Let them who see his jaunty ways exclaim 'Oho! Oho!'
His step, and air, and figure too, I say, Bravo! Bravo!
I'll seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

Now, Esmá Khanim, rouge my face and trim my locks, I cry.
Hush! ne'er a word! for off to see a comrade dear am I.
It is not for a full-moustachioed gaffer that I sigh,
But for a frisky youth with sprouting down and fez awry.
I'll seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

Come, fork out a five-hundred, buy a slave-girl deft and feat,
And make Emine Tútí teach her dancing as is meet. 2
Don't loiter near the barracks of the sailors of the fleet, 3
But take a boat from Yagh Qapani to Stamboul, my sweet, 4
To seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

I will not marry and bring home a ram, I tell thee nay;
So if thou wilt, come on and with a blunted knife me play.
Now, now, my mother-gossip dear, just let me be, I pray.
If others talk, why more's the fun; but I will off to play
And seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

The house doth ring through emptiness from selling of our gear.
The life within me thrills and bounds if e'er a man appear.

1 Esmá Khanim, Miss (or Mrs.) Esmá; here the name of some friend of
the girl. It is usual for female friends to assist at one another's toilettes.
2 In this verse, the first two lines of which have no connection with the
rest, the girl is speaking to herself. In the first couplet she imagines herself
rich, and proposes buying a slave-girl for a large sum of money, the word
'sequins' being probably understood after 'five hundred,' Emine Tutu was
most likely a well-known dancing-mistress of her time. The title Tutu (literally,
Parrot) is sometimes given to elderly ladies.
3 The Qalyounji Odasi, or barracks of the men-of-war's men, was situated
between Pera and Qasim Pasha, in the quarter still called Qalyounji Qalibghi
or the men-of-war's men's guard-house. The qalyounji (galleon-men) or
men-of-war's men of old times were a rough wild set, so that even this very
independent young lady thought it as well to keep clear of them.
4 The yagh qapani, or oil weigh-house, was situated in Galata on the
Golden Horn. Formerly all the oil, butter, etc. brought into the capital
used to be taken here to be weighed and taxed before being sold in the
market. The name still survives in that of the landing stage called yagh qa-
pani iskelesi.
My name may turn to copper rather than bide golden here; 1
So when 'tis eve I'll out o'er hill and dale afar and near,
And seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

My heart's set on yon spun-silk stuff upon the hedge, I trow, 2
I'm roasted in the sun, I'm sick of tramp and trampling so;
I'll take a parchment fan in hand and in a boat I'll go,
And slipping off with none to see, towards the bay I'll row, 3
And seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

A young and tender palm am I in beauty's garden fair.
Through singing songs amid the bowers I've lost my voice, I swear.
With spangles will I trim my newest fez, and that I'll wear,
And stepping up into the coach with coy coquettish air,
I'll seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

From Tútí 4 will I beg her robe of Scian scarlet bright, 5
And I will wind her yellow shawl around my waist so slight;
I'll comb my dotard daddy's beard with these my fingers white; 6
And like the graceful cypress swaying to and fro as right,
I'll seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

To Aydin on some work our governor 7 is gone to-day;
Up, Chidem Usta, 8 run, my girl, and tell my friends, I pray;
Well then, thou'st spread my bed upon the belvedere, I say?
To-night the moon's a fortnight old, just full to light our play.
I'll seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

1 His (her, its) golden name is turned to copper,' is a proverb meaning 'his (her its) fair fame in tarnished.' Sunbul-zâde Vehbi says, referring no doubt to some contemporary:

‘He will turn its golden name to red copper,
Should a wretch like Sari-Bey-Oghli get the Beyship.’

2 Some stuff she sees hung out on a hedge to dry.

3 The Golden Horn is probably meant by 'the bay'.

4 Tútí, the name of another friend.

5 The scarlet dye and the scarlet cloth of Scio are well-known.

6 To wheedle him.

7 In this verse the girl imagines herself well married; that she has several
There's someone knocking at the door, la, who can that be now?  
Just pull the string; 1 O here's our sister; stop that horrid row!  
Thy husband ne'er says aught to thee, a lucky lass art thou;  
Ta-ta, just now I cannot listen to thy why and how.  
I'll seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

My passion is gone out to a fair sun; 2 dost ask my plight? —  
For love of him the vitals in my breast are melted quite;  
Cold water's running down my head, I can't tell left from right;  
Indeed I've sworn that ere my youthful days have winged their flight,  
I'll seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

The charge for the head basin has left naught for bather's fee; 3  
I'm sore perplexed for tips to give the bath-maids, woe is me!  
If like the bath-mother 4 should come my beastly hub, thou'dst see  
Before the fool could pick up comb and bowl 5 away I'd flee  
And seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

If to the tank for water, grumbling, came his ma next day,  
Why, smash her crock and with a cudgel crack her crown, I'd say:  
It's precious little fun to hear her buzz and buzz away,  
I shall not stop and listen to her droning on for aye;  
I'll seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

servants is implied by the title usta, which is given to the chief female servant in an establishment, and which she here adds to the name of her attendant Chidum or Croons.

1 The door being unlatched by a long string leading to the room.
2 That is, a handsome youth.
3 The 'head basin' is the best basin in a public bath; the charge for the use of it is so high that the girl would not have enough left after paying this to give the superintendent and the bath-servants their usual tips.
4 Hammam Anasi, 'the bath-mother', is the directress of the bath.
5 ناضر دماي ناضر 'to gather up bowl and comb,' is an expression something like 'to clear out bag and baggage.' Kaut has a verse

Kansas دماغ 3 'We have swooned in the hot bath of union with that lass,'  
'Kaut, it's enough, let us get together bowl and comb.'  
The bowl and comb are used in the bath, hence the conjunction.
So we must ask a husband's leave! What's next? I'd like to know. And so the indoor groom for things like this will angry grow! 1
Or what? — Has some new law been issued that we must do so? A shove behind, and down the well head-over-heels he'll go!
I'll seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

That aye uncanny is a midden in the house I knew,
So over everything I thrice have whispered 'tu, tu, tu'. 2
I wonder, is there no one here to sweep the place as due?
I'll tackle fast to me a herd of colts, 3 that's what I'll do;
And seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

My Pasha 4, come at five to-night, now do not say me nay;
Come underneath the balcony, and 'Hullo Pembe!' say; 5
But do not shout aloud lest Khani Dudu 6 hear, I pray,
While I beguile the babbling fool with gossip as I may.
I'll seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

Let's stop the squabble, mammy, and let's ask of Wásif there
If thou'rt a trollop or if I'm a baggage, that is fair;
I'm sure he'll say, 'If I am asked, you're both a precious pair'.
Now summer's come, is't likely I shall stick at home for e'er? —
I'll seek a romp of fifteen years and him my sweetheart make.

The famous statesman and poet, Kecheji-záde Mehméd ‘Ízzet, who is generally spoken of as ‘Izzet Mollá, was the son of a Qádi-‘asker of Sultan ‘Abd-ül-Hamíd I named Sálih Efendí, and was born in Constantinople in the year 1200 (1785—6). He entered the learned profession, and in 1238 (1822—3) was made Mollá of Galata. But in the same

1 A newly-married man who goes to live with his bride at the house of her parents is called an 'indoor bridegroom', ich guwegisi. As his position in the household is a subordinate one, he is expected to show himself complaisant.
2 As a charm.
3 That is, a lot of wild young fellows.
4 To her (imaginary) lover.
5 The girl here speaks as though Pembe were her own name.
6 Khani Dudu, perhaps her nurse, the name suggests an Armenian.
year his friend and patron the imperial favourite Hálet Efendi met his well-deserved fate, and his fall brought disaster to all his clients and protégés. At first Izzet escaped, but the resentment he felt at what he conceived to be the unjust treatment of his friend impelled him to satirize those who had brought about his ruin, an injudicious, if generous, action which entailed his banishment to Keshán, a little Rumelian town situated between Rodosto and the Lower Maritza. It was in this town, for which he started about the middle of the Latter Jemázi of 1238 (February, 1823), and where he remained for a year, that he wrote practically the whole of his well-known poem called the Mihnet-Keshán. Soon after his return to the capital he won the good graces of Sultan Mahmúd who, himself something of a poet, was well able to recognize literary ability in others. In 1241 (1825—6) Izzet obtained the Mekka Molláship, and the following year saw him in the lofty position of Judge of Constantinople. The Molla, who was an

1 This Hálet Efendi was a conspicuous personage in his day. He was in the civil service, and in his official capacity was brought into personal contact with Sultan Mahmúd, whose confidence he managed to gain. His influence became great, but unhappily he used it solely to further his own ends; and in so doing involved the state in serious trouble. His removal having become imperative, he was, through the exertions of certain patriotic statesmen, exiled to Qonya, where soon afterwards he was executed. He was affiliated to the Mevlevi order, and it was with the Chelebi Efendi that he sought refuge when sent to Qonya. His head was brought to Constantinople and buried within the precincts of the Mevlevi convent at Galata, for which he had built a library and fountain. He was also fond of poetry, and left a Diwan of his own verses.

2 Jevdet Pasha says in his History that the verse which particularly excited the wrath of the Grand Vezir and was the immediate cause of Izzet's banishment was the following.

حَمِيلَةَ ـجانبِي ـفَي ـمَلَّيِـي ـالِوِـيِـيِـ مَدِـيِـ
يَدُوْدِي اـمـي ـهـامـعي ـحَسَـمِيُه ـأَيْـلَهِ ـيَـبِيـرَيـ
enlightened and patriotic statesman, vehemently opposed the persecution of the disastrous Russian war which resulted in the Treaty of Adrianople. This roused against him the hostility of the war-party in Constantinople, and through their machinations he was in 1245 (1829—30) exiled to Siwas, where very soon after his arrival he died — through the traditional cup of poisoned coffee, if popular report tells true. 'Izzet Mollá was the father of Fuád Pasha, the famous statesman of Sultan 'Abd-ul-'Aziz’s time, who died at Nice in 1285 (1868—9). The Molla often mentions his little Fuád in the most affectionate terms in the Mihnet-Keshán.

