

GOVARDHANRAM
MADHAVRAM TRIPATHI'S
SCRAP BOOK

Vol. VII

23 Sept. 1904 ----- 3 Nov. 1906

Edited by

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

Retired Professor of Chemistry. Agra ;

Author of " Sriyut Govardhanrām,"

" Vignān Mandir,"—Part I-II, etc.



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GOVARDHANRAM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ગોલર્ધન સ્મૃતિ મંદિરે -

પ્રવેશ કર મંદિરે, અભિષિ! ઈંદમૂળા લગા
 ન કે લઘુ ખોરકે, પળ બૃહલ્ મનો રાજ્યમાં.
 ત્યાં કુમુદ દિવ્ય અશ્રુ પ્રતિમા, વસન્તાદર્થ આ
 જૂલે કુસુમ રુપ્તકાન્તિ, દમકે 'કિરોરી, જમ
 સુશીલલ સુલાગરાગ ગુણસુંદરી, સાન્વના
 સ્વંત ચિર આત્મરૂંગ વડી સુદા સંદ્રાવલી.
 અહો પ્રાગયઓધ, દાહ રામલી અહો કાફળી!

યુરોપ દૃતિ ધોધ, માત્ર મહિમા રહી પ્રાફલન
 પ્રભ વિષમ વર્તમાન અહીં ગર્લધા રો લયે?
 દુકુમ્બ રસલોલ, જોદ્યમ સમાજ, ધર્મે ધુરા
 વહે ધુરિણ રાજ્યના, - સ-કલ પ્રેરતી શ્રી લધે
 વધે કયમ સરસ્વલી - વિદ્યુ લળી કલા? સ્વપ્ન એ
 અહો દ્યુતિલ ઓખમાં સુભગ લે હું આંજી અને
 પ્રવેશ કર, સૌમ્ય હે અભિષિ! આત્મસામ્રાજ્યમાં.

ઉમાશંકર.



Govardhanram Madhavram Tripathi

20-10-1855]

[4-1-1907

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

GOVARDHANRĀM

FOREWORD

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

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

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

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

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

many hands after 1907. Prof. T. K. Gajjar committed "a friendly robbery of a friendly dacoit" in 1905, and took away to Bombay some of the Scrap-books and some other manuscripts. Probably his literary secretary, who was no less than the extraordinary young man of Gujara't and the father of the Gujará'ti Sá'hitya-Parishad, Ranajittrám Vávábhái Mehtá also went through them. As typed copies of many passages of the Scrap-books were made, it is quite likely that some others also had an access. After Govardhanrá'm's death, on the 4th of January, 1907, these books passed on to his brother Narharrám (of N. M. Tripá'thi & Co.,) and to his son Ramaniyarám. I had two glimpses myself, the first in 1909, while I was entrusted with the preparation of the biographical manual ("Sriyut Govardhanrá'm"), and, the second, after about a score of years, these books were allowed to be taken to Agra, and I had them for a very short period. They were then passed on by Ramaniyarám to Prof. B. K. Thákore, who had edited the "Sákshar-Jeevan" and later was working on the "Adhyátma-Jeevan." Prof. Thákore read all the books, evidently, with his characteristic thoroughness, and left some notes, many pencil-marks and a few useful corrections.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

KANTILAL C. PANDYA

Khár

13th *October* 1957

GOVARDHANRAM SCRAP-BOOK 7.

23rd September, 1904.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

28th September, 1904.

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

1. कर्म.

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

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

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

29th September, 1904.

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

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

ते तुं श्लेती त्वात् अतुल्यं कृत्वा, क्लृप्ते न क्लृप्ते वात्. (3)

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

1. कर्मपुरुष.

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

1. ज्ञानदृष्टि.

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

आत्मोत्कर्षे तथा निन्दां परेषां परिवर्जयेत् । (4)

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

1st October, 1904.

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

8th October, 1904.

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

9th October, 1904.

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

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

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

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

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

18th October, 1904

It is Dashera⁴, and I enter upon my 50th year by the native calendar today. Last Dasherá⁴ note was on 1st October 1903, which begins with the fate of Ramaniya. That fate has not improved since. He went to Ahmedabad school last June, and, after 4 days' attendance, had very sore eyes and granulations, depriving him of all

