

GOVARDHANRAM
MADHAVRAM TRIPATHI'S
SCRAP BOOK

Vol. VII

23 Sept. 1904 ——— 3 Nov. 1906

Edited by

KANTILAL C. PANDYA, Ph. D., etc.

Retired Professor of Chemistry. Agra ;

Author of " Sriyut Govardhanrām,"

" Vignān Mandir,"—Part I-II, etc.



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GOVARDHANRAM

Govardhanram Madhayram Tripáthi was born on October 20, 1855, at Nadiad in the heart of Gujarát. It was a Dashera day, one of the most auspicious days in the Hindu Calendar all over India.

Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, his childhood and his first fifteen or eighteen years were regarded by him as the happiest in his life. As he confessed in the dedication of "Sarasvatichandra" in 1887, to his "Cousin-Uncle" Manassukharám Suryarám Tripáthi, the latter sowed in him the seed of a happy mind and moulded his mind through all the vicissitudes of life.

The growing mind of Govardhanram drank deeply of Sanskrit and English literatures, of History and cognate subjects. It had begun to frame some important resolutions as principles of life, when the great storm burst over him. His wife and first child died first; his father's firm went bankrupt; unnerved, he committed a miscalculation as a result of which he failed in 1874 in the B.A. examination of the University of Bombay. Though he passed it the next year, he was left penniless and at the mercy of relatives, and incurred serious and persistent maladies of the body and of the mind.

He was forced to accept a small post as the personal secretary to Samaldas, the gifted Diwán of Bhávnagar. Bhávnagar life was full of many difficulties, in which his second wife brought a ray of much-needed sunshine.

Facing extraordinary health and financial troubles, he persisted in his study of Law, and after several failures, passed it in 1883. Then true to his resolutions, and with empty pockets, he migrated to the Bombay High Court in June 1884.

He flourished extraordinarily well, refusing lucrative appointments, all through life, from Cutch and Baroda and Junagadh. He succeeded in paying up all the debts of his father and maintained a family of about a dozen members in Bombay for about fifteen years. And yet he did an incredible amount of literary work of the highest importance side by side.

"Sarasvatichandra" Part I was published in 1887; "Sneha-Mudrá" (The Seal of Love), a poetic composition, in 1889; "Sarasvatichandra" Part II in 1892. These quickly took the people by storm, that was most unusual and unparalleled in Gujarati. His popularity was then unequalled.

ગોવર્ધન સ્મૃતિ મંદિરે -

પ્રવેશ કર મંદિરે, અતિથિ! ઈંદ્રમૂળ તળા
 ન કે લઘુ ખોરકે, પળ બૃહત્ મનો રાજ્યમાં.
 ત્યાં કુમુદ દિવ્ય અશ્રુ પ્રતિમા, વસન્તાદર્શ આ
 મૂલે કુસુમ રુપકાન્તિ, દમકે 'કિરોરી, જમે
 સુશીલલ સુહાગરાગ ગુણસુંદરી, સાન્વલના
 સ્વલંબ ચિર આત્મરંગ બકી સુદા ચંદ્રાવલી.
 અહો પ્રાગયઓધ, દાહ રામલી અહો કાફળી!

યુરોપ દૃતિ ધોધ, માત્ર મહિમા રહી પ્રાફુલ્લ
 પુનઃ વિષમ વર્તમાન અહીં ગર્લદા રો લયે?
 દુકુમ્બ રસલોલ, જોદ્યમ સમાજ, દર્મે ધુરા
 બહે દુરિણ રાજ્યના, - સ-કલ પ્રેરતી શ્રી બધે
 વધે કયમ સરસ્વલી - વિદ્યુ લળી ફલા? સ્વપ્ન એ
 અહીં દ્યુતિલ ઓખમાં સુલગ લે હું આંજી અને
 પ્રવેશ કર, સૌમ્ય હે અતિથિ! આત્મસામ્રાજ્યમાં.

ઉમાશંકર.



Govardhanram Madhavram Tripathi

20-10-1855]

[4-1-1907

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“I see friends growh or growing far richer than myself, and they have my blessings. I saw my deceased daughter in the depth of misery, and she had my blessing. I saw my son injured by my withdrawing him from School, and yet even now able to do no more than attempt to stand up without legs—even the matric has become a hopeless matter for him, and yet he works for it : I weep not, repent not, but he has my blessings yet. There are among those whom I see near and far off, the vicious, the wrong ones, and those whom the world curses with justice : I only bless them all. My blessing to those whom the world curses is that they improve and deserve not the curses. My blessing to the happy is that they grow to deserve their happiness which is unsteady. My blessing to the unhappy is that they be happy. My blessings flow all around, whatever they may be worth as a fact. I have lived blessing all and wish to die blessing all.”

GOVARDHANRĀM

FOREWORD

This is the seventh and the last of the Scrap-books left behind by Govardhanrám.

These were begun by Govardhanrám, more than 72 years ago, in January 1885, after he had just got on his feet in his profession at Bombay. True to the times, he wrote all the seven in English, not daily but as necessary, stopping ultimately in November 1906, in his last illness. An unexpected, an unthought of, but still a great advantage of the English language will be that the books in the original will be read by many outside Gujarát and outside India, even by those who cannot read his "Sarasvatichandra" but can now read the English Scrap-Books !

Started in 1885, the first "Scrap-Book" had all the character its name implies : it contained lists of articles in various periodicals and lists of books on various subjects, which he was reading, or which he meant to read, as well as his own Abstracts of many things that he had read. The Book contained barely fifty pages taken up by his thoughts and by his essays.

The second note-book started in continuation of the first, in April 1891, and much of its character was then modified. The actual Scraps began at one end, and his thoughts observations, etc., began at the other ; both met and interspersed somewhere about the middle ! The 3rd note-book had just a little of the Scraps ; later, the Scrap-character disappeared altogether, leaving behind the character of a most faithful friend to which the lonesome writer always opened his whole heart, in supposed privacy, on every subject of use or interest. It is, in fact, astonishing to see the different topics entered in these and the very great depth to which Govardhanrám pursued them.

Although Govardhanrám had no idea of publication of these, these seven note-books have passed through

many hands after 1907. Prof. T. K. Gajjar committed "a friendly robbery of a friendly dacoit" in 1905, and took away to Bombay some of the Scrap-books and some other manuscripts. Probably his literary secretary, who was no less than the extraordinary young man of Gujarát and the father of the Gujaráti Sáhitya-Parishad, Ranajittrám Vávábhái Mehtá also went through them. As typed copies of many passages of the Scrap-books were made, it is quite likely that some others also had an access. After Govardhanráms death, on the 4th of January, 1907, these books passed on to his brother Narharrám (of N. M. Tripáthi & Co.,) and to his son Ramaniyarám. I had two glimpses myself, the first in 1909, while I was entrusted with the preparation of the biographical manual ("Sriyut Govardhanráms"), and, the second, after about a score of years, these books were allowed to be taken to Agra, and I had them for a very short period. They were then passed on by Ramaniyarám to Prof. B. K. Thákore, who had edited the "Sákshar-Jeevan" and later was working on the "Adhyátma-Jeevan." Prof. Thákore read all the books, evidently, with his characteristic thoroughness, and left some notes, many pencil-marks and a few useful corrections.

The Govardhanráms Memorial Committee of Bombay, succeeded in getting possession of these fragile-leaved books, about a year after the Nadiád Centenary celebrations in October 1955 were performed : arrangements were then made to have good typed copies of the whole. The work is still in progress. In my view this is the best service to Govardhanráms rendered by the Committee.

The seventh volume has been chosen as the first publication, not only because it was the first fully copied and is small (less than a hundred pages being used of the note-book), and best-preserved, but *also* because it embraces a very important period in the life of Govardhanráms and in the life of our country. I expect,

therefore, that, even though half a century has passed since Govardhanrám died, readers will easily fall in pace with the writer.

After every Dasherá-birthday, Govardhanrám used to take (and write in the Scrap-books) a review of the last year's work done and of the programme proposed for the new year. Three such—1904, 1905, 1906—are included in this volume. They portray his activities, his studies and his thinkings, no less than his anxieties regarding the health of himself and family, and also regarding his numerous monetary difficulties.

Perhaps the best and the most attractive portions of this book are those that give graphic accounts—not yet available otherwise—of his great friendship with Prof. T. K. Gajjar—a friendship of the greatest man of Letters with the greatest man of Science, till then produced by Gujarát, or perhaps by Western India.

Lord Curzon's regime, which unintentionally brought about the *first* Indian Awakening after 1857, synchronises with the period in this volume, and the comments of Govardhanrám are only what can be expected from the author of "*Sarasvatichandra*"—particularly of the 3rd and the 4th volumes. Politics in India, as well as in Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Japan, and elsewhere, held a great interest for him.

The ill-health of everyone in his family, as well as the plague that broke out in Bombay, first in 1897-8, raised perpetual problems. It is a pity that the modern developments in medicine and in Sanitation came so very late. Yet Govardhanrám's interest in Homoeopathy was practical and personal, and no less profound, as shown by his *various* successes.

Govardhanrám the Man stands out of these books; he makes no attempt to hide his weaknesses and difficulties, (rather he assesses them) or to bolster up his strong points. The writer of the four volumes of *Sarasvatichandra* has been acknowledged to be the greatest *at least* in Gujarát; probably Govardhanrám

the MAN who thought most of others, and of his Duty first and last, will appear, under many different lights and shades, to be greater still.

I must not forget to say how very grateful I am to Sanmukhabhái (J. Pandya) who is not only one of my best and oldest friends, but has been also a most valued colleague, especially on the Govardhanram Memorial Committee. I cannot think of anyone doing so much, with such a goodwill and affection, with such a sincere respect for Govardhanram, and still with so little show. Thanks are also due to N. M. Tripáthi (Pri.) Ltd, for publishing this.

KANTILAL C. PANDYA

Khár

13th October 1957

GOVARDHANRAM

SCRAP-BOOK 7.

23rd September, 1904.

The last Scrap-Book is closed in the way noted in its last pages. Family matters involving judgment against any of them must, according to that note, find no place in this or any other book. Materials for such judgment, in their briefest form, may only be entered in my diary book (1), but not here, and even that on the fewest occasions. This book is to be confined to only matters involving my judgment against myself, to matters of personal and family history, subject to the above exception, and even these matters must be minimised, and even avoided altogether when possible.

Current events outside the family and of public interest, my own literary matters, family or personal matters of the distant past, etc., may fill this book.

It is 6 years since I retired. I am 49 years old. My health shows a backward retreat, and I am now without my mother. Brother, daughters and son are old enough, and I and my God, and my books and pen are an enough world to form a whole by themselves, and it matters little if the walls and the structure dilapidate by internal or external agency, and bring on a death tomorrow.

It is one month and a half between 11th August and this day. Since the former date my morning business has consisted of making indexes (i) 'Laghu Yogavásishtha'¹, (ii) Devies' English version of 'Sánkhyā-Kárikās'² by Ishvara Krishna, (iii) 'Sánkhyā-Darshan'³ of Kapila,⁴ and (iv) Pátanjali's 'Yoga Sūtras and

1. लघुयोगवासिष्ठ. 2. सांख्यकैतिका. 3. सांख्यदर्शन. 4. कपिल.

Bhášhya.¹ Haeckel's 'Riddle of the Universe' has been read, and notes drawn from it, in index form, in the afternoons. The drawing up of one M.A. Gujaráti paper, revising Lilávati's Biography and Appendices (latter not yet finished), and preparing two articles for contribution, one for 'East and West' and the other for 'Indian Review'—these finish my literary work in the above time. 'Isha and Kena Upanishads'² which were translated by Jivrám Shástri, are now printed and bound, and will be soon sent to Bombay. They are in memory of Lilávati (2).

The new University Fellows are almost all elected and appointed. I cease to be a Fellow most properly. The Tibet Expedition sent by Government is over. Russia and Japan have together lost about a lakh of men by this time in their war, which will, it seems, go on long enough. We in India were threatened with a famine which is half averted by sudden rains. But imported cases of plague have taken place in this town, and the villages surrounding have more or less of plague.

My wife complains that the serenity with which my 'gnánadrishti'³ enables me to look at family matters has become difficult for her and, says she, she gets ruffled when her beneficent efforts are misrepresented and she is reviled in a hundred ways to the contrary. I put her case on a par with that of Anglo-Indian Viceroys, etc., whose good motives are misjudged, with this exception that the beneficence of the Viceroys has an alloyed and equivocal character, while that of my wife is neither alloyed nor equivocal. The consolation that one does his or her duty, without caring for results, is less practical for both of these, for both have hearts not quite philosophical. A woman of this kind and a Viceroy of this kind have quite divergent reasons for being in one category on this last point. But the former feels

1. पातंजलि योगसूत्र and भाष्यम्. 2. ईश and केन उपनिषद्
3. ज्ञानदृष्टि.

that her God is with her, and she thinks that her good deeds will ultimately meet a better end one unknown day under the Karma¹ Theory. The Viceroy has no such certainty of a law of results, but is rewarded by official praise, self-complacent theories of this work, and, no doubt, the ideas—that the people of this country may, but the people of their country *shall*, be benefitted by their doings—are enough to reward their sense of gains, while ethical gains are subordinate to worldly and national gains in political consciences.

The theory of justice involved in most systems of moral philosophy is no more than the illusion of poetic justice in the eyes of Science. Our 'Karma theory'¹ is but a story of ghosts to the moral philosopher as well as to the scientists of Europe. With my philosophy, Science itself is a poem of ghosts as much as Karma¹ and Justice, and a higher vision is the only way to secure higher action.

28th September, 1904.

I have stopped my communicativeness in this book on family matters. But I ought to stop it in conversations also even to friends. It is quite inconsistent with my retirement and its haven. In practice it is useless and at times mischievous. Besides, I am verbose by nature and lack that useful thing called laconism. Verbosity in me is an infliction upon others and a waste of my energy. But to cure the defect now I must throw attention on that side every now and then, and my absorption in literary pursuits makes me too absent-minded in other directions to enable me to be attentive in this way. But I can afford to be uncommunicative in these matters, for my retirement has almost made me forget all life in myself, and the extension of that forgetfulness in this direction will be easier.

1. कर्म.

My brother has long since been complaining that I cannot of late keep secrets. He is perfectly right, for my life now is intended to have no secrets, and is unconsciously moulded into the habit of neither having them nor keeping them. This not 'keeping', however, does injustice to those who, being in my charge and not having my life, have secrets to keep and seek my counsel. Justice to them can only be done by receiving impressions, but not imparting them at all. I cannot begin to impart and modify or reduce the imparting. Non-communicativeness in these matters is, therefore, due for this reason.

What goes out of my lips as personal matters is naturally interpreted by others as if I were pouring my own personality through it, and my own personality cannot be differentiated by my hearers from that of the ordinary worldly being. Thus, when I try to cool down my wife when she complains against servants, even then for some time she cannot help thinking and complaining that I think better of the servants than of herself, though of course she ceases to think like that as soon as she grows calm. If I speak complacently of her before the best friend of my family, my reputation for impartiality sinks in his eyes, and any talk on my part, say of matters between mother and my brother's wife—is confounded with my comparing my wife more favourably as against my brother's wife, even though the two are not mentioned together. In fact, it is human nature that fails to see other than human nature of the ordinary type in me, and my own absorption into a life that has changed my vision makes me fail to calculate that human nature will judge me by its own standards. This is an additional reason for my holding my tongue in matters other than impersonal.

Perhaps it will take long for me to succeed in this suppression of a habit with me. But it is a new habit which has grown upon me since retirement, and I hope, after repeated failures, I shall at last succeed.

29th September, 1904.

Nay, I think, for some time I have succeeded in suppressing it. I have drifted into the above judgment, not because I was guilty of any starting of any communication for communication's sake, but because, having started a communication for a right object, I drifted into a superfluous methodless verbosity, the verbosity being the usual fault, and the want of method being the result of the desuetude of my communicativeness in such matters for some months, the desuetude having deprived me of all art, and of all intention to use an art, in making the communication, and the superfluity being due to the want of method so grown upon me.

As a matter of fact, I have always been wanting in *that* spirit of holding secrets of one's own grievances, which, innately and successfully, ruled my Lilāvati's breast and which I described in the lines

તે તું રહેતી ભાર અતુલ ક્ષમ, કહેતી ન કાઈને વાત. (૩)

This was a spirit which did belong to me during those days of bewildering adversities, when Lilāvati was born, which began to leave me when prosperity loosened the healthy self-restraints taught by adversities, and made me recklessly blabber out the truthful and yet unnecessary communications, which the introduction of poor Vishnulaxmi into my family filled the whole family with for which the responsibilities lay on her heredity and parents as much as on her 'Karma Purusha'.¹ The shortcomings have been remedied a great way, but if she has improved by 6 inches, others in the family have improved by several feet of measurement, and her own consciousness of her effort in the right direction has kept her ignorant of the distance by which she has been left behind by the efforts of others to improve themselves in a gigantic fashion. This inequality will explain

1. કર્મપુરુષ.

many notes in the last Scrap-Book, and will be illustrated by the reference in the first note of this book to my wife's remark about her own failing effort to rival my 'gnánadrishṭi'¹ which I tried to show her by the remark, "Supposing our Jasu or Jayanti were bad, we would not have given them up or our love for them, and I would treat Vishnulaxmi as an additional daughter in this matter". That is a remark which has ruled my soul, and partially my wife's too, for many years, but how is the world to see that? The difference between us two, has been that she began with intense love for the wife of one whom she considered her brother, and she relapsed into a philosophical love and unconcern, as the love of her womanly heart manifested itself as being neither convenient nor reciprocated with equal fervour. My own love has been philosophical for all to some extent from the beginning and has divested itself of all poetical and sentimental rinds and crusts, with the growth of my philosophy, and my love of my mother, wife, and children has been simply philosophical for more than ten years. The only persons whom I have loved with mixed* philosophy and poetry are now my uncle Mr. Manassukharám and my brother, while my father too was in the same category, and so too was my Lilávati. This history of my mind will explain the various phases which my blabbering habits, whether in this book or out of it, have undergone ever since the habits began and grew or changed. I now propose to relapse into that silence and reticence, which the adversities of my twenties had taught me, which Lilávati so masterfully practised in her teens and until her death, and which alone befit my 'present age,' my philosophy, and my present surroundings and purpose of life. This is specially necessary in as much as any breaking of the ice in these matters is likely to awaken

1. ज्ञानदृष्टि.

that verbosity which may unconsciously drift me into a violation of that golden maxim of high life and talk, viz.,

आत्मोत्कर्षे तथा निन्दां परेषां परिवर्जयेत् । (4)

meant not only of talk but of inner thought as well.

1st October, 1904.

Last night's dream : The Emperor-King gave a new constitution to India : viz., a Cabinet of Executive officers, half Indian and half English, freed from the control of Home Government, the natives included Congressmen. The Native Princes also were allowed to form a House of the Principal Chiefs for Imperial State Concerns, and to superintend the individual States, in place of Political Agents and superiors (5). The Constitution was communicated to this country and accepted by means of a new institution which worked like a loud telephone between India and England over the seas, and was audible like a thunder over both countries.

8th October, 1904.

More dreams last night. In one I saw my High Court friend Chaubal in Bombay Streets. In another I resided in a house with broken doors, and looked out in the street with my children by my side, while a great riot had broken out and the rioters were expected — they were Mahomedans. In another I solved some difficulties from ' Vág Bhatt '¹, which I have been reading.

9th October, 1904.

A dream last night : A very long thin serpent lay extended between the middle of the ' Parsál '², of my family house (now Narhar's) and the ' Foiválo Ordo '³ of the same through ' chok '⁴ and room in front of the old Mandir. My mother who was in the latter locality

1. वाग्भट्ट. 2. पडसाल. 3. फोइवाळो ओरडो. 4. चोक. 5. मन्दिर.
Gujarati names of different rooms in the house.

placed a heavy thing over the seipent's mouth and ran down to the 'Parsál'¹, and we two joined in cutting his long tail there piece by piece, and the dream was over during the attempt.

My deceased sister has left an Autobiography with the names thinly veiled, but everything is depicted with accuracy and literary power, with her own mind and heart — the intelligent mind and the good heart reflected in it. It is an incomplete fragment abruptly terminating with an episode between her and her husband. Her character-sketches are highly creditable. I discovered the manuscript with her elder daughter and her son-in-law, upon inquiry made, on being informed of such a manuscript by Mr. Ganpatráam Anupráam Trivedi, whose wife was my sister's friend and neighbour at Junágadh, and who sent me the clue through him, on his permitting me to append one of his letters to Lilá-vati's biography.

