free from *Persianisms*. The advice which it contains is most excellent, and if the young *Ebu 'l-Khayr* followed his father's counsels he must have grown up a virtuous man and a

worthy citizen. The work is divided into a number of chapters or sections, each devoted to the inculcation of some virtue or the reprehension of some vice or folly. Thus we have exhortations to the due observance of the various religious ordinances, prayer, fasting, the pilgrimage, alms-giving; to the acquisition of knowledge, especially of religious knowledge; to generosity, morality, patience, and so on. Then there are warnings against avarice, unkind jesting, deceit, hypocrisy, drunkenness, ostentation in dress, oppression of the poor, lying and similar iniquities. Ebu 'l-Khayr is further recommended to pay some attention to medicine and literature, Báqí and Nef'í being the Turkish poets whom he is specially advised to study. He is likewise counselled not to seek for official employment, the position of a pasha being surrounded with troubles; and to avoid the legal profession, which entails all manner of hardships and most of the members of which are men of infamous life; but if he must have a post under government, he is to try to obtain a Khojaliq, that is a Master-Clerkship of the Díván, which Nabí declares to be the least unpleasant of all such offices. The occult sciences, geomancy, astrology, and alchemy, as well as the use of opium and an immoderate attachment to chess and draughts, are also placed under the ban.

As an evidence of the change that was in the air it is interesting to note how Nabí bids his son abstain from associating with minions and confine himself to members of the opposite sex. The advice concerning marriage is curious, it is that Ebu 'l-Khayr should refrain from taking a regular wife, who would probably prove exacting, and content himself with concubines¹ instead, selecting Georgians by preference. It is in such points as these that the value of the Khayriyya

¹ Concubines, such as Nabí here advises his son to take, have of course a recognised legal status in Muhammedan countries.

lies; its poetical merit is of slight account, but it gives a faithful picture of the Turkish society of two hundred years ago. And a woeful picture it is; things have not improved since Veysí penned his Monishment to Constantinople. The venality and corruption of the legal tribunals, where the holy law of Islám was openly sold to the highest bidder; the merciless oppression of the pashas who, even when they would have acted justly, had of necessity to play the tyrant and extort from provinces swept bare by the rapacity of their predecessors the money they were required to send up to the capital; the voiceless anguish of the common people, helpless victims of judge and governor alike; — such are among the things depicted in the *Khayriyya* in words the very directness and simplicity of which have an eloquence far more convincing, and therefore far more real, than all the Persian rhetoric of *Nef'í*.

A book on the lines of the *Khayriyya*, that is a series of counsels addressed by a father to his son, was new to Turkish poetry, though the idea is very old in Eastern literature. The *Qábús-Námia*, written in Persian prose about the end of the tenth century of our era by Prince *Qábús* of *Jurján* for his son *Gílán-Sháh*, is probably the prototype so far as the non-Arab literatures of Islám are concerned. This book has been three times translated into Turkish,¹ and it may possibly have been from it that *Nábí* first got the idea of his work. The well-known poet *Sunbul-záda Vehbí*, who died at the beginning of the nineteenth century, wrote a *nazíra* to the *Khayriyya*, which he called the *Lutfiyya* after

¹ Firstly, by *Aq-Qází-oghli* in the time of *Báyezíd* the Thunderbolt's son Prince *Suleymán*, who was killed in 813 (1410); secondly, by *Merjumeck Ahmed bin Ilyás* for *Murád II* in 835 (1432); thirdly by *Nazmí-záda Murtezá* in 1117 (1705—6). The first of these versions is very rare, but I happen to have a M.S. copy in my collection, from which I have been able to ascertain the name and period of the translator.

his own son who was named Lutf-ulláh; but it is not equal to Nábí's poem.

Ziyá Pasha had a high opinion of this work, the admirable style and phraseology of which, he says, enchant the ear of the listener, the poem not having been written by way of experiment, but as a model to the skilful. He goes on to praise the artistic manner in which 'the elder' pictures the state of the Empire in his time, the tyranny of the vezírs and the condition of the poor, and winds up by declaring that Nábí teaches wisdom and morality to the age and instructs the world in righteousness. The *Khayriyya* is one of the very few Turkish poetical works which have found a Western editor; the late M. Pavet de Courteille having published an edition of the text, accompanied with a French prose translation, in 1857.

