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9. Ram Mohan Roy

as Ram Mohan Roy

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18774

**K. M. CHATTERJEE**  
AND  
**HIS TIMES.**

*Rare section*

"There is no religion higher than Truth."

*Rigveda.*

**NOLINI MOHUN CHATERJEE.**

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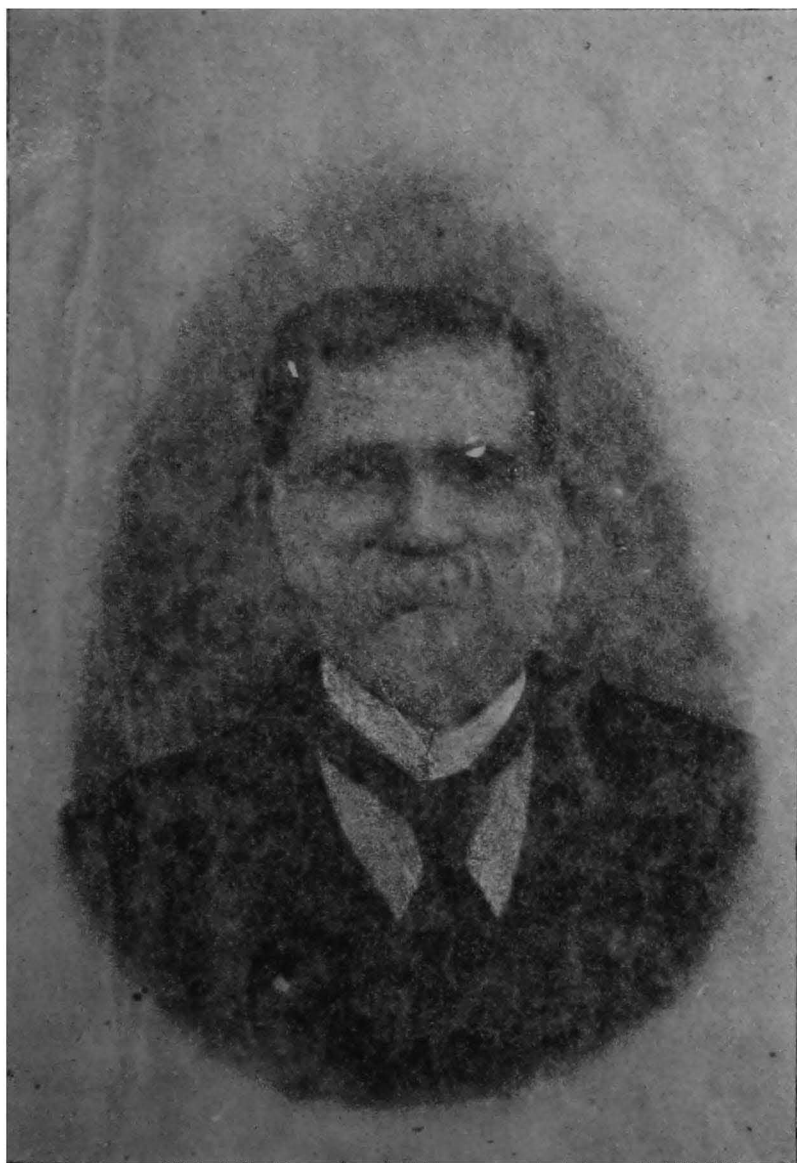
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K. M. CHATTERJEA.

## DEDICATION.

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*To the Members of the Indian Rationalistic Society, Calcutta.*

This little book, with its imperfections, which I wrote in four weeks at Shillong, I dedicate to you with deep gratitude and affectionate regards. You will not feel anxiety in regard to my salvation, if I put you in mind of the weighty reflection of Diogenes, that a man who wishes to be saved must have good friends or violent enemies, and he is best off who has both.

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## A FEW PRESS NOTICES

A book like this is useful as a beacon light to the present generation of Bengalees. Mr. N. Chatterjee has our congratulations on the success that has attended his efforts

*The Indian Daily News*

The author who has dedicated his production to the members of the Indian Rationalistic Society of Calcutta discusses the social and political evolution of India at the end of the nineteenth century and in doing so deals with the life history of Kishori Mohan Chatterjee, who was not only a profound scholar, but also a high souled Indian

The publication which is priced at only two rupees is brimful of interesting and instructive matter and should command a ready sale.

*The New Empire*

It is a very interesting book as it presents a conspectus of the current of affairs of the period. We may call it the inner history of India at the end of the nineteenth century. As regards the language of the book we must confess that it is rich and charming; powerful and nervous, fascinating and beautiful, full of fragrance and sweetness, and untarnished with lachrymose softness; the diction will appeal to the most fastidious taste. We hope the book will serve as the red tincture of the alchemist converting the baser metal of the nation into gold.

*The Bengalee*

## PREFACE.

I have written the following pages perhaps on mournful note; but, in setting out in this way the problems and defects of the East, —and India is included in the East, I am by no means despondent. I do not doubt for a moment that the people of this country will remedy the defects and overcome the obstacles in their path. It is necessary, however, that the defects and obstacles should be clearly seen and realised.

I am much indebted to my friends (Mr. R. C. Maulik and Mr. R. Maulik for many excellent suggestions which I have adopted, I have also to thank my brother Captain R. Chaterjee for some materials and his kind offer to bear some portion of the cost of publishing this Life.

N. C.

VINCELLES-YONNE, FRANCE

*June 1920.*

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## INTRODUCTION.

Man is either entirely domestic or he combines in himself the State and Domesticity. In the primitive and low stage of civilisation he looks for food and begets children ; when he has attained that he rests satisfied ; even his tribe does not interest him. As he rises in civilisation, his mental vision enlarges and he begins to think of the tribe, and that only in relation to the danger to which it may be exposed from its enemy. When the danger is passed, he forgets his tribe and resumes his domestic life. As he rises higher in civilisation he begins to cultivate his intellect ; his brain which is composed of cells, receives exercise by cultivation and expands. He then considers his tribe as a group of which he is a unit, and that his own well-being is dependant upon that of the tribe. And, in the course of mental evolution, he establishes for himself a State of which all the members of the tribe form a solid group. In weal or woe, he lives for the State ; his own domesticity is subordinated to the maintenance and welfare of the State. The State is an association, on the same soil, of the living with the dead and those who will be born. A man's life in civilisation is made up of his thoughts and actions

in regard to the State. His life at home, his relation to his family, in short his domesticity should not have any interest for the public, which is only concerned with what the man has thought and done for his posterity. I have not entered into this phase of his life. Kishori Mohun considered education as the panacea for all the evils from which humanity suffers. He wrote much on it. He would have the university education placed upon the model of Oxford and Cambridge. He would not make it cheap as it has been hitherto. Cheap education produces shoddy articles, and has failed to create men of character worthy of being rulers of the country. Primary and secondary education need not be costly; in fact, Primary education should be free and compulsory; for every child, male or female, must learn to read and write and cast up accounts. This is one of the duties incumbent upon civilisation. It may be onerous but it has to be discharged. He pleaded for the establishment of commercial, industrial, and technical education for the vast majority of boys, who as university men have failed of success in life. According to him the State should take up the Primary and Secondary education and control it, leaving the University education to those who would pay for it, at the same time keeping a strict superintendence over the University lest it should sink

below the high water mark of efficiency. The profession of law is fed to excess. The members of it scarcely make a decent living by it. They suffer from mental and physical dyspepsia. It were better therefore to give the boys or young men practical training in the workshop, which would teach them the dignity of manual labour and instil into their minds the idea of higher standard of living. They should learn that physical labour entails exhaustion of tissues which has to be repaired by nutritious food containing much protein. Is it not vexing to admit that there is not a single indigenous firm to manufacture bicycles which were first imported into this country 40 years ago. As regards the legal education, it was suggested to make it more costly and efficient in order that Indian Lawyers might be on an equal footing with the British Lawyers. This would enhance their self-respect and dignity. The physical deterioration and the poverty of the race called forth strong comments, and he wrote the article entitled Gammomania or marriage madness. He noticed the indignity and contumely bestowed upon the Indian travellers by rail when travelling in their native costume, that evoked some observation on the subject in an article on Drapery. The question of the girls, and women had not escaped his notice. He wished

for them a practical education that might best them to earn a livelihood and be independent of marriage at an early age. He was in favour of large schools for boys and girls in some hill stations with a view to the improvement of their body and mind: all this remained with him a pious wish. Nothing has been achieved up to now. Bad education, selfishness, and want of vigour and energy of mind and body have taken the sap out of the life of our race. There is left the voice, and, nothing else. The Chinese have a saying—"he who is eloquent and has a sharp tongue may always leave half of a sentence unspoken; and he who has right on his side may confidently yield three lengths of his assertion." In writing this biography I have had three ideas before me. The first is to put in a compendious form the social and political history of that period; the second is to show the extent of the progress the country has since made, and the third is to show whether there has been a development or retrogression in the character in our countrymen and in the idea of the State.

There has been much loose talk and vague definition of culture and character. Culture is that condition of mind in which the race keeps to its own traditions for the preservation of its identity; but those traditions must not be opposed to

the freedom of reception, and development of ideas that are constantly changing or are in the process of rapid evolution. It must take into account the economic, scientific and political changes that are ever taking place in the world. And in view of these considerations some of the traditions must bend and undergo certain modifications to enable the race to survive with dignity and pride. Man is the highest animal, he has been endowed with the greatest of gifts—intellect and reason. He is capable of the highest development in all the departments of life. Should any tradition neglect or keep at arm's length any group of men, such tradition must yield place to natural laws which have not put up a barrier against the intercourse between man and man. All the religions of the world, except the Pauranic religion, proclaim the genus man as the creation of one God: where does then the question of touchability and un-touchability come in? God's law or Nature makes no difference between man and man in regard to heredity. Nature has not declared that one man is sacrosanct and another is profane: all that she has done, has been to establish the inexorable laws which govern the gametes of the male and the female, and the union of these gametes producing the zygote—the embryo, contains all the traits of the ancestors. Culture is a quality

which is neither heritable nor transmissible. It is acquired. The Culture of a race consists in its philosophy, its religion, its language and dress, its art and science and its mental and physical stamina. Many of these elements suffer changes in the process of development. No race can assert that its culture has been a constant quantity. Character is a quality of mind which is distinguished by energy and firmness. It is never unsteady and is impatient of vacillation in others. If it seizes hold of an idea, it remains firm by it and executes it. A man of character seldom makes a promise which he knows he cannot fulfil, or does not try to keep it; flabbiness of mind is the reverse of character and involves degeneracy of the man and his race. It arises from the inheritance derived from the enslaved mind of the male and female ancestors. Character springs from nourishing food and social freedom of men and women. Education is not the only remedy for this state of mind. Rousseau and the Encyclopedists wrote on education for their own people in Europe, where the men and women were socially free and had character. When Mill and Herbert Spencer thought and wrote on education, they were thinking and writing for their own virile race. Their thoughts and writings have not been assimilated and realised in Asia, except in Japan, but they have reposed in glowing phrases in the fine peroration of a glib tongue of the Easterner.



## ERRATA.

Page	Line	
53	7	"impartinances", read "impertinences"
194	3	"Velein", read "Villein"
<i>ib.</i>	4	"ueife", read "neife"
<i>ib.</i>	5	'ueife' read "neife"
<i>ib.</i>	8	"Velein read "Villein"
195	4	"applications" read "appellations"
<i>ib.</i>	11	"As a" read Asia"
<i>ib.</i>	18	"Marriage" read "marriage"
196	8	"acting" read "changes"
205	4	"son" read "song"
206	18	"t'apprecedra" read "t'apprendra"
<i>ib.</i>	13	"thng" read "thing"

# K. M. CHATTERJEA

AND

## HIS TIMES.

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CHAPTER I.

### THE FAMILY.

*“Even the homely farm can teach us,  
There is something in descent”*—TENNYSON.

IN the confusion of races and ideas the people are apt to overlook the paramount problem of heredity, which vitally affects the life of a race as well as the career of the individuals composing the race. We know with what care and assiduity the breeders of horses, no less than the fanciers of pigeons, scrutinise the pedigree of their favorites, and cross and recross them in order to produce the best species, with the best frame and texture of all their parts. Man neglects the investigation of his own origin and birth, but is strangely careful and pernicketty as regards the breed of his horse and dog. The

reason of this indifference lay in the knowledge derived from the catechism, of his religion which has taught him that man is a special creation and is above the natural or biological laws that govern the lower animals, the brute creation. He has been fed with the notion that the natural law of variation and inequality does not affect his species, that he can ever indulge in the conceit that all men are equal in all parts of the world, and that they are all blessed with equal endowment of mind, body and morals. In his secret heart every intelligent person, man or woman, must involuntarily argue, that it is not borne out by experience, and that it is a fable embellished by roses and colourings. Every one knows that to be born in a duck's nest in a farm yard is of no consequence to a bird if it is hatched from a swan's egg; for the bird persists in being a swan and will not have much dealings with ducks.

The Chattopadhyas are a large family of Brahmanas, the descendants of Kāsyapa, a *rishi* or seer of great eminence, whose name is often mentioned in the Vedas. They,

therefore, belong to the *gotra* or class of Kāsyapa. They are as numerous as the stars in heaven. They were a prolific people, and have overspread India. The families of Kāsyapa are to be found in every province in India, and are all related by the ties of blood ; but they live as strangers in a strange land. The marriage between men and women of the same *gotra* is forbidden, however remote the relationship between them be. The physiological notion of consanguinity is strained too far.

These particular Chatṭopadhyas are descended directly from Sreekar, an eminent commentator of the Vedas, who lived and distinguished himself somewhere about 1000 years ago. The immediate ancestors of the memoir migrated from Vikrampur in Dacca to Saidabad, a short distance from Berhampur in the district of Murshidabad. The immigrants permanently settled at Saidabad during the Native Government. Some of them took service under the Native Government, and the others who were of stout heart and of adventurous disposition took

to commerce and became successful as silk merchants, and even carried their wares to China for sale in the Chinese market. Thus they built up a fine fortune.

The business was carried on and continued till long after the British occupation of the country. In this family of merchants, which had abandoned the sacerdotal office, was born Shamlal the youngest son of Keshava Ram. The latter like his father Hrishikesh often took voyages to China in fulfilment of his engagement as a trader and merchant in silk. Shamlal's brother, Binodilal became successor to his father's business. The family of Keshava Ram was equipped by nature with masculine qualities of body and mind. It consisted of handsome sons and daughters. My grand-mother often used to tell me of my grand-father's handsome features, and almost Greek in structure of his body, and of his clear olive complexion. He was a man of large affection and infinite courage, and was honest and straight-forward as a true Brahmana. My grand-mother in

her leisure moments, which she rarely enjoyed, used to dwell upon his virtues with that far-away look into the past, that I shall never forget. My grand-father, Shamlal, was brought up and reared amidst wealthy surroundings. He was introduced, as was the custom in those days, into Sanskrit, Persian and English learnings. He loved the English tongue. Heine in one of his hepatic moods disparaged the English language. He remarked, "the devil take the people with their language! They take a dozen monosyllables in the mouth, chew them, crush them, and spit them out, and call that talking." Shamlal had not read Heine. I apprehend it would not have made any difference in his appreciation of the noble English tongue, even if he had read Heine's uncouth observation.

Despite the liberality of ideas and constant sea voyages to the far East, and it is not recorded nor is there any tradition in the family that in his several trips to China, Keshava Ram had ever taken with him a paraphernalia of Hindu cook and servants,

this family lay supine and submissive to the narrow and hidebound custom of the society. The exiguous and rigid custom tends to generate and produce hypocrisy in the members of the society—a vice, the worst of all vices, which kills the soul of humanity.

It is necessary now to deal with the mother's side, the Bandopadhyas. The Bandopadhyas are the descendants of another great Rishi, Sāndilya. He has not that antiquity of Kāśyapa, but is a seer of great learning and sanctity. They, too, are as numerous as the sands of the sea, and are comprehended under the *gotra* of Sāndilya, and have their relatives scattered all over the country. They all live alienated from each other in their own grooves, without an attempt to recognise the relationship. This branch is chiefly distinguished for its statesmanship and administrative talents. Under the Native Government all, or nearly all, the predecessors of this branch held high stations in the government of the day. For this biography it is fit that one name in the tree of genealogy should be mentioned. It

is the great name of Ram Mohun Roy. The title of Roy was bestowed upon this branch of the family by the Native Indian Government. The Roys are the natives of Khanakul in the district of Hooghly.

Ram Mohun Roy had two sons, Radha Pershad and Rama Pershad. The eldest son was 18 years older than the youngest. Except in point of intelligence, the two brothers were quite unlike each other in temperament, character and learning. The eldest had inherited most of his father's virtues: generosity, courage, probity and learning. In his manner of living, he combined the great Moghul with the great English aristocrat. Radha Pershad had two daughters, Chandrayoti and Mayetri. He had no sons, nor had he recourse to that priestly fiction of adoption, which lesser men of earthy composition resort to. He, like his father before him, threw into the limbo of discarded things the poisonous growth and ulcerous incrustations of the Shastras, and never let their exhalations rise from it to spread the plague in his family. In the life time of Ram:



Mohun Roy, at a momentous period of his life, when he resembled great Ajax in fighting the superstitious fancies of the degenerate Hindus, and like Roland with the sword Durandal was making a breach in the rock of the false and contumacious arguments of the missionaries and after the manner of his great progenitor Sāndilya, was laying down the charter of freedom of intellect for men and women, and was labouring to resuscitate the true religion of the Hindus—it was at such a pregnant epoch that my grand-mother, Chandroyoti, saw the light of the day. In physical characteristics the law of heredity impressed her.

She was a child of her grand-parents and her own father and mother. She was born a lovely child. She grew handsomer with age and inherited from her father and grand-father the robustness of character and cultured liberalism. Her education up to the age of 15 was undertaken by Ram Mohun Roy himself. Every morning between 8 and 9, her grand-father used to enter the ladies' portion of the house where three chairs would

be placed for her, her mother and her preceptor, Ram Mohun Roy. He would read and explain to them the moral and religious beauties of the Upanishads, the noblest and the most soul-stirring ideology that has ever emanated from the genius of man. He would expound to them the simple grandeur of the doctrines of Vedanta. He would in righteous wrath discourse to them on the iniquity and infamy of modern Hindu social customs. It is in these circumstances and surroundings that her life grew and expanded. She had to be married. Ram Mohun Roy was hard put to it to find a family worthy of his alliance. He would not throw away his grand-daughter on a sacerdotal Brahmana, immersed in ignorance and superstition. With the utmost trouble and difficulty, he persuaded the Chattopadhyas of Saidabad to enter into matrimonial union with his family. Shamal was chosen and given over to the Roys, and was cut off from the root of his own family. Such then was the cussedness, the rigour, and the uncompromising attitude of the

society. Shamlal left his home and his relatives, never to return to them, for saving the face of the Roys. It was a tremendous sacrifice on his part. He was married to Chandroyoti in accordance with Hindu rites. The dear bit of black stone with vermilion paint on it called Saligram, the symbol of Brahma, Vishnu and Maheshwar, which is the chief and essential object of worship in all the ceremonies of Pauranic Hindus,—and without this symbolic deity no ceremonies are sanctified,—had its corner in the marriage ceremony of Shamlal and Chandroyoti. In this domain Ram Mohan Roy's courage failed him, and he truckled to the very system of religion against which he had inveighed. Within six months of this marriage, Ram Mohun Roy sailed for England. Chandroyoti was 16 years of age at the time of her marriage. Shamlal, not having received a stiver from his parents, had been treated by his father-in-law Radha Pershad Roy with affection and consideration. He forgot the wretch occasioned by the separation

from his family and parents ; so much kindness and love was showered upon him. His father-in-law was a stickler in all that he said and did, and in order that he could give his son-in-law the full benefit of his ideas of education and good-breeding, engaged the services of Dr. D. L. Richardson to take charge of Shamlal and give his mind the direction and guidance needful to a young man on the eve of his entrance into the stupendous struggle of life. Dr. Richardson was a man of superior type. My grand-father gained much in knowledge and experience in the society of his friend and tutor. Voltaire has truly said, "L'amitié d'un grand homme est un bienfait des dieux." Dr. Richardson was remembered with affection in our family.

After having received the polish and education of an English gentleman and having incorporated that into the Indian culture, he obtained a sort of management of his father-in-law's estate and carried on his duties with integrity and success. My grand-father had a fairly large family ; never-

theless it was a handsome family. They were all big-boned and broad-shouldered children. At the end of 12 months of conjugality, my grand-mother felt the quickening of life in her, and to her and her husband was born a female child. They called her Soudamini Devi.

The Brahmanas before the time of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata were regenerate men and women. They were of illustrious origin, distinguished for valour and the vigour of intellect. They were respected as Devas and Devis, supermen and superwomen. They had fine digestion and never suffered from the liver. They could think and write freely and take in a sweep the phenomena and nouména of the universe. Their descendants grew squeamish and anæmic and consequently became flaccid and limp in mind and body. Whatever these men have produced since bear the mark of low origin and intellect.

The second child that came into his household was a male offspring—my uncle, Lalit Mohun, a man of considerable talents

and excellent scholarship. He inherited the stern and unbending quality of his father and self-respect of his mother. The third accession to the family is the subject of this biography, Kishori Mohun. In succession, after Kishori Mohun's birth, came two girls into the family, having two years' difference between them, Kadumbini Devi and Shourava Devi. The last is happily alive and lives with her husband Nilamber Mukerjee, C.I.E., and her only son and his children. Three years after the birth of my aunt Shourava, another son was born to my grand-parents. He was named Nanda Mohun. He was a man of parts, and possessed of decent knowledge of Sanskrit and English. After him a girl was ushered into this family. She died in her adolescence. She, a part of Brahma, returned to Him, the Great Energy—the Principle of life in this universe. There is no death in the religion in which she was born, a religion which transcends the theological definition of death as the wages of sin; there is no hereafter, peopled with spirits and hobgoblins,

such as the craven and epileptic minds of the theologians paint for the gratification of their own vanity and in order to the control and governance of men and women in worse condition of mind. Vedantism admits of no anthropomorphic God sitting in splendour in his house with many mansions, undergoing the ordeal of an earthly judge in marshalling facts, weighing evidence and delivering judgment on the poor souls that appear before Him with folded hands or with arms crossed on the shadowy breast; nor does it know of God, who keeps a boundless, fragrant space, animated and made sweeter still by the presence of charming little female spirits. It knows no God who spits out of his mouth the Brahmanas, flings out of his arms the Kshatriyas, shakes out of his thighs the Vaishyas, and kicks out of his feet the Sudras. God of such small coterie finds no place in the Vedanta. This is the origin of castes—castes which have arrested the growth and expansion of the mind and intellect of the Hindu race. Vedantism is not pantheism in the Greek meta-

physical terms. It is not that every object in nature is Brahma, but that the Principle of life, the Energy, resides in it, and that in its final dissolution, it is resolved into Energy, the only Reality which has existed, and will exist for all time to come. This doctrine gives the proof of the unity of the universe, and discards death and tears into shreds the pall of fear and superstition, which hangs like a menacing dark cloud over the physical world. Recent researches in Physical Science have demonstrated that the so-called inorganic objects are capable of response to all the emotions of living things, that they are affected by narcotics and drugs, and behave under their influence in the same manner as the human beings do in similar circumstances. Eugenie de Guérin, who was all heart, all spirit and all charm, relates to us in her journal how she practised simple and laborious life. Her secret was to find poesy in herself and God in all things; and she found Him.

I have digressed but such thoughts are evoked by the mere mention of the death of



a person of tender age. On the departure of Ram Mohun Roy for England, his eldest son Radha Pershad took his place as the head and brain of the family. Under his régime he gathered up the reins in his hands and drove the car of the family with dignity and honour. He placed his brother's education in the care and charge of Dr. Richardson; the teaching imparted to him proved highly beneficial to Rama Pershad. With his heredity and good and sound education, Rama Pershad attained the highest eminence in his profession of law, and was the first native of India whom the government chose for a seat on the Bench of the High Court of Bengal. He did not live to take his seat on the Bench, but had the recompense in the knowledge that he had opened out a broad avenue of dignity and respect for posterity.

Radha Pershad was devoted to his two grandsons, Lalit Mohun and Kishori Mohun. He considered them as his own sons and watched over their growth like a fond mother. They used to be with him during the wak-



**LALIT MOHAN CHATTERJEA.**

ing hours of the day, and were in the habit of taking breakfast and luncheon and dinner with him at his table. He bought tiny knives and forks and spoons for his two tiny wards. He kept them always by his side and under his eyes, and impressed upon them the fine, grand manners of the Court of Delhi by his own example. He was a great gentleman himself, having been a minister in the Court of Delhi. When the exigencies of public affairs took him out of the house, the two boys, the apple of his eye, would be left in the charge of an honest and trusty officer of his estate, Brindabun Chandra Ghose. This man was truly Radha Pershad's fidus Achates, a man of the highest veracity and integrity. He built up a little monument in the family hour-life of the Roys ; so staunch was his fidelity to the family. Radha Pershad occupied himself with the education of the boys at school. At first they were sent to the Hindu College, and were soon removed from it for its unwholesome atmosphere, and sent to the Parental Academy conducted by a European. The two boys attended this Academy

till the death of their grand-father in 1852. It was the spring-tide of their life. With the subsidence of this great man the high tide of their life subsided ; and the bark of their little lives was very often on the point of being left high and dry ever since. The subsequent history of this family is a narrative of the struggle and triumph of heredity. Scarcely the body of his brother had become cold or was carried to the last resting place, and the ashes were gathered together and consigned to the river Ganges—the noble river on whose banks the great Rishis chanted the Vedas and discovered God in the heart of man—the mighty river whose fame and renown floated on the clouds and was borne by the beneficent wind to ancient Greece and Rome—scarcely had the last rites been performed than the malignant spirit of jealousy and family feud—the bane of the decadent Easterns—caught his brother Rama Pershad in its grip and caused the disruption of the family ; the times were changed ; the Stuarts usurped the throne. Rama Persad installed himself in his brother's house and

turned the little souls from the house which never heard the echoes of their footsteps again and altered the course of the lives of the two infants. He endeavoured not to appear contemptible and mean in the eyes of the world, he secured for Shamlal an excise Collector's post. At this time he rose to eminence in his profession and conceived the idea of a division of the family estate. He instituted a suit for partition in the supreme Court of Calcutta, making the two infants party defendants. Molière in his biting sarcasm defined a Court of law as "l'Enfer là." It is the Hades on earth which ruthlessly exacts the toll of helpless infants and unprotected widows and beggars the adult. In *Dragon of Wantley* we are in possession of a tragic description of a man threatened with a legal process. He in fear and trembling and in a most pathetic manner exclaims :—

" Oh, give me not up to the law,  
I'd much rather beg on crutches ;  
Once in a solicitor's paw ;  
You never get out of his clutches".

Into the infernal witches' cauldron the two infants were plunged and at the end of a lengthy process of boiling and simmering they came out of it without a substance—a mere bag of bones. A suit for partition of estates is a veritable god-send to the lawyers, but it has the baleful effect of ruining those who are engaged in it. It engulfs in the greatest distress and misery the Hindus and the Mahommedans whose foolish parents, under the colour of zeal for promoting the happiness of their children, leave what they possess in life to the children jointly and become after death the cause of the dissolution, wretchedness and poverty of the family. It is inconceivable that, in the face of all the ruin, penury, shame and dishonour which befall the members of the joint family in litigation, the owners of the estate would not give away the property to the children in separate portions before their death. It is a species of grave uncharitableness on the part of the parents to sacrifice the happiness of their posterity for mere sentimental respect of the law which has grown outworn and out

of date. I may as well write for and speak to the wall. They are stiff in opinion and impervious to reason, and their untractableness of nature would reject and dismiss any advice which would tend towards the happiness of those for whom they worked and laboured in life and whom they ardently wished to live in comfort and contentment.

At the termination of the suit the family of Chattopadhyaya was placed in mediocre or respectable station of life. It passed with rapidity from financial healthiness to the financial doldrums. To add insult to injury, Rama Persad insinuated that the boys should be sent back to the Hindu College. It is creditable to note that the lads valiantly opposed the irreverent proposal—irreverent because it was their dear grand-father's pious wish that they should pass from the Parental Academy to the Doveton College which was really the best institution in Calcutta in those early days. They stuck to their post, and frustrated their grand-uncle's plan and thereby incurred his strong displeasure. Undismayed and undaunted the two brothers prosecuted their studies

with single-mindedness and zeal and took their place at the top of their respective forms. Lalit Mohun was three years senior to Kishori Mohun in age. After gaining triumphs in that little school Lalit Mohun was passed on to the Doveton College. Two years later Kishori Mohun after achieving his laurels was admitted into the same Institution. Both the brothers learnt English and Latin in the Parental Academy : they were well grounded in both the languages. In those days the teaching and the education imparted to the boys of that school were superior and of much higher standard. The teachers were large-hearted, humane and conscientious. There was no hint of imperialism in that remote age. The high quality and virtue of the Englishman—the sense of duty—animated them in the noblest of all tasks—the teaching of boys of tender years. The good seeds, which were sown with tenderness and human care in the virgin mind of the boys, bore good and abundant harvest in the college, the University and lastly in the work-a-day world. The old French proverb expresses



the idea well :—" Chaque enfant qui on enseigne est un homme qu'on gagne."

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## CHAPTER II.

## "AUDENTIOR ITO"

Virgil.

*Doveton College.*

It is a good motto to have in life which is subject to many changes and vicissitudes, to pleasant and disagreeable circumstances. I inscribe it at the head of this chapter as it was adopted by him for the governance of his career. He had to proceed more boldly, because he had the anticipation of his grand uncle's opposition to the course he had taken in getting admission to the institution of his own choice. He knew of the mediocrity of his good father's fortune since the death of Radha Persad. It operated as an incentive to noble industry and zeal which he had brought to bear upon his studies. The teachers were excellent men, warmed by genuine love and enthusiasm for the work on

which they were engaged. They loved knowledge for its own sake and seasoned the boys with the same love of knowledge. Kishori Mohun received the early tincture of it, which never faded in his mind. All throughout his life he was a constant reader of the ancient and modern authors of known countries and wrote much for the propagation of his ideas, and for the instruction of the readers, without a touch of sordidness and without pecuniary reward. Since experiencing the buffets of fickle fortune at an early season of life, he chalked out the map of his own life and formed a strong resolution to relieve his parents of the burden of his education. He applied himself resolutely to his studies, and with the encouragement of his school masters, at the end of each academic year, carried off the prizes, medals and scholarships which this institution gave away in its generosity to its successful students. Those were halcyon days. There were great Englishmen, who, softened and mellowed by their culture, came to this land to inspire and saturate the inhabitants

with the science and literature of their own country. He came under the graceful influence of such Englishmen in this College. They expressed genuine approbation for the culture of the East, and at the same time held aloft their own for the East to admire and accept it. This was an example of high liberality of mind which made much impression on the minds of the Hindu boys of that institution. He read Latin and English with care and attention and held high place in his form. He went up from form to form till he matriculated under the ægis of the University of Calcutta. In the early days of its foundation the University was in the real sense the institution for the Advancement of learning. Be that as it may, he passed the examination with credit to himself and the institution which sent him up. He obtained a scholarship tenable for two years. This afforded him help to continue on without inconveniencing his parents or becoming a burden to them. He entered the portals of the University with distinction. At his success his grand uncle felt a mixture of

admiration and jealousy. Rama Persad had two sons of nearly the same age as Kishori Mohun. They were sent to the Hindu College where they achieved little or no success. He had them removed to the Doveton College. It was a kind of humiliating admission on his part that he had been indiscreet, and showed a pettiness of heart in opposing his grand-nephews' joining the Doveton College. He became genial and manifested a sort of make-believe affection towards Lalit Mohun and Kishori Mohun on their brilliant early achievements. He ardently wished that his own sons would gain distinctions. But it was not to be. One-sided heredity is not sufficiently powerful to refine and elevate a man, unless it be, that nature produces what the biologists call, a sport. There comes a period in a man's life in which he feels a remorse for improper and base actions done by him. Rama Persad, in his plenitude of influence and power with the English officials, palliated the wrong done to his brother's family by getting Lalit Mohun a Deputy Magistracy when he was turned off

18 years. In the undergraduate days Kishori Mohun's prosperity as an academic was steady and uniform. He became creditably proficient in the English and Latin tongues, in so much that a foreigner can master the alien languages. Rama Persad experienced a sense of pride in the accomplishments of Kishori Mohun. The high English officials in the judicial or the executive branch of the service were on friendly relation with him, partly on account of the great name of his father and partly for his own exalted talents. He was hospitable and there used to be frequent dinners given at his house to which he invited the Judges and the Hailebury men and the barristers. In this connection it is interesting to note here what the late Sir Charles Paul, a brilliant advocate of Calcutta Bar, used to relate. He would in his mirthful way say that Rama Persad used to keep a good table laden with the niceties of the kitchen and the cellar, which would have regaled the most fastidious gourmets. Into this company he would occasionally invite his grand-nephews. He used

to entertain the English officials, Armenian notabilities and his Hindu and Mahomedan friends of high stations to afternoon parties, where the celebrated Hossein Khan, the conjuror, would display his astonishing power to the amazement and bewilderment of the audience. His sons and his grand nephews would be enjoying the wonderful tricks of that wonderful man. I am assured that they used to relax themselves on these occasions from their books and preparation for the examination. They cut the painter and were thankful for it. They derived much benefit, social and intellectual, by being in touch with those distinguished persons. Rama Persad, a few years before his death and at a time when he derived a considerable income from his estate, used to say to Kishori Mohun that he would go to England with him, and his youngest son Peary Mohun and leave them there to complete their education. The fates had decreed otherwise: the hand of death had been upon him. He was taken ill, and never recovered from the fatal illness. With him in death, died all his hopes.

and aspirations of rendering justice to his brother's family. The melancholy event cast a deeper gloom over this world-weary family. A short time before that my grand-father had breathed his last. My grand-mother struggled up the steep hill of life with a large family of children and grand-children. Lalit Mohun was the only earning member of this family. He was married and had a growing family of his own. Kishori Mohun continued to get his stipend which enabled him to prosecute his studies till he took his degree of Bachelor of Law. After passing his first examination in Arts, that is two years after the matriculation, he came in touch with a remarkable man, Professor McCrindle, a fine Greek and Latin scholar—whose *Ancient India*, as related by Megasthenes and others, reveals his high learning and erudition. McCrindle had come out to Calcutta as the Principal of the College and taken the lectureship of English and Latin in the B. A. class. It was just in that nick of time that Kishori Mohun was in that class. The principal, soon after his installation,

found out the calibre of his pupils who attended his lectures. He discovered that Kishori Mohun possessed a good and sound knowledge of the English and Latin languages. With the broad-heartedness and sympathy of a liberal Scotsman, he was at the pains of giving Kishori Mohun of his best. He took him nearly through the whole of the Latin literature, appointed special hours in his own quarters to give him lessons and treated him as a friend and equal. After two years he obtained his degree with credit to himself and the illustrious Principal under whose earnest care and teaching he learned so much. On these special occasions, at the end of the lessons, the good Principal used to put before his mind's eye the benefit and importance of the finishing touch of a Scotch University. Being a Scotsman he admired and loved his own country's Universities. I wonder whether a native of India admires and loves anything of his own country but his ownself. If I understand his mentality and character in some degree, I believe these



two mental qualities are built upon this syllogism.—“ Each man for himself and devil takes the hindmost ”. The advice of his friend and teacher to go to Scotland joined to what his grand-uncle had said on the same subject made a ferment in his young brain. He saw many radiant visions of a glorious future and dreamed dreams, as only a youth of healthiness of mind and body is capable of seeing such rainbow of life. He had made up his mind to grasp the arc of the sky and kept his own counsel. He never breathed a word of his design to a single human soul. He redoubled his energy to pass the Master of Arts examination in Latin. Under the tender care of his great *Guru* he learnt all that could be mastered of the Latin literature for his final degree. He was sent up with the anticipation of a big success, but the plans of men and mice gang agley. His name was not among the successful candidates. This discomfiture caused pain and anguish to him. He worked so well and hard; the teaching was so thorough and devoted. He was animated by the singleness

of purpose of obtaining the triumph in the finality of examinations. He was sad and crest fallen not so much for himself as for the dear old Principal with whose benedictions he had started on this unknown journey to arrive at a haven of peace and triumph. What did the great good Principal feel and how did he take the defeat of his favourite pupil? The Principal was furious with rage and imputed this failure to the examiner's prejudice against the native of India who had the cheek and impudence to throw down the gauntlet in Latin literature. Mr. Ogilvy of the General Assembly's Institution, now named the Scottish Churches College, was one of the examiners in one of the papers, and Dr. McCrindle challenged him to appoint a Committee of examiners to re-examine the papers which had been looked over by Mr. Ogilvy. He made such a pother over it that a compromise was arrived at, in that Kishori Mohun would be permitted to appear again within six months instead of twelve months. The Guru and the disciple rejected the compromise. The matter was

closed. He proceeded with his legal studies, and, at the end of the stipulated time, took his degree of Bachelor of Law. Although he parted from his College and his dear Principal yet he cherished all through life a lively and affectionate remembrance of the man and the institution. The College used to be in Park Street on the site of which stands a huge block of buildings turned into residential flats. After McCrindle had severed his connection with it, the College began slowly to roll down the incline, and now sits in the valley of death. It sank for want of encouragement and support, and succumbed to the inexorable biological law of the struggle for existence. It was one of the few prominent academical land-marks of Calcutta.

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## THE MARRIAGE AND THE VOYAGE.

*“ God give us clear notions of the consequences of things.” Goethe’s Prayer.*

Kishori Mohun was born on the 13th of April in the year Eighteen hundred and forty four of the Christian Era. He was 18 years of age, and was in the second year class after the matriculation. He was putting forth his best efforts to gain a scholarship in the F. A. examination. At such a time of life, the society over-run with ignorance and superstition became exigent in regard to the connubium of my parents. My mother, Yogomaya Devi, was thirteen years of age. Her family name is Mukhopadhaya. The Mukhopadhayas are descended from the illustrious Bharadwaja, a Rishi of great intellectuality and freedom of thought, of courage and character. There is an amusing story extant of this noble Rishi. It is said of him that, at the end of six months of meditation and prayer in a forest,

he felt inclined for food. Finding nothing but a fat and sleek calf in front of him, he killed it, made a big fire, threw the animal into it, broiled it and ate as much of it as his hunger allowed of. The other Rishis hearing of the incident made fun of him, and some even went the length of serious argument as to the propriety of eating beef. Bharadwaja with unimpeachable logic, and relying on the authority of the Vedas, proved that it was quite proper and usual to eat cows' flesh, and that the rishis before them had eaten of it. As the Mukhopadhyas derive their ancestry from Bharadwaja, they belong to the *gotra* of the same name. This tribe of the Brahmanas is to be found throughout the length and breadth of this land. They are as thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa. This tribe of one province is cold and indifferent to the same tribe of another province. The shade of Bharadwaja must be disconcerted and unhappy over it. These Mukhopadhyas, I believe, were the pundits of the sacerdotal type. In the priestly blood there had been

a leaven of vedantism, because Yogamaya's great grand mother was the daughter of Ramlochun Roy, the step brother of Ram Mohun Roy. My mother must have been a handsome little girl, for she had a beautiful face, perfectly regular in features with large black eyes, which expressed all her inward feelings. One had only to look at her eyes to know whether she was in a serene, or ruffled temper. She was a woman of immense human heart : her soul's horizon had no natural limit ; it went out to communicate with humanity. She lived for others without neglecting her own family. She was mild and affable, and on occasions would be firm as a rock. Her judgment on men and things was clear and just. She never told a fib,—far less an untruth, and never indulged in gossip or tittle-tattle, which is the bane and poison in a woman's character ; and this tendency to gossip becomes more loathsome and degrading, if it shows itself in a man.

A French author very ingeniously asserts that he discovers in man, a savage and a barbarian : the savage is the being consti-



**Mrs. K. M. CHATTERJEA**

tuted by our passions, it is incorrigible ; but the barbarian is our intellectual being ; there is some thing in it on which we can rely ; it civilises itself slowly but constantly. The presence of his companion, the savage, makes it displeasing. It profoundly hates the savage, and is capable of rising to a great height ; but a savage is incapable of education, and must be kept within bounds. It is disagreeable and sad to declare that man in this land, as in other lands in the East, has more of the savage in him than the barbarian, and man here is verily a woman with inverted sex.

Yogamaya was given away in marriage at an age, when she should be playing and studying and developing her body which, the physiologists avow, attains its maturity between the years of 18 and 21. She was only 13, and Kishori Mohun 18, when their marriage took place. It is a wicked custom that forces children into matrimony. It is still more censurable and reprehensible in those who countenance it. The Shastra-makers and custom-framers put themselves in the same



category with the legendary tribe of Trilobites. The Trilobites had eyes but no sign of coming sight ; and they lived under the surface of the water. It is opined that one of them got the sight and happened to come to the top of the water in the day time when he saw the sun. He came and told the others that in general the world was light and there was one great light that caused it all. They killed him for disturbing the commonwealth. Afterwards another of them got so far advanced, that when he got to the top of the water in the night time, he saw the stars. So he told the others that in general the world was dark but that nevertheless there was a great number of little lights in it. Then they killed him for maintaining false doctrine. In the end there was a dissension among them, and the sightless ones were exterminated. It is sinful and destructive of the growth and comfort of life to impose upon the unearning members of society the burden of matrimony. We meet with the tragedies arising from this insensate custom at each instant of time. It deteriorates

the race and kills its self-respect. National life is extinguished as soon as it loses its self-respect. Race perishes ; it is wiped out of existence : such a people is stricken from the list of nations. They have a tale in Denmark that a hero, Holger Danske, sits sleeping in a cavern in the old castle Kronborg outside Helsingor, his long beard grown fast to the table. And when the Danes get into trouble, Holger Danske wakes from his enchanted slumber and comes back in splendour to conquer the earth. It is insistently said in this country that some such hero like Holger Danske, with the life-giving principle, lies sleeping in some corner of this land and when the society gets into trouble and is faced with starvation, he will awake from his sleep and return in strength and glory to set the social and economic life in sound and healthy condition. Holger Danske has not come back. He sleeps tranquilly in his bed, and the maimed society bereft of the sinew of the soul still expects his re-appearance. The marriage ceremony was perform-

ed in accordance with the shastric rites : the rites in which the symbol of the Hindu trinity is the all important element. These were contrary to the true Védic rites which Rammohun Roy tried to revive. Rama Persad had not had the true culture of his father, and relapsed into the decadent shastric rules ; and it was his influence in the family which created a gulf between his father's principle and his poor-spirited descendants. . The marriage over, the little girl was brought into her new and strange home amidst all the relatives of her husband. She was happily allowed to learn and read books in her own tongue, the home being above want. There were men servants and maid servants in the household. Their rare fidelity and long service to the family almost read like a fable in the present day. There was one lady servant, Raybati by name, who deserves mention in any account of this family. She came into this family after her widowhood at the age of 12. She was of the same village, Krishnagar. She saw my father born and all his brothers

and sisters after him. She was a woman of excellent and kind disposition. The faithfulness and affection she displayed to the family remain an unforgettable impression in my mind. After 60 years of devoted service she retired in her village, where she had a clean, roomy hut built for herself and her sister's sons who came flocking around her. She died in the bosom of her family three years after her retirement, and left her tiny little fortune to her nephews. She made my wife a present of a gold brooch which my wife and I value so much. Three years after the marriage, I was born into this tempestuous world at a period of life, when my father was an under-graduate, preparing to get his university degree which he obtained three months after my introduction into this world, in which the religion of God—the laws of nature, is in perpetual conflict with the religion of the man-made God. It was Voltaire, who, in truth, said that God made man, but man made God afterwards. The true meaning of this remarkable saying

has not been understood by the theologians who infest this earth. What he meant to express in this aphorism is that God, who made this universe with its inviolable, immutable and inexorable laws, called the laws of nature, which govern and rule every species of life, has been put aside or forgotten, and in His place they have set up a number of anthropomorphic deities, whose imaginary rules and laws, codified by the theologians; have ever been allowed to run counter to the laws of nature, and thereby caused innumerable miseries and woes in this world; this system has divided the races of mankind into antagonistic groups, and the so-called civilisation based upon such a system is but a sham and a mockery. What Voltaire wished to declare was that the conception of God, as in the Vedanta, is real and true. He is organising Mind. The doctrines of Maya, Vidya and Avidya can be tested in the laboratory of a chemist. Even this purely rational doctrine has been laid hold of by theologians, like Sankaracharya, and metamorphosed into vague and metaphysical

speculations, confusing and confounding mankind. But man here as elsewhere is an affrighted being, and wishes to lead his mind on the glossy line of least resistance. He clutches at a thing ready made for him and to all appearance seems quite contented. Is he really satisfied at heart? if he were, the air would not have resounded with the tragic hum of mankind.

From the peace, quiet, and silence of the sacred womb of my mother, I was ushered into this great theatre of tragedy. I was well taken care of, although my parents had no independent means.

My father now and again would take me up in his lap and on one occasion when I was lying still in his lap: he was reading with his pundit a book of poems in Sanskrit. He came across a poem famous for its liquid rhythm. It runs thus:—"Nolini dalagāta Jalamati taralang etc." he at once fixed upon the name "Nolini<sup>†</sup>" and bestowed it on me. My grand mother took charge of my well-being as she did in regard to my two sisters who came after me. What a

tragedy, and humiliation for me and my parents to have been dependent upon some one else for my support and sustenance! The mind of the East—except perhaps that of Japan, has been so bent, turned and twisted by theological cunning and subtleties, that it has reached the stage of complete incapacity of finding any thing of tragic or humiliating nature in this custom of early and improvident marriage. They are unable to comprehend the colossal extent of the ravage it makes into society in its economical and moral aspects. It indubitably brings the race to the verge of poverty, to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water, and not even with efficiency at that; it deteriorates the physique and stamina of the race—in that it loses its self-respect in the endeavour to pick up any job, howsoever humble. The races, which have up to now survived with dignity, and will persist in the future, are those that have emancipated man and woman who work for and contribute to the healthiness and prosperity of the races of which they are members. The offspring of

early marriage have never been known to be of adventurous spirit; nor have they had the power of tenacity, or as the expression goes, of sticking it.

There is an expression, commonly used by the English people, "nothing venture nothing have"; its true meaning is that a man must have audacity and great courage if he wishes to achieve a thing of consequence. It acts as an encouragement to the race to become intrepid and to have an abiding faith in themselves. This has been the main spring from the earliest time of England's magnificent success in this world. She deserves it; for the emancipation of her man and woman has created in their breasts the bull-dog tenacity and the superb quality of patriotism which impels men and women and even children, to give of their best to maintain the greatness of the country.

As a Deputy Magistrate, my uncle, Lalit Mohun, had to move about from district to district, because according to the rules of Government, an Officer was not kept in a district for more than three years. He was



in the course of his service transferred to various places. My father was welcome in his brother's house, wherever he might have been sent. It was during his official stay at Natore that the two brothers met two Bengali Mahomedan zamindars, Khan Bahadur Mohamed Rasid Khan Chowdhury and Khan Bahadur Ershad Ali Khan Chowdhury. We were delighted to call Rasid Khan familiarly as *Rasid Meah*. His hospitality and liberality were exemplary. There soon sprang up between them a genuine friendship which lasted their days. In our family we have never known what in recent times we hear of as the Hindu-Mohamedan problem. Our family, as will appear from what is stated above, had been associated with the native Government and the people for many generations. We dined with them, and they dined with us; and we looked upon each other as members of the same race and community: only there used to be no inter-marriage. The Native Mohamedans in those days did not look beyond the natural boundaries of

Hindustan. They did not cast their ardent, longing visions of kindredship and political hegemony towards Arabia or Constantinople. They were good practising Mussalmans and withal were good Hindusthanees. They were aware that the nobility and the gentry of their community were the mixed races of the Hindus and the foreign Mohamedans, and that ninetenths of the Mussalman population in Hindustan were Hindu converts to Islam. The converts in all countries, as experience teaches us, are more zealous in their new faith than those from whom they adopt the religion. The converts carry their faith to the point of irritation, to fanaticism. In order to illustrate my point, I must in this place relate my experience of an incident, which occurred on an Austrian Lloyd steamer, bound for Trieste. It was in 1908. Among the passengers, bound for Europe, there were three Hindu students from the Punjab, a Parsee student, two Mahomedan gentlemen from Bombay going to perform their Huj, a few Englishmen and women, a Turkish high official from Bagdad, and myself.

The Turkish gentleman, besides his own mother tongue, had a working knowledge of Persian and knew a little Arabic, and spoke the French language with fluency and complete mastery. He was a man of much ability and afterwards turned out to be a fine and agreeable company. He spoke to every body all round, of course in French, but he got no response, as no one among the passengers understood or spoke the language. of Victor Hugo. He came up to me last to try his luck with me. I could articulate an answer to him, and we became good friends. On parting, he generously extended to me an invitation to stay in his palace on the Bosphorus and handed to me his card with the address. I still have it. One afternoon he went the round of the long, spacious deck of the fine steamer and discovered the two Mahomedan gentlemen on their chairs reading with deep attention. He at first spoke to them in French; then he tried Persian and at last addressed them in his limping Arabic. He received no answer, and took from their hands the books over which

they pored,—of course he took them with the politeness and courtesy of a high born gentleman. He could make out a few words in them and returned the books with perfect grace. I was standing near by. He came straight up to me and enquired of me as to who they were. I gratified his curiosity. He informed me in his gay and sarcastic tone that they were very ignorant personages ; but wished to give them the benefit of the doubt by investigating more thoroughly the depth of their knowledge, and asked me if I would act as his interpreter. I politely declined the task, but I got one of the Hindu students, who spoke Persian well, to assist him in his search. He had an hour's conversation with the gentlemen on their way to Mecca. He came to me with a look of amazement and disappointment, engraven on his handsome face, and reported to me that his co-religionists must have been the descendants of Hindu converts to Islam, as their knowledge was entirely confined and limited to the letter of the Koran, which they read night and day in Urdu

translation, and that the converts to all religions display more zeal and bigotry than their originals—their parent stock. He despaired of the progress of India in its different phases. There is too much religion or show of religion in India. One does not discover much common sense or rationalism in the people. After taking his degree of Bachelor of Laws, Kishorimohun was enrolled as a vakeel or pleader in the Sudder Dewany Adalut or the Appellate Court. The English had preserved the native name of the final court of appeal. There had also been established the Supreme court in which only the English lawyers, that is the Barristers, could appear to plead. The lawyers manufactured in India had not the privilege of an audience, nor can they appear on this side of the court even now. It is an anomaly, meaningless as it is, still existing in its pristine force. The lawyers, who are pressed out of the heavy machine of the University with Coke on Littleton and Blackstone's Commentary peeping out of their attenuated arms, keep

behind the lawyers who come out of the lighter machinery of Great Britain and Ireland. It is said that Rome moves slowly, but her slow pace of reforms is considered high speed in comparison with the forward movement in the legal system of this country, especially in Calcutta. In the profession of the law, it is well to know and realise, that one has to serve his apprenticeship with devotion and patience for a few years before the glimmering of success lightens up his waiting heart. Lord Russell of Killowen once said with much truth that a candidate for success at the Bar must have the ability to wait. To this piece of cogent advice I must add the ability to learn by heart, or to have at one's fingers' ends, the cases which have found their way into the law reports. The god of the English legal system is the precedent and in its holy name all reforms are burked. It is sometimes said half in joke and half in seriousness, that, in order to succeed at the Bar, one must have friends or make friends or marry the eldest ugly daughter of

a solicitor. Kishorimohun put in twelve months of apprenticeship in the courts, but he had set his heart upon perfecting the knowledge acquired in Calcutta at its fountain head. During the undergraduate days he had assiduously taken lessons in Sanskrit and gained a tolerable facility in that full and rich ancient tongue of the Rishis. With his intellectual equipment, and the assistance of a friend of the family, he took leave of his family and set sail for England of which he had heard so much from his grand-uncle and the Principal.

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ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT  
OF EUROPE.

*“L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vue que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinances des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont reconcilié avec elle.”*

Le Cósmpolite.

A person who is possessed of healthy and natural mind, or is not ill-natured, is sure to feel a strong attraction for the land which has given him birth, and the tradition in which he is born and nurtured. He is certain to be moved by the well-conditioned and graceful impulses of nature to act with love and justice towards those fellow countrymen who hold the lower stations in life. It is a fact that a nation or a race is moved forward by its strongest and finest minds; and, in proportion to their superiority, their



responsibility becomes heavy to lift those who live submerged beneath ignorance and superstition.

A great man can hardly rise in a country in which the average citizens are in the mean stage of culture and civilization. The poor and the unlettered are possessed of sound natural qualities of the heart ; they are sensible of kindness and sympathy ; they submit sooner to their impressions than to reason ; it is not enough to show them the truth ; the principal point is to deeply interest them in the truth, to seize their imagination and move them. Four days after the battle of Waterloo, when Napoleon, hearing the shout of the populace calling upon him to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies and proclaim himself Dictator, exclaimed bitterly, " Poor people ! They alone stand by me in the hour of my misfortune, yet I have not loaded them with riches or honours. I leave them poor, as I found them." The gratitude and affection of the poor for those who can move them and enter into the fibre of their being, are as steady and beautiful as the milky way

in the heavens. The poor and the submerged can make out a larger claim upon the good will of their countrymen who have travelled abroad than upon those that remain half submerged within the confines of the country.

Kishorimohun on his return from abroad wrote much for the advancement of the people. He had not the transcendent quality of Mohammad or Napoleon ; such mighty figures appear on rare occasions in the world ; he could achieve but little, but he did not spare himself. He laboured and worked during illness, even when he was put upon a regimen of "puffed" rice, milk and soda water. He left for England in March 1869 and arrived in the mild season of the year. He wished to compete for the Indian Civil service, but it was found that he was slightly above age. He turned his attention to the English Bar and was duly entered as a student at the Middle Temple, one of the Inns of Court with a glorious tradition behind it, the cloister-like appearance and the still life of the place in the midst of the roaring busy

life outside its precincts, throw one's mind far back into the hoary centuries which saw its birth and growth and development. In each term the students have to eat six dinners in that magnificent hall of which the walls are pannelled with the wood taken out of the famous Spanish Armada. At the back of the hall, on the wall above the dias on which the Benchers sit and dine during the terms is hung the celebrated portrait of Charles I sitting on a white charger. It is so finely painted, so realistic to look at, that one imagines for the moment that the figure is stepping out of the canvas. Aloft, over the entrance there is a comfortable gallery set apart for the ladies. On special occasions the ladies had permission to come in and stay in the gallery to witness the dramatic performances used to be held in the hall. It does one's heart good, it refines the mind, to live in this superior environment. It is a seat of culture and refinement if one only knows how to use it. It is frequented by men of culture and elevated character, of

learning and erudition, of practical knowledge and experience, as also by men of dead, dull mediocrity, and hungry money grubbers and men who wish to make a few shillings by the game of chance. Kishori Mohun took advantage of the best the dear old Temple could give. He made friends with a few students from the Universities of Cambridge and London and Aberdeen. They were men of talents and good breeding. He also met George Jacob Holyoake who was very friendly to him. George Jacob Holyoake, than whom there has not been a kinder and truer friend. I owe much to him as my father did before me. He wrote much and often in Holyoake's paper called the *Reasoner*. At this time Keshab Chundra Sen had been on a visit to England and preached from the Christian pulpits and nearly identified himself with the Christian Church. Kishori Mohun wrote an article in the *Reasoner* against the hollowness of Keshub Chunder's pretention and his back sliding from the great religion which Ram Mohun Roy revived, and

whose armour he wore. He and I saw many phases of English life and its activities through Holyoake's good services. Very few foreigners can boast of this. He made a life long friendship with Hugh Wilkinson, a high minded, much travelled Englishman. There was another friend of his Algernon M. Hart, a man of fine character and practical turn of mind, whom I knew intimately. These young men from the Universities, of whom two were Irishmen, Dr. Norman Moore and Mr. Fitzgerald, Wilkinson and Hart W. A. Hunter and a few others, with Surendra Nath Bannerjee, Lal Mohun Ghose and Woomesh Chunder Mazumdar and my father, formed a debating society and called it *The Laconics*. By the rules of the club, the members had to discuss the subjects in a few words within the small compass of a few minutes. It was a discipline imposed upon the common tendency to run into exuberant verbiage in speech. It had a beneficial effect on my father. He was not long-winded; what he wanted to say he could express it in a few sentences. He could do that in writing as we shall see

later on. Of all his compatriots he was much attracted and attached to Mazumdar for his fine scholarship and unswerving determination. Mazumdar was a native of East Bengal; the stout qualities of that race achieved full growth and richness in him. He was called to the English Bar, and settled down in London to practise his profession. By dint of character and perseverance he built up a lucrative practice in the Surrey Sessions. It is a fine example of self-reliance in a native of India. He attained in his profession such eminence as to have attracted the notice of Sir George Jessel, Lord Hatherley and Sir Roundel Palmer afterwards Lord Selborne. Kishori Mohun was much liked by Mazumdar for his talents and acquisitions. The friendship which sprang up between them is of astonishing nature. They were like two good brothers. With the friendship of a man of such attainments it was given to him to move in the high legal circle and society of which they were eminent members. The cards of invitation to the parties and dinners, of which

I am in possession, show the esteem in which those distinguished men held Mazumdar. He lived in Mazumdar's house and used to accompany him in his professional engagements. He sedulously attended the Surrey Sessions in sitting, and derived much experience of the conduct of the cases in the courts of law. They both used to go out riding in Rotten Row in the Hyde Park. After my father's call to the Bar, Mazumdar used to take him as his junior, occasionally leaving it to him the conduct of his own cases. This gave him much courage and confidence in himself. He got out of what they call the stage fright. It is of much consequence to a man who has to earn his livelihood by his profession. By dint of his own abilities and the support of his friend he began to make progress in the career of an advocate. On a few occasions he and Mazumdar held briefs against an able lawyer, then in practice at the Surrey Sessions, Douglas Straight, afterwards a Judge of the High Court at Allahabad, who retired from the Bench with a Knighthood. At one time

he had intended to bring over to London his wife and children ; such was his rise in the profession. But the sudden death of his dear friend plunged him into deep melancholy and sorrow. He then remembered his lonely wife, struggling with three children in the distant home at Calcutta ; and the dream which he had finely spun vanished at the touch of the reality of life. Mazumdar met with a tragic death. On a fine morning while riding in the Hyde Park with his faithful companion, his horse, full of mettle and spirit, stumbled and Mazumdar was thrown off his seat and fell with great force on the ground. He injured his brain and lost consciousness, never to regain it. His friend took him to the nearest hospital where he died. It was a terrible shock to Kishori Mohun. It took him many months to recover from it. After the last kindly offices were performed, he went to the continent, first visiting Paris ; in that beautiful city he stayed for some months to thoroughly master the tongue of Bossuet and Voltaire. He had a big bump for languages. When he



found out that he had the French language under control, he moved on to Italy visiting all the notable places in that land of sunshine, where it is always afternoon. There, in their own home, he studied Dante and Machiavelli. It is curious that he did not visit Germany, the country of his friend Theodore Goldstücker, a great sankritist, and Professor of Sanskrit in the University of London. My father often told me that Goldstücker had a more intimate knowledge and a deeper appreciation of Sanskrit philosophy and literature than many another man who had made noise in the world by deft manoeuvre of mediocre public opinion. Every thing passes for a great and big event, provided, the press is on its side and a boom is given to it. In order to secure the approbation of the press, which means fame and renown, one has to follow the advice of a Christian minister, that when there was a difficulty, "you had better give a dinner" or to offer to stand god father to the next child of the press man. He returned to England at the end of his tour on the continent.



hidden like oysters in their shells and remains in that carapace till he is burnt or buried. The difference between the free man and woman of the West and the slave man and woman of the East causes a bitter agitation and displeasure in their minds ; and not being heroes and having been born of slave parents, they feel sad and morose at the prospect of returning to the native land. They, the offspring of faint-hearted parents, are never blessed with prophetic vision, inspiration and courage to change all this. Heredity tells in the long run.

His arrival at Calcutta caused a flutter in our family. I was old enough then to remember that. There was a look of anxiety in every one's face. Each member seemed to interrogate the other in dumb show as to whether he would take to the family with its placid, prison life or he would drift in the stream of unknown foreign, social life and its environment. My poor dear mother was agitated and shaken to her inmost being with anxiety and fear, and in that dubious, twilight condition of mind—oscillating be-

tween hope and fear, she hugged me to her bosom, like a hen that flies to protect under her wings the chickens from the talons of a hawk or other birds of prey. From a few days before his arrival the women folk of the family gathered together in our house and discussed with grotesque fancy the attitude of a westernised man towards his wife and children and the society in general; this worked upon my mother's nerves, and on the evening of his arrival she broke down completely. I saw this in her beautiful and kind face when she clasped me in her protecting arms. All the dark and alarming stories, emanating from the heated imagination of the ladies, proved utterly false. In consonance to the biological laws, the offspring derive the faculty of imagination from their mothers; that is why the East is full and redolent of imagination, The East imagines; it does not reason; that is why it shuts up women from the gaze of men and keeps them from knowledge, and divides men into innumerable castes and sub-castes of touchables and untouchables. The

East has also said that man is born a eunuch, man makes himself a eunuch, but it is not given to all ; it shows the strength of the morbid imagination exciting the fear of evils, that may arise from the association and union with women. The result arising out of this peculiarity of mind has been the birth of monks and nuns and celibate sufis, and Mohatmas and Paramhansas. If a little rational thought were bestowed on this and other similar questions, and the same were considered from the light derived from the laws of nature, then the solution of these problems would have been ready to hand. But the East will not exercise its reason. It revels in enigmas and loves to meditate and to create an atmosphere for easy indulgence in mysticism and mystery. The East has turned itself into a colossal museum of biological specimens.

Kishori Mohun Chatterjea was enrolled as an advocate in the High Court of Judicature in the Fort William in Bengal, seven and half years after his enrollment as a Vakeel. He was abroad for a period of six

and half years. He tried his luck in Calcutta relying upon the friends of the family, some of whom were in the law. In India the word 'friend' is a misnomer; it is abused and misused. The word connotes virile quality. It signifies that the persons should possess firm, steady character and less imagination and must be honest in their conduct towards each other. It connotes less selfishness and egotism in the individuals. In short it is the gracefulness of character which makes and cements friendship. His friends visited him out of curiosity and applauded him for his fine scholarship and mastery of the principles of law. They dined with him and admired his witticism and vivacious conversation. They invited him to dinner in the hotels and praised his social qualities and all that sort of thing. But they did nothing to lend him a hand in the infancy of his career. His own countrymen and contemporaries in England were at the Bar before him. He met them and was received with cold humour. One of them was mali-

gnantly hostile towards him. This gentleman of the long robes had met Chatterjea in London. He had been called to the Bar on the occasion of this meeting. He committed a solecism in his speech. Chatterjea pointed out the mistake, saying that a Barrister should not fall into such obvious error in grammar. This enraged the gentleman and, within a week of this incident, he joined the University of Cambridge and in due course took his law degree. He never forgave my father for what he considered a humiliation and a base insult. This gentleman oppressed me when I joined the Bar. But I think a little discipline and work in the University did some good to his brain. He should have been thankful to the man who was instrumental in obtaining the university education for him and getting a tag to stick at the end of his name. The tag is a powerful lever in this country. It is as effective as the one that Archimedes invented; Archimedes could not lift the earth for want of a fulcrum. The tag finds the fulcrum every where, in all the

directions of the compass. Chatterjea made a fair start in spite of the indifference of the persons upon whom he unwisely depended. They say that jealousy is a feminine vice ; in that event, the Indian men are all womanly in nature. He left Calcutta for Allahabad in search of fresh fields and pastures new, a victim of this vicious disposition in others. There was something in his constitution which rebelled against the *vulgarité gouaillense* of the lawyers as a class. At Allahabad he was a new and fresh recruit. He found a friend in that part of the country in the son of the good man who helped him to realise his dream of going to England. He could make friends among some of the judges who were cultivated men : one or two of them were fine scholars and they soon began to like him for his scholarship and accomplishments. The French say, and it is very true, "qui se ressemble s'assemble." The illustration of this saying was observable in the friendly relation which subsisted between him and the judges. He prospered in his new home and kept an



open house like his ancestors. The Bengali Vakiis, who affected orthodoxy, but burnt with the desire of eating forbidden food on the sly, found in him a real god-send. They learnt at his table the handling and use of the knives and forks and became quite adept in it. They disdained the proverb: fingers before forks. He had taken a house in the English quarter of the city. It was in Elgin Road. When these gentlemen returned from Chatterjea's dinner to their own home, they used to put on the garb and the mentality of the orthodox Hindu. Like Janus they looked in different directions and spoke with two voices. This procedure has the effect of destroying the virtue of the mind, which alone can preserve the character of the race. It is the lack of character and moral pussillanimity, which has made the East subservient to the West. The West in most things dare and do; that is the characteristic power of the dominant race. He was liked by the people who came in touch with him. His house became the meeting place of the diverse elements of the Indian population.

He met Syed Mahmood, than whom no greater jurist had ever sat on the bench. Mahmood, his brother Hamid and he created an intellectual atmosphere at Allahabad and drew into his house the new middle class—*Der intelligenz*, as the Germans say. He occasionally contributed articles to a journal called *The Tribune*. He wrote a learned satirical essay on the origin of the word *Babu* which the *Tribune* published. Chatterjee was in grain an aristocrat, and the helter-skelter manner in which that respectable word had been employed and bandied about made him irate. He showed in that article that the word 'Babu' did not connote a clerk or a writer, but it always had been employed to denote the zemindar or the scion of a noble family. In his subsequent writings he alluded to it. At the time when Mr Surendra Nath Banerjee took to political life and gave his message to his countrymen by establishing a political association, and named it "The Indian Association," the country had been preparing for high Western Education. Mr. Banerjee had set up one at

Calcutta, and his next move was to start a branch of it at Allahabad. He held a meeting over which Chatterjea presided, and a branch became an accomplished fact. In political ideas he was an aristocrat and a conservative, but he believed in the equality of Englishmen and Indians of high birth and attainments. Heredity and Eugeniks coloured his views in regard to racial development and efficiency. He read largely of the Code of Manu. In many respects, especially regarding the selection of men and women to be united in marriage, the famous Code is quite modern. Nearly a whole chapter is devoted to marriage and the choice of persons of both sex in this important social event, with the keen eye of a modern scientist. The injunction of the Code is imperative wherein it calls upon the people not merely to investigate the physical, mental and moral characteristics of the parties themselves but also to go back into the history of their ancestors to the seventh degree. This was written for a virile race for the continuance of its species: It has fallen flat upon the decadent

and degenerate people. There is a low type of fish called *agnatha*; it is without jaws, it becomes adapted with difficulty to resist dangers and to ever-changing environment. This species is becoming extinct. Alfred Russell Wallace, one of the greatest and sweetest of men, tells us that "dominant species has become so because it is sufficiently adapted to its whole environment, that the species has a surplus of adaptability which allows it to keep up its immense population in the midst of countless competitors and enemies." Again he tells us that "nature selects, not by special characters or faculties but by that combination of characters which gives the greatest chance of survival in the complex, fluctuating environment in which each creature lives." All through his writings, given in the subsequent chapters, one may well discern the aristocrat—the Brahmin of the Aryan type. Mr. Justice Turner, afterwards Sir Charles Turner, was exceedingly friendly to him. Under his ægis, he could make a few thousand rupees in a year, as an examiner for the pleaderships and the muktearship examinations and one or two

other little legal jobs, besides his growing practice. Within a year or two of his career in the High Court of Allahabad, Douglas Straight, the old opponent and acquaintance of the Surrey Sessions, came out as a judge of this Court. Both were pleased to meet each other. The friendliness shown by Sir Douglas was much appreciated by Chatterjee. He used to say that, after the conquest of Greece by the Romans, the Greeks had been advised to secure Roman patrons with whose assistance they had prospered. It is a universal experience ; but the practice carries in it good and evil. Chatterjee had figured in a few *causes célèbres* which established his reputation as a lawyer. During the stay in the province, his professional calls took him into all districts and gained for him invaluable experience of judicial and executive administration of the country and the idiosyncracies of the great Civil Service ; and he saw the seamy side of human nature. The experience he thus gained forced him in later years of his life to take refuge in, and derive consolation from, a deeper

one he kept for his European friends and others, and the second one was for his wife and children where he used to pass his nights. My mother would not come out among his English friends, she not knowing the language well ; this fact impelled him to have recourse to two establishments.

In Calcutta he got into a smaller and less comfortable home. He realised his mistake and could not withdraw from it. The insistent whilom friends began to give the cold shoulder and disperse. It made him bitter against them, he would not give up the fight. He would not go back to Allahabad for a mere sentiment—the *amour propre*. *Amour propre* is a good feeling to have when it is in its proper place, when one is not bent under the burden of a growing family clamouring for education and other necessary things befitting the station of life of the wage-earner ; it is a stout moral quality to possess when one is above want and free of the weight of a family. He struggled on in spite of the sons of Zeruah who were too hard for him. He took a Professorship of law in the Metro-

politan College, started by the distinguished Bengali, Iswar Chunder Vidyasagar, and a law-reportership in the High Court and used to pick up a few briefs to supplement his income. His heart was not in the profession, as he noted the base tricks and sharp practices resorted to by the lawyers. The Germans have it :—“ Money lost is little lost.” Honour lost is much lost, Heart lost all lost.” He lost heart and failed. In the High Court and other Courts subordinate to it, they have altars reared up for Baalim. The King of the Chaldees, who slew their young men with the sword in the house of their sanctuary, and had no compassion upon young men or maidens, old men or infants, or him who stooped for age, could not have been a worse tyrant than the law and its practice. The Original side of the High Court has been the swallower of the fortunes of the people of Calcutta, and is disrupting the joint families : it has turned them into such a litigious rabble that they give away their all into the hands of the lawyer. On this side the Barrister’s practice runs on greasy wheels. A

man with squeamish sentiments, which, in this instance, amount to a high moral sentiment, should not go into the profession of law. The law feeds upon the moral carrion of the race. And what a race it is, whose every other member is a litigant *à outrance*. All these facts and spectacles turned him from the profession, and he wished to sit upon a professorial chair of peace and culture. After sometime the syndicate and the senate of the University of Calcutta, his *alma mater*, appointed him a Tagore lecturer for one year. The subject of his lecture was the Transfer of Immovable property *inter vivos*. It is a good piece of work. It discloses great learning and the mind of a jurist. It was about this time that Lord Ripon was sent out to India as Viceroy and Governor-General of India. He succeeded Lord Lytton, a man of fine culture and of imperial bent of mind. Lord Ripon was of deep religious temperament and character. His imperialism was softened by the benevolence which springs from religious nature. Lytton by his policy of imperialism got his government into the Afghan im-



broglie. His policy gave birth, and life to what was known as the Scientific Frontier. The Russian imperialism, backed by the ambitious, selfish and s'ony-hearted military Gog and Magog, was a constant menace to India. These blustering blood-suckers of the Russian poor people had perennially treated them as pawns in the game and kept them submerged in the pestiferous marshes of illiteracy and impecuniosity : but the whirligig of time with its retributive justice has engulfed them in utter ruin and destruction ; and the poor, it is believed, are stepping on the threshold to catch a glimpse of the sun that quickens life. The scientific frontier was a necessity. No statesman with any degree of foresight could remain supine in the face of the threat ; —it might have been a bluff—without making a complete preparation for any eventuality against the country. It had perhaps cost the country in million sterling pounds. It is far nobler for the country to make the sacrifice in order to be before hand with the enemy than to loll about in bed, and lull itself to

sleep or throw up the sponge and let the enemy walk in with easy grace and put his heels upon the neck of the country. The oriental statesmanship would have done all this, but it would have of surety courted slavery and extinction. The Englishmen with the grit and character that distinguish them could not have adopted any other policy. The policy which dictates the husbanding of a few million rupees in order that the country may eat and reproduce its species with a little more ease, and live in fancied security from foreign invasion, would be the method of government and the art of statesmanship suitable to the Iroquois or the demoralised Asiatics. The seemingly trite Roman saying, "*si vis pacem, para bellum.*" is based upon the biological law governing the dominant race. The servient race has no appreciation for it. It rests contented and happy, if it be only allowed to follow the two paramount instincts, self-preservation and the reproduction of the species.

There was a tremendous agitation against this extravagant waste of money. During

his regime, Lord Lytton passed the vernacular Press Act by which he put a restraint upon the irresponsible writings in the vernacular papers. This caused an irritation to the articulate body of the Indian public, who set up a continuous agitation in the country. The wave of these public excitements broke upon the shores of England. The Liberal Party exploited this feeling of commotion to their advantage, and turned out the Conservative administration and installed themselves in its place. Mr. Gladstone came into power on the crest of the wave of the General election with his policy of peace and retrenchment. The Marquis of Ripon, the representative of the Liberal Party, brought this message to the articulate portion of the Indian population who had then been methodically taught in the universities every bit of the English constitutional shibboleth. Lord Ripon brought with him something more than this mere political message. He carried with him a virtue which was peculiar to the man himself,—the great moral quality of righteousness that exalteth a nation. On

assuming the high office, he surveyed and scanned every department of the Administration, foreign as well as internal. He humanised the foreign office, smoothed the Afghan problem by placing the two governments on friendly footing, saved the poverty-stricken agriculturalists from the devouring maw of their own countrymen--the landlords, and the irritating demands of the State, as landlord. These poor people, who feed the lawyer class, the landlords and the State, gained a little respite and self-respect under the tenancy laws, revised by his administration.

He looked carefully into the educational questions to obtain a complete information ; and, for future legislation on the subject, he appointed a commission to give its finding, and report on the whole question. Another matter of some importance came under his review. The question of the status of the natives of India in the Civil Service was found by his government worthy of legislative revision. At that time there were a few natives of India who had passed in the competitive examination in London and

were in the service of the government of this country. Their position was anomalous. In the terms of the Criminal Procedure Code which was enacted long years before any native of India had gone to England for the Civil Service, no native of India could try for any criminal offence any European British subject outside the jurisdiction of the Presidency towns such as Calcutta, Madras and Bombay. In the year in which this Act was passed into law, the legislature could not foresee the eventuality of a native of India being in the Civil Service and failed to make any provision for or against this contingency. The Indian Civil Service men are, in all but this, governed by the rules and regulation in respect of their covenant which apply to their English colleagues, and they are their equals. Their self-respect was hurt and they made a grievance of the clause in the Code of Criminal Procedure. The government of Lord Ripon wished to remedy this, and, by an amendment of this Act, made up its mind to remove this disability and thereby place the whole service upon an

uniform basis. Mr. Ilbert, now Sir Courtney Ilbert, was the legal member. He introduced the Criminal Procedure Code Amendment Bill. It was made the basis of a long, violent and recriminative agitation in the country. It was during this reforming time that Chatterjea returned to settle in Calcutta. He took an intellectual interest in all these matters. In the discussion of all these questions, he threw himself on the side of the self-respect of his own people. He wrote articles on several subjects. The *Indian Mirror*, the *Hindu Patriot*, the *Ras* and *Rayyat* and the *Echo* were the papers in which he contributed his articles. He wrote an able and dispassionate pamphlet called the Amendment of the Code of Criminal Procedure Act—An Historical Sketch. Mr. Ameer Ali, now Right Honourable Ameer Ali, suggested the idea to him to write a complete history on this subject and gave him encouragement to publish this pamphlet. They were good friends. The Proprietor of *The Echo*, Soshi Bhusan Mookerjee, was an enterprising and courageous Bengali

gentleman. In those days all the journals were highly priced. Soshi Bhusan conceived the idea of starting a cheap, popular, weekly journal. He took the courage in both hands and launched into this dubious venture. He turned it into a success with the literary support of Chatterjea and his clever nephew Romani Mohun, the second son of his brother, Lalit Mohun. Romani Mohun died prematurely; at the time of his death, he was the Vice-chairman of the Corporation of Calcutta. His was a remarkably strenuous life; but he lived through it all without "turning his hair." The printer of *the Echo*, Takur Das Kerr, became the proprietor of the well known booksellers and publishers of this city, Messrs. Cambray & Co. He caught the spirit of enterprise from his friend and master Soshi Bhusan. The reading public in this country is small. In general the people do not read anything, nor do they care to acquire knowledge. The reading public consists of the lawyers and the clerks. The lawyer's soul is engrossed in making money, and it occasionally

dips into cheap politics. Beyond that nothing interests them. The other aspects of life more important than politics,—the things that matter and are of value and which are absolutely necessary to ponder over for the formation of a consolidated people, do not appeal to this class. They wish to glide on casters in a straight line. The clerks,—the poor, pigeon-souled men, lacking in education and bent low under the crushing load of social customs, eke out the animal existence without the hope of redemption in this world, either for themselves or the progeny they leave behind. The illustrious French administrator and savant, Turgot, said that the earth is for the living, and not for the dead. If this class of the population thought more of this world and viewed life in all its bearings, they would get more to eat and drink, and enjoy the varying beauties of nature on the hills, the sea and the plains. After a few short years of brilliant career, the proprietor had to wind up the concern. Art, literature and science had no votaries in those days ; even in these days of quick and sudden



transformations, their number is meagre; these refinements of culture were suppressed by the cheap jack politicians, in the same way as Aurungzeb put down Music. It is related of that great monarch, that on reading the Koran, he took the view that music had been forbidden by the tenets of that noble book. He at once came to a quick decision and promulgated it by a proclamation throughout his empire that none should cultivate music. It created a consternation among the musicians of the empire. They all met in a conclave and decided that they should stand in a line on two sides of the road, carrying a coffin on the day when the monarch would attend the mosque for prayer. Aurungzeb on his way to the Musjid saw a concourse of people lamenting on either side of the road; he enquired of his minister about this crowd and the contents of the coffin which they were carrying on the shoulders. On being told that they were the starving musicians of the empire, and the coffin enclosed the music, he wittily retorted that they should bury her well and pray for

her soul. Soon after the death of *the Echo*, he obtained a judgeship in the Calcutta Court of Small Causes. In his days the court consisted of four judges and a Registrar. He was appointed fourth judge. Even here the malicious fortune dogged his footsteps. According to the routine of the service, he rose to the third judgeship and should have risen to be the chief judge ; but the unwritten law of the Bengal Government with the weighty support of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, altered the regular course of procedure when a vacancy occurred. Instead of his getting the promotion, a stranger was brought in to the court over his head. It occurred twice in the course of his service and disheartened him. He had the intention to send his eldest son to Oxford, but he failed to realise his wishes owing to the two repeated rebuffs he had met with. He stinted himself in order to give his two sons good English education. His eldest son was sent for the English Bar and his youngest son was sent to Bedford Grammar school ; he sent his second daughter to Europe for her education, after

his eldest daughter had been married to Rishibar Mukerji, then Chief Judge of Kashmir.

During his eldest son's stay as a student in England, he once took a trip to England. He and his friend Woomesh Chunder Bonnerjee, one of the most distinguished advocates in India, travelled together. He stayed in his friend's house at Croydon, where he was generously treated. He met all his old friends and was entertained by them with much friendliness and liberality. Chatterjee had a letter from Babu Jogendra Chunder Ghose of Khidderpur introducing him to Mr. Congreve and Mr. Sullman, both eminent members of the Church of Humanity. Monsieur Anguste Comte founded it. I do not believe that he ever contemplated that there should occur a schism in this Church. But there has been a division even in the Positivist Church. Human mind has never been able to act in concert in the matter of faith or belief; all beliefs and faiths of human origin have blown into passions and dissensions men and women who submitted to the juris-

diction in their first beginnings, and in the end divided their professors into several denominations and sects and sub-sects. Comte's Church of Humanity did not escape this defect of human faith. Mr. Frederick Harrison, the philosopher, has his Church in Fetter Lane, off Fleet Street, where he delivers fine sermons ; in Red Lion Street, off Holborn, Mr. Congreve used to enlighten his congregation on the beauties of Positivism. My father and I with Mr. Sullman and his intellectual daughter paid a visit to this place on a Sunday. On that occasion Mr. Cotton, afterwards Sir Henry Cotton, was the informal priest delivering a sermon on humanity. It struck us all as odd that he should introduce politics and imperialism into his sermon and separate European humanity from Asiatic humanity. We had to dine with our hospitable friends, the Sullmans, in their house at Finchley. During the repast Mr. Sullman spoke with mingled feelings of grief and disappointment at Mr. Cotton's inept speech. He very nearly

apologised to us for the indiscretion of an Indian ruler. My father and I had the privilege of attending a ladies' soirée at Chenies Street Chambers near Gower Street. The Chenies Street Chambers in those days were a splendid institution. The Chambers were occupied by the ladies with profession. It was a rendezvous of cultivated, and cultured ladies. Miss Emilie Holyoake, now Mrs. Marsh, the kind and cultivated daughter of George Jacob Holyoake, sent over to us two cards of invitation which enabled us to take part in this unique ceremony. There was a galaxy of intellectual men and women. The conversations and discussions embraced lofty subjects of human interest, and one noticed the glint of intellectuality in every eye. Feminine mind was pitted against masculine mind. It was a demonstration of complete harmony and equality of both. The East is deprived of this intellectual intercourse between men and women and has crippled itself. The East has not felt the joy and exaltation which is derived from

intellectual and social commingling of men and women who compose humanity. It has its own idols. Ephraim is joined to his idols and has been severely left alone. The senate understands it, the consul sees it, yet this mischief remains.

He went over to Ireland to visit the country for the first time. He took me with him and visited many parts of that charming country. His old friend Fitzgerald of the Parliamentary Bar gave him a letter of introduction to his brother David Fitzgerald, then a county court judge at Dublin. He entertained us in St. Stephen's Club. After the dinner was over we were taken into the smoking room and introduced to a few Irishmen. My father had a cigar and I helped myself to a cigarette which I would not smoke. In the smoking room it was noticed that I had not lit my cigarette. I was asked to choose another brand. I had to confess to our host and his friends that Indian sons did not smoke in the presence of their parents. It took them by surprise and all of them expressed admiration for the

high moral etiquette of Indian civilisation. In the course of an interesting conversation, my father let fall an observation on the greatness of the English people. One of the party promptly took it up and exclaimed, "Sir, a drunken race can only be a conquering race." We all laughed heartily over this remark; the whole party was drinking the Irish nectar at that moment.

In the following year the General Election came upon us after a long Tory administration. I volunteered to speak and canvass for Naoroji for Finsbury and Frye for North Kensington. It was an exciting experience. These two gentlemen came at the head of the poll and entered the House of Commons as members for Finsbury and North Kensington respectively. Within three months of the installation of the Liberal Government, I received a letter from my father announcing the depressing news that for the second time he had been passed over. I keenly felt the injury done to him. I rushed off to see Naoroji to tell him all about it. It was a wild goose

chase on my part. He lifted up his eye brows and expressed indignation, which is mere froth unless it leads to action, but he could do nothing. He was an Asiatic at his best. I went to the House of Commons and interviewed Frye and explained the situation. He left me in the member's room to see Mr. George W. E. Russell then made Under Secretary of State for India. Frye returned to me and asked for a complete written statement of the case. I handed it to him after a couple of days, which he passed on to Mr. Russell. A few communications ensued between me and Mr. Russell through Frye. In the end I was assured that the injury of which I complained would be repaired. The Trojans were a good and brave race; they fought their best against the Greeks; but they were defeated and compelled to wander about the world like beggars for a resting place, all for the ire of malignant Juno. The mischievous fate followed him even here. Before Mr. Russell could proceed further, a question asking the Secretary of State for



an explanation on this subject had been put on the paper by Mr. Wedderburn. This precluded the Under Secretary from improving the situation created by the action of the Bengal Government. At question time Mr. Russell gave the stereotyped answer supporting the action of the Bengal Government. My efforts failed. But the gratitude of the family had been with good Mr Frye. He had retired, honoured as an Alderman, from Parliamentary life.

Though he was only a Small Cause Court Judge, and comparatively a poor man, the learning and intellect which he possessed secured for him a high place even in the native society then, as now, in the grip of Kuvera or Mammon. He drew around him men of his intellectual sympathy and strove to form a centre of cultivated, well informed public opinion. The list of the intellectuals who assembled in each other's residence was a long one. It is fit to mention the four most prominent of them. Their sincerity was above suspicion, and they had no axe to grind. Sir Romesh

Chunder Mitter, Babu Jogendra Chunder Ghose of Khidderpore, Babu Shambhu Chunder Mookerjee, the founder of the *Rais and Rayyat*, Babu Soshi Bhusan Mookerjee, a distinguished pleader of Bhagalpur. These were men of honour, ability and character and would have been leaders of public opinion in any country in Europe. This small coterie silently and methodically carried on its mission of creating a healthy, straight-forward public opinion. Fresh recruits came in to enlist, and one of the many who joined was Babu Basanta Kumar Bose, Vakeel. He brought into the society the glow and passion of youth. In literature, science, and art and even in the solution of social problems, it is the free and high soaring intellect of the youth that has done the greatest work for humanity. The youth in this country suffer from bad heredity and eugenicks. It is badly caparisoned by social customs, and poor nourishment of the ancestors, male and female. The youth possess the inborn enthusiasm, which beneficent nature endows him with ;

but it must have the aid and strength of other biological factors of the highest order for the youth to accomplish anything of real value. The marriage and social laws running directly counter, to the important biological factors, overpower them and they capitulate. This newly born society expired for want of enduring vigour necessary for its life and maintenance. Chatterjea had been so embittered that for a few years before he finally quitted his native land, he would only see Sir Romesh and Maharaja Sir Jatindra Mohun Tagore. The latter's family had been in close friendship with the Roys. Maharaja Jatindra Mohun was of much assistance to him in obtaining the Small Cause Court judgship. I heard my father say that, on one occasion, Maharaja Jatindra Mohun in a fit of impatience, into which he was rarely betrayed, rebuked one of his interlocutors for his absurd political idea with the observation that politicians of such calibre would wish to get all the big loaves and fishes of the country, and leave the policing and the defence work to the

English people. His pregnant remarks contained the ring of truth and perplexed his friends. In this country, more than in Europe, in order to improve oneself in the service of the State one has to pay resolutely what is called respects to the head of the service. Men of self-respect and with some little heredity to boast of are incapable of submitting to this unwritten code with the regularity of a clock. It is not worldly wisdom to refrain from it. Do in Rome as the Romans do. Be of slave mentality in a country of slaves. This is the wise saw to follow and act upon. Many an honourable man with strong biological instincts has gone out of this world poor and unsung. They alone have been the silent makers of the nation. I do not remember his having dined at the Government House or in any Englishman's house. It might have been due either to his extreme shyness, or sensibility of nature. The Asiatics are inordinately thin-skinned.

Sensibility of nature arises from fine heredity, education or culture. Mammon, as has

been said, was the least erected spirit that fell from heaven, for he was thick-skinned and his sensibilities were blunted by constant downward gaze on the gold-paved floor of heaven. It was one of the reasons I believe, why the government refused a year's extension of service to my father. A snake which creeps along with its hood up in the air is more readily attacked by the enemy and killed than those of the species which worm themselves into their holes or crawl upon their bellies in the grass. It is the law of nature, so the human species can not be exempt from it. Men with fine, dominant feeling should draw comfort from the reflection of this biological fact. He had met in early days of his practice two remarkably successful lawyers, Babu Mohesh Chunder Chowdhuri and Babu Mohini Mohun Roy. Babu Mohesh Chunder belonged to the pre-university period and was a lawyer of great eminence and strength of character of which he gave abundant proof during the European Agitation against the Bill amending the Criminal Procedure Code. The Bill was

christened and named after Mr. Ilbert who had the charge of piloting it in the Imperial Council.

Kishori Mohun Chatterjea proved deficient in the quality of adaptation to the complex and fluctuating environment and did not get what he thought was his meed. This property of being all things to all men was not in his vein, and he retired from his labours on an insignificant pension, although the Government had the power, if it had the inclination, of increasing it.

He had been taken ill a short time before his papers were sent into the Government. His old friend, Dr. Rusick Lal Dutt, who had been his contemporary in England attended on him. Dr. Dutt was exceedingly good and kind to him during his illness. He, perhaps, remembered the old days of friendship in London. In foreign countries, robust-minded men sometimes form lifelong friendship. Dr. Dutt strongly advised us to send him away to the south of France, in the Riviera, immediately on his retirement. In India, the land of

snobbism imported from Europe, it would not have been possible for him to live on the small pension. With regret he bade adieu to the land of his birth, his growth and strenuous life, in which he had alternations of hopes and fears—more fears perhaps, than hopes. There was one pathetic figure which ennobled the whole picture of this tragic emigration of a family. Nietzsche says that tragedy is the most beautiful thing in life. It comprehends every shade of emotion and sentiment of which the life is composed. The tragedy was depicted on the face of that heroic woman born, bred and nurtured deep in the traditions of thousands of years—traditions which have survived the cataclysm of time—traditions most of which are alien to the hemisphere to which she was a sorrowful pilgrim, cut off from her own and her husband's relations whom she loved so well; there stood my noble mother on the deck of a French steamer, ready to carry her over the deep, blue seas into the unknown land.

My father, mother and my sister Saralata

Devi reached Marseilles and were met by my wife's good brother L'abbé Victor Filleu. Monsieur l'abbé is a high-souled man. Although a priest of the rigid system of religion, he preaches Christianity with charity, as all religions should be preached to ensure success. Gold and the sword may make converts. They are not worth enlisting, for they become human cirrhipedes or mental hermaphrodites. My parents were installed in a comfortable little house in a picturesque part of Burgundy, within a few minutes by rail of the well-known town of Auxerre. Dr. Dutt prophesied truly. Chatterjea lived 11 years after his retirement. There lived in the village a few rentiers whose friendship he cultivated. He passed his days in agreeable diversions, playing cards with them, and fishing in the clear waters of the Yonne, on both sides of whose fertilising waters lies stretched the immense tract of land laden with luscious grapes which bear within them the seeds of health and gaiety. There is a Tuscan proverb, which says, "in the grapes there are three little stones, one of health,



one of gaiety, and one of inebriation": the perverted human mind, the effect of evil heredity and bad education, gets maudlin over the last. In that peaceful little village surrounded on all sides by cultivated hills, with the soothing music of the water of the Yonne, as it breaks and rushes over the rocks and stones, they passed their live-long day. Occasionally they used to break forth into the din and noise and smut of large cities and railway journeys. They lived to see three grand-children born and grow.

Chatterjea bestowed upon them the names he most liked. The two first were grand-daughters and he named them Beena and Banee, the names of poetic import. The third was a grand-son, a sweet child. He called him Indra Prasad. His mother gave him the French name, André. He was a lovely child with sweet temperament, and lived for a few years with his grand parents. He taught him to recite Sanskrit, Bengali, and other verses, his retentive little brain taking in all that was taught him. He would repeat these to me long after his

grand-parent's death. He grew to be a brave, courageous and affectionate lad. He was much loved and adored by his parents and brother and sisters. His sweet little life of sixteen years came to a sudden and tragic end, leaving a wound in the heart of his parents never to be healed and skinned over. I have often repeated the famous line "why the son should die before the father."

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CHAPTER VII.

EDUCATION.

*"Il n'est rien d'impossible à l'éducation ;  
l'éducation fait danser les ours."*

HELVETIUS.

In this Chapter we shall know what Chatterjea thought of the education which was in vogue in the country, and what his opinion was as to the education to be imparted in the future. His writings on this question, as on all other important subjects which came before the public of those days,

were contributed mostly to the newspaper, *The Echo*. On the appearance of the report of the Education Commission, he commenced a series of articles reviewing the work. He termed the report of the Commissioners, the *Doomsday Book* of education. He was much impressed by the personnel of the commission and the laborious work which brought it to termination. "The real value of this voluminous report consists in the fact of the recognition of the opinions of the people in matters of education. The views of the people were invited, and after a patient hearing, they were carefully and impartially examined, and moulded into an authoritative and official form by men whose judgment must carry weight with the whole community, and whose decision must command the respect of all classes." He goes on to say ;—  
 "It appears that almost from the beginning the British Government showed an anxiety for the education of the people. The difficulty arose as to the system of education which should be adopted and recognised, whether Sanskrit and Arabic, or English

should form the staple of education. Opinion was divided. Ranj Mohun Roy, whose Spinosistic mind saw into every mode of reform, and laid the foundation of almost every thing that has since been taken up by different men of divergent and opposed views, with more or less success, stood up for English learning. The Raja laboured hard and unremittingly, and in the words of the Report, it took twelve years of controversy, the advocacy of Macaulay, and the decisive action of a new Governor-general, before the Committee could, as a body, acquiesce in the policy urged by him."

It is a curious fact, which occurs often with this government, that on a matter like the education of the country, that Chatterji was not invited to give his evidence. What is the method adopted for selecting the witnesses on the commissions remains a mystery to the public in general. It is one of Sphinx's riddles never to be solved. The Report in dealing with various schools and colleges, State and private, had not mentioned the Metropolitan Institution. It is

rather a skillful omission. "It is a pity to forget, for instance, the Metropolitan Institution, its wonderful beginning, its un-precedented development, and the regular model which that institution has now become, in many respects. That Institution owes its existence and prosperity to the unaided exertion and means of one only individual and is sustained solely by a native professorial staff, and can boast of students who have taken honors in the University. It has to be borne in mind also that this Institution, since the virtual retirement of its proprietor from public life, has scarcely had any voice in its University, and no voice in the examinations. Yet in the midst of all these difficulties it has risen and thriven. We are unable to understand how the Institution escaped the attention of the Commission on its summary at page 262 para 260. Again at page 268, para 298, among colleges needing special notice, we find the Canning College at Lucknow, the Oriental College at Lahore, and the Mahomedan Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh. The Metropol-

tan Institution is once again ignored. Why? Is it because it has done the greatest good with the least noise? because it has neither sought nor received a single pice of Government aid." 'The College of to-day,' says the Report, 'aims at giving an education that shall fit its recipient to take an honourable share in the administration of the country, or to enter with good hope of success the various liberal professions now expanding in vigorous growth.' "Would that it were so! As it is, as soon as we leave the hallowed precincts of our schools and enter into public life, somehow our success begins to vary inversely in proportion to our self respect. However, let us hope that better prospects are before us, and our sons will have no reason to remember that we have had so much to endure To create some machine B. A's and M. A's and then leave them to the mercy of the four winds, is but a mockery of high education. The great aim of high education is not only to instil ideas, but stimulate the advancement of knowledge by the maintenance of

high standard in the administration of the country and the encouragement of men in the educational service itself, and allowing them leisure and money to enable them to hold their heads among the literati of the world. The low remuneration and prolonged labour which is so characteristic of the Judicial service leave little room and much less inclination for the culture of the mind and the moment a B. L. joins the local bar or becomes a munsiff, in 99·5 cases out of a hundred he begins to degenerate. He rapidly forgets, in the atmosphere of law with all its baneful surroundings, the sound and noble ideas which he happened to imbibe during his 4 or 5 years of academic toil." He was not in favour of the policy of the State dealing with high education. "In Calcutta, for instance, the Presidency College should at once be wholly abolished, and the public or the Government should come forward to endow chairs in the private institutions which are able to hold their own. All that the government need do is to exact a certain amount of proficiency, and in order to secure

that object it is perfectly entitled to entertain a well qualified board of examiners at the University. Beyond this, the government should entirely wash its hands of what is called high education." In the little society, of which mention has been made before, the members used to discuss important questions of the day. We catch a glimpse of it in the following remarks :—" We have taken counsel with many men of experience, they all agree with us in thinking that there is not the least reason for Government to maintain an educational Mammoth, like the Presidency College in Calcutta, but, they add, unless the government interferes *directly* in the matter of collegiate education in the Mofussil, the people will be bound to be backward in establishing colleges for themselves after the model of the advanced private institutions. Our answer is, that if people in the Mofussil are not alive to their own interests, their moral faculties must be of a very low order, indeed, and greater the reason that those few men in the Mofussil who can appreciate the blessings of high education



should send their children to places which enjoy a salubrious moral atmosphere. If our degrees are really inferior to the degrees conferred elsewhere, by all means endeavour to raise the standard, but it is a vicious system which would confer degrees and at the same time depreciate those degrees by holding the recipients unfit to prepare men for similar examinations, and thus degrade the local graduates to a status far inferior to that of the recipients of foreign degrees." The commission recommended that Indian graduates, especially those who had also graduated in European Universities, be more largely employed than they had hitherto been in the colleges maintained by the Government. To this Chatterjea says, "we unhesitatingly admit the benefits which arise out of travelling in a foreign land, especially in England; we are alive to the social benefits which an Indian youth may derive from a residence in one of the colleges in England; but it is more than unnecessary, to our mind, to induce a young gentleman after he has taken honours in this

country to go and immerse himself in a similar course of studies in England, and thereby forfeit the very benefits which form the essence of a sojourn in a foreign land, namely the constant pursuit after an active, free and social life. Take your degree and go to England for a short time" is one mode of expression, and a fact, but to say "take your degree here, and then go and take your degree there" is quite another mode of expression, and a fiction, the sting of which lies in the disparagement of our own universities, and indirectly casting contempt on the recipient of local degrees. And the worst feature of all is that it will render men for all times to come indifferent to the improvement of our own University which must ever occupy a determinate inferior status to foreign University. The commission dwelt with timidity and less freedom upon the subject of boarding establishments for the students. It says, 'the initial out-lay upon buildings is one from which the government and independent bodies alike shrink. So poor is the Indian student that it would

be impossible to demand of him any but the most moderate rent, a rent perhaps barely sufficient to cover the cost of the annual repairs. The second obstacle lies in the religious and social prejudices which fence class from class. Not only does the Hindu refuse to eat with the Mussulman, but from close contact with whole sections of his own coreligionists he is shut off by the imperious ordinancy of caste \* \* \* \* \* all the more important, therefore, it is that the government educational officer should be able to exercise the moral influence of a close and watchful discipline.' To this the answer is given :—"Whether it is possible for a government educational officer, such as we generally find, to sympathise with the ways, wants and aspirations of our young men to such an extent as to be able to exercise that wholesome moral influence of a watchful discipline is a question we regret to have to answer in the negative. A serious necessity has arisen to subject our students to that chastening influence which a residence within the college premises for a term of years can alone secure.

It is urged that the Indian student is so poor that it would be impossible to demand of him but the most moderate rent. We do not wonder at the touching pathos on the part of the commissioners when the axiom on which they proceed is the begging of the whole question. Are all Indian students so poor that they are unable to pay the reasonable expenses of a properly 'high education' Certainly not, and what is worse, Government has gone and made a mess of the whole thing by placing a sucking bottle of high education by the side of almost every lad who is not a roving beggar. High education is a luxury which no one has a right to enjoy but those that can pay for it. If the Government instead of opening the thousand and one Presidency Colleges all over the Empire, had opened some half a dozen alms-houses it would have done a doubly blessed and a truly righteous act. We condemn the false sentiment which has led to the establishment of expensive government colleges at an enormous cost to the public for the doubtful benefit of men, the

bulk of whom should be content to send their children to primary schools, or to give them at the most a secondary education. Those gentlemen, who are anxious both by their position and antecedent to impart to their sons a university education, find to their disappointment that what their children gain in book knowledge is more than counter-balanced by the loss of refinement and culture which must necessarily ensue from their association with the lower orders of the people. We remember, though it is now several years ago, that the children of some well known families in Calcutta were removed from the then Hindu College to St. Paul's and the Doveton College, the reason being that neither the under teachers nor the students were sufficiently respectable." It has often been urged against European civilisation in the East that it has put in the melting pot the natural distinctions of social rank and position, and levelled them down to an unhealthy monotonous drab. This charge emanates from people who entertain inordinate notion of the antiquities of fami-

lies and traditions. These are excellent biological principles to work upon, but we are met with other biological laws which conflict with the above mentioned principles. Nature institutes distinctions for a reason and a purpose, and that is to preserve a perfect balance and equilibrium in the Universe. There must exist the strong and the weak throughout nature; and her scale will remain even to the end of the world. The artificial distinctions, however, must be obliterated. Chatterjea discusses this subject from the stand-point of an aristocrat :—“ A few words may be needed to explain what we mean by social rank, at all events among the natives of Bengal. Few people are aware that before the present confusion overspread our society, the higher classes of Hindus and Mahomedans occupied for all practical purposes the same status and rank among themselves. Except in the matter of food, Brahmins, Vaidyas, and Kayasthas and Mussalmans of gentle blood used to be the natural leaders in every village and in every town, and it was they

that really represented the public opinion of a particular locality. Those high born Hindus and Musalmans were alike versed in each other's language, and participated alike in each other's joys and sorrows. Are there any Hindus in young Bengal who ever care to read Persian now, and where are the Musalmans amongst us that can repeat a single Sanskrit *sloka*." The origin of Hindu-Mahomedan question according to him arose in this way. "The separation came when English schools were first established in the Metropolitan towns upon a so-called secular basis. At the time of their first establishment in Calcutta, there were but few, if at all, respectable Hindu and Mahomedan families resident in Calcutta. Those schools as was to be expected, were mostly attended by boys who had little or no notion of family traditions, and whose ambition was to supplant by the instrumentality of a foreign education their social superiors. The latter naturally kept aloof, and as the lower classes of Hindus and Mahomedans, like the lower class in every community, are imbued with

the worst prejudices of their race or sect, the two classes were inclined to seek separate establishments, and there was thus founded one school for the Hindus and another for the Mahomedans. And the bitter result now is that with the progress of so-called high education the Hindus and Mahomedans have within the last five and twenty years, with rare exceptions, come to regard each other in public as members of a different race and almost to disown one another. In this order, it is a satisfaction that the Hindus and the Mahomedans of the North-western Provinces," (now they are called the United Provinces) have still retained some traces of the old manners. They have at least been able to preserve that solidarity which in our Province has all but crumbled away; the Hindus and Mussulmans fraternise to an extent which would make their name-sakes in Bengal start with wonder, and there still continues in the North-west, in spite of the efforts of designing men, much about the same kind of social relation between the higher order of



the Hindus and Mahomedans as of old. Strange, during our peregrination in the Upper Provinces, it was a Mahomedan gentleman, Moulvie Faridul.din, a distinguished pleader and at present a Subordinate Judge, first told us of a *bonmot* and dwelt with affection on the memory of Radha Pershad Roy, the most accomplished and high-minded Bengali Hindu of his time, and the silent fellow worker of Colonel Lees, and Rev. Long, but who is scarcely known even by his Hindu country-men of Bengal. And here we wish to record our deep sense of gratitude for the illustrious Syed of Aligarh, the venerable Syed Ahmed Khan, for his benefactions and the noble edifice which he has erected in that town for the education of Hindus and Mahommedans. To those who are moved by narrow interests and worldly greed to set up a social wall between them, we have simply to reply by pointing to the monument which the genius of the greatest Indian of his day has raised to national education in the almost obscure

town of Aligarh. The singular prescience of one man has accomplished in the so-called backward North-West what it will take numberless years for the whole multitude of Maharajas and Rajas, Nababs and Babus, Khan Bahadurs and Roy Bahadurs in all Bengal, Behar and Orissa, the Paradise on earth of the Mahomedans, even to realise in their dreams." Chatterjea was prophetic when he wrote these words. Bengal cannot even now boast of an institution like that of Aligarh. He was insistent on having residential Colleges. "Caste, even in the matter of commensality is fast dying out among the higher classes, and if students should refuse to mess together, let them have their meals in separate quarters ; but we must still insist upon there being the residential system followed out in every school and college in the country, and we think it is the duty of the University to refuse to affiliate any institution which is not founded on the model of the Anglo-Oriental College of Aligarh."

The Report recommended moral train-

ing and religious teaching in Collèges. The recommendation appears in this form : (i) "That an attempt be made to prepare a moral text book, based upon the fundamental principles of natural religion, such as may be taught in all government and non-government Colleges ; (ii) that the principal or one of the professors in each government and aided College deliver to each of the College classes in every session a series of lectures on the duties of a man and a citizen." He grappled this thorny question in his own way, making an appeal to the beauties and grandeur of all true religions, and with biting satire pointed out the back-slidings of the Hindus and the Mahomedans on this momentous subject. "We regret to say that as far as we have gone, these two recommendations are of the most ill-conceived description, which show more than any the vulnerable heel of Theti's son, and what intensifies our regret is that neither the Hindu nor the Mahomedan gentleman on the commission has been able to grapple with the question in a way

which the smallest remembrance of their own traditions would have surely led them to do. By moral training, we take it, is meant the constant practice and cultivation of that mode of speech and that demeanour which is recognised and admired by the most respectable class of the community, and practically the difference between moral training and religious teaching amounts to this ; that our conduct must be so and so, our behaviour must be so and so, our carriage and demeanour must be so and so under such and such circumstances, and the same with our language and words, or we will incur the displeasure or the contempt of the respectable members of the community of which we are one. Religious teaching practically takes up the same role with this difference, that if you do not do such and such things, you will incur the displeasure of God, or to use the expression of Alexander Pope, the great first cause least understood. "So the teaching in either case tends to the same end in the matter of this world, in either case the emotion of fear is worked

upon, and to use a learned expression, the sanction in the one case is the fear of immediate evil, and in the other the fear of contingent evil. Pure and uncompromised Christianity, like pure and uncompromised Islam and Vaidica equally teach us to turn away from the meretricious charms of this world, they equally teach us to subdue those tumultuous desires, the impetuosity of which fills the world with so many variegated objects for their insatiable gratification. "Leave all thou hast," says the Prince of Humility, "do good or give up all thou hast to others," says the Prince of Truth, "subdue thy desires and be a triple commander" is the language of the divine Rishi. Who among the Education Commission is so bold as will come forward to prepare "a moral text book of natural religion" for the followers of Jesus, of Mahomet and of Brahma. We have at times been equally touched by some of the soul-ennobling expressions which are abundant in the Bible, the Koran and the Puranas; but as the descendants of a far too ascetic race, we

may be pardoned for our some little partiality for the priceless gems which are scattered broad-cast throughout the Mahabharata. But, if the books which are now taught in our schools are not sufficient to place before the boys examples of good conduct and good work, we submit it will be more than enough to teach what, we believe, is still taught in our humble villages, a portion of the *Pandnama* and a few *slokas* from Chanakya. We will not say anything about the others, but we wonder what happened to the Hon'ble Syed Ahmed Khan or Mr. Mahmud and the Hon'ble Bhudeb Mookerjee that they were unable to make any suggestion. Certainly Babu Bhudeb cannot have forgotten the verses of Chanakya, the pleasant companion of Hindu boys of Bengal till thirty years ago. Is it possible to give a better text than '*Atmabot Sarvavutasu*' 'look upon others as your own self!' And it may be equally said that there is scarcely a Mussalman in whom some of the beautiful passages of the *Pandnama* have not left those marked traces which were impressed

on their kinds at a tender age. Is it to be a branch of international morality, or the average order of morality that is observed towards the natives of the country by our Anglo-Indian neighbours? We were taught when little children to be beforehand with a Mussalman in the matter of salam, we were taught to be before-hand with a Hindu in befitting salutation. It did not signify a bit what was the condition of the Mussulman or Hindu, the salutation had to be recognised. Now, how many Anglo-Indians are there from a High Court Judge down to an Assistant Professor in any of the Presidency Colleges who far from being the first to salute any man who is known to them, would even think of taking any notice of a salam or a salute. From a "native" point of view such a demeanour is a token of want of manners or even boorishness. After all, if the professors in our colleges behaved *strictly* like gentlemen even in the smallest points, if our magistrates and judges behaved strictly after the model of their namesakes in England, much of the complaint laid at the door of the

graduates would cease to exist. The magistrate's court is rightly called the people's court, and above all it is highly necessary that our magistrates should be absolutely punctilious in the observance of etiquette. Ask any one of the numerous practitioners, the whole body of the B. Ls, and we should indeed be very much surprised if there could be found a single one among them who felt himself at home in a European magistrate's court, and who would not avoid that court but for the pinch of hunger." There is much truth and sense in what has been said above. Manners makyth man, says the moral preacher to the deaf world. It takes its place among the copy book maxims and remains unredeemed. I believe things are taking a better turn and the country is getting the sense and perception of biological laws. He lays down in clear terms the practical policy that should be adopted. "A series of lectures on the history and science of religion would be both interesting and profitable, and at the same time teach the students to be tolerant of the views and sentiments of the votaries of



diverse creeds. Compare the teachings of Confucius and Zoroaster, of Jesus and Mohammed, of the Vedas and the Puranas, and the essence of them all is exactly the same. Nothing inflames race prejudice more than religious differences and let one community in India acquaint itself with the creed of the other, and in a few years India will wear a different aspect. What we wish to add is this, that when a professor faithfully explains to a class of grown up students Austin's lectures on Jurisprudence, is it possible not to dwell at length on the duties of a man and a citizen, is it possible not to refer to the *morals and legislation* of Bentham, is it possible not to refer to Roman law in some detail, and does not the student read in the very opening title of Justinian, *honeste vivere, alterum non ledere, suum cuique tribuere*, and are these merely dead expressions and will not each and every one of these expressions afford to an enthusiastic teacher matter for ample lecture." He was a lecturer himself and loved to explain and dwell upon these expressions with the power of

eclaircissement possessed by a true teacher for the delectation and moral benefit of the students who attended his lecture. He was ardently desirous of seeing a college set up in one of the hill stations manned by a staff of teachers devoted to the work. His wishes were not fulfilled owing to the apathy of the wealthy class of the country. The wealthy classes in Europe, especially of Germany, are animated by a genuine sentiment of patriotism as they desire to raise the general level of intelligence and instruction of the youth of their countries. The wealthy classes in India are not sufficiently instructed to understand the point of view of the ever progressing civilisation of Europe. Political haber-dashery of attractive hues is the object upon which they bestow the best energy and burning passion. Political enfranchisement will not improve matters here where a Namasudra or a Pancham is despised as a profane creature. Do not these people worship the same deities as the other pretentious Hindus? Are they not living in the full blaze of a civilisation which teaches the world the sove-

reignty and sacredness of man! are they expected to be reconciled to the tyranny of social customs which have crushed the divinity in them. Is it to be wondered at that they should rush *en masse* into the folds of other creeds and thereby cause a terrible diminution in the Hindu population? "There should be an International Administrative College established in some hill station for the education of the higher classes of all communities, and the selected students should be asked to spend a portion of their educational period in England and in France or Germany. Under proper care and management there is no place better than India for the cultivation of International morality." He was not unmindful of physical exercise for the boys. His observation on this subject is sound and pertinent. "Our people are somehow apt to forget the simple adage, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. The ancient Brahmin students used to look after cows in the meadow; it was one of the ways in which a simple, peaceful and temperate

people used to take their exercise during their academical career. The lives of the generality of our modern students are far from being rural ; they are for the most part pent up within the small enclosure of a dusty city, and in one of its ugliest quarters; such things as manly sports are little known and much less understood. More than half the time of Anglo-Indian youths and men is usually employed in shooting and pig-sticking, whereas there is scarcely any one of our graduates who can tell the trigger from the muzzle of a gun, and the word pig-sticking has hardly any other than a philological value to our begowned graduates. It gives us no small pain to look on the emaciated figures of our young men, who, if they but paid the slightest attention to their muscles and physique, would turn out to be fine, robust and manly fellows. It has become quite a hobby with our young men to appear attenuated and feeble and their great ambition seems to be to lose the use of their sight, so that they may have an opportunity of peering gravely through a

pair of spectacles. If the boys of to-day are the fathers of to-morrow what a gloomy prospect has our race before it. It is not unfrequently said, that the Bengali is that specimen of humanity which has a sound mind in an unsound body. The proposition is simply absurd. In an unhealthy body the mind can scarcely be said to be sound, except in some rare and individual cases. Julius Cæsar may have had a weak constitution ; but a race or community can not be composed of Julius Cæsar. A sound mind in an unsound body is capable of only one interpretation, and that is, that such a mind may give occasional evidence of extraordinary intellectual feats, may be shrewd and ingenious but it would be idle to expect men with such minds to grapple subjects which call for sustained energy, or which require study and continuous thought, and such minds must be wholly devoid of versatility or vivacity of any kind."

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## FEMALE EDUCATION.

*“Look at this little boy,” said Themistocles to his friends, “he is the arbiter of Greece, because he rules over his mother; his mother governs me, I govern the Athenians, and the Athenians govern Greece.”*

It is surely a judicious remark of this Greek regarding the power and intelligence of woman. In biology the female is subject to the same physical and mental laws as the male. She is the inheritor of every bit of the heredity, physical and psychic, of her ancestors as the male. She is conservative, in that she preserves and upbuilds the race in her and is anabolic; the male is disruptive and katabolic. These natural rules of action are necessary for the perpetuation of the species. It has taken man, the primitive hunter, thousands of years to realise this tremendous physiological fact. The East, with the exception of Japan, has not yet grasped the situation. It has yet

to comprehend that a female is born under the same natural process and in the same freedom as the male. Chatterjea had some pertinent observations to make on this important subject. Before he gave to his countrymen the practical suggestions, he reviewed with a little warmth and fervour the ancient regime under which the female mentality had its growth. "From strict vegetarians a vast majority of our high class Brahmins, who are most clamorous to excommunicate their "travelled" clansmen, have begun, although on the sly, to live upon all the beasts of the forest, even to the point of shocking the prejudice at one stroke of both their Hindu and Mussalman servants and dependants. And it is to the growth of these lax habits among the respectable classes, that is attributable the neglect of female education in Bengal. We all remember the moral tales, the apophthegms from the Mahabharata and Ramayana, which we used to hear with avidity as children from our female ancestors, how we used to group round the good *pundit*, our readers will recollect Goldsmith's dear old

parson, in the zenana explaining with earnestness and warmth the texts from the shastras which very few of your English teachers in your ten-thousand schools have any notion of. There was not a single lady in those days who could not repeat whole pages from the Mahabharata. Those ladies would also vie with each other in the ordinary and useful house-hold accomplishments, they could paint, if not with the finish of a Raphael or a Reuben; they could embroider, make a lot of ornamental knick-knacks to embellish their neat and clean little rooms, and they excelled in the act of cuisine which, it is not too much to say, would startle a modern French *chef*, and make your very *choix fleurs au gratin* look extremely foolish. There were ladies, too, who used to look after the zamindari affairs in the absence of their husbands, and sheltered behind their *chicks*; would hold the sort of *Durbar* which are still held by *naibs* in zamindari villages. Raja Ram Mohun Roy's mother was not only a good accountant, but a perfect adept in the affairs of zamindari. And there is



little reason to doubt the truth of the statement that Ranees Bhabani and Katyani were extremely shrewd women of business. The time came when our tonsured *pundits* were sent adrift, very much after the fashion of the cowls in the time of Henry VIII, the newly English-read men, sprightly and defiant, like the rejuvenated serpent of Virgil, on having got rid of the slough of old ideas, began to think that the *pundits*, unacquainted with the mantling pleasures of life, superstitiously abstained in their foolish barbarism from its manifold luxuries and cruelly taught our men and women to be abstemious and austere like their own wretched selves. Those men who succeeded in extricating their wives from the necessary duties of a Bengali household, and could withdraw them from the antiquated and primitive influence of the materfamilias imagined that they had out-matched Perseus whom the fables represent as having saved the beautiful Andromeda ; and the Brahmin youth who threw his sacred thread into the dustbin regarded himself as another St. Sebastian or St.

Augustine. We wonder how many of our so-called educated men can write with the flow of language and the genuineness of feeling of the elegant composer of *Niharika*, of Śwarna Kumari Devi, of Mukhuda Devi, of Bama Sundari and of Pramada Debi who has written her *Sukhamilana* during the trials of a most gloomy bereavement. None of these ladies have been brought up in any of your modern schools. The agency which has preserved to some extent the fabric of Bengali society from tumbling to pieces, but which has received not the slightest recognition at the hands of the Commission, is the steady, though silent influence of Bengalee writers and of newspapers and magazines. The writings of Akshoy Kumar Dutt and Ishwar Chunder Vidyasagar have done good work among the denizens of the zenana; and latterly the imperishable verses of Madhusudan Dutt have fired the patriotism of the sex, as the charm of Bunkim Chunder Chatterjee's pieces have captivated their mind." Then he quotes an important observation of Monsieur Pick of Vienna in

his report to the Educational International Congress of Brussels. Mons Pick observes that the school ought to pursue happiness which consists in the gratification of desires and aspirations, provided that such gratification does not lead to ulterior evil. In the first place, it would be necessary to conduct education in a manner that the future man should be capable of gratifying his desires; in the next, education should form the character of a young man in such a manner that his aspirations should remain within a circle in which it would be possible to satisfy them. "Indeed, the cry which Mr. Pick raises on behalf of young men applies equally well in the case of our future women. Piano and Shakespeare, B. A. and M. A. are gorgeous and gaudy things, and perhaps very useful in their way; but Government must keep itself aloof from providing luxuries of education, and undertake, as it is its duty to do, to supply the necessaries of education. Sewing, knitting, embroidering, short-hand writing, drawing and painting are well calculated to help women to earn some sort of

livelihood. English should be taught practically, and Bengali and Urdu should not be omitted from the list. Arithmetic, elementary botany and Physiology, History and Geography, should complete the course with selection from the various sacred writings. There should be separate degrees for girls, and Sanskrit, Persian, Italian, French or German, and music may be set for higher accomplishments for those who are able to pay for them. But such women as would like to compete with young men for ordinary university honours, will of course be at liberty to carry on their studies along with young men in our colleges. We will, however, make one suggestion in the hope that it may commend itself to the humane public. Our appeal is to all India. There is not a question about it that Bengal is far behind the other important provinces in beneficial acts of a public nature. The Bengalees are a race of lawyers, zamindars and school masters." He had omitted to mention that invertebrate class—the quill-drivers. "The lawyers naturally, and of

necessity, carry on a long struggle for existence, and such of them as happen to amass a fortune become Zemindars within a short time of their death, and their progeny swell the ranks of the so-called aristocracy with its usual accessory of indolence, ease and pleasure for want of legitimate political aspirations. It is hardly to be expected that men, so situated as the Bengalis are, would or could do anything in the nature of social improvement. There are no doubt a few zealous men ; but these are the very men who being wholly destitute of the sinews of war, want influence and are on that account nervous to take the initiative. That being so, cannot Bombay, Madras and Bengal unite and organise a technical institution for girls in some central place, a grand school where girls from all the provinces may gather together for the purpose of practical instruction in the modern languages of India, in English and the useful arts ? Is there no one in India to respond to this appeal ?" The response has not been heard for 30 years. The dead do not speak or utter sound.

PRIMARY AND SECONDARY  
EDUCATION.

*“ Des institutions, des institutions, des  
institutions.”*

THIRION.

The subject is not difficult to seize hold of. It is essential in the interest of the entire community that much emphasis should be laid upon the urgency of this question. There cannot be a general upward movement in the community if the vast mass of the people who dwell in the cottages remain immersed in ignorance and superstitions. The obstacle in the way of their amelioration is the ways and means wherewith to provide the people with instruction. Should the State withdraw the direct contribution which it makes to the maintenance of high education, as was suggested by Chatterjea, it is believed that there will be sufficient funds in the coffer of the State to introduce a few rays

of light into the opaque understanding of every child in the country. It is with the schools and seminaries that Moſes and Lycurgus and all the great legislators have consolidated their works. " Reading, writing and arithmetic, familiarly known as the three R's, and technical instruction of every kind should be of primary consideration in matters of primary education. We only wish that the reading and writing should comprise both Bengali and Urdu, and that none but natives of India, especially those that have travelled abroad, should be appointed as inspectors. It is nothing but fair, should the necessity arise, that the civil officers of the government who draw a salary of over Rs. 700 a month should be asked to contribute a small percentage of their income towards the municipal primary school fund. Our wealthiest classes are the judicial and executive officers, and the zemindars ; the latter are known to undertake various good works and have a good share of the cares and anxieties of their position ; but the former, who really combine the public and the government in their

own celestial persons, have, with very rare exceptions indeed, been in these days coolly enjoying all the big fishes of the land without even the slenderest bone, and are never known to part with one single six pence for the peoples' good. It is nothing but reasonable that those who should figure as hereditary aristocrats should share to some extent the burdens of aristocracy."

"Secondary education implies generally education up to the Entrance standard of the University, and it is consequently the stepping stone to collegiate education. The government need do little in this connection in a direct way. It has simply to throw all ministerial offices of a certain class open to competition among candidates who have qualified themselves up to the desirable standard, and each district may be depended upon to take care of its own secondary education,"

The Commission devoted a separate chapter on Mahomedan education. It wounded his feeling. It has been said before that in his family there had never been a question



of Hindu and Mahomedans. "We turn next to the chapter on Mahomedan education, and we must confess that so far as Bengal is concerned, we have read nothing in this Report with a greater degree of disappointment. We can not forget that the Mahomedans in this province, who speak the same language with the Hindus, are twitted as *Bengalees* even to this day by their Arab compatriots of the Upper Provinces whose mother tongue is Urdu. There is not the slightest difference between the Hindus and Mahomedans in Bengal except in the matter of religion, and this has been getting lax all round for many years. The wealthy classes of Hindus and Mahomedans are equally luxurious and equally indolent, and that at some time or another the lowest castes of Hindus became converts to Mahomedanism, wherefore it appears that a large proportion of Mahomedans in the eastern districts and elsewhere in Bengal are poor. In some of our villages the Mahomedan and Hindu boys read in the same *patshala* under the same *guru mohashoy*. There should be made no

distinction between Hindus and Mahomedans in the matter of education. If the Mahomedans have not been able to compete with the Hindus in English education, we must attribute the result to other causes than the fact of their being Mahomedans and Hindus. Nothing is calculated to do greater mischief to the cause of progress than to create a distinction where no such distinction exists, and to instill prejudices of a very bad type into the minds of the Hindus and Mahomedans, and encourage them to shun each other from their boyhood. That education which awakens us to a sense of human dignity and piety by the abandonment of all unworthy thoughts is the only true kind of education."

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## CHAPTER X.

## ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

“In a progressive country like British India, where some change occurs almost every day in the ideas, beliefs, and sentiments of its population, a sympathising vigilance ought to be one of the essential attributes of those who are entrusted with its destinies. With the new turn which the peculiar form of education and enlightenment has imparted to the “native” mind, and which its modern rulers have laboured for years to introduce into this country, there is a growing necessity for the examination, from time to time, of the working of every important department under the State. The sovereign and the subject must react one upon the other; and the forces which are brought to bear upon the people will in course of time affect the character of the governing body. As there is allegiance on the one side of the subject, so there should be protection on the other. As it is the duty

of the government by the maintenance of a well organised army, to protect its subjects from foreign aggression and intrigue, so it is its duty by the establishment of properly constituted courts of Justice to protect its law abiding subjects from the violence and fraud of bad citizens. The old *regime* with its old machinery of justice was gradually abolished, and courts on a graduated scale were planted all over the country upon English principles. The old Sudder Dewani has been added to the Supreme Court, and both together go under the designation of the High Court. What was formerly called the Supreme Court is now known as the Original side of the High Court, and the Sudder Dewani forms its Appellate Side. On the Original side none but Barrister-judges are entitled to sit and dispose of civil matters which arise within the limits of Calcutta, and until recently Barrister-judges alone could deal with the committed criminal cases occurring within those limits. Civilian Judges are now sometimes deputed from the Appellate Side to hold what is technically

called criminal sessions within the limits of Calcutta. The situation of affairs is precisely this :—outside the boundary line of Calcutta, all civil suits—no matter how large may be the value of the suit—are heard and disposed of by the subordinate judge, who is a native of India ; but as soon as a similar case occurs in Calcutta, it has to be brought before the Original side of the High Court and tried by a Barrister-judge, the salary of that judge is fixed at 40,000 Rs. a year, whereas the remuneration of the subordinate judge never exceeds Rs. 12,000 per annum. A suitor, just outside the borders of Calcutta, say at Alipur, engages a pleader, generally a Bachelor in law of the Calcutta University who does the whole work for his client, and the suit is thus disposed of by the subordinate judge. On the Original Side the mode of proceeding is completely different. A Calcutta suitor, unlike his brother litigant of Alipur, will have in the first instance to go to an Attorney-at-Law. The Attorney-at-Law can not argue a case on the Original Side, but has to give instructions to a Barrister

who alone is qualified to discuss the case before the judge. Then to the Courts are attached a number of interpreters, and if the litigants and their witnesses do not happen, as is usually the case, to know the English language their statements have to be interpreted to the Judge and the Barristers. Not one of the Barrister-Judges know or are expected to know anything of the language of the "native" suitors who flock to him for justice. When one compares the conditions of a suit in Calcutta with those in the mofussil, one is struck with the difference in the expense of litigation in the two places. The factors of a suit in the Mofussil are:—(1) the subordinate judge with his small salary, and (2) the pleader with his small fees, whereas in Calcutta the factors are:—(1) the Barrister-judge with his large salary, (2) the interpreters with his by no means small salary, (3) the Attorney-at-Law with his, it cannot be called paltry, fees, (4) the Barrister with his respectable honorarium. Is the quality of the justice in the mofussil inferior to the quality we obtain in Calcutta? Either

the subordinate judges are fit for their work or more than nine-tenths of the population are compelled to remain content with a kind of sort of justice which must be taken to be no justice at all or at best an apology or make-believe. Fortunately, the people in the mofussil do not think so, they are quite happy with their lot. The wealthy zamindar, the rich planter, the mahajan or the money-lender, the humble cultivator, as well as the Hindu widow and the Mahomedan *Muta* feel themselves none the less secure in their rights, and do not seem to have any the less confidence in the efficiency and rectitude of the Civil Courts in the Mofussil. The wisdom, therefore, which would maintain a distinction between the machinery of civil justice in the mofussil and that in the Presidency town in Calcutta, is of a highly questionable character. It is now half a century ago when Macaulay, then the Law Member in the Governor-general's Council, boldly told the British Public, that two Pindari invasions a year were better for the people of the country than one Supreme Court."

It is obvious that this trenchant piece of writing was directed to the disestablishment of the Original Side of the High Court which is much too expensive for the people of Calcutta. Then he goes on to discuss the hard lot of the ministerial officers of the Mofussil courts and pleaders with much feeling for the increase of their pay in order that they may be placed above the temptation of receiving a *douceur* for the quick and efficient discharge of their duties. There has always been a profit earned out of the litigants and the question arose as to how the surplus should be disposed of, whether it should be refunded or as is now dealt with by appropriating it to the general administration of the country. "In regard to the disposal of the surplus yielded by the Civil Courts, the Government is in the position of trustees and is not justified in dealing with it in the way it is now doing. If the fund is to be found in excess, the surplus, if not refunded, ought to be devoted to the purpose for which it was stated that the taxation on legal proceedings was to be levied—



that is, to the improvement of the Courts of Justice, until their condition is found to be in all respects satisfactory."

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CHAPTER XI.

THE LAW EDUCATION.

Having been a professor of law in the Metropolitan Institution for a great many years, he acquired valuable experience of the method of the studies of the law and the psychology of the students attending the classes. That which he complained of still persists and is thriving with an unaccountable facility. "The study of law in Bengal, so far as we are able to judge, and we speak with the experience of a quarter of a century, has up to this moment been an unmitigated farce. The study of law is held in the utmost contempt, although it is fraught with such serious consequences to the people of the country, and is the source of positive profit and respectability. A considerable percentage of the

students are already earning their subsistence as teachers, or clerks, and the reason which induces them to come to the lectures is the necessity of fulfilling the percentage of attendance. They no more know of what is going on in the class than they know of the condition of the agriculturists or of the Rent Law in one of the satellites of Saturn. The few that really mean to present themselves at the ensuing B. L. Examination, convinced of the utter impossibility of being able to profit by the lectures, prudently direct their attention to the sections of the Indian codes and the abstracts and analysis, and by a process of intellectual deglutition or "mugging up" obtain their B. L. degree. It is clear that the University, instead of being an institution for the advancement of learning, has, in this instance of law, reduced itself to the position of a mere instrument to let loose on the country a large army of legal practitioners. It must be admitted on all hands that the study of law has an intrinsic value of its own of no mean order, if only carefully directed. Legal literature forms an important portion

of the general literature of England. A man has to read closely some of the valuable works in the various departments of law, and he will have studied much of the English language and literature. The felicities of composition and the precision of style which we meet with in almost all the text writers, will teach a foreigner as much of the language and literature of England as the sparkling sentences of Macaulay or the stately periods of Gibbon. We would therefore propose at once that some general works on law should be substituted for a mass of dry Acts and crabbed Regulations with which the curriculum of legal studies is crowded. Under these B. L.'s there is a gang of subordinate pleaders, and then there are the revenue agents and the mushroom Muktyars. The public has a right to expect that the B. L.'s, who have the credentials of the University of Calcutta. the Advancement of Learning, should be an example and pattern to their humbler bretheren in the profession. They must be men of learning and high moral tone and must be men who are able by their

position and respectability to resist the allurements of ordinary temptations and dissuade others from the path of evil. As a rule, a hungry man has no business to be at the bar. It is because this rule has been ruthlessly violated that we now possess that insolent section in the Legal Practitioner's Act—that a member of the bar who gives commission for the purpose of obtaining business, renders himself liable to a fine by a criminal court. Can there be anything more reproachful to the profession of law than this enactment? Aye, it reveals the depth of the degradation to which the noble calling of law has been reduced. We read law that we may be gentlemen and undertake the duties of a gentlemanly avocation. No student should be admitted into any of the law classes who cannot afford to buy the books which the University has set. Professional teachers are more expensive than ordinary teachers of literature, and a professional teacher who is at all painstaking and conscientious will not serve at a cheap price. Nominal fee will not do for lessons.

in law and none should be enrolled as a student of law who is not able to pay decent fee. If, however, the University will not interfere in the matter it should, upon considerations of prudence and morality fix a consolidated fee for admission to its law examinations. No one can doubt for one moment that it is an essential function of the University to test the quality of legal education by means of a just and appropriate test. The essential function the University can exercise by means of a body of competent and properly constituted and permanent staff of examiners." All this idea of the reform in the studies of law may be sound and fascinating, but the profession is encumbered with superfluous members. It is like Virgil's army, which was so crowded, that many of them had not room to use their weapons. The country is over spread by litigious lawyers, *iras et verba locant*. The great majority of the lawyers are financial wrecks and economically bankrupt. The great statesmanship lies in the adoption of means to relieve them from

eating their hearts out in despair, save them from ruin. I can suggest a bold and immensely practical statesmanship in this connection. It is necessary to put a stop to legal education for 20 years. This will effect considerable relief to the hard struggling men already in the profession. During this period the course of studies should be diverted to commercial and industrial channels. One discerns too much molly-coddle-spirit and too little courage in these vital points. Carlyle has said that the first virtue of a man is to subdue fear. The quality of fear is the concomitant of social and economical depressions. The deep depression into which a large number of the lawyers are plunged makes them look dry and meagre as wood, like the woman of whom Scarron says, that she never snuffed the candle with her fingers for fear of setting them on fire. President Wilson once said that "the rarest thing in public life is courage, and the man who has courage is marked for distinction; the man who has it not is marked for extinction and deserves submersion." India with

its peculiar social and economic conditions should be served by conscience and not by expediency. It has never served any people to blink at facts ; it is useless fighting with facts, says the Greek poet, for we can do them no harm.

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CHAPTER XII.

GAMMOMANIA.

*"Le Marriage est un grand luxe."*

He took "sunoptikos" view of all the problems affecting the well-being of the people. In dealing with social subjects he wrote with great caution and wariness. All societies have been ruled by the priests or the theologians from ancient time. They do not care to move with the progress of time ; and would, if they could, stop the course of the sun to escape from the natural law which fixes the calculation of time. They argue in some such way, if the earth did not move round the sun, there would be no days and

nights, and time will be at a stand still ; there would be no cry for change and no eloquence expended on that serviceable little word progress. The changes have come over the world notwithstanding the formidable opposition of these estimable men. Even India has been affected by the change brought about by the scientific genius of the West. There is not a corner of the globe which is not ruled by priestcraft. India is yet a stronghold of priests. In such a country one needs the intrepid heart of Buddha to speak the unalloyed truth and act without fear. Smaller men need must say things touching upon the established system with reservation and circumspection. Chatterjee realised that improvident and early marriage had caused disadvantage to the individual and prejudice to the race. He tackled the question with earnestness and vigour.

“Marriage, we read in a French novel, is a great luxury. The conditions of Hindu society have so altered that what was a great blessing centuries ago has become a positive



curse at the present moment of our existence. It may be said without much exaggeration that at one time all Hindusthan was one great convent. Not the least thing was done or undertaken without an eye to spiritual benefit. Read Manu's code of laws, criticise it as mercilessly as you like and view it in any aspect, forbearance towards the weak and helpless is enjoined in every chapter and verse of that noble volume. Matrimony under the Hindu law, is understood to be a divine sacrament, and this circumstance is based; among others, upon two principal reasons. The desire, in the first instance, to bequeathe to posterity the traditions which one has received from his ancestors, and, secondly, a strong feeling of respect and generosity for the feebler sex. An unmarried man has, so the shastras tell us, but only one half of his body, and one-half of his body will have to go through the torments of hell. But however true the injunction in former days that a son saves you from damnation, and a wife completes your spiritual existence, in a commercial age it is

just the reverse. A fact, such is our ancient doctrine, cannot be altered by a hundred texts. In these days when Brahmins and Sudras are breathlessly pursuing the road to wealth, marriage has become an intolerable nuisance, and 99 per cent of our misfortunes and miseries are clearly assignable to improvident or hasty marriages. Our Hindu friends have not even the opportunity of realising the risks and perils of matrimony ; for marriage is part and parcel of their very existence. The average Hindu does not know what single existence is : he is twain in his teens. Before life's journey is begun, or even thought of, the Hindu is a husband. In his vocabulary the word man is synonymous with husband. The ancient society and community have come to an end, a new population has grown up on their ruins, and in this heterogenous body every individual is compelled to look out for himself. "Live for others" has now given way to—"each for himself and God for all." In order to be a good and prosperous citizen, one has to live decently and respectably.

It has to be considered what the average productive power of a Hindu is, or how much money he is able to acquire. It has to be carefully reckoned, how much money is necessary to maintain him in decency and respectability. One need hardly be told that the amount of money which is more than sufficient for one's individual self will fritter away to nothing if one has to maintain a wife and an irresponsible bevy of children. Consider, also, the extent to which a man's usefulness is impaired when he is overburdened with the cares and anxieties of a growing family." Dr. K. D. Ghose a distinguished physician and a friend of Chatterjee had written two letters in one of the journals which went to show the absolute need of sanitariums for the Bengalees. "K. D. G. in those letters seemed to us to have made out a good case; but at the same time we could not suppress the thought that no sanitariums in the world could prevent the waste of vital force in those human bodies which, being the miserable products of early marriage themselves, were more.

than ever enfeebled by the carking cares attendant upon the early burden of a prematurely growing family. Matrimony, in Bengal, has become almost another name for poverty, disease, dishonour and early death."

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CHAPTER XIII.

DRAPERY.

This country is conspicuous by a variety of costumes worn by the people. There is no uniformity or method in the style of dress. It gives the proof of indisciplin and want of æstheticism on the part of the inhabitants of this country. As there is no unity in dress, so there is no unity in language. A national language is necessary to national life. It is what the bind-weed is to the sand dunes; it holds together preventing them from scattering in all directions by storms.

It is submitted that the Hindusthane dialect should be made compulsory through-

out the country as it is well adapted to be the common language of the country. His argument went in favour of European dress. It is based upon the law of adaptability to environment, and quotes from the Koran to enforce his view :—

*Annaso alas dine mulukehim* :—Your ruler's ways are your ways." The Arabs in the time of the great Prophet were an unenlightened savage people. Nature in her beneficent ways produced a genius among them with the object of saving that race. The Prophet built up a civilisation for this people and imposed upon them social, moral and political laws which were the best for them under the conditions which had existed in that remote period of time.

No human system can be fixed and unchanging, for that would be contrary to the natural law affecting the human mind; man is endowed with profound intelligence and is capable of great progress. Progress is incompatible with the existence of anything of a permanent nature created by human intelligence. The saying of the Prophet may be

expedient for the work-a-day world ; but it is devoid of the sentiment of self-respect.

“The character of a society and the conditions of its development react afterwards on the mode and form of the dress of the people. We also see that a community of men speaking the same language wear the same costume, only varied in its detail by the grade to which the wearer belongs. The wealthier a society is the larger is the sub-division of classes, and greater the variation in the details of dress. The general lineaments are the same ; but there is not much complexity in the modifications that it becomes difficult to find out the resemblance between the garb of a dustman and that of a duke. Dress by degrees comes to mark the class to which a man belongs, and grows to be a note of distinction, until society accords its respect to one of its members according to the dress in which he is arrayed. Men pass on in the busy world, they see each other, they cross each other and even on occasions sit close to each other ; but they have little opportunity of knowing or form-

ing an estimate of each other, and in the generality of cases people take us as they see us. 'From a distance,' says our Chanakya, 'how shines a fool in his attire of flowing silk.' This forms the key to the whole question of dress. In such matters the populace is guided by mere association of ideas, and appearance is all that it looks to.

The philosopher pries into the inner man, and searches for the beauty of the mind and soul ; but the vulgar do reckon a man from his exterior and external trappings. Once admit these positions, and it will be easy to account for the fact of there being thousands of men in the world who, in order to serve their purpose, are anxious to make an *appearance* in public. The society, in which we live and move, is of a highly composite character. We behold here a conglomeration of nationalities owing allegiance to the same government which adheres uncompromisingly to its own nationality. Each and every one of these nationalities is engaged in the pursuit of worldly aims, and

anxious to secure as *British subjects* the comforts and pleasures of this life. One finds that all those nationalities are grouped into two classes. Those that claim kinship with the Government of India constitute with the less influential members of their race the first division, and all the rest are put together in the second division. Each of the divisions comprises a numerous retinue of the ignorant and illiterate. In such a state of a society the higher ranks of the second division will have to cope with a continuous series of struggles. For them to expect sufficient consideration at the hands of all the members of the upper division would be impossible, and they would at the same time be denied their accustomed share of respect from the inferior ranks of their division. To the vulgar eye of both classes the European garb is the undoubted garb of a gentleman, and the vulgar unfortunately are not philosophers. Breeches and jackets are not the national raiment of the Jews; but the Jews in England dress like the Christian English. The late lament-



ed Professor Goldstucker, whose extensive knowledge of Sanscrit was only surpassed by the extent of his sympathies for Brahminic race, was a Jew and his dress was European. Sir George Jessel, the late Master of the Rolls, though Judaic by creed and nationality, wore the European costume. Even in Calcutta the globe-trotting and cosmopolitan Israelites are fast getting into European coat and trousers, and yet are willing to retain in all strictness the creed and the traditions of the Hebrew race. The Indian Armenians, who perhaps have carried the thing a little too far, are the race which has given up its Persian costume, forgotten its own language and given up its own titles and designations, and *Agas* have actually become *Misters*. The poor crouching Hindoo of Bengal has learnt to call every little scrap of every foreign race by the name of "*Sahib*," or lord, except himself. To give an instance out of many, an ordinary European who in a Railway compartment may make life torment to us will be hushed at all events to silent indifference as soon as he sees a

charmed coat on our back. To abhor our father's dress is a positive sin, and is the sure characteristic of the moral up-start; but to revile a man for assuming in public a dress which is the garb of the aristocracy of British India shows a narrow mind. Do what we will, those of us, who are engaged in secular pursuits will sooner or later put on the European dress. Diogenes may live in a tub, Vyas with his disdain for mundane things may wander about in his *ajin* or skin-garment, but worldly men must ever go in search of earthly things, and let him sneer who can. It would be a wild attempt to change the course of the Mississippi or the Brahmaputra, and the Arabian sage spoke truly :—*Annaso ala dine mulukehim.*"

The whole article possesses a value worthy of consideration. The European dress is rapidly becoming the dress of respectability and convenience. During Lord Dufferin's Viceroyalty a deputation of Indian gentlemen waited upon His Excellency—a deputation, as Lord Palmerstone defined it, is "a noun of multitude, signifying many but

not much." Some of its members went in European dress. In the course of a reply to the address presented to him, the Earl of Dufferin indulged in a friendly badinage on the question of dress. The speech appeared in the newspaper on the next day, and Chatterji published his lucubrations in *the Echo*. "The flowing robe of the East is certainly radiant with all the tints of the rainbow ; but how much so ever it may be calculated to enhance the brilliance of the Vice-regal drawing room, it is wholly uncongenial to the atmosphere of the Railway platform and unsuited to the daily struggles for existence in the work-a-day world. The consideration of æsthetics must give way to those of hard necessity, and if Alexander the Great will not assume the habit of the Persians, it is a matter for congratulation that the latter should sacrifice their sentiment at the altar of peace, and exchange their own garments for those of the Greek."

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## ILBERT BILL AGITATION.

Man in obedience to the first natural instinct of self-preservation strenuously clings to all the attributes which build up his race. There are qualities which are ingrained in him and others which he acquires from his environment. He cannot abandon the smallest item of these without a valiant struggle. The Europeans believed that this Act would infringe their political or racial rights ; and they opposed the passing of the Act with the magnificent strength and tenacity of a virile race. Passions were aroused and much violent and abusive language was employed and passed current for argument. Chatterji threw himself into the discussion with the intellectual powers of which he was possessed. He put forth his best efforts in answering the arguments of the then Lieutenant Governor of Bengal who was the redoubtable opponent of the measure. In this controversy the entire European Press ranged itself in opposition to

the Bill. Even *the Statesman and the friend of India*, which was edited and conducted by the late Mr. Robert Knight one of the ablest of English journalists, supported the opponents of the Bill. Chatterji held Mr. Knight in esteem. He had a feeling of disappointment at the attitude of that paper on this question. "We have read with mingled feelings of pain and disgust certain articles in the——. With pain, because the hand, to which we have hitherto been accustomed to look for solace and comfort has of late begun to offend us.—Heaven knows what ; with disgust because there is so much barbarous sentiment clothed in such choice language—the mangled face of Mokanna beneath the soft veil of Chinese texture. Mark these opening words : 'we would go further and would never appoint a Bengalee Magistrate or Judge to any province that was not Bengalee, observing the same rule all round, and in the case of every province in so far as it was possible. No native of Bengal will ever make so good a Magistrate or Judge in the Punjab as a native Punjabi.'

Indeed, it reads like a worm-eaten page of antiquity, centuries before Xenophon was beating a retreat with his memorable Ten Thousand. In one sentence the writer has destroyed the works of years, demolished what Christianity has struggled for ages to bring about, what our Rishi Fathers laboured to inculcate and what has been the one proud aim of education to accomplish ; one learns from a review of the past that at a certain stage of the world's history, religion was understood to be the highest knowledge. What we now understand by a "rustic," men of former times understood by a "heathen" (we confine ourselves to the growth of Christian nations), and the terms *unchristian* and *heathen* gradually came to bear the same meaning and became equivalent expressions. The significance of which consisted in this, that men who professed the same religion came to look upon each other as members of our body, having as it were, one corporate existence. All outside that body or corporation were regarded as beings of a different order, barbarous,

vulgar, ignorant and so forth. We see the same idea marked in Mohomedanism ; no matter to what country a man belonged, whether Indian, Persian, Arab, Egyptian, or Turk, the common creed of Mahomet united them in one bond of union ; national peculiarities were lost sight of in the profession of one faith, and the subtle charm of *Islam* transmuted, so to say, the Arab into a Persian and the Persian into a Malay. The tendency of the present age is to substitute possession of knowledge for the possession of a faith ; and it is well-known that the same education brings forth the same proclivities, and the mere accident of birth would scarcely count in the calculation. We say this most emphatically that the English educated classes, be they of Bombay or Madras, Bengal or the Punjab, are so like each other in their beliefs and manners, and are so similarly educated in their sympathies that there is scarcely any exaggeration to say that there is not a pin to choose among them. Perched on the Alpine height of the dominant race, they with bland com-

placence contemplate the scene of an extensive empire lying outstretched at his feet with its thirteen hopeless nations ; but the distance which separates him from us obscures his vision. It is a pity that a journalist of his age and character has to be taught in this year of grace that our enlightened countrymen in any part of India combine the philosophy of the Arab and the Hindu with the literature and science of England. We have learnt to compare, it may not be with a very high degree of profoundness, at all events in an ordinary way, the charms of Shakespeare with the beauties of Kalidasa and Ferdousi, we can appreciate to some extent at least the relative merits of Avicenna and Gautama, of Huxley, Spencer and Mill. An English educated Punjabi thinks and feels just in the same way as his English-educated Bengalee. The one educational policy of England has for the last 50 years been to break down prejudices and to mould the diverse inhabitants into compact whole—a Brahmin suitor with closed hands standing suppliantly in presence



of a Sudra Sub-Judge, Munsiff or a Deputy Magistrate. Is this paper prepared to tell us that he will have Brahmin Judges to try Brahmins and Sudras for Sudras?" During this heated controversy the Marquis of Ripon was subjected to abuse and vulgar invectives, but hard words break no bones. The illustrious Viceroy throughout this stress and storm kept prominently before his mind the lofty principle of his life that "Righteousness exalteth a nation. "The Queen on her throne, the Chancellor from his ancient place in the House of Lords, Mr. Gladstone, the first servant of the Crown of Great Britain, the representatives of the British people in the House of Commons, cannot but look with pride and satisfaction on the immortal work which the Marquis of Ripon, their common delegate has achieved for them in India."

"The Victory of whom? And over what?"

"This is the question which a writer in the *Pioneer* puts and takes up more than four columns to answer 'among the numerous triumphal arches', says the author of the

article, 'under which he (the late Viceroy, Lord Ripon) has recently passed, not a few have borne the inscription, *Victory*. The Victory of whom? And over what? there is no doubt about the answer.' And anon, we are treated to a chapter of mediæval history. That the answer is a simple one there is not the slightest doubt, and we are so far agreed with the interrogator, but the answer which suggests itself to us is somewhat different from the answer which he has given. 'The Victory of whom? And over what?'—Our answer is the Victory of knowledge, reason, and right over ignorance, prejudice and might. The incident of 1882 was not the first occasion in the history of civilisation when physical and moral forces came directly into conflict. Physical forces are violent and overwhelming in their tendency. They come upon us with a suddenness and like a wild fire sweeping away and destroying every thing before them. They poison a Socrates to death, they slay an Archimedes in the midst of a mathematical problem. Ambitious Rome in her

best of power led Athens captive, and Rome succumbed before the fire-eating Vandal. The humane mind turns away with horror from the violence of a Nero, and bends almost in adoration before an Aurelius. Both Hindus and Moslems hold in execration the name of Aurungebe, whilst they cherish with veneration the memory of Akbar. It is no good now to recall the primitive glories of a conquest ; for however brilliant may be the achievements of the bayonet and the sword, the reminiscences of a battle-field are not without their dark associations which the heart sickens to contemplate. England's just claim to her supremacy over India is as the restorer of peace, and the messenger of plenty and prosperity. Assaye and Plassey had to be fought ; for they were an iron necessity ; civilised nations launch into war in order to seek the haven of peace. It is of little importance now, though it may be a source of much danger, constantly to talk of the sword as the bond of union between England and India. Every native of India who has a heart to

feel and a mind to think is grateful to those men whose combined exertion established order in the place of chaos, and founded Universities for the advancement of learning on those sites which had once trembled under the tread of Pindaree marauders. The standard of fitness which the writer evidently prescribes is the standard of *European and Native*. The proclamation directs that should not be ; the Marquis of Ripon said *amen* ; ergo, cries our author, the Ripon Administration has been a terrible failure. It is painful to have to say so, but whoever the writer may be, he is terribly unjust, unjust to himself, unjust to the people of this country and unjust to his own Sovereign ; and his name will go down to posterity with Epialtes, the Trachinian, him who betrayed the valiant three hundred at Thermopylae." In welcoming the new Viceroy he pointed out with cogency the policy which should be adopted in order to carry on a peaceful government. . "The real difficulty has hitherto been in the selection of proper advisers from the class of men.

who are commonly known as "Natives"; but whom one should prefer to call "Indians." The heaviness of the task which His Excellency has undertaken will be considerably lightened if he will but condescend to recognise *that* education has been the greatest glory of England to confer on this country. A man of wide sympathies is just the man for India, and we heartily welcome His Excellency the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin to the Capital of British India." On all occasions he laboured to prove, as he did here, that "there is no difference between the views of educated Englishmen and educated Indians even in a country, of which it is said that Shem must put up a tent for Japheth".

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW ON  
LORD RIPON'S POLICY.

The English aristocracy and the middle class lashed themselves into fury over this Bill. In a rage they behaved like barbarians and vilified the Bengalees with acrimony. It was argued then, as it is tried to prove now, that it was not lawful for a race of cul-de-jattes possessed of some brains to direct the policy of the Government. The Bengalees were in the first rank to take advantage of English education. The other races in India kept back from it for some time giving the Bengalees a good start of 20 years. The Mahomedan intellect remained quiescent for a long time. It slept among the shadows of the past. It is true that besides these shadows of a shade, there are those things that were once really alive—operative, but had the misfortune like the horse of Roland of being dead. The *Saturday Review* a

journal enriched with the wealth of culture added its voice to the chorus of ill-natured vilification. This made him indignant.

"*The Saturday Review* occupies a prominent place in the rank of British journalism. It is not only read with interest, but also for instruction in whatever part of the world the English language is read and spoken. Its every word is pondered over and every observation carefully scanned. And although, it may be, its literature or its politics are sometimes the subject of criticism, its sincerity as that of an Englishman who can write so well and argue so well, can never be doubted or impeached. *The Review* is a conservative organ, and its antipathy for the Marquis of Ripon is perfectly intelligible; but the Liberal and the Conservative are equally interested in the welfare of India. The people of India live under the protection of both Conservative and Liberal and should not be made football of by either. It is, therefore, with some disappointment that we have read a certain article in the *Review* entitled "Lord Ripon's Apologia."

Englishmen in England are fully welcome to banter and vilipend each other as much as they please, but why drag the native of India into the meleê. They may break the peace as much as they please in their domestic England; but it is almost sinful to forget that an Englishman, be he of whatever party, is entrusted with the sacred charge of maintaining peace in British territory outside the limits of Britain. English politics are not Indian politics, and a nation or a country which is ambitious to exercise imperial sway must of all things learn to raise its mind higher than the flat and low-lying ground of petty family squabbles. Lord Ripon seems to have put before his audience three questions. One of the questions is — ‘Do we think that we can give them knowledge without awakening ambition and provide it with no legitimate vent.’ Upon this Lord Ripon’s critic observes, ‘what for instance, is the sort of knowledge which we are to substitute for the ignorance of the people of India.’ Really, this is a wonderful proposition. It assumes that the optical orbs of the people of India



have ever been rolling in intellectual darkness until Clive introduced the Promethian light. What Lord Ripon meant to say was that let the best-educated native of India be placed on the same footing with the best educated Englishman available in India, and in the department of Government for which he may have been trained. Here is the peroration 'if it is to be a knowledge in the only valuable sense of the word—if it is to be education which opens their minds to the facts of life—one can instantly give Lord Ripon's question the answer which he requires for it, and much good may it do him. The first thing that an education of that kind would teach the Bengalee—about whom, be it remembered, all this bother is being made—is that the English Raj is the only power which stands between him and his extinction or subjugation by the fiercer and hardier peoples of the Peninsula.' Now, if the Punjabis and the Rajputs receive the proper kind of knowledge, would it be the better or the worse for men of the critic's class."

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## LALURAM PANDEY'S CASE, ITS MORAL ASPECT.

Laluram Pandey was an Inspector of police. Some one laid a complaint against a Mr. Walker of the theft of a calf. The Police Inspector went and arrested Mr. Walker who was brought to trial and acquitted. Mr. Walker in his turn brought a charge against the Police Officer for unlawful arrest and the officer was committed to the Sessions. The Sessions Judge strikes off all the charges but one, and acquits the accused of that charge. The Anglo-Indian Defence Association acting upon what would seem to be a reliable account moves the High Court for a trial on the omitted charges. "The very best counsels are engaged. They convince not less than four learned judges of the court of the propriety of the application; but the rule which had been granted is eventually discharged on no other ground than that of inutility. The specia

feature of the case requires some explanation. The man who was arrested on the charge of theft, did not belong to the ordinary class of criminals. Anyhow, even if the act for which Mr. Walker was taken up by the police came technically within the definition of theft, a police man of ordinary understanding should at once have known that there must have been some other motive at work than the motive with which people are known to commit theft. Whatever may have been the precise social position of Mr. Walker, he, at least, belonged to a class to which the suspicion of theft can hardly be said to attach. The source of all the mischief in the case before us lies in the act and manner of arrest. Although we are bound to say that we differ from the learned judges of the High Court in the general treatment of the case, we are at the same time bound to confess that the action of the Defence Association has been simply admirable. Any man may lay any charge against another man, and unless an ignorant police are taught to show due respect to a man according to his

position where are we, and what will become of us and the society in which we live? The great vice in this country is that no body is supposed to have any position at all unless he is an official, and the Anglo-Indian Defence Association," (it is now called European Defence Association) "by its indomitable energy and perseverance, has taught the country to believe that it is possible for men to be gentlemen and to have a position without the aid of a government badge. It is true the Defence Association by its zeal, earnestness and patriotism has become a power, and attained to a position which it is impossible for the Government to overlook or treat with indifference. The Association has no doubt won a victory; but we cannot forget that its victory is the reward of manly virtues. It is entirely by means of moral force that the Association has succeeded, and the Government is bound to acknowledge its triumphs. Because the Bengali people do not possess a particle of self-respect, because they are utterly incapable of acting in concert and unision, except when

they imagine they are repressing the pride of the dominant race, therefore it is that there is so much howl against the united action of a small band of non-official Europeans. A nation which is imbued with the smallest sense of patriotism can not but sympathise with the work which the Association has achieved. The greatest ambition of a Bengali is to secure the sympathy of a particular European. 'Oh, let us worship Mr. so & so, Mr. so & so is very kind to us, he will assist us, he will plead our cause, now we can go to bed comfortably.' Such is the average sentiment of the Bengali press and the Bengali patriot. The handful of non-official Europeans, on the other hand, rely on their own conjoined and united strength. If the Bengali people had the smallest notion of the proper meaning of the word patriotism, instead of reproaching the non-official Europeans for their united action, they would have endeavoured to imitate their example. We have been warned by that Association over and over again that a community of people which looks to other

support and other assistance than self-support and reliance must never expect to thrive and prosper. The creed of the Defence Association—and who will venture to deny that it is a noble creed—has been that an injury done to the meanest subject is an insult to the whole community. This is the biggest truth uttered by the biggest of the Seven Sages of Greece. A Hindu begets sons that they may be brought up, trained, and looked after by Europeans. A Hindu begets daughters that they may be brought up, trained, and civilised by young European ladies of the mission. The whole truth seems to be this, and our people do not see how ignominious they are making themselves, that it is the dear desire of the Bengali that all the Europeans in this country must give up their interest and live entirely for the benefit of the Bengali people. The Europeans must drudge for the Bengali, look after his children, lay the cloth for him and superintend his kitchen and his dormitory, so that the Bengali may be left free to make speeches all over the country, deliver

orations in England and live luxuriously by himself. The Bengali, as an English friend of ours said, does not seem to possess a backbone, and until he is able to appreciate the worth of self-education and self reliance, no good will ever come of that race. Among the Hindus of Bengal there is not even the slightest suspicion of anything like solidarity. There is no such thing like cohesion. In his speeches and in his press, the Bengali seems to talk and write about political ties in absolute disregard of social ties. They wish to be cosmopolitans before they have learnt to be patriots. They talk of the union of Bombay, Madras and Bengal, when they have a most uncertain and unstable social fabric in Bengal itself. Will our readers condescend to reflect on what we have said?" This outspoken observation was made in sorrow, not in anger. This strong piece of indictment was written over 36 years ago. It is applicable *mutatis mutandis* to the Hindus of the rest of the country. It is not even at present observable that there has taken place any appreciable amelioration.

or improvement in the character the people. They unite in a sort of agreement well described by a young lady who defined Platonic love as an approchement in which she did not know what he meant and he did not mean it.

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CHAPTER XVII.

NATIVES.

Chatterjee was very sensitive in regard to the term Native employed by the Europeans to the people of this country. He wrote an article under this title in *the Tribune* published at Allahabad half-a-dozen years before he returned to Calcutta. I have not been able to discover it. The journal has long ceased to exist. "We remember having read some years ago an article entitled "Native" in a paper published beyond the jurisdiction of Bengal. We will here jot down some of our reminiscences. In British India there may be many nationalities, but for



political purposes there are only two nationalities, (a) European British subjects, or in other words, English, Scotch, Irish, and their descendants, or shortly *Europeans*, (b) Native British subjects, in other words, all those nationalities which were found to occupy the country when it came under the domination of parliament, or shortly *natives*. In whatever part of Asia or Africa the British people have settled, the original inhabitants of the country have received in the English language the appellation of *natives*. All British subjects out of Europe, except the colonists settlers or emigrants themselves, are *natives*. The term "native" does not merely mean a native of India, it means as well a native of Hongkong, a native of Australia, a native of Ceylon, a native of Cape Colony, a native of Demevara &c. The term is not confined to its mere etymological sense. An Indian lad in an English school in India will probably tell us that the word "native" is derived from *nascere, natus*—to be born, and with his intelligence the boy will further tell you that he is called a

“native,” because he is born in India, and if he happens to possess a dash of that patriotism which is so common among our school boys, he will in all likelihood give you a bit of his sentiment and with it the assurance that he is proud to be called “a native.” A man is born in this country of English parents, he is not a native; a man is born in this country of Irish parents, he is not a native; a man is born of mixed Irish and Assamese parents he is not a native; nor is the son of this man of mixed parentage by an Assamese wife a native. Not only are all these men born in India not natives, but they are not natives of India. The etymological sense in which the term “native” is employed by Europeans in this country and elsewhere is *simplicity* or *inferior civilisation*. This is apparent when we compare the word with its French derivative *naïve*, simple. The political sense in which it is used appears clearly from this passage of Blackstone and proves our premises almost to the hilt:—*For the children of villiens were also in the same state of bondage with*

*their parents*; whence they were called in Latin *native*, which gave rise to the feudal appellation of a *veliein*, who was called a *ueife*. In case of a marriage between a free man and a *ueife*, or a villein and free woman the issue followed the condition of the father, being free if he was free and Villein if he was Vellein.' The use of the name "native" in this country has a demoralising tendency. Parliament by slow stages moved towards the direction of the enfranchisement of India. The idea, however vaguely, has been before Parliament to mould all the nationalities of British India—European or native—into one common form of British Indian subject. A great deal rests with our nobility and gentry. It is really deplorable to witness the divorce of knowledge from wealth, and hopeful as we always are of the future, until our zemindars are ambitious to fill that position which their compeers in every other country occupy and earn the respect of the lower classes which is their legitimate due, the prospect will remain gloomy for a long time to come." Thirty-six years after, all this has been

changed, The word "Indian" has been substituted for the term "*native*." The French, the Germans and the Italians have similar applications for the people of swarthy hue inhabiting countries lying outside of Europe. This question has nothing to do with politics or grammar. It is purely biological. The European races, or what is at the present day, called, the white races, have for long centuries been the dominant species, and the races in Asia having lived in superb contemplation of its religion and the knowledge acquired from it became the inferior species.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

"ENFORCED WIDOWHOOD."

Mr. Malabari, a cultured and enthusiastic Parsee, appeared like a meteor on the horizon to reform the Hindu society. He wrote a pamphlet and entitled it *Infant Marriage and Enforced Widowhood*. He wrote with a vigour and cogency against the abuses

apparent in these two social customs. He overshot the mark like all enthusiasts in reform. He committed the grave error in trying to convert the Hindu society into the free and emancipated western society. It involved the change of the soul of the race and the characteristic traits of its genius. If such acting be effected the race will abolish itself; it will lose its unity and even its *raison d'être*. The reformers, all the world over, have been rigid and strait-laced in opinions and ideas and like the prophet Habakkuk considered themselves capable of every thing. They rarely accomplish any thing in this world because they cannot limit themselves. Mr. Malabari was a man possessed of intelligence and patriotism. He did not regard himself to be a foreigner as most of his coreligionists think now-a-days that they are aliens in this country. The intelligence of these Parsees is a comet, which has two tails, which is very confusing. "We have read the notes on infant marriage and enforced widowhood by Mr. Malabari with considerable care. People will naturally pay

more attention to the subject, and by dwelling upon some of the affecting pictures drawn here and there in these notes, find food for ample reflection. There are two ways of correcting the errors of society; if you cannot make people reason out that a thing is bad and vicious, you must try and make them feel that a thing is bad and vicious. We are, however, afraid that we can hardly say that Mr. Malabari has in this instance appealed to the people at all. He has evidently no faith in his countrymen, and shows more than evident distrust in their better judgment. He, therefore, does not care to appeal to the moral instincts of the people, or to the good sense of the enlightened portion of it, he has perhaps tried that remedy and failed. He is now quite indignant with his countrymen, he rebukes them, invokes the force of law, and appeals to Christianity and to the Government. Herein consists the mistake, There is another fault which he has committed: he has mixed up too many things together; and instead of confining his attention to that evil which

is peculiar among certain classes in India, he meddles with things which are common to all societies, the case must come from within, character has to be moulded from early childhood, and it is more than useless to endeavour to cope with the evil as it exists in the lower classes which is Mr. Malabari's real gravamen." With regard to widow remarriage :—"Self-restraint is deservedly considered to be a virtue in Europe no less than India. And we can easily conceive the dangers and perils to societies, and to the peace of families, if even in Europe, respectable girls were allowed to have their own way and settle matches for themselves. Consider the question carefully, and it becomes as clear as noonday that the ideal which the Hindu places before his daughter or his sister is precisely of the same character as that which European moralists vie with each other to hold up to the people of their own race. Read that admirable book,—*Thackeray's Vanity Fair*, and you find in every tint in the portrait of Mrs. George Osborne

a reflection of the picture which our Shastras have drawn of womanly piety and fidelity. We will give only another illustration from another class of writers. Those that have read Miss Braddon's beautiful account of Vixen can have little difficulty to discover that the charming delineation of Vixen's character corresponds exactly with the teachings of the Hindu Shastras. We will next turn to examine the nature of the privation which a widow is asked to submit to. First of all, it is only the widows of the higher classes that at all observe the rites of widowhood. Compare the condition of a widow with that of a married woman, and the real difference consists in this that the widows are more regular in their habits, they are more cleanly in their ways, and they fast one or two days in the month. It should, however, be remembered that religious women meritoriously perform the same austerities. Young widows—not merely girls—now-a-days are even allowed some little luxuries, and certain allowances are made in their case with the sympathising



connivance of society, such as the wearing of a few ornaments, which is viewed with disapprobation in the case of elderly widows. Mr. Malabari, undisguisedly says :—‘Declare that the widow, being the *States adopted daughter*, shall not be wronged by caste, and even if custom allow the wrong to be perpetrated, the victim shall be avenged by law’. Can the state undertake to find husbands for the forlorn ones? the despairing Hindu cannot find husbands for his widowed daughters, and therefore, prescribes a mode of life which would facilitate self-restraint. On the whole we are driven to the conclusion that these notes are a sad failure. The real problem which has to be solved, is how to provide for young girls. It has now become incumbent upon us to educate our daughters to find out the proper manner of bringing them up so that they may be able to obtain some decent sort of living for themselves independently of marriage, which is coming to be considered day by day as a luxury; and we are sure that if we do so we shall

not have to wait for our reward in Heaven. The fruits will be reaped on this very earth. All that we need do, is to properly educate our girls, or enable Madras, Bombay and Bengal to intermarry."

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE LIMIT OF AGE FOR THE  
CIVIL SERVICE.

Lord Ripon's Administration had taken up the important question of raising the age at which the candidates for the Civil Service would be competent to sit for the examination. There was a considerable controversy over this matter. The age was fixed at 19. It worked to the prejudice of the Indian students and in consequence the Government of the day thought it prudent to bring it up to a limit that would ease the hardship under which the Indian people laboured. Lord Kimberley was the Secretary of State for India at that time. He was not

a brilliant statesman nor was he a man of strong character. On this point he was a wobbler. In India the opinion leaned more in favour of 23 than 21. After almost interminable speeches, whispers and pour-parlers the limit was settled at 21.

“There was a time when the limit of age stood at 23, but by a kind of arithmetical retrogression we have come down to the teens at last, the limit being lowered to tender 19. We know that the subjects of examination, by far the paying subjects, are wholly foreign to us, we know that the examination is held in a foreign country, we know the difficulties, the expense, and the snares which must beset the path of a young Indian of 18 or 19 in the tumultuous whirlpool of London, we know what terrible strain the requirement of such an arduous examination must put upon the physical and mental resources of boys born and bred in a tropical climate ; and, indeed, the obstacles are so great and numerous that some of our Anglicised country-men. have actually divorced their family and children from the

home and the language of their fathers, and are bringing them up in England from their infancy at an expense which the marvellous emoluments of a few prodigies can alone enable them to do. Why should a Deputy Magistrate's son, why should a Subordinate Judge's son, why should the son of a respectable tradesman, or a humble land-holder be excluded, as he must in the nature of things be at the present limit of age, from the competitive examination. Plainly, it is not every body that can afford to leave his little babies in England, or has the heart to see his children forget their mother tongue and their mother land. We would fix the age of 23 for candidates of Indian origin, for, the moment such a candidate is passed out that very moment he is able to take up the duties of his office. The necessity of an antecedent practical training does scarcely exist in the case of passed candidate of Indian origin. Since the desirability of having University men in the service is admitted, since it is nothing but proper that Englishmen should know as

much as possible of the language and manners of the people before they set foot in India, we would fix the competitive age at 23 years all round whether for Christian or Gentoo. The State Secretary, on its being suggested to him that the present limit of age operated to exclude the natives of India from competition, is reported to have observed that the Government had provision that one out of every six members of the Civil Service should be chosen from the natives of India. We have always had our own opinion as to the political creed of the present Secretary of State. He is just the man to be shaped into a pliant tool in the hands of his civilian colleagues whose knowledge of modern India is on a par with that of the 'seven sleepers', who would judge of the world in accordance with their experience of it when they went off to sleep several centuries ago. Lord Kimberley no more knows how to guide the vessel of state in India, than the three wisemen of Gotham, who went to sea in a bowl, knew about navigation

"Three wisemen of Gotham.  
 Went to sea in a bowl ;  
 And if the bowl had been stronger,  
 My son would have been longer."

Such an avowal of policy is but an echo of what Lord Lytton and his council had frankly enunciated a few years ago, and for which he was simply snubbed by his, in the party slang, Tory Chief, Lord Crambrook. He tells us in words remarkable for distinctness that it matters little whether the natives of India have any chance in the open competition or not, so long as there is the statutory Civil service to give one-sixth of the appointments all over the length and breadth of India to the natives of the country."

Throughout these controversies he gained over his friend Kristodas Pal to the side of the intellectuals. Kristo Das wielded a powerful pen and was the mentor of the Bengal Zemindars. At times he would not see eye to eye with Kristo Das and would not feel a hesitancy in expressing

his disapproval of his policy, but the difference of opinion had made no change in their relation with each other.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE END.

With the *weltschmerz* in his heart he settled in the little village in Burgundy with his faithful and devoted wife. He had the grief of the true scholar and thinker. A true scholar and thinker finds himself by his very qualities cut off from the shams of life and the usual crowd of self-seekers who throng the world. Is it to be wondered at then, that he is sometimes sad and lonely? Nothing but the poor soul gets ill, and from it springs the world pain. "*Quand tu souffriras,*" says a French writer with the real experience of life, "*regarde ta douleur en face. Elle t'apprecedra quelque chose.*" If mankind were instructed by the priests and the

school masters to look at life from this view—point it would mitigate much of the acerbity and pain of the soul from which it suffers at one epoch or other of its existence. Heroism is something necessary and permanent in the life of humanity, and those that live by heroism as by bread survive, released from the world pain. My mother was stimulated by heroism and in consequence did not endure the world pain. She reconciled herself to the new environments yet nobly adhered to the tradition of thousands of years. She was liked by all in that little tranquil village for the sweetness and reasonableness of her genuine Brahminic nature. Even the curate of the village living in his presbytery very much after the fashion of a true philosopher, in a country in which a minister of politics wished to extinguish the light of Heaven, held her in much esteem. "They desire to put out the Light of God with their mouths; but God will perfect His Light, averse though the faithless people be," said the Prophet of Arabia. The light of Heaven has not been extin-



guished in France; on the contrary, the sufferings of the people have been appalling, that is how God perfects His Light. She had been attacked by an illness from which she never recovered. In full consciousness and with a smile on her lips, she breathed her last, leaving to her children the splendid inheritance of the memory of a noble and self-denying character. She was interred by a secular society of Auxerre in the neat little cemetery of the village in which she spent her last six years. The priests in France are men of larger information than the politicians. They have toleration. When my children used to pay visits to the tomb of their grand parents, the good abbé accompanied them and, kneeling down before the marble, used to utter a prayer for the beatification of the souls of the dead. My father survived her for four years and died in a moment without the least suffering. He was laid under the earth by the side of his lifelong spouse. He was mourned by the people of the village whose friendship he made. He regarded paternal power rather

as a duty than a power—his children will remember this excellent trait in his life with gratitude.

He never cared to place himself in the lime light of popularity and made few friends. Homer put into the mouth of Achilles the fine lines : “He is hateful to me as the Gates of Hades who thinks some thing in his mind, and utters another.” He despised such men, and such men compose the nine-tenths of the population of this world. The so-called savages are the only relic of naturalness in whom abides the truth..

I append two letters out of many I received after his death.. One is from Mr. M. Abdul Kadir, late a Deputy Magistrate and the other from Mr. Radha Charan Pal, a distinguished public man of our time :—

Midnapore,  
26th February 1911.

MY DEAR NOLINI,

I was much shocked to notice in the papers the sudden death in a foreign land of my intimate and respected friend, your dear, revered father, and so I wired my sincere

condolence to you. He did not long survive your dear, revered mother who also died away from home. He was an eminent Indian of whom we were rightly proud as a scholar of high order, a bold and independent judge, a sound jurist and last but not the least a jolly, genial, sincere and sympathetic friend. "Once a friend he was ever a friend". I have a vivid recollection of the pleasant time we had when I and Abul Hassan met him at times. He had a high regard for all religions and was himself a thorough "unitarian".

Yours sincerely,  
M. A. KADIR,

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108, Baranasi Ghose's Street,  
Calcutta,  
17th Feb. 1911.

MY DEAR MR. CHATERJEE,

I am very distressed to read in the newspapers of the death of your much respected father, Mr. K. M. Chatterji. On this sad occasion all the old reminiscences of the close personal relation of your lamented father

with my dear father crowd in my memory  
 What intimate friends they were ! My dear  
 father not only loved your father, but held  
 him in great esteem for his many qualities  
 of head and heart. A profound scholar,  
 a warm-hearted friend, a high-souled Indian.  
 The news of his death has been received  
 with genuine sorrow by all who knew him.

Yours sincerely,

RADHA CH. PAL.

In his small rich library—it was *multum  
 in parvo*—he had all the symbols of various  
 religions suspended on the walls. A sentence  
 from the Koran, a string of Rudrakshya  
 beads, a crucifix and the famous aphorism of  
 Kapila, *Jananat Mukti* (knowledge is salva-  
 tion) and the saying of the great Buddha.  
 There was a line from Victor Hugo which  
 used to be his favourite. *Pour vivre heureux  
 vivre caché*. It expresses the sentiment of a  
 world-weary man, or of an asceticism born  
 either of too little or too much part played in  
 this life. Diogenes could not escape the cen-  
 sures of the unclean world. On one occasion  
 some one told him that he had been reproach-

ed for his philosophy. He made a reply which has been famous in history: "he who would be saved must have good friends, or violent enemies; and that he is best off who possesses both". A man cannot accomplish a great object for the benefit of his species if he is moved by the fear of some unclean creatures trying to play a trick upon him.

If the man's conscience has no reproaches to make, he should derive consolation from the reflection of Diogenes and push on the work in the full blaze of the censorious world. The world is not entirely made up of mean ugly-minded men; we have in this world an abundance of high-souled and clean-minded men and women. There is no need to have pessimism. It is a malady caused by the sombre religions, preached in this world, which condemning this life exalt the life to come. If nature is wicked and cruel, she is equally noble and kind, the end in view being a perfect adjustment and balance for the evolution and continuance of the species.

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*"Ergo non desiderare dico esse jucundus"*

Cicero, De Senectute.

He has been all through life an aristocrat and a Brahmin in religion and philosophy. He was impregnated with the principles of the philosophy of his Brahminic ancestors, and had an unshakeable belief that the morals and philosophy of the ancient Brahmanas had coloured and tempered all the religions of the world. The news of the assassination of Monsieur Carnot, the President of the French Republic, by an Italian anarchist, Santo Cesario, reached India ; and that made him think of his philosophy and search for a cure for anarchism which is not dead in the western world.

I give in extenso Kishorimohun's philosophical essays in the following pages. One of these essays was contributed to *The Present Day*, a journal, edited by that remarkable man, George Jacob Holyoake.

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“SINCERITY BETTER THAN  
GRACE.”

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*For this article we are indebted to the editor of the Indian Echo himself, an Indian gentleman distinguished for his high lineage, and who excited much interest in England, when he was studying at the London University. The thoughts expressed in the article carry the reader back to the earlier ages of mankind. The ideas suggested in it will remind many readers of Auguste Comte, as interpreted in some of the poetry of George Eliot.*

THE EDITOR, THE PRESENT DAY.

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Dwija, twice-born, of true Aryan mintage, the serious student must look deep into the bowels of the slaughtered past for the genealogy of such an idea—not in Greece, not in Rome, not in the *Parthenon*, whose glories still fire the most Turkish tourist; not in the *Palatium* of the Cæsars, amidst whose ruins are lavished this day the riches of London and of New York,—where? So

near and yet so far! In Anglo-India, what was Aryavarta then, in some woody retreat. No artist need come to study the architecture—in a shed, roofed with dry leaves, squatted on a cushion of straw, more naked than the nude Calybo, his shaggy hair scattered at random in matted locks over his tawny shoulders, skin and bone, with eye lids closed—is it death, or his image? The lips do gently move. The man of silence meditates on nature. If not to spare water is the sign of nobleness, if to be cleanly is godly, this man is both great and divine. Water to him is infinitely blessed. All water to him is *bénite*. Ablution! 'Wouldst thou cleanse the spirit! first lave the flesh. There a string passing from his left shoulder—the holy investiture—the sacred thread. A modern colporteur might sneer, but let him reflect, and kneel down where he stands; for it is the symbol of humbleness and littleness. A piece of thread is the Dwija's *all*—he communes with his Maker with a halter round his neck. This is superstition now—worse—the husk alone remains, the liquor of



“leave-all-thou-hast-and-follow-me” sort of frenzy has long dried up. *Gani* was inspired when he said “where is that madness, that I may break at a bound through the bonds of reason.” Yes, carnal, selfish, bellicose reason! Children may cast stones at the maniac; oh for that burning madness! Its pure flame can alone irradiate the universe of flesh. And what valueless valour! before which kings, then tyrants, quailed—that self-subduer, triple commander—*Tridandi*! This is the spot. The same sun still shines upon it; but the spirit of that sun which the *Dwijā* adored no more sits brooding upon the land. Thou wearest the same insignia, but Marcus Tullius Tyro is not Marcus Tullius Cicero. A Hindu is not an Arya. Thou gloriest in the agnomen of Hindu. The very birth of a Hindu, ninety per cent., is a social mistake. What seems like multiplication of the species is the omen of division—some thing worse—dissolution. Multiply and increase, not multiply and diminish, was the primeval voice. Man is not an *ephemeris* — his days are not

mere seconds. The Almanack of his existence is to-morrow *ad infinitum*—on, on, recurring. The abstract man—briefly we call it the soul. Individuals perish, groups may perish, but this is imperishable—this abstract man is the least selfish, the least animal. How read these maxims now? Public opinion,—live for others. All these are more or less bright emanations from the grand ideal. The Hindu babe is like a stray calf or a stray lamb—know ye not that it is an object of interest to the community for better or for worse? Savings of years you expend upon its advent, regardless of its onward development. You have eyes—see what is in the pot ere you ask guests to your table: this is plain. The world is a world of competition. Every child needs a fair start. Its education should begin from the very day of its birth, or its terminus will be the gallows or self-slaughter. We lead a wife, not victim, to the altar. We enter into a solemn contract when we are utterly incapable of understanding the nature of a single one—but worthy to bring new lives

into existence. If Hindus are outstripped in the race, it is their own fault. Remember the story of the hare and the tigress—the former is the most prolific ; but what is the fate of her progeny ?”

*The Present Day.*

*March 1885.*

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## PRELUDE.

The memorable words of Victor Hugo, "*this will kill that*", or the flash of knowledge will strike the church, are more piquant than real. St. Paul would not shut out knowledge; but warned all to "prove all things". The church would incarcerate every Galileo. A perverse belief in "holy ignorance" had wrought deadly hostility between religion and science. Religion condemned the scientific method as the gift of the devil—Torquemada did worse—and science was not slow to resent. Each forgot how much dear the one was to the other. Progress or happiness is the true end of existence. Science is a wild pursuit, if it fails to teach man how to live well, and religion is worthless if it forces man to live on blindly. Man is a machine, but a *thinking* machine, and as such can *know* that the human machine is under the dominion of mechanical laws—statical and dynamical. The forces that hold the universe in its place must

also exert their influence on man. These forces either draw man towards or away from the orbit of progress or happiness, or obstruct his movement. They may be described as positive and negative force. Rishi Kapila resolved all existence into a combination of such forces—**रागविगमयोर्योगः सृष्टिः**—he would rigidly apply the scientific or inductive method to the investigation of morals—the road to happiness; and gently, but not irreverently, puts by the notion of *Oeos* in his logical calculation—**ईश्वरासिद्धे** Having arrived at certain conclusions, the Rishi proclaims that in order to be happy man should overweight the positive forces, or the gross or unthinking particles of the body that hamper his progress, with negative forces or the fine or thinking particles of the body—**वैराग्यात्** Rishi Patanjali walks on the steps of the *maestro*, but in order to attain the desired end, he suggests as an alternative a course of meditation on *Oeos*, or its emblem **ओं**, the *yoyos* of St. John: Nevertheless, theology is not more essential to the disciple than it was to the master:

Patanjali only leaned to his hereditary creed. In their inductions of morals, Kapila, Patanjali and Comte are generally agreed.

Nikola Tesla has since written grandly in the Century Magazine. To him, science is the best revealer and the staunch ally of religion. He like Patanjali, but unconsciously, repeats almost every word of Kapila, differing merely in the point of view from which he looks at the forces—To him, 'ignorance,' is a negative or rather frictional, whereas to Kapila, or Patanjali, अविद्या is a positive force. Nor does Tesla deal with the many formulæ of flexions and postures of the limbs, or of the regulation of the breath, which the Rishis have enacted in order to prolong human life and secure its easy dissolution in the manner of Dante's "ripe apple." Tesla, much after the way of Patanjali, extols his own traditional theology, declaring that the deductive conclusions of the Scriptures agree with the inductive results of science. It follows that neither Kapila, nor Patanjali nor Comte nor Tesla, regards theology as the indispensable basis

of morals. Tesla would reduce the negative forces by *habit* which coincides with Kapila's अभ्यास: "Gradually slip off the lower man and be happy; lo, how the hydra sheds its skin and rejoices"—अहिनिलयनीवत् is the language of Kapila.

Food is the very first problem in the geometry of morals, and one knows the kind of food the average man longs for; but Nikola Tesla with the courage of Hannibal—whom Neibuhr asks the world to respect, nay love—would stop the barbarous slaughter of cattle, and turn to the field, to agriculture, to mother Earth for sustenance. Millions in India at this day, from *habit*, condensed by the practice of a thousand years, have learnt to throw a kind of sanctity over the lives of cattle. Dante's *maestro*, Mantua's Virgil, would, perhaps, have recognized in the "Hindus" of the Greeks the remnants of the golden age:—

" et ante

Impia quam cœsis gens est epulata juvencis."

Aye. "l'instruction fait tout." "Grant us knowledge" is the whole orison of the

Brahman, and, in the text of Kapila, knowledge is *the* saviour, ( ज्ञानात् मुक्ति ). Not knowing Kapila, Tesla cites Buddha. Will the sun's rays,—the "bright effluence" of the sublime idolatry of Milton—on which the Rishis rest their hope, and which Tesla would harness, dispel the darkness that envelops the soul of Europe, the darkness begotten of the five *eidola* of creed, colour, dress, name and race—the Punjab, or the Five Waves, of *ignorance*, or अविद्या,—Acheron, Phlegethon, Lethe, Styx, and Cocytus!

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## PATANJALI'S PRESCRIPTION.

The mind cannot dwell long on the events that are taking place in all directions without seeking to learn their origin. The tales of small or big conflicts with which the news sellers intrude upon our morning prayers are found to amuse many; but few would care to ascertain their cause. The strifes and conflicts that have been going on in Africa and Asia are not mere isolated or desultory cases; but they are the sporadic effects of one single cause. That cause has to be looked for in the constitution of Europe. The germs or bacilli of the epidemic are there. One hears much of material advancement. Europeans speak of it as their civilization and can conceive of no other. That Europe has grown considerably since she cast off the slough of the Dark Ages, there can be no doubt; but it is equally certain that that development has been altogether one-sided. The animal instinct, instead of keeping pace with the advance of thought

has over-grown itself and turned the course of thought to its own purposes. That man, like his fellow-animals, should like to have acquire and enjoy, is but natural. The distinction of Europe consists in the cultivation of that instinct to perfection. The beaver lives and fights, and builds its own abode. The minute ant has its little colony, and with calculating instinct, it garners for its own comforts a few grains in its little nest for future want; it fights, conquers, enslaves and thrives. Bees make their comb with almost mathematical care; they have their idle *aristos*, the drones, and their workers and even their queen. The arboreal man was perhaps a degree better, he perhaps lived better and decidedly fought better, for he fought with sticks and missiles. Men have since learnt to build pretty houses, to make nice cities, to keep better tables, to fight with better weapons—bows and arrows and spear have made room for swords, and lances, and bayonets and Maxims; but on close examination one reads the meaning of all this to be that thought has helped to pro-

vide for the wants of the instinct. The brain or the mind has gone on devising the means, and planning the arts for the gratification of the senses. Not only must the whole animal and vegetable kingdom be laid under contribution for the delectation of our table; but a wretched goose must be dressed with all the refinements of torture that *pate-de foies gras* might give a varied relish to the languid palate. The birds which charm the forest with their throats and plumes must have their little lives twisted out of them in order that our bonnets may be embellished, and marine mammals must be destroyed to beautify our muffs and muff-chains. Our instincts desire these things and minds are not slow to devise the means and supply the wants. It may be, modern Europe has made material advance over Clovis, and Tamerlane, and Nadir; but the principle of action has remained the same; and has it increased our own happiness and happiness of our fellow-beings? Asia might profitably be questioned for an answer. Speaking roundly, wild men must in primi-

tive times have lived in Asia as in Europe: It is well-known with what vigour the arts of life flourished in Asia. Her "barbaric" gold at once excited the envy and tempted the cupidity of young Europe; but as Asia was the first in the field of material refinement, she alone can claim the distinction of having given birth to many a system of morals, and India, foremost in all kinds of culture, was the birth-place of a great religion. If the Indian mind had for many a day devised means for the gratification of the animal instinct, it at length grew to assert its own ascendancy, and, having once been the bondsman of the desires, gradually became their sovereign lord. All Europe never was able to give birth to a religion, and though the Brahminic spirit in Judaic form picked its way in the course of time into Europe, it found a soil cold and uncongenial. The old temper of the Vikings and the Visigoths—fierce and adventurous—eventually succeeded in enlisting the alien religion in its own service. Europe poured forth her thousands in full armour to assail the Sara-

cens in the name of the Crusade, and displayed to the full sternness of her disposition in the horrors of the Inquisition. The priest himself assumed the garb of a sovereign or became the vassal of a sovereign, and religion in disgust sought the solitude of the cloister. With wealth as the only road to salvation, Europe has been spreading herself over the world in her ceaseless career of arms. Her missionaries, her merchants, her soldiers and her labourers are to be met with in abundance in every quarter of the globe. She still feels that not contentment but enjoyment is the pinnacle of happiness. Europe delights in the amplitude of her children, and would find homes for them at any cost. Manu warns us against the growth of population in the language of religion. Rishis Valmiki and Dwaipayana would tire the very echo with reiteration that it is allowed to man to acquire, but lawfully; it is allowed to man to use his appetites, but lawfully. The Rishis of old impress upon us the efficacy of contentment. Never are the desires appeased by indulgence, but they would blaze even more

furiously like fire fed with oblations of clarified butter. Valmiki, working upon the homily, holds up before us the picture of a powerful and prosperous sovereign. King Ravana ruled over the beautiful island of Sinhala—his table groaned with piles of roast peacocks, and his golden goblets sparkled with wines of fruits and flowers : his treasury was filled with the wealth of the world ; his palace glittered with gems of the finest water and jewels of every lustre and was gay with damsels whose sylphlike forms were the envy of the nymphs of Indra ; and yet that deluded monarch sighed for more, and the thought of Sita, the fair anchorite, disturbed his repose and wrought his untimely end. Such is the answer Asia gives to Europe. He is truly wealthy, say the Rishis, whose desires are few, for those whose wants are many can never be contented. *Leave all thou hast and follow me,* is the principal word of command which Valmiki gives to the world in the person of Rama. Rama, the soul, or the eternal *ego*. the internal sense, bids Sita, the fair one,

the body or external organs, to abandon the desires and merge herself in him. Patanjali prescribes the remedy,—by discipline, by practice alone, says that Rishi; can we dispel the Venus of ignorance or illusion. As the cataract darkens the vision, so does the veil of illusion enshroud the mind. Remove that illusion and you will irradiate the soul. From habit the famished *coolie* rejected the “ambrosial” repast which the European traveller offered from his table, and the European, intoxicated with the superstition of self-indulgence, despised him all the more. Bacon is perhaps the only European that can be said to have at all approached Patanjali’s notion of illusion. His *idolas* and his *siccum lumen*, or the pure or dry light, are the results of profound thought. The *idolas* are the phantasms or images which obscure the face of pure reason, and are the origin of many prejudices—natural, national, tribal, or individual. But when every thing has been said and done, one sadly asks oneself, when will the mania for destruction cease? Those

alone, the Rishis have said, will be blessed with the length of days whose minds have been able to discipline their bodies and to curb their desires. The film of illusion keeps spreading over the soul of Europe, or else she would remember the reward of long life which Jehovah ordains for those who will honour their father and their mother. Science, while it may diminish the hope which led the Spartan Cleombrotus to shorten the shorter for the longer life of Plato, fully seconds religion in sustaining the blessings of a long life, and yet Europe is heedless of the lives of her own children and those of others. Patanjali saw the evil ages ago, and combining the rigid scientific thought of Kapila with the precepts of religion, has left us his prescription—drill well the forces of the body, drive away the troops of witches that beguile the senses, and deliver *the man*.

---



## “THE BOER WAR AND ITS MORAL.”

“However much some may snarl or sneer at the immense display of jubilation which recent events have evoked all over the Empire, the outburst of enthusiasm cannot be said to have much overstepped the rule of proportion. The terrible disasters, the tremendous loss of life, the suffering of the beleaguered garrisons had so strained the sentiments of the people, that it is nothing but natural, that the moment of relaxation should be marked by some such scenes as were lately witnessed in the broad streets of London. It is the people that endure most in the wars of their country; and it is theirs to rejoice after their own manner when the time of relief comes. The multitude—Celtic or Saxon—is essentially the same; and *demos*, while too prone to be dejected by adversity, is, on the other hand, equally prone to be elated by prosperity. It may be that lavish demonstration of flags on the house tops, and the hoisting of them on the

coach-boxes have a comic side, culminating in the worship of marble and canvas—the statue of a hero here and the portrait of a hero there ; but the populace, which feels like all sentient creatures, has never been suspected of philosophic tendencies. The feast of the carnival in Rome, like its precursor, the orgies of Saturn in the heathen days, is a mere popular institution ; and it is mightily ludicrous for an ædile, or a stern divine, to speak of the one or the other as the symptoms of madness, portentous of the destroying wrath of Jove or Jehova. All this, however, has a small place in the consideration of the ethical conditions of war. War—whatever the motive, gain, glory or power—is known to bristle with horrors. In modern warfare—Europeans fighting against Europeans—it is no more “Hector glorious from Patroclus fall,” or the Horatii and the Curatii ; but it is number that does the work, or the party which can afford to bear the most killing wins the day. To kill and to be killed are the credit and the debit sides of the account of a battle or a campaign.

Think of the mangled limbs, the tortured faces of the dead, the moanings of the dying, the groans of the wounded, and, at a distance, the wailing of women bereft of husbands or bereaved of offspring! to see or hear of carnage for the first time will make the heart shudder; but long intimacy with it—and this has been a protracted war—is apt to rouse our interest and enkindle in us those fiercer passions which it is the distinguishing character of civilization to suppress when it cannot altogether wear off. Habit or constant association can weed out from human nature, as it can stamp on it, the beast or the tiger. The gentle Sita in her hermitage expostulates with her royal lord to cast off the badges of the military caste much in this strain:—Once upon a time a saint, being fired with a desire to attain divine bliss in the flesh, devoted himself to the performance of severe austerities and many an irksome penance; but wily Indra, ever on the watch to mar the noble designs of the sons of men, appeared before the saint in the garb of a common

soldier, and handing over his bow and arrow, implored the Rishi to keep them for him until his return from a long pilgrimage. The saint, overcome by his entreaties, promised to do so, and, well aware of the sacred nature of a trust, would never lose sight of the weapons even for a single moment. Gradually he learnt to admire them, to be fond of them, even to play with them, and last of all, to use them ; result was that he, who could not before bear to see the smallest insect hurt, now drew pleasure from the sight of wounded tuskers twisting their trunks in death's agony, while big drops of tear rolled from their languid eyes. Thus by constant association a St. Francis was changed into a Nimrod. However, it is neither the irritating consequence of a prolonged war which doubtless is liable to beget in the mind something like a sportsman's zest for game, nor the spectre of the field of battle where, in the words of a Sanskrit bard, goblin maidens, drawn by the scent of blood, dance wildly to the howl of the wives of ghouls, beating time with the

open palms of their hands on dead men's skulls,—it is neither the one nor the other of these traits that is the worst evil the South African crisis presents to us. The Transvaal conflict is merely a small effect of a fermenting cause. The mind of Europe must have been developing until a state is produced, which threatens to be similar to what it was in the dark or middle ages when war was almost a daily traffic, and scarcely a week passed without the breaking out of some kind of hostility. It would seem as if the European mind had never been permeated to any extent with a higher tone of thought ; and the growth of military spirit, which is bursting forth in all directions, may gradually lead back the nations from the path of intellectual progress. Here is a source of anxiety to all mild and pacific men of whom no account will be made, while the profession of arms and the military caste will secure the whole meed of praise and esteem, and, indeed, stand out as the model for the world's conduct. India, while she may piously rejoice in the successes, cannot

avoid grieving with one dropping eye at the Mavortial attitude of her masters. And the saddest thing of all is that poor Buckle, the most English of Englishmen and a fervent patriot, would with a blush have had to re-write or expunge many pages of his remarkable History.

---

## PRELUDE.

The words were written on the news of the murder of Sadi Carnot. Such disorder in the European circle may for a time find some relief out of the good things of the outside world; but like causes will beget like results also there, and in the end rebound with a mightier swell on Europe and every limb of Europe. Socialism is a protest against the existing order of things. It has, of course, many phases; but if the doctrines of Rousseau, Fichte and Bakunin are of the same flesh and blood, anarchy is at once the offspring and queen of socialism. The *contract social* of Rousseau, passing through the furnace of the German idealist, has deposited the dross of silver of Bakunin's *amorphous commune*, and "holy ignorance." Surely, even the most moderate of socialists must be prepared to raise men from the slough of animalism before their method can lay claim to a truly moral system of life.

Will the words here serve any good? None, yet men are known to clamour in despair. Flesh fear alone can restrain the many for good sense abides in the mind, and the many are mindless. Alas, the spirit of the Rishis, the ancient sages of Aryavārtha, the India of the Greeks and the Romans, is now dying or dead!

---



## KAPILA,

OR

### *Antidote Against War And Anarchy.*

VESUVIUS smokes and the neighbours are in a state of alarm. Greece is in an ague of earthquake and the natives suffer. The cause of the alarm in the one case, and the cause of the suffering in the other, are alike due to the mysterious operation of nature. Nature is known to destroy human life by disease or accident. Man naturally feels for man. We grieve at the fate of the victim whether of disease or of accident, we lament the death of our friend, our relation, or our neighbour, for a while ; we then in a manner forget the loss, and, resigning ourselves to the inevitable, calmly follow the usual pursuits of life. But when man lays his hand upon his fellow-man, when one man takes away the life of another man, whether in a fit of sudden anger or in a spirit of revenge, our grief for the loss may not be any the less, but our alarm is all the more,

since we are led by our instinct to look upon the act as a thing out of the course of nature and condemn it as unnatural; but when a man drives a bullet or plunges his dagger into the heart of another man, not in a more or less sudden fit of passion, but because the assassin hates the whole society of which his victim is the idol or image, our alarm is intensified and overwhelms our consciousness. Sadi Carnot is gone. The last words of the man—*je suis perdu*—still keep ringing in our ears; but it is not merely an individual man that has been slain. It is the President of the French Republic that has been stabbed. Santo has shed the blood of that great society of men of which Carnot was the vivid representative. The fabric of the society which it is the faith of Santo to destroy is much the same in all parts of the European world. Santo himself is a member of a society which, howsoever small just now, is also European. Thus, in the vast European world, there is a small orb which is preying as a canker. Diseases will run their course, accidents will happen, the earth will

tremble and burning mountains will now and then throw up their lava, but the ravages of disease or the depredations of nature are almost nothing before the volcano of wild socialism, wine-bibbing and flesh-eating socialism, of which anarchy is the yawning crater. The picture which Milton gives us of sin is an apt picture of socialism. Sin is at once the offspring and the queen of Satan; anarchy is at once the offspring and the queen of socialism. Deluded with the thought of equality, socialists have given birth to anarchy which has become a standing menace to Europe. Strikes, in mild or virulent forms, have become quite common in European societies, and what are these but mere acorns of anarchy. These are the drops which ultimately make the ocean. Despairingly one asks oneself whether there is any remedy for this evil of anarchy, and the process of thought which works in the mind is this—where there is luxury there is poverty; poverty means hunger. Poverty in the midst of high luxury is apt to be fiendish in its discontent, and hunger knows how

to be cruel. There is no sin, says an ancient Rishi, that a hungry man will not commit. Poverty, however, is a relative term. In a society, where some men actually roll in wealth, and the luxuries to which wealth alone can contribute, the many, or the small people, in it are apt to feel not merely the sting but the shame of poverty much more keenly than the many, or the populace, in a society where there is less wealth and therefore less luxury. Indeed, the wealthier a community, the wider in it is the gulf that separates the rich from the poor, and all the sharper and more contrary feelings must beat in the heart of one towards the other. And as secularism begins to impregnate the minds of the populace, and the hope of poetical justice *elsewhere* to grow dim, the discontent of the masses waxes hot, and their jealousy becomes all the more corrosive when wealth assumes the character of the *beau ideal* of life and existence. If European societies at all answer the description, the evil of anarchy will stick to them as a limpet sticks to a rock. Auguste Comte

foresaw the evil, and with much labour and industry endeavoured in his own mind to construct a society on the basis of "live for others." In that society the family is the condensed unit, and the domestic hearth the inmost circle of a larger society which is composed of a number of families. The domestic hearth may be taken as the emblem of the dearest domestic relations. The domestic relations are really the rudiments of the language or sentiment of affection, and, by means of these rudiments of affection, Comte would compile a volume of love in which, by a series of gradually extending circles, the population of the whole world, including even some of the useful domestic animals, is comprehended. First learn to love your own mother, nay worship her ; to love your wife, nay worship her ; to love your daughter, nay worship her ; and when you have done this, such is the teaching of that gentle philosopher, so that it becomes a second nature with you, you will gradually learn, almost in spite of yourself, to love all your fellow-beings. Affection for the weak

is the cardinal doctrine of Comte's sociology. The natural consequence of such a doctrine is moderation and forbearance ; for, in order to help the weak and unfortunate, one must be able to give up something of what one possesses, in other words, one must be able to stint oneself, if need be, in order that one may help the less fortunate members of one's society. Self-sacrifice is the beginning and end of Comte's social system. Sociolatriy or society-worship is really Comte's religion. There can be no doubt that Comte's mind was treasured with many kinds of learning—with the learning of many ages and many countries—with the learning not only of the West, but also of the East. It is impossible to say what share the learning of the Rishis contributed to instruct and elevate the mind of the French priest and philosopher, but it is perfectly clear that the Brahmin priest and philosopher had ages ago, certainly more than 1,450 years before the birth of Christ, said in Sanskrit all that Comte has since said in the French language. Comte has perhaps

written in a more popular form than we see in the fragments that have been preserved to us of the Rishis, but the ideas are all there; may be, Comte has painted them more fashionably. Remember the Rishis wrote 700 years before the time when the proud founder of Rome was sucking the she-wolf's dugs; years before Cadmus is fabled to have brought the alphabets to dark and barbarous Greece. Rishi Kapila, to whose teachings we are going to allude, lived long before the age of the *Mahabharata*. Sri Krishna, the ethical and political philosopher of ancient India, some of whose exploits are related by Vyasa in the *Mahabharata*, and whom amazed superstition has deified as the incarnation of God, is said to have cherished with reverence the memory of Kapila as the greatest of the sages of antiquity. In the aphorisms of Kapila, or such of them as are still extant, many of the passages are no doubt obscure, and their obscurity has puzzled many commentators, but the simple truths they embody may be summed up in a few words:—"Happiness is the aim and

Govinda Chandra Bandopadhyaya

Ramnath Bandopadhyaya

Sundarananda Acharyya

(The title of Acharyya was conferred on him on account of his great lea

Kamalakanta Misra (title)

Parashuram Chakravarti (title)

Sreenath Roy

(Minister to the Nawab of Dacca. The Nawab conferred the title of Roy on his investiture as the landlord of Benapore Pergannas)

Krishna Chander Roy

(Collector of revenues in the Southern portion of the Kingdom of Nawab of Murshidabad. He was also known as Croree as he had to collect a Crore or rupees as revenue. He married in the village of Gohat and settled down at Radhanagore.)

Brajvinode Roy

(He took izara of Pargannas of Jahanabad, Chandra Kona and Bhoo

Ram Kanta Roy

(Zamindar and Talukdar

Jagan Mohan Roy

Ram Mohun Roy

Title of Raja was conferred on him by the Court of Delta

Radha Prasad Roy

(Legal adviser to the Court of Delhi. Had only two daughters.)

Rama Prasad Roy

(First Indian appointed Judge Court of Judicature at in Calcutta.

Srimati Chandrayoti Devi

Srimati Maitreyi Devi

Hari Mohun Roy

Lalit Mohun Chattopadhyaya.

Kishori Mohun Chattopadhyaya.

Nanda Mohu



end of life. There is good in this world and there is evil. Pleasure results from good. Shun evil and you will be happy. Knowledge is the only road to salvation. In order to shun evil one must know what is evil. The human soul or mind is pure and tranquil as the magnet. As needles of iron rush upon and infest the magnet, so desires like sharp needles rush upon and attack the mind. Shake off those desires, control them, and thou shalt be happy. Contented with our lot, let us work each in his own station. Behold the example of famous courtesan Pingala, hungering for jewels and gems and fineries, and dresses and draperies, she was unhappy ; longing for the embrace of the prince and the luxuries of the palace, she passed many a sleepless night and was unhappy ; she flung away that hunger, and that longing, and suppressed those cravings, she returned to her own station in life and worked, dropped her dreams of silk curtained cots, once more laid her head on her home-spun pillow, slept and was happy." Pingala may well corres-

pond to Hetty Sorrel, a poor farmer's daughter in this passage of Adam Bede :—  
 “And Hetty's dreams were all of luxuries, to sit in a carpeted parlour and always wear white stockings ; to have some large beautiful earrings such as were all the fashion ; to have Nottingham lace round the top of her gown, and something to make her handkerchief smell nice, like Miss Lydia Donni-thorne's when she drew it out at church ; and not to be obliged to get up early or to be scolded by any body.”

In societies where fashion and wealth are the ideal, the humbler classes will first admire fashion and wealth, then long for and yearn after wealth and fashion, then try to imitate the wealthy and fashionable, and, since inequality is the law of society, end by envying the fashionable and the wealthy, and the consequence will be the eventual ruin of many and disaster to society. Europe, full of desire, may for a time be able to stay the evil by stretching forth both her arms over Asia and Africa ; but there is only one Asia and only one Africa. The world has limits,

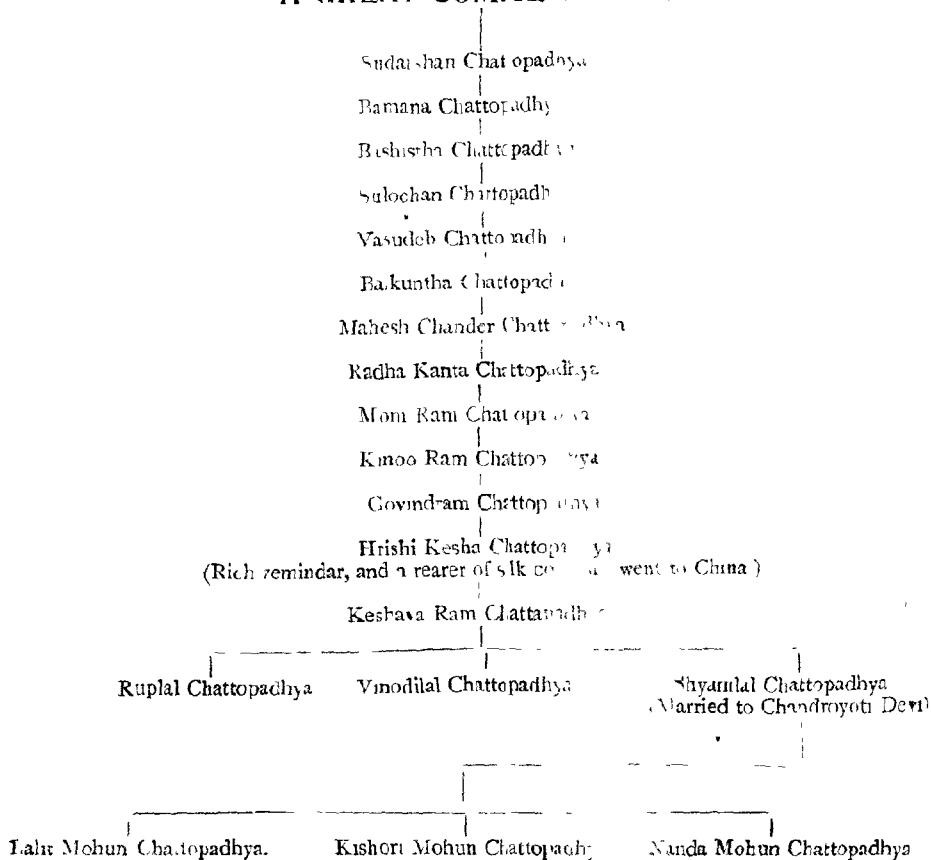
nor is its yield infinite, but the hunger of Europe would leap over all bounds; her wealth grows and yet she is restless and finds not peace. In her home she can boast of parks and palaces, yet in it there are regions where men and women and children roam about unshod, unkempt and unfed. Of the two lessons of Asia's civilization, Europe has learnt well the lesson of pomp and parade but neglected the nobler one of abstinence and forbearance. It is only by controlling our desires, says Kapila, that we can be happy—both rich and poor. Patanjali follows up the idea of his great master Kapila, inculcating that future evil is avoidable by the practice of love, truth and continence. Manu upon that basis builds up his society which in its contour is the evident archetype of the edifice of Comte. The worship of ancestors, regard for posterity, respect for women, tenderness for the weak, which extends even to the useful domestic animals, resound in almost every verse of Manu's Code. The acquisition of knowledge, and discrimination in food and drink, in act and

speech, are, so thought that ancient Rishi, the road to happiness and salvation. Kapila points the way, and has prescribed his specific against anarchy. Will Europe abate her pride, pause and consider ?

---

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## A GREAT COMMENTATOR



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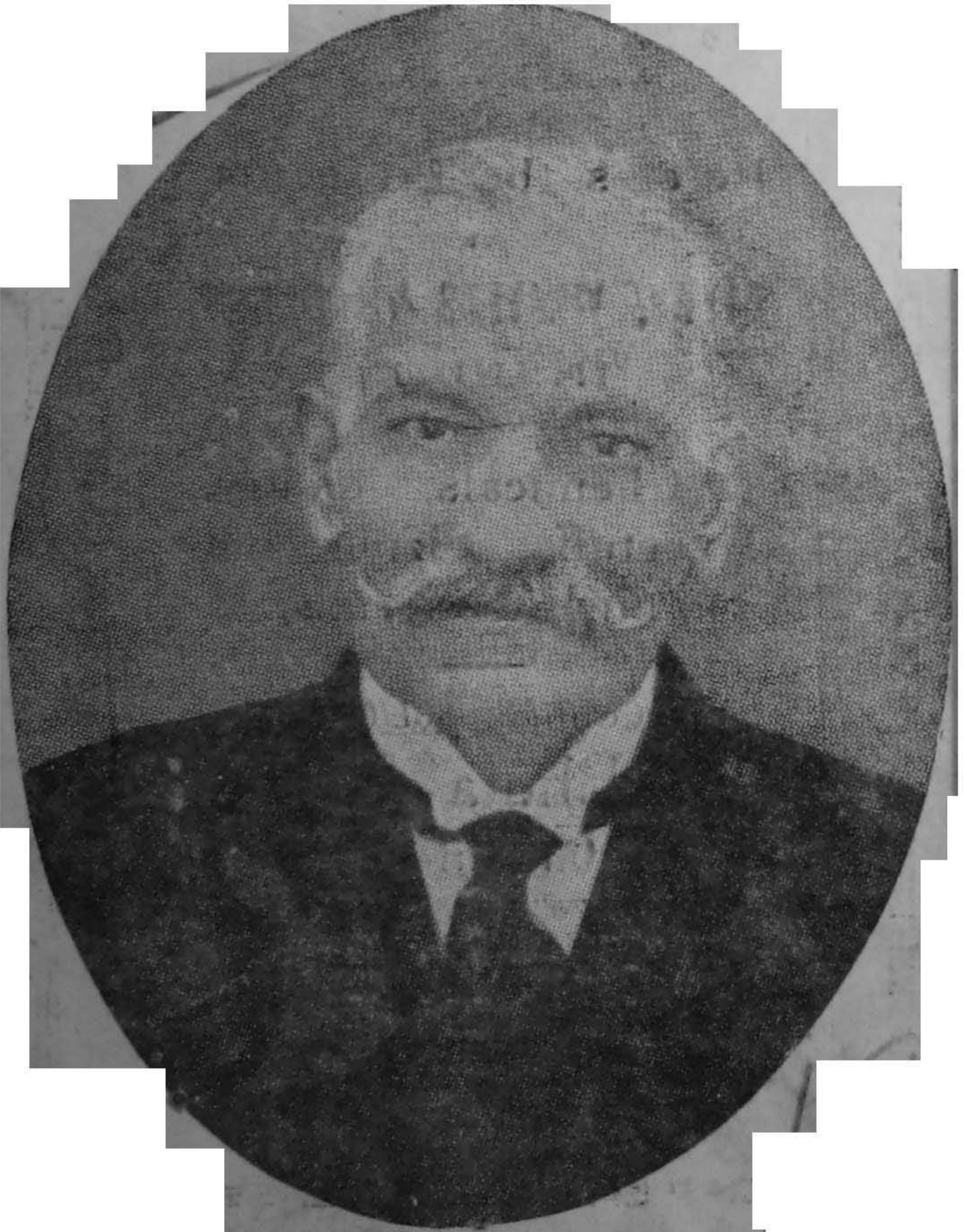
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## PANDIT MOTILAL NEHRŪ.

**I**N the Valhalla of Indian worthies few men have risen to such unsullied fame as Pandit Motilal Nehru

A decade back his name was hardly uttered beyond the boundaries of the "sleepy hollow" of the United Provinces which it then was, except of course as an eminent advocate and a man of mode. But, during this crucial time when politics has meant a real thing, not the tinsel that it was, he applied his conserved energy with such zeal and earnestness for country's weal that, to-day, he is not only one of the best known men in India, but what is more, he is looked upon as one of the pillars of the nation. Never the aphorism, that circumstances discovered the man, more abundantly proved its truth than in the case of Mr. Nehru. The woes of a nation groaning under the imposition of Ship Money discovered Hampden; the wrongs and cruelties perpetrated by the O'Dwyerian Gang on the Punjabees, drew out the man and the patriot in Pandit Motilal and rivetted his countrymen's appreciative gaze on his sterling virtues, not the least of which is devotion to national cause amidst tremendous odds. Surely, if Pandit Motilal had done nothing else to deserve the diffusion of light focussed on him, his untiring and undeflectable application for unmasking O'Dwerism and affording relief to the distressed

## PANDIT MOTI LAL NEHRU.

Punjab alone would have amply sufficed to make the name of Mr. Nehru a household word in the country.

### ANAND BHAWAN.

The Hon. Pandit Motilal, the President-elect of the Indian National Congress, hails from the Holy Pryag, where he has settled down for good and owns considerable vested interests—no mean one of these is his residence, Anand Bhawan, one of the few palatial buildings in the United Provinces, and, of course, second to none in the richness and comfort in which it abounds. Few men of note in the public life of India have visited Allahabad but become doted guests at Anand Bhawan and experienced from one and all its inmates a warmth of geniality and friendship, which recognized neither cast nor creed no distinguished the humble from the exalted.

Mr. Nehru has one son and two daughters. His son Mr. Javharlal is a member of the Allahabad Bar and his daughters Sarup Kumari and Kishin Kumari are both educated and have been with their father to England.

### BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

Though settled at Allahabad, Pandit Motilal Nehru was born of Kashmiri Saraswat Brahmin parents in Delhi in May, 1861. He was a posthumous son being born 4 months after the death of his father, who was a

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Kotwal in Delhi. Owing to this sad demise the task of educating him fell on his elder brother, Pandit Nandlal Nehru, who was a Vakil of repute.

Young Moti got his elementary education in Mukhtabs, where at the tender age of 12, he acquired ample knowledge of Persian and Arabic. From here he was drafted to the Government High School of Cawnpore. He passed the Entrance Examination creditably having got a first class, and passing on to the Muir Central College of Allahabad, he became the favourite *par excellance* of Mr. Harison, Principal of the College, whose memory is still cherished by his students among whom were the Late Sir Sunder Lal and the Hon. Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya. Mr. Nehru studied upto B.A., but did not appear for the Examination. Having divorced the Arts course, he employed himself with the study of law. By dint of hard labour, after only a 3 months' study, he appeared at the High Court Examination in which he topped the list, and received a medal of distinction.

### AS A LAWYER.

\* Mr. Nehru began his practice as a Vakil at Cawnpore, and soon carved out a name for himself and captured a wide clientele. Here he counted amongst his life long friends the late Pundit Prithwi Nath, "the uncrowned king of law". But his was the ambition that yearned for

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still greater expansion and conquests, so after only 3 years, in 1886, Pandit Motilal shifted to Allahabad High Court where in a remarkably short space of 5 or 6 years he established himself as a prominent member of the Bar. Soon the High Court in appreciation of his legal acumen made him an advocate, and today Mr. Nehru is admitted to be one of the legal giants of the day.

As an advocate Pandit Motilal is respected as the tribune of the people for he has fearlessly championed their cause with the courage and freedom of speech which has, at times, given offence in high quarters, but undeterred by the frowns of office and admonitions of office-seekers he remains one of the greatest champions of popular rights.

### POLITICAL EMINENCE.

Mr. Nehru's political eminence dates from 1907 when he presided over the first Provincial Conference held at Allahabad. Since then every fleeting year has been leaving behind the heritage of a good harvest of solid political work done by him. But never was his record of achievements so great as from that eventful year, 1917, when one of those occasional outbursts by the bureaucracy had occurred; crusade of coercion was launched; Lord Pentland ran amok; Mrs. Besant, then the heroine of the hour, was interned. But, once again, as inevitable, the ostrich policy

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failed, and public agitation instead of fading away spread far and wide with added vigour. Even the Moderates who are easily duped and deluded by the tactics of officialdom, faced the Government with the guns of their opposition, and joined the Home Rule League. Pandit Motilal, also, who was then more of a Moderate than Nationalist, enrolled as a Home Rule Leaguer together with his political contemporaries, Mr. C. Y. Chintamany and Dr. Sapru, and worked so tenaciously for the Nation's Programme, that in the course of a couple of days he became the man of the Provinces, and was elected President of the Special Provincial Conference. The address he delivered was a neat indictment of the then repressive regime and won him laurels from the whole Press of the Country. But the "Pioneer" was enraged, and sarcastically conferred the title of "Brigadier General of the Home Rule League" on him. Then the political storm ended, Mrs. Besant was released, and constitutional reforms were promised. The Moderates, like Dr. Sapru and Mr. Chintamany were satiated by the August Announcement but Mr. Nehru who could appraise it at its true worth, could not be weaned from the plain path of duty by honeyed assurances. He believed with his friend the late lamented Pandit Bishen Narain Dar: "Soft words cannot liquify hard facts."

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The first President of the first Provincial Conference of the United Provinces Pandit Motilal has been occupying a premier position in the political life of the Provinces. There is no constitutional movement of importance with which he has not been associated. He was President of the U. P. Provincial Congress Committee for 7 years. He also worked as Secretary of the Minto Memorial Committee, and is now the Vice-President of the Seva Samiti of Allahabad, and President of the Managing Committee of the Vidya Mandir High School of the same city. Besides, he is President of the Vakils' Association of the High Court, Allahabad.

### "THE INDEPENDENT."

With the Provincial Press too he has been associated. For some time he was a director of the "Leader", a Moderate organ published from Allahabad, and to-day he is the Chairman of the Board of Directors owning "The Independent". Pandit Motilal had for some time in the year 1918 been feeling the need of a Nationalist daily to voice faithfully the feelings of the proletariat in the Provinces, and after consulting among others that friend of India, Mr. B. G. Horniman, he formed his plans for issuing "The Independent."

The Mission of "The Independent" is summed up in the following message, with which the Pandit blessed the journal on its birth.

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“Two ideals rule the world. Two realities strive for mastery. The ideal and reality of Spartacus, the reality and ideal of Epictetus. The one breaks his chains, and the other bares his soul.

“The Independent” has come into existence to lay bare the soul of a nation, of a people ripening into nationhood, of communities merging into a people, of individuals growing into a community. How shall it approach its noble work? Or better still how not.

Not along the facile line of opportunism, the fatal line of least resistance, which stifles the soul and perverts the mind. Not by methods of cabal, camera and camerilla which bring no lasting good and help only to distort the outlook.

But by bringing the fierce light of day to play on dark spots wherever they exist. By giving expression to the plain-impressions of the plain mind in plain language. By striving to press home the eternal truth that while on the one hand natural rights of mankind cannot be withheld to be doled out in little bits with a consciousness of high-minded generosity and a benignly benevolent purpose those rights cannot on the other hand thrive in an atmosphere of religious cleavage and racial antagonism.

Thus alone can “The Independent” fulfil its mission and join, President Wilson in saying: “The select classes of mankind are no longer the governors of mankind. The

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fortunes of mankind are now in the hands of the plain people of the whole world."

Mr. Horniman not only acted as God Father of "The Independent" but persuaded Mr. Syud Hossain, his colleague on the "Bombay Chronicle", to take up the editorship of the paper, and willingly spared the services of two of his Sub-Editors, Messrs Chandra and Kabadi. If to-day Pandit Motilal's journal is able to retain its faithful attitude to the public, it is solely due to its editor. In conducting this journal Pandit Motilal has shouldered a considerable financial loss, and has been doing so willingly for he knows well that "The Independent" has been contributing a lot to the regeneration of the Provinces.

The New U. P. as shaped by Pandit Motilal, first urged the recall of that apostle of reactionarism, Lord Chelmsford, sent messengers to the tortured Punjab, exposed O'Dwyerian cruelties and gave lead to country in several other movements.

### COUNCIL CAREER.

Added to this proud record is his Council career which has been productive of no little good to his fellow citizens. Mr. Nehru has been a member of the U. P. Council since the inauguration of the Morley-Minto reforms. Whether on Committees or in Chamber he has been advocating the public cause undeterred by obloquy or opprobrium.



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tion undeterred by failure or fall. The Panditji has not been leading the life of pigmy councillors, who are so easily snubbed and ignored by the official members. In the month of October in 1917 a meeting of the U. P. Council was held Lord Meston, (then Sir James Meston) presiding. When Pandit Motilal Nehru moved a resolution conveying the censure of the Government to Principal Wood, of the Roorkee College, for indulging in aspersions on Indian character, Mr. Nehru made a very brief speech hoping the resolution would be accepted. It is stated that the Panditji had proposed to make a lengthy speech in winding up the debate if his resolution was not accepted. He was followed immediately by the Official Secretary who referred to a letter from Mr. Wood wherein the Principal expressed something like regret for offending Indian sentiments, and asked the Panditji if he was satisfied. On his explaining why he could not be satisfied, the debate continued in which several members participated. In the end Sir James Meston as he then was, rose to put the resolution to vote without asking Mr. Nehru to reply to the debate. At this Panditji appealed to the President to allow him the right of reply. This request was ignored and the resolution declared lost. This was sufficient to wound his feeling of self-respect. He got up, told the L. G. that his rights.

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as a member were trampled under foot he would no longer serve on the Council, and marched out of the Chamber. This created quite a sensation. The President found himself in a fix and at once despatched several Indian and European members to conciliate the Pandit. It was only the late Sir Sunder Lal who after long persuasion, could prevail on him to return to the Council.

There is another episode of his Council life which forcibly shows that the Panditji is a man who will not lose his individuality in a crowd, a man who has the courage of convictions, who is not afraid of to say "No" though all the world say "yes." A few years back the famous Jehangirabad amendment relating to communal representation in the Provinces came up before the Legislative Council. Press and Platform were against the amendment. Men like Pt. Madan Mohan Malaviya had joined the oppositionists. The proletariat were one with popular leaders. Yet the Pandit Motilal did not hesitate to declare his convictions, and supported the measure.

This attitude made him unpopular, but who is there that has not had his moments of unpopularity? Even the Master Minds have not been free from it. But like so many great men he survived those unpleasant moments, and won his place back in the "public mind."

It was one of the great Muslim leaders, Mr. Tyabji of

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Bombay, who with deep earnestness said " We are Indians first and Mussalmans afterwards " And it was Mr. Nehru who said " We are Indians first and Hindus afterwards", and has been working for the country's uplift without being partial to his Hindu community. In fact he went the length of backing the Muslim demand in the United Provinces for separate and even over-numerical representation in Municipal Boards. This work was but a precursor of the famous Lucknow compact in the successful accomplishment of which he took no inconspicuous part. It is greatly due to his efforts that Allahabad has been redeemed of the Hindu-Muslim feuds which were not infrequent during the Moharram and Daasehra festivals:

### SERVICES TO PUNJAB.

Mr. Nehru's services to the Punjab will ever remain a landmark in his political career. After the citizens were shot in the Punjab and the people saddled with Martial Law, the country cried for a man, a man who would care to go to the front, work, find out the truth and expose the evil perpetrators. Pandit Motilal without pausing to consider his daily income of thousands rupees answered the country's call, and took up the heavy work and rendered yeomen services to the unhappy Province in all manner. Not only he exposed the Prussians of the Punjab, and rendered help to the distressed,

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but he prepared and sent up several Martial Law petitions to the Privy Council. All this has been labour of love to him. The Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya while suggesting in the Viceroy's Council that Pandit Motilal Nehru be placed on the Punjab Enquiry Committee spoke in these terms of his great services. "I know more facts about these distressing events than probably any member of the Government, either of the Government of India or the Government of the Punjab does ; but there is one gentleman who knows more about them and that is my esteemed friend the Hon. Pandit Motilal Nehru, Advocate of the Allahabad High Court. He has, my lord, at the sacrifice of a fee of a thousand rupees a day, laboured for many days in the Punjab sifting out facts and gathering evidence. He is in possession of a volume of facts which will be of great help to the Committee, I suggest that as Mr. Montagu appointed Lord Sydenham to the Joint Committee, so your Excellency's Government may appoint Pandit Motilal Nehru, a clear-headed advocate and a sound lawyer, as a member of the Committee." In this little pamphlet it will not be possible to give an adequate appreciation of Mr. Nehru's services, but suffice it to say that these have been so great that the Amritsar Congress have lately decided to take the unprecedented step of presenting him with an address in the open assembly. Verily the Punjab has given his reputation a colossal statue which challenges comparison with all other notabilities of the land.

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### VIEWS ON EDUCATION.

Mr. Nehru holds very strong views on education in the country and is a great champion of technical education. He does not like young men to seek after Government appointments, but wants them to "stand on their own legs," relying on their own skill and energy for their livelihood and position. "For so long as our rising generations, especially those of the upper and more intelligent classes, grow up to look to Government service as their chief and most desirable means of livelihood, with only the law, and in a less degree, medicine, as possible alternatives, so long does it seem impossible for a true spirit of independence and self-reliance to be developed in these most important sections of our community."

### ON SWADESHISM.

On Swadeshism Mr. Nehru holds very clear views. He is not of the opinion that the movement should depend on boycott for impetus. From a commercial and economic point of view there is no real connection between Swadeshism and boycott. The only true means of helping the Swadeshi movement is the development of home industries on modern lines. "Let us direct all our energies on it. Let our capitalists come forward and establish new mills and factories. Let our bankers and money lenders employ their money to utilize the raw pro-

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duces of the country in country itself. Let the ancient families of Talukdars and Zamindars who still possess buried hoards of gold and silver unearth their treasures—not to give them away in the service of the Motherland, as that glory can only be reserved for the few—but so to employ them as to serve themselves as the Motherland. Let us find technical education in the country for the training of our young men in the modern arts and manufactures. Let us send our young men to Europe, America and Japan to learn arts and manufactures.”

### FAITH IN BRITISH DEMOCRACY.

Though not a believer in the bureaucracy, Mr. Nehru nevertheless has strong faith in British Democracy. “We can expect nothing from a foreign bureaucracy. Our interests are directly opposed to theirs, our gain cannot be but their loss. All power is at present centred in them, and it is only natural that they should be unwilling and indisposed to part with it, or even a fraction of it, without a struggle, the great majority of these alien officials, no doubt, use that power in what they honestly conceive to be in the best interest of the country. But their conception of our rights and needs and of their own duties and privileges differs radically from ours. They are so hide-bound by the precedents and the traditions of their service that they persist in the belief that the benevolent despotism that was

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good enough for us hundred years ago must be good enough for us to-day. They are devoted worshippers of the feitsahas, Prestige and Efficiency, and cannot understand that high goods cannot help to solve the grave issues that have arisen in this country. These bureaucratic rulers of ours are almost completely lacking in imaginative conception, sympathetic understanding and intelligent enterprise. The natural craving of the human mind for liberty of speech and action is attributed to a contumacious desire to subvert all government. In these circumstances, who is to be the arbiter of our destinies, who is to stand between bureaucracy and us? What is our plain duty? Gentlemen, the great British Democracy is the sole tribunal appointed by Providence to decide between us and the bureaucracy, and our plain duty is to press our case persistently and with unremitting determination, before that tribunal by every possible constitutional means open to us. The British Democracy is thus the final arbiter of our destiny."

### A SOCIAL REFORMER.

Pandit Motilal is also a great social reformer, but unlike many so-called reformers he has had the courage to practice whatever he preaches to others. In his very early boyhood he defied the orthodoxy of his parents by openly dining with Principal Harrison, and he was the first man in the community of Kashmir Pandits to break the

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institution of Purdah. He gave a further blow to orthodoxy when in 1899, on his return from England, he refused to undergo the customary ordeal of *Prayashchitta*, or purification ceremony. The girls of his household besides having sufficient education in Hindi, have also received English education. An exponent of female education he gladly gave his services to the Piggot Committee on female education appointed by the Government of the United Provinces a few years ago. He is an ardent champion of equal rights for women as is clear from not only his evidence before the Franchise Committee, but the way he opposed Pandit Malaviya, his sincerest friend, when the latter opposed female franchise in the National Congress held at Bombay, Pandit Motilal presided at the Provincial Social Conference held at Agra and the All-India Patel Marriage Bill Conference at Delhi.

As a speaker, though his are not the gifts of a Bright or a Besant, yet he is very effective. Ever forceful he does create impression by his clear expression and neat delivery. He is often sarcastic, and frequently quotes from Urdu and Persian poetry.

### A GIANT AND GENIUS.

When even young Pandit Motilal possessed in no inconsiderable degree what Carlyle said was the true measure of genius, *v. z.*, the infinite capacity for taking pains. This characteristic he has still retained.



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Though not now in his prime of life—he is 58, yet he is a prodigious worker. He can without single minute's rest work from early morning till late at night. It is not rare to find him at his table even at 2 a. m.

Possessed of many charming qualities of head and heart Mr. Nehru stands today a giant among his contemporaries. He has a discriminating eye, the habit of accurate observation, plenty of commonsense, and above all he is down right practical. Tall, robust in health, a winning smile playing round his lips, Mr. Nehru has a impressive personality that arrests attention wherever it goes.

Indeed, the Pandit is one of those few men of consequence to the world of whom the Poet sings :—

Men whom the lust of office can not kill ;  
Men whom spoils of office cannot buy ;  
Men who possess opinions and a will ;  
Men who have honor—men who will not lie ;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without  
winking ;

Tall men sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty, and in private thinking.

[P. T. C.]

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### THE BLACK BILLS.

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A crowded and enthusiastic meeting of citizens was held on February 2, 1919 on the grounds of the Home Rule League, Office, 3, City Road, Allahabad, to protest against the Rowlatt Bills to be introduced in the Viceroy's Legislative Council in Delhi and to prevent their passage into law by all legitimate and constitutional means. The Hon. Pandit Motilal Nehru, presiding, opened the proceedings in an Urdu speech, in course of which he briefly analysed both the Rowlatt Bills. The Hon. Pandit said :

“ The first bill is to be a permanent measure applicable to all India and proposes to introduce certain innovations in the ordinary criminal law of the country, the Indian Penal Code and the Code of Criminal Procedure. Without going into each of these innovations I can confidently tell you that some of them are such as to subvert all notions of law and justice in any civilized country. But when we come to bill No. 2 we find no pretence of conforming to any law whatever. It is frankly a measure which is designed to suspend the Criminal law of the land and substitute for it the will and pleasure of the executive. Part I of this bill makes a show of some sort of a trial of the accused under conditions which would make it extremely difficult if not utterly impossible for him to have a fair hearing. It is however parts II and III which

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cast all principles of law and justice to the four winds of heaven and arm the executive with powers so wide that no man can consider himself safe. All that is necessary to assume these powers is to publish a notification in the Gazette that certain offences against the State are prevalent in a certain area. No sooner this is done the executive can do almost anything they choose with any individual. By putting part II into operation they cannot only suppress a movement which in their opinion is likely to lead to the commission of offences but subject any individual concerned with such a movement to various kinds of disabilities, *e. g.*, calling upon him to execute a bond to be of good behaviour, to abstain from doing certain acts, to report himself to the Police and so on. Part No. III goes a step further and puts the life and liberty of the subject entirely at the disposal of the executive. Any man may be arrested without warrant and detained in custody for a period of 15 days without proceedings of any kind being held. In the course of these 15 days a thing called the investigating authority is to consider the case within closed doors on such material as the police and the C. I. D. place before it and if this authority reports against the unfortunate man he may be clapped into jail for one year. But, ladies and gentlemen, do not run away with the impression that the sufferings of the unfortunate man would end after one year. No such luck for the luckless individual. The order may be renewed at the end of the year and from year to year without any limit.

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“Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the nature of what is intended to be placed on the statute book in the name of law. Are we going to allow it to be passed over our heads with the feeble protest of passing a resolution at this meeting? No, we have to see to it that the bureaucracy, strong as it is, does not succeed in carrying this iniquitous measure through. I call upon you to organize an agitation the like of which was never known in this country to oppose these cruel bills. I call upon you to ask—nay, to command (and you have a perfect right to command)—your representatives in the Imperial Legislative Council to oppose the passing of this pernicious measure at all costs.”

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### The Punjab—Its Moral.

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A largely attended public meeting of the citizens of Allahabad was held on September 17, on the Home Rule League Grounds, to condemn the Enquiry Committee appointed by the Government of India to investigate the disorders that took place in various parts of India, to denounce the Indemnity Bill and to demand the recall of Lord Chelmsford. The Hon. Pandit Motilal Nehru, who presided, in course of a masterly speech, while giving a narrative of the gruesome atrocities that took place in the Punjab, analysed the whole question and suggested the only remedy for the Punjab policy was, “the Bureaucracy must go—and at once”. He said:

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“ I shall in a few words tell you what it means and also what it implies. It means, gentlemen, that the people of India, not only of the Punjab but of India as a whole, have raised a clear-cut issue between themselves and the Government of India, and that of the Punjab. They view it as an issue between themselves and the autocratic bureaucracy which governs them. They frankly and freely declare that this bureaucracy has failed to fulfil the trust reposed in it by the British democracy. They charge the Bureaucracy with nothing short of oppressive cruelty in suppressing such disorder as did prevail in the Punjab. Now that, gentlemen, is surely not a question which by any stretch of language can be said to be confined to this part of the country or that. If the Government has failed in its duty so egregiously in one province, what guarantee is there that it shall not fail in similar conditions in another Province? I have indicated the real question which is to be decided and it goes without saying that a question of this nature can only be decided by an independent tribunal, a tribunal which can hold the scales evenly between the parties and not a tribunal of the choosing of one of the parties. The people of India have raised a clear-cut issue as I have said and they offer to submit it to the judgment of an independent tribunal but to the judgment of no other. This is the meaning of the resolution which will be placed before you presently but it implies a great deal

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more. The necessary implication is that if the people succeed in making out their case, if they show that the bureaucracy has betrayed the trust reposed in it in dealing with the occurrences in the Punjab, then I say that they make out a case for the immediate replacement of the present bureaucracy by another form of Government more suited to the times and conditions under which we live. I shall not on this occasion dilate upon what the form of that Government ought to be because that is a very large question and has been discussed and will be discussed on many platforms. For my present purpose it is enough to say that the form of Government under which we live is not the form which can possibly continue if the people of India make out the charge that they deliberately, frankly, freely and openly bring against that Government. They know what will be the consequences if they fail to make out that charge. The issue has been raised in such an acute form that it must be decided either in favour of or against the people of India, and they are perfectly prepared to take the decision given whatever it is provided only that it is a decision arrived at by an impartial and independent committee of enquiry. The result of their failure is evident. It will be that the bureaucracy such as it is will have established its claim to continue to govern them such

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time as they are not able to render a better account of themselves. But if on the contrary, the bureaucracy fails, I say and I say without hesitation that it must go at once with all the littering parapheas of the bubbles which surrounds it, rich in rainbow colours as they are, a rainbow, which is, I fear, neither preceded nor followed by actual rain (laughter and cheers). But gentlemen, if they have to go, they must and this is the aspect of the question that I wish particularly to consider. If you agree with me, you will adopt a resolution to that effect at this meeting."

Mr. Nehru concluded. "I have only to remind them that the ancient goddess of Nemises still holds full sway over all people in all land; but I say on my own behalf and also on behalf of my countrymen that we seek no retaliation or retributive justice and what we seek is redress, redress for our wrongs which have been many and cruel. We say "give us an opportunity to establish those wrongs and when we have established them give us our redress." Now what is that redress? That redress is not to be measured by money; it is not to be measured by a few privileges, it is not to be measured by any scheme of reforms. The only redress that will satisfy us is an immediate change of the conditions which make it possible for such things to happen. It is the immediate departure of the bureaucracy." (Lasting and prolonged cheers).

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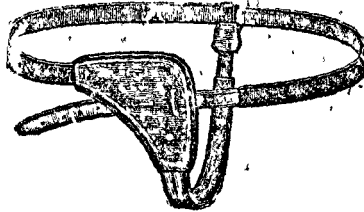
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**DHONDO KESHAV KARVE:**  
**A SKETCH**

BY

**R. P. PARANJPYE, M. A., B. Sc.**  
Principal, Fergusson College, Poona,  
Late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge,  
Additional Member of the Legislative Council, Bombay,  
&c. &c.

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## FOREWORD.

This sketch of Mr. Dhondo Keshav Karve has been written to satisfy the legitimate curiosity of many non-Marathi-knowing persons who have admired the work of this great and earnest reformer on this side of India. For Marathi readers his autobiography is the best guide, and we earnestly recommend them to follow it. For the illustrations we are indebted to the editor of the *Masik Manoranjan*, who kindly lent us the blocks. This sketch has been written in a very great hurry, and it is hoped that its readers will overlook its many faults. It will have served its purpose if it is the means of calling attention to a successful indigenous effort in the cause of women and to a sterling personality which can be set as an example to all.

*Fergusson College,* }  
*Poona,* }  
*26th Dec. 1915.* }

R. P. Paranjpye.

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**Prof. Dhondo Keshav Karve.**

## Chapter I.

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### INTRODUCTION.

The Social Reform movement in India is of very recent growth. Contact with the West led thinking persons among us to discuss the origins of our various social practices and to compare them with those in countries far removed from us. Very little thought was required to bring home to the minds of educated Indians that what used to be regarded as all essential for the existence of society in India is not at all necessary for the stability and even the rapid growth and progress of societies in the West; nay, that the non-existence of some of our customs in other countries is perhaps the very cause of that progress. With the spread of English education such ideas began rapidly to gain currency; we began to examine our society historically and we even found that in our own country many of our present customs did not exist in olden times or existed, if at all, in a very different and perhaps a more intelligible form.

Somewhat similar phenomena can be studied in the former history of India. Contact with a civilisation of a different kind has always acted as a ferment. Many notable movements in India may perhaps be traced to this cause. But in old days all such movements have taken a more or less religious garb. Thus, for instance, the anti-caste movement in the Panjab took the form of the Sikh religious

movement, and the corresponding earlier movement in the Deccan had as its leaders the great religious saints in the Maharashtra. Even in our own day contact with the West has given rise to the Brahmo Samaj and the Arya Samaj, two religious movements of more or less vitality. But these religious movements have not attained the vigour that similar movements did in olden days. The cause is not far to seek. In those days the contact with foreigners was brought about mainly from religious impulses. A vigorous proselytising religion like Islam naturally caused a similar religious movement in our country and the vigour of the acting religion was compensated for by a corresponding vigour in the movement which was the form assumed by the reaction. The consequence was that the spread of those movements was in the beginning very rapid; and further that when the antagonism became less acute, they lost a good deal of their vitality and in these days Sikhism hardly makes any new converts and is being regarded more and more as a sect of Hinduism.

The ferment which has been working on Indian society for nearly a century is of a different kind. European nations that came to India have never done so from religious motives and uniformly adopted a policy of non-interference in religion—except to a small extent in the case of the Portugese in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Religious neutrality has been the settled policy of the British from the very beginning; even missionaries were not allowed to carry on their propaganda in the early days of the British rule. From the political side

## INTRODUCTION.

one effect of this attitude was that no religio-national movement antagonistic to the foreign rule cropped up as a consequence of contact with the British. There was thus brought about no sudden change in the religious and social customs of the people, or even a section of the people. The people continued to live, outwardly at least, their old lives though certain of the old ideas had necessarily to be altered. A reader of Abbe' Dubois's book on Indian Manners, Customs and Ceremonies would find very nearly the same state of things in the villages even at present; only in cities will be found any change from the state of things pictured there nearly a hundred years ago.

The effect of contact with the British on India has been mainly economic and intellectual. So far as any custom had an economic basis, that custom has been greatly affected provided that it did not form an integral part of the religious beliefs. Thus the ideas about ceremonial pollutions by contact with persons of lower castes have now practically disappeared; for with the increased facilities for communications and increased need for travelling for various purposes such rigid rules could not be observed and even the very orthodox now observe them at the time of meals only. Even inter-dining between members of various castes is connived at provided too much fuss is not made about it, as it is almost impossible in the conditions of city life to observe the prescribed conditions rigidly. Changes in dress come to a certain extent under economic changes. The old prohibition against the speaking of a *Varna* language even to the

gone entirely and proficiency in such languages has become a mark of respectability and is even regarded as an asset in the marriage market.

But though no immediate results were seen on account of the policy of non-interference with religion which the British strictly followed, slower though more lasting have been the consequences of the policy of education which was adopted by them soon after their ascendancy was firmly established in the country. The educational level of the Moslem invaders was hardly superior to that of Indians; in several respects they became the pupils of their subjects; and we see even now that the general outlook on life of the Mohammedan does not differ essentially from that of the Hindu when religion is not directly concerned. The civilisation which the British brought with them was of a very different character from our own and in many respects it was more penetrating. The moment therefore that they entered on the policy of education along Western lines they began indirectly to affect our lives intimately. The Indian soon took kindly to it and began to imbibe the broadly rationalist culture of the West. The new leaders of Indian thought were many of them deeply religious men but none of them—not even Ram Mohan Roy—were comparable to Nanak. Only Keshub Chandra Sen and Swami Dayanand were somewhat of that type but they come later in the day and were not favoured by their environments and hence their movements:



## INTRODUCTION.

While then under the British rule religion has tended to retire in the background, another comparatively new sentiment—that of nationality—has been gradually coming into existence during the last century. The leading men in our country have begun more and more to think of raising their countrymen in the scale of nations. With some, perhaps far too many, this has assumed the form of a purely political movement. They believe that all the ills to which India is subject are due to the foreign rule, and consequently their attempts are directed to bring about political changes in the country more or less gradually. But others, and these the most far-seeing, realise that a purely political progress is not possible and, if possible, is not even desirable. Advanced political status implies in the large majority of citizens a lively sense of justice and fair play for all. Disabilities due to birth or sex should not be too much emphasised. In a democratic state efficiency is conditioned by every individual having full opportunities to realise the best that is in him, and our old civilisation in India was mainly a civilisation founded on distinctions of birth, race, and sex. It is not enough to talk of political equality; we must learn to live it in all our public and private concerns. This view is obviously the most statesmenlike and just.

But the political part of the agitation has been generally more prominent especially because it need not necessarily be accompanied by a due sense of responsibility. On the other hand that part of our advancement which relates to our own selves is

really much more difficult. In the first place this work which has been called the work of social reform is not always such as to bring one into the glare of publicity. There are again daily and even hourly obstacles in the path. Our religion has till now pervaded all our activities and the process of freeing some of them from the thralldom of religion and restricting the latter to its proper sphere is not at all easy. The vast majority of our men are uneducated and our women are even more so. For only one man in the family or village to act according to the new convictions he has gained is fraught with intense practical difficulties. It has been easy enough for a man in our society to hold all kinds of opinions in an intellectual manner provided he conforms to the usual practices in his daily life. Hence the progress of social reform in the country has been rather slow. Foreign critics have not failed to point a finger of scorn at our public activities and draw unfavourable deductions about our capacity for freer political institutions if we cannot get over various permanent inequalities in our social life. To be frank we must admit that the spirit of sacrifice for the public as contrasted with sacrifice for one's own religious convictions is not very common among us. Even our best men are fond of talking about the line of least resistance, taking the public with them and many such high-sounding theories which are at best a periphrasis for moral cowardice.

Such thoughts occasionally lead one to despair of our future. One is likely to be overwhelmed by

the magnitude of the task before us. Examples of backsliding in social matters among our great men are but too many. Of talk there is a large amount but of action there is a great want. The life of Prof. Dhondo Keshav Karve is however sure to hearten the despairing patriot. Born with no advantages of family or wealth or even transcendent intellectual ability he has shown in his own lifework how an ordinary man with only strong convictions and high moral courage can do a great deal of good in the social sphere and can, by his personal influence, gain even popular sympathy for a cause which was till recently sneered at and for which at best its advocates expected only silent indifference. Many persons who have seen the results of his work have expressed the opinion that a few more devoted persons like Mr. Karve will change the face of India. It is for this purpose that we have undertaken to give in a brief compass the story of his life. For Marathi readers such a book would be a work of super-rogation as Mr. Karve has very recently published his autobiography which should be read by every one who is able to do so. But Mr. Karve is no longer a son of Maharashtra only. His example should appeal to the whole of India and we trust that this short sketch for which our authority is mainly his autobiography will be welcomed by every son of India who has the cause of his country and especially of his backward and often miserable fellow-sisters at heart.

---

## Chapter II.

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### PARENTAGE.

Dhondo Keshav Karve was born at Sheravali, a small village in the Khed Taluka of the Ratnagiri District, on 17th May 1858 at the house of his mother's brothers. Although born at Sheravali his home was important village of Murud in the Dapoli Taluka. His father's little estate was there and his elder brother and younger sister are still residing there. Murud is a big village about ninety miles South of Bombay on the coast and the Karve garden has the sands of the sea as one boundary. Its population is about two thousand and has a large Konkanastha Brahmin element in it. The village has an interesting history. It was founded about four hundred years ago by some holy man who cleared a part of a jungle and brought some families to reside there. A very interesting history of the foundation of the village and its special customs in early days is extant and was published by the late R. S. Vishwanath Narayan Mandlik in the Transactions of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society for 1865, and well deserves notice at the hands of antiquarians and students of sociology. Village duties were well portioned out among various families and castes; temples were built; even a site for a mosque or an imageless temple was reserved. The main temple in the village is very solidly built and would well repay a visit. Curiously enough it has a big bell—

with at present no tongue—on which is embossed the motto "*Omnes gentes laudate Dominum*" which evidently shows that it must have been procured from the Portugese who held many stations on the west coast for two or three centuries. The village appears to have attained comparative importance soon after its foundation. This importance it has retained still, though with the spread of English education and of facilities for travel it appears to be now on the downward grade as all its intelligent young men are attracted to Bombay and Poona and do not generally return to their ancestral village. The village has no industries except agriculture, which consists of the cultivation of rice, betel and coconuts. The climate is very fine and agreeable and with proper communications it, like many other places in the district, would have flourished as a sanatorium. Till recently it used to have a very well-known vedic school and it has produced during the last fifty years some men much above the average level. Among these the most famous was R. S. V. N. Mandlik who was one of the first citizens of Bombay in the seventies and eighties of the last century and was for a time a member of the Vice-regal Legislative Council. The late Mr. Vaman Abaji Modak, one of the first graduates of the Bombay University, for a long time Principal of the Elphinstone High School, and one of the originators of the Bombay Prathana Samaj, was a resident of Murud. Another distinguished son of Murud was the late Mr. Shankar Balkrishna Dixit who is famous among

(unfortunately in Marathi only) on Hindu Astronomy and was the collaborateur with Dr. Thibaut in some of his works. It is an interesting coincidence—specially in a life of Mr. Karve that the first Brahmin widow from the Deccan who took advantage of the Widow Marriage Act to remarry was born at Murud and that another widow, the sister of Mr. Ramchandra Bhicaji Joshi, the well-known social reformer and Marathi scholar, who remarried in 1890, belonged also to a family in Murud. For one village to have produced three persons who set a personal example in the cause of widow-marriage is certainly remarkable.

In his autobiography Mr. Karve has given many very curious historical details about his ancestors. It appears that three generations before Mr. Karve himself they were very rich persons, having occasionally farmed the revenues of Gujrat in the time of second and third Peshwas and a family record is in existence showing that one of his ancestors had lent six lakhs and a half to Damaji Gaekwad. His ancestors bought lands in Murud about the middle of the eighteenth century and in their days of greatness carried out several works of public utility including the rebuilding of the temple mentioned above, and a big tank on the main road to Murud from Dapoli. For these two works his great-great-grandfather appears to have spent over ten thousand rupees—a very considerable sum in those days. But by the time of Mr. Karve's father all this greatness appears to have disappeared. His grandfather was a man of a very quiet nature and was

ability to manage his estates. He left three sons who could barely remember having heard of the greatness of their grand-father but who had personally to bear the utmost degree of poverty—doubly hard to bear for these memories.

It may be mentioned that Mr. Karve's great-grandfather had secured for himself some ceremonial rights of precedence in the village from another family which was originally assigned these rights by the holy founder of the village and which family was on the point of becoming extinct. The Karves still enjoy these rights although they have long ceased to have the old importance attached to them. In fact the family records of the Karves might possibly give some valuable information about several matters touching the economy of a typical village in Konkan.

Mr. Karve's father, Keso Bapuji, had thus to spend his days in great poverty. He lost his father when he was about eleven years old and his eldest brother mismanaged what remained of the old family estate. So in his early youth he had to seek private service with the family of Barve in the village who engaged him to collect their rents at a small village a few miles from Murud. His wife and growing family continued to remain at Murud. In the partition deed between him and his two brothers which is properly attested, three *putalis* (a small golden ornament and coin worth about Rs. 5) are stated to have been borrowed from a neighbour and the three brothers are declared to be proportionately responsible for their return. Well may the subject of our

exemplified in the two facts that in the house of the grandfather in A. D. 1762 when a count of *putalis* was made they were found to be 5192 in number and that when in the same house his three grandsons made an inventory of all moveable goods in 1843 it was found that among the paltry ornaments on their wives' persons the three *putalis* were borrowed."

Mr. Karve's mother was from the family of the Paranjpyes and was my father's sister. I knew her intimately from my early childhood and she had a very great affection for me. The family of the Paranjpyes hailed from the village of Adivare in the Rajapur Taluka in the Ratnagiri District but more than five generations ago it emigrated to Dapoli and Khed Talukas. In several villages in these talukas my grandfather and great-grandfather were known as commanding personalities with great influence and both curiously enough had met with violent deaths, having been murdered by some Kunbis with whom they might have had disputes about lands or money. My grand-father in particular bought properties in three or four villages and was a very remarkable man. He left a very large family, his youngest son--my father--being about two years old at the time of his death. Mr. Karve's mother was his third child being preceded by two elder brothers and followed by three younger brothers and one younger sister besides others who did not live to an advanced age or leave children. The Paranjpyes are a long-lived, industrious, and a fertile family. The ages of my father, his brothers and sisters



longevity in a family: Ramchandra (died at 79), Lakshman (died at 82), Mrs. Karve (Karve's mother) (died at 81), Bhaskar (living, age 86), Mrs. Modak (living, age 77), Vasudeo (died at about 56), Purushottam (living, age 74). My grandfather's living male-descendants through male line number at present 66 and all his descendants through sons and daughters must now be many more and he died only about seventy years ago at the age of about sixty! My grandfather was deeply religious and charitable. All his sons—except my father who was only two years old at the time of his death and who consequently learnt the Rigveda after he was fifty—were taught the Vedas though they had not to practice the priest's profession. No wandering Brahmin was refused a meal at his house, a rule that is still kept up in the house of my father and of one of my uncles.

Mr. Karve's mother fully inherited all her father's religiousness and charity and has obviously transmitted both these qualities to her sons. In her own humble and circumscribed sphere she had all her father's ability and capacity. She brought up her children very carefully and was always being entrusted with the care of many of her little nephews and grandnephews who were fit for school—Murud being a big village with a good school. She died in 1905 at the age 81 being in the full possession of all her faculties till the very end. She had to bear more than her fair share of misfortunes but in her two sons and daughter she had three very dutiful and

old ideas, she fully appreciated the great work that was being done by her Dhondu. Karve's father was not so fortunate and died while he was at school in Bombay unaware of the greatness of his son.

We need not speak much of his brother and sister. Both are deeply religious and affectionate. The brother Mr. Bhikajipant was a vernacular schoolmaster at various places in the Dapoli Taluka and retired on compassionate pension about ten years ago. He is of delicate health and generally spends his time in reading and thinking about Vedanta with some of his friends in the village. The sister Mrs. Ambutai Kale who has been a widow for about twenty years is of a very much stronger mental fibre and I often think that under favourable circumstances she would have done very great works of public utility. There is a very great resemblance between her and her brother Dhondopant. The two brothers have recently sold away all their ancestral landed property as Bhikajipant has no son who is likely to make Murud his permanent home. Bhikajipant is now-a-days living with his sister who is managing her own little estate. The whole village contains no man who takes so much trouble in the cultivation of his garden as Ambutai. Her hands are always busy with some work while all the time her lips are reciting some sacred hymn.

Such were the antecedents and the early surroundings in which Mr. Karve was brought up. It will be seen that the deeply religious nature and an earnestness for which his whole career has been remarkable found a good nourishing ground in these surroundings.

## Chapter III.

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### EDUCATION.

As has been already mentioned Murud has a big vernacular school and young Dhondu, after a short time at an indigenous school conducted by a Shenavi master, joined it. Bhiku—his elder brother—was also at the same school. It may be mentioned in passing that the two names Bhiku and Dhondu—“beggar” and “stone”—were given by their mother to these boys as her first three did not survive, according to the usual attempt to deceive Fate, so to speak, by giving it to understand that these boys were really not dear to their mother and so it need not trouble itself to take them away. He went through the usual course under the guidance of the headmaster Vinayak Lakshman Soman who had a very great affection for him. In later times after his retirement Mr. Soman came to live in Poona and helped Mr. Karve in his work ; after his death his widow went through the regular course of education under his guidance and is now working in one of his institutions.

At school he was one of the bright boys in the school but was always marked by extreme shyness which has never left him in his whole life. He records in his autobiography several instances of this trait when a few words spoken bravely would have saved him a great deal of trouble. Thus for want of a will

missed his train. But on the other hand he has another kind of courage—the courage of conviction which has marked his whole career. At school he went by regular steps to the final standard the sixth but was then too young to appear for the examination which qualifies either for a teachership in primary school and other low-paid government service and is also a necessary qualification for entrance into the Poona Training College. This College is many times the ideal before bright boys in village school and young Karve intended to join it. But he had many very difficult ordeals to undergo before he passed the sixth standard examination. The first year he with four friends walked to Satara in four days to appear for the examination as the way to Ratnagiri at the end of the monsoon was difficult. But when he reached there, his four friends were accepted as candidates and Karve on account of his small stature was refused in spite of his possessing proper certificates of age and he was too shy to protest in the least about this refusal. So he had to return home. The next year he appeared for that examination at Kolhapur and duly passed the examination.

His intention to join the Training College at Poona was however given up. A gentleman at Murud had engaged an English teacher to teach English to his son and Karve took advantage of his presence to study English up to the first three standards. He also used to receive help from some other English knowing young men who visited the village in the mornings. Once started he got on fairly

well. For a time he was at the Ratnagiri High School where Mr. Vaman Abaji Modak a villager of his and the uncle of one of his friends was the headmaster. But the climate of the place did not agree with him and he returned to Murud. But somehow or other, partly by borrowing and partly by earning money by scholarships and private tuitions, he soon found his way to Bombay where he joined the Robert Money School and passed his Matriculation examination in 1881, standing sixteenth on the list. In his school days he used to chum with one or two of his villagers sharing with them the work of the household when need arose. Later on he formed intimate friendship with Mr. Narhar Balkrishna Joshi a fellow student in the Money School and they afterwards lived together with their families for about eight or nine years. Mr. Joshi is a man of vigorous temperament and pushful nature which scorns obstacles. He had early imbibed reformed opinion on social matters and discussions between the friends must have had a great effect in moulding Mr. Karve's opinions. In early days people who knew both the friends were more impressed by Mr. Joshi, as Mr. Karve's qualities never obtruded themselves on the notice of the casual observer; several had formed high expectations of Mr. Joshi's future; but these expectations were doomed to fail owing perhaps to a lack of a certain steadiness of purpose and sweetness of temper, the possession of which characteristics have been Mr. Karve's main assets. From his school days Mr. Karve had maintained himself to

Certain extent on tuitions and when he joined the College after his Matriculation, he spent two or three hours every day in private teaching to be able to pay his college expenses. He was in the Wilson College for a year and then migrated to the Elphinstone College being attracted to it by the presence there of Principal Wordsworth. He used to be a free student for the whole of his college course and passed all his examinations in the second class. Of course he was handicapped in his studies by having to do a large amount of other work. He never attained eminence as a student though, especially in mathematics, he several times carried off the College prizes. He had not the push to force himself on the notice of the College authorities and I believe that none of his professors except the late Mr. Hawthornthwaite who taught mathematics knew him personally. Some of his class-fellows had a high regard for his capacity and among them was the late Mr. Gokhale, whose knowledge of Mr. Karve led to the unexpected offer of the professorship of Mathematics at the Fergusson College seven years after they were students together.

As said above Mr. Karve could not devote himself entirely to his studies. He is not much of a reading man and is not a great devotee of any branch of literature or history or any other subject. He had, however, a clearness of understanding which enabled him to master any subject, which he had to study for his examinations or for any other purpose, but he has not the keen intellectual curiosity of the best scholars. On the other hand, his

makes him a very successful teacher. In later life he has not done much literary work, though he has translated some works of Herbert Spencer into Marathi and his autobiography is a masterly piece of work. But Mr. Karve will be remembered more for his epoch-making work than for any revolutionary thoughts. In early days therefore he did not come into prominence. In his own limited circle, however, he did many deeds of charity or public spirit.

Mr. Karve records many little incidents of these early days which show the germs of his great public spirit. When he was in his Vernacular school and doing nothing as he was too young to appear for the final examination though he finished all the studies, he used to read in the papers about joint stock companies and some gentlemen at Murud under the inspiration of Mr. Soman the head-master decided to start a joint stock concern to sell general goods. They raised a capital of Rs. 800 by means of shares of Rs. 5 each and young Karve was chosen as the manager and salesman under the general direction of the Board. He, however, did not know how to keep the accounts regularly and credit was allowed to too great an extent. In about a year and a half it was decided to sell off the stock and wind up the concern. Most of the share-holders got a good portion of their share-money and some were paid off in kind. Young Karve took this failure too much to heart as he thought that it was due to his carelessness. He had no money himself and so could not suffer in his pocket as his own part in

the concern was his personal work. But thinking that he himself ought to suffer as his friends had done, he got hold of one of the poorer share-holders and asked him not to claim his share money back ; he gave him his own personal promissory note which was accepted through the medium of a friend. The directors were asked not to bother about this share-holder as they were told that he had taken credit to the extent of his share-money. Karve was eighteen at that time. He returned this money in full and five rupees as interest, soon after he came to Bombay even before he passed the matriculation, with the money he earned from his tuitions. The balance of interest, he adds, was let off.

“When I began to earn some money by scholarships or tuitions,” writes Karve in his autobiography, “I regularly began to set aside one pice in every rupee for charity. Besides this I also used to put any unexpected earnings into this fund. I do not know whence I got this idea but I have followed this practice since I got the first stipend of a scholarship. I did not spend anything out of this fund till it accumulated to three rupees. A good opportunity offered itself when the fund amounted to so much. Nagopant Datar of Murud used to keep an eating house—*Khanaval*—in which I used to take my meals. He suddenly fell ill and returned to Murud. It appeared that he had not a month to live. He had once borrowed five rupees from me in Bombay which he had not repaid. He, his wife and mother closed the *Khanaval* and returned to Murud for good. When I returned to Murud during



the vacation, I went to him to inquire after his health. All the three persons looked very careworn and Nagopant felt very sad on seeing me. "Have you come to ask for the return of your loan?" he asked of me. "Please understand," said I, "that that money has been already returned. To help you in your need I have come to give you these three rupees," and I placed the three rupees before him. His face immediately changed and he shed tears of joy and gratitude. I thus tasted on that day the indescribable pleasure one feels by doing good."

He tells us that although under great pecuniary difficulties he chose to rely on his own work and would rather earn money by taking more tuitions than follow the usual practice of taking meals at other people's houses by regular turns once a week. This custom is very common in Maharashtra and some gentlemen who had a good opinion of him offered to introduce him to seven gentlemen who would each give him free meals one day a week. He never missed an opportunity of legitimately saving money by economising on railway tickets by walking to the College at Byculla or of earning a few honest rupees by taking odd jobs like that of a census enumerator. Personal manual work he is always ready to do. I remember that when I was one of the boys learning under his guidance in his house we had occasionally to do the cooking ourselves in

case of illness or other difficulty : and Anna \* never left his share to be done by us. On one particular occasion he forestalled us boys by cowdunging the eating room when we happened to be out of the room for some work.

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## Chapter IV.

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### LIFE IN BOMBAY.

After Mr. Karve passed his B. A. examination he settled down to the life of a teacher in Bombay and continued in this way to the end of 1891. He had early made up his mind not to accept permanent Government service though for a few months he held a temporary assistant mastership in the Elphinstone High School under Mr. Vaman Abaji Modak. He was a very good teacher of mathematics and he was thus always in demand, some of the institutions or pupils with whom he was engaged undergoing considerable inconvenience as to hours &c., to be able to suit his convenience. He was especially associated with the Cathedral High School, the Alexandra Girls' School, the Fort High School and the Maratha High School. He worked very hard, often leaving his house at 5 a. m. and returning home at 8 p. m. He generally taught only mathematics—in private even to college students—though occasionally he also taught other subjects especially Marathi to some Europeans. His tuitions brought him about Rs. 175 rupees per month and he worked so hard that he might make some provision for his family at Murud once for all and then enter on his philanthropic work. The Maratha High School especially was founded by the late Mr. Rajaram Shastri Bhagwat and Mr. Karve was one of his early coadjutors. They intended to work it somewhat on the lines of the New Eng-<sup>land</sup>

ish School, Poona, but it has never been lucky enough to enlist many enthusiastic young men.

In Bombay he chummed with Mr. Narhar Balkrishna Joshi, the families of the two friends living together and sharing expenses. Mr. Karve was married at fifteen to a girl in his own village. She was a typical Hindu lady and I, like the other two or three boys who lived in his family, have lively recollections of the kind treatment we received from her. His first son—Raghunath, who is now an assistant professor in the Elphinstone College—was born before Mr. Karve graduated. Mr. Karve had seen the difficulties in which poor boys had to get education. So as soon as he graduated and settled down he began to smoothen for others the way to learning. He began with me and the youngest brother of his wife. For about two years he kept us at Murud and Dapoli at which latter place Mr. Joshi's younger brother was a teacher in the Mission School. He brought us to Bombay in 1888 and with us was associated Mr. Joshi's youngest brother. Soon afterwards he got his brother's daughter married to a poor boy in the village and he brought him also to his house for his education. Two years later another boy, a brother of a school fellow of his, was also brought by him. Thus his lodgings in Girgaum were always crowded and, I am afraid, rather boisterous. When at the end of 1891 he moved from Bombay, one of the boys was provided for in the Gokuldas Tejpal Boarding School and three of us—myself, his brother-in-law and his nephew-in-law—accompanied him to Bombay, myself being just ready to join the

College and the other two being still in the school. Unfortunately his brother-in-law—Damu Karve—died soon after passing his Matriculation and his nephew-in-law—Bhiku Biwalkar—also died a few years later. Mr. Joshi's youngest brother—Bhargav—remained in Bombay and soon after completing his sub-assistant surgeon's course died quite young. So of the merry group of boys brought up in the Bombay establishment there remain only myself and one other. Mr. Karve wanted to teach us the lesson of self-reliance. He made us write regular accounts of the money he spent for us and asked us to regard it merely as an advance, though he did not take back that part which was spent till we passed the Matriculation. Altogether I was in his house and under his direction for ten years and I quite remember the time when he gave me my first lesson in the English alphabet in May 1885 when he had come to our house to visit us during his holidays.

Although not a vocal reformer he practised reform whenever there was an opportunity. Thus even before he graduated he taught his wife and sister to read and write whenever he could. The thread ceremony of his son he performed at the smallest possible expense in a suburb of Bombay and gave the amount of Rs. 200 which he should ordinarily have spent on the occasion in charge of the Murud Fund Association of which we shall directly speak. In this matter he persuaded his old mother and his wife to appreciate his point of view. When in 1891 his wife died, about three months before he moved to Poona, he hardly showed any outward signs of grief and went

about his usual avocation without any change. Her funeral ceremonies were performed as expeditiously as possible and Mr. Karve gave Rs. 500 to the Murud Fund Association in her memory for the advancement of female education in his village. He early made an agreement with his brother about the family estate giving him practically the whole and also some portion of his own earnings.

But while he was engaged in his teaching work he was all the time busy in thinking about starting useful public movements. Of these the most important was the Murud Fund. Several educated men from Murud were earning their living in Bombay and other places and Mr. Karve counted many of these as his intimate friends. He got these together and started this association with the object of doing good to the village. Any Brahmin inhabitant of Murud could be its member. Those members who had regular employment had to give at least one pie in every rupee they earned and landholders and others habitually resident in Murud had to give a minimum amount of one rupee. The Fund thus collected was to be employed for the good of the whole village and the association has had its regular meetings twice every year—once in Bombay where a large number of members usually reside and once at Murud—and publish six monthly reports. As long as he was in Bombay, Mr. Karve was its Secretary and now even though he has made Poona his home and the scene of his principal activities he still occasionally goes to Bombay to attend the meetings. Several works of public utility have been already done by the Fund

especially one to protect the drinking water supply of the village and another to make convenient arrangements for funeral rites; temples have been repaired and roads occasionally mended. The work of the association is carried on in a modern systematic manner and the money is invested in the Post Office. It has at present a balance of Rs. 3,652-8-3. The movement is a very interesting one and almost the whole credit is due to the initiative and interest of Mr. Karve. If the village panchayets of which there is now much talk can be revived at all, they ought to adapt themselves to altered circumstances in the manner of this Murud Fund Association.

Among other matters for the good of Murud may be mentioned his work for the building of the vernacular school at Murud and the starting of an English School. The latter had a chequered existence and at present is now existent. The former was however carried through and Mr. Karve worked hard for it both in the matter of collecting subscriptions and corresponding with the educational department about it. His idea of a girl's school at Murud has not taken shape, the people being rather prejudiced against it by his remarriage.

Another interesting association that he started was *Snehavardhak Mandali*. The object of this association was to bring together all the educated men of the Dapoli Taluka at least once a year in the month of May at some centre in the Taluka for purposes of social intercourse and for informal discussions of various matters. These educated men consisted to a great extent of school masters. The

first meeting took place at Murud under Mr. Karve's guidance and this meeting and two or three subsequent ones were very successful. But in 1903 Mr. Karve married a widow and the meeting that took place soon after practically came to grief on the hotly debated question of allowing him to be present at the meeting or even in the village. The meeting practically ended in a row and the *Māndali* soon lost its vigour and is now, I suppose, extinct. Mr. Karve had an idea of starting a similar association for the whole district of Ratnagiri but his removal to Poona and remarriage soon afterwards caused him to abandon all these ideas.

Thus by the end of 1891 Mr. Karve was known among his villagers and other friends as an energetic man fond of doing public work with great enthusiasm even though it may be comparatively humble in character. The end of this year was to see him remove to a wider stage and to open out for him a new career of usefulness in Poona.

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## Chapter V.

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### WORK IN THE DECCAN EDUCATION SOCIETY.

In this manner Mr. Karve was passing his time in Bombay when one day about August 1891 he received a letter from the late Mr. Gokhale offering him the professorship of Mathematics in the Fergusson College and requesting him to go to Poona to see him personally. Gokhale and Mr. Karve were fellow students in the B. A. Class in the Elphinstone College in 1884 and were learning the same voluntary subject. Since then Gokhale had formed a very good opinion of his fellowstudent's ability and character. The Fergusson College which had been started in 1835 had just obtained permission to open the B. A. Class. At the end of 1890 Mr. Tilak who used to teach mathematics in the College resigned as he could not pull on with his colleagues. For a year Gokhale himself took his place. But his services were required for English and other subjects and the then life-members thought—at Gokhale's suggestion—of asking Mr. Karve whether he would accept the post on Rs. 100 per month and give an agreement to continue in service for two years.

As mentioned before Mr. Karve used about this time to make about Rs. 175 per month by his tuitions and undertaking the post offered to him meant a considerable reduction in his income. But it was not this which made him hesitate. Money was a matter of small consideration to him and he

was already used to simple life. But he had doubts about his capacity for the task. He had obtained considerable fame as a school teacher of mathematics in Bombay and had occasionally coached private students for the first two years of the College course. But he himself had studied mathematics up to the B. A. only—having once attempted to take the M. A. in physical science afterwards—and that was about seven years ago. Poona students used to be feared in Bombay as specially intelligent and naughty and he was not certain whether he would be able to acquit himself well in his new capacity. But on the encouragement of friends especially of the late Mr. Rajaram Ramkrishna Bhagwat who was associated with him at the Maratha High School, he made up his mind to accept the offered post. The preliminaries were soon settled, and he soon gave up his private truitions in Bombay and in November 1891 he finally bid good-bye to Bombay which had been his residence for about fourteen years. During the few months that remained before he actually took up his new appointment I remember how hard he worked in getting up again the subjects which he had to teach in Poona. He knew he had to take the place of Mr. Tilak who even then had caught the fancy of the young generation and that he would consequently be judged by a high standard.

He soon attained popularity as a teacher of mathematics in the Fergusson College. He was not a brilliant teacher if by brilliance is meant being of use only to the few exceptionally bright boys in the class and neglecting the ordinary student. But he

could put mathematical ideas into the heads of even the dullest and many a student blesses him for his careful teaching of this dreaded subject. He generally confined himself to the book, but he worked through it very carefully with his class. I myself passed my Matriculation in 1891 and when he came to Poona, I came also to stay with him. He used to encourage me to do extra reading in mathematics and I had him always available to explain to me any difficulties, and I passed all my examinations in the Bombay University with his coaching. He was very careful in his regular work of taking exercises and papers and in this way he soon came to be considered one of the most competent professors in the College.

Within four months of his coming to Poona he made up his mind to cast his lot permanently with the life-members and become a life-member of the Deccan Education Society in April 1892. After a service of more than twenty years he finally retired last year. Without being a very prominent member like Gokhale he was always regarded as possessing sound judgment and his advice was always greatly valued. For the first year of his life in Poona he was hardly known to the outside public as he never saw anybody or mixed himself up in any public movement. In 1893 he, however, married a widow and so came prominently into public notice. We shall speak of him in this connection later. He soon began to engage himself in those other activities with which his name is very intimately associated and confined himself to his

teaching work only in the Society. He used to say that he was by temperament unfitted to fill an administrative post like the Superintendship of the New English School, though he later acted as assistant to one of the life-members who was far junior to him. In fact notions of dignity or seniority and inferiority never once entered his head. When I returned from England at the end of 1901 he voluntarily offered to make room for me in the College, and the thought that I, a boy whom he himself had educated and who was very much his junior in the staff, was apparently taking his place, never once trouble him. For a few years after that he worked entirely in the school though some other new men had also been taken to teach mathematics in the College; only for the last two years of his life-membership he was brought once again to the College, the increasing members in the College requiring addition to the mathematical staff.

As to the attitude of Mr. Karve towards educational matters in general and with respect to the Deccan Education Society in particular, he was always an advocate of keeping up our independence and self-respect at any sacrifice. As he was associated in the public mind with his widows' home, he never did any subscription work for the society. He appeared to have begun to feel uneasy in his mind that he was not giving his full energies to the work of the society just as every life-member is supposed to do. Not a word was uttered by his colleagues on this point—nay they even realised that Mr. Karve's renown with the outside public in-

an analogous educational sphere cast a reflected glory on themselves and they always did what they could to help him in his work. But with his keen sense of self-reproach he appeared to entertain the above idea. To do a sort of penance for his fancied neglect he started what he called a students' fund for the New English School. It was intended that old boys of the School and College should contribute their mites to it and build up a big fund for their *alma mater*. One of the conditions of the fund was that it should be touched on no account till it accumulated to at least one lakh. The other contributors failed but Mr. Karve kept up his practice of paying ten rupees per month into this fund. He got himself made its secretary and regularly at the end of the academical year used to give a lecture to the boys who were going to appear for the Matriculation on this fund. He used to tell them that he himself was going to contribute monthly to it while he was a working life-member and asked them to verify when they chose whether he was keeping his promise and if he failed to do so to expose him in public. He had an idea of paying his pension into the fund after his retirement from life-membership as long as he was capable of doing active work but about this time he lost all his savings in the bank failures of 1913 and he had to educate one of his sons at the Medical College and so could not begin to act according to his intention. When he retired at the end of last year this fund amounted to Rs. 3186-5-5 and at his retirement he handed over the amount which was standing in his name till then to the Secretary of the Society.

By his simple life and earnestness of character Mr. Karve was greatly respected by his pupils though from a certain want of the more social qualities he did not come into intimate personal contact with them. At the end of last year at the time of his retirement all the students of the College presented him with an address to which he replied in very feeling terms. The Governing Body of the Deccan Education Society placed on record the following resolution on his retirement :—

“ That the Governing Body parts with Professor D. K. Karve with great regret not unmixed with satisfaction as he is going to devote the rest of his life solely to the amelioration of the condition of women generally. Prof. Karve has throughout been a zealous life-member of the Society and discharged his duties as Professor of Mathematics with a single-mindedness of purpose. His sincerity and directness combined with suavity of manner have been an example to all who devote themselves to the promotion of public objects. ”

The Board of Life-members passed the following resolution.

“ That on the eve of his retirement the Board wishes to place on record its high appreciation of the service rendered by Prof. D.K. Karve as a life-member of the Society. He has fulfilled his pledge by working actively in the institutions of the Society for twenty years during which his sobriety of judgment and wise guidance have been of the greatest help to the Board and his life embodying the principle of plain living and selfless devotion to duty has served as a model to his juniors. ”

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## Chapter VI.

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### SECOND MARRIAGE.

Soon after he received the offer of the post at the Fergusson College but before he actually moved to Poona, Mr. Karve's first wife Radhabai died at Murud where she had been sent for a change. The steamers were not plying at the time on account of the monsoons and he was not with her at her end. We all regretted her exceedingly as she was like a mother to us and we were especially sorry to see her die when her husband was on the point of entering upon a wider stage.

On coming to Poona Mr. Karve was approached by some persons as to his future intentions about matrimony but he quietly brushed them off as he was bent on doing nothing against his convictions. When his mother and brother asked him about his future, he said that he had resolved upon not marrying a young girl of twelve or thirteen and that if he married again at all he would marry a widow; but that if his mother was dead opposed to it, he would yield to her so far as to remain unmarried altogether. When she saw that he was fully resolved, she nobly gave him permission to do as he liked although it went sorely against her old ideas. By the way this has always been his method, to carry his point by persuasion and not to make a frontal attack. He had always been very considerate to his mother and other relations. He was always willing to give money to them, according to his power, to

satisfy their personal wishes about any religious rites or ceremonies even if he did not believe in them provided they did not require him to do anything against his convictions. But he drew the line at marriage with a little girl. He hoped and in fact soon succeeded in winning back their affections by his delicate attentions and real love.

Early in his career Mr. Karve had been convinced of the justice of widow remarriage by discussions with friends and by reasoning with himself. He had never made his views on this subject public because he was not fond of publicity and by temperament always avoided it. He had also observed illustrations in his own village and in his own circle where the heavy hand of society had fallen on young widows who had gone wrong but had allowed their male accomplices, who are generally the greater culprits, to escape scot-free and preserve their respectability in society. "Another example occurred in the case of one of my distant relations. The woman had gone wrong and her people were considering in what way to get rid of the visible fruits of her sin. She had come to Bombay; when I heard of this I saw her and her guardians. I undertook to put her at school and educate her after she returned from Pandharpur."—where there is a foundling orphanage and where many such women go for delivery—"and, if they were agreeable, to take her with me and accept all further responsibility about her; but they would not agree. If I had only told them that I would hand her over back to them on her return from Pandharpur, they would



have immediately agreed. But they did not like the idea of educating her and were greatly surprised how I thought of this in the case of a woman who was already disfigured according to the usual custom. As my proposal was not accepted, I did not concern myself with the matter any more."

He had an instinctive passion for the uplifting of women. He had done what he could to educate his wife and sister. The eldest sister of Mr. Joshi used to live in Bombay; her husband died and Mr. Karve who regarded her as his elder sister tried to persuade her not to undergo the usual trials; but she could not bring her mind to resist the opprobrium of her social circle. She never recovered her spirits after her husband's death and did a few years afterwards. He educated her daughter with his son. In fact he always did what he could to persuade any girl or woman who came under his influence to go in for education. He keenly felt the disabilities under which the sex laboured and resolved internally to do nothing himself to continue this state of things and if possible to set a personal example against it.

The remarriage of widows has now got over the intense opposition of the orthodox. In 1893 the case was far otherwise. Only one such marriage had taken place before in Poona and less than a dozen in the whole of Maharashtra. The old arguments against it were still being brought forward and believed in by the vast majority. But in the last twenty years things have considerably altered. The repeated outbreaks of plague in all

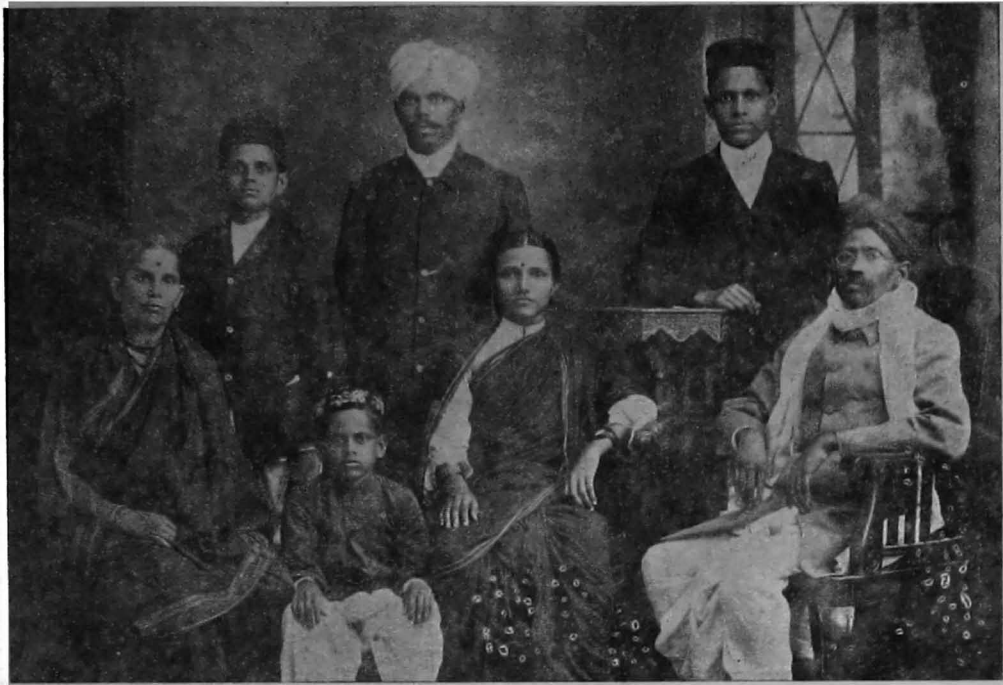
parts of the country have carried off so many married young men and consequently produced so many widows who have never been wives that the hearts of the most obdurate have been softened on seeing their sad fate : even the orthodox who theoretically regard widowhood as only a consequence of the *Karma* in past lives cannot reconcile their minds in practice to the hard facts and have been often heard to say that it would be very desirable, even though against religion, if some remedy can be found for this state of things. Twenty years ago, especially in villages and smaller towns a man who had married a widow was a monster whom it would be worthwhile going far to see. He used to be really ostracised and intercourse with him was forbidden. Now such a man passes unnoticed, and in Poona the remarriage of a widow is fairly common and barely calls for a remark.

Mr. Karve's friend Mr. Joshi had a second sister Godubai who had become a widow before she was ten. For many years she had lived in Konkan and had been living the hard life of the villages working even in the fields with other members of the family. She had come to Bombay for some time in 1889 when the two friends were living together. About this time Pandita Ramabai opened her Sharda Sadan in Bombay as a school professedly for the education of Indian widows. Mr. Joshi determined to send his sister to this school and Godubai was the first widow pupil of the Sadan. She was then about twenty-five. After about a year Pandita Ramabai transferred the school to Poona and Godubai went

with it to Poona also. A short time after, a great agitation arose about the real as against the professed objects of the school. It was soon evident that proselytisation was the real object, though education was adopted as the method, of the institution. The Indian Advisory Committee consisting of the late Mr. Ranade, Principal Agarkar and others resigned and soon the school ceased to have any interest for the Hindu advocates of social reform from within and now it has taken the form of a missionary institution pure and simple. About a year after Mr. Karve came to Poona, he was asked why he did not remarry and Godubai's name was proposed. He had never till then had any idea of the kind as her parents were very orthodox in their views and as he had been regarding her as his sister. But when once the idea was put in his mind, he soon found the eligibility of it and went and directly asked Godubai's consent. Apparently she had also been sounded and the marriage was soon settled and celebrated in Poona on 9th March 1893. It is interesting to observe that the priest also officiated at this ceremony was an old man of a very orthodox manner of life who however had somehow convinced himself of the advisability of widow remarriage and offered to officiate at any such function while speaking privately in Bombay to a friend. He was immediately asked to go to Poona where Mr. Karve's marriage was to be celebrated the next day and he went and offered himself unexpectedly to Mr. R. B. Joshi who was making arrangements for the ceremony and thus removed a great difficulty.

The marriage was widely noticed in the papers and many thought that if the movement was to succeed at all it can only be by such marriages being practically seen by the people. The *Mahratta* of Poona edited by Mr. Tilak wrote as follows on the event: "The marriage which took place yesterday at the residence of the late Annasaheb Bhandarkar in Shukrawar Peth, was, except being a remarriage, in every way decent, and was performed according to the strict orthodox ritual. Whatever may be our opinion on the general question about the necessity of widow remarriages, we must say that if the thing is worth trying at all, it ought to be made in a way that would make it popular. Mr. Karve, though never known to have been a blustering reformer, has set a practical example of moral courage which not a whole legion of social quacks have shown in their conduct." The *Jagaddhitechhu* a very reactionary paper, said: "If widow remarriage is really against our religious books, then on religious grounds only can we find fault with this marriage and the parties to it. But looking at it purely from a rational point of view we say that Mr. Dhondopant has set a very good lesson to his contemporaries. It is quite true that there is very little to blame in this remarriage." On the other hand many other papers made the usual remarks about such remarriages. But on whole [the public opinion as manifested in the press was very hopeful.

On Murud and the adjoining villages where Mr. Karve was well known and respected the news of this remarriage fell like a bomb shell. It became the



Dinkar. Prof. R. D. Karve. Shankar Karve.  
Mrs. Anandibai Karve. Bhaskar. Mrs. Malatibai Karve. Prof. D. K. Karve.

unceasing topic of conversation and some expressed a sense of regret that a promising career was cut short by this mad deed. About a month and a half afterwards Mr. Karve wanted to go as usual to his village to see his people. This news was flashed from mouth to mouth and an emergency *Gavaki* (meeting of the villagers) was called to determine the manner in which he should be treated and especially to lay down a line of conduct for his brother. It was resolved that nobody should sit on the same carpet as Mr. Karve, that nobody should go to a meeting in which he was present, and that if he came again to his own family house his brother Bhikajipant would be excommunicated. Mr. Karve is so very yielding in his nature that he did not mind the first two conditions but the last by which he was prevented from seeing his mother and his relations pained him exceedingly. For the next two or three years he did not go again to Murud but then he went and lived for a few days in a broken-down house and saw his mother and sister secretly at dead of night. After eight or ten years the rage of the villagers cooled and he can now go to the meetings of the Murud Fund and even live in his brother's house, though he has to eat separately still. As mentioned before, one result of Mr. Karve's remarriage was the practical extinction of almost all movements in the village and taluka with which he was associated and of which he was the leading spirit. Only the Murud Fund is still existing though not with its old vigour.

The second Mrs. Karve is an energetic lady and she considerably helped Mr. Karve in his work and

especially in the practical side of it. Her education has not, however, gone very far and she cannot take that part in it which she might have taken otherwise. Of their children three sons have survived, one of them, Shankar, is in the Medical College, the second, Dinkar, is in the Fergusson College and Bhaskar the youngest is in the New English School. As already mentioned before, Mr. Karve has by his first wife one son Raghunath who after passing his M. A. was appointed assistant to the Professor of Mathematics at the Elphinstone College.

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## Chapter VII.

### WIDOW MARRIAGE PROPAGANDA.

After Mr. Karve's second marriage he came to be looked upon as one of the leaders of the widow remarriage movement and his advice and help was always in demand by persons intending to remarry. He also resolved to do what he could to further the cause. One of his first moves was to get into touch with all the men who had personally married widows. Their number was not large. The most influential among them were R. B. Wamanrao Kolhatkar and Mr. S. G. Paranjpe of the Forest Department C. P. With their help he started a fund for the help of those families among the remarried who were not well off; these are not likely to meet with considerate treatment from the general public and their misery is certain to be used as an argument against the reform. Some of these families were in out-of-the-way places where there were no facilities for the education of children. So he offered to take care of the education of such children in his own house in Poona and he thus got three or four such children and put them to school. One or two of these he helped with the small fund he had collected.

In his own family he also encouraged the reform. His brother's daughter was married to a boy who was educated in his own house. But he died in Poona while he was studying for the



school and got her to complete the full course in the Female Training College of Poona. For some time she was a schoolmistress in Berars but soon with her uncle's advice she married his colleague at the College, Prof. Govind Chimnaji Bhate who is now such a leading personality in the reform cause on this side of India. Curiously enough just when the last *mantras* in the ceremony were about to be recited, Mr. Karve received a wire from me from England that I had obtained unexpected success at Cambridge and he says he could not help shedding tears of joy on this doubly auspicious occasion.

His idea of encouraging social intercourse among all the remarried families and having an organisation for the movement was approved of by all. He formed an association for the encouragement of widow marriage, *Vidhawa-Vivahottejak-Mandali*, the members of which were either remarried themselves or were prepared publicly to associate with them in all ways. The association intended to encourage widow-marriage without transgressing as far as possible the caste system and old ways. The idea was not to enrol any and every person who had even a very dilute sympathy with the cause but to include only the staunchest advocates of the cause. The association also engaged a paid priest to perform all religious ceremonies in the houses of the remarried families as the ordinary priests would not do them. Under the auspices of the association several gatherings were held of remarried families. The association in 1895 changed its name to an association for the removal of the prohibition

of widow marriage—*Vidhavā-vivāha-pratibandhanivāraṅ-Mandalī*—at the suggestion of the late Principal Agarkar. Mr. Karve remained its secretary. He was always very careful in matters of money. He knew that several public movements founder on the rock of carelessness in money matters. How many public funds, e. g. memorial funds, have entirely disappeared without anything being heard about them when once public enthusiasm about their object cooled down! The debacle of Indian banks two years ago was due to inadequate realisation of the responsibility for public money. Mr. Karve always kept the accounts of his various institutions scrupulously carefully and he is always blaming himself that some of the money of his institutions was lost in Swadeshi banks through his carelessness.

The association made definite rules about the conduct of its members. One rule laid down that for the time being intermarriages except between Deshasha, Konkanastha and Karhada Brahmans be not allowed. Another directed that thread ceremony and marriage ceremony should be performed according to the usual rites at least so far as to ensure the applicability of the Widow Marriage Act of 1856. A third recommended the observance of the usual restrictions about interdining at least on public occasions. In fact he expressed his association as present-day Hinduism *plus* widow-remarriage. It must be remembered that these rules were formulated in 1897 and perhaps some of these rules might not have been necessary in those days.

the lapse of eighteen years. The Association is still existing but Mr. Karve gave up its secretaryship when his work in the direction of the education of women grew in amount. —

Along with the marshalling of the stalwarts in the cause of widow marriage Mr. Karve also made great efforts in focussing public opinion in favour of the cause and gauging its extent. He divided people into five classes and tried to get written opinions from all educated people about their own classification among (i) those who are prepared to interdine with the remarried publicly, (ii) those who are willing to express their sympathy with the cause publicly, (iii) those who sympathise with the cause but are not prepared to say so publicly (the opinions of these were kept secret), (iv) those who are in favour of some particular kinds of remarriage e. g., only that of virgins widows or childless widows, and finally, (v) those who are entirely against widow marriage in any shape or form. He had collected a mass of opinion on this question but the papers he says are now lost. When he travelled anywhere he used to give lectures and get the people to express their opinions on his printed forms. In about three years he says he travelled for 130 days and spent on it Rs. 95-5-9. In this connection it may be mentioned that he always travelled third class and also frequently on foot when a railway journey was not possible. Among the opinions that he collected may be mentioned that of Mr. Tilak who had expressed in writing that there is no objection to interdining with the remarried. Of two members

of the Legislative Council that he saw, one gave a favourable—though secret—opinion while the other bluntly said “I do not wish to be consulted in this matter”. One gentleman who with great difficulty gave a favourable opinion on certain conditions had the courage later on to marry a widow himself; while one headmaster of a high school who had given a favourable opinion later on changed and became an opponent of the cause.