'Izzet is the author of two mesnevi poems, one of which is entitled Gulshen-i 'Ashq or the Garth of Love, the other and much more celebrated being the Mihnet-Keshán.

The Gulshen-i 'Ashq is a comparatively juvenile work, having been finished in 1227 (1812—3) when the poet was in his seven-and-twentieth year and still feeling his way along the paths of literature. It is a short mystic romance, built entirely on the old Persian lines. The inspiration of the little work is that of the Archaic and Classic ages, its philosophy that of Mevláná Jelāl-ud-Dín, to whose order the poet, like so many of his brother-craftsmen, was affiliated. In it 'Izzet shows himself an idealist pure and simple, and gives no hint of the intense realism which is to characterise and render famous his later volume. The scheme of the Gulshen-i 'Ashq is poetically conceived, and, despite one or two errors in taste, due to an insufficiently controlled imagination, the allegory is gracefully and pleasingly presented. The story, of which the following is an outline, is slight but, I believe, original:

The scene opens on a beautiful morning in the Garth of Love where the lovers of old time — such as Mejnún and Leylá, Ferhád and Shírín, Wámiq and 'Azrá — are discov-
ered conversing among the flowers on the wonderful ways of Love. The Nightingale, who seems to be in charge, notices that 'Izzet is not present in the assemblage of lovers, and despatches the Gardener to seek and bid him come. After some trouble, this messenger finds the poet in the market-place of Dolour. 'Izzet, however, refuses the invitation, as he fancies his beloved, without whom he cannot live, will not be present. The Gardener returns and reports his failure to the Nightingale, who then sends Mejnûn, but with no better success. The third envoy, who is Ferhád, is able to persuade the poet to accompany him by assuring him that his beloved will be there. They set out, but mistake their way, being misled by the lying inscription on a fountain, and find themselves in a frightful valley infested by snakes. Here Ferhád dies of sheer terror, and 'Izzet, left alone, flies for refuge into what appears to be a cavern. This turns out to be the mouth of a dragon, who swallows the poet, but is so incommodeed by his burning sighs that he goes mad and begins to waste the land and destroy the people. Heaven in pity determines to cast the dragon into the flames, so he is drawn up to the Sphere of Fire, when 'Izzet, conscious of the monster's impending doom, prays for deliverance, and straightway finds himself in a garden on the earth. Here he remains a long while in a state of bewilderment till he is accosted by an aged man, from whom he asks for directions as to the Garth of Love. The elder tells him that that Garth is a phantasm, and enquires the name of the poet's beloved. 'Izzet answers that his dear one's name is Love. Then the aged man, who declares himself Meylana Jelal ud-Din, replies that he can so far aid his quest as to inform him that Love is only to be found through suffering. He then disappears. After a long period of many pains and woes, 'Izzet is at last conscious of the
presence of a glorious and more than earthly Radiance, which possesses and permeates his whole being, and which is none else than the Light of Love. In this Radiance lover and beloved alike disappear, and Love itself is all in all, till it too is merged in the refulgence of God, which alone abides eternal. The poem concludes with the author’s acknowledgment of his indebtedness for all his lore to Jelál-ud-Din and the Mesnevi.

In his second mesnevi, the Mihnet-Keshán, a name which may be read and understood to mean ‘The Suffering one’, ‘The Sufferers’, or ‘The Sufferings of (at) Keshán’, ¹ ‘Izzet is emphatically a son of his age. The mystic poet, it is true, discloses himself here and there, but this is, as it were, accidentally; the true purpose of the book is to give a circumstantial account of an episode in the author’s life, namely his banishment to the town of Keshán. In this work, which comprises somewhere about seven thousand couplets, we have a most graphic account of contemporary life. Everything is here set forth in detail; the circumstances of the poet’s arrest in Constantinople, all the stages at which he stopped on his enforced journey, the conversations he held with his guards and attendants, the stories told him by the country-people, even the fancies and day-dreams in which he indulged as he was jolted along in his springless ‘araba. Then we have an account of Keshán and the local notables, of ‘Izzet’s intercourse with these, of the

¹ In order to have this last meaning the name would have to be read Mihnet-i-Keshán. But the Turks generally speak of the work as Mihnet-Keshán, and that they are correct in so doing is proved by the following verse:

where the metre requires the title to be read Mihnet-Keshán. This couplet however proves likewise that the third meaning is kept in view.
excursions he made to the neighbouring villages, together with many details of his every-day life. A considerable portion of the latter half of the book is taken up with the recital of a curious incident that happened at Keshán during the writer's sojourn, in which the principal actors were a Greek woman, a Muhammedan youth and the poet himself, who, according to his own account, played a part in the little tragedy more prominent than admirable.

Though all in the Mihnet-Keshán is told with perfect good-nature, and often with a kindly playfulness, it is easy to perceive how sorely the exile yearned after his home and the much-loved family he so often mentions; and many a time he lets us see how bitter was his disappointment as month succeeded month and the longed-for pardon was still delayed. At length his hopes were fulfilled, and 'Izzet returned to the capital by way of Adrianople, re-entering his native city about the middle of the Latter Jemázi of 1239 (February, 1824), after an absence of exactly one year.

The interest of the Mihnet-Keshán is twofold; on the one hand it offers a picture of provincial life in European Turkey in the closing years of the old régime, on the other it affords us the opportunity of making the intimate personal acquaintance of an eminent and famous Ottoman official. For 'Izzet is not content with giving merely an account, however detailed, of his travels and experiences, he avails himself of every opportunity that crops up to express his own views and opinions on all manner of subjects. The poem thus in some places partakes of the character of a common-place book, as in others it resembles an itinerary or even a diary, a state of matters which naturally results in medley so far as subject is concerned. Thus 'Izzet perceives and congratulates himself upon, either unconscious of or indifferent to its fatal effect upon his poem as a
work of art. He prefers to regard his book as a sort of museum in which specimens of every variety of poetry may be studied. It does not treat, he says, like other poems, of but a single subject; whatever matter one may bring forward, it will be found discussed here. And indeed, while a central thread connects and holds them all together, there are in the volume not only examples of diverse forms, such as qasidas, ghazels and chronograms, but passages narrative and descriptive, mystic and amorous, philosophic and didactic, plaintive and humorous. The book in short reflects the varying moods of its genial and learned author, who, no doubt found in its composition his greatest solace during his weary months of exile. The idea of writing it, as well as the title Mihnet-Keshán, was, 'Izzet tells us, suggested to him by a scholarly and accomplished Afghan called Tal'at who visited him at Keshán not long after his arrival. The poem, which was completed in 1239 (1823—4), probably soon after the author's return, was arranged and edited in the following year by two literary friends named Husám and Wahid; it was lithographed and published in Constantinople in 1269 (1852—3).

From a literary and artistic point of view the Mihnet-Keshán is no advance upon the Gulshen-i 'Ashq, perhaps rather the reverse; but in every other way it is much more interesting. In place of a mystic romance, which might have been written by anyone possessing sufficient culture at almost any time during the preceding four or five centuries, we get here a work full of the individuality of its author, and permeated with the spirit of the age in which it was written. On it rests 'Izzet Molla's claim to remembrance, a claim little likely to be challenged when we consider that nowhere else do we find a picture at once so comprehensive and so detailed of Turkish life and sentiment
at the moment when Sultan Mahmūd the Reformer was about to change for ever, at least in its outward aspect, the old half-Asiatic half-Byzantine Turkey which had carried down into the nineteenth century many of the scenes and not a few of the principles of the days of the Seljūqs and the Paleologi.

'İzzet's lyric poems are arranged in two separate Dīwāns, which, according to Fatîn Efendi, bear respectively the special titles of Behār-i-Efkar or Fancy's Spring, and Khażān-i Âsâr or Labour's Autumn. The first of these, judging from the chronograms, comprises the poems written up to 1240 (1824–5); the second, those composed from 1241 onwards. This latter collection may have been made after the author's death. It contains a pitiful qasîda, which must be one of the last poems the Molla ever wrote, as it is addressed from Siwas to a pasha at the court of Constantinople whose intercession it earnestly implores.

Although one of the most eminent and celebrated men of Sultan Mahmūd's reign, 'İzzet Molla does not hold a very high position as a poet in the estimation of the modern critics. Ziyâ Pasha, it is true, has nothing but praise for this lord of the moderns, as he styles him, this eloquent merry-mâker who expresses himself gracefully in every path, and at whose culture none can cavil. Especially does the Pasha applaud the patriotism of the poet-statesman, who, as he says truly enough, sacrificed his life for the welfare of the Empire. To this Kemal Bey rejoins that a man may be a very good patriot without necessarily being a good poet, and while he admits that the Molla was the first, he emphatically denies that he was the second. The critic's chief cause of quarrel with 'İzzet is his practice of using high-sounding phrases without due consideration of their significance, a practice which results in his lines som
times turning out to be very like nonsense when one begins to analyse their meaning.

Such strictures apply with more force to the lyric poems than to the mesnevis, in which, and especially in the Mihnet-Keshán, the language is sufficiently explicit and precise. The most serious defects in these poems arise from a want of taste which manifests itself chiefly in the imaginative vagaries already referred to, and from the lack of a due sense of proportion, through which relatively unimportant matters are brought into such prominence that the true values are at times in danger of being obscured.

Like Wásif Bey, 'Izzet rendered yeoman's service in the work of Turkicising the poetic vocabulary and dialect. Although the Mollá nowhere condescends to the colloquialisms, not to say the vulgarities, of the Mother and Daughter Dialogue, there are in the Mihnet-Keshán numerous passages written in vigorous idiomatic Turkish which suffice to secure for the author a distinguished place in the ranks of the reformers. Still 'Izzet was more beholden to the Persians than was his talented contemporary, and often sacrificed the genius of the Turkish language to the exigencies of the poetic art, so that his work, if measured by the conventional standard which still ruled in his day, may perhaps be said to be the more successful. He struck a compromise, the time not yet being come when it was possible for a poet to turn his back upon the Persians and still produce work of the highest artistic quality.

