2

GOVARDHANRÁM MADHAVRÁM TRIPÁTHI'S

SCRAP BOOK

1894-1904

Manuscript Volumes IV—Part (ii), V and VI

Edited by

KANTILAL C. PANDYA

RAMPRASAD P. BAKSHI

SANMUKHLAL J. PANDYA

N. M. TRIPATHI PR. LTD.
PRINCESS STREET : BOMBAY-2

GOVARDHANRAM

Govardhanrám Mádhavrám Tripáthi was born on October 20, 1855, at Nadiád in the heart of Gujarat. It was the day of Dashera, one of the most auspicious days in the Hindu Calendar all over India.

Born with a silver spoon in his mouth he regarded his childhood and the first fifteen or eighteen years as the happiest period of his life. As he acknowledged in the dedication of "Sarasvatichandra", in 1887, to his "Cousin-Uncle" Mansukhrám Suryarám Tripáthi, it was that "Cousin-Uncle" who sowed in him the seed of mental bliss and moulded his mind through all the vicissitudes of life.

The growing mind of Govardhanrám drank deeply of Sanskrit and English literatures, of History and allied subjects. This study had begun to result in the formation of some important resolutions as principles of life, when the storm burst over him. First his wife and then his first child died; the firm of his father became bankrupt; unnerved by this he made a miscalculation which resulted in his failure in 1874 at the B.A. examination of the University of Bombay. He passed that examination the next year, but he was then penniless and at the mercy of his relatives. He had serious and persistent maladies of the body and the mind.

He was forced by these circumstances to accept a small post as personal secretary to Samaldas, the gifted Dewan of Bhávnagar. Life at Bhávnagar was a life of difficulties, in which his second wife brought a ray of much-needed sunshine.

Facing poor health and financial straits he persisted in his study of Law and, after several failures, passed the exam. in 1883. Then, true to his early resolutions, though with empty pockets, he launched in legal practice at the Bombay High Court in June 1884.

He flourished remarkably well, refusing all through his life lucrative appointments offered by Cutch, Baroda and Junagadh. He paid off all his father's debts and supported a family of about a dozen members in Bombay for some fifteen years. And, with all that, he did an incredibly large amount of literary work of the highest merit.

"Sarasvatichandra" Part I was published in 1887; "Sneha-mudrá" (the Signet of Love) a collection of poems, followed in 1889; "Sarasvatichandra" Part II came in 1892. These quickly took people by storm. The event was most unusual and unparalleled in Gujarāt. His popularity was then unequalled.

[*Contd. on Back Flap*

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પ્રિય ભદ્રાબહેન
અને
Shri ભાઈ અરવિંદ

With Compliments
And Love

from મોટાભાઈ

૧૭: ૧૦: ૫૮

Govardhanram at 23

20-10-1855 *4-1-1907*

"Thinking too precisely' on th' event"

—*Hamlet*

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I AM PAST 45

I am now past 45 years of my age, and it is 2½ years since I retired from practice. The book of my life has assumed a different form, and I hope or wish the changed form to continue, until I pass on to the next and last stage of life itself which men call Death. My life is now a life of thought for those placed under my charge, so far as Duty demands and no further, and these include my country and countrymen . . . my duty to my God and to my Soul is also being performed more by reading higher brains than thinking with my own brain, which last work so far as my own system is concerned, seems finished, unless and until my new readings launch me upon new thought. The only thing for which this book will mostly be useful, will now consist of such reflections on passing events and current institutions of my country as may be generated during the time allowed to it by my time-table, plus any lingering embers and sparks of the fire that used to ferment my Soul in the old Scrap Books. I am now content, unaspiring, impersonal, wishless, 'duty free' and resigned, afloat on the bosoms of such waves of the Timeless, Spaceless, Great Will and Force, as my Ego-point may drift upon by the action of their living waters. My mental and moral frame has undergone great change—for the better of my Soul and of the world—though not to the taste of the world itself around me, for the world seems to sink as I try to soar, and a greater and greater distance from it parts my lifted Soul. Such seems to me the Great Will, and I would say, like Christ, "Lord, Thy will be done, and not mine!"

Scrap Book VI

22-2-1901

INTRODUCTION

I

It is a curious episode of the literary history of Gujarāt that the Scrap-Books portraying the mind—Manorajya—of one of its greatest savants, the author of *Sarasvatîchandra*, remained unpublished for over 50 years. As Govardhanram would have put it the "Great Will" willed that way.

These Scrap-Books were written between 1888 and 1906. The author never intended to publish them. Govardhanram treated them as his faithful personal friends and confided to them his mind and heart for his own relaxation, guidance and development.

Several admirers of the author, beginning with his dear friend Prof. T. K. Gajjar and later Ranjitrām Vāvābhai, Balvantrāi Thākore and others had attempted to publish these Scrap-Books but fate did not favour them. In 1955 various literary associations of Gujarāt celebrated the Birth Centenary of Govardhanram and decided to perpetuate the Author's memory in different ways. A Smārak Samiti—Memorial Committee—was formed in Bombay under the Chairmanship of the late Shri Krishnalal M. Jhaveri. This Samiti purchased Govardhanram's house at Nadiad for Rs. 25,000 and handed it over as the Author's "Smriti Mandir" to Dahilaxmi Library for maintenance and also arranged to republish his five important literary works which had been out of print for many years. But above all the Smārak Samiti was anxious to publish the author's Scrap-Books which had not seen the light of the day even once. The estimated amount of Rs. 10,000 for printing the Scrap-Books could not be collected by the Samiti. The present Publishers of these books therefore offered to contribute about half the cost of printing them.

The Sahitya Akademi kindly indicated its pleasure to render financial assistance to this scheme to the extent of Rs. 2,000, on the recommendation of its Advisory Board for Gujarāti in its fourth meeting presided over by Kakasaheb Kalelkar.

Shri Dayaljeebhai M. Vadera of Jinga, Shri Becharbhai G. Patel of Mombasa and other friends generously offered to contribute the balance through the good offices of Dr. Ramanlal K. Yajnik.

Thus the valuable Scrap-Books of the celebrated Author are now being published for the first time. We acknowledge with gratitude the financial and friendly assistance received by us from all quarters.

The publishers and the Smārak Samiti approached the Author's daughter-in-law Shrimati Shantaben and his granddaughter Shrimati Mandākiniben in 1955 with a request to allow publication of the Scrap-Books. They placed the old manuscripts in our hands for which the lovers of Gujarati Literature will ever remain grateful to them.

The Late Dr. Kāntilal C. Pandya, himself a gifted writer and the author of "Shriyut Govardhanrām", and his devoted daughter Rajaniben took up the laborious work of preparing copies from the manuscript, the pages of which had turned brown and brittle with age, and could not at certain places be easily deciphered. Kāntibhai, as we fondly called him, and Rajaniben did an admirable job and prepared first copies with great care and perseverance. It is an irony of fate that Kāntibhai did not live long enough to see the publication of these books—which were so dear to him.

After Kāntibhai's passing away Shri Ramprasad P. Bakshi went through the Scrap-Books once again in his scholarly way and made very valuable suggestions. The Editors had many pleasant and profitable hours together comparing notes and impressions on various

points. Sharing their profound admiration for Govardhanram, they worked as a fine team with the result that all the Scrap-Books could be prepared for publication in a remarkably short time. Fortunately, they had before them for their guidance an excellent standard laid down by the Author himself, for publication of books like these. Regarding 'Lilāvatī Jeevankalā', the author had noted, "I am writing, in memory of Lilāvatī, not a biography in English fashion, but such of the relics of her thoughts and reflections as are of general use to the public . . . and my ideal is not to write after her death what she would not have suffered me to attempt when she was alive. I shall love what she loved" (3-3-03). To all those who have helped in bringing out the Scrap-Books in the above spirit Gujarāt owes a deep debt of gratitude for the difficult work done by them.

The 7th and the last volume of the Scrap-Books was comparatively in good condition. It was therefore published before others on the occasion of the opening ceremony of the "Govardhanram Smriti Mandir" towards the end of 1957. The remaining Scrap-Books are now offered to the literary world of Gujarāt. We are grateful to Shri V. V. Bambardekar and his colleagues of the India Printing Works for handling the complicated text with appreciable willingness and care.

II

Even a casual glance at the contents will take the readers far into the fields of literature, history, politics, sociology, metaphysics, religion, ethics, science and philosophy. Govardhanram, the thinker, continuously turned the searchlight of his mind on men and matters and illuminated all subjects that it touched. The man, the artist, the philosopher, enlivened these pages with a kindly grace and broad sympathy that were so typical of him. As the title implies, the Scrap-Books contain the jottings and musings on episodes and problems that came across the

earthly life-span of a noble and enlightened soul. Govardhanram's observant and sensitive mind registered like a camera-lens varied facets of life with his characteristic equanimity Samata—समता—even when it was momentarily ruffled one way or the other.

The Scrap-Books will have an abiding place in Gujarāti literature because they contain the basic raw material for *Sarasvatîchandra*—the Author's *magnum opus*. In the Scrap-Books an interested student will have a full view of the thought processes and struggles of a great mind and a magnanimous heart, while in *Sarasvatîchandra* he will find these processes moulded into various artistic forms. In this connection we cannot do better than to invite the attention of the reader to the Author's introduction to the first volume of *Sarasvatîchandra* and the masterly epilogue at the end of the fourth volume of this immortal classic, in which he has built a magnificent bridge between his lofty ideals and the realities that surrounded him.

Repetitions of certain themes are inevitable in such Scrap-Books of an introspective nature. They show the development of an enquiring mind and the intense inner urges of the Author who was always punctilious to do his duty to his higher self and to contribute to the well-being of society in general :

सर्वभूतहिते रतः

In order to keep before his mind's eye his object of retirement, he noted down in the Scrap-Book in various ways : "My duty, my mission, in life is to train people so that they may be fitter to take care of themselves" (22-8-99). He reiterated the above objective again and again because he was anxious not to waver when the right moment for relinquishing his active professional life and devoting himself entirely to the muse presented itself to him. These notes reveal that when he was weighed down by adverse forces he regained his equipoise by unbounded faith in the

Superior Wisdom of the Great Will. Some readers will find such repeated references comforting and exhilarating. The Author always aimed at absolute moral standards and was therefore unwilling to accept work anywhere, particularly in the Native States (7-1-98). He disliked sitting in judgment over others because of his innate sense of fair play and justice. Verily Govardhanram's life was a Dharma-kshetra—धर्मक्षेत्र—and a Kurukshetra—कुरुक्षेत्र—an arena for performance of duties to all dear and near, to his country and to God. He did not merely preach "Practical Asceticism"—he lived up to it. Truly he attempted to be a Sthita-prajna—स्थितप्रज्ञ—a person of unperturbable—objective—mind who had obtained inner peace.

The reader interested in the life of Govardhanram will read with feeling the warm and handsome tributes paid by him to his wife Lalitagauri who inspired the famous character of Gunasundari; to his daughter Lilavati "the holiest soul that sanctified my home" and who inspired the Author to write a unique biography—*Lilāvatî Jeevankāla*—(15-1-02); to his mother who "brooded as a guardian angel over my home" (10-4-04); to his father "the most unblemished object of my dutiful solicitude" (29-7-97); to his loving and wise uncle Mansukhram to whom has been dedicated the first volume of *Sarasvatîchandra* and whose heart was "nobly free from jealousy—broad in sympathies and views" (9-4-01) and to his friend Prof. Gajjar with whom he had "reciprocal communion of mind (20-6-03).

Those interested in the times in which Govardhanram lived would find his jottings very interesting and fascinating on the subjects of British Rajya and Native States and their leading personalities, Curzon and Ripon, Gladstone and Chamberlain, Dadabhai and Ranade, the Maharao of Cutch and the Gāekwād of Baroda, Mansukhram and Purshottamrai Jhala, Samal-

das and Manubhai, Manibhai Jashbhai and the Desais of Nadiad. The Author's references to Kalāpi and Nānālāl, Anandshankar and Narsinhrao and many other contemporary literary figures would prove very interesting to the lovers of Gujarati Literature. As a Novelist, the Author has depicted many facets of the Joint Family System through his colourful and living characters but as a student of sociology he reveals in his Scrap-Book "My lesson from all this is confirmation of my views against the system" (16-9-93). Readers interested in developing their minds and personalities would find his notes on his programmes of studies very useful and instructive.

III

From times immemorial philosophers have ploughed their lonely furrow and have often traversed life wandering—

"Remote unfriended, melancholy, slow."

Govardhanram has therefore noted: "So, I resort to the often successful art of thinking on paper" (5-3-98). To the casual readers of the Scrap-Books many details would appear small in themselves but to Govardhanram's penetrating mind they had relative importance in the scheme of things and they often led him to weighty conclusions for his personal reference and guidance. The Artist and the Novelist, the Poet and the Philosopher, "Exempt from public haunt, saw books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

For those who wish to delve deep, here are the scraps of an enlightened—*Lokottara*—mind, of broadest sympathies, that created an epoch—yuga—after him in Gujarāt. Here are the pages for those who wish to see attempts made to live a life according to the tenet of the Gita:

निर्द्वन्द्वो नित्यसत्त्वस्थो निस्त्रैगुण्यो भवार्जुन ।

For them the Scraps are fascinating and illuminating.

To the admiring readers of *Sarasvatîchandra* who care to tarry and have a peep behind the plot of the novel these Scrap-Books would provide plenty of thought-provoking material of absorbing interest. The jottings here are straight from the heart, depicting interplay of forces in a life that had more than its usual quota of adversities but which to that noble soul were blessings of the "Great Will" in disguise. Thus was evolved the Author's philosophy of consumption —उत्सर्गसिद्धि—to be consumed doing his duties regardless of consequences, pleasant or otherwise. In pursuit of his ideal Govardhanram exclaimed :

> "Heavens ! draw upon me the fragrance of a sweet and thrifty small home, to enable me to think of my country, for my soul and my God and to rear up the few little plants that are entrusted to my impotent humble hands—more I do not want" (9-8-98).

Repetitions of such prayers in any language have been the beacon lights of humanity. Many such gems render these Scrap-Books great and well worth a study.

8th March 1959. SANMUKHLAL J. PANDYA

FOREWORD

"My eyes have turned inward within me and within the *substance* of things" [1]

"महेच्छासभीरस्य शान्ता लहर्यो
भवेयुर्यदा सा महेच्छा मदिच्छा।" [2]

I

The greatest literary figure that Gujarat produced in the last century is, according to a consensus of opinion, Govardhanram, the author of the immortal classic *Sarasvatichandra*. He towered above all his contemporaries, some of whom like the late Narasimhrao Divatia, Manilal Nabhubhai, Nanalal, Anandshanker, Keshavlal Dhruva, were very illustrious figures in the field of Gujarati letters.

Govardhanram's immaculate life untarnished by anything gross or petty or worldly, and sanctified by a rare spirit of self-sacrifice lent singular charm to his personality, lifting him above the commonplaces of life and mundane matters into the realm of the ideal and the beautiful.

The life of such a man will have universal appeal. Several articles on the man and his art appeared during his life-time and after, and a good biography was written by Dr. Kantilal Pandya, himself a scholar and admirer of the great man. None of these, however, adequately bring out the true picture of the man —his colossal intellect and his vast vision, his great moral strength, his aspirations, his spirit of duty and self-sacrifice, his resignation to the Great Will, his personal characteristics and idiosyncracies, which are, often enough, associated with a great mind. Several

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[1] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, p. 52.
[2] *Vide* Ibid, p. 39.

critiques of his immortal writings have been written by distinguished scholars, some brilliant, others mediocre, but none of the biographical sketches ever do full justice to his unique personality. The reason perhaps is that Govardhanram zealously shielded his thoughts and beliefs and the subtle workings of his mind from public gaze.

II

This lacuna in biographical data is now filled by the publication of the series of Govardhanram's diaries—or 'Scrap-Books' as he calls them—which are now being published for the first time in commemoration of the centenary of his birth. One of them—the last book—was out last year; while the rest are being published now simultaneously in two volumes.

These Scrap-Books constitute an invaluable source-material for the life of Govardhanram. They contain many intimate details, hitherto unknown, about important pivotal events in his own life; the reasons underlying his momentous decisions, which completely changed the pattern of his life and had a bearing on his literary activities. They also preserve some interesting pen-portraits of near relatives and friends, who had a profound influence on his life. Often he discusses in the pages of these books his programme of study and writings and similar activities. Sometimes we encounter a remark here or an allusion there which establishes a correspondence between the events of his life and similar episodes presented in his writings. Some of this material now comes to light for the first time, and has, therefore, profound interest for all students of Gujarati literature.

What are the characteristic features of these Scrap-Books? They are neither an autobiography, nor just a diary, though they partake of the nature of both. Like 'diaries' they do contain, in a chronological

order, observations and reflections on men and events ; but, what is more, they preserve his considered opinions on many an important problem, and his thoughts and arguments and his musings on the intimate problems of his life. Viewed in this light, they are, as it were, philosophical commentaries on various crucial decisions and actions of his life.

As Govardhanram himself tells us these diaries are his friends, with whom he communicates in confidence and consults whenever intriguing situations arise. Whenever a critical situation arose or an important problem emerged, he carefully considered the entire evidence, marshalled all the pros and cons, weighed their relative strength and arrived at a decision in conformity with his principles and ideals. Later on, when the actual moment came for its implementation Govardhanram firmly adhered to the decision he had formerly worked out after mature thought and deliberation without allowing himself to be swayed by any momentary impulse. This, indeed, is the principal purpose of writing these books with such care.

As we may well know from his prodigious literary creations Govardhanram had a vivid architectural sense—he carefully designed and planned in advance every important task he set himself. Not only was he a very versatile writer, he was also a voracious reader, and loved to plan his programmes of study with considerable care and carried them out as best as his extremely delicate health and his straightened circumstances permitted. We come across such programmes of study in these books, which constitute one of their most interesting features.

The crowning glory of these books is, however, the wonderful series of pen-portraits, in appropriate contexts, of his near and dear ones and friends. Some of them are charming tributes to dear ones—such as his departed mother, his sweet daughter Lilavati, and his

charming wife, whose sole endeavour it was to realise her husband's ideals. Other portraits, like the one of his great uncle Mansukhram Tripathi, are shrewd estimates of personalities, bringing out, in effective light and shade, the salient features of their character.

There are also passages of close reasoning and abstruse argument on philosophical and social problems, which concerned or interested him. They reveal his keen intellect and rare powers of penetrating analysis and clear, logical conclusions. They remind us of the several philosophical passages found in the concluding volume of his epoch-making novel '*Saraswatichandra*', and his last, great essay '*Sakshara-jivana*', which remained incomplete. Such is the variety of rich material treasured in these Scrap-Books.

III

These Scrap-Books throw a flood of light on Govardhanram's life—a life full of struggles, unforeseen difficulties and domestic worries. As he himself has described it :

> "I have been in most worldly matters unfortunate ; from the 14th year of my age I have been struck with blow after blow, from quarters near and remote, live and inanimate, anticipated and unanticipated. Things which to some come like fortune and to most are a protection have worked havoc to destroy my ordinary comforts and prospects and my peace of mind from a very tender age. . . . I have been so through all life ; the best part of my life has been thus wasted and blasted ; my gigantic prospects and aspirations have been killed or belittled into boasting dwarfs : it has pleased God to make my life positively weak and unfortunate."[3]

One of the principal sources of worry was money, or rather, lack of it. Govardhanram's idealistic way of

[3] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, p. 31.

life induced the members of his family to indulge in unreasonable expenditure, which, combined with his supreme indifference about acquiring money, conspired to make matters very difficult indeed.

It was not just spendthrift habits of the members of the family that brought infinite worries in its wake. His supreme disdain for riches has also been partly responsible for his straightened circumstances.

> "Born a rich man's son with an innate indifference to earning and saving was, by nature, neither careful nor shrewd in matters pertaining to money." [4]

He is quite indifferent towards acquiring money, and is, sometimes, even apathetic to it, as he says again and again in these books.

> "I sometimes—even often—choose to say to money 'come not—I want you not'." [5]

He would be content with just the necessaries of life to meet his obligations; more than that would not fit into his pattern of life.

> "If God gives me enough to keep body and soul together and to do my duty to my dependents, I do not want more. 'Indifference to money' has been my nature. I have no longing for being rich." [6]

> "The money-acquiring pleasure that constitutes the life-blood of so many has no charm for me." [7]

> "To aspire to be rich beyond necessity is meaningless following of the groove of worldlings and involves the conversion of money to the end of life from its position of mere means of life." [8]

> "The temptation to die earning the means to no end is meaningless. . . . This foolish temptation, which draws the whole world into a vortex of stupidity,

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[4] Cf. Scrap-Book IV, p. 26.
[5] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, p. 17.
[6] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, p. 52.
[7] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, p. 67.
[8] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, p. 40.

neither has nor will ever have the slightest power over my mind." [9]

The reason underlying this rather unworldly approach is that he has a different set of values from those which usually inspire men of the world. His is an idealistic view of life, where duty reigns supreme, and it is this that he prizes most, above everything else, as an invaluable treasure.

"To have been called upon by the Great Will to make the sacrifice and to have been enabled to sacrifice : these were the costly privileges accorded to me." [10]

He argues with himself that :

"If you have discarded money you should not feel dejected and sunken for want of money which you never courted, and often rejected and slighted. If yourself and wife rendered thankless and even unrecognised services, you may be proud of the fact that you did your duty of serving them without any hope of any reward." [11]

But in spite of his indifference to the favours of Dame Fortune, in the matter of worldly success he had not fared altogether badly, as he himself recapitulates :

"At 20 I was a boy, a B.A., ruined in health and turned from a rich man's son into a pauper with debts. . . . and now at the age of 38, I am reputedly established in profession, and am inwardly doubtful of the fact. State assistance is *nil*. Prospect of service is nil. Literary fame—smoke—is far greater than that of any compeer." [12]

Although he did earn well after his practice was established his expenses mounted up and almost outstripped his income—which was a source of constant

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[9] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, pp. 24, 25.
[10] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, p. 25.
[11] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, p. 24.
[12] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, p. 21.

worry to him. If he continued to work till his 55th year of age, these difficulties would be averted and he would have ample superfluities of life if not riches.

But he "does not propose to jog on for belly and pelf so long". He is eager to retire from practice. For him retirement is absolutely necessary.

> "Retirement is necessary; it is a duty, an aspiration, a relief. What is the object of it? If it enables me to do some duty to my country, all right. If it does not, it will enable me to do my duty to my God and my soul." [13]

And it is not defeatism or lethargy that prompts him to seek retirement. His principal object in seeking retirement is:

> "Opportunity to do duty to my country . . . and lead a secluded life of reading and writing and freedom from all care except for my country."[14]

He feels that his

> "years of life are few and of physical capacities are fewer; and to prolong the period of earning more money would be possible only at the expense of these duties." [15]

And who can say this uncanny foreboding was baseless? His timely retirement did enrich Gujarati literature beyond all expectation. His loss of worldly goods and comforts became the spiritual gain—the cultural heritage—of Gujarat, even as he must have desired it.

One of the most striking facts that emerge from the pages of these books is Govardhanram's intense and very real belief in divinity shaping all human ends.

If the question of taking up an important position arose, he would leave it to the Great Will to decide it.[16]

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[13] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, pp. 6-7.
[14] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, p. 41.
[15] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, p. 41.
[16] Cf. Scrap-Book IV, p. 12.

So also after striving to the best of his ability, but without much success, he leaves the fate of his children and their future career to Providence.

When, like a bolt from the blue, he suddenly lost two comforting souls from the midst of his family he sought consolation by resigning himself to the Will of God, or the Great Will, as he calls it :

> "So the Great Will willed and made invisible the two great visions which had brooded for so many years as guardian angels over my home." [17]

As stated earlier some excellent pen-portraits of his near and dear ones constitute a special attraction of these books. He has vividly drawn the pen-portrait of his famous uncle, Mansukhram Suryaram, who rose higher and higher by good luck and shrewdness without stooping to anything base or low ;[18] of his gifted mother whose keen intellect, rich imagination, prudence and discreetness, adaptability and numerous other virtues must have vastly influenced her illustrious son ;[19] of his sweet daughter Lilavati, who, if fate had spared her, would have flowered into a paragon of Aryan womanhood ; and, of his wife, who was more of a "beautiful phenomenon" rather than an individual, whose conjugal love had transcended all physical bonds and had mellowed into a platonic friendship and spiritual partnership.[20]

Many important traits of Govardhanram's character are highlighted in these pages. Duty as he saw it, was invariably the prime consideration in all actions of his life. To quote his own words :

> "Love and affection exist in my heart but only subject to the sole dictates of duty alone." [21]

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[17] *Vide* Scrap-Book VI, p. 299.
[18] Cf. Scrap-Book IV, p. 22.
[19] Cf. Scrap-Book VI, p. 296.
[20] Cf. Scrap-Book IV, p. 33.
[21] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, p. 49.

He does not, for a moment, hesitate to give up a lucrative practice if his conscience dictated it as part of his duty.[22]

He has no taste for power nor any desire for fame, which, for him, were nothing substantial but just smoke. A sudden windfall fails to elate him ; it makes him, instead, humbler.

> " Great God ! . . . The large sum is Thy will . . . that may as well take back the sum as it gives it. . . . Thy givings and Thy takings are functions of Thee, into due resignation and full submission to which my highest aspirations must emerge." [23]

Similarly, in an hour of triumph, when he rose ' a hundredfold ' in the estimation of his colleagues in his profession ; when every number of the ' Indian Law Reporter ' used to contain the notes on cases he conducted ; when he held the general public spell-bound by his literary work, he feels so humble :

> " What am I to do with all this high regard from so many ? It is not a part of my nature to *enjoy* it. I certainly find it impossible to be elated by it. . . . There is a divine hand that pours these sacred favours upon my poor self ; I feel that this divine hand elects me thereby for some holy mission, which I feel it a duty to unravel and understand and follow. I feel in all that a sacred responsibility, and I tremble at the difficulty of being equal to it." [24]

Though he wielded tremendous influence with the public, like a *yogi* he recoils from public gaze, unable to enjoy or feel elated by their esteem (अरतिर्जनसंसदि).

