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The History Of Hindostan; From The Earliest Account Of Time, To The Death Of Akbar; Translated From The Persian Of Mahummud Casim Ferishta Of Delhi

Together With A Dissertation Concerning the Religion and Philosophy of the Brahmins ; With An Appendix, Containing the History of the Mogul Empire, from its Decline in the Reign of Mahummud Shaw, to the present Times ; In Two Volumes

Dow, Alexander

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Chap. II. Dara's flight to Bicker - He crosses the desert - Gains the governor of Guzerat - Marches toward Agra - Fortises himself at Ajmere - Deceived - attacked - and totally defeated by ...

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A U R U N G Z E B E.

C H A P. II.

Dara's flight to Bicker—He crosses the desert—Gains the governor of Guzerat—Marches toward Agra—Fortifies himself at Ajmere—Deceived—attacked—and totally defeated by Aurungzêbe—His unheard-of misfortunes—Distress in the desert—Arrival at Tatta—Throws himself under the protection of Jibon—Death of the Sultana—Dara betrayed—Carried with ignominy through Delhi—Confined at Chizerabad—Assassinated—Reflections.

A. D. 1659.
Hig. 1069.
Dara flies to
Bicker.

DARA having fled from Moulân, took the rout of Bicker, beyond the Indus. The Imperialists were close at his heels. His army fell off gradually in his flight. His affairs were desperate, and their attachment gave way to personal safety. Four thousand still adhered to their colours, with which number Dara encamped near Bicker, having garrisoned the place, and submitted it to the command of a faithful friend. He had scarce pitched his tents, when the enemy came in fight. Though worn-out with fatigue, he was obliged to fly. He found boats by accident, and crossed the Indus with all his followers. On the opposite shore stood the strong fortrefs of Sicar. Struck with the hard fate of Dara, the governor opened the gates. But it was not the business of the prince to shut himself up within walls; which at best could only protract misfortune. He reinforced the garrison with a part of his troops; and left some valuable effects under the protection of the governor.



Disincumbered, he betook himself to the open field, before he had even thought of the quarter to which he should direct his course. He wandered away in a melancholy mood. His faithful adherents, for only those whose attachment to his person overcame their own fears were now in his train, followed silently the path of a master whom they loved. Having marched a few miles, the prince came to the place where the road parted into two; the one leading to Tatta, the other toward the Persian province of Chorassan. Starting from his reverie, he stood for some time irresolute. On the one side there was apparent ruin; on the other, a certainty of personal safety. But glory was blended with disgrace in the first; in the latter there was nothing but obscurity and dishonour. When he weighed these things in his mind, the chariots in which were his women arrived. His perplexity increased. The desert toward Persia was extensive and inhospitable; on the side of India, his own misfortunes must overwhelm his family. He could not decide; and a melancholy silence prevailed around.

A. D. 1659.
Hig. 1669.

Meditates to
retire to
Persia.

The favourite Sultana, seeing the undecisiveness of Dara, at length put an end to his doubts. "Can the first of the race of Timur," she said, "hesitate in this moment of distress? There is danger, but there may be also a throne on one side; but a frightful solitude, and the cold reception given to fugitive princes by strangers, threaten from the other. If Dara cannot decide, I, who am the daughter of Purvêz, will decide for myself. This hand shall prevent me, by death, from dishonour. The descendant of the immortal Timur shall not grace the haram of the race of Sheikh Sefi!" The features of the prince were at once lighted up into a kind of mournful joy. He burst into tears; and, without uttering a word, spurred forward his horse toward Tatta. He had not remained many days in that city, when he

but changes
his course to
Tatta.



A. D. 1659.

Hig. 1669.

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय
 ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय

received advices that a considerable detachment of the enemy was arrived within a few miles of the place. He evacuated Tatta, crossed the Indus, and fled toward the capital of Guzerat. The enemy laid a bridge of boats over the river; and were preparing to pursue the fugitive, when unexpected orders arrived for them to repair with all expedition to join the Imperial army, in full march against Suja.

Crosses the
 desert,

The removal of the Imperial troops procured a happy respite for Dara; but it was but a transient gleam of Fortune, who had resolved to continue her frowns. The road of the prince lay partly through burning sands, destitute of water; partly through abrupt mountains, covered with impervious woods, the haunts of beasts of prey. His people were parched with thirst; his very camels died of fatigue. His unfortunate women were just expiring for want of water, when the prince, who ranged the solitudes far and wide, lighted on a spring. He encamped near it; and having refreshed his attendants, arrived next day on the borders of the territories of the Raja's Jâm and Bahâra, which lay contiguous to each other in his rout. They received him with hospitality; but they declined to embrace his cause. They were the natural enemies of the house of Timur, who had, often from views of conquest, penetrated into their almost inaccessible country. When persuasion failed, Dara endeavoured to work upon the pride of Jâm. He proposed an alliance between his son Sipper Shekô, the constant attendant of his misfortunes, and the daughter of the Raja. The match did not take place. The few Mogul nobles who adhered to him, were so much dissatisfied with the proposal, on account of its inequality, that it was laid aside; and Dara proceeded to Ahmedabâd.

