

Frances Pritchett

(H)

DASTANBŪY

A Diary of the Indian Revolt of 1857

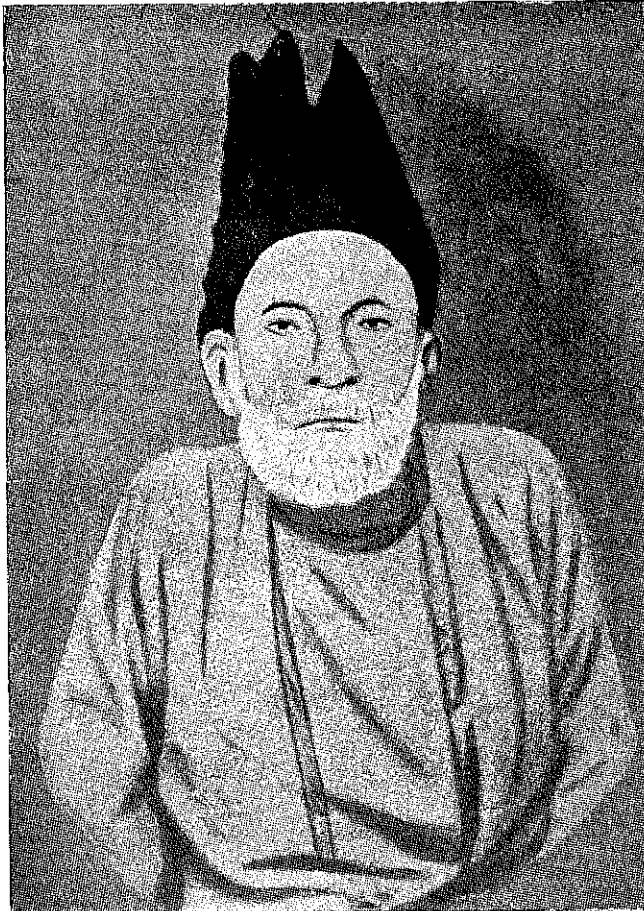
BY

MIRZA ASADULLAH KHAN GHALIB

*Translated from the original Persian
with a critical Introduction, Glossary and Notes*

BY

KHWAJA AHMAD FARUQI
*Professor and Head of the Department of Urdu
University of Delhi*



ASADULLAH KHAN GHALIB
from a contemporary photograph



ASIA PUBLISHING HOUSE
BOMBAY CALCUTTA NEW DELHI MADRAS
LUCKNOW BANGALORE LONDON NEW YORK

© KHWAJA AHMAD FARUQI, 1970
Khwaja Ahmad Faruqi (1917)

*All rights reserved. No part of this publication
may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or
transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic,
mechanical, photo-copying, recording or otherwise,
without the prior permission of the publisher.*

ISBN 0 210 22338 3

PRINTED IN INDIA
BY UNIVERSITY PRESS, DELHI AND PUBLISHED BY
P. S. JAYASINGHE, ASIA PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOMBAY-1

CONTENTS

1. INTRODUCTION	1
2. DASTANBUY	25
3. GLOSSARY AND NOTES	73
4. CHRONOLOGY	85
5. INDEX	91

INTRODUCTION

India is rich in culture; it is richer because of the writings of Ghalib. He brings to literature the diffusion of a vital, liberal culture. It is not man in a particular sense, nor any particular supernatural awareness which is Ghalib's guideline, but man in the eternal sense, man in his eternal quest for life, for knowledge and for love.

The ancestors of Ghalib came to India from the territory around the Oxus, a boundary of tradition rather than of history. It was from the legends of Sasanian times, enshrined in the pages of the historians and the national epic of Firdawsi, that the Oxus came to be regarded as the boundary between Iran and Turan. Through all the centuries of invasion, the region of the Oxus remained, in essence, Iranian, preserving an Iranian speech and Iranian institutions. More precisely, the ancestors of Ghalib came to India from Samarqand, the cradle of civilization, which has lived in human memory since Alexander invaded it, carrying with him as his guide the Iliad, Homer's tale of the feats of Achilles. Samarqand also witnessed, along with the exploits of the world-shaker Timur (d. 1405), a Barlas Turk of Transoxiana and of Babur (d. 1530), the founder of the Mughal empire in India, the great flowering of Persian culture. Samarqand, steeped in Persian traditions, also saw the *völkerwanderung*, settlement, and eventual dispersion of the Turks.

The ancestors of Ghalib belonged to the Turkish group and migrated to India during the reign of Emperor Muhammad

Shah.¹ They carried with them their inheritance of Turko-Persian traditions. Twenty-three centuries had elapsed since Alexander had burnt Persepolis but it stood preserved in their group memory with its solid contributions to astronomy, pure mathematics, language and grammar. Later it was the wide vogue of mysticism—the practice of fortitude and contemplation—which sustained men's hearts and souls through insane devastations. Literature also preserved the collective memory of the past and gave an element of continuity and meaning to the fleeting realities of the present, and this literature was produced by men of the most varied ethnic groups. Ghalib, who inherited all the traits and traditions of this Turko-Persian civilization, was born in Agra.² It was here that the best visual representation of Indo-Muslim culture, the Taj, found its immortality. Ghalib lived and died in Delhi, 'the largest and most renowned city, not only of India but of all the East.'³ In spite of the great political decadence that had set in and the fall of the Mughal empire, Bahadur Shah Zafar's Delhi can easily be compared to 'an Indian Weimar with Ghalib for its Goethe'⁴ or to the Athens of Pericles' day.

1. Ghalib says in his letter to Mir Habibullah Zaka dated 15th February, 1867: 'I am a Saljuq Turk by nationality. My grandfather came to India from Transoxiana at the time of Shah Alam. The empire had weakened. He took service under Shah Alam with only fifty horsemen, a banner and a band of music.' (*Khutut-i-Ghalib*, ed. by Ghulam Rasul Mihr, Lahore, second edition, p. 464). In his introduction to *Mihri Nimruz*, Ghalib says that his ancestors had descended to India from Samarqand like a torrent going down the heights. Ghalib's grandfather was initially employed in Lahore under Muinulmuluk (died 1750) who had died several years before Shah Alam ascended the throne (ascended 1759; died 1806). Perhaps Ghalib's grandfather migrated to India in the time of Ahmad Shah (acc. 1748, deposed 1754) as suggested by Ghulam Rasul Mihr in *Khutut-i-Ghalib*, page 464, footnote, or, in the time of Muhammad Shah (acc. 1719; died 1748) as suggested by M. Mujeeb in *Ghalib*, New Delhi, 1969, p. 9.
2. Ghalib's date of birth: 7th January 1798 (Arshi as quoted in *Diwani-Ghalib ba Khatti-Ghalib*, Rampur, 1969, p. 4); 1796 (S. M. Ikram: *Muslim Civilization in India*, Columbia University, 1964, p. 289; Aziz Ahmad: *Studies in Islamic Culture in the Indian Environment*, Oxford, 1964, p. 253); December 1797 (Ghulam Rasul Mihr: *Khutut-i-Ghalib*, Lahore, 2nd Edn., p. 1); December 27th, 1797 (R. Russell and K. Islam: *Ghalib-Life and Letters*, London, 1969, Vol. I, p. 17).
3. Percival Spear: *Twilight of the Mughuls*, Cambridge, 1951, p. 1.
4. Percival Spear: *Twilight of the Mughuls*, Cambridge, 1951, p. 73.

Amidst changing fortunes, Ghalib brought with him to this immortal city of Delhi, the rich conglomeration of his social heritage, the vibrating strands of the cultures of Iran and Central Asia, the exquisite beauty of the Persian language as he knew it and his perfectly chiselled idiom of *Urdu-i-Mu'alla*. Of course, with the lapse of time, a change had taken place in the situation: the fierce sword wielded by his ancestors was replaced by his graceful pen.¹

The age of Ghalib was full of turmoil and troubles. After the weakening of the Mughal authority, Delhi, the Queen of Cities, became a prey to the ambitions of one marauding group after another. The invasion by Nadir Shah in 1739 and Ahmad Shah Abdali between 1748-67, the civil wars of the noblemen, the atrocities of Ghulam Qadir Rohilla, the Jats and the Marathas, turned Delhi into 'a broken ship moving on merciless seas'. To quote Hazrat Shah Waliullah, 'the knife had reached the marrow' and peace was so little known in Delhi that 'even the stars in that utter darkness resembled the eyes of snakes and heads of scorpions ready to bite'. The feudal lords were seeking independence in their stone castles and people were saying openly that God and his saints were asleep. The cities were pillaged and provinces laid waste. The people were helpless and famished, the amirs conceited and selfish, the artisans persecuted and penniless, the

1. Ghalib has been described by Mirza Farhatullah Beg (1883-1947), a latter-day authority, as follows:

"When I arrived Mirza Sahib was reclining on a bolster in the inner hall and was engaged in reading and writing. Mirza Nausha (Ghalib) must be about fifty years of age. He is a handsome and pleasant looking man—a tall man with a spacious physical frame, prominent features and a fair ruddy complexion with a yellow tinge. This sort of complexion is called *champa*, like the *champa* flower. His two front teeth were missing and his beard was full but not very thick. His head was shaven. He had on a long black fur cap which somewhat resembled a *kulahi-papakh*, a white single width pyjama, a white muslin long tunic open on the left. On the top of this he wore a flowered lemon-colour cloak, perhaps made of camel hair"—Mirza Farhatullah Beg: *Delhi ki Akhri Sham*, 7th edition, Delhi, 1949, pp. 30-31.

peasants down-trodden and broken, the soldiers starved, the king blinded and the royal family virtually beggared.

The Battle of Plassey in 1757 laid the foundations of British rule in India and the fabulous revenues of Bengal passed into the hands of the East India Company. The accumulation in England of the wealth of plunder¹ obtained from Bengal and the Karnatic became the basis of capitalist enterprise in England, to the extent that, to quote Brooke Adams: 'Had Watt lived fifty years earlier, he and his invention must have perished together', for lack of sufficient capital to set them working.² Marx and Adams both agree that the Industrial Revolution in England would not have been possible without the plunder that followed Plassey. The Indian people particularly artisans and craftsmen, became desperately poor and miserable. In the words of Lord William Bentinck, 'Their misery hardly finds a parallel in the history of commerce. The bones of the cotton weavers are bleaching the plains of India.'³

In 1803 Lord Lake entered triumphantly into Delhi, even at that time the greatest city of Asia 'from Constantinople to Canton.'⁴ The entry of Lord Lake meant the virtual extinction of Mughal rule: the emperor was pensioned off, divested of his power and pelf, and Agra was surrendered by Ghalib's uncle to Lord Lake. Peace was undoubtedly restored in Delhi but it was an uneasy peace. The religious divines were most sensitive to the change. Shah Abdul Aziz (1746-1823), the leading divine of Delhi and one of the pillars of the famous Wahhabi movement, while not forbidding the people to study English, strongly condemned the British rule and declared in 1803 that the land from Delhi to Calcutta was an enemy territory, *dar al-harb*, and that war against the British was

1. K. Marx and F. Engels: *The First Indian War of Independence, 1857-59*, Moscow, pp. 29, 34.
2. Brooke Adams: *The Law of Civilization and Decay*, 1928, pp. 259-60.
3. Quoted by Karl Marx in *Capital*, Vol. I, Ch. XV. Section 5.
4. P. Spear: *Twilight of the Mughuls*, Cambridge. 1951. p. 1.

incumbent and mandatory.¹ Even earlier some revolutionary ideas were borrowed from the French Revolution of 1789. Urdu literature produced under Tipu Sultan showed traces of a new fire; even the themes of music and songs were fashioned to kindle a new enthusiasm against the British. A regular Jacobin Club was established and a Tree of Liberty was planted at Seringapatam², and 'one night the members, including Tipu, ceremoniously burnt all symbols of royalty and thereafter addressed one another as *citoyen*.'³ Tipu's life was one long struggle against British ascendancy. He died fighting in 1799. His anti-British spirit was very much in evidence in the Vellore Mutiny of 1806, which was 'a dress rehearsal on a small scale of the Great Rising of 1857.' It filled British possessions in India 'with a horror unparalleled until the latter event swept it into oblivion.'

Ghalib's grandfather, Mirza Quqan Beg Khan, migrated from Samarqand to India. His son, Mirza Abdullah Beg (died 1802), was the father of Ghalib, and another son, Mirza Nasrullah Beg, was the uncle who surrendered the fort of Agra to Lord Lake without any resistance (1803). For his services, Lord Lake appointed him commander of the *risala* of 400 *sawars* with a salary of seventeen hundred rupees per month and also gave him the two *parganas* of Sonkh and Sonsa as *jagir*. On the death of Nasrullah Beg Khan, his father-in-law, who was the elder brother of Ghalib's father-in-law, was given a pension out of which he had to give fifteen hundred rupees for the support of the dependents of Nasrullah Beg Khan. Ghalib always thought that he had been wronged and that the paltry sum of seven hundred and fifty rupees paid to him

1. Shah Abdul Aziz: *Fatawa-i-Aziziya*, Delhi, 1904. pp. 16-17, 185, 335.
2. R. C. Majumdar and others: *An Advanced History of India*, New York, 1967, p. 705.
3. cf., Reginald Heber: *Narrative of a Journey Through the Upper Provinces of India*, Vol. III, 4th Edn., London, p. 252: 'Many of them (wealthy natives) speak English fluently...one of their leading men gave a great dinner not long since, in honour of the Spanish Revolution.'

annually was unjust and that he alone was entitled to receive five thousand rupees according to the decree of Lord Lake issued on May 4th, 1806. When all negotiations failed, Ghalib had no option except to proceed legally against Ahmad Bakhsh Khan, a case in which he remained engaged for more than sixteen years and which, as a result, saturated him in debt. He also undertook a journey to Calcutta (1826), the capital of the British dominions,¹ to plead his case with the English officials and to vindicate his claims.²

The life of Ghalib was full of vicissitudes. His father died in 1802 when Ghalib was about five years old and his uncle, Mirza Nasrullah Beg Khan, who had brought him up, expired in 1806 when he was only eight. Their noble descent and their military rank entitled Ghalib to be counted among the nobility. He was obviously proud of his status and position, later confirmed by the Mughal Emperor in conferring titles on him. When Ghalib became an orphan, his maternal grandfather and aunts took care of him and he was spoiled by excessive indulgence, developing habits of extravagance and exorbitant borrowing. He was married in 1810 at the age of thirteen. His wife was eleven. His responsibilities increased and with them his financial worries. He left Agra, his birth place, around 1812-13 and permanently settled in Delhi. In one of his brilliant allegorical letters, dated A.H. 1277 (1861) and addressed to Alauddin Ahmad Khan 'Alai', Ghalib has summed up his life history in personal terms. If we translate 'court' as 'life', 'prison' as 'marriage', 'fetter' as 'wife', 'handcuffs' as 'children', we get a fascinating glimpse into his own state of mind :

'Listen! There are two worlds—one of spirit and the other of water and mud...Those who offend in the world of

1. Reginald Heber : *Narrative of a Journey Through the Upper Provinces of India* from Calcutta to Bombay, 1824-1825, Vol. I, London, 4th Edn., pp. 26-106, Chapters devoted to Calcutta.
2. *Persian Letters of Ghalib* : ed. S.A.I. Tirmizi : Ghalib Academy, New Delhi, 1969, letters No. 6, 7, 10-12.

water and mud are punished in the world of spirit. But those who are guilty in the world of spirit are exiled to earth. Therefore I was summoned before the court on the 8th of *Rajab*, 1212 A.H., where I remained in custody for thirteen years, after which time I was imprisoned for life on the 7th of *Rajab*, 1225 A.H. A fetter was put on my feet and I was condemned to live in Delhi as a prisoner and I was sentenced to the hard labour of writing prose and poetry. Many years later I escaped from prison and for three years I travelled the eastern lands. Eventually I was apprehended in Calcutta and returned to the same prison, where my hands were encased in handcuffs. Now my feet were afflicted with chains and my hands were wounded by the handcuffs. The enjoined hard labour became increasingly difficult for me to perform and my strength faded away. However I am so without shame that last year I left the fetter behind me in a corner of the prison and I escaped with the two handcuffs. Passing through Meerut and Muradabad I arrived in Rampur and remained there for less than two months before I was again apprehended. Now I promise myself that I shall not run away again. How could I escape? I have no strength left and I do not know when I shall find relief. There is some slight hope that I may be freed in *Zi'l Hijja*, 1277 A.H.

After release a prisoner goes to his home and I, too, after my deliverance, will go to the world of spirits.

What an auspicious day when I shall leave my prison-house and go from this desolate Valley to my Celestial City !¹

Ghalib was soon accepted in the aristo-literary circles of Delhi and occupied a notable position among men of letters, a fact proved by the recent discovery of his earliest

1. *Khutut-i-Ghalib*, ed. Ghulam Rasul Mihr, Lahore, 2nd Edn., pp. 61-62.

Diwan-i-Urdu calligraphed by himself and dated 1816.¹ In order to live up to the standards of the aristocracy, he had to live dangerously, perpetually borrowing on false hopes. When he could not get redress of his complaint regarding his family pension, he decided to undertake a journey to Calcutta to plead his pension case with the council of the governor-general. He travelled on horseback, in palanquin, by cart and boat, arriving in Calcutta, the metropolis of the British dominions in India, on the 20th of February, 1828 after stopping at Kanpur, Lucknow, Allahabad, Banda, Banaras, Patna and Murshidabad. This stay in Calcutta² gave Ghalib a new horizon and a new perspective and brought him face to face with western culture as represented by the officials of the East India Company.

He, however, returned to Delhi on the 29th of November, 1829, immersed in debts and with an unfavourable reply from the British authorities in Calcutta.