He has also no expectations (Vāsanā) even from his own children.[25]

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[22] Cf. Scrap-Book IV, pp. 72-73.
[23] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, p. 44.
[24] *Vide* Scrap-Book V, p. 97.
[25] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, p. 48.

A mind so conscientious in its regard for duty at every step, would be ill at ease in service however high or lucrative. Hence it was that Govardhanram preferred to practise at the bar rather than take up a remunerative post elsewhere.

This independence was, however, dearly purchased, for it brought in its wake many monetary difficulties.

It is refreshing to note how he valued his time in terms of intellectual and literary work, even after his retirement.

> "These notes which contain periodical balance-sheets of my accounts of my work and rest—of the results of my literary income and my expense of time, save me from the pinch when I present a clean balance-sheet to my Master and Principal Mr. Conscience or Ideal, whose humble servant and agent I feel myself to be in all humility." [26]

He meticulously planned his programme of study and tried stubbornly to carry it out. Any slackness therefrom, howsoever inevitable, caused him remorse.

It will strike even a casual reader of these Scrap-Books that the greatest master of letters in this century has not even once referred to his literary achievements in these pages. Though he courted retirement avowedly with the purpose of completing the concluding volume of his great classic '*Sarasvatichandra*', there is nowhere any mention as to how the work progressed, how it was concluded, nor what great ovation it received from the public of Gujarat. Only once has he referred to his novels in general, though in a different context, as a sedative for a rebellious mind. At another place, when a worthless writer attempted to produce a trite sequel to his magnum opus '*Sarasvatichandra*', Govardhanram asserts categorically that the denouement of his work is natural and final, and

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[26] *Vide* Scrap-Book VI, p. 289.

would only suffer by any so-called 'improvement' or tampering.[27]

A few passing references to outstanding literary and public figures of the period, like Justice Ranade, Telang, Chandavarkar and T. K. Gajjar, occur in these books. But except for these, on the whole, politics has no marked appeal for the retiring temperament of the scholar and seer that was Govardhanram.

IV

Though Govardhanram's writings, as he himself admitted, are often verbose, and, sometimes, at places, monotonous, none of these defects mar the serene beauty of these Scrap-Books. In fact these books reveal a striking variety of styles. Generally narrative, and often terse and compact, it sometimes becomes lyrical or soars into the realm of the sublime. Several passages could be cited from these Scrap-Books to illustrate this. e.g.

> "Time was when I sought, courted, and hailed both work and money—I mean professional work, etc. Time came when I felt overworked and ceased seeking it. Time has come now when . . . I actually drive away business. . . . Is it not pride—insolence—to say 'no' to the favours of Dame Fortune? It is! Are these favours cheap and valueless? Am I so rich, so great, that I can afford to scorn these favours? Have I that power to supply even my present wants that I can call these favours superfluous? No—No—I say—No, to every question of this kind. I am a poor man—too poor for any of these feats."[28]

The short interrogative sentences reflect the writer's introspective mood and his quick turns of thought.

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[27] *Vide* Scrap-Book VI, p. 306.
[28] *Vide* Scrap-Book V, p. 92.

And mark the serenity of the following :

> " My power is *nil*—I am not the same as the breath that Thou breathest and the voice that Thou speakest. My Lord ! I as differing from Thee am nothing." [29]

And note the balance and power of the following :

> " My mother was happy during the greater part of her life ; with my mother-in-law the reverse was the case. The former domineered over all by the power of her intelligence and will. The latter ministered to all by the power of her love, beneficence and will. The former was immensely great ; and the latter was intensely good." [30]

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These Scrap-Books thus contain scraps of pure gold intermixed with scintillating gems of purest ray serene. Those who have taken such pains to salvage this rare treasure from the depths of oblivion have indeed enriched Gujarat beyond all measure.

8-8-1959 K. B. Vyas.

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[29] *Vide* Scrap-Book IV, p. 44.
[30] *Vide* Scrap-Book VI, p. 298.

SARASVATICHANDRA

A DREAM—

This morning I dreamed that I was reading the conclusion of the 4th part of my 'Sarasvatichandra'—the conclusion having drawn its tenderness and elegance from the last part of Meghadoota—and saying of one of the heroines

"उत्सङ्गे वा मलिनवसने सौम्य निक्षिप्य वीणां
मद्गोत्राङ्कं विरचितपदं गेयमुद्गातुकामा । etc."

In my waking hours, *I have not even begun Part IV*, and God knows if I shall live to do so.

Scrap Book V
14-12-1896

* * *

PURNAHUTI—

Some have been advertising their intention to publish a sequel to my novel. I had refused to accord my permission to publish it on the grounds that my work had had its 'Purnahuti' and that I could not be a party to posing upon the world a continuation of a work which, in my opinion, it is not in anybody's power—not even in my power—to improve upon, and which can only be spoiled.

Scrap Book VI
19-7-1904

GOVARDHANRAM SCRAP-BOOK IV (CONTD.) 1894-1896

18th April, 1894.

I am minded to note down my High Court experiences. The judicial staff in the whole Presidency is, so far as Europeans are concerned, at par on rare occasions and below par usually.

19th April, 1894.

The whole High Court staff shows a panoramic view of the system where good motives and best efforts are thwarted by a wave of generation of inferior intelligence, whose depression is felt especially as we have seen brighter intelligence in the last generation. *Fool is he that believes in the perfection of human justice* !

It also shows how providence is pleased to subject human fortunes to a risky lot under the name and even the idea of law and justice, and in fact how hollow and unsubstantial both names and ideas are. And yet humanity aspires to an ideal of justice and clothes Providence with the air and art of justice. The name and idea of justice are, no doubt, born of the Great Will in the human breast, but that does not show that relative justice is the way of the One Great Will whose essence lies in an absolute unity without the idea of meum and teum. *Fool is he that believes in the existence of divine justice.* Justice is only a most imperfect human art and invention to stop fools and rogues quarrelling among themselves. There is no more in it practically, though the ideal ought not to be impaired.

30th May, 1894.

I return to Bombay this morning from Dumas where I had gone with father, wife, Lilávati, Ramanik, and two nephews; Dumas has a temperate climate. 87 degrees heat and excellent water, and sea-breezes. It is most suitable to Gujarāti habits and is most beneficial to our women. The merits of the water are that it digests food without exercise. It has specially benefited my wife and Ramanik. For me personally I cannot yet say unless some more time passes.

The vacation began with one of the greatest adversities witnessed by my family. It was the death of my poor sister Samartha on the 22nd April last. She was all right in health, and died really of the meddlesome folly and inconceivable quackery of the idiot Vaidya. While we have all recovered our balance of mind, mother is inconsolable, and her poor old heart seems broken by the blow, though the great strength and power of her mind do not cease to make themselves felt in her unabated care in the detailed business of our household matters, small and great. Her greatness of spirit becomes visible on such occasions, and is both taxed and tested at this hour. But—but—she *is inconsolable*. My sister, now dead, was almost dearest to my mother; to the intelligent and wise daughter used to be confided the secret pain of the mother during the two years past when mother's partiality for my wife was replaced by other partialities and when her old freedom with me had been waning on account of the mischief already noted in these books. During these days of long suffering my poor mother could find relief and consolation from one quarter only—and that was from my deceased sister whose intelligent and wise advice could solve the knotty problems that used to vex my poor old mother's soul, and whose happy married life was the only happy sight before my mother during the days of the sickness of my wife and other sister, and when instead of domestic peace and

harmony mother could only see the torturing jars and quarrels and heart-breakings that were setting up a violent ferment among all her other children. My sister does not survive to see the return of peace which by the assistance of Heavens I have almost restored, unless appearances deceive. And mother feels left alone, bereft of her daughter and her friend.

The House Partition matter is taking a definite turn. I am going to buy Mámá Bálkrishna's house, in which I was born ; and, God assisting, I shall see my way to that pecuniary self-sacrifice which my wife also desires me to undergo and which is intended to give special satisfaction to my mother's longings for the benefit of my brother. No doubt my own plan would have benefited him infinitely better. But my right to force a benefit on him against mother's views does not exist, and I only pray that my present plan of self-sacrifice to gratify mother's affection, if but partially, will prove more beneficial to brother than what my older plan was expected to prove.

31st May, 1894.

Of course I am not going to break my resolution of talking on paper about my family trouble ; but there is nothing wrong, and something worth remembering, in noting that my leaving my family members to "Nature" and "Nature's adjustments of rewards and consequences" has resulted in "nature's" *punishments* which have thunder-struck and awakened all to the gravity of the situation. I had allowed people in my family to drift into the processes and punishments of Nature and yet, when I found their eyes opened to the mischief they were working but were unable to find out the way to relieve, I had and have to go to their relief and lend my hand to lift them up from this quagmire in which they were sinking. Wife, mother, brother, etc.,—all have grown wiser by this punishment ; and I, a silent witness to the drama, see the

changes, while unobservedly working in the dark, which, however progressing in the direction of bad to good, can never renovate the old unmixed good and happiness of full confidence in the one man in the family. They have now to think for themselves, and they think wrongly, erroneously often, and, though I am relieved from the trouble of thinking for them and can only assist them by such self-sacrifice as may give present satisfaction to them, I cannot help feeling at the sight of the distant but wrong goals towards which they, left to themselves, do start with such innocent unsuspecting pleasure. My wife says I have not helped my sister by leaving them to this independence of ways: that had I followed my old ways I would have been present at her bedside to save her from rushing in for quackery. Is she right? What is my duty?

3rd June, 1894.

Sister's death, the newest item of our adversities, awakens new ideas. Mother is of course disconsolate. But in matters of business her spirits are fully awake. Father says "I find consolation and pleasure from my Lord Prabhu: I can forget this fact; I also must go the way of this girl and await my hour: I do not wish anybody to talk on the subject and awaken memories that pain without remedy." Great God! The old man is really helped by his religion: he has long since ceased to feel and move and remember! To wife, who wept and wept for days, time and good health have stopped pain. For me, my reliance on philosophical hardness of heart has manifested itself from the beginning. Alas! I am no longer an affectionate brother—loving and mourning; I am transformed into the Duty-stuffed brain which ceases to feel, and lives as a mere thought thinking itself *functus officio*. With the death of her that did, but does not, live, I as a brother am *functus officio* and live as such without duty to the dead which in my philosophy means "Merged into the Latent Force".

But methinks I hear a scream from conscience saying in a harsh voice, "You, being of selfishness, delude yourself with the name and idea of philosophy, when in fact it is your own selfish absence of affection that saves you from weeping: there is another creature, less connected with you in blood but more in society, whom you call your wife: you love your wife more than your sister; and when you find your wife dead, you will no longer abstain from weeping—you will no longer shelter yourself under the name of philosophy; the fact is your selfishness of interests makes you love your wife and not your sister." To this grim talk philosophy, as seated in my brain, replies with a shudder: I stand charged, and Conscience! thou hast rightly put me on my trial; I tremble at the strength of thy evidence. And Shakespeare whispers —Ten thousand brothers cannot make up the love of one Hamlet—and I see the great grief of my sister's kind and loving husband—I see his very very great grief, and I feel that thou mayst be right; but—but—I feel also my own strength—my long and frequent exercises of my power, my strong convictions—and there am I—saying, as I did of my son during his measles, "if even wife dies, the Great Will wills, and I am *functus officio* even here." In this conflict of probabilities I neither laugh nor weep, but nervelessly await the end of the trial—be it long or short.

6th June, 1894.

The last but one result of my wife's hasty solution of the family difficulties which had brought on and kept up her bad mood takes place today. The paper interrogatories had verified her complaint that the servant Sonia was not agreeable to my people. She was at peace with the servants, though she had visibly changed her attitude of confidence in and liberality to the servants. The servants have been gradually more and more spoiling themselves in proportion to this change in her attitude—naturally, and the friction

increased, became intolerable and uncontrollable. I tried to save the servants by gentle treatment and determined protection, as I know that they possessed a great balance of merits by their honesty and faithfulness and hard work and intelligence, etc. Their faults were matters which could have been mended by gentler treatment. As she has proved herself to be perfectly right in her views as to the actual state of things, I allowed her liberty to apply her own remedy, and, eventually finding it no longer convenient to prolong the friction by continuing my protection, warned the servant Sonia against his situation. I was quite sure of the result of this manifestation to him of his loss of the last and only protection in my house at the end of five years' service. He passed hours of pain and agony till night in my house—doing no work and thereby promoting the friction. She wants to sacrifice him and all things else that can secure happiness to my people and peace to her own mind. At Dumas I told Chhotalal that the servant was doomed. I am sorry. I owed to him a great sense of obligation for the kind services to my wife in her helpless condition when he was the only person I could secure to help her. Poor fellow, he feels sharply—as faithful affection would do—the changed feelings of my wife ; he knows and feels " the change ", as Keats would call it. I fully sympathise with him. I pity him. But when the question lies between sacrificing either him or the good will of my family towards my wife, it is evident that the separable servant must be given up in favour of the inseparable family. Thus sentiment yields to practical world. A thousand pities at this long-looked for catastrophe in this direction. I am sure I shall never have a more faithful servant in spite of all that my people prate about.

My time for retirement is drawing near. Retirement *is* necessary ; it is a *duty*, an aspiration, a relief. What is the object of it ? If it enables me to do some duty to my country, all right. If it does not, it will

enable me to do my duty to my God and to my soul—a matter that does not require me to be rich. It is of no use earning till death and enjoying never. If money cannot be had, I can at least retire a poor man and benefit my health, my mind, my peace, and have a quiet day of it. Family cares may not be shaken off, but earning cares may be. And when I am poor, my duties to my family will grow poorer too. Let them lessen their wants then, as I shall do mine. I am not bound to serve them for luxuries and superstition all my life. "Necessities" is all their claim upon me. "Ramanik", and "Jayanti" have further claims no doubt. Well, more thoughts when the time comes.

14th June, 1894.

There are developments of curious things which I must note down, though they are family matters. The phase is so novel, so funny, so instructive; and I have an illustrative typical instance this morning. Wife has ceased to show public attention to my wants to the old extent, as that would mean paying attention to me in preference to her mother-in-law's other favourites. The servants, once her favourities, cannot complain if, for the same reasons, she proceeds a step further and blames them for all their unwise or unskilful non-attention to other members' wants. This morning Bhagia servant was called upon at 6 a.m. to shampoo my rheumatic legs. But he is afraid of diverging from my wife's new ways and wishes, and so asked me to wait until he finished other duties, my own legs lying in the bed. The poor servant did not even venture to say to the ladies that he was wanted by me. He returned to me at 6-30 a.m., when it was too late for me to attend to my legs, and I told the man quietly to postpone the legs to some other day, the poor fellow thinking I was offended! Alas! Poor Boy! I was not offended. I only pitied thee for this wonderful situation of thine and thought that the best means of saving thee from the ladies was to forego

insisting on my own wants. While allowing thee to adjust thyself to this new world by the unpleasant process of the oppressions and punishments of a state of nature, I pity thee as I pity all the rest that have to come in for their shares of sufferings in that way, until the consummation-day, when harmony must result from the wisdom that is taught by follies and their pains. I must till then sit a silent spectator of the drama, with patience and forbearance, and without taking cognisance of all inattention to me and of all my personal inconveniences and even of the sufferings, avertible or not, which the operations of the process of natural adjustment inflicts on my people who have not relished to find happiness by fully confiding in my heart and mind.

21st June, 1894.

Brain x, if opened, shows dirty-coloured corpuscles of family-talks, domestic difficulties, servants-affairs and personal mental and bodily ailings—not an ennobling sight but a miserable view. Brain Y is full of Nature's pure-coloured joy and of up-hill rise to sweet and noble thoughts that fly from the beautiful colours of patriotic earthly cares to the colourless infinity of heavenward views. I must peremptorily stop spoiling this book with pictures of x, wasting my time with allowing x to grow upon it, even in my thoughts and talks, and demoralising myself by submitting to its influences. In my most solitary hours, in this book, and in talks and walks of life, Y alone must monopolise my hours, my thoughts, my talks, and my walks of life. I must no longer delude myself into suffering pitfalls into x while feeling the anxieties and worry of little family *duties*. Do *these* duties, like the nerves and muscles working unseen by the eyes and silent to the ear—even unconscious of self. The beautiful external skin and face and organs are alone fit for sight to others and to yourself through the mirror ; Y alone is worthy of this privilege. Take care

of this! I shall no longer spoil this book with x, even in the matter of little duties.

27th June, 1894.

With all that is written on the 21st, I cannot help making epigrammatic notes on my concerns so as to preserve their history.

The house arrangement proposed by me was meant to benefit brother, but my motive and meaning was not appreciated. It is clear that mother and father do not like my proposal. So be it.

So be it—I say. The Great Will thereby relieves me from all Duty of consuming my brain with thinking of them and for them, and substitutes for it the duty of carrying out their wishes faithfully and without thinking, at any cost and sacrifice to them or to me. I feel a great personal relief—I have no complex duty to them. I am going to give up all *my* arrangements for their happiness. I can only be relieved by removing to the houses of my Birth and Breeding, leaving Parents to live with my brother, my simple duty being to watch from a distance and assist, like poor Cordelia, when necessary.

It brings one deep sigh and a latent tear to my eye to feel that my beloved people did not like my proposal and must be left to themselves. But they are entitled to have their own views and ways, and I do not propose to keep them under my tutelage. So I and they are free, and God watches the end.

24th July, 1894.

According to revived Hinduism, the organism of actions grows up into fruition of bad and evil fruits and 'Knowledge' stops not this growth when once begun but sterilizes the soil to further seeds.

A life of fast miseries is accordingly a fast consumption of this organism, and the 'knowing' man must believe himself blessed with their quantity and quality being accelerated and heaped up into one short life of great adversities rather than prolonged and spread over long and multiple lives. He has ceased to act, and his punishment for the past when turned into a capital sentence is a substitute for unending long floggings.

The same reasoning would apply to a life of fast blessings, but such a life is believed to be more dangerous than a life of miseries, for the former lulls us into non-knowledge while the latter awakens us from it, except in exceptional cases. Adversities are therefore to be preferred.

According to my own philosophy the result is the same with some important differences.

The energies of life have to be consumed away into the surroundings of our atmosphere as a means to an end, and consumption is, in lay language, self-sacrifice. Misery is direct sacrifice of our *necessary* and *innate* elements of self, and Good Fortune is that stage of growth which, to the Knowing, must, or may, lead to the sacrifice of *acquired or accretional elements* in all their fullness. Sacrifice or consumption through good fortune is greater in effect than misery, but is to be found rarer in existence and less certain and more contingent in growth than misery. The faults of the unknowing may involve unconscious consumption by misery attended with agonies, while 'Knowledge' makes such consumption of the 'Knowing' man a welcome God-send to be enjoyed and utilised with a pleasure in its pains. The former's consumption through Happiness is for the gratification of personal feelings; the latter's consumption in the case is the performance of duties and the free and economic distribution of our Divine gifts from the egoistic centre to the nearest and remoter points of surrounding circles,

in accordance with the purposes and principles of the Great Will. This is Utsargasiddhi.[1]

The stoppage of Karma[2] by the sterilizing process, according to Hinduism, is an abrupt stoppage of an organic growth—a killing of new seeds. The 'Utsargasiddhi' is on the other hand the transference of existing energies and destinies, from points that want them not, to the points which stand in need of them—a process of winding up the clock that has worked out a consumed yesterday to a fresh readiness for working on a dawning today. In this apparatus of Patent Force, the Moksha[3] of an Ego-point is like the consumption of an yesterday that is past into the colours of today that rises, the Mukta[4] ego being as much a matter of 'no more' to the Patent Apparatus as the Yesterday is to the Apparatus of Time and Space. The Great Force continues the identity of things as in the case of the clock—the same for ever. The hours that are gone for ever is the Ego-point that is consumed for ever.

28th July, 1894.

There is an opening for me at Junagadh. Pherozshah Mehta's term will be over in December. They want a permanent man to do superior judicial work, and uncle wants me to suggest names. The wonder is that my name does not occur to him—though he knows my mind and needs. I do not know whether he does not like my going there or he has forgotten my wants. Should I ask or remind him? Three years at Junagadh will give my mind and purse both rest and saving, and my retirement will be assured. But my going there will not be an unmixed good, and I cannot strike a balance. God knows whether it will give me and my wife etc. health or illness—the climate is so unknown, etc. I do not know whether my conscience

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[1] उत्सर्गसिद्धि. [2] कर्म. [3] मोक्ष. [4] मुक्त.

and moral courage and tastes will not find a hot bed there ; the people there are such a mixture of qualities. Under the circumstances, I had better not open my lips to propose things for me. I would leave things to the Great Will—I would not commit the sin of starting a doubtful venture *proprio motu*. Better to enjoy my own poverty and privileges and duties in Bombay until the Great Will brings me an offer without my asking, and then I think I ought not to refuse it. But I won't request or move. The temptation to request and try is very great and reasonable. But—but—there is a but. The Great Will, and not I, will decide it. I must resist the temptation to be rich in this way. It, may be, is foolish. But such a folly my heart allows. A request is a Trina [1] and

किं क्षुण्णस्तृणमत्ति मानमहतामग्रेसरः केसरी ।[1]

there is a foolish Mana [2] in me ? May be ! But there is it all. Leave things to the Great Will.

31st July, 1894 (9 p.m.).

The reasonings of the last note are not at all satisfactory one way or the other, and I have been in search of some vital considerations of principle which will settle the course of my action.

A place at Junágadh may or may not be for good health. With expensive vacation-trips to Dumas and Matherán, I think I may pretty well secure the general health of self and wife etc. So the health-question has really become one of expense and I must not shrink from the expense if I live in Bombay.

The next consideration is one of domestic relief for self and wife etc. It is no doubt impossible to secure and satisfy the idiosyncracies of all members of the family completely. Going out of Bombay will separate us and that will relieve all undoubtedly. At

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[1] तृण. [2] मान Self respect.

the same time I have been trying, with great assistance from wife, the art of pleasing all by treating them as guests whose wishes and wants and tastes must be consulted at any cost and at any sacrifice. The result is greatly, though not completely, satisfactory, and its permanency must necessarily be a matter of misgivings. So this is a matter of expense and forbearance. My own children can also benefit better in Bombay than at Junágadh educationally etc. Father's and mother's expensive and troublesome dotages require tender attention, from which going out of Bombay would relieve my wife; but her sentiments are against seeking such a relief at their expense, and my sense of duty runs the same way. But mother won't stir out of Nadiád, and to her Junágadh or Bombay is immaterial, and father can be taken with me to Junágadh. So parents are no factor for consideration either way. Nephews also may be assisted with a little more money, if I go to Junágadh. So that factor also goes away. Brother's case as a consideration for leaving Bombay and children's case as a consideration for stay in Bombay are the only things as domestic pro and con. I think the balance here is in favour of Bombay. Considering these questions from the standpoint of duty, and setting aside all questions of personal inconveniences and annoyances to self and wife from the one thousand and one domestic complications, however permanent and painful, I think I am bound to continue being boiled in this furnace of storm and tempest in my house ever pouring into my ears and eyes, and to consider the balance of duty only, however unbearable the storm and tempest of follies and injustice and superstition and what not. These latter I am bound to allow to rage around me, and to work for my other duties as if I were on a quiet and safe land and not on the stormy ocean. Doing so then, there is a scope and balance of duty to my children in Bombay. It is clear that in Bombay alone can I educate them and even my wife with the nearest

approach to my ideal, facing for this purpose all chances of making my wife sick again and killing her by anxieties—chances which, though not probable, may rise into probabilities at any odd moment; and then I must stand prepared for them as for a deliberate risk.

But at Junágadh also if I spend well, I may educate my children; if the balance in Bombay is probable, the one at Junágadh is not much below. The difference is small. This factor also evaporates.

A three years' clear and enough saving at Junágadh, as ensuring honourable retirement, is a clear gain—all risks and service-inconvenience notwithstanding. That amount of penal servitude may well be undergone for the sake of the result.

But the judicial function—of sitting in judgment on fellow-creatures and doing the hangman's work on the bench and standing the chance of doing injustice and injury from the Bench—this is the Sword of Damocles, and my conscience has not the presumption nor the audacity to ignore the existence of this sin-coloured sword in order to benefit my worldly interests.

It does not mean that I should fear to stand under the sword if that be a duty.

The only thing in favour of it is the sure chance of handsome retirement; and retirement is a duty. But retirement with poverty such as the stay in Bombay will certainly entail upon me fulfils the whole *duty* as well. So far as duty goes, retirement is enough, and its being poor or handsome is immaterial to a great extent.

2nd August, 1894.

No. The reasoning in last note is not convincing as regards the first of these propositions. If there is a good and tempting offer, I must close with it; I cannot

afford to make further experiments with my life at this fag-end of my active years by trying the chances of profession. So far as the theoretical and practical ends and objects of professional life in superior company and learning in Bombay and at High Court are concerned, I have got them already, and more is not to be got by further stay in that direction. The conclusion of that note is therefore correct on this head. But, on the other hand, the premises last considered are not quite decisive of the conclusion that I should not seek or try for the appointment.

From a worldly standpoint, it is what they call a folly not to try for money through its proper channel when there is occasion for it. The reasons last suggested for not "courting service", viz. the scruples of conscience, savour of superstition in this that I lose the scruples at once if the place is offered to me. But it is not superstition quite. You may fancy yourself in a Medan [1] where a grand sight is to be witnessed by a crowd—you being among the crowd. Some would have curiosity of such intensity that they would rush towards the sight, past the whole crowd, jostling and jostled; another would stay behind, *find out some high* vantage ground, and, sitting through free from the smothering crowd, would peer over the heads of the crowds into the sights beyond.

Then it is only a small dose of duty and a larger one of comfort that favours the Junágadh proposal.

If the Great Will sends me such a proposal, then I ought not to be under the trance of duty, where after all there is duty either way, and it is my duty not to miss a chance of this kind for the sake of theory.

But the theory deserves respect enough, as the Sword of Damocles means a scruple of conscience, and I am bound not to court the reality of this Sword. A man need not court a fight; but when the fight comes

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[1] मेदान open space, Arena.

upon him as a duty, he must not decline to accept it. The man that courts it takes his own risk. The other man accepts the risk at the hands of the Great Will. That decides the whole. I may accept what may come ; I may consult at the most. But I should forego the whole, great and sure wealth, that may come by the proposal, if I, and not others, must *move* in the matter ; i.e. I must not move and I must sacrifice by keeping silent this way.* If, on the other hand, I am asked to go, I have no right to say I shall not. Considering that I practically, and not for mere affectation, look upon money as my means and not my end, I need not rush in for this post like the rest of the world. Poverty is to me not a nuisance in itself, and as a matter of course I wish to avoid it as a means to performing my duties to my country and to mankind, and to enjoying the full extent of a literary and philosophical life. I court a handsome retirement with this very object in view. If this were not my object, poverty would be a blessing to a man that has no worldly cravings and no admiration for the sight of a full chest that is not to be emptied. So far as my eternal infinite self goes, poverty is rather a blessing —a retirement from the whole world of nonsenses and self-inflicted labours and pains. So many young men before my eyes save and accumulate or rise by adventurous strides in a way which would not have been impracticable for me if I had looked upon money as an end, if not the sole end, of my existence. I say to these folks " Go on, be rich and bestride the winds of worldliness ; I enjoy the sight of your phantom-lives ". I linger behind in money deliberately. I spent thousands to pay an old father's debts ; I spent thousands to satisfy the sentiments and superstitutions of my parents ; I spent for my wife, for my children, and even for brother and his wife, and for sisters and nephews, without ever controlling those that opened

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*The distinction is nice—but real in my philosophy. Is this not convincing ?—G.M.T.

my purse and made its contents flow windward. I spend after books, after education, after medicine, and after my publications. Nay, I sometimes—even often—choose to say to money "Come not—I want you not." Clients go away from my door with their money when I tell them that their cases are hopeless, when I tell them that on principle I insist on not accepting less than a minimum, or when I do not attract them by affectations, and their middlemen by condescensions to the arts of inviting them, when I do not plunder them by the one thousand ways of my profession both known and open to me at my pleasure, and when I follow scruples and principles in not accepting cases as in the Ambika Mills and Vandrávan's father's and Prabhás Pátan Riot cases. Who will count these my self-inflicted losses which have kept me poor? It is not my object to grow rich at all cost and hazards. If I become a Judge, I must preserve my principles and my independence to their fullest extent, and if I cannot do it, the largest salary of a judicial officer is not worth having:—the salary that fetters judicial independence by the bond of being obliged and unreasonably grateful to the hand that secured you the salary—is a bribe from the sharer of sovereign-authority. If I seek and court the judicial post at Junágadh or elsewhere, so as to place myself under the dilemma (*a*) of ungratefully disappointing the stupid expectations of the kind hand that seats you in the post and will seek to have the kindness returned, or (*b*) of violating your conscience and duty to the world by satisfying such expectations to the slightest extent,—if I seek the post in this way, I am not true to myself. I cannot help this contingency if I seek for the post at all. I must make my own terms to preserve my conscience in this direction, and this means that I must not seek the post. If the post comes to me, it accepts me such as I am and in all my spiritual and moral integrity for its own necessities and on my own conditions which ought to be understood without

mention. If the post does not so come, I shall not seek it.—I willingly and deliberately accept the clear probability of continuing poor in a profession whose nuisances and nastiness would be far less than the grave contingencies of seeking the post. This logic is clear and convincing and binding. No more of thought on the subject. I accept all adversities that may turn out to be the price of this decision, and shall gladly lay my head in the lowest dust for abiding by this decision meekly and happily. I think I am right, and perfectly right; and as I am right, the question of securing handsome retirement is simply irrelevant here.

4th August, 1894.

The reasoning of 2nd August is convincing and decisive of a great problem of my life. I must be content to live a life of permanent wants with permanent annoyances, and yet not feel them. Service judicial or political must come to me of its own accord, if at all, and, if it comes too late to assist me, I may have to refuse it. Well so be it. Poverty is wrongly confounded with adversity, and if poverty limits capacity, capacity's limit shortens duty. So be it. I must find out and utilise the blessings of the poverty which it is my duty to inflict on this Ego-point by non-acceptance of particular gains, by abstaining from self-seeking for service, and by spending out of (what the world would call) "Proportion" to my means. I must await my proposed time and the conclusions that time may force on me for retirement or otherwise. There is no hardship in that obedience to the Great Will, yoked to our humble duties and exposed to the inclemencies of all bad weather and placed and goaded on in this world of fools and rascals to bear our yoke forward.

अवनतशिरसः प्रयाम शीघ्रं पथि वृषभा इव वपैताडिताक्षाः।
मम हि मनसि गौरवप्रियस्य विभवतृणानि न लिप्सतेऽन्तरात्मा ॥[2]

—so to imitate the language of Súdraká's noble sentiment [1] or, as the Yoga-Vasishtha [2] says, there exists a still higher ideal:

विगतमानमदा मुदिताशयाः शरदुपोढशशांकसमत्विषः ।
प्रकृतसंव्यवहारविहारिणस्त्विह सुखं विहरन्ति महाधियः ॥

—प्रकृतः प्रकृतिजन्यः स्वाभाविको न विकृतो विकारजन्यो योऽसौ संव्यवहारः शुद्धो व्यवहारः प्रकृतिप्रवाहे पतितेषु कर्मसु प्रकृतिप्रवाहेणाभियुक्तेषु कर्मसु हेयोपादेयसदसद्विवेकशुद्धो व्यवहारस्तत्र लोकनीये लोके विहारो मतिमतां प्रशस्तः ॥ (3)

5th August, 1894.

These men have lost their Mána [3]—pride that measures the man and forms his Avachchheda.[4] Nor have they retained the Mada [5] that blinds them to Eternity and Infinity above and below. They can see and extend themselves by their feelings of unity and sympathy to the lowest, the highest, the nearest and the remotest. Their Áshaya [6]—wherein they sleep [7] away the moments of life is something for the 'Moda' [8] of the world—the aspirations in which they float are for the good of the world—they are born to float in aspirations which the world must welcome as destined to raise it. They are like the full moons of Sharad [9]—free from darkening clouds, and pleasant and refreshing by their cool refulgence. In this world Iha [10] they glide happy and smoothly like boats on a quiet sea; and that sea is the life of Vyavahara [11]—objective relativity, and that Vyavahára [11] for these angels is Samvyavahara [12]—a Vyavahara [11] of virtue and nobleness of purpose and ways, and is such again as Nature [13] and the circumstances of Nature [13] bring them face to face with. The great currents Praváha [14] of Nature bear him—this man—on their bosom, and

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[1] भाव. [2] योगवासिष्ठ. [3] मान. [4] अवच्छेद. [5] मद. [6] आशय. [7] शी. [8] मोद. [9] शरद्. [10] इह. [11] व्यवहार. [12] संव्यवहार. [13] प्रकृति. [14] प्रवाह.

he floats there—his actions and movements guided by the exigencies of breaking these mighty currents—his Karmas are casual and disinterested.[1] And he floats with all his tact and intelligence.[2] He goes to his battle of life—not "like dumb driven cattle", but as "a hero in the strife". He is there such a Hero "in the bivouac of life", and he runs on until the Great Will brings him to the end of life and until the Kála[3] comes to invite our Ráma away from the work of life. Never are these minds ruffled, or deprived of their self-control, but in the midst of the greatest storms and tempests on this Praváha,[4] their Vihára[5] is gone through with coolness and ease,[6] and it is taken not as a task or imposition, but a very Vihára[5] in harmony with the purposes and ways of the Great Force and Will. The Ego-point is only a Sákshi[7] and an Ánanda[8] all through. The storms and tempests of Vyavahara[9] are but the quiet sea to the visions of these souls, and they are cool in the midst of this vision of quiet. The storms and tempests are deprived of their power before such vision.

By saying that they float like the full-grown[10] moon, it is meant that they have not been ascetics, but have grown up into their fullest stature and glory, and that they float in the high sky above the reach of worldlings and worldly cravings, and untouched by the storms that blow below.

These details may not have been quite present to the mind of the author of the verse, but as Bhavabhûtî[11] rights says—

कवीनां पुनराद्यानां वाचमर्थोनुधावति। (4)

And this is illustrated by Goldsmith's ignorance of the full purport of "Slow" in the Traveller. The spider is unconscious of the details of his web.

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[1] प्रवाहपतित. [2] महाधियः. [3] काल. [4] प्रवाह. [5] विहार. [6] सुखम्. [7] साक्षी. [8] आनन्द. [9] व्यवहार. [10] उपोढ. [11] भवभूति.

10th August, 1894.

Has my life been a success or a failure ? At the fag-end of active life, the question ought to be considered.

At 20, I was a boy, a B.A., ruined in health and turned from a rich man's son into a pauper with debts, and was relieved of family quarrels to see a starving family divested of all glories.

At 23, I was earning a charitable allowance from a State, and my little money had to be divided every year into payments for a frugal fare to a family and payments to pay the debts. The prospects there were Hope against Hope, and a deadly struggle to attain that hope. Family was on peace at par—a poor contented lot of humble-minded people.

At the age of 28, I was a new LL.B., a man starting for the expensive Bombay life without a pie in his pocket, with a ruined constitution, unwilling to serve, propped up by an avowedly temporary state assistance, without anyone to assist professionally, yet blindly expecting to thrive in profession—a man who had neither present money, nor present value in the eyes of the Insurance people.

And now at the end of 38, I am reputedly established in profession, and am inwardly doubtful of the fact. State assistance is *nil.* Prospect of service is *nil.* Literary fame—smoke—is far greater than that of any compeer. My duty to the world is proportionately being done. But my expenses equal my income, and that is a source of danger. I have saved from windfalls what may keep body and soul together outside Bombay, but its interest is swallowed up in Bombay expenses. My retirement is a puzzling problem difficult of solution. I seem to have ended a long struggle for honourable domestic peace by yielding in favour of a truce, which has becalmed the surface and left the inside a rotten patch-work.

Mentally and educationally I have made satisfactory progress.

In order to test whether this is success or failure, I must try it by my own principles and compare it with the success of others—say Uncle—at my age.

Uncle in boyhood was a penniless child and then a boy. He had the good fortune to fall in company with the Desai family. . . . His study at Ahmedabad was a lucky rise from non-entity. At 23 or so, he came to Bombay, assisted by father. That was his rise No. 2, from rise No. 1. Then he was introduced to Premchand Raichand and others, and became a partner in our firm, and gave up college. That was rise No. 3. Then he fell in company with Gokulji Zala, and rose from Rs. 50 to Rs. 700 in the Junágadh post. Got connected through Manibhai with Kutch, through Rao Sahib with Idar, etc., etc. These were Rises Nos. 4, 5 and 6. His post at Bombay left him free to read, and he did read and study—Rise No. 7. All these rises are a mixture of results of good luck and shrewd art, without the mixture of anything low. His real luck lay not in securing the rises simply but in securing them without any mean and immoral condescensions and stoopings. He has fallen in with, recognised in time, and attracted with dignity and moral prestige, the tide of good luck in each case; and he has fully deserved it every time. He has on the whole risen from stage to stage, and has sustained his rise by proving equal to his position. And his rise has never been hampered by theory, or occasion for theory, as in my case, and his invaluable advice and assistance to all have secured him such generous and ever-sustained assistance as has made him rich without effort. Fortune and merit have conspired to raise him in the world and make him rich. He has in these matters not diverted his course from the usual orbits of the world. I have always diverted myself into eccentric lines.

11th August, 1894.

Uncle is now worth about 2 lacs—at 55. At 39, i.e. when I was 23 in 1878-79, he was earning a smaller salary and was living a poorer man than I am in my 39th year now. His style of living and everything including his learning and knowledge was inferior to mine at this age of mine. All his rise was subsequent to that; and if I work on till 55th year of age even as I am, I would not have to stand much behind in securing the superfluities of life, though I may not grow quite so rich. But the difference lies in this that I most certainly do not propose to jog on for belly and pelf so long. My limit of working years is fixed in my mind, and, if possible, I do not wish to shunt off a single yard.

Kasináth Telang, Kirloskar and several others were far richer than I am at 39—But that they ran out their whole race of fast life while I continue to live my slow pace of life may—no, does—explain the difference. They were fortunate people unpinched by anything like my difficulties, and there being no comparison between me and them as regards the causes of wealth, there is none about results too.

My juniors rise above me in wealth. My expenses and my difficulties are not theirs. Compared to others, therefore, I am not a failure in money and savings.

If I have not saved much, others have not spent more. My methods of serving were dictated by conscience, and not by folly or vice. The consumption of all the great total of money spent by me lives in its results—has been what economists call "Productive Consumption". The health, the happiness, the moral and intellectual training, the relief from debts and anxieties, the domestic and mental peace, which I see in me and around me in my people—parents, sisters, brother, wife, children, etc.,—these are far from my ideal, far yet from what they practically should or

could be : and yet they all *advanced* beyond their old stage.

The huge domestic and pecuniary conflagrations that so long and so often threatened destruction, have now all spent up their force, and instead only hot embers survive. The embers are hot enough to burn one—and yet they are a gain. The great sacrifices made to secure the comparative coolness were well-made. To have been called upon by the Great Will to make the sacrifice and to have been enabled to sacrifice : these were the costly privileges accorded to me, and it is meet that I value my privileges as such and not call myself a failure by looking at the cost. Who else has been allowed these privileges ? Your singularity of being the privileged man ought to console and ennoble your mind and elate your existence above this world of dirt and dust. If you have discarded money, you should not feel dejected and sunken for want of money which you never courted, and often rejected and slighted. If you find yourself and wife in the midst of the pitiable plight of those who have rendered thankless and even unrecognised services, you may be proud of the facts that you did your duty of serving them without any hope of any reward in any such or other shape, that your services have borne their fruit to the people served, and that you can silently and secretly enjoy the sight of such fruit to these dear people, without yourself being demoralised by having to enjoy for yourself the recognition of services done for the simple satisfaction of your own love and conscience. In fact the pitiable plight is a matter for congratulating yourself—the plight is a piece of good-luck. Such being the case hereto, your future business is not to give up your old line of conduct as one of failure, but to continue it as one of success in the art of duty and love without reward from men. No doubt, if you continue your life till 55 years of age, you may grow as rich as others have done ; but that temptation to die earning the means

to no end is meaningless, and I am sure this foolish temptation, which draws the whole world into a vortex of stupidity, neither has nor will ever have the slightest power over your mind. If you continue in profession a day longer than your old proposal, you must be dragged to this day for more cogent reasons than this stupidity; and you must measure out the movements of that day with paces both measured and firm, with reason, wisdom, and philosophy. If there is domestic fermentation or pecuniary pinching or bad health, anxieties in your house, you must quietly do your duty towards relieving yourself and those concerned by proper treatment, and at the same time look at the whole progress of the physical or metaphysical disease as a phantom which will die and vanish with all its apparatus of agonies when the hour and the dream is over. Neither the reality of existence nor the next hour and tomorrow of this apparent life will allow any status during their reigns to this phantom of the nonsense and nuisance of today. In the midst of your sorest trials and worst agonies, remember and realise that through the roughest day of life time with its hour runs on and on, and leaves the day behind.

"Come what come may,
"Time and the hour runs thro the roughest day."

This is all right. But Uncle leaves all domestic and health matters pretty nearly to chance and fatalism, while I worry myself about them. He is a happy with his system. He laughs at my health spoiled in spite of my efforts, and contrasts his let-alonism with my cares. Well, he is generally healthy, but aunt was not; nor is her daughter. The betrothals and care of girls in his family are matters left to themselves, and Tansukhbai's own attention is, so to say, left to himself, or rather to itself. Uncle's only cares and duties are Vedánta, Rámáyana, money-matters and State

matters, as being the cardinal points of life; and in money-matters he looks to thrift and saving in even small things without sentiment. Except his duty of State, and Vedánta as a literature, he presents a complete contrast to my ways of life. Where he is careful and sagacious and devoid of sentiment in order to be practical, I am not; where he is careless, I am careful and anxious. In money-matters, the contrast is explicable:—born a rich man's son with an innate indifference to earning and saving, I am, by nature, not the careful and shrewd mind that we find him—born poor and risen by dint of search for money and of jealous defence against all demands on his purse, except where he allows exceptions to exist out of undeniable duty or unavoidable sentiment or shrewdness and sagacity. Destined from my 20th year to look after pauper parents and to see that they felt no apparent or secret want and anguish, I have developed my indifference to money-matters until I am no longer able to retrace my steps or to repent my follies. My "good nature" has been my bane, though not in Goldsmith's sense and ways. I cannot change my policy at this late stage of life, except in the way of certain ameliorations;—more violent change can simply amount to asking my whole family to run contrary to the life-long direction of their currents. This direction was given them by me out of affection and duty, when the strange circumstances of my life rendered it necessary to do so. Personally, change for myself is easy and attempted. But I cannot change my family people's ways. Uncle is free from this situation; I am not. I must take my situation as a position of *duty*. So be it. My sense of duty, whatever the results, must keep me to my cares as well as to my indifference, and the contrast between me and Uncle must continue, if my ways do not quite succeed, where success is in the hands of Providence, and not of man.

24th August, 1894.

The objective world entering the camera of the brain through the lenses of our senses gets itself photographed on the "subject" and is retained by Memory. A vast picture is thus laid out on every brain and gives a photographic permanency. Imagination enlarges, manipulates, Kaleidoscopic-wise, and remodels this picture. Emotion when pleasant is the fruition that is produced by the flirtings and connections of the spiritual pictures, created by perception, memory or imagination, with the sucking and excreting cells of our subjective organism. The cells are *fascinated* (*a*) into sucking the picture and hugging it to their bosom, and (*b*) into discharging by reaction their own vital energies and essence into the ovaries of the objective world of pictures which are thus impregnated for further growth. The cells are at times *relieving* themselves of the loathsome foreign matter which gets imbedded in their frames, either by accident and circumstances, or during the fruition, and these they excrete back into the objective world. This relief also carries its own emotions with it. All emotions are resoluble into those connected with the fascination and with the relief, either at the preliminary stage where they tempt or produce hatred, or during the hour of the fruition and excretion or as after-effects.

Reason is a prudent housewife that disposes of and arranges the items of these pictures according to the wants and necessities of man and controls the emotions on the same principles. And it does so by using its own calm vision of the proportions of things in this picture and of the ways in which, so far as its powers of observation can scan, the progress of the picture is likely to be made. The connubium of the objective and subjective pictures with our spiritual and nervous cells produces a vast mosaic of art on the ground-floor and the walls and ceilings of our life,

and we can never escape the apparently meaningless mummeries and fantastic dances into which our frailties draw us while we live under the roof of this life. The Great Will has no doubt a meaning for what to us is so meaningless, and our duty is to accept them when they are inscrutable, and to confine our work in subjection to reason when we are powerful or able to obey her. Reason in the world of objective intelligence is Science and the art of applying it ;—Reason in the world of subjectivity which carries and raises us above this our world of the umbilical cord of objective activities, is Philosophy Divine ; and the reason that teaches us how and when and why to submit to the sucking and excreting processes of our cells in this womb of our mother-world with the object of ripening ourselves for the final Delivery from this womb or for emancipation into the Goal of Divine Philosophy and, pending that conclusion, teaches us how to enrich the powers of nourishments of the umbilical cord with the help of Science and Experience and Poetry—that is the philosophy of mundane Ethics ; and Consumption is the link between Ethics and Divine Philosophy, while Poetry is the ladder that has its bottom having its feet in the ocean of our sucking cells and rising unto the heights of philosophy—contiguous with all and yet original through all.

But there is a difference in the result. Philosophy is an unmixed good, whereas Poetry arises out of our frailties and beautifies the soul by weakening the nerves, or by exciting them. Philosophy involves trial and hardihood of nerves and snubs frailty for the purpose. Time was when I called my religion Poetico-Rationalism. I now write poetry for others ; but poetry is no longer a part of my own life. Harsh hard Reason be my only mode of life, and philosophy my goal. *If the snubbing of frailties mean pain and trouble and ordeal, let that be so ; if happiness of some kind, or even freedom from pain, be not attainable except by submitting to my frailties, let that happi-*

ness and that freedom go to dogs. Frailty proving powerful over me, I shall not repine at its havoc when my defeat shall have been a matter of the past; but *I shall not risk through it to obtain any other relief. Frailty of any kind is simple Hell and Degradation. Stoicism and Cynicism are far better than frailties.* God raise me to these. Anything that amounts to a *stooping* by the soul is frailty. Truly was it said "Man's hour on earth is weakness, error, strife."—Alas, poor me! The Web of Fascination and Poetry which moves us from within and without and takes us to the Spider of Frailty—is a web of Tomfoolery after we are able to swim in the air of Reason and Philosophy. It is in its place before that stage; it is an anachronism and an anomaly after that. God save me from it. Truly was it said:

इदमनुचितमक्रमश्च पुंसां यदिह जरास्वपि मान्मथा विकाराः।(5)

For me, philosophy, etc. etc. have brought

वृद्धत्वं जरसा विना!(6)

I hail this old age and hate any Akrama.[1]

28th August, 1894.

The Shad-vikāras are the six frailties[2] of men according to Vedánta. But the nine Rasas[3] of Sahitya[4] is a more exhaustive list of our frailties. Whatever is an aberration from the calmness and equanimity of well-balanced Reason is Frailty. The six Vikāras[2] are only such of the frailties as are prohibited. The other frailties are held innocent. Reason without Frailty keeps up our Spiritual calmness intact, in its dignified condition of Sákshi.[5] When the cellular suckings and excretings are roused into activities, we may take it as a sure mark that the power of some picture of worldly art has by its pro-

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[1] अक्रम. [2] षड्विकार. [3] नवरस. [4] साहित्य. [5] साक्षी.

cesses of Fascination or Anti-Fascination, super-induced some frailty on the native calmness of our cells. As the Gîtá puts it, the idiosyncracies of individual natures make them susceptible to peculiar frailties by a kind of inherent predisposition.

कार्यते ह्यवशः कर्म सर्वैः प्रकृतिजैर्गुणैः (7)

That Sattva,[1] Rajas,[2] and Tamas[3] are only a division of these idiosyncracies, and the proper states of Philosophical Reason is निस्त्रैगुण्यम् (निस्त्रैगुण्यो भवार्जुन).(8) The irresistible generation of Frailties by reason of predisposition and circumstances induces on my mind that humility of Christianity and Bhakti-márga which makes one sink under the weight of one's weakness and cry

"पापोऽहं पापकर्माहम्" etc.(9)

The effort of the Gîtá is to annihilate the noble frailty of Arjuna in the hour of battle by Philosophical Rise to Nistraigunya ;[4] and this Humility under the weight of a frailty is no doubt a pressure on our frames which *may* result in opening our eyes to our weaknesses and in cleansing us of moral pride—the pride of Conscience. That need not slacken my poor effort to save the flying-fish of my Nistraigunya[4] from the Dolphin of Frailty. Success or defeat—I must fly from the Dolphin.

13th September, 1894.

I cannot help a strange weakness which overtook me last evening at 5 p.m. I was returning from the Court. For more than a week past the pressure of Court has not left me time to go, with Uncle or alone, for a walk and seeing an open sky and finding a leisure

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[1] सत्त्व. [2] रजस्. [3] तमस्. [4] निस्त्रैगुण्य.

hour. I went walking to the sea-shore to have oxygen and exercise. But directly I was on the sea-shore, where there was no tree to shelter and where the road was equally distant from the termini either way so that I could neither return nor proceed to a nearer shelter, the sky changed and the rain poured down in horizontal showers wetting me completely and threatened to disturb me with rheumatism. I first laughed at this mockery of nature which baffled my anticipations in the way usual in my life, and then I began to survey my whole past life and to compare notes of past and present. I have been in most worldly matters unfortunate; from the 14th year of my age I have been struck with blow after blow, from quarters near and remote, live and inanimate, anticipated and unanticipated. Things which to some come like fortune and to most are a protection have worked havoc to destroy my ordinary comforts and prospects and my peace of mind from a very tender age, and all my surroundings including my body have repaid my care and attention with what the world would call Ungrateful Monstrosities, but I call attacks of frailty. That I should have been so through all life, that the best part of my life has been thus wasted and blasted, that my gigantic prospects and aspirations have been killed or belittled into boasting dwarfs; this, etc., poured on my brain the idea of my life which it has pleased God to make persistently weak and unfortunate; and I looked upon the action of the rain as symbolical of the misfortunes that have always come upon me by surprises and ambuscades, and attacked me on all sides, as if they had wanted to find out my vulnerable points and trouble me there. The ceaseless downpours of these showers on my life flashed across my brain, and the picture of helpless duckings in the dirty waters created by them brought tears into my eyes as a token complaint against all that is given to me for apparent benefit, but has only brought out my frail points, and basked them in sufferings. The mood

lasted an hour, and then yielded to the philosophy which has always made me congratulate my one and only good fortune of having found that my misfortunes were never wasted on my moral and intellectual frame which has grown strong by its battles and sucked a new life of sublimity, poetry, philosophy and strength from struggles against these weaknesses. What is the use of my greatness of Soul if it cannot absorb within herself the hard elements of worldly pains, which were meant to be her nourishing food and strength giving feats of exercise in this great gymnasium of Patent Force ? The tears evaporate, and the mind rises to fly high into the elements of its nativity which flow high above this world of dirt and dust and float like promising clouds within the bosom of the serene sky—emblem of Eternity and Infinity and Beauty and Sublimity—full of high life to the organisms of philosophic and religious ambition, whose enemies also lie deep-rooted in the frailties to which we seem wedded without a hope or power of divorce, tied without a skill to be united.

20th September, 1894.

A frailty of my mind—which I can't help noticing. Uncle referred to the arrangements between me and my brother whereby I give up to him all family Houses and Lands except the Muni house with which I choose to content myself. This for a moment took me by surprise. In that mood, in the presence of the Shastri, I exclaimed

"दुनिया दोरंगी है उसमें फकीरी से सुराई है" (10)

I internally felt how my work went unappreciated in this world of self-interest. The Shastri, to whom I did not give the reason for my remark, could not help noticing some deep-seated pain in my mind and walked to and fro repeating the verse ending with the line

स्वच्छन्दं चरतो जनस्य विधिना चिन्ताज्वरो निर्मितः ॥ (11)

We parted after this pantomime. I was immersed in thought till 10 p.m.—smiling at the pain I could not avoid. I went to bed—wife was sleeping in her swinging-bed—I paused, stood, and looked at her sleeping face and attitude of restless sleep—the picture of a beautiful life of self-sacrifice and hard work for those who never thanked her and would never come to her rescue or secure her at least a sweet word of consolation. And, knowing all this, the woman would persist in her aspiration to serve my people still at all cost. Her facial beauty was worth a kiss with these thoughts. But—but—a kiss would awaken her, and cause a cruel break in her much-wanted sleep—Nay, we are too old for a kiss—a kiss between us is a matter of the past—we are both ascetic friends and body-less lovers, or rather sympathisers. I lay waking for half an hour more thinking it would only trouble her to know the news. We got up at 5 a.m. I could not help telling her all and talking over it—taking and giving philosophic air to the whole, until she gave up the talk and rose for work—which she calls her duty—saying, "Enough!". I rose relieved, and said to myself with much sympathy for great and poor Mágha,[1] "You are right, poet; with all the greatness of our poetry and philosophy, we are left to put our last question to the poor loving woman by our side and ask her, as you did, to solve the difficulty of life—saying

"क्व यामः किं कुर्मो गृहिणि गहनो जीवनविधिः" ॥[(12)]

The wife[2] must light the lamp in our dark house—though to the dazzle of strength and greatness it seems ludicrous, if not absurd, to consult her on a point of life problem.[3] But the Tamaru[4] of my poem speaks the truth in her favour.

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[1] माघ. [2] गृहिणी. [3] जीवनविधि. [4] तमरुं an insect.

23rd September, 1894.

योगक्षेम = Acquisition [1] and preservation.[2] The other day I explained the term to Shastri when wife was reading Vichārasāgara [3] with him, and she returned the answer "For me and my studies, it is Yogakshaya [4] = forgetting and losing what I learnt, and not what you call the double luck of Yog [1] and Kshema [2]—a comment enough to prove her progress. Lilavati (13) has done तर्ककौमुदी,[5] वेदान्तसार,[5] ईशावास्य.[5]

Jasu is about to finish Margopadeshika [6] and is in the midst of the third English book. Ramanik reads English 2nd book.

Yesterday's Bombay Gazette shows early marriages in England in Elizabeth's time between children from three to fifteen years old. They rose from early to late marriages, we from late to early ones.

26th September, 1894.

Euclid's axioms are held by one school to be self-evident *a priori* truths, and by the other to be results of experience and simple induction lying at the root of the propositions and deductions. I had a dream last night in which I reasoned that neither side is correct, and that the axioms are in reality simpler forms of expressing definitions and avoiding self-contradictions. "Things which are equal to the same thing" etc :— this is another form of the definition of "Equality", and the denial of the axiom would lead one to a self-contradiction in the full definition of the equality of more things than two. The axiom as to parallel lines was also treated similarly in my dream.

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[1] योग. [2] क्षेम. [3] विचारसागर. [4] योगक्षय. [5] Sanskrit Books. [6] मार्गोपदेशिका.

I think the reasoning of the dream does not call for a dissentient voice from the reasoning of my waking hours today. I have no time to think more and carefully on the subject, but I think there may be a further way of solving the question, and that some of the axioms may also be the conclusions of deductive syllogisms depending on other major premises.

14th October, 1894.

The 'Fortnightly Review' for September, p. 315, contains an article on "Some Anarchist Portraits". The article confirms Mrs. Besant's views and throws more light on it. The facts there noted suggest more ideas to my mind.

The Anarchists portrayed there are paupers whose struggles against pauperism are most desperate, and yet unsuccessful, on account of the hard economic and social conditions of Europe.

The desperateness of spirit is enhanced by contradictory legislation, saying, "You starving man! Though I cannot provide you with work and wages, I shall punish you if you mean to maintain and feed yourself and your dearest wife and children by the only means left to you to do so, viz. begging or stealing. I ordain that begging is as dishonourable and criminal an offence as stealing, and to relieve starvation by these means is an offence and a disgrace, and I provide no means for your escape from starvation."

The pauper so made desperate is also a man of scientific learning which makes the mind aspire to material prosperity and raises up an ideal of philanthropy based on such aspirations of materialistic cast —a philanthropy which spurs the noble soul to give up self, to sacrifice self, and to attempt to pave the way of relieving his fellow-paupers from conditions which he has found so difficult to bear. He draws from his own sufferings a wisdom for his fellow-sufferers

and, like Christ, sacrifices himself as the result of that wisdom.

His energies in prosecution with that wisdom are directed towards the *destruction* of those who, consciously or unconsciously, assist, or at least abstain from using their power to check, the progress of the web of forces, economical, social and political, into which the mother-world of helpless paupers is bound to be entangled, whether this world is patient and passive, or tries to escape by the only means which Nature provides or suggests for them.

And to use these powers of destruction is not held a sin, because the Spirit of Science is abroad and turns men into the likenesses of "Atoms" and "Waves" of infinity, which one may handle and destroy for better ends as innocently as if he were destroying inanimate atoms and waves. Europe has used people to destroy, eat, and use unto their own ends the lives of beasts and birds as if these lives were not lives, and anarchism takes people a step further in logical sequence and raises man to destroy man in the same spirit.

This is the complicated structure of the anarchist, his conditions, his poetry of soul, the philosophy of his science, and his logical faithfulness to his convictions.

The 'organism' of the anarchist brain and life is one for whose creation and evolution European civilisation is no doubt directly responsible. The force of anarchism is no doubt small yet, but it may grow too.

India has a reason to pause and note whether the sacrifice of its own old views and modes of life in favour of their counterparts in Europe commands a balance on the credit or the debit side.

Enough has been noted by me about the Joint Family merits. But the questions of the poor man's education; of the introduction of a high standard of life

advocated by Economists; of giving up contentment for aspiration; of divorcing all manner of life from the tinge of religion and religious philosophy; of overwhelming the poor man's cottage with the inebriating spirit of Science as a staple article of education and mental food which can increase both thirst and hunger and not allay them; of destroying those forms of social life called castes and Joint Family which teach men to segregate like bees in honeycombs and beehives; of replacing our forms of socialism and communism with that spirit of individualism which has supplied Europe with its greatest men by exercising and lightening their powers of conflict in a world of jealous and jostling competitions which make each man say to his brother: "The good luck is better with me than thee, and as I wish to be in the front ranks, it is no sin to tread upon somebody's corns, if thou be that somebody"—these and similar questions await careful solution by the light of anarchism, and other factors of European society. We do not want Rousseaus hurling up our frames on *a priori* conclusions.

27th October, 1894.

I am disposed to sing:

"I am a poor petty man, whose soul
Is burdened with the things that are high,
And the things that are low. Mine's
Not the bliss that 'longs to the world,
Nor the smile that cheers the rewarded face,
A brain that rises high to heavens,
A power that yields to powers of hell;
On earth I am but out of place
Where I can neither rise nor raise!!"

28th October, 1894.

Gracious God! This is an anniversary of my last wife's death. I was 19 when she died: I am 39 now—20 years have rolled away. And what tremendous

changes have taken place by this time! I no longer weep for her—nor am I touched with even a moodiness of mind at the reflection of her death. That is not because of my remarriage. As long as I had sentimental love for my present wife, I had it for my last wife too, though while time gave a stimulus to the former it also diminished the intensity of the latter and sunk it into oblivion. The wife that lives has had better traits, powers, and training than those her predecessor had, and it was impossible not to love more what was decidedly nobler and higher. But even here the growth of philosophy has outdone poetry and undone sentiments. I look upon my present wife only as a beautiful *phenomenon*—a noble development of crude but fertile materials and powerful forces by the combined action of Nature and Art. There she is only a phenomenon—an evanescent form of matter and spirit-burning like a beautiful fire-work at the end of a pencil of the hot ray of the Great Force and Will! Forms of such Energy and Will—I, she, and my other late she too! All merge into different shades and lights of one great temple of the Universal Light and Flame! I love this her no more than I love myself and the humblest dust that dances in this temple! She is to me no longer a specific object of Love; she is to me an objective of nearest Duty and no more; and to the dead one, my duty is dead! Nor love, nor sorrow, fructifies my mind! The world wears to me a different form and hue! I accept with willingness the statement, made by uncle and meant for a rebuke, that I have become a melancholiac.[1] To bear with the living world while it lives, and to deal with it as Duty proposes, and to bear it on my shoulders to the burning ground[2] when it is dead, and to burn it on the funeral pyre like the dutiful son whose last duty to his sire is to apply fire to his frame on the pyre: to carry the world of wife, father, mother, country, and

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[1] स्मशानिया. [2] स्मशान.

what else may fall to my lot; and, eventually, my own *self* and Duty to this great Smashana [1] like a hearse-bearer: this is the last point and last death of my duty. Yes! So did our great Yogi the God Shiva live and muse in his Smashana; [1] so did Ráma and Krishna contemplate their own *ends* as the last climaxes to the destruction of all around; so slept Great Vishnu on his Shesha [2] and on the ocean of Eternity after the innumerable worlds were finally destroyed by Pralaya.[3] If I could be the Smashaniyā [4] proper, emblem of Duty—neither lacking in it nor exceeding it—I should be content; not diverging from it, nor affected by aught else whether for good or for evil, nor affected even by Duty itself where capacity ceases to extend its hands and where the limit of capacity limits the sphere of Duty, like the wave that carries the granite from one shore to another, deposits it there, and, having done its work, dies away into unmoaning voicelessness and all-embracing Eternity. The wave knew when to foam and thunder and roll, and when to be quiet and relieved. So be it with me.

महेच्छासमीरस्य शान्ता लहर्यो
भवेयुर्यदा सा महेच्छा मदिच्छा। (14)

22nd November, 1894.

I have no time to write or rest—Cutch business has swallowed up my time. It may relieve me from profession and enable me to retire. It would be disloyalty to my God and to my principles if I did not desire to retire next year. Service, however tempting, need no longer tempt me. The knowledge which I am gaining at present of the superb supineness of the noble and wise prince, the Rao, and of the frailties of his able and intelligent minister, make me stand aghast at the misfortunes of my country, make me thank the Great Will which, last year, declined to meet my rare

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[1] स्मशान. [2] शेष. [3] प्रलय. [4] स्मशानिया.

flash of foolish longing to seek service with them as the only means to escape my domestic miseries and complications and to do duty to my poor wife. Great God! I would have plunged myself in a volume of smoke and fire if thou hadst not saved me thus.

પ્રભુ, આમ જ આપદ તું હરતો
અમ મૂર્ખપણું મન ના ધરતો;
વનમાં વણભાન પડી હું રહ્યો
તૃણદ્વાર વિશે, પ્રભુ, ત્યાં તું ઉભો![15]

So thou workest weal out of woe, and man's lot is better in the hands of thy wisdom, even when it is destructive, than when it wants to be under the guidance of the lights of his own foolish phantom of wisdom-bubble. Well, I laugh at all these and many other things; but cannot help thanking God for timely saving me from being wedded in lot to the Divan as his colleague or subordinate. He revised the sectioner's work, seriously believes in the value of the fishes and birds of the gulf, etc., etc.—what not? These be the follies of the Great in power.

8th December, 1894.

The long-desired time for retirement is pressing close upon me, and next year it will have to be seriously considered whether I should not at once close the active period of my life, or whether I should prolong it a little further on. The mode and place of retirement will also have to be fixed with reference to my means and ends.

Insufficiency of means is not relevant to the question of retirement, though God seems to be likely to favour me with sufficiency. To aspire to be rich beyond necessity is meaningless following of the groove of worldings and involves the conversion of money to the end of life from its position of mere means of life.

The points for consideration in connection with this subject are several. My objects of retirement are (i) Duty to my country and country people ; (ii) Duty to my health ; (iii) the necessity of settling my wife and children in a home where they may be able to live independent or self-dependent, and relieved from trammels, whether I am at home or abroad, living or dead ; (iv) the necessity of having them such a home soon, specially arising from my eldest daughter's age ; (v) the satisfying of my craving for rest and relief at a point where my duty to my parents and dependents ceases to require me to earn more money ; (vi) the desirability of my being able to live in the same town with my parents, whose health and age and minds require nursing ; (vii) a secluded life of reading and writing, and freedom from all care except for my country ; (viii) the necessity of undertaking and giving tuition to my son personally so as to prepare him for a life of duties and responsibilities by making him alive to them and by enabling him to be equipped for them with health and the necessary intellectual and sentimental etc. attainments of thinking, writing, speaking, and earning powers. My years of life are few and of physical capacities are fewer ; and to prolong the period of earning more money—however desirable more money may be to attain these objects—would at a stage be possible only at the expense of the period for these duties, which period is limited by the limited duration of my life, and I have to remember that my health—the state of my eyes, rheumatism and much more—will not enable me to live long. I have no mind to be steaming like an engine burning out its store of coal and fuel before it can reach a station.

13th December, 1894.

The selection of a place for retirement, though a question of lesser moment and dependent on the state of my means, raises some points for consideration. To

be able to work for the country it is desirable to see that I do not lose, if I do not increase, the influence and note I have already acquired in public. That influence is the means of keeping me in touch with those upon whom I have to operate. Residence in Bombay is necessary for this influence, but the residence is costly, and waiting to be able to afford the cost is prolonging the hour of retirement. How best to reconcile this conflict, and whether to sacrifice the time or the place for retiring, is a subject for deep consideration and proper calculation as to the balance of result likely to ensue from either sacrifice.

Ramanik's studies at College require Bombay—but that is a matter for consideration seven years hence—not now.

In other matters Nadiad is the best place for my family and good enough for myself, and equal to my means. Society there is inferior—but when do I mix in society even in Bombay ? An occasional resort to Dehwan near Borsad, or to Cambay, or to Bombay, or to Dumas for sea-side residence ; an occasional resort to Abu or Champáner or Mátheran for hill-climate ; a month or two in Bombay during the malarious period in Nadiad; these changes may be tried, according to means, for securing health and intellectual ventilation. Christmas at Congresses, attendance at particular University meetings, etc., etc., may keep up touch with the public men. Or I may select for cheap living some sea-side suburb of the Island of Bombay, where the railway is close and cheap travelling can be secured by railway passes : but this is a matter of doubtful propriety and possibility with reference to the shortness of my means.

I only note down these things for consideration at the proper time. For the present, I am awaiting with breathless watching to see where the Cutch business launches my pecuniary fortunes, and how Providence wants to deal with me in this matter. I only pray that

God—the Great Will, if it assists me in this direction, may also assist me in resisting any temptations that may try to lure me into the trammels of fat posts, or gormandizing professional drudgery, a single day beyond absolute necessity. Barodá, Junágadh, Kutch, Bhownagar, and what not ?—all native states in fact stand before my eyes, with their whole nudity of weaknesses, complications and difficulties—from subjects, officers, the princes themselves, and even from Agencies and Lee-Warners and Wests—*exposed* with all their awful horizon of impotent responsibilities, duty-belaboured conscience, and murder of all proportion where the truest duty of Statesmanship can only be performed by being smuggled into a mass of contraband follies and ignorance, if not vice,—into a kaleidoscopic vision of pettiest jealousies, meanest natures, foolishest ambitions, ridiculous follies and vanities, and adamantine obstructions. These would require the greatest skill, and art, and patience and perseverance, and time ; and my poor life is too short for that. Besides, the greatest result achievable in this field can only be local influence—while the kind of influence that is wanted is one that could permeate and stimulate the whole constitution of India. This larger effect must be begun and produced in British India where the plant, if sown, can have a freer, larger growth along what Telang called the line of least resistance. The security of native states lies in that of the natives of British India whose influence only can set examples and vivify the sinking hearts and pulses of the little native states which shoot and branch off round the *corpus* general of the vast and unified central frame-work of the English architect. There is, therefore, no sense in beginning my large work in off-shoots instead of at the roots and in the trunk ; and to devote the rest of my short life and humble capacities to working at these off-shoots is to fritter away powers and energies upon which there are more momentous calls. To do so for earning even

masses of money is absurder still, and to be tempted to do so is a frailty from which the Great Will may protect me if it choose. The line of my duty is clear.

I do not know what will be my success or at least my turn when the time comes. Only, in treating the temptations of money bear in mind the words of the great poet, viz.:

"अधिगतपरमार्थान् पंडितान् मावमंस्थाः
तृणमिव लघु लक्ष्मीर्नैव तान् संरुणद्धि।
अभिनवमदलेखाश्यामगंडस्थलानां
न भवति बिसतन्तुर्वारिणं वारणानाम्॥" (16)

Arise, my Soul! This must fire the impotent and the dead!

19th December, 1894.

Great Will! Great Force! Great God! Getting Rs. 6,300 for Cutch work and putting it in the safe today, I feel weaker and poorer than I ever was. The large sum is thy will, thy power, and thy wisdom that may as well take back the sum as it gives it. In the realisation of this will and power, I feel all human pride and vanity and exultation as irrevelent and foolish as the chagrins and sorrows that depress the human heart. Thy givings and thy takings are functions of thee, into due resignation and full submission to which my highest aspirations must merge. My power is *nil*—I am not the same as the breath that thou breathest and the voice that thou speakest. My Lord! I as differing from thee am nothing. My Lord! The man that is monotheist and calls thee Father, sees thee but by half. From Father the seed has parted, the parting has been a matter of the past, between Father and son there is no continuing—subsisting—existing—actual connection, save by accidental and destructible sentiment. More than Father, more than Mother—ever-controlling—ever-present—" ever

within me". Lord and Master and Husband—being the nearest terms to express most inadequately divine things in human terms—Self!—"Life of Life!"—This Ego-point presses within thy bosom—within thee, as does the suckled baby to that of the still unsevered mother's breast, when the thunder-storm roars and the lightening flashes over the wondering, powerless, just-quickened baby-brain, unable to understand and yet, by the powers of forces of Nature, driven to the dearest maternal breast! My Lord! So it is even here at this Ego-point—point, without length and breadth and magnitude—the point of Euclid that may be defined in the same terms as "Infinity" itself—that lives within infinity itself. My Lord! thyself stretched through this vastness of space and time, and thyself as confined within this my infinitesimal atom of Ego-point—in either frame-work of thy own mood thou art verily verily untramelled by space and time.[1] And 'I' and 'Thou'—"The vermin" and "The Universal matter", the microcosm and the macrocosm—all bear but one life and hear but one undefining definition within the Unity of Thou—and I! The Great Will—that sweeps all—breathes all. And my little money teaches me that and my greatest adversity teaches me that! Adversity and Prosperity are without a difference in this philosophy.

10th January, 1895.

The night before yesterday waking for over one hour at 2 a.m. I was reflecting over the work done by me about the house, the parts played by me and others in connection with the partition problem, the spirit in which various people took the sacrifice made by me, and I analysed the conduct and state of my mind historically on the subject, laughed and then smiled and then enjoyed the conflicting voices, views and

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[1] अनवच्छिन्न by दिक् & काल.

desires—all happily terminating in a harmony of fulfilled desires of all.

It was my duty to satisfy the wishes of an old and weak mother verging on sixty. Therefore I concluded and accepted as follows : To meet my mother's wishes, I give up the old portion of the family house to brother, and buy my mámá's house to append to the small house (Dehla) and do a duty to my wife whose only and real want to provide accommodation for her daughters during confinement etc. could thereby be supplied. To meet mother's wish, I accept the small house (17) and avoid having to alter the family building without being myself houseless. I regret my inability to fulfil father's wish, his wish to see me retain the family house that conflicts with mother's wish ; I cannot obey both ; and mother's wish being against my interests and father's wish being for my interests, it is my duty to follow the former—it being safer to err on this side of self-sacrifice. I leave the open lands and their income at father's entire disposal, during his life, and by will, and also the Dharmashálá proceeds to father with which I have nothing to do. My sacrifices to meet his wishes in other directions are enough, and I am prepared to assist him according to my abilities, if and when he ever really builds a Mandir. My ability to sacrifice to him is limited thereto by my means, and by duties to self and children.

My midnight laugh and smile at all this is thus full of lesson, and I note it down. I must be silent about the good deeds that the Great Will and Force chooses to swell at this Ego-point, and must be glad to be consumed by the absorption of those longings of myself within the elemnets that surround me. So the Will wills. Let the world judge as it likes. I make it a point not to talk of my acts to people who are biassed, or to men who can argue abnormally and reflect uncharitably, or even to those well-wishers who

can judge by their own tests and habits, and suspect where they cannot understand. Silence is golden there and yashas [1] is irrelevant. Duty is the only thing.

19th January, 1895.

But my experiences have suggested and taught that the difficulties of active Duty are limited not only by the want of capacity, but also by the counter-duty to cease inflicting upon people blessings against their own views and wishes, however absurd and palpably suicidal these views and wishes may be. The tutelage of human beings must have an *end* at some point where they must begin to train themselves and bear their own weights on their own legs at their own risks and responsibilities. Nature will resist the prolongation of its tutelage beyond this *end,* and he whose best motives and affections will goad him to be a party to such prolongation is at best a meddlesome person, who goes against Nature and knocks his own head against his own obstinacy and perverseness, and assumes to control what does not want any control. This Duty I have often discussed in the preceding pages, and I have begun with calling it leaving Nature to itself, leaving my people to their own adjustments and to their own punishments and rewards from Nature, leaving my precious people to themselves and to their own follies. In being compelled to see the vision of *this* duty so plainly and clearly before myself, I have shed not a few tearless tears at my certain prophecy of my people throwing themselves at the doubtful mercies of a Cordelia's sisters, and at the prospect of my having to leave for the distant shores of a France, creating a gulf between me and that deceitfully clear sky of an England under the storms of whose merciless skies and in whose shelterless forests my poor old Lears may have to wander about helpless, without my being able to discover their

[1] यशस्.

situation or to relieve them. The Great Will seems—so far as I can see—by this process to be to relieve me and my wife from our dear old duties—burdensome but dear—to the older generation, and to enable us to do the more easily and undistractedly our duties to the new generation—to those children of mine for whom tutelage is a necessity of preservation and over whom, as over the eggs laid by us, we must brood like the mother dove. Uncle said that I would *wish* in my old age to solicit a *particular regard* from my own children in preference to their own regard for their children, and that the nature of *that particular* regard should be *my* test for finding out my duty to my parents in preference to my affections for my children. The remark is an insinuation that I have not that wish and not that particular regard which is his ideal. It is a groundless insinuation; and, in seeking my judgment from my conscience alone, which completely acquits me, it is needless to reply to—or raise my voice in my defence against—this painful insinuation—painful because it comes from one of those dearest to my heart. But I cannot afford to submit to the judgment of any human being—however dearest—in such a matter; far less can I seek the judgment of those who make up our Yashah Shareera.[1] Uncle is mistaken; I value his good opinion and good will; but the delicacy of the situation makes it my duty to leave him to his judgment, and to leave to themselves and their God those who have led him into this view. As regards the test proposed by him, it is inapplicable to me. I have a higher test. I have no Vásaná[2] for or from my children or parents, now or for my oldest age. As I have no regard to wish from my children, the application of his test would mean that I should have no regard for my parents as I do expect none from my children. In proposing his test he implies the double proposition that I am one of those worldlings

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[1] यशः शरीर. [2] वासना.

who languish after children and love them in the partial and foolish ways of the world and that I am or would be one of those whose love for parents gives way to love for wife and children ! ! ! The whole of this theory is based upon an absolute ignorance of myself ! It makes me laugh and simply laugh ! ! "Love and affection" exist in my heart, but only subject to the sole dictates of Duty alone ; and are irrelevant in all other respects. Of course if he is incorrect in his theory of myself, he is at the same time not right in expecting me to adopt any part of his theory as my ideal. The sacrifice of children to parents is as much sinful in my eyes as sacrifice *vice versa*, and he need expect me to incur neither, whatever his own theories. Nobody—not even uncle—can sacrifice more to Duty than myself ; but in considering the relative rights of people to make calls upon sacrifice at my hands, I *must* have the balance in *my* hands. There is no duty the other way. I told father, in my 16th year, that my duty to obey him did not include the duty to follow his religion. At this age my conscience emphasises the proposition that my best love and reverence for my most loving uncle does not justify my giving up my own hold of my own ethical scales to the mildest whiff from my dearest uncle's lips, or to the most violent push from the strongest hand—be that hand the hand of the greatest importunities of the best tempter of my frailties in the person of my influencing wife, as uncle and my people would call or suppose her, or the hand and power of my dreadest foe, if one such should ever arise. I make no distinctions in these matters.

14th February, 1895.

Service in Native States has, even to very honest men, meant rich pensions, hereditary allowances, large bonuses, and services to sons. The secret of these good fortunes has always lain in some obliging proposal of Mr. X, who could whisper it to Mr. Y, who

is the *de facto* Prince, or to the Prince himself who appreciates you from a sense of personal regard for you or for your proposer, and is scarcely cognisant of the fact that his gift is from "Trust funds", and that he is bound in duty to his *cestin-que-trust*—his subjects—to weigh their loss by the gift against their profits by the consideration for the gift, and to see that personal considerations do not lead him, even unawares, to an unintended breach of his great trust, whether by exceeding the proportion or in any other way. The person who accepts such a gift and satisfies his conscience by the delusive idea that he never proposed the gift, was in fact bound to abstain from participating in this abetment of a breach of trust, not to say that he was also bound to inform the ignorant prince of his real duty or to remind the obliging friend that his generous assistance and kindness was at the cost of other people's pockets which required a better protection. The majority of the instances in which the patronage of Native States has made their officers rich, and over-rich, on various occasions are of this kind; and if one were minded to abstain from adding to the list of such instances in favour of his own pocket—from being a party to the innocent-looking jobbery-in-fact, his temptations to serve in such States would be very *mild* only.