My 'nivritti'² has become the extreme of 'pravritti'³ to my wife, who has to get up at times at 3.30 a.m., and usually at 4.30 a.m., Madras time. The strain upon her energies, owing to the deaths of her, and my mothers, etc., and consequent caste-dinners, etc., is great, and daughters, staying with husbands, cannot come to her relief. I give her servants, but cannot give a cook, and the way to relieve her has become an urgent, and yet difficult problem.

18th October, 1904

It is Dashera⁴, and I enter upon my 50th year by the native calendar today. Last Dashera⁴, note was on 1st October 1903, which begins with the fate of Ramaniya. That fate has not improved since. He went to Ahmedabad school last June, and, after 4 days' attendance, had very sore eyes and granulations, depriving him of all

पडसा लं. 2. निवृत्ति. 3. प्रवृत्ति. 4. दशेरा.

touch with books, and doctors' medicines proving useless for two months. It fell to my lot to treat him with homoeopathy (6), and he has been almost cured last seven days or so, and goes up for matric to have a chance against all changes and hopes, with a month's reading available to him. I do not think he will pass at all.

This whole year has been one of domestic struggles and adversities, as noted in the last Scrap-Book, and leaves me a motherless man — I feel even at this age this motherlessness — I wish fondly she were not dead so soon.

As regards my literary activity in the midst of all distractions, they are noted in the notes from 9 Dec. 03, 24-1-04, 29-1-04, 25-2-04, 3-3-04, 26-3-04, 24-4-04, 30-4-04, 13-5-04, 19-7-04, and 23-9-04. Since the last date note, I have finished (i) my review of Manmath Malik's 'Problem of Existence', (ii) an article 'The Key-stone to the Economics of Hinduism'; the former sent to the 'Indian Review' and the latter meant for the 'East and West'. I have *almost* completed my notes from 'Ashtāṅga Hridaya'¹ by Vāg Bhatt², (Dr. Kunte's edition), and a day or two's more work remains out of it. Hārīt Samhitā³ by 'Ātreyamuni'⁴ and Charak Samhitā⁵ are on my table, and I have only superficially glanced over them, and do not propose to read them, as neither contains Physiology or Anatomy. Charak⁵ contains much of medicine and surgery, while Harita³ is a most interesting work giving us the medical aspects of localities, seasons, herbs, vegetable and animal food varieties, etc. 'Sushruta'⁶ professes to be a pupil of 'Dhanvantari'⁷. All three are very ancient works. 'Nādi-Parikshā'⁸ is a recent thing.

My health has improved comparatively, but if I may judge by the stage to which this year has brought

1. अष्टांगहृदय. 2. वाग्भट्ट. ३. हारीतसंहिता. 4. आत्रेयमुनि. 5. चरक-संहिता. 6. सुश्रुत. 7. धन्वंतरि. 8. नाडीपरीक्षा.

my body, I can say that the 72 years of age given for me in my horoscope (67) is an absurd and impossible hoax, that more than 10 years I cannot live in the natural course of things, and that half that period may be my probable age, while any mishap in these days of disturbed conditions may give me the quietus, for which I am fully ready. There is at least no hope of improvement.

Ramaniya's health is good ; but his educational career is wrecked, and he is making that 'manly' effort to retrieve it, which the sinking man catching at the foam is supposed to make. The hope of seeing my brother taking care of all my family in my old age, is completely blasted for ever, without any fault of his, and it is thus impossible to send Ramaniya to Bombay for education or any thing. My own physical infirmity has made me a cripple in being of any use in assisting him in making his way either at the school or in life either. He has begun to think of a profession if he fails and fails in his efforts for education, and has started a correspondence with the International Correspondence School authorities ! I should have expected a better luck to this unfortunate boy, but the expectation fails for reasons which, by the resolution noted at the end of the last book and at the outset of this book, must not be noted. Had I not retired from profession, this misfortune would not have befallen him. To my lot is left the misfortune of having brought this lot upon him and me ; and when I have to seek philosophy as an antidote to pain at these thoughts, and to blushing, when people, expecting *my* son to be something worthy of myself, ask me how far he has advanced in education, I take it that the necessity of using that antidote is a deserved punishment which I must be prepared to accept as a necessary, though uncalculated, part of that sacred sacrifice which I undertook to make when I retired under high inspiration.

Such is the Balance-sheet of my life during the year which closes with this day. The Great Will wills it.

My sacred or devotion¹ work, in memory of my birthday 49 years ago, has consisted today of readings in the little things 'Tatvábodha'¹ and 'Harimeede Stotra'² in the philosophies of my Vishnudás³ in my volumes III and IV, and in the mission of life preached by my Chandrávali,⁴ so sweetly and so boldly, to my hero. I have been moved into something like tears by reading the last scenes between hero and Kumud. This was my poetry for today. I saw this morning the Maṇḍir⁵ where my mother worshipped and the Shreeji loved of both my parents; I talked with sister and with Ramanik's mother—we turn ourselves today into philosophical beings, having no subject to talk of with each other, and each leaving the other absolutely free to follow his or her mission of life, which in the one case is literary, and in the other that domestic drudgery which my retirement has so heavily imposed upon her, and from which I do not know when I shall be able to relieve her. Nor do I know when that higher spiritual life which she craves for can be brought near her lot while I am what I am in life. To bring her so is an unredeemed promise. Had I not retired, that promise would have been redeemed. But now she has forgotten both 'Laghu Kaumudi'⁶ and 'Vicháraságar'⁷, etc., because my retirement has meant her conversion into a whole day drudge.

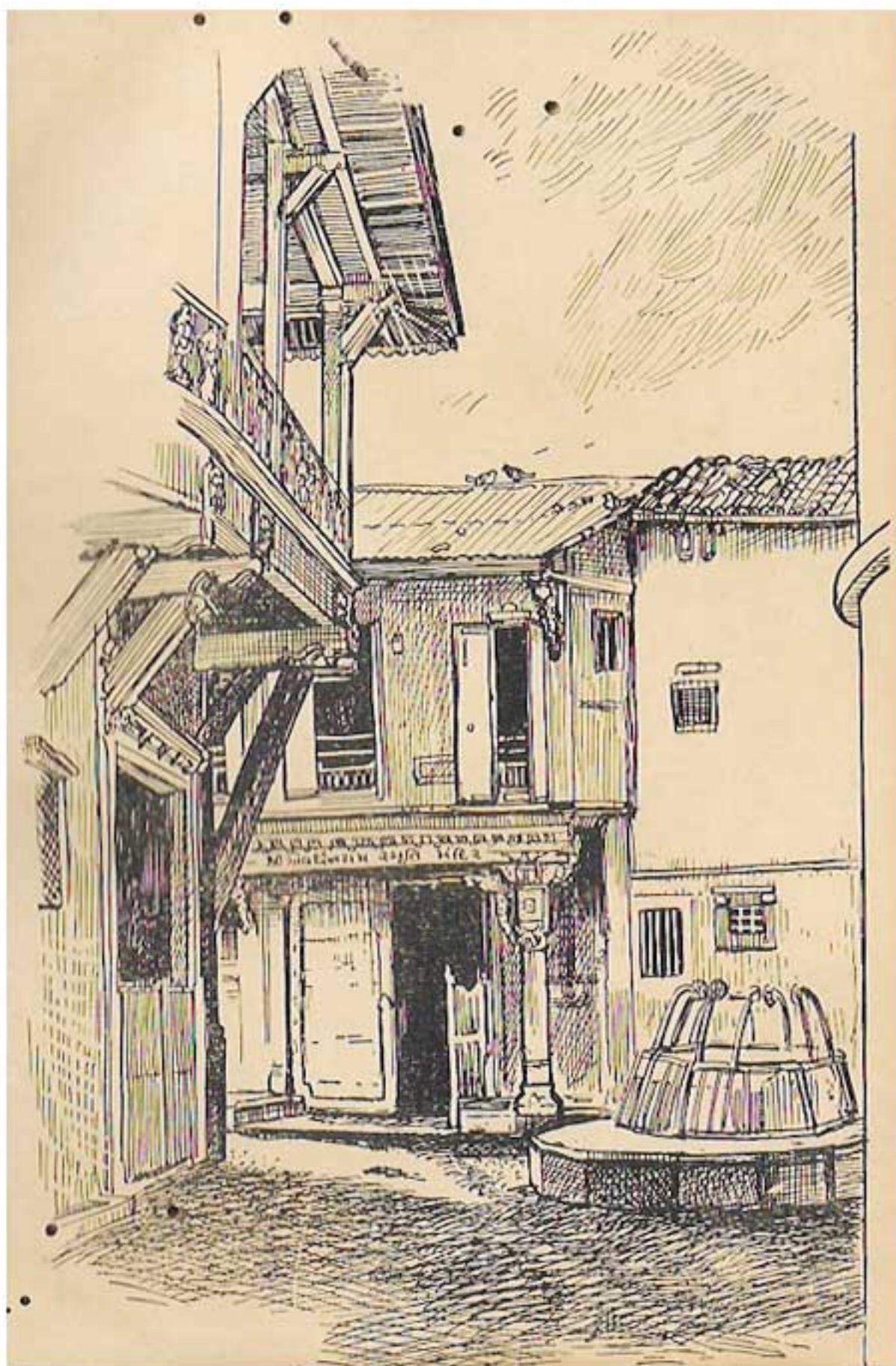
19th October, 1904.

The thoughts of 'Sanyása'⁸ appear on the brain like drifted clouds that are opposed by heavy currents of air. If a man goes in for Sanyása⁸ the state⁹ of health ought to serve as no counter-consideration on the threshold of a form of life which involves indifference to such matters. But my Sanyása⁸ would

1. तत्त्वावबोध. 2. हरिमीडे स्तोत्र. 3. विष्णुदास. 4. चन्द्रावली.
5. मन्दिर. 6. लघुकौमुदी. 7. विचारसागर. 8. संन्यास.

only be counted if it were a duty, for to me life in any one form is, in personal matters, as good as life in any other form. I sought retirement, not because I felt any sad experiences in profession, or any charm in the mere ease and laziness of retirement, but because money-earning and profession were to my mind mere waste of time and energy, and had no meaning bearing on the mission of my life, after God gave me the means to live on without it, and because calls to higher duties could not be met without retirement. Those calls still exist, and if 'Sanyása'¹ could make me meet them better, that form of life would be my duty. 'Sanyása'¹ with me health and in the conditions of modern age, would disable me from meeting the calls as adequately as my present life, and hence arises a duty to stick to this life. My duties to meet these calls in this way would cease to exist, the moment I felt that I was an unwelcome guest to my present hosts at home. That unwelcoming condition is not only absent, but my Sanyása¹ would mean to these hosts an unwelcome condition which I have no right to inflict upon them, so long as no higher duty calls upon me to be so cruel to them. Nay, at least to my wife, I am bound, by the solemn promise of marriage, to be at her disposal and at her side, until she dies, and no duty that Sanyása¹ can mean can relieve me from this promise. She would not permit me to leave her, unless I take her with me—for she is to a certain extent as good a 'Sanyási'² as myself, and in some points even better, and it is impossible to go as a married 'Sanyási'² in that way—a 'Vānaprastha'³ which would expose her to evils the moment I died, or even got unwell. I feel bound, therefore, to remain at home as God has placed me here. I only see that I do not add my burden to my wife's life, so far as I can, and, though she takes all the pleasure a loving and dutiful wife ought to, in studying my wants and ministering to them, it becomes my constant care to see

1. संन्यास. 2. संन्यासी. 3. वानप्रस्थ.



Shree Govardhanram Smriti Mandir
Author's House at Nadiad
Ground Floor: Entrance; First Floor: Study Room

that *I live like a 'Sanyāsi'*¹ at home and have no wants which she may study or minister to beyond the 'bhikshā'² of a daily meal to give me, which has become her first concern in life, for she has peeped through my heart and seen that I would avoid giving her even that trouble, if I could;—she does more for me than I ever can for her, and I fail to see that wickedness—if not that negligence—which makes husbands blind to the burdens which they are imposing on their wives. Whatever others may be doing, I for one cannot do that, and I only see my duty to her and no rights of mine, and I tremble at times as I see that I cannot adequately do my duty to her, but have even been the instrument of adding to her drudgery and not keeping her relieved, to follow higher pursuits. Her marriage with me has imposed high and heavy duties on her in respect of my relatives, my children and my house. She cannot be persuaded to slacken her pace or be remiss in her duties to anybody, and I only assist her by giving her a free hand in all her dutiful wishes and ways—for she has none others than dutiful—and by giving her servants to be at her disposal; and even still her work does not save her from working from 4 a.m. to 9 or 10 p.m. with an hour's siesta, which is not always at her command. My 'Sanyāsa'³ at home consists in enabling her to have all the liberty of will and action that she would have if I were away on the Himālayas, and for the burdens I impose on her by staying at home, I try to render compensation in this poor way. It is only fortunate that she cannot understand English and cannot read this note, for if she could read this, I would add another one to her full load of anxieties and work. I only hope her lot may improve after this year of obsequial dinners for mother, mother-in-law and others is over—a hope which can be valid only if no fresh incidents were in store for her life.

1. संन्यासी. 2. भिक्षा. 3. सन्यास

And it is not that the want of her consent is the only thing that stands in the way of my 'Sanyása'¹. My literary duties would be all the same, even if she were dead, and new duties may crop up or health may bar my way. These are, however, useless thoughts at present. Enough that my present duties advise no change of life; but if they did so advise, I am as ready to court that change as I courted when I retired. D. V. 'Sanyása'¹ *at home* is the only solution to all present problems, subject to qualifications above seen.

15th November, 1904.

In my yesterday's morning dream I was at Dákor, and composed a 'bhajan'² of which the only line I remember is the last one, saying

ତୁ ଧନୀ ଗ୍ନ କୃଷ୍ଣମୁଖରସ ପ୍ୟାସୀ (୫).

The dream was no doubt suggested by my visit to Mr. Krishnamukhrám Átmárám, an old friend, at Sevaklál's bungalow, where Police Inspector Pránshankar had arranged a 'bhajan'² party two days ago.

My health is weak, and I do not know whether I shall pick up courage and ability to go up for examining at M.A. at Bombay on the 25th or so. It seems as if, at this age, now 50th year, I could not pull on with the work of life, as I did when I retired 6 years ago. The days of sinking have dawned upon me and I am indifferent to their work. It will be a duty done if I could wind up the affairs of life before my machine stops for ever, but I don't care—I'll do what I can! It is the function of the Great Will to see to what it wills.

In the meanwhile, I am pursuing my studies for new investigations as 'if I was immortal'. My studies in Western and Sanskrit Physiology are over, and I am now manipulating the clearing up of confused ideas so as to pave the way to introduce myself into the obscu-

1. ସନ୍ୟାସ. 2. ଭଜନ.

rities of the Upanishads by my new light. The ideas of our Physiology may then be turned into a single whole forming a chapter by itself, and may then be published, as the first instalment of my work. It may assist our medical men in understanding our medical works and further the cause of the latter, by introducing the former into a subject where they may thereby be enabled to progress, though they are unable to understand at present even its first principles (9). I may look upon this as a gain to the people, even if I may not live to do more.

At home, I may note down what I have abstained from noting at any previous stage. I earned about one lakh and eight thousand rupees, between 1878 and my retirement, began to save something only 7 years or so before retirement, and saved about Rs. 30,000, in investments and cash, in addition to ornaments, house, furniture and books, which all may be worth Rs. 20,000, or so. My investments have depreciated by Rs. 10,000, and my idea of saving the income of my publications every year, so as to make it available for further publications, has not only had to be given up, but my ordinary expenses eat up that amount without covering the loss by depreciation. Poor as I think I must be worth a lakh ; so would I have been if the calls on my purse had been less and my conscience had been easier, or if I had not retired. I have deliberately chosen to retire upon the footing of these limits to my means, and am happy to have so retired after this expense and with this conscience. My inability to save anything now is a matter with which I feel in no wise concerned, so long as God enable me and mine in this world to live without stint on any necessary matters and, when such stints come over us now, I have only to remember the stints felt by me in the past, near and distant, and by my Lilāvati to a thousandfold extent.

I only wish I could be prepared to leave this arena

in the hands of my people after seeing them able to manage what I am managing.

Ramaniya's matric (examination) began yesterday.

I have sent up Lilávati's Biography, etc., and a review of Kábráji's work in Gujaráti to Bombay. I have also taken up my poem on 'Tatvánand and Rasa-Sundari'¹ left off since 1887; but have again left it off, on account of more urgent calls on my time and for want of enough health for more work. Messrs. Ānandshankar and Uttamlál, to whom it was submitted during their visit to me, told me that it would not be as abstruse as I thought, and pressed for its publication, and hence my taking it up again.

Obsequial expenses after mother will amount to Rs. 1,400/-between me and brother, and I wish to see if I could find out the way for Ramaniya to spend only half the amount on my death, so that his mother's feelings may not see unfilial conduct in him. The question of putting him in the way to life hangs over my head as much as that of his further education—I say—D. V. I must leave him to God, and His ways and wishes.

My own desire to think more directly of God than I have been doing, cannot yet be fulfilled as the preliminaries are not yet over. Meditation of Him and Me requires Inspiration and Assistance, and the two latter depend on conditions which the present circumstances are inevitably delaying. So at present the *Laborari et Orari* is my only stage. I am keeping a delicate and descending health with Homoeopathy, and find that poor doctors 'are fools,' and can neither account for my maladies nor show the remedies. So Homoeopathy eats up a part of my time. My mind, however, craves for more direct union with the Highest

1. तत्त्वानन्द अन रससुन्दरी.

High by knowledge, meditation and practice. But my work is uphill !

19th November, 1904.

I have begun, since the 17th, inhalation and exhalation, as prescribed in the Psychic Research Society's tract on Zoism—a first and small step.

Last night I saw my mother and father in my dreams. In one dream I returned from cemetery after beginning the cremation of my mother and found my father awaiting my return at home. I sat on the threshold of my old house on the Mandir side and wept intensely for my dead mother, thus reversing the history of my father's predecease and mother's survival, and my weeping intensely for my father and not at all for mother in fact. Mother was at once seen in the dream, skipping nimbly on her toes and jumping away like a hopping to the Mandir from the threshold, and disappearing on being recognised as a beneficent ghost. In another dream we sat and perhaps talked in some novel place, she showing her concern for me—more details are forgotten. The only thing in the day to stimulate the dreams was my writing a postcard to Mr. Ānandshankar, asking him to inform his good mother, Manibā, that I did not agree with her in her desire to quit the worldly stage so soon, for I too wanted her to be my mother, in place of my own mother. With all the complaints that sons may make while parents live, the loss of parents, with the balance in favour of their merits, among which their love forms the central and unforgettable figure, is indeed irreparable. Theirs is a love which thinks not, judges not, waits not, falters not, whether they are fools or savants. Philosophy dries up such love from breasts like mine, and yet cannot dry up the love so absolutely as to make us heartless stones.

26th November, 1904.

Is all divine music—all 'divine work—sweet in reality? Is there not hideous cruelty and proud egoism in Russia's breast, when it compels Japan to go to war in self-defence? Is not this the attitude of individuals and other empires and conquerors, past and present? Is sin sweet—that sin which rules so many breasts and ruins them and others? Is there sweetness in my own mundane life—full of bad health and other adversities? Was there sweetness in poor Lilāvati's lot? Why did I then say —

“ विश्वसतार विविध रग धरी निशादिन वागी रह्युं ते
तारतार सङ्गे हृष्टी रत्ना ते मधुरं गायन थाये ”

—a song I sang in the days of my youth under no small adversities?

That sweetness does not exist permanently in any human experience. Things are sweet and bitter by turns to individual and nations, and this duality of sweetness and bitterness is a necessary accompaniment of individual personalities. But if one looks at things from the evolutionary or monistic stand-point, what is bitter is not bitter, and what is sweet is not sweet. The cosmic apparatus can be only realised by an impersonal vision which sees a gigantic drama of cosmic life passing through all shades of lights and colours, including the microscopic feelings of bitterness and sweetness, sin and virtue, to the human atom. The permanent flow of these shades into one another through infinite space and time, lifts one's mind unto a vision which is a uniform and unbroken mass of sweetness or of vanity, accordingly as one thinks of the beauty of the kaleidoscopic vision or of the unreality which that vision consists of and presents on the outer surface of the Real One, the term 'surface' being but an inadequate expression to signify the relative position of the Relative to the Absolute. Steeped in this sweetness one lives and moves in the Dream, while the Dreamer knows that he

is dreaming only. Thus it is that all is sweet for ever, and yet all is an 'Adhyása' for ever.