Undaunted, Ghalib pursued the matter from Delhi and fought his pension case as doggedly as the Turks fight in battle. On the 5th of December, 1836, he submitted to Lord Auckland, the governor-general of India, his seven-point objection against the adverse orders of the lieutenant-governor of Agra and 'requested that replies to them be obtained from the Lieutenant-Governor'. If replies to them had been obtained, 'he should have been favoured with a copy of the same' and the petitioner 'should have been satisfied in respect to them.'³ He further requested that his case might be

1. *Diwan-i-Ghalib ba Khatt-i-Ghalib* (Facsimile edition of the manuscript of *Diwan-i-Ghalib*, calligraphed by the poet himself, 1816) Rampur, September, 1969 : *Nuqush*, Lahore, Ghalib number, Part 2, containing *Bayaz-i-Ghalib*, October, 1969 ; Mir Muhammad Khan 'Sarwar' : *Umdah-i-Muntakhabah*, ed. Khwaja Ahmad Faruqi, Pubd. by the Department of Urdu, University of Delhi, 1961, p. 116.
2. Tara Chand : *History of the Freedom Movement in India*, Vol. 2, 1967, p. 110.
3. *A Descriptive Bibliography of Ghalib* : ed. by Khwaja Ahmad Faruqi, chapter : 'Pension & Financial Worries', Ghalib Academy, New Delhi, 1970, p. 211.

transferred to the *Sadar Diwani Adalat* in Calcutta. In the event of an adverse decision, 'he should be satisfied about the grounds of rejection of his claim'. In the event of the governor-general deciding not to transfer his case to *Sadar Diwan*, his case should be 'forwarded to the King-in-Council' in England.

Ghalib was tormented with continuing financial disasters. In 1835 he was in debt to the extent of forty to fifty thousand rupees. In 1841 he was fined and in 1847 arrested and sentenced to six months rigorous imprisonment on charges of gambling. In 1842, however, he had declined on a question of propriety a much needed position at Delhi College. Ghalib was in despair in 1844 so far as his family pension was concerned. The administration of justice under the East India Company was hopelessly slow and incompetent. The English judges 'were nearly always without the knowledge of language and customs of the people to whom they were supposed to dispense justice.'¹ Ghalib got a final answer from London that an increase in his family pension was impossible and that the earlier decision would stand. This was a close to the long chapter started in 1828. For sixteen years he had been engaged in litigation which brought him untold misery and landed him in severe debt. In spite of his best efforts his paltry pension, divided between himself and his insane brother, Mirza Yusuf, remained at sixty-two rupees and fifty *paisa* per month, much too inadequate for his immoderate needs.

But Ghalib was convinced of his rightful claim and continued his efforts unabated. He had taken steps with the highest authorities, based upon the earlier orders issued by Lord Lake on the 4th of May, 1806. In 1855, maintaining his right of dissent, he appealed direct to the highest dignitary of the British realm, that is, Queen Victoria, by means of a formal *qasida*, the only means of representation he was familiar with. He was told not to approach the queen directly and

1. Michael Edwardes : *A History of India*, London, 1967, p. 257; Reginald Reynolds : *White Sahibs in India*, London, 1946, p. 50.

was asked to route his petition through the governor-general-in-council, which he did in 1856, by repeating the same *qasida* and praying for a raise in his pension and position. To this he received an answer in January, 1857, which was not too discouraging. But the revolt started on the 11th of May, 1857 and Ghalib lost almost everything, his pension, his position and his possessions.¹

During the revolt, Ghalib wrote his diary of events called *Dastanbuy* or 'nosegay', in pure Persian with an unwitting admixture of Arabic words and in an oblique style of which he was a master and which the delicate occasion also demanded. This diary is presented here in English translation and covers the events of fifteen months to the first of August, 1858. To a general reader this is a diary, or, better still, a chronicle of events, as they happened mainly in Delhi, but, if studied in the chronological context, it is a fresh attempt to reiterate his earlier claims in respect to his pension and position, so fearlessly pursued since 1828 before the highest British authorities in India and in England. This is an attempt by Ghalib to absolve himself of involvement in the revolt of 1857, which ended in government by gallows, the blowing to bits of helpless multitudes, punishment-parades, the banishment of a whole population, and the hanging of many thousands of citizens 'after travesties of trial or none at all'.

In spite of his protestations to the contrary, which can be explained, as he had to protect himself during those stormy days and get his rightful bread, there is no doubt that Ghalib sided with the Mughal emperor, and presented a versified *sikka* (inscription) on the joyous occasion of Bahadur Shah

1. Ghalib also lost his Urdu verse in the revolt of 1857: 'I have never kept my verse with me. Nawwab Ziyuddin Khan and Nawwab Husain Mirza collected and wrote down whatever I said. Both their houses were looted and the libraries worth thousands which they contained were destroyed. Now, I crave for my own verse.' Ghalib's letter to Mirza Hatim Ali Mihr, undated, in *Khutut-i-Ghalib*, p. 219. For the destruction and dispersal of the magnificent royal library of the Mughal emperors, see S. M. Ikram: *Muslim Civilization in India*, Columbia University Press, 1964, p. 288.

Zafar's assumption of full authority in 1857. This *sikka*, hitherto unknown, was quoted by Munshi Jiwan Lal in his original diary and left out by Metcalfe in his English translation, and is reproduced below :

'*Bar zari aftar o nuqra-i-mah*
Sikka zad dar jahan Bahadur Shah.'¹

On the gold of the sun and on the silver of the moon Bahadur Shah has struck his coins.

Not only this, Ghalib attended the Mughal court frequently and presented a *qasida* to the emperor on the 13th of July, 1857, on the triumphant occasion of the fall of Agra to the Indians. He again presented a *qasida* to the emperor on the eleventh of August, 1857 and received a *khil'at* or a robe of honour from him.²

The revolt of 1857 was not an isolated event or an accident of history. It was the result of accumulated discontent among the Indian people³, who had suffered politically and culturally from the British conquest. As early as 1817, Sir Thomas Munro, after pointing out the advantages of British rule, wrote to the governor-general, Lord Hastings, 'but these advantages are dearly bought. They are purchased by the sacrifice of independence, of national character, and of whatever renders a people respectable... The consequences, therefore, of the conquest of India by the British arms would be, in place of raising, to debase a whole people. There is perhaps no example of any conquest in which the natives have been so completely excluded from all share of the government of their country as in British

1. Jiwan Lal: *Roznamcha*, MS., Br. Museum, fol. 36 a & b, and Khwaja Ahmad Faruqi: in *Zauq-o-Justuju*, Lucknow, 1967, Ghalib's versified inscription for the King's coinage, pp. 120-129; C. T. Metcalfe: *Two Native Narratives of the Mutiny in Delhi*, Westminster, 1898, Narrative of Munshi Jeewan Lal, pp. 75-245.
2. Abdul Latif: *Roznamcha*, Delhi, 1958, p. 93.
3. K. Marx and F. Engels: *The First Indian War of Independence, 1857-59*, Moscow, pp. 53, 91, 166.

India.¹ In the same Minutes he wrote 'none has treated them (the natives) with so much scorn as we ; none has stigmatized the whole people as unworthy of trust, as incapable of honesty, and as fit to be employed only where we cannot do without them. It seems to be not only ungenerous, but impolitic, to debase the character of a people fallen under our dominion.'²

And the British dominion was relentlessly extending all the time : the Panjab was occupied in 1849 'by extensive treachery', Avadh was annexed in 1856 'in open infraction of acknowledged treaties', Dalip Singh was converted to Christianity, exiled to England and the properties of the Lahore Darbar were auctioned. Lord Dalhousie, conscious of the white man's burden and convinced of the superiority of British rule, annexed eight states, abolished two sovereignties and gave notice to the Mughal emperor at Delhi, still the greatest living influence in India,³ that his title would lapse at his death.

On the eve of the revolt, the British dominions extended from coast to coast and from the Himalayas to the Indian Ocean. As far as the eye could travel the British banner fluttered in contempt over the Indian lands. An entirely alien rule,⁴ alien in language, culture and tradition based upon economic exploitation after the loss of the American colonies, with no sensitivity towards Indian sentiment and no respect for her age-old traditions and culture, was established to the utter distaste and dismay of all classes, soldiers, scholars,

1. Gleig : *Life of Sir Thomas Munro*, 1830, quoted by Michael Edwardes in *A History of India*, 1967, pp. 235-236.
2. op. cit., p. 235 and J. L. Nehru : *The Discovery of India*, London, 1956, pp. 323-324.
3. J. W. Kaye : *A History of the Sepoy War in India, 1857-58*, London, 1870, vol. 2, p. 2 ; W. S. R. Hodson : *Twelve years of a Soldier's Life in India*, London, 1859, p. 315.
4. W. H. Russell : *My Diary in India in 1858-59*, London, 1860, p. xx ; C. T. Metcalfe : *Two Native Narratives of the Mutiny in Delhi*, Westminster, 1898, p. 31 ; Edward Thompson : *The Other Side of the Medal*, London, second edn., 1926, p. 32.

theologians, princes and landlords.¹ The learned became illiterate overnight since they did not know English. The scholars, poets, divines, artisans and craftsmen were left without patronage and were reduced to beggary. Nearly all classes of people in north and central India rose in rebellion as discontent and unrest were widely prevalent among the civil population and at several places the people rose before the soldiers actually mutinied.² The insurrection also brought forth leaders of outstanding ability, stolid courage and endurance, who did not surrender but continued their arduous guerilla warfare in the hills and jungles.³ The social forces of the old society were 'vanquished in their final attempt at rehabilitating their power in 1857'⁴ and the British secured for themselves the hegemony of the world through their Indian empire, with its enormous resources.

Ghalib's *Dastanbuy* is important as it describes the story of the planned revolt, the ebb and flow of changing fortunes, of alternating hope and gloom as it affected a Delhi citizen—the throbbings of a sensitive soul and the reactions of a poet to an important historical situation—a story hitherto untold. This story has remained untold as it was impossible for Indians to tell it during those days of drumhead courts-martial, indiscriminate shootings and summary hangings. In the words of Vincent Smith, 'The story has been chronicled from one side only, and from one set of documents ; or from no documents at all.'⁵ Ghalib was writing under tremendous limitations. A slight suspicion would have cost him his life. Therefore, he has

1. Bahadur Shah's manifesto published in the *Delhi Gazette*, Sept. 29, 1857, quoted by C. Ball in *The History of the Indian Mutiny*, London n.d., vol. II. p. 630.
2. V. A. Smith : *The Oxford History of India*, p. 722.
3. K. Marx and F. Engels : *The First Indian War of Independence 1857-9*, Moscow, pp. 162, 175, 179, 187.
4. George D. Bearce : *British Attitudes Towards India*, Oxford, 1961, p. 306 ; Tara Chand : *History of the Freedom Movement in India*, vol. 2, 1967, p. 43 ; R. Palme Dutt : *India Today*, Bombay, 1949, p. 408 ; P. Spear : *A History of India*, vol. 2, 1965, p. 143.
5. V. A. Smith : *Oxford History of India*, p. 731.

suggested the story rather than described it and has enhanced the effect of concealment by employing an oblique and formalized style and using obsolete words of pure Persian. But if one reads, between the lines, there is in *Dastanbuy* an abundance of human kindness and sensitivity, and a faithful expression of his attitudes towards society. He has expressed his sympathies with the afflicted and the tormented—and it is impossible to punish sympathies. This treatise contains sentences of rare and unaffected beauty and passages of moving excellence. Similes and metaphors are woven into the fabric of his ideas and make his thoughts compact and concise and his words apt and impressive.

As Ghalib's *Dastanbuy* is a product of an overgrown formalism, it is a question whether *Dastanbuy* unlocks his heart. It does. A compromise there was, but hardly a spiritual surrender.

Ghalib's *Dastanbuy* is frequently adorned with the noblest sentiments, though it must be confessed that at times the author displays a sort of Machiavellian realism and a regard for expediency, dictated by that unique situation and not uncommon in those days. Ghalib was vitally concerned with the wrong done to him in the matter of his family pension on which depended all his living, all his pride and honour.

Therefore, in *Dastanbuy*, intended for the highest officials, honour and tradition are mixed with realism and operate with double impetus.

True to his Central Asian descent and Turkish seed, Ghalib was always vacillating between tearful piety and excessive pride, between mysticism and materialism, between convention and liberalism, between despondency and hope. With his conception of courtesy, he could not dispense with his extreme formalism of Turko-Persian origin, already cooled into set responses and prescribed attitudes. This formalism was motivated by a semi-conscious urge for preservation of

artistic solidarity with his ancestral world with which he had lost direct touch. Moreover, in those feudal days all emotions required a rigid form, for without such form passion would have made havoc of life. The contradictions and paradoxes had to be wrapped up in veils of fancy in order to exalt and refine them and thereby to obscure the cruel reality.

Delhi fell to the British after one of the bravest battles in her history.¹ On its capture, the whole population of Delhi was driven out by the British² and a general massacre of the inhabitants was openly proclaimed.³ The Muslims were long denied any employment around Delhi. 'A Mahomedan was another word for a rebel'⁴ There were serious proposals to level the whole city to the ground, to demolish the Jami Masjid, to convert the Fatehpuri mosque into military barracks and the Zinatul Masajid into a bakery. The royal palace was to be used as quarters for the British garrison and the Hall of Public Audience as a hospital. The exquisite buildings south of the Diwan-i-Khas were to be utilized for troops and sanction was given for the tearing down of all buildings within a radius of 448 yards from the Fort walls⁵. The palace proper and the whole of the haram courts 'were swept off the face of the earth... without preserving any record of the most splendid palace in the world.'⁶

In the words of Ghalib, 'Five armies, one after the other, invaded the city : first was the army of rebels which robbed

1. 'Our artillery officers themselves say that they are outmatched by these rascals (Indians) in accuracy and rapidity of fire', W.S.R. Hodson, op. cit, pp. 205, 207, 211.
2. P. Spear : *Twilight of the Mughuls*, Cambridge, 1951, p. 218.
3. *Siege of Delhi*, quoted by J. W. Kaye in *A History of the Sepoy War in India*, London, 1870, vol. 2, p. 605.
4. Charles Raikes : *Notes on the Revolt in the North-Western Provinces of India*, London, 1858, p. 175, footnote.
5. *Khutut-i-Ghalib* : Letters to Mir Mahdi Majruh, nos. 31 and 32, pp. 292-294 ; P. Spear : *Twilight of the Mughuls*, Cambridge, 1951, pp. 220-222 ; Ralph Russell and K. Islam : *Ghalib Life and Letters*, London, 1969, pp. 252-253.
6. James Fergusson : *A History of the Indian and Eastern Architecture*, New York, 1899, vol. 2, pp. 311-12.

the citizens of their reputation ; second was the army of *khakis* (British) who plundered life, property, honour, home, sky, earth and every remnant of life ; third was the army of famine at the hands of which thousands perished ; even those who were fed were struck down by the fourth army of cholera ; the fifth was the army of fever which sapped the endurance and strength of the people.¹

In Delhi, a reign of terror prevailed²: Trembling old men were cut down, harmless citizens were shot, clasping their hands for mercy or blown to bits by guns. Tens of thousands of men and women and children were hounded out of Delhi to wander homeless over the country in mournful processions. Ghalib, however, stayed in the city and waded through this ocean of blood. He was reduced to poverty—without money, without clothing, without pension, without a record of his poems.³ His insane brother⁴ was shot dead by the British soldiers, a fact which he has concealed in his diary. Muinuddin Hasan has a different story to tell: 'Mirza Eusuf Khan, brother of Mirza Asadulla Khan, who had long been out of his mind, attracted by the noise of the firing, wandered out into the street to see what was going on;

1. *Khutut-i-Ghalib*, letter to Shafaq, p. 359.

2. Dealing with the reign of terror in Delhi, Ghalib composed the following poem: 'Today every British soldier is an autocrat. While going from house to bazaar, the heart of a man fails him. The Chalk is a slaughter house and my house is like a prison-hole and all of Delhi's dust is thirsty of Muslim blood. Should we meet, we would complain of body, heart and soul. In anger we would complain of the fire of hidden wounds and we would weep and tell tales of weeping eyes. O Lord! such meeting would not wipe from the heart the scar of separation.' Quoted in *Khutut-i-Ghalib*: Letter to Alauddin Khan, dated 1858, p. 53.

3. *Khutut-i-Ghalib*: Letter to Shiv Narayan Aram, dated 11th December, 1858, p. 243.

4. Mirza Yusuf went mad in 1826. He remained naked thereafter and was treated by a witch doctor for black magic. Ghalib was happy to know in 1828 in Calcutta that his brother had responded to the treatment. Mirza Yusuf, however, remained insane for the rest of his life. *Persian Letters of Ghalib*: ed. S. A. I. Tirmizi, Letter no. 6, p. 32.

he was killed.¹ The treasures and belongings of Ghalib were ransacked and looted. He was questioned, suspected of high treason and of being in league with the rebels and accused of composing a versified *sikka* for the Mughal emperor. His pension was stopped, which was not only a question of right and reputation, but of bread.

India was prostrate before the might of the foreigner, alien in religion, language and culture. And Delhi was a mere small appendage of the Panjab. In this situation Ghalib was less than a piece of straw, without either pension or patronage. He made every effort to regain these, thereby indirectly disproving the charges made against him during the revolt of 1857. In making these efforts, Ghalib naturally used only those methods he was familiar with. Along with *Dastanbuy*, his diary, he wrote a *qasida*, or panegyric, for the queen of England ; and *qasida*, in the orient, was an age-old ceremonial instrument employed by the poets with all the dignity of a ritual and attended by loud and pompous formalities to gain riches from the powerful and the wealthy, 'and their adulations, more often than not, were blatantly hypocritical.'