The *Khayrábád*, Nábí's romantic *mesneví*, is less successful. It is the work of the author's old age, having been written, as a chronogram at the end informs us, in 1117 (1705--6), some six years before his death. It was distinctly a retrograde step; in the *Khayriyya* there had been a stretch forward to the times that were to come, in the *Khayrabád* there is a harking back to the days of Hamd or Lam'í. In the *Khayriyya* Nábí had written in plain straightforward Turkish; in the *Khayrábád* he out-Persianises the Persianising school. Like the earlier *mesnevi*, this poem is named from the author's son, the literal meaning of the title *Khayrábád* being the Edifice of Khayr, that is, of Good. The story itself is partly a translation, partly original. Nábí took a brief tale from the famous old Persian poet Sheykh Ferid-ud-Dín 'Attár,¹ translated or adapted it, and then wrote a continuation of his own invention. The wisdom of such a

¹ Sheykh Ferid-ud-Dín 'Attár was killed in 627 (1230) in the sack of Nishapur by the Mongols.

proceeding is doubtful; 'Attár's little story is complete in itself, the very vagueness of the end heightening the artistic effect. This is quite done away with by Nábí's addition, which is clumsily tacked on, and altogether out of harmony with what has gone before, creating a new centre of interest and completely changing the characters of the actors in the little drama. This last point, however, is perhaps the thing of most interest in Nábí's contribution; King Khurrem, for instance, who in 'Attár's hands is a thoroughly Persian type, becomes quite a Turk when he passes into those of Nábí.

Sheykh Ghálib, whose fine poem *Beauty and Love* is, according to his own account, the result of a challenge to produce a work worthy to be placed alongside the *Khayrábád*, is somewhat severe in his remarks on the latter, although his strictures are in the main sufficiently true. Thus he criticises the extreme Persianism of Nábí's language, and blames him for tampering with Sheykh 'Attár's story, as if, he says, that poet were likely to have left a story incomplete. Then, having found fault with the description of the heavenly steed *Buráq* in the section dealing with the Ascension of the Prophet, which he justly places below Nef'í's poems on horses, he goes on to take Nábí to task for his circumstantial account of the marriage of two of his principal characters. Thinking to meet the possible excuse that similar passages occur in *Nizámí* (why *Nizámí* rather than another?), Ghálib declares that the Persian libertines pay no respect to the proprieties, and that it is unnecessary to imitate such writers in every detail, statements which are no doubt perfectly true, yet none the less the Sheykh is here somewhat hypercritical and comes perilously near to playing the part of a Turkish Mrs. Grundy. He winds up with some rather trivial carping at Nábí for having made a hero of a thief.

Ziyá Pasha is naturally vexed with Ghálib for having made

this attack upon his favourite; and, while admitting the higher merit of the Sheykh's poem, says that it is unworthy of so great a champion in poetry to vaunt of having overthrown an aged man, and asks why there is no mention of the Khayriyya in the Beauty and Love, since if Ghálib's desire was to prove his own superiority, he ought to have grappled with Nábí in his strength, not in his weakness. For his own part, adds the Pasha, if asked whether the Khayrábád were twin-sister to the Khayriyya, he would have to answer that bitter waters cannot be as the streams of Paradise.

Besides the poems mentioned, Nábí has numerous rubá'ís, qit'as, and chronograms, as well as some shorter narrative mesnevis, and a díwán of Persian ghazels; but these do not call for further notice.

Had Nábí's poetical powers been equal to his purely literary gifts, he would have taken a place alongside the very greatest of the Turkish poets; as it is, he occupies an honourable position in the second rank. His work, however, is of exceptional interest, because in it better than in that of any other writer we can see the forces of Classicism and the Transition joining issue; here the old Persian tradition makes its final struggle for despotic supremacy, and here the awakening Turkicism of the future wins its first decisive victory. With Nábí, the disciple of the Persian Sa'ib and author of the Khayrábád, the Classic Period comes fitly to a close, while with Nábí, the objective poet of the Khayriyya, the Transition has practically begun.

Here are four ghazels, a ruba'i, and a mukhammas from Nábí's Díwán.

Ghazel. [302]

Is man not thrall beneath the hand of Allah's pleasure right
And feeble is not earth within the grasp of heavenly might

Look thou within the veil, and cast all dread and fear away,
For is not that which cometh after every woe delight?

