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An Extraordinary Translator: Tirath Ram Firozepuri (1885–1954)*

DURING MUCH OF THE PAST CENTURY, Tirath Ram Firozepuri—(Tīrath Rām Fīrōzpūrī; henceforward TRF) was a name that conjured magic for countless readers of popular Urdu fiction.¹ Not given to writing original novels, he for decades produced superbly readable translations, chiefly from the English. His name on the cover assured his readers that they had in hand what they most desired: a *rātōñ kī nīnd urā-dēnē-vālī kitāb* (a book to make their sleep fly away). He was by no means the first to translate popular English fiction into Urdu—that had been going on for some time before his appearance on the scene. But he surpassed his peers and elders by the sheer volume of his output: over 150 titles, running to more than sixty thousand pages. He was also superior to most of them in the quality of his work, a fact that brought him generations of devoted readers. His translations usually went through several printings during his life, and many are still being reprinted in both India and Pakistan.

Much though TRF's fame has persisted, hardly anything is known about the man. The dates given above come from a short notice in the *Jāmi' Urdū Insā'iklōpīḍiyā: Adabiyāt* (Comprehensive Urdu Encyclopedia: Literature) published by the National Council for the Promotion of Urdu Language (New Delhi, 2003). They seem convincing. We may also rightly assume that TRF was born in Firozepur, for he made the city a permanent part of his professional identity. There is, however, no record of his ever maintaining a home there. In fact, when he left Lahore for

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¹I transcribe the first segment of his name as Tīrath, and not Tirth, since that is how his Urdu readers always call him.

India in 1947 he did not go to Firozpur, choosing instead to live in Jalandhar.² He married and had children—there is a reference to a son's illness in a short-lived magazine that he edited early in his life. There must have been a few obituaries in the papers at his death, but I was not able to trace down any. Nor, starting at this late date, have I succeeded in contacting any person who knew TRF personally. They have all passed away. A photograph of the man, however, still exists.³ It shows a handsome and robust man, who could have been in his fifties when the picture was taken. What is offered below as a narrative of TRF's literary life is essentially a plausible speculation, based on a handful of facts.

At the time of TRF's birth, Firozpur was mostly a cantonment and a small commercial center. Its population in the 1880s must have been around thirty thousand, and evenly Muslim and non-Muslim.⁴ TRF could have initially studied at one of the madrassas in the city—his sound knowledge of Persian language and literature makes itself apparent in his translations, and he appears to have known some Arabic too. But it is doubtful that his formal studies continued beyond matriculation. Firozpur had two high schools at the time, but no college. Also, had TRF graduated from a college the fact would have been underscored in print, as was a common practice in the early years of the twentieth century. For example, both Zafar 'Alī Khān and Zafar 'Umar, two important peers of TRF in the field of translation, were invariably listed in the early editions of their books and contemporary catalogs with a "B.A." added to their names. The addition of "Munshī" to TRF's name in the early years of his career also suggests that he had significant traditional education, but had not gone to a modern college.⁵ In any case, even a matriculation at the time would have given him sufficient command of English language to read it for pleasure. He could have also found considerable access to popular English fiction even in Firozpur. By the 1880s, most headquarter towns in North India had a respectable public library, and, more importantly, A. H. Wheeler's bookstalls had appeared at most railway stations across the country. Given the importance of Firozpur as a military cantonment, we may safely assume that it had such a bookstall, and that it purveyed many of the same magazines, inexpensive romances, thrillers, and "penny dreadfuls"

²I was told that TRF eventually moved to Delhi, but found no definite record of it.

³The picture, a cutout, is pasted inside one of TRF's books at Aligarh. People have told me that it had originally appeared on the dustcover of a few reprints soon after he passed away.

⁴It was 49,341 in 1901, with cantonment, and evenly divided.

⁵Another epithet added to his name in a few early reviews of his magazine was *Lālā*, which indicated his caste origins.

that were popular in England at the time.⁶

After matriculation around 1902 or 1903, it must have been natural for TRF to move to Lahore to build a career. That is where we first discover him in print. No matter when he arrived at Lahore, it is certain that he was totally taken by the city. His literary talents and interests blossomed there. Lahore, with its many educational institutions, public libraries, and numerous bookstores, provided him access to English books on a scale equaled at the time in North India only by Calcutta. Lahore was already then—as it has been since—the most active center of Urdu publishing in the Subcontinent, with an ever-increasing number of journals and publishers competing for talented writers and translators.

TRF probably started his working life by joining one of the city's many journals. Alternatively, he could have worked on the staff of either of the two major publishing outfits that were then busily publishing translations of popular fiction and children books: Dāru'l-Ishā'at Punjab and Maṭba'e Khuddām-e Ta'lim. The former was the publishing firm started by Munshī Mumtāz 'Alī; it published *Tahzīb-e Nisvān* and *Phūl*, for women and children respectively. The latter outfit was a subsidiary of the Paisa Akhbār Press, owned by Munshī Maḥbūb 'Ālam. It published a widely popular general weekly called *Paisa Akhbār*—most likely inspired by the “penny” journals of England—and *Sharīf Bibī*, a weekly exclusively for women. Many translations published by the two outfits were described on the title page as done by the “staff,” with no specific names mentioned. We however know that many writers who later gained a name for themselves individually began as translators or “trans-creators” with one or the other of the two publishers.

TRF also started publishing essays on diverse subjects in Urdu journals across North India. The earliest mention of his name that I found was in the May 1910 issue of the respected journal *Adīb* (Allahabad), where he appears as the author of an essay entitled “Qutub Minār” (The Qutub Minar). It fairly dispassionately presents the conflicting arguments about the origins of the tower, and concludes that the evidence favors a Hindu origin.⁷ The September issue of the same year contains another article by him: “Akhbār-Navīsī kī Ibtidā” (The Origins of Journalism). In fact between 1910 and 1913, *Adīb* published several articles by him. They indicate a fas-

⁶I bought my first “Sexton Blake” thriller in 1949 at the railway station at Barabanki, where the owner surreptitiously also used his stock as a lending library. It could have been the case at many other places too.

⁷The next issue carried an equally dispassionate essay by Khvāja Laṭīfu'd-Dīn Čishtī in support of a Muslim claim. Both authors, however, considered the tower to be a monument that all Indians should equally be proud of.

cinating range of interests, and also his easy access to things published in English. Consider these titles: “Ālāt-e Parvāz” (Flying Machines); “Yūnāni-yōñ aur Rūmiyōñ kā Qadīm Ṭarīqa-e Ta’līm” (The Way of Education in Ancient Greece and Rome); “Qadīm Hindū Farmānravā’ōñ kē Ḥuqūq aur Farā’iz” (The Rights and Duties of Ancient Hindu Rulers); “Qadīm Hindustān mēñ Kāshṭkārōñ kī Ḥālat” (The Condition of Farmers in Ancient India); and “Pratāp Čandra Mōzumdar” (Pratap Chandra Mozumdar [a Bengali leader]).⁸ Most of the articles mention English books and authors. Another article, “Naẓẓāra-e Bahisht va Dozakh: Dāntē kī Naẓm par Tabšara” (A View of Paradise and Hell: A Review of Dante’s Poem) is explicitly marked as a translation, though the original author is not named. And a story entitled “Čup kī Dād” (The Reward of Silence) is nothing but an Indianized version of some English story. It also indicates his early interest in tales of mystery.⁹ Likewise, among the articles he published in *Al-Aṣr* (Lucknow) between 1913 and 1917, we find: “Īshvar Čandra Vidyāsāgar” (Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar [a Bengali leader]); “Qadīm Hindū’ōñ kē Ālāt-e Mūsīqī” (The Musical Instruments of Ancient Hindus); “Māyā kī Filāsaḥī” (The Philosophy of Maya); “Insānī Dimāgh kī Ahmiyat” (The Importance of the Human Mind); and “Mabādī-e Ḥayāt” (The Fundamentals of Life). The last is identified as a translation, but again without disclosing the author’s name. Many of the above titles suggest that TRF was sympathetic to the revivalist/reformist movement of the Arya Samaj that had then caught the imagination of many North Indian Hindus, particularly in the Punjab. An interest in Bengal is also evident in the titles, though we do not know if TRF read or spoke Bengali. However, in 1913—before Tagore received the Nobel Prize—TRF translated a collection of eight Bengali short stories, followed later by two separate volumes of short stories by the Nobel laureate.

The December 1912 issue of *Adīb* contains a commendatory review of three nonfiction books by TRF and describes him as a frequent contributor of literary and learned writings to Urdu journals. One book, *Fann-e Ghariṣāzī* (The Craft of Watchmaking), explains how to repair clocks and

⁸Listed in ‘Ābid Razā Bēdār, ed. *Risāla Adīb Illāhabād*, 1910–1913 [cover title] *Naubat Rā’ē Naẓar kē “Adīb”* (1910–1913) (The Adīb of Naubat Rā’ē Naẓar) (Patna: Khudā Bakhsh Oriyantal Pablik Lā’ibrērī, 1988), passim. Other contributions were: “Hindū Musalmānōñ kī Tafriq Saṭaḥī Hai” (The Differentiation between Hindus and Muslims is Superficial); “Qadīm Hindustān mēñ Fann-e Havā-Bāzī” (The Science of Flying in Ancient India).

⁹Written in the first person, its Indian narrator recalls traveling to Delhi by train in 1902, sharing a first-class compartment with an old English couple, and eventually saving the husband from being poisoned by the wife.

watches, while another, *‘Ilāj bilā Dāktar* (Cure Without a Doctor), offers home remedies for common illnesses. Both books use translated material extensively. The third book, *Angrēzī Muḥāvarāt* (English Idioms), is entirely original, and seeks to teach idiomatic English to Urdu readers through translation exercises. In fact, TRF may have had in mind people like himself who wished to translate English fiction into Urdu, for the advanced exercises in the book are exactly of that nature; some of them have sentences that read like excerpts from mysteries. The two-part book clearly shows that by then TRF was comfortably conversant with written English. But much of it must have been self-taught or learned at work, for he was prone to err in correctly transcribing in Urdu English words or names whose pronunciation he could not guess from the spellings—for example, in an essay published in 1917, he repeatedly transcribed “orchestra” as *ārčestrā*, but a few years later he correctly transcribed it as *ārkestrā*.

Most likely it was also around this time that TRF wrote another unusual “guidebook”: *Mukammal Hidāyatnāma-e Dā’iyān-e Hind* (A Complete Guidebook for Indian Midwives). The title page describes him as the author, then lists two persons—Dr. Dhalla Rām, Assistant Surgeon, and Pundit Mukund Lāl, Vēd Ratan—who checked and corrected the manuscript. The book was published by a well-known publisher of Lahore: J. S. Sant Singh & Sons.¹⁰ Interestingly, though the author, his two consultants, and the publisher were non-Muslim, the text inside began with *Bismillāh*. More intriguingly, the title page carried at the very top a fragment in Arabic that looked and read as if it were a verse from the Qur’ān. It was, however, only a variation on Verse 6 of Chapter 3. The meaning in essence was the same—“He it is who gives you form in the wombs as He pleases”—but the main verb, *yuṣavvirukum*, was changed to *ansbā’akum*.¹¹

TRF also tried his hand at writing plays. At least one, entitled *Jafā-e Sitamgar* (The Torturer’s Tyranny), is still preserved at the Punjab Public Library, Lahore. Published in 1923 and running to only thirty-three pages, its text contains both prose and poetry. The cover describes it as “an extremely edifying and moral [play] written by Bābū Tīrath Rām Fīrozpurī, author of *Dast-e Ta’ssuf*, *Majmū’a-e ‘Itir*, *Dōst* [...]” Another note, partially damaged, indicates that its [Indianized] plot was based on G. W. M. Reynolds’ *The Necromancer* (1852).¹²

¹⁰The copy at the Punjab Public Library, a third reprint, gives the name of the publisher, but no date.

