Nor Reason's seigniory, nor yet the lordship of the Sacred Law,
The peace of Frenzy's clime it is the wand'rs o'er it celebrate.

In midst of converse doth the evil-natured let his vice be seen;
When bragging of his valour 'tis the gipsy doth his thefts narrate.¹

In sooth the voice of wisdom friendly unto sanity appears:
Although he knows it false, the leech is fain the patient's health to state.²

The soul's distraction still remains like to an oracle obscure;
The sense whereof no man doth understand, nor doth Rághib translate.

Ghazel. [364]

The freed from fetters of desire may hold the head on high,
And he who knows nor wish nor want may float the rolling sky.

The dark-hued troublous zágh it is unto the eyebrow-glaive,³
Whence' er sweet slumber's stibium-dust is drawn across thine eye.

¹ This is one of the most widely known of those lines of Rághib that have passed into proverbs. In connection with it Professor Nájí mentions a little incident which he says happened in Constantinople not long before he wrote. A certain gentleman, 'Abd-ul-Ghaffir by name, who claimed to come from Bukhárá, and who was a man of parts, though a terrible talker and braggart, was present one day at a gathering of literary men, where he contrived as usual to monopolize the conversation. The others, by way of a joke, kept perfectly silent, and gave the Bukharíot the field entirely to himself. When he had at last tired himself out talking of his own accomplishments and successes, someone in the party quietly said, 'God's blessing on him who sleeps in the dust of Qospa,' where upon a general titter went through the room, all present, including 'Abd-ul-Ghaffir, at once recalling this line of Rághib.

² Eastern doctors generally make light of the ailments of their patients so as to keep up their spirits. As the leech's statement parallels 'the voice of wisdom' in the preceding line, this second hemistich repeats the dictum of the first, though in a perverted sense.

³ Zágh (ظ) is the name of a vitriolic substance, a solution of which was used by the sword cutters in Turkey for the purpose of bringing out the grain or damascening of sword blades. That this may be done, the blade are bas ted with the zágh, which is apparently of a dark colour, and the part of this period are fond of comparing to it the dark coloured ointment, called veseen or rashq, wherewith Eastern beauties internally the black eye, and improve the shape of their semitall like eyebrows. This, Nájí says.
He makes the bosom-nook a home where naught is grudged him e'er,  
Can any win the heart as doth the friend in misery?

Th' elation from the grace of Jesu's breath abideth still;  
The tavern's air restores the sick to healthful sanity.

Of him to whom the garden's spring and autumn come the same,  
The length of life shall even with the lofty cypress vie.

At first the trav'ller crosseth o'er the Bridge of carnal love;  
The Typal is the starting-point on road of Verity.  
O Rághib, he who tames his passion's wild and restive steed  
Shall valiant gallop o'er the field with none to come him nigh.

The beauties of the city have painted their eyebrows with vesme:  
The sword-dealers again have had their scimitars zaghed.'  
And Hashmet:

\[ \text{وصم صمكما ابوبانه زاغ حسنكن آنكم بس} \]

'Paint not thine eyebrows with vesme, the zágh of thy beauty suffices them;  
'Rust-stain not thy glaive, I say, Oh bare the broadsword.'

An interesting account of Turkish sword-cutlery is given in an article in the 5th. volume of the Mines de l'Orient (that for 1816) by Mr. John Barker, then British Consul at Aleppo. In this article, which is entitled 'Method of Renewing the Giobare (i. e. Jevher, or Gevher), or Flowery Grain of Persian Swords, commonly called Damascus Blades,' there are several interesting particulars concerning the zágh, which is not adequately described in any of the dictionaries.

In the present verse Rághib says that when the surme of sweet sleep is applied to the eyes of the beloved, it is the dark-coloured zágh of trouble (to the lover) for her sword (-shaped) eyebrows. Both surme and zágh are dark-coloured: sleep is compared to surme because of its beneficial effect on the eyes; but when sleep, closing the eyes of the beloved, hides them from sight, it augments the power of the eyebrows to cause trouble by relieving these of the rivalry of the eyes, and in this way it may be said to enhance their efficacy, as zágh does that of the scimitars whose shape and wound-dealing power they share.

1 For 'The Typal is the Bridge to the Real.'
The rakish heart doth not himself in every circumstance extol,
Unless indeed it be anent the rosy wine and brimming bowl.

Yea, let the mansion of the heart adornment find through wisdom's base:
The worry over couch and cushion is but vain and needless dole.

Were't strange an I should brand my bosom o'er with wounds for love of thee,
When many a signet-stamp is meetly printed on petition-roll? 1

What help thine if the youthful fair be for the other service used? 2
For lo, they may nor barber nor shampooer for such work enrol.

An so thine object be to leave thy mark, one noble line's enow;
Bewilderment at Alexander's dyke doth ever fill my soul. 3

The eye of yearning is bewitched by world-consuming beauty bright,
So none regards his comrade's heart what time some charmer is the goal.

For eloquent and wise Wahid 4 the hands must form a veil, Raghib,
More surely now before this new-designed and freshly fashioned scroll.

Abject cringing to the creature will not gain thine object e'er;
God it is who gives, nor Bey nor Pasha; O my heart, beware!

1 The impressions of the petitioner's seals taking the place of their signatures. The poet compares his yearning bosom to a scroll containing a petition for mercy, each of the scars he has inflicted thereon in the frenzy of love being the seal-stamp of a mute petitioner.

2 This is directed against the pederast.

3 Seddi Iskender or Alexander's Dyke, otherwise called Seddi Ve'jaj u Me'jaj or the Dyke of Gog and Magog, i.e. the name of a vast rampart said to have been built by Alexander the Great to defend his dominions from the incursions of the wild northern tribes. The idea was probably derived from some confused account of the Great Wall of China. Raghib here exclaims upon the uselessness of so huge a monument when a single line of noble verse is sufficient to ensure immortality.

4 Diláver Osman Wahid was a literary man of those days, and a personal friend of Raghib Pasha, who seem to have written the present ghazel as a parallel to one of his poems. Wahid wrote a continuation to Osmanzade Táhir's history of the Grand Vezir, called Hadiqatul Vuzera on the garden close of the Vezir.
Yea, 'twas a celestial vision gave the hand to Moses there;
For the bushes of Sinaï give not aye white hands to share. 1

Well I know thou art the lover fain of freedom from Love's yoke;
But such liberty the heart distraught will grant unto thee ne'er.

Ne'er without the dews and rains of bitter weeping groweth ripe
Yearning's fruit, for barren longing naught of worth produceth there.

Imitation, howsoever fair it be, hath naught of grace;
Never bush in pictured garden sweetly scented rose doth bear.

Stretched the helmet not to blow of battle-axe and sword its breast,
High upon the head in honour ne'er the valiant would it wear.

Howsoever much the hair-splitters may talk and prate thereof,
No one can thy down 2 decipher like to Râghib, clear and fair.

**Ghazel. [367]**

Inward striving shows its presence in the troubled bosom's throes;
From the ore that makes the mirror is it that the rust-stain grows.

No untimely fret is needful for to win the heart's desire;
In its own good time will fortune come without or stress or woes.

Never may Love's world-consuming lightning bide 'neath honour's veil;
Inebriety unstinted heedless doth itself expose.

Beauty's scene of revelation unto none its grace denies;
So upon the quailing mountain once the Face of God arose. 3

Difference betwixt good and evil hinders not their mingling, nay;
See, the thorn undying showeth 'neath the shadow of the rose.

Fair and foul effects are mirrors showing true the deeds of men;
'Tis himself the wizard showeth, whatsoe'er his trick or pose.

1 Alluding to the miracle at the Burning Bush when Moses, at the bidding
   of the Voice that issued thence, drew his hand from his bosom 'white as snow.'
2 The down on thy cheek, or thy lines of writing — either the lines thou hast written, or the written lines that tell of thee.
3 Alluding to the Iheophany on Mount Sinai.
Souls the mirrors are where Beauty's radiancy reflected shines; 
Unto whichso'er he turn the Friend doth there Himself disclose. 1

Deeds are so requited, Râghib, that one might as proverb say: 
Ask the tyrant of his victim, and 'twill be himself he shows.

Ghazel. [368]

Although ambition will not let thee bide in privacy, 
For rank and office hanker not, lest peace abandon thee.

A singleness of heart acquire meet for the Presence Pure; 
For ritual ne'er will bring thee, zealot, Paradise to see.

From 'neath the veil of bashfulness, O moon-bright, show thyself; 
For fame will ne'er permit thee in seclusion's vale to be.

The heart of thee will surely wander wildered for some Moon; 
This nature will not let thee dwell self-centred, verily.

Can there be any pleasure sweet as vengeance on the foe? 
Yet, Râghib, thou'rt forbid this joy by magnanimity.

Ghazel. [369]

Deem not abstinence and virtue e'er will wisdom's patent gain; 
'Tis the feast of Jem, the ruler here's the bowl that drowneth pain.

Through the toil of Ferhâd now is Bîsitân a travelled tale; 
E'en the steadfast mountain moveth 'fore the lover's mighty strain. 2

Hard it is betwixt the fleeting and the permanent to tell; 
To declare the shore is moving they within the ship are fain.

E'en though she avile his rival, yet on gracious wise she speaks; 
Only 'gainst her lover raileth yonder cruel sans restrain.

1 This couplet is purely mystic. The Sûfis sometimes illustrate the doctrine of the Unity reflected in the multiplicity of contingent being, by the example of a person surrounded on every side by immemorable mirrors of different shapes and sizes. Each one of these mirrors will show a different aspect of the One Person who alone is reflected in all

2 The toils of Ferhâd have made of Mount Hûrûm a story that travel passing from month to month.
Ever temperate the balmy climate of the World Aquose; ¹
Through the summer as the winter aye the wine-skiff² sails the main.

In this Seaport ³ is there traffic in all manner wares that be;
Now for patience is the market, now coquetry, now disdain.

East and west from end to end the fame of her fair face hath filled;
All on earth, not only Rághib, yonder moon-bright's praise sustain.

¹ 'Alem-i Ab, 'the World Aquose', represents topers (alike of the literal and mystic varieties) as a class, as we speak of the 'literary world,' the 'political world', and so on. The expression, which sometimes signifies also a wine-party, is in constant use with the later poets. Thus Sá'íb says:

مرآ بعaffer آب ای خضر عدایان۴ که سوخت من از زاندان و صحبت خشکه

'Guide me, O Khizr, to the World Aquose, for my brain is consumed by [reason of the ascetics and their dry conversation!'

Similarly Shevket:

پیام میشانم باده ناب دکر باشد
سلام خخشک مستان علل آب دکر باشد

² Zevraq-i Sahbá, 'the wine-skiff' i.e. the bowl, is another favourite expression of this period.

³ That is, the Seaport of Love.
CHAPTER III.

ROMANTICISTS CONTEMPORARY WITH THE THIRD PERSIANIST SCHOOL.

Seyyid Vehbi, Belig, Nevres.

