So let me bethink me, my mistress, I pray,
And hand thou the beaker, and list what I say.

O come thou, the soul's darling wayward and free,
O come thou, remede of the sick heart, to me.

Come hither, I pray thee, thou wanton and gay,
In accord like the harp and the lute let us play.
I'll tell thee a tale full of wonder, my dear,
Do thou to this marvel attend and give ear.

I passed by a garden so beauteous to-day,
That amazed and confounded, my wits went astray.
The world it illumed with decor and adorn,
But nay, 'twas not this world, a new world was born!

Aloft and alow, upon left, upon right,
Were splendour and radiance, delice and delight.
The jasmine and jacinth and rose round me shone,
And lawn upon lawn upon lawn upon lawn.

Amaze came upon me what garth this might be,
What loved one bedecked and beprankt artfully;
Who fashioned this rose-garden, Eden's despair;
And who reaps the harvest of these meadows fair;

For whom smileth sweet this herbere's winsome face.
With thoughts like to those wandered I all around,
When lo, writ before me these verses I found:

May this be a lawn or a rose-garden fair,
Or a mart where the venders of sweet smiles repair?

Its air is the breath of Messiah amene,
Its sight is the theriae of drunkards, I ween.
As clear as the cock's eye its bright waters glide,
Its red rose is sweet as the blush of the bride;
(That tall lissom cypress, that fair blooming plain,
As bounteous as joyance, as wide as the main?)
The brocade of the sun o'er its lawn is dispread,
The locks of the houres do besom its stead.

1 Cock's eye is a term for red wine.
A sun fallen earthward, its each dew-drop leams,
Its red tulip bright as the moon’s halo gleams;
The spring holdeth revel so high on its plain,
To deem that the Wheel wantoned wild thou wert fain.
On all sides the roseres are ranged arow,
With their file is arrived bloom and odour, I trow;
Like beauties embracing each other, appear
The parterre, the orchard, the lawn, the herbere;
A chip of the moon is the marge of its pond,
The spray of its fount casts the Pleiads around;
There gleams in its marble such lustre and sheen
That the sun as a taper by daylight is seen;
Its water, aloft springing, toucheth the sky,
The which like a bowl is hung o’er it on high;
Its fountain lassoeth the heart of the meet,
Its wavelet entangleth life’s swift-speeding feet;
With fretwork the runnels its rose-garden tire,
Or elsewise they draw through the gauge silver wire.
O fair for a pond full of sheen and of light,
What belle hath a navel so clear and so bright!
A Selsebil,¹ source whence doth purity rise;
Each ripple a beam of the light of the eyes.
So jubilant ringeth the laugh of the rose,
The herbs may not rest them in sleepful repose.
The rose and the tulip make merry in fere,
In attune sing the cushat and nightingale clear.
There climbs o’er the trellis the white jessamine,
Methought ’twas Canopus of Yemen did shine.
Irradiate glitters the hyacinth’s hair,
With the new moon belike it hath combed it so fair.
In its midst doth an ornate pavilion arise,
Whose portals and roofs flash as noon to the skies.
Therein was there seated a far-famed Vezir,
A noble illustrate, a valorous Peer,
A glorious Lord, Heaven-fair of display,
A Captain victorious, of star-bright array,
A Sage; Aristotle might serve with acclaim,

¹ One of the rivers of Paradise.
A glorious Chieftain, of name and of fame;
The sheen of noblesse on his brow beameth bright,
And glory and renown to his signet are plighted;
The grand Admiral, Heaven-high of abode,
The namesake of him, Mustafá, sent of God.  
As naught in his court is the eagle of the skies,  
The simurgh appeareth a gnat to his eyes; 
At his banquet is Bounty the Minstrel-man brave,
In his palace is Favour a house-nurtured slave.
Yon garden was made by this valiant Vezir,
Like himself, on the earth without rival or peer.
They smile for his kindliness, blossom and bloom;
His virtue the season of vernal doth perfume.
The hyacinth curls as his destrier's mane;
The cypress hath he for his flag-bearer ta'en.
Yon garth is a draft by his pen written fair,
The violet blooms, his sign-manual there.
His bounty of soul hath pervaded the earth,
That all of these florets and tree blossom forth.
O God, for the love of Thy Heaven on high,
Preserve Thou this garden from Autumn, I cry.
May its Lord aye abide in secure sojournings,
May his garth be for ever the home of the Spring;
May envy the heart of his foe rend in twain
As Nedin chants his praises for aye and for aye.

I give next the exordiums of three qasídas, portions of
all of which are quoted with high approval by Ekrem Bey,
the first as an example of figurative language, the second
as a specimen of the ornate in style, and the third as a
model of artistic treatment.

The first is from a poem in praise of Sultan Ahmed who
had addressed a complimentary verse to Ibrahim Pasha;

1 Mustafá, 'the Elect', is a title of the Prophet.
2 The constellation Aquila.
3 The simurgh like the 'Amurru, a fabulous bird of gigantic size said to
   inhabit Mount Ellouz or Mount Taf.'
and the poet adroitly manages to eulogize the latter also in the course of his panegyric.

**Qasída. [336]**

O springtide, come, from thee's the dreamful rest that doth my life console; My bosom-friend art thou, the hope of my sad heart fulfilled of dole. Yea, ope the rosebud's mouth, and moisten thou the lily's parchéd tongue; Thou art mine advocate for him who fails to keep his vows in whole. O Cypress, stand aloft amidst the garth e'en like a noble thought, That balanced shape of thine I shall as mine own chosen verse enroll. O Winter-Season, leave the bowers, I pray, and let the roses bloom; And sing, thou Nightingale, for thou'rt my minstrel, rebeck, and citole. Thou'st waved on such a wise, O Juniper, that thou hast burned my heart; For when I looked on thee, methought 'twas mine own charmer high of soul. I'm wont to say unto my love: 'My Rose is this,' 'My Rose is that:' My darling loves thee well, O Rose, for by thy name I her extol. And thou, O heart-expanding Tulip, ne'er far from the garden be, Hilarity through thee I gain, in sooth thou art my wine-filled bowl. How wondrous strange, the while I gaze on thee, O Brook, my life ebbs not, 'Twould seem thou art a chain which held my life that flits toward its goal.

The next passage is from a qasída glorifying a sea-side palace built by the Lord High Admiral Mustafá Pasha.

**Qasída. [337]**

'Tis the home of grace and beauty, no mere tower to glad the spript; E'en as Highest Heaven the garniture and gear wherewith 'tis dight. When that I beheld the novel fashion of its roofing high, 'Tis of earth the World Above, if such there be,' said I forthright. 'Nay, nay,' quoth the soul of Plato, 'greatly hast thou erred indeed; 'Mid the universe of splendour 'tis a new world come to light.' Then said I: 'It is a mansion glorious of Paradise:' Answered Rizwán: 'Paradise is e'en this house, if read aright.' Yea, the world is dolour's dwelling, but the dust before this gate

1 Rizwán is the angel gate-keeper of Paradise.
Is the one, the sole exception to that truth that meets our sight,
Shirin's Castle is its mother, and its sire is Kisra's Dome;¹
This their new-born child in whom all beauties of the twain unite.
Sea and mountain-land embrace it round about on either hand,
'Tis as though the sea its nurse were, and its guardian yonder height.
There the mountain careful shields its cheek what time the sun doth rise,
Here the sea displays the mirror 'fore its dazzling visage bright.
O how fair a sea-side palace! such that spring doth bloom and scent
Borrow from the beauteous rosebud mid its bowers of fair delight.
Yonder gentle heart-rejoicing wind-waft from its fragrant meads
Is the Jesus of the kingdom of the spring and garden-site.²
O how fair a garth of beauty, mid whose wonder-lovely shows
Were the Eightfold Bower of Heaven³ but a lonely nook by night!
Thou hast reached the topmost summit of the peak of error wild
When, O smiling reed, thy fancy bade thee 'lonely nook' to write.
How may there be aught of lonely in that noble palace where
Dwelleth yonder glorious Asaph girt with splendour, pomp and might?

The third qasida describes a palace which had been re-

stored by one of the grandees of the capital.

Qasída. [338]

O wanderer illustrate through fancy's world of dreaming,
Hast e'er beheld a mansion that bore the springtide's seeming?
Come, if thou ne'er hast seen such; but take good heed thou err not,
Nor deem yon gilded trellis the moonbeams gently streaming.
The tiring-maid perfection's all-beautifying pencil
Hath touched the bride Adornment's eyebrows with gold beseeeming.

¹ 'Shirin's Castle' (Qasr-i-Shirin), and 'Kisra's Palace' (Aywan, or Eqq-i-
Kisra) are names given to two Sassanian palaces, the ruins of which are still
extant near the site of Ctesiphon.
² That is, breathes life into the springtide and the garden.
³ [Frequent reference has been already made to the Eight Paradises. Every-
thing else, the Heavens, the Earths, the Planets, even the Hells, etc., accor-
ding to the orthodox Muslim belief, arranged in Sevens. That God should
have increased the number of Paradises to Eight is regarded as symbolic of
His Mercy, EBD.]
Behold that heart-rejoicing fair ground of musky odour,
And view yon radiant ceiling with gold and paintings gleaming.
'Twould seem as though that nature had levelled all earth's surface,
Had lowered the hills of Tibet and raised China's seeming.¹
There shine amid its courtyards such sort of grace and bounty,
That there the Age's glory reposeth, all are deeming.
Quoth I, 'The pleasant-savourèd glad days of joyous Jemshid
Have hither come and tarried, thereby the past redeeming.'
Think not that 'tis with gilding its radiant walls coruscate;
For over all reflected, 'tis Eden's garden beaming.
Right strange and wondrous surely that thus a view of Heaven
Should be by earthly objects disclosed to our esteeming.
This side, a bed of tulips, the sown of Jemshid's beaker;
That side, a bower of roses, the mine-possessor, learning.

Nedím did not write many rubá'ís, but such as he has are good. The following is quite in his own manner:

Rubá'í. [339]

Thy glances, O cup-bearer, overbore me,
They darkened all the face of earth before me.
God on thee! prate not of the wine, I pray thee;
Those drooping eyes wrought all that hath come o'er me!

In the next he appears in the unwonted guise of a satirist and lays his finger on what had all along been the darkest blot on the record of the 'ulemá: there is of course a *double entendre* in the 'maiden fancy', maiden being the recognised term for original, so that Nedím here further twits his contemporaries with their lack of originality.

Rubá'í. [340]

The learned are enamoured all of boys,
Not one remains who female love enjoys;
The most part of the poets of this age
With no new fancy — for 'twere virgin-toys.