Shaw



Shaw Nawâz, whose two daughters were married to Aurungzêbe and Morâd, had been left by the latter in the government of Guzerat, and kept his residence in Ahmedabâd. When Morâd was seized, Aurungzêbe sent a new commission to Shaw Nawâz, which that lord received, and governed his province in the name of the new emperor. He prepared to oppose Dara with all his forces. The match was unequal, and the prince, hemmed in with misfortunes on every side, began to despair. He, however, resolved to carry no longer round the empire a life obnoxious to misery. He advanced with his few attendants; and, as the last resort, wrote a letter to the younger daughter of Shaw Nawâz, who was the wife of Morâd, and had been left with her father when the prince marched toward Agra. He recounted his own misfortunes; and compared them with those of her husband. "The enemy of both is one," said he: "if the memory of the unfortunate Morâd still lives in the breast of his wife, she will persuade her father to favour Dara, who is oppressed by the same untoward fate!"

A. D. 1659.
Hig. 1069.
and arrives
in Guzerat.

The princess, who had mourned incessantly for the misfortunes of her lord, whom she loved to distraction, burst into a flood of tears at the reception of the letter. She grasped at the shadow of hope for her husband's releasement, which was offered by a prince overwhelmed by his own bad fortune. She threw herself at the feet of her father; her tears suppressed her voice; but she looked up to him with that forcible eloquence of eyes, which it is impossible to resist from beauty in distress. She placed the letter of Dara in his hands. He read it with emotion; and turned away in silence. She followed him on her knees, holding the skirt of his robe. "Is not my daughter," said he, "already sufficiently wretched? Why does she wish to involve her father in the irretrievable misery which has overtaken her lord?"

Gains over
the govern-
nor.

But



A. D. 1659.
Hig. 1069.

revins bar
1069 m

But she will have it so--and prudence must give way to pity." He ordered the gates to be thrown open; and the princess, in an ecstasy of joy, sent accounts of her success to Dara.

Raises an
army.

The prince could scarce believe his own eyes, when he received the letter of the wife of Morâd. A gleam of hope came in upon his misfortunes. He entered Ahmedabâd; and the governor received him with the highest distinction and respect. He gave to the prince about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds in money, together with jewels to a great amount, to contribute to raise troops. This new life to the affairs of Dara, rendered him active in his preparations for war. In a few weeks he found himself at the head of a considerable army. He in the mean time received letters from the Maraja, who, with his native troops, was on his march with Aurungzêbe to attack Suja. That prince acquainted him of his design of deserting the new emperor in the action; and we have already seen that he kept his promise. He conjured Dara to hasten his march to support him in his intended defection. The advice was good; but the evil genius of Dara prevailed. He delayed, that he might augment his forces; and lost the golden opportunity of restoring his affairs by an act of boldness and intrepidity. Suja was, in the mean time, defeated; and Aurungzêbe turned his whole force toward the storm which was brewing in the West.

Marches to-
ward Agra.

The defection of the Maraja had spread news of the defeat and death of Aurungzêbe to every corner of the empire. The agreeable intelligence came to Dara. He instantly marched toward Agra, to seize the capital before the arrival of Suja, who was said to have conquered. In three days, the unfortunate prince was undeceived. Letters from different quarters brought him the particulars of the action, and of the complete victory obtained by his



his greatest foe. He was again thrown into perplexity. To proceed with so small a force was imprudent; to retreat, ruinous to his reputation. He had built his last hopes on his army; to retire, was to lose them by desertion. Many Europeans were in his camp. He had gained them by large promises; and they naturally loved that impartiality which he shewed indiscriminately to men of merit of all nations. His artillery was upon the best footing; and he was not destitute of able engineers. His soldiers, for the most part consisting of the troops of the empire stationed on the frontiers, were habituated to action. But they were too few in number; and their leader was destined for misfortune.

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Hig. 1069.

The Maraja, after plundering the Imperial camp, declared his intentions of marching to Guzerat with the spoil. Dara halted to take him up by his way. But the Indian had no serious intentions of assisting effectually any branch of the house of Timur. An enthusiast in his own religion, he considered all Mahomedans as his natural enemies. He abetted none of the princes through choice. He studied to add fuel to the flame which raged between them, and to derive advantage from their dissensions. He hoped to find that freedom and independence in their weakness, which he could never expect from their favour and power. Under the influence of these political principles, he studiously avoided to meet Dara. He took the rout of Marwâr, to lodge his booty in his own dominions in safety. He, however, wrote letters to the prince, to advance to his borders, where he would join him with a recruited army. Dara accordingly marched toward Meirta, at which place he encamped with his forces, in daily expectations of the junction of the Maraja, who was collecting his forces at the capital of his dominions.

Turns toward
the domi-
nions of the
Maraja,

Aurungzêbe



A. D. 1659.
 Hig. 1069.
 who is gained
 over by Au-
 rungzébe,

Aurungzébe was, in the mean time, alarmed at the great preparations of the Maraja. He saw danger in his defection; and he had recourse to his usual art and address. He wrote to him a letter. He acquainted him, That the opposition given to his fortune at the battle of Ugein, had long since been blotted out of his memory, as it was the result of the Maraja's opinion in favour of Dara; that his submission to his government, while yet his brothers were in the field, was a conduct which entitled him to favour; but that his late defection in battle, and his subsequent attack upon the Imperial baggage, could not be forgot, though it might be forgiven. "The love of public tranquillity, however," continues Aurungzébe, "has expelled from my breast every wish of revenge. It is therefore your interest, to withdraw your foot from the circle of Dara's misfortunes. That you should join my standard, I neither expect nor wish. I cannot trust again your faith; and my own force is sufficient to overthrow my enemies. You may therefore look from your own country, an unconcerned spectator of the war; and to reward you for your neutrality, the government of Guzerat shall be added to that of your hereditary dominions."

and deserts
 Dara.