In this chapter we shall consider the work of the poets Seyyid Vehbi, Belig, and Nevres, the three most prominent members (other than Nediim) of the Romanticist group contemporary with the Third Persianist School. The period covered by their activity extends from the reign of Ahmed III to 1175 (1761–2), the year immediately preceding that of the death of Raghib Pasha.

Huseyn Efendi, who is celebrated in Ottoman literature as Seyyid Vehbi, was, like his great contemporary Nediim, a native of Constantinople. His father Hajji Ahmed, who had been steward to an ex-cadi of Yeni-Shehir, called Imamzade, claimed seyyidship or descent from the Prophet, through one Husam-ud-Din, in honour of whom the young Huseyn, when he started on his literary career, chose for himself the pen-name of Husami. It was the poet Neyli, whom we have already considered in the last chapter, who induced him to abandon this name for that under which he has become famous. 'How comes it,' said the poet, who was not slow to recognise the young Seyyid's talent, 'that you have chosen that name? You have come to add the illust
of poetry to the honour of seyyidship which hitherto has been the one glory of the race of Husám-ud-Dín, seeing that no poet has arisen among them up till now. This is the especial gift of God to you; so surely it were more seemly that you called yourself Vehbi.' And from that day, we are told, Huseyn used no other pen-name than Vehbi. Ever since the time of the great poet Sumbul-záde Vehbi (himself the Seyyid's namesake) who flourished some forty or fifty years later, it has been the custom to call this earlier writer Seyyid Vehbi for distinction's sake.

Vehbi was a member of the 'ulema, and eventually rose to become molla of Aleppo, in which city he was residing at the time of the birth of his assistant's son, the little Sumbul-záde who was destined to render yet more famous their common name. Having served his term, Vehbi made the pilgrimage to Mekka. On his return to Constantinople he died in the year 1149 (1736—7), and was buried in the court of the Rope-dancer's Mosque which is near the great mosque of Jerráh Pasha.

Like Nedím, Seyyid Vehbi was in large measure a court poet, and some of his best work was written to the honour and glory of Sultan Ahmed and his ministers. Best of all is reckoned the qasida in which he celebrates the completion of the lovely fountain built by the Sultan in the square outside the Seraglio gate, and which may still be read inscribed in golden letters on a ground of blue on the sides of that most charming example of old Turkish art. The story runs that Sultan Ahmed desiring to commemorate the completion of his work in a chronogram, hit upon a line which means:

In the name of God drink of the water and pray for the

1 The name Vehbi meaning 'He of the Gift.'
Khan Ahmed. This, however, would not do, as, on addition, the numerical value of the letters came out four short of the required total. Thereupon Vehbi suggested that the word Ach, meaning, 'Begin,' the letters forming which have the value of four, should be prefixed to the Sultan's line, thus making the chronogram perfectly correct. The poet then composed his qasida in the rime and metre of the Sultan's line thus amended which he introduced as the last of the poem.

Although the Romanticist spirit breathes in much of Vehbi's work, this poet is in no sense an imitator of Nedim. Indeed neither he nor any of the Romanticists copied their master as Nabi's disciples copied him; partly because the former's lightness of touch was probably less easy to acquire than the sententiousness of the latter, but no doubt also partly because free play of individuality was of the essence of Romanticism.

But while in the main a Romanticist, Vehbi never sought to shun the influence of Nabi, many traces of which are apparent in his Diwan. It may even be said that he unites in a measure the characteristics of both contemporary Schools; with Nedim he writes of the things about him in the manner in which he sees and feels them, with Nabi he philosophises in the most approved fashion of the neo-Persianists.

Ziya Pasha says of Vehbi that he was versed in the subtleties of language, which is true, and that he was the chief of the poets of his age, which is not, and then proceeds to tell us that in accordance with the tendencies of that age he was enamoured of talking, so that his Diwan is made up of padding and bad prosody, and finally, that all his ghazels were spread out before us, not a dozen of

1 بسلاسله بن نعيم خان أحمد ابناه دها.
them would be worth choosing. This seems an undeservedly harsh judgment. Kemál Bey, whose opinion as a critic is worth a good deal more than Ziyá Pasha's, declares Vehbí to have been a real poet, and adds that this assertion is more than proved by the qasída on the Seraglio fountain. Professor Nájí too speaks of the Seyyid's God-given talents and says that he must be reckoned among the greatest of Ottoman poets of the second rank. The Professor adds that Sumbul-záde Vehbí surpasses the Seyyid only in the extent of his work.

Besides his Díwán, Vehbí is said to have completed or continued the romantic mesneví on the loves of Leylá and Mejnún begun but left unfinished by the poet Qáf-záde Fá'ízí who died in 1031 (1621—2).

He has farther an interesting work in prose, with a good deal of verse interspersed, which he called Súr-Náme or The Book of the Festival. It is a very detailed account of the elaborate festivities given by Ahmed III on the occasion of the circumcision of his four sons in 1132 (1720). This gorgeous festival lasted for fifteen days, and Vehbí's careful and sympathetic description of it throws an important side-light on the gay doings of those brilliant times.

The following is a translation of the qasída that Vehbí wrote for Sultan Ahmed's fountain:

Chronogrammatic Qasída for the Fountain erected by Sultan Ahmed outside the Seraglio Gate. [370]

The King of Kings of lineage high, the Sultan lauded far and nigh,
The Lord of Rám and Araby, Khán Ahmed, victor everywhere,
The Source of equity and grace, the Sun of Saintship's rising-place,
Each portal in whose court doth trace the pinion of the humá fair,
His self the pride of every king, his sabre triumph's fountain-spring,
II

His reed 1 doth water ever bring to glad the Empery's parterre;
Both Emperor and Saint is he, discovered in his person be
The grace of 'Omar and 'Ali, the virtues of Muhammed rare; 2
The seal of empire in his hand hath conquered every realm and land,
For God hath made the Name Most Grand the legend that his brow
should bear; 3

A hundred Cæsars he dismays, a thousand Alexanders slays,
His mandate every region sways, and king and beggar serve him e'er;
The Guardian of the Holy Shrine, 4 the Servant of the King Divine,
Arabia, Persia, Rûm supine beneath his lordship debonair;
Commander of the Faithful he, the Shade of God who aideth free,
By the sublime Koran's decree 5 must all to him obedience swear;
For him do kings their realms forego, while he doth crowns on kings bestow,
Before his sabre bows the foe when wave his horse-tails in the air.
Be yonder Source of bounty sweet who deals to all whate'er is meet
Of earth's high monarchs the retreat until the Judgment-Day is here!
Iskender, seeking far and wide, strayed in the gloom a weary tide. 6
But he 7 the Royal Gate beside hath made the Stream of Life appear.
This bright device of mirthsome cheer suggested hath the Grand Vezîr, 8
The Royal Kinsman lief and dear whose name the Prophet's sire bare. 9
Yon minister of haughty array in this good service showed the way,
And made Zemzem 10 the fountain-spray, and won the Monarch blessings e'er.
The Sultan boon who scatters gold, expending riches vast, untold,
Hath reared this fountain ye behold; in Heaven may he be guerdoned fair!
Adorned hath he this noble site in winsome fashion fair and bright,

---

1 Sultan Ahmed wrote verses.
2 Muhammed, the Prophet; 'Ali, his son-in-law and the fourth Caliph;
'Omar, the second Caliph.
3 The Most Great Name of God was graven on the Seal of Solomon, and
in virtue thereof his rule extended over all created things.
4 The Ka'ba at Mecca.
5 The reference is to sura 137, verse 62 of the Koran, which enjoins obedience
to Kings andGovernors.
6 Alluding, of course, to Alexander the Great's quest of the Water of Life.
7 He, i.e., Sultan Ahmed.
8 Ibrahim Pasha.
9 The Quraysh tribe to which the Prophet belonged is said to have been
directly descended from 'Abraham (Ibrahîm) through 'Imran al-
10 Zemzem, the sacred spring in the Ka'ba.
Rejoicing Huseyn’s blessed spright, hath raised this fount of water clear. O pure of soul, unto this stream reach forth thy hand, ’twill Kevser seem; Its every lucent drop I deem to be of health a fountain rare. Its water passing sweet doth flow, and like the sphere its dome doth show; Explore the heavenly vault below; may any pile with this compare? While hide on high the sun and moon may still this King adorn the throne! And may the Vezir wise and boon, O God, be parted from him ne’er! O Chosroës of lofty line, untold these noble works of thine, But yet this gracious fount doth shine right wonderful and passing fair. Its cups of gold and silver gleam; behold its life-restoring stream; A silver almoner ’twould seem who watcheth by thy postal e’er. Within the palace-square wide hast thou unto the thirsting cried. In Heaven by Kevser-river’s side a castle hast thou builded rare. Thou’st bidden flow a stream of gold, as fount we Selsebil behold; For every act a thousand-fold may God reward thee, is our prayer. Be silent, Vehbi, nor let fall a word, but hold thy peace withal; Before thee have the poets all with one accord essayed them here. To tell the tale hereof full fain hath many a poet tried in vain, At length the King of lustrous reign hath won its glory to declare. To find the chronogram here-for the learned were bewildered sore, When lo, the Sovereign ofglore achieved this line beyond compare. Its every word an ocean flows, as Aden’s pearl its meaning glows; So thou wouldst see how fair it shows, O thirster after beauties rare. The Sultan Ahmed’s chronogram doth flow upon the fountain’s tongue: ‘Begin, in name of Allah drink, and breathe for Ahmed Khán a prayer.’

1 Huseyn the Prophet’s grandson, who died suffering of thirst at the battle of Kerbelá. The 10th of Muharrum, the ‘Ashurá, which is the anniversary of that tragedy, is observed as a day of mourning and lamentation in Persia and wherever there are Shi’ite Muhammedans. Fountains (Sebil) are often erected in the name and to the memory of Huseyn.
2 The reader of the inscription on the fountain is here addressed.
3 Kevser, the Paradisal stream so often mentioned.
4 Chosroës or Khusrev, i.e. King.
5 Literally, a water-carrier who distributes (or scatters) silver, alluding to the silvery drops of the water.
6 It is as it were, the Heavenly stream Selsebil turned into a fountain. Literally, ‘thou hast made its golden water a charity (Sebil) and hast constructed the founts of Selsebil (each runnel of water being a fount): may God reward thee for each of these!’
The following extracts from Vehbi’s Dîwân will give an idea of his usual style. The first is a Takhmîs built on a ghazel of Nedîm, in which the Seyyid has endeavoured to catch something of the master’s manner.

**Takhmîs on a Ghazel of Nedîm. [371]**

The daughter of the grape 1 whose blushing cheek doth rosy ray
An English maiden is, 2 a slave-girl, thrall to pleasure’s sway;
A lovesome chatterer is she whose airs delight convey.

‘Deem not the daughter of the vine hides with the rake away;
‘His Reverence the Sheykh and she as sire and daughter play.’

