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# The *Treatise of Hatim*

In the name of God, the all-Bountiful,  
The Arranger of all His servants acts,  
The all-Bounteous who formed hearts and spirits.  
He created the world through His munificence,  
And in the arena of great esteem  
Raised Muhammad's banner.

The most felicitous Word contains such great wisdom which confirms that '*you will not attain to piety until you spend of that which you love*' (3.86), and from a sound *hadith* the master of the world exclaimed, '*Generosity is [being] close to God, close to paradise, close to the people, but distant from the fire.*' So it is clear from these first lines that this book concerns praiseworthy ethics, morals, generosity (*sakha*) and kindness (*karam*). There is no crown more noble for the head of worthy aspiration, and no garment of honour (*khil'at*) more exquisite upon the tall frame of merit than generosity.

Nothing's better than generosity.  
With kindness comes wealth for eternity.  
Renounce cash! Earn the cache of certainty.

Not one of the virtues that exalt humans by their acquisition is greater than the benefit of generosity because the purpose of the class of worshippers who rise at night and the group of ascetics who are abstinent and endure the load of worship night and day, and fast during the day and rise at night, is to be saved in the next world and to attain the wealth of this world. They obtain this goal through kindness and generosity: '*And whoso is saved from his own greed – such are they who are successful*' (59.9).

Increase your kindness, for on the Last Day  
*Jawanmards* will be on salvation's way.

The great ones have compared munificence to a sapling because its fruit has a meritorious name in the world and a good end in the hereafter.

Benevolence is a sapling that grows  
In place of fruit, pearls and jewels it shows.

In the traditions it is related that generosity is a tree in the garden. *Jawanmardi* is a tree that grows in the meadow of paradise, and generosity is a sapling that is nurtured at the river banks of *Kawthar*;<sup>46</sup> it has raised its head into Heaven, and its branches reach there. The nature of the person who is inclined to munificence and generosity has touched one of this tree's branches. This tree raises [such a person] from the nadir of abjectness to the pinnacle of acceptance by the attraction of [divine] succour. On this subject it is stated in the *Mathnawi* of Mawlana<sup>47</sup>:

Generosity – a branch of paradise  
And the man who let's go pays a heavy price.  
Generosity is the strongest tie,<sup>48</sup>  
It pulls the soul from the earth to the sky.  
Oh you of good faith, it surely takes you  
Back to your place of origin anew.<sup>49</sup>

By decree, existence without munificence (*wujud bi jud*) is non-existence (*'adam*), and even if the beneficent man dies he will be remembered by the [whole] world.

Through kind remembrance, eternal's a name,  
The harvest of man's days will bring him fame.

No praiseworthy attribute or pleasing quality lasts as long as [either] a good name on the page of time [or] a good recollection on the pages of the books of night and day, because they are derived through the nature of benevolence and *jawanmardi*, and the path of generosity and performing good acts. The evidence for this is that it is the year 1486 (891 *hijri*), and 936 years have passed since the date of Hatim Ta'i's death, and the meadow of his good name blossoms with eulogies and approval.

Hatim Ta'i is no longer with us, and yet  
His name, known for goodness, in stone is set.<sup>50</sup>

[Panegyric for the Patron, Husayn Bayqara, Ruler of Herat]

[He is] endowed with the kingship of kings, his victorious majesty, the sovereign of Islam, the shadow of the Omniscient King over human kind, the commander of [both] land and time, the manifestation of the lights of peace and security, the sun in the heaven of glory and worldly governance, the unique jewel of the sea of greatness and royalty, the escalating steps of sovereignty and rulership, the rising ascent of miracles (*karamat*) and power of the great sultan, greatest lord of the Arab and Persian kings.<sup>51</sup> [He is an] army destroying Khusraw and emperor of territories, king of kings, ruler of the East and West, the shadow of the truth, of the absolute light and king of the conjunction of planets,<sup>52</sup> king Abu'l-Ghazi Sultan Husayn, Mu'izz-i Mulk [wa] Din,<sup>53</sup> it is said that people and Jinn pray for his majesty, May God Almighty extend his shadow all over the Earth.

He is decorated by his own essence and his innate generosity, and adorned with the nobility of munificence and bountifulness. He is exalted by the abundance of generosity and high aspiration. According to [the wisdom of] '*indeed, only the erudite know the value of the erudite*', he always pulls the reins of desire to hear the circumstances of the kind and those endowed with *muruwwat*, [and to hear] the stories of the generous (*sakha*) and those possessing *futuwwat*, and to investigate their circumstances and study their tales. Proof of this is that the king gave a felicitous decree to this humble man, Husayn al-Kashifi, to write in Persian whatever I have seen in a book or heard from a dear friend about the stories and works of Hatim Ta'i, whose breath of kindness and *muruwwat* abides in the gardens of tongues and on people's lips. The flashes of the magnificent sun and generosity of [Hatim Ta'i] are clear, like a bright day, for all the people. [I accepted the command] so that [the king] could obtain greater awareness and more information about his states, just as they were. According to the principle that 'the commissioned person is excused' [I] put these stories together and recounted a little of what has appeared in the genealogies, the reports and writings of Hatim, whatever is mentioned in the reliable histories and reputable books worthy of consideration. It is hoped that it will be acceptable to His Excellency [the king], the insight [of whom] has the affect of

alchemy, because the meekest would be proud and honoured by the acceptance of these unworthy presents, which accord with the value of the giver.

The soul of riches, this gift we bestow,  
Not worthy of you, its merit so low.

[Now to begin.] The truthful, intelligent narrators, reporters who are sincere in relating, those knowledgeable in genealogy and those who recognise the Arab tribes [all] agree that the Arabs are the descendants of Qahtan or 'Adnan. But the Arabs from the region of Yemen are all descendants of Qahtan. In the districts of Yemen he built and established Sana'a, Hadramut, 'Adan and Taghar. Qahtan was the son of the Prophet Hud, and they called him 'Abid ('worshipper') in Syriac, and there are three generations from him to the Prophet Noah. Qahtan had a son called Ya'rab; he was the first person to speak Arabic and he lived in the region of Yemen. They used to call him Abu'l-Yemen. He had a son called Yashjab, which in Syriac means blood-shedding (*khunriz*). A son was born to him called Zayd, and when he grew up he was continually busy in taking prisoners (*basabi*), that is, capturing people and plundering, and for this reason they nicknamed him Saba. Saba had three sons: Kahlan, Mar and Hamir. God gave Kahlan a son, and he called him Adad. They used to call Adad 'the loud voice'. He had a son called Jalham, and he was always travelling and would pass by caravanserais and stations, and so they gave him the nickname 'Ta'i' (pass by). He was the father of the tribe of Shad (*qabila-yi shad*) of Yemen, and they used to call him Ta'i. Hatim was one of his descendants, and there are twelve generations [from Jalham] to Hatim. Among the tribe of Ta'i no one has ruled as king, but there have been famous individuals among them. The forefathers of Hatim had always enjoyed a high status in the tribe, and the authority of the Ta'i children was unquestionable. Hatim's father, 'Abdallah b. Sa'd Hashraj<sup>54</sup> was connected to the Banu Lakhm, and among the Banu Lakhm there had been rulers (*padshahan*) as the histories have affirmed, and Hatim was connected through his mother to a king (*malik*).

Traces of greatness were evident even when he was born. It has been narrated from Hatim's mother that when she gave birth to him, he refused to suckle, and he would close his mouth whenever she tried to drop milk into it. Only when an unknown child was brought forth and suckled until it was full would Hatim take the nipple and

drink milk. It is clear from this that each person is given something in pre-eternity, and it is sent with him or her to the world of corruption and decay. So it has been said,

Prior to time, love was my sweetheart's gown  
I brought it with me – could not cast it down.

Many traces [of greatness] flashed across and appeared on the surface of his face.

In the meadow is a bud, fresh and new,  
Of notice at first, its scent and its hue.  
At the break of dawn the world becomes bright,  
And slowly the day manifests its light.

As a child Hatim did not eat unless he had a companion or friend with him, and he never sat down to dine alone. He would offer something to the beggars from his own hand without anyone else helping, and he tried to satisfy the people in need as much as possible. Those with vision (*ahl-i basarat*) saw a noble countenance in his face and the masters of insight (*arbab-i basirat*) studied the magnanimous proofs in the pages of his states.

People of reasoning at him would just stare,  
With all their hearts, a prayer for him they would share:  
'This is such a pleasing jewel,' remarked one,  
'And he'll seize the world when all is said and done.'  
One sage said, 'This is a new moon in the sky –  
And from love it will wax perfect, up on high.'

When Hatim reached the age of maturity, and the sapling of his stature arose in the meadow of fortune, all the intrinsic (*lazim*) praiseworthy attributes were present in his essence, but his benevolence (*ihsan*) had an extrinsic affect (*muta'di*) on other people. He had all good qualities in his temperament, but [his] kindness affected many other people and was universal. The sea of his pearl-giving palm embarrassed the generous hands of the clouds in bestowing gifts. His universal generosity humiliated the light-giving sun in extending benevolence:

Swelling with kindness, he was a great sea,  
Gifts in his palm caused the clouds jealousy.<sup>55</sup>

He emptied treasuries in donating alms.  
And enlightened folk's hearts by his loving charms.

The tongues of the time could only praise him continually, and the ear of the age heard nothing but the voice blessing him among the low and high born; the rain of his grace washed away the dust of poverty and need from the pages of the horizon; and his general favour (*in' am-i 'amm*) was amazing because it gave release from the degradation of need.

Through generosity the poor were made glad,  
Neither needing to beg – nor made to feel sad.