The letter had the intended effect on the Maraja. He preferred the proffered advantage to the gratitude of Dara, whose fortunes wore such a doubtful aspect. He broke off his correspondence with that prince, at the very time that he was buoyed up with the hopes of the junction of a great army with his own forces. A stranger to the motive of the Hindoo, he sent his son Sipper Shekô to endeavour to prevail upon him to throw off his inactivity. The young prince was received at his capital with distinction and hospitality. He was, however, disappointed in his views. The Maraja would give no satisfactory answer; and the prince returned to his father, who was



greatly disconcerted by this new misfortune. He, however, resolved to hesitate no longer with his fate. He decamped and marched in a direct line for Agra; and arrived at Ajmere, about eight days journey from that capital.

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In the neighbourhood of Ajmere, the high-road to the capital passes between two steep hills, each of which forms the point of an impassable ridge of mountains, which stretch far into the country on both sides, and separate the kingdom of Guzerat from the rest of Hindostan. Dara halted with his army in this pass. His high opinion of the European mode of war, which he imbibed from the English, French and Portuguese in his service, had rendered that prince fond of entrenchments. He had considered the appearance of security, more than the movements of the human mind: for armies often take entrenchments in no other light than as a proof of the superiority of the enemy. He threw up lines from hill to hill in his front, and strengthened them with artillery. Aurungzêbe, in the mean time, marched with an army to stop his progress; and arrived with great expedition in the neighbourhood of Ajmere. When he came in sight of the entrenchments, he ordered his army to encamp; and he himself rode out to reconnoitre the enemy.

Dara fortifies

Nothing could equal his astonishment when he viewed, through a spy-glass, the position of his brother. The strength of the works was inconceivable; instead of a common entrenchment the prince had fortified himself with a strong rampire, defended by bastions, a deep ditch and a double row of palisades, which extended six miles across a valley. Aurungzêbe was perplexed beyond measure. He knew not how to act. An assault was evidently impracticable; to do nothing would derogate from that high opinion which he had already established in the minds of the people. Every day would add to Dara's influence

himself at
Ajmere.



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Hig. 1059.

and party; and mankind, who always side with the unfortunate, would attribute to ability what was the gift of chance. He called a council of the nobles. They differed in their opinions; much time was spent in argument without coming to a decisive measure. They at last agreed upon an expedient. They knew that the spirit of Dara was impatient of insult; and they advised the emperor to draw out his forces, and to offer battle.

Aurungzêbe
offers battle.

In compliance with the advice of his nobles, he formed his line on the 23d of March 1659, and advanced with his artillery within cannon-shot of the camp. Dara continued within his lines; and Aurungzêbe began to fortify himself under the enemy's fire. He continued the work the whole night, and covered his men before day-light appeared, notwithstanding his brother had sallied thrice during that time. The sun was scarce risen, when Debere, and some other nobles, issued out of the camp, and advanced on full speed with five thousand horse near the lines; hoping, by insulting him, to draw Dara from his lines. They paid dear for their temerity. The artillery of the enemy being well served, galled the assailants so much, that they retreated in disorder, and were glad to shelter themselves behind their own lines. Things remained in this doubtful situation for several days. The army of Dara, having the country in their rear open, were in no want of provisions; and were, therefore, under no necessity of retreating; and it was impossible, without a long siege, to overcome their almost impregnable lines.

His stratagem

Fortune, who never forsook Aurungzêbe, relieved his anxiety upon this occasion. A petty Indian prince, who commanded three thousand of his native infantry in the Imperial army, informed himself of a narrow and steep path, by which men, accustomed to climb, might ascend the mountain on the right of Dara's lines. He communicated his information to the emperor, who was overjoyed



joyed at the discovery. He made large promises to the Raja, should he gain, with a party, the summit of the mountain, without alarming the enemy. Should he be so fortunate as to succeed in the attempt, he was ordered to make a signal to the emperor from that side of the mountain which was covered from Dara. When night came on, he marched with his troops. Having encountered many difficulties, he ascended the mountain, and the appointed signal was ready to be shewn by the dawn of day.

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Hig. 1669.

Aurungzêbe never rested his hopes upon the success of a single scheme. He had, during the night, planned the ruin of his brother's affairs, by a more fatal stroke of policy than the stratagem of the Raja. Debere Chan, and the Indian prince, Joy Singh, had, at the beginning of the war, adhered with warmth to the interests of Dara. Under the prince Solimân, they had distinguished themselves in the defeat of Suja, and the reduction of Bengal. Yielding to the pressure of the times, and to the intrigues of Aurungzêbe, they deserted, as has been already related, the colours of Solimân; and ruined all the hopes which the unfortunate Dara derived from the victorious army under his son. To these chiefs the emperor applied with much address. He promised largely; and he mixed threats with his proffered favour. He at length prevailed upon them to write an insidious letter to Dara, to the following purpose:

to deceive

"It is not unknown to the emperor," for with that title they affected to distinguish Dara, "that Debere and Joy Singh once deemed it their greatest glory to be numbered among his servants. With how much fidelity they obeyed his orders, they derive a proof from their actions, under the command of the illustrious prince Solimân Shekô. So much satisfied was Dara with the conduct of his faithful servants, that, in his letters, which were

Dara.

Q q 2

presented



A. D. 1659.
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presented to us by the prince, he attributed the victory over Suja to our conduct and valour. The emperor was partial in our favour; but we presume to hope, we deserved a part of his praise. When the news of the defeat of our prince, and of the imprisonment of the king of kings, came to our ears, we thought ourselves alone amidst the victorious armies of our foes. What could we do? Our loyalty remained, but necessity was near. The times left us no choice, and we were forced to submit. We have ever since been dragged along, the unwilling slaves of Aurungzêbe. But now Fortune has returned to the threshold which leads to the presence of Dara. The accession of his faithful servants to his power, though not necessary to his affairs, will bring them to a more speedy conclusion. When, therefore, daylight shall appear, let the gate of the camp be opened to receive us; that we may have an opportunity of regaining, by our merit, the favour, of which we have been deprived by necessity. As soon as the sun shall arise, we look for admittance into the camp, with all our followers and friends."

Succeeds

This letter was thrown into the lines, by a horseman on full speed. It was immediately carried to the prince; and, with that credulity which is inherent in a sincere mind, he implicitly believed every thing which the letter contained. Shaw Nawâz in vain remonstrated to him, in the strongest terms, that there was danger in confiding in their sincerity. Dara was always averse to advice; and now he was rendered blind by the hopes of gaining such powerful chiefs to his party. He was obstinate; and determined to risque all on the faith of men who had, a few months before, betrayed his son. He gave positive orders, that in the morning, that gate of the camp which looked toward the enemy should be thrown open, to receive the expected fugitives. He, at the same time, issued directions to all the officers, that

that care should be taken not to fire upon them as they advanced. Shaw Nawâz was highly dissatisfied; Mahommed Sherif, who commanded the forces, was astonished. The orders were peremptory, and they must be obeyed. They, however, resolved to stand upon their guard; and when morning came, they posted themselves, with several squadrons, without the lines; giving orders, at the same time, that all the troops in the camp should stand to their arms.

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Aurungzêbe, who was no stranger to the character of Dara, foresaw that his stratagem would succeed. He drew up his army before day, behind his own camp; being covered by the tents from the enemy's view. The sun was not yet up, when he ordered Debere to issue forth from his right, and Joy Singh from his left, at the head of their troops, and to advance on full speed toward the camp. These officers accordingly rushed forth; and Aurungzêbe, to carry on the deceit, began to fire with his artillery, but with powder only, on the pretended deserters. Dara, full of expectation, stood on the rampire. When he saw the squadrons advancing, he ordered the gate to be thrown open; but Mahommed Sherif, who, with a chosen body, stood without the lines, being still dubious of the intentions of the fugitives, ordered them to stop, till he should be satisfied of their real designs.

against

Debere, who first advanced, had no time to deliberate. A parley would discover the whole to his own men; he immediately stopt short, and gave the signal of attack, by shooting Sherif, with an arrow, through the heart. That officer fell headlong to the ground; and a dreadful slaughter commenced, hand to hand. Debere, unmatched in that age for strength and personal bravery, hewed on his way to the gate, which Shaw Nawâz was endeavouring to shut. But the thing was now impracticable, from the

that prince,

numbers



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Hig. 1069.

numbers that crowded into the camp. Debere entered, sword in hand; and Shaw Nawâz advanced to oppose him. The match was unequal. Debere, who respected the virtues, the years, the high quality of his adversary, desired him to surrender; and to fear nothing from his son-in-law. "I myself," said Debere, "will intercede for Shaw Nawâz." The pride of the old lord arose. "No!—Debere Chan;—I have hitherto defended my life by my valour; nor shall I purchase a few years of decrepid age at the expence of my former fame." Debere, at the word, ran him through with his spear. With Shaw Nawâz and Sherif, the courage of Dara's army fell. The treacherous Debere was now within the camp, with his squadron, who, fired with the example of their leader, made a prodigious slaughter. Joy Singh followed close on their heels.

who is to-
tally de-
feated.

The emperor, in the mean time, advanced with his whole line; and the party, who had gained the summit of the mountain in the night, shewed themselves above the camp. The hills re-echoed to their shouts; and they began to roll stones and loosened rocks into the valley. These, falling from precipice to precipice, came crashing down on the affrighted army; and they turned their eyes from the swords of their enemies to this new species of danger. An universal panic spread over all. Confusion every where prevailed. Some fought, others fled, many stood in astonishment, without having even the courage to fly. Dara mounted his elephant to be seen by his army; but he himself saw nothing around but terror and death. He rushed forward to meet the enemy; but he was left alone. He called for Sherif; that chief was already cold in his blood: he wished for the presence of Shaw Nawâz, but his dead body presented itself to his eyes. He turned back, and gave his soul to despair. The safety of his women came then across his mind; he hastened with them from the field;



whilst the spoils of his camp kept the enemy from pursuing his flight. Four thousand fell on the side of Dara, in this extraordinary action: Aurungzêbe lost not above two hundred; and in that number, no officer of distinction except Sheich Meer, the captain-general of his forces.