I only wish I could have this vision of visions unmasked while this personality of my being lives the few more minutes of life, which and no more the flitting fractions of time called days, or months, or years, appear to my mind to constitute. My health is now on the descending slope of the inclined plane at this age—49 over—of a life, curiously begun in happiness, pushed on with interminable struggles, and now likely to end, after having lasted 9 years more than the anticipation of my calculations made in my twenties. Others are strong and healthy at 60 and 70—so was my good mother a year ago. I am a bankrupt in health at 50, and can hardly have an active longing for life or death in the face of my philosophy. I care not for health or family or aught else, while the vision wraps me over. I see friends grown or growing far richer than myself, and they have my blessing. I saw my deceased daughter in the depth of misery, and she had my blessing. I see my son injured by my withdrawing him from School, and yet even now able to do no more than attempt to stand up without legs—even the matric has become a hopeless matter for him, and yet he works for it : I weep not, I could do only if the grand vision that envelopes me now continued to do so, even when my poor body, handicapped in the race of life by disease and degeneration, enters the jaws of death tomorrow, today, now or just now (10).

20th December, 1904.

The Bombay Exhibition with 50,000 Exhibits, has opened. The Bombay Congress and Conferences will meet on the 28th, and M.P.s will come from England for it. I feel swayed by a strong temptation to go there, while health makes me afraid of submitting to the temp-

tation. As personal temptation and public duty are on one side, and duty to health is on the other, I do not know how the tug of war will end. Ramaniya and Bhánu have gone as Congress Volunteers, and Patriotism fires my ascetic soul with a fiery temptation to disregard health. No doubt there is no longer the remnant of that passion for personal and active participation in the business, which moved my soul two years ago at the Ahmedábád Congress. But the idea of losing an opportunity of meeting a number of long separated friends at an hour, and bidding them a secret good-bye in my heart of hearts, replaces that passion, as I fear I may have to bid it finally to the whole world at no distant date. And still health makes me reluctant. The final eleventh hour must be left to decide the point.

I am busy with writing out my and my colleague Kamaláshankar's decision as arbitrators in Prof. Gajjar's case. It is a troublesome thing.

Lord Curzon has returned as Viceroy, and everyone doubts his imperialistic intentions and their beneficence to India. Mehta Phirozesha—now Sir P.M.—knighthood at his instance—did not sign the address for his reception, is getting old and will leave a vacant place, not to be filled up when God removes him to his final rest. May he live long.

Chimanlál Setalvád is earning Rs. 3,000/- or Rs. 4,000/- per month; may he earn well and use well. Gokuldás Kahándás Párek is in the front lines in Congress work—I hope he has learnt the art of spending. Chandávarkar, whom I saw at Bombay, seems to have relapsed into his mood of care for health, official duty and money without more ado.

Japan and Russia are still at each other's throats. I am tired of writing this and so stop—10.30 p.m.

23rd December, 1904.

That I do not go to Bombay is finally settled.

My health looks all right to strangers at the first blush. But it is really rotten at the core, and at the age of 50 I do not hope to rally. I consulted Lt. Col. Kirtikar, of the Indian Medical Service, and I am using his prescription which the local Hospital Assistant Dr. Rámsing calls very nice, but out of which two weeks have done me no good. I shall only try it for a few weeks more, as Dr. Kirtikar advises. If it does no good, my duty will have been done. I have consulted the best native doctor in him—of 30 years' experience, of high medical education in England, and now getting Rs. 900/- as pension per month. I have no mind to run from doctor to doctor and spend money after money. For when I retired on a small competence, I made up my mind to be content with such local medical assistance as was available and such higher assistance as was within my means. To have selected one of the best doctors and consulted him, is to have done my best duty, and, if he fails, my duty is done. To him too I cannot go again and again in spite of his failure, for that is filing a second appeal on facts. I take medicine, not because I am nervous at the idea of bad health and death, nor because I have a passion to live and be healthy at all costs, but because it is my duty, when I am ill, to get and take the best medicine available and to trouble myself no more about health and life, when such medicine is helpless. I and my homoeopathy will do in such a crisis, and any result will do, if homoeopathy fails.

Ramaniya's education stands too on the same footing as my health, and I think all my worldly concerns must so stand.

I think the sun of my life is now setting, and I must wind up all concerns before nightfall. It is six years since my retirement. I have lived these six years, found them chequered by vicissitudes, instead of the

quiet which was its object, was not unprepared for them, and must now prepare for the final vicissitude also.

26th December, 1904.

Dr. Shivrāth Rāmnrāth, my friend since my Bhāvnagar days, was here yesterday as my guest. He says the mucus membrane of intestines must have undergone partial permanent destruction, and that I must not hope for any relief, but can only cause new mischiefs by any medicines. He wants me to drop Dr. Kirtikar's or any other medicine, except homoeopathy, and, as his conclusion was mine also before I took to Dr. Kirtikar's opinion, which I sought as a matter of last duty, I now feel that duty sufficiently done, and find it a duty to live as before on homoeopathy. Dr. Kirtikar's medicine has not only done me no good but has proved injurious to my throat, though it has been neither harmless nor beneficial otherwise. I must live now with my liquid food, as if my teeth were gone and artificial teeth were not available. Dr. Shivrāth also discovered that my wife's lungs are very feeble, and that she must expect consumption, if she fasts or does not take to superior nourishment. I am startled by this news, though I do not view it with that alarm which filled my soul when Dr. Gokhale (as noted in a previous Scrap-Book) gave me a similar hint in my younger days about her. She is 40 and I am 50—both by health likely to be cut down by Death any day, and we are preparing each other for reciprocal bereavement any time. But we are wanted by our children, and so it is our duty to preserve our health and seek medicines, without hope or fear, and so we do, leaving the result to the Great Will.

27th December, 1904 : 7 a.m.

I arise this morning a different man. The thought, or rather the idea, of Lalitā's life being at the gates of

uncertainty, becomes uppermost the moment I get leisure, since the news was communicated. During day-time the idea exists as a piece of knowledge, giving thoughts, but during the wakeful interruptions of sleep at night-time, the idea bubbles up with feelings of loneliness and fright, caused by the unguardedness which sleep brings over the mind, and causing a weakness in the mind which, even after waking in the morn, requires an effort to suppress it. The duty of keeping a watch on her health is not likely to diminish the nervous strain consequent on this weakness and this effort.

7 p.m. What is my duty and how am I to face this illness? Expecting Lalitá's own recovery from consumption, 15 years or so ago, I do not see a single case cured by the doctors. Hill-resorts do temporary good only and leave matters to dreadful relapses. These are matters of which I had enough experience in Lilá-vati's case. Her doom was sure and was welcome to her own heart, as a relief from a nasty world, and I spared no money and no resource in helping her to recovery. Jayanti recovered from cholera against the unanimous verdict of doctors and laymen. It is Providence that shapes all. But man, like the flying fish, has to strive his best. Homoeopathy created a gleam of relief to poor Lilá-vati, when medical men only tortured her. If death or recovery be beyond their powers and knowledge, and, if my poor lights of homoeopathy have stood me in such good stead and proved so convenient to the patient, it becomes my duty to content myself with it in the present case, and avoid medical mischief by courtesy and their admittedly impotent assistance. For hill-station of sufficient length to constitute a fair trial, I am not only short of funds but I can hope no longer to meet gaps with strides; and neither my own health nor my establishment is adequate to justify my thinking of giving it a trial. Climates like Mahábaleshwar are likely, as Dr. Shivrám said, to bring me to a repetition of my enterities, and of the Abu troubles to the health of our party I have had enough experience.

I cannot send her alone and I have none to send with her. Home and Hómoeopat^{ly} are thus left to me and her, and with these I must be content, surviving or survived. I go to Pántiá¹, etc., but to what purpose? The staff-difficulty faces me there too. The only thing I can do is to see if I can send her for drives in a carriage on loan.

29th December, 1904.

My habit of writing out long drafts and making long speeches made my brother pleaders and my judges call me "long-winded" and "interminable". It is no doubt a shortcoming which I owe to my habit of becoming 'exhaustive' as I say. My failure to be exhaustive pinched my conscience once and may pinch it even now. However, it has forced upon me a very inconvenient habit which seems to have progressed with my retirement, which enables me to pursue all things in a leisurely way. This habit makes me write very lengthy drafts for Cutchh during the year now closing, and Cutchh people find my charges, measured by my time and work, heavy. I do not mind what they will pay. My work had higher motives than money. If they don't like the work or the money, they will take care in future not to send me any further work, and that will be welcome to a man who wants money, but not at the expense of his time, and whose want of money implies neither a craving nor a desire for money, but only the inability of his usual income to meet the demands upon his poor purse, which he leaves resignedly to the care of God.

I have written out a long judgment in Prof. Gajjar's arbitration matter, the length being an inevitable result of my conscience and habit too—'conscience', because I felt bound to assure myself that I had done full justice to defendants,

1. पांटीशा, a village very near Nadiád.

against whom I am going to decide on the main issue. This judgment or minute is being reached by an elaborate process of shifting and weighing evidence, etc., and has taken me several days, being full five sheets in my small hand. I fear I cannot at this age and stage learn and acquire the art of brevity for the simple reason that the result would not be worth the effort. People will laugh at my length and I must enjoy their laughter. This seems philosophical enough that I must put up with my habits, as with my and my wife's illnesses, as if they were natural to my life.

2nd January, 1905.

The year 1905 dawns ! It dawns trailing behind it the past year of dark shadows for my family, health, and what not. I can no longer count upon my ability to do anything substantial for the country or the family, and yet, while I can work, I shall work. The Bombay Congress, Exhibition and Social Conference have passed off, while I have been away from them in an ascetic mood and crippled health. "East and West" number for January will bring out my article on 'Key-Stone to Hindu Economics', and 'Samálochak' will bring out my review of 'Kábaráji's life'. But that is nothing compared to what I desired to undertake, and have begun without hope of progress any longer—many many and big big undertakings, which must remain unexecuted if I go on at my present rate. I have only to console myself with my imperfect acquisitions towards the achievement of my Ego-point's salvation. Let the Great Will see what my point-will must will. Likávatí's biography too is in press. Somebody has published a volume V of my novel—a miserable book, which I lay down in disgust, determined to take no legal action of it or of my copy-right question anent it. Let the writer earn the few rupees he may be able to make by this scramble !

I cease from this day to be a subscriber to the 'Indian Law Reports' and 'Government Gazette'

after 21 years' connection with them. I find that I cannot use them at all.—This is my last farewell to Law. No doubt, I retain my 'Bombay Law Reporter'—perhaps only for a few months more. To be of some use to public and to retain a means of resuming profession, if compelled by wants and difficulties, I delayed this good-bye. I now find it beyond my taste, time, and, above all, beyond my health, either to use them or to go to Law Courts. I can only rob my heir by spending money here without using it. So I discontinue the expense as useless. God knows the result.

4th January, 1905.

The third anniversary of poor Lilāvati! I have avoided thinking of her and weeping for her, as I did last year, reproved by my mother-in-law (now dead) and pitied by my mother (dead too) for the weeping. Her mother, my wife, too has her health now shattered by having to work obsequial dinners and ceremonies after both of them and after her brother's wife, keeping her running about between my house and her brother's, every now and then; and she is now in danger herself. Poor Jasu has come last evening to be useful to her—she with three children at the age of 20! Caste-dinners await us still, and I am frozen by the social system that has done, and threatens to do, a lot of mischief to my poor family. It is an irony of fate that punishes the seeker and investigator of the merits of our system by visiting him with their demerits in practical shape (11). In Ramaniya's case a converse thing has happened, and this irony of fate punished me for departing from the wrong groves of usage!

I have taken to reading the big 'Yōgavāsishtha' in the morning, and its lessons on the vanity of the world seem to be tested practically by these visitations on my domestic life. As the Great Will wills! The dispensations of that Will are awful, and have not, since I reached the

15th year of my age, left me without their visitations in one form or another—visitations at least once a year—even though I am in my 50th year now. The 'mahá-dashá' of Surya² and Ulka,³ long ago looked at with misgivings, have now hemmed me in, and their seige, like that which has made Port Arthur fall but yesterday, seems likely to succeed over my poor family. Brother's wife, too, a diabetical patient, has been getting abscesses, and is weak and emaciated under anti-fat medicines, and I don't know how the drama is to end.

7th January, 1905.

It savours less of hope than of a bit of relief, that Ramaniya should have got over 40% of marks in all subjects, except mathematics (in which he got 4.50%) at the last matric, and that his mother should show some signs of positive improvement; for I felt jaded and tired by having to look after them at this age and with this health. Ramaniya's marks at matric confirm my misgivings of last year, that he had failed in every paper but one at his preliminary in 1903, simply for want of mental peace. For this year the process is reversed, and he passes creditably in all subjects but one, with quiet and peaceful work for a total of 3 months or so, each month being separated from the other by 4 months of illness or so. There is some meaning now in allowing him to prosecute his studies instead of taking to profession. The mischief which my withdrawing him from School had done him 6 years ago, seems on its way, though very late, to be undone; that, therefore, promises relief. His mother's improvement brings some real relief, because I felt unequal to the strain of my nursing, doctoring and watching her health.

1. महादशा. 2. सूर्य. 3. उल्का.

My own studies begin slipshod. 'Yogavásishtha', in the morning for an hour or two, tires me enough. My brain finds it difficult to recall the links where I left my notes on Sushruta² and Vágbhatta³ before I went to Bombay. I do not find memory at hand to make me remember even the general features of my Sanskrit and science notes then written out, and I have to rack my brain to find out where to begin what and how to use what. I have begun a bit of Pránáyāma⁴ since coming from Bombay. Latterly it seemed to assist digestion, but has now ceased to do it, since the taking up of those notes has added a burden to my brain. I would go out for walks, but walks mean talks with those meeting me, and exposure of at least a part of the face, and any amount of head-covering and abdominal covering proves insufficient to resist the cold of the season when I go out. Walks therefore mean cold, cough, and fear of enteritis. Dumb-bells mean enteritis. That means that I must content myself with want of exercise, and that means want of digestion ! That is my dilemma, and that is the history of my body now. I note it only as a problem to be solved, though I see no way to solution. I do not know, moreover, whether notes like this are not a sheer waste of time and energy.

I drafted two rejoinders of appeal against the Kutch Durbar last year. They took up much time of mine and so my fees have been very large. I got my fees for one of them, but asked them to settle my fees for the other draft. Being conscious of their dilatory system, (a part was paid and the rest is unsettled, though it is four months at least since I drafted), I have to send a reminder. If they found my fees large or my reminder unpleasant, or if they have not quite approved my draft, (I was told like that by those whom I don't believe), they may be expected to abstain

1. योगवासिष्ठ. 2. सुश्रुत. 3. वाग्भट. 4. प्राणायाम, A kind of breathing exercises.

from sending me further work, and that will save my time ; I don't care for the budget-struggle which may have to be renewed in consequence. Pleasant is the rambling through such dreams of Máya,¹ even where the dreams are of adversity, as the 'Yogavásishtha'² puts it, or as Providence made me write once,

इष्टं सुखं मे च तथैव दुःखम् । (12).

8th January, 1905.

Look at the face of it ! I thought of going out to-day at 4 p.m., to avoid colder hours after 5. But my wife was seized with an attack of colic just before the clock could strike four, and here am I at home to look after her until 5 p.m., when she feels better. The hearty laugh I now indulge in at this incident may, perhaps, serve the purpose of a walk to my stomach ! A family of invalids, brought together by strange luck, or by the stars, which have Ráhu³ standing in my "House of Health" and frowned at by the direct looks of Surya⁴ in the diametrically opposite 'House of Wife', where stands and rules this Surya,⁴ frowning at 'Ráhu'³ just opposite, "imbibing deep mouthfuls of my wife's blood ; and both angry planets stand fighting each other, pouring bad health over myself and wife, and turning my house into a place for the assemblage of doctors !" That is the starry firmament in which I live. As regards the humble Earth, and from the earthly way of studying the laws of causation, I never played when I was a boy, and had my health ruined in my youth. For the partner of my health, she has been the victim of many many things, which some of the previous Scrap-Books describe more vividly than I now can. My mother and mother-in-law and father-in-law were healthy, but my father was not, ever since his firm began to totter, and even then he was better than myself, and would have lived longer if fright for

1. माया. 2. योगवासिष्ठ. 3. राह. 4. सूर्य.

us had not killed him. My surviving children have been healthier than their parents, and, I hope, with the progress of time, our mistakes of non-feasance and mal-feasance about our own health, will enable us to look better after the health of these young ones, and breed good health out of bad. Good health taught mother to be careless about the health of her children, who, I hope, will do the converse for their own children.

The question just arises in my mind if some future reader of these Scrap-Books will not think I had a vanity and wanted hereby to supply materials for the biography of my worthy self. My 'Worthy self' ! My worthy self is a vicious self, and the vice lies in an itching and scratching of the mind to employ leisure, or to seek recreation by laughing on paper ; and I would cease to have any worth in my eyes, if any touch of vanity could rise, like a ghost, before my eyes, and elate me into this dancing a dance with pen, ink and paper ! To write for a biography which may be published after my death and which I cannot live to enjoy, is the height of folly in my view at this moment, and I would not be guilty of it at the cost of so much time. *The world can get nothing by it* beyond a book which will not repay its cost.

13th January, 1905.

I dreamed last night that I was present at a large gathering of native ladies and gentlemen in a big hall, and was squatting in their middle. From behind me came a young Dakshini lady and pressed her hands upon my shoulder, the whole meeting staring at her. I shook her off by force and escaped her, fled and flew in the air in the room, and was soon in the street outside, flying like a bird over the heads of the people in the street. As I flew and was at the end of the town, I saw an emaciated woman, 50 years old or older, dancing out from the crowd towards me with two clubs each club having thick nobs at either end, which she

brandished with either hand and even waved in the end. I heard the people muttering that she was a Jogini¹ in quest of me for her prey, and I got a presage telling me inwardly that she was the same young woman who had pressed my shoulders in the assemblage. I fled into the wilds, still like a bird and taking a labyrinthian course through the tops of trees in the wilds and of steeples and houses in the intervening towns, until at last a beneficent young female angel or goddess, with motherly looks, sheltered me and saved me from my exhausting flights.

I and Mr. Kamaláshankar, who was here yesterday, signed our award as arbitrators in the case between Prof. T. K. Gajjar and his nephew, Ramanlál Gordhandás Gajjar, and I am left to transmit these awards by post to parties today.

Ramaniya joined the local High School yesterday.

I have found a clue to my Vaidyak notes, and have been for some days trying to find out which of the nerves correspond to the ascending 'Dhamanis'.² I am also noting in 'Laghu Yogavásishtha'³ pages of corresponding portions of the big 'Yogavásishtha'.³ I have begun since coming from Bombay practical Pránáyāma⁴ by the light of Vivekánand's book, and of the 'B' course of Psychic Research Society. I have also taken to a repetition of the philosophical verses contained in my Scrap-Book noted on the 9th November '92 every day either at bed-time or in the morning.

People have been growing very rich or famous, since my retirement 6 years ago, and I occasionally fall to thinking whether my sacrifice of money and fame is compensated by something adequate in the comparative obscurity and poverty which I have courted. I sometimes rise from the thoughts with the conclusion that I have been more than adequately, or at least sufficiently, compensated, and sometimes I give up the

1. જોગિણી. 2. ધમન્યઃ. 3. યોગવાસિષ્ઠ. 4. પ્રાણાયામ.

thoughts with the reproachful conclusion that the thoughts are simply 'irrelevant' and gratuitous, and their very occurrence is indicative of a latent repentance at a course adopted, and even courted, with objects and aims, compared to whose sanctity, the very occurrences of these mundane thoughts is profane blasphemy. Searching introspection reveals the utter absence of any the slightest repentance for my retirement, and I feel that even the thoughts should not occur.

31st January, 1905.

Wife, says Doctor, has considerably improved in her lungs, and we note her improvement externally also. I cannot go out for walks, the cold being worse than the one which gave me my Appendicitis last year. But homoeopathy, which has benefitted wife so much, has protected me also this year. My Pránáyām¹ in the early dawn, and even earlier has been regular, and has given me enough digestion for the present, and has for 3 of 4 days risen to the stage which produces Tremors. The obsequial dinners for mother are over—all but one. 'Yogavásishtha'²—the big one—is being noted in the mornings, and I have reached its book IV. I have done almost half my investigation, or rather verifying and identifying with about one half the number of Nerves of Sushruta³, etc., by finding out their English names, etc. This seems satisfactory, but the permanance of such a condition is hardly to be expected if I may anticipate my future by my invariable past. A general up-setting may come on any time, while minor things, such as Jayanti's eye granulations at a time when duty to her mother-in-law's threatened blindness may deprive Jayanti's own eyes of all medical treatment, etc., are not absent even now.