Service in Native States on usual terms and with liberty of conscience, with conscientious appreciation and kindness from the prince and his surrounders, and with freedom from the above mild temptations, means respectable living and competence from beginning to end. But even these things are not without thorns to the educated conscience and to refined sensibility. No prince can be equal to your education, and no fellow-servant disposed to have your conscience in the present state of things. All of them will judge you, in many points, by your want of aptitude for things which you scorn with philosophical disdain, and they will not be able or ready to walk with equal pace and

in the same direction with you. "Political Life is a Life of Compromise"—and the Art of Compromise, while indispensable and inevitable in the line, is one to which my mind cannot stoop. Not to stoop so and yet to be in the line is to be a source of friction—like the square peg in a round hole.

During my hours of weakness, labouring under difficult problems of duty to the health and peace of my wife, my mind has sought escape from the adversities of the present, and solution of the puzzling problems of duty, by making me give up my innate pride of soul and compelling me to long for service. I am glad of the adversities which made me so flexible; they have trained me to humility of soul. I am thankful to the Great Will for having baffled those longings. —It has relieved me from these adversities in a more agreeable way, and saved me from a life which would have cast my lot among disgusting "compromises" and crowned my philosophical life with the thorns of inferior society.

What are the thorns of inferior society in Political Life in Native States? The subordination of your intellect and spirit to those of others in purely artificial ways is one of the thorns—not much dissimilar to the marriage of a man of my education and age with an illiterate girl of twelve, whom you must try to please and educate with all the arts of one attempting to make love with such an odd match. I am at present absolutely wanting in those arts, and it would be a great misfortune if circumstances compelled me to acquire them. There may be occasions when the acquisition may be a duty. I hope the occasion will not fall to my lot; if it does, it will mean servility.

Moral disproportion of things will be the other thorn, where one set of people have no sense of duty —another has it but in a disfigured, mutilated, and even perverted form. Living among them one may have to connive, to frown, and to destroy, according

as his own impotency of power, sensitiveness to sin, and courage of moral assertiveness may respectively prompt him to do. I do not wish to court a situation so awful. I wish to avoid the lot of submitting to the prickings of these thorns, if I can find a smoother walk of duty.

Why do honest people court these thorns ?

Some are born to the lot, to the duty ; as I am to my curious family-lot. For them the thing is inevitable.

Others are honest dupes—they never anticipated this situation.

Some are tempted by pecuniary prospects ; some are forced in search for bread ; some are lured ; some go in by accident, etc.

I can see that if I had been lured or forced in this quagmire, I should have said :

> " Were I away from Dunsinane and clear,
> Profit again should hardly draw me here."

Money ! If God gives me enough to keep body and soul together and to do my duty to my dependents, I do not want more. " Indifference to money " has been my nature. I have no longing for being rich. I do not possess a love of power. Fame has no meaning in my eyes. My duty to British India is more pressing. I am too old and have travelled too much in difficulties—to have any chivalrous longing for crushing the thorns of Political Life. My eyes are blind to the halo of greatness which so many people see in Princes and Ministers—I cannot feel its dazzle : my eyes have turned inward within me and within the *substance* of things—they penetrate within the glares and flames of lights. Mundane Greatness is like the situation of the monkey on a tall tree—those on the nether earth may have to look up to enjoy and admire the monkey.

गिरिशिखरगतापि काकपंक्तिर्न हि तुलनामुपयाति राजहंसैः ॥ (18)

Some seek political Power for occasions of "Doing Good". This is often meant to deceive others, and at times is a self-delusion. Some noble souls may court it—like to the lady whom a lover would court and woo—in order that he may get a pleasant life to ride over and enjoy in the solitude of the crowds which may surround and hail him.

For me—for me—this love-making *had* its charms at one stage of life ; but the philosophy of consumption has shrivelled up the whole charm and any charm left. Doing good to whom ? To others ? Who are the 'Others' where the Great One Force and Will excludes all Duality ? I cannot, in my philosophy, attach any meaning to this 'Doing good to others'. I only consume my Ego-point, do my Duty—and the vision of Duty does not usher me into the thorny wilds of a Native State.

My 'Duty' lies elsewhere, and I shall have to guard warily against the Fallacious Persuasions of the Serpentine Tempter, if ever he takes me near the Tree of Service. I have to see that I then do not feel overcome into the allurements of Power and that I do not forsake that life of Philosophical Innocence and Pecuniary Nudity which the Happy Adam and Eve of my soul—my strong philosophy and beautiful poetry —have been incessantly enjoying while singing hallelujahs to the Master of this Patent Drama !

With views so strong and intense at heart, I am compelled to strike discordant notes when my best wishers aspire to do me good. When I was at School and College, my loving Uncle aspired to the idea of sending me up one day for "Civil Service". I then felt it a presumption to say 'No' to an aspiration so large : to a "Service" where one was likely to give effect to one's aspirations for doing good to the country. And lo ! I miserably wended my course of adversities in 1874-5 which made even the Civil Service a dream of the past, and "Independent Life"

a matter of difficult attainment. By the wishes of Providence, I got that 'Life' at last in 1883.

Like Elizabeth who felt and resisted the temptation to marry so many times, I too have felt and resisted the temptation to take up service so many times, and once or twice it was not a meritorious resistance but a fortunate failure. The Bhownagar service was only a sinecure scholarship.

Now at this age and after this failure to grow rich, I was, some time back, pressed by my domestic afflictions, to long for service, and Uncle was informed of it and asked me to wait my turn and be demanded rather than make a demand. A short span of time has changed my circumstances a bit and has revolutionized my inner views, and has thrown them back upon their old shores from the waves where they were being tossed. When I talked to my uncle of my retiring very shortly, he smiled and said my small money would not suffice and that I must wait until I was worth at least a lac, and that I would sooner or later be in demand in some Native State. His kind directions to me to take care of this and that practice of my life and to give up this and that indifference, are meant to be in furtherance of this his good and loving wish and object.

But alas! If I am now demanded for a State Service, I very much fear that demand will find itself *too late*: I sincerely wish the realisation of that fear. My views are changed and my mind has tucked up its loins into a frame-work of resolution for hastening retirement and resisting service. I no longer feel the pressure of weakness, and philosophy is at my helm. Farewell! Ye dreams of Power and Riches!; My heart is affianced to other things than what you can show and give, and you will pardon me if I am attracted by beauties alien to your frames. It is enough that it is not pride and haughtiness of soul that make me insult your offers; the powers that attract me else-

where do not allow me to be within the reach of those pretty hands which you may extend to get hold of me. I would say with Bharatrihari

"बाले लीलामुकुलितममी सुन्दरा दृष्टिपाताः
किं क्षिप्यन्ते विरम विरम व्यर्थ एषः श्रमस्ते ॥" etc.(19)

16th February, 1895.

The Unity of Jîva and Brahman is not only a difficult problem, but the idea itself is for many difficult to understand.

The figurative explanations of the unity of Ghatakasha [1] and Mathakasha [2] indicate the identity of the "Substance" constituting Brahman and Jîva. But the notion of part and whole is not destroyed by these figures; the Ghatakasha [1] may be a part of Mathakasha.[2] The part is in fact severed from the rest, and one big portion of Brahman is separated from one smaller portion. There is thus a dualism, or a variety of portions called Jîva. [3] The identity is shown, but the 'unity' and 'integrity' is denied here by the spatial or geometrical figure which keeps up the conception of the whole containing the part, etc., etc.

But Infinity and Atom, macrocosm and microcosm, are both without Avachchheda; [4] the former is without any end to the largeness of dimensions; the latter has no end to the smallness of dimensions. In either case one has to divest oneself of the idea of Avachchheda [4]—"Dimension". Neither infinity, nor Euclid's point, has any 'magnitude'. It has neither 'length' nor 'breadth'—the terms are inapplicable. Both have a spiritual existence not reducible into the terms of 'material' science, i.e. are Anirvachaniya.[5] An infinity of Microcosmic Numbers is included in an Infinite Macrocosmic Unity, and the idea of Divisibility which is reflected from the former side of the shield vanishes

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[1] घटाकाश. [2] मठाकाश. [3] जीवबुद्ध्यात्वदंशकः [4] अवच्छेद. [5] अनिर्वचनीय.

when we look at the latter side of the same shield. The Divisible points of the Reflected Side are the Jîvas, divided in appearance in space and time on the side which casts ever-changing rays; the shield is without any division into space and time on the changeless side. Or rather, space is constituted by the idea of Division, and Time is constituted by the idea of change. The ever-changing side presents such an Infinity or Eternity of changes that the change as a whole never changes into changelessness, and the changelessness of change as such is on its side as monotonous as the changelessness of the changeless side. The non-divisibility of the every-where Dividing Side is similarly as integral and entire as the non-divisibility of the spaceless indivisible side. Nay, even on the Microcosmic side, the all-pervading incessant interflow of Time and Space, or Change and Divisibility, into each other is itself such that it is impossible to predicate *identity* of spatial point x at spatial point x or time-point y. The impossibility of any permanent omnipresent predication as to microcosmic points baffles any attempt to distinguish them from the macrocosm, and hence we are referred to the unity and identity of two such opposing extremes as microcosm and macrocosm, Jîva and Brahman. *Extremes meet.* Vedánta carries this identity still further by dividing Máyá, a changeful Divisible side, into its three phases or Guna [1] which manifest themselves as inanimate matter —Tamas,[2] energy—Rajas [3] and spiritual light—Sattva.[4] That philosophy asks us to pierce through the mists of this Changeful Side, declines to call it "Substance", and asks us to penetrate into the changeless side which it calls the "Only Substance" and to rest therein. It proceeds to say "We cannot say whether the changeful side *is* or *is not*—we can say neither; nor do we busy ourselves with it; enough it is that The *Power* that makes us see, smell, and live, on this changeful

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[1] गुण. [2] तमस्. [3] रजस् of कर्म. [4] सत्त्वं.

side, emanates from Ourself—our Changeless Side. This Power is the Same One throughout on either side and is realisable on the changeless side alone."

17th February, 1895.

If I am not able to retire "well" when the moment comes, I should then consider whether I cannot assist myself in the direction by establishing a Law-class in Bombay and getting it affiliated. It may keep up my touch with law, enable me to influence the next rising generation, and pay me enough for an hour or two's work. Assistance from Native States may enable me to develop it into a Law Library, a Law Magazine Committee, and Residential Quarters for Graduates, holding debates for exercising forensic powers.

I put down this for consideration at the proper time, though the better part of my good sense rejects the proposal.

Raising my fees and thus lessening my work at the proper time seems a more sensible way of approaching towards retirement.

Getting a living in Bombay from some Native State like Pherozsha's Judicial post at Junágadh, like Uncle, or any other person—may deserve consideration, if there be a spontaneous demand for me; but there is no likelihood of such a demand and I am not going to try for it.

Going to a Native State on some good pay:—I may be demanded in this direction and I stand in great danger of yielding to the temptation, if it offers itself. A woman's glance—imagined to be wistful and favourable to one's personal life—is enough to flatter self-complaisance and to stir cupidity and raise hopes in the breast of man. An offer from a Native State, if good, may have this same stirring effect on my soul. I have seen mighty people stirred by such offers—exactly as I have seen ascetic widowers stirred by a

proposal for their marriage—as Macbeth was stirred by the witches. It was only a couple of months back that a supposed coming offer kept me awake and building air-castles all night—the temptation to be in affluence and power had such a weird fascination for my soul ; and, when longing to be disappointed in this hope of my weaker self, I was disabused of the supposition, I felt—not at all disappointed—but intensely relieved as by the withdrawal of a Satanic presence.

To such a temptation I am no doubt exposed, and I have no confidence against my frailty. But what I have already written in the preceding pages is to remind me in case of such a temptation that my Duties —Higher and Wider Duties to the country—demand me elsewhere than in such service, that the call to those Duties is more pressing and urgent than any Duties that service may enable me to perform, that the pecuniary and other goals to which service may lead cannot ever equal in momentousness my higher and wider Duties to my country or even the goal of my retirement, and that it behoves me even to court Poverty and Obscurity for this purpose in preference to all the advantages of a dependent life whose results —to myself I cannot carry with me beyond my death and—to others would be less far-reaching than if I resisted the temptation. Not in pride of soul nor in defiance of this world and its lustre, but in entire coolness and careful thought as to the balance of general results and to the line of my Duty—do I come to this conclusion, and my power to carry out the conclusion is a question for the Great Will and Force.

6th March, 1895.

The moment of retirement will require me to provide in lump sums a maximum of Rs. 14,500, or a minimum of Rs. 10,000 ; details elsewhere.

In favour of retirement there is one more reason. My Profession and Practice cannot be guaranteed to

continue at their full present strength, and I must be prepared for a sudden or gradual *fall* at any odd moment. Such a fall in income without *ability* to lessen my expenses—may knock off Rs. 500 per month from the savings of the unreturnable past, and I must guard against trusting much to the fidelity of Dame Fortune who, with her usual fickleness, may desert me at any moment, and I am bound to note the numerous doors that are open for her effecting her exit.

With the present 'selfishness' that pervades those who can assist domestic economy but would not—and those who are able to secure my contributions towards domestic expenses but would raise up a howl at the slightest idea of a demand for contributions, however *just and due*, with the present expansion of "Domestic" expenses into a pulling of the strings of my poor purse for all sorts of people and purposes, just or unjust, wise or foolish, I cannot—consistently with my principles and policy and aims—check these expenses, whereas I can safely ask them to withdraw or reduce their most unjust demands when I retire and curtail my own, then unnecessary, expenses and show them that my duty cannot exceed my capacities.

If I do not retire, I stand the chance and risk of undoing all my past savings and turning my old age into misery and want—unless I choose to escape by seeking for service, "which would be *absurd*".

Pending this curious result that may come out of my Cutch Engagement and my settlement in pecuniary matters for the purposes of retirement, I should stop buying new books and must reserve the whole purchase of books in a lump once for all to the eve of my retirement and make it depend on my means and on the state of my eyes *then*—unless I ever discover that the period becomes indefinitely prolonged when my old book programme may have to be referred to.

10th March, 1895.

चित्रं चित्रं बत बत महच्चित्रमतेद्विचित्रं
जातो दैवादुचितघटनासंविधाता विधाता।
यन्निम्बानां परिणतफलस्फीतिरास्वादनीया
यच्चैतस्याः कवलनकलाकोविदः काकलोकः॥ (20)

1. Mr. Mahadev Govind Ranade, having a tie with Mr. Sayani for votes for syndicship, Dr. Mackichan, Dean, rejected him by giving a casting vote to Sayani.

2. Among the probable reasons for this preference, one is the growing feeling among Europeans against the Maráthá Bráhmin. The other reason is Mr. Ranade's proposing Deshmukh as a science Syndic against Dreckman as a rival—a position which must have estranged European sympathies from one who appeared to have joined in the clique to which Dr. Deshmukh of course belongs.

As regards this second reason, I think our friends in the clique have lost sight of a great principle. Ranade is evidently the best leader of Educated Natives, and nothing should be done to lessen his well-earned influence with the Europeans. That influence is a power in itself and should not be frittered away by putting him in the front rank on trifling or ambiguous matters such as proposing Dr. Deshmukh. His influence ought to be *reserved* for great moments, and nothing should be done to make the Europeans identify him with cliques which they believe to be improperly stimulated and mischievously formed. Anybody could have proposed Deshmukh.

As regards the prejudice against the Maráthá Bráhmin—the disease and the remedy are great questions which I have no time to handle at present.

Enough to note how even a High Court Judge loses influence among the Europeans in this way.

The question of the relations between Europeans and Natives—Hindus, Bráhmins, Mahomedans, etc.—is one of vital importance to the country. The Riots and the treatment of and by Lord Harris, etc., are well worth studying for diagnosis and remedy. The secret of Telang's influence over the Europeans is also worth a study. It is highly undesirable that these relations between the rulers and the ruled should be strained, while it is equally necessary that the independence of our views and voices should exist and grow. How both ends may be made to meet—is a serious question. Coolness of judgment is greatly necessary for solution of this question, and patience in observation of the tides and the currents of things and people *must* be studied.

14th March, 1895.

If Nadiád as a place of retirement has the advantage of being cheap and ensuring the final settlement of wife at home among our own people so as to leave me freedom to go about the world alone and without being anxious for her, it has also got the disadvantage of putting her and me and Ramanik in the midst of our caste for our society, which means a life among scandal-mongers and narrow-minded illiterate men and women possessing all those propensities and power for social terrorism, which must make life unhappy unless we choose to deteriorate morally and socially by yielding to the local influences.

Residence in Bombay, or its suburbs, will have the advantage of keeping me in touch with those over whom I must exercise moral and intellectual influence, if I mean to be of present use to the country. It will enable me to educate my people better and to set up all my young boys—nephews and sons-in-law in life. It will keep me nearest the best libraries and the best men of the country.

But it is at the same time clear that my means, even within the next two years, will never be adequate to the maintenance of a costly Bombay living, and to live poorly here will be to live in disease and hell. At the same time I will have to secure my disentanglement from my present domestic cobweb, and the delicacy and difficulty of this task will be another insuperable obstacle to complete retirement in Bombay itself.

Can I not well retire in Poona as another Bombay, or at least the place next to Bombay in point of advantages and without its costliness? Poona's only disadvantage is that it must divorce me from these mercantile waves and influences which can be availed of and studied and worked upon in Bombay alone, and are entirely absent in the Pauper city of Political Atmosphere conspicuous as much by the absence of Rich Industries as of those magnificent and beneficent Institutions, Libraries, and what not—which the well-directed Generosity and Genius of Bombay Wealth alone can exhibit. Such a genius can be developed in Gujarat, and not in the Dekkan.

The whole question of the Time and Place of retirement is, under the circumstances, one for serious study and skilful solution.

23rd March, 1895.

A long-expected event has happened at last. Sonio and Bhágio, the two five years old and faithful and clever and wise servants, have been yesterday driven away from my service for no greater fault than declining to carry out a small order. Too small a fault for so great a punishment! I would only note the untimeliness of the event, as I shall have to go to Cutch five days hence, without any of these servants, and wife will have no good servant when she goes out for change of climate five or six days hence, with all her present illness.

She has been ill again for over a month, and I have learnt to mix up anxiety with indifference, and duty with resignation. I am on the high road to substituting Duty for Love and Affection, and to witnessing undeserved inflictions upon the objects of our love with pity instead of pain, with such efforts as the limits of not only physical and pecuniary powers but of domestic government confine me to. Wife herself wishing me not to hold the reins of this government so tight to the turbulents as to make her benefit against their wishes.

Such is the importance and significance of having for your domestic partner one who can understand and teach your duties, and be ready to force her own rights for that purpose.

She has begun Laghu Kaumudi 8 days back.

The importance of educating wives up to the husband's standard is thus apparent.

16th May, 1895.

The price of Delha taken by me is Rs. 2,500 Babashai. That money I have given to Brother in the shape of part expenses from my money. I have therefore practically bought this house from parents and taken nothing from them. I have in fact given up all ancestral houses and lands to brother and proposed to do the same about ancestral moveables. I told this to mother at Nadiád four days back. She heard all and felt satisfied and the matter is made public. My old idea of taking nothing from father is thus made public. My resolve of taking nothing from father is thus made good.

I feel satisfied, on contemplation of all things connected with family partition that God has enabled me to do a great duty—to well consume myself in a direction.

The whole procedure and trial has revolutionised my domestic beliefs and affections. Everybody in my largest circle has been tested, the beliefs have changed, the affections have been deprived of their family character, and I see my people as being only a part of a large mankind and no longer distinguishable from that world of mankind by any special affection in my heart, except by the accident of nearness and by the duties therefrom arising. Father, mother, wife and all, including uncle: these are but human beings with affections for me that are based on raw materials and are brittle, and can be unsettled by any whiff that is adverse to their interests, pets, beliefs, tastes, pursuits, habits, virtues, vices, and what not? The mountain that has been in labour for years and years in my family has brought me forth a giant, and not a rat. All this is only a stupendous development of that discipline of soul whose seed was sown at the age of 17, and smashed and awakened by the whip of the events of the day for which thanks were due to two of the dearest of the day. I sang and sang:

विषयविषयलुब्धप्राणिनोऽहं हि दृष्ट्वा।
बहुभयवृतचेताः किं न जानामि कार्यम्।
विषयमतिविमुक्तस्त्यक्तरागो मनुष्यः
कथमपि तव पादौ प्राप्तुमिच्छामि देव॥(21)

Blessed be those years of adversity—which have unmade my affectional frailties and enbalmed my dead human coil with the immortalising spirit of the One Universal Bosom at the new seeming end of that pilgrimage, at the outset of which I thus panted to have merely the Padaprápti[1] of the "Light-some"—the Deva![2] My Lord! In such spirit may I accept these seeming ills that form thy Prasáda.[3]

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[1] पदप्राप्ति. [2] देव. [3] प्रसाद Blessing.

31st July, 1895.

I returned from Porbandar a few days back, having been there for the Cutch-Morvi case. I was there from 24th May or so to 20th July. I had put up in the State Dharmashálá and used the water of the well near the Travellers' Bungalow. I enjoyed the sea-air, took curds after meals and yet never had the slightest rheumatism during my whole stay. Whenever I go out for retirement for change of climate, the claims of Porbandar must be considered as *considerable*. You should have sea-side windows there and avoid rains and early winter there. Minus this, the place would be quite agreeable and enjoyable and healthy—especially as it certainly has something in its air and water which counteracts rheumatic poison. Moreover it has on its way or near it, on one way or another, Láthi, Junágadh, Bhownagar, Rájkot, Dwárká, Girnár, Bardó, etc., and you could even go there by *sea* and you know how a sea-voyage in proper season would benefit yourself and family.

Lilávati has gone to live at Petlád ever since the 1st April or so.

2nd August, 1895.

I feel tempted to note in detail how I wrote to the Cutch Divan from Porbandar that my services may now be safely dispensed with in the interests of economy to the State, and also how I think of Uncle's 'Haridas Memorial Fund' and of his call upon me to subscribe to it. I might write pages and pages on these subjects to vindicate my conduct as being in the one case a pure self-sacrificing duty to Cutch, and in the other a matter of just economy and duty to my whole question of retirement. I might write on these subjects, but would not and do not. The vindication at full length would allure me very near the trap-doors of self-applauding, and I have neither desire nor

time to yield to that temptation at this moment. My Lord! Thy eyes work in mine and this is an hour for seeing for my eyes and not singing unto others. That is enough to note.

लावण्यद्रविणव्ययो न गणितः क्लेशो महानर्जितः
स्वच्छन्दं चरतो जनस्य हृदये चिन्ताज्वरो निर्मितः।
एषापि स्वगुणानुरूपरमणाभावाद्वराकी हृता
कोऽर्थश्चेतसि वेधसा विनिहितस्तन्वीमिमां तन्वता॥
विधिरेव विशेषगर्हणीयः
करट त्वं रट कस्तवापराधः।
सहकारतरौ चकार यस्ते
सहवासं सरलेन कोकिलेन॥(23)

10th August, 1895.

The proposal made by me to the Cutch Divan to dispense with my service meant and means a sacrifice of from 9 to 20 thousand rupees—a no small thing for me. But "Conscience" prompted it and still justifies it. So be it. It is a folly from the worldly standpoint; but folly or wisdom is irrelevant in questions of Duty and Conscience.

The question of retirement now directly faces me. The Cutch acquisition is one for which I must thank my God. But the money is not quite up to the proposed mark yet; while, if I am resolved to retire, nothing is not up to the mark. My long absence from Bombay has, as anticipated, impaired my practice, and further stay in Bombay may, and for some time will, mean a balance of expense side, and thus so far a widening of my distance from the mark as above. However, taking all these and other things into consideration, I come to the conclusion that I *must* delay my retirement upto April next, when, and not before, I must settle the question finally, whatever the cost or the profit by the delay. I have taken the cost amount into consideration before so concluding.

11th August, 1895.

Jivarám Shástri gives an idea of the origin of Mûrtipujá.[1] The Patta Yoga was a process of cutting up a big cloth into chips and slices, and the mind that began with concentration on the whole cloth is taught to throw off each cut up slice from the sphere of its concentration until it came to the last and smallest chip. Mûrtipujá [1] presents, according to the Shástri, a similar phase of Yoga invented by somebody as being more suited to the masses. Considering the Mahomedan process of Suratparasti [2] (23) and the Arundhatî Nyâya [3] (24) and the Shákháchandra Nyâya [4] (25) of Vedánta, the Shástri's explanation seems probable.

13th September, 1895.

I have been simply longing for retirement. The money-acquiring pleasure that constitutes the life-blood of so many has no charm for me, though I grant that the existence of very rich men is indispensable to the growth of our national greatness. I think there are enough people *without* me to take care of this greatness, and I can be spared for my poorer quieter longings. The work of profession as filling up the blanks of a life-time—this is a reality to some who would sink or even die for want of it after a long life of work. My literature and philosophy leave me no such blanks. More powerful and beautiful forces are pushing up my soul towards a life which is only kept out of its place by my profession. My feeling is much akin to that of the *poet*—I mean noble Bhartrihari—I pity myself at my delay in renouncement of my present form of life, as if I were saying with him,

ब्रह्मज्ञानविवेकनिर्मलधियः कुर्वन्त्यहो दुष्करं।
यन्मुञ्चन्त्यपि भोगभाञ्जयपि धनान्येकान्ततो निःस्पृहाः ॥ (26)

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[1] मूर्तिपूजा. [2] सुरतपरस्ती. [3] अरुन्धतीन्याय. [4] शाखाचन्द्रन्याय.

My sacrifice of the Cutch-Morvi commission makes me hopeful of my ability to *renounce*; but until I throw up altogether this burden of money-earning labour, I must also humbly sing as if I were one of those of whom the poet said :

न प्राप्तानि पुरा, न संप्रति, न च प्राप्तो दृढः प्रत्ययः।
वाञ्छामात्रपरिग्रहा अपि वयं लक्तुम् न तानि क्षमाः ॥[27]

And until I do that difficult task I must look wistfully, like one not destined for it, like Tantalus, at that paradise of the positive side of retirement from this worldly-self, of which the poet said :

धन्यानां गिरिकन्दरेषु वसतां ज्योतिः परं ध्यायताम्।
आनन्दाश्रुकणान् पिबन्ति शकुनाः निःशंकमंकेशयाः ॥[28]

and strive against that impotence of mine which limits my life among those inerts of whom he said :

अस्माकं तु मनोरथोपरचितप्रासादवापीतट—
क्रीडाकाननकेलिकौतुकजुषामायुः परं क्षीयते ॥[29]

Ha ! The Great Will drives this drama of life in the strangest quarters, and it knows no doubt what is best and to the point.

