H. H. The Maharaja of Cochin

(In Attachamayam Robes.)

THE

Maharaja's College Magazine,

ERNAKULAM

Editor :— P. Sankaran Nambiyar, M. A.

Vol. IX. | October 1926 | No. 1.

KINGSHIP

(A HISTORICAL STUDY)

BY P. S. RAMAKRISHNA IYER, M. A., L. T.

I

INTRODUCTORY

WHEN I was honoured by the Editor of this magazine with a request to contribute a paper to this Birthday Number and that, on a subject appropriate to the occasion, however much I wished to oblige him, it was a matter of no little difficulty for me to comply with his request, especially in view of the second condition imposed upon me. After a great deal of cogitation I at last succeeded in pitching upon a subject — 'Kingship, in the light of history' — which, I believe, will not be wholly out of place in a number connected with the birthday of a ruling prince.

Kingship, as is well-known, is an institution of most hoary antiquity in all countries and is well deserving of a detailed and dispassionate study. While in most other countries the institution has been submerged in modern times under a flood-tide of democracy and, if not totally extinct, lingers, but as a shadow, in our own country, we have to-day a glorious galaxy of ruling princes who, even in their condition of restricted liberty, carry on activities and maintain traditions which must shed lustre on any royal dynasty. For us, Indians, with our immemorial traditions of kingly rule, the subject cannot but be of special interest and importance.

It will be my purpose in this thesis to trace the origin and evolution of kingship in primitive society, to consider its importance as a disciplinary and progressive force in the period of its dawn, to examine the theory and practice, the ideals and character of kingship in ancient Greece and Rome and in ancient India, to dwell on the political ideals of the Middle Ages in relation to kingship and the forces affecting it one way or another, to trace the development of absolute monarchy from the 16th century, in relation to its causes and effects and, lastly, to expound the

causes leading to the decline and decay of monarchy in modern times and the progress of democracy. The merits and demerits of monarchy as a form of Government in comparison with other forms will also be considered in the course of this paper. Here, then, is a wide range of topics to be traversed which would afford ample materials even for a volume. Recognising fully the limitations of an essay as well as my own inability 'to rise to the height of this great argument,' I shall still strive to dwell in sufficient detail on the various topics avoiding undue brevity on the one hand and undue elaboration on the other.

II

PRIMITIVE SOCIETY

At the very outset, let us try to know something about the condition of primitive society, prior to the rise of kingship or any political organisation. It must be confessed that there is hardly any direct knowledge available to us on the subject for there are no records of any kind now extant in connection with the primitive pre-political condition of mankind when there were no rulers, and no laws and 'wild in woods the noble savage ran.' But there are a great many primitive aboriginal races scattered about in various parts of the world to-day — in America, Africa, India, Australia, Melanesia, Polynesia etc. and in view of the fact that some of these races have continued, in their sequestered haunts almost in a state of nature, unchanged and unchanging, for centuries, they may well be taken as living specimens of primitive humanity. Thanks to the assiduous labours of anthropologists and the faithful accounts of travellers, we have been furnished with a mass of interesting knowledge about these races which, throwing ourselves back in imagination into the dim and distant past, we may largely apply to the ancient humanity. The characteristics of life of the savage, unpolitical communities of to-day may be supposed to have largely been those of ancient savage communities as well. Let us now try to understand the type of social life and organisation of one of the lowest and most primitive races of to-day — the Australian race.[1]

'It is the custom to speak of the Australians and other savages as living in tribes . . . It would really be better to call it the *pack*; for it far more resembles a hunting than a social organisation. All its members are entitled to a share in the proceeds of the day's chase and, quite naturally, they camp and live together. But they are not sharply divided for other purposes from other packs living in the neighbourhood.

The real social unit of the Australians is not the "tribe" but the *totem group*. The totem group is primarily a body of persons distinguished by the sign of some natural object (such as an animal or tree) who may not intermarry with one another. In may cases membership of the totem group is settled by certain rules of inheritance, generally through females.

The Australian may not marry within his totem. "Snake may not marry snake; Emu may not marry Emu." That is the first law of savage

(1) For some interesting details of this race, the reader is referred to Edward Jenk's *The History of Politics* and *The State and the Nation*. (*Part I. Ch. II*).

social organisation. Of its origin we have little knowledge but there can be little doubt that its object was to prevent the marriage of near relations....

The other side of the rule is equally startling. The savage may not marry within his totem but he must marry into another totem specially fixed for him. More than this, he not only marries into the specified totem but he marries the whole of the women of that totem in his own generation....Of course it must not be supposed that this condition of marital community really exists in practice. As a matter of fact, each Australian contents himself with one or two women from his marriage totem. But it is a fact that an Australian would see nothing wrong in a man living as the husband of any woman of his marriage totem, provided she were of his own generation.

Some classification is necessary to distinguish the different degrees or generations within the totem group; and this is one of the objects of the mysterious *corroborees* or ceremonial gatherings which play so large a part in the life of the savage....At these ceremonies, often lasting for several days, the youths and maidens who have attained to maturity are initiated into some of the mysteries of the totem, often to the accompaniment of painful rites. It is possible that on such occasions the initiated are subjected to tattoing, with a view of establishing their identity....

By this or some other artificial means, the curiously simple system of Australian relationship is constructed. All the women of his marriage totem in his generation are a man's wives; all their children are his children; all the members of his totem in his generation are his brothers and sisters (whom he may not marry); all the members of his mother's totem are his parents (for descent is nearly always reckoned through females). Parent, child, brother and sister are thus the only relationships recognised....

It has been suggested by recent observers that the Australian believes himself to be, in some mysterious way, the offspring of his totem. There can also be little doubt that in some cases, at least, the totem is an object of worship, a fetich which will deal destruction if the rule of the intermarriage is not rigidly observed. It is somewhat significant to notice that the savage's view of his deity is usually that of a malevolent Power, dealing disease and death and thirsting for human blood....

Closely connected with this view is the savage's rudimentary notion of Law. With him it is a purely negative idea, a list of things which are prohibited or *taboo*. The origin of these prohibitions is often ludicrous but they are generally found to be connected with the apprehension of danger. A man is walking along a path and is struck by a falling branch. Instead of attributing the blow to natural causes he assumes it to be the result of the anger of the Tree-spirit, offended by his action in using the path. In the future that path is *taboo* or forbidden .... The practice of bringing alive a victim in the foundations of his house as a sacrifice to the Earth-spirit whose domain is being invaded is widely spread in savage countries...' (Jenks).[2]

(2) Jenk's *The History o Politics.*

The above is a fragmentary picture of one of the savage races of modern times — the Australian natives who are not yet politically organised. Many of the features of this type of life will, however, be found to hold good in spite of many differences of detail that are generally found to exist as between one community and another.

The broad, salient features of primitive society and organisation may now be summed up :—

In the first place, it may be observed that the members of the community are in *the hunting stage* and lead mostly a precarious, squalid existence, indulging not un-often in wars and murder and even cannibalism. The savage's food supply is limited to the products of the earth ; in ordinary life he goes about stark naked and where the rigours of the climate compel him to cover himself, his clothing is still extremely limited in scope and represents barks of trees or skins of wild animals: his dwelling is rudimentary in the extreme, being a ready-made cave or a rude hut.

Secondly, the unit of primitive society is not the individual but *a group* — a hunting pack or a totemistic group — a fact which is at daggers drawn with the assumption of individualism involved in the Social Contract Theory.

Thirdly, in many cases primitive society is *matriarchal*, that is, descent, relationship and inheritance are reckoned through females. It is held by certain authors that the matriarchal system is the most primitive and that the patriarchal organisation which is more advanced was gradually evolved from it as a result of new conditions. This view, however, has not been accepted on all hands.

Fourthly, there is no system of settled or permanent marriages in these communities. The system that obtains is one of sexual promiscuity —polygamy and polyandry combined — regulated or unregulated.

Fifthly, these communities have no government, no chiefs, no laws except perhaps a few customs in the shape of *taboos*. Their religion is a sort of fetichism or worship of external objects such as plants, trees, animals etc. They also believe in the existence of spirits — mostly malevolent spirits — which must be propitiated by all means.

It has been pointed out by Jenks that, owing to the domestication of animals and the adoption of pastoral pursuits, the matriarchal groups of primitive society were slowly and gradually transformed into families of the patriarchal type. The rise of the patriarchal family organisation undoubtedly marks a new and more advanced stage in social evolution. The various stages in this transition have been admirably elucidated by Jenks in his books referred to already. The domestication of animals is followed by pastoral pursuits. This leads to the acquisition and even accumulation of property in the shape of flocks and herds and to the consequent predominance of the male as the acquirer and protector of the property. For the rearing of the live stock there is a greatly increased need for labour and this naturally leads to a system of permanency in marriage — monogamy or polygamy — so that the husband may have a right for the entire labour of his wife or wives and children. Thus a patriarchal family is brought into existence, with the husband as its central figure and his wife and children living under his roof and subject to his authority.

The connection between the adoption of pastoral pursuits and the rise of the patriarchal system is supported by Herbert Spencer and many other writers. Thus writes the former [1]: 'It was shown in para 319 that when men passing from the hunting into the pastoral stage, began to wander in search of food for their domesticated animals, they fell into conditions favouring the formation of patriarchal groups. We saw that in the primitive pastoral horde, the man, released from these earlier tribal influences which interfere with pastoral power and present settled relations of the sexes, was so placed as to acquire headship of a coherent cluster; the father became by right of the strong hand, leader, owner, master, of wife, children and all he carried with him.....Not only the Semites, Aryans and Turanian races of Asia have exemplified this relation between pastoral habits and the patriarchal organisation but it recurs in South African races.'

III

THE RISE OF KINGSHIP

In this connection, certain theories have been adduced by the political thinkers and philosophers of the past, of which the theory of Social Contract is the most prominent. According to this theory, man originally lived in a state of nature which in the opinion of Hobbes was one of savagery and strife and in that of Locke was one of equality and freedom but still unsatisfactory. The state of nature having become unbearable, the members of society met together and entered into a contract by which they formed themselves into a body politic and established a government which, according to Hobbs, was an absolute monarchy with irrevocable sovereign powers, and according to Locke, only a limited monarchy in the nature of a trusteeship. It will thus be found that by exponents of the Social Contract Theory like Hobbes and Locke, the origin of kingship is traced to a social contract. The theory finds a place in Sanskrit Literature also. The following passage adumbrating it occurs in the Maha Bharata [2]. 'If there were no king on earth for wielding the rod of chastisement, the strong would then have preyed on the weak after the manner of fishes in the water.' The *matysa-nyaya* is a favourite maxim with Hindu authors and is constantly repeated by Manu, Kautilya, etc. The theory, as an explanation of the origin of government or of kingship, has however been rejected in modern times as being unhistorical and untrue.

Kingship, like every other institution, must be regarded as a growth, the outcome of a process of evolution. To understand its origin, we have to go back to the patriarchal family which in the case of all peoples that have made the greatest progress and contributed most to modern civilisation is found to be the root, the starting-point of their organisation. The patriarchal state with the bond of kinship uniting its members may in fact be regarded as an evolution from the patriarchal family or at least as being organised on its basis. The family in course of time expands into a gens or clan, (that is, an aggregate of families); an aggregate of gens makes a tribe. The patriarchal organisation of the family becomes the

(1) H. Spencer, *Political Institutions* (p. 342).

(2) The Mahabharata—*Santi-Parwam* (V. 16).

model for the organisation of the gens and the tribe as well. The patriarchal chief of the tribe is the counterpart of the patriarch of the family; the position and powers of the former are largely based on those of the latter. In this connection, this is what Woodrow Wilson observes [1] ' Government must have had substantially the same early history among all progressive races. It must have begun in clearly defined family discipline. Such discipline would scarcely be possible among races in which consanguinity was subject to profound confusion and in which family organisation therefore had no clear basis of authority on which to rest. In every case, it would seem that the origination of what we should deem worthy of the name of Government must have awaited the development of some such definite family as that in which the father was known and known as ruler, whether or not the patriarchal family was the first form of the family, it must have furnished the first adequate form of government.'

In connection with the rise of permanent political headship, the patriarchal system is specially noteworthy. The matriarchal system is hardly conducive to the stability of such headship. As a consequence it is found that along with descent through females, there either goes no chieftainship or such chieftainship as exists is established by merit or if hereditary, is usually unstable. The Australians and Tasmanians supply typical instances. On the other hand, succession in the male line is found to be more conducive than any other to the stability of political headship. The following is the explanation given by Herbert Spencer [2] :— ' Of probable reasons for this, one is that in the patriarchal group, as developed among these pastoral races from which the leading civilsed peoples have descended, the sentiment of subordination to the eldest male, fostered by circumstances in the family and in the gens, becomes instrumental to a wider subordination in the large groups eventually formed. Another probable reason is, that with descent in the male line there is more frequently a union of efficiency with supremacy. The son of a great warrior or man otherwise capable as a ruler, is more likely to possess kindred traits than is the son of his sister; and if so, it will happen that in those earliest stages when personal superiority is requisite as well as legitimacy of claim, succession in the male line will conduce to maintenance of power by making usupation more difficult.'

So much about the patriarchal origin of kingship. It must not, however, be supposed that this is the only origin. In fact, different causes might have operated in different cases to bring about political headship. Even in modern times, in the case of many primitive tribes, we find the phenomenon of the rise of headship taking place for some reason or other. An examination of these phenomena is likely to be helpful in the elucidation of certain other factors that have contributed to the rise of chieftainship or kingship.

In the first place, it is found that the demands of constant and continual warfare often lead to the rise of permanent headship. When a tribe is threatened by danger or involved in war it is driven by necessity, with a view to ward off the danger or to conduct the war, to appoint a leader uniting in himself lively vigour and courage. The continuity of war con-

(1) W. Wilson, *The State* (p. 13).

(2) H. Spencer *Political Institutions* (pp. 347-348.)

duces to the permanence of chieftainship. With increased influence as successful military leader, the chief also gains influence as civil head. 'War begets the king.' In the case of many tribes and peoples, we find that there is a union between military supremacy and political supremacy, that the king is also the supreme commander. The influence of war on the rise of kingship is thus pointed out by Sohm in the case of the primitive Germans :— 'The kingship became united with the leadership of the army (became permanent) and as a consequence raised itself to a power in the State. The military subordination under the king-leader furthered political subordination under the king ..... Kingship after the Roman invasions is a kingship clothed with supreme rights — a kingship in one sense.'

Secondly, we find in the case of many tribes that the medicine-man or magician, naturally holding a predominant position in the tribe, sometimes acquires, or is elevated to, the position of kingship. It has already been observed that the primitive man has implicit faith in the existence of spirits — the spirits of the dead and the spirits of nature. It cannot be difficult to understand that the medicine-man professing ability to control them by means of his sorcery and inspiring faith in his pretensions, naturally comes to be regarded with mysterious awe and acquires unique influence. There is nothing, it is believed, which a conjuror cannot effect. He can bring about rain or drought, inflict disease and death, stay the tide or still the storm. 'Though the Tasmanians were free from the despotism of rulers, they were swayed by the counsels, governed by the arts or terrified by the fears of the *medicine-men.*' A chief of the Haidas 'seems to be the principal sorcerer and indeed to possess little authority save from his connection with the preterhuman powers.' Of the founder of the Mexican power we read that 'a great wizard he had been and a sorcerer.' Of Solomon it is said that he was not only king of the whole earth but also reigned over devils and evil spirits and had the power of expelling them from the bodies of men and animals and also of delivering people to them. 'Thus one important factor in the genesis of political headship originates with the ghost-theory ..... Generally the chief and the medicine-man are separate persons ..... But where the ruler joins with his power naturally gained this ascribed supernatural power, his authority is necessarily much increased.'[1] What has taken place in comparatively modern times must have taken place in ancient times as well under similar conditions and it may therefore be imagined that in times primeval, many chiefs or kings might have developed out of medicine-men.

Thirdly, religion too has played a vital part if not in the actual origination, in the strengthening and exaltation of kingship. A feature of the religion of primitive man is the worship of ancestors who are deified. The living ruler comes to be regarded as descended from a deified ancestor, a god, and thus endowed with his supernatural powers. His position is thus not a little strengthened and exalted. In many ancient communities it is further found that the ruler is regarded not only as a descendant of the gods but as god himself. It was so with the ancient Peruvians, the ancient Egyptians, to some extent with the ancient Indians. The king

(1) H. Spencer *Political Institute* (p. 341).

was invested with the halo of divinity and his authority had a divine sanction. Natural power was thus reinforced by supernatural power. The king is the high-priest of the tribes and rules not only the bodies but the souls of men. 'In early socieity,' says Dr. Fraser,[1] 'the divinity that doth hedge a king is no mere figure of speech.' Another famous writer proceeds to say that with the ancients 'the stock was a religious community, the king a Pontiff, the magistrate a priest, the law a sacred formula, patriotism piety and exile excommunication.'[2]

Fourthly, the rise of a political consciousness must also be considered as an important factor in the origination of kingship, or, we may say, the State. Amongst very primitive peoples, this consciousness is entirely absent. It is only as they advance economically and otherwise that they slowly begin to realise the necessity for some sort of organisation and authority, to secure peace and order and security of person and property amongst them, to protect them from danger, internal and external, and to promote their material and moral progress along healthy lines. 'No aggregation of people could long exist without some form of association, of communication and of more or less co-operation .....' Increasing contact of man with man compelled some sort of regulation concerning personal relations. As wealth increased in the pastoral and agricultural stages, some regulation concerning things as well as persons was needed. Thus arose crude beginnings of law and government, and as economic life advanced, more definite and authoritative regulation was needed.'[3]

IV

THE VALUE OF KINGSHIP IN EARLY TIMES.

However much the institution of kingship might be discredited or disparaged in modern times, however much despotism might be abhorred as a pernicious and poisonous growth the fact cannot for a moment be denied that in ancient communities just emerging from savagery into the dim light of civilisation, monarchy, even despotism, was an institution of supreme value, and a potent instrument of progress. Monarchy was then the only form of government that was possible or desirable; it was the only alternative to anarchy. If democracy is the watchword of civilised nations to-day and has made or is making strident progress everywhere, it should not be concluded that it is equally possible or desirable in all ages and countries and in the case of all nations or communities. Even in modern times the institution cannot be said to have shown equal success, beneficence or utility in all countries and there are backward communities or peoples to which it cannot be applied.

In fact, there are certain conditions indispensable amongst a people for the successful working of democracy — a consciousness of national unity, public spirit and patriotism, capacity for public service and sacrifice,

(1) For an elaborate treatment of this topic with a wealth of illustrations the reader is referred to J. G. Fraser's *Golden Bough* as well as his smaller works, *Psyche's Task* and *Lectures on the Early History of the Kingship.*

(2) Fustel de Coulanges— *The Ancient City* (by W. Smell), pp. 51—52.

(3) Gettel's *Introduction to Political Science* (p. 46.)

union and co-operation, the absence of local, communal or sectarian jealousies, a certain standard of culture and education, a long course of practical training in self-government in more limited spheres, etc. Only if conditions like these are present in a country, democracy can be expected to succeed there or at any rate its full benefits will be realised. In the case of primitive communities just emerging from the slough of barbarism what they needed most was a training in discipline and obedience to authority. It was the iron hand of despotism that welded these communities into unity, gave them peace and order and made them capable of progress. 'A single-minded resolute man was infinitely more useful than the timid and divided counsels of the elders. The community then grew by conquest and other means both in population and wealth, two necessary elements in moral and intellectual advance. Despotism, at this stage, as in more advanced stages, was the best friend of progress and liberty, for it provided the means of advance and gave scope for the development of individuality.'[1]

This is what Herbert Spencer writes in this connection![2] — 'The evidence obliges us to admit that subjection to despots has been largely instrumental in advancing civilisation. Induction and deduction alike prove this. If, on the one hand, we group together those wandering headless hordes which are found here and there on the earth, they show us that in the absence of political organisation, little progress has taken place..... If, on the other hand, we glance at those ancient societies in which considerable heights of civilisation were first reached, we see them under autocratic rule. In America purely personal government, restricted only by settled customs, characterised the Mexican Central American and Chibcha States; and in Peru the absolutism of the divine king was unqualified. In Africa, ancient Egypt exhibited very conspicuously this connection between despotic control and social evolution. Throughout the distant past it was repeatedly displayed in Asia, from the Accadian civilisation downwards; and the still extant civilisations of Siam, Burma, China and Japan re-illustrate it. Early European societies, too, when not characterised by central despotism, are still characterised by diffused patriarchal despotism. Only among modern peoples, whose ancestors passed through the discipline given under this solid form and who have inherited its effects, is civilisation being dissociated from subjection to individual will.'

To the students of ancient history, it must be well-known that it was under the fostering care of despotic rulers that civilisation grew up and flourished in ancient times in the valleys of the Nile, the Euphrates and the Tigris and many other regions besides. It was under autocratic rule that the communities settled in these regions, made advance in wealth and population, developed the arts of peace and war, founded temples, palaces and cities, cultivated astronomy, mathematics, medicine and other sciences, pursued an extensive trade by land and sea, as might be inferred from the many curious remains and relics of their civilisation that are still extant. In ancient Egypt, the Pharaohs who were obsessed with a passion for

(1) Gilchrist, *Principles of Political Science.* (p. 91).
(2) H. Spencer, *Political Institutions.* (p. 361).

building, immortalised themselves by raising vast piles — the Pyramids, one of the wonders of the world — as their sepulchral monuments. 'The story of the Tigris and Euphrates civilisation,' writes Wells,[1] 'is a story of conquest following after conquest ..... Meanwhile the plough does its work every year, the harvests are gathered, the builders build as they are told, the tradesmen work and acquire fresh devices; the knowledge of writing spreads, novel things, the horse and wheeled vehicles and iron, are introduced and become part of the permanent inheritance of mankind; the volume of trade upon sea and desert increases, man's ideas widen and knowledge grows..... For four thousand years, this new thing, civilisation which had set its root into the soil of the two rivers, grew as a tree grows, now losing a limb, now stripped by a storm, but always growing and resuming its growth.' All this, let us note, went on under the rule of despots.

