Now the grandee of Fortune’s Egypt sheen.¹
All this beneath his glory still must be;
Beyond exaggeration standeth he.

Here are a few lines from the description of the Wilderness of Dole through which Love and Zeal have to pass on their journey to the City of the Heart:

From the Same. [405]

They lost the way amidst a desert drear,
Where winter-night doth reign and sudden fear.
A desert this — in God we refuge take! —
Whereof the jinn alway their tilt-yard make.²
Together met were terror and despair;
It rained now darkness and now snow-flakes there,
What time the snow foregathered with black night
Fused in one mould was darkness and was light.
The moonbeams by the bitter frost were frore,
As dew quicksilver spread the desert o’er;
It turned to a white deer the gloomy dusk;
The waste was like to camphor midst of musk,
The darkling night, surrounded by the snow,
E’en as the pupil of the eye did show,
Beshivered by the frost the enameled sky
Seemed sprinkled o’er the desert’s face to lie.

The next passage is from the picture of the Sea of Fire with its waxen ships:

From the Same. [406]

Etewhile of this emprise heard tell had he
The waxen navy on the Fiery Sea.
Now sudden on the way before him bro’ad
That flaming ocean blighting heart, with dread

¹ Alluding to the Story of Joseph.
² It is said of a dreary and desolate place that the jinn or poltroon play at ball in it.
Building them ships of wax, upon that main
Had fiends full many habitation ta'en.
— For flames may work that people naught of woe,
As how should fire from fire anguish know? —
These ever held their vessels in mid air
Scatheless for all the billows surging there.
Vessels, but like to wedding-palms they showed;
Ruddy of hulk, in shape as flames, they glowed.
Each seemed an island of disaster dire,
A blood-red carnage heap, a dismal fire;
Each rose a Mount of the Red Mere in view,
Filled to o'erflowing with a fiendish crew.
A bier was every waxen ship, but none
Could tell their sepulchres who lay thereon.
Of the corpse-light that hangs o'er dead men's graves
Were all those ships and those drear fiery waves.

The last extract which I shall give describes the marshalled squadrons of the Heralds of Light who greet Love when he reaches the City of the Heart:

From the Same. [407]

One company in robes of white so fair
That union's morn thereto might envy bear.
Lucent were they as any whitest fawn,
Each one a sun clad in the wedes of dawn.
A mighty host in golden mantles bright,
With golden vestments, golden crownals dight.
Winged were they all and houri-faced, each one
From head to foot as life's elixir shone.

1 The demons are said to have been created from fire as man from dust.
2 The wedding-palm was a pole decked with ribands and streamers of bright colours which used to be carried in the processions that took place on the marriages of great people.
3 Kuh-i Surkhâb = Red-Mere Mount, is a name given to several mountains, notably to one on the south side of Tebriz in Persia where there are many tombs and mausoleums. The demon ships are vast and red with fiery glow, and are laden with corpses, — hence the metaphor.
One troop thereof in azure panoply
Swept onward like unto the boundless sea.
Mid these the golden-clad were lost to view
Like the bright stars within the heavens blue.

Another many clad in scarlet sheen,
Embraced of Paradise each one had been,
Each one might put the sun and moon to shame;
Each one an Eden, yet a garth of flame.

Another throng, a blessed band, was there.
Arrayed in living emerald most fair.
A noble company, a sea of green,
Whose waves bestowed life on the souls of men.

A troop thereof in raiment black bedight
Like flashing stars within the mirk of night.
No need to tell of aught in this array;
As eve, but as the Ascension Eve, were they.

Each peerless band with glorious tints beseech
Was even as incarnate radiance sheen;
Their beams flashed ever hue on hue most bright,
Their rays phantasmal met in ceaseless light.
Now every inch that fulgent City shrined
A mirror was clear as the scient mind,
From each reflection that was cast thereon
A hundred thousand reborn spirits shone.

I give four ghazels from the Diwan. The first refers to
the semâ or mystic dance, which forms so striking a feature
in the Mevlevî rite that it has caused many European
authors to designate the members of this fraternity as the
'Dancing' or 'Whirling Dervishes'. It is however only certain
members of the brotherhood who perform the semâ.

Ghazel. [405]
While the lovers circle here in mystic dance
Sun and moon traverse the sphere in mystic slums.

1 Their robes were red as the ree of Fairâ grandparents.
2 The angels were like the stars, their luminous like the dark night
3 The lovers are the Mevlevan dervishes.
Love's deep secret made the spheric heavens reel;
All the worlds do still appear in mystic dance.

E'en as 'twere a whirlpool shows the weeping eye,
Casting pearls and spray as clear in mystic dance.

Youthful Magians sweet about the Tavern go,
Like as pilgrims round in fere in mystic dance.

Lo, the reed ecstatic thrills, the Heavenly Birds
Dove-like beat their plumy gear in mystic dance.¹

I am yonder vagrant Qays upon whose head
While the nests do leap and rear in mystic dance.

Ghalib, while the Sun of Love doth radiance pour
Mevlevís will mote-like veer in mystic dance.

It is, of course, God who is addressed in the next ghazel:

**Ghazel. [409]**

Those cries that sound throughout the fast as for the bowl are all for Thee;
Those songs and roundelays the which the minstrels troll are all for Thee.

O world-illumining Sun, look down for once upon the rose of hope;
Those radiant beauties sheen as dewy aureole are all for Thee.

O King, what though Thou deign'st to honour with Thy face the dervish poor? —
Those shouts of Háy! and Háy! that through this convent roll are all for Thee.²

Intent to catch the lustrous pearls of Thy dear words those eager ears
That shell-like open wide and list from heart and soul are all for Thee.

All single-handed how to clutch the skirt of my poor heart's desire?
Those cruel dagger-lashes fain to work my dole are all for Thee.

¹ The Heavenly Birds are the angels; these are here said to be so moved when they hear the Mevlevian reed-flute that they too break into the semá.
² When Qays or Mejnún, the lover of Leyli, dwelt in the desert his only companions were the wild beasts and birds; the latter, we are told, used to build their nests in his long unkempt hair.
³ When in ecstasy the dervishes are wont to cry, 'Yá Hú! Yá Hú!' that is, Oh He! Oh He!' meaning God.
The vines are scattered all around with purpose fair of quaffing wine;
Those shatterings of the cup, those cares to keep it whole, are all for Thee.

The while in Ghâlib’s walk there be no trace of aught suspicious seen,
Those reverences fore the Elder of the Bowl¹ are all for Thee.

Ghazel. [410]

Out on this jugglery! by God! out on this idle snare!
Out on this pomp and circumstance! out on this glare and glare!

Since never pasha finds a rag to shroud his lopped off head,
Out on his flag of honour, his badge of horse’s hair!²

Since ever must the blast of death blow out the lamp of life,
Out on the useless candle that above the tomb doth flare!³

How often often have I traced it on the page of earth!
Out on this form of nights and days for aye repeated there!

A mansion whose foundation rests on sighs and bitter tears:
Woe for such show and bravery! out on such beauty fair!

From torment’s furnace let them issue forth mid sweat of pain,
Out on them all, these regal pearls, these rubies pure and rare!

To those who, erst of high estate, their rank have forfeited
⁴Out on thee! groans the rumbling drum, and ‘Out!’ the labor’s blare. ⁴

Since that the wedding-revelry must turn to mourning’s gloom,
Pugh for the taper of the feast! out on the flambeau-glare!

O Ghâlib, be thou dervish-souled, seek poverty’s retreat;
Take flute in hand and play, then out on Fortune everywhere!⁵

The while that at Our Master’s gate I find my hope, I’ll sing: ⁶
⁷Out on the stress and anguish which from earth’s dome, as I bear!⁷

¹ I. e. the superior of the convent.
² The tugh of horse-hair standard that used to be the symbol of a Pasha’s rank.
³ It is the custom on certain nights to light a lamp over the grave of holy men
⁴ Alluding to the military band attached to the establishment of a Pasha.
⁵ Our Master, i. e. Mevlâna Jelâl ud-Dîn
We reached the loved one's blissful gate, but naught of her did sight:
We entered Paradise, but ah, we saw no Vision bright. ¹

E'en to the fourth sphere wandered we in quest of easement still:
Alas, no Jesus did we find to heal the ailing spright. ²

See how the circling of the o'erturned sphere hath dealt by us;
The very feast of Jem for us with brimming bowl's undight.

Like unto Mejnun have we journeyed to the Ka'ba fane;
Our prayers have passed, but naught of fair effect therefrom doth light.

The heart hath passed within the mirror shadow-like, and gone;
Amazed am I we ne'er have seen yon one, our heart's delight.

In such ascendant wills it not to scatter grace, we ne'er
Have seen the sun refulgent e'en the eastern skies ignite.

O Ghilib, in sad sooth unread hath our petition bode;
To Love's Divan we've come, but ne'er have seen that Lord of Might.

¹ The reference is to the Beatific Vision.
² The fourth sphere is the 'station' of Jesus.
CHAPTER VI.

THE ROMANTICISTS (CONTINUED).

Khulúsí Efendi. — Esrár Dede. — Khoja Neshíet.
Pertev Efendi.

Two at least of Sheykh Ghálíb's brother dervishes at the Galata convent have earned for themselves a certain reputation as poets, — Khulúsí Dede and Esrár Dede. The first of these acted as chief cook at the convent during Ghálíb's abbacy, and died in 1220 (1805—6). The second and much more important was that intimate and valued friend of the Sheykh, of whom mention has been already made.

