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PEN-PORTRAITS AND TRIBUTES

BY

GANDHIJI

(SKETCHES OF EMINENT MEN AND WOMEN BY
MAHATMA GANDHI)

Compiled and Edited by
U. S. MOHAN RAO

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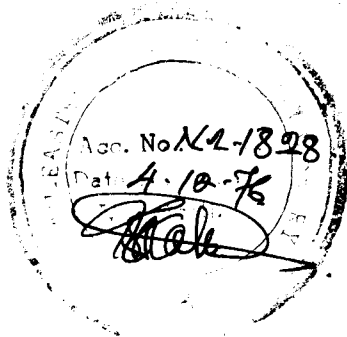
NATIONAL BOOK TRUST, INDIA
NEW DELHI

March 1969 (Chaitra 1891)

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PRINTED IN INDIA

PUBLISHED BY THE SECRETARY, NATIONAL BOOK TRUST, INDIA, NEW DELHI-13
AND PRINTED AT THE NATIONAL PRINTING WORKS, 10, DARYAGANJ, DELHI-6

FOREWORD

IN THIS BOOK are collected Gandhiji's sketches and tributes to some of the men and women whom he admired including many with whom he came in intimate contact or had correspondence. These range from his South African period and go on almost to his last days.

Himself an indefatigable worker, expert organiser and student of human nature with all its faults and foibles, he yet had an uncanny insight into the inner urges and subtle compulsions that moved men and women to action; as a result, he unearthed the essential goodness in them and held it up to others so that they may emulate it and benefit by it.

Despite his many preoccupations with matters as diverse as life itself, Gandhiji still found time to sit down quietly and pick out the virtues and strong points in those around him, very often his differences with them notwithstanding.

These personal tributes reveal Gandhi the man and lay bare the gentle, human side in him and the reader will see at once how generously he gave every man his due and asked others to imitate the virtues that made him great.

Above all, he wrote—as he spoke—the truth as he saw it, without fear or favour, a quality that is as rare as it is precious and desirable.

I hope that every reader, young or old, especially the former, will try and imbibe the great qualities which have merited praise at the hands of the greatest man that this country has produced in this century.

In this year of the Gandhi centenary, a large number of books are being produced on Gandhiji and his life. We are very glad to present here an unusual aspect of the Mahatma, *i.e.*, how he, one of the really great men of the world, regarded other eminent men and women of his time. A word of gratitude is due to *The Collected*

Works of Mahatma Gandhi, which has been a source of help to the Editor.

Shri U. S. Mohan Rao has ably edited this selection of appropriate personalities from the large number about whom Gandhiji wrote from time to time. He has made a judicious selection and this gives a good idea of Gandhiji's brilliant portraiture of eminent people of his age.

NEW DELHI
20th March, 1969

B. V. KESKAR

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1. LORD SALISBURY

BY THE DEATH OF Lord Salisbury¹, the British Empire has lost a statesman who was loved and respected in the Empire and feared outside it. The late Lord Salisbury's life is an object lesson to every member of the Empire—in uprightness, industry, and all that is worth cultivating in this life. His, moreover, is an example to be treasured up by the rich men in any land. To history, however, he will be best remembered as one of the greatest Foreign Secretaries of the Victorian era. And it was his masterly grasp of the situation and full realisation of the greatness of the Empire which cut out for him a unique position among the continental nations. Lord Salisbury was no opportunist, and, to him, politics were not a matter of gain. He, therefore, cared little for popular applause, and spoke out against wrong, whether it came from his own party or the Opposition. As Lord Cranborne, when he was Secretary of State for India, he did not hesitate to call a spade a spade, and this was the view he gave about the poverty of India:

The injury is exaggerated in the case of India where so much of the revenue is exported without a direct equivalent. As India must be bled, the lancet should be directed to the parts where the blood is congested, or, at least, sufficient, not to those already feeble for the want of it.

The statement has become historical, and has been quoted from many a platform. As to policy, he said:

To keep peace, and to push on the public works—that is in

¹ 1830-1903; twice Prime Minister of Britain

brief the policy that we have to follow. If we can increase the immense means she (India) possesses for the production of commodities—if we can draw forth the enormous elements of prosperity that lie in the richness of her soil and the teeming millions of her population—if we can impress upon the neighbouring Powers (whether they lie outside her borders or are included in her own dominions)—if we can impress upon them that her rulers have renounced for ever the policy of annexation and territorial aggrandisement, which formerly spread distrust and caused disturbance all round; if we do these things, and if we can spread to all the populations there under our charge the blessings of English civilization and English government; if we can give them the culture which will enable them to appreciate those blessings and to take part in spreading them and in making them effectual—if these things can be done, then this present method of repose and of apparent stagnation will be put to the best use it possibly can be put to. . . . We can only be assured that if we make the best use of our present opportunities—if we push to the utmost of our power the moral and material improvement of that vast territory and of the teeming nations that people it, we shall have placed our Empire upon foundations that cannot be shaken.

Again, as showing the frankness of his disposition, the following extract from his speech, taken from the great work¹ of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, is very apt:

The general concurrence of opinion of those who know India best is that a number of well-governed small Native States are in the highest degree advantageous to the develop-

¹ *Poverty and Un-British Rule in India*, 1901

ment of the political and moral condition of the people of India... The British Government has never been guilty of the violence and illegality of Native Sovereigns. But it has faults of its own, which, though they are far more guiltless in intention, are more terrible in effect. Its tendency to routine, its listless, heavy heedlessness, sometimes the results of its elaborate organisation, a fear of responsibility, an extreme centralisation; all these results, traceable to causes for which no man is culpable, produce an amount of inefficiency which, when reinforced by natural causes and circumstances, created a terrible amount of misery.

The same frankness guided the noble man during the critical period of the late Boer War. When disaster followed disaster during the initial stage of the bloody conflict, he, of all the statesmen in Great Britain, was ready and willing to admit that the disasters were undoubtedly due to mistakes, drawing, at the same time, historical parallels and showing that in the initial stages of almost every great war the British had been engaged in, they had committed serious blunders.

On July 20, 1900, he even stated that:

It was very desirable that the treatment of India should be generous and liberal, because, as one reason, the mass of the people of that country were much more struggling and suffering than the mass of the people here.

Lord Salisbury, again, it was who, at the risk of losing popularity, did not hesitate, on the very platform of the Propagation of the Gospel Society at the time of the Chinese expedition, to utter some disagreeable though wholesome truths. Before his distinguished audience, with reference to the missionary work in China. His Lordship, true Christian gentleman that he was, reminded the

missionaries that, as they had fallen from the advice of Christ, and instead of meekly suffering hardships, and even death if necessary, in pursuit of their calling, asked for the assistance of temporal power in carrying on their work, it was their duty to temper their zeal with prudence, so as not to compromise or place in a false position countries they represented....

Such was the great and good patriot the British Empire has lost, and whose loss it mourns.

INDIAN OPINION, 3-9-1903

2. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

MRS. BESANT has said somewhere that England owes her present position not to her warriors, but to her one great national act, namely, the emancipation of slaves. This truth is very strikingly realised in the life-story of Booker Washington. Mr. Rolland has contributed a very interesting article to the latest number of *East and West* on Booker T. Washington, which is worth bringing to the attention of our readers.

Booker, as he was known when yet a slave, was born about the year 1858, the exact date being unknown to him. "His lot," says Mr. Rolland, "was the average one. He did not fall under the tyranny of one of those brutes so forcibly depicted in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's novel. . . Yet even those masters who were kind to their slaves, treated them like inferior beings—a kind of useful cattle which had to be well fed if they were to work well, and which had no need of comforts they would be unable to appreciate." When

freedom for the slaves was proclaimed, Mr. Booker's family left the plantations and went to town. He had a very great desire, illiterate though he was, to learn and educate himself. He, therefore, set about learning the rudiments of the English language, and attended a night-school. In his uphill work towards mental progress, he was helped by many white patrons of his, chief among whom was General Armstrong who had served in the Civil War. "He was," proceeds Mr. Rolland, "a sort of apostle who devoted his life to the coloured races, whose needs he thoroughly understood, and who founded in 1868 in Virginia the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute to train young men and women of the negro and (Red) Indian races to become teachers among their own people."

Our hero longed to receive his education at the Institute; he, therefore, accepted service in a military officer's house, and after he had saved some money started for Hampton. The distance he had to cover was nearly five hundred miles. "The difficulties of the road were still further increased by his being a coloured man who could not be received at the same hotel as white people. More than once, he had to sleep out of doors, and to work all day in order to get enough to eat, but he never hesitated. At last, he reached Hampton. His appearance was so wretched and disreputable that the gates would have been closed against him if the matron of the establishment had not thought he might be useful as a servant. Thus, he got permission to stay. He was able to pay for his board and teaching by fulfilling the duties of door-keeper, room cleaner and man-of-all-work, which manifold occupations did not prevent him from assiduous attention at the classes." It was not likely that such marvellous industry would escape the sympathetic notice of General Armstrong, who bestowed special attention on him, with the result that Mr. Booker came out of the Institute as one of the most brilliant students.

Having imbibed knowledge himself which enabled him to take a

broader view of life and to fight poverty and all difficulties, he thought that he could not better devote his life than being instrumental in imparting a similar knowledge to his fellow-countrymen. With such a laudable aim, he opened a small school, first at Malden, then at Washington, until he was called back to Hampton to occupy the post of teacher to the Indians of the Institute. Being himself a negro, he had some difficulty with the American Indians, but by his gentleness and prudence he soon succeeded in disarming all opposition to himself. This humble beginning laid the foundation of what is now an ideal college at Tuskegee. He realised that "the one thing needed by negroes, for the time being, was to learn how to work to advantage in the trades and handicrafts; how to be better farmers; how to be more thrifty in their lives; how to resist the money-lenders' inducements to mortgage their crops before they were made."

With this resolution, he set out for Tuskegee, and began his teaching in 1881 in a shanty. He had, however, like many pioneers, not only to found a school but to attract pupils to it. His idea about combining industrial education with a knowledge of letters merely, as might be well imagined, was not taken up enthusiastically. He, therefore, travelled from place to place, lecturing to the people on the advantage of his system. In his struggle for reform, he found Miss Olivia Davidson to be a worthy helper, whom he afterwards married. The result was that the support he received as to the number of the pupils soon outgrew the capacity of his humble school building. But Booker, who by this time had added Washington to his name, was equal to the occasion. He borrowed money and purchased a plantation of a hundred acres. Here was an opportunity for him of putting into practice his theory of industrial training. His students were, therefore, set to work, and a suitable structure was built. The clay was dug by them, and the bricks, too, were burnt by them. The Tuskegee College has now forty buildings and a beautiful

library, a gift from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, on an estate of 2,000 acres, besides fifteen cottages belonging to it. It represents a value of £ 100,000, the annual cost is £ 16,000, the number of people about 1,100; the cost of each student is £ 10 per year, board being paid partly in money, partly in labour—£ 40 suffices to complete a four years' course, while £ 200 provides a permanent scholarship. A great number of donations from great philanthropists and voluntary contributions from all kinds of people have every year added to the funds of the College, and a grant of 25,000 acres of land in Alabama was given by the Government of the United States in 1898. The students come from twenty different States and territories. There are eighty-six instructors in the college and twenty-six different industries taught, every student, man or woman, having to learn a trade in addition to his or her studies in the class-room. The men learn printing, carpentering, brick-laying (in which they have become so competent that they turn out a hundred thousand bricks of superior quality a month), and various agricultural processes. The women learn plain sewing, dressmaking, cooking, ironing, and all about dairy work and poultry, horticulture, which is now a special feature at Tuskegee, five thousand pear trees being grown on the farm. They have a market garden which they have planned and made themselves. They have constructed a cold farm house, doing the carpentry work themselves. They keep an account of the expenses incurred in raising and amounts realised from the sale of all vegetables. A nurse-training department has lately been established, and there is now a Kindergarten in the College. A savings bank has been founded on the grounds, and a school Post Office recognised by the State and responsible to the Government. A newspaper is also issued every month.