¹ Tibet referring to the musk-scented ground; China to the painted ceiling.
The following pretty little thing is very characteristic of the poet.

Rubá'í. [341]

O dancer, are these dainty poses part and parcel of thy game?
Content art thou to bear alone of all thy lover's sins the blame?
'Tis e'en as on the nights o' fast, I've ne'er enow on nights wi' thee;¹
Dost hide the radiant dawn within thy bosom, O thou silver-frame?

¹ During the night throughout the month of Ramazán they eat and drink (and sometimes make merry) to compensate for the rigorous fast which prevails all day from the breaking of dawn.
CHAPTER II.

THE LAST OF THE PERSIANISTS.


In this chapter we shall consider the more noteworthy members of the Third Persianist School, that group of poets who look to Nābī as their leader and through him to the Persian Sā'īb as their master, as well as some of the Independent Persianists; leaving Rāghib Pasha, the last and greatest of the former, who occupies an important position in the history of Ottoman poetry, for fuller consideration at the end of the chapter.

Mustafa Sāmī Bey, famous alike as historian and poet, was the son of one 'Osmān Efendi who held the position of Arpa Emīnī or Intendant of the Barley, as the comptroller of the supplies of barley for Constantinople and the Sultan’s stables used to be called in olden times. Sāmī, who entered the civil service and became a Clerk of the Divan, was during the reign of Ahmed’s successor, Mahmūd I, appointed Wāqi‘a-nevis or Imperial Annalist, and as such wrote the chronicles of the Empire from 1143 (1730) till 1146 (1733) in which year he died.
Sámi is one of the most brilliant, and certainly the most artistic, of the followers of Nábi. His most individual work is characterised by an absence of spontaneity which he makes no attempt to conceal, by an undisguised laboriousness eloquent of the midnight oil. None the less is his work highly successful; he contrived to get on very well, in spite of the dictum anent the supereminent virtue that lies in the concealment of art, for it is precisely through the artistic quality of his work that his success is achieved. Well-weighed thoughts and carefully-elaborated imagery, conveyed in fastidiously selected language, distinguish his most important writings, which thus rather resemble good Classic work than productions of the Transition. Sámi indeed is quite out of touch with the current Romanticism; he deals with abstractions in preference to actualities, there is but little local colour in his verses, and his vocabulary and idiom are remarkable for the absence of Turkicisms. In like manner his themes, except in the chronograms which perforce deal with current events, are almost always philosophic or at least meditative, the musings of a thoughtful reflective mind; he rarely condescends to the mundane and at times risky subjects which interest so many of his contemporaries, and knows nothing of the sprightly grace of Nedím or of the bolder humour of Sábit.¹

Although Sámi’s poetry is thus lacking in the picturesque and vivacity characteristic of his period, there is much in his diwán which merits our attention, for this poet

¹ And yet among the hundreds of independent couplets at the end of Sámi’s diwán occurs the following verse which, though hardly translatable, shows that the poet did not remain altogether uninfluenced by the realism and unconventionality of the Transition.

بيامد شفتاچ ورست بیگ و عملک غدایت لذیذی

بند شلوارون حور روم کس نرمال نولد
is ever careful to give us of his best, and many of the things he says are well worth the saying, and are moreover said in the most eloquent and expressive language which an accomplished scholar could command.

Sámi is not an easy writer; his thoughts are often profound, his language is often painfully learned, and his style is not unfrequently elliptical and recondite; but I do not agree with Ziyá Pasha in finding confusion the rule in his verses or in thinking that his words and expressions are ill assorted. When the Pasha goes on to say that he sometimes writes things in a manner so distorted that the Primal Intelligence itself would fail to comprehend them, I presume that he is referring to certain passages where the ellipses are so violent as to render the precise meaning of the verse undeterminable. The Pasha's remarks concerning Sámi are, on the whole, rather unfortunate, for he declares him to have versified in the same style as Nazím, and Nazím, as we have already learned, wrote in as simple and unpedantic a fashion as was possible under the conditions of the Old School, while Sámi, as we have just seen, chose a manner which was exactly the reverse.

It is true that our author was so far influenced by the Romanticist spirit of his time as to write a few pieces in the playful tone which Nedím was making fashionable; but although he has one or two extraordinarily happy verses of the kind, it is more than doubtful whether he possessed the lightness of touch requisite for sustained success in this direction.

Ziyá Pasha again, while admitting that Sámi is now and then a brilliant writer, declares him to be so only when he throws aside his laborious artificiality; but we have the

1 [See vol. III, pp. 319—323. Ed.].
authority of Kemál Bey for saying that it is just in his most artificial poems that the author's mastership is most clearly shown. I have already referred to the Pasha’s charge against Sámí and Sábit of introducing certain prosodical errors.¹

Fatín Efendi, the author of the latest Tezkere, that which comprises the poets who flourished from about 1700 to about 1850, though he rarely commits himself to anything in the way of criticism beyond a conventional compliment or two, departs from his usual reticence to laud the genius of Sámí, and to defend him against the attacks of certain poetasters of the day who, it seems, were seeking to belittle him. This biographer, who declares that Sámí’s eloquent diwán will immortalise his name on the record of the world, pronounces him to be the greatest of the Ottomans in the ghazel, even as Nefí is the greatest in the qasída — a manifest and absurd exaggeration. Fatín adds that our poet was an elegant calligraphist.

Jelál Bey, too, has a good word for Sámí whose philosophic thoughts and masterly style, he says, entitle him to be ranked amongst poets of distinction.

Sámí’s poetical works are all included in his Diwán, which comprises a number of qasídás dedicated to Sultan Ahmèd and his vezírs, a Nazíra (praised by Kemál Bey) to Ruhí’s famous Terkíb-bend, a few pieces in mesnevi, a series of chronograms on events of the day, a collection of ghazels, a section of quatrains, and a large number of muhteds or unrelated couplets.

In the following ghazel, which is a good example of the moralising tone that characterises much of Sámí’s work, the influence of Nábi is very apparent, in the closing couplet, as elsewhere in his diwán, the veneration of the writer for his master finds expression.

¹[See p. 19 supra, note.]
Ghazel. [342]

Within this mart so soon to close what boots it after wealth to strain? The borrowed gear the broker bears can never yield contentment's gain. The Shewwál shout of 'Drink full deep!' from those who've broke the [vows they plighted]

Hath rent the robe of pietism's ear, on bubble wise, atwain. The dullard souls of zealotry may hope to soar on wings of works: Doth ever van of barndoor-fowl unto the grace of flight attain? Should ocean's head uplifted be to smite the clouds, as rain 'twould fall: Abasement ever follows hard in o'er-propitious Fortune's train. Belike my eyelash-thorn doth wound thy fair and tender foot, my sweet; Forgive, if not myself, that trod of thee, O Rosebud fresh and fain. E'en though he silent bide, the fool's unseemly ways may ne'er be borne; The dumb man's signs and gestures naught beyond his foolish words explain.

The sorting good and bad is evil's self to the fault-finding crew: This care it is that pierceth all the body of the sieve with pain. The patient bearing of distress doth purchase still to live at peace: According to his burden's weight increaseth aye the porter's gain. May any follow in the master Nábí's footsteps, O Sámí? A scrawl untimely is the verse that childhood's pen to write is fain.

This next ghazel is in a somewhat similar strain.

Ghazel. [343]

Surge in waves my streaming tears, e'en like a rushing flood once mo; Like the volume of an hundred Niles their smallest drop would show:

1 The world.
2 All earthly possessions are 'borrowed', being enjoyed only for a season.
3 The broker who carries about goods for sale in the bazaars.
4 Shewwál, the tenth month of the lunar year, which, coming immediately after Ramazán, the month of fast, may be supposed to be a season of more than usual licence. It is ushered in by the Shekker Bayrámí, or "Feast of Sweetmeats", which may be described as the Muhammedan Easter.
Yea, the raging of the tearful flood wouldwhelm the spirit's barque;
Did the mem'ry of her visage, like the fanal, radiance throw.

In the eyes of fools the splendid subtleties my pen indites
Are as radiance to the sightless, or the blinding-needle's glow. 1

One the beggar's bowl would be with the tiara of the king
Were its diadem-like figure but reversed, full well I know. 2

Though his origin be rushen, he will mount the shoulder's throne
Like the wattle-basket, who doth bread of charity bestow. 3

'Vonder hair-waist have I elasped', bragging did the rival say.
Nay, he lieth, and as feeble as the hair his vauntings show.

O thou prideful wight, behold the dolour wroughten Nimrod's head
By the gnat's sting which was elephantine trunk to work him woe. 4

1 Sâmi here refers to the obscurity of some of his lines which are, he says, to the ignorant or unlearned what brilliancy is to the blind man, that is an unknown and therefore hateful and hostile thing like the needle which of old was used for blinding certain prisoners or criminals. The point of the second line is made by a hint at the proverb أهاب انقول من يبحث أولئك: "one does not discuss colours with the blind," that is, one ought not to speak to a man of things that are beyond his comprehension. So the brilliancy and lustre of Sâmi's verses are to the unlearned as colours are to the blind, i. e. unperceived and therefore incomprehensible. The unlearned will consequently hate them, for the well-known Arabic proverb says أ نفس زود: "man is the enemy of that he knoweth not," and hating them, will regard them as hostile to himself, even as the blinding-needle is to the sight.

2 There is here a reference to the shape of the head-dress, modelled after the tiara of the ancient Kings of Persia, which was introduced by Selim I, and worn with certain modifications as the state-turban by all the Sultans down to the middle of the eighteenth century.

The basket in which bread is carried for distribution to the poor, though it be made of coarse rushes, is elevated to a post of honour on the bearer's shoulder, is borne 'shoulder-high;' so will a charitable man be honoured, however mean his origin. The figure of the basket is an example of nun-i ta'âl.

4 Referring to the following legend: Nimrod, by his cruel persecution of Abraham, and arrogant insolence in building the Tower of Babel to wage war with God, drew upon himself the Divine wrath. To punish his pride, God chose the meanest of His creatures, the gnat, as the instrument of His vengeance. A vast army of these insects was sent against the tyrant's men, whom they compelled to flee, for they consumed their flesh and ate the eyes.
Through the blooming flowers of fancy, Sámi, it is thine intent
Paradise itself to image in this eightfold rime, I trow.¹

The ghazel which follows is typical of that want of spontaneity successfully combined with highly artistic execution which I have spoken of as being a feature of this poet's work; Jelál Bey says that no one has yet been able to write a successful nazíra to it.

Ghazel. [344]

Beauty's feast adorn beyond compare yon curl and mole and cheek;
Fume, and ambergiris, and censer's flare, — yon curl and mole and cheek.

