His Highness Sir Sri Rama Varma, G. C. I. E.,
Maharaja of Cochin.

GREETINGS

MOST LOYAL AND HUMBLE

TO

OUR GRACIOUS PATRON,

His Highness
Sir Sri Rama Varma, G. C. I. E.,
The Maharaja of Cochin,

On the happy and auspicious occasion of His Highness' Seventy-first Birthday.

മിളിതതാരമാം മഹാനഭസ്സിലും
നളിനജാലങ്ങളെഴുംസരസ്സിലും
ഒളി വിതറിന മനോജ്ഞഹസ്തത്താൽ
ലളിതശാരദാംബികേ! മഹാദേവി!
സരളരീതിയും സദ്ഗുണവൃത്തിയും
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കലർന്ന മംഗളചരിതമായുള്ള
കലാനിധി മാടമഹീമഹേന്ദ്രന്റെ
രസാധിവാസമാം പുതുമഹാകാവ്യം
പ്രസാധിച്ചുംകൊണ്ടേ ജയിക്ക! നീചിരം.

THE

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Indo-Aryan Culture.

By Dr. A. R. PODUVAL (*Old Boy.*)

My object in writing this article is twofold. First, to inform the reader that quite a deluge of dirty water has been poured on the personality of Mother India, and that many foreigners and a few Indians have joined the chorus-song of libation. Secondly, to tell the younger generation of our land that there is a history of India, in many ways different from what they have been accustomed to learn in the schools; and an Indo-Aryan civilisation, whose real story is gradually breaking through the mist of years, which as Indians it is their duty to understand.

Among those who out of ignorance, want of sympathy, or other interested motives have tried to make out a case against the fair name of our motherland the most recent example is Miss Mayo ; but she is only one of a type that periodically appears on the Indian soil and derives both pleasure and profit during a winter tour by picking up scraps of information from various quarters and getting them into the dimensions of a book. Wm. Archer, the literary and dramatic critic, Dr. Gough, Mr. Harold Begbie, and several members of the Gospelling covenant, have more or less tried to scrape the crust of Indian culture ; and each one according to his or her conceptions, coloured by an extravagant notion of the morale of modern civilisation, has tried to present to the world a critical exposition of Indian culture. On the other hand, we have a school of European Orientalists, mostly of Continental extraction, of the class of Schlegel, Schopenhauer, Prof. Max Muller, Victor Cousin, Romain Rolland, etc., also several Englishmen and Americans who have had more time and patience to read the history of India from another standpoint altogether. The average Indian student, while profoundly

ignorant of the ancient history of his own country, is at the same time indifferent to it, and hears only a few echoes of what others say, from the daily newspapers. His education does not provide him with the stimulus to understand, what he can very well afford to remain without understanding. What he is forced to learn is generally tuned to the sentiment of those who in writing do not lose much and gain a good deal. He knows by habit something about the Island of 'The Magna Charta' or the Isle of Dogs, but he hardly knows the classical name of Mount Everest in his own country. Reading, except by order, is seldom a practice with him, and the only account that he gathers of his country is the strangely coloured history that he is forced to read for the purposes of his examination.

That is why I take this opportunity of thrusting myself on his notice, on the supposition that he is at least regularly in the habit of reading the literary organ of his college. I would however wish to state once for all, that I have nothing fresh to offer, and that what I am going to say has all been said before.

Victor Cousin, the greatest French historian of European philosophy says:—"When we read the poetical and philosophical monuments of the East —above all, of India which are beginning to spread in Europe—we discover there many a truth and truths so profound, and which make such a contrast with the meanness of the results at which the European genius has sometimes stopped, that we are constrained to bend the knee before the Philosophy of the East, and to see in this cradle of the human race, the native land of the highest philosophy." He was speaking of a period about 200—400 centuries before the birth of Christ*—before Moses had reformed the lawless and wandering tribes of Israel through the medium of the Ten Commandments. It was anterior to the period, when the Semitic races were trying to explain the origin of man and of the Universe through the mythical stories of creation gathered from the Chaldeans, Phoenicians, Persians and the Babylonians. And at that remote age, the Indo-Aryans had already discovered the evolution of the Universe from the one Cosmic Energy, and of man from the lower orders of living things.

The dawn of civilisation broke, not on Greece or Rome, but on the horizon of Aryavartha, on the face of that sub-continent, which lies between Himavat and Cape Kumari, and in which, as our great Poet sings, the Monarch of the Mountains lies stretched like a measuring rod between the Eastern and the Western seas. In this land, as early as the Vedic period, men began to ask the most vital questions that have ever perplexed mankind and for which modern science is yet to give an answer. The nature of death, the vital processes, the soul, the Universe, the Essence of Existence—these were the problems that had engaged their attention, and are yet waiting for a satisfactory solution. The achievements of modern science, great as they are, are merely side issues, mere excrescences, of the fundamental problem.

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* According to the best authorities, Moses lived about the 14th Century. B. C.—Dr. Kuenen, *The Religion of Israel.*

Centuries before the new civilisation condescended to allow a half-hearted acceptance of the principle of the freedom of thought, fighting through every stage of it, the great Aryans not only possessed it but actually encouraged it. The Aryan was born with the idea that freedom of thought was as much his birthright as the vision of his own eyes. Europe in the Middle ages and till the beginning of the 18th century, presented a harassing spectacle of prisons and tortures, as the inevitable lot of the pioneers of new scientific thought. The history of that period is a tragedy and crime. In India, even in the pre-Buddhistic age, there was prevalent such a variety of thought, often so contradictory, that nothing but an absolute assumption of freedom of thought as a birthright among them could allow such ideas existing. Thus there were atheists, agnostics, nihilists, materialists, dualists, monotheists, pluralists, spiritualists, monists, etc., living side by side and exchanging opinions, without hitch or hindrance. This indeed is surprising when we consider that not all these shades of thought are tolerated in civilised countries even to-day.

The main issues of the human and universal problems—what the phenomena of the Universe mean, what is their source, and what relation the individual being has to the Universal Being—are as much questions to-day as they have been with the ancient Indo-Aryans. The real scientist of to-day is modest enough to admit that he is only skirting the fringe of these mysteries. Investigations into the real nature of phenomena are not a monopoly of the present age, although it must be said that there has been a greater necessity in modern times for an expansive exploitation of nature and Man to meet the demands that civilisation has created. The ancient Indo-Aryans, though prompted by different motives, have also made substantial contributions to the store of knowledge; and some of the results of their investigation are embodied in the Six Systems of Indian Philosophy. I hope, I may be excused, if I mention them here; for I expect, that some of my 'educated gentlemen and lady readers' may have been too much preoccupied with other things to read about them. They are, Vaisheshika by Kanada, Nyaya by Gautama, Sankhya by Kapila, Yoga by Patanjali Purva-Mimamsa by Jaimini, and Uttara-Mimamsa or Vedanta by Badarayana or Vyasa. In these works, they have tapped nearly all sources of knowledge and intuition; have experimented with all the materials at their command; and rising above the plane of the phenomenal Universe in which modern science still finds its nest, have passed beyond the bounds of time and space,

> The burning zone, the saphire blaze,
> Where angels tremble when they gaze

into the region of the Absolute, the Brahman of the Hindu Philosophers. It is a daring of speculative thought for which the Indians still stand in the world unchallenged. 'Both Thales and Parmenides were indeed anticipated by the Hindu Sages, and the Eleatic School seems but a reflection of the Upanishads", says Prof. E. W. Hopkins. Speaking about the Vedanta

Philosophy, Frederic Schlegel says:—'The divine origin of man as taught in the Vedanta is continually inculcated to stimulate his efforts to return to animate him in his struggle, and incite him to consider a reunion and a re-incorporation with Divinity as the one primary object of every action and reaction. Even the loftiest philosophy of the Europeans, the idealism of reason as is set forth by the Greek Philosophers appears in comparison with the abundant light and vigour of Oriental idealism, like a feeble Promethian spark in the full flood of heavenly glory of the noon-day sun, faltering and feeble and ever ready to be extinguished.

The theory of Evolution, the marvel of modern times was a doctrine, that had to be fought out in the West with clenched jaws and closed fists from its first inception down to the present day. But to the Aryans the process of Cosmic Evolution from a homogeneous mass was a known and accepted fact. They rejected the theory of a special Creation as puerile and unsatisfactory. In one of the Upanishads there is a story of a Sage telling his son:—'My dear child, some people think that this world has come out of nothing; but how can something come out of nothing?' Prof. Huxley in his *Science and Hebrew Tradition* says in this connection.—'To say nothing of the Indian Sages to whom Evolution was a familiar idea ages before Paul of Tarsus was born.' And Sir Monier Williams in his *Brahminism and Hinduism* declares.—"Indeed, if I may be allowed the anachronism, the Hindus were Spinozites more than two thousand years before the existence of Spinoza, and Darwinians, many centuries before Darwin, and Evolutionists many centuries before the doctrines of Evolution had been accepted by the scientists of our time; and before any word like 'Evolution' existed in any language in the world'.

Here, it will be presumptuous on my part to attempt even an outline of the splendid results achieved by our ancestors in their philosophical investigations, but I cannot resist the temptation of pointing out to my scientific readers certain aspects of these investigations. If it cannot alter the trend of their ideas, it may perhaps tend to temper their judgment, in scientific matters. Students of modern science therefore may be shocked to hear that the theory of the material conception of the Universe was known to our ancestors long before the words *matter* and *force* evolved out in the scientific thought of to-day. Thus in the Vaisheshika Philosophy of Kanada, the origin of the Universe to atoms and molecules is clearly stated. It is unnecessary here to inquire whether the Indo-Aryans possessed laboratories and physical and chemical apparatus to conduct their researches. Who can say about the possibilities of the laboratory in the mind of every individual man when he knows how to utilize it ? Europe is just beginning to have glimpses of such possibilities, brought rather roughly home to them by the inadequateness of test-tubes and chemicals to understand the mysteries of life and of the human mind. According to Kanada, the phenomenal Universe is divided into six *Padarthas* which practically embrace the whole realm of knowledge. They are 1. Dravya or substance. 2. Guna or quality. 3. Karma or action. 4. Samanya or that

which constitutes a genus. 5. Vishesha or that which constitutes the individuality of an object. 6. Samavaya or coherence or inseparability. According to some, Abhava or non-existence is the seventh substance.

