My dear Subhas,

I got your letter of the 1st on the 11th.

I have asked Mr. Ramiah to send you a complete list of the books he has sent you.

Yes, I noticed Rakhal Das's article in the Ashar number of the monthly Basumati. The facts stated there are correct. The article is full of personal touches and that makes it all the more interesting.

I believe I have written to you that I went up to Kurseong on the 29th May and met Deshbandhu last on the 2nd June. No one who saw him 3 days before his death could realise that his end was so near. We talked on a variety of subjects and if you ever write Deshbandhu's biography, I can give you interesting matter regarding the last few days of his life.

I was a subscriber to 'Narayan' but can't say that I read very much of it. I don't think we have a complete set of Narayan. We have stray copies in the house. Would you like me to procure a complete set of Narayan? I haven't met Babu Girija Sankar Rai Choudhury recently. I do not know if his idea is to write a biography of Deshbandhu.

Mr. Prithwis Ch. Ray announced some time ago that he is going to write a biography of Deshbandhu. The announcement, I am afraid, fell flat on the public.

The Book Company have written to me that they have posted to you Lord Ronaldshay's work. Their letter is enclosed herewith.

Have you got with you Arthur Griffith's book on non-co-operation? I don't find it in the library here.

Let me know how you are keeping. In answer to Hemanta Kumar Sarkar, Govt. have said that you have increased 10
lbs. in weight since you were taken. I believe you wrote to me a couple of months ago that you had lost 6 lbs. in Mandalay.

I was interested to read your letter to your Bowldif.

This leaves us well. I haven't decided as to when I shall leave Calcutta.

Yours affly

Sarat

47 FROM SARAT CHANDRA BOSE

38/1, Elgin Road
29.8.25.
9 p.m.

My dear Subhas,

Your letter of the 18th to hand just now.

I am off to Dacca tonight in a case. I shall be there for 3 days and expect to be back on Friday morning. Sir Binod Mitter and Sudhir Ray are opposing me.

When you were at Alipore, I think you told me that Santosh Babu's report on the Motor Vehicles Dept was with you. I might be mistaken.

I have asked Ramiah to send you a list of the books sent by the Corporation Office to you.

I am forwarding your list of books to the Book Company. I am asking them to send the books in three instalments.

I believe I am going to Kurseong after the Pujas are over. The only alternative is a steamer trip in East Bengal.

This leaves us well.

Yours very affly

Sarat

48 TO BIVABATI BOSE*

The Great Durga be with us

Mandalay Jail
11.9.25

My dear Mejobowdidi,

I was delighted beyond measure to receive your letter. That you found my letter entertaining made me happy—because I

* Translated from the original Bengali.
feel concerned from time to time lest I lose all sense of humour as a result of prolonged imprisonment. The Shastras say: "Raso hai sah", that is to say, God is but all-pervading delight. So, one who has lost his sense of humour, he has undoubtedly lost the cream of life—Ananda, or bliss; his life has then become worthless, devoid of happiness and full of misery. If my letters make you happy, I shall take it that I have not yet lost the power to bring happiness to others. The greatest in this world—for instance, Deshbandhu, Rabindra Nath Tagore and others—till very late in life or even till the last day of their lives—never lost their sense of humour and enjoyment. This is the ideal that we should emulate.

Never mind,—let me now stop sermonising and start with my stories. We have had such an event here that when you hear about it you will perhaps think that I am narrating a novel or a drama. Our Malay was suddenly released and has left for home. He was sentenced to seven years and served about three and half years. According to the new government regulations, the long-term convicts may be released after serving half their sentence. According to this rule, news was received suddenly one day that Malay would be set free the next day. You may probably imagine the state of mind of a person who is yet to serve half his term but is suddenly informed that he will be released tomorrow. When all of a sudden the memories and images of such people come rushing into one's mind as one has not seen or heard of for ages and whom one did not expect to see for a long time—the person will probably become ecstatic with joy. We expected Malay would dance around in joy on receiving news suddenly of his release. But when he did not do so we could realise that he was completely overwhelmed. When asked how he felt he only said "kaunde, kaunde", this is, "good, good".

The day prior to his release I called him to my side and asked to know all about his family. He told me that he had two wives, two daughters and three sons. One wife was childless. For a very long time, that is about four years, he has had no news of them. So, at the time of release he was so worried lest all was not well with them. Whether they were all alive or were all well—such thoughts remained dormant all this time. But as he was about to be set free, while on the one hand he
was feeling happy to think of it, on the other hand all sorts of anxious thoughts were entering his mind. That is why he could not be over-enthusiastic even after being informed of his release.

Then, I made enquiries about the state of his properties and was told that he was a landowner in the countryside or a Raja. Formerly they were entirely independent and fought with the Rajas of Burma for independence. Subsequently they were subjugated by the British. Meanwhile, about seven years ago, they had a fight with the British for non-payment of taxes. In that fight, many lost their lives on both sides. Ultimately he accepted defeat and ran away. After being in hiding for nearly three years, he and his brother were captured with the connivance of a step-brother. His brother was sentenced to transportation for life and he, Malay, got a prison term of seven years.

Thereafter Malay showed me quite a few scars on his body which were the result of injuries sustained in the battle. Thereupon we checked up on the history of Burma and found that what he said was indeed true. After his release I found out on enquiry from other prisoners of this country that not a word of what Malay told me was untrue.

When we knew that we made a sweeper of a village Raja, we felt ashamed. Eventually we asked him why he agreed to serve as a sweeper. He answered in great sorrow—"What could I do—such were the jail orders! Am I a human being here? I have been reduced to a dog. When I go out, I shall be a man again."

After hearing his pitiful tale we asked him what he proposed to do in future. After considerable thought he said, "I have not yet been able to decide anything. I do not know if my step-brother will again take a hostile attitude, because in my absence he was enjoying the estate. God forbid—there may still be lots of trouble in store for me."

As he was leaving we asked him if he would forget us on reaching home. He replied in a choked voice—"I shall not forget your love as long as I live—and I shall talk about you to my children and grand-children."

Now, will you tell me if the story sounds true or reads like
a novel? There is a saying in English that truth is often stranger than fiction. This is it.

I have not been able to learn the Burmese language well—I have picked up enough to carry on ordinary conversation. Some among the Burmese know either English or Hindustani and we take their help in following Burmese. Inspite of some difficulty we manage somehow on the whole.

Thanks to the tennis court we can have some physical exercise. Otherwise I would perhaps return home with arthritis. As it is, it appears as if there are signs of arthritis. Formerly we could play badminton. I had always taken badminton to be a ladies’ game and so never played it. But everything gets topsy-turvy in prison—so we went back to our boyhood days and started playing badminton. I cannot but admit that initially I felt somewhat embarrassed. But as the Shastras say—when honey is scarce, one should use molasses instead. So, in the absence of facilities for other games, we had to be content with playing badminton. All the time we have to be in a small jail inside the jail—there is no way of our mixing with anybody outside our ward. In most of the jails, the wards allotted to us have been just spacious enough to play badminton. There is a little more room here so as to make tennis possible. Even so the trouble is that balls often fly over the walls and land outside. And the ones which do not go out hit against the walls and return to the court. Nevertheless, something is better than nothing.

There is no way of adding to the water in the pool. Because a little addition causes the water to overflow into the drain. And, from time to time we have to empty the pool and fill it with fresh water. In fact, there is no real reason for calling this a pool rather than a reservoir. But then, one can at least console himself that he is bathing in a pool.

Arrangements are being made here for Durga Puja. We hope we shall be able to worship the Mother here. But a quarrel is going on with the authorities regarding the expenses; let us see what happens. Please do not forget to send Puja clothing here—we have to spend Bijoya Dashami here after all.

Anything is available in our hotel. The other day the Manager fed us with hot jilebis—and we blessed him wholeheartedly praying he may ever remain in prison. Sometime
ago he entertained us with rossogollas; although the balls were floating in the syrup all right, they had no syrup inside and if you threw them at anybody, there was risk of his head getting fractured. Nevertheless, we swallowed the hard-as-iron rossogollas without a tear and in gratitude prayed for the Manager's long life.

We being Bengalis, we have of course cooking in Bengali style. The Manager has come to the conclusion that in this world, papyas is the queen of vegetables—and therefore papyas is everywhere, in the stew, in the curry, in pickles or anything else. And as our Manager is a half-doctor, he has given the verdict that the more you eat papyas, the better will be your digestion. To put it simply, it is case of permutation and combination of the same common items. We cannot get the common items of Bengali cookery here. So, in case of vegetarian dishes here, it is papyas, egg-plant, spinach, egg-plant and papyas again. Thank God, I am used to eating muttan and chicken; I cannot but therefore praise the Manager's efforts—what would have happened otherwise is anybody's guess.

I shall be guilty of ingratitude if I did not mention that at our persistent request the Manager has given us 'Dhonkar dalna', 'Chhanar kalya' and 'Chhanar pulao'. So, let us sing his praise. Let not even the scandal-mongers defame him!

You have asked about the garden. The garden here is in a miserable state. We planted some flowering seeds but thanks to ants and insects not much has grown. The few that survived, the chickens have finished them up. As a result, what has remained of them are sun-flower plants and one or two others of the same category. There are a few Rajanigandhas but with hardly any scent. From time to time I miss scent and music. But what can one do?

Good tea is not available in this part of the world,—so we have asked the dealer to order some from Calcutta. Lipton's and Brookebond's tea that is available here is undrinkable and imported from England. I wrote about mortar and pestle in my last letter. I need a good mortar and pestle for taking Kaviraji medicines. And, please ask Uncle Sailen to let me

1 Bengali dishes.
2 Tuberose: Polianthes Tuberosa—a white lilylike fragrant flower.
know the address of a good tea dealer. We drink the Orange Pekoe brand of Darjeeling. We shall ask the local supplier to order tea from that particular dealer in Calcutta.

‘Hilsa’ fish of this place is most wonderful. It looks exactly like ‘hilsa’ from the Ganges. But in taste it has no resemblance whatever with ‘hilsa’ from Bengal or the Ganges. You cannot tell what fish you are eating. Apart from ‘rohi’ you cannot get any other good fish here. One can get prawns but the price is prohibitive.

I hope all is well at home. Where is Kanchi Mama now? How is he getting on in practice? Please ask Mejdada to remit the money I wanted. Will you be visiting our country home during the Pujas? What about my Financial Secretary? He is probably in Cuttack now. Have the marriages of Aruna and Gora been fixed up? How are Bardidi and her family? How is your health?

- You have asked about my clothing. Do you not know that we are guests of the Emperor? How can we be in want of anything? If there be any, the prestige of the Emperor will be at stake! Is that at all possible?

You have asked about my health. Days pass somehow. There was a lot of discomfort during the summer and health deteriorated. I applied for a transfer but it was refused. The authorities may be thinking that I am pretending to be ill. Else, they may be taking me to be most ungrateful; the government is taking all the trouble of providing me with food and clothing free of charge and I, instead of being grateful, am pining for a transfer! Any way, I do not wish for a transfer any more. The heat is less and so I am feeling better. If digestive troubles do not get worse, I expect to keep well during the Winter. We can see the Palace of the King of Burma from here—and we are confined in the prison that forms part of his fort. Often I am reminded of our past glory; and when I think of our present state, I can hardly restrain my tears. What India was—where is she today!

I have learnt a lot here and in that sense have gained a lot. Whatever God wills is all to the good. I have come to realise after coming here how deeply I love my country.

Please accept my pronams.

Yours

Subhas
My dear Dilip,

My last letter to you was unfinished and I intended to follow it up with another one the next week. But a terrible calamity intervened—which swept us off our feet. Even today I do not know where I stand and I am sure the feelings of all are much the same—though in my case there is an irrecoverable personal loss to deepen my misery, as well as a double dose of bondage to heighten my suffering. The sense of personal loss may wane with the passage of time, but I am sure that the magnitude of the loss to the public will become more and more manifest as the days roll by. So versatile was his talent and so many-sided his activities—that people in different and widely separate spheres—will be hard hit by the loss. I used to criticise him by saying that he had too many irons in the fire—but creative spirits do not submit to pragmatic or logical limitations and I have no doubt that it was only the fullness of life and realization that impelled him to attempt reconstruction in so many different spheres of our national life.

You all had at least the opportunity of paying your last homage and even now you can find some solace in trying to perpetuate his memory. But it has pleased God to drive home into our minds a feeling of utter destitution as a result of confinement in remote Mandalay during such a crisis as this. It is only because I am exceedingly optimistic by temperament that I can still maintain my equilibrium. It is difficult to find adequate expression when one’s feelings are stirred to their depths and I shall therefore pass on to something else.

How far have you proceeded with your books? Are they in the press? When do you expect them to be out? Why don’t you write a treatise in English (for the benefit of other provinces as well) on the need for the revival and popularizing of Indian music?

I wrote to Rudra sometime ago conveying my sympathy on
his bereavement. I have not heard from him in reply yet. Do you hear from him?

Could you send us a complete set of the books of your great father? We want to read them over again. If you can, you may send them direct to the Superintendent of this Jail along with a letter (containing the names of the books) intimating him about the despatch of the books. All our letters have to pass the Calcutta office but the Supdt. of the jail is empowered to censor books. So you may save time by sending literature direct to him. By-the-way, have you been able to trace Turgenev’s “Smoke”? I have been informed by the Calcutta C.I.D. that no such book was sent to them. I shall be sorry if the book is really missing.

Though the climate of the place does not agree with me, I am feeling happier from day to day. Problems which to me were unsolved seem to be nearing solution. And I must thank solitude and distance from home—for giving me that detached viewpoint which is necessary for the solution of many of our problems. If I had been more fit physically, I would have profited more by my enforced exile but as things stand I still hope to make the most of my stay here. Burma is in many respects a wonderful country and my study of Burmese life and civilization is furnishing me with many new ideas. Their various short-comings notwithstanding, I consider the Burmese—like the Chinese—to be considerably advanced from a social point of view. What they do lack most of all is initiative—what Bergson would call “elan vital”—the vital impulse to overcome all obstacles and march along the road to progress. They have developed a perfect social democracy—women, by the way, are more powerful here than in any European country—but alas! the enervating climate seems to have robbed them of all initiative. Abundance of crops in a sparsely populated country has for centuries past made living easy in Burma—with the inevitable result that slackness of mind and body seems to have taken possession of the Burmese. But I feel sure that once they are able to develop sufficient initiative, there will be no limit to their progress.

You probably know that the percentage of literate people in Burma, both among males and females, is more than in any other part of India. This is due to the indigenous and wonder-
fully cheap system of primary education through the agency of the priests. In Burma, even today, every boy is supposed to don the yellow robe for a few months, if not for a few years, and to study at the feet of the priests. This system has not only an educative and moral value but has a levelling effect as well—since rich and poor are thus brought together. There is thus an extensive system of primary education which hardly costs anything.

In your last letter you seem to assume that the unphilosophic are doomed to suffer in their confinement. This is not wholly true. There are people who are inspired by idealism of some kind but who are unphilosophic. During the last war innumerable people went through suffering and pain of every kind, who were inspired by love of country but were altogether unphilosophic. As long as that idealism is present, I believe a man can brave suffering with equanimity—and even joy. Of course one who is philosophically inclined can turn his suffering to a higher purpose, enriching himself thereby. But then is it not true that we are all philosophers in embryo and it only requires a touch of suffering to awaken the philosophic impulse?

I shall stop here for the present and hope that you will send me an early reply. With love and good wishes to you and remembrances to all my kind friends.

I am
Ever yours affectionately
Subhas

D. K. Roy Esq.
34, Theatre Road,
Calcutta.

50 From Sarat Chandra Bose

38/1 Elgin Road
12.9.25.