Hatim was famous and well known among the aforementioned tribes for munificence and kindness and for having a good reputation in reviving [the fortunes of] the Arabs. The benefit of this state, in its very essence, became manifest for the nobles of each tribe. The bud of a wish blossomed in the meadows of the leaders' breasts that they would arrange a connection to him through their family. They [wanted to] marry a noble pearl of theirs with that jewel of benevolence. But due to the demands of his lofty endeavour (*'ulu himmat*) Hatim did not pay attention to any of his peers or equals. Moreover the reins of [his] intent could not be directed to anyone superior to him among the Arab tribes of Yemen. Finally fate fell upon the name of Mawiya Tamima, and in the *Tuhfa-yi Maliki* it is reported that Mawiya bint 'Afzar was an Arab of noble birth (*buzurgzada*), possessing superior lineage and descent, free from imperfection and possessing perfect beauty. The divine, skilled painter sketched her face with the pen of 'We created man in the best of forms' (95.4), and the divine hand of power cleansed the radiant mirror of her face with the polish of 'He fashioned you in a shapely fashion' (40.66).

Her stature erect, and her face so fair,  
Her eyebrow a bow; a lasso her hair.  
In a field she's a cypress tree, so to speak,  
Her locks waft violet, jasmine the cheek.

And although Mawiya possessed unlimited virtue, and was adorned with a good character and a pure heart, the beauty of [her] face was evident for all.

Bemused at its meaning! I see your face.  
So your nature too, must be full of grace.

Mawiya's father left the decision of marriage [to her], and its timing would be at her satisfaction so that she could marry whomever she found worthy and suitable. Making a marriage tie would let her rest her head in peace on her pillow. When the news of this spread around Yemen, the reputation of Mawiya's perfection, beauty and lineage became well known. All of the Arabs of noble birth showed themselves to Mawiya and tried to find means to send messages [expressing their] inclination [for her]. Mawiya wanted to test each and every one of them, and she wanted to see if there was a defect in their standards. If there was a defect she would draw a mark of rejection upon the page of each person's disposition. In short, Hatim was also interested in marrying Mawiya, and it pulled the reins of desire in him, and he made preparations for the journey and made her tribe aware [of his arrival]. At that time Nabigha DUBYANI,<sup>56</sup> who was one of the Arab luminaries, set out for Mawiya's residence with one of the leaders of Yathrib, who had the same intention, and by chance they [all] reached the halfway point on the road to Hallam. They approached Mawiya's [dwelling] in companionship and agreement with each other, and [when they reached their destination] they all told Mawiya's intimates their request.

Each suitor has a proposal to make.  
Which of them will she eventually take?

Mawiya was aware of the guests' situation, and she sent a message to the effect that 'You have now arrived and have endured the hardship of journeying and the troubles of being away from home. Tonight in the lodging that [I have arranged] you should compose a poem on your genealogy, virtues and qualities, and mention the glory and good traits of [your] fathers and ancestors. Bring [the poems] to me in the morning, so that I can assess the quality of the poem, the delicacy of your minds and the circumstances (*ahwal*) and genealogy of each of you, and then I will inform you of my decision [of marriage].' They went to their lodgings and Mawiya departed and ordered those in her service, one by one, to slaughter a camel, and they sent it to [the guests'] tents. [Then] she put on some old clothes to disguise herself as a beggar, and she went to the entrance of each one of the lodgings and began to solicit for camel meat. Nabigha gave her the tail, and the

Yathribi gave her the liver and pieces of spleen. But because of his inherent kindness, Hatim gave her some thigh meat and some of the hump. Mawiya took all the meat to her house and ordered her servant to cook it all. The next day the guests gathered for the assembly, and they presented their poems. Mawiya made some remarks about the worthiness of their poems and then commanded [her servants] to prepare the meal. Placed before [the suitors] were the very same offerings, cooked, which they had donated as alms. Out of miserliness and meanness Nabigha and the [guest] from Yathrib arose and departed from the assembly in utter humiliation, and they prepared their baggage for the [return] journey on [their] camels. As a result of [his] kindness and great magnanimity (*'ulu himmat*) Hatim sat content, as the choice of fate had fallen upon him. So, in great happiness and prosperity they were married, and Hatim's name for nobility and great fame multiplied among the Arabs because of this:

Hatim's delight with this fine marriage grew.  
His name to the Hijaz from Yemen flew.

Hatim and Mawiya had two sons. The elder was called Malik and the younger 'Adi. When grown up they always accompanied their father, and waited in assistance, just like servant boys. One day Hatim called them and said, 'Oh children! There is no one in the world without a problem, and no one has a disposition without some desire. I want you to tell me what your hearts covet and what your secret wishes are. Don't hide your desires, claims, goals or aims from me. I want to know your circumstances, so tell me, in short, your desires and hopes.' Malik kissed the ground out of respect, and after a prayer he said, 'Oh honourable father! All of my aspiration (*himmat*) is confined to [thinking about] how to gain much wealth, countless goods and treasures. [I want to be] the lord and master over [my] peers and companions, indeed over all the dignitaries of the time. I want to make the servants competent, and I want war-worthy armaments made for me so that I can hunt on horseback or engage in battle with a number of people.'

Both fishing and hunting I wish to go,  
So I shall select the lasso and bow.  
Onager catching and lasso hurling,  
Now free to explore, the world unfurling.  
Drawing the bow, and from fear of this dart –  
At war draw blood from the enemy's heart.



Hatim turned to [his younger] son [and said], ‘Oh son! What do you say, and what are your heart’s secrets and the aims that you have set?’ ‘Adi replied, ‘Oh Beauty of the Arabs! All my aspiration is limited to freeing slaves, and enslaving the free. I always wish to buy a slave and then release him, and to be kind to a free person and thereby enslave him.’ Hatim said, ‘I heard bravery (*shuja‘at*) from your brother, and I detect the scent of generosity from you.’ ‘Adi said, ‘Nothing is hidden from your blessed mind, for there is no need of bravery for he who is generous because he can control the leader of the rebellious people through benevolence (*ihsan*), and he can bring the neck of the rebels into the collar of obedience through the rope of good works.’

Through kindness, the heart you can firmly enchain.

A friend from a foe it can certainly gain.

In placating the heart of the enemy

Better is munificence than bravery.

‘I have heard an anecdote, and in order to support this argument, I shall tell it [to you] if you give permission and if you are good enough to listen to me.’ Hatim assented, and ‘Adi said, ‘I have heard that one of the rulers had a commander-in-chief (*sipahsalar*) who was endowed with a strong mind and made influential decisions, and he was famous and well known in that country because he defeated armies and killed enemies. He was well received by the king and was one of the eminent persons of the domain, and the king did not reject his policies or advice.’

Each royal garden thrived – twas to him due –

Through his grip on power the army grew.

“Those who bore a grudge told the king, “Your commander-in-chief wants to divert from the path of obedience, proceed along the road of rebellion and mutiny, and follow the route of revolt and insurrection.” [The king] thought, “If he loosens the reins of resolution many of the army grandees and the leaders of the guards will oppose us. It will be a terrible disgrace for the country if he rebels and it will also weaken the foundations of the kingdom. The idea of rebellion would affect those who until now had been obedient and orderly in our royal court; they would contemplate rebellion and disobedience. Before anything occurs and before pandemonium spreads it is necessary to prepare and respond to the threat.”’

Avoid a disease because it can spread.

It cannot be cured should it reach a head.

‘So, he took counsel with the state elite and the trustworthy, and everyone’s advice on this matter confirmed that [the king] should arrest [the *sipahsalar*]. The king applauded them for the wisdom of [their] advice and the soundness of their opinions, and he praised [them] by approving their words. He moved quickly and the next day he sought the commander (*amir*) and called him to a meeting in a location more dignified than usual. In glowing terms that were all the more exaggerated [the king] enumerated [the commander’s] laudable qualities and praiseworthy course of action in public. [The king then] ordered exquisite items from his treasury and ready cash [for the commander], the amount of which was more than he deserved. When the opportunity came, the leaders of good opinion who had seen the welfare and the right course of action in putting [the commander] in fetters asked what the reason was for the change [in the king’s] mind. The king smiled and said, “I have not acted contrary to your opinion, and I have not opposed your policy, but I wanted to tie him in stronger fetters, and fasten up all his bodily members and limbs. After consideration, I saw no fetter stronger than benevolence (*ihsan*), and no place for restraining [him] better than his heart. Each fetter works on a particular part of the body, so I wanted to place a fetter on his heart, for the heart is the Sultan, and the bodily members and limbs are its servants and attendants. When the source is placed in a fetter the members that are subservient to it will also be tied. Iron chains that are placed on limbs can be broken with a file, but the chains of kindness and benevolence that are put on a heart cannot be loosened by anything. In sayings (*amthal*) it is told that a man is a follower of benevolence. The wild beast can be taken by a snare, and [a man] through benevolence and generosity.”’

Be kind! For a man captured, oh my son,  
Is made wild by chains or through kindness won.  
Through your kindness enchain the enemy;  
With a sword the lasso is not cut free.  
With kindness and gentleness treat the foe,  
His rancour will vanish from head to toe.

‘And so, this [message] had come to the blessed mind of the king. The fire of the commander’s opposition was extinguished by immeasur-

able generosity, and the root of rancour was completely removed from the bottom of his heart by such great kindness. The commander, like the servants of pure intention, stood in the service of sacrifice to the king with sincere heart, and he did not leave the path of obedience for the rest of his life.'

Because of the kindness he received  
Not once disloyalty he conceived.

'So it is clear from this story that the bud of generosity is greater than the fruit of bravery, for in bravery embarking on hazardous trials is necessary, and deliverance from this may be doubtful. But freedom from peril and dangerous places comes through the grace of generosity, and there is no doubt about the wisdom in this.'