¹¹The same library also has an undated Pakistani reprint of the book in which the new publishers have altered the title to read: *Mukammal Hidāyatnāma-e Dā’iyān-e Pākistān*. The Arabic above the title, however, as well as the contents inside, remain unchanged.

¹²Of the books mentioned on the cover, the first could have been another similar

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The rage for translated novels of a sensational kind—*sansanī-khēz* was the defining Urdu adjective—that characterized the early years of modern Urdu prose fiction is a subject little recognized in the histories of Urdu literature. For example, no academic, to my knowledge, has given much attention to the fact that at the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth the most widely enjoyed author for Urdu readers was none other than the English radical politician, journalist, and novelist, G. W. M. Reynolds (1814–1879). He was also much admired by many Urdu writers, and one can rightly argue that it was from the numerous translations of Reynolds' historical romances and melodramatic tales of Victorian high society and London's urban low life—and not in the works of Nazīr Aḥmad and Ratan Nāth Sarshār, as literary historians assume—that most aspiring writers of the time learned the tricks of their trade: point of view in narration; realistic dialogue; individualized descriptions of places and people; inner lives of characters; plot construction; authorial asides; and much more.

Most Urdu books at the time left out publication dates; likewise, many translations did not provide information about their originals. Nevertheless, by 1900 the following novels by Reynolds definitely existed in at least one Urdu translation; some by then had had more than one printing.¹³

1. *May Middleton* (1855)
2. *The Pixy* (1848)
3. *Portions of Mysteries of the Court of London* (1856)
4. *Mary, Queen of Scots* (1859)
5. *Rosa Lambert* (1855)
6. *Leila, or the Star of Mingrelia* (1856)
7. *Master Timothy's Bookcase* (1842)

By early 1918 the following additional titles were available in the market:¹⁴

1. *The Seamstress* (1851)
2. *Faust: A Romance of the Secret Tribunals* (1847)
3. *Pope Joan, the Female Pontiff* (1851)
4. *The Ryehouse Plot* (1854)
5. *The Bronze Statue* (1850)
6. *Margaret* (1857)

play, while the second sounds more like a manual for making perfumes. The third name is partially erased and could not be read.

¹³The dates within parentheses refer to the original publication.

¹⁴An advertisement in the *Tarjuman* (Lahore) of July 1918.

7. *Omar, a Tale of the War* (1856)
8. *The Soldier's Wife* (1853)
9. *The Necromancer* (1852)
10. *The Coral Island* (1848)
11. *Kenneth, a Tale of the Highlands* (1852)
12. *Agnes; or Beauty and Pleasure* (1855)
13. *Wagner, the Webrwolf* (1847)
14. *Alfred, or the Adventures of a French Gentleman* (1838)

We can be certain that TRF had read most of the above books avidly, and also critically examined them as translations.

Two of the books reviewed in *Adīb* and mentioned earlier had been published by the Lall Bros. & Sons of Lahore, and it is possible that by 1912 TRF was under employment with them in some capacity.¹⁵ He translated *Afsāna-e Bangāl*, a selection of Bengali short stories, for them and collaborated on an Urdu translation of *Rājatarāṅginī*, the famous history of Kashmir. One of the owners of the firm was a Bābū Pyārē Lāl, who appears to have been keenly interested in translations, in particular of Reynolds' novels. In October 1915, Pyārē Lāl started a journal, *Tarjumān* (Translator; Interpreter)—arguably the first Urdu monthly published from Lahore—with TRF as its editor.¹⁶

As described on the cover, *Tarjumān* was to be a monthly journal of "Philosophy, Science, and Literature" that would appear on the first of every month. More information followed inside. The journal did not intend to publish "religious" or "political" articles, nor anything that could be considered against "good taste" (*mazāq-e salīm*). Its articles would please people of any class (*ṭabqā*) or sex (*jins*). The initial issues were to run to sixty pages in dense calligraphy, and the annual subscription rate was set at Rs. 3, including postage. In addition to the promised fare of articles and poetry, the second issue also contained enthusiastic reviews of the journal's first issue, reprinted from some of its peer magazines. All describe TRF as an experienced writer of journal articles; one also calls him an experienced editor. None, however, mentions his talent for translation, which was probably not yet sufficiently displayed. The new magazine had much the same ambitions in the beginning as *Adīb* (Allahabad) and *Zamāna* (Kan-

¹⁵That is how the name of the firm appeared in an ad in *Adīb*; the address as given: 7, Parsons Road, Naulakha, Lahore.

¹⁶Near-complete files of this short-lived journal are available in Pakistan at the Punjab Public Library, Lahore, and in India at the Urdu Research Centre, Hyderabad. I examined only the former collection, which begins with the second issue (November 1915).

pur), though with an evident Arya Samajist concern. Some of the articles in its first volume, i.e. the first three issues, were: “Urdū aur Hindī kī Shā‘irī” (Poetry in Urdu and Hindi) by Professor Gōpāl Dutt Shāstrī; “Dōnōñ Tahzībōñ aur Tamaddunōñ mēñ Sarsarī Ikhtilāf” (The Superficial Difference Between the Two Civilizations) by Munshī Maḥbūb ‘Ālam; “Zātī Tarbiyat yā ‘Self Culture” (Self Training or “Self Culture”) by Munshī Hukum Čand Varmā; “Sā‘ins kā Mustaqbil” (The Future of Science) by Dr. Faiẓu’r-Raḥmān; “Mashriqī Tahzīb kī Filāsafī” (The Philosophy of the Eastern Civilization) by “A Staunch Hindu”; and “Malāyā kī Qadīm Hindū Nau-Ābādiyāt” (The Ancient Hindu Colonies in Malaya) by Dīvān Kripā Rām. The three issues also carried the following contributions by the editor: “Qadīm Āryā’ōñ kī Aṣlī Vaḥān” (The Original Home of the Ancient Aryans); “Kanēḍā mēñ Hindī Ṭalabā kī Ta‘līm” (The Education of Indian Students in Canada); and a long essay on Sir Syed ‘Alī Imām, a notable jurist and leader from Bihar. In addition, there were also two pieces of short fiction—“Āzādī kī Qīmat” (The Price of Liberty) and “Milāp” (Coming Together)—under the pseudonym “Bābū Raushan Lāl Šāḥib.”¹⁷ Despite the good reviews, the magazine failed to attract sufficient subscribers. It slowly began to change, as explained below, and was finished as a general magazine within three years.

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If a history of popular literature in Urdu is ever written it will describe 1916 as the most significant year with reference to thrillers and mysteries. Two major linked events happened that year. The first was the publication of a small book of 227 pages called *Nīlī Čhatrī* (The Blue Cenotaph). Its author was Zāfar ‘Umar (1884–1949), a graduate of the M.A.O. College, Aligarh, and an officer in the Indian Police Service. It was not an original piece of writing—its English source was clearly indicated inside—but a beautifully Indianized Urdu version of Maurice Leblanc’s *The Hollow Needle*.¹⁸ Its core was a fine tale of mystery; its Urdu was supple, and devoid of detracting literary flourishes; and its milieu—the newly burgeoning colonial Delhi

¹⁷Unfortunately, I did not pay much attention to the two pieces when I examined the journal, and cannot say if they were original stories or translations. I was unaware that TRF had also used a pseudonym at one time in his life.

¹⁸Maurice Leblanc (1864–1941). The French original, *L’Aiguille Creuse*, came out in 1909, and its English translation, *The Hollow Needle*, a year later. Zāfar ‘Umar translated the latter’s title as *Polī Sū‘ī*, but chose to give his version the far more attractive name. I am presently working on a study of Zāfar ‘Umar and his four mystery books.

and its moneyed people—was an enjoyable mix of the familiar and the exotic for most Urdu readers. Most importantly, it presented Arsène Lupin, Leblanc's hugely popular gentleman thief and master of disguise, cleverly Indianized as *Bahrām*. The book was an instant hit. And the name of its hero so gripped people's imagination that twenty years later it formed a part of the titles of at least forty-four books, all about his further exploits in India.¹⁹

The extraordinary commercial success of *Nilī Čhatrī* was no doubt noted by TRF and his publisher in Lahore. TRF had already started translating Reynolds' *Mysteries of London* for Lall Bros., starting where the earlier translator, Zafar 'Alī Khān, had left off.²⁰ Its first installment appeared in the July 1916 issue of *Tarjūmān*. Two months later, the September issue delighted readers with the first installment of a new serialized novel: *Inqilāb-e Yōrap*. It was an acknowledged translation of Maurice Leblanc's more ambitious work, *813* (1910). The translator's name was given as "Bābū Raushan Lāl," describing him as a writer whose stories and articles had appeared in important Urdu journals. The pretense was dropped when the full book was published separately two years later. In later years, TRF always proudly claimed to have first introduced Lupin to Urdu readers, naming this particular book.²¹

The popularity of the two serials, together with a lack of support for the original conception of the magazine, convinced both TRF and Pyārē Lāl to devote the publication exclusively to serialized translations. Eventually the magazine was replaced by two separate "series," to which people could subscribe as they pleased. Each cost Rs. 7 and 8 annas per annum, with a discount for subscribing to both. One series was exclusively devoted to works by Reynolds, the other contained thrillers and mysteries (*surāgh-rasānī kē nāvil*) by diverse authors.²² Both were translated by TRF. *Inqi-*

¹⁹These were listed in the 1936 catalogue issued by the Siddique Book Depot, one of Lucknow's major booksellers and publishers.

²⁰Later acclaimed as Maulānā Zafar 'Alī Khān, the editor of *Zamindār*, he was also the much praised translator of Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book* under the title *Jaṅgal mēñ Maṅgal*.

²¹For example in the introduction to *Daghā kā Putlā*—Leblanc's *The Return of Arsène Lupin*—TRF wrote: "Since the time I introduced Arsène Lupin to the Urdu public in the novel *Inqilāb-e Yōrap* there has always been a huge demand for new adventures of that amazing character."

²²The latter, too, must have come out in two or three installments, with continuous pagination, and only later been bound together and sold as complete books. An ad published around 1924 in another publisher's book indicates that *Khūnī Hīrā* originally came out in two parts, *Khūnī Talvār* in four parts, and *Vaṭan Parast* in four parts. Similarly, we know that *Manzil-e Maqṣūd* was originally issued in three

lāb-e Yōrap was followed by another work by Leblanc: *The Confessions of Arsène Lupin* (1912), translated as *Sharīf Badma‘āsh* (1919). Much later, TRF also translated *The Hollow Needle*, naming his book *Shāhī Khazāna* (The Royal Treasury). What he wrote in its introduction is worth noting for his bold, though polite, assertions about his own work.