Concerning the life of Mehemmed Esrár Dede there is little to relate. He was born in Constantinople, entered the Mevleví order, accomplished his noviciate at the Galata convent under the direction of Sheykh Ghálíb, whose affection and esteem he gained, died before his master in the year 1211 (1796—7), and was buried in the convent graveyard by the side of the Mevleví poet Fasíh Dede. The most noteworthy point in Esrár's uneventful history is the close companionship which existed between him and his superior. In many of his poems he mentions Ghálíb by name, and always in terms of the utmost admiration and respect. That his reverential attachment was truly appreciated is shown by the beautiful elegy in which the great poet bewails his comrade's untimely death.
The poems which make up the Diwán of Esrar Dede are of the usual dervish type, though perhaps they display a little more of purely human tenderness than is general in such effusions. While many of his verses are quite clear, even when symbolic, many others share the obscurity inevitable in mystic poetry. To give a definite explanation of such is impossible; they point to ideas so subtle or so vague as not to be capable of adequate expression in definite language, ideas to be conveyed only by suggestion. Such verses, though not incomprehensible to those who have studied sympathetically the teachings of almost any mystic school, admit of no absolute explanation; for even when their purport can be expressed in ordinary language, their scope is so wide that probably no two expounders would interpret them alike.

Esrar Dede has not a larger proportion of such enigmatic utterances than his neighbours, and indeed his book is on the whole more intelligible than most dervish diwáns; yet his poetry is of such a nature that it never could be popular. It has its merits; it is the mirror in which is reflected the soul of a gentle-hearted mystic; but it is the work of a poet who held himself aloof, who dwelt apart from the busy world of men who surged round his convent walls, and whose struggles and pleasures alike were to him indifferent.

He was therefore out of touch with the spirit of the Romanticist age in which his lot was cast. So far as the tone of his work is concerned, it might have been produced in any Period of the past. In language only is he a true child of his time; for though no follower of the Turkicist school, his poems contain expressions that would not occur in earlier writers, while in matters of versification he is as lax, or as slovenly, as the most thorough-going Romanticist.

Professor Náji singles out his rubá'ís or quatrains for special commendation, remarking that he is one of the few
Ottomans who have excelled in this particular form of poetry. This is no doubt quite true; none the less I do not think that he can be justly held to have here equalled his predecessor Háletí.

I have translated two of his ghazels and two of his quatrains; all the four are wholly mystical.

Ghazel. [412]

Hast thou fallen in with Love's clear winsome Fair, O gentle breeze? —
For thy breath yon Darling's odour sweet doth share, O gentle breeze.

Thou hast tangled all the curling locks of her who holds the heart.
Thou hast made her lovers yearning's chain to bear, O gentle breeze.

Haply 'tis thy zephyr's aim to solve the riddle hard that lies
Hidden in the rosebud's bosom debonair, O gentle breeze.

Sweet a rose-leaf wafted hither from the Heavenly bower above,
Jesus gained from thee his breath of virtue rare, O gentle breeze.

Hath the way thou canniest led thee o'er the dust Our Master trod? —
Lo, thou hast requickened Esrar with thine air, O gentle breeze.

All the universe is love-sick; O my Lord, what means this plight
'Tis as 'twere the Day of Judgment, to Capella mounts the sprite.

1 One aspect of the purpose of this compleat is expressed in Lord Tennyson's well-known lines:

'Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the cranny,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower but if I could understand
What you are, root and all and all in all
I should know what God and man.

2 "Our Master" i.e. Mevlana Fethulah Tim

3 To mount to (the star) Capella's to ascend to the height of Heaven

The Day of Judgment, typical of turmoil and confusion.
Yonder cruel-dealing Beauty now hath thought her to be kind;
Blithe and gay the world rejoiceth, gladdened of this dear delight.

Standeth ready bright the banquet, circleth mid the guests the wine,
Flushed is toper and is loveling with the grace that there doth light.

Brimming are their bowls with radiance from the Heavenly Beauty shed;
Lo, the dregs thereof are blood-gouts of Truth's martyred Mansūr's wight.

Every overflowing goblet streams a flood of madness wild,
Every wine-retailing measure rolls a sea of wonders bright.

Every pose of the cupbearer fair a thousand signs reveals,
While her every movement doth from Love's Korān a verse recite.

Love, in truth, is an enigma, whose solution ne'er may be;
In bewilderment its birth is while its end is frenzied plight.

Poverty is one with riches, malady is one with cure;
He who understandeth needeth not with either to unite. 2

Unto revellers who drink within the tavern of His Love
Bold and shameless words and ways are piety's clear mirror bright.

Lo, in forms His revelation, as in bright Epiphany;
The transgression of the Shadowless, Esrār, is e'en the right. 3

1 [Huseyn ibn Mansūr al-Hallāj ("the Wool-carder"), a favourite martyr of the Sūfis, to whom reference has been made repeatedly in previous pages of this work. Ed.]
2 Experience is the only teacher; yet to him of understanding, to the illuminate, experience is unnecessary.
3 In the first line of this couplet Esrār says that God reveals Himself as truly in the forms of material phenomena as in the glories of such Theophanies as that of Mount Sinai. In the second he justifies a view calculated to offend the orthodox by suggesting that what would be transgression in such as them is true righteousness in himself and his fellow-mystics; a view expressed in a well-known adage of the Sūfis, "the virtues of the pious are the sins of [God's] intimates" (i.e. the Sūfis). The Prophet is said to have cast no shadow, so that 'the Shadowless' will mean those holy as he, that is the poet and his fellow-mystics.
Quatrain. [414]

God's fire that in my breast doth flame is this;
The Adam worshipped with acclaim is this. ¹

Never may wisdom's Plato read it true,—
A brilliant riddle on Heart's name is this.

Quatrain. [415]

By wine of love of thee am I distraught:
Cupbearer, that hath my confusion wrought;
Give wine, and prate not of the morrow's dole,
The Day of Reckoning ² in my eyes is naught.

When speaking of the early life of Sheykh Ghalib I mentioned that among his instructors was the celebrated teacher and poet Khoja Nesh'et, or, as I there ventured to translate, Dominie Nesh'et. This Nesh'et, who, though no great poet, was a somewhat remarkable individual, was among the most prominent figures in Constantinopolitan literary circles some hundred years ago. His personal name was Suleyman, and he was born in 1148 (1735—6) in the city of Adrianople, where his father, a courtier named Ahmed Refi Efendi, was residing in temporary exile. Refi Efendi, who had some skill both in poetry ³ and music, wrote a sharqi or song in which he bewailed his banishment and which he set to a touching air of his own composition. ⁴

¹ Alluding to the legend concerning the angels worshipping Adam on his creation.
² The Day of Judgment.
³ On the occasion of his son's birth he composed the following chrestogram, which Nesh'et, when he grew up, had graven on his seal:

٠١٠٢٥١٦١٨٨١٣٤١٠٧٥٣٢٤١٠٧٥٣٢٤١٠٧٥٣٢

⁴ God of either would hold Thou Suleymân dear.
This became popular, and eventually reached the ears of the Sultan who, when he heard it and learned who was its author, not only pardoned Refi'â but conferred upon him yet greater favours than he had before enjoyed.

By and bye Refi'â was commissioned to accompany the annual pilgrim caravan to Mekka in the capacity of Khastaän Aghasi or Master of the Robes of Honour, as the official is termed who has charge of the robes of honour sent by the Sultan for distribution among the notables of the Holy City. His son Suleymân, who had now attained to years of discretion, accompanied him on the pilgrimage, and when passing Qonya on the homeward journey the youthful Hajji was formally affiliated to the Mevlevi order by the Chelebi Efendi.

Shortly after their return to the capital, Refi'â Efendi died, and Suleymân began to devote himself with the utmost assiduity to the study of Persian, and more especially of the Mesnevi. He was assisted in his efforts by several learned men, notably by Daye-zade Jûdî Efendi who bestowed on him the pen-name of Nesh'et, which he offered to his pupil in the following quatrain:

1As thou with all courtesy hast desired learning and letters,
2Ever hold converse with men of culture:
3Devote all thine energy to the works of the ancients;
4Let thy learning-distinguished pen-name upon earth be Nesh'et."

'What is this that makes me wander, wildered, lonely, far from home? —
'Is it Fate, or is it Fortune, or can it be thou, my Love?'

1چیزی که علم و ادب به ابدیت ادبیه رگید
دائمًا صاحب عرفان ایله ایله حیبت
غیرت طبنی صرف ایبت اثر اسلامیه
مالک معرفتک اولمه چیبانده نشناد
Possibly the manner of this presentation suggested to the poet a practice adopted by him when he himself became a teacher.

In the course of time Nesh'et acquired great repute as a Mesnevi-Khán or Mesnevi-chanter, as those persons are styled who intone passages from the Mesnevi during certain portions of the Mevleví public service, and he began also to be much talked about as an accomplished and successful teacher of Persian. His residence in the Molla Kúrání ward of Constantinople was frequented not only by many of the literary men of the capital, but even Persian and Frankish visitors; while the number of his pupils was so great that, as Professor Nájí laughingly says, his house might well have been the envy of many a medrese. Among those of his pupils who afterwards attained eminence were Ghálib himself, Pertev Efendi who subsequently edited his Diwán, the Beylikji 'Izzet Bey, and Khoja Wahyí.

Khoja Nesh'et was as skilled in the use of arms as he was in the interpretation of the Mesnevi. He was moreover the owner of a fief, and therefore liable for military service. So when war broke out with Russia in 1768, the Khoja shut up his school, buckled on his trusty sword, and, joining the Imperial forces, took part in the defence of his fatherland. When, after having distinguished himself by his valour on the field, he returned to Constantinople, he re-opened his classes and began again to expound the subtleties of the Mesnevi. But henceforward he adopted the extraordinary habit of always appearing when he delivered his lectures with his sword by his side, fully armed and equipped for battle. This practice was the more strange as it was against the custom for any Turk to wear a sword except when on a campaign or a journey.

1 This ward (mahalla) is in the parish (cemit) of Ay Saray.
Nesh'et was connected with the Naqshbendi as well as with the Mevlevi order, and is said to have advanced far in mystic lore. He died in 1222 (1807—8).