Krishnáji Punge, of Bhavāgar, married a widow, and an ugly one, 30 years ago; and he liked an ugly

1. प्राणायाम. 2. योगवासिष्ठ. 3. सुश्रुत.

consort to save him from jealousy. An ugly wife for a handsome man may be a bad match, and aesthetics may lead him into temptations. But a beautiful wife, with an ebb of passion at heart, may inflict a similar injury on a husband with a tide of it. Thorburn's 'Transgression' has a heroine who is a sample of the last kind. To an ascetic mind such a wife ought to be a blessing incarnate, for she would be the means of cooling, and not fanning, flames. But such a mind, so inconceivable to Europe, is esteemed by Hinduism, and so did Kálidása¹ sing with love, reverence and admiration of the great sage and his wife in the last Act of 'Shákuntala,'² when he made Dushyanta find moral giants in the sage for having

विबुधस्त्रीसंनिधौ संयमः । (13).

4th February, 1905.

The cat is out of the bag at last, as regards Lord Curzon (14). The Chancellors of the various Universities have, by a wanton interpretation of the New Universities Act, taken into their own hands the nomination of individual Senators to the different branches of the Syndicates, and excluded all but their own voters from participation in the election of candidates for the Syndicates. A most disingenuous course was adopted by the Chancellors to attain this result, no doubt, as now proved by the Central Wire-pullings of Lord Curzon. A recourse to the High Court by Sir Pherozesha Mehta and others has frightened Government out of regard for these bulwarks of justice, for today the papers show Lord Curzon's announcement that he is going to legalise retrospectively the illegalities that have been committed ! All his measures till now had an equivocal character, and, brought to bay before tribunals of justice, he has thrown off his mask and shown his individuality in plain unequivocal light, like of the monkeys pulling

1. कालिदास. 2. शाकुन्तल.

the strings of my Arjun's car, in the 4th volume of my novel. I have suppressed ~~my~~ judgment against him till now upon grounds already noted. I now form a judgment and am no longer in suspense. No doubt, my judgment is of very little value and has no result in the practical world. The native journals and the native Independents in Lord Curzon's Council, will say all that I could now say on the strength of this judgment, and I can go on with my philosophy without opening my lips. To all that will be so said, Lord Curzon's answer will be 'Might is Right'. So has the Tsar said to his people and to Japan, and his audience has given him more practical answers than India would or could. India shows patience and endurance for ages and can hold her tongue longer still, and can live a fatalistic life, in utter obedience to the Will of the Providence, which till now has shown a Nemesis wanting to overtake all sorts of outrages on her old frame. It is the educated classes who are called upon to perform a difficult function, and a Government that does not listen to their voice will listen one day to the hand of this Nemesis in a quite unexpected way. Their function, as loyal children of Government and patriotic children of the soil, is done with beating continuous tom-tom on the ears of the deafest Government, as the Rajput Rájá did on those of Aurangzeb. There is still room for patience, and even independent action without disloyalty, if we can have our own University for our own children, whom the present University education does not enable to earn more than a pittance. The time for that remedy will not, however, suit the people, until they are reduced to extreme straits by the deprivation of even that last morsel left to them. I look with suspicion on the employment of British capital in India and on the British exploitation of our mines, and I look with equal suspicion on the education intended to be given to the people now—now that the cat is out of the bag. And yet there is sufficient philosophy and faith in the people to enable them to

withstand their depletion in all these directions ; and it may be that the more they are battered, the better they will be. We may still presume charitably in favour of the unmasked cat and hope to see the soul of the animal transmigrate into a more human body, for England is ruled by her people, and the people have a conscience better than Lord Curzon's. Curzons will come and go, and Ripons are not extinct in the land that breeds Curzons and Lyttons. (14)

8th February, 1905.

To day I sent Prof. Gajjar an analysis of my award. I also sent my draft of the Hátkeshwar Temple rights for insertion in the Library Trust Deed to uncle. He will have spent Rs. 75,000/- on the Dáhilaxmi Library and proposes to make over the whole thing to Trustees, etc. Then I sent to Narhar a few stanzas in Gujaráti on "Pranava-Purush"¹ for insertion in 'Samálochak', as I feel bound to assist him so far at least when he desires that assistance. Then I wrote a letter to Mr. Harsukhrám Pandiá now at Bhuj, to see that Mr. Chunilál Sárábhái decides what, if at all, I am to receive for the rest of my Bhadli draft for Kutch sent 6 months ago. I usually mention my fees and never work unless the amount is agreed to. My policy on this and other points has driven away all practice, all professional work and all money-earning ; I feel relieved by this result. But to H.H. the Kutch Rao, I had a duty, and I did his work because I was asked. I was expected to charge him and my prohibitive fees from which I do not swerve had to be mentioned to him, with a request that I would accept any reduction made by them. They have paid me Rs. 1,200/- as part payment 4 months ago and reserved consideration of the rest all this time. I write to Harsukhrám that I am no longer going to send a reminder to Chunibháí

1. प्रणवपुरुष.

so as to put him in a false position, and that Mr. Har-sukhrám should either show my letter to Chunibháí, or tell him that I would not be offended even if he decided to pay me not a pie more, but that I wanted him to decide even that, so that this matter may be struck off from my agenda paper.

14th February, 1905.

The University Bill is passed, and the Hon'ble Mr. Gokhale committed a mistake of opposing it on technical points and not on the merits, and he aggravated his mistake by using violent and inapplicable language which has given a handle to the other party. A proper argument on the merits would have compelled the Government to answer and meet the charge of the Chancellors having manipulated the Syndicate elections, so as not only to include their own men but also to *exclude* those whom any properly elected Faculty or any Senate would not have failed to elect as Syndics. His surname sake, Mr. N. V. Gokhale, would have argued with superior skill, dignity, grace and force. Lord Curzon as Chancellor, at the subsequently held Calcutta Convocation, preached a homily to the students against the characteristic Indian weaknesses of exaggerations, crying in the wilderness at Congresses, Conferences, etc., and claimed that the origin of truth in native purity had only a Western home ! These self-complacent remarks, also disparaging India, came with a bad grace, will influence India as little as he is influenced by India's protests, and will drown the small portion of useful truths he told in the rest of his talk.

While saying of this, I find that the last shreds of charitable presumption in his favour are not yet scattered to the winds. The report on introducing commercial education at the Presidency College opens room for suspecting the Viceroy of meaning at least something well. And if this suspicion proved true, it may bring better associates with it in other directions

as well. His sweet utterances up to date have been counter-balanced by many things which the Native Princes have found him doing, without their appearing in the Press. The Press and the Commissions show only a record of Viceregal Talks without acts till now and the talks fly like chaff found to be without grain. He has now ceased to speak well or sweet, either because sweet words are no longer consistent with the unblushing drama from which the curtain is going to be lifted, or because there is something really wholesome in store in that drama, which the people were better left to see with their own eyes than through Viceregal eloquence, not likely any longer to carry conviction and not likely to result in all that has been promised or expected from his previous goodly words—well-arranged and yet not seriously and earnestly meant to speak more than those partial and mutilated cunning truths, which his so-called Western Home of absolute truths is also the undoubted home of manufacturing in politics, and all matters at least with one or the other shade and light.

21st February, 1905.

Our educated journalists have received with rightful indignation and repelled with fierce onslaught the arrogant and self-complacent homily of the Viceroy at the Calcutta Convocation. They have proved to the hilt that the real truth is the reverse of that uttered by him to India, and have spared neither research nor courage in exposing the high ideals of Indian truthfulness and the low arts of European and English life, and even of Lord Curzon, personally, in smuggling lies along with superficial and deceitful half-truths, and have marshalled an amount of literary and historical evidence to support their conclusions. Even the 'Voice of India', while feigning to feel sympathy in Lord Curzon and a grain of truth in his utterances, and while belittling the wrong side of the motives and

the temper of the man, has put in sufficient dynamite, between its beginning and end, to explode the sugar coating around itself and the bulwark of Western truthfulness, paraded by the Viceroy with an infant's vanity and an idiot's conceit. The nation feels libelled, injured and insulted quite gratuitously, and I fear this Viceroy must feel himself in a painful position, if there be any good sentiment or higher conscience within himself, or if his statemanship is built upon anything sound. At the same time, one feels proud and gratified at the dignified, rational and considered treatment which papers like 'The Indian Review' and the English columns of the 'Gujarati' have been able to accord to the subject and rise to a higher platform, compared to which the tone of the Anglo-Indian journals and correspondents against Lord Ripon was but a torrent of mean, scurrilous and irrational canine barking, calling Lord Ripon 'a cur', 'a dog' and what not! There is an equal contrast between Ripon and Curzon in their reception of these adverse attacks, Ripon having proved himself magnanimity incarnate and transparent, and Curzon—poor man—having proved but a woman unable either to measure or restrain her heart and words. I don't know what turn matters will now take, but, I pity both sides and the whole situation itself, though I don't know whether Curzon has a conscience that cares to be pitied (14).

1st March, 1905.

I have finished (i) noting down the big 'Yogavá-sishtha'¹ up to the end of 'Upashama Prakarana'², and (ii) my notes to identify with nerves all 'Dhamanya'³, except those for 'Tridosha'⁴ and 'Rasa' and 'Rakta'⁵. I have posted to the Editor 'Indian Review' a long promised article on the 'Hindu Ideal

1. योगवासिष्ठ. 2. उपशमप्रकरण. 3. धमन्यः 4. त्रिदोष.
5. रस. 6. रक्त.

of State and Sovereignty'. My article on 'Key-Stone of Hindu Economics' has appeared in January and February issues of 'East & West'. I take rest today and think of taking up a paper or notes on the poet Dayáram for the Gujarát Sáhitya-Sabhá, whose invitation to go there at Dayáram's last 'Jayanti' ¹ had to be refused, as fever and cold for 10 days or less have made me weak, and my health unsteady. The literary conference at Ahmedabad to be held in April elects me its President: (15) but I have warned it against the contingencies of bad health, and asked it particularly to reconsider the election. The 'Laghu Yogavásishtha' ² ends only with the 'Purvárdha' ³ of the 'Nirvána-Prakarana' ⁴ of the big 'Yogavásishtha' ², and leaves me to suspect and consider if the 'Uttar-nirvána' ⁵ is not a new addition.

Ramaniya's and Jayanti's eyes are improving, and the doctors have pronounced my wife free from the wrong sounds her lungs had been showing, and she has begun taking her usual food. With me—health continues the unstable thing it has been this year, and Pránáyáma, ⁶ which has been interrupted by fever, has been resumed as a substitute for walks, which the extreme cold has compelled me for months to give up. All of us have benefitted by homoeopathy to the above extent. Lilávati's biography is in press. I have to see how to correct and change a para in it, as the substance of that para is discovered to contain a clear innuendo against her mother-in-law, and I have made it a principle to write nothing in it which, if she were alive, she would have commanded me not to disclose, or which would have conflicted with her high ideals and noble love for her husband's family.

1. जयन्ती. 2. लघुयोगवासिष्ठ. 3. पूर्वार्ध. 4. निर्वाणप्रकरण.
5. उत्तरनिर्वाणः. 6. प्राणायाम.

5th March, 1905.

A curious dream—'Shivārātri'.¹ I saw my father's apparition in the family house, walking gratified at the state of the new temple and the arrangement for his Thákorji. Somebody ran up to me from the 'Dehlá' in the meanwhile to inform me that a deceased servant was sitting and weeping on the 'Otlá' of the 'Dehlá'. I run down to see this apparition also, and, on enquiring, the apparition offered to take our party all alive to the city of Yama². In the meanwhile the sight of the apparition frightened my clerk Dalsukh and he fell down dead with his head off from the body. The servant's apparition restored Dalsukh to a whole living body, and we all went into the city of Yama² and were received as guests and given lodging and boarding. In this city, we all retained our earthly relations as servants, master, husband and wife—my wife also accompanying us there, while father had disappeared and the servant's apparition was converted into Shankariá's servant's apparition. The difference between our earthly conditions and this one was that every one of our party in this place had a mind serene, un-earthly, sinless and dutiful. It turned out, however, that of the party those who had been dead on earth lived in this city with their 'Ádhiváhika'³ bodies only, while the rest lived with such bodies in this City and also with the grosser bodies, still leading independent life on the earth amidst their earthly circumstances, and the two sets of bodies lived quite ignorant of each other's ignorance. Thus my earthly body lived at my Nadiád home deprived of dead servants, while my subtler body in the city of Yama² lived in the company of the subtler bodies of all its living and dead earthly associates and servants. The city itself thus stood invisible in the air, a 100 feet above our earthly habita-

1. शिवरात्री. 2. यम, God of Death. 3. अधिवाहिक.

tions. I do not remember a single incident on the day or night preceding the dream so as to enable me to trace the dream to such incidents. At the same time I absolutely decline to credit the dream with having any supernatural or superstitious origin. All that I think is that the cells of the sensorium, studded with all sorts of intellectual associations and memories, forming the 'pragnánaghana'¹ of 'sushupti',² are awakened by 'taijas'³ activities into constructive functions of the intellect not connected with the cosmic 'vaishwánar', and such awakening is called a dream.

14th March, 1905.

The controversy over Lord Curzon's Convocation speech is not yet over, and is almost a commotion. I am told even the 'Rást-Goftár' finds against him, and English papers are significantly silent—silent no doubt at the blunder, Malabári's papers being the only ones in his favour in a way! I compare his folly to that of the foolish German Emperor of the day, who has often blurted out boastful mischief or nonsense.

I have changed the para of Lilávati's biography referred to in the note of 1-3-05. The change consists in the omission of sentences insinuating right facts, and is yet a right change.

19th April, 1905.

Prof. T. K. Gajjar, who was here for 10 days, left for Bombay last night. The litigation between him and his nephew ended in the appointment of myself and Mr. Kamaláshankar P. Trivedi as arbitrators, and our award giving him injunction and refusing pecuniary relief, is confirmed by the High Court. Gajjar's visit after this event is perfectly and specially welcome as a resumption of a friendship, suspended during the arbitration, after his virtues, merits and expert skill

1. प्रज्ञानघन. 2. सुषुप्ति. 3. तैजस. 4. वैश्वानर.

were tested and found excellent by us as arbitrators. He has carried away with him a number of my Scrap-Books and manuscripts, to study "the evolution of my mind", as he calls it, and I see in the attitude of his mind a craze common to all admirers of literary men for constructing a biography. My own regard for his great talents have stood in the way of my being able to resist his pillage of these things, for a purpose of this kind. If he publishes these things, they will prove, in the eyes of the world, the vanity of my heart in allowing such a publication, and will unavoidably lead people to think I am even an accomplice in the act. I do not care for the people thinking me to be vain, though not an atom of vanity throbs in my heart. But I cannot look with patience and ease over a result which will, by thus depreciating my public character, depreciate from the influence of my books over the public heart.

I have yielded, under the circumstances, to this friendly robbery of a friendly decoit, only under the impression that no public use be made of these things, unless and until I am consulted. I tremble as I think of my biography being attempted in my life, for the whole idea is repulsive to my ideals. Mr. Malabári may or may not have relished his life being written in his life. But I for one never dreamt of it. I am not labouring under any true or false 'modesty' — as Gajjar called it in reply to my expostulations, for I have neither modesty nor audacity. I only think of the whole like a man of business, my business being 'usefulness to my people', and, my calculation being that my biography in my life would not only be a bad business in this way but a mischief to boot, and I am afraid my friend Gajjar will find it hardly practicable to recover the cost of his publication; while, so soon as this after my award, his attempt will hardly be taken as a matter of his *bona fide* opinion of myself, as distinguished either from his desire to reward me for the award, or

from a frenzy of foolish admiration and partiality for one whose sense of justice, and not of friendship, has been the sole spirit of the award.

27th April, 1905.

This fear of infecting the popular mind with a diseased way of interpreting my writings and conduct by taking me and Prof. Gajjar to form a reciprocal adulation society, is out-weighed by other considerations which have compelled me to permit Gajjar to take his liberties with my papers, my mind and my history, in the same way in which a faithful wife would allow liberties to be taken by her husband with her sacred person, in spite of her own bashful disinclinations, of her growing religious asceticism, and perhaps also of her own waning health — all three elements yielding to other impulses by the very suddenness of the new onslaught and in utter discomfiture caused by the sweet confusion of the factors in coming to a decision promptly and distinctly. What elements have formed such impulses within my own bosom? I must attempt this difficult analysis, whether favouring me or imprecaching me.

(i) It is clear in the first instance that no impulses like those of the wife or the husband were present in my heart. (ii) I could see that Gajjar looked to the 'reasonableness' of his proposal for publishing such of my thoughts as could explain my writing. Considering the difficulty expressed by readers in the direction, I could not deny the fact of such 'reasonableness'; though I fear there will be hardly anything practicable or feasible in the proposal. I considered myself, however, not qualified to judge of the last point; and so thought it unreasonable and prudish to refuse his demand. (iii) He is of opinion that my own speculations and thoughts, though not reached by scientific avenue, supply him with new clues and suggestions in his own work. *A man of the highest scientific calibre*

among my countrymen, he is the best judge on the matter, and I felt bound to obey his wishes like a child.

(iv) He says his Science leaves much room for dissatisfaction with its achievements for the higher forms of the mind, and he says he wants to have some 'sam-skáras' ready made in my manuscript to quench this yearning. I can understand him in this direction, and, with that phase of my own mind, I could see nothing but wanton unfriendliness in my refusing his wishes in the matter. (v) Biographical materials no doubt are also in his view. In the first instance, they are so mixed up with materials of the above nature, that, having made up my mind to give up the latter, I cannot see my way to eliminate and exclude the former from the mixture, and cannot expect him to do what I despair of. Secondly, having accumulated a mass of biographical materials, and having even in mind a sort of plan — however distant — for a kind of autobiography for my own *personal* use and enlightenment in my weaker movements, I cannot help seeing the possibility, and even the faint probability, of somebody one day making himself busy with a work of evolving a so-called biography of myself after death and of distorting, magnifying and misinterpreting me in my strong and weak aspects of life. I am indifferent about this. But if a friend like Prof. Gajjar wants to have this thing done under my own eyes and his, is it not simple prudishness to turn my face from him, as if either, he or I was an ass — the one willing to leap into a well with his fore-feet or the other bent up on kicking with his hind feet? I think, under all the circumstances of the case, we have acted like men with reasons, and neither like women nor like beasts and children. (15)

29th April, 1905.

Since Prof. Gajjar's arrival on the 9th, I enjoyed practically a holiday, as is my wont on the arrival of guests. On his leaving us, I took up domestic work

and accounts, and propose to take up my literary work now again. My Index of 'Yogavásishtha',¹ which was not quite given up even in these days, is finished today except anant the 'Uttara Nirváṇa'² which I leave for the next year. I propose now to take up my Sanskrit Physiology, and the study of my Sanskrit religio-philosophical Indexes at a very low pace only, until this Physiology is finished, and my unfinished Gujaráti writings, including my promised Gujaráti addresses. I propose also to read up a bit of the ancient history of India from own standpoints. But the subjects would overcrowd my time-table, especially at a time when the heat is growing at a rapid pace. I do not propose to go out to hill-stations, etc., in spite of the heat outside and prickly heat on my skin, and other discomforts of the season, for the simple reason that neither my pocket nor my time can be drawn upon with free hands. The subject deserves consideration only because it may benefit the health of myself and those that may accompany me, while if I lose the opportunity open this year, I may find no opportunity next year.

12th July, 1905.

The month of May was passed (i) in finishing the more difficult parts of my notes on Hindu Physiology, and (ii) in helping my uncle to finish his dedication of his Library to the public ; I have 'investigated' (if I may use that word) the general nature of 'vāta, pitta, and kafa',³ and found them to correspond, with some differences, to certain ideas of Western Physiology. I have not to take up the details of these.

My uncle has added a contribution of about Rs. 80,000/- from his pocket to Rs. 10,000/- or so, raised by friends, and placed the Dáhilaxmi Library, etc., in the hands of Trustees and a Managing Committee, and I had to assist him in settling legal drafts and discuss-

1. योगवासिष्ठ. 2. उत्तरनिर्वाण. 3. वात, पित्त and कफ.

ions, and in starting the work as President of the Managing Committee in May.

