

Indian Opinion

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THE EMILY HOBHOUSE MEMORIAL

[A] FEW weeks ago, Mahatma Gandhi wrote a very beautiful memorial to the late Miss Emily Hobhouse, which was reprinted in INDIAN OPINION. It was very widely circulated in the Indian papers and appreciative comments were made about it. During the past week a memorial service was held at Bloemfontein. The nobility of the whole ceremony was so great that I have asked for the account to be printed in full in INDIAN OPINION as a record for the future. Special attention should be paid to the truly great speech of General Smuts.

When I was on board the *s.s. Karapara*, another remarkable memorial speech, at Delville Wood, by General Hertzog was sent by wireless to us, a speech that deserves to rank side by side with that of President Abraham Lincoln at the close of the Civil War in the United States at Gettysburg.

It is a matter of thankfulness, a thing for every South African Indian to be proud of, that there are leaders of South Africa to-day among her statesmen, who can rise above race and party and speak thus greatly, on great occasions, in the name of humanity.—C.F.A.]

Miss Emily Hobhouse expressed a wish before death that her remains should be cremated and the ashes brought to South Africa for burial, and this wish has been complied with. To-day's ceremony was of an impressive character, beginning with a service in the Dutch Reformed Church. There was then a large procession to the monument, headed by mounted burghers, who as boys were interned in the concentration camp.

At the monument, after prayers, addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. D. F. Malan, Minister of the Interior, General Kemp, Minister of Agriculture, General J. C. Smuts, and the Rev. Dr. N. J. van der Merwe, M.L.A.

The Procession

The procession was led by a commando of mounted burghers, and then came the band of the Railways and Harbours Detachment, and after that the casket, borne by the six girls. Behind them came the "Emily Hobhouse girls," followed by students in academic dress, representative delegates from various public and women's organisations, and another mounted commando brought up the rear.

At the women's monument the surrounding kopjes swarmed with spectators, who were enabled to listen to the addresses by means of loud speakers. At the foot of the central panel a niche had been hewn for the reception of the casket, and below it was a grey granite slab, inscribed in Afrikaans: "Here rests Emily Hobhouse, October 27."

After the interment several hundreds of pigeons were released, and the ceremony concluded with the firing of a last salute by the mounted burghers.

Dr. Malan

Dr. Malan, in the course of his address, said that to-day's event was unique in the history of South Africa, and perhaps unique in the history of the world. Although Miss Hobhouse did not belong to South Africa as far as language and traditions went, she was being buried at the sanctuary of the South African people, where no one would be buried unless the people were convinced of the purity of that person's motive. Emily

Hobhouse was in the truest sense of the word a great woman whose name would ever be honoured by the people of South Africa, to whom she had been an angel of comfort, to whom she belonged, and whom she never deserted. She had been misunderstood by her own people, but to-day she stood justified at the bar of history. She had made it possible for the two peoples in South Africa to shake hands and be reconciled.

General Smuts

General Smuts said:—"We are gathered here to-day from every part of South Africa to pay our last tribute of respect and love to the memory of Emily Hobhouse. It was her wish that her ashes should be buried in this land, should become part and parcel of the land where the best service of her life had been rendered. She now becomes one with us everlastingly. In life, in the greatest moments of our history, we were together, and in death we shall not be divided, but be united for ever.

It was the strong wish of Emily Hobhouse, during the later years of her life, to come back to us in South Africa, even if it were only for a visit. She often told me that personally, and in her last letters to me she again expressed the wish that the state of her health might yet permit her to undertake the difficult journey. It was not to be. But her heart was always with us; and now dear Mother Africa will fold the remains of her adopted daughter to her bosom for ever in the last loving embrace.

Enduring Results

In full strength and health she came to us in the dark days of 1901; she finally left us ten years after with shattered body and suffering from an illness from which she never recovered. During those ten eventful years she gave to us all she had; she gave her health and she poured out her soul. But her work and her sacrifice have not been in vain. Her work for us has produced enduring results, and her name and memory will remain inseparably connected with our history.

It is not necessary for us to-day to discuss the sad events which first brought Emily Hobhouse to our shores. After 25 years they are still vivid in the minds of this generation, most of whom in one form or another took part in those events. War is at best a terrible business, and during the last 12 years we have seen war at its worst; we have seen hell let loose on earth among the Christian nations of the old motherlands of European civilisation. By the side of the sufferings and tortures endured during the Great War our South African War of 25 years looks small and mild in comparison.