Brave, generous, and cultured, Khoja Nesh'et was a good example of the Turkish gentleman of the old school. That he had his share of the ready wit and kindly humour of his race is shown by many of the little anecdotes that gather round his name. He was always ready and eager to assist any one in distress, and used often to importune those in high places on behalf of such as sought his aid. His answer to one who thought to rebuke him for so doing is well known: 'Is it seemly,' said the would-be censor, 'to spend the sweat of one's brow in things like this?' 'Why' replied he, 'the sweat of one's brow won't turn a mill-wheel; it is in things like this that it is of use.'

The Khoja was among other things a great smoker, and the story is told how one of the 'unco guid' who happened to be in his company when he was indulging himself in this way, scandalized at the sight, gravely said, 'Sir, there is no fire in Heaven; whence will you light your pipe there?' Whereupon the Khoja, removing for a moment from his lips the mouthpiece of his huge chibuq, answered with a twinkle in his eye, 'From the stove where they are cooking kebabs for you.'

On another occasion, we are told, a person of the same class, minded to reproach Nesh'et for devoting himself to furthering the study of the language of the heretical Persians, said, alluding to a vulgar prejudice widely spread among the ignorant and fanatical, 'Sir, they say that Persian is the

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1 To understand the point of the Khoja's reply it must be borne in mind that according to the notions of the ignorant pietists, eating and drinking will enter prominently into the delights of the blest in Paradise. Kebabs are small pieces of meat roasted on skewers.
language of hell; is it so?' ‘If it is so,’ replied the Khoja, ‘it were as well to learn it; one can never tell where one may go, and suppose one should have to visit hell, to be unable to speak the language would be but a torment the more.’

Khoja Nesh’et was much more successful as a teacher than as a poet. His poetry never rises above mediocrity, though it very often falls below it. He is one of the most slovenly versifiers of this slovenly age; and so numerous and varied are his mistakes of every description that Professor Náji says his Diwán might truthfully be entitled a Miscellany of Errors. Pretty phrases are certainly to be met with here and there in his verses; but such are, according to the same critic, merely accidental.

Although himself so indifferent a poet, Nesh’et was apparently an excellent teacher of Persian, able to inspire his pupils with enthusiasm for their studies and, what is more, with affection and respect towards himself. Many of his pupils outstripped him in poetry, and must eventually have felt how much beneath them he stood here; yet not one among them, though they often allude to him in their Diwáns, ever refers to him otherwise than with the reverence due from pupil to teacher.

Many of the poems in his Diwán are in Persian; but these reach no higher level than those in Turkish.

As I said when writing of Sheykh Ghalib, Nesh’et was in the habit of bestowing upon his more favoured pupils a pen-name conveyed in an original poem of his own composition. These poems, which he calls Makhlas-Name or Pen-name Diploma, and of which several are included in his Diwan, are sometimes in mesnevi-time and sometimes in monorime, sometimes in Turkish and sometimes in Persian. No other poet, so far as I know, has a similar series of elaborate poems written for the like purpose; and in this series he’s
the author's only title to originality. But such little originality as these works possess is exclusively that of occasion; for in their scheme they differ hardly, if at all, from the ordinary qasida. The longer among them open with an exordium of the general type; where the name of the patron would come in the usual course, the pen-name of the pupil is introduced; the panegyric is replaced by or diluted with a string of counsels; and the poem winds up in the orthodox fashion with a prayer for its subject's welfare. In this there is scarcely any variation from the ground-plan of the qasida; though of course the rime arrangement is different in such of these versified diplomas as are written in the mesnevi form. Nesh'et's advice to his pupils consists for the most part in recommendations to devote their best powers to writing na'ts in honour of the Prophet, to avoid everything like satire, and (a counsel he might himself have profitably followed) to study diligently the works of their predecessors.

Most of Nesh'et's original ghazels are mystic in intention; but he has a few written in the objective Romanticist style. His Diwan was collected and edited by his pupil, the poet Pertev Efendi, in 1200 (1785—6).

The first of the following ghazels was written by Nesh'et when he was at the wars.

Ghazel. [416]

When o'er the meadows glowed the tears of yearning from mine e'e
As Yemen or the heights of Badakhshán was Rumelí. 1

A wandering nightingale am I, forsaken of my dreams;
My home whatever stranger-land beneath my wing may be.

1 The tears of yearning are tears of blood, therefore red, so the hills and plains of Rumelí, bright with these, resembled the high lands of Badakhshán when rubies are found or the stretches of Yemen rich in carnelians.
As Jacob filled with grief, as Joseph banished far, am I;  
The earth is House of Dole and prison dure alike for me. 1

To cry aloud my weary plight in woful strangerhood  
Each scar upon my breast hath oped its lips full bitterly.

Since I the yearning Jacob am of separation’s vale,  
The letter from the Joseph-fair e’en as the shift I see. 2

Would that I knew if I alone am thus, or if all earth’s  
Delight and joy, like mine, are changed to pain and agony.

Nesh’et, my home is now the saddle, while the love I clip  
Is e’en that silver-bodied fair they call the sword, perdie!

Ghazel. [417]

The rule of love is for the lover naught but wistful prayer,  
Coquetry is the law of fascination for the fair.

Although the birds of high estate 3 should seek to soar aloft,  
Within the sky of zeal, they still were geese both here and there.

Von one who partridge-like doth pace coquetry’s mountain-range 4  
Doth e’en as falcon through the chase of heart and spirit fare.

Alack that they most richly dowered with grace and beauty’s charm  
In faith and piety and pity should so scantily share!

The burning anguish of the moth that seeks the vision bright  
The taper doth reveal, is to my thinking all a prayer.

At times meseemeth that the cock’s loud clarion-call at dawn  
Proclaims: ‘O Lord, how long the night of absence dear doth wear!’

The gift of God to joyless Nesh’et in this cabinet  
Is e’en the licence to be drunk with Love therein for e’en.

1 The ‘House of Dole’ i. e. Jacob’s dwelling place after the departure of  
Joseph; the ‘prison dure’, that wherein Joseph was confined in Egypt.

2 The letter from some friend fair a. Joseph i. e. here compared to the shift  
of that beautiful and saintly personage, which, being thing over Jacob’s face,  
restored sight to his eyes, blinded with weeping.

3 That is, the grandees of the state.

4 The pacing of the partridge is held to resemble the graceful walk of a  
coquettish beauty.
Mehemmed Pertev Efendi who, as we have seen, collected and edited his master's Diwán, was one of Khoja Nesh'et's most successful pupils. Among his fellow-students was a certain 'Izzet Bey, himself destined to acquire some distinction as a poet, with whom Pertev formed a close friendship, and who eventually performed for him the same service which he himself rendered to their common master.

Both young men entered the government service, and both soon made their way. Pertev, whose literary gifts were indisputable, was for a time Imperial Annalist. In 1806 he was present in an official capacity with the Imperial troops outside Silistria; and in the following year, 1222 (1807), he died at Adrianople, whither the army had withdrawn into winter quarters.

It is said that when his friend 'Izzet Bey brought to him his poems carefully ordered and formed into a Diwán, Pertev took the cloak from his own shoulders and flung it over those of the Bey, in imitation of the action of the Prophet on a similar occasion.

The poetry of Pertev, while conventional in subject and tone, is carefully written. His versification is in marked and pleasing contrast to the slipshod work we have lately been considering, and shows but few traces of that untidy laxity which is the bane of this Period and mars the work of some who as poets were immeasurably his superiors. The ghazels of Pertev are, almost without exception, distinguished by grace of fancy and neatness of execution, and form pleasant enough reading so long as one is satisfied with verse that is merely a pretty plaything. There are in his Diwán frequent echoes from the earlier poets, notably from Nédim, to whose works Pertev seems to have devoted much sympathetic study.

This poet is frequently called Pertev Efendi in order to
distinguish him from the statesman Pertev Pasha who gained some reputation as a poet in the earlier half of the nineteenth century.

Ghazel. [418]

While unveiled, whiles enveiled, her fair face my dear one shows,
Whereby plenilune and crescent turn by turn doth she disclose.¹

Now she feigns to heed not, now to weet not, now she wounds and chides,
Now she asks me of the anguish from her cruelty that flows.

Whensoe'er on wanton wise I seek to hint at union's joys,
With her dainty hand my dear one veils her face that crimson glows.

Now to union she provoketh, now she biddeth to depart,
Now doth she the futile order to abandon love impose.

Pertev, whiles have I, like loyal troth, no part in all her thoughts,
While for sake of me with others doth she deal as with her foes.

Ghazel. [419]

Darling, whensoe'er the wine of pride inebriateth thee,
Every one who sees would deem thee drunken with the grape to be.

Loose not so thy locks, for should they fall profuse, O Sapling young,
Sore I fear they'll form a burden to o'ertax thee, Love of me.

O thou crescent-browed, while yet so young, this loveliness full sure
Maketh thee to shine the plenilune in beauty's galaxy.

Cruel, since thou'rt come to dwell within the mansion of the heart,
Ever of thy news do ask me all who yearning's anguish dree.

Chide not thou the wildered Pertev, O thou heart-envious fair;
Truly 'twould thyself dumbfounder, couldst thou thine own beauty we

¹ The yashmaq or veil worn out of doors by Turkish ladies is so arranged as to leave an opening for the eyes somewhat in the shape of a crescent moon. The plenilune in the verse refers of course to the unveiled face.
CHAPTER VII.

THE CULMINATION OF THE ROMANTICIST MOVEMENT.

Fázil Bey. — Sunbul-záde Vehbi. — Surúrí.

Turkish Romanticism culminates in the work of Fázil Bey. Revolt against traditional authority, assertion of individuality, local colour, unbridled license alike in matter and in manner, whatever in short distinguishes this movement from the Classicism which precedes and the Modernism which follows, is here present in fullest measure, inspiring and permeating the works of this author, and placing them at once among the most interesting and the least beautiful in all the range of Ottoman poetry.