In *Dastanbuy* Ghalib has used a conventionalized style of archaic and elegant diction which has the virtue of dignity and reputability and commands attention and respect as being the accredited method of communication under his scheme of life. In Mughal India, as in Renaissance Italy, France and England, the artist was lavishly patronized by kings and nobles, and the poet, in turn, praised these patrons in language of ceremony and extreme formality. Hyperbole and honorific address were considered indispensable for this kind of communication. It was quite customary to compare these dignitaries in superlative terms to gods, philosophers, conquerors and wise men. It was not necessary that divinity or courage or wisdom should actually be an attribute of their

1. Muinuddin Hasan: *Khadang-i-Ghadar*, ed. Khwaja Ahmad Faruqi, pubd. by the Dept. of Urdu, University of Delhi, p. 84; *Two Native Narratives of the Mutiny in Delhi*, tr. C.T. Metcalfe. 1898, p. 72.

objects of veneration and praise. This, did not mean, however, that the artist or poet was in any way insincere. He was merely following the literary custom of the day. What appears to be insincere flattery to an unceremonious age such as ours was to Renaissance society or Mughal India a gracious way of life. Ghalib was no exception. He followed the practices of his age. He could not do otherwise. Sometimes he was more concerned with the office than with the person and sometimes he changed the title of a *qasida* and endorsed it in the name of another patron.

Ghalib, as a true-bred nobleman of his times, saw the world from the point of view of personal relationships, and sought to systematize behaviour on this basis. Nationalism as it is understood today was then unknown even in Europe. But there is no doubt that Ghalib sympathised with the tormented, irrespective of their race or religion. His diary is animated by compassion. It shows how the old world society to which Ghalib belonged, broke down under the impact of new forces. The letters of Ghalib, read with his *Dastanbuy*, are the best lament on old Delhi and the passing away of an age.

Saddened, Ghalib writes to Majruh on the second of December, 1858: 'Brother, what do you ask? What can I write? The life of Dilli depended upon the Fort, the Chandni Chauk, the daily gatherings at Jami Masjid, the weekly walk to the Jamna Bridge and annual fairs of the flowermen. When all these five things are no longer there, how can Dilli live? Yes, there was once a city by this name in the dominions of India..... Only three Muslims remain: in Meerut, Mustafa Khan; in Sultanji, Maulawi Sadruddin Khan; and in Ballimarran, this worldly dog known as Asad—all three rejected, ransacked destitute and despairing. When we have perforce broken our cups and goblets what if rose water rains from the skies.'¹

1. *Khutut-i-Ghalib*, p. 285.

And in a later letter, he comments: 'From the Jami Masjid to the Rajghat gate is a barren wilderness without an exaggeration...By God, Dilli is not a city now, it is a camp, it is a cantonment. No fort, no city, no bazar, no canals.'² Again Ghalib writes to Tafta on the 19th of April 1861, lamenting on the fate of the Mughal princesses: 'Had you been here, you would have seen the Begums of the *Qala* walking about, their faces like the full moon, clothes dirty, trouser legs torn and shoes worn out.'³

Ghalib's *Dastanbuy* adds an element of continuity to his pension case. His fight for his pension shows admirable courage displayed at a time when it was supremely difficult for Indians to present their case with vehemence and to speak out with courage before the British authorities. There is no doubt that Ghalib sided with the Mughal emperor. To quote his own words, he remained 'inwardly estranged but outwardly friendly.'⁴ He took no active part in affairs as it was impossible for a poet in those days to be overtly committed. However, as previously mentioned, there is documentary evidence to prove that he attended the Mughal court frequently during the revolt of 1857,⁴ fully shared the jubilation of the Indians on the fall of Agra, wrote a panegyric on the triumphant occasion and composed a versified *sikka* on the emperor's proclamation as reigning sovereign of India. Ghalib loudly denied this accusation: 'I did not compose the *sikka*, and if I did, I did it only to preserve my life and honour.'⁵ All this

1. *Khutut-i-Ghalib*, p. 293.

2. *Khutut-i-Ghalib*, p. 185.

3. *Makarib-i-Ghalib*, ed. I. A. K. Arshi: Letter to the Nawwab of Rampur, dated January 14, 1858.

4. Jiwān Lal: *Roznamcha*, British Museum manuscript, fol. 38a, 36b and 91; Abulkalam Azad, *Naqsh-i-Azad*, Lahore, p. 304.

5. *Khutut-i-Ghalib*, p. 397.

however, deserved hanging or at least penal servitude for life as 'false witnesses abounded on every side.'¹ On the capture of Delhi by the British, Ghalib was called for questioning. He was asked by Colonel Burn, military governor of Delhi,² 'Are you a Muslim?' 'Yes', he answered, 'but only half'. 'What do you mean?' thundered the officer. 'In the sense that I do drink wine, but do not take pork.' The British officer was, in the words of Milton, dissuaded from lifting 'his spear against the Muses' bower.'

Divorced from its historical context, it is easy to view the life of Ghalib with a spirit of condemnation or apology. But an objective appraisal would be to bring him up to the level of his times and understand his limitations. Ghalib's *Dastanbuy* is a proof in point. The practice of keeping diaries is an oriental one. Every law court, police station and temple of note has its authentic record of events. True to this tradition, Ghalib also wrote a diary, although it is difficult to say that Ghalib wrote his diary every day. Perhaps he wrote fitfully, or only after the fall of Delhi, and he most certainly revised it completely after the re-establishment of British power. Due to the compulsions of the situation, he wrote briefly, sometimes leaving out important events and concentrating on personal matters. In spite of these limitations, *Dastanbuy* is an important historical document, reflecting all the humanity and objectivity of Ghalib. It illuminates the meaning of human life and is a contribution to the corpus of literature on 1857. In that period with its abominable sense

1. *Two Native Narratives of the Mutiny in Delhi*, tr. C. T. Metcalfe, 1898, p. 73.
2. Hali: *Yadgar-i-Ghalib*, Aligarh, p. 36. See also Prof. Ramchandra's letter to Colonel H. P. Burn, military governor of Delhi, Foreign Department-Secret Consultations no. 524, dated 29th January, 1858, National Archives of India.

of values, Ghalib could stand up, hold on to his claims tenaciously and employ all his ability in his struggle to approach the highest authorities. Ghalib's *Dastanbuy* does not give a full picture of the revolt; the canvas is limited. Even then it is one of the rare documents as it comes from the pen of a contemporary Indian, containing beautiful specimens of impassioned and poetic prose.

The first edition of five hundred copies of Ghalib's *Dastanbuy* was published by Matbai-Mufidi-Khalaiq, Agra, in November, 1858 and was sold out within five months. A second edition was brought out by the Literary Society, Rohilkhand, Bareilly, in 1865, and the third was published by the same press in 1871 after Ghalib's death. For our translation we have used the rare first edition, published in 1858, under the supervision of Munshi Shiv Narayan 'Aram'. The Urdu translation, along with the Persian original, was published at the distinguished initiative of Vice-Chancellor Dr. V.K.R.V. Rao by the Department of Urdu of the University of Delhi, in the Ghalib number of its research journal, *Urdu-i-Mu'alla*, in February, 1961. This was on the occasion of the visit to the Department of the late Dr. Zakir Husain who did so much to promote the cause of education and scholarship.

This English translation would never have been possible without the invaluable assistance of Virginia Dunbar. She indeed satisfies Gogol's definition of the competent translator as one who becomes a pane of glass which is so transparent that the reader does not notice that there is any glass. It is true that even the clearest glass admits of some refraction. It is also true that a literary work can be looked at from many points of view, each of which might require a different sort of translation, a different colour of glass. It was indeed a pleasure

and privilege to work with her and to know her. If there is any merit in this translation, it is due to her, and if any lapse, I alone am responsible, for she has worked on the basis of my literal rendering. We have been literal but not at the cost of violence to the English language. It has been our persistent endeavour to link up, as far as possible, the content with the form and the age, and also to maintain a close connection between the translation and the socio-cultural context of the original. We have, therefore, not aimed at too literal a rendering but rather at retaining the aesthetic effect of *Dastanbuy*, attempting to convey in this translation something of the exotic quality and flavour of Ghalib's original.

KHWAJA AHMAD FARUQI

Department of Urdu,
University of Delhi.
February 15, 1970.

Dastanbūy

DASTANBUY

I begin this book in the name of the Lord,
Who is the Giver of Strength, Who is the
Creator of the Moon and the Sun, of the Day
and the Night.

He is the Possessor of all Power, the Emperor who has raised nine skies and given light to the seven great stars. He is the Master of Knowledge and has exalted the body by infusing it with the soul. He has endowed man with wisdom and the sense of justice. Without matter or means He has created seven layers of earth and nine skies. Difficult things become easy and ordinary or extraordinary impediments are removed, all by means of the movements and effects of the stars.

The Lord has arranged the skies in such a manner that although the stars possess various qualities, producing various effects, and although He has given them the power to remain separate or to assemble and has endowed them with great influence, they cannot do other than obey His commands.

How can you know the secrets of the skies and the stars when you cannot distinguish between black and white, between front and back? Do not bow down before the stars, for they have no ultimate power to wield in the affairs of the world—for the Lord is above all and His light has enveloped all things hidden and secret.

'I am a tear trembling on an eyelash.'

Whereas Venus and Jupiter, being auspicious, assure our good fortune, Saturn and Mars, being inauspicious, are responsible for our losses. Those who know the truth know wherein lies the source of happiness and sorrow, inauspiciousness and grace—for the stars are but servants of the most just Emperor. The soldiers of His court can never step from the circle of His justice ; nor can they do other than remain in conjunction with one another. If an inauspicious star provokes pain, or if an auspicious one increases the beauty of the world by gentleness, both are devices for the adornment of life and this contradiction cannot be construed as wantonness or indifference.

A musician strikes his bow against the strings of his violin. As music issues from within the instrument, so joy emerges from the vibrations of sorrow. It is not in anger that the washerman beats his clothes against a stone.

The cycle of death leads to the cycle of life. The Lord gives to man sorrow and joy, loftiness and lowliness, and these are the instruments of his well-being and the channels of his happiness. If a rich man gives to a poor man a few pice or thousands of rupees, if he gives bolts of silk or a simple blanket, he does, in fact, sustain the poor man and he performs generously. It would be a lack of wisdom to divide the gifts of the Lord into compartments of good and evil or, when we see inequality, to attribute this to an injustice of the Lord.

It is by the grace of the Lord that this world of illusion, floating upon the waves of death, has been endowed with life. I know that my words are powerless to plumb the depths of these profound ideas, and that the ideas themselves are beyond the comprehension of the uninspired ; however, I shall descend from rhetoric and speak in simple and direct style.

The rotation of the skies is like the rotation of a hand-mill. You know there must be a person who rotates the mill ; why, then, do you not believe there is One who rotates the stars ? Into the spinning wheel of the skies a spindle has been inserted which pertains to the auspicious and inauspicious aspects of the stars. The wheel has spun veils which have been placed before the eyes of men ; but the inspired ones, who know the divine secrets, can see the Hand of the Lord behind these veils, and can know the reality of the Lord.

How can we think that the effects of the stars are cruel when the skies are turned by the Hand of the Lord ?

Praise the Lord who has created being and vanquished non-being ! Praise the Lord who has put an end to atrocity and has spread the light of justice ! By His wisdom He diminishes the influence of the powerful ; by His grace He increases the strength of the weak. The pebbles that slew the mighty elephant-mounted legions were dropped by a swallow, a mosquito killed the proud Nimrod. Truly there can be no understanding of these things other than as signs of the limitless power of the Lord. These destructions were different from one another and they took place at different times. Tell me what star by its blandishments could have caused such things to happen ?

Zahhak seized the throne and the crown from the mighty Jamshid. Young Alexander slaughtered the powerful Darius. A nameless demon stole the ring of Solomon, who was king over the demons and the fairies. All you who think these things are due to the effects of the skies and the influence of the stars, must learn the divine secrets of recompense and punishment.

The Lord who has brought the world into being from non-being, may also bring the world to the Day of Judgement. The Lord who has created the world by His word 'Let it be!' may also end the world by His word. And who can question the Lord ?

During these days the harmony of all music, the principle behind all things has been altered. The soldiers have turned against their captain. Without indulging in ornament we can say simply that the times have changed.

Astronomers have told us that Saturn and Mars were in confluence in the sign of Cancer at the time when the courtly revelries of Yazdajird, last emperor of Iran, were disrupted by the Arab invasion. Today, also, Saturn and Mars are in confluence in Cancer and will so remain until the turmoil in the world has ended. This turmoil—the cruelty, bloodshed and degradation—issues from the inauspicious conjunction of these stars. But those who can read the truth will find the differences between these two periods quite obvious.

The Arab invasion of Iran was the invasion of one country by another ; in India, however, the army has revolted against its own leaders. Religion was behind the invasion of Iran. Knowledge and wisdom had withered away and the country had become a desert—but the graces of Islam caused the desert to blossom and freed it of fire worship and slavery. In India, however, the people cannot be expected to offer the security of new laws. Iranians left the worship of fire and came to the worship of one God, but Indians have left the skirt of the just rulers and have been caught in the net of beastly men. Do you not see the similarity between the protecting *daman* (skirt) and the enslaving *dam* (net), and between *dād* (justice) and *dad* (beast) ? In truth one cannot perceive of justice under other auspices than those of the British. The whips of the Arabs left scars, but these were soothed by the graces of Islam. Harmony and peace came after the warfare

and the afflictions of Iran were forgotten. If any good can come from this insurrection, then the subtle and discerning man who can see this good must explain it to me and so comfort my fearful heart. How strange it is that officers responsible for peace should rise in rebellion against their rulers, that soldiers should assassinate their leaders, and that neither should feel shame at these outrageous acts. O you who can see what is hidden and you who can distinguish between loss and benefit, know that this is the wrath of the Lord. The invasion of Iran was neither as devastating nor as full of despair as is the rebellion in India.

The music from my harp is discordant and sad because, in my agitation, I strike the strings haphazardly and without skill.

I am not so dull as to call the bright stars lightless, or to believe the high heavens are impoverished, nor am I so ignorant as to consider the effects of the stars as false, or the confluence of inauspicious stars an illusion ; for I know the terrible issue of the confluence of Saturn and Mars which took place one thousand years ago.

I, who am entangled in the irremedial anxieties of the times, consider that those who have not seen the sign of Cancer, those who are not aware of the effects of Saturn and Mars but only of their names, should not now concern themselves with these things about which they do not know. These people should study the present which has concealed within it the secrets of the past and the future ; for the times, which so often undo the works of good men, did not, in fact, permit the British to be harmed by external powers. Rather, it was from within their own territory that the British armies were attacked.

Readers of this book should know that I who, through the strokes of my pen scatter pearls on paper, have eaten the bread and salt of the British and, from my earliest childhood, have been fed from the table of these world conquerors.

Seven or eight years ago the Mughal emperor of Delhi summoned me to his palace and asked me to write a history of the Timurid dynasty, for which he proposed to pay me six hundred rupees annually. I accepted his offer and began the work. Eventually the emperor's master of verse died and I was also appointed as the one responsible for the correction of the royal poems.

I was aged and weak and had become used to my corner of loneliness and quiet. Further, I had developed a deafness which was a source of great inconvenience to my friends and I could only watch the lips of those who spoke. Twice a week I visited the royal palace where, if it was his will, I would remain for a while in the presence of the king. If he did not emerge from his chambers I would sit briefly in the hall of private audience before returning to my home.

During this time I used to take to the emperor whatever writing I had completed or send it by messenger. This was my connection with the court and the nature of my work. Although this small position gave me some restfulness and peace and was free from courtly entanglements, it assured me neither prosperity nor happiness. But even then the revolving skies were conspiring to destroy what little well-being I had.

No man, neither friend nor enemy, can escape the wounds inflicted by the sword of the cruel, indifferent skies.

We have a chronogram for this year which is expressed in the phrase *rast khezi bija*, which means unwarranted

revolt. If you should ask I would tell you that suddenly, at noon on Monday, the sixteenth of Ramazan, 1273 A.H., which is the same as the eleventh of May, 1857, the walls and ramparts of the Red Fort shook with such force that the vibrations were felt in the four corners of the city. This was not an earthquake. On that infamous day rebellious soldiers from Meerut, faithless to the salt, entered Delhi thirsty for the blood of the British. It would not be surprising if the guards of Delhi's gates, being brothers in profession with the rebels, had entered into conspiracy with them. Ignoring their orders to protect the city, forgetting their loyalty to the salt, the guards welcomed their uninvited, or invited, guests. Swarming through the opened gates of Delhi, the intoxicated horsemen and rough foot soldiers ravished the city like madmen. They did not leave their bloody work until they had killed officers and Englishmen, wherever they found them, and had destroyed their houses.

A few poor, reclusive men, who received their bread and salt by the grace of the British, lived scattered throughout different parts of the city, in lanes and by-lanes, but quite distant from one another. These humble, peaceful people did not know an arrow from an axe; their hands were empty of the sword; and even the sound of thieves in the dark night frightened them. These were not men who could do battle. They could do nothing but sit, helpless and grief-stricken, in their locked houses; for no blade of grass can stop the swift flow of the running water.

I was one of these helpless, stricken men. Shut in my room, I listened to the noise and tumult, and I heard it shouted that the guardian of the Red Fort and the British agent there had been murdered. From all sides one could hear the foot soldiers running and the hoof beats of the horsemen and, looking out, one could see the earth stained by the blood of the rose-bodied. Every corner of the garden had become the graveyard of spring.

Oh, pity those great men, who embodied wisdom, who personified justice—those courteous rulers bearing a good name! Oh, pity those fairy-faced, slim-bodied women whose faces shone like the moon and whose bodies glittered like raw silver! A thousand times pity the children, innocent of the world, who put roses and tulips to shame and whose step was more beautiful than that of the deer and the partridge! All of these were sucked into the whirlpool of death and were drowned in an ocean of blood.

Even Death himself—who strikes sparks of extinction and consumes by fire, who finally clothes all men in black—must wail at the bedside of the slaughtered, and wear mourning in grief for the murdered ones. The skies in their sorrow must fade like smoke, and the earth, like a cyclone, spin from its accustomed place.

O Spring, be dust and blood like the slaughtered ones! O Times, be dark as the dark night!
O Sun, beat your cheeks in grief until they are blue!
O Moon, become, in despair, the scar of the heart of the sorrowful times!

Somehow this long and terrible day came to an end and darkness fell. The black-hearted, cruel killers made camp throughout the city; they stabled their horses in the Red Fort and took the royal chambers for their sleeping rooms. Gradually news flowed in from distant towns: the rebel soldiers had murdered the officers in their barracks and open rebellion had broken out. All through the country soldiers and landlords had joined forces and become as one body in a shameful lust that only waves of blood could satisfy. As the straws of a broom are tied up with one string so the multitude of rebels were bound together by a single cord. Such cataclysmic strokes swept India that, if one sought prosperity or peace, no single grass blade would be found. Some of the soldiers,

although they had no leaders, prepared themselves for battle by seizing guns, gunpowder and gunshot from the British. All the tactics they had learned they employed against their former teachers.

The heart is not stone or steel but will be moved. The eyes are not lifeless cracks in a wall but will shed tears at the panorama of death and at India's desolation. The city of Delhi was emptied of its rulers and peopled instead with creatures of the Lord who acknowledged no lord—as if it were a garden without a gardener, and full of fruitless trees.

The raiders threw off all restraint and the merchants ceased paying taxes. Houses were abandoned and the apartments were like free tables of booty to be plundered at will. In its shamelessness, the rabble, sword in hand, rallied to one group after another. And if peaceful, good people came into the bazaar they were made to acknowledge their defeat and humility before the lawless multitude. Throughout the day the rebels looted the city and at night they slept in silken beds.

In the noblemen's houses there is no oil for the lamps. In total darkness they must await the flash of lightning, and so find the glass and jug with which to quench their thirst.

How can I describe the lack of judgement, the indifference of these times? Those rough labourers who spend their days digging and selling mud, have now found in it pieces of gold. And those others whose assemblies were illuminated by the blaze of flowers are plunged into failure and despair.

With the sole exception of the wife and daughter of the police chief, the ornaments of all the young women of Delhi have been seized by the black-hearted, cowardly robbers. Bereft of their embellishments, these women have been further debauched of their remaining charm and grace by the newly rich sons of beggars, and they have no choice but to satisfy the conceit of this rabble. Those loving and courteous people

who sheltered the coquetries of the young women with their respect and affection, can do nothing now but bow beneath the wickedness of these newly rich, vile-natured ones who are so filled with pride that to see them you would say they were not men but whirlwinds puffed up with conceit. These lowly men, engrossed only in their own self-importance, are but small blades of grass floating pompously on the wide water.

Noble men and great scholars have fallen from power ; and the lowly ones, who have never known wealth or honour, now have prestige and unlimited riches. One whose father wandered dust-stained through the streets now proclaims himself ruler of the wind. One whose mother borrowed from her neighbour fire with which to light her kitchen declares himself sovereign of fire. These are the men who hope to rule over fire and wind and we unhappy ones have no desires left but for moments of respite and a little justice.

For you this is only a sorrowful story, but the pain is so great that to hear it the stars will weep tears of blood.

The postal system is in utter chaos and service has virtually stopped. It is impossible for postmen to come and go : thus letters can neither be sent nor received. However through the telegraph system which operates by vibrations and not wires, messages can be sent out.

Tell me, you who believe in law and justice, is there not cause for weeping and breast-beating in the complete breakdown of administration, the looting of God-given wealth, the chaos of the postal system and the failure of news as to the welfare of our relations and friends ? In this anarchy brave men are afraid of their own shadows and soldiers rule over dervish and king alike. Is this not cause for grief ? Do these

heartbreaking events not merit our tears ? None can ridicule our sorrowing, for to lament such wrongs is not unbelief or lack of faith.

How can poetry soothe me when my heart is burned with hot sighs ? My heart fails, my limbs weaken and I neither fear punishment nor do I crave reward.

This prisoner of loneliness, this afflicted Ghalib, now resumes his narrative of grief. When these wayward, hostile rebels first entered Delhi, they brought treasure with them. This they deposited with the royal treasury and they bowed their heads on the royal threshold. Rebellious armies from various directions converged on Delhi and assembled here. When the emperor could no longer control this army, the army itself took control into its own hands and the king was rendered helpless.

As the moon is eclipsed, so the army overshadowed the King. An eclipse cannot obscure the crescent moon, but only the full moon of the fourteenth night. The King was a waning moon, yet his light was eclipsed.

Although it is worth mentioning, I have not yet said that these adventurers, before starting towards Delhi, opened the doors of the prisons and set the prisoners free. In their newly found liberty these culprits came to the royal court and knelt in obeisance to the emperor demanding governorships ; these faithless slaves who had escaped their masters came to kiss the royal threshold and demand fertile lands for themselves.

No one has told me, and I am at a loss to understand, how all who sought audience were allowed to go before the emperor ;

how every seeker after shelter was, by the royal authorities, given shelter. This can only be considered as part of the strangeness of the times.

At the moment, inside and outside of Delhi, there is an encampment of approximately fifty thousand cavalry and infantry; and the British, those possessors of knowledge and wisdom, control no ground except for a ridge at the western edge of the city. Here they have skillfully arranged their batteries and so have converted it into a kind of fortress. On all four sides they have fixed their fire-breathing, lightning-striking cannons; and, in this manner, through their perseverance they have made a haven of peace in a land of adversity.

The soldiers have seized guns from the armoury, which they have set up on the ramparts of the city, and the rebels are now actually confronted with the courageous British officers. The heavy smoke from the guns and cannons is like dark clouds hanging in the sky and the noise is like the rain of hailstones. Cannon fire is heard all day long, as if stones were falling from the skies.

These are the hot months of May and June and the heat has become intolerable. The sun has entered into the sphere of Gemini, and the heat increases steadily, until it seems that the sun itself is consumed by its own fire. People who lived comfortably in cool and ventilated houses are now scorching under the flaming sun and they spend their nights in restlessness on burning stones.

Had Isfandyar been engaged in this war, he would, in spite of his renowned bravery, have lost his will and confidence. If Rustam had heard this story he would have been overcome by despair.

The soldiers who have assembled from all parts of India leave their encampments when the sun is well above the horizon and go forth to fight the lion-hearted British. They return to

their camps just before sunset. That is the situation outside the town.

Now I shall relate an incident which has occurred inside the town.

Concealed within the strings of my harp are notes which flare out like sparks. I am fearful that the musician will himself be burned by fire. On my lips is a story which cuts like a knife relentlessly into my heart.

A servant who was filled with pride and a hunger for power became the secret enemy of his master. He believed that if his master lived, it would become known that he (the servant) had wrongfully accumulated treasure. Wishing harm to the master, who was called Ahsanullah Khan, some rebels sought him in his mansion, but it so happened that the Hakim Sahib was with the emperor. These impetuous people then rushed to the Red Fort and there besieged the Hakim. But out of gracious love for his faithful subject, the emperor threw himself over the Hakim, and so saved him from death. Although his life was saved, the mischief was not finished until his house was completely devastated. That mansion, which in beauty and ornament, was equal to the picture galleries of China, was looted and the roofs were burned. The great beams and the inlaid panels of the ceiling were reduced to ashes. The walls were so completely blackened by smoke it seemed that, in grief, the mansion wore a black mantle.

Do not be misled by fortunes the skies may bestow. The treacherous skies entangle in anguish and torment those whom they formerly laid in the lap of love.

Unless he were a bastard, the meanest slave would not behave in such a manner towards his master. This contemptible man, this wretch untrue to the salt, with cheeks pitted by smallpox and a gaping mouth, whose eyes stare in shamelessness, considers himself a Venus. He walks with swaying hips and believes his gait lovelier than that of the partridge. I have purposely not mentioned his name as he is the infamous son of a tramp. Now that I have heaped coals of fire upon the head of this man, I shall resume my story.

The rebel armies were assembling from various places in India. Since the name of the emperor was associated with the revolt, many officers from great distances had joined the rebellion. A nobleman of Farrukhabad, Tafazzul Husain Khan, who previously had not explicitly expressed his loyalty to the emperor now paid homage to him from afar and signed his message as from an old royal servant.

Khan Bahadur Khan, a misguided nobleman who was thirsty for power, collected around him some soldiers from Bareilly and proclaimed himself leader. He sent to the emperor one hundred gold coins, and horses and elephants caprizoned with silver paraphernalia.

May the effects of the evil eye be warded off! Nawwab Yusuf Ali Khan Bahadur, the sun-symbolled ruler of Rampur, the successor to his parents and grandparents, enjoys ties with the British government so strong that, even after a lapse of one thousand years, they would be impossible to sever. This ruler sent only a verbal message to the rebels and so circumvented them.

In Lucknow the army had separated itself from the British and most of them left the city and went over to their relatives in other towns. However some officers, together with their soldiers, made camp in Bailey Guard and bravely barred the gates of the town (against the rebels).

Ignoring the small group of distinguished British, Shara-fuddaulah, a wise man of considerable understanding who had been wazir during the days of the Nawwab of Avadh, installed the ten-year old son of Nawwab Wajid Ali Shah as wazir of India's emperor and declared himself chamberlain and deputy wazir. Surely this renowned man had captured the fabulous *huma* in his net. When these things were done he sent a messenger to Delhi with appropriate gifts. The messenger arrived in the city where he remained for two days before seeking audience with the emperor and presenting him with two wind-swift horses, two elephants as high as mountains, one hundred and twenty-one gold coins, and a golden cup which was ornamented with priceless pearls of many colours. To the queen inside the women's palace, he sent a pair of armlets, studded with diamonds.

All of this grandeur was like a flickering lamp, as if the evil eye was watching the short-lived splendour; for, after the arrival of these rare gifts from the kingdom of Avadh, this fable of pomp and splendour, which equalled that of Alexander and the fabulous mirror, and Jamshid and the wonderful cup, came to an end. No sooner had the din and clamour of the rebel army caused the eyes of fortune to turn towards the emperor than those same eyes turned away from him. I put it in different words when I say that the emperor's auspicious star reached such lofty heights that it went quite out of sight of the world's eyes.

When the path of good fortune's star wavers
the crown shall fall. See how the sun in the
fear of change trembles in the sky!

On the fourteenth of September, the twenty-fourth day of the lunar month and the very day after the arrival of this inauspicious messenger and his subsequent reception at the palace, the British, who had taken refuge on the outskirts

of the ridge, attacked Kashmiri Gate with such violence that the rebels were forced into headlong flight.

In the month of May justice was taken from Delhi ; in September the days of atrocity drew to an end and justice again prevailed. After four months and four days the shining sun emerged and Delhi was divested of its madmen and was conquered by the brave and the wise.

The lapse of time from the eleventh of May to the fourteenth of September is actually four months and four days. However, since the town fell on a Monday, and was also re-captured on a Monday, it is as if the city were lost and retaken on the same day. The victors killed all whom they found on the streets. Those of noble birth and position, in order to protect their honour, which was all that remained to them, stayed inside their locked houses.

Some of the black-hearted (rebel) army attempted to escape but others, out of pride, were determined to fight and confronted the lion-hearted conquerors. In their own view they were attacking the enemy but in actual fact they were destroying the honour and prestige of Delhi.

For two or three days all the roads from Kashmiri Gate to Chandni Chauk became battle-grounds. Delhi Gate, Turkman Gate and Ajmeri Gate were under the control of the Indian army. The house of sorrow in which I dwell, down-hearted and dejected, is situated exactly between Kashmiri Gate and Delhi Gate. Although we had locked the gate of our lane, at certain times we were able to open it and bring in food.

I have told you that when the angry lions entered the town, they killed the helpless and the weak and they burned

their houses. It may be that such atrocities always occur after conquest.

Seeing the anger and fury, the townspeople turned pale. Hordes of men and women, commoners and noblemen, poured out of Delhi from the three gates and took shelter in small communities and tombs outside the city. There they remained, hoping, at a later time, either to return to Delhi or to move on to another town.

In my heart I felt no dread nor did my legs tremble in fear. I said to myself that I am not a wrong-doer and I deserve no punishment, for the English do not kill the innocent. The atmosphere of Delhi was not unfavourable to me and I believed I should entertain no thought of escape. Now, in desolation, I sit in a corner of my house with my pen as my sole companion. My eyes weep tears and from my pen issue words of anguish.

I am destitute and utterly impoverished !
O Lord, how long will this idle fancy give me
comfort—that my verses are jewels and these
jewels are treasures from my own mine ?

All has been written in eternity and nothing can be changed. Our fates are decreed in an eternity that has no beginning and no end ; and each of us has received according to his written destiny. Sorrow and joy issue from this eternal order. So I should leave my cowardly state of listlessness and, in my old age, watch like a child, with ready excitement, all the astonishing things which are occurring.

At noon on Friday, the twenty-sixth of Muharram, which is the eighteenth of September, an eclipse occurred when the sun, which sheds joy and light upon the world, entered into a new constellation. The darkness so frightened the people that

inside and outside of the city the misguided rebels fled like swine, and the victors captured the city and the Fort. The horror of mass arrests, assassinations, and slaughter now reached our lane and the people shook with fear.

In this lane there are ten or twelve homes and only one entrance. There is no well inside the lane. Most of the people have left—the women clutching their infants to their breasts and the men with their belongings on their shoulders—and only a few of us have remained behind. We shut the door of the lane from the inside and piled stones against the entrance, so closing it completely. Our little lane which was shadowed is now shuttered.

Sooner than my body's weakening, my spirit faints; for my heart is trapped as if imprisoned in a narrow cell.

During all this turmoil something occurred which was of considerable help to us. The ruler of Patiala, Raja Narendra Singh, magnificent as Mars, exalted as the skies, supports the conquerors in this battle; his army has been assisting the British from the very beginning. Some of the raja's highest officials live in this lane: Hakim Mahmud Khan, Hakim Murtaza Khan, Hakim Ghulamullah Khan—all of them progeny of Hakim Sharif Khan, who dwells now in paradise—and themselves very honourable and famous men. The double row of their extensive homes stretches for some distance and for the past ten years I have been the neighbour of one of these rich men, Hakim Mahmud Khan who, with his family and relations, lives a very respectable life according to the traditions of his ancestors. The remaining two stay in comfort and honour with the raja in Patiala.

When the British recapture of Delhi was imminent, the raja, out of his great kindness, had arranged with the powerful

and warlike British that as soon as Delhi was reconquered, guards from Patiala would be posted at the gate of the lane to prevent the British white militia from damaging the houses or molesting their inhabitants.

Occasionally during the course of this narrative I have had to speak of other things (than the actual rebellion); however, after this digression, I shall return to the main topic.

Since the fourteenth of September every door in the entire city of Delhi has been closed. There is neither merchant nor buyer; there is no seller of wheat from whom we can buy flour, nor is there a washerman to whom we can give our soiled garments; there is no barber to trim hair, or sweeper to clean our floors. However, as I have written earlier, during these five days it was possible for us to leave the lane for water and occasionally to get flour. But later even this became impossible. The door of the lane was blocked with stones and the mirror of our hearts was clouded with sorrow.

All our endeavours have been chilled and sorrow now burns in our blood like fire.

Gradually, whatever provisions we had in our houses were consumed. Although we had used the water with great care, not a single drop remained in cup or jar. The people have lost all their power to endure and the illusion that passing our days courageously would bring an end to our hunger now faded completely and we were hungry and thirsty throughout the days and nights.

Oh, pity our wailing, beggary and dishonour!
A hundred times pity our helplessness, affliction
and poverty!

As I have said earlier, on the third day the soldiers of the army of the Maharaja of Patiala arrived and began patrolling. In this way the inhabitants of the lane were relieved of their fear of looters. After saying 'Come what may!' they asked permission of the soldiers to leave the lane. As the patrolling was done out of friendship and not out of enmity, the people were allowed to go as far as the bazaar of the Chauk. Beyond the Chauk mass slaughter was rampant and the streets were filled with horror.

These tormented and helpless people opened the gate of the lane, but it was impossible to find a water-carrier or water-skin. Therefore they selected one man from every house and, together with two of my servants, managed to procure some brackish water. They filled their jars and pots with this salty water since the sweet water was at some distance and it was not possible to travel so far. In such a way they quenched their fire with brackish water. The other name for this fire is thirst.

Those who went out for water told us that in the lane beyond which we are not allowed to go, the soldiers had broken into several houses. In these houses there are now neither sacks of flour nor pots of oil. I told them that the Lord's creatures do not speak of pots, sacks, flour and oil. Our bread is with the Bread-Giver who will not forsake us. It is the work of Satan to be ungrateful for the gifts of the Lord.

In these days we think of ourselves as prisoners and we are, in truth, passing our days like prisoners. Nobody comes to visit us and we receive no news. We cannot leave the lane so we are unable to see what is happening with our own eyes. In fact, it is as if our ears were deaf and could not hear, and our eyes were blind and could not see. In addition to this trouble we have neither bread to eat nor water to drink.

One day clouds suddenly appeared and it rained. We tied up a sheet in our courtyard and placed our jars beneath

it and in this way we collected water. It is said that the clouds take up water from the river and so spread rain over the earth. But this time the cloud was like *huma* and gathered water from the very fountain of life. It was as if this treasure, for which Alexander had searched during the days of his sovereignty, was found by one in anguish during the days of destruction.