Inqilāb-e Yōrap, Sharīf Badma‘āsh, Čaltā-Purza, Khūnī Hirā, Naqlī Navāb, Khūnī Čarāgh—having already translated so many novels about Arsène Lupin, I need not provide any introduction to Maurice Leblanc, the author of that great series. The world knows of his magical art, and every fond reader of novels is aware of his achievements. Even those who do not know his literary progeny, Lupin, by his real name, are doubtless aware of him in the guise of “Bahrām.” The popularity of the two in Urdu literature needs no explanation.

But excess diminishes quality. Using Bahrām as a cover, people have written preposterous tales of their own that are against the intentions of the original author. They fail all standards of realism. In some of these tales the authors have not hesitated to show that [Bahrām] was a cruel man, even a killer. Then there are those gentlemen who set out to translate the original English novels. Bearing in mind [what Ghālib wrote,]

Lustful men now worship beauty,
Making the connoisseurs feel ashamed.

I had given up on the remaining titles, leaving them for the above-mentioned gentlemen. But many friends made persistent demands, and forced me to undertake the completion of what I had started.²³

By then TRF was off and running. Having discovered his forte—straight translation, without any attempt at Indianizing the narrative—TRF worked at a pace that still amazes us. An advertisement by Lall Bros. in one of the undated fascicles of *Ghurūr-e Husn*—Reynolds’ *Agnes, or Beauty and Pleasure* (1854–55)—gives us a good idea of his taste in popular novels and the pace at which he worked at the time. The ad lists four major works by Reynolds and forty individual novels by other writers, including Guy Boothby, Maurice Leblanc, Sax Rohmer, William Le Queux, and Valentine Williams, all translated by TRF. The four novels by Reynolds come in at almost twelve thousand pages, while the forty diverse novels add another twelve thousand pages. According to my estimate, *Ghurūr-e Husn* was published in full sometime before 1939 and came to nearly 3,200 pages. In other words, in twenty years or less, TRF had published over twenty-seven thousand pages of translated fiction!

parts and *Kārnāmajāt-e Sharlāk Hōmz* in two.

²³(Jalandhar: Narā’in Dutt Sehgal, 1952), n.p.

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Before continuing further with TRF's literary career, we should say something about his translations. To begin with, TRF's translations seldom show any gross inaccuracy, certainly nothing that would detract the reader or reduce the worth of TRF's work now. Secondly, his translations are never crudely literal; nor, for that matter, do they use any cloyingly "idiomatic" Urdu. His goal, in my estimate, was a translation that was close enough to the original, and, most importantly, read well and fast in Urdu. He shortened as he translated, but made sure not to leave out anything that was significant to the narrative's original purpose—suspense and surprise—and his readers' expectations—a language that neither reduced the attractive exoticness of the story nor created some linguistic barrier to their immediate pleasure (see Appendix A for some examples). His translations are notably felicitous in the descriptive passages of the narratives, recreating in Urdu the European milieu and locales of the original. As for the dialogues in the novels, TRF was much more successful with books whose original language was neutral or prosaic, and not overly colorful, colloquial, slangy, or highly particularized in any other manner. He probably read and enjoyed such authors as Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, and Mickey Spillane, but he never attempted to translate them. He seems to have wasted no time on pulp fiction, such as the books about Sexton Black and his sidekick Tinker that inspired Ibn-e Šafī in the 1950s. And he gave up on Leslie Charteris (one novel) and Erle Stanley Gardner (two novels) very quickly. Again and again he went back to earlier writers, preferably the British. Here it may be interesting to note what he wrote very early on in *Tarjumān* in response to a request from some readers.

People have generally liked the translation of *Fasāna-e Landan* being published in this journal for two months, but some have objected that we do not use the style that is now commonly used in Urdu novels for dialogues. What they desire is this: each speaker's name should be given in bold letters and his inner feelings should be indicated next to the name and within brackets. For example, where we write, "Mr. Greenwood angrily said," they wish us to write, "Mr. Greenwood (angrily):..." These readers do not know that the style they desire originated in plays. Some misunderstanding got it popularized in Urdu [fiction]. But, except for Urdu, that style is not used for dialogues in any other civilized language of the world. The reason is that its use kills the reader's pleasure; it also disables the writer from fully delineating the inner feelings of the character. We are not bound to follow a bad practice just because it has become customary in some language.²⁴

²⁴*Tarjumān* (Lahore) (Sept. 1916), in the section titled *Khayālāt va Maqālāt*, n.p.

Most interestingly, TRF genuinely perceived in the books he chose to translate a degree of serious, even moralistic, intention on the part of the original authors. To him their novels were inquiries into the human situation, offering insight into some hitherto unnoticed aspect of human nature, even a moral lesson. He would point to some such aspect in his own introductions to the books, often underscoring his view by appending suitable Persian and Urdu verses on a facing page. Here is what he wrote concerning *Tabkhāne kā Rāz* (The Secret of the Cellar):

I present something special in this new series of mystery (*jāsūsī*) novels.²⁵ It has not merely the details of the crime, the pursuit and arrest of the criminal and his conviction, the learned author has also paid special attention to the moral aspects of the story. He has explained how a man is sometimes pressed by the circumstances into committing a crime, but later begins to feel ashamed of it. The trouble is that no one takes note of his regret and shame. Consequently, the unfortunate man, in order to keep his one bad deed hidden, commits one or more similar crimes, and thus, step by step, marches into a wilderness where he can no longer protect himself from the surrounding thorns.²⁶

Some of TRF's readers also appreciated the moralities he discovered in mystery novels; it throws significant light on the way people received his books at the time as compared to now. Mr. Keval Rām of Dera Bugti, for example, wrote to TRF about the books by Maurice Leblanc: "All the books [you published] are interesting in their own right, but the depiction ... of human existence that M. Leblanc achieves is unmatched. This unique author teaches us a lesson in self-confidence that is not offered by any other author."²⁷ A revealing statement of that nature was made even later by Dayā Krishna "Gardish," in his prefatory note to *Klabfuṭ kī Vāpsī* (The Return of the Clubfoot), TRF's final book.

Richardson and Fielding wrote so much about domestic life, human character and society that those who came after them had to turn to sex to make their works appear new and interesting. French writers still do it. But in America and England some people rejected that destructive trend, and

²⁵ *Jāsūs*, in Urdu, means "spy" as well as "detective." At first the word was used indiscriminately, but gradually a new word became accepted for the latter: *surāgh-rasān*, lit. "clue-bringer." The adjective, *jāsūsī*, still carries both meanings. Interestingly, TRF himself coined a word, *larza-āvar*, lit. "shivers-bringing," as an equivalent for the English "thriller," but it did not catch on.

²⁶ Introduction to *Tabkhānē kā Rāz*, (Jalandhar: Narā' in Dutt Sehgal, post-1947), n.p. I was unable to identify the original novel by J.W. Norton.

²⁷ Appended in *Khūnī Shaiṭān* (Jalandhar: Narā' in Dutt Sehgal, post-1947), n.p.

found new heights for their imagination's flights. Thus was born the art of the detective story. That innovation became extremely popular, and now hundreds of new masterpieces of that genre appear annually and are readily purchased by eager readers.

And so it was that at a time when Indian writers, imitating the eighteenth-century literatures of Europe, were bent upon making sex the core of human character and consequently setting afire every Indian household, Munshi Tirath Rām made an effort to protect the public mind from filth and took up the challenge to present masterpieces of English mystery fiction in Urdu.

(1954, 3–4)

*

Returning to TRF's literary career, while his earliest major translations were exclusively published by Lall Bros., a few minor books continued to appear under several other imprints. For a while, I suspect, he tried to publish and sell his own minor books under the imprint, *Dā'ira-e Adabiya*, for it shared the address he sometimes mentioned in his prefaces: 311 Ram Gali No. 8, Lahore. By the end of the 1920s, however, TRF found himself a new permanent publisher: Narā'in Dutt Sehgal & Sons of Lahore.²⁸ He stayed with them for the rest of his life, only rarely gracing some other publisher's list more than once. Sehgal expanded TRF's readership by bringing out Hindi versions of many of his translations.

By that time the fad for Reynolds was beginning to diminish, and so, after doing one more Reynolds book for Sehgal, TRF devoted himself exclusively to bringing into Urdu different interesting thrillers, again mostly by British writers. He keenly wished for his readers to discover new writers with his help, and chided them when they clamored for more books by old favorites. When asked to translate a few more books by Maurice Leblanc and Guy Boothby, he told his readers to recognize that *yaksāniyat* (monotone) was tiresome, and that, in fact, each new author he had introduced had immediately grabbed their attention. He took pride in his "discoveries." All his books carried short introductory notes that described the book and its author. In some cases he added brief additional remarks that he thought could make his readers take more interest in a new author. Here, for example, is his introduction to *Hirōn kā Bādshāh* (The King of Diamonds), his translation of Jacques Futrelle's *The Diamond Master* (1909), published in 1928:

Like Ernest Davies and Charles McEvoy, Jacques Futrelle, the author of this book, is a new name. It is also possible that it too, like those two names,

²⁸Their shop was located outside the Lohari Gate.

may never appear again in this series. Still there were certain notable qualities in this author that compelled his inclusion. The first is the fast pace of the story, which never allows our interest to sag. The second special feature is the detailed account of the ways and methods of the American police, including their famous “third degree.” The book’s third quality, which was also the main reason for its inclusion, is that it brings into the narrative some new and amazing scientific discoveries. That itself should keenly attract the attention of my compatriots. In short, though the tale is short it has many interesting features.

(n.p.)

Portions of another introduction throw light on some other concerns and also illustrate a curious streak of naiveté in TRF. He translated several “Fu Manchu” novels by Sax Rohmer. They were, of course, classics of the racist impulse in European imperialism, and Rohmer’s Dr. Fu Manchu epitomized the “Yellow Peril” of every imperialist’s perfervid mind. TRF, however, took those novels quite seriously, as if they were based on some Chinese reality. He described Fu Manchu as a heroic figure, calling him a *mard-e jarrār* (a fearless and bold man), an expression he also used with reference to such fictional heroes as Norman Conquest, Bulldog Drummond, and Simon Templar. He also believed that Rohmer was a respectable Orientalist. Here is what TRF wrote at some length about the dilemma he found himself in when he published *Ḍāktar Fū Mānčū*—Rohmer’s *The Mystery of Dr. Fu Manchu* (1903)—having already translated some of Rohmer’s non-Fu Manchu books:

To the kind friends who take delight in my translations the author of this book, Sax Rohmer, must not be a new name. The increasing popularity of the few books already put into Urdu makes evident how praiseworthy my readers have found the writings of this prominent Western *mustashriq* (Orientalist).