Did one unto the lover say to sacrifice his life
Upon the path of love, were 't not a joyance to his spright?

Although we have no place of refuge 'gainst thy tyrant stroke,
Is not this weary toil unto thy tender hand and slight?

Wilt thou thine every wish attain from Fortune all thy days, —
Doth luck not come by turns to each, thou mean and sordid wight?

Since all the world alike requires the high Creator's care,
Is't not indign to crave a creature's aidance for thy plight?

Nábí, is't not the tiring-maid of yonder bride, the Truth,
Who makes my voice's tongue a reed those metaphors to write?

Ghazel. [303]

First roast upon the spit of loyalty that heart of thine,
Then from this tavern old do thou demand the draught of wine.

Since all the pictures in this show of being pass away,
Engrave 'awake' upon thy heart, then thee to sleep resign.

The seemliness of reverence learn thou from yonder trees,
And let thy very shadow press the water's rug¹ supine.

Thine understanding's mirror burnish bright from all beside;
For shame! doth ever guest to lodge in house unclean design?

Behold thy deeds, erase the hope of all reward therefor,
And then sincerity's fair face from underneath will shine.

Uplift thy hands with prayerful intent; but still for all
Thy worship's failings, round thy shaméd cheek the veil entwine.

Nábí, 'twill make the seed of hope to yield a thousand-fold;
So to that house of trust, the breast of earth, the whole consign.

¹ Prayer-rug: the surface of the water being considered as a prayer-rug on which the reflections of the trees are prostrated.

Ghazel. [304]

Yonder wanton youngling again abroad doth stray;
Well might Eden's peacock turn all eyes straightway.¹

Never can earth prosper sans the waves of stress;
Water, if it resteth, stagnates in decay.

Every losel feeleth not reproach's wound;
Cloth uncut becometh not the needle's prey.²

Strange is't if the new-made convert boast of zeal?
Great the show of service new-bought slaves display.

Longing for thy figure makes stony hearts coquet;
Graven lines the signet's brow with grace array.

Perish, that thy being's essence may appear:
Draught undrunken never makes the spirit gay.

Sweet the home, O Nábí, contentment's nook doth yield:
Pity ne'er a mortal listeth there to stay.

Ghazel. [305]

Enthralled beneath the loved one's soul-enchanting smile we lie,
But yet no share of yonder longed-for blessing comes us nigh.

What should that queen of beauty treat strangers courteously?
A stranger in her favour's town we roam with tear and sigh.

¹ The peacock is famous in Muhammedan legend as having in conjunction with the serpent assisted Satan to enter the Garden of Eden to tempt Adam. As a punishment for his participation in the plot, he was deprived of his beautiful voice, wherewith he used daily to chant the praises of God in the main streets of Heaven. The idea here is, that this bird, whose beauty won for him a prominent place in Paradise, is so much impaired by the lovely object of the poet's affection that he might well make every eye in his tail an eye through which to gaze on that charming creature.

² As cloth while still in the piece, before it has been cut into shape and rendered fit for making into a garment, is not wounded by the needle (i. e. is not stitched), so the rude and uncultured among men are not reproached for their boorishness, or if they are, do not feel it.

Now wherefore from the reed-pen's pulse should e'er our fingers stray,
Since we for eloquence's health the leech's calling ply?

'Tis meet that we should make of praise the text of our discourse;
For we're the preacher from imagination's pulpit high.

The rosebuds chant the Verse of Triumph mid that mystic bower
Within the which as nightingale we ever sing and fly.

We grieve not even though the rival's heart be 'gainst us sore;
Because, that we're his rival too, we can no wise deny.¹

Our daily bread more eagerly seeks us than we it seek;
Yet vainly still, O Nábí, we for it impatient cry!

Rubá'í. [306]

How often have we seen the cruel fall on woeful wise,
They who are fain to rend and tear the heart that bleeding lies.

E'en when such ones live out their days, they dwell mid hate and shame,
But brief most often is the life of them that tyrannise.²

Mukhammes. [307]

Nor smiling floret nor dew drop is mine in this gay parterre;
Nor traffic, nor merchandise, nor coin in this busy fair;
Nor might, nor power to possess, nor more nor less, for e'er;
Nor strength nor life apart, nor wound nor balm to my share;

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!³

The life is the gift of God, and existence a grant divine,
The breath is of Mercy the boon, and speech is of Grace the sign,
The body is built of the Lord, the soul is the Breath benign,
The powers are the trust of Might, the senses Wisdom's design.

