

# TALIB-I-AMULI

*(The Poet-Laureate of Jehangir)*

HIS LIFE AND TIMES

S. NABI HADI

MUSLIM UNIVERSITY, ALIGARH  
INDIA



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آب  
استخوان

پودانه کرد از دل ما کسب سوختن  
گوی معلمیم دبستان شعله 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 art, life 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-bureaucrats 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 aesthetic 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The *Dicān* of Talib-i-Amuli is hitherto unpublished. The manuscripts of his *Dicān* 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 *liraqmihī* (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, Astt. Editor, *Adaab* 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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FILE IN IRAN

I

Birth and Boyhood

A central town in the north of the Caspian Sea, the city is a mainly Persian town of Mazandaran, the northernmost province of Iran, and still stands the city of Amul. It was the capital of the province in Persia before the arrival of the Russians in 1813. It is a centre of trade and commerce. The city is a good example of a small town which has more of a modern character than any other town in the province of Mazandaran in the 5H 1790. Amul is the capital of the province, so it is one of the main towns of the province.

It was in this city as a child that the poet, in a letter of request, that Mahmud of Iran saw the light of day. The date of his birth remains unknown but he was born in the first half of the 18th century, the year 1075H (1762). So far, his poem has been known like that of most of the Eastern poets, but the poet's name and his name, however, provide a proof in the form of a literary origin. The poet himself, though he is a child, in the first of his poems, always forgets to mention his poetical name. The only relevant disclosure in the poet's own judgment is that of the identity of his relation with the Muse. But on the other hand, the pages of Persian anthologies present to the reader a disorganised, hasty accounts and superficially full of purely conventionalities.

1. Ibn-i Isfandiyyar, *Tarikh-i-Iran*, pp. 20-27.
2. H.L. Rabino : *Mazandaran & Atrish*, pp. 30-39, Latitude 36°3', Longitude 52-3'.
3. *Hududul Alava*
4. Rabino *ibid*
5. Iskandar Munshi : *Alam-i-Akbar* p. 174
6. Ch. 3 *infra*
7. پوشم نسب شعر چر دانم که تودانی، کان مایه مرا ثامن این سبع مدا 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؛

[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 indomitable 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.

3, Abdun-Nabi : *Maikhana* P 384

The poet himself has not mentioned the name of his father in the *Kashan*. But this is not a matter of great importance, as the name of Talib's mother is mentioned in the *Maikhana* and the *Khazana-i-Amira*.<sup>9</sup> The name of his father is also mentioned in the *Maikhana*.<sup>10</sup> The name of his father was extremely rare in the country of Kashan. The family was highly respected among Sarakhs and the house was twice frequented by the Anarchists, viz. the Master and Pershah. The latter class included both the Persian and the Arab as witness to their talents and gifts, the complete education of the brilliant and noble genius made the deepest and fullest training of Talib. His golden youth began to pass. He was tall and strong, became a soldier, his intellect was full of light. The relation between the cousins was farther strengthened by the marriage of Talib to Nasira-i-Kashan and Shirin Nisa Begum, the eldest sister of Talib, whom he had married and loved as a mother, gradually and with feminine and as a son-in-law in the age of Shah Jahan.

The Kashan period of Talib's life happily passed away without labour, without any struggle, yet with aspirations high 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 aim 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 vacation wherever 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. 300,

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 جاوۀ حسن یوسفی مهر کمال  
وز بهر احاطۀ فضائل گردید تاریخ تولدش «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 noble population of Herat, which had been oppressed and plundered, turned to the Shah and begged for help. The Shah responded by sending an expedition to Herat, and was met by the nobles of the city. The Shah's expedition, led by Mirza Baktash Khan, an ally of Mirza Tahmasp, was a success. The Shah's expedition was a success, and the nobles of Herat were able to escape. The Shah's expedition was a success, and the nobles of Herat were able to escape.

The triumph of the Uzbeks was a great one, and the Shah's expedition to Herat was a success. The Shah's expedition was a success, and the nobles of Herat were able to escape. The Shah's expedition was a success, and the nobles of Herat were able to escape.

از هرات رسیدند از راه سپهر کوه به کاشان آمدند مردم کا شان شهر را  
چراغان کردند همه شب صحبت چراغان گرم و روشنی افزای طریخانه  
حوشدلی بود.

From Herat, the expedition to Kashi, the Shah's expedition to Kashi, the Shah's expedition to Kashi, the Shah's expedition to Kashi.

But to the family of Tahmasp, the Shah's expedition to Kashi was a success. The Shah's expedition to Kashi was a success, and the nobles of Herat were able to escape. The Shah's expedition to Kashi was a success, and the nobles of Herat were able to escape.

4, *Ham-Asa*, P. 423.

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

6, *Ham-Asa*, P. 437.

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

*Makhtumat Ghazni*, P. 102, *Sabih-i-Ghalib*, P. 103.



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" (IOLIH 1602).

گر فلک یک صبحدم بامن گران باشد سرش  
شام بیرون می روم چون آفتاب از کشورش<sup>9</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>10</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>11</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 اوگند  
تره شان اندر مذاق دهر بریانی کند  
من که بدبختم نه جنبد اشتهای 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.

کز باده است در به تو بویان نظم من  
 زهره در گاه سکر زین شروانی کند  
 ز است آنگ ایمنش این همه گدش خورد  
 کز کسی بر صدف دعوی، مسلمان کند  
 شاه من علم مسجد در سطر روز کار  
 آنچه شد که با دژد خوش خوانی کند  
 نش طعمه که چنان مریه تخمیر دوست  
 زهر عیوت در گزونی آب حیوانی کند  
 دارد از خاگرد آن مریه از در پی فیض  
 کز از او تهی او هر قطره عمانی کند  
 حیب کیک از زلفه معنی شود صحرای چین  
 طره مشکین فکرم چون پریشی کند<sup>12</sup>

[When the lucky fools entertain with their eyes, their delicacies are palatable to the world like a feast.]

But, luckless, I will fail to meet the appetite of the world and 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 put poison into the sugary palate 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 treatment 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

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 "Kikayani" :—

بارها بالهجة اعجاز بر گوشت زدم  
 آنچه صبح ذوقتونم 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 از یک هر نفس  
 تکیه بر انعام شاهنشاه ایرانی کند  
 شاه عباس جوان بخت آنکه بر فرقش سپهر  
 هر سحر از 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 most noble and noblest of kings, and every minute heaven scatters the pearls of his wisdom.

The wisdom of Plato and other great philosophers is nothing to the Shah who would dispense wisdom to them.

Your Majesty's fortune has made you the most illustrious creature. You have used the pen with the hand of a Khaqani!

Such were the human aspirations that made the courtiers of the court of Shah Abbas but they never achieved the sense of failure that had clouded the eyes of the author of this spiritual manifesto. The best men in the world were in a 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 1593 to a nobleman Mirza Mahammad Shah, 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 *Dikhan* 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 1014-15, 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 1000H 1586-91.

آنم کہ ضمیرم بصفای صبح نژاد است  
چون باد مسحیم نفسی پاک نهاد است  
فخر الشعرا طالب شاداب ضمیرم  
کا وازہ نطق گہرم گوش بلاد است

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

2. *Ibid* P. 496.

3. *Ibid* P. 568.

۱. کجاست که در آنجا  
 کجاست که در آنجا  
 کجاست که در آنجا

I am the only one who is  
 the only one who is

O Allah, I am the only one who is  
 the only one who is

My father is the only one who is  
 the only one who is

In matters of religion, I am the only one who is  
 the only one who is

I am the only one who is the only one who is  
 is neither the only one who is the only one who is  
 but the expression of the only one who is the only one who is  
 feeling of love has been directed to the person who is the  
 patron

وایا گویا روز رسامونی شگه  
 ای کز تو کمین پناه من سبع سناست  
 هر روز بنظمی اگر درد سر آرم  
 ظن می نه ری که صله مقصود و مراد است  
 خود دانی و هم بر تو بتدریج شودفش  
 کز من بزر و مان چه خصمی و عناد است  
 الفت نه با یوم بزر و سیم که مبین  
 بیگانگی جوهر انسان و جماد است  
 نامردم اگر نیم رقم در دل طبعم  
 مجزون ثنا سنجی حکم جواد است  
 وین هم که به کلک از تو رنددم رقم مدح  
 مهریست گریبان کش و باقی همه باد است

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 دیران صواب اندیش بامر جلیل المراتب 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 بمرید قرب و منزلت ممتاز و خطاب «میرزای عالمیان» داشت افتاده بدین منصب عالی معزز و سر بلند گردیده علاوه متاصب 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.

capable of killing or slaughtering thousands of people. The secretaries of the Ministry of War, who were not allowed to be absent from their offices, were ordered to go to the front. The Ministry of War was assisted by the Ministry of the Interior. The title of Minister of War was given to the person who made the most successful military operations. The Ministry of War and the Ministry of the Interior were the main departments of the government.

Such list of duties was given to the Ministers of War and the Interior. The Ministry of War was the main department of the government. It was responsible for the military operations. The Ministry of the Interior was responsible for the internal affairs of the country. The Ministry of War was the main department of the government. It was responsible for the military operations. The Ministry of the Interior was responsible for the internal affairs of the country. The Ministry of War was the main department of the government. It was responsible for the military operations. The Ministry of the Interior was responsible for the internal affairs of the country.