Generosity is returned in lieu!  
Your praise of others falls back upon you.  
If to your enemy kindness you send  
No doubt he'll become your devoted friend.

When 'Adi had finished his story, Hatim took him to one side and kissed him on his head and on his face and said, 'You are the dearest to me among my children.'

The father of this son will never die,  
More noble than his son; morals so high.

After that he took care of his education. 'Adi had become adorned with high aspiration and innate kindness, and finally he had the privilege of being in the noble companionship of His Excellency [Muhammad] and put on the mantle of Islam, and was included among the noble companions. A little of this story will be mentioned later.

As the years passed the fame of Hatim's generosity and *jawanmardi* increased so that [news of it] reached Syria and Rum.<sup>57</sup> At that time the Sultan of Rum was Hirqul,<sup>58</sup> whom the Arabs called the Great Ruler of Rum, and they told him that Hatim had a horse, fleet as the wind, that could cover long distances, could fly far like an arrow [shot] from a bow that passes quickly like a precious life, could run steadily, had a bite that was like molten iron and was fast when running and graceful when walking.

Like tears shed by lovers, so fair of face,  
It runs faster than Shabdiz in a race.<sup>59</sup>  
When charging, like lightening it flashes,  
Like a gale when through a field it dashes.

The king of Rum said to his vazir, ‘The news of Hatim’s generosity is widespread across Arabia and Persia, and his fame for *jawanmardi* has spread from East to West. I have heard that he has a horse with such and such an attribute and finesse. I desire to own [such] a mount [and I want] to check the reliability of this [rumour] and test the claim. So I shall send someone to [his] tribe to search for that horse.’

From Hatim I’ll ask that Arabi mare  
If he is kind he’ll comply with no care.  
The cash of goodness in him will I see,  
Or a hollow drum should he not agree.<sup>60</sup>

So he sent an envoy with gifts and presents that were worthy of Hatim. In a short time the king’s envoy reached the territory of Hatim’s tribe and stopped in the region where Hatim lived. As fate would have it rain and snow began to fall, thunder rumbled and lightning flashed as the envoy approached even closer. Hatim [came and] comforted him, and led [him] into his cosy dwelling. At once Hatim ordered for a beast to be killed and prepared for a meal. [The food] was given to the guest, and, after the meal, the bedding [for the night] was prepared. Hatim left the tent, and that night not a[nother] word was spoken. In the morning after Hatim went to greet his guest, the envoy showed him the firman and the gifts that the king of Rum had sent. When Hatim understood the [purpose of the] firman’s contents he fell into deep contemplation, and because of the look of worry that appeared on his brow the envoy said, ‘Oh *jawanmard!* We will not make such a hullabaloo if you refuse to give [us] a horse.’ Hatim said, ‘It is beyond the realm of imagination for me to refuse a horse, even if a lesser person had asked me, and even more so as a great king of high prestige makes the request and has sent to this unfortunate man such an eminent envoy. But I feel bewildered and I regret that I was not informed sooner so that that horse was not wasted.’

[From] that wind-coursing, Duldul-hast’ning beast,<sup>61</sup>  
For you last night I made a kebab feast.

In front or behind because it was black  
To the cattle no one could find a track.  
Since there was no choice for me any more  
Only that horse stood at my chamber door.  
Through *murūwwat* I did not desire  
My famished guest would have to retire.  
I want my name spread through the realm of course,  
So now let's not mention that famous horse.<sup>62</sup>

So he sent many horses and countless gifts to the king of Rum, and he showed friendship to the envoy by showering him with presents, and he departed from Hatim in a far more prosperous fashion. When the king of Rum was informed of the gist of what had taken place he considered it just and in line with *futuwwat* to [consider] Hatim [with appropriate] fairness. This story is related by the Shaykh Muslih al-din Sa'di (may God's mercy be upon him).

[Sa'di] told another story that is also in the *Bustan*. In Hatim's time there was a king in whom the attributes of kindness and generosity prevailed, as did the qualities of benevolence and *murūwwat*. The food of his benevolence was always prepared for both the elite and common folk, and the drink of his bounty (*an'am*) was delicious in the mouths of the needy and destitute.

When generosity's hand is unfurled  
The habit of begging wanes in the world.

He alone wanted to be remembered in the name of kindness and for the qualities of munificence and generosity, and [for it] not to be [just] hearsay. It would fan the flames of his anger when someone said in front of him, 'You possess Hatim's attribute.' He would chastise that person and reply, 'Hatim is a desert-dweller, merely a subject in my kingdom. He does not possess a kingdom, and neither enjoys the rank of sovereignty nor has the power of a conqueror.'

He has no throne, no crown, or treasury.  
He gets no tribute that folk give to me.

'It is clear what sort of kindness comes from him and how much kindness he shows from the [paltry] number of horses, sheep and camels that he has. I give to beggars in one day whatever Hatim has in

one year. The lunch that I give to guests is equal to a hundred of his dinners.'

Look at the difference! No comparison!

In short, one day the king of Yemen held a great festival, and he invited the elite and the common folk to a great party. Every day he gave money to people just as the sun [radiates light to all], and he treated the poor and the needy by satisfying their needs and fulfilling their desires. But

One of the guests Hatim's name did raise,  
This only opened the gates of praise.

The king was vexed by this, and it aroused a blaze of resentment in him and stimulated the perspiration of jealousy. He thought, 'People will persist in [their] recollection of Hatim, and will not forget his attributes of performing good deeds and hospitality. So with the help of the mariner of reflection, I will cast the ship of his life into the whirlpool of annihilation, and with the assistance of the teacher of thought I will delete the letters of his name from the book of life.'

For as long as Hatim remains alive  
My good reputation will never thrive.

In his capital there lived a bandit (*'ayyar pisha*), who for [just] one dinar would take unjustly the life which was worth a hundred. In the hope of a little benefit he would burn many people in the fire of injustice.

Like the eyes of the lovely ones, murderous!  
Like the locks of the lovely, seditious!

The king of Yemen sent for him, relying on royal promises that would lead him to the tribe of the Banu Ta'i, and to kill Hatim by any trick. That bandit promised to slay Hatim, and he went to the Banu Ta'i tribe and reached their dwelling. He met a polite, handsome young man whose large face was luminous beneath his brow, and whose glory of happiness radiated from his face. With courtesy and in a sweet tongue, the young man asked him courteously, 'Where do you come from, and where are you going?' The bandit replied, 'I have

come from Yemen and I am travelling towards Syria.’ The young man then implored him, ‘Pay me the honour of stepping into my dwelling for one night so that we can informally offer you the food that has been prepared. In giving me this honour you will illuminate my humble abode with your presence.’

Come in and enlighten our evening.

The bandit became attached to the young man because of that kindness and affability, and he stepped into his dwelling.

With kindness, joy and sweet-talking flair  
Elephants can be pulled by a hair.

In short, that night the rituals of a feast were respected in a way the guest could never have imagined. However, he never disclosed [the secret in] his heart, because the traditions of *muruwwat* and the manners of humanity dictate that the smallest obligation should not be made of anyone. In addition hope cannot be pinned on any companion for even a thousandth degree of help. [Even so] hour by hour, [the bandit] admired the kindness of that young man in [his] heart, and he praised and lauded [him].

Thank God for morals and manners refined,  
You’ve surpassed all men through your acts so kind.

Minute by minute the host brought new dishes, and prepared various foods and colourful drinks [for the guest].

At every moment at this repast  
He served a dish tastier than the last.

This continued past the dark night until the morning light dawned on the horizon. The guest arose with tearful eyes and said goodbye to the host and expressed this sad verse:

This parting gives my heart much regret!  
Imagine if we had never met?

The young man implored the guest to stay, but the bandit offered all kinds of apologies and declined [the offer].

‘Need brought me here,’ he said with contrition,  
‘I must complete an important mission.’

The young man said, ‘You can be intimate with me and tell me of the mission.’ When the guest observed the kindness, the good morals, the *jawanmardi* and the affability of the host, he considered that, ‘My mission cannot be completed without the help of such a friend or the aid of this support which is the essence of *murwwat*, assisting tasks, aspiration of *futuwwat* and kindness to strangers. There is no better course of action than revealing the task, so I will tell him my secret. I will complete this mission through this noble man (*azad mard*) whom I have befriended.’

Into the friend’s hands has fallen this quest,  
So take a seat, at ease may you rest.  
The friend will finish your troublesome feat,  
Your mission the companions will complete.

So at first he made the youth swear to keep the mission a secret, and after endless emphasis of this he divulged the secret and said, ‘I have heard that in these parts Hatim is the name of someone who is the pillar in *jawanmardi*, and who is an esteemed grandee in benevolence and kindness. The king of Yemen is vexed in his heart and is anxious because of him. I am a man afflicted by the times, and my circumstances are wretched. So, I derive my livelihood through banditry and thieving. In these circumstances the Sultan of Yemen sought me out and promised [me] much wealth and riches on the condition that I find Hatim and kill him. I have come to this region, but I don’t know who Hatim is, and I don’t know the way to his dwelling. Due to your kindness to the poor and your care of strangers it will be no surprise if you show Hatim to me, or if you cooperate and assist me in his murder. With your help I can be freed from the responsibility of carrying out my pledge and made rich through the king of Yemen’s promises.’ The young man listened to these words:

‘But I am Hatim,’ he said with a laugh.  
‘Now please take a sword and slice me in half.’<sup>63</sup>

‘Oh guest! Arise. Cut off my head before my servants come, and take it to the king. You can achieve your aims.’