The King of Cochin and Kerala Overlordship

By K. R. PISHAROTI, M. A., L. T., F. R. A. I. (*Old Boy*).

Traditions and legends, as far as they shed any light on the history of Kerala, go to show that our land has at no time been lacking in some form or other of systematic Government. There are clues and suggestions which indubitably lead to the conclusion that Kerala has all along been enjoying the benefit of some kind of organised administration. At the very earliest period of which we know anything, Kerala was having a Republican form of Goverenment. This subsequently changed, yielding place to Brahmanical Oligarchy. When the evils attending upon such a form of Government grew, our wise forefathers discarded it and substituted instead the beneficent type of limited monarchy, in which the supreme head, religious and political, was chosen for a period of twelve years, from amongst the royalty on the east coast. Such appears to have been the form of government in vogue in Kerala in the beginning of the Christian Era — the Government of the Perumals — under which Kerala is supposed to have reached the zenith of splendour and glory. Even this supreme sway of the Perumals, remarkably beneficent as tradition makes it out, came to an end, and on its ruins sprang up a number of petty kingdoms of which the most important were the kingdoms of the Maharaja of Cochin and the Zamorin of Calicut.

It also appears more or less certain that we had from time immemorial some sort of central power in Kerala. Yet it has become the custom amongst the few historians who have devoted themselves to the study of our history to say that with the passing away of the Perumals, the country ceased to have any central government having an all-Kerala authority. This arbitrary conclusion, arrived at by our historians and repeated by them conventionally which is based not on records but on mere inferences, well and ill founded, does not appear to be quite tenable. A nation accustomed to forms of government characterised by a central authority, cannot be expected to give it up and substitute in its place a number of

(1) H. G. Wells, *The Outline of History* (p. 84).

petty independent kingdoms, which, as history elsewhere has proved, yield a plentiful crop of evils at all times in the shape of internecine quarrels. Moreover, clues, indeed, are not wanting which suggest that even during the post-Perumal period we had some sort of all-Kerala overlordship. The writer therefore believes that the break-up of the imperial sovereignty of the Perumals was followed not merely by the creation of a number of petty kingdoms but also by the setting up of an imperial overlordship. The change, then, appears to have consisted in setting up in the place of a limited monarchy a form of feudal overlordship — a type of government which under a capable suzerain is the most beneficent both to the country and to the people. Thus, then, with the passing away of the day of the Perumals there were brought into existence a number of independent kingdoms, all owing allegiance to an imperial overlord.

Of the kingdoms, thus created, it may be asked, whom did the Perumal raise to the position of the overlord? The more important of the kings that then arose, were the Perumpatappu Muppil and the Zamorin. Of these, the former appears for more reasons than one to have been the imperial overlord. For to him the last of the Perumals is reported to have given all the emblems of the all-Kerala overlordship, namely the imperial Crown and Sceptre, the jewelled necklace with pendant hung by gold chains, the imperial capital and the family shrine. And to him, therefore, it is legitimate to believe, all the Kerala chieftains were to swear the oath of fealty and allegiance. Thus even from *prima facie* evidence we are justified in holding that *His Majesty 'The King of Cochin' was the Emperor of Kerala.*

The all-Kerala overlordship that is thus believed to have belonged to the Cochin Royal Family is substantiated also by sounder and more positive evidence available from the Portuguese records. These generally refer to him as the 'King of Cochin' but sometimes also as the *Emperor of Kerala.* It is stated in the Portuguese records that 'The Kings of Cochin' were considered to be the *spiritual heads of all the Kings in Malabar,* that they had in former days some sort of *supremacy over all the Kings of Malabar;* and further that *all the Kings of Malabar had to get their investiture from the Kings of Cochin.* In support of this last statement, there has also been recorded an interesting practice about the Zamorin's coronation, which definitely shows him to have been a *feudal vassal* of the 'King of Cochin.' The Zamorin's coronation, according to these records, was to be conducted at the court, and by the King of Cochin. The heir to the musnad had to go to the latter, give up his kingdom in favour of his overlord, the King of Cochin, and then take it back from him after the coronation. During the ceremony he was to be seated on a marble slab, on which was to be engraved the name of the Zamorin and the date of his coronation. In later days, the ceremony used to be conducted at Palliyarakkavu near Cirakkal Palace in Rameswaram village at Cochin. Chafing at this continued exhibition in public of his vassalage to the King of Cochin, the Zamorin got the marble stone removed to the custody of the Raja of Idapally where he used to conduct the coronation subsequently. In the thirties of the sixteenth century, there was a Zamorin's coronation. As usual the heir-apparent came down to Idappally, but he was opposed by

the Portuguese and was defeated and forced to retire. The Portuguese further managed to seize the sacred marble and hand it over to the King of Cochin who deposited it in the Pagoda. Thereafter the Zamorin put a stop to the practice of getting himself crowned elsewhere; and built a temple near his own palace and used to be crowned there. This is an interesting record and it clearly attests to the feudal nature of the Zamorin's kingship and to the imperial overlordship of the Perumpatappu Muppil. When even the Zamorin, the most powerful of all the Kerala Chiefs, was himself the vassal of the King of Cochin and was forced to acclaim him as his overlord, the vassalage of the other kings need not be dwelt upon, for every other Malayalee chief was the vassal of either the King of Cochin or the Zamorin even during historic times.* It will thus be seen that the all-Kerala overlordship maintained for the Perumpatappu Muppil is not a matter of mere tradition and inference but is also borne out by authentic records.

Local traditions support and the old Portuguese records substantiate the thesis here developed, namely that His Highness the Maharaja of Cochin was originally the Emperor of all-Kerala. We shall on this occasion rest content with a passing reference to another annual function which His Highness has been discharging from time immemorial — a function which may be taken as a surviving relic of His Highness' all-Kerala overlordship. The function referred to is none other than the Attachamayam ceremony.

The traditional view is that this ceremony symbolises the Royal procession to Trikkakkara to take part in the annual festival of the Temple of that locality — a festival which every Malayalee chief was to attend. Some time later, troubles arose, and the King of Cochin who had started for the place had to retrace his steps. It is to symbolise this starting and returning that the ceremony is conducted even now.

This traditional view, however, is not an appealing one and does not stand a critical test. In the first place attendance at a festival cannot have any obligation attached to it, unless it be that the King himself was to take an active part in it. Moreover, one cannot understand why the King should have retraced his steps, when he ought to have hurried up and restored peace and order. Much less can we understand the *celebration* of what was in reality a political retreat. Secondly, a temple function cannot always be discharged in person, for a Hindu is now and then prevented from personally attending it on account of birth or death pollution in the family; in other words, attendance by proxy is sometimes inevitable in connection with the function. But the Attachamayam ceremony was never discharged by proxy, there is not even the trace of a tradition to that effect. Hence this function, annually discharged by His Highness the Maharaja, does not appear to have anything to do with attendance at a temple festival.

---

* No mention is here made of the Travancore Royal Family, because at the time we are speaking of and even long after, this was but a petty kingdom in South Kerala owing allegiance to the overlord of Kerala — a fact which is borne out by the Jewish copper plate granted by His Majesty Bhaskara Ravi Varma, King of Cochin and Emperor of Kerala. Vide IHQ. Vol. II. No. I pp. 84-85. It rose into power and influence only during the eighteenth century, becoming, however, the most important power before the close of the century.

From inquiries, it appears that the following may be laid down to be the salient features of this Royal ceremony. First, this is a function that knows no postponing or avoiding, there being absolutely no circumstances at all which may justify the non-performance of the same. Secondly, it is a function that must be discharged by His Highness the Maharaja himself. Thirdly, in its discharge no question of *Sudhi* enters. Fourthly, even the members of the Royal Family including the heir-apparent are to wait upon the Maharaja. Fifthly, it is not conditioned by place. These facts suggest that this is a function connected with the Perumpatappu Muppil Sthanam and that it is primarily and originally not religious, but must have been a political function.

It deserves also to be pointed out that His Highness wears on this occasion the coronation robes and jewels.† Again, just after His Highness has taken the Crown it is held to be very sacred to have a Darsanam of his royal person; and naturally enough, because Hindus look upon the Imperial sovereigns as but little different from the supreme Godhead. Further, at this auspicious moment are sounded *Vira Maddalam* and *Palli Sankhu*, which are held to be symbols of imperial sovereignty. And lastly, tradition has it that in performing this ceremony His Highness is coming out on a *Ghosa Yatra*, at the head of all the fifty-six royal chieftains of Kerala. These, therefore, we take as once again supporting the view that this annual ceremony symbolises the original assumption by the King of Cochin of the all-Kerala overlordship vested in him by the last of the Perumals — an overlordship which was actively exercised as late as the Portuguese period.

The New Thought Movement in the West

BY K. S. RAMASWAMY SASTRI, B. A., B. L.

We have been hearing of late a great deal about the New Thought Movement in the West. Though its origin and development are still too near to us to be studied scientifically and in a spirit of detachment, yet we can see in it the leavening of Western thought by Indian culture. Swami Vivekananda said well once : 'Like the gentle dew that falls unseen and unheard, and yet brings into blossom the fairest of roses, so has been the contribution of India to the thought of the world.' Though it is claimed for the New Thought Movement that it is only a Gospel of the return to Nature, yet the process and progression of thought underlying the movement are clear to our eyes and show that its real aim is to go forward and not to go back at all.

Everything depends upon what is prominently before your mind when you speak of Nature. Jesus gave the true key when He said: 'Except ye be born again as a little child, ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven.' Rousseau expressed one aspect of it when he said : 'Man is born free and yet everywhere he is in chains.' The secret of the higher life which is summed up in 'Nature' is the attainment of simplicity, of purity, of renunciation, of equanimity, of gentleness, of spiritual freedom through love. If civilisation draws the human spirit away from these qualities, if

† See portrait given in this issue.

it leads to the massing of men in towns forgetful of the busy peace of Nature, if it deadens the souls of men with the oppressive and heavy monotony of work, if it leads to various forms of domination and exploitation, it is a disease and not a blessing. Edward Carpenter's *Civilisation Its Cause and Cure* aims at bringing these truths home to our hearts.

Edward Carpenter, Prentice Mulford, James Allen, Lily L. Allen, Orison Swett Marden, C. G. Leland, Ella Adelia Fletcher, W. J. Colville, W. W. Kenilworth, F. B. Wilson, Grace Dawson, and others have been the leading spirits of the New Movement. Carpenter once journeyed through India and has recorded his impressions in a marvellous book which shows how he has imbibed the higher culture of India. These leaders insist on rhythmic breath (yoga) and on meditation leading 'men away from the din and strife of tongues into the peaceful paths of stillness within their own souls.' They have realised and declared the great and wonderful powers of the human mind to uplift or depress oneself and others. They have taught the secret of health, power, success and happiness; they have emphasised the need for acquisition of spiritual power; they have shown the need for the realisation of perfect peace, and they have expounded the significance and value of the Law of Service and Sacrifice. We must cultivate the virtues of sympathy, forgiveness, purity, and helpfulness if we are to realise the highest in ourselves. We must at the same time develop our qualities of self-reliance and self-dependence, self-development and self-regeneration. The very titles of the books of these leaders of New Thought show their mental attitude to life. We have got James Allen's *From Poverty to Power, All These Things Added, The Life Triumphant, Byways of Blessedness, The Eight Pillars of Prosperity, Above Life's Turmoil, Morning and Evening Thoughts, The Mastery of Destiny, As a Man Thinketh, Out from the Heart, Through the Gate of Good, From Passion to Peace, Man King of Mind Body and Circumstance, Light on Life's Difficulties, Foundation Stones to Happiness and Success, Book of Meditations, Men and Systems, The Shining Gateway etc.* Lily L. Allen has written *Our Mental Children, In the Garden of Silence, The Might of Mind, One Life One Law One Love,* and other books. Prentice Mulford's great writings have been collected in many volumes. His essays on *The God in You, Positive and Negative Thought, Regeneration, God in the Trees, The Doctor Within, Faith, The Law of Success, The Healing and Renewing Force of Spring, Thought Currents, Woman's Real Power and Buried Talents* are of special value. O. S. Marden's *An Iron Will, The Power of Personality, The Hour of Opportunity, Economy, Cheerfulness as Life Power, The Miracle of Right Thought, The Secret of Achievement, Be Good to Yourself,* and other books aim at revealing and developing unknown but real and valuable elements of human nature. A specially high place must be assigned to Edward Carpenter's *Towards Democracy, Love's Coming of Age, Angel's Wings, Adam's Peak to Elephanta including a Visit to a Gnani, Iolans, The Promised Land, Charts of Labour, The Art of Creation, The Intermediate Sex, The Drama of Love and Death* and the *Healing of Nations.*

It is not possible to sum up their thoughts in the course of an essay. But we can indicate them and show also how we can perfect them by

going to the fountain source of Indian culture which has bubbled up in the West 'like fountains of sweet water in the sea.' Let us take Prentice Mulford's *The God in You* as an example. He says: 'As a spirit you are a part of God, or the Infinite Force or Spirit of Good. As such part, you have an ever-growing power which can never lessen and must increase.' Life aims at happiness and achieves it through inner growth. 'It is a law of Nature that every earnest call is answered.' Human thought is a power, a force, a maker. Do not self-hypnotise yourself by thinking or speaking of anything as impossible. To the Infinite there is no impossibility. God works in us and through us. Save yourself. 'We are all parts of the Infinite Power — a Power ever carrying us up to higher, finer, happier grades of being.'

This will suffice as an indicative description. I shall, however, refer here to a few other ideas to complete this small picture. Mulford points out how evil is only temporary. Dr. Rabindranath Tagore who sums up in himself the ancient Indian thought which includes and transcends the modern New Thought says about this in his *Sadhana*: 'For evil cannot altogether arrest the course of life on the highway and rob it of its possessions. For the evil has to pass on, it has to grow into good; it cannot stand and give battle to the All.' Mulford gives us a practical and wholesome and much-needed advice when he says that we must conserve and select. If you are positive, energetic, vibrant with power, you will be self-preserving and helpful to others. Otherwise you will be absorbing the evil thoughts of others and you will not achieve self-uplift or uplift of others. 'Proper association is one of the greatest of agencies for realising success, health and happiness.' Indian Thought has always sung the praises of *Satsanga* and *Sadhusanga* only on this account. The *Bhagawata says Mahatsevam dwaramahurvimukte:* (The service of the good and the great is the open door to liberation) Mulford says that when eating we must be in the mentally happy and receptive condition. Manu said the same thing in his well-known verses (chapter II, verses 54-55): 'We must revere our food always and we must eat it without censuring it. We must feel glad and calm and grateful at its sight. Food so revered gives us strength and virility. Unrevered food will spoil both strength and virility.' In his fine essay on *Positive and Negative Thought* Mulford says that in solitude we are in the finer and better world of ideas and hence feel invigorated and exhilarated. He says: 'The fountain of youth, and endless youth, is a spiritual reality, as are many other things which are deemed idle vagaries, and have been erroneously sought on the physical stratum of life. The fountain of endless youth, youth of body as well as mind, lies in the attainment of that mental attitude or condition which is instantly positive to all evil, cruder and lower thought, but negative or receptive to higher and constructive thought, full of courage, devoid of all fear, deeming nothing impossible, hating no individual, disliking only error, full of love for all, but expanding its sympathy wisely and carefully.' We must avoid hurry and worry — the twin arch-enemies of man in modern life. Weariness is only Nature's demand for rest, for being lifted out of the old ruts of toil. Take the medicine of solitude and of meditation.

In a suggestive essay on *Self-Teaching* Mulford tells us about the art of learning how to learn. It is never too late to learn. Wordsworth has well said : 'We live by admiration, hope, and love.' The secret of learning is there. The knowledge of others is valuable only as a suggestion. But the really valuable thing is self-realisation which when it becomes passionate and articulate is called genius. Desire is the true measure of achievement. Will realises itself in action. A masterful desire works and realises itself by mysterious processes even during our dream and sleep. Delight in work is the true secret. Make a recreation of all effort. Defect in expression or action is really a defect of will or desire in its outer embodiment. Art is needed because we possess a thing most and best when we love it and see its beauty. Dr. Tagore says in his *Sadhana*: 'A thing is only completely our own when it is a thing of joy to us.' Philanthropy which does not effect a mental and moral change gives only a temporary relief. But the self-realisations of the human spirit in science, art, and religion bring permanent joy and fulness.

Especially valuable is Mulford's essay on *Love Thyself*. He stresses those words in Christ's great precept, Love thy neighbour as thyself. We want a real love of the real self to better ourselves and others. True love uplifts. Its recipient is affected by the pure quality of our thought. 'How can we send the highest love to another if we do not have it for ourselves ?' We must realise what our body means in the economy of our higher life and the higher life of the universe. *Love Thyself* is not the same thing as *Please Thyself*. The miser does not love himself but his moneybags. The true lover of oneself loves himself as an expression of the Divine.

I shall refer here to a few miscellaneous thoughts contained in Mulford's works. He says that in the chemistry of the future, thought will be recognised as a substance. We must learn the art of forgetting — forgetting the thought-forces which are injurious to us. Mind is magnetic because it attracts the thoughts which it fixes itself upon or to which it opens itself. 'There is no limit in unseen nature to the supply of these spiritual qualities.' 'Intellect is not a bag to hold facts. Intellect is a power to work results.' 'Demand is the scientific basis of prayer. Do not supplicate.' The interconnection of things material and things spiritual is wonderful. 'There is not a thoroughly dead or inanimate thing in the universe but there are countless shades of life or animation.' Even a chair is the meeting point of the thoughts of its maker and its user. The atmosphere of thought subtly permeates everything. That is why a sick room depresses us. Purposive and happy life keeps as fresh while a monotonous life of worry and drudgery makes us prematurely old. 'We do not live on bread or meat alone, we live also largely on ideas.' Self-thinking is of more value than imbibing other's ideas like a sponge. The graft should not outgrow the original tree. 'The besetting error of our time is to copy or imitate other people's methods in everything, or to become blindly obedient to a book or the mind that wrote a book.'

In his essay on *Regeneration* he thus points out the difference between reincarnation and regeneration : 'Reincarnation means the total loss of one physical body and the getting of a new one through the aid of

another organisation. Regeneration means the perpetuation of an ever-refining physical body without that total separation of spirit and body called death ... Life is an eternal series of regenerations ... The new mind will bring the new body.' In his essay on *The Access of New Thought* he develops his idea of Thought Power. He says: 'New thought is new life ..... The author or poet is lifted into ecstacy of emotion by a new conception.'

A special reference should, however, be made to his essay on *God in the Trees* as it introduces the Western world to a new order of ideas which have been well known to India. He says: 'You are fortunate if you love trees, and especially the wild ones growing where the Great Creative Force placed them and independent of man's care.' He pertinently asks: 'Are our rivers, many of them laden with the filth of sewage and factory, and our ever-expanding cities and towns, covering miles with piles of brick and mortar, their inhabitants crammed into the smallest living quarters, honey-combed with sewers below, and resounding with rattle and danger above — are these really improvements on the Divine and natural order of things?' India knew and proclaimed long ago that the tree has got consciousness and that the sparing of the life of forests in a spirit of love and serenity is a means of mental healing and illumination. Sir Jagdis Bose has scientifically proved what Indian sages intuitively realised and taught long, long ago. Mulford says: 'You laugh, perhaps, at the idea of a tree having a mind — a tree that thinks. But the tree has an organisation like your own in many respects .... If you can look on trees as fit only for *timber* and firewood, you get very little from them.' Love them and you will be all the better for it. 'Cover the whole earth with cities, towns, villages, and cultivated fields, and we interfere with a supply of life-giving element which forests in their natural state only can furnish.' Dr. Tagore well says in *Sadhana*: 'Thus in India it was in the forests that our civilisation has its birth, and it took a distinct character from this origin and environment. It was surrounded by the vast life of Nature, was fed and clothed by her, and had the closest and most constant intercourse with her varying aspects.' Mulford says well that in towns dust and exhaled breath and smoke vitiate the atmosphere. 'We breathe each other over and over again.' Let us get into the open spaces of life and possess all things with love. Mulford says of the new temper that is to be: 'When the body is changed by our spirit and belief to finer elements *the stomach and palate will reject meat of every description.* It will not abide the taste or smell of slaughtered creatures.' This is what India has been telling the unquiet and mad world all along. He says again: 'The Christ of Judæa retired to the mountains to be reinforced by the Infinite. The Oriental and the Indian, through whom superior powers have been expressed, loved Nature's solitudes. There inspiration is born.

Thus the New Thought Movement is rooted in a new psychology and has a new angle of vision. James Allen teaches us that the lower man dreams that happiness is in the pleasurable gratification of desire and is thus imprisoned in desire, passion, and sorrow. But purity and goodness and joy are the real glories of the soul, and *Faith* is a steadfast belief in this truth. By meditation we soar into the heavenly world of love, light,

and life. The pathway of purity leads from passion to peace. Lily L. Allen (Mrs. James Allen) says in *One Life One Law One Love* :—

'But let us never forget we are one, for only in realising this unity can we hope *to know*. How can I love God but by loving Him in the universal All — in rock and plant, in bird and beast, and in my human brother ; until I have found Him in these, I search for Him elsewhere in vain.'

It is not possible to discuss here in detail the great works of Edward Carpenter. Here is the dedication of *Towards Democracy* and its message is plain enough :

'The sun, the moon and the stars, the grass, the water that flows round the earth, and the light air of heaven : To you greeting. I too stand behind these and send you word across them.'

The second prose-poem strikes the key-note of the work :

'I arise out of the dewy night and shake my wings.

Tears and lamentation are no more. Life and death lie stretched below me. I breathe the sweet ether blowing of the breath of God. Deep as the universe is my life — and I know it, nothing can dislodge the knowledge of it, nothing can destroy, nothing can harm me.

Joy, joy arises — I arise. The sun darts overpowering piercing rays of joy through me, the night radiates it from me.

I take wings through the night and pass through all the wildernesses of the world, and the old dark holds of tears and death — and return with laughter, laughter, laughter :

Sailing through the starlit spaces on outspread wings, we two —
O laughter ! laughter !! laughter !!! '

He then exclaims in a later poem :

'O freed soul! soul that has completed its relation to the body! O soaring, happy beyond words, into other realms passing, salutation to you, freed, redeemed soul!'