My dear Subhas,

I got your letter of the 27th Aug. on the 8th instant. You might have read in the papers that I had been to Dacca in connection with the Dacca Wakf Estate case. Sir Binod opposed me. I believe I made a very good impression there.
I am not leaving Calcutta before the end of this month. I am not staying here on account of professional engagements. I want to start some work in our village Kodalia—such as charitable dispensary, primary schools, charka etc. I am waiting for parents to come up. We shall make a beginning during the Puja week.

I know you are very much against my wasting the holidays here. But I can assure you that this year I am feeling remarkably well and if I get about 40 days in the hills, that will be sufficient for me.

I was glad you gave me full details of your weight since your transfer to Mandalay. That will enable me to expose the Govt. version.

Yes, I have sent on your list of books to the Book Company. I hope they have begun sending you the books.

I shall remit to the Superintendent of your Jail by telegraph on Monday next the sum of Rs. 300/- as desired by you.

When you finish Ronaldshay’s books, you may send them on to me if you can do so conveniently. I want to read them. Have you got with you Arthur Griffith’s ‘Ressurrection of Hungary’?

This leaves us well. Hope this will find you better. With love.

Yours very affly
Sarat

51 To Basanti Devi*

Mandalay Jail
25.9.25

Revered mother,
I have not had any news of you for a long time. How are you? The only news I get about you are from letters from home. There is no other source. I expected that Bhombal would keep me informed from time to time but he does not do so. I wrote to Bhombal quite a few days ago—there is no reply yet. He has of course not replied to my previous letter

* Translated from the original Bengali.
either. Well, it is probably a case of out of sight—out of mind, and so he did not consider it necessary to keep me informed. And, in a sense, we do not exist. According to the Mahatma we are “civilly dead”. That is admitted but even so the mind becomes restive and seeks news from outside. If things go on like this for some time more, there will be no other way but to be “civilly dead”.

Today is Mahastami\(^1\). The Divine Mother is being worshipped today in many a Bengali home. We are fortunate enough to have Her in this prison also. This year we shall be worshipping the Goddess here. The Mother probably did not forget us, and so it has been possible to arrange for Her worship even though we are away. She will depart day after tomorrow leaving us in tears. All the light and laughter of the Puja will once again be lost in the darkness and desolation of prison. I do not know how many years will pass like this. But, if the Divine Mother will make her appearance once a year, I expect prison life will not be so unbearable.

By the time this letter will reach your hands, Bijoya Dashami\(^2\) will have been over. All of us will send you our respectful pronams on the Bijoya day. I shall consider myself fortunate if my heart’s offering reaches you and in return I receive your silent blessings.

Yours devoted son
Subhas

To
Sjta Basanti Devi,
2, Beltola Road,
Calcutta.

52 FROM DILIP KUMAR ROY

\(Benares,\)
\(27.9.25\)

My dear Subhash,

Your two last letters have remained unanswered. Your last letter I received only a few days ago at Bhagalpur where I stopped till yesterday at the house of an uncle of mine.

\(^1\) The most important day of Durga Puja.
\(^2\) The final immersion day of Durga Puja.
You can hardly form an adequate idea how fortifying your brave letters prove to us now of all times. We all look up to you as our future beloved political leader—No, do not smile sceptically at this remark of mine, allowing your native humility to disown such a high tribute to your personality. Yes we, of the present generation pin our faith on you as the one man who can lead us and that at no distant date either. I wonder if such fond expectations that we, as your admiring friends, cherish with regard to you in these days of the dashing down of our most ardent hopes will give you any real comfort. For you may very well decide to attribute such hopes on our part to the partiality of loving friendship. I should think nevertheless that sincere admiration does help us in times of dejection. Let this belief justify my lavishing such encomiums on you a friend.

Yes I can quite imagine how the sudden death of our beloved leader must have hit you hard, you who have known him better than any of us. I came to know him a little intimately only last March at Patna when he was the guest of his brother Justice P. R. Das. I came to entertain a genuine affection for his sweetness of character. You may be knowing that I attach a great importance to the private character of a man more than his public one. The public side of a great man's personality may be great, its contribution may be of greater importance to his countrymen, (even though that is a debatable point) but his private side shows the essence of the man—the man in his true colours. I was charmed with the contact of his intimate personality—and that is something I have always set store by. The perfume of his personality still pervades in my world of memories. He had invited me to stay with him at Darjeeling and my only regret is that I procrastinated. There I missed something, I am the loser by missing, and it is an unqualified tragedy I call it. He struck me as a personality which can make even a pardeshi a swadeshi, a man in the street his own. In this respect he resembles Romain Rolland a great deal.

As for my book I have completed the first article viz. that on Romain Rolland. I am now working to prepare my articles on Russel and Aurobindo. I have recently been reading the latter's philosophical lucubrations from the Arya and I must
say I call him one of the greatest constructive thinkers and original philosophers that the world has ever had the good fortune of seeing. One of the principal points in my article on him will be to prove this thesis. Probably you will regret that he should have left politics for philosophy. At one time I remember having regretted so myself. But now I am coming more and more to doubt the wisdom of such scepticism of religious or philosophical activities. It is a big subject but may be we will discuss it someday in the near future. Knowing you as I do I can well picture to myself your attitude regarding him. But I am coming more and more to think that no matter how low a country or a nation may have fallen (as we unquestionably have) there must be some sadhaks or devotees who will devote their lives to keep the light of culture and thought burning in the temple of human civilisation. Utilitarians or practical men will probably pronounce the usual anathemas against such ego-centric activities (?) when the nation suffers and withers away little by little. But I wonder if the mere sincerity of our desires to work for the country’s good to the neglect of what we are specially cut out for can in the long run promote the good we so earnestly seek to promote. I am reminded of a remark of the great Danish critic Raudon that when all is said and done the highest cultural activities and contributions of the world’s greatest men must eventually be the property of all—as they must in their very nature be meant to be the property of all and not that of a narrow coterie of the initiated. So I wonder if it is not the achieving our best intellectually and becoming ourselves in the truest sense of the term that we can acquit ourselves of our most sacred obligation to our country and mankind at large. (I hope I am not talking big). Romain Rolland holds the same view when he says “Notre dehors c’est de’re grand et défendre la grandeuse sur herre” (Our first duty is to be great and defend greatness on earth). I have some misgivings lest you should be prone to look upon this motto as smacking more of egoism than of altruism. But I feel somehow that you will come to share my view sooner or later. However let this pass.

I think I did not send you the “Smoke” after all. So don’t worry. I have got back the book “Prospects of Industrial Civilisation” by Russel. Could you send me his “Free thought
and Official Propaganda" "Icarus on the Future of Science," at your earliest convenience? I will need them for my article on Russel.

I am going to write to Haridas Chatterji to send you father's books. I trust you will get them within a fortnight of the receipt of this note.

I have received a long note from Bertrand Russel a few weeks back when he expresses a keen desire to visit our country. I am going to try to move the Calcutta Senate to invite him to come to India for three years as the paid Vice-chancellor. I have my doubts though whether they will allow him to come over.

I have met a great yogi of late who has impressed me extremely deeply. But I cannot write about him in this letter. He is a wonderful man and a man of great vision and depth. His powers border on the miraculous to boot. He has an inordinately high opinion of the work for which Aurobindo is schooling himself.

Please let me know at your earliest convenience whether you have received this letter.

I am just now stopping for a few days at the house of Tulsi. We are a merry party here. Having plenty of music. How I wish you were with us. You would have so enjoyed it.

I intend to tour round Rajputana now for about a month or so. There are some fine musicians there I am told. I am not doing badly in my musical activities.

I meet Khitish occasionally. He is working hard at the Corporation which misses you every moment—he tells me.

I need hardly enjoin on you to be of good cheer—you are of a worthier mettle than we.

So I conclude for the present. Let me however send you my heartfelt love and Bijoya's embraces. My heart is on its wings to you.

Yours lovingly

Dilip Kumar Roy
My dear Subhash,

I went day before yesterday to the famous astrologer who, I was told, can tell marvellous things about a man if the correct horoscopical data are given to him, I did not believe it. But day before yesterday I was extremely impressed with the things he told you by simply referring to the Bhrigu Samhita of which you must have heard. I will tell you what happened. That is the purpose of my writing this letter to you so soon after having penned you a long one just three days ago.

I went there with two friends of mine and submitted your Kundali or rashchi-chakra which I had procured from a friend of yours. The man searched out some old yellow papers where on were written Sanskrit slokas to correspond to the rashchi-chakra in question. I simply gave him your name as S. Bose. He did not know anything else about you, and I hardly gave out any hints until the remarks proved true. I took down about thirty points on a piece of paper as he recited the slokas which purported to give a sketch of your general character and future. I do so for I think that will not fail to interest you. These are the things he told about you and your life in general:

(1) Fair complexion. (2) Fairly stout. (3) Handsome. (4) Proficient in English and European Vidya. (5) Has gone to Europe once. (6) Received a high Government post. (7) Passed a difficult examination. (8) Scholarly and Well versed in our scriptures. (9) Very sympathetic nature. (10) Cherishes no ill-will against foreigners. (11) One or two brothers to die. (12) To marry a beautiful and accomplished girl after 28 years of age. (13) Will have son at 30 or 32. (14) His fame will spread far and near (desh deshantare keerti) (15) To go to Europe once again. (16) Famous for purity of character. (17) Father a man of influence. (18) Extravagant in charities. (19) Ascetically inclined by temperament. (20) Will live up to 70 or 71 years of age. (21) Religious and honest. (22) Not inclined to illicit love. (23) Between 28 and 30 great mental sufferings (atmakashitasaha mṛtyubat). (24) To be released at 29 years of
age (25) To be married between 29 and 32. (26) Prosperous from 31st year. (27) To be imprisoned between 27 and 29. (28) Pious.

I think his sketch of your character is wonderful. At least I think so.

Won't write more now.

I am leaving tomorrow for Agra and thence I will tour through Rajputana. You may however write to me at my Calcutta address: — 34 Theatre Road.

Accept my best love.

Yours affectionately as ever

Dilip

54 FROM SARAT CHANDRA BOSE

Giddapahar,
Kurseong, 6.10.25

My dear Subhas,

We arrived here on the 1st. Father has gone back to Cuttack. His courts opened yesterday. Mother is staying at Calcutta, as Dolly is expected and negotiations are being carried on for Arnua’s marriage.

I went to Dacca to oppose an application for Receiver. Sir B. C. Mitter and Sudhir Roy were on the other side. I am glad to tell you that I have succeeded. I don't know if the clients will take me again at the time of the hearing of the case. But that’s a long way off.

I went to Tiger Hill day before yesterday to see the sunrise. It was glorious! I started from Kurseong by motor at 2.30 a.m. and reached Ghoom at about 4 a.m. From Ghoom I went on horseback. The Governor also came to see the sunrise. I had never seen him before. I didn't know that he was such a sorry looking specimen of humanity. No wonder his acts and conduct have been so foolish!

Yes, we went to Kodalia during the Puja week. Our dispensary has been started and I hear that the doctor appointed by us has made a good impression. If medical relief work is successful, it will go a long way towards our village reorganisation.
Dada and Bowdidi will spend the rest of the holidays at Cuttack, Puri and Bhubaneswar. Namamabubú is at Calcutta. He has taken a house at Baghbazar. Natunmamabubú is keeping very poor health. He has taken a house at Shambazar.

Yes, Baramamabubú has proved to be an energetic Secretary of his Ward Health Association.

Kanchi is staying at 38½. His surgery is in an upper flat on Wellesley Street—almost near the Dhurumtallah crossing. You might be able to picture to yourself the house. It is the 2 storeyed house formerly occupied by Ritz Boarding or Ritz Hotel.

I hope you have received the sum of Rs. 200/- I sent you by T.M.O. Your Chief Jailor received it on the 22nd Sept. as appears from the T.M.O. acknowledgement.

With our loving Bijoya asis and good wishes.

Yours very affly,
Sarat
(Sarat Chandra Bose).

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55 FROM SARAT CHANDRA BOSE

Giddapahar,
Kurseong, 8.10.25

My dear Subhas,

Your letter of the 25th Sept. came in yesterday.

Kodalia people are taking interest in our scheme for village reorganisation. Babus Kali Charan Ghosh and Manindra N. Ghosh are members of the Committee which has been formed. Kali Charan is a most earnest worker and I have got from him all the information I needed. We haven't yet taken in hand the schools but shall do so as soon as our scheme for medical relief is in full operation. Along with my last letter from Calcutta, I enclosed a newspaper cutting which gives you some information regarding the work that has been started.

We were very happy to learn that you performed the Durga Puja there. Who officiated as priest?

We have sent you of 9 dhuties and 9 chaddars for you and
your fellow exiles at Mandalay. I trust the parcel reached you on or before the Bijoya day.

Your Mejobowdidi did not expect you back so soon though the air was thick with rumours about your coming back.

I am sorry that up till now Jamini Kaviraj has been more successful than Shyamadas. I tried to help the latter and was successful to some extent; but things went against him if I was absent on any occasion. I still hope however, that we shall push through Deshbandhu’s scheme for establishing a good Ayurvedic College.

I shall be here uptil the 6th or 7th Nov. I shall go down just for a day this month to be present at the celebration of the 2nd anniversary of ‘Forward’.

I wrote to Gladding on the 18th of last month for permission to send the ‘Forward’ to you but haven’t received any reply yet.

Hope you are all in good health. This leaves us well.

Please let us know what clothes you want for the approaching winter.

Yours very affly
Sarat

Subhas C. Bose Esq.

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56 FROM SARAT CHANDRA BOSE

Giddapahar,
Kurseong, 9.10.25

Recd.
20/10/25
Replied
23/10/25
S.C.B.

My dear Subhas,

Here is the cutting I referred to in my last letter.
The doctor started work actually on the 1st of this month. Sejojethamahasaya and father went down to Kodalia on that day and father has written to me to say that the doctor made
a good impression. I hope the doctor's enthusiasm will not grow cold.

Nothing further to write today. Hope you are well.

Yours very affly
Sarat

Subhas C. Bose Esq.

Enclosure: Newspaper Cutting

VILLAGE REORGANISATION

Centre at Kodalia,
24-Pergannas

Village reorganisation work was initiated at the house of Srijut Janaki Nath Bose, Kodalia, on the Mahastami day (25th Sept.) with a lecture by Srijut Jnananjan Niyogi on "Ma O Desh". Srijut Jnananjan spoke for about two hours and a half and his lecture which was illustrated by lantern slides made a great impression. Among those present were Srijuts Uma Charan Ghosh, Janakinath Bose (President, Village Re-Organisation Committee) Surendra Nath Sil (Secretary and Treasurer of the Committee), Kali Charan Ghosh (Assistant Secretary), Tara Prasanna Bose (Assistant Treasurer), Amulya Kumar Nundy, Bankim Chandra Rai-Choudhury, Manindra Nath Ghosh, Dr. Kashi Nath Chatterji (Medical Officer appointed by the Committee), B. N. Dutt (of 'Forward'), H. C. Sinha (of 'Forward'), Priya Nath Bose, Satish Chandra Bose, Sarat Chandra Bose and others. There were altogether about 500 gentlemen and about 200 ladies present. Certain members of the police force were also present in plain clothes.

On the Dashami day, a dispensary was opened at the house of Srijut Janakinath Bose. The dispensary has been named after Srijut Janakinath Bose's mother, the late Kamini Dasi. Srijut Uma Charan Ghosh—one of the oldest residents of Kodalia—presided over the opening ceremony. The Secretary and Treasurer of the Village Reorganisation Committee delivered a short speech explaining the objects of the Committee and the purposes for which the dispensary was being opened.
He was followed by the President who explained shortly what amount of co-operation was expected from the residents of Kodalia and the four adjoining villages Harinavi, Malancha, Mahinagar and Chingripotta.

The medicines and instruments for the dispensary have been supplied by Messrs. Butto Kristo Paul & Co. at cost price.

Dr. Kashinath Chatterji will commence work on the 1st October, 1925.

It is expected that this centre will shortly become a model centre for other villages to emulate.

57 To Dilip Kumar Roy

Mandalay Central Jail

9.10.25

My dear Dilip,

Never think that my vision is narrow or parochial. I do, indeed, believe in the "greatest good of the greatest number". But that good I do not equate to the purely material. Economists say that all work is either productive or unproductive. But the question which of these are really productive gives rise to furious logo-machines. I for one cannot look upon art and its kindred activities as unproductive, nor despise philosophic contemplation or spiritual quest as futile and pointless. I may not be an artist myself—to tell you the truth, I know I am not—but for that it isn't I who am responsible, it is nature or God if you will. Of course if you say that I am reaping in this birth what I sowed in my last, then I go to the wall. Leaving it at that, the real reason, in a nut-shell, why I did not shape into an artist is: I couldn't. But this does not mean, mind you, that a lay-man is debarred even from enjoying art. And the amount of training necessary to a proper appreciation of an art isn't, I think, hard to acquire for a cultivated person.

Do not sigh regretfully that you have been wasting your days on music when, to put it in Shakespeare's language, "the time is out of joint". Flood our whole countryside, my friend, with songs and recapture for life the spontaneous joy we have
forfeited. He who has no music in his composition, whose heart is dead to music is unlikely to achieve anything big or great in life. Carlyle used to say that he who had no throb of music in his blood was capable of any misdeed. Whether this be true or no, I am persuaded that he who cannot respond to music can never scale heights of thought or action. We want that the experience of ananda—sheer causeless delight—should quicken every drop of our blood, because we only create in the fullness of ananda. And what is there that can outwell ananda like music?

But we must make the artistic and its kindred joys amenable to the poorest of the poor. High research in music will, of necessity, continue in small expert coteries, but simultaneously, music must be dispensed as a spiritual pabulum of the masses. Just as the high ideals of art are stultified through lack of adequate research, even so art must wilt when, sundered from the life-soul of the masses, it is made inaccessible to all the sundry. I think art joins up with life through folk-music and folk-dance. The Western civilization has hewed away this isthmus between the two continents, of art and life, without substituting anything in its place. Our jatra, kathakata, kirtan,* etc, survive today almost as relics of the past. One shudders to think of the poverty of life that must ensue if our artists and musicians fail to restore the connection between art and life. You may remember I told you once how fascinated I had been by the beauty of the gambhira music of Maldah. In it music is happily blended with dance. I do not know of any other province in Bengal where such a happy union has been effected. But in Maldah it is sure to die away soon unless, first, new vitality be injected into it and, in the second place, people in other parts of Bengal come forward to take it up. You ought to visit the place once if only to give a fillip to the folk-music of Bengal. I warn you though that gambhira has little or no element of complexity or grandeur about it. Its salient features are spontaneity and simplicity. Our indigenous music and dance of the people still survive, I think, in

* Jatra = folk-dramas played in the open under a pandal where there is no stage set, the audience and the actors occupying the same level area. Kirtan = devotional dramatic music where Krishna and Radha figure in the main. Kathakata = mythological sagas or legends recited by pundits, alternated with songs.
Maldah alone. So those who would revive such folk-art may as well start work from there.

From the point of view of folk-music and folk-dance Burma is a marvellous country. Pure native dance and music are in full swing here and they cater for tens of thousands, zigzagging deep into the heart of remote villages. After having mastered the different idioms of our Indian music you may as well study the Burmese. It may not be an evolved art, but its capacity of delighting the illiterate poor has, somehow; appealed to me, I am told that their dance, too, is very beautiful. Furthermore, its art is not confined to select coteries, because, I imagine, there is no caste system in Burma (As a result art here has infiltrated everywhere). And probably also because folk-music and folk-dance have always had a tremendous vogue in this country. So the common folk have won to a deeper understanding of beauty than the Indian.

* I echo all you write about Deshbandhu as also your remark that the innate nobility of a man is revealed more through little private incidents of his life than through his public activities or political achievements caught up in the lime-light. In fact I gave him my heart’s deep adhesion and reverent love not so much because I happened to be his follower in the arena of politics, as because I had come to know him rather intimately in his private life. He had no family, properly speaking, outside that of his colleagues and adherents. Once we lived together in jail for eight months: for two months in the same cell, for six in adjacent ones. I took refuge at his feet because I came to know him thus through a very close relationship.

I subscribe to most of what you write about Sri Aurobindo, if not to all. He is a dhyani (a contemplative) and, I feel, goes even deeper than Vivekananda, though I have a profound reverence for the latter. So I agree with you when you say that one may from time to time—and, on occasion, for a long spell—remain withdrawn in silent contemplation in perfect seclusion. But here there is a danger: the active side of a man might get atrophied if he remained cut off for too long from the tides of life and society. This need not, indeed, apply to a handful of authentic seekers of uncommon genius, but the common run, the majority, ought, I think, to take to action in a spirit of service as the main plank of their sadhana. For a
variety of reasons our nation has been sliding pauselessly down to the zero line in the sphere of action; so what we badly need today is a double dose of the activist serum, rajas.

I say ditto to you again when you say that each of us must strive to develop his powers to their fulness. Real service is only achieved when we dedicate what is the best in our composition. Not till our inner being, our swadharma, has fulfilled itself, shall we have won, through to our inalienable right, adhikar, to what I call real service. To put it in the language of Emerson, we must be moulded from within. This does not mean that we all have to tread the same path, though it is possible that the same ideal may inspire us all. The artist's sadhana is not the same as the activist's, no more than the contemplative's sadhana is the same as the savant's, though I think, in the last analysis, the ideals of all are one. But in the practical field of self-realisation I wouldn't put a round peg in a square hole. One who was true to one-self could hardly be false to humanity. The nature of each must indicate the clue to the path that is his, the path that leads to his self-amelioration and self-expansion. If each of us could fulfil himself following his native capacity and temperament, than a new sunrise would outbreak over the entire life of the nation. It is, indeed, possible that a man may have to lead, during a particular phase of his sadhana*, a life which looks on the surface like selfishness or ego-centricism. But while he is passing through that phase he must follow the dictates of his own conscience—not those of public opinion. The public shall not judge till the results of the sadhana are published. Consequently, once you choose to tread the true path of self-unfoldment you may well ignore public opinion. So you see we are much less at variance with each other than you seem to think.

Yours ever affectionately
Subhas

* Sadhana = originally, spiritual discipline, askesis; now-a-days it has come to mean any disciplined endeavour for a high ideal.
Mandalay,
16.10.25
C/o D.I.G., I.B., C.I.D. Bengal,
13 Elysium Row
Calcutta.

My dear Santosh Babu,

I have not written to you after you stopped writing and I would not have written this but for a pressing and urgent reason. Even this I do not write without some hesitation.

You are no doubt aware of all the developments in the Ayurveda Amalgamation Committee. When the question of paying a grant to the Vaidyasastrapith of Shyamadas Bachaspati first arose, counter proposal was made by some member (I think Babu Nripendra Nath Basu) for amalgamating the Colleges and appointing a Committee for the purpose. It was really Kaviraj Jamini Bhusan Roy who was pulling the strings from behind and his tools were Nripen Babu, Jogesh Babu, Ramaprasad and others. Jamini Kaviraj hoped that if the three Colleges were amalgamated, he would virtually become the top-dog there. It must be said to his credit that he has personally canvassed almost every member of the Corporation and has adopted every contrivance in bringing influence and pressure to bear on the Councillors. He approached me through father whom he knew before. You know I am a straightforward man and I hate canvassing, especially when one adopts indirect means in doing so.

If there is amalgamation, someone must be the top-dog. The question here is who should have the role of importance in this case? Against Jamini Kaviraj my objection is three fold. Firstly his knowledge of Ayurveda is meagre. It is not men of such shallow learning who will succeed in reviving the ancient Ayurveda system. I even have doubts as to whether he has a real and sincere faith in Ayurveda. Secondly he is not straightforward as a medical practitioner and that surely is an index of his character. A senior practitioner who still depends for his practice largely on touts is hardly a reliable man. He himself is "a queer amalgam" of Ayurveda and Allopathy in
his practice. Thirdly, he is unscrupulous—I may say thoroughly unscrupulous—in the tactics he adopts. He has a clique of his own—the Ashtanga Ayurveda group—who want to bring the new College into being and then boss it. They will thereby score a three fold gain. (1) They will establish a College mainly at the expense of the Corporation and without much trouble; (2) They will be able to boss the institution—increase their prestige and reputation thereby and as practitioners earn more money; (3) By securing the patronage—the whole-hearted patronage—of the Corporation, they will crush the other institutions, if they do not amalgamate and thereby submit to the bossing of Jamini and Co. It is clear that if the Corporation—starts a new institution, it will have to withdraw all patronage from all other similar institutions and the latter will thereby be hit very badly.

The proposal for amalgamation has really emanated from Jamini and Co., who want to crush all other institutions and establish their power and supremacy in the new College. And these are the people who refused to respond to the call of Deshbandhu at the beginning of the Non-co-operation movement!

The Vaidyasastrapith was founded by Deshbandhu and I believe that as a piece of construction work it has great value and potentiality. The principal of the College is one of the most learned men among the Kavirajas—has no shoddy commercialism about him—has no tout system to support his practice, is a real ‘pucca’ Kaviraj of the old School who is also responsive to new ideas—and is a man of spotless character and unostentatious piety. I cannot conceive of a better teacher for the Kavirajas of the future. But he is not up to date in the art of canvassing and sycophancy and that is why today Jamini and Co. seem to be so much in favour.

Shyamadas Kaviraj has up till now maintained the College mainly out of his own money and unless the public or the Corporation come to his aid, it will be difficult for him to continue the work. Naturally he cannot agree to an amalgamation, the object and result of which will be to heighten the power and supremacy of Jamini and Co. And it is perfectly clear now that Jamini and Co will not agree to amalgamation if they do not have a controlling voice in the new institution.
Those of us who followed Deshbandhu are now pledged to continue his work and to maintain the institutions he founded. Are our Councillors conscious of this responsibility?

If it be not possible to bring about an amalgamation on honourable terms it would be better to continue the grants to the three colleges separately till reason and fairness ultimately prevail.

Jamini Kaviraj has been making a parade of his donation of Rs. 50,000/- for the new College. Shyamadas Kaviraj has already spent a large sum maintaining the Vaidyasastrapith out of his money and if money is to be an important factor, I do not think that Shyamadas will be wanting in liberality either.

If you have any doubt regarding anything I have said, you may pay a visit to the Vaidyasastrapith. If you phone Shyamadas Kaviraj, he will gladly show you round. Though Shyamadas is himself a Kaviraj of the old School, he has introduced Physics, Chemistry, Physiology etc. into the curriculum of the Vaidyasastrapith.

I know that you are earnest in everything you undertake and that you do not rest until you see the matter through. Kaviraj Shyamadas's letters containing the latest news pained me very much and I thought that if you took the matter up something beneficial might result.

Hope this will find you quite well. I am so so. With heartiest Bijoya greetings and embraces.

P.S.
You may speak to Braja Babu about the matter—he is the Chairman of the Public Health Com:
Please excuse any strong expressions I may have used in the body of the letter.

S. C. B.
59 FROM SARAT CHANDRA BOSE

Giddapahar
Kurseong, 18.10.25

My dear Subhas,

Your letter of the 2nd was to hand on the 16th.

I have sent the invoices to Ramiah. I have also written to him setting out the relevant extracts from your letter.

I have also written to Sj. Kiran Sankar Roy requesting him to file a claim on your behalf if your name is not on the Electoral roll of the Council of State and have forwarded the signed blank sheets to him for that purpose.

Sunil's London address is—86 South Hill Park, Hampstead, London, N.W. 3.

I am going down to Calcutta on the 24th to attend the 2nd anniversary celebration of 'Forward'. I shall remit to you Rs. 100/- from Calcutta. I shall be returning to Kurseong on the 26th.

Have I told you that Govt has refused to allow 'Forward' to be sent to you?

This leaves us well. Hope you are keeping well. With love and good wishes.

Yours very affly
Sarat

60 FROM DILIP KUMAR ROY

Lucknow
21.11.25

My dear Subhash,

Many thanks—the most grateful ones—for your last long letter dated 9.10.25. You can hardly form an adequate conception of the inspiration your letters afford me—not to speak of your personality. (Please excuse me if my nature lends itself at times to be a little "lavish" as you say when expressing the sincere gratitude it feels towards those from whom it has derived the most abiding benefits. You know the Sanskrit saying স্বভাবাব শতিরিচ্ছতে, i.e. one can hardly rise superior to one's nature. So
your apology as to its having spun out to a great length was worse than superfluous. For you of all persons should have known better.

I agree in substance with your remarks about the need of bringing art within the reach of the poor and the lowly. I have often thought that we, the so-called aristocrats, very often run the risk of persuading ourselves that art must always needs be the handmaiden of the fortunately placed few. In so-doing we often forget that the art which tends always to restrict its appeal to the privileged few tends thereby to be overtaken by anemia in the long run—a tendency against which Tolstoy's diatribes and unsparing ridicules have become so famous. The other day I was reading a fine essay entitled “Essay on Christianity and art” by an art-critic of England. He also wrote something to the same effect. “Art cannot greatly flourish unless it is rooted in the life of the people and stimulated by a general demand. A few men of genius will struggle to the top, but art in general will decline, when it becomes the plaything of a small class.”

Agreed. And you will also agree I am sure. (You have in fact said something very much akin in your last letter). But it seems to me that the problem is not quite so simple as such generalisations tend to make it appear. We will discuss this point sometime at greater length but let me only adumbrate a few of the main objections that beset me now-a-days.

The appeal of art—the highest art—is in the first place by no means universal nor even general. That is why sham and counterfeit in art is so much more prevalent in every civilized society. A friend of mine—Ronald Miron of this University—remarked to me once how positively he felt repelled by what so often passes for dramatic or literary art in Europe which a very large number of men possibly love to roll in. He said that while on the one hand the cheap and vulgar titillations of the so-called art of modern Europe appeal so generally to the multitude, causing him positive pain—good art on the other hand which positively exalts him hardly ever finds a response in these people's hearts. The same sort of experience must have fallen to the lot of most of us. You will say: “But educate the tastes—of the masses, my friend.” But then the difficulty lies in this, is that education so easy after all—when we see that in the most democratic countries of the world the state of affairs
is today so bad? Nevertheless I am inclined to believe that matters are bound to mend and tend on the balance to improve—but then when all is said and done, is this not a question of temperament? I do not mean that this view can (not) be open to controversy—which view in the world of ours is not?—I only mean thereby the most serious nature of the questionings that even the stoutest optimist must needs meet with sometime or other in his life when he is hard put to it to explain the ever widening gulf (it often seems) between what to him should be and what is. Everywhere you see good art at a discount, and Mat Gould, Rider Haggard, Panchkori De, Paul de Lock and such other catch-penny drivel reigning rampant and ever on the increase. A great pessimist has defined civilization to be a continuous change in human society each step of which means an additional increase in the sum total of human unhappiness.

I was not long ago deeply distressed by such antinomies of life, when Aurobindo's works came to my hands. In his wonderful book called "The Life Divine" I found a sort of balm which healed my searching and tormented spirit. He (to me) proved to the hilt that the sum total of human happiness has ever been on the increase, though the history of any particular geographical spot on earth may lend colour to a contrary conclusion. However let me not dwell on this rather big question in my present letter. I only wanted to tell you how my doubts as to the highest art being immediately popularized have not yet been solved. There is the great question of receptivity to reckon with—the great stumbling-block of what we are used to look upon as idealism.

Aurobindo told me last year how he too was beset by the same problem once. I quote him now almost verbatim: "when I went in for Yoga," he said to me in Pondicherry, "I took it up with a view to change thereby the whole nature of humanity, to transform the face of the world, to eradicate evils wholesale. But I found out later on, to my disillusionment, that this I had deemed possible owing to my sheer ignorance at that time. What you can do in this connection is that after having realised something you can impart it partially to others who are receptive. But then this transmission is not always so easy even when the realisation has been achieved. One can communicate along with receiving only when one has got a special power.
For some can only receive and not communicate. It is only a few who are capable of both. Then again everybody can not receive. So the problem is not easy to solve. What can you do? I have realised since that men are at different stages of evolution and development, so much so that any universal panacea to the World’s evils is an impossibility as has been shown again and again in the course of history................

Much as I would like to have it otherwise I find Aurobindo’s arguments irrefutable. In art I have found this to be particularly true. I have found times out of number that the music which gives the most divine sort of ecstasy to a few choice spirits sounds very often bald and even meaningless to most others. This sad fact in the hard world of reality once hurt my idealism and optimistic outlook on life not a little. But I think that it has nevertheless fortified my courage all the more, by enabling me to be shorn of my sentimental vision-doting habit which would rather elude the reality rather than suffer disillusionment. I feel now more fortified than ever by saying like कर्मणुचिकारस्वतः मा फलेषु कदाचन (we have right only to works not the fruits thereof) or

* षৎ करोधमिषद्वानसि हःजःहोयि ददासि षৎ ।
यजपुस्याः कौण्डे तत्कुरवत् मदपर्षम् ||

I feel I realise the greatness of such wonderful dictums infinitely better now thanks to my recent disillusionments born of the clash between the world of ideals and world of fact.

I am glad that we agree on the other points (not that we do not agree on the last point—for I feel we do, only you have not qualified your generalisation in the way I have been forced of late to do).

Your vision I certainly never called a narrow one. You can never be narrow even if you tried to. Your adhara will be against you even if you wanted to become a narrow patriot or a common demagogue for the so-called good of our country. I do not flatter you when I say this, for I come to feel more and more that it is really not we who are our own masters—even though I do not disbelieve in free-will altogether. But about this we will perhaps discuss some day when you come back to our loving welcome. You wrote to me once beautifully
how you were coming more and more to a sort of sense the
presence of some Higher Power and Higher Motion underlying
even our most chequered and anomalous activities.

I have completed my Rajputana tour at long last. You
will be glad to learn that I have been received everywhere by
the people with an ardour and sincerity I could hardly have
believed possible a few years ago. All this brilliant reception
has however made me recall the remark of the Yogi I referred
to who had advised me to continually remind myself that it all
happens in the way it does only because it has been so ordained
by some Higher Purpose—(curiously reminiscent of your afore-
said remark). I feel this warning has stood me in good stead on
many occasions when I should otherwise have slid down
unawares into vanity or egoism. The example of your humility
has also been very helpful to me on this score.

I am wondering if I should send this letter to you
immediately. For I am told you are going soon to be removed
to Calcutta to be interned somewhere. So I think I will wait
a few days.

Why do you not write anything about your health? I
wonder if you have come across your letter published in
Bangabani about a month ago—I mean the letter you wrote to
Sarat Babu. It has touched me and many others to the core.
It is tragic to feel we can be of so little help to you now in
your hours of profound mental gloom. Mere epistolary
expression of sympathy must, I fear, be a poor substitute just
now.

Accept my heartfelt love,

Yours affectionately

Dilip

28.12.25.

P.S.

My dear Subhash,

I waited long enough. But you have not been released yet.
So I send this letter to you.

I had a good many things to add, but let the 12 pages
suffice for the present.
I am organizing another charity-performance at the Institute on the 5th proximo and trust it will be successful as usual, Govt. willing. You may have already heard about it all from Anil Babu.

I could not resist the temptation of sending your letters to Rabindranath who wrote back to me a letter extending over four pages in appreciation of your letter. He has written a very nice letter to me indeed, which I will show you someday.

With sincerest love.

Yours affly as ever
Dilip

61 FROM SARAT CHANDRA BOSE

38/1, Elgin Road
26.XI.25

My dear Subhas,

I have received quite a number of letters from you but I am sorry have not been able to reply to any of them.

You have got all news of this side from Rangamamababu. There is nothing further to add. I shall reply to the points mentioned in your letters in detail on Saturday next.

I do not think it will be necessary to set you up as a candidate for the Council of State. People here think that Babu Lokenath Mukherji and Babu Nalininath Sett are quite good for Liberal candidates. I shall however submit your nomination papers if there is any risk of any of the other named being scratched due to any irregularity in the nomination papers submitted by the other candidates.

This leaves us well. Rangamamababu has seen Kaviraj Mahasaya about your treatment and will write you in detail. Hope you are better.

Yours very affly
Sarat

Subhas Chandra Bose Esq.
My dear Mr. Basu,

It is a treat to read your letters and I enjoy replying to them. I cannot tell you how glad I am to hear from you once more. I have been following your activities in the Corporation as far as possible under present conditions. There has been a distinct falling off in the number of complaints appearing in the papers in connection with the New Market. The construction of the lethal chamber will, I hope, put a final stop to the pariah dog nuisance.

The anniversary issue of the Gazette has been quite a success and please convey my congratulations to the Editor on his achievement. He wanted a message from me but, I sent some suggestions in addition. I felt that they were somewhat out of place but I sent them all the same as I was anxious to avail myself of the opportunity of communicating my suggestions. I was not sure at the time that I would be able in the near future to convey my ideas regarding the Gazette to the Editor and that is my only justification.

There are certain important matters which I would like to bring to your notice with the hope that you will take them up with your characteristic energy and enthusiasm. I have written to some members already but apparently to no avail.

The street lighting contract with the Gas Coy. expires in 1931. The new contract will have to be settled 5 years before the date of expiry (i.e. in 1926) in order to enable the new party to get ready by 1931. Four alternatives lie before us:

1. To municipalize the department and continue gas.
2. To municipalize the department but substitute electricity for gas.
3. To contract with a new party for lighting the streets with electricity.
4. To renew the contract with the Gas Coy.

As you may guess, I am in favour of municipalization. The premier corporations in the world run their own street lighting plant and why shouldn’t we? If we continue gas, we may be able to utilize all the by-products for industrial purpose.
either by selling them to private parties or by starting municipal industries. We may, for example, manufacture our own disinfectants instead of purchasing phenyle or Phenocol. We may buy off the entire plant of the Gas Coy. and simply substitute our own management. I don’t see any reason why it should not be a paying concern.

Whether under municipalization we should substitute electricity for gas is a question which requires deeper consideration. The solution will depend entirely on financial considerations. Before my arrest I had asked the Lighting Supdt. to prepare a comparative statement regarding the cost of equipping and running electric and gas plant. I do not know if he has made any progress with the work. On the whole he seemed to be in favour of electricity. You know that we pay annually several lacs of rupees to the Electric Supply Corporation for consuming electricity in our pumping stations and lighting some streets. If we have our own plant for supplying electricity we may run all the pumping stations with our own power and we shall be making a saving thereby. All these considerations will have to be carefully weighed before a final decision is arrived at. This controversy will take at least 6 months, if not a year—it is therefore necessary to introduce the subject at home.

I have been thinking for sometime past of the idea of installing a cold storage plant in the municipal market. This would make it possible to preserve meat, fish and fruits which are not readily sold. A certain quantity of food rots every day in the market and the loss has to be made up by raising the prices in general. If it is possible to prevent this with the aid of a cold storage plant—the food-supply will be increased and prices will tend to fall. This question might be brought before the Markets Committee.

There is a Food Preservation Department in England and a friend of mine (Mr. P. Parija, Professor of Botany, Ravenshaw College, Cuttack) at Cambridge worked as a paid research scholar in this department. He worked for about a year with apples and the possibility of preserving them. I was reading an article in the London Times a few days ago which said that the experiments with apple preservation had not succeeded. You may write to Mr. Parija either personally or
through the Secretary asking him to acquaint you with the up to date researches in this domain and their practical application. You may also communicate with the Ministry of Health in England or the London County Council asking for information regarding this question. Successful food preservation is bound to increase supply and lower prices and it is therefore necessary for us to be acquainted with the progress made in other countries.

In the matter of introducing compulsory primary education, Bombay, Delhi and Chittagong have stolen a march over us. What a shame! I wrote to the Deputy Mayor about 3 months ago about this problem but I do not think he has stirred his little finger yet. My idea was to start compulsory primary education in selected areas in 1926—so that before the present corporation goes out they will have a year's experience of compulsory primary education. Under the Act we do not possess the power to enforce education and special powers will have to be vested in the Corporation. I am told that in the last Council a resolution was passed at the instance of Babu Surendra Nath Ray empowering the Local Govt. to invest a local body by notification with special power for making primary education compulsory. I do not know if this is true but I noticed in the papers that this procedure took place in the case of the Chittagong Municipality. If this be true we can get the sanction of the Local Govt. in no time. Otherwise an amendment of the Calcutta Municipal Act will be necessary and that will take time. I did not mention municipal banking in the list of suggestions I sent but I am glad that Mr. Ramaswami has referred to it. There are ideas which require a good deal of cogitation, reflection and discussion before they can mature and whoever introduces a healthy discussion on any municipal topic does the Corporation and the ratepayers a service. Moreover, it is necessary to know the latest advances made in Municipal Govt. in other countries.

Regarding the Vidyadhari, why don't you get a River-engineer from abroad (Holland or Germany or America) to study the Vidyadhari and its locality and predict its future. The expenditure may be borne by the Corpn. but it will be a useful investment. I am sorry that members are anxious to wash their hands off the Vidyadhari problem and do not want
to be responsible for the solution of the problem. This argues lack of courage. They should instead take courage in both hands and grapple with the problem as best as they can.

The origin, growth and decay of rivers is a science by itself and several engineers abroad have specialized in this domain. Experiments are made with model miniature rivers to find out their possible future courses under actual conditions. A river-engineer anxious to study, the Vidyadhari will examine the local soil and start experimenting with his models. Until you are able to predict (or theorise about) the future of the Vidyadhari area, you cannot settle the future drainage scheme of Calcutta. Mr. Wilkinson or any drainage-engineer may be able to cope with the second problem but only a river-engineer can tackle the first problem. The Vidyadhari Committee has so far touched the fringe of the first problem.

You may write to Dr. Bentley unofficially asking him to make enquiries about prominent river-engineers in Europe and America. The assistance of the Institute of Civil Engineers in England may also be sought by the Corporation for securing information regarding prominent river-engineers. I shall be glad if you would take up this problem as well.

I am interested to read about the work of the Markets Committee. I earnestly hope that the frail manshatala boat will weather all the storms that may threaten it in future. I shall write to Mejdada now and again when I can suggest anything useful. I hope you will give my suggestions some consideration.

Has the Workshop Com. submitted any report? What is the present condition of the Motor Vehicles Dept.? It is going to be reorganized in the near future? I find that the locomotives of the Municipal Railway are in a bad way and that you have to seek the assistance of the E. B. Ry. In the next budget you ought to provide some money for new street-sweeping machines. The added areas want more watering cars also. We have to experiment with new machines before we can finally decide about our future. There was an enquiry into the condition of the roads. Has it matured? I believe you will have to centralize the roads department under a road-engineer trained in the up-to-date methods of road construction in Europe. We have no competent road-engineer in the
corporation. Road construction has progressed so rapidly abroad that we have fallen far behind. It would be advisable to select a competent man and send him abroad for training. Our road department is too anti-deluvian to stand the strain of more requirements especially when the area of Calcutta has been considerably enlarged. I anticipate another serious breakdown next year in road work and the rate-payers will then be at your throats. The whole Engineering Dept. will have to be reorganized and the different departments (roads, drainage, conservancy) will have to be made autonomous. I doubt if there is any room for a "sub-janta" Chief Engineer in a city of the size of Calcutta.

Have you instituted any enquiry into the periodic recurrence of small-pox in Calcutta?

I must stop here rather abruptly leaving many things unsaid as I am becoming too lengthy and have to catch the mail. I cannot even revise what I have written—please excuse haste.

With kindest regards.

Yours fraternally

Subhas C. Bose

63 From Sarat Chandra Bose

38/1 Elgin Road
5.XII.25.

My dear Subhas,

Your letter of the 23rd Nov. came in this morning.

After a silence of several weeks I wrote to you on the 26th Nov. I believe that you will get that letter in 2 or 3 days' time, if you haven't got it already. In that letter, I have told you that people here did not think it necessary to set you up as a candidate in order to fight Dr. Dwarkanath Mitter & Sri Deaprasad. They thought that Nalini Babu & Lokenath Babu were good enough for the Liberal nominees. I am however sending your suggestions regarding the Election Campaign to Kiran Sankar and have no doubt they will prove useful.

I think you are right in not bringing your loss of weight to the notice of the authorities. Petitioning is foreign to our temperament and cannot be taken recourse to specially after the treatment that was accorded to your first petition. You
must have seen in the Rangoon papers that Sri Hugh Stephenson now admits that you have lost about 20 lbs. in weight. When questioned further about the matter, he said that the decrease was not due to ill health! When Sengupta asked if it was due to good health there was no reply. You will get full details in the Statesman and Bengalee when they reach your hands. It is no use arguing with people of that mentality. Let us see when (if at all) Govt. think that a transfer from Mandalay is absolutely necessary in your case.

Ramiah sent to me on the 9th Nov. last a complete list of the books he has sent you from the Corporation Office. Please verify the same. The list is enclosed herewith.

I recommended Prithwis to the acting Chief Executive Officer. He has promised to remember him as soon as there is a vacancy. But the vacancy never comes! I have asked Prithwis to join our paper as a travelling agent all over Bengal on a settled pay plus travelling expenses. He can sell shares, procure advertisements, enquire into complaints about circulation and help in numerous ways. He hasn’t yet made up his mind as to whether he will rejoin our paper.

I kept on your typist for several months and paid him his salary. But almost five months ago he left for home as he told me that somebody was seriously ill there. He wrote to me once from his home asking for a little money but I haven’t heard from him since. It strikes me now that probably I didn’t reply to his letter or send money. I am so busy during term time that I hardly find time to attend to correspondence. Moreover, the ‘Forward’ is taking more and more of my time. We are making improvements in all departments. There is no doubt now that we are the foremost nationalist daily in India. That is recognised by English papers as well. So long today. I am hoping against hope that the cold weather will do you good. What you seem to need however is thorough examination by competent medical men there. Unless the root cause for the loss of weight is detected and removed, I don’t expect any appreciable improvement.

This leaves us well.

Yours very affly
Sarat
(Sarat Chandra Bose)
64 To Bivabati Bose*

Mother Durga be with us

*Mandalay Jail*

16th December (1925).

My dear Mejobowdidi,

I cannot express in words how happy I felt to receive your letter of the 5th December. Not having answered your two previous letters I did not expect that you would write to me. Any way, I am now replying to your three letters.

I received the Punjabi sent by you a few days ago. As soon as the parcel arrived I could tell that it was made of home-spun yarn—because otherwise why should there be only one Punjabi? Of course I could not guess who had done the spinning. For once I thought it was made out of yarn spun by Sejobowdidi and others. Then I thought it was probably the product of yarn spun by Lalmamima—because during my last imprisonment she had sent me dhoti and chaddar made out of her own yarn. Now I find that my guesses were wrong. I had not heard that you had also been spinning nowadays. Please do let me know who amongst you are spinning and how you all are faring. Who is the most enthusiastic? Can Didi spin? Where do you get your yarn woven?

The Punjabi is very well made and I am saying so after trying it out. Just as one’s own cooking tastes ten times better that somebody else’s, clothing made out of one’s own yarn feels many times better than those made out of yarn spun by others. I hope your enthusiasm will go on increasing steadily. We did some spinning here for some time after our arrival. And then the charkha broke down and the person who was the most enthusiastic was transferred from here. So, the broken charkha is now lying on the top of the almirah. Once I thought of writing to Dr. P. C. Ray in Calcutta to send me a charkha. But then I thought it probably would get damaged in transit and so gave up the idea.

I often think of Sarada. How is she now? What is her principal occupation now? The goat, the cat, birds or the

* Translated from the original Bengali
1 The Bengali prototype of shirt
2 The spinning wheel
kiddies? With whom or with what does she spend most of her time?

I heard quite some time ago that Chotobowdidi was ill. How is she now?

That I have been in prison in a foreign country for a full year is of course a matter of great sorrow for you all, friends and relations. I cannot say that I do not feel sorry also. But I often think that Providence must be having a great purpose behind this. If that was not so, why of all political prisoners I or the handful of us had to come here? Besides, I can hardly express how happy I feel from time to time. Without this happiness I would probably have turned insane by this time. We often read in the scriptures that there is bliss in suffering. This is most certainly true. If man could not find any happiness in the performance of his duty, he would not face suffering with equanimity. Of course, the satisfaction that one gets through suffering for others he probably cannot get through any other kind of suffering. Could man put up with so much suffering if there was no happiness in a mother suffering for her child, brother for his brother, friend for his friend or the patriot for his country? It is indeed true that the devotee gets closer to Shri Krishna through the ordeal of separation. Because, the year's exile has made my motherland so much the dearer, sweeter and more beautiful to me. I now feel that I have never in my life loved my country as much as I do now. And, if one has to suffer for the motherland, more glorious than Heaven itself, ——— is it not a matter of joy? Today I am outwardly an exile from my country ——— but my motherland is ever present inside my being and in my imagination. There is limitless joy in this inner closeness....

(The following five lines were deleted by the Censor. Ed.)

19/12/25

I could not write to Mejdada last week or this week. I shall write to him next week.

I was delighted to receive the dhoti and chaddar sent by Kanak on the occasion of Brothers' Day. I wanted to write to her separately but I am not sure if that will be possible. Please give her my news when she visits you.

I have yet to mention one other thing. The Puja clothing you sent us made us all very happy. They did not reach us
during the Puja —— but what does it matter? For us all
days of the month are holidays. I was not able to write to
you separately offering my Bijoya pronams. I conveyed them
in my letter to Mejdada. I hope you did not mind.

Puja news, I suppose, have become stale by now. I wonder
if I ever felt so happy at any other Puja. The reason why we
felt so happy was probably because we earned the right to
perform the Puja after a lot of fighting. Who knows how long
we shall have to be in prison? But, all our suffering will be
bearable if we get the chance of worshipping the Mother once
in a year. In Durga we see Mother, Motherland and the
Universe all in One. She is at once Mother, Motherland and
the Universal Spirit.

Well, I almost forgot to mention one other matter. I
wrote to Mejdada already that the expenses on account of the
Durga Puja would probably be met by the government. We
have now received orders that we have to pay from our own
sources. We had said that the Government should pay Rs. 500/-
and we would meet the balance. We have already paid
our promised share. But we are unable to pay even a fraction
of the remaining Rs. 500/- and we shall not pay.

You must be keen to have local news. The chicken
population has grown. There are four chicks. There were
some more—but they died soon after being hatched. A full-
fledged poultry house has been built on scientific lines. New
cocks have been bought also. We have cock-fights from time
to time. I had never seen cock-fights before. There was a
proposal to have some pigeons—but due to want of living space
they were not bought. But if we continue to be here for any
length of time, there is no doubt that a nest of pigeons will
certainly be brought into being. Life in prison is so boring
and uninteresting that unless one can create some source of
entertainment, it is rather difficult to keep steady.

The cat nuisance continues as before. Initially there were
eight or nine. The fighting tom-cats used to spoil our sleep
every night. They would take no notice of our admonitions—
because they knew we were locked up. Then, one day we
cought them in gunny bags and sent them off to a far away
place. A number of them returned. Now they are three. These
were sent away again but came back. Many here are ardent
cat-lovers. What can they do!—in the absence of other objects of affection they cannot but satisfy themselves by pouring affection on cats. But I have not yet been able to develop any weakness for cats—(and how ugly these cats are); one could love them if they were goodlooking as Sarada's cats.

Every effort is being made to develop the garden. Our permanent Manager has given up his managing duties and is devoting himself to the garden. But the soil refuses to yield. And the Manager will not leave it alone. There is hardly anything that he has not planted on barely a few square feet of land. Spinach, egg-plant, gram, lentils, sugar-cane, pineapple, onion and what not! And besides, so many varieties of flowering plants. Flowering plants were not growing in an area shut off from sun's rays; so he has devised all sorts of scientific measures. During this last week he has been projecting sun's rays on the flowering shoots with the help of a large mirror placed in the sun. He thinks the flowering plants have now started growing very rapidly as a result of this device. We have therefore decided to call him "Jagadish Bose the Second".

There is hardly any doubt that the jail is kind of a zoo. There is a fellow here who is called Shyamlal. We had already given him the title of "Pundit" in recognition of his intelligence. Recently in recognition of his even superior intellectual powers, we have added the appellation of "Upadhaya" and have assured him that he would eventually earn the title of "Mahamahopadhyaya."

Shyamlal the Great took part in a burglary and came home with five rupees. His burglar friends cheated him of over a thousand rupees. For five rupees he was given fifteen years rigorous imprisonment. He was sent to Rajshahi Jail. The convicts there organised a jail-break and escaped. After all the convicts had disappeared, Shyamlal discovered that the jail was empty and the main gate open. He went to the Head Warder and asked: "Sir, may I leave also?" The Head Warder replied: "You may do as you wish." After all the convicts had been rounded up, they were brought back to the jail and put on trial. In course of the trial, Shyamlal stood up and said; "My Lord, I went out of jail with the permission of the Head Warder." The judge refused to listen to his plea and he was awarded one year's rigorous imprisonment for jail-break.
Here Shyamalal was put in charge of the bathroom. His duty was to store water and to see that clothing, oil, soap, etc were in order. He found that some convicts were wasting bath water and so he thought within himself of the means of preventing such wastage. After much deliberation he got into the bathroom and locked the door from inside. Then he got out through the window and slammed the window tightly from outside. The window got bolted from the inside and Shyamalal was mighty pleased with himself. When it became necessary to open the door at bath time, Shyamalal went on scratching his head. In recognition of his intelligence we immediately conferred upon him the title of "Pundit."

Shyamalal’s titles continued to multiply, but the appellation of "Pundit" pleased him most and thereafter his enthusiasm for work increased further.

Once he developed dermatitis and he came to the conclusion that he had leprosy. He went on asking everybody the cure for leprosy. Later, he showed such talent over some other episode that he was promoted to the rank of "Upadhaya". Flowering of his intellect is taking place so rapidly that there is no doubt he will soon earn the honourable title of "Mahamahopadhyaya."

There is another funny fellow here. He is known as "Yankaya" and his original home is in the Madras area. He came to this country forty years ago with the British when they conquered North Burma. He is now only seventy years old and he has married only thrice in his life. He is as stout as he is tall and his tummy is bigger still. He is extremely fond of eating and has come to realise very deeply that eating is the highest truth in this world. He does not know any language. The dialect that he uses now is Karungi (a Madrasi dialect)—a queer amalgam of Hindustani and Burmese. Because of this quality—of not being able to speak any language well—he was detailed first to work for the Bengalis. We follow him more by his gestures and expression rather than by his language. He was another exceptional quality—he is incapable of pronouncing any name correctly. For "Bhog Singh" he says "Bursing"; instead of "Kriparam" he says "Tripad-Raju"; for "Subhas Babu" he says "Surban Babu" for "Bipin Babu" he says "Gobin Babu", etc. Let me give you an example of his
language—"Tripad-Raju chala gaya seiday", which means "Kriparam has gone away." Of this sentence, "Chala gaya" is Hindustani and "Seeday" is Burmese word. Yankaya is all the time worried that we might someday go away. He may then be in trouble about his food.

When we sit down together with the newspapers, he feels almost completely lost. When he gets the chance to speak to me alone, he asks anxiously; "Babu bengla chala gaya ?" That is to say: are the Babus going back to Bengal? He feels comforted when he is told that we were not. On the other hand, he declares with bravado: "Babu, bengla chala gaya bahut kaunde"; that is to say, it will indeed be very good when the Babus returned to Bengal. "Kaunde" is a Burmese word meaning "good".

Well, I must not end the story in one day. How is Polly? The Kaviraji medicines have done me some good, but I cannot be sure that the improvement will last. Recently I had cold and fever. I am well now. How are you all? Please accept my pronams.

Yours
Subhas

65 FROM SARAT CHANDRA BOSE

38/1 Elgin Road
19.12.25

My dear Subhas,

I received your letter of the 4th on the 12th.

I have got the points which you mentioned to Rangamama-babu (Mr. B. N. Dutt) at the interview at Mandalay last month. I am taking the necessary steps.

I met Mr. S. N. Haldar yesterday and told him that his letter had been withheld.

I am leaving for Cawnpore on the 22nd or the 23rd instant.

Mother has received your letter.

I have forwarded your voting paper to Biswabharati.

Was there any University degree in England at any time, the first letters of which were A.B. I found in one of the annota-
tions of an old Professor, the degree A.B. after his name. Your
degree B.A.; so long as I have known, the bachelors degree has
been B.A. Personally I always prefer degree to be in consecutive
letters and I would prefer to put A.B. after your name and not
B.A. But the University has ruled otherwise.

Hope you are better. We are very anxious for your loss
of weight. I do not see any reason why they should not
transfer you to a better place.

In haste.

Yours very affly
Sarat

Subhas C. Bose Esq.
B.A. (Cantab)

66 To Sarat Chandra Bose

Mandalay
30.12.25

My dear brother,

I have not written to you for some time past—for more
than a fortnight, I think. Your letter of the 19th reached me
yesterday and your letter of the 5th Dec. is still unanswered.

I have compared the list Ramiah has sent me with my
books and I find that I have got all of them.

You will get this after return from Cawnpore—if you have
gone there. I am eager to know how you enjoyed your trip.

I hope Rangamamababu has brought to the notice of the
Bengal and Burma Govts the points I mentioned at my inter-
view with him.

I have not had any news about Mrs. Das for sometime
past. How is she doing?

I do not think that at any British University A.B. is written
instead of B.A. I am not however altogether sure of the Scottish
Universities like Aberdeen.

Hope this will find you all quite well. I am so so.

Yours very affly
Subhas

S. C. Bose Esq.
38/1 Elgin Road
Calcutta.
To Anil Chandra Biswas

Mandalay Jail
(1925 ?)

You may have heard already that our hungerstrike was not altogether meaningless or fruitless. Government have been forced to concede our demands relating to religious matters and henceforward a Bengal State Prisoner will get an annual allowance of thirty rupees on account of Puja expenses. Thirty rupees are an insignificant amount and will not meet our expenses, but our principal gain is that the government have now accepted the principle which they refused to do so long—the question of money has been in all ages and all climes a most unimportant one. Apart from our Puja demands, the government has also met many of our other demands. However, speaking in the Vaishnavic spirit I have to say, “All this is merely the exterior.” That is to say, the biggest gain of hungerstrike is inner fulfilment and bliss—the question of fulfilment of demands is an external question and a matter of the material world. Without suffering man can never realise his oneness with his spiritual ideal and unless he is put to the test, he can never be sure and certain of the limitless power that he possesses inside himself. Thanks to this experience I have come to know myself far better and my self-confidence has increased manifold.

We have to try to establish home industries through social service. We shall get new ideas if we go round the Commercial Museum, Bengal Home Industries Association and such institutions and establishments. You will also benefit by reading some of the Annual Administrative Reports of the Department of Home Industries of the Bengal Government. Above all, it is necessary to visit centres of home industries, watch the methods of work with one’s own eyes and learn. I do not think very large funds will be necessary to run cottage industries. First of all, we must have at least one person from amongst the members who will think about it, collect information and study

* Translated from the original Bengali
literature. Then, he will personally go and see the working of such cottage industries as we can possibly run. When ultimately the decision will be taken to start a particular cottage industry, then workers have to be sent to learn the job. I do not see any need for anybody to go through the entire course of the Polytechnic Institute. Neither do I consider it necessary for anybody to learn electro-plating and such other jobs there. Because we have a sewing department of our own and there will be no advantage in teaching of our society the work of iron-smiths or electro-plating. As far as I can recall (I have been to the Polytechnic only once), of all the industries at the Polytechnic we can adopt only cane-work and clay-modelling for our cottage industries; I am rather doubtful even about cane-work because I am not so sure that we can get the women to do this work. Now, if you decide to carry on with clay-modelling, then any worker may go and learn the art within a few days. There will be no expenses and only when we start the cottage industry we shall have to spend some cash on paints. Apart from this, expenditure will be very little. In short, one person must devote himself entirely to this problem—he must become mad over it.

Another thing comes back to my mind again and again—I may have written about this already—and that is about making buttons of shell. In many village homes of the Dacca district, this industry is active. Men and women of poor households do this job in their spare time. One worker can be trained in this art within a very short time. Alternatively, you may appoint a new worker who knows and can teach this job.

You may try to get such a worker through newspaper advertisement. I am inclined to think that buttons can be made by a process of friction against hard stone,—we can, if we wish, do it ourselves. A pointed instrument is what you need for making the holes and for effecting the round contour you may perhaps need a sharp instrument. If you can get the Society to arrange for a few instruments and a bagful of shell, you may start work. The work will be confined to the relief-seekers, but once you are successful you will see that ordinary poor families will take to it to augment their income. The Society will merely provide the raw materials at a cheap price and arrange for the sale of finished products at a higher price.
To start work in this line you will have to devote a lot of time at the initial stages.

So long.

68 To Anil Chandra Biswas*  

Mandalay Jail  

(1925 ?)

I duly received the papers you sent me some time ago,—Welcome Address to Mahatma, the programme of the conference held for Deshbandhu Memorial Fund, etc. Yesterday I also received the list of books of the library, the programme of the variety entertainment, etc. sent by you. I can hardly express in words how happy I feel to know of the steady progress of the work of the Society.

I am pleased to know that you have collected so much money even after meeting the expenses. I agree with you entirely on what you have written about charkha, spinning, etc. But you must not give up trying even now. You said in your previous letter that one gentleman might let us have eighty bighas of land if we could grow cotton. If there is a possibility of getting such a land, not much in the way of capital investment will be necessary for cotton-growing. If we could provide for salaries of one or two gardeners and for cotton seed, we might show results within a year. If the land is fallow, expenses may go up for making it suitable for cultivation. Of course, one should consult with the Agricultural Department before deciding upon the type of cotton seed to be sown. What cottage industries you have already started (such as, packet making) you should continue if there be no loss even though the profits may be small. If we can run more profitable industries later, we shall give them up. Those who receive assistance at the present time must by any means be kept engaged in some work. When they will have given up begging and learnt to work, they can be very gainfully employed in the profit-earning industries. Even if the current cottage industries do not turn out to be a financial success, the community may be greatly benefitted by the creation of the will to work and a realisation

* Translated from the original Bengali.
of the dignity of labour. Mr. Madan Mohan Burman has many ideas about cottage industries. A meeting with him in this connection may be quite fruitful.