Yet this writer, the most stalwart champion of the Turkish spirit in Turkish poetry, was, save by education, no Turk at all. Fázil was by race an Arab of the Arabs. His grandfather, Táhir ʻOmer, who was descended from an Arab of Médína, Zídán by name, who had settled in Syria, had been a man of great ability and much ambition, and had held the district of Acre and Safed almost as an independent prince and in defiance of the Ottoman Sultan. But in 1190 (1776—7) when the famous admiral Ghází Hasan Pasha, who had been sent from Constantinople to bring this Arab rebel to his knees, appeared under the walls of Acre, Táhir, finding that his Barbaresque mercenaries refused to fire upon
the forces of the Khalifa, resolved on flight. But it was then too late; as he was leaving the town he was shot dead by one of his own soldiers. The Imperial forces entered Acre, and Fâzîl and his younger brother were carried off to Constantinople by the Turkish admiral. Fâzîl’s father, ‘Alî Zâhir, who had been outside the town endeavouring to collect men to aid in the defence, fled into the interior, and was there treacherously slain the following year.

Fâzîl himself, who had been born at Safed, was on reaching the capital placed with his younger brother in the Imperial Seraglio, where they were to be educated as Turkish gentlemen. The younger brother, whose name is variously given as Kâmil and Hasan, died in the palace, apparently soon after his arrival. The education offered to the youths who were admitted to the Seraglio was, so far as culture went, the best then obtainable in Turkey, and of this young Fâzîl took full advantage. Nothing seems to have escaped unobserved by the quick-witted Arab lad; and it is most likely that it was during his residence here that he obtained from eunuchs and others familiar with the more recondite mysteries of the imperial pleasure-house many of the curious details which he afterwards embodied in his works. In these works he gives some interesting particulars concerning his life in the Palace, notably of his love-adventures, disappointment with the result of one of which, he says, induced him to quit the Imperial residence in the year 1198 (1783 AD). Whether this be strictly true or not, we know from other sources that Fâzîl left the Seraglio during the reign of ‘Abd-ul-Hamid I who was on the throne at that date. Under Selim III Fâzîl was named administrator of the mortmain properties

1 The word Enderun, meaning connected with the Enderun or Seraglio, is often prefixed to the names of persons brought up in the Palace, thus our author is frequently called Enderun Fâzîl Bey.
in Rhodes \(^1\) and received the rank of Khoja or Master-Clerk. For a time all went well and Fážil served in various official capacities of greater or less importance, devoting his leisure to the composition of his curious and unique poems. At length in 1214 (1799—1800) on account of some complaint against him, the nature of which is not mentioned, he was exiled to the island of Rhodes which he does not appear to have visited before. Here he was afflicted with some eye trouble through which he became at least temporarily blind. This according to ʻAtá, the historian of the Seraglio, was brought about by his constant and excessive weeping for the murder of Sultan Selím; but Fatín with more plausibility attributes it to his anxiety lest he should share the fate of his old patron Ráṭib Efendi, who was just then executed in the same island of Rhodes whither he had been banished three years before. \(^2\) But Fážil was more fortunate; he was permitted to return to the capital, where he resided first at Eyyüb and then at Beshiktash where he died in 1224 (1809—10), after having been confined to his bed for seven years, if Fatín Efendi speaks the truth. In one place in his History the late Jevdet Pasha says that Fážil Bey recovered his sight; but this is unconfirmed by any of the other authorities.

Fážil Bey was no true poet; in his writings there is no reflection, however faint, of that light that never was on sea or land; and so these writings are without attraction for the modern Ottoman critics, who simply ignore them, regarding them, if they deign to regard them at all, as little better

\(^1\) Such positions no longer entailed the personal supervision of the holder, the latter usually employed a deputy to do the work, while he himself drew the emoluments.

\(^2\) Ebu-ʻEkr Ráṭib Efendi was a well-known poet and statesman who had held the office of Reʻfs-ul-Kuttár (chief secretary) under Selím III from 1209 to 1211 when he was exiled to Rhodes; he was there executed in 1214. Fážil's Khühán-Náme is dedicated to him.
than an insult to the fair name of Poetry. But though Ekrem Bey and Professor Nâji may deem this daring and original writer beneath their notice, for us his works are full of interest. For in these we have not only the revelation of a marked individuality, but a veritable treasury of the folk-lore of the author's age and country. Many are the curious customs and traditions that are mentioned, sometimes described in detail; and besides we have here, what we get nowhere else, a full and clear account of the way in which the old Turks, while yet absolutely uninfluenced by Western ideas, viewed the various nationalities with whom they had come in contact, whether within or without the frontiers of their Empire. The plain matter of fact way in which Fâzîl says what he has to say, while hurtful to his work on the poetic or artistic side, is an additional advantage from our standpoint; for by means of this, vagueness and conventional generalities are avoided, and precision and definiteness are attained.

Fâzîl's works consist of a Di'wan; three mesnevis named respectively Defter-i 'Ashq or 'Love's Register', Khubân-Nâme or 'The Book of Beauties', and Zenân-Nâme or 'The Book of Women'; and of a poem in four-line stanzas entitled Chengî-Nâme or 'The Book of Dancers.'

The Di'wan of Fâzîl, where alone among his works the proprieties are treated with due respect, is much on a par with similar contemporary collections, though perhaps the workmanship is on the whole a little more careful than is usual about this time. The most original poem in it is an ode in praise of the much-reviled Sphere. It contains besides a number of fairly successful love ghazels, several religious poems and a long elegy on Sultan Selim the Martyr, in which several details of his murder are given, including the names of the assassins. But the Diwan is the least interesting part of Fâzîl's literary output, and until we turn to his
other works we find but little to mark him out from the crowd of his contemporaries.

The earliest written of the mesnevis is the Book of Beauties, the date of which is given by a chronogram as 1207 (1792—3). This was probably very soon followed by the Book of Women, which Fázil declares in the introduction to have been written as a companion or pendant to it. Love's Register would thus be the latest of the three, the date of its composition being incidentally mentioned as 1210 (1795—6). Although thus slightly later than the others in chronological order, it will perhaps be best for us to take this last-named book first, as in it Fázil fully expounds his theory of love, some acquaintance with which will assist us in understanding the motive underlying the bulk of his work.

In the Defter-i 'Ashq or Love's Register the title of which suggests its contents, Fázil chooses a subject which, as he himself asserts, is absolutely new in Turkish poetry, namely a detailed and circumstantial account of the successive love episodes by which his career has been marked. This at least was the author's purpose, but as a matter of fact we have only four of such love affairs bringing the story down to the year 1199 (1784—5), at which point the book ends abruptly without any formal conclusion. We are therefore constrained to assume that the work as it has come down to us is only a fragment of what the author originally projected, but for some reason or another never brought to completion.

As was to be expected, the objects of the poet's love are all youths. Fázil was a man of the Romantic Period and far from insensible to the charms of the fair sex, as his Zenán-Náme abundantly testifies. But he lived a century too early to place woman in the front rank; at the time when he wrote the old tradition handed down from ancient
Greece and medieval Persia was yet potent, though no one in his day dealt it a more deadly blow than did he himself. In order to reassure us that the 'amorous enthusiasms' he is about to record were purely Platonic, Fázhil opens his book with a description of beauty and love, as he conceives them, which is immediately followed by a description of the true lover.

While there is, of course, nothing new in these introductory verses, they are not without a certain nobility. Beauty, we are told, wherever it is seen, whether in humanity or in the vegetable or mineral world, is God's revelation of Himself; He is the all-beautiful, those objects in which we perceive beauty being, as it were, so many mirrors in each of which some fraction of His essential self is reflected. By virtue of its Divine origin, the beauty thus perceived exercises a subtle influence over the beholder, awakening in him the sense of love, whereby he is at last enabled to enter into communion with God Himself. Thus God is the ultimate object of every lover's passion; but while this is as yet unrealised by the lover, while he still imagines that the earthly fair one is the true inspirer and final goal of his affection, his love is still in the 'typal' stage, and he himself still upon that allegoric 'Bridge'.

So Love, says Fázhil, is the guide to the World Above, the stair leading up to the portal of Heaven; through the fire of Love iron is transmuted into gold, and the dark clay turned into a shining gem. Love it is that makes the heedless wise, and changes the ignorant into an adept of the Divine mysteries; Love is the unveiler of the Truth, the hidden way into the Sanctuary of God. 1 And as for the true Lover,

1 [I can recall no finer expression of these ideas than that contained in one of the introductory cantos of the Persian Jami's *Kowt u Emaykh*, of which a translation will be found at pp. 125–128 of my *Leav amongst the Persians*, vol.]
he is pure of heart and holy of life; worldly things are of no account with him, dust and gold being equal in his eyes; generosity and gentleness distinguish him; carnal desire stirs him not, indeed if his beloved approach, he begins to tremble in all his limbs while he dares not look upon the fair one's face or display sign or emotion. Do not, says Fázil, addressing the materialistic age in which he wrote, think that such words are vain; if you will not believe me, search the ancient books, for this of which I speak is the 'antique love'. But now, he adds, another kind of love is studied. Then follows a description of the sensualist, which the poet closes with the words: "Such an one I call not lover, I call him lecher."

Having thus cleared the ground by explaining what he means by 'love' and 'lover', Fázil, after a brief panegyric on the reigning Sultan, Selín III, goes on to set forth the considerations which induced him to undertake this work. Ever since the eyes of his understanding were opened, he says, he has been the prey of love; he has fallen from snare into snare, and has sought out sorrow after sorrow; his poor heart, which is a rosebud of love, has been the spoil of the hand of love; his heart-jewel has been trodden under foot, has been made a plaything by many a child. The throne of his heart, he continues, has been as a tilt-yard whence King has driven King; never has the realm of his bosom been unoccupied, there lord has succeeded lord; but these have not acted like other Kings, neither have they obeyed the ancient laws; yet this dynasty has lorded it in his bosom to the number of twenty-two. ¹ Wishing to give this line of sovereigns a name, he will call it the Dynasty of Sha'bán; some of the princes were cruel, some were just, some were wise, some were foolish, but his desire is to enumerate them

¹ Thus in the printed editions, but in a MS. in my collection the line in question is altered so that the number is not mentioned.
all, and thus to write a new history, — in a word, to describe every beauty who has held sway over him since first he fell a victim to Love. He further swears that he will set down the whole truth concerning them, and relate everything exactly as it happened, so that his work may be a memorial of these days and at the same time a Sháh-Náme for the dynasty of Sha'íbán.