A Truer Perspective

We can to-day see the events of the Anglo-Boer War in a larger, truer perspective. We can see the influenza epidemic carry off in a few weeks more lives than were lost in the whole course of the Boer War. We have been submerged and almost drowned in such world-wide calamities in recent years that our senses have been dulled; we have been stunned, and our sense of the sacredness of life is no longer what it was in the more peaceful time of the 19th century.

To our small handful of whites in South Africa human life has always appeared specially precious, and the grievous and avoidable loss of child life in the concentration camp came as a terrible shock. A wrong policy had been adopted by the military authorities, with results

political life, just as Mahatma Gandhi is the greatest spiritual leader.

Mr. Sastri's habits are very simple. He was originally the headmaster of a Madras Public School when Mr. Gokhale discovered his great ability and his sterling qualities of heart and head. He has been the President of the Servants of India Society since Mr. Gokhale's death. In London, he wore a very beautiful white puggree wherever he went and I hope he will do the same in South Africa. It distinguished him wherever he went.

Though he became very unpopular in India some years ago, owing to his opinion on non-cooperation, yet everyone deeply respected him as a conscientious objector. Since that time he has almost entirely regained his popularity owing to his sterling qualities. This was shown during the present year when he was asked to give the Kamala lectures in Calcutta on 'Indian Citizenship.' He received very high recognition for these lectures and they were given a prominent place in all the Indian leading newspapers. I do not think there will be a single man in India who will not whole-heartedly rejoice at Mr. Sastri's appointment on the Delegation. Our own prayers must be offered night and day that Almighty God will spare his health and make him fit both in body and mind to come over from India by the *s.s. Karapara*, when it makes its next trip to Durban.

It should be noticed from the papers that the Indian Delegation will go straight to Pretoria from Delagoa Bay and after they have been received by the Union Government they will go on to Capetown. Last time, the Mount Nelson Hotel could not receive any Indian member of the Deputation, but I am glad to say that it has already been announced that the Union Government will treat the Indian Delegation as its own honoured guests and that the Mount Nelson Hotel accommodation, at Capetown, will be placed at their disposal. I shall be staying personally at the house of one whom I like to call Maji, namely, Mrs. Gool, at 7 Buitencingle which is close at hand. Mrs. Gool has always been a dear mother to me, ever since I first stayed in her house along with Mahatma Gandhi and Mrs. Gandhi in the year 1914, and it will be a pleasure to be staying in her house again.

The Small-Pox Epidemic

(By C. F. ANDREWS)

By the time that this article reaches *INDIAN OPINION* I devoutly hope that the Small-pox epidemic in Durban will be over. But the work that remains to be done will be even greater than the work which was necessary during the epidemic itself in order to keep it under control. There is a very true saying, "Prevention is better than cure." We must undertake in the future that no further epidemic takes place which may disturb the whole community, bringing unfortunately a bad name to the Indian people themselves in South Africa, and making the success of the forthcoming Conference more difficult to attain.

In order to effect prevention of any further epidemic one supreme thing is necessary. Every single house must be kept tidy and clean. Small-pox always attacks a quarter where there is filth. I have been visiting daily the Stratford Road quarantine area, Shire's barracks and Chetty's barracks. The filthy state of all these quarters can hardly be imagined. If ever there was an instance of cause and effect, it is here in this epidemic of small-pox. God seems to be pointing His finger at this horrible disease and saying to us all: "If you, my chil-

dren, live in such filth as this, then you must be punished in order to bring you to repentance."

But if we *do* repent, God will be merciful to us and will bring to us blessing instead of this present affliction. For He is the All-Merciful and the All-compassionate.

The Indian Congress Committee from Durban will go everywhere possible to instruct the people with regard to their duties in these matters. This Central Committee in Durban is working splendidly. It is fully alive to its duties. Therefore, there will be no slackening of energy at the centre during the throes of this epidemic. We have seen at close quarters its terrible effects. We are all of us in earnest. But those who are outside Durban, in towns and districts which have never been attacked, may possibly think that there is no need to take so much trouble. If ever that thought comes, even for a moment, it must be immediately banished from our minds, for it is altogether wrong. Now is the time to take trouble and thus to restore our good name which has been so seriously endangered.