Such is the work done by Mr. Booker T. Washington, single-handed, in the face of enormous odds, without a glorious past to look back upon as an incentive which more ancient nations can

missionaries that, as they had fallen from the advice of Christ, and instead of meekly suffering hardships, and even death if necessary, in pursuit of their calling, asked for the assistance of temporal power in carrying on their work, it was their duty to temper their zeal with prudence, so as not to compromise or place in a false position countries they represented. . . .

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INDIAN OPINION, 3-9-1903

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boast of. His influence at present is so great and universal that he is liked by all, both black and white. We read some time ago in the newspapers that the President of the United States invited him to the White House—"an unprecedented event—a revolution in the States where, a short time ago, no white man would have touched the hand of a negro without thinking himself defiled by this contact". Harvard University has honoured him with the degree of Master of Arts. In travelling through Europe, he had drawn crowds of appreciative audiences.

A life such as this teaches a lesson to all of us. If it is one full of honours, the honours have been well earned, after patient toil and suffering. Mr. Washington might have chosen another career in which he might have shone perhaps better in the estimation of some, but he chose first of all to raise his people, to qualify them for the great task lying before them. With himself he has raised his own countrymen also immeasurably, and set to them, as indeed to all of us who care to study his life, an example worthy to be followed...

INDIAN OPINION, 10-9-1903

3. SIR JOHN ROBINSON

DEATH HAS removed from our midst one of the Makers of Natal in the person of the late Sir John Robinson.¹ The first Prime Minister under responsible government, Sir John has left behind him a re-

¹1839—1903

gramme whole-heartedly and paid a generous tribute to the Natal Indian Volunteer Ambulance Corps. . . . We tender to Lady Robinson and the family our most sincere sympathy in their bereavement, which is a bereavement for the whole Colony.

INDIAN OPINION, 12-11-1903

4. DADABHAI NAOROJI

I

THE MAIL papers to hand from India contain very long notices of the birthday anniversary of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, who is undoubtedly to India what Mr. Gladstone was to Great Britain. He has entered upon his 79th year, and the whole of India has celebrated the anniversary in a manner befitting the occasion. Millions of voices have gone up to Heaven praying for the blessings of the Almighty to be showered upon the grand old man and for many years of life on this earth. We join the millions in their prayer. Mr. Dadabhai is loved from the Hindukush to Cape Comorin and from Karachi to Calcutta as no other living man in India is loved. He has given a lifetime to the service of the country of his birth, and though a Parsi, Hindus, Mahomedans, Christians and all revere him just as strongly as the followers of Zoroaster. He has sacrificed for the cause of India ease and luxury, and has imposed upon himself a long exile. He has devoted his wealth also to the cause. His is the purest type of patriotism and comes from a sense of duty to the motherland. Nor is this all. Mr. Dadabhai's private character has been also a perfect pattern to be copied by the rising generation

5. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

A BIOGRAPHY in three volumes of Mr. Gladstone¹, one of the greatest men of this age, written by Mr. Morley², his principal follower, has come out recently. Since biographical writing is rare in India, people there have not unfortunately been able to appreciate its value. People in the West are more advanced in this matter. Many kinds of lessons are to be found in the lives of great men, and they make a profound impression on the community.

The honourable Mr. Chandavarkar spoke on the type of man that Mr. Gladstone was, before a distinguished audience in the Prarthana Samaj Hall in Bombay on November 22, 1903. He began by explaining who really are great men, what qualities they must possess and what kind of man Mr. Gladstone was. After brief, prefatory remarks on the reason why all the peoples of Europe regarded Mr. Gladstone a great man, Mr. Chandavarkar paid a tribute to him. In doing so, he cited the example of the philosopher, Emerson, and said that only he could be called great who possessed eminently such qualities as humility, gentleness, equanimity, kindness, respect even for those who held different views, however much mistaken these might be, a capacity for understanding, far-sightedness, unshakable devotion to eternal truth and determination to do one's job. Such a man was Emerson. Mr. Chandavarkar said that greatness could not be attained through fatuous talk, but by cultivating reticence.

It appears from Mr. Morley's biography that Gladstone was no less great as a statesman and politician than Emerson was as a philosopher. Because of this greatness, not only England but also many other nations revered him. No one better understood his duties and abilities than Mr. Gladstone. The best evidence

¹ 1809-98; Prime Minister, 1868-74, 1880-85, 1886, and 1892-94

² Later Viscount John Morley (1838-1923), Liberal statesman and author, Secretary for Ireland, 1886 and 1892-95, and Secretary of State for India, 1905-10

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6. MR. DOMAN TELOO

WE VERY much regret to announce the death, in the prime of his life, of an able and active Indian of Johannesburg, Mr. Doman Teloo. All the Indians in Johannesburg knew him very well. He used to live in Umgeni, but later moved to Johannesburg to seek his fortune. By dint of hard work, he earned some money in his calling as a goldsmith and in other business and as an owner of land, some of which is in Natal. He learnt a little English by his own exertions, and studied Hindi for commercial use and under the spell of religion. An intensely religious man, he was always keen to exalt Hinduism. He was also enthusiastic in his public work. Since his parents were poor and he was brought up amidst the hardships commonly faced by Indians in Natal, he had learnt to be patient, but act with firmness. This experience stood him in good stead in Johannesburg.

He pursued with determination whatever he set out to do, but knew how to proceed keeping his keenness within bounds. Both before and after the war, he took an active part in all the public activities of the Indian community. When the war was over, he devoted almost all his time to securing without profit to himself and with great integrity, permits for his compatriots and to removing other hardships of theirs. When, after the Boer trouble was over, hopes of improving our condition under the British were dashed to the ground, he spared no pains to unite all our brethren and carry on the struggle. Along with others, he made strenuous efforts and founded an organization called the Indian Association; and he worked day and night to collect funds for it. It was his intention to take up much more public work. By his death, the Indian community has lost a good man. He was an agent of *Indian Opinion* and himself used to sell 50 copies a week, sacrificing his own work, and he would not accept the usual agent's commission due to him. We offer our heartfelt condolences to the members of his family

as also to the Indians of Johannesburg, and we pray to God to grant deliverance to his soul.

(From Gujarati)

INDIAN OPINION, 4-2-1904

7. MR. KRUGER

EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER is no more, and in him one of the most striking personalities of the nineteenth century has passed away, leaving the world the poorer for it. His was a strong character which had, perhaps, many contradictions, but the net result was undoubtedly in his favour. His devotion to those whom he was proud to call his people was unexampled, and even the mistake that he made in defying a powerful nation like the British and in sending his world-famous ultimatum is a mistake that would count, not against him, but in his favour. It was his intense love for the country and its people that made him take the fatal step. There was no vainglory about it. He felt that he was in the right. His faith in the Old Testament teaching was sublime, and he believed that God was on his side and, that being so, he could never lose. Indeed, even after the issue was finally decided, during the short period that he was on this earth, he never allowed himself to waver and still continued, as many Boers do, to believe that good for them will yet come out of the British annexation. And so it undoubtedly will; not perhaps in the manner they would wish, but then God's ways are not our ways, and the future will shew what the destiny of the nation is to be. It has often been urged

8. WILLIAM DIGBY

BY THE DEATH of Mr. William Digby, C.I.E., India has lost a champion whom it will be difficult to replace.¹ His advocacy of the Indian cause was strenuous and well-informed. His unrivalled experience of India always stood him in good stead in answering his opponents. He was the founder of the Indian Political Agency, and the first Editor of *India*, which has been doing eminent service, and without disparagement, we may say that the editing of that journal by the deceased gentleman has never been equalled. By his voluminous writings, the late Mr. Digby ever kept the different Indian questions before the public. We offer our sincere condolences to the deceased gentleman's family.

INDIAN OPINION, 29-10-1904

¹William Digby (1849-1904), authority on Indian economic problems, author of *Prosperous British India* and a member of the British Committee of the Indian National Congress.

9. JAMSHEDJI NASSERWANJI TATA

A MAMMOTH MEETING was held early last April in the Town Hall in Bombay to perpetuate the memory of the late Mr. Tata,¹ with Lord Lamington, the Governor, in the chair. The first resolution regarding the raising of a memorial was moved by the popular Chief Justice of the Bombay High Court, Sir Lawrence Jenkins. Justice Badruddin Tyabji,² Justice Chandavarkar, the Honourable Mr. Parekh,³ Sir Bhalchandra⁴ and others attended the meeting. All the speakers, including the Governor, pointed out that a gentleman as liberal, simple and as sagacious as Mr. Tata had hardly lived before in India. In whatever he did, Mr. Tata never looked to self-interest. He never cared for any titles from the Government, nor did he ever take distinctions of caste or race into consideration. As Justice Badruddin observed, the Parsis, the Muslims, the Hindus—all were equal to him. For him it was enough that they were Indians. He was a man of deep compassion. Tears came to his eyes at the thought of the sufferings of the poor. Though he possessed unlimited wealth, he spent nothing from it on his own pleasures. His simplicity was remarkable. May India produce many Tatas!

(From Gujarati)

INDIAN OPINION, 20-5-1905

¹Sir Jamshedji Nasserwanji Tata (1839-1904), Indian industrialist and philanthropist.

²A distinguished member of the Bombay Bar and later judge of the Bombay High Court. He presided over the third session of the Indian National Congress at Madras in December 1887.

³Sir Gokuldas Karsandas Parekh, a member of the Bombay Legislative Council

⁴Sir Bhalchandra Bhatavdekar, an eminent doctor and public worker of Bombay.

10. MAXIM GORKY

A COMPARISON can be made, up to a point, between the people of Russia and our own. Just as we are poor, the Russian people are also poor. We have no voice in conducting the affairs of State and have to pay taxes without demur; the same is true of the Russians also. Seeing such oppression, some Russians do come out bravely against it from time to time. Some time ago, there was a rebellion in Russia and one of the chief participants was Maxim Gorky.¹ This man was brought up in extreme poverty. At first he served as an apprentice to a shoe-maker, who discharged him. Afterwards he served as a soldier for some time. While in the army, he evinced a desire for education, but being poor could not get himself admitted to any good school. He then served under a lawyer and finally worked as a hawker at a baker's. All this time he continued educating himself through his own efforts. The very first book he wrote in 1892 was so excellent that he soon became famous. Thereafter, he wrote many things, all of them with a single purpose, viz., to stir up the people against the tyrannies they were labouring under, to warn the authorities and to render public service, in so far as this was possible. Without caring to make money, he writes with such vehemence and bitterness that the authorities keep a stern eye on him. He has also been to jail in the service of the people and considers imprisonment an honour. It is said that there is no other writer in Europe who is as great a champion of the people's rights as Maxim Gorky.

(From Gujarati)

INDIAN OPINION, 1-7-1905

¹(1868-1936), Russian novelist.

11. JOSEPH MAZZINI

ITALY AS a nation came into existence recently. Before 1870 Italy comprised a number of small principalities, each with its petty chief. Before 1870, she was like the India or Kathiawad of today. Though the people spoke the same language and had the same character, they all owed allegiance to different petty states. Today Italy is an independent European country and her people are regarded as a distinct nation. All this can be said to be the achievement of one man. And his name—Joseph Mazzini. Joseph Mazzini was born in Genoa on June 22, 1805. He was a man of such sterling character, so good-natured and so patriotic, that great preparations are being made throughout Europe to commemorate the centenary of his birth. For, although he dedicated his whole life to the service of Italy, he was so broad-minded that he could be regarded a citizen of every country. It was his constant yearning that every nation should become great and live in unity.