So quickly Hatim obeyed the request  
That a sob emerged from the bandit's breast.<sup>64</sup>

Suddenly he fell to the ground in front of Hatim, kissed his hands and feet, and said:

'If a flower in your kind face I hurl  
No man am I among men, but a girl.'  
The bandit embraced him and kissed his eyes  
And departed to where the Yemen lies.<sup>65</sup>

Hatim prepared the provisions for the journey and dispatched them, and the bandit came to the king of Yemen and told him of what had taken place. Through his innate kindness, the king acted justly and through the path of freedom and *jawanmardi* acknowledged that kindness had never been created to this extent before and it was impossible for anyone to have generosity to this degree.

There are *jawanmards* with fortunes to give.  
But giving one's life is the way to live!

### *Story*

It is said that in spring, when flowers blossom, and the chamberlain of divine power has spread the colourful stall of '*the earth has taken on her ornaments*' (10.25) and the new arrivals from the unseen world are brought from the act of creation to the vantage point of '*Look therefore, at the traces of God's mercy*' (30.49), and the tongues of remembrance of those sitting in isolation in [their] earthen cells are dragged outside because of this melody, [Hatim] wanted to look at the meadows.

The garden is verdant from the showers of spring.  
Both colour and warmth the tulip-candles bring!

Hatim had come out to see the meadows with a group of his young servant boys, and he sat on swift horses that crossed the land. Suddenly their track passed over an even field and a plain suitable for racing horses. The Arab spectators were racing and watching horses, and they were naming them according to the [horses'] excellence in galloping, like 'Winner' (*mujalla*) and 'Second' (*musalli*), and they

had all the more pride through the horseracing. Hatim, too, wanted to gallop horses on this plain, and he let the racing horses loose in the arena. He galloped away, and even the wild, light-footed horse of the spheres would not catch him, and from its intense love the sun followed him like a shadow.

Horseshoe crescents in the earth were landing.  
Horse's ears, like spears, were upright standing.

They raced across [the course] and at the side of the field for horseracing stood a poor man wearing shabby clothes and drinking something rancid.

Enduring agony, much was he strained,  
Groaning, his frame was excessively pained.  
Poverty-stricken, indigent and meek,  
Nowhere to go, just a future so bleak.

Hatim saw the poor man while racing [his] horse and jesting with the Hejazi travellers. He stopped watching [the racing], rode towards [the poor man] and said, 'Oh poor man! Why are you standing in all this dirt and dust? Why have you focused your eyes of anxious expectation towards the horse arena?' The poor man didn't recognise Hatim and said, 'I am a destitute, poor man, enchained to the prison of poverty and need. I heard that Hatim Ta'i was racing horses and was hitting the ball of merriment with the polo stick of pleasure. I want the dust from Hatim's horse's hooves to settle on my head, for he is a man of good fortune. Perhaps I will be liberated from the suffering of adversity and misfortune, and the yoke of bad luck and affliction.'

Alchemy's the quality of your eyes,  
They glance at the ground, to gold they give rise.

Hatim dismounted and he gave the horse that he had been riding to him, along with the reins and saddle full of gold and ornaments. He took off his clothes and put them on [the poor man], and he gave him whatever the horses and servant boys had with them. He apologised and then started to walk home without clothes. Because of this liberality and benevolence [his] name for doing good deeds was recorded and written on the page of the period.

Inscribed in gold on this veil of green,  
‘Silver and gold won’t always be seen.’  
Rich man! Comfort the poor – bear this in mind,  
All that endures is the good of the kind.<sup>66</sup>

### *Story*

One day one of the bedouin came to Hatim because [he was] extremely thin and emaciated. He held a bag in his hand and said, ‘Oh Hatim! Fill my bag with flour and save my family from starvation.’ Hatim said, ‘I knew what you wanted, but you did not know whom to ask.’ So he ordered his treasurer, ‘Fill the bag of this Arab with pure, red-tinged gold in the place of white flour from my treasury.’ The treasurer obeyed the command and filled the bag with pure gold and held it out for the poor Arab. He wanted to take it but he could not because of his extreme weakness, emaciation and utter weakness. He said,

‘Until this kindness you gave me to drink,  
Destitution had brought me to the brink.  
The world’s gold does not rest long in your hand,  
In despair gold-mines on their heads pour sand.’

‘I am a very small man and your gift is very large, I can’t take it away without your camel.’ Hatim smiled and ordered that his servants give him the red-haired camel, and he put him in expensive clothes, and the Arab rode away holding on to his bag of gold. He said, ‘I asked the question of a man reduced to captivity (*asirana*) and received a princely (*amirana*) reply. I begged [for something] befitting my circumstances and state, and received a gift that was greater than my worth.

I asked but a drop. I was offered a sea!  
I asked but a stone. Pearls were given to me!

One of those dear to Hatim complained and said, ‘That beggar’s request of you was a bag of flour, so why must you give him such an amount of gold? The great ones said [that] the gift for each person should be in proportion to his request, and the [recipient of the gift] won’t be able to appreciate it if it is more [than he requested].’

The mosquito's maw simply cannot hold  
The elephant's mouthful, or so I'm told.

Hatim said, 'He asked for something that was appropriate for his circumstances, but I gave him [something] that matched his endeavour (*himmat*).'

The beggar asks something fit of his state,  
My generosity shows on his plate.  
So I don't regard the beggar so meek,  
It's my generosity that I seek.

In [Sa'di's] *Bustan* there are stories as the following.

An old man came walking to Hatim's store –  
'Spare a few grains of sugar, nothing more!'  
As I recall the narrator's report  
He received a sackful more than he sought.  
Hatim's wife said, 'Is this economy?  
Only a few grains was the old man's plea!  
On hearing this, said that great one of Ta'i,  
'Oh Precious of the tribe! Must you ask why?  
He may have asked according to his need  
But to *jarwanmardi* I must pay heed.'<sup>67</sup>

### *Story*

In *Zalal al-Safa fi sirat al-Mustafa* it is said that Hatim was a good example, the essence of generosity, the cream of kindness and the title page of the book of gifts. One day he was walking alone in the desert, and a number of Arabs approached him. They had taken a prisoner from the tribe of their enemies, tied him up and taken him with them. The prisoner recognised Hatim and began to implore him for help. Seeking assistance, he said,

'Oh kind one, who from generosity  
The garden of hope's as lush as can be.  
What would happen if my fate befell you?  
Your protection is needed! Help me do!  
Just through your kindness I could be set free.  
Think for a while and consider my plea.'

By chance, Hatim did not have anything with him, and in reply he said, ‘Oh poor man! It is unfortunate that you have called out my good name to the wind of scorn, and you have asked me for help in a place where you have found me penniless. In truth, right now, I would have given you anything in terms of generosity or help if I could.’

Look not for cash in a hand that is bare,  
It can't be kind when there's nothing to share.

So Hatim looked around him, to the left and right, and he saw nothing, and he did not have the strength to remove the fetters from the prisoner's hands and feet. Finally he undid the fetters [around the prisoner's] limbs and tied them around his own. Hatim [proposed] that he write a letter of release upon the register of [the prisoner's] fate, and the [Arabs] would bind him and release the prisoner. [Hatim] would remain in those fetters and chains until his helpers arrived and purchased him with a large sum of money from that group. He was remembered verbally and recollected in people's minds because of this kindness and generosity among the tribes.

Through kindness Hatim Ta'i nurtured his name.  
If you are kind, forget the money game.  
‘In fortune's meadow,’ so the saying goes  
‘No sapling is there that like kindness grows.’  
Fortune's fruit on kindness' branch is borne.  
For the kind-souled, grace is bestowed each morn.

In addition to possessing the attribute of generosity Hatim also [understood] the finer points of wisdom, and the benefits of his judgements have been recorded in Arab poetical works and histories. For example, he advised his children, ‘You should make the performance of good deeds and benevolence the means to yield your goals, and the way to actualise your aims and plans. The goals of the *jawanmard* are realised according to their desire without his effort and endeavour.’

Open the door of kindness if you dare!  
From the unseen realm your dreams arrive there.  
Provide for others' wishes if you can  
And they'll provide for you, one to a man.

In addition, he said that you should distance yourself from vile-ness before it abandons you. Don't bother yourself hiding treasure. Rather, remedy the trouble by giving away the treasure.

Why must you be vexed with this world's appeal?  
Worldly treasures are what others conceal.

In addition, he said, 'I want you to be cherished, so despise gold. People cherish and treat kindly the person who despises gold. All people despise and consider worthless the person who cherishes gold.'

To protect the body useful is wealth.  
He who for wealth sacrifices his health  
Will find guardless wealth and body to be.  
The kind folk see gold as their enemy  
And they are cherished more eternally.

### *Story*

Someone asked Hatim, 'Who has tranquillity in the world?' He replied, 'He who gives tranquillity to the people.' Then they asked, 'Who has tranquillity without vexation in the world?' He replied, 'He who can transform a poor man's troubles into comfort.'

If a Khosraw or Dara you are in might<sup>68</sup>  
Do not fail to respect another man's right.  
If generous you are despite your defects  
Your ugliness then your own beauty reflects.

They said to Hatim, 'Among the Arabs there are many people wealthier than you, and around the world there are countless kind people and *jawanmardan*. So why has your name become famous and well known for the attributes of munificence and kindness among the Arabs and Persians?' He said, 'I have done two things about which others have been negligent, or was clear to them but they feigned negligence. One is that I never kept any beggar waiting. I placed beside him the object of his desire without promising [to help later] today or tomorrow':

If seeking help a dear friend implores you,  
Take care of him. That's the least you can do.

If your help cannot improve his poor state,  
Don't lie, give false hope or tell him to wait.