The following is the opening section of the Gulshen-i 'Ashq; it is of course the Deity who is addressed.

From the Gulshen-i 'Ashq. [441]

O Thou who mak'st Love's fragrant garth to blow,
O Thou who bidd'st Love's fiery furnace glow,
Thy power can opposites in one unite,
Lo, here the heart, there the beloved bright!
'Tis Thou who mak'st the darling's eyes to beam,
'Tis Thou who mak'st the burning flame to gleam.
Thou channelest the bosom for that fire,
And mak'st the tears to flow for anguish dire.
With fire-commingled tears, O Lord of might,
Thou waterest the wound-rose day and night.
Whate'er Thou wouldest, that same dost Thou do;
In making me forlorn what makest Thou?
Through love primeval of the Ahmed-Light 1
Well wott'st Thou of the wistful lover's plight.
'Tis Thou whose wisdom over all doth reach,
Who love to lover and belov'd dost teach.
Thou mak'st the hapless victims weep and plain,
Thou likewise art the balm to heal this pain.
The mystery of Love is Thy heart's core;
Thy virtues make to laugh, to weep full sore.
Thine awfulness constraineth lovers' tears,
Thy graciousness in beauties' smiles appears.
O sadly altered, Lord, our fortune shows;
Our life is overwhelmed beneath our woes.
What may this fire of Love betoken, God?
Naught knoweth he who bears Love's woful load.
Is it indeed a fire to burn the soul?
Is it the wine of the Primeval Bowl? 2
Our hearths and homes are burned to earth thereby;
O God, take Thou our spirits, let us die!
Love's lesson Thou hast made full hard, Dear One,
Then questioned and examined as they were:
Some read it 'Leyla'; other some, 'our Lord';
The sense is one, the difference but of word.

1 The 'Ahmed Light' (Nama Ahmed) figure, that conception of the perfect or ideal being, which God is said to have formed in the beginning, and hav ing formed, to have loved, and for the realization of which it is held, the universe was created.

2 That is the wine of the Primal Banquet: the nourishment of the soul ere yet the individual was separated from the universal.
Then others shoulder mattock and stride forth
To raze the mighty mountains to the earth;¹
Some like the nightingale bewail and plain,
While some in silence bear their bitter pain;²
Some like the lion chained and fettered lie,
Some like the arrow to the desert fly,
Some in the tavern quaff the heady wine,
Some drunken with their own heart's blood recline,
Some are mid crumbling ruins fain to hide
(And Love is with such mad ones fain to hide),
Some weep, O Lord, and some laugh joyous forth;
What means this woe, and what this glee and mirth?
O God, by yonder blessed martyr Qays!³
By the black dust where sepulchred he lies!
By true affection and by faithfulness!
By Wāmiq's and by ʿAzrā's bitter stress!
By tears that flow from blood-bestrewing eyes!
By mourning heart's impassioned wails and sighs!
Restore, O God, the ruined heart in me!
Restore it, as it hath been burned by Thee!
Make me the moth and make my love the flame,
Unite us ere the fire consume my frame.
Deal by me, Lord, howe'er Thou dost approve,
But part me not from yon Dear One I love!

The remaining extracts⁴ are all from the Mihnet-Keshán. In the first ʿIzzet playfully alludes to the reflection of himself shown in the pieces of mirror which, according to an old fashion, decorated the interior of the ʿaraba or coach in which he travelled to his place of banishment. The ghazel introduced, the imagery of which is suggested by the circumstances, is partly philosophic, partly mystic.

¹ Alluding to Ferhâd.
² Alluding to the moth.
³ Mejniin.
⁴ With the exception of the first, these are all paraphrased in the late Sir James W. Redhouse's pamphlet on Turkish Poetry.
From the Mihnet-Keshán. [442]

My comrade an eloquent man was, and good; --
Was none to have leave to enliven my road?
A marvellous poet, of language sublime;
A great rhetorician, the mage of his time;
A man all-accomplished, and skilled, and polite,
Of kind heart and nature, and waggish of sprite;
The wisest of all in the wide world was he:
My equal he was, if indeed such there be!
He showed like to me both in manners and face,
Likewise in his sapience you 'Izzet could trace.
He tall was, with thin beard, and big frame, and strong:
His peer you would find not, though sought you for long.
I bowed me to him, and he bowed him to me,
And then at the same time discourse opened we.
Wherever I glanced, there he too turned his eyes;
Looked I at a girl, he would sin in like wise.
Him also the Sultan had doomed to exile;
Indeed we were both of us one in our guile.
I looked at him there in the glass in the wain,
And pitied the poor wight again and again.
I sighed deep for him, and for me did he sigh,
'Twould seem I were he and that he sooth where I.
His pen-name was likewise 'Izzet, so you see
The substance was I while the form it was he,
Whenever my reed a ghazel would indite
He straightway a parallel thereto would write;
So whether he wrote this rubrantic ghazel,
Or I dashed it off, there is none who can tell

Ghazel:

That forms are but a passing shade the mirror doth a covert
With silent eloquence it doth upon the subtile relate
Undimmed the pure of soul byught reflected from phenomena
The mirror still the spirit of the men of heart doth illiustrate
Debating like Sheykh Gulsheni the mystery of unity,
The mirror doth upon the text: 'All things shall perish,' commentate. 
Can e'er the Associate of the Pure his elemental nature change? —
The mirror doth this dark enigma for the fitting few translate.
'Tis folly to impute our good or evil temper to the sphere:
Imagine not the mirror fair or loathly features can mis-state.
No trace of the sojourner's loveliness or vileness bides on earth:
How well the mirror doth this mundane hostelry delineate!
The mirror looks on Beauty's fair diwan, and straight, like 'Izzet's soul,
It doth a 'parallel' to yonder dear one's eyebrow-line create. 3

The following lines were prompted by 'Izzet's love for the pen, which, he says, had been his constant companion since boyhood, and was now his friend and comforter in exile. The immediate occasion of the passage was the poet's pleasure with a qasida, addressed to the Sultan, which he had just finished, and by means of which he vainly hoped to obtain his pardon. The pen referred to is of course the reed-pen used in the East.

From the Mihnet-Keshán.
The Eulogy of the Pen. [443]

The Pen was the medium for B and for E,
Whence started the sequence of all things that be.
Doth He in His scripture divine swear in vain
Who guided the reed that inscribed, 'By the Pen'?
And had not the Pen traced the letters of might,
Unknown were the mystery, — 'And what they write.' 4

1 The celebrated mystic teacher of the early sixteenth century, mention of whom has been made in a previous chapter.
2 'Every thing shall perish except His face.' Koran, XXVIII, 88.
3 'Beauty's fair diwan' seems to mean the fair face of a beauty; when this is reflected in the mirror the eyebrows are of course repeated or 'paralleled', as the lines in a diwan might be by some poet.
4 These first three couplets refer to the Koranic verse in which God swears 'By the Pen and what they write!' (LXVIII, 1) and to the following myth
Concealed in this darkness doth Life's Waterhide; 1
Yea, here in its ink surges Life's Water's tide.
'Tis not of this Fountain of Permanence fair
That each Alexander is given to share.
Though swarthy indeed is the line of its face,
On high like the sun ever mounteth its grace.
A traveller circling the wide world alway,
A story traversing the ages for aye.
By it are the feasts of earth's sovereigns sung;
It needeth no truchman, it knows every tongue.
This envy of Jem ranges o'er all the lands,
But yet 'tis in Persia its capital stands. 2
'Tis ever the judge whose decisions remain,
And through it the Mollahs to glory are fain.
A patron symbolic it is, who may say
With yon slitten tongue either 'Yea' or else 'Nay'.
It opes not its mouth for the fool or the low,
But only for him who is wise and doth know.
If ever a dunce by mischance doth it take,
Its trembling creates on the page an earthquake.
Although for fair wisdom its head it would yield,
It only will fluster if fools should it wield.

by which that oath is explained. When God before the beginning of time had resolved on the creation of the universe, the first things that started into existence were this Pen and what is known as the 'Hidden' or 'Preserved Tablet' (Levî-i Mahfîz). On this latter the Pen straightway inscribed the two letters (א) א, meaning 'Be!' in Arabic -- the Almighty's fiat to creation. And what they write would thus apply primarily to the Divine command, and secondarily to its consequences, namely, all that has since happened and will yet happen. There are, it should be said, other accounts of the Preserved Tablet; according to one of these it contains the original of the Koran; according to another, it bears inscribed the acts and destinies of all created things. 'Izzet refers here to this verse and myth as being flattering to the genius 'pen'.

1 The 'darkness' refers to the colour of the reed, which is a deep chocolate brown, or to the blackness of the ink, the 'Life's Water'. Both the compleat and the next allude to the old table of the Water of Life in the Land of Darkness and Alexander's Quest thereof.
2 Persia was of course the fountain-head of literature and culture for the old Turks; it is also the native land of the reeds of which pen are made.
'Tis somewhat capricious of temper withal,  
Its speech doth now brief and now garrulous fall.  
For all that it laudeth the locks of the fair,  
At times it is sorely distressed by a hair.  
Its virtues and excellence none may gainsay,  
And the eloquent look to its mouth every day.  
Coeval of all of the cultured and wise,  
'Tis present wherever discussions arise.  
The tongue may not tell of the works wrought by it,  
Nor intellect reckon the tomes it hath writ.  
And yet while its virtues by all men are seen,  
And earth through the stream of its bounty is green,  
Its dark inky fountain at times runneth dry;  
And sore for a drop of cool water its sigh;  
And then till the life-giving draught it may drain  
It sticks in the mud of the ink full of pain;  
And yet doth the poor wight have naught but the dole,  
Of that which its lips hold the page takes the whole:  
If haply one drop in its mouth still remain  
That straight as its share by the scribe's lip is ta'en;  
The penwiper too for its portion applies: —  
Behold here the lot of the learned and wise!  
May Allah reward him! how noble his word  
When Sa'dí the pearl of this verity bored:  
'Tis proverb is famous the city throughout, —  
'The better a man is, the worse is his lot.' 