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

¹ The common-sense way in which Nábí regards that constantly recurring personage 'the rival' is characteristic.

² The idea amplified in this quatrain is expressed in the proverb یہیرتدجی 'short is the life of the bird of prey.'

³ The parterre, the fair, and the workshop are all, of course, the world. I have no concern with earthly affairs, yet I would fain know what it all means.

And naught to do in this workshop for myself alone have I;
 No separate life is mine, all is His, afar and anigh.
 No choice was mine as to come to the world or from hence to hie;
 No reason to cry, 'I am!' 'I am!' in my hands doth lie.

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

The earth is the carpet of Power, and the sky the pavilion of Might,
 The wandering stars and the fixed are Nature's flambeaux alight.
 The world is the wonderful issue of Mercy's treasures bright;
 With the pictured pages of life is the book of omniscience dight.

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

Existence we hold in trust, and our life is a borrowed loan.
 In His slaves were the boast of rule as a claim to share with the One.
 The service due by the slave is in lovely obedience shown.
 That He deign to call me 'My slave,' is a fair and a gracious boon.

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

I am poor and empty of hand, yea, but bounty free is of God;
 Not-being's my only virtue, the while to Be is of God;
 For birth of Not-being or Being the almighty decree is of God;
 The roll of the waves on the Seen and Unseen's boundless sea is of God.

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

His gracious bounty's table supplieth my daily bread;
 My breath by the breath of the mercy of God the Lord is shed;
 My portion comes from the favours that flow from the Heavenly stead;
 My provant is from the Kitchen of Providence bespread.

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

Naught may I take to myself, unallotted, of wet or of dry;
 From the land nor yet from the ocean, from the earth nor yet from the sky;
 The gold or the silver will come which by Fortune hath been laid by;
 None other thing may I grasp than my destiny doth supply.

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

The lines of the waves of events are the work of the Master's pen,
 Illumed in the Master's studio is the scroll of the Worlds the Twain,
 The warp and weft of His robe wrap earth and sky again.
 The painted shapes in His Book of King are the tomes of men.¹

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

¹ The 'Book of Kings,' or Shah Nama, of Firdaws, a manuscript copy of which are usually decorated with miniature paintings representing incidents in the history.

I can turn not the morn to eve, nor the mirk midnight to day;
 I can turn not the air to fire, nor the dust to a watery spray;
 I can make not the sphere stand still nor the steadfast hills to sway;
 I can change not by mine own will the autumn to lovely May;

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

His power hath brought me forth from Not-being and made me be,
 When still in the womb I slept for my needs provided He;
 With noble gifts, concealed and revealed, He nurtured me,
 Through me hath He veiled His Beauty, that none upon earth may see.

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

If the eye of insight be opened, as the vision of God 'twill know
 The endless shiftings and changes that all things undergo;
 The display of the Hidden Treasure is this ocean's restless flow,
 This toil and travail of Nature, this glorious pomp and show.

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

The stores of Contingent Being are alternately full and spent,
 The mirror-chamber¹ of Fortune new figures doth still present;
 On wonder-fruit bestrewing, O Nábí, is aye intent
 This ancient orchard wind-tossed with face unto autumn bent.²

O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

The next quotation is from the exordium of the *Qasída-i*
 'Azliyya, as it is called; that is, the *qasída* which Nábí
 presented to his patron Mustafá Pasha, on the latter's dis-
 missal from office.

From the Deposal *Qasída*. [308]

Where's he who of the wine of office tasteth sweet and fair
 Who doth not at the last the drowse of deposition share?
 The short-lived rose of fortune blown in this swift-fading garth

¹ *Shishe-Kháne*, or mirror-chamber, is the name given to an apartment of which the ceiling and walls are decorated by being coated with small pieces of looking-glass stuck on to the plaster at various angles. The effect is prismatic, and the reflections constantly change as one moves about in the room.

² 'This ancient orchard' is the world, which is ever producing the fruitage of strange events.