The purport of the book having been announced as above, Fázil proceeds to tell his story. He begins by saying that in the year 1190 (1776—7) the storms of the sea of destiny drove him from the Arab lands to Rúm, where he was placed in the Seraglio, being enrolled in the second company of the Imperial Pages, that known as the Kházína Odási or Treasury Chamber. Then comes the account of the four love-adventures already referred to, an account which it is unnecessary to follow in detail, but which brings the story of the author's life down to 1199 (1784—5). There is one point, however, of importance as helping to fix the order of the works, that is, the incidental mention in the account of the third of these adventures of the year 1210 (1795—6) as that in which the poet is writing the book. In the account of the fourth adventure Fázil takes advantage of an incident to introduce a long and detailed description of Gipsy wedding customs, which is full of interest from a folk-lore point of view. As I have said, the Dafte'i 'Ashq comes to a sudden termination with this fourth episode; the closing passage is curious and striking, the author tells us how some six years after the events just narrated he unexpectedly came across that particular object of his admiration vilely and foully metamorphosed, and how terrible was the shock which he received from this encounter.

In the Khúban Náme, or Book of Beauties, and the Zendan Náme, or Book of Women, we have the ultimate outcome
of the Shehr-engiz. Mesíhi and his imitators gave us in their poems playfully written catalogues of the fair boys or girls of a certain city; Fážil gives us in these two books playfully written descriptions of the boys and girls of all the races of mankind. That style which has all along characterised poems of this class, whether of the original type or modified as in the works of Belígh, that whimsical and quizzical yet complimentary style bristling with proverbs and puns which we have learned to associate with such productions, is here adopted by Fážil with marked success.

As their general scheme is the same, these two books can, up to a certain point, be considered together. The Book of Beauties describes the boys, and the Book of Women the girls of the following countries and nationalities: India; Persia (including Central Asia); Baghdad; Cairo; the Súdán; Abyssinia; Yemen; Morocco; Algiers and Tunis; Hijáz (including the Bedouins); Damascus and Syria generally; Aleppo; Anatolia; the Islands of the Archipelago; Constantinople; the Greeks; the Armenians; the Jews; the Gipsies; Rumelia; Albania; Bosnia; the Tartars; the Georgians; the Circassians; the Franks of Constantinople (i.e. the Levantines); the Bulgarians, Croats; Wallachians, and Moldavians; France; Poland; the Germans; Spain; England; Holland; Russia; America.¹

Now while Fážil was no doubt a man of much experience, and though he may have been only exaggerating when he said that if he saw a boy in the bath (i.e. stripped of his distinctive costume), he could tell his nationality before he heard him speak, yet it is obviously impossible that he can have been on intimate terms with individuals of both sexes belonging to all the races just enumerated. But the Imperial

¹ It is curious that Italy should be omitted from the list.
Seraglio, where the poet was brought up, was mostly peopled by foreigners. Within that portion of this assemblage of gardens and palaces which was set apart for the household of the Sultan, and which formed a little world by itself cut off from all direct communication with outside, there was, especially in earlier times, hardly a single native Turk.  

The four chambers of pages, the two corps of eunuchs (black and white), as well as the harem, used all to be recruited, like the regiment of Janissaries, either from non-Turkish subjects of the Empire, or from foreign captives. At one time or another doubtless representatives of all the nationalities mentioned by Fážil have found their way within the Seraglio walls. In the old days when hostilities were chronic between Turkey and Christendom forays were continually being made along the ever-shifting northern frontier, and Frankish ships were constantly being taken and Frankish coasts raided by Algerine corsairs. On such occasions as many young persons of either sex as could be laid hands on were seized, and the most beautiful among them sent to the capital. There the most promising were, as in the case of Fážil himself, placed in the Seraglio and educated as Turks. In this way representatives of many races must during a period of over three centuries have passed through the Imperial household. It is most probable that traditions concerning the characteristics of these would be preserved, and if such were the case, Fážil, who was very intelligent and took a keen interest in collecting out of the way information, would undoubtedly have availed himself of his excellent opportunities to become acquainted with them.

But the description of the features, physical and moral,

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1 An account of the organization of the Imperial Seraglio in old times, contributed by myself, will be found in the fourteenth chapter of the volume on Turkey in the 'Story of the Nations' series.
of the various races that he passes in review forms only a portion, and in some cases a small portion, of the poet's account of these. Whatever he has been able to pick up regarding local peculiarities or the manners and customs of foreign peoples, is here set down, with the occasional embellishment of a very obvious 'traveller's tale', which, as a rule, the writer offers for what it may be worth. What confers a special interest on Fázil's treatment of these matters, already interesting in themselves, is that here, and here alone, we have presented in a series of pictures, many of which are drawn in considerable detail, the various nations of the world as these appeared to the educated Turks of olden times. For though the author was an Arab by birth, he felt as a Turk and wrote as a Turk; he depreciates his Syrian birthplace just as a native Turk might; and when he speaks about the Russians it is with the hatred engendered by centuries of wrongs.

Fázil's attitude towards the two sexes may at first sight appear strange. He is much more reticent in dealing with his boys than with his girls. The physical merits or demerits of the former are almost invariably referred to in the most vague and general way, and the author's attitude is on the whole one of respect. But he deals with the girls in very different fashion, their personal charms being discussed without reserve, sometimes with a wealth of detail that is almost medical.

The reason of this is not hard to divine. To an Oriental of those days it was an accepted fact, indisputable and undisputed, that a noble-minded man might, and often did, entertain for a boy an amorous affection in which the profoundest admiration was conjoined with the most perfect purity; an affection, moreover, the cultivation of which tended above all things to the moral advancement of the lover, calling out whatever was best and highest in his nature. On
the other hand, if a man desired a woman, it could be for one thing only. So Fázil perfectly logically dwells most, when discussing his boys, on the way in which these are likely to appeal to the aesthetic instincts of his readers, and when describing his girls, on the degree of their suitability for the one purpose for which he conceives they can be desired. Thus in this pair of books we have presented to us more clearly than anywhere else in Turkish literature the attitude of the typical Eastern poet-lover towards the sexes, that attitude which is the direct antithesis of our own, through virtue of which what with us is reckoned shame was accounted honour, and what we hold for our glory and our boast was esteemed disgrace. And yet it is but in the object through which the sentiment of love is evoked that the difference lies; in their highest conceptions of true love with its soul-transforming power East and West are one.

But although Fázil’s appreciation of womanhood is thus poor and inadequate, that he should have written a Zenán-Náme at all is a long step in the right direction. The physical beauty at any rate of woman is now admitted as a fit theme for poetry; no future Ātā’i will ransack Qamus and Burhán to overwhelm with obloquy another Baqi’i; the work begun by Sábit and Nedím with timid and hesitating hand is here taken up by Fázil and carried boldly on; other poets are ready to push forward where he leaves off; and at last woman as woman is free to meet her ancient rival, the androgynous beauty of old-world tradition. And thus the minds of men are being prepared for the great change which the coming years shall bring, so that when in the fullness of time the poets of the Modern School arise and enthrone woman as the one fitting object of every true man’s love, the consummation thus effected is hailed with universal enthusiasm, and those through whom it is accom
plished are enrolled among the benefactors of their nation.

The Book of Beauties opens with a few lines praising God who has given such beauty to humanity, and calling attention to the marvellous diversity in creation through which no two individuals are exactly alike. This is followed by a short prayer for the prosperity of Sultan Selim, after which Fážil goes on to tell how he came to write the book. A few sentences (afterwards to be expanded in Love’s Register) inform us that while still young he was cast by the sling of Fate from land to land, and that wherever he has gone he has been the slave of Love, so that his heart has come to be like a seal-engraver’s register for the number of beauties names that are stamped on it. This introduces us to the poet’s flame for the time being, who is represented as praying the author to write a book describing from his vast experience the peculiarities of the youths belonging to different peoples, a request to which a favourable answer is at once returned. This incident is almost certainly fictitious, for apart from the extreme unlikelihood of a person such as is described desiring a book of the kind, in a few verses at the close of the volume Fážil presents it as an offering to the statesman Rátib Efendi. But the invention of such stories to account for the genesis of a book was a very venerable tradition, and here at any rate Fážil seems to have approved of the conventional usage.

The author then goes on to tell us how admirably fitted he is to undertake such a work, alike through his studies and his experience. The book, he says, is written throughout in simple language so that the lad, for whom he professes to have written, may easily understand it; it is moreover

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1 It is usual for a seal-engraver to keep a register of impressions of all the seals he cuts; the seal bears the name of the owner, and its impression used to serve as signature.
free from all padding, nor is there as much as one place where the envier may lay his finger. A chronogram at the end of the section fixes the date of composition as 1207 (1792—3). In the section which follows Fâzîl sets to work to make good his claim to erudition. Under pretext of instructing the boy, he lets us see that he knows all about the old mathematical and astrological geography which still passed for science in Turkey, the ostensible reason for the discourse being the influence exercised on the inhabitants by the several 'climes' and their ruling planets.

Then come the descriptions of the 'beauties' themselves, or more often of the various peoples to which these 'beauties' belong, they being frequently but an excuse. Interesting though it would be to examine these sections in detail, to do so would occupy so much space that I am reluctantly compelled to pass them over.