O Ghalib, our Heavenly Friend does not fail us but rather supports us in ways that are beyond our understanding !

At this point I would like to write a bit about my life and my activities. I will try to do this in such a way that it will not be divorced from the main story.

I grieve myself by telling of my afflictions but it is like a healing ointment on the wounds of my heart. By means of this lancet I remove the arrows which have pierced into my heart.

This is the sixty-second year of my life. For many years I have been straining the dust of this world through a sieve ; and for the last fifty years I have been opening the depths of my heart through poetry. I was five years old when my father Abdullah Beg Khan Bahadur died—may the Lord shower His innumerable graces on his spirit ! My uncle Nasrullah Beg Khan Bahadur adopted me as his son and raised me with considerable indulgence. When I was nine years old this uncle, who was also my patron, slipped into the sleep of death and with this death my fortune also slept.

My uncle, an estimable man of position and prestige, was the captain of four hundred horsemen and a loyal associate

of General Lord Lake Bahadur. Through the kindness of this victorious and generous leader he was appointed overlord of two *parganas* near Agra. After his death these *parganas* reverted to the British government and in place of this *jagir* my brother and I were awarded a pension, which became the source of my comfort and livelihood. I received the pension from the treasury of the Delhi Collectorate until the end of April 1857, when the treasury was closed. Now I am confronted by misfortune and my heart is the house of anxiety.

Earlier I had only my wife—no son or daughter. Nearly five years ago I adopted two orphan children who had belonged to my wife's family. I am extremely fond of these sweet-tongued children who, in the extremity of my misfortune, are the flowers of my life.

At the age of thirty, my brother, who is two years younger than I, went mad. For the past thirty years he has been living quietly and inoffensively in a house which is situated approximately two thousand paces from my home. His wife and daughters, together with their children and maid-servants, have departed and have left the crazy master of the house and all his belongings in the care of an aged *darban* and a maid-servant.

Even if I had magic powers I could not possibly, during such times, have brought these three persons or their possessions to my home. Because of this I am suffering grievously and my heart is troubled.

The two children whom I have raised with such indulgence ask me to give them fruits, milk and sweets but I cannot satisfy their wishes. Alas, how can I explain that as long as I live I shall struggle for bread and water, and for a shroud after my death? Day in and day out I think only of whether my brother has eaten, how he sleeps at night. My lack of information is so complete that I do not know if he is living or if he has died under his afflictions.

On my lips are wailings and sighs ; and on my lips, O Lord, is my final breath !

These incidents which I have narrated are painful but the incidents I have not told of are heart-breaking. However, I expect those in authority will listen with compassion to my sorrowful story and, after hearing it, will see that justice is done.

In this old age I am like the flickering morning lamp or like the sun which will soon go down. I do not mean as the full lamplight or the spreading rays of the mid-day sun but as the last drops of oil in the lamp at morning make a dim light or as the light of the sun grows weak at evening—this is my situation.

Two years ago I sent a panegyric in praise of the just, exalted Queen Victoria, splendid as the stars. This was sent to London from Delhi by way of Bombay through the courtesy of Lord Ellenborough, a renowned administrator who valued talent and who, through his generosity, was my patron during the time he was governor.

Although my fortune did not lead me into the presence of the World-Conquering Queen, yet I have found ways to hold conversation with her.

This verse concerns the panegyric and the entire poem is written in the same metrical pattern.

Who could have thought that the way out of my difficulties would have been made so easy, and in such a direct manner ! Suddenly, after three months, an auspicious courier arrived bearing a courteous letter from Lord Ellenborough, that cyprus of the garden of sovereignty. This letter was

written in English, affectionately, and reported that the panegyric had been received and had been entrusted for presentation at the court of the queen.

Hardly thirty days had passed since the arrival of this auspicious and welcome reply when I received a letter from the gracious official, Mr. Resington, saying that 'with regard to the panegyric sent to us through Lord Ellenborough, it is pointed out that the petitioner, in respect to the norms of administrative procedure, should channel his petition through the administrator in India.'

Therefore, in obedience to this request, a petition was sent to the queen of England through that administrator who is magnificent as Alexander, splendid as Faridun—Lord Canning Nawwab Governor-General Bahadur. In this petition it was requested that, as the kings of Rum, Iran and other countries had rewarded their poets and well-wishers by filling their mouths with pearls, weighing them in gold and granting them villages and recompense, the exalted queen should bestow upon Ghalib, the petitioner, the title of *Mihr-Khwan*, and present him with the robe of honour and a few crumbs from her bounteous table—that is, in English, a 'pension'.

The exalted Nawwab Governor-General Bahadur was pleased to lighten my grief-stricken heart with the happy tidings that my petition had been sent to England. At this fortunate news I was extravagantly happy, so much so that I could scarcely contain my joy.

Four months later a reply to my petition came in the form of a friendly letter from the pen of the respected Mr. Russell Clerk Bahadur. So was the period of my expectations and unfulfilled desires prolonged.

I have no doubt that had the administration of India not been disturbed during the recent revolt and had the course of justice not been diverted at the hands of ungrateful soldiers,

who did not fear the Lord, a royal decree would have been issued from England satisfying all my desires, and my eyes and my heart would have rejoiced in mutual merriment.

Now I have nothing but these letters of good omen, which are a talisman on the arm of wisdom and remind me of my deep longings. I hold my heart in my hands and I weep tears of blood as a token of my great agony.

No sword or arrow wounds me. No tiger or lion does me harm. But in the abandonment of my grief I bite my lips and I dip my tongue in blood. I drink the blood of my heart and I am sick of my life.

On Wednesday, the thirty-first September, seventeen days after victory and the closing of the door of our lane, news was brought that looters had raided the house of my brother and the other houses in that street. However the lives of my mad brother, Mirza Yusuf Khan, and of the two aged servants were spared. During the tumult two Hindus asked for shelter in his house; and through the help of these Hindus the old *darban* and maid servant did everything possible to procure food and drinking water.

It may be worth mentioning that during this storm and turmoil the nature of calamity is different in every lane and bazaar. The manner of killing and looting by the soldiers is not uniform but varies, and whether a soldier shows kindness or unkindness depends on his individual nature.

Orders have been given to spare the lives of those who do not resist these assaults, but whosoever does resist them will lose his life along with his possessions. It is believed that those who were killed were ones who did not show obedience (to the British) and it is widely known that although looting

was common, killing was generally abjured. Even in the few incidents, in two or three lanes, where the soldiers killed first and then looted, the lives of old men and women and children have been spared.

Now the steed of my pen halts. Let me cry out that the steed may again go forth! O you who commend justice and you lovers of truth who condemn injustice, if your tongue and your heart are one in this, for the sake of the Lord, think of what we have done! Although everyone knows that disloyalty is a sin, without reason for enmity or cause for envy we raised our swords against our masters and we killed helpless women, and infants playing in their cradles. The British rose up in revenge against such atrocity and, in order to punish the transgressors, deployed their armies with care. Their anger at the citizens of Delhi was so great that, after capturing the city, one would think they would leave not even a dog or a cat alive. However, although their hearts were full of the fire of fury, they restrained themselves. Women and children were not molested. No general guarantee was offered for the protection of life or property because they were determined to distinguish between the guilty and the innocent and only those called for questioning were allowed to approach the authorities.

Most of the citizens had fled the city but some, caught between hope and despair, are still living inside the walls. So far no information has been received concerning those hiding in lonely places outside of Delhi. Those outside and those still living inside are both in great distress and there is no cure for their misery. If only each could know the fate of the other, whether they were alive or dead, much of their grief and anxiety would be allayed. This lack of knowledge is such that wherever one is, one is in despair. The hearts of the helpless inhabitants of the city, and those of the grief-stricken people outside, are filled with sorrow, and they are afraid of mass slaughter.

Monday, the fifth of October, was a day of calamity. Suddenly, at noon, white soldiers scaled the wall near the closed entrance of our lane, climbed over the rooftops, and from there jumped down into the street. The guards of Raja Narendra Singh tried to intercept them but were unsuccessful. Ignoring the small houses nearby, the soldiers entered directly into my house. They did not, in their consideration, touch my possessions but took me, my two children, two or three servants and a few good neighbours to the wise and experienced Colonel Brown¹ who was staying in the merchant Qutbuddin's mansion, situated on this side of the Chauk at a distance of some furlongs. Colonel Brown talked with me gently and humanely, asking of me my name only, but of the others their profession, and so dismissed me politely. I thanked the Lord, praised the courteous Colonel Brown and returned home.

During the evening of October seventh I heard a salute of twenty-one guns, of which, although I was pleased to hear it, I failed to understand the meaning. I remembered that on the arrival of the Lieutenant-Governor Bahadur there is a salute of seventeen guns; when the Nawwab Governor-General Bahadur arrives nineteen shots are fired; but I was at a loss to know the reason for the twenty-one gun salute. The following day, although on this point neither was my knowledge increased nor my ignorance decreased, I came to the conclusion that the British, those levellers of the high and the low, had somewhere won a victory over the rebels.

In Bareilly, Farrukhabad and Lucknow there are still bands of rebels engaged in extending the rebellion and the futile struggle. May the Lord cause the blood to run from their hearts, and may He wither their hands, for their hearts and hands are openly engaged in this warfare.

In the areas of Sonh and Nuh the Mewatis have run amuck as if crazy men had thrown off their shackles and

1. This should be Burn. Colonel H. P. Burn was military governor of Delhi.

rampaged. Under the devil's guidance, the rebel Tularam, who was fighting in Rewari, joined forces with the Mewatis, and this group has been fighting the British savagely in the plains and on the mountains. The warfare is so bitter that it seems as if the entire land of India is engulfed in whirling storms and flaming fires.

In these painful circumstances, the beginning of which I do not remember and the end of which I cannot know, if I have seen anything except tears, then may the holes of my eyes be filled with dust! Since my eyes have seen only the black day of misfortune I have seen nothing, for it is impossible to see in darkness.

Except for the day I was taken out by the white soldiers, I have not been out of my house, put my foot on the threshold, walked into the lane or bazaar, or seen the Chauk even from a distance. It is as if the wise poet Nizami Ganjawi had said it for me and with my lips :

I know nothing of what is happening in the world—I know neither what there is that is good nor what there is that is evil.

Because of wounds which resist all healing and griefs which defy all cure, I have been like a dead man. I was raised up for judgement and now, for the punishment of my transgressions, I am suspended in the pit of hell. I can do nothing but exist in this prison of helplessness and despair.

How shall I endure if what happens to me today falls again to my lot tomorrow ?

In this book I have, from the beginning to the end, told only of those events which have actually occurred to me or of

which I have personally heard. One should not think that the events I have learned of through hearsay are lies, or that I have diminished their intensity in the writing. I seek the shelter of the Lord from these unwarranted arrests and I seek my salvation in the truth. My eyes cannot see, my heart is a prisoner of grief, my lips are silent, and my ears receive alms from the tongues of the people. How degrading is this helpless beggary !

Perhaps I should have begun my story of the capture of Delhi by relating the fate of the emperor and his sons, about which I have not yet written. The reason I have not is that the treasure of my writing is derived from what I hear, and there are many things yet to be heard. Certainly when I am freed from this confinement I shall gather information about what I have still not heard and shall write it as confidences from an informed person. Out of deference to me I hope that my readers will be patient with the disarrangement of sequence.

Monday, the nineteenth of October, should be erased from the calendar. Like a fire-breathing dragon that day engulfed the world when in the morning the unfortunate *darban* brought the relieving news of my brother's death. He told me that this traveller speeding on the path of death (Yusuf Mirza) had been afflicted with a high fever for five days and, close to midnight, had departed from this world.

Oh, do not speak to me, I beg you, of water or of the kerchief to clean the face, of the man who bathes the dead body or digs the grave, or of bricks or mortar ! Please tell me how I can go out (of this lane), where to take this dead body, and in what graveyard to bury it ? In the bazaar it is impossible to get cloth, either good or bad. It is as if labourers and earth-diggers had never existed in the city. The Hindus can carry their dead to the shores of the river and burn them, but the Muslims dare not go abroad, even in groups of two or three, so how can their dead be borne from the city ?

The neighbours took pity on my plight and offered to perform this task. With one Patiala soldier leading them, they took two servants and set out. They bathed the dead body and wrapped it in two or three white sheets which they had taken from my house. They dug a grave in the mosque adjoining my house and put the dead body in the pit before returning.

O pity this man who lived for sixty years and thirty years were happy but thirty years were sad ! In his grave not even a pillow of stone, and dust is his destiny. O Lord, pity this dead one who found no comfort in his life ! Send an angel for the solace of his heart and deliver his soul to paradise !

This kindly but unfortunate man spent sixty years of his life in happiness and sorrow ; for thirty years he was sane and for thirty years he was mad. During the days of his sanity he restrained his anger and during the days of his madness he gave pain to no one. This was his custom. He died on the 29th of Safar, 1274 A.H.

Someone asked me, the afflicted, the date of the death of Mirza Yusuf, who lived his life a stranger to his own self. I answered this question by sighing, and said '*diregh diwana*'.

It should be known that from the letters of *diregh diwana* we get 1290. If sixteen, which is the number equivalent to the word '*āh*' (sigh), is subtracted from this, it gives us the correct date, 1274 A.H.

I address myself to the Lord in whose presence we should do penance. Wheresoever you bow your head, there shall you touch His threshold.

During the week in which the British captured the city, those wise and esteemed men, Aminuddin Khan Bahadur and Muhammad Ziyauddin Khan Bahadur, in order to uphold their dignity and in the hope of bettering their positions, decided to leave the city. In addition to their wives and children they had with them three elephants and forty horses and they set out for the *pargana* of Loharu, which is their ancestral estate. First they went to Mihrauli, where they stayed in the luminous and sanctified burial ground. During this time the plundering soldiers besieged their encampment and did not leave until they had taken from them everything they owned except for the clothes they wore. Only the three elephants, which their faithful and kindly companions had taken away before the looting began, remained, like three great burnt-out silos, as symbols of disaster.

These people, after suffering this calamitous looting, set out for Dujana, stripped of all their possessions. The illustrious and warm-hearted ruler of Dujana, Hasan Ali Khan Bahadur, welcoming them with affection and generosity, took them to Dujana, and told them to consider his house as their home.

In brief, this good natured leader (Hasan Ali Khan) showed the same courteous manner towards his guests as was shown by the king of Iran towards the fugitive Humayun. When the Commissioner Bahadur heard of this story he summoned these men to him and they returned to Delhi. At first the commissioner spoke to them sarcastically but when he received only polite answers he desisted and allowed them to stay near the chamberlain's palace in the Fort.

Because of the sequence of the story I have not been able to tell of all the outrage and looting which fell to the lot of this family. I can only say that they were robbed in Mihrauli and also in Delhi. While the masters were away their homes were pillaged and all that they had carried with them was seized by looters in Mihrauli. Only the people themselves reached Dujana unharmed. Their palaces were plundered and only the bricks and stones were left behind. Neither their silver and gold was spared, nor a single thread of their clothes or bedding. May the Lord pity these guiltless ones and may their inauspicious beginning come to an auspicious end ! May they find comfort after calamity !

It was Saturday, the seventeenth of October, when these distinguished men returned to the city and, as I have said earlier, they stayed at the Fort. Two or three days after this incident the army was ordered to apprehend Abdur Rahman, the ruler of Jhajjar, and they brought him in like a culprit. He was put in a small corner of the Diwan-i-Am of the Fort and all his *jagir* was confiscated by the British.

On Friday, the thirty-first of October, the army seized Ahmad Ali Khan, the ruler of Farrukhnagar, and brought him, in the same manner as they had brought Abdur Rahman Khan, to a secluded place in the Delhi Fort. Farrukhnagar then became a target for the swift-handed looters, and the possessions of the inhabitants of this town also were plundered.

Bahadur Jung Khan, the ruler of Dadri and Bahadurgarh, was captured on Monday, November second, and arrangements were made to put him in the Fort. On Saturday, November seventh, Raja Nahar Singh, ruler of Ballabgarh, was added to this company. In this way all the noblemen who lived at a distance were brought to the Fort.

I should say that the *jagirs* under the Delhi agency are equal in number to the days of the week. They are Jhajjar, Bahadurgarh, Ballabgarh, Loharu, Farrukhnagar,

Dujana and Pataudi. As I have said earlier, five of these *jagirdars* are in the Fort, and the remaining two, the *jagirdars* of Pataudi and Dujana, are pierced by the arrows of fear. Let us see what their all-seeing eyes behold and what befalls them.

It is no secret that Muzaffaruddaulah Saifuddin Haidar Khan and Zulfaqarrudin Haidar Khan, who carry the title of Husain Mirza, like many other respectable men during these stormy days fled the city with their wives and children. They went into the wilderness and left behind them their homes, filled with precious possessions. The adjacent houses, palaces and mansions of these *jagirdars* were so vast that on surveying them they would be found to be, if not equal to the area of a town, surely equal to that of a village. These great palaces, being completely uninhabited, were ransacked by the looters.

In the night following the morning on which Raja Nahar Singh was captured some heavy and less precious things such as curtains, canopies, tents, and rich coverings and carpets, which had been left behind in the palaces, accidentally caught fire. The flames leapt up and all of the wood, walls and stones were burned. These buildings are so near to my house on the western side that, from my roof, I could see the glare of the roaring fire ; the hot smoke reached my face and my eyes and a strong west wind blew ashes over my body. Music comes freely like a gift from the home of a neighbour : why then should not fire from a nearby house shower ashes upon me ?

The speed of my pen is like the speed of a half-dead ant, and it is difficult to put all of this on paper for the benefit of my readers.

Nothing more can be said of the fate of the Mughal princes than that some were shot and devoured by the dragon of death ; and some were hung by their necks with ropes

and, in their twisting, their spirits left them. A few unfortunates are imprisoned, others have fled, wretched and disordered, into the wilderness; and the aged and fragile Mughal emperor is under trial by the court.

The *jagirdars* of Jhajjar, Ballabgarh, and Farrukhnagar were executed separately on different days. Their lives were ended in such a manner that none could say blood had been spilled.

In January 1858, the Hindus were given a proclamation of freedom by which they were allowed to live again in the city, and these people have begun to return from the places where they had found refuge. But the houses of the dispossessed Muslims had long remained empty and were so covered with vegetation that the walls seemed to be made of grass—and every blade of grass tells that the house of the Muslim is still empty.

Probably because of the spying of devilish informants, the city administrator learned that the home of Raja Narendra Singh Bahadur's physicians had become the rendezvous and refuge of the Muslims. It would be no surprise if some of these troublesome, evil-tongued informers are here also. Because of them, on Tuesday, February second, the city administrator entered that house and took away with him sixty innocent refugees along with the masters of the house. Although these people were held in confinement for several days and nights the dignity of their position was respected.

On Friday, February fifth, Hakim Mahmud Khan, Hakim Murtaza Khan and his nephew Abdul Hakim Khan, who went by the name of Hakim Kale, were released. On Friday, February twelfth, a few more people were released and on Saturday, February thirteenth, others were permitted to leave; but more than half were ordered to remain in the prison. Because of this terrible calamity which has befallen my neighbourhood, and the storm which has swept through my lane,

the heart of this grief-stricken, suffering dervish is distracted. In spite of everything, during all these arrests and seizures, I was not challenged. But even now I am uneasy all the time and at night I sleep restlessly.

During the magnificent month that extends from February until the month of *Farwardin*, when the sun takes one month to enter into the sign of Aries, and which is really the first month of spring, when the light of the sun becomes warm, news went round that the benevolent ruler, glorious as the sun and exalted as the stars, the Chief Commissioner Sir John Lawrence, was about to arrive.

Since it has been my practice to send a panegyric to whoever comes as ruler of India, and particularly of Delhi, I composed a *qasida* of congratulations and welcome in praise of his lordship. This was posted on Friday, February nineteenth.

In the evening of February twentieth we heard, like the roar of a dragon, the terrifying sound of a twenty-one gun salute. And on Sunday morning we received news of the capture of Lucknow, along with the information that the bright star of the skies of sovereignty, I mean the illustrious commander-in-chief, had attacked the rebel warriors with such skill that Mars, the commander of the heavens, blessed him, prayed for the safety of his hands and arms, and commended him at such length that his tongue wearied and his lips blistered.

This was welcome news for the homeless, a propitious message of liberation, for the goal of the free and good-natured British was achieved and the rule of the vicious rebels was overthrown. I learned then that the gun salute and the music of the *shah-nays* had been in celebration of the seizure of power by the British. During this battle the generals of the victorious army were concerned with fearlessly slaughtering their opponents, rather than with occupying the town.

After killing and wounding as many of the enemy as possible they returned to their encampment.

At a propitious time in the mid-morning of Wednesday, February twenty-fourth, the sole cyprus of the garden of justice, the bright moon of the glorious sky, the blessed, gracious and exalted one—I mean the Chief Commissioner Bahadur—with the hooves of his horses marked the ground of Delhi like the starry sky and, by means of a thirteen-gun salute, assured to the suffering the balm of love and charity.

At this coming a new soul has entered into the dead body of the city. A wave of happiness has swept through the city as if the Emperor Shahjahan himself had returned.

Saturday, February twenty-seventh, came to an end and darkness fell over Delhi. When most of the night had passed such sighs from the hearts of the oppressed had risen into the skies that they obscured the face of the moon and the people cried out saying that the moon was eclipsed. On that same Saturday the orders of *durbash* came to an end and those who sought justice, or audience, or refuge were given these things.

There is a prison outside the city and a house of detention inside. In both of these places so many people have been crowded together that it seems as if they must even be one inside the other. The angel of death alone knows how many people have been hanged by the neck in these two prisons.

In the entire city of Delhi it is impossible to find more than one thousand Muslims; and I am one of these. Some have gone so far from the city it seems as if they were never residents of Delhi. Many very important men are living outside the city at a distance of two to four *kos*, on ridges and thatched roofs, in ditches and mud huts, as if their fortunes

were sleeping with blindfolded eyes. Among the people living in the wilderness are those who are anxious to return to Delhi, relatives of the imprisoned, and those living on alms, that is, on pensions. The ones who have sent petitions ask only for release from prison, permission to live in Delhi, and renewal of their pensions. The courts have received two or three thousand petitions from the supplicants. These seekers after justice keep eyes and ears open so that they may see and hear what the future holds for them.

I, too, am eagerly awaiting a reply to the letter of respect and praise which I had sent by post. Because of my acute distress it was impossible for me to visit the administrator of Delhi at his residence. In short, there are hardships encompassing me on all sides as if I am surrounded by thorns. If one goes abroad one will find them spread on the path, if one remains inside, thorns stick to one's clothes. Until now forbearance had restrained impatience and on Monday, the eighth of March, the letter was returned to me with a note. The face of the letter was illumined with the prudent administrator's decree that it be returned to the sender to be channelled properly through the district authorities. Everyone said, and I also thought it myself, that this answer was a promising sign and not devoid of advantage and that it would be likely that my representations would be accepted. I sent the letter which contained these orders, with a suitable additional note, to the just, charitable and prudent Charles Saunders, Chief Commissioner Bahadur, along with an accompanying memorandum to the afore-mentioned acclaimed lord relating to my old desire for the renewal of my pension.

On Wednesday, March seventeenth, a communication arrived stating that my first letter (the panegyric), which contained nothing but congratulations, should not have been sent. I said to myself that during these turbulent days there was no place for love and affection, happiness and felicity. I am

merely a slave to my belly and seek only bread. Let us see what is the outcome regarding my second wish.

On the evening of Friday, March eighteenth, the soul-shattering sound of gunfire again rang through the blue skies, heralding the victory at Lucknow and the spread of the vengeful British armies throughout the town. There is no fort in the town, no city wall, no gate, and undoubtedly it was the compact wall of the rebel army that was obstructing the advance of the courageous British. Surely when this solid wall was breached by the whirlwind onslaught of the brave British soldiers it must have given way and the length of the thoroughfare must have been buried in dust because of the passage of these horsemen and foot soldiers.

When the Lord confers sovereignty He confers dignity also and the talent for victory. Because of these things, whosoever opposes the will of the ruler merits punishment, for to oppose the king is to do harm to oneself. It is fitting for the people of the world to obey those whom the Lord has blessed with good fortune and, in obeying them, they should consider it obedience to the Lord himself. When one understands that fortune, power and sovereignty are the gifts of the Lord there should then be no occasion for disaffection or for disobedience. How skilfully this idea has been put into verse by that gifted ornament of music, Sa'di, of Shiraz :

The slave must bow his head before the master.
The ball has no choice but to follow the swing
of the mallet.

Since the twenty-second of March the heart of this demented one has been stricken because throughout the world it is the month of *Farwardin*; and *Nau-roz*—the day that lights up the earth—falls within these two or three days. This year, since the city has become the abode of the dead, we hear

no shouts of pleasure at the arrival of spring. Nobody can tell me when, according to the Turkish calendar, this year began and nobody can tell me which is the day of the equinox. If all of the astronomers have died, and no longer write daily of matters pertaining to the travels of the solar king, then it can be presumed that we have fewer liars, and that we have listened to fewer lies. But the sun has not forgotten to remain in Aries and so the vegetation still grows, the flowers still bloom and the principles of birth do not change; for it is not possible for the skies to alter their fixed laws of rotation.

I do not shed tears for the garden, I shed tears for myself. I do not complain about the spring, I complain of my own misfortunes.

The world is filled with tulips, and the scent of roses; but I am locked in a small place, helpless, having nothing. It is the flowering season of spring, but I, who am wholly without means or possessions have shut the door of my house because of my impoverishment.

I weep and I think that the times are completely uncaring. If I, who am closed in my corner of grief, cannot look at the green and the flowers or, by smelling the sweet flowers, fill my mind with perfume—the beauty of spring will not be diminished, and no one will punish the breeze.

During the month of April, of which two thirds is comprised of *Farwardin* and one third of *Urdu*, those who still remained in prison with Hakim Mahmud Khan were released and went on their various ways. The serene, high-born Hakim Mahmud Khan, with his wife, children, relatives and retainers set out for Patiala. They say he is now in Karnal and his future plans are not known.

Early in May I was happy to hear the news that the intrepid British soldiers had conquered Muradabad which was on the route held by the depraved rebels. The city was then presented to that fountain of knowledge and wisdom, the noble Nawwab Yusuf Ali Khan Bahadur, and so received the crown of justice. He who is capable of conquering and ruling the world, now, under orders of the British, rules over this province and I hope will continue to do so.

Further, it is reported that the mountain-shattering, dragon-killing army invaded Bareilly and the rebels were thrown out like flotsam tossed up by powerful waves. Judging from the events so far, one can hope that the regime of the stubborn rebels who still remain to torment the occupants of towns and villages and to harass those who walk on the streets, will soon come to an end and the whole area pass under the banner of the righteous rulers.

During the evening of Sunday, June thirteenth, the city administrator summoned Bahadur Jung Khan, who had been imprisoned in the Fort. This man answered the summons with high hopes and there he was given the welcome news that he had been pardoned, and had been granted a pension of one thousand rupees a month. However, he was also ordered to leave Bareilly for Lahore; and although he would then be a free man, he could live nowhere but in Lahore. Certainly it would be prudent of him to shake off his grief over the loss of wealth and position, and to be cheerful and contented with his freedom.

The King of Day, that is the Sun, whose head rotates on a spear, had risen up from the east more than the length of a spear when, fierce as lightning, twenty-one gun salutes rang out. The number of these salutes was equal to the lapsed days of this month of June and they filled the hearts of the faithful with joy and spread ashes hotter than the fires of grief over the heads and faces of the enemy. By the capture of the

city of Gwalior and its rocky fort—which is truly the heart of the world and the darling of the mountains—the death decree of the rebels was issued from the court of the Lord, and the British rulers and their allies rejoiced at this good news which lit the lamp of their ambition.

This is the story: When the rebels captured Gwalior, Maharaja Jayaji Rao, the monarch of Gwalior, fled his city and his realm and went to Agra to seek the help of the British. With their support he re-took the city. The rebels had converged on Gwalior from many different directions but there they suffered a severe defeat. So now they will be scattered and, in weakness and disarray, they will rove and plunder until, finally, they will be disgracefully defeated everywhere and their forest-running horses will die in plains that are without water and without grass. From that time on the land will be rid of thorns and thistles and the gardens will bloom and every path will glitter again like the bazaar.

Sixty-three years of the life of this writer have gone by. Because of the sorrows that consume my soul I cannot hope to live much longer. Therefore let me recite some verses of the magic poet of Shiraz (Sa'di), God bless his soul, and as one sufferer to another I repeat these verses, if not to bring joy to my heart, at least to find relief from the pangs of sorrow and despair.

Alas, when we have gone from the world,
innumerable springs will still refresh the land
and flowers will bloom in profusion. The
months of spring—*Tir*, *Day*, and *Urdu-
Bihisht*—will return to the earth again and
again while we in our graves turn to dust.

To conceal the truth is not, in fact, the practice of honourable men. I am only half Muslim, and quite free from the

rigidities of religion ; and I am unconcerned with slander and infamy. It has always been my habit at night to drink a foreign wine and if I cannot have it I cannot sleep. During these days the price of English wine has become prohibitive and I have no money at all. If it had not been for one who knows and loves the Lord, the generous Mahesh Das, bounteous as the river, I would have died of my consuming thirst. This man sent me Indian wine made of sugar, with a bouquet even superior to that of imported wine, with which to cool the fire of my heart.

My heart has craved the satisfaction of its thirst—and the thirst is for two cups of neat wine. The wise Mahesh Das has offered me the elixir of life for which Alexander searched.

I cannot resist letting it be known that this kindly man left no stone unturned in his effort to bring back the Muslims to the city but, as it was not the will of the Lord, he did not succeed. Everyone knows that it is because of the gracious administrator that the Hindus now live freely in the city. However, that lover of righteousness and virtue, Mahesh Das, has had a hand in these affairs. In brief, he is a much blessed man, considerate of others, and lives in comfort and felicity. Although we have not known each other long and meet to talk only occasionally, now and then he favours me by sending a gift.

Among my pupils and associates is Hira Singh, a well-known youth, conscious of his duties, who comes to me very often and dispels my sorrow. There is another discerning young man in this half-inhabited, half-empty city, who is as dear to me as a son—I mean the excellent Shivji Ram Brahman. He seldom leaves this sorrowing dervish alone and in every way tries to assist me and to obey my wishes. His son Bal Mukund, a courteous and reverent youth, always does what I ask of him and is always ready to share my sadness.

Among the friends who live at a distance is Har Gopal 'Tafta', the full moon of the sky of love, the sweet-tongued poet and my dearest friend and intimate. Since he considers me his master, his poetry, endowed with all God-given excellence, is my proud treasure. In short, he is a fine man, full of affection and sincerity. He is renowned for his verse and because of him the poetry readings are full of warmth. In my great love I think of him as part of my own soul and I have given him the title of Mirza Tafta. He has sent me a *hundi* and regularly sends letters and ghazals from Meerut.

These things, which are not actually necessary to record, I have written down in order to thank these people for their generosity and love. Also, when this account reaches the hands of my friends, I want them to know that the city is empty of Muslims—their houses are not lit at night and during the day their chimneys give forth no smoke. And Ghalib, who had thousands of friends in the city and acquaintances in every house, now in his loneliness, has none to talk with except his pen and no companion but his shadow.

No brightness colours my cheeks until my face
is washed a thousand times in tears of blood.
Within my body grief and affliction have
become my heart and soul ; and my bed is woven
of thorns.

If it had not been for these four people there would have been no witness to my helplessness.

Blessed by the rotation of the skies, my house was spared the onslaughts of the raiders although during these days of plundering even the mud was looted from the houses of the city. However, I swear that nothing in my house has been saved except bedding and the few clothes which I am wearing.

The solution to this perplexing enigma, the explanation of this paradox, is as follows: when the rebels captured Delhi my wife, without telling me, gathered together all of our jewellery and precious things and sent them to the house of Kale Sahib, the son of a saint. There they were secured in a cellar and the entrance to the cellar was plastered over with mud. My wife revealed this secret to me when the British had conquered Delhi and their soldiers had been given orders to plunder the city; but by then it was too late to go there to retrieve our possessions. I composed myself and consoled my heart with the knowledge that these things were destined to vanish; and I was glad that it was not from my house that they were taken.

It is now July, the fifteenth month since the start of the rebellion, and there seems to be no way for me to get back the old pension which I used to receive from the British government. I live by selling my clothes and my bedding. While others eat bread, I eat clothes. I am afraid that when I have sold all my clothes I shall die, naked, of starvation.

During these anxious days, two or three of my old servants have stayed with me and I must care for them. It is true that men cannot live without each other, and it is very difficult to live without a servant. In addition to these servants there are other needy people who have always looked to me for help, and even during these difficult times they call to me in a voice that eats away my soul. This soul-demolishing voice is as painful to me as the untimely crowing of a cock.

Now that the weight of physical suffering and spiritual agony has broken both my body and my soul, I suddenly wonder how long I can continue embellishing this plaything with words. Surely the end of this struggle will be death, or beggary. In the first case there will be no alternative to the story remaining unfinished, and my readers disappointed. In the second case there will be no ending to the story except that Ghalib will be publicly turned out of a lane here and given some crumbs at a door there. How long can such things be

told and how long can one be put to such shame! Even if I now receive the balance of my pension the film of sorrow caused by my debts will not be wiped from the mirror of my heart. However, if I do not receive the arrears of my pension my heart will be broken in pieces as a mirror by a stone. Ruin is certain, and moreover, since the climate of Delhi is not congenial to this suffering one, I will have to leave the city and live in some other place.

I have written herein an account of the events from May of last year to July, 1858. On August first I have laid down my pen. I long for orders from the auspicious sovereign concerning the three petitions about which I have written in this book—that is, for title, for robe of honour, and for pension. My eyes and my heart look forward to this order from the Empress whose crown is the moon, whose throne is the sky; who is as renowned as Jamshid, as splendid as Faridun, as majestic as Kaus, as noble as Sanjar, as exalted as Alexander; to whom the Emperor of Rum is in debt for the preservation of his throne and the honour of his crown; the Empress for fear of whose conquering armies the heart of Russia's czar is broken. Why does the sun tremble if not in terror of the Queen's displeasure at his burning heat? Why does the moon wax and wane if not to seek forgiveness for lighting the world as if he were equal to the Queen?

She is the Commander of the Sword, of Jewels, of Banners. She is the Giver of Kingdoms and the Maker of Kings. She is wise and her face reveals fortune and her nature is gracious. She is more exalted in the realms of justice than Noshirwan; and Jamshid kept safe the marvellous bright banner that it might be passed to this great Queen. The seven treasures and the golden leaf of Khusrau have been given to her as her due; and an invisible angel has brought her Solomon's throne, borne on the wind. Surely the hearts of the stones of the

mountains open to reveal her diverse jewels ;
and the sun does not concern himself with
pearls but for those in her crown. Should
the Queen scatter her pearls the fingers of those
who count them would be worn away with their
counting. Her armies destroy mountains and
rivers, strike terror among demons and dragons.
So great is her splendour and glory that mighty
kings are but beggars at her door. The sun is
bright because of the abundance of her light ;
and because of her bounty the clouds have the
bounty of rain. Her generosity and munificence
glorify the sages and scholars, and the people are
made wise by her wisdom. Her liberality and
her judgement fill us with wonder. Her name
is Victoria, Queen of the World. May God
protect her and may she long remain in the
assembly of the living.

If through the generosity of the Queen of the World I
obtain some benefit I will not have left this life a failure.

Now that I have come to this point I shall fall
silent, for I have no desire to repeat my story.

After completing this book, which is entitled *Dastanbuy*, it
was sent to various people so that the souls of these persons
of insight and knowledge might derive satisfaction from it and
the stylists might admire its style. It is hoped that in the hands
of the righteous this nosegay of wisdom will remain an ever-
fresh bouquet but in the hands of the evil-minded it will be a
hot ball. Amen.

Always my powers inspire and move me for I
am the fountain of divine secrets. So is this
book a part of the sacred *Dasatir* ; and, in
my understanding of the holy secrets, I am
equal to *Sasan the Sixth*.

* * *

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

Ahmad Shah Abdali: Founder of the modern nation of Afghanistan. Died in 1773.

Ahsanullah Khan: Advisor and physician to Bahadur Shah. For his account of the revolt of 1857 see India office, Home Misc., 725 and *Memoirs of Hakim Ahsanullah Khan*, Pubd. by Pakistan Historical Society, 1958, Memoir 2.

Alauddin Khan 'Alai': Ghalib bestowed his literary mantle on Alai; died 1884.

Alexander (Iskander): Son of Dara and conqueror of Iran. It is said that Aristotle was his teacher and *wazir*. A mirror was made by Aristotle which Alexander placed on the summit of a tower he erected in Alexandria. This mirror which was called the mirror of Alexander, reflected the presence of the enemy.

Altaf Husain 'Hali': Biographer and pupil of Ghalib; born 1836; died 1914.

Aminuddin Ahmad Khan: Nawwab of Loharu; cousin of Ghalib's wife. Died in 1869.

Anwaruddaulah 'Shafaq': A pupil of Ghalib; died 1881.

Arab invasion of Iran: In 637 the Arabs invaded the Iranian capital of Ctesiphon. The emperor, Yazdagird, deserted the capital and his great Sasanid army was dissolved in panic. By 644 the Arabs had overrun three quarters of the territory of modern Iran.

Avadh or Oudh or Oude : A province of the Mughal empire. The dynasty of Avadh was founded in 1711 ; governors styled *nawwabs* from 1739 to 1819 and kings from 1819 to 6th February, 1856. Ghaziuddin Haidar received from the British Government the title of king in 1819. Wajid Ali Shah, 1847-56, was deposed by the British and deported to Calcutta.

Bahadur Khan : Proclaimed Mughal viceroy of Rohilkhand ; accused British authorities of converting prisoners to Christianity ; was tried and hanged.

Bahadur Shah 'Zafar' : Last Mughal emperor ; poet and literary patron ; accession 1837 ; proclamation as reigning sovereign in 1857 at the age of 82 ; deposed and brought to court martial, January 27, 1858 ; sentenced to death as 'felon' representative of the Mughal dynasty, dating from 1526 ; sentence commuted to transportation for life to Rangoon ; died 1862.

Bailey Guard : The sepoys occupied a curved line of buildings outside the principal gate leading to the Residency in Lucknow, U.P., as well as others close to the Treasury, to which the name of *Bailey Guard* was applied. See Martin Richard Gubbins : *An Account of the Mutinies in Oudh and of the Siege of the Lucknow Residency*, London, 1858, p. 5 ; S. N. Sen : *Eighteen Fifty-Seven*, 1958, pp. 191, 196.

Bakht Khan : An artillery officer of forty years' experience, served in the first Afghan War. Commander-in-Chief of Indian forces in 1857. Man of gigantic proportions and 'most intelligent'. Ghalib has referred to him only indirectly.

Begam : Lady, queen, a title of Mughal ladies.

Brown : This should be Burn. Colonel H. P. Burn was military governor of Delhi.

Canning (Lord) : Succeeded Dalhousie in February, 1856, as governor-general of India ; appointed viceroy in November 1858.

Champa : The tree, *michelia champaca*, bearing a fragrant yellow flower. *Champai*, of the colour of the *Champa* flower, golden orange-coloured.

Chandni Chauk : Literally the 'moonlight market', the main shopping centre of old Delhi and the principal artery of Shahjahanabad ; was lined with trees and in the centre was a channel of running water.

Charles Saunders : Harvey Greathed died of cholera and was succeeded by Saunders. Dead bodies of Delhi inhabitants lay scattered in every direction raising an unbearable stench and producing the cholera epidemic. Saunders advocated the cause of the people crowding in hovels near Delhi.

Collector : A collector of revenue was the sole representative of British authority in a district.

Cup : According to eastern legends, the magic cup of Jamshid, called *Jam-i-Jahan-numa*, represented the world and reflected the universe. Symbol of royal power.

Czar : In 1857 Russia was advancing on Afghanistan and the cry went up in Delhi that the Russians had come. Azimullah Khan, prime agent of the Nana Sahib, was in correspondence with Russia and had even visited the Crimea to see 'those great Roostums, the Russians, who have beaten French and English together.'—J. W. Kaye : *A History of the Sepoy War in India, 1857-58*, Vol. I, London, 1865, p. 648, appendix.

Dai : The tenth month of the solar year, winter, according to the Iranian calendar.

Daral-harb : Abode of war, an enemy's country. In the nineteenth century, Muslims argued that India had become *daral-harb* because of British rule.

Darban : Door-keeper.

Darbar : Court, royal audience.

Darius (Dara) : Son of Darab, famous king of the Kaianian dynasty of Iran.

Dasatir : Sacred books attributed to ancient prophets of Iran, in fact a forgery.

Dastanbuy : A bunch of fragrant flowers, a posy or nosegay.

Dehli or Dilli : Six Delhis lie between *Purana Qala* (old fort) and the Ridge ; six capitals of empires, each famous in its day. Shahjahanabad or Dilli was a wonderful city in 1857 with its buildings, gardens and water-ways. Fergusson, in his *Indian Architecture*, says that the whole conception of the palace-fort (*Qalai-Mualla*) with its entrance, built to look straight down the *Chandni Chauk* (the moonlight market), with its trees and long canal full of running water, forms the finest approach to 'the most magnificent palace in the East—perhaps in the world.'

Diregh diwana : Pity (alas) that madman.

Diwan : A complete series of odes or other poems by one author running through the whole alphabet.

Durbash : Orders to keep the crowd from pressing too close during royal ceremonies.

Ellenborough (Lord) : Governor-General of British India, 1842-1844.

Faridun (Firidun) : An ancient and celebrated king of Iran, the commencement of whose reign is placed about 750 years before the Christian era.

Farwardin : The nineteenth day of the month ; the first month of the Iranian year, corresponding to March.

Firdawsi : Author of the world famous epic poem in Persian, *Shahnameh*, completed about 1010. Its subject is the war between the descendants of Iraj (Persians) and Tur (Turks) and the history of Iran from legendary times to those of the Sasanian kings.

Ghazal : A short lyric poem usually consisting of self-contained verses.

Habibullah 'Zaka' : A pupil of Ghalib ; born 1828 ; died 1874.

Hakim : Physician

Hatim Ali 'Mihir' : A friend of Ghalib ; died in 1879.

Huma : A bird of eastern fable which remains constantly in the air, never touching the ground. It is looked upon as a bird of happy omen, prophesying a crown to every head over which it hovers.

Humayun : Eldest son of Babur. Humayun reigned from 1530 to 1556. After his defeat at the hands of Sher Shah, Humayun made his way to Iran, where the king Shah Tahmasp agreed to restore him to the throne of India.

Hundi : A cheque or bill of exchange.

Isfandiyar : The brave son of Gushtasp, of Iran's first dynasty of kings.

Jagir : Land granted either in perpetuity or for life, as a reward for service.

Jami Masjid : Shah Jahan constructed this large congregational mosque during 1644-58 'which must rank only a little behind the Taj Mahal itself as one of the finest monuments erected during his reign.'

Jamshid : A celebrated, ancient king of Iran. His cup was called *Jam-i-Jahan-numa* and reflected the universe.

Jayaji Rao Sindhia : Ruler of Gwalior, 1845-1886.

Kaus : An elegant king of ancient Iran. Son of Kaiqabad.

Khaki : Of the colour of dust or ashes. English soldiers wearing dull, brownish uniform; imperialist.

Khusrau : Son of Hurmuz, son of Noshirwan, a great king of ancient Iran.

Kos : A measure, varying somewhat in different parts of India, but equal to approximately two English miles.

Kulah-i-Papakh : Tall, Turkish style head dress.

Lawrence, Sir John : Chief Commissioner of the Panjab. After the revolt of 1857, Delhi was attached to the Panjab. He tried to rehabilitate the deserted city.

Mihr-Khwan : A title which is conferred by a king meaning 'one who praises love and kindness.'

Mir Mahdi Majruh : A dear pupil of Ghalib; died in 1903.

Mirror : See note on Alexander.

Mushaira : Symposium in which Urdu poets recite their verses before a big audience when candles are lit and poets sit row after row against bolsters.

Mustafa Khan 'Shefta' : Scholar and poet, born 1806; died 1869.

Nadir Shah : Great conqueror and founder of the short-lived Afsharid dynasty of Persia, for a time ruled from Caucasus to the Indus. Died 1747.

Nau-Roz : New Year's day, according to the Iranian calendar, the day on which the sun enters Aries.

Nawwab : Originally, a viceroy or governor, later used simply as a title.

Nawwab Yusuf Ali Khan 'Nazim' : Pupil of Ghalib; poet, patron and ruler of Rampur; born 1816; died 1865.

Nimrod (Numrud) : Thwarted in his scheme of making war upon God, Nimrod turned his weapons against Abraham. Defending Abraham, God deprived Nimrod of most of his subjects and destroyed the remainder with swarms of gnats. One of these gnats entered the nostril or ear of Nimrod and was lodged in his brain where it grew and caused intolerable pain which he suffered for four hundred years.

Nizami : Famous Persian poet. Born in 1140 at Ganja, now situated in Soviet Azerbaijan and called Elizavetpol. Died about 1203.

Noshirwan : A king of Iran, renowned for his justice, in whose reign the Prophet Muhammad was born.

Paisa : A copper coin of the value of three pies or the quarter of an anna or one hundredth of a rupee.

Pargana : A provincial district or division of land.

Pice : English adaptation of *paisa* used both as singular and plural noun.

Qala : Fort. *Qala-i-Mu'alla* or the exalted fort, formal name of the Red Fort in Delhi, residence of the Mughal emperor.

Qasida : A long, highly stylized poem employed for eulogy, elegy or self-praise. The composition of *qasidas* was considered the height of poetic genius and was the work by which the skill of a poet was judged.

Qutb (in Mihrauli) : Eleven miles from Delhi, stands the most wondrous tower in the world called *Qutb Minar*. A great saint, Hazrat Qutbuddin Bakhtyar Kaki, lies buried in Mihrauli.

Rajab : The seventh month of the Muslim year.

Ramazan : The ninth month of the Muslim year with rigid fasting in all daylight hours.

Red Fort or Lal Qala : 'The heart of the empire and the principal residence of every emperor from Shah Jahan to the last of the line ...also housed the central administrative machinery, a military garrison, an arsenal, the imperial treasury, factories for the manufacture of luxury commodities and much else besides'—Gavin Hambly : *Cities of Mughul India*, 1968, p. 104.

Risala : a troop of horse.

Rum : Meaning Byzantium of the Eastern Roman empire.

rupee (rupiya) : Silver coin introduced by Sher Shah in 1542.

Russell Clerk : Sir George Russell Clerk, 1800-89

Rustam : The son of Zal and the most renowned hero of Iran. Nicknamed Dastan after his cunning.

Rastkhiz-i-bija : Unreasonable or unwarranted tumult.

Sadar Diwani Adalat : A superior court established by the East India Company in Calcutta in 1772 as a court of appeal in civil cases.

Sa'di : The greatest figure of Persian ethical literature. Born in Shiraz in 1184 or 1185 and died around 1292.

Sadrudin 'Azarda' : Scholar and poet ; born 1789 ; died 1868.

Sahib : An honorific applied to titles and names.

Saljuq : A Turkish clan who adopted the Islamic-Iranian culture. Before 1077 their empire extended from the Mediterranean to the western borders of Afghanistan. Persian literature reached its zenith under the Saljuqs. Tughral (d. 1063) was the first of the Saljuq rulers and Sanjar (d. 1157) the last.

Sanjar : A celebrated monarch of Iran. Son of Malik Shah.

Sasan the sixth : Responsible for the revival of ancient Iranian religion. Some scholars doubt the authenticity of his existence.

Sawar : Horseman.

Shah Jahan : Mughal emperor, 1628-1658, the greatest builder of his day. Under him the Mughal splendour and opulence reached its zenith.

Shahnay : Clarion, an ancient kind of trumpet having a shrill tone.

Sharafuddaulah : Appointed prime minister of the Indian government at Lucknow in 1857.

Shiv Narayan 'Aram' : A friend of Ghalib ; born 1834 ; died 1894.

Shivji Ram Brahman : Pupil of Ghalib ; poetic name 'Munis'. Diwan published in 1881.

Sikka : Inscription in verse for the emperor's coinage.

Solomon (Sulaiman) : God gave to Solomon the wisdom to judge men, to understand the language of the birds and to master the wind. He possessed a ring inscribed with *Ismi Azam* (God's Great Name) by means of which he ruled over the world, jinns and fairies.

Swallow : Abrahātu'l-Ashraf, an Abyssinian Christian and viceroy of the king of Sina, marched with army and elephants upon Makkah (Mecca). He was defeated and his army was destroyed by pebbles dropped by swarms of birds.

Tafazzul Husain Khan : Nawwab of Farrukhabad ; joined the revolt of 1857 ; tried and exiled to Arabia.

Tafta : Munshi Hargopal 'Tafta', a dear friend and pupil of Ghalib ; died 1879.

Tir : The fourth solar month of Iran, when the sun is in Cancer.

Urdu (Urdu-Bihisht) : The second month, or mid-spring, according to the Iranian calendar.

Urdu-i-Mualla : Exalted camp or language of the exalted camp. Urdu is an Altaic word found in the various Turkish languages and dialects in the forms *Ordu*, *Urdu* and *Yurt*. Urdu is the Persianized spelling of the word. The Turkish word means 'tent, camp, encampment, dwellings, dwelling or encampment of a chief.' The camps or tents of Turkish princes were their courts. The Urdu language grew with an infusion of Persian and Turkish words into *Khadi Boli* or the language of the Delhi region. Urdu is directly descended from Sauraseni Apabhramsa through its Delhi offspring, *Khadi Boli*, which was being modified under the impact of the Muslims. In

the words of Garcin de Tassy, author of *Histoire de la Littérature Hindoui et Hindoustani* (1839): 'Urdu has taken throughout India the same position as French had done in Europe : it is a language most in use ; it is employed both at the court and in the city ; literary men compose their works in it, and musical writers their songs and it is a medium of conversation.'

Ustad : The practised poet to whom one submits one's verses for correction. Master of Verse.

Wahhabi Movement : The Waliullahi movement of the purification of Indian Islam from associationism is parallel to Wahhabism. This movement offered the most serious challenge to the British in India, who categorized it as 'Wahhabi'. Leaders of the movement were Shah Abdul Aziz (1746-1823) and Sayyid Ahmad Barelvi (d. 1831). For a select bibliography see Khwaja Ahmad Faruqi : *Urdu men Wahhabi Adab*, Delhi University Publication, 1969.

Wazir : Minister.

Wind : See note on Solomon (Sulaiman).

Yusuf : Ghalib's insane brother, killed by the British soldiers. See Muinuddin Hasan : *Khadang-i-Ghadar*, Delhi University Publication, p. 84.

Zahhak : A king of the Peshadian dynasty, proverbial for his cruelty.

Zinatal Masajid : The 'beauty among the mosques' in Delhi built by Aurangzeb's second daughter, Zinat-al-Nisa.

Ziyauddin Khan : A cousin of Ghalib's wife ; scholar and poet.

CHORONOLOGY

- 1797 Ghalib born in Agra.
- 1802 Death of Mirza Abdullah Beg, father of Ghalib.
- 1803 Lord Lake captures Delhi and Agra.
- 1806 Death of Nasrullah Beg Khan, uncle of Ghalib. Ghalib starts writing Urdu verse.
- Ahmad Bakhsh Khan, father-in-law of Nasrullah Beg, given a pension of Rs. 10,000 to support Ghalib and the dependents of Nasrullah Beg Khan (4th May).
- In June, a month later, Ahmad Bakhsh Khan procures from Lord Lake another *parwana* reducing the family pension of the dependents of Nasrullah Beg to Rs. 5,000.
- 1807-8 Ghalib starts writing Persian verse.
- 1810 Ghalib marries Umrao Begum, daughter of Ilahi Bakhsh 'Maruf', brother of Nawwab Ahmad Bakhsh Khan.
- 1812 or 1813 Ghalib migrates to Delhi.
- 1816 Ghalib compiles his first collection of Urdu verse.
- 1821 Ghalib compiles a revised edition of his Urdu verse.

