equal we must come down to modern times when the altered state of social matters renders it comparatively so much more easy for a Turkish woman to develop and express what intellectual gifts she may possess.

The article on Fitnet Khanim in Fatîn Efendi's Tezkire is as usual of the slightest, and later writers such as Zihni Efendi the author of 'Famous Women', and Ahmed Mukhtâr Efendi, who has compiled a little book entitled 'Our Poetesses,' have been able to add but little to his meagre details. This poetess, whose personal name was Zubeyde, belonged to a talented and distinguished family, her father, Mehemmed Es'ad Efendi, being Sheykh-ul-Islam under Mahmûd I, and her brother, Mehemmed Sherif Efendi, holding the same high office under 'Abd-ul-Hamîd I. The father is said to have been skilled in music, an extraordinary accomplishment in a member of the 'ulemâ, while both he and his son were gifted, though in far less measure than his daughter, with poetic talent. Fitnet was unfortunate in her marriage, her husband, Dervish Efendi, who became a Qâdi-'Asker of Rumelia under Selîm III, being a man without ability and utterly unworthy of his brilliant wife. When it is added that Fitnet died in the year 1194 (1780), all that is known concerning her life-story has been told.

The unlucky union of the poetess with Dervish Efendi has formed a text for more than one subsequent writer. Thus 'Izzet Molla, who flourished during the earlier part of the nineteenth century, when upbraiding the 'Sphere' in his Mihnet-Keshâin for its ill-treatment of poets as a race, marvels why this malicious power should have made 'an ass like Dervish Efendi' the husband of Fitnet, adding how unmeet it was that she should be the wife of that old man. Professor Najî again quotes the following well-known lines of Nizâmi in order to emphasize how exactly the reverse of
what the old Persian describes was the case of Fitnet and her husband:

'Though the society of woman be to the man of pleasure
'The warrant of life and comfort, the bai of joy and delight,
'Yet with her the taper of converse may not be kindled,
'For while I talk of Heaven she talks of a thread.'

Fitnet Khanim was celebrated for her wit, and many stories are told concerning her which are strangely at variance with current Western notions as to harem discipline, and which, if they contain, or even reflect, anything of truth, argue that poor Dervish can have had no easy task if he endeavoured to control his sprightly wife. Here is an example of these stories, which so far as I am aware, has never been published, though it is widely known in Constantinople. Fitnet Khanim is in the square before the Mosque of Bâyezid, one of a crowd of people who are choosing animals to offer as sacrifices at the approaching Bayrâm festival. Her friend the poet Hashmet, who is there also, comes up, and having saluted her, says, 'Why are you wandering about here?' 'I am looking for a sacrifice,' replies Fitnet. 'Take your servant as your sacrifice,' rejoins the gay poet, whereon the lady, perceiving the covert proposal in her friend’s gallant

\[\text{The jingle, āsmān u rismān = Heaven and thread, is a Persian locution to imply the confusion of incongruous things either intentionally or more usually, as here, through lack of discrimination. [To talk 'cats and camels' (shutur u gurba) is another similar expression in Persian, used in the same way. Ed.].}
\[\text{[In a later pencil-note the author adds, however, that it has been printed in a book entitled Newādiru'z-Zurefā (Anecdotes of Wits). Ed.].} \]
phrase, wittily checks him by replying, 'There is some defect about thy horns; to take thee as a sacrifice were not lawful.'

That the English reader may see the point of Fitnet's answer

As I believe this story has never been written down, I subjoin the words of the conversation between Fitnet and Hashmet as I took them from the lips of a Turkish friend. The Hashmet of this and the next story is, of course, the hero of the hundred and seventy-five plies of felt, whose work we have just been considering.
it is necessary to explain that animals offered in sacrifice must be without defect or blemish, and that in Turkey to say of a man that he is 'horned' is to imply that he is a reprobate.¹

Fitnet's poetical work is wholly lyrical and is all comprised in a not very extensive Diwán. Its principal distinctions are delicacy of sentiment and lucidity of expression. Indeed there is so little that is weak or faulty in the language of this lady that Professor Nájí, who bestows on her the title of Queen of the Poetesses, declares that very many poets might well envy her in this respect. That her range of subject should not be very wide is scarcely a matter for astonishment, certainly not for reproach; limitation here has been too universal a rule among the poets to permit us to hope that a woman, whose field of observation was of necessity so much more restricted, should prove any exception. Consequently it is without surprise that we find Fitnet has practically but two themes, the one love, the other a simple philosophy of which the keynote is contentment. Not only does the poetess rarely get away from one or other of these two motives, but she is rather inclined to repeat herself even in her phraseology. Expressions and phrases, often in themselves both original and graceful, recur again and again in her verses, pointing to a somewhat limited command of language. But this shortcoming also is shared by very many of the old poets, and in a writer of less merit and renown than Fitnet would hardly deserve remark.

These defects are after all but slight, perhaps under the circumstances inevitable, and do not seriously detract from the beauty of Fitnet's work or impair her position among

¹ Originally the term was applied, as formerly in the West, to the husband of an unfaithful wife; then, by extension, to a pander to his own wife; and so to any low-minded scoundrel.
the eminent authors of the Romanticist Age. For Fitnet is a true Romanticist through the directness and spontaneity of her verse, though like most of her contemporaries she was largely affected by the influence of the Third Persianist School. Her admiration for the genius of her friend Rághib Pasha and the effect which his work produced upon her mind can be clearly traced in many of the philosophic poems which, as we have said, form one of the salient features of her Díwán.

It should be added that Fitnet’s little volume contains several sharqís and a good many riddles.

The two following ghazels show the grace and delicacy which distinguish this lady’s love poetry.

Ghazel. [390]

Whene'er that rosebud 1 smiles, the roses, shamed, are blushing red;
Whene'er those tresses wave, the jacinth, envious, bows the head.
Beneath the claw of love he'll fall, though he the 'anqá be,
Whene'er that falcon-glance of thine against the heart is sped.

That yet unopened rosebud fair shall smile as doth the rose
Whene'er the tears of hearts lovèlorn are dew-like o'er it shed.
Thine every hair doth turn a snake 2 to guard the hoard of grace
Whene'er the comb doth o'er thy cheek the dusky ringlets spread.

An if thy purpose, Fitnet, be to yield thy life for love,
Then quit not till thou die the dust afore the loved one's stead.

Ghazel. [391]

Hearts are caught in yonder all-enchanting glance', deadly stare,
Lions fall the prey to yonder Fawns in beauty's field that bare.

1 The rosebud is the beauty's mouth.
2 In the East a snake or dragon is supposed to watch over and guard hidden treasure. Black locks of hair are often compared to snakes, and also to scorpions.
Told they not of hue and perfume sweet of lovesome charmers' locks,
Who for gillyflower or jacinth mid the bowers of earth would care?

Myriad Torments are tormented by one roguish glance of hers,
Bounden lie a thousand Háruit-hearts in every curling hair.

Ever patiently they bear the rigour of the bow-eyebrows;
Bravo for the strength of arm that falleth to Love's folk to share!

Fitnet, make thy body dust upon yon stately figure's path,
So thou't fain to kiss the ground beneath her gracious feet and fair.

The next two ghazels are examples of Fitnet's philosophic manner.

**Ghazel. [392]**

Contentment's heart-adorning feast is fraught with mirth and glee:
Contentment's ruddy wine from head-tormenting fumes is free.

Extinction's bitter blast will blight the rosebud of desire;
Contentment's rose alone from Autumn knows immunity.

Each gleaming drop of modesty's bright perspiration shines
A sheen and lustrous pearl of price from out contentment's sea.

---

1 That is, cruel beauties.
2 Háruit and Máruit are two fallen angels whose names are mentioned in the Koran. According to the legend, while still in Heaven, they scoffed at the moral weakness of man, whereupon God, in order to prove them, endowed them with human passions and sent them down to earth. Here they were led astray by a woman named Zuhre, who was transferred to the planet Venus, which was afterwards called by her name. In order to punish them, the two angels were imprisoned in a pit at Babylon, where they are hung up by their heels till the Judgment Day, and where they are said to teach the magic art to any one who applies to them. It is in this latter connection that they are usually referred to by the poets. Thus here the 'Háruit-hearts' implies, among other things, hearts that are skilled in magic, even such being impotent to escape from beauty's thraldom.
3 In this verse there is a double entendre (īhām), for chekmek means both 'to draw' and 'to bear,' while chille means both 'a bow-string' and 'the forty days' vigil' practised by dervishes as a religious austerity.
4 The modesty here meant is backwardness in asking for favours. Compare n. 4 on p. 84 supra, regarding the Eastern belief as to the formation of pearls.
What though he would not purchase at one groat the Satin Sphere
Who dealeth in contentment's fair and precious mercery!

The names of Sheref and of ʻIzzet will appear therefrom,
If one but read contentment's riddle hard right heedfully. 2

Look that thou never for a morsel press the ignoble crew,
The while contentment's board is spread with dainty fare for thee.

In very truth more spacious far than Fortune's plain, Fitnet,
Appears contentment's yard however strait and cramped it be.

Ghazel. [393]

To crave or gift or favour of the losel Sphere were vain;
To look unto inverted bowl for draught of cheer were vain! 3

Strive ever to adorn thyself with virtue's precious pearls,
Elsewise the anxious thought for glory's gorgeous gear were vain.

Beware, the house-top edge a station is with danger fraught; 4
The hope of rest upon the couch of rank to rear were vain.

The electuary of the dear one's ruby lip is health; 5
O leech, to medicine the love-sick heart, I fear, were vain.