'Second, I have never made a beggar feel indebted by a gift, rather I have felt indebted, and I have asked forgiveness. I have deliberated that if the duty to give alms has been incumbent on me, then my duty [to give] alms has been evident for him. He has begged for something from me because he has had a good opinion of me and thinks I am worthy. The duty of honouring [someone] is greater than the duty of [giving] alms. So his duty takes precedence over mine, and his duty of honouring me should not be lessened through service.'

Wherever the tree of kindness takes root  
Higher than the heavens it branches shoot.  
If you then have hope of its fruits to eat  
Don't place obligation's saw at its feet.

Hatim has expressed this really well because an obligation nullifies a gratuity, for generosity is when a load is removed from the sore heart of a poor man. When someone removes the burden of poverty from the neck of a helpless wretch, and he places the load of obligation (which is a thousand times heavier) around his neck, in fact his munificence is of no use to the beggar, rather, it is as if he has removed a straw and replaced it with a mountain. And the author of 'The Rosary of the Pious',<sup>69</sup> *may the shadow of its truths spread on the heads of the good people*, alludes to this reality:

If you lift poverty from someone poor  
On his neck don't place obligation's straw.  
Though poverty's stack is the poor man's fate  
The straw of obligation has more weight.  
So when alms are offered, God is the prize,  
Not one obligation comes from the wise.<sup>70</sup>

According to Hatim's words, one should not befriend a beggar who causes you loss but a beggar who gives you benefit. This proverb, '*jawanmardi* is all benefit', comes from him. From *jawanmardi* is derived any happiness that comes to you and whatever happiness you have in mind, [such as] fame, wealth, fortune, felicity, a good recollection and good name.

*The jawanmard is the spirit's sweetheart.*

*The spirit's purity from this does start. The wine of joy is his only  
potion,*

*In his name is the sign of devotion.*

*If you want the truth, the jawanmard's the wali,<sup>71</sup>*

*Kindness is the trade of the King of Men, 'Ali.*

They blamed Hatim for too much kindness, and this expression alludes to this criticism of him: *There is no charity in extravagance.*<sup>72</sup> In an instant Hatim turned their words on their head, for he said, '*There is no extravagance in charity.*' The meaning is that extravagance is not dependent on the quantity that someone gives in charity. Rather, extravagance occurs when someone spends something which is not for the purpose of charity.

*If a man gives alms just for God's pleasure,*

*A thousand bags of gold – 'tis short measure If*

*he then spends a penny on a whim,*

*For extravagance will be known of him.*

They asked Hatim, 'What is kindness?' He replied, 'Giving whatever there is to whomever there is.' They asked, 'Have you seen anyone more generous than you?' He replied, 'Yes. When I went alone into the desert, I thought that I would reach my destination at the beginning of the day, but in short, my arrival at that dwelling was not possible at that place. The greatest luminary was scorching, and the air caught fire like the ironsmith's furnace because of the sun's strength, and because of the effect of the heat the ground became like the ethereal sky. The heat prevailed over me and I sought refuge, and I rode my horse in all directions. Suddenly in the distance I saw the top of an old tent, worn out, and sheep were tied at the back. As I approached, the people in the tent heard the sound of my horse's hooves, and an old woman came out and welcomed me. She said hello and welcome and took my horse's reins, and with many supplications she implored me to dismount [from my horse]. The effect of the sincerity of her invitation appeared on my heart, and I accepted her requests. I went into the dwelling, and a place had not yet been made for me when the woman's son came and greeted me as cheerfully as possible, and he repeated this poem:

*At the dwelling arrived a distinguished guest,*

*Where the bird of good fortune had built its nest.*



I was pleased to see the faces of the mother and son, and I was happy and glad with their smiling faces and pleasant morals. The old woman said to her son, “Oh my dear! Hurry and slaughter this sheep so that we can prepare some food for our guest.” The son said, “Mother, I will go first and bring a little firewood, for it won’t be possible to cook [anything] without it, and there is none ready here.” His mother said, “Oh son! It will take a long time if you go into the desert to get firewood, and leaving a guest hungry is against the [principles] of *muruwwat*.” Behind the tent were two spears. The old woman hurried outside and ordered [her son] to break those spears [for firewood], and he slaughtered the sheep, and soon they had made the food and laid it before me. After eating the food, I looked carefully. They had no possessions except humble food, that sheep and those two spears. And because of their innate *muruwwat* and generosity, they sacrificed it for the sake of a guest, and they did not omit anything for a minute in [their] hospitality.’

*Giving to a guest what’s at hand, or more,  
Is good from the rich, better from the poor.*

Hatim continued, ‘I said to that old woman, “Do you recognise me?” She said, “No.” I said, “They call me Hatim Ta’i, and the place for my cattle and entourage is over there. If you come to my tribe I will give you service there. I will give you whatever is required of a host for a guest.” The old woman replied, “Oh Hatim, I have heard your name and of your fame for giving riches, and I suppose that you are a refined and perfect man. But I did not know that you would invite a guest for the purpose of buying and selling. We are not the kind of people who take rewards from guests or sell bread or soup at a high price. Good cheer to you, but we don’t consider the corner of the desert as equal to [your] fabulous garden, and we prefer bread and herbs (*tara*) to Hatim’s chicken and lamb.”’

*Swap poverty’s realm for two worlds?<sup>73</sup> No way!  
We’d rather a cup of dregs than eau glacée.*

‘Although I insisted and implored them on this matter, still I got nowhere, and they would not agree to come to my tribe. I handed them everything that I had with me: my horse and armour, but they paid no attention in the slightest. So they are more [worthy of being called] *jawanmard* and more worthy of being praised for kindness and generosity than me.’

*Seeking in exchange for what you bestow  
Is the custom of traders, high and low.  
Munificence comes free with nothing exchanged,  
From hypocrisy, craving, be estranged.  
You should then give to whomever you see,  
Lay no obligation, give it all free!*

This kind of story is recounted in Sa'di's *Gulistan*. The gist of what they said is that they asked Hatim, 'Have you heard of anybody nobler and dearer than yourself.' He replied, 'Yes, I have seen a dear one whose bird of endeavour would not rest at the phoenix's nest, and the bird of his thought would fly only to the world's highest pinnacle.'

*Endeavour's eyes from the world looked away,  
They disdained the world – a place of decay.*

They said, 'Explain this condition and the manner of this station to us in detail, not in short.' He said, 'One day I had sacrificed a camel and a sheep, for I had invited [some] Arab leaders to a party. In the middle of this I went into the desert and I saw an old man digging up and gathering scrub. Through toil he had collected much straw and scrub. I said, 'Oh poor man! Why don't you come to Hatim's party? A number of people have sat down at tables laden [with food] and gifts from his table of benevolence.' Silently, the poor man raised his head and said:

*'He who from his labour eats his own bread  
Is not obliged to Hatim to be fed.<sup>74</sup>  
Though he's the greater man, it must be said.*

*Do not long for someone else's lamb roast,  
Be satisfied with your own herbs and toast.  
Don't look at the tablecloth in the sky  
More than the goods that on your table lie.  
The sun which in the high heavens does shine  
Nurtures the fruits of the earth, which are thine.'*

And in the seventh year after the birth of the Prophet (peace be upon him and his family) Hatim made his last journey, and it is more surprising that the death of King Anushirwan occurred in the same year.

In respect of justice [Anushirwan] was superior to previous rulers, and in the field of combat he overran the prior kings.

*Through his justice and alms much cheer did he bring,  
For the sake of fame he did everything.*

These two men who excelled in their time in justice and kindness were people of the world who journeyed from the territory of annihilation to the inn of subsistence in accordance with one another. The left a reputation for justice and the magnificence of generosity as a keepsake for the world.

*Munificence and justice both made a name  
For Hatim and Anush who still enjoy fame.*

They have related that when the stall of Hatim's life was folded away, the circumstances of the Banu Ta'i were difficult because the people no longer enjoyed the benefits of his munificence and benevolence. The leaders and grandees of the tribe contrived plans and consulted with one another. In order not to lose [either] their name for generosity [or] the brightness from the lamp that Hatim had shone through [his] kindness, [they] continued to light the corners of the Arab lands. And after a difference of opinions, it was agreed that Hatim's brother should succeed him. Each one of the grandees of the tribe donated a certain amount of the wealth and food that he could afford, and [Hatim's brother] held a feast of generosity for all the people, for the elite and the commoners, so that the way of kindness [would remain] among the Banu Ta'i [and] the basis and foundation of generosity in that tribe would stay firm and strong. News [of this] reached Hatim's mother, and she said, 'Alas! Alas! Forget about illusions and useless thoughts.' And she recited this poem:

*To get God's grace a jewel pure must be.  
Not any black stone can be a ruby.*

'Forget about Hatim's brother. A Hatim cannot be expected of him. After his birth, Hatim would not drink milk from my breast until I gave milk to another unknown baby. But his brother had one breast in his mouth and the other in his hand so that any other child could not see it and drink its milk. How is it possible for such a person to become Hatim? This person is very similar to Hatim

in his looks, but without any doubt he is the opposite of him in personality.

*Emeralds and grass are both the same hue,  
One's in a ring, the other donkeys chew.  
Dal seems like dhal when written in a book,  
696 less is dal – go take a look.<sup>75</sup>*

It is well known that the grandees of the tribe paid no attention to the mother's words, and they appointed and established [Hatim's] brother [in] his castle. It had forty windows and was the throne of authority and the seat of power. A beggar's voice would reach each window in Hatim's time, and he would place the requested alms into his robe of hope.