O'er thy crystal neck they show them, as 'twere in a glass empight
Hyacinth, wall-flower, and rosebud rare, yon curl and mole and cheek.

Ne'er may vanish scar of sorrow or the woe that clouds the soul,
For within the heart are graven e'er yon curl and mole and cheek.

Like the night-adorning taper and the moth of scorched wing,
Ever warmest friends together fare yon curl and mole and cheek.³

Rue besprinkled on the sigh's flame is the heart's core whensoe'er
'Fore the mind arise in beauty fair yon curl and mole and cheek.⁴

out of their heads. Nimrod himself fled to a thick-walled tower, but a gnat entered with him, and worked its way through his nostril into his brain which it commenced to devour. The pain it caused was so great that Nimrod could find no relief save by dashing his head against the wall, or by getting some one to strike his forehead with a hammer. But the gnat grew continually larger till on the fortieth day Nimrod's head burst open, and the insect, which had attained the size of a pigeon, flew out.

¹ Alluding to the Eight gardens or Mansions of Paradise, and the eight couplets contained in this ghazel.
² The curl = the fume; the mole = the ambergiris; the cheek = the bright censer: similarly in several of the verses.
³ Here again the taper corresponds to the cheek, the curl and mole to the moth. Moth and Taper, as we have already seen, are constantly associated.
⁴ Sipend, or rue, is a black seed, burned to counteract the effects of the evil eye. Here the suweyda, or black core of the lover's heart, is compared to the rue, which he burns in his burning sighs to protect the beauty of his beloved from the evil eye.
By the gin and grain of fascination spread in beauty's garth
Fain are they this bird, the heart, to snare,—yon curl and mole and cheek.

Yearning's ardour still will banish sleep from out the eye the while
Deck the visage of that beauty rare yon curl and mole and cheek.

Sámi, lo how they have doubled all the charmer, Verse's, grace,
Since in my refrain did I declare yon curl and mole and cheek.

This little fragment is in Sámi's lighter vein.

Verses. [345]

Deem not that the heart's desire is reached through the Kevser-fountain's praise:¹
O preacher, the tale of the mouth bekissed it is that delights always.

Whenever that I of tobacco drink,² bemusing her rubies red,
The nárgil's³ a flask of wine, the bowl is a jacinth before my gaze.

From this learn thou of the virtue rare that c'en in its dust resides,
Stamboul he greets before Mekka's shrine who in Adrianople prays.⁴

I give in conclusion the first stanza of the Terkib-Bend
which Sámi wrote as a nazira to Ruhî's famous poem in
the same form.

Terkib-Bend. [346]

Deem not we're Sûfi-like,⁵ our hands the rosary enshrine,
We tell the jewel-beads of yonder Primal Pact divine.⁶

¹ The Paradisal stream so often mentioned.
² The Turks speak of 'drinking' tobacco where we should now say 'smoking,' but terms such as 'to drink tobacco' and tobacco-drinker' were in constant use in England during the first half of the seventeenth century.
³ The nárgil is the coconut-shaped vessel that contains the water in the Persian pipe known in England as a hookah or bubble-bubble. The bowl is the receptacle for the tobacco, the smoke arising from which is here fancied as a hyacinth.
⁴ As Constantinople lies to the south of Adrianople, and between that city and Mekka, a worshipper in Adrianople bowing towards the Ka'ba, would be bowing at the same time towards Stamboul, which being the nearer is here supposed to receive the salutation first.
⁵ The 'Sûfi' here replaces the 'zealot' as the type of poetram
Ay, in the faces of the hypocrites we fling the dregs;
We're drunken with the brimming beaker of Love's heady wine.
The stibium, shade-like, for the solar eye in sooth are we,
For that beneath their feet who deal reproach we're dust supine. 1
Equal we bow us low in Ka'ba and in idol-house,
For God it is we worship still within the spirit's shrine.
What though the self-beholding zealot know not of our worth?
Yon mirror we which broken is in Ethiop's hand malign. 2
Wildered we wander since our passing from our far-off source,
And like the desert-stream no place of rest may we divine.
We've lost the track upon the way of Love's bewilderment
In yonder waste we traverse hand in hand with Khizir digne.
Within the tavern of God's love the beaker-holders we,
The beggars mad who strew the dregs on the Sphere's crown we be.

Muhammed Râshid was, like Sámí, both an historian and a poet, but unlike his contemporary, he has acquired a greater fame through his annals than through his verses, so that he is known in Ottoman literature as Râshid-i Mu'terrikh or Râshid the Historian. Born at Melatiya 3 in the province of Kharput to a molla named Mustafá Efendi, Râshid in due time adopted his father's profession, and entered the ranks of the 'ulemá.' In 1134 (1721—2) he was appointed Molla of Aleppo, and some seven years after-

1 Because we are dust beneath the feet of (i. e. are humble before) the pietists who reproach us, we are exalted to become as it were collyrium for the eye of the sun, the type of splendour. The black shadow which is inseparable from the bright sunlight is compared to the black collyrium which is used to adorn the bright eye.
2 There may here be an allusion to some story, but no doubt the meaning of the verse is something like this: the negro, on looking at himself in the mirror, is so enraged at its showing him to be black and ugly that in his fury and resentment he smashes it, heedless alike of its innocence and of its real worth in showing a true reflection. Similarly, the zealot who imagines himself to be a pious man, on looking at us sees by comparison how far such is from being really the case: it is then but natural that he too, in his envy and disappointment, should wish to injure us and break our heart.
3 The Melitene of ancient times.
wards was sent on a diplomatic mission to Persia. On his return he was promoted to the rank of Judge in Constantinople, and after a period of banishment which he passed in Brusa, he was recalled and raised to the Anatolian Qadi-'Askership in 1147 (1734–5), in which same year he died.

Ráshid held the office of Vaq'a-Nevis or Imperial Annal-ist for many years, and his history, in two large volumes, though written in a rather laboured style, is highly esteemed and is our best authority for the greater part of Ahmed the Third’s reign.¹

In his poetry Ráshid is, like Sámi, a disciple of Nábi, and moralises in the sententious fashion of his school from the beginning to the end of a complete Díwán.

The following is the best-known, and probably also the best, of his ghazels.

Ghazel. [347]

Ne'er will skill or talent cause the braggart crew² respect to meet;
Robe of gold makes none with lowly reverence the crier greet.³

The abasing of the cultured do not thou for honour deem;
Though upon the ground the sunbeams lie, they're trod not under feet.⁴

Since 'tis word of eld, it is the shaft of penetration's bow:
Like the elf of bent figure, ne'er is it a dal, I weet.⁵

¹ Kilsíd's History contains the annals of the Empire from 1071 (1660–1) to 1134 (1721–2).
² Literally, they who sell themselves, i.e. the ostentations and conceited.
³ The crier in the bazaar may bear about (for sale) a robe of gold brocade such as is worn by the great, but no one bows before him in consequence.
⁴ As Jelal Bey points out, there is probably here an echo of Lášnh's couplet: سعیدت ن اله هابیل رؤال أئرپسنج سخما ے وووووسکا دوشکمکلہ ہابیل اویمار

'The eternal felicity is incapable of declination,
By falling on the ground light it not trodden under foot;'
⁵ In this couplet the advice of old age is thus compared to a penetrating arrow; then the poet agregates that even as the upright letter elf, ١ though sometimes written in a curved or bent form, ٢ in ُ، nevertheless always remains an elf, and never degenerates into the crooked letter dal، ٣, so wise men though bent with age, do not lose their essential rectitude.
If the meaning of the sentence be not pure as virgin gold, Ne'er is it refined in crucible of phrase or fair conceit.

Rāshid, where amiss the vow abstemious of the month of fast, Since it never doth the circling of the Shevval bowl defeat? ¹

The next poet to claim our attention is that Mustafā Efendi known in Ottoman literature as Antākiyali Munīf or Munīf of Antioch. Arriving at Scutari in 1130 (1717—8), this poet, who then wrote under the pen-name of Hezārī which he very soon afterwards abandoned in favour of Munīf, made the acquaintance of Rāshid Efendi, the famous historian and poet whom we have just been discussing and was fortunate enough at once to win his good graces and be received as a guest in his villa on the Bosphorus. Munīf knew how to retain the favour of his patron and in 1141 (1728—9), when the latter was sent to Persia to treat with Eshref Khan the Afghan, he accompanied him among the members of his suite. ²

On his return to Constantinople, Munīf found another good friend in the influential Defterdar or Finance Minister ʿAtīf Efendi. By the help of this new protector he was enrolled among the Clerks of the Divān, and was quickly promoted till he reached the post of Māliyya Tezkirejisi, an important position in the office of the Ministry of Finance. But in

¹ Shevval, the month succeeding the fast of Ramazān, is naturally, like Easter after Lent, a time of social festivity and relaxation. See p. 62 n. 4 supra.

² This playful couplet embodying one of Munīf's Persian experiences is well-known:

بر زمان رومده درپاکش ابدک ای سلیم شمدي ایراند تماعت ابدرز جانی ایله

'Once upon a time in Turkey we used to drink oceans, O cupbearer; Now in Persia we content ourselves with a chay (brooklet; cup of tea). The point lies in the double signification of the Turkish word 'chay,' which means at once 'brooklet' and 'tea' or 'cup of tea.' The allusion is of course to the Persian custom of drinking tea.
1156 (1743—4) 'Atif Efendi died; and the loss of his kind friend so preyed upon the affectionate heart of the poet that he fell into a profound melancholy and resigned his office which had now grown distasteful. Brooding in retirement over his sorrow soon told upon his health, and within a couple of mouths of 'Atif's death he followed that beloved patron to the grave. Munif lies in the Scutari cemetery beside the road by the Sea that leads to Hayder Pasha.

Munif is described as having had, in addition to his accomplishments as a poet, the charms of a gentle and modest nature. That he must have been a man of amiable character is proved by the way in which he won and retained the friendship and esteem of Rashid and 'Atif, while the grief that overwhelmed him when the latter passed away, a grief that could find no comforter but death, is evidence enough of a tender, loving heart.

As a poet Munif, while a loyal follower of Nábi, does not tread quite so closely in the master's footsteps as do most of his fellow-disciples. In his qasidas Ziya Pasha pronounces him to have surpassed Nábi himself, a judgment confirmed by Professor Najjí. Two of these qasidas are singled out by the critics as being of special merit, and superior to all those of Nábi alike in dignity and lucidity. Indeed the Professor says that had Munif lived to the same age as his master, there is little doubt that his superiority would have been proved elsewhere. As it is, Munif is not a poet of even the second rank, but he stands well in front of the mediocre.