The first four of these are the result of the peculiarity of their composition, being made of minute invisible particles, atoms (anoos) which alone have real existence, the properties themselves being non-eternal. "All aggregate substances can be broken up into indivisible particles of matter which have no visible dimensions." He also goes to prove that the first aggregate of these atoms, a Dyanu, or molecule is composed of two anoos, and that a molecule also is invisible. A Trasarenu is a molecule composed of three atmos, and so on. These discoveries were made long before the time of Empedocles and Democritus, and till very lately this theory was the basis of our material conception of the Universe. I am one of those who was taught the same, during the early years of this century. Since that time, however, science had made another leap forward, and now finds itself surrounded by an ethereal uncertainty—a dusky debateable land where the atom assumes the grossness of a solar system, and whose components are now receding into the indefinable boundary between matter and energy. But it appears that the Hindus were not unaware of such a possibility, as we learn from the Sankhya of Kapila.

To those who are familiar with the works of Herbert Spencer, the Sankhya philosophy of Kapila might look like a production of yesterday. Kapila lived about 700 B. C. In certain respects he is nearer the scientists of to-day, and certainly far in advance of the scientific thought of my student days. He rejected the atomic theory and said that the atoms themselves were complex bodies and traced their origin to an Eternal Cosmic Energy, Prakriti, the procreatrix, Creative Energy of the Latin Scholars. Kapila defined atoms as 'Force-Centres' a startling pre-announcement of the modern conception of ions and electrons. He explained creation as the result of attraction and repulsion', of 'love and hatred' in an Empedoclean sense.

There is no ancient Philosophy in which the subtle influence of the Sankhya System cannot be felt. Pof. E. W. Hopkins says.—'Plato is full of Sankhyan thought, worked out by him, but taken from Pythogoras. Before the 6th century B. C. all the religio-philosophical ideas of Pythogoras were current in India. If there were but one or two of these cases, they might be set aside as accidental coincidences, but such coincidences are too neumerous to be the result of chance. Again he says.—

"Platonism and Christian gnosticism owe much to India. According to Mr. John Davies, the Sankhya system of Kapila is the "earliest attempt to give an answer from reason alone to the mysterious questions which arise in every thoughtful mind about the origin of the world, the nature and relations of man and his future destiny."

The Vedanta stands on a plane by itself. Its broad, lofty and universal conceptions make its doctrines acceptable to all sorts and conditions of men

from the priest to the pariah. There is no philosophy in the world in which the human mind has ascended to such sublime heights. Prof. Max. Muller says, "None of our philosophers not excepting Heraclitus, Plato, Kant or Hegel, has ventured to erect such a spire, never frightened by storms and lightnings. Stone follows stone in regular succession, after once it has been clearly seen that in the beginning, there can have been but one as there will be but one in the end whether we call it Atman or Brahman.

According to the Vedanta, the ultimate reality of the Universe is the One Absolute, which is beyond subject and object, which is the infinite source of intelligence of knowledge, of consciousness and blissfulness, which is one and not more than one. This is called Brahman in Sanskrit. What Plato called 'Good', what Kant calls the 'Ding-an-Sich', 'the thing-in itself', what Schopenhauer calls the 'Will', Spinoza calls 'Substantia', Emerson, the 'Oversoul', Herbert Spencer, 'the Unknowable', and the Christians, The Divine Essence of the Heavenly Father, that is what the Vedantin calls Brahman. It is Omnipresent, Invisible, Eternal, One, and Universal. In Europe there is but one philosophy that tries to make an approach to the Vedanta and that is Kantian Philosophy. But the Vedanta is more lofty in conception, more critical in its methods of enunciation. The beauty of the Vedanta lies in the fact that it accepts all the conclusions of modern science and having admitted the scientific facts relating to the Phenomena of the known world, it leads the human mind gradually into the realms of the Unknown, the Absolute, the Ultimate cause of things. Science leads us to a certain point and then finds it can hardly get any further and where science ends, philosophy begins.

Now, I find it working as a powerful auto-suggestion in the minds of many of our people, that they are a set of dreamers, that their ancestors were so, and they have been told by somebody that they are so. I shall not presume to ask who said so and what is their interest in so saying. But if they have been dreamers, if Aryabhatta, who discovered the laws of gravitation centuries before Newton did, if the original inventors of geometry and the decimal notation were people who sat cross-legged on their hannches meditating on their navel, if Manu, one of the greatest sanitarians that the world has ever seen, is a dreamer all that I can say is that we want more dreamers of that type in India to-day. Later researches have shown us that European Medicine which till the 18th century depended on Arabic Medicine was largely borrowed from India, and the science of Preventive Medicine the latest child of modern scientific Medicine was well known and practised in India long before the idea suggested itself to the mind of the West.

Space forbids me from elaborating this subject any further. The question that automatically suggests itself to us is, what is our share in it? That alas! at present has to be answered in the negative. The more is the pity, considering that the soil that produced these intellectual giants is still present in India; only we have had a considerable backsliding, a degeneration from the sublime to the ridiculous. Neverthless, signs are not wanting to show

that India is still capable of producing some of the greatest and most original men of the age, whether in literature, science, art, philosophy or politics. The depressing suggestions about climate and geographical position of India as uncongenial to the production of substantial world-achievements, are merely part and parcel of the same system of hypnotic trance in which the people have been held for the last so many years.

I see things with a different eye altogether. India obviously seems to be awakening from its long lethargy to the realisation of its fundamental national genius, the focus of world culture. She has immensely profited by her contact with the culture of the West, and what is more important, learnt to realise the proportion of this culture to the civilisation of the future. She seems to have no misgivings about it. Thus, tutored in all that the mechanical civilisation of the West has to offer her—'the wanting of more wants' as Mr. Archer puts it, and keeping her ideals intact, there is no reason why India should not in the future be the cruicible in which civilisations are melted, the materialism of the West and the idealism of the East, being simultaneously subjected to that ordeal, in the furnace of experience, evolving something higher, nobler, more Divine.

The short story.

By V. C. KRISHNA MENON, B. A., B. L. (*Old Boy.*)

A College student, whom I will call P. K. composed a short story for the first time in his life and he took it to vakil Mr. .....Menon for advice. Mr. Menon was a good deal surprised and rather amused. "You just gave me a nice little fright," said he, "what with the paper in your hand and the way in which you began I thought you came in for some subscription or donation. But it is quite otherwise. I am really flattered. I don't know how you took it into your head to come to me for an opinion in such a matter... ."

"But your short stories are.....", P K. was going to put in, " popular."

"That may be," Mr. Menon interrupted. " But you see I am not a critic. Nor do I know anything of the science of story writing or its techniques Anyhow you are here and I shall do what I can to help you."

"Thank you Sir."

Mr. Menon opened the manuscripts, read the first two pages carefully, glanced through the passages of conversations that followed, read a para here and a para there and when he had finished a little more than half the total number of pages he looked up with a smile and queried "And so the monied uncle at Rangoon dies leaving your hero a fortune wherewith to marry his lady love and live happily for the rest of their lives?"

"Yes, Sir," said P. K.

Mr. Menon continued his perusal in much the same fashion as before but with particular attention towards the conclusion. He put by the volume and smiling said. "Having come for my opinion I will rather be free with you."

P. K. "That is exactly what I desire, Sir."

Mr. Menon: " Right. In the first place your plot is stale being as old as Bocacio's Decameron. Secondly your method is plain. From the beginning the end is unequivocally clear. There is nothing to sustain the interest, no thrill, as they call it. But you write well and your style is suited for compositions of this sort. I will give you some practical hints."

"Just one word before I come to the point", continued Mr. Menon. "You see, human Nature always yearns for diversions. The mind wants occasional awakenings from the placid routine of every day life. It seeks fresh experiences, fresh excitements, or in other words, thrills ! That is why we find people going into the forest to wrestle with the tiger and the leopard, or to wars for the fun of killing and being killed, or out into the sea for more adventure. Quieter natures content themselves with fishing or with gazing out of the drawing room window at the streams of humanity that pass along the street or with merely a quiet stroll along the beach or the garden. Some listen to the village gossip with rapt attention. Each seeks to satisfy this general craving of the human mind in ways best suited to each temperament. The short story ministers to this craving in a second-hand manner. At one time the novel had its place. But modern humanity is busier than before. The novel is much more complex and it requires time to go through it from cover to cover. It is just a thrill that the busy reader seeks in the brief interval vouchsafed to him, between what I may term work and labour. The short story gives it in a few minutes. That is why it is so popular. It may appear at first sight easier to write a short story than a novel but it is not so. It is as difficult, if not more. For the short-story writer has not all the space, opportunities and advantages available to the novelist and yet the final impression has to be as effective as that of the novel.

"Now, the short story consists of certain acts and events leading up to and culminating in a final act or event or a set of acts or events. By acts I mean the conscious acts of human beings and by events, happenings over which they have no control. Desdemona drops her favourite kerchief. It is an event as she never meant it nor was conscious of it. The characters act and the events happen under certain circumstances. Circumstances are important because, regard being had to the ordinary course of Nature and the laws of human conduct, they make certain acts and events possible or impossible. All these four elements, therefore, contribute to bring about the result or the conclusion, as I call it, which creates the final impression on the reader's mind, the thrill ! as they call it.

"The short-story writer must therefore possess a fair knowledge of human nature and creative faculty in a fair degree. His first consideration is 'what is the impression—the sensation, that he intends to cause in the reader's mind ?' The mind is subject to various sensations or emotions. But life itself is a mixture of joy and sorrow. The sensations therefore range between these two. The acts and events lead up to a situation so extremely comic that it throws the reader into uncontrollable fits of laughter. Every subsequent act or event in that situation brings out fresh peals. Even long after he had finished it the mere recollection of the situation while in the class or in the court makes him laugh outright making his neighbours suspect unpleasant things of him. From situations of this sort as we proceed to others the comic element will be found to decrease. We come to stories where the impression produced by the conclusion ranges from the merest sense of surprise or satisfaction to feelings of the most profound religious awe-satisfaction that the sinner has suffered and the just have had their due, and surprise at the inscrutable ways of the world and the littleness and vanity of human desires and endeavours. Henceforth the element of sadness comes into play—we emerge into tragedy. A tragedy may leave us merely sad. Or it may be a terrific catastrophe which overwhelms the imagination with the sense of the appalling loss of life and property carrying in the general crash not only of the wrong-doers but also involving the ruin of innocents whom we are made to love and admire, and leaves the mind in utter despair. Or again there may not be any such noise or general calamity but the tragic effect is produced by a word or gesture or even by the mere presence of a particular character at a particular scene where the situation, set in pathetic surroundings, gets hold of our imagination and forces us into tears. Every subsequent act or word brings out fresh torrents preventing us from proceeding. Apart from the purely comic it may be generally asserted that the story either ends in a tragedy or ends by avoiding an imminent tragedy.