1 The Satin, i.e. the Crystalline or Starless Sphere, another instance of the favourite equivoxe which we have met before. See n. 1 on p. 130 supra.
2 The words sheref = honour, and ʻizzet = excellence, are used as proper names. The riddles in the divâns of the poets usually conceal some proper name which is hinted at in a variety of ways, generally exceedingly subtle and obscure.
3 When, as is often the case, the vault of the sky is taken as the visible embodiment of the power which is typified by the Sphere, the comparison to an inverted bowl is not infrequent. ["That inverted Bowl they call the Sky" is familiar to admirers of Fitzgerald's rendering of the Quatrains of 'Umar Khayyâm, etc.]
4 People sometimes sleep in hot weather on the flat roof of an Eastern house; but as there is often no parapet, they are in danger of falling off if they go too near the edge. Here the idea is that high place or rank is dangerous, the roof being of course the highest part of the house.
5 The word ma'âm, here translated 'electuary,' is applied to a medicated preparation of sugar, spices, etc., something like a soft tawli. It is that prepared for the use of the Sultan and other very great people, pearls, rubies, emeralds.
The heart holds all the cruelty that comes from thee for grace;
So leave it off; thy cruelty, O wanton dear, were vain.

The wind-wafts of the grace of God will bear it safe to shore,
A pilot for the barque on yearning’s ocean drear were vain.

The Typal path will surely lead at last to Truth’s highway;
Fitnet, upon the road of Love or guide or fere were vain.

The following museddes is very pretty and is well-known.

**Museddes. [394]**

The vernal cloudlets scatter glistening pearls athwart the earth below,
And all the blossoms issuing forth, the radiance of their beauty show.
’Tis now the tide of mirth and glee, the time to wander to and fro;
The shady trees a fair retreat on all the winsome ones bestow.
My lord, come forth and view the scene, the whole wide world doth
[verdant glow;]

The sweet spring tide is here again, the tulips and the roses blow.

Behold the roses blushing red as cheeks of lovesome beauties fair,
The fragrant hyacinths show like to youthful charmers’ curling hair;
And see, upon the streamlet’s marge the cypress-shapes of lovelings rare.
In brief, each spot doth some delight to gladden heart and soul prepare.
My lord, come forth and view the scene, the whole wide world doth
[verdant glow;]

The sweet spring tide is here again, the tulips and the roses blow.

The garden flowers have oped, and all a-smile the roses shine for glee,
On every hand the lovelorn nightingales bewail the dule they dree.
How fair along the garden-walks are gillyflower and picotee!
The long-haired hyacinth and jasmine each embrace the cypress-tree.
My lord, come forth and view the scene, the whole wide world doth
[verdant glow;]

The sweet spring tide is here again, the tulips and the roses blow.

and coral reduced to a powder were occasionally mixed. Here Fitnet compares
the beloved’s red lips to this health-giving sweetmeat or confection into which
rubies enter.

1 Yet again, ‘The Typal is the Bridge to the Real.’
Arise, my Prince, the garden-land hath wonder-joys in fair array; 
And hark, the plaintive nightingale is singing on the rosy spray.
The tender bud will blush for shame whene'er it doth thy cheek survey.
Arise, and to the garth thy gracious air and cypress mien display.
My lord, come forth and view the scene, the whole wide world doth 
[verdant glow.]

The sweet spring tide is here again, the tulips and the roses blow.

Enow, thy lovers pain no more, of loyal plight the days are these; 
Of mirth and joy upon the streamlet's margin bright the days are these; 
So grasp the heart-expanding bowl in hand forthright, its days are these; 
And, Fitnet, come, this couplet fair do thou recite, its days are these:
My lord, come forth and view the scene, the whole wide world doth 
[verdant glow;]

The sweet spring tide is here again, the tulips and the roses blow.

One of the most singular figures in the Turkish literary world of this period is the letter-writer and poet Ebú Bekr Kání. This author, who owes his fame to the possession of a peculiar playful humour, in virtue of which he occupies a unique position in Ottoman literature, was a native of the city of Toqad in Asia Minor, and was, when we first catch sight of him, a member of the Mevlevi order.

In 1168 (1754—5), when Hakim-záde 5Alí Pasha was passing through Toqad on his way from Trebizond to assume for the third time the office of Grand Vezir, he was presented with a qasída and a chronogram by Kání, who was then thirty-eight years of age, and who from his youth upwards had been famous in his native town alike for his learning and for his writings both in verse and prose. These poems so pleased the old statesman that having obtained the permission of the local Mevlevi sheykh, he took Kání along with him to Constantinople. Here, through his patron's influence, the poet was at once entered among the Clerks of the Divan, a good position in itself, and one which might easily have led to something better. But the restless nature
of Kání could not brook the routine of official life, and he had hardly received his appointment before he began to look about for some excuse to throw it up. The opportunity was not long in coming; 'Alí Pasha's third tenure of the Grand Vezirate lasted only two months; and when it came to a close Kání resigned his post, and set out for Silistria as divan secretary to an officer who had been appointed governor of that place. Having lived a free and easy life for nearly forty years in an Anatolian provincial town, Kání not unnaturally found the formalities and ceremonies of Constantinopolitan official society unendurably irksome; and as the following passage from one of his letters shows, this was one at least of the reasons of his eagerness to escape: 'As this draggle-turbaned Kání is not of the same stamp as that stately company who, clad in sumptuous apparel, adorn the streets and market-places, he has been compelled to forsake Constantinople and find a peaceful abode for himself in this reptile-house of Islam called Silistria.'

By and bye the poet passed over to Bucharest where he acted for a time as Turkish secretary to the Waywoda, as the tributary Prince of Wallachia was called, and where a portrait of him in company with the Waywoda Alexander is still preserved in the Museum.

On the elevation of Yegen Mehemmed Pasha to the Grand Vezirate about the end of 1196 (1782) Kání returned to Constantinople on the invitation of that statesman who had been one of his most intimate friends in earlier years. But Kání did not, or would not, recognize that the Grand Vezír was no longer the comparatively humble official with whom he had once consorted on terms of equality; and by the familiarity of the tone he still thought proper to adopt, and yet more by his indiscretion in speaking about certain things on which silence would have been better, he so enraged
the minister that his execution was determined on. Khayrí Efendi, the Re'ís-ul-Kuttáb, was able to save him from death; but he was banished to the island of Lemnos. Here he suffered much distress, for as he tells his former patron the Waywoda Alexander in a letter ostensibly written to recommend one Baqlawaji Sheykh, who was noted for his humour, all the wealth and property he had been able to earn during thirty years — even down to his freed slave-girls — had been confiscated in the name of the Treasury, though he had nothing whatever to do with the Treasury. He seems even to have been in want, as in another letter, written this time to a private friend, he says that when he turns his eyes to the snake¹ which is twisted round the silver head of its nargile, and has for some three months and a half been longing for tobacco, he seems to see it wriggle and writhe as it were indeed a coiled-up serpent.

Ebu-z-Ziyá Tevfiq Bey, from whose 'Specimens of Literature' most of the above particulars are derived, takes to task the historiographer Edib² and also the late Jevdet Pasha, who in this case simply embodies the former's facts, for omitting from their works every thing about Kani's exile and for neglecting to inform us whether the poet ever returned from his place of banishment and even where he died. All we are told is that before his death, which occurred in the Latter Rebi of 1206 (Jan.—Feb., 1789), he repented of the recklessness and debauchery in which his life had been passed, and returned to the bosom of the dervish order in which he had been brought up.

¹ The MápIch or 'snake' is the long flexible tube of the nargile or water pipe for smoking, often called 'hookah' in England. Kani means to imply that he has been for three and a half months without tobacco.
² The Imperial Historiographer Mohamed Edib wrote under Selim III. He died in 1216 (1801).
As I have said, Kání is chiefly remarkable as a humorist, and a strong bias towards fun of every description, very unusual in a Turkish poet of old times, seems to have characterized him during the whole course of his long life. Indeed, we are told that even when he lay dying he provoked to laughter by the droll things he said the sorrowing friends who were gathered round him. There are of course a number of stories current about Kání, one of which is inserted in his Tezkire by Fátín, who, in reporting it, breaks away for a moment from the monotonous and inventory-like style in which he has elected to write his book. In this story, of which Kání can hardly be said to be the hero, the poet is represented as seated with one of his cronies, a Christian, probably an Armenian, as the scene is laid in Erzerum, to whom by way of jest he proposes the adoption of Islam. At that time there was living in Erzerum a certain Sheykh Ibráhím Haqqí who stood in the highest repute on account of his saintly life and of the wonders which he wrought. So the Christian replies to Kání with the question, 'If I adopt Islam, shall I become a Musulmán of the standing of Sheykh Haqqí?' On the poet's rejoinder, 'To attain to his degree of excellence were impossible,' his friend replies 'Then since I cannot attain to his excellence, what should I gain by leaving my religion to become a Musulmán such as you?' To which query, we are told, the poet was unable to find any answer.

That religion, or at least conventional religion, had little hold on Kání is shown by the celebrated words he uttered but a brief time before his end. 'I am no beggar of Fátihas,' he said, 'let not the word Fátiha be carved on my tombstone.' We have often seen how it was the custom to cut on the grave-stone a request to the visitor to repeat the Fátiha, that is the brief opening chapter of the Koran,
for the repose of the soul of him or her who lies beneath.

'Shall the forty-years' Kání become a Yani?' is a proverb often in the mouths of the Turks when they wish to express the difficulty of changing a habit acquired by long usage. Yani is the Greek form of the name John; so the proverb means 'shall the Kání (i.e. Musulmán) of forty years turn a Christian?' The phrase is said to have been originally pronounced by our poet in connection with himself on the occasion of a curious adventure that befell him at Bucharest.

When we turn to Kání's literary work, we find his prose to be much more interesting and more noteworthy than his verse. It is in his prose, which consists entirely of letters, that the humour, which we have seen to be his most striking characteristic finds freest scope. This humour of Kání's is quite unlike that of Sábit or that which we have noticed in works of the Shehr-engiz type; it is sometimes playful, as in the celebrated petition purporting to be presented by a kitten to her master; sometimes audaciously familiar, as in some of the letters addressed to Yegen Mehemed Pasha; and sometimes it displays itself in heaping up huge piles of similar words and making long lists of things more or less closely connected. In this last peculiarity Kání resembles Rabelais, with whom his genius has more in common than with Piron to whom he is compared by Ebu-z-Ziya Tevfîq Bey.