One of the qasidas eulogised by Ziya Pasha and Professor Najjí begins as follows: it is a visionary picture of the interconnection of all things from the hour when God spake the creative word.
Qasida. [348]

When the reed-pen of the edict 'Be' the sum of all did write, ¹
Bounden by the laws of Being were all things soe'er forthright;
Over yonder draught, the patent of Nonentity to rule,
Was there drawn the line of cancel by the pen of Heavenly might.
Borne away was that thick blackness of the night of cecity;
Every darkling nook and cranny spread a spacious plain in sight.
He, the Everlasting Master, decked the veil of things beheld,
One by one all kinds of forms and figures shone there wonder-bright.
Broken though appears the sequence of the pictures of things seen,
Yet their true selves, hidden inward, each to other joined, unite.
Through the pencil of yon Manes, Power Divine, earth's every page
Straight became like leaves of that fair volume Engelyán that hight. ²
One of hue appear to them who see with vision clear and keen
All these shows so strange and wondrous with chameleon tints bedight.

This ghazel was written by Munif after the death of 'Atif Efendi.

Ghazel. [349]

But rust upon the mirror-heart's the solar ray withouten thee,
A burden for the spirit's back the moonbeam's say withouten thee.
What though its circling billows form an anklet round the 'Arsh's leg? ³
An ocean is the Sphere through tears of my dismay withouten thee.
No wonder if they silent be who look upon the words I write;
The reed I hold is speech's surme-style to-day withouten thee. ⁴
It ne'er sets foot beyond the circle of the pupil's ring, in sooth
Mine eyen's sight is like the compass-circuit aye withouten thee. ⁵

¹ God's fiat to creation, in itself involving all that has been, is, and shall be.
² Engelyán is another name for the Erteng or collection of pictures painted
   by Máni (Manes) the ancient Persian heresiarch and reputed artist.
³ The 'Arsh or Throne of God in the Empyrean. See vol. 1, pp. 35—36, etc.
⁴ Writing is here compared to surma, both being black and both assisting
   the vision (bodily or spiritual), while the reed-pen is compared to the style
   with which it is applied. There is also an allusion to a popular belief that
   if one eats surma, one becomes dumb.
⁵ i.e. without thee my vision is limited to the circle of the pupil of my
Though every mote within the world a mirror of delight became,
Would each myself to me as rival loathed display withouten thee.

The cord of Unity and eke the lambent flaming of its lamp
Within my spirit's shrine doth paynim cord portray withouten thee. ¹

With flambeau-light the sun must pass, if e'er it pass, through Munif's soul,
So dark and narrow there is grown the bitter way withouten thee.

Few particulars are forthcoming concerning the life of Hámi Efendi who is usually called Hámi of Amid, from his native city of Amid or Diyárbekrä. He is said to have been for a time Divan-secretary to certain vezírs, and as in some of his poems he refers to what he saw in Constantinople, he must have visited the capital, if he did not reside there. He died, however, in 1160 (1747—8) in his native city, to which, and to places in the neighbourhood of which, he at times refers in his Díwán. Hámi's poetry, which is marked by the usual characteristics of the last Persianist school, has but little individuality. Ziyá Pasha couples this poet with Ruhí of Baghdad who died a century before and with whom he has nothing in common, apparently for no better reason than that they were both born in the Eastern provinces. Hámi has a rimming letter or petition which Kemál Bey looks upon as the best thing he did. His ghazels are often unusually long, and not infrequently he opens them with two matla's or riming-

eye, round which it revolves like the moving leg of a pair of compasses, in other words, now that their art gone. I look at nothing and am interested in nothing.

¹ Allusion is here made to a very favourite symbol whereby the mystic illustrates the illusory nature of plurality in the apparent circle of fire formed by a revolving soul. The cord with ignited end so whirled round is the "Cord of Unity" in the verse, while the "paynim cord" is the upper, or sacred zone, of the Maqam and Hindu. Here the poet would only to say that without his friend the true and the false the red and the apparent, appear equally indifferent.
couplets, an irregularity which was occasionally affected about this time.

The following is the best-known of his ghazels; the signet referred to throughout is the seal-ring engraved with the owner's name, the impression of which used to replace the signature in the East.

Ghazel. [350]

Furrowed still the heart by dolorous dismay on signet wise;¹
Oh that I might ever hold the beaker gay on signet wise! ²

An thou seek to print thy name on earth for aye on signet wise,
Show thee resolute within thy stead to stay on signet wise. ³

Like the bezale to the ring, completing its adornment fair,
On the saddle yonder silver-frame doth ray on signet wise.

Whoso seeketh yonder stony-hearted Idol to embrace,
Needs must he a snare of gold and silver lay on signet wise.

All the graver's cruel harrowing he still must patient thole
Who is fain to win him gold and silver prey on signet wise.

Ne'er did king of name and fame withouten rending of the breast ⁴
Mount the eager-longed-for golden throne of sway on signet wise.

White would come forth thy device, and black would be thy face's hue;
Do not then to all thy secret thoughts bewray on signet wise. ⁶

¹ As the seal is cut into by the letters forming the inscription, so is the heart cut into by grief.
² i. e. would that I might make the beaker my signet, be always merry.
³ As the stone is firmly fixed in the ring.
⁴ The gold or silver of the ring holds captive the stone.
⁵ i. e. without trouble; the stone's breast is rent or cut when engraved.
⁶ یکی از اصطلاحات پاکستانی چنین می‌گوید که اگر یک شخص کلمات سرشار از آسیب‌ها و به‌دست‌آورده‌ها را در سر چاپ کند، همه این کلمات نمی‌توانند باقی بمانند. نگرش صورتی سیاه، که طبیعتاً حکایتی از ناکامی و ناامیدی نشان می‌دهد.
Like a stoneless ring is he who strains not to his bosom fast
One with ruby lips and almond eyes in fay on signet wise.

Be not barren like to stoneless ring or like to stone engraved,
But to all the folk thy favours boon convey on signet wise.

Take it back, Hámi, our gain; 'tis nought but blackness of the face;
In our fancy had we won to fame the way on signet wise.¹

Another member of this group of poets is Rahmí Efendi,
the Qirímí Rahmí or Crimean Rahmí of the Turkish writers,
so styled from his having been born in the Crimea, which
country was still an independent Tartar Khanate under the
nominal suzerainty of the Ottoman Sultan. Rahmí, who had
devoted his life to study, made his way in the course of
time to Constantinople where he was appointed to the
secretaryship of the Bullet Magazine in the Imperial Ar-
senal. In 1160 (1747) he accompanied Hajji Ahmed Pasha,
in the capacity of chief secretary, on his mission to Persia,
of which journey he has left a record in an itinerary of
the route from Scutari to Hamadán. Rahmí died of the
plague in Constantinople in the year 1164 (1750—1).

These four lines are probably the best thing he has written:

Rubá'í. [351]

Soon as the star of morn appears the night is put to flight,
And when the rout is o'er, the sun of triumph beameth bright.
The nights are, all of them, with joyance and with dolour big;
Ere day is born what may not issue forth the womb of night.²

¹ In this couplet the poet fancies himself to have made his name, but
finding such glory vain, will have none of it.
² There is here an allusion to a famous Arabic proverb, الملأ حمل,
'night is pregnant,' i.e. we know not what the morrow may bring forth
Sábit quotes it in one of his wishes, where he says:

"لا يدري بشر فاني حملة جامع دومورك"
When the wildered heart reclineth prostrate in the cell of woe
Though the hour of death should come, 'twould find it not, it lies so low.

O'er the heart's expanse there lieth vast an ocean, Love yclept,
Such that should it surge, its billows would the forms of all things show.

Ope the inward eye and go and gaze upon non-being's waste,
Dust is many an Alexander, many a Dārā lies below.

Though the king of earth should come, no foot aneath the skirt would draw Rahmī, so unfearful lies he self-sufficing here, I twow.

One of the best of the poets who form the present group is the Skeykh-ul-Islām Ismā'īl 'Asim Efendi. This legist, who was known as Chelebi-zāde 'Asim, was born in Constantinople, and was the son of the Re'īs Efendi, Chelebi Mehemmed. He began his professional career as mulāzim in 1100 (1688—9), becoming muderris in 1120 (1708—9). Fifteen years later he was appointed Imperial Annalist in

'To-night we have persuaded the loved one to the excitement of the bowl;
'Saying, 'night is pregnant,' we have persuaded her (to come) to our evening carouse, saying 'whatever may happen on the morrow, let us enjoy ourselves to-night.' Sometimes the proverb appears in the Turkish form of كتچہ تکہ. Wāsif Bey, a distinguished poet of the early nineteenth century has this couplet:

اپنے اپنے تھوڑے تھوڑے امیک坐标
واصفا صرب ملند کر کتچہ نے حاملدی

'Of a certainty the child, thy hope, will be born;
'O Wāsif, the proverb says 'the nights are pregnant.'

[The same proverb is very well known in Persian, and runs: شب آبستن امام نے رحمان نے زاید
"The night is pregnant: what will To-morrow bring forth?" From a passage in the Yatimatu'd-Dahr (Vol. IV, p. 23 of the Damascus edition), I am inclined to think that it passed into Arabic from Persian. Ed.]
succession to Râshid. He was subsequently Molla of Larissa, Brusa, and Medina, successively. In 1160 (1747) he was promoted to the Judgeship of Constantinople, and ten years afterwards to the Qadi-askerate first of Anatolia, then of Rumelia. Towards the close of 1172 (1759) he reached the goal of the Ottoman legist's ambition, the seat of the Sheykh-ul-Islâm; but he held this lofty post for eight months only, as he died over ninety years of age in the Latter Jemázi of 1173 (1760).

Much of 'Asim's poetry was written during the reign of Ahmed III, the period when the brilliant genius of Nedîm was determining the issue of the struggle between Romanticism and Persianist tradition; and as Ekrem Bey, who devotes a few pages to him, points out, the influence of his illustrious contemporary is from time to time perceptible in his work. But the lightness of touch and delicacy of fancy essential to success in that direction are absent here, and 'Asim seems to have felt that Romanticism was not for him. He therefore turned or reverted to that style which was more in harmony alike with his temperament and his education, and as a poet of the Third Persianist School succeeded in winning for himself a position of considerable eminence. If his poetry is, in common with that of most of the followers of Nâbi, inspired by no very lofty sentiments or high ideals of beauty, it is at least lucid and straightforward, and comparatively free from trivial or far-fetched conceits. Ekrem Bey, who speaks of 'Asim's philosophic views and vigour of character, declares that this poet is more correct in his use of language than most of his contemporaries, and maintains that Ziya Pasha is wrong in

Asim's work, which is entitled Lâlîkî Cehbevecde, deals with the history of the Empire from 1153 (1722) to 1161 (1728).
altering the number of syllables in words in order to force them into compliance with prosodical requirements. Like the other members of his school, 'Asim displays great partiality towards the irsāl-i mesel, that rhetorical trick which we have already described as consisting in the citation of a proverb or brief allegory in one line of a couplet and the application of it in the other.