Even at the early age of thirteen Mazzini showed great intelligence. In spite of great scholarship that he evidenced, he gave up his books out of patriotism and undertook the study of law, and began using his legal knowledge gratuitously to help the poor. Then he joined a secret organisation which was working for the unification of Italy. When the Italian chiefs learnt of this, they put him into prison. While still in prison, he continued to advance his plans for freeing his country. At last he had to leave Italy. He went to Marseilles and lived there. The Italian princes, however, using their influence, had him banished from that city. Though obliged to fly from place to place, he did not lose heart and kept on sending his writings secretly to Italy, which gradually influenced the minds of the people. He suffered a lot in the process. He had to run about in disguise to evade spies. Even his life was frequently in danger, but he did not care.

At last he went to England in 1837. He did not suffer so much

12. ELIZABETH FRY

...MRS. ELIZABETH FRY lived in England a century ago.¹ She was a very religious-minded lady and it was her constant concern to help mitigate the sufferings of man. Though herself a chronic invalid she did not care; she was not to be daunted by personal suffering. There is a prison called the Newgate Prison in England where, a hundred years ago, men and women prisoners were huddled together somehow and lived quite uncared for. They were in an extremely bad state. Crime among them, instead of diminishing, was on the increase. Their life was more like that of cattle. Consequently, the condition of Newgate prisoners who were released after their sentences became very pitiable. This misery, the good Elizabeth could not bear to see. Her heart was deeply grieved, and she dedicated her life to the amelioration of their condition. Having obtained permission of authorities, she began helping, in particular, the women prisoners, whom she used to comfort. But she did not stop here. By her writings and personal effort she got a number of reforms introduced through the authorities. As a result of her efforts the condition of prisoners improved much. But this she considered quite inadequate. In those days, prisoners used to be deported to Australia. They were subjected to great harassment while on board ships. Even the honour of women prisoners was not safe. Elizabeth saw that all her good work was being undone on board the ships while the prisoners were being thus transported. To remedy this evil, she visited the ships at great personal inconvenience. At last she succeeded in putting an end to the sufferings of prisoners on the ships. Further, she effected some improvement in the miserable condition of the prisoners in Australia; and a law was accordingly passed to the effect that prisoners, on reaching

¹ Elizabeth Fry (1780-1845) belonged to the Society of Friends. She was a pioneer of prison reform.

Australia, were to be passed on to others for service after being trained there for six months. While thus sharing in the sufferings of many unfortunate persons, this good lady forgot her own suffering, and breathed her last, praying to God.

(From Gujarati)

INDIAN OPINION, 19-8-1905

13. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

IT IS BELIEVED that the greatest and the noblest man of the last century was Abraham Lincoln. He was born in America in 1809 of very poor parents. He received very little education until he was fifteen years old. He could hardly read or write and earned his meagre living, wandering from place to place.

At last he thought of bettering his lot. There being no steamers or other means of transport in those days, he voyaged through the big rivers on a country raft made of wooden planks and visited the various towns in America. At one place he got the job of a shop assistant. He was then twenty years old. Once he had a job it occurred to him that he might study further. Thereupon, he bought a few books and began to study them by himself. Meanwhile one of his relatives thought that Abraham might be able to do better if he studied law; and he apprenticed him to a lawyer, with whom Abraham worked with great diligence and studied books. He showed such ability that his superiors were much pleased with him.

as long as America endures. It will thus be seen that Lincoln has become immortal, for his greatness consisted not in his talent or his wealth, but in his innate goodness. A nation that has such good qualities as Lincoln's is bound to rise.

(From Gujarati)

INDIAN OPINION, 26-8-1905

14. COUNT TOLSTOY

I

IT IS BELIEVED that, in the western world at any rate, there is no man so talented, learned and as ascetic as Count Tolstoy. Though he is now nearly eighty years old, he is quite healthy, industrious and mentally alert.

Tolstoy was born of a noble family in Russia. His parents had enormous wealth, which he inherited. He is himself a Russian nobleman, and has, in his youth, rendered very good service to his country by fighting gallantly in the Crimean War. In those days, like other noblemen of the time, he used to enjoy all the pleasures of the world, kept mistresses, drank and was strongly addicted to smoking. However, when he saw the carnage and bloodshed during the war, his mind brimmed over with compassion. His ideas changed; he began a study of his own religion and read the Bible. He read the life of Jesus Christ which made a deep impression on his mind. Not satisfied with the then current Russian translation of the Bible, he studied Hebrew, the language in which it was originally written, and continued his researches into the Bible. It was also about this time that he discovered in himself a great

15. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

WE HAVE in an earlier issue of the journal published an account of the career of the benevolent lady, Elizabeth Fry. Just as she brought about an improvement in the condition of prisoners and devoted her life to their service, so also Florence Nightingale¹ sacrificed herself in the service of the men in the army. When the great Crimean War broke out in 1851², the British Government was as usual not alive to the situation. There was no preparation. And just as in the Boer War, so in the Crimean War, too, they committed blunders in the beginning and suffered a crushing defeat. Fifty years ago, the various facilities for nursing the wounded which are available today did not exist. People did not come out to render aid in large numbers as they do now. Surgery was not as efficacious then as it is today. There were in those days very few men who considered it an act of mercy and merit to succour the wounded. It was at such a time that this lady, Florence Nightingale, came upon the scene and did good work worthy of an angel descended from heaven. She was heart-stricken to learn of the sufferings of the soldiers. Born of a noble and rich family, she gave up her life of ease and comfort and set out to nurse the wounded and the ailing, followed by many other ladies. She left her home on October 21, 1854. She rendered strenuous service in the battle of Inkerman.³ At that time there were neither beds nor other amenities for the wounded. There were 10,000 wounded under the charge of this single woman. The death rate among the wounded which was 42 per cent before she arrived, immediately came down to 31 per cent, and ultimately to 5 per cent. This was miraculous, but can be easily visualized. If bleeding could be stopped, the wounds bandaged and the requisite diet given,

¹(1820-1910), famous nurse and pioneer of hospital reform

²In fact, the Crimean War broke out on October 23, 1853.

³On November 5

16. ISHWARCHANDRA VIDYASAGAR

... THERE IS NO gainsaying the fact that a nation's rise or fall depends upon its great men. The people who produce good men cannot but be influenced by them. The main reason for the special distinction that we find in Bengal is that many great men were born there during the last century. Beginning with Rammohan Roy¹, one heroic figure after another has raised Bengal to a position higher than that of the other provinces. It can be said that Ishwarchandra Vidyasagar was the greatest among them. "Vidyasagar", which means an ocean of learning, was an honorific of Ishwarchandra, conferred on him by the pandits of Calcutta for his profound Sanskrit learning. But Ishwarchandra was not an ocean of learning only; he was an ocean of compassion, of generosity, as well as of many other virtues. He was a Hindu, and a Brahmin too. But to him, Brahmin and Sudra, Hindu and Muslim, were all alike. In any good deeds that he performed, he made no distinction between high and low. When his professor had an attack of cholera, he himself nursed him. As the professor was poor, Ishwarchandra called in the doctors at his own cost and himself attended to the patient's toilet.

He used to buy *luchi*² and curds and feed the poor Muslims at his own cost, in Chandranagar³, and helped with money those who needed it. If he saw a cripple or anyone in distress by the roadside, he took him to his own house and nursed him personally. He felt grief at other people's sorrows and joy at their joys.

Himself he led a very simple life. His dress consisted of a coarse *dhoti*, a shawl of a similar kind to cover his body, and slippers.

¹(1774-1833). A great social and religious reformer, founder of the Brahmo Samaj, supported abolition of *Sati* and worked hard for the spread of education.

²A kind of unleavened and fried bread made from flour

³In West Bengal, then a French possession

raised by the British for Nelson, would have been erected as a memorial to him. However, a column to honour Ishwarchandra already stands in the hearts of the great and the small, the rich and the poor of Bengal.

It will now be clear to us how Bengal provides an example for the other parts of India to follow.

(From Gujarati)

INDIAN OPINION, 16-9-1905

17. GEORGE WASHINGTON

STUDENTS OF ENGLISH must have read in their text books about one George who one day cut off, for the fun of it, a berry plant that was dear to his father. When he saw the fate of the plant, his father asked the boy about it. George replied: "Father, I wouldn't tell a lie. I cut the plant." When the father, who questioned him in an angry tone, heard this straight reply from George who had tears in his eyes, he was pleased and forgave him. George was then a mere child.

The boy, on whose mind devotion to truth was thus firmly imprinted, became at fifty-five the first President of America, which is today the admiration of the world. When he was elected to the presidency, the American people offered to crown him king, but he simply rejected the proposal.

George Washington was born in a wealthy family in the city of Westmoreland in Virginia on February 22, 1732. Little is known about the first sixteen years of his life. Until then he had read

ward to fill their pockets. But all such people had to live in awe of Washington. In 1792-3¹ Washington was elected President for a second time. During his term of office, he showed the same courage and bravery that he had displayed in war in introducing land reforms, in keeping the people united and in enhancing the country's reputation. A writer has said: "Washington was first in war, as well as first in peace, and occupied the first place in the hearts of his countrymen!" When he was pressed to accept the Presidency for a third term, he refused the offer and went to live on his estate.

This heroic person died of a sudden illness on December 14, 1799. He was very tall; his height, it is said, was six feet three inches. No one in his time had such massive arms. He was always humble and kind. The high position to which America has risen today is due to his patriotism. The name of Washington will live as long as America lives. May India too produce such heroes.

(From Gujarati)

INDIAN OPINION, 30-9-1905

18. DR. BARNARDO

THE NEWS OF Dr. Barnardo's death last month has been cabled throughout the world. Our readers must be eager to know who this Dr. Barnardo was. We are, therefore, giving this time in these columns an account of the worthy doctor's life.

¹ The original has 1892-3, obviously an error.

or sink together. How can we walk without a staff so long as we are lame?

(From Gujarati)

INDIAN OPINION, 28-10-1905

21. LORD METCALFE

"THE RIGHT TO RULE belongs to the ruler only if he works for the happiness of the ruled." Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, who uttered these words and acted up to them, was born in Calcutta on January 30, 1785. After receiving an indifferent sort of education in England he gave up his studies at the early age of fifteen and came to Calcutta the following year. In those days the East India Company was very strict in selecting its employees, and inexperienced youths without proper education were not admitted to its service. Metcalfe was therefore obliged to enter the college at Calcutta. Thus, after receiving education for some time, Metcalfe was appointed to a subordinate post. At nineteen, he became Head Clerk to General Lake. General Lake and the officers under him were annoyed to find the young man in the civil department. Metcalfe took the hint and made up his mind to prove his valour in war. He took the lead in storming the fort of Dig¹ and put in such excellent work that General Lake became greatly pleased with him. Three years later Metcalfe was assigned a very responsible piece of work. The French were conspiring with Maharaja Ranjit Singh in the Punjab. Metcalfe was entrusted with the task of thwarting their

¹ A fort near Agra; the original has "Lig".

22. SIR T. MUTTUSWAMI AIYAR

SIR T. MUTTUSWAMI AIYAR was born in a poor family at Tanjore on January 28, 1832. Having lost his father at a very early age, Muttuswami had to earn his own living. He therefore took up the job of a village clerk on one rupee a month. This went on till 1846. During this time, a gentleman named Muttuswami Naicker was struck by the boy's intelligence and industry. Once it happened that Naicker received news of the river embankment near a village having given way. He sent for his clerk, but the latter being absent, the boy Muttuswami answered the call. Asked by Naicker to make inquiries about the mishap, Muttuswami went round the whole place and brought all the news. Mr. Naicker did not quite believe him, but, being in a hurry, he passed on the boy's report. Later, Mr. Naicker was much pleased to know that the facts collected by Muttuswami were quite accurate.

