



THE OLD COLLEGE

OR
THE MAGAZINE

OF
H. H. THE MAHARAJA'S COLLEGE OF SCIENCE
TRIVANDRUM.

Vol. I.

March 1925.

No. 2.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The first issue of THE OLD COLLEGE has met with a success which was beyond all expectation. Our original order was for 700 copies, but within a week after publication they were all sold and we had to place a fresh order for 250 copies to meet the demand. Had we been able to forecast the extent of the demand we would have made a saving on our printing bill. But we have learnt our first lesson in the economics of journalism and we shall be wiser in future.

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Students and 'old boys' have displayed the greatest zeal in welcoming the magazine. The former liked and enjoyed it and their only objection to it was that the cover was not bright enough—was, in fact, rather dull and forbidding—reminding them of nothing so much as the Malayalam "Panchangum." We received very friendly and even 'gushing' letters from a number of old boys congratulating us on the excellence of the first number and conveying their best wishes for the continued success of our enterprise. We thank them most warmly for their generous appreciation and we hope that the magazine will be a potent means of bringing them and the college into closer and more intimate contact.

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Our gratification is qualified by the fact which we by no means wish to conceal that one or two of the newspapers have criticised the first number in rather strong terms. Some of the criticism is helpful and wise; much of it distinctly otherwise. By the former we hope to profit as much as our conditions will permit. We mean that, being a college magazine, our *raison d'être* lies in the opportunities we afford to our students to develop their minds and their powers of imagination and expression. Students' work being immature may often be crude though not devoid of merit. We have seen some unfair and ungenerous comments, but we will ignore them. We cannot be expected to take seriously the utterances of critics who are out to criticise everything that we attempt to do, or of newspapers which are younger than ourselves and which are forced by the law of their juvenile existence to create sensations with a view to increase their circulation.

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Coming to this number, we regret that the Malayalam contributions are not as many as we could wish. In this respect we have fallen below the level of the first number. It is our earnest aim to arouse and foster the creative faculty of the younger generation, and anything truly creative can only or at least more naturally find expression in Malayalam than in English. It is our desire to encourage bold and even startling experimentation in literary forms derived from foreign literatures and opposed to the traditions though not to the genius of Malayalam Literature. May we appeal to our students and to our old boys to give us more active help in realising our aim?

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The Trivandrum Y. M. C. A. and its ex-Secretary Mr. T. P. Chandy deserve our congratulations on the elocution competition which they arranged this term. Nine students—six from the Arts and three from the Science College—entered the competition and they were required to speak for ten minutes each on “compulsory military training for all university students except those who were medically certified to be unfit.” The subject was announced to each speaker only ten minutes before he was called upon to speak. Messrs. C. V. Chandrasekharan, T. K. Velu Pillai, A. Venkata Rao, A. N. Tampi and K. C. Eapen were the judges. We are sorry to note that the standard of speaking was rather low and that the two colleges between

them could only produce nine competitors. The judges decided that C. P. Sankara Pillai (Science College, III Class) should get the first prize and A. Kesavan Potti (Arts College, III Class) the second prize.

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For a long time to come the visit of Mahatma Gandhi to Travancore and to our College will stand out as an event of unique and unequalled importance. We had heard of his greatness and believed in it implicitly, but we saw it face to face and understood it on that memorable afternoon when thousands gathered in the Quadrangle and, seated on bare ground under the scorching sun, we listened with rapt attention to his inspiring message in phenomenal silence which is the most eloquent tribute to the saintly son of India. We publish elsewhere the Address which the College presented to him. His reply which dealt with the spirit in which students of Science in India should take their subjects will serve a useful purpose in the first issue of the magazine next year when hundreds of aspiring youths will have just entered their college career and will be the better for being told by Mahatmaji how best they can serve themselves and their country through a less materialistic devotion to Science. We shall ever cherish the privilege we had of adding our feeble voice to the chorus of welcome which greeted him wherever he went in Travancore.

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We understand that the University Committee has finished its labours and submitted its report which is in the course of being printed. We hope to be able to deal with the report in our next issue.

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The death of Dewan Bahadur A. Govinda Pillai is indeed a very sad loss. He was a true nobleman—one of nature's own nobility—in an age in which true nobility is fast dying out and vulgarity and rudeness and a kind of low cunning are threatening to destroy the charms and graces of social life. Though he retired many years ago, he was intellectually alive till the end of his days. It is a source of pride to THE OLD COLLEGE that within the pages of its first number lie the very last of his contributions to any journal. We are grateful to Mr. Justice Raman Tampi for the informing and illuminating obituary notice which he has been kind enough to write for us.

To

MAHATMA GANDHI.

Revered Mahatmaji,

We, the students of H. H. the Maharaja's College of Science, beg leave to welcome you on this, your first visit to our College.

Words can not express, nor speech adequately convey, the feelings of love and reverence which we bear towards you. To respect you is a privilege which your friends and foes are equally eager to share.

You are an apostle of the Gospel of Love, and your creed of Non-Violence will ever remain the proudest contribution of India to Universal Peace.

We pray to the Almighty to bestow upon you health and long life for the service of the Motherland and the World.

We beg to remain,

Revered Mahatmaji,

Your children in faith and hope,

The Students of H. H. the Maharaja's College of Science.

Trivandrum,

11th March, 1925.

MILE STONES.

II.

Some Recollections of School days, 1054-1064.

[MR. K. NARAYANA MENON, *Retired Dewan Peishkar.*]

I began my English education in the Ernakulam High School which was then under the management of the late Mr. Seely. Soon after I joined the institution, Mr. P. R. Sundara Iyer (late Judge of the Madras High Court) also became a student in the same class with me. We studied together for three or four years at Ernakulam. In those days there was no restriction with regard to the number of days of attendance in the class, and those who managed to attend and pass the examinations for two classes were allowed to skip over those classes in one year. We eagerly took advantage of their concession and succeeded in getting "double promotions" winning prizes also at the same time. But when we, thus got into the fourth class we were told that thereafter no such concession was going to be allowed and that we need expect to get promotion to the next higher class only at the end of the year if we succeeded in our annual examination. We were very much disappointed. We struggled on for another year, but Mr. Seely stuck to his word and promoted us only to the next higher class though we succeeded in passing the examination for the two higher classes. Both of us then left the High School, Mr. Sundara Iyer going over to Calicut and I myself to Trivandrum. I went to Mr. Shepherd, who was then Professor of English in H. H. the Maharaja's College, with a letter of introduction. He examined me and found me fit for admission to the sixth form. Fortified with this recommendation, I approached Mr. Ross, the Principal of the College, for admission to the sixth form. He examined me in English and Arithmetic, but though he found me fit he insisted that I should join only the fifth form. My disappointment was great but I had to accept the decision.

The fifth form had then four sub-divisions and Messrs. Papoo Pillai, Ramasubba Iyer, Varkey, and Kunjunni Menon were the teachers. I was admitted to Mr. Papoo Pillai's division. He looked more like a military captain than a quiet teacher. He always had a big cane on the table which was

occasionally used to point out the towns, rivers and mountains on the map that hung on the wall when he was teaching Geography. I have also often seen him mercilessly using it on the back of students who failed to answer his questions correctly. He was nevertheless a kind master and was very gentle to those who carefully studied their lessons. Those who were thoroughly well-prepared with their lessons had therefore no need to be afraid of his cane. We used to have class-marks every day according to the rank we occupied in class at the end of the hour after the long series of questions and answers which used then to be a peculiar test of preparation. If by chance a boy got at the top, a series of questions brought him down to his level at the bottom in a few minutes.

In those days there was a Bible Teacher, and Mr. Luke was the teacher in my time. He used to attend every class for one hour to teach the Bible. He was a disciplinarian. He would never allow a student to question him on any statement made from the Bible. When we put one or two questions on the miracles he solemnly said: "My boys, it is irreligious, irreverent, and immoral. Never cultivate the habit of questioning the truths in the Bible. Study the precepts and try to follow them." Most boys, however, evaded attending his class. He was a pious, kind and God-fearing master.

We had at the end of the year an entrance examination, and those who passed this were admitted into the matriculation class. I believe the number of students in the matriculation class at this time was between 90 and 120. We had a Namburi student with us in this class who added much to the mirth of both students and teachers alike. One day he went up to Mr. Ross and requested him to make him a free student. He told Mr. Ross: "Sir, I want to make you free." Mr. Ross said: "My boy, I belong to a country where every one is as free as air. I am under no bondage." Again the Namburi repeated his request and finally Mr. Ross made him a free student. Our Namburi friend one day came to the class and announced to us that he had become a poet and that he had already compiled a long poem covering over 100 pages and that he could go on producing endless volumes if only he had the necessary materials to write. When questioned, to our utter dismay, he said he had compiled these poems from portions of the Mahabharatha left incomplete by Vyasa; and he began to repeat: "ഒന്നുകൂടെ

റിയേണം രണ്ടിന്റെ ബലാബലം, രണ്ടുകൊണ്ടുറിയേണം മൂന്നിന്റെ ബലാബലം, മൂന്നുകൊണ്ടുറിയേണം നാലിന്റെ ബലാബലം.”—and so on; and he went on to elaborate the stanzas without end!

In those days the students' activities were not confined to the books they studied. They were members of the various clubs and associations started in the college. There were a number of such institutions such as the Debating Society, the juvenile circle, the Young Men's Association, the Mutual Improvement Society etc. Every Saturday students read essays, held discussions and conducted debates on various topics. The spirit of independence was prevailing everywhere. The spirit of co-operation was also not lacking among students; vigorous attempts were made by students to effect social improvements. Pamphlets were published, public speeches were made and funds also were collected in furtherance of the work of social reform. The students went from house to house, and preached that *Kettukalyānam* should be stopped and that the money wasted on such meaningless ceremonies should be utilized for other useful purposes. It is a matter of sincere gratification to us to see that the work begun by students in those days has at last borne fruit and that a different order of things has come into existence. The agitation in those days for a valid law of marriage among the Nayers has at last culminated in the Nayar Regulation of 1088. It appears to me that the ideas conceived and started by students in our time have, after the lapse of years, become accomplished facts. No doubt it was the education that they had received that made them think and act. Students also conceived the idea of rendering pecuniary help to their poor and deserving class-mates, and they actually succeeded so far as to collect sufficient money to tender effectual help to two or three such students.

There is nothing more wholesome and noteworthy than the rapid changes that have come about in the observances of caste customs since the days of our school-life. I distinctly remember the day when Mr. Ross took leave of us from the College at a garden party held in his honour. We all sat for lunch with our departing master at the same table. This was regarded at the time as a very bold action on our part; but to-day even the high-caste Hindu does not think of this as anything uncommon. The students in every age, I think, are in advance of the times; and this is as it ought to be. How I wish I were a student again! What is the aim of

student? He has no other concern than the advancement of his studies. He seeks every nook and corner to find food for his intellect and he has no cares other than his studies.

It may be of some interest to know what estimate we had of some of the professors and teachers of the college in those days. Mr. Ross was the Principal of the College and the Superintendent of District Schools. Dr. Harvey, Messrs. Labouchardiere, Valliananda Mudaliar, Kesava Pillai, Aiyappan Pillai, Sundaram Pillai, Muthukumaraswami Pillai were the other professors and teachers who taught in the college classes. There was then only the Philosophy Chair. Mr. Ross used to work very hard. There was not a day when he did not work for five or six hours in class. During intervals he used to go to the high school classes and teach either English, Arithmetic, or some other subject. He was very particular about reading and writing; and he always insisted upon every word being pronounced distinctly. He knew every student even of the High School, and he had a word of advice to offer to every student. He encouraged students to do things in the right way by advice and suggestion. He was very kind and generous. Nobody knows how many students have been helped by him with money every month. While I was a student in the F. A. class he selected five students under instructions from Government for posts of Inspectors of Police on decent salaries. Some of my classmates were also selected. In the evening I asked him when he was about to get into his carriage whether my name was also included in the list. He gave me a slap on my back and said: "Go and study your lessons Narayanan, you are meant for better things." Perhaps if he had chosen me I would even have left off my college studies. He knew men and would have filled any office to which he was appointed with distinction. I should acknowledge here in all sincerity that he was more than a father to me in this world.

Dr. Harvey was a stern disciplinarian and *a priori* philosopher. I would endorse the tribute paid by the late Dewan Bahadur Govinda Pillai in the first issue of this magazine and would add that all approached him with reverence, respect, awe and veneration.

For a time there was also Mr. Read who came out as a professor when Mr. Ross left us and Dr. Harvey became the Principal. He was a perfect gentleman and treated students on terms of equality. It was he who introduced tennis for

the first time in the College. He used to play till very late in the evening; and we have learnt much from him, from his discussion under the shade of the mango tree and in the play ground. He was misunderstood by many people while he was here. It was a great misfortune that he left our college on pension after a brief period.

Mr. Sundaram Pillai was a strict follower of Dr. Harvey. He was the Professor of Philosophy. He used to ask us to shut our eyes and meditate when he propounded certain theories on the Advaita Philosophy. He was a very able professor and knew his subject thoroughly well, and he was loved by all his students.

THE PENITENT (a la Browning.)

I

'Sinner' they called me, even they of my crew ;
Yes : each sworded crop I reap, each soul-storm
that I rue,
Had its seed, had its nest,
In the Dragon's teeth I planted, in the guilty breath
I drew ;
But the bladed harvest reaped, the painful soulstorm
spent,
In the bare field I panted, with the fair breeze I flew—
Flew as the lark at rise of sun
Spurns the ground, seeks the sky ;
And panted, as in his mother's cradling arm
A child—the first she feeds with her fountained store—
Hushed and sung to, sobs himself to rest ;
Then, waking, lifts his blue young eyes
To hers glancing down so soft and warm—
Lovelit those eyes and the cherub at her breast—
And smiles, and laughs the laugh the mother thinks
a prize,
And pants for wholesome grateful breath,
So I !

II

'Sinner' they cry no more, they whom I knew!

R. SANKARASUBBAN.

UNIVERSITY NEWS AND NOTES.

BY

‘ VARSITY.’

The new University Act set up a very elaborate and complicated constitution. It is difficult even for an active member of the various bodies created by the Act to give a clear account of their functions and working. Palmerston once said of the Schleswig-Holstein question that only three men knew everything about it and, of these three, one, a German Professor was since dead, another, a Danish Professor had gone mad and was in an asylum, and the third was himself but he had forgotten all that he knew about it. Mr. Satyamurthi, the member for the University poked fun at the Act in a similar strain in a famous speech at the Madras Legislative Council. Experience of the working of the Act has shown that it stands in need of considerable revision.

. The Senate.

The Senate has been enlarged, and its constitution has been democratised. The framers of the Act may have hoped that the new Senate would cease to claim the powers exercised by the old Senate and leave the administration of university affairs and the formulation of policy in the hands of the Syndicate and the Academic Council contenting itself, in view of its size and composition, with being an annual University Parliament performing only the most general functions of control. But the Senate has declined to assume the new role assigned to it by the spirit if not the letter of the Act. At the last special meeting it passed a number of resolutions to the effect that no new Chair should be established without its consent, and that copies of the minutes and proceedings of the meetings of the Syndicate and of the other bodies should be sent as soon as possible after every meeting to the members of the Senate. There is of course much to be said in favour of these resolutions, but one feels that the composition of the Senate should be modified in order that it may be made fully competent to exercise that continuous control over university affairs which is the avowed objective of these resolutions. The question of travelling allowances for mofussil members came up at this meeting and one mofussil member whose valour got the better of his discretion got up to thunder against the recent reduction in T. A. But when the Vice-Chancellor laid bare the financial impossibility of his proposal the opposition collapsed. The maiden attempt of

a new and young member was the proposal that for the convenience of mofussil members the meetings of the Senate should be held in rotation at Madras, Trichinopoly and Rajahmundry. This proposal created considerable amusement. And the amusement was turned into hilarity when a mofussil member (I will not mention his name) not to be outdone, moved an amendment to delete 'Madras' and substitute 'Trivandrum.' The most interesting subject of discussion was the proposal for the compulsory military training in the Indian Territorial Force of university students not certified to be medically unfit for such training. Mr. Satyamurthi, the '*enfant merveilleux*' of Madras proposed it and Mr. Ramaswami Mudaliar, one of the younger leaders of the non-Brahmin movement seconded it. By the way, I may mention that these two politicians who sit on opposite benches in the Madras Legislative Council and carry on a duel of words across the floor of the Council, bury their hatchets on coming to the Senate and bill and coo like birds on a tree. (I am afraid, Editor, I have mixed my metaphors, but let it stand).

Mr. Satyamurthi made a good speech but he was obviously not in his best form. He explained that the military training asked for in the resolution was not of an arduous nature, denounced the emasculation of the Indian nation for which he said British policy was solely responsible, made an epigram about the plight of nations like the Indian nation whose thinking was in the hands of cowards and whose fighting was in the hands of fools and grew eloquent over the beneficial effects of military training upon the physique and character of our students. The house was not convinced, and the question, "But why compel?" was in everyone's mouth. It was felt that Mr. Satyamurthi who had been the champion of "the conscience clause" was inconsistent in asking for compulsory military training. An amendment dropping compulsion and demanding merely increased facilities for the military training of students was proposed and seconded. Prof. Candeth of the Presidency College made an able speech in support of the amendment. From personal experience gained by long service in the I. D. F. and the University Training Corps Mr. Candeth knew more than any other all the practical difficulties involved in the resolution and he lucidly explained these difficulties to the House. The cost of a scheme of compulsory military training for college students in South India would be 8-10 lakhs every year and he

asked if the University was justified in asking the Government to grant this large amount for this purpose when it needed money badly for so many legitimate schemes of University development. He instanced the case of Namburi students in the Presidency College who would have genuine, conscientious objections to military training. When he referred to that part of the resolution, which was designed to give exemption to students medically certified to be unfit, there was a scene. He said that it was his experience that students found it very easy to produce medical certificates and at once up rose two or three doctors from their seats and protested against this statement and asked the speaker to withdraw it. The House was amused and excited at the same time but the breeze blew over and calm was restored.