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The grief of Dara for his defeat was great, but it was not equal to his astonishment. The misfortune, though dreadful, was unexpected, and by the sudden ill prevented the fear. It was, however, succeeded by misery, and unequalled distress. The unfortunate prince fled to the capital of Guzerat. But the governor, whom he left in the place, shut the gates against his lord. He sat down in silence, and knew not whither to fly. His friends became his greatest enemies. Two thousand Mahrattors still adhered to the unhappy prince. When they heard of the message of the governor, they despaired of the affairs of Dara, and added their own cruelty to his misfortunes. In a pretence of having large arrears of their pay due to them, they fell upon his baggage, and plundered it in his presence. Some caskets of jewels were saved by his women; for even in that season of licence and disorder, their persons were sacred from barbarity itself. This outrage was committed in the night. When day-light appeared, the robbers, as if ashamed of their conduct, fled with their spoil. A few only of the lowest menial servants remained. Every thing was removed from the field. The miserable tents, which he had collected in his flight, were carried away; and nothing was left but a few old screens of canvass, which covered the Sultana and her female slaves from the public eye. The distress of the prince may be imagined, but cannot be described. He walked about in seeming distraction; and the sad complaints of the women from behind their wretched covering, drew tears from the eyes of the few servants who still adhered to their unhappy lord.

The misfortunes of Dara.

The



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Flies to the
desart.

The pressure of his misfortunes at length awakened Dara from a melancholy reverie, in which he had strayed from the place where his camp had stood. He returned in manifest disorder; and seemed to question every one with his eyes, about the means of moving to some place of safety. A few beasts of burden were collected by his servants; and the robbers, who had deserted and plundered his camp, had left to him the two elephants which he had brought from Ajmere. On these he placed all the effects which had escaped the ravages of the Mahrattors; and a few oxen found in a neighbouring field, dragged slowly away in covered carriages his women. The prince himself, with his son Cipper Shekô, attended them on horseback, with an ill-mounted retinue of two or three hundred servants and faithful adherents. He turned his face to the frightful solitudes in which he had suffered so much before; but the parched desarts, which stretched themselves from Guzerat to the Indus, were less unhospitable to Dara than a brother's hands.

His great

The prince soon arrived in the territories of Raja Jâm, whose hospitality alleviated his distress. He again applied to that chief for his aid, but he was deaf to the request. Dara promised largely, should Fortune again favour his cause; but she had taken her flight to return no more. Jâm was too prudent to throw his own fate into the scale of the prince. He became cold and reserved; and seemed, by his manner, to wish for the departure of his unfortunate guest. He was again forced to encounter the hardships of the desart. The heat of the season had added to the natural sterility of these dreadful solitudes. There was no water to be found; not a blade of grass to be seen. The air seemed, in some measure, on fire. There was nothing to shade the desolate travellers from the scorching sun; excepting when clouds of sand, raised by whirlwinds, covered them with a fatal darkness. The
beasts



beasts of burden died for want of provender; the very camels perished for want of water. The favourite elephant, which had often carried Dara in all his pomp, was now the only useful animal that remained; and even he began to fail. To add to the misfortunes of the prince, the favourite Sultana, the mother of all his children, and whom he tenderly loved, was at the point of death. She had been seized with hysterics from the fright of the battle; and had ever since been subject to violent fits. Death cut off gradually his retinue; at the end of every furlong, he was obliged to pay the last sad offices to some favourite servant or friend.

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When he came within sight of Tatta, the elephant which had carried his family across the desert, worn out with fatigue and thirst, lay down and died. The few that remained of his followers were so languid and spent, that they could not crawl to the neighbouring villages for succour. Dara himself was obliged to execute that necessary service. He came to a hind, who kept oxen in a field. He mentioned his distress and his name; and the clown fled from his presence. He sat down; having no strength to return to his desolate family. Curiosity, however, brought the whole village around; and every eye was full of tears. They brought all their beasts of burden to the place; and the whole country accompanied him, with shouts of joy, to Tatta. He, however, did not rest long in that city. He crossed the Indus, and threw himself under the protection of the petty chiefs of the district of Bicker; and they, touched with compassion, promised to support him with their lives and fortunes.

distress.

The active spirit of the emperor was not, in the mean time, idle. So long as Dara lives, he must totter on his throne. He knew the rout which his unfortunate brother had taken; but his troops would not pursue the fugitive through such a perilous way.



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He hoped that the hardships of the desert might prevent him from embuing his hands in blood; but Dara must perish; and Aurungzêbe was resolved to be provided against every event of Fortune. He ordered some troops to march down along the Indus from Moulân; and the news of their approach came a few days after the arrival of Dara. The generous chiefs, who from compassion had resolved to support his cause, being not yet prepared to receive the enemy, advised him to fly into Persia, the frontiers of which were within four days march of the place at which he then resided.

