

# TALIB-I-AMULI

*(The Poet-Laureate of Jehangir)*

HIS LIFE AND TIMES

S. NABI HADI

MUSLIM UNIVERSITY, ALIGARH  
INDIA

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To  
Ashraf Raza

پروانہ کرد از دلِ ما کسب سوختن  
گوی معلمیم دبستان شعلہ را



## PREFACE

The present monograph was in fact presented as a dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy awarded to me by the Aligarh Muslim University in 1958. The artistic and cultural development of the reign of Jehangir is full of exciting interest; hence the choice of Talib-i-Amuli was my *dear delight*. He was the third in the line of poet-laureates who were promoted to that office in the Court of the Great Mughals; and common Judgment placed him in the first rank among the classics whose labours embellished and improved the Mughal poetry. His poetic talents have received from posterity as much popularity and praise as has been accorded to his royal patron, Jehangir, for his all round æsthetic genius. Ever since the poet closed his eyes about more than three centuries ago somewhere in the vicinity of Lahore, his fame has remained undiminished in the annals of Indo-Persian literature; and his name will continue to attract notice till the taste for Persian poetry is destined to survive in our sub-continent.

The *Diwan* of Talib-i-Amuli is hitherto unpublished. The manuscripts of his *Diwan* are scattered all over the world. Apart from the copies outside India, there are numerous copies in India and Pakistan. Of the many that I could gather intelligence and made use of them I need hardly mention save the most authentic and oldest one, *i.e.*, the undated Mss. of Habib Ganj collection, Aligarh. That copy remained in possession of the poet himself, and bears so many corrections, alterations, and additions in his own hand. Wherever he uses his pen for such purpose, he gives the obvious mark *liraqimih* (by the author). The scribe mentions his name on the last page as "Khawja Jan Ajmeri" and just below it, where most probably he must have given the date, the scissors of the careless book-binder has done its work.

I must sincerely acknowledge my indebtedness to Professor Hadi Hasan, Lt.-Col. Hamiduddin Khan, and Molvi Zia Ahmed, whose benevolent instructions was my good fortune to receive. Professor Nurul Hasan,



with his excellent quality of the ideal teacher to encourage unadvanced talents, went through these pages, set me right of many historical errors, and assured me that it would not be improper to offer it for print. Professor Nazir Ahmad secured the approval of the Committee for Advanced Studies and Research to include it in the series of University publications. Mr. Masudul Hasan, our Colleague of the English Department, took care of improving my expression. Mohd. Wasim Khan Shirwani and Dr. Noman Ahmad Siddiqi, by their discussions, clarified my ideas and enriched my informations. K. B. Obaidur Rehman Khan Shirwani, without whose kind assistance this work would not have been so easily completed, placed at my disposal during my studies many precious manuscripts of his ancestral collection. To all those gentlemen, the members of the said committee not excepted, I am deeply grateful. Mr. Kabir Ahmad Jaisi, Astd. Editor, *Adeeb* shared my labour of proof-reading and deserves my thanks.

My study of Talib i-Amuli is not without limitations, about many of which I am conscious. Its conciseness may suffer the disapproval of professional research workers who will pass it as lacking in weight. The translation of the abundantly interspersed verses from the *Diwan* is witness itself of my incapacity to perform the Job. The Compositions of Talib-i-Amuli very much justify Dr. Johnson's famous remark that unlike books of science or history, "poetry indeed cannot be translated." Our commonplace similes and metaphors, when translated into English, lose their grace and become unpleasant and odious. That is not an unfamiliar disadvantage. The greatest of English poets, when made to speak in one of the Indian languages, was found to have lost all his profoundness and awful grandeur. Besides that, however, English is foreign language to me; and in spite of efforts, I could not obviously succeed upto the already established standard of good translation. There are, I admit with regret, some printing errors also, for the creeping of which I have none to blame save myself. Let us hope that the Aligarh Muslim University Press will, in future, remain improving its working.

Department of Persian  
Aligarh Muslim University  
January 19th, 1962

NABI HADI

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## PART ONE

### LIFE IN IRAN

#### I

#### Birth and Boyhood

About twelve miles south of the Caspian Sea, in the green and marshy province of Mazandaran, there stood since the legendary past -- and still stands the city of Amul.<sup>1</sup> The oldest geographical records in Persian represent Amul as "the seat of learning and culture, and a centre of trade and commerce".<sup>2</sup> The city, despite its numerous vicissitudes, retained its renown for culture and education, and some time had no less than seventy colleges.<sup>3</sup> Shah Abbas the Great raised the province of Mazandaran in 1005H (1596) Amul, the provincial capital, soon arose as one of the blooming cities of Safavid Persia.

It was in this city and, about a decade before the date of its conquest, that Muhammad Talib saw the light of day. Talib's exact date of birth remains unknown; but by all careful calculation, it does not go beyond the year 995H (1586).<sup>4</sup> So also, his parentage and extraction like that of most of the Eastern poets hardly emerges from obscurity. Indications, however, provide a proof in favour of his having a literary origin. The poet himself, though indefatigable in boasting of his pedigree, always forgets to mention his paternity. The only relevant disclosure, in the poet's own judgement, is to assert the legitimacy of his relation with the Muse.<sup>5</sup> But on the other hand, the pages of Persian anthologies present to the reader a disgusting show of hasty accounts and superfluous phrases full of purely ornamental facts.

1. Ibnī Isfandyar, *Tarikh-i-Tabaristan* pp. 20-27.

2. H.L. Rabino : *Mazandaran & Astrabad*, pp. 33-40. Latitude 36-5', Longitude 52-3'.

3. *Hududul Alam*

4. Rabino *ibid*

5. Iskandar Munshi : *Alam Arasi-Abbasi* p. 354

6. Ch. 3 *infra*

7. پوشم نسب شمر چر دانم که تودانی. کان مایه مرا نامن این سبع مددا دست

It is double unfortunate that the lives of all Persian Poets were neither well spent nor well written.

The contemporary author, Abdun-Nabi Fakhruz-Zamani, gives the following brief sketches of the poet's early days :—

مولد آن سر غزل دیوان نکته دانی از آمل ما زندران است و در وطن  
خود به سن رشد و تمیز رسیده، و در مقام انتظام نظم شده، تاسر رشته آن  
بدست آورده، در اول جوانی و نوبهار زندگانی از مسکن خروج نموده به  
دارالمؤمنین کاشان آمده، در آنجا متوطن شد و تاهل اختیار کرد؛<sup>۸</sup>

[The birthplace of that master of subtleties is Amul in Mazandaran. He reached the age of reason and discernment in his own native town; and learned the art of versification until he attained perfection in it. In the prime of youth and spring of life he set out from his town and came to Kashan, the abode of believers, where he made his residence and married.]

Amul was the city of scholars and learned men, whose fame was established far and wide. The child, naturally enough, got the best facilities of education. Genius and ambition began to dawn, to which he himself alludes although in a rather boastful tone; and by the end of the first decade of life he attained such knowledge, as was regarded enough in his days, for a man to be reckoned as learned. Literature was in the air; and the child breathed it deep. The art of "hexameters and pentameters" presented its attractions to every gifted spirit. In these surroundings his infant mind was shaped. The reverence paid to the poets, the unanimous praise showered upon them, and the stories of their magnificence in royal courts, filled the young mind with wild fancies and projects. The desire to shine as a poet grew stronger as his intellect expanded and his knowledge increased. He pursued his plan with an indominatable force of will until his talents for versification arose to the stage where he lisped in numbers. But destiny had an event in store which changed the whole course of his life. Some unknown event forced the opportunity to remove him from Amul, and the young boy set out to settle in Kashan. Departure from Amul was the first important event in his life without a history and had a striking significance: Childhood was over.

8. Abdun Nabi : *Maikhana* P 384

The poet himself does not make any mention of his life in Kashan. But facts have tended to support the truth of the story. Talib's maternal aunt was married to the royal physician, *Shah-Nawaz* Ali of Kashan, whose three sons—Rukna-Nasir, and two older in age than Talib, were extremely fond of their young nephew. The family was highly esteemed among Safawid nobility. The house was twice honoured by the "Auspicious visit of the Majesties of Persia."<sup>9</sup> The historians of both India and Persia bear unanimous witness to their talents and gifts, their merits and genius. That brilliant company of cousins made the deepest and fullest influence upon Talib. His ardent spirit began to arouse, his mental progress became rapid, his intellect was full of light. The relation between the cousins was further strengthened by matrimonial tie between Nasira-i-Kashi and Sittim Nisa Begum, the eldest sister of Talib, whom his heart revered and loved as "mother's equal"; and whose feminine genius later on outshone in the age of Shah Jehan.<sup>10</sup>

The Kashan period of Talib's life happily passed away, without labour, without any struggle, yet with aspirations higher and more pronounced. At length he attained that stage of life at which great changes in human body and mind take place. It is most likely about this time that his sister selected a bride for him. Marriage as a rule filled his heart with ambitious worldly desires: the desire to stand on his legs as a free and independent man, and above that, the desire to secure for himself a place among the poets of Persia. The latter desire was, in fact, the deep inborn claim of his whole spiritual nature, and must not and would not go unanswered. The struggle of life, hard as it was, became harder by its twofold nature, it was intrinsic as well as extrinsic in value. All the pleasures of life remain afar without fair means of livelihood; and he had none of these. Besides, his youthful unrest was the unrest of genius. He had to struggle from the littleness and obstruction of an actual world into the freedom and infinitude of an ideal. He had to prepare himself for the vocation wherewith he was called. But for living poetically the first requisite was to live at all. In the years to come Talib decisively asserted himself seeking his fortune in the great market of life.

9. *Maikhana* p. 360,

10. *Masirul Umara* Vol. II, P. 790 *Khazana-i-Amira* P. 300,

## II

### In the Court of Shah Abbas the Great

Talib's elder cousin, Rukhna-i-Kashi, enjoyed the special favour of royal friendship; he lived in the company of Shah Abbas as a court physician and poet.<sup>1</sup> It is, most likely, that through his cousin's influence Talib might have been provided an opportunity to show his talents in the Shah's audience. The poet's youthfulness and melodious songs attracted the Shah's curiosity; and subsequently, young Talib was admitted to the literary circle of Shah Abbas, at an early age of not more than fourteen years. In 1010H (1601), Ismail Mirza, one of the sons of Shah Abbas, was born.

«از سوانح این سال خجسته مآل (۱۰۱۰هـ) اختر تابان از سپهر سلطنت  
و مشرق اقبال طالع گردید، اعنی حضرت واهب العطا یا از عطیة خانة ایزدی  
حضرت اعلیٰ شاهنشاهی را فرزند ارجمند کرامت فرموده، ه اسماعیل میرزا  
موسوم گشت؛»<sup>2</sup>

[One of the happenings in this auspicious year (H 1010) is that a luminous star has appeared from the horizon of good luck on the sky of Kingdom, that is, God the compassionate has blessed the emperor with a lucky son. The child was named Ismail Mirza.]

Talib celebrated that happy birth in a chronogram:

شاداب شو ای دهر که شد مالا مال از جلوة حسن یوسفی مهر کمال  
وز بهر احاطة فضائل گردید تاریخ توادش «محیط الافضال»<sup>3</sup>

[Happiness to thee O World! thou hast been enriched with the sun of perfection, glowing with the beauty of Joseph, And to comprehend all excellence, the date of birth (may be called) "the compendium of virtues."]

A year later in 1011H (1602) Shah Abbas made one last powerful attempt to tame the wild Uzbecks, who had since long been ravaging

1, *Alam Ara* P, 324,

2, *Ibid* P, 420,

3, *Diwan* MS, 43 (30H.), Aligarh (folios unmarked) This will be subsequently cited in these notes as "Diwan".

Khurasan, the richest province of the Empire. They plundered and burned the villages, destroyed standing crops and the houses of the oppressed people, mercilessly captured and kidnapped the women and children and did not even spare the children of the nobles. Their cruelty and wanton hatred for the Persians and their new religion, Islam, led Abbas to collect a strong army of twelve thousand, in which he employed able and experienced generals, among whom Humayn Khan, Shams al-Din Baktash Khan, and his son Mallash Khan, were the most important, and he himself guided the operations from the city of Herat.<sup>4</sup> The plans were successful: the Uzbeks were routed, the land was cleared of them, and they suffered a disastrous defeat from which few escaped.<sup>5</sup>

The triumph over Uzbeks was loudly hailed throughout Khurasan. Consequently, when the Shah returned from Herat and stayed in Kashan on his way back to Isfahan, the people of Kashan illuminated the whole city for three nights in honour of the royal visit.

از هرات . . . . . از راه سیاه کوه به کاشان آمده، مردم کاشان شهر را چراغان کردند، تا سه شب صحبت چراغان گرم و روشنی افزای طربخانه خوشدلی بود،

From Herat... en route to Siyah Kuh the Shah came to Kashan. The people of Kashan illuminated the city. For three nights the festive illumination warmed and cheered it.

But to the family of Talib's cousins, the victory proved to be exceptionally unfortunate. Rukna-i-Kashi incurred the displeasure of Shah Abbas "in consequence of a supposed slight."<sup>6</sup> The malicious nature of the Shah of Persia was an open fact, and it was equally certain that the imperial wrath would not pass without vengeance. The nobleman faced the occasion with a boldness that fully justified his sense of dignity, and set an example quite alien to the etiquette

4. *Alam Ara*, P. 423.

5. *Encyclopaedia of Islam*, vol. I P. 7.

6. *Alam Ara* P. 437.

7. *Rieu*, vol. II, P. 683.

*Makhzanul Gharib* P. 402, *Subh-i-Gulshan* P. 408.



of Eastern courtiers. He preferred self-exile and to preserve his integrity and honour, came to India, and "stayed there in a position of great honour and emoluments" (IOIHH 1602).

گر فلک یک صبحدم با من گران باشد سرش  
شام بیرون می روم چون آفتاب از کشورش<sup>8</sup>

[If any morning the sky shows its angry mood to me, I shall leave out its realm by the evening like the sun.]

That eventuality exercised more than common influence upon the impressionable mind of Talib. Henceforth the dreams of India hovered in his thoughts: India became his guiding star. These impressions were so deep that their significance was identified by the shallowest of the anthologists:

(طالب) خاله زاده حکیم زکنائی کاشی است و به سبب قرابت  
وی به هندوستان آمده!<sup>9</sup>

[Talib is maternal cousin of Hakim Rukna of Kashan and due to that relation (he) came to India.]

However, Talib forced himself to stay on in the court of Shah Abbas. His hopes to win for himself an honourable position as a poet were undiminished. He was confident that the poets around the throne were a poor stuff and far short of his standard. They were conspicuous for their absence of "merit and originality"<sup>10</sup> while he was young, lively, and vibrating, with singular powers of versifying most lucid and sublime thoughts. The "fortunate fools" were usurping the claims of an "unlucky genius". He protested against this outrage in the royal audience:

بخت یاور ابلهان چون سفره نظم اوگتند  
تره شان اندر مذاق دهر بریانی کند  
من که بدبختم نه جنید اشتہای روزگار  
تا قیامت گر زخوانم نعمت الوانی کند

8. Rieu. Supra.

9. *Tazkira-i-Nasrabadi*, P. 223. *Khazana-i-Amira* P. 300. *Mikhana* P. 384.

10. Shir Khan Lodi, *Miratul Khyal* MS. Aligarh.

11. Browne, vol. IV P. 25.

درک معدوم است ورنه تو تیائی نظم من  
 زهرهادر کام شکر ریز شروانی کند  
 راست ادنگ آیدش این نغمه بر گوش خرد  
 گر کسی زانصاف دعوی، مسلمانی کند  
 کاینکه با من نظم منجد در بساط روزگار  
 آنچنان باشد که با داؤد خوش خوانی کند  
 آتش طبعم که جانها مایه تخمیراوست  
 زهر غیرت در گلوئی آب حیوانی کند  
 دارد ابر خاطر من آن مایه از دریای فیض  
 کز تراو شهای او هر قطره عمانی کند  
 جیب کلک از زانوه معنی شود صحرای چین  
 طره مشکین فکرم چون پریشانی کند<sup>12</sup>

[When the lucky fools entertain with their verses, their sour cresses are palatable to the world like roast meat.

But, luckless, I will fail to move the appetite of the world till the doom's day even though I serve them from my banquet the best varieties of dishes.

Reason is extinct, otherwise the vitriol of my verse can pour poison into the sugary pallate of the poet of Sherwan.

The perfect symphony of my melody can be appreciated by one who has a genuine claim to be a Muslim.

He, who aspires to be my rival in the realm of poetry, will dare to challenge the melodies of David.

The fire of my heart, whose vital ferment can regenerate lives, will put to shame the water of life.

The clouds of my fancy are saturated with the ocean of grace, every drop of it will rain pearls.

When my musk-like imagination displays, my pen scatters the sweet-smell which you breathe in the wilds of China alone.]

But all the glaring claims of the poet met with little or no response. The political climate of Iran was not congenial to poetry. Shah Abbas, the foremost practical and astute man of his age, was

12. *Diwan*.

busy in building up his empire, which was threatened by the ferocious Uzbeks on one side, and by the mighty Ottoman Turks on the other. Pressing affairs of state engaged the Shah's attention too much to spare any time for indulgence in poetry. Besides that, the Shah's proselyting zeal for the Shia creed forced him to encourage only religious poetry. The young poet, optimistic and epicurian in nature, utterly destitute in purse, incessantly endeavoured to build up his career. He continued to see and pursue beyond that life of hardship and poverty, a fine vision of some day being raised to the high rank of the poet laureate "the king of poets". He repeatedly invoked the Shah's favour to accord to him the position of "Khaqani" :—

بارها بالهجة اعجاز بر گوشت زدم  
 آنچه طبع ذوفنونم در سخندانى کند  
 نغمه هم از سیه بختى بگوشت مى زنم  
 گوش کن تا بر تو این دشوارم آسانی  
 از هنر چندان که خواهی جمع دارم در بساط  
 ایک بختم زان میان گاهی پریشانی کند  
 همتم بیمار افلاس است و انیک هر نفس  
 تکیه بر انعام شاهنشاه ایرانی کند  
 شاه عباس جوان بخت آنکه بر فرقى سپهر  
 هر سجراز درج دولت گوهر افشانی کند  
 مشکل من کادرین فکر فلاطون عاجز است  
 در کف مشکل کشایت رو باسانی کند  
 روز گارت کرده خاقان بر سر ابنای دهر  
 دور نبود گر مرا لطف تو خاقانی کند

[Many a time in miraculous tunes I have recited in your audience, what my double artistic genius can produce.

Again, I sing the notes of my sorrow, and hope that this song may attract your attention to relieve me of adversities.

Every merit that you like, I have attained, but illfortune overshadows them all.

My courage is afflicted with poverty, and every moment I hope that royal generosity will come to my rescue.

Shah Abbas is the monarch of noble descent upon whose head every morning heaven scatters the pearls of nobility.

The wisdom of Plato awaiteth not in my dilatory state. I pray to the Shah who would dispense with them easily.

Your Majesty's fortune has made you monarch of all creatures; Your kindness, I hope, will raise me to the rank of Khaqani.]

Such were the high aspirations that made the poet to stay on in the court of Shah Abbas; but they remained unfulfilled and a deep sense of failure settled like a cloud on his soul. In order to be cured of this spiritual malaise, the best recourse was to return to Arbil, his native place.

### III

#### With Mir Abul Qasim at Amul

Talib had determined to appear before the world in the character of a poet. The love of literature, and the resolution to adhere to it at all hazards, did not forsake him. Poetry with him, was the first duty, under which all other duties quietly prospered. Worldly preferment, bread itself, was made sure through it; and that too, in his own native town. Talib began his career in the court of the governor of Mazandaran, who lived in Amul. The province of Mazandaran was given in the year 1007.H. 1598 to a nobleman Mirza Muhammad Shahi, who held the high title of Mirza-i-Alamiyan.<sup>1</sup> The latter was promoted to the governorship of entire Khorasan in 1014.H. 1605.<sup>2</sup> The big principality of Khorasan was divided into four administrative units, viz. Gilan, Qazwin, Meshhad, and Mazandaran. The last named was ruled by Mir Abul Qasim,<sup>3</sup> a Kinsman of Mirza-i-Alamiyan. Talib devoted his sweet melodies to the praise of Mir Abul Qasim; the *Diwan* bears four Qasidahs in his honour. In the following verses addressed to that patron, the poet mentions his qualities, characteristics, and age. The date definitely falls between the years 1014-15H. 1605-6 for Mir Abul Qasim did not live in Amul either before or beyond the date. This significant point provides a clue to Talib's date of birth. The poet states his age as "stepping into the second decade". The inference is that he was, at that time, below twenty; and it will not be unsafe to presume him above fifteen years, for the ponderous language of the Qasidah could not be the work of a younger artist. Hence the date of his birth falls between either of the years from 995 to 1009H. 1586-91.

آنم کہ ضمیرم بصفای صبح نژاد است  
چون باد مسحیم نفسی پاک نهاد است  
فخرالشعرا طالب شاداب ضمیرم  
کا وازة نطق گهرم گوش بلاد است

1. *Alam Ara-i-Abbasi* P. 395.

2. *Ibid* P. 496.

3. *Ibid* P. 568.

ز من در آینه آوج عشرت تم  
 مینک عدد رقم از الف زیاد است  
 ، هنسی و منطقی و هیت و حکمت  
 دستبست مراکش بدیشتنا ز عباد است<sup>4</sup>

I am the man whose conscience in his fitness is made for dawn, and like the breath of Jesus my brother, pure.

O Talib, I am the pride of the poets, my counsel is a fountain, and the fame of my eloquence has overruled the cities.

My foot is on the 2nd step of the zenith of the ideal world, behold! the number of my accomplishments exceeds that of the sands. (B., \*)

In mathematics, logic, astronomy and philosophy I enjoy a proficiency which is conspicuous among mankind.

Towards the end the poet describes the aim of his poetry, which is neither to acquire earthly benefits nor to gather worldly riches, but the expression of a pure, sincere love. The ideal and abstract feeling of love has been diverted into a personified love of the patron:

والا گهرا رمز رساموئی شکافا  
 ای کز تو کمین پانه من سبع سداست  
 هر روز بنظمی اگر ت درد سر آرم  
 ظن می نه بری کم صله مقصود و مراد است  
 خود دانی و هم بر تو بتدریج شود فاش  
 کز من بزر و مال چه خصمی و عناد است  
 الفت نه بزیرم بزر و سیم که مابین  
 بیگانگی جوهر انسان و جماد است  
 نامردم اگر نیم رقم در دل طبعم  
 مجزون ثنا سنجی حکام جواد است  
 وین هم که به کلک از تو زنددم رقم مدح  
 مهریست گریبان کش و باقی همه باد است<sup>5</sup>

4. *Diwan*

\*The translation is borrowed from Prof. E.G. Browne

5. *Diwan*

‘You have noble origin, deep cogitation, subtle reason, and your grace has elevated me to the seventh storey of heaven.