In June, I continued the work and spent a week on Mount Ábu and at Siddhapur to replenish my fading energy, and passed a week in preparing my inaugural address for the Gujaráti Literary Conference and in presiding over its session, and spent 3 or 4 days in drafting Rules for uncle's Mandir and Library, the draft being finished today. Domestic and other matters will, I fear, devour some time now. For the last 2 days, Bábu has been placed under Mehtáji Hargovan. It has rained about 10 inches at Nadiád these 15 days. I have no time to dwell on these details.

Trying to refresh myself just now with Vivekánanda's lecture on Macrocosm, I find him explaining "Finer Cosmic Intelligence" becoming "Grosser Human Intelligence" as completed effect "with the last finish", and pointing to the whole as indicating the God of Macrocosm. I cannot say that this does not correspond with 'Child' reaching a 'Samprasád'² stage in man. But, pending inquiry into that laborious task, I may note down a stage of my own theory reached this year.

Beauty and Art represent two different strings of a macrocosmic Scorpion in touch with each other. The whole net-work of Beauty stretches like an infinite Vista, and finds eyes ready to conceive and grasp it and Art developing to imitate and expand it. The Psyché is Eye, Action is Art, and Objectivity is Beauty, and this Trinity pervades the Cosmos. Science, Poetry and Philosophy are but the work of this Trinity and so is the work of the Atom. When we speak of the beauty of a landscape, we refer, not to the scientific elements of the Atomic upheavals of the object, but to the artistic display or aesthetics to which the upheavals have led. That display is not gradually evolved but is the sum total of achievements developed out of

1. सिद्ध. 2. संप्रसाद.

heterogeneous conditions. It is development and not evolution ; new thoughts written on old paper with old ink and pen. The whole Cosmos is the aggregate of such developments, of such new thoughts which apparently exist in no brain and which, in the absence of an Intelligent World, no one could read. That such an Intelligent World is but a late figure in the drama, and that a period of its absence did, does and will exist in parcels, must be admitted with our belief in the reality of Time and Space. But that absence of an Intelligent World does not mean the absence of the Intelligence-stimulating World, or of the world of intelligible movements. The Cosmos is thus universally made up of Beauty or Thought, able to inspire intelligence, and to be grasped by Intelligence. Each Atom, as Haeckel says, is a *Psyché*, which is sensitive with sensations, and active with acts, and each mass is equally so, and the Cosmos is no doubt what each Atom and fraction of it thus is, i.e., The Cosmos has its own *Psyché* of sensations and acts ; through the sensations, the atoms, the masses, and the Cosmos are Readers, and the Cosmic Thought and the Atomic Thoughts are not unread ; side by side with intelligence-stimulating world there is thus also an intelligent reading world of Atoms, masses and Cosmos—reading the intelligence-stimulating world and growing and developing by so reading. The vertebrate brain may be or is the latest stage of the Reader, but it helps us to find out the pre-existing all-pervading invertebrate brain of atoms and Cosmos. And the reading of the Reader leads to a reflex action in the Reader, the motor-nerve movements of the *Psyché* of atom and Cosmos; and we cannot say that the movements are also unreflex, unstimulated too, for that is the meaning of cyclic repetitions. The Cosmos *acts* when it generates such movements. Whim is no doubt the distinctive badge of voluntary movements, but the great work of cosmic chances, as admitted by Science, is but an ad-

mission of whims. There is thus not only a Cosmic Thought or Beauty¹, but a Cosmic Reader and Artist also.

13th July, 1905.

The Vedāntic notion of 'Chid'¹ is the notion of the cosmic Reader, Thought and Art, and adds to its connotation 'Ānand'²—the natural sequel of Beauty and Art. Between the atom's thought, reading, or sensation of the Beauty in the atom next to it, and its reflex action attracting it, stands an intermediate condition resulting *from* the Beauty-Reading and *in* the action of attraction. That condition, which in man is called Desire, is developed into that action which in man becomes the compound of attainment, enjoyment and fruition. In man Fruition accompanies the Reading of Beauty as well as the attainment of Beauty and survives the enjoyment in the form of delectable memory as of the 'Navasangarasāyana'³ said by 'Yogavāsishtha'⁴ to enliven a new bride all her day after her first honeymoon. 'Chid'¹ or Beauty-Reading and Beauty-attracting is thus also 'Ānand'² or Beauty-Fruition throughout, and 'Sat'⁵ expresses the existence—the Permanent Existence—connoted by the whole. If the Cosmos is Beauty Aggregate or Thought-field as one whole, it is also the Reader of that Beauty—cosmic reading or sensation as one whole and is cosmic action and fruition as one whole. The action element is cyclic, i.e., is rest and action by turns, and so action is not a permanent condition. But rest and action both accompany Fruition which is therefore Permanent. The cosmic Beauty that inspires the Cosmic Beauty-Reading in this wide sense and leads to the cosmic cycles of rest and action, is the cosmic Thought of which the Cosmos has a Sensation or Reading and

1. चिद्. 2. आनन्द. 3. नवसंगरसायन. 4. योगवासिष्ठ.
5. सत्.

Fruition, with its two phases of lull and excitement, corresponding to rest and action. The Cosmic Psyché thus existing as evolving and evolved, has its Desire-stage, its Personality Stage (if we may look upon that as personality which forms the unified current of all its atoms and masses, as the personality of man formed by or forms the unified current of cells and tissues, in which the nervous elements form only the foremost, but not the only, part), and its Mind Stage, if we may look upon that as Mind which cognized the atomic 'Vikalpāha'¹ and splits into the minutest energy units or 'Sankalpāha'² and evolves their highest forms or mass-meetings in man.

It is this Mind Stage of the Cosmos that Vivekānanda calls the Finer Cosmic Intelligence or God, and it is probably what the 'Yogavāsishtha'³ speaks of in the line

पूयै मनः समुदितं परमात्मतत्त्वात् तेनाततं जगदिदं सविकल्पजालैः ॥

The Theistic 'God' is neither confirmed nor defined with accuracy, but is no doubt understood all the same as Conscious 'Niyantā'⁴ at least, if not always as Conscious Creator, and as having, and not being, a personal Psyché, and a different life from that of Creation or Objectivity. This God *has* intelligence; the other God is Intelligence and is a part of, and evolution from, the Cosmic Element 'Chid'⁵, etc., etc.

The distinction of Sāṅkhya⁶ between 'Pradhāna'⁷ and 'Puruṣa'⁸ would seem to be about the same as that between (i) Beauty or Thought Un-read, and (ii) the Beauty-Reader of the atoms and cosmos looked upon as double-phased or even dualized like two atoms. 'Mahat'⁹ or 'Buddhi'¹⁰ is what we have called that intermediate condition between Beauty-Sensation and its Reflex action, which in man is called Desire :

1. विकल्पाः. 2. संकल्पाः. 3. योगवासिष्ठ. 4. नियन्ता. 5. चिद्. 6. सांख्य. 7. प्रधान. 8. पुरुष. 9. महत्. 10. बुद्धि.

it is defined as 'adhyavasāya'¹ which, determines the germ to *grow* and the atom to attract. But, unlike our making this condition reside in the Thought-Reader or 'Purusha'², 'Sāṅkhya'³ makes it reside in Beauty or 'Prakriti'⁴ which it is that, like the ovum, grows with a glance from spermatozoon of 'Purusha'² that cosmic or atomic element which only reads. The beginning of growth in a particular direction out of this desire, the appropriation of the tangent direction by the force that fills it, is its 'ahankāra'⁵, which is a flight at tangent by a point of the circle, a separation of the point from the circle : this 'ahankāra'⁵ is a projection-force-line, carrying with it from the same source, a development of the 10 senses of knowledge and action. The 10 senses grow with a tangential separation out of the adhyavasāyarupamahat⁶—the point of Nature's First Resolve to grow. It is not, however, this Resolve that produces the perceptions of Senses. As the Senses grow parallel to the Tangent of 'Ahankāra'⁵-Projection, the perceptions—'tanmatrah'⁷ and the perceived 'Mahabhūtāni'⁸ flash forth as new developments out of these parallel stems, and the percipient mind⁹ grows out of the same parallel stems, and the confluence of Percipient, Perceptions and Perceived stands forth as the confluence of Beauty, Fragrance and Taste in one flower. To me this seems to be the meaning of 'Sāṅkhya'³ Evolution noted (Page 55) elsewhere.

9th August, 1905.

Almost a month is spent in doing I don't know what. I have almost done with 'Rasa'¹⁰ and 'Rakta'¹¹ in my Physiology. My 'Prāṇayāma'¹² has advanced to 'Dārduri Avasthā'¹³ and walks on tip-toes—a trying ordeal. Messrs. Anandshankar and Shāstri Jivarām

1. अध्यवसाय. 2. पुरुष. 3. सांख्य. 4. प्रकृति. 5. अहंकार.
6. अध्यवसायरूपमहत्. 7. तन्मात्राः. 8. महाभूतानि. 9. मनः.
10. रस. 11. रक्त. 12. प्राणायाम. 13. दार्दुरी अवस्था.

have been my guests this month, and Mr. Narasinha-ráo my visitor. Domestic matters too. Accounts, Dáhilaxmi Library Rules drafting, etc., etc. Rains and tiles, and miscellanea have occupied me all month.

Brother has exacted dates, etc., to enable Mr. Narasinha-ráo Bholánáth to write my biography for 'Samá-lochak' and has selected him as a 'tatastha'¹ writer. The less I write of the biography-craze of my friends and brother, the less troublesome it is to me. I am tired of the subject. I assist them like a restive ass. I am a good host but a bad guest, for the simple reason that I welcome all, but cannot resist the 'ágraha'² of hosts when I am a guest myself. The demands for accounts of my life have been such 'ágraha'², and have simply non-plussed me when the demanders have special relations with me. I have allowed the least to leak out, but I wish the leakage had been *nil*.

My work at the 'Sáhitya-Parishad'³ as President has been applauded. I fear they have overcoloured my work (16). This Scrap-Book has been occupying me so little that I can congratulate myself for it. Nothing is sweet as silence all around and within to my soul during my present psychological stage.

7th October, 1905.

This is Desera⁴ day, and I enter upon my 51st year and write with the Fountain Pen presented by Prof. Gajjar. It fell on the 18th October last year.

The discovery of consumptive symptoms in my wife and their cure marked the first part of the new year, and the absorbing work of Dáhilaxmi Library and my work for the 'Sáhitya-Parishad' have marked the latter half of the year. The accounts of the year have taken up no little time, as they included arrears of ordinary mother's obsequial accounts since her death. The 'Shriji' accounts still stand over, and the Library work

1. तटस्थ. 2. आग्रह. 3. साहित्यपरिषद. 4. दशेरा.

has yet a good balance. The Gajjar arbitration-work had its balance of work for this year. Much of this and other kinds, and an extraordinary amount of correspondence have stolen from the time due to my literary work, which had to be specially maimed by my omitting to write my usual quota of contribution for the Reviews, and to further my reading according to my old or new programmes.

But it was during this year that the exemption of this town from plague enabled me to take a very good account of my time in my literary and other studies. I have jotted down an alphabetical index of all parts (except 'Uttara Nirvána')¹ of the voluminous 'Yogavásishtha'², and am on the point of finishing my investigative part of physiological studies in Vaidyaka.³ The investigations are recorded in my large Indexes, and include a full account of the nervous system, the tissues and their reciprocal functions, and the "three doshas"⁴—work which has been laborious, trying and as complicate as I believe it to be original. But it is nearly a month since even that work has been neglected to make room for the concerns of Dáhilaxmi Library, Correspondence, M.A. work, etc.

The greatest acquisition of the year, however, has been my progress in the practice of Yoga.⁵ That progress has been recorded of late from day to day in my Diary. I began my practice last December in the crudest way, being compelled to see if Pránáyama⁶ would be a good substitute for physical exercise. The late Bapusaheb once repeated a remark of Mr. Manilál Nabhubháí saying, "why should a Bráhmaṇ with Pránáyama⁶ at his control, be in want of physical exercise?". The after effects⁴ of my appendicitis made it dangerous for me to go out for walks in the last cold season or to exercise my abdomen, and without such exercise there was no power to digest even my small food. Pránáyama⁶ was thus taken up on the small

1. उत्तरनिर्वाण. 2. योगवासिष्ठ. 3. वैद्यक. 4. त्रिदोष. 5. योग. 6. प्राणायाम

scale, suggested in the 'B' course of the Psychic Research Committee, then developed into 'Antah Pránáyám' as suggested by Swámi Vivekánanda with 'Dhāraná'² on spine and 'Moolādhāra'³, then followed one by one the stages of 'tremors', 'Utthána'⁴, 'Dārduri',⁵ 'Tāndava'⁶ and 'Nāda-dhyána'⁷ of which the last has risen from sounds resembling those of letting of steam and the sounds of 'tamará'⁸ into 'Bhramarināda'⁹ and Sāmagāna¹⁰. It is no longer possible to confine myself to the 'Siddhāsana'¹¹ suggested by Vivekánanda, or to the 'Ardha-padmāsana'¹² sought to restrain the muscular outbursts of 'Utthána',⁴ etc.; but the 'Sukhārthāsana'¹³ laid down by Patanjali has to be my guide. I choose the hours of night. Before supper my swing gives me a good means of muscular Pránáyám¹⁴ by 'angamohan',¹⁵ mixed with the repetition of my 'stotra'¹⁶ and 'dhyán'¹⁷ of its 'vastu'¹⁸ to which I have latterly added, for my 'drishtibindu'¹⁹ the sun on the Abu Hill Road. My morning Pránáyám¹⁴ is now exclusively 'mánasik'²⁰ or psychic 'dhyán'¹⁷ or 'Nāda-bindu',²¹ and its turn from 5.00 to 5.45 A.M. has been enlarged into 1.5 hours, and at times to 2 or 3 hours, beginning from 4 or 3 A.M. with breaks for sleep when forced on me. Under this 'Abhyāsa'²² my health and mind have steadily gained in quality, and I can go out for walks or abstain from walks for 15 days at a stretch—the two states making no difference in results. I mean, after finishing my 'Vaidyaka'²³ investigations, to take up yogic investigations, and I hope my present yogic practice will help to unravel and understand the mysteries of the same (17).

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1. अन्तः प्राणायाम. 2. धारणा. 3. मूलाधार. 4. उत्थान. 5. दार्दुरी. 6. तांडव. 7. नाद-ध्यान. 8. तमरां. 9. भ्रमरीनाद. 10. सामगान. 11. सिद्धासन. 12. अर्धपद्मासन. 13. सुखार्थासन. 14. प्राणायाम. 15. अंगमोहन. 16. स्तोत्र. 17. ध्यान. 18. वस्तु. 19. दृष्टिबिन्दु. 20. मानसिक. 21. नादबिन्दु. 22. अभ्यास. 23. वैद्यक.

For a month or more, I have been studying and practising a bit of Hypnotism on Chandrashankar and Bhānu, who are made to study respectively 'Mind Reading' and 'Mental or Mesmeric Healing', and I observe what the sciences must mean.

The last proofs of Lilāvati's biography are today with me. Bábu has, under private tuition, made some progress in the first Gujarāti books, and is to be sent to school this Monday. Balwantrām and Jasu, with her three children, are at Petlād, and so are Ramanikshankar and Jayanti, all for Navarātri. Balwantrām, Ramanikshankar and Jayanti have not been keeping good health. Narhar in Bombay seems to be allright in health and money matters, and earns about 300/- to 400/- Rs. per month; but poor Vishnulaxmi has been keeping very bad health all the year. Ramaniya has, with his Sandow exercises, developed a fine physique, but his eyes are yet bad enough in that he cannot read at night. He is fourth at his preliminary, and goes for the Matric with Gujarāti, and with pass marks in mathematics, and high marks in other subjects at the preliminary.

There have been horrible expenses last two years and they have trenched upon my capital.

The Russo-Japanese War has ended, and Curzon is retiring per force from the Viceroyalty. He goes home an aggrieved man, and will no doubt struggle to rise there. The Native Princes, who console and honour him externally, feel internally relieved. There is a pro-Curzonism among Anglo-Indians, and a Curzon-Phobia among the majority of educated natives. The cause whose espousment has hastened his fall has made me revert to that condition of mind during which I considered his acts equivocal, and suspended my judgement. Whether he is a fool or a wise man, virtuous or roughish, must be left to the judgement of the future. But there is no doubt that he has favoured his own countrymen in India at the apparent expense of the

natives, while there are matters in which my countrymen have been the mystery that he thinks the East to be. There is also no doubt that his conscience makes him believe Statecraft Deceit and Highhandedness to be acts of virtue, in the sense of the end justifying the means.

I have made some good acquaintances this year, viz. with the Jayapur Ráj Vakil and Mr. Iyer at Ábu Bála Yogin and the Hypnotist Amidhar.

This day, unlike my other birthdays, has been spent in 'Pravrittimárga'¹ and not with books. I spent my morning in getting estimates of the 'jáli'² works for Dáhilaxmi Library from Bhula and Moti Mistries, and my afternoon in sundry trifles of the same kind ; selfless trifles. My 'Dhyán'³ as in this day's diary, and this note in this book, and the last proof of Lilá-vati's life, are the only literary achievements of this day.

12th November, 1905.

Ramaniya communicates Anandshankar's message that my biography should not be entrusted to Mr. Manishankar Bhat who has Christian proclivities. I am absolutely ignorant of anything in this matter. Mr. Manishankar Bhat is Gajjar's guest or so, and is reading Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' to Gajjar, who has not yet recovered from the sequel of his enteritis. I responded to Gajjar's information on this point that Boswell was a fool according to Macaulay or somebody. Narhar also pressed me to supply him with my biographical materials and photo for 'Samálochak', and persisted with a doggedness before which I had to yield out of the sheer feeling that it would be cruelty towards a brother so loving and loved, if I prove prudish in the matter. So I allowed him to get me photographed, on the written condition that he would, no

1. प्रवृत्तिमार्ग. 2. जाली. 3. ध्यान.

more in life, repeat such a request. I also got my clerk Dalsukh to jot down some points of my life upon my dictation and sent them to Narhar, along with a copy of notes which were prepared once to enable Mr. Ganpatráam Anoopráam Trivedi to write something of me in the Gujaráti 5th or 6th book, entrusted to him by the Vernacular Text-Books Revision Committee, which *wisely* asked him to write on life of any living man, and so the notes had the good-luck of going to waste-paper basket. I supplied them to him simply because they contained an account of student life ordeals and might have *benefitted* boys for whom very little of the kind is as yet written. These notes would be useless for adult readers, and so I gave them to Narhar under the consciousness that, while swelling the size of my notes thereby to give him satiety, any same man would vomit it as if under the effects of *ipecacuanha* from a doctor. My other jottings through Dalsukh includes mostly matters *already* known to those knowing me, and one, careful observer of my outward life, would have fished out the matters for himself without consulting me. It looks like a prank—a practical joke—to have done so, but that is not so. I had no doubt the discretion to see how far to yield to brother's wish, and where, as a senior brother, to stop him, especially as he, personally, is not a literary man, able to use his own judgement, and this was the only way to make both ends meet.

This course seems simply justified, if what Chandrashankar tells me today be true, viz.—that Narhar has entrusted my life to four people: Messrs. Narasinharaó, Anand Shankar, Manishankar Bhat and someone else. It does not seem that Anand Shankar is in charge of the work, for he does not write of it. Mr. Narasinharaó is a friend and a personal friend, but I fear there are many points on which his views, etc., will not enable him to understand me. I know he will hold adverse opinions about me on some points, but that is a gain, rather than loss, that my in-

ternal 'face' should be seen through a mirror so free from partiality or admiration. Mañishankar Bhat has an impulsive mind, with far less capacity than Narasinharao's, though his production, if any, is likely to make me appear in his hands very much as a droll piece of African curiosity in the eyes of my countrymen, though to me he too will afford some points for thought and introspection. I do not know who the fourth man is. I have no '*Modesty*', like a woman's, to prevent me from having my mental face seen by others; if other reasons made it necessary, I would cease to be the Purdah woman that an 'un-biographed' man as a rule is. Nor have I that actual or false humility, which would make me averse to seeing my biography posted up like an advertisement in the streets. Some of my thoughts on the point are already noted on the 19th and 27th April in this book—that was in connection with Prof. Gajjar's methodising the miscellanea of my life and using the stored-up energy *after* my cremation and not before it. Narhar's plan is to give the readers of his 'Samálochak' an Exhibition or Exposition of the Art Gallery of my life, and has employed four artists, if Chandrashankar is correct, to fill the four divisions of that Gallery with the curiosities of my life. Like the usual type of the sex among the Orientals, I consider it neither healthy for my inner constitution, nor safe and judicious for my countrymen, that an example of setting out my 'Beauty', so openly to my face, should be set. No Hindu or Japanese woman relishes being told by strangers that she is 'Beautiful', the practice of so *telling* is admired and loved in Europe: but fortunate is this country which shuns this mischievous nonsense. The Biographers may tell me my faults — but they are sure not to see the right ones out of them and to fancy them where there are none of them. I am not going to go out defending myself in types, but cannot avoid conversations on the points, and *that* it is which will be inconvenient waste of time and energy, and yet more or less unavoidable.