The whole of 'Asim's poetical work is comprised in his Diwán, from which the following pieces have been translated.

Ghazel. [353]

Nor earth nor sky would bear the burden of Love's heart-tormenting pain;
But though the world itself would bear not what I bear, I'll ne'er complain. 1

The spring is come, why suffer still the topers in this lovesome tide?
'Tis they alone whose heads are light who dare no heavy beaker drain. 2

Distraction cometh from the cares of ordering our case, elsewise
He suffers not the dread of loss who giveth up the hope of gain.

From him of crooked ways he much endures whose walk on earth is straight;
The bow doth bear not in this archer-courth the dole that bears the plane. 3

1 In the Koran (XXXIII, 72) we read: 'Verily we offered the trust unto the heavens and the earth and the mountains, but they refused to bear it and shrank from it; but man bore it; verily he was passing cruel and passing foolish.' To explain this, a legend is told to the effect that when God created the heavens and the earth and the mountains, these were endowed with reason, and God offered them 'the trust,' that is, entire obedience to His Law with the promise of Paradise if observed, but with the penalty of Hell if neglected. The material universe shrank from a responsibility so terrible, but man undertook it, and in so doing was 'passing foolish' and 'passing cruel' to himself. Here 'Asim, adopting the view held by the poets, takes 'the trust' to be Love, and declares that however grievous the burden may be, it is unworthy of a man to groan under it.

2 The heads of seasoned topers are not easily turned; such may drink deeply, so have no excuse for sadness during the festive season.

3 The bow, which is crooked or curved, does not suffer the same harsh treatment as does the straight arrow which it drives afar off; similarly, the man whose conduct is straightforward is apt to suffer wrong at the hands of him whose ways are crooked.
Secure is Fortune from the wounds the noble-hearted's tongue might deal;
To bare the sword against a hag the Rustem-soul would never deign.

The palate of my fond desire is tender, 'Asim, yea, in sooth
'Tis smitten of catarrh and may not taste the savour of disdain.¹

Ghazel. [354]

For ne'er a moment is this house of mourning void of wails and sighs,²
Nor leaves the sphere's inverted bowl to ring with sad despairing cries.

Adaptability to place is the condition of success;
Behold, not every drop of April rain becomes a pearl of price.³

The seekers after God no mention make of Paradise or Hell:
The heart of lover true no standing-room for 'This' and 'That' supplies.⁴

Of none effect will counsel prove upon the hardened heart: tis like
The wax which till it melted be can ne'er receive the seal's device.

O 'Asim, for this curtained bride, my gracious heart-desired verse,
Shall ne'er another noble bridegroom like to 'Izzet Bey arise.⁵

Ghazel. [355]

'This can suffer Love,' within the Primal conclave did they say:
Then they called a flame 'a heart,' and set it in my breast straightway.
Shall not they, the earth-born crew, he heartened of the glow of Love?
Store they not the cheering grape-juice in the jar because it's clay?
From my riven bosom proffered is this bleeding heart of mine
To the youthful Magian, saying, 'This for Wine's athirst alway,'
Hasten, then and part those lashes, O thou fell, death-dealing glance!

¹ That is, I am tender-hearted; my loved one's enquireties only vex me.
I can derive no pleasure from them, as other poets say they do.
² The 'house of mourning' is the world.
³ In order to succeed one must fulfil the conditions on which success depends; thus, not every rain drop becomes a pearl, but only such as comply with the necessary condition of falling into the oyster shell.
⁴ Here 'This and That' refers specially to Paradise and Hell, but generally to individuality as opposed to Unity, or to all things other than the Beloved.
⁵ This 'Izzet Bey is probably the poet of that name who flourished under Ahmed III. He and 'Asim may have written 'parallels' to one another's verses.
Yonder languid eye they'd prison, crying, 'It is drunken, yea!'
So long from mine eyes 'tis fallen that I heed no more its case, 1
Saying 'yes, this flood of blood-stained tears is named "current" aye!'
Deem not those be moles: the scribe of Beauty's Diwán marked the dots
Of the dear one's hemistichal eyebrows, so uneath are they.
Good and bad, the sum of either world, it all is flashed therein;
In my breast they've set a mirror which they call the heart, in fay.
Ever surgeth, resting never, Love's pale martyr's guiltless blood,
Crying 'Murdress she!' it seeketh still to seize on yonder may.
Such as crave it are right welcome thereunto, but 'Asim, hark,
Naught will I of this world's glory, seeing it doth fade away!

Here is 'Asim's version of 'to err is human, to forgive

Ruba'i. [356]

O Lord, this truth is known to all who be:
To err is ours, 'tis Thine to pardon free.
Lo, I have failed not to perform my part,
So Heaven forefend there be not grace with Thee!

Suleyman Nahisi of Constantinople began life as a calli-
graphist. In those days penmanship was reckoned among
the fine arts in Turkey, and the proficient in the craft was
held in honour and esteem. Nahisi's teacher was the dislin-
guished penman Hafiz 'Osman under whom he studied in
the first instance to acquire mastery of the varieties of
handwriting known as suls and neskh. 2 Having taken his
diploma in these, he turned his attention to the beautiful
ta'liq hand in which are written most of the fine manuscript
diwanis of old times; and in this too, we are told, he attained
considerable skill.

1 i. e. I have wept so long that I have ceased to think any thing of my

Suls is a kind of large-text; neskh is the small-text round hand used in
transcribing books other than those of poetry.
Though still continuing to work at his art, Nahifi entered the government service, and in 1100 (1688—9) went to Persia in the suite of the ambassador Mehemed Pasha. On his return he held one or two appointments of some importance, and later on, in 1130 (1717—8), he visited Hungary in company with another ambassador, İbrahim Agha. When he came back to Constantinople he received a high position in the Ministry of Finance, which, however, he soon resigned, and retired upon a pension. He died in 1151 (1738—9), and was buried near the sepulchre of Sari 'Abdullâh Efendi in the cemetery of Mal-Tepe outside the Cannon Gate of Constantinople. This simple chronogram was carved upon his tomb stone:

'This (is) Suleymân Nahifi: (recite) the Fâtiha for his soul.'

Nahifi made his mark both as an original poet and as a translator. The Dîwân, which contains all his original work except some religious poems, is characterised by a tenderness of tone such that Jelâl Bey compares it to a mirror reflecting all manner of gentle feelings and loving thoughts.

But Nahifi's most important work is his masterly translation of the Mesnevi of Mevlâna Jelâl-ud-Dîn. This is perhaps the best translation of a great Persian classic that has ever been made into Turkish. The earlier poets, when writing their romantic mesnevis, used to paraphrase Persian works, not translate them. But Nahifi has given us a literal and line for line rendering of Jelâl's wonderful poem, the metre and, as far as possible, the phraseology of which he has been careful to preserve, anticipating thus the system of translation adopted by myself in the present History. We may ask with Professor Najî whether it was necessary to make such a translation at all, but however this question

باو سلیمان نجیبی روحنه الفاتحة 1
may be answered, there can be no dispute as to the ability and success with which Nahífi has accomplished his self-imposed task. The poet certainly deserves the applause which Ziyá Pasha bestows on his untiring industry and application.

In a prose preface prefixed to the first volume of his translation Nahífi gives some interesting particulars concerning the circumstances under which he began his work. He tells us that on his way to Egypt in 1092 (1681), when he must have been quite a young man, he visited the tomb of Jelál-ud-Dín at Qonya, where he was affiliated to the Mevleví brotherhood by the then general of the order. It is presumably from this visit that he dates his interest in Jelál and his great poem; but the idea of translating this into Turkish did not occur to his mind until many years later; not till 1124 (1712), when influenced by what he regarded as a Divine inspiration, was he constrained to begin his task. He was calling on one of his friends, when the latter’s grandson, a clever and intelligent lad, came into the room, and knowing Nahífi to be familiar with the Mesneví, asked him to read some verses along with him. This he did, and choosing the Proem, explained to the boy the meaning of the Persian lines. But when he returned to his home, Nahífi was haunted by the third couplet, the two lines of which continually recurring to him, suggested others, whereupon came the notion of trying to turn them into Turkish. So be began with the Proem, and before nightfall had translated the first eighteen couplets. That night was the night of the first Friday¹ in Rejeb 1124 (August 1712), and the mosques were lit up for the evening service when Nahífi bowed down and prayed to God to

¹ That is the night preceding the Friday, what we should call the Thursday night.
bless him in the long and arduous work he then determined to undertake.

In another preface, prefixed to the fourth volume, the translator informs us that when the third was drawing towards a close he fell into want; but Sultan Ahmed having happily heard of his work asked Ibráhím Pasha to make enquiries concerning it. The translation was accordingly laid before the Sultan who, Nahífi says, applauded it and encouraged him; and, though the poet is silent here, no doubt saw that he was suitably provided for. 1

Nahífi has fared well at the hands of the critics; thus Fátin speaks of him as a unique poet whose words are inspired by love and whose works are masterly in style. Ziyá Pasha, as we have already seen, praises his application, and describes him as a powerful and artistic poet; while Professor Nájí goes so far as to say that of all the poets whom Constantinople has yet produced, Nahífi is the one most highly gifted with strength of nature. As the Professor appeals to the translation of the Mesnevi in justification of this assertion, it is to be presumed that singleness of purpose and steady devotion to a work once undertaken enter largely into the moral or intellectual quality which he thus defines.

The religious work to which I have alluded as forming, along with the Diwán, the sum of Nahífi's original contributions to literature, is called Hilyet-ul-Enwar, 'The Jewel

1 The Mesnevi of Jelál-ud-Din consists of six books all of which Nahífi translated; but to these six there is often added an apocryphal seventh which is generally regarded as the work of the commentator Ismá'il of Angora, who died in 1039 (1631—2). The first three books were translated into Turkish by a certain Ismá'il Ferükhî who died in 1250 (1830—1), and were printed at the end of the superb Bulaq edition of 1268 (1851—2) in which the Persian original of Jelál and the Turkish translation of Nahífi are printed side by side.
of Lustres,' and consists of a series of those hymns in honour of the Prophet which are known as Na'ıts.