This critic, who inserts some of his letters in the 'Specimens of Literature,' has an appreciative notice of Kání's work, in the course of which he says that all of this author's letters and ghazels are charged with humour, a statement which, so far as the poems are concerned, appears a little beyond the mark. Speaking of the prose works, the same critic maintains that these are distinguished by a grandiosity
which may well delight the admirers of the old-fashioned artificial style, combined with orderliness of thought and facility of expression. He then proceeds to state that in his opinion had Kâni but treated his work more seriously, he would have been not only unrivalled among the authors of his own age, but one of the most distinguished writers in all Ottoman literature. As it is, he declares him to be, so far as Turkish letters are concerned, among those whose class is restricted to himself.

In the preface prefixed to Kâni’s Diwân the editor, Nûrî, tells us that he made the collection at the desire of the Re’is-ul-Kuttâb, Mehemed Rashid Efendi, who was unwilling that the name and fame of a man possessed of so much learning and culture as the lately deceased Kâni should be cast aside into the nook of oblivion and dwell alone in the cranny of the silent. The editor therefore set to work and gathered all that he could find of Kâni’s poetical works; but as the author himself had made no attempt during his life either to preserve or to collect these, many of them were irrecoverably lost. Had they all been forthcoming, adds Nûrî, they would have formed several volumes each as large as a ‘Complete Works of Nâbi’!

Kâni’s verse is a long way inferior to his prose. The humour which is the strong point of the latter is far less evident here. Often it is absent altogether, and when it is present it appears rather in the way in which the author uses words and phrases than in the actual things that he says. None the less he does from time to time say things in his verses that are really droll; lines containing such occur even in his Hymns to the Prophet.

Jevdet Pasha, however, who has a brief chapter on Kâni in his celebrated History, questions the fact of his having really been a humorist at heart. He says that the poet was
misunderstood by the simple-minded folk about him who saw his funny verses and heard his wonderful tales, and that they, judging only from such things, failed to appreciate his true character. According to the Pasha, Kâni’s guilelessness and good-nature were the real cause of his writing so much facetious poetry; persons in search of a little amusement would often come to him, saying, ‘Kâni Efendi, I have thought on a line or a couplet with such and such a rime; but the rime is a difficult one, how should we go on?’ whereupon he, being put on his mettle, would in reply spin off a number of burlesque or whimsical lines with the same rime or redif. And for this reason, adds the Pasha, do his facetious writings outnumber the rest.

What Jevdet says here about Kâni’s readiness to complete in ludicrous fashion poems brought to him by friends on the quest of a laugh, is perhaps the explanation of the curious fact that many of the ghazels in his Diwan after opening seriously enough in the ordinary conventional manner, suddenly dash off into the wildest buffoonery, sometimes into downright nonsense. But the evidence supplied by the poet’s own writings is too strong to permit us to doubt that the tendency to look on the funny side of things had its roots deep down in his nature.

But whether or not he be true humorist, Kâni is no true poet; he is not even a poet in the old Turkish sense of an artist in words. As Professor Najj says, his verse is of no great importance, and it would be vain to seek in it anything like elegance or grace. He was a careless worker, and does not seem to have thought it worth his while to devote any serious attention to the artistic quality of his poetry, with the inevitable result that his ghazels appear rough and unfinished. He is, for example, very eloquently with regard to his rimes, sometimes he repeats the same
rime-word two or three times in a short ghazel, sometimes he uses a redif without any rime-word at all, defects which might easily occur in verses written in the impromptu fashion described by Jevdet Pasha.

His vocabulary and phraseology are often Turkish to the verge of grotesqueness, if not vulgarity, although, as most of his letters and some of his poems prove, he was a very learned man and thoroughly versed in Arabic and Persian. It is in those ghazels in which he is most negligent of the conventional arts and graces that he is most Turkish in his language, just as it is in those same poems that he gives freest rein to his whimsical way of putting things, and to a trick he has of bringing together into a single couplet a string of words similar in spelling but different in meaning and sometimes in pronunciation. In a word, it is in such poems that he is most truly Kání.

Many of the poems are conventional enough in sentiment, but in the more characteristic the author often lets his own voice be heard, and when he does speak out, it is in tones at once clear and vigorous. But verse was not the true medium of expression for Kání; from his Diwán alone we could never have learned what manner of man he was; if we wish to know him we must seek him in his letters.

The poems moreover are often very difficult to understand; not only does the author frequently use vulgar or even slang terms and affect non-literary idioms, but he often says things that no other poet would dream of saying, — things that the student of conventional Turkish poetry is scarcely prepared to encounter in the pages of a diwán. Of course, all this makes for the burlesque; but it is rather trying to the translator, who is not always certain that he has really caught the writer's drift, and must in any case despair of giving an adequate rendering of such verse.
The following couplets occur in a qasida which Kani presented to Mehemed Rashid Efendi, the official by whose instructions his works were collected after his death. The whole poem is more or less a travesty of the usual conventional style.

From a Qasida. [305]

O figure of my dear, no pose of love-delight hast thou?  
O sapling fresh and fair, not e’en one berry bright hast thou?  
O blast, no zephyr gently breathing soft and light hast thou?  
O weakling sigh, to work effect nor power nor might hast thou?  
I wonder, wilt thou bend thee ne’er to union’s side at last?  
O prop of coquetry, no bender left or right hast thou?  
What time it saw thee naked, hair-like straightway grew the soul;  
Not e’en a girdle then, O hair-waist slim and slight, hast thou?  
Each passing murmur of thy liplet’s ruby’s worth the soul.  
Ah me, none other peerless gem of beauty bright hast thou?  
O day of fast, on convent fashion is thy festival;  
O night-pavilion of dismay, no dawn of light hast thou?  
Wilt thou not then bestrew the dust that lines the beauty’s path?  
O weeping eye of mine, no pearl with lustre bright hast thou?  
Whine not, ‘There is no place for me!’ when parting presseth hard;  
O misery, within the inmost heart no site hast thou?  
What meaneth all this sophistry amant the Typal Bridge?  
No pass that straight unto the Truth doth go forthright hast thou.

1 Both these lines mean: ‘With all the grace of form that thou hast, hast thou no grace of manner?’  
2 The beloved, or her figure, i. e. meant by this curious term, which means ‘bustress’ or ‘support’ of coquetry.  
3 The soul was overcome so that it could not hide effect. [Note: it not rather mean that it was wasted away with love till it became teeb or slender as a hair? Ed.].  
4 i.e. Austerel. He means that whereas the bayan or fast, which concludes the fast of Ramazan should be merry, it i.e. instead sad and dreary.  
5 Addressing misery, the poet says. Even though the thought of the beloved fills my heart, yet there is till room for thee.  
6 Ridiculing the constant allusions of the poet to the proverb. The Typal is the Bridge to the Real.”
Curl not thy lashes, saying, 'Who can e'er my charms withstand?'
For yonder eyebrow-bow of thine no bender wight hast thou?
O tree of hope, what mean those branches dry and bare on thee?
Hast ne'er been green? nor leaf, nor fruit of red or white hast thou?
I marvel why the bubble's eye collyriumless should be;
O daughter of the vine, no friend to keep thee right hast thou?
What may it be that is thine aim in hitting not the mark?
I wonder, naught of sugar in that casket bright hast thou?
While that the Sphere doth turn its mill above thy grain-like head,
Here upon earth to turn thy head no plaguy plight hast thou?
So then, thou hast not winged thy flight toward some rosy cheek!
O nightingale, nor van nor plumery nor sprite hast thou?
What want I with the fables of Nesimí and Mansúr?
No skin nor derrick known and seen of all with sight hast thou?
I pray thee stop that brat, the heart, from squalling on this wise;

1 As in Fitnet's ghazel: the bender of the beauty’s eyebrow-bow is the lover who compels her submission. See n. 3 on p. 156 supra.
2 i.e. Hast thou always been dry and barren, never green and fruitful? Is no hope of mine ever to be fulfilled?
3 By the eyes of the Daughter of the Vine are meant the wine-bubbles, which are unadorned with collyrium, though their lovers are many.
4 The casket is of course the beauty’s mouth.
5 Kání refers on several occasions to the Turkish poet-martyr Nesimí and his prototype Mansúr: thus:

نه منصور نه بر دار سر زنف اونمته استمر دل
نسمي بهرادن بلومکه لایف دریم بیوفدر

'I am not Mansúr, nor doth my heart desire to be gibbeted on her ringlet;
'Likewise I have not a skin worth the flaying like Nesimí.'
And again:

مانشده نسمیه قدن حرامسر کنعلی دریسی چبچ وحدات لیفر

'Even as with Nesimí of old,
'Their own skin is unlawful for the wearers of the gown of Unity.'

The story of Nesimí will be found in that portion of the present work which deals with the Archaic poets, Vol. I, pp. 343 et seqq. Kání here affects to treat it and the history of Mansúr as legendary, and calls for something known and certain.
O mole black-cored, no pepper-corn to hush the wight hast thou: 1

Here are a few ghazels from Kānī’s Diwân. The first three are all characteristic of the author’s peculiar style; the first of all is an instance of a ghazel which after opening in an ordinary and conventional manner, proceeds in a vein of burlesque.

Ghazel. [396]

Why still these coy coquettish airs, O maiden fair and free?
Will never any prayer, my love, avail to soften thee?

Thou’st stolen this little heart of mine, and left me lorn and lone:
Thou’st made it burn my patience up, — this love of love in me.

May ne’er the heart become the prey of beauty’s falcon-claw;
May never God that portal ope again, petition we.