Though all the books of this talented novelist are ever so interesting, there are some that may be regarded as uniquely appealing. What I present now is one such book. Dr. Fu Manchu is a character entirely new in Urdu. You should not expect this book to be the kind of mystery in which one or two murders occur, setting in motion efforts by the police or some professional detective that finally reveal the secret behind the incidents. From that perspective, the present book is totally different. In it a prominent figure of the Far East, who possesses many good qualities but many more evil traits, becomes the head of a secret organization through which he seeks to obtain his heart’s only desire: the supremacy of the East over the West. The talented author presents this character through the pen-portrait of a man whose forehead shines with the brilliance of a Shakespeare, but whose dark heart is more ruthless than Satan’s. He possesses all the known and

not-so-well-known faculties, be they scholarly, spiritual, or human. When he sees any obstacle in his path he does not hesitate to destroy it, no matter what the cost. Somehow, two men, Nayland Smith and his dearest friend Dr. Petrie, repeatedly challenge this fearlessly bold and mysterious man, and try to bring him down. But, due to some shortcoming or other, they more or less always fail. [...]

As an accurate (*ṣaḥīḥ-nigār*) translator, I have restricted myself to presenting the learned author's ideas and words in their exact form. I am not one of those people who consider their knowledge (*qābiliyat*) superior to the author's, and start correcting his thinking. Nevertheless, considering the changing times and recent events, I humbly dare to offer that Dr. Fu Manchu is not Chinese. The traits and thinking that have been attributed to him and his helpers are absolutely not found in Chinese people. Observation and experience have shown the people of China to be extremely refined (*sharīf*), gentle (*salīm* ^{ṭ-ṭab}), and fair-minded (*inṣāf-pasand*). That is why, as I read and translated the book, I was repeatedly compelled to conclude that Fu Manchu's true name must have been different. After all, it is an established fact that Western writers, before they start writing on any subject, strive greatly to obtain every kind of information about it. Of course, to err or misunderstand is integral to human nature. Who knows if our learned author also erred in some manner in his understanding of the events? "And Allah is the best Knower."²⁹

*

The partnership between TRF and Narā'in Dutt Sehgal was fruitful; in quick succession TRF added more titles to an already long list. And though he often shrewdly went back to his readers' favorites, he continued to "discover" and translate new masters of mystery fiction. The partnership was not broken in 1947, when both TRF and Sehgal left Lahore to take refuge in India, where they gradually reestablished themselves in Jalandhar.³⁰

The two had left Lahore in haste, apparently expecting to return and recover their possessions later. It, however, did not happen. Sehgal never recovered his stock, and TRF never again saw his precious library and his unfinished manuscripts. The pain of losing his lovingly collected books is evident in some of TRF's responses to his readers' letters that were included in a few post-1947 books. They also reveal to us his resilience; his will to start anew with what he regarded a lifelong commitment to his readers as much as his only source of livelihood.

²⁹Introduction to *Dāktar Fū Mānčū* (Lahore: Narā'in Dutt Sehgal, 1944), n.p.

³⁰Ironically, Tirath Rām's residence in Jalandhar was at 236 Islamabad, Near Aḍḍa Bastiyān. Sehgal's shop was in Mūhalla Thāpran.

Rāja Ghulām Qādir Khān, Bahawalpur State [Pakistan]: I am one of your oldest admirers, and have been reading your novels ever since you first published in your magazine, *Tarjumān*, Arsène Lupin's greatest adventure, *Inqilāb-e Yōrap*.... Even now I get your new series as published from Karachi. I [cannot express but only feel] in my heart the unique quality of your translations. I trouble you now to ask what happened to those earlier authors of yours such as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Maurice Leblanc, Valentine Williams, Sax Rohmer, and William Le Queux? Why have you forgotten them totally?

TRF: Rāja Šāhib cannot be unaware of the great change that took place as a result of the so-called division of the country. Some, no doubt, made much profit from it, and if you were to ask them they would perhaps express a desire for many more similar divisions that could shower gold on them. But my situation is far removed from theirs. The vast majority of my readers were Muslims. And so, when the talk of the Partition started, I for one had made up my mind to stay on in Lahore, whether it became a part of Pakistan or not. Consequently, [when I left Lahore] I saw no need to bring with me even those few select books, chosen after reading hundreds of novels, that I had set aside to translate, what to say of my other possessions. Among those books were scores of masterpieces of the kind that you now ask for. The Partition taught me that the English saying, "An Englishman's home is his castle," is true only for those who live in England. God alone knows what happened to those [selected] books? In my present situation I search for those authors' books, but cannot find any; I must perforce look for new authors all the time. If you have relatives living in Karachi, please try to obtain for me any of the following books. It will be a personal favor to me....

1. *The Beetle* by Richard Marsh.
2. *His Last Bow* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.
3. *The Valley of Fear* by [Sir Arthur Conan] Doyle.
4. *The Blue Lagoon* by Henry De Vere Stacpoole.
5. *The Teeth of the Tiger* by Maurice Leblanc.
6. *The Charing Cross Mystery* by J.S. Fletcher.
7. *The Crouching Beast* by Valentine Williams.
8. *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* by Fergus Hume.

I have published these details so that some other friend, aside from the Rāja Šāhib, might be able to obtain for me, through purchase or loan, any of the above. Again, I shall consider it a personal favor.³¹

³¹At the end of *Sarā'evālī*, (No. 13 (?) in the "New Series") (Jalandhar: Narā'in Dutt Sehgal, n.d.), n.p. It also suggests that TRF had stayed on in Jalandhar, for he could easily have found several of the books in Delhi's many libraries had he moved there.

The appeal must have succeeded, for at least three of the above books were translated and published in India. Appended in one of them—*Vādī-e Khauf* (Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Valley of Fear*)—we find a few other revealing exchanges.

Dwārka Dās Agravāl, Jarwal Road [India]: How many Dr. Fu Manchu books did you translate? Why didn't you complete the set?

TRF: The last novel in the series, *Fū Māncū kā Anjām*, was ready when the whirlwind of the country's division arose and blew away everything that was precious as so much rubbish and dust.³² I believe that God on the Judgment Day shall ask someone: Was that how you served Urdū, by selling off rare books of every kind as if they were so much garbage? May I be then asked to step forward and give my evidence.

‘Abdu’r-Razzāq ‘Abdu’l-Ḥa’i, Karachi [Pakistan]: The new novels you are publishing are fine, but they don't have the élan (*raunaq*) that was in the old series from Lahore. Are you done with the two series about Holmes and Lupin? ... I have two brothers studying in London; they will be most happy to help if you need anything from there. Meanwhile, please keep sending us the books of the “New Series.” We are your permanent customers.

TRF: The élan you look for cannot be found in a heart that has no fire left in it. How can [I] now display the zest and passion, the sense of exultation I earlier used to experience whenever [I] started on some new masterpiece after going through my collection of hundreds of books? Those books disappeared from the market years ago, and cannot be found now even in London. But I keep trying.

Kēval Singh, Hoshiyarpur [India]: Is there any novel about Arsène Lupin that has not been translated? Can it find a place among the books you are working on now? We have waited a long time.

TRF: I had set aside to translate two or three Lupin novels in Lahore. What happened to them? You should ask the wind that blows over Pakistan. I cannot now find the original books, and hence cannot translate any.³³

The pain he felt also showed in the way he frequently signed his name in the introductions to his later books, variously appending to it *Āvāra-e Vaṭan* (Exiled from Homeland), *Bē-Vaṭan* (Devoid of Homeland), or *Bē-Ārām* (Devoid of Peace).

By early 1949, however, both TRF and Sehgal were reasonably well settled in Jalandhar and getting on with their new lives. Sehgal started his book business, both as a seller and a publisher, and announced a *Silsila-e*

³²A book by that title was published from Karachi (Pakistan) with his name on it, but I could not determine if it was during his life.

³³In a two-page appendix entitled: *Dō-dō Bātēñ, unkī Suniē aur Hamārī bhī* (A Few Words, Theirs and Ours), (n.p.: n.p., n.d.), n.p.

Jadīd (New Series) of translations to be done by TRF. In the new scheme, a person could join by paying a one-time fee of one rupee, thus becoming eligible for a twenty-five percent discount on all future books. Not every book was a new translation, yet TRF's pace of work was remarkably fast. In an ad at the end of *Baṛā Bhā'ī*—J. S. Fletcher's *The Markmore Mystery* (1922)—the publisher tells us that “in the period of nearly three years since coming here after the upheaval (*inqilāb*) in Punjab,” he had published twenty-two titles in the “New Series.” Another ad in the same book lists the nineteen earlier titles already reprinted, plus sixteen more that were planned if copies could be found.³⁴

As could be expected, TRF's old admirers warmly received the new titles, while the reprinted earlier titles—many in pirated editions in both India and Pakistan—gained him an ever-increasing number of fresh new readers all across South Asia. He received many comforting letters; some of the readers noted a turn for the better.

Mr. Kēval Rām of Dera Bugti, Pakistan: I read the new novels. Your pen is gaining ever more strength.

Mr. Shamīm Aḥmad of Nainital, India: I was delighted to read *Jaṅgal mēñ Lāsh*. Thank God that after a very long time you showed us your real form again.

(Appendix to *Vādī-e Khauf*, n.d., n.p.)

One brief note from Kamāl Amrōhī, the famous film director and writer, read:

I have had the privilege of reading your translations for a very long time, in fact since the time I developed any taste for literature.... Without doubt your work in Urdu literature is worth its weight in gold, and all your selections worthy of praise. I have been thinking for a long time to urge you to take some interest in films too.³⁵

We have no record of how TRF responded to his suggestion—one now wishes he had, and positively—but it should be noted that Kamāl Amrōhī's first big hit as a director, *Maḥal* (1949), was a tale of mystery, and very different from his prior and later work.

Clearly, TRF's life, whether in Jalandhar or in Delhi, had again gained

³⁴We also learn that by then N.D. Sehgal had opened a store in Chowk Fatehpuri, Delhi, and brought out more Hindi versions of TRF's books. Sehgal's business eventually closed in the 1970s and the remaining stock was bought by Ahluwalia & Sons of Karol Bagh, Delhi.

³⁵Appended in *Kālī Niqāb*, (No. 14 (?) in the “New Series”), (Lahore: Narā'in Dutt Sehgal, n.d.), n.p.

a degree of peace and comfort. Sadly, it did not last many years. Barely seven years after leaving his beloved Lahore, TRF passed away in 1954. He was only sixty-nine. The news must have appeared widely in the Urdū press. It also reached his countless readers through the book that was published immediately after his death: *Klabfuṭ ki Vāpsī*—Valentine William’s *The Man with the Clubfoot* (1918). It carried the above-mentioned preface by Dayā Krishna “Gardish,” which mourned his demise but gave no details, not even the city where he died. An ad in the book informed the world that TRF, at the time of his death, had been putting finishing touches to a translation of Henry Holt’s *Wanted for Murder* (1938). No prospective Urdu title was mentioned. To the best of my knowledge, the book was never published. □

Appendix A

TRF was not interested in making a word-for-word translation, either literal or idiomatic. Instead, his aim was to retain in Urdu all that was necessary to provide his readers a good read. He kept intact the plot and the devices that created suspense in it; the narrative line of the original remained unchanged. However, he abridged and slightly reshuffled the text if he felt it helped in maintaining a balanced but quick pace in narration. Digressions and asides in the original were often removed or radically shortened. That happened much in the case of the sprawling sagas by G. W. M. Reynolds, who never tired of breaking his narrative to launch into lengthy political and social commentary as he thought fit. The first example below illustrates it well, where many pages of the original were reduced to four short paragraphs.

As for adding anything of his own, TRF was careful to limit himself to surface matters alone. An Urdu proverb here, a hemistich from some Persian poem there, but nothing pointedly out of character or context. These minimal additions enhanced the reading pleasure of his fans. They provided an attractive touch of the familiar to what, otherwise, could have read too much as a translation from some language far removed from Urdu.

Below are three examples from his work, first the English original, then the Urdu translation. (The break in the Urdu text in the first example amounts to only a few words lost due to an error in scanning on my part. The portions in the English text that were totally excluded by TRF have been put in bold font.)

1. From *The Mysteries of London*, vol. 2, by G.W.M. Reynolds.

CHAPTER CLXXXV: ANOTHER NEW YEAR'S DAY

It was the 1st of January, 1841.

If there be any hour in the life of man when he ought to commune with his own heart, that proper interval of serious reflection is to be found on New Year's Day.

Then, to the rightly constituted mind, the regrets for the past will serve as finger-posts and guides to the hopes of the future.

The heathen mythology depicted Janus with two faces, looking different ways:—so let the human heart, when on the first day of January, it stands between two years, retrospect carefully over the one that has gone, and combine all its solemn warnings for use and example in the new one which has just commenced.

This also is the day that recalls, with additional impressiveness, the memory of those dear relatives and friends whose mortal forms have been swept away by the viewless and voiceless stream of Time.

Nor less do fond parents think, amidst tears and prayers, of their sons who are absent in the far-off places of the earth,—fighting the battles of their country on the burning plains of India, or steering their way across the pathless solitudes of the ocean.

But, alas! little reck the wealthy and great for those whose arms defend them, or whose enterprise procures them all the bounties of the earth.

An oligarchy has cramped the privileges and monopolised the rights of a mighty nation.

Behold the effects of its infamous Poor-Laws;—contemplate the results of the more atrocious Game-Laws;—mark the consequences of the Corn-Laws.

THE POOR-LAWS! Not even did the ingenuity of the Spanish or Italian Inquisitions conceive a more effectual method of deliberate torture and slow death, than the fearful system of mental-abasement and gradient starvation invented by England's legislators. When the labourer can toil for the rich no longer, away with him to the workhouse! When the old man, who has contributed for half a century to the revenue of the country, is overtaken by sudden adversity at an age which paralyses his energies, away with him to the workhouse! When the poor widow, whose sons have fallen in the ranks of battle or in defence of the wooden walls of England, is deprived of her natural supporters, away with her to the workhouse! The workhouse is a social dung-heap on which the wealthy and great fling those members of the community whose services they can no longer render available to their selfish purposes.

THE GAME-LAWS! Never was a more atrocious monopoly than that which reserves the use of certain birds of the air or animals of the earth to a small and exclusive class. The Almighty gave man "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth;" and those who dare to monopolise any of these, to the prejudice of their fellow creatures, fly in the face of the Lord of all! The Game-Laws have fabricated an offence which fills our prisons—as if there were not already crimes enough to separate men from their families and plunge them into loathsome dungeons. That offence is one

of human construction, and exists only in certain countries: it is not a crime against God—nor is it deemed such in many enlightened states. The selfish pleasures of a miserably small minority demand the protection of a statute which is a fertilising source of oppression, wretchedness, ruin, and demoralization. The Game-Laws are a rack whereon the aristocracy loves to behold its victims writhing in tortures, and where the sufferers are compelled to acknowledge as a heinous crime a deed which has in reality no moral turpitude associated with it.

THE CORN-LAWS! Were the Russian to boast of his freedom, Common Sense would point to Siberia and to the knout, and laugh in his face. When the Englishman vaunts the glory of his country's institutions, that same Common Sense comes forward and throws the Corn Laws in his teeth. What! liberty in connexion with the vilest monopoly that ever mortal policy conceived? Impossible! England manufactures articles which all the civilised world requires; and other states yield corn in an abundance that defies the possibility of home consumption. And yet an inhuman selfishness has declared that England shall not exchange her manufactures for that superfluous produce. No—the manufactures may decay in the warehouses here, and the grain abroad may be thrown to the swine, sooner than a miserable oligarchy will consent to abandon one single principle of its shameless monopoly. The Corn-Laws are a broom which sweeps all the grain on the threshing-floor into one corner for the use of the rich, but which leaves the chaff scattered every where about for the millions of poor to use as best they may.

The aristocracy of England regards the patience of the masses as a bow whose powers of tension are unlimited: but the day must come, sooner or later, when those who thus dare to trifle with this generous elasticity will be struck down by the violence of the recoil.

Although our legislators—trembling at what they affect to sneer at under the denomination of “the march of intellect”—obstinately refuse to imitate enlightened France by instituting a system of national education,—nevertheless, the millions of this country are now instructing themselves!

Honour to the English mechanic—honour to the English operative: each alike seeks to taste of the tree of learning, “whose root is bitter, but whose fruits are sweet!”

Thank God, no despotism—no tyranny can arrest the progress of that mighty intellectual movement which is now perceptible amongst the industrious millions of these realms.

And how excellent are the principles of that self instruction which now tends to elevate the moral condition of the country. It is not confined within the narrow limits which churchmen would impose: it embraces the sciences—the arts—all subjects of practical utility,—its aim being to model the mind on the solid basis of Common Sense.

To the millions thus enlightened, Religion will appear in all its purity, and the objects of Government in all their simplicity. The holy Christian

worship will cease to be regarded as an apology for endowing a Church with enormous revenues; and political administration must no longer be considered as a means of rendering a small portion of the community happy and prosperous to the utter prejudice of the vast remainder.

There breathes not a finer specimen of the human race than a really enlightened and liberal-minded Englishman. But if *he* be deserving of admiration and applause, who has received his knowledge from the lips of a paid preceptor—how much more worthy of praise and respect is *the self-instructed mechanic!*

But to resume our narrative.

It was the 1st of January, 1841.

The time-piece on the mantel in Mr. Greenwood's study had just struck two in the afternoon.

That gentleman himself was pacing the apartment in an agitated manner.

His handsome dressing-gown of oriental pattern was not arranged, with the usual contrived air of negligence, to display the beautiful shirt-front, over which hung the gold chain of his Breguet-watch:—on the contrary, it had evidently been hurried on without the least regard to effect.

The writing-table was heaped with a confused pile of letters and accounts—not thrown together for show, but lying in the actual disorder in which they had been tossed aside after a minute investigation.

Though not absolutely slovenly in his present appearance, Mr. Greenwood had certainly neglected his toilet on that day; and the state of his room moreover proved that he was too much absorbed in serious affairs to devote time to the minor considerations of neatness and the strict propriety of order.

There was a cloud upon his brow; and his manner was restless and unsettled.

فسانہ لندن، جلد یازدہم (پہلا باب، مایوسوں کا سہارا: امید)

یکم جنوری ۱۸۴۱ء کا دن تھا۔

سال نو کا پہلا دن اپنے اندر ایک خاص اہمیت رکھتا ہے، کیونکہ یہی وہ دن ہے جب انسان اپنی زندگی کے عہد ماضی اور زمانہ مستقبل پر ایک نظر ڈالنا ضروری سمجھتا ہے۔ اور اگر اس کی طبیعت میں عاقبت بینی کا مادہ حاضر ہے تو یقیناً اس کی گزشتہ غلطیاں آئندہ امیدوں کی رہبری میں بہت مدد دے سکتی ہیں۔

“Haven't you really a corner? I wouldn't mind where it was, as it is only for the night. Come now....”

“Very sorry, saire. We have two gentlemen sleeping in ze bathrooms already. If you had reserved...” And he shrugged his shoulders and bent towards a visitor who was demanding his key.

کلب فٹ کی واپسی باب اول۔ ایک ہولناک رات

ہوٹل کا محر رکھلے رجسٹر پر جھکا بیٹھا تھا۔ میرے بار بار کہنے پر وہ سیدھا بیٹھ کر ملامت آمیز نظروں سے میری طرف دیکھنے لگا،

پھر بولا:

’صاحب، اگر میرے سر کی انکاری حرکت کافی نہیں تھی تو زبانی عرض کرتا ہوں کہ ہوٹل کا کوئی ایک کمرہ بھی ایسا نہیں جو میں آپ کو رہنے کے لئے دے سکوں۔ سب کمرے مسافروں سے پر ہیں۔ مجھ کو انکار کر کے بے حد ملال ہوتا ہے لیکن... مجبوری ہے۔‘ اور یہ کہتے ہوئے اس نے کھلا رجسٹر پر شور آواز کے ساتھ اس طرح بند کر دیا گویا اس آخری اور قطعی فیصلہ کے برخلاف میرا کچھ کہنا سننا لا حاصل اور بے سود تھا۔

اور ادھر بیٹھ کہتا تھا کہ آج کے بعد پھر کبھی نہ برسوں گا۔ شاید دیوتاؤں نے آپس میں شرط لگا رکھی تھی کہ بارش اور آندھی کے اس طوفان میں کس کا نمبر اول رہے۔ جو مسافر باہر سے آتا پانی سے شرابور اور بے حد پریشان حال۔ لیکن انکے لئے ہوٹل کے کمروں کی پر آسائش فضا باعث اطمینان ہو سکتی تھی۔ حالانکہ میرا دل اس طوفان شدید میں قدم باہر نکالتے ہوئے گھبراتا تھا۔ یہ چوتھا انکاری جواب تھا جو مجھ کو ملا تھا، اور اب میری ذہنی کیفیت یہ تھی کہ اس باد و باران میں پانچویں جگہ تلاش کرنے کی نسبت کہیں پڑ کے دم توڑ دینا ہل نظر آتا تھا۔

اپنا آخری نادر شاہی فیصلہ صادر کرنے کے بعد ہوٹل کا محر کہیں اٹھ کر جانے لگا تھا کہ میں نے اس کے بازو پر ہاتھ رکھتے ہوئے منت آمیز لہجے میں کہا، ’خدا کے لئے کوئی چھوٹی سے چھوٹی جگہ دے دو۔ صرف ایک رات کی بات ہے۔ صبح میں یقیناً رخصت ہو جاؤں گا۔‘

وہ چلتا چلتا رک گیا، پھر بے صبری کے لہجے میں کہنے لگا: ’سمجھ میں نہیں آتا میں کس طرح آپ کا اطمینان کراؤں۔ اس وقت حالت یہ ہے کہ دو صاحب دو غسل خانوں کے فرش پر پڑے ہوئے ہیں۔ اگر آپ پہلے سے کمرہ ریز رو کر لیتے...‘

نفرہ کو نام تمام ہی چھوڑ کر اس نے شانوں کو حرکت دی اور ایک مسافر کی طرف مڑا جو باہر سے واپس آ کر اپنے کمرہ کی کنجی طلب کر رہا تھا۔

3. From *The Circular Staircase* by Mary Roberts Reinhart.

CHAPTER I: I TAKE A COUNTRY HOUSE

This is the story of how a middle-aged spinster lost her mind, deserted her domestic gods in the city, took a furnished house for the summer out of town, and found herself involved in one of those mysterious crimes that keep our newspapers and detective agencies happy and prosperous. For twenty years I had been perfectly comfortable; for twenty years I had had the window-boxes filled in the spring, the carpets lifted, the awnings put up and the furniture covered with brown linen; for as many summers I had said good-bye to my friends, and, after watching their perspiring hehira, had settled down to a delicious quiet in town, where the mail comes three times a day, and the water supply does not depend on a tank on the roof.