Not being satisfied with the kind of life he was leading, Muttuswami resolved to rise higher and started going to school whenever he could find the time. Mr. Naicker who noticed this, kept him for 18 months in a Mission school at Negapatam, and then sent him to a High School in Madras. He also gave him a letter of recommendation to Raja Sir T. Madhav Rao. Muttuswami made daily progress in his studies. Mr. Powell, who was then the Headmaster of the school, saw Muttuswami's merit, and gave him special attention. In 1854, Muttuswami wrote an English essay, which won him a prize of Rs. 500. After he had finished his studies at the High School, he was appointed a teacher on Rs. 60 a month. He rose by stages till he became a responsible education officer. The Government had meanwhile instituted an examination for the Pleader's *Sanad*¹. Muttuswami prepared for the examination, and stood first in it. In those days the judges used to go on tour from time to time in order to inspect the work of the *munsiffs*². Once Judge

¹ Licence to practise

² Judges of subordinate courts

23. BADRUDDIN TYABJI¹

BADRUDDIN TYABJI'S is a famous name throughout India, particularly in the Bombay Presidency where he is known to all. He revealed his ability at a very early age and was a very good student at school. His career as a student was so bright that his elders decided to send him to England. Sir Pherozezshah and Badruddin were of the same age and were contemporaries at school.

Mr. Badruddin was perhaps the first Indian from the Bombay Presidency to go to England. He excelled in studies, won many laurels in England and then returned to Bombay. He earned a great reputation as an able barrister and was always compared to great English barristers. He successfully fought cases in which he had to confront the famous barristers, Enstey and Inverarity. During the period of his practice at the Bar, there was hardly a big case in which he was not engaged by one or the other party. With his power of oratory and legal acumen, he pleased the judges and won over the members of the jury. He went many times to Kathiawar to fight big State cases, most of which he won. His greatest case was perhaps the defence of Nawabzada Nasuralla Khan. The Collector of Surat, Mr. Lely, had charged the Nawabzada with having offered him a bribe of Rs. 10,000. Mr. Lely gave very strong evidence in the case. Mr. Slater, the Chief Presidency Magistrate of Bombay, gave a harsh judgement, sentencing the Nawabzada to six months' imprisonment. Mr. Badruddin, who was engaged in the appeal against this judgement, argued the law points so ably that Justice Parson quashed the sentence pronounced on the Nawabzada by the lower court and passed severe strictures against Mr. Lely. Mr. Badruddin had, no doubt, won many cases before, but his fame spread all the more with this victory, which saved a member of a noble family from confinement and disgrace. Some

¹(1844-1906)

24. MANSUKHLAL HIRALAL NAZAR

IT WAS IN THE DARK days of December, 1896, that Mansukhlal Hiralal Nazar landed in Durban, a perfect stranger. He intended to live a quiet life, but a patriot of his type was not able to sit still when he saw his countrymen needing the help of a guiding hand during those trying times. The Durban Demonstration was then brewing. Meetings were held in the Town Hall to protest against the immigration of Indians. The Indian passengers on board the *Naderi* and *Courland* were threatened with dire results if they attempted to land on the shores of Natal. It was then that Mr. Nazar arrived on the scene, and was hailed as a deliverer by the Indian community. Not a soul knew who he was, but his magnetic personality and the authoritative manner in which he spoke about the duty of the people at the time attracted the leaders to him immediately, and it is difficult to say what the Indian community would have done had Mr. Nazar not arrived at the time. He remained closely closeted with Mr. Laughton, who was acting as counsel for the community, and I have it from Mr. Laughton's own lips that Mr. Nazar's assistance and his suggestions at the time proved to him of the utmost value. From that day to the date of his death, Mr. Nazar placed the public cause before his own; his dream of leading a private life was never realised, and though people were never allowed to know it, for the cause of his countrymen Mr. Nazar has died a pauper.¹ For days together he used to live away from Durban, in a secluded home in Sydenham², existing on nothing but a little milk and a few biscuits, and time alone will show the nature and value of the unostentatious services rendered by Mr. Nazar.

He was born in the early 'sixties, and belonged to a family of noble traditions and to one of the most cultured castes in India, namely, the Kayastha division. As is shown by his family name,

¹ Died on January 20, 1906

² A suburb of Durban

writer's purpose to scrutinise the character of the dead man. Indians will have to search far and wide before they will be able to find Mr. Nazar's equal. He disdained praise and never wanted any, and whether he was blamed or praised, he never allowed his public work to be affected. We do not stumble upon such selfless workers anywhere and everywhere. They are few among all communities. Time alone will show what the Indian community and, shall I say even the European community, has lost in Mr. Nazar.

INDIAN OPINION, 27-1-1906

25. MR. W. C. BONNERJEE

WE REGRET to announce the death of Mr. Womesh Chunder Bonnerjee, one of the greatest Indian patriots of modern times. The late Mr. Bonnerjee belonged to what may be called the Naoroji school of patriots, who devoted their time and talents to their country's good. Mr. Bonnerjee was one of the foremost barristers in Bengal, and at a very early stage of his career rose to fame by his forensic eloquence and legal acumen. The unusual influence he thereby gained was used for the benefit of his country. The deceased was one of the founders of the Indian National Congress, of which he was the first President, and which he served up to the last day of his life, using his purse freely for the public cause. . . .

A life, such as Mr. Bonnerjee's, teaches many a lesson to the present generation of Indian youth, and the best tribute that any

Indian can render to the memory of the deceased is to copy his example. We tender to the late Mr. Bonnerjee's family our respectful sympathy. Their loss is also India's.

INDIAN OPINION, 25-8-1906

26. ADAMJI MIYANKHAN

I

MR. ADAMJI MIYANKHAN sailed home on the 7th. His services to the Indian community should be an example to all Indian traders. His portrait is published in this issue. Mr. Adamji comes of a noble family. His ancestors carried on a business in brocades and many varieties of cloth. In 1884, when he was eighteen, he came to South Africa along with his brother, Mr. Gulam Hussain, and his father, Mr. Miyankhan. He had had some English education which proved very useful.

It was really in 1896-7 that the Indian community had the occasion to benefit from his public services. It was not long after the Congress had been founded, and its first Secretary was to leave for India. The problem then arose of who was to take his place. But thanks to his knowledge of English and his tact and competence, Mr. Adamji was unanimously appointed Acting Secretary. At this time Mr. Abdul Karim Haji Amod Zaveri was the President. Within six months of their assumption of office the funds of the Congress rose from £100 to £1100. The members also in those days were full of enthusiasm. They used to travel long distances in their own carriages to collect funds. And the whole community now enjoys

is difficult to fill the gap created by the premature death of an able and conscientious leader like Mr. Adamji Miyankhan. His patriotism and other valuable qualities of character are well known. Traits of character such as intelligence, patience, quickness of grasp and readiness for self-sacrifice, which he showed as Acting Secretary of the Congress and during his subsequent public career, deserve emulation. His popularity was evident on the occasion of the farewell party at the time of his departure. Even in India it was his intention to conduct a campaign against the hardships (of Indians) in South Africa. It is but natural that the death of such a benevolent gentleman at the early age of 41 should cause grief. We offer our condolences to the family of the departed, and urge his admirers to emulate his great virtues.

(From Gujarati)

INDIAN OPINION, 27-7-1907

27. HENRY DAVID THOREAU

MANY YEARS AGO, there lived in America a great man named Henry David Thoreau. His writings are read and pondered over by millions of people. Some of them put his ideas into practice. Much importance is attached to his writings because Thoreau himself was a man who practised what he preached. Impelled by a sense of duty, he wrote much against his own country, America. He considered it a great sin that the Americans held many persons in the bonds of slavery. He did not rest content with saying this, but took all other necessary steps to put a stop to this trade. One of these steps consisted in not paying any taxes to the State in which

the slave trade was being carried on. He was imprisoned when he stopped paying the taxes due from him

(From Gujarati)

INDIAN OPINION, 7-9-1907

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DAVID THOREAU WAS a great writer, philosopher, poet, and withal a most practical man, that is, he taught nothing he was not prepared to practise in himself. He was one of the greatest and most moral men America has produced. At the time of the abolition of slavery movement, he wrote his famous essay "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience". He went to gaol for the sake of his principles and suffering humanity. His essay has, therefore, been sanctified by suffering. Moreover, it is written for all time. Its incisive logic is unanswerable.

INDIAN OPINION, 26-10-1907

28. JOHN RUSKIN

I

PEOPLE IN THE WEST generally hold that it is man's duty to promote the happiness—prosperity, that is—of the greatest number. Happi-

the good latent in the human breast. Poets do not influence all alike, for everyone is not evolved in an equal measure.

The teachings of *Unto This Last* I understood to be:

1. That the good of the individual is contained in the good of all.
2. That a lawyer's work has the same value as the barber's in as much as all have the same right of earning their livelihood from their work.
3. That a life of labour, i.e., the life of the tiller of the soil and the handicraftsman is the life worth living.

The first of these I knew. The second I had dimly realized. The third had never occurred to me. *Unto This Last* made it as clear as daylight for me that the second and the third were contained in the first. I arose with the dawn, ready to reduce these principles to practice.²

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, pp. 220-1

29. NARAYANSAMY

NARAYANSAMY IS DEAD,¹ but even in death he lives. He is no more in the body, but he has left an immortal name behind him. Birth and death are the common lot of all. If we consider the matter deeply, we shall realize that death, whether it comes early or late, should be no cause for grieving or rejoicing. On the contrary, to die in the service of the community or in the pursuit of some other

¹ He died on 16-10-1910.

Nagappen and Narayansamy have thus left us. The Tamil community is laying the other Indians under an increasingly heavier debt. It is covering itself with greater glory day by day. How will it ever be possible after this to make an adequate return for the services of the Tamil community? Other Indians would do well to take a lesson from it and, copying its example, learn to suffer in silence for the sake of the motherland. The [Indian] community will disgrace itself if it fails in this.

(From Gujarati)

INDIAN OPINION, 22-10-1910

30. MR. ABDOOLLA HAJEE ADAM

ONE OF THE GREATEST figures in the Indian community of Natal is no more. Mr. Abdoolla Hajee Adam Jhaveri¹, of the well-known firm of Dada Abdoolla and Co., breathed his last on Monday last, at the age of 58 leaving a widow, together with the whole Indian community and not a few of his European friends to mourn after him. With the deceased was linked the political as also the commercial life of the Indians of Natal. He was one of the first independent Indian settlers of Natal, having almost immediately followed the late Mr. Aboobaker Amod². Mr. Abdoolla Hajee

¹ He invited Gandhiji to South Africa in 1893 to represent his case to an English lawyer.

² Abubaker Amod Zaveri; one of the early Indian settlers in the Transvaal, a leading merchant of silk and fancy goods and the only Indian to own landed property in the Transvaal. He sent indentured Indians in distress back to India in his ships free of charge and even helped them with food and money *en route*.