Since I have fall’n a-longing for thy figure rest I ne’er,
O cypress-shape, this tale becometh long, as thou dost see. 2

What debt of bitter words is due the lover, O my Liege?
At times needs not the wailing heart a little butter. 3 eh?

Now open bare thy bosom, let yon magic mirror shine;
But shut thine eyes, uncover not those caves of coquetry.

1 Parents in Turkey sometimes threaten to fill the mouth of a quarrelous child with pepper if he will not keep quiet. Kānī here hints at the resemblance of the black mole (so belauded by the poets) to a pepper-corn, and suggests that it should be used to silence the wailing heart of the lover. To compare the heart to a child is a poetic common-place and here, a through out, Kānī is turning the conventional language of the poet into ridicule.

2 To say of a story or speech that it became a bore is to imply that it is growing tedious. Here the idea of the length of the lover’s complaining is associated with that of the length, i.e. tallie, of the cypress leaf.

3 The original word n. pīyāz and more likely bevonān added to a dish to flavour it; in vulgar speech it is often used negatively where when it stands for ‘flattery’, ‘blarney,’ deceit, awdor.
Kâni, those wanton little nooks, and those sweet bosses there,—

Von frolic rogue hath made me perturbation's thrall to be.

Ghazel. [397]

Concealing fez were vain, the rival soon would scent the hair;
Just so, the heart wants no humbug in union's pleasures fair.

The down it is that with its kit two-stringed doth hold the heart;
Man doth not woman-like desire a mirror smooth and bare.  

The yearning lover needs must bind his heart to yonder locks
Although forsooth the Sultan of the land of Fez he were.

'Tis fitting to be good to such as goodness' worth do know;
For though they gave the vulture sugar, nought therefor he'd care.  

1 It is impossible to render this line satisfactorily. The word کش‌ه in Persian 'a coquettish and enticing glance,' and is constantly so used by the Ottoman poets; but it is also an every-day Turkish word meaning 'an entering,' or 'going in,' and in the present instance stands for 'a recess.' Kâni here uses it first in the orthodox poetic sense, and then, by way of a joke, calls up in the reader's mind its ordinary meaning by bracketing it with جقه، a very homely Turkish word which is applied to anything that projects or rises from a surface. The first word then, besides meaning the coquettish glances of the girl, would also suggest the depressions or concave features of her body, the جقه or the dimples for example, while the second word would hint at the more salient members, such as the breasts. But to employ such words as کش‌ه in its Turkish sense and جقه in the description of a beauty's charms, is merely an affected grotesqueness.

2 The very unclassical expression چفقندی fel-fes is our 'humbug' in its sense of 'deceit,' 'trickery,' 'gammon.'

3 This couplet alludes whimsically, perhaps satirically, to a prevalent vice. The iki-telli qâbâq, here rendered 'two-stringed kit,' is a kind of rude lute played by Albanians. The down, i.e. the faint mustachios of youth suggest the idea of the two strings of the instrument; the smooth mirror hints at a quite hairless face.

4 The name of the Kingdom of Fez, i.e. Morocco, suggests the cap called fez which covers the locks.

5 That is, goodness is thrown away on those who cannot appreciate it, as sugar, the delight of the beautiful parrot, would be wasted if offered to the carrion-loving vulture. [Perhaps there is here a reminiscence of a Persian verse — I think by Qâsimu'l-Anwâr—]  

"Throw sugar to the parrot, carrion to the vulture." Ed.].
Tell not to me the tale of bosom scarred and vitals burned;
Have grace on me, my lord, we want it not; forbear, forbear!

Go, fetch, and bring to me her fragrant tresses' odour sweet;
Then blow, an so thou list, O breeze, or an thou listest, spare.

O Sphere, if thou could'st make my loved one yield her once to me,
Enow it were, nor further grace of thine I'd seek to share.

The body of you Sprite should be stark naked in good sooth;
Who walks with head and rump unclad doth want not satins rare.

Come, see thou make not game of us, thou mulish zealot fool,
But praise that Moon or not, as thou shalt please, it matters ne'er.

From forth the Idols' harem chaste no voice must ever sound:
Love's mysteries and lovers loyal seek naught of language e'er.

The olden guards like Heart and Soul will well suffice therefor;
The ward of Love hath little need of novel guardian's care.

Sufficient surely are these wounds, what need then for these scars?
The bosom-sepulchre no ventilators needs, I swear.

Ghazel. [398]

Although thou drum, the sluggard will not wake, his sleep alone he eyes:
He weeteth not that on the morrow blood will rain from yonder eyes.

'Twill profit not, although thou scratch thine inwards still with yearning nail:
For if the heart and breast were bared, all o'er the scars would ope their eyes.

1 The Idols, i.e., pretty women. The outside world must never hear a whisper of what passes in a well-conducted harem. The verse would bear a mystical interpretation.

2 Here the bosom is likened to a sepulchre in which is buried the heart killed by love; the wounds and scars are conceived as openings into this sepulchre.

3 Although thou beat a drum beside him, the sluggard will heed nothing but his sleep; he is ignorant that the indolent must eventually suffer for their sloth.

4 As heart and breast are already covered with car, whose eyes (i.e., marks) would be seen were they exposed, and as these have printed nothing, it were useless to wound one's self further.
Thou'lt be the fritter at the Iditie and merry banquet of Iblis; ¹
The fire of sore amaze will laugh at thee the while thyself it fries. ²

Awake, the longer thou dost sleep, the lower sin will bow thy back;
Bethink thee now, I wonder how the hunchback crew the journey plies.

Thou liest like a lazy ass the while thy real self is man;
Go, look upon the field, the very oxen, when they'd graze, arisen.

Will ever any speech avail to move thee, Kání, since the fair
Have o'er thee cast the spell of yonder stellar-bright cerulean eyes?

The next ghazel is in a somewhat unusual strain.

Ghazel. [399]

Thy soul's a guest that in thy frame will brief remain, be kind thereto;
Thy heart's a bird that beats against its cage in vain, be kind thereto.

Thine outer and thine inner senses ³ ever have befriended thee;
So deal thou by thy friends ⁴ as justice doth ordain, be kind thereto.

These limbs and members came with thee, and with thee have they still abide
'Tis these the durance of thy weal and wealth obtain, be kind thereto.

Since thou must surely from thy friends be parted, spite whate'er thou dost
Be Joseph-like, and though thy brethren work thy bane, be kind thereto. ⁵

I have commended thee to God, O thou dear Radiance of my eyes, ⁶
Thy Kání is a traveller soon his rest to gain, ⁷ be kind thereto.

¹ Iblis, i.e. Satan. [Though otherwise explained by the Arabian philologists, I believe it is now recognized that this word is simply a corruption of the Greek ὑδάτως, Ed.]
² The noise of the frying is the laughter.
³ The outer or external senses are five; viz: sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch; the inner or mental senses are also five; viz: idrík = perception, khayāl = conception, vehm = fancy, háfīza = memory, mutasarrīfa = the faculty of ordering or arranging. See Browne's 'Year amongst the Persians', pp. 144—5.
⁴ That is, thy senses.
⁵ Joseph was kind to his brethren when they visited Egypt although they had sold him into bondage.
⁶ 'Light of my eyes' is a common term of endearment.
⁷ He will soon reach his journey's end, i.e. will soon die.
The following ghazel is a specimen of Káni’s more imaginative work; the Keshkúl or begging-bowl which supplies the motive, is the boat-shaped alms-dish which suspended from a chain or cord, is carried by mendicant dervishes.

Ghazel. [400]

Aloft within the vault the moon holds forth its olden begging-bowl, ¹
Although but ill accords with dervish-hood a golden begging-bowl.

To-night the Sphere hath ta’en in hand the lunar crescent halo-dight,
And turned a dervish-wight who bears his arch-wise moulden begging-bowl.

From this learn thou the Sphere is mean of soul nor knoweth of noblesse,
That ne’er by saint of worth thus shamelesely is holden begging-bowl.

The sun stands o’er against the crescent moon within the eastern sky,
To lustrous sheykh by silver-bosomed fair is holden begging-bowl.

As all would veil the secrets dear of mendicants of modest heart,
O Káni, held from hand to hand is still the olden begging-bowl. ²

Ghazel. [401]

I saw that Scian girl, her cheeks are, oh, so ruddy red!
Her eyes are black, her lips of ruby glow so ruddy red.
Bare foot, with brow unveiled, with breast and bosom too unclad,
Within the Skinaker’s hands the glasses show so ruddy red.
Uprisen to the waists, nay, more, they frolic to the breasts;
Like rosy girdles do the sashes go so ruddy red.
Ay, let the wine rampage and riot in the harem-jar.
Be all the streets lit up with lamps a-row so ruddy red.
The daughter of the vine and Magian boy drink squabb’s wine.
The Magian elder’s household fall and blow so ruddy red

¹ Referring of course to the resemblance in shape between the new moon and the dervish’s alms-dish.
² That is, the mysteries of dervish-hood, embodied by the begging-bowl, are handed down from master to disciple from generation to generation.
The sleighs have made the city-children mounted thereupon
In youthful glee, with rose-bud lips, to glow so ruddy red.
With glaive of coquetry, as 'twere the dirk of Mars in hand,
Yon skittish rogues to luckless Kání show so ruddy red.¹

¹ [In a pencil-note the author expresses the opinion that this poem probably describes a festival of some sort in winter, with illuminations, wine-drinking, and skating or sleighing. Ed.].
CHAPTER V.

THE ROMANTICISTS (CONTINUED).

Sheykh Ghálib.

In this chapter we have to consider Sheykh Ghálib, the last of the four great poets of the Old School of Ottoman literature. We have already seen how the first of these, Fuzúlí, is distinguished by his tenderness of feeling; how the second, Nefí, stands pre-eminent through the splendour of his language; and how the third, Nedím, shines by his delicate and graceful fancy and his exquisite daintiness of diction. But far rarer than any of these qualities, at least among his fellow-countrymen, is the gift which has raised Sheykh Ghálib to the first rank in the vast army of Turkish poets. Originality of conception and power of imagination are not very common in the literature of any people, while in that of the Ottomans they are singularly rare; yet it is to these, and not to any artistry in language, that this poet owes his lofty rank.