خداوند بزرگوار دمی صدارت رشعل زندگی خوشتر بشیمانی

باشم من را هزار زخمه تیس غر مسامت دیده مدفون باد  
 برگ نیبو فرات زدنی عزت هم از سیدیت آسمان گون باد  
 ده عیسی کشور خصمت مایه انتشار طاعون باد

حضور چه نوگوییستون بود مثل همیشه بد 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 Eshad!]

Needle-to-stay-far-away-Oriental-court-had-always-been-a-hot-bed-of-intrigues. Poor Mirza-i-Alamiyan, with all his circumspicion, could not save himself. The troubles continued to visit him and culminated in an armed clash between him and his subordinate Governor of Meshhad, Mirza-i-Khan-Qasbi in 1015.H. 1606. Subsequently, Shah Abbas was displeased with Mirza-i-Alamiyan and deposed him. His kinsman, Mir Abul-Qasim, shared his fate. Firdaus suffered the misfortune of losing his patron.

Firdaus is held to be a man who had filled his poet with a sense of his own importance. He set out from Amid in quest of a new patron and ultimately arrived at Mevâna that fine city famous in the East for the beauty of its inhabitants — with the bitter recollection of his recent discomfiture still fresh in his mind.

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

[We proceed from country to country to welcome grief,

When our feet fail to move we press our course through lead.]

8. *Alam Ara* P, 535.

9. *Diccionario*



### With Mir'at-ul-Khbar at Merv

Later on, I have been told that Mir'at-ul-Khbar was written by a son of the author of the *Qandil*.<sup>1</sup> The name of the author of the *Qandil* is said to have been Mir'at-ul-Khbar. It is said that he was a Persian who came to Merv and was well-versed in the Persian language. He was a friend of the author of the *Qandil* and it was he who translated the *Qandil* into Persian. He was a man of letters and a man of high rank. He was a friend of the author of the *Qandil* and it was he who translated the *Qandil* into Persian. He was a man of letters and a man of high rank.

In the same way, the author of the *Qandil* assigned the authorship of the *Qandil* to Mir'at-ul-Khbar, viz. Mir'at-ul-Khbar, the author of the *Qandil*.

وَقَدْ كَتَبَ فِيهِ بَعْضُ بَنِي هَارُونَ بِرَأْسِ مِيرَاتِ الْخَبَرِ وَارْتَبَعَ خَلْقَ عَمْرٍاتِ

عَمْرٍاتِ

The principalities of Arak, Aland, and Baluchistan were assigned to Mir'at-ul-Khbar, viz. Mir'at-ul-Khbar.

Arak, Nakh, the author of the *Qandil* was well-versed in making distinctions between the different kinds of people.

1. *Ibid.*, 411, 412.

2. *Ibid.*, 411, 412. "ارز و مرد افغان بگوش سلطان اسحاق و در رتبه امارت سرفراز

فرموده به قاعه ماروچاق و ضبط مرغاب فرمودند"

3. *Ibid.*, 413.

4. *Ibid.*, 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 بیر 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 هنگامهء احباب زتست  
نغمه جوش است به تحریک توام عود خیال  
مطرب طبع مرا شوخئی مضراب زتست  
بیست 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*

میں نے تالیب کو اپنے پاس بلا لیا اور اسے کہا  
 کہ تم نے میری زبان سے سنا ہے کہ میں نے  
 ملکاش خان سے کہا ہے کہ میں نے

میں نے تالیب کو اپنے پاس بلا لیا اور اسے کہا  
 کہ تم نے میری زبان سے سنا ہے کہ میں نے

O Talib! Pass on my message to my cousin Malkash  
 with all the words.

Move your tongue so that the people of Iran hear  
 the sweet notes of the nightingale of Iran.

You have lighted the candles of my life and you have  
 this crown of glory on my head. You have made me  
 spring up like meadows by your meadows. You have  
 heard the stories of your good fortune and you have  
 enemy's luck to sleep.

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

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

Malkash Khan, the incarnation of justice and liberator, the  
 source of peace and security, has drunk the cup of  
 success.

The garden of his patronage has been grazed by spring  
 flowers. The hope that the nightingale of Amu will  
 chant there his sweet notes.

But all those avowals of devotion could proceed to be ephemeral and Talib could not stay with Malkash Khan for more than a brief period falling between 1015-16H (1606-7). 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

In dream I saw Taha with my accustomed clarity and splendour  
 which I do not least trust took its destination to his part in it

کہ رشک حفته بود در یک آغوش  
 کہ سبش حیرت آید حیرت آفرود  
 سر بر زنگر گنگ بود  
 تو گوئی زان قصه بر ندیده است  
 سفر تعبیر این آشفته خواب است  
 کہ چنان بر آمد مجرورہ ازین دم  
 ہم گشتن خانه حیوت شب دوش  
 یکی خواب عجیبه رؤیای نمود  
 چنان دیدم کہ چشم غرق خون بود  
 میں غریب گم حسنه خواب  
 پیغمبر شد کہ پیغمبر در رکب است  
 و یک در حاضرش می گردند بین عزم

In the course of my private journal I have already instilled  
 both into you and into me

I had written down some lines which I had written in the night and which  
 were like this

When I was asked in the Indian Press Agency what I was  
 writing I wrote down the following lines which I had  
 written this night

Heaven on a plume of the revelation that for a while I shall  
 reside this assembly

The Sufi orders were as indifferent to such literature as they  
 were to the Indian newspapers. Their intellects shrank  
 from a mixture of poetry with the literary activities of the Persian and  
 Afghan part of India. It was not merely a question of material  
 benefits as the historians of Persian literature has remarked, which  
 in the case of even talented Persians toward India, but the main  
 reason was of a different nature. India in those days had become  
 the centre of Persian Moslem and ways were better in Iran. Such  
 people would not go to India to pilgrimage there. They would  
 rather stay in the land of their birth till they had paid  
 a visit to India. The main discontent of Taha was mainly due to  
 the fact that he was leaving his stay in India he was losing his ideal.  
 This feeling of Taha may well presumably at this time, reflects  
 his troubled feelings:

\* Ibid. 11

S. J. R. Review, Vol. IV, P. 15

بہتر سے بہتر ہوں، ہر سال ہر سال  
 ہر لمحہ ہر لمحہ گشتِ زمین نگریست  
 ہر لمحہ ہر لمحہ کہ پس از ملکِ ایران  
 ہر گزرت من گشت گزین مرقہ کسیت

[More than twenty years or more I have been in India, all eyes are looking at me with remembrance.]

I have still not seen the good which I had expected in Mecca, so that people would know whose secret I had kept.

The statement of Abul-Nabi is so old that it is so interesting that it deserves to be quoted:

طالب ہزاری در بحر خسرو شیرین نام ملکش خان تمام گردانید و  
 در آن شبہ این مضامین بہ انداز رسانید کہ ارادہ دین وطن کردہ ام امیدوارم  
 کہ حق عایشہ مباح خود را دوست گام رخصت فرماید تا چند روزی  
 برادران ہزاران خود را دیدہ بوز بہ ملازمت معودت نماید، آن خان  
 عایشہ این مس ہزار داستان را آدمیانہ جانب مازندران بہشت نشان روانہ  
 گردانید، طالب گشت دارالامان و سیراین ملک را بر حب وطن ترجیح دادہ  
 راہ ہند پیش گرفت.<sup>10</sup>

[Talib composed a *masnawi* in the name of (Nizam's) Khusrav Shirin, addressing Malkash Khan. In that poem he disclosed 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 patriotism.]

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. *Divan*

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 با مردم 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*



کبریاں کھلے گشتِ ہمدہ سبش  
 کبریاں کھلے گشتِ ہمدہ سبش  
 کبریاں کھلے گشتِ ہمدہ سبش  
 کبریاں کھلے گشتِ ہمدہ سبش

"This garden named Bahar is like a paradise,  
 Her roses and jasmine are fresh and fragrant,  
 Her dust is saltish to such an extent that  
 Her vendue has three days of sale at its."

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:

درهند 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*

129987

میرزا غیاث الدین بلخی نے لادھیوں کے ہمدردی سے یہ ہفت  
 لہجے لکھے ہیں۔ لادھیوں کے ہمدردی سے یہ ہفت

Talib got such a good idea that he could be named Talib  
 he remembers Talib again.

