

THE SECOND ECHO OF THE GHADDAR FROM PAGE 10 to 19

The cry of the helpless East Indians of the Komagata Maru O East Indians give an attentive ear. Don't let your heart be troubled, listen to the painful cry of the distressed poor. Don't turn away your face but listen to the end, Restrain your feelings, Be a man, don't despair, ponder well, and don't let shame distract. Altho a thousand tribulations overtake us in life receive them all bravely. Remember your treacherous friends and if he comes into your power see that you treat him properly, don't blunder as you have in the past. O Friend don't be cast down the tables will be turned, the assassin will be avenged- only be careful, don't expose yourself to his power. Don't be fooled by the faithless and perfidious English.

O friend this is an opportune time and don't be restrained by faint hearted cowards around you. The enemy is beating you and robbing you and all the while smiles but don't be deceived by his smiles. He is digging at our roots to throw us down whilst all the time he pretends to be our friend.

Hear the story from the beginning and don't forget it.

THE STORY

All ye who sympathize with us in our struggle, consider how fate has defeated us. We endured long but a friend was raised up. We felt the power of a mysterious disease and looked for medical relief, wherever we turned we found our countrymen prostrate under the power of the same disease; enquiry made it evident to all that British rule was the source of all this trouble. This rule expelled us from our country, and wherever we turned for an asylum we felt the pressure of its crushing weight. Leaving our homes for the United States and Canada we tarried for a time at Hong Kong. There it was whispered that the gates of Canada and the United States were closed against us. We were depressed and anxious, as thro delay our money was being rapidly spent. We in vain sought fair play from the Government. When penniless and hopeless God in mercy sent one to our aid in the person of Gurdit Singh. With a brave heart he said come let us go to Canada. With great difficulty he raised the money and got us ready. For \$70,000.00 he secured a steamer and then issued a general invitation to all wishing to go to Canada stating the fare. All having sufficient money were required to pay down the full fare. Those having only a part came under promise to pay up, when the balance had been earned- those without funds who wished to go were not refused if they agreed to pay the fare when earned. When ready for sea we became aware of the deiciet practised. Difficulties were placed in our way. Sardar Gurdit Singh was arrested. Many hard questions were put to him. The passengers were threatened. Gurdit Singh full of hope spoke words of cheer, saying we shall go to Canada without fail. At last the steamer sailed. After a month we came to the gate of Canada, (Victoria) and we soon realized that we were not welcome. Our steamer was stopped two or three miles from the city with a strong guard around us. We were as prisoners. The news of our arrival evidently spread for some of our countrymen hired a boat and came to see us. They approached and shouts for India gladdenened our heart. The police boat interferred, kept our friends off so that we could not speak with them. We asked are we murderers that our mouths must be shut? To our question a whiteman shouted "shut up wild fellows" This was to us like an electric shock. We could do nothing we were like caged lions. It became clear to us that we would not be allowed to land. Tyranny ruled. We were as dead men tho still alive. We said nothing but thought much. We were



adjudged guilty without a trial. Perhaps we were taken for pirates or robbers.

At midnight we weighed anchor and left but our destination was not made known to us. The next day we arrived in Vancouver and anchored from 5,000 to 7,000 yards from the shore (probably from city). Guards were placed on board and guards also patrolled the harbour around us. We found no one in sympathy with us. We were shut in and our mouths closed too. Orders were given that we should hold no communication with our countrymen in the ~~city~~ city and permission to land was denied us.

Our water supply and rations were used up but no one came to make any enquiry, we were four days without food or drink. It is said that by travel we learn wisdom, in our case it was the distress of famine we got. We suffered thousands of troubles but no one came to help. They neither gave us food themselves nor allowed our brothers to give it. If our Indian brothers were not in Vancouver, we would certainly have died of hunger. We were like chickens in a coop with food for one day, and then allowed to pine and suffer for seven days before more was given. Letters sent were never delivered, and articles in the Daily papers told that we had an abundance of the best whilst we were famished.

Here we found no law, no justice, no mercy. Day and night we were persecuted by these devils.

One day these tyrants took secret counsel together, and at midnight made an attack on us and threatened our lives. We said give us rations and we will leave. No attention was given to our proposal. The one cry that we heard was war, war-strike, beat, slay. Four hundred armed soldiers were employed in this midnight attack. Death seemed inevitable either from starvation or from our assailants.

Hopkinson the Interpreter came forward and shouted at us "Your end has come" and with that fired first shot. When they tried to board our ship we realized our peril, for they were armed whilst we were defenceless. Death stared us in the face on one hand from starvation, on the other from violence. We resolved to defend ourselves as best we could, and Hindu and Sikh excitedly hurled the ships coal at their assailants, the lions were unchained, the Panthers got to the front and there was a struggle to get to the point of the greatest danger. Our assailants turned on steam but this was of no avail, we were as lions to whom God sent prey. We would not allow the invaders to take possession for some who had pretended to be our friends were found to be foremost in the assault. We looked on them as a flock of sheep, and hence used the coal. Altho some of our brave ones bore marks of the encounter, yet God gave us the victory. This midnight attack was wholly unexpected. In the morning we learned that the news was all over the city. The troops were then called in, and the wharves and harbour front were lined with citizens anxious to know the next scene. Swords unsheathed glittered in the sun and we were hedged about on every side. One of H.M. Ships was now summoned. Our situation was perilous thousands looked on. We wired to King George "Save us, we are your loyal subjects" to the Duke of Connaught "we are dying without help". Reply from Ottawa "We will consider the matter" when they considering we were every moment in danger. We wired again and again to England and at last the reply came "We can't help you." What tyranny; just consider O friend. All were ready to kill us but there was no one to help us. Many were our troubles up to that day, but the situation in Vancouver was beyond all former experiences. We were deserted by the Government for which our kindred had fought and died. Their guns were turned on us ready for use. We were only 300 and without arms. Had the English Government spoken a word for us, no one in Canada would dare disobey but she was silent. We fought for her at Cabul, Chitral was still fresh in our memory, as also the campaigns in China