At this stage the supporters of the resolution, realising that the temper of the House was antagonistic, moved an adjournment of the debate for the next meeting and the motion was carried.

The question will come up again at the March meeting. Some of us felt that we should not be called upon to decide one way or the other until public opinion and especially student opinion had expressed itself definitely. The Lucknow University has passed a similar resolution, and in Bombay the resolution was lost by one vote. Personally I am no doctrinaire opponent of compulsion and I am willing to support it if students and parents and guardians ask for it and express their willingness to face the discomforts, inconveniences and expenses involved in any scheme of compulsory military training, not to speak of remoter contingencies. I wish the College debating society will wake up from its long slumber and conduct a debate on this subject.

Even if the resolution is carried at the next meeting of the Senate, it may prove to be a mere paper resolution. The military authorities are sure to turn it down for the same reasons as have been stated so cogently by Prof. Candeth.

The Academic Council.

The Academic Council has met twice since its formation and has been occupied in dealing with the reports of its numerous sub-committees. The reorganization of the Intermediate course is now under discussion and may soon become an accomplished fact. The distinction between Arts and Sciences is felt to be premature at the intermediate stage and every student of an Arts course may be called upon to take

up one of the science subjects and *vice versa*. Another change, almost settled, is the introduction of compulsory vernaculars in the Intermediate and B. A. courses. A strong minority was opposed to the compulsory vernacular in the B. A. course and desired to restrict it to the Intermediate course. A compulsory vernacular as a third subject in the B. A. course is not going to regenerate the vernaculars or make them suitable and effective as vehicles of current thought and may have the effect of weakening the standard required in the optional subject. I can heartily sympathise with and co-operate in a genuine experiment to make vernaculars the medium of instruction and I may be willing to support the introduction of Hindi as a compulsory language in the interests of national unity, but it seems to me that a compulsory vernacular as a mere additional subject in the B. A. course is neither sound education nor sound patriotism.

Affiliated and Constituent Colleges.

The Act made a distinction between constituent and affiliated colleges. A well-known University wit seems to have said, after attending the first meeting of the Council of Affiliated colleges, that the basis of the distinction between these two types of colleges, as far as he could see, was that the teachers of Constituent colleges shaved every day but the teachers of Affiliated colleges shaved only on alternate days or at longer intervals. The distinction is certainly less absurd than that. What underlies the distinction is not the mystic ten-mile radius but the possibilities of co-operation between the Madras colleges, the University co-ordinating and supplementing their resources by providing common arrangements for lectures, libraries, laboratories, etc. The Madras University is still a long way off from this ideal, but a beginning has been made in one or two directions. In Economics, for instance, thanks to Dr. Matthai, there is going to be, from the next academic year, university teaching for the Hons. students of all the Madras colleges by the University staff. In a number of ways the training and facilities for Hons. work offered in Madras, are already in advance of what mofussil colleges with their limited resources and in their present state of isolation could provide. As the reform and the reorganisation of the University proceeds, the Madras colleges will gain and, sooner or later, their superiority over mofussil colleges will become an acknowledged fact and mofussil degrees will suffer in comparison.

It might be thought that the mofussil colleges are fully conscious of the gravity of the situation and are taking steps to deal with it in a wise and comprehensive way. But the prevailing symptoms do not encourage this belief. There is a frightful rush for affiliation—every high school wants to become a second grade college, and every second grade college a first grade one as if the production of graduates were a kind of cottage industry—and the University goes on granting affiliation without aim or plan and in disregard of the spirit of the Act.

SCOUTING—WHAT IT IS.

[MR. T. V. NILAKANTAN.]

Though the Boy Scout Movement was inaugurated in England by its founder Sir Robert Baden Powell so far back as 1908, and though it has in this short span of its existence increased in popularity to the extent that to-day it is in every sense a world-wide movement extending from one corner of the civilized world to the other; yet its inception in India has been so recent that to a vast majority it is something vague and unintelligible, and by a few who think they know all about it, it is looked upon as a novel military training for boys, or, some up-to-date but superfluous mode of helping the schoolboys to waste their precious time.

This misapprehension is by no means confined to the un-understanding multitude. Even a very large majority of that noble profession which concerns itself with the education of the young do fail to realise (because they have never attempted to enquire) that there is a very great deal in common between their own aims and the aims of the Boy Scout Movement.

Scouting is simply a practical method of educating boys, one not intended to supplant the existing educational agencies of the present day but to supplement them with a view to ensure the all-round development of the boy. The Boy Scout Movement has for its object the training of boys to good citizenship through the formation of their character, through training them in habits of observation, obedience and self-reliance, by inculcating in them loyalty and thought-

fulness for others, by infusing into them a spirit of true and broad-minded patriotism, by teaching them services useful to the public, and handicrafts useful to themselves, and by promoting their physical development and hygiene.

Accordingly, the subjects a Scout has to learn are so chosen as to enable him to live up to the ideal of his watchword: "Service and Brotherhood." He learns campcraft which means life under canvas, in a hut or other shelter put up by himself away from the dust and din of cities, that is to say, life in the open, where one may breath pure air and plenty of it, where one cooks one's own food and sleeps upon a bed of shrubs or leaves which one makes for oneself, where one dives in the cool waters of the lake or the river at dawn, where one can see and enjoy the glorious sight of the sunrise and the sunset and the starry heavens, where one wanders about and watches the birds and animals and where, in several other ways in constant communion with the woods, mountains and streams, one comes heart to heart with nature.

But this is not all. The camp affords a very good opportunity for the boy's education. Life in camp is profitable because of its varied activities. Out camping, a boy learns to build his own hut, to build his own fire and cook his meals and to keep his camp clean. He learns to rely upon himself and to take care of himself. And somehow or other every hill, every tree, every bird, every animal, every star, every pool of water, become entities of absorbing interest; so that, no matter where he is, he is never alone. What is more important than all this, this pleasant life in God's out-of-doors gives the boy a new insight into religion and creates in him a keener appreciation of his duty to God and to his fellowmen.

Another subject a Scout has to learn is "life-saving." Accidents occur every day. Some one falls and breaks a bone, or there is an accident on the railway line, by water or by fire. The Boy Scout has "Be Prepared" for his motto and in respect of such accidents as in respect of other things he has to live up to that ideal. For this reason he learns "First-aid to the injured" and something of the structure of the human body and how it works. He learns how to bandage a broken limb, or employ a tourniquet for stopping bleeding; also what to do in case of fainting, or electric

shock or poisoning from drugs. He learns what he should do in case of sprains, dislocations and fractures, bruises, burns and scalds. He learns how to rescue people from drowning and from burning houses, and how to administer "artificial respiration" to revive them. To know what to do and 'be prepared' to do it—that is the business of every Scout. It is at once a duty and a privilege. It is one of the glories of a Boy Scout.

Boy Scout training includes training in physical health and personal hygiene so as to make the boy strong and healthy, and in afterdays to enable him to devote his best energies in the cause of his country and countrymen. This training is attempted through games and pleasurable occupations, and by exciting in him the ambition to grow into a well-developed lad, that is to say, by 'education from within' as opposed to instruction from without. Drill as it is ordinarily understood has no place in this training, and even the set exercises adopted in the school gymnasium and other 'physical jerks' are taboo.

The Scout has to develop a few important qualities. On his doing this well will depend his claim to be regarded as a Scout. A Scout is unselfish; he is trustworthy and reliable; he possesses courage and has a keen sense of duty; he is benevolent as well as thrifty; he is loyal and patriotic; he obeys his parents, respects his elders and superiors; he is courteous to all, especially to women and children; he is kind to animals; he is cheerful and, above all, he is pure in thought, in word and in deed. These qualities are developed in him slowly but none the less surely by methods acceptable to the boy himself. This moral development, as his physical growth, is attempted by rousing in him a healthy ambition to live a better, a purer and a more purposeful life than most boys; and he is given a simple code of ten rules of life called the 'Scout Law' after which to fashion his own.

Whether a boy is a Scout or not is to be judged not by the uniform he wears or by his badges of membership or of rank, but by his coming up to the standard of life laid down in the ten Scout laws. A boy may know every kind of scoutcraft, he may be an adept pioneer and camper, he may be a very efficient first-aid man or life-saver, he may be very smart in appearance and wear on his uniform all the badges open to Scouts, yet if he does not in all his actions conform to the "Law of Brotherhood," if he is deficient in "Scout Spirit" he has no place in the Boy Scout Brotherhood. He is not a Scout.

Scouting is sometimes misunderstood to be military in its object and the uniform which Scouts wear lends colour to this view. If scoutcraft includes subjects like signalling, cooking and camplife usually associated with military training, the object in each case is different. A soldier learns signalling to enable him to quickly pass on manœuvring instructions or other instruction between different sections of the army. But the Scoutmaster teaches it to his boys because it tends to cultivate his powers of observation, his concentration and quickness of perception; though when the boy has learned it, it will be of considerable use in times of emergency (*e. g.* floods), in passing on important messages in connection with social and public service. If the Scout indulges in camplife it is not only to make himself hardy and resourceful but because it is only in camp that one can develop that broad comradeship to promote which is one of the important aims of this training, and because it gives him strength and energy for work and enables him to learn to appreciate nature.

Scouting is not a military organisation. By joining the movement one does not commit oneself to military service. One's freedom is in no way curtailed except in the direction of demanding the leading of a noble and pure life of service and kindness.

Scouting is thus essentially a character-training organisation. Its methods are such as will lead to success. The educational agencies of the present day are too much absorbed by the *erudition side* of it and have little or no time or opportunity to think of the *character side* of it. Education is too often and too readily misunderstood for mere book learning and passes in examinations. The development of character is left wholly out of account. Nor is it the fault of the schoolmaster alone. The parents themselves set a high premium on booklore and passes. The system under which the schoolmaster works is defective. Dealing with boys in large groups of forty in the formal atmosphere of the class-room the schoolmaster is at a disadvantage in not being able to get at their individual temperaments and failings, and even if he did, his inability to control the boys' environment out of school hours is too great an obstacle in his way of rectifying their character. But this defect in the school system can to a remarkable extent be counteracted and removed by the introduction of scouting in schools and then the schoolmaster will find in the scoutmaster a very faithful and powerful ally.

THE STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has given us, in one short sentence combining pun and paradox, what looks like the last word in an amusing controversy. What looks like, we say; for that 'bacon did write Shakespeare' is, in Reviewers' parlance, an opinion so uncompromising that the orthodox critical world cannot long be indifferent to it. The unit of that world, the average critic, has a discreet aversion for vehement statements; holds moderation in literature, as in politics, a virtue; and contents himself with calling that obscure which he cannot call axiomatic. The emphatic opinion of Mr. Chesterton is therefore doubly distasteful to him. "It confounds our understanding," he complains, "and when we have caught the meaning, it will be seen to insult our ideal of a poet!"

Insult indeed, but not untruth. The world's greatest dramatist, like any other butcher's son or butcher's apprentice, might have had a curious palate for meat of all kinds, for bacon preferably. Eating of a pig, if we are to trust the literature of that period, was no uncommon pastime in England. It appears from Jonson's *Bartholomew fair* that even Puritans like Busy did not consider a roast pig unwholesome diet. And Shakespeare was not of the class of misled poets who 'scorn delights and live laborious days.' If he was, the less Shakespeare he. Tradition, too, which accuses him of deer-stealing, gives us another proof that he was none of your vegetarians, always on the look-out for the 'roughest berry on the rudest hedge.' The anecdote shows, perhaps, a truant taste for venison. But such a shrewd young man, as Shakespeare must have been, would not have run the risk of poaching, if venison had been a cheap food—an argument which leaves all his work-a-day dinners to be eked out with homelier meat. The more positive evidence of Andrew Boorde, quoted by F. J. Furnivall, shows that venison was then 'a lorde's dysshe, a meate for great men.' A roast sow, on the other hand, if a remarkably fat one, sold at 5 sh. in 1614 when Jonson wrote his play aforesaid. This was rather dear as prices then went. But it is well-known that, with the coronation of 'King Jamie' in 1603, and the advent of his loyal subjects from the North, the price of swine went high. Probably due to the demand, for, to the Caledonian palate, satiated with oatcake

and bran, salted meat was a rare delicacy. As, however, Shakespeare's reputation had been established even in the reign of Elizabeth, the vicissitudes of the market could not have affected him. He could at any time have afforded a pig. In other words, throughout the period of his best plays, he could have drawn continually on that solid source of inspiration. It seems, therefore, not unlikely on the whole that a healthy appetite for meat went as much to the production of those plays, as a keen observation of the world, a knowledge of law, or the early influence of Marlowe; and that the meat in particular was *bacon*.

The internal evidence of the plays, however, is not strongly in support of this theory. Venison is brought on the stage in *As You Like It*; but you cannot expect other stuff in the Forest of Arden. Falstaff, it is true, uses the words 'bacons' and 'bacon-fed knaves' in a contemptuous sense in the Gadshill-robbery scene; but his tastes could not have been Shakespeare's: The old lad had 'instincts' which distinguished him from the poet as from all other men. But in the absence of other evidence, I am conscious of a strong odour of drink in most of the plays; and in my opinion, Mr. Chesterton's statement, right or wrong in itself, provokes the suggestion that Shakespeare relished good liquor no less than solid viands. In fact, I even think he preferred the bottle to the dish; and as the resources of almost all other branches of Shakespearean criticism have been exhausted by this time, we shall even say something of the Bacchanalian note in his dramas.

To begin with, the secret of Shakespeare's workmanship in this direction does not lend itself to a complete analysis. It is not imperceptible though, to those who, like Wordsworth, have taught themselves to 'find a tale in everything'; and the reader, if he cares to look into the Variorum Edition of any play, will see how many, beside Wordsworth, have developed that 'vision and faculty divine'; and how much more may be meant in every word of the dramatist than meets the ear. This capacity to seize the suggested meanings of Shakespeare once assured, gleams of a world untravelled by former critics suddenly dawn upon us. We shall then see that, from the Induction in the *Taming of the Shrew* to the last scene of the *Tempest*, from a scene in which the resolute Christopher Sly, not to be moved from his place 'by third or fourth or fifth borough,' boasts of his ancestors who 'came

in with Richard Conqueror, to a scene where Trinculo is 'reeling ripe'—Shakespeare has represented in almost every third play the operation of the spirit of the Grape upon the spirit of Man.

How differently for instance does drink act on Sir Toby and Caliban ! The kinsman of the Lady Olivia drinks—canary, I think,—on principle. Chivalry, gratitude to his niece, and perhaps also the 'immortal longings' of the alimentary canal—these demand that he should not spare himself. And, with a fierce generosity, he determines to 'drink her health as long as there is a passage down his throat and wine in Illyria ;' The effect of the wine on him is the logical one—no *deus ex Machina* here—his 'brain spins round his toe like a parish-top'. Caliban, on the other hand, is improved by drink. Powers of his, hitherto latent, are called into play. Consider Act II (ii), where we see him drink for the first time. At the beginning of the scene we see him lazy, complaining and cursing in Prospero's service ; before the close of it we see him obedient to his new master, nay enthusiastic, thirsting for Stephano's service—and his bottle. The creature who was with difficulty taught to articulate the names of 'the bigger and the lesser lights that shine by day and night' is now found bursting forth into music. And the song ! No needless Alexandrines, but a tripping measure. 'Ban 'Ban Ca' Caliban, it goes, with a sort of Dutch courage, just the thing for Bacchanalian verse.

Now, how is it that wine which degrades Sir Toby—and every other mortal, who likewise drinks it from generous motives—only improves Caliban ? Is there a lawlessness of the bottle as there is a lawlessness of love ? Critics are hot on the scent—as usual the wrong one. But the spirit of Shakespeare revisiting the pale glimpses of the moon whispereth in our ears, 'Drink, unlike God and Setebos, helps those who do not help themselves.'

There is the solution of the problem ! To think that there should be any lawlessness in this man's plays ! Shakespeare's knowledge of Law is always on the alert. You cannot catch it napping. It cheated the Jew out of a pound of Christian flesh—and what is that good for, to bait fish withal ?—and it is now rampant to cheat the poor critic out of his theories. True, Caliban never helped himself. A foreign agency helped him. It was Stephano who actually

poured the wine down his mouth. Stephano said, 'Open thy chaps, monster' and the monster all unsuspecting obeyed. And be it remembered, though it is not in black and white, that the monster *was* all unsuspecting when he did so. It would have been a hard poetic justice indeed, if Shakespeare had made him suffer for it. Sir Toby, on the other hand, drank deliberately. There is the difference.

'And Falstaff?' asks the critic, not to be daunted.

Falstaff! Ay, what of him? The fat knight was heard to boast on one occasion that he 'was not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit was in other men'. But I think I can trace his own wit and humour to their cause. Personally, I have not the slightest doubt about it; but if the reader is sceptically given let him sink 5s. worth of sack to very half p'orth of bread that he eats, and sleep on benches in the afternoons, and ask his doctor, at the end of six months, whether in him, as in Falstaff, 'humours do not abound'!

To discuss whether Barnardine, in *Measure for Measure*, being a 'Bohemian born', was naturally indifferent to the hangman's summons, or was rendered so by stale liquor; to explain how far the character of Antony must have suffered by his habit of 'keeping the turn of tippling with a slave'; to investigate whether Cassio, after he became Governor of Cyprus, ever again clicked the cannakin; to estimate the contribution of Shakespeare to English Bacchanalian Prosody; to contrast Shakespeare's Philosophy of Drink with that of a Persian poet; to compare his drinking heroes with, say, honest Tam O' Shanter, who

Ae market-day has na' been sober

Frae November till October;

with Michael Lambourne who played Arion at Kenilworth; with Sidney Carton who used to sit late into the night with a wet towel round his head; or with Krooks in 'Bleak House', who vanished in spontaneous combustion—'the last infirmity of noble minds'—these are tasks too difficult to undertake in an essay so circumscribed as this. To do justice to any one of them would require the pen of Mr. Curdle. Perhaps, reader, you have not heard of Mr. Curdle? Nor even, I dare say, of his 'pamphlet of 64 pages, post octavo, on the Character of the Nurse's deceased hand in Romeo and Juliet'? He discusses there, at great

length, whether the Nurse's husband had been really a merry man in his lifetime, or whether it was only his widow's affectionate partiality that induced her so to report him. He has also done much commendable work in Shakespearean punctuation. Few books in criticism can be better worth reading. The curious student may get an idea of Mr. Curdle's erudition from his conversation with Nicholas Nickleby, where he laments that 'the age of the Drama is gone.'