- 1826 Mirza Yusuf becomes insane. Ghalib leaves for Calcutta.
- 1827 Ahmad Bakhsh Khan dies and is succeeded by his son Shamsuddin Khan. Ghalib in Lucknow.
- 1828 Ghalib participates in *Mushaira* (poetic symposium) at Calcutta Madrasa.
Disputes over Persian idiom.
Receives a rank in the *darbar* of the governor-general. Compiles *Guli-Rana*, a selection of his Urdu and Persian verse.
- 1829 Ghalib returns to Delhi. Prepares a revised collection of his Urdu verse.
- 1831 Ghalib's pension share confirmed at Rs. 62.50 per month.
- 1835 William Fraser, the governor-general's agent in Delhi, killed. Nawwab Shamsuddin Khan hanged.
Court orders Ghalib to pay Rs. 5,000.
Ghalib in debt to the extent of Rs. 40,000 to 50,000.
Current coin of India ceased to bear the superscription of the Mughal emperors and the 'Company's rupee' was substituted for it.
- 1836 The lieutenant-governor decides pension case against Ghalib. Ghalib appeals to the *Sadar Diwani Adalat*, Calcutta, and to the directors of the East India Company in London.
- 1837 Bahadur Shah 'Zafar' succeeds. Ghalib's papers sent to London. Persian *Diwan* compiled.

- 1841 Ghalib is arrested and fined on charge of gambling.
- 1842 The directors decide against Ghalib.
Ghalib sends a memorial, in the form of an appeal, to Queen Victoria against the directors.
Ghalib declines the post of Dilli College.
- 1844 Ghalib in despair: pension case, which started in 1828 and continued till 1844, decided against him.
- 1847 Ghalib jailed on charge of gambling.
Gains access to Mughal *darbar*.
- 1850 Ghalib appointed court historian at fifty rupees per month.
Given titles. Resumes writing verse in Urdu. Letters more frequent in Urdu.
- 1852 Arif dies. Ghalib adopts Arif's two sons.
- 1854 Zauq dies. Ghalib appointed *ustad* of Bahadur Shah 'Zafar'.
- 1855 Ghalib sends a *qasida* to Queen Victoria through Lord Ellenborough.
- 1856 Same *qasida* again routed through Lord Canning to Queen Victoria asking for increase in pension.
Wajid Ali Shah deposed.
- 1857 Ghalib receives in January a reply from London to the above request, not too discouraging.
Revolt of 1857 breaks out on the 11th of May. Ghalib's pension stopped.

- He begins his diary *Dastanbuy*.
 Ghalib presents a versified *sikka* to the emperor.
- Mirza Yusuf killed in 1857.
 Delhi assaulted and recaptured by the British (14-20 Sept.).
 Ghalib questioned by Col. Burn.
 Mass expulsion of Indian population and mass killings in Delhi.
- 1858 Bahadur Shah deported to Rangoon.
 First edition of *Dastanbuy* published.
- 1859 Ghalib under British suspicion of complicity in the revolt. Gets a stipend of hundred rupees from Rampur.
- 1860 Ghalib goes to Rampur.
 Pension renewed. Receives arrears.
- 1862 Ghalib's long illness.
 Bahadur Shah Zafar dies in Rangoon.
Qat-i-Burhan published.
- 1865 Ghalib again asks for higher rank, poet laureateship and *Dastanbuy's* publication at government expense.
 Second edition of *Dastanbuy* published.
Dastanbuy because of archaic Persian could not be published at government expense.
- 1867 Ghalib files a defamation suit against Aminuddin of Patiala. Matter settled out of court.
- 1868 *Udt-Hindi*, Ghalib's letters, published.
 Ghalib's first and only photograph made.

- 1869 Ghalib dies on the 15th of February.
 Another collection of Ghalib's letters, *Urdu-i-Mualla*, published.
- 1870 Ghalib's wife dies.

INDEX

- Abdul Hakim Khan (Hakim Kale), 58
Abdullah Beg Khan Bahadur, 5, 45
Abdul Latif, 11
Abdur Rahman, 56
Achilles, 1
Adams, Brooke, 4
Agra, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 11, 19, 46, 65
Ahmad Ali Khan, 56
Ahmad Bakhsh Khan, 6
Ahmad Shah, 2
Ahmad Shah Abdali, 3
Ahsanullah Khan, 37
Ajmeri Gate, 40
Alauddin Ahmad Khan 'Alai', 6, 16
Alexander, 1, 2, 27, 39, 45, 48, 66, 69
American colonies, 12
Aminuddin Khan Bahadur, 55
Arabic, 10
Arab invasion, 28
Arabs, 28
Aram, Shiv Narayan, 16, 21
Arshi, I. A. K., 2, 19
Asad, 18
Asia, 4
Athens, 2
Auckland, Lord, 8
Avadh, 12, 39
Azad, Abul Kalam, 19
Aziz Ahmad, 2

Babur, 1
Bahadurgarh, 56
Bahadur Jung Khan, 56, 64
Bahadur Shah Zafar, 2, 10, 11, 13
Ballabhgarh, 56, 58
Bail, C., 13
Ballimaran, 18

Bal Mukund, 66
Banaras, 8
Banda, 8
Bareilly, 21, 51, 64
Berce, George D., 13
Begums, 19
Bengal, 4
Bentinck, Lord William, 4
Bombay, 47
Brahman, Shivji Ram, 66
British, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 19, 20, 28, 29, 31, 33, 36, 38, 39, 42, 43, 46, 49, 50, 51, 52, 55, 59, 62, 64, 65
Brown, Colonel, 51
Burn, Colonel H. P., 20, 51

Calcutta, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 16
Canning, Lord, 48
Canton, 4
Central Asia, 3, 14
Chandni Chauk, 18, 40
Chauk, 16, 44, 51, 52
China, 37
Christianity, 12
Constantinople, 4
Czar, 69

Dalhousie, Lord, 12
Dalip Singh, 12
Daral Harb, 4
Darius, 27
Dastanbu, 10, 13, 14, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 25, 70,
Delhi, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 20, 22, 31, 33, 35, 36, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 46, 47, 50, 53, 55, 56, 59, 60, 61, 68, 69

Delhi College, 9
 Delhi Fort, 56
 Delhi Gate, 40
 Dilli, 18, 19
 Diwan-i-Am, 56
 Diwan-i-Khas, 15
 Dujana, 55, 56, 57
 Dunbar, Virginia, 21
 Dutt, R. Palme, 13

 East India Company, 4, 8, 9
 Edwardes, Michael, 9, 12
 Ellenborough, Lord, 47, 48
 Engels, F., 4, 11, 13
 England, 4, 9, 10, 12, 17, 48, 49
 English, 4, 5, 10, 11, 13, 21, 41, 48
 English judges, 9
 Englishmen, 31
 English wine, 66
 Europe, 18

 Faridun, 48, 69
 Farrukhabad, 38, 51
 Farrukhnagar, 56, 58
 Fatehpuri mosque, 15
 Fergusson, James, 15
 Firdawsi, 1
 Fort, 18, 56, 57, 64
 France, 17
 French Revolution, 5

 Ghalib, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11,
 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21,
 22, 35, 48, 67, 68
 Ghulam Qadir Rohilla, 3
 Ghulam Rasul Mihr, 2, 7
 Ghulamullah Khan, Hakim, 42
 Goethe, 2
 Gogol, 21
 Gwalior, 65

 Hakim, 37
 Hakim Kale, 58

 Hali, 20
 Hasan Ali Khan Bahadur, 55
 Hastings, Lord, 11
 Heber, Reginald, 5, 6
 Himalayas, 12
 Hindus, 49, 53, 58, 66
 Hira Singh, 66
 Hodson, W. S. R., 12, 15
 Homer, 1
 Humayun, 55
 Husain Mirza, 57

 Ikram S. M., 2, 10
 Iliad, 1
 India, 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 10, 12, 18, 19, 32,
 33, 48, 52, 59
 Indian army, 40
 Indian Ocean, 12
 Indian wine, 66
 Indians, 13, 19,
 Indo-Muslim culture, 2
 Industrial Revolution, 4
 Iran, 1, 3, 28, 48, 55
 Iranians, 28
 Isfandyar, 36
 Islam, 28
 Islam, K., 2, 15,
 Italy, 17

 Jacobin Club, 5
 Jami Masjid, 15, 18, 19
 Jamna Bridge, 18
 Jamshid, 27, 39, 69
 Jats, 3
 Jayaji Rao, Maharaja of Gwalior, 65
 Jhajjar, 56, 58
 Jiwan Lal, Munshi, 11, 19

 Kale Sahib, 68
 Kanpur, 8
 Karnal, 63
 Karnatic, 4
 Kashmiri Gate, 40

Kaus, 69
 Kaye, J. W., 12, 15
 Khan Bahadur Khan, 38
 Khusrau, 69
 Khwaja Ahmad Faruqi, 8, 11, 17, 22

 Lahore, 64
 Lake, Lord, 4, 5, 6, 9, 46
 Lawrence, Sir John, 59
 Lieutenant-Governor
 Bahadur, 51
 Literary Society, 21
 Loharu, 55, 56
 London, 9, 47
 Lucknow, 8, 38, 51, 59, 62

 Maharaja of Patiala, 44
 Mahesh Das, 66
 Mahmud Khan, Hakim, 42, 58, 63
 Majruh, Mir Mahdi, 15, 18
 Majumdar, R. C., 5
 Marathas, 3
 Marx K., 4, 11, 13
 Matbai-Mufidi-Khalaiq, 21
 Meerut, 7, 18, 31, 67
 Metcalfe C. T., 11, 12, 17, 20
 Mewatis, 51, 52
 Mihraulti, 55, 56
Mihr-khwan, 48
Mihri Nimruz, 2
 Milton, 20
 Mirza Abdullah Beg, 5
 Mirza Asadulla Khan, 16
 Mirza Eusuf Khan, 16
 Mirza Farhatullah Beg, 3
 Mirza Hatim Ali Mihr, 10
 Mirza Nasrullah Beg, 5, 6
 Mirza Quqan Beg Khan, 5
 Mirza Tafta, 19, 67
 Mirza Yusuf, 9, 16, 49, 53, 54
 Mohomedan, 15
 Mughal, 1, 3, 4
 Mughal court, 11, 19

 Mughal emperor, 6, 10, 12, 17, 19,
 30, 58
 Mughal India, 17, 18
 Mughal princes, 57
 Mughal princesses, 19
 Muhammad Shah, emperor, 1, 2
Muharrum, 41
 Muinuddin Hasan, 16, 17
 Muinulmulk, 2
 Mujeeb, M., 2
 Munro, Sir Thomas, 11, 12
 Muradabad, 7, 64
 Murshidabad, 8
 Murtaza Khan, Hakim, 42, 58
 Muslims, 15, 18, 20, 53, 58, 60, 65,
 66
 Mustafa Khan, 18
 Muzaffaruddaulah Saifuddin Haidar
 Khan, 57

 Nadir Shah, 3
 Nahar Singh, Raja, 56, 57
 Narendra Singh, Raja, 42, 51, 58
 Nasrullah Beg Khan Bahadur, 5, 45
 Nawwab of Avadh, 39
 Nawwab Governor General
 Bahadur, 51
 Nawwab Husain Mirza, 10
 Nehru, J. L., 12
 Nimrod, 27
 Nizami Ganjawi, 52
 Noshirwan, 69
 Nuh, 51

 Oxus, 1

 Panjab, 12, 17
 Pataudi, 57
 Patiala, 42, 43, 54, 63
 Patiala, ruler of, 42
 Patna, 8
 Percepolis, 2
 Pericles, 2
 Persian, 1, 3, 10, 14, 21

Plassey, Battle of 4
Qala, 19
Qutbuddin's mansion, 51
Raikes, Charles, 15
Rajghat, 19
Ramazan, 31
Ramchandra, 20
Rampur, 7, 38
Rao, Dr. V. K. R. V., 21
Red Fort, 31, 32, 37
Renaissance, 17, 18
Resington, 48
Rewari, 52
Reynolds, Reginald, 9
Rohilkhand, 21
Rum, 48, 69
Russell Clerk Bahadur, 48
Russell, R., 2, 15
Russell, W. H., 12
Rustam, 36
Sadar Diwani Adalat, 9
Sa'di, 62, 65
Sadruddin Khan, Maulawi, 18
Saifuddin Haider Khan, Muzaffar-
uddaulah, 57
Saljuq, 2
Samarqand, 1, 2, 5
Sanjar, 69
Sarwar, Mir Muhammad Khan, 8
Sasan, the Sixth, 70
Saunders, Charles, 61
Seringapatam, 5
Shah Abdul Aziz, 4, 5
Shah Alam, 2
Shah Jahan, emperor, 60
Shah Waliullah, 3
Sharafuddaulah, 39
Sharif Khan, Hakim, 42
Smith, Vincent, 13

Solomon, ring of, 27
Solomon's throne, 69
Sonh, 51
Sonkh, 5
Spanish Revolution, 5
Spear, Percival, 2, 4, 13, 15
Sultanji, 18
Tafazzul Husain Khan, 38
Taj Mahal, 2
Tara Chand, 8, 13
Thompson, Edward, 12
Timur, 1
Tipu Sultan, 5
Tirmizi, S. A. I., 6, 16
Transoxiana, 1
Tularam, 52
Turkish calendar, 63
Turkman Gate, 40
Turko-Persian civilization, 2
Turks, 1, 2, 8
Urdu, 5, 10, 21
Urdu-i-Mu'alla, 3, 21
Vellore Mutiny, 5
Victoria, queen, 9, 47, 70
Wahhabi movement, 4
Wajid Ali Shah, Nawwab, 39
Weimer, 2
Yazdajird, 28
Yusuf Ali Khan Bahadur, Nawwab,
38, 64
Zahhak, 27
Zaka, Mir Habibullah, 2
Zakir Husain, Dr., 21
Zinatul Masajid, 15
Ziyauddin Khan, Nawwab, 10, 55
Zulfaqaruddin Haider Khan, 57

DELHI UNIVERSITY URDU STUDIES

1. *Tazkirah-i-Sarwar* : A biographical anthology of 996 Urdu poets by Nawwab Azam-al-Daula Mir Muhammad Khan Sarwar (Died 1150 A. H./1834 A.D.). Rare text edited with a critical introduction.
2. *Karbal Katha* : by Fazli who flourished in the reign of Muhammad Shah (1719-1748).
There is only one manuscript copy of *Karbal Katha* in the world and that is in Tübingen (West Germany). Text edited with introduction, glossary and notes.
3. *Ganj-i-Khubi* : by Mir Amman Dihlavi.
The text is based on the only autographed copy of the manuscript (1802), available in England.
4. *Khadang-i-Ghadar* : Precious document giving the account of Muinuddin Hasan, an eye-witness, to the Revolt of 1857, edited with introduction.
5. *Diwan-i-Mir Soz* : The collated text is based on a study of the manuscripts available in London, Aligarh and Rampur.
6. *Diwan-i-Baqa* : Baqa of Akbarabad, died 1791. Edited with introduction. The text is based on a study of the unique manuscript available in West Germany.
7. *Diwan-i-Qaim* : Text based on a study of the manuscripts available in London and Rampur.
8. *Dastanbuy* : Persian text of the diary of Mirza Ghalib relating to the revolt of 1857 with Urdu translation.
9. *Some Unpublished Letters of Mirza Ghalib* : Edited with critical notes.

10. *Master Ram Chandra* : A critical monograph on Master Ram Chandra, a distinguished personality of Delhi's Scientific Renaissance (19th Century).
11. *Dilli Urdu Akhbar* : An important Urdu newspaper throwing light on socio-economic and literary conditions. Complete text of the file of 1840 has been edited with introduction.
12. *Qanun-un-nisa* : A nineteenth-century treatise on customs prevalent among the Muslim women. Manuscript copy procured from Tubingen.
13. *Urdu men Wahhabi Adab* : A lecture delivered at the 27th International Congress of Orientalists held in 1967.
14. *A Descriptive Bibliography of Ghalib* : from 1809 to 1969.
15. *A Concordance of Ghalib* : An alphabetical register with citations of words and phrases used by Ghalib in his Urdu and Persian poems.
16. *Kuhre Ka Chand* : A full-length play on Ghalib.
17. *Dastanbuy* : English translation with introduction and notes.
18. *A Series of Nizam Annual Lectures in Urdu*.
19. *Urdu-i-Mu'alla* : Research journal devoted to Urdu language, literature and criticism. Seven volumes.
20. *Bi-Lingual Dictionary (Urdu-Hindi)* in four volumes. Third volume in preparation.
21. *Bi-Lingual Dictionary (Hindi-Urdu)* planned in four volumes under the auspices of the Urdu Development Board, Ministry of Education, India.

Some comments on *Dastanbuy*

Prof. K. A. Faruqi has published an excellent English translation, from the original Persian, of Ghalib's *Dastanbuy* with a critical Introduction, Glossary and Notes—verily, conscientious piece of scholarship executed as a labour of love. *Dastanbuy*, Ghalib's diary of the Indian Revolt of 1857, is an unusual document, perceptive, temperamental, whimsical, quaintly autobiographical, politically ambivalent, and lighted up by iridescent poetic flashes.

... Ghalib's *Dastanbuy*, for all the apparent casualness of its content, is a poignant record of strife and what strife can do to civilized life. *Dastanbuy* is certainly important as Ghalibiana and as a period-piece.

—PROF. K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

... Ghalib's diary—*Dastanbuy* is a historical document of great significance, because an authentic Indian version of those climactic days is so rare. ... The British rulers and their publicists suppressed the truth of history so successfully that few people even now know of the brutalities suffered by Indians at the hands of British rulers and their mercenaries. *Dastanbuy* provides a bare glimpse of those dark days. Khwaja Ahmad Faruqi has done a great service by rendering the book into English.

—Link, New Delhi

... It is a very fine translation of quite a fascinating work which gives us a beautiful picture of the personality of this great poet of our country. I agree with you that Ghalib really was, in mind and spirit, in full sympathy with his imperial master Bahadur Shah Zafar. But the times being what they were, he had to seek to placate the re-established British power which might become ruthless towards him. Your introduction giving Ghalib's life is full of information.

—PROF. SUNITI KUMAR CHATTERJI

... I admired not only the admirable way in which you have interpreted Ghalib's background and personality but also your command of the English language and the sensitive use of it.

—PROF. K. N. RAJ