*No one was a beggar around that gate  
His wish was granted, it never came late.*

When Hatim's brother succeeded him, his mother put on beggars' clothes and went beneath a window and started to beg. Hatim's brother gave something. The old woman returned and begged at the next window. Once again [Hatim's brother] gave alms. The third time, in the same fashion, he gave her alms appropriate to her condition. The fourth time that she started to beg from the fourth window the endurance of Hatim's brother gave out. He said, 'Oh shameless beggar! Aren't you ashamed of begging in this fashion so persistently, and of crying out whereby you increase [your] importuning to an extreme. Why is it that three times you have been given alms but still you knock on the door of need and claim to be poor and then you [pretend] to be in the same state [as before].'

*Half-empty glasses the greedy men see.  
If the shell's unhappy no pearl there'll be.*

His mother removed her veil (*niqab*) from her face, and said, 'Oh son! Aren't you ashamed to sit in Hatim's place? Once, in order to test [Hatim] I dressed up as a beggar, and I asked for something from him beneath each of the forty windows each time he saw me. The more he saw me, the more he gave, and he showed no reluctance in this. He never accused me of persistency or importuning. But on the fourth occasion you got into a state and called me "shameless",

“greedy” and “wearisome”. Get up and go, for this is not your place.’

*This is not the place for you. Get up and go!  
You can't carry out this task, your actions show.*

In *Jawahir al-imarāt wa ‘anasir al-wuzara* it is recounted that when Hatim died they buried him in a tomb which was located near a path for the people. Once it rained heavily and a terrible flood came and nearly destroyed Hatim’s tomb. His son wanted to transport his corpse to another location where it would be safe from this kind of danger. When they opened his tomb, all his limbs and members had decayed except his hand, which was healthy. The people were surprised and astonished at this circumstance. There was a pious old man among the spectators who said, ‘Oh people! Don’t be surprised at this, and don’t wonder at the health of Hatim’s hand, because it is through this hand that he gave so much to beggars. His hand has remained healthy through the support of charity and kindness. If the hand of an idol-worshipping infidel remains healthy from injury through alms giving, it is no surprise if the body of a God-worshipping believer remains safe from the calamity of the fire through sincerity in the path of God. Because obtaining eternal wealth, indeed, connection to the happiness of Lordly pleasure is dependent on establishing the foundation for obedience and worship, and an attachment to strengthening the forms of charity and good deeds.’

*The prosperous from the world turn away  
For wealth is yielded through kindness each day.  
By burning its soul a candle’s life runs  
One’s needs in the path are donating funds.  
The alley of bliss through kindness does wind,  
And martyrs through kindness their feast do find.*

Among the amazing reports pertaining to Hatim is that a group from the Banu Asad reached his grave at the end of the day after his death, and since they had no place to go to, they set down their equipment for the night. All the travellers’ provisions were finished, and most of them were hungry and helpless. The travellers’ chief, who was called Abu’l-Bukhtari, had camels with him, but there were no provisions at his table and his harvest stack had no ears of corn.

*His path's provisions lacked any expense,  
His kitchen was bare, there was no pretence.  
They were all so famished but he had nought,  
They moaned from hunger, a repast they sought.  
The harvest of patience was fully spent,  
At Hatim's sepulchre a look he sent.  
Supplications he made, a eulogy,  
Then he shut his eyes so he could not see.  
He said, 'The scroll of greed stretched out it lies,  
Your kindness needed by covetous eyes.  
You beat the drum of generosity  
Sprinkling water of liberality.  
The voice of kindness was heard from your door.  
If all this fame is worth its weight for sure  
Then to the poor travellers give some aid,  
Please solve our problems, anxious and waylaid.  
Exhausted and helpless that's what we are,  
We need your kindness since we've come so far.  
Our hopes on your charity now depend,  
Be kind! For our table provisions send.'*

Abu'l-Bukhtari went on, but his friends stopped him from saying these sort of words, as they did not like such brashness and rudeness. He had taken the path of importuning, had passed the limit in solicitation and had been excessive in seeking help. Suddenly, in front of his camels a two-humped, fat and strong-bodied Bactrian camel became weak and could not stand up:

*All at once its exhaustion became clear  
Now shaking, now moaning, its end was near.  
It fell to the ground – this lumbering wreck.  
The spirit released for its final trek.  
And so, 'In God's name' said the hungry crew  
Eating the beast was the best thing to do.  
To the men and women now with no care  
The chief of the group gave them all their share.  
Old men and young boys they all took a seat  
A feast of kebabs and juicy cooked meat.*

Abu'l-Bukhtari's friends said disparagingly and full of reproach, 'Oh discourteous one! Didn't we say that you shouldn't be rude to that

great Arab and not to open the stall of banter and brashness? Now see what came from the unseen. A camel this good has been wasted and your baggage remains on the ground.' Abu'l-Bukhtari said, 'I had some confusion about Hatim's kindness. It is clear for me that he was generous, but [only] through other people's purses, and he gave bread but only from this or that person's table.' The people did not prevent him any more from saying these [kind] of words. That night came to an end in anxiety and discomfort for the travellers' leader but in comfort and blessing for the others. In the morning the radiance of the monarch of stars and the great brightness of the planets dressed the world in luminous clothes, and the white hand of the sun drew aside the black head-covering of the night and the ambergris face-veil from the world.

*The day's good fortune is the sun's radiance,  
Raising for the world the flag of luminance.*

The travellers prepared to set off, but Abu'l-Bakhtari was troubled, for he could not see any solution for the camel's [weighty] baggage. In the end, the travellers agreed that they would divide the baggage between their own camels. His heart was delivered from anxiety and the gates of tranquillity opened in his mood. Then suddenly there rose a cloud of dust in the direction of Najd. From the cloud appeared [someone], holding the reins of a great two-humped camel. The camel was like a furious lion, raging and crying out, intelligent and sharp of hearing like Rustam's Rakht.

*His head held high, with his face like the sun,  
Through deserts and up mountains he would run.  
This wild beast was a raging inferno  
Running like the wind through plains he would go.*

When he came near, the travellers looked and saw it was Hatim's son who was approaching. When he reached them, after observing the rules of courtesy and the salutations of the period of ignorance (*jahili*), he asked which one of them was Abu'l-Bukhtari. The travellers pointed him out. He dismounted from his camel, embraced and hugged him in friendship, and said, 'Last night I dreamed of my father, and he said to me, "Oh my son! Tonight several guests have arrived, and they are asking for something from me. Since there was no food ready, I borrowed a camel from Abu'l-Bukhtari, and I sacrificed it for them, but

the camel's baggage remains on the ground. At dawn go to my tomb and take a famous camel and give it to Abu'l-Bukhtari in exchange for his camel. And offer many apologies." He handed over the camel to Abu'l-Bukhtari, and he left on the same track on which he had come.

*The tribe inspected, he then set off fast.  
To the camel leader the reins he cast.  
Shocked were the group at where events had led  
And pearls from the shells of their eyes were shed.  
For the generous the two worlds are small,  
Their presence or absence means nought at all.  
Whoever like Khwaju<sup>76</sup> wanders with mirth,  
With generosity has sown the earth.*

And 'Adi, who was Hatim's son, was known as one of the kind people in the world, although his generosity was less in comparison with that of his father. Because of this, ['Adi's] fame did not reach the [same] level [as Hatim]. In *Jam'i al-Hikayat*<sup>77</sup> it is reported that Hatim's son used to drink water from an earthen bowl and would sit on an old carpet, but he always set out the table of his kindness, and he made ready the things for hosting guests and was kind to the poor. Each year he used to give 80,000 dinars in gifts to poets, and he gave to strangers and the poor according to their needs. He behaved with generosity and kindness so that they would praise him and open their mouths in eulogy. People from all walks of life had planted the seed of his love in the earth of their breasts.

*He who lifts a flag through a soul that's kind,  
Sows the seeds of his love that all may find.*

One day one of the insolent people said in criticism, 'Oh 'Adi! You were born of a great man, why have you stepped out of the circle of esteem? The Arabs blame you because you give the goods and clothes of the house as provisions for the poor people, and you busy them with food and drink. Why is it that you drink water from precious vessels and you order silk carpets and stalls?' 'Adi said, 'I have accounted for these things. Each year 50,000 dinars of pure gold is spent, and I prefer to use this amount for the poor and needy, so that they praise me while I am still alive, and so that after my death they pray for me. Through this gold, [I hope that] these eulogies will be accepted and these benedictions reach their objects and are beautiful.'



*Charity and a good name – life's fruits are few.  
All passes away if you neglect these two.<sup>78</sup>*

Since ‘Adi intended this kind of expenditure, God most Glorious and High extended the nobility of Islam to him, and this is the reason that His Holiness, the refuge of prophecy, in the month of *Rabi‘ al-awwal*, of the ninth year after the *hijira*, sent the Commander of the Faithful, ‘Ali, with a gathering composed of groups from the Emigrants and [some] well known individuals among the Helpers, to the tribe of Ta‘i. At the command of the Lord of Mankind suddenly they attacked that unprincipled tribe and destroyed their temple which was the objective and their direction of prosperity. ‘Adi bin Hatim, who was the leader of the tribe, fled towards Syria, and the Companions took much booty as well as capturing Hatim’s daughter. Two swords hung around their idol’s neck, which was called Fils. They said that one was a sharp sword and the other was a sharp piercing sword. They took [the swords] and brought them to Medina for the Sultan of Prophecy, the Champion of Glory, the King who manifested neither oppression nor rancour, the Master who was honoured with the high status of ‘*I am the Prophet of China.*’

*The sword of his punishment heads would sever,  
The sword of his tongue scattered words so clever.  
Between these two wound his own special track.  
By these two swords guarded, protecting his back.*

And it has been recorded that Hatim’s daughter had come to the noble gathering of the Messenger and she said, ‘Oh Prophet of God! The stall of my father’s life has finished, and they have pursued the horse of the dynasty, my brother, ‘Adi. Yesterday was the spring of my pleasure which [remained] fresh through the [warm] sun of my father and the kind sweat of my brother. If you ever do me the favour of helping me and giving me my freedom, you will have made me a servant through this freedom, and your universal kindness and great favour will not be considered unusual.’ His Excellency, the Master of the World, set her free, and he clothed her in a new garments, and he commanded that [she be given] a camel and gold. And he sent her back to the tribe of Ta‘i at [her] wish and according to her desire.

