

Kerbela, he sets forth again—to Najaf, where he says his Camel sprang forward at sight of Ali's own Tomb—crosses the Desert in 22 days, meditating on the Prophet's Glory, to Medina; and so at last to MECCA, where, as he sang in a Ghazal, he went through all Mahommedan Ceremony with a Mystical Understanding of his Own.

He then turns Homeward: is entertained for 45 days at Damascus, which he leaves the very Day before the Turkish Mahomet's Envoys come with 5000 Ducats to carry him to Constantine. Arriving at Amida, the Capital of Mesopotamia (Diyak bakar), he finds War broken out in full Flame between that Mahomet and Hasan Beg, King of the Country, who has Jámi honourably escorted through the dangerous Roads to Tabriz; there receives him in Diván, "frequent and full" of Sage and Noble (Hasan being a great Admirer of Learning), and would fain have him abide at Court awhile. Jámi, however, is intent on Home, and once more seeing his aged Mother—for *he* is turned of Sixty!—and at last touches Herát in the Month of Schaaban, 1473, after the Average Year's absence.

This is the HASAN, "in Name and Nature *Handsome*" (and so described by some Venetian Ambassadors of the Time), of whose protection Jámi speaks in the Preliminary Vision of this Poem, which he dedicates to Hasan's Son, Yacúb Beg: