

## ❁ Chapter 17 ❁

The Last Years, 1868–69

If Ghalib hoped that the Nawwab of Rampur would enable him to enter 1868 feeling that he had 'won both worlds', the Nawwab, on the other hand, apparently did not feel any compulsion to put him in this happy position. Arshi notes that he replied to Ghalib's letter of December 29, 1867, on January 6, 1868, making no reference to Ghalib's request.

The year therefore opened on a gloomy note, and had Ghalib but known it, there was worse in store. In December 1867 he had brought an action for defamation against one Miyan Amīn ud Din of Patiala, and the outcome was a painful one. But this was the end result of developments which had begun some years previously, and must now be explained.

Hali writes:

'When Ghalib had completed *Dastambu* [in August 1858], in the loneliness and desolation that still prevailed what could he do but make his pen and ink-well his friend and companion, and forget his sorrows . . . by occupying himself in reading and writing? The only two books he had by him at the time were [the Persian dictionary] *Burhan i Qāte* and *Dasair*. He took up *Burhan i Qāte* and began to glance through it. At first glance he noticed inconsistencies in it, and when he then began to read it more attentively, he found numbers of words which had been wrongly explained . . . and [numerous other] offences against the principles of lexicography. . . . He began to note down the points which were open to objection, and they gradually accumulated to make up a book, which he entitled *Qāte i Burhan*. This he printed and published in 1276 AH. Then, in 1277 AH,<sup>1</sup> he published a second, augmented . . . edition, to which he gave the name of *Dirafsh i Kawiani*.'

Hali then gives a number of examples of Ghalib's objections to the entries in *Burhan i Qāte*, and continues:

'At the time he wrote *Qāte i Burhan* he had no other dictionary . . . by him, and no other materials on which to base his researches into various words. He relied on his memory in all that he wrote, or on his good taste and intuition.

<sup>1</sup> These dates are not correct. *Qāte i Burhan* was published in March, 1862 (1278 AH) and *Dirafsh i Kawiani* in 1865 (1282 AH). *Qāte i Burhan* had been written in 1859, as Ghalib's letters show.

Despite this, except for a few places where he has indeed been guilty of lapses, all his charges appear to be sound. . . .

'The book was no sooner published than every Tom, Dick, and Harry girded up his loins to do battle with Ghalib, and against this one book a number of pamphlets . . . were written. The reason for this opposition is clear. Blind acceptance of tradition has become so essential a part of us—not only in religious matters, but in everything else—in every field, in every branch of learning, in every art—that it never occurs to a man that he should enquire into things for himself, nor does he think any one else fit to utter a word against what men of past generations have said. Any book written a century or two centuries ago is regarded as a work of divine revelation, which is to be accepted as such. So no matter how sound and reasonable Ghalib's objections to *Burhan i Qāte* might have been, it was out of the question that they should not arouse fierce opposition. Some think that this opposition arose mainly because Ghalib's mischievous sense of humour frequently leads him to make fun of the compiler of *Burhan i Qāte*, and because he occasionally gets angry and allows himself to use harsh words of him. But this view is not correct. Even if he had not written such words . . . , he still would certainly have aroused opposition, because Indian scholars of the old school, whom nobody pays the slightest attention to these days, no longer get the chance to emerge from their obscure holes and corners except when some eminent and distinguished man writes a book, and they can write a refutation, and so show the world that they too are men to reckon with. . . .'

Hali's sarcastic words reflect Ghalib's own attitude in the matter, and whatever the rights and wrongs in specific points of the controversy, there is no doubt that Ghalib's essential position is sound. He asserts his own exceptional proficiency in Persian and claims that this gives him every right to dispute the dogmatic (and, not infrequently, ignorant) assertions of Indian lexicographers of Persian, whether of his own day or of the past, and not accept their findings unquestioningly simply because everyone else does. As we have seen, what he now asserted did not represent any new development. In the Calcutta controversy of nearly forty years earlier he had already made his standpoint clear, and his letters to his shagirds over the years had again and again restated the salient points.<sup>1</sup> Their reactions alone must have shown him that he would often be fighting a lone battle, but this did not deter him. In his letters to his friends he expresses himself bluntly and unequivocally. Thus he writes to Sarur in a letter dated only '1859':

'And let me impress this upon you: you will find that what I have to say about the construction of Persian words and the flights of meaning in Persian verse

<sup>1</sup> Cf. especially pp. 47 and 92 ff.

is usually at variance with what the general run of people say; and I am in the right.'

He knows that there will be few who share his stand. He writes to Majruh (July 1859) promising to lend him his own authentic text of *Qāte i Burhan*, but goes on,

'But let me tell you, you can be sure that those who read it won't understand it. They'll swear by *Burhan i Qāte* alone. Only a man who has a number of qualifications will take his stand with me. First he must be a man of learning; next, one who knows the art of lexicography; thirdly, a man well-versed in Persian—one who has a real love of the language and who has not only read a great deal of the great poets of the past, but who also knows some of their verse by heart; fourthly, he must be a fair-minded man, not pig-headed; and fifthly, he must be a man of sound taste and intellect, not one of crooked wit and perverse understanding. No man who lacks these five things will pay me the tribute due to my labour.'

He does not expect to find many such men in an age where universal, almost religious, veneration is accorded to the Indian scholars of Persian whom he attacks.

There are passages in his letters in which he explains in, for him, relatively measured terms what in his view is the weakness in their position and in the attitudes of those who support them. Thus he writes to Sarur, in another letter dated only '1859':

'Nizami<sup>1</sup> is now reduced to the state that until the khatri of Faridabad Dilwali Singh, known also by his pen-name Qatīl<sup>2</sup> . . . confirms it, his verse cannot serve as an authority. To Qatīl the works of the classical poets are a closed book. His knowledge of Persian derives from the speech of people who migrated to Lucknow from further west in the time of Sa'adat Ali Khan [ruler of Oudh, 1798-1814].'

Most of these, he continues, though Persian-speaking, were not Persians from Iran; and in any case, the language of speech is one thing and the literary language another—otherwise why would the great writers of Persian prose have sweated blood to write as they did? As for the attitude of their supporters towards them, he writes to Sarur in the letter first quoted:

'First I ask your honour: these gentlemen who write commentaries—are they all angels of God? Is all they write divinely inspired? The meanings they extract are based on conjecture. I do not say that in every case their conjecture is wrong. But neither can anyone say that their every pronouncement is correct.'

<sup>1</sup> The classical Persian poet.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. p. 47.

It grieves him that even his own friends and admirers are inclined to reject his opinion automatically if it goes against that of Qatīl or of the later Rampur lexicographer Ghayas ud Din; for even if, for the sake of argument, one accords them a fairly favourable estimate, they have no greater claim than he to be considered authorities. He feels so strongly on this point that he allows himself to speak with some sarcasm even to one whom he normally addresses with great respect. He writes to Sahib i Alam in an undated letter:

'I do not say that you must willy nilly accept what I write, but do not rate me below that son of a khatri [Qatīl] and this schoolmaster [Ghāyas ud Din] . . . Use your intelligence! Think! Abdul Wāse was not a prophet. Qatīl was not Brahma. Waqif was not a great saint. And I am not Yazid or Shimar.<sup>1</sup> If you accept this, well and good. If not, that's your concern.'

He laments that what he lacks is not their qualifications but their good fortune. He writes to Sarur in February, 1859: 'Where shall I get the good fortune of Qatīl of Lucknow and Ghayas ud Din, the mullah schoolmaster of Rampur, that a man like you should hold me in high regard and depend upon my word?'

Ghalib's argument that his judgement and learning are at least as worthy of respect as theirs, was one designed to make his friends pause to reconsider their position. It implies, merely for the sake of this argument, an estimate of Qatīl and others far more favourable than he personally was prepared to grant them. In letters where he gives his own estimate he leaves absolutely no room for ambiguity. He tells Tufta in a letter dated May 14, 1865, that in venerating men like Qatīl people are repeating the error of the children of Israel: 'By the power of enchantment the calf began to speak with a human voice, and the children of Israel worshipped it as God'—an apt hit when one remembers that Qatīl was originally a Hindu, and that to the Hindus the cow is sacred. Where he had told Sarur that of the conjectured meanings given by the lexicographers 'no one could say that their every pronouncement was correct', he tells Rahim Beg that they are 'rarely correct, and mostly incorrect'. He sums up his general view of Qatīl and Ghayas ud Din in the letter to Sahib i Alam already quoted: 'Pure Persian was ruined by that son of a khatri Qatīl . . . , and Ghayas ud Din finished the job.'