Muhammed Es'ad, afterwards known as Sheykh Ghálib or Ghálib Dede, was born in the district of Yeni Qapu, or New-Gate, in the west of Constantinople, in the year 1171 (1757–8). His father, Mustafa Reshid Efendi, was a clerk.

1 Dede = Grandfather, is a title sometimes given to certain Neviye dervishes, much as Father is to some Christian priests.
2 In one of his ghazels Ghálib gives this chronogram for his own birth.
in a Government office, and also, according to Von Hammer, a qudum-zen or kettle-drum player at the Mevlevi convent in his own district of New-Gate. ¹

Núrí Bey, ² the Imperial Chronicler, who wrote the annals of the Empire between the years 1209 (1794—5) and 1213 (1798—9), states in the biographical notice of Sheykh Ghálib which he inserts in his work that though the latter received Arabic lessons in his childhood from certain professors, all the Persian he learned was from his father, who taught him from the one book in that language which he possessed, a copy of the Tuhfe or Gift of Sháhidí. ³ The historian, who seems to believe that these were the only Persian lessons Ghálib ever had, regards, as well he might, the proficiency which the poet afterwards attained in that tongue, as a kind of miracle. But we know from other authorities that a little later on Ghálib studied under the celebrated teacher and poet Khoja Nesh'et, ⁴ whose more intimate acquaintance

¹Who may remedy it? It is the decree of Destiny:
²“Love’s Work” must e’en be poor Ghálib’s chronogram (or, history).”
³The idea of the couplet is that Ghálib’s existence is the work of the Divine Love, in whose service it is therefore necessarily spent.
⁴The Mevlevi orchestra, which plays during the performance of the semá, or mystic dance, is composed of reed-flutes called ney and kettle-drums called qudum. It is probable that Ghálib’s father, who was most likely affiliated to the order, played at the convent on Fridays when public business is suspended: such an arrangement is not unusual.
²Khalil Núrí Bey, who succeeded Enverí Efendi as Imperial Chronicler, was grandson of the Grand Vezir ‘Abdullah Ná’ílí Pasha. He died in 1213 (1798—9). Besides his History he left a Díván of poems. Possibly he is the same Núrí who edited the Díván of Káni.
³This is a well-known versified Persian-Turkish vocabulary which was composed in 920 (1514—5) by Ibírím Sháhidí Dede, a Mevlevi dervish of Mughla in Menteshe, who died in 957 (1550—1).
⁴This is exactly Dominie Nesh’et, to translate into Scotch.
we shall shortly make. It was, as we shall see, the practice of the Khoja to confer on his favourite pupils a makhlas or nom de plume, which in the case of a chosen few was presented in a poem of his own composition. One of the most carefully written of these Makhlas-Námes, as the Khoja called such productions, is that in which he confers upon our poet the pen-name of Es'ad, which is somewhat equivalent to Fortunatus. For a little while the young writer used this name which is found in several of his earlier ghazels; but as it was very common and had been adopted by various poetasters without a spark of talent, he very soon discarded it in favour of the more distinctive style of Ghalib or Victor.

Ghalib at first essayed to follow his father's calling and entered the civil service, but this he soon abandoned to devote himself heart and soul to the dervish-life. He went to Qonya, the head quarters of the Mevlevi order, with the intention of accomplishing his novitiate there. But he had presumed too far on his detachment from earthly ties, for ere long he became homesick, and unable, we are told, to bear the separation from his father and mother, he secretly implored the Chelebi Efendi\(^1\) to allow him to return.

The answer of the Chelebi Efendi shows him to have been both wise and kind-hearted. 'Since', he replied, 'you truly purpose to abandon worldly pursuits and to approach nigh to God, there is no virtue in your electing thus to wear the weeds of poverty and endure the rigours of your novitiate in a strange land. What manhood and virtue demand is this, that you should return to Constantinople, your native city, and that there in the New Gate convent in your own district, amongst the friends and comrades to whose society

1 Chelebi Efendi is the title given to the General of the Mevlevi who resides at the headquarters of the order in Qonya.
and companionship you are accustomed, you should elect the path of dervishhood and accomplish your novitiate.'

So Ghalib returned to the capital where, following the Chelebi Efendi's instructions, he placed himself under the direction of Seyyid 'Alí Efendi, who was the Sheykh or abbot of the New-Gate convent. There he completed his novitiate of a thousand and one days, and there he continued to reside till the year 1205 (1790-1) when he was appointed by the then Chelebi Efendi to be Sheykh of the celebrated convent at Galata. It was during his residence at the New-Gate convent, where, it is said, he continually enjoyed the society of men of piety and culture, that he wrote his great poem 'Beauty and Love'.

We can readily conceive that to bid farewell to his old abode, to the quiet cloisters outside the city walls, where he had spent so many years, where he had borne the hard service of a dervish acolyte, where he had held high converse with many a dear friend and had written many a noble line, — to leave these familiar scenes, hallowed by so many memories, and go to a new home in the midst of squalid Galata, must have been no light matter to the sensitive and tender-hearted poet. But though at that time falling into ruins, the Galata convent was the most ancient and most venerable of all the Mevlevi houses in the capital. It was consecrated by many associations; within its walls had dwelt Isma'îl Rusûkhî of Angora, the commentator of the Mesnevî, and many another equally famous in the annals of the order. To be Sheykh there was no mean distinction; besides, the dervish must obey the bidding of his superior.

Ghalib, moreover, was probably aware that in becoming the head of this house he would benefit his order. His poetry had already attracted the favourable notice of Sultan Selîm the Martyr who no sooner heard of his appointment
than he ordered the crumbling ruin at Galata to be entirely and thoroughly restored, a graceful and meritorious act which the poet-Sheykh fittingly acknowledged in a beautiful qasida.

Sultan Selim, in whom was revived the old love of poetry and culture which had distinguished so large a number of his ancestors, showed in many ways his appreciation of the poet who has crowned his age with an undying glory. His desire to gratify the dervish-Sheykh was shown in the restoration of Mevlevi convents in various parts of the country carried out at his own expense or that of members of his family; his admiration of the poet appeared in the magnificent copy of his Diwan which he caused to be transcribed, and of which the gilding alone cost three hundred ducats; while his affection for the man found expression in the appropriate and valued gift of a beautiful manuscript of the Noble Mesnevi written by the hand of Jevri the famous penman and poet of the preceding century.¹

Ghalib passed the eight years of life that yet remained to him as Sheykh of the ancient convent of Galata where he continued to enjoy not only the personal regard and esteem of his sovereign, but the affection and respect of all with whom he came in contact, notably of his friend and fellow-poet Esrâr Dede, whose death, which preceded his his own by two years, he mourns in a touching elegy which is among the most beautiful of his minor poems.

This last great poet of old Turkey died, after an illness of several months, at the comparatively early age of forty-two, just before daybreak on the 20th of Rejeb 1213 (5th January, 1799).²

² Such is the statement of the historian Nuri Bey, Ghalib's contemporary who himself died later on in the same year. Von Hammer, who does not mention his authority, says that Ghalib died and was buried at Pumavuti on his way home from the pilgrimage in 1210 (1795). This statement is not
The poetical works of Sheykh Ghálib consist of a Díwán and an allegorical mesnevi intitled Husn u ‘Ashq or Beauty and Love. It is on the second of these alone that his claim to greatness rests; the Díwán is relatively unimportant. But Beauty and Love is the crown and consummation of the Turkish mesnevi. Born, as it were, out of time, this noble poem appears amid the trivialities and impudicities of the Romantic Age like a pure and stately lily in a wilderness of nightshade and hemlock.

But while this poem is exempt from the vices of its age, it typifies what was best in it: for here, as in no other mesnevi in the language, the individuality of the author asserts itself. Sheykh Ghálib in his masterpiece treads in the footsteps of no Persian leader, neither does he look for guidance to any of his countrymen. Alike in subject and sentiment, in imagery and language, he is a law unto himself, acknowledging no master and no guide other than his own unaided genius.

It is, as I have already hinted, in originality and vigour of imagination that this genius is most clearly seen. Here the poet stands not merely above, but apart from all his predecessors. In originality, more than in any other quality, has Turkish poetry been deficient all along the course of its story; during the Archaic and Classic Periods there was practically none, while such as the Romantic School has introduced has hardly been of the kind that makes for elevation. There is absolutely no one who in this connection can be mentioned along with Ghálib. The lovely Leylá and Mejnún of Fuzúlí is indeed instinct with a pathos and human tenderness borne out by any of the Turkish accounts that I have seen. The date is certainly wrong, as is proved by this obituary chronogram of Surárfí's which gives the sum 1213:

\[ \text{كچنپخی غالب دده جاندن یا خو} \]

\[ 'Ghálib Dede hath passed from life, O God!' \]
for which we might search the later work in vain, but there is nothing of originality there beyond what is involved in the characteristic setting of the threadbare tale. But here we have a story, slender in plot, it is true, but yet borrowed from no predecessor, shadowing forth the noblest aspirations of the soul and presented in a series of pictures which now for weird terror, now for celestial radiance, recall the inspired pages of the Divina Comedia.

One of the most marvellous things about this marvellous poem is that it was written when the author was only twenty-one years of age. How came this youthful dervish to voyage in such a wonderland, a wonderland undreamed of by any from whom he could learn, a wonderland where, as Ekrem Bey truly says, we meet with counterparts to certain of those touches of exquisite sadness and certain of those visions of haunting terror which have done so much to place the works of Victor Hugo among the literary glories of the nineteenth century?

Von Hammer’s assertion that the poet took as his model Fettáhí of Nišáhpúr’s prose romance called ‘Beauty and Heart’ (Husn u Dil) is absurdly wrong. The two works have nothing in common beyond the identity of the heroine’s name, and the fact that both are allegories.