Whenas the daughter of the grape behind the glass is seen
She yoketh with the cupbearer as soul and body e’en;
What then if hence a hint of blending’s virtues rare we glean? 3

‘The daughter of the vine is e’en the youthful Magian sheen;
‘She’s sooth a light o’love, a frolic-hearted Scioan may.’

Whene’er he sees the prancing of thy gallant courser fleet,
Whene’er he looks upon thy motions ravishing and sweet,
He makes collyrium of the dust upon thy road, I weet;

‘Thy prostrate one, until he kiss the prints of thy dear feet,
‘Will never quit thy path, O Sapling; well he knows his way.’

The elder’s hand’s a-tremble through his drunkenness, I trow,
And fasting is the name whereby His Grace doth feasting know;

1 i.e. the red wine.
2 The term ‘English,’ which is introduced by Vehbi for the sake of the rime, is not very appropriate here; as, seeing that no wine was made in this country, the daughter of the grape could not possibly be English. Perhaps the rosy cheeks typical of English girls may have been in the poet’s mind, but one would imagine his knowledge of such matters must have been extremely limited.
3 It is usual in the East to dilute the wine (which is very strong) with water. Here Vehbi means to say that the wine and the cupbearer, being each charming, consort well together, which gives a hint of the advantage of blending things.
4 The word Sapţz means ‘mystic,’ and Sapţ Adra or Mastic Isle is the name given to the Isle of Scio or Chios. Scioan wine, Scioan girls, and Scioan roses are all praised by the Romanticist poets.
He makes the fear of God his rule of life to outward show.

'The zealot drains the Scioan wine in secret, whispering low: —
 'Let ne'er a stranger drink of this; 'tis mastic-mixed, I say.'  

By Love becomes the longing lover's eye the sea of tears;
The Sphere's a bubble on its face made by the sea of tears;
O'erwhelmeth all the ships of far and nigh the sea of tears;
'The eyne of weeping lovers blancheth aye the sea of tears;
'Yon wanton poop-levend must hie from White Sea shores, in fay.

The tiring-maiden, spring, hath all in blithesome fashion dight,
And made the blooming bower of earth the home of fair delight,
And set the dew for diamonds in the ring that sealeth plight.

'What though the bulbul bring as dower the roral mintage bright,
'The virgin rose is portioned rich with many a garden gay.'

Blood is the script upon the heart that may not bear with pain;
The yearning for thy locks shall never leave the soul again;
Although the mansion of our life be burned by thy disdain,

'Although the frame be turned to ashes, yet will there remain
'The secret of thy tresses hid within the heart for aye.'

O Vehbi, sing Sipahi-wise, for how should e'er Selim
Achieve upon this way to string the jewels of Nazim,

---

1 Playing upon the two meanings of Saqiz: 'Mastic' and 'Scioan.'
2 The Levends (Levantines) were a corps of naval gunners in old times, recruited chiefly from the maritime provinces. The Romanticist poets often speak of the youthful levend much as do the earlier writers of the Shah-suwâr or cavalier, that is, as the type of a graceful and gallant, though heedless, youth. Thus the Romanticists select their type from what they have seen, while the Persianists choose theirs from what they have read about in the Irânian poets. The term qich levendi means properly a levend or marine who fights from the stern of the ship; here there is a secondary meaning suggested.
3 What we call the Mediterranean Sea is by the Turks called the White Sea, in opposition to the Black Sea. In mentioning the White Sea here the poet recalls the 'blanching' of the lover's eyes through excess of weeping which he has spoken of in the preceding line.
4 The 'engagement ring' given on betrothal; the dower in the following line refers to that given by the husband in Muslim marriages.
E'en though his name be lifted to the nines ¹ like to Kelim? ²

'Octupled by these couplets eight the signatures, Nedím,

'Thy reed's certificate for eloquence can now display.

Ghazel. [372]

Yon Moon with beauty flushed doth ne'er the ground before her sight;
We're trodden heedless under foot, dismayful is our plight.

Did she behold the angels at her shoulders when she prays,
She ne'er would give the greeting on the left hand and the right.³

If thus she bide, yon Fairy on the Resurrection-Day
Will wave aside Rizwán if her to Kevser he invite.⁴

Inebriate with the torrent-wild tumultuous wine of pride,
'Tis wondrous naught of scathe doth e'er her honour's palace smite.

Let not that queen be hot with arrogance, for passing soon
Doth sickness from such wine its brave hilarity requite.

Will not that Fairy look and see how faded beauties strive,
The while their hearts for lovers yearn, excuses still to cite? ⁵

Vehbi, thou hast made o'er the humbling of the empery
Of yonder Torment's grace to that which down and check shall smite.⁶

¹ The Turkish term طَلَقَّة to rise to the nine,' is a popular phrase much like our 'to be praised up to the nines,' and has much the same signification.
² Sipahi, Selim, Nazım, and Kelim are all poets, of more or less repute, who flourished about this time. Nazım has been mentioned in a previous chapter (Vol. III, pp. 319–323).
³ This alludes to the following practice: each person is believed to be attended by two guardian angels, the Kiramul-Kalibu or Noble Scribes, as they are called; and at the conclusion of prayer, before rising from the knees, it is the custom to salute these angels by inclining the head first over the right shoulder, then over the left, repeating at the same time the formula: إِسْسَالَمُ َّللهُمَّ وَاىَحَمَّدْهُمَّ, 'Peace be on you and the mercy of God.' Vehbi's young lady is so haughty that if he could see these angels, she would refuse to salute them.
⁴ Rizwan the angel guardian of Paradise and the key criver of streams therein have often come under our notice.
⁵ That is, Time.
The ghazel just translated is inspired by a haughty beauty, the next one describes a youthful lover.

Ghazel. [373]

While yet a tender youth, o'er him did Love his thraldom fling;
A bondsman he became while yet of grace and beauty king.

Betrodden of the steed of some fair Torment's pride was he,
While yet a child reed-mounted who of love knew ne'er a thing.

Athirst was he to sip the luscious rubies of some Moon,
The while he was himself the source of sweetness' fountain-spring.

He wept a-yearning to embrace some fair coquettish Palm,
And he himself a tendril on a sapling burgeoning.

He watched the heavens to espy some Star of beauty bright,
While he himself the pang that heart of sun and moon did sting.

Distraught he gazed upon his knee as 'twere a mirror sheen
And silent bode, while he a parrot sweet of tongue to sing.²

He smitten was of some bright Fairy lovely e'en as he;
His reason reft, himself a charmer reason-ravishing.

So, Vehbi, was e'en he distraughten of some Torment fair,
While he himself the age's Woe that dule to earth did bring.

Ghazel. [374]

May any hope to scape from forth thy darkling tresses' chain?
How may the spirit-bird from yonder springe³ deliv'rance gain?

¹ In Eastern lands children ride on a long reed for a horse, as they do on a stick in England.
² There is here an allusion to the method said to be employed in the East to teach parrots to speak. The parrot is held before a mirror, while the teacher utters from behind it the word or phrase which he wishes the parrot to learn; and the bird, seeing its own reflection, and imagining that the words proceed from it, tries to imitate it.
³ The word qalláb, here translated 'springe,' ordinarily means a hook, but also a curved perch to which a bird is tied by the leg. By the 'springe,' the curls of the beloved are here intended.
Torn were the heart, an it should sight that radiant cheek of thine,
unrent beneath the lunar beams how should the flax remain? 1

Who finds immunity from yonder wheeling of the Skies?
May any win to shun the fury of the raging main?

The rude assault of death will surely lay man low at last;
May ever sparrow from the eagle’s clutch release obtain?

That he may scape alike from rage of foes and grace of friends,
O God, to succour hapless Vehbi of Thy mercy deign.

The poet Mehmed Emin Beligh of Larissa must not be confounded with the biographer of the same pen-name, the Seyyid Isma‘il Beligh of Brusa, whose ‘Posy from the Garths of Culture’ we have so often quoted. 2

This poet Beligh is eminently typical of the period. He shares something of Nedim’s love of beautiful things and also of his grace and delicacy of touch; he inherits from Sabit a feeling for humour and a certain vigour of handling; while at the same time he possesses a boldness and originality of his own which enable him to invent a new variety of poem.

The meagre biography given by Fatim tells us very little. Beligh, we are informed, was a member of the legal profession, and more than usually solicitous about promotion, a characteristic to which he is himself supposed to refer in the following couplet:

1 A certain kind of cloth or gauze made of flax is (or was) supposed to go into shreds if exposed to the moonlight; it is hence sometimes represented by the poets as being enamoured of the moon. Certain Amurath princes of old are fabled to have amused themselves by dressing girls in this material, and walking with them in their gardens on moonlight nights.

2 Beligh of Brusa, the biographer, who was also something of a poet, predeceased Beligh of Larissa by twenty nine years, dying in his native city in 143 (1730-1). The following are mentioned as his poetical works: Guida Sad-Beg, ‘The Hundred-headed Rose’, comments on one hundred Apostolic Traditions; Sefi Seyyare, ‘The Seven Planets’, a series of seven tales; Sefguzeh Nâmé, ‘The Book of Adventures’.
"From the keen desire of office ne'er may the official win;
'Sore he striveth till Death gives him an appointment lasting aye.'

His endeavours in this direction would seem to have been successful, as we read that he held several important positions, and finally died as judge of Eski-Zaghra in 1172 (1758—9).

Belīgh has hardly attracted that amount of attention from the critics which might have been expected. Ziyá Pasha although he includes two or three couplets from his Dīwán among the selections in 'The Tavern,' omits all mention of him from the preface. He is not among the poets whom Professor Nājí reviews in the series of essays to which reference has so often been made; and Ekrem Bey is silent concerning him alike in his 'Course of Literature' and in his pamphlet upon the early poets. Fatín Efendi, again, following his wont, confines himself to a conventional compliment about his being among the poets who by the eloquence of their verse, have stamped their name for ever on the records of the world; Tevfiq Bey, who in his "Caravan of Poets" confuses him with Belīgh of Brusa, is a little more diffuse, though no more definite; while Von Hammer has through some strange oversight omitted him altogether from his History.

Jelāl Bey, on the other hand, declares that the brilliant imagery and daintiness of fancy which distinguish portions of the work of this poet remind him of Nedím. And Kemál Bey, when 'demolishing' 'The Tavern, criticises Ziyá Pasha for having passed him over in his preface, and pronounces his qasidas to be no whit inferior to those of his contemporaries Sámi and Munīf, whom the Pasha introduces with

\[\text{اعمل منصب كچیمعی داعیة منصبلدن}
\]

\[\text{جالشور تا علدم آبادی ایلداکید تاسیبید}
\]
deserved acclaim. Kemal goes on to tell a story, which he says is well-known in literary circles, as to how, after the poet Sumbul-zade Vehbi (whom Ziya eulogises as the Mufti of Art) had tried to 'parallel' the ghazels Nabi and Raghib had composed with the redif of mehtab, 'moon-light,' he saw Beligh's ghazel with this same redif, whereon he exclaimed, 'I wrestled with Nabi and Raghib, but had I seen Beligh, I had not spent my strength in an attempt so vain.' Why, asks the Bey of the Pasha, do you ignore a poet whom your 'Mufti of Art' declared to be stronger than himself?