1 A hair in a pen's nib is an annoyance familiar to everyone.  
2 To look to a person's mouth, means to look to him for instructions. Here writers look to the pen's work, i.e. to what others have written, and gain knowledge therefrom.  
3 To understand this couplet and that following it must be remembered that the ink of the East differs much from that which we use. Eastern ink is a compound of lampblack, gum, and water. The inkstand is provided with a certain quantity of the rougher fibres of silk found on the exterior of cocoons. This absorbs the ink and prevents its too rapid evaporation; but the ink from time to time becomes too thick, and requires a few drops of water to restore its requisite degree of fluidity.  
4 Sucking a pen is a common trick everywhere.  
5 These two closing couplets are in Persian: the second is evidently quoted from some work of Sa'dí.
In the next passage the reed-pen is supposed to answer the poet.

From the Mihnet-Keshán.

The Pen’s Reply. [444]

It said: 1 May thy favours continue for aye!
May all culture’s foes be o’erwhelmed with dismay!
From sticks like to us what of virtue may come?
Wherein do we differ from staff or from broom?
To tutor us had not the erudite deigned,
To open our lips had we ever attained?
If we in the reed-bed had body frail and weak,
Had ever the heart learned of knowledge to speak?
What I, but a reed, power to claim as my right?
In the hands of the learned alone have I might.
Alone through their words my renown shineth forth,
The words of those kings ’tis that conquer the earth.
How many the ill-fated sons of our kind
Whom women in threads of their tyranny bind! 2
But Allah hath made you the means blest for aye
To save us from such cruel tyranny’s sway.
We’ve dipped in the ink of the sages our head,
With that holy water ablution we’ve made;
Our brow thus is worthy the prayer-rug to press, 3
And God hath vouchsafed our worship to bless.
For had not the sages first laved us, howe’er
To touch the divine word of God should we dare 4
Becoming the clients of scholars again,
Escape from destruction as fire-wood we gain:
Our bodies were fuel the fires to light.

1 It said, that is the reed pen said.
2 Weavers, who are often women, use reed, i.e., hadlam in their shuttles.
3 There is of course a suggestion of the hands of love in the “threads of tyranny.”
4 The page is here meant by the prayer-rug.
5 The unwashed may not lawfully touch the Koran.
The ignorant therefore had burned us forthright.
Did Life’s blessed stream in the reed-jungle flow? —
Then why naught of respite from thirst could we know?
For even while yet tender shoots, did we sigh,
Our hearts scorched and seared by the heats of July.
We crackled and hissed, soul and body aflame,
But no one to bring us a draught ever came.
What then though we’re eager to serve sages thus? —
The Khizirs are they of Life’s Water for us.
The clients of great men had we not become,
By reed-riding child to be strid were our doom.¹
We’re some of us flutes in the Mevlevi’s hands.

To us men of heart ³ do their secrets outpour,
Though they who look on deem us pipes and no more.
The cultured and noble have tutored us fair,
Allowing us still in their councils to share.
May God of His mercy establish them sure,
And save us for aye from the hands of the boor.
With kindness the saintly do us ever treat,
In holding with us converse secret and sweet.
Weren’t not for the learned, we still should remain
As birds without portion in nest or in grain;
They give us the pen-case for home and abode,
Therein do our little ones find rest and food.
What we, reeds, that we should pronounce Yea or Nay? —
The learned ’tis still are our patrons for aye.

The next and last extract is the Molla’s humorous description of the foppish Mufti or official counsel of the

¹ As has been before observed, children in the East sometimes amuse themselves by bestriding a reed as if it were a horse.
² The line that should come here is misprinted in the published text where it reads:
³ Here the Mevlevi dervishes, in whose rites the reed-flute plays so important a part.

مواليه بنذر صغير وكبرWhich is meaningless.
little town of Ergene or Uzun-Köpri (Long-Bridge) not far from Adrianople, who paid him a visit during his banishment at Keshán.

From the Mihnet-Keshán. [445]

Of Ergene's mufti I oft had been told;
He looked quite the bachelor though he was old. 1
To follow the practice he might not attain, 2
And so 'twas his aim like a youth to remain.
He wound soldier-fashion his gay turban shawl, 3
Concealing his learning and skill therewithal.
Bemusing his beardlessness still and again,
To gaze on his visage my heart waxed fain.
This quatrain by way of a letter I wrote,
Then sought for a courier meet for my note:

O beardless mufti, all whose thoughts are signs, 4
Know of this 'Izzet sad of heart, that he,
For all these months since to Keshán he came.
Yearns for thy face, and waiteth still for thee!
It happened that Ta'fat was then setting out, 5
So he served as courier to carry my note.
My reed is a fountain whence sweet waters run;
My letter arrived at Uzun-Kopri town.
My note reached its place in the month of Sha'ban,
He came in the month of Forgiveness for man. 6
What think ye I saw? — this amaze of the day

1 There is in this complete an untranslatable pun between Ergene, the name of the town, and the word ergene, the dative case of ergen, bachelor.
2 The sunnet or practice of the Prophet here alluded to is that of wearing the beard. The mufti was what is called in Turkey kose, that is either beardless or with a very slight growth of hair on the face.
3 He wore a gay shawl turban like a janizary instead of a sober white one like a legal functionary.
4 By 'signs' miracles is meant. The reference is to the mufti's reputation for learning.
5 Ta'fat was 'Izzet's Afghan friend.
6 That is Ramazán, the following month
With head bravely turbaned, right jaunty and gay.  
He seated himself, brisk and boyish his pose;  
Moustachios and eyebrows as 'twere slender bows;  
Begirt with his sabre, the foeman's affray,¹  
The Rustem of legend he seemed to portray;  
Those Arnawut pistols with silver bedight²  
Were ready to slaughter the fell Muscovite.  
His speech testified to his rare merits high,  
For all that his countenance gave them the lie.  
He versed was in every science in truth,  
No duper through show of fair fashions in sooth.  

The canon full earnestly studied had he  
Although in demeanour so easy and free.  
For two nights or three as my guest he abode,  
And then for Üzün-Köpri took he the road.  
Such man with such qualities never was seen:  
The laughing-stock he of all creatures, I ween.  
The sphere ne'er will show us the like of this wight;  
Could any behold him nor smile at the sight?  
Whate'er man of sense hears his history true,  
Although he have nought in Rumelia to do,  
Delaying for none, either Pasha or Bey,  
To gaze on this doctor will straight wend his way.

¹ It was unusual for civilians to go about armed with sword and pistols.  
² Arnawut or Albanian pistols are often beautifully decorated with silverwork.  
³ There is here a couplet which in the published text is misprinted thus:

راغيد خاص کامل نشین شیخ کامل تمام حقوق خاص سبل

the general meaning of which is obviously that the mufti was an eminent member of the Rufā‘i dervish-order. [It seems to me that by reading کامل for کامل we give the line both sense and metre. It will then mean: “The director of the Rufā‘i’s, the sheykh of all, a guide unto the 'best of ways' in his order.” Ed.]
CHAPTER IX.

The Romanticists (continued).

The Rival Vezírs, 'Akif Pasha and Pertev Pasha.

Among the most prominent figures in the Turkish official world in the time of Sultan Mahmúd were the rival statesmen 'Akif and Pertev Pashas, of whom the former, 'Akif Pasha, occupies a position of great importance in the history of Ottoman literature. It was, however, in the development of Turkish prose that this writer rendered the most signal service, evolving, as we shall see, by the sheer force of his own genius and without any extraneous aid, a style of writing which, though faulty in many ways, has led directly to the up-building of the powerful and flexible literary idiom of to-day. Although himself a poet and the author of a small diwán, his services to poetry were less direct, for while there is in his verses a certain freshness, they contain absolutely nothing revolutionary, and but little that gives any hint of advance or even points in the direction of change. In these later days the development of prose has preceded that of poetry, it has only been after the former has found itself firmly and securely planted on its feet that the latter has ventured to make a move and step forward in the same direction. And so, by directly helping
the development of prose, 'Akif Pasha has indirectly helped that of poetry; and this, though he never knew it, is his truest service to the art.

On the fifteenth day of the First Rebi\(^c\) of the year 1202 (26 December 1787), long before any glimmer of Western culture had reached even the capital, there was born to a certain Cadi 'Ayntabî-zade Mahmûd in the town of Yuzghad, deep in the heart of Anatolia, a son whom he named Mehemed, and who was destined to become famous in the future as Hájji 'Akif Pasha. When about six years old, the boy accompanied his father on the pilgrimage to Mekka, thereby earning the title of Hájji, which is often prefixed to his name. On his return to Yuzghad, 'Akif set to work and studied diligently till he made himself master of such learning as the age and locality could supply. This learning was, of course, exclusively Oriental, and therefore to all intents and purposes medieval, a circumstance which sadly handicapped 'Akif when he came to have dealings with trained European diplomatists, but which renders his literary achievements all the more remarkable and the more creditable.

The young man's first employment was as secretary to one Jebbâr-zâde Suleymán Bey, a local notable, on whose death he went to Constantinople, where he arrived in 1228 (1813). Here the influence of a paternal uncle called Mustafâ Mazhar, who held the position of Re\(^s\)îs Efendi, got him into the office of the Imperial Divan. His abilities were soon recognised, and promotion quickly followed, till, after having held various important offices, such as Amedji and Beylikji, he found himself in his uncle's old post of Re\(^s\)îs Efendi.