The following is the dedication of another series of prose-poems forming Part ii in the same volume :

'O freedom, beautiful beyond compare, Thy Kingdom, is established !
Thou with thy feet on earth, thy brow among the stars for ages as thy children.
I, thy child, singing day long, night long, sing of joy in thee.'

The following is the dedication of Part iii :

'We are a menace to you, Civilisation !
We have seen you, — we allow you — we bear with you for a time,
But beware, for in a moment and, when the hour comes, inevitably ,
We shall arise and sweep you away!'

In the dedicatory poem to the fourth part occur the following beautiful stanzas :

'Ah! surely, to have known and to behold
The beauty that within the soul abides,
For this Earth blossoms and the skies unfold,
For this the Moon makes music in the tides :
For this Man rises from his mould of dust,
Ranges his life and looks upon the sun
For this he turns and with adventurous trust
Forsakes this world and seeks a fairer one.'

Such illustrations of the gospel of the New Thought Movement can be indefinitely multiplied. But I have said enough above to show what are its real elements of power and beauty. Its oriental origin and inspiration are unmistakable. But it is incomplete and unsatisfying and has to be supplemented by the highest Indian thought. Its first deficiency is its deficiency in psychology. Though it has realised new and unsuspected powers of the mind, it has not understood the nature of the entire realm of mind. It is only Indian psychology with its crown in the system of

Yoga that gives us the fullest measure of knowledge on this matter. Another deficiency in the New Thought gospel is its inability to differentiate between mind and soul — a defect which is inherent in all Western systems of thought. Further, it has in it an ever-present danger of forgetting the limitations of life. Mulford's essay on *Regeneration* is an instance of this. Carrington and Meads quote in their book on *Death, Its Causes and Phenomena* the observation of Dr. William A. Hammond that 'there is no physiological reason why man should die,' and the statement of Dr. Monroe that the ' human body as a machine is perfect ; it is apparently intended to go on for ever.' They cite also the observation of Dr. Thomas J. Allen that ' the body is self-renewing and should not therefore wear out by constant disintegration.' This is indeed pushing the new thought to an absurd extreme. The Western energy and the Western love of life are responsible for this. But clear thinking minds should not live in a fool's paradise. 'Jatasyahi Dhruvo Mrtyur Dhruvam Janma Mrtasyacha' (Death is sure to him who has been born and birth is sure to him who has died) — declares the *Gita*. The passion for the prolongation of our bodily life is itself a hallucination. We can even in this life attain perfection. But self-realisation is of a different order of attainment altogether. Again, the New Thought Movement realises and proclaims the power of Thought. But it knows little or nothing about the culture and control and concentration of thought by practical methods. The Indian mind alone has discovered the use of Yoga, worship, meditation etc. as practical means to this glorious end ; last but not least must be mentioned the insufficient realisation of practical and systematic devotion as a means of perfection. The study of the gospel of the New Thought Movement leaves a predominant impression on the mind that it is really a manifestation of the will to power in the realm of ideas. It does not place sufficient emphasis on renunciation, and calm, regnant, receptive serenity. The realisation of God as the Power which has loved the world into being and which alone can make us by grace as perfect as Himself is what India has taught to the world. The New Thought Movement is good as far as it preaches self-reliance but it has to be supplemented by the great truth of the attainment of the highest self-realisations through self-surrender to God in a mood of measureless and ecstatic devotion. The privilege of the soul is not mere unending progress but the attainment of eternal perfection. Nature and human mind are valuable only as leading up to His lotus feet. H. W. Dresser says well in his book on *The Greatest Truth* :

> 'The sages of ancient India were believers in the inner illumination to such an extent that their whole philosophy was founded upon its revelations. All prophets, seers, and writers of sacred Scripture were believers in this inner sense, otherwise they would not have deemed it possible for God to communicate through them. Mingled with faith in God was therefore a noble self-reliance which Emerson so strongly inculcated. But, fortunately, emphasis was placed not upon the human but upon the Godward side. Thus these ancient seers teach us a lesson of receptivity, a lesson of great consequence in an age when there is a tendency to tamper with divine relation.'

The divine lips of Sri Krishna have declared to us in the Gita the twin aspects of truth, viz., self-reliance and God-dependence, in the precious lines : Atmaivahyatmano Bandhu: Atmaiva Ripuratmana : (The mind is the true friend of the soul ; and the mind is its real enemy). Sarvadharman

parityajya Mameva Saranam Vraja, etc. (Renouncing the manifoldness of Dharmas seek me as thy sole refuge. I shall release thee from all sins. Grieve not !)

Fulfilment

By P. G. GOPALAKRISHNAN, M. A., L. T. (*Old Boy*).

Love that withered ere it flowered,
Shall it wither root and all ?
Or within the heart embowered
Linger waiting one more call ?

Hope that perished soon as blossomed,
Shall it perish in its pain ?
Or in dark fate deep-embosomed
Startle back to life again ?

Youth that darkened in the dawn,
Shall its trail be only tears ?
Or waiting wisdom's richer morn
Find fulfilment in the years ?

Life that ends in vain endeavour
Ere its purpose is defined,
Is it lost in death's brief hour,
No hope, no being, the veil behind ?

Tho' missing here their use and goal
Not shadows these that flit and flee
From life to life they light the soul
Onward to the shining sea.

Our College Library

INSPIRED BY CH. I. OF 'PAST AND PRESENT.'

The condition of our Library on which large sums of hard cash and the ingenious labours of erudite Professors are expended year after year is justly regarded as one of the most ominous, and withal one of the strangest ever seen in this land. Our Library is full of books, of multifarious publications, supply for man's intellectual and emotional wants in every kind. Yet our Library is decaying of neglect! With unabated splendour, our Library blooms and grows ; teeming with gilt-edged books; thick-crowded with Quartos and Folios, Dictionaries and Encyclopædias ; with five hundred students, reputed to be the cleverest, the assiduousest and the willingest our State ever had ; these students are here: the fees they have paid the books they are to read, are here, abundant, exuberant on every hand of them ; and behold, some baleful fiat as of enchantment

has gone forth, saying, 'Touch it not, ye students, ye masterreaders, ye master-idlers; none of you can touch it, no man of you shall be the better for it; this is enchanted fruit!' On the weak '*thirty-five-percent-maniacs*,' such fiat falls first, in its rudest shape; but on the '*Distinction-maniacs*' too, it falls; neither can the strong master-idlers, nor any strongest or ablest student escape, but all are like to be brought low with it, and made 'weak' enough, in the intellectual sense, or a far fataller one!

Of these successful, skilful students, some thirty thousand, it is now counted, sit in Colleges, academic prisons, or have '*private coaching*' flung over the wall to them, — the College Bastille being filled to bursting and the strong academic need broken asunder by a stronger. They sit there, these many months now; their hope of deliverance as yet small. In *Extra Reading Classes*, pleasantly so named, because extra reading cannot be done in them. Five hundred students in our College alone! They sit there, pent up, as in a kind of horrid enchantment; glad to be imprisoned and enchanted, that they may not be hauled into fuming or formula-ridden cellars elsewhere. The Dilettante Educationist, in a sunny summer day, visiting this splendid College of ours, describes our Library Class, on his way:— 'Passing by the Library Class of the splendid-looking College of ....., on a bright day last summer,' says the picturesque Tourist, 'I saw sitting on wooden benches, in front of their full and heavily-laden book-shelves, a hundred and fifty or more of these young students. Lean, well-dressed figures, mostly in their teens; of pathetic countenance, many of them thoughtful and even intelligent-looking boys (and girls too). They sat there, near by one another; but in a kind of busy idleness which was very striking — some clandestinely carrying on confidential correspondence, some languidly glancing through catch-penny 'Made-Easies' and 'Cribs,' others cavalierly commenting on the oddities and mannerisms of their 'revered' Teachers, and still others in a state of listless torpor and sleepy silence, or doing in the corners mere *tacenda*. In busy idleness all: for, alas! what work was to be done! Majestic rows of books stretching all round, crying, 'Come and take me out, come and read me;' — yet we here sit enchanted! In the eyes and brows of these youths hung the gloomiest expression, not of anger, but of despair and pathos and manifold inarticulate illusions and fears; they returned my glance with a glance that seemed to say, 'Do not look at us. We sit enchanted here, we know not why. The book-shelves attract and the books call; and by the governing Powers and Impotences of our University, we are forbidden to obey. It is impossible, they tell us!' There was something that reminded me of Dante's Hell in the look of all this; and I strode swiftly away.'

So many hundreds and thousands sit in Library Classes; and other hundreds and thousands have not yet got even Library Classes; and in thrifty ..... College, in poor ..... College, in singular ..... College, there prevails utter contempt of extra reading of any kind. Competent witnesses, brave and scholarly Professors, report these things for us; these things are not of this year, or of last year; have no reference to our present state of 'Graduated Unemployment,' but only to the common state. Not in

sharp fever-fits, but in chronic gangrene of this kind is Education suffering. An Examination, any and every Examination, it may be observed, is but a partial test; a convenient make-shift, not an Educator: Intelligent and Dull, Strong and Weak, when once the naked facts of their conditions have come into collision, cannot long subsist together on mere Examinations. True enough:— and yet, students cannot be left unexamined. We too, till something better come, *must have* our Examinations. O, what a waste is there; of noble and thrice noble national virtues; student-Stoicisms, Heroisms; valiant manful habits, soul of a Nation's worth,— which all the prospective income of the Cochin Harbour cannot purchase back; to which the income from the Cochin Harbour and all you can buy with it is dross and dust!!

Why dwell on this aspect of the matter? It is too indisputable, not doubtful now to any one. Descend where you will, from the highest to the lowest class, in Madras or in the Mofussil, and apply any test you choose — essay, thesis, *viva voce*, catechism — the same sorrowful result discloses itself: you have to admit that the reading body of this intelligent student-population has sunk or is fast sinking into a state, to which, all sides of it considered, there was literally never any parallel. On Thursday last, during the '*Library Hour*,' two students of the Intermediate skulked away from the class when Mr. *Do-Nothing's* back was turned upon them once in the course of his supervisory parade up and down the Hall. The crime is detected, the culprits are arraigned, the guilt is proved, and the official Authorities suspend them for a fortnight each! And the official Authorities, it is whispered, hint that, perhaps, the case is not solitary, that you had better not probe farther into that department of things. This is in the summer of 192*. 'Worthless fellows! Irresponsible Chaps!' mutters the idle hearer of the news in the Professors' Common Room; hardly lingering on this incident. Yet it is an incident worth lingering on; the worthlessness and irresponsibility of students being never so well admitted. In the famous ... College, two grown-up students of the Intermediate Class, of fashionable dress and fine appearance, had done this thing; they with their worthlessness and necessity and irresponsibility, had been driven to do it! Such instances are like the highest mountain apex emerged into view; under which lies a whole mountain region and land, not yet emerged. Two College students had said to themselves, 'What shall we do to escape falling asleep and snoring in class? We are sternly cooped up here; and there is yet an hour more to four!—Yes, in the Library Classes of the College department, strange things happen; best-loved, honest K — is nodding and 'weighing tons': studious little S — is kissing the desk before him. If only we could get out of this hall, we might escape falling into such ridiculous plights!' What a committee of ways and means!

How came these things? Wherefore are they, wherefore should they be?.....

Nor are the students of the regular and 'Coaching Classes' the only unblessed among us. This beautiful Library of ours, with its plethoric supply of books, has as yet made *nobody* wise! It is an enchanted book-house, and belongs yet to nobody! We might ask, which of us has it

enlightened? We can copy from twenty where we once copied from two; but can become no *wiser* by them. In weak and strong, instead of thoughtful discrimination and careful assimilation, there is idle copying alternating with intellectual poverty and inability. We have sumptuous volumes for our learning, but have forgotten to learn from them. It is an enchanted wealth; no man of us can yet touch it. The class of men who feel that they are truly better off by means of it, let them give us their name!

Some teachers and students take home fine books, turn the pages of beautiful and ponderous volumes — with what advantage, they can report, and their Chums can; but in the heart of them, if we go out of the dyspeptic mind, what increase of the wisdom is there? Are they better, abler, cleverer, stronger? Are they even what they call eruditer?

Do they appreciate good books sincerely? Do they make others appreciate good books? Not so.....The Teacher-Reader is enchanted, for the present, like his Student-Reader... Poor Teacher-Reader! — And the Master—Unreader, is not he in a still fataller situation? Pausing amidst his class, with awful eye,—as he well may! Coercing poor '*Thirty-five-per-cent-maniacs*'; coercing, corrupting, cajoling; doing what he likes with the slavish tremblers. His mouth full of loud futilities and arguments to prove the excellence of his Library Class; and, in his heart, the blackest misgiving, a desperate half-consciousness that his excellent Library Class is useless, that his loud arguments for it are of a kind to strike students too literally dumb.

To whom, then, is this Library of our College a Library? Who is it that it blesses? Makes happier, wiser, abler, in any way better? Who has got hold of it, to make it fetch and carry for him, like a true servant, not a false mock-servant; to do him any real service whatsoever? ...We have more books than any students ever had before. We have less good of them than any students ever had before...In the midst of plethoric plenty, our souls perish. Have we actually got enchanted, then; accursed by some god?— P. S. N.

The College Girl

BY CAPTAIN A. R. PODUWAL (*Old Boy*).

When I was a student of the F. A. Class (in those days the term 'intermediate' was not in vogue in relation to class or sex) the young ladies of the country were considered fit only for modest education, and it was a rare sight to see any one of them in the higher classes. Science and Mathematics and advanced courses of History were regarded as cumbersome superfluities to grace the ultimate destiny of womankind — which was to get married. Philosophy was considered a dangerous subject, as it often led to unpleasant sequels. Logic was naturally repugnant to the sex, then as now; and as to literature, nobody ever cared to hear them talk of Cæsar or Desdemona at table. Their cultural horizon was, therefore, circumscribed within reasonable limits, and they always had time to darn a pair of socks, or stitch up a hole in the garment.

It was therefore, with a good deal of surprise, that I discerned two young ladies, on my entrance, sitting in the class, accommodated on a better scale than the general mass of students, with chairs and tables, and taking their seats a little apart. I noticed that there was a greater distance between the ladies, than between the ladies and young fellows; but whether they were placed on either side to keep up the symmetry of the classes, or there was an ulterior motive in so separating them, I could not say. It was impossible to state how old they were: but as ladies naturally do not grow older than twenty-five, we shall consider this minimum as the maximum of age allowable under the circumstances. They were clothed immaculate; and a delicate perfume, of indescribable sweetness, the finished product of rare exotic flowers, pervaded the whole atmosphere. I felt myself freeze, down to the marrow of my bones. Indeed, I prayed that my seat were placed as far away from them as possible. It was not a feeling of fear so much as unfamiliarity that made me think so. I was, of course, quite used to my mother, sister and girl-cousins, at home, and have often cracked a nasty joke with them. But two strange ladies in stranger surroundings was a new experience.

I had not taken to the serious study of sensational novels at the time; which generally give us particular help in finding out our real bearings with the earthly daughters of Eve, in flesh and blood. And beyond the little feminine collection of my own kith and kin before mentioned, the woman in literature I knew best was Cassim's wife in the *Arabian Nights*. Nevertheless, I think that in young fellows of any descent, respect for the other sex is a natural instinct; and one is very much afraid, what trait of conduct or method of behaviour, on one's part will be regarded by them with disfavour. It was some such feeling that made me wish for a respectable distance between our seats. But an inexorable fate so ordained it that my seat was so arranged as to make me look like a sentinel at the gate of a sanctuary.

Let me tell you that modern students are absolutely unfamiliar with the nature of my feelings at the time. They have got used to rubbing shoulders with the other sex, in the class and elsewhere; for their numbers have vastly increased now, and extensive isolations for them are possible only in open-air classes. The neighbourhood made me 'nervy.' I had learned a good variety of mannerisms, and some rude habits, which had become automatic; being hitherto unsophisticated by any discipline by contact with the female sex. I used to scratch habitually; there was no earthly reason for it. But now I had to forbear; and the thought made me absolutely scratchy from the crown of my head to the tip of my toe. I thought, I was sprinkled over with 'scratch-powder,' and my toe — O! what would I not have given to have a perfect scratch, at the nethermost point of my anatomy! And then again, I had the nasty habit of putting the point of my pen and my copying pencil in my mouth; it was a process that vastly helped the solution of various problems, and stimulated thought. I did not care getting dyed; but now the thing was unthinkable. I would look frights! I also used to lean my head to a side, and make imaginary letters with the tongue in the process of writing. I was afraid to do so now.

I remember, many times, my tongue slowly protruding for a little airing; but I often checked its advance, and tightly shut it up within the mouth.

You can now understand how stiff I felt at the time, and how I stammered when questioned in the class, instead of letting out a bit of my mind as has been my habit hitherto. What made me awfully uneasy was, that my fair neighbours used occasionally to cast a side-glance at the awkward booby sitting near her, to see what funny animal had made his perch there. She herself, for all that I could make out, was perfectly in her element. I felt very much like a fish out of water.

Luckily for me, there was one hour of perfect freedom, and then I let myself go. It was during the vernacular lesson. I was like an engine under high pressure; and during the period in question I blowed out all the excessive steam. The ladies, or the lady, my neighbour, had some other second language; if it were otherwise I would have burst myself into *smithereens* under the awful restraint.

Everybody has heard of the chastening influence of the sex. I consider them sharp-edged tools to round off the angularities of man's rough and rude nature. The process, of course, is extremely unpleasant till you get inured to it: but a time comes, when you feel you have been properly scraped down and polished, and you can make a decent appearance before the very best of them.

I do not know if it is worth while going through all this trouble to learn so little, as the cart-boy said when he came to the end of the alphabet. I thought at the time, however, that these lessons of restraint could very well afford to wait, and that without their presence, there would be much less distraction. But, as the reader may have already learned, I am a very poor judge on educational matters, especially the education of the sex, and of mixed classes in particular. It all depends on what the girls are up to. If it is for the sake of an honest, independent livelihood, I shall be the last man to deny them the privilege. If, on the other hand, it is to enable the feminine world to pitch up some one of their own against a man — scientist against scientist, historian against historian — from the Bureaux, then also, I have nothing to say in the matter. If their ambition is to become educated wives — domestic queens — and be something more than costly hobbies in the house — to give scope for complete realisation of the matrimonial life with enhanced value, the attempt is extremely laudable. But if they are striving to be *like men* — to usurp the place so magnificently occupied by the stronger sex, I consider their aspirations as ill-timed and ill-conceived; for I can foresee no wordly cataclysm that would convert a woman into a man — intellectually, physically or morally. Nature has fixed the barrier, once and for all. An intermediate sex may be created, something like the hypothetical 'missing link.' But the day when the woman becomes like a man is inconceivable; and if such a day should arrive, the world shall be all men. For, I have never yet heard of a man who wishes to become like a woman. I sometimes wished I could be a woman in the class, for she had the advantage of enjoying all the fun made at the expense of the male students, without herself being implicated in any one of them. Normally, however, I could not

be a woman for half-an-hour, for half the wealth of the world. It does not suit my Bohemianism.

But women and flowers are, perhaps, the handsomest of Nature's handiwork, and have much in common. For colour - effects, beauty, odour, and delicacy, the comparison is very close. Many creatures visit them both. It is often a delight at any gathering, after viewing the uncouth forms of the males, to rest one's eyes on the galaxy of women. They look like a bank of flowers variegated in form and colour — very neat and prim; and in my class the ladies looked like two beautiful flowers growing in the centre of a saw-pit. We were unspiritualised creatures, coarse and clumsy, with no artistic refinement in dress or manners. They looked, physically at least, the very pink of perfection!

Meantime, these positive goddesses began to take a human shape, and our acquaintance improved as the weeks rolled by. We had for prose one of the most romantic of Walter Scott's novels, and the students began to get infected with chivalry. Between ourselves, I can frankly say that I too felt the chivalrous spirit gradually creeping up, although I did not know how to give a practical demonstration of it. One day my neighbour dropped her pen, and made no attempt to recover it. She seemed quite accustomed to receiving such obligations, and I never habituated to so oblige a lady. I was hesitating what to do, when I was prompted to take it up from the ground and hand it over; a voice behind me whispered 'you, awkward thing, why don't you ——.' My response was instantaneous, and the whole class tittered. To this day I have not been able to understand the cause of this mirth. Even the teachers and professors often seemed uneasy in their seat, which was placed facing them. I would have turned into a stone if I was conscious of perpetually being watched by a couple of pairs of female optics. Every accent, every gesture had to be carefully executed, for the female brain sees comical peculiarities in men, which are generally invisible to the males. I particularly remember a teacher, who winced under the ordeal, and who kept coughing and cawing in the class, and exhibiting perpetual motion, as if he was being stung by hosts of bugs and mosquitos. He had been known as a good sport among the boys in the lower classes. But a couple of girls in the class were able to knock out all sportiveness out of him, and make him an exceedingly prosaic type of man.

Familiarity, they say, breeds contempt. I do not know about that. I think it produces a brood of the same species. Indeed, within the course of a few months, I grew sufficiently bold to ask the lady for a pen-knife to sharpen a pencil whose point I had deliberately broken. Often I went to the extent of substituting my impossible office-nib on her penholder, when it dropped to the ground; and consoled myself with the thought that a fair exchange was no robbery.

All these little incidents are inevitable results when mixed classes first begin to be instituted. But in course of time, when a fair sprinkling of ladies in the higher classes becomes the rule, instead of the exception, the students naturally forget the earlier troubles of the pioneers in this class of work. But I must say that we have set the process going, and the credit

belongs to us for its fair running in these days. We have practically cleared the mysterious paths that lead to a woman's sanctum, and the present generation of students must be thankful to us for all that we have done.