Beligh is unquestionably a poet of some interest. His language is at times scarcely less graceful than that of Nedim, whom he farther resembles in frequently choosing subjects of a delicate, and occasionally risky, character. But it is with SaiBit that his truer affinities lie; like that writer he has a dash of humour in his nature, an element entirely absent in Nedim, and like him he deals with his themes in a robust and outspoken fashion, though without the coarseness which disfigures so much of the earlier writer's most characteristic work. SaiBit too, rather than Nedim, appears to have been his model in the Turkicising of his language; for although, as we have said, he occasionally approaches the dainty charm of the latter poet's diction, it is more often the idiomatic phrasingology of the former that he seems to have kept in view.

With the contemporary Persianist School Beligh had scant sympathy; the trite moralisings of the followers of Nabi were but little to his liking, neither was he inclined to seek his teachers across the eastern frontier. It is true that he recognised the talent of Raghib Pasha, and went so far as to write a 'parallel' to one of that poet's ghazels, but this, he it noted, was one of the most Turkish of the Pasha's poems, one of those in which he yielded most to the tendency of the age.
The foregoing remarks apply to Belígh's poems other than his qasídás. His work in this form, which, as has been said, retained its conventionality up to the end, is scarcely to be distinguished from that of the most thorough-going Persianists of his day. Here his favourite models seem to have been Sá'íb and Shevket and, in a less degree, 'Urﬁ; he once mentions Muhtasham¹ as though he admired him. Belígh's qasídás are generally harmonious and graceful, but they cannot be described as brilliant; and being inspired from a common source, they have much resemblance to the similar productions of his contemporaries, and form the least characteristic and consequently the least interesting section of his work.

The Díwán, which comprises all Belígh's literary work, contains of course a number of ghazels. These are of far greater interest than the qasídás, for in them he allows far freer scope to his individual idiosyncrasies. It is in the ghazels that occur the pretty Nedím-like fancies and phrases to which we have already referred; it is in the ghazels too that we become aware of a latent strain of irony in the poet's temper, which at times breaks out in terse and forceful expression.

But the real Belígh, Belígh the Romanticist, Belígh the innovator, is seen most clearly and in his truest colours in a remarkable group of four serio-comic poems, by virtue of which productions it is that I have said that this writer invented a new variety of poem. Whether this new variety was worth inventing may well be open to question; but the introduction of anything fresh into this poetry is a fact of which few indeed can boast.

These four poems are in the form called museddées, and consist of a succession of six-line stanzas, — nine in three

¹ Muhtasham of Káshán, a Persian poet of eminence who died in 996 (1587—8).

They derive from the Shehr-engíz alike in subject, for they all deal with the minions of the bazaars, and in style, for they treat their themes in the playful and humorous fashion proper to that variety of composition. The new move here made by Belígh was the application of the familiar half-quizzical half-laudatory tone of the Shehr-engíz to the sustained account of a single type. The Shehr-engíz was, as we know, a kind of catalogue of the young beauties of a certain city, each of whom was mentioned by name and presented with a combination of flattery and good-humoured chaff in two or three couplets. Belígh took this style, which he found ready to his hand, and choosing two or three typical examples from the numerous entries (if we may so call them) in the Shehr-engíz, expanded these into as many separate poems, each of considerable length. The boys in Belígh's poems are, however, nameless; and in all probability are nothing more than fictitious representatives of certain familiar types. They are moreover not so much described as (so to speak) written round. We are not told much about the lads themselves; they form, as it were, centres from which the author flashes his witticisms in every direction, or pegs on which he hangs his manifold pleasantries; but they themselves remain more or less nebulous throughout. It will be observed that they all (except perhaps in the first of the four poems) belong to the lower orders, they being the sons or apprentices of a shoemaker, a tailor, and a barber, respectively, — boys whose position in life would necessarily bring them into contact with the loafers about the bazaars. This is almost invariably the case in poems of the Shehr-
engüz class, and is of course quite what we should expect. With us to-day analogous productions would discuss in piquant and rather free verses the typical barmaid or tobacconist's girl, just as our parallel to the Shehr-engüz would be a playfully written riming list of the principal courtezans of a city.

Beligh's half-humorous half-complimentary dissertations are, as has been said, somewhat vague in detail, though the general intention is clear enough. They contain a liberal supply of the usual punning allusions to the lad's trade as well as of the usual proverbs and popular locutions. The vocabulary and phraseology are far more Turkish than in any other of the writer's poems, which offers another instance of that peculiar tendency which we have already noticed to regard humorous writing as the most appropriate field for the exercise of the native idiom. Being full of technical expressions, sometimes obsolete or local, these poems are exceptionally difficult to understand; in some lines indeed the meaning is so obscure that it can scarcely be even guessed at.

The lead here given by Beligh was not, so far as I know, followed by any contemporary or subsequent poet. No one seems to have thought of writing 'parallels' to these works of his, or of adding any fresh portraits to his little gallery. So these four sketches of the Larissa poet remain unique in the literature; and on the whole this is perhaps as well.

Beligh has furthermore a Sáqi-Náme which both in tone and diction is modelled upon the earlier poems of the same class. In form it is what is called a Mu'ashsher, that is a succession of ten-line stanzas, of which in this case there are thirteen. This work, which is of course very Persian in character, is graceful but lacks sincerity, and has the appearance of having been written as a literary exercise. In it, as here and there in the ghazels, Beligh plays with mystic ideas
and phrases, like so many other Turkish poets who used the similes and metaphors of the old mystic writers as part of their literary stock-in-trade, bringing them out from time to time to serve as decorative points in their artificial productions without the slightest regard to, often with but the dimmest conception of, the profound depths of their original signification.

This ghazel is somewhat in Nedîm's manner:

**Ghazel. [375]**

The red fez lieth on her locks, like rose-leaf upon jacinth rare:
The perspiration gems her cheeks, like dewdrops upon roses fair.

Since shone the cupbearer's bright chin, reflected in the brimming bowl,
Mine eyen on the wine are fixed, e'en like the bubbles floating there.

Behold how she hath knotted yonder flowing tresses musk-perfumed
Which bide as 'twere a sweet pastile upon her amber-scented hair.

The Typal Love is passed full soon by them who faithful tread the Path;
There lives no man on earth would choose to dwell upon a Bridge for e'er.

Belîgh, whence'er the steed, thy reed, doth caracole across the page,
Thy finger is the Hayder bold whom that Duldul doth onward bear.

The next is in a different vein.

**Ghazel. [376]**

Look not thou for biding mansion mid this world where nothing stay.
Fashion thou thy tent of rushing whirlwinds mid its desert ways.

1. The reference is to the famous saying of the Mystics: "el-mejaza qahtaraan-il-haqiqi, 'the Typal is the Bridge to the Real.' In mystic terminology 'ashiqi mejazi, or Typal Love, stands for love towards a mistress or sweetheart, in distinction to 'ashiqi haqiqi or Real Love that is, love towards God, which is its consummation. The 'Path' in this verse is, of course, the mystic path.
2. Hayder is 'All the Prophet's son-in-law, Duldul is the name of his famous mule.
3. i.e. 'Do not hope for, or strive after, any settled or permanent abode.
Ever turns the Wheel of Heaven even as the fool would wish, —
Sooth, the very vilest beggar heeds his sightless child always!

Swelling up elate with fragrance from the loved one’s sweetest wafts,
Reach the waves of floral odour e’en the topmost cypress-sprays.¹

All who view that lovesome Torment sore are dazed for dule and woe,
While athwart the facial mirror every thought, reflected, plays.²

Naught of reverence I render to the gowned and turbaned fool;
Learned men esteem a sentence but for that which it conveys.

Never leaves the Sphere to play these drunken turns and shiftings wild;
Ne’er hath stone of heart’s dispraising cracked its blue enamel glaze.³

'Tis thy mole’s reflection kindleth vision in the optic lamp;
Yea, the fulgent sun’s the pupil its parhelion’s eye displays.

Let yon wanton on my spirit’s tablet write her name, Beligh;
For ’tis to the letter’s superscription that folk turn their gaze.

This is the “Moonlight” ghazel against which Sumbulzade Vehbi held it vain to compete.

Ghazel. [377]

A-yearning for the sun of love, the moonlight watcheth all the night,
And filleth thus its bowl with milk from out the Selsebil of light.

Within its crucible the moonlight melts the shining sun’s bright rays,
Displaying the alchemic art to all the stars the sky that dight.

For scarlet skirt the moonlight dons the halo, and sets forth a-field,
And fair within the sky performs the sacred Mevlevian rite.⁴

in this fleeting world; i.e. be ever moving on through this desert of life on thy homeward journey.

¹ The scent of the rose is conceived as rising up to overtake the sweeter fragrance of the locks which crown the ‘cypress-form’ of the beloved.
² i.e. the affliction of her lovers is reflected in her sensitive, or ‘mirror-like’ face.
³ i.e. the stones of man’s complaints in no wise touch or affect ‘that inverted Bowl they call the Sky.’
⁴ Referring to the mystic circular dance of the Mevlevian dervishes.
Meseems the moonlight strides, an archer-champion, o'er the heavenly plain;
The halo shines his thumb-stall, while the beams shoot down in arrow-flight.

The moonlight takes in hand its golden pen like Rūmī Mevláná,
And each night to the Sun's bright work it doth a parallel indite.¹

The moonlight evermore the glory of the sun's elixir wins,
For vigil keeps it in the halo nightly till the dawn is bright.

The black of soul are aye the mortal foes of them of radiant heart;
And thus alway the moonlight doth the darkling thief dismay and fright.

Oh how should they who watch the livelong night depart the vale of Love?
For lo the moonlight turns its beams to chains for every weakling wight.

Let not that wanton fair this night illumè the banquet of the moon;
For sore I fear me lest the moonlight-beams her tender frame may blight.²

If thou hast any slightest lack in the night-roaming art, my friend,
The moonlight will disclose thee mid the loved one's ward to all men's sight.³

Belîgh, in honour of the noble feast of Râtîb, Asaph-sage,³
The moonlight doth with golden pen these all-effulgent verses write.

The following ghazel upon a young dancer is in the spirit
and manner of the Book of the Tailor and its fellows. It
is an innovation, not only to use the ghazel-form in this
fashion, but to adhere throughout to any single theme.

¹ Rūmî Mevláná = Mevláná (our Lord) of Rum, i.e. Jelâl-ud-Dîn, the
author of the Mesnevi and founder of the Mevlevi order. The 'Sun' here
refers, in the second place, to Jelâl's friend Shems-ud-Dîn (Sun of the Faith)
of Tabrîz, generally known as Shams-i-Fabrîz. The Diwan of mystical poems
known by his name is really the work of Jelâl-ud-Dîn.

² The notion that exposure to the moonlight is injurious prevails in the
East as well as in Europe.