There is a famous story saying that the infidels of the Banu Ta‘i were being killed, and the daughter of Hatim was freed. Because of her innate kindness she said to the executioner, ‘Kill me too, because I

cannot stand to see my relatives being killed.’ These words are remembered in the following:

*‘Strike with your sword,’ through her tears she said.*

*‘Like the others, chop off my head. Freedom from slavery’s not muruwwat*

*When all my friends still in prison are sat.’<sup>79</sup>*

In short, Hatim’s daughter returned to her tribe, and from there she went to Syria to find her brother. With great effort she led [‘Adi] to the gates of prophecy and said, ‘Oh brother! Surely, if he is truly a Prophet, your rights will not perish if you place yourself in the service of that Master who brings felicity. And if he is [one of] the kings your glory and nobility will remain for you.’ So with the escort of eternal happiness ‘Adi proceeded towards Medina and hurried to [place himself in] the service of His Excellency the Prophet, and he was treated with magnanimity. It is said that he spread out his own pure mantle for ‘Adi, and invited him to sit on it, and he himself sat on the ground. This respect and kindness was the cause of honour for both houses. So he made the mirror of [‘Adi’s] heart pure and clear from the rust of denial with clear counsel and perfect advice.<sup>80</sup> In that very meeting ‘Adi became a Muslim, and he raised the flag of sincerity and the banner of purity. In religion, from the perspective of certainty, he was a perfect man and a virtuous *jawanmard*. Traditions about hunting by trained dogs have been related from him,<sup>81</sup> and he is considered among the great companions.

*Remembered for goodness and known for virtue,  
And he had the good fortune to serve him too.*

This was a summary of the reports of Hatim Ta’i’s generosity and kindness, and the *muruwwat* and *futuwwat* of his family, the marks of which have been confirmed by the pen. God’s grace is given to Whomever He wishes.

## Notes

1. ‘On Avarice’, attributed to Hatim Ta’i and included in W. A. Clouston, *Arabian Poetry* (Glasgow: privately printed, 1881), pp. 99–100.
2. Many of the Ta’i tribe worshipped at the pagan temple dedicated to Fils, although there were some, like Hatim and his son ‘Adi, who

were Christian (as claimed by Ibn Ishaq). See Guillaume, *The Life of Muhammad*, p. 637. A meeting between ‘Adi and Muhammad is recorded in which the Prophet asked ‘Adi, ‘Are you not half a Christian?’

The term used is *rasuki*, which according to Guillaume’s footnote means someone who changes their religion, and he surmises that ‘Adi was a convert ‘but not a practising Christian in the full sense’ (p. 639, n. 1).

3. Lings, *Muhammad*, p. 315.
4. *The Book of Songs*, compiled by Abu’l-Faraj al-Isfahani in the ninth century.
5. Rumi does not narrate stories about him, but uses expressions such as ‘Hatim of the age’ to denote the ideal of generosity to which seekers should aspire. Such references are scattered throughout the *Diwan-i Shams* (for page references see the index in vol. VII, p. 486, entry for ‘Hatim’). *Diwan-i Shams*, ed. B. Furuzanfar (Tehran: Amir Kabir, [1363] 1984).
6. See the references in translation in this chapter.
7. See the references in the footnotes to this translation.
8. For example, an anecdote relating to Hatim’s generosity is included in the *Futuwwat Nama-yi Nasiri* the whole text of which is included in Golpinarli, *Futuwwat dar Kishwar-ha-yi Islami*, p. 163, lines 111–21.
9. Munfarid, *Payvand-i siyasat*, p. 326. In the realm of painting, the court of Herat was particularly celebrated. E. Bahari has remarked, ‘The school of Bihzad in Hirat dominated the arts of the book in the Timurid territory and, indeed, in almost all the Islamic lands of the period.’ See ‘The Sixteenth Century School of Bukhara Painting and the Arts of the Book’, in A. J. Newman (ed.), *Society and Culture in the Early Modern Middle East* (Leiden: Brill, 2003), p. 251.
10. The *Rawzat al-shuhada* became a well-known text following the establishment of the Shi‘-ite Safavid dynasty in Iran. On Kashifi and the *Rawzat al-shuhada*, see Amanat, ‘Meadow of the Martyrs’, pp. 250–75. The uncertainty of Kashifi’s Shi‘-ite or Sunni leanings needs to be understood in the light of the Sunni Sultan Husayn Bayqara’s own acts, as at one point he attempted to have the *khutba* recited on behalf of the Twelve Imams. See B. S. Amoretti, ‘Religion in the Timurid and Safavid Periods’, *Cambridge History of Iran*, vol. VI (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1986), p. 612. Amoretti also noted that Bayqara venerated and visited the shrine of the eighth Imam at Mashhad (p. 616).
11. For a list of his works, see Gholam Hosein Yousofi, ‘Kashifi’, *Encyclopedia of Islam*, vol. IV, pp. 704–5; Munfarid, *Payvand-i siyasat*, pp. 330–46; Maria E. Subtelny, ‘Kashefi’, *Encyclopedia Iranica* (forthcoming). Kashifi’s works on Rumi include *Lubab-i mathnawi fi intikhab-i Mathnawi* and *Lubb-i lubab-i Mathnawi*.

12. Subtelny, 'Kashefi', *Encyclopedia Iranica*.
13. Expression used by Subtelny, 'Kashefi', *Encyclopedia Iranica*.
14. Munfarid, *Payvand-i siyasat*, pp. 324–5.
15. Yousofi, 'Kashifi', *Encyclopedia of Islam*, vol. IV, pp. 704–5.
16. Munfarid, *Payvand-i siyasat*, p. 320.
17. For Sultan Husayn Bayqara, see Hans R. Roemer, 'Hosayn Bayqara', *Encyclopedia Iranica*, online edition, 2004, available at [www.iranica.com/articles/hosayn-bayqara](http://www.iranica.com/articles/hosayn-bayqara)
18. See Subtelny, 'Kashefi', *Encyclopedia Iranica*. See also Munfarid, *Payvand-i siyasat*, p. 320.
19. J. S. Trimingham has noted that Jami was not an initiating Sufi shaykh; see Trimingham, *The Sufi Orders in Islam*, p. 94. See also Munfarid, *Payvand-i siyasat*, p. 320.
20. Munfarid, *Payvand-i siyasat*, p. 320.
21. The specific Naqshbandi influence on Kashifi's thought is difficult to discern because there was much commonality among the different Sufi orders in Central Asia and Iran, although Loewen has attempted to identify the Naqshbandi slant in Kashifi's *futuwwat nama*. See Loewen, 'Proper conduct', pp. 543–70. Doubt on Kashifi's specific Naqshbandi leanings is supported by his own record of initiation into Sufism which passes through Muhammad of Qayin and then back through a number of links including 'Ala al-Dawla Simnani, Najm al-Din Kubra, Abu'l-Najib Suhrawardi and Junayd of Baghdad. See Crook, *The Royal Book of Spiritual Chivalry*, pp. 120–1. The Persian original has been edited by M. J. Mahjub as *Futuwwat Nama-yi Sultani* (Tehran: Bunyad-i Farhang-i Iran, 1971), and is a lengthy work of some 393 pages.
22. Trimingham, *The Sufi Orders in Islam*, p. 94. A more detailed discussion is found in Maria E. Subtelny, 'A Timurid Educational and Charitable Foundation: The Ikhlasiiyya Complex of 'Ali Shir Nava'i in 15th-Century Herat and its Endowment', *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, 111(1) (1991), pp. 38–61.
23. Maria E. Subtelny, 'Socioeconomic Bases of Cultural Patronage under the Later Timurids', *International Journal of Middle East Studies*, 20 (1988), p. 484.
24. Ibid. p. 482.
25. Subtelny, 'A Timurid Educational and Charitable Foundation', p. 56.
26. Sayyid Muhammad Rida Jalali Na'ini (ed.), *Risala-yi Hatimiyya* (Tehran: Nihzat, [1320] 1941), pp. 60–1. Kashifi's flattery must be read in the context of Husayn Bayqara's policy of generous bestowment of *arwqaf*, of which he was keen to make others aware.
27. Kashifi then declared that God had bestowed upon the Sultan the

attributes of pre-Islamic kings from the *Shahnama*, such as the justice of Anushirvan, the royal glory (*farr*) of Faridun, the majesty of Jamshid, the aspiration of Kay Khosraw and the terror of Afrasiab. Na'ini (ed.), *Risala-yi Hatimiyya*, p. 61.