If I indulge in the composition of verses every day, do not think that I do it for the sake of reward.

You know it yourself, and it will be gradually affirmed, that I despise wealth and money.

I do not love gold and silver because the latter being lifeless is base and human nature is noble.

It will be inhuman if I compose half a verse for the sake of reward in praise of noble people.

All these encomiums which come from my pen in your honour are due to affection and nothing else.]

Mir Abul Qasim seems to have introduced Talib to the court of that elder nobleman, Mirza-i-Alamiyan, who possessed immense power of “deposing and appointing” any of the rulers and revenue collectors in all the four provinces of Khurasan.

از سوانح آن ایام آنکه چون بمسامع اجلال رسیده بود که در بلاد خراسان از حکام و عمال نسبت به عجزه و زیر دستان زیادتی و حیف و میل واقع می شود رای معدلت انتما اقتضای آن کرد که یکی از کار دانان بساط قرب و دبیران صواب اندیش بامر جلیل‌المراتب وزارت کل مملکت خراسان منسوب گردد که کمال اقتدار به تنظیم امور آن ولایت قیام نموده، در رفع زیادتی و حیف و میل برعایا و زیر دستان مساعی جمیله بظهور آورده قرعه اختیار بر اسم محمد شفیع وزیر کل درالمرز که از زمره وزرا بمزید قرب و منزلت ممتاز و خطاب «میرزای عالمیان» داشت افتاده بدین منصب عالی معزز و سر بلند گردیده علاوه مناصب سابق گشت و نیک و بد کل مهمات آن ولایت و عزل و نصب عمال و کلانتران به رای و رویت او مفوض گردیده پایه قدر و منزلت او بین الاقران به اوج اعتلا رسید،<sup>6</sup>

[One of the occurrences of those days was that when His Majesty came to know that the governors and administrators of the cities of Khurasan acted with impunity and misdemeanour toward the subjects and the subordinates, His Majesty in his wisdom decided that the office of the ministry of the entire prin-

6. *Alam Ara* P. 496.

principality of Khurasan should be assigned to some of the highest secretaries and close servants of the royal court. The person who was selected was to exercise supreme control over the internal and external affairs of that principality so that there should be no disturbance, oppression and protect the subjects from misadministration. He was assigned to Muhammad Shah. He was distinguished by the title of Mirza-i Alamiyan in addition to earlier titles. He was made responsible for the soul and sin in the whole of the province and to appoint or despoil any of the rulers and revenue collectors.

Such distinctions were rarely attained by ordinary people, especially those who were of royal blood. The position of Mirza-i Alamiyan aroused jealousy against him; his subordinates developed a bitter indignation and malice for their new chief, which they did not hesitate to show. The vehemence of criticism and opposition increased; his administrative schemes were foiled. And within a year 1014-15H 1605-6 his relations with his subordinates became aggravated. They scrambled for power, indulged in machievrant politics, and pulled all the strings at the court against Mirza-i Alamiyan. The danger of enemies working all around the nobleman was so real and palpable that the poet has made repeated mentions of it :-

مخالفان ترا باد در دمی صدبار زشغل زندگی خویشتن برشیمانی

دشمنان را هزار زخم الماس در مسامات دیده مدفون باد  
برگ نیلوفر است روئی عدوت هم ز سیلیت آسمان گون باد  
دم عیسی بکشور خصمت مایه انتشار طاعون باد

حسود جاه تو گریستون بود بمثل همیشه باد لکد کوب تیشه فرهاد

[May your enemies repent a hundred times in their life for their disgraceful acts !

May your enemies be afflicted with a thousand wounds of trochoma in their eyes !

Your enemy's (fear-stricken) face is white like lotus; may it turn sky blue with your blows.

May the breath of Jesus cause the spread of plague in the realm of you enemy.



May your enemies, envious of your glory, be struck low despite their prowess like the Mountain Bisutum that succumbed to the axe of Forbad!]

Needless to say the very Oriental court had always been a hot bed of intrigues. Poor Mirza-i-Alamiyan, with all his circumspection, could not save himself. The trouble continued against him and culminated in an armed clash between him and his subordinate governor of Meshhad, Mirza' Khon Qasim in 1015.H 1606.<sup>8</sup> Subsequently, Shah Abbas was displeased with Mirza-i-Alamiyan and deposed him. His kinsman, Mir Abul Qasim, shared his fate, Fallah too suffered the misfortune of losing his patron.

Fallah was obliged to proceed and filled the post with a sense of his own importance. He set out from Aurd in quest of a new patron and ultimately arrived at Merv – that fine city famous in the East for the beauty of its inhabitants – with the bitter memories of his recent discomfiture still fresh in his mind.

ما به استقبال غم کشور به کشور می رویم  
چون زیا محروم می مانیم با سرمی رویم

[We proceed from country to country to welcome grief,

When our feet fail to move; we pursue our course through head.]

8. *Alam Ara* P, 535.

9. *Diwan*

#### IV

#### With Malkash Khan at Merv

Talib found a kind and meritorious person, Mulla-hi Khan, a high born and high bred young man, a descendant of the son of a tribal chief, Baktash Khan, who headed the forces of the Qizilbash Turks. Shah Nāsir called Baktash Khan "the Lion of Anar" in the twelfth year of his reign (1099 H. 1700 A.D.). Henceforth he commanded all the important battles against the Uzbeks and established his fame as one of the most successful and able military generals in the Persian army.<sup>1</sup> The northern Uzbeks of the Samarkand kingdom presented a challenge to the martial valor of the Persians and it was Baktash Khan, who cleared the turbulent atmosphere. He seized the strategic province of Merv from the Uzbeks (1099 H. 1700) and was posted there as its permanent governor.<sup>2</sup>

In the same year (1099 H. 1700) his son, Mulla-hi Khan, was assigned the rule of three small Districts in the north Lowland of Merv, viz. Abiward, Nisa, and Badkubad:

ولایت نسا و ابیورد و بغباد به ملکش سلطان ولد بکتش خان عنایت

شد.<sup>3</sup>

[The principalities of Nesa, Abiward, and Badkubad were assigned to Malkash Sultan son, of Baktash Khan.]

Abdun Nabi, the author of "*Mabshurat*," seems to have erred in making distinction of rank between the father and the son:

1. *Alam Ara* P, 395 c.

2. "از زمره آقایان بکتش سلطان استاجاو راه رتبه امارت سرفراز

فرموده به قلعه ماروچاق و ضبط مرغاب فرستادند"

3. *Ibid* P, 413.

3. *Ibid* P, 413.

(طالب) بعد از اندک تردد به شهر مرو رفت و چندی در خدمت مالکش خان که از جانب جمجاه انجم سپاه شاه عباس حسینی صفوی حاکم آن دیار بود بسربرد و قصائد غرا در مدح ممدوح خود منظوم ساخت -<sup>4</sup>

[After a little anxiety (Talib) proceeded to the city of Merv. There he stayed for a while with Malkash Khan, who was governor of that province on behalf of Shah Abbas Safawi. He composed eloquent verses in praise of his patron.]

Malkash Khan, who extended patronage to Talib, was young in years, having in a large measure all the accomplishments which were sufficient to captivate the heart of a youthful poet. The latter expressed his new joy in odes and quatrains, cherished the hope of permanent affiliations and returned his patron's kindness with lavish praise :-

طالب ببر از یاد پریشانی را  
طی کن ورق بی سروسامانی را  
بکشای زبان که اهل توران بینند  
دستان زنیء بلبل ایرانی را

شمع جمعیت دلها تو بر افروختهء  
جملاً گرمی هنگامه احباب زتست  
نغمه جوش است به تحریک توام عود خیال  
مطرب طبع مرا شوخئی مضراب زتست  
نیست جز دولت بیدار تو افسانه طراز  
شاهد بخت عدو در بغل خواب زتست

توئی آشوب نشان دل غمناک توئی  
جملاً آنکه بر انگیزدم از خواب توئی

طالب از گلشن ایران چو هوائی گردید  
به دو برهم زدن بال به توران افتاد<sup>5</sup>

4. *Maikhana* P, 384.

5. *Diwan*

صورتی عیب و بیخا واسطه امن و امان  
 در آنه نوش قدح کام ایدمالکش خان

چون نوبتیش فیتش به راست، امید  
 که برسم کده بابل امل گردد

[O Talib! Pass out from your memory all the distressful part with all the worries.

Move your tongue so that the people of Turan may listen to the sweet notes of the nightingale of Iran.

You have lighted the candle of tranquility of heart and all this cheerful entertainment of friends is due to you. My lips spring up into melodies by your instigation, nothing is heard save the stories of your good fortune; you have bred the enemy's luck to sleep.

Talib made a flight in two flutters of wings to Turan, when the breeze changed its course from the garden of Iran

You have removed all the afflictions from my sorrow-stricken heart. In fine, you have exalted my position from the dust.

Malkash Khan, the incarnation of justice and liberality, the source of peace and security, has drunk the cup of ever-lasting success.

The garden of his patronage has been graced by spring; there is the hope that the nightingale of Amul will chant there his sweet notes.]

But all those avowals of devotion soon proved to be ephemeral and Talib could not stay with Malkash Khan for more than a brief period falling between 1015–16H/1606–7.<sup>6</sup> Exalted ambitions took possession of him, and he became thoroughly dissatisfied with his inconspicuous and ignominious life in a small court. About five years ago, his cousin's departure to India had kindled in his heart a desire to follow into his footprints; the flame seemed to have burned within him unabated. The poet's mental history clearly foreshadows that he had formed the habit of travelling in the dream land. Once again that

\* *Diwan*

6. *Alam Ara P*, 568

old dream haunted him with unprecedented clarity and splendour and he did not desist from making its disclosure to his patron.

که غم خفته بود در یک آغوش	به گشتن خانه حیات شب دوش
که سیمش حیرت اندر حیرت افزود	یکی خواب عجیبه رؤیای نمود
سراپا بیکرم زنگار گویا بود	چون دیده که چشم غرق خون بود
تو گوئی زد قصه پردیده آب	بیل غریب بگه چشمه از خواب
سفر تعبیر این آشفته خواب است	ببینم شد که پیچ در رکب است
که چنان سوزد مجرود ازین بزم	فک در خاطرش می گردد ازین بزم

In the garden of my private apartment I was asleep last night with a book in my hands.

I had a peculiar dream & my eyes were soaked in tears, and my whole life was like a changed one.

When I awoke from the dream, tears came into my eyes. I was surprised to find that I was disappointed about that dream and I was to leave this place.

Heaven pre-ordained the resolution that for a while I should forsake this assembly.

The Safawid rulers were as indifferent to secular literature as their counterparts in India were to religious patrons. That contrast shifted the centre of gravity of all the literary activities from Persia to the Mughal court of India. It was not merely a question of "material benefits" as the historian of Persian literature has remarked, which drew the "wise & every talented Persian toward India" but the main reason was of a different nature. India, in those days, had become the "land of Persian Muse, and every young boy who in Iran considered it his sacred duty to make a pilgrimage there. Their position and position in the world of poetry looked very different until they had paid a visit to India. The main discontent of Taffi was mainly due to the fact that by prolonging his stay in India, he was losing his ideal. The following quatrain, composed presumably about this time, reflects his troubled feelings:

1. *Zanar*.

2. *op. cit.*, *Bozorgi*, V. 1, IV P. 25

در چهل گذشت سال عمره از بیست  
 بآید همه دیده گشت بر من نگریست  
 من حرم نه گشتم که پس از مرگ توان  
 بر تربت من نوشت کین مرقد کسیت<sup>9</sup>

[More than twenty years of my life have passed in remembrance  
 all eyes are looking at me with remorse.]

[I have still not sown the seed which will sprout after My death  
 so that people would know whose grave this is.]

The statement of Abdun Nabi is so elaborate on this point that  
 it deserves to be quoted: --

طالب مشغولی در بحر خسرو شیرین بنام ملکش خان تمام گردانید و  
 در آن نظم این مضمون به ادا رسانید که اراده دیدن وطن کرده ام امیدوارم  
 که خان عایشان مداح خود را دوست کام رخصت فرماید تا چند روزی  
 برادران و یاران خود را دیده باز به ملازمت معاودت نماید، آن خان  
 عایشان این بلبل هزار داستان را آدمیانه بجانب مازندران بهشت نشان روانه  
 گردانید. طالب گشت دارالامان و سیراین ملک را بر حب وطن ترجیح داده  
 راه هند پیش گرفت.<sup>10</sup>

[Talib composed a masnawi in the metre of (Nizami's)  
 Khusraw Shirin, addressing Malkash Khan. In that poem he dis-  
 closed the subject that he was desirous to see his country, hoping  
 that the Khan would be generous enough to accept his request. If  
 the leave be sanctioned, the poet would pass a few days with his  
 relations and friends, and then would resume his service. The  
 Khan was humane enough to let the poet go to Mazandran. Talib  
 took his way to India preferring that abode of peace to patriot-  
 ism.]

Talib travelled post haste from the frontier city of Merv, and  
 crossed the vast and various tracts of his motherland to reach the  
 Indian border. He seems to have broken journey in the small city of  
 Jehram near Hamadan, where he was the guest of the Qazi of that  
 town.<sup>11</sup> The Qazi treated him, perhaps, with insufficient respect. The

9. *Diwan*

10. *Maikhana* P 384

11. Masud Kaian, *Geography of Iran*, Vol. II, P, 340

poet's feelings of personal delicacy were injured, and he avenged himself by lashing the Qazi with two lampoons :

طالب که رفیق مفتی، جهرم بود  
در مجلس شان غرور بامردم بود  
این راعزت بفضل بود و به هنر  
او راحرمت به ریش چون گندم بود

قاضی که به ریش احقر مردم بود  
با جمله خران دهر دم بر دم بود  
هر جادیدم کلوخ استنجائی  
چون شانه بزیر ریش قاضی گم بود<sup>12</sup>

[Talib happened to be in company of the 'Mufti' of Jehram; in his assembly he made a display of vanity with people. The poet had a regard for learning and art even though the Mufti's honour rested on his beard like the ear of corn].

He bade adieu to his motherland with a feeling of relief and the pictures of his former sorrows and sufferings passed away in a flash. The pathetic chapter of his life, full of vain labours, failures, and remorse, was closing for ever. He was destined never to return to Persia :

طالب گل این چمن به بستان بگذار  
بگذار که می شوی پشیمان بگذار  
هندو نه برد تحفه کس جانب هند  
بخت سیئه خویش به ایران بگذار<sup>13</sup>

[O Talib ! leave here the flowers of this garden,  
Leave them otherwise you would repent.  
Dark object is not a proper gift toward India,  
Leave your dark fortune in Iran.]

The first breath of Indian air filled him with intoxicating joy. He had finally reached the promised land. In this rapturous mood the following quatrain sprang from the depth of his imagination :

12. *Diwan*

13. *Ibid*

این بوستانه که نام گشت هندوستانش  
 خنجر است فرو تازه گل و ریحانش  
 کاش نسکین است بجدی که بود  
 در سبزه همه ملاحظت سبزهانش<sup>۱۱</sup>

[This garden named India is like a paradise,  
 Her roses and jasmynes are fresh and blooming,  
 Her dust is saltish to such an extent that  
 Her verdure has the delicacy of a beloved's.]



PART TWO

LIFE IN INDIA

V

With Mirza Ghazi at Qandahar

Talib left Iran in 1016H 1607, just at the age of adolescence, and joined his cousin in India—that famous Rukna-i-Kashi, whom he regarded as his guardian angel. The two appear to have passed more or less two years together in frequent journeys between Agra, Delhi, and Lahore. No other age in Indian History had been so propitious to art and literature as the age of Jehangir. The country had been filled up by a most brilliant and talented race of people and a dunce or an impostor could hardly hold ground against them. In these surroundings and circumstances Talib hazarded to open his career. But he preferred to live a vagrant and Bohemian life so characteristic of the poets. He frequented the society of every description, created intimacies in every circle, his eyes turned indiscriminately towards every sort of attraction, and was everywhere received with kindness and politeness, to which he describes in sweet tones :

نگران لاهور و خوبان دلی به دل کرده بودند پیوند جانم<sup>1</sup>

[The beauties of Lahore and Delhi, in my heart had firmly fixed their soul.]

In the beginning things were not very bright, and he clearly felt that success was not as easy to achieve as he had supposed:

در هند شد وازونه کاراز واژ گون بختی مرا  
زان سان که چاک از دامنم سوئی گویبان می شود<sup>2</sup>

[In India my purpose got inverted due to my bad luck; as if the opening of my skirt was toward my collar.]

But these shadows of apprehension soon passed away, and the belief revived with tenfold strength that he was progressing toward a better future :

1, *Diwan*

2. *Ibid*

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طالِبِ اِيں شادِويَتِي كِه زِ هِنْدُوِسْتانِ يافت  
شَرَمِ يادش كِه دُگرِ يادِ زَايرانِ آرد<sup>3</sup>

[Talib got such a grace in India; it would be shame for Talib if he remembers Iran again.]

Fortune favoured him soon and his fame reached Qandahar to attract the notice of Mirza Ghazi Khan, who was of the same age as the youthful poet; but in military skill and administrative strategy, was advanced enough and held the rank with grey-bearded nobles like Qilij Khan, Qara Beig, and Sardar Khan. He saved Qandahar from the Qizilbash invaders of Persia in 1015H (1606).<sup>4</sup> The horse-riding infantry of the Qizil Bash left Qandahar without an encounter. Sardar Khan was posted to govern Qandahar in place of the superannuated Shah Beig. Mirza Ghazi, subsequently, returned to attend upon the emperor at Kabul. This happened within a few months. Two years later, in the month of Rajib 1017H (1608), the royal decree was issued to despatch Mirza Ghazi as the permanent governor of Qandahar.<sup>5</sup> Subsequently Talib received an invitation to come to that place. He welcomed it with pleasure and took the road from Agra to Lahore. It was the middle of the rainy season. The clouds of monsoon and the torrents of rain made the journey extremely difficult. From Lahore he passed his way to Multan, and in that city he was tormented to remain and wait, as the rivers of Panjab were flooded and the road to Qandahar was heavy with deep quagmires. However, the poet managed to convey his message to his patron. The following is one of the versified letters that bears an evidence to the occasion:

اِيّا سَتودِه صِفاتي كِه از گلِ وَصِفَت  
كَلاهِ گِوشَه اَنديشِه گِلشَن اَسَت مِرا  
زِشوقِ مَدحِ تُو بِرِ مَنطِقِ بِيانِ گِوئي  
زِبانِ خامِه يَكِي شاخِ سوسَن اَسَت مِرا  
هَجومِ پَر تُو مِهَرَتِ بَسِيَنَه صَدِ چاكَ  
ظَهوَرِ مَعنِيءِ خورَشيدِ رِوشَن اَسَت مِرا

3, *Diwan*

4, *Tuzak Jehangiri* P. 33

5, *Ibid.* P. 72

پای دیده گر امروز تابسم سویت  
 مگو که کاهلیء طبع رهزن است مرا  
 تمام عزم ره خدمتم ولیک سحاب  
 بدست گریه عنان گرید دامن است مرا

[You have praise-worthy virtues, the rose of your praise in the cap of my meditation makes it a garden.

In the longing for your praise the tip of my pen is eloquent like the leaf of lily.

The rush of the shadow of your love in my bosom is rising like a bright sun.

I wish to proceed to you by walking through my eyes in order to assure you that idleness of my nature is not the cause of delay.

I have firm determination for an earliest march to your court but the clouds pouring forth in torrents have seized my skirt.]

He reached Qandhar when the rainy season was over, and the first Qasidah which he recited before his patron contains the account of his journey from Agra to Qandahar :

خرد پناها آشفته خاطری نگذاشت  
 که در ثنای تو سنجیم نوائی سحبابانی  
 مشقت سفر و رنج راه و شدت دی  
 به بست نطق مرا دست گوهر افشانی  
 سخن ز خاطر افسرده ناتمام آید  
 تمام رس نبود میوه زمستانی  
 خدائی داند و من بنده کاندرین مدت  
 چها کشیده ام از حادثات دورانی  
 درین سفر که نصیبم مباد دیگر بار  
 بگونه گونه غم بود صحبت جانی

[Wise master my mental distress has rendered me unable to sing a *Sahban's* note in your praise. Journey's hardship, toils of

6. *Diwan*

7. *Ibid*

the way, winter's severeness has fastened my tongue from scattering pearls.

Verses composed in melancholy mood are imperfect. The verses of winter are immature.

God and I alone know the vicissitudes of fortune I have met with during this period.

May it not be my misfortune (to experience) such a journey, which where in I have met with various calamities.

ز اگره تابخیاران گلشن لاهور  
 زورقی بودم با ابرهائی بارانی  
 به عزم ملتان چون زورقی شدم چوهلال  
 زد از سر شکم نیلاب کوس عمانی  
 چو بخت یافت به ملتان ملامتم از رشک  
 چهار ماه دران قلعه داشت زندانی  
 زمکث ملتان نزدیک شد بدان که مرا  
 بدل شود لقب آملی به ملتانی  
 کنون که آمده ام از تو چشم آنم دست  
 که روی تربیت از بخت من نگردانی

[From Agra to the suburbs of the gardens of Lahore I was in company of the clouds of rain.

When I proceeded to Multan my tears gave signal for departure by shedding Nilab (River Indus.)

When I reached Multan in safety, my luck being envious, kept me there in detention for four months.

Because of long sojourn at Multan the title (*Amuli*) could with propriety be changed to *Multani* (of Multan.)

Now that I have come to you, I hope that you will not turn your kind attention from me.]

The famous dictionary of the Mughal nobles gives a full and lively sketch of Mirza Ghazi. The splendour and magnificence of his court dazzled the eyes of the observer, the brightness of the literary galaxy around him attracted the wits and poets from all quarters, the generosity of his nature fascinated the needy and talen-

ted souls. He invited scholars, entertained literary companions, arranged music concerts, performed skilfully on the tamburine, and patronised the minstrels and musicians. He maintained pen-friendship with one of the great Contemporary monarchs, and twice received from him the robe of honour. He freely yielded to the luxuries of youth, gave himself to convivial excesses, had an enormous Seraglio, and was famous, like the heroes of *Arabian Nights*, for his ramblings:

در بهمت و حسن سلوک با مترددین عراق نامی بر آورد، و با شاه  
عباس طریقهٔ مراسمات سلوک نمود، گویند شاه مکرر خلعت فرستاد .....  
در قندهار مجلس میرزا دجمع صاحب کمالان بود، مثل ملا مرشد  
بروجردی و طالب آملی و میر نعمت اللہ و صافی، و ملا اسد قصه خوان، .....  
میرزا در نغمه پردازی و طنبور نوازی بی نظیر بود، دمه ساز را خوب می  
نواخت.

[There he behaved well against the strife mongers of Persia, and carried on a correspondence with Shah Abbas. They say that the Shah twice sent him the robe of honour. .... In Qandahar the Mirza's assemblies were full of distinguished men such as Mulla Murshid Barujardi, Talib Amili, Mir Niamat-ullah Wasli, and Mulla Asad, the story teller. The Mirza was excellent in the performance of music and *Tambur* and played on all instruments nicely.]