The descriptions are followed by a brief epilogue addressed to the lad for whom the poem is supposed to have been written; this is succeeded and the work brought to a close by a short qasida in which Fâzîl presents the book to the luckless Râtib Efendi, who was presumably his patron at the time.

The plan of the Zenân-Nâme, or Book of Women, is nearly identical with that of the Book of Beauties. After

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1 The chronogram is ۲۳۳ = The Assemblage of Beauties.
2 In 1879 M. Lefrux of Paris published, under the title of Le Livre des Femmes, what professes to be a French translation of Fâzîl's Zenân Nâma. This so-called translation is the most hopelessly and pitifully bad piece of work of the kind that I have ever seen. It is seldom indeed that the would-be translator, M. Decondemanche, has understood two consecutive couples of his author; and no reader can possibly gain from his little volume the slightest idea of what Fâzîl Bey has said.

Von Hammer has translated portions of all the sections, these are of course infinitely more correct, but from their fragmentary nature quite inadequate.

3 Von Hammer suggests that Fazil may have modelled it on Khalîl Nâmâ.
a short preface praising God the Creator of the two sexes, we have a long section in which the youth at whose instigation the former work is said to have been written is again introduced. He visits Fázil, thanks him for that book, and then prays him to write another in which he shall do for the girls of the several nations what he has already done for the youths. After what he doubtless considered as a modest and becoming hesitation, the poet agrees to do as he is asked. In a few lines at the close of the section, addressed to the reader, Fázil alludes to the originality of his work by declaring that this treatise is indeed a virgin, born of the bride called thought whom he has taken to his bosom, none of his predecessors having conceived an idea such as this, while these two books of his are, as it were, the one a fair youth and the other his sister. The next section, which is interesting through the many allusions it contains to the customs of the time, is of the nature of an Ars Amandi; in it the youth is instructed with considerable detail as to how he must dress and deport himself in order to win the admiration of the fair sex.

Then follows the series of pictures in which the girls of the different countries are portrayed. These we must unfortunately pass over for the same reason as in the former case. Let it suffice to say that the Persians, the Greeks, the Circassians and the Georgians come in for the largest

and Zenán-Náme on two Arabic books named respectively Elf Ghulám ve Ghulám = The Thousand and one youths, and Elf Járiye ve Járiye = The Thousand and one Damsels. These two books, the latter of which Von Hammer says was modelled upon the former by Muhammed bin-Rize(?) bin-Muhammed el-Huseyní the defterdár, contain, according to the same authority, descriptions of boys and girls of different countries and ages, and connected with different trades. There is, however, no evidence that Fázil ever heard of these works, which are very little known; nor do I think that there is any occasion to assume them as the source of his inspiration when the familiar Shehr–engiz type is at hand and amply sufficient.
meed of praise; that the Western nations, Fážíl's knowledge of whom must have rested mainly if not entirely upon hearsay, are spoken of in flattering terms, while the Jewesses and Armenians are treated with contempt, and the Russians with loathing. The descriptions of the nationalities are succeeded by a few odd sections concerning various things connected with women, but unrelated to the proper subject of the book. In these are discussed such matters as the inconveniencies of marriage, the pranks that go on in women's public baths, and the evil effects that result from lack of self-control.

The book is wound up by an epilogue addressed to the youth whose request is represented as having been the occasion of its composition. Here Fážíl again reverts to the originality of his subject, and adds that even if his work be copied in the future, that will not affect his merit, as it is easy to kindle a taper from the lamp another has lighted. ¹ He then praises his own talents as a linguist; and closes with a complaint as to his unfortunate circumstances. No date of composition is mentioned, and there is no dedication to any patron.

Fážíl's remaining work, the Chengí-Name, or Book of Dancers, ² is much shorter than the others, from which it differs in being composed not in rimeing couplets, but in verses of four lines, the first three of which rime together, while the fourth has the same rime throughout, the book thus being in form like an extended murebba of the variety styled muzdevij. As regards subject, it is a descriptive list of the principal public dancing boys of Constantinople. The

¹ [Or as Tennyson says:

"All can grow the flowers now,
For all have got the seed," to]

² The book is sometimes called Rapp's Name, which has the same meaning.
author declares that he once joined a party composed of cadis and other learned personages who were engaged in an animated discussion as to the merits of such-and-such youths of this class. Fázil, who was recognised as an authority on matters of the kind, was at once appealed to for his judgment; this book or treatise formed his answer. Perhaps the answer was framed to suit the audience; but whether this be the case or not, the Chengi-Náme is infinitely more offensive than any other of the author's works. Here all reticence is cast aside and all pretense of Platonicism abandoned; the wretched creatures, forty-three in all, are introduced by name, and described in a way that is indescribable. They are almost all Gipsies, from which people the ranks of the profession have at all times been most largely recruited. Many of the names on Fázil's list are fanciful such as Darchin Guli, Cinnamon Rose, and Qanáriya, Canary; others are Greek as Todori (Theodore) and Yoraki (George). This little book affords a view, as seen from within, of what has ever been one of the darkest phases of life in Eastern cities, and so far it may perhaps claim a certain instructive value. That apart, it is worse than worthless; for though it was doubtless written as a joke, it is but poor pleasantry and in the vilest taste. It is without date or dedication.

These four works, the Defter-i 'Ashq, the Khúban-Náme, the Zenán-Náme, and the Chengi-Náme form together a small volume containing about 2,650 couplets, the fate of which is to be alternately printed and suppressed in the Turkish capital. From the account which has been given of the contents of this volume it will be seen that Fázil is no poet, but a versifier whose claim on our attention rests partly on the circumstance that he gives us much first-hand information, elsewhere unobtainable, not only on local manners and peculiarities, but on the opinions and ideas then
current in Turkey on a great variety of subjects; and partly because his work exemplifies in perhaps a more marked degree than that of any other writer the peculiar phase through which Ottoman poetry was at that time passing.

It might be thought that prose would have been a more suitable medium than verse for the discussion of subjects such as Fazil's, but Turkish prose was just at this juncture in a somewhat uncomfortable condition. The grandiose but perspicuous style of the great Classic writers had been succeeded by the monstrous affectation and studied obscurity of the later Persianists; this proving alike intolerable and incomprehensible, had given way to a new and more Turkish and natural manner which, despite the gallant and individually successful efforts of a few talented men, was still in an unsettled and inorganic state, so that the average Turkish prose of the period was little more than a succession of vague and incoherent phrases loosely strung together.

By selecting verse as his medium, Fazil escaped the danger of this vagueness and incoherence. His couplets are each a sharp and clearly defined entity conveying a definite statement, often neatly, sometimes smartly, expressed. Similarly, his style, while destitute of all the higher poetic qualities, is, on the whole, witty, sparkling, and vivacious, the occasional introduction of familiar or colloquial words and phrases imparting a lightness of touch and playfulness of tone well suited to the subjects treated. This last-mentioned feature, the employment of conversational idioms in certain styles of poetry, became very popular about this time; tending as it did towards simplicity and directness, it was in harmony with the spirit of the Romantic Period.

The works of Fazil are noteworthy for yet one more reason; in them we have the last word of the Shehr engiz type of poetry. There are no more running lists of proles...
sional beauties, nothing at least beyond one or two mere skits dressed by way of pleasantry in the ancient form. The later poets of the Romantic Age evidently felt that they could not cope with Fázil in a field he had made so specially his own, while in the following period the taste changed, and things of this kind became impossible.

I have translated two of the descriptive sections of the Zenán-Náme, these dealing respectively with the Greek and English women. The first is an example of the detailed way in which Fázil deals with the races known to him at first hand, the second of the vaguer and more general manner of his treatment when he has to rely on hearsay evidence alone. Both sections are translated in their entirety.

From the Zenán-Náme.

Description of the Greek Women [420].

O thou, the bell within the church of grame,
Of all the Christian folk the name and fame!¹
If woman be thy fancy, life of me,²
Then let thy love a Grecian maiden be;
For by their code whose taste is pure and clear
There's leave to woo the Grecian girl, my dear.³
Treasures of coyness are the Grecian mays,
Most excellent of women in their ways.⁴
How slender yonder waist so slight and daint!

¹ The opening couplet of every section is addressed to the youth for whom the book is nominally written. The imagery here chosen is intended to be appropriate to the section as descriptive of a Christian people. Fázil, however, several times speaks of and to this person, real or imaginary, as though he were a Christian and a Greek.

² 'Life of me', a term of endearment addressed to the same lad.

³ That is: men of taste, while rejecting the women of most other races, regard the Greek girl as worthy of being taken as mistress.

⁴ The qualities about to be enumerated are not merely conventional common-places, but are really characteristic of the Greek girls.
How yonder rosebud-mouth is bright and daint
How yonder speech and grace the heart ensnare!
How yonder gait and pace the heart ensnare!
How yonder shape is lithe as cypress-tree,—
On God's creation-lawn a sapling free!
What mean yon gestures gay and sly of hers?
What means yon languid ebrious eye of hers?
Those ways and that disdain are all her own,
That accent and that voice are hers alone.
With the tongue-tip she forms the letters fair,—
That winsome speech with many a lovesome air.
Strung are the royal pearls of her sweet speech,
Melting, as 'twere, soon as her mouth they reach;
So when she hath a letter hard 1 to say,
In her fair mouth it is dissolved straightway.
Her mouth doth unto speech refinement teach,
In sooth her mouth is the conserve of speech.
Yes, 'talking parrots' are they, gay and bright,
And so the 'birdies' speech', is theirs by right. 2
With thousand graces saith her rosebud-lip:
'Ze wine, most noble lord and master, sip.
'Filled let ze emptied, emptied ze filled be;
'My Pasa, drink, and be it health to zee!' 3
Her charms new life upon the soul bestow;
In truth, 'tis need a loved one should be so,
E'en the old pederast, should he but sight
Yon infidel, would wenchcr turn forthright.
From head to foot her frame's proportioned fair,
As 'twere a balanced hemistich full rare.