To smite the spirit's brain with rheum doth never, never spare.¹
 The plight of him inebriate at fortune's feast is this:
 At times he drains the cup, at times he drees the ache of care.
 Though fairly dight a while they stand, they'll yet be swept away;
 The beaker's turn, the season of liesse, are constant ne'er.
 Though sun were saddle and though moon were stirrup, lost they'd be,
 If 'neath the thigh be yon careering steed, the sphere contraire.
 For all the battlements of fortune's palace scrape the sky,
 Yet of its arches none the script of permanency bear.
 The starry hosts disperse; one day empty of cup he'll be,
 Though 'neath his signet, like the moon, the evening province were.²
 It never hath been heard or seen since time its course began,
 That e'er fulfilment's beauty o'er desire's own path did fare.
 The fortune of the world is but a heap of shifting sand,
 The tents are ever pitched on some fresh anguish or despair.
 There is no hope for any to escape the Rustem-sphere
 Which e'en the night-adorning moon doth in its halo snare.³
 But seldom on the troubled sea of fortune doth there rise
 To help upon its course the bark of hope a favouring air.

* * * * *

That chapter of the *Khayriyya* entitled "Concerning the Troubles of Pashaship" is perhaps the most interesting, but it is too long to give here in its entirety; I have, therefore, had to rest satisfied with a selection of certain passages.

From the *Khayriyya*. [300]

O broiderer of eternal fortune fair,
 O player on sweet wisdom's dulcimer,¹
 * * * * *
 Yearn not for office or for high estate,

¹ The poets sometimes allude to a certain species of red rose the smelling of which produced a cold in the head.

² *Khittai shâm* means alike 'the evening province' and 'the province of Syria,' and so gives an untranslatable pun.

³ The Persian hero *Rustem* used often to la so his enemies: here the halo is figured as a lazo round the moon.

⁴ *Elm Fakhayi*, the poet's son, is in the first instance alluded to.

Demean thee not by seeking to be great.
 They in high places weet not of repose;
 Peace bides where never sovran may depose.
 Position is not worth dismissal's pain;
 Oppression pays not back the price again.¹
 For pashaship incur not exile dire,²
 With pipe and tabor enter not the fire.³
 Bind not thy heart unto the tabor's blare;
 The roll of drums comes pleasant from afar.⁴
 The pasha's lot is but a lifelong bane,
 His only harvest anxiousness and pain.
 His name may be above the stars on high,
 The while in midmost hell his days go by.
 His soul is ruined, as his post may be;
 Ask not of his eternal destiny.
 He wrecks the shrine of Faith, if he oppress;
 If he do not, he bideth portionless.
 Were all the sorrows told he undergoes,
 Cairo and Baghdad were not worth those woes.
 Midst of alarums passeth he his years,
 His gain his heart's blood and his bitter tears.
 * * * * *
 Unless his meinie well he clothe and feed,
 Though he command them, none his words will heed.
 Yet his demesnes suffice not to provide
 All he must lavish upon every side;
 There resteth not in his demesnes a spot
 From whence the needful money may be got.
 His forerunners have made the land a waste,

¹ One cannot wring all the money spent in procuring the post out of the people under one's authority.

² The pashas, governors of provinces, had to reside at their provincial capitals, far from the metropolis.

³ The provincial governors used to have fife and drum bands.

⁴ Alluding to the proverb *اوزاقدن طاولك سسى خوش گلبير*, "the sound of the drum comes pleasant from afar," i. e. admire the splendour of the great but do not seek to approach them. [The proverb is originally Persian, and is familiar to readers of FitzGerald in the line: "Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum." — ED.]

Halting a year or two ere on they passed.
 His meinie to reward and to maintain
 He oft some other wise must treasure gain.
 With gold did he at first his office get,
 Plunging o'erhead into the sea of debt.
 Whate'er the interest on his debts may be,
 Pay all of it in very sooth must he.
 All duly present are his steeds and gear,
 Naught of a pasha's pomp is lacking here.
 Untold are the expenses of his place,
 To these no limits may he ever trace.
 Kitchens and stables, rations for his rout,
 His servants and his slaves, within, without.
 About him ever moves a knavish crew,
 Deceit and guile the only work they do;
 To trick him are those bastards even fain
 Alike in what is spent and what is ta'en.
 And then, if he is called to take the field,
 He seeks the first way that will casance yield.
 To take the field one needeth troops galore,
 To levy troops one needs a golden store.
 Without oppression there will come no gold,
 The folk will not give up the wealth they hold.
 He passeth all his life in bitter stress;
 Is glory the fit name for such duresse?
 Behold them, can he nourish night and day
 All those retainers, all those beasts of prey?
 A demon every guard and servitor,
 A ravening lion every savage cur;
 They will not heed however sore one pray,
 Not, unrewarded, pass upon their way.