Fortune favoured Talib soon and his name reached Qandahar and  
 attract the notice of Mirza Ghazi Khan, who was at that time the ruler of  
 the youthful power but a military skill and a commander in chief. Talib  
 was advanced enough to hold the rank of a general. Talib was  
 like Qilij Khan, Qora Beg and Sardar Khan. He joined Qandahar  
 from the Qizilbash invaders of Persia in 1711. He had studied in  
 the faculty of the Qizilbash but Qandahar without an emperor. Saif  
 Khan was posted to govern Qandahar in place of the emperor. Mirza  
 Ghazi Khan subsequently returned to the emperor at Kabul. This happened within a few months. Five years  
 later, in the month of Rajab 1171 (1756), the royal despatch was sent to  
 despatch Mirza Ghazi as the permanent governor of Qandahar. Sub-  
 sequently Talib received an invitation to come to that place. He wel-  
 comed it with pleasure and took the road from Azad to Lahore. It  
 was the middle of the rainy season. The clouds of rains and the  
 torrents of rain made the journey extremely difficult. From Lahore  
 he passed his way to Multan, and in that city he was compelled to  
 remain and wait, as the rivers of Panjab were flooded and the road to  
 Qandahar was heavy with deep quagmire. However, the poet managed  
 to convey his message to his patron. The following is one of the verse-  
 fied letters that bears an evidence to the occasion:

ایسا ستودہ صفائی کہ از گلِ وصف  
 کلاه گوشه از ریشہ گلشن است مرا  
 ز شوق مسح تو بر منطقی بین گوئی  
 زبان خامه یکی شاخِ سوسن است مرا  
 ہجومِ پرتو مہرت بسینہ صد چاک  
 ظہور معنیء خورشید روشن است مرا

3, *Diwan*

4, *Tuzak Jehangiri* P. 33

5, *Ibid*, P. 72

پای دینه گر امروز تابسم سویت  
 مگو که کاهلیء طبع رهزن است مرا  
 تمام عزم ره خدمتم وایک 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 سنجم نوائی سبحانی  
 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  
 چرا 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 symptoms have been felt in the form of rain and pearls.

Verses composed in melody by me and others in the month of winter are immature.

God and I alone know the story of the life of the poet during this period.

May it not be my misfortune to experience such a period where in I have met with various calamities.

ز نگره تاجران گشن لاهور  
 زین بیدم با اره می باری  
 در غم من چن زور می شد چو مزل  
 زین بر شک نیاب کوس عدای  
 چو بخت رفت هم من سلامت از رشک  
 چهار ماه در آن فیه داشت بیدای  
 رنگت من نزدیک شد آن که مرا  
 سگ شود لقب آملی به من متی  
 کدو که آمده ام از تو چشم نه هست  
 که روی تویت از بخت من نگرددانی

[From Agra to the summits of the mountains of India, I saw in the company of the clouds of rain.

When I proceeded to Mult in my tears I wept for my departure by shelling Nilab (River Indus.)

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

Because of long sojourn at Multan the title *Amali* 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-

tal 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 برآورد، 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 طاب آملی و میر نعمت اللہ وصالی، و ملا اسد قصه خوان،.....  
میرزا در نغمه پردازی و طنز و نوازی بی نظیر بود، دعه سز 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. *Tuzuk Jehangiri* P. 63



The encounter of such a vocal poet with the poetic masters of India, who had asserted and expressed their individuality henceforth as an art. He, who had been a master, repented, the time and effort and length broke the head of pride and he came from Iran to India, and the poetasters of the way the less important than the masters.

|                              |                              |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| منمائی و حاقانی از امتانم    | بمنمائی و حاقانی از امتانم   |
| که در دلم نشانی از منمائی    | که در دلم نشانی از منمائی    |
| نماند پروانگی عرشیانم        | نماند پروانگی عرشیانم        |
| عنان بوس گردان روحیانم       | عنان بوس گردان روحیانم       |
| که بوس بوقت نکام دهانم       | که بوس بوقت نکام دهانم       |
| که نبود قسم عشق را جز بجانم  | که نبود قسم عشق را جز بجانم  |
| زهی حجت از شاعران زمانم      | زهی حجت از شاعران زمانم      |
| به از شاعران بنکه از ساحرانم | به از شاعران بنکه از ساحرانم |
| منمعی بیان مرصع زبانم        | منمعی بیان مرصع زبانم        |
| که یکمائی عصره و حید زمانم   | که یکمائی عصره و حید زمانم   |

I am a prophet in performing, nima haqani, poetasters of India  
Khaqani are the followers of my creed.

In wisdom I am Moses, the differentiation of verses, I am the  
me.

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

When the steed of my eloquence reaches heaven, delight and  
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

تو نے اپنے لیے کئی کئی بار دعا کی ہے  
 کہ میں دنیا سے دور رہوں اور اللہ کے  
 فضل سے اپنے لیے کئی کئی بار دعا کی ہے  
 کہ میں دنیا سے دور رہوں اور اللہ کے  
 فضل سے اپنے لیے کئی کئی بار دعا کی ہے  
 کہ میں دنیا سے دور رہوں اور اللہ کے  
 فضل سے اپنے لیے کئی کئی بار دعا کی ہے  
 کہ میں دنیا سے دور رہوں اور اللہ کے  
 فضل سے اپنے لیے کئی کئی بار دعا کی ہے  
 کہ میں دنیا سے دور رہوں اور اللہ کے  
 فضل سے اپنے لیے کئی کئی بار دعا کی ہے  
 کہ میں دنیا سے دور رہوں اور اللہ کے  
 فضل سے اپنے لیے کئی کئی بار دعا کی ہے

You have given full reliance on a knowledge of the heart, due to to the conscience of a simple heart to know the world and the world.

I have truth and sincerity, but not why do I do it in a quietness.

When have I boasted of myself, I am not a person who is that erudition and what is that perfect search I claim of?

I am proud of my truthfulness, and I am not of people and not for the degree of knowledge, perfection, intention, and intention.

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

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 بدی از  
خانه زادانش حرام نمکی نموده به زهر قاتل ... داغ شقادت و بدنامی بر  
ناصیه خویش نهادند؛

زهر در گامش غلامان ریختند از بهراو  
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 ... نادر و لخواهان چند ... زهر در کام و کاسه اش  
ریختند؛

which Mirza Ghazi was involved. He was a brave warrior, but how ultimately he was overpowered by the forces of the emperor. He commanded the frontier camp at Qandahar, and the Maghals' government of the Achaemenian empire had laid conditions around that region were such that a revolt of another *Qizilbash* assault was imminent. The news of his death was reported to the emperor at Amara on 20/11/1556.

بہشت ہر پندہ ہمیں مدہ کہ آردی بہشت باشد، خیر فوت میرزا

عزیز میرزا

On the 27th of the same month of *Rebi ul Thani* 965 Mirza Ghazi's death arrived.

Amidst the disgust and gloom the poet has written the following India :—

بہ کن ہر ہوی طاب راسیہ پوش  
بزرگ نکتہ دان دہر غازیست

Every hair on the body of India is a sign memorial of the death of Mirza Ghazi.

15. *Tuzak Jehangiri* 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 Peshawar, passed a few months in leisure, and in the month of *Ramzan* made his appearance in the court of Chin Qilij Khan at Peshawar. These six months were passed in striving for a new appointment. Conditions around Peshawar 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 Peshawar 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. A 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 horses:--

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

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

2. *Tuzak Jehangiri*

3. *Ibid*



[Chin Qili, who was the elder brother of the poet, was a nobleman in addition to his other excellences. He was a very liberal and generous man. In his boyhood he was favoured with the title of *Qili*. He was devoted to the prayer of his father, and he served him in the service in Erak. He reared his rank to a high position on horse.

Talib's strenuous exertions at last drew out in the world the poet Chin Qili. The light and lustre at the court of that nobleman, and in the poet's mind the dream of past happiness, and his own position himself amidst the same luxurious and dramatic atmosphere, which he left at Qandahar :

میرزا چن قلیج خان اکبری اندجانی  
 داشت از ارباب فضل و کمال بود ..... در جود و سخا دستی بلند  
 داشت و حالی از شہامت و پردلی نبود و بہ تدابیر منکی بسیار میرسید و  
 در شہائی مندید در فوجد ری جونپور و بنارس گزرانید و گویند در مجلس  
 از آن سینہ داشت، محفلش قسمی باسیاب عیش و طرب آراستہ و پیراستہ  
 می گردید کہ مشاہرہ آن زاهد صد سالہ را بہ حسرت می انداخت<sup>4</sup>

[Mirza Chin Qilij, the noble son of Mirza Qilij Muhammad Andjani of Akbar's time, was learned and excellent, liberal, 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 Jaumpur and Banaras. The fact that he was skillful in entertaining, and that his entertainments were so mirthful and sensuously gay that would provoke even a cenobian 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 ہی تو نسخه شام  
 گل ار کدام چمن چیدہ بغل بکشای  
 کہ باز نکمت عیشی کنیم استشمام

4. *Masirul Umero* III P. 351

بیا بیا کہ بہ دور فراق روی تو بود  
 گلوی شیشہ بخشکی نمونہ لب جام  
 نہ بادہ را بکف یار بود قدرت بوس  
 نہ بوسہ را بہ لب یار جرات پیغام  
 کجا برآمد مجلس کجادر آمد عیش  
 کجا تواضع مستان کجا تکلف جام  
 کجا اشارہ سافی بہ لطف سوئی قدح  
 زما مضائقہ در خیل میکنان ابرام  
 کجا تبسم دادر در تکلف بوس  
 زما سجود پیایی بہ شکران انعام  
 کجا خرام بت خرگی بوقت سماع  
 ازو بر عشه سرین و زما تمام اندام  
 گزشت برما سی روز متصل کہ ندید  
 کسی بچشم صراحی جمال شاہد جام  
 ہمین نوای ریمی زدیم و نغمہ شید  
 چو مرغ گلشن زاہد سفیدہ دم تاشام  
 چہ مایہ شکر نما یمت ای مبارک عید  
 کہ جلوہ کردی وا فروختی رخ ایام  
 نثار رحمت حق خاص باد فرق ترا  
 کہ خلق را بہ رہاندی ازان شکنجہ دام  
 ہلال خود را با سرخشی شفق دادی  
 طاوع یعنی اینک شراب وانیک جام  
 کلید میکدہ آرزو فرستادی  
 بدست ساقی بزم یگانہ ایام  
 گل بہار سخا چین قلیچ خان کہ سپہر  
 بہ باغ ہمت 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 closed your eyes? O Prince of the world, that we may stand in the great court of the Sultan.