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

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

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

As regards my literary activity in the midst of all distractions, they are noted in the notes from 9 Dec. 03, 24-1-04, 29-1-04, 25-2-04, 3-3-04, 26-3-04, 24-4-04, 30-4-04, 13-5-04, 19-7-04, and 23-9-04. Since the last date note, I have finished (i) my review of Manmath Malik's 'Problem of Existence', (ii) an article 'The Key-stone to the Economics of Hinduism'; the former sent to the 'Indian Review' and the latter meant for the 'East and West'. I have *almost* completed my notes from 'Ashtānga Hridaya'¹ by Vāg Bhatt², (Dr. Kunte's edition), and a day or two's more work remains out of it. Hārít Samhitá³ by 'Ātreyamuni⁴ and Charak Samhitá⁵ are on my table, and I have only superficially glanced over them, and do not propose to read them, as neither contains Physiology or Anatomy. Charak⁵ contains much of medicine and surgery, while Harita³ is a most interesting work giving us the medical aspects of localities, seasons, herbs, vegetable and animal food varieties, etc. 'Sushruta'⁶ professes to be a pupil of 'Dhanvantari'⁷. All three are very ancient works. 'Nādi-Parikshá'⁸ is a recent thing.

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

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

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

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

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

My sacred or devotion¹ work, in memory of my birthday 49 years ago, has consisted today of readings in the little things 'Tatvábodha'¹ and 'Harimeede Stotra'² in the philosophies of my Vishnudás³ in my volumes III and IV, and in the mission of life preached by my Chandrávali,⁴ so sweetly and so boldly, to my hero. I have been moved into something like tears by reading the last scenes between hero and Kumud. This was my poetry for today. I saw this morning the Mañdir⁵ where my mother worshipped and the Shreeji loved of both my parents; I talked with sister and with Ramanik's mother—we turn ourselves today into philosophical beings, having no subject to talk of with each other, and each leaving the other absolutely free to follow his or her mission of life, which in the one case is literary, and in the other that domestic drudgery which my retirement has so heavily imposed upon her, and from which I do not know when I shall be able to relieve her. Nor do I know when that higher spiritual life which she craves for can be brought near her lot while I am what I am in life. To bring her so is an unredeemed promise. Had I not retired, that promise would have been redeemed. But now she has forgotten both 'Laghu Kaumudi'⁶ and 'Vicháraságar'⁷, etc., because my retirement has meant her conversion into a whole day drudge.

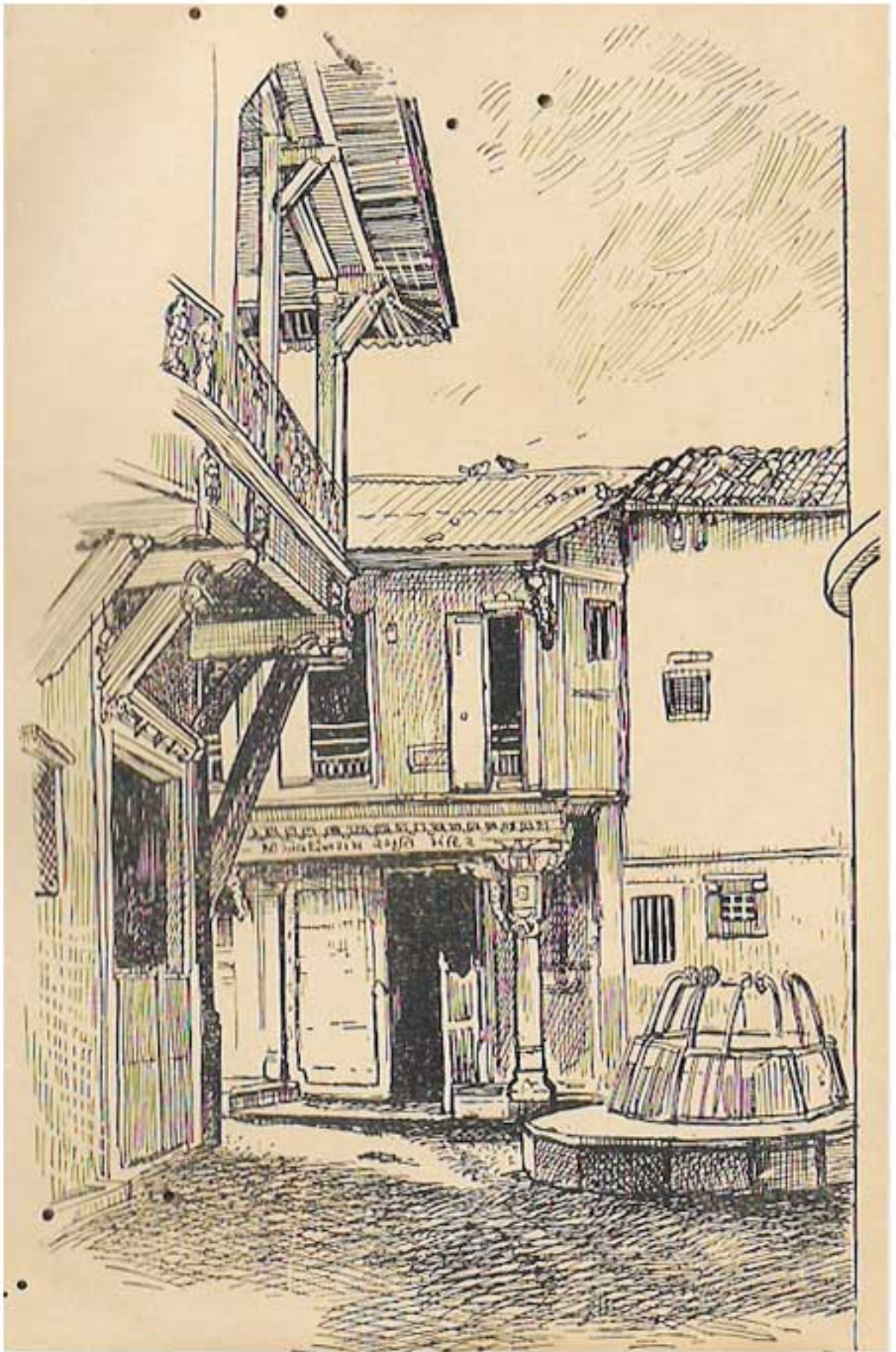
19th October, 1904.

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

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

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

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



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

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

1. संन्यासी. 2. भिक्षा. 3. सन्यास

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

15th November, 1904.

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

तुं भनी न कृष्णमुभरस ध्यासी (8).

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

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

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

1. सन्यास. 2. भजन.

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

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

I only wish I could be prepared to leave this arena

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

Ramaniya's matric (examination) began yesterday.

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

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

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

1. तत्त्वानन्द अन रससुन्दरी.

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

19th November, 1904.

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

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

26th November, 1904.

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

“ विश्वसतार विचित्र राग धरी निशादिन वागी रह्युं ते
तारतार सडि डम्भी रखा ते मधुरं गायन थाये ”

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

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

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

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

20th December, 1904.

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

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

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

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

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

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

23rd December, 1904.

That I do not go to Bombay is finally settled.

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

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

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

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

26th December, 1904.

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

27th December, 1904 : 7 a.m.

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

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

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

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

29th December, 1904.

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

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

1. पांटीशा, a village very near Nadiád.

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

2nd January, 1905.

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

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

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

4th January, 1905.

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

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

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

7th January, 1905.

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

1. महादशा. 2. सूर्य. 3. उल्का.

My own studies begin slipshod. 'Yogavásishtha', in the morning for an hour or two, tires me enough. My brain finds it difficult to recall the links where I left my notes on Sushruta² and Vágbhatta³ before I went to Bombay. I do not find memory at hand to make me remember even the general features of my Sanskrit and science notes then written out, and I have to rack my brain to find out where to begin what and how to use what. I have begun a bit of Pránáyáma⁴ since coming from Bombay. Latterly it seemed to assist digestion, but has now ceased to do it, since the taking up of those notes has added a burden to my brain. I would go out for walks, but walks mean talks with those meeting me, and exposure of at least a part of the face, and any amount of head-covering and abdominal covering proves insufficient to resist the cold of the season when I go out. Walks therefore mean cold, cough, and fear of enteritis. Dumb-bells mean enteritis. That means that I must content myself with want of exercise, and that means want of digestion ! That is my dilemma, and that is the history of my body now. I note it only as a problem to be solved, though I see no way to solution. I do not know, moreover, whether notes like this are not a sheer waste of time and energy.

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

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

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

इष्टं सुखं मे च तथैव दुःखम् । (12).

8th January, 1905.

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

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

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

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

13th January, 1905.

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

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

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

Ramaniya joined the local High School yesterday.

I have found a clue to my Vaidyak notes, and have been for some days trying to find out which of the nerves correspond to the ascending 'Dhamanis'.² I am also noting in 'Laghu Yogavásishtha'³ pages of corresponding portions of the big 'Yogavásishtha'.³ I have begun since coming from Bombay practical Pránáyáma⁴ by the light of Vivekánand's book, and of the 'B' course of Psychic Research Society. I have also taken to a repetition of the philosophical verses contained in my Scrap-Book noted on the 9th November '92 every day either at bed-time or in the morning.

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

1. जोगिणी. 2. धमन्यः. 3. योगवासिष्ठ. 4. प्राणायाम.

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

31st January, 1905.

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

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

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

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

विबुधस्त्रीसंनिधौ संयमः । (13).

4th February, 1905.

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

1. कालिदास. 2. शाकुन्तल.

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

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

8th February, 1905.

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

1. प्रणवपुरुष.

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

14th February, 1905.

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

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

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

21st February, 1905.

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

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

1st March, 1905.

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

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