Now we come to the point. Which of these sensations do you want to produce ? Suppose it is the comic. You want to make the readers laugh. There are two ways to begin. One is to imagine a comic situation first and then furnish the steps,—the acts and events calculated to lead up to it, assigning the acts to appropriate characters and clothing in appropriate circumstances the events you may have to bring into requisition to give the desired result. The process is not as easy as you may imagine. Such a situation may easily present itself before the mind of an expert, a man of varied experiences having a special eye to the comic side of human nature. But to ordinary mortals it is a hopeless task. Of course we often find people in comic situations, sometimes ourselves too. The village gossip daily gives us details of the comic side of our neighbours' lives over which we laugh heartily. But these may be too trivial or commonplace, however much you may dramatise it. You must give the reader something original, a situation in which there is some novelty. There is also the question of presentation to which I will come last. You have therefore to create a

situation for yourself. It is here that your creative faculty comes into play. I have often found that people who are adepts at playing practical jokes are experts in this matter, and I have often wondered at the way in which they take advantage of opportunities which are lost sight of by ordinary people. I will give you an instance which now comes to my mind.

"A friend of mine had, in his school days, a neighbour living opposite to him on the other side of the road. He was an old man notoriously hot-tempered and a hopeless stammerer to boot. Of all things, he could not bear being mimicked. My young friend (he is fairly old now and lives not very far off) took special delight in imitating him in his presence whenever he met him at his gate and flying to his own house to escape chastisement at his hands. Once his father who was a Chief Court Vakil, pestered with incessant complaints from the old man, severely admonished him and he had to leave off the practice. One day a stranger stepped in at my friend's house and enquired where a certain gentleman lived. My friend who saw that the stranger had stammer to an extent equal to, if not more than, our old friend straightway pointed to the opposite house suggesting that an old man whom he would find there would be able to give the exact information. As luck would have it the stranger found the old man at the gate itself and made the enquiry. In reply he got a box on the ear. Taken aback, the stranger indignantly demanded the meaning of this treatment. Our old friend stammered out an explanation which the stranger interrupted as adding insult to injury. Provoked to the extreme, the stranger returned the old man his blow. A row followed which brought the neighbours to the scene including my friend's father to whom each party began to stammer out his complaint. He listened till the giggles of the audience, becoming more and more audible in spite of his presence, made him think that a few more seconds would make him follow suit. Hence he sent the stranger on his way and hastened home. My friend, who, peeping over the fence, felt his heart climb to his mouth when he heard the stranger mention something of a boy, later found his father on an easy chair struggling with fits of laughter in a vain attempt to tell his wife what was the matter and thought he heard his name also whispered in its course.

"This brings to my mind another incident which happened at Madras while I was studying for law. We were eight in a lodge and had two cooks one of whom was a middle-aged fellow and something of an idiot. He wanted to go home and on the eve of his departure asked one of us for a pair of old trousers as a favour. The person to whom the request was made happened to be made of the same stuff as my young friend whom I introduced to you just now. He promised to give him one and suggested that taking home a pair of trousers alone would be ridiculous but that if he approached his other masters they might each spare an item to make up a complete suit. The fellow was much elated and did so and the others who were let into the secret readily complied. My friend duly coached him up as to how to dress and how to behave in it and had him rehearse the whole thing at a full

meeting of the lodge. He took leave in his new costume and on doing so my friend asked him if he would mind handing in a note at the neighbouring lodge on his way. He consented and my friend instead of giving him a note gave him a visiting card with the cook's name inscribed thereon fairly anglicised. What followed may better be imagined than described. The person to whom the card was presented was a gentleman in all respects whose only faults, if faults they are, were that he was a bit overfond of the western style of life and rather too sensitive. The cook was instructed that if anybody spoke to him in English he need only smile and occasionally nod with an "yes" or a "no" during the intervals. Suffice it to say that my friend of the kitchen had to be picked up later from the gutter alongside the other lodge.

"So you see these are instances where the final situation simply occurred to the persons concerned. As I told you this happens only to experts or to the gifted. To think it out is rather a difficult affair. The other way is to work from the bottom to the top. Comic situations are often produced by means of comic characters, i. e., persons in whom there is something abnormal,—physical, mental or temperamental—a vain man, hot tempered person, dwarf, squint-eyed person (especially if the person happens to be a lady who appears to look at two persons at the same time) a person madly in love, an idiotic person and so forth. Catch hold of such a man and take him along diverse situations till we get the desired effect.

"We will take a vain man. Vanity loves fine clothes. Let us give him a brand new silk shirt. He slips and falls down in the mud on the road. It is in a thoroughfare where many recognize him. Bring in aggravating circumstances. He cannot go home and change his clothes. He is going to a function which will be over by that time. Why not forego it? No! He is to play an important part in it and it will not occur again in his life. But to go in this condition! Well here is a fight between vanity working in different and opposite directions. Our interest lies in helping him conquer his vanity with regard to appearance. Suppose we assure him that his appearance is not irreparably damaged, that wiping out the dirt will make it all-right? How? Introduce some one to perform the task—a villain, not an out-right one but just of the calibre of the two friends I introduced to you just now. He wipes out the thing and assures the vain man that he is allright, that by his great good fortune only the part just under the tail of the coat was affected and it is now clean and makes him proceed with just a caution that he might take care not to turn his back too often at the company. There was in reality a cart-load of mud at the back exactly where his eyes cannot reach. At the function he has to mix freely among the company. His attempt to keep his back out of sight evokes laughter. The ladies especially shun him as they would a pestilence. At last some one whispers that he is dropping mud from the enormous quantity at his back. And the poor fellow swoons!

"Well, that is something. But suppose we try and aggravate the situation still further. Suppose we make him borrow somebody else's clothes

after the incident, and they are so unsuited as to make him cut a ridiculous figure? Or better, suppose we put him in female attire? It is a capital idea! But how to manage it? He can be induced to put it on only by force or fraud or out of sheer necessity. The first is difficult, the second is possible only if he is asleep or under the effects of some narcotic. The last is a contingency which can arise only if the accident happens at a place where that is the only costume available, for a change of dress. Can we imagine such a place? A distant Railway Station where the only acquaintance he could find is a lady? But how to make him ask her for spare clothes? Suppose it is a party of girls—his college-mates in whom he could confide. Still the process is difficult unless the inducement is so great and it comes from the girls. Why should they do it? We will invest them with a motive. Say they are so tired of his attentions at college and outside college, in season and out of season, that they would teach him a lesson. Even on the particular occasion he has thrust himself upon them unsolicited. They are on some excursion and he came to offer to escort them through it and met with the accident. They took advantage of it. The train is about to start. Take one of their spare sarees, or he left behind. It depends upon how weak he is before women. Vanity is generally so weak. We will make him exceptionally so and invest the girls with persuasive capacity and mischievous propensity of a very high order. They remind him of his boast that at the recent college entertainment wherein he put on the part of a girl he looked more good-looking than most of the girls. One drops a hint that in that costume he can move even more closely with them. We will even assume that his dress was spoilt not by accident but that it was part of a prearranged scheme of the girls. Then we must shift the scene to their residence—or it may be, their lodge. They are about to start on the excursion, hearing of which he writes to them offering to escort them and goes over to them. They lead him into a trap designed to spoil his appearance thinking to make him go out in that or accompany them in their costume. An ink-bottle so placed as to fall on him on opening the door is enough for the purpose. In the result they succeed. It is a glorious opportunity which he can scarce afford to miss, be it in any costume whatsoever. His hair is centrally parted and face, of course, clean-shaven for the occasion. An end of the saree kept in position over head and ears will complete the disguise.

"So far so good. Now for a climax? Well, hand him over to the police! How can the girls do it? Inform the Station Master? A telegram! The wording may be A party of college girls enroute to—by train number so and so. Dogged by man in female dress. Apprehend danger. Pray immediate help. Let the servant despatch it immediately after they take train, to the station master of an intermediate station.

"But the time is up, and we will adjourn the proceedings to another date. Now to summarise briefly today's lecture, if I may call it so,—I have described the main varieties of the short story according to the sensations which the final result produces in the reader's mind. I have also told you how to

create the theme of a comic story. It may either be by thinking out a comic final situation first and then finding out the parts that would give that result. Or it may be by arguing from a single comic part to a culminating situation adding aggravating circumstances till the final result gives the greatest possible effect. On another occasion I will speak to you how to construct the theme of the other varieties of the short story and finally about presentation which is more important than all. In the meanwhile I will give you a short exercise. Just take some abnormal character in your midst—say in the hostel in which you put up. Or if there are none, imagine there is one—say a vain young man, the son of a noble-man or a high-placed official of a neighbouring state, conceited, who imagines himself to be a superior being and looks down upon all the rest of you. Just work on him and let your imagination get him into a situation so utterly humiliating in the eyes of his own people and his own that thereafter he takes care to behave better. And mind if it comes out successful I will get it published for you in the next issue of the College Magazine. So adieu for the present".

P. K. heartily thanked Mr. Menon and withdrew.

The Function of Music,

By C. NARAYANA MENON, M. A. (Hons.) (*Old Boy*).

It has been remarked that aesthetic criticism is based on prejudice. No branch of the Fine Arts serves to illustrate this statement so well as music. Abbe Dubois found Indian music barbarous and absurd;and it is to be feared that the generality of Indians finds no better charm in Western music. Among individuals, some dislike music; some are madly in love with the bare notes themselves. These latter would have us believe that the pitches are divine in origin, their beauty being like the truth of geometrical theorems absolute and unchanging. Had it been so,all men should have agreed in their tastes. Music, therefore, is not impersonal. Meredith puts this clearly:—

"They have no song, these sedges dry
In me they sing."

A greater poet has given his ideal of music in Alastor:

"Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
Heard in the calm of thought".