He is no less scathing about his own contemporaries. He writes to Shākīr towards the end of 1865 about Rahim Beg, who had written a pamphlet against him:

'He is a Meerut man. For the last ten years he has been blind; he cannot read a book, he has to have it read to him; he cannot write, he has to dictate. In fact people from Meerut say that he is not a man of substantial learning, but has to be helped by others. Delhi people say that he never studied under Maulvi Imam Bakhsh Sahbai, but gives it out that he did so as to increase his standing.

<sup>1</sup> The men responsible for the death of Husain, the grandson of the Prophet.

What I say is, alas for the poor good-for-nothing who thinks that to have studied under Sahbai is a matter of pride and honour.'

In moments of indignation he can be much more virulent. He tells Tufta in a letter of October 4, 1861 that in his eyes dictionaries like Ghayas ud Din's are on a par with 'the rag a woman wears when she is menstruating', and choice insults like these are not confined to his private letters, for Ghalib replied to his critics in a series of pamphlets, and the controversy was a fierce one, conducted in terms which mid-twentieth-century man too easily forgets were the norm until quite recent times, even if today they seem lacking in decorum and decent restraint. Reasoned, if vehement, argument of the real points at issue formed a part of it, but the participants attacked one another along a much wider front, and name-calling and downright abuse were among the weapons employed on both sides. Ghalib does indeed at one point find an ingenious argument for asserting that, where his opponents are concerned, name-calling is not permissible. In a reply to one of his critics he writes:

'He has used all the choicest epithets of abuse to describe me, not stopping to think that even if Ghalib is no scholar and no poet, yet he has a certain standing as one of noble birth and noble degree, that he is a man to whom honour and distinction are shown, a man of distinguished family, a man known to the nobility and gentry and maharajas of India and numbered by the British government among the nobly-born, one on whom the King [Bahadur Shah] conferred the title of Star of the Realm, one who is addressed in official correspondence as "Khan Sahib, our most kind friend". Is he whom the Government addresses as Khan Sahib to be called "madman" and "ass"? In point of fact such abuse is an insult to the Government. . . .'

All the same Ghalib was not the man to wilt under vigorous attack, no matter how indecorous, and, in general, he cheerfully withstood such blows and repaid them in kind.

However, a stage was reached where one of his adversaries overstepped the mark. Miyan Amin ud Din, of Patiala, published in 1866 a pamphlet against Ghalib which, Ikram writes, was 'full of obscene abuse and filthy insinuations'. Hali uses similar words of it, but adds that Ghalib's first reaction was to ignore it:

'Somebody pointed out to Ghalib that he had made no rejoinder. Ghalib replied, "If you are kicked by a donkey, do you kick it back?"' But on further reflection he evidently decided that the terms in which Amin ud Din had attacked him were intolerable, and he brought an action against him. Ikram describes what happened. 'The case came before the British Assistant Commissioner's court in December 1867. Appearing as witnesses for Ghalib were Lala Pyare Lal Ashob, Hakim Latif Husain, Maulvi Nasir ud Din and Lala

Hukm Chand, while on the other side were . . . Maulvi Ziya ud Din (Professor of Arabic at Delhi College), Maulvi Sadid ud Din, and some other scholars. The whole point at issue was whether the sentences which Miyan Amin ud Din had written about Ghalib in his book and the . . . insinuations he had employed, could properly be called obscene and abusive. Maulvi Ziya ud Din and the other witnesses for the defence, in order to save the accused, testified that these sentences bore meanings which made the charges against the accused impossible to sustain. When Ghalib saw that, thanks to these interpretations, it would be difficult for him to win his case, at the instance of a few of the noblemen of Delhi, he entered on March 23, 1868, a statement that he was satisfied, and withdrew his charge; but it is clear that the whole experience must have been deeply painful to him, not only because of Miyan Amin ud Din's abusive words about him, but also because of the testimony of eminent gentlemen like Maulana Maulvi Ziya ud Din, who not only interpreted Miyan Amin ud Din's filthy insinuations without the slightest regard for truth and justice, but in open court spoke of Ghalib as a 'chronic drunkard' and on these grounds contended that such . . . phrases as "the *kalal*<sup>1</sup> of Agra" could legitimately be used to describe him. . . .'