1 That is, a guttural or harsh letter. The Greeks, as a rule, pronounce Turkish with a peculiar accent of their own, one of the features of which alluded to a line or two further on — is the substitution of an s sound for that of sh, which they seem to experience a difficulty in forming.

2 The 'speaking parrot' we have often seen as a metaphor for a prattling beauty. 'Bird language' (qush dili) is a term given to any secret or fanciful language made by adding a syllable to, or otherwise modifying, the words of ordinary speech; this is a favourite amusement with girls in Turkey just as it is with children here.

3 These three lines in the original are spelt in accordance with Greek pronunciation, all the sh sounds being replaced by s, thus Pas a to Pasha.
To copy her are other women fain,¹
So meet it is pre-eminence she gain.
How winsome yonder step, yon stature tall!
Shapes fair and feat of fashion have they all.
Along the ground she's lief to draw her train,
To burn her lovers' hearts she lays a train!²
Yon diamond aigrette awry she wears;
Yon merry, tripping, mincing ways and airs!
What of those ways of hers, O heart of me?³
Full daintily on tiptoe treadeth she.
'Tis e'en as though her path with fire were laid,
And she to burn her feet were sore afraid;
Belike upon her road her lovers' hearts
Lie scattered and therefrom the flame upstarts.
Just as the women of the Greeks are good,
So are their boys evil of mind and rude;
But though their boys are obstinate and bad,
Their maidens ever make the lover glad.
Though stubborn, yet she still subdued may be;
Though fiery-souled, yet soft of temper she.⁴
Alack, O rosebud-mouth, O rosy-breast,
Smile not, while weeps thy lover sore distrest.
O radiant Sun, for whom dost rise and shine?⁵
O Flame of hope, around whom dost thou twine?
Ah, in what slough art thou as mire, sweet wight?
Ah, of what bordel shinest thou the light?
Say, on what arm is written thy dear name?⁶
Say, in what hearts is pictured thy fair frame?
Art common property, O Angel fair?

¹ Fázil says elsewhere that the Armenians and others try to copy the airs and graces of the Greeks and fail grotesquely.
² Train—train, in imitation of a pun in the original.
³ Some Greek girls are fond of moving about on tiptoe in an affected manner.
⁴ Suyu yumshaq = soft of temper, properly refers to a superior quality of steel, figuratively it means good and kind-hearted. In the phrase 'fiery-souled' there is a reminiscence of the employment of fire in the tempering of steel.
⁵ The following lines are addressed to the typical Greek courtesan of Constantinople.
⁶ Lovers in Turkey sometimes tattoo their beloved's name on their arm.
Who doth thou midmost hidden treasure share?
Ah, who is he hath scaled this 'Maiden Tower'? 1
Of whose bombardment hath it felt the power?
I marvel, in whose snare is this the deer?
Before whom doth her vacant plain appear?
The while herself as Kokona they know. 2
What perfumes from her tangled tresses flow!
Upon the ground her sash doth trail amain.
For it likewise to kiss her feet is fain.
For envy of her henna-tinted hand
Is the 'red egg' with blushes crimson-stained. 3
Paynim, thou art a reason-reiving Woe; 4
What manner Plague thou art I ne'er may know.
Art fairy, or art sprite? I cannot tell:
What thou'rt to Mary bright I cannot tell.
Art thou of 'Imrân's 5 Mary the young rose?
The light that in the monastery glows:
Thou show'st not as the Greekish folk, I trow:
Meseems a houri or a genie thou!

From the Same.

Description of the English Women [421].

O thou, whose dusky mole is Hindustan,
Whose tresses are the realms of Frankistan! 6

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1 Qiz Qullasi = The Maiden Tower, called by Europeans 'Leander's Tower', built on a rock at the entrance to the Bosphorus opposite Scutari. It is of Byzantine origin, hence the appropriateness of the reference when speaking of Greeks. Here of course the Maiden Tower is a metaphor for the person or body of the girl. The same idea occurs in an untranslated quatrain of Sâbit (p. 21 infra), by which this passage was perhaps suggested.

2 Kokona means Madame or Mademoiselle in Greek, and is the title usually given to Greek ladies in Constantinople. In the second line there is a pun on this word and the Turkish qoqu ne! meaning, 'what a perfume!'

3 Easter eggs are called 'red eggs' in Turkey. 1

4 Here again the typical Greek beauty is added.

5 'Imrân is the name given in the Koran to the father of the Virgin Mary, whom the Christians call St. Joachim.

6 Hindustan is mentioned here on account of the same term to denote the English, whom the author is about to describe, and Hindustan the English.
The English woman is most sweet of face,
Sweet-voiced, sweet-fashioned, and fulfilled of grace.
Her red cheek to the rose doth colour bring,
Her mouth doth teach the nightingale to sing.
They all are pure of spirit and of heart;
And prone are they unto adornment's art.
What all this pomp and splendour of array!
What all this pageantry their heads display! ¹
Her hidden treasure's talisman is broke,
Undone, or ever it receiveth stroke. ²

Amongst the most prominent of the central group of Romanticist poets is the author who is generally known as Sunbul-zâde Vehbî. The patronymic Sunbul-zâde ³ is that of a family of some distinction belonging to Merçash, a town in the province of Aleppo, and is commonly prefixed to the pseudonym of this poet in order to distinguish him from that other Vehbî — Seyyid Vehbî — whose namesake he is said to be.

Our present subject, whose personal name was Muhammed, was the son of a learned and accomplished gentleman called Râshid (or according to some, Reshid) Efendi, who at the time of our author's birth at Merçash was at Aleppo, where

being, as I have said, to compliment in the opening couplet of each section the person for whom he writes, in terms connected more or less remotely with the people he is going to discuss.

¹ Some hint must have reached Fâzil of the extravagant headdresses worn by English ladies toward the close of the eighteenth century.

² [I do not know whether it was the author's intention to say anything more about Fâzil Bey, or to give specimens of his Dîwân or Chengi-nâmé. Though this section seems to end rather abruptly, I find no trace of any continuation, and I think it likely that these two works were purposely ignored, the Dîwân on account of its mediocrity, and the Chengi-nâmé on account of its very objectionable character. ED.]

³ The name is pronounced Sumbul-zâde, and means Hyacinth-son; I have been unable to discover its origin. Von Hammer is in error in stating that Hayâtî in his commentary on Vehbî's Tuhfe says that the poet received this name on account of his predilection for hyacinths; the commentator says nothing of the sort, and, indeed offers no explanation of the name.
he was acting as assistant to the poet Seyyid Vehbi, who was then cadi of that city. It so happened that just when the news of the young Sunbul-zâde's birth reached Aleppo a son of Seyyid Vehbi died, whereupon the cadi besought his assistant to give his own pseudonym of Vehbi to the new-born child, so that, as he said, his name might abide for a little longer in this fleeting world. And thus it came about that the poet of the house of Sunbul-zâde bears the same pseudonym as he who wrote the inscription for Sultan Ahmed's fountain. Such at least is the story told by Hayatî Efendi the commentator, who professes to have had it from the poet himself.

Sunbul-zâde Vehbi received his education at the hands of the 'ulemâ of his native town of Mer'ash; but, thinking to better himself, he repaired to Constantinople where by means of his qasídas and chronograms he made himself known to certain persons of influence, through whose assistance he entered the order of cadis. His literary skill gradually became known, and several important state documents were given to him to draw up. These he executed with so much ability that he attracted the attention and gained the patronage of two powerful and discriminating statesmen, 'Osman Efendi of Yeni-Shelir and the Re'is-ul-Kuttab Isma'il Bey. These gentlemen brought his work under the notice of Sultan Mustafa III, as a result of which Vehbi was soon promoted to the class of Master Clerks.

Early in the reign of the succeeding Sultan, 'Abd-ul-Hamîd I, in consequence of a dispute between Omer Pasha, the Ottoman governor of Baghdad, and Kerim Khan-i-Zend, the then de facto ruler of Persia, it became necessary to send to the court of Isfahan an envoy well acquainted with the Persian language. Vehbi was chosen for the duty, and so he visited Persia in the capacity of Turkish envoy.
While stopping at Baghdad on his return journey, he wrote to the Porte with the information that the misconduct of 'Omer Pasha had been the real cause of the difficulty. This coming to the governor's ears, he on his part wrote to Constantinople to the effect that Vehbí had been won over by Kerím Khán and had sacrificed the interests of the Empire to those of his new friend, adding that the envoy had earned the contempt of the Persians by behaving when in their country in a riotous and disgraceful manner little becoming the representative of the Sublime Empire. The Sultan, who was highly incensed when he received the Pasha's report, despatched a special messenger with orders for the immediate execution of the unlucky Vehbí. But the latter's friends 'Osmán Efendi and Isma'íl Bey sent him by a secret emissary, who met him between Baghdad and Mosul, a sum of money and a letter telling him how things stood and bidding him, immediately on its receipt, give the slip to his suite, disguise himself, come with their messenger to Scutari, hide there in a certain place, and secretly send them word of his arrival. All this Vehbí did. He reached Scutari disguised as a courier, and saw his friends, who told him to set to work on a qasída praising the Sultan and describing his mission. While the poet was busy on this task, the truth about 'Omer Pasha was discovered, and it was found that Vehbí was guiltless except in so far as he had enjoyed himself somewhat too freely while in Persia. So when the two statesmen presented to the Sultan the poem which has become famous under the name of the Tannána or 'Resonant' Qasída, His Majesty was fully appeased, and granted a free pardon to the poet-envoy.

Upon this Vehbí resigned his position as Master Clerk and returned to his former profession of cadi. At one time he served as deputy-judge of the town of Eski-Zaghra (in
what is now Eastern Rumelia), and when there his dissolute habits so scandalized the citizens that they seized him and shut him up in prison. Surúrí, the poet and famous chronogrammatist, happened to be Vehbi's assistant at the time, and he too, on the presumption that he shared the tastes of his superior, was likewise cast into gaol. They were both released before long; but the incident seems to have been the starting-point of Surúrí's half playful, though wholly ribald, attacks on the elder poet, whose replies in kind round off an extraordinary and not very creditable episode in the literary history of the time.