Two points however remain to be said even here. A learned acquaintance of mine, a philologist, in whose ears every sound has a resemblance to every other, and who has chased almost all the 'panting syllables' of the English Language 'through space and time, to Gaul, to Greece and into Nchah's ark,' told me that he had found out what the favourite drink of the devil-porter in *Macbeth* was. 'The Castle of Inverness' he said, 'with its pleasant seat and nimble air, was dignified enough to have had a seneschal or steward. That the responsibility of admitting persons into such a stronghold at night should have been vested with a porter is incredible. Lady Macbeth who knew the use of wine to good purpose—witness the chamberlains of Duncan—and was also aware that porters were generally thirsty souls, would not have trusted her castle in the hands of such a person. The officer in question, therefore, must have been no less than a seneschal and must have been called Porter in honour of his favourite drink. I had nothing to say to this discovery. Only, I hoped that the learned professor did not run along the streets, furiously crying 'Eureka'; and if he ever reads this he may congratulate himself that I have forgotten his name.

Another gentleman, a schoolmaster or a professional moralist, I am not sure which, spoke very sensibly to me. 'Shakespeare' he said, 'speaks of drink invariably in his humorous scenes and scenes of low tragic tension. He almost ridicules it. He never speaks of it with the enthusiasm of Burns; or with the gusto of Keats in that passage 'O for a draught of vintage that hath been cooled a long age in the deep delved earth' etc.

[*This is a sane observation. But Sir Toby's words 'Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?' prove clearly that Shakespeare's attitude,*

was one of toleration, if not of sympathy, to those that 'go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.' Perhaps he thought that that way was as good as any other. Ed.]

But, how they prate, these schoolmasters and moralists! Here and there an octogenarian Adam or a William Cobbett will tell us how in his youth he never 'introduced hot and rebellious liquors in his blood.' A Mr. Woodhouse with a pathetic inability to relish better drink will even offer us part of his own gruel. To hear them one would almost suppose they had never 'sat at good men's feasts'! You and I, my friend, know better. So, bring the other bottle. 'We two will sing like birds in a cage'—Not that, but the blue one with the cobwebs on. Now pour out. How it dances, the ruby, like motes in the sunbeam. 'To Mother Earth, Long mayest thou with fruitful vines abound'. Rare!!! 'How the maggots scamper through the brain'! And it is this they would have us abandon, 'this celestial light for that mournful gloom'? Time enough to listen to their jargon: these are our 'salad days'. That poem of Browning, how goes it?

How sad and bad and mad it was

But then how it was sweet!

Louder. 'It is no matter how it be in tune an it make noise enough.' There, thanks! I have kept dry a month. Happy to be so long athirst in the hope of drinking for an hour, and as content with the conceptions of a minute as with the confirmations of Eternity.

R. SANKARASUBBAN.

THE BORE.

It became a problem. I could stand it no longer. Every evening, as it struck seven, he would walk into my room. Invariably he settled down in my reading chair leaving me to shift for myself on the cot. Then he would begin to talk———till well past nine.

And such talk too ! Absolute unmixed rot. Scandal about the senior men, the dullness of the Professors, the snobbery of the new tutors, etc. etc. without end. And all lies, every one of them. The seniors were harmless folk and the 'Dons', as I soon found out, not more dull than other people. The snobbery of the tutors consisted only in cheap walking sticks which could, perhaps, scare away the modest students.

As I said, it became a problem. He bored me to death and wasted time over it. I pondered hard and then decided to take drastic action.

Next evening I sat down before my lamp as early as 5-45 P. M. I occupied the chair, the only one I could boast of, and I took care to be very absorbed.

He came in. He had to sit on the cot. That was one up for me. I went for him. Poor fellow !

"Well, Gopi !" I said, without allowing him time to begin, "I have been reading 'Philology'."

"Interesting subject, what !" he started, but I cut him short.

"Yes, *what ! what !* ! There are two kinds of languages, *inflexional* such as Sanskrit or Latin, and *non-inflexional* like English and French. For instance, if I wanted to say 'I had sung,' in Latin, I would say '*Cantaveram*'. But if I wanted to stress the word 'had', that is, I wanted to emphasise the past tense, I would elongate the last vowel and say, '*Cantaveram*' (kantavaeram). You see, so easy ! But if the stress had to be laid on 'I', that is, if I wanted to emphasise the fact that *I* had sung, I would say '*Ego Cantaveram*'. *Ego* is 'I' you know———egoist, egotism etc. Now, if I had to say in English, 'I sung and danced and played and laughed', I would use the 'I' only once, but not so in any of the jolly old inflexional languages. I would have to say '*Cantaveram et saltaveram et lusiram et riseram*.'"

Gopi groaned. I paused, but some signs of hope returned and his face brightened.

"O damn philology!" he said, "Did you hear Dr. Sim—"

"O yes; fancy your referring to the blighter when I was just about to tell you what he told us about the *Carbohydrates*. It was very interesting, I promise you. He showed us how dextro-laevo fructose could be made to give dextro-laevo mannitol, mannose, mannonic acid and so on to glucose and gluconic acid with the help of the the phenylhydrazine reactions. Now just think what that means in the metabolic processes. I tell you, I am beginning to see that the salvation of the world depends upon the rapid advances which Bio-chemistry is making. There is more wonder in one little reaction in nature than all your silly benzidine transformations dream of. Old Simson is really much absorbed in his own work on the aldol condensations and allied changes specially with reference to the various types of tautomerism lately brought to light by Thorpe's school.

"Stop for goodness sake! Simson is mad——"

"Of course he is," I put in, "Every man worth anything is mad. Were it not for these madmen, how could we know anything about the functions of chlorophyll, or as to the matter of that, hæmoglobin? The alkaloids are coming to play an important part in pharmacology."

Gopi groaned again. I wanted to take pity on him but even homicide is justified in self-defence. I would so maul him that he would shudder when he thinks of me in the future.

There was a minute's silence. Indefatigable Gopi cheered up a little and chirped in:—"As I have always said, Mrs. Simson is about the —"

"But what can you expect from a *litterateur*? She does not interest herself in her husband's life-work; but she is not without a learned hobby. Ask her about Indian Finance. You will hear some home truths. She says we cannot possibly start independent banking in this country unless the Government desist from their crazy adventures. Just consider for one minute the sale of reverse councils. Not a financier in his senses would do it. How unpatriotic! Or

taxing German sugar to save the Java planter. The Swarajists talk about taxing imported steel. With all your industries as low as nothing, taxing a basic industry would merely enhance the price of the local product and the local industries, one and all, would go to pieces. Thank goodness ! there is a gold standard of a kind but if we had a copper or a tin standard. Add to these the annual drain. Why ! the country is going to the dogs and Nero fiddle when Rome burns."

I paused. I felt thirsty and would have quenched it in a gallon of——, but there, the duffer was getting a bit of his innane smile back. 'At it again,' I said to myself, and got ready for a fourth fusilade.

"I say that rake of a Raghavan———" he began, hinting some dark deeds.

"Yes ; I have seen the list. First again ! The man is wonderful. Plays a thumping good game of tennis, captains the football team and yet stands first in all the examinations. The man is a marvel, I tell you. Do you know what he wrote in the last quarterly about Shelley's *Adonais* ? 'This is certain that Percy Bysshe shows real genius in his *Adonais* which is not approached by Milton in his *Lycidas*.' I agree with him. Don't you ? *Lycidas* is mystic I admit, but mysticism is not Art. Of elegies, *In Memoriam* absolutely takes the cake. Though the treatment of such a cool thing as the friendship between two isotopic personalities—I mean, members of the same sex—is rather flowery and a bit laid on thick, the fact remains that life would not be worth living were it not for the divine moments when two souls are knit as one. In the light of aesthetic criticism, Professor Saintsbury would——"

Gopi fled. I can read undisturbed and I have some hopes that with luck I will manage the silly old exam.

F. L. P. [IV.]

MUSINGS.

[*With apologies to H.—C.—our young national poet.*]

May one indulge a guess?

Yes, no harm can come of that.

You are in deep waters.

How?

Long dark eyes, red, red—eh?

Pooh, What an idea!

Then is the physiognomist in the dark; for he sees in the deeps of a friend's eyes the flashes of a will-suppressed wish.

It is the soul's thirst for the true.

For knowledge?

Yes, and for wisdom.

But, but why the tears?

It is the pain at his brother's ills, the pangs at his brother's wounds.

Brother?

Yes, yes, both the far off and the near.

Well, but the pity?

For a sister in great ills.

But in this fabric of sorrow are traceries of a finer woof. There, that long-drawn breath; it is an infinite longing. It is a hiss from a furnace in the depths of the soul.

It is an airy psalm for the Highest.

O Psychology! Did eyes flash like this in at ender glow but for love!

For the wrath at man's misdeeds are the flames of our will, kindled in generous heat.

Beauty lurks in your countenance, hiding shifting, fading; now deep in crimson tinctures; now paling and pale as the lone beam from a far-off star. It is an eager expectancy.

It is Hope's cheerful straining for the golden times in the prospect of the hours.

What time may they be?

When man's being trembles in soft ripples of noble feeling; when the tender rills of his moments sing themselves in cadent sweetness to the bosom of an eternal sea and his world bathes in a stream of wonder hued radiance silken, soothing.

C. R. B. M. [IV.]

OBITUARY NOTICE.

The late Dewan Bahadur A. Govinda Pillai.

[MR. JUSTICE P. RAMAN TAMPI, B. A., M. L.]

The main object of an obituary notice should be the satisfaction of the commemorative instinct. One should persuade the dead to speak. No biographical sketch should be for the time attempted, nor should there appear a conscious effort to edify, convert or convince. The endeavour should be, as far as is possible, to achieve in words the portrait of the departed, to separate the individual from his class, to show in what respects he differed from prominent contemporaries and rivals, not in what respects he resembled them. These are limitations, personal and general, which prevent me from successfully accomplishing this self-imposed task, and I sincerely hope the reader will be generous enough to treat my crude attempt as a warning and example to others who may succeed where I have failed.

Mr. A. Govinda Pillai was born on 30th Minam 1024 (his Nakshatram being Anisham). It is a somewhat striking coincidence that the 30th of Minam 1100 happens to be the day of the same Nakshatram, so that had he lived till that date, he would have been seventy-six years old. But, as God has willed otherwise, he departed this life towards the evening of 15th Dhanu 1100, after a short illness of less than a fortnight's duration.

A great career is closed. Mr. A. Govinda Pillai's departure from our midst, his journey towards the bourn from which no traveller returns, has left a gap in society which it is difficult to fill. He lived a longer, fuller, more arduous and more strenuous life than has fallen to the lot of his contemporaries; and yet, we, who have known him so intimately, moved with him so familiarly, and learned to love, respect and admire him so spontaneously and unstintingly, have become too jealous and too old-fashioned to admit a substitute for and successor to him into our grief-stricken hearts. We know that all will die. It is not death that takes away the glory of the world. Death consecrates it. *Hic transit gloria mundi*, but the failures live. Sober reflection and calm thinking avail us little in the face of a catastrophe. All reasoning, all logic gives way and emotions dominate when the wounded heart enshrines the cherished image of the dead.

“ When I remember all
The friends we link'd together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted.”

It is a true saying that one never did appreciate people till they were gone. Mr. A. Govinda Pillai lived, moved and had his being in the land of his birth, in the midst of his friends and countrymen. He was loved and esteemed. He was looked upon as an institution—stable, permanent and changeless. His services were at every one's command. The refined townsman and the uncultured yokel alike were welcome guests within his doors, and he was never known to the stiff-necked or stand-offish. His familiarity was precious to everybody. His simplicity, almost childlike, was charming, and his gentle manners were unsophisticated. In spite of all this, it would be hypocrisy to pretend that he was rated at his true worth while alive.

Mr. A. Govinda Pillai was the very first Graduate-in-law of this State; indeed, in the whole Kerala, including Malabar, Cochin and Travancore. He was a distinguished Graduate-in-arts, remarkably proficient in Mathematics. His character, his capacity, his devotion to work and his earnestness and single mindedness were acknowledged on all hands. He was never swayed by prejudices. He never took a parochial view of things, and his worst detractors could not accuse him of sectarianism. He was a cool-headed and sober thinker. He did not indulge in intemperate language.

He began his official life under good auspices. As the trusted Assistant of Mr. John Ross, he had occasion to prove his abilities as a pedagogue. His work as a teacher was all too short and it is a remarkable fact that his last public service should have been a contribution to the magazine of the institution in which he first entered public life. He passed the B. L. degree examination in 1048 and, after faltering and hesitating whether he should practice the profession of the law, he decided once for all to continue in Government service. He was a Munsiff for a brief period and was eventually promoted to a District Judge's place. In 1058, when he was barely thirty-four years old, he

became a Dewan Peishkar. He was reverted as a District Judge some time later. In the meantime, vacancies which occurred in the High Court Bench were otherwise filled up. He had to wait till 1065 for his promotion. For a few months in that year, he was a Judge of the High Court. Just at this inopportune juncture, the High Court Regulation was amended, and it was enacted that the High Court shall ordinarily consist of four Judges, instead of five, the existing numerical strength. Mr. A. Govinda Pillai went back to the District Court and remained there till 1067 when he was once again appointed Dewan Peishkar. Eventually, on the retirement of Mr. Justice Sitarama Aiyar from service, Mr. A. Govinda Pillai was permanently elevated to the High Court Bench, in which position he served the State until 1083.

It is self-evident that in his official career Mr. A. Govinda Pillai suffered set-backs and put up with disappointments unlike others less worthy than himself. In respect of keen intelligence, high character and stern sense of duty, he was unsurpassed. Both as Judge and as executive officer, he inspired confidence, commanded and extorted admiration. He was a sworn enemy to corruption of every sort. By precept and example alike, he purified the public service wherever his lot was cast, and the ideal of incorruptibility which he set up and enforced, endeared him to the people and appreciably modified the prevailing notions of right and wrong. His learning as a lawyer is reflected on the pages of the Law Reports. It is no disparagement to his abilities to observe that his brilliancy was eclipsed by that towering personality, the late Mr. Justice Kunhi Raman Nair than whom no more erudite Judge or more eminent Judge adorned the High Court for nearly two decades. Nevertheless, Mr. A. Govinda Pillai was a subtle lawyer and good Judge, in whose presence we of the younger generation were confident of courteous treatment and fair and patient hearing.

When all is said, we cannot assert that Mr. A. Govinda Pillai's talents were duly recognised or well rewarded. An honest, capable and conscientious public servant, who rose to a responsible position before the age of thirty-five, could hardly have been expected to close his official career twenty-five years later in the manner that he did. Ordinarily, nothing could so thoroughly demoralise an individual as the ever-present and constantly recurring thought that he has been, through no fault of his, unable to achieve what he was

honestly and earnestly striving for. It is, however, consoling to reflect that Mr. A. Govinda Pillai never allowed himself to be influenced by bitter experiences and that, to the end of his life, he acted with rectitude and unflinching adherence to the dictates of duty. It may be that Mr. A. Govinda Pillai himself never fretted or complained but accepted his disappointments with calm resignation and heroic fortitude. Those who observed him from a distance received such an impression, but the privileged few who were admitted into his confidence knew more of the occasional shadows cast on the present by fleeting memories of the dead past. After all, no man is master of himself or his destiny, no one. We observe only a part of man's life and not the whole, only the rewards, not the hard work, the discipline that leads to the rewards, nor the punishments of failures.

“Choose thy endless loss or gain !
Do thy work and bear thy pain.
Now (he answers) I see my way aright,
In ourselves is that young Earth,
Ripe for the Divine new-birth.”

This is but one chapter of Mr. A. Govinda Pillai's life. Rather late in life, he boldly ventured to plunge into literary work. I remember, as if it were yesterday, how this came about. He had a cousin named A. Sankara Pillai who for some years was a Munsiff and had to retire from service soon after the accession of Vishakhom Tirunal Maha Raja to the Throne. He was deeply versed in Sanskrit and was, perhaps, the most gifted Malayalam poet of his time. He was also the author of a few law books in Malayalam. Mr. A. Govinda Pillai revered his cousin and the relations between them were marked by the utmost cordiality. It was the death of A. Sankara Pillai that acted as a spur to the efforts of Mr. A. Govinda Pillai in the literary line. In these efforts, he was seconded and encouraged by a coterie of admiring friends, some of whom believed and instilled into him the belief that the mantle of the deceased Sankara Pillai had fallen on his shoulders.

Mr. A. Govinda Pillai, having once formed the resolution of becoming a distinguished man of letters, worked with assiduity and zeal. He began the study of Sanskrit, or rather improved his knowledge of it with the aid of experts who taught and guided him. He read Tamil works with surprising diligence and concentrated attention. Daily and weekly exercises in versification became a habit. He

had friends who, while they helped him and appreciated his versatility, were never sparing in their criticisms. Mr. A. Govinda Pillai courted criticisms and profited by them. The first outcome of Mr. A. Govinda Pillai's literary adventure was the Malayalam translation of the *Bhagavat Gita*. I distinctly recall to my mind one evening about the end of 1966 when I, along with a friend, who is still amidst us, walked all the way to Karamanai for the mere pleasure of spending a few minutes in the great man's company. Mr. A. Govinda Pillai greeted us with smiles and detained us for more than one hour. On parting he presented us with copies of his *Gita* which had but been recently published. I treasured this book for a long time, but I am ashamed to confess that a venerable, old-fashioned landholder of Central Travancore, who once happened to visit me, robbed me of this precious possession on the plea that it was just the book he wanted for his daily *parayanam*.