We are on the threshold of great developments in the organisation of institutions, where men and women can study on an equal footing, without any of those distractions which fat heads like myself had to undergo during the earlier days of the movement. And so far as the present generation of girls is concerned, there does not seem to be much room for such distractions either. I have been informed by the students themselves, than whom no better authorities on the subject exist, that the presence of girls in the class, singly or in groups, does not move a hair of their head. The young fellows see only students, not the sex, and that certainly is an improved angle of vision. I am told that, intellectually, our fair cousins are sometimes more than a match for their male compeers. Indeed their brains have developed enormously and seem to be pushing the hair out! That is probably why the traditional profusion of this appendage is dwindling, and we may shortly have the typical bobbed hair of the latest American pattern. Nature too seems to be aiding the emancipation of the sex by a process of selection. The less brainy among them have to try other means to accomplish their earthly mission; while the intellectuals are in a group by themselves, always striving to push away from those domestic ties which have hitherto held them in leash. When I saw in Fleet Street, a few years ago, a pretty big collection of this emancipated type, with foaming mouth, and staring eyes, their sleeves tucked right up to the elbow, with clubs and cudgels in hand, ready to break open post-boxes and shop-windows, I had a clear idea of the reaction after the years of subjection to which their great grandmothers had been put. Indeed, they had grown almost masculine in deportment, and I dare say they had learnt it from the boys. The modern development of woman by the process of education is going to work greater transformations. Still, in our social life, I can vaguely conjecture a time, when our women will be Justices of the Peace, and members of the Executive Councils; and we shall be sitting quietly at home minding our babies.

Nature is often very partial in her methods. She does not provide equally for brain and body. The one improves at the expense of the other to a certain limit. This would explain the physical qualities of our intellectual type of girls, who, as they grow in beauty and strength mentally, are seen to lose both in the body. This is only natural, and is the first stage in the evolution of a new type of womanhood for which a distinct name cannot yet be given.

Many of our College boys do not believe in what I have called the chastening influence of young ladies in the class; and some say they could give the girls points in behaviour. The advantage of mixed education is all on the female side, they say; they get free access into a scale of social stratum to which they were not admitted before. And further, as the female movement means, on the whole, an attempt to

'masculinise' themselves, the girls learn more from the boys than *vice versa*. Personally, I do not agree with these ideas at all. There is no question that the woman is a much more advanced specimen in the scale of social evolution, than man, if our theory of descent is true. Man exhibits a reversion to the type—bears a greater semblance to his ancestor, the anthropoid ape. This is evident from structural characteristics especially the *hair*; which most men possess in common with the higher apes. Women too grow hair in places where they ought not to have them — very much like men, but even here, the atavism is not marked. When it comes to other qualities, the voice and its uses, the extreme gregariousness of the sex, the emotional outbursts of their nature, and other functional characteristics, then, one may be in serious doubt whether my theory is correct.

A mixed class, however, ought to have nothing novel about it. The whole world is so mixed up in nature, and woman has thrust herself everywhere, where she is least expected, that the wonder is, how they were so long kept away. We have had this mixing up from the garden of Eden; and it was Eve who showed Adam first how to get out of Paradise. But for woman, the world would have been different; there would not have been a history of the world worth recording. And I suppose the same ideas that prompted mother Eve are working in the soul of every College girl; and the same hunger for the fruit of the *Tree of Knowledge* is prompting them to eat of the 'forbidden fruit' first, before passing the remnant of it to the man.

I have been told, from very reliable sources, that the ladies in the class have a better record to show than the boys. This record is in the form of observations on men and manners, and consists of impressions of professors and students, duly noted in their note books, in the form of sketches, properly subscribed and circulated like an enquiry coupon. These conjoint records, in which one may note all the elements of versatility, including art, humour, criticism and poetry, ought to be very valuable as excellent records of feminine impressions of masculine psychology.

I have hitherto deliberately omitted to notice some of the practical and useful results of the condescension on the part of the girls to attend the classes with the boys; for these results are only in anticipation, and would evolve, not abruptly, but by slow degrees, so that people will have some difficulty in making out who is the giver and which is the gift. The satiety of constant gazing is the least important of them. Young people, of either sex, between whom a barrier is placed for freer mingling, are naturally inclined to peep over the obstruction at the first chance, and many pathetic tales are on record of such experiments. But the 'mixture' wears out the novelty; either party knows that there were no heroes and heroines in actual life, but only in books; and the boys know, that every rose has thorns, whether manifest or hidden. That obsession of poets about 'ministering angels' and Venuses, and 'Patience on monuments,' will receive a proportionate value, and these will be found as much mythical as griffins and unicorns. This is a lesson for youth whose true importance can only be known in after-life.

From mixed society to mixed classes is a natural transition. and I would suggest some more 'mixtures' that would give a modern colour to the ingredients, and bring us up to date....Let the woman have a 'finger in the pie' everywhere, in the class and out of it; in sport, in social functions; even in those delicate matters of diplomacy by which the fate of Empires is decided. It is high time to have a female contingent, a phalanx of women-fighters, who might be trusted to use artificial weapons, with special directions to keep the natural ones for the home!

There is but one more scheme, that I would suggest, which would go a long way to make the privileges of the sexes alike. So long as they receive the same training, the same education, in the same institutions, the sexual disabilities are obviously getting exterminated, and both are pratically on the same plane of life. In order to annihilate the last remnant of a suspicious lurking difference, let the woman — I mean the educated academical woman — look at matrimony from the opposite point of view, and take the rôle of the hunter instead of the hunted; or if that is too aggreessive, let her come to an understanding with her mate, that they do their shopping independently; that they join their means together to support the family and provide for the generations to come. Such a result would be a perfect consummation of all our efforts spent on female education, and a proper solution of certain very pressing economical problems. I hope, our girl students in the mixed classes, would get so used to the other sex, as to consider it demeaning to be hanging on the males for support any longer, and that their years of training will give them sufficient stamina to overcome those rules of convention, which have for long provoked the secret idea among men that woman is the weaker vessel.

La Belle Muse Sans Merci

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE POET)

1. O, what can ail thee, studious youth!
   Before thy books repining?
   With lusty sounds of mirthful sport
   The playgrounds ring.

2. O, what can ail thee, studious youth!
   So desperate and so stricken sore?
   The Garden's greenery is full
   And the Monsoon 's o'er.

3. I see a storm-cloud on thy brow,
   With anguish dark and dismal frown,
   And on thy cheeks the crescent bloom
   Fast goeth down.

4. I met a lady on the beach
   Full beautiful, a royal ch
   Her form was fine, her f
   And her looks were mil

5. I offered her my health, my wealth,
My heart and soul and all
She greeted me as she did love
And made me thrall.

6. I set her on my swelling heart,
And nothing else knew many a day;
For always did she make me work,
With little play.

7. She found me books of relish sweet,
Plethoric 'notes' and 'lectures' few,
And sure in language strange she said
'I'll push thee thro.'

8. She took me to her languid halls,
And there she sang of rimes and runes,
And there she shut my ardent eyes
With droning tunes.

9. And there she lulled me asleep
And there I dream'd — Ah! woe befall!
The latest dream I ever dreamt
In the droning hall.

10. I saw pale B. A.'s, B. L.'s too,
Pale Doctors, death-pale were they all;
They cried :— 'La Belle Muse sans merci
Hath thee in thrall.'

11. I saw their starved lips gaped wide
With horrid warning, 'gainst the wall,
And I awoke and found me here
In the droning hall.

12. And this is why I sit alone,
Before my books repining,
Tho' with the sounds of mirthful sport
The playgrounds ring.

— P. S. N.

A Boating and Its Moral

M. KESAVAN NAIR, Class II

'Down went the *Royal George* with all her crew complete.'

I

It was neither last year, nor the year before last. It was, I think, some three years ago (or is it four?). Well, my kind reader will, I dare say, excuse my chronological inaccuracy on being told that the following incident was related to me by a friend who is as good of memory as myself. Besides I confess I am not one of those wonderful specimens of

history students who carry about on the tip of their tongue the exact date, month and year when the celebrated Mr. Jenkins lost his ear, and who can quote chapter and verse to prove that His Majesty Henry VIII had the same kind of golden beard as the French Monarch. Let us not, however, dilate on this point any more but come to the incident itself.

The mechanical pace of the khaki uniform eternally marching to and fro before the Governm ent Treasury at Ernakulam came to a sudden stop before the round-faced monster (who was, by the by, all face and no body) hanging down from a beam. The khaki uniform raised a hand and struck the monster thrice on the face and thrice the monster made a hoarse sound, the echo of which quickly spread around and reached the ears of three young men who were just emerging from the outer gate of the College Hindu Hostel. The three were dressed just as college students are dressed, who are neither too pretentious nor too miserly. Each of them wore a cloth, and a shirt of the fasionable 'banian' type. No slippers having imprisoned their feet, they began to walk on at a rapid pace towards the bazaar, and in a few minutes had passed the boat-jetty reverberating with the shouts of 'Alleppey - Vaikom.' On they went over the idle drawbridges that will never be drawn, and by the oil factory with its roaring thuds, and entered the crowded bazaar. Out they emerged at the other end, heard the 'ti—ti—ti' of the Post and Telegraph office, gazed at the barrack wall, and at last came to a halt amidst the huts of the Valas situated by the stinking waters near the Tata Mills.

Balan took the lead. He called to a Vala, and hired one of his middle-sized boats for two annas. Two oars and a rudder were brought out and the oars were fixed to the boat.

'Are you afraid of the waters?' asked Balan gaily.

'Not I!' replied Krishnan; 'Perhaps Govindan will feel a bit uneasy.'

'What?' retorted Govindan, 'what do you take me for? I admit you are a native of Alleppey, and Balan of Tripunitura. But I am a senior student and I have had one year's experience; and *that* is enough and more to me. Your courage depends on the weather, my boys! Let it be gloomy even for a minute and you will at once give up this game, I know that. What will you do if there are waves? Ah! you will blink, and blink to death. Learn it at least now; you must steer the boat *across* the waves and not *parallel* to them. You are careless and so you laugh; thank God that I am by your side; otherwise you will be in tears very soon.'

'Pray God, we may not come to tears by your means,' exclaimed the mischievous Krishnan.

'I say, can't you be silent, Krishnan?' cried Balan with an inward chuckle. 'Here, Govindan, take the rudder. Though I am used to boating, I am not sure of my capacity to steer the boat through this place so dangerous by its strong under-currents.'

There were evident signs of trepidation in Govindan's face which gave much amusement to Krishnan. 'Well, I have no objection to your proposal,' faltered forth Govindan; 'but let me be first convinced of your skill of which you so much boast."

In vain Balan protested that he had been out of touch for a long time, and all that. Govindan was immovable. In the end Balan agreed to sit at the helm; and that Govindan might see Balan's rowing unobstructed he declared he would sit between the two. This settled, the three entered the boat; and in a few moments the boat moved off from the shore while Krishnan whistled a merry tune.

'Hey! Krishnan, what have you done?" roared out Govindan as Krishnan dexterously sent a large quantity of spray against Govinda's body.

'Rowed,' cried out Krishnan.

'Yes; rowed, but rowed most miserably,' retorted the other; 'Your oar does not fall uniformly. Here, one! two! one! two! proceed.'

There was silence for a few seconds; but Govindan lost the time. Krishnan reminded his friend of his fault, but the other lost patience and declared that he would not row with such an ignorant man. However, he had to work at his oar in despair, for Balan was ready with a warning that the boat would capsize if only one oar were used. Krishnan was irrepressible. He managed to wet his friend at regular intervals so that by the time the boat had passed the danger zone, Govindan was dripping from head to foot.

II

Govindan stopped rowing. He positively refused to pull at his oar any more. He openly declared his disgust towards the mischievous Krishnan: 'I am tired of this work' he cried out; 'I say Balan, I must admit you have steered the boat fairly well. Now let me try my hand at it. And the two changed places.

Govindan: 'Where to?'

Balan: 'The floating house.'

The steering went quite awkward with Govindan. The boat first described a circle, then attempted to turn back. Govindan was in profuse perspiration. Smiles encircled Krishnan's lips. Govindan made frantic attempts to guide the boat straight, but in vain. The boat began to oscillate. The steersman became desperate, He put the 'rudder' to the left and made a mighty pull. Down went the left side of the boat and 'glup'——— and a few bubbles in the water!

Balan had sunk under the boat, but he soon came to the surface. Both of his friends were holding to the boat—yet what a contrast between their faces! Krishnan was beaming with playful smiles whereas the other was as pale as death. The tide was at its ebb so that after a few hard strokes they could touch the ooze with their feet.

In his joy Govindan forgot all about his rudder, which he had hitherto been holding firmly, and he let it go. Balan saw it and swam down. He had to go some ten yards before he could have it in his clutch. When he turned back, he found the tide strong against him. Nevertheless, he faced the situation bravely and with great difficulty managed to reach his friends.

'Fortunate, we have got a footing,' gasped Balan breathless with his late exertion. Now for the boat, you two stand on the other side, and let us push and pull the boat along its length and we can dislodge the water in a few minutes.' And he suited the action to the word. Govindan tried to pull at the boat, got a hit on the head and for the rest of the time kept his hand clear off the work. The boat being emptied half, the other two pulled it a few yards on to the shore and the three got to dry land.

III

The boat was again afloat and peacefully gliding by the shore under the able guidance of Balan. A fresh breeze from the west softly murmured among the trees and shrubs on the shore. The blue arched above and a glassy sheet around into which the oars dipped and rose and dip-

ped and caused beautiful wavelets which spread around and expanded on and on till they vanished from sight. From behind the thickly growing creepers and bushes the bungalows peeped forth at the intruder in his vale of peace. At some places the trees grew so near the water that the rowers had to lean back to avoid the branches. The scenery was most soothingly beautiful.

Having visited the floating house, the boat was crossing to an island towards the south-west when another boat and crew came in sight. They hailed to each other and met in the middle of the lake. It was a comparatively large boat containing six hostel students. They were going back as three of them could not stay any more on account of some business. The other three invited our friends for a trip to the Royal jetty. Balan and Krishnan readily agreed and Govindan's pride would not allow him to say 'No' though he very much disliked the idea of venturing into the turbulant waters. He could not even put forward business as an excuse for he had told his two comrades that he would return only after sunset.

So the two boats turned back and safely arrived at the Valas' huts. The smaller boat was returned with two annas to the owner, the three 'business men' departed and the other six 'put to sea again.' Govindan's heart began to quake when the others settled that they should first cross to the Bolghatty and then to the Royal jetty right across the 'backwaters' Moreover, the weather had changed and had become rather threatening. Govindan proposed to go along the shore; but the steersman dissented, 'If I am to guide, I shall do so according to *my* will. If not, here I sit with tied hands. Or do *you* come here?' No! Govindan had had already one experience. None of his friends attempted to second his proposal. He had to submit to his hard fate in utter despair.

This was not all. The mischievous Krishnan was out with a proposal. 'What say you to a pleasant trip to Cochin? Govindan will like it exceedingly.' The others smiled and nodded. Govindan bit his lips and spoke nothing. And the boat moved off towards the west. The waves were a little high. Govindan's heart beat fiercely. His face turned ashy pale. A sudden jerk — and some water entered the boat.

'No more of this,' fairly roared out Govindan. 'Will you put me to the shore or not?' he added fiercely.

'No,' replied the steersman calmly.
'I'll report to the superintendent.'
'I will sink the boat.'
'No; you won't.'
'Yes I will.'

A dead silence. Can't you do this kindness to me, dear friend?
'Calmer still; you were so very hot at first?'
'Oh! I forgot it; I must have my oil-bath to-day. Please put me to shore.'
'Why not postpone it to another day?'
'Oh! I can't. I must be regular for my body is delicate.'
'Well, well! but we must have our way.'
'I say, what will you give us?' broke in another.
'How are you so very mannerless?' returned Govindan.
'No manners here! Now will you give us two rupees?
'So much?'
'Oh! you have at least consented to give us something?'

'Really, I don't think you will require money from me.'

'There again. Death or money? What say you to one rupee? Yes or no?'

Govindan hesitated. In despair he whispered hoarsely 'Yes.'

'Hurray,' the steersmen shouted; now to the jetty, lads.'

The oars were applied furiously and in a few minutes Govindan was safely landed at the jetty. The steersmen shook hands with him and wished good success to his 'oil bath' and requested him to keep the 'one rupee' for the teaparty which he (Govindan) would give to his friends on the day he got the first prize in the boating competition.

* * * *

A month afterwards, a party of young men invited Govindan to boating; but he could not go on account of 'ill health.' And afterwards, every time such proposals came, something or other happened to our hero (a headache, a cold or at least an indefinable dejection and spiritlessness) preventing him from participating in the pastime.

KEATS

(Class iv — 1926)

It is now almost a platitude to say that Keats took a sensuous delight in portraying the varied beauties of external Nature and that he often also commented upon them, directly or indirectly, in relation to humanity.

In his all-too-familiar sonnet, THE HUMAN SEASONS, he takes as his text the two opening lines,

Four seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man;

and expatiates, with characteristic poetic beauty and concentration of expression, upon the exact correspondence between the four seasons of Nature and the four stages of Man's life. The idea, no doubt, is quite familiar to us as the ideas in the most famous poems of the world often are.

Equally trite, perhaps, is the sentiment expressed so charmingly by the poet in that short lyric of his to which Editors have given the appropriate title, HAPPY INSENSIBILITY. The idea that the poignancy of man's grief is increased by the recollection of happiness once enjoyed, has since so beautifully crystallized itself in Tennyson's famous line, 'A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,' that one would have easily treated Keats's song as stale and dull but for the appealing contrast he has introduced into it between Nature on the one hand and humanity on the other (*plus*, of course, the charm of expression and the melody of the lines). In one respect, undoubtedly, Man is at a disadvantage as compared with Nature. Objects of Nature are gifted with a 'happy insensibility,' thanks to which they are able to escape the hard lot of 'writhing at passed joy.' In a 'drear-nighted December,' the leafless trees do not remember their 'green felicity' of Spring; nor the ice-bound brooks, their clear and unhindered flow of Summer. Nor do they fail to regain their original *virtue* and vigour at the end of that short period of dark and chill. But Man is not blessed with the 'numbed sense' not to know and feel the changes in his life from glee to gloom.

For, the mind of man is peculiarly elastic, and it cannot help stretching itself backward and forward in the unlimited expanse of Time. Its outlook is not restricted exclusively to the present and the immediate. It transcends the concrete world of bare realities and revels in realms of its own creation. In this respect, Man is far better blessed than trees and brooks. The unique faculty of the mind by which its calls up, as by an enchanter's wand, scenes far happier than those of the real world, should, indeed, be regarded as a great blessing conferred on humanity. It enables us to conjure up combinations of images which may not be met with in Nature to the extent of our perfect satisfaction.

Nature is undoubtedly beautiful in her own way. But Art, of which the soul is imagination, has the capacity to effect improvements upon Nature.

'Sweet birds antheming the morn,' 'The rooks with busy caw, foraging for sticks and straw,' the field mouse peeping 'meagre from its celled sleep,' 'The snake all winter-thin, casting on sunny bank its skin,' the freckled nest-eggs hatching in the hawthorn tree, when the hen-bird's wing doth rest, quiet on her mossy nest' — these are unquestionably beautiful. Beautiful surely are the buds and bells of May, the daisy and the marigold, the white-plumed lilies, the shaded hyacinth 'sapphire Queen of the mid-May,' and 'every leaf and every flower, pearled with the self-same shower.' We feel not a little delighted by the sight of the 'acorns ripe down pattering, while the autumn breezes sing'; and of the

> Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves,
> And mid-May's eldest child
> The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
> The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

The gifts of *Autumn* as pictured so fascinatingly in the Ode to that season are, it is obvious, wonderfully rich. But it should not be forgotten that the pleasure afforded to our senses by these and similar objects of Nature, however beautiful they may be in themselves, is after all of a more or less transient character. Their beauty is subject to decay.

> Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
> And the enjoying of the Spring
> Fades as does its blossoming:
> Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
> Blushing through the mist and dew
> Cloys with tasting.

For perennial and unbroken enjoyment of pleasure, we have to look elsewhere. The mind's cage-door must be opened wide and the mesh of 'Fancy's silken leash' must be broken asunder. In that case, even in chill mid-winter, 'when the soundless earth is muffled,' she — FANCY — will bring, in spite of frost, 'beauties that the Earth has lost.'

> She will bring thee all together
> All delights of summer weather.

To those who are gifted with an abundant measure of this faculty of the mind,

The daisies are rose-scented
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on Earth is not.

The *Mermaid Tavern* as pictured by the poet's Fancy is choicer even than Elysuim ! It is this faculty of Fancy, again, that enables BARDS OF PASSION AND OF MIRTH to lead a double existence—'on earth and in heaven.' No one illustrates better than Keats himself in his famous ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE how the poet can escape on the wings of Fancy into regions new where

The Nightingale doth sing,
Not a senseless tranced thing
But divine melodious truth
Philosophic numbers smooth.

Disgusted with 'the weariness, the fever and the fret' of this world of realities, 'where men sit and hear each other groan,' where youth grows pale and spectre-thin and dies' (how sadly true of Keats himself !), where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes, or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow' and eager to find an avenue of escape therefrom, the poet allows himself to be wafted on 'the viewless wings of Poesy,' far away, into the realm of undying and ideal Beauty that is suggested to him by the song of that 'immortal' bird.

Obsessed by the disparity between the ideal world so created by Fancy and the real world in which he had to live and have his physical being, Keats contracted a peculiarly melancholic disposition which finds expression in many of his typical poems. In fact, the haggard and woe-begone Knight-at-arms,—the thrall of *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*—'alone and palely loitering' at a time when Nature's countenance was remarkably pleasing and serene, is none other than the poet himself engaged in the futile pursuit of the world of ideal beauty which he yearns to make permanently his own. Practical and sturdy manliness of attitude consequently deserts the poet, and he grows maudlin and almost effeminate in his poetic sensibility. The sonnet addressed to the BRIGHT STAR is just what might be expected from a lover of Keats's temperament. 'Pillow'd' upon his 'fair love's ripening breast,' his one craving in life is

To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest ;
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever, or else swoon to death.

