
REFLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES

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BY
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FOREWORD BY
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FOREWORD

For nearly half a century the late Mr Nagendranath Gupta was to me more than a friend—he was like an elder brother. I met him first at Lahore in 1894, while he was editing the *Tribune*, which at that time was a bi-weekly journal, owned by that great nationalist and patriot, Sardar Dyal Singh Majithia. From that time onwards our friendship and intimacy grew with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. It fell to my lot, in October, 1909, to induce him to come to Allahabad to take up the editorship of the *Leader* (which had been started by Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, Pandit Motilal Nehru, and some others, including myself) with the late Mr C. Y. Chintamani as the Joint Editor. In that capacity Mr Gupta succeeded in laying the foundation of the *Leader*, which is still one of the leading dailies in the country. But, later, Mr Gupta went back to the *Tribune*, and after serving as its Chief Editor, settled down in Bombay, where he ended his last days in peace and happiness. But all these years, wherever he was, my relations with him continued to be intimate and cordial, and we frequently met, and wrote to each other. He was a most valued contributor to the *Hindustan Review*, from 1900, when I founded it, till his death in 1940.

Apart from the common bond of journalism and interest in public affairs, there were other reasons for our very cordial relations. Like myself, Mr Gupta was born in Bihar, where his father was a Subordinate Judge. He passed his early years in Bihar, and spoke the local dialect with a perfection which even I envied. As such he had a soft corner in his heart for Bihar and the Biharees. Later, he went to Sind, at an early age, to edit a

Early Recollections

My earliest recollections are of Bihar because I was born in that province and was brought up there as a child. I did not spend all those years at one place, but had to move from one district to another at intervals of two or three years. The places that I remember best are Patna, Chapra, Arrah, Motihari, Bhagalpur, Jamalpur and Monghyr, Sahebganj, Purnea and Araria in the same district. Except Patna, I have not revisited these places for many years, though I am aware of the changes that have occurred. Later in life I have been to Laheriasarai and some places in the neighbourhood.

I wonder how many people are left whose memory can go back more than half a century in Bihar itself. It is to me a great satisfaction that I have known what it is to live a 'national' life, because all North India from Karachi to Calcutta is familiar to me as the palm of my hand, and I have spent my life in endeavouring to serve my people and my country. In those early days in Bihar, there was no railway line to the north of the Ganges. There were frequent occasions for us to travel between Patna and Chapra and it was always done by boat. From Patna to Chapra it is upstream, and it took three days to finish the trip. To the top of the mast were tied some slender, twisted ropes, and three or four men moved along the bank pulling the boat by these lines. They called it pulling the *goon*. The boat proceeded at snail's pace, there was a halt at midday for meals and a little rest, and then off again with the speed of tortoise ! What would people think now to be told that it took well-nigh 72 hours to reach Chapra from Patna ! There was, of course, no night running, for the men were not locomotives that could puff and rush along day and night, and even railway engines have to be changed. Coming down from Chapra

we did the distance much quicker; during the rains, when the river was full and the current swift, the boat took about eight hours to reach Patna from Chapra. From Chapra to Motihari we had to trek in covered bullock carts called *shampunis*. There was a flat bottom with a thick layer of straw upon it, and a carpet to spread over the straw. The bullocks were inspanned early in the morning, and in the evening we halted for the night in a tent pitched for the purpose. It was incredibly slow, but no one was in a hurry, and motor-cars and aeroplanes were not in the offing.

A Wild Boyhood

It should have been stated at the outset of this chronicle of my early impressions that life in the mofussil is very different from town life, and I recall my wild recklessness as a boy with considerable trepidation. Most of the mischief in which we revelled was innocent, but it was full of serious bodily danger to which we never gave a moment's thought. I was always the most daring and foolhardy in our set. I was born at Motihari, the sadar station of the Champaran district near the Terais of Nepal, and my father was again transferred to this station when I was about eight years of age. My mother died here a few months later. We lived in a big house known as the *Chhauni* belonging to the Maharaja of Bettiah. In front of the house was a big maidan covered with thick grass. In Motihari small ponies are used as pack animals in the same way as donkeys and bullocks are used elsewhere. Caravans of small traders used to bring these ponies to the maidan, and the men removed the packs, turned the animals out to graze after hobbling them with a bit of rope tied round the forelegs, and then marched off to the bazaar with the packs. The moment the men were out of sight I used to let out a war whoop, and that was the signal for the ecstasy of joy rides, the only price for which was a number of falls from our circus

horses. I rode bare-back with the rope transferred from the feet to the mouth of the horse for reins, and I fell off half-a-dozen times every day, with no worse effects than a swollen limb when the frightened horse happened to place one of its unshod hooves over some part of my body. Those were my first lessons in riding; later on I became a fearless rider when I had ponies of my own. I carry honourable scars of the teeth of dogs and a monkey and of an operation under chloroform when a splinter of wood was extracted from my armpit.

Life in Motihari

A great deal of trade with Nepal was done by means of these sturdy little ponies. Motihari was at that time a very small town with a small bazaar, a thinly attended school and the public courts. The currency was *Lohia* pice, bits of copper cut into rough squares and never passed through a mint. These pice were very heavy and you got 125 for a rupee. The weight of 80 tolas was called a *kutcha* seer; a *pucca* seer was 125 tolas. Adulteration of ghee and milk was unknown; pure fresh butter, made into balls, was brought to the house every morning, and a ball weighing a *chittak* was sold for three or four pies. The ghee was so pure that in the winter it became solid, with large granulations, and was delicious to the taste. I shall never forget the *dahi* that could be had in those days throughout Bihar. In some places it was sold in cups made of leaves, and it was so solid that not a drop trickled through. In going to Motihari and coming away from it, we had to cross the Gandak River, bullock cart and all. In this region and also at Motihari goitre was very common, and men and women with swollen necks were to be met with everywhere. Motihari must have grown a little in later years, but in the last severe earthquake there was a subsidence of the entire site of the town, and I was told at Patna that it would have to be rebuilt on a new site.

Chapra Old and New

We had a house of our own at Chapra in Sahebganj, but later on we used to live in a bungalow near the jail and close to the Government school. Chapra has now changed considerably, thanks to the railway line passing near it, but the configuration of the town is very much the same as it was sixty years ago. Immediately after the earthquake, Chapra and Arrah suffered from floods; but even at the time of which I am writing there used to be periodical floods on account of the Ganges overflowing its banks after heavy rain upcountry. I have seen the Ganges in flood making a broad sheet of water from Arrah to Chapra. Once I got into a boat at the Gangi just below the Judge's Court at Arrah and ferried all the way across to Chapra and landed just below the market place at Sahebganj. It was all flood water, shallow at most places, but close to Chapra the water was deep and the current swift. One year there was a great flood in Chapra itself. Except the main street, most of the open land was under water. The *Ramna* was flooded, as also the extensive grounds round the courts. The school was surrounded by water. From the gate to the school house we used to cross on a raft made of 16 large earthen *chatties* with mouths turned down and tied up in the shape of a square with split bamboo. I remember there was a mound above the water level in the school compound covered with wriggling snakes of all kinds, poisonous as well as non-poisonous. As soon as the water began to subside the snakes were killed. One of the school servants was severely bitten, but fortunately it was only a water snake and there was no serious after-effect.

Cordial Hindu-Muslim Relations

The two festivals that attracted the largest crowds were the Ramlila and the Mohurrum. It is wonderful how these passion plays have kept alive the stories of

the Ramayana and the martyrdom of Hassan and Hussein. Ignorant, unlettered villagers, who cannot read a word of Tulsidas's great work, know every incident of the famous epic of Valmiki. The name of Rama is uttered aloud when a dead body is carried to the cremation ground. The Hindu celebrated the Mohurrum with as much enthusiasm as the Muhammedan. Hindus had their own *akharas* like Musalmans and even built their own *tazias*. In all exhibitions of skill with the *gadka*, the *jhilum*, the *pata*, the *bangethi* and the *look*, there was friendly rivalry between the two communities. The heavy *sipar*, the stem of which was placed in a socket tied round the waist, was carried and swung round by straining Hindu athletes. The word 'communal' was unknown. *Chabils* were set up by Hindus and *sherbet* was freely supplied to the Musalman mourners. The greatest cordiality prevailed between the two communities. Neighbourly relationships were established, Hindus called Musalmans uncle and Musalmans did the same. They were really one people, for the Musalmans were mostly converts to Islam and had been so for some generations.

Kite-Flying

Kite-flying was the universal amusement throughout Bihar. All classes of people, sometimes even without distinction of age, flew kites, and great skill was displayed in the warfare called *painch farana* in midair. Kites, large and small, pretty and gorgeous, filled the sky. The wealthier people used a silken thread called *nakh*, others used cotton thread to which an edge was given by smearing it with *manjha*. When a kite was cut there was a mad rush to annex the trophy, and boys and even men were frequently injured.

At Bhagalpur, when I was some years older, my constant companion in wild frolics was my cousin, J. N. Gupta, some years younger than myself, now a senior Bengal Civilian and Commissioner of the Presidency

Division. There was a funny priest from the temple of Burhanath, who always hailed us with a quaint blessing, 'B.A. pass, M.A. pass, Z.A. pass!' We lost no time in obtaining these degrees by jumping down into *Kankar* pits half full of loose, red earth, the idea being that the deeper the pit the higher the degree to which we were entitled in the University of Pitden! Later on, when it came to the real thing, my little cousin got the M.A. degree all right, while I suppose I got the 'Z.A.' degree, for I never obtained any other! I have no regrets, however, for to this romping outdoor life I owe my health and my love of nature.

Our Pundit

In my ninth or tenth year I joined one of the lower forms of the Government school at Chapra in the Saran district of Bihar. There was nothing to complain of as regards the teachers, with whom I got on very well, but the Pundit who took our class in Hindi was a more difficult proposition. He was a dominie of the approved type, corpulent, shabbily dressed and loud-voiced. He was a martinet without any idea of discipline. He used to scratch various parts of his body constantly, and made extraordinary contortions and grimaces during the operation. I have no idea of his learning, but I do not think it was very profound. He was certainly very much lacking in worldly wisdom and average commonsense. His son, a big hulking lad, several years older than the other boys and a promising replica of his father, was in our class and generally at the bottom of it. He was without doubt the dullard of the class, and did very badly at all examinations, but when it came to Hindi, his father, who was the examiner, gave him the highest number of marks with unvarying impartiality. When the Pundit entered the class-room some of the more mischievous boys in our class used to greet him with joined hands raised to the forehead and the words, 'Punditji pronoun' (for

pranama), and the prompt reply was, '*Benchopary*' (stand up on the bench!). The Pundit did not know the meaning of the word 'pronoun', and he never inquired, but he was convinced that it was a disrespectful word. He was alliterative while scolding the boys. When he found any boy inattentive he used to say '*Purrh pash*' (read you brute!) though brutes have never been known to read a book. Some sly imp of mischief would ask, 'Punditji, what is the *sandhi* (compound) of *gagari* (an earthen *chatty*) and *ubahan*?' A rope is tied to a *chatty* for drawing water, and that was the real *sandhi*, but the Pundit, who had no sense of humour at all, would blindly reply: 'It is quite a simple *sandhi*, *gagaryubhan*!' When excessively annoyed with any boy, he threatened to report him to the headmaster, but he never did so for he was as timid as a rabbit and was more afraid of the headmaster than the boys themselves. At that time the Inspector of Schools for the Bihar Circle was Dr Fallon, the well-known compiler of the Hindi-English dictionary. Dr Fallon had the disconcerting habit of examining the teachers as well as the students. If he put a question to which no boy could give a satisfactory answer, he would at once turn to the teacher and ask him to reply to the question. The Pundit stood in mortal dread of the Inspector. As soon as it was known that Dr Fallon had come to the school the Pundit would vanish and be never seen again until after the Inspector had left. His explanation was perfectly natural, for he laid the whole blame for his regrettable absence on nature!

A Roland for an Oliver

The Joint Magistrate of Chapra at this time was a young Civilian named Cook. He was a short young man who had a big notion of himself and was said to be very offensive in his ways. One afternoon, Mr Cook was driving in his trap to Ravilganj, a small town a few miles to the west of Chapra. There was a Muhammedan

fakir sitting by the roadside, and because this man did not get up and salaam the Magistrate Saheb, Mr Cook slashed him across the face with his whip as he drove past. The fakir remained sitting without any word of protest or complaint. He had in his hand one of those gnarled and twisted horns so frequently carried by men of his order. Mr Cook returned in a couple of hours, and the fakir jumped up in front of the dogcart, yelling in an unearthly fashion and shouting curses and flourishing his formidable weapon. The horse shied violently and came to a dead stop, and before the syce could come to the help of his master, the fakir had struck Mr Cook a violent blow on the mouth with the horn in his hand, cutting open the magistrate's cheek and knocking out two of his front teeth. It was getting dark at the time and Mr Cook's assailant coolly disappeared after avenging the unprovoked assault upon himself. Mr Cook returned home bruised and bleeding, and had to keep to his room for several days. The police made a diligent search for the fakir, but the man was never found.

Fall of the Mighty

At Bhagalpur we had once for a guest an Inspector of Police from Bengal. He was a fine figure of a man, portly and broad-fronted, his expansive face stamped with the high authority of the police. On the day of his arrival I had to entertain him as my father had to attend to his duties in court. Our guest recounted to me his exploits as a police officer and his smart captures of notorious thieves and daring dacoits until he loomed before my unsophisticated imagination as a veritable paladin of romance. The conversation then turned to the few sights of Bhagalpur and how Mr Roy (that being the name of the guest) proposed to see them. I had two ponies to ride at the time: one was a white gelding, somewhat bigger than a galloway, sleek and well-fed; the other was a little bay pony, purchased for a few

rupees during a famine. Both were quiet animals. The only vice, if it can be called a vice, that the white horse had was that he objected to a new rider by lowering his head and neighing shrilly, but he neither bucked nor reared, and never tried to throw off his rider. I asked Mr Roy whether he would like to go out for a ride and whether he was accustomed to riding. He flared up at once at this question. A crack police officer like him not used to riding? He would like to see the horse that could unseat him. Was not much of his time spent in the saddle, and had he not once broken a fiery stallion his brother officers had been afraid to ride? That settled the question, and in the afternoon, when my father asked Mr Roy whether he would go out for a drive, Mr Roy replied that he preferred to ride. Accordingly, after my father had left in his carriage, the two ponies were brought out and I mounted the 'famine' pony. I had my suspicions when I saw Mr Roy climbing on to the saddle with difficulty with the help of two syces. Tragedy quickly followed. I was as lean as a jockey and a nimble lightweight, and the horse had seldom known any other rider. Bewildered and outraged by the tremendous mass of avoirdupois on his back, the horse expressed his indignation in the usual way, but he did not stir a foot and made no other movement. But the shrill neigh was enough for Mr Roy, whose eyes protruded with terror as if a lion had roared in front of him. He threw away the reins, his feet slipped from the stirrups, and he fell slowly but heavily to the ground. I jumped off my pony and rushed to his assistance, but the moment I touched him he screamed out that all his bones were broken and he could not bear the touch of a finger. It required considerable persuasion and five or six men to lift and carry him to the sitting room, where he was laid on a heap of cushions. I had to listen to the lamentations and to repeat my expressions of sympathy until my father arrived and was soon followed by the doctor. Mr Roy

was moaning and groaning all the time that the doctor examined him. The doctor then came out of the room accompanied by my father, and beckoned me to follow him. In the next room the doctor asked me: 'You were with Mr Roy. Did the horse throw him very heavily?' I replied that Mr Roy had thrown himself, for the horse had not moved a step and had done nothing to unseat even an ordinary rider. The doctor and my father smiled and the doctor said: 'The man is more frightened than hurt. There's nothing the matter with him.' At dinner time, Mr Roy protested that he was so grievously hurt that he could not swallow a morsel of food, but he was persuaded to eat a little and ended by taking a hearty meal. In a few days he was moving about as usual and was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, but the subject of riding was taboo. Mr Roy was one of my early disappointments, for that burly policeman was a fraud, if ever there was one, and my lion proved to be the other animal that had donned the lion's skin.

Invasion from the Jungle

During the floods the wild animals roaming in the bushes to the north of Bhagalpur were driven out from their lairs and the tracts frequented by them because the flood water penetrated a wide stretch of country. Among the wild animals were *arnas*, buffaloes of enormous size with curved horns that sometimes measured six feet from tip to tip. Some details of this curious invasion from the jungle may be of interest. The Ganges frequently shifts its bed, but between 1874 and 1877, while we were at Bhagalpur, the river ran just below the town to the north. One Mr Sandys, a retired Civilian who at one time had been District and Sessions Judge of Bhagalpur, had chosen to settle down in the town instead of returning to England. He owned a fine large house with the largest compound in the town. He had bought some zamindaris and conformed to all the usages of

zamindars. He used to send *dallies* to the district officers, European as well as Indian. He was highly respected and was the leader of the European society of Bhagalpur and was very friendly with Indians. I remember having seen him—then an old man—spade in hand, digging in his grounds in a shirt and an old pair of trousers.

Mr Sandys owned another fairly big house close to his own. The house was lying vacant when we arrived at Bhagalpur and my father arranged with Mr Sandys to occupy it. Repairs were about to be taken in hand when, one noon, some cowherd boys, who were in the habit of playing inside the house, discovered a large leopard, which had devoured a calf, sleeping peacefully in a corner of the drawing-room. The boys had the presence of mind to close the door softly from the outside, and then they ran for their lives and reported their fearful discovery to some European officers living in the neighbourhood. Three of them took their rifles and shot the leopard from an opening in the wall. The result was that my father gave up the idea of taking the house, which was never occupied as long as we lived at Bhagalpur.

On another occasion, while we were playing in front of the Government school during the luncheon recess, we saw a wild boar (tusker) rushing up in our direction. We fled on the instant to the safety of the school rooms. The boar was pursued by the Superintendent of Police and some others on horseback and was ultimately shot.

On another occasion, I had just returned home after a bath in the Ganges when I heard a fearful uproar in the Post Office close by, and the servants told me that a wild pig had got into the closed yard behind the Post Office. I at once loaded all the six chambers of our Colt revolver and ran to the Post Office. Passing through the office, I reached the yard, which was closed in by a mud wall with a rickety door at the rear. The Postmaster was a Eurasian and some of his sisters were

staying with him. The young ladies were peeping through the venetians of the closed doors and were shrieking hysterically. A number of men were standing on the wall and were trying to hit the pig, which was scampering wildly round the yard looking for an exit, with anything they could lay their hands on. Some had crowbars, others had nothing more lethal than stones. I clambered on the wall and whenever the pig, which was not yet a full-grown animal, passed in front of me I took a shot at him. I emptied my revolver and probably three or four bullets found a true billet. At this time some one pushed the door of the yard from the outside and the pig bolted through the opening. It ran a considerable distance along the bank of the Ganges pursued by a shouting crowd and then dropped and was killed.

During the rains the Ganges is always in flood. At Bhagalpur the southern bank, behind which the town stands, is fairly high and so the flood extends entirely to the north, which is low land covered with jungle. In this jungle are to be found herds of wild pigs, prowling leopards and the dreaded wild buffalo locally known as *arna*. A tiger will rarely venture to attack an *arna*, which is more dangerous than a tiger when wounded and tracked by an imprudent huntsman. Driven out from their haunts by the rising waters these animals swim straight for the other bank and sometimes stray into the town.

Dinabandhu Mitra

My father, Mathuranath Gupta, was a member of the Bengal Provincial Judicial Service and as such was transferred from one district to another periodically. The greater part of his service was spent in Bihar. Between 1872 and 1874 we were living at Arrah. Dinabandhu Mitra, the well-known Bengali dramatist, who was a Superintendent of Post Offices, once came to Arrah on a tour of inspection. He called on my father one morning and was invited to dinner the same evening.

Dinabandhu Mitra was a slender, alert-looking man, wearing a *chapkan* and trousers, and a gold-braided cap set jauntily at an angle on the head. The dinner was in English style and though we children were not admitted either into the drawing or the dining room, we kept hanging around, peeping in occasionally when we could do so undetected. Much of the conversation, which was practically monopolized by Dinabandhu Mitra, was over our heads; but the distinguished writer kept the other guests in roars of laughter by his sallies of wit and his mimicry of Oriya speech.

Swami Dayananda Saraswati

It was also at Arrah that I saw Swami Dayananda Saraswati, the renowned Sanskrit scholar and reformer, and founder of the Arya Samaj. He was staying at the garden house of the Maharaja of Dumraon. I knew very little about the Swami, but, prompted by boyish curiosity, went one afternoon, accompanied by a peon, to the Dumraon garden house. Swami Dayananda was standing on the verandah. He was wearing only a loin cloth and had just finished his daily exercise. Two Indian clubs, which he had evidently been using, stood in a corner. The Swami did not then speak Hindi fluently—formerly he spoke only Sanskrit—but he put some questions to the peon, asked me one or two, and patted me on the head. He was a stout, well-built man of medium height, with a big head and a round, clean-shaven face. There was a lecture by the Swami the same evening in our school-hall. As the hall was quite full, a number of little boys, including myself, waited outside, watching the people coming in. Presently, Swami Dayananda came in, wearing white clothes and a white turban and escorted by a number of people. We looked at the crowd a little while longer and then quietly went home. Later on in life, I have seen the splendid work done by Swami Dayananda Saraswati in the Punjab. In Bengal,

the Brahmo Samaj movement arrested the wholesale conversion of Bengalis to Christianity at a time when orthodox Hinduism was losing its hold on young Bengalis educated in schools and colleges conducted by Christian missionaries. Similarly, in the Punjab, Swami Dayananda Saraswati founded the Arya Samaj at a critical time when educated Punjabis were embracing the Christian faith in constantly increasing numbers.

Tales of the Mutiny

The house in which we lived at Arrah originally belonged to Babu Kumar Singh, the well-known leader of the Indian Mutiny in Bihar. He was a big zamindar of Jagadispur in the Arrah district, and was an old man over seventy years of age when the Mutiny broke out. Bihar was so far away from the real storm centre of the Mutiny that there was no likelihood of Babu Kumar Singh joining it if he had not been embittered by a personal grievance against the Bengal Government. It was in a fit of exasperation that he cast his lot with the Mutineers and raised the standard of revolt at Arrah. Babu Kumar Singh was heavily indebted and applied to the Government for a loan to pay off his debts. The Government could have easily accommodated him and realized the amount with interest from the large revenue of his landed property. The Collector of Shahabad, the district of which Arrah is the headquarters, recommended the loan, but the Board of Revenue refused to help Babu Kumar Singh, who was then approached by an emissary of the rebels and was easily won over to their cause. So astonishing were the energy and vigour displayed by this aged Rajput in spite of his weight of years that Lord Canning declared that it was lucky for the Government that Kumar Singh was not younger by thirty or forty years when he joined the Mutiny.

Part of the garrison at Dinapore mutinied and went

over to Babu Kumar Singh. The European officers of Arrah with a handful of Sikh sepoys took shelter in a house belonging to the Executive Engineer. This house is just to the south of Babu Kumar Singh's house, situated in the compound of the house occupied by the District Judge, and is still preserved as a memorial of the Mutiny. The Mutineers under Kumar Singh repeatedly attempted to storm the house, but were beaten off by the defenders, who had barricaded all the entrances to the house. Supplies ran short and there was no water to drink. The resourceful Sikhs dug a well below the floor of the house; successful sorties were occasionally made and stray goats and sheep were captured and brought in. The small beleaguered garrison was in a parlous state. There were thousands of the enemy outside and an incessant fusillade was directed against the house. The vigilance of the besieged could not be relaxed for a moment. They had to husband their limited resources with the greatest care as otherwise the ammunition might run out at any moment.

Reports of the critical situation at Arrah reached Dinapore and a detachment was sent out to relieve the civilians and soldiers at Arrah. The expedition consisted of 400 troops, European and Sikh, under the command of Captain Dunbar. Among the volunteers who joined the expedition was Mr Ross Mangles, a member of the Bengal Civil Service. The party proceeded by steamer and landed about ten miles north of Arrah. Night had set in, but Captain Dunbar immediately marched with his men towards Arrah, for any moment they might be too late. No thought was taken of the danger of an ambuscade, nor was a sharp look-out kept. On the high road near the Gangi there were dry drains on both sides of the road and the Mutineers lay in ambush there. As the troops advanced they were caught by a withering cross-fire which enfiladed the line and practically wiped out the detachment. Among the few who escaped was

Mr Ross Mangles, who not only saved himself but carried a wounded soldier back to safety to Dinapore. He was a noted *shikari* with an unerring aim, and though some Mutineers hovered round him, no attempt was made to rush him. For his heroism Mr Mangles was awarded the Victoria Cross and subsequently became a Judge of the Calcutta High Court.

The disappointment of the besieged at Arrah may well be imagined, but the fearful suspense did not last long. Major Eyre, an intrepid officer, was marching to Ghazipur with a detachment of soldiers; at Buxar he heard of the plight of the men at Arrah and the failure of the relief expedition. On the instant he turned back and hurried to Arrah by forced marches. About eight miles to the west of Arrah, at Beebeeganj, the Mutineers in large numbers had concealed themselves in a dense wood, hoping to repeat their feat on the Gangi Road, but a foolish bugle call gave them away, and Major Eyre inflicted a heavy defeat upon them. When he arrived at Arrah there was not a single Mutineer to be seen. Summary vengeance followed and the branches of trees were full of corpses dangling from them. A great deal of ruthlessness was practised on both sides during the Mutiny. The heroic defence of Arrah House was one of the notable events of the Mutiny. Babu Kumar Singh escaped to Azamgarh where he was wounded and died shortly afterwards.

When we were at Arrah barely fourteen years had passed after the Mutiny, and the memory of those stormy days was fresh. I was quite familiar with the quaint Bhojpuri dialect spoken in the district of Shahabad, Saran and Gorakhpur, and I was never tired of listening to the stirring tales of the Mutiny from the servants and the bazaar people. The two-storeyed house in which a few Europeans had defended themselves with the devoted help of a handful of Sikhs was just across the road behind our house. We were shown the ditch in which the

Mutineers had lain in ambush for the relieving detachment of troops from Dinapore under Captain Dunbar and slaughtered it almost to the last man. One of our servants, who was a lad of about twenty when the Mutiny broke out at Arrah, was by mistake actually taken for a Mutineer and was about to be hanged on the nearest tree when there was a sudden alarm of an attack by the Mutineers, and in the confusion the lad escaped. Snatches of songs heard in the days of the Mutiny were still being sung. There was one inspired by intense local patriotism, beginning *Jagat mein Jagadishpur Sahar mein Scsseram re* (there is no place in the world like Jagadispur and no town like Sasseram). The *mohalla* in which Kumar Singh's house was situated was called Babubazaar after him, and there was a song about the street-fighting in front of the house: *ham na jainhon Babubazaaria tegoan ki ghansam re* (I shall not go to Babubazaar because the swords there are as thick as the clouds). Most enthusiastic were the stories about Amar Singh, a young brother of Babu Kumar Singh. The people of Arrah spoke of Amar Singh as another Bayard of chivalry, *sans peur et sans reproche.* He was in the habit of neglecting his position and family, and wandering about in the company of Sadhus. But the Mutiny made him a hero, and his dash and élan in every fight were recounted with epic fervour. According to every account that I heard, Amar Singh performed prodigies of valour, and escaped to Nepal when the Mutiny was suppressed. The exploits of Amar Singh so impressed my youthful imagination that several years later I wrote a story in Bengali of the Mutiny bearing his name. This book was translated into Hindi at Patna.

Syed Amir Ali

A few months before we left Arrah, Syed Amir Ali, who had just been called to the Bar, visited Arrah in

connexion with some property belonging to his deceased brother, who had been a Deputy Magistrate. Mr Amir Ali was a frequent visitor at our house and often came to dinner. I became his favourite, and he told us many stories about the English and French people. I remember, in particular, how horrified I was when Mr Amir Ali told me that the French ate cutlets made from the legs of frogs and deemed them a great delicacy. He spoke mostly in English, but when we could not follow him, he would explain in Hindustani. He usually wore a Turkish fez at that time. Mr Amir Ali afterwards became a Judge of the Calcutta High Court, and is at present a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. I saw him once more at Karachi, where he came to conduct an important case. I saw him in court and intended to call on him afterwards. But when I heard him addressing the Judge in halting language with a queer enunciation, pausing a minute or half a minute after every sentence or part of a sentence, as if he expected the Judge to take down every word that he spoke, I was altogether disenchanted and did not go to see him.

Syed Wahiduddin

In 1874 my father was transferred to Bhagalpur and was relieved at Arrah by Syed Wahiduddin, who was my father's senior by several years and was nearing the end of his service. Syed Wahiduddin was over fifty years of age at this time, short, with large bright eyes, and a brisk and alert manner. He did not know English and wrote his judgements in Hindustani. But he was an able officer and had a high reputation for probity and integrity of character. My father was a fine Urdu and Persian scholar and had many Musalman friends, Syed Wahiduddin being one of the most intimate among them. After his retirement, Syed Wahiduddin spent a great deal of his time at Patna, his native village being a few miles away. Towards the latter end of his service my father

was stationed at Patna, where he settled after retirement. Syed Wahiduddin, who lived to a great age, often came in a *palki* to see my father. His son, Nawab Imdad Imam, who was for some time Chairman of the Patna Municipality, used, I believe, to call my father 'uncle'. Syed Wahiduddin's grandsons, Sir Ali Imam and Hassan Imam, are well aware of the cordial relations between their grandfather and my father. No one then dreamed of communalism and Hindus and Muhammedans everywhere were on the friendliest terms.

Spirit of Adventure

At Bhagalpur there are two old caves close to the southern bank of the Ganges at some distance to the east of the town. One of these is shallow, but the other is rather deep and, at the time we were at Bhagalpur, was difficult of exploration. People generally contented themselves with a peep at the mouth of the cave. Some said it had been excavated by some hermits, others thought it was the secret lair of robbers. Anyhow, I was filled with the spirit of adventure, and secretly prevailed upon some of my class-fellows at school to join me in exploring the cave. The expedition was kept a close secret. I carried a fully loaded six-chambered Colt revolver belonging to my father, some candles and a box of matches. On our arrival at the entrance to the cave, the courage of some of my companions began to ooze out, but they were put to shame by the rest. There was a sheer drop of a few feet at the mouth of the cave. We lightly jumped in and discovered that the cave ramified in three directions. While we were lighting candles, one of the boys, bigger and older than myself, nearly fainted and had to be helped out of the cave. We then proceeded with our investigations. The longest way was towards north, and at the end we found the marks of claws on the damp wall and a heap of bones on the ground. Perhaps the scratches had been made

by the claws of a jackal or wolf, but we proudly fancied it must have been nothing less ferocious than a tiger. When the Ganges was in flood wild boar and even tigers were known to swim across the river, and a large leopard and a boar had actually been killed in the town while we were at Bhagalpur. We returned home in high feather, but the only recognition that we got for our notable deringado, which could not be kept secret, was a severe reprimand for our foolhardiness.

Humbling of a Captain

One evening, my father was out driving in a Victoria phaeton and I was in the carriage with him. The road was barely wide enough for two carriages to pass with some care. As we were passing through the town we saw a trap resembling a tonga coming towards us, driven by a European at a furious pace. We had a quiet old mare, and the coachman drew to the left as far as he safely could, but the European, ignoring the rule of the road, came thundering on, occupying the middle of the road, and pulled up just in time to avert a serious collision. His horse reared up and came down upon its haunches, while our groom quieted the frightened mare with some difficulty. We got down from the carriage, and so did the European. My father was naturally very angry, and striding up to the European said: 'I shall prosecute you for rash driving if you are not more careful.' Now, my father was a man with a magnificent physique, tall, with a great breadth of shoulders, and possessed of immense muscular strength, while the European was a slight, undersized man. The latter flushed, grew red in the face, looked at my father's athletic figure, and then drove away without a word. It was afterwards ascertained that the European was Captain Douglas, attached to a regiment stationed at Champanagar, some miles to the west of Bhagalpur.

Bhudeva Chandra Mukerji

Bhudeva Chandra Mukerji was Inspector of Schools, Bihar Circle, at this time, and he called on my father while he was at Bhagalpur. A fairly tall man, erect, with hair and moustache perfectly white, Bhudeva Chandra Mukerji struck even my immature intelligence as a man different from and superior to the people I was accustomed to see. He was distinctly intellectual-looking but there was also an atmosphere of purity and cleanliness of mind about him. He had a grave and thoughtful look, well becoming the writer of *Parivarik Pravandha*, one of the most thoughtful books in Bengali. When he came out of the room where he was sitting he beckoned to me, put me a few questions in a gentle voice, and then put his hand on my head and blessed me.

Ramtanu Lahiri

It was at Bhagalpur that I first saw Ramtanu Lahiri. He had then retired from his appointment as a Head-master on a small pension. He was at that time a little over sixty years of age, still fairly active, though already venerable-looking. His eldest son, Navakumar, a brilliant medical student, was attacked by pulmonary tuberculosis while preparing for his final examination and he came to Bhagalpur for a change. His father and the other members of the family followed soon after. They had taken a house on the bank of the Ganges very near our house, and were soon on very friendly terms with our family. Sarat Kumar, Ramtanu Babu's second son, who afterwards became a well-known and leading publisher and bookseller in Calcutta, was of my age and we became great chums. Ramtanu Babu's second daughter, Indumati, had received an excellent education and was now in constant attendance on her ailing brother. The eldest daughter, Lilavati, was a young widow and had a little son. Ramtanu Babu's wife was a lady of the old school, gentle and sweet-tempered. There were two

other boys, younger than Sarat. Ramtanu Babu was treated with marked respect by my father, who sometimes took him out for a drive. We youngsters were always anxious to serve Ramtanu Babu, but the only service that he ever required of us was to bring his tea, which he sipped slowly with a pleasure that was a delight to watch. When he travelled several bottles of tea had to be carried for him, and when there was no hot tea to be had, he drank cold tea with equal relish. His face beamed with benevolence, and I have never seen a more winning and seraphic smile than that of Ramtanu Babu. Not only was he incapable of using a harsh word, but he never spoke ill of any man. He had many sorrows and bore them with calm resignation and with unflinching faith in a merciful and beneficent Providence. Owing most probably to nursing her brother Navakumar, Indumati contracted galloping consumption and died in the course of a few months. Navakumar died shortly afterwards. The youngest son also died, but Ramtanu Babu never broke down, and his faith never wavered for a moment. In 1878, when Keshub Chunder Sen's eldest daughter was married to the Maharaja of Kuch Behar I was in Calcutta and I went to pay my respects almost every day to Ramtanu Babu, who treated me like a son. He did not approve of the Kuch Behar marriage, but no word of bitterness ever escaped his lips. He once said that he could not trust himself to go and see Keshub, whose charm of manner and persuasiveness of reasoning were irresistible, and Ramtanu Babu did not wish to discuss the marriage with him. Pandit Iswara Chandra Vidyasagar was a particular friend of Ramtanu Babu. At Bhagalpur, Ramtanu Babu used to let me read letters received from Pandit Iswara Chandra. They were not ordinary letters and were full of a deep earnestness. Sometimes Pandit Iswara Chandra Vidyasagar quoted some famous English writer in support of his views, and I noted that his English handwriting was excellent. Another friend with whom

Ramtanu Babu sometimes stayed in Calcutta was Kali Charan Ghose, a very able Deputy Collector who had been appointed Special Collector for the acquisition of house property in connexion with the construction of Harrison Road in Calcutta. Ramtanu Babu often spoke of Ram Gopal Ghose, whom he considered the greatest orator of Bengal. Choosing his words carefully, he would say in English, in his slow, deliberate way: 'Ram Gopal Ghose thundered as it were.' After I had left Calcutta in 1884, I did not see Ramtanu Babu for about two years, but I saw him again in 1886 and also later. He had grown somewhat infirm, and stooped a little, but age had not dimmed his intellect and memory and the wonderful beauty and sweetness of his nature had mellowed with the years. Sarat had greatly prospered in business. He had built a fairly large house on Harrison Road, where Ramtanu Babu passed his remaining days, surrounded with every comfort and cheered by the loving service of his surviving children and the reverence and solicitude of all who had the privilege of knowing him.

A German Beggar

The only German beggar I ever saw was at Bhagalpur. He was a blind man, old but quite hale, with the typical German blond hair turning grey. I cannot remember how he happened to have found his way to Bhagalpur, but evidently he was being helped by charitable people as he did not seem to be in distress. He was very gentle, and kept repeating from time to time: 'Gott is goot, Gott is goot!'

Building a Mausoleum

At some distance from the town of Bhagalpur, on the southern side of the railway line, there was a large tank with high banks and surrounded by trees. It is a peaceful and sylvan spot. A Muhammedan gentleman,

who had recently retired from the service of Government, was building a small mausoleum at the north-western corner of the tank for himself. He was a devout and pious Musalman and I used to watch him supervising the building of the tomb. I was greatly impressed, and used to think that people usually build houses to live in, but here was a man who was placidly anticipating his own death and was building a place where he was to be laid to rest after death. And his resting place was well chosen, for all the surroundings were suggestive of the peace that comes after death.

Sir Richard Temple

In 1876 or thereabouts, there was a severe outbreak of famine in Bihar. Sir Richard Temple was at that time Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. Parts of the Bhagalpur district were severely affected, and Sir Richard Temple promptly visited Bhagalpur for a personal and local investigation. He arrived at Bhagalpur by the Government steamer RHOTAS, which anchored in midstream in the Ganges, quite close to our house. The local officials and some Rajas and wealthy landowners in resplendent clothes were waiting at the ghat in two separate groups. Sir Richard Temple, with two or three other persons, got into a boat and rowed ashore. There was a good deal of excited curiosity among the Rajas about the identity of the Lat Saheb. Sir Richard Temple was very carelessly dressed and was pulling an oar, while his Private Secretary—I think it was Mr Buckland— faultlessly dressed in a frock coat and a tall silk hat, was holding the tiller. I had seen likenesses of Sir Richard Temple and spotted him at once, but the Rajas would not believe me. 'How can the Lat Saheb pull an oar,' they said, 'how can he wear such clothes?' They decided that the more correctly dressed and more dignifiedly occupied personage was the ruler of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa. When the Lat Saheb was not at the helm

of the State he was at the helm of his boat. When the party landed and Sir Richard Temple stepped forward, and was respectfully greeted by the Commissioner and the Collector, the astonishment of the Rajas knew no bounds. Just at this moment a wild-looking and unkempt individual standing in the crowd rushed forward with uplifted hands and crying, '*Insaf, Lat Saheb, insaf*' (Justice, Lat Saheb, justice), and was about to fall at Sir Richard Temple's feet, when the Private Secretary quickly interposed his umbrella in front of the Lieutenant-Governor and others caught hold of the man ! The Commissioner shouted, 'Police ! Police', and the police at once came up and took the man away. There were no anarchists in India at that time, and bombs were unknown, but the memory of the assassinations of Sir Henry Norman and Lord Mayo was quite fresh, and the excited and haggard appearance of the man justified the alarm that was felt. I was looking keenly at Sir Richard Temple, and I admired his coolness, for he stood unmoved and did not fall back a single step when the man rushed up to him. It was this courage that saved him from what might have proved a fatal fall down the Khud at Darjeeling when his horse became restive and went over to its death, while Sir Richard Temple, with admirable presence of mind, leaped lightly from the saddle on to the road. The man who had ventured to approach him so unceremoniously believed a delusion that others have shared with him –that he might obtain justice by a personal petition to the ruler of the land.