Come, come! drink, you in absence of wine, drink as the lips of the cup.

Neither wine had the power to kiss the hand of the cup-bearer, the kiss had come to convey a message to the dulcet lips.

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

Where was the sweet winking of the cup-bearer toward wine, we being host and the drinkers being in destitute.

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 noon till evening.

How should I thank you O auspicious Ekl 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 cup bearer* of this age (Patron).

The rose of the spring of generosity, Chiu 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 غزل و 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 زخم از اهل عزتم آخر  
 مرابه دانه عزت توان کشید به دام  
 تو قدردانی و عرت فزای طالب را  
 که هست قابل اعزاز و لایق اکرام

'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 Anvari 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.

Calib's energetic, even violent, protest applauded him on the left, since it was not an extreme and distasteful form of protest. His generous nature provided the poet with a brilliant poet, in return, expressed his sympathy in the most burning rhymes:

سایه عهد با گلستان تازه  
گشتیم عندا لب گلستان تازه  
'این شکر چون کنیم که ی منت بهار  
دیدیم در چمن گل و ریحان تازه  
'جان دیر ساه عجب چون کنیم یاد  
'اکنون که با فینم به تن جان تازه  
دل ی تکلف از سرو سامان فتاده بود  
بازش نصیب شد سر و سامان تازه  
'اکنون به سهو یاد گریبان نمی کند  
'این دست با رسیده به دامن تازه  
زین در میباد نقر مکنم که بد نماست  
هر ساعتی شدن مگس خوان تازه  
دل طی نمود منت و آئین کهنه را  
دین نوی گرفته و ایمان تازه  
از چن قلیچ خان و ز طاب 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 *Ziqidi* 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 "*Maikhan*" 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 بى 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 تکلفی نکرده است آن ابیات اینست،

کجایم که در آنجا در آنجا در آنجا  
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I happened to see him for the first time in Bombay in the early days (1920 H). I found him a very charming and cultured person and learned in all branches of poetry. In the course of my acquaintance he was distinguished among all his countrymen. His manners were so pleasing and his etiquettes so refined that I was very soon captivated. The admiration and affection which I felt for him meanwhile has continued a few years longer. It is a natural response to friendliness. The article that I have written is not very ostensible. The verses are as follows:—

I have read books on how to make a friend. I am a student and a scholar of the art of love.

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

There is not the faintest insincerity in me. It is not like a rose in my human.

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

چون سر سورت به جاگیر قلیچ خان مقرر بود چن قلیچ را بجهت  
 حفظ و حراست ایچ التماس نمود که مرخص گردد. در بیست و هفتم دی  
 به خدمت و خطاب خلی و علم سرفراز گشته مرخص شد.

[As the port of Surat had been assigned in Jagir to Chis Qili, he prayed that Chis Qili, his son, might be deputed for its guardianship and administration. On the 27th Dec. 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  
 زبان 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 خود 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 حاشالله اگر  
 ز خاک پای تو سربنده 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 سرزلف 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>

11. *Diwan*

"My mind is full of a thousand thoughts,  
twisted and tangled as a ball of wool."

Six months have passed with me  
to make it a fact.

Benjamin Franklin said, "The secret of  
success is hard work."

Pain has been my daily companion,  
and I have been with it for a long time.

But I get up in the morning and I know that I must  
do my best.

I shall continue to work as hard as I can,  
rest is my least desire.

I swear to my head and to my heart,  
I shall not turn back until I have done my best.

You have Moses's name, and I have your name,  
and I shall do my best to be like you.

The secret of success is hard work,  
and I shall do my best to be like you.

O Allah, six months have passed with me,  
and I have been with it for a long time.

If a few more months pass with me,  
my face will be like the face of a man who has  
been with it for a long time.

The story of Urdu is a story of a man who  
It was from the people of the Punjab and the  
of a generous patronage. So it was that the  
through which almost all the great Urdu poets  
India and the rest of the world. The poets who  
from distant countries and the haze of  
people, with different colors, had come to  
of purchase and sale, and in the Punjab  
Sarat provided a big room for the Urdu poets  
narrative line and its own style. The story  
between his own and the poet. The poet  
the poet, inspired him with the same  
one of the poems, composed in the style of the

طاب منہ کہ پرد گین جین را  
بر چہرہ دقت پردہ عصمت کشیده ام  
ای س شب دراز کہ در فکر تو روز  
در حک و خون پرده ریاضت کشیده ام

صافست زان زلال حدیثم که عمرها  
از جام فکر درد کدورت کشیده ام  
برطبع من بلند خیالان روزگار  
رحمت از ان کنند که زحمت کشیده ام  
خواری بسی زہست خیالان روزگار  
از شومئی 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 ہمہ غربت کشیده ام  
امل زیاد رفت مرا زالتفات 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 فرون زحد و نہایت کشیده ام  
آن طرفہ گو ہرم کہ بہ دکان روزگار  
کم قدری از فروئی 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 عبادت 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 my wealths to the world, to the pleasures and incontinents.

The purity of my character is due to the effort of removing impurities from the world of my life.

The wise men of the world have made me their relations.

I have sustained many hardships from the incontinents of the world due to my exalted nature.

Chin Qili Khan is the father of the world by the purity of his hand I have become the father of the world.

He is so kind that his children are his brothers and his relations are his brothers I have suffered.

His estate is the source of my wealth and the source of my wealth since I have come to the stage of the world.

My heart and soul are devoted to him for I have received many of favour from him.

O God increase my wealth for I have suffered due to my wealth limit due to diversities of the world.

I am a unique person in the shop of the world and I have been assessed due to my high cost.

The speech of the old man of the world is in my ears 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.

The prosperous tenure of life at Surat, however, shortly came to an abrupt end. In the month of *Ramzan* 1022 H., 1613 old Q I Khan, the father of the poet's patron, passed away at Peshawer. When the melancholy news arrived at Surat, Chin Qili, 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

[Chia 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 he moved to Ahn-e-Lahore, the Governor's seat, in the Punjab. Abdulla Khan wrote to the poet a poetic letter in his own hand and addressed him with marked cordiality. The following poem, which the governor's emissary approached the poet and delivered as an official letter to him: -

صدا رفیقار بیکی در طالع صبح توری  
بگوشم زد صدائی چنگ چون پانگ مسلمانی  
رسیر آهنگنی آن نغمه مست از جای بر خیزم  
در جانب نگاهی تاختم از روی حیرانی  
یکی باد غبار آلود بر در جلوه گردیدم  
عرق ریزان چو مرواریدش از اطراف پیشانی  
دریدم پیش و گفتم خیر مقدم وانگه افشاندم  
پیش مشتبی از ناسفته گوهر های مثرگانی  
پس از وی با هزاران شوق بیتابانه پرسیدم  
که ای جاروب راحت پیکر مرغ سلیمانی  
لبت آبتن رمزیت گویا مژده داری  
که می بارد ز رویت همچو گل آثار خندانی  
چو بشنید این سخن بکشود لب و انگه 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 مشرده آوردم  
خط آزادی مرغ دلت از دام حیرانی

در اثنای تکلم کاغذین نرجی پراز گوهر  
 بهوسید 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

[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, and I saw a light such a grace that heaven pleased to.

I was more pleased when I saw a light in the name of that *Shah*—the name of the

The word of grace, Abdullah Khan, the ruler of the reality from whose neckers and necks the pearls for the mans then diamonds.

Abdullah Khan was not the most famous ruler of the time; he was uncultivated and devoted a fine time to the study of the commonly known as *Ustad* and he studied the art of the soldier. "He was a valiant soldier, a valiant and a ruthless sort of man." His rule led by him to a country which was marching with tempestuous speed.

سے کہ در پیش و در سواری چو بود کہ در یک روز شصت ہفتاد  
 نامہ می و شہر و چندانی معنی مشور می کرد ہر کہ عقب می ماند سرش  
 ہمہ می آورد بہر چہ رخسی رسیدہ بسیار خوشنم بود و مہابتی تمام  
 داشت

[His regular practice was that when he was about to start an expedition he marched to the Kisilghur. He appointed a trustworthy rearguard. If anyone lagged behind, he would be caught and brought to him. On the face he showed a countenance which looked nice and magnanimous.]