If we can make crispies, pickles, chutneys, etc, there is no reason why we should not get along. Women, particularly widows, will be good for this job. But, can you get people to teach the art? In order to get a good market, the products have to be very good. If there is some possibility of producing good stuff, you may take this up as an experiment. Either you will supply the raw materials and get the finished products (sale being of course in your charge), or they may buy the raw materials, prepare the things and sell them to you. It will be necessary to discuss matters with the dealers before starting the work—whether they will be able to push our products in the market; if raw materials are good, the products may well be of good quality, but on the other hand there is the much bigger possibility of theft. Those who will do such work are poor people; so, who can be sure that once they get a supply of mangoes, lemon, oil, chillies, etc, they will not use them for their household purposes? On the other hand, if they buy raw materials themselves, prepare the stuff and supply them to you, there is the danger of inferior ingredients being used (such as, bad oil) in making the products. Please decide upon your course of action after weighing the pros and cons of the matter as a whole. One word more, one must know what is the demand for such products in the market. My own feeling is that there is not much hope of success in such a venture unless we have really conscientious recipients. Poor but enlightened families will be suitable for the job. As soon as the finished products arrive, they should be paid for or the labour charge should be met; and we shall have to store them as long as they are not disposed of.

It is most important for the Society to take up one other kind of work.

There are two jails in Calcutta—the Presidency and the Alipore Central. When a Hindu Convict having no relations in Calcutta dies, he is not properly cremated; arrangements have to be made to get him cremated on payment by somebody of the sweeper class. On the other hand, Muslims have their Burial Association and as soon as they are informed of the death
of any Muslim convict, they arrange for his proper burial. There should be a similar organisation for Hindu convicts. Can the Sevak Samity take charge of this work? If you agree you may get Basanta Babu to write to the Jail Superintendent to say that the Samity is prepared to take charge of this work. Even if you are not able to arrange for this just at present, I shall try to have this done when I am free. I have taken part in many cremations in cases where there was dearth of people; so, I shall myself be prepared to act as a volunteer in such work.

If you want to get cottage industries, going, you have to take one important step. You have to get one suitable young-man trained to a certain extent in the Cossimbazar Polytechnic or some such other institution. They make wonderful clay dolls and images of gods and goddesses in the Cossimbazar School. If you can get recipients of relief from the Samity to take to such industries, their products may be sold all over Bengal, particularly at fairs and festivals. Another folk art is in vogue in this country—and that is, flowers, bouquets, flowering shoots and Chinese lanterns with coloured paper. The products are so beautiful that one cannot tell just by a look that they are made of paper. Even small children of cultured families can make them very well indeed.

Button making has been a cottage industry of Dacca. Many are under the impression that Dacca buttons are factory made but actually they are not so. In many homes in the villages, womenfolk do this job in their leisure time—even during breaks in their cooking for the family. That is why they are so cheap. Please give some thought to the possibility of introducing the button industry in Calcutta. May be, somebody has to be sent to Dacca to see how the industry functions in so many homes.

It is desirable to organise lectures and slide shows on health matters in the Bhowanipore area. Lectures are needed more in the poorer localities. If possible, please try to buy slide projection equipment and pictures for the Sevak Samity. The effect will be much more if lectures are delivered with the aid of slides. As to pictures, it will be better to have them drawn by a local artist than to buy them. So long.
69 To Anil Chandra Biswas*

Mandalay Jail
1925?

Dear Friend,

I was very happy to receive your letter and to have all news. You should not feel disappointed or worried because not many members of the Executive Committee take interest in the affairs of the Orphanage. The same is the case with most Executive Committees. You have to rouse the spirit of service and enthusiasm in others by your own example. One cannot serve others in the community unless their misfortune evokes sympathy and fellow-feeling. Even if it is be possible, it cannot be really fruitful. It is my hope and wish that you may be able, by your devoted service and love for the people to create similar feelings in others in society.

Is there any land suitable for gardening attached to the building of the Orphanage?

I am pleased to learn that you are able to raise as much as Rs. 140/- as monthly subscription. What is the house rent that you have to pay now? How many floors does the buildings have and how many rooms? How many students are there in the Corporation Primary School and from which class do they come? Please let me know in detail about the course of instruction given to orphanage boys and also if and how many servants does the Orphanage have.

Who does the daily cooking? How many among the boys are being taught weaving and working with the sewing machine? How soon do you expect at least one boy to learn weaving and sewing (just enough to be able to make ordinary coat and shirt)?

What is the average intelligence of the boys? If you will send me detailed reports about the Orphanage as far as possible, I shall study them and try to give you some advice. Please also send me details about arrangements regarding the boys' food. What arrangements are there for medical treatment in the event of illness? Have you got to spend on treatment and medicines?

So long.

* Translated from the original Bengali.
70 To Hari Charan Bagchi*

Mandalay Jail
1926

What you have said is true—there is real dearth of honest workers; but we have to function with what material is available. Just as one cannot have the right to live without being prepared to die—just as one cannot expect to be loved without loving others, so also one cannot produce men without being a man himself.

Politics is continuously getting so polluted that at least for some time it will not be possible to do much good to the country through politics. The more the twin ideals of truth and sacrifice become less and less operative in the political field, the utility of political activity diminishes. Like the currents of a river, a political movement is sometimes clean and sometimes dirty; this happens in every country. Whatever may be the state of politics in Bengal today, you should take no notice of it but go on with your mission of service.

* * *

I do not know if you have been able to determine the cause of the mental turmoil that you are having at present; but I know the reason. One cannot attain self-fulfilment through work alone. Together with external work there must be study and contemplation. Just as work helps to overcome external indiscipline and to make man disciplined, study and meditation establish internal discipline. Without internal discipline, external discipline does not last long. One word more, just as regular exercise improves the physique, similarly regular meditation cultivates the good faculties and destroys the evil ones. Meditation has two aims:—(1) Destruction of the evil faculties, principally to overcome lust, fear and selfishness, and (2) Manifestation of love, devotion, sacrifice, intellect and such other noble attributes.

The best means of conquering lust are to visualise the mother-image in all women, to invest women with that halo and to worship God in the mother-form, such as Durga and Kali. When man contemplates God or Guru in the form of the Mother, he learns to see divinity in all women; when he reaches

* Translated from the original Bengali.
this state he has overcome lust. That is why our fore-fathers, in order to create an image for Divine Power, thought in terms of the form of woman. In practical life, man becomes pure and clean through the process of contemplating “mother” in all women.

Devotion and love render a man selfless. As man develops devotion and love for a person or an ideal, he correspondingly becomes less and less selfish. It is possible for one, through his own efforts, to develop love and devotion and thus reduce selfishness. By gradually enlarging one’s love, man can leave all narrowness behind and eventually lose himself in the Infinite. So, one should think of and meditate on objects of love, devotion and reverence. Man becomes exactly the image of what he contemplates. He who considers himself a “weak sinner” becomes weaker everyday; one who considers himself to be strong and pure all the time becomes strong and pure. “Yadrishi bhavana jasya siddhirbhabati tadrishi”.

The way to conquer fear is to worship Power. The images of Durga, Kali etc. are the expressions of Power. Man can attain power by invoking any of its forms in his mind, praying to Her for strength and offering all his weaknesses and faults at Her feet. Infinite strength lies dormant inside us, we must bring it to life. The purpose of worship is to develop strength within one’s self. You must contemplate some form of Power everyday, seek strength from Her, offering all the five senses and all evil at Her feet. The five-pointed lamp symbolises the five senses. Worship of the Mother is performed with the five senses. We have eyes to see; so we worship with sweet-smelling things like incense, etc. By sacrifice is meant sacrifice of evil—because the goat is the physical form of lust.

The purpose of spiritual exercise is, on the one hand, to destroy evil and on the other, to cultivate the noble propensities. As evil is destroyed the heart fills up with divine bliss. And once divine power has entered the soul, all weaknesses will disappear.

You should meditate on the above lines everyday, twice if possible. You will feel stronger after meditating for some time and you will experience inner peace also.

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1 As one feels and thinks, so does he become.
For the time being you may read the following books of Swami Vivekananda. Of his books, the letters and the speeches are the most instructive. You will probably find all of them in "Bharate Vivekananda". Separate editions are probably available also. One should not try other books before reading his letters and speeches. Please do not take up books like "Philosophy of Religion", "Jnanyoga", etc. in the first instance. You may of course read "Shri Shri Ramakrishna Kathamrita" simultaneously. Some of Rabi Babu's poems are very inspiring. There are many books of D. L. Roy, such as "Mebar Patan", "Durgadas", etc., which bring a lot of strength. The historical novels by Bankim Babu and Romesh Dutt are quite instructive; you may also read Nabin Sen's "Battle of Plassey". "Sikher Balidan", probably by Shrimati Kumudini Basu, is a good book; please read Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" (you will, probably, find it in the library) and you will profit from it. I have not been able to mention many titles in haste. I shall draw up a list at leisure and send it on to you.

71 To Hari Charan Bagchi*

* Mandalay Jail
(1926 ?)

It will be beneficial if you take daily physical exercise for improving your health. You will find it profitable to secure a copy of Muller's "My System" and take physical exercise according to it. I take Muller's exercises from time to time and with good results. The special features of Muller's exercises are:— (1) No expense is involved and very little space is required for them; (2) The exercises do not result in too much fatigue and there is no risk due to such fatigue; (3) All the muscles of the system and not merely certain parts of the body are worked; (4) Digestive power improves.

I think that adoption of Muller's system in our country, particularly amongst the student community, will do a lot of good.

Man must not feel satisfied just by fulfilling his daily routine. One must never forget the ultimate aim and purpose

* Translated from the original Bengali.
of all activity, viz., achievement of self-fulfilment. Work is not the end in itself; through work one must build up character and achieve an all-round development of his life. Man must of course attain specialisation in a certain direction in accordance with his personality and tendencies: nevertheless, there must be an all-round development as the basis of such specialisation. One who has failed to achieve this all-round improvement can never be inwardly happy; a sense of vacancy and want persists in his mind till the end. What you require for this all-round improvement are: — (1) Physical exercise; (2) Regular study; (3) Daily meditation or contemplation. Sometimes, owing to pressure of work all these things are overlooked; or even if they are not overlooked, there is no time for them. But, as soon as pressure of work lightens, one should attend to them. One must not be content with merely doing the daily chores; he must arrange to allot time for physical exercise, studies and meditation. If one can devote one and a half to two hours daily to these three very essential items, he will be greatly benefited. Muller is of the opinion that if a person takes physical exercise for at least fifteen minutes daily according to his instructions, it should be enough. And then, if one spends fifteen minutes daily on thinking or meditating in seclusion, the total time taken will be half an hour. And if you set apart another hour for studies (not reading newspapers—the time taken for that is to be counted separately) the total time spent daily will be an hour and a half. At least an hour and a half must be made available. Of course “Adhikontu na doshaya”¹—the more time you can devote the better. Each person should arrange for this time according to his convenience. I probably wrote something about meditation in my previous letter—so I shall not say more about that now. I am giving the titles of the books in this letter. First, I shall mention those which you will find in the library and then the others:

(A) On religion

(1) ‘Shri Shri Ramakrishna Kathamrita’; (2) ‘Brahmacharya’—Surendra Bhattacharya; Ditto by Ramesh Chakraborty; Ditto by Fakir Dey; (3) ‘Swami-Shishya Sanbad’ by Sarat Chakraborty; (4) ‘Patraboli’ by Vivekananda; (5) ‘Prachya O Paschatya’

¹ Something extra does no harm.
by Vivekananda; (6) 'Baktritaboli' by Vivekananda; (7) 'Bhabbar Katha' by Vivekananda; (8) 'Bharater Sadhana' by Swami Pragnananda; (9) 'Chicago Baktrita'—by Swami Vivekananda.

(B) Literature, Poetry, History etc.:

(1) 'Deshbandhu Granthaboli' (Basumati edition); (2) 'Banglar Roop'—Girija Sankar Roy Chowdhury; (3) 'Bankim Granthaboli'; (4) Nabin Sen's 'Kurukshetra', 'Prabhas', 'Raiyat' and 'Palaseer Juddha'; (5) 'Jogendra Granthaboli' (Basumati edition); (6) Rabindra Nath Tagore's 'Katha O Kahini', 'Chayanika', 'Gitanjali', 'Ghare Baire', 'Gora'; (7) Bhudeb Babu's 'Samajik Prabandha' and 'Paribarik Prabandha'; (8) D. L. Roy's 'Durgadas', 'Mebar Patan', 'Rana Pratap'; (9) 'Chhatrapati Shivaji'—Satyacharan Shastri; (10) 'Sikher Balidan'—Kumudini Basu; (11) Rajnarayan Bose's 'Sekal O Ekal'; (12) Satyen Dutt's 'Kuho O Keka' (Poetical works); (13) Maharshi Debendra Nath's 'Atmajibancharit'; (14) 'Rajasthan' (Basumati edition); (15) 'Nabyla Japan'—Manmatha Ghosh; (16) 'Sipahi Judher Itihas'—Rajankanta Gupta; (17) Upend Babu's 'Nirbashiter Atmakatha' and other works; (18) 'Col. Suresh Biswas'—Upendra Krishna Bandopadhaya. Three anna editions of short biographies of many great men of India suitable for children's reading are available.

This list of book is adequate. You will find enough material in it for a whole year. Now let me say something about primary education.

One big difference between primary education and higher education is that in the former what is more important is to teach new facts. In higher education cultivation of the reasoning faculty must go hand in hand with the teaching of new facts. In primary education one has to depend to a great extent on the senses, because imagination and memory have not yet developed properly. So, if you wish to teach certain objects, viz., cow, horse, fruit, flower, etc. you have to arrange for direct visualization to teach without difficulty. In higher education such subjects are taught that the student has never seen, but the student can grasp them without having seen them by his power of imagination. Moreover, the more the senses are utilised for teaching purposes, the easier is the teaching. If you wish to explain something about the flute or some such musical in-
strument, the student will learn about it quickly if you let him see it, touch it, and listen to its sound by playing it himself. Because he has thus utilised the sense of vision, touch and hearing simultaneously. An infant wishes to touch and mouth any object that he sees, because infants want to learn about external objects through all the senses. So, if we follow the laws of Nature and try to acquire knowledge by the use of all the senses, the results will be very quick. While teaching arithmetic, if we do not depend only on cramming but demonstrate addition, subtraction, multiplication and division with such objects as 'Kori', marbles, pieces of stone etc., children will pick up these subjects very speedily.