Sir Richard Temple was a phenomenally ugly individual. His complexion was so sunburnt that it was almost dark copper-coloured, he had a thick, bulbous nose and prominent jaws, while his mustachios, as Protap Chandra Majumdar once wrote, curled up like the horns of a Kathiawar bull. Sir Richard Temple was afterwards appointed Governor of Bombay, but he resigned that appointment after some time to become

a Member of Parliament. In the House of Commons he used to fall asleep sometimes and the *Punch* published a cartoon describing him as the 'Sleeping Beauty'. Sir Richard Temple was a man of extraordinary and tireless energy, and he was a terror to the district officers, who were usually ease-loving people in those days and found it impossible to emulate the energetic activity of the Lieutenant-Governor. Mr Barlow, the Commissioner of Bhagalpur, was an indolent man, while Mr Taylor, the Collector, used to smoke a gorgeous *hookah* of crystal in his chamber in the office. Sir Richard Temple would frequently remain on horseback for hours together, and he never knew fatigue. I remember, one morning Sir Richard Temple was to inspect the Central Jail at Bhagalpur and some other institutions accompanied by the Commissioner. When Mr Barlow came up hurrying and panting to the steamer, he found that Sir Richard had already left, and the Commissioner had to follow him as best he could.

Durgagati Banerji

Durgagati Banerji was Personal Assistant to the Commissioner of Patna and a great friend of my father. He was one of the ablest men of his time in the Provincial Executive service and was the *de facto* Commissioner of the Patna Division, for the Commissioner of the Patna Division, whoever he happened to be, left everything to him. Durgagati Banerji was black as ebony, with a noble forehead and bright clear eyes, and the nickname given to him was *Kala* Commissioner. I may note in passing that the Indian Members of the Governor-General's Executive Council are called 'Kala Councilli' by the rickshaw-wallahs and others in Simla. There was a story that a Collector once sent for Durgagati Banerji under the usual formula of sending him his salaams. Durgagati replied by sending his salaams to the Collector ! The latter, in high dudgeon, complained personally to the

Commissioner, but to his great chagrin, the Commissioner took the part of his Assistant and explained that Durgagati was not an ordinary Deputy Magistrate, neither was he a subordinate of the Collector. When Sir (then Mr) Stewart Bayley was appointed Commissioner of Patna, he heard of the immense power and influence wielded by his Personal Assistant, and with a view to curtailing them, desired Durgagati to place all papers before him. Durgagati promptly followed his instructions. Mr Stewart Bayley, in spite of all his industry, saw that work began to fall into arrears, while the heap of files on his table grew steadily higher. At length he was compelled to call Durgagati Banerji to his help, and the arrears were cleared off in no time. Later on, Durgagati Banerji was appointed the first Indian Collector of Calcutta.

Retort Courteous

Sarat Chandra Mukerji was an able Munsiff and afterwards became a District Judge. While at a mofussil station he had once before him the District Engineer, a European, as a witness. His name was Mr Seely. Thinking that in all circumstances a European is equal, if not superior, to an Indian, he coolly walked up to the dais on which the Munsiff was sitting and sat down on a chair. Mr Mukerji did not know the man and was greatly surprised, but still he politely asked him his business. The reply given in an offensive and superior tone was that the visitor was no less a personage than the District Engineer and that he was there as a witness. The Munsiff inquired from his Peshkar and the Pleaders, and after verifying Mr Seely's statement, asked him to step into the witness-box. Mr Seely angrily inquired why he could not be examined where he was sitting. 'No,' replied the Munsiff sharply, 'your place is the witness-box, and you had no business to come up to the bench. If you do not go into the witness-box at once,

I shall proceed against you for contempt of court.' Cowed by the words and the attitude of the Munsiff, Mr Seely went into the witness-box and proceeded to take the usual oath. The Munsiff was thoroughly roused by this time. He began to examine the witness. 'What's your name?' 'Seely.' And then followed the astounding question: 'How do you spell your name, Mr Silly?' The veil of oblivion over the rest of the story need not be lifted. Mr Seely emerged from the court a very much chastened, withal a somewhat angry man.

Mrs Malaprop

At Arrah the Jailor was a European, a man who had been in the army, and his wife was an Englishwoman, evidently from the lower classes. She was a newcomer to India, and used to visit us sometimes, either alone or with her husband. One day she brought her sister, who had just come out from England, with her, and eagerly introduced her to our ladies: '*Yah hamara bhains hai.*' She meant to say *bahin*, which means sister, but the word she actually used means a buffalo. We had great fun after our visitors had left, and the word *bhains* was bandied about a good deal.

Notabilities of Bhagalpur

At Chapra and Arrah, I was too young to take stock of the men I saw, though later I came to know and respect Babu Raghunath Sahay of Chapra and Harbans Sahay of Arrah. But at Bhagalpur I saw a number of the leading people and remember them very well. There was Mr Sandys to begin with. Then there was Mr Grant, a wealthy indigo planter, who lived in a palatial house. I saw him several times in our own house. He had lost one arm. He spoke the local *patois* fluently and was naturally proud of his being a self-made man. He used to tell people that there had been a time when he lived upon rice and pumpkin. Among the lawyers the most

successful were Suryanarain Singh, Atul Chandra Mallik and Babu Tarini Prasad. Raja Shibchandra Banerji was a rising junior; Babu Tejnarain Singh a wealthy banker and landowner and a public-spirited man. Much later, I met him at the annual meetings of the Indian National Congress. His son, Mr Dip Narain Singh, is a well-known Congressman. The Thakurs of Barari were well known and some of the boys were my fellow-students.

No Public Life

Up to 1878, when I left Bihar for Calcutta, there was not the faintest conception of public life in Bihar. Wealthy people as a rule led a thoughtless, gay life. The Rajas and Maharajas, and I saw several of them, were generally possessed of less than average intelligence. One Maharaja in Bihar once got into serious trouble because, after entertaining a number of European officials at a banquet at which a Lieutenant-Governor was present, he remarked, '*Rat to Khub Kacharkut bhail*' (last night there was a good deal of devouring). These words were reported to the Collector, and the Maharaja was severely rebuked and had to apologize for his levity. Lawyers are an intelligent and independent body of men, and in large and important districts like Patna, Muzafferpur, Bhagalpur and Saran, the leading lawyers were Bengalis. They had no other thoughts than those of earning and amassing money, and enjoying themselves. The one exception was Guru Prasad Sen at Patna, who edited the *Bihar Herald* in addition to his large professional work as a lawyer, and who joined the Indian National Congress as soon as it was established. There was no urge of a patriotic ambition anywhere, no one seemed to feel that Indians were being kept out of their birthright, no one apparently dreamed that he had any other duty beyond that of following his daily avocation in life.

King Edward in Calcutta

The first time I saw Calcutta was at the end of 1875, when King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, visited India. My father had to go to Patna where the Prince was to hold a Durbar, but he permitted me to join a party proceeding to Calcutta. We arrived in the metropolis on the same day that the Prince landed at Prinsep Ghat from the troopship SERAPIS. I remember how the first sight of the great city from the Howrah side of the Hooghly impressed me, and how my feeling of wonder grew as I drove through the crowded streets to the northern part of the city. Calcutta was *en fete* in honour of the Royal visit, and there was a great rush of visitors to the city. Our first move, after leaving our luggage and taking some food, was to Theatre Road where a house had been taken for the Maharajkumar of Bettiah, who wanted to see the grand sights in Calcutta and then proceed to Patna for the Durbar. The Bengali tutor of the young nobleman knew us, and he was to get for us permits to visit the SERAPIS and the OSBORNE, the Royal yacht that was accompanying the troopship, and the palaces, grounds and menageries of the ex-king of Oudh at Matia Buruj, Garden Reach. As we were sitting with the tutor, the Maharajkumar rolled in. He was an enormously stout boy of about eighteen, gorgeously dressed in brocade robes, and was about to go out somewhere. We left with the permits in our pockets. We witnessed the magnificent display of fireworks by Messrs Brock & Sons, the famous pyrotechnists of Crystal Palace, London, on the maidan. On the night of the illuminations, we engaged a hackney carriage but were held up at Lalbazar, a little beyond the Police Court. There were long queues of carriages of all kinds on the main roads leading to Chowringhee, for the police barred the roadheads and no carriage could be let through until the Royal procession had passed. We alighted from our carriage and slowly

worked our way through the press of humanity on the footpaths round the Great Eastern Hotel to the Esplanade Junction, which offered a fine vantage ground. There were no staring, unwinking electric lights in those days. Coloured lamps of blown glass were twinkling in the more pretentious buildings, while the humble *chirag* flickered elsewhere. Gas lights were used at the entrances of houses and in some of the arches on the roads. On the roof of the Museum, which had not been quite completed, was a silver canopy reflecting dazzlingly a powerful light that was being played upon it. Chowringhee Road was kept clear by troops and the police. Slowly the procession came in view, passing northward from the southern end of Chowringhee. First came an escort of British Hussars, followed by the full squadron of the Viceroy's brilliant and stately Bodyguard, with jingling spurs and nodding pennons of light lances held in rest. The Viceroy's State coach-and-four with English outriders drew all eyes, and cheers burst out as the Prince of Wales passed, sitting by the side of Lord Northbrook, the Viceroy. The two figures presented a striking contrast; the Prince, short of stature, but of broad girth, with a beard carefully trimmed and a full, round and jovial face; the Viceroy, long and lean, pallid and austere-looking. The Prince was in uniform with gold lace, and wore a gold-braided cap with a brim; the Viceroy was in plain civilian clothes. No one had any eyes for the carriages containing the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and the British noblemen who had come out to India with the Prince of Wales. On another night I saw the Prince driving to the Seven Tanks Villa at Belgachia, where the Indian gentry had arranged an entertainment for him. The Prince drove along Cornwallis Street and the route through which he passed was illuminated.

The visit to the SERAPIS and the OSBORNE marked a red-letter day in my calendar. I had never seen a

steamer, let alone an immense troopship like the SERAPIS, and I do not think another yacht like the OSBORNE has ever again been seen in any Indian harbour. The big liners and the floating palaces that are now seen belong to another type. An intelligent and courteous sailor showed us over the SERAPIS, and the size and dimensions of the monster vessel filled me with amazement. The big engine-room was like a great, underground cavern, dark and silent, though the fire had not been drawn and was glowing in the furnaces like the eyes of a gigantic afrit. I imagined that when the huge piston rods and the machinery were set in motion they must resemble the gambols of the jinnees of the Arabian Nights. The OSBORNE was as big as a fair-sized steamer and as both she and the SERAPIS were painted white from the Plimsoll line upwards, they could be easily distinguished from the other vessels lying at anchor in the river. The Royal yacht was a thing of beauty and a joy to the beholder, upholstered and furnished in perfect taste, with a beautiful and harmonious blending of sober colours. The cushion and linen were embossed with the Royal Arms and bore the monogram 'A & V' (Albert and Victoria). The OSBORNE had been built in the lifetime of the Prince Consort.

The public were not admitted to the grounds of the ex-king of Oudh except for a single day in the year, but in honour of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Calcutta, the grounds were thrown open to the public for three days, but passes had to be obtained for admission. There was a large number of visitors on the day that we went to Garden Reach. There were four or five palaces, and the ex-king divided his time between these mansions. Only part of one palace was shown to the visitors, and we saw some gorgeous furniture and a large collection of curios. The palace occupied by the ex-king at that time was indicated by a cloud of pigeons circling over it. Wajid Ali Shah was very fond of watching the

flight of pigeons and there were several thousands of them. They were so well trained that when one of the keepers waved a flag over his head the pigeons came fluttering down and settled on the ground. A few minutes later, another flag was waved and the birds rose in a body and resumed their circling flight.

When we passed near the palaces the ladies of the harem peeped shyly from behind the venetians. There was a large collection of wild animals kept in good condition. I was particularly struck by a number of pigeons occupying the same large cage as a cat. They were on the friendliest terms. The cat was mewing and purring and moving about the cage among the pigeons, while one of the birds would sometimes perch on the back of the cat without a trace of fear.

With the passing of Wajid Ali Shah the glory of Matia Buruj has departed. The palaces and grounds have become the sites of jute mills, and the magnificence of the dethroned and exiled king is now only a memory.

When I left Bihar and went to Calcutta I was about sixteen years of age and was able to take an intelligent interest in affairs and in things going on around me. At that time the different parts of India were not so closely knit together as they are now. There were very few newspapers in the country, and hardly any papers published in the Indian languages, what are somewhat contemptuously called 'vernacular papers'. In Calcutta the most important Indian newspaper was the *Hindoo Patriot*, edited by Kristo Das Pal, a man of conspicuous ability and a leading figure in the public life of Calcutta and Bengal. The *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, published partly in English and partly in Bengali, had also come into existence and had already become a popular organ of public opinion. The oldest newspaper in Calcutta was the *Sambad Prabhakar*, a Bengali daily paper founded and first edited by Isvara Chandra Gupta, who was widely admired as a poet.

II

CALCUTTA AND BENGAL HALF A CENTURY AGO

Calcutta Then and Now

Fifty years ago, Calcutta was a very different city from what it is today. The streets were ill-lighted, many streets had no footpaths, the lanes were mostly filthy, and the *bustees* were an eyesore everywhere. There were open drains and ditches in many places, stagnant ponds and pools covered with water hyacinth and surrounded by a dense undergrowth were common sights, and jackals had their lairs behind many houses. Snakes were by no means rare, and once I saw a large cobra, which was promptly killed, in Musjid Bari Street. In the afternoons and evenings, tall columns of mosquitoes buzzed overhead if one happened to be out for an airing in any of the gardens. And now, Calcutta is the best lighted and the cleanest city in India. The Municipal Market is one of the finest of the kind in the world, while the large and well-arranged markets that are springing up in every part of the city form one of the most attractive features of Calcutta. No less satisfactory is the public health of the city. The Chittaranjan Avenue, Harrison Road, Red Road and the widened Russa Road are magnificent main arteries of public thoroughfare, while the Improvement Trust is busy changing Calcutta almost out of recognition. The Chitpore Road alone stands as a relic of old Calcutta, though its widening is essential for the safety of traffic and the opening of congested areas.

Wajid Ali Shah

Wajid Ali Shah was the last reigning king of Oudh. He has left sons, but he was the last ruler of a dynasty of which the founder, Sabdar Jang, lies buried in Delhi in a splendid mausoleum beyond Raisina, on the way to the Kutub Minar. Owning nominal allegiance to the Moghul Emperor at Delhi, the kings of Oudh were virtually independent sovereigns, but they ceased to be vigorous rulers in a few generations. The corrosive canker of luxury that was eating into the vitals of the

Moghul capital at Delhi rapidly extended to Lucknow, and the city became the last word in effeminacy. Wajid Ali Shah was a feeble ruler who could scarcely hold the reins of a kingdom, but he was not without accomplishments in the gentler graces. He was an excellent musician and a fine dancer, and he was reputed to be the author of an opera called *Indra-Sabha*. The play is written in Hindustani, but it contains some beautiful Hindi songs. There is one about the Hori (Holi) that I can recall even now: *Paon lagaun kara jori, monse khelo na hori*—a Gopi is saying to Krishna, 'I bow down at your feet with folded hands, do not play *hori* with me.' Wajid Ali Shah was the composer of the well-known tune known as the Lucknow *thoomri*. He was so enamoured of his own invention that he set to this lively tune a tragic song that he had composed on his deposition from the throne: *Angrez bahadur zulum kia, mera mal mulko sub loot lia*—'the brave British have committed an act of oppression; they have looted my treasure and kingdom.' It was as if a funeral threnody had been set to jazz music. It is said—I repeat the story as it used to be told—that when the British troops forced their way into the king's palace at Lucknow, to take him away to Calcutta as a State prisoner, Wajid Ali Shah was sitting on his bed. When he heard the outcry of the women and the servants, he wanted to come out of the room, but discovered, to his consternation, that his slippers were not properly arranged and that it would be necessary to turn them round before he could put them on. He shouted for his servants, but they were already under arrest, and when the political and military officers entered the room, they found the king seated helplessly on his bed, because it had never occurred to him that he could turn his slippers round and put them on himself !

I saw Wajid Ali Shah once later on in Calcutta. It was the last day of the Durga Pujah, and the ex-king had

come out of his seclusion to watch the images of the goddess being carried to the river. I had a good look at him while he drove slowly in a large barouche, escorted by a nondescript troop of bodyguards riding indifferent horses. Wajid Ali Shah was placidly smoking his hookah, while behind him, on the syces' seat, sat his *hookaburdar* (hookah-carrier), holding the hookah. The ex-king was an old man, but very well preserved, and fair as a ripe mango (to use an admirable Bengali idiom). I looked at fallen Majesty and pondered over the gyrations of the whirligig of Time.

Duke of Connaught

When the Duke of Connaught first came to Calcutta on his way upcountry to join his appointment in the army at Meerut, he was given a warm reception. There were some illuminations and decorations, although not on a lavish scale. I was standing outside the Presidency College when the Duke passed one afternoon, and the students and the populace cheered him. In acknowledgment of the plaudits, the Duke doffed his hat and waved it. I saw him and the Duchess agair at the Lahore railway station. The third time I saw him at Karachi, where he laid the foundation-stone of the Victoria Museum. I was then a Municipal Commissioner of Karachi, and along with other Municipal Commissioners received the Duke of Connaught on his arrival with the Commissioner in Sind. After performing the ceremony, the Duke read out, with very clear enunciation, a short speech, which was afterwards handed to me for publication. It was written on a sheet of ordinary note-paper in a clear, bold hand, and I noticed that the strokes and lines of the letters were heavy. At that time the Duke was Commander-in-Chief of Bombay, with a seat on the Governor's Council. I saw the Duke of Connaught for the last time in Bombay, when he came out to open the new Legislatures on behalf of the King-Emperor. I

happened to be passing by, and saw the silent procession passing along deserted streets. The young Prince I had seen in Calcutta had aged with the years, while the manner in which his last visit to India was ignored by the people presented a melancholy contrast to the warmth of the reception given to him on his first visit.

'Owen Meredith'

Lord Northbrook was succeeded as Viceroy and Governor-General of India by Lord Lytton, the son of Bulwer Lytton, the famous novelist. Lord Lytton did not come out to India with a great reputation as a statesman or an administrator, and he created a good deal of dissatisfaction in this country by his hurried passing of the Vernacular Press Act. He presided at the Delhi Durbar on January 1st, 1877, when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India. Lord Lytton was the author of a number of poems, which he wrote under the *nom de plume* of 'Owen Meredith', in imitation of the style and manner of Tennyson, but he did not achieve literary distinction. I saw him for the first time at Wilson's Circus on the Calcutta maidan, but I had a closer view of him on another night in the Town Hall. There was a *conversazione* arranged by the Mahomedan Literary Society, of which Nawab Abdul Latif, Police Magistrate of Calcutta, was the Honorary Secretary. Lord Lytton came up to a table near which I was standing watching some interesting chemical experiment by Dr Tara Prasanna Ray, Chemical Analyser to the Government of Bengal. Lord Lytton affected slightly the Bohemian manner of the man of letters, and his hair, instead of being parted or brushed, was roughly tousled on his head.

Dr Atmaram Pandurang

Dr Atmaram Pandurang was a well-known medical practitioner of Bombay, a leading citizen, and was at

one time appointed Sheriff of Bombay. He was a social reformer and a member of the Prarthana Samaj. One of his daughters married an Englishman, a missionary of the name of Littledale. Dr Atmaram was a great friend of Satyendranath Tagore in Bombay, and a man of considerable culture. I once saw him in Calcutta at the Albert Hall, where a reception was held in his honour. He was a fair man, somewhat below medium height, with a pleasing and benevolent expression on his face, and bore some resemblance to Ramtanu Lahiri. He was dressed as a Deccani, and wore a *dhoti* and Deccani shoes, with a Poona turban on his head. He made a short speech in simple and graceful English. One of his sons, Mr Ramchandra Atmaram, is my neighbour at Bandra. He reads Bengali, and is a great admirer of Ramkrishna Paramhansa and Swami Vivekananda, whose Works and Life he keeps in his library. He has given Bengali names to his sons, one of whom is named Rabindra.

Three Pedestrians

Towards the beginning of the eighth decade of the nineteenth century, several well-known people of Calcutta were in the habit of taking a morning constitutional in the streets or along the riverside. In Cornwallis Street, between Mooktaram Babu Street and Grey Street, the most familiar figures seen every morning were those of Dr (afterwards Raja) Rajendra Lal Mitra, Kristo Das Pal and Raja Digambar Mitra. The first two were constant companions, while the third was occasionally with Maharaja Durga Charan Law. The dress was the *chapkan* and pantaloons, with the head either bare or covered by a cap or *puggree*. Rajendra Lal Mitra was always well and carefully dressed, while Kristo Das Pal was the reverse. They were good-sized, upstanding men, and would have attracted attention even if their identity were unknown, but, of course, every one in

Calcutta knew them by sight. They used to walk abreast along the street, never availing themselves of the footpath. It was interesting to watch them passing by. Rajendra Lal Mitra was hard of hearing, and Kristo Das Pal had a stentorian voice, which could be heard some hundreds of yards away. The conversation was usually about high politics. Once I heard Kristo Das Pal discussing the Rent Bill with Dr Rajendra Lal Mitra, and I could hear every word from the footpath. I doubt whether such a trio has been seen in the streets of Calcutta after the passing of these distinguished men.

Vernacular Press Act

I was in Calcutta in 1878 when Lord Lytton's Vernacular Press Act was passed. Sir Ashley Eden was Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and he was the real author of the measure. The genesis of the Act may be given in a few words. Sir Ashley Eden was the personification of a paternal Government, and he resented the criticism in the Indian section of the Press. The chief offender was the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, which was at that time a bi-lingual paper, part English and part Bengali. Sir Ashley Eden sent for Sisir Kumar Ghose, the renowned editor of the *Patrika*, and told him that the constant criticism of the Government in the Indian Press must cease. 'I find no difficulty,' he said, 'in getting on with Kristo Das Pal' (the Editor of the *Hindoo Patriot*). 'If you have any grievance you can come and see me at any time you like, and, if it is a just grievance, I will see that things are put right. But the Government cannot tolerate these repeated attacks on their officers.' Sisir Kumar Ghose did not fall in with the views of Sir Ashley Eden, and the result was that the Government launched their thunderbolt. The Vernacular Press Bill was galloped through the Governor-General's Legislative Council in a week, and another week was allowed for the Act to come into operation. So far as I can

remember, Maharaja Sir Jotindra Mohun Tagore was the only Indian member of the Council then, and he had not the temerity to vote against the Bill. The *Amrita Bazar Patrika* circumvented the gagging Act with admirable resourcefulness and adroitness. In the week's grace given by the Act, it shed the Bengali portion of its garb, and the next number was all English, from cover to cover, so that the paper, at one stroke, slipped outside the scope of the new law. The big game that Sir Ashley Eden wanted to bag was undoubtedly the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, but his shot missed fire and the laugh was against him. There was a protest meeting against the Vernacular Press Act in Calcutta Town Hall, and I heard Surendranath Bannerjea for the first time thundering against the iniquity of that measure. I heard Kristo Das Pal also at another meeting, and I was greatly impressed by his powers as a debater. There was no claptrap, no perfervid rhetoric, but he marshalled his facts and figures with consummate skill, while the steady flow of his balanced speech was full of dignity and eloquence.

Ramkrishna Paramhansa

In 1881, Keshub Chunder Sen, accompanied by a fairly large party, went on board a steam yacht belonging to his son-in-law, Maharaja Nripendra Narayan Bhup of Kuch Behar, to Dakshineswar to meet Ramkrishna Paramhansa. I had the good fortune to be included in that party. We did not land, but the Paramhansa, accompanied by his nephew, Hriday, who carried a basket of parched rice and some *sandesh* for us, boarded the steamer, which then steamed up the river towards Somra. The Paramhansa was wearing a red-bordered *dhoti* and a shirt, unbuttoned. We all stood up as he came on board, and Keshub took the Paramhansa by the hand and made him sit close to him. Keshub then beckoned to me to come and sit by their side, and I sat

down almost touching their feet. The Paramhansa was dark-complexioned, with a beard, and his eyes, never wide open, were introspective. He was of medium height, slender almost to leanness and very frail-looking. As a matter of fact, he had an exceptionally nervous temperament, and was extremely sensitive to the slightest physical pain. He spoke with a very slight but charming stammer in very plain Bengali, mixing the two 'yous' frequently. Practically all the talking was done by the Paramhansa, and the rest, including Keshub himself, were respectful and eager listeners. It is now more than forty-five years ago that this happened, and yet almost everything that the Paramhansa said is indelibly impressed on my memory. I have never heard any other man speak as he did. It was an unbroken flow of profound spiritual truths and experiences, welling up from the perennial spring of his own devotion and wisdom. The similes and metaphors, the apt illustrations, were as striking as they were original. At times, as he spoke, he would draw a little closer to Keshub until part of his body was unconsciously resting on Keshub's lap, but Keshub sat perfectly still and made no movement to withdraw himself.

After he had sat down, the Paramhansa glanced round him and expressed his approval of the company sitting around by saying, 'Good, good! They have all good large eyes.' Then he peered at a young man wearing English clothes and sitting at a distance on a capstan. 'Who is that? He looks like a Saheb.' Keshub smilingly explained that it was a young Bengali who had just returned from England. The Paramhansa laughed, 'That's right. One feels afraid of a Saheb.' The young man was Kumar Gajendra Narayan of Kuch Behar, who shortly afterwards married Keshub's second daughter. The next moment he lost all interest in the people present and began to speak of the various ways in which he used to perform his *sadhana*. 'Sometimes

I would fancy myself the Brahminy duck calling for its mate.' There is a poetic tradition in Sanskrit that the male and female of a brace of Brahminy ducks spend the night on opposite shores of a river and keep calling to each other. Again: 'I would be the kitten calling for the mother cat, and there would be the response of the mother.' After speaking in this strain for some time, he suddenly pulled himself up and said with the smile of a child: 'Everything about secret *sadhana* should not be told!' He explained that it was impossible to express in language the ecstasy of divine communion when the human soul loses itself in contemplation of the deity. Then he looked at some of the faces around him and spoke at length on the indication of character by physiognomy. Every feature of the human face was expressive of some particular trait of character, he said. The eyes were the most important, but all other features, the forehead, the ears, the nose, the lips and the teeth, were helpful in the reading of character. And so the marvellous monologue went on until the Paramhansa began to speak of the *Nirakara* (formless) *Brahman*. He repeated the word *Nirakara* two or three times, and then quietly passed into *samadhi*, even as the diver slips into the fathomless deep. While the Paramhansa remained unconscious, Keshub Chunder Sen explained that recently there had been some conversation between himself and the Paramhansa about the *Nirakara Brahman*, and that the Paramhansa appeared to be profoundly moved.

We intently watched Ramkrishna Paramhansa in *samadhi*. The whole body relaxed and then became slightly rigid. There was no twitching of the muscles or nerves, no movement of any limb. Both his hands lay in his lap, with the fingers lightly interlocked. The sitting posture of the body was easy, but absolutely motionless. The face was slightly tilted up, and in repose. The eyes were nearly but not wholly closed. The

eyeballs were not turned up or otherwise deflected, but they were fixed and conveyed no message of outer objects to the brain. The lips were parted in a beatific and indescribable smile, disclosing the gleam of white teeth. There was something in that wonderful smile that no photograph was ever able to reproduce.

We gazed in silence for several minutes at the motionless form of the Paramhansa, and then Trailokya Nath Sanyal, the singing apostle of Keshub Chunder Sen's church, sang a hymn to the accompaniment of a drum and cymbals. As the music swelled in volume the Paramhansa opened his eyes and looked around him as if he were in a strange place. The music stopped. The Paramhansa, looking at us, asked, 'Who are these people?' And then he vigorously slapped the top of his head several times, and cried out, 'Go down, go down!' No one made any mention of the trance. The Paramhansa became fully conscious and sang in a pleasant voice: 'What a wonderful machine Kali the Mother has made!' After the song the Paramhansa gave a luminous exposition on how the voice should be trained for singing and the characteristics of a good voice.

It was fairly late in the evening when we returned to Calcutta after landing the Paramhansa at Dakshineswar. No carriages could be had at Ahiritola Ghat, and Keshub had to walk all the way to Musjidbari Street to the house of Kali Charan Banerji, who had invited him to dinner.

After seeing and hearing Ramkrishna I went to see Mahendranath Gupta, who was related to me and was my senior by several years, and told him everything and urged him to go to Dakshineswar. This he did the following year, and he was so much impressed by the Paramhansa's manner of speaking that he began keeping a diary in which he jotted down everything the saint said. He told me that what he had heard in one day took him three days to set down in writing. He had to work for

a living and was a teacher and a professor. In the Ramkrishna Mission he is known as Master Mahasay. These diaries were the beginning of *The Gospel of Paramhansa Ramkrishna according to 'M'*. In the original Bengali it is known as *Sri Ramkrishna-kathamrita*—the 'Nectar of the Words of Ramkrishna'. This is the only authentic and, to a certain extent, complete record of the sayings of Ramkrishna. Mahendranath could not go every day, nor could he stay constantly with the Master, and it is quite possible there were other valuable and luminous sayings that were never recorded.

Shortly after I had seen and heard Ramkrishna, I was called away to the other end of India, to Karachi. I never saw him again in life, but I happened to be in Calcutta when Paramhansa Ramkrishna passed into his final rest on August 16, 1886. As I was going out of the house in the afternoon, a printed slip was handed to me announcing that Paramhansa Ramkrishna had passed into the final *Maha-samadhi*. I drove straight to the garden house at Cossipore where the august patient had passed his last days, surrounded and tended with unremitting love and devotion by his disciples, admirers and worshippers. There he lay on a handsome bed covered with a fresh white sheet and flowers, in front of the portico of the house, under the open sky. He lay on his right side, a pillow under his head and another between his legs. The lips which had never ceased teaching even during the months he had been suffering from the intolerable agony of cancer of the throat were stilled in the silence of death. The final serenity, the calm, the peace and the supreme majesty of death were on the face, now smooth and relaxed in its last repose. The smile on the lips showed that the spirit had passed in the rapture of *samadhi*. Narendranath (Vivekananda), Mahendranath and other disciples, Trailokya Nath of the New Dispensation Church of the Brahmo Samaj and others were seated on the ground.

As I sat down beside them and looked at the ineffable peace of the face before us, the words of Ramkrishna came back to me, that the body is merely a sheath and the indwelling real Self is difficult of realization. And as we sat in the waning afternoon, waiting for the heat of the day to pass before carrying the remains to the cremation ground, a single cloud passed overhead and a small shower of very large drops of rain fell. Those present said this was the *pushpavrishti*, the rain of flowers from heaven, of which the ancient books write, the welcome of the immortal gods to a mortal man passing from mortality to immortality, one of the great ones of earth and heaven.

I am convinced that length of years has been granted to me in order that I may be able to bear testimony in the sight and hearing of men that I have seen Ramkrishna and heard him speak in life, and that I have seen him in the peace and serenity of death.

Keshub Chunder Sen

More than fifty years have passed since Keshub Chunder Sen passed away at the early age of forty-four. With the passing of the years his fame has diminished, and in some parts of India he is almost forgotten. Of Keshub Chunder Sen's greatness, of his graciousness and charm of manner, all who had the privilege of coming in contact with him had only one opinion. He was a strikingly handsome man with a fairly tall and full figure, and he could never be mistaken for an ordinary person. He conversed with me several times and was very kind to me, and I retain a vivid memory of his graciousness and distinguished manners. Keshub had a fine sense of humour. For some time he used to hold a theological class in the Albert Hall on Saturdays, and the audience was composed of advanced college students, professors and others, with a sprinkling of Europeans. A glass of water was usually placed before the speaker. One day,

a young man who had been sitting in front of Keshub, close to the table, and had been looking up with rapt admiration at the speaker, quietly raised the glass of water and drank it off as soon as Keshub had finished his lecture and resumed his seat. Keshub quietly smiled and said in Bengali: 'I thought speaking for a long time made a man rather thirsty, but I now see that listening to a speech is also thirsty work.'

As an orator I have never met his peer. I have heard many Indian, English and American orators in many parts of India, but I unhesitatingly assert that Keshub was the greatest orator I have ever heard anywhere. His eloquence was effortless; he rarely gesticulated, and his pose was full of dignity. He had a voice of wonderful compass and was able to make himself audible to very large gatherings with the greatest ease. As a well-known American missionary in Calcutta rightly said, Keshub had a silver voice which poured out in a steady stream, holding the hearers spellbound. He rarely gave way to emotion, but on one occasion, while he was delivering one of his annual addresses at the Town Hall, tears streamed from his eyes. The subject was 'Am I an inspired Prophet?' He spoke with equal ease in English and Bengali, though naturally his Bengali oratory appealed more powerfully to the hearts of the hearers. He was a true and typical *Bhakta* and his heart followed the Path of Love.

Real oratory, Swami Vivekananda once said to me, is a kind of hypnotism, the audience coming under the spell of the orator and being swayed by him at will. I have seen this power of hypnosis in the oratory of Keshub Chunder Sen. During the anniversary of the Brahmo Samaj, Keshub used to deliver a lecture in English at the Calcutta Town Hall, and another in Bengali in Beadon Garden, in the northern section of the city. These annual addresses were awaited with great interest, and people of all classes flocked to hear the gifted orator.

The Town Hall accommodates three thousand persons, but there was not an inch of room to spare when Keshub delivered a lecture there. During one of his annual addresses Keshub rose to great heights of emotion and fervour and, stretching forth his right hand straight in front of him, declared in a tone of impressive solemnity, 'I see God before me!' The entire audience of three thousand people turned round as one man to behold—God! At that moment every one present was under a mesmeric influence.

Even more wonderful was the effect produced by a Bengali oration by Keshub at Beadon Garden in 1883. This was his last public utterance, his last public appearance too. He was ill at the time, and fell seriously ill immediately afterwards. After suffering for a year he expired on January 8th, 1884. The practice was for Keshub, his associates and members of the Brahmo Samaj to come on foot in procession from his house to the Garden, a distance of three miles, singing *kirtan* songs. Keshub used to head the procession with an *ektara* in his hand. I was one of a big crowd waiting at the entrance to the Garden for the procession to come into view. There was an elderly, eccentric Bengali Christian standing beside me, who as soon as he saw Keshub leading the procession, exclaimed fiercely in English: 'What an amount of mischief one man can do!' It was not clear what he meant; but possibly he had in mind the fact that thanks to Keshub's influence and propaganda very few Bengalis were being converted to Christianity. As soon as I saw the procession I hurried to the spot whence the orator was to address the crowd in order to secure a good place. Here I found a score or so of Vaishnavas, with shorn heads and in the orange monkish garb, bitterly accusing Keshub of making the country a convert to Christianity! They were fine, stalwart men, but at this moment their indignation knew no bounds. Keshub appeared on the scene, the crowd

surrounded him and became still. He took for his theme the death of Sati at Dakshayajna, the appearance of Siva and his terrible *tandava* dance with the body of Parvati uplifted on the trident, the alarm of the gods, and Vishnu hurling the discus, Sudarshana, to cut the body, limb by limb and piece by piece, and scattering the severed pieces over the fifty-one Pitha places from Kamakshya, in Assam, to Hinglaj, in Baluchistan. 'Brothers,' said the orator in a tone of passion and emotion that pulled at the heart-strings, 'let us gather the pieces of our *khanda* (broken) devata and build up our *akhanda* (unbroken) devata. I shall hold you all by the feet and never let you go until this is done.'

As Keshub developed his argument with matchless skill and superb eloquence, I watched the countenances of the Vaishnavas. They were listening with breathless attention, their faces lighting up as the familiar parallel of mythology was so beautifully cited to emphasize the existence of Brahman, one and indivisible, and as the climax was reached, they broke out into a passion of tears and rolled on the grass, shouting *Hari Bol! Hari Bol!* The whole crowd was electrified and many were openly weeping. The saying that those who came to scoff remained to pray scarcely describes the impressiveness and exaltation of the scene.

Here, in the evening of my life, while night is closing in from behind the gloaming, the magic reality of it all comes back to me. There stands Keshub with the orange *chadar* thrown across his shoulders, tense with emotion and exaltation of the spirit, both hands held out in humility and beseeching, his lips pale with physical pain; down on the grass are rolling the ascetics calling on the Lord Hari; and all around stands a dense mass of humanity, silent and tearful and moved to the depths of their being. I realize now, as I realized then, the power of words, and how the moods of men may be swayed by them.

Whether Keshub Chunder Sen will take high and permanent rank among the religious reformers of India time alone will determine. In spite of his great powers he was considerably hampered by the cares and burdens of a large family. After his death I wrote a booklet in English which attracted the favourable attention of some men of note and was considered worthy of notice by the Bengal Government, but a young man's enthusiasm is not always worth much, and time is the truest appraiser. As regards the eclectic church founded by Keshub Chunder Sen and known as the New Dispensation, it has not made much headway in the forty-odd years that have passed after the death of the founder. Still the country will always cherish the memory of Keshub Chunder Sen as of a great man endowed with high gifts, who upheld the truth as he saw it.

Kuch Behar Marriage

Keshub Chunder Sen's eldest daughter was married to the Maharaja of Kuch Behar in 1878, and I well remember the ferment that the event created in Calcutta among members of the Brahmo Samaj. Some of the leading members of the Samaj and the majority of the members of the Brahmo Samaj of India protested against the marriage on the ground that Keshub's daughter had not attained the age of fourteen, the minimum marriageable age for Brahmo girls. The Bengal Government, which had arranged the marriage, would not agree to the ceremony being deferred, and Keshub, in spite of all protests, agreed to the proposal of the Government. In justification of the step he was taking, Keshub declared that he had received an *adesh*, or an express commandment from God. Between the oppositionists and the rest of the followers of Keshub there was a keen struggle for the possession of the *Mandir* in Mechuabazar Street.

Keshub's followers retained possession of the building by calling in the police to their assistance, and shortly

afterwards the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj house of prayer was erected in Cornwallis Street. I remember quite well the building of the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj *Mandir* after the split in the Indian Brahmo Samaj following the Kuch Behar marriage. Nearly fifty years have gone by since that event, and the world may judge for itself whether the marriage, with its harvest and aftermath, had direct divine sanction.

Bankim Chandra Chatterji

Bankim Chandra Chatterji, who was a Deputy Magistrate and one of the first two graduates of Calcutta University, was staying in 1882, on leave, in a house in Bowbazar Street. Afterwards, when he was appointed Assistant Secretary to the Government of Bengal, he lived in another house in the same street. The first time I saw him was in the company of Devendranath Sen, my brother-in-law and well-known Bengali poet, and afterwards I used to accompany Sris Chandra Majumdar, the Bengali novelist, to Bankim's house. Rakhal Chandra Banerji, Bankim's son-in-law, was also a great friend of mine, and he used to take me sometimes to see his father-in-law. Among others, I saw Bankim's brother, Sanjiva Chandra Chatterji, Chandra Nath Bose and Rajkrishna Mukerji. Bankim was reticent and reserved, and though we had heard that he discussed literature and other weighty subjects with his intimate friends, we heard him usually in light conversation or chaffing one of his friends. But the earnestness of his nature was apparent even to young observers like us. Every young aspirant in Bengali literature had easy access to him, and he had a kind word of encouragement for all, though during the four years that he edited the famous *Bangadarshan*, he was a terror to writers of indifferent books. His face and head were of the finest Brahminical type. The head was beautifully moulded with a broad but not high, forehead, with greying hair curling uncared for on the head. The eyes

were keen and light brown, the nose prominent and aquiline, the lips thin and close-pressed over small teeth, while the chin and lower jaw were firm and distinctly combative. There are few likenesses of this great writer, and in these few the head is covered with a Moghul turban. He belonged to a bare-headed race, but there is hardly one good portrait in Bengali costume. Jyotirindranath Tagore, who made a great hobby of phrenology for several years and who had as great a skill with the pencil as with the pen, once made pencil sketches of the heads of Iswara Chandra Vidyasagar and Bankim Chandra Chatterji and published them side by side in the magazine *Balak*, with comments on indications of character in the light of phrenology. I think it would be well worth while rescuing this study of Bankim's head from the files of the extinct periodical, enlarging it and displaying it in some prominent place. Quite apart from Bankim's place in Bengali literature, every Indian would like to view a likeness of the head of the man who composed the *Bande Mataram* song. When India becomes a nation in her own right, these words will be found blazoned on the entrance to the national Parliament.

There was a very remarkable controversy in the columns of the *Statesman* between Bankim Chandra Chatterji and the Rev. Dr W. Hastie, Principal of the General Assembly's Institution, over certain features of the Hindu religion. Bankim, who wrote under the name of 'Ram Sarma', was a master of dialectics and English prose, and had the better of the argument. So impressed was Dr Hastie by the vigour of Bankim's language and his scholarship that he offered to introduce his name to European savants if he would disclose his identity. Bankim proudly replied that Dr Hastie had mistaken his man. 'Ram Sarma' was not anxious for an honour which he 'did not deserve and might not prize, and that he was perfectly content with the approbation of his own people.' This was a clear clue to the writer's

identity. Bankim himself made no secret of the authorship of the letters, and Dr Hastie learned very soon that he had had to deal with a man who needed no introduction at his hands.

Up to the last Bankim took the keenest interest in Bengali literature and new writers, and I had my share of his generous appreciation of some of my Bengali writings, though I had no opportunity of expressing to him my gratitude. When he died, in 1894, in his house in Calcutta opposite the Medical College, I was in Calcutta, but he was unconscious when I called to see him. He did not suffer long, and the end came mercifully and swiftly. At Nimtola Ghat I saw the tranquil and serene features of Bankim Chandra Chatterji in the final peace of death. There was no change of any kind, and it looked so much like natural sleep that it was difficult to realize the Great Change had come over this gifted son of India. As I stood looking for the last time on the departed Master the reality of the lines of the poet was borne in upon me:

'How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep !'

Three personalities of exceptional strength appeared in Bengal in the nineteenth century, Iswara Chandra Vidyasagar, Bankim Chandra Chatterji and Swami Vivekananda. The first two passed away in the closing years of the century, while Swami Vivekananda had barely crossed the threshold of the twentieth century when he was called away to his rest.

Dwijendranath Tagore

Dwijendranath Tagore was the eldest son of Maharshi Devendranath Tagore and lived to the great age of 87. I first saw him at the ancestral house in Jorasanko, Calcutta. He was then just a little over forty years of age, tall, bearded, with a full habit of body, earnest, clear eyes, and a wonderful charm of manner. It

is rarely that we find such an intellect as his, acute, versatile and original. Omar Khayyam was a great poet as well as an astronomer, but after all star-gazing is not far removed from poesy; but who would believe Euclid capable of composing the Iliad? And yet Dwijendranath Tagore was as much at home in the forbidding domain of abstruse mathematics as in the perplexing maze of philosophy, or in the ethereal empyrean of poesy. As if this were not sufficient to prove the lavishness of nature's gifts, Dwijendranath had genius even in his fingers, in the intricate and artistic folding of a missive, in making note-books without the help of thread or needle, in making magical boxes out of common paper! His great poetical work *Swapnaprayan* has never been properly appreciated, but that is the loss of the reading public. Serious students who have read the book carefully find that the memory is haunted by the melody of many verses, while the grandeur of others is indisputable. His lilting metrical translation of *Meghaduta* is an exquisite work of art. No less notable is his contribution to philosophical literature. He felt a simple pleasure in reading out to his visitors the latest work on which he happened to be engaged, and, of course, many of them were flabbergasted. Once his youngest brother, Rabindranath, and myself were passing his room, and I expressed a desire to see Dwijendranath. Rabindranath, with a look of mock horror on his face, said: 'If Baro Dada gets hold of you now, you are done for!' Dwijendranath was then absorbed in working out a new geometry, distinct from that of Euclid, and if I had entered his room he would at once have commenced to explain his latest discovery to my very unmathematical intelligence. Needless to say, I took his brother's timely warning!

Dwijendranath Tagore's nature had the transparency and simplicity of a child, and while nature had endowed him prodigally with her gifts, the world left him severely alone and gave him no share of its wisdom. On one

occasion he was sent to his father's landed estates, and when the ryots approached him with tales of distress, he granted remissions of revenue with both hands, with the result that the rent-roll that year was considerably reduced. That experiment was never tried again. He was so generous that on one occasion when some one came to him for help he gave away the silver *pandan* lying in front of him, saying he had nothing else to give at that time. His Homeric laughter, his heartiness, and the utter absence of self-consciousness endeared him to all who knew him. With advancing age physical frailty supervened, but his remarkable intellect remained as bright as ever and his interest in affairs never flagged. In the closing years of his life he was keenly interested in Mahatma Gandhi's movement and frequently corresponded with him. Mahatma Gandhi called him 'Bara Dada' and wrote about him publicly in terms of high appreciation and regard.

Satyendranath Tagore

I had seen Satyendranath Tagore, the second son of Maharshi Devendranath, in Bombay, but I came to know him personally in Calcutta and met him frequently while he was President of the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad. He was the first Indian to enter the Indian Civil Service by the partially open door of limited competition in England, but, unlike other Bengali Civilians, he never took to the English costume and always put on the headdress known as the *Pirally pugree*. At the Parishad I found him always wearing the traditional Bengali dress. He was very modest and unassuming. His hymns and his book on Bombay bear evidence to his literary gifts.

Jyotirindranath Tagore

The fifth brother, Jyotirindranath Tagore, was one of the handsomest persons of his time. He was a man of many accomplishments. He was a linguist of a high

order and was deeply versed in French literature. He was a fine musician and could play admirably upon several instruments. As a dramatist he takes high rank in Bengali literature, and there was a time when his classical and historical plays attracted crowded houses at Bengali theatres in Calcutta, and his songs were sung everywhere. As I have already described, he was greatly interested in phrenology at the time when I first knew him and it was not long before I had personal experience of his skill. My cousin, Jnanendranath, and myself were at the Jorasanko house one morning when Jyotirindranath invited us to give him a sitting. He first made a rapid and accurate pencil sketch of our heads and then proceeded to feel our bumps, jotting down the results of his examination in a note-book. His reading of the propensities of our minds by the help of the protuberances on our skulls was exceedingly gratifying to ourselves, though the philosophical vein that he detected in my cousin's cranium must have had reference to his equableness of temper and simplicity of character. Latterly, Jyotirindranath used to live at Ranchi, where one of my sons interviewed him and was received with great cordiality. Jyotirindranath kept up his literary activities to the very end of his life.

Swarna Kumari Devi

Along with her gifted brothers Swarna Kumari Devi has achieved considerable distinction as a writer of fiction and poetry. She edited the magazine *Bharati* for a number of years, and her output of literary work has been substantial. I sometimes visited her and her husband, J. Ghosal, at the Kashiabagan garden house, and she came to us when I was staying with my people in Calcutta in 1894. I saw her recently, and though well advanced in years, she still retains her bright outlook on life. Her daughter, Sarala Devi, who was married to the late Pundit Rambhuj Dutt Chaudhuri of Lahore,

is well known both in literature and politics, and is intimately known to us, and we have met frequently in Calcutta, Lahore and Bombay.

Rabindranath Tagore

Rabindranath Tagore was just twenty years old when I first met him, and we have been friends ever since. It was the beautiful bond of literature that cemented our friendship. His figure and features are now familiar to the whole world. At that time he was a tall, slender young man with finely chiselled features. He wore his hair long and curled down his back, and had a short beard. He had been to England and had read for some time with Henry Morley, who formed a high opinion of his English prose, but on his return to India Rabindranath occupied himself entirely with literary work in Bengali, and, as he himself has said, wrote nothing in English for many years afterwards. But his reading of English literature covered a wide range. Two of his early lyrical works, *Sandhya Sangit* and *Prabhat Sangit*, had just been published. He was doing all the editorial work of the Bengali magazine *Bharati*, though the name of his eldest brother, Dwijendranath Tagore, appeared as Editor. I met Rabindranath frequently at the house of Preo Nath Sen, at his own house in Jorasanko and at our house in Grey Street. When Surendranath Bannerjea came out of jail a meeting to welcome him was held in the grounds of Free Church College as it was then called, in Nimtola Ghat Street. One of the speakers was Asutosh Mukerji, at that time a student at the Presidency College and afterwards famous as a Judge of the Calcutta High Court and Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University. With enthusiasm becoming in a student, Asutosh spoke of Surendranath as 'our illustrious leader'. Rabindranath was also present by invitation and, after the speech-making was over, had to sing a song in response to persistent calls. Who in that gathering of students and

others could have then dreamed that the young singer of that afternoon would, in the years to come, make more than a royal progress through the world and every capital in Asia and Europe would listen to his spoken word with the reverence due to a prophet?

Rabindranath frequently read out his freshly composed poems to me. Once he brought one of his best-known dramas, which he had just written, and we read it together. The final incident in the play did not seem to me to be in keeping with the spirit of the drama and I told him so. He said his 'Bara Dada' was of the same opinion, and he changed the concluding part before sending the manuscript to the press. We had a sort of friendly Literary Society which met occasionally at the houses of friends. We met once in Akrur Dutt Street at the house in which the Savitri Library was located, and there was another meeting at Rabindranath's house. We used to have animated discussions on literary subjects, but the inner man was not neglected and ample refreshments were always provided.

Rabindranath was very generous, though at this time he had no independent income of his own and only received an allowance from his father. One evening while we were sitting together in his house, a visitor was announced. Rabindranath was greatly put out and explained to me that the visitor was a relation from a collateral branch of the family. He was in the habit of pestering Rabindranath for assistance and had been helped with money on various occasions. The man was a wastrel and Rabindranath was unwilling to meet him. He made a movement as if to leave the room, but I told him that the best way to meet the situation was to tell the importunate visitor that he could not expect any further help. Rabindranath accepted my suggestion and the visitor was shown in. Finding a third person present in the room, he did not venture to ask for money and left after a few minutes.

Men of genius have their eccentricities, but Rabindranath, brought up in an atmosphere of admirable discipline, was free from all vagaries. His abstemiousness was almost Spartan. He has been all his life a very small eater and has never smoked. The ways of Bohemia had no attractions for him. For some months he would not wear a shirt and would often visit our house wearing only a *dhoti* and covering himself with a *chadar* of long-cloth. He wore shoes very rarely, and mostly went about in slippers, which the quainter they were the better he liked. I remember having sent him some Sindhi slippers from Karachi, but these proved so attractive that some one deprived him of them.

Only once did Bohemia tug at him fiercely. Rabindranath conceived the idea of walking all the way from Calcutta to Peshawar by the Grand Trunk Road. He was quite excited and earnest about it. He said two or three friends would join him, they would travel light, carry very little money with them and would march all day and take their chance for a resting place at night. The idea never actually materialized, the splendid plan gradually fizzled out, the great hike remained an unwritten epic.

Rabindranath's fine humour frequently appears in his writings, but I remember one incident he used to relate as a young man. Rabindranath had criticized some book or some writer, and shortly afterwards some one warned him with portentous gravity that a B.A. of Calcutta University was preparing a crushing rejoinder to Rabindranath. As the poet himself was neither a graduate, nor even an undergraduate, this tremendous announcement was calculated to overwhelm him, and it certainly did, but not quite in the manner his informant had expected.

I once took Rabindranath to the house of Babu Ramtanu Lahiri in Calcutta. Rabindranath sang a few songs and Ramtanu Babu was highly delighted and thanked the young poet earnestly.

I was present at Rabindranath's marriage. He sent me a characteristic invitation in which he wrote that his intimate relative, Rabindranath Tagore, was to be married. The marriage took place in Rabindranath's own house and was a very quiet affair, only a few friends being present.

Rabindranath has not been heedless to the call of his country, though his temperament is unsuited for the din and jar of practical politics. He once presided at a political conference and delivered a profoundly thoughtful address in Bengali. When Bengal was embittered by the partition of that Province and feelings ran high, the heart of the poet-patriot was deeply stirred, and the songs he then composed were sung everywhere, at public meetings and in processions, by prisoners in prison vans and prison cells, by women in the home and by boys in the streets. Two or three years later, Rabindranath narrowly escaped having signal political distinction conferred upon him by the Government of Bengal. He had read a certain paper in Bengali at a crowded meeting in Calcutta, and it was published in the Press in the usual course. Shortly afterwards he received an official letter from the then Chief Secretary, Mr Macpherson, conveying the warning of the Bengal Government against what was considered a seditious speech. The Government stayed their hand inasmuch as they did not forthwith launch a prosecution. Rabindranath told me that he had sent no reply to this letter. Though this little incident is not generally known, it is well worth recording as the first official appreciation in India of the Indian poet. For some time the school established and maintained by Rabindranath at Bolpur, and now known all over the civilized world as Visvabharati, was under grave suspicion as a hot-bed of sedition. It was a fair and accurate index of the working of the official mind in India.

I remember several years before Rabindranath received the Nobel Prize, Gopal Krishna Gokhale,

politician and mathematician, learned the Bengali language for the express purpose of reading Rabindranath's poems in the original Bengali. Gokhale, on one occasion, read out to me a few poems, apologizing for his inability to reproduce the Bengali accent and enunciation, and then asked me to read the same poems in the manner of a Bengali.

Behari Lal Chakravarti

Behari Lal Chakravarti the well-known Bengali poet, never had a large circle, of admirers, though his verse was mellifluous and the language finely chiselled. When I first met him I had just passed my teens and he was well advanced in middle age. Behari Lal did not know much of English, but he had read a good deal of Sanskrit literature and poetry. His *Saradamangal* will find a permanent place in Bengali literature, and the lyrical cry and lilt of his verse will appeal to cultured readers. We became very intimate and met frequently. With the eccentricity characteristic of genius, Behari Lal would sometimes come to our house at a late hour of the night and stay up chatting till nearly midnight. His interests were not wide and he did not concern himself with public affairs, but he was a genial, open-hearted man, hearty and bluff of manner and full of an old-world courtesy.

Preo Nath Sen

Preo Nath Sen was some years older than myself, but he strongly attracted young people interested in literature. I met him first in 1881 and retained his precious friendship to the end of his life. He should have become a solicitor, but he was so deeply absorbed in literature that he never passed the examination necessary to qualify him for the profession. He did not do much creative work, and has left no literary works behind him, but literature was to him the very breath of life. He

was a bibliophile in the best sense of the word, and his literary judgement was wonderfully keen and accurate. He had one of the finest libraries I have seen, and not a week passed without his adding to his collection of books. And he read every book that he bought. As a linguist I have not met his equal, not only for the number of languages he knew but also for the ease with which he acquired a new language. A biglot dictionary, a grammar of the new language, and in a few months Preo Nath would be reading books in that language. Of course, the correct enunciation of the words of a new language cannot be learned in this manner, but this is a small detail when the main object is to read books and not to speak the language. When I first saw him Preo Nath could read French and Italian in the original, and subsequently learned other European languages. Persian he learned last, and I borrowed from him a splendid edition of Hafiz's poems with an English translation. His books had encroached upon every available space in his house. Besides the almirahs and shelves in the inner portion of the house, his sitting room, which contained little furniture, was full of books, which were stacked under the windows and overflowed on to the verandah. With all his great love for books, he readily lent them not only to his friends but even to slight acquaintances. I must have read hundreds of books from his library and this gave him great pleasure. Among his constant visitors were Rabindranath Tagore, Behari Lal Chakravarti, Devendranath Sen and many others. It was in deference to his unfavourable opinion that Rabindranath Tagore withdrew one of his early works from circulation, and it has never been reprinted since. In almost every case Preo Nath's literary judgement was sound, and he was invariably candid and outspoken. His favourite author was Swinburne and he carefully collected every line of prose and verse that the English poet ever wrote.

Most of the men who used to meet at the house of

Preo Nath Sen to discuss literature have passed away. Only Rabindranath Tagore and myself are still left to cherish his memory and recall his fine character.

A Shakespeare Play

It was some time in the early eighties that Herr Bandmann, a well-known actor, visited Calcutta, accompanied by a troupe of artists. As the name indicates, Bandmann was a German, but he was naturalized in England and spoke English without an accent. He had the reputation of being a clever Shakespearean actor, and though not an interpreter of the rank of Sir Henry Irving, he drew crowded houses in Calcutta when he staged a few Shakespearean plays at the Corinthian Theatre in Dhurrumtolah Street. I went to see *Macbeth* performed by his company. The cream of Calcutta society was there, and I saw Keshub Chunder Sen and Bankim Chandra Chatterji in the audience, keenly following the play. Herr Bandmann himself appeared in the role of Macbeth. He was a splendid-looking man, big and blond as a Viking, with a finely modulated voice and a consummate skill in producing stage effects. In the murder scene, in which Macbeth appears trembling and shrinking, holding in his shaking hand the poniard red with the life-blood of King Duncan, and Lady Macbeth reproaches him for his fearfulness, the whole house was thrilled by the realism of the acting and the intensity of the horror. The footlights had been turned down, leaving the stage in comparative darkness, but a stream of light from the wings was skilfully turned upon the two figures of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, and played upon their features with a startling effect. The poniard in the hand of Macbeth had a hollow handle filled with a few metal pellets and tinkled faintly as the hand of the actor shook. The eyes, wide and wild with terror, were roving in every direction, while the hands and the whole body quivered as an aspen leaf.

Lady Macbeth stood a little distance away, cool and cynical, flashing contempt from her magnificent eyes at her husband, unmanned by the bloody deed he had done. We realized to the full the penetrative power of a stage whisper when Macbeth said:

'Glamis hath murder's sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!'

The voice was no louder than a quaking whisper, but it ran like a long-drawn sibilant hiss through the remotest parts of the theatre, and every word was as distinctly heard as if it had been shouted out. Again, when the actor cried:

'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red,'

and spread out his palm with utter hopelessness stamped on his face, it was a great gesture of tragic despair.

In the sleep-walking scene, Lady Macbeth, lighted taper in hand, somnambulistic, with her eyes wide open, glassy, and without a flicker of the eyelids, was highly dramatic. As she put down the light and rubbed her hands as if in the act of washing them, she declaimed:

'Here's the smell of the blood still:
All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh! Oh! Oh!'

The opening words were uttered in the colourless monotone of a person talking in sleep, but when the final exclamation was reached and repeated three times, the voice of the actress rose to a crescendo of agonized despair and brought down the house in repeated rounds of tempestuous applause.

Amateur Theatricals

A few months later, some of us decided to stage *The Merchant of Venice*. Among the young enthusiasts who took part in the play were Karuna, the eldest son of Keshub Chunder Sen, Sarat, the youngest son of Tarak Chandra Sircar, the well-known leading partner of the firm of Messrs Kerr, Tarruk & Co., a son of Peary Charan Sircar, and several others. The double parts of Shylock and Lancelot Gobbo were assigned to me. We zealously memorized our parts and vigorously rehearsed and attitudinized at home before our astonished and scandalized young relations. One evening we were holding a rehearsal at the house of Tarak Chandra Sircar in Beadon Street, in Sarat's room. Some one was declaiming his part with appropriate gesticulation when the door opened quietly and in came Bankim Chandra Chatterji, accompanied by the master of the house! The actor's voice and hand were arrested abruptly, and the rest of us stood promptly at attention, looking sheepish and scared. Bankim smiled and said: 'Cannot we hear a little of what you are doing?' We stammered and became apologetic and tongue-tied. Bankim passed out of the room with a word of encouragement. We produced the play at Lily Cottage, Keshub Chunder Sen's house on Upper Circular Road, on a stage set up for *Nava Brindavan*, a play written in connexion with the New Dispensation and in which Keshub himself had played a leading part. There was a fairly large audience and our presentation of the play was well received.

My Marriage

In 1881 there was a proposal for a marriage between Keshub Chunder Sen's second daughter and myself. Bhai Kanti Chandra Mitter, one of the missionaries of Keshub Chunder Sen's church, came and saw me at my college in this connexion. Keshub's eldest son, Karuna Chandra, also saw me more than once. But

there was great opposition among my family, and the proposal fell through. Ultimately I married a daughter of Keshub's brother-in-law, and when I next met Keshub, he embraced me affectionately and said that after all I had become a member of his family. It was about this time that I accompanied Keshub on a visit to Ramkrishna Paramhansa.

Ravages of Malaria

As a student in Calcutta and before I left for Sind, I used to pay occasional week-end visits to Halisahar, our ancestral village. Part of the old house was then standing and occupied, and there was another house close by, built by one of my grand-uncles. At one time Halisahar was a township of considerable size and is referred to by name with other towns in *Kabikankan Chandi* by the poet Mukundaram Chakravarti in his account of the voyage of the trader Dhanapati to Ceylon. Halisahar is well known as the birth-place of Ramprasad Sen, the famous worshipper of Kali and composer of the wonderful songs addressed to the goddess. I first saw Halisahar when I was a little boy of about five years living at Serampore, and yet the impressions I retained made me realize with a pang of bitterness, when I saw the place again after ten or eleven years, that in the contest between the forest and man the former was steadily winning. Sometimes also I visited Kanchrapara, the birth-place of my mother, a little over a mile to the north of Halisahar. The house belonging to my mother's parents adjoined that of Jagadish Nath Roy, the first Bengali District Superintendent of Police and particular friend of Bankim Chandra Chatterji. Jagadish Nath was my mother's uncle and I had always a warm welcome at his house in Calcutta. When visiting Halisahar we usually alighted from the train at Naihati and proceeded by boat to Sivatala Ghat below Halisahar. I went once or twice to Kantalpara and saw the room, standing apart

from the family house, in which Bankim Chandra Chatterji wrote some of his literary works. I visited Gourifa, Somra and certain other places, and once I saw Kanchannagar, a village to the west of Burdwan. Everywhere were visible the terrible ravages of malaria. I saw deserted houses crumbling into ruin, *peepul* trees growing out of cracks in *pucca* houses, jackals prowling in the daylight, dense undergrowth infested with leeches and deadly snakes, and the fruit-bearing trees smothered by the wild-growing jungle. The tanks and ponds were neglected and covered with moss and water hyacinth, and were the breeding places of mosquitoes and malaria. The terror and tragedy of it all were heightened by the occasional glimpse of an old woman or an anæmic and emaciated man standing in front of an almost untenanted cottage or house—figures scarcely in keeping with the rank vegetation smothering the place and scenes of desolation that brought tears to the eyes.

Disappearance of the Bengalis

Outside the railway station of Naihati and on the road leading to the riverside there were shops kept by Bengalis where one could have the milk of green cocoanuts, parched rice and the homely village *sandesh*. The boatmen were Bengalis, and they managed their craft with considerable skill. The boats themselves were graceful, light, and easily steered by the helm, which was frequently merely an oarblade. I knew an old boatman named Raghu at Halisahar. He had somehow escaped the scourge of malaria and was a fair, old man of nearly seventy years of age, with incredible strength in his arms and loins. I saw him, when the tide was low, putting his back and hips to the hulk of a large boat amidships and pushing it up with ease, high and dry on the slimy bank, a task that would ordinarily have taken three men of average strength to accomplish. I saw Raghu's clean little hut of a cabin, with fishing

nets and fishing tackle spread out on bamboo poles out in the open. I saw him caulking the seams of his boat with oakum and the tannic juice of the green *gab* nut, and I listened with unfeigned pleasure to his stories of the good old days when there was plenty in the land and malaria had not wrought such deadly havoc, and the village *chandimandaps* (places of public resort) were crowded with the village gossips who gravely discussed the affairs of their neighbours between spells of smoking their *hookahs.*

The streets of Calcutta were resonant with the music of Bengali hawkers. In the morning, peddling green-grocers with baskets of vegetables and fruits on their heads went up and down the streets and lanes advertising aloud the things they had to sell. At midday and in the earlier part of the afternoon, when the men were away at their places of business, *churiwallis* with their bangles penetrated the sanctum of the zenana unrebuked. Women with flimsy metal vessels, hand-mirrors and other gewgaws went about bartering them for old clothes. Gypsies announced in a monotonous sing-song their ability to cure rheumatism and extract maggots from the teeth. Vendors of metal utensils announced their wares by ringing a peal on a metallic vessel with a piece of wood. Urchins bore testimony to the wonderful fecundity of the literature of *Bat-tala* by reciting the contents of some new masterpiece. Anything going, a sensational case, a street accident, a reported miracle by a fakir, brought grist to the mills, or printing presses, of *Bat-tala.* There were laureates galore in the dim alleys and by-lanes of Chitpore to whom nothing came amiss, and who reeled off poems with the ease and dexterity of spinners of yarn on the *charka.*

In the summer evenings, vendors of ice-cream plied a brisk business; sellers of flowers and garlands hawked their fragrant offerings at every street corner; fried gram and cereals, beloved of children, were hawked to the

accompaniment of wonderful rhymes. Among street beggars there were Baools, with their one-stringed instruments and fantastic clown caps, their devotional songs and dances, singers of *Madhukan* songs, Vaishnavas with *kirtan* songs, and Kali-worshippers singing the songs of Ramprasad Sen. In the season of the Durga Puja, the streets and the houses were filled with heart-stirring *agamani* songs, heralding the advent of the goddess. During the winter householders were aroused in the early dawn with songs celebrating the holy name of Hari, chanted to the accompaniment of *mridanga* (drum) and cymbals.

Most of these familiar figures and associations have now disappeared. The residents of Calcutta and the suburbs scarcely take note of the changes that have occurred; but an occasional visitor like myself, with a treasured memory of the past, cannot fail to be struck with the marked changes noticeable everywhere. During recent years I have more than once revisited Halisahar, Gourifa and other places, but looked in vain for any signs recalling the old times. Not that I expected to see the old faces, for the debt of nature has to be paid every day and the sweeping scythe of Time is never at rest, but it was not unreasonable to expect some sort of continuity of the old surroundings. Getting out at the Naihati railway station after a lapse of something like forty years, I found everything in the possession of Biharis. They owned all the shops and were selling stale aerated waters and unwholesome, unclean sweets. The porters, the hackney-carriage drivers, the ferrymen, were all Biharis. And yet an association of the past confronted me in the shape of a Bengali gentleman who had also alighted from the train and accosted me by name. I could only stare at him and tell him that he had the advantage over me. He smilingly explained that he did not expect me to remember him as he was a youthful student when I used to visit Halisahar

periodically; that he used to come to me to have difficult passages in his English text-book explained. It was only then that my struggling memory came to my help, and I could place the young boy now grown into a staid, middle-aged man. He was very kind, and obligingly helped me to get a gharry to drive to Halisahar. As I passed I noted that the houses on the roadside were for the most part tenanted by Biharis, men and women employed in the mills and doing anything else that came to their hands. For all that I saw I need not have come to Bengal at all and might just as well have revisited part of Patna or Chapra. In the deserted towns and villages the gloom of the wild woods had deepened and the number of the residents had diminished.

III

SIND IN THE EIGHTIES

Westward Ho!

In 1884, at the age of twenty-two, I left Calcutta for Karachi. It was a great adventure. I had never been west of Arrah. There was no need for me to go so far away from home. I was not in straitened circumstances; I could have easily got a place in the service of the Government. But even as a youngster I felt an unconquerable disinclination for such service. I was young and romantic, and the spirit of adventure stirred strongly in me. I had lost my mother at Motihari when I was a boy of eight years. My father did not actually prohibit my departure, but he thought there was no need for my going away to the other end of India. My other relations thought I was foolish, and they shook their heads. But there was no active interference—I was left alone.

On the way to Karachi, my first halt was at Patna, where my father was stationed at the time. It was my duty to see him before I went so far away from home. He raised no objections, and merely said I could please myself. He also gave me money, though I had provided myself with sufficient funds for my passage.

The only man I knew in Sind was Hiranand Shoukiram Advani, who was a year younger than myself. Hiranand had come to Calcutta and graduated from Calcutta University, after which he had returned to his own province. He had asked me to collaborate with him in editing a weekly newspaper called the *Sind Times*, and I accepted his invitation with all the eager enthusiasm of youth.

On arrival at the Karachi Cantonment railway station I was met by Dayaram Gidumal, a brilliant *alumnus* of the Elphinstone College, Bombay, and at that time Registrar of the Sadar Court, Karachi. From him I learned that the *Sind Times* was owned by two Parsi gentlemen of means, but that the editorial control had

been taken over by a committee of the Sind Sabha, a political association recently established at Karachi, and that Hiranand and myself had been appointed joint editors. I soon found out that Dayaram was the life and soul of the Sind Sabha, as also the principal contributor to the *Sind Times*. I was an entire stranger to local politics, but I was eager to learn, and Dayaram and other notable men were anxious to help me. Among the members of the Sind Sabha were Hindus, Mahomedans, Parsis and Christians. Several Indian officials also were members, and they took an active part in the discussions of the Sabha. The Local Government, as represented by the Commissioner in Sind and the Collector of Karachi, raised no objections, since the politics of the Sind Sabha were of the mildest kind and never went beyond respectful memorials and representations. Dayaram Gidumal frankly and forcibly criticized the judgements of the European and other judges in the *Sind Times*. The authorship was no secret, but it never occurred to anyone to take exception to Dayaram's writings in the press on the ground that he was a Government servant.

Isolation of Sind

Conditions in the Province of Sind are, in every respect, different from those in the rest of India. Climatically it has well been called Little Egypt, for it closely resembles that famous and ancient country. Sind is as dry as Egypt; the great south-west monsoon strikes the west coast of India and passes inland below the Runn of Cutch. Sind's average annual rainfall is only about six inches, and agriculture is dependent upon the annual overflow of its banks by the Indus, just as agriculture in Lower Egypt depends on the overflow of both banks of the Nile. There is a system of canals in Sind; of these the Fubli Canal below the city of Hyderabad is the biggest. The Sukkur Barrage, with its immense

potentialities, is still a thing of the future. Administratively, Sind forms part of the Bombay Presidency,* though the Commissioner in Sind is vested with certain powers of a Local Government. Formerly, there was no direct land route from Bombay to Karachi; the mail steamer took two days, while coastal steamers took seventy-two hours to reach Karachi from Bombay. There were constant complaints that the development of the port of Karachi was being retarded by the step-motherly treatment of the Bombay Government. The citizens and merchants of Karachi were quite unreasonably jealous of Bombay because Karachi, with its small artificial harbour made possible by the breakwater, its great distance from the main commercial and agricultural centres of north India, can never hope to become a serious rival to Bombay with its magnificent natural harbour, its advantageous geographical position and its keen and enterprising businessmen. When Lord Dufferin visited Karachi during his Viceroyalty, the Sind Sabha in its address pointed out the claims and advantages of Karachi, should the Government of India at any time contemplate shifting its seat from Calcutta. This patriotic but quaint suggestion provoked a smile all round. Lord Dufferin in his reply said with dry humour that personally he liked the salubrious climate of Karachi, but that the idea of transferring the seat of the Government of India would create a flutter in Calcutta. Lord Dufferin could not anticipate the *coup* of 1911, when, by a pronouncement of the King-Emperor, the seat of the Government of India was transferred from Calcutta to Delhi. Whatever the grievances of the people of Karachi and Sind against the Government of Bombay, they fiercely resented the idea of being placed under the Government of the Punjab. The question of the amalgamation of Sind with the Punjab was mooted more than once.

* Now Sind is a separate Province.

Karachi is the Punjab's natural seaport; the railway line runs direct from Peshawar to Karachi; the boundaries of the Punjab and Sind are conterminous; the majority of the Hindu section of the Sindhis are Nanakpanthis, or followers of Guru Nanak, and Sindhi women use the Gurmukhi characters in writing Sindhi. In spite of these affinities, however, Sind would have nothing to do with the Punjab, and all idea of amalgamation of the two Provinces was abandoned long ago. Sind remains practically as isolated as ever.

People of Sind

There can scarcely be any doubt that ethnologically the people of the Punjab and Sind are identical. The original Aryan settlers colonized the Punjab to begin with, and in course of time a section followed the course of the Indus to Sind. The ruins of Brahmanabad in the Thar and Parker district, with the traditions that have come down, point to the existence of an ancient Aryan kingdom in Sind. Mention is frequently made in ancient Sanskrit books of the land of Sindhu, which might mean the riverain country, including Sind, along the Indus. In the *Mahabharata* it is stated that Jayadratha was the king of Sindhu. With the Baluch conquest of the Province of Sind the great majority of the population was converted to Islam. At the present time the Mahomedans form an overwhelming majority in Sind, while the small Hindu minority is to be found chiefly in towns. During the regime of the Mirs, Sind was divided into four independent baronies; of these the Mirship of Khairpur alone survives and forms a Feudatory State. The principal officials or Amlahs under the Mirs were Hindus, and they are still known as Amils. Most of them are settled in Hyderabad, Sind, and are now Government servants, lawyers, doctors, engineers, etc. The Bhaibands, or Banias, are merchants, though they belong to the same class as Amils. There is a kind of

one-sided intermarriage between the Amils and Banias; an Amil will take a wealthy Bania's daughter for a daughter-in-law, but he will on no account accept a Bania's son for his son-in-law. The Banias of Hyderabad and Shikarpur are successful and enterprising traders and are to be found all over India, as well as beyond India. The Shikarpuris, particularly, carry on a brisk trade in Central Asia. The Amils, on the other hand, are extremely home-loving, and are seldom happy outside their homeland. The rural population and agriculturists are almost entirely Mahomedan. The towns are rather crowded, but in the villages and outlying areas the population is sparse and the people are simple and primitive.

Sindhis and Bengalis

In the early eighties of the last century there was no College in Sind. There were only the district Government schools and a few missionary institutions. For University education young Sindhis had to go to Bombay. Hiranand was sent to Calcutta because his brother, Navalrai, an able Deputy Collector in Sind, was a member of the Brahmo Samaj and the Nava Vidhan Church of Keshub Chunder Sen. The first friendly relations between a few Sindhis and Bengalis were established when Satyendranath Tagore, the first Indian Civilian, was a District Judge in Sind. Satyendranath never dressed or lived as a 'Saheb', and he and his wife were socially very popular wherever they went. At Hyderabad, Sind, very cordial relations existed between them and Navalrai and a few other Sindhi gentlemen. Dewan Navalrai was a man of extraordinary strength of character, austere, devout, silent and altogether unlike Amil officials.

The Swadeshi cult was then unknown, but Navalrai was a staunch Swadeshist. The clothes he wore were made in Sind and were of the plainest material. He had discarded the gorgeous, upturned chimney-pot hat, originally introduced by the Mirs of Sind. He was a

genuine ascetic, lived on frugal fare and slept on a coarse camel-hair pallet, and his personal expenses did not exceed a few rupees a month. But he gave freely and liberally to every deserving charity. Navalrai Shaukiram was a remarkable man, and the example of his life exercised a powerful influence in moulding the character of Hiranand. The two brothers bore a strong physical resemblance. They were both dark and the faces of both were deeply marked with the small-pox. Navalrai was somewhat over thirty years of age, and had a characteristically broad, strong face. Hiranand was barely twenty-one, and the contours of his face were gentler, with a small broad forehead and a kindly, winning smile. Hiranand spoke Bengali, and his youngest brother, Motiram, who was sent to Calcutta as a young schoolboy, spoke Bengali very fluently. There are now many Sindhi traders and dealers in curios in Calcutta.

Journalism and Other Work

Dayaram Gidumal had purchased a house in Karachi in a quarter called Garikhata, close to Bunder Road. It was a healthy, clean locality outside the city. Hyderabad Amils who had to live at Karachi to earn a living rarely brought their wives with them, there being a strong prejudice against womenfolk leaving their homes. Dayaram had a few friends staying with him, among whom were Hiranand and Dewan Kauramal Chandumal, at that time Assistant Manager, Sind Encumbered Estates, and, later on, Principal of the Normal Training School at Hyderabad. Kauramal was an elderly man, a Brahmo and a fine Sindhi scholar and writer. I lived with them and we formed a sort of 'chummery'. Hiranand and I took charge of the *Sind Times*. For some time the leading articles were written by Dayaram, and I wrote the paragraphs. Hiranand used to make selections and write local and other short paragraphs. After a short time, Dayaram was appointed a statutory civilian

and posted to Sehwan as Assistant Collector, and Hiranand and myself were left to our own devices. Our first exciting experience as journalists was a visit from a military officer. We had published a few letters complaining of the rude behaviour of certain Baluch Sepoys towards certain ladies living in the Cantonment or Sadar section of Karachi. A few days later, a tall and fierce-looking military officer, clanking a long sabre at his side, stalked into the editorial sanctum and, without any preface, drew out a copy of the newspaper and, pointing at the letters, curtly asked whether *we* had published them. Hiranand and I were quite unruffled. To the question put to us there could be only one answer, which I gave, adding that we had no reason to question the good faith of our correspondents. The officer, who was probably the Adjutant of the Regiment, became truculent and declared that unless the allegations were withdrawn and an apology was tendered, action would be taken against us. Hiranand replied with perfect good humour that we were quite prepared to stand the racket. I suggested that if a contradiction was sent in by an officer of the regiment, we would publish it, but we declined either to contradict what we had published or to express regret. The gallant son of Mars glared at us and then took himself off with his resplendent uniform and his sword rattling on the floor. It turned out to be mere bluff, as we heard nothing further on the subject.

All my time, however, was not occupied with journalism. At home I was engaged on a Bengali book. About this time a Bengali monthly magazine known as the *Balak* appeared in Calcutta. The editor was a nephew of Rabindranath Tagore, and the poet himself was one of the principal contributors, and he wrote to me at Karachi for contributions. I wrote a few sketches and also sent two short stories. These stories were afterwards published in the magazine *Bharati*. Precisely at this time I was drawn into an interesting controversy.

The Rev. Mr Bambridge, a member of the Church Mission Society, delivered a number of lectures on the various religious systems of the world. His lecture on Hinduism was particularly crude and ill-informed. I wrote out a lengthy reply, avoiding all bitterness, and read it before a crowded audience in the Max Denso Hall. A day or two later, I received a nice, long letter, couched in very appreciative terms from Mr Bambridge, and we were very good friends ever afterwards.

Hiranand Shaukiram

The collaboration between Hiranand and myself on the *Sind Times* did not last very long. He had a wonderfully unsophisticated nature, was severely simple in his habits and was altogether free from all worldly ambition. His brother, Navalrai, understood and appreciated him thoroughly and always gave him a free hand. Navalrai's purse was always at Hiranand's disposal and there was no criticism or opposition of any kind. For some time Hiranand worked with Dr Mirza, a young Persian doctor with an English wife. Dr Mirza was a native of a place near Hyderabad, Sind. Without neglecting his newspaper work, Hiranand attended Dr Mirza's dispensary twice a day, compounded medicines and attended on and nursed patients. We thought at one time that he would take to the study of medicine in earnest. But his real idea was service and helpfulness without any consideration, and he devoted himself to this work with quiet and earnest enthusiasm. Shortly afterwards, he gave up his connexion with the *Sind Times* and took charge of the *Sind Sudhar*, a weekly Sindhi newspaper. He edited this paper with zeal and ability, Dewan Kauramal helping him with valuable contributions. But this also was a passing phase of Hiranand's activities. Some time later, he left Karachi altogether and established a school called the Union Academy at Hyderabad. Dewan Navalrai supplied him liberally with funds, and

I believe Dayaram Gidumal also helped him. For fellow-workers Hiranand brought over Nanda Lal Sen, a nephew of Keshub Chunder Sen, and Bhavani Charan Bannerjee, afterwards well known as Brahmabandhav Upadhyaya, from Calcutta. Nanda Lal Sen always led a retired life and died recently at Karachi. Bhavani Charan afterwards became a famous man and died in Calcutta while under trial on the charge of sedition. Hiranand was not highly intellectual, but as a man of character I have met very few who can be compared with him. Although married and the father of three children, he was in spirit essentially a *sanyasin*, with marvellous self-discipline and self-control. He spent long hours in silent communion; while in conversation his simplicity was that of a child. Hiranand was barely thirty years of age when he passed away, but he has left a deathless memory in Sind. Hiranand's death occurred after I had left Sind.

Dayaram Gidumal

Dayaram Gidumal Shahani belongs to one of the leading Amil families of Hyderabad, Sind. After graduating in Arts and Law from Bombay University, he was appointed, as I have already said, Registrar of the Judicial Commissioner's Court, Karachi. Later on, he became a Statutory Civilian, and after serving for a short period as an Assistant Collector, was appointed a Judge. With the exception of brief terms of office in Sind, where he officiated as Judicial Commissioner for some months, the greater period of his service was spent in the Bombay Province. He was undoubtedly one of the ablest District and Sessions Judges of Bombay, but his claims to a Judgeship of the High Court were overlooked till nearly the end of his term of office. Shortly before his retirement he was offered an officiating Judgeship of the Bombay High Court, but he declined this offer. I remember to have written to him from Lahore,

remonstrating with him on this subject, but he replied that the Government of Bombay had not kept faith with him, and that the offer had come too late. It is not, however, as a Government servant that I remember Dayaram Gidumal. I lived with him in his house at Karachi, and our relations were intimate and cordial. In correspondence we used to address each other as 'brother'. Apart from his intellectual gifts Dayaram is a man of the highest character, selfless, devout, humble and exceedingly charitable. His food and clothing were of the simplest; the whole of his income was given away in charity as long as he was in service. His left hand never knew what his right hand gave away, and even his intimate friends did not know the extent of his charities. He was a great friend and admirer of the late B. M. Malabari, the well-known Parsi social reformer and publicist. He wrote a life of Malabari when both were young men. He contributed to the *Indian Spectator* and gave financial and literary assistance to the monthly magazine *East and West*, founded by Malabari. The Seva Sadan of Bombay owes a great deal to Dayaram Gidumal. The Dharampur Sanatorium for tuberculosis patients, with which the name of Malabari is associated, was materially helped by Dayaram. When the Kangra Valley in the Punjab was devastated by a terrible earthquake in 1907 and thousands of people were killed and wounded, Dayaram sent medical help in charge of a physician at his own expense. While he worked and helped and found the money, others got the kudos and the fanfare of trumpets, but Dayaram was perfectly content. His eldest brother, Dewan Metharam, was a wealthy man and, having no child of his own, left the whole of his property to Dayaram, who did not touch a pice for his own use, but converted the entire property into a Trust. And he spent the evening of his life on the sea-face at Bandra, just outside the city of Bombay. He was savagely attacked in the vernacular Press for marrying

a Gujerati girl in the life-time of his first wife, who lived at Hyderabad, Sind. This was after his retirement from the public service. His second wife died, leaving a son. Dayaram lived with this boy in the strictest seclusion, refusing to see any one, and all his old friends were now strangers to him. As I also live in Bandra, I passed him sometimes as he slowly strolled down to the seashore, accompanied by his young son. White-haired and white-bearded, dressed in threadbare clothes, the lean, venerable, lone and tragic figure of Dayaram Gidumal recalled our early life together in Sind and the strenuous and purposeful time we had in those days. He died at Bandra in December, 1927.

Sind Arts (Dayaram Jethmal) College

Before 1887 there was no college in Sind, which is a Province of considerable size with several districts, an independent Sadar Court corresponding to a High Court, a Chief Commissioner vested with certain powers of a local Government and entitled to a salute. Karachi has a Port Trust and a Chamber of Commerce. But the Bombay Government never thought of establishing a college in Sind. The distance between Bombay and Karachi by sea is five hundred miles. There was no railway connexion in the eighties between Sind and Bombay. The distance between Bombay and Poona is a little over a hundred miles, but Poona has its own colleges. Young Sindhis had to go all the way to Bombay for a collegiate education and to take degrees in Arts, Law, Medicine and Engineering. It never occurred to the Bombay Government that this entailed a great deal of hardship on Sindhi students. The college that was founded at Karachi in 1887 owes its existence to the untiring energy and ceaseless efforts of Dayaram Gidumal. His idea was to raise about a lakh of rupees and then approach the Government for a similar sum. For the maintenance of the college and to meet recurring

expenditure, an appeal would be made for annual contributions to the Government, municipalities and district boards. Dayaram had to attend his office during the day, but he spent his mornings and evenings in interviewing people and carrying on an extensive correspondence in connexion with the proposed college. Publicity and propaganda work was carried on through the *Sind Times*. Government officers and servants were asked to contribute a month's salary to the funds of the college. Dayaram's enthusiasm inspired other people and deputations waited upon wealthy citizens and merchants for donations. Some Parsi merchants and contractors, notably the late Messrs H. J. Rustomjee and Edulji Dinshaw of Karachi, contributed handsomely: The Karachi Municipality voted Rs. 6,000 a year for the maintenance of the college, and this example was followed by other municipalities and local boards. In 1887, the college was opened at Karachi by Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay and an educationist of high repute, in a house belonging to the late Mr Shivandas Chandumal, Deputy Collector. After the death of Dayaram Jethmal, the leading lawyer of Karachi and for some time a member of the Bombay Legislative Council, his family paid a large sum of money to the college funds, and the college was named after him. The college is now located in a fine building of its own, and there is a handsome boarding house attached to it. Recently, a Sind Law College has also been established. I wonder how many students of the Dayaram Jethmal College are aware that but for Dayaram Gidumal there might have been no college in Sind up to the present day.

Hindu-Muslim Relations

The Muslim population of Sind greatly preponderates over the Hindu, though in larger towns such as Hyderabad, Sukkur, Shikarpur, etc. the Hindus are in the majority. It may be said correctly that the Hindu

population is concentrated mainly in the cities and towns, while the rural and agricultural population is largely Muhammedan. As in other parts of India, so in Sind, part of the population has become Muhammedan by conversion. The Sindhis are the descendants of Aryans, and the Sindhi language is one of the closest to, and most notable derivatives from, Sanskrit, though, on account of the long Muhammedan domination, Sindhi is now liberally Persianized. The Mirs of Sind, belonging to the Talpur dynasty, were Baluchis, and there must have been a free mingling of blood between their followers and the converted Moslems in Sind, for many Muhammedans in Sind show distinct traces of Baluch descent in their features. Under the Mirs the principal officials were chiefly Hindus, known as Amils, on account of the clerical and secretarial work in which they were engaged. When Sind was annexed by the British, the Amils readily adapted themselves to the new conditions. Formerly they had had to learn Persian to serve the Mirs. With the advent of the English they sent their sons to English schools and colleges, and these young men found ready employment under the British Government. The fact that the majority of offices under the British Government were held by Hindus did not by any means indicate that the Hindus as such were preferred to Muhammedans, but merely that the Hindus, or rather the Amil section of the Hindus, were quicker to grasp opportunities offered to all. Thus there was no cause for any bitterness or jealousy between the Hindus and Muslims in Sind. As, however, it was a question of distribution of the loaves and fishes of office, bickerings were bound to arise, and these took definite shape during the Viceroyalty of Lord Dufferin. The late Mr A. D. Hussenally, a successful and prosperous lawyer of Karachi, had just established a branch of the Central National Mahomedan Association, founded by Mr Amir Ali in Calcutta. Lord Dufferin was supposed to be a great friend of the

Muhammedans because he had been British Ambassador at Constantinople. When Lord Dufferin visited Karachi, Mr Hussenally, on behalf of his Association, read an address, in which it was openly asserted that the European officials of Sind were under the influence of the Hindus and that the Muhammedans were kept out everywhere. The tone of the address was distinctly objectionable, but it had been quietly approved by the Sind officials. Lord Dufferin, in his reply, administered a dignified rebuke to the Muhammedans. The matter of appointments, he said in effect, rested with the Local Government, to whom representations should be made about real or fancied grievances. The Government made no distinction between Hindus and Muhammedans, and held the balance even between race and race, creed and creed, class and class. Lord Dufferin was a gifted and accomplished orator, and his speech made a great impression. Shortly afterwards, however, Mr Hussenally was made a Khan Bahadur and a number of appointments were offered to Muhammedans. Following the example of the Sind Arts College, the Sind Madressah was established through the instrumentality of Mr Hussenally, who undoubtedly rendered valuable services to his co-religionists in Sind, though his hostility to the Hindus was undisguised. The latter also were scarcely wise when they contended in the Karachi Municipality that the Madressah should get a smaller grant than the Sind Arts College, a contention which was defeated by the combined votes of the Muhammedan and European Municipal Commissioners. Since then Hindus and Muslims in Sind have been drifting apart, though the differences are confined to place-hunters and seekers after official favour. The feeling of antipathy has not filtrated downward to the masses, and no Hindu-Muslim riots have occurred. With the exception of Karachi, whose population is cosmopolitan, as is to be expected in a sea-port town, the Hindus preponderate

in almost all the towns of Sind, and riots do not appear to be likely. The bulk of the agricultural population is Muhammedan, but they are neither fanatical nor lawless, and the expectation appears to be justified that the deplorable scenes that have recently been witnessed in Bengal and elsewhere will not be repeated in Sind.

Shikarpuris

The two most important towns of Upper Sind are Sukkur and Shikarpur. Rohri, which is on the other side of the Indus opposite Sukkur, is also a town of considerable size. The inhabitants of Shikarpur are mostly Banias, and they can easily be distinguished from the Banias of Hyderabad, Talta, Hala and other places in Lower Sind, not only by the head-dress, but also by the difference in features. Before the establishment of British rule Shikarpur was subject to frequent raids by Baluch tribesmen. Besides the usual excesses inseparable from such raids, Hindu women and girls were often abducted and were afterwards ransomed or allowed to return home. There was consequently a free admixture of Baluch blood, traces of which may still be discerned among the male and female inhabitants of Shikarpur. The Banias of Shikarpur are more enterprising than the Banias of other parts of Sind. There is a colony of Shikarpuris at Amritsar, in the Punjab, and Quetta, in British Baluchistan, and numbers of Shikarpuris are engaged in trade in Central Asia. They are a shrewd, astute, though not always scrupulous, people, and are usually successful in business. Money-lending is a common profession among them, and there are numerous wealthy people in Shikarpur.

'Phoenix'

Towards the end of 1887 I had occasion to go down to Calcutta for a month or so. During my absence the two Parsi proprietors of the *Sind Times* became part

proprietors of the *Sind Gazette*, the local Anglo-Indian paper. The *Sind Gazette* was edited by a retired Anglo-Indian military officer, who partly owned the paper and also became one of the proprietors of the *Sind Times*. When I learned of the arrangement I wanted to sever my connexion with the *Sind Times* at once, but my friends persuaded me to wait until I was satisfied that there was an intention, under the new arrangement, to interfere with the policy of the paper. A few days later, I found that some change had been effected in the arrangement for the publication of the paper without reference to me, and I declined the same day to have anything further to do with the paper. I next set about starting a fresh newspaper as I could depend on the support of the educated classes of Sind. I went on a tour of the principal towns in Sind and also visited Quetta, where I enlisted the support of several people. Half the capital was raised by friends, and for the other half a partner, a Khoja gentleman named Jaffer Fuddoo, was found. Diwan Navalrai gave me some money in his characteristic fashion. As a Government servant he could not give direct financial help to a political newspaper. He therefore wrote to me that it should be understood that he had given the money to Hiranand, and that Hiranand had given it to me. A deed of partnership was drawn up, machinery was imported from England and the *Phœnix* was started in 1888. In a few months that paper had a circulation three times as large as that of the *Sind Times*. For some time the new paper was a great strain upon me, as I was practically single-handed and had to attend to all details. On an average I had to put in fourteen to sixteen hours of work every day, and sometimes I had to spend the greater part of the night at the office. But it was all stimulating and exhilarating work, which was rewarded by the generous appreciation of the public. After I had left Karachi Jaffer Fuddoo maintained the *Phœnix* somehow, and it

ceased publication only a few years ago. Jaffer Fuddoo himself lived to a good old age and died recently at Karachi. The *Sind Times* struggled on for some time, but it had to be discontinued for lack of support.

Karachi Municipality and Port Trust

During the interval between my giving up the *Sind Times* and the appearance of the *Phœnix*, I was invited to stand as a candidate for election to the Karachi Municipality under the new constitution given to that body by Lord Ripon's Local Self-Government Act. It was decided that I should stand for the ward of which I was a resident. The sitting member was Mr A. D. Hussenally, a formidable rival. Mr Hussenally, besides being a lawyer with a lucrative practice, had considerable landed property in that ward and several of the voters were his tenants. My nomination paper was, however, duly sent in and I went about among the electors, making it a point to see every voter personally. My agents were voluntary workers and they were unremitting in their exertions. Mr Hussenally confined his visits to the European voters and others who were well off. At the poll and in the scrutiny that followed, it was found that I had a majority of votes, and I was declared duly elected. The defeat at the poll did not keep Mr Hussenally out of the Municipality, for he was nominated by the Government, and his name appeared in the same Gazette that contained the names of the elected Municipal Commissioners. Nevertheless, Mr Hussenally brought a suit in the Court of the District Judge of Karachi to set aside my election. The proceedings dragged on for some time and some evidence was taken, but no irregularities were disclosed, and the Judge finally dismissed the suit, holding that a sufficient inquiry had been made and that as Mr Hussenally had been nominated as a Municipal Commissioner by the Government, it was not necessary to prolong the hearing.

The three youngest members of the Municipality were Tahilram Khemchand, Harchandrai Vishindas and myself. Tahilram, the youngest amongst us, was a native of Tatta settled at Karachi. He had just taken his degrees in Arts and Law with distinction. Harchandrai was slightly his senior and about my age. The three of us worked together in the Municipality and out of it, and were the closest of friends. Hardly a day passed without our meeting and spending a few hours together. Hiranand and Dayaram had left Karachi. Dayaram was somewhere in the Bombay Presidency and Hiranand was busy with his school at Hyderabad. As the three of us refused to be identified with any party in the Municipality, the other Municipal Commissioners looked askance at us, and we were severely let alone. We were almost always outvoted and found it impossible to carry any proposition brought forward by any of us. We were somewhat like the three Tailors of Tooley Street, for though we did not proclaim ourselves as people of Karachi or of Sind, we honestly believed that our one aim was to promote the interests of the rate-payers without regard for any particular section or community, and we steadily declined to be led or influenced by any clique. I was not only the solitary Bengali in the Municipality, but practically the sole Bengali known to any one in Karachi or Sind. Some people went about saying that Bengalis were political firebrands, and they were justified by the sharp criticisms that appeared in the *Sind Times* and later in the *Phœnix*. Another trivial incident about this time brought me some notoriety. Hindu Municipal Commissioners were dubbed 'Rao Saheb' and Muhammedans 'Khan Saheb' by courtesy. As I did not consider that I owed my seat in the Municipality to the Government, I objected to this courtesy or any other title. Instead, however, of making a fuss over such a small matter I merely used to cross out the title on all circular letters and covers issued by the

Municipal office. The hint was at length taken, and my courtesy title was dropped.

For about a year we were left in a minority of three, abiding patiently the time when we could make ourselves felt and get some of our colleagues to come round to our views. Tahilram Khemchand distinguished himself early by his extraordinary industry and capacity for work, his mastery of municipal procedure, his powers of debate and his sweet and equable temper. Harchandrai was a jolly good fellow, a loyal friend and an excellent comrade. His early success at the Bar was a clear indication of his ability as a lawyer. After having served our apprenticeship for a year we found that the tide was turning in our favour; one by one our colleagues came round to our views, and we had an assured majority in the Municipality. This caused a great deal of annoyance to our older friends in the Municipality, and the local Anglo-Indian paper, whose editor was a nominated Municipal Commissioner and who had a grievance against me for giving up the *Sind Times* and bringing out a rival paper, bitterly assailed Tahilram and myself more than once and scoffed at us for our presumption in taking a leading part in municipal affairs. We were elected to various Committees. In the Garden Committee, I found that the Secretary of the Sind Club, the exclusive European club at Karachi, was, in his capacity as a nominated Municipal Commissioner and Chairman of the Garden Committee, in the habit of turning out cows belonging to the Club to graze in the Municipal Gardens. I objected to this, and the cows had to be withdrawn from the gardens. There was a laughable incident in connexion with these gardens. I found that a number of quails were being fattened in the gardens for the Sind Club's table. On inquiry, I found that the birds were for sale and bought up the whole lot for my own table, to which I invited my friends to share the plunder. The affair got abroad and created a good deal of merriment.

The Karachi Municipality had the right of electing two members on the Karachi Port Trust. When I had been about two years in the Municipality I was elected to the Port Trust, defeating Mr Oodharam Mulchand, lawyer and Vice-President of the Municipality. The majority of my colleagues on the Port Trust were Europeans, but I got on very well with them. The Collector of Karachi was the Chairman of the Port Trust *ex-officio*, but this has now been changed and the chairman is now a paid officer.

After I had left Karachi, Tahilram was elected Vice-President of the Municipality and was afterwards appointed President. He was probably the ablest President of the Karachi Municipality. Pherozeshah Mehta invited him to preside over a Provincial Conference in Bombay. I met Tahilram again at the session of the Indian National Congress at Lahore in 1893 and at the Calcutta Congress in 1901, when he stayed with me for several days. Tahilram died very young, in 1905. Harchandrai subsequently became President of the Karachi Municipality and leader of the Karachi Bar. He was later a member of the Indian Legislative Assembly and leader of the Independent Party in Sind. He died at Delhi in February, 1928.

European Officials and Non-Officials

Throughout the forty years I was connected with journalism I made it a rule neither to seek nor shun European officials. Indian journalists are expected to present the Indian view of the questions with which they deal, and it is their duty to keep in touch with Indian thought and opinion; they are not concerned with official views and opinions. At the time of which I am writing the relations between Indian non-officials and European officials in the Bombay Presidency and at Karachi, if not elsewhere in Sind, were on the whole pleasant. In Bombay and Karachi, the leading Indians are commercial

men, and people engaged in commerce are usually independent in thought and speech. They have not much to do with official Europeans, and with non-official Europeans engaged in trade they move on terms of perfect equality. I found social conditions in Karachi very pleasant; for instance, as a pressman, I was invited to balls and social functions given by Europeans and I had many occasions for discussing commercial and other public questions with European merchants. The first European official I met was Dr John Pollen of the Bombay Civil Service and at that time Assistant Commissioner in Sind. We used to take part in public readings and recitations. Dr Pollen was an excellent reciter and I remember he once read out Tennyson's *Siege of Lucknow* with fine dramatic effect. Dr Pollen was an Irishman and he had taken the LL.D. degree from an Irish University. He had passed the Indian Civil Service Examination in the same year as R. C. Dutt, B.L. Gupta and Surendranath Bannerjea, and we became great friends at once. John Pollen appeared to have been particularly friendly with B. L. Gupta, about whom he made constant inquiries. One morning, while I was working in my room at my house, Dr Pollen came in smiling and remained chatting with me for some time. Such signal disregard of the conventions created a stir, particularly inasmuch as a high European official had gone out of his way to visit a political firebrand. I had, of course, to return the visit, and we became warm friends. Shortly after, Dr Pollen was appointed Collector of Hyderabad, and we corresponded frequently. I used to write with the utmost freedom and frankness, and Dr Pollen used to send my letters to his uncle, who was a clergyman in Ireland. Later on, I met him once in Bombay and also saw him in the funeral procession of Sir John Woodburn in Calcutta. John Pollen was Commissioner of Abkari and Salt Revenue in Bombay when he retired from the Bombay Civil Service. His death, which occurred a short

time ago in Ireland, was tragic, for he was found drowned, though it could not be ascertained how he had fallen into the sea.

Mr H. N. B. Erskine, who was Commissioner in Sind when I arrived at Karachi, was an official of a rare type. Quiet, efficient, courteous, he was a capable administrator who won public confidence and respect. He was, in public, singularly shy and tongue-tied; when a Durbar was held at Karachi on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887, Mr Erskine, who presided, stood up to make a speech, but he remained mute for some time and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he spoke a few sentences haltingly. In conversation he was acute and clear-sighted, as I discovered at an evening party on the eve of his retirement from service. Mr Erskine was a thrifty Scotsman, a bachelor who lived a correct and blameless life. Of his shrewdness and powers of observation a somewhat noteworthy instance may be recalled. Charles Darwin, the great originator of the theory of Evolution and the author of the *Origin of Species* and the *Descent of Man*, was then living. He was collecting data about baby language, his theory being that babies, irrespective of their colour and land of birth, had a language of their own before they acquired human speech and clear articulation. He was acquiring his materials from different countries. He had drawn up a *que tionnaire*, a copy of which was sent by the Secretary of State for India to the Government of India for eliciting answers. The Government of India furnished copies to Local Governments, who sent a circular round to Government officers and well-known non-officials. Copies of this circular and the *questionnaire* were sent to Sind. With the exception of Mr Erskine, who being a bachelor had no children in his house, no one could give any information or answers to the questions drafted by Mr Darwin. Mr Erskine, however, had observed and noted the babble of babies, and he furnished

interesting information in reply to Mr Darwin's questions.

Mr Macpherson, another Scotsman, was Judicial Commissioner in Sind. He was by no means a very able Judge, as is apparent from the fact that he was never appointed a Judge of the Bombay High Court. The Judicial Commissionership in Sind used to be a stepping-stone to the Bench of the Bombay High Court, as well-known Judges of the Bombay High Court like Messrs Birdwood and Candy had held the office of Judicial Commissioner in Sind. On the Bench, Mr Macpherson was not an impressive personality: he had a droll habit of putting out his lips and drawing them in again and nodding his head constantly in an ominous fashion. In criminal cases it was positively dangerous to appeal to his court or apply for revision. In nine cases out of ten, he would issue notice to show cause why the sentence passed by the lower court should not be enhanced, and in many cases the sentences were actually enhanced. It was unsafe to have such a Judge presiding over the court of final appeal for a whole Province. Of the proverbial thriftiness of the Scotsman, Mr Macpherson had more than a normal share. Many stories were told of his closefistedness, his reluctance to part with old clothes and other habits of extreme parsimony. I was once a witness to the zest with which Mr Macpherson drove a bargain. With a couple of friends I was about to enter a small shop in the Sadar Bazar of Karachi to buy some stationery when we discovered the Judicial Commissioner of Sind engaged in a fairly loud argument with the shopkeeper. One of my friends, who was a lawyer, plucked at my sleeve, and we halted and drew to one side of the door, and watched the scene inside the shop. Mr Macpherson, who had his back towards us, was holding a small bottle of Stephen's ink in his hand and was angrily saying that he would not pay more than three annas and a half as the price. 'Excuse me, Saheb,' replied the

shopkeeper, 'I cannot let you have it for less than four annas.' 'But I paid three annas and a half last time,' insisted Mr Macpherson. 'Quite true,' stolidly replied the shopkeeper, 'but the exchange has now gone up and I should be a loser if I were to let you have the bottle at the old price.' And it went on like this for three or four minutes, the shopkeeper remaining very firm and Mr Macpherson vainly trying to beat him down. Ultimately he went out in a huff, taking the bottle of ink with him. We then entered the shop and asked the shopkeeper why he had not treated Mr Macpherson with greater respect. The remark that the shopkeeper made would have amounted to gross contempt if repeated to Mr Macpherson in court !

One of the men I remember with admiration and respect was Mr Price, the Port Engineer. He was over fifty years of age. He was crippled, the lower part of the body being paralysed. He had a fine, intellectual head, a handsome aquiline face and mild, benevolent eyes. He was an able Engineer and several works in the Karachi harbour bear testimony to his ability. He had a wheeled chair on which he used to wheel himself about in his house at Manora, an island from which the breakwater projects into the sea and which contains a lighthouse and a torpedo station. The offices and residences of the Port Officer and Port Engineer are also at Manora. After my election as a Trustee of the Port of Karachi, Mr Price invited me to inspect the harbour and afterwards to have tea with him. I saw a diving bell used for laying charges of dynamite for blasting submarine rocks at work and then went by trolly to Mr Price's house, where we had tea and a long friendly chat. Mr Price retired shortly afterwards, and I pointed out at a meeting of the Port Trust Board the need for recording an appreciation of Mr Price's services. Colonel Crawford, Collector of Karachi and Chairman of the Port Trust, asked me to draft a resolution, which was duly recorded in the minutes

of the Board. Some time later, I had the satisfaction of receiving a beautifully worded letter of thanks from Mr Price from his house in Scotland.

Mr James Grant, C.I.E., was the leader of the non-official Europeans at Karachi. He was the Agent of the Karachi branch of the Bank of Bombay, President of the Karachi Municipality, President of the Chamber of Commerce, and also of the Sind Club. He was a florid, gay bachelor of middle age. He was an inveterate and reckless gambler, and lost heavily at the gambling table. He was in the habit of withdrawing money from the reserve fund of the Bank to pay his gambling debts. When an inspecting officer arrived from Bombay, Grant, who was appraised in advance of the visit by the head office, hurriedly borrowed money from somewhere and deposited it in the safe, so that the inspection went off smoothly. The money was then taken out again and used by Grant. Of these goings on neither the public nor the Government which had honoured him with a title and honorary offices had the remotest suspicion. But some employees of the Bank must have got wind of this systematic tampering with the funds of the Bank, and, alarmed for their own safety, some of these men must have anonymously informed the Bombay office of what was happening at Karachi. In the result, the Bombay office quietly arranged for a surprise visit to the Karachi branch. The officer selected went straight from the steamer to the Bank at Karachi, opened the safe in which the reserve fund was kept and found the amount short by Rs. 60,000. Grant, who had received no warning and was dumbfounded by the swiftness with which the Bombay representative had swooped down upon him, made a clean breast of everything. He was arrested and placed before the City Magistrate of Karachi. Grant, being a British-born subject, had the right to claim trial by jury before a court of session, which would have meant the Bombay High Court in his case, but he waived his

right and pleaded guilty at once. He said pathetically that he had made his bed and must lie upon it. He was sentenced to simple imprisonment for six months. It was an absurdly inadequate sentence, for there was no reason for lenity. On the contrary, it was a case for an exemplary sentence, considering the position of the accused and the way he had abused the trust placed in him. But in the case of 'Jimmy Grant', as his friends called him, the apparently lenient sentence passed upon him proved in tragic fact his death sentence. Grant had not lived a clean life and he had no reserve of vitality to pull him through the shame and humiliation that fell upon him when the unerring feet of Nemesis overtook him. He died in prison after a short illness before the completion of his term of six months. He paid for his offence with his life, and surely there is no law and no punishment that can pursue a man beyond the portals of Death.

Police Amenities

Although it formed a part of the Presidency of Bombay, Sind was a Non-Regulation Province and several military officers were in civil employ. The three district officers of Karachi, the District Collector, the District Judge and the District Superintendent of Police, were military officers and all three were Lieutenant-Colonels. On one occasion there was reference in the Bombay High Court to a decision of the District Judge of Karachi. Counsel who made the reference explained that a certain point of law had been judicially decided in that case by the learned Judge. 'Yes, my Lord,' promptly retorted counsel on the other side, 'the Judge is a gallant officer in Her Majesty's staff corps.' The District Superintendent of Police, Karachi, was Lieutenant-Colonel Simpson. Nowhere in India is the Police force noted for probity and efficiency, but in Sind, where public opinion was almost non-existent, the police were

notoriously inefficient and irresponsible. Colonel Simpson had not a high reputation and the City Inspector of Police, called the Foujdar, had no ability in the detection and suppression of crime. He was repeatedly and severely criticized in the *Sind Times*. On one occasion, I published some details of an undetected crime, one of my informants being a respectable Sindhi merchant. A few days afterwards, I received a summons from the District Superintendent of Police to attend his office as it was believed I had some information about the offence reported in the paper. This was an unheard-of thing, because no newspaper writer can have any personal knowledge of crimes reported in his paper. A police officer is authorized by law to summon any one who can give information likely to help a police inquiry. But in this case the police were not holding an inquiry, and all the information I could give had already been published. The evident intention of Colonel Simpson was to browbeat me. Before obeying the summons, I asked my principal informant, the merchant, whether he was prepared to repeat to the police the information he had given me and he replied that he was quite prepared to do so. I found the Foujdar in the same room as the Superintendent of Police. Colonel Simpson was a podgy, thick-set man, with the lines of hard living strongly marked on his coarse features. He had in reality no questions to ask me. I told him that he knew perfectly well that I had no other information beyond what I had published and that the gentleman on whose information I mainly relied was willing to communicate what he knew to the police. Colonel Simpson said he would make inquiries from my informant. He then shifted his ground and declared that the attacks in my paper on the City Inspector of Police were libellous. I shortly and emphatically refused to discuss that question with him. I was there in compliance with the summons, which referred to a certain offence reported in my paper.

If the Foujdar or any one else considered himself libelled, he had his remedy. The Foujdar was sitting speechless during this brief interview, staring at me all the time. The attempt to bully me having been nipped in the bud, Colonel Simpson said he had no other questions to ask me and I left at once. I wrote some strongly worded articles on the subject, and the matter was taken up in the Press outside Sind. I believe it was pointed out to Colonel Simpson that he might have exercised better discretion, and written to me a polite letter of inquiry instead of issuing a summons against me. I never set my eyes upon Colonel Simpson again.

Lord Reay

During his term of office as Governor of Bombay Lord Reay visited Sind twice, in 1886 and 1887. On the first occasion, at the termination of a speech by Lord Reay, Mr (afterwards Sir Steyning) Edgerly, Assistant Commissioner in Sind, came over to where I was sitting and told me that the Governor would be glad if I called on him at Government House. Lord Reay made it a point wherever he went to meet non-official Indians. On the afternoon of the same day there was a party at the house of Mr Dayaram Jethmal, the leading lawyer of Karachi, in honour of Lord Reay. While I was strolling about in the grounds, Mr Dayaram Jethmal came up to me and informed me that Lord Reay wanted to meet me. I went up at once to the room where Lord Reay was standing, and he greeted me by name and shook hands without ceremony, and invited me to a seat by his side on a sofa. There was a fairly long and frank conversation. I remember we had a talk about the public flogging of some men in Burma, the details of which had appeared in the London *Times*, in consequence of which certain British officers had been departmentally punished. I expressed a doubt whether action would have been taken if the exposure

had been made by an Indian newspaper. Lord Reay insisted it would have made no difference. Finally, he said that if there happened to be any particular matter in which I wanted him to make an inquiry I should send him a marked copy of the paper. The second time he visited Karachi, Lord Reay, who was naturally very thin, was looking worried and anxious on account of the Crawford case, which had created a feeling of intense bitterness in European official circles against the Governor.

Crawford Case

Mr Arthur Travers Crawford was the father of the Bombay Civil Service at this time, being the senior-most member of the Service. He was Commissioner of the Central Division, with his headquarters at Poona. He had been superseded by junior officers who were promoted over his head to the Executive Council of the Governor of Bombay. And this was due not to want of ability but to his shady reputation. So persistent were the rumours about his corrupt practices that many civilians refused to serve under him. He lived in a style of lavish extravagance and surrounded himself with luxuries of all kinds. Some of Lord Reay's predecessors in the office of Governor of Bombay had heard reports against Mr Crawford, but they hesitated to take action. Lord Reay, however, was a man of unflinching courage, who placed purity of the public service above everything else, and was determined to deal with all offenders, however highly placed. Under his orders confidential inquiries were made by the Inspector-General of Police and other officers, and on the strength of their reports, Mr Crawford was placed under suspension. The dramatic events that followed are still vividly remembered by old people in Bombay. Mr Crawford secretly left Poona in disguise, wearing a false beard, and went to Bombay and stayed in a

second-class hotel in the city. He booked a second-class passage to Australia under an assumed name, and would have made a clean get-away had he not been arrested in the hotel on a warrant issued by the District Magistrate, Poona. He was taken back to Poona under escort, and was remanded by the Magistrate, bail being allowed. But it was never intended to prosecute Mr Crawford under the criminal law. A Commission of Inquiry, with Mr Justice Wilson of the Calcutta High Court as President, was appointed, and the inquiry opened at Poona. Mr J. D. Inverarity, the celebrated lawyer of Bombay, defended Mr Crawford and he displayed dazzling forensic ability throughout the trial. Some of the witnesses for the prosecution were so searchingly and severely cross-examined that they became ill and were humorously described as suffering from 'Inverarity fever'. The case made a great sensation in Sind, especially because Colonel R. J. Crawford, a brother of Mr Crawford, was Collector of Karachi. Colonel Crawford said that whatever else his brother might have done, it was unthinkable that he could ever have accepted a bribe. If he had taken so much as a rupee it would have burned through his palm. In the Civil Service Mr Crawford was intensely disliked, but a violent reaction set in as soon as he was brought to trial. All officials were furiously indignant against Lord Reay and hardly a man in the Civil Service stood by him or supported him in the action he had taken. Lord Reay had an anxious and trying time, but he was never dismayed and never faltered in his duty for a moment. The explanation of the attitude of the officials was that they would have preferred Mr Crawford's being permitted quietly to resign the Civil Service. The exposure and scandal of the public trial of so high an officer was looked upon as a disgrace to the Civil Service itself. At the end of the trial Mr Crawford was found guilty of nothing more serious than borrowing money

in his own jurisdiction as a Civil Servant. This was a breach of the covenant of the Indian Civil Service, but compared with the numerous charges of bribery and corruption against him it was a technical and paltry offence. The wonder is that Mr Crawford should have been so unnerved when he was suspended from office as to attempt to flee the country in disguise. He might have been panic-stricken, but his behaviour was certainly that of a man guilty of some serious offence. Mr Crawford was dismissed from the Civil Service, but was given a compassionate allowance. Afterwards, Mr Crawford became the London correspondent of *The Times of India* and visited Bombay before his death. Hanmant Rao, reputed to be Mr Crawford's agent, was placed before a magistrate and sentenced to imprisonment for two years. The Mamlatdars who, under an assurance of immunity, had stated before the Commission that they had offered bribes were retired on pension.

Monmohan Ghosh in Sind

Some time after the Crawford case Rao Bahadur Parumal Khubchand, senior Deputy Collector in Sind, was charged with accepting bribes as a public servant, and it was arranged that the trial should take place in the court of the sub-divisional magistrate of Larkana. Mr Parumal Khubchand came to me for advice in selecting a lawyer to defend him. There was no lack of able lawyers in Bombay, but Mr Parumal thought it would be better if he could get a lawyer from elsewhere. I suggested the name of Mr Monmohan Ghosh, the well-known barrister of Calcutta, who had a high reputation in criminal cases. At Mr Parumal's suggestion, I telegraphed to Mr M. Ghosh in Calcutta, and after some telegraphic correspondence Mr Ghosh agreed to appear for Mr Parumal, the fee being settled at eight thousand rupees and all expenses. Mr Ghosh was to appear in the magistrate's court only. Mr (afterwards Sir)

Asutosh Chaudhuri, who had recently joined the Calcutta Bar and was an old friend, wrote me to get him engaged as Mr Ghosh's junior, but Mr Parumal would not have two lawyers from Calcutta. Mr Ghosh came to Larkana accompanied by his brother, Murari Mohan Ghosh. I also went to Larkana to take notes of the proceedings, and I met Monmohan Ghosh and his brother, neither of whom I had personally met before. After the hearing of the case, Mr M. Ghosh and his brother came down to Karachi and stayed for a few days. We used to go out together and I invited the two brothers to breakfast, a meal which they appreciated as it was partly Bengali and partly Sindhi. From that time to the end of his life, Monmohan Ghosh was a warm friend and frequently corresponded with me. When I next went to Calcutta Mrs Monmohan Ghosh, who is still living, invited me to dinner, and I saw Albert Dutt, a son of the poet Michael Madhu Sudan Dutt. The boy was staying in the house and was being brought up as a member of the family. Mr Parumal Khubchand was sentenced to simple imprisonment for three months and a fine of one thousand rupees. On appeal, he was acquitted by Mr Shripad Babaji Thakur, District and Sessions Judge of Shikarpur, but the judgement was so unconvincing that it read very much like 'Not guilty, but don't do it again'. The Government appealed against the order of acquittal and the appeal was heard before the dreaded tribunal of Mr Macpherson, who found Mr Parumal guilty, but, for a wonder, let him off with a fine of Rs. 5,000 without a term of imprisonment. Mr Parumal died very soon after the termination of the case.

Shripad Babaji Thakur

Shripad Babaji Thakur, a Deccani Brahmin, passed the Indian Civil Service Examination in the same year as R. C. Dutt, B. L. Gupta and Surendranath Bannerjea.

At the time I was arranging to bring out the *Phœnix*, Mr Thakur was District and Sessions Judge of Shikarpur. As I had heard a good deal about his independence and patriotic spirit I called on him at Shikarpur while I was on tour. He came out as soon as I had sent in my card, hastily pulling on a coat over the jersey he was wearing. He was wearing the usual home-washed Deccani *dhoti* with a broad red border and Marathi slippers. I had been told that in court he wore a long coat and a white turban. He was a tall, stalwart man, with a fine head, slightly bald, and eyes and features beaming with intelligence. I have always felt very strongly on the subject of the adoption of the English dress and the partaking of English food by Indians who have to spend two or three years in England for their education, or for qualifying for some profession, or who have never been out of India at all. The phrase 'England-returned' is not very elegant and is merely a literal translation of a Bengali phrase, but it is very expressive. All these young Indians are duly returned by England to India, but they proudly wear the badge of British serfdom all their lives. For certain offices and certain professions English clothes may have some use, but why should English ways be permitted to invade an Indian home? When I see an Indian in a dressing-gown and pyjamas lolling in an easy chair, smoking cigarettes, when I find Indian parents calling their children by English names, when I hear an Indian and his wife addressed as *saheb* and *memsaheb* by their servants, I feel deeply humiliated. I know of an Indian Civilian who had lived on English food ever since his return from England, and who in his old age and before his death had a pitiful craving for Indian dishes and sweets. I know of another who lost his health and passed through months of suffering, and was only restored to health by Indian remedies and the plainest and strictest Indian diet. We all claim as our birthright an ancient civilization and an ancient

religion before which the culture and civilization of modern England and Europe are mere upstarts of yesterday, and yet we incontinently surrender our very home life to the artificial glamour of the West. How many of our 'England-returned' countrymen pause to think that Englishmen who spend thirty and forty years in India never dream of putting on Indian clothes and eating Indian food? In my eyes the sturdy manhood of Maharashtra was typified by Shripad Babaji Thakur, and his vigorous conversation sustained that notion. We talked for three hours, and for a first meeting the talk was astonishingly outspoken. I remember clearly, even at this distance of time, that Mr Thakur spoke strongly on the lack of independence among leading lawyers in the mofussil. 'Landholders and others,' he said, 'have to be in the good graces of district officers, and so they wait upon them, but lawyers who have an assured and established practice are not dependent upon district officers, and it is immaterial to them who happens to be the Collector or Judge of the district. Why should these men care to visit the Collector or the Judge when their visits are never returned?' Mr Thakur afterwards wrote newsletters for the *Phœnix*. I may recall one incident which showed the fearlessness of his nature. He was very fond of playing chess and used to invite all sorts of people, including humble shopkeepers from the town, to come and play chess at his bungalow. Sometimes when out riding on a camel through the town of Shikarpur, these men would meet him and beg him to honour them by resting for a few minutes in their shops. If he was not pressed for time he would good-naturedly comply with their request. The Collector of Shikarpur, who resided at Sukkur, was a military man, Colonel Mayhew by name, with very little intelligence, but with a very big notion of his own importance. He reported to Government that the District Judge of Shikarpur was in the habit of mixing with common

people on terms of familiarity, thereby lowering the prestige of district officers and the Government. A copy of the report was sent to Mr Thakur, who promptly applied for sanction to prosecute Colonel Mayhew for libel. The upshot was that the gallant and indignant Colonel had to apologize to Mr Thakur and to withdraw his offensive remarks. The facts were not published, but they became matter of common knowledge. Shripad Babaji Thakur died in 1889 at Shikarpur of apoplexy.

H. J. Rustomjee

H. J. Rustomjee, the leading Parsi merchant of Karachi, was an entirely self-made man. He was left an orphan when quite young and was brought up by his uncle, who did a small business as a repairer of watches and clocks. H. J. Rustomjee had very little education as he was forced to make a living for himself before he was out of his teens. By years of patient labour he built up a large business, which extended rapidly and included a variety of goods. He was an agent for a large number of wine merchants in Europe. When accused by his friends of selling wines, he used to reply laughingly: 'I don't sell any liquor myself; I sell the trade.' He was a large dealer in piecegoods and other imported articles. He built a large and handsome office, with extensive godowns in which he laid down rails for a light tramway along which heavy bales and packages could easily be moved in trucks. It became a show place, and was frequently visited by newcomers to Karachi, including the Governor of Bombay. Trolleys were reserved for the use of visitors. As an arbitrator in commercial disputes H. J. Rustomjee used to make two or three thousand rupees a month, and the whole of this amount was given away in charity. He travelled round the world two or three times, and this was a liberal education which broadened his outlook and enabled

him to hold his own in conversation. He habitually avoided talking 'shop', and was thoroughly cosmopolitan in his views and sympathies. The Parsis as a community have very little sympathy with the Indian National Congress, but when I was raising funds for Congress propaganda in England, H. J. Rustomjee was the first man to give me a donation without much need for persuasion. After I had left Karachi he visited me two or three times at Lahore on his periodical tours of inspection of his various branches and agencies in northern India.

J. N. Tata and Ratan Tata

Mr Jamsetjee Nusserwanjee Tata, the well-known Parsi philanthropist and merchant of Bombay, visited Karachi during my stay there. The great industrial schemes with which his name is associated had not then taken shape, but he was known even at that time as a remarkable man with large and original ideas and anxious to help in developing the resources of the country. I met him several times, and was impressed by the charm of his personality and the bright geniality of his conversation. His second son Ratan (afterwards Sir Ratan) Tata was also in Karachi as a student in the Sind College. After he had matriculated in Bombay he was sent to Karachi to join the new College there and read for the First Examination in Arts. He stayed with B. J. Padshah, the Vice-Principal of the Sind College and now partner in the firm of Messrs Tata Sons and Company. I saw Ratan Tata frequently, though as he was a somewhat shy freshman, he did not take much part in our conversation. I think he stayed in Karachi for about a year. I did not meet him again, but I had some correspondence with him in 1912. While I was editing the *Tribune* at Lahore, important archæological excavations were being carried out on the site of Pataliputra (Patna), the expense being borne by Ratan Tata, and I wrote to him

in that connexion. I had a very cordial and friendly reply. I sent to him two miniatures in water colour illustrating two quatrains of Omar Khayyam, and I believe these will still be found in the art collection left by Sir Ratan Tata.

Second Indian National Congress

The first Indian National Congress, held in Bombay in 1885 and at which only 75 persons were present, was attended by only one Sindhi, Dayaram Jethmal. He never attended another Congress as his health failed and he died a short while later. The second session of the Congress was held in Calcutta in December, 1886. Dr Rajendra Lal Mitra, the famous *savant* and antiquarian, was Chairman of the Reception Committee and Dadabhai Naoroji was elected President. There were no regular Congress Committees and there was no formal election of delegates. A few delegates went from Sind, Hiranand Shaukiram and myself among the number. W. C. Bonnerjee, the President of the first Congress, gave up his own house in Park Street for the accommodation of the delegates, and he sent a number of carriages for their use. The meetings were held in the Town Hall. As the number of delegates increased in subsequent years, spacious *pandals* were erected for the delegates and visitors, and this is now done every year. Dadabhai Naoroji's presidential address was delivered *extempore* and was striking in its simplicity and directness. Mr W. C. Bonnerjee, who appeared interested in what I was doing in Sind, introduced me to Mr A. O. Hume, who humorously remarked that I looked like an Afridi because I had long hair and was wearing a Sindhi turban. Thence forward it was my good fortune to be reckoned among Mr Hume's friends and we corresponded regularly. Mr Hume used to write long letters about the indifference and apathy of Congressmen and their niggardliness in providing the sinews of war for carrying

on Congress propaganda in England. The primary and palpable advantage of the Congress was that it provided a common platform for the educated classes in India. Dr S. Subramaniya Iyer, who afterwards became a Judge of the Madras High Court and later on relinquished his Knighthood in disgust, and Mr Ananda Charlu used to sit by my side. They could not follow the Hindustani speeches at all, and I had to summarize these in English for their benefit. Of the four hundred or more delegates assembled in Calcutta I doubt whether even a tenth had any clear conception of the work that lay before the Congress, or the nature of the struggle it would have ultimately to face. There was a programme of reforms, of course, such as the enlargement of the Legislative Councils, the establishment of High Courts in the major Provinces, the introduction of simultaneous examinations in India and England for the Indian Civil Service, and so on and so forth. Beyond that there was no vision of a time when the Congress would come to handgrips with the Government and would find all the resources of the Government arrayed against it. Mr Hume, the father of the Indian National Congress, was Secretary to the Government of India when he retired from the Indian Civil Service and he could not foresee future developments and the beginning of a stern and protracted struggle. He asked the delegates in Calcutta to sign their names in the Visitor's Book at Government House. He shepherded a few prominent delegates to an interview with Lord Dufferin, who took care to point out that he received his visitors not as the leaders of a political movement but as individuals of distinction in different parts of India. On the Congress platform Mr (afterwards Sir) Henry Cotton was among the visitors and he was accompanied by the Marquis of Huntley, one of the winter visitors to Calcutta. Lord Huntley was visibly moved when he listened to Surendranath Bannerjea's outburst

of eloquence, and exchanged whispered comments with Mr Cotton. A Madras delegate was so carried away by the oratory of Surendranath that he declared, gesticulating with his hands, 'Surendranath Bannerjea calls for words, and the words come!' Words, words, words! People imagined India was being borne to the haven of redemption on the flood-tide of oratory.

Lord Dufferin and Narendra Nath Sen

It was while the Congress was sitting in Calcutta that a deputation of the Indian Association waited upon Lord Dufferin to make some representation to him. Among others there were Messrs Ananda Mohan Bose, Narendra Nath Sen and Surendranath Bannerjea. The address of the deputation and the reply were followed by some desultory conversation. Lord Dufferin observed that the flowing Indian costume was far more becoming to Indian gentlemen than English clothes. After this sartorial remark, Lord Dufferin suddenly asked: 'Which of you, gentlemen, is the Editor of the *Indian Mirror*?' Mr Narendra Nath Sen stepped forward. Lord Dufferin, trembling with indignant passion, said: 'I ask you, gentlemen, is it like a gentleman to make use of a Viceroy's private correspondence, after having had access to it as a matter of favour, in a newspaper article?' This startling and abrupt exhibition of temper by the Viceroy of India left the members of the deputation speechless with consternation. It should be explained that Lord Dufferin had himself shown some correspondence to Mr Hume, who was writing a series of articles for the *Indian Mirror* and had made use of the information he had gleaned from the correspondence. There might have been some misunderstanding; probably Lord Dufferin intended that no public use should be made of the information in the letters. Narendra Nath Sen was liable in law for the articles; but he could not be accused of a breach of the code of a gentleman,

because he had never seen the letters in question, and he could not doubt the discretion of Mr Hume. It was Narendra Nath, however, who, after the first few moments of silence, blustered out in his booming voice: 'My Lord, if I had known you would insult me under your own roof I would not have come here.' There was again silence, and Lord Dufferin moved off to a distance. Mr (afterwards Sir) Donald Mackenzie Wallace, Lord Dufferin's Private Secretary, was in the room, and he went up to Lord Dufferin and whispered a few words. Lord Dufferin, who had recovered his temper by this time, slowly approached Narendra Nath Sen and said with great deliberation: 'Gentlemen, it is my painful duty (Narendra Nath told us afterwards that when he heard these words he thought he would be made a State-prisoner forthwith) to apologize to this gentleman for what I said and to request you all that this incident should be forgotten and should not be mentioned outside this room.' Ananda Mohan Bose and others then joined the conversation, and Mr Mackenzie Wallace, after the Viceroy had left, particularly asked the members of the deputation that the *contretemps* should not be made public on any account. Lord Dufferin's wishes were respected to the letter and nothing appeared in the papers for some years. But how could such an incident be kept secret? It was all over Calcutta the same day and was eagerly discussed by the Congress delegates. Narendra Nath Sen became the hero of the day. His sturdy independence did not last to the end of his life. He was made a Rai Bahadur and received a subsidy from Government for a 'loyal' vernacular newspaper.

A River Party

Mahes Chandra Chowdhury, a leading Vakil of the Calcutta High Court, gave a river party to the delegates of the Congress. He chartered a steamer for the trip up the Hooghly and invited some other persons besides

the delegates. Mr W. C. Bonnerjee, while introducing me to our host, spoke of Mr Chowdhury's ability as a lawyer in very high terms. A little later, while we were strolling on deck, Mr Bonnerjee noticed Sambhu Chandra Mukerji, Editor of the *Reis* and *Rayyat*, sitting on a chair at some distance. Mr Mukerji was fantastically dressed as a Musalman and was wearing the *Kulla* and the turban seen in the frontier districts of the Punjab. 'Do you know that man?' asked Mr Bonnerjee. I said I knew him. 'He would not hesitate to abuse his own relation if it would help him to turn a phrase,' said Mr Bonnerjee contemptuously. I shall have something more to say about Sambhu Chandra Mukerji in another place.

Fourth Indian National Congress

At the fourth Indian National Congress held at Allahabad in 1888, Sind was fairly well represented. Tahilram Khemchand, Harchandrai Vishindas and several others were present. I had gone down to Calcutta some weeks earlier and went to Allahabad with the Calcutta and Bengal delegates. Narendra Nath Sen, Asutosh Chaudhuri and myself occupied one tent. Pandit Ajudhia Nath of the Allahabad Bar was Chairman of the Reception Committee and Mr David Yule, head of the firm of Messrs Andrew Yule and Company of Calcutta, was President. Less than a month before the meeting of the Congress, Lord Dufferin, with laboured rhetoric, had denounced the Congress as 'a microscopic minority' at the annual St Andrew's Dinner in Calcutta, and the result was that about two thousand delegates foregathered at Allahabad. Mr Yule, who was present at the dinner in Calcutta, said Lord Dufferin's oration had left him cold. Sir Auckland Colvin, Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, had written a remarkable article in the *Pioneer* entitled 'If it is real what does it mean?' in which he had treated sympathetically the

approaching awakening of national consciousness in India, but he did everything he could to thwart the Congress at Allahabad. As Pandit Ajudhia Nath pointed out in his scathing speech at the opening of the Congress, the Reception Committee could not get even a site until Maharaja Lakshmiswar Singh of Darbhanga bought Lowther Castle with its extensive grounds so that the Congress met within biscuit-throw of the Government House, Allahabad. It was with the direct encouragement of Sir Auckland Colvin that the so-called Patriotic Association came into existence just before the Allahabad session of the Congress and died immediately after it. The triumvirate that formed the Association consisted of Sir Syed Ahmad, Raja Siva Prasad and Munshi Nawal Kishore of Lucknow. Sir Syed Ahmad and Munshi Nawal Kishore never came near the Congress, but Raja Siva Prasad boldly carried the war into the enemy's camp and came on the Congress platform as a delegate. When the resolution on Legislative Councils came up for consideration, Raja Siva Prasad, who was an Inspector of Schools in the United Provinces, moved an amendment. In a rambling speech, which was constantly interrupted and hissed, Raja Siva Prasad asked the delegates to accept as an amendment a long petition which he produced. As soon as he sat down, Mr Eardley Norton, the brilliant lawyer from Madras, came forward and, amidst thunders of applause and uproarious laughter, gave a crushing reply to Raja Siva Prasad. Pointing dramatically to the petition in the Raja's hands, Mr Norton declared that the Raja had been in labour and had been brought to bed of a monstrous petition. The President quietly ruled the amendment out of order. So angry was the mood of a section of the delegates that Raja Siva Prasad had to be escorted out of the *pandal* by some volunteers and others. We were informed afterwards that Raja Siva Prasad had come to the Congress with the deliberate intention of wrecking it.

Had he been hustled or pushed about, the police would have been called in and the Congress broken up. When the Congress adjourned in the afternoon, Mr Eardley Norton came up to the Sindhi delegates and admired their curious hats. Tahilram and Harchandrai invited him to their tent and presented him with a couple of new Sindhi hats as souvenirs and trophies of his gladiatorial performance and vanquishment of Raja Siva Prasad in the arena of the Congress. Mr Norton at once put on one of the hats and performed some amazing feats of high jumping while we held our sides with laughter. I met Mr Norton once more in the Bar Library of the Calcutta High Court after many years. He was then well advanced in years, but he at once remembered the Allahabad incident with a broad smile. Another little incident deserves to be recorded. At the Subjects Committee a resolution was being drafted on the report of the Public Service Commission of which Sir Charles Aitchison, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, was President. The report, with the voluminous evidence recorded by the Commission, had just been published. Some of the delegates had read the report, but the question was how many had read the evidence. Mr Mahadev Govind Ranade, although a Government servant, used to be present at the meeting of the Congress and it was he who organized the National Social Conference. Mr Hume said he was sure Mr Ranade had read the evidence given before the Commission. Mr Ranade quietly replied that he had done so. That was his way; he was thorough in everything he did.

Fifth Indian National Congress

The fifth Indian National Congress, held in Bombay in December, 1889, was made memorable by the presence of Charles Bradlaugh, who, after repeated opposition, had at length succeeded in taking his seat as a member of the House of Commons. Pherozeshah Mehta was

Chairman of the Reception Committee and Sir William Wedderburn, who after his retirement from the Bombay Civil Service had been elected a Member of Parliament, was President. Mr Bradlaugh came out with him as a visitor but it was understood that he had agreed to support the views of the Congress and champion the cause of India in the House of Commons. After John Bright, Charles Bradlaugh was the stoutest Parliamentary champion of India. There was an informal conference before the meeting of the Congress at the bungalow on Malabar Hill where Mr Bradlaugh and Sir William Wedderburn were staying. With his long, white hair, clean shaven face and clear, pale complexion, Mr Bradlaugh looked like an Archbishop. But the great width of the shoulders and the massive figure were indicative of immense physical strength, and one could understand how it had taken half-a-dozen Sergeants-at-Arms to take him away from the Bar of the House of Commons. The face was no less powerful, and the jaws were like a rock. Looking at him, I recalled his struggle to occupy his legitimate place in the House of Commons. Three times the electors of Northampton had returned him as a Member of Parliament, and three times he had been prevented from taking his seat. As he was an avowed atheist it was contended that the oath could not be administered to him, and without the oath no Member of Parliament could be admitted to the House. On each occasion it was Lord Randolph Churchill who moved that Mr Bradlaugh could not take the oath and could not be allowed to take his seat. Speaking from the Bar of the House, Mr Bradlaugh contended that he would resign his seat and come back with a fresh mandate, that the House had no power to refuse to recognize the authority of the electors, and that he had no objection to taking the oath. When he was re-elected for the third time, he refused to budge from the Bar of the House and had to be dragged away by force. It was reported

afterwards that the great muscular strain of that struggle affected Mr Bradlaugh's health and probably hastened his death. Mr Gladstone then introduced the Bill permitting Members of Parliament to make an affirmation if they so desired, instead of taking the oath, and Mr Bradlaugh took his seat without any further difficulty. Commenting on the efforts to keep Mr Bradlaugh out of the House, Mr W. T. Stead wrote in the *Review of Reviews* that Mr Bradlaugh had more religion in his little finger than Lord Randolph Churchill had in his whole body.

At the Conference, Mr Bradlaugh made a statement that the leaders of the Congress should not expect him to undertake the part of an advocate in the House of Commons. He would always exercise his own judgement, and his discretion must be absolutely unfettered. Both at the Conference and in the open Congress Mr Bradlaugh made a profound impression as a great orator. His classic and pure Anglo-Saxon, his wonderfully clear enunciation, the sonorous roll of his deep voice held the large audience in the *pandal* spell-bound. It is no wonder that with his sincerity, strength and gift of speech he became, within a short time, one of the most influential members of the House of Commons, to whom the House listened with attention and respect.

I saw Premchand Roychand, the famous financier, a short thin wisp of a man wearing a *dhoti* and the *khoka*, the peculiar hat worn by Gujeratis and Parsis. There was a time when he occupied the position of a dictator in the market and share bazaar of Bombay, and overawed the banks. He had an uncommon capacity for finance and a prodigious gift for mental arithmetic. He passed twice or thrice through the Bankruptcy Court and gradually lost his power and influence. He will be best remembered by his handsome endowment to Calcutta Universi y, and the studentship named after him. Kashinath Trimbak Telang, who had attended the Allahabad Congress the previous year and had made an

admirable speech there, was now a Judge of the Bombay High Court, but he used to go round the camps and to attend the Congress as a visitor. Mr Telang was strikingly handsome and had a head and face of the finest Brahminical type. Satyendranath Tagore, who was at that time a District and Sessions Judge in the Bombay Presidency, was also among the visitors to the Congress. I had met Pherozeshah Mehta at Allahabad. In his speech as Chairman of the Reception Committee in Bombay he made a great hit by comparing the opponents of the Congress to the inmates of the cave of Adullam.

Ananda Mohan Bose

It was during my stay at Karachi that I first met Ananda Mohan Bose at Lahore. On my way from Calcutta to Karachi, in 1887, I halted for a few days at Lahore and stayed with Sitala Kanta Chatterji, then Editor of the *Tribune*. I found there Ananda Mohan Bose with his wife and his brother, Dr Mohini Mohan Bose. That was the beginning of our acquaintance. At the Bombay Congress, in 1889, we lived together in the same house. Surendranath Bannerjea and several others were also there. We had our meals together. Our conversation referred often to Charles Bradlaugh. Afterwards I met Ananda Mohan Bose several times in different places. He came to Lahore to interview Sardar Dyal Singh in connexion with the founding of a theistic college in the city, and he called on me on that occasion. Ananda Mohan's brilliance and intelligence were stamped upon his features. He had a fine face and particularly bright eyes, and was an excellent conversationalist. As a public speaker he was fluent and impressive. There was a story about him, which I believe was quite true—that Mr Sutcliff, a famous Principal of the Presidency College, Calcutta, used to say that Ananda Mohan was the most brilliant student that

had ever passed out of the college. I never heard him gossiping or discussing other people. The last time I saw him was in 1899, the year in which the Congress was held at Lucknow. Romesh Chandra Dutt was President-elect, and one afternoon, while I was sitting with him in his house, he proposed that we should go and consult Ananda Mohan Bose, who was living close by, about certain matters connected with the Congress. We just walked over to the house and found Ananda Mohan ill and lying on a sofa. It was his last illness, for he never quite recovered from it. He was in evident pain but that did not prevent him from keeping up an animated conversation for a pretty long time, discussing the lines that should be followed at the next Congress and letting R. C. Dutt have the benefit of his experience of public life. Romesh Chandra had recently retired from the Indian Civil Service and though he was a publicist as well as an ex-official, he rightly considered that Ananda Mohan Bose would be able to give him valuable advice.

German Thoroughness

On one occasion, when I was going to Karachi from Bombay by sea, one of my fellow-passengers on board the steamer was a German. He was a Doctor of Science, about forty years of age, good-looking and with pleasing manners. He used to sit by my side at table and also on deck. He had been sent out by Prince Bismarck to report on Indian agriculture and the Post Office in India. He had letters of introduction from the Secretary of State for India. In Bombay he had stayed with the Governor, and at Karachi he would be the guest of the Commissioner in Sind. He could not speak English fluently, and sometimes broke off with a smile when he could not find a suitable word. But I had no difficulty in understanding him. He spoke with awe of Prince Bismarck, that giant of a man whose large, bulging eyes appeared to see clean through a man. My German

acquaintance had an insatiable curiosity and his inquiries covered a wide field. On arrival at Karachi he went to the Government House, but the next day he called on me, note-book in hand, and interviewed me in the fashion of a newspaper reporter. He was greatly interested in the Congress movement—he called it 'motion'—and took down my answers, covering several pages of his note-book. He inquired minutely into the genesis of the national movement in India, its aim and scope, how far it had leavened the feelings of the people and at what rate it was spreading. He put questions about the existing relations between the Government and the people, social conditions in different parts of India, the employment of Indians in high offices, the relations between Hindus and Muhammedans. He took me methodically through almost every Indian problem and pumped me dry. I do not believe he had any sinister or ulterior motive, or that he was thinking of *Der Tag* while he was engaged in extracting from me as much information as possible. Prince Bismarck might have been a man of 'blood and iron', but he was far too wise and clear-sighted to be obsessed by any ambition of world-empire or the conquest of India. After the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71 he was all for consolidating the German Empire and maintaining the peace of Europe and the world. The official whom he had deputed to India had definite instructions to inquire into the methods of Indian agriculture and the working of the postal system in this country, but since he was out to get information he made it his business to collect as much of it as possible on all subjects connected with India. It was merely an example of German thoroughness.

Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace

After the retirement of Lord Dufferin from the Viceroyalty of India, Sir D. M. Wallace continued as Private Secretary of the next Viceroy for a few months,

but he soon resigned his appointment, and on his return to England, was appointed Foreign Editor of the London *Times*. His book on Russia was considered a standard work. On his way home from India Sir Donald passed through the Persian Gulf and travelled overland through Persia, Turkey and Russia. From Bombay to Karachi he sailed by a British India boat in which I also happened to be a passenger. Dr John Pollen, who was then stationed in Bombay, came on board the steamer to see Sir Donald off. Dr Pollen was very pleased to meet me and introduced me to Sir Donald. Sir Donald stayed all day on deck, and at night he had a hammock hung up on the upper deck to sleep in. He abstained from wines at meals and had a big bottle of Rose's Lime Juice Cordial, which he offered to the others at table. During the two days that we had to spend on the steamer I had frequent conversations with Sir Donald. Upper Burma had been annexed by Lord Dufferin and King Theebaw and Queen Supyalat were being kept as state prisoners at Ratnagiri, in the Bombay Presidency. Sir Donald defended the annexation on the ground that it was inevitable. I protested strongly against the application of the appellation of 'dacoits' to the Burmese who were resisting the British and against the excesses that had been committed by the invaders. Sir Donald would not enter into details, but maintained the time would come when Lord Dufferin's policy would be justified in history. He went on to say that he had met a well-known Calcutta journalist and had had no difficulty in convincing him of the soundness of the policy pursued in Upper Burma. He was clearly referring to Sambhu Chandra Mukerji of the *Reis* and *Rayyat*. Sambhu Chandra had been invited to meet Sir D. M. Wallace and Lord Dufferin. From that time he attacked the Congress and defended Lord Dufferin's policy in Burma. He became a personal friend of Lord Dufferin, who subsequently wrote some letters to Mr Mukerji.

Ladies and Languages

A few months after my arrival at Karachi I brought over my wife and first child from Calcutta. Hiranand followed my example, and his wife gave birth to a daughter some time later. A third young lady also came for a short time to stay with her husband in the house. These young ladies had no common language for carrying on a conversation. My wife spoke a few words of Hindustani, but Hiranand's wife did not understand a single word of that language. Hiranand took upon himself to teach his wife a little Bengali and my wife a little Sindhi, but his class of two pupils did not make much progress and he gave it up after a month or two. As, however, my wife had constantly to come into contact with Sindhi ladies and visited Hyderabad more than once, she learned to speak Sindhi very fluently in a few months. Sindhi and Cutchi are almost identical languages, and both are very difficult because, although the words are mostly of Sanskrit origin, the construction of sentences follows the Persian method and adjectives and verbs have masculine or feminine genders in accordance with the subject. I understand Sindhi perfectly, but never learned to speak it well because I met only men who spoke either English or the broken Hindustani used throughout the Bombay Presidency. Ladies then observed strict *purdah* and I had no occasion to speak to them.

Meteoric Showers

In 1885 and the following year, in the month of September, we witnessed at Karachi an extraordinary phenomenon. Meteors or shooting stars are seen about this time of year or in the summer. But I do not remember having ever seen anything like what we noticed for two successive years at Karachi. About 9 o'clock in the evening I saw meteors flashing through the sky in quick succession. I called out Hiranand and we sat

up nearly the whole night watching the meteoric shower. The whole sky seemed to be alive with rushing meteors leaving behind them a trail of light. As the night advanced the shower increased in intensity and reached its height about midnight. There was not a minute's cessation and the sky appeared to be full of luminous living serpents darting swiftly across the heavens. There was no moon and the dark background of the sky a-glimmer with stars intensified the effect. It was an impressive and awe-inspiring sight, and I could appreciate the accounts I had read of savage tribes falling down in terror on their faces and shrieking aloud when they witnessed a meteoric shower. Gradually this rain of stars diminished and finally ceased altogether about 3 o'clock in the morning. I wrote about the phenomenon in my paper and a number of people, including some Europeans, discussed the subject with me. Next year, about the same time, the phenomenon was repeated, but the shower was not so thick as in 1885.

B. M. Malabari

Behramji Merwanji Malabari was editor of the Bombay *Indian Spectator*, a weekly journal, and also of the *Voice of India*, a monthly founded by Dadabhai Naoroji. The *Voice of India* was a small publication containing extracts from the chief Indian papers on different questions, with a page of introduction. The *Indian Spectator* was a cautious and carefully edited paper, with attractive, well-written paragraphs, often humorous. These were mostly written by Malabari himself. There were one or two leading articles, usually written by others. The *Indian Spectator* was what may be called an 'acceptable' paper. In a lecture delivered in Bombay, Sir William Lee-Warner, Secretary to the Government of Bombay, held the *Indian Spectator* up as a model critic. As Sir William Lee-Warner was a typical bureaucrat of the spreadeagle order, his appreciation

was significant. Latterly, Malabari used to write in the first person singular, following the example of Mr W. T. Stead in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Review of Reviews*. He appeared in the role of a social reformer in 1885. He wrote two notes on Infant Marriage and Enforced Widowhood and circulated them for opinion, and the opinions he received, whether in personal letters or in newspapers, were published, sometimes with running comments, in the *Indian Spectator*. In orthodox Hindu quarters Malabari's social reform campaign was strongly resented on the ground that he was an outsider and had no concern with Hindu society. Malabari felt himself ill-used and wrote several times that he was 'only a Parsi'. Humanity, however, is higher than communalism, and a Parsi, or a Muhammedan, or a Christian, would be perfectly justified in raising his voice against an evil Hindu custom, just as a Hindu is entitled to protest against a Parsi, Muhammedan or Christian social evil in the name of humanity. Whether he can obtain a hearing or not is another question. But there is a great deal of difference between the experiences of a social reformer from inside and those of one from outside. Malabari was severely criticized by some Hindu newspapers, but hard words break no bones and Malabari had none of the bitter experiences of Pandit Iswara Chandra Vidyasagar or Kursondas Mulji. There was no tangible outcome to Malabari's agitation. It had no relevant bearing on the Age of Consent Act. The most stalwart supporter of that measure in Bombay was K. T. Telang, who in a series of admirable articles in the *Indu Prakash*, then edited by N. G. Chandavarkar, supported the Bill and traversed the arguments of Sir Romesh Chunder Mitter, who had opposed it in the Imperial Legislative Council. I corresponded with Malabari before we met, and I stayed with him twice for a few hours in Bombay when he was living on Hornby Road. At one time Malabari had an idea of

starting a daily paper. He wrote to me asking for a rough estimate and suggesting that I should take up the editorship of the proposed paper. Some correspondence passed between us, but nothing came out of it. I met Malabari again in Lahore and Calcutta, and I had a letter from him a few days before his sudden death at Simla. Malabari told me himself that the *Indian Spectator* never paid its way and that there was a small loss every month; but he had other sources of income and left a considerable fortune amounting to several lakhs of rupees. Malabari was in high favour with successive Viceroys and Governors of Bombay, and when Lord Randolph Churchill visited Bombay, Lord Reay sent him to Malabari's house to meet a select gathering of Indian leaders. He never attended the Indian National Congress even when it met in Bombay and called himself a recluse. Malabari latterly established a monthly magazine called *East and West*.

Pherozeshah Mehta

Pherozeshah Merwanji Mehta was a striking and imposing personality in the public life of India and on the Congress platform. In Bombay he was considered the first citizen, and no other person filled the presidential chair of the Bombay Municipal Corporation with such ability and distinction. He was an M.A. of Bombay University and a barrister with an extensive practice in Bombay. In the Bombay Legislative Council, and later on in the Imperial Legislative Council, he was an outstanding figure. He was a Rupert of debate and his brilliance in repartee and his flashing rapier play in argument have rarely been rivalled. In conversation he had a frank and hearty manner, and he possessed very high qualities of leadership. When he was elected—the word then officially used was 'recommended'—as a member of the Imperial Legislative Council, he disconcerted the official members by his outspokenness and crushing

rejoinders. The non-official Indian Members of the Council at that time were always in a hopeless minority and they never could carry anything against the solid phalanx of the official majority that faced them like a stone wall. Referring to this unfair poise in the Council, Pherozeshah Mehta, addressing the official members, declared on one occasion: 'We may have the balance of reason on our side, but you have always the preponderating weight of votes.' On another occasion, he spoke with such fearless independence that Sir James Westland, then Finance Minister, complained that the tone adopted by Pherozeshah Mehta had never before been heard in the Council Hall. Commenting on this incident, I wrote in the *Tribune* of Lahore, which I was then editing, that Sir James Westland was right because the voice of Pherozeshah Mehta was the voice of the people and that had never been heard in the Council Chamber so long as the Indian members had owed their place in Council to nomination, that is, official favour. Pherozeshah Mehta had been elected, or 'recommended', by the Bombay Presidency Association. He read the paragraph in the *Tribune* and wrote to me at once that I had rightly interpreted the note of 'Westland's Wail'. For his great services in the Bombay Corporation Pherozeshah Mehta was knighted, though he was not the man to seek official favour at any time in his life. When the Congress was threatened at Calcutta, in 1906, with a split (it actually occurred the next year at Surat) much of the bitterness was directed against Pherozeshah Mehta personally. He was jeered at as a Knight and flouted as a dictator. At Surat he was assailed with foul abuse, and the Deccani shoe that fell in the lap of Surendranath Bannerjea, and was preserved by him in a glass case, was really hurled at the Parsi leader. The cleavage in the Congress marked the parting of the ways, but it reflected no dishonour on the older leaders who had served the country according to their lights and who

could not appreciate or sympathize with the impassioned call of a new nationalism. The statue of Pherozeshah Mehta in front of the offices of the Bombay Municipal Corporation and the naming of the Hanging Gardens of Bombay after him are fitting memorials to his distinguished and untiring services to the City of Bombay.

' Sunbeam '

During my stay at Karachi Sir Thomas (afterwards Lord) Brassey visited India. While he travelled overland in the country, his yacht, the SUNBEAM, lay at anchor in the Karachi harbour. Visitors were admitted to inspect the vessel, and along with some friends I went to see it. It was a dainty little thing and rested lightly on the water like a white sea-gull. But it was roomy enough inside, luxuriously and tastefully furnished. I was struck by a bright brass plate fixed to the door of one of the cabins and bearing the inscription 'Mr Gladstone's Room'. On entering the cabin I found it was the library, with a comfortable brass bed screwed to the floor. Mr Gladstone had on one occasion taken a sea voyage on medical advice round the coast of Scotland, and Lord Brassey had placed his beautiful yacht at his disposal. On the voyage the great statesman had occupied the cabin that bore his name. The brass plate was an acknowledgement of the honour that had been done to the owner of the yacht. It was a graceful tribute of wealth to greatness.

Nalin Bihari Sircar

Messrs Kerr Tarruck & Co. had a branch of their firm at Karachi, and while I was there Nalin Bihari Sircar, the second son of Tarruck Chunder Sircar, visited Karachi to inspect the office. I had met him several times in Calcutta, but we were not intimate friends. His youngest brother, Sarat, was a great friend of mine.

At Karachi, Nalin Bihari and I became close friends and he used to call at my house almost every day and frequently took his meals with me. Nalin was a capable man of business, and very frank and modest in society. After leaving Sind, I met him at the Allahabad Congress in 1892, when we stayed together in the same house and travelled down to Calcutta together. I met him again in Calcutta some years later. Nalin Bihari was a Municipal Commissioner of Calcutta and one of the stalwart twenty-eight who resigned their seats as a protest against the Municipal Act curtailing the powers of the Corporation. He was appointed Sheriff of Calcutta and died comparatively young.

Sacred Crocodiles

A few miles from Karachi there are two or three hot springs, whose water, though, is not so hot as at Sitakunda, Monghyr. There are a few groves of date and cocoanut palms near the springs. At a little distance from the springs is a pond into which the water flows, and which is surrounded by a mud wall. In this pond are a number of crocodiles considered sacred and fed by visitors with mutton. The place is called Mungo or Mugger (crocodile) Pir. No one knows how the crocodiles came to infest the pond, for there are none to be found in the sea and there are no fresh-water rivers or lakes in the neighbourhood. The people in the village near by and the man in charge of the springs and the crocodiles say that the pond had not always been walled round and that formerly the crocodiles used to go out foraging at night and devour stray sheep and goats, and sometimes even children. Then the villagers had built the wall and the depredations of the crocodiles had ceased. We watched them being fed by the visitors, who brought legs of mutton and lumps of meat to throw to the brutes. Seemingly sluggish and inert, these Saurians became amazingly active as they rushed about

and fought for the meat. There was a huge male of monstrous size who lay apart and disdained to take part in the general scramble, and we soon found out the reason. His snout and head were smeared with vermilion, and we learned that he was worshipped as Raja, or king of the crocodiles. One of the keepers took a lump of meat, clambered over the wall and fearlessly approached the brute, calling out, 'Raja, Raja!' Even when the meat was placed in front of him the monster made no sign—he was so excessively pampered and overfed. The man then actually caught hold of the snout and wrenched open the cavernous mouth of Raja, displaying the formidable teeth, took the meat, shoved in his hand up to the elbow and thrust the meat down the animal's throat! It was only when the man had withdrawn his hand that Raja closed his mouth and swallowed the meat. He knew the man and was quite tame.

A Defect of Memory

Shortly after my arrival at Karachi I found that the Sindhis found it difficult to pronounce my full name, and I found it more convenient to use only my surname with an initial letter. This was a satisfactory solution. On the other hand, Sindhi names sounded very strange to me. I had to come into contact with all educated Sindhis and also with others who did not speak English. When I met a new man for the first time I, of course, heard his name, but forgot it immediately afterwards owing to the unfamiliarity of its sound and form. And when I saw the same man the next time I recalled his face perfectly well, but the name had escaped my memory. I could not inquire for his name again—that would be awkward—but I managed to make conversation until some one else mentioned my visitor's name. And this developed into a defect of memory, and I have ever since found it difficult to remember new names. But this failing does not apply to my earlier years, for

I remember perfectly names that I heard as a young boy.

Manners and Customs

Sind has changed considerably in half a century, though many old customs are still retained. The large majority of the people is Muhammedan by conversion. The Amils and the Bhaibandhs are in reality the same class of people divided by their occupations. The Amils served under the Muhammedan rulers known as Mirs and adopted Muhammedan ways, even as English ways are now adopted by many Indians. Among the Amils the men wear pyjamas and shirt at home, and the head is always covered with a small skull cap. The Amils are generally Nanakpanthis and read the Granth Saheb and recite the Japji. The *Likanas* or temples are Sikh Gurudwaras. There are a few Singhs, or followers of Guru Govind, who wear long hair and retain the other symbols of the Khalsa. The women also wear pyjamas, called *suthans*, a long shirt and a piece of muslin, called *rao*, to cover the head. When they go out, they put on a gown called *peshgir*, but *saris* are now coming into use. They formerly wore slippers into which only two or three toes could be thrust, so that while out walking, they had to drag their feet as the slippers dropped off if the feet were lifted from the ground. Of the ornaments worn the most fearful were the bangles and armlets of ivory, following a custom borrowed from the women of Marwar. These bangles were looked upon as a sign of wifehood like the vermilion mark between the parted hair and the single thin iron bangle in Bengal. A nose-ring with a ruby pendant was also an indication of married womanhood in Sind. The ear-rings, usually of silver and gold, were numerous, and I once counted as many as ten in a single ear of a little girl. The ivory bangles were almost instruments of torture, for they produced discolouration and ulceration of the skin; and

they were taken off only rarely, to be washed and cleaned. These hideous things have now, mercifully, gone out of use. When my wife first visited Hyderabad, Sind, where she stayed at the house of Navalrai and Hiranand, she was invited to visit other Amil houses, and everywhere she was greeted with a chorus of amazed consternation, '*Huth bootti, nuk bootti, kun bootti, hi muudum ahe*'—her hands (the gold *churis* and *balas* were not taken into account), her nose, her ears, are bare, this is a madam (European lady).

The elaboration of courtesy amused me while visiting Sindhi houses. Inquiries about one another's health usually occupied several minutes, and went the round of all the visitors. The Sindhi equivalent of 'Sir' is *Sain* (*Swami*) and the interrogatories started somewhat in this fashion: '*Sain, Khush ahyo, chango bhalo, taza tawana, mardana*'. (Sir, are you cheerful, well, fresh and strong?) The words *Kien ahyo* (How are you?) sometimes opened the battery, but all the guns were unmasked and fired without fail. It reminded me of the ancient custom of numerous questions regarding one's welfare that we come across in the Mahabharata. The effects of Muhammedan influence are apparent among the Amil community in Sind.

The Banias and Bhaibandhs invariably wear *dhoti* and long coat, with a white or red turban for headdress. The Banias of Hyderabad and Shikarpur are an enterprising community. They are to be found in Afghanistan, Central Asia, Africa, China and Japan and in the larger cities of India like Bombay and Calcutta. The Banias are numerically larger than the Amils, and more prosperous too. The Muhammedans are mostly agriculturists, with a few large land-owners.

Language

There can be no manner of doubt that the Sindhis are descended from a Sanskrit-speaking people. In

spite of a large admixture of Persian words, due to a long period of Muslim rule, the Sindhi language remains the most direct and closest derivative from Sanskrit. It has not been leavened materially by any form of Prakrit, as is the case with Bengali, Gujerati and other languages. The pronouns 'we' and 'you' in Sindhi are Sanskrit, with a slight alteration. One of the Sanskrit words meaning a frog is *dardur*, and in Sindhi a frog is called *dedar*. The word *dittho* (see) is clearly the Sanskrit word *drishti*, *accho* (come) is unmistakably *agaccha*. But the Sindhi language has been thoroughly Persianized in form, in the declensions of words and in the use of genders. The Sindhi alphabet is Persian with slight modifications. Women use the Gurmukhi script for writing letters. There is no culture of Sanskrit in Sind, and students at college take up either Persian or French for second language.

Ruins of Brahmanabad

In the desert district of Thar and Parker there are the ruins of an ancient Aryan city known as Brahmanabad. There is complete lack of historical data, but a very old tradition has it that the city in the desert was once, long ago, prosperous and had a large number of Brahmin residents. The last king was a young Kshatriya of dissolute habits, who had no regard for Brahmins and no respect for their women. He was cursed by a holy Brahmin for his sinfulness, and shortly afterwards the city of Brahmanabad was overwhelmed by a sand-storm which buried the city under mountainous heaps of sand.

Umerkot, where Akbar was born, is also in the Thar and Parker district and is a town of some importance.

Buddhism in Sind

When the great Chinese pilgrim-traveller, Hieuen Tsang, visited India in the seventh century, he passed through Sind (Sinntu). The capital was called Vichava-pura (Pi-shen-po-pulo). Agricultural conditions then

were much the same as they are now. 'The soil is favourable for the growth of cereals, and produces an abundance of wheat and millet.' Rice was also grown in the Larkana district and in Lar, Lower Sind, in the delta of the Indus. The traveller saw camels, which are still the ships of the Sind desert. Very striking is Hieuen Tsang's testimony to the spread of Buddhism in Sind. He writes: 'They (the people) have faith in the law of the Buddha. There are several hundred *sangharamas*, occupied by about 10,000 priests.' They study the Little Vehicle (*Hinayana*) according to the *Sammctiya* school.' This may account for the fact that there are no statues of the Buddha or Bodhisattvas in Sind, as the *Hinayana* school of Buddhism was opposed to the making of images, and all Buddhistic sculptures belong to the *Mahayana* (Great Vehicle) sect. Of the king he writes: 'The King is of the Sudra (Shu-to-lo) caste. He is by nature honest and sincere, and he reverences the law of the Buddha.' The *Sangharamas* have disappeared as completely as the teachings of the Buddha from Sind, and there are no reports of any archæological discoveries of Buddhist relics. Hieuen Tsang also noticed Brahminical temples. 'There are about thirty Deva temples, in which sectaries of various kinds congregate.'

Prosecution and Imprisonment

In 1889, while I was editing the *Phœnix*, I was prosecuted on the charge of defamation. That was the only occasion I had to face a trial during my long association with journalism. Frequent complaints appeared in the paper about the ill-treatment of prisoners in the Shikarpur jail. My correspondent was a teacher in the Government school at Shikarpur. He afterwards became a successful pleader at Sukkur. In a short newsletter of two paragraphs it was stated that the death of a prisoner in the Shikarpur jail was suspicious and that there were rumours of foul play. If there was any

insinuation, it was against the Jailor, who, however, did not take any action himself. Instead, the Superintendent of the Jail, who was a medical officer, applied for sanction to proceed against me. The Bombay Government, in sanctioning the prosecution, stated that if the Editor gave out the name of his correspondent and satisfied the Commissioner in Sind that he had acted in good faith, the case against him need not proceed; nor was it necessary to proceed against the correspondent if he tendered an apology. It was obvious that the Government of Bombay did not consider the matter very serious. A copy of the Government Resolution was sent to me. I was not called upon to offer an apology, but I could not dream of revealing the name of my correspondent, whose good faith I never doubted for a moment. It was a very ordinary case, and the only thing noticeable about it was the number of hearings it involved in various Courts before it was concluded. The case was first tried by Mr C. E. S. Steele, the Sub-Divisional Magistrate of Sukkur, an able and accomplished officer. In a case of this kind it was impossible to get any evidence from the jail itself. The defence was that there was no intention of defaming the Superintendent of the Jail, and that the suggestion in the newsletter was for an inquiry by higher authority. Evidence on both sides was taken, and the Magistrate discharged me without framing a charge. I knew, however, that I was by no means yet out of the wood. An application was made before the District Magistrate to set aside the order of discharge and to order a fresh trial. The District Magistrate held that of the two paragraphs of the newsletter, one, in his opinion, was not defamatory, but the other he considered libellous, and he directed a new trial by another Magistrate. Against this order an application was made to the Sadar Court before Mr Macpherson. The wisdom of this course was questionable, in view of Mr Macpherson's

well-known attitude in criminal cases, but my legal advisers and other friends relied on the well-reasoned judgement of Mr Steele discharging me in the first instance. Mr Macpherson might have simply rejected the application on the ground that he took the same view as the District Magistrate, but he went further and deliberately declared that both paragraphs of the newsletter were libellous. He did not pause to consider that this would seriously prejudice me in the new trial, because the Magistrate was bound to be influenced by the opinion of the highest Court in the Province. The case was next tried by an inexperienced young Civilian, who bluntly asked me the name of the correspondent. I refused to disclose the name, and the Magistrate, who displayed both impatience and temper during the trial, sentenced me to simple imprisonment for two months and a fine of five hundred rupees. Dayaram Gidumal happened to be officiating District and Sessions Judge of Shikarpur at the time, and I was released on bail the same evening. But Dayaram declined to hear the appeal himself and fixed a date for the hearing when he himself would cease to be Sessions Judge and revert to his substantive appointment as Assistant District and Sessions Judge. In simple gratitude I should mention that throughout this long-drawn-out and protracted trial, Tahilram Khemchand and Harchandrai Vishindas stood by me unflinchingly. They neglected their professional work in order to defend me, they raised funds for the defence, they appeared in every court where the case was taken, and their vigilance and sympathy never wavered or faltered. Any man would be proud and deeply grateful to have such friends. The new District and Sessions Judge had the reputation of being somewhat eccentric. When the appeal came up before him, Tahilram and Harchandrai engaged Mr Russell, of the Bombay Bar, to appear for me. Mr Russell, who afterwards became a Judge of the Bombay High Court,

had come to Karachi in connexion with another case, but was persuaded to stay on for a few days to argue my appeal at Shikarpur. Mr Russell was an Irishman and a persuasive and eloquent advocate, and he did his best for me. But the Judge upheld the conviction and sentence, alleging, among other grounds, that the circulation of the paper had increased on account of my prosecution. There was not a shred of evidence on record to justify this assumption. I was conveyed to the jail at Shikarpur and was assigned a separate cell for myself. On the second or third day the Superintendent of Police came to visit the jail. At his suggestion I was given a cot. Another visitor was Mr Jacob, Inspector of Schools, Sind, whom I knew very well. He told me I should have given out the name of the correspondent, but I replied that that was out of the question as he had not acted in bad faith. The jailor showed me great consideration and I requested him to obtain permission for me to do some literary work during my imprisonment. He promised to write to the Inspector-General of Police for the necessary sanction. The warders and such of my fellow-prisoners as could have access to me were very good to me. Meanwhile, Tahilram and Harchandrai did not let the grass grow under their feet. They applied for revision in the Sadar Court, through Mr Russell, who was still at Karachi. Luckily for me, Mr Macpherson was away on leave, and Mr Hosking, a very able and conscientious Judge, was officiating for him. The Manager of the *Phœnix* filed an affidavit declaring that the circulation of the paper had not increased. Mr Hosking quashed the sentence of imprisonment, but upheld the fine. Tahilram sent me a telegram at once informing me of the order, and an Amil prisoner came running to me, evidently pleased to be the first to congratulate me. He was followed a few minutes later by the jailor himself with the open telegram in his hand. He seemed to be both pleased

and relieved that it would not be necessary for him any longer to have me on his hands. I told him that he would have to wait for a copy of the judgement before he could let me out. He said it was not at all necessary and if he got a telegram from the Registrar of the Sadar Court confirming the information I had received he could release me at once. He proposed to send a telegram reply prepaid to the Registrar at his own expense, and I could repay him afterwards. This was done, and in anticipation of the reply, the jailor took me out of the inner jail and had a bed put up for me in the comfortable verandah of the jail hospital. The reply arrived about 9 o'clock at night and I was released at once. It was the tenth day of my imprisonment. As a memento of my life in jail I bought a small carpet from the jailor and sent him the price along with the cost of the telegram. There was a carriage waiting for me, and I drove to the house of Dowlatram Surat Singh, Government pleader. Next morning I got a telegram from Harchandrai asking me to stay another day at Shikarpur as they were arranging a suitable reception for me. I telegraphed back that there should be no demonstration and that I did not propose to delay my return to Karachi. I left Shikarpur the same evening. At the station, while I was waiting for the train with a number of people around me, Dayaram Gidumal came in and I sauntered with him up the platform for a quiet talk. I told him he should not have hesitated to hear my appeal himself. His reply was that my case had affected his personal feelings and that it was impossible for him to be in a judicial frame of mind. He added Mr Steele should have acquitted me instead of discharging me, and in that case the Bombay Government would not have appealed against the acquittal. At Karachi, the platform was crowded when the train arrived, and some of my friends protested that I should have let them have their way as the people of Karachi were anxious

to show their appreciation of my conduct. I pointed out that there was absolutely nothing to make a fuss about and that although I was very thankful to be back again among my friends, I should be allowed to return home quietly. But they all insisted on accompanying me to my house in procession. As I have previously stated there was nothing remarkable about the case except that it was heard no fewer than seven times before different Magistrates and Judges.

I left Karachi and Sind in May, 1891, to take up the editorship of the *Tribune* at Lahore.

IV

A DECADE IN THE PUNJAB

' Tribune ' Office

In May, 1891, I left Sind to take up the editorship of the *Tribune* at Lahore. That paper then used to be published twice a week. The office and press were located in an unpretentious house in Anarkali Bazaar. There was a large courtyard in front of the house, where public meetings were held. The only public halls then in existence were the Town Hall, above the Municipal Office in Gol Bagh, and Montgomery Hall, in the Lawrence Gardens. The latter was used by Europeans for dances and other entertainments, and housed a library for the European residents of the city. The Town Hall was used only rarely, on important public occasions. The courtyard of the *Tribune* office was close to the walled city, and was in frequent requisition for meetings of the Indian Association, and other political and miscellaneous meetings. I had for my first assistant Kali Prasanna Chatterji, whose family had settled in the Punjab. Kali Prasanna was a member of the Arya Samaj and a public speaker whose services were in frequent demand. He spoke Punjabi not only with fluency but with remarkable eloquence, while his flashes of wit and stock of Punjabi proverbs kept his audiences in hilarious good humour. He died some years ago at Benares.

Sardar Dyal Singh Majithia

Sardar Dyal Singh Majithia was the proprietor of the *Tribune*. He was the only son of Sardar Lena Singh Majithia, Commander-in-Chief of Maharaja Ranjit Singh's army. Sardar Lena Singh was a remarkable man. In a court in which hardly a single man was free from corruption he was a man of the highest integrity of character, deeply religious and very ingenious in mechanical devices. A clock made all by himself was

being shown round several years after his death. Lena Singh was the owner of the village of Majeeth, in the Amritsar district, and had a fortified baronial mansion. At Amritsar he had a large *haveli*, the Zenana being enclosed by a high wall. Lena Singh retired to Benares and died there. In the Golden Temple at Amritsar there are two flagstaffs in front of the Akal Bunga where the Khalsa Sikhs are initiated. The taller of the two poles was set up by Maharaja Ranjit Singh and the other by Sardar Lena Singh. Dyal Singh lost his father while he was a young boy. As a young man he went to Europe and stayed for some time in England and France. The visit to Europe left a permanent impression upon the young Sikh nobleman. He was an orthodox Khalsa Sikh by birth. While in Europe he cut off his long hair, and never wore it long again. His religious beliefs inclined strongly to the theistic creed of the Brahmo Samaj, and he was a consistent and loyal supporter of that movement. When he lost his first wife, negotiations were carried on for his marriage with a young Bengali Brahmo lady, who, however, declared her preference for another suitor. Sardar Dyal Singh was a great admirer of the Bengalis, whether Brahmo or Hindu, and his most trusted advisers at Lahore were Bengalis. He was the foremost representative of the Sikh aristocracy and might have easily become the recipient of many favours from the Punjab Government. But his visit to Europe and his studies there had moulded him into a real patriot with genuine notions of self-respect. Though scions of other leading families in the Punjab eagerly sought official favour and submitted themselves to humiliations at the hands of European officials, Sardar Dyal Singh was never seen at Government House or any official Durbar. He had some European friends, but he never visited any official as such. His independence was all the more remarkable when it is remembered that it was more than fifty years since he returned from

Europe. The usual effect of a sojourn in the West is an overpowering fondness for everything European. Dyal Singh neither put on European clothes, nor lived in the English style; neither did he show any preference for the company of Europeans. I do not think the Punjab has produced another man like him since that Province passed under British rule.

Warburton Case

Some time before I took charge of the *Tribune* a case for defamation had been brought against that paper by Colonel Warburton, District Superintendent of Police, Amritsar. Colonel Warburton's father was an Englishman and his mother an Afghan. The *Tribune* had published a number of serious allegations against the Amritsar police. Some leading lawyers of Lahore, including Pratul Chandra Chatterji, afterwards a Judge of the Punjab Chief Court, offered to appear for the defence without any fee, but Sardar Dyal Singh would not accept favours from any one, and all the lawyers were paid in full. After a protracted trial heavy fines were imposed upon the Sardar as proprietor of the paper, and Sitala Kanta Chatterji, the Editor. The expenses ran to several thousand rupees. After my arrival at Lahore, Colonel Warburton brought another case against the Sardar, arising out of the first charge, and on the advice of the lawyers it was compounded on payment of a solatium of Rs. 10,000 to Colonel Warburton. This was the only case ever brought against the *Tribune*, which was started in 1881 and is still the leading Indian newspaper of the Punjab.

Sardar Dyal Singh and the 'Tribune'

When I first saw him Sardar Dyal Singh was about forty years of age, fair and of medium height and inclined to corpulence. He was a splendid representative of the Sikh aristocracy, with a full, rounded face, bright

eyes and a close-cropped beard. Aristocratic in appearance, he was thoroughly democratic in his habits of thought and sympathies. The Brahmo Samaj at Lahore was liberally assisted by him, and he was always accessible to all visitors. He was well informed and widely read, was greatly interested in religious and philosophical subjects, and was of a serious turn of mind. He had started the *Tribune* at the suggestion of friends without the slightest idea of any personal profit or kudos. There was a small annual loss even when I went to Lahore, but in another year or so the paper had begun paying its way and gradually became profitable. Sardar Dyal Singh was an ideal newspaper proprietor. He never interfered with either the editorial work or the management. He was so considerate that on one occasion, having received intelligence of a certain affair, he came over to my house and communicated it to me. The discretion of the Editor was absolute and wholly unfettered. No matter who happened to be criticized there was no appeal to the Sardar. Any one who complained to him was referred to the Editor, whose influence and position were greatly improved by the rectitude of the proprietor. He was not much in sympathy with the Arya Samaj movement and kept aloof from it. The Dayanand Anglo-Vedic College was once in sudden need of a senior professor of English and I offered my services temporarily. When I asked Sardar Dyal Singh for permission, he gave it at once. Later, when I had been relieved of the professorship, the Sardar asked me why I had not taken it up permanently. I explained it was too much of a strain and such time as I could spare from the *Tribune* was given to literary work in Bengali. Of the Sardar's readiness to help any good cause I remember an instance when Upadhyaya Brahmabandhava (Bhavani Charan Banerji) once wanted some help for a paper known as *Sophia*, and on my mentioning the subject to the Sardar, he

readily gave a cheque. Upadhyaya Brahmabandhava was at that time a Christian and had left the Anglican Church to join the Roman Catholic persuasion.

A Railway Accident

In 1892 there was a terrible railway accident near Okara railway station, not far from Montgomery. About 2 a.m. two mail trains dashed into each other, and the disaster that followed was appalling. The night was intensely dark, and all lights of both trains went out on the instant of the smash. Some carriages were telescoped, and to add to the horror of the situation, the debris of woodwork caught fire and blazed fiercely. There was no Railway Board in existence at the time, and the full extent of the casualties was probably never known. But there could scarcely be any doubt that many bodies were burnt to ashes. Full particulars of the accident were supplied to me by Bakshi Jaishi Ram, a passenger in the train bound for Lahore, who had recently come to stay at Lahore to practise at the Bar. Several suits were instituted by injured passengers and the relations of other passengers killed in the accident, and in certain instances substantial damages were awarded. The reader will note the curious coincidence of the recent similar accident at Harappa, close to the scene of the tragedy of 1892. [The Harappa accident occurred in the year 1925.—*Ed.*]

Arya Samaj Movement

By birth Swami Dayananda Saraswati was a Nagar Brahmin of Gujerat. The fame of his learning had spread over the whole of north India. He had visited Calcutta, Benares and other important centres and had held Sastric discussions at several places. At first he spoke no other language except Sanskrit and Gujerati, but he learned Hindi after leaving Gujerat, and his well-known book, the *Satyartha Prakasa* was written in that

language. Swami Dayananda wanted to revive and re-establish the Vedic religion as distinguished from the various phases of Puranic religion and the worship of idols. But his propaganda did not meet with much success in the strongholds of orthodox Hinduism. In Calcutta Swami Dayananda met Keshub Chunder Sen, but the leader of the Brahmo Samaj of India, as it was then called, was unable to agree to an alliance with the reformer from Gujerat, and it was not in the nature of the Swami to play second fiddle to any man. At length Swami Dayananda met Lala Mulraj of the Punjab. Lala Mulraj, a Divisional and Sessions Judge in the Punjab, was a distinguished graduate of Calcutta University and the only Punjabi who succeeded in winning the Premchand Roychand Studentship. The Punjabis are a religiously-minded people, but conditions in that Province are somewhat peculiar. There are about two million Sikhs in the entire Province, but fresh converts are few and there is no regular proselytizing propaganda. As a community, the Sikhs are educationally backward, and the Khalsa College at Amritsar was not established till the nineties of the last century. On the other hand, the hold of orthodox Hinduism is not very strong in the Punjab. There are not as many ardent Vaishnavas and Saivites as are to be found in Bengal, Bombay and Madras. The worship of Durga or Kali is not common. There was no seat of Sanskrit learning anywhere in the Punjab. Of the educated Punjabis very few had joined the Brahmo Samaj. At the same time every one shared the feeling of pride in the knowledge that the Punjab was Aryavarta of ancient legends, the land of the Vedas. With the practical help and advice of Lala Mulraj, Swami Dayananda established the Arya Samaj at Lahore, and in a few years the majority of educated Punjabis joined the reformed Church and became Arya Samajists. Branches were opened in all towns of any importance in the Punjab, and vigorous propaganda was carried on

to enlist fresh adherents to the Arya Samaj. Vedic *mantras* were recited and chanted, the sacred and solemn *Homa* was performed, and congregational worship was introduced. Enthusiastic preachers of the Arya Samaj went about the country to labour for the revival of the Aryan tradition and the Vedic religion.

Two Sections of the Arya Samaj

The Arya Samaj was divided into two sections, one of meat-eaters and the other of vegetarians. The two sections were somewhat irreverently designated the *mas* (meat) party and the *ghas* (grass) party. The division was somewhat like the Vaishnava and Sakta sects among Hindus. The bulk of educated Punjabis belonged to the first party, while the other section was led by Lala Munshi Ram, a pleader of Jullunder, afterwards known as Swami Sraddhananda. The meat-eating section was also known as the D.A.-V. College party, because it had organized and established the Dayananda Anglo-Vedic College at Lahore. I was present at some of the anniversaries of the party and was greatly impressed by the enthusiasm and fervour of the gathering. The anniversary used to be held in the grounds of the D.A.-V. College (now used for the school) and was attended by representatives from all parts of the Province. The ladies sat behind *chiks*, though *purdah* has now been practically abolished in the Punjab. At these anniversary meetings appeals were made by various speakers for funds for the D.A.-V. College and School, and the response was remarkably spontaneous and generous. Large sums of money were collected on the spot and handsome donations were promised, while the womenfolk took off their ornaments and added them to the heap of coin and currency notes.

The Wachhowli section of the Arya Samaj held its anniversary inside the walled city, and the proceedings were led by Lala Munshi Ram. That party did not then

control any educational institution. The Gurukul at Kangri, near Hardwar, was founded by Lala Munshi Ram some years later and became a famous academy in course of time. The *Suddhi* movement was an offshoot of this section of the Arya Samaj, and the moving spirit was Dr Jai Chand, whose enthusiasm in reclaiming Hindus who had embraced some other faith was unbounded. Both sections had their organs in the Press, and various subjects, not always of any immediate interest, were debated, sometimes with considerable heat. At one time, there was a prolonged discussion over the doctrine of *Niyoga* as mentioned in the institutes of Manu. It was not only discussed in the organs of the Arya Samaj, but was the subject of constant and excited oral debate in which even students took part. Now, the doctrine of *Niyoga* was introduced at a time when the population was sparse and progeny and sons were considered essential. Society in India has now reached a stage at which no one can dream of the practical application of *Niyoga* any more than the imposition of the penalties laid down by Manu for various offences. The social organism has outgrown many of the ancient conditions, and a revival of the Vedic religion imposes no obligation to revert to customs which cannot be defended on ethical and moral grounds. The entire controversy was hypothetical and purely academic, but it was carried on with great zeal for several months. Love of argument was a marked feature of the Arya Samaj, among old and young alike, while the study of Sanskrit was still neglected. The boarders of the D.A.-V. College were taught the *Sandhya* and *Gayatri* mantras, and later on Sanskrit was taught at the Gurukul. D.A.-V. College and School have now grown into splendid institutions, with imposing buildings and extensive boarding houses, while the Gurukul has attained world-wide celebrity. The Arya Samaj in the Punjab has good reason to be proud of its achievements.

Lala Hans Raj

The organized efforts and the spirit of sacrifice to which the Dayananda Anglo-Vedic College owed its existence were typified in Lala Hans Raj, the Honorary Principal of the College from its foundation, wno remained at the head of this institution for over a quarter of a century. It was a deliberate but most unostentatious self-sacrifice. Lala Hans Raj never accepted any remuneration for his services. He maintained himself on a small allowance given to him by his elder brother, Lala Mulk Raj Bhalla. As I was associated with the College for a few months I had many opportunities of judging for myself how quietly and efficiently the Honorary Principal administered the affairs of the institution. Lala Hans Raj was a deeply religious man, and took part in the weekly service of the Arya Samaj. There have been zealous and earnest men in both sections of the Arya Samaj in the Punjab, and not the least remarkable among them was the first Principal of the D.A.-V. College. When Swami Vivekananda was my guest at Lahore, Lala Hans Raj used to come and see him, and they had long heart-to-heart conversations. Lala Hans Raj invited the Swami to dinner, and the two spent several hours together. Only a few months ago, at Lahore, Lala Hans Raj told me that Swami Vivekananda used to speak to him without any reserve and that there was hardly any question they had not discussed. Lala Hans Raj retired from the College several years ago, and lives very modestly, associating with religious men. I have often wondered what influence the shining example of his devotion and sacrifice exercised upon the young men who have been passing through the Punjab colleges during the last forty years. Many young students of those days have succeeded in life. Some are lawyers, others judges, medical men, and so on. How many of them appreciate the greatness of Lala Hans Raj, or realize that there are few like him

in the Punjab? He is now called Mahatma Hans Raj, but the lesson of his noble life should be a living example in the Punjab. Every year that I revisit the Punjab I spend some time with Mahatma Hans Raj, and we talk of old times and the presages of the future.

Eighth Indian National Congress

The eighth Indian National Congress was held at Allahabad towards the end of December 1892, with W. C. Bonnerjee as President. This was the second time he was being called to this distinction, since he had presided at the first Congress held at Bombay in 1885. Allahabad is only a day's journey from Lahore, and the Punjab was fairly well represented at the Congress. I left Lahore somewhat early, with a margin of a few days on my hands, and I thought I should best utilize this time by having a peep at Agra and the Taj Mahal. I stayed at the Dak Bungalow, and after seeing the Fort, the Pearl Mosque and the palace of Jodhabai, I spent the greater part of the day at the Taj, gazing for long hours at that marvellous structure from different view-points. In the evening I saw Itmad-ud-Doulah. Next morning, I drove to Sikandra, where I met Dayaram Gidumal and Hiranand Shoukiram, both of whom I had met a few days earlier at Lahore. They insisted that I should join them at the house of Lala Baij Nath, then Subordinate Judge of Agra. Lala Baij Nath was fairly well known. He was a great friend of Malabari, a contributor to the *Indian Spectator* and a reformer. For some time he was Chief Justice of Indore, and he had written one or two books. As we had to leave for Allahabad the same night, I went over to Baij Nath's residence in the afternoon. Dayaram had been nominated to the Statutory Civil Service and was also a Judge in the Bombay Presidency. We were all young men, more or less, and Baij Nath was some years older than the rest of us. We were naturally bubbling over with

animal spirits and were laughing and jesting. Baij Nath alone was grave and held aloof, and I remember the ponderous words in which he reproved Dayaram when the latter became exceedingly hilarious. 'Your levity,' said the judicial-minded Baij Nath, 'is perilously bordering upon uproariousness.' This polysyllabic admonition threw us into raptures of mirth. 'Prodigious!' we shouted, 'here's the resurrection of the Dominie!' For hours afterwards, and even in the railway train, we plagued Baij Nath until all his gravity disappeared and he wished his words had remained unspoken. Next morning, one of us greeted Baij Nath with, 'We are bordering perilously close to Allahabad', and this sent us off into another fit of laughter at the expense of the unlucky Judge.

At Allahabad I went to a hotel, where I met Guru Prasad Sen of Patna and Raja Rampal Singh of Kalakankar, Oudh. Raja Rampal Singh was one of the most original characters I have seen. He had spent ten years in England, had an English wife and had stood as a candidate for election to the House of Commons. On his return to India he established an English and an Urdu newspaper, both of which he was supposed to edit. But neither the prolonged stay in England nor the English mode of living had produced the slightest effect upon his appearance and speech. He was a thickset, burly man, somewhat above the average height, with a plain, large face strongly pitted by small-pox; he wore his hair, in the Hindustani fashion, down to his neck, and though he usually wore English clothes, he sometimes appeared as a Talukdar, resplendent in cloth of gold. And his accent! It was as outrageous and incorrigible as his Rajput courage was undeniable and invincible. He was not the man to hide his light under a bushel, and no audience and no platform ever cowed him. Once, on the Congress platform, he burst out: 'Gentilmen, membersh of Counshil vote from which shide wind blowsh!' He was himself a member of the United

Provinces Legislative Council. But he was open-handed and generous, and his heart was in the right place, and he was always given an indulgent and amused hearing.

The *pandal* of the Congress had been erected in the grounds of Lowther Castle and tents were pitched for the delegates. Part of Lowther Castle had been thrown open for the use of the Congress, and there was a large drawing-room in which a number of delegates spent some hours in the evening. I moved from the hotel to the house of Charu Chandra Mitra, which was occupied by a few delegates. It was at this Congress that I first met Gopal Krishna Gokhale, and my recollection is that it was here that he first attracted public attention. Some months earlier, Mr Hume had addressed a public meeting at Poona and had, in the course of his speech, made a very appreciative reference to the *Tribune*. Gokhale mentioned this to me as soon as we met, and after that we used to have long chats at Lowther Castle. Gokhale was then a young man not known to fame. He was Professor of Mathematics in the Fergusson College under a vow to accept only a pittance as salary. He was the foremost helper of Ranade in public work, and a painstaking and careful student of public affairs. Pherozeshah Mehta had also his eye upon him as a coming man. Gokhale made a most favourable impression by his speeches in the Congress. Mr Hume praised them highly, and I considered them far better than the torrent of rhetoric by which we were usually deluged in the Congress. Meeting at Allahabad for the second time, we recalled the stormy session of 1888 with the strong flavour of the many speeches we had then heard and the tense temper of the Congress. The session of 1892 was a quiet and uneventful one. I remember a luminous address delivered by Ranade one evening in one of the pavilions, and I said to some friends beside me that compared with so brilliant and informative an oration much that we heard in the

Congress was mere twaddle. Ranade was not an orator, but he spoke with perfect ease, and his speeches were as thoughtful as they were replete with information.

The evenings were fairly cold for visitors and delegates from the Bombay and Madras Presidencies, though for the Punjabis the weather was quite mild. One day Lala Muralidhar, of Ambala, who always assumed the role of court jester to the Congress, was so much oppressed by the heat that he fainted. He had made the mistake of continuing to wear the thick woollen clothes used in the severe Punjab winter. We had taken the precaution of putting away very thick clothes and using light warm suits instead. Ananda Charlu, of Madras, made it a habit of going on a peripatetic expedition every night after dinner. He was not very rigorous in his orthodoxy, and with a thick overcoat on and a cigar in his mouth, he would stroll about the camp, chatting pleasantly with everybody he met. He invited me to breakfast one morning at the Madras camp, and he made me sit by his side without any protest from any one. Nothing of any particular note occurred in the Congress itself. In spite of the prevailing good humour and the frank cordiality of comradeship, the shadow of a great sorrow lay athwart this session of the Congress. This was the sudden death of Pandit Ajudhianath, the fearless and stout-hearted leader of Allahabad, who had been called away in the prime of life while completing the arrangements for the success of this meeting of the Congress. The office of Chairman of the Reception Committee was filled by the venerable Pandit Bishambharnath, a man of high character and scholarly attainments, but greatly advanced in life and without the dynamic energy and galvanizing personality of Pandit Ajudhianath.

Ninth Indian National Congress

It was decided at Allahabad, before the close of the session, that the Punjab should invite the Congress the

next year. The Congress had met eight times, but the organizers had not yet thought of the Punjab for a change of venue. Of course, the Punjab could not be compared with the three Presidencies in progress and public spirit, but it was certainly not much behind the United Provinces, while it had shown splendid organizational and constructive energy in the Arya Samaj movement. Sardar Dyal Singh could not attend the Congress of 1892, though he had been present at the Allahabad Congress of 1888, but it was well known that he would loyally support any decision arrived at by the Punjab delegates. After some consultation among the Punjab delegates, the Congress was formally invited to Lahore for the ninth session. Raja Rampal Singh gallantly and patriotically volunteered to tour the Punjab to rouse enthusiasm for the cause of the Congress. Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya undertook to accompany him.

For political purposes the situation at that time in the Punjab was somewhat as follows: the only political organization was the Indian Association, called after the body of that name established by Surendranath Bannerjea in Calcutta. The membership of the Lahore Indian Association was fairly representative, but not considerable. It filled the usual part then undertaken by public bodies, of making representations, mildly criticizing official measures, organizing occasional meetings, and so on. The largest and strongest organization in the Punjab was the Arya Samaj movement, but its activities were mainly confined to educational and social matters. The Muhammedans left the Congress either severely alone or condemned it as a movement hostile to Government. To belittle the Congress, the Anglo-Indian Press dubbed it the 'Hindu' Congress. It was obvious that the attitude of the Arya Samaj would determine the success or failure of the Congress in the Punjab.

The uncertainty on the point was very soon dissipated. The leaders and members of the Arya Samaj

readily joined the Reception Committee, and the replies received from various parts of the Province were most encouraging. Sardar Dyal Singh was unanimously elected Chairman of the Reception Committee. There were several Vice-Presidents and Bakshi Jaishi Ram, pleader, Chief Court, was appointed Honorary Secretary. Work began early and subscriptions were promptly promised and paid. I was in constant correspondence with Mr Hume, who was then in England, and with many leading Congressmen all over India. Public lectures were organized and delivered in different parts of the Province. I delivered a lecture on the Congress and also addressed the volunteers. Both these were printed and circulated. In fulfilment of their promise, Raja Rampal Singh and Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya visited several places in the Punjab and addressed public meetings. At Lahore I met Raja Rampal Singh at dinners and social gatherings. Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya stayed in a house close to mine and spent much of his time with me. The response throughout the Punjab left no doubt as regards the success of the approaching Congress.

The choice of President of the Congress rested with the Reception Committee. We put our heads together, and it was decided to invite Dadabhai Naoroji to preside. He had been President in 1886 at the Calcutta session. He was now a Member of Parliament and had achieved considerable distinction by carrying in the House of Commons a resolution affirming the desirability of holding simultaneous examinations in India and England for the Indian Civil Service. Nothing came out of the resolution at the time. It was ridiculed as a motion carried at a snatch division, it was contended that the resolution did not carry with it any mandatory obligation and the Government of India issued some ponderous tomes of official and unofficial opinion to prove that the introduction of such an innovation would be in the

highest degree impolitic. If the recommendation had been carried out at the time the action of the Government would have been widely appreciated, whereas the belated introduction of simultaneous examinations a few years ago passed utterly unnoticed, the country having taken long strides since 1893. This has ever been the wisdom of the Government of India and the British Government in respect of India. Every half-hearted measure of reform has borne the fatal label, 'Too late!' The Government has not even learned from the copy-books the maxim, *Bis dat qui cito dat.* Dadabhai Naoroji agreed to come out to India for the Congress and wrote that he would arrange to pair with a Member on the other side of the House. It was the Irish Home Rule Ministry of Mr Gladstone, with barely a working majority in the House of Commons, and not a single vote on the Government side could be easily spared. Dadabhai had to satisfy his party that a Unionist Member would stay away from the House as long as himself, so that the voting balance between the parties would remain unaffected. A plot of land was secured near the Lahore railway station for the *pandal*; just behind it was a small hotel, which was leased for the President, Mr Hume, the General Secretary, and a few others who might choose to stay there. The Reception Committee met constantly, and all details were carefully carried out, so that there was no need to rush things. Putting the delegates under canvas, as had been done at Allahabad and elsewhere, was not to be thought of, not only on account of the severity of the Punjab winter, but because of the winter rains, known as the Christmas rains and essential for the wheat crop, the staple of the Province. The rains actually came down on the day following the Congress while the Social Conference was being held in the *pandal.* Sardar Dyal Singh had built a number of houses in Lahore, and all those that were unoccupied were placed at the disposal of the Reception Committee.

Additional houses were lent by a number of other citizens, so that the housing problem for the delegates was easily solved. Visitors, of course, stayed either at hotels or with friends. We had a large number of tickets printed for visitors, and they were all sold out. Aware of the carelessness of our countrymen, I wrote a number of letters as the time drew near, particularly to people in the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, to get heavy warm clothing made for the journey and for the stay in Lahore. I also went round some of the large shops in Anarkali Bazaar, advising the merchants to keep in stock thick ulsters, overcoats and woollen underwear, as there would very likely be a brisk demand for them. As things turned out, this proved to be a wise provision, for in spite of all the warnings conveyed by letters, circulars, and newspaper paragraphs, delegates from outlying districts of the Madras Presidency arrived with insufficient and thin clothing, and the ready-made garments in the shops in the city were snapped up in no time. There were two cases of pneumonia; the delegates were immediately taken to the Lahore Medical College Hospital and were saved only by the unremitting care and devotion of the students and the constant attention of the physicians. G. Subramania Iyer, of the *Hindu*, complained bitterly of the cold, but Tilak and Gokhale stood the severity of the winter very well and often visited the *Tribune* office to look up newspaper files to prepare their speeches. Ranade, who had succeeded Telang as a Judge of the Bombay High Court, appeared perfectly unconcerned and occupied a small bare room on the first floor of a house at the northern end of Anarkali Bazaar. Tilak, Gokhale and others from the Deccan stayed at the same house. When, on my round of the delegates' quarters, I made inquiries, Ranade assured me he was quite comfortable and did not mind the cold at all.

Mr Hume came out from England a few days before the Congress and was given a great reception. He was

taken in procession through a part of the town and Anarkali, the horses were unyoked and the carriage was drawn by enthusiastic volunteers. Mr Hume protested, but had to give way to the entreaties of the young men. The *pandal* was nearing completion, and as Mr Hume was living close by, he spent a great deal of time supervising the arrangements. One day a few carpets, which lay folded up in a corner, had to be spread out on the dais. There were no volunteers present just then, and the coolies were nowhere to be seen. The only men present were certain influential members of the Reception Committee. Some one offered to go out and look for the coolies. In that impulsive way so characteristic of him, Mr Hume cried out: 'I don't mind working as a cooly for the Congress and the nation.' And he got busy at once and laid hold of a carpet. The restraint and dignity of respectability vanished like magic, and lawyers, wealthy *raises* and others eagerly and almost shamefacedly set about helping Mr Hume. It was good to see them doing an hour's honest manual labour, and the words of Mr Hume sank deep into my mind.

Dadabhai Naoroji was accompanied by Dinsha Edulji Wacha from Bombay, and was enthusiastically acclaimed all along the route. We had tried to arrange for a special train to carry him from Amritsar and had sent a wire urging him to halt there for that purpose. We had, however, reckoned without the railway authorities. The old Sind, Punjab and Delhi Railway and the Indus Valley State Railway had been amalgamated into the North-Western Railway; the old courteous and accommodating officials of the Company had been replaced by pig-headed and snobbish Royal Engineers whose only conception of duty and their own importance was to make themselves as disagreeable as possible. They made petty difficulties about the timing of the special train, and warned us that only a small number of ticket-holders would be allowed on the railway platform when

the President-elect arrived. This was a deliberate innovation since there were no platform-tickets in those days. We broke off negotiations with the railway bosses, sent some people down to Amritsar to convey Dadabhai Naoroji to Lahore by an ordinary local train and refused to apply for any permits or passes for the station platform. The consequence was that when the train conveying Dadabhai steamed in there was a surging mass of humanity on the platform, and the station staff and the railway police wisely declined to interfere, and Dadabhai Naoroji was accorded an unforgettable welcome to Lahore. There was a dense, cheering crowd all along the route. It was dark by the time the huge, slow-moving concourse debouched into Anarkali Bazaar, and it was a torchlight procession that passed along the thoroughfare. All the open windows of the houses near Lohari Gate were occupied by Parsi and other Indian ladies waving handkerchiefs and throwing flowers and bouquets into the carriage of Dadabhai, who stood up and bowed and saluted with both hands. The first words that he spoke to me when we shook hands on arrival at the house where he was to stay were: 'This crowns all!'

The session itself was an unparalleled success. There was a threatened rupture when a Muhammedan delegate persuaded Dadabhai Naoroji and Hume, without the knowledge of the Subjects Committee, to accept certain resolutions granting special concessions to Muhammedans but peace was restored by the withdrawal of the resolutions. Mr Hume fumed and fretted, lost his temper and became ill. Sardar Dyal Singh had an attack of gout, and though he would not stay away from the Congress, he could not read his speech or call on the President. Dadabhai Naoroji asked me to take him to the house of the Sardar, and we drove there together. Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick was Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab at the time and he was one of the best Governors the Punjab ever had. Hume suggested that Dadabhai

Naoroji should call upon the Lieutenant-Governor and a letter was sent off to the Private Secretary. In reply, Dadabhai Naoroji was invited to dinner at Government House and there was no conversation on political subjects. There was some stir on the Congress platform when the Maharaja of Kapurthala appeared as a visitor and sat beside the President. Surendranath Bannerjea, who was addressing the Congress, paused for a moment to call for three cheers for the Maharaja. The story got abroad that the Maharaja, who was then a young man, had called on the Chief Secretary to the Punjab Government for permission to attend as a visitor. He was told that there was no objection, but that the Congress was scarcely a gathering fit for Princes. Financially, this Congress was probably the most successful of all sessions. After meeting all expenses on a liberal scale, paying for the President's passage out and back, there was a balance left of over Rs. 10,000, and this formed the nucleus of the fund out of which Bradlaugh Hall was built.

Lord Elgin's Durbar

Official Durbars are held all over the country, and I have been present at several of them. It is not my intention to write much about these functions, but I should like to record my impressions of the Durbar held by Lord Elgin at Lahore in 1894, because of an almost tragic incident which created some sensation. The Durbar was held in November in a large tent close to the Chiefs' College to the east of Lahore. Lord Elgin made a public entry into the city of Lahore with all the pomp and paraphernalia of a victorious commander entering a vanquished city. The roads were guarded by swaggering Gurkha and other troops. In the viceregal procession, there were, besides the Viceroy's Bodyguard in imposing scarlet uniforms and the mounted troops, some pieces of artillery. Several Indian Princes brought up

the rear. Present at the Durbar were the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, Lord Harris, the well-known cricketer-Governor of Bombay, Sir Charles Crosthwaite, Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, and the members of the Viceroy's Executive Council, prominent among whom were Sir James Westland, with his big head, and Sir Anthony Macdonnell, who afterwards became Lord Macdonnell. Lord Elgin, with his short, stout figure and homely features, did not look a very august personage at all. The Princes were headed by Maharaja Pratap Singh of Kashmir, who looked very uncomfortable and scarcely martial in a Colonel's uniform with his five feet very few odd inches of height and the familiar huge white turban on his head. There were the Maharaja of Patiala, the Nawab of Bahawalpur, the Raja of Jhind, Raja Hira Singh of Nabha (the father of the deposed Maharaja), the Raja of Kapurthala (these were made Maharajas later on) and several others. The incident I have referred to occurred while the Raja of Faridkot was returning to his seat after presenting the customary *nazar* to the Viceroy. The Raja was a feeble, decrepit old man, almost bent double with age and illness. To reach the viceregal dais there was a sloping plank covered with red cloth. After the presentation of *nazar* every one had to back three steps with his face to the Viceroy and then walk back to his seat. As the Raja of Faridkot was backing from the presence, he stumbled and would have fallen heavily but for the presence of mind of one of the Secretaries standing below the platform, who caught the Raja before he fell and conducted him back to his seat. It was cruel and scandalous to have compelled this man to attend the Durbar. His presence could have been easily excused on the ground of ill-health and physical unfitness without any loss of prestige to the Government, and certainly without any suspicion of disrespect to the Viceroy.