³ Ahmed Râtîb Pasha, to whom Belîgh inscribes this ghazel, like the poet
himself, was a native of Larissa, and was the son of the gallant and high-
minded Topâl 'Osman Pasha (Osman Pasha the Lame). He became Grand
Admiral, married a daughter of the Sultan, and finally died governor of the
Morea in 1175 (1761). Several of Belîgh's quatrains are dedicated to this
officer.
Ghazel. [378]

Whene’er that pretty dancer 1 ’gins on the castanets to play,
Did the sun and moon look down, they were each for envy rent a-tway. 2

What time she falls a-dancing fair I may brook no more, in sooth;
For my heart it leaps along with her and my vision swoons away.

When the moon looks down on her what way may it fail to be scared of heart?
For that moon-face maketh a halo bright of her skirt of scarlet say.

In all of her motions and pauses, lo, what thrills of wild delight!
And she holds her frame a-quiver like to quick-silver away.

A-thrill for her figure’s beauty roars the drum with a lusty voice,
And the tambour smites its breast the while that its bells cry Welaway!

And when that Fairy comes and prays for the coin that circles free, 3
An one had hearts by hundreds, all he would throw in her tambour gay.

On gala days she decks her brave in the scarlet, O Beligh;
And she hath burned the soul of me, alack, the fire-bright may. 4

1 The dancer referred to may have been a boy, and not a girl; but as there is nothing in the text to show which is meant, we shall give the poet the benefit of the doubt. This, however, is an indulgence which he scarcely deserves seing that he has the bad taste to say, though perhaps not quite seriously, in one of his ghazels:

أولهم حسناء خوياناه بر آز باندوز
Girls cannot equal fair boys in beauty;
‘For they are made up, the tire-woman tinsels them a bit.’

None the less, the bringing of the two sexes thus into line is a sign of the times.

2 There is in this couplet an untranslatable pun between charpara ‘castanets’ and chár pára ‘four pieces.’ Something of the effect, but not the sense, may be given thus:

Whene’er that pretty dancer ’gins on the castanets to play
She doth cast a net for the sun and moon, and fain to be ta’en are they.

3 Naqdi Rewán means at once ‘current coin’ and ‘the coin of the soul;’ here the first line suggests the first meaning, the second, the second.

4 It will be noticed how in this ghazel the various ‘properties’ associated with the street-dancer are introduced, — the castanets which she herself plays, the drum and bell-encircled tambourine of her accompanists, the scarlet skirt which she wears, while allusion is made to the peculiar vibratory motion which forms so distinctive a feature of Eastern dancing.
Of the four serio-comic poems the Hammám-Náme or Book of the Bath is the least bizarre in language, though also the least characteristic. It is, however, a novelty, and gives an accurate though fantastic account of the modus operandi still in force in the Turkish public bath.

The Book of the Bath. [379]

Up from sleep awaking, rose you winsome Torment blithe and gay,
Early in the morn toward the public bath he bent his way.
All the folk who saw him deemed the sun had risen twice that day.
When he came into the dressing-room he sate him like a fay.

Sweat the windows from the glow that from his crystal neck did ray,
Hot through yearning to embrace him waxed the bath in sooth straightway. 1

Then his dainty cap, as 'twere a lover, from his head he threw,
And with many an air did he the belt which bound his clothes undo,
And he laid his garments each on each, that like a rose they grew. 2

Thought they who beheld his silver breast when off his shift he drew,—

From its wrap the silver mirror hath been bared and flasheth gay, 3

Otherwise hath the sweet almond, glowing, cast its shell away.

Through the ardour of the looks upon him bent his body glowed,
So the bathman turned the others out that coothlth and calm abode.
When he saw him the shampooer, 4 wildered, strayed from off the road,
And the while he tied the pattens 5 down to yonder idol bowed;

When he did the musky towel 6 round about his waist display
To its middle was the plenitude eclipsed, ah, wel-a-way.

1 In this couplet there are two examples of hu-ri-ta-hi: the windows studded with drops of water resulting from the condensation of the warm air in the bath-room are said to perspire in the glow of the lad's bright skin, while the bath, which is being heated, is figured as growing ardent in the expectation of embracing him.

2 The articles of clothing laid one upon another are likened to a rose with its superimposed circles of petals.

3 It being usual to keep metal mirrors in bags or wrapt.

4 That is the attendant who rubs and kneads the bather.

5 High pattens are worn in the bath to protect the feet from the hot floor.

6 A kind of towel, generally dark blue (whence here called "musky") and dark-coloured, is wrapped round the waist.
When the young shampooer led him to the private chamber there 1
'Twas as though the sun and moon together in one mansion were.
Like a jelly did his body tremble whose touched it e'er;
So he 2 saw yon tender Rosebud 3 naught of massaging could bear.

Then the heat took the shampooer that he fainted straight away
Till a youthful lad did o'er him water from the ewer spray.

When he sought to rub the musky bag 4 on yonder charmer free,
Writhed and wriggled sore the loofah 5 melted swift the soap, ah me!
Then a little while to play here with the bubbles fancied he,

Seeing him within the private-room, deem not him ranged 6 to be.

Entering the bath, the moon hath all his freckles washed away; 7
Thou shalt see how bright his lustre at to-night's carouse will ray. 8

Flowed the water over yonder cypress-body to his feet; 9
Freshly watered it his hyacinthine tresses long and sweet,
Yea, the water grew ecstatic, and its heart did throb and beat

When yon moon-face was reflected in the brimming bowl, I weet.

Jealous of thy cheek's refulgence, did the windows flash, in fay.

To the Sphere of Fire the bath-house cupola was turned that day. 10

1 Some public baths are provided with private rooms.
2 The shampooer.
3 The young bather.
4 The sort of bag which the shampooer puts on his hand like a glove,
   and with which he rubs the bather's body.
5 The mass of date-palm fibre used to make the soap foam.
6 The original has دوزون which is the Arabic equivalent to the Turkish سیکلسمش,
   a word that sometimes replaces the more usual دوزون.
7 There is a pun here, the spots or markings on the moon's face being
   in Arabic called its 'freckles.'
8 The young bather being imagined as going to attend some party in the
   evening.
9 At one point of the performance the bather stands up and has water
   poured all over him, which of course trickles down to his feet.
10 The windows of a bath-room are always in the roof, and form a kind
   of cupola or lantern. Here this cupola, lit up with the refulgence flashing
   from the dazzling white skin of the bather, is likened to the Sphere of Fire
   which in the Ptolemaic cosmogony is situated immediately within the Sphere
   of the Moon and immediately without the Spheres of Air and Water by
   which the earth is enveloped.
When he found the bath was warm no more, that all its heat was spent, 
Thence to hie him straight the heart of yonder restless Moon was bent. 
By the radiance of his visage was the window’s glory shent. 
Having dried his mirror-body, to the outer room he went; 
There he donned his brilliant vestments even like the fancies gay, 
And he did his balanced figure like the hemistich array.¹

Sheeny had the water made his tresses like the royal crest;² 
And the waves of air his fragrant hyacinthine locks carest; 
When the keeper felt the perfume that ’twas ambergris he guest, 
For the comb e’en at that moment yonder sweetheart’s tresses drest. 
Ambergris was shed on every side therefrom in fragrant spray, 
And the wafts of sweetest odour all around did breathe and play.

Now the coffee-cup to yonder sweetheart’s dainty lip was set, 
Lighted was the censer, sprinkled o’er him the rose-water jet.³ 
Since, Belígh, whoever entereth within the bath must sweat,⁴ 
Silver aspers ⁵ for the bath fee scattered yonder winsome pet. 
Then did he arise, whereon the mirror’s breast was broke in tway;⁶ 
Like the fire ⁷ yon Moon departed, and the bath was froze straightway.⁸

The Khayyát-Náme or Book of the Tailor is a much better and more characteristic example of the peculiar style elaborated by Belígh in his four humorous poems. But it is impossible to present this work satisfactorily in translation;

¹ The bather’s figure is here compared to a well-balanced hemistich, and his gay garments to the brilliant fancies wherewith that is clothed.
² The royal crest means the Tugh or horse-tail standard.
³ After the bather has had his bath and has resumed his clothes, he is generally presented with a cup of coffee, and is sometimes fumigated with incense and sprinkled with rose-water.
⁴ One is made to perspire profusely.
⁵ The aspers, small silver coins, being conceived as drops of perspiration.
⁶ Just before leaving the bath-house it is usual to look at one’s self in a mirror in order to see whether one’s head gear and so on is tidy. Here the mirror is supposed to be heart-broken at the Lad’s departure.
⁷ The boy was like the fire both because of his adorn inspiring beauty and because he ‘went out.’
⁸ The bath ‘remained frozen,’ this is a common phrase and means ‘was dumbfounded,’ rendered speechless and monodex, i.e. it turned to us.

Here, of course, the literal meaning, ‘made cold,’ read a kept in sight.
since, apart from its intrinsic difficulty, the effect at which it aims is not of a nature to admit of exact reproduction in another language. This effect is in part produced by the apt citation, or at least suggestion, of certain well-known proverbs and popular locutions bearing more or less on the craft of tailoring. To achieve an analogous effect in English, we should have to allude to or hint at the stitch in time that saves nine, the needle in the haystack, the nine tailors that are held needful to make a man, and so on; but to do this would be to write a paraphrase or 'parallel,' not to make a translation. In the following rendering, therefore, I have attempted no more than to give the literal meaning of the lines; though in some cases this is so obscure that the translation is little more than conjectural, while in two instances it has completely baffled all my efforts.

The Book of the Tailor. [380]

In the morn a tailor stripling, sweet an Idol debonair,
With his figure like a silver measure, forth did gaily fare;
And he decked his shop within the market with his beauty's ware;
Full a quarter-length his face was shrouded by his knotted hair.

Blood his needle-eyelash spilt, his glances they were shears of care;
Yonder beauty shore my secret's stuff the while I laid it bare.

All from needle e'en to thread my heart's plight to that fair I told;
Through his shift could I his body like to marrow soft behold;
Beat him not; it is but orphan trickery, an he be bold;
Plucking-to his collar, do not yonder Torment tightly hold.

1 The word used in the original is more especially a cloth-measure.
2 Here again the word employed is correctly used only as a cloth-measure.
3 His hair is tangled or knotted as thread might be; once more the word is also the name of a measure.
4 'From needle to thread,' is a popular phrase meaning 'entirely,' 'from beginning to end.'
5 Orphanlike behaviour, i.e. naughtiness; the orphan having no parent to rear him properly.
Even though the rival hap to win to favour with the fair,
Yet be sure the seam will hold not with that cordless wight contrare.

He, the bow-eyebrowed, a mighty trousered swimmer is, I ween.
Lo, his lashes form the vest to clothe his glances swift and keen.
Beauty's vesture is the mantle cut to fit his form and mien.
Press not, jacket, let his silver bosom naked still be seen.
Ope the eye, but gaze on yonder sweet in purity; beware,
Close it not, for fear the rival seize the chance and rush the fair.