Haníf-záde, the continuer of Hájjí Khalífa's bibliographical encyclopaedia, says that Nahífi (whom he calls Mustáfá instead of Suleýmán) ¹ made further a Turkish takhmís on the famous Arabic poem called the Qasídát-úl-Burde, or 'Mantle-Poem' and a translation of the first fifteen Séances of the Maqámát of Harírí which he dedicated to Ibráhím. He also wrote, according to Professor Nájí, a prose work entitled Risále-i Khizriyya.

The following ghazel is an example of Nahífi's original work:

Ghazel. [357]

Ne'er may any's store of peace of mind be borne as spoil away!
Ne'er may any o'er the waste of ignominy helpless stray!

'Mid the garth I saw a noble charmer,' sayst thou, breeze of dawn?
That it be not yonder cypress-form thou sawest, sore I pray.

Cup on cup affliction's poison have I drunken through thy love:
Oh what at thy hands I've suffered! yet no plaint shall me bewray.

'Sorrow not, one day thou'lt win to union with me,' sayest thou;
Look thou lest thy promised season be the Resurrection-Day!

Ready standeth he, full ready, here to rend his garment's spare;
May no signal reach Nahífi from thy merry eye and gay!

The subjoined English version of the famous Proem of the Mesneví, which I have made from Nahífi's Turkish translation, will satisfy every reader acquainted with the Persian

¹ There is some confusion in Haníf-záde's remarks about this poet. He attributes the Takhmís on the Burde to Mehemmed Suleymán Nahífi, and the translations of the Mesneví and the Maqámát to MUSTÁFÁ Nahífi, who was, he adds, one of the members of Ibráhím Pasha's committee for the translation of the Persian universal history called Habíb-us-Siyer written by Khwánd Amír. In the preface to his Mesneví the poet calls himself Nahífi Mehemmed Suleymán, the son of 'Abd-ur-Rahmán, the son of Sálih.
original as to the faithful manner in which the Ottoman scholar has rendered the great poem of Jelál-ud-Dín. The reed-flute mentioned at the beginning of this Proem is the sacred instrument of the Mevlevi dervishes, whose order was, as we know, founded by Mevláná Jelál-ud-Dín the poet of the Mesnevi. It is to the sound of this reed-flute that certain members of the order perform, in their special public services of commemoration, the peculiar religious waltz, which has caused them to be known in Europe as the Dancing Dervishes. Thy look upon this instrument with love and veneration as the symbol of the sighing parted lover, who in his turn is the symbol of the human soul yearning after its Divine source.

The Proem of the Mesnevi. [358]

Harken how the flute doth plaintive chant its tale,
How for separation's doleful rings its wail:
'From the reedy swamp they tore me,' doth it cry,
'Oft my moan hath bidden man and woman sigh;
'Sore let stress of absence still my bosom wring;
'So that I full ardently my yearning sing.
'Whoso from his home is banished far away
'Longeth for the hour of union night and day.
'I, who am the wailer where'er folk unite,
'Comrade am to all the sad and all the bright.
'Every one regards me from his own estate,
'Seeking aye the secret in my sad debate,
'Though my secret is not distant from my sigh,
'Yet the light of grace comes not to every eye.
'Soul and body each from other are not hid,
'Yet to body is the sight of soul forbid.'

So, the reed-flute's voice is true; deem not 'tis vain
Woe for him in whom this fire upflareth ne'er!
Fire of Love it is that doth the flute empower,
Stress of Love it is that doth the wine empower.
Fere of parted lovers, wails the flute forlorn;
By the flute the veil of flesh in twain is torn.
Antidote and bane like to the flute is none;
Comrade fond and fain like to the flute is none.
Tidings of a blood-stained path the flute doth show,
All the tale it tells of Mejnun's love and woe.
They who lose their hearts do reason's secrets hear;
None may purchase of the tongue except the ear.
All untimely for our anguish pass the days,
Many a sorrow fareth with the days always.
Though the days thus pass away, 'tis naught of pain,
So that Thou, O Purest one, do still remain.
Oceans can not sate the fish that swims the sea;
But the day sans daily bread is long to dree.
Of th' initiate's state how should the untutored tell?
Brief then let our parleyings be; and fare thee well!
Break thy bonds, O youth, and win to freedom sweet;
Until when shall gold and silver bind thy feet?
Though thou pour into a pitcher all the sea,
Nought beyond a one day's store therein may be.
How should aught that pitcher fill — the eye of greed?
Sans content pearls form not in the shells, indeed.
Vonder robe that Love hath never rent atwain

1 The bitter path of Love.
2 Mr. Whinfield, who has given us an admirable epitome of Jelal's Mesnevi, 'Masnavi i Ma'navi,' translated and abridged by E. H. Whinfield, M. A. London, Trübner and Co. 1887; commenting on this line, says, Self-annihilation leads to eternal life in God — the universal Noumenon, by whom all phenomena exist. [Under the title of 'the Song of the Reed' a very graceful and spirited translation of this Proem was published in 1877 by the late Professor E. H. Palmer Ed.].
3 The meaning seems to be that though the adept cannot have too much of an esoteric discourse like the present, the uninitiated, for whom no provision is made, will find it dreary; I shall therefore be brief.
4 [Reference has already been frequently made to the Oriental belief as to the formation of pearls. The oysters come open-mouthed to the surface of the sea in the month of April [Nisán], each seeking to catch a rain-drop; but as soon as the rain-drop is received, the oyster must close its shell and sink to the bottom, in order that the transformation may proceed. It must be 'contented' with the one rain-drop ere it can hope for the pearl. Ed.]
Bideth still uncleaned of greed and passion's stain.

Joyous smile, O Love, sweet-fashioned, all our own!

Leech by whom our woes and ills away are done!

O thou Medicine of our pride and self-conceit!

Thou who art our Plato and our Galen meet!

High aloft doth soar the earthly frame through Love; ¹

Dance the hills, inebriate with joy thereof.

When the light of God's own face illumed Sinai,

There the tidings: 'Moses fell and swooned away.' ²

Had I found a comrade leal, a friend at need,

Fain had I revealed my secret like the reed.

Whoso'er is twinned from them that ken his speech

Speechless is, however much he talk or preach.

When the rose is past, the garden's beauty gone,

In the plaining bulbul bides nor wail nor moan.

All is the Beloved, the lover's but a veil; ³

Living the Beloved, the lover dead and pale.

He in whom the fire of Love doth burn not high

Is a bird withouten wings, that may not fly.

How may sense or reason find whereon to stand

Till the Loved One's radiance reach a helping hand?

This the work of Love, the Secret to unvel.

Look in burnished mirror, that will tell the tale.

Is the Secret shown not in thy mirror-soul?

Then its face is rubbed not clear of rust in whole.

Were it cleansed of every stain of rust indigul,

Thence would flash the radiance of the Sun Divine!

Let it deck the ear of them who walk aright;

Passing well hath this discourse portrayed our plight. ⁴

¹ Alluding to Christ's or the Prophet's Ascension.

² The quotation is from Koran VII, 139; the allusion is to God's giving the law to Moses on Mount Sinai.

³ The following is Mr. Whinfield's note on this line: 'All phenomenal existences (man included) are but 'veils' obscuring the face of the Divine Numenon, the only real existence, and the moment His sustaining presence is withdrawn they at once relapse into their original nothingness.'

⁴ This last couplet refers to the story of the King and the Handmaid, which immediately follows.
Ahmed Neylí Efendi, the poet at whose suggestion Seyyid Vehbi changed his pen-name, was the son of a Judge of Constantinople called Mírzá-záde Mehemmed, and was born in 1084 (1673—4). The truth of the adage, ‘learn young, learn fair,’ was well exemplified in the case of this accomplished man of letters, who began his professional studies when a little child six years of age. Neylí, thus early started on his course, gradually made his way, and when little more than forty found himself in the important position of Molla of Smyrna. After a time he was promoted to the Mollaship of Cairo, which was soon followed by the further step to that of Mekka. In due course the Cadi-‘Askerate, first of Anatolia, then of Rumelia, was reached. The latter office was held twice by Neylí; but before he had completed his second term, his health gave way, and he was compelled to resign. His resignation was followed in a few days by his death, which occurred in 1151 (1738—9).

Neylí was a poet of some eminence who, according to Professor Nájí, has not met with the recognition he deserves. Several of his couplets are, says the Professor, current among the people, who quote them without knowing whose they are. This ignorance the critic attributes partly to the fact that Neylí’s Diwán has never been printed, a circumstance which serves him as the text for a not unmerited rebuke of modern Turkish Scholars for their neglect of their older writers.

Neylí, the Professor continues, is really to be preferred to many of the early poets, as he thinks well and speaks clearly; and although he inclines rather too much towards embellishment, his verses do not in consequence lose their attractiveness. At times, however, he errs, with so many of his fellows, in too closely imitating the Persians; while occasionally the triviality of his conceits accords but little
with the dignity of poetry. But such cases are not very
frequent, and do not seriously detract from the merit of
his Diván.

Although a Persianist, Neyli has nothing in common with
the school of Nábí; his affinities are rather with the age of
Nefzí, of whose genius he seems to have had a due appre-
ciation. His philosophy is of a deeper kind than that of the
contemporary school, and he rarely endeavours to make a
point by the happy introduction of some well-known saw.
On the other hand, he is just as little influenced by the
Romanticist movement. His love passages, which are often
graceful, are quite conventional and very Persian in tone,
while there is not the slightest trace of local colour in his
ghazels. His language too is unaffected by the Turkicising
tendency of the age, and resembles that of the later Class-
icists or early Neo-Persianists.

One of Neyli’s prettiest poems is a little tale in mes-
neví verse of a Christian girl and a Muslim youth. The tale
is supposed to be told by a converted monk to a wandering
dervish in reply to the latter’s enquiry as to how he came
to embrace the Faith of Islam. The monk relates how one
day a young Muslim came to his monastery and chanced
to be seen by a Christian maiden who became deeply en-
amoured of him. As he would not respond to her advances,
she endeavoured to console herself by getting a skilful artist
to paint his portrait. This she placed in her room, and con-
stantly sitting before it, would speak to it as though it were
her beloved himself. By and bye the youth died, and a
few days later, when the monk went to console the girl,
he found her lying dead before the picture, underneath which
she had written some verses saying that she had accepted
Islam in the hope of being united to her dear one in Heaven.
When the monk returned a day or two afterwards, he saw
to his amaze that the girl had come back from Paradise to add a few more verses to the effect that through her adoption of Islam all her sins had been forgiven and that she was joined for ever with her beloved in the presence of God. On seeing this miracle the monk followed her example and entered the Faith.