21st September, 1895.

The whole of yesterday I passed in simple idleness and restless thinking at the expense of professional work. I could not help it. I have come to some old and some new conclusions as a result of that. I conclude that I cannot *retire* in Bombay if I mean to give up the profession absolutely. The interests of the advanced boys make it necessary that I should be in Bombay until March or April, after which their lucks and lots will be probably indicated, if not settled. Until then I cannot retire. We have a domestic *lull* which should be, like Time, caught by the forelock and utilised, and retirement sooner or later is imminent. Settlement of pecuniary concerns also requires

some arrangement which means some time. As I have to delay matters until April at least, this is enough at present.

If I live in Bombay after April, I may have to consider a change of residence to some sea-side part of this town. Colaba has few good houses, none such in Hindu locality, and none near a Victoria stand. The part of Fort near the Mody Bay, or at least behind the Bori Bunder Station, may be convenient and available. No more at present on this point.

My own consultations and Shamrao Vithal's experience both agree in teaching me that the qualified method of retiring by continuing in profession will *not* secure that Leisure and Time which it is the great object (if not the sole object) of my retirement to secure. If I want this Time, I must retire into some upcountry place.

It would seem to follow that absolute retirement in Bombay is not possible, and qualified retirement from profession cannot serve the object of my retirement, and is therefore meaningless.

My yesterday's thoughts were mixed with a comic element at the idea of all my people—parents and wife and all—including even the framework of my own body and weak powers—being *things* and only *things* entirely unreliable for their faithfulness or love of any high end of life.

29th October, 1895.

I return from Poona with spoiled, instead of improved, health. The place has a moist climate and is unfit for me as I want a dry climate. So the question of retiring at Poona ceases. I cannot select it for the purpose.

14th December, 1895.

My connection with the Cutch case has been severed deliberately. It has been a source of money to me and I have to consider whether the severance has been wise or unwise. G. S. Rao has been engaged in my place for Rs. 150 per day since yesterday, Maneksha having declined to go.

1. I first wrote a letter to the Divan in July last on leaving Porbandar, giving an opportunity to retire from his engagement, and in October last telling him that he and I had relieved each other and that any future invitation to me would be subject to fresh terms. He gave me only Rs. 100 per day.

2. In 1889 or so at Fulton's Commission I was retained for Rs. 100 per day and the Divan told me not to throw the case overboard when the Commission sat again. The Commission re-sat in August 1894 and I joined without terms. When I made my first bill, I had asked him what fee to put in it and I pointed out that my practice in 1889 had grown into something more in 1895 and that justice to my sacrifice of profession required that I should have more fees, considering what had passed between me and him at Fulton's Commission in 1889. I felt a delicacy in compelling him to give more while we were in the midst of the Commission and that I would therefore abide by his wish. He showed signs as if I were at his mercy and asked me whether I got more than Rs. 100 per day in Bombay, and I thought there was dignity in looking upon his face and question with silent disregard.

3. At Fulton's Commission he was my admirer; ever since somebody talking to him about my being a possible candidate for the Cutch Divanship, he has begun to cool down in treating me, and I have tried to be above feeling it.

4. His sending to Chunilal Sarabhai a copy of Laxmishanker's letter about me meant a distrust

for me. This and other incidents at Bhuj made it clear that I could not continue my connection with the case for a single day in the interests of the case or of my reputation or self-respect. The question then only resolved into one of my remaining there for the mere sake of money. I decided that I should not continue without allowing him an opportunity to relieve himself from we and so the Porbandar letter was written.

5. Since the Porbandar letter, His Highness the Rao and his Council were no doubt opposed to dispensing with my services, and the Divan was single in his views against me. He wanted to be free himself and to bind me to the engagement—as his last resort.

6. The circumstances at the High Court have changed. It is not possible to get long leaves. I am averse to cringing for getting leave. The only alternative would be to transfer briefs and go to Cutch.

7. In spite of all my aspirations to retire, I have not made up my mind to think it possible to retire to Nadiad. The better part of my judgment is against retiring to Nadiad, though I am not able at present to think so positively and finally. But I am emphatically of the opinion that I should not compel myself to retire to Nadiad at the cost of several other interests of value, and I would be doing so if I so retired within a year or two. In view of these circumstances I felt perfectly justified in not continuing to go to Cutch for Rs. 100 per day. That would have been loss and not gain. I can therefore look with satisfaction at my final reply of October to the Divan.

8. I could not go for Rs. 100. It was useless to *request* the Divan to give me Rs. 150 per day. He had preferred readily to be compelled to pay Rs. 150 to Rao whose merits are not greater than mine. But he has the merit of being a stranger to the Divan and therefore I shall have the satisfaction of seeing a

brother pleader get that much which the Divan was unwilling to give to me.

17th December, 1895.

9. My anxieties at one time were for want of sufficient savings to enable me to pull on with life in case of physical adversities rendering practice impossible. The Great Will has been pleased to create circumstances rendering these anxieties unnecessary. More money would be useful and helpful, but is not essential in the above sense, nor, unless it is very great, can it make absolute retirement in Bombay feasible. To try to get it from Cutch case would in these days deprive me of practice. These are days when I already feel my practice affected in that way but I think I can yet rally it especially as Rao goes out in my place.

22nd December, 1895.

10. I am sticking to practice which is my maintenance and not my pleasure.

4th January, 1896.

At present there is hardly any work for me from profession, and I feel stared by the question whether my conduct in bringing about the Cutch severance has been prudent, and whether I was not elated at heart in leading to that stage. If I was sinful enough to be so elated, my being visited by Providence with want of work and money is only a fitting result—if not a condign punishment—for the sin. In that case, as my notes of 26-3-1894 would show, I have no reason to repent or to feel aggrieved by a wise dispensation of the Great Will in curing me of a moral malady. If I committed a mistake of reasoning without elation, I

have done my best [1] and must take the consequences of the mistake as Nature brooks no violation of her law, however unconscious. One who knows himself goes beyond sorrow—even beyond sin.[2] My reasonings in last notes convince me that I have committed neither the sin of elation nor an unconscious mistake, but that I have only chosen not to enslave myself to money, at the cost of self-respect and professional duty to the case, and at the threatened risk of my profession, which however contingent, poor or anxious, I have selected for my maintenance, and not for pleasure.

Seniors like Ghanshyam, Nagindas and Gokuldas tell me that I have done what was right and prudent. I think I have thought what I could and as the Great Will taught me to think, and the ups and downs of professional life ought not—at least in my present state—to ruffle me into anxiety, even if I could not raise myself above a worldly character. As matters stand, I hope that I am above the ups and downs of the world, and that the philosophy which did me such yeoman's service in times far worse and far more cruel cannot forsake me now—does not forsake me. Such is the High Pleasure of the All-Propelling Great Will.

I do not think I can retire out of Bombay even in April. Duties to the plants nearest my growth require me to stick to my station yet longer—I have yet to think how long.

The means of living in Bombay so as to find time for higher duties require consideration. If I do not get much professional work, as it threatens to cease, I have to utilise the time and circumstances so created into occasions for shifting for such means, as without those means stay in Bombay is possible.

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[1] शक्तमिष्टं. [2] आत्मवित् तरति not simply शोकम् but पापम् too—G.M.T.

24th January, 1896.

I am at this age of 40 able to retire with means adequate to column B of my notes of 25th November 1892, i.e., at Nadiad. But, though I have not finally made up my mind, the probability is that I shall not give up Bombay, and the problems of the present are: How to secure (i) a qualified retirement in Bombay in the immediate future, and (ii) absolute retirement at some time to come. Assuming that I am to retire in Bombay, my only way to do that is to see how first to attain the former and then gradually to bring about the latter out of the former as an evolution. I must create *time* for doing the one thousand and one things which I have reserved for retirement, and I must day by day seek the means of sticking to my present income and spending less time towards its acquisition. I may do this by making my capital pay better premiums and gains—by gradually learning how to get more gains from capital and more wages from labour —without failing to watch against the pitfalls that make the capitalist destroy himself and his capital by destroying the hard earned wages of labour, while one is goaded by avarice in search of the capitalist's dreamland of Affluence and Luxury, if not Hoardings. I wish to run towards no such dreamland. I want that *ease* from the worry of labour and anxiety of profession which, at this age, I ought to secure to my poor body. I want that *time* which may enable me to do my duty to my family at this stage of man's life got from the helpless bullock-kind without the blind drudging of that poor animal, to do my duty to my poor country so far as my poor life and powers can and ought to try for before Death visibly knocks at my door and stops my journey in this world of mundane duties, to do that last work of consuming my Ego-point which shall make my survivors not feel my want after they have been compelled to burn my frame to its last ashes—whether those survivors be the

remnants of my family or the harvests of my country, and finally to provide my Eternal Self with those Provisions which I may want on my emerging from the womb of this Mother Earth and on my being delivered into the other unknown but larger Universe —which envelopes, shrouds, nourishes and advances into the further stages of Time or Space, or Higher Conceptions still this frame of our Mother World with her present limits ; whether on this great Delivery of Death, I am to be reborn into another wider Mother World or whether I am then to find myself merged and lost in the lightsome frame of the Indivisible Eternal Infinite One as recorded in my notes of 22-3-1892 !

24th January, 1896.

In the meantime for practical purposes I shall hold my long vacations sacred to retirement, when no court work will be accepted, and I shall hail and welcome the many a hiatus of practice when I get very little work and the court works at a slow pace and I get time. These opportunities will be utilised for the purposes of retirement. I shall no longer court or invite practice from parts other than Gujarat, though I shall not refuse it. Going to outstations will also stand in the same category. So my qualified retirement must begin at once with this degree, and from this stage. Blessings on the Diván of Cutch and his people who have enabled me to reach this stage and removed what would have been the only cause for pinching a grateful conscience such as would have been awakened if I had tried (in the Ahmedábad words of the Cutch Diván) to " throw him overboard in the midst of his case ", and if he had not so availed himself of the opportunity of relieving himself and me. Such are the ways by which the Great Will enables me to enter upon my new stage of life—this great beginning of my dearest Retirement—at this long-

looked for age—this close of the most memorable year —the 40th year—of my life. When I was 24 or so in age, I resolved—I fancied—I had a superstition—that I could not live beyond the 40th; at all events, that I should so programme my life that my civil life and its burdens should fall with my 40th year. The Great Will—the Great Force—the Great God—has at last been pleased to blow my sails into the haven, and I feel the sacred fragrance of the hallowed breeze that winnows me now. My heart only chants in the majestic presence of the Great Will.

"Hear what God the Lord hath Spoken,
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair Abodes I build for you,
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls, salvation,
And your Gates shall all be Praise."

* * *

"Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal moon in me."

so sang my Prabhat Shukra.[1]

"ચંદ્ર ને પૃથ્વીના તેજનું મૂળ જ્યાં
તે જ રવિલોક વણ વિરહ જાશું." (30)

So the Great Will wills. May it will more and more in the same direction!

"महेच्छासमीरस्य शान्ता लहर्यो
भवेयुर्यदा सा महेच्छा मदिच्छा ॥" (31)

God is Great.

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[1] प्रभातशुक्र.

4th March, 1896.

It is March. I have seriously and urgently to settle finally the points of retirement. But there is not much leisure and the points are knotty.

I note two points of my character that have developed by slow and severe experiences at this stage :

1. It is not my duty or province to do good to anybody against his wishes and views. That is the duty of kings and administrators. That is a point in which politics differ from social and domestic ethics which allow the duty as only between infants and parents and no more.

2. I do not work where I do not command the confidence of him for whom I have to work. Not the rosiest dreams or most golden relations of benefiting myself and my purse have enabled me to continue working for those who cannot confide in me.

21st May, 1896.

Retirement at Nadiad has become for the present inconsistent *with* the peace of parents or self (or wife) and therefore impossible ; and absolute retirement in Nádiad is impossible for want of funds. *Qualified* retirement in Bombay is thus the only solution for sometime yet. This book thus closes with solutions of all the problems discussed ; the only thing now left to be discussed is '*Search for Time and Leisure*'.

MY HERITAGE

The point is that the sense of overpowering humility and gratefulness to Providence, which has so often weighed down the hearts of myself, my father and grandfather, during the extreme heights of our prosperity ; the ineradicable consciousness of our being only in power and height by the Wire-Pulling of the Great Will only ; a sense of Duty and Responsibility without any Right and Fruition, a heart-softening survey of the world around, with regret at our inability to make it better than what we can do it, or to find it left behind us, where we are forward, or not far better than it is even where we are left behind ; and a vehement incessant spontaneous propensity to consume ourselves into the world surrounding us, and a repugnance at the very idea of our absorbing, for our own good, anything not spiritual from other individuals ; these are the things that, to our souls—the souls of myself, father and grandfather—have been more or less but *living facts* within our inner selves, in our philosophy and poetry, in our imagination, reason and feelings, as matters as living as life, and not for mere talk or mere thought.

Scrap Book VI

8-4-1901

NOTES : Vol. IV

P. 12—(1). Even if beaten will a great self-respecting lion eat grass ?

P. 18—(2). Let us proceed quickly along the path like oxen whose eyes are struck with rain. I value my dignity and hence my soul desires not straw-like wealth. (In this verse from मृच्छकटिक the second line has been changed.)

P. 19—(3). Who have banished their pride and their intoxication, whose intent is beatific, whose lustre vies with full autumnal moon, who delight in their natural dealings—these men of great talents live in happiness here below.

—प्रकृत: means nature-born, natural, not विकृत (perverted) born of perversion ; such a conduct (व्यवहार) is pure conduct, which is conduct purified by the judgment which, in the actions that arise from the course of nature—in actions that lie in the current of nature, distinguishes the rejectable from the acceptable, the bad from the good. Such conduct is admired by the right thinking men in this लोक—the world which is लोकनीय, a phenomenon to be perceived.

P. 20—(4). But in the case of the First (ancient) poets, sense waits upon speech.

P. 29—(5). This is improper, and out of natural order, that men should be subject to the influence of passion even in old age.

P. 29—(6). Ripeness (of mind) without (the imbecility of) old age.

P. 30—(7). Each one is impelled, as one helpless, by natural properties to perform action.

P. 30—(8). 'Rise above the three qualities, O Arjuna.'—Gîtá.

P. 30—(9). I am sinful, a doer of sinful-deeds.

P. 32—(10). The world wears various hues; Bliss, therein lies only in renunciation.

P. 32—(11). The fate has produced the fever of anxiety for the man who went about at his will.

P. 33—(12). Where can we go? What can we do? Oh dear wife, the process of life is an unsolved riddle.

P. 34—(13). Lilávati—Author's eldest daughter—extremely well educated, philosophic and gentle: see her biography by Govardhanrám.

P. 39—(14). The breezes of the wind of the Great will grow calm when my will is identical with the Great Will.

P. 40—(15). Thus dost Thou, O Lord! Ward off our woes, Bearing not in mind our follies; I lay unconscious in the woods—And there wast Thou, God, in that blade of grass.

P. 44—(16). Slight not the Learned who have attained to the ultimate truth; Riches, which (to them) is trivial as straw, hampers them not. To elephants whose temples are swarthy with the fresh streak of the rut-sweat, a lotus-stalk-fibre is no restraint.

P. 46—(17). This house is now Govardhanrám's Smriti-mandir—the Author's memorial building open to the public.

P. 52—(18). An array of crows, stationed though it be on a mountain-top, can never equal swans.

P. 55—(19). Oh young damsel, why do you cast these charming glances (hitherwards) with eyes sportively closed like buds? Stay Oh Stay; useless is this your exertion.

P. 60—(20). A miracle, alack, a miracle; a great and strange miracle is this indeed. The fate has,

luckily, turned out to be a deviser of an apt coincidence. For, the exuberance of the ripe fruits of the Neem tree is the dainty to be relished, and the crow-world is the connoisseur of this titbit.

P. 64—(21). I see creatures seduced by the objects of sensuous pleasures, and my mind being besieged by deep dread I know what I should do. A man as I am, freed from the thought of pleasure and discarding passion. I long, O God, to reach your feet anyhow.

P. 66—(22). These verses were written by Jivrām Shastri, a friend of the Author. They may be translated as under :—

The expense of the wealth of graceful beauty was counted not ;—only the gain secured was great distress : the fever of anxiety was engendered in the heart of the one who went about at his own free will ; this poor damsel too was ruined since she found not a lover worthy of her virtue ; what was the purpose borne by fate in mind in creating this slender Beauty ?

Caw on, you Crow ! What fault is thine ? Destiny is especially to be blamed, who decreed your residence on the mango-tree in company with the guileless cuckoo.

P. 67—(23). Beauty-worship.

P. 67—(24). The procedural maxim of passing from the approximate to the precise, as when the eye is guided first to a brighter star (this is Arundhati) and then to the real Arundhati.

P. 67—(25). The procedure of locating a distant object, as if it were near, with the help of its apparent position in relation to a nearer object—as when the far-off moon is pointed out as being in the midst of tree-branches which are so near.

P. 67—(26). Oh, those whose intellect is polished clean by the right discrimination born of Brahma-

jnana do achieve difficult task inasmuch as they, being absolutely devoid of desire, renounce even riches which lead to all pleasures.

P. 68—(27). Neither before, nor now, did I ever earn them. Nor have I got any firm assurance. Our desire (for them) is our only possession ; and yet we are not able to give them up.

P. 68—(28). Birds, lying fearless in their laps, Sip up their tears of exquisite joy as they, the blessed ones, dwelling in mountain grottos, meditate upon the Higher Light.

P. 68—(29). As for us, the lease of our life runs out while yet we are cherishing the fond fancy of sporting in the pleasure-woods, (on) the banks of wells, (near) the palace, built on the foundation of our dreams.

P. 76—(30). We shall journey, unseparated, to that Sun-World which is the mainspring of all the lights of the moon and the earth.

P. 76—(31). Same as note 21 above.

GOVARDHANRAM
SCRAP BOOK V
1896-1901

12th July, 1896.

I am now past 40 and have begun in right earnest my 'Qualified Retirement' from profession. I shall try by degrees to gravitate towards Absolute Retirement, however distant. I shall also cease to take much *internal* interest in the turmoils of family affairs and out-door jars. I have consumed myself enough in these directions. 'Peace and Quiet', to be my Pole-star there henceforth in practice and in mind. This book to be now made to become a 'self-registering thermometer' of my literary and philosophical temperatures, and to point its finger to the Royal Road to Higher Duties than Home Obligations, and to light the Beacon to my 'Eternal Life' Navigation. Not that I am freed from the mosquitoes of the dusty and damp chambers of life. But I feel bound by my Duty to my Age to allow these little creatures to feed on my body mundane, if they care, but to make my mind sleep and dream within its curtains of Philosophy and Religion, and Eternal Self and Strength. Peace within these curtains!

19th July, 1896.

Mr. Harinivas Iyengar is now duly installed the Divan of Baroda. Manubhai, like a man true to his sagacity, thinks Iyengar must have some ability; for, says he, a man who has risen to Iyengar's post in British India must have done so by some great art, high or low, and may be able to manage Baroda well. Be that as it may, I have to note a point or two in Manubhai's own career. His good and great states-

manlike motives in the points of policy where he was not successful, are undoubted to my mind. The soundness of his policy and the adequacy and efficiency of his means to his ends have been matters for admiration in the minds of the best men nearest to him. He however lost sight of the fact that his master was his master, and not his child or subordinate. I think ministers are bound to lead Princes by sweet arts and obedient power, to manage them as clever wives manage husbands and nurses manage patients, and to work upon their souls by the inspiration of love, awe, reverence, spirit of friendship, regard for ability and experience, and shrewdness and sagacity, and confidence in motives. Ministers are subjects after all, and it is always a demoralisation of their souls when their superiority to the sovereign in intelligence and ability makes them ignore, or even forget, that the well-being of the State *does* consist in allowing the last energy of Power to retain its vested seat in the brain that wears the Crown, and that they are themselves to blame if they assume that this Dormant Energy will not assert itself against them—will make an *exception* in their favour. The recognition of hereditary sovereignty and selected ministers involves a principle which, if such recognition is moral, must mean that its obliteration, however intangible and mental, is immoral. This obliteration is the shoal upon which the ability of ministers founders itself by a frailty inherent to ability itself. It is by these standards that I can admire the permanent and ever-watchful cautions of Shamalbhai at Bhavnagar in guarding himself against error in this direction, and it is this caution which constituted the point of his superiority, though some might call it timidity. The boundary line between this caution as a dictate of statesmanship on the one hand, and as instinct of timidity on the other, is often difficult to make out; but there is no doubt that the former is a virtue essential to all subordinate officers, that a minister owes sub-

ordination, though it be to one man, and that his great art lies in understanding this subordination, without giving up the duty of controlling with firm independence the huge political ocean over whose bosom he is called upon to navigate his power and authority, the ship within whose cabins and decks are seated the interests of the subjects.

16th August, 1896.

What is the condition of mind to be striven after? Poetry? Philosophy? 'World'? or a mixture of all these? 'Christianity' is more a Poetic Life than philosophical. Vedántism is the very nudity of Philosophy. Socialism, Nihilism, etc., are but the World itself in flesh and blood. Mahomed's life is but a phase of poetry with a proboscis of impulsiveness. The religion of J. S. Mill and Utilitarians is the World and poetry under the mask of scientific philosophy. Poetry or Philosophy, or the 'World', or the two or more of them—underlie all systems of the deliberate mouldings of minds by themselves. Humanity, so far as it is not guided in any of these ways, is childlike, childish, or beastly, which three qualities are the first flashings of the human soul under the pressure of innate activities which arise or emanate from heredity and inexplicable and Spontaneous Spiritual forces bearing individual features like so many faces.

There is a sense in which each of them is necessary in its own place and time. Where we are thinking of the World that must grow on its powers that must consume themselves on the completion of the growth if not earlier, we want *nude reason* to throw light upon both ends and means, and not the disturbing elements of emotions and sentiments which plague the world with 90% of its blindness—be that blindness beautiful or ugly. And what is the Nude Reason that can vault over all the worlds of the littleness and greatness of human vision, unless it be identical with the sum total

of the nude philosophy of the Vedánta, the temporary but powerful flashes of Science, and the generalised lessons of the variegated World ? And when the mind is by such Reason freed from impurities and supplied with the true vision of its *end and means*, the theories of Socialism and the like are only practical suggestions towards the fulfilment of the one or the other part of this End, and the 'World' as reflected therein is to be tested by its capacity to be the Means to this End. The End and the Means being so selected, the function of Poetry lies in the evolution of Ideals which will approximate to this End and to Sentiments which will further these Means, the utilisation of Poetry being indispensable to the majority of Humanity, whether educated or not, it being the only means to ennoble or degrade the ordinary mind, for which Bare Reason is as difficult for inner respiration as the air unmixed with water is for fishes. This being so, we cannot safely ignore the beastly, the childish, and the childlike flashes with which the human soul first bursts upon this world. For man, like all Nature, must rise by beginning with the beginning of his age. This part of man's primary existence can be transformed only by making the poetry scour through these lowest depths of our atmosphere. And nothing can be neglected from the bottom to the top, if one's mind has to be perfected, i.e. made adequate to the calls which the curious 'circumstances and environments' of human life are sure to make upon the powers of human vitality and upon his faculty of making himself 'Happy for Ever'. These are the conditions of Mind to be striven after, unless we do not mind being enslaved to Misery, to the tyranny of Circumstances, and to the Foulness and Baseness of Animal Life, to the Smallness of Insect Life liable to be crushed by any wayfarer's tread, and to the laboured creeping of Reptile Life. The Strength and Power, the Coolness and Ease, the Beauty and Blessing, the Nobleness and Sweetness, the Greatness and Security, which are

aspired to by the highest ideals of Poetry, can only be tested and attained in practice by Philosophy, with an 'If' present in either case. This, to my mind, is the point towards which Poetry and Philosophy, Ethics and Religion, must eventually converge, and in Ethics I include the World in all its aspects. Need I say that my vision of the Philosophy of Consumption, with all its imperfections, reaches this very Point? I do not mind if I am partial to this Philosophy which has given me my Heaven on Earth.

1st October, 1896.

After many days I get time to write. The new regime at the High Court under the new Chief Justice Farran, and his superior self Parsons, is giving to the world here 'Speedy Justice', i.e. (*a*) clearance of arrears by doing 18 months' work in 6. And so far they succeed. They turned two Courts into three, and worked on days when we did not work before. They think Pleaders and Counsels argued, and they came to right conclusions. Far from that. The public has not begun to trust and employ junior lawyers to meet the new wishes of the judges at quickness, and the Senior lawyers—Pleaders and Counsels—have been getting the same influx of new work and are obliged to study more old arrears of cases than they used to do during the same working hours, which God has not increased to make them keep pace with the wants of the judges. The time for studying cases is thus reduced, and the work that has been done by lawyers has been unavoidably crude and perfunctory, since the new regime began. Not only has God not given them more time, but the judges also have not increased the powers of their mental vision, so as to understand what is crudely argued—or note what is not argued—for want of time to the lawyers. The conscientious of the lawyers feel this and overwork themselves. My own overwork has not been enough

to satisfy my conscience, and many a case is left half studied. And I am not a solitary instance of this kind. The judges do not see that, and compliment themselves on the visible reduction of arrears. Perhaps they would justify themselves by answering that the amount of 18 months of injustice will be amply compensated by the permanent destruction of delay in dealing justice. That would be in keeping with Western Philosophy. I only note that I have had no time to write here because of the want of time so created. I do not propose to confine this book to non-egoistic philosophy. The philosophy that propels my ego must come in here. I shall avoid only what savours of slander—however rightful—against people close and dear. I shall not think herein of mundane affairs for mundane results to myself; nor of what cannot be referred to without passion, emotion and sentiment. All else must come in and form my philosophy.