خونی چکر باب اول، پراسرار مکان

ریشل انزمیرا نام ہے، اور میں ایک سن رسیدہ کنواری عورت ہوں۔

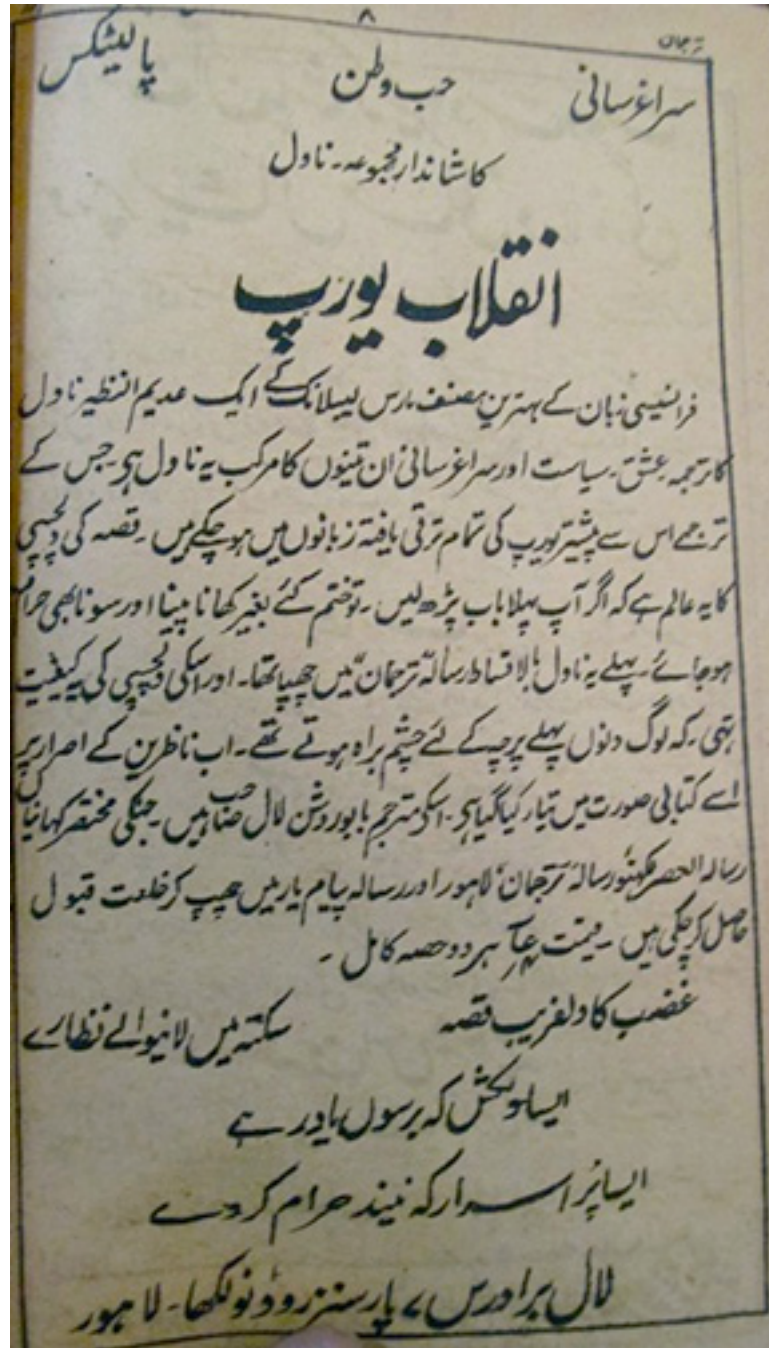
وہ پراسرار حالات اور عجیب و غریب واقعات جن کا میں ذکر کرنے بیٹھی ہوں دراصل اس مکان میں پیش آئے تھے۔ یہ میں نے پچھلے سال دیہات میں کرایہ پر لیا تھا۔ یہ گویا اس زمانے کی آپ بیتی ہے جو میں نے حماقت سے کہہ لو تو، شوئی قسمت سے کہہ لو تو، شہر سے باہر بسر کیا تھا۔ بہر حال یہ میری پہلی اور آخری غلطی تھی۔ اور اگر میں سو سال بھی زندہ رہ گئی تو کان کو ہاتھ لگا کر کہتی ہوں کہ پھر اس کے اعادہ کی جرأت نہ کروں گی۔

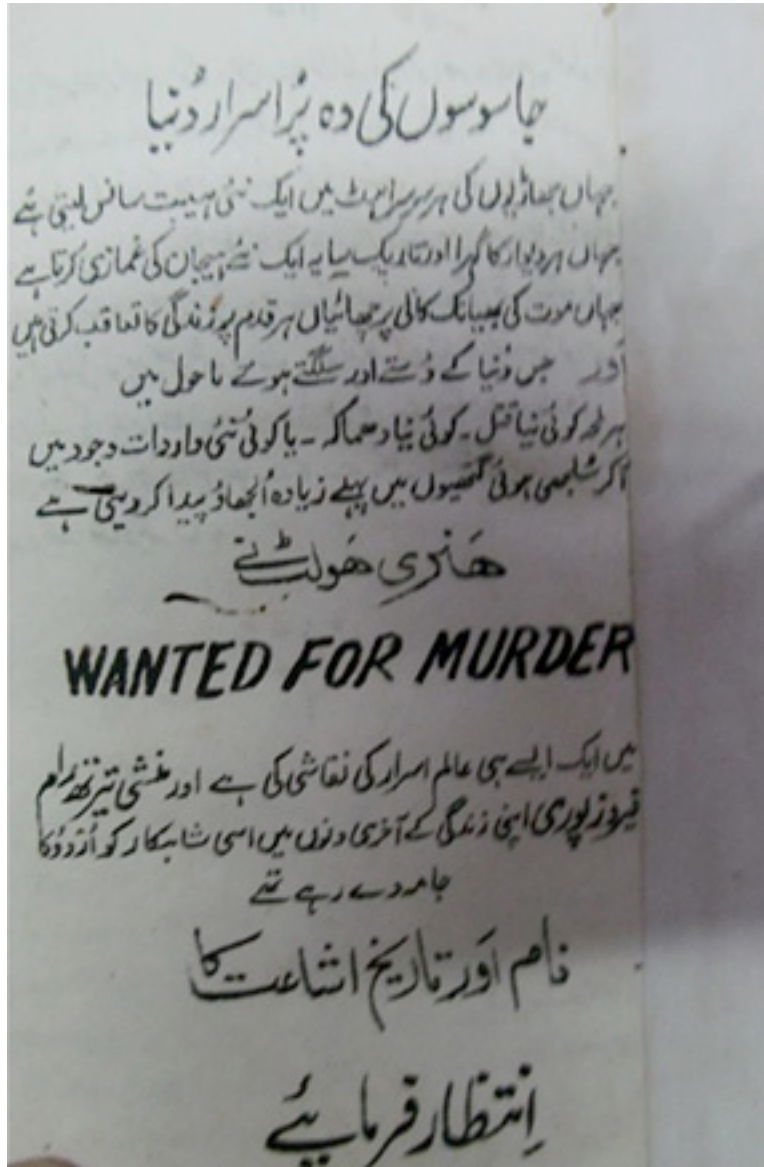
متواتر بیس سال مجھے اپنے شہر والے مکان میں رہتے ہو گئے تھے، اور میں ہر طرح خرم و مسرور تھی۔ دوست احباب اور ہمسائے ہر سال موسم گرما میں رخت باندھتے اور دیہات کی پرفضا کیفیتوں سے بہرہ اندوز ہونے کو رخصت ہوتے تھے۔ لیکن میرے لئے شہر کی عام آسائشیں ہی کافی تھیں۔ میں وہیں قالین اٹھوا کے، کمروں کو چھڑوا کے، اور کھڑکیاں صاف کرا کے آرام سے رہتی تھی۔ شہری زندگی سے مجھے طبعی لگاؤ ہے، اور میں انھیں مکانوں میں رہنا پسند کرتی ہوں جہاں کئی بار ڈاک آتی، اور دن رات بجلی رہتی ہے۔

Appendix B

Sample Frontispieces from Three of TRF's Books







A Bibliography of Tirath Ram Firozepuri (1885–1954)

The following three lists include books (1) physically examined at five libraries (Simla Public Library, Simla; Delhi University Library, Delhi; Maulana Azad Library, Aligarh Muslim University, Aligarh; Punjab Public Library, Lahore; and Dayal Singh Trust Library, Lahore), or (2) found listed as actually available in TRF's books and other contemporary books and catalogues, and in Mirza Hamid Beg's *Maghrib se Nasri Tarājim* (Islamabad, 1988). Page numbers and publishers' names were collected independent of each other; the former give a close enough idea of the size of the book, while the latter place it in a rough chronology as delineated in the essay.

(1) LB = Lall Bros., Lahore, ca. 1912–1929; (2) NDSL = Narā'in Dutt Sehgal, Lahore, ca. 1929–1947; (3) NDSJ = Narā'in Dutt Sehgal, Jalandhar, 1947–1954.