These excellent virtues and absurd vices which combined in Mirza Ghazi, were not peculiar to him alone; in fact they pervaded the character of the whole Mughal nobility. With such hobbies and indulgences he personified the spirit of his age. "Nothing could exceed the luxury and splendour in which the emperor and the nobility lived. The poor man's money flowed like water to gratify the tastes and vices, the whims and fancies, of a few high personages."<sup>9</sup> However, the Emperor Jehangir, after long account of the Mirza, has summed up his versatile character with the following remark :

میرزا غازی فی الجماعه کمال داشت شعر هم می گفت<sup>10</sup>

[In fine, Mirza Ghazi possessed perfection, and he made also good verses.]

8. *Masirul Umera* vol. III, P. 315.

9. Beni Prashad *History of Jehangir* P. 101

10. *Tuzak Jehangiri* P. 63

The encouragement of such a worthy patron vigorously stimulated the poetic talents of Talib. The presence of the Sultan's court asserted and express itself in the eloquence, force, and variety of his henceforth assumed. He disputed the claims of equality with his masters, rejoiced in the bold admiration of his own talents, and at length broke the bonds of prudence to declare that his flight from Iran to India, and the further emigration to Qandahar, had in no way the lesser importance than "the flight from Mexico to Maracaibo".

پیسیر منم معجزات سخن را	سنای و خاقانی از امتانم
کلام الله دانشم بی تکلف	کلام الله نطقی نازل نشانم
چو من شمع دانش فروزم به مجلس	نمایند پروانگی عرشیانم
چو بر عرش تارم کمیت فصاحت	عنان بوس گردند روحانیانم
لب از برگ گل دام گیرد مسیحا	که بوسد بوقت تکلم دهانم
مسیحا نفس طالب نکته سنجم	که نبود قسم عقل راجز بجانم
باین شوخ طبیعی بدین تازه گوئی	زهی خجلت از شاعران زمانم
وای شکر کز امتیاز طبیعت	نه از شاعران بلکه از ساحرانم
معلی کلام مصفی ضمیرم	ملمع بیان مرصع زبانم
تودانی و انصاف و من نیردانم	که یکتائی عمرو وحید زمانم <sup>11</sup>

[I am a prophet in performing miracles of poetry; Sanai and Khaqani are the followers of my creed.

In wisdom I am Moses, the divine book of verse is revealed to me.

When I kindle the light of wisdom in assemblies, angels gather round it like the moths.

When the steed of my eloquence reaches heaven, divine souls kiss its reigns.

Messiah borrows lips from rose petals to kiss my mouth when I recite.

I am Talib, with subtle expressions, and with Messiah's breath; wisdom swears by my life.

In spite of my sprightliness and fresh eloquence, alas, I am being hooted by poetesters around me.

Thanks that by distinction of nature, I am not a poet but enchanter.

I am with eloquent verse, bright spirit, subtle expressions, elegant speech.

You acknowledge, and it is just, and I also know that I am unique in my age and matchless in my times.]

The poet had to pay dearly for such a boastful tone. He inflamed the feeling of rivalry, by his haughty and arrogant conduct, among the fellow poets who flocked to the court of Qandahar. They banded together and laughed at their new companion; pointed out flaws in his verses and passed insulting remarks, sneered at him in open assemblies and not a few wrote scurrilous lampoons against him. His steadfastness of mind was at length broken, and he went forward to complain to his patron against the indecent behaviour of his opponents:—

ادا شکفا رمز آگہا ضمیر رسا  
 زہی زکنہ تو بی بہرہ جوہر فعال  
 مرابدست متاعی چو صدق و اخلاص است  
 چراہہ معرض بیع آورم حدیث و مقال  
 چگو نہ خود را فاضل نمایم و کامل  
 کدام فضل کہ من دارم و کدام کمال  
 بصدق نیت و اخلاص خویش می نازم  
 نہ بر مراتب فضل و کمال و ذہن و خیال  
 کمینہ مدح سرای توام روا نبود  
 کہ خاک قدح فشانند بر سرم جہال  
 دریغ کاش ہجاگوی من کسی بودی  
 کہ چاکران مرا شاستی نظیر و ہمال  
 چہ باعث است مر این فتنہ رانمی دانم  
 کہ عالمی بہ من افکنده اند طرح جدال  
 مرا خلاف نزاعی بکس نہ حیرانم  
 کہ مردم بہ چہ افتادہ اند در دنبال  
 بحال خویش یکی مرد قانع ام بکفاف  
 بطبع خویش بہ پیوستہ در جواب و سوال

زهن سحریت اینای رمنکار نیم  
 چنانی نه مہجت جاہی مرا نہ دعوی مال  
 نعر حدنگاہ نہ ایستم مگر در آخر فوج  
 بہ نیم کہ نہ شستم مگر بہ صف نعال  
 مرید ہستم اینک شستہ فارغ دل  
 بر آستان قناعت زردی استقلال  
 بساط از و ہوس طنی نمودہ خرسندم  
 بہ زره پروری آفتاب جاہ و جلال  
 بہ امتیاز لباس و غذا نیم در بند  
 کز اہل حال نہ زید تتبع اطفال  
 ولی بود ز توام چشم آن کہ نہ پسنای  
 سر نعرش رسایدہ مرا پامال<sup>۱۲</sup>

[You have graceful manners, you know secrets, you penetrate to the conscience, your depths are unknown to the *first matter*.

I have truth and sincerity in me, why should I display coquetry.

When have I boasted myself learned and perfect, what is that erudition and what is that perfectness which I claim?

I am proud of my truthfulness and sincerity of purpose and not for the degree of knowledge, perfection, intelligence and elegance.

I am an humble singer of your praise, it is not proper that fools throw dust of insult over my head.

Alas that my jester be the one, who is equal in position to my servants.

I do not know the cause of this tumult that the whole world has stood up against me.

I have quarreled with no body, I do not know why people are pursuing to harass me.

In my own way I live with contentment and seclusion, being no body's rival for position and wealth.

I am not indebted to the society of worldly people, I live busy conversing with my own heart.



In the battlefield I do not stand but in the rear of the army;  
In the assembly I do not sit but in the lowest row.

I am the disciple of courage so I live care-free on the skirt of  
contentment due to freedom.

I have folded greed and passion and I am happy by the patro-  
nage of the *sun of glory and splendour* (the Mirza).

I never care for distinction in dress and diet; for the ascetics it  
is not proper to imitate the habit of children.

However, I do not expect from you that you shall like my  
head, being raised high to the sky, to tumble down to the  
feet.]

Matters stood at this juncture when Talib experienced another  
inconstancy of fortune, which was quite unexpected and unforeseen.  
Death deprived him of his dear patron. Mirza Ghazi was not more  
than eight and twenty years when he suddenly passed away. The  
author of *Tarikh-i-Tahiri*, who was in the service of Mirza Ghazi,  
records the rumours which were current among the people, in the  
same evening of the incident of his master's death. There was the  
general suspicion that some of the household servants of the Mirza had  
poisoned him by the instigation of the other members of the *Tarkhan*  
Family.<sup>13</sup> The author has described in detail the family quarrels in

13. O Tahir Muhammad, *Tarikh-i-Tahiri* MS British Museum Or. 1685. He  
has twice mentioned the incident in his book and has quoted his own  
chronogram PP. 13. 14:—

این بنده... شب فوتش از خواص و عوام چنان داشت که بعضی از  
خانه زادانش حرام نمکی نموده به زهر قاتل... داغ شقادت و بدنامی بر  
ناصیه خویش نهادند؛

زهر در گامش غلامان ریختند از بهر او  
تابگیرند جای او آیند اندر منزلش  
سال تاریخ وفاتش خواستم گفتا خرد  
برکشیدند کیند و دادند زهر قاتلش

and again in the concluding pages of his narrative P. 252.

سبب مرگ میرزا صاحب شجاعت و سخاوت از حاضران صحبت چنین  
استماع داشته که... نادو لتخواهان چند... زهر در کام و کاسه اش  
ریختند؛

which Mirza Ghazi was involved during the later days of his life and how ultimately he was overpowered by intricate court intrigues. He commanded the frontier outpost of Qandhar, and his death was a great loss to the Mughal government of a vigorous general and statesman. The conditions around that region were already turbulent and the news of another *Qizilbash* assault was imminent. The news of the Mirza's death was reported to the emperor at Ajmer in 1011H. 1602:

”ذکر بیست و پنجم همین ماه که اردی بهشت باشد، خبر فوت میرزا  
غازی رسید“<sup>15</sup>

[On the 25th of the same month of *Urabihsat*, the news of Mirza Ghazi's death arrived.]

Amidst the disgust and gloom the poet once more returned to India :—

به تن هر موی طالب راسیه پوش  
بمرگ نکته دان دهر غازیست<sup>16</sup>

[Every hair on the body of Talib is dark in mourning for the death of Mirza Ghazi.]

15. *Tuzak Je hangiri* P. 109

16. *Diwan*

## VI

### With Chin Qilij Khan

Talib was forced to withdraw himself quietly from Qandahar in consequence of Mirza Ghazi's death, which occurred in the month of *Safar* 1021H. (1612). He travelled to Peshawer, passed a few months in leisure, and in the month of *Ramzan* made his appearance in the court of Chin Qilij Khan at Peshawer. These six months were passed in striving for a new appointment. Conditions around Peshawer were far from being peaceful. Predatory tribes at the frontier had raised a great storm. Their leader Ahdad, who set fictitious claims to spiritual mission, and had a large following by the name of "*Raushaniyyin* fraternity,"<sup>1</sup> had declared war upon the Mughals. The government was hard pressed to give the charge of Peshawer in the hands of an exceptionally astute and energetic man. The choice fell on the old veteran Qilij Khan, whose abilities and experience of the frontier problems were well tried. He had lately been the governor of Kabul. His youthful son, Chin Qilij, administered the neighbouring region of Kot Tirah (eight miles distant from Jalalabad)<sup>2</sup> and assisted his father in the work of crushing and conciliating the fool-hardy natives. An year earlier, in the month of *Rajab* 1020H. 1611 Chin Qilij had been awarded the title of *Khan* and the rank of 500 personnel and 300 horse:--

چن قلیچ کہ ارشد اولاد قلیچ خان است ..... چون نسبت خانہ  
زادگی با جوہر ذاتی جمع داشت بخطاب خانی سر بلند گشت و حسب التماس  
پدر او بشرط تعہد خدمت تیراہ پانصدی ذات و سہ صد سوار بر منصب او  
افزودم<sup>3</sup>

1. Beni Prashad *History of Jehangir* P. 218.

2. *Tuzak Jehangiri*

3. *Ibid*

[Chin Qilij, who was the eldest son of Qajar Khan (عقار خان) of Akbar's time, in addition to his natural excellence (he was a *Khan* of noble birth) he was honoured with the title of *Khan* (خان) in consequence to the prayer of his father, and on condition of his rendering good service in Tirah. I increased his rank by 500 persons and a horse.]

Talib's strenuous exertions at length won him the favour of Akbar, Qilij. The light and luster at the court of that nobleman awakened in the poet's mind the dreatas of past happiness, and he again found himself amidst the same luxurious and gay atmosphere which he had left at Qandahar :

میرزا چن قلیچ خلف ارشد میرزا قلیچ محمد خان اکبری اندجانی  
است، از ارباب فضل و کمال بود ..... در جود و سخا دستی بلند  
داشت و خالی از شہامت و پردلی نبود و بہ تدابیر ملکی بسیار میرسید و  
مد تہائی مدید در فوجداری جونپور و بنارس گزرانید و گویند در مجلس  
آرائی سلیقہ داشت محفلش قسمی باسباب عیش و طرب آراستہ و پیراستہ  
می گردید کہ مشاہدہ آن زاهد صد سالہ را بہ حسرت می انداخت<sup>4</sup>

[Mirza Chin Qilij, the noble son of Mirza Qilij Mohamad Andjani of Akbar's time, was learned and excellent..... and was very liberal. Nor was he wanting in courage and greatness of heart. He was well-accomplished in administrative matters and for a long time was a *faujdar* at Jaunpur and Banaras. They say that he was skilful in entertaining, and that his concourses were so mirthful and sensuously gay that would provoke even a centenarian ascetic.]

The festival of *Eidul-Fitr* (1021 H.) fell after Talib's recent arrival at Peshawer. The poet delighted his patron with the recitation of the following Qasida :—

خوش آمدی بخرام ای خجسته عید صیام  
کہ صبح منتظران بود بی تو نسخه شام  
گل از کدام چمن چیدہ بغل بکشای  
کہ باز نکمت عیشی کنیم استشمام

4. *Masirul Umera* III P. 351

بیا بیا که به دور فراق روی تو بود  
 گلوی شیشه بخشکی نمونه لب جام  
 نه باده را بکف یار بود قدرت بوس  
 نه بوسه را به لب یار جرات پیغام  
 کجا برآمد مجلس کجادر آمد عیش  
 کجا تواضع مستان کجا تکلف جام  
 کجا اشاره سافی به لطف سوئی قدح  
 زما مضائقه در خیل میکنان ابرام  
 کجا تبسم دلداری در تکلف بوس  
 زما سجود پیایی به شکران انعام  
 کجا خرام بت خرگهی بوقت سماع  
 ازو بر عشه سرین و زما تمام اندام  
 گزشت برما سی روز متصل که ندید  
 کسی بچشم صراحی جمال شاهد جام  
 همین نوای ریامی زدیم و نغمه شید  
 چو مرغ گلشن زاهد سفیده دم تاشام  
 چه مایه شکر نما یمت ای مبارک عید  
 که جلوه کردی وا فروختی رخ ایام  
 نثار رحمت حق خاص باد فرق ترا  
 که خلق را به رهاندی ازان شکنجه دام  
 هلال خود را با سرخی شفق دادی  
 طالع یعنی اینک شراب وانیک جام  
 کلید میکرده آرزو فرستادی  
 بدست ساقی بزم یگانه ایام  
 گل بهار سخا چین قلیچ خان که سپهر  
 به باغ همت او دوخت است چشم مشام

[I welcome you O auspicious Eid of Ramzan ! because without you the morning of the impatient ones was like evening.

From which garden have you chosen roses? Open your arms so that we may smell the sweet scent of luxury.

Come Come; during your absence the wine-flask's mouth has become as dry as the lips of the cup.

Neither wine had the power to kiss the hand of the friend, nor the kiss had courage to convey message to the darling lips.

Where was the holding of assemblies, where was the enjoyment of luxury, where was the entertainment of rakes, where were the revelries of wine?

Where was the sweet winking of the cup-bearer toward wine, we being hesitant and the drinkers being molested.

Where was the sweet smiles of the beloved on being kissed, and we adoring again and again to thank that reward.

We passed thirty days without seeing the beauty of the cup through the eyes of the Flask.

We busied ourselves in religious devotions, chanting the notes of hypocrisy and singing the melodies of fraud from morn till evening.

How should I thank you O auspicious Eid that you appeared with splendour and enlightened the face of the days.

May the grace of God be spread round your head for you redressed the people from oppressions of Ramzan.

You gave appearance to your new moon with the red glow of sunset, hinting: here is wine and here is cup.

You sent the key of the tavern of desire through the hands of the *Unique cap bearer* of this age (Patron).

The rose of the spring of generosity, Chin Qilij Khan, from his garden of courage the sky is ambitious to smell.]

During the last six months Talib had experienced unspeakable hardships and miseries. The climate of the high altitudes of Qandahar, Kabul, and Peshawar affected his health adversely, and a severe pain of gout attacked him. His reckless expenditure had drained every penny from his purse. Despite that state of distress and privation, his faith in the powers of his intellect was unbroken:—

منم که نیست چومن شاعری زاهل سخن  
منم که نیست چومن قائلی زاهل کلام  
بگونه گونه حدیثم فصاحت ایست بلیغ  
بشعبه شعبه کلامم بلاغت ایست تمام  
بقطعه و غزلم انوری و سعدی دان  
به مثنوی و رباعی سنای و خیام

کم از کمال نیم در قصیده گو به دهید  
 مرابه زیر لب ای اهل اصفهان دشنام  
 به عجز نیست زبی التفاتی طبع است  
 اگر مخمس و ترجیع رانه بر دم نام  
 گواه این دوسه معنی همیں قصیده بس است  
 که یافت از سر شب تاسپیده دم اتمام  
 بخاک پای تو کز توتیا عزیز تراست  
 که مغز اهل خرد رامنم عبیر مشام  
 منم یگانه آفاق در فنون هنر  
 باتفاق خواص و با اجتماع عوام  
 دم از هنر زلم از اهل عزتم آخر  
 مرابه دانه عزت توان کشید به دام  
 تو قدردانی و عزت فزای طالب را  
 که هست قابل اعزاز و لایق اکرام<sup>6</sup>

{I, the like of whom is none among the poets, and no orator among the orators

In the various recitations of mine there is mature elegance, and in my fragmentary compositions there is perfect eloquence.

In fragments and odes, treat me as the equal of Anwari and Saadi; in free verse and quatrain I am Sanai and Khayyam.

I am not inferior to Kamal in the art of Eulogy; let the people of Isfahan abuse me in Undertones.

It is not due to incompetence but due to carelessness of my nature that I do not compose *Mukhammas* and *Tarji*.

To witness these two or three claims this very poem is enough which reached completion from early evening till dawn.

By the dust of your feet which is more precious than collyrium (Tutty), verily, I am a sweet smell to the mind of the wise people. I am unique master of all the arts in the world, the nobles and the common people shall affirm it by their consensus of opinion. I am proud of my accomplishments because I belong to the dignified class; dignity is the grain to snare me.

You know the value of Talib and you enhance his honour; because he is worthy of the honour and dignity.}

6. *Divan*

Calib's entreaties received a quick and tall response. Ghin-Qalib applauded him in the highest terms, gave him the highest esteem, and distinguished him as his own poet. The generous patron provided the poet with all comforts of life. The poet, in return, expressed his gratitude in the most passionate burning rhymes :—

بستیم عهد با گل بستان تازه  
 گشتیم عندایب گلستان تازه  
 این شکر چون کنیم که بی منت بهار  
 دیدیم در چمن گل و ریحان تازه  
 از جان دیر ساله عجب چون کنیم یاد  
 اکنون که یا فیتیم به تن جان تازه  
 دل بی تکلف از سرو سامان فتاده بود  
 بازش نصیب شد سر و سامان تازه  
 اکنون به سهو یاد گریبان نمی کند  
 این دست نا رسیده به دامن تازه  
 زین در مباد نقل مکانم که بد نماست  
 هر ساعتی شدن مگس خوان تازه  
 دل طی نمود ملت و آئین کهنه را  
 دین نوی گرفته و ایمان تازه  
 از چن قلیچ خان و زطالب زمانه یافت  
 محمدوح تازه و ثنا خوان تازه

[We entered in league with a fresh rose of the garden; we became nightingale of a new orchard.

How may we thank that without the obligation of spring, we saw in the garden fresh roses and jasmines.

We shall not now recollect the tormented life of past days; we have got fresh life in body.

My heart had left all the desires of the world; again I feel it full of fresh desires.



Now my hand does not reach to hold the collar even in forgetfulness.

May I not shift this door, for it is improper to fly from one house to another.

My heart has given up all the old creeds and old laws, it has submitted to new manners and new faith.

[In Chin Qilij Khan and in Talib the world has found a fresh patron and a fresh praise singer.]

A month later (*Ziqad'i* 1021 H.) Talib formed the company of Chin Qilij Khan, when the latter marched from Peshawer to attend the emperor at Agra:

چن قلیچ خان از پیش پدر خود که در پیشاور بود آمده، بیستم آذر ملازمت کرد، و یکصد مهر و یکصد روپیه نذر گذرانید و پیش کش خود را از اسپ و اقمشه و دیگر اجناس که همراه داشت به نظر در آورد،

[Chin Qilij Khan come from his father, who was at Peshawer, on the 20th *Azr*; and offered 100 Muhrs, 100 rupees, and also presented the offerings he had of his own in the shape of a horse and cloth stuffs and other things.]

It is most likely at this juncture of time that the author of "*Maikhau'i*" met Talib for the first time at Agra:—

این ضعیف را مرتبه اول در هند در آن ایام (که سنه عشرين و الف بود) باو ملاقات واقع شد، جوانی دید بانواع هر آراسته، عزیزى ملاحظه نمود با صناف سخنورى پراسته، در فن شعراز امثال و اقران ممتاز و در علم سلوک و مردمى بی انباز، چنان زود آشنا و خلیق که درین فن نیز عدیل نداشت و در سخن فهمی و انصاف به مرتبه مقید که دقیقه فرو گذاشت در ادراک نمودن ابیات صغیر و کبیر نه می نمود و در مثنوی خویش دوسه بیت در درست آشنای خود بیان فرموده حقا حالی اوست و تکافی نکرده است آن ابیات اینست،

کتاب عشق کرده ام در دوستداری  
 یکی علامه ام در علم یاری  
 سرت آفاق که علم مهر خوانند  
 درین فتم وحید دهر خوانند  
 ایستاد بی وهشی در بساطم  
 و ذریک گل بود از اختلاطم

[I happened to see him for the first time in India during the 10 days (1020 H.) I found him a young man accomplished in all arts and learned in all branches of poetry. In the practice of versification he was distinguished among all his contemporaries. His manners were so pleasing and his etiquette so charming that he very soon captivated the affection and friendly feelings. In his *masnavi* he has composed a few verses expressive of quick response to friendliness. The truth is that his statement is not ostensible. The verses are as follows:—

I have read books on how to make friends: I am a learned scholar of the art of love.

It is useful for those, who seek the knowledge of love-making, that in this subject they should acknowledge me as their unique teacher.

There is not the faintest insincerity in my nature: affection smells like rose in my humour.

Within a few days of his arrival at Agra, Chin Qilij left for the sea-port of Surat, which was his father's *Jagir*. The emperor had sanctioned him to take charge of its administration:—

چون بندر سورت به جاگیر قلیچ خان مقرر بود چن قلیچ را بجهت  
 ضبط و حراست آنجا التماس نمود که مرخص گردد، در بیست و هفتم دی  
 به خلعت و خطاب خانی و علم سرفراز گشته مرخص شد،<sup>9</sup>

[As the port of Surat had been assigned in *Jagir* to Qilij Khan, he prayed that Chin Qilij (his son) might be despatched for its guardianship and administration. On the 27th *Dez* he had a dress of honour, and being honoured with the title of *Khan* and a standard, obtained leave to go.]