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

یوسف بچتم بحمد اللہ بروں آمد زچاہ  
 گو کہ طالع بمصر عزتم بنمود راہ  
 طی شد آن ایام کز روی عداوت روزگار  
 ہر زمان کردی بز ہر چشم سوی من نگاہ  
 بود روز من سیرہ چون گیسوئی شب ناگہان  
 برق دولت لمعہ زد روشن شد آن روز سیاہ

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

3. *Masirul Umoia*, 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 شہد حیات  
 در مذاق جانم آن دیرینہ لذت تازہ شد  
 زین نسیم گلستان کز باغ شادابی وزید  
 غنچہ پشمردہ دل راضراوت تازہ شد  
 شکرایزد را کہ بعد از روزگاری بر سرم  
 انتفات سایہ چتر سعادت تازہ شد  
 طوطی طبع مرا در شکرستان خیال  
 رسم خاموشی کہں 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 مئی 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 قبلاہ شمشیر بندان آمدم  
 صفر فیروز جنگ و سرور کشور ستان  
 جوہر آئینہ اقبال عبداللہ خان

Thank God that the Turkish nation has been treated so well; and the state of our land has been so well honoured.

Those days are passed when I used to  
wait for me every moment with my hands.

My days were dark and the nights were long,  
dark and my days were long and dark.

Heaven with heart and eyes has seen the state of my  
fortune can witness in that respect.

My lack which was my enemy, has now with its arms  
taking me into the arms.

Luxury's lovely relation with the world of  
are all the more dear.

The sweetness of the honey of life was  
life again feels the taste of part of the.

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

Thank God that at a time the shadow of the  
of gold has fallen over my head.

The pain of my heart, in the state of  
again fresh to speak, and I have again the heart of the.

The melodies of nightingales and the  
milk; the lip of my pen is active to speak  
of the.

What a way it was through which I came  
and travelling with eyes and fishes.

The cup bearer and the flower-bearer were  
good fortune, that is why I came with white  
roses in my collar.

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

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

Accompanied with the dainties of good fortune  
faith, I have come in the refuge of the *Qil'at* of  
Saidi bearers.

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

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

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 *Zilhijja* next year.

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

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

7. *Inzak Jehangiri* P. 109

Abdullah Khan was a man of great character and he did a lot of good work for his country. He was very brave and he was a great leader. He was a great friend of the emperor's. He was a great man and he was a great leader. He was a great man and he was a great leader.

درد آمد از درد داری در خیال  
 نگرین چون گریه کنی در میان  
 غم از غم است غم از غم است غم  
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می توانم طی نمود آن ره به ذوق  
 در رکاب صاحب نصرت عنان  
 همچو طوطی نکه سنج و بداه گوی  
 همچو بلبل نغمه ساز و شعر خوان

[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:



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 درشانش  
 هر دم هزار نکته رنگین بیان کنم  
 گجرات را گذاشته کردم هوای هند  
 تا کسب فیض صحبت آن نکته دان 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*.

10. *Diwan*

I wish to cut a slice from my heart  
name of *Muhammad-Qasim* the Pious, the Pure.

He, the lustre of the pen, the eye, the heart,  
a thousand columns of the firmament, the earth.

I wish to leave Gharat's appointed time,  
acquire grace from the company of that woman.

My weak heart is soaked in pain, that a whole world  
cry every moment.

It is like of I need to desert, *Farid* is the name,  
twisted like a thread upon the finger of the hand.

Talib's efforts seem to have been successful. In the year  
1024H (1616), he made his appearance at Ajmer where he remained  
staying with his mother. He had a wide circle of friends and  
literary celebrities in the neighbourhood:

عالم ریسی گیش احسب جوں سپہ  
مگر جوں کن کہہ آمں شستہ سپہ

O Talib, how it goes. The *Shah* is in the garden of Ajmer,  
garden of Ajmer, he has a whole world of 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 الدواہ کز لطف و کرم  
می زہد دست کلیمش کفش پیش پای نطق  
گر زیدی عیسی معجز بیان را در سخن  
بر لب او چشم دل کشای در اثنای نطق  
چون زبان او شکر ریزد کرا حد مقال  
چون بیان او گہر 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.



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 Shajda'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 امصار 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 اعرا 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 رحل و قدمای صاف مقال بہ خاطر دارد با او ہمزیانی کند ؛ وقتی کہ قریب بزمگاہ کہ فی الحقیقت بزمگاہ قرار یافتہ بود رسید اعرا اظہار بشاشت کردند و چند قدم از جای خود انتقال و نا حاشیہ فرش استقبال کردہ او را بہ اعزاز و اکرام تمام آوردہ بالا دست نشاندند 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 :

بهر آنکه در این شعر، در وصف حرامی  
 از آنکه در این شعر، در وصف حرامی

توجه به این نکته است که این بیت است :

عشق در این عالم است سوزنی آید  
 حسرت در این عالم است آید سوزنی

در این بیت، در وصف حرامی، در وصف حرامی

بیت که در این شعر، در وصف حرامی

توجه به این نکته است که این بیت است :

بیت که در این شعر، در وصف حرامی

توجه به این نکته است که این بیت است :

چون هست موی است سرپی سینه ام

بیت که در این شعر، در وصف حرامی

توجه به این نکته است که این بیت است :

وز به در رو بشوی خارهای گل شود

بیت که در این شعر، در وصف حرامی

توجه به این نکته است که این بیت است :

خار ماهی آورد در قعر درو بهر گل

بیت که در این شعر، در وصف حرامی

توجه به این نکته است که این بیت است :

ذات تو بود صبیغه کور که کرد

از روی ادب مهر خدا بر پشت

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

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

یاران بی اختیار در قہقہہ 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 Tahib of Amul were present at my house. Suddenly Mulla Shaïda appeared from afar. As all friends were fed up with his idle boasts and superfluous verbiages, and they understood that he presents cheap ideas like adopted sons in gaudy guise. They, therefore, conspired to request Shaïda 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 Shaïda's plagiarism. As Shaïda 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. *Makhsud Gharib* Vol. II P. 215,

‘I said that you see, I have a very good nose’  
 ‘Gawab: ‘Koi?’

‘I have a nose that is very good, it is very good  
 finger-nails, that is, it is very good’

‘He was very much surprised, he was very much  
 ties and this is the first time I have seen you’

‘I was very much surprised, I was very much  
 title I was very much surprised, I was very much  
 states of the mind, I was very much surprised’

‘I met a man, I met a man, I met a man, I met a man,  
 an amount, I met a man, I met a man, I met a man’

‘But the state of the mind, I was very much surprised,  
 over the sea, I was very much surprised, I was very much  
 roses’

‘As I finished this, I was very much surprised,  
 said, I was very much surprised, I was very much  
 verse opposite to it’

‘You see, it is the first time I have seen you, I was very much  
 God made a mistake, I was very much surprised’

‘O Friends of Esra, He has a very good nose, I was very much  
 Beni, I was very much surprised, I was very much surprised’

‘You see, my people, I was very much surprised, I was very much  
 bears, as a mark of respect, I was very much surprised’

‘All friends, upon this, I was very much surprised, I was very much  
 started serious affairs’

From Ajmere Taqi moved his camp and went towards the city of Mandi. In the last of the month of  
 Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1867 and after a journey of  
 four months entered Mandi on March 6, 1867 A.D.

Taqi Auliya mentions many names of the people of Mandi  
 with whom he made acquaintance on the way.

مولانا سرخوردی ہوندی است در راہ ماندو اورا دیدیم واز ماندو ہاما  
 رفقت داشت ..... و دران راہ ندہ ہا عرف و خاطر و حکیمہ رکنا قصیدہ  
 پنج ردیف طرح کردہ ہونہم .

4. Beni Prashaq III, p. 277.

5. Taqi Auliya, Beni Prashaq MS. HJ. Miran.

[Molana Saruni 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 لشکر  
 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.

ہرگز نہ دیکھتا ہوں کہ ہوا کی جگہ سے  
 کبھی نہ آئے گی جو ہر جسم کو  
 ہرگز نہ دیکھتا ہوں کہ ہوا کی جگہ سے  
 کبھی نہ آئے گی جو ہر جسم کو  
 ہرگز نہ دیکھتا ہوں کہ ہوا کی جگہ سے  
 کبھی نہ آئے گی جو ہر جسم کو  
 ہرگز نہ دیکھتا ہوں کہ ہوا کی جگہ سے  
 کبھی نہ آئے گی جو ہر جسم کو  
 ہرگز نہ دیکھتا ہوں کہ ہوا کی جگہ سے  
 کبھی نہ آئے گی جو ہر جسم کو

[By the effect of the scorching climate, the poet is afflicted with a severe illness and contented to say,

Fever in army started my body as if the attack of a scorching straw.

Such heat from the pees of heat (i.e. heat of the sun) if were passed to sea it would have dried it up.

If the sun were to reflect such heat, it would not last a handful of water and fall down from the fields of merit.

If hell were overshadowed with such a heat, sweat would pour forth from its blazing body. Its blazing body would be smothered with sweat.

If breeze were to pass over my body, it would scatter my heat in a moment.

By the cry of thirst my jealous nature let the fountain 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 voice-stricken body is wrenched into pieces.

The bones of my body have so appeared clear that Huma (stone-eater) dashes from a talon 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 دارالسرور فتحپور نزول فیض وصول ارزانی فرمود  
بنابر استماع چند بیت از نتائج طبیعت سلامتہ الفصحی ملک الشعرا طالب  
املی دل سخن پذیر را سخن دل پذیر گریبان گیر گردیدہ من و درویشی

<sup>8</sup> Rev. Edward Terry P. 226.