As Ghálib himself tells us in the epilogue, he speaks a

---

1 According to some authorities, Ghálib was twenty-six when he wrote Beauty and Love; but the question seems to be settled by the chronogram (unless this be spurious) which he himself composed for his work and which gives 1192 (1778) as the date of completion. This chronogram is:

\[
\text{غَلْبَةُ بِهِ حُسْنٗ عُدْلٗ فَتْتَحْيُ يتَأْرِخُهُ إِلْوُورٗ خَتَامٗ الْمُسْكَ}
\]

2 Ghálib, of this register of suffering;

3 ‘A musky close’ become the chronogram.

Khitánum Mirk = ‘a musky close’, i.e. a well-known literary expression used to signify that a matter has been brought to a fragrant or happy end.

2) As I have said when speaking of their work, the Urdu poet Ahu and Lámi translated this book into Turkish.
different tongue from his predecessors, and though others may have adhered to the methods of the Genjevi, ¹ he has been the follower of no man. These are no idle boasts on the lips of this poet; conscious of his own divine gifts, and bold with a boldness hitherto unheard of in the annals of his nation’s poetry, he waves off every would-be guide, and looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, confidently and courageously goes on his way in the light of his own genius only. Mesihi, 'Azizi, Sábit, Belígh, all showed courage in revolting against the fetish of precedent which enslaved Turkish poetry; but when these raised the standard of rebellion, it was to bring this poetry down to the common things of earth; Ghalib sought to raise it to the very Heaven of Heavens.

A little farther on in the epilogue we are told that the poet derived his philosophy from the Mesnevi; and no doubt his inspiration, taking that word in its vaguest sense, did in a measure come from the great work of the founder of his order. But that is the extent of his indebtedness; nothing like his story, nothing resembling the strange scenes he conjures up, is to be found in the volumes of Jelál-ud-Dín; the Súfí system of philosophy, which he shares with countless other mystics, is all he owes to any but himself.

Turning now to the question of literary style, we find that here too Sheykh Ghalib is the disciple of no master. He speaks with admiration both of Fuzúlí and Nefi, but he copies neither. As imagination is the great distinction of his genius, so is dignity the foremost characteristic of his style. This dignity sometimes rises to sublimity, as in the opening hymn to the glory of the Prophet, where in one passage the

¹ That is, the celebrated poet of Genje, Nizámi the Persian, whose Khamsa or Quintet, was imitated by so many subsequent writers, both amongst his own countrymen and amongst the Turks.
noble lines, each more majestic than the preceding, seem in the phrase of Ekrem Bey, to tower ever higher and higher as the peaks of a lofty mountain-chain soar one beyond the other into the blue depths of heaven.

The well-considered and judiciously restrained phraseology of Ghalib greatly assists in bringing about the dignity which pervades more or less almost the whole of his poem. True dignity was scarcely possible either with the lifeless pedantries and laboured extravagances of the late Persianists, or with the familiar colloquialisms, not to say vulgarisms, affected by the extreme Turkicist School. Ghalib steers a middle course, avoiding on the one hand the foreign affectations of books like Nábi’s ‘Khayrábád’ (partly as a protest against which his own poem was written) and on the other those uncouth, if forcible, words and expressions which give a grotesque and bizarre appearance to the characteristic works of such Romanticists as Hashmet and Káni.

The phraseology of this poet is as much his own as any other feature of his work. He takes as his basis the Turkicised idiom of his day, from which he eliminates whatever is trivial or ungainly; to this he adds such Persianist turns of phrase and expression as he feels to be in harmony with the spirit of the Ottoman tongue, thus imparting to his language a cultured grace and finish, which, raising it above the level of everyday speech, render it a more befitting medium for his lofty theme. In this way Sheykh Ghalib almost anticipates the literary idiom of to-day; and the greater glory is his, in so far as he had not, like the modern authors, either any work, such as his own, which could stand as sign-post, or any acquaintance with Western literature to serve as guide.

The same reticence and self-restraint which mark the phraseology of this poet are apparent in his use of figurative language. He cannot, it is true, wholly altogether free from
the fantastic and extravagant in this direction — such a feat has proved beyond the unaided effort of any Oriental poet — but even here his vagaries are comparatively few and venial. He very often arrests our attention by new metaphors and similes, inventions of his own, delightful in their freshness or startling in their boldness. Sometimes again he takes the outworn fancies of old time and, inspiring these with the touch of genius, presents them to us as living things.

But while this poem of Ghalib combines originality and dignity, perspicuity and reticence, in a degree up till now unapproached in Turkish literature, no absolute or ideal perfection is claimed for it. On the contrary, it undeniably contains not a few obscure passages and not a few trivial and strained conceits. The author too indulges freely, far too freely, in the metrical licences permitted by his time, an indulgence which materially detracts from the technical merit of his poem as a work of art.¹ But these, together with an occasional error of taste or lapse from the prevailing sobriety, are comparatively speaking but little matters, upon which it were as needless as it would be ungracious to dwell farther. They are, as Memduh Bey puts it, of no more account than those tiny vaporous clouds we sometimes see upon the horizon on a bright clear moonlight night.

¹ For example, in the line:

\[

gham din de, qam kafeed, muzdaw\]

the words ١٧٤١٤٦٢ and ١٧٤١٤٦٢ respectively, have to be read as if the scansion were ١٧٤١٤٦٢ and ١٧٤١٤٦٢. Similarly, the Kesre-i Khaffa has to be omitted after the word in the line:

\[

br ferd podi, eebi aishemeshadar\]

and the word ١٧٤١٤٦٢, properly , must be scanned ١٧٤١٤٦٢ in the line:

\[

hisbteen, jan, ao, shem shima\]

Ghalib constantly makes movent the nun preceded by a long vowel; but he appears to follow no rule with regard to this and similar solecisms, using them or not as suits his own convenience.
Without one dissentient voice the Ottoman writers and critics join to eulogize this splendid poem. Nûrî Bey, the historian, who was a contemporary of the author, thinks to pay him the highest of all compliments when he says that by his imaginative Turkish poetry he is the Shevket of Rûm. ¹ Ziyá Pasha, while censuring Ghalib for his attitude towards Nábí, says that by his ‘Beauty and Love’ the Dede Ján, or Good Father, as he calls him, did indeed, so far as mesnevi is concerned, snatch away the cap, or, as we might say, bear off the bell; and adds very truly that putting all his strength into this one poem, he wrote it in a manner that is replete with charm. We have already seen how Ekrem Bey maintains that certain passages in his work rival some of the finest things in Victor Hugo. In many places in his ‘Course of Literature’ this distinguished writer refers to Ghalib in terms the most eulogistic, bracketing him with Fuzüli, Necî and Nedîm, and often quoting from his poem to illustrate such qualities as imagination and sublimity. Professor Naji, who speaks of Ghalib as being one of those most rarely gifted with poetic genius, and no doubt having in mind the lurid visions of “Les Nuits”, ranges him in line with Alfred de Musset, and gives it as his opinion that ‘Beauty and Love’ is the finest mesnevi ever written by a Turkish poet of the Old School.

Von Hammer too, though he does not seem to realize the full greatness of this poet, sees enough to perceive that he is foremost among the writers of his time, and bears

1 Ghalib might not have found this comparison displeasing; at least, when speaking of the wonderful and delicate carving that adorned the Phantom Castle, he says:

غت امسي النهر نازم نهار ضرف للعهد اجساد شوكة في

‘All the minutely wrought sculpture there

Were fine as the lances of Shevket’.
willing testimony to the originality which distinguishes his masterpiece. Although he is mistaken in saying that Fettáhí’s ‘Beauty and Heart’ served Ghálib as a model, he discerns clearly enough that the latter’s style and treatment are entirely his own. He likewise gives the Sheykh due credit for the moderation observed in his descriptions and for the faculty which he has of arousing the interest of his readers, and winds up his remarks by saying that with the one exception of Fazlí’s ‘Rose and Nightingale’, there is no Turkish mesneví so well adapted for a European translation.

Let us now look a little more closely at this poem which is the last, as it is the most beautiful, of the old Turkish mesnevis.

The author’s strong innate bias towards the contemplative life together with his condition as a devoted Mevleví rendered it inevitable that all his serious poetry should be inspired and dominated by that mystic philosophy to study and cherish which is the one object of his order. The theme then of this poem is that Divine Love which is at once the life and the law of all creatures, and which draws to Itself, their common origin and their common centre, with a might ever greater and more irresistible the closer they approach, all these seemingly separate and individual existences, even as every material body in the physical universe is drawn ultimately towards a single point by action of that law of nature which we call gravitation. This teaching, which for the Súfi and the dervish is the truth of all truths, as it ever has been for the mystic in every age and in every land, is here set forth by Ghálib under the form of an allegory wherein the relations between the Divine Soul of the universe

1 This Suleymanic poem, for which Von Hammer had a profound admiration and of which he published both the text and a German translation, has already been described. See vol. III, pp. 110 et seqq.
and the individual existence are shadowed in the adventures of the dazzling maiden Beauty and the youthful hero Love.

The opening scene, the fateful night on which Beauty and Love are born together, when terror shakes the earth, and the heavens flame with strange portents, while the angelic host, foreseeing alike the anguish that is to be and the final blissful consummation, keep watch with mingled tears and smiles amid the ever-shifting showers of darkness and of light; — in this scene may well be typified that point in the great cycle of existence when the Divine Soul impelled to self-manifestation, first awoke to self-consciousness in matter, when the 'Hidden Treasure' that 'would fain be known' projecting Itself into a being of Its own creation, gazed for the first time through his mortal eyes on Its own immortal perfections, and started on that long and painful pilgrimage of love whereof Its self-realization is the goal.