Mr. A. Govinda Pillai's next venture was the translation of "Shakespeare" into Malayalam. The boldness and originality of this experiment confounded the Malayali public. The *Kural* was then translated from Tamil into Malayalam. A versification of the Marumakkathayam Law was an earlier work. Mr. A. Govinda Pillai read and wrote ceaselessly and even in this he acted systematically and methodically.

It is too early to pass a final judgment on the literary labours of Mr. A. Govinda Pillai. There are some who sincerely believe that he chose wrongly and his energies were wasted. Others, less hasty in forming opinions, think that, though Mr. A. Govinda Pillai cannot be credited with the genuine poetic gift, his translated works are destined to endure as forming a landmark in the field of Malayalam poetry, indicating an escape from the artificialities and trappings which handicap the true poet. It must be acknowledged that Mr. A. Govinda Pillai sadly lacked the artist's instinct. Poetry must appeal to the heart and captivate the imagination. There must be a harmonious blending of high thoughts, human emotions and noble sentiments, clothed in choice and appropriate language. It is not indispensable to good poetry that sense or beauty should be subordinated to rhyme. But poetry in blank verse is an exceptionally difficult achievement. You may neglect rhyme, but the aspirant to poetical fame is likely to write blank verse which is neither poetry nor prose. Mr. A. Govinda Pillai's experiments in blank verse have been eminently successful in certain passages of his published

works, but as a rule, they do not enthrall or fascinate the reader. In my humble opinion, his *Gita* and *Kural* are the best of his works and, with all their faults, they will command the esteem and admiration of posterity. His dramatic works are least likely to endure, although a mastermind in the future may succeed in turning to good account the suggestiveness conveyed thereby to other workers in the same field.

It must not be supposed from what I said above that Mr. A. Govinda Pillai's worth was entirely unrecognised during his life-time. I have already indicated that his failure to realise the high expectations entertained at the dawn of his official career was more than compensated for by his securing a firm hold on the affections of the people. We may note with gratification that, in Mr. A. Govinda Pillai's case, the prophet who was not honoured in his own country received commendation from outside. I think it was about the end of 1870 that Mr. Kunhi Raman Nair and Mr. A. Govinda Pillai went on a pilgrimage to Benares. In the course of their peregrinations, they halted a few days at Madras, where Mr. A. Govinda Pillai happened to meet his old teacher, Dr. H. S. Duncan, after many years of separation. The meeting, though unpremeditated, proved providential in that, within a few months following it, Mr. A. Govinda Pillai was nominated a Fellow of the Madras University. In those pre-Curzonian days, a fellowship of the University was looked upon as a unique distinction, and till then the honour was reserved in Travancore to the reigning Maha Raja and the late Valiya Koil Tampuran. The only other Travancorean Fellow of that period was, if my memory does not lead me astray, the late Mr. K. P. Sankara Menon, who was a prominent figure in Madras society.

Another honour, which, in the words of Mr. A. Govinda Pillai himself, was both unexpected and unsolicited, was conferred on him by the Viceroy. That was the title of Dewan Bahadur. The first recipients of this title from Travancore were Mr. A. Govinda Pillai, the first Travancorean B. L., and Mr. V. Nagam Aiyah, his pupil, the first B. A. from the Maha Raja's College, Trivandrum. Before retiring from public service, Mr. A. Govinda Pillai was appointed President of the Marumakkathayam Committee, whose report has formed the substantial basis of the social legislation which bids fair to revolutionise the whole Nayar community in the not distant future.

Mr. A. Govinda Pillai's interests were of a deversified nature and his activities manifold. He was the idol of the student population, being a life-long student himself. Every important public movement claimed his attention. He was a member of various Committees and presided over public meetings, far and near, times without number. He was an ardent but unostentatious social reformer. He devoted himself to social service and philanthropic work in aid of the depressed classes. A characteristic feature of Mr. A. Govinda Pillai's nature was his scrupulous attention to the graceful little acts of life. No weddings and no festive occasions in the houses of his numerous friends, well-wishers and dependants were celebrated without being graced by his cheering presence. If any death took place, Mr. A. Govinda Pillai was the first to offer condolence.

Regularity, punctuality, system, and method were the fundamental factors of his existence. Work, exercise, sleep, meals, and even leisure and relaxation were adjusted with meticulous care and unfailing precision. Others, not accustomed to anything like order or exactitude were often castigated by him. He always impressed on his friends the importance of physical exercise, and not a few of them had often to undergo the ordeals of his interrogations and either come away crest-fallen or escape with equivocations or evasive replies. It seems to me that Mr. A. Govinda Pillai did not apprehend the approach of death in the near future, and in his mouth may be put with appropriateness, the following words of Meredith :—

“People talk about me as if I am an old man. I do not feel old in the least. On the contrary, I do not believe in growing old, and I do not see any reason why we should ever die. I take as keen an interest in the movement of life as ever. I enter into the passions of youth, and I watch political affairs with the same keen interest as of old. I have seen the illusion of it all ; but it does not dull my zeal, and I hold more firmly than ever to my faith in the constant advancement of my race.”

Having already transgressed the limits set me, I shall no longer dwell upon many personal reminiscences. My close contact with Mr. A. Govinda Pillai began when, as a student of the Law Class, I had to attend his learned discourses on Hindu Law, supplemented by quotations from

original Sanskrit Texts and amplified and explained by his own comments thereon. I next knew him as District Magistrate, Quilon, when I examined my first witness and conducted my first criminal case, a few days after the commencement of my professional life. Oftentimes, on subsequent occasions I had to appear as Vakil before him when he was a Judge of the High Court. Into his domestic circle I was welcomed with open arms. The open face of Mr. A. Govinda Pillai was always wreathed in smiles and his kindly voice shook with emotion whenever and wherever he met me. Alas ! his cheering presence, his lively movements and his soul-elevating words have vanished for ever, but the noble life he lived and the stimulating example he set have immortalised him. He has not died, he has only entered on a new phase of life. It has been said that, for a firm mind, Death is but a reminder. Mr. A. Govinda Pillai, Judge, scholar, author, philosopher, philanthropist, citizen, public man, has shuffled off his mortal coil, but his spirit lives, the perfume of his deeds is all-pervasive, the flavour of his influence remains for ever. Let me close with the following words which perhaps faithfully express the thoughts and feelings of Mr. A. Govinda Pillai during the last moments of his earthly sojourn :

“ My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
Has died into echo ; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream,
The torch should be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ is writ.
Would it were worthier ! but I am not now
What I have been—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering faint and low.
Farewell ! a word which must be and hath been
A sound which makes us linger—yet, Farewell !”

I

II

III

K. K. CHELLAPPAN PILLAI [III.]

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

Year after year a fair number of young men of first rate ability graduate from our college. I hope they will not consider it too much if an old dreamer dares to call their attention to some kind of work which will bring them a name and do the country a great deal of good.

India is a poor country and its poverty is based upon the poor earnings of Indians generally. Indian students of Economics rate an Indian's average income at a low figure ; but Europeans rate this income at a figure which is many times higher than the Indian estimate of the same. Neither the Indian student nor the European professor has undertaken sufficiently extensive enquiries about the earnings and expenditure of Indian families. To build up a school of true Economics for India, studies in the following directions may be useful.

Take a village. Take each family in it without exception ; note the following points for each family : (a) The number of males—their age. (b) The number of females—their age. (c) The occupation of each member, male and female. (d) What each earns—in a day—in a week—in a month. (e) Has the family a house of its own ? (f) If so, its rental value. (g) Has the family garden or wet lands ? (h) If so, income from the same in the year. (i) Total income of the family for the year. Now enquire about the expenses and note the following points :—(a) Daily, weekly or monthly budget for maintenance of the family. If the articles of food are bought daily, note quantity of each and price. Do the same if bought weekly or monthly. Note also any kitchen garden produce used at home—set a value on it. (b) Note the expense for clothing—both for males and females for the year. (c) Note expenses for the education of children. (d) Note expenses for medical aid. (e) Note items of extraordinary expenditure—marriages, deaths, etc. When this has been done for every family in a village, go to the next and collect similar statistics. This kind of work should be done for all parts of the country for rural and urban areas, and when sufficient information has been gathered then there will be data to build up a theory of Indian poverty or wealth.

In connection with the same subject I may suggest another line of enquiry. Select a taluk and a pakuthi or two in it. Note the survey numbers of all land in the pakuthi, both wet and garden land. Take the Registration Department

records relating to that pakuthi for the last forty years—the whole of the late sovereign's reign—and see how often lands have changed hands ; for what purposes, for what sums ; whether at each subsequent transaction the burden on the land had increased or decreased, who generally are the creditors ; to what extent is litigation responsible for this indebtedness ; whether in the case of lands leased out the rents have increased or decreased and by how much ; whether holdings have been split up by partition or partial sales and to what extent ; whether wet lands have been converted to garden lands and to what extent and with what result in its value and yield ; whether gardens have been converted into wet lands and with what results.

Sufficient data of the kind indicated above have to be accumulated before the true economic position of the Indians can be gauged. Stray enquiries are of no value ; a number of workers should be in the field. A very large amount of information is necessary before any valuable conclusions can be drawn. Will the large number of graduates now without any work turn their attention to these matters and earn a name for themselves by doing good to their country ?

Turning one's attention to historical records, Travancore boasts of no connected history for the years prior to 1725 A. D. The history of the period previous to that year is shrouded in mystery. Many records have from time to time been destroyed or lost owing to the ravages of time. Will some body set to work and try to gather from available palace and temple records whatever information they can give with regard to historical events of the older centuries ? Again, old well-known Tharavads have, I believe, written records of their affairs and of affairs of the country in connection with their own family matters. These will throw valuable light on contemporary history.

Again another similar matter may be mentioned here. Travancore is governed in its relations and dealings with the British Government by a treaty entered into with the British Government at the beginning of the last century. How far and to what extent this relationship has changed position should be studied from an examination of the records available with the Governments. It may not be easy to have access to them ; but if access can be obtained, the study will be interesting.

THE PEEPUL.

What is the first object that greets a traveller's eyes as he approaches a South Indian village ? Without hesitation, I answer, it is the peepul. A long stretch of level dun plain with boulders of gaunt rock and stray patches of green here and there, a river meandering lazily with ghats and palm leaf houses on either side and over all, with cheerful relief to the eye, blinded by the pitiless glare, the peepul lifting its ancient head—such is the vision that rises before me as I think of more than one spot I remember well. Over the house tops in a darker shade against the blue of the mountains the peepul seems to nod a sigh of welcome ; you walk a quicker step to what seems a haven of pleasure in an ocean of blazing light under a heaven of brass.

There are few more delightful places to spend the long summer days in than the shade of the peepul. I can never be wearied of the scene ; on the cold slab of stone worn out by myriads of praying feet I lie gazing at the foliage above, the hoary trunks spanning the verdure. I open a book and turn a few leaves ; soon the page stands white and glistening, leagues away, indistinguishable from the walls of a cliff glimmering in the distance : unconsciously my eyes travel upwards ; a *koił* bursts into shrill notes, and wings (with a flash of colour) through the umbrageous roof ; I catch a glimpse of the Sun high in the heavens ; a stray wisp of cloud sails lazily far away and an eagle with hardly perceptible motion hangs in the azure depths. Unconsciously the eyes close ; the warm pleasant breeze blows the hair on my face ; the blazing Sun, the lazy cloud and the poised speck for a moment quiver on the edge of vision and then fade away into the fathomless silence of dreamland.

When I wake, it is far past the noon ; the sky has lost its palpitating blue ; the west is flinging from under the trees, long shafts of colour to meet the descending Sun ; the shadows have lengthened ; and the wind is blowing cold and fresh from the East. The village is astir after the sultry sleep of noon ; women come out with pitchers balanced on hip to take water from the river. They pause on the steps and swing the pitchers gracefully. The Sun is setting and the bustle of the village soon invades your sanctuary.

But in the moonlight how transformed is the peepul shade ! What a world of sights and sounds greets you there !

The gnarled buttressed trunk seems an old friend ; the river banks are alive with the busy croaking of innumerable frogs ; and over all, hangs a faint blue mist—the sport of the moon-light. Overhead, the nightwind, busy among the leaves, murmurs like the wash of waters on a sandy shore, and the leaves dance about catching the moon beams. A story heard in childhood strikes my fancy—how a number of sages were transformed into peepul leaves for some transgression of theirs, and how, when the Moon is full, they awake and whisper through the night. As I dwell on the fancy, the leaves take fantastic shapes before me and there surely over that bough is a bearded face watching me, nodding and smiling.....and I turn away lazily amused. I look again ; it is only a large leaf, and the beard, a patch of silvery moon-light on the tree trunk !

The life of the village revolves round the peepul. The wind I hear now has been breathing through its immemorial boughs for ages ; generation after generation has lived and died under its shadow. As children, they played about its foot ; as men, they joined in the beautiful prayers offered when the *palas* are in bloom in the Chaitra month ‘when the spring has come with the honeyed breaths’ as the Vedic hymn says.

Gaunt, grim and venerable, the peepul forms the fittest and noblest emblem of our country. Her lovely traditions have gathered round the peepul ; the seers and sages who gave her life and language sung their songs and lived their lives under its shadow. Ever now their consecrated shades wander round the scenes of their life ; and of a night, when the Moon is overhead, and the south wind’s whisper goes over the land like the cry of toiling creation, the peepul seems to start into life, and breathe from every one of its ancient branches chants and hymns, ancient as the hills.

P. RAMAKRISHNA AIYAR [II.]

OUR LETTER BOX.

[The Editors wish it to be clearly understood that they do not hold themselves responsible for the views and the opinions of the correspondents. Lengthy and illegible communications will be rejected and will not be returned unless stamps are previously sent therefor.]

Dear Editor,

Ever since some of the local journals made your magazine, and particularly some articles in it, famous—I should say notorious—I have been trying to find something in it which would bring it anywhere near the excellent standard set by “The Women’s College Magazine.” I am sorry to have to confess that I have been sorely disappointed.

What offended me most in your last issue was, of course ‘Bhargavi’s First Love.’ It is odious not only to me, but, let me assure you, to all the members of my sex. It is a gross ridicule against some individual in particular (though I have heard several theories about it and do not know which one to believe) and against the whole sex in general. Some ladies may take a fancy to canine beauties (*lapdogs*) but I cannot see anything ridiculous in it. Whoever wrote the piece, old boy or one of the ‘buds’ it certainly cannot be one of the *old girls*.

And the other article, the satire directed against a venerable and popular member of the Legislative Council was simply preposterous. If the M. L. Cs. ridicule Government officials and condemn Government measures it is their concern and their privilege. It is not for THE OLD COLLEGE [Why Old College ?] to ridicule the chosen representatives of the people, the vertebræ of the nation. It is a disgrace to my *Alma Mater* that in her magazine should appear a satire against the legislators of the country, the makers of law, who champion the cause of the down-trodden people !

I hope, Sir, that you have made ample amends in the composition of the next issue. Ideas lacking, you might certainly take the hint from *The Critic* and go through all the back-numbers of *The Women’s College Magazine*. If there is a dearth of articles I shall even permit you to reproduce some articles of mine which appeared in it. I need not say that once upon a time they were much appreciated and I daresay that the ladies will have the chivalry—even though you had none—to let you borrow. You might open a column for a list of marriages and births during the

quarter and it will be of immense value to statisticians and social reformers if you publish a list of eligible unmarried men. This is by the way.

I do not want to discourage you but, Sir, It would be a great pity if the magazine has to be stopped, and to show that my criticism is directed by my desire to better it, I give below a recipe or two in the noble art of cooking.

How many of your readers have tasted really well-done chillies? The following recipe was, alas, the last discovery of my grandmother (*maternal*) of revered memory. I remember very well the occasion when she took me to the kitchen and, seated before the oven, taught me how to fry chillies, how to broil them and oil them and things of the kind. I shall give the recipe as it was given to me. Of course, it won't be as clear as a fireside demonstration and a homely Malayalam vocabulary can make it. And you must know, Sir, my grandmother again of revered memory was an artist; but these are family details in which you may not be interested.

To get to the recipe at once. You must get the chillies of the proper colour and taste. Take one from the lot which you intend to purchase—they should be green and as long and thick as your little finger—between your thumb and forefinger, and bite the tip. If you have got the stuff of the right kind you would soon know it and so will the others standing by you. Pay any price for them. Take them home, wash them first in cold water and then in hot; dry them between the folds of a towel (Turkish Bath Towel preferred), wring their necks, soak them in water for fifteen minutes and in vinegar for ten minutes.

They are now ready for the frying pan and if the frying pan is ready for them, put them in, stir with an iron ladle and half an ounce of cocoanut oil. Note the colour changing from green to brown. When they are dark brown remove them from the frying pan (take care not to put them into the fire) and add the following in order:—

A pinch, *small*, of common salt for every chilly,

Two pinches of powdered pepper for 12 chillies, and,

Oil of cardamoms to taste.

Serve hot and in plenty. Give another helping and another,

Sir, I do not want the moral of my story to get lost in culinary details. If you desire that your magazine should prosper, you must get rid of some shortcomings. Eschew politics; leave the Legislative Council alone; do not touch social or political or religious problems or anything that is at all real or alive. You may register deaths—as to births I am not so sure. Of course, you may write any amount of poetry. Reverence for everything, good or bad, new or old, vernacular or foreign, should be your *cult*.

Yours faithfully,

“G”

P. S. Example is better than precept. I send herewith six poems which were written during some spare moments. You may publish them if you have space.

“G”

P. P. S. If you approve I shall send a recipe of a milk pudding for the next issue and some more poems.

“G”

FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW.

[*The Editors will be glad to receive information of topical interest for inclusion in these columns.*]

Here we are again!

