

Conquest in the tranquil Seclusion of an English Library.

Of these Ninety-nine, or Forty-four Volumes few are known, and none except the Present and one other Poem ever printed, in England, where the knowledge of Persian might have been politically useful. The Poet's name with us is almost solely associated with his "YÚSUF AND ZULAIKHA," which, with the other two I have mentioned, count Three of the Brother Stars of that Constellation into which Jámi, or his Admirers, have clustered his Seven best Mystical Poems under the name of "HEFT AURANG"—those "SEVEN THRONES" to which we of the West and North give our characteristic Name of "Great Bear" and "Charles's Wain."

He must have enjoyed great Favour and Protection from his Princes at home, or he would hardly have ventured to write so freely as in this Poem he does of Doctrine which exposed the Súfi to vulgar abhorrence and Danger. Hafiz and others are apologized for as having been obliged to veil a Divinity beyond what "THE PROPHET" dreamt of under the Figure of Mortal Cup and Cup-bearer. Jámi speaks in Allegory too, by way of making a palpable grasp at the Skirt of the Ineffable; but he also dares, in the very thick of Mahommedanism, to talk of REASON as sole Fountain of Prophecy; and to pant for what would seem so Pantheistic an Identification with the