All so flushed with wine is yonder moon-faced beauty bright and gay
That the tresses full an ell-length downward o'er his middle stray.
Since that yonder hips and knees from e'en his drawers shrink away,
Round about you hair-waist wind not thou thine arm, for pity, pray!
Tender is that sweetheart's body, squeeze him not then vest-like there;
Ay, belike you dear will fell it, for he can't thy boredom bear.

1 To make the seam hold, another popular locution meaning so to arrange that a business may be successful or a thing answer its purpose.
2 Ipsiz, a cordless or ropeless one, is colloquial for a good-for-naught; here it is playfully applied to the lad.
3 Shalwárdi shínáver, 'trousered swimmer;' I have been unable to find any explanation of this curious phrase. Perhaps it was a slang expression current in Beligh's time, with some such meaning as 'ruffler' or 'swaggerer.' Shalwar is the name given to the large baggy trousers formerly worn in Turkey.
4 The qaftan (here translated mantle) is an upper gown or robe with long skirts and sleeves; the name was sometimes applied to the robe of honour given by sovereigns.
5 The nín-ten (colloquially 'mintan') is a short round jacket with sleeves to the elbow only.
6 There is a pun here: ' lest the rival seize the chance and make a shinish,' which last word means at once (here) an assault, and a kind of long full outer cloak worn by gentlemen in olden times.
7 مسبت مي شملها لد جفاحم غم وطم أوا ر

I cannot place the words that occur in this line. Cháphir is the name of a special kind of trouser that are tacked round the waist in folds, with a band in a broad hem and round the ankle, by being sewn to light leather boots.
8 His skin is so delicate that he can hardly be in cloths unloosed, as in the third verse of Nému's ghazal [422] on p. 218.
9 The e'tan was a kind of short inner vest with long tight sleeve, the name is also given to a variety of long robe made of some light material.
10 Tegelhécumk means properly 'to fall,' i.e., to lay a cam or hem and on.
Loose not thou the cord of union,¹ there will issue naught but bane;  
Thou wilt only vex his spirit, and he'll pull it to ² again;  
Heed thee, be not rough, elsewise the lace ³ will snap and break in twain,  
Though yon musky braid be wroughten all of twisted silken skein.  
Meet it were the line of light from eyes of those on him that stare  
Formed the rays of yonder sun upon his mantle ⁴ broidered rare.  

Come, my silver-bosom, gather not thy cloak ⁵ about thee so;  
Yonder vest ⁶ with gold bedizened through thy tunic's opening show;  
Nay, nay, not yet all alone can he, the sweetheart, tear and sew. ¹  
Haste thee, master, ⁸ round this Kurdish coat ⁹ a cord of red must ¹⁰ go.  
If thy measurements suffice not he, the dear, will make it square: ¹¹  
Not unworthy are their actions who the fire of love do bear!  

Ready is the cloth to make those blessed ¹² drawers for the dear;  
it down level with the cloth; but here it seems further to hint at some figurative sense; perhaps we should read 'will fell thee' for 'will fell it.'  
¹ That is the uchqur, the long broad band with which the trousers or drawers were fastened round the waist.  
² The word here used, شربتلما, is, I am informed, peculiar to tailors, and means to patch or mend.  
³ This and the 'braid' of the next line both refer to the uchqur.  
⁴ The kerake was an outer coat or cloak, usually of light woollen stuff, and often ornamented with gold embroidery and large buttons. The word tār is used not only for warp or thread, but for the line of sight or a ray of light.  
⁵ The jubbe is an outer robe or gown, with full sleeves and long skirts, and open in front.  
⁶ The fermene (or fermele) is a short jacket or vest, rounded in front, and ornamented with gold braid. It is like what is called called in England a zouave jacket.  
¹ I. e. he is still too young or too inexperienced to work without supervision.  
⁸ This line is addressed to the master tailor.  
⁹ The kurdīyce or Kurdish coat is a kind of frock-coat with short sleeves.  
¹⁰ The name huseyni is given to a kind of red cord used for trimmings.  
¹¹ This line is literally: If it (i.e. the coat or cord) come not out from the lines (of chalk marked on the garment to indicate the fit) — i.e. if the material runs short — the sweetheart will make thee a cord, i.e. find thee some clever device to overcome the difficulty.  
¹² The word here used, معاو, expresses contempt in a vague way, with something of the force of the words 'blessed' or 'blooming' in English slang, but without their tinge of vulgarity.
(Never holy saint is made by turban and by frock austere.)

Ne'er a purchaser will find such stuff as this or far or near,
E'en brocade would not as good as sendal by its side appear.  

Like to rosy satin nappy is yon glowing cheek, I swear.

Tell me, zealot, hast thou ever seen so sweet and coy a fair?

Silken clad, he maketh every homespun-wearer felt to don;

Work for us he's cutting out there on his bench, the wanton one;

Give the coin of life, for money may not buy this princely gown.

Whensoe'er that darling marketh with his chalk his mirthful air

Fire of eagerness flat-irons straightway all my facial hair.

He, my needle-plier, doth my frame as 'twere his thimble smite,
Yet he never thinks to blame himself there-for, the frolic wight.

Vea, my mole-besprinkled princeling wants a royal robe and bright.

Yesterday, Beligh, before him I unrolled that cloth, my plight;

Then he measured it by guess-work, and he shaped it, did the fair;

Ah, but it came out too little, so with skill he felled it there.

In the poems of Nevres and his contemporary Hashmet, of whom we shall hear more later on, another aspect of romanticism is presented. The feeling for beauty which inspires the work of Nedim, and in a less degree that of

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1 This proverb-like line has no evident connection with the context, and seems to be introduced here for no better reason than that it makes mention of the khirqa or frock and destar or turban worn by dervishes.

2 The cloth mentioned in the last line of the stanza.

3 The text has بلقى brocade, which is evidently some special and valuable variety as it is said that beside the cloth referred to even this brocade would not appear as good as sendal, a light thin silky stuff.

4 The down on the rosy cheek being compared to the nap on pink satin.

5 There is here another line that I have failed to make out.

6 Felt being worn by the poor.

7 The qutosh was a special kind of richly embroidered robe worn by the Tartar princes and nobles of the Crimea, the word is used here figuratively.

8 The khil'fat or robe of honor formerly given to grangers by the Sultan.

9 There was not enough of it (the cloth which figures the speaker's plight), so he had it skillfully felled, here again the 'felling' must have some secondary meaning. See n. 10 on p. 134.
Beligh, gives place to a more personal element in the writings of these two poets. They both, and more especially Nevres, regard their poetry as a vehicle for the expression of their individual experiences and sorrows, a view scarcely possible to the Persianists shackled with the fetters of precedent and conventionality.

We shall consider Nevres here, as he died shortly before Râghib Pasha, the year of whose death I have adopted as the boundary-year between the First Transition and Romanticist Periods, reserving our account of Hashmet, who survived the Pasha, till we come to discuss the poets of the last-named age.

'Abd-ur-Rezzâq, whose pen-name was Nevres, was born in the town of Kerkûk in the distant province of Baghdad. He made his way to Constantinople where he studied for the legal profession, and eventually became a 'circuit' molla. But in the Shevval of 1175 (1762) both he and Hashmet were banished to Brusa on a charge of undue freedom of speech, though in what direction this was exercised we are not informed. His exile from Constantinople, where he seems to have formed some very dear ties, broke Nevres's heart. In his last poems he bewails his lot in the most pitiful language, the sincerity of which admits of no gainsaying. The shock must have been too much for him, as we are told that he died suddenly not many days after reaching his place of banishment.

The little Dîwân which contains all of Nevres's literary work is of no very great account in the history of Ottoman poetry. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it offers one of the earliest examples of that phase of the Romanticist movement in which the poet, disregarding the claims alike of pleasure and of humour, finds in his individual circumstances sufficient motive for his verse; for, as I have already
said, it is his own personality that gives the keynote to Nevres's poems. The individuality therein disclosed is of an amiable, though somewhat melancholy and not very robust type; and the despairing tone of the poems written on his exile shows that he was completely unmanned by his misfortune and points to a somewhat weak nature; unless, indeed, as perhaps we may infer from his speedy death, he was in ill-health at the time of his exile.

But if Nevres was weak, he was not without his good qualities. With a modesty rare indeed among Turkish poets, he says in one of his qasídás that he cannot vie with those 'Sultans of the realms of verse,' Ráshid, Vehbí and Rághib, that he cannot attain to their 'pearl-bestrewing genius;' though he adds, after his wont, that had he been as fortunate as they in obtaining the Sovereign's favour, he too might have done wonderful things.

In his language and phraseology Nevres is quiet and rather colourless. That he should have any share in the subtle elegance of the Persianists was perhaps hardly to be looked for; but he made only a feeble attempt to follow the brilliant lead of Nédím, while the introduction into his verses of any of those homely but forcible Turkish words and idioms such as were now just beginning to be used in poetry, was too bold a step for this timid and retiring spirit. We find in his poetry neither novel combinations of old materials nor the introduction of any fresh invigorating element; but a vocabulary of well-established respectability used with no great artistic skill to depict not conventional emotions, but his own feelings. When I say that he does not depict conventional emotions, I speak, of course, relatively, it is obviously impossible that any writer or any school should at once win wholly free from convention after so many ages of a literature that knew little else.
Although Nevres is on the whole unheedful of beauty, he has one couplet which for the grace and harmony of its language is surpassed by few things in Turkish poetry; the underlying thought which it enshrines is moreover both profound and true: these English words convey the meaning, but the delicate charm of the original is gone:

Yonder night whereon they decked the Khusrev's nuptial-chamber meet 'Twas with Ferhád's blood they henna-tinted lovely Shirín's feet. 1

This poet is sometimes called Nevres-i Qadím or Nevres the Elder to distinguish him from 'Osmán Nevres Efendi, a poet of the time of Sultan 'Abd-ul-'Azíz.

Here are two ghazels selected from his Diwán:

Ghazel. [381]

What though dust are now the crown and throne of Káwus and of Key? 2 Back unto their first beginnings all things find at last their way. 3

1 This couplet forms the first two lines of a rubá'í or quatrain; the second couplet, though good in its way, is much inferior, and is without apparent connection:

Never yet hath vest sufficed to clothe the form of high emprize, Though they oft have sought the spheric satin with this hope, I weet.

The Primum Mobile or Empyrean, the outermost of the Ptolemaic heavens, is called the Felek-i-Atlas, i.e. the Plain Heaven because there are in it no stars. Atlas also means satin, and the poet plays on these two meanings.

2 Two legendary Kings of Persia belonging to the fabled Keyání dynasty, in whose time the hero Rustem is supposed to have flourished.

3 This line alludes to the well-known hadis: —

'Every thing returns to its origin.'
Even now he knows not how of Unity it sings the tale, Ne’er shall the self-centred preacher understand the flute’s sweet lay.  

Knew not I how it was plaining of the bitterness of fate;  
Once I held the weeping gurgle of the wine for laughter gay.

Wine doth yield relief against the bitterness of fortune’s cold;  
Yea, the blazing fire subdues the rigour of December’s sway.