The pitches and cadences may be compared to straight lines and curves. Lines, however rudimental, cannot help suggesting to human fancy figures of living animals; and notes, however casual, cannot but raise obscure and powerful emotions, The joy of the hearer is the joy of recognition of himself. That is why a totally unfamiliar *ragam*, or an attempt to sing a common song in a new and strange way leaves us cold if not offended. Henry

Bergson defines disorder as the existence of an order that is not looked for. Similarly, Beauty is the agreement between the attitude of the subject and the object. Therefore Ruskin has laid it down in his *Modern Painters* Volume III, Part IV, Chapter II, that the true criticism of art can never be based on rules but should be founded on quick sympathy with the innumerable instincts and changeful efforts of human nature. Beauty is formless and appears to each person in the form fitting his stage of development. Life is a continual rejection of outworn forms of beauty. Each form passes through four stages: conception, search, expression and disgust. Life itself is formed on the same pattern as shown by the four ashramas. Thus it is that to different people at the same time, and to the same person at different times, the same song or object appears beautiful and ugly.

The number of objects that appear beautiful at various stages is unlimited. We may classify them into four periods. The first period is recapitulation of the various stages through which life has passed. This begins in the womb. The child is born sudra. The consciousness expands rapidly during the first few months through the exercise of the eye, ear and tongue. All sounds, images and colours are beautiful to it. Any noise is music to it, and the best music is only noise. A new stage is reached when self-assertion seems beauty, and the boy takes to company. Play alone is beauty, and the imitation of birds and beasts is music. From the stage when beauty could be conceived of only as something to be *done*, a second stage is evolved when the boy wants to *know*. The physical and the intellectual eye must co-operate to produce full consciousness. Whereas childish ideals of beauty were based on personal likes, the present ideal is based on what is good for the community. His Utopia is formed in which beauty and goodness are harmonised. Then follows life's struggles, and at the end youthful enthusiasm seems meaningless. The developed soul now wants not simply to do and to know but also to *be*. One of the Saivite saints expresses this attitude in a series of songs to this effect: "The world, relations, fame, wife, children, and riches are unreal, are nothing. Thy feet alone endure." Old age, as Ibsen shows in his *Master Builder*, does not take away the will to aspire. The true hero renounces his achievements and boldly sets out knowing; "it is not too late to seek a newer world". A third eye has to be opened, and that is intuition.

Intuition is a much misunderstood word. The very existence of the faculty has been denied. We must dwell on it at some length because it is the basis and end of music. In the Fourteenth Book of the *Prelude*, Wordsworth refers to this faculty thus:

> "In a world of life they live,
> By sensible impressions not enthralled,
> But by their quickening impulse made more prompt
> To hold fit converse with the spiritual world,
> And with the generations of mankind."

The intellect cannot even conceive of intuition, because the intellect thinks in terms of space. Life is not in space just as man's life is not localise

in any particular cell of his body. Each cell appears to live for itself and yet to a common end. The bees of a hive are like the cells of the body. There is a vital bond between them which is independent of space. A bee requires no guide to find its way back through the trackless air even when removed miles away from its hive. Similar are the mysteries of bird-migration. What we call instinct is a limited and highly specialised sympathy with life-force. The intellect is not so. It is distracted by the prospective and retrospective vision. Men have occasional flashes of intuition. Thus mothers dream of true accidents to their sons in far-away lands, platonic lovers send thoughts across continents, hypnotists read the mind or unopened letters, somnambulists produce superb works of art, and infant prodigies appear. Dr. Earnest Jones in his '*Psycho-Analysis* says that the artistic impulse proceeds from peculiarly deep layers of the unconscious. These deeper layers are closely allied to life which is not in space. That is why great poets and prophets come to identical conclusions. If tradition is to be credited, there has been at least one poet in Kerala whose intuitive sympathy was so deep that he could request, not in vain, the fruit of a garden creeper to fall into his hand, and the river, Chaliar, to be less turbulent so that he might cross over. There are Yogis to-day who have similar powers. According to saint Thayumanavar, the power to control animals, transmute metals into gold, travel invisible, retain eternal youth, and get into other bodies, is nothing compared to the full control of the mind. The song is quoted (with slight modifications for ease).—

കന്നുക മദക്കരിയെവശമായ് നടത്തലാം,/ കരടിവെമ്പുലിവായയും കെട്ടലാം/

ഒരുസിംഹ മുതുകിന്മേൽകൊള്ളലാം/ കടുചെവിയെടുത്താട്ടലാം/

വെന്തഴ നിരതം വെത്തെന്തു ലോഹത്തെയും/ വേദിത്തു വിത്തുണ്ണലാം/

പിറൊരുവർ കാണാമൽ ഉലകത്തു ഉലാവലാം/ വിണ്ണുവരെയേവൽ കൊള്ളലാം/

സന്തതവും ഇളമയോടിരുക്കലാം/ മറൊരു ശരീരത്തിലും പൂകലാം/

ജലമേൽ നടക്കലാം കനൽ മേലിരുക്കലാം/ തന്നികരിൽ സിദ്ധിപെറലാം/

ചിന്തയെ അടക്കിയേത്തുമാ ഇരിക്കിൻറ/ തിറമരിതു സത്തായകിയെൻ/

ചിത്തമിശൈകൂടികൊണ്ട അറിവാന ദൈവമേ/തേജോമയാനന്ദമേ.//

Sri Sankaracharya is said to have reached the stage when the ego is lost in the bliss of All-knowledge. Such a man is no more in space, for he pervades

the universe. The Cosmic Dance of Siva is not in material space but in *Chidambaram*, the *chid-akasa* of mind.

Such ought to be the development of the normal man. But, as Wordsworth asks,

"Where is that favoured being who hath held
That course unchecked, unerring and untired,
In one perpetual progress smooth and bright ? "

Why is it that most people stagnate at intermediate stages, and life has become a sick hurry of divided aims ? Normal life is a continual breaking of toys. Just as the body gets disease when matter which is no longer essential is retained, so also the mind becomes diseased when it regrets giving up an outgrown ideal of beauty. This regret is evidently due to the rejection of a form of beauty before it has been fully expressed and outgrown. For instance we conceive with intense joy a picture we desire to paint. To remove the effect of this on the mind, the only way is to take the brush and undergo the drudgery of painting it. When it is finished it is no longer ours. We soon learn to be disgusted with it. But the unpainted picture like the unwritten poem, makes us miserable. It haunts us till it sinks into the unconscious and becomes a vague regret. Every unexpressed ideal is preserved there and divides consciousness. The verse in the Gita really means, "what is conceived by the mind and left unexecuted is the karma that leaves its impress on man. That which has been done has destroyed itself". New psychology is trying to prove that the whole unconscious mind is a similar relic of past repressions in the early mental development of mankind. In a sonnet published in this Magazine beginning

"The dreams and loves of all the human race
Are stored within the memory of each child"—

I have tried to express this.

Life's path is strewn with such regrets. We have not left without regret the unchartered freedom of childhood. Deep within each of us is a shadowy little Puck who would, if he could, play his pranks. It is he who laughs at the apotheosis of naughtiness in Charlie Chaplin on the screen. It is he who appears as the mob-mind playing practical jokes. These repressed impulses are unsuspected, but they live an intense life in the deeper layers of the mind. The existence of post-hypnotic suggestions shows that the unconscious mind is active. Regret for the lost freedom of childhood does also escape the censorship of the conscious mind by adopting symbolism and making us respond to sentiments like

"Happy those infant days when I
Chimed in my angel infancy".

The regrets connected with adolescence are many, those relating to sex being the keenest. The imagination weaves such a halo of glory round this forbidden subject, that everything of beauty acquires a sexual significance as the mind goes on to newer fields of activity. Unlike Paris, men consciously choose power or knowledge, but not without a regret which sinks into the

unconscious. Nor is it without regret that persons give up their infinite possibility of choice and confine themselves to one life-long partner each. J. G Whittier in his poem "Maud Muller" relates how a judge who loved a country girl yet married another girl "who lived for fashion as he for power". How keenly he regretted and sighed in secret !

" For, of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "It might have been."

How often we hear the same regret. "I might have been a civil servant," moans one. "I should have become a doctor. It was a fatal mistake of mine when I took History as my optional," says another. "O that I had been born a man," exclaims a lady. "Would that I had never learnt books, never seen Wittenberg." groans a thinker. Each man keeps on repeating "I might, unhappy word I might." Browning has clearly expressed this in his poem "Cleon". The world-famous Cleon who attained the summit of glory through fine arts passionately envies the king, and the king who has succeeded in life envies Cleon with equal intensity.

Thus consciousness becomes a bundle of regrets before middle-age and almost justifies the popular belief that no mind grows after thirty. Each regret becomes a submerged personality and keeps on intruding with its symbolic images when the conscious mind tries to meditate. These personalities cause sudden forgetfulness, dreams and dreams within dreams, purposeless activities, worry and a feeling that the better portion of the mind is asleep. That these regrets are more powerful than the normal mind is expressed by the old story of two people who went, the first to temple and the second to a dancing girl. The first man envied the second and the second envied the first, with the result that the first went to hell and the second to heaven. How to make the mind cease to regret for the past or to desire for the future and thereby manufacture matter for fresh regrets ? Kapila seems to believe that the retrospective nature of the mind can be remedied only by more intense retrospection. His Yoga prescribes practices by which the conscious mind can be suspended and the unconscious brought into play. But there is a more potent charm. Even as the shy gopis appeared in their nakedness to the divine player on the flute, our innermost yearnings stand revealed in their true nature at the call of music.

The very structure of music with its repetitions and variations is calculated to produce echoes. When music wraps me in its sweetness, fugitive memories glide out from forgotten nooks of the mind. When *Mohanam ragham* with its agony of striving shivers through my frame there is a vague regret, and when the low love-whispers of the *Surati-ragam* steal into my heart there is a sadness like the sadness of parting. And when a song is over, oblivion comes, just as after a pleasant dream we wake up with nothing more in our minds than the consciousness of having dreamt. Why are sweet tones forgotten when the lute is broken? Because the memories are of the unconscious mind. Similarly, all music has a suggestion of antiquity simply because the sense of time in the mind is the result of remoteness between

normal consciousness and the repressed memory. Therefore it is that when I pass the cornfields in summer and hear the plaintive northern song

"പുത്തൂരം വീട്ടു പുളിക്കൽ വീട്ടു
കനകം വിളയുന്ന വീട്ടു രണ്ടു"—"

Memories of old forgotten far-off things and battles long ago wrap me. Another experience strengthens this assumption. 'Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.' For my part good music leaves me so sad that I must when alone ease my pent-up heart with 'tears idle tears'. Lamb was quite right in observing that music gives pain. Its subject-matter is regret.