31. GOPAL KRISHNA GOKHALE

THE SUBJECT OF THIS SKETCH is so well known that it is almost superfluous to explain who and what Mr. Gokhale is. South African Indians remember with deep gratitude his continued advocacy of their cause and his sympathy with them in their troubles. He will be always remembered as the man who largely brought about the stoppage of recruiting indentured labour in India for Natal. Mr. Gokhale's energies have been recently thrown into the introduction of a Bill in the Viceroy's Council to provide free and compulsory education for every child in India. Although unsuccessful, Mr. Gokhale is not the man to be discouraged by failure. When he knew that the fate of his Bill was sealed, he made no complaint. In his speech before the Council he said: "I know too well the story of the preliminary efforts that were required even in England before the Act of 1870 was passed, either to complain or to feel depressed. Moreover, I have always felt and have often said that we of the present generation in India can only hope to serve our country by our failures." Such is the man as he is today. His life has been spent in serving the Motherland, and it is the prayer of millions in India and elsewhere that he may be spared many more years to continue the work he loves so well.

Gopal Krishna Gokhale was born in 1866 at Kolhapur, India. His parents were poor, but they sent him to the local college to be educated. He was a successful student and took his B. A. course principally at the Elphinstone College, Bombay, and partly at the Deccan College, Poona. After taking his degree, in 1884, he was admitted to membership of the Deccan Education Society. The life-members of this Society bind themselves to serve in the Fergusson College and in the schools of the Society for a period of twenty years on a monthly salary of 75 rupees. For some time Mr. Gokhale lectured on English literature and mathematics, but for the greater part of his term of service he filled the chair of History and Political

32. MR. A.O. HUME

BY THE LAST ENGLISH MAIL comes the news of the death of Mr. A.O. Hume¹, who was known as the "Father of the Indian National Congress"... Real friends of India are so rare that we feel specially grateful to those who have taken pains to understand the peculiar and in many ways unfortunate position of India in the British Empire. Too often we find that retired Civil Servants of India are out of sympathy with the Indian people. This was not the case with the late Mr. Hume. He believed that it was not beneath his dignity to meet Indians on an equal footing. He worked side by side with the leaders of the people, encouraging them with his kindly sympathy and urging them on to higher and nobler things. We learn that, even though his strength failed him, his enthusiasm never flagged. The memory of such noble men renews again our drooping faith in the righteousness of the British people. We still hope and trust that England can produce men of the stamp of Mr. Hume—men who will stand up for justice, cost what it may. By the death of Mr. A.O. Hume, India has lost a true friend.

INDIAN OPINION, 31-8-1912

¹ Allen Octavian Hume; one of Sir George Trevelyan's "Competition Wallahs"; was magistrate of Etawah during the Mutiny; became Secretary to the Government of India in 1870 and did commendable work organizing the Revenue, Agricultural and Commercial Departments; author of *Old Man's Hope*, *The Star in the East*, *The Rising Tide*, etc., the last one being on political activity in India.

33. MR. JOSEPH J. DOKE

MR. DOKE is no more ! The thought is terrible. He who was seen only the other day by a host of friends, when he set out on his journey to the North-western border of Rhodesia, close to the Congo border, full of hope and buoyancy, has gone to his reward. And he quitted this mortal frame without any of his relations by his side. Even his son Clement, who accompanied him, was sent home. But in a death like this is summed up Mr. Doke's life. He claimed no exclusive relationship with anybody. To him every human being was truly a friend and brother. He, therefore, died surrounded by newly-made friends. His life preached the gospel of work. He died in harness, doing his duty. His life preached love to his fellowmen. He died whilst finding further fields for his loving activity. And as he loved, so is his death today mourned by not only his European congregation, not only by Englishmen, but also by many of his Native, Chinese and Indian friends. In a place where even men of religion are not free from the local prejudice against colour, Mr. Doke was among the few who knew no distinction of race, colour or creed. Though dead, Mr. Doke lives through his work of love and charity in the hearts of all who had the privilege of coming in contact with him.

Mr. Doke's energy was inexhaustible. He was a man of many activities. In his own department—that of preaching—he was eloquent and earnest. He said nothing he did not mean. He advised no rules of conduct for which he was not himself prepared to die. His preaching, therefore, was effective. He was an able writer. He wrote a memoir of his own grandfather. He contributed to magazines. He wrote *An Indian Patriot in South Africa*—a popular history of the story of Indian passive resistance. Lord Ampthill wrote a very flattering introduction to it. To Mr. Doke it was purely a labour of love. He believed in the Indian cause and the book was one of the many ways in which he helped it. Only a short

34. HAJI HUSSAIN DAWAD MAHOMED

IT IS WITH FULL deliberation that I say that the untimely death of Bhai Hussain has widowed the Indian community here. People may wonder whether it is not something of an exaggeration to say that a young man of 22, of whom most Indians had not even heard, whom not many had seen, who never made any big speeches and never sought to teach wisdom to people, has widowed the people by his death, but my answer will still be the same. The character which Bhai Hussain possessed I have seen in few youths or grown-up men. In South Africa, I can think of no grown-up man who can equal him, and I doubt if there is any among the many youths whom I know. If there is anyone who can surpass him, such a one is not known to me. Bhai Hussain had based his way of life on truth. He lived for truth. Bhai Hussain detested lying, deceit, cunning and hypocrisy. He felt extremely uncomfortable in the presence of deceit. Whenever he saw people lying, his head would ache and he felt like flying away from there, if only he had wings. The lies that go on in ordinary company were so disgusting to this youth that, many a time, he felt disinclined to stay on in Durban. Whenever he heard and believed that man was good, he was all admiration for him. So guileless was he. His heart was meek like a cow's. I never observed the slightest taint of sin in him. His innocence and his frankness were all his own. A budding rose has withered. But its fragrance remains. We can still enjoy deep draughts of it. He has left that fragrance with everyone who came in contact with him. Evil company had no effect on him. Once Mr. Dawad Mahomed wrote to Hussain, "My son, guard yourself against the temptations of life in England. Beware of evil company." I remember what Mr. Hussain wrote back in reply: "Father, you do not know your son. Evil company cannot taint Hussain. Your son is not likely to succumb to the temptations in England." That was the gist of his reply. It takes

my purpose in this article. Let everyone be an Indian of the same stamp as Hussain. Let us all, young and old, emulate Bhai Hussain's conduct, no matter whether we are Hindus or Muslims. If we cherish his memory and follow in his footsteps, we shall cease to make distinctions among us. Let us hold on to truth and dedicate our all to the country's cause. Though Bhai Hussain was on his death-bed, when Rustomjee Sheth went to visit him before starting again on the 16th on a pilgrimage to gaol, he said, "Yes, uncle, you are going. If I could leave this bed, I too would go to gaol with you. How happy I would be to die in gaol for the sake of the country!" May India beget thousands of Hussains!

INDIAN OPINION, 1-10-1913

35. SIR PHEROZESHAH M. MEHTA

THE ENTRUSTING of this resolution to me has given me a welcome opportunity to express my sentiments about Sir Pherozeshah in public. He was the lion of the Bombay Municipal Corporation and I too have sometimes heard the roaring of this lion. Many were the battles he fought with Sir George Clarke¹, Lord Harris², successive Viceroys and many Governors in India. No wonder that the whole of India mourns the death of such a valiant leader.

¹ Lord Sydenham, ex-Governor of Bombay

² Ex-Governor of Bombay and chairman of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa

36. DR. ANNIE BESANT

I

...IT WAS IN 1889 that I first paid my respects to Mrs. Besant when I was studying as a lad in London. I was privileged to do so by the courtesy of two English friends who were at the time ardent Theosophical students. She had only just joined the Theosophical Society there. Not much impression was created on my mind then. I really went not to have impressions but out of mere curiosity to see what this lady who was once an atheist looked like. My friends had told me that she was the best among the living women orators in the world, and that Madame Blavatsky was in great joy over this big "capture". But when, immediately after, I went to Queen's Hall, I went not to look at Mrs. Besant but to listen to her. And the words she uttered then as she rose to answer the charge of inconsistency have never faded from my memory. She said as she wound up her great speech which held her audience spell-bound that she would be quite satisfied to have the epitaph written on her tomb that she lived for truth and she died for truth. I had from my childhood an instinctive fascination for truth. The utter sincerity with which, I felt, she spoke these words captivated me and ever since I have followed her career with unabated interest and always with admiration for her boundless energy, her great organizing ability and her devotion to the work she might have made her own for the moment...

C.W.M.G. Vol. XVI, pp. 201-2

¹Message on her birthday, October 1, 1919; from a photostat of the handwritten draft with corrections in Gandhiji's hand.

37. LOKAMANYA BAL GANGADHAR TILAK

I

LOKAMANYA BAL GANGADHAR TILAK is no more. It is difficult to believe of him as dead. He was so much part of the people. No man of our times had the hold on the masses that Mr. Tilak had. The devotion that he commanded from thousands of his countrymen was extraordinary. He was unquestionably the idol of his people. His word was law among thousands. A giant among men has fallen. The voice of the lion is hushed.

What was the reason for his hold upon his countrymen? I think the answer is simple. His patriotism was a passion with him. He knew no religion but love of his country. He was a born democrat. He believed in the rule of majority with an intensity that fairly frightened me. But that gave him his hold. He had an iron will which he used for his country. His life was an open book. His tastes were simple. His private life was spotlessly clean. He had dedicated his wonderful talents to his country. No man preached the gospel of swaraj with the consistency and the insistence of Lokamanya. His countrymen therefore implicitly believed in him. His courage never failed him. His optimism was irrepressible. He had hoped to see swaraj fully established during his life-time. If he failed, it was not his fault. He certainly brought it nearer by many a year. It is for us, who remain behind, to put forth redoubled efforts to make it a reality in the shortest possible time.

Lokamanya was an implacable foe of the bureaucracy, but this is not to say that he was a hater of Englishmen or English rule. I warn Englishmen against making the mistake of thinking that he was their enemy.

I had the privilege of listening to an impromptu, learned discourse by him, at the time of the last Calcutta Congress, on Hindi being the national language. He had just returned from the Congress pandal. It was a treat to listen to his calm discourse on Hindi. In

38. YADWARKAR PATWARDHAN

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

I AM REMINDED of these memorable lines of Gray's elegy when I think of a dear friend and co-worker who died on the 4th instant at Nagpur, unwept by any but his closest relations and friends. Yadwarkar Patwardhan of Amraoti was unknown to fame, but was no less devoted a servant of the nation than many who work in the lime-light of public gaze and command the plaudits of overgenerous and often even unthinking crowds. Patwardhan was a graduate in law of Bombay University but never practised the profession. I had the privilege of first knowing him in 1915. He was constantly at the Ashram. I was struck by the beauty of his character, his simplicity, his self-effacingness, his utter humility, his constancy and his devotion to the work entrusted to him. He laboured for *Young India* for over a year without any honorarium as Sub-Editor. He attended the Congress¹ and was preparing to go to Sholapur and work there for non-co-operation. But God had willed otherwise. He was ailing for some time; but we had all hoped that he would soon recover. He had a sudden relapse however during the Congress week and never left his bed. He died with the last verses of the second chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita* on his lips. Thus die many a Hampden, the real dumb makers of a nation. I knew Patwardhan to be 'a gem of purest ray serene'. His friends knew his worth. May God grant peace to the noble soul!

YOUNG INDIA, 12-1-1921

¹The 35th session of the Congress held at Nagpur in December 1920

39. MRS. RAMABAI RANADE

THE DEATH of Ramabai Ranade¹ is a great national loss. She was the embodiment of all that a Hindu widow could be. She was a true friend and help-mate to her illustrious husband in his life-time. After his death she chose as her life-work one of her husband's activities. Mr. Ranade was a reformer and deeply interested in the uplift of Indian womanhood. Ramabai therefore threw herself heart and soul into the Sevasadan. She concentrated her whole energy upon it. The result is that the Sevasadan has become an institution without a second of its kind throughout all India. It educates nearly one thousand girls and women. Col. Maddock told me that it was his hospital that turned out the best and the largest number of Indian nurses. All these sisters belong to the Sevasadan. No doubt, Ramabai had in Mr. Devdhar² a worker of tireless energy and great capacity for detail. But it only enhances Ramabai's merit that she had capable and devoted co-workers. The Sevasadan will always remain a living monument to her sacred memory. I tender my humble sympathy to the deceased sister's family and her many children of the Sevasadan.