The bubonic Plague is now going on in Bombay. The Calcutta people are more nervous of it than we here. A general famine from Kashmere to Malabar Coast is now threatened and seems to have begun. Malthus would see in this a natural agency for stoppage of over-population. Our people would see in it the great Goddess diminishing the burden of the earth. In either case the calamities of the present are viewed as blessings to a larger world of the future; and, granting that these are such blessings, no one welcomes the prospect of accepting the present suffering to court the future blessing. The ordinary teeth of a great Wheel of the Great Will, working for present relief, gnash in fact in being ground down by the great powerful extraordinary teeth of another Great Wheel of the same Great *Will* forcing these calamities into the very centre of the ordinary teeth. The Friction and Conflict are awful, and yet, to him who witnesses them, it is but the race between the Dolphin and the Flying Fish confined on a microscopic point of

the great Macrocosm of the Patent Will. What right has this point without magnitude to expect that its Atomic Majesty will monopolise a particular and continued condition of existence? The Dolphin must pursue, and the Fish must fly, and the result of the race must be—*nolens volens*—left in the Only Hand that has the Might and the Right to decide and direct it, as a matter in which none else is concerned, and None Else than that Hand *IS*.

2nd October, 1896.

I just read 100 lines of Wordsworth's 'Prelude', Book IV. It makes me heave a tearless sigh for the sweet and gentle pleasures of the poetic part of Retirement. Am I to keep away from retirement ever and die in harness in this world of money-making drudgery? Curious thing! I remember the question of retirement at least once a day; and whether the thought comes over me as I rise from morning sleep, or by its visit I am delayed in closing my eyes at night, I cannot help feeling that I am staying from my real home. And when, in the midst of my busiest hours or crowded company, the thought forces itself through the hours and the crowds by a process of jostling, it seizes and shakes me by the hand, and I recognise its affectionate presence by lagging behind the hours and the crowds to greet and embrace this my friend and brother—this my wife—my hope—my all-in-all. And on occasions, not a few, I pass from the thought of Retirement to that last hope and relief of life which men call Death! To the passengers of Eternity who stay in this Guest-House called Life, Death is the first sailing on the breast of the oceanic Vast to reach our Beautiful Home. No fears of dreaming, such as disturbed poor Hamlet, can disturb the poet and philosopher of the Process of Consumption. And to this virtuous Sailor there is no tempest on this ocean.

6th October, 1896.

Subjective happiness and its objective overflow, called Pleasure and Joy—the two things blend into one.

7th October, 1896.

As knowledge flows from brain to brain, and its passage does not diminish its stock from which it flows, so also is the flow of Happiness and Joy. If adversity to one's self be a privileged occasion for the receipt of Lights which no verbal knowledge can communicate, and for the awakening of a Spirit and Power whom prosperity darkens and benumbs, Prosperity is an occasion which enables a man to wave the flambeau of Happiness and Joy outside the puny vaults of his body, and to give them passage into brains which are withering for want of them like plants without sunshine.

In everybody's house there are the seeds of growth and hope whom men call *children*, and those warmers of the coldness of life whom men call *women*. And children and women are but individuals as good and great as man, who is entrusted with them for the growth of himself and them and not for oppressing them. The prosperity of his position can become an occasion for passing into their tender and depending brains those streams of joy and happiness; and woe be unto him that neglects to avail himself of this great privilege of life and knows not how to enjoy the privilege! Practically, no doubt, he has strong reason to complain of the blows and buffets that are showered upon him by those upon whom he is thus called upon to shower the rare result of his prosperity, and he shrugs his shoulders when so called upon. To him my first answer is in the form of a question—"Why expect a reciprocity from small ones whom thou may'st favour without being favoured?" And if

these buffets and blows be an adversity upon this man, why should he not draw from them the privilege of Adversity? But verily cool thought will show that these ill-humoured "buffets and blows" are but powerless things which a *man* may smile at and dismiss from his attention—putting them on one even level with the convulsions and frenzies of sick people whom he is to nurse.

In higher life, patriots, statesmen, leaders of thought, leaders of communities and nations, will find the same ideal for themselves.

But is not this ideal a mere bundle of sentiments, devoid of all practical ethics? Is it not the abnormal condition of mind, according to the author of the work on 'Degeneration'? Is this not that phase of altruism which can *only* foster crime by giving it immunity and destroy the instinct of self-preservation?

I think the ideal is likely to be so abused, if it falls into ordinary hands unable to preserve the balance between the Conflicting duties of Growth and Consumption, and I have explained it enough in my arguments against a mode of asceticism. A Lord Ripon, who smiled listening to the vile attacks of his countrymen for his doing good to an India, knew a rare art in the management of *two* extremes; and an examination of his correspondence with Gladstone made Dufferin, of contrary temper and policy, admit to Wordsworth that Lord Ripon had acted from high policy. Gladstone himself was prompted only the other day to raise his voice publicly in support of the foreign policy of his political opponent: this was a balance, with two sides of political view in different scales, in one hand. We have Ráma banishing his beloved Sita. Washington, who knew how to control armies and conquer enemies, had the abstinence that marked the rare patriot. Great souls are called upon, not seldom, to practice the inconsistent arts of magnanimity on the one hand and of sternness or severity

on the other. The arts are great and difficult, and it is given only to the favoured few to wield them for the weal of the world. And there is a way to perform the highest duties of Growth and Consumption simultaneously, in pursuance of high practical ethics, without sentiment, without abnormal loss of balance, and without the frailty of altruistic minds. And yet there will be an altruism there.

6th November, 1896.

Motilal Desai and Manchhashankar feel the pressure of work. Rustamji (now Small Cause Court Judge) felt it once. Europeans of iron constitution feel it, but conquer it by long intervals of rest and sure retirement. I too want retirement. I want it for rest, for being able to serve my country, and for preparing for my Eternal Navigation. In a small way, my parents, my son and my studies may be benefited by it. But the time, the place, and the mode of retirement are problems difficult and severe. My qualified retirement has begun. Time was when I sought, courted, and hailed both work and money—I mean professional work, etc. Time came when I felt overworked and ceased seeking it. Time has come now for a still more curious thing. During the vacations I actually drive away business, and do so shuddering at the sin and scorning the rare and privileged favours of Dame Fortune. Is it not a pride—an insolence—to say 'no' to the favours of this Goddess? It is!! Are these favours cheap and valueless? Am I so rich, so great, that I can afford to scorn these Favours? Have I that power to supply even my present wants that I can call these favours superfluous? No—No—I say—No, to every question of this kind. I am a poor man—too poor for any of these feats; and, if for the exhibition of the feats Fortune avenges herself on me and on my poor purse, if for these follies in the ways of the world I am punished in some one of those

curious ways of Providence of which my life can show a number of examples, I have no right to murmur. Standing between considerations—these and others too—so awful, in favour of *not* retiring on the one hand, and on the other hand those calls to the Duty of Retirement which, humble and foolish as they are from a worldly standpoint, have an irresistible balance of force upon me in a sacred and religious way, I seem to stand between Scylla and Charybdis, and yet must make my choice. The man that could give up the Cutch business—the greatest opportunity of his life—deliberately and persistently, has not to solve a problem of graver moment. The problem is nothing compared to those of millionaires and statesmen, and commanders and kings. And, even with all this its smallness, the problem to me is one for trembling concern, anxious solution, and religious and sacred office. It involves the fates and future of so many, and arrays Worldly interests and Philosophy—Giant Warriors—on opposite sides. For poor me, soldier of no consequence, I have chosen my side—the side of Philosophy, and with Philosophy, as with Caesar, crossed my Rubicon! The Great Will sees the Why and the Whither of the movement; I only follow a great banner of a Great Cause, myself but a blind insignificant Soldier in that cause, moving as commanded by voices and signals whose sources are drowned in the din of the battle and the clouds of the cannon-smoke. Great Will! Such a poor man has only one, but one great, solace to stir him up and cheer him, viz. that the guidance throughout is Thine!

7th November, 1896.

My first outburst of prayer—one of my first Sanskrit verses, during my 17th year or so—was an attitude of leaving things in the hands of God and praying for Nothing. "He knows all, knows what is best for all, knows my mind and my good: what should I pray for,

and why should I do so for anything ? He will do the best." Father protested against this form of prayer, called it ásurîbuddhi,[1] and it looked in his eyes like a defiance of the Lord. It was not so in fact.

At 20, I wrote my verses on my last wife, and the nándi[2] was that no nándi[2] was needed where the Lord Himself was the author of my Woe and I accepted the Woe as some part of his Great Dispensations in the interests of the Universe.

What a persistence of the views of my boyhood that at this age they should be repeated with such headlong force and practical Resignation in my Philosophy of the Great Will and its relations with the Ego-point ! Curious identity of persons through the distance of time and the press of circumstances ! And yet it is there.

13th November, 1896.

The force of compliments and praises upon the minds of those to whom they are addressed is usually of an elating kind. Ever since my external and open adversities came with a crash upon me in my 19th and 20th years, this force has fallen flat upon me, more or less. The influence was similar to that on Shaivyá[3] when she heard her Husband praised in the cemetery by a divine voice. They fell like irrelevant things on my mind during its great attempts to solve the meaning of adversities and to find out a panacea for them. Nay, I felt the good words, however true, like the unmeant promises made to weeping children. There I first accustomed my mind to that feeling of equable temperature which has ever since been also my armour against adversities.

That temperature I now own in a developed form without the necessity of its being prompted by the feelings of my young age.

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[1] आसुरीबुद्धि. [2] नान्दी. [3] शैव्या.

When I passed my LL.B. after long and painful struggles, uncle asked me—a few hours after the result was out—why I did not enjoy the result and feel its pleasures and glee. I only felt myself sighing with relief from my burdens. There was no room for pleasure and glee.

Sir C. Sarjent, Chief Justice of Bombay, complimented me for my conduct of my first civil case before him. He had begun with crushing remarks against the appeal. I would have sat down but for my temper which kept me from being crushed. I argued for four hours, and made Sir Charles argue with me. He was a most conscientious, shrewd and kind man. He saw I was a new man and complimented me, though I lost the case. A brother lawyer complimented me on getting the compliment. I could only feel and reply that if I enjoyed the compliment I might find occasion to tremble at some frown from the judge, and that either course was inconsistent with the independence for which I had elected to accept this profession.

In the great Rajpipla case, Mr. Clabby, and even some others, doubted if I was an able pleader, and my adversary Mr. Gokuldas also started with no compliments to me. I could not see the relevance of either. A day came at Vadpádá when Devji's examination was begun by me. The Commissioner began with saying he would not believe a witness who began like him. The man was in the witness-box for 7 or 8 days and became the prop of our case, and the Commissioner began to believe in every word he said. The whole line of our adversary's case had proved an invulnerable fortress for 1½ months. At Chikda my cross-examination of its old Vasává made a large gap and opening in those walls, and we rushed in. I won an open compliment from Mr. Gokuldas on the latter occasion, and an indirect one on the former. During the closing days of Devji's depositions we were one evening taking an evening walk in the forest, talking

of tigers and bisons. I talked of the American Lion that cries like a cat or a child and pounces like a lion's self. Mr. Gokuldas thereupon stopped walking and said, "There are such lions in this very forest." "Where ? This forest has no lions" said I. Mr. Gokuldas began to walk and say : "I hope you won't take ill—suppose, I say, in you we have one of these lions here !" I made no reply : I could see what had prompted the remark ; I too became silent and resumed walking.

Damodar Kisan's sanction matter before Mr. Fitz Maurice of Thana came to an end only recently. It was a complicated case. Chaubal, who opposed me, had made a good impression on the Judge and made my people nervous. Damodar is himself a pleader of great courage. His partner Dinsha was full of praises for Chaubal. One day following my address—then part heard—I was sitting at the High Court erect in an easy chair, and I felt someone patting me on the back, and, looking back, found it was Chaubal, who in a low voice muttered, before I fully saw him, "I love you, I respect you, I revere you, I admire you". "What for ? For what act of my life ?" asked I wonderingly. "For the whole man, and the whole of him" said Chaubal. I changed the conversation, but could see that he was referring to my conduct of Damodar's case. When my address was over, Dinsha told him "after this defence, I would not mind being hanged". Dinsha told Damodar, 5 minutes after that, "Did you know English as I do, your opinion of Mr. Govardhanram would be one hundred times superior today than it was yesterday."

"Every number of the *Indian Law Report*," said some esteemed friends "has your cases."

In literary sphere—among my own readers, who I estimate at not being less than 10,000, I command a love and regard which no other writer this day does.

Now what am I to do with all this high regard from so many ? It is not a part of my nature to *enjoy* it. I certainly find it impossible to be *elated* by it. I know my wants, demerits, and inferiority in the attainment of high merits in these and other departments. My Lord ! I cannot feel elated—I am too poor for that. But I see that I cannot underestimate these precious boons from Thee. There is a divine hand that pours these sacred favours upon my poor self, I feel that this divine hand elects me thereby for some holy mission, which I feel it a duty to unravel and understand and follow. I feel in all that a sacred responsibility, and I tremble at the difficulty of being equal to it. Steeped in all the worldly ideas and wishes, the Divan of Cutch should not cause in me any current of anger, either for the loss *he thinks* he has put me to, or for the treatment which *he thinks* he has visited me with. Neither for him, nor for elation at any personal gains of fame or money, do I find scope in a life that sees but sacred missions in the dispensations of prosperity, and discipline in the visitations of Adversity. Great Will ! To this end Thou drawest me, and like a straw I fly where Thy breezes waft me.

28th November, 1896. (6.30 p.m.)

I just returned from a "grand museum" with a small collection of shows, some of which were "Tiger shikárring man" and "Man shikárring tiger". I had been there to show the museum to Ramanik as a piece of education. The Shikár-shows have for a moment awakened in me memories of those ghastly moments of my life which have taught me the art of facing them and standing before them like a nerveless man.

In my youngest days I was baptised to the art by the first discovery of the wrong conduct of the two dearest ones. The memory of that night even now seems to make me cold and frozen. The weakness of my anger and hatred humiliated my pride of soul,

and implanted in me pity in place of anger. If I too was weak, why should I be angry with others who were weak ? Prof. Taylor's lecture on Butler's sermon on 'Forgiveness' crushed my last arguments; and my realisation of human weakness had predisposed and prepared me for the crushing defeat in my argumentative passage at arms. And with the defeat I was a changed man. I was then 18 or 19 years old ! Great God ! I am bound in the spirit of that sacred defeat to cast a veil over the mystery which conceals a podful of dust. My aspiration for virtue then received a new strength from the sight of other people's error, which looked so ugly in others that I could not court it in myself. And I learnt to have virtue with humility and forgiveness in that way. God taught me that —that nerveless Nerve.

Of the death of my first wife—I received the news quietly, though I did weep and cry in solitude for years.

The loss of my firm, the adversities of parents, my own dependence in matters mental, physical and pecuniary until I went to Bhavnagar—made me almost a Fakir at heart until 1878 ; and I remember that returning from my midnight reveries in Chiná Bág I once replied to Chhotalal Sevakram's curiosity by saying I was busy all the time founding an Empire for myself.

Bhavnagar days meant pecuniary relief but had many an anxiety and care, and I pushed on in life a working Fakir.

I laugh when I remember my hearty laugh at a foolish charge brought against me during my college days. Chimanlal Setalvad is appalled at the idea of my laughing on such an occasion. So is he at what he calls my coolness and equanimity in my talks and laughs about the bubonic Plague which is raging wild in this our locality, and at my being prepared with ghastly resignation to await the result of each hour

as it passes. So is he at hearing of my packing up my dear ones and my valuables and sending them to Gulabshankar's place, and then locking my house and waiting in my gallery and watching coolly the progress of the flames within 20 feet of my house, when the stables there were on fire.

These are but samples : my life has seen a variety of disasters and I am prepared for all catastrophies that may be sprung upon me by the Great Will. These are hours that must teach us how to resign ourselves and be nerveless, even if the Great Will does not enable us to fathom the other mysteries of its Destructive Hand. The Hand that constructs destroys, and what is constructed and destroyed is but Himself, his Patent force, including poor Ego-points like myself. As Christ said 'Lord, Thy will be done ! Not mine ! '

13th December, 1896.

The bubonic plague has been increasing without cessation ever since it began. About 100 people die of it every day in Bombay. It has increased with the increase of cold, and there is no sign of improvement. On days, I believe, 150 people die of it. It begins in the gutters and with rats, and attacks men in the end. It flies now here and now there, and doctors and authorities are helpless.

English localities are comparatively free, as other localities were at the outset when Mandvi was attacked. The plague increases in circumference ; it is fitful in the extreme, and how large its radius will grow it is difficult to say. The whole of Bombay is within the actual mastery of the plague. When the radius will reach poor mofussil, Heaven knows what havoc will be done.

People—highest and lowest—are deserting Bombay in crowds and crowds every day, and those who

cannot fly very far do at least shift as far in the vicinity as possible. Thana, Kalyan, Poona—all on the G.I.P. Railway, and all stations on the B.B. & C.I. Railway on this Island and beyond up to Bassein, Virar, Surat and Broach are overcrowded with the frightened men and women of Bombay, and houses on rent cannot be had there.

For me, poor man, I am watching all this ghastly scene with some slow but continued strain upon my nerves. Day and night the passage of dead bodies, the wails of mourners, the flutterings of those that witness the havoc and fly into hysteric turmoils of soul and outward agitations from fear to selves and dead ones,—these bespeak an amount of present and prospective—physical and mental—suffering among humanity beyond my actual experience and observations.

Anxious parents and relatives ask me to go to Nadiad and give up profession for safety. I ask my wife to go to Nadiad with all children and juniors: she says she is not nervous for herself and positively declines to go, unless I and brother precede her; she says her life is not more valuable than ours, and that nothing that I can do will persuade her to leave us alone here and seek security for herself. Daji Abaji Khare says his wife has been flatly refusing to go out unless he precedes and leads her. Chandavarkar says he has been quarrelling with his wife for 7 days on the subject, but meets the same cool answer. I ask them to note the 'Hindu Wife' tested by such occasions, and to prize her for that.

For me, I think the moment is both serious and critical for all in the family, and I hold it a great sin to keep them here when the plague rages on all sides of my lane and house. I do not care for the profession, and told wife that I was going to start with the whole family for Nadiad by quick march, and was prepared to obey the occasion for enforced retirement as one

taking me to my wished-for goal without my committing the 'sin' or 'folly' of *courting* civil death upon the promptings of a mental hobby. But my brother is still on the threshold of life and is not prepared to yield to this compulsion without being worsted in his severe struggle for self-preservation by the instincts of a man of business against the panic, the danger and the risks of the Plague. He talks firmly and coolly and asks me to go to Nadiad with all but himself, and tells me how he proposes to live at a minimum of the plague-risk, and how he would have to begin his shop again anew if he now left his station for any length of time. But my wife is firm too, and says she would not leave her station unless not merely I but brother also leaves Bombay. I tell them that both are right in the sense that both propose to do their duties. Woman's duty is to nurse her man and sons at home, and man's duty is to look to the out-door business that will feed her and him. I tell them that I am in a position to sacrifice business and go home with all people, and offer to lead them and stay with them like an old retired man. I am free from any sin or from responsibility to God and to my people, the moment I do all in this direction so far as I can. I cannot compel wife or brother to violate the duty of the one and the interest of the other. I tell each of them to convert the other to his or her view; and add that when they would be able to do so it will be my duty to follow the suggestion of the successful side. Until that, matters must stand still; and, if any calamity happens during this deadlock, they must be prepared for it as a natural foreseen and risked result. In the meanwhile it is proposed to send Ramanik and Jayanti to Nadiad, and brother undertakes to spare a day or two and accompany them to Nadiad and return after having pacified the agitated souls that are anxious there. It is in consequence of his views that we stay here at this juncture, and he must perform this duty of justifying his views to parents and relieving us from blame.

And the children have no reason to be kept under this great risk for his or my wife's or my own views.

My Lord! These are strange Resultants of Thy Laws and Wishes worked through the operations of our minds, bodies and circumstances, and I have neither the power nor the wish to contradict these dictations of Thine, and I resign myself to those dictations, whether they construct or destroy me or my dear ones, it being enough for me that I do such Duty as Thy light gives me vision of. Lord! Great Will! And yet it is true that the moments of submitting to Thy Destructive Wisdom are moments of inner struggle and untellable nervous strains upon poor human nerves, and Thou hast not yet destroyed the nerves that were given me by Thee. These nerves await the awful issue that one of the next curious moments may bring forth; they await with anxiety the moment that shall open the *Third* Eye of the God of Destruction and hurl its destroying fires upon one or more of the Egos that the flames may choose to catch. The nerves are ready to stand within those flames: what right have I to wish not doing so when Thou, Great Will, without them to do so, and Thy Extraordinary Teeth grind down Thy Ordinary Teeth? The nerves, therefore, await this unknown Resultant of Thy Teeth with curiosity, steady and anxious eyes, strain, coolness, firmness and resignation, though with evident symptoms of physical weakness.

14th December, 1896.

As for retirement, I would not regret being compelled by these moments to have it—to be thrown upon it by the stress of weather. I would only like to have it postponed until I can voluntarily seek it, on the ground that it might serve as an example and enable me to beat a fully prepared and honourable retreat—not in view of defeat but of having attained my objective. But of course it is for the Great Will

Govardhanram at 50

20-10-1855 *4-1-1907*

Govardhanram's letter to Mansukhram on Completion of "Saraswatichandra"

નડીઆદ ફાલ્ગુન વદિ ૩૦
શનિવાર
સં. ૧૯૫૮

પ્રિયભ્રાત મનઃસુખ,

આપના સ્વહસ્તલિખિત પરમપ્રેમપૂર્ણ પત્ર મને કાલ મળ્યું અને આપના કાગળમાં તેમ આશીર્વાદના ઉદ્ગાર વાંચી મ્હારા બાલહૃદયમાં જે ઉદાર-ભાવનાની વૃત્તિ ઉત્પન્ન થાય છે તેનું વર્ણન શબ્દોથી કરવા અશક્ત છું.

સરસ્વતીચંદ્રના ચોથા ભાગને આરંભે ઘણાં વર્ષ ઉપર આપને ગ્રંથપુષ્પાંજલિ અર્પેલી છે. તેની અંતિમ પંક્તિઓમાં આ લેખકે પુષ્પગ્રથનની ઉપમા આપી, પુષ્પગ્રથન આપને પ્રિય છે માટે જ તે ઉપમા યુક્ત ગણી, એ પુષ્પગ્રથન આપને સમર્પીને કરેલો છે અને આપની પાસેથી આશીર્વાદ માગેલો છે. મેં ગ્રન્થની પૂર્ણાહુતિ થયા પછી એ જ શબ્દોમાં આપ ~~[illegible]~~ આ પુષ્પગ્રથનથી પ્રસન્ન થઈને લખો છો અને મ્હારો માગેલો તે જ આશીર્વાદ ઉચ્ચારો છો એથી આ લેખ સફળ થયો, અને આપની સેવામાં મ્હારી અનેક પ્રકારની ન્યૂનતા રહેલી માનું છું તે છતાં આપ

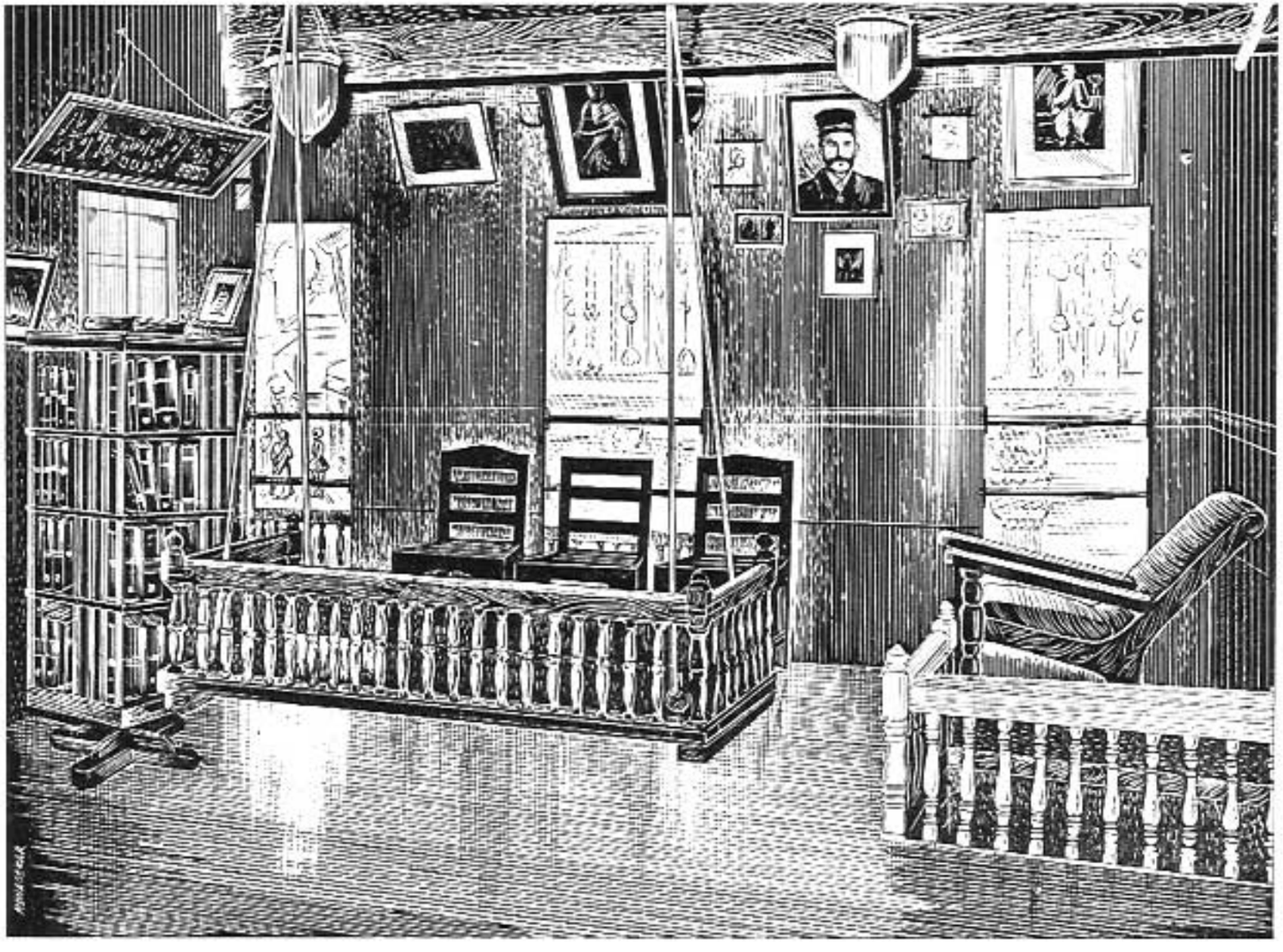
આપના ઔદાર્યનું આટલું નિમિત્ત હું થઈ શક્યો, તે વિચાર સિવાય હું પોતાને કૃતકૃત્ય ગણું છું.