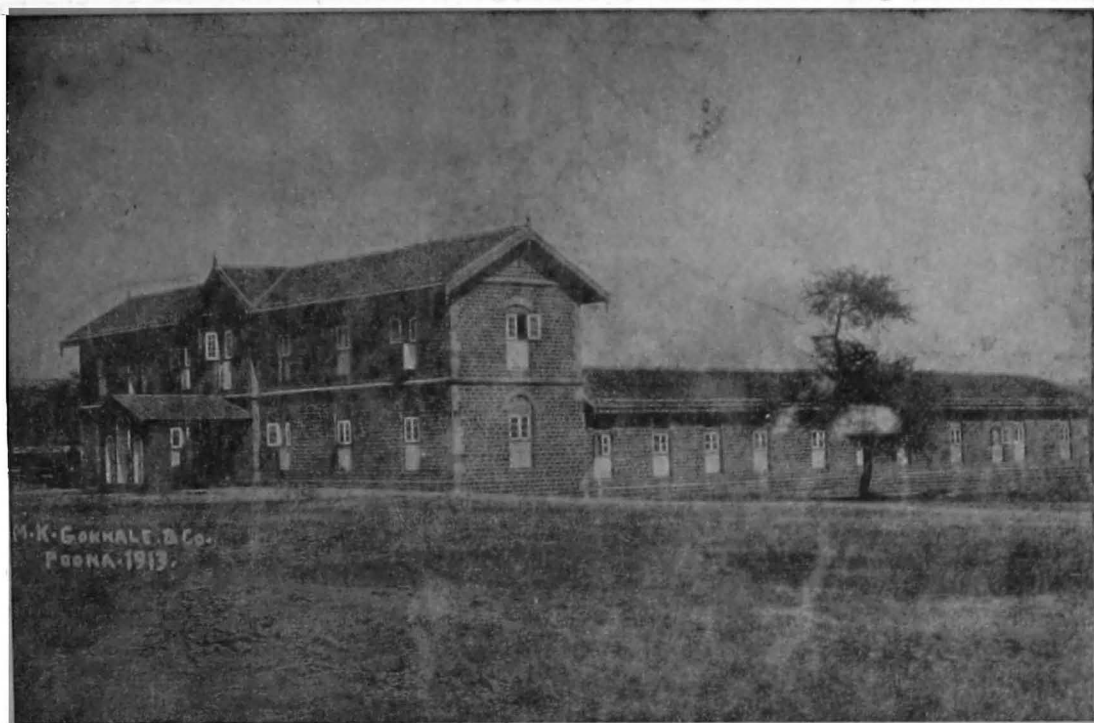
Mr. Karve is not a great orator, but his sweet and sincere words always command respectful attention. In his lectures he touched the various points directly and never minced matters. He denounced the marriages of old men with very small girls as brutal. Replying to the argument that perpetual widowhood is a higher ideal than marriage he rightly said that the married state is the one natural to humanity but that if anybody from nobler motives remained unmarried, that person was deserving of all praise. Society should not expect this supreme sacrifice of domestic bliss from all widows while letting any man marry as many times as he liked—even during the life time of one wife. In questions of morality man and woman should be judged by the same standard and a second marriage in the case of a man should be looked upon in the same light as that in the case of a woman. As a practical course he recommended that widowers should marry only widows.

About this time he delivered a lecture on the cause in the autumn series of lectures in Bombay. Mr. Justice Ranade was present at the lecture. The

lecture appeared to have produced a good effect on the audience. At its close one young speaker got up and said that the whole responsibility for the unpopularity of the cause of widow-marriage must be laid at the door of Mr. Ranade who failed to act up to his convictions when he could have done so. But Mr. Ranade then got up and coolly said "We are lame and halt; you had better go ahead; we shall sooner or later limp after you" and then made a speech full of his usual information and advice and at least brought the audience to think sympathetically of the difficulties of pioneers though acknowledging at the same time with admiration the greater merit of action.

In 1900 Mr. Karve went on a lecturing tour with Prof. Bhate and Mr. B. N. Bhajekar of Bombay to the Southern Maratha Country. They lectured as well as visited the leading people privately and won some sympathy for the unpopular cause and a great deal of respectful attention to themselves. These lecturing tours were given up since as his work in other directions increased. "There is, he says, a great want in our country of people who devote themselves to their own special causes; and hence the same persons have to do work of various kinds and no one work is done properly. There is hope for the revival of our moribund country only if it can command the services of thousands of young men and women devoted to her cause."

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**Building of the Hindu Widows' Home.**

## Chapter VIII.

### WIDOWS' HOME.

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Till 1900 Mr. Karve remained Secretary of the Widow Marriage Association and then his place was taken by Prof. Bhate. He had already begun to work seriously in another direction. He had already found that the great difficulty in the advancement of widow marriage was how to persuade people to take the step. It is education alone that can occasionally give one the strength to oppose the tyranny of custom and the supposed binding of religion. Mr. Karve saw from his experience that there is not much likelihood of the cause of widow remarriage progressing by itself; but he also saw that while there was considerable reluctance in many quarters to take a step against what was considered to be a fundamental principle of religion, there was all the same a considerable amount of sympathy with the lot of widows and that earnest efforts in this direction are likely to prove immediately successful. Of course the obvious means for bettering their lot was education. It was easy to persuade people to allow their widowed daughters or sisters to be educated and thus bring some ray of light into their hapless existence. Intellectual sympathy with widow marriage is likely to result in action only rarely, but sympathy with the cause of their education may be immediately reduced to action without rendering one liable to suffer great personal difficulties. Again a promising effort in the cause of the education of widows.

was frustrated in the case of Pandita Ramabai's Shara-da Sadan as has been before related in another connection. At the height of the agitation against the Sadan in 1893, many talked of starting an indigenous institution of a similar kind; but the talk came to nothing as Mr. Karve was not then ready for the work.

Two indigenous and partially successful attempts had been previously made in this direction. Babu Shashupad Banerji had started such a home in Bengal and closed it after a career of fifteen years as he himself was getting old and as he found nobody to continue his work. The other attempt was made by R. B. Vireshlingam Pantulu. His little widows' home was started in Madras and transferred later on to Rajahmundry, but he did not receive sufficient help from the people, though he dedicated his whole fortune to the cause. The latter institution is still going on though not in a very flourishing condition.

Mr. Karve in 1895 thought of starting a widows' home under the auspices of the Widow Marriage Association but he soon felt that the home would start with an initial prejudice if begun in this manner and hence he determined to start it independently. Nevertheless he realised that his having married a widow is sure to cause some prejudice against it and he determined to live it down. The widow marriage association appreciated his point of view and the little sum collected, at first for a new home was handed over to him for the use of his independent effort. Feeling however that before he appealed for public assistance he must



prove his own zeal in the cause, he gave his own savings of Rs. 1000 to the cause in the beginning and with the assistance given by a friend he started with two widows. A separate institution was out of question at the time, so he put them in the Female High School Boarding House and paid their expenses out of these amounts. He published a letter about it in the *Sudharak* and on the 18th June 1896 the Widows Home Association was started with Dr. R. G. Bhandarkar as president and Mr. Karve as secretary. The report presented to members on 24th January 1897 contains the following: "Mr. D. K. Karve toured for about two months and visited Thana, Bombay, Baroda, Ahmedabad, Akola and Amraoti to secure support for the institution. Besides he also attempted to secure help in Poona itself. There are at present seven pupils who are learning under its auspices. The balance to the credit of the association is Rs. 3220-14-11."

Such were the humble beginnings of the institution. Next year he thought of having a home—however humble—for the institution. But he determined not to touch the balance in hand but to secure fresh funds for it. If he could not get enough money—about five thousand rupees was all he wanted—he resolved to pledge his own life insurance policy for it. After a short time he changed his plan slightly and hired a house in Poona for it but he carried out the idea of handing over his insurance policy of Rs. 5000 to the institution and this has been appearing till now anonymously in the reports of the institution.

The actual home for the residence of the pupils—as against the association for it—was started in a hired wada on the 1st January 1899 with only one widow pupil resident there. To avoid any misunderstanding scrupulous care was taken to keep the home free from any taint of the cause of widow marriage. But still the numbers rose only very gradually. The figures at the close of the first five years were successively 4, 7, 11, 14, 21. But this gradual growth enabled him to consolidate the foundations and build up some permanent fund. R. B. G. G. Gokhale was one of the great friends of the movement; he offered some of his land at Hingne Budruk, a village about four miles from Poona, for the building of the home. At first this was thought to be too far from Poona; but during a severe epidemic of plague in Poona the home was located in a temporary shed on that land and on Mr. Karve's insistence the Council of the Widows' Home agreed to locate it there permanently and a small hut was built at the cost of Rs. 500. At that time there was not even a cart road to the village, so all provisions had to be carried by men. In the beginning there were only eight inmates. He used to walk to the college every morning for his work and return every evening often with some load of provisions with him. His family used to live in Poona itself as there was not enough room in the hut and as his children had to attend school. Mr. Karve did most of the teaching himself at night and early in the morning. The internal supervision was in the hands of a respectable elderly widow, the sister of his first wife. He almost always spent his nights

there as he did not like to leave the women only in a desolate place and often had to leave some sick child in his own house in Poona. But all these troubles and anxieties were cheerfully borne as it was a labour of love. The hut is still in existence and is now considered hardly fit for cattle. Soon however it was decided to build a *pucca* building in the form of a quadrangle and one side was built within a year.

The college vacations he used to spend in touring for subscriptions for the home. He is very shy in seeing people and he used to be content with whatever was given to him. He did most of his journeys on foot especially those in the Kolaba and Ratnagiri districts. When the college was in session he also used to spend his Sundays in Bombay and to lecture in various chawls or visit people privately. His lectures and visits did not bring in much money but they produced in many people sympathy for the cause of widows. Some well-known and rich men gave money to build rooms in somebody's name. In this manner the home continually grew both in size and in public sympathy.

Mr. Karve realised from the first that an institution like the Widows' Home ought not to remain permanently under the superintendence of a mere man and he was always trying to interest some ladies in the management and if possible to get them to volunteer for the work. After two or three years his attempts began to succeed. The first lady to join him was Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale, a younger sister of his second wife. He put her in the Poona Female Train-

ing College, and when she qualified as a teacher in 1902 he made her the superintendent. Mrs. Parvatibai is an energetic lady of great determination. She soon got full control of the internal management and used also to do a good deal of the teaching work. A year afterwards he enlisted Mrs. Venubai Namjoshi and Mrs. Kashibai Devadhar of whom the former—a cousin of the late Principal Agarkar—was a matriculate and the latter an F. A. of the Madras University. These were thus better qualified for teaching and one of them was made the superintendent of the school. Mrs. Athavale and Mrs. Namjoshi are still active members of the Home and its sister institution; Mrs. Devadhar resigned in 1912 from some difference of opinion. Since last year Miss Krishnabai Thakur, M.A., has also joined the institution and is now headmistress of its school.

It was soon discovered that ladies could do the work of collecting funds for the institution much better than Mr. Karve himself. Mrs. Parvatibai, in particular, became a very successful collector of funds. She has eloquence, ready wit and boldness and often takes a meeting by storm. A good example of this occurred at the Bombay Social Conference of 1904 when her speech was by far the most impressive of all, though in one or two particulars her words were, perhaps with justice, resented by real social reformers. Mr. Karve is now the secretary of the institution and of course its directing genius and looks to the correspondence but he does not often go out touring for support.

The growth of the Home during the last nineteen years is given in the following table.

Year	Number of pupils at the end of the year.	Receipts.			Expenditure.			Balance at the end of the year.		
		Rs.	as.	p.	Rs.	as.	p.	Rs.	as.	p.
1896	...	3715	8	6	194	9	7	3520	14	11
1897	...	2872	12	9	460	0	4	5953	11	4
1898	...	4779	13	11	842	0	6	9871	8	9
1899	4	4103	15	6	757	7	7	13218	0	8
1900	10	3773	2	1	1787	11	10	15203	6	11
1901	14	2915	3	4	1843	7	4	16275	2	11
1902	18	7371	11	12	9579	7	10	14067	7	10
1903	30	13974	10	9	9068	13	6	18973	5	1
1904	38	20855	15	1	9187	14	4	30641	5	10
1905	60	18047	10	10	23453	0	0	25226	0	8
1906	75	29840	11	4	12106	15	0	34969	13	0
1907	65	15851	13	0	8778	11	0	42042	15	0
1908	80	13407	4	2	10988	6	10	44461	12	4
1909	95	16287	14	0	14629	5	3	46120	5	1
1910	100	19173	1	9	14093	13	7	51199	9	3
1911	100	21133	14	1	15180	12	2	57151	11	2
1912	105	20247	12	1	16276	5	3	61124	2	0
1913	105	18973	15	4	18372	9	0	61725	8	4
1914	110	15320	13	10	31809	6	5	45236	15	9

The Home has had very gratifying support from all classes. Many have been giving liberal annual donations and several have given large contributions. But beyond all this it has educated the public to their responsibility towards widows. Even the very orthodox has begun to see that education is the means whereby they can be made happier and their lives can be made useful to their relations and their country. The home is now a regular sight which every visitor to Poona must go to see and the little known village of Hingne Bubruk is more famous than many towns of much large size.

The home stands for an idea. It intends to improve our conditions only just so far as they need improvement but no further. It does not aim at denationalising Indian women. It aims at keeping the pupils Indian still ; so it adapts its ways to the usual life of the ordinary middle class Indian homes. The girls are required to do a part of the domestic duties in their colony. They are not taught to look upon domestic work like cooking, washing and grinding as beneath an educated woman. Every day they are collected together in their Gita Hall—presented by Mr. G. B. Deval—and go through some sacred texts. The usual religious observances like fasts etc. are not forbidden. Even in the case of the tonsure of widows, those who prefer it are allowed to continue their usual custom though in this matter public opinion in towns is changing rapidly. Needlework is taught, but hand-loom weaving which was introduced as an experiment for



**Inmates of the Hindu Widows' Home.**

a few years has been given up, since it is not economically paying and the girls do not come from classes that take kindly to the work. The course of studies is the usual course for primary and high schools. Till recently the school had not all the classes up to the Matriculation and girls studying the higher standards were sent either to the New English School Poona or to the Female High School. Some girls are sent up for the vernacular final also.

Of the pupils of the school about ten have passed their Matriculation, one has passed her B. A. and is appearing for the M. A. next March, one has passed her L. M. & S. and several are studying in Colleges. Some have gone in for nursing or the medical profession, some have taken up the position of teachers and many have gone away after going through a part of the course only. A few have remarried. As to this subject the home maintains an attitude of strict neutrality. At one time it was even feared that this striving after strict neutrality was likely to degenerate into active opposition to widow marriage. It was whispered that widows coming as pupils were required to give a bond that they would not remarry within a certain definite period of their leaving the home. But better counsels soon prevailed and the feared antagonism of the education of widows to their remarriage was not maintained, but strict neutrality only continued to be observed. Nobody wants the home to be a matrimonial agency; but neither is it desirable for it to be a home of obscurantism and unmeaning opposition to new ideas. The usual con-



dition, that interviews with girls with the object of matrimony are prohibited while the girls are in the guardianship of the home, is quite enough to secure this strict neutrality. Give widows education and they will be able to judge of their future themselves.

For a mere man to start and manage an institution for women is obviously a very difficult task. Indian society—perhaps under the influence of degenerate Moslem ideals—has in recent times come to regard women from a very low standpoint, however high the ideals that might have been cherished in the dim hoary past. The idea of a woman being only fit to minister to the pleasures of the man and serve him like a slave had all but taken the place of the higher ideal of her being an equal companion to him; so deeply and so long has this idea been current among us that our women themselves have begun to regard it as their natural state, and we have heard from women the comparison of women with an earthen pot and of man with a metal pot. Consequently the average person cannot regard without suspicion any efforts by man on women's behalf. The work of Mr. Karve was thus very delicate; similar work by some other leaders has been the occasion of libel suits. But hardly a breath of scandal has blown over Mr. Karve's work. The great confidence that the public have in him is shown by no fact so much as by this negative fact.

To quote Mr. Karve, "the greatest benefit that has come from the home is the germ of hope that has been created in the hearts of widows them-

seves. The object of the home is to infuse confidence into widows from those Hindu castes that do not usually allow remarriage and to show them that education puts into the hands of young widows a means of improving their minds, and making them self-dependent and enabling them to make good use of their lives by working for a public cause; and these objects are being fairly well realised. Our society usually treats widows in such a way as to make them often say to themselves "What is the good of our continuing to live? Better if this life which is a burden to ourselves and to others were ended once for all!" When such heart-broken women come to the home, they soon hearten themselves, and begin to feel that life is a God-given gift which can be useful to themselves and to their country. In this direction of changing the mental outlook of widows the work of the home has been of great importance to our society."

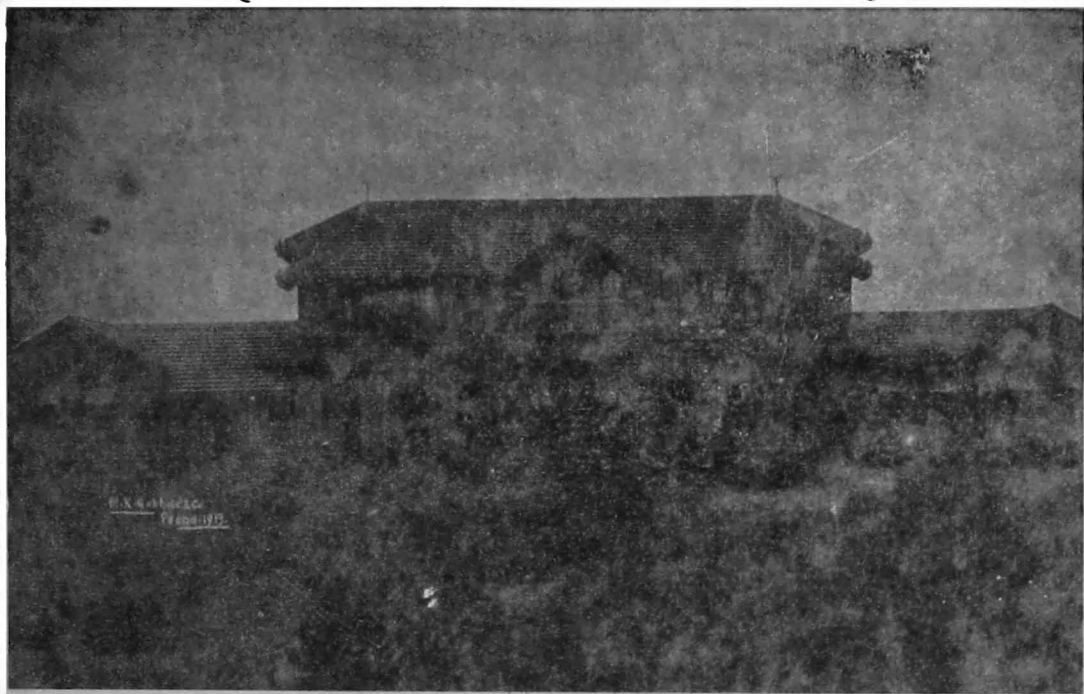
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## CHAPTER IX.

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### MAHILA-VIDYALAYA.

Almost from the beginning of the 'Widows' Home, Mr. Karve used to get occasional applications, from the guardians of unmarried girls for admissions to it and some such girls were, and are still being, admitted. Many guardians of young girls felt that it would be very good for their girls to receive cheap education in a Hindu atmosphere and in Hindu middle class surroundings. The Female High School in Poona served this purpose to a great extent but in recent years it has not been able to entertain all the applications that it received. Again though the education there imparted is very efficient yet there is something in it which some guardians don't like, as a purely Hindu atmosphere can hardly be kept up in an institution under the direct supervision of a European or Christian lady. The education of girls has been rapidly extending and in towns at least parents are beginning to feel some responsibility about it. The marriage age of girls has also been rising considerably and education is becoming a valued qualification for girls in the marriage market. Only in Poona and Bombay are there some facilities for such education, but in other places there are none at all—at any rate unless the guardians are prepared to put the girls in a boys' school. In the present state of our society grown-up girls are likely to hear remarks about their unmarried state which guardians would not wish them



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to hear, and thus if a man wishes, or is by circumstances compelled, to postpone the marriage of his daughter, he naturally thinks of giving her some mental pre-occupation.

In these circumstances the need of a boarding school for unmarried girls was very much felt. The Widows' Home could not take in all such girls as it was primarily intended for widows only. The Council laid down a definite proportion beyond which the number of non-widows in the home should not go, and this attitude was evidently just from their point of view as the funds were obtained from the public on a definite understanding. Mr. Karve began his life-work with the education of widows, but he never intended it to stop there. He wishes for the uplifting of the whole female sex and believes that in this uplifting lies the great hope of the salvation of our country. From some points of view the education of unmarried girls is even more important than the education of widows. The latter can only indirectly transfer the thoughts they receive to the next generation as our society is not yet very much in favour of widow marriage. Young unmarried girls on the other hand are to be the mothers of the next generation and any influences for the good that can be brought to bear upon them will be directly transmitted to future India and will be fruitful of immediate good. The work of reform in all directions will be very much easier if mothers be enlisted as auxiliaries in the cause. Conversely no reform movement will be permanent if it is confined to men and makes it appeal to them only.

Mr. Karve, therefore, began to think of starting another institution for girls only. As in the case of the Widows' Home he started with small beginnings. First of all he opened a small hostel for them in the city and sent those girls to learn either in the Female High School or the New English School—the latter being a school for boys. There were two reasons which led him to send them to the boys' school; first of all he himself was working in the school and could thus be of some help to them there; secondly, for some years some subjects like Sanskrit were not well taught at the Female High School. He had also an idea of showing a possible way for the education of girls in places where there is a boys' school but no girls' school. This experiment proved quite successful as far as it went. The N. E. School has now practically discontinued the practice of admitting girls as the Female High School has removed the second cause of complaint and as Mr. Karve's school can give room enough to all applicants who can't find room in the former; it does not wish to come into competition with the regular girls' schools. But in case of necessity the experiment can be tried again. After some time some classes were opened in connection with the hostel that was started and only the girls in the higher classes were sent to other schools.

In 1914 there were about 90 girls in this school and the number was continually increasing. In the meanwhile Mr. Karve had formed another plan about the organisation of the school which had taken shape. From the very beginning his idea was to



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train ladies to take up this work of the uplifting of women and he had secured three or four ladies for the Widows' Home. But they were not joining in as great numbers as he desired. In our country real sacrifice is appreciated by everybody and Mr. Karve desired to give this instinct for sacrifice a new form. The Servants of India Society started by Mr. Gokhale, the members of which sacrifice their lives for the country's good and are prepared for any public work that has to be done, gave him hints about the details of the organisation. This organisation he called the *Vishkūma-Karma-Math* "the hermitage for selfless work". The members were to sacrifice their whole lives to it and to do any work that may be given to them. All members old and young were of equal weight. To learn humility they were required to beg from house to house in the beginning and in this manner to provide funds for their work. Both men and women were admitted as members; educational status was not much insisted on in the beginning. Only a determination to be ready for any selfless work was the qualification.

On the 4th November 1908 Mr. Karve and two others took the following vows: "In the name of the Creator and Sustainer of the Universe I hereby, dedicate myself to the Indian Ladies' Mission that is to be started to conduct institutions like the Widow's Home, the Mahila-Vidyalaya and other similar ones. Henceforward I have no claim over my own existence. The association may make any use it likes of me. I agree to any arrangement that may be made for my own and my family's mainten-



ance". Two other gentlemen with their wives soon joined this *math*. Mrs. Parvatibai' Athavale and her son a student in the Fergusson College also agreed to join it, the latter to actually begin to work in it after he completes his education. Some other young girls—pupils of the home—also agreed to come in after the completion of their education. In this way the *math* consisted of about a dozen persons. Almost in the very beginning they prepared to take the bold step of building a home for the Vidyalaya which was the first institution to be managed by it.

They had no funds to start with. But they made plans for a building of about forty-thousand and immediately commenced the building operations borrowing money on their own personal security. Luckily the trustees of the late N. M. Wadia came to their help and contributed a goodly portion of their expense. Some money was raised by public subscriptions, but till last year there was a debt of a few thousand rupees still left outstanding. The building was built in close proximity to the Widow Home on a piece of land bought for the purpose, the members of the *math* expecting to be asked to take over the management of the Home some time or other and Mr. Karve being of course the common originator of both. The building can now accommodate about a hundred pupils.

The close proximity of the Widows' Home and the Mahila-Vidyalaya and the two associations which managed them with some common members and some devoted to only one of the two objects soon led to difficulties. Apparently the lady workers in

the Widows' Home except Mrs. Athavale did not wish to join the *math* but wanted to continue on their old terms with the Home. They were well educated, while some of the members of the *math* were not. On the minds of the girls the impression caused by the juxtaposition of two sets of public-spirited workers, one of which avowedly made a bigger sacrifice than the other, was anything but conducive to sound discipline. It was alleged that attempts were made by the less far-sighted members of the *math* to get the better pupils of the home to pledge themselves to join them. On wider grounds of policy also, many sincere well-wishers of the cause of women's education were opposed to some of the principles and methods of the *math*. They were entirely against the close association of male and female members which was apparently at first contemplated and which, however unobjectionable in the beginning in the case of pioneers, carried within itself the fatal seeds of decay and corruption. The enrolling of young boys or girls as members before they could very well understand and realise the great responsibility involved in the sacrifice of their whole lives, was totally against the spirit of rational reform, which, e. g., opposes early marriage as an imposition of responsibilities without an adequate realisation of the consequences. The idea of self-humiliation—as opposed to self-sacrifice—involved in the practice of going out to beg alms of rice, &c.,\* is repugnant to modern ideas of

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\* Several of these methods were soon found impracticable and given up after a short time.

self-respect, which has to be firmly implanted in the minds of Indians. For these and similar reasons, the institution of the *math* did not recommend itself so universally to the public mind as the Widows' Home and the Mahila-Vidyalaya. Newspapers occasionally voiced this public opinion. It was at one time feared that the unhealthy rivalry may be the ruin of both these promising institutions. For some time each institution maintained a different school. The classes in each were very small. In fact, each separate institution had not enough members to make a good class. But mutual jealousies for a time opposed their amalgamation. Some of the members of the Council of the Home also thought that the Vidyalaya was not necessary as there was already a girls' school in Poona. But at last better counsels prevailed.

Within the last year the three institutions—the Widows' Home, the Mahila-Vidyalaya and the *math*—were amalgamated. The life workers of all the institutions are to form one joint body of workers in one association for the advancement of women. All persons who had given contributions exceeding a certain amount were made members of this association in imitation of the constitution of the Deccan Education Society, and these contributors elect a certain number on the managing committee. The internal management is looked after by the life workers who will have to form a committee consisting only of the better educated workers to look after the school which is to be one for both the institutions. The two hostels were to be kept separate.

one for widows and the other for the unmarried—and the few married—girls. The property and the liabilities of all the institutions were taken over by this joint association. Dr. Sir Ramkrishna Gopal Bhandarkar is the President of this joint body formed of the three old constituents. The *math* has for all practical purposes ceased to exist in the old form as all its members have been taken up among the life-workers. The bye-laws of this Board of workers have not yet been completely formulated. It is hoped that in future some definite educational standard will be laid down for enrolment as life-workers as otherwise it is likely to be an asylum for the unfit who are prepared to prate of sacrifice and that all the workers will as far as possible be on one level so as to do away with artificial distinctions.

Under this new constitution the association is now making very good progress. The joint school has been made a high school and will soon begin to send up students for the matriculation. The present head-mistress is Miss Krishnabai Thakur, M. A. The school will have to place high ideals before it and try to be the best possible of its kind. The eyes of all India are on this institution as it represents a purely Indian effort pregnant with great hopes of the future, for does not its success mean hope after the steady rise of one half of our submerged population ?

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## CHAPTER X.

### HOPES AND ASPIRATIONS.

In the preceding pages Mr. Karve's work on behalf of the public, and especially of women, has been considered. For devotion to a single idea and ceaseless endeavour to act up to it we can scarcely find in India his equal. The way in which he has nursed his institutions from the beginning, loved them and sacrificed for them, must extort admiration from even those who do not appreciate his objects. The future of the joint institution now formed seems secure if its future workers keep Mr. Karve's single-minded devotion as their ideal, and do not let any personal bickerings come in the way of their work. Hingne Budruk is already an example to the whole of India and points out one sphere of activity for public workers which, perhaps, is more necessary and pressing than many others.

Mr. Karve's life-work has shown stages of a regular evolution. Has the process of this evolution stopped with the consolidation of all his educational institutions into one institution? He does not think so. Before his mind's eye he finds floating a Women's University evolving out of his school. He aspires to make Hingne the centre of all work for the uplift of women. A Women's University is certainly the normal course of evolution for women's educational institutions. But, if we may venture to give a word of caution, we will say that *festinalente*—hasten

## HOPES AND ASPIRATIONS

slowly—is still fit to be the guiding principle of conscious evolution. His little hostel in the city with two or three widows took twenty years to become a full high school. That school has yet to pass its first matriculate. Its funds are not very great, though what funds it has are all to be ascribed to the indomitable energy of Mr. Karve himself. Let women show that they can—with men's help, if necessary, but under their own direction—manage such institutions properly, for after all the presence of Mr. Karve is a happy accident, and even he cannot be expected to last for ever. We have full confidence in their ability, but the province is one which is new to them. A large number of women—and men—of a very much higher calibre than he has just now got are required to launch out into a new and more ambitious scheme. We are sure that his institutions will certainly produce them in time. The foundations have been securely laid and the superstructure may take some time to rise.

Though a few women may consider it desirable to abstain from matrimony and live an independent life, the normal career of every woman, especially in India, is that of a wife. Mr. Karve's Mahila-Vidyalaya was started with the object of educating girls so as to render them fit for this career. The studies in the school and its way of life are generally suited to this end. But a purely academic education may not be altogether fit for this career. Some subjects must surely find a place in the curriculum of a girls' school that need not find one in a boys' school. The public must be educated to feel that

for a girl a course of training is all important and not the stamp that certifies to this training, though for boys who have got to seek employment the stamp may be necessary in the interests of the employers. It ought to be regarded as a qualification for a girl in the marriage market that she has had a course of training at Hingne. From this point of view the school at Hingne can try any number of educational experiments which are not possible for a boys' school. Thus, for instance, it can make a serious attempt at imparting education through the vernaculars, regarding English as a second language. In any case the school should place before itself a high ideal and not be satisfied with a mere name when the reality underlying it is not immediately attainable.

The life-work exemplifies very well what earnest devotion to public cause can attain. Though he has not got the renown of a political leader, real workers in the national cause have kept a secure niche in their hearts for him; some may even feel that his work is found to prove more fundamentally useful than that of many who for the moment occupy such a large portion of the public stage. But it is a matter of gratification to his friends and admirers that even public recognition is slowly coming to his share. When a few years ago Government awarded him the Kaisar-i-Hind Silver Medal, everybody thought that the award was richly deserved. The Presidentship of the National Indian Social Conference to which he has been called just now will be adorned by him, and everybody will feel that a few

more like him will rapidly change the social face of India.

Mr. Karve has been known to the public for his devotion to a single cause and all his efforts have been devoted to it. But that does not mean that he does not look with sympathy and interest to other ways of the advancement of our country. His special work has of course direct reference to all reforms which have to do with the advancement of women ; but he considers that other reforms, e. g., the crusade against caste, are equally—if not more—important, and he has not taken active part in it because he believes in a specialisation of functions. He is equally keen on the political advancement of our country and his admiration for leaders like Ranade and Gokhale is unbounded. As regards his religious opinions, he has shed many of our old religious dogmas and his position may be called broadly theistic. As far as art is concerned, he takes no interest in the drama and not much in literature ; but he likes music exceedingly and is himself master of a sweet voice though it has never been trained.

Mr. Karve's life is simple almost to a fault ; but the simplicity of his life is often more effective than the knowingness of many who fancy themselves clever. He has his faults ; what human being has not ? But this can be certainly said that they all lean to virtue's side. He is likely to fancy others as truthful, earnest and public-spirited as himself ; but though he may be mistaken in this view, still it is the best means to make them so. Simple as he is himself and small as are his needs, he



is prone to think that others can cheerfully live in the same style. But he impresses upon every one the important lesson of plain living and high thinking, for which this ancient land of ours was so long famous and which in these days we are so apt to forget.

To the writer of this sketch Mr. Karve has been guide, philosopher and friend from his earliest years. His family now extends to the whole of Maharashtra and even beyond it. It can hardly be said of any man that he has no enemies ; if it can be said at all of anybody, it is of Mr. Karve. The admiration, respect and love that Mr. Karve has inspired among such large numbers are indeed a happy augury for our future ; for next to being great oneself it is at any rate something to be able to appreciate real greatness in others. "He who calls the oppressed and the down-trodden his own kith and kin is to be considered the true saint, and the real God is to be seen in him, alone " says the Marathi poet, and Dhondo Keshav Karve is a true saint from this point of view. May he be spared long to continue his saintly work in the cause of our women !

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**The Late M. G. RANADE.**



The Late K. T. TELANG.



G. K. GOKHALE.



D. E. WACHA.

## THE LATE Mr. JUSTICE RANADE.\*

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Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen :—

In January last, my friend Mr. Padhye invited me in the name of the Hindu Union Club to deliver the address at this year's Anniversary of Mr. Ranade's death. When I received his letter, I felt at once that it was a call to which it was my duty to respond but I was then in Calcutta and there was no prospect of my returning to this side before the end of March. I, therefore, wrote back to explain how I was situated, offering at the same time to place my humble services at the disposal of the Club, should it on any account be thought desirable to postpone the day of this gathering. The Committee of the Club very courteously accepted my offer, and appointed a day convenient to me. And thus it is that you find me this afternoon standing before you

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\* Anniversary Address at the Hindu Club in Bombay by the Hon'ble Mr. G. K. Gokhale, B A , C I E.

to deliver an address, which should really have been delivered something like six months ago.

Ladies and gentlemen, it was easy for me to say 'yes' to the request contained in Mr. Padhye's letter. It was by no means so easy to make up my mind as to what I should say in the course of my address. You all know that Mr. Ranade had great talents, and were joined to a prodigious amount of industry, and a singular depth of earnest conviction. And for thirty-five years, this most remarkable man read, and thought, and wrote, and spoke, and worked incessantly, almost without a day's break or holiday. The material, therefore, on which one may base one's address on Mr. Ranade, is bound to bewilder and overwhelm by its very immensity. Indeed, it seems to me to be an easier matter to deliver a series of a dozen addresses on the different aspects of Mr. Ranade's life and life-work, than to attempt a general discourse such as I am expected to deliver this afternoon. Thus we might speak of Mr. Ranade as a man—one of the saintliest men

of our time—one, contact with whom was elevating and holy; or we might speak of him as a patriot, whose love of India overflowed all bounds and whose unwearied exertions for her welfare will always be a bright, and shining example to the people of this land; or we might speak of him as a reformer, whose comprehensive gaze ranged over the entire fabric from summit to base, and took in at the same time all parts of it, political, social, religious, industrial, moral and educational; or we might speak of him as a scholar or as a teacher, or again as a worker, I believe, the greatest worker of our time; or we might take his opinions and teachings and the methods that he favoured in the different fields of our national activity and examine them. We might thus have a dozen different discourses, and yet not exhaust our subject. But a general address touching on all these sides of Mr. Ranade's work, and yet avoiding the appearance of mere common-place observations, is, in my opinion, a most difficult task. In what I am



going to say to you to-day, I do not propose to present anything like a critical estimate of Mr. Ranade's career or achievement. In the first place, we are not sufficiently removed from his time. And secondly, I stood too near him to be able to possess that aloofness, without which no critical estimate can be usefully attempted. But this very nearness, which disqualifies me, to a certain extent, for forming a critical estimate, gave me exceptional opportunities to become acquainted with his innermost thoughts and hopes, with his ideals and aspirations, and with the main springs of that magnetic influence, which he exercised on all who came in contact with him. And it is of these that I propose to speak here to-day. I will tell you as briefly as I can what it was that struck me most in him during the fourteen years that I was privileged to sit at his feet; what was the faith in him, and what sustained that faith in the midst of great difficulties and disappointments; and finally what message he has left behind for the rising generations of his country, so that the

harvest for which he laboured may be reaped and not lost in the fullness of time.

#### HIS PATRIOTISM.

The first thing that struck any one who came in contact with Mr Ranade, as underlying all his marvellous personality, was his pure, fervent, profound patriotism. In all my experience, I have met only one other, so utterly absorbed, day and night, in thoughts of his country and of her welfare—and that is Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji. To him India's past was a matter of great, of legitimate pride ; but even more than the past, his thoughts were with the present and the future, and this was at the root of his matchless and astonishing activity in different fields of reform. Mr. Ranade had realized clearly and completely the great possibilities for us Indians under British rule and the limitations under which practical work for the country had to be done in the existing state of things. I have heard that when he was at College, his ideas were indeed wilder. The late Mr. Javerilal Bhai once told me that in those days Mr. Ranade once wrote an

essay, disparaging greatly the British Government, as contrasted with Mahratta rule. Sir Alexander Grant, who was then Principal of Elphinstone College, and who had great admiration for Mr. Ranade's talents, and a feeling of personal affection for him, sent for him, and, after pointing out to him the error of his views, said to him, "Young man, you should not thus run down a Government which is educating you and doing so much for your people." And to mark his serious displeasure, he suspended Mr. Ranade's scholarship for six months. I may state at once that this remonstrance left no bitter feeling behind, for Mr. Ranade, throughout his life, used to speak of Sir Alexander Grant with deep reverence and admiration. With more reading and thinking came sounder views, and the out-look became broader. And before long, Mr. Ranade came to realize the great mission of his life, and reached that faith, which no injustice, no opposition, no disappointment ever dimmed. His one aspiration through life was that India

should be roused from the lethargy of centuries, so that she might become a great and living nation, responsive to truth and justice and self-respect, responsive to all the claims of our higher nature, animated by lofty ideals, and undertaking great national tasks. And he came to recognize that the present contact between India and England was a Providential arrangement brought about in order that this aspiration might be realized. His conviction on this point never wavered, whatever happened. Even when he himself was misjudged and misunderstood, here he was firm. He often said to those who were about him that though under the present *regimé*, there was less field for personal ambition and less scope for the display of individual talent, there were greater possibilities for the mass of our people, and a great future lay before us, if only we roused ourselves to a true sense of our position, and did not let slip our opportunities.

And it was this belief, ardent and passionate, which inspired all Mr. Ranade's activity in the

field of reform. It was not merely love of truth, or impatience of evil that made a reformer of Mr. Ranade—these, of course, were there, but Mr. Ranade was by nature far too gentle and forbearing to cause pain to others by an aggressive attitude towards their religious beliefs or social practices, if that pain could by any means be avoided. There have been reformers—and great reformers—in the history of the world and of India too, who have preached reform, and braved persecution for the sake of truth and of conscience, because they heard a higher voice urging them to proclaim that truth at all hazards. I think, such men stand on a pedestal all their own, the highest on which man can stand. Mr. Ranade's platform was not this—he preached reform, not merely because his conscience urged him to do so, but also because his intellect was satisfied that without reform there was no hope for us as a nation. Men who preach truth for its own sake live really for all humanity, though their words are addressed to the people of a particular

time and place. Mr. Ranade was content to live and work for his country only, and though he was a careful student of the history and institutions of other people, he studied them mainly to derive lessons from them for the guidance of his own countrymen. I think, this essential difference between Mr. Ranade and other great reformers has to be clearly grasped in order to understand the true character of his work and teachings. Thus Raja Ram Mohan Roy took up his stand against idolatry, because to his mind the worship of idols was wrong in itself, was against truth, and as such called for his denunciation. Mr. Ranade too spoke against idolatry, but it was mainly because it gave rise to low and grovelling superstitions, which impeded the progress of the nation towards a higher stage of moral and religious life. I want you to note this point, because it explains much in Mr. Ranade's conduct, which sometimes puzzled his friends. Some of you will remember that a few years ago, several members of the *Prarthana Samaj* were displeased with Mr. Ranade,

because he went to the Thakurdwar temple to deliver discourses on the lives of saints Tukaram, Ramdas and Eknath. What he said in those discourses was, of course, in entire accord with the teachings of the *Samaj*, but the very fact that he, a prominent member of the *Samaj*, should have gone to a place of idolatrous worship for addressing people, gave offence to some. I do not, of course, mean that these gentlemen were wrong in feeling as they did on the occasion. I should probably have felt the same in their place. But Mr. Ranade thought that the discourses were every thing—the place where they were delivered was nothing. He wanted his ideas to reach his countrymen and he had no objection to going wherever they were assembled, provided he got an opportunity to speak to them.

#### A WELL-BALANCED MIND.

The next thing that struck us in Mr. Ranade was that he was the most profound thinker among the Indians of our time, with a mind remarkably well-balanced and fitted for taking

comprehensive views of things and a great sense of justice and proportion. He was never in a hurry to draw conclusions, always seeking to look beneath the surface, and trace results and growths to their hidden causes. His views were based on wide reading and observation, and were the result of mature reflection, and when once formed, they were urged upon the attention of his countrymen with a force and persistence which could only come of deep and earnest conviction. Again, his comprehensive mind ranged over the entire field of national work, and perceived the necessity of a due co-ordination between different activities—and this made him equally keen for reform in all directions—equally interested in all movements—whether they were for the removal of political disabilities and the redressing of administrative grievances, or combating the evils of female ignorance and early maternity and righting the wrongs of widows and the depressed classes, or spreading a correct knowledge of the economic situation of the country,



or purifying worship and making it simpler and more spiritual. But while recognizing the necessity of all these reforms, he realised that above all, it was necessary for the individual man to be renovated in spirit, so that his springs of action might be purer, his ideals nobler, and his practical life courageous and devoted to worthy ends. His ideas on these subjects he preached with great courage, earnestness, and persistence; but never were they marred by any extravagance of thought or speech. And his convictions were never disturbed by any amount of personal wrong or injustice.

#### THE DHULLA INCIDENT.

Many of you probably know that about twenty-five years ago, there was considerable un-rest in the Deccan, and a Poona man, named Vasudeva Balvant, openly rose against the Government, collecting a number of ignorant followers and committing dacoities and plundering innocent people. The Government of Sir Richard Temple somehow took it into its head

that the dacoits had the sympathy and support of the leading citizens of Poona—because, I believe, Vasudeva Balvant was a Poona Brahmin—and among others, their suspicion fell upon Mr. Ranade. It was, of course, a monstrous suspicion, absolutely undeserved, for Mr. Ranade was the recognized inspirer and leader of the constitutional movement in Poona, as against the resort to violent methods, represented by Vasudeva Balvant. However, when in May 1879, the two palaces in Poona were set fire to by an incendiary, the Government at once transferred Mr. Ranade to Dhulia—he had already been transferred to Nasik, but Dhulia was thought safer, as being more remote from Poona—and though it was vacation-time, he was ordered to leave Poona at once and proceed to Dhulia.\* This action of Government was so ex-

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\* It was at the beginning of 1878 that Mr. Ranade had been transferred from Poona to Nasik. The Poona Sarvajnik Sabha, of which Mr. Ranade was known to be the guiding spirit and with which Government afterwards maintained for a number of years very friendly relations, was at that time an object of grave suspicion to the Bombay Government—the Revenue member of that Government having gone so far as to describe the Association by name as a 'seditious organization' and to suggest that it should be suppressed! (*Vide* his minute on the Vernacular Press Bill,

traordinary that even the High Court subsequently protested against the transfer; and as a matter of fact, it was Mr. Ranade himself who had detected the culprit and secured his confession. On his arrival at Dhulia, Mr. Ranade believed that his private correspondence was closely watched for about a month, and curiously enough, at that very time he began to get letters from the Poona side, purporting to be

published in a Parliamentary Blue-book ) At the end of 1878 came the rebellion of Vasudeva Balvant Phadake. The following year, Mr. Ranade came to Poona from Nasik for the summer vacation on 5th May. A week later—on the 13th—the two palaces were burnt. On 16th May, a man—unfortunately surnamed Ranade, but no relation of Mr. Ranade—confessed that he was the incendiary and that he had committed the crime under the instigation of the rebel Phadake. And on 19th May, Government transferred Mr. Ranade from Nasik to Dhulia, and ordered him, though it was vacation time, to leave Poona at once and join his appointment! The officer, whom Mr. Ranade displaced at Dhulia—Rao Bahadur Gupte—had received orders to retire on pension in July and yet he was sent to Nasik for the few weeks that he was to remain in service, to make room for Mr. Ranade! On going to Dhulia, Mr. Ranade submitted a representation to the Governor, in which he spoke of the great anxiety with which his sudden transfer and the peculiar circumstances connected with it had filled him, asked Government not to be misled by the mere accident of the incendiary's surname being the same as his own, made a pathetic reference to his eye-sight, which even then was failing, being further injured by the heat and glare of Dhulia and requested that he should be retransferred to Nasik or Mr. Gupte's retirement so as to restore confidence in him to the minds of those under whom he had to serve. No heed was, however, given to this representation. It was only when, later on in the year, Phadake was captured and his diary seized that the suspicion against Mr. Ranade wholly disappeared.

reports from leading dacoits of what they intended doing. Mr. Ranade could not help concluding that these letters were sent by the Police to ascertain if he really had any relations with Vasudeva Balvant, and he scrupulously handed over to Dhulia Police all such letters. After a month, during which he often felt bitter in regard to the treatment he was receiving, Mr. Ranade had a talk in the matter with an English officer there—a member of the Civil Service, whose name is well-known in this Presidency for his broad-minded sympathy with the people. This officer then expressed his regret at what had been done, assuring Mr. Ranade that Government was satisfied that the suspicion against him was ill-founded.\* Now any

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\* Mr. Ranade narrated this incident to me in 1898, when we were discussing the events of 1897 and I was disposed to take somewhat too pessimistic a view of the situation. That I have correctly stated Mr. Ranade's own belief in the matter is confirmed by Mrs. Ranade, who was with her husband at Dhulia in 1879 and by Rao Bahadur Pattak—a most intimate friend of Mr. Ranade from the days of childhood—with whom he had a talk on the subject in 1880. Dr. J. Pollen, however,—the officer referred to in the address, who was then Assistant Collector at Dhulia—contradicts the statement, so far as he is concerned. And in fairness to him, I quote what he writes in reply to a letter from me.—

one in Mr. Ranade's place would have spoken with more or less bitterness, whenever there was occasion to recall the incident. But I remember how in speaking of it to me, he was careful to add :—" Oh, such misunderstandings are occasionally more or less inevitable in the present state of things. After all, we must not forget that we might have done much worse in their place." It was a striking illustration

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" Throughout my service, I have detested and discouraged ' confidential Reports ' ' anonymous petitions ' and ' espionage '—and it is not likely I should forget it—had Government ever asked me to tamper with anybody's Post ! And I don't think Government would have forgotten it either ! For, even as an Assistant Collector, I should have spoken out !

I think I may, with justice, claim that I put a stop to anonymous petitions—at any rate for my time—in the various Districts and Departments, with which I was connected—and I have always despised and deplored what I call the ' Detection craze,' as a method of administration !

So you see it is not at all probable my memory should be in any way at fault in so memorable a matter as this of Ranade's correspondence. You may therefore take it from me that the facts are *not* as stated.

I only met Mr Ranade once in Dhulia. I dropped in upon him. I remember, much the same as I did upon you at Fergusson College—and he came out to talk to me on the " Nagar " (!) Road

We, no doubt, spoke of the events of the day—and he probably gathered from my friendly manner that I at any rate did not look upon him as a ' suspect '

If this helped to relieve him from any of his anxiety, as I gather from your recollection of what he said, it did, I am very glad indeed ! But I could not possibly have expressed regret at having done what I never did and, would never do, in connection with his correspondence."

of his strong sense of justice, and of the fact that no amount of personal wrong affected his faith in the character of British rule. Another instance, of a different kind, illustrating how his mind was habitually alive to all the considerations involved in a question, occurred nine years ago, when we were returning from Madras after attending the Congress and the Conference, and when Mr. Ranade was insulted by a young Civilian at the Sholapur Station, who, taking advantage of Mr. Ranade's absence in a second class carriage, (in which the rest of us were travelling) threw down his bedding from his seat in a first class carriage and usurped the seat himself. Mr. Ranade, on being informed of what had happened, quietly went back to his carriage and without one word of remonstrance, sat on the other seat with Dr. Bhandarkar, who was then with us. When the hour for sleeping came, Dr. Bhandarkar, as the lighter of the two, took the upper berth, and gave his own seat to Mr. Ranade. On arriving at Poona, the Englishman,

who was then an Assistant Judge, somehow came to know that the gentleman, whom he had insulted, was Mr. Ranade, Judge of the High Court, and it appeared that he wanted to apologize to Mr. Ranade. Mr. Ranade, however, on seeing him come towards him, simply turned his back on him and walked away. The next day I asked him if he intended taking any steps in the matter. He said:—"I don't believe in those things. It will only be a case of statement against statement, and in any case, it is not worth fighting about." "Moreover," he asked me, "is our own conscience clear in these matters? How do we treat members of the depressed classes—our own countrymen—even in these days? At a time, when they and we must all work hand in hand for our common country, we are not prepared to give up the privileges of our old ascendancy, and we persist in keeping them down-trodden. How can we, then, with a clear conscience, blame members of the ruling race, who treat us with contempt?" "No doubt," he continued, "incidents like this

are deeply painful and humiliating, and they try one's faith sorely. But the best use to which we can put even these unpleasant incidents is to grow more earnest and persistent in the work that lies before us."

#### HIS DEVOTION TO WORK.

Another striking characteristic of Mr. Ranade was his great faith in work. One is filled with a feeling of wonder and awe, as one contemplates the amount of work which this great man did during his life—his mighty brain incessantly engaged in acquiring knowledge and in imparting it with an enthusiasm and an energy of purpose, rarely witnessed in this land. Not only was his capacity for work phenomenal, his delight in it was so keen—he almost seemed to revel in it. In it he lived and moved and had his being. Apathy, he always said, was our greatest curse in these days. Wrong opinions he could stand; misdirected activity he could stand; but apathy filled him with deep sadness—that he found harder to overcome. He himself approached almost all



work with a religious sense of responsibility. Just think of how much work he was able to get through during his life! His official duties throughout were heavy enough; but they did not come in the way of his doing for the country. more work in various fields than half a dozen men could have together done. The range of subjects that interested him was wide—philosophy, theology, sociology, history, politics, economics—all seemed to interest him equally. His reading in respect of them was vast, and he tried, as far as possible, to keep himself in regard to them abreast of the times. Then in politics it is well-known that for nearly a quarter of a century, he was the guiding spirit of the Poona Sarvajanic Sabha. All the best work of the Sabha, in its palmy days, either came from his hands direct, or else had to pass through them. About two-thirds of the articles that appeared in the Quarterly Journal of the Sabha, during its seventeen years' existence, were contributed by him. Under his guidance, the Sabha had attained the first position among the Political

Associations of the country, and its representations, for a number of years, had admittedly far more weight with Government than those of any other Indian organization. In the field of social reform, his activity was boundless almost from the day he left College to the hour of his death. Constantly writing, speaking, discussing, advising, helping, he took a leading part in every reform movement of his time. Of the Social Conference, he was the father and founder, working for it with a faith that was a sight for gods and men. His interest in religious reform was also deep and continuous, and I have never heard anything richer than some of his sermons. He was a profound thinker, and a frequent writer on economic subjects, and his studies in Indian Political Economy are a valuable guide to those students, who wish to apply their knowledge of Political Economy to the practical conditions of India. He was one of the principal organizers of the Industrial Conference that used to meet in Poona for some years, and of the Industrial Exhibition that was held during the time of

Lord Reay. - And most of the industrial and commercial undertakings that have sprung up in Poona during the last twenty years owe a great deal to his inspiration, advice, or assistance. He has left us a History of the Mahrattas, though unfortunately it is incomplete. While in Bombay, he used to take a leading part in the affairs of the University, and Mr. Justice Candy, the late Vice-Chancellor has borne willing and eloquent testimony to the value of his work in the Syndicate. In addition to all these activities, Mr. Ranade carried on a voluminous correspondence with numerous friends and followers all over India. For a number of years, he received and replied to over twenty letters a day, and these concerned a wide variety of subjects, from petty matters of mere domestic interest to high questions of state policy. He was in touch with every earnest worker throughout India—his heart rejoiced when he met an earnest worker—he noted such a man with unerring judgment, and kept himself in communication with him ever after. But it was

not merely the amount of work that he did, which excited our admiration. The spirit in which he did it, was, if anything, even more wonderful.

#### HIS OPTIMISM.

Speakers and writers have often remarked on Mr. Ranade's robust optimism, which they have regarded as a part of his mental constitution. No doubt, to a certain extent, it was so. He had a temperament, which was essentially hopeful. It was this which made him note and gather together for use even the smallest signs of progress visible in any part of India. To a certain extent also, his optimism sprang from the fact that his horizon was wider than that of others—he saw as from a mountain-top, when others could see only from where they stood on the plain below. But it always appeared to me that Mr. Ranade's great optimism was mainly the result of his being so magnificent a worker. It is generally those who do not work—who do not realize the dignity and the power of work—that give themselves up to preaching the gospel

of despair. Mr. Ranade was profoundly convinced that if only our people worked earnestly, their future was in their own hands. Work was to him the one condition of national elevation, and having fulfilled it so gloriously in his own case, it was not possible for his mind to be weighed down by thoughts of despondency. About twelve years ago, in speaking of the Social Conference and of its unpopularity, I once ventured to ask him what it was that sustained his faith in the Conference work, seeing that some of the best friends of Social Reform shook their heads, and said that nothing was to be achieved by such hollow work as holding meetings and passing resolutions. Mr. Ranade turned to me and said: "Not that the work is hollow, but the faith in these men is shallow." After a little pause, he said: "Wait for a few years. I see a time coming, when they will ask the same question about the Congress, which, at present, evokes so much enthusiasm. There is something in the race, which is unequal to the strain of sustained exertion." For himself, Mr. Ranade

had clearly realized that patient and long sustained work was necessary before any appreciable results could be achieved. A remark of his, made to me in, I believe, 1891, has firmly fixed itself in my memory. In that year, there was severe scarcity in the Districts of Sholapur and Bijapur. The Sarvajanic Sabha, of which I was then Secretary, had collected a large amount of information about the condition of those Districts, and a representation on the subject was in due course submitted to Government. It was a memorial in the preparation of which we had spent considerable labour and thought. Government, however, sent us a reply of only two lines, just saying that they had noted the contents of our letter. I was greatly disappointed when we received this reply, and the next day, joining Mr. Ranade in his evening walk, I asked him:—"What is the good of taking all this trouble and submitting these memorials, if Government don't care to say anything more than that they have noted the contents of our letter"? He replied:—"You

don't realize our place in the history of our country. These memorials are nominally addressed to Government; in reality they are addressed to the people, so that they may learn how to think in these matters. This work must be done for many years, without expecting any other result, because politics of this kind is altogether new in this land. Besides, if Government note the contents of what we say, even that is something."

Another notable feature of Mr. Ranade's work was his readiness to play any role that was necessary, however humble it might be. In the building of the temple, he did not insist upon being assigned the architect's part; he was willing to carry bricks and stones on his back, so the edifice was raised. In the performance of public duties, he was prepared to bear personal humiliation, if thereby public interests could be furthered. A striking instance of this came to my notice within a few months of my going to Poona in 1885. In that year our Municipal Boards were reconstituted in

accordance with the liberal legislation of Lord Ripon's Government. The elective system was for the first time introduced, and the elections in Poona aroused an extraordinary amount of interest. Before that year, the Municipal *regime* in Poona had been virtually official, and Mr. Ranade was anxious that in the new Board, the popular element should have a chance of administering the affairs of the city. Unfortunately, another distinguished citizen of Poona—the late Mr. Kunte—came forward strongly to support the official side. Mr. Ranade and Mr. Kunte had been great friends from their child-hood, having been class-fellows from the very beginning. Mr. Kunte's support of the old *regime*, however, drew from Mr. Ranade a sharp remonstrance, and Mr. Kunte, who was a powerful speaker, immediately organized a series of Ward-meetings to oppose the popular party. Feeling for a time ran very high; and it appeared that Government would misunderstand the character of the struggle then going on. Mr. Ranade, therefore, thought it necessary to



conciliate Mr. Kunte and with that object, he attended one of Mr. Kunte's meetings, though it was known that Mr. Kunte indulged in strong denunciation of Mr. Ranade personally at almost every one of his meetings. The meeting in question was held in Raste's Peth. It was in the hall of a private house, and we were all squatting on the floor and Mr. Kunte was addressing us from one end of the hall, the door being at the other end. After Mr. Kunte had spoken for some time, Mr. Ranade's figure was suddenly seen entering the hall. He came and squatted on the floor near the door like the rest of us. Mr. Kunte immediately turned his back upon him, and, therefore, practically upon the whole audience, and after a few words uttered with his face to the wall, abruptly closed his speech. On his sitting down, Mr. Ranade left his seat and went and sat by him. After the meeting was over, Mr. Ranade invited Mr. Kunte to go with him in his carriage for a drive. Mr. Kunte, however, roughly said:—"I don't want to go in your carriage," and he went and

took his seat in his own carriage. Mr. Ranade, however, quietly followed him, and after saying, "Very well, if you won't go with me in my carriage, I will go with you in yours," he stepped into Mr. Kunte's carriage. After this, it was impossible for Mr. Kunte to avoid Mr. Ranade, and they went out for a long drive, and everything was satisfactorily settled before they returned. Mr. Kunte's anger was appeased, and his opposition to the popular party wholly withdrawn.