What is wanted is, that every Indian house, however small or insignificant, shall be kept spotlessly clean. There must be no dirty white-wash, dirty paint, dirty drains, dirty floors and ceilings. As I said in my last message, every Indian in Natal should give his house a 'good spring cleaning.' Nothing would please Mahatma Gandhi more than to see the whole Indian community in South Africa, which he loves so well, becoming the cleanest community in this land. It is now the actual birth place of 73 % of the Indian community itself, and every Indian born here must be proud of the land of his birth, and do his utmost for it.

As South Africans, let them learn this high tradition of South Africa, namely to be healthy. Let them practice in every way the true laws of health and right living. And those few who have not been born in South Africa love this land of their adoption no whit less truly and sincerely. Let them also rally at this time to the work which has to be done.

Mr. Andrews At The Durban Rotary Club

Importance of Trade Relations Between South Africa and India

The Rev. C. F. Andrews gave an interesting address to the Durban Rotary Club at their weekly luncheon last Friday, on the relations between South Africa and India, and drew a striking picture of the future destiny of the two countries.

Mr. Andrews said he was glad to have the opportunity of avoiding politics as much as possible and speaking about a truly Rotarian subject, namely, the inter-relations between two great countries within the Commonwealth of the British Empire, who were neighbours together across the seas in a very real sense, and who were coming closer and closer to each other as communication itself became every year more rapid between Durban and Bombay.

Paraphrasing, Mr. Andrews told his hearers how he originally had intended to go to the Central African Mission as one of its workers and how owing to the death of a very intimate friend, Basil Westcott, son of the late Bishop of Durham, from cholera while nursing a British soldier at Delhi, his thoughts were turned to India, with the result that he went out to the Cambridge University Mission in Delhi. While there he became intensely interested in the relations between India and the Dominions, and it had been his life-long work to try to bring about better relations between India on the one hand, and the different Dominions, especially Australia, New Zealand and South Africa on the other. He realised as early as 1904 that this would be probably the most vital issue within the British Commonwealth in the future; how to preserve peace, harmony, and friendship between those younger white nations who had occupied the uninhabited portions of the world in the seventeenth

eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and had thus formed, as it were, a ring round the older civilisations of India, China and Japan.

A Vital Question

It was in the year 1908 that he first came into intimate contact with Mr. Gokhale and with the authorities of the Indian Government with regard to this absolutely vital question of friendly relations between the Dominions and India. From that time forward it seemed to him that one part of that problem which must be immediately settled was that restricted immigration between India and the younger white Dominions should be agreed upon as a basic platform in their relations one with another, acknowledging the inherent and sovereign right of the young white nations and of India herself when she was self-governing to form their own populations and to use their own judgment with regard to what population entered their shores.

There were different schools of thought. One school held that within the British Empire there should be no restriction whatever of immigration, and that a subject of the King was a full British citizen wherever he went in the British Dominions. But Mr. Gokhale gradually made the view prevail that each Dominion and India herself had a sovereign right in this respect which should be honoured and observed.

The Smuts-Gandhi Agreement

In 1913 Mr. Andrews came to South Africa for the first time, landing in Durban, and joined with Mahatma Gandhi in his effort to come to terms with General Smuts in Pretoria. He was actually present at the signing of the draft of that famous settlement which went in history by the name of the Smuts-Gandhi Agreement. He went back to India before the Indian Relief Act was passed, but only when he was quite certain that the agreement had been actually arranged.

It might not be understood in South Africa quite clearly that the signing of that agreement on the last day of June, 1914, and the sailing of Mr. Gandhi to England, which he reached on the very day war was declared, was one of the greatest factors of all in bringing India into the war and in making India from the very first entirely sympathetic towards Great Britain in the tremendous task which she had then to shoulder. Mr. Gandhi, at once on landing in Southampton, offered himself unconditionally for hospital services for the duration of the War and throughout the length and breadth of India the rejoicing over the settlement, which had been made between India and South Africa, was one of the great reasons that made it possible, as the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, himself declared, to bleed India white in order to form that thin line in Flanders in the critical months of October and November when the Channel ports were likely to be seized.