Weeping makes Nevres to tell the stars all night till morning dawn;  
Friends, declare his plight, for Allah’s sake, unto his love, I pray.

Ghazel. [382]

No rose a rose, no garth a garth doth seem to be withouten thee;  
But lone and drear were Eden’s self, O love, to me withouten thee.

Dismay my fere and comrade dear, and dole my labour morn and eve;  
With burning sighs is filled my heart, with tears mine e’e withouten thee.

My life and soul have bade farewell and parted from my frame at last;  
O love, my dearest friends as alien folk I see withouten thee.

O how should I upon the garden of another’s visage look?  
Mine eyelashes are mural spikes, O darling free, withouten thee.

Come nigh his pillow once, though it he only in a dream, O coy;  
For sick doth hapless Nevres lie and anguish dree withouten thee.

The terkib-bend, all of which, with the exception of the first and last stanzas, is translated below, is the most prominent of the poems in which Nevres bewails his exile. The distracted state of his mind is evidenced by his now upbraiding his beloved for neglecting him and now endeavouring

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1 The reed-flute of the Mevlevi order of dervishes, typical of the mystic and his visions and aspirations, incomprehensible to the common heed.

2 There is here, apparently, a reminiscence of the following Persian verse by Shevket of Bukhara:

كِلاَمُكِ بِكِ كُلٍّ رَوَدُتْ بُنْجِمْ، ِنَنَكَ بُنْجِمْ بُنْجِمْ
دَهُ - شَشَمُ البِشْرُ بَيْنَ خَلَفِ السَّرَّ دَبَارُخًا آمَنَ
to excuse her to himself. The earlier period of 'strangerhood' to which he refers is probably that of his departure from Kerkúk and arrival in Constantinople.

Terkīb-Bend. [383]

O God, how hard it is from one's dear home exiled to be!
What to the soul it is to leave the body now I see,
May punishment be made to taste of dole! O bulbul heart,
What need was there to sunder thee from yon rose-shifted she?
In separation's abject plight what shall I make of life?
Is't not unto the bulbul death to part him from the lea?
Ah me! will ever be vouchsafed in gladness to return,
To go unto my fair, and quit this den of misery?
Alas! alas! O soul of me, I've learned and know full well
How passing hard it is to me to be disjoined from thee!
What though this bitter severance constraineth me this wise,
Though to the soul it seem as forth the frame it fled, ah me!
Will e'er the heart attain to peace while crying in dismay?
While crying 'Home!' will it abide in this strange land for aye?

Where yonder hours when union's couch I did in joyance share?
Wherein I slept with yon moon-face free of all grief and care?
Where yonder hours when, drinking deep of union's vintage sweet,
Meet was I held to taste the grace of Love's cupbearer fair?
Where yonder hours when with the gracious fawns of Istambol I
I quaffed the wine and hand in hand o'er friendship's plain did fare?
Ere then had I full mickle dried of strangerhood's duresse,
And fain the dolour of the stranger land did I declare.
At length for separation's ill a medicine had I found;
The friend was I become of health's physician debonair;
At length had I won forth the narrow pass of strangerhood;
At length my face was set toward repose's meadow fair.
Then Fate o'ertook and drave me forth an exile once again,
And made my Fortune-smitten heart, alas, to wail and plain.

1 The 'fawns of Istambol' are the graceful young beauties of Constantinople.
Since forth I fared into the land of exile, O my queen,
This broken heart of mine nor rest nor peace from pain hath seen.
All night until the morning break the skies are sore distraught
By reason of the flames my burning sighs diffuse, I ween.
Remembering me of thine all-lovely cheek, o'erwhelmed am I
By this unceasing torrent poured from forth my weeping e'en.
Mine eye, like to the ring upon the door, looks on the road
Awaiting tidings of thy welfare, O my love amene!

Thou hast not asked of my sad plight, nor hast thou soothed my heart;
Is't on this wise thou hold'st the pact that standeth us between?
Is't meet that thou should'st lie upon coquetry's couch, the while
For stress and bitterness of soul torn hath my garment been:
Ah yes! 'tis good that thou should sweetly smile mid all delight,
That I should wail and sigh, my love, in anguish and in teen!

A charmer who in troth hath neither part nor share art thou;
O my beloved, passing fickle and contraire art thou.

Through parting's stress my back is bent like to thine eyebrow high;
The shifts of changeful Time have made me languorous like thine eye.
Confusion hath deranged my wits like to thy ruffled hair;
The thought of thee, O Queen of grace, hath made my peace to fly.
O God, for this sad lot of mine the very mountains weep,
Not only sons of men on earth and angels in the sky.
Alas, alas, of none account am I before thy sight;
Ah faithless one, this bitter truth full sorely learned have I.
No letter hast thou writ to me, no greeting hast thou sent;
In brief, thou dost the claims of love and gratitude deny.
Thou never sayest mid the feast, 'I have an exiled friend:
'I marvel how he fares, if sick of absence he doth lie.'

She is not faithless, yon moon-visaged beauty of thine own;
So bear oppression's load, and burn, O heart, burn thou, I cry.

Surely the God of all that is will pity my dismay;
And this sad time of exile drear and lone shall end one day.

1 The ring-shaped knocker on the door; it is round like the (pupil of the) eye, and always looks out upon the road, awaiting the coming of a visitor.
CHAPTER IV.

THE ROMANTICISTS (CONTINUED).


Hashmet Efendi was the son of a Qádí-ťasker named Ābbás. He studied for the legal profession, but before he had passed through the several degrees of the muderrisate he was banished to Brusa, at the same time as our acquaintance the poet Nevres, and on the same charge. Fatín says that after he had resided in that city for a considerable time, Hashmet's place of exile was changed to the island of Rhodes, where he died in 1182 (1768—9). The biographer adds that he was buried near the well-known tomb of Murád Rešís.

Hashmet was a man of a very different stamp from his fellow-exile Nevres. He made the best of his position, and during his enforced sojourn at Brusa formed the acquaintance of all the leading men of letters in the city. Among these was a certain Seyyid Mehemed Sařid Imám-záde, who edited Hashmet's Díwán, prefixing to it an interesting preface of his own. In this preface Imám-záde tells us that as he was on intimate terms with Hashmet, he was requested by some of the notables of Brusa who had seen a few of that poet's verses, to make a complete collection of these, and arrange them in a díwán. He therefore requested Hashmet to supply him with copies of all his writings; but this the
poet was unable to do, as he had only a few qasídás and some forty or fifty ghazels in his possession; the rest, he informed his friend, might perhaps be procurable from various acquaintances in Constantinople. İmám-záde therefore set to work and, recovering all he could, formed them into the Díván which we now have. He then applied to Hashmet for some personal details to place in the preface which he proposed writing. These the poet refused to give, saying that his friends were sufficiently acquainted with his circumstances. But the editor, anxious that posterity should possess some particulars concerning the personality of so remarkable a man, determined to write down what he had himself seen and heard.

He begins by saying whose son Hashmet was, and then proceeds with a eulogistic account of his poetry and other literary work, to which we shall return by and bye. We are next told that Hashmet was a great a marksman, alike with bow and musket, and as great a swordsman as he was a poet. One day he showed his skill with the musket in the promenade of Abdál Murád,1 outside Brusa, where he hit the mark three times in succession at a distance of over a thousand paces, an unheard of exploit which moved one of the local literati who were present to compose a qit'a celebrating the event, which qit'a was engraved on the stone erected on the spot where Hashmet had stood. This stone, adds the editor, is now known as Menzil-i Hashmet or Hashmet's Range; and when men go out, he continues, to practise with the musket, they stand half-way between this and the target, and even then it is only with difficulty that they can hit the mark.

1 The Abdál Murád after whom this place is called was one of Orkhum's companions at the capture of Brusa. His tomb, which is situated on a height overlooking the city, is still a place of pilgrimage.
Imám-záde winds up his enlogy of his hero as an athlete with an account of a feat of swordsmanship which he himself witnessed. The people of Brusa, having heard from Hashmet's attendants of his wonderful skill in this art, prayed him to give them an example. The poet good-naturedly consented, and having asked them to procure a piece of felt, had this rolled up till it was thicker than a man's waist. It was then suspended in such a way that it dangled in the air. Hashmet then took his sword in his hand, and going up to the roll of felt, cut it in two at a single stroke, so that the one half fell to the ground, while the other remained swinging in the air. All who saw this were filled with amazement and shouted out 'Strength to his arm! Strength to his arm!' They then went up to the piece of felt and counted the number of plies Hashmet had cut through, and they found these to be one hundred and seventy five, whereat they all marvelled the more; for even in the traditions the champions are not reported to have cut through more than seventy or eighty plies of felt. And for all of this Imám-záde vouches, as he himself saw Hashmet deal the blow, and he himself counted the number of the plies.

Imám-záde does not give the date of his compilation; but it was probably somewhere about 1180 (1766—7), as Hashmet had evidently been in Brusa for some time, and we know that he went there in 1175 (1761—2). It is very unlikely that the present collection contains everything that Hashmet wrote; he is almost certain to have continued composing verses after its completion, verses which being too late for insertion, and not having found any Imám-záde to record them, have now been lost beyond recovery.

In the Díwán as we have it, Hashmet shows himself to have been a poet of considerable ability, bold as a champion of the new literary movement, and versatile as an imitator
of the various styles of poetry then in vogue. In his qasīdas he has the good sense to take Nefī as his model, many of his works in this form being indeed 'parallels' to poems of the master. That his qasīdas possess no little merit and have at times something even of distinction, may be readily allowed; but to declare, as Imám-záde does, that they are superior to all other 'parallels' to Nefī's, savours of permitting personal feeling to override deliberate judgment.

The ghazels of Hashmet may be divided into two classes about equal in extent; those in which the poet has deliberately imitated other writers, and those in which he has endeavoured to strike out a new line for himself. The first of these classes comprises the very numerous poems which he wrote as nazīras or 'parallels' to the works of other men, and here he shows a great deal of skill in catching and reproducing the characteristics of many widely dissimilar writers. For he measured his strength with all the greatest and most popular poets of the time, with Sā'īb, Shevket and Bīdil among the Persians, with Nābī, Rāghib, 'Asim, Rāshid, Munīf, Sāmī, Neylī, Nedīm, Vehbi, Belīgh and a host of less important men among the Turks; he even went back to the days of the Second Persianist School and had a tussle with Nāzīlī and Fā'izī. This endeavour to surpass, or at least to rival, other writers on ground of their own choosing has at all times been a favourite amusement of Turkish poets, but few among them have carried the game so far as Hashmet, with whom it seems to have been almost a passion to wrestle with as many champions and in as many fields as he could find opportunity. That he should be uniformly successful in so many opposite directions is of course not to be expected; and Imám-zade's claim that his friend's works of this class are throughout of greater value than all other 'parallels' to the same models is on a par
with his statement regarding the qasidas. In some cases his efforts in this direction may possibly be more successful than those of other imitators; but this is assuredly not so in all. Still taken as a whole, the emulative work of Hashmet possesses considerable merit, and shows not only an extraordinary degree of imitative and assimilative power, but an exceptionally wide range of sympathies.