<sup>9</sup> *Tuzak Jehangiri*.

در حیرت کہ بائی این شهر را چه لطافت و خوبی منظور بوده کہ  
در چنین سر زمین بی فیض شهر ساخته... پیش ازین احمد آباد را  
گردآباد گفته بودم الحال نمی دانم کہ سموستان نام نهم یا برہارستان خوانم  
یا ز قوم زار گویم یا جہنم آباد، کہ شامل جمیع صفات است



بہزائوئے تفکر فرو برد، و من ازین طرف شرمسار سر خجالت در پیش انداختم؛  
آخر من از کردہ خود پشیمان شدہ فکری اندیشیدم کہ تقریری بر  
انگیختہ او را باز بر سر حرف بیارم و تلافی گفتگو نمودہ برخیزم گفتم  
پرروز کدام شعر ملازمان در محفل پادشاهی مذکور بود کہ فضلاء فصیح  
زبان و شعرای بلیغ بیان بر آن گرفتہ کردند؟ خواند:

عنبر افسردہ ام در پردہ دارم بوئی خوش  
چون بہ مہرم گرم می سازند بوئی میدہم

نواب خانی آصف مکانی فرمودند کہ افسردہ بر چیزی اطلاق توان کرد  
کہ خشک شود و بہم بر آید و عنبر این قسم نیست، فضلاء و شعرا ہمہ  
تصدیق قول ایشان نمودند، گفتم قدما لفظ افسردہ را بر سنگ اطلاق کردہ اند  
چنانچہ خاقانی گوید

ورد تو این بس است کہ یا غیث الغیات

کز فیض او بسنگ افسردہ رسد نما

شگفتہ شد و گفت برای من این بیت را بر پارچہ بنویسید، بموجب  
گفتہ او عمل نمودہ جراحات جانبین را اندمال دادہ 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 Fali-i-Amali, the poet laureate, my poesy-loving  
heart persuaded me to enjoy his pleasant verses. I and a certain  
*Deraish* 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 recite a couplet. I said: "Mirza! today excuse me. I have no couplet ready." He said: "and I wish to pour out my feelings. I wish to see you and the two persons for an assembly. I will recite couplets on both sides, we shall have a discussion, and I shall be glad to see you to teach the *ghazal* and *rubai* which you have so far passed carelessly." I pointed out: "What is the meaning of that verse?" The poet, Mirza, turned his mouth like a snake. I felt in my throat a lump of fire. As he was moving a new thread was introduced. I failed to make a satisfactory expression of my feelings. I, due to my youthfulness, when the poet recited a couplet was provoked into a quarrel. I did not know how to do in Hindostani, teach these poems in his class, and I had troubles with the school authorities. I replied to him: "I am different from understanding of you." He turned his face towards me, he felt grieved and became silent. On the spot I was ashamed and bowed my head in front of him. He said: "sorry for my impudent remarks, and for the trouble which recommence, the conversation will be continued tomorrow, by rendering my apology of a couplet." I recited a couplet yesterday which verse of my poem was recited in the assembly about which all the scholars of the school were the versifiers of eloquent speech had recited couplets. He quoted Kh uq ni which pleased him, and I returned.

## 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 صاحباً گفتگوئیست براب  
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



همین خجلتم دور دارد ز خدمت  
 چو ابلیس مجرم ز درگاه باری  
 وگرنه همه طالب حق شناسم  
 ز سرتا قدم شوق خدمت گذاری<sup>1</sup>

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

Lord of the world, I have a request to make if 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. *Divan*

As I have you, I have you better than I have you.

To lead to the end of the world, I am ashamed at the end of the world.

Then you will be the one who is from God's proximity.

Otherwise I am the one who is longing for you.

The resignation was accepted at a court of amusements and pastimes in the Palace which was not a court of law. As a result, were impressed in the minds of the courtiers Qasim Durrani Khan, the emperor's nephew. He got the permission for a private interview with the emperor, forty-eight hours before the execution of other narrative materials. But Talib seems to have been less than happy in the royal presence. He felt that in the presence of Jehangir, he would have to play the role of imperial indifference through his face and with silent smiles. While the emperor and Talib had mortified each other, the courtiers darted their looks and pointed their fingers at their common man. The assembly utterly depressed and the emperor gradually subsided and let the night pass in a sleepless night waiting for the morning. The following poem to Dara Shah Khan is the result of

رسمی سازده گرمی که نفس خفته را  
 به پیش طوطی عشق ز ک بود ناکن  
 چه نطق که سودی و می نماند نیز  
 به هر غریب و مسافر بی الخصوص بمن  
 نخواست آنکه چو در غریبه 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 افشاندی  
 بہ فرقم از گل تحسین متاع صد گشن  
 چہارم این کہ بہ بزم شہنشہم بردی  
 چو دل بہ پلاوی خود ساختی مرا مسکر  
 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

بہارِ بختِ تو میں تو چون بر ابرم ہوں  
 کہ اشعارِ بزمِ غمگینہ جو دہ در گردن  
 شدہ طالع میں لڑ ایک من بندہ اد  
 بجز طالع جو نہ مستحقِ دانورسین

Blessed be you, who would let me the poet of the court, and the eloquent speaker of laws and rights.

Of the countless favours that you have done toward me, I know not how to count on every passing day specially, I mean that you have found me in a foreign land, you have found me in a remote and homeless distress.

You have saved my life, You have made my life a pleasure, You have made me a noble man.

The third is that you have let me be the darling of the court, and have showered flowers of praise over my head.

The fourth is that you have bestowed on me the favour of making me sit there like heart in your side.

You did what was worth doing, but my misfortune has made me small, I am, like a child, playing with a ball.

My evil luck and my speech indicate to that all friends and foes alike sneer at me.

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

Who could suspect that I, who would have lost all intelligence and wit and would give a fool a lesson?

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

Two one was my bad luck which effect has always done to 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 *Mishri* for excitation of me, but its intoxication did what it did to me.

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



۱۔ اگرچہ یہ سب کچھ  
 اللہ تعالیٰ کے ہاتھ میں ہے  
 لیکن ہمیں اس سے  
 بے خبری نہیں ہونی چاہیے  
 اور ہمیں اس سے  
 بے خبری نہیں ہونی چاہیے  
 اور ہمیں اس سے  
 بے خبری نہیں ہونی چاہیے

۲۔ اگرچہ یہ سب کچھ  
 اللہ تعالیٰ کے ہاتھ میں ہے  
 لیکن ہمیں اس سے  
 بے خبری نہیں ہونی چاہیے  
 اور ہمیں اس سے  
 بے خبری نہیں ہونی چاہیے  
 اور ہمیں اس سے  
 بے خبری نہیں ہونی چاہیے

(My friend, I am not a prophet, I am only a messenger.)

(I am not a prophet, I am only a messenger.)

(My friend, I am not a prophet, I am only a messenger.)

(I am not a prophet, I am only a messenger.)

(Were the Angels to descend upon you, they would say, 'We are messengers of Allah.')

(But I am not a prophet, I am only a messenger.)

(I am not a prophet, I am only a messenger.)

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 Kalanaut,<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  
پیشید، 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 منتفی نمایند که بمنصب و  
جاگیر خاطر خواه کامروا نه شد

6. A town in Punjab

4. *Tuzak Jehangiri* P, 286

میرزا شہر خان لودی کے ہاں جو شاعر تھے۔  
 میرزا شہر خان لودی کے ہاں جو شاعر تھے۔

[When the title of laureateship was conferred on Talib, the rank aroused jealousy in Shir and many other poets of the court. Our elders were fortunate who passed away from the world before seeing Talib as poet laureate.]

---

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

## X

### Laureateship

Truly fulfilled the duties of the poet. He was in a position favourable to his talents and character. His many qualities have secured the social and political esteem and the support of many of the official and state functions. The *Ma'arif* (1907) has given the praise of the entire "Najd" or "Haram" the "Haram" city of Mecca and Jehanne have been gratefully named in recognition of his work. He bears the praise of the shaykh Abdul Wahid (1907). He has started his career as an advertisement of his work and his position among the vanguard of his age which has been a result of his uncommon genius.

No definite records towards the poet's salary in the history. But the Mutual Court where poets and wits of same community, namely Judges and other judges, gave "gold and silver" for their work was common at a loss. Jehangir recorded that "some of the best men of his court with their backs were laid against the wall of Mecca and Najd the Minister was weighed against silver on the 14th of the month Monday, the 12th *U. J. B. B. B.* 1027H (1617) with a weight of gold that date the balance was in favour of the poet Mulla Asad. The story tells that he was lighter than his former weight as his weight did not exceed Rs. 4,000. The poet's salary was considered by the royal patron to be weighed against silver on Sunday, the 14th *Shahy.* 1027H (1617). Jutok (Roz) the royal patron once received a similar honour in the 2nd week of *U. J. B. B. B.* 1031H (1620) and was weighed for Rs. 6,500. The astrological experience of a poet's good fortune, of course, is only four months long; he was weighed for a second time on Monday the 12th *Shahy.* 1030H (1620) with a weight of Rs. 7,000, an obvious increase in weight; he was paid additionally 500 gold *M. B. B.*

1. Hadi Hasan *Ma'arif* p. 10; P. 12

2. *Tu'at J. B. B. B.* pp. 185, 210, 320, 335

30/08/2017

10/09/2017

20/09/2017

30/09/2017

10/10/2017

20/10/2017

30/10/2017

10/11/2017

20/11/2017

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10/07/2018

20/07/2018

30/07/2018

10/08/2018

20/08/2018

30/08/2018



کف زنان رقص کنان مدح سریان مستان  
 بندگان بین که به درگاه تو چون آمده اند  
 شاهد دولت و ذات تو که جاویدان باد  
 هر دو 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, Sittin 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 Agha Khan, who was a nobleman whose rank increased by Shah Jahan with the accession of the emperor. The younger daughter was married to a nobleman of Kashi, a nobleman, having the title of "Rajmud" and with a command of 150 and 100. Her name was not known to any other lady except Sitam-Nose. Both ladies were named Muchal-nalita. She served the royal family in the capacity of a seal-bearer to Begum Saad-un-Nissa. After the death of the palace, and ultimately she was made by Shah Jahan in charge of the affairs of royal Palace etc.