9. *Maikhana*

10. *Tuzak Jehangiri*

The poet accompanied his patron to the sea-port of Surat. But the pain of gout which he had contracted at Qandahar, and which had been tormenting him for the last six months, became unbearable and the poet applied for a week's leave from the duties of the court: —

خدا یگانا دردی در استخوان دارم  
 کز آن بخود همه شب همچو مارمی پیچم  
 زباد آبله شش ماه شد که خاک تنم  
 بهم بر آمده همچون غبار می پیچم  
 به هیچ وجه ز پیچیدنم خلاصی نیست  
 اگر پیاده ام و گر سوار می پیچم  
 ز درد یافته ابریشم تنم تابی  
 که تا به گجرات از قندهار می پیچم  
 اگر اجازه بود چند روز بهر علاج  
 سری به جیب خورد از اضطرار می پیچم  
 بقدر مدت یک هفته گشته خانه نشین  
 بشغل مدح خدا وندگار می پیچم  
 چو عمر هفته سر آید ز کلبه روی نیاز  
 بسوی قبله شهر و دیار می پیچم  
 سرمن و قدم تست حاشا الله اگر  
 ز خاک پای تو سر بنده وارمی پیچم  
 مسیح طبعاً هم جسم سوزنی شده ام  
 عجب تر اینکه بخود رشته وارمی پیچم  
 هجوم دردم بی ذوق کرده تاجای  
 که روی دل ز سر زلف یارمی پیچم  
 گذشت مدت شش ماه متصل طالب  
 که درد می کشم و همچو مارمی پیچم  
 اگر دو<sup>۲</sup> روز دگر بر من اینچین، گذرد  
 یقین که رخ به نقاب مزارمی پیچم<sup>11</sup>

[My master! I have pain in my body, due to which I remain twisted all the night like a serpent.

Six months have passed and blisters have appeared on my face to make it a dust.

By no means I get relief from the torment either on horse or on foot.

Pain has twisted my body like silk thread; from Qandhar to Gujrat I have been suffering from it.

If I get your kind permission I may rest for treatment.

I shall resume my duty of praising my master after making a rest in my house for one week.

I swear by my head and by your feet, and God is witness that I shall not turn my head away from the dust of your feet.

You have Messiah's nature, I have grown thin like needle and due to pain I twist like thread.

The severity of pain has deprived me of the pleasure of clasping's locks.

O Talib! six months have passed in continuity and I am suffering from pain and coiling like a serpent.

If a few days pass likewise with the same affliction, I am sure my face will be covered in shroud and placed in grave.

The period of Talib's stay at Surat was brief but very pleasant. It was free from personal anxiety and the poet enjoyed the life of a generous patronage. Surat was the city of commerce and trade, through which almost all the merchandise passed on between upper India and the outer world. The port was visited by numerous vessels from distant countries and the bazars presented interesting scenes of people, with different colours, languages, and guises, striking bargains of purchase and sale, and making the place a playground of cultures. Surat provided a big revenue to the Mughal government and quite a lucrative income to its governor, which his favourites freely distributed between his associates and dependants. The pleasures of life, noted by the poet, inspired him with fresh emotions and experiences, of which one of the poems, composed during those days, bears the mark:

طالب منم کہ پرد گیان خیال را  
 برچہرہ ہفت پردہ عصمت کشیدہ ام  
 ای بس شب دراز کہ در فکر تابہ روز  
 در خاک و خون تپیدہ ریاضت کشیدہ ام

صافست زان زلال حدیثم کہ عمرها  
 از جام فکر درد کدورت کشیده ام  
 بر طبع من بلند خیالان روزگار  
 رحمت از ان کنند کہ زحمت کشیده ام  
 خواری بسی زیست خیالان روزگار  
 از شومی علو طبیعت کشیده ام  
 مسند طراز بزم سخن چن قلیچ خان  
 کز دست او پیالہ ہمت کشیده ام  
 باین چنین غریب نوازی گمان بری  
 من نیستم کہ این همه غربت کشیده ام  
 امل زیاد رفت مرا والتفات او  
 تا خویش را بہ بندر سورت کشیده ام  
 از جان و دل چگونہ نباشم رعیت اش  
 کز دست او شراب رعایت کشیده ام  
 بر عزتم فزائی تو باری کہ از سپہر  
 خواری فزون زحد و نہایت کشیده ام  
 آن طرفہ گو ہرم کہ بہ دکان روزگار  
 کم قدری از فزونئی ہمت کشیده ام  
 نابالغ آیدم بنظر نطق پیر عقل  
 تا من دہان بہ آب بلاغت کشیده ام  
 نکشودہ جزبہ ورد و ثنای تو ام زبان  
 تا خویش را بہ کنج نجات کشیده ام  
 شب تابصبح چشم دعائیتو بر سپہر  
 بکشودہ انتظار اجابت کشیده ام  
 جاوید مان بشاہد اقبال ہم نشین  
 کز دولت تو دامن دولت کشیده ام<sup>12</sup>

[I am Talib ! I have sought the chaste ideas in seven veils of purity.

I have devoted many nights to the arduous task of thinking and imagination.

The purity of my utterings is due to the effort I have made in removing impurities from the cup of my thought.

The wise men of the world praise my disposition for my actions.

I have sustained many insults from the mean people of the world due to my exalted nature.

Chin Qilij Khan is the adorer of the assembly of poetry, from his hand I have drunk the cup of encouragement.

He is so liberal that his liberality has made me forget all the hardships I have suffered.

His courteousness removed from my mind the home-sickness of Amul since I have come to the sea-port of Surat.

My heart and soul are indebted to him for I have received wine of favour from him.

O sir! increase my honour for I have suffered abasement beyond limit due to adversities of fortune.

I am a unique pearl in the shop of times and have lain unassessed due to my high cost.

The speech of the old man of wisdom looks immature in my eyes since I have washed my mouth with the water of eloquence.

I have never opened my tongue save in your praise since I have removed myself to the asylum of prayer.

From night till dawn I have looked toward sky waiting to see the response of my prayer for your sake.

May you live for ever in company with good fortune because by your bounty I have reaped wealth and fortune.<sup>13</sup>

The prosperous tenure of life at Surat, however, shortly came to an abrupt end. In the month of *Ramzan* 1022 H., 1613 old Qilij Khan, the father of the poet's patron, passed away at Peshawer. When the melancholy news arrived at Surat, Chin Qilij, perhaps under the government command, left for Peshawer at once, took charge of his father's personal property, accompanied his brothers and relations, and returned to the court, where he was required to deposit in the royal treasury, according to the existing system of escheat, all his father's personal property in cash and kind with their full account:—

چن قلیچ خان با برادران و خویشان و لشکر و جمعیت پدر خود  
از کابل آمده سعادت ملازمت دریافت<sup>13</sup>

13. Tuzak Jehangiri

[Chin Qilij Khan, with his brothers, relations and the army and retinue of his father, came from Kabul.]

Talib was once more exposed to the state of squalid distress, but this time he was soon rescued by Khwaja Qasim Dayant Khan, a nobleman of considerable influence. The latter wrote to Abdullah Khan, the governor of Gujrat, recommending the case of Talib in strong terms : —

خواجہ قاسم دیانت خان دو کلمہ سفارش در باب او (طالب) بہ  
 خان عالیشان تہمتن معرکہ روز جنگ عبداللہ خان فیروز جنگ نوشت و آن  
 عزیز را بخدمت آن خان بلند ہمت فرستاد، چون طالب بہ مطالب رسید  
 خان فیروز جنگ آنقدر مروت و مردمی بدو نمود و آن مایہ احسان و انسانیت  
 باو فرمود کہ درین جزو زمان از کم کسی آید،<sup>14</sup>

[Khwaja Qasim Dayanat Khan wrote for Talib a few words of recommendation to the great victor of the battles, Abdulla Khan; and despatched him toward the Khan. When Talib reached his destination the Khan treated him with such courtesy and favour, and behaved with such grace and humanity as few people did in those days.]

14. Maikhana

## VII

### With Abdulla Khan "Firoz Gang"

Talib received an invitation from Abdulla Khan and instantly moved to Ahmedabad, the Governor's seat of residence. Abdulla Khan wrote to the poet a courtly letter in his own hand and welcomed him with marked civility. The following *ghazal* describes how the governor's emissary approached the poet and handed over the official letter to him :—

صبا رفتار پیکری در طلوع صبح نورانی  
بگوشم زد صدائی چنگ چون بانگ مسلمانی  
ز سیر آهنگی آن نغمه مست از جای برخیزم  
بهر جانب نگاهی تا ختم از روی حیرانی  
یکی باد غبار آلود بر در جلوه گردیدم  
عرق ریزان چو مرواریدش از اطراف پیشانی  
دویدم پیش و گفتم خیر مقدم وانگه افشاندم  
بپایش مشتی از ناسفته گوهر های مثرگانی  
بس ازوی با هزاران شوق بیتابانه پرسیدم  
که ای جاروب راحت پیکر مرغ سلیمانی  
لبت آستن رمزیت گویا مژده داری  
که می بارد ز رویت همچو گل آثار خندانی  
چو بشنید این سخن بکشود لب و انگاه چون طوطی  
زبان را چاشنی داد از ادای شکر افشانی  
بگفت ای عندلیب گلشن معنی که بریادت  
قدح نوشند خوش طبعان ایرانی و تورانی  
بشارت باد کا ینک با هزاران مژده آوردم  
خط آزادی مرغ دلت از دام حیرانی



در اثنای تکلم کاغذین درجی پراز گوهر  
 بیوسید و بدستم داد از روی روش دانی  
 من آن منشور دوات چون بدست خویشتن دیدم  
 شدم سرتا قدم بپر سجود شکر پیشانی  
 بسوی قبلاً گجرات رو تسلیمها کردم  
 بادای که بر من کرد گردون آفرین خوانی  
 شدم شاداب تر چون مهر عنوان را رقم دیدم  
 بنام نامی سرچشمه توفیق یزدانی  
 سحاب فیض عبدالله خان آن مظهر احسان  
 که نی بحری زدست همتش جان بردنی کانی<sup>1</sup>

[I listened to the tinkling of a bell-like prayer Call at dawn and a courier, swift as wind, appeared before me.

By the melodious tinkling of the bell I was overwhelmed and got up from my place to look toward every side with wonder.

I saw at my door a person all covered with dust; and drops of sweat on his forehead appeared like pearls.

I went forward and welcomed him with sweet words like scattered pearls.

Thereupon with a thousand enthusiasm I addressed him, "May the bird of Solomon be the sweeper of your way.

"Your lips are conceived with a secret as if you have a good news, for the impressions of smile appear at your face like blooming rose."

When he listened to me, he opened his lips and began his sweet speech like a sugar eating parrot.

He said! "O nightangle of the garden of poetry; all the versifiers of Iran and Turan drink your health.

"I congratulate you that with a thousand good news I have brought the message of deliverance of the bird of your heart from the snare of perturbation."

During conversation he took a piece of paper decorated with pearls, kissed it and handed it over to me.

When I looked into the auspicious letter in my hand, I bent down from head to foot for thanks giving.

1. *Diwan*.

I turned my face toward the altar of Heaven and I labored with such a grace that heaven praised me.

I was more pleased when I saw on the paper the name of that *spring of the grace of God*.

The *cloud of grace* Abdullah Khan, the maintenance of a reality from whose generous hand neither the sea cloud gave pearls nor the mines their diamonds.]

Abdullah Khan was not the man of intellectual pursuit; his mind was uncultivated and devoid of fine tastes. A soldier's chief delight is commonly known as to drill and be drilled; and he was a typical soldier. "He was a valourous soldier, a rash commander, a cruel ruthless sort of man."<sup>2</sup> His only hobby was to command the army marching with tempestuous speed:

حسبعتہ او در یورش و در سواری چنان بود کہ در یک روز شصت ہفتاد  
گروہ می نوردید و چنداوانی معتبر مقرر می کرد ہر کہ عقب می ماند سرش  
بریدہ می آورد ، و بچہرہ زخمی رسیدہ بسیار خوشنما بود و مہابتی تمام  
داشت،

[His regular practice was that when he engaged in a difficult expedition he marched 60 to 70 Kos a day. He kept a trustworthy rearguard. If anyone lagged behind, his head was cut off and brought to him. On the face he had a scar of the wound, looked nice and magnanimous.]

The poet had an indelible memory of the miseries of his past life and he displayed it with swift lucidity and elegance, but he simultaneously tried to forget it in singing the songs of praise before his patron:—

یوسف بختم حمد اللہ برون آمد ز چاہ  
کو کب طالع بمصر عز تم بنمود راہ  
طی شد آن ایام کز روی عداوت روزگار  
ہر زمان کردی بز ہر چشم سوی من نگاہ  
بود روز من سیہ چون گیسوئی شب ناگہان  
برق دولت لمعہ زد روشن شد آن روز سیاہ

2. Beni Pd. *History of Jehangir* P.232

3. *Masirul Umera*, vol. II, P. 777

چرخ بامن از تہ دل آشتی کرد آشتی  
 اینک از یک قوت طالع بر این معنی گواہ  
 بہت دشمن گشتہ بامن دوستی از سر گرفت  
 جملہ تن آغوش گردید و مر اور برگرفت  
 عیش را با خاطر م پیوندافت تازہ شد  
 خوشدلی رانیز پیمان محبت تازہ شد  
 رفتہ بود از خاطر م شیرینی شد حیات  
 در مذاق جانم آن دیرینہ لذت تازہ شد  
 زین نسیم گلستان کز باغ شادابی وزید  
 غنچہ پشمردہ دل راطراوت تازہ شد  
 شکرایزد را کہ بعد از روزگاری بر سرم  
 التفات سایہ چتر سعادت تازہ شد  
 طوطی طبع مرا در شکرستان خیال  
 رسم خاموشی کہن طرز عبارت تازہ شد  
 گرم گردید از نوائی بلبلان ہنگامہ ام  
 مستعد گلفشانی شد زبان خامہ ام  
 وہ چہ رہ بود این کہ من مست و غرلخوان آمدم  
 گہ بیای دیدہ گہ باپای مشرگان آمدم  
 گلفروشن و ساقیم بودند چون طالع رفیق  
 زین سبب مٹی بر کف و گل درگر بیان آمدم  
 ہر قدم صد رسم مشتاقانہ آوردم بجای  
 مست شوقم باعلامتہای مستان آمدم  
 شوق در سر مہر در دل داشتم جان در میان  
 باوجود تنگدستی ہا بسامان آمدم  
 ہم عنان با شاہد طالع ز راہ اعتقاد  
 در پناہ قبائے شمشیر بندان آمدم  
 صفر فیروز جنگ و سرور کشور ستان  
 جوہر آئینہ اقبال عبداللہ خان

[Thank God that the Joseph of my fortune came out from the well; and the star of my luck moved toward the Cup of honour.

Those days are passed when due to advent its all-bis ward me every moment with poisoned blades.

My days were dark like the locks of night; the light of day dazzled and my days became bright.

Heaven with heart and soul has betrudded me; the power of fortune can witness in that respect.

My luck which was my enemy, has renewed its friendship by taking me into the arms.

Luxury's lovely relation with my heart is renewed; pleasures are affecting me afresh.

The sweetness of the honey of life was removed from me; my life again feels the taste of past sweetness.

This scented breeze blowing from the garden of pleasure has refreshed the withering bud of my heart.

Thank God that after a long time the shadow of the umbrella of good luck is falling over my head.

The parrot of my heart, in the sweet vallies of imagination, is again fresh to speak, and has given up the habit of silence.

The melodies of nightingales around me have raised up a turmoil; the lip of my pen is active to sprinkle rose-scent.

What a way it was through which I came chanting with joy and travelling with eyes and lashes.

The cup bearer and the flower-boy were accompanying me like good fortune, that is why I came with wine in my hand and roses in my collar.

On every step I displayed a hundred modes of my longing; I am intoxicated with longing, that is why I have appeared with the marks of the drunkards.

Longing in head, love in heart and soul in body; with these things I feel opulent in spite of being distressed.

Accompanied with the darling of good fortune by virtue of my faith, I have come in the refuge of the *Qibla* of Sword bearers.

The war like victor of the battle, the lord conqueror, the lustre of the mirror of good fortune, Abdulla Khan.]

A year before the poet joined his court (i.e. 1021H/1612.) Abdullah Khan was entrusted by the emperor to form "a grand plan of offen-

sive against the Deccan,"<sup>5</sup> which had resulted in complete fiasco due to his own "rashness and selfish thirst for glory." That defeat and disgrace cost the Mughal government a loss of money and prestige; and not without reason, aroused the emperor's indignation against the commander. The *Masirul Umera* gives an interesting anecdote concerning that event :—

گویند جنت مکانی تصویر عبدالله خان فیروز جنگ و دیگر امرای  
 همراهی او کشیده طلبید و تصویر هر کدام را بدست گرفته چیزی می  
 فرمود، تصویر او را مخاطب ساخته که امروز در حسب و نسب شما هیچ کس  
 نمی رسد، باین شکل و شمائل و قرب و مرتبه و خزانه و جمعیت لایق  
 نبود بگریزید، « گریز جنگ » خطاب شماست !

[They say that Jehangir ordered to get the pictures of Abdullah Khan and his accompanying nobles painted. He took every one's picture in his hand and addressed a remark to it. To Abdullah's picture he said: "today no one is equal to you in birth and origin. With such face and features and familiarity and dignity and treasure and following it was unworthy of you to run away. Your title is Guriz Jang (the flier from battle.)"

Abdulla Khan was burning with the desire to retrieve his injured prestige and demonstrate his valour on the very first chance. Two years elapsed before time afforded any such opportunity. At length in the month of *Ziqadh* 1022H/1613,<sup>7</sup> the Mughals mustered their immense forces to subdue the last remnant of Rajput independence, i.e. Mewar, the country of the late Rana Pratap. The campaign was opened with consummate ability, force, and dash. Jehangir himself left Agra and established his court at Ajmer to watch the scene of operations from a closer distance. Of all the Mughal generals, who were engaged on Mewar front, the historian of Jehangir especially mentions the name of Abdullah Khan Firuz Jang. The expedition against Mewar was despatched in the middle of the month of *Ziqadh* 1022H/1613, and lasted for thirteen month, i.e. till *Zilhijsa* next year.

5. Beni Pd. *History of Jehangir* P. 107

6. *Masirul Umera* Vol. II, P. 777

7. *Tuzak Jehangiri* P. 109

Abdullah Khan was summoned to reinforce the military operations, but he did not leave Gujrat until half the month of ربیع الثانی 1011 A.H. was over. The governor's programme was either completely misunderstood, or was given to misunderstand that it was for the emperor's Court; hence he vainly requested his superior to send him thither:--

آن فیدم عید خرم شد جهان  
 همچنان کز جاوہ گل بوستان  
 عید قربان تہنیت گویان رسید  
 باسعادت ہمرکاب وہم عنان

خان گردون حماہ فیروز جنگ  
 نیز اقبال عبداللہ خان  
 ہرگز نیکو نام نہی

آسمان قدرا چو داری درخیال  
 عزم درگاہ شہنشاہ زمان  
 وز جوانمردان ایرانی سپاہ  
 برگزیدستی چہل شیر ژبان  
 گرچہ من در جرگہ شیران نیم  
 ایک از اخلاص دارم چشم آن  
 کز نظر چون بگذرد تفصیل اسم  
 نام طالب نیز باشد درمیان

درد اعضا سنگ راہم بود شکر  
 کز رہم برخاست آن گویہ گران  
 نیست آن دردی کزین یک ہفتہ پیش  
 بود چون مغزم نہان دراستخوان

می توانم طی نمود آن ره به ذوق  
 در رکاب صاحب نصرت عنان  
 همچو طوطی نکته سنج و بداه گوی  
 همچو بابل نغمه ساز و شعر خوران

[With the arrival of the *Eid* the world is pleased like a garden with the bloom of roses.

The *Eid of sacrifices* has appeared with blessings attended by good fortune.

✂ ✂ ✂ ✂

The heaven assaulting Khan, the Victor of the battle, the *sun of glory* Abdullah Khan.

✂ ✂ ✂ ✂

Your highness! as you have in mind to proceed to the court of the emperor of the world;

And you have picked up forty furious lions from the youths of Persian armies.

Although I do not belong to the rank of the lions, yet I hope from your favour that when you check the list of military soldiers, the name of Talib may be added to it.]

✂ ✂ ✂ ✂

[The pain of gout was the stone of my way; thanks to God that the heavy stone has been removed;

I do not feel that pain now which a week earlier had penetrated to the marrow of my bones

Now I am able to travel in company with my lord. Like Parrot I shall amuse my lord with retorts and repartees: like nightingale I shall chant melodies and sing praises.]

During the period of Mewar expedition Abdullah Khan remained unsparingly busy. He was a man of affairs; the exigencies of administration might have pressed him to return to his province; and it is highly probable, that he reappeared at Ahmedabad. Talib, who was obliged to stay there, composed a *qasidah* and offered his greetings:

مگش اخبار سعادت این آمد از آسمان آمد  
 که باغ ملک را خرم بهار بیخیزان آمد  
 دشنی گیاه تنیده امید را مشرده  
 که اینک ایرد رحمت پاکف دریا فشان آمد  
 همای امج عزت کرده بود از آشیان پرواز  
 بشکایف سعادت باز سوی آشیان آمد  
 دعای عاجزان و مستمندان کرد تشری  
 که عاجز پرور مسکین نواز مهربان آمد  
 چنان کر ایم ره خورشید باز آید سوی مشرق  
 ز راه اگره سوئی احمدآباد آنچنان آمد  
 چو رفت از دیده گجرات گویا نور بیرون شد  
 چو آمد باز گویی درتن گجرات جان آمد  
 چرا بر خود نیاید از شرف اکنون زمین هر دم  
 که خاک مقدم نواب عبداللہ خان آمد

[To the ears of the people of Gujrat came a good news from the sky, that a happy eternal spring had descended in the garden of the country.

Good news of freshness for the parched grass of hope! the cloud of grace with sea pouring palm has appeared.

The phoenix of zenith and dignity had flown from its nest; thank good fortune that it has returned to its abode.

The prayer of the poor and the needy being granted; the kind and liberal helper of the poor has returned.

He has come back to Ahmedabad via Agra as swiftly as the sun returns to the East from half the way.

When he left Gajrat; light seemed to have vanished and now he came back, as though life has returned to the body.

“Overwork and lack of holidays” is as fatal to poetry and fine arts as, according to a modern thinker, it brought “defeat to the Germans in the war.” Abdullah Khan could spare no time from his



military and other pursuits. Talib who had enjoyed the patronage of Mirza Ghazi and Mirza Chin Qilij, became thoroughly dissatisfied with his new patron. The latter, no doubt, treated the poet with agreeable and engaging manners; but no substantial marks of favour were bestowed, no monetary gains followed, the poet continued to be poor in state. Ultimately, he was forced to forsake the court of Abdullah Khan and took measures to relieve himself from that embarrassed state. He wrote a letter to the royal physician "Masihuz Zaman" (Sadra of Shiraz) and sought the physician's favour to obtain a job for him in the royal circle: --

رفتم که نوک خامه جواهر فشان کنم  
 آب گهر بجوی فصاحت روان کنم  
 آرم بدست قطعۀ از پرنیان خلد  
 و انگه بسوی مقصد اقصی روان کنم  
 لوحی تراشم از دل و بر صدر آن رقم  
 نام حکیم عهد مسیح الزمان کنم  
 آن آبروی گوهر دانش که درشاش  
 هر دم هزار نکته رنگین بیان کنم  
 گجرات را گذاشته کردم هوای هند  
 تا کسب فیض صحبت آن نکته د ان کنم  
 بیمار شوق اوست دل ناتوان من  
 زان هر نفس خر و شم و هر دم فغان کنم  
 آن به که رشته سان بسر انگشت اشتیاق  
 خود را بنامه پیچم و سویس روان کنم<sup>10</sup>

[I proceeded to spread gems from the lip of my pen and to shed the lustre of pearls from the stream of elegance.

