

**THE LIFE OF DR.
ANANDABAI JOSHEE:
A KINSWOMAN OF
THE PUNDITA RAMABAI**

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The Life of Dr. Anandabai Joshee: A Kinswoman of the Pundita Ramabai by Mrs. Caroline Healey Dall

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MRS. CAROLINE HEALEY DALL

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©

THE LIFE
OF
DR. ANANDABAI JOSHEE,

A KINSWOMAN OF THE PUNDITA RAMABAL.

BY

(Wife)
MRS. CAROLINE HEALEY DALL,

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FROM COLORADO, UTAH, AND CALIFORNIA;" "WHAT WE
REALLY KNOW ABOUT SHAKESPEARE;" ETC.

"We will not say her life was brief
For noble death is length of days;
The sun that ripens autumn's sheaf
Poured on her summer's wealth of rays."

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1888.

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Divinity School.
(646)

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PREFACE.

THE most difficult task of my life lay before me when I undertook to write the Life of Anandabai Joshee. In copying letters or using material furnished by those who loved her, I have been obliged to moderate the terms of affection and admiration which would have seemed extravagant to those who never saw her, or saw her only after her star "drooped toward its setting."

"I have never seen any one who gave me so distinct an impression of being 'high-born,' " said a lady who knew her slightly. It was however not the record which stretched over two thousand years, which gave dignity to Anandabai's mien, but the high-born consciousness, never absent, that in spirit she was the "child of God."

Without the generous aid of Mrs. Carpenter of Roselle, New Jersey, and of Dr. Bodley, Dean of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, the

two friends who made it possible for Anandabai to seek an education in this country, this book could not have been written. Its rapid sale will reward them in the best way for all the self-sacrifice, hard labor, and bitter grief which their devotion has involved, for we hope through that, to aid the projects of her friend and cousin, the Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati.

Our climate is not friendly to the Hindu. Already the cheek of Ramabai has grown pale and her voice weak. If we love her and would aid her, we must speed her on her way.

I have been obliged to allude to the conduct and published writings of Gopal Vinayak Joshee because they were involved in the history of his wife. I have done it as lightly and as briefly as possible, and I wish to say, that I hardly hold him responsible for the letters to the "Index" and "The Open Court," so great appears to have been the excitement under which they were written. The last of these letters is full of mistakes apart from such statements as might be mere matters of opinion. For instance, he states that he and Dr. Joshee sailed from New York Sept. 9th, 1886. But on this day Dr. Joshee was in the Hospital at Philadelphia and she did not sail until October. Still farther he speaks of receiving

"eighty or ninety" pounds, for his homeward journey from Mr. Pattison in London; but as *eighteen* was all that was required to make up the passage money, "eighteen or nineteen" would seem the more likely sum.

He alludes also in this letter to "prejudices" against the "Christians" and meditations upon the "low character" of the English, as if these were shared by Dr. Joshee; but this we all know was not possible.

One day, soon after her arrival in America, Anandabai amused herself at Roselle by writing her own "mental photograph" in one of the Albums commonly sold for that purpose. The student of psychology will be interested in comparing this suggestive sketch with the "psychometric impression" elsewhere alluded to.

In a letter written since his wife's death Mr. Joshee thus alludes to the contents of the eleven trunks which Anandabai carried back to India.

"I have given the contents of Dr. Joshee's boxes to an English school, the founder of which Dr. Joshee greatly admired. They are arranged in a nice glass case and I hope they will be better cared for than they could be by me. It was a painful thing to see them all again."

This school is probably at Poonah, and here I suppose Mr. Joshee deposited all the North American pottery, which Anandabai was so anxious to obtain.

It was not until I had nearly finished my work that I learned that the acquaintance between Ramabai and her cousin began through the cordial entreaty of the Joshees that she would come and live with them at Serampore at a time when she was bitterly persecuted.

The following letter will explain itself.

553 SOUTH 16TH ST., PHILADELPHIA,
Jan. 18th, 1888.

MY DEAR MRS. DALL, — Dear Doctor Joshee was staying in Serampore when she invited me to come to her after my husband's sudden death.

I did not know her personally at that time, but had some correspondence with her.

My husband being of low caste, my marrying him was altogether against the country's custom, and we were despised and shunned by our most intimate friends and relatives.

So much was this the case, that my husband's own brother would not write to him for fear of losing caste.

Under such circumstances, we had no intercourse with many, and were too proud to ask any favors. I