#### HIS SAINTLY DISPOSITION.

I have so far spoken of Mr. Ranade's comprehensive intellect, the balance of his mind, his patriotism and his great passion for work. A word or two I will add about the nobility of his nature—his saintly disposition, which, even more than his great intellectual gifts, won for him the devoted admiration and attachment of large numbers of his countrymen throughout India. It is no exaggeration to say that younger men who came in personal contact with him felt as in a holy presence, not only

uttering 'nothing base' but afraid even of thinking unworthy thoughts, while in his company. The only other man who has exercised a similar influence on me in my experience is Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji. Among Mr. Ranade's great qualities, one of the most prominent was his utter, absolute selflessness. As I have already told you, he was incessantly working in several fields, but never did he seek the least recognition, never did he think of his getting or not getting credit for this or that. Indeed, nothing pleased him more than to do his work—not only political but almost of every kind—from behind somebody else. His great anxiety was to get more and more men to be interested in and associated with the work. I do not think anybody ever heard Mr. Ranade say :— "I did this, I did that." It was as though the first person singular did not exist in his vocabulary. The humility with which he sought to discipline himself almost to the last day of his life was another of his great qualities. By nature he was very sensitive, feeling keenly injustice or meanness in

any shape or form; but his constant effort to discipline himself enabled him to preserve his calmness under the most trying circumstances. The normal state of his mind was indeed one of quiet cheerfulness, arising from a consciousness of work well done, and from humble faith in the purpose of Providence. But even when he was seriously displeased with anything, or disappointed with any one, or suffered inwardly owing to other causes, no one, who did not know him intimately, could detect any trace of that suffering on his face. And never did any one—not even those who stood nearest to him—hear him utter a word of complaint against those who might have done him personal injury. He insisted on having all attacks on him in newspapers carefully read out to him. He was constantly before the public in one capacity or another, and his views, therefore, came in for a good deal of criticism—friendly and unfriendly—almost from day to day. The appreciative notices that appeared, he did not always read through—I know, because, I sometimes had to read the

papers to him—he rarely read them himself, his sight being defective. But all unfriendly criticism he made a point of hearing. He wanted to know, if there was any idea therein that he could accept. And in any case, even if there was pain in hearing all that was said, that pain itself had its disciplinary value. One more great quality of his, I would like to mention on this occasion, and that was his readiness to help all who sought his help—and especially those who were weak and oppressed. He was accessible to all—even the humblest—at all hours of the day. No one ever wrote to him without receiving a reply. He listened patiently to every one, whether he was able to help or not. This indeed was to him a part of his practical religion. After the Amraoti Congress of 1897, when we were returning to this side, he and I were, for one night, the only occupants of our carriage. At about 4 A. M., I was suddenly roused by some singing in the carriage, and on opening my eyes, I saw Mr. Ranade sitting up, and singing two *Abhangs* of Tukaram again

and again, and striking his hands together by way of accompaniment. The voice was by no means musical, but the fervour with which he was singing was so great, that I felt thrilled through and through, and I too could not help sitting up and listening. The *Abhangs* were:—

जे कां रंजले गांजले । त्यासी द्वये जो आपुले ।  
 तोचि साधू ओळखावा । देव तेथेचि जाणावा ॥  
 करिं मस्तक ठेंग्या । लागे संतांच्या चरणा ।  
 जरि व्हावा तुज देव । तरि हा सुलभ उपाव ॥

“He who befriends the weary and the persecuted—he is a true saint and God himself is to be found there.” And “Be you humble and seek the favour of saints. If you want to meet God, this is an easy way.”

As I sat listening to these verses, I could not help realizing how constant was Mr. Ranade's endeavour to live up this teaching, and how simple and yet how glorious was the rule of life that it inculcated! It was a rich moment in my own life. The scene indeed will never fade from my memory.

## THE MESSAGE OF HIS LIFE.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have told you as briefly as I could, what it was that most struck me in Mr. Rauade. I think that for about thirty years he represented our highest thought and our highest aspiration, and it will be long before we shall have another like him in our midst. It is almost a significant circumstance that Mr. Rauade has passed away at the commencement of a new century, which should have opened for us full of hope and encouragement, but which in reality finds us filled with deep despondency and gloom. That voice—so calm, so faithful, so full of hope—is now hushed in the silence of death; and yet it was now that our need of it was the greatest. A kind of despair is settling on the minds of some of our foremost workers. I grant that there is much in the present juncture to try our faith and justify such despair. The middle and lower classes of our community seem to be slowly but steadily sinking lower and lower in various parts of the country. And we seem

to be losing ground in several directions in the great struggle, in which we are engaged. But I am sure it is only a passing phase, and in any case, in giving ourselves up to such despondency, we show ourselves unworthy of the work that Mr. Ranade did for us, and of the legacy that he has left behind him. You remember how we wept for him when he died. Never before had such universal grief been witnessed in this land. It was as though a mighty wave of sorrow swept over the whole country, and every one,—high and low, rich and poor—was equally touched by it. But our duty towards Mr. Ranade is surely not done by merely mourning his loss. The message of his life must be recognized by us, especially by the younger generations, as sacred and binding. The principles for which he laboured all his life—greater equality for all, and a recognition of the essential dignity of man as man—are bound to triumph in the end, no matter how dark the outlook occasionally may be. But we can all of us strive to hasten that triumph, and herein



lies the true dignity of our life. "Work and sacrifice for the motherland"—This is the message which Mr. Ranade has left us. And, my friends, our motherland, whatever may be her present condition, is worthy of the best work we can give her, of the highest sacrifice we can make for her. She was at one time the home of all that is great and noble in the life of a nation,—a noble religion, a noble philosophy and literature and art of every kind. This great heritage is ours; and if only we remember this and realize the great responsibility which it imposes upon us, if we are true to ourselves and are prepared to live and work for her in the spirit of our departed leader, there is no reason why her future should be in any way unworthy of her past.



## THE LATE Mr. JUSTICE TELANG.\*

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MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

While I thank you for the privileged position in which you have placed me at this hour, I cannot refrain from eulogising that spirit of broad-mindedness and toleration which prompted you some time ago to pass a Resolution, inviting other than Hindus to address you on occasions of the solemn character for which we are all assembled here this evening. Such a catholic spirit was, of course, to be expected from you, gentlemen of enlightenment and culture, who admired not a little that very spirit, which, above all others, characterised, when alive, the entire career, public and private, of that eminent individual whose memory you so lovingly keep green from year to year. But, while I am fully sensible of your kindness in inviting me to address you, it is much to be wished your

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\* Address by Mr. D. E. Wacha at the Hindu Club on the occasion of the Tenth Anniversary of the death of Mr. K. T. Telang, 19th September 1903.

choice had fallen on someone else who might have done better justice than myself to the memory of that dear friend, who, it is sad to say, has been prematurely lost to us, lost to the presidency, and lost to the country at large these ten years past. Indeed, it is a most melancholy circumstance that our misfortunes in this respect have been indeed heavy. We cannot recall without sorrow the names of Messrs. Narayen Parmanand and Jeverilal U. Yajnik—men who were contemporaries of the lamented friend who is the subject of our task to-day. Seniors no doubt they were to Mr. Telang, but both were intimately associated with him in his public work. To both, as I know, he paid the greatest respect for their age, their ability and for the grasp of those great questions which, even to-day, are burning problems for solution by the State. Above all, who can forget that other and greater loss, aye, irreparable loss, which the Empire at large has suffered by the death of Mr. Ranade,—Ranade the selfless and the stainless, Ranade the sterling patriot and

faithful historian, Ranade the economist, Ranade the philosopher cast in Hellenic mould, full of Hellenic spirit and Hellenic thought, reminding us at once of the classic Socrates, Ranade the Rishi or saint of our age, whom all India regarded with a reverence and admiration unprecedented in our annals. Again, only a fortnight ago we had to mourn the death of young Mr. Jamietram Nanabhoy Haridas, an assiduous and unobtrusive worker in law and education, who had given promise of a bright future. To me, it would seem that they have all gone, these good and worthy men, to swell, what the poet sweetly sings, "the fulness of the eternal psalm." Perchance, they have gone to ripen slowly to a higher birth, as deserving of their great *Dharma* in this life. All that remains to us is to cherish their memory with love and respect, and endeavour to walk in their footsteps—aye, so to live that when the sun of our existence sets, we, too, like them, may leave memorials of mercies done whose fragrance shall last, awhile. For, after all, what may be the true significance of so

solemn a commemoration as the one at which we all are assisting this evening with a united heart and a united mind ! To me it is neither more nor less than a trumpet call to duty, which we cannot shirk, but which we are bound by all the ties of our common humanity to discharge, if indeed we are to be true to ourselves and true to our fellow mortals. It is a call which is not simply a reminder of the good life that the illustrious dead before us have lived. It is something more. It imposes on us the solemn responsibility of making our lives as good as theirs, to the best of our humble light, our abilities, and our opportunities. The appreciation of a good character and a noble life, such as that of Mr. Ranade or Mr. Telang, is, after all, the prosaic realisation of those imperishable lines which we have learned by heart from our academic days upward :—

*“That men may raise on the stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.”*

The world's great dead in every clime and every age have taught humanity one important

lesson, that it is from the perfection of the individual that we arrive at the perfection of Society. The Christian dwells exclusively on the aspect of Death, but we non-Christians, we, the modern successors of the great Aryan race, have viewed it, from time immemorial, in another aspect, and the more important one, in my opinion, namely, the value of the dead who were good to the world at large. "Our minds are to dwell," as Mr. Spencer Beesly has observed, "not on the subjective life which awaits ourselves, but on those who have already passed into that form of existence; not on death but on the Dead; on the Dead whom we ourselves have known and loved in intimate personal relations; on the dead with whom we have not been in personal contact but whose services we can distinguish and gratefully commemorate." Thus in recalling to memory the deeds of the illustrious dead, whether or not personally known to ourselves, we follow the instinct implanted in human nature. Mr. Ranade himself had fully realised the significance of the celebration of

the character for which we are here met to-day. Addressing the members of your Club in 1898, he observed "that it was not without reason that our ancestors ordained it as a part of our religious duty that, once at least in the course of the year, there should be a fortnight set apart for these commemorations, so that each one in his own small sphere, and all of us in our collective sphere, may take stock of the fact that our present existence here is an existence limited by conditions over which we have no control, and that, unless we teach ourselves to regard it only as the place for fitting and preparing ourselves for a better existence, we fail to understand the mission of the life with which we are so much absorbed." This, I take it, to be the common creed of all Humanity. Indeed, what is the religion of Humanity if it not be that we shall remember with feelings of reverence all about the worthy Dead—"of the Dead whose life efforts converged towards the building up of Humanity, whose contributions, small or great, tended to promote

every form of human betterment." And it is only a truism to say that we honour more those whose services to Humanity were not merely spontaneous but reasoned and purposeful. Thus it is that keeping green the memory of the noble dead chastens, informs and stimulates us to become nobler examples of living. The good they did warm our hearts and radiate through our lives which, if equally good, should warm the hearts of lives which will succeed us, and so through generations yet unborn. In short, as a great scholar has said: "The illustrious dead live on, their influential sway augmenting with each generation." Age cannot wither, nor custom stale their infinite variety. It is only meet, therefore, that in our own little Cosmos, the memory of our illustrious dead, who have left footprints of their good work on the sands of time, should be cherished and recalled from season to season. And in my opinion there can be no better means of achieving that object than by annual gatherings such as we have to-day. To the men of



India there are no two more respected names than those of Mr. Telang and Mr. Ranade. Their psalm of life needs to be sung by one worthy of the noble theme. We are too prosaic and too feeble for so grand a work. At any rate, speaking for myself, I can say that I feel unequal to the task you have imposed on me. Only a scholar or a philosopher or poet can do justice to it. It is not possible for me to put in impressive language all that I feel within me as regards the two selfless and stainless men with whom it was my privilege to be intimately associated in my public life for some years. To my imagination they both appear as if standing on a distant hill, alone in all their glory, far away from the hum of the crowd and the buzz of the market place, silently holding a scroll in their hands, and beckoning us as if to say that we should not only behold and admire the work they did, but complete that which they left undone.

About Mr. Telang himself, it would be supererogatory on my part to say much more after the very exhaustive and learned address, so full

of practical sagacity, and so full of the counsel of perfection, which Mr. Ranade himself delivered in 1898 and which must for ever remain a monograph by itself, a monument of his own soaring genius as much as a faithful, admirable and inspiring memoir of his deceased colleague. He has therein given ample scope to the biographer of Mr. Telang, and it would hardly do for me to encroach on his domain. Let us all hope that, however slow that life may be in coming out, the writer will be gifted enough to illuminate all the strong and weak points in Mr. Telang's career. What I conceive is truthfully needed for a biography is not so much exceptional power or exceptional beauty as exceptional illumination. He should penetrate behind the veil which now conceals some of the least explained incidents of Mr. Telang's life; so that the true inwardness of those incidents and the interest they awake may not be missed or misrepresented. According to my own ideal of what a biography should be, that is to say, if it is to have any value, it must contain the materials

for moral judgment, based on facts. It is not necessary for me to say aught about the change in the conception of biography as is now understood in the world of literature. In former days, according to a versatile writer, "a biography was consciously and avowedly an account of that part of life, and of that only, with which the public was supposed to have any connection. It was in one sense a more partial ideal. And yet in another sense it was a more complete ideal, for it proposed to narrate nothing that could not be narrated fully. It set its object further off, but for that very reason, it could give the whole figure. The new ideal, that everything that can be told about a hero should be told, is really a much more fragmentary conception, for it takes as much that it is impossible to give completely. We now know much about him that in former days we should have not known, but probably in many respects, when formerly our minds would have been a blank, they are now filled with misconceptions..... The theory that reserve is hostile to truth is the

very thing to be protested against. The belief that all a biographer has to consider is what his readers will receive with interest, tends to develop that which, on a small scale, we call a love of gossip, and which, in its fullest development, is the very antithesis to modesty, to refinement, to all that gives dignity and softness to human relations."

Leaving, then, gentlemen, to the biographer proper of Mr. Telang what he has to say, I will now touch as briefly as possible on my own experience. It was in the year 1880 that Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, returning from London after the completion of that remarkable handiwork of his, which is still a bone of controversy, namely, the poverty and condition of India, felt the advisability of restoring to Bombay that political activity which was to be discerned during the second short life of the old Bombay Association. For some reason or another, that organisation became moribund after having been ably steered for some years by that careful pilot, no other than the late Mr. Naoroji Furdoonji. It is said

that partly it was owing to the internal dissensions among the members of the Working Committee and partly to the activity of the kindred organization instituted in Bombay by Mr. Dadabhai himself—the Bombay branch of the East India Association. But if the Bombay Association thus became defunct it was also feared by Mr. Dadabhai that his own bantling, reared since 1868, might share the same fate. The public spirit seemed to have suffered a severe eclipse. Even the branch was known to be doing its work most fitfully, and it was apprehended that it might die also if allowed to drift. The very few actively connected with the management of the branch were so absorbed in other work, more of a personal than public character, that it was not possible to galvanise even the branch into life unless a strong effort was made. Mr. Dadabhai saw at once that what was most wanted to induce activity into the organization was a new set of workers. So he sedulously set about introducing new blood. The present narrator

was one of the men requisitioned into the service of the branch Association. And thus it was that the first relations were established between Mr. Telang and myself. With a new Working Committee, good work was, of course, done, which really delighted the heart of Mr. Dada-bhai and restored the normal throb of the political pulse which had threatened to ebb away. Mr. Telang and Mr. Mehta were most conspicuous in the internal direction, though the brunt of the harder work was borne by the former. Between 1882 and 1884 considerable important work was satisfactorily accomplished. Firstly, there was the District Municipalities Bill, the first offspring of the memorable Resolution of the beloved Lord Ripon on the scheme of Local Self-Government—the Resolution to which the whilom Revenue Member of the Bombay Government, with a strange forgetfulness, attempted the other day to give the go-bye, but to which our leader promptly recalled public attention the week before last in the columns of the *Times of India*. The Draft Bill had to be

carefully considered section by section. Mr. Telang was the directing talent and cautious guide of the Working Committee. It was this work that I saw him do there which informed me at once that I was in contact with a master mind, both of principle and details, great ability, of inexhaustible patience, of extreme modesty and, above all, free from dogmatism. I also discovered his persuasive powers and his debating strength. They were such as to do credit to the most practised debater in a Select Committee of the House of Commons.

We next busied ourselves with that stormy petrel of Imperial Legislation, popularly known as the Ilbert Bill. This is not the place to enter into a disquisition on the merits of that ill-fated measure. Suffice it to say that Mr. Ilbert, then Law Member of the Viceregal Legislative Council, was in charge of it. But he had little to do with the intrinsic part of it and the policy underlying it. All the same, the Bill has since come to be known after his name. The European community of Bengal were greatly

incensed at its provisions which contemplated equality before the law. But this white un-beneficed bureaucracy, pampered as it was from the days of the Law Membership of Sir James Fitz-Stephen, who first tampered with the Indian Penal Code in a spirit opposed to the original despatch of 1834 of the Court of the Directors of the East India Company, which insisted on having equal justice for the white and the black subjects of His Majesty, rebelled at the idea that they should be subjected to the same law. Such was their pride of race and such their aversion to the constitution of the country, that they set on foot a formidable agitation for repealing the provisions to which they objected, and established a Defence Fund and a Defence Association to fight out the Bill tooth and nail. In its conception the movement little differed from the agitation set up anew by the same Bengal community at this very hour in the metropolis of the Empire over the Bain case, the merits of which it would be foreign to the purpose of this address to refer to. But those



of you who may not have been fully acquainted with the fierce agitation raised nearly two decades ago by the Calcutta planters and merchants, may view in the present movement a replica, albeit in a milder form, of its predecessor, and thus realise in imagination the intensity, violence and disloyalty of those men to the constituted authorities which attended the introduction of the Ilbert Bill in the Viceregal Legislative Council.

The Defence Association in reality was a Defiance Association—a defiance, I repeat, of the constituted authorities in Government and a most disloyal opposition. They raised a storm unparalleled in the annals of Indian legislation and so far carried their lawlessness as to threaten even the very Viceroy with department! The history of that agitation is indeed most discreditable, and will always be recorded by the impartial historian of the future in the terms it deserves. Its authors must feel themselves ashamed of it to-day. The strife in Bengal was indeed great. That province seemed to have

lost its head. The Press, Anglo-Indian and Indian, indulged in mutual recriminations, and even abuse, which cannot be read to-day, after such a lapse of time, without amazement, that those who ought to have set a better example in obedience to the laws of the land should have played such fantastic antics before high Heaven as even to make angels weep. One Anglo-Indian paper, exceeded all the bounds of parliamentary language. It simply cast to the winds the limits of freedom, and, like the unlicensed scribbler, indulged in unmitigated abuse of the Indian character. In short, the European element forgot that it was European. It was scratched on its back and discovered to be primitive Tartar. There was no limit to the base denunciations hurled at the head of the unoffending Government. Madras, too, was partially gone mad. In Bombay alone there was discerned nothing or next to nothing, of that fury, abuse and wild fanaticism which disgraced Bengal. Sobriety of thought characterised the utterances of the citizens of Bombay. Though Europeans and

natives differed, they conducted the discussions in their respective organs of public opinion with moderation and in language which was parliamentary. There was a public meeting to memorialise the Government from the Indian point of view. Equality before the law, as enjoined by the Charter Act of 1833 and the Queen's Proclamation of 1858, were the two principal points elaborated. The principal speakers at that historical meeting were the then Triumvirate of Bombay politicians—Messrs. Budrudin Tyabji, Mehta and Telang. That was a memorable meeting for those who attended it, and still more memorable for the remarkably well argued out and sober speeches made thereat—speeches which might have been heard at a full-dress first class debate in the hall of St. Stephens. Its influence was such that even the rabid Anglo-Indians at the seat of Government had to look small for the example the trio set in the amenities of a raging public controversy. Mr. Telang's speech was one sustained stream of consummate reasoning to delight the heart of all

lovers in dialectics. It was then for the first time revealed what powers of popular oratory Mr. Telang possessed. The audience then discovered that sweet voice, that persuasive and earnest eloquence, and that uniform flow of sweet reason to which Mr. Ranade has alluded in his address. A calmer and more solid piece of forensic ratiocination in the midst of the fiery whirlwind of passion and prejudice raging outside the presidency was never heard before. It was also a fine example of that intense self-restraint which the serene and farsighted statesman, who is not merely the politician, puts upon himself during an eventful crisis. In fact, on that day, Mr. Telang revealed to the world of India what a man of careful speech was he. There was none of the legal casuistry which members of the Bar attributed to him in his later days, and which was alleged to be not absent in some of his utterances from the Bench after his elevation there. He had none of the rhetorical gestures of the trained orator, and none of the declamatory spirit. His speech

was like a stream meandering in its onward course at an even measure or rhythm, but never swelling to that roar and force which is inseparable from the waters of a great river in her rapid onward course towards the infinite sea. The roar and the force, the foaming and the lashing, and the flow majestic of those mighty waters were all supplied in due proportion by his colleague, no other than the courageous and valiant Mr. Mehta. His was the fire and the other inspiriting elements which, along with the admirable speech of Mr. Tyabji, contributed to the brilliant and marvellous success of that historical meeting. In truth, Mr. Telang uniformly observed to his friends that on the public platform, in the Corporation, in the hall of the University Senate, and in the chamber of the Legislative Council, the fire and the enthusiasm needed for the occasion were invariably supplied by Mr. Mehta. He led the van, holding aloft the standard of reform, be it municipal or political, educational or industrial, and marching straight to the goal. Like the heroes of

Balaklava, Mr. Mehta in such strife has always been to the front, be the metaphorical cannons where they may, be they to the right of him, or to the left of him, or in face of him. He discharges his own mitrailleuse, so to say, with precision, playing no mean execution among the embattled host on the opposite side. Thus it is that many a civic, many a provincial, and many an imperial battle of reform has been won in public interests. In short, as far as Mr. Telang's public writings and speeches are concerned, it will be found that they are wanting in the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Mehta, as much as in his biting sarcasm, his playful satire, and his love of ridicule. Mr. Telang had less of the rapier point and more of the butt-end of the marlin spike.

The Ilbert controversy cooled down, especially after the masterly exposition of Sir Auckland Colvin on the compromise or truce which was concluded between the Government and the enraged Anglo-Indians, as described in that well-known pamphlet—"If it be true, what

does it mean?" Such, however, was the consummate statesmanship and marvel of coolness the Bombay Triumvirate displayed at the time, that when the third public event, also promoted by the Bombay branch of the East India Association, became history in the city, there was a generous appreciation of those qualities from no less a personage than the distinguished Sir Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer—the ruler of Egypt, whose successful administration during the last eighteen years has demonstrated to the world of civilization what foresight, financial experience, diplomacy, and constitutional training could achieve by way of amelioration of millions of a down-trodden race without the beating of drums, the flourish of trumpets, and the gorgeous pageantry of state. To me, it appears, and I cannot resist expressing myself on this occasion, that it is India's greatest misfortune to be debarred from being ruled by Viceroys of the type and character of Lord Cromer. In replying to the deputation which waited on him at "Bella Vista," on behalf of

the public meeting which was held in the hall of the Framjee Cowasjee Institute on 28th August, 1883, for presenting him with an address for the many sterling services he had rendered to the country in his capacity as Finance Minister, Sir Evelyn Baring observed that it gave him peculiar pleasure to receive the address, for he had learned to regard "the public opinion of Bombay as expressive, perhaps, of the best type of political thought in India." It was understood at the time that this appreciative sentiment had reference to the sobriety and ability with which the great historical meeting on the Ilbert Bill was conducted.

Soon after, there was that other public meeting in reference to the farewell reception in honour of Lord Ripon, whose Viceroyalty was so exceedingly remarkable for advancing the permanent welfare of Indians in all important directions, namely agricultural, industrial and educational. So impressed were the leading citizens of Bombay, especially Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji and his colleagues, in the active political



work of the country, with regard to the importance of promoting indigenous industries and manufactures, to which continued attention was given since the days of the famine of 1876-77, that it was resolved to utilise the permanent fund then sought to be raised in honour of that popular Viceroy, for establishing an industrial school. I am personally aware of the fact how deeply was Mr. Telang interested in the industrial progress of the country, and how keen he was, equally with Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji and Mr. P. M. Mehta, to see a good beginning made with the funds at their disposal. This resolution, passed on 28th November, 1884, needs to be recalled here if for no other purpose than to prove how unfounded are the charges of our mentors of to day in the distinguished service, that educated Indians are neglecting this branch of activity: "That as an humble acknowledgment of his eminent services, His Excellency be requested to allow his name to be connected with a permanent institution in the shape of an Industrial School, to be founded in Bombay, and

with such other memorial as may be hereafter determined."

The events of 1883 and 1884, however, were so far instructive that it was thought imperatively necessary to have a new political organisation altogether. The local branch of the East India Association was considered hardly suitable for the extended sphere of political activity which was recognised as essential in view of the greater needs of the country. Hence the genesis of the Bombay Presidency Association, which, it may be observed, had the full sympathy of Sir William Wedderburn and Principal Wordsworth. Its formation was deemed a happy augury for renewed political activity. And, viewing back the amount of public work the Association has continuously rendered during the eighteen years of its existence, none can deny the wisdom and foresight of those who were primarily interested in its establishment. There has not been in the interval a single matter of local, provincial or imperial importance which it has not tackled, and tackled with success. To this plain and

unvarnished fact its past records bear abundant testimony. The formation of the Presidency Association, the Honorary Secretaryship of which I was invited to take up jointly with Messrs. Mehta and Telang, brought me into closer and more intimate contact with the last named. This closer contact gave me ample opportunities, not only of appreciating his political activity, but also his political sagacity. I saw at once how quickly he grasped the broad lines underlying a given State measure, how he detected the fallacies thereof, and how he was a master of the art of practical logic to demonstrate them to conclusion. It was indeed a great pleasure to work with him. Evening after evening we used to meet in the old rooms of the Association, and talk over public affairs. The labour of preparing drafts mostly devolved on me, and when a draft memorial or petition was prepared we used to sit together and finally revise it. Sometimes we were assisted in this laborious work by the late Mr. Dinsha P. Kanga, a most keen politician, who, even at that early

stage of his political career, had given ample promise of a most brilliant future, but who, mournful to state, was prematurely lost to us within two years of the establishment of the Association. Mr. Mehta was too busy to join our almost daily confabulations, but we used to keep him continually informed of what was going on, and when draft petitions or memorials were finally prepared, we used to pass them on to him for his perusal, with a view to any alterations, if needed. To me it affords the greatest pleasure to say that we all three worked in the fullest harmony, and there was scarcely a public question on which we differed. If we differed at all, it was more as to some difference of details rather than to principle. The last most important memorial in which I had the joint benefit of the experience of both my colleagues was in reference to the Association's representations on the subject of the Bombay Municipal Bill, which is now called Act I. of 1888. I had not been in the Corporation till then, and my experience of its inner working was limited. In the preparation of

that memorial the advice of Messrs. Telang and Mehta was invaluable, owing to their experience as members of the Corporation. Both were members of the Legislative Council; and, though both, out of delicacy, remained outside the Working Committee, they were not wanting in giving us all necessary hints, and putting us on the right track. Perhaps few of the public of Bombay are aware of the amount of time, labour and thought bestowed on the moulding of the Bill, more or less in harmony with popular opinion, as vigorously echoed in the Corporation, than by these two members; while the citizens owe it almost entirely to Mr. Mehta the final shaping of the many important constitutional and administrative provisions in the Select Committee which sat at Mahableshwar. Mr. Telang, owing to his professional avocations, was unable to join his colleague there, but there was a continued correspondence going on between the two on many knotty points which used to crop up during the course of the work of the Select Committee. There is not the least doubt that

but for the gallant fight they made with regard to the Bill, Bombay to-day would have had to be contented with that piece of illiberal measure which the bureaucratic instinct of Mr. Charles Olivant had so cleverly and skilfully prepared—a measure which gave only a homœopathic dose of freedom to the Corporation while reserving to the Municipal Commissioner all real power, including power over the finances of the civic treasury. It was owing to the united exertions of this political Dioskouri of the eighties that that illiberal and narrow-minded measure was completely set aside and superseded by the one now in force.

One more fact, however, in connection with the Association remains to be noticed. The first Indian National Congress was to have been held in Poona; but, as the fates would have it, cholera broke out on the very eve of the Congress session. I was away for a brief holiday at Matheran. Mr. Telang summoned me by wire to come down to assist him in the new and arduous work, of even greater importance than that of

the Association, which had devolved on us all three. Mr. Telang had the principal share in the details of the arrangement for the accommodation of the delegates and other necessary matters. It was a Herculean effort, but we went through it, no doubt spurred on by the consciousness of the fact that we were bearing our first burden of the new national organisation, the potency and influence of which it was then not possible to estimate. The kind assistance of two such stalwart and sterling English friends as Sir William Wedderburn and Principal Wordsworth was invaluable, and was not a little contributory to the success of the first National Convention, which met in that historical house, over-hanging the Gowalia Tank, where is now the seat of Sanskrit learning provided by the charities of Mr. Gokuldas Tejpal. The last Congress in which he took an active part was the fourth one, held at Allahabad in 1888, under the presidency of the ever-to-be-remembered Mr. George Yule. In every sense, it was an epoch-making one, and

that genuine and sympathetic President broke the back of the opposition which Sir Auckland Colvin had so absurdly fomented through his instruments, the late Sir Syed Ahmed Khan and Raja Shiva Prasad. Mr. Telang delivered a memorable speech on the subject of reform and expansion of the then existing Legislative Councils, which is vividly remembered to this day by all who heard him. To my ear it rings as if it had been delivered yesterday, full as it was of that close reasoning, persuasive eloquence, and convincing logic of which he was master. That speech, apart from the other three which he delivered, one on the Public Service Commission and the other on Volunteering and the establishment of Military Colleges, I need not say, bound fresh laurels to the brow of Mr. Telang. Little did we know then that before another twelve months were over his sphere of political activity would come to an end. The lamented death of Mr. Justice Nanabhoy Haridas caused a vacancy on the bench of our High Court, which Lord Reay invited Mr. Telang to fill. We had, however,



the satisfaction to know that, though elevated to the Bench, the benefit of his ripe counsel and experience would still be available to us and I had often to consult him in private on public affairs. But his elevation to the Bench was in 1889. Meanwhile the fifth Congress was to be held in this city in the Christmas of that year. While the brunt of the executive work fell on my shoulders to a large extent, it should be stated that no person was more busy in influencing some of the wealthy shettias of Bombay, his Hindu friends, than Mr. Telang to subscribe liberally towards the Congress fund. We used to have our regular meetings to arrange all details, and I have not known that Mr. Telang was absent at a single one. Nay, not only was he never absent, but his punctuality was indeed exemplary—a punctuality which, it is very much to be wished, the workers of to-day in the public life of Bombay would faithfully follow.

And here I may relate one more event which for a time was connected with public affairs. It

was thought soon after the institution of the Congress, that there should be a regular telegraphic service to London. A sum of rupees eighteen thousand had been collected by Mr. Hume, with the aid of Mr. Telang, and the monies were deposited with him. The Indian National Telegraph Union did valuable service while the fund lasted. We sent, from time to time, as public affairs demanded, a large number of telegrams, all of which are to be found in the records of the Presidency Association. These telegrams were prepared by a small Committee of what we called our "Inner Circle." Sometimes Mr. Wordsworth assisted us in the matter. Unfortunately, as the funds were not replenished, this very valuable service came to an end.

At last Mr. Telang's elevation to the Bench came, and he had perforce to withdraw himself from our Congress deliberations. But he continued to evince the same unabated interest in it; and many were my private conversations with him as to the progress our organisations were

making. I know as a matter of fact how often, when we met together, either by chance or by appointment, he talked both on the affairs of the Congress and the Association. And how sad it is to say that when he looked forward with the keenest interest to the Lahore Congress of 1893, at which Mr. Dadabhai was to preside, the cruel hand of death should have snatched him away from us. The satisfaction he felt at the election of Mr. Dadabhai as M. P.; and the greatest interest he evinced in his career in the House of Commons are, perhaps, known only to a few.

My personal relations with him were of the very best from the very day that I became his coadjutor in the public life of Bombay. The acquaintance first formed at meetings of the Working Committee of the East India Association soon ripened into friendship. In the interval we often exchanged thoughts as to the progress and extension of political activity in Bombay. His great complaint was—and I may say it is my standing complaint also—that there were so few earnest and zealous workers. While

there was no amount of barking and carping at the few who unostentatiously bore the burden of the work, without a murmur and without any hope of reward, save the reward which cometh of popular appreciation of good work done, the number of those who offered to co-operate systematically and perseveringly was few. He was most bitter on the subject, and often expressed his disappointment at this circumstance. He had no patience with those who, sitting astride on the fence of politics, were the foremost to hurl their ill-disguised criticisms behind the back of the unselfish workers, and would yet decline to co-operate when repeatedly asked to do so. Himself a man who never shirked any drudgery, however taxing and fatiguing, Mr. Telang worked at any cause on hand with cheerfulness and with a ten mules' dogged industry. It was not unnatural that he viewed this particular aspect of political work with sorrow. He would have some young men of ability, "enthusiasm and earnestness trained for it. I need not say that I tried that

experiment myself, and to my grief I am obliged to acknowledge that it came to nothing. There was spasmodic activity, but beyond it nothing. The men who came to me first with the greatest alacrity soon made themselves scarce. Now it should be remembered that there is no royal road to knowledge, be it scientific, or moral, or political, or any other. The road is straight but narrow. And he only can reach the goal who proceeds on his onward path with patience, perseverance and steadfastness of aim. It is in this respect that Mr. Telang's character as a practical and successful politician comes out with irresistible force. It is this aspect of his public life which needs to be well studied by the rising generation of educated India. As "Cosmos" once observed in one of his facetious contributions to the English Press—  
"Tea and coffee, fruit and ices, champagne and claret cup are pleasant things in their way, but they cannot be called the sinews of political warfare. The battle of the constitution is not to be fought and won by gentlemen and ladies

who scramble for light refreshment at a meagre buffet in a Belgravia drawing room. Something more stirring and stimulating, as well as more solidly nutritious, is required."

Apart from his prodigious industry, Mr. Telang had the special gift of lucidity of speech. This I take to be the outcome of that clearness of thought which he possessed in so remarkable a degree. His grasp of fundamental principles was great, and he was, therefore, most able to give expression to them with a perspicacity which left little to be desired. He never howled to order, or cooed to command; for that was the very opposite of his nature and of his political environments. He had not about him, in short, the hither-and-thither method of reasoning; all was serene. The syllogism was always carefully considered beforehand, and he knew how to state his major premiss and the middle term. Another peculiarity in his political discourses was his lavishness in defence and his frugality in attack. Lastly, his political opposition to Government was chiefly characterised by a spirit

of co-operation and reconciliation, a method which, I know, he constantly inculcated on his young friends.

Coming to his attitude in the matter of Hindu social reform, it may be said that its pivot was a spirit of the utmost toleration and humbleness. Like Mr. Ranade, he had well considered the formidable difficulties which beset the path of those who were sincerely anxious to ameliorate the prevalent social condition of the Hindu community. Not a Hindu myself, I would fain hold silence on so difficult a subject, but you will pardon me if I crave your indulgence for a few minutes to give my own general impressions, so far as I formed them, in my many conversations on this subject with Mr. Telang. I have read somewhere in the Greek classics that the ancient Hellenic philosophers had a word called *Sophrosyne*, which, as I understand it, meant what we should now call temperate—temperance in words and deeds. “Be moderate; know thyself” was the shibboleth. Their joint observance constituted the characteristic virtue of *Sophro-*

*zyne*. This was the motto of both Mr. Ranade and Mr. Telang. Hence they advanced slowly in the matter of social reform. The Himalayas had to be scaled. But the way was long, and beset with formidable difficulties at every stage. The reformers had had necessarily to look not only to their right and left, but above and below, to the front and rear. For on all sides there are obstacles of a most insurmountable character. Time and energy may show them by and by, as years roll on, to be less insurmountable than they seem to be. No doubt, the law of the Universe is Progress. But it is also true that progress is slow and by degrees—from precedent to precedent. Social progress is of the slowest everywhere. Like every other mode of motion, it has its appropriate rhythm, its epoch of severe restraints followed by epochs of rebellious licenses, as history has recorded. And, situated as Hindu society is, with its deep-rooted conservatism of ages, its traditions and superstitions, the progress of social reform must be even slower than in other countries. The problem



is full of complexities. It is not as if you could provide ready panaceas which quacks and empiricists offer. Mr. Telang did not belong to the order of the social quack, who recommends salves and washes with bluster as remedies for social evils, hardened and incrustated by lapse of centuries. Hence he had no sympathy with the social quacks who were so eager to have certain questions of Hindu social life settled all in a trice by legislation. It was to him, as I know, a source of constant bitterness and vexation, the vehemence with which the promoters of social reform in its early stage in different parts of India, and notably in this city, went on carrying their crusade.

They rather harmed a good cause by their self-love and overweening conceit. It was most provoking to see the ignorance of these militant propagandists. Yet these were the men who had set up on high as reformers, and for a time were not slow in hurling from their giddy height their thoughtless denunciations against those, who, like Mr. Telang, counselled action on the

lines of the least resistance. The crusaders went about their campaign most light-heartedly, forgetting the opposition of the Cossacks of selfish sectarianism—a powerful body—and the equally powerful Bashi Buzouks of worn-out dogmas. Those were not to be slain so easily as they thought, and as they eventually found to their cost. There were other lions in the path besides. But the reformers took little heed of these. In their very zeal and fanaticism, they continued to hurl their barbed shafts and their pointed spears at the party of moderation. It was not till a good deal of mischief was perpetrated, on the counsel of many a wise and friendly person, including some English friends, that they abated their vehemence and moderated their zeal. Mr. Dadabhai himself thought how Hindu society had “a Himalaya to cut.” The difficulties in the cause of social reform could not have been more pithily and yet laconically expressed. The reformers little knew, or cared not if they knew, that the reform was as difficult as the lifting of a kingdom from its base by the paral-

telegram of forces. Here, too, I noticed that the secret of Mr. Telang's success was his perseverance in those broad and statesmanlike principles which he had firmly laid down at the very outset of his public career. The work of centuries cannot be crowded into a few years. That is a lesson which ardent reformers of Hindu society have learned; other reforms may be quickened and turned early into accomplished facts, but this will take years on years. First of all the dead inertia, which has overtaken millions, has to be moved. Here education is the only solvent. It will be the potent element which will move the glacier. Secondly, the old spirit, which has evaporated, needs to be brought back actively into requisition. At present what is to be noticed is decrepitude on one side, and extreme sanguineness on the other—inertia or torpor on the one hand, and momentum or over-activity on the other. Both need to be corrected. Both must be brought in a line in due proportion, with a consummate practical

leader of the type of Mr. Ranade. Above all, reformers of the moderate school, of which Mr. Telang was the greatest protagonist, must know that they should act as the stalwart Puritans, with hopefulness, inscribed on their standard, that hopefulness, which Mr. Ranade shrewdly observed, was the watch-word of the Telang school. Above all, their own daily life should be an exemplar and a model. For, remember please, the sage remark of Goethe, namely, that our daily life is more instructive than the most instructive book.

There is one incident in Mr. Telang's life to which I would, with your indulgence, venture to refer. Those who little knew the mental struggle which he had in connection with the marriage of his infant daughter speak most opprobriously of the good and gentle man. The accusation is that he had not the moral courage to follow the life-long principles he had inculcated, and that he eventually succumbed, with the net result that he set no creditable example to the supporters of the party of social reform.

I will not say that the charge is unfounded. I neither wish to defend it nor contradict it. But let me put before you the view which the accomplished Mrs. E. B. Harrison has very recently expressed on the subject of compromise. She says that there can be no compromise with the laws bequeathed to us by ancient theocracies: "thou shalt do no murder: thou shall not steal," &c., &c. But the difficulties for the individual man or woman begins too often at home, in the painful conflict of jarring religions and political opinions. As a woman, and from a woman's stand-point, the writer ventures these considerations. It is doubtless inevitable that conflict, unrest and a certain perturbation of spirit should attend the gradual acceptance of the reign of law as a scientific basis of religion. The inevitableness is not, perhaps, sufficiently recognised, nor the tragedy of it all, that pain should be given to the best and most tender-hearted of the men and women of one generation. Tragic, too, is it that these in turn also give and pain, sometimes inflict grievous

injury on those they love. And yet the pain is not the result of wrong-doing ; it comes from no want of thought or heart. What, then, is the individual to do ? How can he minimise the suffering to those he loves, and yet safe-guard his own integrity of conscience, how can an atmosphere of sincerity be created and maintained in the home, which shall allow for differences of opinion and shall encourage each individual to be his truest and best ? \* \* There is no good woman but must be won by such loyalty, no woman but must honour her husband the more when she finds him constant in the service of men, the faithful servitor of noble ideals, and for the rest, although it may never be possible for man and wife to think alike, the love and respect they entertain for each other must ennoble the views of each, and help them to meet in a truly religious spirit." May I not plead for a consideration of this aspect of the matter seeing that after all humanity is what its verities have made it ? Let us all in a spirit of mutual forbearance and toleration consider this view, which is the view of an

enlightened woman, who has given considerable thought to this delicate question. Is there not something in it which should make us all pause and consider ; at any rate, let us restrain ourselves from pronouncing a too hasty judgment.

But, gentlemen, social reform does not consist only in domestic reform among the members of the Hindu community. It embraces, in my opinion, a wider field in which all can work, Hindus and non-Hindus. The extension of medical relief in Bombay, the spread of the rudimentary knowledge of sanitation, the want of which is partially accountable for the havoc that diseases of diverse character have been playing in our midst for these seven years, the benefits of comparative cleanliness, the evils of overcrowding, the poverty of the masses and their gradual amelioration, all these and other kindred questions of the highest importance to our future well-being need to be included in the scope of social reform in its largest and broadest sense. These are not so difficult of accomplishment as the more complex, and,

therefore, more formidable, problem of reform of Hindu domestic life. Each of you in your humble way could assist in bringing out these much needed reforms. I do not expect that you will achieve miracles; but at any rate you can lay the humble foundations of the edifice which buidlers in the same line coming after you may crown with success. The copingstone of the arch may yet be a remote operation. It may loom in the distant horizon; but it is within your reach by means of co-operation, self-help and unity of purpose, to lay the solid foundation, of the edifice of Social Reform. It will not do to sit with folded hands and blinded eyes. The spirit of pessimism which, it is to be feared, has overtaken you for some years past, needs to be exercised and substituted by the spirit of hopefulness. Pray, remember that there is no reform without reformers and that all reform must emanate from within. If each of you only resolve that you will form yourselves into a noble band of reformers and carry on the work that is still



awaiting you with two such excellent and inspiring models as Mr. Ranade and Mr. Telang, I do not see any cause for despondency in the near future. Or, if a living example were wanted, take the model of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, who has been incessantly at work since the days of his youth. And though he has passed the age of Methusaleh and will be four-score years twelve months hence, he is still striving to do good to the country, almost unaided, amidst most formidable obstacles and even obloquy. In the noble work he has undertaken to discharge he never has known what it is to be defeated. Defeat to him only means fresh perseverance and efforts to reach the goal temporarily obstructed. Thus in the cause of social and political and all other progress we should never say die.

Ladies and gentlemen, in conclusion, I hark back to the theme before us to-day. As I said at the outset, nothing could be more encouraging than this practice of annual commemoration of the departed worthies. You know well how

each year the ardent successors and followers of the great founder of the Religion of Humanity commemorate some of the world's best men who have been known to have rendered distinct service to the cause of humanity. As one of them observed in his address, in the same year that Mr. Ranade addressed you: "There have been men and women like ourselves who lived and died unknown. Insignificant as we are, insignificant as seems the good we do, we help to add units to the countless host who preceded us, and we increase the sum of their labours for the good, beautiful and true, as minute coralines, depositing their shells, formed deep islets in the Pacific. How little we can do at best to add to the enormous riches of Humanity! And yet these riches would be less than they are but for persons like ourselves, her unknown servants. \* \* It will not be long before we too shall join the majority. Others will stand at this desk, to address other ears, and move other hearts. Those of us who have borne the heat and burden of the day will welcome the

silent call to rest, and stand in their lot at the end of the days."

With these trumpet words I bring this address to a close. Let us not grieve for the voice that is gone, but whose tender tones, when living, healed and reconciled us. Let us take a leaf from his book and strive to imitate his example. How we know

" His gently spoken word  
Composed the internecine strife  
That restless spirits stirred "

That gentle soul is now gone to his last resting-place, but his words and works endure. So, remembering those words and works, let me repeat the lines of an unknown singer :

" Just as a withered rose, it is said,  
Laid on St Francis' tomb,  
Renewed its vanished tints, and spread into a second  
bloom,

Even so of all the fading sheaf  
One transient bud to save  
We lay this flower of love and grief  
Upon our dear friend's grave.



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# RANADE & TELANG.

APPRECIATIONS BY

THE HON. MR G. K. GOKHAL, C.I.E.

*Member of the Imperial Legislative Council*

AND

MR. DINSHAW EDULJI WACHA,

*President of the 17th Indian National Congress*

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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THIS booklet contains the full text of the Anniversary Address delivered by the Hon'ble Mr. Gokhale on "The late Mr. Justice Ranade" at the Hindu Club in Bombay and also that of Mr. Dinshaw Edulji Wacha on "The late Mr. Justice Telang" delivered before the same body. We have no doubt that a perusal of the accounts herein given of the lives of these two eminent Indian worthies will be stimulating and inspiring and will enable the readers to understand how under British rule it is possible now for all good and true sons of India to combine loyal service to the State with patriotic endeavours for the advancement of the people.





The Late M. G. RANADE.



**The Late K. T. TELANG.**



G. K. GOKHALE.





D. E. WACHA.

## THE LATE Mr. JUSTICE RANADE.\*

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Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen :—

In January last, my friend Mr. Padhye invited me in the name of the Hindu Union Club to deliver the address at this year's Anniversary of Mr. Ranade's death. When I received his letter, I felt at once that it was a call to which it was my duty to respond but I was then in Calcutta and there was no prospect of my returning to this side before the end of March. I, therefore, wrote back to explain how I was situated, offering at the same time to place my humble services at the disposal of the Club, should it on any account be thought desirable to postpone the day of this gathering. The Committee of the Club very courteously accepted my offer, and appointed a day convenient to me. And thus it is that you find me this afternoon standing before you

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\* Anniversary Address at the Hindu Club in Bombay by the Hon'ble Mr. G. K. Gokhale, B A, C I E

to deliver an address, which should really have been delivered something like six months ago.

Ladies and gentlemen, it was easy for me to say 'yes' to the request contained in Mr. Padhye's letter. It was by no means so easy to make up my mind as to what I should say in the course of my address. You all know that Mr. Ranade had great talents, and were joined to a prodigious amount of industry, and a singular depth of earnest conviction. And for thirty-five years, this most remarkable man read, and thought, and wrote, and spoke, and worked incessantly, almost without a day's break or holiday. The material, therefore, on which one may base one's address on Mr. Ranade, is bound to bewilder and overwhelm by its very immensity. Indeed, it seems to me to be an easier matter to deliver a series of a dozen addresses on the different aspects of Mr. Ranade's life and life-work, than to attempt a general discourse such as I am expected to deliver this afternoon. Thus we might speak of Mr. Ranade as a man—one of the saintliest men

of our time—one, contact with whom was elevating and holy; or we might speak of him as a patriot, whose love of India overflowed all bounds and whose unwearied exertions for her welfare will always be a bright, and shining example to the people of this land; or we might speak of him as a reformer, whose comprehensive gaze ranged over the entire fabric from summit to base, and took in at the same time all parts of it, political, social, religious, industrial, moral and educational; or we might speak of him as a scholar or as a teacher, or again as a worker, I believe, the greatest worker of our time; or we might take his opinions and teachings and the methods that he favoured in the different fields of our national activity and examine them. We might thus have a dozen different discourses, and yet not exhaust our subject. But a general address touching on all these sides of Mr. Ranade's work, and yet avoiding the appearance of mere common-place observations, is, in my opinion, a most difficult task. In what I am

going to say to you to-day, I do not propose to present anything like a critical estimate of Mr. Ranade's career or achievement. In the first place, we are not sufficiently removed from his time. And secondly, I stood too near him to be able to possess that aloofness, without which no critical estimate can be usefully attempted. But this very nearness, which disqualifies me, to a certain extent, for forming a critical estimate, gave me exceptional opportunities to become acquainted with his innermost thoughts and hopes, with his ideals and aspirations, and with the main springs of that magnetic influence, which he exercised on all who came in contact with him. And it is of these that I propose to speak here to-day. I will tell you as briefly as I can what it was that struck me most in him during the fourteen years that I was privileged to sit at his feet; what was the faith in him, and what sustained that faith in the midst of great difficulties and disappointments; and finally what message he has left behind for the rising generations of his country, so that the

harvest for which he laboured may be reaped and not lost in the fullness of time.

#### HIS PATRIOTISM.

The first thing that struck any one who came in contact with Mr. Ranade, as underlying all his marvellous personality, was his pure, fervent, profound patriotism. In all my experience, I have met only one other, so utterly absorbed, day and night, in thoughts of his country and of her welfare—and that is Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji. To him India's past was a matter of great, of legitimate pride ; but even more than the past, his thoughts were with the present and the future, and this was at the root of his matchless and astonishing activity in different fields of reform. Mr. Ranade had realized clearly and completely the great possibilities for us Indians under British rule and the limitations under which practical work for the country had to be done in the existing state of things. I have heard that when he was at College, his ideas were indeed wilder. The late Mr. Javerilal Bhai once told me that in those days Mr. Ranade once wrote an

éssay, disparaging greatly the British Government, as contrasted with Mahratta rule. Sir Alexander Grant, who was then Principal of Elphinstone College, and who had great admiration for Mr. Ranade's talents, and a feeling of personal affection for him, sent for him, and, after pointing out to him the error of his views, said to him, "Young man, you should not thus run down a Government which is educating you and doing so much for your people." And to mark his serious displeasure, he suspended Mr. Ranade's scholarship for six months. I may state at once that this remonstrance left no bitter feeling behind, for Mr. Ranade, throughout his life, used to speak of Sir Alexander Grant with deep reverence and admiration. With more reading and thinking came sounder views, and the out-look became broader. And before long, Mr. Ranade came to realize the great mission of his life, and reached that faith, which no injustice, no opposition, no disappointment ever dimmed. His one aspiration through life was that India

should be roused from the lethargy of centuries, so that she might become a great and living nation, responsive to truth and justice and self-respect, responsive to all the claims of our higher nature, animated by lofty ideals, and undertaking great national tasks. And he came to recognize that the present contact between India and England was a Providential arrangement brought about in order that this aspiration might be realized. His conviction on this point never wavered, whatever happened. Even when he himself was misjudged and misunderstood, here he was firm. He often said to those who were about him that though under the present *regime*, there was less field for personal ambition and less scope for the display of individual talent, there were greater possibilities for the mass of our people, and a great future lay before us, if only we roused ourselves to a true sense of our position, and did not let slip our opportunities.

And it was this belief, ardent and passionate, which inspired all Mr. Ranade's activity in the



field of reform. It was not merely love of truth, or impatience of evil that made a reformer of Mr. Ranade—these, of course, were there, but Mr. Ranade was by nature far too gentle and forbearing to cause pain to others by an aggressive attitude towards their religious beliefs or social practices, if that pain could by any means be avoided. There have been reformers—and great reformers—in the history of the world and of India too, who have preached reform, and braved persecution for the sake of truth and of conscience, because they heard a higher voice urging them to proclaim that truth at all hazards. I think, such men stand on a pedestal all their own, the highest on which man can stand. Mr. Ranade's platform was not this—he preached reform, not merely because his conscience urged him to do so, but also because his intellect was satisfied that without reform there was no hope for us as a nation. Men who preach truth for its own sake live really for all humanity, though their words are addressed to the people of a particular

time and place. Mr. Ranade was content to live and work for his country only, and though he was a careful student of the history and institutions of other people, he studied them mainly to derive lessons from them for the guidance of his own countrymen. I think, this essential difference between Mr. Ranade and other great reformers has to be clearly grasped in order to understand the true character of his work and teachings. Thus Raja Ram Mohan Roy took up his stand against idolatry, because to his mind the worship of idols was wrong in itself, was against truth, and as such called for his denunciation. Mr. Ranade too spoke against idolatry, but it was mainly because it gave rise to low and grovelling superstitions, which impeded the progress of the nation towards a higher stage of moral and religious life. I want you to note this point, because it explains much in Mr. Ranade's conduct, which sometimes puzzled his friends. Some of you will remember that a few years ago, several members of the *Prarthana Samaj* were displeased with Mr. Ranade,

because he went to the Thakurdwar temple to deliver discourses on the lives of saints Tukaram, Ramdas and Eknath. What he said in those discourses was, of course, in entire accord with the teachings of the *Samaj*, but the very fact that he, a prominent member of the *Samaj*, should have gone to a place of idolatrous worship for addressing people, gave offence to some. I do not, of course, mean that these gentlemen were wrong in feeling as they did on the occasion. I should probably have felt the same in their place. But Mr. Ranade thought that the discourses were every thing—the place where they were delivered was nothing. He wanted his ideas to reach his countrymen and he had no objection to going wherever they were assembled, provided he got an opportunity to speak to them.

#### A WELL-BALANCED MIND.

The next thing that struck us in Mr. Ranade was that he was the most profound thinker among the Indians of our time, with a mind remarkably well-balanced and fitted for taking

comprehensive views of things and a great sense of justice and proportion. He was never in a hurry to draw conclusions, always seeking to look beneath the surface, and trace results and growths to their hidden causes. His views were based on wide reading and observation, and were the result of mature reflection, and when once formed, they were urged upon the attention of his countrymen with a force and persistence which could only come of deep and earnest conviction. Again, his comprehensive mind ranged over the entire field of national work, and perceived the necessity of a due co-ordination between different activities—and this made him equally keen for reform in all directions—equally interested in all movements—whether they were for the removal of political disabilities and the redressing of administrative grievances, or combating the evils of female ignorance and early maternity and righting the wrongs of widows and the depressed classes, or spreading a correct knowledge of the economic situation of the country,

or purifying worship and making it simpler and more spiritual. But while recognizing the necessity of all these reforms, he realised that above all, it was necessary for the individual man to be renovated in spirit, so that his springs of action might be purer, his ideals nobler, and his practical life courageous and devoted to worthy ends. His ideas on these subjects he preached with great courage, earnestness, and persistence, but never were they marred by any extravagance of thought or speech. And his convictions were never disturbed by any amount of personal wrong or injustice.

#### THE DHULIA INCIDENT.

Many of you probably know that about twenty-five years ago, there was considerable un-rest in the Deccan, and a Poona man, named Vasudeva Balvant, openly rose against the Government, collecting a number of ignorant followers and committing dacoities and plundering innocent people. The Government of Sir Richard Temple somehow took it into its head

that the dacoits had the sympathy and support of the leading citizens of Poona—because, I believe, Vasudeva Balvant was a Poona Brahmin—and among others, their suspicion fell upon Mr. Ranade. It was, of course, a monstrous suspicion, absolutely undeserved, for Mr. Ranade was the recognized inspirer and leader of the constitutional movement in Poona, as against the resort to violent methods, represented by Vasudeva Balvant. However, when in May 1879, the two palaces in Poona were set fire to by an incendiary, the Government at once transferred Mr. Ranade to Dhulia—he had already been transferred to Nasik, but Dhulia was thought safer, as being more remote from Poona—and though it was vacation-time, he was ordered to leave Poona at once and proceed to Dhulia.\* This action of Government was so ex-

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\* It was at the beginning of 1878 that Mr. Ranade had been transferred from Poona to Nasik. The Poona barwajanik Sabha, of which Mr. Ranade was known to be the guiding spirit and with which Government afterwards maintained for a number of years very friendly relations, was at that time an object of grave suspicion to the Bombay Government—the Revenue member of that Government having gone so far as to describe the Association by name as a 'seditious organization' and to suggest that it should be suppressed! (Vide his minute on the Vernacular Press Bill,

traordinary that even the High Court subsequently protested against the transfer; and as a matter of fact, it was Mr. Ranade himself who had detected the culprit and secured his confession. On his arrival at Dhulia, Mr. Ranade believed that his private correspondence was closely watched for about a month, and curiously enough, at that very time he began to get letters from the Poona side, purporting to be

published in a Parliamentary Blue-book ) At the end of 1878 came the rebellion of Vasudeva Balvant Phadake. The following year, Mr. Ranade came to Poona from Nasik for the summer vacation on 5th May. A week later—on the 13th—the two palaces were burnt. On 16th May, a man—unfortunately surnamed Ranade, but no relation of Mr. Ranade—confessed that he was the incendiary and that he had committed the crime under the instigation of the rebel Phadake. And on 19th May, Government transferred Mr. Ranade from Nasik to Dhulia, and ordered him, though it was vacation time, to leave Poona at once and join his appointment! The officer, whom Mr. Ranade displaced at Dhulia—Kao Bahadur Gupte—had received orders to retire on pension in July and yet he was sent to Nasik for the few weeks that he was to remain in service, to make room for Mr. Ranade! On going to Dhulia, Mr. Ranade submitted a representation to the Governor, in which he spoke of the great anxiety with which his sudden transfer and the peculiar circumstances connected with it had filled him, asked Government not to be misled by the mere accident of the incendiary's surname being the same as his own, made a pathetic reference to his eye-sight, which even then was failing, being further injured by the heat and glare of Dhulia and requested that he should be retransferred to Nasik or Mr. Gupte's retirement so as to restore confidence in him to the minds of those under whom he had to serve. No heed was, however, given to this representation. It was only when, later on in the year, Phadake was captured and his diary seized that the suspicion against Mr. Ranade wholly disappeared.

reports from leading dacoits of what they intended doing. Mr. Ranade could not help concluding that these letters were sent by the Police to ascertain if he really had any relations with Vasudeva Balvant, and he scrupulously handed over to Dhulia Police all such letters. After a month, during which he often felt bitter in regard to the treatment he was receiving, Mr. Ranade had a talk in the matter with an English officer there—a member of the Civil Service, whose name is well-known in this Presidency for his broad-minded sympathy with the people. This officer then expressed his regret at what had been done, assuring Mr. Ranade that Government was satisfied that the suspicion against him was ill-founded.\* Now any

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\* Mr. Ranade narrated this incident to me in 1898 when we were discussing the events of 1897 and I was disposed to take somewhat too pessimistic a view of the situation. That I have correctly stated Mr. Ranade's own belief in the matter is confirmed by Mrs. Ranade, who was with her husband at Dhulia in 1879 and by Rao Bahadur Pattak—a most intimate friend of Mr. Ranade from the days of childhood—with whom he had a talk on the subject in 1880. Dr. J. Poller, however,—the officer referred to in the address, who was then Assistant Collector at Dhulia—contradicts the statement, so far as he is concerned. And in fairness to him, I quote what he writes in reply to a letter from me.—



one in Mr. Ranade's place would have spoken with more or less bitterness, whenever there was occasion to recall the incident. But I remember how in speaking of it to me, he was careful to add:—"Oh, such misunderstandings are occasionally more or less inevitable in the present state of things. After all, we must not forget that we might have done much worse in their place." It was a striking illustration

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"Throughout my service, I have detested and discouraged 'confidential Reports' 'anonymous petitions' and 'espionage'—and it is not likely I should forget it—had Government ever asked me to tamper with anybody's Post! And I don't think Government would have forgotten it either! For, even as an Assistant Collector, I should have spoken out!