Among the revolutionary changes with which Sultan Mahmud so profoundly modified the outward form of the
Ottoman government, and brought it, externally at any rate, more into line with those of other European states, was the reconstruction of the Sublime Porte; a proceeding which involved the abolition of many ancient offices and titles, and the creation of a number of fresh ones modelled more or less closely on those prevailing in the West. Among the titles thus suppressed was the time-honoured style of Reis Efendi; and as in later years the most important of the functions discharged by the officer so designated had been the direction of the foreign relations of the Empire, the substituted title was Umūr-i Khārijyya Nāziri, which is simply a translation of Minister of Foreign Affairs. This change was affected in the Zīl-Qa'de of 1251 (March 1836) when 'Akif was Reis Efendi, and as he continued to hold the office after the change of designation, he became the first so-called Foreign Minister of the Ottoman Empire. But before many months had elapsed, 'Akif Pasha was deposed through the intrigues of his inveterate rival Pertev Pasha, who was in charge of the Home Department, and bore under the new dispensation the title of Minister of Civil Affairs.  

The immediate cause of the Pasha's dismissal, was what was known as the Churchill affair, a miserable little dispute which would have been forgotten long ago but that it supplied the occasion for 'Akif's most noteworthy literary effort. An English merchant named William Churchill had, while quail-shooting at Cadi-Kyuy, unluckily wounded a Turkish child who was feeding a pet lamb. The maimed the mob, who were at the time excited against the Franks,
so that, after handling Mr. Churchill somewhat roughly, they dragged him before a magistrate, who cast him into prison. A peremptory demand from Lord Ponsonby the British ambassador for the immediate release of Churchill was met by a refusal on the part of the Pasha to liberate him before he had stood his trial. On this, the ambassador, partly because he lost his temper and partly because of a mutual misunderstanding, broke off communications with the Ottoman Foreign Minister. Here Ākīf’s purely Oriental education had brought him into difficulties; he had been unable to communicate directly with Lord Ponsonby, and had been compelled to depend entirely on unprincipled Levantine dragomans. These persons, according to the detailed account of the incident which Ākīf himself has given, acting in the interest of and in collusion with his rival Pertev Pasha, deliberately fostered the misunderstanding until Pertev was able to persuade the Sultan to dismiss a minister with whom the British ambassador refused to deal. It was not long, however, before Sultan Mahmūd discovered the pernicious intrigues of Pertev, who was in his turn summarily dismissed and banished to Adrianople, where, as we shall learn a little further on, he straightway paid the penalty of his deeds. Ākīf, who, whatever his mistakes might have been, had always acted loyally in the interests of what he conceived to be the honour of the Empire, was thereupon recalled and entrusted with the office of his old rival, the title being then changed from Civil Minister to Minister of the Interior,¹ which it remains to the present day. This occurred in the Latter Jemāzī of 1253 (September 1837).

When Reshid Pasha returned from the London embassy to resume charge of the Foreign Office in 1255 (1839), at

¹ Umār-i Dākhiliyya Nazīrī.
the very beginning of Sultan ‘Abd-ul-Mejid’s reign, ‘Akif Pasha was compelled to retire from the government, his old-fashioned Oriental notions being incompatible with the changes seen to be necessary by Reshid who when in the West had learned, first among Ottoman statesmen, to grasp the real position of Turkey in relation to the great powers of the modern world.

The rest of ‘Akif’s life was spent partly in retirement and partly in exile, now at Adrianople and now at Brusa. At length in 1263 (1847) he started on the Mekka pilgrimage for the second time in his life; but on his return journey he fell sick at Alexandria, and there died in the Rejeb of 1264 (early summer 1848).

‘Akif Pasha was a man of many gifts, of an amiable and affectionate disposition, and of unswerving loyalty to what he believed to be the right; but his early education, together with a certain impliability of temper, tended to unfit him in a measure for the part he was called upon to play. Sultan Mahmud held him in high esteem and summoned him to his councils, not because he shared the imperial enthusiasm for reform, but because the Sovereign knew his unflinching fidelity and relied upon his sterling honesty. Regarding as he did the dicta of old Arab and Persian writers as the final pronouncement not on statesmanship alone, but on every question, ‘Akif was necessarily out of sympathy with the Europeanising tendencies of his day, while his personal experiences of European officials were not of a nature calculated to inspire him with either admiration of their methods or respect for their candour.

But while ‘Akif Pasha was thus rather reactionary than progressive in his views on politics and the art of government, in literature he was the leader of a revolution. His faithful disciple of the old classic teachers, who neither
knew nor cared to know a word of any Western language, whose notions as to the conduct of affairs were so antiquated as to necessitate his removal from a government which meant to face the situation, was yet moved — such was the pressure of the reforming spirit in those days — to cast aside the old cumbersome phraseology which swathed and shackled Ottoman prose, and to create for himself a style at once simpler, freer, and more natural, which he handed down as a priceless legacy to his successors. This style, as its creator left it, is a curious medley, to the formation of which both the official language and the current literary style, duly modified to suit the circumstances, were laid under contribution; but none the less its creation marks definitely the emancipation of Ottoman prose from the strangling grasp of that involved and lumbering fashion of writing which Turkish writers emphatically call 'the Bureaucratic style'.1 Subsequent authors, with greater opportunities for the most part, and under happier auspices, have carried forward and perfected the good work; but to old ʻAkif belongs the honour of having dealt the first blow in the struggle which has led to freedom.

The most remarkable and best known example of ʻAkif's special style is the treatise which he called Tebsire, that is, 'The Elucidation'.2 This work, which was never completed, is ostensibly the author's account of the Churchill affair; essentially it is an impassioned attack on his rival Pertev Pasha. That the latter was a not over-scrupulous intriguer, and that he did his best to undermine the position of the colleague, whose public spirit he was probably incapable of

1 Usul-i Qalem.
2 It has been well translated into French by M. A. Alric, the Dragoman of the French embassy at Constantinople, and published by Leroux of Paris in 1892 under the title of 'Un Diplomate Ottoman en 1836.'
comprehending, may be allowed; but 'Akif's onslaught, though absolutely free from the grossness wherewith earlier writers were wont to assail their enemies, is too embittered wholly to command our sympathies and, if we may judge of other charges by the somewhat childish criticisms passed on Pertev's literary works, too prejudiced to carry with it complete conviction.

As I have said before, it is in his prose alone that 'Akif Pasha ranks with the reformers; in his poetry, the amount of which is small, he is content to proceed upon the old lines. He was a learned man, according to the learning of the ancients, and his learning is manifested in his verses. None but a scholar and a thinker could have written his most famous poem, the 'Adam Qasídasi', the 'Qasída of Nothingness'. This well-known poem is perhaps the most terrible in all Turkish literature; the 'Chute des Feuilles' of Millevøyce has been called the Marseillaise of the Melancholy, this qasída of 'Akif Pasha might be styled the Marseillaise of the Pessimists; it is the very paeon of despair. Other poets have found delight in singing of beauty and of love, others again have lost themselves in ecstasy dreaming of some far-off union with the Divine, but 'Akif can derive no comfort save from the fondly cherished hope that for him and all existent things there comes after a brief season eternal annihilation. Life has so dealt by this man that the very idea of it in any form is hateful to him; the life of this world is an intolerable burden, the existence of the blessed in Paradise is a weary strain, even the vague unpersonal state of Being which is the mystic's goal is more than he can bear; in absolute extinction only does he hope to gain the longed-for rest. This qasída is a qasída in form alone; it is dedicated to no Sultan or Vezir, it eulogises no one; here the qasída merely happens to be the parti-
cular verse-form in which the poet has chosen to embody his aspirations. ¹

With one exception, none of 'Akif Pasha's other poems call for special attention. This one exception is a very tender and pathetic little elegy on a dearly loved granddaughter who died in girlhood. In its purity of sentiment and poignancy of tone, as well as in its simplicity and directness of language, this little poem anticipates the work of the Modern School.

The following verses from the Qasida of Nothingness will give an idea of the poem. The word 'adam, which has throughout been rendered by 'Nothingness', is in reality rather stronger. The idea it expresses is the negation of existence, an idea for the expression of which we have to use some compound such as non-existence or not-being.

From the Qasida of Nothingness. [446]

To muse upon the draught of Nothingness fresh life on man bestows;  
Is life's elixir, then, the elixir Nothingness's glass bestows?  
When with the eye intent one scans the entity of Nothingness  
To man the plain of Nothingness like Paradise's garden glows.  
But nay, I err; how were it meet to liken this to Paradise? —  
Far other are the bliss and peace the realms of Nothingness disclose.  
For let us grant that there in Heaven all manner of delights abound,  
The gifts of Nothingness need not enjoyment's weary stress like those.  
If anywhere, 'tis there alone, and if not there, 'tis nowhere, no: —  
Then yearn and long for Nothingness, if so be thou desire repose.  
Nor grief nor woe, nor pain nor pang, nor any stress of hope or fear; —  
Right fitting were it did the world the quest of Nothingness propose.  
If but for once its billows surged, straightway were all existent things  
O'erwhelmed within the boundless deep of Nothingness that silent flows.

¹ [The qasida has been, however, since the eleventh century of our era at any rate, the usual vehicle wherein the didactic poets, like Násir-i-Khusraw, have developed their philosophical, ethical and religious ideas. Ed.]
The nourice-Fortune would provoke the children of the sphere ¹ to pride
Did not the tutor-Nothingness continual chastisement impose. ²
It may not be contained within the ring of space; what knoweth he
Of Nothingness's realm sublime who 'neath the Empyrean goes?
Idle and vain the zealot's brag of being while the iron grasp
Of Nothingness is clutching fast his collar though he little knows.
Through graving of the writer ³ turns the seal, I pray, a writer too? —
Meseemeth here a hint of Nothingness to them existent shows.
Let not that inexistenl heart fret over earthly wants or cares
While ready the provision vast that Nothingness doth aye expose.
Its own existence unto every being is a load of bane,
But Nothingness's subjects dwell at peace from all distress and woes.
Spend forth thy being then if thou be wise in truth, go, and be naught;
Ay, yearn and long for Nothingness, if so be thou desire repose. ⁴
We were but infants when we came to this sad land of being, else
To leave the old familiar home of Nothingness we ne'er had chose.
We'd known of rest in sooth, had but the world into non-being sprung
While in its stead the far-extending plain of Nothingness arose.
Asunder had I rent the robe of life full many a year agone
But that upon its train the stamp of Nothingness embroidered glows.
So weary of existence I that to my sorrow-laden heart
The dreary waste of Nothingness as my beloved home-land shows.
The dayspring of the morn of everlasting life before my eyes
Is pictured by the darkling floods that Nothingness's night compose.
The star of my desire o'erclimbeth ne'er the far horizon-line,
Though Nothingness's pregnant night brings forth each day a thousand shows. ⁵
Could any bear with this, could any soul endure this bitter strain,
But that the physic-Nothingness relief from life at length bestows.