Prepares to
fly to Persia;

He prepared for his flight; but Nadîra Bâna, the favourite Sultana, was dying. Spent with fatigue, overwhelmed with sickness, and worn out with misfortune, she was altogether incapable of the journey; and he could not leave her behind. She knew his situation, and requested earnestly that they should move away. "Death," said she, "will soon relieve the daughter of Purvez from her misfortunes; but let her not add to those of her lord." She could not prevail upon him to march whilst she was in such a situation; and he had, besides, placed great hopes in the friendship of Jihon Chan, a neighbouring chief of great power. Jihon had been twice saved from death by the interest of Dara. Shaw Jehân, who was an enemy to oppression, had ordered him to be, at two different times, prosecuted for murder and treason, before the chief justice of the empire. That judge, upon the clearest proofs, condemned him twice to death; and, at the request of Dara, he was pardoned by the emperor, and restored to his estate which had been confiscated. The prince, therefore, had reason to expect a return of gratitude; but the obligations were too great for the pride of this unprincipled chief, and they pressed upon him like injuries.



The natural perfidy of Jihon was so notorious, that all his friends, with one voice, remonstrated to Dara against his design of throwing himself on the faith of that chief. The prince, naturally obstinate, was now blinded by his fate. He could not think of leaving his beloved Nadîra in the hour of death; and he resolved to risque all for the melancholy satisfaction of being present when the faithful companion of his distress expired. Some nobles, who had hitherto attended his person, and who had determined to accompany him in his exile to Persia, separated themselves from a prince devoted to ruin. With seventy domestics only, he went to the residence of Jihon; and that chief, apprized of his coming, came out to meet him, and received him with the warmest professions of friendship. He quitted his own palace to accommodate the prince; and nothing was to be seen around but the greatest marks of hospitality and profound respect.

A. D. 1659.
Hig. 1059.
but throws
himself on
Jihon Chan.

June 21st.

The distemper of the Sultana had increased on the road to the residence of Jihon. She fainted away when she was carried into the apartments assigned for her reception; and the prince sat in tears by her side, during the whole night. In the morning she expired in his arms. "It is only now," said Dara, "I have found that I am alone. I was not bereft of all my friends whilst Nadîra lived. But she has closed her eyes on the misfortunes which are to involve her children and lord; and thus a peculiar happiness has succeeded to accumulated distress." He tore off his magnificent robe, and threw the Imperial turban on the ground: then, clothing himself in a mean habit, he lay down by his departed consort on the bed. In the evening one of his faithful servants joined him with fifty horse. He was overjoyed at his arrival, and, starting up, took him in his arms, and said, "My situation, Gal Mahommed," for that was the officer's name, "is not without resource. Nadîra, having forsaken the devoted Dara, has met

The Sultana
dies.



A. D. 1659.
Hig. 1069.

with a part of that good fortune which was due to her virtues. You must, with your fifty horse, escort the body to Lahore, to the sepulchre of her great ancestors. Aurungzêbe himself will not refuse a grave to the family of Dara." The body was accordingly embalmed; and, being placed in a magnificent herse, was escorted to Lahore.

He is betray-
ed by Jihon,

Dara had not remained many days at the residence of Jihon, when intelligence was received, that Chan Jehân, one of the principal generals of his brother, was advancing from Moulân; and that his van was already arrived in the neighbourhood. Dara resolved to make his escape into Persia. He called his servants together, and he took leave of Jihon. When he had proceeded about a mile on his way, he discovered Jihon coming after him, with about a thousand horse, on full speed. He imagined, that Jihon designed to escort him with these troops to Persia. He rode back by way of doing him honour; and, when he was about addressing his thanks to the treacherous chief, he was suddenly surrounded and disarmed. "Villain!" said Dara, "is it for this I twice saved your life from the resentment of my father, when the elephants were standing over you waiting for orders to crush you to death? But Justice will be satisfied, and Heaven has revenged your crimes upon my head." He stopt—and, with a scornful silence, submitted his hands to be bound.

and delivered
up

Jihon heard the prince without making any reply; for what could he say to vindicate his conduct? He ordered the prisoner to be mounted on an elephant, and then he fell upon the baggage, to enrich himself with the spoil of his benefactor. He then hastened toward Chan Jehân; and, during the journey, notwithstanding the natural unfeelingness of his mind, he durst not for once come into the presence of the much injured prince. His fate



fate being now determined, that anxiety, which had long clouded the countenance of Dara, vanished. His son was carried with him on the same elephant. Having a talent for poetry, he composed many affecting verses on his own misfortunes; with the repetition of which he often drew tears from the eyes of the common soldiers who guarded his person. "My name," said he one day, "imports that I am IN POMP LIKE DARIUS; I am also like that monarch in my fate. The friends whom he trusted, were more fatal than the swords of his enemy." Notwithstanding these casual complaints, he maintained his usual dignity, and there was even something majestic in his grief. It was not the wailings of a woman, but the manly afflictions of a great mind.