Naturally enough, in the melancholy poet's mind, thoughts of Love are inevitably bound up with thoughts of DEATH. He fears he may cease to be, before he can give complete poetic expression to the ideas that team in his brain or can solve the romantic mysteries of the universe. This fear fills him with a sense of despair. But the despair is all the more bitter to him when he thinks of the effect that premature death may have upon his love :—

And when I feel fair creature of an hour !
That I shall never look upon thee more
* * * then on the shore

Of the wide world I stand alone, and think,
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

Yet, through all his despair and distress in life, Keats could safely rely, for solace and comfort, on the faculty of imagination with which he had been abundantly gifted. The world of leaf and flower, of beast and bird had engrossed his fancy from his infancy. The wide and serene expanse which HOMER ruled as his demesne had been opened out to him sufficiently early in life through Chapman's translations. The 'bards of passion and of mirth' who held in fealty to Apollo the realms of gold, the goodly states and kingdoms of the Western Islands, had been familiar to him even from an earlier date. If he abhorred anything next to the world of sordid realities, it was the school of false conventions which hampered the free play of Imagination. But however hard such conventions may operate to suppress the freedom of Fancy, however much the *Real* may try to trample down the *Ideal*, the spirit of Beauty (which is identical with Truth) is eventually bound to be gloriously triumphant.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down.

This, in fact, is the one haunting message that rings through almost all the representative works of the poet whose motto in life as well as in poetry seems to have been, 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.'

The Problem of Unemployment — A Practical Solution

BY P. KESAVAN, Class IV.

These are days when the problem of unemployment is powerfully exercising the minds of every political and social thinker. Everywhere the anomaly of a suffering multitude existing side by side with a thriving plutocracy forces itself on our attention. The problem of unemployment gathers strength as days go by, and it is made all the more acute and complicated by the periodical outturn of a number of graduates by the various universities. Most of them when they leave their Colleges, have the problem of their belly uppermost in their minds. Their hopes are completely blasted when they realise that every available opening is closed to them. Even if they manage dexterously to wriggle themselves into the favour of the authorities, their lot is far from enviable. To secure this or that petty post, one has sometimes to face every imaginable type of slight, pain or humiliation or all these together, and also the keenest of rivalries. The ridiculously paltry sum of Rs. 30 or 35 which an ordinary graduate is paid, enjoins on the poor man a life of utter simplicity devoid of even legitimate comforts.

Despite these disabilities, the mania for office is so widespread that it demands instant cure. Though man-made offices might offer no scope for the activities of an energetic youth, there is no room for disappointment in his case when there is, to his rescue, his 'Mighty Mother,' Nature with endless stores embedded in her bosom. It is singular, however, that the happy independent lot of a farmer fails to appeal to the minds of these job-hunting youths. The country peasant plying his homely work

in the field might, perhaps, evoke contempt in the educated middle-class men. A graduate might even think it derogatory to his dignity and position in life, to harness himself to the profession of an agriculturist. Whatever it may be, the economic possibilities of agriculture can never be gainsaid. Our solution too lies in this field.

Our unemployed educated young men will indeed do a great service to humanity and to themselves, if they would direct their energies towards the improvement of cultivation. Let them *organise themselves* into small groups of five or six and get leases of lands in their names either from the rich jenmis or from the Government. Experience in the actual world has already taught them that money spent on educational purposes after a definite stage, say, for example, the School Final or even the B. A., proves futile. Having graduated himself, a student who finds himself in fairly affluent circumstances, generally prepares for the B. L. either to rot or thrive in the 'long-robe.' Whatever professional line he may choose, it is sure to entail a minimum outlay of about Rs. 2,000. The possession of such an amount is at once an assurance to the landowner that he will receive his rents in due time and a powerful inducement to make an ungrudging grant of his lands. He would reasonably prefer these young gentlemen to the ordinary tenants on whom he cannot rely with such a degree of certainty. Again, if paucity of arable lands baffles them, they can as well go in for lands now lying fallow or even to the large tracts of rural areas. The money in their purse will then stand them in good stead as capital to undertake reclamation work. Of course, to many the actual work of harrowing and planting may not be quite palatable. It is even enough that they do the supervising work. Expert labour coupled with proper chemical appliances would render fertile even the most sterile land. In most cases, even after measuring down a proportion of the produce to the owners, the workers can expect a very tangible profit from the aggregate field. Further, these fields will furnish work for many hands and thus the cry of the 'starving bellies and clamorous throat' would be hushed for a while.

Those who possess the moral courage to strike out this new path, are destined to work out the industrial re-generation of their country. Besides the easy dismissal of every fancied notion of dignity, they are to develop and mature in them the virtues of steady perseverance and arduous industry which alone would ensure success to this industrial campaign. Why should the native son of the soil stint to bestow labour or intelligence on the resources of his land and ameliorate his own lot, especially when under his very eyes, even the vagrant foreigner who chances temporarily to settle down on the land is amassing fabulous fortunes by exploiting India's wealth? The European planter in these parts secures leases of barren plots and in no time forms large estates of them. Trading either in rubber, tea or coffee, he soon becomes a millionaire. What else can be a better spur to emulate ?

The native cultivators have infinite scope for agricultural improvement. The soil here is prolific of crops. Cultivation can be carried on of annuals, biennials, triennials or perennials according to the nature of the soil. Cereals or Vetches or oil-seeds can be grown with profit. Paddy

which forms the main food-stuff ought to be cultivated to the utmost possible extent. Besides, plantain and tapioca deserve special mention in this connection. The growing of plantain has proved to be a very lucrative business. The amount yearly exported from India brings in remarkable profits. Tapioca supplies the cheap bread of the massses of Kerala. It is dried and powdered into a fine flour which is considered as nutritious as Mellins' Food. Many of the Taluks in our State provide a very congenial soil for its growth.

Again, Yams and Dioscura are roots widely used among the Indians for their every day consumption and these can be grown in the areas now lying useless. Similarly cucumber, melon, and pumpkin which are included under dry cultivation, form nourishing items in a vegetarian-diet. Their cultivation would cheapen food materials for the Indians.

As for the more costly kind of crops, it may be mentioned that cotton has been successfully cultivated in the vallies of the Kodassari hills. Tea, coffee and pepper, which form important articles of trade, are not beyond the possibility of being reared in this place. The famous Periar Estates, the rubber estates of Peermade and the coffee gardens in Nalliampathi, all of which are controlled by European planters, furnish us with concrete examples of the infinite potentialities of the soil. Each farm is sure to bring in a huge profit and afford an invaluable relief to poverty.

The Eternal Quest

I

T. BHAVANI, Class IV.

Ah, my Father ! Art Thou Really There ?

They tell me that Thou art residing in my house. I search for Thee in all the rooms, in all the nooks and corners of the house ; I call aloud to Thee and then pause, with throbbing heart and eager ears hoping to hear Thy voice. The windows gently close, the curtains flutter in the breeze ; I think, I see Thee moving near the door ; I think I hear Thy footsteps on the floor ; but not a response comes from Thee ; Only my call answers back in echoes, mocking me.

Ah, my Father ! where art Thou ?

Wailing loud with drooping head, I rush forth from the house, and search for Thee around the house, beneath the shades of trees, and yet I call aloud in grief, with hopes to hear Thy voice ; The shadows on the ground take life, and play at hide and seek ; I think I see Thee moving there, I think I hear thy voice among the rustling of the leaves. But I just turn so blind and deaf, the world looks empty, silent, mocking me.

Ah, my Father ! where art Thou ?

Beside Thy children all, high or low, old or young, animate or inanimate, in open fields, in caves and forests wild, in oceans deep, I have my search finished. There, there, I think I see Thy form, but when about to stretch my feeble hands to touch Thy sacred form, alas ! it proves a vision mad, that mocks my weary heart.

Ah, my Father ! where art Thou ?

I have wandered all this time in search of Thee, up the hill and down the dale, in Spring and Summer, Autumn and Winter, I have walked in search of Thee. My heart athirst to see Thy smiling face, begins to fail me, my starving soul that longs to touch thy loving form, doth strive to break its cage and fly away—most of all, when thinking I did see Thee, but I try to grasp an empty dream that turns and mocks at me.

Ah, my Father! where art Thou?

Leaving the human world behind, my longing heart has often mounted up to regions high above. In sun, in moon, in stars and in the dark dead orbs, I have my fruitless search finished — for when searching throughout there, I think I see Thee playing hide and seek in them, and, thus I search in each of them, to come to know that what I see, is but a dream that eludes me and mocks me in the end.

Ah, my Father! where art Thou?

The wide wide world, from North to South, from East to West, from top to bottom I have searched. And yet I see Thee not. Weary, panting, breathless, hopeless, fainting, I retrace my heavy steps. I wish I were not born at all; for then, I think, I would not have thus longed to see my Father, whom to see, it seems, is far beyond my reach.

Ah, my Father! where art Thou?

Not a ray of hope is left for me. Of what good use are these my limbs to me, that fail to seek Him out for me — Him, my Father, who, they say, resideth in my house. Of what good is life to me — a barren life that has not seen Thee, Father, even once? I curse myself; wish death would come to me and lay his frozen hands on me and check the burning pain within. But,

Ah, my Father! where art Thou?

My fruitless, lifelong search for Him is done. I return home. The house is filled with darkness. I pause before the door, closely shut my eyes, check my quickened breath, and hope that at least now, I be not fooled and mocked at by mere thoughts that once did cheat me while I searched for Him, my Father, in the house. Thus in silence, I creep in, and there, within the inner rooms, I fall upon my face. For a moment, my breathing stops; a sudden light breaks out dazzling my sight; illumined by that light, appears reflected in my soul, a glorious figure painted in that brilliant radiance; with wonder, then, I turned around, to see the source from where the light streamed forth; and lo! there, beside me, within my house, sat He, My Father; He, to find out whom, I searched throughout the world; and doubting them, my eyes, that used to cheat me many a time before, I called out greedily. 'Father dear!'; and, He, the smiling, loving, shining form replied: 'Yes! my daughter. I am here; I, thy Father, ever residing in thy house; In vain didst thou go forth so far to seek for me. Seek me in thy very house; then thou wilt see that I am thou and thou art I, that I am the world and yet that all the world am I !!!' And yes! — I saw that all the world with me was but a part of Him, and that our Father was also I and all the world besides. But, doubting yet, I cry out once again,

Ah, my Father! Art Thou really there?

Johnson Meets Shakespeare in Elysium

Yesterday I had the rare treat of witnessing a meeting between Dr. Johnson and the celebrated Mr. William Shakespeare at the hospitable board of their common friend, Mr. Malone. In addition to these two *Colossi* of literature, there were also present Mr. Garrick, Sir William Forbes, and Dr. Goldsmith. This being the first occasion of my coming acquainted with 'The bard of Avon' *in the flesh*, I could not but bestow upon him some very particular attention, and I was immediately struck with the engaging modesty alike of his bearing and his conversation, in which there were no signs of that *vanity of authorship* which has too often led great writers (and some by no means great writers) to *put on airs*. He joined in the talk, as occasion arose, without ever pushing himself into it or talking for effect, but saying what he had to say most simply and companionably. Indeed, so little conscious did he seem of being anyone beyond the ordinary, that I doubt whether he would have mentioned his own writings at all, had not Johnson brought up that topic by inquiring of him whether he had read Mr. Clutton-Brock's recent little book on 'Hamlet.'

Mr. Shakespeare replied in the affirmative, saying, with a smile, that he had read everything that had been written of himself, and that each new book diverted him more than the last, so that he often almost died of laughter over them.

Johnson. Yet they are not, for the most part, written in any comical vein, I believe, Sir?

Shakespeare. Nay, but in the most solemn vein possible. And herein lies the comedy of it; to wit, that they will all solemnly insist upon taking me — a plain man that made plays to get money, and wrote what came into my mind — for a sort of super-human mystic, fuller of depths than the Sphinx of Egypt and more pregnant with hidden meanings than the Delphic Oracle.

Mr. Garrick did not like this. He could not suffer the god of his idolatry thus to step down from his pedestal, and exhibit himself as a mere writer for money — one whose Pegasus, so far from soaring on the pinions of genius into the sublime empyrean, was content to flutter on commercial wings in the lower air. He said —

'Nevertheless, Sir, whether you wrote for money or not, I have met no other writer whose writings are distinguished by so profound, so provocative a *latency*. No one, I believe, will ever fully plumb your potential depths. You will continue to challenge fresh discoveries till the end of time.'

Shakespeare. This is mighty handsome in you, Mr. Garrick. And since you find all those extraordinary things in my plays, I must needs suppose them to be there; though how they got there is more than I can say, since I myself, to the best of my knowledge, never put them there.

Garrick. The highest inspirations, they say, are often unconscious.

Johnson. Sir, the most inspiring of all the deities is the god Plutus.*

* The god of wealth.

He has inspired more great works of literature than all the Nine Muses put together.

Sir William Forbes. Is there, then, no such thing, Sir, as 'Art for Art's sake'?

Johnson. Depend upon it, Sir, all this talk of 'Art for Art's sake' is pure cant. The artist's first consideration in practising his art is to get money by it.

I could not consent to this and cited several instances to the contrary, including that of Milton, who, as is notorious, got but £5 by 'Paradise Lost.'

Johnson. Sir, the commercial *result* of 'Paradise Lost' proves nothing against the poet's commercial *intention* in writing it. He wrote it, you may be sure, in order to get money by it, like any other writer; and the more money he had got by it, the better he had been satisfied.

Mr. Malone having quoted against Johnson the well-known lines:

'I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnet sings,'

Johnson retorted—

'Sir, did that gratuitous songster, the linnet, live, like man, in a commercial society, we should soon have it conducting its piping operations upon the most approved business principles.'

Recurring to the topic of 'Hamlet,' he turned to Mr. Shakespeare and inquired:

'Pray, Sir, what was your real reason for making the Prince of Denmark delay so long in killing the King?'

Shakespeare. 'Because I could not bring in my catastrophe until the end of the piece; which I was under contract to extend into five full acts.'

Johnson. 'Sir, if any critic wants a more conclusive reason than this, he had better find it.'

The conversation coming round to the subject of variants in the Shakespearean text, the bard told us he was being constantly pestered by inquisitive persons on earth, through the usual channels to inform them of the right reading in this or that disputed passage; 'As if,' said he, 'I could be expected to remember exactly what I wrote above three hundred years ago.....

At this point, Dr. Goldsmith, who had long been burning to *thrust in his oar*, took upon himself to bring up a certain highly *delicate* topic, which the rest of us had had too much taste to introduce.

'Pray, Sir,' said he, addressing Mr. Shakespeare, in a somewhat provocative manner, 'can you tell us whether there is any truth in these rumours that have coupled your name in an association of particular intimacy with that of Lord Chancellor Bacon?'

Mr. Shakespeare, so far from exhibiting any vexation at this *impertinent* intrusion into his private affairs, burst into a roar of unrestrained laughter.

'Forgive me,' he said, as soon as he could speak. 'But the mention of those rumours always hath this effect upon me. I know some of my critics will be the death of me, before they have done. In point of fact,

I had no dealings with Lord Bacon, and never even spoke to him above twice in the whole of my earthly career.'

Goldsmith (incredulously): 'Nevertheless, the rumour is pretty persistent.'

Johnson. 'Sir, a lie is made none the less a lie by the frequency of its repetition.'

Goldsmith. 'Say what you will, Sir, there can be no smoke without fire.'

Johnson. 'Aye, Sir, the fire of the infernal regions that abode of the Father of Lies — in which the majority of those smoky rumours have their origin.....'

Mr. Shakespeare spoke quite frankly and naturally of his marriage with Miss Hathaway, for whom he expressed the warmest regard, although he found her impossible to live with.

Garrick. 'This, Sir, was doubtless because she was no companion to a man of your great mind.'

Shakespeare. 'Nay, 'twas because she snored o' nights and I could not cure her of it.'

When Mr. Shakespeare took his departure, Dr. Johnson and he shook hands with mutual expressions of goodwill. After he was gone, Johnson said—

'Sir, this is the most sensible genius I have ever met. And that, I believe, Sir, is the true reason why the critics find him so baffling. Unused to associating plain sense with genius, the plainer the sense of what he has written, the more convinced they are of some subtle undermeaning. He made his plays objectively to get money, and they will have it that he made them subjectively to propound some abstruse philosophy of life. Then, Sir, having imagined all these metaphysical profundities, and finding them very little consonant with the character of the known Shakespeare, sooner than they will recant their own imaginary importations, they must seize the desperate expedient of putting up Lord Bacon to account for them.

I said, 'Sir, I believe you have hit the right nail on the head.'

Johnson. (*complacently*). 'Why, yes, Sir, another nail (if, in face of Mr. Shakespeare's very explicit disclaimer, any were needed) for the *Verulamian *coffin.*'

THE NEW BOSWELL.

Reviews and Notices of Books

ENGLISH

'The Chief Constitutions of Europe and the British Commonwealth'—By N. R. Subba Iyer, M. A., L. T. (Government College, Kumbakonam)—With a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri. (*Price Rs. 1-12-0*)

This is a small volume of about 140 pages, intended for the use of the students of Branch V. B (Economics with History) of the B. A. course who, along with modern European History, are required to pick up a knowledge of the chief Constitutions of Europe and of the British Commonwealth as well. While there are many advanced and voluminous works extant on the subject, there is hardly any book that we can think of, as specially

* Bacon's.

adapted to the needs of our College students. Mr. Subba Iyer's book does therefore satisfy a real want, and coming, as it does, from an experienced Lecturer in History, we confidently trust that it will be welcomed and widely used by our B. A. students. The book is the fruit of careful study and diligent industry. The matter is well arranged and expounded lucidly and in chaste and simple language. Having regard to these and other merits, we feel certain that the book will prove very helpful to our B. A. students of Politics, to whom it can be safely recommended.

It may not be out of place here to point out briefly a few defects and imperfections that have been noticed in the book. The treatment of the British Commonwealth is very scrappy and inadequate, our own country having been honoured with not more than seven or eight lines. In our opinion, Chapter XVI of the book accordingly requires careful revision and substantial enlargement. Secondly, we find that there is no account at all given of local Government in connection with the countries dealt with, the author having confined himself to an account of central government only. This appears to us a serious omission, a knowledge of local government being useful and important in its own way. Thirdly, it seems to us that a great deal more can be said than has been done by the author, by way of bringing out or elucidating the various points of comparison or contrast among the different constitutions dealt with. In fact, a special chapter may well be added at the end, giving a sort of comparative study of these constitutions in these various aspects. Lastly, we wish to add that, in the footnotes given in the book, in addition to the names of books, it is desirable to note also the relevant pages of the books for easy reference by students. The printing and get-up of the book are also susceptible of much improvement.

The above observations have been offered in no captious spirit but with a sincere desire to see the book improved in the next edition.

P. S. RAMAKRISHNA IYER.

'History and Geography of the British Empire'—By A. V. Harihara Iyer, B. A., (Teacher, High School, Trichur)—Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Printed at the Ramanuja Printing House, Ltd., Trichur. (*Price Re. 1-2-0*).

This is the second edition of a useful book that is now being widely used by the pupils of our High Schools. It is gratifying to find that most of the defects that had been pointed out in reviewing the first edition of the book in this magazine have now been removed and that the maps which were too small and indistinct in the previous edition have been greatly improved. In this edition, the book has been carefully revised and substantially enlarged so that it runs to well-nigh 340 pages. A useful list of questions is given at the end. We are glad to find that the book has been prescribed by the Board of Studies of our State as a text-book for Forms V and VI.

P. S. RAMAKRISHNA IYER.

MALAYALAM

ഭാരതീയ വനിതാദർശങ്ങൾ

[Translated from English by Mr., Mrs. and Miss T. K. Krishna Menon — *Price Rs. 2-0-0*].

Prejudice or ignorance has often led foreigners to entertain and propagate pernicious notions about the position assigned to women in Indian homes. There are many who are yet to realize that 'in India the woman has been treated as a goddess in the shrine of the family,' and that 'she is like the plant in the woods, and derives softness and tenderness from the shade.' The fact is that the Indian woman 'has not been in the open air, but homage has been rendered to her by poets, philosophers and priests, and she has always been loved and honoured.' The life-stories of a score of typical Indian women, representing respectively the Mythic, the Epic, the Historic and the Transitional Cycles, as given in the fascinating book of Babu Panchanan Bhattacharya, B. A., B. T., of Krishnagar, Bengal, serve the eminently useful purpose of impressing upon the minds of its readers the lofty and sublime ideals for which womanhood has invariably stood in India from the earliest down to very recent times. The representatives of each period have been carefully chosen with an eye especially to variety of emotional and didactic interest. Arundhati and Sati from the Mythic Cycle; Shaibya, Seeta, Savitri and Gandhari from the Epic Cycle; Padmini, Meera Bai, Ahalya Bai, Chand Sultana and half-a-dozen others

from the Historic Cycle ; Devi Sarada Sundari, Maharani Swarnamayi, and Devi Aghorakamini from the Cycle of Transition — these constitute indeed a noble galaxy of glorious women of whom any nation may justly feel proud. Each of them is an embodiment of at least one of the cardinal feminine virtues, like purity, self-consecration, constancy, self-abnegation, fidelity, devotion, charity etc. A study of the lives of these women would, therefore, undoubtedly be useful in inspiring our girls with a laudable ambition to emulate their noble examples ; while, in the case of our boys, it would help to strengthen their moral fibre, teaching them how to treat their sisters with the amount of chivalry that is legitimately due to them. Babu Bhattacharya's book, 'The Ideals of Indian Womanhood' thus deserves to find a place in the library of every young Indian.

By rendering this valuable book into simple and chaste Malayalam prose, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Krishna Menon have laid the reading public of Kerala under a deep debt of obligation to them. That they wield a lucid and graceful style, free from the angularities of Giant Pedantry, is a fact already well-known to all those who have perused their numerous other publications in Malayalam. The supreme merit of the literary style of the illustrious family of Mr. Krishna Menon seems to us to be that their translations do not read like translations at all: and yet no translator has surpassed them in respect of fidelity to the original. The fact is that they attempt neither a rigidly literal rendering, nor a loosely paraphrastic one.