This is the little elegy referred to:

**Elegy on a Grand Daughter. [117]**

Ne'er shall I forget thee, O my child most fair
Not though months and season, and years may fly o'er me.

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¹ L. e. mankind.
² By destroying them
³ The old engraver.
⁴ This line is repeated from a previous couplet.
⁵ 'The night is pregnant,' the well-known proverb we have met before.
Bitter is thine absence, hard for me to bear
Shall thy sweet words ever cease with me to stay?

Scarcely would we let us thy dear form embrace, 1 —
Yet in what sad plight is now all thy sweetest grace!
When I muse amid the bowers upon thy rosy face
Well might the roses turn through sighs of mine to ashes grey! 2

O'er thy frame of silver changedness hath crept;
Hath thy radiant forehead those dark brows still kept?
By thy golden tresses is the black earth swept?
Lie the locks I once caressed now in sad disarray?

Hath the sphere its cruel ruthlessness displayed?
Hath it bid thy rosy cheek's blooming beauty fade?
And, Oh! are they turned to dust, are they all decayed, —
Those dear hands so soft and white wherewith I used to play?

'Akif's rival, Pertev Pasha, who was, like himself, a poet, was born in the village of Daricha, which lies not far from the town of Izmid. He repaired to the capital where he entered the civil service, in which he gradually made his way, becoming Reş's Efendi in 1242 (1826—7). In 1245 (1829—30) he was dismissed, and remained for a time in retirement. He was afterwards sent on a special mission to Egypt, and on his return was again actively employed. In 1251 (1836) he received the rank of vezir and, as we have seen, was named Minister of Civil Affairs. But on his intrigues coming to light, he was in 1233 (September 1837) again dismissed, and on this occasion banished to Adrianople. Shortly after his arrival in that city Pertev received an invitation to dine with the governor Emin Pasha. When the repast was finished, Emin presented to his guest the

1 Lest we should hurt thee, so tender wert thou.
2 This line contains an untranslatable equivocque between جل gul = rose, and جول kul = ashes.
imperial fermán which condemned him to death. This Pertev read without emotion and, asking for the poison, quietly drank it off, laying down the cup without uttering a word except the name of Allah. As the effects of the poison were not sufficiently rapid, four servants brought in the fatal bowstring, and to these Pertev surrendered himself without a murmur, meeting his death with the courage and resignation of a good Muslim of the old school. Such at least is the account of Pertev Pasha’s end given by Messrs. Jouanin and Van Gaver in their work on Turkey; and in substance at any rate it is doubtless true.

Pertev Pasha’s poetical work is of considerably greater extent than that of his rival; but although it too bears witness to the erudition of its author, it is lacking both in the distinction and in the personal note which impart so much of interest to the more remarkable of ^Akif’s works. The Diwán of Pertev is a good example of the style of poetry that became fashionable in Sultan Mahmud’s time, alike in its trivial though inoffensive treatment of threadbare themes, and in its almost aggressively Turkish vocabulary.

The Sharqí and Mustezád¹ which follow are both recommended by Kemál Bey.

Sharqí. [448]

Let groups of merry revellers once more the garden grace.

¹Tis rose-time now, so let the rosy wine go round apace.

Let water Jamshid’s beaker’s mouth; let us carouse a space.

¹Tis morn, away let yonder merry Roseland linger there.

Let blush the mirror wine ² for shame to see her rosy face.

¹ For a description of the verse form called mutarid, see vol. I pp. 87-8.

² The wine in the bowl mirrors the face of the drinker.
Amazed the narcisse at her dark and languid eyen rare;
Amazed the hyacinth before her tangled clustering hair;
Amazed the rosebud when she doth in hand the goblet bear; ¹
'Tis morn, away let yonder merry Rosebud slumber chase;
Let blush the mirror-wine for shame to see her rosy face.

When 'scape her roguish locks from 'neath her fez and fall adown,
A sigh escapes with every breath from every stricken one,
The bulbul-soul begins within the body-cage to moan.
'Tis morn, away let yonder merry Rosebud slumber chase;
Let blush the mirror-wine for shame to see her rosy face.

With flute and wine alone for feres have we retired to-night;
The flute accompanies our sighs, the wine partakes our plight.²
Come, Pertev, let us with the plainig nightingale unite.
'Tis morn, away let yonder merry Rosebud slumber chase;
Let blush the mirror-wine for shame to see her rosy face.

Mustezád. [449]

All night I woke and slept by turns with bitter yearning ta'en,
(Of yonder beauty fain;)
I dallied with the thought and dream of her for plaything vain,
(Till morning beamed again.)

Blood wept I as I drank the wine of separation's feast,
(Sans cupbearer's behest;)
Empty and brimming o'er by turns, cup-like, did I remain,
(Bedyed with every stain.)³

I wildered and dumbfoundered moth and taper both this night,
(With yearning's ardent plight;)
Burned sore, to stumble on with sinking steps, full hard the strain,
(Consumed with fiery pain.)

¹ The twig bearing the bud is sometimes compared to the arm with the hand carrying the goblet.
² Being bitter.
³ In this and the foregoing line the poet means to imply that he was tossed about between hope and fear.
No strength have I to bear those cruel tyrannies of thine,
   (O floating Angel mine!)
I gave my heart, and thought that thou to show thee kind would'st deign:
   (But now of life I plain.)

wandered earth while in my hand the coin of soul I bare,
   (Accosting many a fair,)
Still seeking, Pertev, for this friendless heart a friend to gain,
   (And won but endless bane.)
CHAPTER X.

THE ROMANTICISTS (CONTINUED).

The Poets of the Reaction.


Hasan 'Ayní Efendi, whom we have met as a friend of Sunbul-záde Vehbi, although not a writer of any great eminence, deserves a brief notice in our review of Ottoman poetry. This author was born in 1170 (1756—7) in the town of 'Ayntáb where he seems to have passed his youth. At least it is not till 1205 (1790—1) that we find him in the capital studying for the legal profession. Failing to get the promotion expected, he abandoned the lawyer's career, and in 1247 (1831—2) was appointed teacher of Arabic and Persian to certain government officials. In the same year he was decorated with the Nishán-i Iftikhár or Order of Glory, the earliest of Ottoman orders of knighthood, created by Sultan Mahmúd but abolished by his successor in 1267 (1850—1). 'Ayní died in the Safer of 1254 (May 1838), and, as he had been associated with the Mevleví order, he was buried in the courtyard of their famous convent at Galata.
The best of 'Ayní's poetical works is his Sáqi-Náme or Cupbearer-Book. In this poem, which was the work of his old age, having been finished in 1247 (1831—2), he has expressed the conclusions to which he had come concerning things in general during the course of his long life. Although 'Ayní chose the time-honoured name of Sáqi-Náme for this work, his poem is in no wise modelled upon the earlier productions so entitled. The poet's subject is no material carouse, but the purpose of creation and the destiny of man; the title but gives the keynote for the imagery derived from the wine-feast, the ancient symbol of that knowledge of God wherein stands eternal life, an imagery which is consistently maintained throughout the poem. The cupbearer to whom the poem is addressed, and who is from time to time apostrophised, is no doubt a purely imaginary being. The author's philosophy is of course that of the Eastern thinkers who, so far as Turkey is concerned, have all along been most typically represented by the members of the Mevleví fraternity. Although there is nothing essentially new in the poem, the conceptions and expressions are at times bold and original; the language, as becomes the theme, and perhaps in part owing to the re-actionary tendency which was now beginning to make itself felt, is more Persian than has been usual of late, considerably more so than in any of the writer's other and earlier works. In form the book is a mesnevi, with a few incidental lyric pieces, it consists of about fifteen hundred couplets.

Besides the Sáqi-Náme, 'Ayní left another mesnevi, unnamed, and a Diwán of ghazels, for the most part 'parallels' to works of contemporary poets, and a great number of chronograms. The unnamed mesnevi is in a way the counterpart to the Saqi-Náme, a., it deals with all matters connected with a wholly literal carouse, the different kinds
of wines, the qualifications of the cupbearer, the merits of the various musical instruments, the characteristics to be desired in the guests, and numerous other similar details. This production is interesting as showing what was the ideal of the Ottoman bon-vivant; but it can hardly claim to be reckoned as poetry.

'Ayní has further a number of Na'īts or poems to the glory of the Prophet, which, according to Fátín Efendi, bear collectively the title of Nazm-i Jewáhir, 'The String of Gems.'

A great part of 'Ayní's literary career fell within the heyday of Romanticism, and the gay defiant note of that hedonistic time echoes bravely enough in many of his pages. Thus the whole of his earlier mesnevi is simply one long eulogy of material pleasure. But the writer lived to see the rise and feel something of the effect of that more orderly and sober spirit which was eventually to chase away the Sardanapalian visions of the poets.

This extract from the Sáqi-Náme will give an idea of the character of the work; it describes the 'making of man' as conceived by the Oriental poets, the descent of the soul from its celestial home being traced through the nine heavens and the three spheres, of fire, air and water, with which the Ptolemaic scheme encircled the earth.

From the Sáqi-Náme.