A. D. 1659.
Hig. 1069.

When Chan Jehân, who had been apprized of the imprisonment of Dara, saw that prince advancing, meanly dressed on a sorry elephant, he could not bear the sight; and he hid his tears in his tent. He detached a party from his army to escort him, together with the traitor, to Delhi, where Aurungzêbe at the time kept his court. The emperor, though he rejoiced at the news that his brother had fallen into his hands, was full of perplexity and indecision. He called a council of his nobles; and they differed in their opinions; some, declaring for sending him by another rout to the castle of Gualiâr; some, that he should be carried through the city, to convince mankind that he was fallen for ever. Many advised against a measure that might be full of danger from the humanity of the people; a few argued, that such conduct would degrade the dignity of the family of Timur. Others maintained, to whose opinion the emperor himself seemed to lean, that it was necessary he should pass through the capital, to astonish mankind with the absolute power and invincible fortune of Aurungzêbe.

The



A. D. 1659.
 Hig. 1669.
 Carried with
 ignominy
 through Del-
 hi.

The unfortunate prince, accordingly, accompanied by his son, entered Delhi on an elephant. This, says a certain writer, was none of the fine elephants of Ceylon and Pegu, which they were wont to ride with golden harness, embroidered covers, and magnificent canopies to defend them from the sun. No. It was an old animal, dirty and lean, with a tattered cover, a pitiful seat, and the castle open on all sides to the winds. The splendid ornaments of his person were now vanished, like his good fortune. A dirty dress of coarse linen scarce covered his body from the weather; and his wretched turban was wrapt round with a scarf made of Cashmire wool. His face, which formerly commanded respect with the manly regularity of its features, was now parched and shrivelled by being long exposed to the heat; and a few straggling locks, which appeared from his turban, presented a grey colour unsuitable to his years. In this wretched situation he entered Delhi; and, when the mob who crowded to the gates knew that it was Dara, they burst into loud complaints, and shed a flood of tears. The streets were rendered almost impassible by the number of the spectators; the shops were full of persons of all ages and degrees. The elephant moved slowly; and the progress he made was marked to those who were distant by the advancing murmur among the people. Nothing was heard around but loud complaints against Fortune, and curses on Aurungzêbe. But none had the boldness to offer to rescue the unfortunate prince, though slightly guarded. They were quite unmanned by their sorrow.

Confined in
 a neighbour-
 ing village.

After wandering over the features of Dara, the eyes of the people fell on his son. They opposed his innocence, his youth, his graceful person, his hopes and his quality, to the fate which impended over his head; and all were dissolved in grief. The infectious sorrow flew over the whole city: even the poorest people



people forsook their work, and retired to secret corners to weep. Dara retained his dignity upon this trying occasion. He uttered not one word; but a settled melancholy seemed to dwell on his face. The unfortunate young prince was ready frequently to weep, being softened by the complaints of the people; but his father checked him with a stern look, and he endeavoured to conceal his tears. Dara, having been thus led through the principal streets of Delhi, was conducted to Chizerabâd, a village four miles without the walls. He was locked up, with his son, in a mean apartment, in which he remained for some days in hourly expectation of his death. Here he amused himself with writing instructions for his son Solimân; having concealed an ink standish and some paper in one of the folds of his garment. His anxiety to know the intentions of Aurungzêbe, sometimes broke in upon his melancholy amusements. He appeared through the window to the guards; but they knew nothing of what passed at court. He then enquired concerning an old devotee, who had formerly lived in a cell near the foot of the Imperial garden at Delhi. One of the soldiers knew the old man; and the prince gave a billet to be carried to him, requesting some intelligence. "But even he, perhaps," he said, with a sigh, "may have changed with the current of the times."

The traitor Jihon, in the mean time, made his appearance at court, to claim the reward of his treachery. Aurungzêbe dignified him with a title, and enriched him with presents. Passing through the city of Delhi, he was pointed out to the mob, who, falling upon him near the gate which leads to Lahore, killed seven of his attendants. He himself escaped; but the country people rose upon him every where. They hunted him from place to place; till at length he met with his deserts, and was slain when he had almost reached the boundaries of his own government.

A. D. 1629.
Fig. 1069.

The traitor
Jihon slain
by the
people.



A. D. 1655.

Hig. 1059.

Disturbances
at Delhi,hasten the
murder of
Dara.

ment. The zeal of the people, however, proved fatal to Dara. The emperor, hearing of the tumult near the gate of Lahore, ordered the chief magistrate of the city, with his officers, to go to the place, and enquire into the cause of the disturbance. The mob fell upon the judge and his attendants. They fled to the palace, and the whole city was in an uproar.

Aurungzêbe, in dread of a general revolt, called a council of his nobles. He had determined before to send his brother to the fortrefs of Gualiâr; but now he was afraid of a rescue by the way. The minds of the people were strangely agitated. Their imprecations against his cruelty reached him in the midst of his guards; and he began, for the first time, to shew symptoms of political fear. He asked the advice of his lords. The majority seemed to be for sparing the life of Dara; and for sending him, under a strong guard, to the usual prison of the Imperial family. Aurungzêbe, though not satisfied, was about to yield to their opinion; when one Hakîm, a Persian by birth, with a design to gain the favour of the emperor, insisted that Dara should be put to death, as an apostate from the faith of Mahommed. The emperor pretended to be startled, and said, "The thing is determined, I might have forgiven injuries done to myself; but those against religion I cannot forgive." He immediately ordered a warrant to be issued to Nazir and Seif, two fierce Afgan chiefs, which empowered them to take off Dara that very night.