I wish to take a silken scroll of paradise and to despatch it toward the *highest of my purpose*.

I wish to cut a slab from my heart and to engrave upon it the name of *Masihuz-Zaman*, the Physician of the ages.

He, the lustre of the pearl of wisdom, in whose presence a thousand colourful subtle lines every moment.

I wish to leave Gujrat and proceed to "India" in order to acquire grace from the company of that wise man.

My weak heart is sick of his longing that is why I lament and cry every moment.

It is better if I may be despatched inside the letter of his love twisted like a thread upon the finger of long hair.

Talib's efforts seem to have attained success, for early in 1024H/1615, he made his appearance at Ajmer where the emperor was staying with his court for the last few months, and where all the literary celebrities of the realm were assembled :

طائب زمير گلشن احمير چون نسيم  
مگذر خيال کن کہ بہ آہل نشستہ ايم<sup>11</sup>

'O Talib do not pass like breeze from the excursion of the garden of Ajmer; look as if we are sitting in Ajmer.

## VIII

### With Etimadud-Daulah

Talib's protracted wanderings terminated at Ajmer, where he obtained the goodwill of Etimadud-Daulah, that great dispenser of patronage, to whose favour he owed all his later distinctions. His career, ever since he came to India, had been interrupted by untoward circumstances. Many towns had seen his tramping progress, but none provided him with permanent shelter. After every one year or two, he shifted from place to place till, at length, having passed through eventful and even trying vicissitudes, his life took a bright course. He joined the service of the grand Vizir with delight and hope, and had the first clear glimpse of that prosperity which was his life's aim and desire. The pleasing manners of the elderly nobleman moved the young poet almost to adoration, and his enthusiastic admiration came out in a poem consisting of eleven verses:

بلبلی راشد مربی بوستان آرای نطق  
آن گرامی گوهر یکدانه دریای نطق  
شخص دانش اعتماد الدوله کز لطف و کرم  
می زهد دست کایمش کفش پیش پای نطق  
گر زیدی عیسی معجز بیان را در سخن  
بر لب او چشم دل بکشای در اثنای نطق  
چون زبان او شکر ریزد کرا حد مقال  
چون بیان او گهر بارد کرا یارای نطق

[That adorer of the garden of speech, that noble *Orient pearl* of the sea of oratory become patron of the *nightingale*.

Etimadud-Daulah! that person of wisdom, whose speech is being blessed by Moses with kindness and regard.

If you have not seen Jestro pādāman, and if he is not a dog, look toward him when he speaks.

When his tongue sprinkles sugar, none dares complain; if his eloquence scatters pearls, none can speak.

Talib's quick wit and fecundity of imagination soon made him popular in the society of poets and men of letters, who were assembled at the emperor's court at Ajmere. But this reputation was soon to be marred by jealous reaction. It excited the jealousy of many people among whom the poet, Shaida of Patliput, held a position of eminence. Shaida had acquired a notoriety as a poet among his contemporaries and he desired to be remembered in Mughal poetry for his remarkable satires. His ambition for the frightened every one; and once his malignity was provoked, it was impossible to appease him till his rival was covered with the most sarcastic lampoons. He ridiculed the poet Haini with a poem.<sup>1</sup> There was another incident that took place in the presence of Shah J-han: "Shaida" asked Shah J-han, "Between you and Haziq, who is the better poet?" Shaida pointed toward the secretary of the prince, Rai Pai Das by name, who scribbled the most absurd verses; "Please your Majesty! Rai Pai Das is better than both of us."<sup>2</sup> Shaida gave vent to his spleen against Talib in the following burlesque:

شب و روز مخدمنا طالبها  
 پنه جیفه دنیوی در تگ است  
 مگر قول پیغمبرش یاد نیست  
 که دنیا است مردار و طالب سگ است

[Our lord Talib is engaged day and night in quest of a worldly preferment.

Perhaps he does not know the Prophet's saying: "*the world is impure and its Talib (seeker) is a dog.*" ]

1. این رطب و یا بسی که بود در کلام تو،  
 گر منکر کلام الهی شوم رواست

2. Ahmad Ali Sandilavi, *Makhlzatul Gawaiib*, Vol. II P. 265 MS. III, Aligarh 2428-8

He censured a *qasida* of Haji Mohammad Jan Qudsi, and simultaneously challenged the literary merits of all the Persians which raged a controversy involving all the literary luminaries of the age. Infact it was beyond the power of a single individual to grapple with this formidable mocker. A combined attack was therefore planned, in which all the spirited wits of the age took part and Talib joined the sortie. The unforgiving victims of Shaida's malevolent sarcasm were determined to teach him a lesson and they banded together to avenge their individual discomfiture and humiliation. The *Makhzanul-Ghrayeb* has recorded the evidence of an eye witness, who was himself a party to the literary feud :

درشہور سنہ اربع و عشرين و الف کہ اردوی جهانگیری در بادہ طیبہ اجمیر رحل اقامت انداختہ بود و اکثر فضلاى امصار و شعرای ہر دیار در آن ایام خجستہ آغاز فرخندہ انجام کہ نو بہار روزگار و نو عروس اعصار توان گفت بموکب ہمایون مجتمع شدہ ہر روز در خانہ صحبتی ازین جماعہ و در ہر کاشاہ جشنی ازین طائفہ روی میداد ، منشی فیروز ( منشی شاعرزادہ شاہجہان ) بدین طور بیان واقعہ می کند کہ روزی بحسن اتفاق بعضی از اعزاء مثل انور لاهوری و ملاعطائی جونپوری و ملاطفیلی فتحپوری وغیرہ فضلاء و شعرای مثل طالب املی وغیرہ در بندہ خانہ گرم صحبت بودند، ناگاہ ملاشیدا از دور پیدا شد، چون اعزا از لاف بی معنی و گزاف لایعنی او دل پری داشتند ومی دانستند کہ اکثر مضامین مبتذل مانند فرزندان متبہنی در لباس زیبا آراستہ بہ نظر مردم جلوہ میدہد، قرار دادند کہ استدعای انشازو نمایند و بندہ ( منشی فیروز ) کہ پارہ از اشعار حال و قدمای صاف مقال بہ خاطر دارد با او ہمزبانی کند ؛ وقتی کہ قریب بزمگاہ کہ فی الحقیقت بزمگاہ قرار یافتہ بود رسید اعزا اظہار بشاشت کردند و چند قدم از جای خود انتقال و تا حاشیہ فرش استقبال کردہ او را بہ اعزاز و اکرام تمام آوردہ بالا دست نشانیدند و ہر کدام ازین یاران سحر بیان شروع در تعریف ذہن و زبان او کردہ التماس نمودند کہ چند شعر تازہ و برجستہ از واردات طبع بخواند ؛ فرمود :

حسن را پروردگاری عشق را پیغمبری  
حسن را پروردگاری عشق را پیغمبری

در این شعر به مراتب به از شعر پرودگی است:

عشق را گر پیغمبری ایکن  
حسن را نفرید کار توئی

روی درهم پیچید و مطابقاً التفت بر این حروف نه نموده  
خواند:

ز بسکه گره غمت کرد بر جگر ناخن  
چوپست ماهیم از پای تابه سر ناخن

گفتم این مطلع از فرد غیثای حلوائی چرب و شیرین تراست،

از بسکه سینه کدم و ناخن درو نشست  
چون پست ماهی است سرپای سینه ام

برهم خورد و طعنه بر شعر فہمی فقیر و اعزا زده بر خواند:

گر بصجرا موفشانی دست پرسنبل شود  
وربه دریا رو بشوی خارماهی گل شود

گفتم ملاکاتہی دو بیست سال پیش ازین به مولوی توارد زده:

گر بدریا افتد از عکس جمال او فروغ  
خار ماهی آورد در قعر دریا بار گل

تا این بیت از زبان بنده بر آمده بود شروع در ہرزہ گوئی کرد کہ  
اگر ستم ظریفی میکنند مضمون در برابر این بیت بخوانند:

ذات تو بود صحیفہ کون کہ کرد  
از روی ادب مہر خدا بر پشت

گفتم یاران انصاف دهید، ہاتھی صدو بنجاہ سال پیش از آنکہ این  
گوہر آبدار در خزانہ گفتار مولوی در آید دزدی کردہ ربودہ باشد، دیگر گنہ  
مولوی چیست :

نبوت را توی آن نامہ درمشت  
کہ از تعظیمش آید مہر بر پشت

یاران بی اختیار در قہقہ افتادند، از انجا کہ درشت گوئی جہانی او  
(شیدا) بود بر سردشنام و فحش آمد :

[In the year 1024 H. when the armies of Jehangir were quartered in the Holy city of Ajmer, many scholars of the realm and versifiers from far and near assembled at the royal camp in those days (of auspicious beginning and lucky end; may we call them the spring season of the times and the bride of the ages.) Every day these people used to meet at a certain house—assemblies were arranged and feasts were held. Munshi Firoz (the secretary of Prince Shah Jehan) states the event as follows 'one day, by good chance, friends like Anwar of Lahore, Mulla Atai of Jawnpur, Mulla Tufaili of Fatchpur and other scholars; and poets like Talib of Amul were present at my house. Suddenly Mulla Shaida appeared from afar. As all friends were fed up with his idle boasts and superfluous verbosities, and they understood that he presents cheap ideas like adopted sons in gaudy guise. They, therefore, conspired to request Shaida for a recital of his verses; and I (Munshi Firoz) who having in memory numerous verses of living and ancient poets, was to point out Shaida's plagiarism. As Shaida approached the assembly which was, infact, to be turned into a field of duel, all friends welcomed him with ostensible honour and made him sit in the highest place. Then all the friends exhausted their fund of eloquence in applauding his mind and tongue and made a request to recite a few of his fresh and spontaneous verses. Thereupon he recited:—

What is rosy wine ? You know ! a perfumed essence, a god of beauty, a prophet of love.

'That verses,' I said, is better in degrees than the verse of Rudaki :—

'Although thou art prophet of love, yet thou art god of beauty.'

He turned his head and without paying the least attention to it, further recited :

'In your grief I have so much scratched my liver with finger-nails that from head to foot I am like a scaly fish.'

3. *Makhzanul Gharib* Vol. II P. 215,

I said: that verse is more eloquent and wiser than the verse of Ghiyasa-i-Halwai:

‘I have so much scratched my cheeks and finger-nails, that it has all become like the body of

He was very much upset and sneered at my poetic ties and those of other friends; and went out:

‘If you my beloved, spready on loam in the jungle, it will be filled with *sambhul*; and if you wash your face in the sea, the scales of the fish will be turned into roses.’

I retorted: Mulla Kavibi, two hundred years earlier, had copied an identical verse from our *Makhlûq Shadi*:

‘If the shadow of the glamour of her beloved’s beauty fell over the sea, the scales of all the fish in the sea would bloom into roses.’

As I finished this verse, he boomed his tongue over me and said, ‘Let me see your funny monotonous at you can produce a verse opposite to it:—’

‘Your entity is the Book of Universe, and as a mark of respect God made a seal on your back.’

‘O Friends!’ I said, ‘Hatibi, one hundred and fifty years earlier, plagiarised and robbed our *Makhlûq* of such a precious pearl.’

‘You bear to prophecy such a Book in your Land, which bears, as a mark of respect, Divine seal on the back.’

All friends, upon it broke into roaring laughter, and Shaida started scurrilous abuses.’

From Ajmere Talib marched in company with the royal retinue toward the city of Mandu in the Deccan. Jehangir left Ajmere on Tuesday, Nov. 10, 1616<sup>4</sup> and after a leisurely journey of more than four months entered Mandu on March 6, 1617 A.D.<sup>5</sup>

Taqi Auhadi mentions many names of the accompanying poets with whom he made acquaintance on the way:—

مولانا سروزی پردی است در راه ماندو اورا دیدیم واز ماندو باما  
رفقت داشت..... و دران راه بده با عارف و طالب و حکیم رکنا قصیده  
پنج ردیف طرح کرده بودیم،

4. Beni Prashad *History of Jehangir* P. 277.

5. Taqi Auhadi, *Anfutul Akhbar* MS. HJ Aligarh.



[Molana Saruri is from Yezd. We met him on our way to Mandu; and from Mandu he was in company with us. On the way I with Arif, Talib and Hakim Rukna composed an ode of Pentagonal rhyme endings.

The emperor left Mandu on a tour of the Province of Gujrat, and after halting for ten days at Cambay, he entered Ahmedabad on January 5, 1618.<sup>6</sup> Soon after the emperor's arrival the city was overtaken by an epidemic. "Almost every one was tortured by inflammatory fevers or pains for a few days. Most of the people recovered, but suffered from pathetic feebleness for weeks together. Jehangir himself had an attack, He recovered in two days, but continued to feel weak for many more days. The epidemic was ascribed to the exceptional heats and resultant corruption of the air." The disease was experienced by the poet himself:—

ز اقتضای هوا های مختلف یک چند  
 مرض کشید تنم را بدوق بر بستر  
 سپاه تب حشر آورده بر سواد تنم  
 چنانکه شعله کشد بر دیار خس اشکر  
 حرارتی زمسامات دل بسینه شتافت  
 که گر به بحر روی خویش رانمودی بر  
 حرارتی که اگر بر تو افکند به جحیم  
 عرق چکان شود اندام شعله های تر  
 قضا ز کثرت بیس دماغ ساخت مرا  
 زشام تابه سحر دیده باز چون عنبر  
 سموم گشتی در ساعت از حرارت تب  
 اگر فگندی بر پیکرم نسیم گذر  
 زبانگ العطش جان تشنه طبع غیور  
 زبان گزیدی و کردی گدائی کوثر

6. Beni prashad, Supra.

هزار شکر که آن شعله های جانسوزم  
 گداز نمانده شرابی بچشم خاک سیر  
 ملی سعیت چنانم که گر کشم آهی  
 شود مجرا غم نماند تم یکسر  
 بسکه بر جسمم گشته استخوان ظاهر  
 هما چو بیدم از دور تا بدم برس  
 نماید قدرت بیمار خفتم زین پس  
 ترحمی که شدم نقش بالش بستر

[By the effect of disagreeable climate, my body was afflicted with a severe illness and confined to bed.]

Fever in army stormed my body as if flame attacks a heap of straw.

Such heat from the pores of heart came out of Chest, that if it were passed to sea it would have dried away.

If the sun were to recollect such heat, it would melt into a handful of water and fall down from the locks of morning.

If hell were over-shadowed with such a heat, sweat would pour forth from its blazing body. (Its blazing body would be saturated with sweat.)

If breeze were to pass over my body, it would have become hot in a moment.

By the cry of thirst my jealous nature bit the tongue and begged water of the river of paradise.

A thousand thanks! that the effects of that life-consuming flames of illness are healing.

But I have grown so weak that if I breath a sigh, my woe-stricken body is wrecked into pieces.

The bones of my body have so appeared clear that Huma (bone eater) dashes from a far over my head.

Illness has so reduced my energy that while asleep, I look like an impression on the pillow of my bed.

The above poem is a nice specimen of the presentation of truth, in his poetic style, which is verified by other sources in similar words:

“This pestilence makes the bodies of men there which are visited with it, like a house, which on a sudden is covered all over with fire at once.”<sup>8</sup> Thoroughly disgusted with the climate, the emperor started from Ahmedabad on September 2, 1618:—

The dislike and resentment poured forth by the emperor<sup>9</sup> in that unusual manner gained wide popularity in the entire camp. Talib's quatrain is an echo of the similar sentiment:—

دور از تو ز شهر خاطر شاد گریخت  
عشرت چون برق عیش چون باد گریخت  
از بسکه نهاد روبه ویرانی ملک  
آباد ز نام احمد آباد گریخت

[Away from thee! Happiness has fled away from the city;  
Joy like lightning and pleasure is passed like wind.

The country is turned so much desolate that Ahmedabad has remained minus Abad.]

The prevalence of the plague at Agra caused the whole court and the camp to stay at Fatehpur Sikri upto April, 1619. It was at this place that Munshi Fitoz, that literary champion, who had vanquished the mocker, Shaida, interviewed Talib:—

در شہور ۱۰۲۹ ہجری کہ رایات ظفر آیات از خطہ گجرات  
مراجعت نموده بہ بادہ دارالسور فتحپور نزول فیض وصول ارزانی فرمود  
بنابر استماع چند بیت از نتایج طبیعت سلامتہ الفصحا ملک الشعرا طالب  
املی دل سخن پذیر را سخن دل پذیر گریبان گیر گر دیدہ من و درویشی

8. Rev. Edward Terry P. 226.

9. *Tuzak Jehangiri*:—

در حیر تم کہ بائی این شہر را چہ لطافت و خوبی منظور بودہ کہ  
در چہین سر زمین بی فیض شہر ساختہ . . . پیش ازین احمد آباد را  
گردآباد گفتہ بودم الحال نمی دانم کہ سمو مستان نام ہم یاریدار ستان خوانم  
یا ز قوم زار گویم یا جہنم آباد ، کہ شامل جمیع صفات است

تاریخی بود که در آن کتاب که حمید همچو حباب در آنجا برپا بود، روان  
 بود و در آن کتاب معکف در در بر روی غیر بسته با کتاب صحبت داشت.  
 آن کتاب فحش و سرانجام معاند دیدیم که فرشته است به آب و گل  
 در آن کتاب در محتای است در این هفته ..... در آن کتاب در بغل  
 گرفت، و در آن کتاب در آن کرده که در آن کتاب واکرد، و اجزای اشعار و  
 لفظی مسوده بر آورده با یکدیگر کرم صحبت بودیم درین اثنا میرزای  
 جعفری گریه چشمی پشیم خشمی زرد روی ایله روی دیوان خاقانی بدست  
 جهت بغیم آمد، طالب گفت میرزا امروز مرا معذور دارید که مردی  
 حسدردی زفته ام میخوامم که دل خالی کنم، گفتم راست برای صحبت  
 دوکس کهوسه کس بسیار، اما بواسطت کتاب صحبت بهتر می توان  
 داشت و میرزا دانشیده شروع در تعالیم قصیده کرد.

در پرده دل آمد دامن کشان خیالش

جان شد خیال بازی در پرده وصالش

و چون از فرد،

در مرکز مشث نگرفته ربع مسکون

فرید اوج مریخ از تیغ مه صفالش

سرسری گذشت گفتم معنی این بیت چه فهمیده اند میرزا مانند شارک  
 بیچاره دهن باز ماند، طالب خود متصدی بیان معنی گردید، از آنجا که او  
 شعر محض بود و حالت، فضیلت نداشت از عهده جواب برنیامده شروع در  
 لاطائل کرد فقیر را بمقتضای جوانی که انتهای کمال نا دانی است خنده  
 آمد، طالب از جادر آمده گفت این قسم شعر را در هندوستان شما بدرس  
 می خوانید و من بناخن پای می نویسم، گفتم شعر گوئی دیگر است و شعر  
 فهمی دیگر، ازین حروف بیشتر آزرده شده او از آن طرف صوفی وار سر

بهزائوئے تفکر فرو برد، و من ازین طرف شرمسار سر خجالت در پیش انداختم؛  
آخر من از کرده خود پشیمان شده فکری اندیشیدم که تقریری بر  
انگیخته او راباز بر سر حرف بیارم و تلافی گفتگو نموده برخیزم گفتم  
پرروز کدام شعر ملازمان در محفل پادشاهی مذکور بود که فضلاء فصیح  
زبان و شعرای بلیغ بیان بر آن گرفتگی کردند؟ خوانند:

عنبر افسرده ام در پرده دارم بوئی خوش  
چون به مهرم گرم می سازند بوئی میدهم

نواب خانی آصف مکانی فرمودند که افسرده بر چیزی اطلاق توان کرد  
که خشک شود و بهم بر آید و عنبر این قسم نیست، فضلاء و شعرا همه  
تصدیق قول ایشان نمودند، گفتم قدما لفظ افسرده را بر سنگ اطلاق کرده اند  
چنانچه خاقانی گوید

ورد تو این بس است که یا غیث الغیات

کز فیض او بسنگ افسرده رسد نما

شگفته شد و گفت برای من این بیت را بر پارچه بنویسید، بموجب  
گفته او عمل نموده جراحت جانبین را اندمال داده بر خاستم<sup>11</sup>

{In the year 1029 (H.) when the victorious banners of royal re-  
tinue were returning from Gujrat, the royal camp was quartered  
in the city of Fatchpur (the abode of joy.) As I had heard a few  
compositions of Talib-i-Amuli, the poet laureate, my poesy-loving  
heart persuaded me to enjoy his pleasant verses. I and a certain  
*Dereish* proceeded to his tent, which was pitched like a bubble  
near a tank. He was busy with the study of a book, sitting like a  
hermit with doors closed on unfamiliar beings. The essentialities  
of salutation and the formalities of embracing being performed,  
we found him an angel compounded with water and clay, and a  
spiritual being disguised in dress. He embraced me close in his  
arms, stretched his hand and loosened my belt. Then he brought  
all his pieces of compositions and papers of manuscript; and we  
indulged in a hot conversation. Meanwhile a certain *Mirza*, some  
disgusting fellow, with a cat's looks and panther's growl, yellow  
faced and foolish mein, appeared forth with *Diwan of Khaqani* in

11. *Makhzanul Gharib* Vol. II P, 48,

his hand. He insisted upon the poet to teach him. Talib replied: "Mirza! today excuse me, I have received a *shikasta* from my lord and I wish to pour out my heart." Thereupon I said: "If you and I, two persons for an assembly are less and three are more on both sides, we shall have a good time over the *shikasta*. So I consent to teach the *Qasida*; and when he came to this verse, which I passed carelessly, I pointed out: "What do you understand of the meaning of that verse?" The poor Mirza remained with his mouth like a shark. Talib himself began to express the meaning. As he was merely a versifier and was immature in learning, he failed to make a satisfactory expression and balled into perplexity. I, due to my youthfulness which is the age of extreme impetuosity, was provoked into laughter. Talib was discomposd and said: "In Hindostan teach these verses in lessons, and I compose such trifles with the nail of my foot. I replied: "Composition of verse is different from understanding of verse." By this piercing remark of mine he felt grieved and became silent. On the other hand, I was ashamed and bowed my head in remorse. At last, I was sorry for my impudent conduct and thought out a way to recommence the conversation by inciting him to talk again, tendering my apology before leaving him. I began: "Day before yesterday which verse of my lord was criticised in the royal assembly about which all the scholars of elegant language and versifiers of eloquent speech had raised objection. He replied: "I quoted Khaqani which pleased him and I came out."