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The Summer Term in the College reminds us much of the career of a butterfly. Were we poetically inclined, or gifted, we would compare the long Term with its rains, its intensive study and its general air of solemnity with the various features of the life of a grub till it blossoms forth (excuse the mixing of the metaphors) into a lively sprite of colour and gaiety. [Talk of poetry and there she comes] The end of the Christmas vacation leaves us perfectly happy with the world, and the selection results satisfied with ourselves. The Tennis Secretary wheedles out of us our several doles of chackrams nine* for a variety of purposes which he calls 'new features' in the rounds of tennis tournaments; the Secretaries of other societies go to sleep and cease to torment us with repeated requests for attending or addressing meetings, and the lectures are not so soporific. Ere the term has well begun, the socials of the year are on us and prudence demands that we must begin to practice early if we would wear a suitable smile when brought face to face with the infernal camera.

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The tennis tournaments this year have been very successful and the credit for this should go to the enthusiastic Secretary, Sankara Pillai. [Incidentally, we regret that he has not been given a suitable term of endearment or nickname. Will some genius get busy please?] The football ground—for so we must hereafter call the green patch in front of the College—has been cleared of two more trees, so that *the mango tree* stands alone in his majesty. The footballers caught the infection from the *tenniswallas*, and this and the stimulus of the trip to Kottayam spurred them into activity at the beginning of the Term which was, however, not maintained. An account of the trip to Kottayam and of the matches played there is given elsewhere. Better luck next time. The volley-ball court has been crowded of late and, though the first tennis court may curse them mildly occasionally, they do put some 'ginger' into it. Badminton

* Staff members have to pay 18 chackrams.

is deserted as ever, the players being absorbed in tennis matches or engaged otherwise. Somehow, this court always presents a funeral appearance—the ground unswept, the net adjusted anyhow and, occasionally, the canary-coloured ball flitting to and for without sound or undue hurry. Perhaps a Band somewhere near would relieve the monotony—or, if we may be permitted to coin a word, the *monotony*—of this corner of the college compound, but these are luxuries we must not think of.

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This reminds us.—*Where is the sixth tennis court?* We must confess that we had almost believed it, but now we have to admit with regret that it was our fault entirely, for we should have known better. Perhaps the survey has not been completed. We are ever ready to help with suggestions. Why not send volley-ball and badminton to some unfrequented corner, behind the tiffin sheds or near the northern gate? The hilarity of one would make up for the sepulchral procedure of the other, the first court players would sleep soundly—their slumbers undisturbed by the usual nightmare of a volley-ball descending on their racquet in the middle of a spectacular top-spin drive—and the room vacated by the two could be utilized for setting up *two* tennis courts. A genius, like a prophet, is never honoured in his own land, so we are certain that the powers that be will *pook pook* this suggestion.

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The Intermediate students started their socials earlier than usual. They have changed the form of invitation and are hereafter to be 'At Home' to the members of the teaching staff. We commend this alteration to their successors. Events like this are very instructive to the latter, for they learn from those whom they have hitherto taught—or attempted to teach—some very startling things. Professor Rama Krishna Iyer did not seem to be satisfied that they could 'do' him properly and he gave us a fine exhibition of the instructive style of his own Professor of Physics. Those must have been glorious days—for the teacher. Dr. Moudgill's position is indeed enviable. He can sing his Panjabi songs without fear of criticism and we have to take it that they are songs, or, as to the matter of that, the words are in Panjabi. Linguistic talent is at a low ebb and the Professor can 'pull our leg' as much as he likes. Mr. Chandrasekharan continues his interest in—

'The bells on her fingers and the rings on toes'
 but he does not mind joining in a chorus, be it 'k. k. katic',
 or, John Brown's Body'. The Principal is reported to be
 practising on a ditty which was very popular when he was
 an undergraduate, but we prefer to *wait and hear* before
 crediting such rumours.

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We were privileged to see the preparations made by the
 Natural Science students for their party to Mr. and Mrs.
 Pryde, and we must admit that we got a mighty surprise—
 a pleasant one. Who could have believed that a dull and
 prosaic lecture-room could be converted so completely into
 what may be likened best to a palm-grove restaurant in
 Colombo or Port Said, minus of course the Port Said dirt.
 Merrily the fountains played and so on and so forth. We
 congratulate the members of the reception committee for their
 forethought which must have helped to remove the self-con-
 sciousness which mars many meetings of the staff and the
 students. It must be very pleasing to the former to witness
 this spontaneous exhibition of affection for Professor Pryde
 who is leaving us this month for a well earned holiday in
 Europe.

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We understand that Prof. Pryde will spend some part
 of his holidays in visiting the laboratories in Belgium and
 in Paris. He has promised to send an account of the recent
 work which has been done in the continental laboratories
 and we acknowledge it here so that this may remind him
 that a word given lightly is sometimes a very serious com-
 mitment. Of course, Bonnie Scotland will claim the major
 portion of his time which we may recommend him to employ
 partly at least, in adding to his *repertoire* of national songs.
 'Scots Wha Hae' is, of course, famous all over the world,
 but an occasional lapse into the ditties of Harry Lauder
 would be a graceful compliment to the National Comedian of
 Scotia:

*'I love a lassie,
 A bonnie Hieland lassie'*

would sound more romantic than the 'gory beds' in this
 peaceful atmosphere of India. We heartily wish Mr. and
 Mrs. Pryde *bon voyage* and a very pleasant holiday.

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The Chemistry Department is to have a wing added to the southern side. This building has hitherto been the ugliest unit in the 'glorious pile,' but the extension may improve its crippled and left-handed appearance. The Chief Engineer hopes to place the proposed building at the disposal of the College in June 1926. When that is done there will be ample space for both the Intermediate and B. A. students who have been lately crammed into the same Laboratory by rotation. Further, the extension will provide a portion of the accommodation required for starting an Honours course in Chemistry and we hope that something will be done by that time to affiliate the College in Chemistry Honours. The mad chase after the degree parchment is not so exciting as it once used to be and Honours courses and post-graduate study hold forth some promise to those who are ever in search of fresh fields to conquer. At present, the Presidency College alone holds higher classes in Chemistry and the market value of those who have passed the Honours examination is inflated. Further, Chemistry seems to be the craze everywhere and the colleges which are affiliating in Group II B must have suitable staff.

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Whilst at this topic we must not forget to mention what a little bird—a tiny little bird—whispered in our ear the other day. Mathematics..... well! you seem to know it already and we thought that it was a profound secret. The so-called European tiffin-shed—an eyesore in an otherwise passable collection of buildings—is to be consecrated to Mathematics Honours classes from next June onwards, and we hope to find some talent diverted into realms of integral calculus, solid geometry and Einstein's Relativity.

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It is a big jump from Mathematics Honours to the Baby Week; but what will you when necessity drives? Our College raised 120 volunteers to help in the conducting of the procession and several letters which have been received from the Organising Committee of the celebration speak so highly of the work of the volunteers that the gibe, '*Baby Volunteers*' loses its sting. Krishnan Nair, the Captain, may feel proud of the work of his band which was much larger than any other and need not feel uncomfortable if some misguided youths *would* utter the name of Kovalam in his presence.

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As we write, the shadows lengthen. Even-time is a sad time, for it induce reflexion and retrospection. Some of us are fast living through the last stage of the College course: a month more and they shall have left the Old College. Though, let us hope, for all of us and for all time to come, there will be pleasant memories for a period of life so glorious, the College days will never come back again. The old familiar benches, the favourite spots, Old Michael and the memo-boy—things of everyday occurrence—will fade away leaving behind an indistinct though well-beloved picture, partly real and partly imagined—the latter portion on the increase as the years go by. Were this all, we would console ourselves with the adage that the old order changeth yielding place to new and would bear our grief at parting heroically if not gladly, but the visions of the new order that is to come are very hazy and enveloped in an ominous mist. The examinations——, yes!——and then,——then no more College—that is certain, but——well, we shall think of it after the results. Anyhow the friendly portals of the homely stucco building to the north of the Huzur will help to put off the evil day for a couple of years more. In the meantime—how much of the spirit of Micawber a merciful providence has given us!—*something may turn up!*

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To such as these we have to bid farewell. Life is very hard, and its realities bitter. Some have all the luck and the majority have to toil unheard, un-noticed and unsung. Let whichever of these be your lot, we need not assure you that you will always be the same for the Old College and that, in return, the Old College will expect you to keep a soft corner for your *Alma Mater* in your hearts which the struggle for existence is sure to harden. And as we watch *from a college window* your activities in the wide world, we shall be proud of what you are and shall also recollect with pleasure little incidents with which you enriched the life of the College.

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FAREWELL.

COLLEGE CLUBS AND SOCIETIES.

I. The Debating Society.

ASLEEP.

The Secretary has drawn up a list of 69 students who were approached with a request to lead a Debate. They declined without thanks.

Long live the Debating Society!

II. The Tennis Club.

C. Ganesan is giving an account of the tournaments. The Secretary, C. P. Sankara Pillai, is still alive after 96 matches and the social.

III. The Football Club.

The trip to Kottayam is described by Mr. Koshi. Nothing else to report. They are the only people who did not have a social.

IV. The Chemical Society.

The Secretary woke up a fortnight ago and proceeded to harness some lecturers. Mr. Kumar Das of the Department of Industries spoke on 'Ultra Violet Rays.' He described the experiments which led to the discovery of rays of the ultra-violet region as also the importance of these in natural and laboratory reactions. Mr. K. Sitarama Iyer gave an account of the 'Study of Chemistry in relation to pharmacology' and described the action of various well-known drugs and the attempts which have been made to co-ordinate physiological action and chemical constitution. Mr. A. N. Poti dealt with the work which has been lately carried out in the field of X-Ray analysis of Crystals. All these lectures were well attended and much appreciated.

V. The Natural Science Society.

Still in the incubation stage, but going very strong. Healthy signs of vigorous growth.

Mr. Sambamurti (II) led off with an inaugural address on "—————" Never mind the subject; it was the event which was most striking. For once, the students have realised that they can *inaugurate* as well, as unwilling outsiders. Papers are generally read by the students themselves, and Messrs. K. A. Thomas and M. K. Abraham, both of Class III, followed up the inaugural address with interesting papers.

Dr. L. A. Ravi Varma of the Ophthalmic Hospital gave an address on "Functions of Life as understood by Ancient Indians" which was much appreciated on account of the scholarship and the fresh outlook of the lecturer.

THE FOOT BALL CLUB.

It is with painful feelings that we recount our achievements at Kottayam, first with the C. M. S. College team on Saturday the 24th January, 1925, and two days later, with the Alwaye Union College. The two teams in their distinctive uniforms entered the Nagampadam field at a quarter to five. It was a splendid sight to see our opponents with their Principal at their head marching to the field determined for an attack. Although we had no member of the staff in our team we were just as keen to 'keep our end up,' and to give a good account of ourselves. There was a large gathering and many prominent people of the town encouraged us by their presence.

The play which began at 5 o'clock was slow at the beginning but soon brightened up. The opponents' centre forward, Mr. Squire, 'by clever dribbling and quick passes' carried the ball several times to our goal. Our main idea was to check the formidable rival. The half-backs stopping him at every turn, he was helpless and so resorted to 'counter tactics' as he remarked later. When our wing was unguarded he took the opportunity and cleverly passed the ball to the left out (V. O. Zackariah) who by a clean shot netted the ball before ten minutes were over. Five minutes later, a second goal was scored. But did we despair? Sarma, our Captain, with dauntless spirit carried the ball to the opponents' goal and deftly passed it on to Balan who scored the first goal for us. It was a fine performance. In a minute 'half-time' was whistled, the score being two goals to one against us.

During the second half the game was more exciting. Our forwards, with the cheering crowd to back them up, kept the ball near the opponents' goal and there were several occasions on which Sarma might have scored had he been calmer. Although we were so much on the aggressive "Mr. Squire obtained possession of a goodly centre and beat the Scientists' goalie with a telling shot." (*Daily News*.) What followed next was uphill work for us. Our forwards pressed hard and soon we scored a second goal. As the game was drawing to a close, it became very exciting and, in the opinion of our opponents and of some of the spectators, it looked as if we might have made a draw of it at least, had the game continued a few minutes more. But it was decreed otherwise, and when the Referee "whistled off" the score stood three goals to two against us.

Alwaye had a strong team to meet us. As in the previous match the game was dull at the beginning. A random shot from the wing missed the steady back, Marcus; the goalie, Thomas, was not prepared for it and the ball quietly passed into the goal. Not five minutes later, a second ball following the track of its predecessor added another goal to their score. In the second half we witnessed real good play. The charge of our forwards was coolly met by our stalwart rivals. Koshy, the 'pick of our forwards,' showed remarkable play. Edward and George did hard work and by their untiring enthusiasm maintained a uniform standard of good work from start to finish. In one of his attempts Edward actually broke through the line of opponents and by a magic shot scored a goal. Our backs, Marcus and Kurien, were very alert, especially towards the end, and did splendid work. But for M. R., our rivals could have had an easy time. Sreedharan was very calm throughout and he showed perfect control over the ball. Our right wing was guarded by Thomas Mathew, who did splendid work, receiving frequent applause from the spectators. The Alwaye team, however, scored a third goal. We strove hard but had to give way to the superior might of the Alwaye team." (*Western Star*.)

Before we conclude this short account, we quote, by kind permission, the following extracts from a letter from Mr. Squire to our Principal.

"The football team representing your college left us this morning and I wish to write and tell you that their visit here has been a pleasure to us all and, in spite of losing the game, a credit to them in every way.

"What a happy thing it is when students who come from our Capital and from a first grade college to a second grade college (and high school combined) show a good and inspiring example. I wish to tell you that your College has reason to be proud of them, and I am sure you agree (since I had the privilege of reading your excellent message to your players) that when inter-collegiate football matches are played in the right spirit they can have a great influence for good upon both colleges concerned. We hope it will be possible to play in Trivandrum next year."

T. K. KOSHY.

THE TENNIS CLUB.

We hope that the characteristically old boyish lament that the tennis game in the Science College has fallen on evil days has had time enough to make its exit. It must at the outset be mentioned that neither dissatisfaction with the present state of tennis nor fears for the future, however well-intentioned, can be justified, and the high tradition of our tennis has not fallen into unworthy hands.

Of the three items of competition, viz.:—

- (1) The President's championship cup, (singles)
- (2) The singles handicap cup,
- (3) Doubles handicap (medals),

Karunakaran Pillai (III class) is the winner of the first two items. His possesses a remarkably steady game and perfect command both of the ball and—which is less easy—of himself. He has also the power of forcing the pace of his opponent and add to this his own remarkable footwork and you have the secret of his success. He has little in him indeed, of the 'hurricane' game; but he has found that his own game is more winning—"best in the *long run*—to borrow a motor advertisement phrase.

It seems strange, but it is nevertheless true, that Karunakaran Pillai won his tournament rather easily. One of the few matches where he was strenuously opposed was that where he played against Balakrishna Menon in the semi-finals of the championships. Menon, one of the best of our players, played his best that day and proved a rather tough antagonist. He relies mainly on his adroit network, certainly not without cause. He played an excellent game and, (each of them having scored one set) was leading by 5-4, 40-30. He lost the point, however, lost the game and, subsequently, lost the set and lost the match.

It was, however, the peculiar misfortune of '*Balan*' that he did not play his best in most of his other matches—especially noteworthy was the match with Itticheriya, certainly no incompetent opponent. Add to this that he began at —15 every game and it is no wonder that he lost. It is, however, only just to him to remark that he has ordinarily a very fine net-game. The almost similar experiences of Yegneswaran is painful to mention. Pitted against two of the most competent among the juniors, he lost both matches without having had the satisfaction of having fought a good fight. That was *his* luck! He is an ideal loser.

Such misfortunes apart, there is still matter for congratulation in the fine game that was ordinarily exhibited. Prof. Chandrasekharan, for instance, though he came it strong in the first matches, had to put a pretty stiff fight to win the semi-finals of the singles (championship) against C. C. Abraham, while he was badly beaten in the finals. T. K. Nilakantan, too, a worthy club of the old block will recollect the day when, notwithstanding all his brilliance, he found himself beaten by quite a junior—Karunakara Menon and C. C. Abraham, already taking rank among *pucca* players, will recollect how, even reckoning the handicap of -15 every game, he had to fight for his life to win against Karunakara Menon. One must admit, despite the superciliousness with which juniors are apt to be treated, that they *are* troublesome folk, drawing you out to an inordinate length of time, the Damocles' sword of defeat and disgrace threatening you all the while.

But, after all, is not the fight more glorious than the victory? The splendid game exhibited by C. C. Abraham for instance, will it in any way lose its value because he failed to secure a trophy in singles? Those who witnessed the matches in which he figured will remember how, with his splendid service and his brilliant force and drive, he was able to get off pretty easily in his first matches and how both in the match against C. V. C. and in that against Karunakaran Pillai, he had it all his own way for the first set; and how it was only the brilliant net-work of the 'Don' on the one hand and the steadiness of Karunakaran Pillai on the other that brought them victory against this terror.

The doubles matches were rather dull. Good game came only in flashes. The match between C. C. and Yegneswaran and Thomas Mathew and T. N. Chakko was chiefly remarkable for the fact that the latter were leading 5-0 before C. C. and partner rallied, took the set and won the match. Karunakaran Pillai and Balan formed a promising combination, but the sinister fortunes of Balan's net tactics together with the certainly not high class team work of his partner brought on defeat. C. V. C. and C. P. Sankara Pillai were likewise beaten more or less easily by C. C. and partner.

The handicate tournament, too, lost in interest as it progressed. No doubt Thomas Mathew exhibited some very

creditable play ; but Karunakaran Pillai had it all his own way and won rather easily. Finally, it only remains to acknowledge the indebtedness of the Tennis Club to its energetic secretary C. P. Sankara Pillai, for the enthusiasm and the capable management of the whole tournament and to the Principal and the President for awaiting Championship cups.

C. GANESAN [IV.]

SOME DEFINITIONS.

Actor. A king by night and a beggar by day.

Bachelor. A man who often dreams of marriage.

Book. A thing which brings headache to little children, sleep to the young and joy to the old.

Brahmin. A man of two births but only one death.

Class. A meeting of dissentients and expert critics of Professors.