Hali writes in this connection: 'Some of these maulvis were on visiting terms with Ghalib. Somebody asked him why they had testified against him. Ghalib quoted a couplet of of his Persian verse in reply.' Hali then quotes it. The gist of it is 'I am a noble born and bred, and a man who acts nobly in this world finds himself abandoned by all his fellow-men.' Hali's account continues:

'When Ghalib brought his action some little time elapsed, and then people began to send him anonymous letters . . . cursing him for a wine-drinker and an irreligious man, and so on, and expressing the fiercest hatred and contempt and condemnation. They had a powerful effect on Ghalib. In those days he was all the time extremely depressed and dispirited, and whenever the postman came with the mail his whole expression would change, from apprehension that there would be some such letter in it. It so happened that in those days I had occasion to go to Delhi with the late Mustafa Khan [Shefta]. I did not know about these contemptible anonymous letters, and in my ignorance I one day committed a blunder the very thought of which always fills me with shame. Those were the days when I was drunk with religious self-satisfaction. I thought that in all God's creation only the Muslims, and of the seventy-three Muslim sects only the Sunnis, and of the Sunnis only the Hanafis, and of the Hanafis only those who performed absolutely meticulously the fasts and prayers and other outward observances, would be found worthy of salvation and forgiveness—as though the scope of God's mercy were more confined and restricted than Queen Victoria's empire, where men of every religion and creed live peacefully together. The greater the love and affection I felt for a man, the more strongly

<sup>1</sup> A low-class community of men who make and sell wine.

I desired that he should meet his end in the state in which alone, as I thought, he could attain salvation and forgiveness; and since the love and affection I felt for Ghalib were intense, I always lamented his fallen state, thinking, so to say, that in the garden of Rizwan [in Paradise] we should no more be together and that after death we should never see each other again. One day, throwing to the winds all regard for Ghalib's eminence and talent and advanced years, I began to read him a dry-as-dust lecture like an arid preacher. His deafness was by now complete, and one could only converse with him by writing what one had to say. So I wrote a long-winded lecture all about how the five prayers were obligatory and how he must perform them, and laid it before him. It requested him to start saying the five prayers regularly—standing, sitting, by token gestures, in any way at all he found possible; if he could not perform ablution with water before them, then he should use dust [to cleanse himself], but he should in no case fail to perform the prayers. Ghalib deeply resented this initiative on my part, and indeed, with every justification—and the more so because in those days anonymous letter-writers were attacking him in the most unseemly terms for his way of life, expressing their hatred and contempt for him in the sort of downright abuse one hears in the market-place. What Ghalib said in reply to my stupid note is worthy of attention. He said, "I have spent my life in sin and wrong-doing. I have never said a prayer or kept a fast or done any other good deed. Soon I shall breathe no more. Now if in my few remaining days I say my prayers—sitting, or by token gestures—how will that make up for a life-time of sin? I deserve that when I die my friends and kinsmen should blacken my face and tie a rope round my feet and exhibit me in all the streets and by-lanes and markets of Delhi, and then take me outside the city and leave me there for the dogs and kites and crows to eat—if they can bring themselves to eat such a thing. Though my sins are such that I deserve even worse than that, yet without doubt I believe in the oneness of God, and in the moments of quiet and solitude the words 'There is no god but God' and 'Nothing exists but God' and 'God alone works manifest in all things' are ever on my lips." It was perhaps on that same day when this exchange was over and Ghalib was taking his food, that the postman came with a letter . . . Ghalib concluded that it was another anonymous letter . . . , and handed it to me, telling me to open it and read it. When I looked at it I found that . . . it contained nothing but obscene abuse. He asked me, "Who is it from? And what does he say?" I hesitated to tell him, and he snatched it out of my hand saying, "Perhaps it is from one of your spiritual disciples." Then he read it from start to finish. At one point the writer had even abused Ghalib's mother. [Coarse abuse in Urdu concentrates its fire not directly on the man under attack but on the honour of his women-folk, accusing him (in less polite words) of incest with his mother or sister or daughter, according to his age, or accusing his wife of some similar immoral behaviour.] Ghalib smiled and said, "This idiot doesn't even know how to abuse a man. If your man is elderly or middle-aged you abuse his daughter. . . . If he's young, you abuse his wife . . . and if he's only a boy you

abuse his mother. This pimp abuses the mother of a man of seventy-two. Who could be a bigger fool than that?"'