That is the way in which these so-called accounts of my life in my own life are distasteful to me in the highest degree. *Except* so far, I am *indifferent* to what may be said or written of me, rightly or wrongly, in this world of 'máya',¹ false to the core, and yet requiring us to act our part on a stage where seriousness and ludicrousness are but two sides of one and the same shield, and life is full of contradictions of all sorts. So I write a reply to Mr. Ānandshankar, where of course I cannot write all this lengthy talk. (18).

1st January, 1906.

The new year begins. My progress in Yogic practice is noted in my Diary. Ramaniya passes his matric—a matter for relief and not exultation. He goes to join the Gujarāt College as a boarder at its hostel.

I passed about a month at Bombay with Professor T. K. Gajjar, whose anxieties have presented special and general difficulties. The general difficulties arose from his being surrounded by a group very similar to poor Chandrakānta's, and I have tried to solve them, by isolating him from the incurables, and by keeping him with the inevitables and the useful, and by making him see a way to provide for those so kept. His special difficulties arise from his health, his ideals; his affectionate longings, and the wounds on his affectionate and generous temper. By a rare accident, my society and my Homoeopathy made his mind buoyant and his body able to pass from liquid to solid food, and to gain something of his lost weight. From a forced recumbent position he began with impunity to work with me from 4 a.m. to 10 p.m., with necessary intervals of rest. His ideals—the Laboratory White Elephant and the Pearl Business to feed the huge animal (19)—had become his insurmountable anxieties, and, while Providence dropped into his hands moments of

lucky settlements for the latter, my brain assisted him in seeing his way to making the Elephant able to be the angel of Prosperity and Genius to the graduates of the country, who, to Gajjar, are the pet children of the large family of his patriotic ideals and beneficent self-sacrifice. His wounded affection could only be cured by asceticism or by response to his affection, and I could only teach him, in the absence of either, to seek a substitute by indulging in the one-sided generosity of his own heart, so far as was consistent with his means towards some of the incurables, and by enabling him to provide for and utilise the others. But I fear all my resourcefulness has not been adequate for these purposes, and that Providence has made me minister but faint and partial relief to *a heart that is great, and to a Genius that is gigantic*. Myself a pauper in health and wealth, I must leave to the Providence, that made the man, the care of his designs.

My work during the coming year I propose as follows : (i) The finishing of 'Sáksharjeevan'¹, (ii) the writing out of my work on Hindu Physics and Physiology, after finishing the appendicial part of investigations of the last two or three years, (iii) Investigation of Yogic Science and Practice, and (iv) contributions to periodicals, which I have had to omit from last year's work for want of time. I have almost finished my active work for uncle's Library, and my biography of poor Lilávati has been published last week. My health seems to improve, but is delicate still. So is wife's health. Daughters are all right, except that I have had to send Jayanti a letter refusing to *advise* her mother at *her* instance, as *she* must settle with her without referring to me. The letter seems to have caused some flutter in the poor girl's heart, but was necessary in her own interest. Her mother is annoyed by Jayanti's not passing a month or two per year under my roof, and would be quiet if Jayanti or

1. साक्षरजीवन.

Ramanikshankar could comply with this wish. My letter had dropped a clear hint on the subject, and this has upset both Jayanti and Ramanikshankar. Bala-wantrám is with his master who has lost his wife ; the master, Mr. Purushottam Vishráam, is a millionaire with a rare taste and passion for Historical Research and Collections, and has a noble and philanthropic heart ; but I fear he leaves his money-matters to take care of themselves and in the hands of other men : any injury to his purse will be a public disaster. Brother is all right, and thriving.

Lord Curzon is gone, to the relief of 90% of the population ; Lord Minto succeeds him, and is a looming silence. Liberals are in power, and it remains to be seen whether they will be there more than temporarily, and whether they will be able to do anything substantial for India. The Prince and Princess of Wales are travelling in the country, uttering happy ideas and receiving ovations, which I believe to be cordial and loyal. But the manifestations of loyalty are magnified with a natural self-complacence by Anglo-Indian Press. Let me hope that good times they are that dawn upon us with the abatement of plague, with Royal visits, the Swadeshi Movement, an advent of Liberals to power, Morley at India Office, Anglo-Indian soberness ; manias, seemingly mischievous, but uniting Indian hearts all the country over, and even the prosecution of the Bhal Editor for a fulsome sedition of the superlative degree—for that might serve as a ballast to the mania, while Fuller's follies in the new Province, created by Curzon against the known wishes of Bengal, will end one day or another, leaving behind them, as a legacy to the Indian heart, memories which will save its present upheaval into union from being evanescent and transient. For Curzon, they are wrong when they admire or hate him. He is a humanitarian for occasions of famine and May-goon rape and servant-killing by Europeans, and has bravely checked the barbarities

of his countrymen and rescued the victims of plague. But there his merit ends. He is a conceited Imperialist to whom India is but a means to an end; who thinks all Oriental talk to be but talk and show of an exaggerated kind and worth a contemptuous ignoring; who tried to 'samjow' and woo educated natives, as if they were children bound to agree with him, and to snub them where they proved otherwise; who held secret conciaives before and after each Commission, appointed by him, not so much to hold patient enquiry and to give impartial and authoritative advice, as to hurry spy-like visits over the country, to take evidence very much as detectives do it, and to submit reports like men of inferior intelligence and ministerial functions only, while the public were left to run after them and their reports, as when street people run with the police when the hue and cry is raised, "Public opinion" of the country being treated by Lord Curzon with no better respect than that accorded to these street people. His unpublished official circulars and instructions in connection with Native States, and competition between Indians, Eurasians and Englishmen have inaugurated an awfully Imperialistic policy, whose publication he murdered by his Official Secrets Act, etc. His Nemesis has at last overtaken him for the present, and it remains to be seen whether the advent of the Liberals to power gives him a permanent burial under the deep, or proves itself to be but a rising wave destined to sink and be ridden by him from below. His merits and demerits as a ruler of India, are thus due respectively to his humanity as a man and to his Imperialism as a Statesman of the Āsur¹ type. His appeal to posterity for judgment *may* turn out to be correct, and what we think to be mischief *may* turn out to be blessing. But that cannot undo the demerits of his *procédure*, which has displayed conceit, high-handedness and utter disregard for the opinions of those who, as educated Indians, have a more permanent

1. आसुर.

function in Indian politics, as a safety-valve and as buffer media, than any single Viceroy possesses or can possess. The disregard of popular opinion by a ministry in England ends in its overthrow at elections; in India, it can result in a slow but steady evolution of an energy which may, at any moment, break the silence of the crater-like masses with volcanic eruptions, when those that disregarded, or misunderstood, the premonitory smoke and rumblings of the subterranean energy, must rue the dullness of their vision and wit. Wise, sagacious and shrewd politicians of the past have, in evolving the educated Indian, set up for their guidance a magnifying-glass to note the smoke, and a gramophone to report the rumblings of the awakening energy. A self-sacrificing investigator of Geology may afford to stand at the mouth of the bulging crater to note down the tremors of the crisis for the possible enlightenment of brother scientists in a distant safer land. But the statesman charged, not with the work of a mere seer, but with the duty of guiding nations into a heaven of safety, is not only not justified in disregarding the visions of the magnifier and the thunders of the gramophone, but simply commits a gross blunder and an unpardonable sin in steering his vessel in utter disregard to these symptoms and warnings, and making his whole vessel enter upon a risk which nothing sort of a mission, like that of Columbus and his volunteer band, can justify the infliction.

26th January, 1906.

The Parliamentary elections in Great Britain are coming to a close, and show a return of an overwhelming majority of the Liberals, as against a crushing overthrow and only a singularly small return of the Unionists. A clear majority is given to the Liberals as against *all* other parties put together. The Unionist Ministers have been, almost all, swept away, as by a tide from the precincts of the Parliament itself, and,

though all Indian Candidates — Dádábhai, Mancherji and Mullik—are rejected, a new age has dawned over the British Empire, including India. Curzon has wisely and moodily kept back from the elections, and has no near prospect of being anywhere in power, unless the long lease of power anticipated for the Liberals is shortened by some abrupt folly on their part. That folly is not a likely thing, for, in spite of the ‘Times of India’ once calling Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman “eggregious”, its editor has now to admit an amount of wisdom and tact in that man. The present ministry is universally admitted to be the strongest that has been seen since the days of Gladstone. Foreign powers too feel the new upheaval.

They say the new Ministry does not bode the fulfilment of the patriotic aspirations in India. That may be or may not be, according as the man in the Viceregal seat happens to be chosen. Minto is an average man, probably neither good nor bad, overflowing neither with wisdom and virtue, nor with folly and rascality. If he happens to resign soon, a better man may come ; not otherwise. In any case, it may be that the Liberals will do no good to India, but they ‘will do it no harm, and be no nuisance to this country ; and that is no small gain (21).

The correspondence between me and Jayanti, mentioned in last note, evolved for a time some kind of complication. Poor Ramanikshankar and poor Jayanti, both oversensitive, took the matter to heart, but I have tried to cool both by further correspondence and have given, at a personal interview, what is—let me hope—peace, hope and consolation to Ramanikshankar, without making him lose sight of the central force of my point in giving the bitter and deliberately over-stern rebuke and advice to Jayanti. I may die any one of these days, and, whether I do so or not, my daughters must see their way to manage their mother for themselves without invoking my assistance. That is a course absolutely necessary to ensure the happi-

ness and well-being of mother as well as of daughters through life by reciprocal adaptation and, with the virtues and affection inherent in their hearts, I hope, I am right in leaving them to the care of Providence, in spite of the few idiosyncratic failings of them all. The only person free from *any* failing whatsoever was my poor Lilávati ; and, let me hope, though it be superstition, that *she*, from her higher abode, as presented by my Yogic visions, will be the agent of Providence to look after their spiritual and mental welfare and to relieve her poor father from that task to which, at his age and under his conditions, he is quite unequal now.

Ramanikshankar is transferred from Prof. Gajjar's Laboratory, Bombay, to his Condensed Milk Factory at Chaklasi—4 kosá from Nadiád.

My literary work is still in the background. My work for Dáhilaxmi Library is almost finished, and what remains is now the looking after its execution by younger hands. But my domestic and Mandir's accounts, which have accumulated into arrears since mother's death, are not yet done with, though about to be finished ; and there are several domestic matters awaiting my hand—being left quite untouched since mother's death. I do not know where my finances are—I hope they are not in danger—that is all.

Yogic books is all I read a short time in the day. All other literary work hangs fire. So the Great Will wills. Even the giving up of a profession does not secure full time, so long as a man has to live in the world *with* a family, which, though not growing, has to be looked after, and, *with* duties to health, society and to the little money that he must preserve, though not increase, by looking after accounts and budgets, and by struggling to maintain an ever-slippery balance between his means and expenses, both of which are simply treacherous associates to stand between, while one's heart and eyes have to run forward in quest of higher pursuits. The only salvation of such a man lies in the Utopian evolution of a Saraswatí Chandra,

to locate him in a Kalyánagrām and of a Kusuma to assist him in his work.

Tátá's Scientific Research Institute, to be founded, where and when nobody knows, (22) was the evolution of prosaic beneficence, but my Kalyánagrām requires a compound of prosaic, poetical and philosophical beneficence, conceived in patriotic mood, designed by poetical flights, watched with philosophical care and abstinence, and executed with practical genius and talents ; an Institution wherein Father, Mother, Husband, Wife and Son must exist in one personality of Soul at the top. This is more than Utopia, and I spun out its dreamland in order that even side-glances at its illuminations may inspire some rich men with higher visions. Poor Prof. Gajjar ! Having the same Utopia before his heart and having scaled the heights that would make the mountaineer realise his long-cherished vision, he finds treacherous, sordid and rascally conditions, to push him down the rock that he had reached. I have told Prof. Gajjar that the push ought to prove him a God-send for the acquisition of higher wisdom and virtues, and let him hope, he is rescaling the heights so better equipped (23).

2nd February, 1906.

I am now free from the engrossing portion of my Dáhilaxmi Library work and my account matters, and can find time for my literary pursuits as designed in my notes of 13th, 14th and 17th December, 1902. From the programme as laid down in the last of these 3 notes I have to remove number 'A' or Law, and substitute for it as No. A, the works of the Psychic Research Societies of London and America. My divorce from law is now almost complete, and I have ceased to subscribe for Law Reports. I have only consented, at Mr. Ratanlal's request, to send occasional contributions to his '*Bombay Law Reporter*' in the form of anecdotes, etc., illustrative of my experience at the Bar. I have

to give precedence to Gajjar's books, long lying with me and included in 'BB 2 of 17-12-1902, while 'B' has already been varied, by giving precedence to 'Yogavá-sishta,'¹ as explaining and illustrating in diffused form, the other subjects of the group, so as to make them more intelligible to the present age. BB 5, as just noted, replaced 'A', while BB 4 has already been started with Yoga.² My notes on 'Panchadashi'³ and 'Brahma-sutra'⁴ may now be begun out of the rest of this group. Group 'C' must stand over for a year, while my address to Sáhitya-Parishad⁵ and my beginnings in Smith's "Ancient India", etc., have already opened some vista of group 'C', which however, must for the present be suspended. Group 'D' will be sufficiently sought, for the present, in my preparations for contributions to English periodicals, "East and West", "Indian Review" and "Hindustan Review", which all want me to send them my mite. 'E' *must* stand over long yet. 'F' must be begun with 'Sáksharjeevan'⁶, which however, will have to be preceded by an article on Poet Dayá-rám⁷, long promised to Sáhitya-Sabhá⁸ of Ahmedabad. Group 'G' is in the same category with group 'D' above noted. Gajjar has taken charge of group 'E' and that will suffice for the present. The autobiography noted in that group, so far as the Scrap-books taken away by him may reveal, and I have only to see that *no* further use is made of them beyond what is noted in my notes of 19th April, 1905, etc. *It is one thing to write an autobiography and another to publish it*; and my group 'H' only wants me to do the former without any ulterior aims at present. The time-table of 17th December 1902, laid down for general guidance in my Index-Book, is to be varied to-day on the above lines for the current year in that same book.

1. योगवासिष्ठ. 2. योग. 3. पंचदशी. 4. ब्रह्मसूत्र. 5. साहित्य. परिषद. 6. साक्षरजीवन. 7. दयाराम. 8. साहित्यसभा.

27th February, 1906.

Poor Shivilal, my uncle's grandson, lost his wife this month, and of course a new substitute will be sought for the one that is gone. When a husband dies, the widow cannot get a similar relief. Our reformers complain of this injustice to her. The complaint is as right and the sympathy for her as well deserved as the custom against her is successful in keeping her down. But this is not a mere question of rights *v.* might. The custom is based upon Joint Family Exigencies, and the Castes that have not it admit divorce too on easier terms than law can afford. New circumstances will probably bring out some happier compromise. In the meanwhile, orthodoxy, with nature's gift of self-preserving instincts, must hold its own as an iron wall, and reformers grow wiser and less sorrowful in their frequent knocking of heads against the wall, until the wall begins to crumble and the heads grow stronger by frequent exercise in knocking and breaking; and a new scheme of reciprocal adaptation between Family, Caste and Justice sparks out of the Friction. But I won't lecture here.

28th February, 1906.

This month is gone and I have hardly been able to pursue my new time-table. Work for Dáhilaxmi Library crops up every now and then, in this form or that, even though regular work for it is over long since. My Diary contains specimens of the calls, which almost 5 or 6 visitors made daily upon my time during this month. Illness of Mrs. and children, etc., accounts, brother's visit to Nadiád, long letters, long articles to read in the papers, etc., etc., have filled up the bulk of my daytime, while waking hours at nights are occupied with my 'Pránáyám'¹, 'Dhárana'² or 'Dhyan'³—whatever it may be I can't define—5 to 7.30 a.m., and

1. प्राणायाम. 2. धारणा. 3. ध्यान.

7.30 to 9.30 p.m. daily ; that work being generally distracted by noises and sounds in the neighbourhood in the evenings, and in the mornings by sleepiness due to the cold season. The quondam talks with visitors in the day do not fail to leave impressions behind, which throw their worldly reflections on the mind and distract my 'Pránáyám'¹ with 'Sankalpa-Vikalpa',² as they call it. All these external and internal distractions, I try to meet by getting so used to them as to break their force upon my 'Dhyán'³ which, though in *status quo* for months, has maintained itself in a steady condition which has almost divested me of its dangerous elements and given me a normal health and a capacity maintaining my average rate of internal work, while a profounder peace and quiet than any known to ordinary world, supervenes my solitary hours, even when I am not at my 'Dhyán'.³ Dreams are not destroyed, but made milder, and my long and old inability to sleep on my right side is almost gone. I have finished the bulk of my physiological investigations, got a better insight into Yogic principles (not methods) through Brahmānand's books, and my other part of my time-table is unsatisfactorily begun.

I feel startled by this state of things which has disabled me from preparing my paper on Dayáram,⁴ or even beginning it, though it was placed in my note of the 2nd inst., and was seriously meant to be finished by this time. Of course, it is for the Great 'Will to see what I must do and what not to do, but that does not dispense with my duty of using my lights to find out some cure for this state of things. My own disposition which makes me take several bonds of life with a light heart, revolts against this invasion upon my time, and yet finds the matter incurable, as I cannot afford to be harsh to visitors, or dull to domestic duties, etc. I must search for the cure in some other direction, and to do that I am at my wit's end.

1. प्राणायाम. 2. संकल्प-विकल्प. 3. ध्यान. 4. दयाराम.

29th March, 1906.

Two little rats, one dead and one sick, found at short intervals in my house, have compelled me to send my tents to Pántiá,¹ though I can not shift until all is ready there. I feel physically unfit to shift and move as quick as I used to do before, and the noon time heat may produce sun-stroke in Pántiá¹. I have momentarily removed family habitation to front rooms, the rats having died in the vādā² and near it. When these troublous times are over, I shall have to see if there be a way to avoid the present impotence of movements.

I am writing on poet Dayáram³ yet. A correspondence on the conclusion of my novel has just terminated, being one between me and Mr. Dayáram Gidumal, District Judge, Surat. He takes exception to the hero's marrying Kusum after having had his special relations with Kumud. My letters have not satisfied or convinced him, and this is natural for one, who, with his ideals of the sanctity of sexual love, cannot enter into the feelings of that stage of man wherein the rupture of all 'hridayagranthi'⁴ bring on that smashing of sexual love, which smashing exists in Kusum by birth and nature, which supervenes over Kumud since she asked the hero to allow her the 'Priti'⁵, that is born of its स्वात्त्विकमूल in बोधस्वरूपसंप्रसाद, (संप्रसाद जे बोधस्वरूप, ते तो सात्त्विक प्रीतिनुं भूण, etc.)

and gets her own heart transformed into it by the power of the sacred caves, and which having had its germs in the hero before his betrothal to Kumud become renovated and perfected by his latest situation. A Yogi and a Vedántee is wanted to appreciate the smashing of love, and he must have also undergone the stage of "Rasagna"⁶ and "rasika"⁷ to understand and value that stage as well as its smashing. What I refer

1. पांटीआ. 2. वाडा = the yard in the rear of the house.

3. दयाराम. 4. हृदयग्रंथि. 5. प्रीति. 6. रसज्ञ. 7. रसिक.

to as the seeming incongruity, absurdity, etc., of my conclusion, in my final letter to Mr. Dayáram, is this conflict of the stages of Love and Asceticism, and it requires a man to combine in him a sacred sense of the 'rasa'¹ and a philosophic asceticism to make him an 'adhikári'² to harmonise this conflict. I cease to carry on the controversy with Mr. Dayáram as nothing short of personal talk can suffice for the purpose, and as I have troubled me and him enough already.

11th May, 1906.

Of late I have found it more convenient to jot down by dribblets in my Diary than in this book (24).