Dentist. One who hates people having good teeth.

Doctor. One who, starting with one disease, kills a patient with many.

Examination. The time when the temperature of the students reaches a maximum.

Gentlemen. All those who are assembled in any meeting.

Itch. A pastime to the idle.

Judge. A man, of course, partial to one side.

Kitchen. The chemical laboratory of the house.

Love. That which is most often expressed in sighs and tears, yet is transferable from person to person.

Marriage. Something in the life of a man.

Merchant. A man liable to fluctuation, living on falsehood and changing words.

Officer. A man deprived of humanity, doing the allotted work like an engine.

Partners. A set of people doing a business together, in which each tries to cheat the other.

Priest. A licensed private secretary to God.

Razor. Something which can produce tears even in hard-hearted men.

Religion. Something which depends upon dress and which changes with it.

Tutor. A man who hopes to die a Professor.

Thief. An economist who appropriates to himself the unused property of others.

Vakil. A man who conceals crime and falsehood, eloquently if possible.

Water. A beverage sometimes drunk, good for washing.

MICHAEL.

On the right is a picture of Michael, the oldest gardener of the college. He doesn't know how old he is; he is too lazy and too incurious to have the records of the church where he was baptised searched for him. He only remembers how as a small boy he was taken by his father to see the benevolent Sahib, Dr. Harvey, soon after his arrival from England, how he was punkah boy in the bangalow before he was appointed peon in the college. Much water has since flowed under the bridge and Michael has a fund of memories of those old times, memories of the Professors of the College, English and Indian, of promising young men—who have now become old—who distinguished themselves in the public service, and the learned professions here and elsewhere. It is several years since Michael retired with a pension, but the call of the College is really too strong for him and lo! here he is, permitted by a paternal Government to do the work and draw the full wages of a gardener.

For many of us he is as old as the mango-tree, the immemorial mango-tree which is the symbol of the rich o'd age of this institution. Nay, he is as much an institution as the mango-tree itself, a thing which it would be sacrilegious to lay hands upon. We can never think of the Old College without Michael and the mango-tree and we know on the unimpeachable authority of the poet of the last number of the magazine, that both know each other and have learnt to love each other as the link of the past with the present. Not that old Michael has outlived his usefulness. Far from it. He is still the terror of the truant street urchin who trespasses into the compound to steal mangoes and of the merry group of roistering youths who want to enjoy a quiet game of cards under the spreading jack trees. In the picture he appears in a pleasant mood, but those who have been in the college for sometime might recollect what a threatening mien he could assume, the fists clenched and the finger raised in furious warning.

Poor Michael, he has had his sorrows, too, the inevitable lot of all men here below! He had, like his namesake in Wordsworth's poem, a son, the pride of his family and he lost him in early youth. Michael is generally reticent about his misfortunes, but I have on a few occasions heard him discoursing on the virtues of his son who had come up to the Form VI of the High School and who had already stown a marvellous



OLD MICHAEL

command of half a dozen Indian languages. He has none in his house now, no wife, no sisters, no brothers, no children. He cooks his own food, retires to rest under his solitary roof. But he is withal uncomplaining. To be sure, I have seen him sometimes a trifle absentminded, his eyes glazed with tears at the thought of these devastating misfortunes. But for the most part, he is resigned and active and he has enough heart to do the duties attached to his position in the college. The college is his love, his wife and son and all. He has been serving it so long and he hopes to serve it until the breath goes out of his body and his soul finds welcome release from the toil and trouble of the world.

കവതോടയം.

[എൻ. ഗോപാലപിള്ള ബി. എ.]

കൂരിരുന്ദ നാടുന്നു, വെൺകുതിർ മാലകൾ
 തുവിയെൻ ദേവിയുദിച്ചിടുന്നു.
 എന്നുള്ളിലെക്കുമേ പൊന്താർ വിരിഞ്ഞിളം-
 പൂന്തേൻ തുളുമ്പും മണം വീശുന്നു.
 വിശപ്പങ്ങല്ലെല്ലാമലിയും വണ്ണം താനേ
 യുദ്ഗളിയ്ക്കുന്നു കളനാദങ്ങൾ.
 സങ്കല്പകല്പകപ്പമര മെൻ ദേവി
 പൊൻ കരം കൊണ്ടു തലോടുന്നേരം,
 ലീലാവിലാസങ്ങളാലേ മയങ്ങിയെ-
 ന്നാത്മാവു പൊങ്ങുന്നു മേലേ മേലേ.
 പൊങ്ങുന്ന സൂര്യഭഗവാന്റെ രക്തവാൻ
 തിങ്ങുന്ന സൗഖ്യവണ്ണ വിഗ്രഹങ്ങൾ
 മന്ദാക്ഷ മന്ദരായ് നിൽക്കുമ്പോളെന്നമ്മ
 പുഞ്ചിരിക്കൊള്ളുന്നോ പിമ്പിൽ നിന്നും?
 തെന്നൽ ന്നൽ തുങ്ങിനിയുത്തൊലാടിടുന്നോ
 പൊന്നാവി പോലെ പറന്നീടുന്നോ.
 കോൾകൊണ്ടു ചീരുന്ന കാറണിപ്പാഴാഴി-
 വെൺതിരുപ്പന്തിമേൽ നീന്തുനോ നീ!
 എങ്ങെങ്ങു നീരുന്നു, നീന്തി മറയുന്നെൻ-
 വിദ്യാഗതനത്തിൽ വിദ്യമാലേ!
 ക്ലേശങ്ങൾ നീങ്ങുവാൻ തീവ്രക്ലേശം പേരി
 നിവ്വാണ്മ തേടുന്ന യോഗിതാനം
 വിശ്വപരമസ്വങ്ങൾ സദാർദ്രങ്ങളായ്
 തുവും നിൻ മഞ്ജുധപനികൾ കേൾക്കിൽ
 ബ്രഹ്മാനന്ദത്തി ലലിഞ്ഞലിഞ്ഞൊണ്ടു പോം
 അമ്മേ! ഇയ്യളേളാനോ! ചൊല്ലേണമോ!
 കേവലാനന്ദമരണം പൊഴിയുന്ന
 സ്തിഷ്ഠവചസ്സുകൾ തുവിത്തുവി

നിൻമേനിയെൻ മുഖിലെന്നു കാണാവുമോ
 എന്നെന്നെ നിൻനെഞ്ചെന്നു പൽക്കും!
 എന്നെന്നെ നിൻപുണ്ണിലാവണു ലക്ഷ്മിയി-
 ലെന്നാത്മാ സാഗ്രമലിത്തു ചേരും!
 അങ്ങിങ്ങില്ലാതെങ്ങും തിങ്ങുമൊളിയേയെ-
 ന്നാത്മാവിന്നാത്മാവേ! വെൽവുതാക!!

*രണ്ടു സഹോദരികൾ.

(അനന്തം)

ഒരേപിതാക്കൾക്കു ചിറക്കിലും ഞങ്ങൾ,
 വരേണ്യസൗന്ദര്യമവർ വഹിച്ചിതു.
 തരുതരിയിലും ശിരോഗൃഹത്തിലും
 ചെരുമാറീടുന്നു വിരുതൻ മാരുതൻ.
 മഹാസുഭഗനാമൊരു യുവാവുമത്-
 സഹോദരീമനം കവന്നിതാദ്യമായ്;
 നിഴലും വസ്ത്രവും കണക്കുവാണവ-
 രുഗ്ദ്ധൽ വരുന്നതൊട്ടറിഞ്ഞുമില്ലവർ.
 പ്രതികാരം ചെയ്യാൻ നിനച്ചുറച്ചു ഞാ-
 നതീവരമുനായിരുന്നിതാ പ്രഭു.
 അപമാനവിഷം കലന്നു രക്തത്തി-
 ലപമൃതിയ്ക്കു വളടിപെട്ടുകഷ്ടം!
 തരുതരിയിലും ശിരോഗൃഹത്തിലും
 ചെരതു ഹൃദയത്തി മുഴക്കി മാരുതൻ.
 അപരധിയാകും പ്രഭുവിനെന്നിഹൊ-
 ട്തനരാഗമുണ്ടായ്തരേണ്ടതിന്നു ഞാൻ
 സുരീപ്രയത്നങ്ങൾ സഭാപിചെയ്തു വ-
 ന്നതീവ രമുനായിരുന്നിതാ പ്രഭു.
 ഒരു സാധാഹ്വാനത്തിലൊരുവിരുന്നിനു
 കരുതിക്കൂട്ടിഞാൻ ക്ഷണിച്ചുമാന്വനെ.
 തരുതരിയിലും ശിരോഗൃഹത്തിലും

ചെറുതലച്ചുയോടിച്ച മാരുതൻ.
 അശങ്കമെത്തിയോരവനെഞാൻ മമ
 വശം വദനാക്കിച്ചമച്ചയത്നമായ്:
 ഇരവിലത്താഴം കഴിഞ്ഞു ശാരദ-
 വരനഭോനിഭാവമുശയ്യയിൽ
 ഇരിക്കവേഞ്ഞൊരം, മമാങ്കഭാഗത്തിൽ
 ശിരസ്സും വച്ചവൻ കിടന്നതെല്ലിട.
 മദീയ സോദരീമരണകാരക-
 നതീവരമൃനായിരുന്നിതാ പ്രഭ.

അരുണമായിട്ടു മവന്റെ ഗൺഡമെ-
 ന്നരസജങ്ങളിലമൻ മന്ദമായ്.
 തരുത്തിയിലും ശിരോഗൃഹത്തിലും
 ചെരുത്തലറിയാഞ്ഞടിച്ച മാരുതൻ.
 പതിതയായ മൽ സഹോദരീകൃത
 മധുരചുംബനസഹോദരങ്ങളെ
 മുറയ്ക്കുന്നുകി ഞാൻ പ്രഭുവിനെസുഖ-
 മുറക്കിനേൻ; പിന്നീടുണൻ മില്ലവൻ!
 നരകമെന്നപോൽ ചെറുത്തു സോദരീ-
 മരണകാരകനവനെയെങ്കിലും
 തദീയ സൗന്ദര്യമഭിനന്ദിച്ച ഞാ-
 നതീവരമൃനായിരുന്നിതാ പ്രഭ.

പ്രശാന്തമാകമാനിശാന്തരത്തിൽ ഞാൻ
 നിശാന്തമാക്കിയെൻ കുറാശ്ശാരയെ.
 തരുത്തിയിലും ശിരോഗൃഹത്തിലും
 മഹാഭയങ്കരം മദിച്ചു മാരുതൻ.
 മയങ്ങളെന്നൊരാസ്ഥിതി കഴിഞ്ഞവൻ
 നിയമിതാന്തരശ്ചിതനാകവെ
 ഭയം വെടിഞ്ഞു ഞാൻ കുറാരിയേന്തിയ-
 ശ്ലയനാശാനികമണഞ്ഞു മന്ദമായ്
 അയഞ്ഞകഞ്ചുക മണിഞ്ഞു ശാന്തമാ-
 യുയൻ താഴ്ന്നിട്ടു മവന്റെ നെഞ്ചതിൽ
 നിറഞ്ഞരോഷമോടുമക്കാറായെ
 “കറ കറ കറ” കടത്തി മൂന്നുരു!!

പ്രതികാരമേവം പ്രതിനിവൃത്തമാ-
 യതീവരമ്യനാ ചിരന്നിതാ പ്രഭ.
 മുതവശഗനായ് ഭവിച്ചു നൃതന-
 ഭൃതിവഹിച്ചവൻ ഹരിച്ചിതെന്നും.
 തരുതരിയിലും ശിരോഗൃഹത്തിലും
 പെരുമാറീടുന്നു വിരതൻ മാരുതൻ.
 ധവളനിർമ്മലവസനമൊന്നില-
 ്ലം പൊതിഞ്ഞു ഞാൻ ശമിതരോഷയായ്
 ഇരവിൽ സൈപരമായുറങ്ങും ധാത്രിതൻ
 ചരണതാരികൾ സമുപ്പിച്ച ഗ്രന്ഥം
 സതീസംഭ്രഷണഫലം ഭൂജിച്ചവ-
 ന തവരമ്യനായിരുന്നൊരാപ്രഭ.

[പി. കെ. കൈമ്മൾ]

എന്റെ കൃഷ്ണൻ.

[എൻ. ഗോപാലപിള്ള ബി. ഏ.]

I

ഓമനകൃഷ്ണൻ ഉറങ്ങുകയാണ്. അടുത്തു നിന്നെരിയുന്ന
 വാടാവിളക്കിന്റെ കനകകാന്തി ആ കുരുന്ന് മെയിൽ തെളിഞ്ഞു
 നിഴലിക്കുന്നു. ആ മണിക്കൂട്ടിലാടുന്ന പഞ്ചവണ്ണക്കിളി ഒരു കാ-
 ലത്തു തളിരിന്മേൽ വീഴുന്ന നിലാവു കണ്ടു പാടിയിരുന്ന മുറ്റല
 രാഗങ്ങൾ ഉണ്ണിയെ ഉണർത്താതെ കൊഞ്ചിത്തുടങ്ങുന്നു. ഇപ്പോ-
 ളും എന്റെ ഓമന കിനാവു കാണുകയാണ്. അനിവാര്യമായ
 ഒരു ആനന്ദലക്ഷ്മി ആ പൊൻചുണ്ടിന്മേൽ മിന്നി മറയുന്നു. വീ-
 ങ്ങും മയങ്ങുന്നു. യശോദാദേവിയുടെ തിരുമാറിന്റെ നീലപ്പത-
 ക്കും ഇതേ! ഉണർന്നുവരുന്നു. തനിയേ വിടിരുന്ന ചുണ്ടുകളിൽ
 നിന്നും നിശ്ശ്ചലിക്കുന്ന കളസപരങ്ങളെ തുടന്ന് ചില പൊൻചില-
 വ്വിന്റെ ശിഞ്ജിതങ്ങൾ കേൾക്കുമാറാകുന്നു. ഉണ്ണിയെ കാണു-
 ന്നോൾ വാത്സല്യം ചുരത്തുന്ന മുലക്കടം തുളമ്പിച്ച്, പുഞ്ചിരി
 കൊണ്ടു മണിയറയിൽ പ്രത്യക്ഷയാകുന്ന സുവർണ്ണവിഗ്രഹ യശോ-
 ദാദേവിയാണ്. കണ്ണനുണ്ണിയൊ! ഇടംകാലിന്റെ തള്ളവിരലി-

ചുള്ള അമൃതം നകൻ, കല്പാന്തക്കടലിൽ അരയാലിലമേൽ പള്ളി കൊണ്ട പൂവ്പുത്തം അരന്നിമിഷം അഭിനയിക്കയായിരിക്കാം.

II

വൃന്ദാവനത്തിലെ ഉണ്ണിബാഗവതർ ഓടക്കുഴൽ വിളിയ്ക്കുവാൻ. തളിർപുൽപ്പുറത്തു വാലും കിളത്തി കൂത്താടിനിന്ന ചെറുപൈക്കിടാങ്ങൾ കണ്ണന്റെ ചുറ്റും ആടിത്തുടങ്ങുന്നു. യമുനാ ജലത്തിന്റെ മധുരമി നകരാം തലകനിക്കുന്ന തള്ളപ്പശുക്കൾ നീരിൽ തൊടുന്ന നാവനക്കാതെ, അരക്കണ്ണടച്ച സമാധിനിൽക്കുന്നു. പൂതുനിന്നുചയുന്ന കടമ്പിൽനിന്നും തനിയേ വഴിഞ്ഞു തുളുമ്പിപ്പോകുന്ന നരന്തേൻകണങ്ങൾ തിരുമുടിയിലണിഞ്ഞ മയിൽപ്പീലിമേൽ പളംക ചുറ്റത്തൊന്നൊരുങ്ങുന്നതു കണ്ണനുണ്ണി അറിയുന്നില്ല. കുട്ടി മുഴയ്ക്കുന്ന വയറും ചരിച്ചു പല്ലിന്മേൽ കിടന്ന് അയവിറക്കുന്ന ഗർഭിണിപ്പശുവിനെ തട്ടിത്തലോടാൻ ഗാനംനിറുത്തി ചിരിച്ചുകൊണ്ടെത്തുന്ന കൃഷ്ണന്റെ കൈ നക്കാനാണ് പശുവിന്റെ ഒരുക്കം. പുഞ്ചിരിക്കൊള്ളുന്ന കമലനേത്രന്റെ കാരാപൂമുഖത്തിൽ വൈകുന്നേരത്തെ വെയിലടിക്കുന്ന രമണീയ തകണ്ട കൂത്താടിവന്ന ഒരു പൈക്കിടാവ് ഇതേ! കവിളോടു കവിൾചേർത്തു നിലകൊള്ളുകയായി.

III

കാളിന്ദീനദിയുടെ അചമലകൾ ഇളകി മറിയുന്നു. കൊടുംപത്തിയയത്തി ചീറിക്കുതിക്കുന്ന കാളിയപ്പാമ്പിന്റെ കരിമ്പുറത്തു താളത്തിനൊത്തു നൃത്തമിടുകയാണ് കൃഷ്ണൻ. തളൻ കവിടുന്ന വിഷം കുപ്പൻ ചുടനിണം കാളിന്ദിയിൽ വീണു കലരുമ്പോൾ, അകലത്തു നീന്തുന്ന മീൻപററും ചത്തുമലക്കുന്ന കാഴ്ചമാത്രം കണ്ണനെയൊന്നിളക്കുകയേക്കാം. പെരുമ്പത്തിപ്പുറത്ത് ഒറ്റക്കാൽ ചവുട്ടി ഓടുന്നകൃഷ്ണൻ ആടുമ്പോൾ, ഇന്നലെവരെ വമ്പത്തും നടിച്ചു മദിച്ചാത്തിരുന്ന കാളസൂപ്പും ഇന്നു തുടുതളെച്ചിത്തുന്ന ചുട്ടുചോരയുടെ നീരന്ത്രാധാരം കാലിളക്കത്തിന്റെ കമനീയതയെ കൂടക്കൂടെ മറയ്ക്കുന്നുണ്ട്. ആ ഭയങ്കരസത്വം താനേ കുനിയുന്ന ഫണം കുനിച്ചു, “ഭാസോസ്തി” പാടി വണങ്ങുമ്പോൾ, കരയ്ക്കുന്നിന്നു കഴങ്ങിപ്പോയ കൃഷ്ണന്റെ കൂട്ടർ വായുവിൽ കുതിച്ചു വിജയധ്വാനം മുഴക്കുമ്പോൾ, ആകാശത്തുനിന്നും സുവർണ്ണഹസ്ത

ങ്ങൾ കണ്ണന്റെ മേശലിയിൽ കല്പകപ്പു ചൊരിയുമ്പോൾ, ചെറിയൊരു പൂഞ്ചിരി തുകി കാളിയനെ യാത്രയാക്കുകയാണു ഭഗവാൻ.