Talib received the news of his father's death with great royal entourage. He was forced to report to the emperor on the suggestion of Begum Saad-un-Nissa. The application was accepted with a favourable expression.

اے سردار اختیار کہ ساریہ تو  
 بہ ز خورشید خورشید است مرا  
 صاحب ذرہ پررزا عرضی  
 بز بان سخنور است مرا  
 پیر همشیرہ ایست غمخوارم  
 کہ باو مہر ما در است مرا

8. *Marital Union* Vol. II, Pp. 799, 283

9. *Ibid* : -

خانم مذکور بہ خدمت گذاری ممتاز الزمانی امتیاز انداخت از انجامہ شیوہ زبانی و ادب شناسی متجلی بود و از مراسم خانہ داری و علم طب باخبر از سائر خدمتگاران قدیم گذراییدہ 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 فرمودہ

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"

[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 medicine she is a Messiah, but her love is more dear to my soul like that of Mary.

In curing my pains her name is the ultimate miracle.

In such a state through which I am passing, her name is extremely befitting to me.

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

I was removed from her service in Ibad and that was a grievous fault of mine.

She could not bear to remain away from me, for she is 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 fluttered like a pigeon.

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

Infact 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*, *Safir* 1030H 1626/7. That was his journey's end : there the Great Muzhal 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 resurection 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, *Tuzkh.* P. 412

12. Azad Bilgrami *Khazana-i-Asra* P. 360; Ahmad Ali Sandilavi *Makhtawat Gharib* P. 248 MS. Aligarh.

13. Shir Khan Lodi, *Miratul Khayal*

14. Bakhtawar Khan *Miratul Alam wala-i-Daghistani Ri'azush Shuara* P. 111, Rieu II, P. 679 *Tabqat-i-Shah Jehani* P. 325, 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 merciless and ferocious 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 sasanids 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 Mughalage 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 Maghul writers from the east, and the latter from the west, furnish very scanty material for the study of the history of the classics of antiquity in the world, and the influence of the dramatic thought which may be derived from them, and which to discredit them, often is done by the writers of the Maghul society or to disbelieve or mock them in view of the contemporary artistic culture. In contrast with the Maghul, they have always shown an unimpaired regard for the value of the foreign translations. The versions of Greek literature and of the sophists filled the Latin world with a new and fruitful life. With the diligence Petrarca studied and imitated the Greek literature in an interesting way. The Latin translations of the Greek literature were the mainspring of the renaissance. The Maghul writers seem to suppose that the versions of Greek literature were the most precious discovery and that the Latin translations were the best language. All the eminent writers like Ul-Haqq, Mir-Said, Mir-Bek, Mir-Tahir and Saif seem to be deeply inspired with a sense of sympathy towards the *"hellenic idealism"*.

Our lively interest in the study of the Maghul literature for the posterity shall never lose, is due to the fact that the Maghul literature is the actual product of one of the most glorious and important epochs of the world history. A survey of the poems, legends and epics of the Maghul society of those writers and poets, who received their inspiration from the royal rewards in gold and silver for their art, the Maghul society presents to the mind the bright reflection of the culture of the humanistic 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 such as Mir Anwar-Qasbi to the humblest versifier, all of them had the same social and literary conditions to the same emotional temperament which had the same desire to convey to the subjects. The popularity of the poet increased the scope of public amusement and advanced the people's spirit to acknowledge that heaven makes no discrimination between the ruler and the ruled, in distribution of 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 *adversous* 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 mind and led it to a world of venture, struggle, and self-seeking pride. The poets of the past sang their love songs later on when the Persians had been humbled by the ferocious Mughals. There were quite different factors at work in Mughal India. In the county, the unwavering character of the poetical atmosphere of the court of Baber's descendants and their rule, provided the congenial circumstances for the development of lyric and song. The change of climate, as he wrote in the opening lines, rapidly caused a change in the style of poetry and the choice of form. The shifting of landscapes was marked by a 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 entire populace indulged themselves, strongly affected the attempt to create the amorous and sensual art, of which *Guzal* was the chief embodiment. It was not unnatural, therefore, that *Guzal* 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 نادره 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 ornaments and decorated with all branches of eloquence, dramatic style, hyperbole, and the like. The fellow poets and pupils soon followed the same path and the same ethics.

Mirza Saib, a younger contemporary, took the best of the classical tradition of the life and the manner of the great poet. With the strongest temptations to desert, Mirza Saib found a worthy disciple to take the place of the chief poet:

شوق تازه قسم یاد میکنم صائب  
که جای طالب امل در اصفهان پیدااست

O Saib, I swear in a new manner, that I shall make you the Talib of Amul.

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

میرزا صائب و غیره سخن سخن او (طالب) را به استاذی قبول  
نمودند:

[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 bore a different character and attracted the notice of every critic.

Nasrabadi was the first to discover in the poetry of Talib the peculiar system of versification which has been attributed to all the Mughal poets and to which the Turkish critics mark as *tazgidi*.

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

3, Sarkhush, *Kalimat-i-Shayra*

4, Tazkira-i-Nasrabadi:—

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

طالباً عندلیب زمزمه ایم سخن تازه آفریده ماست

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

جودت طبع و استقامت سلیقه 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 بلندی سازد..... (خزانه عامره)  
جوای معانی بلند است و غواص لای 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 Tuḥf. Alī. Talīb. A. who has a just and  
 injudicious and peevish contempt for the style of

تہ تبروان است و در شاعری طرز خاص کہ مطلوب شعرائی  
 ہرگز

[Talīb is the author of a *ḥamās*, in poetry he has a peculiar 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 »

دهن بخار آن بدمم زهمی انصاف  
 به در دهان منش مهر براب داز است  
 در حین سخن او شود ترانه سرای  
 چه حلی روزه تهنایت سراز است

[O Talib, it is my humbleness that I remember. I do not wish to praise the quality of a drop is not worth of the ocean.]

.....

I was by the invitation of Talib that the silence of my nation is not a magic but a reality.

I am indebted to the silence of Umi-Hall, whose lips at any time his secret recording lips are sealed. Yes when the melody of Amul sings his melody is not the only melody of Shiraz, but I cannot sing in his place.]

طالب از طوطی شیر از بره گوئی مقال  
 اگرش تربیت لطف تو ممتاز کند  
 غنایبی ست که عرفی برنش سجده اگر  
 فی مثل روئی سخن جانب شیر از کند

[Talib will supersede the parrot of Shiraz. Umi-Hall will be more distinguished by your kind training.]

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

به لوح نکته رنگ آمیزی عرفی مکرر شد  
 بیا طالب یکی نقش نوی بر روئی کار افکن

گذشته طالب نامم زعرش نزدیک است  
 که 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 بلندی فطرت نظر کن  
که در پائی خلقم چسان اوفتاده  
سخنمائی 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 name, I am trampled under the feet of the people.

My pen of div-reed, dispersed in the desert, is like the bone of the dove.

My imagination begets virgin thoughts like the rain of the mine.

My pen scatters the scent of amber on the face of the moon, and becomes beautiful like the tresses of a beloved.

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

من تازہ گل بہار قدسم  
 بوئی زین بوستان دارم  
 این جمہ زبخت واژگونست  
 می دانم و شکرمی گذارم  
 هر چند عزیز روزگارم  
 در دیدہ کائنات خوآرم  
 من شہر جبرئیل عشقم  
 بر آتس 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.]

پیوستہ بامن است سروکار روزگار  
 من گرم دارم این ہمہ بازار روزگار  
 من طرح کفر و دین زدہ ام مجلاً منم  
 صورت نگار سبجہ و زنار روزگار  
 مشکین نقاب ازچہ زدود دل منم  
 ناموسیان پردہ 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 turban 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 گهرم 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.]

بہت سے عہد نامے خوبشتم طالب  
 لکھتے ہیں اور حرف چٹائی خط و خال است مرا

[O Talib, I am a lover of the beauty of my call  
 the dots and letters there are as charming as my ex-  
 pressions.]

شمع خورشیدم و ظلمتکدہ ام ہی نور است  
 عیسیٰ بوقتم و ہر مویہ تم 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 lady of my time  
 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  
ابن 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 festooned with garlands due to me.]