One more important matter. Instead of confining ourselves merely to intellectual training, we must arrange for training in handicrafts simultaneously. One must arrange for training in doll-making, making relief maps of clay, drawing, use of colour, popular music, etc. This will not only make education all-embracing but also contribute to better intellectual training. If you can teach your boys a variety of things, they will become alert, more intelligent and more attentive to and less fearful of studies. Instead of learning a variety of things, if the student devotes himself only to cramming, he does not feel a lively interest in studies, learns to fear them and his intellect fails to develop. If a child's eyes, ears, hands, tongue and nose find objects of enjoyment and interest, then the senses also sharpen; as a result his intellect is roused and the knowledge he acquires makes his studies enjoyable. Without manual training education is rendered basically defective. The pleasure that one gets by making something with his own hands is a rare pleasure in this world. There is genuine happiness in creative activity. This joy of creation is felt even by children of tender age when they make things with their own hands. Whether by planting seedlings and growing trees or making dolls with their own hands—anything new that comes out of their own efforts gives them unbounded joy. You must make such arrangements that students, even while they are very young, are able to taste this happiness. Such activity will promote originality and the development of their personality and they will learn to enjoy studies rather than fear them. In England, in most of the primary schools students learn gardening, do physical exercise, take part
in drill, participate in sports between study hours, are taught music, undertake route marches and go round in organised groups, learn clay-modelling and are taught about various subjects and countries through stories. It is most essential that teaching is done in the form of story-telling. Let not the students think that they are having formal teaching; let them rather feel that they are listening to stories or having a game. In the initial stage, text-books are quite unnecessary. When you teach about trees, flowers, etc., you must see that you have trees and flowers in front of you. When you want to talk about the sky, stars, etc., you should take them out into the open and teach them there. Whatever may be the object of teaching—it should be available to all the senses. When you teach geography, maps and globes should be on hand; when you teach history, you should take them to museums and similar places conveniently. You must arrange for instruction in music, painting, drawing, gardening, etc. even if it has to be on a very modest scale. Otherwise, primary education will be utterly useless. Practical sense is what is most necessary. Cramming of lessons is not so essential.

I have said something of the principles of primary education. I intentionally did not mention text-books. There is very little need of text-books and the importance of what books you have to keep is also small; only good teachers can make a success of primary education. The teacher must first grasp the fundamental principles of primary education. He may then introduce new methods of teaching. The teacher must view things with affection and sympathy, from the point of view of the student. How else can he appreciate the difficulties and mistakes of the student? Thus, the personality of the teacher is of prime importance. The cornerstones of education are three: (1) Personality of the teacher, (2) Teaching methods, (3) Subject and text-books. No education can achieve its purpose unless the teacher has the requisite personality. Once a teacher of character is available, we may proceed to determine our educational methods and then it becomes easy to teach books on any subject.

I hope you are all well. So long.
72 From Janakinath Bose

38/2 Elgin Road
4th January 1926

My dear Subhas,

I duly received your last letter and am glad to know that you are doing well.

I came here on the 22nd of December and shall leave for Cuttack tonight.

Your mother shall remain here for sometime to come—she is pretty well.

Aruna’s marriage will be celebrated about the middle of Falgun next—she will be married to the 3rd brother of Paresh the ভন্নৈপতি of Ramapatı.

Nothing has been as yet settled about the marriage of Dolly’s daughters.

We are all doing well. Trust this will find you in good health.

[Signature]

73 To Sarat Chandra Bose

Censored and Passed
Illegible
for D.I.G., I.B., C.I.D.
Bengal
27/1/26

Mandalay
16.1.26

My dear brother,

I have not heard from you for some time past. Your last letter was dated the 25th Dec. I think.

How did you enjoy your trip to Upper India? What are your impressions of Cawnpur? I hear that Pandit Motilal is very seriously ill and that he will be going abroad for reasons of health. Is this true?
How do you find the cold there this winter? We are having some trouble about the sanction of money for the Saraswati Puja. We have sent a representation to Govt. and are awaiting the result.

Hope this will find you all quite well. Capt. Smith is back here as Supdt. The Inspector General of Prisons of Burma was here the other day and we told him that we wanted to be transferred to some hill station in Burma during summer if we had to spend another year in this country. He has not given his answer yet. Nothing more to write. I am so so.

Yours v. affly
Subhas

To
S. C. Bose Esq.
38/1 Elgin Road
Calcutta.

74° To SARAT CHANDRABOSE
Censored and Passed
Illegible
1/2/26
for D.I.G., I.B., C.I.D.
Bengal

Mandalay
23.1.26

My dear brother,

I was glad to receive your letter of the 14th instant and to learn that you enjoyed your upcountry trip.

Please ask Gopali to search for my pair of spectacles and to send me Myers’ Experimental Psychology—2 vols. The spectacles may be sent direct and the books to Elysium Row as that would save trouble. Other books on Psychology in my library may be sent but I want Myers’ in any case.

It is alarming to learn that malaria is raging in practically an epidemic form all over the town. It is very easy to combat malaria with the resources at our command and I see no reason why the department concerned should not be up and doing.

I am sorry to hear of Mrs. Das. I feel so anxious to see her at times. God alone knows when I shall be able. May He grant her strength to bear her misfortunes and troubles.
We celebrated the Saraswati Puja and met the expenses provisionally from our own pocket. We have however asked Govt. to pay the expenses and shall continue to represent the matter. Kaviraji medicine has done me some good, though I am still losing weight. I now weigh 159 lbs. I do not however know whether the effect of Kaviraji medicine will be lasting.

I am glad to hear that the work in Kodalia is progressing.

Please inform the Book Company that in sending Nietzsche's works, they have, through oversight, sent me 2 copies of the same volume. The oversight is due to the fact that they sent the works in several instalments. Shall I return the extra copy by post or keep it with me till my return to Bengal? I think I better return the extra copy, so that they may be able to dispose it off if they get a purchaser.

I have nothing more to write this mail. Hope this will find you all quite well.

yours v. afly
Subhas

P.S. I want also Dr. Revers' Instinct and the Unconscious.
S.C.B.

S. C. Bose Esq.
38/1, Elgin Road
Calcutta.

75 To Basanti Devi*
Censored and Passed
Illegible
1/2/26
for D.I.G., I.B., C.I.D.
Bengal

Mandalay Jail
(C/o. D.I.G., I.B., C.I.D.
(Bengal)
13 Elysium Row Calcutta)
23.1.26

Revered mother,

I have not had any news of you for a long time. Mejdada wrote about you in his letter that reached me two or three

* Translated from the original Bengali.
days ago. I have been wanting to write to you for quite some time—not just for the purpose of getting an answer, although to hear from you will make me happy beyond measure. The real reason is that writing to you might probably lighten my mind. I wrote to Mr. Haldar a few days ago for your news. He replied to me but unfortunately the letter was withheld by the Police Department. I wonder why I feel so restless to have your news.

Sometime ago I felt like applying to the Government for permission to see you once. State prisoners are allowed interviews with relations—I even know of instances when people from home have been permitted to come for five or seven days at a stretch. I thought over the matter and came to the conclusion that there was no point in applying because there was no hope that I would have the good luck. Making the request would lead to nothing—I would only earn more mental anxiety and would be taking part in a meaningless protest against the present order of things. So, after a lot of deliberation I have banished the idea from my mind.

I was extremely anxious to learn that you were feeling very weak and your health was in a very poor state. What can I do! We, are too helpless to do anything at all. And who knows what is in store for us? I wish to say so much—there is so much to say—but the time for that has not come as yet. I sat down to write even this letter after much hesitation—because it will pass through other hands. I read your message to the Congress in the newspapers. I can hardly express in words how deeply I was touched by those words full of kindness and pathos. Man cannot but feel grateful to a person who weeps over other people’s woes in total disregard of her own immeasurable grief and sorrows. If somebody else sent such a message I would feel grateful and express my gratitude—but in the present case it is not necessary to express one’s gratitude, because our relations do not warrant it. If our countrymen did not know of the largeness of your heart, would they call you their “mother”? Is it not impossible to express gratitude to one whom he calls his mother? Only a mother’s heart feels so keenly for her children, nobody else’s does. To express gratitude is an affront to the sacred relationship between a mother and her child. I hope you will not forget, even in the
midst of all your misfortune and grief, that innumerable sons of Bengal have accepted you as their "mother". Inspite of being poor and helpless, they have made your misfortune their own.

All of us, your countrymen, will today learn from your example of patience and fortitude. If you can bear so much, cannot we take a fraction of that? Bless us so that however great may be the obstacles on our way, we may be given the strength to face them. By the grace of Providence I have so far been granted this strength—my only prayer in life is that I may always have this strength. Mother, let me end here today.

What more can I write? I do not know where I started and how I have ended.

                  Devotedly yours
                  Subhas

Srijukta Basanti Devi
C/o. Mr. Justice P. R. Das
Patna

76 TO SARAT CHANDRA BOSE

Censored and Passed
Illegible
19/2/26
for D.I.G., I.B., C.I.D.
Bengal

Mandalay
6.2.26.

My dear brother,

I have not written to you last week I think. I am glad to know that you enjoyed your trip to U.P. The results of the Council of State election, though they were a foregone conclusion, are a source of great satisfaction.

I am anxious to hear that Mrs. Das is in poor health.

It should cause anxiety all round to learn that malaria is raising its head all over Calcutta. A malaria epidemic undermines vitality and prepares the way for tuberculosis. I think
the mosquito brigade should be reconstituted by the Health Dept. and an intensive campaign against malaria should be started.

Kaviraji did me some good for about 2 months and my weight remained steady at 161 lbs. for some time. After I wrote to you last, my digestive system has again been upset. I have not been able to discover the reason. I was thinking of discontinuing medicine for some time for fear of becoming over-medicated and I wrote to Kaviraj Mahasay to that effect but I now find that I should change the medicine & continue it. Accordingly I am writing to Kaviraj Mahasay about it today. I have tried different kinds of diet to see if any would suit me, but I have not succeeded so far. In the meantime my weight has gone down to 156 lbs. The Inspector General of Prisons was here in January and made enquiries about my health and other matters. Following him, Mr. Patterson, the Commissioner of Prisons, England who is now in Burma in connection with the Borstal system also paid us a visit and enquired into our complaints.

I am glad to know that the work in Kodalia is progressing favourably. Is the same doctor in charge? How is he getting on? I don’t know if I have written to you that we have been informed by Govt. that after the annual revision, it has been decided by them that the order of detention under the Criminal Law Amendment Act should continue.

We have performed the Saraswati Puja and have advanced money for the expenses from our own purse for the present. We have made a representation to Govt. asking for a grant which will enable us to recoup the expenditure and have also asked for a grant for the Dol Purnima Festival which is at hand. The accounts of the Durga Puja have not yet been squared up and Government want us to refund Rs. 560/- from our own allowances. The matter is however, still under consideration and we are awaiting the result.

Has anybody been attempting the biography of Deshbandhu—besides Hemendra Babu. Has Mr. Prithwis carried out his resolve? I was reading in the papers some time back that there was a suggestion from the Madras side that Mr. Goswami should take up the work.
Is the art-critic Mr. O. C. Ganguli the same person as the attorney of the same name? If so, he must be a man of versatile talents.

Could you ask the Book Company to send me their latest catalogue if they have any?

Hope this will find you all quite well. I am glad—in fact surprised as well—to know that Asoke has become a good spinner. I am so so.

Yours v. affly
Subhas

To
S. C. Bose Esq.
38/1, Elgin Road,
Calcutta.

77 To Hari Charan Bagchi*

Mandalay Jail
6.2.26.

I duly received your letter. Please do not mind the delay in my replying to it. I hope you will overcome all mental worries and carry on with your duties in a cheerful frame of mind. Milton said—"The mind is its own place and can make a hell of heaven and a heaven of hell." It is of course not always possible to act up to this, but without having an ideal all the time before us, it is quite impossible to make progress in life. Life is not under any circumstances free of troubles—this we cannot afford to forget.

I no longer worry about my release. Neither should you. By the grace of God I have mental peace now. I feel I have gathered enough strength to be able to spend my whole life here. My good wishes are not of any avail—my only prayer is that the good wishes and blessings of the Universal Mother may always protect you like a shield. What can I write? Have faith and trust in the Universal Mother; by Her

* Translated from the original Bengali.
grace you will successfully come through all adversity and illusions. Even after all external want has been met, man cannot attain happiness without inner peace and satisfaction. So, while fulfilling all your worldly commitments, you must dedicate your soul at the feet of the Universal Mother. So long.

78 To Sarat Chandra Bose

Mandalay Jail
7.2.26.

Censored and Passed
Illegible
16/2
for D.I.G., I.B., C.I:D.
Bengal

My dear brother,

I am informed that Chotodada will be here on Wednesday or Thursday next. I do not know whether the interview would be held here or at Rangoon. It would be desirable from one point of view to go to Rangoon——though I do not like the place——as Col. Kelsall who examined me formerly will be there and there can be a consultation there.

I understand that the Committee has recommended disciplinary action against the Deputy Mayor. I am pained to learn that. Why rake the dying embers? I hope the Corporation will take a broad-minded view——especially as the present Corporation is going to be dissolved.

My weight has dropped to 138 lbs. (one hundred and thirty-eight). Other symptoms are much the same.

Hope this will find you all quite well.

We have been informed that the order of detention under the Ordinance will remain in force even after the lapse of 2 years from January, 1925.

Yours v. affly
Subhas
Censored and Passed
Illegible
9/2/26
for D.I.G., I.B., C.I.D.
Bengal

My dear Subhas,

Your letters of the 16th and the 23rd Jany. came in duly. We enjoyed our trip to Upper India very much indeed. In going to write about Upper India, I wrote Upper Burma. I hope I won't have to take an enforced trip to Upper Burma.

I left Cawnpore the day that Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered her speech. Her impassioned oratory created a great impression. I doubt whether I have heard anything like it before. The scene inside the pandal was also unique. And if anything was wanting in the way of enthusiasm, it was supplied by the presence of the South African deputation.

The report you have heard about Pandit Motilal's illness is not true. He is quite all right and is leading the Assembly as before. Goswami is daily making his presence felt at the Assembly and I do not think the day is far distant when he will lead there.

I was glad to learn that you had celebrated the Saraswati Puja. How much did your expenses amount to?

I am at a loss to understand the reason of your losing weight. There must be something wrong in the atmosphere of jails there. It is a fact that persons detained there have caught some sort of bacilli infection inside the jails. Couldn't you have your blood examined there once? Also the urine?

Yes, I have also noticed that the Book Company have sent you 2 copies of vol 3 of Nietzsche's works. I had to pay the bill the other day and it was then that I noticed it. I have written to Girin Mitter about it. I don't think you need return the copy immediately. If Girin wants it back now, I shall write to you.
I shall send you the other books you want as early as possible.

You were right in telling the Inspector General of Prisons that in Summer time you ought to be sent to some hill station. People who usually go for change to hill stations have a right to demand that in Summer time they should be sent to some hill station. I wonder if the authorities would agree to send you to Kurseong (I mean to our own house there) during Summer time and keep you there under such escort as they may think necessary.

So long today. This leaves us well.

Yours very affly
Sarat

Subhas C. Bose, Esq.

80 To Bivabati Bose*

. Mother Durga be with us

Mandalay Jail
12.2.26.

My dear Mejobowdidi,

I received your letter quite some time ago. I was delighted to learn that Asoke had picked up spinning so well. I cannot say that I was not surprised. The fact is that spinning is so easy that I think even very young children, given the training, should be able to do it. In Assam there is a social custom that marriageable girls must be able to spin well———just as amongst us, sound knowledge of the culinary art was a social asset. Why do not Gora, Aruna and others spin? They must be having enough leisure. I think if one even for once sees a piece of cloth made out of his own hand-spun yarn, he will feel greatly enthused about spinning. Just as one's own cook-

* Translated from the original Bengali.
ing is bound to taste good, clothing made out of one's own
yarn is bound to please.

By the grace of God almost all my letters nowadays reach
their destination with a number of lines cut out. You probably
realise the implication of this.