All the same, we cannot help observing that the attractiveness of the language employed by the literary trio in the present translation could have been considerably enhanced if the small faults of vocabulary and syntax which now and then jar on our ears in the course of an otherwise pleasant perusal of the book had also been removed by a careful revision of the Mss. The occasional presence of such linguistic flaws need, by the way, be regarded as but a trifling detail, despite which, the book is naturally bound to have a bright future before it. The paper, printing and get-up of this volume may safely be taken as models for similar publications in Malayalam. The book, if prescribed as an Extra Reader for the High School Classes, will, we believe, be a source of delectation and edification to boys and girls alike.

P. S. N.

ശ്രീരസിംഹൻ

[A novel by Srimati Karthikanal Ambadevi Tampuratti, Anandapurathu Kottaram, Haripad, Travancore State. *Price Re. 1-4-0*]

Surasimhan is a novel by Srimati Ambadevi Tampuratti. That bare statement may not, perhaps, raise any very high expectation in the mind of any reader. For we have many good, bad and indifferent lady writers to-day. But it will certainly cause a singular emotion in the minds of all true lovers of our literature when they come to know that she is a niece of the late Valia Koil Tampuran of Travancore. For him we all still revere not alone as an intellectual patriarch who shed lustre on our country, but also as a great scholar, true poet and generous patron of letters, who brought credit to it.

The authoress does not plead the immunity of sex or the fact of this relationship for any exemption from the rigour of any critical procedure in reviewing her first literary production. She does not stand in need of it. She can be proud of being a worthy member of one of those ancient, aristocratic families of Kerala,— which alas! are fast vanishing — which, until recently, were strongholds of Sanskrit learning and which produced men and some women of outstanding abilities in every department of Sanskrit scholarship. Dr. Tagore when he visited this country deplored the procedure of dethroning Sanskrit education and the Vina from every decent Malayali family for gilded tinsels of Western civilisation. It is time that we take stock, remove the defects and recover the lost ground, or else we shall lose our individuality and our nationality with it. But I am straying from my path. I was going to state that the equipment of Srimati Ambadevi, for writing this book is of an exceptionally high order, and, more than that, she is also blessed with that mellowness which comes with age. And she has produced a marvellously good novel which can be read with profit and no little interest by the young and old of our land.

Surasimhan is neither an historical romance nor a society novel. None the less, it is an entertaining story realistically narrated with a singular charm and artistic beauty. You will be disappointed if you expect in it maudlin episodes. Many a modern story-teller thinks that the varnish of a graceful style will be a sufficient extenuation for the bad moral result his work produces. But here we find a neat blend of grace with high moral feeling.

The artist in Don Quixote, when asked as to what he was painting, said. 'That is as it may turn out.' This may be said of the plot of several stories that we come across in these days. In this too, *Surasimhan* bears a strong contrast to many a modern story-book. The plot is well conceived and skilfully constructed ; and the denouement will do credit to any great master of the craft.

It is not my purpose here to summarise the story or delineate the characters in it.

But I cannot but invite every reader to the sylvan retreat of Kulapati. There that Raja-Rishi leads a life chaste, puritan in its simplicity, and ascetic in its pursuit of truth and of the guidance that is divine. To learn what is true and to do what is right — that is — that ought to be — the ultimate good to which all mundane efforts should be directed. And in this direction this glorious book makes its own no inestimable contribution.

T. K. KRISHNA MENON.

Through College Corridors

By G. F. P.

If all people have the freedom to possess a heart and to harbour grievances,— for on this point the world holds different views,— I came to the College on its re-opening with a tremendous grievance. It threatened to upset the equilibrium of my mind — I suppose, I maintain it — and to retard the momentum of my body. I felt, so to say, like a fish out of water, a bird out of its element. The air of liberty unrestricted, in which I revelled in the past, had yielded place to the suffocating atmosphere of imprisonment. A novel sense of restriction, physical and mental, had come over me, for my favourite corridors had been subjected to the vagaries of the contractor and his accomplices.

* * * * *

Some of my friends who happen to be blissfully ignorant of what might be styled the 'Philosophy of the Corridors'— and I pity them— have tried to explain and to justify the enclosures, by quoting the oft-repeated lines :

'Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage.'

* * * * *

But these worthies forget that consolations rarely console and that attempts to dry tears often help to draw out more. The 'New order,' they persist in arguing, pointing to the freshly walled-up verandahs, 'is not a precaution against disorder and enclosures but a prevention of disclosures. And,'— in subdued voice and with cautious looks they add, 'you know the newer wants arising from modern developments — recent evolutions of the College begetting the need for reservations.....are not paints, panels and *purdah* the natural stages of an oriental progression ?'

* * * * *

'Away with your ante-deluvian ideas of reform,' I retort, 'the present-day world lives in and for liberty and not through restrictions and confinements.'

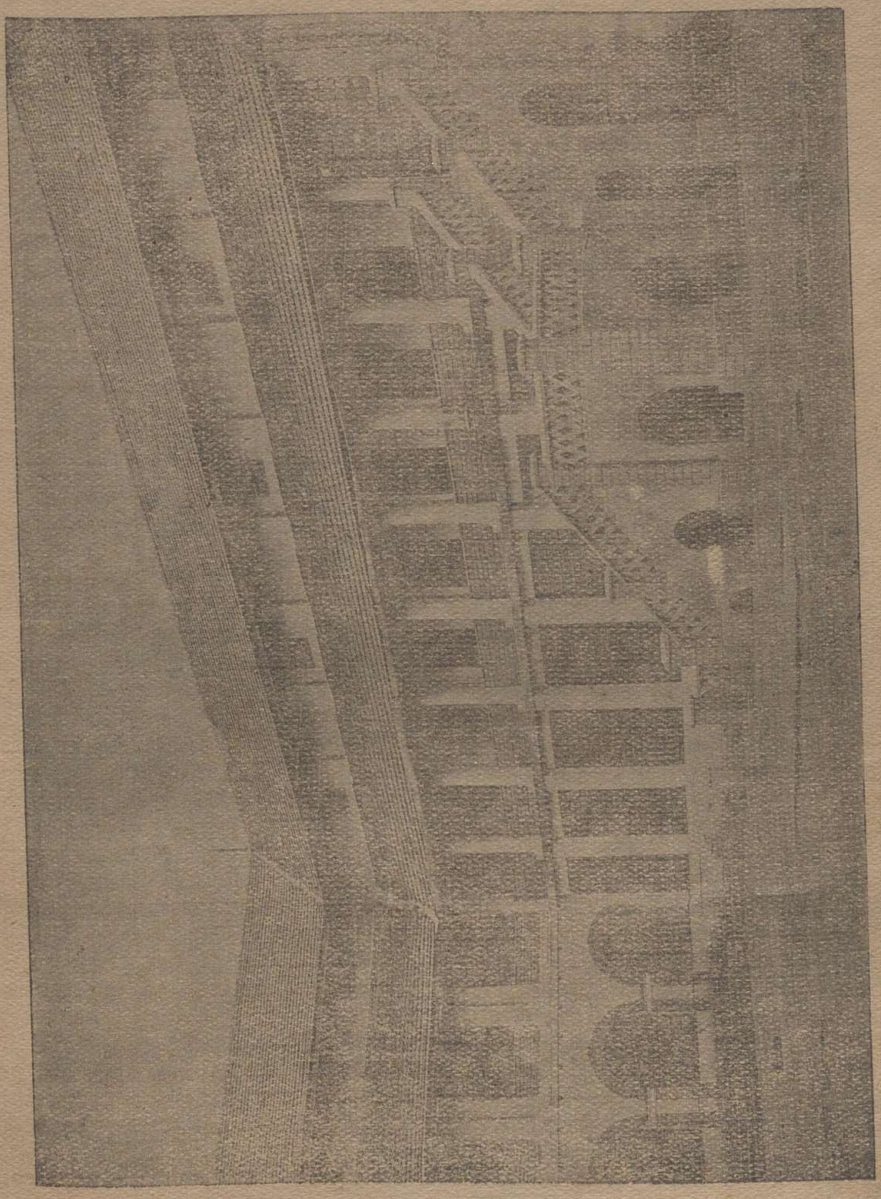
I am one with old Dr. Johnson in recognising the natural advantages of open prospects — but I am reminded of the Miltonic words :

'The mind is its own place,
And can make a hell of heaven, and a heaven of hell,'

which means, in plain prose, I am to forget the unforgettable, the concrete realities of the past, ignore my beautiful corridors and find pleasure in a 'figment of the imagination.'

* * * * *

Red and green seem to be the favouite colours which combine to complete the metamorphosis of the corridors. How these two colours, the one betokening danger, and the other symbolising love, can co-exist, I confess my incompetency to explain. I only know that my green room, as I choose to designate the improvised corridor to the east, is hardly the place where things and persons would keep green. For, exposed to the hot sun and his rays and opposed to the cool breeze and its charms, it serves the



A New View of the College.

purposes of a heat-chamber, where even the most cool-headed Tutor is bound to boil over and incubate his energies. The tap in the nook is, however, a great compensation, and, may be, a real attraction to the occasional Professor who strays in sub-consciously on his 'Angel-visits', to the 'lumber-room' of the Tutors and Assistant Professors.

* * * * *

Colonists from 'East Virginia' seem to be unduly encroaching upon the public passages and common thoroughfares, and threaten to.....

Well, I don't say. Reservation of the hissing corridors and the 'giggling staircases' for the exclusive use of Cranford society, and the erection of a separate 'male staircase' * of solid laterite in a distant nook, have been interpreted as some of the natural concomitants of chivalry in College reform. Has not Kipling said,

'The East is East, and the West is West,
The twain shall never meet.'

We shall, however, wait and see.

Too Deep for Tears

BY L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR.

It was the *Onam* day. The sky was transparently clear, except for a few straggling clouds which roamed like waifs on the horizon. The holiday mood was in the air. After the usual feast and siesta of the day, the people had poured out into the streets. Young lads were frisking about the maidan, dressed in their fresh *mals* and *pavoos*. Maidens in their teens, chaperoned and otherwise, were flitting past in open *riks* and closed-up *juts* on a round of visits to friends and relations. Staid old men with top-knots and back-knots on their heads had come out into the open and perched themselves on the rocky domes that, like ever-awake sentinels of the Deity, jutted out here and there on the maidan. Gossipping groups of officials, and lawyers too, were there, moving, cheek by jowl with the multitude in full surrender to the season's charm .....

The holiday mood was in the air ! The carnival mood of Malabar with its mummeries and pleasantries, its sprees and its games, its country dances and revels ! Where else than in this Indian Arcady shall we have this care-free glee, this plenty-born jubilee, where else but in this land of fruits and trees, of prolific rills and hills, of green fields and grey skies ever soothing the eyes and the mind, of wild woods and beating rains bearing the primal call of the unknown at our doors ? What wonder then if the simple guileless sons of the West Coast luxuriate in their *Onam*, and their *Vishu*, their *Thiruvathira* and their *Atham* ?

And so as I walked along the streets, I met masked faces wearing the grisly shapes of the bear, the baboon and the monkey, the human 'tigers' dressed up in paint and in tar, their tails reaching up to the heavens, the young and the old in wild tumult staggering along ..... The joy of humanity caught me in its swirl and swept me along in its rush .....

Amidst this throng, a young girl with a basket on her head, was threading her way with uncommon haste. A tender little damsel was she, dressed in rags and not over-clean, but there was about her face a pathetic lustre like the mellow sunlit glory of a rainy sky. A child of the poorest classes she looked, Christian or Ezhava one cannot tell. The basket on her head contained about a measure of rice and a pint of oil and she was hasting away with swift steps, homewards, heedless of the merriment around.....

An anomaly she was in the midst of that frolicsome crush of swaying men—a discord in that unison of merriment, and so she attracted attention. A fair face was hers and so she excited ribaldry. A few coarse gallants made jests at her expense, but with a look of terror she quickened her pace.....

A sudden long-drawn wail—a mad rush of men—and then I heard the damsel setting up shrieks of agony as if her very life was being snatched away from her. I scampered to the spot. Nothing unusual had happened. One of those mischievous gallants, tipsy with the viands and dainties of the day, had

* Seen so prominently in the View of the College given in this issue.

given a push to her basket from behind. The basket was overturned and the contents were emptied on the street, about a measure of rice and half an anna worth of oil .....

'O ! Sami ! I have lost my all ! What shall I do ? I have lost my all !' shrieked the girl in anguish.

'What a fuss she makes !' cried out the revellers in anger.

'She's shamming, the hussy !' exclaimed the gallants standing at a distance in readiness to run, if the sympathies of the mob were to turn in her favour.

'Knock out the slut's brains for her unearthly shouts in the street,' thundered some superior 'pursons' of the official class.

'O ! Yejaman ! my old parents are dying of hunger in my hut ..... These are the things which I bought for them with the few annas I got for husking rice all day long. My parents, my parents ! They are old and are weak ..... What shall I do ? .....' groaned the girl.

The crowd was in no mood to suffer her wails. The 'monkeys,' the 'baboons' and the 'tigers' were approaching in close array and the dirty wench had no business to be there, setting up unearthly cries. So away she went, hooted and kicked and spat upon by a raging mob .....

This was all — a tiny fair-faced low-caste maiden abused and reviled — scourged with whips and smitten with stones — with her starving parents waiting for the food that was never to come .....

Carnival mood indeed ! The gaunt figures of Poverty, Misery, Starvation, Death rose before my mind's eye and obscured the antics and drolleries of the revellers. A vision of the great poor of our land rose before me, of the struggling suffering millions, 'of the human birds under the Indian sky who for want of strength could not be coaxed even into a flutter of their wings.' *Their* condition is the *normal* ..... and the carnival is the *abnormal* ..... Why talk of fhriving Malabar rich in fruits and paddy ? What knows he of India who only Malabar knows ? 'You that live in this land that flows with milk and honey, what know you of the misery that stalks abroad ?' These words of India's poetess rang in my ears as deeply as when once she declaimed them forth under the temple *Peepul* tree.

The 'eternal vigil' and the 'eternal trance' of hungry multitudes who get up weaker than when they pretended to retire, lay like a shadow enveloping the merriment of that Onam day ..... India as a house on fire with its manhood dying of hunger and pain because it has no work to buy food with ..... The suffering millions ..... the eternal Providence that will rescue them ..... the lean saintly man in the North seeing God in every thread of the spinning wheel .....

College Notes

I. *Results of the Intermediate Examination of March 1926.*

Class and Group	No. sent up	Full Passes		Partial Passes		Failures	Remarks
		I Class	II Class	Part I	Part II		
S. I. C. Gr. I	49	9	23	6	1	10	
Gr. II	30	1	14	8	1	6	Percentage of Passes. 57 8
Gr. III	42	2	21	5	2	12	
Total	121	12	58	19	4	28	

II. *Strength of the College Classes as it stood on 10-9-1926.*

Intermediate

Group	Class I		Class II	
	Males	Females	Males	Females
Group I	72	10	59	1
„ II	35	9	25	5
„ III	42	3	43	5
Total	149	22	127	11

Males 484
Females 59

Total 543

B. A.

Group	Class III		Class IV	
	Males	Females	Males	Females
Gr. I	26	1	17	3
„ II A	24	...	22	1
„ II B	15	3	...	...
„ III B	17	1	12	2
„ V A	11	5	24	5
„ V B	25	3	15	2
Total	118	13	90	13

III. *College Scholarships and Prizes.*

R. Sivaramakrishnan knocked off the three prizes awarded in the names of 'Subrahmanya Iyer,' 'Padmanabha Menon' and 'Devaraja Iyer,' in addition to the 'Ramunni Menon' 'Medal;' while V. Narayana Menon was the recipient of the Davies Memorial Scholarship for 1925-'26 as well as the Maharaja's Scholarship. Our hearty congratulations to these 'good boys'! We also congratulate T. Parameswara Menon, E. Raghava Warrier, A. K. Vedom, K. Kalakandha Menon, V. Krishnankutty and K. Balakrishna Menon, the recipients respectively of the Shashtipoorthi Prize (1925-'26), the Panchama Prize (1925-'6), the Davies Memorial Scholarship (1926-'7), the Sealy Prize, the Rama Pisharoti Prize and the Maharaja's College Prize.

The Birthday Celebrations

A novel feature about this year's celebrations of the Birthday of H. H. the Maharaja of Cochin by the students of our College is the holding of literary competitions in English as well as in Malayalam, the subjects being 'The Indian Ideal of Kingship' (English essay of about 1000 words) and 'Verses in Commemoration of H. H. the Maharaja's Sixty-eighth Birthday' (Malayalam, about twenty lines.) The best productions received from our students both in English and in Malayalam will be published in the next number of the Magazine, along with the names of the Prize-winners.

The Jubilee Memorial Lectures

The 'College Jubilee Memorial Lecture Committee' deserves our warm congratulations on their success in securing the services of the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. S. Sastri P. C. to inaugurate its activities by delivering a course of two lectures on 'The Indian States and Their Future' on the 2nd and 3rd of October. The lectures could not be included in the present issue of the Magazine as it had to be brought out in time for H. H. the Maharaja's Birthday.

A Farewell

A Farewell Address was presented to Mr. V. R. Venkateswara Aiyar, the retired Principal, by his students past and present, on the 20th of September last, when the Director of Public Instruction presided. The address referred in glowing terms to the career of Mr. Aiyar as 'a brilliant educationist who had already won his laurels at Palghat, Cocanada, Kumbhakonam and elsewhere' even before entering the Cochin Government Service as Senior Lecturer of the Ernakulam College. The period of the last eight years during which he 'guided the helm of the College with conspicuous tact, ability and skill was signalised by the striking progress of the College in all directions and by memorable events such as the celebration of its Golden Jubilee and its elevation to the status of a First Grade College.' A 'Saintly Patriarch presiding over the College,' Mr. Aiyar as Principal wielded the rod of authority gently but firmly, allowing his students all reasonable liberty but not licence so as to make them feel not as automatons but as responsible young men. As Professor, he had a singular knack of making things crystal-clear to his students. In his lectures, 'if there was little heat, there was much light, if there was little rage and fury, there was the sparkle of wit and sense.' It was his usual practice 'not to overdo' his work, but 'to leave his students ample scope for independent study and reflection.'

Mr. Aiyar, in reply to the address, made a 'crystal-clear' speech by way of advice to students. He emphatically declared that he FELT quite young, though he LOOKED so old. He exhorted the students to work with noble ideals in view, and not to regard money-making as the main business of life.

The President expressed his appreciation of the way in which the students of Mr. Aiyar demonstrated their genuine gratitude, regard and esteem for him at a time when he could no longer threaten them with 'Selections' and 'Promotions.' In the course of his illuminating observations on the function, he touched on various pressing educational problems of the day, and concluded with a tribute of praise to the retired Principal and an expression of confidence in his successor. With the usual formalities the meeting terminated at about 6 p. m.

Academic Council

The substance of a few of the important Resolutions that were passed at the last meeting of the Academic Council of the Madras University.

I. B. A.

ENGLISH

The B. A. course in English has been apparently lightened by the decision that candidates shall not hereafter be required to study 'the History of English Literature so far as it is represented by the books prescribed for detailed study.' They shall, instead, be required to show an acquaintance with '*the life and work of the authors prescribed.*' [*With effect from the Examination of March 1928*]

THE SCIENCES

1. M. A.'s in Science subjects or M. Sc.'s may offer themselves for the D. Sc. degree, provided three years have elapsed from the time of passing the B. Sc. (*Hons.*) or M. A.

2. The following portions have been deleted from the syllabus for B. A. Chemistry :—

The periodic system, mass action, The preparation and properties of Cyanogen, hydrocyanic acid and metallic cyanides.

The identification by chemical and physical tests of commonly occurring carbon compounds.

[The above alterations will take effect from the examinations of March 1927.]

3. *Laboratory Notes* :—

PHYSICS

'That no marks should be allotted for Laboratory note books as proposed and that the present obligation for the production of Laboratory note-books at the Practical Examination which obtains for Physics and Chemistry as main subjects for the B. A. degree should be extended to those as subsidiary subjects also.

CHEMISTRY

'The Board was not in favour of assigning separate marks for Laboratory note-books in Chemistry, but candidates will not be allowed to do their practical examinations unless they produce their record books on the practical examination day.'

4. The syllabus for B. A. (pass) in Subsidiary Botany shall be revised with effect from the Examination of March 1929.

5. Physiology shall be introduced as a main subject for the B. A. Degree Examination in Natural Science.

II. INTERMEDIATE

For the Intermediate, there shall hereafter be only *three* papers in English:—

(1) Shakespeare + 600 lines of Poetry—(2 hours and 60 marks).

(2) Prose (2 books) — (2 hours and 60 marks).

(3) Composition (General + not more than two prose works set for non-detailed study) — (3 hours and 80 marks.)

The Resolution, as finally passed, is given hereunder :—

'There shall be three papers on English Language and Literature. The first paper shall be on the books of poetry set for detailed study. The second paper shall be on the books of prose set for detailed study. The third paper shall be on composition and shall contain exercises designed to test the candidates' power to apply the principles studied in the course : in particular it shall contain (*a*) exercises in epitomising and paraphrasing passages of prose and poetry which shall not be taken from any of the books prescribed for detailed study or for perusal and (*b*) subjects for two short essays drawn from the subject-matter of the prose-works prescribed for perusal as distinct from detailed study and from topics of general interest.

Candidates may attempt any two of the subjects set, and the number of the subjects of either kind set shall be larger than the number which a candidate is required to attempt.

III. CHANGE OF DATES

(1) Last dates for payment of fees and submitting applications shall hereafter be 15th December—Intermediate and B. A. Last day for the submission of certificates — 9th March.

(2) The Intermediate and B.A. Examinations shall hereafter run concurrently, at the rate of *one paper* a day (except for Languages other than English,) the Intermediate Examination being held in the forenoon and B. A. in the afternoon. Both the examinations commence on the 4th Monday in March.

IV

The following general principles were adopted by the Syndicate on the reso.

lution of the Academic Council re : conditions under which exemption may be granted to *bona fide* certificated teachers :—

(1) (*a*) That only those applications for exemption should be considered which come from certified teachers employed in schools recognised by the Madras University.

(*b*) That applications for exemption should be made by those teachers with the permission of their Managements and that the Managements should certify that the applicants are *bona fide* teachers in their respective institutions.

(*c*) That certified teachers applying for exemption should have been in service for not less than three years on the date of the application.