Lamb says he could never be made to understand a note scientifically. The true lover of music distinguishes tunes not through laws of science. Each *ragam* strikes some particular chord within him; for the mind is like a thousand-stringed instrument, each forgotten regret being a string. Though the insatiable thirst of musicians to outbeat each other's ingenuity and agility has disturbed the pristine simple flow of *ragams*, we can yet distinguish the main *ragams* by the associations called up. This shows that our minds are multiple. If we can co-ordinate all the slumbering personalities, consciousness will be lighted up into intuition. The easiest way to establish such inner harmony is to concentrate the mind upon outer harmony. Love of music is man's longing to be in harmony with creation.

The free flow of consciousness has been obstructed so that the mind has become static and unable to be thrilled by life which is movement. Music is movement itself. Rhythm is symbolic of that mysterious impulse which throbs through all creation : mountains, trees, creepers, birds, beasts, men and superior orders. The description of the coming of Spring in 'Kumarasambhava' shows how the whole universe dances in sympathy with life. The man who loses himself in music throbs with life itself and finds himself in bliss. Yogis say that such a person hears ten notes of music within him. Perhaps, it is the same music of the spheres that Pythagoras and Plato heard. It is easier to lose oneself in music's movement than to be carried away by other fine arts. Every portion of the mind is brought in harmony: the mind controlling the senses, the intellect, the repressed mind, and the unconscious mind. Nothing can thrill me so much as the group singing called തൈതൈകൊട്ടി കളി. Rosy feet pattering, tender hands clapping, expressive faces turning, slim frames shivering, and the whole group gliding and swaying, rising and falling—it is music made visible. And the soft movements of the music are lost in echoes of the mind. When I hear the song of Radha to her divine lover, "I am dead tired of wandering through so many forests, take me on your shoulders," it seems to be the cry of humanity to God. "We are weary of the weight of separate personalities. Take us back."

Except the saivite Tamil hymns nothing can move me so much as these simple songs. It seems to me that the bliss of music is in a limited intuition. The Dravidian race is a separate branch. Common strivings and regrets

have made a community of taste. That is why I can be moved by Dravidian music alone. I firmly believe that though the original South Indian music sung by our saints was neglected by professional musicians after the advent of North Indian music, the popular songs of South India and the hymn-chanting at Thiru Avaduthurai retain its essentials. I should like to suggest to Raja Sir Annamalai Chettiyar that there should be an attempt made to collect, examine and compare whatever relics are existing, and to preserve standardised specimens in gramophone records. In Malabar alone much useful study has to be made; and when an enlightened and highly gifted worker like Appan Tampuran is likely to offer his aid, the opportunity should not be neglected. Since music is communal, and since it is the only way to intuition, we may say that South India will never be really united until the lost Dravidian music is rediscovered.

The Old Troubadour.

By T. B. KRISHNASWAMI, M. A., B. L.,
(District Educational Officer, Ramnad.)

In the city of Ramnad, rather Taluk of Ramnad and certainly in the District of Ramnad to be most accurate, lives—and artists, poets, singers live for ever—an old troubadour. He grows his hair long, his eyes flash fire and his fine old throat is fit as a fiddle, wonderfully rich in tone and resonant. Perhaps he lives in a medieval Church or English Baron's Castle; perhaps he is living only amid colonnades and arches that span vast stretches of time and stand—nobody knows how—architecturally sound.

Like his own fancy, only beautiful things surround him, works of art and nature which by their transcendant beauty excite man and in many cases inspire him also. Lady Truth in spotless white on a rampant horse spearing St. George's fashion, a wild monster of the woods, symbolic of confusion and untruth; Greek wrestlers whose beautifully-built bodies show the love they bear to God in keeping his shrine pure and bright and beautiful; vases of variegated colour shimmering like shot silk scintillating with rainbow-tints; pictures of battle, horses with distended nostrils and distinguished appearance animated by the same feelings, inspired with the same heroism as their riders; the soft luxurious rounded charm of marble-limbed majestic Margarita; in short everything on which the delighted eye may dwell with a heightened pulse and intense sense of relish and enjoyment!

Taller than most men by his head and shoulders, this majestic singer sees other things than what the crawling crouching grovelling run of humanity see. His large eyes look upon a wider and more wonderful world. Bright beautiful butterflies he loves to gaze on, petals of celestial flowers dropped on this poor earth of ours, for a brief space to beautify it, petals which

those who sneer at and draw morals from butterflies seem to have no use for; diaphanons, delicate creatures, the brilliance of whose radiant sunlit lives the dried up mummies of this earth can scarce understand, can scarce see with their horny eyes! But the old Troubadour does! Birds he loves too, things nearest angels, resting on rain clouds, feeding on dew and singing at the gates of Heaven!

As he pours forth his soul in songs, the music surges, swells and on its foam-crowned crest glimmers the glory of the ecstasy of life. The pathos of his notes draws tears from all eyes and a rainbow forms and spans the aureole-crowned head of the Troubadour. The exaltation of his high-flown fancy whirls up even straw and dust and makes it radiant as the sunbeam. The *Ballad of the Boer War* is instinct with martial music and sings itself to the measured tread of marching hosts.

One of Nature's noblemen, wild creatures and tame, monkeys teased by wild men sought him instinctively as a Lord of Nature—like Hanuman seeking Sri Rama—they come to him seeking his protection. Peacocks follow him wherever he goes in his well-laid garden heavily-laden with sweet perfume. Rich patches of refulgent colour seethe and bubble from the dark green foliage; above, below and all around, the budding and the fallen flowers carry one to the Eden of fancy and of legendary lore!

The pool of the water-lily, of the sacred red and white lotus, where the flowers seem to dance for very joy in the day; how solemn, how stately in the hushed and holy calm of moonlit nights!

In this lovely garden, amid its luxurious riot of colour, and the songs of bird and breeze through thick-tangled boughs of trees, man rises to the height and breadth of his moral and spiritual nature, as the Lord of Creation, the beloved of the Creator spending his days in peace and calm perpetual youth and beauty. So live thou, Old troubadour for ever young, till *Time, never-old, itself grows hoary.*

Medieval Kingship—in Theory and Practice.*

By Prof. P. S. RAMAKRISHNA AYYAR, M. A., L. T.

One of the striking features of medieval Europe is its divinism. It is an age of faith, and religious aspirations, of pilgrimages and crusades. The ideal that is preached and sways men's minds is that of ascetism and self-repression. Everywhere we come across orders of monks and mendicant friars who, by their devotional activities or disinterested services, contributed, in no small measure, to sustain and diffuse a religious spirit in Europe. Churches and monasteries are the centres and nurseries of culture and churchmen and monks

* The author's previous articles on *Kingship* appeared in the Maharaja's College Magazine—1926 (October), 1927 (September) and 1928 (January),

are the scholars and writers of the age. The papacy and the church hold a predominant position and everywhere men are ready to do homage to them and listen to their voice as to the voice of God. Even secular life and activities are moulded by religious ideas and ideals. It is no wonder if, in these circumstances, we find that,in all domains of knowledge, thought is coloured by theology. As a great writer observes,[1] "theology is no doubt the mode of medieval thought: the history of the middle ages is the history of the Latin Church. The over-mastering strength of theology gave its shape to everything with which it came into contact. Society was treated as though it were actually a theocracy; politics, philosophy, education were brought under its control and adjusted to a technical theological terminology.....Men thought theologically and expressed themselves theologically". Politics and theology were not dissociated from each other but rather linked up together. The political literature of the age will consequently be found cast in a somewhat theological mould and tinged with a religious hue.

There are a great many works—political or semi-political—that have come down to us from the middle ages. Most of these works are scholastic and polemical and bear the marks of partisan authorship. It is well-known that the two great powers of the middle ages—the Papacy and the Empire—were engaged in a bitter strife for centuries. Both parties had their doughty champions—ecclesiastical or lay—and there consequently followed a protracted controversy, an interminable war of words, a battle of the books, amongst them. Ideas, theories, arguments, of all kinds were pressed forward and worked out by these writers. All sources—historical, literary, theological—were drawn upon and not unoften, imagination played no small part in supplying ideas and theories. It is true that there is a great deal that is barren and arid, that is unrelated to fact and reality, in this controversial literature but we also find embedded in it, ideas and ideals, fruitful and suggestive and sometimes, strangely modern. Some of the best scholars and acutest intellects of the age—St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, Dante, Marsilius, William of Ockham, Wycliffe,Gerson. Nicolas of Cues—figured in this controversy and it can, by no means, be an unprofitable task for us to explore their writings and understand some of their views and ideas on matters of church and state. There are many different strands in the texture of medieval political thought and it will not be possible in a paper like this to examine any but the most important.

I.

The idea of Papal Monarchy.

As Ernest Barker observes,[1a] " the note of all medieval thought is its universalism" "Unity is the root of all and therefore of all social existence". In high terms Dante extols the principle of unity as the source of all good, for the *maxime ens* must be the *maxime unum* and the

1, Poole—*Illustrations of the History of Medieval Thought and Learning* (page 2),

1a. Essay on *Medieval Political Thought* (p, 12) in Hearnshaw's *Social and Political Ideas of the Middle Ages*.

maxime unum must be the *maxime bonum.*[2] Secondly, according to this principle, all mankind constituted a single society, a *Respublica Christina*, living under one principle of life, having one law and one sovereign head. It was granted that there might be two orders—the spiritual and the secular—and even two governments but there could be only one sovereign. Where was that sovereign to be looked for?