Hali goes on to relate how a three-way exchange of poems between Ghalib, Shefta and himself restored friendly relations.

Ghalib's letters of this period are understandably fewer in number than those of earlier years. Many of them show an awareness that death was not far off, but even in these an occasional flash shows that his old qualities did not desert him. He writes to Sayyah on January 25, 1868—the last letter to him which we possess:

'I was delighted to get your letter. Although the hats didn't fit you, they weren't wasted, for my benefactor and your patron [Mir Ghulam Baba Khan] was able to make use of them. I'll send you some more. I am absolutely fed up with the man who was to do my portrait—he promises and promises, but never keeps his promise. . . . Respected sir, who taught you this habit of slandering people? I haven't got any of your ghazals. Give my respects to the Nawwab Sahib and tell him that he is to regard the hats as a gift from me, not from Saif ul Haq [Sayyah].'

Two days later, on January 27, 1868, he writes his last letter to Zaka:

'I got your letter, and enjoyed reading it. You ask after me, but what am I to write? My fingers are not under my control. I have gone blind in one eye. When a friend visits me, I get him to write the replies to letters. People believe that when people give a funeral feast in honour of some dead relation, its smell reaches the soul of the dead man. In just the same way, I only smell my food. Once you could measure it in ounces; now it is measured in scruples. Once I counted my expectation of life in months; now I reckon it in days. My friend, I'm not exaggerating. My state is just as I describe it. "Verily we are for God, and verily to Him we shall return."'

Similar phrasing suggests that a letter to his elder 'grandson' Baqir Ali Khan perhaps belongs to this time:

'Your letter came, and my eyes saw the news of which my ears had already heard, that the matter of your employment was satisfactorily settled. I was very pleased. Put your mind at rest. God willing, you will soon gain advancement, just as the Maharaj [the Raja of Alwar] has assured you. As for your complaint that I don't write to you—my friend, my fingers are now useless, and my eyesight is failing too. I can't write even two lines. Letters come in from all sides and are laid aside until some friend comes to whom I can dictate the replies. Your letter came two days ago, and I had put it aside. Now Mirza Yusuf Ali Khan has come, and I have got him to write this letter. Your grandmother [Ghalib's

wife] is well, and so is your brother [Husain Ali Khan]. All is well at [your] home. Your daughter is well. She comes to see me every second or third day—sometimes every day.'

On April 6, 1868, he writes his last letter to his and Sayyah's patron, Mir Ghulam Baba Khan:

'I received your kind letter. You tell me to write and tell you how I am from time to time. Well, formerly I had enough strength left to write a few lines as I lay here, but now even that strength has left me. I cannot afford to employ a scribe. If some relative or friend comes to see me opportunely, then I tell them what I want written and they write it before they leave. It is a fortunate accident that your letter came yesterday, and today a friend of mine has come to see me and I am getting him to write these lines. And please never say that my love for Munshi Miyan Dad Khan [Sayyah] has ceased. My love for him—and through him for you—has so entered my heart and soul that it is as much a part of me as a Muslim's faith is a part of him. It is impossible that such love should ever cease.

'And now I have spoken of my bodily ills and explained the love that subsists between us, what am I to say of the hidden sorrows of my heart? They hang over me like a black cloud or a swarm of approaching locusts. God is all, there is nought but God. Please give my regards to Saif ul Haq Munshi Miyan Dad Khan [Sayyah] and give him this letter to read.'

On June 21, 1868, he writes to provide Alai with written proof that he has designated him as his successor, entitled to guide others in matters of literature as Ghalib himself had done before him:

'I have given you a statement in writing—you will remember in what year I wrote it—designating you my successor, my caliph, where Persian is concerned. Now I am only four<sup>1</sup> years short of eighty, and I estimate that the span of life left to me is not to be measured in years, and perhaps not even in months. I may perhaps live another twelve months, that is a year; but it may be a matter of two to three months, six to seven weeks, ten to twenty days. Now being in my right mind, I give it you in writing in my own hand over my own seal that in the craft of Urdu verse and prose you are my successor. Those who acknowledge me are to acknowledge you as they did me, and accept your authority as they accepted mine.'