He liked to think of the wonderful harmony between India and South Africa that was reached in 1914 and resulted in India's coming into the War, not half-heartedly, sulkily or sullenly, as she might have done in that year if South African difficulties had not been solved, but whole-heartedly and with all her enthusiasm. Only 18,000 British troops were left in India for the protection of 320 million people. The Indian Army itself was almost literally decimated at that time till it had come down to a mere fraction of its strength. Every single soldier that could be spared from India was hurried across the ocean to France. Indian troops went from the tropics to stand up to their knees in ice and snow in order to hold the line of trenches that meant the salvation of the Channel ports and in that way the salvation of England itself.

"The point I want to make to-day," Mr. Andrews continued, "is a part of my own life, my own personal experience, my own inner being, and it is this: that India and South Africa stand across the seas like two neighbouring countries stretching hands to each other, and that there are vast possibilities of intercourse between these two countries if they only realise their true destiny. India does not know South Africa; India has not developed her trade with South Africa as she might do

velop it when the time comes. South Africa has had her own mind too fully directed to her western side with the gateway at Capetown towards Europe and America, and has not realised yet the immense importance of the Port of Durban, which is the gateway of South Africa towards those great countries of the East with their abounding populations and their possibilities of future trade.

If Australia has been able to form a binding friendship with India in the last few years which has led to rapid trade development; if Canada had developed friendship with India, which was shown in the fact that an Indian knight of his Majesty the King was invited by them to open the Industrial Exhibition at Ottawa a short while ago; if Canada, Australia and New Zealand have thus completely come to an agreement with India so that there is mutual friendship and admiration on both sides, it should not be, I trust, impossible that India and South Africa, who are nearer neighbours than any of those other countries, should find the same true destiny.

Mr. Andrews pointed to the similarity in the flora and fauna of India and South Africa, which indicated that in the distant past a great causeway linked the two countries together, and hoped the time would soon come when those great commercial interests, which were the binding forces of the world to-day, would lead to a common basis of goodwill and serve to cement the relations between these two great countries which he had learned to love so deeply."

Mr. Karl Gundelfinger, in moving a vote of thanks, said he saw no reason why South Africa and India should not have closer commercial ties. During the last 10 years India, like South Africa, had entered upon great economic development, and it could only be to the good of both countries if we could understand better the point of view of each other. There was no denying the fact that the existence together of the two civilisations would present certain difficulties in the economic field, and it would be the work of the coming convention, he presumed, to bridge over the differences in our economic life and outlook.

News About The Epidemic

Thanks to the local health authorities and to the strenuous work of Mr. C. F. Andrews and the very active Committee under his guidance, but above all thanks to the Almighty that the Small-pox epidemic has practically come to an end.

The quarantine has been removed from Shire's and Chetty's barracks since last Monday and the people have with the exception of a few returned back to their work. The employers of the few exceptions are unwilling to take their employees back for fear of losing their business. The Congress Committee is however endeavouring to secure work for those who find themselves unfortunately stranded.

The Stratford Road premises are not entirely out of the wood whilst this is being written but there is no danger of any further cases taking place.

Mr. C. F. Andrews accompanied by Messrs. V. S. C. Pather, Sorabjee Rustomjee and Manilal Gandhi, members of the Congress Epidemic Committee, visited Verulam, Tongaat and Stanger last Saturday and advised the Indian residents to form their local Committees and assist the health authorities in getting every Indian vaccinated.

On October 30th there were at the Isolation Hospital in all 33 cases of which eight have proved fatal.

The Story of My Experiments With Truth

[BY M. K. GANDHI]

II. How I Began Life As Barrister

My elder brother had built high hopes on me. The desire for wealth and name and fame was great in him. He had a big heart generous to a fault. This combined with his simple nature had attracted to him many friends and through them he expected to get me briefs. He had also assumed that I should have a swinging practice and had in that expectation allowed the household expenses to become top-heavy. He had also left no stone unturned in preparing the field for my practice.

The storm in my caste over my foreign voyage was still brewing. It had divided the caste into two camps, one of which immediately re-admitted me to the caste, while the other was bent on keeping me out. To please the former my brother took me to Nasik before going to Rajkot, gave me a bath in the sacred river and on reaching Rajkot gave a caste-dinner. I did not like all this. But my brother's love for me was boundless and my devotion to him was in proportion to it, and so I mechanically acted as he wished, taking his will to be law. The trouble about re-admission to the caste was thus practically over.