It was contended by the ecclesiastical party, and with no little fervour and erudition, that the sovereign could be no other than the spiritual power. The theory of the superiority of the spiritual order to the temporal and of the supremacy of the Pope as the head of that order, was developed and fortified by a series of arguments, biblical, historical and legal. It was pointed out that spiritual functions were inherently more worthy and dignified than merely secular duties. "As the saving of souls was infinitely more important than the regulation of mere physical life, so the savers of souls were infinitely more worthy of honour than the regulators of physical life."[3] The church was an institution immediately founded by God himself and thus occupied an exalted position. In the words of Gierki,[4] "the church, being the one true state has received by a mandate from God the plenitude of all spiritual and temporal powers, they being integral parts of one might. The head of this all-embracing state is Christ. As Christ's Vice-Regent, the earthly Head of the Church is the one and only Head of all mankind. The Pope is the wielder of what is in principle an empire over the community of mortals. He is their priest and their king; their spiritual and temporal monarch; their law-giver and judge in all causes supreme." While spiritual and temporal powers were thus vested in the Pope, the bearer of this supreme plenitude of power was forbidden by divine law to wield the temporal power himself, as derogatory to his high estate and it was consequently transferred to less worthy hands—the secular rulers, Kaiser and kings. Both swords—the spiritual and the temporal—had been given by God to Peter and through him, to the Popes who, however, retaining the spiritual sword only, had delegated the temporal sword, as less worthy, to secular princes. It was admitted that God had willed the separation of the *Regnum* from the *Sacerdotum*, that is, the existence of the secular state. Still it was only by the mediation of the Church that the secular power received its divine right and sanction. "That the Emperor and likewise all secular rulers derive their offices but mediately from God and immediately from the Church's Head, who in this matter as in other matters, acts as God's Vice-Regent—this became the general theory of the Church."[5]

In the light of this theory, it must be obvious that the relation of the state and its Head to the Church and its Head was one of strict subordination. The temporal power was subject to, and should obey, the spiritual. Emperor, King and Prince were but agents of the Church. Temporal power was a sort

2. Gierki and Maitland, *Political Theories of the middle age.* (Notes—p. 102).
3. Dunning, *Political Theories.* (Vol. I—p. 170).
4. Gierki, *Supra* (pp. 11 and 12)
5. Gierki and Maitland, *Supra* (p. 13).

of feudal lordship, the Emperor taking rank as the highest of Pope's vassals. As the guardian of righteousness, morality and justice, it devolved on the Pope, as and when occasion arose, to interfere in the affairs of secular princes and supervise, control and correct their actions. It was left to him to make use of spiritual means in discharging his duty and if that did not suffice, to call the temporal sword into play. "It is for him to judge and punish Emperors and Kings, to receive complaints against them, to shield the people from their tyranny, to depose rulers who are neglectful of their duties and to discharge their subjects from the oath of fealty." The theory of papal hegemony was carried to still greater and more extravagant lengths by certain high papalists and wearers of the papal crown.

In connection with this hierarchical theory, it must be somewhat interesting to see how the theory is developed and moulded by certain prominent church supporters of the age—say, John of Salisbury[6] and St. Thomas Aquinas.[7] According to John, the State or Commonwealth is an organism or body, "animated by the benefit of the divine gift, conducted at the bidding of the Highest equity and controlled by the rule of reason."[8] He compares the prince to the head and the clergy to the soul. In the body the head and the members are ruled by the soul, whose special task is to love and reverence God. Even so, in the Commonwealth the prince and people should be guided by the clergy, who are God's ministers and representatives. "As divine law transcends human law, so those who minister in divine things are superior to those who minister in earthly things."[9] John declares that it was from the church that the prince received the material sword and that consequently, he is the servant or minister of the priesthood and inferior to it because of his material function. Aquinas develops the theory in a slightly different manner. "The natural end of a people formed into a society", he writes,[10] "is to live virtuously.....But since the virtuous man is also determined to a further end, the purpose of society is not merely that man should live virtuously, but that by virtue he should come to the enjoyment of God". Man or society has then two objects—a *virtuous life* here and a *blessed life*, the enjoyment of God, hereafter. Of these, the second is, of course, the essential and the ultimate end, the first being only a means to it. While it is given to earthly princes to minister to the first end, it is beyond human capacity and direction to minister to the second, the possession of God, an end extrinsic to man's nature. "This belongs to the divine government which pertains to that king who is not only man but God, namely, our Lord Jesus Christ..... The administration of this kingdom has been committed not to the kings of this world but to priests and above all, to the sovereign Roman

6 and 7. The views of John Salisbury and Aquinas are embodied in their works—*Policraticus* and *De Regimine Principum*, respectively. For a concise exposition of their ideas, refer to Jacob's essay on John and Aveling's essay on Aquinas, both given in Hearnshaw's *Social and Political ideas of the middle ages*.

8. *Policraticus* (V—540 a.)

9. *Supra* (IV—516 a.)

10. *De Regimine Principum*, (lib. i, c, 14)

Pontiff, the successor of Peter, the Vicar of Christ, to whom all the kings of Christian people should be subject as to our Lord, Jesus Christ himself." His line of argument is that the ruler who directs men to their ultimate end should be placed over those who have care only of intermediate ends. Aquinas further proceeds to observe that the authority of the priest is not only spiritual but also temporal and that it pertains to the Papal office to supervise the conduct of kings and make sure that their duties are so discharged as to subserve the ultimate ends of man. Thus Aquinas establishes the supremacy of the spiritual kingship over the secular.

Papal sovereignty was not a mere matter of theory in the middle ages—it was also a fact, a matter of history. The period of two centuries and more from the pontificate of Hildebrand is the golden age of the Papacy. The extraordinary claims put forward by Popes like Hildebrand (Gregory VII), Innocent III and Boniface VIII and the plenitude of power enjoyed by them are well known to students of history. It was Hildebrand's dream that the Pope should be sovereign arbiter of all disputes, "holding in his hands the supreme mediation in questions of war and peace, adjudging contested successions in the kingdoms, deposing tyrants and in short, forming, instead of king or emperor, the real coping-stone of the feudal organisation". The dream was largely realised in the pontificate of Innocent III. The lofty tone he assumed towards secular princes, his constant intervention in their affairs, the vassalage to which he reduced one king after another—the King of Portugal, the King of Aragon, the King of Poland, the King of England-are all matters of history. It was left to Pope Boniface VIII to carry Papal claims to the highest pitch. He envisaged himself as head of a vast confederation of the States of Europe, wielding spiritual and temporal power and in the great Jubilee of 1300 is said to have exclaimed, "I am Caesar, I am Pope"[12] The bull, *Clericis Laicos*, issued by him forbade the clergy to pay taxes to lay rulers and the bull, *Unam Sanctum*, declared "that it is necessary to salvation that every creature shall be subject to the Roman Pope".

From the fourteenth century, however, the Papacy suffered a partial decline and eclipse. Protests were made in several quarters against its exorbitant claims and the conciliar movement was started to democratise the Church. Something will be said of it in a subsequent section.

(To be continued).

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11. Sidgwick—*Development of European Polity* (p. 226)

12. See the essay on *Pierre Du Bois* in Hearnshaw's *Social and Political ideas of the middle ages* (p. 145).

(De-) Merits of History.

By Dr. AMBADI KRISHNA MENON, L. R. C. P., M. R. C. S. (*Old Boy*)

On account of my varied experiences—taking the B. A. degree and achieving some of the other distinctions bestowed on me in the last number are not among them—somebody wanted me to entertain you with my reminiscences. At a pinch I can spin a yarn or two but I cannot see much point or purpose in wearying you with that sort of talk. So, I was racking my brains for something to say when, one evening coming out of the Principal's house on to the Chittore Road, I ran into two students discussing the merits of Mathematics and History as subjects for study. History, according to one, is interesting and useful, and Mathematics is not, at any rate not quite, so interesting and useful. Holding diametrically opposite views, I had half a mind to ask the individual how he estimated "interesting-ness" and "usefulness", but, with some effort, I resisted the temptation. The 1929 edition of the Concise Oxford Dictionary gives the meaning of "interesting" as "exciting curiosity or attention"; another work says "engaging the attention or regard" and "exciting emotion or passion". I, therefore, urge that "interestingness" will depend largely on the party concerned, and at least as much on the party as on the theme. That is to say, the individual must be in the receptive state or must be susceptible. And I would add that "interest" can be produced or at least, developed. "Useful" means "full of use or advantage", "serviceable", "able to do good" and "producing or able to produce good result", and I submit that the "usefulness" of anything will depend on what one proposes to employ it for, and how; that is to say, application and method of application. I, therefore, felt that the particular student was not being precise; I even felt that the student was presumptuous in forming and entertaining these settled opinions which he was obviously incompetent to form. Imbued with utilitarian instincts, he cannot belong to the "food-for-the.soul" school; if he does, I request him not to remain *incognito*, but to come out and enlighten us as to what special vitamins history, as food for the soul, is particularly rich in. Further, I ask this particular student and every one else—not every other student which, loosely used to mean all other students, would refer to only every alternate student and, therefore, cover only half of them—whether they have heard of "Applied Mathematics" and how often they have heard of "Applied History". If they have heard of "Applied Mathematics", where do they think it will lead them to? Do they think it can only be to the wilderness of abstract and abstruse calculation?

Now for the "usefulness" and "interesting-ness" of History. I must preface this part of the discourse with the confession that I am not a student of History—just as I am not so many other things that somebody sought to make me in the last number—and was never equipped with historical erudition. According to some, therefore, I am disqualified to speak on the merits or demerits of history. Of course, I do not agree. One need not be

a poet or a musician to appreciate and enjoy them; similarly, one need not be a history scholar to express views on the possibilities and achievements of History and of History scholars in the fields of "useful" and "interesting". Very likely overmuch historical erudition, even in a most balanced individual, will be a disqualification. And I make bold to say that the usefulness of history is very much exaggerated, "interestingness" being largely a matter of personal susceptibilities and idiosyncracies. The versatile Augustine Birrel once observed that Clio is only a Muse; according to that assumption, History is an eloquent narration of great actions and great events which excite pleasure and joy in the sympathetically disposed, that is to say, a considerable majority of mankind. The very partial historian, advocate and champion of history will resent this appraisement. According to him, History is the instructress of statesmen. Politics are vulgar when they are not liberalised by history, and history fades into mere literature when it loses sight of its relation to practical politics; the great Seeley speaks thus, and his successor at Cambridge, Acton says "the knowledge of the past, the record of truths revealed by experience, is eminently practical, as an instrument of action and a power that goes to the making of the future". Of course, history enables us to trace the causes or antecedent circumstances of a past event or incident and may enable us to predict what would happen under such and such circumstances. But does history, as it obtains, give us all the relevant information and trace the logical sequence or relationship as cause and effect in the development of events narrated or described? Even Seeley bewails "as the word is now used, history is the name of the residuum which has been left when one group of facts after another has been taken possession of by some science". Very many more facts than such residuum have contributed to bringing about any state of affairs, so that all the information at the disposal of the most learned historian cannot provide all the necessary data necessary even for intelligent speculation or philosophising. Granting that we know all the facts that culminated in a particular event, even such knowledge can be but a poor instrument of action ; to produce the finished article, the raw material is more essential and indispensible than the best-equipped factory. When one has to produce certain definite results, it is not enough to know that similar results were produced on a previous occasion by certain circumstances ; one ought to have control over such circumstances to be able to exploit them and produce the desired result. Even the great Napoleon was more the victim than the master of circumstances, full knowledge of which would have enabled him to modify the results, and complete mastery of which would have made him master of his own destinies and of the whole world. Let me again quote Seeley; he postulates, "the conviction that history must be useful if based more or less immediately upon the principle that what has occurred may occur again. There is regularity in human affairs; the same cause will in the main produce always the same effects; evidently, therefore, he who wishes to be wise, since wisdom consists in understanding the relation of causes and effects, cannot do better than inquire into the past experience of mankind,

or, in other words, cannot do better than study history ". I hold that it will be more correct to designate this "conviction", "faith" or "obsession". How many instances does history record of regularity in human affairs, such regularity as to amount to the same causes repeating and producing the same result ? My very sketchy knowledge of history does not convince me that what occurred once did occur again. For instance, there have been revolutions in England, America, France, Russia and Turkey ; how many of these resembled each other in causes and result, or how many of them have had their counterparts elsewhere ?