Original Writings

Serial No.	Title	Pages	Year	Publisher/Place
1	<i>Angrezī Mubāvarāt yā Mashqī Mubāvarāt</i> , 2 parts.	---, 64	1912	Lahore
2	<i>Anjām-i-Vafā</i>		1912?	Lahore
3	<i>Dast-i-Tāssuf</i>		1912?	Lahore
4	<i>Fann-i-Gharīsāzī</i>		1912	LB
5	<i>Ilāj bilā Dāktar</i>		1912	LB
6	<i>Jafā-i-Sitamgar</i> (Play based on Reynolds' <i>The Necromancer</i>)	33	1923	Lahore
7	<i>Lutf-i-Sehat</i>	192		Jalandhar
8	<i>Maḥmūd'a-i-'Itr</i>			Lahore
9	<i>Mukammal Hidāyat-Nāma-i-Dā'iyyān-i-Hind</i>	255		Lahore

Translations of English Romances and Thrillers

Serial No.	Urdu Title	Original Author/Title	Pages.; Year.; Publisher/Place
1	<i>Andhērī Galiyān</i>	—	- ; - ; -
2	<i>Āndhī</i>	" <i>Ēk Bē-nām Taṣnīf</i> " (Anonymous)	207; 1943; NDSL
3	<i>Anjām-e Havas</i>	J.S. Fletcher, <i>The Cartwright Gardens Murder</i> (1926)	359; - ; NDSJ

4	<i>Anmōl Hirā</i>	J.S. Fletcher, <i>The Million-Dollar Diamond</i> (1923)	163; - ; LB
5	<i>Āpbitiyān</i>	Autobiographical essays by various authors	154; - ; Lahore
6	<i>Ārsen Lūpan Jāsūs</i>	Maurice Leblanc, <i>Jim Barnett Intervenes</i> (1928)	294; - ; LB
7	<i>Ārsen Lūpan Sharīf Čōr</i>	Maurice Leblanc, <i>The Exploits of Arsène Lupin</i> (1909)	- ; - ; Lahore?
8	<i>Asīr-e Balā</i>	J.S. Fletcher	278; - ; NDSJ
9	<i>Asīr-e Havas</i>	Short novel	- ; - ; -
10	<i>Asīr-e Taqdīr</i>	—	- ; 1943; Lahore?
11	<i>Ātishī ‘Ainak ‘urf Pur-Asrār Lūpan</i>	A Holmes vs. Lupin novel, but not likely by Leblanc	198; - ; Lahore?
12	<i>Ātishī Kuttā</i>	Arthur Conan Doyle, <i>The Hound of the Baskervilles</i> (1902)	236+; - ; LB
13	<i>Ātma-Dakshinā yā Rūḥōn kā Khirāj</i>	Robert Smythe Hichens & Lord Frederic Hamilton, <i>A Tribute of Souls</i> (1897)	64; 1922; LB
14	<i>Āzādī</i>	George A. Birmingham, <i>The Lost Lawyer</i> (1921)	293; - ; LB
15	<i>Baḥr-e Fanā</i>	Maurice Leblanc, <i>Coffin Island</i> (1920)	416; - ; LB
16	<i>Baṛā Bḥā’ī</i>	J.S. Fletcher, <i>The Markenmore Mystery</i> (1922)	492; - ; NDSJ
17	<i>Blaikshart</i> , aka <i>Siyāḥpōsh</i>	Bruce Graeme, <i>Blacksbirt</i> (1925)	240; - ; Lahore
18	<i>Blaikshart kī Vāpsī</i>	Bruce Graeme, <i>The Return of Blacksbirt</i> (1927)	- ; - ; -
19	<i>Bulbul-e Asīr</i>	G.W.M. Reynolds	112; - ; Lahore?
20	<i>Čaltā Purza</i> , part 2 of <i>Sharīf Badma‘āsh</i>	Conclusion of Maurice Leblanc, <i>The Confessions of Arsène Lupin</i> (1912)	75; 1931; LB
21	<i>Čarāgh-talē Andḥērā</i>	Wilkie Collins, <i>My Lady’s Money</i> (1877)	287; - ; NDSL
22	<i>Čār Jāsūs</i>	Stories by different authors	136; - ; -
23	<i>Čār Khūn</i>	Richard Henry Savage	- ; - ; -
24	<i>Čār Sau Bīs ‘Auratēn</i>	—	191; - ; Lahore
25	<i>Čīryā kī Tikki</i>	Valentine Williams, <i>The Three of Clubs</i> (1924)	351; - ; LB
26	<i>Daghā kā Putlā</i>	Maurice Leblanc, <i>The Golden Triangle</i> , aka <i>The Return of Arsène Lupin</i> (1918)	288; - ; NDSL

27	<i>Dākṭar Fūmānčū</i>	Sax Rohmer, <i>The Mystery of Dr. Fu Manchu</i> (1913)	288; 1944; NDSL
28	<i>Dākṭar Fūmānchū kī Beṭī</i>	Sax Rohmer, <i>The Daughter of Fu Manchu</i> (1931)	278+; - ; NDSL
29	<i>Dākṭar Nikōlā</i>	Guy Boothby, <i>A Bid for Fortune, or Dr. Nikola's Vendetta</i> (1895)	527; - ; LB
30	<i>Dār-e Makāfāt</i>	A. Niven?/Anon.? Part 2 of <i>Sūnī Sēj</i>	- ; - ; NDSJ
31	<i>Dast-e Qazā</i>	Erle Stanley Gardner	- ; - ; NDSJ
32	<i>Dēotā kī Āṇkh</i>	Wilkie Collins, <i>The Moonstone</i> (1868)	408; - ; NDSJ
33	<i>Dōrangī Čāl</i>	—	- ; pre-1943; Lahore
34	<i>Farēb-e Hastī</i>	—	- ; - ; Lahore
35	<i>Farishta-e Intiqām</i>	Bruce Graeme, <i>Son of Blackshirt</i> (1941)	300; - ; NDSJ
36	<i>Fasāna-e Landan, Silsila-e Avval</i> , 17 vols.	G.W.M. Reynolds, <i>Mysteries of London</i> (1844)	2,348; 1924–55; LB
37	<i>Fasāna-e Landan, Silsila-e Dōyam</i> , 25 vols.	G.W.M. Reynolds, <i>Mysteries of London</i> (1844)	2,641; - ; LB
38	<i>Fūmānčū kā Anjām</i>	Sax Rohmer	400; - ; Karachi
39	<i>Fūmānčū kā Intiqām</i>	Sax Rohmer, <i>The Si-Fan Mysteries</i> , aka <i>The Hand of Fu Manchu</i> (1917)	- ; - ; NDSL
40	<i>Fūmānčū kī Talāsh</i>	Sax Rohmer	103; - ; Lahore
41	<i>Fūmānčū kī Vāpsī</i>	Sax Rohmer, <i>The Devil Doctor</i> , aka <i>The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu</i> (1916)	231; - ; NDSL
42	<i>Gardish-e Āfāq</i> , 28 vols.	G.W.M. Reynolds, <i>Joseph Wilmot, or the Memoirs of a Manservant</i> (1853–54)	3,432; pre-1939; LB
43	<i>Gardish-e Durūn</i>	J.S. Fletcher?	280; - ; Amritsar
44	<i>Ghurūr-e Husn</i> , 28 vols.	G.W.M. Reynolds, <i>Agnes, or Beauty and Pleasure</i> (1854–55)	3,208; - ; LB
45	<i>Girdāb-e Fanā</i>	J.S. Fletcher	220; - ; -
46	<i>Gumnām Musāfir</i> , aka <i>Lalitā</i>	William Le Queux, <i>The Sign of the Stranger</i> (1904)	- ; - ; LB
47	<i>Gunāb-e Bēlazzat aur Dūsri Hairat-aṅgēz Āpbittiyān</i>	Seven short autobiographies.	154; - ; Lahore
48	<i>Gunāb kē Adḍē</i>	—	- ; - ; -

49	<i>Gunāb kī Rāb</i>	—	- ; 1943; Lahore
50	<i>Haulnāk Asrār</i>	Six tales of after-death experiences	128; - ; Lahore
51	<i>Hirōn kā Bādsbāb</i>	Jacques Futrelle, <i>The Diamond Master</i> (1909)	152; 1928; LB
52	<i>Ḥūr-e Ẓulmāt</i>	E. Phillips Oppenheim, <i>A Daughter of Astrea</i> (1898)	155; pre-1943; LB
53	<i>Ḥusn kā Jādū</i>	G.W.M. Reynolds	175; - ; Delhi
54	<i>Inqilāb-e Zindagī</i>	—	- ; pre-1943; NDSL
55	<i>Inqilāb-e Yōrap</i>	Maurice Leblanc, <i>813</i> (1910)	400; 1917; LB
56	<i>Inṣāf</i>	Edgar Wallace, <i>The Four Just Men</i> (1905)	158; - ; LB
57	<i>ʿIshq aur Maut</i>	Short stories	- ; pre-1947; Rawalpindi
58	<i>Jaisē kō Taisā</i>	—	- ; - ; -
59	<i>Jaṅgal mēñ Lāsh</i>	Clifford Witting	- ; - ; NDSJ
60	<i>Jilāvatan aur Dīgar Afsāne</i>	Twelve short stories	184; - ; -
61	<i>Kālī Niqāb</i>	“Sapper”	312; - ; NDSL
62	<i>Kārnāmajāt-e Ārsen Lūpan</i>	Maurice Leblanc, <i>The Exploits of Arsène Lupin</i> (1907)	288; - ; LB
63	<i>Kārnāmajāt-e Sharlāk Hōmz</i>	Arthur Conan Doyle, <i>The Return of Sherlock Holmes</i> (1905)	318; - ; LB
64	<i>Karnī kā Phal</i>	E. Phillips Oppenheim, <i>The Peer and the Woman</i> (1895)	400; - ; LB
65	<i>Khanjar-e Bēdād</i>	Valentine Williams, <i>The Orange Divan</i> (1923)	383; - ; LB
66	<i>Khaufnāk Afsāne</i>	—	192; 1949; Amritsar
67	<i>Khaufnāk Jazīra</i>	Agatha Christie, <i>And Then There Were None</i> (1940)	360; - ; NDSL
68	<i>Khūnī Čakkār</i>	Mary Roberts Reinhart, <i>The Circular Staircase</i> (1908)	343; - ; LB
69	<i>Khūnī Čarāgh, aka Shama‘dān kā Rāz</i>	Maurice Leblanc, “The Jewish Lamp,” in <i>The Blonde Lady</i> (1910)	103; - ; LB
70	<i>Khūnī Dulḥan, aka Pur-asrār Dulḥan</i>	Erle Stanley Gardner, <i>The Case of the Curious Bride</i> (1934) (?)	352; - ; -
71	<i>Khūnī Hirā</i>	Maurice Leblanc, “The Arrest of Arsène Lupin” (1907)	169; - ; LB
72	<i>Khūnī Intiqām</i>	—	- ; - ; Delhi