The first half of April was spent at Pántiá in my tent, and all the time till now in the din and noise of marriage nuisance on either side of my house, in guests, in miscellanies, etc. At Pántiá I finished my long paper on the poet Dayáram, and read some 100 pages of Cassel's 'History of India', an admirable work for my purposes, showing that the early Englishmen and other Europeans in India formed a compound pill of 10% good virtue, 40% folly and 50% Rascality, while my countrymen in the same period were 12% good virtue, 40% rascality and 48% folly. The superior quantity and quality of folly in the latter and of good virtue and rascality in the former, decided the result decisively in favour of Englishmen. The history of the country was thus moulded by an income of 'Pándava'³ element side by side with 'Kaurava'⁴ element in those whose posterity are now our rulers!

My paper on poet Dayáram has revealed to me the all-absorbing Yogic element in his works over which my own practice has thrown good new light.

Mrs. and Prof. T. K. Gajjar and Mr. Lallubhái Ásháram Sháh, M.A., LL.B., were my guests, and so were my caste-men on visit to this town during the

1. रस. 2. अधिकारी. 3. पांडव. 4. कौरव.

marriage season, including Jayanti, Ramanikshankar and Mrs. Hukambhai. Himatbhai came but put up with uncle Manssukharám. My Diary notes the details. Ramanikshankar is also in the Diary, and *all* that I have to thank him for is that he looks well after Jayanti in several matters. Mr. Lallubhái came to consult me about the advisability of his becoming an advocate of the High Court, under the local rules for pleading of 10 years : and I have given him pros and cons, and asked him to use them as his lights in judging his own circumstances and the condition of the Bar—as to both of which I am ignorant. The Gajjars have been short time guests and to their pleasant society added that of Kavi Nanálál Dalpatráam Dáyábhái, and we had bits of intellectual feast between us three with my notes of 12th and 13th July 1905, in this book (25).

Brother was here with Motishankar—driven by Bombay plague and called by the marriage at Manas-sukhrám's and Motibhái's. Ramaniya and Bhánu came from Ahmedabad for vacation, spent much time in caste-dinners and social duties, and, after all, went to Mount Abu where, let me hope, Providence will assist their studies better. All my grand children are suffering from severe whooping cough, Bábu since Pántiá days and Jasu's children after that—all sufficiently robbing me of time and peace, and I cannot go to Abu to avail myself of the rooms there hired, as the children *must* be looked after by me. Jasu and her mother, poor ladies, have had their own shares of trial.

My reading and writing have thus been *nil* for some days, newspapers, visitors, accounts, and miscellaneous and social duties devouring my time, while the heat and social aspect of the season have conspired to make my 'Dhyán'¹ but a hobbling struggle.

Pecuniarily I don't quite realise my exact whereabouts. The Madras United Group and Works Company is on the anvils of a litigation, and would neither

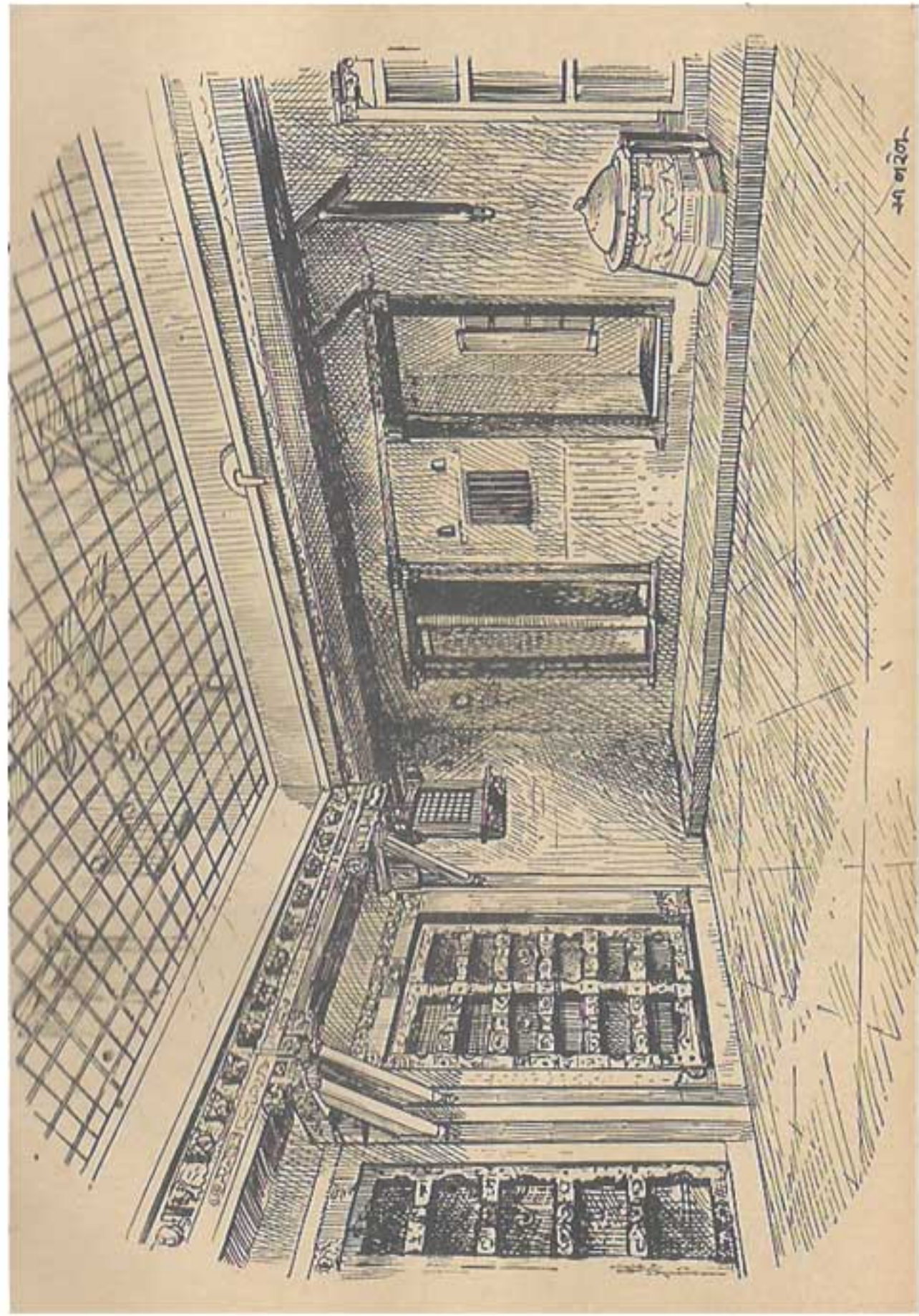
allow selling nor give the dividends it can give. The Abu trip will be a costly experiment, and Ramaniya's college expenses were Rs. 110/- for the last term.

The politics of the country are as uncertain and painful as ever. Sir Bamfield Fuller's high-handedness with which he has infected his subordinates, has resulted in irritating extremes at the Barisal Provincial Conference, and even the 'Times of India' which indulged in ironies and sarcasms at the arrest of Surendra Náth Banerjee, can only descant, with a thin disguise, over the follies of Fuller's men after their official reports now published—reports which have no doubt troubled the conscience of the 'Times of India & Co', though that subtle paper puts a varnished gloss over the reports and praises them. Let us see what England does. I do not care much for our political agitators, for I know they will be able to take care of themselves, in spite of their various short-comings. But, all the same, the political follies and wickedness of British Officers, when unblushing and acute, are to be seriously deplored as unseemly features of a picture that has excellent beauties elsewhere.

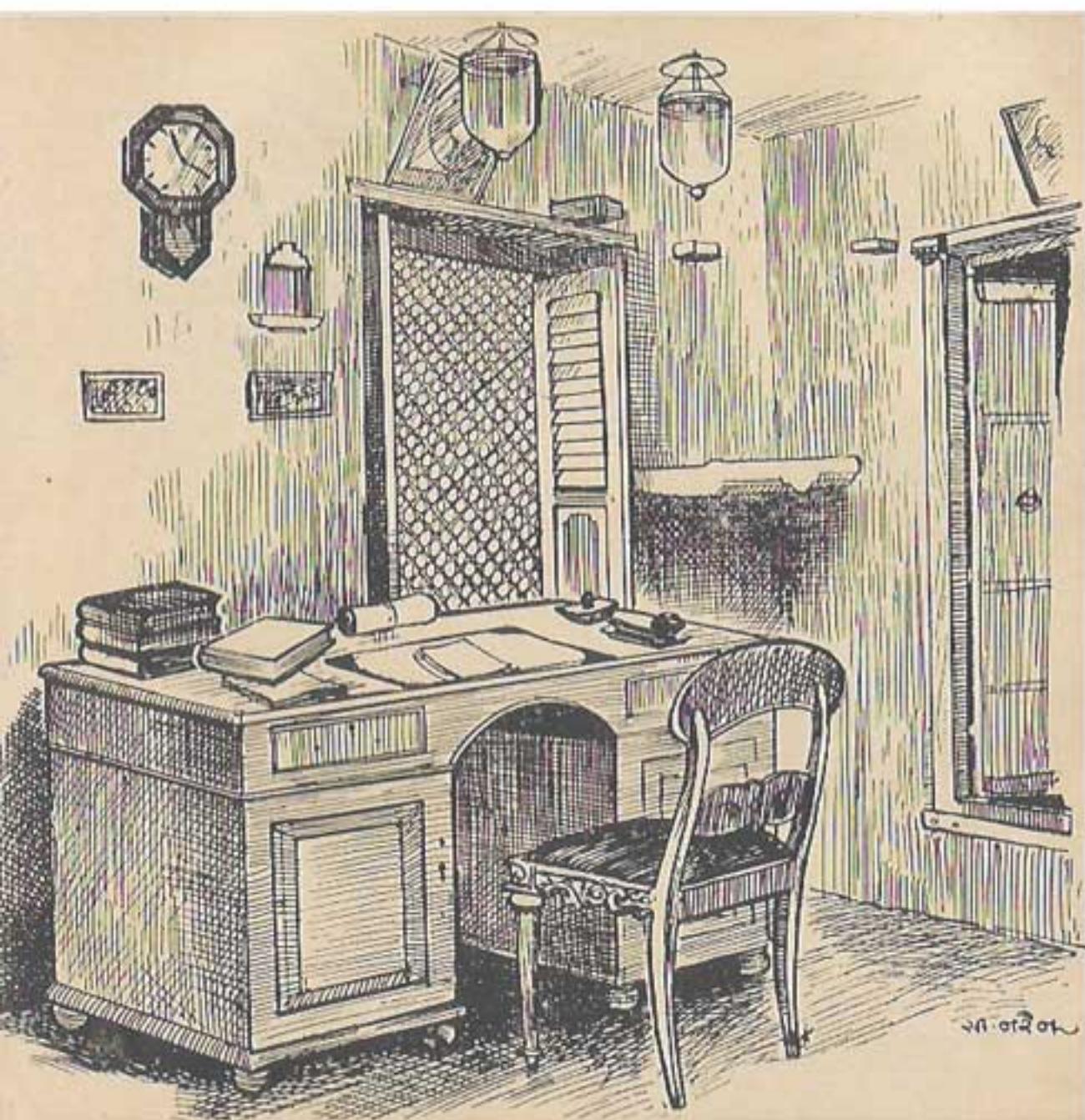
1st June, 1906.

Uncle Manassukhrám on 'Karma'¹—(i) 'Sanchita'² is the accumulation of 'karma'¹ in previous lives, or even in this life, when such 'karma'¹ is not ripe for getting the 'bhoga'³ of its 'phala'⁴. (ii) Such parts of 'sanchita'² as become 'phalonmukha'⁵, etc., and, therefore, ready for 'phalabhoga'⁶ become 'prárabdha-karma'⁷. (iii) The 'karmáni'⁸, now being done, go to swell the 'sanchita'² accumulation and become 'phalonmukha'⁵ or 'prárabdha'⁹ only *after* the previous accumulations have passed into the rank and file of 'prárabdha'⁹. (iv) The 'gnána'¹⁰ of 'jeevanmukta'¹¹ makes 'sanchita'² sterile and 'kriyamána'¹² inactive, so

1. कर्म. 2. संचित 3. भोग. 4. फल. 5. फलोन्मुख. 6. फलभोग. 7. प्रारब्धकर्म. 8. कर्माणि. 9. प्रारब्ध. 10. ज्ञान. 11. जीवन्मुक्त. 12. क्रियमाण.



Shree Govardhanram Smriti Mandir
Chok and Dining Room



Shree Govardhanram's Study Room

that his 'sanchita'¹ cannot become 'prárabdha'² and 'kriyamána'³ cannot become 'sanchita',¹ but both get 'ksheena',⁴ or 'nashta',⁵ while the 'phalonmukha'⁶ 'prárabdha',² cannot be shaken off, but must be borne by him, until it exhausts itself and his 'deha',⁷ falls. The theory makes man's 'karmic' life a ceaseless stream of activity, flowing from a dam or reservoir, and discharging itself into the Ocean. The Ocean sends up steaming clouds into the sky, the clouds fall into and fill the reservoir, the reservoir getting filled at one end discharges its contents bit by bit at the other end into the stream. The stream carries each such bit or wave oceanwards, and wave follows wave, in order of entry into and exit from the reservoir, and fills the vacuum caused by the onrush of its predecessor behind which it moves on into the ocean. This reservoir is 'sanchita',¹ the stream is 'prárabdha',² the Ocean is current life, and the clouds streaming up from it and falling as rain are the 'kriyamána'.³ These figures are my own and not uncle's, who gave me the 'drishtánta'⁸ of a 'kothi',⁹ ever refilled with grain at top, as it gets emptied from a hole at its bottom used by the user to take grains out of it, the refilling being 'kriyamána',³ the emptying being 'prárabdha'² and the inside stay of grain being 'sanchita'.¹

29th July, 1903

On 11th June 1906 I started for Mount Ábu. After a 12 days stay there in Cáwasji Jál's bungalow, rented for a year, I went back to Ábu Road, where my wife came from Nadiád. We then travelled to Ajmer, Pushkar, Jayapur and Mathurá, including Gokul and Brindában, and back to Pálanpur and Ahmedábád and Nadiád, on dates as in Diary. Motishankar was with me throughout. My and Mrs.'s health has improved,

1. संचित. 2. प्रारब्ध. 3. क्रियमाण. 4. क्षीण. 5. नष्ट. 6. फलोन्मुख.
7. देह. 8. दृष्टान्त. 9. कोठी.

though the trip, especially the pilgrimage part of it, has been very costly.

My second son-in-law, Balwantrám, was our guest at Nadiád to take care of his surviving son out of the twins. He was here before and after I left, and before and after my wife left Nadiád. He *seems* to be taking good care of poor Jasu. Her mother, who was in good relations with him, had had bitter complaints against him, though I think his heart is all right. Motishankar's conduct throughout the trip has been very satisfactory with all on the whole. My servants in the trip were both of them fools and forgetful.

My trip has been fruitful for me with new thoughts, useful conversations on higher subjects, inspiring scenes and places, revival of old and formation of new acquaintances, new readings of books and objects, etc. But they are noted in brief in my Diary, and I have no time to detail them here.

29th August, 1906.

It is over a month since I have been laid up in bed with illness which began with a 3 days' fever, from 99° to 101° only, and has since consisted of very great general debility, accelerated at an interval of 10 days by loss of blood, once in sleep, and, after 10 days, by daily loss of blood for 3 consecutive days, the loss being at first examination mistaken to have been from piles, and ultimately discovered by Dr. Ramsing, Hospital Assistant, to have been from a wart on the scrotum. I am unable to take less than a weekly bath, or to leave my bed-room and go down to ground-floor for meals. I cannot think clearly, and these lines are all I write after 15 or 20 days of writing even that—though restlessness has compelled me to jot down things long enough in my Diary. Brother was here from Bombay out of anxiety, and has been put in possession of all my financial and account papers and matters, and made to read them and my Will ; for Ramaniya is at college

and is inexperienced, and brother alone could deserve this confidence. His love and ability are beyond doubt. My philosophy seems enough to give me a placid and cool brain and heart in my last hours, and if I can leave my wife in charge of Ramaniya's love and Nara-har's conscientious care, that seems to be no small favour from God that I can do so. Equally propitious seems He in showing my daughters safe and happy with their husbands.

Four or five months of *no* work and *no* Yoga, and yet my Yogic quiet and blessedness in these days! My being relieved by poor Giles from M.A. examinership this year! My best programme of literary work for my country brought by Providence into a stage of suspense and abeyance, which may be eternal! My present condition is only too happy with these things—for all my work and all my remission of work is not mine, but the Great Will's. This Ego-point of the Great Will is neither 'Ahantá'¹ nor 'Mamatá'² nor 'Vásaná'³, and is too content to be swept off by the Ordinary and Extraordinary Teeth of the Great Wheel of the Great Will. It is enough that the Ego-point has radiated its 'shakta'⁴ and 'ishta'⁵ under the gift and guidance of the cosmic Great Will and Power.

31st August, 1906.

Politics—Fuller has resigned, and Mahomedan meetings are being held to protest against it—the meetings said to be due to Anglo-Indian Wirepulling. Railway strikes, Halálkhor strikes and Postal strikes pass over the country. Anglo-Indians and Bengalees openly detest one another and run into violence. Stories of kidnapping children by slave-dealers at Calcutta, and contradictions of them from Anglo-Indians, calling them Inventions, fill our Bengal papers. Morley and Minto are abused by the latter and praised by Indians.

1. अहंता. 2. ममता. 3. वासना. 4. शक्त. 5. इष्ट.

Native Bengal thinks of continuing anti-partition agitation, without thanking for Fuller's withdrawal. Tilak, etc., head the Extremists of Congress, and moderately and ably does Gokhale his Congress-work in England, and Morley raises hopes of practical good to India.

Junágadh under Beg for Diwan is a mystery. Ráiji appears to be on the eve of prosecution. Mán-sáheb and Daulatrám have retired from their Diwánships. Motibháí Raghunáthji Pandyá thinks of resigning his Junágadh post soon, and Nána Sáheb's case is one between hopes and fears. Russia has revolutionary anarchy. America has earthquakes. Central Europe and South and East Africa have their own dangers.

Boriávi has plague cases, one case per day, and Nadiád has 3 per week in Pádápol, etc. It has been incessantly raining day and night with occasional breaks in the town.

'Chid'¹ and 'Samvid'² ideas have been analysed in my Diary during this illness. They do not appear in the ancient 10 or 18 Upanishad,³ and turn up later on and get prominence in 'Yogavásistha',⁴ which must be contemporary with the Upanishads³ of later days in which they are mentioned. The ancient Upanishads³ deal with Átman⁵ and Purusha,⁶ both of which share features and phases which later philosophers seem to have differentiated by the nomenclatural distinction involved in 'Samvid',² Chid,¹ Máyá,⁷ etc.

6th September, 1906.

Surendranáth Banerjee underwent a 'Shántisechana'⁸ ceremony, where the Pándits placed a floral cap on his head and waved 'chouri'⁹ and held 'chhatra'¹⁰ over him. This was reported by his own paper as 'regal crowning' which the 'Shántisechan'⁸ is not.

1. चिद्. 2. संविद्. 3. उपनिषद्. 4. योगवासिष्ठ. 5. आत्मन्.
6. पुरुष. 7. माया. 8. शान्तिसेचन. 9. चौरी. 10. छत्र.

His best friends in journalism and elsewhere were annoyed at this 'Crowning' as mischievous and nonsense, and English papers call it intolerable tomfoolery, and predict a rift in the Congress camp. Surendranáth now says it was *not* 'Crowning' but 'Blessing', and says his reporters misrepresented it without his knowledge. 'Blessing' is an ambiguous term and few will believe in the Reporters' folly. So it will launch him into the additional dilemma of being called a coward or a liar. At all events, it will injure the efforts of Gokhale's good work and the influence of Surendranáth himself.

27th September, 1906.