IV

അവിടവിടെയായി നിലാവെളി പൂശിയ വള്ളിപ്പടർപ്പുകൾ കുളിർകാറ്റു തട്ടി മന്ദമന്ദം ചലിയുന്നു. യമുനയിൽ വിരിയുന്ന ആമ്പൽപൂവിന്റെ പരിമളമേറു തീരത്തുള്ള പൽപ്പറത്തു നാലഞ്ചു നവസുന്ദരികൾ മുദഗാനം തുടങ്ങുന്നു ആ രമ്യരംഗത്തിന്റെ നിശാന്തതയിലൂടെ ഉഴറിവരുന്ന മുദലനിനാദം കാരാളിവർണ്ണന്റെ മുരളിയിൽ നിന്നല്ലേ. സാരസ്വതമോലുന്ന ആ പ്രമദാനയനങ്ങൾ ഏകാഗ്രമാകുന്നു. മയിൽപ്പീലി തിരുകിയ ചുരുമുടി കൈട്ടിൽ മല്ലമാല ചാത്തി, വെണ്ണിപ്പാവു വീണു ഒരുവശം തിളങ്ങുന്ന തിരുമെയ്യിൽ മഞ്ഞത്തുകിലണിഞ്ഞു യൌവനലക്ഷ്മി ആ ഏഷിയുന്ന ആ ദിവ്യകമനസ് പ്രത്യക്ഷപ്പെടുന്നു. അനന്തരംഗം അവർണ്ണനീയമാണ്.

“അംഗനാമംഗനാമന്തരാ മാധവോ

മാധവം മാധവം ചാന്തരേണാങ്ഗന”.

എന്ന മട്ടിൽ ഒരു നവ്യനൃത്തം നടക്കുന്നു. ദിവ്യഗീരം പൊഴിയുന്നു. യമുനാമീരനേറു ചൊന്നിതൾ വിടിക്കുന്ന കസുമസമൃദ്ധം തേനുണ്ടു തുള്ളുന്ന കരിവണ്ടിനോടൊത്തു നടനും തുടങ്ങുന്നു. ഇലച്ചിലിൽ വീഴുന്ന പൂനിലാവുപോലും ഇളകിയാടുന്നു. അഹോ! സവാന്തർലീനമായ പ്രണയം! വിശ്വങ്ങൾ നിലനിൽക്കുന്ന ഒരു മഹാശക്തിയുടെ സന്നാതനമായ വീചീപരമ്പര തിര തല്ലിത്തല്ലി ഭൂസ്വപ്നഭേദം സാക്ഷാത്കരിക്കുന്നു.

V

ശ്രീകൃഷ്ണഭഗവാൻ കനകസിംഹാസനത്തിൽ ഏഴുന്നരളുന്നു. രാജകാതു് പരതന്ത്രരായി പ്രവേശിക്കുന്ന സചിവപ്രവീണരെ ഗാഢീയുദ്ധാർ ശിരശ്ചലനംകൊണ്ടു സ്വീകരിക്കുമ്പോൾ ഇളകിമിന്നുന്നമകുടത്തിൽ നിന്നും നവരത്നകിരണങ്ങൾ തെളുതെളെ വീശുന്നു സുരഭികളായ വെൺചാമരങ്ങൾമേൽ തുള്ളിക്കളിക്കുന്ന മന്ദാനിലനേറു പിഞ്ചുമന്ദിർമ്മിതമായ സിംഹാസനമന്ത്രത്തിലെ മണിയലുക്കുകൾ ആടിക്കിലുങ്ങുന്നു. ആ രാജസഭാ മണ്ഡപത്തിന്റെ ഉപരിതലത്തിൽ വിചിത്രവർണ്ണ കലൻ കൃത്രിമമേഘശകലങ്ങൾ നാലുചുറ്റും നീന്തിനടക്കുമ്പോൾ അവയുടെ നടുവിൽ

ഇടയ്ക്കിടയ്ക്കു തെല്ലു മറയുന്ന പൂർണ്ണചന്ദ്രപ്രഭീപം തെളിഞ്ഞു വിളങ്ങുന്നു. അർദ്ധവൃത്താകൃതിയിലുള്ള ആ മഹാശാലയുടെ കളർക്കൽ ഭിത്തികളിൽനിന്നും തള്ളിനിൽക്കുന്ന സുവർണ്ണക്കമ്പികൾമേൽ നിരന്തരവൃത്തം നടത്തുന്ന കൃത്രിമമയൂരങ്ങളുടെ മേലകകന്തി കാൺക! ഇതാ! ഉൾജ്ജ്വലിത കാളുന്ന ഗംഭീരനേത്രങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും പ്രതിഭാപ്രഭചിന്നിസാചിവ്യശ്രീ കളിക്കുന്ന വിശാലഫാലതേജസ്സുകൊണ്ടു ജഗന്മാനം ചെയ്ത് ഏതോ ഗുരുകാൽ പരിചിന്തനങ്ങൾക്കായി ഉദ്ധവവൃദ്ധൻ സന്നിഹിതനാകുന്നു. ഈ മഹാ പ്രഭാവമാരുടെ മന്ത്രശ്രവണം ആശാസ്യമല്ല.

VI

അതിഭയങ്കരമായ ഒരു മഹാസമരത്തിന്റെ സന്നാഹകോലാഹലം കൊണ്ടു കുരുക്ഷേത്രം പ്രക്ഷോഭിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു.

“ആഹവമതിലതമോഹികളായ് ചിലഭേദികൾ വന്നിടുകിൽ മദമടങ്ങി നടുങ്ങി വിരവിനൊടൊടുങ്ങിടും നിയതം”

എന്നാണു ഭടപടമന്ദങ്ങൾ മുഴങ്ങുന്നതു. അണിനിരന്ന കുരുവാ ണ്ഡവസേനകളുടെ മധ്യത്തിൽ ഒരു മഹാരഥന്റെ സാരഥ്യം വഹിച്ചു സന്നദ്ധനായി പ്രത്യക്ഷനാകുന്ന അനിരുദ്ധപരാക്രമൻ സാക്ഷാൽ ബലരാമസഹോദരൻതന്നെ. ബന്ധുജനദർശനത്തിൽ ഹൃദയമലിഞ്ഞ് ഗതപൈരുഷ്യനായി സ്ഥിതിചെയ്യുന്ന അജ്ഞാന ധർമ്മോപദേശങ്ങൾ കൊണ്ടു കരൾക്കുരുത്തേറുന്ന ഭഗവാന്റെ ചമ്മട്ടിയേന്തിയുള്ള നില ദർശനീയമത്രെ. “ഉലക സൃഷ്ടിച്ച ഭരിച്ച സംഹരിച്ചുളകുന്ന ചില്ലീയുഗളം” തത്പവിമർശനത്തിനൊത്തു ചാഞ്ചാടുന്നു. കയ്യിൽനിന്നുന്റേപോയ ഗാഢധീവചാപം നവോന്മേഷമാണ് ആ സവ്യസാചിയുടെ ദീർഘബാഹുവിനെ വീണ്ടും അലങ്കരിക്കുന്നു. അരനിമിഷമുമ്പു ശ്രീതാരമ്യം കളിയാടിയ സുന്ദരമുഖം ഒരു രൗദ്രരസസ്തൂരണംകൊണ്ടു ഭയാനകമാകുന്നു. വീഴ്ച തുടിക്കുന്ന ദീർഘനയനങ്ങളുടെ കോണൊന്നു ചുവന്നു കൺമഴികൾ ഉരുണ്ടു തുടങ്ങുന്നു. “വീരവീരമഹേന്ദ്രസുന ജയിപ്പതാക” എന്നുള്ള ആപ്തവിളികളുടെ കളകളുംകൊണ്ടു അന്തരിക്ഷം നടുങ്ങുന്നു. ഭക്താവതംസമായ ആ മഹാവീരൻ തള്ളി വരുന്ന രൗദ്രത്തെ അടക്കി ആ കായാമ്പു തോററ കഴലിണക്കു കൈകൂപ്പുന്നു.

VII

തൃച്ചുപടൻ വടവുക്കുച്ചവട്ടിലെ നീല നിഴൽ പുറത്തു മേ
ഘശ്വാമളനായ ഒരു മഹായോഗി പദ്മാസനം കൊള്ളുന്നു. ആ
ദിവ്യമുത്തിയിൽനിന്നും പകൻ പടരുന്ന ഇന്ദ്രനീലമായ വിസ്തൃ
തവൃത്തങ്ങളിൽ വ്യാപിച്ചു വ്യാപിച്ച വിശ്വപഞ്ചമല്ലാം വലയം
ചെയ്യുന്നു. അഖണ്ഡമായ ഒരു ദീപ്രതേജസ്സിന്റെ രജാലാമാല വീ
ണ്ടും ശരീരമാസകലം പടൻകയറി, മൂലാവിൽനിന്നും പരിനിഃ
സ്രവിക്കുന്ന സാന്ദ്രജോതിസ്സിനോടു ഏകീഭവിക്കുന്നു. “പച്ചക്കി
ളിപ്പവിഴുപാൽവണ്ണമൊത്ത” ആ ദിവ്യദീപ്തി മേല്പൊട്ടുന്നപര
ക്കമ്പോൾ ഈ ലോകമെല്ലാം പാൽക്കടൽകയറി തിരമാലതല്ലി
നരംവെണ്ണ ചിതറുന്നു. ചരാചരകോടികൾ താനേതന്നെ ആ
മഹാചൈതന്യത്തിൽ ലയിച്ചെന്നുതോന്നുന്നു. നക്ഷത്രരാശികൾ
പാൽക്കുളികളായി നീക്കുഴിയിടുന്നു. ആ കരകാണാത്ത കട
ലിൽനിന്നും ഒരു പൂന്തിങ്കൾ ബിംബം കിളിഞ്ഞു തോന്നുന്നു.

“യദയാദമി ധർമ്മസ്യ

ഗ്ലാനി ഭവതി ഭാരത!

അഭ്യുത്ഥാനമധർമ്മസ്യ

തദാത്മാനം സൃജാമ്യഹമ്”

എന്ന മഹാമന്ത്രം സ്വയം ജാതമായി മന്ത്രനാദത്തിൽ മാറൊളി
കൊള്ളുന്നു.

ഗീതാജ്ഞലി.

(ഗീതം ൧൬)

[കേ. ശോഭമുഖി. ഏ. (ആണേഴ്സ്.)]

- (1) ഇമ്മഹീമഹാത്മനിൽ ക്ഷണിക്കപ്പെട്ട ഞാനു
മുണ്ഡയിലേവം മമജീവിതം സഫലമായ്—
എന്മിഴികളും കാണാത്തുള്ളതും കണ്ടു, കാര്യം
സമോദം പാരമാന്തരകേരകയോൽ വേണ്ടുംവണ്ണം.
ഇമ്മഹോത്സവം തന്നിൽ വീണവായിക്കുന്നതു
മെൻപണി, യതും ചെയ്തേൻകഴിയുംവണ്ണമീ ഞാൻ;
സമ്പ്രതികടന്നുള്ളിലെത്രയും വിനീതനാ—
യെണ്മണിപോലും ശബ്ദംകേൾപ്പിക്കാതഹം തവ
പൊൻപദംതന്നിൽ താണവണങ്ങിക്കൊൾവാനെന്തേ?
സമ്മതം താനോ? ചൊൽക, സമയമടുത്തിതോ?

പ ഐ

- (2) പ്രേമത്തിൻ കാതലാകുമീശ്വരൻതന്നെപ്പാർത്തി
 ടാമഹാ പുരുഷൻ തൻ ചാരുതകരങ്ങളിൽ
 മാമകം സർവ്വം സമർപ്പിക്കുവാൻ കാത്തുകാത്തു
 താമസിക്കുന്നേൻ ഞാനമക്ഷമനായിട്ടില്ലോൾ.
 സീമയല്ലംഘിച്ചീടുന്നോരമാന്തവു മെനി
 ക്ഷീമഹിതത്തിൽ മുറു മൂനവുമതിനാലെ-
 മാ,മവർ നിയമങ്ങളെന്നല്ല നിബന്ധന
 മീവകകൊണ്ടു നന്നായ്ബന്ധിപ്പാൻ വരുന്നയ്യോ!
 ആവതുവരെ ഞാൻ വിട്ടൊഴിയുന്നു നിത്യം;
 കേവലപ്രേമരൂപനായിട്ടും ഭഗവാന്റെ
 പാവനപാണിയുഗ്മം തന്നിലപ്പണം ചെണ്ണാ-
 നീവിധം നോക്കി നോക്കിക്കാത്തിരിക്കുന്നേൻ ഞാനും,
 സർവ്വമെന്നെക്കുറും ചൊല്ലിഞാൻ കൃത്യങ്ങളിൽ
 സർവ്വം വിമുഖനെന്നോരവും ഘോഷിക്കുന്നു.
 ഇച്ചിധമവരെന്നെപ്പഴിക്കുന്നതു ശരി,
 നിവിവാദം ഞാൻ ന്യായംതന്നെയെന്നറയ്ക്കുന്നേൻ.
 അന്തിയായ് വിപണയിൽ ജോലിയുള്ളവരെല്ലാം
 ഹന്ത!താങ്ങാങ്ങൾക്കുള്ളപണിയും പൂർത്തിയാക്കി,
 അന്തികേ മമവന്നവിളിച്ചു വൃഥാവിപ
 തന്തകോപവും പൂണ്ടു മടങ്ങിപ്പോയാരല്ലോ.
 അന്തഹീനമാം പ്രേമം തൻകരങ്ങളിലെന്നെ
 ചന്തമോടർപ്പിക്കാനായ് കാത്തിരിക്കുന്നേൻ ഞാനും.

പ വു

- (3) കാളമോഘങ്ങൾ മേൽക്കുമേൽ നിറഞ്ഞാകാശത്തിൽ
 കാളമന്ധകാരത്തിലാണ്ടിതു ധരിത്രിയും,
 ആളുകളാൽ രക്ഷക്കില്ലാതെ വാതൽക്കൽതാൻ
 നീളെമാം നിത്തുന്നെന്തേ? പ്രേമവാരിധേ! ഭവാനും.
 ജോലിതൻതിരക്കുള്ള നട്ടച്ചനേരം മറു-
 ള്ളാളുകൾക്കോടും ചേർന്നിരിക്കുന്നവനിന്താൻ
 കോളകൊണ്ടുഗ്രധാന്തമേറു മിട്ടിനമെനി
 കാലംബഭവാനല്ലാതാരുമില്ലറിഞ്ഞാലും.

തപൻമുഖമെന്നെക്കാണിച്ചിടുവാനുമാന്തിച്ച
 ഷിമിമട്ടിൽ തനിപ്പെട്ടെന്നെ നിന്തിടുന്നാകിൽ വിഭോ!
 ഇമ്മുക്കുലമെല്ലാമെങ്ങിനെ കഴിക്കേണ്ട?
 വെന്മനസ്സിൽ പാരമസ്വതയത്തോർത്തിപ്പോൾ.
 അംബരാനന്തരേ ഭൂതക്കാണാമസ്വകാരത്തെ
 യുൻമുഖൻ ഞാൻ വീക്ഷിപ്പു, മാമകഹൃദയവും
 വന്ധിയന്നടിക്കുന്ന മാരുതനോടും ചേർന്നു
 സംഭ്രമംപൂണ്ടോടുന്നു വൻവിഭാപത്തോടിപ്പോൾ.

ഇപ്പോഴത്തെ മലയാളമെഴുത്തുകാർ.

(എൻ. രാമൻപിള്ള.) *

[I ക്ഷണം]

ഇപ്പോഴത്തെ പല ഗ്രന്ഥകാരന്മാരും പരതന്ത്രമായ ഒരു
 മനോഭാവം സ്വന്തം അവലംബിച്ചുകാണുന്നു. ഇംഗ്ലീഷിൽ നി
 ന്നുള്ള അനുകരണങ്ങളും പകർപ്പുകളും കൊണ്ടു മലയാളം നിറ
 ണ്തു. ചുരുക്കം ചില മനോധർമ്മങ്ങൾ കാട്ടുന്നത് പുരാണകഥ
 കളുടെ ഔചിത്യംകുറഞ്ഞ നവീകരണങ്ങളിലാണ്.

വിഷയഭൗർവ്വത്വ വഹിയിൽ തപിച്ചുകാണ്ടിരുന്ന കേര
 ളുകവിചാതകങ്ങൾക്ക് “മയൂരസന്ദേശ” വർഷാവിഭാവം അന
 ല്പമായ ആശ്വാസത്തെ നൽകി. കുറച്ചുകാലത്തിനിടയ്ക്ക് ‘ഭ്രം
 ശസന്ദേശം’, ‘മാജ്ജാരസന്ദേശം’, ‘ഗരുഡസന്ദേശം’, അതും
 പോട്ടെ, ‘ചക്രോരസന്ദേശം’വും തെരുവീഥികളിൽ അലഞ്ഞുതു
 ടങ്ങ.

ചില ദ്വിതീയാക്ഷരപ്രാസ പ്രയോഗപ്രവീണന്മാരുടെ പ്ര
 ബന്ധങ്ങളാണ് സരസങ്ങൾ.