and in Africa and yet our sacrifices and triumphs instead of awakening sympathy only deepened her sense of severity as she closed her ear to our inopportunities. In our fighting we lost the good will of our countrymen and now we are deserted by the Government we served- our sacrifices were all in vain. If we are thrust back and crushed in our own country what right have we to enter a foreign country- The whole world will honor us if India has an Independent Government. If we retain the wealth of our own country that now goes to England we will have ample means in our possession to provide for all our people without going to other lands at all.

Further our well educated progressive men are shut up in prison because they had the courage to expose our grievances. When we fought for Britain we won the day; when we fight for ourselves are we to be crushed. If we speak it is called rebellion without inquiring into the cause. At home they are ~~saying~~ slaying us with famine and plague, and abroad they are disgracing us. O India what are you waiting for now. O men of the Punjab seeing our treatment, to-day let us go home and cast off the yoke. O, readers let us devise a new scheme. Privately we have sworn to rebel to the utmost of our power; let us be true to this oath.

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O Brother doubtless we will show our hand- they have disgraced us let them not escape with impunity. Let us go home and camp there. Let us not sit silently but bring evil on the Government. Once the rebellion starts let us not hold life dear- till death we will not sheath the sword in its scabbard. Let us cease importuning and so smite the tyrant that he will be obliged to flee. Our wealth is gone let life too go rather than submit. Cease the shout of loyalty let it forever cease. It is only a general massacre that will convince the tyrant of his tyranny. Let us cut out the tongues of those who insolent shout "black man"- Return to them not doubt but manifold for what they have done to us. Let us show the world that we are living men and render manifoldants, them for the way they have reunited us. Let us of the Komagata, on the battlefield of India slay these vile fellows as the butcher kills the goat- In this work of destruction let Mohammedan, Hindu and Sikh be of one mind and one heart. We are the children of martyrs and let us avenge the treatment of Egypt and Turkey by the tyrants. It was England that ruptured the friendly relations between Hindu and Mohammedan, let their reunion be to the confusion of their ~~xxxxxx~~ common enemy.

Arise O India: be ready and let us do our duty.

The message of the Passengers of the Komagata Maru to their countrymen.

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O countrymen already you have heard of our innumerable troubles. Without bread and without water we have made our beds in the sea. Tho we have spent hundreds of thousands in cash, yet suffering has been our daily lot. We have faced and repulsed armed men who came to kill us, tho we were without arms. Four centuries we have been enslaved yet we have shown the world that the military spirit still remains. We have seen the tyrannical spirit of our rulers and witnessed their confusion too,

After our struggle we left for home. We counted Japan as our friend and yet her attitude gave us anxiety. We warned Japan not to confide in our rulers for they were black reptiles. After distressing vicissitudes we came to the lap of our motherland. Scenes of abject poverty and oppression aroused our spirit, and with a lively recollection of our treatment, we gave our enemies palpitating hearts. From a deep sleep we awaked our countrymen. The tyrants army came to kill us but our eyes were open and we escaped their snare. The aim of the Police was to capture our Sardar (Gurdit Singh) but we anticipated their trick.

The time was when we were as a garden of blooming roses but autumn came and the roses faded. The time was when we were shining in the sky but now our sun is under the clouds. The time was when we were happy in the midst of our family but now we are removed from home and all its joys. For India we have sacrificed our lives. It is by actions and not by talk that the mutiny can be participated. We have grown up with Indias blood coursing in our veins, and we pour out that blood for our mothers. Cowardly Indians have been dying as dogs but we have taught them how to die as heroes. We are sons of lions, living as lions, at least we have pounced as lions. From disuse our swords have gathered rust, but that rust we have put into the chest of our enemy. Foreigners have robbed our country but we have awaked India from a deep sleep- Our garden wilted without



water, but we have irrigated it with our blood. Thou hast nourished us with thy sweet milk, O mother, and now we give our blood for thee. We have sounded the bugle call and the scattered forces are gathering. Death awaits us all, but when we know not; if it should come in heroic deeds don't fear it. Arise: Arise: All ye who would have a part in this war of deliverance. Don't say again ~~xxx~~ the time is gone. We will not meet you again. The enemies wounds are fresh let them never heal--the blood is flowing, let it never dry up. O ye millions of India, witness our action and follow our example. Our body may be pierced with bullets, but the enemy will be torn up by the roots.

My last cry is this; Hurrah: Hurrah: for the mother-land.

signed "Pritam"

Translator's note:

Pritam is another name for Bhagwan Singh who was deported from Canada.