My Descent to the Banquet of Humanity. [450]

The Hidden Tablet ¹ was my royal abode,
Through which high state inebriate I bode.
I looked on nature's feast, and there saw I

¹ The 'Hidden Tablet' (Levh-i-Mahfúz), on which at the beginning of all things all that was to be was recorded, has been already repeatedly mentioned.
The heat, the cold, the humid and the dry.  
I won the lofty Empyrean dome,  
And downward gazed upon the earth therefrom.  
I served the Magian Elder a brief while,  
Then sate me on the throne in regal style.  
I saw the twelve bowls of the Zodiac,  
And drunken, I forgot the pathway back.  
I wandered all the Seven Heavens through,  
My heart grew wise the hour when drunk I grew.  
I hob-a-nobbed with Saturn merrily,  
And bode a space with him in mirth and glee.  
With Jupiter a while I held debate,  
And bade the reeling stars to coruscate.  
I made Mars drunken mid the planets roll,  
And tutored the Fifth Sphere to quaff the bowl.  
The Solar beaker in my hand I seized,  
And sighed remembering the Primal Feast.  
I bade the lovesome Venus chant her lay  
And the Third Heaven dance upon his way.  
I learned right goodly lore of Mercury,  
And sage and poet turn by turn grew I.  
I drained the Crescent bowl, a sun I turned,  
Through this hilarity with light I burned.  
The Sphere of Fire a tavern-house I deemed;  
To me its wayward flashes gobbets gleaned.  
The Air exhilaration found through me,  
I dashed the Waters with the wine of glee.  
I reeled into the cloud's carouse elate,

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1 That is, the many and varied phenomena displayed in nature.
2 This represents the Ninth Heaven, the Primum Mobile, or Starless Crystalline Heaven (Felek-ul-Elak or Felek-i-Atlas), the farthest from the earth of the series.
3 This couplet is figurative, and probably means that at this stage the soul got an insight into the truth, which made it free.
4 In the Eighth Heaven, that of the Fixed Stars.
5 The seven planetary heavens.
6 The oft mentioned Feast of El-Elat.
7 The Spheres of Fire, Air, and Water which immediately surround the earth, being between it and the first planetary sphere that of the Moon.
I took the life-bestowing rain to mate.
Drunken, I gazed upon earth's stage astound:
And drunk, dead drunk, made I the blessed ground.
Within the seedling's heart the cup I drained,
And drunken there a twain of days remained.
In the wheat-stalk I strong and goodly grew;
In the grain's heart myself for fair I knew.
I quaffed for nourishment clear wine and bright,
I turned to chyme, and pleasant was my plight.
In hours of grossness wine-dregs I became:
In hours of pureness, spirit pure as flame.
From chyme was one within the liver made,
The other in the father's loins was glad.
At length did I wine seminal become
And lie within the runlet of the womb.
For nine months in the dungeon-womb immured,
What blood I drank! what anguish I endured! —
Then issued to this exile. What should I
But seek the regions where my home doth lie?

The second extract, which is from ʿAytni's other Mesnevi, is taken from the passage in which he describes the model cupbearer, that minister of pleasure, who figures so largely in the works of Eastern poets.

Description of the Cupbearer. [451]

Polite be the cupbearer and discreet,
Of sunny cheek, moon-visaged, angel-sweet.
The fashions of the feast she well should know,
And all the fancies of the rev'lers too;
How some pure undiluted wine require,
While others mingle water with the fire.
A maiden should she be in boyish dress,

1 Wine here of course means the water the plant lives on.
2 'Chyme' in Turkish 'Keymus', here stands for sap.
3 ʿAytni here declares that the ideal sāqī or cupbearer is a girl dressed like a boy.
Unmatched and peerless in her loveliness. 
Gentle and simple should her wit enthrall; 
Neither untutored nor ill-bred withal. 
In minstrelsy and wines she skilled should be, 
From all disfigurement and blemish free, 
Of sugar-lip, sweet-tongued, and gay of soul, 
Of fourteen years, like to the moon at full, 
That all the party through her airs be bright 
And in her voice the revellers delight. 
Her silvery hand the crystal bowl doth bear, — 
Radiance on radiance! radiance everywhere! 
When to the banquet comes she like the moon, 
Her beauty should add splendour to the sun, 
That archly stepping like the peacock fine 
She deck with lively hues the feast of wine. 
As yon fair Torment passeth to and fro 
A wild sensation should the banquet know; 
And should she drain a cup, her eyen bright 
Would smite the royal falcon in his flight.

A passing mention must suffice for Danish Bey, Javid Bey, and Sa'îd Bey. Of these, Dânish and Jâvid were both Constantinopolitans by birth, and both employed in the civil service. The former died in 1245 (1829-30), in his twenty-fifth year; the latter died in 1250 (1834-5). They were both influenced by the reactionary spirit that marks the close of this Period. Both were imitators of the Persianists, and more especially of Neîî. But the lesson of Romanticism was not entirely lost on Dânish at any rate, as he tried with fair success to infuse something more of the Turkish element into the grandiose style of his master.

1 The moon is in its splendour on its fourteenth night.
2 This alludes to Koran XXIV, 48. See Nature of Neîî pp. 134 et seqq. says:

بِرَاءَتِيِّ ۖ نَشَأْنَ يَا قَدْرُ ۖ أَدْعُ ۗ نَجُرُ ۗ عَلَيْهِ ۗ نَجُرُ
Khizr-Agha-zade Sa'id was brought up in the Seraglio, where, thanks to the beauty of his voice, he served for a time as mu'ezzin or caller-to-prayer. He afterwards held various official appointments till his death in 1252 (1836—7). His literary reputation rests chiefly on the score or so of sharqíús included in his little Diwán; but the fact of his social qualities having gained for him a large circle of friends may perhaps have had something to do with procuring for him a wide celebrity hardly justified by the intrinsic merit of his work.

Táhir Selám Bey, another Constantinopolitan civil official, was a poet of more note than any of the three writers just named. He died in 1260 (1844), leaving, besides a complete Diwán, a translation of the famous Maqámát or Séances of the old Arab Harírí, and a commentary on Ahmed el-Qudúrí's celebrated Mukhtasar or Compendium of Jurisprudence.

With the single exception of Fitnet, Leylá Khanim is unquestionably the greatest Turkish poetess of the older school. She is a gracious and interesting figure, standing here at the close of the last purely Oriental period of Turkish poetry, her bright and mirthful spirit shedding a farewell radiance on the old Eastern fashions and fancies, as in her own Stamboul the setting sun lights up the Asian hills with a parting glow ere he disappears below the western horizon.

The life of a Turkish woman is never very much before the public, and so the details that we possess concerning Leylá's career are naturally few. She was the daughter of a cadi-'asker called Morali-záde Hámíd Efendi, and was born in Constantinople. Among her relatives or connections was
the famous 'Izzet Molla whose life and work we have already considered, and from him she received, in considerable part at any rate, her literary education. She never forgot the debt she owed to this early instructor, or ceased to hold him in veneration and esteem; and when she learned of his tragic end at Siwas, she embalmed his memory and her own sorrow in a beautiful elegy. While still quite young, Leylā was married; but the irrepressible spirit of the poetess could ill brook the fetters of wedlock, and within a week, if Fatîn Efendi speaks truly, husband and wife parted to meet no more. Having won free from wedded thraldom, Leylā gave herself up entirely to the cultivation of literature and the pursuit of pleasure, between which engrossing occupations she divided her time until she died in 1264 (1847—8).

Many stories are current bearing on the gay doings and ready wit of this vivacious lady, some examples of which are given by Zihni Efendi in his work on Famous Women. Thus he tells us that Leylā once conceived a fancy for a handsome boy who acted as assistant in a wax-chandler’s shop in the bazaar, and would very often make excuses for going to his shop so that she might have the pleasure of looking at him and speaking to him. The boy, however, was very bashful, and would blush deeply but make no answer. The shrewder among the neighbours soon noticed this and at once divined the truth, whereon one of them composed the following line which he taught to the boy bidding him answer the lady with it when next she spoke to him:

'Look not on my cheek’; bright taper, lest with me consumed thou be.

1 The boy's line: اَلْحَشَى دَخَلَتْ أُنْسَى اِبْنَاهَا بِنْمَضْسِمٍ

Leylā’s reply: اَمْسِمَهَا دَخَلَتْ دَخَلَتْ مُحَلِّلَ اَلْمُبَارِهِمْ.
Shortly afterwards Leylā came up and addressed him as usual, whereupon he straightway made reply as he had been told. Without a moment’s hesitation the poetess turned the tables on him by improvising in the same metre and rime:

‘When thy beard doth sprout, with candles wilt thou come to seek for me.’

Leylā’s temperament is reflected in her Dīwān; she is fond of fun and cares little for the world’s opinion, she is determined to enjoy herself and let others say what they will. But strong as was her character and marked as was her individuality, not even this poetess could escape the fatal conventionalism of which her school was dying. And so we sometimes find in one and the same ghazel verses as trite or as forced as those of any old Persianist alongside of others instinct with her own strong and ardent vitality. None the less her Dīwān forms very pleasant reading; her verses are graceful both in substance and in expression, her language is lucid and fluent, and everywhere we have the

Zihni has further the following story bearing on the Lesbian proclivities which he says were generally imputed to the poetess. A certain bookseller called Hátif Efendi once raised a laugh at the lady’s expense by causing the following verse which he had composed to be repeated in her hearing in some public place:

لیلی پیشین ایلده خیمه‌زن ورگار
شمشیکی لیلی خانم میربزن روزگار

‘The former Leylā was the nomad of her age,
‘The Leylā Khanim of to-day is the burnisher of her age.’

In the translation the point, such as it is, of this verse has entirely disappeared. It lies in the parallelism between خیمه‌زن and میربزن; the first of which words, literally ‘tent-striker’, but in practice ‘tent-dweller’ or ‘nomad’, is applicable to Mejnān’s Leylā, the desert beauty; while the second, literally ‘shell-striker’, but in practice ‘(paper-)burnisher’, that is, one who by rubbing paper with a shell puts a gloss on its surface and so renders it suitable for writing on, is meant to hint at certain of Leylā’s reputed pranks.