I think I may, with justice, claim that I put a stop to anonymous petitions—at any rate for my time—in the various Districts and Departments, with which I was connected—and I have always despised and deplored what I call the 'Detection craze,' as a method of administration!

So you see it is not at all probable my memory should be in any way at fault in so memorable a matter as this of Ranade's correspondence. You may therefore take it from me that the facts are *not* as stated.

I only met Mr Ranade once in Dhulia. I dropped in upon him, I remember, much the same as I did upon you at Fergusson College—and he came out to talk to me on the "Nagai" (?) Road

We, no doubt, spoke of the events of the day—and he probably gathered from my friendly manner that I at any rate did not look upon him as a 'suspect'

If this helped to relieve him from any of his anxiety, as I gather from your recollection of what he said, it did, I am very glad indeed! But I could not possibly have expressed regret at having done what I never did and, would never do, in connection with his correspondence."

of his strong sense of justice, and of the fact that no amount of personal wrong affected his faith in the character of British rule. Another instance, of a different kind, illustrating how his mind was habitually alive to all the considerations involved in a question, occurred nine years ago, when we were returning from Madras after attending the Congress and the Conference, and when Mr. Ranade was insulted by a young Civilian at the Sholapur Station, who, taking advantage of Mr. Ranade's absence in a second class carriage, (in which the rest of us were travelling) threw down his bedding from his seat in a first class carriage and usurped the seat himself. Mr. Ranade, on being informed of what had happened, quietly went back to his carriage and without one word of remonstrance, sat on the other seat with Dr. Bhandarkar, who was then with us. When the hour for sleeping came, Dr. Bhandarkar, as the lighter of the two, took the upper berth, and gave his own seat to Mr. Ranade. On arriving at Poona, the Englishman,

who was then an Assistant Judge, somehow came to know that the gentleman, whom he had insulted, was Mr. Ranade, Judge of the High Court, and it appeared that he wanted to apologize to Mr. Ranade. Mr. Ranade, however, on seeing him come towards him, simply turned his back on him and walked away. The next day I asked him if he intended taking any steps in the matter. He said:—"I don't believe in those things. It will only be a case of statement against statement, and in any case, it is not worth fighting about." "Moreover," he asked me, "is our own conscience clear in these matters? How do we treat members of the depressed classes—our own countrymen—even in these days? At a time, when they and we must all work hand in hand for our common country, we are not prepared to give up the privileges of our old ascendancy, and we persist in keeping them down-trodden. How can we, then, with a clear conscience, blame members of the ruling race, who treat us with contempt?" "No doubt," he continued, "incidents like this

are deeply painful and humiliating, and they try one's faith sorely. But the best use to which we can put even these unpleasant incidents is to grow more earnest and persistent in the work that lies before us."

#### HIS DEVOTION TO WORK.

Another striking characteristic of Mr Ranade was his great faith in work. One is filled with a feeling of wonder and awe, as one contemplates the amount of work which this great man did during his life—his mighty brain incessantly engaged in acquiring knowledge and in imparting it with an enthusiasm and an energy of purpose, rarely witnessed in this land. Not only was his capacity for work phenomenal, his delight in it was so keen—he almost seemed to revel in it. In it he lived and moved and had his being. Apathy, he always said, was our greatest curse in these days. Wrong opinions he could stand; misdirected activity he could stand; but apathy filled him with deep sadness—that he found harder to overcome. He himself approached almost all

work with a religious sense of responsibility. Just think of how much work he was able to get through during his life! His official duties throughout were heavy enough; but they did not come in the way of his doing for the country more work in various fields than half a dozen men could have together done. The range of subjects that interested him was wide—philosophy, theology, sociology, history, politics, economics—all seemed to interest him equally. His reading in respect of them was vast, and he tried, as far as possible, to keep himself in regard to them abreast of the times. Then in politics it is well-known that for nearly a quarter of a century, he was the guiding spirit of the Poona Sarvajanic Sabha. All the best work of the Sabha, in its palmy days, either came from his hands direct, or else had to pass through them. About two-thirds of the articles that appeared in the Quarterly Journal of the Sabha, during its seventeen years' existence, were contributed by him. Under his guidance, the Sabha had attained the first position among the Political

Associations of the country, and its representations, for a number of years, had admittedly far more weight with Government than those of any other Indian organization. In the field of social reform, his activity was boundless almost from the day he left College to the hour of his death. Constantly writing, speaking, discussing, advising, helping, he took a leading part in every reform movement of his time. Of the Social Conference, he was the father and founder, working for it with a faith that was a sight for gods and men. His interest in religious reform was also deep and continuous, and I have never heard anything richer than some of his sermons. He was a profound thinker, and a frequent writer on economic subjects, and his studies in Indian Political Economy are a valuable guide to those students, who wish to apply their knowledge of Political Economy to the practical conditions of India. He was one of the principal organizers of the Industrial Conference that used to meet in Poona for some years, and of the Industrial Exhibition that was held during the time of

Lord Reay. And most of the industrial and commercial undertakings that have sprung up in Poona during the last twenty years owe a great deal to his inspiration, advice, or assistance. He has left us a History of the Mahrattas, though unfortunately it is incomplete. While in Bombay, he used to take a leading part in the affairs of the University, and Mr. Justice Candy, the late Vice-Chancellor has borne willing and eloquent testimony to the value of his work in the Syndicate. In addition to all these activities, Mr. Ranade carried on a voluminous correspondence with numerous friends and followers all over India. For a number of years, he received and replied to over twenty letters a day, and these concerned a wide variety of subjects, from petty matters of mere domestic interest to high questions of state policy. He was in touch with every earnest worker throughout India—his heart rejoiced when he met an earnest worker—he noted such a man with unerring judgment, and kept himself in communication with him ever after. But it was

not merely the amount of work that he did, which excited our admiration. The spirit in which he did it, was, if anything, even more wonderful.

#### HIS OPTIMISM.

Speakers and writers have often remarked on Mr. Ranade's robust optimism, which they have regarded as a part of his mental constitution. No doubt, to a certain extent, it was so. He had a temperament, which was essentially hopeful. It was this which made him note and gather together for use even the smallest signs of progress visible in any part of India. To a certain extent also, his optimism sprang from the fact that his horizon was wider than that of others—he saw as from a mountain-top, when others could see only from where they stood on the plain below. But it always appeared to me that Mr. Ranade's great optimism was mainly the result of his being so magnificent a worker. It is generally those who do not work—who do not realize the dignity and the power of work—that give themselves up to preaching the gospel



of despair. Mr. Ranade was profoundly convinced that if only our people worked earnestly, their future was in their own hands. Work was to him the one condition of national elevation, and having fulfilled it so gloriously in his own case, it was not possible for his mind to be weighed down by thoughts of despondency. About twelve years ago, in speaking of the Social Conference and of its unpopularity, I once ventured to ask him what it was that sustained his faith in the Conference work, seeing that some of the best friends of Social Reform shook their heads, and said that nothing was to be achieved by such hollow work as holding meetings and passing resolutions. Mr. Ranade turned to me and said: "Not that the work is hollow, but the faith in these men is shallow." After a little pause, he said: "Wait for a few years. I see a time coming, when they will ask the same question about the Congress, which, at present, evokes so much enthusiasm. There is something in the race, which is unequal to the strain of sustained exertion." For himself, Mr Ranade

had clearly realized that patient and long sustained work was necessary before any appreciable results could be achieved. A remark of his, made to me in, I believe, 1891, has firmly fixed itself in my memory. In that year, there was severe scarcity in the Districts of Sholapur and Bijapur. The Sarvajanic Sabha, of which I was then Secretary, had collected a large amount of information about the condition of those Districts, and a representation on the subject was in due course submitted to Government. It was a memorial in the preparation of which we had spent considerable labour and thought. Government, however, sent us a reply of only two lines, just saying that they had noted the contents of our letter. I was greatly disappointed when we received this reply, and the next day, joining Mr. Ranade in his evening walk, I asked him:—"What is the good of taking all this trouble and submitting these memorials, if Government don't care to say anything more than that they have noted the contents of our letter"? He replied:—"You

don't realize our place in the history of our country. These memorials are nominally addressed to Government; in reality they are addressed to the people, so that they may learn how to think in these matters. This work must be done for many years, without expecting any other result, because politics of this kind is altogether new in this land. Besides, if Government note the contents of what we say, even that is something."

Another notable feature of Mr. Ranade's work was his readiness to play any role that was necessary, however humble it might be. In the building of the temple, he did not insist upon being assigned the architect's part; he was willing to carry bricks and stones on his back, so the edifice was raised. In the performance of public duties, he was prepared to bear personal humiliation, if thereby public interests could be furthered. A striking instance of this came to my notice within a few months of my going to Poona in 1885. In that year our Municipal Boards were reconstituted in

accordance with the liberal legislation of Lord Ripon's Government. The elective system was for the first time introduced, and the elections in Poona aroused an extraordinary amount of interest. Before that year, the *Municipal regime* in Poona had been virtually official, and Mr. Ranade was anxious that in the new Board, the popular element should have a chance of administering the affairs of the city. Unfortunately, another distinguished citizen of Poona—the late Mr. Kunte—came forward strongly to support the official side. Mr. Ranade and Mr. Kunte had been great friends from their childhood, having been class-fellows from the very beginning. Mr. Kunte's support of the old *regime*, however, drew from Mr. Ranade a sharp remonstrance, and Mr. Kunte, who was a powerful speaker, immediately organized a series of Ward-meetings to oppose the popular party. Feeling for a time ran very high; and it appeared that Government would misunderstand the character of the struggle then going on. Mr. Ranade, therefore, thought it necessary to

conciliate Mr. Kunte and with that object, he attended one of Mr. Kunte's meetings, though it was known that Mr. Kunte indulged in strong denunciation of Mr. Ranade personally at almost every one of his meetings. The meeting in question was held in Raste's Peth. It was in the hall of a private house, and we were all squatting on the floor and Mr. Kunte was addressing us from one end of the hall, the door being at the other end. After Mr. Kunte had spoken for some time, Mr. Ranade's figure was suddenly seen entering the hall. He came and squatted on the floor near the door like the rest of us. Mr. Kunte immediately turned his back upon him, and, therefore, practically upon the whole audience, and after a few words uttered with his face to the wall, abruptly closed his speech. On his sitting down, Mr. Ranade left his seat and went and sat by him. After the meeting was over, Mr. Ranade invited Mr. Kunte to go with him in his carriage for a drive. Mr. Kunte, however, roughly said :—“ I don't want to go in your carriage,” and he went and

took his seat in his own carriage. Mr. Ranade, however, quietly followed him, and after saying, "Very well, if you won't go with me in my carriage, I will go with you in yours," he stepped into Mr. Kunte's carriage. After this, it was impossible for Mr. Kunte to avoid Mr. Ranade, and they went out for a long drive, and everything was satisfactorily settled before they returned. Mr. Kunte's anger was appeased, and his opposition to the popular party wholly withdrawn.

#### HIS SAINTLY DISPOSITION.

I have so far spoken of Mr. Ranade's comprehensive intellect, the balance of his mind, his patriotism and his great passion for work. A word or two I will add about the nobility of his nature—his saintly disposition, which, even more than his great intellectual gifts, won for him the devoted admiration and attachment of large numbers of his countrymen throughout India. It is no exaggeration to say that younger men who came in personal contact with him felt as in a holy presence, not only

uttering 'nothing base' but afraid even of thinking unworthy thoughts, while in his company. The only other man who has exercised a similar influence on me in my experience is Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji. Among Mr. Ranade's great qualities, one of the most prominent was his utter, absolute selflessness. As I have already told you, he was incessantly working in several fields, but never did he seek the least recognition, never did he think of his getting or not getting credit for this or that. Indeed, nothing pleased him more than to do his work—not only political but almost of every kind—from behind somebody else. His great anxiety was to get more and more men to be interested in and associated with the work. I do not think anybody ever heard Mr. Ranade say:— "I did this, I did that." It was as though the first person singular did not exist in his vocabulary. The humility with which he sought to discipline himself almost to the last day of his life was another of his great qualities. By nature he was very sensitive, feeling keenly injustice or meanness in

any shape or form; but his constant effort to discipline himself enabled him to preserve his calmness under the most trying circumstances. The normal state of his mind was indeed one of quiet cheerfulness, arising from a consciousness of work well done, and from humble faith in the purpose of Providence. But even when he was seriously displeased with anything, or disappointed with any one, or suffered inwardly owing to other causes, no one, who did not know him intimately, could detect any trace of that suffering on his face. And never did any one—not even those who stood nearest to him—hear him utter a word of complaint against those who might have done him personal injury. He insisted on having all attacks on him in newspapers carefully read out to him. He was constantly before the public in one capacity or another, and his views, therefore, came in for a good deal of criticism—friendly and unfriendly—almost from day to day. The appreciative notices that appeared, he did not always read through—I know, because, I sometimes had to read the



papers to him—he rarely read them himself, his sight being defective. But all unfriendly criticism he made a point of hearing. He wanted to know, if there was any idea therein that he could accept. And in any case, even if there was pain in hearing all that was said, that pain itself had its disciplinary value. One more great quality of his, I would like to mention on this occasion, and that was his readiness to help all who sought his help—and especially those who were weak and oppressed. He was accessible to all—even the humblest—at all hours of the day. No one ever wrote to him without receiving a reply. He listened patiently to every one, whether he was able to help or not. This indeed was to him a part of his practical religion. After the Amraoti Congress of 1897, when we were returning to this side, he and I were, for one night, the only occupants of our carriage. At about 4 A. M., I was suddenly roused by some singing in the carriage, and on opening my eyes, I saw Mr. Ranade sitting up, and singing two *Abhangs* of Tukaram again

and again, and striking his hands together by way of accompaniment. The voice was by no means musical, but the fervour with which he was singing was so great, that I felt thrilled through and through, and I too could not help sitting up and listening. The *Abhangs* were :—

जे का रंजले गांजले । त्यांसी झणे जो आपुले ।  
 तोचि साधू भोळसावा । देव तेयेचि जाणावा ॥  
 करि मस्तक ठेंगणा । लागे संतांच्या चरणा ।  
 जरि व्हावा तुज देव । तरि हा सुलभ उपाव ॥

“He who befriends the weary and the persecuted—he is a true saint and God himself is to be found there.” And “Be you humble and seek the favour of saints. If you want to meet God, this is an easy way.”

As I sat listening to these verses, I could not help realizing how constant was Mr. Ranade's endeavour to live up this teaching, and how simple and yet how glorious was the rule of life that it inculcated ! It was a rich moment in my own life. The scene indeed will never fade from my memory.

## THE MESSAGE OF HIS LIFE.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have told you as briefly as I could, what it was that most struck me in Mr. Ranade. I think that for about thirty years he represented our highest thought and our highest aspiration, and it will be long before we shall have another like him in our midst. It is almost a significant circumstance that Mr. Ranade has passed away at the commencement of a new century; which should have opened for us full of hope and encouragement, but which in reality finds us filled with deep despondency and gloom. That voice—so calm, so faithful, so full of hope—is now hushed in the silence of death; and yet it was now that our need of it was the greatest. A kind of despair is settling on the minds of some of our foremost workers. I grant that there is much in the present juncture to try our faith and justify such despair. The middle and lower classes of our community seem to be slowly but steadily sinking lower and lower in various parts of the country. And we seem

to be losing ground in several directions in the great struggle, in which we are engaged. But I am sure it is only a passing phase, and in any case, in giving ourselves up to such despondency, we show ourselves unworthy of the work that Mr. Ranade did for us, and of the legacy that he has left behind him. You remember how we wept for him when he died. Never before had such universal grief been witnessed in this land. It was as though a mighty wave of sorrow swept over the whole country, and every one,—high and low, rich and poor—was equally touched by it. But our duty towards Mr. Ranade is surely not done by merely mourning his loss. The message of his life must be recognized by us, especially by the younger generations, as sacred and binding. The principles for which he laboured all his life—greater equality for all, and a recognition of the essential dignity of man as man—are bound to triumph in the end, no matter how dark the outlook occasionally may be. But we can all of us strive to hasten that triumph, and herein

lies the true dignity of our life. "Work and sacrifice for the motherland"—This is the message which Mr. Ranade has left us. And, my friends, our motherland, whatever may be her present condition, is worthy of the best work we can give her, of the highest sacrifice we can make for her. She was at one time the home of all that is great and noble in the life of a nation,—a noble religion, a noble philosophy and literature and art of every kind. This great heritage is ours; and if only we remember this and realize the great responsibility which it imposes upon us, if we are true to ourselves and are prepared to live and work for her in the spirit of our departed leader, there is no reason why her future should be in any way unworthy of her past.



## THE LATE Mr. JUSTICE TELANG.\*

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MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

While I thank you for the privileged position in which you have placed me at this hour, I cannot refrain from eulogising that spirit of broad-mindedness and toleration which prompted you some time ago to pass a Resolution, inviting other than Hindus to address you on occasions of the solemn character for which we are all assembled here this evening. Such a catholic spirit was, of course, to be expected from you, gentlemen of enlightenment and culture, who admired not a little that very spirit, which, above all others, characterised, when alive, the entire career, public and private, of that eminent individual whose memory you so lovingly keep green from year to year. But, while I am fully sensible of your kindness in inviting me to address you, it is much to be wished your

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\* Address by Mr D E Wacha at the Hindu Club on the occasion of the Tenth Anniversary of the death of Mr. K. T. Telang, 19th September 1903

choice had fallen on someone else who might have done better justice than myself to the memory of that dear friend, who, it is sad to say, has been prematurely lost to us, lost to the presidency, and lost to the country at large these ten years past. Indeed, it is a most melancholy circumstance that our misfortunes in this respect have been indeed heavy. We cannot recall without sorrow the names of Messrs. Narayen Parmanand and Jeverilal U. Yajnik—men who were contemporaries of the lamented friend who is the subject of our task to-day. Seniors no doubt they were to Mr. Telang, but both were intimately associated with him in his public work. To both, as I know, he paid the greatest respect for their age, their ability and for the grasp of those great questions which, even to-day, are burning problems for solution by the State. Above all, who can forget that other and greater loss, aye, irreparable loss, which the Empire at large has suffered by the death of Mr. Ranade,—Ranade the selfless and the stainless, Ranade the sterling patriot and

faithful historian, Ranade the economist, Ranade the philosopher cast in Hellenic mould, full of Hellenic spirit and Hellenic thought, reminding us at once of the classic Socrates, Ranade the Rishi or saint of our age, whom all India regarded with a reverence and admiration unprecedented in our annals. Again, only a fortnight ago we had to mourn the death of young Mr. Jamietram Nanabhoy Haridas, an assiduous and unobtrusive worker in law and education, who had given promise of a bright future. To me, it would seem that they have all gone, these good and worthy men, to swell, what the poet sweetly sings, "the fulness of the eternal psalm." Perchance, they have gone to ripen slowly to a higher birth, as deserving of their great *Dharma* in this life. All that remains to us is to cherish their memory with love and respect, and endeavour to walk in their footsteps—aye, so to live that when the sun of our existence sets, we, too, like them, may leave memorials of mercies done whose fragrance shall last awhile. For, after all, what may be the true significance of so



solemn a commemoration as the one at which we all are assisting this evening with a united heart and a united mind ! To me it is neither more nor less than a trumpet call to duty, which we cannot shirk, but which we are bound by all the ties of our common humanity to discharge, if indeed we are to be true to ourselves and true to our fellow mortals. It is a call which is not simply a reminder of the good life that the illustrious dead before us have lived. It is something more. It imposes on us the solemn responsibility of making our lives as good as theirs, to the best of our humble light, our abilities, and our opportunities. The appreciation of a good character and a noble life, such as that of Mr. Ranade or Mr. Telang, is, after all, the prosaic realisation of those imperishable lines which we have learned by heart from our academic days upward :—

“ That men may raise on the stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things ”

The world's great dead in every clime and every age have taught humanity one important

lesson, that it is from the perfection of the individual that we arrive at the perfection of Society. The Christian dwells exclusively on the aspect of Death, but we non-Christians, we, the modern successors of the great Aryan race, have viewed it, from time immemorial, in another aspect, and the more important one, in my opinion, namely, the value of the dead who were good to the world at large. "Our minds are to dwell," as Mr. Spencer Beesly has observed, "not on the subjective life which awaits ourselves, but on those who have already passed into that form of existence; not on death but on the Dead; on the Dead whom we ourselves have known and loved in intimate personal relations; on the dead with whom we have not been in personal contact but whose services we can distinguish and gratefully commemorate." Thus in recalling to memory the deeds of the illustrious dead, whether or not personally known to ourselves, we follow the instinct implanted in human nature. Mr. Ranade himself had fully realised the significance of the celebration of

the character for which we are here met to-day. Addressing the members of your Club in 1898, he observed "that it was not without reason that our ancestors ordained it as a part of our religious duty that, once at least in the course of the year, there should be a fortnight set apart for these commemorations, so that each one in his own small sphere, and all of us in our collective sphere, may take stock of the fact that our present existence here is an existence limited by conditions over which we have no control, and that, unless we teach ourselves to regard it only as the place for fitting and preparing ourselves for a better existence, we fail to understand the mission of the life with which we are so much absorbed." This, I take it, to be the common creed of all Humanity. Indeed, what is the religion of Humanity if it not be that we shall remember with feelings of reverence all about the worthy Dead—"of the Dead whose life efforts converged towards the building up of Humanity, whose contributions, small or great, tended to promote

every form of human betterment." And it is only a truism to say that we honour more those whose services to Humanity were not merely spontaneous but reasoned and purposeful. Thus it is that keeping green the memory of the noble dead chastens, informs and stimulates us to become nobler examples of living. The good they did warm our hearts and radiate through our lives which, if equally good, should warm the hearts of lives which will succeed us, and so through generations yet unborn. In short, as a great scholar has said: "The illustrious dead live on, their influential sway augmenting with each generation." Age cannot wither, nor custom stale their infinite variety. It is only meet, therefore, that in our own little Cosmos, the memory of our illustrious dead, who have left footprints of their good work on the sands of time, should be cherished and recalled from season to season. And in my opinion there can be no better means of achieving that object than by annual gatherings such as we have to-day. To the men of

India there are no two more respected names than those of Mr. Telang and Mr. Ranadé. Their psalm of life needs to be sung by one worthy of the noble theme. We are too prosaic and too feeble for so grand a work. At any rate, speaking for myself, I can say that I feel unequal to the task you have imposed on me. Only a scholar or a philosopher or poet can do justice to it. It is not possible for me to put in impressive language all that I feel within me as regards the two selfless and stainless men with whom it was my privilege to be intimately associated in my public life for some years. To my imagination they both appear as if standing on a distant hill, alone in all their glory, far away from the hum of the crowd and the buzz of the market place, silently holding a scroll in their hands, and beckoning us as if to say that we should not only behold and admire the work they did, but complete that which they left undone.

About Mr. Telang himself, it would be supererogatory on my part to say much more after the very exhaustive and learned address, so full

of practical sagacity, and so full of the counsel of perfection, which Mr. Ranade himself delivered in 1898 and which must for ever remain a monograph by itself, a monument of his own soaring genius as much as a faithful, admirable and inspiring memoir of his deceased colleague. He has therein given ample scope to the biographer of Mr. Telang, and it would hardly do for me to encroach on his domain. Let us all hope that, however slow that life may be in coming out, the writer will be gifted enough to illuminate all the strong and weak points in Mr. Telang's career. What I conceive is truthfully needed for a biography is not so much exceptional power or exceptional beauty as exceptional illumination. He should penetrate behind the veil which now conceals some of the least explained incidents of Mr. Telang's life; so that the true inwardness of those incidents and the interest they awake may not be missed or misrepresented. According to my own ideal of what a biography should be, that is to say, if it is to have any value, it must contain the materials

for moral judgment, based on facts. It is not necessary for me to say aught about the change in the conception of biography as is now understood in the world of literature. In former days, according to a versatile writer, "a biography was consciously and avowedly an account of that part of life, and of that only, with which the public was supposed to have any connection. It was in one sense a more partial ideal. And yet in another sense it was a more complete ideal, for it proposed to narrate nothing that could not be narrated fully. It set its object further off, but for that very reason, it could give the whole figure. The new ideal, that everything that can be told about a hero should be told, is really a much more fragmentary conception, for it takes as much that it is impossible to give completely. We now know much about him that in former days we should have not known, but probably in many respects, when formerly our minds would have been a blank, they are now filled with misconceptions..... The theory that reserve is hostile to truth is the

very thing to be protested against. The belief that all a biographer has to consider is what his readers will receive with interest, tends to develop that which, on a small scale, we call a love of gossip, and which, in its fullest development, is the very antithesis to modesty, to refinement, to all that gives dignity and softness to human relations."

Leaving, then, gentlemen, to the biographer proper of Mr. Telang what he has to say, I will now touch as briefly as possible on my own experience. It was in the year 1880 that Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, returning from London after the completion of that remarkable handiwork of his, which is still a bone of controversy, namely, the poverty and condition of India, felt the advisability of restoring to Bombay that political activity which was to be discerned during the second short life of the old Bombay Association. For some reason or another, that organisation became moribund after having been ably steered for some years by that careful pilot, no other than the late Mr. Naoroji Furdoonji. It is said



that partly it was owing to the internal dissensions among the members of the Working Committee and partly to the activity of the kindred organization instituted in Bombay by Mr. Dadabhai himself—the Bombay branch of the East India Association. But if the Bombay Association thus became defunct it was also feared by Mr. Dadabhai that his own bantling, reared since 1868, might share the same fate. The public spirit seemed to have suffered a severe eclipse. Even the branch was known to be doing its work most fitfully, and it was apprehended that it might die also if allowed to drift. The very few actively connected with the management of the branch were so absorbed in other work, more of a personal than public character, that it was not possible to galvanise even the branch into life unless a strong effort was made. Mr. Dadabhai saw at once that what was most wanted to induce activity into the organization was a new set of workers. So he sedulously set about introducing new blood. The present narrator

was one of the men requisitioned into the service of the branch Association. And thus it was that the first relations were established between Mr. Telang and myself. With a new Working Committee, good work was, of course, done, which really delighted the heart of Mr. Dadabhai and restored the normal throb of the political pulse which had threatened to ebb away. Mr. Telang and Mr. Mehta were most conspicuous in the internal direction, though the brunt of the harder work was borne by the former. Between 1882 and 1884 considerable important work was satisfactorily accomplished. Firstly, there was the District Municipalities Bill, the first offspring of the memorable Resolution of the beloved Lord Ripon on the scheme of Local Self-Government—the Resolution to which the whilom Revenue Member of the Bombay Government, with a strange forgetfulness, attempted the other day to give the go-bye, but to which our leader promptly recalled public attention the week before last in the columns of the *Times of India*. The Draft Bill had to be

carefully considered section by section. Mr. Telang was the directing talent and cautious guide of the Working Committee. It was this work that I saw him do there which informed me at once that I was in contact with a master mind, both of principle and details, great ability, of inexhaustible patience, of extreme modesty and, above all, free from dogmatism. I also discovered his persuasive powers and his debating strength. They were such as to do credit to the most practised debater in a Select Committee of the House of Commons.

We next busied ourselves with that stormy petrel of Imperial Legislation, popularly known as the Ilbert Bill. This is not the place to enter into a disquisition on the merits of that ill-fated measure. Suffice it to say that Mr. Ilbert, then Law Member of the Viceregal Legislative Council, was in charge of it. But he had little to do with the intrinsic part of it and the policy underlying it. All the same, the Bill has since come to be known after his name. The European community of Bengal were greatly

incensed at its provisions which contemplated equality before the law. But this white un-beneficed bureaucracy, pampered as it was from the days of the Law Membership of Sir James Fitz-Stephen, who first tampered with the Indian Penal Code in a spirit opposed to the original despatch of 1834 of the Court of the Directors of the East India Company, which insisted on having equal justice for the white and the black subjects of His Majesty, rebelled at the idea that they should be subjected to the same law. Such was their pride of race and such their aversion to the constitution of the country, that they set on foot a formidable agitation for repealing the provisions to which they objected, and established a Defence Fund and a Defence Association to fight out the Bill tooth and nail. In its conception the movement little differed from the agitation set up anew by the same Bengal community at this very hour in the metropolis of the Empire over the Bain case, the merits of which it would be foreign to the purpose of this address to refer to. But those

of you who may not have been fully acquainted with the fierce agitation raised nearly two decades ago by the Calcutta planters and merchants, may view in the present movement a replica, albeit in a milder form, of its predecessor, and thus realise in imagination the intensity, violence and disloyalty of those men to the constituted authorities which attended the introduction of the Ilbert Bill in the Viceregal Legislative Council.

The Defence Association in reality was a Defiance Association—a defiance, I repeat, of the constituted authorities in Government and a most disloyal opposition. They raised a storm unparalleled in the annals of Indian legislation and so far carried their lawlessness as to threaten even the very Viceroy with deportment! The history of that agitation is indeed most discreditable, and will always be recorded by the impartial historian of the future in the terms it deserves. Its authors must feel themselves ashamed of it to-day. The strife in Bengal was indeed great. That province seemed to have

lost its head. The Press, Anglo-Indian and Indian, indulged in mutual recriminations, and even abuse, which cannot be read to-day, after such a lapse of time, without amazement, that those who ought to have set a better example in obedience to the laws of the land should have played such fantastic antics before high Heaven as even to make angels weep. One Anglo-Indian paper, exceeded all the bounds of parliamentary language. It simply cast to the winds the limits of freedom, and, like the unlicensed scribbler, indulged in unmitigated abuse of the Indian character. In short, the European element forgot that it was European. It was scratched on its back and discovered to be primitive Tartar. There was no limit to the base denunciations hurled at the head of the unoffending Government. Madras, too, was partially gone mad. In Bombay alone there was discerned nothing or next to nothing, of that fury, abuse and wild fanaticism which disgraced Bengal. Sobriety of thought characterised the utterances of the citizens of Bombay. Though Europeans and

natives differed, they conducted the discussions in their respective organs of public opinion with moderation and in language which was parliamentary. There was a public meeting to memorialise the Government from the Indian point of view. Equality before the law, as enjoined by the Charter Act of 1833 and the Queen's Proclamation of 1858, were the two principal points elaborated. The principal speakers at that historical meeting were the then Triumvirate of Bombay politicians—Messrs. Budrudin Tyabji, Mehta and Telang. That was a memorable meeting for those who attended it, and still more memorable for the remarkably well argued out and sober speeches made thereat—speeches which might have been heard at a full-dress first class debate in the hall of St. Stephens. Its influence was such that even the rabid Anglo-Indians at the seat of Government had to look small for the example the trio set in the amenities of a raging public controversy. Mr. Telang's speech was one sustained stream of consummate reasoning to delight the heart of all

lovers in dialectics. It was then for the first time revealed what powers of popular oratory Mr. Telang possessed. The audience then discovered that sweet voice, that persuasive and earnest eloquence, and that uniform flow of sweet reason to which Mr. Ranade has alluded in his address. A calmer and more solid piece of forensic ratiocination in the midst of the fiery whirlwind of passion and prejudice raging outside the presidency was never heard before. It was also a fine example of that intense self-restraint which the serene and farsighted statesman, who is not merely the politician, puts upon himself during an eventful crisis. In fact, on that day, Mr. Telang revealed to the world of India what a man of careful speech was he. There was none of the legal casuistry which members of the Bar attributed to him in his later days, and which was alleged to be not absent in some of his utterances from the Bench after his elevation there. He had none of the rhetorical gestures of the trained orator, and none of the declamatory spirit. His speech



was like a stream meandering in its onward course at an even measure or rhythm, but never swelling to that roar and force which is inseparable from the waters of a great river in her rapid onward course towards the infinite sea. The roar and the force, the foaming and the lashing, and the flow majestic of those mighty waters were all supplied in due proportion by his colleague, no other than the courageous and valiant Mr. Mehta. His was the fire and the other inspiring elements which, along with the admirable speech of Mr. Tyabji, contributed to the brilliant and marvellous success of that historical meeting. In truth, Mr. Telang uniformly observed to his friends that on the public platform, in the Corporation, in the hall of the University Senate, and in the chamber of the Legislative Council, the fire and the enthusiasm needed for the occasion were invariably supplied by Mr. Mehta. He led the van, holding aloft the standard of reform, be it municipal or political, educational or industrial, and marching straight to the goal. Like the heroes of

Balaklava, Mr. Mehta in such strife has always been to the front, be the metaphorical cannons where they may, be they to the right of him, or to the left of him, or in face of him. He discharges his own mitrailleuse, so to say, with precision, playing no mean execution among the embattled host on the opposite side. Thus it is that many a civic, many a provincial, and many an imperial battle of reform has been won in public interests. In short, as far as Mr. Telang's public writings and speeches are concerned, it will be found that they are wanting in the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Mehta, as much as in his biting sarcasm, his playful satire, and his love of ridicule. Mr. Telang had less of the rapier point and more of the butt-end of the marlin spike.

The Ilbert controversy cooled down, especially after the masterly exposition of Sir Auckland Colvin on the compromise or truce which was concluded between the Government and the enraged Anglo-Indians, as described in that well-known pamphlet—"If it be true, what

does it mean?" Such, however, was the consummate statesmanship and marvel of coolness the Bombay Triumvirate displayed at the time, that when the third public event, also promoted by the Bombay branch of the East India Association, became history in the city, there was a generous appreciation of those qualities from no less a personage than the distinguished Sir Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer—the ruler of Egypt, whose successful administration during the last eighteen years has demonstrated to the world of civilization what foresight, financial experience, diplomacy, and constitutional training could achieve by way of amelioration of millions of a down-trodden race without the beating of drums, the flourish of trumpets, and the gorgeous pageantry of state. To me, it appears, and I cannot resist expressing myself on this occasion, that it is India's greatest misfortune to be debarred from being ruled by Viceroys of the type and character of Lord Cromer. In replying to the deputation which waited on him at "Bella Vista," on behalf of

the public meeting which was held in the hall of the Framjee Cowasjee Institute on 28th August, 1883, for presenting him with an address for the many sterling services he had rendered to the country in his capacity as Finance Minister, Sir Evelyn Baring observed that it gave him peculiar pleasure to receive the address, for he had learned to regard "the public opinion of Bombay as expressive, perhaps, of the best type of political thought in India." It was understood at the time that this appreciative sentiment had reference to the sobriety and ability with which the great historical meeting on the Ilbert Bill was conducted.

Soon after, there was that other public meeting in reference to the farewell reception in honour of Lord Ripon, whose Viceroyalty was so exceedingly remarkable for advancing the permanent welfare of Indians in all important directions, namely agricultural, industrial and educational. So impressed were the leading citizens of Bombay, especially Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji and his colleagues, in the active political

work of the country, with regard to the importance of promoting indigenous industries and manufactures, to which continued attention was given since the days of the famine of 1876-77, that it was resolved to utilise the permanent fund then sought to be raised in honour of that popular Viceroy, for establishing an industrial school. I am personally aware of the fact how deeply was Mr. Telang interested in the industrial progress of the country, and how keen he was, equally with Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji and Mr P. M. Mehta, to see a good beginning made with the funds at their disposal. This resolution, passed on 28th November, 1884, needs to be recalled here if for no other purpose than to prove how unfounded are the charges of our mentors of to day in the distinguished service, that educated Indians are neglecting this branch of activity: "That as an humble acknowledgment of his eminent services, His Excellency be requested to allow his name to be connected with a permanent institution in the shape of an Industrial School, to be founded in Bombay, and

with such other memorial as may be hereafter determined."

The events of 1883 and 1884, however, were so far instructive that it was thought imperatively necessary to have a new political organisation altogether. The local branch of the East India Association was considered hardly suitable for the extended sphere of political activity which was recognised as essential in view of the greater needs of the country. Hence the genesis of the Bombay Presidency Association, which, it may be observed, had the full sympathy of Sir William Wedderburn and Principal Wordsworth. Its formation was deemed a happy augury for renewed political activity. And, viewing back the amount of public work the Association has continuously rendered during the eighteen years of its existence, none can deny the wisdom and foresight of those who were primarily interested in its establishment. There has not been in the interval a single matter of local, provincial or imperial importance which it has not tackled, and tackled with success. To this plain and

unvarnished fact its past records bear abundant testimony. The formation of the Presidency Association, the Honorary Secretaryship of which I was invited to take up jointly with Messrs Mehta and Telang, brought me into closer and more intimate contact with the last named. This closer contact gave me ample opportunities, not only of appreciating his political activity, but also his political sagacity. I saw at once how quickly he grasped the broad lines underlying a given State measure, how he detected the fallacies thereof, and how he was a master of the art of practical logic to demonstrate them to conclusion. It was indeed a great pleasure to work with him. Evening after evening we used to meet in the old rooms of the Association, and talk over public affairs. The labour of preparing drafts mostly devolved on me, and when a draft memorial or petition was prepared we used to sit together and finally revise it. Sometimes we were assisted in this laborious work by the late Mr. Dinsha P. Kanga, a most keen politician, who, even at that early

stage of his political career, had given ample promise of a most brilliant future, but who, mournful to state, was prematurely lost to us within two years of the establishment of the Association. Mr. Mehta was too busy to join our almost daily confabulations, but we used to keep him continually informed of what was going on, and when draft petitions or memorials were finally prepared, we used to pass them on to him for his perusal, with a view to any alterations, if needed. To me it affords the greatest pleasure to say that we all three worked in the fullest harmony, and there was scarcely a public question on which we differed. If we differed at all, it was more as to some difference of details rather than to principle. The last most important memorial in which I had the joint benefit of the experience of both my colleagues was in reference to the Association's representations on the subject of the Bombay Municipal Bill, which is now called Act I. of 1888. I had not been in the Corporation till then, and my experience of its inner working was limited. In the preparation of



that memorial the advice of Messrs. Telang and Mehta was invaluable, owing to their experience as members of the Corporation. Both were members of the Legislative Council; and, though both, out of delicacy, remained outside the Working Committee, they were not wanting in giving us all necessary hints, and putting us on the right track. Perhaps few of the public of Bombay are aware of the amount of time, labour and thought bestowed on the moulding of the Bill, more or less in harmony with popular opinion, as vigorously echoed in the Corporation, than by these two members; while the citizens owe it almost entirely to Mr. Mehta the final shaping of the many important constitutional and administrative provisions in the Select Committee which sat at Mahableshwar. Mr. Telang, owing to his professional avocations, was unable to join his colleague there, but there was a continued correspondence going on between the two on many knotty points which used to crop up during the course of the work of the Select Committee. There is not the least doubt that

but for the gallant fight they made with regard to the Bill, Bombay to-day would have had to be contented with that piece of illiberal measure which the bureaucratic instinct of Mr. Charles Olivant had so cleverly and skilfully prepared—a measure which gave only a homœopathic dose of freedom to the Corporation while reserving to the Municipal Commissioner all real power, including power over the finances of the civic treasury. It was owing to the united exertions of this political Dioskouri of the eighties that that illiberal and narrow-minded measure was completely set aside and superseded by the one now in force.

One more fact, however, in connection with the Association remains to be noticed. The first Indian National Congress was to have been held in Poona; but, as the fates would have it, cholera broke out on the very eve of the Congress session. I was away for a brief holiday at Matheran. Mr. Telang summoned me by wire to come down to assist him in the new and arduous work, of even greater importance than that of

the Association, which had devolved on us all three. Mr. Telang had the principal share in the details of the arrangement for the accommodation of the delegates and other necessary matters. It was a Herculean effort, but we went through it, no doubt spurred on by the consciousness of the fact that we were bearing our first burden of the new national organisation, the potency and influence of which it was then not possible to estimate. The kind assistance of two such stalwart and sterling English friends as Sir William Wedderburn and Principal Wordsworth was invaluable, and was not a little contributory to the success of the first National Convention, which met in that historical house, over-hanging the Gowalia Tank, where is now the seat of Sanskrit learning provided by the charities of Mr. Gokuldas Tejpal. The last Congress in which he took an active part was the fourth one, held at Allahabad in 1888, under the presidency of the ever-to-be-remembered Mr. George Yule. In every sense, it was an epoch-making one, and

was thought soon after the institution of the Congress, that there should be a regular telegraphic service to London. A sum of rupees eighteen thousand had been collected by Mr. Hume, with the aid of Mr. Telang, and the monies were deposited with him. The Indian National Telegraph Union did valuable service while the fund lasted. We sent, from time to time, as public affairs demanded, a large number of telegrams, all of which are to be found in the records of the Presidency Association. These telegrams were prepared by a small Committee of what we called our "Inner Circle." Sometimes Mr. Wordsworth assisted us in the matter. Unfortunately, as the funds were not replenished, this very valuable service came to an end.

At last Mr Telang's elevation to the Bench came, and he had perforce to withdraw himself from our Congress deliberations. But he continued to evince the same unabated interest in it; and many were my private conversations with him as to the progress our organisations were

making. I know as a matter of fact how often, when we met together, either by chance or by appointment, he talked both on the affairs of the Congress and the Association. And how sad it is to say that when he looked forward with the keenest interest to the Lahore Congress of 1893, at which Mr. Dadabhai was to preside, the cruel hand of death should have snatched him away from us. The satisfaction he felt at the election of Mr. Dadabhai as M. P., and the greatest interest he evinced in his career in the House of Commons are, perhaps, known only to a few.

My personal relations with him were of the very best from the very day that I became his coadjutor in the public life of Bombay. The acquaintance first formed at meetings of the Working Committee of the East India Association soon ripened into friendship. In the interval we often exchanged thoughts as to the progress and extension of political activity in Bombay. His great complaint was—and I may say it is my standing complaint also—that there were so few earnest and zealous workers. While

that genuine and sympathetic President broke the back of the opposition which Sir Auckland Colvin had so absurdly fomented through his instruments, the late Sir Syed Ahmed Khan and Raja Shiva Prasad. Mr. Telang delivered a memorable speech on the subject of reform and expansion of the then existing Legislative Councils, which is vividly remembered to this day by all who heard him. To my ear it rings as if it had been delivered yesterday, full as it was of that close reasoning, persuasive eloquence, and convincing logic of which he was master. That speech, apart from the other three which he delivered, one on the Public Service Commission and the other on Volunteering and the establishment of Military Colleges, I need not say, bound fresh laurels to the brow of Mr. Telang. Little did we know then that before another twelve months were over his sphere of political activity would come to an end. The lamented death of Mr. Justice Nanabhoy Haridas caused a vacancy on the bench of our High Court, which Lord Reay invited Mr. Telang to fill. We had, however,

the satisfaction to know that, though elevated to the Bench, the benefit of his ripe counsel and experience would still be available to us and I had often to consult him in private on public affairs. But his elevation to the Bench was in 1889. Meanwhile the fifth Congress was to be held in this city in the Christmas of that year. While the brunt of the executive work fell on my shoulders to a large extent, it should be stated that no person was more busy in influencing some of the wealthy shettias of Bombay, his Hindu friends, than Mr. Telang to subscribe liberally towards the Congress fund. We used to have our regular meetings to arrange all details, and I have not known that Mr. Telang was absent at a single one. Nay, not only was he never absent, but his punctuality was indeed exemplary—a punctuality which, it is very much to be wished, the workers of to-day in the public life of Bombay would faithfully follow.

And here I may relate one more event which for a time was connected with public affairs. It

there was no amount of barking and carping at the few who unostentatiously bore the burden of the work, without a murmur and without any hope of reward, save the reward which cometh of popular appreciation of good work done, the number of those who offered to co-operate systematically and perseveringly was few. He was most bitter on the subject, and often expressed his disappointment at this circumstance. He had no patience with those who, sitting astride on the fence of politics, were the foremost to hurl their ill-disguised criticisms behind the back of the unselfish workers, and would yet decline to co-operate when repeatedly asked to do so. Himself a man who never shirked any drudgery, however taxing and fatiguing, Mr. Telang worked at any cause on hand with cheerfulness and with a ten mules' dogged industry. It was not unnatural that he viewed this particular aspect of political work with sorrow. He would have some young men of ability, enthusiasm and earnestness trained for it. I need not say that I tried that



experiment myself, and to my grief I am obliged to acknowledge that it came to nothing. There was spasmodic activity, but beyond it nothing. The men who came to me first with the greatest alacrity soon made themselves scarce. Now it should be remembered that there is no royal road to knowledge, be it scientific, or moral, or political, or any other. The road is straight but narrow. And he only can reach the goal who proceeds on his onward path with patience, perseverance and steadfastness of aim. It is in this respect that Mr. Telang's character as a practical and successful politician comes out with irresistible force. It is this aspect of his public life which needs to be well studied by the rising generation of educated India. As "Cosmos" once observed in one of his facetious contributions to the English Press—  
"Tea and coffee, fruit and ices, champagne and claret cup are pleasant things in their way, but they cannot be called the sinews of political warfare. The battle of the constitution is not to be fought and won by gentlemen and ladies

who scramble for light refreshment at a meagre buffet in a Belgravia drawing room. Something more stirring and stimulating, as well as more solidly nutritious, is required."

Apart from his prodigious industry, Mr. Telang had the special gift of lucidity of speech. This I take to be the outcome of that clearness of thought which he possessed in so remarkable a degree. His grasp of fundamental principles was great, and he was, therefore, most able to give expression to them with a perspicacity which left little to be desired. He never howled to order, or cooed to command; for that was the very opposite of his nature and of his political environments. He had not about him, in short, the hither-and-thither method of reasoning; all was serene. The syllogism was always carefully considered beforehand, and he knew how to state his major premiss and the middle term. Another peculiarity in his political discourses was his lavishness in defence and his frugality in attack. Lastly, his political opposition to Government was chiefly characterised by a spirit

of co-operation and reconciliation, a method which, I know, he constantly inculcated on his young friends.

Coming to his attitude in the matter of Hindu social reform, it may be said that its pivot was a spirit of the utmost toleration and humbleness. Like Mr. Ranade, he had well considered the formidable difficulties which beset the path of those who were sincerely anxious to ameliorate the prevalent social condition of the Hindu community. Not a Hindu myself, I would fain hold silence on so difficult a subject, but you will pardon me if I crave your indulgence for a few minutes to give my own general impressions, so far as I formed them, in my many conversations on this subject with Mr. Telang. I have read somewhere in the Greek classics that the ancient Hellenic philosophers had a word called *Sophrosyne*, which, as I understand it, meant what we should now call temperate—temperance in words and deeds. "Be moderate; know thyself" was the shibboleth. Their joint observance constituted the characteristic virtue of *Sophro-*

*zyme.* This was the motto of both Mr. Ranade and Mr. Telang. Hence they advanced slowly in the matter of social reform. The Himalayas had to be scaled. But the way was long, and beset with formidable difficulties at every stage. The reformers had had necessarily to look not only to their right and left, but above and below, to the front and rear. For on all sides there are obstacles of a most insurmountable character. Time and energy may show them by and by, as years roll on, to be less insurmountable than they seem to be. No doubt, the law of the Universe is Progress. But it is also true that progress is slow and by degrees—from precedent to precedent. Social progress is of the slowest everywhere. Like every other mode of motion, it has its appropriate rhythm, its epoch of severe restraints followed by epochs of rebellious licenses, as history has recorded. And, situated as Hindu society is, with its deep-rooted conservatism of ages, its traditions and superstitions, the progress of social reform must be even slower than in other countries. The problem

is full of complexities. It is not as if you could provide ready panaceas which quacks and empiricists offer. Mr Telang did not belong to the order of the social quack, who recommends salves and washes with bluster as remedies for social evils, hardened and incrustated by lapse of centuries. Hence he had no sympathy with the social quacks who were so eager to have certain questions of Hindu social life settled all in a trice by legislation. It was to him, as I know, a source of constant bitterness and vexation, the vehemence with which the promoters of social reform in its early stage in different parts of India, and notably in this city, went on carrying their crusade.

They rather harmed a good cause by their self-love and overweening conceit. It was most provoking to see the ignorance of these militant propagandists. Yet these were the men who had set up on high as reformers, and for a time were not slow in hurling from their giddy height their thoughtless denunciations against those, who, like Mr. Telang, counselled action on the

lines of the least resistance, The crusaders went about their campaign most light-heartedly, forgetting the opposition of the Cossacks of selfish sectarianism—a powerful body—and the equally powerful Bashi Bazouks of worn-out dogmas. Those were not to be slain so easily as they thought, and as they eventually found to their cost. There were other lions in the path besides. But the reformers took little heed of these. In their very zeal and fanaticism, they continued to hurl their barbed shafts and their pointed spears at the party of moderation. It was not till a good deal of mischief was perpetrated, on the counsel of many a wise and friendly person, including some English friends, that they abated their vehemence and moderated their zeal. Mr. Dadabhai himself thought how Hindu society had “a Himalaya to cut.” The difficulties in the cause of social reform could not have been more pithily and yet laconically expressed. The reformers little knew, or cared not if they knew, that the reform was as difficult as the lifting of a kingdom from its base by the paral-

lelogrant of forces. Here, too, I noticed that the secret of Mr. Telang's success was his perseverance in those broad and statesmanlike principles which he had firmly laid down at the very outset of his public career. The work of centuries cannot be crowded into a few years. That is a lesson which ardent reformers of Hindu society have learned; other reforms may be quickened and turned early into accomplished facts, but this will take years on years. First of all the dead inertia, which has overtaken millions, has to be moved. Here education is the only solvent. It will be the potent element which will move the glacier. Secondly, the old spirit, which has evaporated, needs to be brought back actively into requisition. At present what is to be noticed is decrepitude on one side, and extreme sanguineness on the other—inertia or torpor on the one hand, and momentum or over-activity on the other. Both need to be corrected. Both must be brought in a line in due proportion, with a consummate practical

leader of the type of Mr. Ranade. Above all, reformers of the moderate school, of which Mr. Telang was the greatest protagonist, must know that they should act as the stalwart Puritans, with hopefulness, inscribed on their standard, that hopefulness, which Mr. Ranade shrewdly observed, was the watch-word of the Telang school. Above all, their own daily life should be an exemplar and a model. For, remember please, the sage remark of Goethe, namely, that our daily life is more instructive than the most instructive book.

There is one incident in Mr. Telang's life to which I would, with your indulgence, venture to refer. Those who little knew the mental struggle which he had in connection with the marriage of his infant daughter speak most opprobriously of the good and gentle man. The accusation is that he had not the moral courage to follow the life-long principles he had inculcated, and that he eventually succumbed, with the net result that he set no creditable example to the supporters of the party of social reform.



I will not say that the charge is unfounded. I neither wish to defend it nor contradict it. But let me put before you the view which the accomplished Mrs. E. B. Harrison has very recently expressed on the subject of compromise. She says that there can be no compromise with the laws bequeathed to us by ancient theocracies: "thou shalt do no murder: thou shalt not steal," &c., &c. But the difficulties for the individual man or woman begins too often at home, in the painful conflict of jarring religions and political opinions. As a woman, and from a woman's stand-point, the writer ventures these considerations. It is doubtless inevitable that conflict, unrest and a certain perturbation of spirit should attend the gradual acceptance of the reign of law as a scientific basis of religion. The inevitableness is not, perhaps, sufficiently recognised, nor the tragedy of it all, that pain should be given to the best and most tender-hearted of the men and women of one generation. Tragic, too, is it that these in turn also give and pain, sometimes inflict grievous

injury on those they love. And yet the pain is not the result of wrong-doing ; it comes from no want of thought or heart. What, then, is the individual to do ? How can he minimise the suffering to those he loves, and yet safe-guard his own integrity of conscience, how can an atmosphere of sincerity be created and maintained in the home, which shall allow for differences of opinion and shall encourage each individual to be his truest and best ? \* • There is no good woman but must be won by such loyalty, no woman but must honour her husband the more when she finds him constant in the service of men, the faithful servitor of noble ideals, and for the rest, although it may never be possible for man and wife to think alike, the love and respect they entertain for each other must ennoble the views of each, and help them to meet in a truly religious spirit." May I not plead for a consideration of this aspect of the matter seeing that after all humanity is what its verities have made it ? Let us all in a spirit of mutual forbearance and toleration consider this view, which is the view of an

enlightened woman, who has given considerable thought to this delicate question. Is there not something in it which should make us all pause and consider ; at any rate, let us restrain ourselves from pronouncing a too hasty judgment.

But, gentlemen, social reform does not consist only in domestic reform among the members of the Hindu community. It embraces, in my opinion, a wider field in which all can work, Hindus and non-Hindus. The extension of medical relief in Bombay, the spread of the rudimentary knowledge of sanitation, the want of which is partially accountable for the havoc that diseases of diverse character have been playing in our midst for these seven years, the benefits of comparative cleanliness, the evils of overcrowding, the poverty of the masses and their gradual amelioration, all these and other kindred questions of the highest importance to our future well-being need to be included in the scope of social reform in its largest and broadest sense. These are not so difficult of accomplishment as the more complex, and,

therefore, more formidable, problem of reform of Hindu domestic life. Each of you in your humble way could assist in bringing out these much needed reforms. I do not expect that you will achieve miracles; but at any rate you can lay the humble foundations of the edifice which builders in the same line coming after you may crown with success. The copingstone of the arch may yet be a remote operation. It may loom in the distant horizon; but it is within your reach by means of co-operation, self-help and unity of purpose, to lay the solid foundation, of the edifice of Social Reform. It will not do to sit with folded hands and blinded eyes. The spirit of pessimism which, it is to be feared, has overtaken you for some years past, needs to be exercised and substituted by the spirit of hopefulness. Pray, remember that there is no reform without reformers and that all reform must emanate from within. If each of you only resolve that you will form yourselves into a noble band of reformers and carry on the work that is still

awaiting you with two such excellent and inspiring models as Mr. Ranade and Mr. Telang, I do not see any cause for despondency in the near future. Or, if a living example were wanted, take the model of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, who has been incessantly at work since the days of his youth. And though he has passed the age of Methusaleh and will be four-score years twelve months hence, he is still striving to do good to the country, almost unaided, amidst most formidable obstacles and even obloquy. In the noble work he has undertaken to discharge he never has known what it is to be defeated. Defeat to him only means fresh perseverance and efforts to reach the goal temporarily obstructed. Thus in the cause of social and political and all other progress we should never say die.

Ladies and gentlemen, in conclusion, I hark back to the theme before us to-day. As I said at the outset, nothing could be more encouraging than this practice of annual commemoration of the departed worthies. You know well how

each year the ardent successors and followers of the great founder of the Religion of Humanity commemorate some of the world's best men who have been known to have rendered distinct service to the cause of humanity. As one of them observed in his address, in the same year that Mr. Ranade addressed you: "There have been men and women like ourselves who lived and died unknown. Insignificant as we are, insignificant as seems the good we do, we help to add units to the countless host who preceded us, and we increase the sum of their labours for the good, beautiful and true, as minute coralines, depositing their shells, formed deep islets in the Pacific. How little we can do at best to add to the enormous riches of Humanity! And yet these riches would be less than they are but for persons like ourselves, her unknown servants. \* \* It will not be long before we too shall join the majority. Others will stand at this desk, to address other ears, and move other hearts. Those of us who have borne the heat and burden of the day will welcome the

silent call to rest, and stand in their lot at the end of the days."

With these trumpet words I bring this address to a close. Let us not grieve for the voice that is gone, but whose tender tones, when living, healed and reconciled us. Let us take a leaf from his book and strive to imitate his example. How we know

" His gently spoken word  
Composed the internecine strife  
That restless spirits stirred."

That gentle soul is now gone to his last resting-place, but his words and works endure. So, remembering those words and works, let me repeat the lines of an unknown singer :

" Just as a withered rose, it is said,  
Laid on St Francis' tomb,  
Renewed its vanished tints, and spread into a second  
bloom,

Even so of all the fading sheaf  
One transient bud to save  
We lay this flower of love and grief  
Upon our dear friend's grave.



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