Kali Charan Banerji

Kali Charan Banerji was present at the Lahore Congress of 1893 and came to see me at my house one morning. Of course, I knew all about him, had seen him often in Calcutta and had heard him speak, and I considered him one of our finest public speakers. Besides, his nephew, Bhavani Charan (Brahmabandhava) Upadhyaya, had told me all about his beautiful domestic life. The best speech of Kali Charan that I had heard was at a meeting at the Calcutta Town Hall to protest against the arrest and imprisonment of some members of the Salvation Army, Commissioner Booth-Tucker being one of them, in Bombay on the charge of obstruction of a public thoroughfare. The party had just come out to India and were preaching in the streets of Bombay in their own fashion, when all of them were arrested and locked up. Keshub Chunder Sen presided at the Calcutta meeting and the best speech was made by Kali Charan Banerji, who asked those present whether they would show sympathy or antipathy towards the salvationists and spoke with great force and eloquence. It was an honour and a pleasure now to have him sitting in front of me and talking with great simplicity and frankness. Several years afterwards, in 1906, when his health was failing rapidly, Kali Charan Banerji was present at the Calcutta Congress, where were heard the first mutterings of the storm that broke out in a tempest the next year at Surat. Kali Charan fainted at the Calcutta Congress and was taken home.

Sir Nil Ratan Sircar

In 1892 a friend wrote to me from Calcutta that Dr Nil Ratan Sircar was a candidate for election as a Fellow of Calcutta University and that I should help him with the votes of the graduates of that University residing in the Punjab. Dr Sircar was not known to me personally, but I had, of course, heard of his

remarkable career and the grit and perseverance that had enabled him to overcome all difficulties and to obtain the M.A. and M.D. degrees of Calcutta University. I spoke personally to the Calcutta graduates in Lahore and wrote to others who lived in other districts of the Punjab. Every one of them voted for Dr Nil Ratan Sircar. After the Congress of 1892 at Allahabad, I paid a flying visit to Calcutta and, while passing the Senate House in College Street, saw a crowd on the steps and at the entrance to the Hall. I suddenly remembered that the election of Fellows was in progress, and I thought I might inquire how it was going on. At the head of the stairs I met my friend, excited and jubilant, and he rushed in and brought out Dr Nil Ratan Sircar, who warmly thanked me for the Punjab votes, which had been given to him solid. A few minutes later, Ashutosh (afterwards Sir Ashutosh) Mukerji, who had been counting and checking the votes in a room, came out and was surrounded by friends and supporters of the candidates. In reply to their eager questions, Ashutosh Mukerji said: 'I cannot tell you about the other candidates yet, but you all know who will top the list,' and we understood that Dr Nil Ratan Sircar was leading by a substantial majority. This was the beginning of a friendship that I prize, and I and mine have been the recipients of many kindnesses from Sir Nil Ratan Sircar. Somehow or other I have admired Calcutta mostly from a distance, but during my brief, periodical stay my people have often had the benefit of Dr Sircar's great skill as a physician. I remember in particular a striking instance of his devotion to the science of medicine. In the house next to mine in Grey Street were living some relations of the late Sarada Charan Mitra, at that time a Judge of the Calcutta High Court. There was a girl of about twelve living in the house who had an attack of high fever. Dr Sircar had been summoned to the house of Sarada Charan Mitra, on the other side of the road,

to examine someone, and there he was asked if he would kindly examine the girl in the other house too. He went over at once, examined the patient very carefully, refused a fee and said he would call again. I was with him and he told me it was a very peculiar case, but the symptoms were not yet sufficiently marked to enable him to pronounce a definite opinion. He called again in the afternoon, and I went with him to the bedside of the little patient. Dr Sircar's suspicions were confirmed at the second investigation. It was a case of scarlet fever. There was the high temperature, the peculiar rash on the stomach, the throat trouble and all the other symptoms. In England and Europe scarlet fever is well known and reckoned one of the deadliest diseases among children. Dr Sircar said he had not hitherto come across a single case of the kind, and he had actually brought his books for consultation in order to verify the symptoms. As all eruptive fevers are highly contagious, Dr Sircar thought it imprudent for me to be present. I might carry the infection to my children, though I might not catch it myself. But promising I would not touch the patient, I prevailed upon Dr Sircar to let me stay. From that day until the girl was quite out of danger and convalescing, Dr Sircar visited her twice a day, and sometimes thrice, explaining to me the distinguishing symptoms and the various stages of the disease. The skin of the palms and the soles of the feet came off entire, and Dr Sircar put them in a jar of spirit and took them away. Long strips of slough peeled off from the throat. Not only did Sircar accept no fee, but he also used to compound and bring the medicines himself and spend long hours watching and examining the patient, who was in a very critical condition for some days. It was not the professional physician but the kind-hearted healer devoted to his noble calling, the enthusiastic scientist exerting all his skill, that I saw during the protracted and serious illness of that child.

Singularly enough, it was an entirely isolated case, and no other was heard of either in Calcutta or elsewhere.

Pratap Chandra Majumdar

I had seen Pratap Chandra Majumdar at the house of Keshub Chunder Sen, and I knew that he had spoken kindly of the little brochure I had written after Keshub's death. During my stay in Lahore Pratap Chandra Majumdar visited that city on mission work. The Brahmo Samaj of Lahore was not affiliated to any particular section of the Samaj, and preachers belonging to the New Dispensation, the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj and the Prarthana Samaj of Bombay were all welcomed and invited to preach and deliver lectures in the Samaj building. I met Pratap Chandra at one of his lectures, and afterwards he came to see me at my house. He was staying in a room near the Brahmo Samaj, and I asked him whether he was quite comfortable. Pratap Chandra Majumdar used to suffer from diabetes and was rather particular about his food. He complained that the Punjabi food was not to his liking, though otherwise he was quite comfortable. I ventured to suggest that he should take his meals with us and he immediately agreed to my proposal. The next morning he came to breakfast, and after a hearty meal we had a long talk about Keshub Chunder Sen and the political and other signs of the times. Pratap Chandra Majumdar was a highly intellectual person of wide culture, an admirable writer and speaker, and a pleasing conversationalist. He had travelled widely too. I met him again in Calcutta some years later in a tram-car. He told me he wanted to read the eleventh *Skandha* of *Shrimad-Bhagavat* with a Pandit, and he wanted to know whether I knew of anyone who could help him. I gave him the names and addresses of two or three Pandits. Pratap Chandra Majumdar died shortly afterwards.

Siva Nath Sastri

One of the most delightful and lovable men I ever met was Pandit Siva Nath Sastri, of the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj. Like Pratap Chandra Majumdar, he visited Lahore to deliver a few lectures and sermons at the Brahma Mandir. After his first lecture Abinash Chandra Majumdar, of Lahore, introduced me to him, and the next afternoon he called on me, and afterwards hardly a day passed without our spending a few hours together. Before I met him I had known Siva Nath Sastri as a fascinating Bengali writer. Born in an orthodox Brahmin Pandit family, he had broken through the trammels of caste and had joined the Brahmo Samaj. After the schism over the Kuch Behar marriage he had gone over to the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj, of which he was a leading member. Siva Nath Sastri was deeply religious, but he was by no means an ascetic or a habitually grave man. He was an excellent humorist both as a writer and in conversation. He wrote a screaming parody of a poem by Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, and when I repeated a few lines that I happened to remember, he laughed and recited the rest of the poem. He was full of anecdotes and flashes of humour and occasionally he was a brilliant mimic. He knew that I dabbled in literature, and spoke appreciatively of certain essays written by me. He told me numerous anecdotes about Ramkrishna Paramhansa and Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, and as we both happened to know Ramtanu Lahiri intimately, we exchanged our impressions about that remarkable man. After the death of Ramtanu Lahiri, Siva Nath Sastri wrote his life. I met him once again in Calcutta shortly before his death.

Dr Kali Pada Gupta

Another winter visitor to Lahore was Dr Kali Pada Gupta, of the Indian Medical Service. For some time he was Sanitary Commissioner to the Government of

Bengal. He was a native of Halisahar, so that we were fellow-villagers. I saw a good deal of Kali Pada Gupta during his stay at Lahore. He was a Christian, but he was a homely Bengali of the old school, and was proud of the fact that he was a Kulin Vaidya. He rightly reproached me and some of my people for having done nothing for the village of our forbears. He himself had a house in Calcutta, but he took great interest in the well-being of Halisahar and gave away some money for the building of a hospital. He was a frequent visitor to the village and personally knew most of the residents. He was very different from the class of 'England-returned' Bengalis of those days, men who pretended to have forgotten everything about their own country, because they had spent two or three years in England.

Radha Raman Raha

Radha Raman Raha was one of the first two Bengalis to proceed to the Punjab, the other being Golaknath Chatterji. They were both Christians and had come under the influence of Dr Alexander Duff. There was no railway at that time beyond Raniganj, and the rest of the long way to the Punjab had to be traversed in bullock-carts and camel vans. Radha Raman Raha had been a teacher in a Mission School for some time, and was in charge of the Religious Books and Tracts Society when I went to Lahore. The first house I occupied was just opposite the premises of the Society in which Radha Raman had comfortable quarters. We became good friends at once, and our friendship remained unbroken until Radha Raman's death in 1910. He was about 51 years of age when I first met him. He had never married; there was a romance of disappointed love early in his life. Radha Raman was a short-built man with benevolence and kindness beaming in his eyes and face. He was a devout Christian, but lived like a Bengali, wearing the *dhoti* at home, and *chapkan* abroad.

Out of his small income he helped several persons, including Dr Kali Pada Gupta, to complete their studies in England. He was a great friend of students and constantly looked after the Bengali students reading in the Lahore Medical College. The city's leading Bengali residents like Pratul Chandra Chatterji, Kali Prasanna Roy, Jogendra Chandra Bose, Chandra Nath Mitra and Dr Braja Lal Ghose treated him with great respect, and he generally spent his evenings with his Bengali friends. But his Punjabi, English and American friends were equally well aware of his worth and showed him every respect. He was frank and simple, and a man of high character, and never spoke a single word in disparagement of Hindus or their religion. He retired in 1894, and spent the winter months at Lahore and stayed every year with me as long as I was there. Pratul Chandra Chatterji and Kali Prasanna Roy were much older friends of Radha Raman than myself, and they used to chaff him for giving me preference over them.

Abinash Chandra Majumdar

Abinash Chandra Majumdar was a member of the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj and held an appointment in the Railway office at Lahore. He was a man universally respected for his high character, amiability of disposition, and unfailing readiness to help the distressed and deserving. He had learned homeopathy and gave homeopathic medicines free to a number of patients every morning. He had also an installation of Buisson's Vapour Bath for anti-rabic treatment, which was used on one occasion in my own family. Abinash Chandra was to be found wherever any good work was to be done. He was one of the most gentle-hearted men I have met, as well as one of the sincerest and most devout. He had only a small income and lived a simple life, but the time came when every community in Lahore paid him the homage due to a great and good man. After

his retirement and when his health began to fail he used to spend the winter months at Lahore, and the summer and monsoon months at Solon, half-way between Simla and Kalka. The last time I saw him was at Lahore in 1924. He was then very feeble, though his intellect was quite unclouded, and people still came to him for help. He died the next year at the age of seventy, and his remains were followed to the cremation ground by practically the whole of Lahore.

Kali Prasanna Roy

When I went to Lahore Kali Prasanna Roy, a graduate in Arts and Law of Calcutta University, was the acknowledged leader of the Indian Bar, while Sir William Rattigan was the leader of the other section. I had known K. P. Roy before I went to Lahore, for he had been my guest at Karachi for a month, while he was there for a change. We became very intimate friends at Lahore, and the family intimacy was maintained even after K. P. Roy's death in 1904. Kali Prasanna was not a scholarly man, but he was an accomplished advocate, brimming over with wit and humour. He was a man of great independence of character and marked dignity of bearing. Kali Prasanna was among the early Bengali settlers in the Punjab. He was greatly respected and was elected Chairman of the Lahore Congress Reception Committee in 1900.

Sir Pratul Chandra Chatterji

Another very prominent member of the Lahore Bar was Pratul Chandra Chatterji, a man of considerable culture and charming manners. He was widely read, and had the gift of making conversation. He had built a house and was one of the leading *raises* of Lahore. He was what is called an acceptable man among all sections of the community. He was a member of the Punjab University and was for a short time an additional member

of the Governor-General's Legislative Council. The first Indian Judge of the Punjab Chief Court was Pandit Ramnarain, a Kashmiri Brahmin, but he officiated for only a short time, and died soon afterwards. Pratul Chandra was appointed a Judge early in 1894 and was afterwards confirmed in that office. He told me an amusing incident to illustrate how his appointment had been received by the other Judges. After his appointment he had called on one of the Judges, an English Civilian, who had said to him bluntly: 'I don't like the idea of having a Bengali on the Bench, but to you personally I have no objection.' P. C. Chatterji wrote admirable judgements, which are still highly praised in the Punjab. In politics Pratul Chandra was a cautious man and took care not to offend the bureaucracy. After his retirement from the Bench, he was appointed Dewan of Nabha, but he held this appointment for only a year. Towards the end of his life he was almost a daily visitor at my house in Calcutta, but when the end came in 1917, I was away at Bombay.

Lala Lalchand

Lala Lalchand was also a Calcutta graduate and one of the leading lawyers. He was President of the Dayananda Anglo-Vedic College and a prominent member of the Arya Samaj. After the retirement of K. P. Roy, and the elevation of P. C. Chatterji to the Bench, Lalchand became the leader of the Bar. Once he officiated as a Judge of the Chief Court for a year. Later on, another man who had nothing like the standing of Lalchand was appointed to the Bench, and was subsequently confirmed. When the next vacancy was offered to Lalchand he rightly refused it. Lala Lalchand was highly respected for his ability and high character, and filled an important place in the public life of the Punjab.

Bhai Ram Singh

Bhai Ram Singh was a native of Amritsar, and a carver in wood. He had received no education and was merely one of the many artisans to be found in that city. John Lockwood Kipling, Principal of Mayo School of Art, Lahore, discovered him as a craftsman of unusual gifts and when Indian artisans were wanted for executing carvings for the Indian Durbar Room in Queen Victoria's Palace in the Isle of Wight, Ram Singh was selected on the recommendation of Lockwood Kipling. He more than justified his selection, for his delicate designs for the Durbar Room were works of art, and the Queen and almost every member of the Royal Family were much interested in his work and showed him great kindness. He picked up a little English, just sufficient to maintain a conversation, and on the conclusion of his work, was sent back to India, as Vice-Principal of the Mayo Art School, an appointment specially created for him at the personal recommendation of the Queen. Ram Singh used to come to me constantly to get letters written to the Queen and to members of the Royal Family. He showed me several short notes in the characteristic handwriting of Queen Victoria, Prince Beatrice and others. He received orders to send some furniture designed in the Indian style for the Princess. Ram Singh afterwards became Principal of the School. He retired about 1915 and died a little later. He was undoubtedly a man of genius, which showed itself in numerous original and striking designs of decorative art.

Communal Bitterness

To understand the bitter communal feelings in the Punjab we have to recall the history of the province during Muhammedan and Sikh rule. The cruel persecution of the Sikhs under Muslim rule led ultimately to the formation of the Khalsa under Guru Govind

Singh, the tenth and last of the Gurus. Originally, the Sikhs were a peaceful, inoffensive religious community, following the tenets of Guru Nanak Shah, but long memories of wrongs suffered during several generations led to the founding of the formidable church militant under the last Guru. The five distinctive signs of the Khalsa were the *Kesh*, *Kirpan*, *Kangha*, *Karha* and *Kach*. Under the genius and leadership of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, the Lion of the Punjab, the Khalsa organization became a disciplined and invincible army and the Muhammedan power disappeared from the Punjab. The day of reckoning and retribution came when the name of Hari Singh Nalwa was dreaded from Multan to Peshawar and from Peshawar to Kabul. Compared with the Sikhs the Musalmans in the Punjab were in a large numerical majority, but the Khalsa army was irresistible and the Sikh supremacy became absolute. But Maharaja Ranjit Singh was no bigot and some of his high officers were Musalmans.

The Sikh rule passed away in its turn, but the aftermath of bitterness has always persisted as between the Musalmans on one side and Hindus and Sikhs on the other. In 1897 Pandit Lekh Ram, a preacher of the Arya Samaj, was assassinated by a Musalman fanatic who was never apprehended or brought to justice. The murder of Swami Sraddhanand is an outrage of recent occurrence, and Rajpal was assassinated still later. Matters have proceeded from bad to worse in the Punjab, and fusion of political thought in that province seems to have become almost impossible. One community is always anxious to safeguard its interests against another; it is forgotten that all communities may have common interests. More than anywhere else it is difficult for people in the Punjab to think in terms of national well-being. Until communal differences are forgotten national solidarity cannot be achieved in India.

Arrogance and Submission

One hears a great deal about the Punjab being the sword-arm of India and the Punjabis a martial people. The truth is that the Jats in the villages have a fine physique and make splendid soldiers. But the townspeople, the traders, and others, are the same as in other parts of India. In the last decade of the last century official arrogance and high-handedness were more noticeable in the Punjab than anywhere else, but people rarely complained of ill-treatment. There was a Deputy Commissioner, a man named Silcock, who considered himself a lineal descendant and representative of the Great Moghul. His standing orders were that any one passing in front of his house or office on horseback should alight and lead his horse on foot until those imperial precincts were passed, and these orders were always enforced. Any one carrying an open umbrella had to put it down, because the umbrella was an imperial emblem. Passers-by ignorant of this ukase had their umbrellas confiscated. These were collected in the Government *toshakhana* and afterwards sold by auction. So spiritless were the people that no complaints were heard and no claim was made for umbrellas forcibly seized. The practice ceased only after its exposure in the *Tribune*.

On the roads I noticed Indian pedestrians leaving the entire width of the road to Europeans and making themselves as small as possible. An Indian Divisional Judge, who had himself served in the Army, had his kit pitched out of a first-class railway compartment by a European passenger and he meekly went to a second-class compartment. An Indian civilian, who is now a Commissioner, was brutally assaulted in a railway carriage by some ruffianly military officers not five miles from Lahore, and the affair was hushed up. Lord William Beresford, Military Secretary to successive Viceroys of India, assaulted an Indian Extra Assistant Commissioner of the Punjab on a railway platform. A complaint was

filed, but the assailant, who had then retired and came to India only during the racing season, successfully evaded a trial. Sir Denzil Ibbetson, then a Deputy Commissioner in the Punjab, refused to see an Assistant Commissioner, a Statutory civilian, because he had come into the presence with his shoes on, but that Indian officer refused to be browbeaten and walked away, saying that he would not take his shoes off to see any one.

Bold Punjabis

All classes of Punjabis are not equally submissive. An inferior European military officer, somewhat under the influence of liquor, once entered the walled city of Lahore, which is out of bounds for troops, and made himself disagreeable to persons passing along the streets. He was hustled and shoved out of the city, and no one could be identified or arrested. When there was a rumour of plague regulations being introduced in Lahore there was great excitement, and a European official, who was going out for a drive one evening, lashed with his whip at a man in front of his trap. The result was the official's hat was knocked off and the lanterns of his carriage were smashed; the assailants were never traced. I was an eye-witness to a remarkable bout of wrestling *versus* boxing. One afternoon I was visiting a hotel near the railway station to see someone staying there. I alighted from my carriage to walk the short distance to the entrance of the building. There was a hackney carriage standing a little way off the entrance. Two European soldiers in white ducks came up and wanted to get into the carriage. They might have had a few glasses of beer, but they were certainly not drunk. The driver told them the carriage was engaged and his fare might come out any moment, and the carriage was not available. The soldiers made a rush for the 'cabby' with raised fists, and the man jumped off the coach-box and ran away. Thereupon one of the soldiers struck a

heavy blow upon the nose of one of the horses and the poor animal began bleeding freely at the nose. It was a most cruel and cowardly thing to do. A young water-carrier, a *maski*, who was sprinkling the road with water from his leather bag, saw this, laid down his bag on the road and, going up to the soldiers, remonstrated with them in very emphatic language. He was a very young man, not over twenty-five, and I could at once make out that he was a wrestler, a *putta* as they are called in the Punjab before they become *pahalwans*. The two soldiers, of course, rushed at him with doubled fists, but the young lad was quite ready for them. The first soldier was neatly tripped up and fell sprawling in the dust, and the second fared no better. Covered with dust, the two soldiers picked themselves up and made a simultaneous rush at the *bhisti*, who was coolly waiting for them. With a single movement he floored one of the men and lifting the other from the ground threw him heavily. The soldiers did not repeat their attack, but began shouting lustily for the police. The waterman picked up his water bag and leisurely disappeared down a lane. No boxer can hold his own against a trained Indian wrestler and the heavy-weight champion of the world would have no chance against a big *pahalwan* because before he could land a single blow he would find himself prostrate on the ground with his face upturned to the sky.

Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick

During my time the only Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab who won public confidence was Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick. He was altogether different from the type of civilian one meets in the Punjab. He was a Punjab civilian but he had varied experience in different parts of the country. He had been a Judge of the Punjab Chief Court, Secretary to the Governor-General's Legislative Council, Chief Commissioner of Assam and Resident at Hyderabad, Deccan. He was judicial-minded

and would never allow an injustice to pass unrectified. He did not concern himself with larger questions of policy, but he followed closely the details of the administration from day to day and refused to sacrifice justice to prestige. One case that attracted a good deal of attention at the time was that of a young civilian named Harrison, with barely three or four years' experience, officiating as Deputy Commissioner of Montgomery in 1893. He was wild, thoughtless and irresponsible, and used to amuse himself by shooting stray dogs in the streets. There was a Forest Officer of the name of Rossiter, who was a great chum of Mr Harrison. It appears that this Forest Officer was annoyed with a Muhammedan *lambardar*, a man with an official status and a land-owner, and spoke about him to the Deputy Commissioner. Mr Harrison sent for the *lambardar* and in open court had his beard clipped by a peon. He thought it was a rag, a lark, or an amusing stunt, whereas it was the grossest indignity that could be offered to a Musalman. Not content with this insult, Mr Harrison put the clippings in an envelope and addressed it to Mr Rossiter, writing in the corner: 'The peace-offering of....' (here he wrote the name of the *lambardar*) and initialled it. It never occurred to this foolish young man that he was thereby creating damning evidence against himself. Anonymous complaints were probably sent to Government, but the torn cover itself, with Harrison's handwriting upon it, which must have been tossed into the waste-paper basket by the Forest Officer, was brought to me, not by a Muhammedan, but a Sikh employed in the Forest Office, which meant that the outrage was resented by all classes. I put in a note in the *Tribune* to the effect that I had in my possession important evidence against an official and was prepared to hand it over to the Government on certain conditions. On reading this paragraph Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick at once directed the Commissioner of the Lahore Division to

take up the matter with me. I saw the Commissioner by invitation and showed him the cover. He said the handwriting was undoubtedly Mr Harrison's and the Government were anxious to get at the truth of the matter. I told him that if the Government gave me an assurance that no inquiries would be made as to how the cover had come into my hands and that no punishment would be meted out to my informant even if his identity were accidentally discovered, I would be glad to hand over the cover. The Commissioner agreed that my conditions were reasonable and honourable and said he had been authorized to accept them on behalf of Government. I then sent the cover to the Commissioner. Mr Harrison was at that time in England on leave and he flatly denied the charge, but was dumbfounded when confronted with the envelope with the clippings of beard in it. For this deliberate falsehood he was dismissed from the Civil Service by the Secretary of State for India, and I received a letter from the Chief Secretary to the Punjab Government acknowledging the help I had given in this case. On account of the exposures in the *Tribune* certain other officers were pulled up and made to feel uncomfortable. The civilians of the Punjab were very angry with the Lieutenant-Governor, and one of them actually wrote in the *Pioneer* that Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick was governing his province with the help of the *Tribune* instead of his Secretaries. Sir Dennis used to discuss my views in the paper with Sir P. C. Chatterji and others with the intention that his own opinions should be communicated to me, but I never met Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick or called upon him, as personal relations are not conducive to outspoken criticism and free expression of opinion on public affairs.

Rasad and Settlement

District and other officers are in the habit of touring the area under their jurisdiction in the winter. These

tours are dreaded by the villagers, who have to furnish all sorts of supplies either gratis or for very inadequate payment. The underlings of these officers mercilessly fleece the poor village folk. Let me illustrate how this is done. Suppose a Deputy Commissioner in the Punjab is on tour, the Tahsildar or Naib Tahsildar through whose jurisdiction the officer passes has to arrange for all supplies. He asks the Saheb's *Khansama* about his requirements and the man will mention quantities much larger than are actually needed. The surplus is sold by the *Khansama* and becomes his perquisite. The villagers who are compelled to bring in the supplies are rarely paid. Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick issued a circular that these improper exactions must cease, that every district officer on tour must have a Bania in the camp and that all requisitions should be made by chits and the bills of the Bania paid when the camp moved to another place. He also directed that the practice of paying tips to the underlings and peons of officers must be discontinued and that any peon demanding such gratification would be summarily dismissed. These orders were, of course, resented and were quietly shelved and ignored as soon as Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick left the Punjab.

The periodical revision of settlements and the inevitable enhancement of the demand for land revenue is a terrible hardship of which the incidence falls mainly upon the peasant and the small landholder. This is not possible in areas under a Permanent Settlement, and that is why there is so much gnashing of teeth against the land revenue system in Bengal, Oudh and part of the Madras Presidency. Plausible pretexts to set aside the arrangement made by Lord Cornwallis have been sought for in vain, for it cannot be done without a broad and gross breach of faith. But everywhere else in India the settlement is subject to revision after periods which vary from ten to thirty years, though a thirty years' settlement is rare. The revision is made nominally for ascertaining

whether the productive capacity of the land has improved or deteriorated and whether the land-tax should be raised or reduced. In theory it looks fair indeed, but in practice it is a farce which really spells tragedy, for every revision means a fresh turn of the screw and another pound of flesh from the tiller of land. A revision of settlement is merely another name for enhancement of the land-tax, and there have been occasions when even a Settlement Officer has been moved by sympathy for the peasants. Shortly after the appointment of Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick as Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab the settlement of the Jullundur district was revised and the term of the new settlement was fixed for thirty years. Every revised settlement has to be confirmed by the Government of India, and that Government strongly demurred to the period of the new settlement. Thirty years was much too long a period, and the Government of India wanted it to be reduced to twenty. They made no secret of the reason for their objection. They wrote that if the term of the new settlement were extended to thirty years it would mean a material surrender of revenue, implying that a twenty years' settlement would mean another increase in the revenue after that period. Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick's reply was a memorable one. He contended that there were two aspects of the question: there was the demand of the Government, but there was also the position of the taxpayer to be considered. The revenue demanded from the people living on the land should leave them a margin on which they could not merely live but live with some degree of comfort. In other words, the implication was that the Government demand should not assume the form of a rackrent. Besides, a settlement for thirty years had been announced in anticipation of the approval of the Government of India, and the Punjab Government should not be called upon to go back on their word. The Government of India gave in, but they did so with a very bad grace, and

stipulated that in future no announcement regarding the term of a revised settlement should be made without the previous sanction of the Government of India.

'Bardafaroshi'

This is a Persian word which means the traffic in women and girls. It is still in existence in several parts of Northern India, but at the time of which I am writing it was most rife in Sind and the Punjab. Attractive girls and young women were lured from their homes, taken to distant places and sold to men who wanted them as wives or mistresses. In most cases the victims were innocent and unsuspecting women and girls. The men and women engaged in the nefarious trade were known as *Bardafaroshis*. Sometimes very poor parents parted with their daughters for a consideration, but more often the girls were spirited away on false pretences. When they could not be sold to men as wives they were condemned to a life of shame. The evil never assumed such large proportions as the White Slave Traffic of Europe and America, but it did exist, and the offenders against society and law mostly went undetected and unpunished. In the eighties of the last century the late Mr W. T. Stead launched a vigorous campaign in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* against the extensive corruption of girls, with the immediate effect of the age of consent being raised by an Act of Parliament, but 'the Maiden Tribute to Modern Babylon' is being paid all the same, and 'Modern Babylon' includes the United States and the whole of the Continent of Europe. In India the traffic is declining, though it is not yet extinct.

Princes and Others

Medieval Rajasthan, now called Rajputana, Kathiawar and the Punjab are three centres where the princes of India most congregate, though there are princes to be found in every part of the country. Some of the Punjab

Hill States are of fairly ancient origin. The Rajas of Sukhet and Mundi are said to be descended from Raja Lakshmana Sen of Bengal, and the surname of both these princes is Sen. The Phulkian States of Patiala, Jhind and Nabha as well as Faridkot are Sikh principalities. The Nawab of Bahawalpur has a fairly long ancestry. There are numerous states nestling in the hills, while the number in the plains is also considerable. Kashmir is territorially out of the Punjab, but Jammu is part of that province and the Maharaja of Kashmir is a resident of Jammu. Maharaja Gulab Singh, the founder of the present family, was one of three brothers who flourished under Sikh rule, and it was really Gulab Singh who turned over Lahore and the Punjab to the British. Jammu already belonged to him, and in return for the part he had played at Lahore the British Government made over Kashmir to him for a sum of seventy-five lakhs of rupees. It was a very strange transaction. Kashmir did not belong to the British, nor had they any rights over that territory. They sold to Raja Gulab Singh what may be called the constructive right of conquest and annexation. After annexing the Punjab, the British might have proceeded to occupy Kashmir, but at that time they had no *locus standi* in the Happy Valley and they really sold what they had never acquired.

Maharaja Pratap Singh of Kashmir

I have seen Maharaja Ranbir Singh, the son of Gulab Singh, Maharaja Pratap Singh and his nephew, Hari Singh, the present Maharaja of Kashmir. The first I saw in Calcutta when I was a young boy. It was when King Edward came out to India as Prince of Wales. I saw the Maharaja with Nilambar Mukherji at a Bengali theatre and had some conversation with the latter. Maharaja Pratap Singh I met several times. I was twice his guest, once at Jammu and the next time at Srinagar, and I was also present as a guest at Jammu

on the occasion of the first marriage of Raja Hari Singh, the present Maharaja. Shortly after his succession to the *gaddi* Maharaja Pratap Singh fell under suspicion on a ridiculous charge of intriguing with the Russian Government against the British in India. Some letters alleged to be in the Maharaja's handwriting were discovered, he was disgraced and deprived of his powers and his life was made miserable. His youngest brother, Raja Sir Amar Singh, was appointed President of the Council set up to administer the affairs of the State of Kashmir. Maharaja Pratap Singh felt his humiliation so keenly that life became almost intolerable to him. What did he stand to gain by plotting with Russia? The only overland way from Russia to India is through Afghanistan and the Khyber Pass; the route over the steppes of Central Asia, through Ladak and Kashmir, is almost impracticable. It requires a certain amount of ability to be a conspirator, and Maharaja Pratap Singh was not an able man. It was rumoured at the time that the misfortune of the Maharaja was due to his having fallen into disfavour with the Political Department of the Government of India. The Maharaja, backed by his Minister, Nilambar Mukherji, wanted the status during the lifetime of his father to be maintained. So long as Maharaja Ranbir Singh was the ruler of Kashmir there was no British Resident stationed at Jammu or Kashmir. The Resident stayed at Sialkot, in the Punjab, and occasionally visited Kashmir territory. After the death of Maharaja Ranbir Singh, it was proposed that the Resident should stay permanently at Jammu and Srinagar. This was opposed by Nilambar Mukherji and Maharaja Pratap Singh, with the result that Nilambar Mukherji was summarily expelled from Kashmir by the orders of the Government of India and his pension granted by the Maharaja was vetoed. I cannot vouch for the story, but it was stated that the Maharaja incurred the personal displeasure of the Foreign Secretary

by an act of indiscretion. The ban against the Maharaja was lifted, however, during Lord Lansdowne's Viceroyalty. He was appointed President of the Council, and later on became popular with the Government.

As I have said, Maharaja Pratap Singh was not a very capable ruler, but he was extremely pleasant and likable as a man. His manners were perfect, he was always accessible, he dressed always with the greatest simplicity and was always frank and modest in conversation. I heard him reciting verses from the *Bhagavadgita* from memory and speaking with great humility of himself. At the first marriage of his nephew, the present Maharaja, he invited no Europeans, but invitations were extended to the leading Indians from the Punjab and elsewhere. I remember his telling me he had invited Rashbehari Ghose and Surendranath Bannerjea and was greatly disappointed because they could not come. A noticeable feature of the marriage was that no dancing-girls were engaged, as the Maharaja would not have any *nautch* or singing by women. The functions at Jammu were very simple and would not have offended any social reformer. Maharaja Pratap Singh was a devout and orthodox Hindu and frequently went on pilgrimages. He had no use for chairs save when he had to meet some high European official, and invariably squatted on a plain carpet on the floor just like the other people sitting around him.

Picturesque Personalities

Everything passes with time, but one of the most regrettable changes is the passing of the picturesque figures of the old princes of India. To see an Indian prince wearing an English coat and an English hat is a great shock, nor has the change improved them as rulers. It is undeniable that the princes of India are generally a decadent type, physically, intellectually and morally, but so long as they followed the old methods they

retained at least their individuality. The old-world courtesy, the elaborate ceremonies and conventions and even the trivialities of the courts of these princes were reminiscent of the ancient days when Aryan kings held sway in Northern India. I remember when Maharaja Pratap Singh of Kashmir used to come in, putting off his Indian shoes at the door and walking bare-footed over the carpet, the people awaiting him used to rise and say, *jai, jai*! the same words being repeated when he left. As I heard this word of greeting my imagination used to go back to the dramas of Kalidasa—kings were then hailed with greetings of victory; and there is something undoubtedly fascinating and compelling in the continuity of a tradition. One of the finest princes of the Punjab was Raja Hira Singh of Nabha, whose son and successor is now a prisoner at Kodaikanal. Raja Hira Singh was a Sikh of the old type, extremely simple and exceedingly wise, and all differences between the Phulkian princes used to be referred to him for settlement. Among the hill princes there was a curious custom of court bards chanting while the princes sat at their meals. These singers used to recite verses extolling the gastronomic feats of the ancestors of the princes by way of an appetizer. Then there were the courtiers and flatterers known as *sutbachnis*. Whenever the prince made a remark or said anything these men repeated in chorus *sut bachan, sut bachan*, that is, 'your words are true, your words are true!' A remarkable occupation was that of the *hazirbashes*. These men were in constant attendance upon the prince, watching all his moods and variations of temper and pampering to them. Long hours were spent in idle gossip and the surroundings were often as unreal as the dreams of the lotus-eaters.

Craving for Titles

Among the *sufedposh* (people wearing clean white clothes) and the gentry owning money or land the craving

for titles was and is still overpowering, and the Government has taken good care to minister to this weakness to the full. This hankering is to be found in every part of India. While I was at Karachi a certain Parsi was awarded the title of Khan Bahadur, and when people congratulated him he said with becoming humility that God had favoured him! A salesman who was pushing a certain make of motor-cars interviewed a Bengali Rai Saheb and urged him to buy a new motor-car because he (the agent) had reliable information that the Rai Saheb would soon be made a Rai Bahadur! Whereupon the Rai Saheb exclaimed ecstatically: 'Will God be so good to me? Since you are the first to bring me this happy news I will place an order for a new car with you at once.' There are titled noodles who are actually offended if they are not designated Rai Bahadur or Khan Bahadur whenever they are addressed. At Lahore I knew of a man who was transported with such delight when the title of Rai Saheb was conferred upon him that he wanted a big party to be given in his honour, but since no one could be found to subscribe a pie for this purpose, he gave a party to himself in the name of certain friends and spent thousands of rupees upon it. Paper balloons bearing the legend 'Rai Saheb' in huge letters were sent up into the air by the hundred, and one of them actually fell on my house. One can conceive of nothing more pitiful or humiliating than this scramble for petty titles, which are cheapened still further by the manner in which they are distributed. But what seems to me most objectionable is the use of these titles in conversation and correspondence. Servants speak of their masters as Rai Saheb, and in Bombay a tram conductor will address a passenger as Rao Saheb. Even the Private Secretary to a Viceroy will address a title-holder as 'My dear Rao Bahadur' without mentioning the Rao Bahadur's name. The title is looked upon as the essential thing and the name of no consequence at all! And yet

the men so addressed seem to like it. If a man who has been created a knight were to be addressed as 'My dear Knight' or a nobleman as 'My dear Lord', neither the knight nor the nobleman would be pleased, but the Rai Bahadur or the Khan Bahadur takes it as a compliment if his name is suppressed and he is addressed only by his title.

'Punjab Patriot'

During my stay at Lahore a paper called *The Punjab Patriot* came into existence. If there was room for more Indian papers conducted in English there was no reason why the field should be held by the *Tribune* alone. I am not sure whether the new paper was started as a rival to the older paper, but it professed from the beginning to be loyalist. The *Tribune* was a consistent critic of the Government and its views carried some weight, but it could not be called disloyal, as it was never prosecuted for sedition. I believe a certain department of the Punjab Government subscribed for a certain number of copies of *The Punjab Patriot*. The patriotism of that paper took the form of praising the officials and attacking the *Tribune* almost in every issue. To these attacks I never deigned to reply; I left the paper severely alone. It was all the easier to do so as the attack of *The Punjab Patriot* did no harm to the *Tribune*. During my fairly long connexion with journalism I made it a point to take no notice of merely spiteful attacks that had no bearing upon any question of policy or fact. I also refrained from criticizing any one between whom and myself there was any bitterness, real or fancied. At the same time, in matters of public policy, I did not allow personal acquaintance to stand in the way of public criticism. Newspaper writing is a ticklish job and one never knows when one might lose a friend. I can, however, look back upon the years that have passed with thankfulness, for I have been fortunate in having many friends and very

few enemies. Many of my friends in various parts of the country have passed over to the majority, but I count their sons among my friends. *The Punjab Patriot* did not live very long as it received no support from the public and died of inanition within a short period.

Plague Regulations

The appearance of bubonic plague in India in 1895 led to an unprecedented outburst of administrative unwisdom and a series of blunders by executive officers. The plague first appeared in Bombay, where, it was surmised, it had been brought from China. Then it rapidly spread to Karachi and penetrated inland. In view of the terrible history of the Black or Bubonic Plague it was not surprising that it created a panic among the people and the officials of India. But no state of panic could justify the measures that were taken to combat the epidemic in India. These measures involved an amount of harassment and inquisition which produced widespread discontent and even led to crime. The ætiology of plague was unknown, the theory of the rat flea, subsequently advanced, is insufficient explanation of the causation and spread of plague. Ignorance and panic combined to initiate a policy of oppression without any appreciable effect on the epidemic itself. Work that should have been done by the Health Departments of municipalities was entrusted to British soldiers, who, in their ignorance, sometimes offended the religious susceptibilities of the people by forcing their way into the room in which the family idol was kept. Anglo-European papers wrote exultingly of the drastic measures taken to stamp out the plague, as if the plague were an enemy to be stamped out by a Zulu impi. In Poona, two British officers were assassinated. The plague regulations terrified people far more than the malady itself. In Calcutta an unfounded rumour about introduction of plague regulations caused a rapid panic-stricken evacuation

of the city. Marwaris and upcountrymen thronged the railway station at Howrah and every train leaving that station was densely packed. Similarly there was a heavy exodus of Bengalis by the Eastern Bengal Railway.