That God seeks man before man seeks God, that the Divine Soul yearns for love ere the individual learns to love It, is indicated by the longing and sighing of the girl Beauty for the youth Love while he is as yet heedless of and indifferent to her. It is by the friendly intervention of the all-wise elder named Sukhan, the Logos, that Love is made aware of the affection of Beauty and is taught to see her surpassing fairness and inestimable worth, whereupon he becomes her devoted and impassioned lover. By this the poet no doubt would teach that it is by the action of the Word that the heart of man is brought to see and love God; for this Logos, who existed before the heavens were made, is none other than that Word which was in the beginning, that Primal Intelligence or Element which was the first

1 The often quoted answer of God to David's question why He had created the world: 'I was a Hidden Treasure, and I would fain be known, therefore I created the world so that I might be known.'
creation of God, which is ever present with Him, and through which His voice is heard and His command conveyed throughout the universe. Again and again, when on his long and perilous journey to the City of the Heart, where alone is to be found the elixir which must form the dower of Beauty,¹ Love is borne down by the countless hardships and terrors that beset the way, it is ever the Logos that comes to succour him and inspire him with fresh strength and courage to pursue the hard and bitter quest. And when at length, having passed through the black wilderness of eternal cold and swum the lurid sea of infernal fire, and having battled face to face with dragons, fiends and other nameless horrors, he finds himself in the Phantom-land where nought is real, though all is goodly to the sight, and where he is like to fall victim to the lures of the Phantom-princess who in outward seeming is even as Beauty herself, it is once more the Logos that cries to him to warn him of his danger and tell him how he may win free from the accursed place. And in the last scene of all, when, after one final desperate struggle, Love reaches the celestial City of the Heart, where he is welcomed by the shining legions of the Heralds of Sight, it is still the Logos who is his guide and teacher, and who there unfolds to him the mystery that this glorious place is none other than the land from which he started long ago, for Love is Beauty, and Beauty Love.

Simply and sublimely the allegory closes with Love at the bidding of the Logos, who may go no farther, passing within the veil which curtains the ineffable Beauty; for none but Love, not even Eternal Wisdom itself, may penetrate that sanctuary.

What has just been said is sufficient to indicate the general

¹ The dowry which in Muhammedan countries the husband must settle on the wife before marriage.
character and purpose of the poem, though it conveys but scant idea of the wealth of beautiful and suggestive detail to which the work owes no little part alike of its charm and its originality. Several minor characters are introduced, such as Passion, Confusion, Modesty and Zeal, some of whom play parts of considerable importance; Zeal, for instance, being the faithful companion of Love throughout his arduous journey. Similarly, there are many incidents described to which no allusion has been made, as our subject here has been, not the story, but the philosophy and teaching of the poem.

This philosophy is, of course, none of Ghalib’s conceiving; as he himself declares, he derived it immediately from the ‘Mesnevi’, but it is centuries older than Jelál-ud-Dín, older, perhaps, than any written record. Ghalib’s work was to array this old-world doctrine in the fashion of a modern age, to teach this hoary wisdom of antiquity in the language of the latter days, and to hold up to the ancient East, as of still living and vivifying virtue, those sublime thoughts and noble aspirations which for unnumbered centuries had been to it the bread of life.

With regard to the external form of his poem, Ghalib was content to follow the model which ancient usage had consecrated. The ground-plan of the narrative mesnevi had been handed down unchanged, almost unmodified, from the days of Nizámí of Genje. The book of ‘Beauty and Love’ consists, therefore, of the usual three parts, prologue, story, and epilogue. These together comprise a little over two thousand rimes of couplets. Enshrined in the story are four short lyric pieces of much beauty; these, which are in the same metre as the body of the work, are written in the stanzaic form known as mukhammees, and take the place of the incidental ghazels so general in earlier mesnevs.
The first and second cantos of the prologue are hymns to God and the Prophet respectively; the third describes the ascension of the latter, and is one of the finest of the many poems that have been written on this subject. In the fourth canto Ghálíb, like a loyal Mevleví, sings the praises of Mevlána Jelál-ud-Dín, the founder of the order; in the fifth he gratefully acknowledges the encouragement he received from his superior in the prosecution of his work. The sixth and last canto of the prologue is ‘The Reason of Writing’. ¹

The circumstances under which Ghálíb here tells us he was constrained to write his poem are very similar to those under which, if their authors are to be believed, more than half the mesnevis in the language have been produced. The story then may very well be a mere conventional fiction; on the other hand, it is so simple and so probable that it may equally well be the relation of an actual occurrence. It matters little which alternative be true. This is what the poet says: One day he finds himself in company with a number of cultured and learned men. The talk runs on literature, especially on the Kháyrábád of Nábi which is eulogized by certain of the party in the most extravagant and exaggerated terms, some of those present even going so far as to say that no one could possibly write a ‘parallel’ to it. This is more than the young Mevleví with his clear critical insight can stand, and he at once arrests the speaker and begins to criticise the much belauded poem. He admits that it is a wonderful production considering the great age of Nábi when he wrote it, but asks what right that poet had to make additions to any book by Sheykh ḤAttár, as if that great man (who was one of the most eminent mystics) were likely to have left his work incomplete. He then goes on to blame Nábi, and with perfect justice, for the ultra-

¹ It will be noticed that the poem is not dedicated to any patron.
Persianism of his style in this poem, for the inadequacy and meanness of his hyperbole, and for the carefulness with which he wrote after his popularity had been secured. The next point to which Ghālib takes exception is the somewhat realistic account which Nābī gives of the nuptials of his hero and heroine. Here, as I have said when speaking of the 'Khayrābād', the later writer is hypercritical; for although in a poem so lofty as 'Beauty and Love' any remotest suggestion of such things would be impossible and unendurable, passages of the kind were natural and appropriate in books like that of Nābī and had been sanctioned by usage and tradition from the very earliest times. Ghālib's objection that such a usage, borrowed from the Persian voluptuaries, is no excuse would indeed be valid if urged against a genius powerful and original as his own, and able to soar into undiscovered heights; but if poor old Nābī is to be condemned on this score, then nine tenths of the imitative mesnevi-writers must share in the condemnation, to say nothing of the many Romantic poets who were far more outspoken and had not even the excuse of following an accepted model. When Ghālib censures Nābī for having laboured in vain, taking a thief as one of his heroes, his criticism, if still somewhat trivial, is at least more justifiable; he asks indignantly whether the theme of Love was exhausted, and whether any other theme were worthy of a poet. What though this has been sung a thousand times already? one does not refuse the wine that remains. The whole world is acquainted with the Grain of Love, beside which all else is vain. If thou knowest of this road, he says, no thief will spring out upon thy path. One of those present then expresses his disapproval of what Ghālib has just been saying, but the latter adheres to the strictures he has made, whereupon the company call on him to make good his words by producing;
a book which shall surpass the ‘Khayrábád’, asking him whether God has bestowed on him while yet in his youth that skill which the aged Náби only barely reached. Ghálib therefore set to work upon his task; he confesses that his book is not free from faults, but says that his claim to superiority is not vain; for though the weaver of the silk may be uncomely, yet it does not fall behind the stuff of Aleppo.¹

An outline of the story of ‘Beauty and Love’, which follows the prologue, is given elsewhere.² It will be sufficient to say here that the plot is very slight, and that the author produces his effects less by the incidents of his narrative than by the subtle and varying atmospheric setting in which he presents the successive scenes. The thread of the story is from time to time interrupted, especially at junctures more than usually critical, by brief cantos in which the poet calls on the cupbearer for wine to inspire and fit him for his task. Such appeals to the cupbearer, which take the place of the Western poet’s invocation of his muse, are frequent in the old mesnevis, so that the poet here, as in all formal matters, follows in the wake of his predecessors. In another short parenthetical canto, in his discussion on the Logos, Ghálib gives us his opinion concerning certain of the earlier mesnevi-writers. The Persians Firdawsí, Khusraw, and Nizámí, he tells us, all found the glorious Word; likewise found the road thereto in the way of Newá’í. In our own Constantinople did Nev‘izáde (i. e. ‘Atá’í) run up and down, a pedestrian; but how should he sing the same note as Nizámí, or how can the chirp of the harp accompany the Koran? The elegance of his genius may, indeed, not be denied; yet are there very many like unto him, to each

¹ Náび, as we have seen, wrote many of his poems in Aleppo.
² See the Appendix to this volume.
of whom, adds Ghalib, be a thousand acclamations, and on their detractors a thousand reproaches!

Following the established custom, as we have seen he always does in such matters, Ghalib opens the epilogue with a Fakhriyya or Self-Eulogy. But even in this, where most writers allow themselves unbounded licence, the moderation of this poet does not desert him. With the full assurance of genius, quietly and simply, without bombast and without extravagance, he begins:

'I have surpassed the style of my predecessors,
'I have spoken another tongue;
'I have been no follower of that host
'For all that Khusraw \(^1\) conformed to the Genjevi.' \(^2\)

Continuing, he proclaims how the words which he has uttered are no commonplace words, and challenges the would be critic to match them if he can. He asks him whether he has ever seen any such ambushed valley, for this is no Diwān way; \(^3\) and adds that though he has taken but a short time to write it, his work is not on that account ill-digested. Next follows his declaration as to having derived the philosophy of it from the 'Mesnevi'; 'I have stolen', he says,

---

\(^1\) For even Amir Khusraw of Dehli — born 651 (1253 4) died 725 (1324 5) — whom Ghalib has already declared to have found the word, acknowledged that Nizāmī of Genje was his model in mesnevi, and wrote a series of five poems as a 'parallel' to the Khamsa of the latter.

\(^2\) The word here translated 'valley' mean also manner, in the 'ambushed valley' would mean a discourse in the tenor of which hidden things. Diwan Yedli Diwan way, i.e. the name of one of the principal streets in Stamboul, here it also means the ordinary way of style of the poetry in diwāns.
'but I have stolen what was public property; try thou too to comprehend it, find such a gem, and steal it likewise.'