I never tried to seek admission to the section that had refused it to me. Nor did I feel even mental resentment against any of the headmen of that section. Some of these regarded me with dislike but I scrupulously avoided treading on their corns. I fully respected the caste regulations about excommunication. According to these none of my relations, including my father-in-law and mother-in-law or even my sister and brother-in-law could entertain me; and I would not so much as drink water at their houses. They were prepared secretly to evade the prohibition, but it went against the grain with me to do a thing in secret that I would not do in public.

The result of my scrupulous conduct was that I never had occasion to be troubled by the caste; nay, I have experienced nothing but affection and generosity from the general body of the section that still regards me as excommunicated. They have even helped me in my work, without ever expecting me to do anything for the caste. It is my conviction that all these good things are due to my non-resistance. Had I agitated for being admitted to the caste, had I attempted to divide it into more camps, had I provoked the castemen, they would surely have retaliated, and instead of steering clear of the storm I should, on my arrival from England, have found myself in a whirlpool of agitation and perhaps party to dissimulation.

MY RELATIONS WITH MY WIFE

My relations with my wife were still not as I desired. Even my stay in England had not cured me of my jealousy. I continued my squeamishness and suspiciousness in respect of every little thing, and hence all my cherished desires remained unfulfilled. I had decided that my wife should learn reading and writing and that I should help her in her studies, but my lust came in the way and she had to suffer for my own shortcoming. Once I went the length of sending her away to her father's house and consented to receive her back only after I had made her thoroughly miserable. I saw later that all this was pure folly on my part.

I had planned reform in the education of children. My brother had children, and my own child which I had left at home when I went to England was now a boy of nearly four. It was my desire to teach these little ones physical exercise and make

them hardy and also give them the benefit of my personal guidance. In this I had my brother's support and I succeeded in my effort more or less. I very much liked the company of children and the habit of playing and joking with them has stayed with me till to-day. I have ever since thought that I should make a good teacher of children.

The necessity for food reform was obvious. Tea and coffee had already found their place in the house. My brother had thought it fit to keep some sort of English atmosphere ready for me on my return, and to that end crockery and such other things, which used to be kept in the house only for occasional use, were now in general use. My 'reforms' put the finishing touch. I introduced oatmeal porridge and cocoa was to replace tea and coffee. Boots and shoes were already there. I completed the Europeanisation by adding the European dress.

A WHITE ELEPHANT AT OUR DOOR

Expenses thus went up. New things were added every day. We had succeeded in tying a white elephant at our door. But how was the wherewithal to be found? To start practice in Rajkot would have meant sure ridicule. I had hardly the knowledge of a qualified Vakil and yet I expected to be paid ten times his fee! No client would be fool enough to engage me. And even if such was to be found, should I add arrogance and fraud to my ignorance, and increase the burden of debt I owed to the world?

Friends advised me to go to Bombay for some time to gain experience of the High Court and study Indian law and try to get what briefs I could. I took up the suggestion and came to Bombay.

Here I started a household with a cook as incompetent as myself. He was a Brahmin. I did not treat him as a servant but as a member of the household. He would pour water over himself but never wash. His dhoti was dirty, as also his sacred thread and he was innocent of Scriptures. But how was I to get a better cook?

'Well, Ravishanker,' (for that was his name), I would ask. 'You may not know cooking, but surely you must know your Sandhya (daily worship) etc.' 'Sandhya, sir! The plough is our Sandhya and the spade the daily ritual. That is the type of Brahmin I am. I must live on your mercy. Otherwise agriculture is of course there for me.

So I had to be Ravishanker's teacher. Time I had enough. I began to do half the cooking and introduced the English experiments in vegetarian cookery. I invested in a stove and with Ravishanker began to run the kitchen. I had no scruples about interdining and Ravishanker too came to have none and so we went on merrily together. There was only one obstacle. Ravishanker had sworn to remain dirty and to keep the food unclean!

But it was impossible for me to get along in Bombay longer than four or five months. For there was no income to square with the ever increasing expenditure.

This is how I began life. I found the barrister's profession a bad job—much show and little knowledge. I felt a crushing sense of my responsibility.

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