Quarantine camps were established on the different railways in India. In the Punjab there was one on the banks of the river Beas near Jullunder. Trains were pulled up near the camp and the passengers were ordered to alight and range themselves on the platform. A medical man in attendance made a hurried and perfunctory examination of the passengers. He merely felt the pulse and whenever a passenger betrayed a temperature, he or she was at once hurried away to the isolation camp. This was supposed to be a measure of precaution, though there is no likelihood of every case of fever turning out to be plague even when there is an epidemic. The camp was a collection of primitive huts without any provision for comforts, and in the winter there was danger of the persons confined in these camps catching some serious disease, say, pneumonia or pleurisy. Yet these measures, ineffectual, vexatious and oppressive, were in operation for a number of years, and no one paid any heed to the political mischief they wrought.

A rumour that plague regulations would be introduced in Lahore created extraordinary excitement in that city. Hindus and Muhammedans swore eternal friendship and brotherhood, and took a solemn oath that they would die on the threshold of their houses before they allowed a soldier to enter. The attitude of the people suddenly became distinctly hostile. One or two cases of stray assaults on Europeans were reported, but care was taken to give them no publicity. People were warned not to venture very far from the city in the evenings. Sir P. C. Chatterji, who was then a Judge of the Chief Court, and myself were driving one evening on the Upper Mall and as soon as we had passed the Lawrence Gardens towards Mean Mir, we were stopped

by a European sergeant of police, who said no carriage was allowed to proceed any farther after sunset. On P. C. Chatterji's inquiring the reason, he said the road was unsafe after dusk and some persons in carriages had been waylaid and assaulted.

Plague broke out in an out-of-the-way village called Garhshankar, in the Hoshiarpur district of the Punjab. A military cordon was at once drawn round the village and no news of any kind was permitted to leak out. It seems the village people wanted to perform some ceremony for which they had to go out of the village. The exact truth could never be ascertained, for not a word was ever given out, but it was certain that the troops surrounding the village opened fire and killed or injured a number of villagers. It was never determined whether a magistrate had been present or whether the firing was justifiable. After some time a few of the villagers evaded the vigilance of the military cordon, which was subsequently withdrawn, and came to me at Lahore. They had hardly any papers, but I examined every one of them carefully and separately, compared their statements, took notes, and then wrote a series of articles in the *Tribune*, pressing for an inquiry. The Lieutenant-Governor at that time was Sir Macworth Young, who, so far as I am aware, took no steps in the matter. No *communique* was issued, no official version of the tragedy was ever published. I sent copies of the paper containing the articles to Sir William Wedderburn, who was then a Member of Parliament, and he wrote to me in reply that, instead of putting a question, which would have elicited only a vague reply, he had taken up the matter with the Secretary of State, who had promised a full inquiry. If there was an inquiry no one ever heard anything about it, and I am certain that nothing whatever was done. Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick was no longer Lieutenant-Governor and the *Tribune*'s was a voice in the wilderness.

Lala Lajpat Rai

When I first went to Lahore Lala Lajpat Rai was a pleader practising in Hissar, a district of the South Punjab. Shortly afterwards he came to Lahore as a pleader of the Chief Court. For some years we were very close neighbours and became intimate friends. He was for some years Honorary Secretary to the D.A.-V. College Committee and gave large donations to that institution. He was a frequent contributor to the *Tribune*. As an orator he became widely known throughout the Punjab and on the Congress platform. He was a fearless and staunch patriot, but all his activities were above suspicion and at no time in his life had he any connexion with any revolutionary movement. His popularity and his outspokenness, however, made him an eyesore to the officials of the Punjab. When he was deported to Mandalay I was at Allahabad. There was absolutely no charge against him which was ever substantiated, and after his deportation he became a national leader. At Allahabad Lala Lajpat Rai showed me in manuscript the account he had written of his life at Mandalay. When I went to Lahore for the second time in 1910 we used to meet frequently. Up to nearly the end of his life he was constantly persecuted, and always without cause. When he went to America he was not permitted to return to India for several years, and on his return he was imprisoned when the organization of Congress volunteers was declared unlawful. The more he suffered at the hands of the Government the stronger became his hold over the country and the higher his position as a popular leader. In the Indian Legislative Assembly he was recognized as the ablest speaker. Early in 1928 I was in Lahore and had a long conversation with him on the political situation in the country. A few days before his death in November, 1928, he was assaulted by the police at Lahore on the occasion of the arrival of the Simon Commission in that city.

A Siamese Monk

In the winter of 1896 a Siamese Buddhist monk came on a visit to Lahore and saw me several times. It is not good form to put any questions to a *Sanyasin* or monk about his past life, but my visitor told me unasked the story of his life. He was an uncle of the then King of Siam or his predecessor and had spent ten or twelve years in England and Europe. He said he had lived a gay and even evil life in the West, all his time being spent in the pursuit of pleasure. Later on, repentance had come to him, he had renounced the world and entered a monastery. He was very contrite and very humble. When I asked him whether it was necessary for him to tell me about his past life he said it was part of the penance he had imposed upon himself. He was on a pilgrimage to India, the land of the birth of the Buddha. He had been to Buddha Gaya, Sarnath and other places. Although oppressed with the memory of the past I found him very devout and an extremely well-informed man. He used to come in in the afternoon and would stay for several hours at a time. He had a very gentle and pleasant voice and would often speak of the wonderful teachings of the Buddha and His great love for every living creature. One day he said he was thirsty and I brought him a glass of water to drink, but he refused to drink out of the glass and I had to pour it into his cupped palms. When he was about to leave Lahore I asked him whether he would consent to correspond with me and keep me informed of his movements. He gently shook his head, saying he was a nameless wanderer without any bonds and he did not wish to be remembered. I never saw or heard of him again.

Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee

The Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign was celebrated in 1897. In commemoration of that event it was proposed by a certain section of the inhabitants of

Lahore, consisting mainly of officials, to erect a statue of the Queen. Public subscriptions were to be invited for this purpose. Lala Lajpat Rai suggested that the memorial should take the form of an orphanage to be called after the Queen, and this view was shared by the majority of the citizens of Lahore. A public meeting to decide on the form of the memorial had been called by those who favoured the statue scheme. The meeting was to be held at the Town Hall under the chairmanship of Sir Joseph Frizelle, Chief Judge of the Chief Court. An hour before the time fixed for the meeting Lala Lajpat Rai, Bakshi Jaishi Ram and several others called at the *Tribune* office, and at their request, I drafted a resolution, to be moved as an amendment, proposing that an orphanage be established to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee. A number of slips embodying this resolution were printed at once, and these Lala Lajpat Rai and others took away with them to the meeting. As the Town Hall was very close to the *Tribune* office I promised to join them a little later. Meantime, news of these developments got about, and as I was about to set out for the meeting, P. C. Chatterji, who was then a Judge of the Chief Court, and another gentleman entered hurriedly, protested vehemently against the scheme for an orphanage and urged me to persuade Lajpat Rai and his friends not to press their proposal. I declined to do anything of the kind, and the two gentlemen left in none too sweet a temper. When I went to the meeting I found that the slips had been distributed and that, with the exception of the persons seated on the dais and occupying the first two rows of chairs, the whole assembly was in favour of an orphanage. P. C. Chatterji was seated next to the chairman, and certain prominent persons on the dais were seen having a hurried consultation. The object of this consultation became obvious when the amendment was brought forward. It could not be ruled out of order, but when an attempt was made to propose

and second it, the chairman promptly suppressed the speakers, who were lawyers and could hardly be expected to maintain a stand against the Chief Judge. Realizing the situation, I went up to the chairman and pointed out to him that the course taken by him was unconstitutional, and that even if he denied the amendment the chance of being put to the vote, the proposal for a statue would be rejected by an overwhelming majority. The chairman was disposed to be reasonable and allow the amendment to be brought forward, and I resumed my seat. But there was another hurried consultation, and the chairman and a number of other persons left the hall. Then a lawyer was proposed to the chair, and the amendment was carried. But a few days afterwards the Commissioner of Lahore called another meeting, to which only the supporters of the proposal for a statue were admitted, and the resolution was carried. And they called it a public meeting ! The statue was afterwards erected on the Upper Mall.

Swami Vivekananda

In November, 1897, Swami Vivekananda visited Lahore. We knew each other, for we had been together at college and had met once or twice afterwards. At this time he was at the height of his fame. He was the most striking figure at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago and had made a great impression in America and England by his lectures and remarkable personality. He had enthusiastic followers in those countries, and on his return to India he was accorded a great reception wherever he went. At Lahore a public demonstration had been organized. There were a number of people at the railway station to meet him and to take him in procession to a large house in the city. I was also there and told him that he might come over to my place if he wanted a little rest. One of his disciples, Suddhananda, a young man who had come up by

himself from Ambala and who is now Secretary of the Ramkrishna Mission at Belur, was then staying with me. Vivekananda, accompanied by another disciple, Sadananda, came to my house the same night and stayed with me all the time he was at Lahore. Day after day, whenever I was free from work, and again late into the night, we talked and I wondered how the somewhat silent and by no means brilliant boy I had known at college had grown into a dynamic personality with marvellous powers of conversation and a magnetism which drew all people to him. He could hold his own anywhere and in any company. His enthusiasm glowed like a white flame. His passionate patriotism filled me with admiration. He often spoke of the burning patriotism of the Japanese. There were periods of exaltation when his words rang with prophetic fervour. He professed his willingness to go to jail if it would benefit the country. Then there were other moods when he laughed and jested, brimming over with good humour. He was a fine singer and a good musician. He told me with the utmost frankness of all his experiences since he had come under the influence of Ramkrishna Paramhansa. I have mentioned some of these in an essay that I wrote about my personal reminiscences of Swami Vivekananda.

He delivered three lectures at Lahore, of which the one on Vedanta ranks among his greatest utterances. During his stay at Lahore there was a remarkable incident which may be recalled here. The citizens of Lahore gave a garden party to Swami Vivekananda in the grounds of the Town Hall in Gol Bagh. There was a Parsi gentleman, whom I knew well, living opposite Gol Bagh. He was standing near the grounds watching the crowd when Swami Vivekananda went up to him and asked him whether he was a Parsi and whether he hailed from Bombay or Calcutta. The Parsi gentleman replied he was from Bombay. A few more words were exchanged, and then Vivekananda strolled back to the

grounds. The Parsi gentleman did not know him and never saw him again, though he heard his name afterwards. A year or two later, this gentleman, who is still one of my valued friends, returned to Bombay and settled in business. Some more years passed and he began to have dreams and see visions of a strange nature, which disturbed him as he was unable to account for them. He used to see a black image with some figures around it, and in his dreams he fancied he was always walking in a northerly direction. I have had an account from his own lips and there can be no doubt that he was greatly disturbed by these vivid and recurrent dreams. Four or five years ago, while passing along a street in Bombay, he saw the works of Swami Vivekananda displayed at a shop window. He at once went in, bought the books, read them and became a devout admirer of Ramkrishna Paramhansa and Vivekananda. The whole tenor of his life has been changed, he has paid several thousand rupees to the Ramkrishna Mission in Bombay, but he refuses absolutely to disclose his identity or to permit his name to be published.

Among those who accompanied Swami Vivekananda to Lahore was Goodwin, the young Englishman who reported most of the Swami's lectures and whose devotion to his *Guru* was admirable. To know Goodwin was to like him. He was as simple as a child and was very fond of children. He died at Ootacamund a few years later.

I met Swami Vivekananda again in 1898 at Srinagar, Kashmir, and he made a brief halt at Lahore on his way back to Calcutta. He had a strange premonition of early death and told me more than once that he had only three more years to live. The last time I saw him was at the Belur Math shortly before his death.

Sister Nivedita

I first saw Sister Nivedita at Srinagar, Kashmir, where she was staying with Mrs Ole Bull and Miss

McLeod. When Sister Nivedita passed away in 1911 I was just recovering from a very severe illness. Lying in my bed I wrote a brief tribute to her memory under the *nom de plume* of 'Novalis'. This appeared in the *Tribune*, of which I was in charge for the second time, and was published in other papers as well. I shall reproduce those notes here for record in my recollections:

'Out of the silence of months I emerge to pay a tribute of memory to one who has just crossed the borderland and passed on to the Beyond whence comes neither whisper nor message to the land of the living. Margaret Noble—Sister Nivedita—is dead and her work has been accomplished. When it comes to be put together that work may not amount to much, because the time vouchsafed unto her was so short and she had perhaps no premonition of the angel-wings that had been beating about her, summoning her silently to where her Master had gone before her.

'The qualities that she brought to bear on the work she did deserve to be remembered, for seldom did a truer or more generous nature throw in its lot with a cause so helpless as that of India, and with so much enthusiasm and hopefulness. One Anglo-Indian paper has called her love for India "a craze" and that is how some other people will call it, for how many of them can fathom the depth of the nature or the passion that burned in her as a holy flame? To the shallow critic and the casual observer she was only a crank—gifted beyond doubt, but only a crank.

'It is not for me, however, to attempt an appreciation of her work in this place. Mine, as I have said, is a tribute of memory, recalling her as I knew her in life. I saw her many times and talked with her for hours at a stretch and I shall here relate only incidents or actual happenings, things and words as they may recur to the memory.

'It was at Srinagar, Kashmir, that I first met her. I was living in a house-boat close to a *donga* occupied

by Swami Vivekananda, and we used to pass much of our time together. Our boats were moored close to the guest-house of the Maharaja. Some way up the river Jhelum, beyond the Residency, was a boat in which there were three lady disciples of Swami Vivekananda, Nivedita being one of them. One morning as I came back from a stroll I stepped into Vivekananda's boat and found the three ladies there and introductions followed. Nivedita looked quite young and handsome. She had a full figure and a high colour and though her eyes were very bright and vivacious, she did not appear like a blue-stocking or a very intellectual woman. But first appearances are frequently deceptive.

'The Jhelum was flowing rippling below the keel of the boat. A cool, fresh morning breeze stirred the water into little wavelets flecked with fleeting foam. Over away in the distance towered Takht Sulciman with the pillar on the top. On the bank were poplars and chinars with apple and pear trees laden with fruit. And so, half observant and half oblivious of glorious nature outside, we fell into an animated conversation. Sister Nivedita had a musical voice and spoke with the earnestness of an enthusiast. She wanted information on a hundred subjects. Swami Vivekananda pointed his finger towards me and smiled: "Yes, yes, pick his brains. He will give you all the information you want." When leaving, one of the elderly ladies asked me to come and have tea with them the following afternoon.

'After they had gone Swami Vivekananda told me a great deal about Sister Nivedita, her great accomplishments and range of knowledge, her passionate devotion to India. Then he told a little story. They had just returned from Amarnath, the famous shrine among the snows in Kashmir. Vivekananda had walked with the other pilgrims. As a young ascetic he had tramped over a great part of India. Sister Nivedita had a *dandy*. When they had proceeded only a few stages she noticed

an old woman among the pilgrims and saw that she was walking painfully and laboriously with the help of a stick. Nivedita promptly got out of the *dandy*, put the old woman into it and walked all the way out and back from the shrine. When I asked her afterwards about it, she said she had two blankets, slept on the ground and never felt better in her life.

'I never saw her in Srinagar again. I received a letter which necessitated my immediate return to Lahore and I left the next morning, asking Swami Vivekananda to make my excuses at the tea party.

'A few days later I met her at Lahore. She was staying with the other two ladies at Nedou's hotel and we met almost every day. Sometimes we would keep on talking till late at night, one of the other ladies quietly sitting by and listening to the bewildering range of our conversation. There was hardly a thing relating to India that we did not discuss. She frequently praised the judicial balance of the cultured Indian mind and the passionlessness of its outlook. Everything about her was sincere, frank and pure, while her unaffected modesty was as charming as it was admirable. And I saw that she was a woman with an extraordinary intellect, of extensive and accurate reading. She was extremely impulsive, but every impulse was generous and her earnestness of purpose was consuming.

'She wanted me to show her the city. Would she like to drive through the main streets, as the lanes were too narrow for carriages to pass? No, she preferred to walk. A little slumming, I suggested, and she smilingly assented. So, one fine morning, we entered the city by the Lohari Gate, and tramped for about two hours, passing through every street and lane in the city. She was greatly interested in everything she saw—the children who stared at her open-mouthed, the women veiled and unveiled, the men who lounged at street corners, the Brahminy bulls lapping up the rock salt exposed for their

use on the market stalls, the crowded houses. She took in everything and asked questions about everything. On coming out of the city we took a carriage and I drove her to the hotel.

'There were other experiences. The Ram Lila was going on. We drove out to see it. The other ladies stayed in the carriage, but Sister Nivedita got down and wanted to go into the crowd. As I accompanied her, a policeman on duty, seeing an Englishwoman, began hustling the people and thrusting them aside to make a passage for her. In an instant Sister Nivedita's smiling demeanour changed. The blood rushed to her face and her eyes flashed indignant fire; going up to the policeman she exclaimed, "What right have you to push these people? You should be run in for assault." She spoke in English because she did not know the language of the country. The policeman did not understand her words, but there was no mistaking her gesture and look. The man turned to me helplessly for an explanation, and when he got it, he shrank away, looking sheepish and crest-fallen. When we came out of the crowd, I burst out laughing. Sister Nivedita turned to me saying: "Why are you laughing at me?" I explained to her that the sight of a policeman pushing people or even assaulting them was not a rare thing in India. She would not believe it at first and became very indignant when I told her a few facts.

'I met her next in Calcutta and was startled by the change that had come over her appearance. All the high colour of her complexion had disappeared. She had grown pale and thin and looked both intellectual and spiritual. She wore round her neck a slender chain of *rudraksha* beads. She looked quite the *Brahmacharini* she was. For several weeks she had been living on a plantain and a slice of bread. She had taken a small house in the heart of north Calcutta and was teaching a few Bengali girls on the Kindergarten system. Would not some Indian women dedicate themselves to the

service of India as she had dedicated herself? That was why she had undertaken the instruction of Indian girls. She looked on everything Indian with the eyes of sympathy and love.

'Her interests were as varied as they were wide. She was deeply interested in Dr J. C. Bose's scientific researches. I met her at the house of the American Consul-General in Calcutta in earnest conversation with Mr Okakura, the well-known Japanese thinker and writer. I heard her speaking in public. She was a most eloquent and fascinating speaker, but her thoughts and language were sometimes above the comprehension of the average audience. As a writer the charm of her style abides in her books. But I am thinking of the individual and not the writer—the clear, strenuous purpose, the fervour of faith, the human sympathy, the transparent sincerity, the selfless devotion to work.

'On one occasion, accompanied by a friend, I went to see her at her house in Calcutta. We were told by another lady staying in the house that Sister Nivedita was seriously ill, suffering from meningitis. She was being treated by Dr Nil Ratan Sircar, the famous Calcutta physician. After several anxious days the crisis passed and the patient was pronounced out of danger. Her time had not yet come. On recovery she went to England to recoup her health.

'I saw her once again at Benares for a few minutes while the Indian National Congress was sitting in that city. We were both pressed for time and there was not much conversation. And now she has gone to her rest, to peace everlasting, but those who had the privilege of knowing her will never forget her—her sweet yet forceful personality, her wonderfully pure life, white and fragrant as a lily.'

Death of Sardar Dyal Singh

Sardar Dyal Singh Majithia died in September, 1898. The next year I left Lahore and returned to Calcutta.

V

FIVE YEARS IN CALCUTTA

Shortly after my return from Lahore my father died and I stayed on in Calcutta. About this time Surendranath Bannerjea, in partnership with the brothers Kaviraj Devendranath Sen and Upendranath Sen, converted the weekly newspaper *Bengalee* into a daily. The two brothers called on me and invited me to join them as a partner, contributing a certain share of the capital and sharing the editorial work. This did not appeal to me as I was not quite sure whether such a triangular arrangement would work smoothly. Surendranath did not know of the offer that had been made to me, and invited me to join the editorial staff of the paper. To this also I could not agree, but I was agreeable to become an independent contributor, and for several years I wrote leading articles for that paper. My personal relations with Surendranath Bannerjea were very friendly up to the end of his life.

'Prabhat'

In consultation with some friends but without any financial help from any one, I started a weekly Bengali newspaper called *Prabhat*. Among my contributors were Romesh Chundra Dutt and Rabindranath Tagore; and I introduced illustrations. I had no reason to be disappointed at first, but I soon found out that the success of Bengali newspapers was dependent on giving away presents every year in the shape of books for a small price. The presents were distributed only among subscribers to the newspapers. This brought in a considerable sum of money at the beginning of the year. It was impossible to maintain any paper for any length of time without heavy loss if this practice were not followed. I could not bring myself to adopt this course to raise the wind, and I discontinued the paper after a year. It may be mentioned that most Bengali newspapers in Calcutta have proved ephemeral.

'Twentieth Century'

Upadhyaya Brahmabandhava, whose original name was Bhavani Charan Banerji, brought out a small English monthly magazine which he called the *Twentieth Century* and which was printed at my press. He and I were joint editors—he used the French word *redactors*—and Mohit Chandra Sen, who was distantly related to me and was a fine scholar and writer, was an important contributor. Brahmabandhava was at that time a Roman Catholic. I wrote some articles for the *Twentieth Century* and helped to pass manuscripts for publication. Some time afterwards Brahmabandhava started the *Sandhya* in Bengali. This was a very different thing from the English magazine and had an extensive circulation. Brahmabandhava was charged with sedition, but he died before he could be brought to trial.

Bengal Academy of Literature

The *Bangiya Sahitya Parishad*, or the Bengal Academy of Literature, was founded in Calcutta while I was at Lahore. Romesh Chundra Dutt was the first President and he proposed my election to the Academy. When I returned to Calcutta the meetings of this body were held at the house of Raja Binoy Krishna Dev of Sobha Bazaar. Most of the members thought it was time the Academy moved elsewhere, but this proposal was opposed by a minority. When the question was put to the vote a large majority was in favour of an independent office and meeting place, but the minority decided to secede from the main body, establish another institution and to continue to meet in the same place. Some elected to be associated with both bodies. The Academy was shifted to a small house in Cornwallis Street and activity was displayed in improving and expanding the institution. I was elected a member of the Executive Committee and worked on it during the five or six years that I lived in Calcutta. The Academy has now its own building,

lecture hall, library and offices on Upper Circular Road and is doing useful work.

Poems of Vidyapati Thakur

Among the Vaishnava poets of Bengal whose lyrical poems are of a very high order, the most famous are Vidyapati and Chandidasa. These poems, or songs, for they were always set to music, relate to Krishna and Radha, their love and separation. The two poets who have been named as well as Jayadeva, the melody of whose Sanskrit verses has never been equalled, lived before Chaitanya, who is regarded as an avatar of Krishna. The advent of Chaitanya gave a great impetus to Vaishnava poetry, and both in his lifetime and after his death Bengal was flooded with songs and poems relating to Chaitanya and Krishna and Radha. Curiously enough, Vidyapati Thakur was not a native of Bengal, nor was the language in which he wrote Bengali. Vidyapati lived about five hundred years ago. He was a native of Mithila, which now forms the district of Darbhanga in Bihar. Vidyapati was profoundly learned, wrote several Sanskrit books and was the Court pandit and poet of Sivasinha, King of Mithila. His Sanskrit works are nearly forgotten, but the songs and poems he wrote in his own Maithil language have brought him lasting fame. Specially in Bengal Mithila was an important centre of Sanskrit learning in those days, and young Brahmin scholars from Bengal used to go to Mithila to acquire learning. They brought back the poems of Vidyapati as well as those of Govindadas Jha, known as Kaviraj Govindadas in Bengal. There was such a strong appeal in the wonderfully melodious language of these poems that many Vaishnava poets of Bengal imitated it in their compositions, but, of course, they never succeeded in wielding it with the same ease and fluency as the Maithil poets. Gradually, in course of time, when Bengal came to have her own schools of

learning and the connexion between Mithila and Bengal ceased, it was forgotten that Vidyapati and Govindadas were inhabitants of Mithila and wrote in the Maithil language. They were looked upon as Bengalis, and the language employed by them was designated Brajaboli. Some annotated editions of Vidyapati's poems were published in Bengal, but the annotators were hopelessly at sea because they did not know the language, and all sorts of fanciful and erroneous interpretations were made. The text also had been badly corrupted owing to ignorance of the language.

In the year 1902 or thereabouts Maharaja Rameswar Singh of Darbhanga handed over to Sarada Charan Mitra, then a Judge of the Calcutta High Court and President of the Bengal Academy of Literature, a manuscript containing one hundred and fifty poems by Vidyapati. Most of these could not be found in the Bengal editions. Sarada Charan and myself were neighbours and intimate friends. He showed me the manuscript and I undertook to edit these and other poems of Vidyapati on behalf of the Academy. My qualification for this work consisted in my being practically a Bihari, for I was born and brought up in that province and I knew the dialects spoken in the various districts. Another fortunate coincidence was that I had come across a palm leaf manuscript of the poems of Vidyapati, which, along with a copy of the *Srimad-Bhagavatam* in Vidyapati's own handwriting, had long been preserved in a village named Taraoni, in the Darbhanga district. The poems were reputed to be in the handwriting of a descendant of Vidyapati and the manuscript was between three and four hundred years old. I also found another palm leaf manuscript containing a number of poems by Vidyapati brought from the Library of the Maharaja of Nepal at Khatmandu by Mahamahopadhyaya Haraprasad Sastri, then Principal of the Sanskrit College in Calcutta. The Maithil and Bengali scripts are practically identical, though some of the letters are differently

written. I very soon learned to read the palm leaf manuscripts with ease. I carefully collated and copied them out and found several poems which were also current in Bengal. The Maharaja of Darbhanga very kindly lent me the assistance of Kaviswar Chanda Jha, a distinguished Vidyapati and Sanskrit scholar and himself a well-known Maithil poet. Chanda Jha was at that time seventy-five years of age, but he collaborated with me with great enthusiasm, and day after day we spent hours together in deciphering the manuscripts and explaining doubtful words and passages. He gave me a manuscript copy of the *Ragtarangini*, containing a number of Vidyapati's poems set to music. He also gave me a copy of Govindadas Jha's poems. Govindadas lived some time after Vidyapati.

Sarada Charan Mitra and I visited Berhampore, in Bengal, where I met some old Vaishnavas who understood Vidyapati's language much better than the Calcutta people. Baikuntha Nath Sen, the well-known lawyer and Congressman of Berhampore, gave me a manuscript called *Kirtanananda*, in which I found several fine poems by Vidyapati that I had not seen elsewhere. At Darbhanga we were guests of the Maharaja and I was besieged by large numbers of people interested in the poet Vidyapati. In the company of Chanda Jha I visited Taraoni and saw the big palm leaf manuscript copy of the *Bhagavat* in the handwriting of Vidyapati himself. It was a fine, bold, free hand with scarcely a correction or erasure anywhere.

There were numerous other poems of the same poet in the various collections of Vaishnava songs, but they had not been identified because his name did not appear at the end. The work that I had estimated would take me a few months occupied me for fully six years. It was absorbing work, which kept me busy from morning till late at night. The result was a bulky volume which Sarada Charan printed at his own expense, and I made over the entire edition to him to realize the sale proceeds.

Another edition in Devnagri characters was printed at the Indian Press, Allahabad, but as the sum given by the Maharaja of Darbhanga did not fully cover the cost of publication, I turned over the edition to Mr Chintamani Ghose, the proprietor of the press. I may therefore truthfully say that to me it was entirely a labour of love. The book is now out of print. The late Sir Asutosh Mukerji undertook to bring out a second edition at the cost of Calcutta University, but he died before the work could be begun. Other arrangements will have to be made for reprinting the book.

Mr Okakura

Mr Okakura was the author of *Ideals of the East* and a personality of note in modern Japan. I met him in Calcutta at the house of the Consul-General of the United States of America. Sister Nivedita was also there. I had a long and most interesting conversation with Mr Okakura. He spoke English slowly and hesitatingly, but very thoughtfully and earnestly. He gave a graphic description of the reform movement in Japan and the propaganda which had brought it about. He and some of his associates had written a number of pamphlets which had been widely distributed and these had produced an extraordinary effect upon the younger generation in Japan. Mr Okakura said that there were times when fighting had been going on in one room while he and his friends were quietly writing their manifestoes in an adjoining room. He had formed a high opinion of the Bengalis as a race, and gave it as his opinion that, properly led, they could hold their own with any nation in the world. I spent a highly instructive afternoon in his company.

Bengali Costume

On another occasion I met two American ladies who sent me letters of introduction from Behramji

Malabari of Bombay. One of them was about forty years of age and the other was older. They spoke with the characteristic frankness of American women, most of the talking being done by the younger lady. After conversing for a few minutes, this lady asked me if I minded standing up for a minute. I understood that they wanted to inspect my costume. I was wearing the usual Bengali dress, consisting of a *dhoti*, a Punjabi shirt and a *chaddar* thrown round the shoulders. The two ladies scanned my apparel and then asked me to resume my seat. The younger lady remarked that I must be thinking them very rude, and I smilingly observed that they must have found something to interest them in my dress. 'Yes,' she said with a burst of animation, 'we have just gone round the world and we have seen many costumes. We have been to Japan and China and we have rushed all over the continent of Europe, but we have nowhere found any people wearing so becoming and graceful a costume as the one you are wearing. When we are not driving out we sit at the window here in our room and watch people passing by. Why, your people look like Romans stepping out of a picture. And in view of the climate of this country no dress can be more comfortable. Every detail seems to have been designed by an artist, and your toga is more wonderful than those worn by the Romans. How do you contrive these beautiful plaits and folds in your toga? Are they pinned or sewn into the muslin or silk, for we have noticed that both are used?' As she said this I drew off my *chaddar* and shook it out before the astonished eyes of the American ladies, showing them that it was only a loose sheet of muslin without stitches or plaits of any kind. 'Then how is it done?' asked my fair interrogator in some perplexity. I explained that soft material like muslin or silk naturally falls into folds if thrown lightly around the shoulders, and I gave a practical demonstration. On my way back home

I thought somewhat bitterly of the Bengalis who considered themselves superior to their own people and who gave up their own graceful and artistic costume for the hideous garb of Europe. To me no sight seems more unseemly than that of a Bengali wearing a dressing gown at home and lolling in an easychair, smoking cigarettes.

French Ladies

Two other ladies whom I met in Calcutta were Madame and Mlle Menant. Madame was the widow of the well-known French savant M. Menant, and her daughter was an accomplished young lady who had done some literary work of her own. They came over to my house and spent some time talking on various subjects. Madame Menant could not speak English very well, but she was a good listener and very gentle and affable. Mlle Menant sustained an animated conversation with characteristic French vivacity. She told me about some Indians they had met and added that they had long desired to see India. Afterwards I drove out to Alipore to the residence of Maharani Suniti Devi of Kuch Behar, whom they wanted to see. I remember both ladies were very much struck by the Calcutta Maidan, and Mlle Menant told me they had never seen anything like it in any large city. The boulevards in French cities, she said, were quite insignificant compared with this immense stretch of green meadow-land. Maharani Suniti Devi happened to be out of town, so the ladies could not meet her.

Death of Queen Victoria

The death of Queen Victoria the Good was made the occasion for an unparalleled demonstration in Calcutta, the like of which would be inconceivable under the subsequent growth of nationalism in India. Curiously enough, the initiative was taken by the Sangit Samaj, which has nothing to do with politics and was

concerned only with the cultivation of music and amateur theatricals. Most of the wealthy people of Calcutta were members of the Samaj. Ordinarily, such an institution would not have had much attraction for me, but one of the leading members, Hem Chandra Mullick, was a very great friend of mine, and I was somehow temporarily drawn into the activities of the Samaj. From morning till the late hours of the night we worked with feverish energy. The Sangit Samaj was then located in a building opposite the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj. Hundreds of letters had to be sent out, large funds had to be raised, and a huge organization had to be completed in an incredibly short space of time. It was decided to hold a monster open-air meeting, to feed the poor and give them each a small sum of money as is done at the celebration of a *Sraddha* ceremony in Bengal. The choice of President of the open-air meeting lay between Maharaja Sir Jotindra Mohan Tagore and Maharaja Narendra Krishna of Sobha Bazaar, and the latter was selected. There was to be only one resolution and the drafting of it was entrusted to me. On the appointed day there was a seething mass of humanity on the maidan, most of them barefooted, a striking feature of mourning and respect. Lord Curzon quietly came out of Government House, followed by an aide-de-camp in civilian clothes, and mingled with the crowd, being recognized by very few people. He afterwards sent a letter of warm acknowledgement, praising even the language of the resolution. The poor were fed in Cornwallis Street in long rows. All vehicular traffic was suspended and a large number of European ladies and gentlemen strolled up and down the street watching the unusual sight.

There was a humorous incident on the maidan where some other people were feeding the poor. There was a large number of Muhammedan beggars seated in rows. Lord Curzon was specially invited to be present, and as

he walked down the lines, surrounded by an obsequious group of the organizers, he came to a row where the guests had nothing on their leaf plates. As soon as they saw the Viceroy the men cried out that they had had nothing to eat. The truth was that the stock of cooked food had been finished, and it was never known whether more was being prepared. Lord Curzon wanted to know what the men were saying and a Nawab who was an adroit courtier had the presence of mind to reply that the men were thanking the Lat Saheb for the sumptuous feast on which they had regaled themselves !

NAGENDRANATH GUPTA

A Biographical Note

For nearly two decades, until towards the close of 1940, there lived in the suburban tranquillity of Bandra a venerable figure of a man. Tall and sparely built, clad always in the elegant simplicity of his native Bengali costume, with a spotless *chaddar* thrown across his shoulders, he went about his daily avocations. How many outside his intimate circle guessed at the thirty odd years of a journalistic career of unparalleled brilliance behind him—years passionately dedicated, too, to the service of politics and literature? To the ordinary citizen of Bandra he may have been, at best, a picturesque relic of the 'Victorian Era'; how could one be aware of the essays, stories and lyrics, all redolent with an old-world grace and perfection, that continually flowed from his still vigorous pen?

When a reviewer, the other day, after according a tribute of undiluted praise to Mr Nagendranath Gupta's *Indian Nationalism*, went on to complain that the public knew so little about the author, he was only voicing the feelings of the hurried and unheeding generation of today, to whom the literary giants of an earlier age are but dim shadowy legends. But for all that, Mr Gupta was, in his own time, a towering personality. In the field of journalism, his was a name to conjure with. Literature, English and Bengali alike, has been enriched by his indefatigable labours spread over nearly sixty years.

Nagendranath was born at Motihari, a small town in Bihar, in 1862—under the shadow of the Great Rebellion of 1857, as it were. The second son of Mathurnath Gupta, a Sub-Judge, he spent the early years of his boyhood at Arrah, where the air was still vibrant with stirring memories of India's first epic struggle for independence. Of the young lad's irrepressible zest for life and his deeds of derring-do, the reader will find as lively an account as one could desire in the pages of this book.

In 1878, young Nagendranath went to Calcutta, where he attended the General Assembly Institute (now known as the Scottish Church College). Among his contemporaries at College were Noren Dutta (Swami Vivekananda), Bhobani Charan Bannerji (Brahmabandhaba Upadhyaya) and Brojendranath Seal. For the story of his contact with Keshub Chunder Sen, his visit to the Sage of Dakshineswar and his intimate association with the young Rabindranath, it is best to let one read his own charming narrative.

At the age of twenty-two, Nagendranath left for Karachi to enter journalism, a profession to which he consecrated himself with a single-minded devotion for nearly thirty years. Again, of his early adventures in Karachi and of the heyday of his fame as Editor of the *Tribune* of Lahore this book gives an inspired account.

Journalism and politics always go hand in hand, and it is only natural that Nagendranath should have been attracted towards the Indian National Congress. In his political activities, even as in his newspaper work, he displayed perspicacity of thought, integrity of purpose and fearlessness of a rare order. The story goes on to tell of his friendship with all the first-rank leaders of an older generation—W. C. Bonnerjee, A. O. Hume, Dadabhoy Naorojee, Tilak, Gokhale, Surendranath Bannerjea, Ranade, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, Lala Lajpat Rai, and a galaxy of others.

The Reminiscences carry the reader to the end of an epoch, so to speak—to the death of Queen Victoria. The years that follow witnessed Nagendranath drift more and more towards pure literature. He returned to Calcutta in 1899 and started a Bengali weekly known as *Prabhat*, among whose contributors he could count men of such eminence as Romesh Chander Dutt and Rabindranath. Later, he was associated, as Joint Editor, with an English monthly magazine entitled *The Twentieth Century*. During this period, he produced a few novels

and a large number of short stories in Bengali which won for him a reputation as an author almost surpassing his distinction as a journalist.

In 1902, he undertook, on behalf of the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad, to bring out a monumental edition of the poems of Vidyapati. In collaboration with a learned Maithil scholar he laboured, day after day, for six long years, deciphering manuscripts and throwing light on abstruse words and passages.

In the autumn of 1905, Dr Sachchidananda Sinha persuaded him to go to Allahabad to edit the *Indian People*. When, four years later, this newspaper was incorporated with the *Leader*, he served for about seven months as Joint Editor of the new journal with Mr C. Y. Chintamani. Then in 1909 he again undertook the Editorship of the *Tribune*, which he held until 1912. In the following year he served as Editor of the *Punjabee* of Lahore. Among the various newspapers to which he contributed regularly mention must be made of the *Bengalee* and the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*. His association with the latter daily dated from the days of its great chiefs, Sisir Kumar Ghosh and Motilal Ghosh.

In 1913 he gave up journalism to become Private Secretary to Maharaja Monindra Chandra Nandi of Cossimbazar. He worked for Tatas, too, for some time.

At the age of 60, Nagendranath retired, and came down to Bombay to spend the evening of his life with his sons at Bandra. He now devoted all his time to the service of literature. There issued from his pen a number of Bengali novels and short stories that place him indisputably among the leading lights of Bengal's literary renaissance. From 1925 to 1936 there was hardly an issue of the *Modern Review* that did not proudly display a contribution—an essay, a fragment of his reminiscences, a lyric—from Nagendranath's inexhaustible fountain of creative genius. During his retirement he translated a very large number of Tagore's poems into English, and collec-

tions of these translations have appeared in book-form both in America and in this country. His rendering of Tagore's *Urvashi* in blank verse reveals outstanding merit and has received unstinted encomiums from foreign critics.

That Nagendranath Gupta's genius was recognized by renowned scholars abroad is illustrated by the letter Romain Rolland wrote to him on reading his account of Ramkrishna Paramhansa's *samadhi* in the *Modern Review*.

> 'I have treasured up [wrote the great French savant] the remembrance of that unforgettable day which you had the great good fortune of spending in the company of Keshub and Paramhansa in a skiff on the Ganges, and which you have so marvellously described. I have been keenly delighted at re-reading the narration of it in your book, together with other moving reminiscences, particularly the vigil over the body, on the day of his death.
>
> 'It is a signal happiness for me to have this opportunity of exchanging some words with one of the last survivors of the intimate circle of Ramkrishna. It seems to me that through you I see and hear the Paramhansa. I wish you long and happy life. Be kind enough to believe in my affectionate devotion.'

Of Nagendranath Gupta's mastery of the English language critics have spoken in terms of the highest eulogy. Suffice it to add here that, notwithstanding the fact that he himself never cared to acquire a University degree, he took the M.A. classes in English of the Punjab University for a short period and acquitted himself with great distinction. He was, for some time, too, an Examiner for the Doctorate degree of Calcutta University.

On the 28th of December 1940, in the fulness of a ripe old age and in the plenitude of a rich and abiding fame, Nagendranath passed away peacefully at his Bandra residence.

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