* * * * *

The following extract from the Khayrabad is descriptive of the banquet at the close of which King Khurem presents Jáwíd to the poet Fakhr, it occurs near the beginning of the poem, in the portion translated by Nabl from Sheykh 'Attar.

From the Khayrábád. [310]

One eve when the stellar flambeaux bright
 Illumed with their beams the core of night,
 The King, who to mirth did aye incline,
 Bade that they spread a feast of wine.
 The sweat of the wine in streams did pour,
 And pearls and corals¹ bedecked the floor.
 No such feast did the narcisse' eye
 E'er in the world's rosegarden spy.
 Arow shone the camphor tapers forth,
 The crystal piers of the hall of mirth.
 Like a shift clad the garth the pavilion,²
 Each ruddy rose as a window shone.³
 To fetch it down to swim in the pond
 The fount at the moon flung its lasso-bond.⁴
 The flute did the 'Cormorant' prelude play,⁵
 On the marge of the pond lit the wine-geese gay.⁶
 The pond was the eye of the garden bright,
 Its sheeny fount was the thread of sight.⁷
 Like the mandoline that beauteous thread
 Ever a pleasant music played.⁸
 Viol and mandoline 'gan plain,
 And each bent ear to the other's strain.

¹ That is, the bright drops of spilt wine.

² That is, the creepers covered the pavilion like a garment.

³ The red roses shone against the wall like windows flashing back the sun's rays.

⁴ The 'fount' is the jet d'eau; the lasso being the jet springing high into the air.

⁵ The 'Cormorant' (Qara Bataq) is the name of a well-known melody.

⁶ A special kind of wine-flagon with a long neck and shaped something like a goose or duck is called batt-i mey or 'wine-goose.' Here such flagons set by the margin of the pond where the revellers sit are likened to wild-geese that have alighted there on the minstrel beginning to play the 'cormorant' air.

⁷ The jet is here regarded as the 'thread of sight' (i. e. either the line of sight or the optic nerve) to the pond considered as the eye of the garden.

⁸ The plashing of the returning waters of the jet is here likened to the twanging of the mandoline. The 'thread' in the previous couplet now stands for the string of the mandoline.

Measured there was the Magians' wine;
 The tambourines bewailed for pine.
 The songsters raised the voice to sing,
 And all the orchestra joined the ring.
 The castanets in the dancer's hand
 Beat measure, a merry chattering band.
 Like to a jelly trembled fair
 The hips of the dancers dancing there.
 The flame of desire 'mong the guests was strewn
 By the air Sabá and the Nev-rúz tune.¹
 The minstrels attuned the things they played,
 The harp bowed head to whate'er they said.
 Though flute and flageolet found repute,
 Over the flageolet triumphed the flute.
 As it were, the music and song to hear
 The sky took the cotton from out its ear.²
 Said the minstrel: 'Twist its ear if e'er
 'The mandoline stifle the dulcimer.'³
 Each instrument the which laid bare
 The secret, to break no wire took care.⁴
 The flute bewildered them great and low,
 'Twas a conquering king to vanquish woe.
 Wine put the hosts of dole to flight;
 'Loot' was the flute's partition bright.⁵
 In the shenker's hand did the brimming bowl
 Make the burgeoned rosebush envy thole.
 The winsome fingers that clasped them sweet
 Played with the goblets deft and meet.
 The jars to the beakers bowed the head;⁶
 With witty speeches the jesters played.

¹ The names of two musical airs.

² That is, there were no clouds in the sky.

³ That is, 'screw the peg to stretch or relax the string, so that the one instrument may not overpower the other.'

⁴ 'Tel qimaq' — to break the wire or string, is figuratively used for to make a blunder; here both the figurative and the literal meaning are kept in view.

⁵ 'Loot' (ghannet) is perhaps the name of an an. bag or, the word rendered by 'partition,' means both 'part' and, as a musical term, 'note.'

⁶ As they replenished them.