## VI

### Interview With Emperor Jehangir

Talib cultivated his genius under the patronage of Etimadud-Daulah, the grand vizir, who did not limit his kindness to common and casual benevolence. The vizir proposed to establish the poet in a settled scheme of life, and made him his own "keeper of the seal," a situation of considerable dignity and emoluments. The assumption of that office consumed Talib's whole time in ciphering and deciphering the State papers, which passed between the grand vizir and the entire Mughal government. But these tough responsibilities were wholly incompatible with his nature. He was accustomed to the carefree life of a poet and hated to be regularly employed in the monotonous and cheerless business of state. He began to be casual in the performance of his duties which affected the whole administration adversely. So in a few days' time the poet deemed it more honourable on his part to make a request for being relieved of his charge. This apology was submitted in a poem :

زهی سرفرازی که در رتبه زبید  
کمین چاکران ترا تاجداری  
جهان صاحبها گفتگو نیست بر لب  
سزد گر دمی گوش زین بنده داری  
ظریفانه عرضیست دارد شنیدن  
کند گر دماغ خداوند یاری  
دو صنف اند اهل طبیعت که هر گز  
ندارند باهم سر ساز گاری  
یکی را فرو مایگی کرده شاعر  
یکی را بزرگی و عالی تباری

داری در شمع کشته دادی این ره  
 بکی مرا جوانی و هنگامه داری  
 بکی اضطراب است انشائی نظمش  
 بکی راست شغل سبزی اختیاری  
 گویا شاعر و سیرزا شاعری هست  
 ندانم مرا برچه دنجار داری  
 بگووان معنی هزار فتوحیم  
 بمنصب چه شد ایستم گر دزاری  
 مهر همه علامه روز گارم  
 ولی از رسوم جهان سخت عاری  
 ایمن زانین دیوان بدتر چه کارم  
 مرا شاعری زبید و می گساری  
 بمن خدمت مدح فرمودن اولی  
 که بس عاشقم بر جواهر نثاری  
 ز شاعر ثنا سنجی آید نه خدمت  
 که بلبل نوا خزان بود نی شکاری  
 ز آبدی دوران ترا دارم و بس  
 چه آبی چه خاکی چه نوری چه ناری  
 ثنای تو خوانم پس از حمد بزدان  
 دعائیتو گویم پس از شکر باری  
 منت بنده داغدار قدیمم  
 بخادم کنون مهر خود می سپاری  
 چو مهر تو دارم چه حاجت به مهرم  
 مرا مهر داری به از مهر داری  
 حق اینست اما زجر می که رفته  
 همه انعام همه شرمساری



همین خجلتم دور دارد ز خدمت  
 چو ابلیس مجرم ز درگاه باری  
 وگرنه همه طالب حق شناسم  
 ز سرتا قدم شوق خدمت گذاری<sup>۱</sup>

{Blessed be your grandeur that in dignity your meanest servants deserve royalty.

Lord of the world, I have a request to make it you pay your kind attention to it for a moment.

I submit with wit worth hearing; may it please my lord's disposition.

Poets are of two types –and the one bears not the other any resemblance.

The one scribbles due to his distress; the other gratifies his nobleness and high birth.

The one is directed toward this way be greed; the other by youthfulness and irrepressible spirit.

The one composes poetry by way of compulsion; the other abides by it involuntarily,

Beggars are poets as well as the nobles are; I know not with whom you reckon me.

In the garden of verse I am an elegant *nightingale*, so it matters not if I do not possess the *mansab* of a thousand,

In every knowledge I am the scholar of the day; but I hate the formalities of the world.

I am not an administrator, what shall I do with the office, I deserve musing and drinking.

I best prefer the service of singing praise, as my only love is to scatter pearls.

A poet can be fit as a praise-singer; for a nightingale is not a bird of prey but a singer of melodious notes.

Among all the creatures of clay, water, fire and air I have your kindness.

After praising God I sing in your praise; I pray for you after thankfulness to Him.

I am your acknowledge slave since long; now you have entrusted me with the seal of office.

1. *Diwan*

As I have your love I need not vomit  
 better than keeping of seal.

Indeed for this blunder which I have  
 ashamed and all apology.

That remorse keeps me away from your presence  
 from God's proximity.

Otherwise I am the same submissive Talib  
 longing for service.]

The resignation was accepted; and Talib returned to his amusements and preoccupations. Poetry was the only profession which nature seemed to have designed him. And the other poets were impressed by the colloquial wit of the poet, and even Talib's Qasim Dayanat Khan. This nobleman once invited Talib to the emperor. He applauded the poet's merit and called for him for a private interview with him. The poet went to the palace fortifying himself with "Mylamul" a strong cocktail of wine and other narcotic compounds. But in his anxiety to overcome Talib seems to have over-dosed himself and presented a drunkard in the royal presence. Had there been another poet in place of Jehangir, he would have spurned the poet for thus siphoning the imperial indulgence through intoxication. But Jehangir looked on him with silent-smiles. While the other poets, whom the appearance of Talib had mortified, took it as a rare occasion toavenge themselves. They darted fiery looks and passed insulting remarks, and laughed in their sleeves at their common rival. The poet came out of the royal assembly utterly depressed and broken in spirits. The effect, however, gradually subsided and he regained his mental vigour. He spent a sleepless night wafting on the wings of poesy and submitted the following poem to Dayanat Khan the next morning:

زهی ستوده کلامی که نفس ناطقه را  
 به پیش طوطی نطقت زبان بود الکن  
 چه اصفها که نمودی ومی نمائی نیز  
 به هر غریب و مسافر علی الخصوص بمن  
 نخست آنکه چو در غربتم نظر کردی  
 به مهر بردی از خاطرم هوای وطن

دویم کہ جو ہر ذاتم چونیک سنجیدی  
 درم خرید خودم ساختی بہ خلق حسن  
 سویم کہ پایہ نظم چو دیدی افشانی  
 بہ فرقم از گل تحسین متاع صد گاشن  
 چہارم این کہ بہ بزم شہنشم بردی  
 چو دل بہ پراوی خود ساختی مرامسکن  
 توانچہ باید کردی وایک طالع شوم  
 بدستیاری گردون نفاق زد بامن  
 بہ بست نطق مرا بخت بد و زان بستم  
 کشود بر من ہم دوست طعنه ہم دشمن  
 کرا گمان کہ چومن استعارہ پر دازی  
 بصد زبان فصاحت زبان شود الکن  
 کرا گمان کہ چومن شوخ طبع طنازی  
 بیک جهان سمت زیر کی شود گو دن  
 دو چیز مہر زبان سخنوری گردید  
 مرا بہ بزم شہنشاہ خوش عیار سخن  
 یکی زبوتی طالع کہ دائم از اثرش  
 بہر دیار قریم بہ گونه گونه سخن  
 دگر زیادتی نشہ نامش را  
 نمی توانم از شرم برابر آوردن  
 ادا صریح کنم تا گمان مئی نہ بری  
 چرا کہ شستہ ام ازوی بہ ہفت آب دهن  
 مفرحی زدہ بودم بقصد گفتن شعر  
 عروج نشہ او کرد ہرچہ کرد بہ من  
 بہ بزم پادشہم زان زبان نمی گردید  
 کہ گشتہ بود مرا خشک ازان لعاب دهن

سخن نشنا پیش تو چون برآرم سر  
 کز انفعال بزم غوطه خورده درگردن  
 گناه طاع من کرد ایک من شده ام  
 بجرم طاع خود مستحق دارورسن<sup>2</sup>

[Blessed be your sweet words; before the parrot of your speech the eloquent spirit grows dumb.]

Of the countless favours that you have bestowed and still bestow on every passers by specially on me, first is that that when you found me in a foreign land, your kind solicitude cured me of home-sickness.

Your second favour : You recognised my genius and by your nice conduct made me your slave.

The third is that you rewarded the dignity of my verse by showering flowers of praise over my head.

The fourth is that you escorted me to the royal assembly and made me sit there like heart in your side.

You did what was worth doing, but my misfortune abetted by (malicious) skies played a contrary role.

My evil luck bound my speech and due to that all friends and foes alike sneered at me.

Who could suspect that a dispenser of metaphors like me, with a hundred words of elegance playing at his tongue, would go dumb ?

Who could suspect that I, a jolly soul, would lose all intelligence and wit and would give a fool's show.

Two objects sealed my tongue of eloquence in the assembly of the king.

Two one was my bad luck whose effect has always distressed me at every place.

The other was the intoxication of a narcotic, the name of which my shame prevents me to mention.

I had taken up 'Mufarrh' for excitation of musing; its intoxication did what it did to me.

In the royal assembly I could not move my tongue because my mouth was dried up,

My neck is your neck! How can I raise before you my head which  
is immortal, sink under the neck,

My neck was filthy, but in its stead I deserve the rope and  
collar,

The failure of that scheme had left no room left except to ask the  
question: *Edin-dud-Daridhi* and their favour was not sufficient. His  
name, *Musa* was a man of extremely polite and agreeable nature. He  
was kind, very generous, and candid; and deserves to be remembered  
in his biography as much for his virtues, wit, culture, and education,  
as for his noble and station. He came to the poet's home late in the  
evening, to supply food, and assisted him, and spent all his time in  
poetry, to his great credit. His patronage, though hardly paid up the poet's  
poetry. Although, in the very beginning, there was a little quarrel  
between the two poets, but that stage, as the poet's words  
indicate: "Tuzhi-III 161a. "To be really considered through the course of  
years" – his name, and compared his challenge – about all the great  
names of Eastern Muse. At this time he also made a verbal expression  
of his life desire which hidden behind a paradoxical line. His  
life's aim was to be crowned as "King of the realm of poetry":

خانه هائی بکف بد گرفتیم از طبع منیر  
نه زلم ایرنگ صد منی بیک تار حیرت  
نیست چون من کشین طبعی بد از الماک خاک  
وین سخن بر منبر اولاک می گویم دایر  
طالب جادو خیم کز مقالات فصیح  
رشک خاقانی ست بر من چون پرورشک انیر

(1) *Avdihillipi Nesavati Musa* – *Uyghur* Vol. I, P. 173

اعتقاداً ادواء اگر چه شعر منی گفت اما طبع شعرا هفتدهین بسیار گزیده  
در انشا بد طولی داشت؛ شکسته را مقین و ابداری نوشت و خوش محاوره  
و رنگین صحبت شکفته رو بود، جهانگیر بادشاه می گفت که صحبت او بد از  
هزار مفرح یا قوتی است؛

ہر کلمہ سے صدائے معنی حاضریم  
 ہر کلمہ سے صدائے معنی حاضریم  
 ہر کلمہ سے صدائے معنی حاضریم  
 ہر کلمہ سے صدائے معنی حاضریم  
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 ہر کلمہ سے صدائے معنی حاضریم  
 ہر کلمہ سے صدائے معنی حاضریم  
 ہر کلمہ سے صدائے معنی حاضریم

[My bright fancy gave in my hand the pen of *Mir* /  
hundred images of meaning on a single thread /

I can declare with courage / on the zenith of high spirit /  
Earth possesses not a single man of fiery spirit like me /

My enchanting thought and elegant diction has made *Abu* /  
as jealous of me as *Abu* envied him /

If *Anwari* be the hero of the field I am his rival /  
*Faryabi* is there to challenge me let him come to match /

Were the Arabs to smell the essence of my elegance /  
of *Abu* and *Jari* would revive /

But for my pen there is no precedence that the boy of a day /  
two obliterated all the moments with the lustre of his verse /

In my poetry there is not the faintest error as I have drunk  
from the cup of fancy and my intoxication can tame the lion /

If the Vazir's training continues to sweeten my palate, I hope by his auspicious luck to become the *king of the realm of poetry* very soon.

Etimadud-Daulah the dawn of bounty, whose mirror of fancy dazzles the mirror of sun.]

To fulfil this desire was nothing impossible for a man who exercised supreme influence in all the affairs of State. Consequently, a proposal was made to confer upon Talib the rank and dignity of laureateship. The author of *Iqbalnama* has left to posterity an account of the bounties which the people received liberally from Etimadud-Daulah:<sup>5</sup>

It was Saturday the 10th of Behman (Safar, 1029H 1619) that the emperor bestowed upon Talib a special robe of honour and nominated him as poet Laureate. That ceremony took place at Kalanaur,<sup>6</sup> where the emperor was staying on his way to Kashmir. Its record has been left in the emperor's own hand :

درین تاریخ طالب آملی بخطاب ملک الشعرائی خلعت امتیاز پوشید، اصل او از آمل مازندران است یکچندی به عتمادالدوله می بود، چون رتبه سخنش از همگنان در گذشت در سلک شعرای پائیتخت منتظم گشت؛

[On this date Talib-i-Amuli received the robe of honour with the title of poet-laureate. His origin is from Amul in Mazandran. He was with Etimadud-Daulah for a while. As the rank of his poetry surpassed all, he was taken in the circle of royal poets.]

A number of people, however, could not see this installation and preferment of Talib to the laureateship without much discontent and indignation. They denounced him in common assemblies, and spilt their spleen in satires and redicules :

« چون خطاب ملک الشعرائی به طالب رسید بر علورتبت اوشیدا و

5. Mutamid Kh *Iqbal Nama*

از غلامان و خانه زادان و منتسبان این سلسله متنفسی نماند که بمنصب و جاگیر خاطر خواه کامروا نه شد

6. A town in Punjab

4 *Tuzak Jehangiri* P, 286

دیکر ہمیشہ ان رشک پر دہہ گفتند خوشا حال گذشتگان کہ ملک الشعراء  
 دنیا سے پہلے جہان برفتند۔

[When the title of laureateship was conferred on Talib, his high rank aroused jealousy in Shaida and many others and they said, 'Our elders were fortunate who passed away from this world before seeing Talib as poet laureate'.

---

8. Shir Khan Lodi : *Miratul Khayal*, MS. Aligarh.



### Laureateship

Talib fulfilled the duties of the post Laureateship in a manner honourable to his talents and character. His various duties were to record the social and political events and to compose verses for all the official and state functions. The *Dab-e-Jahangiri* contains the poems in praise of the entire "Nurjehan Jangir". The hunting expeditions of Jehangir have been repeatedly narrated in various parts of the work even bears the praise of the shooting skill of prince Salim Jahangir. The poet started his career as an adventurer and rose to take an established place among the versifiers of his age which is an undoubted proof of his uncommon genius.

No definite record as regards the poet's salary is available today. But the Mughal Court where poets and wits "became" courtiers, received Jigirs, and obtained "cash grants" or "gold rods".<sup>1</sup> The royal poet was never at a loss. Jehangir rewarded at least four talented men of his court with their body weight of silver. Ustad Mubarriz Nai (the Minstrel) was weighed against silver equal to Rs. 6,500 on Monday, the 12th *Uddi Bahist*, 1024H/1617. Only within the borders of that date the balance was again fixed for weighing Mulla Asad, the story teller; but he was lighter than his former rival, as his weight did not exceed Rs. 4,400. The poet, Salim-i-Gilani, was ordered by his royal patron to be weighed against silver on Saturday, the 14th *Shab-e-r*, 1027H/1617. Jyotok Roy, the royal astrologer, received a similar honour in the 2nd week of *Uddi Bahist*, 1030H/1620, and was weighed for Rs. 6,500. The astrologer experienced a rare good fortune, of course, as only four months later, he was again weighed a second time on Monday the 12th *Shab-e-r*, 1030H/1620. Besides receiving Rs. 7,000, an obvious increase in weight, he was paid additional 500 gold *Mohars*.

1. Hadi Hasan *Mughal poetry* P. 42

2. *Tuzak Jahangiri* pp. 185, 240, 320, 355

for the head of the cathedral, *caput ecclesie*, which was the title of the bishop. All such letters were written in a special script, called the *scriptura regularis*, and the *capitulum* of a cathedral was the chapter.

The chapter of a cathedral was the group of the canons of the cathedral system, drawn from the *secular clergy*. The *capitulum* of the cathedral was the group of the *secular clergy*, drawn from the *secular clergy*. The *capitulum* of the cathedral was the group of the *secular clergy*, drawn from the *secular clergy*. The *capitulum* of the cathedral was the group of the *secular clergy*, drawn from the *secular clergy*. The *capitulum* of the cathedral was the group of the *secular clergy*, drawn from the *secular clergy*.

ذو القعدة ۳۰ دی، روز زعفران در ایام کربلا گریه تریب یافت، حسین حسین و صحابه شاعر چندانی که شعر در گم شایسته بود همیشه در ایام ذی قعدة معطر می ساختند.

From the above account we may see that the *capitulum* was the group of the *secular clergy*, drawn from the *secular clergy*. The *capitulum* of the cathedral was the group of the *secular clergy*, drawn from the *secular clergy*. The *capitulum* of the cathedral was the group of the *secular clergy*, drawn from the *secular clergy*.

The name of *Jubilee* is derived from the name of the *jubilee* and *opium*, *juva* and *dispeti* which have been taken together to mean a theurgic festival in honour of the *jubilee*. The religious effect of the *jubilee* was a of the *jubilee* in the *jubilee*. *Jubilee* is a of the *jubilee* in the *jubilee*. *Jubilee* is a of the *jubilee* in the *jubilee*. *Jubilee* is a of the *jubilee* in the *jubilee*. *Jubilee* is a of the *jubilee* in the *jubilee*.

صاحب از شرف صحت ذات کو دیو کون  
همه در رقص بنکبف سکون شده اند  
تا مبارک تنت از درد بیخود زشته  
امل دل غنچه رش از پوسه برین شده اند

1. *Le Livre de la Vie*
2. *Ibid*
3. *Beni Physical History of J. 1900*

کف زنان رقص کنان مدح سریان مستان  
 بندگان بین که به درگاه تو چون آمده اند  
 شاهد دولت و ذات تو که جاویدان باد  
 هردو از یک در توفیق درون آمده اند  
 این دومه را بود از یک افق حسن طلوع  
 وین دو طاؤس ز یک بیضه برون آمده اند<sup>6</sup>

[My master : The two worlds being hitherto static are dancing to greet your convalescence.

As your auspicious body has recovered from pain, the heart of the people is blooming like a bud with joy. See how your court is overfilled with your servants, all clapping their hands, singing and dancing.

The beloved of royalty and your entity (may it be eternal) have appeared together from a single door.

They are two moons arising from a single horizon of beauty ; they are two peacocks hatched from a single egg.]

Like his master the poet was also an opium-eater as he admits in the following quatrain.<sup>7</sup> It is well-known that Jehangir encouraged his associates to share his tastes. At this juncture, Talib's elder sister, Sittiu Nisa, arrived in India. She, presumably, seems to have escorted in her company the Poet's wife, for his two daughters were later on

6, *Diwan*

7, *Ibid*

بی نشئه افیون به تنم توشی نیست  
 این زهر گوارنده کم از نوشی نیست  
 ماشیست مرا خوراک افیون اما  
 ماشی که برابر که موشی نیست

The elder one was the wife of Aqil Khan, who became a widow. Her title increased by Shah Jehan with a change of title to "Mansur-ud-Daulat". The younger daughter was married to Zinuddin Khan, a nobleman of Kashi, a nobleman, having the title of "Rehmat Khan" and was given with a command of 1500 and 400 Horse.<sup>8</sup> It is significant that no other lady except Sittun Nisa Begam has been recorded among the Mughal nobility. She served the royal family in various capacities, first as seal bearer to Begam Sahib Jehan Ara, then as lady-in-charge of the palace, and ultimately she was made by Shah Jehan, the chief incharge of the affairs of royal Palace.<sup>9</sup>

Talib received the news of his sister's arrival when he was in the royal entourage. He was forced to request the emperor for the sanction of leave. The application was a fine piece of sublime expression.

اے بلند اخترا کہ سایہ تو  
 بہ ز خورشید خاور است مرا  
 صاحباً ذرہ پرورا عرضی  
 بز بان سخنور است مرا  
 پیر ہمشیرہ ایست غمخوارم  
 کہ باو مہرما در است مرا

8. *Masirul Umera* Vol. II, Pp. 790, 283

9. *Ibid* :—

خانم مذکور بہ خدمت گذاری ممتاز الزمانی امتیاز انداخت از انجا کہ بشیوہ زبانی و ادب شناسی متجلی بود و از مراسم خانہ داری و علم طب باخبر از سائر خدمتگاران قدیم گذرانیدہ بیایہ مہرداری رسید و چون از علم قرأت و سواد فارسی نامہا آگہی داشت بہ تعلیم بیگم صاحب مقرر شدہ سر باوج کیوان رسانید پس از فوت ممتاز الزمانی پادشاہ از راہ قدردانی صدارت محل بہ او تغویض فرمود ،

بر دل خسته زخم مرحمتش  
 مر هم زخم نشتر است مرا  
 در طبابت چو عیسی است ولی  
 مریم روح پرور است مرا  
 با چنین حالتی که من دارم  
 در خور و سخت در خور است مرا  
 چار ده ۱۴ سال بلکه بیش گذشت  
 کز نظر دور منظر است مرا  
 دور گشتم ز خدمتش به عراق  
 وین گنه جرم منکر است مرا  
 او نیاورد تاب دوری من  
 که به مادر برابر است مرا  
 مجلاً سویم از عراق آهنگ  
 کرد و این لطف داورست مرا  
 آمد اینک به اگره و ز شوقش  
 دل تپان چون کبوتر است مرا  
 گر شود رخصت زیارت او  
 بجہانی برابر است مرا  
 زانکہ توفیق یک زیارت او  
 به ز صد حج اکبرست مرا<sup>10</sup>

[You are an auspicious Star! your shadow is better than sun to me.

O Master, patron of the humble! I have a representation to make in eloquent language.

I have an old and sympathetic sister, who entertains for me a mother's love.

Her kindness to my distressed heart is as soothing as ointment to the wound.

In medicology she is a Messiah but her cure sing is refer like to my soul like that of Mary.

In curing my pains her every breath perfume "I" is a miracle.

In such a state through which I am passing she is better a extremely befitting to me.

Fourteen years or more have passed since my eye were parted from the sight of her face.

I was removed from her service in Iraq, and this sin is a grievous fault of mine.

She could not bear to remain away for me, for she is as a mother to me.

In brief she proceeded toward me from Iraq; and that is a Divine blessing.

She has come to Agra and in longing for her my heart flutters like a pigeon.

If leave may be granted me to visit her; it would be worth a world to me.

In fact the favour of a single visit to her is better than a hundred grand pilgrimages.]