YOUNG INDIA, 8-5-1924

40. P. K. NAIDU

WE IN INDIA know nothing of our South African heroes. They are unknown to fame like

'Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood.'

¹(1862-1924); wife of Mahadev Govind Ranade

²G.K. Devdhar, a member, later president of the Servants of India Society

41. PARSI RUSTOMJEE

I

A CABLE received from Durban from his son gives me the sad news of the death of Rustomjee Jivanjee Ghorkhodoo. For me it is a personal loss. He was a valued client, [dear friend] and faithful co-worker. He was as true a Parsi as he was a true Indian. He was an equally true man. He was an orthodox Parsi, but his Zoroastrianism was as broad as humanity itself. He befriended all without distinction. He could act pleasingly towards officials, but he could be unbending when the occasion demanded it. His word was as good as his bond. He was brave as a lion. He was chary of making promises, but if he made them he strove his best to keep them. After he declared himself as a satyagrahi, he never swerved even during the darkest hours of the movement, not even when the end seemed never to be coming. When he took the pledge, he was by no means a young man. Nor was he untrammelled by business preoccupations. But he never counted the cost. He suffered losses without a murmur. He gave almost beyond his means and yet never unthinkingly. His charities were most catholic. He gave donations for mosques, madrasas, national schools. Many a young man owed his rise to Parsi Rustomjee, as he was called throughout South Africa. Personally I owe much to him. I have many friends in South Africa. But I have not known a warmer one. He harboured me when I was lynched. His house was a place of refuge for me and mine. People wonder why I am partial to Parsis. I am not partial but I am thankful that I can bear testimony to their admirable virtues. So long as the memory of Parsi Rustomjee persists with me, so long will that portion of humanity claim my respectful admiration. If we had many Rustomjees in our public life, we should not be long in reaching our cherished goal....

42. BI-AMMA

It is difficult to think of Bi-Amma as dead. Who does not know the stately figure of Bi-Amma or her voice at public gatherings? Though old in years she possessed the energy of youth. She travelled ceaselessly in the cause of the Khilafat and swaraj. A staunch follower of Islam, she realized that the cause of Islam, in so far as it depended on human effort, depended upon the freedom of India. She realised with equal conviction that freedom of India was impossible without Hindu-Muslim unity and Khaddar. She therefore ceaselessly preached unity which had become an article of faith with her. She had discarded all her foreign and mill-made clothing and taken to Khaddar. Maulana Mahomed Ali tells me she had enjoined upon him that on her death she should have nothing but Khaddar. Whenever I had the privilege of going to her bed-side, her enquiry was about swaraj and unity. The enquiry was invariably followed by the prayer that God might grant wisdom to Hindus and Mussalmans to understand the necessity of unity and that He may in His mercy let her live to see swaraj established. The best way in which we can treasure the memory of this brave and noble soul is to imitate her in her zeal for the common cause. Hinduism without unity and swaraj is as much in peril as Islam. Would that Hindus and Mussalmans had the common sense of Bi-Amma to appreciate this elementary fact! May God grant her soul peace and the Ali Brothers strength to continue the mission bequeathed to them! I must not omit to mention the impressive and solemn scene that I had the good fortune to witness on the night of Bi-Amma's death. Having heard that life was ebbing away in her, Sarojini Devi and I hurried to her bedside. She was surrounded by many members of the family. Dr. Ansari, the friend and physician of the family, was also in attendance. I heard no sobbing, though I noticed tears trickling down Maulana Mahomed Ali's cheeks. The Big Brother restrained himself with difficulty, though there was an unusual

solemnity about his face. They were all chanting the name of Allah. One friend was reciting the last prayer. The *Comrade* Press was situated within earshot of Bi-Amma's bedroom. But the work was not interrupted for a single moment. Nor did the Maulana interrupt his own editorial duties. Indeed no essential public duty was suspended. Maulana Shaukat Ali would not dream of my postponing my visit to the Ramjas College. And like a good soldier he kept the appointment he had made with the Hindus of Muzaffarnagar although he had to proceed there almost immediately after Bi-Amma's death. All this was as it should have been. Birth and death are not two different states, but they are different aspects of the same state. There is as little reason to deplore the one as there is to be pleased over the other.

YOUNG INDIA, 20-11-1924

43. SRI RAMAKRISHNA PARAMAHAMSA

THE STORY of Ramakrishna Paramahansa's life is a story of religion in practice.¹ His life enables us to see God face to face. No one can read the story of his life without being convinced that God alone is real and that all else is an illusion. Ramakrishna was a living embodiment of godliness. His sayings are not those of a mere learned man but they are pages from the Book of Life. They are revelations of his own experiences. They, therefore, leave on the reader an impression which he cannot resist. In this age of scepticism Ramakrishna presents an example of a bright

¹ Foreword to *Life of Shri Ramakrishna Paramahansa*, December 12, 1924

and living faith which gives solace to thousands of men and women who would otherwise have remained without spiritual light. Rama-krishna's life was an object-lesson in ahimsa. His love knew no limits, geographical or otherwise. May his divine love be an inspiration to all...

44. SIR SURENDRANATH BANERJEA

THE DEATH of Sir Surendranath Banerjea removes from Indian political life one who has left upon it the deep impress of his own personality. What though with new ideals and new hopes within recent times he receded into the background? Our present is the result of our past. Ideals and aspirations of the present day would have been impossible without the invaluable work done by pioneers like Sir Surendra. Time was when the student world idolized him, when his advice was considered indispensable in all national deliberations, and his eloquence held audiences spell-bound. It is impossible to recall the stirring events of the partition days in Bengal and not to think with gratitude and pride of Sir Surendranath's matchless services in connection with it. It was then that Sir Surendranath justly earned from his grateful countrymen the title of "Surrender-not". During the blackest period of the time of partition, Sir Surendranath never wavered, never lost hope. He threw himself into the agitation, with all his might. His enthusiasm infected the whole of Bengal. His determination to unsettle the 'settled fact' was unshaken. He gave us the necessary training in courage and resolution. He taught us not to fear authority. His work in the Education Department was no less valuable than in the political. Through the Ripon College

thousands of young men came under his direct influence and received their liberal education. His regular habits gave him health, vigour, and, what may be called for India, a long life. He retained his mental faculties unimpaired up to the last moment. It required a courage of no small order to resume in his seventy-seventh year the editorship of his paper the *Bengalee*. Indeed, he was so confident of his mental vigour and physical capacity, that he said to me, when I had the privilege of meeting him at Barrackpore two months ago, that he expected to live till 91 years, after which he would not wish to live as he would not retain his mental vigour long thereafter. But Fates had decided otherwise. They snatched him away from us without notice. For nobody had expected so sudden a death. Up to the early hours of the morning of Thursday the 6th instant, he betrayed no sign of dissolution. But though he is no longer with us in the body, his services to the country will never be forgotten. He will ever be remembered as one of the makers of modern India.

YOUNG INDIA, 13-8-1925

45. DESHBANDHU CHITTARANJAN DAS

I

CALCUTTA DEMONSTRATED yesterday the hold Deshbandhu had on Bengal, nay, India. Calcutta is, like Bombay, cosmopolitan. It has people from all the provinces. And all these people were as hearty participators in the procession as the Bengalis. The wires

I would be ungrateful if I did not try to give some description of the love I had been receiving [at Darjeeling]. He took personal interest in the smallest matters. He would himself order dry fruits from Calcutta. As it would be difficult to secure goats or goats' milk in Darjeeling, he had got five from the plains and kept them where he was staying. He would not let me manage without any of the things to which I was used. There was only a wall between our two rooms. Every morning, he would wait for me as soon as he was free. He would be in bed, for he could not leave it. He knew my manner of sitting cross-legged, and so would not let me sit on the chair, but would make me sit on his bed facing him. He would get some more mattresses spread and also have cushions placed for me. I could not help joking: "This scene reminds me of a day forty years ago when I got married, the bride and I sat like this on a plank. All that remains is holding each other's hands." I had hardly finished this when the whole house rang with Desh-bandhu's laughter. Whenever he laughed, the sound of his laughter could be heard from a great distance...

(From Gujarati)

NAVAJIVAN, 28-6-1925

46. SUSHIL RUDRA

I WOULD ask the reader to share my grief over the death of an esteemed friend and silent public servant. I mean Principal Sushil Rudra who died on Tuesday, 30th June. India whose chief disease is her political servitude recognizes only those who are fighting publicly to remove it by giving battle to a bureaucracy that has pro-

'I like it all. I like the friends who come to see you. It gives me pleasure to think that in keeping you with me, I am doing some little service to my country.' The reader may not be aware that my open letter to the Viceroy giving concrete shape to the Khilafat claim was conceived and drafted under Principal Rudra's roof. He and Charlie Andrews were my revisionists. Non-co-operation was conceived and hatched under his hospitable roof. He was a silent but deeply interested spectator at the private conference that took place between the Maulanas, other Musalman friends and myself. Religious motive was the foundation for all his acts. There was, therefore, no fear of temporal power, though the same motive also enabled him to value the existence and the use and the friendship of temporal power. He exemplified in his life the truth that religious perception gives one a correct sense of proportion resulting in a beautiful harmony between action and belief. Principal Rudra drew to himself as fine characters as one could possibly wish for. Not many people know that we owe C. F. Andrews to Principal Rudra. They were twins. Their relationship was a study in ideal friendship. Principal Rudra leaves behind him two sons and a daughter all grown up and settled in life. They know their grief is shared by the numerous friends and admirers of their noble-hearted father.

YOUNG INDIA, 9-7-1925

47. DWIJENDRANATH TAGORE

IT IS DIFFICULT to believe that Dwijendranath Tagore is no more. A wire from Shantiniketan gives me the sad news that Borodada known as Dwijendranath Tagore has found his rest. He was near-

ing 90 and yet he was so bright, so cheerful that one could never feel whilst in his presence that his days of earthly existence were numbered. Borodada was a distinguished member in that family of geniuses. Besides being a great scholar—as familiar with Sanskrit as he was with English—Borodada was a deeply religious man of broad sympathies. Whilst he held tenaciously to the teachings of the *Upanishads*, he was open to receive light from all the other scriptures of the world. He loved his country with the passion of a most devoted patriot. Yet his patriotism was not exclusive. He understood the spiritual beauty of non-violent non-co-operation, though he never failed to appreciate its political significance. He believed in the spinning-wheel with a full heart and had adopted khaddar even at his ripe age. He kept himself in closest touch with the current events with the ardour of a youth. Borodada's death means the withdrawal of a great sage, philosopher and patriot from our midst. I tender my condolences to the Poet and the members of the Ashram at Shantiniketan.

YOUNG INDIA, 21-1-1926

48. UMAR SOBHANI

THE UNEXPECTED and premature death of Umar Sobhani removes from our midst a patriot and worker of the front rank. There was a time when Mr. Umar Sobhani's word was law in Bombay. There was not a public popular movement in Bombay in which, before misfortune overtook him, Umar Sobhani was not the man behind the scene. He was no speaker. He detested public speaking. He never appeared on the stage. He was the stage manager. His

avoid his recklessness and thus deserve the heritage he has bequeathed to us.