I warm up the hearts of the fresh singers; the heart of the poet is burning due to me.]

من تازه بهار بوستان سخنم  
 اورم حتمه شمع دود مان سخنم  
 تنقاری فصاحت اشیان سخنم  
 سوگند بجان تو که جان سخنم

[I am a fresh spring in the garden of eloquence, I am a glowing candle among the descendants 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 overflowed 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 صوفى صافى نفسيم  
جرعه بر صبح فشاند لب ميخواره ما  
آب در دیده ما کسوت آتش پوشد  
عرق شعله زند جوش زفواره ما

[Khizar = the everlasting perfume; the heart = the heart of a vagabond heart; the Sun = the sun; the star = the star; the heart = the heart.]

We, the drunkards are the source of pain, because we are the residual wine which from our lips have out.

Water in our eyes takes the form of the fountain which flows forth from our fountain.]

حال دلم به دلیر فرزانه روشن است  
بر عقولان حقیقت دیوانه روشن است  
در شمع بزم تشبیه از فروغ نیست  
مجلس ز شعله بر پروانه روشن است

[The state of my heart is clear to my wise friend, who can understand the reality of the fanatic.]

The candle of the assembly has not the trace of burnt wax; the assembly is lit with the flame of the moth's wing.]

کردم در دل باز بر آن عارض پر نور  
زبان گوهر که آئینه بر آئینه کشایند  
طالب لب اندیشه کشود و گهر افشایند  
اهل سخن اینسان در گنجینه کشایند

[I opened the gate of my heart before her glowing cheek, 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 مسنانه 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 rich similes and fine metaphors. By the use of metaphors he displays his rich store of poetic invention. When a poet is gifted with force of argument and clarity 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 clarity. He regarded the introduction of new metaphors as the most successful criterion of poetic art :

سخن که بیست در او استعاره نیست ملاحظت  
نیک سارد شعری که استعاره ندارد  
دیوه شاهر صرق است بی مظاہرہ طالب  
کہ 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 تیراه 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 توریخت

کجاست در گداز حنجر بار است  
 کجاست خطیر بر جدام این به ازین بست  
 ای سحر گلی که شهر و دیوار از نور روشن است  
 هر آنکه بخت را شب از نور روشن است  
 هر گلی از سیرم دل ما شعله داغیست  
 هر برگ ز آه جگر ما پر داغیست  
 فغان گز موج آهی کشنی بختم تنهایی شد  
 متاع چند گرد آورده بوده قوت ماهی شد  
 بحر عذار نوکزوی خوی حجاب چکد  
 کی دید شعله گزوه قطره قطره آب چکد  
 بی توشب کار حریفان بفراق افتاده بود  
 همیشه دلمی مشتاقان ز طاق افتاده بود  
 دمی زخوی تو صد کشور از رواج افتد  
 میاد آنکه کسی آسمان مزاج افتد  
 امشب زبان مجلسیان جمله گوش بود  
 گویا که مطرب اب ما در خروش بود  
 غنچه فیضم ولی حسرت کش بویم هنوز  
 ناوۀ مشکم ولی در ناف آهویم هنوز  
 بعد نازکی 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

سیرطاف و سیرتاف در خلق  
 سیرشان سیرتاف از حوالی گوش  
 سیرتاف در سیرتاف گوی دستار  
 کچه دیکگی 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 ears 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 شناسند  
 زاهدی نظم شناسند خویش را هیأت  
 به بین که این دوسه مجهول درچه وسواسند  
 تمیز شان ز بهایم بدین بود کایشان  
 تپی زحس و بهایم تمام حساسند  
 باطلس سختم دست رو نهند و سزد  
 که این خران همه سود اگران کرپاسند  
 بظا هر ارچه بزرگند لیک در معنی  
 چو طفل ساقطه حامل احقرالناسند  
 به وصف شان جگر نطق راچه 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

کجاست که در این راه می شوی از جهل  
 منیر لبی گسست همچو خورشیدش خاموش  
 و دیگر از طغی حسانت ولی  
 بزرگ زانغ شود پادشاه چمن خاموش

[In vain you injure my heart by rambling 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 meanness of my position, not because the crows shout, the nightingale of the land nor the wind.

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

ای اصف جم قدر سلیمان تمکین  
 سر کن بجهانیان سلوکی به ازین  
 هر صایفه را در آر نوعی بنظر  
 هفتاد دو ورقه را بیک چشم مبین

حاشا که تو گوهر از صدف شناسی  
 یا تا خلفان را ز خلاف شناسی  
 شناختن منت از آنست که 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 پس غنایت

جز میورد و سوال که ما کس غنایت

چون در شمار عمر بود پس غنایت

باز خاوری پس غنایت

در کس غنایت

در کس غنایت

و چون غنایت ازین قبله بر ما

مخواب ابروان منو کس غنایت

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



## Models of Imitation

Till the arrival of our Amir Khasrow, the history of Persian poetry is a happy combination of two things. On the one hand, the works of Khasrow were discovered, the first time, in the most perfect condition in which they exist. The odes of Khasrow are furnished with knowledge and ornament. They are polished, elegant, sublime and original. When a student is to write to be proud in successful imitation of the great style of our great master :—

طالب زبان عطوطی دلی شراد را  
جز در دهان بلبل آمل نه دیده ام

and further :—

به خسرو داشتم زوی زبازی در سخن طالب

He gleaned from all authors and reciters whatever he thought brilliant and useful. It was a fashion among the scholars to make copies of the most popular writers by keeping their compositions before the eye. That imitative attempt was called *jezb* (copying) 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 طالبد 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

|                                           |      |
|-------------------------------------------|------|
| من در آب بر آتش                           |      |
| شما من بر آتش                             |      |
| این حطت مشکک بر آتش                       |      |
| عاقبت رویت آب بر آتش                      |      |
| کسی که حسن و حظ دوست در نظر دارد          | حافظ |
| محقق است که او حاصل بصر دارد              |      |
| مگر که زده انگور درد سردارد               | حافظ |
| که آب غوره شرف برمی شکر دارد              |      |
| بکند و جامه دی سحر که انفاق افتاده بود    | حافظ |
| وز لب ساقی شراب در مذاق افتاده بود        |      |
| بی تو شب کار حریفان بافراق افتاده بود     | طالب |
| تیشه دلهائی مشتاقان ز طاق افتاده بود      |      |
| باز ای و دل تنگ مرا مونس جان باش          | حافظ |
| وزن سوخته را محرم اسرار نهان باش          |      |
| بنشین نفسی همدم دل محرم جان باش           | طالب |
| لحنتی نه بر آئین جهان گذران باش           |      |
| مرا عهدیست با جانان که تا جان در بدن دارم | حافظ |
| هوا داران کویش را چو جان خویشتم دارم      |      |
| برون از پوست برتن کزنسیرین پیرهن دارم     | طالب |
| تو بنداری مگر خفتان افعی در بدن دارم      |      |
| ای نور چشم من سخنی هست گوش کن             | حافظ |
| چون ساغر ت پر است بنو شان ونوش کن         |      |

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

|                                    |      |
|------------------------------------|------|
| مرا که ناصیه مشتاق سجده صنم است    | طالب |
| طوف کعبه اگر دیر تر روم چه غم است  | طالب |
| از نور یار چون نفسم خانه روشن است  | عرفی |
| بیرون برید شمع که کاشانه روشن است  | عرفی |
| نه گفتن و نه شنودن زبان و گوش منست | عرفی |
| هزار نغمه گره در لب خموش منست      | عرفی |
| خروش محشر یار پیش خیز جوش منست     | طالب |
| منم که گوش فغان بر لب خموش منست    | طالب |
| اگر به کعبه عبادت کنم کنشت منست    | عرفی |
| منم که طاعت بت لازم سرشت منست      | عرفی |
| پر واز به بال و پر می میکنم امشب   | طالب |
| مستانه ره میکند طی میکنم امشب      | طالب |
| مستی نه بازاره می میکنم امشب       | طالب |
| صد قول یک زمزمه طی میکنم امشب      | طالب |
| مستی به پندلان نفروشد کسی چرا      | طالب |
| وقت سحر ناله نکوشد کسی چرا         | طالب |
| می در پیله زهد فروشد کسی چرا       | طالب |
| در آن بهار پاده نه نوشد کسی چرا    | طالب |
| هر شیشه شکستن دل احباب شکستیم      | طالب |
| همیشه می در لب مہتاب شکستیم        | طالب |
| مرا که ناصیه مشتاق سجده صنم است    | طالب |
| طوف کعبه اگر دیر تر روم چه غم است  | طالب |
| از نور یار چون نفسم خانه روشن است  | عرفی |
| بیرون برید شمع که کاشانه روشن است  | عرفی |



|      |                                                                       |
|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| طالب | حال دلم به دلبر فرزانه روشن است<br>بر عاقلان حقیقت دیوانه روشن است    |
| عرفی | چند بی بهره شود دیدہ گریانی چند<br>زلف جمع آر که جمع اند پریشانی چند  |
| طالب | کو جنون تابکشایم در ہذیان چند<br>تجفہ چاک فرستم بہ گریبانی چند        |
| عرفی | خوش آن جهان چومن از داغ دل کباب شوم<br>زمانہ راکنم آباد اگر خراب شوم  |
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