આપનો આશીર્વાદ કે પરિપૂર્ણ આનંદ મને પ્રાપ્ત થયો જોવા ઇચ્છો છો તે જ મને થયો છે અને તેની પ્રાપ્તિ જ ~~[illegible]~~ વધારેમાં વધારે મને મહાન્ લાગતો પણ સૂક્ષ્મ વિચારથી અલ્પ લાગતો ~~[illegible]~~ મ્હારો પ્રયત્ન છે અને આપનો આશીર્વાદ છે તો તે ફળશે એવી ભાવના છે. બાકી ઇચ્છેલાં અને આનંદોનાં સર્વ મહોત્સવોમાંનું હું કંઈ કરી ન શકું તે આપની સામે રહેવું કઠિન છે, માટે તેની પ્રાપ્તિ પહેલાં રાખેલી કૃપાનો વિચાર ઈશ્વરને સોંપું છું.

જે લેખથી આપને આટલો સંતોષ થયો છે તે યદ્યપિ આપના દૃષ્ટિથી જોતાં મ્હારો લેખ લાગે છે, તથાપિ વસ્તુતઃ સર્વ મ્હારી બાલાવસ્થાથી આજ સુધી અનેક પ્રસંગોએ અનેક વિધિથી મ્હારાં કુટુંબીઓમાં જે સંસ્કારજાળ રોપેલાં તેમાંથી ઊગી નીકળેલાં બીજ ફળરૂપે જ મ્હારી બુદ્ધિને મ્હારા લેખ લાગે છે, અને વધારે વિચાર કરતાં તો એ બાબતમાં તે પર ઈશ્વરનો જ કૃતિ ફળમાં આ સમષ્ટિના કારણભૂત [illegible] આ લેખમાં ગુણ હું સમર્પણ કરું છું અને કોઈ આ લેખમાં ગુણ દેખું છું ત્યારે તે ગુણનું કારણ પણ મ્હારામાં નથી તેવા ઈશ્વરમાં જ દેખું છું. મનુષ્યમાં કૃતજ્ઞતાપાત્ર નથી જ.

લિ. આજ્ઞાંકિત સેવક
ગોવર્ધનરામ [illegible]

૨૦-૩-૧૯૦૧



Govardhanram's Study Room

to see which one of the two courses I should have, and to me either course will be welcome.

This morning I dreamed that I was reading the conclusion of the 4th part of my 'Sarasvatîchandra'—the conclusion having drawn its tenderness and elegance from the last part of Meghadoota [1]—and saying of one of the heroines

"उत्सङ्गे वा मलिनवसने सौम्य निक्षिप्य वीणां
मद्गोत्राङ्कं विरचितपदं गेयमुद्गातुकामा। etc." (1)

In my waking hours, *I have not even begun Part IV*, and God knows if I shall live to do so. The Marathi translation of Part I is, I am told, quite printed.

16th December, 1896. (8 a.m.)

Ramanik and Jayanti went with Narhar to Nadiad last night. So we sent the male-child—hope of our next generation—to live with the male—old parent—my father.

I was explaining the plot and mood of Tennyson's "Princess" to my wife and the Shastri last night. This morning, I rose thinking of the conclusionless thoughts of the preparations I must make in view of the quick march which the plague or segregation may force upon all or surviving members of my family at any odd moment. I was also thinking of the difficulties arising from the foolish obstinacies and disobediences likely to be experienced in carrying out my programme. I shifted from these difficult thoughts into a perusal of some pages of my 'Infantry Tactics' and those of my 'Study on Tennyson's Works'. Of the latter I was reading the part of "the Princess". Of the former, I reach the chapter on 'Officers' and specially note the faults of 'Fear of responsibility' and 'Forgetting responsibility', which reminded me of the behaviour

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[1] मेघदूत.

of the Cutch Divan and his subordinates under my charge in the Commission, etc.

18th December, 1896.

Curious part of my disposition this : I have studied the *secret* wishes of individuals and compelled my judgment to yield to the duty of carrying them out. So I obeyed mother's secret wishes in partition matters. So I abandoned Cutch Commission in duty to my self, to look to no interest, high or low, of myself or of Cutch but to retire from a concern where I was an unwelcome guest in the heart of the Divan of Cutch. There I yielded to the compulsion of other people's *wishes*. But to the compulsion of Circumstances, I have, foolishly or madly, a great disinclination to yield. I remember the day when thoughts crossed my mind asking me to retire from the hard and ceaseless work of this Commission, or to save my profession by giving up the Commission, and I felt as much disinclined to yield to these thoughts as to welcome the idea of feeling content with my gains from the Commission and accept the retirement which the loss to profession would force me to, though retirement was my ideal long before that. That same disposition makes unpalatable the idea of being compelled by the fear of the plague though, if the interests and wishes of my people forced me to it, I would hail the same reitrement. Such is the curious part of my disposition—I don't know what made it so and whether it is right or wrong that it should be so.

23rd December, 1896.

I have often felt it a duty to look after the good of certain individuals, and regard for that has not only made me incur expense and self-sacrifice, but I have at times violated my avowed principles of policy and wisdom, and incurred ridicule, censure, or even distrust for that seeming waywardness. That cause and

that result were deliberate and anticipated. The measures so taken have proved thankless. I never expected thankfulness—I am a cynic there; I never did aught from expectation of thanks. My reward has been that those whom I wanted to have a particular benefit have got it by that means, and that is my satisfaction. I did thereby what I wanted to do. But the objects of that good work have often been pleased not simply to be thankless but to give me good slaps on my face and on my back, for all that I did for them. I must say I did not expect this, and so far I have failed. But even there I have patiently endured the slaps, until the benefit proposed by me was fully conferred. At the same time I have not felt any delicacy in removing these worthies from my presence as soon as the full measure of the benefit was given, and no part of my good nature compelled me to encourage the hope of others to get more benefit than that at my hands.

Daughters are, in our society, thrown into houses of which we have imperfect knowledge. Good men, i.e. good towards parents and strangers, ill-treat their wives, and the misery of wife-daughters is keenly felt even by people who have no desire to take a lesson therefrom in favour of their own daughters-in-law. The fact is that the *feeling* exists, and the feeling of the parents' misery is but an index of an amount of actual agony whose experience makes his child writhe. And yet the Hindu's duty is to swallow this secret dose, and even do his best to push his daughters into the sons-in-law's hands and home, and to promote the artificial tie that was conceived of at their early marriage. With all the naturalness in late marriages in Europe, the ideal there is to promote the tie even when, however natural at first, it has begun to be artificial. The 'severity of Divorce Laws' is due to this ideal. The difference between Europe and India, therefore, lies in the artificialness of the tie being absolute in the latter, and only subject to certain severe condi-

tions in the former, and not in its being quite immune from artificialness. This 'artificialness' even in the ideal elements of the tie, means Politics in Domestic Life; and that shows that Political considerations have been imported into Social and Domestic Ethics by the cumulative instincts of advancing societies, and we cannot, according to the wisdom of the experience of Ages, exclude Convention and Politics from Social matters, and, like poor Mr. Telang, afford to be angry at the idea of 'injustice' to our widows, on the basis of Institutional Ethics developed by *a priori* reasonings; Social Ethics, like all human institutions, is *a posteriori*, and the poetical idea of Natural Ideals as well as this sentiment of childlike Justice must both yield to the lessons of Consequences and Experience, such as either the historical and inductive studies of the few or the business-like instincts of the many may work out for the progress of Society, and the majority of men must be content to move within the unintelligible but artistic web that these Spiders may spin out of their inner energies.

24th December, 1896.

The instincts of self-interest are as normal, necessary and healthy as the instincts of self-preservation in the human breast. For the philosophy of Consumption is built upon that of Growth for its permanent foundation, and not upon its ruins. Consumption is a second layer upon the subsisting layer of Growth. Both are the substrata of Relativity—each supplementing the other, like a man and woman, and the idea of the one arises out of the idea of the other. The errors of humanity lie, not in the nurture of these instincts, but (i) in the ignorance of their true interests, (ii) in the misconception of them, (iii) in the abuse of them, i.e. by seeking them in place and out of place, in season and out of season, and without knowing where to stop, how to stop, and where not to stop, and (iv) in

the use of wrong means to right ends. Whether I look at the dearest people in my nearest circles who have given me anxious experiences and curious insights into the hidden traits of human strength and frailties, or whether I look up at the large events that crop up in the times, the countries, and the large world in which I live, this same lesson forces and repeats itself upon my vision, and the Great Will no doubt lives within and without this Subject and Object, and makes this point of its Patent Drama wear these lesson-ful hues.

Bombay is being deserted by the people, and the Plague is the same. All the houses surrounding me are deserted, and so is mine, and I go with my people to Bassein tomorrow, leaving a servant in charge of the house, and very few souls will remain in this building. Rats die, and men too die like rats, and the Great Will knows who will survive the jaws of Death. Cool and quiet and yet active, we follow the line of Duty.

2nd June, 1897.

23-12-1896 to 28-3-1897 my whole family passed at Bassein at good Damodar Kisan's house on account of the plague at Bombay. The Court hours were changed from 1 to 5 p.m., and we travelled morning and evening between Bassein and Bombay, 7 hours a day, at awkward hours, meals awkward, and hours of sleep awkward. April and May, we spent at Nadiad. General mortality in Bombay was maximum 300 per day, and population one or two lacs only—during our Bassein days. At present it is 60 to 80 deaths per day, and population is 6 lacs or so. At Nadiad the partition-scheme was formally completed this vacation. All dine together ; but I lived in my new house : the Delhá. The Delhá is placed in its ' residing capacity '. Repairs and residing accommodations are almost over, and we dined *there* on a day of the astrologer's selection : Brother, mother, wife and all. Ramanik was

also betrothed : his 10 years being over. My duty to my wife's interest is thus pretty nearly on the way to fulness of performance. Parents live in the old house with Brother, and we dine there as their guests, I giving all expenses. Father has caught an illness from his anxiety at our stay at Bassein and Bombay. There is nothing special of a malady. But he cannot, and does not, take a morsel of food and has reduced himself to a skeleton, and has no power of moving without complete assistance. His life is pronounced by all to be in danger, verging on, what doctors call, 'a hopeless case'.

25th June, 1897.

Father's illness has taken a decidedly serious turn. They wired to me from Nadiad, I went there, settled the course of treatment and returned. There was a delicate problem in that doctors prescribe him medicines from animal systems, which I am bound by promise to father not to give him. Doctors are helpless without them, and according to them I must either deceive father and ruin his religion and my promise, or place him in the jaws of death. I was in a similar predicament years back, when doctors pronounced my wife's case hopeless. Though as wife, our Society looks upon her as my subordinate, I look upon her as my subordinate only so far as I have to look upon myself as a Trustee of those of her interests, which social conditions prevent her from understanding or guarding, and not to the extent of commanding her to be my slave. I felt bound to respect her rights of individual liberty, sentiment and religion, as being every way *equal* to mine. In the case of father too I cannot be a party to a deceit that shall deprive him of his most valuable sentiment at the fag end of life. I have accordingly placed him under native Vaids in accordance with his own wishes, and hope they will not be quite useless. There is risk on either side;

the doctors do not promise recovery, and the preservation of his religion and my honesty are at least in the balance on the side of this course. I am not vested by God with the Sovereign Duty and Power to save people from the plague at all costs and to override all rights.

I am 42 years—about—in age. I did my duty to father by paying off his debts and undertaking to carry out his last wishes as regards his idol etc., wishes which he persistently declined to communicate to my uncle Mr. Mansukhram, to my mother, to my brother and even to myself. These wishes, whose non-performance was embittering his last moments, my wife made him open to her in all their details; and he has done so with a confidence, and a fulness of confidence in her love for him, in her piety, in her honesty and what not? This is a sufficient and significant commentary in favour and support of my opinion of her innate goodness and virtue, to which I once used to give ample effusion in these pages, and which effusion I stopped because my conscience put me the question whether I was an impartial judge in matters between my wife and my mother and others of the family. Nonsensical talks, I know, have reached my uncle about my wife *versus* his grand-daughter, and I fear his opinion about her and me is not all right. But I cannot help his materials, nor undertake to eulogise my wife where my words would look mad and my heart would look partial, if not uxorious. But to have a practical *Judgment* from the eldest Male of my stock —he has passed years in such close inquiry, as he was capable of, into the hearts of all my people—to have this from him at the close of his life, in this touching fashion: (i) gratifies my mind by enabling me to find corroboration of my views about my wife from the best quarters desirable, (ii) indicates the point up to which my altrustic training of this lady has succeeded, and (iii) rewards her own heart with an open practical judgment in her favour. She values

it as such. The wishes mean no gains to us. They mean what we should spend for these wishes, and yet when he confides them to her after declining to communicate them to uncle even on his promise to carry them out, the certificate and diploma to my wife is sufficiently rich to compensate her for all the injustice that she has suffered practically. But in praising her I am bound not to comment against others, whom Heaven assist out of their poor moods of minds.

I hope I have helped father in fulfilling his aspirations. I have also tried to fulfil all aspirations of mother, and I believe I am on the point of having fulfilled the principle duties to my wife and children in respect of peace and prosperity. We have now removed to the house allotted to me—or rather taken up by me—as 'my share', as someone may call, or 'as my purchased property', as I would call it. Repairs in it are over and it is quite fit and convenient with them for respectable living, even for my retirement. I am now in that house, and we visit the old family house for meals only, and as guests. Wife resides in our new house and sleeps there so that her nights are free to her peace of mind, and she is no longer in anxiety as to the future of her children. This house is now well provided with all kit and furniture of domestic wants. In the old family house all that was bought by father still remains untouched by me, and I have given up all claim to any part of it in favour of brother. In addition to that many things bought by me during the last 20 years or so are also there, and mother says she wants them now, and that on her death all these will be restored to me. I think she wants them from her own standpoint, but I do not think that anybody will "restore" them to me, and doubt her own wish and belief in the matter. However that may be, it is irrelevant to consider the point. Enough it is that I wish these things to stay with mother for her wishes, and without any such stupid hopes as she holds out for me. So my duties

here are almost done. I met all the expenses for Nadiad living and mother wished it. I have told her in so many terms that my wife will dine in my new house, if she feels herself unwelcome in the family house.

I have now kept Mr. Krishnalal Javeri to be my assistant in profession. This is costly enough, but essential to secure me time and leisure for literature and public duties, if I am not to absolutely retire. If this is not secured practically by this means, absolute retirement seems the only alternative; for I have not the slightest desire to waste all my life on money-earning at the cost of my higher ideals and larger duties.

The Plague Commissioner at Poona is shot, and lives though shot. His operations were oppressive enough. Of course, the attempt on his life is not to be justified legally or morally. But officers that drag women for medical inspection in the open streets, and send rabbles of soldiers loose enough to play pranks on decency, property and religion and decline to listen to complaints, must be prepared to be bitten in reply to their own bites; and the fact that they were biting in doing a duty is irrelevant to the question of their *want* of that judgment, tact, sympathy, and sentiments, without which no duty was very properly performed in this world. General Gattacre's splendidly discreet operations in Bombay are a contrastful commentary on Rand's work at Poona, and the object lessons presented by both are useful. When uncle blamed me for 'my hobby of duty' as an Examiner at Pleaders' Examination he was no doubt referring to this same *want* in my manner of doing my duty. And, though I did not then agree with him, I think he was somewhat right.

3rd July, 1897.

I indignantly ask to myself the question why I do not at once retire? If want of funds comes in my

way, and if I was so bent on my retiring, why did I give up the Cutch Commission, which would have enabled me to retire at once ?

The second question I humbly but firmly answer. It was a privilege to work on the Commission ; but the Divan did not wish *me* to enjoy the privilege, and made it too costly for me. Not having then made up my mind to retire, it was a sacrifice of profession and Bombay life both to work there upon my remuneration. Self-respect, conscience, and every ideal of life made it worth my while to decline the Divan's offer and to give up the Commission by an inevitable volition of my own. Questions of health and plague have since shown that this renouncement was an unseen boon. The Great Will had the pleasure to remove the Pecuniary Fortune from its point I and transfer it with greater lustre on its point Rao, and I am content with what I have.

The first question is indeed humiliating. I wanted by a latent wish to retire last May. The plague stopped all Mills, and it would have been a folly to retire when all means of that income were closed. The mills now work ; but their fortune is gloomy, for famine proposes to overtake us speedily : that means larger prices and smaller, perhaps very insufficient, income even for Nadiad life. It seems to be a duty to be awake to my old idea to consider my Profession as an investment, and to stick to it to escape ruin by the losses, however temporary, of other Investments while the famine lasts. So the Great Will wills. The real problem will arise when Famine will strike at the root of even my Profession. That will be a strange and wild contingency, which we shall have to face and shall face with all possible philosophy. It is curious and yet unavoidable. I must not retire, and my chagrin has only this meaning that it will keep up my ambition for my retirement, and not make it forgotten.

People suggest Government notes as the safest investment. But my present method of investment by variety secures the same income in bad times, large income in better times, and, on the whole, better safety than Government notes.

अन्या जगद्धितमयी मनसः प्रवृत्ति—
रन्यैव कापि रचना वचनावलीनाम् ।
लोकोत्तरा च कृतिराकृतिरार्यहृद्या
विद्यावतां सकलमेव गिरां दवीयः ॥ (2)

जगन्नाथः । रसगंगाधरे ।

29th July, 1897.

On the 8th July, at 3.15 p.m. my father died at Nadiad. A life so full of adversities, immense calamities, inopportune frailties, and awful retribution and contrition—so awful that no transmigrationists could suggest the carrying the drama one moment beyond his death; devout, with absolute resignation to Divine Will; piety and faith that shone with their best lights, equally in the full daylight of prosperity and in the darkest night of adversity; a kindliest soul who loved his family with anxiety and unrest, and thought or dreamed no evil to his enemies—nay, aspired to do them good; a heart that prayed and worshipped its chosen God, up to the last moment, with all the sweets that the poetry and philosophy of Religion could render, and got the best and highest reward that a benign Deity may be desired to shower on the parting hours of a virtuous, pious and religious life; a death so happy—so beautiful—and so painless that life could desire no better end:—all this my father has had. He is gone, and no more shall I see that blessed face of his! I have wept for him or rather after him, in spite of all philosophy, and my love for the most unblemished object of my dutiful solicitude seems now to come out of its recesses within my inner frame and to surround with a strong and sombre sorrow-coloured halo the surroundings of my soul and body.

And it is in the midst of this heavenly and paternal light playing round my infant frame that I have been performing, and will perform, the last duties due to my gracious good father—so good, indeed, that even the adversities which came from him to me in his life by an inscrutable Divine Will seem only to have nourished my soul with those religious virtues and aspirations which had built up his soul, and it is in vain that I would now yearn to see him come down and associate with me during the remaining hour of my short life and sweeten and sublime it, whatever the adversities that the process may imply. Alas! His last wishes were uttered long before his death, and he died wishless and painless, and I wish I could die like that. I saw indeed in his death how a virtuous man is uplifted unto the bosom of Heavens, what sadgati [1] at death is, and what moksha [2] is! He is not here to give me one order more—Ah! I am a fatherless man—not destined to hear any further wishes from my father's lips. I saw the flames girt round his lips! I placed the sacred fire on his lifeless lips—they were open then, but powerless to wish his son to do any more behest. I wish I could go like that. He is *consumed*, or at least has left the womb of this mother-world, and has no doubt emerged into those higher regions where the diviner organism that lies dormant in man must have its play unto higher ends. And if it be true that

मरणे या मतिः सा गतिः।[3]

his was a non-attached [3] end, and he must have merged into the Dormant Essence of the Great Will and Force.

I hope I shall find time to write this beautiful life somewhere in its living freshness. The world otherwise wears a doleful woe. The Poonaites—Tilak and Natus & Co., are arrested, and a nervous Government

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[1] सद्गति. [2] मोक्ष. [3] वासनाहीन.

has lost its brains and reminded us of the practical working of that obsolete barbarous Regulation 25 of 1827! The persons at the head of the Government seem to fear a revival of 1857! The whole fear is baseless, and the means adopted to meet the supposed danger are devoid of commonsense. Where is a Viscount Canning?

The plague is gone but lingers, and cholera grows. Mortality in Bombay is again rising—it was 157 deaths yesterday. Father did not wish to risk our lives in such days, and has died like Bábar for Humáyun.

My wife and children are at Nadiad. Wife is required to take care of mother, and she, who would not obey my wishes for her own life when we were in danger, is now obedient in duty to mother! So Providence wills.

My eyes are not well, and the question of retirement seems to revive.

7th August, 1897.

All my people except self, brother and son are at Nadiad with two servants and Ichháshankar. The Diváli account will furnish tangible data to consider what will be the expenses of a six months' life if I retired and lived at Nadiad, and how far my means will be adequate to, or in excess of, these expenses. With eyes growing weak, duties to the country remaining in abeyance for want of retirement, I think I may arrange for a professional partnership which will lessen my work and my worry while I am in harness, and enable me to have an interest in the partnership profits after retirement, so as to be not quite dependent for my income on my capital only. Ramanik also may be old enough by the time and fit for a care less close than I now keep as a duty.

As for my duty to my country, I think it lies in a direction diametrically opposite to the one being pursued by the Poonaites. Their ways are suicidal, short-sighted and childish. I do not think they aspire to revive the wars and ways of Shivaji, as the Government suppose. Their only desire seems to be to kindle the flame of patriotism in the Maráthá bosom. But it can only be a vague and illiterate flame of which none will be able to make any head or tail, whether as regards the end to be achieved or the means to be handled. The flame may also mislead people into the fallacious ideal of a Hindu Rule and of a severance from England—an ideal which can do good to nobody and must end with itself. I had the ideal once when I was a child and could not see overhead, and the Poonaites seem to be like that.

Our proper ideal is such a civilised, enlightened and virtuous rule over India as will protect us against outsiders and develop our intrinsic progress, harmony and welfare. The severance of our connection with Government is not only unnecessary to this end, but is absolutely fatal to that end. The unity of England and India, a fusion of the children of both and of their interests, is an absolutely indispensable means to that end. We are in our eggs as yet, and the British Government alone can brood over our eggs and hatch and nourish us and train us into our true being. I think they will do it, and when that end is attained, the fusion will follow as a normal birth after the natural period of incubation. Patience is useful in the meanwhile, subject to such political moves as the Congress aspires to in order to be on the watch against the awakening of those lower instincts in Government personalities such as even parents cannot quite shake off, and to feed those flames of higher instincts which have been kindled in the hearts of both India and England.

12th October, 1897.

I just read the verses from father to son, in the 3rd part of my novel. They ended with the couplet :

"પિતાથી પુત્ર જ્યે ન્યારેા
પિતાને મૃત્યુનેા વારેા."(4)

I wrote this long ago. Little did I dream then that my own sweet loving father would give a serious turn to his last illness the moment I went to reside in the house allotted to me—the Dehlá ! That was also the moment when my brother came to Bombay as the plague was going down. I feel myself on the point of shedding tears. What a blow have I caused to one who loved so much—and was so tender at heart !

20th November, 1897.

The plague and famine have reduced my lay receipts, i.e., income from capital, to its lowest point. The whole of my family except me, son and brother is at Nadiad, where they live on the fullest liberal scale with two servants and a clerk. Their maximum expense there is just equal to the minimum income above noted. If I retire to Nadiad, brother's wife will come to Bombay, and sister and her children will live less under our roof. The increase in expense at Nadiad by my and my son's going there will thus be fully met by this decrease. I am therefore in a position to retire there.

The cash that will be necessary for meeting extra calls on marriages etc. has yet to be provided for, and I may wait until May or next November to see the turn of events, and observe if the difficulty is not met by that time. *Queer* if the present quarantine on professional income does not make further patience a danger rather than a safeguard in the matter.

As regards the numerous points for and against such absolute retirement, a consideration of them with that quiet and equanimous spirit I now possess shows that there is more to say in favour of such retirement than against it. To live at Nadiad will, as experience proves, mean *health* to all including Ramanik and me. He will have physical exercise there, and I can look after his education better for some time. I hope there will be balance enough at times to sojourn to Bombay and Matheran and the rest of India, and when there is no balance I can travel nearer home. My time will be better spent in reading, writing, etc. There is no use in living in Bombay and aspiring to be a jurist, or a rich or a famous man ; it can do no good to me or to my country. It can only keep up my pageantry a little longer, like that of Nanabhai Haridas, Vishwanath Mandlik and Shantaram Narayan. The Gujarat practice may go to Marathas or Gujaratis as it chooses ; it is sophistry to think of living here to secure Gujarat practice to Gujarati juniors ; it is quite within my power to do so ; but there is neither duty nor charm in it. Nor is it my duty to live here to supply the litigants with an experienced lawyer like myself ; there is conceit in that idea and legal experience will be lifted up into others by my retirement. My public duties can be better done in Bombay no doubt ; but what will be gained by so living will be out-done by the waste of time for money-earning by profession, without which it is impossible to live a Bombay living. I can keep up my touch and influence in Bombay when I sojourn from Nadiad. If God does not enable me to do so, I must take it that He does not wish me to do so. For my books I have made enough provision by my Book-fund. It may be that I may be able to get additional spasmodic gains by literary career after retirement, but I wish to leave it altogether out of sight at this moment. It may be that I may continue touch with profession even at Nadiad. I am, however, against any hankering after these little things *after*