Turning now to the second class of Hashmet's ghazels, that consisting of his more original work in this form, we find a vigorous, sometimes almost brutal, robustness to be the salient feature here. This characteristic is apparent alike in the sentiments of the poet and in his phraseology. Instead of whining over his lot in the fashion of Nevres, he attacks with bitter scorn his high-placed enemies and turns with contemptuous pity from those who court their favour. A cursory glance through his Diwán is enough to show us how likely Hashmet would be to get into difficulties through giving his tongue too free a rein, and to incline us to suspect that in his case at any rate, those who sent him into exile may have been acting in quite justifiable self-defence. Just as in his imitative work he attempts a score of different styles, here too he has verses of every kind, religious, philosophic, amatory and bacchanalian, as well as invective and satiric. The boldness which distinguishes most of his work leads him at times in his amatory poems to overstep the bounds of propriety, and as he has none of the deft delicacy of handling which enabled Nedîm to touch without offence upon risky themes, the result is, as we might expect, often unpleasing.

Except of course when he is imitating poets of the Persianist schools, Hashmet's diction and vocabulary are markedly Turkish. He is fond of using redîfs consisting of a succession of two or three different Turkish verbs in the same personal
form, a somewhat questionable device which complete success alone can justify. This is but one of a number of similar ventures, too technical to enter upon here, which other poets had experimentally tried, and which recommended themselves to the daring mind of Hashmet as new paths along which to seek poetic triumphs.

That his success was not greater arose from no lack of courage or want of enterprise, but from the fact that nature had not dowered him with all the qualities needful to make a great poet. It is true that within his limits he was a poet, and an interesting poet too, but for all his hardihood he was never able to win beyond the fifth, or perhaps the fourth, rank. Knowing the ways of such would-be critics, we may allow Imám-záde his statements as to how his friend’s poetry on being studied shines with distinction and individuality, and as to how his gallant words and loverlike tones give fresh life to heart and soul, and fill all the captious throng with amazement and admiration. We can also easily believe him when he tells us how all the savants and scholars of Brusa held his noble speech to be of one value with the fabled gem called sheb-chirágh 1 which lights up the world, and yearned to inscribe his words with ink of musk on the pupils of their eyes. I say it is easy to believe that Hashmet was popular and esteemed in his place of banishment, for possessing, as he did, so many varied talents and accomplishments, his must have been an interesting personality.

Von Hammer has by an oversight omitted Hashmet from his History, as he has Beligh; in his account of Nevres,

1) This is the account of the sheb-chiragh given in the tamun dictionary called Bahám-i Qáti:— Sheb-chiragh (Night lamp). This is a jewel which during the night-time shines like a lamp. They say that on certain nights when the water-bull comes up to land to graze he brings the jewel with him in his mouth, and sets it down on the place where he would graze, and by the light of it does he graze.
however, he mentions the name of the former, which he erroneously writes Hischmet. 1

The Diwan of Hashmet opens with four Arabic poems, the first two of which contain the names or titles of God and the Prophet respectively. These are followed in the usual way by the qasidas, chronograms and ghazels, among which are inserted two or three sharqis, while a number of acrostics and riddles brings the collection to a close.

Among the prose writings is the Intisab-ul-Muluk or The Service of the Kings, in which Hashmet describes a vision which he feigns to have seen on the night of the accession of Mustafá III. The poet finds himself in a vast plain where he beholds all the kings of the earth coming in state to pay homage to the new Sultan and to crave permission to serve at his court. The kings come up to Hashmet and tell him the object of their journey, each announcing his desire to receive some office connected with what was taken to be the speciality of his country. Thus the Imam of Yemen hopes to be placed in charge of the coffee-service, the Emperor of China to be entrusted with the care of the palace china-ware, the Czar of Russia to be appointed court furrier, the King of Holland to be chief gardener, 2 the King of England to be overseer of the powder-magazine, 3 and so on. After a good deal of persuasion they prevail upon Hashmet to conduct them before the Sultan, who receives them graciously, and to whom the poet recites a panegyric. Thereupon Mustafá, in order to place him on a level with his royal companions, names him King of the Poets, and promotes both him and

1 [Though the Turks, I believe, pronounce the word Hashmet, the correct Arabic form is, as Von Hammer writes it, Hishmet. Ed.]
2 Holland being famous for its bulbs.
3 About this time the English were reckoned experts in the use of firearms, and English gunpowder was considered the best.
his father. Upon this, Hashmet declares that since fortune is so favourable to him, he fears the whole thing must be a dream; but the Sultan consoles him by saying that even if it be but a dream, it will assuredly ere long come to pass.

Hashmet has two other prose works: the Súr-Náme or Viládet-Náme, an account of the festivities held on the occasion of the birth of the Princess Hibet-ulláh in Rejeb 1172 (March 1759); and the Sened-ush-Shufará or Title-Deed of Poets, which he dedicated to Rághib Pasha, and in which he discusses certain passages from the Koran and the Hadís which fall into metrical form, whence he endeavours to prove that the poetic art must have been held in high esteem by the Prophet.

The following ghazels are from Hashmet’s more original poems: the first is an example of his outspokenness.

Ghazel. [384]

’Tis lies that form the themes of all the grandees of the state;
And lies would fain on this poor tongue¹ likewise predominate.

We’ve washed our hands of yonder fountain-spring of truthfulness;
And lies do like the Rebel Stream² sweep through the world wide.

The legend on the signet-ring of truth is worn away;
’Tis lies that in our day enoble them of high estate.

The only cause of poetry’s disfavour standeth here:
That naught of lies the folk have left the poet to narrate.

Hypocrisy is loved of all, both high and low, Hashmet.
And lies compose the capital alike of small and great.

¹ That is, on the poet’s own tongue.
² Nehi-ul’Ash, the Rebel or Lamenting Stream is the modern name of the Syrian river called in ancient times the Orontes.
Ghazel. [385]

What time the world-displaying bowl \(^1\) of mirth and glee is trolled
The heart doth through the crane-eye wine \(^2\) the whole wide earth behold.

The harvest of the orchard of the world is on this wise;
The fruitage of the tree of hope doth rot ere it unfold.

Upon the hunting-ground of longing's waste do vacant swing
The booty- straps of yearning's steed, their tassels flying bold. \(^3\)

The tears descend to earth as rain from out the clouds what time
The darkling smoke of bitter sighs around the world is rolled.

Although thou naught of union with thy love hast seen, Hashmet,
The heart doth through the crane-eye wine the whole wide world behold.

Ghazel. [386]

Sans the seared bosom ne'er may we the soul's desire obtain;
Ne'er withouten gold, O heart of mine, are any lovelings ta'en.

Naught beside her rubies' kiss may close the bitter-plaining mouth;
'Tis with wax of red are seal'd missives and all these contain.

Show not off thy wares, but be thou heedful of the keen of sight;
Every flaw before the spy-glass of attention standeth plain.

Degradation's den his stead is who would scrape up Fortune's orts;
On the midden-heap the besom's flung, and there it doth remain.

Wine it is that lifts the veil of bashfulness in union's hour;
Aye the blushing fair to seek protection from the bowl are fain.

Hashmet, they of mine acquaintance who are clients of the great
Underneath that shelter often eat their crust in mickle pain.

\(^1\) The wine-cup, alluding the legend of Jemshid's bowl.
\(^2\) Crane-eye wine is yellow, or as we should say, white, wine. When he drains the wine he sees the map of the world engraved inside the bowl; or he sees this through the wine.
\(^3\) Dees or straps attached to the saddle for carrying game or other things; such trappings were often profusely ornamented with silk tassels, etc.
The scars of yearning in my heart are every one a burning love,
The roses in this garden-ground of Love are all a flame, I trow.
I poured out my heart long since like water 'fore a cypress-form;
What makes my tears to flow to-day is e'en that tale of long ago.
The tranquil-souled are they who truly garner merriment of heart,
While those whose hearts are filled with lust like bubbles on the wine-cup show.
O soul, be not heart-bounden, like as Mejnûn was with Leylâ's hair,
For God alone it is who makes thee o'er the wilds of Love to go.
Hashmet, did God create this tongue from hues of the Primaeval Wine,
Or else how comes it that thy words and speeches all so brilliant glow?

Charmer moon-bright, yon disdainful frown within thine eyebrow free,
With the gleaming sword of beauty pierce and pierce the heart of me.
Cast thy glance, I pray, O fair one, on my scar-strewn breast's expanse,
Open fling thy vision's window on the flower-besprinkled lea.
Say'st thou, 'Let me sail no longer in the cramping bark of lust,'
Launch thou then the wine-skiff out into Renunciation's sea.
O, intoxicate with one swift glance the sick for absence dear;
Ope thine eyes, let Beauty's Tavern open to the sad heart be!
Draw no pigment o'er thine eyebrow; Beauty's zagh sufficeth there,
Dearest tyrant, let no rust besoil thy glaive, I pray of thee!
Suage, at least, with peaches ¹ Hashmet's thirst for union, O my sweet,
Leave them not on beauty's salver, fill the helpless heart with glee.

Love doth come not with one seat of longing in the heart, in lay,
Spring is made not by one floweret, how'ever bright and gay.

¹ A peach (sheftalu) means also a kiss.
Like to Moses were the adept fain to meet the tongue of flame,
But the glory shineth not for each familiar of Sinai.

Springs the essence of the soul through severing of earthly ties,
Till are cut its leaves and branches sprouteth not the plane-tree, nay. ¹

Though this Might would in one moment shatter all the worlds that be,
Yet the heart no sign of rent or rift, O Hashmet, doth display. ²

Not since the closing years of the Classic Period, when
the lady Hubbi Qadin graced the literary world of her day,
has our attention been claimed by any Turkish poetess.
This is not because such have been altogether absent, but
because none among those who have appeared during this
interval has attained a position of sufficient eminence in
poetry to warrant her inclusion in a list that has of neces-
sity to be selective. Of these minor stars the best known
are probably Sidqí who died in 1115 (1703—4), and Fátima
Khátún, whose pen-name was Aní, and who died in 1122
(1710—1). Both these ladies are said to have left díwáns,
but that of the second appears to have been lost.

Far more richly dowered and far more famous than either
Sidqí or Aní, or indeed than any of her sister-poets who
have gone before, is the gifted authoress who now calls for
our consideration. Fitnet Khanim is the greatest poetess
reared in the old school of Ottoman literature. To find her

¹ i.e. Unless the plane-tree is pruned in the Autumn, it will not put
forth new shoots in the Spring.
² The first misrâf refers to a saying of the mystics to the effect that God
is a Light which, if displayed, would consume the Universe; the second to
the well-known tradition:

لا يسعني أرضي ولا سماحي ولا يسمعني غلب عبادي البومي

'Neither My Earth nor My Heaven sufficeth Me, but there sufficeth Me the
heart of my believing servant.'