Even before your last letter arrived, pigeons had establish-
ed themselves here. Unfortunately one pigeon has already been
swallowed up by a tom cat. A Court was assembled to try the
cat. By offering food and laying a trap in the night, the cat
was arrested. At first, it was suggested that the cat should be
hanged. This followed from the practice that man is hanged
for murder. Thereupon it was proposed that as nobody had
anything to gain by hanging the cat, there should rather be a
cat feast. In this country there are some people who do not
mind eating cats in times of want—and there are some convicts
here who belong to that category. One gentleman proposed that
as fish and meat were scarcely available for convicts, if a cat was
offered to them they might be prepared to cook it and eat it.
Ultimately and suddenly, Vaishnavic feelings got the better of
everybody and orders were passed to throw the cat into a gunny
bag and send him to the wilderness.

After nearly a month of hatching by the hens, chicks
appeared. Yanka was in charge of looking after the chicken.
From the very beginning Yanka the Great started pinching eggs.
When five or six eggs were produced, only two or three reached
the cupboard. The rest, thanks to him, vanished. The day he
was caught, he wore a blank face. He is only seventyone years
old but his appetite is insatiable. Many are of the opinion that
he is an incarnate of Lord Bholanath; because his tummy
resembles Mahadev's. Thanks to Yanka, chicks were dying
everyday. Their number was reduced from ten or twelve to
three. These are still alive and are expected to survive. One
day owing to his negligence a hawk swooped down and carried
a chick away. The next morning when the loss was discovered,
Yanka, putting on an expression of innocence, said: "Museetu",
that is to say, "There was no such chick." After being taken
severely to task, he admitted what really happened.

Nevertheless, Yanka is not a bad fellow after all. It is his
faith that gastronomy is the highest truth in this world.
“Tasmin tushte jagat tushtam”, that is to say—if you keep your appetite satisfied, all else in this world will be satisfied. And he will not recoil from anything in order to keep his tummy satisfied. He can recite Buddhist hymns very well in the Burmese language, I have learnt such hymns from him orally. I shall recite these hymns to you all when I am back home.

Four convicts were brought over from Bengal to this jail to serve us. But only one of them is any good. He is in charge of the kitchen. One meets so many kinds of people here—this is both entertaining and educative.

Kaviraji medicines did me a lot of good for nearly two months. I am not feeling so comfortable now and medicines should probably be changed. It has also started warming up. Any way, I feel sure we shall somehow pull through all this. Please preserve my letters and also ask Mejdada to do the same.

I hope all is well at home. I am writing to Mejdada to engage teachers in drawing and music for the children. I do not know how he feels about the matter—but I miss these two things in my own life. So, if children get the proper kind of education I shall feel happy.

We also performed Saraswati Puja here. We are having trouble with the authorities over the puja expenses. Government have not yet paid the money on account of Durga and Saraswati Pujas. I am enclosing some papers from which you will see that the power to sanction expenditure on our account rests with the Bengal Government—not with the Burma Government. Burma Government say that such expenditure should be met by Bengal Government while it was declared in the Bengal Council on behalf of the government that the necessary expenditure would have to be sanctioned by the Burma Government. You will be convinced by going through these papers that it is the Bengal Government that has refused to sanction the expenses. I am also sending with the papers copies of two representations. We have submitted these representations to the Burma Government.

Yours

Subhas
81 To Sarat Chandra Bose

Censored and Passed
Illegible
27/2/26
for D.I.G., I.B., C.I.D.
Bengal

Mandalay

My dear brother,

I have not heard from you for some time past. I hope however that you are all doing well.

I wrote to Kaviraj mahasay some time ago saying that I wanted to discontinue medicine for a certain period for fear of becoming over-medicated. After writing to him, my digestion began to get worse—probably because it was getting warm again. So I wrote to him again asking him to send me some medicine but to alter the old prescription as it would not do me any good. I have in the meantime stopped the old medicine for about a fortnight. I had myself weighed this morning—I am now 155 lbs. You need not, however, be anxious for me.

When is Aruna’s marriage coming off? Has Sejdidi been able to arrange about Gora’s marriage? How is Dada? I am glad to learn that Bankudada is now doing better. Why doesn’t he go to the hills—to Kurseong, for instance? I have written to Sejdada asking him to send me a sample of his combs. Gopali is, I think, busy in preparing for his examination. Is Sati cycling down to his school now or does he go by train? It is a long way if he has to cycle to and back from school. I was suggesting to Rangamamababu when he came here that he may live in a hostel during week days and come back home for the weekend. The danger of course is that he may get malaria as the place has not become healthy yet.

I think it would be advisable to have a badminton court at 38/1 for the children, otherwise they will not have plenty of exercise. Each successive generation of town dwellers tends to deteriorate in physique and special efforts have to be made to maintain the standard of the parents or to improve upon it. I have been studying some up-to-date books on physical
efficiency and national welfare and my eyes have been somewhat
opened to the profound neglect and indifference we display in
the matter of physical development, I find from personal
experience that badminton is a good game. For those much
younger than myself, it is sure to afford tremendous exercise
when played in singles and recreation when played in doubles,
I hope you will give the matter your consideration.

Hope this will find you all quite well. I am so so.

Yours very affly
Subhas

S. C. Bose Esq.
38/1 Elgin Road
Calcutta.

82 To Sarat Chandra Bose

Censored and Passed
Illegible
1/3/26 *
for D.I.G., I.B., C.I.D.
Bengal

Mandalay
17.2.26

My dear brother,

Your letter of the 8th February was to hand yesterday.

I have written to you about my health in my last letter and
I have nothing to add at present. I do not know if it would
be any good examining my blood but I shall consider your
suggestion. My urine was examined for sugar once some time
ago—but the result was negative. I do not know how far the
test could be relied upon as the examination was carried out
in the jail hospital but I can have it examined once again.

I have not written to mother for about a fortnight. How
is Didi? I have not had any news about her for some time past.
Hope this will find you all quite well. Where is Uncle Kanchi
living now? Is he alone or has he taken his family over there?
I am glad he has started well in his practice. If more people take to dentistry they will still find plenty of field for practice. I am so so.

Yours v. affly
Subhas

S. C. Bose Esq.
38/1, Elgin Road
Calcutta.

83 FROM SARAT CHANDRA BOSE

38/1, Elgin Road
22.2.26.

My dear Subhas,

Your letter of the 6th instant came in yesterday. I can’t understand why it took 15 days this time for the letter to reach me.

Mrs. Das is somewhat better now. Bhombol is also at Patna and is quiet now......

Malaria is raging all over Calcutta but I do not expect that anything will be done under J. C. Mukherji’s regime to combat it. J. C. Mukherji is hopeless, I am sorry to say.

I think you should continue Kaviraji medicines for some time yet. You will have to stop them as soon as the hot weather gets in there. Is it still cold there?

Did the Inspector General of Prisons and Mr. Patterson make real and bonafide enquiries about the detenues there or was it just the sort of official visit that precedes a Govt. communiqué?

Kodalia village work is progressing satisfactorily. The same doctor is in charge.

No, you did not inform me before that you had been informed that Govt. had decided to continue the detention. When was that order communicated to you? Was it in writing?

Have you heard anything more from Govt. about Durga Puja and Saraswati Puja expenses? I am surprised to learn that Govt. has asked you to refund Rs. 560/- paid by the jail
office for the Durga Puja expenses. I do not know what other developments took place in the course of the last few days regarding the Puja expenses but I apprehend that you came to grips with the authorities there; for I find from newspaper reports that the detenues there have gone on hungerstrike. I am most anxious for news and have in fact asked Mr. Armstrong for news, but I don’t know if any will be vouchsafed to me.

In my last letter I believe I told you that you needn’t return Nietzsche’s Works Vol. III. It struck me however, *day before yesterday*, that I had better return the book to the Book Coy. So will you please return me the book at your earliest convenience?

This leaves us well. I hope and pray that the blessings of the Lord will be always on you.

Yours very affly
Sarat

*84 To Sarat Chandra Bose

Mandalay
22.2.26.

Censored and Passed
Illegible
1/3/26
for D.I.G., I.B., C.I.D.
Bengal

My dear brother,

I think I have already replied to your last letter. I do not remember if I informed you that since getting your last note, I have had myself examined for hookworm but the result was negative. I shall have the other examinations by-and-by.

I have been awaiting Kaviraj Mahasay’s instructions regarding medicine as also his medicine. I wonder if my letters have reached him.

I have not heard from father for some time past. How is he doing? I have not had any news about Natunmamababu either? Is he living at Baranagore or with Namamababu? Is he able to attend office? How is Natundada? I wrote to him
some time ago but I have not heard in reply. I shall be replying to mother’s letter next week———-I hope she will not be anxious in the meantime.

I hope you will be sending the Psychology books I wanted shortly.

I wish I could write more.

How are you all doing?

Yours v. affly

Subhas

S. C. Bose Esq.
38/1, Elgin Road,
Calcutta.

85 FROM SARAT CHANDRA BOSE

38/1, Elgin Road
27.2.26.

Censored and Passed
Illegible
DSP
for D.I.G., I.B., C.I.D.
Bengal

My dear Subhas,

I wrote to you last on the 22nd instant. Your last letter to me is dated 6th instant, and I believe I have told you that it reached me on the 20th instant. I wrote to Mr. Armstrong this morning enquiring if any letters from you were lying in his office. He has written to say that there are none. I enquired also why your letter dated the 6th instant was not delivered earlier and he has replied that the letter was received in his office on the 19th instant at 3.30 p.m. So presumably there was delay in despatching the letter at the other end.

Your letter to your Bowdidi dated 12.2.26 came in on the 25th. In that letter there is reference to certain papers showing that the Bengal Govt. is responsible for allowances, expenses etc. of detenues and you say that you are forwarding those papers along with the letter. But the letter came without
the other papers and this morning I enquired of Mr. Armstrong about those papers. He has replied that those papers were not received in his office, that the omission was noticed and a note to that effect was made in his office records at the time.

I received the telegram you sent yesterday this morning. On receipt of that telegram I asked Mr. Armstrong to send you the following telegram:—

"Your telegram received today stop newspapers reported Hungerstrike 21st Asked Elysium Row information immediately stop Information given 25th Hunger-strike commenced 18th stop Assembly passed Goswami’s adjournment motion 25th Home member promised full sympathetic enquiry stop Rangamamababu going Mandalay tomorrow wire State Health today"

Mr. Armstrong has informed me that he has sent my telegram in full to the Superintendent Mandalay Jail.

* You will see from the above that we were not informed till the 25th that the hungerstrike commenced on the 18th. Mr. Armstrong wrote to me that it was only on the evening of the 24th that information was received that the State prisoners and detenues had been on hungerstrike since the 18th. This is most surprising.

Before this reaches you, you will read in the Statesman the report of the Assembly debate on Thursday last. Mr. Goswami made a most effective speech and carried the House with him. You must have seen from the Associated Press report what a great sensation the publication of Lt. Col. Mulvany’s evidence made. Have you read that evidence?

The newspapers here have published the three letters (including the one dated 16th Feby.) you and other detenues wrote to the Chief Secy, Burma on the subject of Puja expenses. The last one was really brilliant and I may tell you I felt proud on reading it. May God bless you all!

The Deputy Commissioner Mandalay has in reply to my telegram wired to say that you are continuing fit and that you wanted that the news of the hungerstrike should be kept back from parents. That is not possible now. Father was here on the 21st instant—the day on which the news of the hungerstrike first appeared in the papers and mother also knows all
about the hungerstrike. However, that need not make you at all anxious.

I received information this morning that Sir Alexander Muddiman has promised to make a statement regarding hunger-strike on Monday next (the 18th March). Up to the present moment, there has been no statement either from the Bengal Govt. or the Burma Govt. or from the Govt. of India and we are all waiting to see what Govt. has got to say on the matter.

I would have been only too glad to comply with your desire to keep back the news from parents, if that was possible. But that is quite impossible as the news has created a great stir both in the press and on the platform and in those circumstances, unless people lived in a place where there were no newspapers, the news was bound to reach them. However, don't be at all anxious on that account.

You will have some idea of what is going on all over the country from the newspapers you are allowed to read. The Associated Press is generally charged with keeping back news but the little they give is sufficient for a man of education and insight.

I wonder if you are now allowed to read the Forward. After the Secy. of States' statement regarding newspapers, I thought that the local authorities would allow you to substitute 'Forward' for the Bengalee. I hate to read the Bengalee—it is going from bad to worse. It is practically a Govt. organ now and does not give any news of interest to Indian readers. I understand that even a moderate like Lord Sinha has become disgusted with the Bengalee.

I have nothing more to write except to convey the blessings of the family. I have no doubt that in God's Earth, your sufferings will not go in vain.

I will only utter one word of warning. Now that you are on hungerstrike you must take more care of yourself than you usually do. You must not exert yourself at all—must even give up reading. By the way, what do you think of Ronaldshay's Heart of Aryavarta? You have not told me yet.

This leaves us well.

Yours very affly
Sarat

Subhas C. Bose Esq.
Censored and passed
Illegible
for D.I.G., I.B., C.I.D.
Bengal

My dear Subhas,

Your letter dated the 14th Feby. was delivered to me on the 27th Feby.

I was sorry to learn that your weight had gone down further. I have not told parents anything about it as that would make them more anxious. I cannot look upon the loss of weight with unconcern or indifference though you ask me not to be anxious on that account. After the continued hunger-strike for 12 days, I do not know what your weight is at present.

Aruna's marriage negotiations have been broken off, I am sorry to say. . . . . . . they wanted us to bear the bridegroom's expenses of education in England. We had to say "no".

( * * Illegible * * )

Rangamamababu is leaving for Rangoon by tomorrow's boat and will probably arrive at Mandalay on Friday next.

In my last letter (dated 27th Feby.) I have told you when I got news of the hungerstrike from 13 Elysium Row.

The Superintendent Mandalay Jail wired yesterday "Health as good as could be expected". It was very vague—I wish he sent a more detailed report.

I asked you in a previous letter to return Nietzsche's works Vol. III to the Book Coy. of College Square and to send me Lord Ronaldshay's works after you had read them. You need not send either of them just yet—not until the hunger-strike is over I don't want you to exert yourself at all.

It is no use concealing the fact that I am anxious for your health. I hope and pray the Lord will protect you. ( * * * Illegible * * )

Yours very affly

Sarat
Censored and Passed
Illegible
6.3.26
for D.I.G., I.B., C.I.D.
Bengal

38/1, Elgin Road
6th March, 1926

My dear Subhas,

Your letters of the 17th and 21st. Feby. were to hand on the 2nd instant. I have no doubt that your letters are not being delivered in time. The only question is whether the delay is at the other end or at this end.

Rangamamababu will probably see you this afternoon and we shall expect a telegram from him containing a detailed report about your health. After hungerstrike for 15 days you cannot be too careful about your health. You know now what value the whole country place on your health and life and I hope that (if nothing else) will persuade you to take as much care of your health as is possible under the circumstances.

As you get the "Statesman" your attention will no doubt, be drawn to its article headed "Prison Amenities" which appeared in its Town Edition of Thursday last. Can you conceive of anything meaner than that?

The Burma Govt. has stated, I find, that the general question of religious grant is under consideration. We are awaiting the decision with interest.

The whole country has been startled by the publication in one of the local papers of the evidence of Lt. Col. Mulvany before the Jail Committee. I wonder if any of the Rangoon papers published it and if you have had or will have any opportunity of seeing it so long as you are under detention. I am eager to know what Jail Superintendents think about it.

You must have been thinking why I subscribed to the view regarding hungerstrike which I communicated to you all through Moulana Shaukat Ali. Well, that was the view of the public in Bengal, and whatever my own personal views might have been, I felt bound to communicate what the view of the