This is Dasera¹ and I enter upon the 52nd year by native year today, and by English year on 20th October ; while the first of my English month is a precursor to the month's condition by experience. The month *October*, 1905, developed my náda-dhyán² into Sáma-gán³ and visions and cerebral pains ; put up with the nasty Bháílál Shástri's nuisance as in Diary. In *November*, 1905 : Dhyán,⁴ progressed still further, and I went on the 24th November to Bombay as an M.A. examiner in Gujarati. In *December*, I spent the first half of the month with family as Gajjar's guest at Bombay, and, on return, found Pránáyám⁵ beginning its first failing and replaced by struggles for it and by flatulence. No literary work, though visions continue. *January* 1906. 'Pránáyám⁵' and 'Dhyán'⁴ problems and struggles. Bábu ill with small-pox, and vision as in Diary. Some unremembered literary work. Yogic Books. Ramaniya joins College. Literary programme for years as on January 1 noted. Ramanikshankar's and Jayanti's anxious correspondence with me. *February* 1906 : Literary programme further detailed. That programme and Pránáyám⁵ begin to fail, and Dáhilaxmi Library work absorbs time. Ill-

1. दशेरा. 2. नाद-ध्यान. 3. सामगान. 4. ध्यान. 5. प्राणायाम.

ness to children and wife. Lilāvati's life published. Physiological notes in last 10 days. *March* 1906 : stray literary jottings in this book, literary correspondence with Dayáram Gidumal, and political with Malabari's son. Paper on Poet Dayáram begun. Further failures in 'Pránáyám'¹ and 'Dhyán'². Plague ; Satyavati suspected of it, and tent preparations. *April* 1906 : 'Dhyán'², etc. being part given up, the visions came in. Removal to Pántiá, and return. Bábu's pneumonia³. Domestic and social troubles. Marriages in neighbourhood. Dayáram paper finished, and some readings in Cassel's 'India'. *May* 1906 : 'Pránáyám'¹ and 'Dhyán'² scattered (except some visions) by distractions and by down-going health. Some stray readings as in Diary. Whooping-cough to all four grand-children, and death of Amarendra. Ramaniya and Bhánu sent to Ábu. *June* 1906 : Illness of Arvind, Girindra and Bábu. I feel sleepy all day : Wife stung by scorpion. I go to Ábu and, after 12 days, return to Ábu Road with Motishankar. There wife and Bábu join, and we go to Ajmer, and Pushkerji. At Ábu read something of 'Kena'⁴ and 'Bramhánanda's'⁵ works. *July* 1906 : Visit to Jayapur, Mathurá and surroundings as in Diary, and return via Palanpur and Ahemedabad as in Diary. *August* 6 to 27th *September* 1906 : My own serious illness and prolonged weakening, from which I am not yet free, and cannot walk out of home. Latterly Aksharshankar and his wife and child ill with fever, and my wife, by constant nursing, anxiety, early rising, etc., has got menorrhagia. Plague has commenced and developed seriously in Pádápol. For want of pastime I have been doing some brainwork in Arsha⁶ physics, etc., in spite of medical instructions to avoid it. So the whole year is wasted. It is now 'Sani's' antar-dashā⁷ in 'Surya's' 'Mahádashā'⁸.

1. प्राणायाम. 2. ध्यान. 3. छटांटीयो 4. केन. 5. ब्रह्मानन्द.
6. अर्ष. 7. शनिनी अन्तर्दशा. 8. महादशा.

Fuller's resignation. Surendranáth's 'shánti-sechana'¹, and Tilak's name for Congress presidentship, fill the Political air.

Narhar was here in my illness and was made to have an exhaustive peep into my Will, financial matters and accounts in view of my dying. 'Pránáyám'² absolutely scattered to winds. Income and expense both great. Some nice points of higher thoughts solved during illness as in Diary.

3rd November, 1906.

I am suffering still from piles, rheumatism, flatulence, cough, etc., while my diet is growing quite scantier and scantier. I feel that my vital forces are growing impotent in sustaining the equilibrium of life, which may be shaken into physical ruin at any time. Wife also sees that and is passing a nervous and anxious life. I can walk in the house and can read, write and think by bits, and my mind is all peace and blessing, except when I feel the internal sinking as it were of all tissues, and grumble under the disability and pain which, however slight, seem to overpower me. It is then that the sufferings of poor Lilávati come up to my rescue, and make me stronger even here. I grumble thus 'oon-oon—are'³ when all alone, and not in the presence of anyone. My theories about the Great Will, etc., have now become solid instincts and beliefs with me, and give me all my blessedness of these hours, and I don't propose to discuss or shake them now. The currents of Yogic 'vritti'⁴, lulling and hushing all worldly thought and storm, sweep through my brain uninvited and at times, and I fondly ask myself then whether it is not 'Bramhákára-vritti'⁵, filling my 'chidákásha'⁶ with the soft and mellow resonance of something that I know not. (26)

1. शान्ति-सेचन. 2. प्राणायाम. 3. उँह-उँह-अरे. 4. वृत्ति.
5. ब्रह्माकारवृत्ति. 6. चिदाकाश.

NOTES

P. 1—(1). Frequent references, in this volume as well as in the earlier ones, clearly show that, in addition to these seven Scrap-Books, Govardhanrám also kept day-to-day Diaries, that were briefer, but gave more news of his doings and of the events of his life. These Diaries, as he clearly expresses at many places, took a greater importance in this the 7th volume. The Diaries could supply fuller and more authentic notes for the years covered by these volumes. It is a pity that they haven't yet been available in spite of all possible efforts, they have not been traced so far.

See also note (1), written on 11-5-06, on 29-7-06 and on 29-8-06.

P. 2—(2). This Gujaráti translation of the Ishá-váśya and Kena Upanishads, by Jeevaram Shastri, with the commentary of Shrimat Shankaráchárya, is still available [in 200 copies; price annas four, N. M. Tripathi (Pri.) Limited].

P. 3—(3). This line is from "Lilávati Jeevankalá", 3rd edition, 1923, P. 136, line 10: may be translated as "you were bearing that inestimable burden, and never opened your lips on it before anyone."

P. 7—(4). "One should by all means avoid talks of one's own elevation, and of censure of others".

P. 7—(5). The story of this dream has been also quoted in several articles written soon after Govardhanrám's death (e.g., in Govardhanrám Memorial numbers of "Vasant" and "Samálochak"). Its value in 1904 was naturally very high no doubt to many, at that time and for years afterwards, it remained only a dream. Now fifty years after in this direction goes far beyond even the dream of Govardhanrám and of many other leaders of the day in India.

P. 9—(6). Govardhanrám seems to have succeeded very well with Homœopathy, firstly in regard to

his own health, secondly in the case of his eldest daughter Lilávati's last serious sickness, thirdly in the case of the eye-troubles of his son Ramaniyarám and youngest daughter Jayanti, and, last but not the least, in the surprising recovery achieved in Prof. Gajjar's case. I remember the sense of novelty aroused in those days when homœopathy was just coming into vogue, and the surprise it gave to many. Its usefulness is to-day very greatly established in some long-standing diseases, and in the case of the troubles common to children and to old people. Govardhanráam's success was in a great measure due also to himself becoming the Homœopathic doctor !

P. 10—(7). The Scrap-Books are full of references to Indian Astrology and to Govardhanráam's horoscope. Often his mind seems to be under its influence ; but *this* is a catagorical statement to the contrary and may be taken as final, or at least largely governing his attitude.

P. 14—(8). "You become the thirsty drinker of the nectar of the face of Shri Krishna."

P. 15—(9). This subject should be of very great interest and use to Indian Vaidyas and Hakeems, and also to the Western-trained Indian Medical men—if Govardhanráam's investigations are available: whether they *are* so, who can say at present ?

P. 19—(10). This is only *one* of the many excellent and characteristic passages scattered over Govardhanráam's Scrap-Books, and is a gem by itself. Govardhanráam's attitude of scattering blessings and love all round gives a most valuable glimpse of his rare philanthropic soul. See the whole passage, (behind contents page).

P. 26—(11). Govardhanráam's comments (repeated several times later) on the funeral expenses and on the mischief they did to our middle and lower classes, are perfectly justified. Indeed, before the wretched

Food Control and the new high prices came in, how many millions of people in our country were brought nearer to ruin, if not actually ruined, by the wretched customs then prevailing ! However detested, and detested rightly, the Food Control was, it did material good in breaking up these compulsory funeral—and marriage-dinners—this is the other side of the shield so often missed.

P. 29—(12). “Happiness is desirable : and equally desirable to me is misery.”

P. 33—(13). “Self-control when one is near a wise woman.”

P. 35, 37, 38 and 60—(14). All these remarks on Lord Curzon will be read with considerable interest and sympathy by students of History and Politics, as expressing the views of a deep student and a great thinker of Gujarát—even though Lord Curzon belongs now to the past. The “merit” side will also be appreciated : the keen interest Curzon took in the preservation of our monuments ought also never to be forgotten.

P. 43-44—(15). These passages throw a most interesting light on both Govardhanrám and Prof. Gajjar, as also on the rare friendship and affection that existed between the two. It was an incomparable friendship to the end. Not much, however, seems to have come out of “the friendly dacoity” of the one and “the liberal indulgence” of the other ; but, doubtlessly, these led to Prof. Gajjar’s increased interest in the Scrap-Books and in the inner life of Govardhanrám. They may also have led to the most promising young man of Gujarát, Ranajitrám, being engaged as the literary secretary to Prof. Gajjar. The great and pioneering work which Ranajitrám did there, particularly on Govardhanrám’s papers, though not much known now, has been most valuable to our Literature and to Govardhanrám’s biography. These passages also give us a unique inner

view of the balanced mind and thinking of Govardhan-rám, the real Philosopher.

P. 39 and 51—(16). These are the only references, met with in the Scrap-Books, to the first Gujaráti Sáhitya-Parishad, of Ahmedábad. More of Govardhan-rám's observations and views, naturally expected, would have been most welcome and interesting, as the Gujaráti Sahitya-Parishad was among the earliest of the kind in the whole country.

P. 53—(17). See note (9).

P. 55-58—(18). These efforts of Naraharirám and others, described here at such lengths, do not appear to have borne fruit. These pages, however, serve to give another glimpse of the inner man, and Govardhan-rám's own real feelings about a biography of himself.

P. 58—(19). When in Bombay, every December, Govardhanrám used to go in the evenings to Dariyá-Mahal, where Prof. Gajjar then lived ; Govardhanrám spent the nights near Prof. Gajjar and near the sea at that beauty-spot of Bombay : of both—Gajjar and the sea he was so fond. - He always used to take with him some of the young men of his family—his son Ramani-yarám, his nephews Bhánu and myself, and Chandra-shankar (my sister's husband, his "nephew-in-law" !). I had my first glimpses of "Gajjar Sáheb" there : then a very virile personality, endowed with extraordinary energy, with unusual brilliance of intellect and with what was then rare in India, a scientific approach. He had already become famous by his many unique achievements in Bombay. Our journeys, from Mhárbawadl to Napean Sea Road, began as far as I was concerned, in 1902, and ended in 1965. We had also pretty glimpses of the Professor's family as it then was—of the kind, gentle and efficient Káshi Káki, and of young Kálábhái, then a very young energetic chap, active, industrious and indefatigably busy, reading or doing other things : he remains now a living memorial of his father, Prof. Gajjar.

I have some undying memories of our 1905 visit. The Professor was *then* hardly better than a skeleton, but was recovering fast. The jolly friendly duels between the great man of letters and the vigorous man of science were lively and unforgettable; the former insisting with all his skill and emphasis on the wonderful cures achieved with the help of Homœopathy, and the latter as stoutly but jovially, denying them, maintaining that his recovery was *entirely* due to Govardhanram and to his company! In all probability the truth was on both the sides.

In one of these visits, I still remember a characteristic talk between the two friends and some interesting discussions took place, a paper on which the Professor had drawn the benzene ring, which was a representation (so said the man of science) of the Rása¹ of Krishna (black Carbon), with the Gopies (Hydrogen)! So did poetry and science combine!

P. 60—(20). First Para * : These fears, it is deeply regretted, have not proved baseless, as years rolled by; Seth Purushottam Vishram, however, maintained the same spirit, the same fondness and the same friendliness when he visited Agra last some years ago with Naginbhái (solicitor), and the two came to my home there; we three then paid the inevitable visit to the Táj. What a memorable visit, and what a company also!

P. 63—(21). This also shows the astuteness of Govardhanram's views of politics in England and the depth of his observations.

P. 65—(22). This passing shot at Tátá's Indian Institute of Science in being, reveals eloquently the two different attitudes in India on the subject, of the patriotic Indians and of the slow, almost indifferent, Government of India.

P. 65—(23). Nothing illustrates better the strong bond of common ideals, as well as that of love and

sympathy, that existed between these two great men of Western India.

P. 70-71—(24). See also notes (14) and (20) ; and Govardhanrá́m's sound grasp of the Indian Political situation.

P. 71—(25). This is the only reference in the Scrap-Books touching the meeting of Gajjar, Govardhanrá́m and Nánálál Kavi ; though the reference is exceedingly brief, it gives a new light to the jolly company and the characters of this Trio, so closely bound.

P. 79—(26). This is the beginning of Govardhanrá́m's last illness when it took a serious turn ; and it is also the *last note that he wrote* in these Scrap-Books. How very touching it is, readers can easily see.

Govardhanrám's "Kutumba-jála"

Family and Some Friends

MÁDHAVRÁM	Father ; a business man of Bombay ; a great devotee of Shrináthji. Failed 1874, and then lived in Nadiád. Died 1897.
SHÍVAKÁSHI	Mother ; very able, very practical and efficient. Died, in 1904, of plague.
LALITÁ	Wife ; Govardhanrám confesses she inspired his ideal of Gunasundari.
LILÁVATI	Eldest child ; extremely well-educated, truly philosophic and gentle. Died, of consumption, in 1902.
HIMATBHAI	Lilávati's husband ; practised law at Junágadh, and later, very successfully, at Ánand.
BÁBU	Lilávati's only child.
RAMANIYARÁM (RAMANIK)	Second child and only son ; after passing Matriculation examination, joined his uncle's shop (N. M. Tripathi & Co.), had a flair for writing, became, for some years, editor of "Samálochak"; published "Sáksharjeevan", edited by Prof. B. K. Thákor, and a few other books. When 69, passed away in the summer of 1955, shortly before the Nadiád centenary celebrations of his father. Left behind wife and a widow daughter.
JASU	Second daughter.
BÁLWANTRÁM	Jasu's husband.
GIRINDRA	Jasu's eldest son.
AMRENDRA ARVIND	} Twin boys of Jasu ; died in infancy.
JAYANTI	
RAMANIKSHANKER	Youngest daughter.
SHANAGÁRLAKSHMI	Jayanti's husband.
HARISHANKAR YÁJNIK	First younger sister.
	Shanagár's husband.

MOTISHANKAR	Eldest son of Shanagár. worked in N. M. Tripathi & Co.
AKSHARSHANKAR	Second son of Shanagár ; worked in the B. B. & C. I. Ry. service, now retired.
BHÁNUSHANKAR (BHÁNU)	Youngest son of Shanagár , Income-Tax-Officer, now retired.
CHANDU RASIKÁ SATYAVATI	} Three daughters of Shanagár.
SAMARTHLAKSHMI	
CHHAGANLÁL PANDYÁ	Samarthlakshmi's husband ; Government school teacher, then in Junágadh State service, at Diwan Office. Translator of " Kádambari."
VASANTBÁ	Eldest daughter of Samarthlakshmi ; married to Chandrashankar.
KÁNTILÁL	Only son of Samarthlakshmi ; Professor, now retired. The Editor.
CHAMPAKBÁ	Youngest daughter of Samarthlakshmi.
NARAHARIRÁM (NARAHAR)	Younger and only brother ; established, in 1888, the bookseller's and publisher's firm, N. M. Tripathi & Co., [now N. M. Tripathi, (Pri.), Ltd.].
VISHNULAKSHMI	Narahar's wife ; Manassukhrám's daughter's daughter.
SHIVLÁL	Vishnulakshmi's brother.
MANASSUKHARÁM SURYARÁM TRIPÁTHI	Actually a cousin of Govardhanráam, but was called uncle by him, as he practically educated and brought up Govardhanráam, and remained his life-long elder and Guru "Saraswatichandra" Part 1, dedicated to him, born of poor parents, but self-made, author, learned man, millionaire, Diwán-maker, also Vedántee—so versatile.
TANASUKHRÁM	Manassukhrám's son, also a Sanskrit Scholar.
UMÁNG	Tanasukhbháí's eldest daughter, married to Kántilál.

MOTIBHAI RAGHU-
NÁTHJI PANDYÁ

A close relation of Govardhanráam ; did great Sharáfi business, occupied highest place in the Nadiád Vadanagará Caste, on account of his great tact, experience, practical commonsense ; in later life, his firm got weaker, and he went into Junágadh State service.

DAULATARÁM KRIPA-
RÁM PANDYÁ

A relation of Manassukhrám ; Dīkṣān of Loonáavadá State ; very versatile Gujaráti author.

PROF. T. K. GAJJAR

Govardhanráam best friend in later age ; a noted and a pioneer chemist, prepared the first Indian dyeing-masters of our cotton-mills, and also some famous medicines. Removed tar stains from Queen Victoria's statue. And washed yellow pearls white.

GANAPATRÁM ANUP-
RÁM TRIVEDI

A noted director of education in States, including Junágadh, from which he retired ; also a Gujaráti writer.

PROF. ANANDSHANKAR
DHRUV

Noted Professor and teacher of Sanskrit and Philosophy at Ahmedábad ; editor of ' Vasant,' Vice-chancellor of Banaras Hindu University ; great writer, friend and admirer.

KAMALÁSKANKAR P.
TRIVEDI

A noted educationist, head-master and Principal, Scholar of Sanskrit.

KESHAV HARSHAD
DHRUV

Taught Sanskrit at Government High School, Professor of Gujaráti at Gujarát College : great author, and a great friend.

DR. SHIVNÁTH RAM-
NÁTH

A Bhávnagar friend, very useful.

SHASTRI JIVRÁM

A teacher of Lilávati ; traslator of Isha and Kena Upanishds ; assistant Professor of Sanskrit at the Elphinston College.

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41-44 Publication of Scrap-Book
by Prof. Gajjar.

55-58 " " V. Group 58

Yarrow Revisited - 19.4.58 - 21.4.58

For busy thoughts the stream flowed on
In foamy agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation,.....

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!

Fulfil thy pensive duty,
Well pleased that future Bards should chant
For simple hearts thy beauty,
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
Dear to the common sunshine,
And dearer still, as now I feel,
To memory's shadowy moonshine.

- Wordsworth 1834

Fortune never smiled long on Govardhanram. (His younger sister, Samarthalakshmi, died suddenly, when only 32, due to the mistake of a Vaidya, in 1894; she was the "touch-stone" of Govardhanram's literary compositions, as he beautifully says in an elegy to her, printed at the opening of "Sarasvatichandra" Part III, which came out in 1898, at a time made most difficult by plague and by stormy events in Poona. Before that, in 1894, he published a small lecture on "The Classical Poets of Gujarát", which, even after sixty-three years, is indispensable to-day for the study of Gujaráti Poets.

In 1898 Govardhanram, according to his old resolution, took the momentous step of retiring from legal practice and of migrating to Nadiád. He soon brought out in 1901 the fourth part of "Sarasvatichandra", the keystone of his *Magnum Opus*.

His eldest and favourite daughter Lilávati, died in the first month of 1902. She was a victim of much unhappiness borne with extraordinary philosophy, and ultimately of tuberculosis. He wrote her life; this was published in 1905, as "Lilávati-Jeevankalá."

The middle of the same year saw Govardhanram, elected as the President of the first Gujarát literary conference (Sáhityaparishad) held at Ahmedabád.

He wrote many Gujaráti and English articles published variously in "Samálochaka", "Vasant", "East and West", and "Indian Review". A series of some articles came out in 1919 with the title of "Sákshar-Jeevan", edited by Prof. Balvantráy Thákore. The life of Navalram and a collection of Navalram's works came out in 1891, and "Dayaram's Aksharadeha" was published in 1908.

He followed with keen interest the proceedings of the Indian National Congress, and other public activities and events in and out of India.

Besides maintaining a daily Diary (not available yet), he also wrote in English seven "Scrap-Books", embodying events and his musings, and running to over 1200 pages. The seventh of this series is published here.

His health was always a problem. It failed in August 1906: at the end of this illness, though too late, his great friend, Prof. T. K. Gajjar, had him brought to Bombay. But he passed away on the 4th of January 1907, at Gajjar's place, surrounded by a host of relatives, and was cremated at Walkeshwar, with his beloved sea by his side.

1st January, 1906.

"Prof. Gajjar's...special difficulties arise from his health, his ideals, his affectionate longings and the wounds on his affectionate and generous temper. By a rare accident, my society and my homoeopathy made his mind buoyant and his body...able to gain something of his lost weight.

But I fear all my resources have not been adequate... and that Providence has made me minister but faint and partial relief to a heart that is great and to a genius that is gigantic."

26th January, 1906.

"My 'Kalyángám' requires a compound of prosaic, poetical and philosophical beneficence, conceived in patriotic mood, designed by poetical flights, watched with philosophical care and abstinence, and executed with practical genius and talents...Poor Prof. Gajjar! having the same Utopia before his heart, having scaled the heights that would make the mountaineer realise his long-cherished vision, he finds conditions to push him down the rock that he has reached."

—G. M. TRIPÂTHI