On the eleventh of September, about midnight, the unfortunate prince was alarmed with the noise of arms coming through the passage which led to his apartment. He started up, and knew immediately that his death approached. He scarce had awakened his son, who lay asleep on the carpet at his feet, when the assassins burst open the door. Dara seized a knife, which



which he had concealed to mend the reed with which he wrote. He stood in a corner of the room. The murderers did not immediately attack him. They ordered his son to remove to the adjoining apartment; but he clung round his father's knees. Two of the assassins seized him, to force him away; when Dara, seeing Nazir standing at the door, begged to be indulged a few moments to take leave of his son. He fell upon his neck, and said, "My dear son, this separation is more afflicting than that between soul and body, which I am this moment to suffer. But should HE spare you—live. Heaven may preserve you to revenge my death; for his crimes shall not pass unpunished. I leave you to the protection of God. My son, remember me." A tear half started from his eye; when they were dragging the youth to the adjoining room. He, however, resumed his wonted dignity and courage. "I beg one other favour, Nazir!" he said, "much time has not been lost by the last." He wrote a billet, and desired that it should be delivered to Aurungzébe. But he took it back, and tore it, saying, "I have not been accustomed to ask favours of my enemies. He that murders the father can have no compassion on the son." He then raised up his eyes in silence; and the assassins seemed to have forgot their office.

A. D. 1659.
Hig. 1069.

During this time of dreadful suspense, the son, who lay bound in the next room, listened, expecting every moment to hear his father's dying groans. The assassins, in the mean time, urged on by Nazir, seized Dara by the hands and feet, and throwing him on the ground, prepared to strangle him. Deeming this an infamous death, he, with an effort, disincumbered his hand, and stabbed, with his pen-knife, one of the villains to the heart. The others, terrified, fled back; but as he was rising from the floor, they fell upon him with their swords. His son, hearing the noise, though his hands were bound, burst open the door, and

who is assassinated.



A. D. 1659.
Hig. 1069.

entered, when the murderers were severing his father's head from his body. Nazir had the humanity to push back the youth into the other apartment, till this horrid operation was performed. The head of Dara was carried to Aurungzêbe; and the unfortunate young prince was left, during the remaining part of the night, shut up with his father's body. Next morning he was sent privately under a guard, to the castle of Gualiâr.

Reflections

Thus fell the unhappy Dara Shekô; a prince whose virtues deserved a better fate. But he was born to distress; and his imprudence often assisted the malignity of his fortune. Though destitute of the address which is necessary to gain mankind in general, he was much beloved by his family and domestics; and he was the darling of his father, who was often heard to say, That all his other children were not half so dear to him as Dara. This predilection in his favour was the source of the misfortunes of both. The other princes envied the influence of Dara, and all their differences with, and every disappointment which they experienced from, their father, was laid to the account of their brother, who possessed all his confidence and esteem. Dara was certainly jealous of his brothers, whom he saw invested with too much power in their respective provinces; and his opposing their measures at court was the natural consequence of his fears. This mutual animosity being once kindled, all the princes looked forward to the death of their father with terror. The seeds of civil war were long sown before they appeared; and the illness of the emperor was the signal to begin the charge, from the four corners of his dominions. Dara had the post of advantage; but he was not a match in abilities to Aurungzêbe.

on his death.

Nazir, before day light appeared, was admitted into the citadel to the emperor. That prince had remained all night in anxious expectation. Many of the nobles had expressed their high dissatisfaction



fatisfaction at the measure of putting Dara to death; and he was afraid that the resolution, before it took effect, might be communicated to the people and army. He saw that he was supported only by his own abilities and the venality of his followers. The unbiaſſed, by either intereſt or fear, looked with horror on the crimes which his ambition had already committed. They were diſgusted at his cruelty to his father and his injuſtice to his brothers; and they, with indignation, ſaw hypocriſy, and the worſt kind of ambition, lurking behind profeſſions of religion and moderation. Nazir, however, relieved him of a part of his fears. The head of Dara being diſfigured with blood, he ordered it to be thrown into a charger of water; and when he had wiped it with his handkerchief, he recognized the features of his brother. He is ſaid to have exclaimed, "Alas, unfortunate man!" and then to have ſhed ſome tears.

A. D. 1659.
Hig. 1069.

Dara's ſituation was ſuch, that he was ſure to be ſoon ſeized, and he was obliged to ſeek ſome way to eſcape. He ſaw that he was ſupported only by his own abilities and the venality of his followers. The unbiaſſed, by either intereſt or fear, looked with horror on the crimes which his ambition had already committed. They were diſgusted at his cruelty to his father and his injuſtice to his brothers; and they, with indignation, ſaw hypocriſy, and the worſt kind of ambition, lurking behind profeſſions of religion and moderation. Nazir, however, relieved him of a part of his fears. The head of Dara being diſfigured with blood, he ordered it to be thrown into a charger of water; and when he had wiped it with his handkerchief, he recognized the features of his brother. He is ſaid to have exclaimed, "Alas, unfortunate man!" and then to have ſhed ſome tears.