28. Mahjub (ed.), *Futuwwat Nama-yi Sultani*, p. 3.
29. Mahjub (ed.), *Futuwwat Nama-yi Sultani*, pp. 271–380.
30. Cited in Loewen, 'Proper conduct,' p. 545, n. 8.
31. Sarraf (ed.), *Rasa'il-i jawanmardan*, pp. 226–39, and Afshari and Madayini, *Chahardah risala dar bab-i futuwwat wa asnaf*, for example pp. 151–64, 219–22.
32. Ridgeon, *Morals and Mysticism*. See Chapters four and five.
33. It seems to have been common practice for a poet to have memorised up to 20,000 couplets from past (and present) masters. See Maria E. Subtelny, 'The Persian Poetry of the Late Timurid Period', *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, 136 (1986), p. 61. Thus Kashifi's inclusion of poetry was not merely to edify his audience but was also to reveal his own mastery of literature. Kashifi himself was not a prolific poet although a *diwan* has been attributed to him (see Subtelny, 'Kashefi').
34. Maria E. Subtelny, 'Scenes from the Literary Life of Timurid Herat', in R. Savory and D. Agius (eds), *Logos Islamikos: Studia Islamica in Honorem Georgii Michaelis Wickens* (Toronto: Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies, 1984), p. 151.
35. Van Ruymbeke, 'Kashifi's forgotten masterpiece', p. 577.
36. Kashifi regarded himself as a compiler of existing material, in his own words a humble 'gatherer of wheat-kernels from the threshing-floor of the best-known, and borrower of light rays from the most celebrated [works] of accomplished erudite persons and preeminent scholars'. See his *Badayi' fi al-afkar fi sanayi' fi al-ash'ar* [Wondrous Thoughts on Poetical Tropes] cited in Marta Simidchieva, 'Imitation and innovation in Timurid poetics,' *Iranian Studies*, 36(4) (December 2003), p. 509.
37. *Ibid.* p. 573.
38. Christine van Ruymbeke indicates the need to reassess the views of previous generations of British orientalists. See van Ruymbeke, 'Kashifi's forgotten masterpiece', *Iranian Studies*, 36(4) (December 2003), pp. 571–88.
39. Ahmad Munzawi, *Fihrist-i nuskhah-ha-yi khatti-yi farsi* (A Catalogue of Persian Manuscripts), vol. 5 (Tehran: Regional Cultural Institute, 1969), line 3,674.
40. See Sands, 'On the popularity of Husayn Va'iz-i Kashifi's Mavahib-i 'aliyya', p. 469.

41. Amanat, 'Meadow of the Martyrs'.
42. Ignaz Goldziher, *Muslim Studies* (Muhammedanische Studien), ed. S. M. Stern, trans. C. R. Barber and S. M. Stern, vol. 1 (London: George Allen & Unwin Ltd, 1967), p. 22.
43. An alternative reading is that the males who were ridiculed and embarrassed deserved their fate as they were shown up by females.
44. Charles Schefer, *Chrestomathie persane à l'usage des élèves de l'école spéciale des langues orientales* (Paris: Leroux, 1883), pp. 174–203.
45. Na'ini (ed.), *Risala-yi Hatimiya*. This edition provided additional material to that of Schefer, but this material did not include anything that substantially contributed to the biography of Hatim. The extra material of about five pages in Na'ini's edition compares Hatim's generosity and munificence with that of Husayn Bayqara. Kashifi must have deemed it wise to laud Bayqara over Hatim. The text translated in this book is that of Schefer.
46. Reference to the pool into which the rivers of Paradise empty. See Qur'an chapter 108.
47. Mawlawna, otherwise known as Jalal al-Din Rumi, the eponymous founder of the Mevlevi Sufi movement.
48. The strongest tie is a reference to 'urwat al-wusqa, Qur'an, 31.22.
49. Rumi, *Mathnawi*, line 1273.
50. Sa'di, *Gulistan*, p. 142.
51. This paragraph is composed in *saj'*, or rhymed prose, and I have made no attempt to mimic this stylistic feature. It also contains honorific epithets that would have been suitable to begin a book or treatise that was composed for a ruler or king.
52. *Sahib-i qiran*, the master of the conjunction of planets, refers to the time when two planets or stars appeared within the same constellation. This was considered very fortunate for anyone who was conceived during this period.
53. Mu'izz-i Mulk [wa] Din. This title literally means the person through whom respect comes to the country and the religion.
  54. Al-Tabari portrays the genealogy of 'Adi (the son of Hatim) in the following way: 'Adi b. Hatim al-Jawad (the generous) b. 'Abdallah b. Sa'd b. al-Hashraj b. Imri' al-Qays b. 'Adi b. Akhzam b. Rabi'a b. Jarwal b. Thu'al b. 'Amr b. al-Ghawth b. Tayy. See *The History of Al-Tabari: Biographies of the Prophet's Companions and their Successors*, vol. XXXIX, trans. Ella Landau-Tasseron (Albany, NY: SUNY Press, 1998), p. 86.
55. In this verse there is a play on the word 'palm' which means either the palm of the hand or sea froth.

56. Naghiba was a well-known poet of the time, and several of his verses are contained in Hisham. The latter mentions that Naghiba was also known as Ziyad b. ‘Amr b. Mu‘awiya. (See Guillaume, *The Life of Muhammad*, p. 722, n. 203.)
57. Completed in 1257, this story appears in Sa‘di’s *Bustan* (which Kashifi acknowledges at the end of the narration) and in the English translation; see Wickens, *Morals Pointed and Tales Adorned*, pp. 85–6. There are many Persian editions of the *Bustan*. The one that I have used and compared with Kashifi’s text was edited by Ghulam Husayn Yusufi, *Bustan-i Sa‘di* (Tehran, [1359] 1980–1), lines 1,356–410.
58. Heraclius, who ruled the Roman Byzantine Empire between 610 and 641.
59. Shabdiz was the famous horse of King Khosraw Parviz. See Vesta Sarkhosh Curtis, *Persian Myths* (Austin, TX: University of Texas Press, 1993), p. 66.
60. Wickens, *Morals Pointed and Tales Adorned*, line 1,439; Yusufi, *Bustan-i Sa‘di*, line 1,395.
61. Duldul was the female mule owned by the Prophet Muhammad, who gave it to ‘Ali. See Ahmad Mahdawi Damghani, ‘Doldol’, in *Encyclopedia Iranica*, online edition, 1996, available at [www.iranica.com/articles/doldol](http://www.iranica.com/articles/doldol).
62. Wickens, *Morals Pointed and Tales Adorned*, lines 1,448–50; Yusufi, *Bustan-i Sa‘di*, lines 1,403–7.
63. Wickens, *Morals Pointed and Tales Adorned*, line 1,476; Yusufi, *Bustan-i Sa‘di*, line 1431.
64. Wickens, *Morals Pointed and Tales Adorned*, line 1,478; Yusufi, *Bustan-i Sa‘di*, line 1,433.
65. Wickens, *Morals Pointed and Tales Adorned*, line 1482; Yusufi, *Bustan-i Sa‘di*, lines 1,436–7.
66. Part of a ghazal composed by Hafiz. See *Diwan-i Hafiz*, ed. Parviz Natil Khanlari (Tehran: Khwarazmi, 1983), no. 176. An English translation can be found in Peter Avery, *The Collected Lyrics of Hafiz of Shiraz* (Cambridge: Archetype, 2007), p. 235, no. 173.
67. Wickens, *Morals Pointed and Tales Adorned*, lines 1,504–8; Yusufi, *Bustan-i Sa‘di*, lines 1,459–63.
68. Khusraw is another name for the Sassanian King, Anushirvan. Dara, or Darab, refers to two kings, Dara I and his son, Dara II. The younger Dara was supposedly the half- brother of Alexander the Great. See the two articles by Ahmad Tafazzoli, ‘Dara(b) I’ and ‘Dara(b) II’, in *Encyclopedia Iranica*, online edition, 1996, available at [www.iranica.com/articles/darab-1#ii](http://www.iranica.com/articles/darab-1#ii).

69. *Subhat al-Abrar* ('The Rosary of the Pious') is a work by Jami. It is a *mathnawi* that is included in his *Haft Awrang* ('Seven Thrones'), vol. 1, ed. Dad-ʿAlishah, Janfada and Tarbiyat (Tehran: Centre for Iranian Studies, 1997).
70. Jami, *Subhat al-abrar*, p. 658, lines 2,031–3.
71. *Wali* is a term usually translated as 'friend', and is understood by Sufis to refer to themselves, as Friends of God.
72. The sentence (and the following sentence in italics) is given in Arabic, which Kashifi then translates into Persian.
73. This is a reference to this world and the afterlife.
74. This anecdote and these verses are found in Saʿdi, *Gulistan*, p. 158.
75. In Arabic arithmetic the letters of the alphabet were given numerical values. The value of *dal* was 4, while *dhal* was 700.
76. Khwaju Kirmani (1281–1341?) was a poet who wandered around Iran composing works at various courts. See E. G. Browne, *Literary History of Persia* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1928), p. 225.
77. Sadid al-Din ʿAwfi, *Jamʿi al-Hikayat*, *Encyclopedia Iranica*, online edition, 1989, available at [www.iranica.com/articles/awfi-sadid-al-din](http://www.iranica.com/articles/awfi-sadid-al-din). On ʿAwfi see J. Matini, 'ʿAwfi', *Encyclopedia Iranica*, vol. III, pp. 117–18. The *Jamʿi al-Hikayat wa lawamiʿ al-riwayat* is a Persian work of prose anecdotes taken from history books, belles lettres, stories, reports and data on poets and prose writers.
78. Reference to Qurʿan, 55.26.
79. This episode appears in Saʿdi's *Bustan*. See Wickens, *Morals Pointed and Tales Adorned*, lines 1,493–503, Yusufi, *Bustan-i Saʿdi*, lines 1,448–78.
80. ʿAdi's meeting with his sister and his subsequent meeting with Muhammad were included in Ibn Ishaq's biography. See Guillaume, *The Life of Muhammad*, pp. 638–9.
81. Schefer's text (p. 204) reads *ahadith-i ahkam-i ʿanbasa*, which does not make sense. Naʿini's version reads *ahadith-i sayd* (p. 56).