“പുരാസുരരൂപഭ്രവസ്ഥതി പൊറായ്ക്കയാൽ കേഴുവേ
 പുരാസുരരെ വെന്നവൻ വിരവിൽ വേട്ടൊരാ സുന്ദരീ
 പുരാണ പുരുഷാദിപോന്നവർ പണിഞ്ഞുപോരുന്ന ത-
 ന്വരാട്ടി പരമംപദം ഭവതി ചേർത്തു പാലിക്കമാം.”

നിദ്ദോഷിയായ പൊന്നത്തമ്പുരാട്ടിയെ സ്തുതിക്കാനായി ഒ
 രുഞ്ചട്ട പദ്യകാരൻ അവരെ നിർയം രണ്ടായി വെട്ടിമുറിച്ചിരി
 കുന്നു. ഈ കൊച്ചപാതകത്തിനു കാരണ ഭൂതൻ ദ്വിതീയാക്ഷ
 രപ്രാസമല്ലാതെയാണു്.

* പ്രോത്സാഹനാഹനായ ഒരു ബാല വിദ്യാർത്ഥിയുടെ പൂർവ്വമോദമിമാണ്.

കണ്ടിവാർ കഴുലി കേട്ടുകൊൾക വേ-
കണ്ടിവന്നു മദനാഗ്നി കൊണ്ടുഞാൻ!
കണ്ടിതോ കദനമെന്നു വേണ്ട പോ-
കണ്ടിവന്നഥ വനാന്തരങ്ങളിൽ.

വേകണ്ടി, പോകണ്ടി രണ്ടിനും മുറിവും പാറി, അതിൽ
കൂടുതലും ചിലതു പാറി.

കാലദേശാവസ്ഥ രൂപമില്ലാത്ത എഴുന്നുന്നതിനും കേരള
കവികൾ വിദഗ്ദ്ധരാണ്. രാഗമണി കണ്ഡിനപുരത്തെ ഒരു ഹി
ന്ദുസ്ത്രീ ആണെങ്കിലും ആ കന്യകയെ ഡ്രാണവും കട്ടിക്കാപ്പും
ഒരു ഇംഗ്ലീഷുമോതിരവും ധരിപ്പിച്ചു മലയാളകവി സദസ്സിൽ
പ്രവേശിപ്പിക്കാറുള്ളു. വിദേശ രാജ്യത്തിലെ സമൃദ്ധ്യ നാഞ്ചി
നാട്ടിലെ വാസമുണ്ടെന്നരിയും പമ്പാനദിയുടെ തീരത്തുണ്ടാകുന്ന
സന്ധ്യങ്ങളും തന്നെ വേണം. കാശ്മീര രാജാവിന്റെയോ വ
ങ്ഗദേശാധിപന്റെയോ കൊട്ടാരങ്ങൾ മലയാളത്തിൽ വർണ്ണി
യ്ക്കുമ്പോൾ തിരുവിതാംകൂറിലെ കൊച്ചിയിലോ ഉള്ള രാജ മ
ന്ദിരങ്ങളുടെ ശരിപ്പകർപ്പുകളായിരിയ്ക്കും. ഇടവപ്പാതിയും തുലാ
വഷവും തൃശ്ശൂർപൂരവും പോരെങ്കിൽ ശാസ്തമംഗലത്തെഴുന്ന
ള്ളത്തും കലിംഗരാജ്യത്തു് ആണ്ടുതോറും ഉണ്ടാകുന്നതാണ്.
ഹിരണ്യാക്ഷൻ ഭൂമിയെ ചുരുട്ടി കാതിലിട്ടുകൊണ്ടുപോയ കഥ
പൻപന-ൽ മലയാളത്തിലെഴുതുമ്പോൾ കോട്ടയത്തെ മനോ
രമ ആഫീസു് നമ്മുടെ കാളേജും അസൂരന്റെ കാതിലായിരി
യ്ക്കും. ധർമ്മപുത്രരുടെ അശ്വമേധത്തിനു് റിസിഡൻറ് സായി
പ്പും സന്നിഹിതനായിരുന്നതായി കവിത ഉണ്ടാകാറും മതി.

ഗദ്യമെഴുത്തുകാരോ ഇതിലൊക്കെ വിശേഷം! നോവലെ
ഴുതാൻ മത്താണുവമയോ ഇംഗ്ലീഷുനോവലുകളോ ഉള്ള കാലം
വരെ പ്രയാസമേ ഇല്ല. „കുളത്തിൽ പോയതും നീക്കോലിയെ
ക്കണ്ടതും“ ഒന്നാം അദ്ധ്യായം. „രേതൂട്ടം“ രണ്ടാമദ്ധ്യായം.
„നമ്പൂരിയുടെ വിഡ്ഢിത്വവും ചെങ്ങനെ ചെണ്ടകൊട്ടിച്ചതും
മൂന്നു്. നാലാമത്തേതു് „രോണ്ടിഉട്ടു്“ അഞ്ചാമത്തേതു് „മകൾ
തിരണ്ടതും മരുമകൻ വക്കീലായതും.“ * * *. „പറക്കോടിയുടെ
പരിഭ്രമവും പങ്ങന്റെ പരുങ്ങലും“ പത്താം അദ്ധ്യായവും
കഴിഞ്ഞു. ആവശ്യംപോലെ വർദ്ധിപ്പിക്കാം. അദ്ധ്യായങ്ങൾ

തമ്മിൽ ഒരുവിധം ഘടിപ്പിക്കയും ചെയ്യാം. അവസാനം, പറങ്ങോടിയ്ക്ക് ചങ്ങനം പണ്ടനം സംബന്ധമനേപഷിച്ചു പണ്ടൻ കായ് പറ്റിച്ചുവെന്നും വരണം. അതിൽ അവർക്ക് ചാപ്പനെന്നും ചീരവെന്നും പേരായി രണ്ടു മക്കൾ ഉണ്ടായി എന്നും അവരെല്ലാവരും ആയുരാരോഗ്യ സമ്പൽ ക്ഷേമാദികളോടുംകൂടി ചിരകാലം ജീവിച്ചിരുന്നുവെന്നും കൂടി ഉണ്ടായാൽ വളരെ വെടിപ്പായി. ആകപ്പാടെ ഒരു നോവലുമായി. പുസ്തകത്തിനു പേര് 'പറങ്ങോടിപരിണയം.'

ഇങ്ങനെ പണിപ്പെട്ട ഗ്രന്ഥമൊന്നു തീർത്തുകഴിഞ്ഞാൽ പിന്നെ ഒരു സർട്ടിഫിക്കറ്റു വാങ്ങാനുള്ള ശ്രമമായി. ഉദ്യോഗസ്ഥന്മാരുടേയോ കവിപുഷ്പഗവന്മാരുടേയോ വീട്ടനടകാവലാണു പിന്നത്തെജോലി. ചില കരുണാനിധികളായ കവിശിരോമണികൾ ശിഷ്യഗണത്തോടുള്ള വാത്സല്യാതിരേകത്താൽ അവതരികയിൽ ചില അനന്ദവും അനൗചിതവും ആയ സ്തുതിചെയ്തു, ഗ്രന്ഥകർത്താവിന്റെ ഊരും പേരും ജനിച്ച ആണ്ടുമാസം തീയതിയും രേഖപ്പെടുത്തി, ആചന്ദ്രതാരമേ സന്തതിപ്രവേശമേ ചിരംവാണു ജയിച്ചാലും എന്നു ആശീർവ്വം നൽകി വല്ലവിധവും ചിരമിതും. „കേസരി“ എന്ന പ്രസിദ്ധപ്പേരിൽ കേരളസാഹിത്യ നഭോമണ്ഡലത്തിൽ പ്രശോഭിച്ചിരുന്ന നക്ഷത്രം ഉദ്ധരിക്കുന്നതു നോക്കുക. „നിങ്ങൾ സദയം അയച്ചുതന്ന പുസ്തകം സസന്തോഷം കയ്യാറി. അപരിഹാസ്യമായ ഓരോ കൃത്യാന്തരബാഹുല്യം നിമിത്തം സരസമായും സരളമായും എഴുതിയിരിക്കുന്ന നിങ്ങളുടെ നിസ്തല്യമാചിരിയ്ക്കുന്ന പുസ്തകം കൂലങ്കഷായമായി വായിക്കാൻ ഏതൽക്കാലപര്യാന്തരവരെ അവസരമില്ലാത്തതുകൊണ്ട് ആകപ്പാടെസ്ഥൂലമായി ഒന്നു വായിച്ചു പരിശോധിച്ചു നോക്കിയതിൽ അപൂർവ്വമായ ചില സ്ഖലിതങ്ങൾ ഓർപ്പുമായി വന്നു പോയിട്ടുള്ളത് വേറേ ചിലമാന്യമഹാനാർ കരുണാസാകം സവിസ്തരം ചൂണ്ടിക്കാണിച്ചത് പിഷ്ടപേഷന്ത്രായേന ഞാനും ചവിതചർണം ചെയ്യേണ്ടതില്ലെന്നു വിശിഷ്ട പ്രത്യേകിച്ചു പ്രസ്താവിക്കേണ്ടതില്ലല്ലോ. കിംബഹ്നാ, മലയാളത്തിൽ ഗ്രന്ഥദൈർഘ്യം കുറവായിട്ടുള്ളത് എത്രയോ ശോചനീയമായ ഒരു കഷ്ടാവസ്ഥയായതുകൊണ്ടു അതിനെ നിവ്വില്ലമായി നിർമൂലം നിരാകരിയ്ക്കാനായി പ്രഖ്യാതവിഖ്യാതനായ നിങ്ങളുടെ

അത്രാത്തപരിശ്രമം വളരെ ശ്ലാഘനീയംതന്നെ. അതുകൊണ്ട് ഈ പുസ്തകം സർവ്വകലാശാലക്കാരും ബുക്കു കമ്മിറ്റിക്കാരും ഒരു പാഠപുസ്തകമാക്കി തീർക്കുമെന്ന് സഭയും വിശ്വസിക്കുന്നു.” നിരൂപണങ്ങളും ഏകദേശം ഈ മാതിരിതന്നെ.

തമിഴുപോയി സംസ്കൃതംവന്നു. സംസ്കൃതംപോയി ഇംഗ്ലീഷു വന്നു. മലയാളവുംപോയി. ഇപ്പോൾ ശേഷിച്ചുള്ളത് ഒരു അവിധുൽഭാഷ. ‘അസേ ഗുഡ് മാർണിങ് അഫയർസ് എങ്ങിനെ’ എന്ന മട്ടിലുള്ള ശൈലിവിശേഷങ്ങൾ സാഹിത്യ ഭാഷയിൽ കടക്കാതിരുന്നാൽകൊള്ളാം.

അന്നേദിവസം.

[വെൺമണി എ.സ്. ശങ്കരവായ്പർ ബി. ഏ.]

‘കുഞ്ഞുഗാഥാശീതി’

അന്നേദിവസമീലോകമശേഷവും
തന്നുടെ ധർമ്മം മറന്നുപോയി;
പാതിനിയുവാൻപോലു മരിയെന്റെ
പാളയിൽവീണിപ്പ വൈകിയിട്ടും.
കാൽച്ചുവടെങ്കിലും വയ്ക്കുവാൻ വയ്ക്കാതെ
കാലുകളയ്യോ! തളന്നുപാരും;
കണ്ണും തലയുമേ പുറിക്കറങ്ങിത്താൻ
കഷ്ടം! തളന്നുവശംകെട്ടുപോയ്.
ആശയപൊള്ളിയിലോകം വെറുത്തുകൊ-
ണ്ടാശു പതിച്ചേൻ ഹാ! ഭൂശയയിൽ!
അന്നത്തിൻ ഗന്ധമറിയാത്തപാളയും
പന്നൽത്തുണിയുമുണ്ടെൻ കൂട്ടരായ്!
കണ്ണനെപ്പൊറ്റിടത്തുണ്ടായ കൂട്ടർതൻ
കണ്ണുകളിക്കാഴ്ച കണ്ടതില്ല!
കാഞ്ചനപ്പൂങ്കുതിരോലുന്ന ലോകൈക-
ബാധവൻ പെട്ടെന്നൊളിച്ചുമാറി.
എല്ലാം തുലഞ്ഞുപോയെന്നവസാനമാ-
യെന്നമമാശ തകന്നുപോയി!
സൗരഭമോലുന്നാരേതോവിശദിതൻ-
മാരുതൻ വന്നടന്നെന്നപ്പൽകി;

ഏതൊരുതൃക്കളിൽനിന്നോമദംഗത്തിൽ
ശീതളമായൊരുനീരുചാറി;
മേലിൽനിന്നെന്നുടെ വായിൽച്ചുരുച്ചുറെ-
പ്പാലുചുരത്തിനാളേതോ ദേവി;
ദുഃഖാരശോകങ്ങളെല്ലാമൊളിച്ചുപോയ്
സർവാംഗത്തിങ്കലും ജീവനുള്ളായ്
പിതൃഷധാരയിലാറാടി നോക്കുന്നോ-
ളായോഷതന്നെ ഞാൻ കണ്ടതില്ല.
ബ്രഹ്മാണുമാകുന്നൊരാഴിയിലായവ-
ളേങ്ങോ മുഴുകിമറഞ്ഞിരുന്നു.

ഒരു പ്രഭാതം (ബാല്യവും യൗവനവും).

(പാത)

൧. എങ്ങുമെങ്ങും ചെടികൾ ചെറുചിട്ടി
ക്കൈകാൽ നീക്കുന്നു; മുരിതീക്കുന്നിതേ
ഒട്ടുണ്ണം പിതൃവുണ്ണം; പൂങ്കവിൾ
ത്തട്ടിൽ മഞ്ഞുനീർ കണ്ണുനീർകാണുന്നു.
൨. ചുറ്റുമോമനമല്ലികാവല്ലികൾ
പുഞ്ചിരിപ്പൂ നിലാവു തൂകീടുന്നു
മന്ദം മന്ദമുയന്നു തൈതൈന്നലിൽ
കൊഞ്ചിക്കൊഞ്ചിക്കളിച്ചു ചാഞ്ചാടുന്നു.
൩. അക്കന്നൊന്നെടുക്കാൻ കൊതിച്ചുങ്ങിനെ
നീക്കണമണിപ്പൊൻകരം നീട്ടവെ
ചന്ദ്രൻ ചുറ്റീടുമംബരത്തിലൊളി-
ഞ്ഞങ്ങു താരങ്ങൾ കൺപൊത്തിനില്ക്കുന്നു.
൪. കൊച്ചുകാലുകൾ വച്ചുവെച്ചാമന
പിച്ചുപിച്ചു നടക്കുന്നിളംതെന്നൽ
പൂച്ചെടിക്കൂട്ടരൊത്തു മലക്കാവിൽ
നീപ്പുളങ്കുകൾ വാരിക്കളിയ്ക്കുന്നു.
൫. രാത്രി ദേവിതൻ കണ്ഠസുത്രത്തിരു
വെള്ളമുത്തുന്നു. തിന്നതെല്ലാമിതേ
പുല്ലറമ്പിൽനിന്നു, പ്പലരികൾ
തൃക്കരത്തിലാക്കുന്നു തെരുതെരെ.



- ന. ഉഴഴിമാതാവിന്തലുപ തുണാങ്കര
ക്കോരമയിക്കൊണ്ടിളംതളിർ മേനിയിൽ
ചിന്നിടുന്നിതാതുവേർപ്പണികൾപോൽ
മഞ്ജുളം കുളിർമഞ്ഞുനീന്തുളളികൾ.
- െ. പച്ചപ്പൽപടർപ്പാളുനിടങ്ങളിൽ
സ്വമന്ദമക്കുഗോക്കുരമേയുന്നിതേ
ഒട്ടൊളിഞ്ഞിന രാഗസുഭഗകൾ
കൊച്ചുരുവികൾ പാടുന്നമഞ്ജുളം.
- വ. അടുമിങ്ങു „മളിവണ്ണ്“ നാലസൽ
പൂവൊളിപ്പാഞ്ചജന്ത്രം മുഴക്കുന്നു
ബാലവല്ലവീവല്ലരീതോരമു
ല്ലോലലീലാലസനായ് ചമയുന്നു.
- ൻ. ദിഗ്വിലാസിനാമേശലിമാർ പൂമണ
പ്പെണ്ണുപലരൊളിച്ചുനന്നം പൂശുന്നു.
കോകിലാലാപമാധുരിതുകുന്നു
ഗുത്തമാടുന്നലകം മയങ്ങുന്നു.
- മ 0. നല്ലുകെഴുപീലിമിനുക്കിത്തൻ
കണ്ണനാളതെളിച്ചുയർത്തിഭൂതം
അന്തികത്തിൽ പ്രിയയുമായ പ്രേമശിയിൽ
സഞ്ചരിക്കുന്നു പൂക്കോഴി പൂക്കാവിൽ.
- മ മ. പൊന്മയവരിനെന്മണി തിന്നിതാ
വന്മരക്കൊമ്പിലാൻമന്നാൻകിളി
ആലസ്യംപൂണ്ടുമേവുന്നകണ്ടുടൻ
പൈങ്കിളി ത്തയുൽ പാടുകൾപാടുന്നു.
- മ മ. ചെന്തളിർക്കരം വീശിപ്പണൻ പൂ-
മന്ദഹാസമുതിർത്തുതിത്തങ്ങിനെ
സൗരഭസ്സേഹമാൻമാപ്പമര-
ക്കാമുകരോടു വല്ലികൾമന്ത്രിപ്പു.
- മ ന. ലോകമൊന്നുപോലാന്നുനിസ്സവിൽ
നീന്തിനീന്തിമനമയക്കുന്നുമെ
ബാലുകാലമെ! സംസാരസ്വർഗമെ!
യൗവനമെ! ജയിയ്ക്കു! സന്തോഷം.

ശുഭം.

ജി. 7

പി. ആർ. നാരായണകയ്മരം,
നീന്തിയർ ബി. എ. ക്ലാസ്സ്.