It is a conviction with me that historical erudition is doing us distinct disservice. The siren of history has been the undoing of many a politician and political party or team. Not to wander beyond the Indian coast, overmuch history has perplexed constitution-makers and confounded them. Some went to Ireland, others to Australia and yet others to America through France and Switzerland. They all forgot that political constitution for a country is like the grammar of a language. The order of precedence is the country first and constitution next, or constitution for the country and not country for the constitution. They regard current and known constitutions like the *Panchabhoothas* or *Thridoshas*. There cannot be any more or less of them, and any new constitution must come under one of these categories. Ignorance of geography, wrong reading of history—such as there is—and undue reverence for irrelevant political science make pedants and professors run at each other's throat. There was the episode of The Declaration of Independence in the history of the United States of America. It must be repeated in this country. Between reverence for parallels elsewhere and respect for precedents here, they are altogether lost. Why, some politicians must even a conjure up the vision of a corridor like the Danzig corridor created at Versailles.

I do not propose to enumerate all the items of disservice that wrong reading of necessarily incomplete history has perpetrated and is perpetrating; but I must say a word about the current superstition that the existence of organised political parties is a necessary preliminary or preparation to qualify a people for self-government. I have long felt that it was a superstition; so, I re-read my English History and American Commonwealth (Bryce). I still think it is but a superstition. The history of Party Struggles is the history of competitive bidding between the Ins and Outs, a struggle over places and patronage. Disraeli opposed Gladstone's Reform Bill and avowedly went one better when he displaced Gladstone to dish the Whigs. Disraeli's concern was not so much to extend the franchise, for he had opposed it not so long ago, but to take the wind out of the other fellow's sails. In some circumstances the end will justify the means; but the finding of very valuable treasure when you maliciously dynamited your neighbour's house will be very poor defence when you are arraiged for arson. As far as I have been able to appreciate and grasp the trend of Party Struggles, the best that has been done is for one party to take up a programme on which

the pioneer work has already been done by a few enthusiasts before the other fellows made up their mind.

The history of Party Struggles in England and in America will be a good theme for any history student to write an article on. If some one among them does not give us the resume of these in the next issue, I may undertake it for the issue following.

Music, Then and Now.

By M. S. RAMASWAMY AYYAR, B. A., B. L., L. T.
(of Madura.)

Indian Music has had its ebb and flow during the long course of its history from the time of Samaganam, and even prior to it, right down to our own day. In ancient India, music was held in high esteem. Princes loved it; princesses practised it; nobles revelled therein; and the very people transported themselves therewith· Bhoja was an expert singer; Arjuna was an expert dancer; Samudragupta was an expert instrumentalist; and Yoga Narendra Malla of Palam patronised music to the extent of using on his coins the title of Sangitharnavaparanga which means One who has gone to the other side of, that is, crossed, the Ocean of Music'.

Family-group music was the order of the day, as evidenced by what the Suthradhar in *Mudrarakshasa*, said after reciting the Benediction: "I'll first go home and, having called my consort, will commence singing with the inmates of the house". Indeed the singing and even the knowledge of at least the elementary principles of its theory grew, in those days, to so powerful a fashion that the ignorance thereof was branded as a positive disgrace—so much so, that the few defaulters, that might here and there exist tried to escape the brand by such pretensions and artifices as the following story will give a clue to.

A certain prince could not identify and name every raga sung before him. He felt it so derogatory to his dignity to profess ignorance of the art that he arranged with his princess who was a musical expert, to help him, while in Darbar, by means of a very curious prompting apparatus, which consisted of a series of strings, hardly visible at a distance, suspended from above, and directly connected with the principal organs of the prince. Whenever a Raga was sung before him in public Darbar; the princess, who invariably sat in an upper chamber provided for the purpose would pull the appropriate string representing the particular Raga sung at the time; *e. g.*, the *Kadu* (ear)—string for *Kambodi*, the *Muku* (nose)—string for *Mukhari*, the Kannu (eye)—string for *Kannada*, and so forth. The skill of the prince in correctly naming the several Ragas was greatly admired. On one occasion, however, the princess, enraptured by the sweetness of the music, pulled the

strings so hastily and hysterically that the whole apparatus collapsed. So the poor prince, who could no longer continue the feat, had to excuse himself and got out of the Darbar for the rest of the day.

Later on, while the Gupta Kings patronised *Hindu* Music, the Muhamadan kings patronised *Hindustani* Music. While, again, Akbar patronised both; Aurangazeb snubbed them down and even called the harmless art a crime. From this unsympathetic Emperor, the Goddess of Music fled and took shelter in the palace of many a prince in India. Not long after the advent of the Europeans and their commercial spirit, she had to jump from the palace into the open street where

" * * * scorn'd and poor
She begged her bread from door to door
And tuned to please a peasant's ear
The harp a King had loved to hear".

The musicians thereupon had perforce to pick up the trick of pandering to the tastes of streetwallas who cared a little for the science of music. A few worn-out Ragas, some jaw-breaking *pallavis*, disproportionate *swaras*, a few stale *krithis minus* their sentiments, a few lascivious *javalies plus* their temptations, karnaticised Hindustani songs giving the Ustaads enough materials for laughter, Maharata songs which the Maharatas will be ashamed to hear—these are the ways wherewith most of the South Indian Musicians have now-a-days been getting on.

As for the North Indian Musicians, I shall let my friend Mr. V. N. Bhatkhande of Bombay speak: "The standard high-class music of North India is no other than that which the Muhamadan professional artists have introduced into the Hindu system. Our own Sanskrit granthas are scarcely looked upon as binding authorities, because the practical music in use now contravenes the directions on some of the most important points. Our granthas having thus become inapplicable to the current practice, we naturally have come to be thrown on the mercy of our illiterate, ignorant, and narrow-minded professionals ".

In the matter of singing songs, one should, properly speaking, first learn what phase, temper, circumstance, or condition of life those songs illustrate ; the subject of the songs must be felt and sympathised with ; and the tone of the voice as well as the play of the countenance must be in keeping therewith.

But what do you see, now, all round our country ?

Both the Northern and Southern Musicians, subject no doubt to exceptions, do not so much as even care to learn the purport of the songs they sing and the psychology of the notes they use. War songs, therefore, they sing plaintively ; devotional songs, heroically ; love songs boisterously ; cradle songs indignantly ; and boat songs saucily. To make the matter worse, to songs that are calculated to excite pathos and kindred emotions,

the modern South Indian singer proceeds to add his accursed swaram gymnastics.

I am not, however, opposed to append swaras to songs. Indeed, such an appendage enhances the attractiveness of the style and enriches the effect of music. The change from words to swaras is immensely relished in South India ; and this taste has, for aught I know, gone even up to North India. In a few of his krithis, the celebrated Thyagaraja successfully employed swaras, for he knew when and how to introduce them. In fact, his employment of swaras looks like well-cut diamonds sparkling in the ears of a naturally charming lass ; while, the modern singers' employment of the same looks, in most cases, like broken tins appended to the shabby tail of a lame ass.

What wonder is there, if the Europeans shrug their shoulders on hearing our music? What wonder is there, if a European Missionary remarked, in my own hearing, that the first instalment of musical reform in South India was to shoot all the swara-singers to death? What wonder, again, is there, if Abbe Dubois took it into his head to write: "What the Hindus like is plenty of noise and plenty of shrill, piercing sounds. Their vocal music is not a whit more pleasing to the Europeans than their instrumental. They do not expect their musicians to produce harmonious tunes, when they play at their feasts and ceremonies, for their dull ears would certainly not appreciate them. Their songs are chiefly remarkable for uninspiring monotony. To appreciate Hindu music rightly, we must go back two or three thousand years and imagine ourselves in those ancient times when the Druids and other priests used, in their civil and religious ceremonies, no other music but dismal cries and noisy sounds".

And, recently, a European Inspector of Schools had an occasion to observe: " The usual singing of (Indian) children is one of the pains and penalties of an Inspector's life. It is raucous, lacking a common pitch, and hence both unmelodious and unharmonious. Our schools are largely western in conception, organisation, and teaching. Only on the artistic side—perhaps I should say the musical side—have we left things where they were, given no guidance to teachers, allowed them to beat the air blindly and even to the Inspectors have not shown any escape from the present intolerable ear-splitting noise".

But, at the same, I fear that both the French Missionary and the English Inspector went a little too far and overshot the mark.

I would here pass over and proceed to mind my own subject. But " the most unkindest cut of all" was given, when the same Inspector ventured to make a serious suggestion that "the indigenous order and methods of training (in Indian Music) must be—(mark !)—*thrown overboard*".

Do the statements, quoted above, warrant, even if true, the Inspector's suggestion to "throw overboard" the indigenous order and methods of training in India Music ? If so, let us, as a matter of caution, first pry into the

secrets of the European methods of training and try to find out how far they had been successful in creating a musical taste in Europe itself.