Neyli's qasídas are for the most part in praise of Sultan Ahmed and Ibráhím Pasha, and are not very remarkable. He has a good many ghazels in Persian, and the usual number of chronograms, quatrains, and single verses.

This poet was a very learned man who, besides translating several Arabic books, wrote a large number of professional works. He was also famous for his generosity.

Here are two ghazels from his Diwán:

Ghazel. [359]

'Tis thy life-bestowing lippet that of joy's the store for me;
Cupbearer, the festal beaker's mouth may speak no more for me.

Nature's marvellous arithmic mid the garden pondered I;
Every leaf became a volume fraught with wonder-lore for me.

Yonder wanton's ceillad signals naught but parting's lonely cell;
How from one so harsh should hope of union come o'er for me?

From the dust of longing's anguish washeth it my garment clean;
Yea, the kindly soul islucent Tesnîm evermore for me.

Cribbed and cramped within the strait defile of earth had been my heart,
Had not poesy's wide plateau, Neyli, stretched before for me.

Ghazel. [360]

Wouldst thou the soul without the body see?
Behold that Angel when unclad is she!

Be yonder wanton's roaming o'er the mead
With folk unmeet forbid withouten me.
For rivals be not sore against thy love; 
O heart, no rose without a thorn may be.  

Would any lover at the meanest grain 
Buy all earth’s treasure sans that belamy?

Although a sun were every mote, would earth 
Be dark to me, Light of my eyes, sans thee.

'How sinned I?' asketh Neyli of the fair, 
'My heart ye’ve ta’en, and will not set it free.'

When we open the Diwán of Nejjár-záde Sheykh Mustafá Rizá we find ourselves once again in the dervish convent, 
where the philosophisings of the disciples of Nábí and the love-songs of the followers of Nedím alike are silent, and 
where the litanies of the devotee alone are heard.

Rizá was born in Constantinople in 1090 (1679—80), and 
was the son of a man named Ibráhím. This Ibráhím would 
appear to have been something of a military engineer; at least he accompanied the artillery when on active service 
and superintended the construction of such bridges as it

1 That there is no rose without a thorn is a saying common doubtless to most languages. In Turkish it assumes several slightly different forms; thus we have جنگل‌دار گل جنگل‌دار، بی‌پر و گل‌دار، بی‌پر و گل‌دار، گل‌دار بی‌پر، گل‌دار بی‌پر، بی‌پر و گل‌دار، بی‌پر و گل‌دار، both of which mean, there is no thornless rose and no rivalless sweetheart, that is, no sweetheart whom one may love without having rivals. This proverb is naturally a favourite one with the poets: Fuzulí says:

سپره جنگل‌دار انسک ایمے تیبگش
ایم کویبل رعنا بیلمرسک کم کل اولماس خارس.

'Let not my riven bosom lack the dart of her glance; 
'O heart, well thou knowest how there is no rose without a thorn."

And Ruhi of Baghdad:

بیمل مطاسب حسینت ایم بیمل اولماس اقتشا
دام کل بار اولماس اولماس نه علیچه خارس.

'Thus hath wisdom ruled from all eternity, O nightingale."

'That there may be neither rivalles, sweeteheart nor thornles, resold.'
was necessary to build upon the line of march. On this account he was playfully nicknamed Nejjar or Carpenter; whence Rizá came to be known as Nejjár-záde or Ibnu-un Nejjár, both of which mean the Carpenter's son. In 1123 (1711—2) Rizá, who had spent his youth in study, entered the Naqshbendí order of dervishes, and by and bye became Sheykh or abbot of the convent at Beshik-Tash.

When the Grand Vezír Hakím-oghli ʿAlí Pasha built his mosque at Alti-Mermer, the poets of the day were invited to compose chronograms on the event. That of the Sheykh won the Vezír's approbation by its simplicity and directness; it was nothing more than Jámi'-ur-Rizá, that is, the Mosque of Rizá or of Acquiescence (to God's will); for the word rizá — which was the Sheykh's name — signifies 'acquiescence.' Naturally enough there were not lacking those who said that this was no proper chronogram, but a barefaced hint for an appointment in the mosque. But ʿAlí Pasha did not heed such detractors, and after a time, when the first holder of the office had for some reason been banished from the capital, he appointed Sheykh Rizá, who was famous for his eloquence, to the office of preacher. After a while, the original holder of this office returned from his exile, and set about, though with little hope of success, endeavouring to recover his post by appealing to the Vezír and other persons of influence. As soon as Rizá heard of this, he sent the patent of office to his predecessor, saying as he did so, 'I performed those services only as his substitute; since he so wishes, let him return to his place.'

Sheykh Rizá died in 1159 (1746—7), and was buried in the court of his own convent.

Although Rizá was a dervish Sheykh, his poems are religious rather than mystical, and like those of Nazím are almost entirely devoted to the praise of the Prophet. Western readers
will agree with Von Hammer in finding that on the whole they possess but little interest, although, as Professor Náji says, they are at times inspired by the ardour of religious love. This is notably so in the case of the verses written by Rizá while a pilgrim at the sacred shrines of Islam. Thus, when he was leaving the Ka'ba he composed the following lines which are the evident outcome of deep feeling:

The sparks that from my burning sighs mount at the farewell hour
It is that blacken yonder curtain o'er the Temple drawn.
The darkling night of parting to joy's dayspring turneth he
Who makes his ardent bosom-sigh to flame, the torch of dawn.

Rizá's Diwán used to enjoy considerable reputation, perhaps because contemporary works of the kind were not very common during the eighteenth century; but its poetical merit is not high. It consists of what are really four separate diwáns bound up together. There is no apparent reason why the poems comprised in these should not have been arranged as a single diwán; probably it is as Von Hammer suggests, and the four diwáns represent four successive collections of the poet's works. Between the four Rizá has no fewer than one hundred and seventy ghazels with the redif 'O Apostle of God!' so much was his poetic talent spent in the glorification of the Prophet.

In prose he made a translation of the Persian treatise

The allusion in the second line i. to the Kiswa, or covering of rich black damask, adorned with an embroidered band of gold, which is draped outside the Ka'ba, and which is renewed every year at the expense of the Sultan.

Each of the four diwáns bears a special title, these are in their order:
(1) Tuhfet-ul-Ishad - The Gift of Guidance
(2) Waridat-ul-Hayalwa - Inspirations from the Qur'an
(3) Zuhurat-ul-Mekkaye - Mekkan Manifestation
(4) Khátimat-ul-Waridat - The Footprint to the Inspirations
called Mukhtasar-ul-Viláye by the great Naqshbendi Sheykh, Khoja Abu-'Abdulláh of Samarcand.

The following ghazel is a favourable example of Rizá’s work; it occurs in the first of the four diwán’s.

**Ghazel. [361]**

Within the realm of heart is none who kens my speech, I trow;
There is no dragoman on earth who doth Love’s language know.

Why press the steed of my desire to bear the prize away,
When on this plain is none who may his bridle-comrade go?

On Faith’s high way is ne’er a youth to be the staff of eld
Unto the teacher of the Truth when feeble he shall grow.

What I have held the ill I now behold to be the good;
Than mine own self there is none other ill on earth below.

Within this factory dust-grimed not any booth is there
Which to the merchantman, emprize, can goods of value show.

This garden-land can on the humá¹ fair, Rizá’s high soul,
No corner meet to serve as nest of sweet repose bestow.

With Mehemmed Rághib Pasha, who is the last and, save
the founder, by far the most illustrious member of the School
of Nábi, closes the long catalogue of the Persianist poets
of Turkey.

Qoja Rághib or Old Rághib, as he is popularly styled,
was the son of a secretary in the Deftér-Kháne or office of
the Rolls of the Exchequer, called Mehemmed Shevqi, and
was born in Constantinople in 1110 (1698–9). Following
in his father’s footsteps, Rághib entered the same government
office, where his exceptional talents and abilities soon made
him a marked man. He was consequently appointed in the

¹ The humá, a mythical bird corresponding more or less to our Phoenix, has already been repeatedly noticed.
first place mektûbij or chief secretary to 'Arîfî Ahmed Pasha the Ottoman governor of Erivan (then momentarily incorpor-
ated in the Empire); next, agent of the Defter Emînî, as
the chief permanent official in the Finance Department is
styled, in the suite of 'Alî Pasha who commanded the Im-
perial forces operating on the north-eastern frontier; and
then in 1140 (1727—8) defterdâr or financial Commissary-
general of Erivan. A year later he returned to Constantinople,
but was soon sent to Hamadân (then likewise in Turkish
hands) as agent of the Re'îs Efendi, and charged with the
division of the recently acquired Persian territories into
feudal fiefs. In 1143 (1730—1) he was made defterdâr of
Baghdâd, and when three years later he returned to the
capital he was promoted to the important financial office
of mâliyye tezkerejisi. The following year he was again
despatched as military defterdâr and agent of the Re'îs
Efendi in the suite of Ahmed Pasha the ex-governor of
Baghdâd, who had been put in command of the Erzerum
army-corps. The next step was in 1149 (1736—7), when
Râghib was made chief secretary to the Grand Vezir. Four
years later he became Re'îs Efendi, and in 1157 (1744—5)
he was elevated to the vezîrate, and at the same time ap-
pointed governor of Egypt. He remained some three years
in that country which he ruled with much success, but which
at last proved irksome to him, if we are to take as literal
what he says in one of his ghazels:

"Full weary we of governing the Mother of the world;
Know this care of Cairo, let us hence to Rum again." 1

1 The Mother of the world is an Arabic name of Cairo.
The desire here expressed was gratified, for in 1160 (1747—8) he was made collector of Aydin, then in 1163 (1749—50) governor of Raqqâ, and then in 1168 (1754—5) governor of Aleppo. At last, in 1170 (1756—7), Râghib Pasha became Grand Vezîr, and for six years he held this lofty office, the onerous duties of which he discharged in a manner worthy of the long and faithful services he had already rendered to his country. During his tenure of the grand vezirate peace was preserved abroad, and many important public works were carried out at home. Râghib, who had married the Princess Sâliha, a sister of Sultan Mustafâ III, was honoured and esteemed by all, and his death on the 24th of Ramazân 1176 (8th April 1763) was in more ways than one a grievous loss to Turkey.

Being one of the greatest scholars of his time, his society was naturally much sought after by men of learning, and his house in Constantinople was a favourite resort of the literary world of the day. The distinguished poetess Fitnet Khanim is mentioned as being among his literary friends.