The emperor Jehangir returned to Lahore from his second tour in Kabul on the 7th. of *Aban*, (*Safar* 1036H, 1626).<sup>11</sup> That was his journey's end : there the Great Mughal was destined to rest for ever. At this place the Poet laureate passed away an year before the death of his patron.<sup>12</sup> The author of *Miratul Khayal* informs us about the place of his death :

مر قدش در یکی از دیهات لاهور واقع است،<sup>13</sup>

While the *Miratul Alam* cites an anonymous chronogram which gives the date :

حشرش به علی ابن ابی طالب باد « ۱۰۴۰ »<sup>14</sup>

[May his resurrection be with Ali Son of Abi Talib 1040]

To eliminate the mistake of the scribe and to make out the exact date of death the chronogram may be written as follows :—

11. Mohd. Hadi, *Tuzuk*, P. 412

12. Azad Bilgrami *Khazana-i-Amira* P. 300; Ahmad Ali Sandilavi *Makhzanul Gharib* P. 248 MS. Aligarh,

13. Shir Khan Lodi, *Miratul Khayal*

14. Bakhtawar Khan *Miratul Alam wala-i-Daghistani Riazush Shuara* P. 111, Rieu II, P. 679 *Tabqat-i-Shah Jehani* P. 328, *Nasrabadi* P. 223

حشرش به علی ابن ابوطالب باد « ۱۰۳۶ » \*

Mention may be made of the Poet's unhappy, rather doubtful, end. Some anthologists have reported his death due to madness. But in view of the general trend of these writers, their statements are to be relied upon with great care and caution. All of them have indiscriminately copied each other in the composition of their respective anthologies. There are many instances where the events, of one poet's life have been confused with the life of another. Hence the chances of a factual error are great. As regards the incident of Talib's death, the doubt arises from the fact that the author of *Nafaisul Massir*<sup>15</sup> who is supposed to be one of the most authentic and earliest writers of Mughal age mentions in his book the name of a certain Talib Isfahani. The latter actually died of lunacy in the author's own life time. It may be, that the fallacy about Talib-i-Amuli's death originated from that source.

Rukna-i-Kashi mourned his young cousin's death in a simple, pathetic elegy:—

فرزند عزیز و طالب خویشم رفت  
 زین واقعه هاچه با دلریشم رفت  
 من ماندم و آن عزیز در عالم خاک  
 خاکم بر سر که این هم از پیشم رفت

[My dear son, my Talib passed away; what a grief my heart suffered from that mishap.

Alas that I remained to cover my head with dust and see my beloved one passing into the grave.]

\* 1036/1626 is the death of the poet's death.

15. Alaud Daulah *Nafaisul Maasir* Ms, Alig.

## PART THREE

### LITERARY ESTIMATE

#### I

#### The Literary Character of Mughal Age

A continuous flow of the stream of emigration from the mountainous climate of Central Asia towards the rich Indo-Gangetic plain may be observed as a marked feature of the early Mughal period. The conditions prevailing in Iran and Transoxiana had been hostile to the soft trade of arts and culture. There was neither peace nor prosperity to afford opportunities for intellectual pursuits. The safawids rose to power as champions of *Shia* creed; they reconstructed a national empire by infusing their people with the zeal of the new faith. On the other hand the neighbouring states of the Uzbeks in the north east and that of the Ottomans in the west advocated with equal rigidity the cause of orthodox *sunni* religion: Their hatred and blind contempt for each other perpetrated a series of endless and fruitless wars. The members of the two sects treated each other as the worst heretics; and cases of brutal torture and death, on the slightest suspicion of "heresy" abundantly occurred in both the realms. Every gifted spirit who dared to express liberal outlook or freedom of conduct was presented with the unpleasant alternative of either losing his life or home. To all such characters India provided a warm and welcome refuge.

These migrations of the various talents from Central Asia, who escaped the ferocious bigotry of their rulers, was productive of a beneficial consequence: the revival of the spirit of Universal peace and toleration, the powerful vibrations of which re-echoed in *belles lettres* and especially in poetry. The musical language of the Persians gave the most attractive and charming garb to the ideas of human love and respect, which were hitherto unfamiliar both to the indige-



nous masses and the haughty masters. Poetry with its quick and permeating effect had been always used in the East as a powerful instrument of a propaganda. It had successfully served to popularise the doctrines of mysticism in the Muslim World. Its unfailing charm was again invoked in India to purify the public sentiment and to create a generous, broad, and liberal strain of temper. The Turkish and Persian exiles, by their lessons and example, excited in the local talents an eager curiosity to understand and absorb the new ideas. Consequently a fresh style of composition came out as a fruit of mutual harmony.

The system of education in India, since the Muslim conquest, had undergone little change save that Persian was adopted as the language of court and administration. The learned Hindus chiefly devoted their time and talents to the service of religion. Their only secular diversion and amusement was to dispute over the rules of grammar. While the free dispersal of knowledge was treated as a breach of privilege. The Muslims had their own code of learning which was chiefly directed and controlled by the *Mullas*. Their scholars taught rudiments of Aristotle besides their jurisprudence, theology, and mysticism. The exercise of rote was so rigorous that only boys of exceptional patience and will power, not excepting the princes and heirs apparent of the throne, succeeded to accomplish the full courses. The Mughal age may be credited to have prepared the Indian soil for cultivating the seed of secular harvest. The people, for the first time, experienced an impulse to improve their taste and were gradually overtaken by a mood of aversion towards the dryness and difficulties of religious erudition. The social taste had been changing itself to enjoy the pleasures of poetry and romance.

Akbar chiefly derives his reputation from the political, administrative, and social merits. Historians' interest in the study of these themes is still undiminished. We have not attempted to sufficiently realize, nor is our gratitude fully expressed, to the role he played as the restorer of secular learning in India. The Emperor applied himself with bold enthusiasm to discover the ancient treasures of Indian knowledge. He formed a team of efficient translators and snatched from the Brahmans, or so to speak, robbed them of their jealously guarded wealth by giving it away to the Persian speaking world, which during the times, covered the largest area of civilized humanity. No analysis has been hitherto made as to the degree of response taken

by the Mughal writer from these Sanskrit translations. The classics furnish very scanty matter to determine the influence of the classics of antiquity on the mental attitude of the Mughal Brahmanic thought which may be definitely ascribed as the cause to discredit their role in developing and framing the Mughal society or to disbelieve entirely their impact on the Mughal contemporary artist would be an injustice with human nature. Not have always shown an unlimited zeal and exercise in the field of foreign translations. The versions of Greek historians, poets, philosophers filled the Latin world with a new life and spirit. With what diligence Petrarch studied and imitated his Grecian masters is an interesting story. The Latin translations, in their turn, served as the mainspring of European renaissance. There are no earthly grounds to suppose that the versions of Sanskrit classics are devoid of a most precious discovery among the Persian artists and poets of Mughal age. All the eminent writers like Urfi, Husain-i-Sana'i, Fakhri, Nami, Talib and Saib seem to be deeply inspired with a feeling of respect towards the "*Brahmanic wisdom*."

Our lively interest in the study of early Mughal literature, which posterity shall never lose, is due to the reason that it is the intellectual product of one of the most glorious and golden epochs of Indian history. A survey of the pages, however hasty and superficial, of those writers and poets, who received from their patrons the lavish rewards in gold and silver for their artistic labours, may present to the mind the bright reflection of the entire age with all its characteristics. Every genuine writer, in his speech and expression, embodies the qualities and impressions of his social atmosphere. All the writers under Akbar and Jehangir, from the venerable author of *Akbar-Nama* to the humblest versifier, delivered the same message and gave verbal forms to the same emotional temperament which their sovereigns desired to convey to the subjects. The popular songs of the poet increased the scope of public amusement; and awakened the peoples' spirit to acknowledge that heaven makes no discrimination, between the ruler and the ruled, in distributing the joys and sorrows of life. The poets, by their melodies, helped the common folk to re-establish their faith in the universal belief that fortune was equally *outrageous* to the noble and the humble.

All Oriental art had been dependent for its cultivation, improve-

ment, and popularity to the patronage of the royal courts. The monarchs gave encouragement to the various arts according to their own liking and taste; and the artist, by contact with the royal or noble personalities, received inspiration to devote his energies in the like manner. With every successive change of monarchy the singers and versifiers adapted their tones to the suitability of the royal disposition. The Great Mughals, quite according to the acknowledged custom, were careful enough to guide the taste of their people by taking active interest in literature and arts. Akbar inspired his poets by the example of his own character. The "freedom and grandeur of his personality" so remarkably observed in his architecture, is reflected with equal vividness in the poetry of his times. The poetic works of Qasim-i-Kahi, Ghazali, Faizi, Urfi, and Husain-i-Sanai, are creative of the same effect as the buildings of their sovereign and master. They are grand, original, mighty and durable. Jehangir divided his aesthetic taste between poetry and painting. The poets of his court, naturally enough, developed a colour consciousness and fell back upon the use of similes and metaphors. Their style was but a brilliant exposition of colour forms. They were unable to compose a verse without using a simile or a metaphor, the abundance of which transforms their verses into eloquent pictures directing their appeal not as much to the ears as to the eyes. Their choice of words is so picturesque and their construction so delicate that a slight lack of sensitive feelings on the part of the reader will deprive him of their full appreciation and judgement. It may be one of the reasons due to which the indigenous Persians have failed to recognize the merits of Mughal poetry. The same spirit of subtle expression continues in a more exaggerated and accentuated form in the reign of Shah Jehan. The feeling for over-refinement, softness, and grace is manifest in the melodies of the singers till it finally reveals itself as the famous "dream in marble,"

The Persians generally assert that the decline of martial valour among them, after Mongol invasion, directly influenced the tone of their poetic form which rapidly changed from *Qasida* to *Gazal* or lyric. The high flown diction and the undesirable exaggeration of the language, in which *Qasida* was commonly composed, excited the blind spirit of conquest and bloodshed; and was quite compatible with the revolting nature of the active races. War among the reigning dynasties of Persians and Turks was as familiar as a family tournament. *Qasida* was the most suitable form of verse, for the people living in such con-

ditions, which continuously stirred the soul and pulled it towards adventure, struggle, and self seeking pride. The great lyrical poets sang their love songs later on when the Persian and Turkic Valens had been humbled by the ferocious Mongols. There were, certainly, many quite different factors at work in Mughal India. The life of the country, the unwarring character of the people, the fine atmosphere of the court of Baber's descendants and their prosperous rule, provided the congenial circumstances for the free development of lyric and song. The change of climate, as has been alluded in the opening lines, rapidly caused a change in the style of expression and the choice of form. The shifting of landscape was marked by the change in the landscape of opinion. The poets were quick and sensitive to adopt new figures of speech, and new similes and metaphors. The luxury of the upper classes, and the laxity in which the common populace indulged themselves, strongly directed the temptation to create the amorous and sensual art, of which *Gazal* was the chief embodiment. It was not unnatural, therefore, that *Gazal* achieved popularity in all the sections of Mughal society and every man, from prince to the common soldier, spent his spare hours in the amusement of lyrical melodies.

## II

### Talib's place in Literature

Mughal contemporaries in the realm of art were seldom accustomed to praise each other. Of the expression of their ideas about their rival's merit the poets were generally frugal. They considered the mention of a rival's name as insult to their genius. It may be added to the credit of Talib that he found among the literary men of his age some of the eminent persons who paid homage to his art. Jehangir's critical remark about the poetry of Talib proves that he was considered as the foremost and best-liked poet of his age. The emperor's keen aesthetic sense and his critical powers of judgment can hardly be disputed or doubted. Neither was his taste so odd and individual as to go against common consensus. It may fairly be presumed that the emperor expressed the common judgment of his day when he assigned Talib the highest degree of distinction.

Abdun Nabi, a critic of considerable judgment, speaks very highly of Talib. The elegance of his poetry entitled him an honourable place among the wits of his times. His striking personality and engaging manners made deep impressions on his associates and confirmed them of his talents :

آن نادرهٔ عصر فرید زمان و وحید دوران خود است، آنقدر اهلیت  
و استعداد که با اوست با دیگر شعرای این ایام نیست . . . . . جوانی دید  
بانواع هنر آراسته عزیزى ملاحظه نمود باصناف سخنورى پیراسته، در فن  
شعر از امثال و اقران ممتاز و در علم سلوک و مردمی بی انباز؛<sup>1</sup>

[He (Talib) is *rara avis*, incomparable in his age and unique in his time. The ability and knowledge which he possesses is found with no other Poets during these days.....I saw a youth

1. *Maikhana*

embellished with all kinds of arts, ... a friend expert in all branches of eloquence, distinguished in verse by his manner like fellow poets and matchless in the knowledge of the sciences and ethics.]

Mirza Saib, a younger contemporary and "the last great representative of classical tradition",<sup>2</sup> vindicated the memory of Talib after his death. With the strongest temptations to egotism Mirza Saib craves for a worthy disciple to take the place of the elder poet :

بطرز تازه قسم یاد میکنم صائب  
که جای طالب آمل در اصفهان پیدا است

[O Saib I swear in a new manner, that Isfahan has replaced Talib of Amul.]

A later evidence proves that Talib was extolled by Mirza Saib and his circle as a classic and master :

میرزا صائب وغیره سخن سنجان او (طالب) را به استاذی قبول  
داشتند؟<sup>3</sup>

[Mirza Sahib and other poets have accepted him (Talib) as a master.]

The succeeding generations admired him with greater enthusiasm. With the passing away of time his writings increased in the estimation and attracted the notice of every critic.

Nasrabadi was the first to discover in the poetry of Talib that peculiar system of versification which has been attributed to all the Mughal poets and to which the Tarkish critics mark as *tazagui*.<sup>4</sup>

2, Browne, *Literary History* vol. IV P.

3. Sarkhush, *Kalimatus Shuara*.

4. Tazkira-i-Nasrabadi :—

گلشن طبعش از نسیم فیض الهی تازه و عندلیب خاطرش بر شاخساره  
تازه گوئی بلند آوازه چنانکه خود گفته،

طلابا عندلیب زمزمه ایم سخن تازه آفریده ماست

The author of *Makhzanul Gharaiib* was struck with the poet's originality of fancy and rectitude of judgment :

جودت طبع و استقامت سابقه اش بکمال و در طرز شاعری زبده امثال  
بوده سخنش در سخنوران قدر و قیمتی دارد؛

[He was perfect in original thought and correct judgment. In the style and diction he was the choicest of his contemporaries. His poetry has great value and worth among the poets.]

Wala-i-dagistani supplies additional intelligence of the poet's epistolary powers besides making a general comment on his poetry :

طالب آملی از مستعدان روزگار بوده خطوط را خوب می نوشته در  
مصاحبت و مجلس آرائی نظیر نداشت اشعارش در کمال عذوبت و بلاغت و  
شستگی و تازگی و روانی و نازکی واقع شده.

[Talib-i-Amuli was an able man of his time ; he was a nice letter writer and was incomparable as an associate in polished societies. His poetry is perfect in sweetness, eloquence, freshness, flow, and elegance.]

Azad Bilgiramī praises the happy imagination, sublime thought, and the smoothness of numbers :

شاعر خوش تخیل است سخن رابه مرحلت والا می نوازد و پایه او را  
تا سدرته المنتها بلند می سازد.....  
(خزانه عامره)  
جوای معانی بلند است و غواص لائی دل پسند.....  
(سروآزاد)  
از شعرائی بلاغت آئین و فصحائی نزاکت آفرین است.....  
(ید بیضا)

[Talib is a poet of nice imagination ; he composes poetry of high degree and raises it to the soaring heights of heavenly mansion..... (*Khazana-i-Amera*). He is a seeker of high meanings and a diver for pleasant pearls..... (*Sarw-i-Azad*). He is one of the poets who invest eloquent diction and create elegant delicacy.....(*Yad-i-Baiza*).]

Among so many voices of acclaim and approval there was, on the other hand, a group of critics who made a down right censure. The

typical representative being Lutf Ali Baiq Astar, who showed an injudicious and peevish contempt for the style of the poets.

تالیب صاحب دیوان است و در شاعری طرز خاص که مطلوب شعرائی  
نیست دارد:

[Talib is the author of a *diwan*, in poetry he has a special style which is not liked by the elegant poets.]



### III

#### Temptations to Egotism

Talib inherited all the characteristics and qualities of his immediate predecessors. Faizi and Urfi may virtually be called intellectual parents of Mughal poetry. Both of them had a very powerful ego; both had an insatiable appetite for talking about their own talents. The habit of self-praise and self-exultation was left by them to the next generations. Talib got his full share of arrogance. It was an odd incident that he first used his shafts against one of those who had taught and trained him in that art. His ingratitude becomes more severe under the circumstances that he used harsh words against him who was no more alive to defend and vindicate himself. To Faizi he mentioned with neither praise nor blame. But against Urfi he employed his pen as loosely as Urfi himself had done in respect of the past masters. The main charge against Urfi was that he very much rejoiced in the blind admiration of his own talents. His haughty and jealous spirit treated all the great classics with a disdain! The age of Jehangir had incarnated its own Urfi:

کسر نفسی است مرا یاد ز عرفی طالب  
ونه وصف گهر قطره ز دریا دور است

× × × ×

قسم به نشه طالب که این کلام فصیح  
نه از مقوله سحر است بلکه اعجاز است

1. Abul Fazl, *Ain-i-Akbari* :—

« بر پاستانیان زبان طنز کشود »

رہیں خاموشی عرفیم زہمی انصاف  
 کہ در زمان منش مہربراب راز است  
 بی چو بلبل امل شود ترانہ سرای  
 جہ جای زمزمہ عندلیب شراز است

[O Talib, it is my humbleness that I remember Urfi, otherwise to praise the quality of a drop is not worthy of the ocean.]

.....

I swear by the intoxication of Talib that this elegant composition is not a magic but a miracle.

I am indebted to the silence of Urfi. Hail justice, that in my time his secret revealing lips are sealed. Yes when the nightingale of Amul sings his melodious notes, the nightingale of Shiraz (Urfi) cannot sing in his place.]

طالب از طوطی شیر از برد گوئی مقال  
 اگرش تربیت لطف تو ممتاز کند  
 عندلیبی ست کہ عرفی بردش سجده اگر  
 فی المثل روئی سخن جانب شیر از کند

[Talib will supersede the parrot of Shiraz (Urfi) if he were distinguished by your kind training.

Talib is a nightingale ; and when he turns his face toward Shiraz, Urfi bows his head.]

بہ لوج نکتہ رنگ آمیزی عرفی مکررشد  
 بیا طالب یکی نقش نوی بر روئی کارافکن

× × × ×

گذشتہ طالب نامم زعرش نزدیک است  
 کہ در دیار سخن مالک الرقاب شوم

× × × ×

شگفته باد گلستان معنی طالب  
کزوست روی سخن گستران ایران سرخ

× × × ×

باتو دارم باتو ای گردون تجاهل هر طرف  
دیده خورشید و مه بکشاو درحالم به بین

[The colours of Urfi have been effaced from the slab of meaning. O Talib, come and print new impressions upon it.]

× × × ×

[O Talib my name has passed beyond heaven and quite nearly I would be a king in the realm of poetry.]

× × × ×

[May the garden of the meaning of Talib be fresh; it is due to him that the face of the poets of Iran is red with exultation.]

× × × ×

[You and only you O heaven, are ignorant of my position; open your eyes of sun and moon and scrutinise me.]

مرا با بلندئ فطرت نظر کن  
که در پائی خلقم چسان اوفتاده  
سخنهای چرب از تنی خشک کلکم  
چو مغزیست کز استخوان او فتاده  
سخن بکر زائیده از صلب فکرم  
چو گوهر که از جیب کان اوفتاده  
رخ صفحه از خامه عنبرینم  
مزلف چو زلف بتان اوفتاده  
ازان پایمال که مرغ خیالم  
بغایت بلند آشیان او فتاده

[Look at me ! in spite of my noble nature I am being trampled under the feet of the people

My pen of dry reed disposes verses as greedily as the the bone.

My imagination begets virgin thoughts like gems from mine.

My pen scatters the scent of amber on the face of the poet which becomes beautiful like the tresses of a beloved.

I am humble for the reason that the bird of my imagination soars on invisible heights.]

من تازه گل بهار قدسم  
 بوئی زین بوستان ندارم  
 این جماله زبخت واژگونست  
 می دانم و شکر می گذارم  
 هر چند عزیز روزگارم  
 در دیده کائنات خوارم  
 من شهپر جبرئیل عشقم  
 بر آتش دل خلیل عشقم

[I am a fresh rose of the spring of paradise, I have no smell of this garden.

All my distress is due to my evil luck, I know and I am thankful.

Although I am the worthiest in the world but I am humble in the eyes of the people. I am the wing of the angel of love,

I am Abraham of love in the fire of heart.]

پیوسته بامن است سروکار روزگار  
 من گرم دارم این همه بازار روزگار  
 من طرح کفرو دین زده ام مجلاً منم  
 صورت نگار سبجه و زنار روزگار  
 مشکین نقاب ازچه زدود دل منم  
 ناموسیان پرده زنگار روزگار

بی نوبهار گریه من چشم کس ندید  
 جوش گل از علاقه دستار روزگار  
 آئینه ایست خاطر صافی نهاد من  
 تاعرش غوطه خورده ز زنگار روزگار  
 شادم که خو گرفته تر آئین خاطر  
 با کاوکاو نشتر آزار روزگار

The entire concern of the world is with me ; the activities of that *bazar* the world, are heated up by me.

I have created the paths of faith and heresy ; in short I am the painter of the face of earth.

By the smoke of my heart, world's forthcoming events hide themselves in the black veil of futurity.

without the rains of my tears the fresh roses could not be had to decorate the turbun of the world.

My bright disposition is like a mirror, its worldly rust is removed by heavenly wash.

I am happy that I have made it my habit to suffer the distresses and afflictions of the world.]

غم گسادی بازار کی خورم طالب  
 نفاست گرم مایه رواج منست

[O Talib, I do not worry for the crisis of the market, the purity of my quality is the worth of my manners.]

طالب آئین ترنم نازه ساخت  
 چون نسازد عندلیب آمل است

[Talib gave a new law to music; it is worthy of him for he is nightingale of Amul.]

ازان پس ما و جاهل مشربی و ناخردمندی  
 بیاران پیش کش کردیم علم نکته دانی را

[Henceforward ignorance and idiotic conduct, would be my lot. To my associates I renounce the subtle erudition.]

عشقباز رخ بجدوعه خویشم طالب  
نکته و حرف بجائی خط و خال است مرا

[O Talib, I am a lover of the beauty of my collection; the dots and letters there are as charming as moles and freckles.]

شمع خورشیدم و ظلمتکده‌ام بی نور است  
عیسی وقتم و هر مو به تنم رنجور است

[I am a bright candle like sun and my own dark dwelling is devoid of light; I am Jesus of my time and every hair of my body is distressed with pain.]

### III Love of Novelty

All Mughal poets had a deep craving for the expression of novel ideas. Their imagination wandered in remote and unfamiliar valleys of thought. Sometimes the expression assumed a very beautiful and elegant form of language while occasionally it became difficult and complicated. So came the *Sabk-i-Hindi*. While the native Persians fail to appreciate and show a disliking of *Sabk-i-Hindi*, "the Indian and Turkish critics profess to discover a certain originality marking a new epoch in the development of art and the rise of a new school."<sup>1</sup> Talib was one of the exponents of the movement of novelty. He had great invention to display new scenes of imagery and to embellish and illustrate the little known subjects. The change of language and the fresh tune of melody filled the mind with a rare sense of delight :—

من باغ زمانه را بهار آوردم  
من رنگ بروئی روزگار آوردم  
این طرز سخن که در میانست امروز  
آبست که من بروئی کار آوردم

[I came like a spring in the garden of the world, I lit up the face of the world with bright colours.