YOUNG INDIA, 15-7-1926

49. SWAMI SHRADDHANAND

THE EXPECTED has happened. Swami Shraddhanandji passed a day or two at the Satyagraha Ashram at Sabarmati, now about six months ago, and told me, in the course of his conversations, that he often received letters threatening his life. Where is the reformer who has not a price put upon his head? There was, therefore, nothing untoward in his getting the letters. And there is nothing untoward in the assassination having taken place.

Swamiji was a reformer, he was a man of action, not of words. His was a living belief. He has suffered for it. He was bravely personified. He never quailed before danger. He was a warrior, and a warrior lives to die, not on a sick-bed but on the battlefield.

Shraddhanandji became seriously ill about a month ago. Dr. Ansari was, as his physician, giving him all the loving attention he was capable of giving. The telegram I received from his son, Indra, in reply to my inquiry at the beginning of the month, was that he was better and that he wanted my love and prayer, both of which he had before the asking.

God had willed for him a martyr's death and so, though he was still on the sick-bed, he died at the hands of an assassin who had asked to be admitted to the Swamiji's presence for the purpose of holding a religious discourse on Islam, who was admitted at the Swamiji's instance, and who, under pretence of wanting water

50. FLORENCE WINTERBOTTOM

IN INDIA, with the exception of a few who came in personal touch with that good Englishwoman, no one knew anything of Miss Florence Winterbottom, who, a friendly message from England tells me, has just died. She was among the rare men and women who find service its own reward, and she belonged to that class amongst the English who seek out and befriend forlorn causes in the teeth of odium, ridicule and opposition. She was a leading light of the Ethical Movement and was for some time president of the Union of Ethical Societies. She was Secretary of the Emerson Club. I had the privilege of coming in touch with her when I went to England in charge of the first South African Indian Deputation in 1906. I knew nothing of her, but by reading in the papers about the doings of the Deputation in out-of-the-way corners of the leading dailies of London, she sought us out, she offered me a platform, she studied the question and in a variety of ways helped the cause that at that time had only a few chosen friends in England. She became from that time one of the most constant and painstaking supporters of the cause in South Africa. No one who came in contact with her failed to recognize in her fearlessness, honesty for the sake of honesty not merely as the best policy, and a capacity to take an exceptionally detached view of all things. Though intensely English, she was equally intensely international. Her patriotism never took the shape of justifying everything English whether good, bad or indifferent. When people tell me that non-violence is of no effect so far as English people are concerned, I renew my faith in non-violence and in English nature, or better still human nature, by thinking of instances like those of Miss Florence Winterbottom. May her soul rest in peace!

51. HAKIM AJMALKHAN

IN THE DEATH of Hakim Saheb Ajmalkhan the country has lost one of its truest servants. Hakim Saheb's was a many-sided personality. He was not merely an able physician who practised his art as much for the rich as for the poor. But he was a courtier-patriot. Though he passed his time among potentates, he was a thorough-going democrat. He was a great Musalman and equally great Indian. He loved equally Hindus and Musalmans and was in turn equally respected and loved by both. Hindu-Muslim unity was the breath of his nostrils. His later days were soured because of our dissensions. But he never lost faith in his country or his people. He felt that both the communities were bound in the end to unite. Having that unchangeable faith, he never ceased to work for unity. Though he took time, he finally threw in his lot with the non-co-operators and did not hesitate to put in peril his fondest and greatest creation, the Tibbia College. He loved this College with a passion which only those who knew him well could realize. In Hakimji I have lost not merely a wise and steadfast co-worker, I have lost a friend on whom I could rely in the hour of need. He was my constant guide in the matter of Hindu-Muslim unity. His judgment, sobriety, and knowledge of human nature enabled him for the most part to give correct decisions. Such a man never dies. Though he is no longer in the flesh with us, his spirit shall be ever with us and calls us even now to a faithful discharge of our duty. And no memorial that we can raise to perpetuate his memory can be complete until we have achieved real Hindu-Muslim unity. May God grant that we may learn to do through his death what we failed to do in his life-time.

But Hakimji was no idle dreamer. He believed in realizing his dream. As he realized his dream about medicine through the Tibbia College, so he sought partially to realize his political dream through the Jamia Milia. When this national university

was almost on the point of dying, he, almost single-handed, carried out the plan of removing the institution from Aligadh to Delhi. But the removal meant more worry for him. He believed himself thenceforward to be specially responsible for the financial stability of the College. He was the principal man to find support for it either from his own pocket or by way of contributions collected from personal friends. The immediate and indispensable memorial that the nation can raise is to put the financial condition of the Jamia on a stable basis. Both Hindus and Musalmans are and should be equally interested in it. It is one of the four national universities still struggling for existence, the other three being the Bihar, Kashi and Gujarat Vidyapiths. When the Jamia was brought into being, Hindus subscribed liberally to it. The national ideal has been kept intact in this Muslim institution...

There can be no doubt that it is the duty of those Hindus and Musalmans who wish to honour the memory of Hakim Sahib, who believe in the constructive side of non-co-operation and who believe in Hindu-Muslim unity, to give as much financial assistance as is possible for them to give...

YOUNG INDIA, 5-1-1928

52. MAGANLAL K. GANDHI

HE WHOM I had singled out as heir to my all is no more. Maganlal K. Gandhi, a grandson of an uncle of mine, had been with me in my work since 1904. Maganlal's father has given all his boys to the cause. The deceased went early this month to Bengal with Sheth Jamnalalji and others, contracted a high fever whilst he was

but for twenty-four long years—now alas all too short—that service of the country, service of humanity and self-realization or knowledge of God are synonymous terms.

Maganlal is dead, but he lives in his works whose imprints he who runs may read on every particle of dust in the Ashram.

YOUNG INDIA, 26-4-1928

53. GOPABANDHU DAS

AS I AM WRITING FOR *Young India*, I have a wire from Nilkanth Babu advising me of the death at Sakhigopal of Pandit Gopabandhu Das who was one of the noblest among the sons of Orissa, the land of sorrows and tears. Gopabandhu Babu had given his all to Orissa. I heard of him and his sterling character and steadfastness when Sjt. Amritlal Thakkar was sent to Orissa in 1916 to distribute relief to the famine-stricken. Sjt. Thakkar used to write to me how Gopabandhu Babu braved inconvenience and disease in struggling to help the helpless. He gave up his practice and his membership of the Legislative Council during the non-co-operation days and never wavered. What was more for him was to stake the existence of his dearest creation, the Satyavadi School. He braved the taunts of some of his closest friends and persisted to his eternal honour in what they considered to be his folly. His one ambition in life was to see dismembered Utkal united and happy. He had lately become a member of Lala Lajpatrai's society and was planning to make Khadi an efficient vehicle for the economic relief of poverty and flood-stricken Orissa. The country is the poorer for the death of Pandit Gopabandhu Das.

Though he is not in our midst in the flesh, he is in our midst in the spirit. Let that noble spirit guide the workers of Orissa, let his death result in a larger dedication to service, greater effort, greater self-effacement and greater unity among the scattered workers who are too few for the national requirements.

YOUNG INDIA, 21-6-1928

54. LALA LAJPATRAI

LALA LAJPATRAI is dead. Long live Lalaji! Men like Lalaji cannot die so long as the sun shines in the Indian sky. Lalaji means an institution. From his youth he made of his country's service a religion. And his patriotism was no narrow creed. He loved his country because he loved the world. His nationalism was international. Hence his hold on the European mind. He claimed a large circle of friends in Europe and America. They loved him because they knew him.

His activities were multifarious. He was an ardent social and religious reformer. Like many of us he became a politician because his zeal for social and religious reform demanded participation in politics. He observed at an early stage of his public career that much reform of the type he wanted was not possible until the country was freed from foreign domination. It appeared to him, as to most of us, as a poison corrupting every department of life. It is impossible to think of a single public movement in which Lalaji was not to be found. His love of service was insatiable. He founded educational institutions; he befriended the suppressed classes; poverty wherever found claimed his attention. He sur-

Their power grows with time. We feel it more, as with the march of time it is seen outside of its setting in the weak flesh. The impermanent in man dies with him. The permanent part of him triumphs over the ashes and appears clearer to us for their removal. Let us cherish Lalaji's memory in that light and let Harijan-Hindus and caste-Hindus make a fresh resolve in Lalaji's memory to cleanse society of the curse of untouchability—the former by ridding themselves of defects arising out of their suppression, and the latter by shedding the sin of the feeling of superiority, which belief in total untouchability implies.

HARIJAN, 16-11-1934

55. MAZHAR-UL-HAQ

MAZHAR-UL-HAQ WAS A GREAT patriot, a good Musalman and a philosopher. Fond of ease and luxury, when non-co-operation came he threw them off as we throw superfluous scales off the skin. He grew as fond of the ascetic life as he was of princely life. Growing weary of our dissensions, he lived in retirement, doing such unseen services as he could, and praying for the best. He was fearless both in speech and action. The Sadakat Ashram near Patna is a fruit of his constructive labours. Though he did not live in it for long as he had intended, his conception of the Ashram made it possible for the Bihar Vidyapith to find a permanent habitation. It may yet prove a cement to bind the two communities together. Such a man would be missed at all times, he will be the more missed at this juncture in the history of the country...

YOUNG INDIA, 9-1-1930

56. PANDIT MOTILAL NEHRU

PANDIT MOTILALI'S DEATH means to me more even than to the brave widow whose sorrow it is my privilege during these days to share. I take the blow as an additional test of my faith in God's greatness and goodness. Panditji has died a true warrior's death. It is therefore well with him. He lives more amply and more truly by dying. I pray to God that He may endow me with greater consecration to the service of the cause for which alone life is worth living in these days of purification through sacrifice and suffering. . . .

YOUNG INDIA, 19-2-1931

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IT IS NO EXAGGERATION to say that our relations were as intimate as between blood brothers. His burning patriotism, his great sacrifice and his unsurpassable love for his children, whom also he gave to the service of the Motherland, ought to be as patent to you as they were to me. I had the good fortune to be in the closest touch with him ever since I first knew him up to the moment of his death; and I could see that every moment of his life his thoughts were given to the nation he served so singularly. To him Swaraj was no distant dream; it was his very life-breath. His hankering after freedom grew in intensity from day to day. . . . No lip homage paid to a patriot you admire will be of any use to you, if you do not mean to imitate the virtues that made him great. . . . Remember, too, that he was above all distinctions of high and low. He never gave a place to untouchability in his long and varied life. He had the heart of a prince. He knew how to earn as well as to give away.

HARIJAN, 22-12-1933

57. MAULANA MAHOMED ALI

I WAS PRIVILEGED to offer my tribute to the memory of Maulana Mahomed Ali by sending from Yeravda a cable message to Maulana Shaukat Ali. But I cannot resume the editorship of *Young India* without publicly declaring that in him I have lost one whom I rejoiced to call brother and friend and the nation has lost a fearless patriot. We had differences of opinion between us, but love that cannot stand the strain of differences is like "a sounding brass and tinkling cymbal".

YOUNG INDIA, 19-2-1931

58. GANESH SHANKAR VIDYARTHI

THE DEATH OF Ganesh Shankar Vidyarthi was one to be envied by us all. His blood is the cement that will ultimately bind the two communities. No pact will bind our hearts. But heroism such as Ganesh Shankar Vidyarthi showed is bound in the end to melt the stoniest hearts, melt them into one. The poison has however gone so deep that the blood even of a man so great, so self-sacrificing and so utterly brave as Ganesh Shankar Vidyarthi may today not be enough to wash us of it. Let this noble example stimulate us all to similar effort should the occasion arise again. I tender to the bereaved widow and her children not my condolences but congratulations on having deserved Ganesh Shankar Vidyarthi. He is not dead. He lives today far more truly than when we saw him in the body and knew him not.