1 The following little story about this Princess is most probably apocryphal, but it is widely known in Constantinople. In Râghib's household there was, it is said, a beautiful slave-girl called Nerkis (Narcisse) to whom the Pasha was much attached, and there was also an exceedingly ill-favoured Arme-nian man-servant named Serkis. The Princess having discovered that the Pasha had arranged to visit Nerkis on a certain night, ordered the girl to vacate her bed and bade Serkis take her place. At the appointed time Râghib entered Nerkis's room and, imagining of course that the pretty slave-girl was there, he improvised aloud the line:

خواب تازدی قلغمی راغب عزم هرکس قرببت

'Up from slumber sweet awoke Râghib and sought his Nerkis' breast,' and went up to the bed when he suddenly discovered that he was making love to the hideous Armenian, and at the same time heard the Princess, who had followed him unobserved, cap his line with the following:

بر تختئاف رووزکار اسیدی آتادی سرکس قرببت

'When an adverse wind arising cast him upon Serkis' breast.'
Prominent among Rághib Pasha’s good works is the public library which he built in the Qosqa quarter of Constantinople for the reception of the fine collection of books which he had got together during the course of his life. Beside this library he built a fountain and likewise a mansoleum within which he lies buried.

Rághib Pasha’s poetical work is not extensive, it is all contained within the covers of a slender diwán. But this little volume is stuffed with good things, and well deserves the popularity which it has for long enjoyed, a popularity which has manifested itself in what is perhaps the most conclusive of all fashions, that of having supplied many of the lines and phrases which are current as proverbs in the language of daily life.

I have said that with the single exception of the master himself, Rághib is the most brilliant member of the school founded by Nábi. Within his limits, the later poet is perhaps even stronger than his predecessor; he has indeed nothing of Nábi’s marvellous versatility, but his notes on life have more pith in them, and are expressed in language more direct and more forcible. In his language, indeed, Rághib is singularly modern, going straight to his point and eschewing all bombast, shunning even what is merely decorative. Many of the illustrations which he uses to drive home his maxims and comments are vividly drawn direct from nature, and have something of the air of the unpremeditated, so simply and naturally are they presented.

He wrote a good deal of prose, but this, being all in the pedantic fashion of his time, has now fallen out of notice; it never possessed any very great merit. The best known of his prose productions is not an original work but a huge compilation of untransliterated extract from many Arabic authors bearing on scientific and ethical matters, which he called Sifmat al-Rághib, that is, The Ship of Rághib, or of the Deacon. One, for such is the meaning of the name Rághib.
While a convinced Persianist and a loyal — a too loyal — follower of the Classic Tradition, Rághib was too great a man and too genuine a poet to remain unaffected by the most vital and active of the literary forces working in his day. As Nábí before him, though the founder of a Persianist school, had been at bottom half a Romanticist, so now Rághib Pasha, his most illustrious and most gifted disciple, is in many of his poems as Turanian in vocabulary and as idiomatic in phraseology as the most pronounced of contemporary Turkicists. I have just said that the Pasha was too loyal a follower of the Classic Tradition. Had he been content with Sá'íb, there might have been no great reason for regret; but unluckily he turned his attention to the Persian poet Shevket, who just about this time was becoming fashionable, and who, eventually displacing Sá'íb as the load-star of those who still turned Irán-ward ¹ for light, was destined, after a brief season of popularity, to pass from favour, the last and least worthy of the series of Persian poets who for over three hundred years were guides and models for the Ottomans. Shevket's verses had really little to recommend them beyond a certain gracefulness of fancy. This quality, such as it was, Rághib failed to assimilate; and many of his ghazels are marred by the presence of tasteless conceits and the introduction of unreasonable subjects, the direct results of his unfortunate choice of model. ²

¹ [As Shevket, or Shawkat, according to Persian pronunciation, was a native of Bukhárá, which is Turkish or Turkı rather than Persian, "Irán-ward" seems hardly a suitable expression, though I have let it stand. It is worthy of note that all the most turgid and florid Persian writing emanates from Transoxania, whence, with Bábér, it made its way into India. Ed.]

² Rághib was evidently proud of his efforts in the direction of this writer, for he says at the close of a ghazel:

شعر پاکم گور نجمه طالبیزه شوکتیزه

'See how my bright poetry Talibizes and Shevketizes.'
To a philosopher and lover of the truth like Râghib Pasha there would be but scant pleasure in composing panegyrics on the great, consequently we find in his Diwân but one qasida. This is followed by a few chronograms, after which come six takhmises on as many ghazels of the Pasha's several masters; Shevket, Sā'îb, and Nábi being each represented by two poems. Those on the ghazels of Shevket and Sâ'îb are in Persian, while those on Nábi's are of course in Turkish.

Râghib's claim to poetic distinction rests exclusively on his ghazels. He is essentially a moralizing poet of the school of Sā'îb and Nábi, and his writings, in common with those of the entire group, partake in considerable measure of the nature of a proverbial philosophy. Sound common-sense and sterling integrity of purpose, together with a frequent felicity of illustration, are the qualities that have done most to win his verse its high reputation. So long as he confines himself to this his proper field, he is always safe, often successful beyond his neighbours; but occasionally under some unlucky inspiration he tries his hand at a love passage, and then he always fails. The 'Moons' and 'Cypresses' seem singularly out of place in a string of brief reflections on the ways of the world and little maxims for the conduct of life.

As has been already said, the vocabulary of Râghib bears very distinctly the impress of the age. Although all the members of the Third Persianist School were more or less influenced by the tendency to introduce native Turkish words and phrases into poetry more freely than had hitherto been the rule, no one of the group went so far in this direction as did the Pasha. He seems indeed to have encouraged and fostered this movement, the development of which

Here the Pasha coined Turkish verbs from the names of Tâlib and Shevket, the Tâlib in question being another not very excellent Persian poet who was popular in Turkey about this time.
was, as we know, one of the foremost articles of the Romanticist faith. In so doing the Pasha showed himself at once a liberal-minded scholar and an enlightened worker in the nationalizing of literature.

Rághib's literary style, while terse, vigorous and admirably suited to the message he has to give, is, as we should expect, well nigh devoid of elegance and grace. The delicate verbal craftsmanship of the Classicists formed no part of the heritage of the last Persianists. A variety of offences against the technical rules of the poetic art mark the verses of Rághib. This must be the result of deliberate purpose; for the Pasha was a very learned man, and is even said to have written a treatise on prosody. Perhaps he considered such matters as trivial and beneath the notice of a philosopher, and chose such phraseology as came readiest to his hand without troubling to consider whether it bore the academic stamp. But all such little matters may well be forgiven a writer whose, wholesome manly envisagement of life and duty is still a living and helpful force, while the work of many a more artistic poet which had little beyond its craftsmanship to boast of, has faded from the public mind, and is remembered only by the antiquary or the student.

The modern critics are not slow to recognise the old Vezír's worth. Ziyá Pasha, while admitting the flaws in his workmanship, speaks highly in his favour. He couples him with 'Asim, but justly declares him to be the stronger. He goes perhaps a little too far when he says that there is no padding in his verse; but his statement that while the poet has many sentiments that are noble, he has very few that are mean, will be echoed by every one who has glanced over that little Diwáín which Kemál Bey could describe as a volume of wisdom filled full of choicest things.

Professor Nájí, careful and just as usual, while pointing
out in considerable detail the solecisms of which Rághib is guilty, pays a high tribute to the many merits of the old Pasha who, as in statesmanship he gained for himself the title of the Wise Vezír, has won likewise in literature the honourable surname of the Wise Poet. Nájí maintains that though the Pasha’s prose writings have been forgotten owing to the literary revolutions that have since occurred, there is no chance of any such fate befalling his poems, so many passages from these have become part and parcel of the living language that an immortality appears to be ensured to them commensurate with that of the Turkish tongue. Most of Rághib’s better verses, the critic continues, are worth remembering because of the wisdom they contain; a remark which, as the Professor adds with much truth, could be made of hardly any other among the old poets.

Apart from its own intrinsic merits, real though these be, the tiny Diwán of Rághib Pasha possesses a unique, almost a pathetic, interest; it is the last word of a great literary tradition, of a tradition that taught its followers to look up to and learn from a poetry which, to whatever futilities and ineptitudes it may have at times descended, was originally and essentially inspired by the most sublime conception which the human soul has ever formed. And so this little book is one of the landmarks of our story. From the day, more than two centuries and a half ago, when by tendering allegiance to Mír ‘A‘ír Shúr, Ahmed Pasha established the Classic Tradition as a fundamental principle for Ottoman poetry, we have seen reflected in this poetry, in true and unbroken sequence, each successive phase of that of Persia. But this shall be no longer. The Turk now takes leave of his Persian guide, who indeed can guide him no farther, can only misguide him. Henceforward he must work out his own salvation as best he may. And it is here, in this
Here is a selection of ghazels from Rághib Pasha's Diwán:

Ghazel. [362]

Austerity wraps not the Truth before the Mimic's trivial mind;  
The pictured ocean's waves are never ruffled by the stormy wind.  
The benefactor's stately mien the needy deem not hard to bear;  
The merry topers ne'er the jar of wine a weary burden find.  
The flambeau of the Moth's ¹ renown doth shine until the Judgment Day;  
For silence ne'er the flaming tongue that speaks the silent's fame shall bind.  
The hests of Fate thou shalt obey, be wise or heedless, as thou wilt;  
For ne'er with Destiny may cope the schemes of wit, howe'er designed.  

Regard with heed the fair relationship 'tween loveliness and love;  
No ear like to the rose's o'er the bulbul's burning song's inclined.  

Abstention from display is e'er the true adornment of the great;  
Unblazoned is the garment round about the Fleckless sphere entwined. ²  

The time is not propitious, else the place, else the cupbearer Fate;  
Within this tavern, Rághib, ne'er are all the heart's desires combined.  

Ghazel. [363]

Each one who sees the tavern doth a different phase thereof debate;  
The zealot tells its irksomeness, the toper sings its joys elate.  
Whene'er the bulbul lifts his voice to chant the splendour of the rose,  
The gurgle of the flask doth mid the feast the wine's delights relate.  
May ever sybarite conceive the ecstasy the Vision ³ brings?  
Whene'er of Paradise they speak, of feasting doth the zealot prate. ⁴  

¹ The moth which courts destruction in its beloved flame is a favourite type of the fearless, devoted and uncomplaining lover.  
² The Empyrean, or Primum Mobile, is the Ninth and outermost of all the Ptolemaic Spheres; it is the Starless Heaven, being beyond that of the Fixed Stars, so Rághib speaks of its robe as unblazoned.  
³ The Beatific Vision vouchsafed to the Saints in ecstasy.  
⁴ Alluding sarcastically to the purely sensual pictures of Paradise which certain popular preachers were wont to present.