73	<i>Khūnī Shaiṭān</i>	Sax Rohmer	388; - ; NDSJ
74	<i>Khūnī Talvār</i>	G.W.M. Reynolds, <i>The Massacre of Glencoe, A Historical Tale</i> (1852–53)	858; 1923; LB
75	<i>Kifar-e Kirdār</i>	J.S. Fletcher, <i>The Kang-He Vase</i> (1926)	- ; 1943; Lahore
76	<i>Klabfuṭ Jāsūs</i> , aka <i>Langrā Jāsūs</i>	Valentine Williams, <i>The Return of Clubfoot</i> (1922)	352; - ; Lahore
77	<i>Klabfuṭ kī Vāpsī</i>	Valentine Williams, <i>The Man with the Clubfoot</i> (1918)	415; 1954; NDSJ
78	<i>Kuṇvārī Māñ</i>	—	- ; - ; -
79	<i>Kutub-Khānē mēñ Lāsh</i>	Agatha Christie, <i>The Body in the Library</i> (1942)	- ; - ; -
80	<i>La‘l-e Muqaddas</i>	Allen Upward, <i>The Accused Princess</i> (1900)	240; - ; NDSL
81	<i>La‘l-e Shab-Čarāgh</i>	Guy Boothby, <i>My Strangest Case</i> (1901)	312; 1928; LB
82	<i>Landan kē Naẓārē</i> , aka <i>Naẓāra-e Landan</i>	G.W.M. Reynolds, <i>The Days of Hogarth, or The Mysteries of Old London (?)</i> (1847–48)	224; - ; -
83	<i>Landan kī Rangīn Rātēñ</i>	Probably selections from the above book	- ; - ; -
84	<i>Maghrib kī Ḥasīn aur Gunahgār ‘Auratēñ</i>	—	120; 1943; Rawalpindi
85	<i>Maḥallāt-e Shāhī kē Asrār</i>	G.W.M. Reynolds, <i>The Empress Eugenie’s Boudoir</i> (1856)	384; - ; NDSL
86	<i>Makāfāt-e ‘Amal</i>	J.S. Fletcher	176; pre-1947; Lahore
87	<i>Manzil-e Maqṣūd</i>	William Le Queux, <i>Hushed Up!: A Mystery of London</i> (1911)	273; pre-1922; LB
88	<i>Maṣnū‘i Insān</i>	Short stories	- ; - ; Lahore
89	<i>Maṭlabī Dunyā</i>	Charles McEvoy, <i>Brass Faces</i> (1913)	372; - ; LB
90	<i>Mērī Taqdīr</i>	J.S. Fletcher, <i>The Mysterious Chinaman</i> , aka <i>The Rippling Ruby</i> (1923)	408; - ; -
91	<i>Miṣrī Jādūgar</i>	Guy Boothby, <i>Pharos, the Egyptian</i> (1899)	442; 1930; LB
92	<i>Mīṭhā Zahr</i>	G.W.M. Reynolds	183; - ; Lahore
93	<i>Muḥabbat aur Khūn</i>	Marie Connor Leighton	300; - ; Lahore
94	<i>Muhr-e Khāmōshī</i>	William Le Queux, <i>The Sign of Silence</i> (1915)	304; - ; LB

95	<i>Mujrim</i>	Marie Connor Leighton	296; - ; NDSJ
96	<i>Muqaddas Jūtā</i>	Sax Rohmer, <i>The Quest of the Sacred Slipper</i> (1919)	281; - ; LB
97	<i>Nākarda Gunāb</i>	—	399; - ; Karachi
98	<i>Naqlī Navāb</i>	Edgar Jepson & Maurice Leblanc, <i>Arsène Lupin</i> (1909)	234; - ; LB
99	<i>Naulakhā Hār</i>	Ernest Davies, <i>The Widow's Necklace</i> (1913)	392; - ; LB
100	<i>Nāzūk Kaṭār</i>	Richard Savage, <i>My Official Wife</i> (1891)	374; - ; LB
101	<i>Naz̤zāra-e Paristān</i> , 25 vols.	G.W.M. Reynolds, <i>Mysteries of the Court of London</i> (1848–56)	2218; 1924–25; Lahore
102	<i>Pāmāl-e Sitam</i>	J.S. Fletcher, <i>The Middle Temple Murder</i> (1919)	448; - ; Lahore
103	<i>Parvāna-e Jān̤bāz</i>	Maurice Leblanc	174; - ; Lahore
104	<i>Pilā Hīrā</i>	J.S. Fletcher, <i>The Orange-Yellow Diamond</i> (1921)	- ; - ; LB
105	<i>Pur-Asrār Fūmānčū</i>	Sax Rohmer, <i>The Yellow Claw</i> (1915)	128; - ; Lahore
106	<i>Pur-Asrār Makān</i>	G.W.M. Reynolds	- ; 1949; Ambala
107	<i>Qafas-e Zarrīn</i>	William Le Queux, <i>The Letter "E"</i> (1926)	409; - ; Lahore
108	<i>Qaid-e Ḥayāt</i> , 2 vols.	H. Rider Haggard, <i>Beatrice</i> (1893)	352; - ; Lahore
109	<i>Qātil Hār</i>	J.S. Fletcher, <i>The Diamonds</i> (1931)	384; - ; LB
110	<i>Qātil kī Bēṭī</i>	"Berkeley Grey," <i>Miss Dynamite</i> (?) (1939)	404; - ; NDSJ
111	<i>Qismat kā Shikār</i>	George A. Birmingham, <i>King Tommy</i> (1924)	384; - ; LB
112	<i>Sāḥil kē Pās</i>	J.S. Fletcher	- ; - ; Delhi
113	<i>Sāḥira</i>	G.W.M. Reynolds. Chapter 123 ("Aristocratic Morals") and more from <i>The Mysteries of London</i>	128; - ; -
114	<i>Samra-e Amal</i>	Emile Gaboriau	174; - ; Lahore
115	<i>Sāḥp kī Čōrī</i>	Freeman Wills Crofts, <i>Antidote to Venom</i> (?) (1938)	346; - ; NDSJ
116	<i>Sarāb-e Zindagī</i>	William Le Queux, <i>The Wiles of the Wicked</i> (1900)	319; - ; LB
117	<i>Sarā'evālī</i>	E. Phillips Oppenheim	318; - ; NDSJ
118	<i>Sarbasta Rāz</i>	Edgar Jepson	111; - ; Lahore
119	<i>Sarfarōsh</i>	Leslie Charteris	259; - ; NDSJ

120	<i>Shab-e Ḥasrat</i> , 6 vols. (?)	G.W.M. Reynolds, <i>Ellen Percy, or The Memoirs of an Actress</i> (?) (1854–55)	284; - ; Lahore
121	<i>Shab-e Tārik</i>	Pearl S. Buck, <i>Dragon Seed</i> (1942)	571; - ; Lahore
122	<i>Shabīd</i>	—	243; - ; Amritsar
123	<i>Shābī Khazāna</i>	Maurice Leblanc, <i>The Hollow Needle</i> (1909)	295; - ; LB
124	<i>Shāmat-e A‘māl</i>	A. Niven?/ Anon.?	352; - ; NDSJ
125	<i>Shaiṭān-Sīrat Dalāl</i>	—	- ; - ; Lahore
126	<i>Sharīf Badma‘āsh</i>	Maurice Leblanc, <i>The Confessions of Arsène Lupin</i> (1912)	- ; - ; LB
127	<i>Sitam-e Hōshrubā</i>	W. Clark Russell, <i>Is He the Man?</i> aka <i>The Copsford Mystery</i> (1896)	512; - ; LB
128	<i>Sitāra-e Yōrap</i>	Valentine Williams, <i>The Secret Hand</i> (1918)	- ; - ; Lahore
129	<i>Siyābkārān-e A‘zam</i>	—	160; - ; Lahore
130	<i>Sunabrī Biččhū</i> , aka <i>Zubrat al-Khalā’</i>	Sax Rohmer, <i>The Golden Scorpion</i> (1919)	304; - ; LB
131	<i>Sunabrī Lāsh</i>	Freeman Wills Crofts, <i>The Cask</i> (1920)	544; - ; LB
132	<i>Sunabrī Nāgin</i>	Guy Boothby, <i>The Countess Londa</i> (1903)	253; - ; Lahore
133	<i>Sūnī Sēj</i>	A. Niven?/ Anon.? Part 1 of <i>Dār-e Makāfāt</i>	- ; - ; NDSJ
134	<i>Tabdīl-e Qismat</i>	William Le Queux, <i>The Man from Downing Street</i> (1904)	317; - ; LB
135	<i>Tabkhānē kā Rāz</i>	J.W. Norton	328; - ; NDSJ
136	<i>Talāfī-e Gunāh</i>	Valentine Williams, <i>The Crouching Beast</i> (1928)	311; - ; NDSL
137	<i>Talāsh-e Iksīr</i>	Guy Boothby, <i>Dr. Nikola</i> (1896)	304; - ; LB
138	<i>Tīsrā Aijanṭ</i>	J.S. Fletcher	- ; - ; Delhi
139	<i>Uṣ Pār</i>	Short stories	192; - ; Lahore
140	<i>Ustānī</i>	G.W.M. Reynolds	104; - ; -
141	<i>Vādī-e Khauf</i>	Arthur Conan Doyle, <i>The Valley of Fear</i> (1915)	368; - ; -
142	<i>Vaṭan-parast</i>	Alexander Dumas, <i>The Regent’s Daughter</i> (1845)	395; 1922; LB
143	<i>Vīrān Bastī</i>	Guy Boothby?	- ; pre-1947; Lahore
144	<i>Vīrān Maḥal</i>	Herbert Adams	335; - ; NDSJ

145	<i>Zabrī Bān</i>	J.S. Fletcher, <i>The Ransom for London</i> (1929)	312; - ; LB
146	<i>Zabr-e Halāhal</i>	J.S. Fletcher, <i>The Charing Cross Mystery</i> (1923)	304; - ; -

Other Translations

Serial No.	Urdu Title	Original Author/Title	Pages; Year; Publisher/Place
1	<i>Afsāna-e Bangāl</i> (8 Bengali short stories)	Various authors, including Tagore	96; 1913; LB
2	<i>DiValerā</i>	Biography of Eamon deValera	- ; 1940; Lahore
3	<i>Gurba-e Miskīn</i>	Bengali novel by Prabhat Kumar Mukherji; tr. "Raushan Lal"	- ; pre-1919; Lahore
4	<i>Hikāyāt-e Dilchāsp</i>	Charles Lamb, <i>Tales from Shakespeare</i>	- ; pre-1919; Lahore
5	<i>Hindustān aur Uskī Tijārat</i>	<i>India Trade Returns</i>	- ; - ; -
6	<i>Inqilāb-e Panjāb</i>	From Bengali	151; - ; -
7	<i>Ishtālin</i>	Stephen Graham, <i>Stalin: An Impartial Study of the Life and Work of Joseph Stalin</i> (1931)	138; 1940; NDSL
8	<i>Khāmōsh Husn aur Dūsre Afsānē</i>	Rabindra Nath Tagore; short stories	160; - ; -
9	<i>Nēval Čaimbarlēn</i>	Biography of Neville Chamberlain	124; 1940; Lahore
10	<i>Phūl aur Kaliyāñ</i>	Rabindra Nath Tagore; short stories.	144; - ; Lahore
11	<i>Rāja Tarañginī</i> , 2 vols.	From Sanskrit, with Thakur Achhar Chand	- ; - ; -
12	<i>Rūzvēlt, Šadr-e Mumālik-e Muttahida Amrikā</i>	Biography of Franklin D. Roosevelt	112; 1940; Lahore
13	<i>Sunbulistān</i>	From Bengali	- ; - ; Lahore
14	<i>Tāj-e Shāhī Husn kē Qadmōñ par</i>	—	- ; - ; Lahore

I found some titles mentioned in ads as "forthcoming," but could not locate them in any library or catalogue. These are: *Khūnī Putlā*, *Kālā Mōtī*, *Pāp kī Nagrī*, *Makāfāt*,

and *Čār Siyābhkār*. Additionally, Bashārat ‘Alī Khān “Farōgh” lists sixty books in a note on TRF in his *Vaḥīyāt-e Mashābīr-e Urdū*,³⁶ including the following which I was not able to confirm: *Pur-asrār Paighām*; *Ḥasīn Tāre*; *Ḥusn-o-Shabāb*; *Rūsiyōñ kī Siyābhkāriyāñ*; *Raṅgīn Afsāne*; and *Zindagī kē Rūmān*.

³⁶(Rampur: Bashārat ‘Alī Khān, 2000), 174–75.