Then, as it were by way of corrective and to show that all such praise of self is but a mere convention in his eyes, Ghálib breaks off to ascribe the honour and glory of his work to the author of the 'Mesnevi'. 'O pen,' he exclaims, 'this work is none of thine; O night, this dawn is none of thine!' It is the sunbeams of the grave of that Guide of Rúm that have made his light visible on the horizon, that have inspired him even from his earliest days; for while yet a child his verses had become famous; without teacher, without instruction, he lisped in numbers. O God! what wondrous favour that a boy should be dowered with the gift of eloquence! But how? Grace reached him from Mevlána Jelál-ud-Dín, he learned many a lesson from the 'Mesnevi'. Then taking as his text one of the parables in that great book,—a parable concerning a jackal which fell into a dye-pit and was so proud of the gay appearance he thus acquired that he bade all his comrades address him as a peacock, but when to try him these asked him to fly, he failing to do so, saw his claim rejected;¹ — taking this story as his text, Ghálib compares the 'Mesnevi' itself to the dye-pit and his own heart to the jackal; all his friends, he says, flocked around him, and he gave himself airs before the very peacock of Paradise;² but, alas! he could not fly, so, like the flute, he had to wail in vain, and when he spoke only the taper wept.

The poem closes with the words:

¹ 'Whatsoever fire of yearning be in my soul,'  
² 'Whatsoever thrill of rapture be in my heart,'

¹ 'Mesnevi, Book III, story 3.'  
² 'For the peacock of Paradise see Vol. III, p. 339, n. i; here it is equivalent to the angels.'
'Will remain in this vesture though, alas, I pass away:
'May God visit it with His saving grace!' 1

I have dwelt at length, at too great length perhaps, on this swan-song of the Asian Muse. But I hold this poem to be the noblest utterance not only of the Romantic School, not only even of the old poetry of Turkey, but of all that vast Ottoman literature which derives its inspiration from the East. By this poem, written almost on the eve of her dethronement, has Asia justified the long despotism beneath which she has enthralled the genius of Turkish poetry. For here at last have the Ottoman Turks a poem worthy to rank with the most brilliant triumph of the most brilliant Persian; neither Nizâmi, nor Sa'âdî, nor Jâmi, nor any other of the great Irânians can point to any work of his more lofty of purpose, more poetic in accomplishment than the 'Beauty and Love' of Ghâlib.

The Diwân of Ghâlib need not detain us long. The only wonderful thing about it is that it exists at all. That the man who, when but little past his twentieth year, gave to the world a poem which is unique in Oriental literature should in later life have cared to write the qasidas and ghazels which fill this bulky volume is as amazing as it is melancholy. It is not that these verses are worse than the similar productions of other dervish poets; it is that they are not better. If the master-poet of 'Beauty and Love' could do no more therein than hold his own with the versifiers of the time, he had looked better to his own fame by altogether eschewing the 'Diwan Way'.

Some few of the occasional poems, such as the Elegy on
Esrar Dede, already mentioned, are really beautiful; some too of the qasidas, such as those addressed to the Sultan and other grandees who benefited the order, were necessitated by the circumstance of Ghálib being at once a poet and the Sheykh of Galata; but the vast majority of the poems in the Díwán were evidently composed merely for the gratification of the writer.

A strong Mevlevian tone pervades the volume; many of the qasidas are in honour of Jelál-ud-Dín and other illustrious members of the brotherhood; while the ghazels deal with little else than the Súfí philosophy, seen now from one point, now from another, but always through the eyes of a disciple of Mevláná. So far so good; the conceptions themselves, though unoriginal, are sublime; and had Ghálib continued to exercise here the same moderation and self-restraint as in his allegory, this collection would have been among Díwáns what 'Beauty and Love' is among mesnevis. But it was not so, poetry of this class was evidently unsuited for his genius; for here, instead of boldly carving for himself a path through regions none had ever trod, humbly and meekly he follows in the well-worn way of pedantry and extravagance, where whatever of verdure may once have been had long ago been trampled into clay by the coming and going of countless travellers.

A poet ranking beneath Nábí, beneath the Nábí whom he himself contemned, — such, according to one writer, would have been Ghálib's position had he left nothing beyond this Díwán. Then Ziyá Pasha, speaking of him and his great allegory, says that he, the unique poet, came to the world only that he might write that one book. It is, of course, the surpassing merit of his mesneví that makes one look thus at Ghálib's Díwán. By itself this book would have given its author a respectable position in the third rank, and
would have claimed our attention as a favourable example of Turkish mystical poetry; but it is the penalty of having once produced a work of the highest quality that the author may not thereafter descend to the level of the mediocre.

Besides the qasídas and ghazels, the Diwán contains a number of chronograms on current events, several 'parallels' to and glosses on verses of other poets such as Jelál-ud-Dín himself, Fuzúlí, Khayálí, Sháhidí, Nefí, and, amongst the writer's contemporaries, Khoja Nesh'et and Pertev Efendi. There are also a few sharqís and stanzaic pieces, one or two short bits in mesněví, and a chapter of quatrains and unconnected couplets. A good many poems in the Diwán are in the Persian language.

In prose Ghálib wrote one or two Súfí treatises and a biographical work on the Mevleví poets.

It is with more than the usual diffidence that I offer the following translated extracts from 'Beauty and Love'. I am painfully conscious that, in the process of rendering these from the one language into the other, the subtle and incom- municable atmosphere which pervades and surrounds the original has been lost, and that they give but a dim reflection of the strong and glowing verse of Ghálib. Yet feebly as they represent the poet's power, the reader will discern in them a note unlike anything he has yet heard from any Turkish poet, and even through the veil of translation he will perceive the features of an unfamiliar style.

The first extract describes the birth-night of Beauty and Love.
From ‘Beauty and Love’. [402]

Once on a night within this Tribe befell
A passing wondrous thing and strange to tell.
The rolling spheres were each on other swept,
Some smiled among the angels, others wept.
A clamour rang the vault of heaven round,
An earthquake shook the bases of the ground.
A thousand terrors and a thousand joys:
A din of cries, of tabors and hautboys:
Now the thick darkness fold on fold was plied,
Now radiances flashed forth on every side.
Each leaf in adoration bowed the head:
The rivers, for amaze dissolving, fled;
Among the stars conjunctions dread arose,
A rain of joyance and a hail of woes.
Amidst the darkness many a dreary cry,
And voices of the illumined lifted high.
The sky pealed, echoing with the wild affray,
And earth through the strange turmoil lost her way;
This fear’s contagion to each bosom came,
And peace of heart was but an empty name.
The spheres and all the air were filled with fright:
A thousand destinies were born that night.

This is one of the incidental lyrics; it is a lullaby sung by his nurse over the cradle of the infant Love:

From the Same. [403]

Sleep, sleep, and rest; for to-night, O Moon,
Shall the cry My Lord! on thine ear be thrown.
For all its design be yet unknown,
The decree of thy star this wise is shown:
Burned shalt thou be on the spit of pain!

1 The allegorical tribe of the Beni Mahabbet or Children of Affection, amongst whom Beauty and Love were born.
Sleep for this season without distress;
The Sphere against thee doth scheme duress:
For cruel it is and pitiless;
Its aiding thee were an idle guess.
   I fear thou wilt mickle anguish gain.

O Narcisse of love, in slumber lie:
Clutch Fortune's skirt and for mercy cry:
With fear and dread ope the inward eye,
The end of the woe with heed descry:
   Thou'lt be as toy by disaster ta'en!

Rest, rest in the cradle peacefully,
A few brief nights from affliction free.
Oh think, I pray, what the end will be;
For milk it is blood shall be given thee:
   The beaker of harsh reproach thou'lt drain.

Sleep, Jasmine-breast, in the cradle here;
On this course will bide not the rolling sphere,
Nor will turn the stars on this wise for e'er:
See how they'll deal by thee, my dear:
   Thou'lt be the wheel on the stream of bane.

With wakefulness no communion keep;
If aidance come, it will come through sleep.
The Sphere will pledge thee in poison deep;
Thy work will be Khalib-like to weep.
   The rebeck at dolour's feast, thou'lt plain.

The following is from the description of the Logos:

From the Same. [404]

An elder youthful hearted, wise of thought,
Received as host them who that Pleasure sought
His name the Logos, and in yet full dawn
His life precedent to the Incubant Sphere
The soul of Love and Beauty will he know
And heat and cold stood open to his view.  
The night-lamp of all knowledge was his mind;  
He shared the secrets lovers' hearts enshrined.  
Question alike and revelation he,  
In him both miracle and prophet be.  
Unrivalled to beguile or lead aright;  
In every fashion give or stint he might.  
An so he pleased, without cuirass or spear,  
He could make Peace waylay the path of war.  
And he could make when dealing courteously  
E'en Death and Life beloved and lover be.  
As fairy now, and now as fiend he strode,  
Now of the sea, now of the land he showed.  
A Khizr to direct who went astray,  
A king to succour them withouten stay.  
As poet now, and now as sage he shone,  
As zealot now, and now as wizard wan.  
Joy and Despair to his commandment bowed,  
Hope and Desire submiss before him stood,  
And ever by his order did there roll  
Tears now of happiness and now of dole.  
He turnéd mourning into joy elate,  
And intellect did he inebriate.  
The fashion of his mind no words may show;  
And faculties are his which none may know.  
In need of him do all earth's folk remain,  
Through him it is that man doth life attain.  
Kindler of beauty in the moon-faced fair,  
Dust of their eyes who all their longings share.  
The joyful heart's companion dear and lieve,  
The garb of mourning unto them that grieve.  
As is the woe, so he compassionates;  
As is the mirror, so he radiates.  
What puissance in all he undertakes!  
Yea, opposite from opposite he makes.  
Now is he bounden in the pit of teen,

1 Heat and cold, i.e. all things, good and evil equally.
2 For the 'night-lamp' see p. 145, n. 1 supra.