(*d*) That every teacher should give a declaration when applying for exemption that he has adopted teaching as his profession and has been in service for not less than three years on the date of the application.

(2) *Matriculation Examination :—*

In regard to applications from Certified teachers for exemption to appear for the Matriculation Examination it was resolved—

(*a*) that applications be not entertained from Lower Elementary trained teachers ;

(*b*) that every applicant for Matriculation exemption should be at least a Higher Elementary trained teacher, and should further have completed a course of study in the IVth Form.

(3) *Intermediate Examination :—*

It was resolved : (i) that applicants for exemption to appear for the Intermediate Examination should be certified teachers of the Secondary Grade, and (ii) that they should either have passed the Matriculation Examination of the Madras University or have been placed on the S. S. L. C. Eligible list of that University.

(4) *B. A. Degree Examination :—*

It was resolved : (i) that every teacher applying for exemption to appear for the B. A. Degree Examination should be a certified teacher of the Secondary Grade and should have also passed the Intermediate Examination of the Madras University ; provided that two years must elapse between the passing of the Interemediate Examination and appearing for the B. A. Degree Examination ; (ii) that if he proposes to appear for a Science group which requires a practical training in a Laboratory, he should produce a certificate of having done the prescribed laboratory work from the Professor of a Constituent or an Affiliated 1st Grade College countersigned by the Principal of that College.

Archaeological Notes from Cochin

1. *The Swing and its Significance.*

Of the different types of religious festivals current in these parts, the most gruesome is *Tookkam* or hook-swinging. It is connected with *Bhagavati* temples and is supposed to be the most propitiatory. It is generally a temple function, though instances are not rare of its being celebrated as a Votive offering.

The man to be hooked undergoes *Bhajanam* in the temple for a period of seven, twelve, twenty-one or forty-one days as the case may be. During the period of preparation, his charges for boarding and lodging are met from the temple funds. On the day on which the festival is to take place, he spends his whole time in the temple itself, till the appointed hour comes. Then he is queerly dressed in the ceremonial robes with the head-gear on, and is also supplied with sword and shield. When everything is ready, he rushes out, accompanied by a crowd of people, with at least a few carrying swords and shields to the appointed place where is kept in readiness a crane-like machine. He takes

his position on the crane ; the hook-end is lowered and his assistant passes the hooks through his sides pulling them out at the back. Then a hen is killed and its blood allowed to trickle down at his feet. After this is done, a third man, generally a professional man having good experience in the work, pulls down the other end of the cross-beam and the victim finds himself raised aloft and dangling in the air. Then a number of people shoulder the crane and they march out in procession with it. In front of the procession the few armed people put up a sham fiight. the victim hanging by the hooks also fighting with the air in that agonising position. It is not at all a pleasant sight. If wonderful are the ways of God, cruel, indeed, are the ways of pleasing Him.

The procession goes on at a quick pace, — the more the speed, the more the shake and the more the pain and the risk — and thrice circumambulates the sacred idol, which is taken out and temporarily lodged in an outhouse. Each time the victim comes in front of the shrine, he puts on a reverential attitude and bows to the goddess, the high priest of the temple standing in front accepting his penitence or worship or both.

After the last turn is over, the procession as before hurries back to the old place ; the hook end of the crane is lowered and the victim freed. Thus the function comes to an end. As for the victim, a tight bandage is made at the place where the hooks were applied, a few eggs are administered to him and he is made to take a few quick rounds in the temple. Then he is paid his fees and dismissed. Though this tragic festival was annually celebrated in nearly half-a-dozen temples there has not yet been reported any death or mishap.

The origin of this festival is lost in obscurity. But the elders advance three views to explain it. Some say it is only the realistic representation of *Kali's* destruction of *Darika*, and in proof thereof they point out the fact that this festival is connected only with Bhagavati shrines. But there is no legend, so far as I know, which speaks of Kali's hanging Darika. Others say it is a process of trial by ordeal, the victim thus proving his innocence ; but then, it can only be an individual's affair and not a temple function. Still others say that it is a survival in a mild form of the old cruel rites of human sacrifice and in support thereof is pointed out the practice of killing a hen at the feet of the victim. This is a view that deserves to be seriously considered. But I am inclined to accept it only in a qualified form : I would take it primarily as a festival of thanksgiving to one's deity for a victory in battle, in which the sacrifice of the vanquished chief is the dominating factor. * K. R. P.

Gleanings

In the *Nation and Athenaeum* of 21-8-'26, occurs a short passage full of peculiar significance on *the Examination Blight*. The writer maintains that the quality of education in the Elementary Schools of England has decidedly improved with the removal of 'the cramping tyranny of external examination.' He adds :—

'Some of the older teachers, perhaps, have never been quite comfortable since they lost their chains. Examinations were a convenient goad ; the inspector a bogey man ..... To the mechaincally minded, the plan had obvious advantages ; and possibly, standardized educational suits are the only wear for mob teaching.'

In the secondary schools, however, 'the dictatorship of the examiner has full sway. To examination success all else is subordinated....For the First School Final examination, the Secondary School child is mercilessly drilled and crammed ; he is condemned to long hours of home-work ; he is told that lon this

* Such a view would necessitate the assumption that the Bhagavati cult was one of the original forms of religion current here and that originally we had priest-kings. The subject is proposed to be taken up for consideration on a future occasion.

examination the prestige of the school and the 'glittering prizes' of the future depend...And yet despite this forcing process, sixty-six per cent of the children do not get through the examination!' The writer then goes on to describe the evils of examinations in general :—

'Examination exigencies often drive real education out and let cram in. A year or two ago, Professor Einstein advocated the abolition of examinations on the ground that they train the memory rather than the reflective faculties. The examination rush, indeed, leaves very little time for thinking. The ordinary examination tests a particular group of abilities in which memory plays the leading role. Memory and intelligence are no doubt closely co-related, but memory is not intelligence. Examination success comes most easily to the candidate who has no real tastes, who will gulp down mental rice-pudding and ginger-pop with equal facility and indifference, and is able to disgorge the same, whole, on the word of command. To those about to take an examination I would say, 'Beware of really getting interested in a subject!' He who follows a delightful quest has no chance against him who concentrates on examination 'tips', and spots the examiner's pet ideas. Thus the examination system discourages the free growth of natural talent, and diverts attention from essential learning ... The spur of competition may be useful, but it has its dangers; some it drives to egotism, others to despair. In any case it seems easy enough to devise tests of progress and ability [*Well, there is the rub!—Ed.*] without recourse to the single chance of an external examination which depends largely on an examiner's vagaries, even upon the state of his digestive apparatus. No doubt many a candidate has failed because an examiner's pipe was not drawing well. ... Wherever the examination blight settles, learning loses reality, becomes devitalized. We must keep the examination system in its place; as a device for selecting Civil Service Officials it is a convenience; as a basis for education, it is a real danger.'

* * * * * *

On the occasion of the inauguration of the Andhra University Senate on 30-8-'26, H. E. Lord Goschen made the following observations on one of the burning educational questions of the day—namely, the adoption of the Vernacular as the medium of instruction.

'The Vice-Chancellor has sounded a note of warning against the dangers of parochialism ... The adoption of the mother-tongue, though no doubt desirable in itself, should not be allowed to prejudice the study of English. English language and literature are the highest intellectual gifts which the West has been able to give to the East and any lowering of the standard in this particular regard would undoubtedly be against the best interests of the University. The Vice-Chancellor has reminded you that culture is universal and knows no boundaries, but is co-extensive with humanity, and any attempt to impair its universality by a system of water-tight compartments would, I am confident, be a fatal mistake. Finally, I would remind you that English has an utilitarian value not only as enabling students to follow Western thought and research but also as a means of employment.'

The Maharaja of Bobbili, Pro-Chancellor of the University, in proposing a vote of thanks to His Excellency, spoke as follows on the same subject :—

'One of the most encouraging features of the Andhra University and in fact, the main reason for its coming into existence is the necessity felt all over the Andhra country for imparting higher education through the medium of the living vernaculars of the country. The Andhra districts form a convenient unit with Telugu as the spoken language and no difficulty will be experienced here in this University in making the people's own language the instrument of education. There need be no fear that our mother-tongue has no literary models, no classics worth the name and no expressions or idioms which can intelligibly convey

modern thoughts and ideas. All lovers of Andhra literature and culture will recognise that we have in the works of Nannaya Tikkanna, Errapragada Srinatha Krishna Devaraya, Peddanna Bhattumurthi and other well-known writers of Andhra Desa, models of literary and artistic perfection and that they ennobled our language and made it capable of expressing the finest shades of thought and feeling. All these writers drew their inspiration from Sanskrit which, in fact, forms the basis of the Telugu language and literature.'

Our Games Club

The July to October term is genearlly a slack term for games. It being the monsoon term the story of outdoor life is a story of rain, water, mud, more rain, more water and more mud and the reader is warned that if he looked for accounts in this report of sensational performances in the football field or tennis court, he would be disappointed.

Often, on dull dreary evenings we were very much at a loss what to do. Hands and tongues idle, they soon found mischief to do. We have our rendezvous, — the porticos of the hostels, the foot of the main wooden staircase in the College or the band-shed in the palace maidan ; there we used to gather, all castes and creeds of us,

'The loyal ones ; faithful to their books,
Half and half idlers, hardy recusants
And honest dunces,'

and used to have tremendous rags. We used to have excited discussions on varied topics and we used to measure our strength in humour and sarcasm between ourselves. We used to have fights, — sometimes in fun, sometimes in seriousness and sometimes it was a little of both. Most of the topics are best left unsaid, the fights left undescribed. They, kind reader, are our secrets.

So we survived the monsoon term. So soon as the weather began to smile, our sporting and athletic potentialities began to assert themselves. Footballs have begun to bounce in our fields, the tennis courts are getting busy and the alma mater like the Dacian mother is beginning to hear the shouts of her 'Young barbarians all at play.'

One regret we have, that our football captain, Mr. K. Madhava Menon, one of the malest and most efficient of our players, should have left us. He used to be a tower of strength in our forward line. But we have plenty of hopes. Our new captain is Mr. P. Achutha Menon who ere now has done his share to defend the honour of his College on the football field. During the practice match played on August 17 he must have seen that he has good stuff to select from. A wise selection and rigorous training, — we have all faith in the discretion and enthusiasm of our captain and Professor Gopala Ayyar, our games secretary, himself a good sportsman — and we should retrieve the mishaps of last year.

Volley-ball is becoming more and more popular. It is quite gratifying because we think that it is a fine manly game with none of the dangers of football or the extravagance of tennis. We have to confess that we were not so fortunate regarding tennis. We had only one full court and about seven-eighths of another ; accommodation hence was limited. Plans, however, are well under way for the acquisition of a good court in the neighbourhood and when that is acquired more of our tennis enthusiasts can see what chances they stand for the Olympic or Wimbledon contests.

We hope to re-start badminton soon. There are talks of a Hockey Club. We are making great strides. Believe me, reader, the other day a book-worm actually wriggled all the way from ... to our football field and offered to play 'left outside !' Was it not great ? We hope to get many of them 'right inside' and then the games club shall have achieved its mission.

M. PARAMESWARAN PILLAI, Class III.

Hostel Notes

Welcome once more to our miniature world ! After a vacation of seventeen days, it is really a refreshing change to open our eyes again on our dear hostel and its environments.

The early riser hears just after six a 'tack, tack' on some doors and a kind voice calling to the late sleeper to rise up ; for we are sorry to state that there are many among us who openly set at naught Hunt's opinion that 'lying late in the morning is never found with longevity.' But whether 'it also tends to make

people corpulent ' I shall not here disclose because I am sure many of my friends will take it rather amiss. It is, however, a great relief to hear the noise of the crowd in the bathroom even from 4 A. M. But, oh ! the agonies that some are subjected to by a row of moving pipes that will suddenly come down one moment and as suddenly rise up and go beyond their reach !

We have a grown-up garden that is young — grown-up, because many of us regard it so, and, like an aristocrat in old age, it has the embellishments of beauty without having real beauty to any appreciable extent ; and young, because we hope for a better appearance in future.

After 4 in the evening, our two badminton courts are alive with enthusiastic players. Experts are not wanting in cutting, twisting and floating. And the groups of players seen patiently awaiting their own turns bear testimony to the great interest evinced in games. Nay — it is a most refreshing feature of our hostel that now rarely any book-worms can be found moping over some book in a corner, after 4 o'clock. Our volley court is also daily gaining in popularity, though, sometimes, some of us have to go about canvassing members to complete a set. And two or three among us are great experts in parallel-bar exercises, and daily, in the twilight, it is positively a pleasure to behold their agile bodies rising and falling most gracefully over the bars.

A new Malayalam atmosphere seems to pervade the whole hostel and many of us devote as much attention to our mother tongue as to English. We are getting down two Malayalam papers, the ' Mathrubhumi ' and the 'Samadarsi ' and the English daily the 'Hindu.' Our literary meetings are of great benefit to us. Though indefatigable bores are not wanting, still thanks to the untiring activity of our secretary and the members, the meetings are really a success and not a mere show ; and many of us have now gained courage enough to roar out a sentence or two from the rostrum.

And to whom should we attribute the cause of all this happiness and good spirit ? To whom are we indebted for the coveniences we now enjoy ? To whom are our thanks due for this perfect harmony and homeliness ?—To two genial, enthusiastic workers under whose care and guidance hostel life now means to us the happiest period of our existence !

M. KESAVAN NAIR, CLASS II.

The Maharaja's College Science Association

MANAGING COMMITTEE

The following office-bearers have been elected for the current academic year.

The Principal (*ex-officio*) *President.*

Mr. K. Narasimha Pai, B. A., L. T. } *Vice-Presidents.*
" R. Gopala Iyer, M. A., L. T. }
" P. Sankaran Nambiyar, M. A. (*Hons.*)
" T. K. Sankara Menon, M. A. (*Hons.*)
" G. R. Narayana Iyer, M. A. (*Hons.*) L. T., *Treasurer.*
" A. R. Subramania Iyer, B. A. *Secretary.*

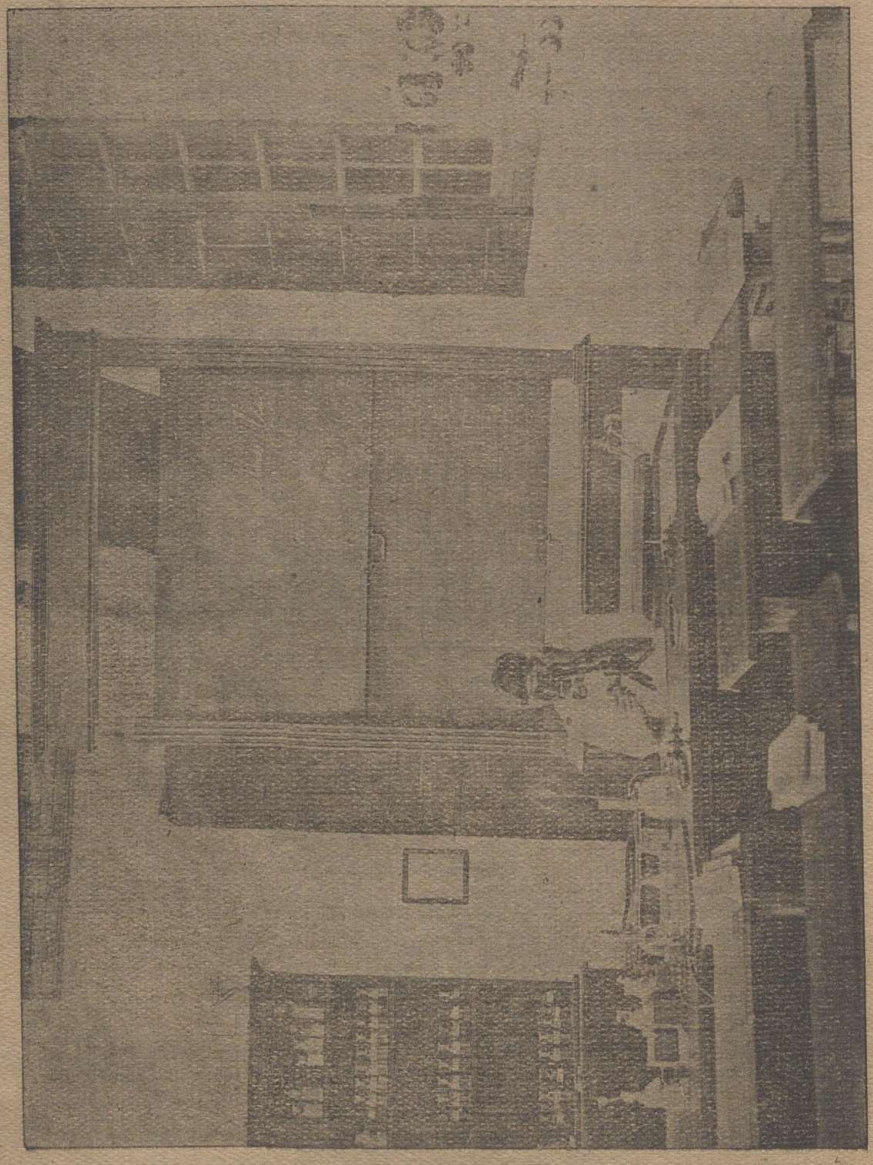
E. P. Bhaskara Menon, Class IV. }
T. Bhaskara Menon, " III. } *Student-representatives.*
M. Kesavan Nair, " II. }
P. P. Narasimha Iyer, " I. }

The inaugural meeting of the Association was held in the College Hall, at 4. 15. p. m. on Monday, the 13th September, when Rev. Father Honore, S. J., of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, presided and Dr. A. R. Poduval delivered an address on the ' Ultimate Conceptions of Science.'

In his introductory remarks the President expressed his appreciation of the rapid development made in the various departments of our College, since June, 1925, and hoped that we would very soon be able to come up to the best ideals of a First Grade College. The address by

Dr. Poduval was delivered in a terse and impressive style, and the imagination of the lecturer was at times roused to a high poetic pitch by the vast universal expanses covered by the subject.

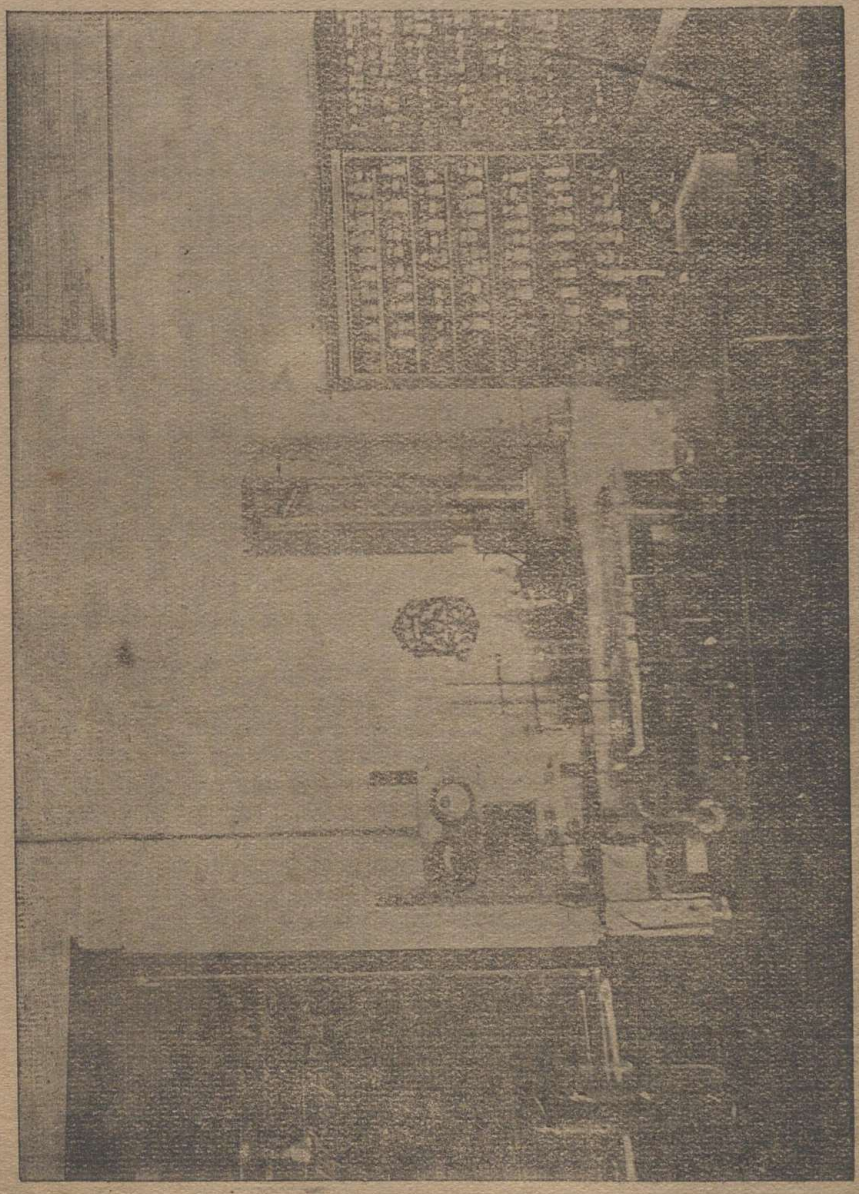
The lecturer began by stating that the Universe is anonymous, that we have no knowledge of the prime cause of things and can study the Universe only under secondary laws. From 'fire-mists and nebulae,' through a process of gradual cooling and condensation he traced the formation of worlds of which our Solar System with the earth and the moon is but a tiny one. Life first appeared on the earth in the Polar seas and developed until we have the appearance of Man with his companion 'the Mind.' The lecturer then passed on to the ultimate structure of the material universe, how it is built up of the atoms of some eighty elements or simple substances. Just as there is infinity in the vast, it has been shown recently from the study of cathode rays and radio-activity that the 'atom' is a complex particle including a vast infinity in itself. The



The Chemistry Laboratory.

atom is supposed to consist of a central core of positive electricity in which the mass is concentrated, surrounded by a number of electrons in rapid orbital motion round the nucleus. The atom is a vast store of potential energy. As Sir Oliver Lodge said 'the potential energy in an ounce of granite or sandstone, if available, will be enough to convert London into a tropical garden.' So we ultimately resolve matter into a vast store of energy which is manifested as electricity. This gives rise to vibrations in the sea of ether which gradually die off and leave behind a perfect etherial calm. The perturbation of this calm by something about which we have no definite knowledge (Providence, Fate, or Spirit of God) again leads to the creation of the material Universe.