1 See the note on page 343.
charming feeling that we are dealing with an artist who seeks to produce her effects by the simplicity and correctness of her work, and not through the aid of a meretricious ornamentation.

Thus Leylá’s style is clear and straightforward; she did not go out of her way to create difficulties and stud her verses with enigmas; on the contrary, she was careful to select the words and phrases which best expressed what she desired to say, and so successful was she that there are but few passages in her Diwán which have to be read a second time in order to be understood, — an exceeding great and rare merit with a Turkish poet of the Old School. Her vocabulary is, no less than her idiom, simple and correct; indeed, it is almost classic in its purity, being free from any tinge of the exaggerated Turkicism of recent years and from all taint of an affected Persianism.

These happy results were no doubt partly owing to the instruction which the poetess received from her gifted teacher, but they were probably brought about in greater measure by that trend away from the exaggerations and extravagances of the past, and towards a greater sobriety and moderation, which we have seen to be the most distinctive feature of the close of the Romanticist Period.

Leylá Khanim’s poetry is wholly lyric, and is all comprised in her Diwán.

Here is a highly characteristic ghazel of this poetess.

Ghazel. [452]

The merry feast prepare; let them say what’er they will,
Sip the wine with yonder fair; let them say what’er they will,
In dreams, by night the lover fondly kissed and trod a whil,
Her luscious scented hair; let them say what’er they will.

In these poems, seeing that the writer is a lady, it might be better,
The darling one hath fettered with her tresses’ chain my heart;
And I still the longing bear; let them say whate’er they will.

What the harm although my comrades chide and carp at me to-day? —
In the end will all appear; let them say whate’er they will.

Only let my darkened visage on the Judgment Day be white;
While on earth I onward fare let them say whate’er they will.

To me while here below what doth matter praise or blame? —
So my comrades joyance share, let them say whate’er they will.

Leylá, seek a nook apart, fall at yonder fairy’s feet,
Unto her thy troth declare; let them say whate’er they will.

Again in the same strain:

**Ghazel. [453]**

Drink of wine upon the lea; let them say whate’er they will;
See thou pass thy days in glee; let them say whate’er they will.

Doth yonder cruel deem that my flowing tears are dew? —
Like the rose, a-smile is she; let them say whate’er they will.

I’m thy lover, I’m thy thrall, I’m thy loyal slave, O fair,
Till the Latest Day shall be; let them say whate’er they will.

Come and lie within my breast if the rival seek thy side;
Wherefore no? — pshaw! out on thee! let them say whate’er they will!

Leylá, play and frolic fair with yon moon-faced beauty bright;
See thou pass thy days in glee; let them say whate’er they will.

Among Leylá’s sharqs there is a pretty little poem of
which the following is a translation:

when translating, to use the masculine in place of the feminine pronoun;
but the highly conventional character of all the poetry of this school must
be borne in mind. The Turkish language, as I have elsewhere said, ignores
gender.
Sharqi. [454]

Beware, bid not me ope my mouth; for fires within me glow;
O cruel, make me not what hides within my breast to show!
Deny not that which thou hast wrought: dost doubt thee that I know?
O cruel, make me not what hides within my breast to show!

No healing is there for my heart smit sore with love of thee;
Ah, never shall this parting in Love's world forgotten be!
If lovers are so rife with thee, is there no fair for me?
O cruel, make me not what hides within my breast to show!

Dost thou yon loathly rival then a human creature name?
One day, O wanton, wilt thou tire of her too, just the same?
Thou'lt soon repent thee of thy deeds and blush for very shame!
O cruel, make me not what hides within my breast to show!

I'll bear with patience every pang thou causest, loveling bright:
So let thy wont with Leylâ still be rigour and despite:
These sighs and wails of mine must surely win to move thy spright.
O cruel, make me not what hides within my breast to show!

The following is a mukhammes built by Leylâ Khanim
on a ghazel of Bâqî. The reader will recollect that in com-
positions of this description the lines of the earlier poem
are used as a base on which the superstructure is reared;
thus in this instance the fourth and fifth lines of each
stanza are the several couplets of Baqî's ghazel. It will be
noticed that in the lines she has prefixed to these, the
poetess has endeavoured to reproduce the style and imagery
of the Classic writers.

Mukhammes on a Ghazel of Baqi. [455]

You dwelling of the soul it is who all my sense and wit doth know,
My waving Cypress 'twere who spreadeth truther through the garden;
My bird-like heart my gardener is in Love's fair patterns of the rose
*The eye held with thy cheek's reflection bright, my flowers plea one show
*My soul doth all this while the image of thy palm-tree form endow

Vow
As prison cells appear to me the meads where-through I loved to stroll;
For love o' thee my heart wins naught but many a grievous wound to thole;
From hour to hour thine absence makes my tears like rushing waters roll;
'\textit{The heart makes moan through grief for thee, and ever weepeth sore the soul;}
'The fountain of this garden-land from mine unceasing weeping flows.'

Although thou kenn'st my lot through fire of love of thee is naught but woe,
My smiling Rosebud, wilt thou ne'er a glance of ruth to me-ward throw?
Behold my sighs and tears, and but for once do thou compassion show!
'By gazing upon rose and garth my soul repose shall never know;
'The ward wherein my loved one dwells alone can yield my soul repose.'

What time I call to mind thy box-tree shape in sorrow's night-tide drear
The tales of Mejnán and Ferhád were 'fore mine own forgotten sheer.
My groans and sighs and prayers ascend alway to heaven, and so 'tis clear
'\textit{For ever with my sighing's fiery sparks yon steely bowl, the sphere,}
'Goes round a-night my gold-bestudded beaker at the feast of woes.'

Recall each hour to thy sad heart the glance of yon bewitching e'e;
When flow thy bitter tears adown, O Leylá, name not Oman's Sea.
Aneath thy shade my own heart's blood is all the favour gained by me:
'\textit{My tears an ocean roll: therein the branch of coral, O Báqí,}
'Is th' image of my slender Judas-tree that in my mem'ry glows.'

The last example is a mustezád:

\textbf{Mustezád. \textit{[456]}}

\begin{quote}
My sighs set all the world aflame when mounting toward the sky;
\textit{(My love doth naught descry;)}
Yon Sovran still to this bewailing heart doth ruth deny.
\textit{('Fore God I burn thereby!)}
\end{quote}

\textbf{1} In this couplet Báqí means imply that the stars damascening with gold
the steel-hued bowl or vault of heaven are sparks from his burning sighs,
and that this bowl, which is none other than the sorrow-bringing sphere, is
his nightly cup, and that the feast of woe is the banquet to which he is
ever called.

\textbf{2} Here the Judas-tree, besides symbolising redness (the coral branch) as
usual, plays the part of the cypress or box-tree, and represents the graceful
figure of the beloved.
Longing and pining for her locks have made me wode to be,
(Her eyne ensorcelled me.)
Once more this erring heart doth forth into the desert fly.
(For aid on God I cry)

Blood weep I, thinking on thy lips, O sweetest soul and dear,
(Yet thou dost nothing hear.)

On all the road of Love there is not one to help me nigh:
(Nor friend nor fere have I).

Were I to pray yon Moon to visit this my hut of woe,
(She would refuse, I know.)

Could e'er the moon for e'en one night in unmeet house aby? —
(Till dawning greet the eye?)

Smit to the death hath Leylā been by one, a fawn-eyed fair.
(With jasmine-scented hair:)

And now to her a plaything grown’s the bitter morning-sigh,
(Ah me, till dawn be high!)

Another noted poetess of this time is Sheref Khanim, whose father Nebīl Bey, himself something of a poet, was the son of the historian Nūrī Bey. Of this lady even less is known than of Leylā; we are told that she was born in 1224 (1809—10), but the date of her death is unrecorded. Ahmed Mukhtār in his little book entitled ‘Our Poetesses’ tells us that in 1273 (1856—7) a sister of Sheref died leaving a little girl called Naqiyya whom the poetess adopted as a daughter, and educated with the greatest care and affection. This Naqiyya herself became a poetess, and when Ahmed Mukhtār wrote in 1311 (1843—4) she was employed as a teacher of history and Persian at the College for Muslim Ladies in Constantinople. 

Sheref’s Diwan is larger than Leylā’s and contains a num-

1 There is here an allusion to the ‘hounds of man’ and of the moon.
2 This college, which is called Dar ut Luhmat in the Greek quarter,
ber of religious poems, including a series of elegies on Husayn and the Martyrs of Kerbelá which are reckoned the finest things she wrote. One of her most pleasing works is a poem addressed to her little niece Naqiyya.¹

The Sheykh-ul-Islám 'Arif Hikmet Bey Efendi, a brief consideration of whose work will bring to a close our survey of the Romanticist Period, is at once the last poet of eminence reared under the exclusively Oriental culture which has prevailed from the beginning up till now, and the last member of the 'ulemá, of that faculty whose vocation has hitherto been regarded as emphatically, if not exclusively, the Learned Profession, to obtain any real distinction in the ranks of poetry.

As we shall see when we come to look more closely into the matter, this coincidence is in no wise strange. The curriculum of the 'ulemá, revolving for ever in the same old circle, had no place for that new alien culture whose vivifying breath was to inspire with fresh vitality the moribund literature of Turkey, and the study of which, being the sole avenue to the truer learning and purer taste of the future, was henceforward to claim the allegiance of all who were noblest and most gifted in the Ottoman literary world.

But 'Arif Hikmet came too early to have art or part in the new learning. He was born in Constantinople in the Muharrem of 1201 (November, 1786), being the son of Ibráhím 'Ismet Bey, a cadi-asker under Selím III. His legal studies were begun at the tender age of ten. In his thirtieth year he was made titular mollá of Jerusalem; the

¹ [Presumably the author intended to give specimens of this poetess's work, but none are contained in the manuscript. Though the pages are numbered consecutively in pencil, additions were evidently contemplated, for I find a pencil-note in the margin, "Put Ghalib Bey here after Sheref". ed.]