Among the cadiships which Vehbi held was that of Rhodes, where he wrote another celebrated qasīda, that known as the Tayyára or 'Volant', on the execution in that island of the unhappy Sháhín Giráy, last Khán of the Crimea.

When the poet-loving Sultan, Selím III, ascended the throne, he lost no time in arranging for Vehbi's comfort and well-being, an attention to which the latter responded by collecting his Diwán and dedicating it to the kindly monarch. For the rest of his life the poet seems to have been amply provided for, and, till his health gave way, to have divided his time between versifying and merry-making. He died in Constantinople, over ninety years of age, on the 14th. of the First Rebi', 1224 (28th. April, 1809).

It is said that several years before his death his constitution broke down; gout attacked him, his eyes were affected, and according to some his reason was impaired. For seven years he was confined to his bed. There is a story told by Süleyman Fâqi Efendi how three days before he fell ill, Vehbi invited his friends and intimates to a feast at the close of which he addressed them as follows: 'I am now more than eighty years of age, and death is at hand for me. One of these days I shall die suddenly or else be stricken with
some mortal malady. Whichever may happen, I pray you now to absolve me for the Hereafter. ¹ They say many things concerning me, that I have been most dissolute and wicked; and I forgive them all. Do you bear witness before God that I have ever been a loyal Muslim, and of the Hanefi rite.’ His friends, thinking to comfort him, tried to turn the matter into a joke, telling him he was setting up as a prophet. But he replied that he knew something of the science of medicine, had studied his own case, and was certain of what he said, and so he prayed them to accede to his request.

It is further told that on one occasion, after Vehbi’s illness was come upon him, his friends the poets Surúrí and ‘Ayní went to see him. The sick man was much gratified by their attention, and prayed Surúrí, who was very famous for such things, to extemporise a pathetic chronogram for his death. His friend did so in these words:

‘O God, may Vehbi rise with Imru-ul-Qays!’ ² which pleased the old poet, who answered, ‘What lets? Imru-ul-Qays was no little man.’

Sunbul-záde Vehbi wrote a good deal of poetry; his works include a bulky Díwán, a humorous mesneví entitled Shevq-engíz, or The Provoker of Mirth, a didactic poem called Lutfiyya, modelled on the Khayriyya of Nábí, and two riming vocabularies dealing respectively with Persian and

¹ On death-beds, or before battle or long separations, it is usual among Muhammedans to mutually forgive all that may have been unjustly said or done.

² امره القيس ایله حشر اولسون انہی وحیدی

The chronogram gives the date 1219; perhaps that was the date of the poets’ visit. Imru-ul-Qays was one of the most famous poets of ancient pagan Arabia, [and, according to the Prophet, “their leader into hell-fire.” In the charming history known as al-Fakhri it is related that the Arabs were wont to say that their poetry “began with a King and ended with a King,” alluding to Imru-ul-Qays and the Omayyad Yezíd ibn Mu‘áviya. Ed.]
Arabic words. Besides these productions, which are all in Turkish, he left a small Diwán of Persian poems. ¹

Individuality is the keynote of this age, and nowhere is it more in evidence than in the works of this poet. Vehbi’s personality breathes in well-nigh every line he wrote. Two subjects appealed to him above all others, and inspire directly or indirectly all that is most characteristic and most interesting in his work; of these the first is pleasure, the second himself and his own adventures.

As will have been gathered from the foregoing sketch of his career, Vehbi was notorious for the profligacy of his character, a profligacy which he was at no pains to conceal, and which on two occasions at any rate got him into positions of serious difficulty. To say that Vehbi was at no pains to conceal his profligacy, is to considerably understate the facts. He went out of his way to magnify it, and it tinges more or less the greater part of his poetry. Few indeed are the ghazels in at least one couplet of which the master passion of his nature does not display itself, sometimes, it is true, decently draped and veiled, though more often flaunting naked and unashamed. It riots in the witty shameless pages of the Shevq-engiz, where the fantastic imagination of the Eastern voluptuary revels unrestrained. Vehbi was no hypocrite; he wrote of the things that pleased him in the way that pleased him, and self-control was as little to his mind in literature as it was in daily life.

Vehbi’s misdeemours in this direction supplied Sururi

¹ There occurs in the Persian Diwán a poem in me next verse which is passed off by Vehbi as his own, but the greater part of which begins with the line:

سمن ٦ نو ١٠٣٠ دفت ١٠٣٠

is stated by Ziyá Pasha to have been appropriated from Mu'á Néw, a whose work it is quoted in the Persian „Life of the Poet” called Avá Kede or The Fire Temple.
with an ample store of excellent material when that poet fell to lampooning his brother-craftsman. These lampoons which were penned in play, not in anger, and are as amazing in their audacity as they are revolting in their ribaldry, were answered in the same sort by Vehbi, so that there ensued between the two poets a sort of mock scolding-match, in which each tried to outdo the other alike in the ingenuity and the coarseness of his attack. Trials of wit of this kind, in which the disputants, without ceasing to be good friends, bespatter each other with the foulest abuse, exist in most early literatures. In Scottish medieval poetry, for example, they are well known under the name of 'Flytings;' and Shâni-zâde, ¹ the historian, compares the duel between Vehbi and Surúrí to the famous vituperative contests between the old Arab poets Jerîr and Farazdaq. ²

Turning now to Vehbi's second subject, — himself; we find that he is never tired of discoursing on his own doings and his own experiences. His journey to Persia especially, and what he saw and did there, forms a never-failing fountain to which he returns again and again, till, as Professor Nâjî says, he fairly exhausts the patience of his readers. But although this Persian journey is continually cropping up, and is thrust upon us with a wearisome re-iteration, a good deal of what Vehbi has to say on the subject is interesting, and would be still more so, could we but be sure how much is fact and how much fiction. He similarly favours us with

¹ Shâni-zâde Muhammed 'Atá-ullah Efendi was Imperial Historiographer in succession to 'Asim Efendi, the famous translator of the Qânûs and the Burhân-i Qâti'. As he was affiliated to the Bektashi Order, which was closely connected with the Janissaries, he was, on the destruction of that corps by Sultan Mahmûd II in 1241 (826), exiled to Tire near Smyrna, where he died in the following year 1242 (1826—7).

² [My colleague Professor Bevan, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has long been engaged on an edition of the voluminous Naqâ'ïd, or 'Flytings', of these two celebrated poets of the Omayyad period. Ed.].
his opinion of Rhodes and Scio, an opinion which is highly flattering to those islands, and above all to the fair maidens who inhabit them. Then he is himself the hero of his two most celebrated qasidas; for the Lutfiyya is, in the main, a record of his own experiences of life; and so on, in greater degree or less, with much of the best of what he wrote.

Taken as a whole, the qasidas which, as usual, open Vehbi’s Diwán are of but little account as poetry. The two to which I have alluded as being the most celebrated are those to which he gives the singular names of Qasida-i Tannána and Qasida-i Tayyára, which may respectively be rendered as The Qasida Resonant and The Qasida Volant. The first of these, which, as we know, the poet wrote when hiding in Scutari on his unceremonious return from Persia, is dedicated to Sultan ‘Abd-ul-Hamid I who is praised sky-high in the orthodox fashion, a fashion which by this time had become purely conventional, and was as silly as it was extravagant and mendacious. This duty performed, the poet proceeds to tell the story of his reception by Kerim Khan, taking care to contrast every point connected with the Persian court with its counterpart at that of the Sultan, always of course to the glorification of the latter and the disparagement of the former. In the same strain he goes on to mention the various cities that he visited and objects of interest that he saw in Trân, always comparing these unfavourably with some more or less corresponding places within the Ottoman dominions. Though not poetical, the work is interesting; since, making allowance for extravagance and partiality — due in some measure no doubt to the circumstances under which it was written, — it gives us at once an Ottoman envoy’s account of his reception by a famous Persian ruler, and the impression which the classic land of Trân produced upon an intelligent Turk of the old school.
The second qasida received from its author the title of Tayyara or Volant because of the name of its luckless subject, Shahin (i.e. Falcon) Giray. This unhappy Prince was the last Khan of the Crimea, and one of the countless victims of Russian ambition and treachery. Weakly yielding to Muscovite threats and bribes, he had renounced his allegiance to the Sultan and proclaimed himself the vassal of St. Petersburg. But he was not long in finding out how Russia deals by those who trust her. Continually insulting and degrading him before his own people, his oppressors succeeded in compelling him to abandon his country and leave it wholly in their hands. Unfortunately for himself, Shahin sought refuge in Turkey; for 'Abd-ul-Hamid was incensed at his betrayal of his allegiance and at his abandoning without a blow a Mohammedan people to the cruel persecutions of the most barbarous among the Christian nations, and so Shahin was sent a prisoner to Rhodes, where he was shortly afterwards put to death. He was a Prince of considerable culture, and wrote Turkish verse with skill and feeling.

At the time of Shahin's banishment Vehbi happened to be cadi of Rhodes, and as such he was brought into contact with the ill-starred Prince. The Volant Qasida is his account of the tragedy so far as he himself was concerned. It is dedicated to the Sultan, who is praised in the usual fulsome manner, while the wretched fugitive is in corresponding measure vilified and abused. This was perhaps inevitable, yet it does not tend to present the writer in a pleasant light. The signification of the Prince's name Shahin (Falcon) gives the keynote for the imagery of the poem which is throughout

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1 Among the curiosities of Turkish literature is a 'circular' ghazel (ghazel-i muddever) by Shahin Giray. This ingenious composition is reproduced as the frontispiece of my Ottoman Poems translated into English verse, published in 1882, and the text (transliterated) is printed a few pages further on.