Meanwhile his financial problems had been growing more pressing, causing him more and more anxiety. As early as March 9, 1868, he had written again to the Nawwab of Rampur about Husain Ali Khan:

<sup>1</sup> Mihr regards this as a miscopying for 'seven'.

Whether this produced any worth-while result, we do not know. To the Nawwab of Rampur he wrote again on December 17, 1868:

'Many days have passed since my young friend Nawwab Mirza Khan [Dagh] wrote to congratulate me upon the good news that Your Highness had agreed to meet my debts and had asked their amount. I sent word to him that Rs. 800 would meet them all. I write now simply to remind you.'

Arshi notes that the back of the envelope bears a note: 'Presented; no orders issued.' On January 10, 1869, he wrote his last letter to the Nawwab: 'Your highness, my creditors have reduced me to desperation. All I can do is to remind you; beyond that, it is for Your Highness to decide.' Even then it seems that the Nawwab issued no instructions. The next letter to Ghalib was simply the regular monthly remittance of Rs. 100. It arrived an hour before Ghalib died. Thus he died with his debts unpaid, and knowing that no provision had been made for his wife<sup>1</sup> or for Husain Ali Khan, much less for Husain Ali Khan's marriage. Husain Ali Khan acknowledged the receipt of the last hundred rupees with dignity:

'On the 15th February of this year, 1869, corresponding to the 2nd of Zi Qad, on Monday at the time of the afternoon prayer, my revered and honoured grandfather, Nawwab Asadullah Khan Ghalib, known as Mirza Nosha Sahib, departed from this transient world. Your loyal servant cannot express the grief and sorrow into which this heart-rending loss has plunged him. And my honoured and respected grandmother has in her old age been reduced by grief to a state which no words can describe. Your Highness's kind letter, with a draft for a hundred rupees on account of the allowance for January, '69 brought honour to our house one hour before my grandfather's death. I submit a receipt for the draft for Your Highness's information.'

Hali has described his last days:

'A few days before his death he became unconscious. He would remain unconscious for hours at a time, coming to for only a few minutes before relapsing again. It was perhaps the day before he died that I went to visit him. He had come to after being unconscious many hours, and was dictating a reply to a letter from . . . Nawwab Ala ud Din Ahmad Khan [Alai], who had written from Loharu asking how he was. He replied with a sentence of his own and a Persian couplet, probably of Sadi's. The sentence was: "Why ask me how I am? Wait a day or two and then ask my neighbours." And the second line of the couplet—I cannot remember the first line—was:

<sup>1</sup> Mihr notes: 'The Nawwab . . . granted [Azurda's] widow an allowance of Rs. 200 a month while to Ghalib's widow he granted nothing.'

You could not come to see me. Well, God  
keep you!

Before he died he often used to recite the verse:

My dying breath is ready to depart,  
And now, my friends, God, only God, exists.

At last, on the 2nd of Zi Qad, 1285 and the 15th of February, 1869, at the age of seventy-three years and four months, he departed this world and was buried at the foot of his father-in-law's tomb in the precincts of the shrine of Hazrat Sultan Nizam ud Din. . . . I was present at the funeral, when the funeral prayer was said outside Delhi Gate. Most of the nobles and eminent men of Delhi were there—such as Nawwab Ziya ud Din Ahmad Khan, Nawwab Muhammad Mustafa Khan [Shefta], Hakim Ahsanullah Khan and others. Large numbers of people, both Sunnis and Shias, were present to take part in the funeral procession. Sayyid Safdar Sultan . . . approached . . . Nawwab Ziya ud Din Ahmad Khan and said, "Mirza Sahib [Ghalib] was a Shia. If you permit us we will conduct his funeral in our own style." But the Nawwab Sahib would not agree, and all rites were conducted in accordance with Sunni ritual. No doubt, none was in a better position than the Nawwab Sahib to know exactly what Ghalib's religious beliefs really were, but in my view it would have been better if Shias and Sunnis had both said the funeral prayer—either together or separately—and as Ghalib had during his life-time treated Sunnis and Shias alike, so after his death too both alike should have paid their last tribute to him.'

Hali says that

' . . . chronograms of his death without number continued for a long time to appear in the Urdu newspapers, . . . and elegies on his death were written, in Urdu by Mirza Qurban Ali Beg Salik, Mir Mahdi Husain Majruh and the writer of the present book, and in Persian by Munshi Hargopal Tufta.'