Each made to surge to the edge's shore
 The luscious waves that his goblet bore.
 The flagon was e'en as the changing moon,
 A crescent now, now a plenilune.¹

We have now reached the close of these two centuries and a half which I have named the Classic Period of Ottoman poetry. I have chosen this name, as I have before explained, not because I consider the work then produced superior to that of later times, or because it in any way fulfils the conditions we are accustomed to demand ere we concede that title; but because, in the first place, during this long term of years, there has been a traditional standard of excellence recognised and accepted by all, and because, in the second, this standard has been the collective work of the greatest writers of the great period of Persian literature, a mass of work which has been regarded, and not unjustly, as forming a classic literature in medieval Irán. Up till now this has been the constant and only model of the Turkish writers, who have moulded in accordance with it every minutest detail of their work. It is the classic poetry of Persia as a whole that has had this tremendous influence; individual masters, as they successively appeared in Persia, have found in due time their followers and imitators in Turkey, but not one among them has been predominant during the whole course of these two hundred and fifty years. And thus Ottoman poetry, while always under the direct and immediate influence of that of Persia, has been ever changing, following the latter from stage to stage of its evolution, as, according to the pretty fancy of olden times, the sun-flower ever turns to face the sun as he makes his progress across the sky. And this passage from phase to phase in the wake of the poetry of Persia has up till now constituted the only life of that

¹ That is, now quite full, now more or less empty.

of Turkey, a life without any true spontaneity, regulated by the growth of a foreign literature, which, had it developed along any other lines, would assuredly have been no less systematically followed.

I have said that such has been the case up till now, for the Classic Period is but the consummation of the Archaic. From the very beginning, from the day that ʿAshiq Pasha planned his *Diwán* in the spirit of the *Mesnevî*, the Ottoman Muse has turned for guidance to the genius of *ʿIrán* with a fullness of trust that is almost pathetic in its constancy and unquestioning faith. Before the capture of Constantinople the Turkish writers were mainly, though probably unconsciously, concerned with the task of fashioning a literary idiom out of the tangle of provincial dialects prevalent in Asia Minor; so it was not until after that event, when this work was practically accomplished, that they were free to devote their undivided attention to the complete realisation of what had all along been the ultimate goal of their ambition, namely the reproduction in their own language of the diction and the sentiment of their *ʿIránian* masters. The result of this freedom is the Classic Period, with the *qasídas* of *Nefʿi* and the *Khayrábád* of *Nábí* as its crowning triumphs.

In our studies of the Classic poets we have seen little else than the results and effects of this enthrallment to Persia. In the dawn of Ottoman literature the earliest poets, finding themselves in a world where Persian culture reigned supreme, and where the works of the Persian writers formed the only available literary models, had almost of necessity taken those works not only as authoritative on the subject matter of poetry but as types of the language in which poetry should be dressed. So they set about rough hewing their own rude tongue into some semblance of the polished idiom of their neighbours, and we have seen how the movement thus

originally induced by the force of circumstances has gone on increasing in strength from those days to the period we have now reached. The aim of succeeding generations of poets has been to build up a literary idiom as remote as possible from the speech of every-day life, an idiom from which everything Turkish that could be eliminated should be removed, and into which everything Persian that could be introduced should be brought. The result of all this is that the language wherein these poets wrote is, and always has been, utterly unintelligible to the vast majority of the people. The poets wrote for themselves, or at most for one another; not for the public, whom they altogether ignored. And this highly artificial idiom, which now at the close of the Classic Period, after the efforts of some three centuries and a half, we find flourishing as the literary dialect of Turkey, is beyond all question extremely beautiful. So deftly has the rich but delicate Persian embroidery been worked upon the Turkish background that the two, while each remains perfectly distinct, form one harmonious though resplendent whole. The scope which it affords for artistic skill in the choice of words and in the manipulation of phrases renders this idiom a delicate and subtle instrument in the hand of a master; and to such as can appreciate it there is an aesthetic pleasure in the study of poems like those of Nef'î or Nâ'îlî considered solely and simply as works of art, without regard to any meaning their words may convey. But, in order to appreciate this, any man, be he Turk or foreigner, requires, and always must have required, a special education. And herein lay its weakness; this wonderful language never was alive. It is the artificial product of scholars, elaborated as a medium for the display of their own ingenuity. It could not last; no man ever spoke habitually in the strange beautiful Perso-Turkish of the Classic authors,