YOUNG INDIA, 9-4-1931

59. DR. ANSARI

... HE (DR. ANSARI) WAS essentially a symbol of Hindu-Muslim unity with Hakim Saheb Ajmal Khan. Dr. Ansari never wavered in his faith even when it was put to a severe test. He was an orthodox Musalman proud of his descent from the helpers of the Prophet when the latter was most in need of help. His very staunchness and his intimate knowledge of Islam made Dr. Ansari a believer in Hindu-Muslim unity. It is no exaggeration to say that he had at least as many Hindu as he had Musalman friends. He was one of the ablest physicians in all India. His advice was freely available to the poor of all races. And what he earned from the princes and rich men, he spent with both hands among his many needy friends. No beggar approached him without emptying whatever his pocket contained, and he never counted what he gave. He was a tower of strength to hundreds of men and women who swore by him. I have no doubt that he has left many literally weeping for the personal loss they have sustained. He has left a wife who is a philosopher though invalid. She is too brave and too much of a believer to shed a tear over her loss. But the many whom I have in mind are no philosophers. Their faith in God is vapoury, their faith in Dr. Ansari was living. It was no fault of theirs that their faith in God was weak as with most of us. They had many proofs of the Doctor's friendship when they thought God had forsaken them. They little knew that even the great Doctor could only help them so long as his Maker allowed him. Would that what he could not accomplish while he was alive would be accomplished by his death!

HARIJAN, 16-5-1936

60. MARY CHESLEY

MISS MARY CHESLEY, AN Englishwoman, came to India in 1934 when the Congress was in session in Bombay. As soon as she landed she came to my hut in the Congress Camp and told me she knew Mirabehn and had expected to come with her but somehow or other she had preceded her by a week or thereabouts. Her desire was to serve India through her villages. She did not prepossess me by her talk and I thought she would not stay in India many months. But I was wholly mistaken. She had come to know of Miss Mary Barr who had already commenced village work in Khedi, a village a few miles from Betul (C.P.). Miss Chesley found her way to Mary Barr. Mary Barr brought Mary Chesley to Wardha and we were together for a few days. Miss Chesley showed a determination that surprised me. She began work with Mary Barr in Khedi, adopted the Indian costume and changed her name to Tarabehn and toiled at Khedi in a manner that alarmed poor Mary Barr. She would dig, carry baskets full of earth on her head. She simplified her food as much as to put her health in danger. She had her own handsome income from Canada from which she kept only a paltry sum of about Rs. 10 for herself and gave the rest to the A.I.V.I.A. or to Indians with whom she came in contact and who seemed to her to give promise of being good village workers and who needed some pecuniary help. I came in closest touch with her. Her charity was boundless, she had great faith in the goodness of human nature. She was forgiving to a fault. She was a devout Christian. She belonged to a Quaker family. But she had no narrowness about her. She did not believe in converting others to her own faith. She was a graduate of the London School of Economics and a good teacher, having conducted together with a companion a school for several years. She realized at once that she must learn Hindi and was regularly studying it. For being able to pick up conversational Hindi she lived for a few months in the Wardha Mahila Ashram and there with two members formed a

plan of going to Badrikedar during summer. I had warned her against the adventure. But it was difficult to turn her from such adventures when once her mind was made up. So only the other day she started with her friends on her perilous pilgrimage. And I got a brief message on the 15th from Kankhal saying, "Tarabehn expired". In her love for India's villages she was not to be excelled by anybody. Her passion for India's Independence was equal to that of the best among us. She was impatient of the inferiority complex wherever she noticed it. She mixed with poor women and children with the greatest freedom. There was nothing of the patron about her. She would take service from none, but would serve anybody with the greatest zeal. She was a self-effacing mute worker whose left hand did not know what the right had done. May her soul rest in peace!

HARIJAN, 23-5-1936

61. ABBAS TYABJI

IT WAS IN 1915 I first met Shri Abbas Tyabji. Wherever I have gone and there has been a Tyabji, he or she has made it a point to come to me as if I was a member of that great and numerous family. I do not know what the binding tie specially was, except perhaps that the distinguished judge to whom the family owe their fame had befriended me in 1890 when I had come to India from South Africa as an utterly unknown man, possibly an adventurer as some had thought. Not so however thought Badruddin Tyabji and several others I can name.

But I must come back to Abbas Mian of Baroda. As we embrace-

62. CHHOTELAL JAIN

THE INMATES of the Satyagraha Ashram of Sabarmati are today a scattered family, joined together only by their common vow of silent service. No one, perhaps, with the exception of the late Shri Maganlal Gandhi, personified so nearly this self-effacing ideal as Shri Chhotelal Jain whose death, through suicide, has just stunned me. I have not adequate language to describe his insatiable capacity for silent service. He dreaded publicity and loved to live and serve unknown. In fact it may be said of him that his right hand did not know what his left hand was doing. I do not remember his ever visiting his relations or being visited by them. He never even mentioned them to anyone. At the time of writing I do not even know their names or whereabouts.

I have the good luck to have a band of co-workers who are to me as my hands and feet. Without their willing and loyal co-operation I should feel utterly helpless. Prominent among these was Chhotelal. He had a versatile and powerful intelligence which shirked no task however difficult. He was a born linguist. Rajputana being his home, Hindi was his mother tongue, but he knew Gujarati, Marathi, Bengali, Tamil, Sanskrit and English as well. He knew the Urdu script. I have seldom seen anybody with such aptitude for quickly mastering a new language or a new task. He was one of the foundation members of the Sabarmati Ashram. He went through the whole range of Ashram activities with natural ease, and hardly touched anything that he did not adorn. Thus he felt equally at home whether he was engaged in kitchen work, conservancy, spinning or weaving, accounts, or translation work, or correspondence. He had an equal share with the late Maganlal in the writing of *Vanatshastra*.

The riskier a job the more it was welcomed by Chhotelal, and once he took it up, he knew no rest till he had seen it through. He threw himself, with the indefatigable energy which was his charac-

worn skin, but he could never completely control the proneness to anger and pride that were deeply ingrained in his nature. Did he expiate with his life for these?

By his death (he was 42) he has left me heavily in his debt. I had entertained high hopes of him, I could not tolerate any imperfection in him and so he had often to bear the brunt of my impatience as, perhaps, only one or two besides him have borne. But he never complained, never even winced. Had I any right to put him through this fire as I used to? I had hope one day to discharge my debt towards him by offering him as a sacrifice at the altar of Hindu-Muslim Unity, Untouchability and Cow Protection. To my mind these are some of the altars in the great *Yajna* of the Swaraj of my dream. And Chhotelal was in the front rank of the few who, to my knowledge, had the strength and capacity to claim this privilege.

The country needs an army of silent warriors like him. The achievement of Swaraj, which to me is synonymous with Ramaraj, is no joke. Let these few glimpses of Chhotelal's life serve as an inspiration in our striving for India's freedom.

HARIJAN, 11-9-1937

63. C. F. ANDREWS

I

IN THE DEATH of C.F. Andrews not only England, not only India, but humanity has lost a true son and servant. And yet his death is a deliverance from pain and a fulfilment of his mission on this

deeds of Andrews will be forgotten so long as England and India live. If we really love Andrews' memory, we may not have hate in us for Englishmen, of whom Andrews was among the best and the noblest. It is possible, quite possible, for the best Englishmen and the best Indians to meet together and never to separate till they have evolved a formula acceptable to both. The legacy left by Andrews is worth the effort. That is the thought that rules me whilst I contemplate the benign face of Andrews and what innumerable deeds of love he performed so that India may take her independent place among the nations of the earth.

HARIJAN, 13-4-1940

64. SIR AKBAR HYDARI

THE LATE Sir Akbar Hydari was a rare combination. He was a great scholar, philosopher and reformer. He was a devout Muslim, but he saw nothing antagonistic to Islam in Hinduism. He was a student of various religions. He was catholic in the choice of his friends. On the return voyage from the second Round Table Conference we found ourselves in the same boat. He was a regular attendant at the evening prayers I used to have on board. He was so interested in the *Gita* verses and the *bhajans* we sang that he had got them all translated for him by Mahadev Desai. He had made me promise that we should tour together in India in the interest of communal unity. But God had willed otherwise. The late Lord Willingdon had a different programme for me. I was plunged into the Civil Disobedience fight. Sir Akbar and I could never carry out the programme. He had come under the influence of Shri Aurobindo

Ghose. He was almost invariably in Pondicherry during the days when the Sage of Pondicherry gave the quarterly *darshan* to his devotees. Sir Akbar's death is a great loss to the country. My respectful condolences to the deceased's family.

HARIJAN, 18-1-1942

65. SETH JAMNALAL BAJAJ

I

IN SETH JAMNALAL BAJAJ death has taken a mighty man. Whenever I wrote of wealthy men becoming trustees of their wealth for the common good I always had this merchant prince principally in mind. If his trusteeship did not reach the ideal, the fault was not his. I deliberately restrained him. I did not want him in his enthusiasm to take a single step which in his cool moments he might regret. His simplicity was all his own. Every house he built for himself became a *dharmashala*. His contribution as a Satyagrahi was of the highest order. In political discussions he held his own. His judgements were sound. As an act of renunciation his last was the crown of all. He wanted to take up a constructive activity to which he could devote the rest of his life and in which he could use all his abilities. This was the preservation of the cattle wealth of India personified in the cow. He threw himself into the work with a single-mindedness and zeal I had never seen surpassed. His generosity knew no distinction of race, creed or colour. He wanted to perform a rare thing for a busy man. He wanted to control his thoughts so as to prevent a single intruder from coming in. The

doubt then, as I have none now, that a calamity of that kind is a blessing in disguise. God wants to try me through and through. I live in the faith that He will give me the strength too to pass through the ordeal.

HARIJAN, 22-2-1942

66. SRINIVASA SASTRI

DEATH HAS REMOVED not only from us but from the world one of India's best sons. That he loved India passionately, everyone who knew him could see. When I saw him last in Madras, he could talk of nothing but India and her culture for which he lived and died. I am sure that he had no thought of himself even when he seemed to be on his death-bed. His Sanskrit learning was as great if not greater than his English. I must not permit myself to say more, save this that though we differed in politics our hearts were one and I could never think that his patriotism was less than that of the tallest patriot. Sastri the man lives though his body is reduced to ashes.

HARIJAN, 21-4-1946

67. PANDIT MADAN MOHAN MALAVIYA

THERE IS A saying in English, "The King is dead, Long live the King!" Perhaps it can be said with greater aptness though in a

Kashi Vishwa Vidyalaya. To put it on a stable foundation, to secure its evolutionary growth, will surely be the most suitable memorial that can be erected by us to the memory of the great patriot. He spared no pains in making a big collection for his pet child. Everyone who reveres his memory can give a helping hand to the labour of continuing the collection.

So far about his outward activity. His internal life was purity exemplified. He was a repository of kindness and gentleness. His knowledge of religious scriptures was very great. He was by heredity a great religious preacher. He had a marvellous memory and his life was as clean as it was simple.

His politics I must leave alone as also his other manifold activities. He, whose life was singled out for selfless service and who had many gifts, would naturally stand for limitless activities. I have ventured to single out what has appealed to me as his most prominent service. And to give a real helping hand in making the institution a living example of true Hinduism will only be done by those who will try to imitate sincerely the purity and simplicity of his life.

(From the original in Hindustani)

HARIJAN, 8-12-1946

68. SUBHAS CHANDRA BOSE

THE HYPNOTISM OF THE I.N.A. has cast its spell upon us. Neta-ji's name is one to conjure with. His patriotism is second to none. (I use the present tense intentionally). His bravery shines through all his actions. He aimed high but failed. But who has not failed?

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