This diction of poetry which is in vogue to-day, it is introduced by me and I gave it lustre.]

آنم که به قالب سخن جان زمنست  
گلزار بیان پر گل و ریحان زمنست  
آرائش طبع «تازه گویان» زمنست  
شمع متاخرین فروزان زمنست

1, Browne Literary History vol. II P. 163

[It is I, who is the soul in the body of poetry; the garden of eloquence is fresh with roses and jasmines due to me.

I warm up the hearts of the fresh singers; the candle of the *ilab* is burning due to me.]

من تازه بهار بوستان سخنم  
 فروخته شمع دود مان سخنم  
 عنقای فصاحت آشیان سخنم  
 سوگند بجان تو که جان سخنم

[I am a fresh spring in the garden of eloquence, I am a glowing candle among the descendents of poetry,

The phoenix of my eloquence has a high abode, I swear by your life that I am the very life of eloquence.]

طالب چه بلبلی که ز گلپانگ تازه ات  
 ایران پر و دکن پر و هندوستان پر است

[O Talib, what a nightingale you are, that your fresh melodies have overfilled the entire Iran, Deccan, and Hindustan.]



#### IV

#### Dignity of Styles

Talib's poetry is uniformly homogenous in sound and in meaning. He had colour of language ready to decorate his matter with graceful and elegant expressions. By his judgement he decided what to select and what to reject. These devices gave force to his diction and a charm to his sentiments. His powerful observation deeply impressed on his mind the various scenes of life and nature. The construction of his language always remains musical and his rhymes never lack in consonance, flow and melody. He uses his pen in all the branches of traditional poetry and successfully maintains his character of charm and delicacy in all the trials. Talib was the ideal representative and mouthpiece of his age. Nature had given him an extremely refined and aesthetic sensibility. The delicacy of taste and the desire of over-refinement found its expression through the medium of similes and metaphors. He was successful to maintain, throughout his works, a creamy smoothness; although this effort some times deprived his poetry of vigour and force: His *Qasidas* were often hasty and extemporaneous; but over his Lyrics he devoted great labour and much thought. A regular study of his *Diwan*, from the beginning to the last pages, presents to the reader, in abundant form, all the beauties which the Persian critics have ascribed to their poetry:—

خضر همت طلبد از دل آواره ما  
مهر در یوزه کند نور زیاره ما  
ما صبوحي طلبان صوفی صافی نسیم  
جرعه بر صبح فشاند لب میخواره ما  
آب در دیده ما کسوت آتش پوشد  
عرق شعله زند جوش زفواره ما

[Khizar (the everlasting personage) of our passage from our vagabond heart, the Sun begs brilliance from our star (the heart).

We, the drunkards are the sifs of pure breath, the gas, the residual wine which our lips leave out.

Water in our eyes takes the form of fire; a liquid flame pours forth from our fountain.]

حال دلم به دایر فرزانه روشن است  
بر عاقلان حقیقت دیوانه روشن است  
در شمع بزم شائبه از فروغ نیست  
مجلس زشعله پر پروانه روشن است

[The state of my heart is clear to my wise beloved, wise men understand the reality of the lunatic.

The candle of the assembly has not the trace of brightness, the assembly is lit with the flame of the moth's wing.]

کردم در دل باز بر آن عارض پر نور  
زان گونه که آئینه بر آئینه کشایند  
طالب لب اندیشه کشود و گهر افشاند  
اهل سخن اینسان در گنجینه کشایند

[I opened the gate of my heart before her glowing cheeks in such wise as mirror is placed before a mirror.

Talib opened the lips of imagination and scattered pearls; the men of eloquence unlock their treasures in that manner.]

سخن مستانه آید بر زبان از خاطر طالب  
چو طاؤسی که محبوبانه از بستان برون آید  
چراغیرت نسوزد طوطیان هند را الحق  
کز اینسان بلبل از گلشن ایران برون آید

[Poetry springs from the heart of Talib like a drunkard; as though a peacock comes out of a garden.

The parrots of India are in fact mortified to see such a nightingale coming forth from the garden of Iran.]

خوش طینتم نه ز آتش و آبم سرشته اند  
 کز عنصر لطیف شرابم سرشته اند  
 نور طبیعتم نبود بی کرشمه  
 رمزست این که از موی نایم سرشته اند

[I am of noble nature, my components are not water and fire but the pure element of wine.]

The brilliance of my disposition is not without a miracle; the secret is that I am the constituent of pure wine.]

چو در جریده اعمال خود نظاره کنیم  
 هر آن ورق که ز عصیان تهیست پاره کنیم  
 پلنگ خاصیت افتاده ایم زان شب و روز  
 ستیزه با فلک و جنگ با ستاره کنیم

[When we look into the book of our actions, we tear out every leaf which is unwritten with sins.]

We, happened to be of tiger's nature, that is why we frown upon heaven and make war with the stars every night and day.]

تو این عہدی کہ با من بسته بودی  
 مگر بہر شکستن بسته بودی  
 چہ صحبت داشتی دوشینہ طالب  
 کہ بر در قفل آہن بسته بودی

[You, that made an agreement (of love) with me, please, why did you revoke it ?

O Talib, whose company were you enjoying last night that your door was so locked up.]

## VI

### Similes and Metaphors

Talib's entire genius exhibits itself in rare similes and fine metaphors. By the use of metaphors he displays boundless fertility of invention. When a poet is gifted with force of sentiment and elegance of language, the result of these two combinations is always either a simile or a metaphor. No poet can be successful in that art without a powerful observation and deep study of life and nature in all its varieties. Talib had a mastery in the careful and proper selection of the similes and metaphors and they generally did not fail to produce the effect of spriteliness, elegance and gaiety. He considered the introduction of new metaphors as the most successful exertion of poetic art :

سخن که نیست در او استعاره نیست ملاحظت  
نمک ندارد شعری که استعاره ندارد  
بدیه شاهد صدق است بی مطابقت طالب  
که صاحب سخن از استعاره چاره ندارد

[Poetry, devoid of metaphor is devoid of salt ; no verse is tasteful unless it is not composed with a metaphor.

O Talib, spontaneity can witness to the truth of the fact that a poet cannot help without a metaphor.]

His activity of fancy catches fresh similes and metaphors. But sometimes in search of similes and metaphors the powers are oppressed with superfluous rigour and tedious toil. Consequently the couplets lose their force and the sense becomes less striking and less pleasing. The introduction of unnecessary metaphors, in place of plain and simple language, makes the expression artificial and quickly grows

disgusting. When the same images re-appear, they tire the eyes; The following selection will show the merits as well as the defects --

از باده بر فروغ رخ شاهدهانه را  
 یوسف نگار کن در و دیوار خانه را  
 ارباب وعده گرد رکابت گرفته اند  
آتش عنان مساز سمند بهانه را  
 ما تیره کوکبان همه زاغان ماتمیم  
 پرواز کرده بابل عیش از میان ما  
 ما مرغ آتشیم و گرنیست اعتبار  
بر شاخسار شعله به بین آشیان ما  
 تاکی زبیم خوی تو دزدم نگاه را  
 در سینه نفس شکنم تیرآه را  
شبم خون خیزد از بوم و بر گلزار ما  
غنچه دل جوشد از خار و خس دیوار ما  
 به دور زلف تو در تنگنای سینه ریش  
 دلی چو توبه هلاک شکستن است مرا  
 دمی اگر نبود می بحال نزع افتم  
چراغ عشرتم و باده روغن است مرا  
 گرمگ ماست کام دات اضطراب چیست  
 خواهد شکفتن این گل مقصد شتاب چیست  
دست حسنش باز بر رخ زلف پیچانی شکست  
سنبلستانی در آغوش گلستانی شکست  
 نسبت نگر که چون گل خورشید گرم شد  
 از روی اتحاد گلاب از رخ تور یخت

این شعله که نام دگرش خنجر یار است  
 گر خضر نرنجدم آبی به ازین نیست  
 ای شاخ گل که شهر و دیار از تو روشن است  
 هر تیره بخت را شب تار از تو روشن است  
 هر گل ز سحریم دل ما شعله داغیست  
 هر برگ ز آه جگر ما پر زاغیست  
 فغان کز موج آبی کشتی بختم تباهی شد  
 متاع چند گرد آورده بودم قوت ماهی شد  
 بجز عذار تو کزوی خوی حجاب چکد  
 کی دید شعله کزو قطره قطره آب چکد  
 بی توشب کار حریفان بافراق افتاده بود  
 همیشه دلهای مشتاقان ز طاق افتاده بود  
 دمی زخوی تو صد کشور از رواج افتد  
 مباد آنکه کسی آسمان مزاج افتد  
 امشب زبان مجلسیان جمله گوش بود  
 گویا که مطرب لب ما در خروش بود  
 غنچه فیضم ولی حسرت کش بویم هنوز  
 ناوۀ مشکم ولی در ناف آهویم هنوز  
 بعهده نازکئی لاله زار عارض او  
 گمان مبر که گلی روید از چمن نازک  
 من و عشق شوخی که شهباز حسنش  
 ربود از کفم دل به انداز اول

## VII

### Satire

Talib frequently exercised his poetry in lampoons against many of his rivals. Some of the satires are generally full of wit and humour, while others exhibit nothing but tedious malignity. The satires are sometimes general and sometimes pointed towards one particular individual. A poet, who treated his contemporaries as worthless scribblers, could not be regarded by others with much kindness or esteem. Temperamentally he was arrogant haughty and confident in his powers to be always ready to accept the challenge of his adversaries; and therefore exchange of abusive verses was rather too frequent. Instigators were always at hand in such duels who encouraged both the sides for the sake of amusement. Consequently there had been an incessant and unappeasable war of words between him and his rivals. Some of the poems afford very good specimens of personal satire. He was not a satirist by nature, a satirist is supposed to have an un-natural delight in low and gross ideas. Contrarily he was an egoist and like every egoist he was unaccustomed to strictures. He designed satires only when he was compelled by the desire of revenge and to return contempt for contempt:—

دی گروهی زحاسدان دیدم  
که گرانست نام شان بر گوش  
همه گرگان پیرهن در بر  
همه روباه پوستین بر دوش  
همه مثرگان کشاده لیک بخواب  
خفته اما به نسبت خر گوش

خطبا ایک در خلقت  
 دم شان رسته از حوائی گوش  
 سر شان زیر سیم گون دستار  
 کپه دیگی است یاسمین سر پوش

[Yesterday I saw a gang of perfidious people: it would be unpleasant to mention their names.

All of them were wolves and foxes only outwardly dressed in manly attire.

All of them had their eyes open but senseless and drowsy like rabbits.

They were quite healthy asses but in mutation, for their tails were growing down their ears.

Their heads under their laced turbans were like rotter cauldrons with bright coverings.]

معاندان که مرا دلخراش انباشند  
 به لفظ ناس و به معنی تمام نسناسند  
 ز اهل نظم شناسند خویش را هیئات  
 به بین که این دوسه مجهول در چه وسواسند  
 تمیز شان ز بهایم بدین بود کایشان  
 تہی ز حس و بہایم تمام حساسند  
 باطلس سختم دست رو نهند و سزد  
 کہ این خران همه سود اگران کرپاسند  
 بظا هر ارچه بزرگند ایک در معنی  
 چو طفل ساقطہ حامل احقر الناسند  
 بہ وصف شان جگر نطق را چه می کاوی  
 خموش طالب کاینان غریب احساسند

[My rivals, who injure my heart with their conduct, are only literally human beings, but actually they are beasts.



Alas they make pretensions for poetry; behold how these dunces have fallen into evil temptations.

The discretion of these fellows is worse than beasts, for the beast can feel and they are devoid of all feelings.

These asses do'nt have the faintest appreciation of the silk staff (my poetry) for they deal with the trade of sack cloth.

Outwardly they give a gentleman's show; but in reality, like abortive issues, they are the meanest of all the men.

O Talib, how long will you exhaust your eloquence in reckoning their abject qualities; be silent; they have no sensibility.]

سر بسر خلق دشمن سخن اند  
 نیست یک دوست خیر خواه سخن  
 نیست یکتا که گوید ای سفها  
 می کنید ارچه خانقاه سخن  
 خون مسکین سخن چه می ریزید  
 سبب ای ظالمان گناه سخن  
 صاحبها از و بال اختر شعر  
 به محاق اوفتاده ماه سخن  
 دزد را زین دو گر کنی مختار  
 راه زندان رود نه راه سخن

× × × ×

[All these rabbles are the enemies of poetry, there is not a single person to sympathise with poetic talents.

Not one person comes forward to challenge and say: "O fools, why you dismantle this holy monastery".

"O tyrants, why you bleed to death poor poetry, for what sin?".

O Lord, by the unlucky star of muse, the moon of poetry has eclipsed into darkness.

If you give a free choice to a thief, he would prefer the way to prison house instead of the way to poetry.]

به طعنهای خموشی دلم چه می کاوی  
 همیشه بوده سخندان نکته فن خاموش

مگر ایسے وقتوں میں شوی از جہل  
 بعد کی کسمت همچو خویشیتن خاموش  
 حدوشیم مگر از نطق حاسد است ولی  
 ربانک زاغ شود بلبل چمن خاموش

[In vain you injure my heart by taunting over my silence, for the serious scholar always remains silent.]

If you are still unconvinced due to your ignorance why should I plead to make you like myself silent.

I am silent due to the uproar of my perfidious rivals, for when the crows shout, the nightingale of the garden goes silent.]

Nearly all the Persian poets, when came to personal satire, degraded themselves very low. Talib was not an exception and his *Diwan* presents many such examples when a serious students of poetry would prefer to avert his eyes. The following, however, are a few good specimens of personal and general satire or rather sarcasm. In two quatrains Asif Khan is the butt. While Asif Khan himself was merciless censurer of the poetry of the poet Laureate :—

ای آصف جم قدر سلیمان تمکین  
 سر کن بجهانیان سلوکی به ازین  
 هر طایفه را در آر نوعی بنظر  
 هفتاد دو فرقه را بیک چشم مبین

× × × ×

حاشا کہ تو گوهر از صدف شناسی  
 یا نا خلفان را ز خلف شناسی  
 شناختن منت از آنست کہ تو  
 معتاد به گوهری خذف شناسی

× × × ×

جمعی همه یک زبان برد سختم  
 در سنگ عناد جمله گوهر شکنم  
 هر لحظه هزار نیش نوشم زین قوم  
 از شومئی این که صاحب یکدو فتم

× × × ×

زاهد که بود مشت و بروت و بادی  
 زرق اندو دی سیه دلی شیادی  
 بو جهل لئسیم را کمین شاگردی  
 ابلیس لعین را بهین استادی

از سر چه بوی او شنود کس غنیمت  
 جز میورد و سال که مار کس غنیمت  
 چون در شمار عمر بود کس غنیمت  
 برین غنیمت خاموشی ما کس غنیمت  
 از آن کس که در کس غنیمت  
 در کس غنیمت

در کس غنیمت  
 محراب ابروان منو کس غنیمت

Specimen of the writing of Talib-i-Amuli (M.S. of *Diwan Habib Ganj* Collection)



## VIII

### Models of Imitation

Talib obtained from Amir Khusraw the beauty of speech and happy combination of words. By pursuing the works of Khusraw he discovered the best and most perfect design of persian verse. The odes of Khusraw are infused with knowledge and thought; they are polished, elegant, sublime and dignified. Who would not wish to be proud in successful imitation of the grand style of such a master :—

طالب زبان طوطی دلی نثراد را  
جز در دهان بلبل آمل نه دیده ام

and further :—

به خسرو داشتم روی یازی در سخن طالب

He gleaned from all authors and versifiers whatever he thought brilliant and useful. It was a fashion among the classics to make copies of the most popular writers by keeping their compositions before the eye. That imitative attempt was called 'jwab' (reply) and it was supposed to be quite different from plagiarism. The standard of success was, that the imitator should improve upon the original rather than worsening it. A comparative study shows that the poet tried his genius in the imitative art and composed most of his odes with the help of all the great masters of persian Muse :—

خسرو باز خدنگ شوق زد عشق در آب و خاک ما  
نطع حریف مست شد دامن چشم ناک ما

- طالب  
بسکه و بال خلق شد ناله درد ناک ما  
اکثر دوستان کنند آرزوئی هلاک ما
- خسرو  
شبم خیال تو بس باقمر چه کار مرا  
من و چو کوه شبی باسحر چه کار مرا
- طالب  
دلا بجام غمی کن امید وار مرا  
که خوش گرفته در آغوش خود خمار مرا
- خسرو  
من به هوس همی خورم ناوک سینه دوز را  
تازه کنی ملامتی غمزه کینه توز را
- طالب  
شیفته شو دلا یکی عارض دلفروز را  
رشک حیات حضر کن زندگی دو روز را
- خسرو  
دلم به تست وتن اینجا و جان بجای دگر  
به دل توی وسخن در زبان بجای دگر
- طالب  
دلم نمی کشد از کوئی تو بجای دگر  
سرم نمی طلبد سایه همای دگر
- سعدی  
نا چار هر که صاحب روی نکو بود  
هر جا که بگذرد نظری سوی او بود
- طالب  
حاشاکه در بساط دلم درد خو بود  
ذوقی که نیم غنچه تبسم ازو بود
- سعدی  
یارب شب دوشین چه مبارک سحری بود  
کو رابسر کشته هجران گذری بود
- طالب  
دوش از مشره ام قافله خون سفری بود  
هر چند زدل خاست سر شکم جگری بود

کمال اسعالمی	ای	روی تو	آب بر	آتش
میرزا	شیر	دیشم	مذاب بر	آتش
	ای	خطت	مشکتاب بر	آتش
	عرق	رویت	آب بر	آتش
حافظ	کسی	که حسن و خط دوست در نظر دارد		
	محقق	است که او حاصل بصر دارد		
طالب	مگو	که باده انگور درد سردارد		
	که	آب غوره شرف برمی شکر دار		
حافظ	یکد و جامم	دی سحر گه اتفاق افتاده بود		
	وز لب ساقی شرابم	در مذاق افتاده بود		
طالب	بی تو شب	کار حریفان بافراق افتاده بود		
	شیشه دلہانی مشتاقان	زطاق افتاده بود		
حافظ	باز آی و دل تنگ	مرا مونس جان باش		
	وین سوخته	را محرم اسرار نهان باش		
طالب	بنشین	نفسی همدم دل محرم جان باش		
	لختی زہ	بر آئین جهان گذران باش		
حافظ	مرا عہدیت	با جانان کہ تا جان در بدن دارم		
	ہوا داران	کویش راچو جان خویشتم دارم		
طالب	برون از پوست برتن	گزنسیرین پیرهن دارم		
	تو بنداری مگر خفتان	افعی در بدن دارم		
حافظ	ای نور چشم من	سخنی هست گوش کن		
	چون ساغر ت پر است بنو شان	ونوش کن		



طالب	هان ای مسیح موعظه خضر گوش کن رو شربت شهادت ازان دست نوش کن
ظهوری	از تاب سینه شعله بر آورد داغ ما صرصر طپانچه نخورد از چراغ ما
طالب	گلشن نسیم درد زندبر دماغ ما دیدار لاله تازه کند زخم داغ ما
ظهوری	عشق آباد که مسجود جهانی شده ایم قبله اهل محبت شده ویرانه ما
طالب	ما که ویران شدگانیم بدین دلشا دیم که جهانی شده آباد زویرانی ما
ظهوری	هر جاخرابی است در آبادی من است رشک اسیری همه آزادی من است
طالب	غیرت بشاهراه جنون هادی من است از روستای عشقم و این وادی من است
فیضی	بزم نشاط باده کشان راغنیمت است ساقی بیا که صحبت یاران غنیمت است
طالب	مهمان یکدو روزه این بزم عشرتیم غافل مشو که صحبت مابس غنیمت است
فیضی	دلم هزار ملامت زهر کران دارد که یکدلیست و تمنا جهان جهان دارد
طالب	بچشم ما گل می آب و رنگ جان دارد پیاله در کف ما گردش زمان دارد

ماشیشا	بفرق	دل	بیتاب	شکستیم	عرفی				
لایس	بدر	قدم	خواب	شکستیم					
ماشیشہ	می	در	شب	مہتاب	شکستیم				
وز	شیشہ	شکستن	دل	احباب	شکستیم				
در نو	بہار	بادہ	نہ	نوشد	کسی	چرا			
می	در	پیالہ	زهد	فروشد	کسی	چرا			
وقت	سحر	بنالہ	نکوشد	کسی	چرا	طالب			
مستی	بہ	بلیان	نفروشد	کسی	چرا				
صد	قول	بیک	زمزمہ	طی	میکنم	امشب	عرفی		
مستی	نہ	باندازہ	می	میکنم	امشب				
مستانہ	رہ	میکدہ	طی	میکنم	امشب	طالب			
پر	واز	بہ	بال	و	پر	می	میکنم	امشب	
منم	کہ	طاعت	بت	لازم	سرشت	منست	عرفی		
اگر	بہ	کعبہ	عبادت	کنم	کنشت	منست			
منم	کہ	گوش	فغان	برلب	خموش	منست	طالب		
خروش	مشریان	پیش	خیز	جوش	منست				
نہ	گفتن	و	نہ	شنودن	زبان	و	گوش	منست	عرفی
ہزار	نغمہ	گرہ	دراب	خموش	منست				
مرا	کہ	ناصیہ	مشتاق	سجدہ	صنم	است	طالب		
بطوف	کعبہ	اگر	دیر	تر	روم	چہ	غم	است	
از	نور	یار	چون	نفسم	خانہ	روشن	است	عرفی	
بیرون	برید	شمع	کہ	کاشانہ	روشن	است			

طالب	حال دلم به دلبر فرزانه روشن است بر عاقلان حقیقت دیوانه روشن است
عرفی	چند بی بهره شود دیدہ گریانی چند زلف جمع آر که جمع اند پریشانی چند
طالب	کو جنون نابکشایم در ہذیان چند تجفہ چاک فرستم بہ گریبانی چند
عرفی	خوش آن جهان چومن از داغ دل کہاب شوم زمانہ راکنم آباد اگر خراب شوم
طالب	خوش آنکہ مست حیا باتو ہم شراب شوم تو رفتہ رفتہ شوی آتش و من آب شوم

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2. *Monetary Engotiations in the World Economic Conference 1933* by Mr. Abdul Hasib, Deptt. of Economics, size : 20 × 26/8 4
3. *Small-Scale and Cottage Industries as a Means of Providing Better Opportunities for Labour in India* by Prof. Q. H. Farooque, Department of Commerce, size : 20 × 26/8 6
4. *Ricardo's Theory of Distribution* by Prof. Mohd. Shabbir Khan, Deptt. of Economics, size : 20 × 26/8 4
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