The President, in the course of his appreciative remarks on the poetry of Dr. Poduval's lecture, emphasized particularly the entire absence of conflict between science and spirituality, and



The New Chemistry Lecture-Class.

referred, as an instance, to the statement made recently by a group of the most eminent scientists of the day that the fundamentals of religion are perfectly compatible with the latest discoveries of science.

The Secretary, in thanking the President and the Lecturer, referred in passing to the efficient activities of his predecessor, Mr. N. R. Ramachandra Iyer who participated in the baptism of this infant science association — an infant that has had the unique happiness of receiving now the blessing of the Rev. Father and the ministrations of the talented Doctor.

A. R. SUBRAMANIA IYER,
Hon Secretary.

Eyes and No Eyes

(A Drama in Ten Scenes)

BY MRS. A. VELAYUDA MENON, B. A., L. T. (*Old Student*)

Scene : Calcutta.

Dramatis Personae.

1.	MR. KESAVA DAS	A resident of Calcutta.
2.	SULOCHANA	His younger daughter.
3.	SUMITRA	His elder daughter.
4.	RAMESAN	His friend.
5.	SURENDRAN	Son of Ramesan.
6.	NANDINI	Sumitra's daughter.
7.	URVASI	Mr. Das's niece.
8.	DR. JAYA DEV	A friend of Ramesan.
9.	SARASWATI AND DEVAYANI	Two Neighbours.
10.	KITTU	A Servant.
11.	Maid Servant	

Scene I.

Mr. Kesava Das's house in Calcutta. Curtain rises.
Mr. K. Das reclining on an easy chair with little Nandini by his side.
Mr. Ramesan sits on a chair near by.

Ramesan—So, this is Sumitra's daughter ! How soon little girls grow up to be wives and mothers !

Kesava Das—Yes ; when you first came here with Suran, Sumitra was but ten years old and Sulochana just as big as Nandini here.

R.—Suran had just passed his Third Form when I brought him here for his studies. What a lot of opposition I had to meet before I brought him here ! Those scenes at home are still fresh in my memory ; my wife so sad, and my old mother all up in arms against me for sending a small boy of thirteen from home for studies. I could never make *my mother* understand that a bit of hard work, when young, would be of use even to the only son of a rich father.

K.—Yes. Your mother and wife were consoled only after their visit here during holidays ; and then how pleased they were to see the three children playing together.

R.—Sulochana used to be the pet of the family just as Nandini is now and she used to take pretty good advantage of that too.

K.—Yes, she always won in those little quarrels, for Suran used to be on her side defending her from Sumitra's authority.

R.—Sumitra always wanted to mother them and thus rose half the childish disputes.

K.—Sumitra's childish days were cut short by her mother's death. Her marriage followed soon after. She has been managing the house ever

since. Her childish ambition to mother the house was realised too soon.

(Nandini grows restless and whispers something to K.)

K.—What is the matter, dear?

R—No wonder old men's talk does not interest little children. The second childhood of man has very little in common with the first-

(K. goes to the end of the stage and calls Sumitra.)

(To Nandini) 'Your mother will be coming now. Don't cry.'

(Sumitra enters.)

Sum.—Has Nandini been troubling you, father? *(Draws her to her side and sits down.*

(To Ramesan.) I wonder why Suran is not coming. How anxious you will be to see him!

R.—As for that, I am as anxious to see Sulochana as to see Suran. From my thoughts they are inseparable.

K.—So they are to all of us. Why I never felt the want of a son, having Suran here. I used to think it is a blessing in disguise that you had no College near your house, or *I* would not have had the happiness of bringing him up like my own son.

R.—I don't wonder of your love for Suran when I think of the happy days at school *we* spent together.

Sum.—We don't know what to do when Suran goes to England. This is his final year in the College. Sulochana will lose her friend guide and philosopher.

R.—That is true. What if we send Sulochana to England too. There are so many girls who go to England nowadays and it will serve to keep him out of danger *(laughs)*.

K.—Well, there is time enough to think of all that. *(Hears a cycle bell. Enter Suran, wishes father and uncle.)*—Here is Surendran!

R.—*(Gets up and goes to him)* You do look well, my boy!

Sur.—You have given us a pleasant surprise, father. Won't you stay for a few days?

R.—No, Suran; my presence is urgently needed at home. I am leaving by the night train to-day.

(Enter Sulo : with a bundle of books : wish uncle and father.)

R.—Here is Sulochana! What a heavy load of books you are carrying. I hope it does not tire your mind as it tires your hands.

Sulo.—It used to tax my patience when I had to study Mathematics and History. But my special subject at present is Sanskrit and it is too interesting to make me feel any strain.

Sur.—She is teaching me Sanskrit, father. She is afraid I would become an animal by losing touch with all fine literature in the Medical College.

R.—You have to thank your stars that you have such an intelligent teacher, Suran. By the bye where are the two parcels I brought Sumitra?

Sum—Here they are *(gives the two parcels)*. *R. receives and gives one to Suran and the others to Sulo* : 'Two little presents I brought for you.'

(Sul. and Suran admire the presents)

Sum.—What a beautiful Saree! Oh Suran, 'If your father's love is to be measured by the worth of these two presents, then surely Sulo: has a greater share of it than yourself.

Sur.—Really, Sumitra, were it otherwise, I would be very unhappy.

(Nandini clings to Sumitra's saree and shows signs of crying).

Sum.—Naughty girl ! She is angry for not getting a Saree like Sulo :
(*Sur: and Sulo. both approach Nandini.*)

Sur.—Don't cry, dear, here's for you (*gives his parcel*).

Sul.—And this is for my little Nandini (*gives hers. Nandini receives and smiles*).

R.—Time is flying. When does the evening train start ?

K.—At six. Well, Suran, you go and have your tea. We both are going to the station to see your father off. (*Exit Suran*).

Sulo.—What a pity, uncle, you can't stay even a day.

R.—Never mind, you must all come home with Suran during the holidays.
(*Enter servant*).

Sir, the carriage is ready.

K.—We shall get ready to start then.

Scene II.

Enter Suran and Sulo : sitting on chairs and reading ; a table is between them.

Suran—What beautiful thoughts and so well expressed. I don't wonder at the great praise Goethe gives to Kalidasa's Sakuntalam !

Sul.—These ancient poems always make me reflect on the culture of a nation that could give utterance to such high and sublime thoughts.

Sur.—And I always feel sad that so much wealth of thought and imagination is hidden from the masses of India when that is their greatest inheritance.

Sul.—Not using what we have, we needs must appear poor and beg for knowledge before others.

Sur.—Who, alas, cannot give us what we want.

Sul.—That Indian thought and phliosophy, in its loftiest form is revealed in Sanskrit and that Sanskrit has gone beyond the masses of India, is a fact unfortunate and inevitable, but nevertheless true.

Sur.—Let us go on reading. These digressions are interesting but hinder our progress in reading. We have read only a few verses to-day.
(*A knock is heard. Enter Postman, salutes them*). 'A letter for you, Madam
(*Hands over the letter*)

Sul.—(*Opens and reads the letter. Starts with surprise*). 'This is indeed news !'

Sur.—What ?

Sul.—Urvasi is coming !

Sur.—Urvasi ! What a name !

Sul.—Urvasi, my father's niece, she is coming for her studies.

Sur.—O ! from the way you spoke, I thought she had something to do with her heavenly namesake, Indra's Urvasi.

Sul.—Well, you needn't be too sure of that ! She is very fair and though just 14, sings like an angel.

Sur.—Angels are all right if they won't interfere too much in human affairs as they generally do.

Sul.—But don't you think it will be an interesting change for us all to have her ?

Sur.—I am quite happy as I am and don't relish any change even with the help of an angel without wings.

Sul.—You seem to be in a playful mood now. I wonder how Sakuntalam had such an effect on you.

Sur.—Why, it is but natural. From Sakuntala to Menaka and then to Urvasi is but a step.

Sul.—But really you must also help us to make her feel at home here. Poor Urvasi.

Sur.—If ever an angel can be made to feel at home on this earth, then your Urvasi shall—.

Sul.—You don't seem inclined to take anything seriously just at present. I am off to tell Sumitra about this. I am sure she will be so pleased.

(*Exit Sulo :*)

Sur.—(*Resumes reading.*) (*Curtain falls*).

Scene III.

Enter Suran reading alone.

Sur.—It is a week since the arrival of Urvasi and the result, just as I expected. Sulo: has no time for anything. She is so busy making Urvasi feel 'at home.' For a week we have not read Sakuntalam and now I realise what an immense power good literature has to enliven and ennoble a mind depressed by little cares.

(*Enter Sumitra.*)

Sum.—Surendran, you have not as yet heard Urvasi sing. Shall I bring her to-day ? I am sure you will be delighted. All poets are lovers of music, I am sure.

Sur.—Who says I am a poet ?

Sum.—O, the songs you composed are beautiful when sung. Urvasi sings the one you composed about Krishna the other day.

Sur.—But you had no business to teach her my songs without asking me.

Sum.—Wait till you listen. Shall I ask her to come ?

Sur.—(*Looking at his watch*) O, I have an engagement at 4 to-day. I have just 15 min. to spare. If Urvasi will oblige, I shall be very happy to listen till I leave.

Sum.—What condescension ! I will go and bring her then.

(*Exit Sumitra.*)

(*Re-enter Sumitra, Sulo and Urvasi. Suran gets up, wishes the ladies and sees them seated.*)

Sum.—Urvasi, Suran is waiting to hear you sing. Can't you oblige ?

Ur.—Certainly. Which song shall I sing, Sulochana ?

Sul.—Any that you like.

(*Urvasi sings: Suto. keeps Sruti.*)

Sur.—This is indeed beautiful. A very sweet voice and well-trained.

Sul.—You said you have an engagement at 4. It is nearly time.

Sur.—(*Hesitating*) I really feel reluctant to leave. I think I would rather not go. After all it is nothing urgent.

Sum.—Sulochana, what did I tell you? *(Smiles)*

(Urvasi begins another song).

Enter servant. Some lady visitors have come and are waiting in the parlour.

Sum.—What a pity we have to stop. Sulo., you come with Urvasi. Let me go and see who they are. *(Exit.)*

Scene IV.

Enter Surendran sitting on a chair buried in thought. Enter Sulo., with a book and looks at Suran unobserved. A slight noise awakens him from his deep reverie.

Sur.—*(With a start)* O! you have come!

Sul.—*(Smiling)* Yes, to disturb your pleasant ventures in the dreamland.

Sur.—Granting that I was in the dreamland, how do you know my ventures were pleasant?

Sul.—You wouldn't have been so engrossed had they been unpleasant; and besides the look of annoyance on your face told me you were disturbed from pleasant memories.

Sur.—All have their fits of imagination and dreams.

Sul.—True; but you seem to have a greater share of them than usual. I am not inquisitive but I am anxious. I wish I could help you if there is any trouble.

Sur.—Nothing is the matter. Don't make a fuss. What is the book you have brought?

Sul.—This is the Sanskrit Magazine Sahridaya. You said you wanted a change from Sakuntalam. There are some interesting articles here.

(Music is heard from inside)

Sur.—Urvasi has begun to sing. How music distracts one from other work. I feel more inclined to music this evening, than to literature.

Sul.—I wonder if you would prefer music to literature all through life. All poets are ardent lovers of music.

Sur.—Music for all, literature for the literate. Who can withstand the charm of music?

Sul.—'ആപാതമധുരം' says the poet. Besides, music presupposes noble qualities of the heart. What does Shakespeare say about haters of music?

Sur.—Don't you think Urvasi is a genius in music?

Sul.—I told you once she sings like an angel, if you will remember. I like her also for her readiness to oblige others by singing.

Sur.—Urvasi is so simple. She is unconscious of the great powers of he musical talent. This makes her all the more charming. How happy the man will be who marries Urvasi. If he were a poet——

Sul.—Why do you hesitate? If he were a poet, he will be thrice blessed, for what more pleasing to a poet than to hear his songs well sung or recited?

Sur.—I am so sorry we are not reading to-day. You must excuse me.

Sul.—No excuse is necessary. I am also a lover of music though not as much as you. We shall go then and listen to music. *(Exit)*

Scene V.

Enter Kesava Das seated on a chair. Sumitra knitting.

K.—Where is Sulochana ?

Sum—Reading in her room.

K.—And Nandini ?

Sum.—Gone out with her father.

K—Only a week since the holidays began and I have already begun to wish that they were over. The house seems to be sleeping. I do miss Suran's evening talk and Urvasi's music. Has to-day's post come ?

Sur.—No. Are you expecting any urgent letters to-day ?

K.—Yes. I am anxious to get Mr. Ramesan's reply to my letter. You know that we had a talk about having the engagement ceremony of Suran and Sulo : during this vacation. The astrologer brought their horoscopes yesterday and said they agree very well.

Sur.—Did he suggest the date for the ceremony ?

K.—No, but before we arrange all that it is necessary to ask Suran and Sulo : about it. Not that we expect any objection on their part. But such things are better gone through in the case of the young men and women of these days. I had written to Suran's father to ask him formally and send me his reply.

Sum.—But Suran said he would be coming a week or so after the holidays. It is so unlike him to be so unpunctual.

Enter Servant.

Here is a letter for master. (*Hands over the letter to K., who opens it.*)

K.—Here is the letter I was expecting from Ramesan. Read it, Sumitra *(gives it.)*

Sum.—*(Reads)* My dear friend,

Your letter dated ..... I am glad that you also think it better to have the engagement ceremony of my son Suran and your daughter Sulo, during this vacation. As soon as I received it, I showed it to Suran and asked him to reply to you direct or tell me his answer to be communicated to you. I also told him what the astrologer remarked about the perfect agreement of the two horoscopes.

He looked very serious when he read the letter and then he asked me to give him a day to frame his reply, which I thought rather strange, considering how well he esteems your daughter. This morning he sent word he was unwell and wrote me his reply, which I am herewith enclosing for you to see.

We are all keeping well. Please settle the date and let us know when we are to start to Calcutta.

Praying God that everthing may go well,

I am,
Ever yours sincerely,
RAMESAN.

K.—Read Suran's letter.

Sum.—My Dear Father, I realise how I have made you hope for a union in marriage between myself and Sulo. Since it seems so necessary for your happiness, as a man of honour and a dutiful son I shall do according to your wishes'

Your obedient and loving son,
SURENDRAN.

K.—So, it only remains for you Sumitra to get Sulo's consent. And if you can see the astrologer to-day, we can reply by return post.

Sum. (*Still looking at the letter*)

K.—Why, is there anything more in the letter?

Sum.—No, father ——but——

K.—But what? Speak up. What is the matter?

Sum.—Only that this is not the kind of reply I expected from Suran. His words make me uneasy.

K.—Nonsense! Your women know to imagine things which don't exist. You go and tell Sulo: about it and come back with her reply. Everything will be all right.

Sum.—I wish that you were in the right, father, and things will take place as desired.

K.—I will go and send her to you.

(*Exit K.*)

Sum.—(*Sits*) Father says it is my imagination. But I doubt very much whether in these matters woman's intuition is not better than man's reason. Sulo: will solve the difficulty.

Enter Sulo.

Sulo.—Father sent me to you Sumitra. He said you had to ask me something.

Sum.—Yes, Sul: sit down. This letter will do my task much better than myself. Read it (*gives*).

Sulo.—(*Reads very seriously.*)

Sum.—What is the reply? Father wants to reply by return post. Why do you look so troubled?

Sulo.—Troubled? I believe it is natural for one to be serious when asked to answer the most serious question in life. You must give me time before I reply.

Sum.—O, you want to follow Suran's example. Well I'll come after meals. You may do your thinking till then. I hope that will be sufficient.

(*Exit Sumitra.*)

Sul.—(*Sits down with letter in hand. Reads.*) 'Since this marriage seems to be a necessity for your happiness, if Sul: is willing, I will do as you wish.'
So it is clear that Suran would marry me if I consent, for the sake of his *parents* and his *honour*. But what about his happiness, which after all is the most important question in marriage. Since he seems so indifferent about it, some one should think of it and who more fit than me who loves him best. (a pause).

And still I cannot consent to marry him. All that seemed a mystery to me in his words looks and manners has been cleared now. Urvasi is his ideal of a

wife and he loves her. He has betrayed it a thousand different ways. I feared this would come, but I waited till this confirmation.

It is no one's fault. He had known only Sulochana and thought he loved her. But now he knows he really wants Urvasi. Poor, honest, simple Surendran. Little he knows the strange course true love will take.

So, I must refuse him and make him free to marry his choice. But how difficult the task is ! Is it possible to blot out from the mind the happy memories of his kindness, his affection for me. Every event from the happy days of my childhood is woven with the memory of his words and actions. What a fate and how have I deserved this ? May God give me strength to sacrifice my happiness for my love and may God keep me company in the utter loneliness of my heart that is to be my destiny hereafter.

(*Sinks on a chair.*)

Enter Sumitra.

Sum.—Sulochana,

Sul.—Yes, Sumitra.

Sum—Why, what is the matter ? Your eyes full of tears and your face so pale and sad. What is it ?

Sul.—Nothing. Only a headache.

Sum.—You know why I have come?

Sul.—I can guess.

Sum.—What am I to tell father ?

Sul.—Tell him that Sulo: loves him truly, but cannot marry him.

Sum.—Love him and cannot marry him ? What ?

Sul.—What more natural ? I love you, but cannot marry you.

Sum.—I cannot understand. Are you joking ?

Sul.—That is the tragedy of my love, which would sacrifice anything for Suran's happiness.

Sum.—How would your refusal help him to be happy ?

Sul.—By making him free to marry for his happiness rather than his honour.

Sum.—Whom does he love?

Sul.—Urvasi is his ideal of a wife.

Sum.—I expected some trouble, but not so much. What am I to tell father? How disappointed he will be ! After all these years of waiting and hoping —— to be stopped just in front of the goal.

Sul.—You must help me Sumitra to go thro' this trying ordeal. You must convince father it is for the best. He is the kindest of fathers and it would not be difficult.

Sum.—I feel it is all a dream —a long dream.

Sul.—There have been people rudely awakened from longer and most pleasing dreams. I believe Life itself is a dream. We wake but when we die.

Sum.—Nothing can change one's destiny. God is merciful even when he strikes.

Curtain falls.

(*To be continued.*)

Editor's Note

In deference to a desire expressed by several of our well-wishers, including our present Director of Public Instruction, we intend to give, in the future issues of the magazine, greater prominence and better representation to contributions from *students*, and to articles reflecting various aspects of College life. In the present issue, however, we could do nothing more than merely make a beginning in that direction.

It has also been suggested to us that relaxation of students after a hard day's arduous routine should be regarded as the primary object of the Magazine. While gladly welcoming this well-meant suggestion, we hope that no great objection will be taken to the inclusion, in every number, of two or three articles of a generally informing character, with a view to satisfying the demands of the unbendingly serious-minded section of our 'Clientele.' Our doors are ever held open to whiffs of pleasantry ; but we shall not, at the same time, shut out any new light from whatever quarter it may come. This in fact is the only solution that occurs to us of a rather hard problem which editors of college magazines like ours have to face in catering to the tastes of a varied body of readers.

Herein, however, a grave practical difficulty stares us in the face. Whence are we to get contributions in the lighter vein ?

For one thing, it is by no means easy for the most erudite of scholars to be humorous in a foreign language. Even if he is, by nature, endowed with an abundant measure of the quality of humour — which, like the quality of mercy 'is not strained' — to attempt to give expression to this humour through the medium of an entirely alien tongue, is like attempting to run with one's hands and feet manacled together. Humour often depends upon slight shades of meaning or turns of expression, which cannot be properly requisitioned by those to whom they have not been familiar through long usage. Humour is, besides, one of the essential ingredients of a universally agreeable style. To write something really attractive in the lighter vein in English is, therefore, no easy task for the average Indian. Nevertheless, we expect our obliging contributors to put forth their best in this direction.

Meanwhile, articles in the lighter vein containing some pieces of useful information as well, can be attempted even by those who are not blessed by Nature with the gift of humour.

Malabar is a strange land, unique for its archæological wealth of tradition and folklore. The institutions and practices — religious, socio-religious and superstitious — the shrines and festivals, the historic sites and buildings, the art-craft etc. of Kerala are such as would never fail to interest and amuse all classes of people. They are now, unfortunately, being rapidly swallowed up by Time. Setting aside a few articles that lie scattered about in some of the old magazines, and a few modest publications in book-form, there are in the Malayalam language itself, so far as we know, only two or three collections of archæological materials—and even these are confined to one aspect thereof, namely, Folklore. Our contributors would be doing a great service towards the popularization of our Magazine and towards the reconstruction of Kerala's past by bringing to light as many more as possible of these archæological treasures of Kerala, to which we shall always be delighted to extend a cordial welcome.

ഒരു ചരമം

കൊട്ടങ്ങല്ലൂർ കൊച്ചുണ്ണിത്തമ്പുരാൻ തിരുമനസ്സുകൊണ്ടു
(കവിസാർവ്വഭൌമൻ).

"ജന്മപ്രാപ്തിം ഗദാഗ്ര്യാം" കലിമലകലുഷാം
ചിത്തവൃത്തിം നരാണാം
കാലസ്യാഹായ്യ വീയ്യാമപി ഹൃദികലയൻ
ഹന്ത! ശക്തിം വിരക്തഃ
യോഗേനാന്തർന്നിധായാച്യുതമപിച ജപൻ
നാമ നാരായണേതി
പ്രാപ്തസ്സദ്ധാമ വിഷ്ണോരപരജലധിപഃ
സാർവ്വഭൌമഃ കവീനാം.

—കൊട്ടങ്ങല്ലൂർ കുഞ്ഞുണ്ണിത്തമ്പുരാൻ.