In the first place, as against Abbe Dubois, the great Mozart abhorred French Music and observed : "The French are and always will be downright donkeys; they cannot sing, they scream, shriek, and howl with all their might, through the throat and nose". But let us deal with English music at some length.

The English themselves admit that their real music began with Purcell who lived from 1658 to 1695. What was the state of English music sixteen years after the death of Purcell ? Addison answers : "At present (that is, in 1711), our notions of music are so very uncertain that we do not know what it is we like ; only in general we are transported with anything that is not English. Our English music is quite rooted out and nothing yet planted in its stead". In 1714, the Elector of Hanover sat on the throne of England as George I, and his court musician Handel naturally followed to England. Hence Oliver Goldsmith fondly attributed the foundership of the English School of music to this German musician. What was the legacy that Handel left behind? I know that his oratories, especially "the Messiah" formed his monumental work, as they even now do. But my question is: How far did the European methods of teaching, even after Handel, create any musical taste in England ? In 1759, the same Oliver Goldsmith complained, in his *Bee*, "English music is only a medley of old Italian airs or some meagre modern caprices"; and, again, stated next year, in his *'Citizen of the World"*, "music lost its splendour in England, and painting became the sole object of fashionable care. Even the latter proceeded rather from vanity than from anything else, and every blessed Englishman began to furnish his house rather than his head". In 1833 and 1847, Emerson made two voyages to England and finally brought out in 1856 his excellent *English Traits*, in which there was no mention of England's musical talents. On the other hand, the American writer observed :—" the English are heavy at the fine arts but adroit at the course. With them, the fine arts fell to the ground ; and beauty, except as luxurious commodity, does not exist" Again, an English critic wrote, in *Saturday Review* of 1865, " Music Party in England is an organised hypocricy. A trembling damsel begins a water ballad. To compensate for her wretched performance, two young sisters come to sing a duet and display a remarkable unanimity in singing out of tune and are, in consequence, complimented by a bold hypocrite on the family likeness in the equality of their voices. A bashful curate or an unbashful civilian walks up to the piano ; and other instrumentalists follow him. All together make such a noise as to remind us that the earth has risen in revolt with other planets. Young ladies are ill-taught and young men are not taught at all. Yet, both the sexes are audacious enough to meet an audience. The root of the evil is that these amateurs learn music, not as an art, but for show and display. Music concert is one of the best means for marriage contract. Young men

are warbled into matrimony before they know what they are about; and young ladies fancy that the well dressed listeners would prove their constant lovers". In 1872, Samuel Smiles published his *Character*, wherein he remarks, not without reasons, that "the English are *not* singers, dancers and actors, while they are good colonists, fishermen, and sailors". In 1902, Mr. F. J. Crowest wrote, in his *Story of Music*, "Notwithstanding the efforts of the English leading musicians to attain an English musical supremacy, an agreement seems to be yet wanting as to what the English style is or shall be. No nation under the sun probably has spent so much money upon music as England has done during the Victorian Era; but the making and buying of piano-fortes, the equipping of orchestras, the building of concert, the success of music publishing enterpises, and a host of other trade aspects of music do not prove that the country of England is yet imbued with the true musical temperament". In 1911, Sir William Richmond, in a paper read at the Art Congress, said "The attitude of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge has been so full of prejudice that they have been slow to answer the demands which relate to the progress of music, the drama, and the graphic arts. It is true that there is a Professor of Music, a Slade Professor of fine art, and a Professor of archaeology: but the general tone of the University is rather to acept these subjects as incidental, and perhaps deplore a little, that they are even incidental. So far, excepting in the case of students with a very distinct bias in the direction of such studies, the greater numbers of the undergraduates leave the Universities as ignorant of the place the arts have occupied in ancient and modern history, as they were when they left school". In 1912, Mr. E. B. Havell deduced from Sir Richmond's paper that "it is not to be expected that Anglo-Indian educationists will understand Art better in India than they do in Europe, nor will Indians find in in English and Scotch Universities all that is wanting in the Indian". Coming to the year 1922, we learn that in the month of June, the Leeds Choral Union went to London to sing Elgar's "the Apostles" in aid of the Westminister Abbey Restoration Fund. One would have expected a crowded Queen's Hall, But the fact remains that the hall was almost empty. Mr. Bernard Shaw led the attack in a long letter published in the *Daily News*, of which the following is summary:

"It would be exaggeration to say that I was the only person present. My wife was there. Other couples were visible at intervals. One of them consisted of the Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles who just saved the situation as far as the credit of the Crown is concerned as it very deeply is. I distinctiy saw six people in the stalls probably with complimentary tickets. In the cheaper seats, a faithful band stood for England's culture. The occasion was infinitely more important than the Derby, than Goodwood, than the Cup-Finals, than the Carpenter's fights, than any of the occasions on which the official leaders of society are photographed and cinematographed, laboriously shaking hands with persons on whom Moliere's Patron Louis XIV or Bach's Patron Frederick the Great would not have condescended to wipe their boots. I apolo-

gise to posterity for living in a country where the capacity and tastes of school-boys and sporting costermongers form the measure of metropolitan culture." Finally Mr. Nicholas Roerich wrote : " At present, music itself is not entering the homes, although strangely enough, every house has its musical instrument."

A question may arise –and has indeed been raised—whether these attacks are aimed at the musicians or the audiences. Herbert Spencer anticipated this question and unambiguously answered it, in his *Facts and Comments*, " Music performers and teachers of music are corrupters of music in England, inasmuch as their dominant feeling is not the love of music rendered, but desire for the applause of the people."

How, then, while in England *the teachers of music are corrupters of music* can the English Inspector of Indian Schools dare to suggest the transplantation of the 'corrupting' methods of teaching from England to India ?

Let me not be misunderstood that I dealt with the English music in a carping spirit. No ; certainly not. I only wanted to enable my Indian friends to retort to any unsympathetic English (or, for that matter, European) critic of Indian Music : " Sir, living in a glass house, do not throw stones at others." I know there is yet a bright side of the picture I drew. But my purpose in drawing your attention only to its dark side is to counterblast the mischief of the Westerners of the type of Abbe Dubois and the Inspector who delight to magnify our dark side, forgetting that theirs too is partially dark.

Now, let us confine our attention to setting our own house in order. What is the cause of a downfall of Indian Music ? It is threefold—

1. the Jainic puritanism, in ancient times ;
2. the Islamic puritanism, in medieval times ; and
3. the Bureaucratic sterility, in modern times.

The first two causes were short-lived ; and when they were removed, music resumed its usual course, though not with its pristine glory. But when the modern times gave us, as though permanently, a most unnatural system of education, calculated to manufacture westernised and overfed aristocracy on the one hand and hybrid and underfed middle class on the other , chill penury began to stare in the face of the famished masses. In the case of most of the landed aristocracy, false ideals and tastes led—rather misled—them to have recourse to French palaces with American fittings, gorgeous gramaphones, or mechanical pianofortes, all under the presidency of some colonial ladies. The whole of their conversation generally runs upon " high life with pictures, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses." Never does it occur to them that the Roman music, as such, did not lift its head up, because the luxury-loving Romans were easily satisfied with the music of the Greek slaves. Mommsen, for instance, observed : " Music passed over from Hellas to Rome, only to enhance the decoration of luxury." Gibbon was more precise when he wrote: " The libraries were secluded, like

dreary sepulchres, from the light of day: but the harmony of vocal and instrumental music was incessantly repeated in the palaces of Rome, where the sound was preferred to the sense and the care of the body to that of the mind." This period of Roman history is found repeated in almost every blessed individual of the landed aristocracy of India. For them, God prevent what had befallen Rome!

The fatal craze for anything western has infected the hybrid and underfed middle class too. Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy graphically describes, in his *Essays on National Idealism*, the position this: "Speak to the ordinary graduate of an Indian University of the ideals of the *Mahabharata*—he will hasten to display his knowledge of Shakespeare; talk to him of religious philosophy—you find that he is an atheist of the crude type common in Europe a generation ago; talk to him of Indian Music—he will produce a gramaphone or a harmonium and inflict upon you one or both; talk to him of Indian dress or jewelry—he will tell you that they are uncivilised and barbaric; talk to him of Indian art—it is news to him that such a thing exists; ask him to translate for you a letter written in his own mother-tongue—he does not know it. He is indeed a stranger in his own land and (what is worse) feels proud to be hidebound in that impervious skin of self-satisfaction which enabled that most pompous and self-important philistine, Lord Macaulay, to believe that a single shelf of a good European library was worth all the literature of India, Arabia, and Persia;"—an ill-conceived judgment happily reversed to-day by the appellate court of fact.

The remarks of Doctor Coomaraswami on music, more than anything else, are of general application throughout India. Our present mania for the European gramaphones, pianos, and harmoniums, even the Europeans—not to speak of our own kith and kin—deeply lament. Mr. E. Clements, an ardent student of Indian Music, entertains no clemency whatsoever for pianos or harmoniums but positively hates them and observes, in his *Introduction to the study of Indian Music*, "whoever advocates the use of tempered instruments is quite unaware of their utter inadequacy to give any idea of Indian intonation." Another ardent European student of Indian Music, Mr. Fox Strangways, was struck with the strange ways in which the Indians admired and adopted the western instruments and indignantly protested in his *Music of Hindustan*. If the Rulers of Native States realised what a death-blow they were dealing at their own art, by supporting or even allowing a brassband; if the clerk in a Government Office understood the indignity he was putting on a song by buying the gramaphone which grinds it out to him after the day's labour; if the Muhammadan singer (and for that matter, the Carnatic singer too) knew that the harmonium with which he accompanies was ruining his chief asset, his musical ear; if the girl who learns the pianoforte could see that all the progress she made was a sure step towards her own denationalisation; they would pause before they laid such sacrilegious hands on Saraswathi.

It is interesting to note that our much-lamented mania for western instruments has a historic parallel in the English mania for

continental music. From after the time of Charles I, a fashion arose in England that every educated gentleman must tour round the continent to give a sort of finish to his education. The result was that the English tourists, when they returned to England, were found as much contaminated with foreign things as the England-returned Indians are to-day.

Confining our attention to the subject of our discourse, we find that from the time of Purcell down to our own day, the music of England has been essentially foreign—Italian, German, Russian, and Hungarian, but not English. There seems to be a good deal of truth in what the Rev. Haweis, in his *Music and Morals* observed: 'We can imagine all other nations of the world passing before us, each representing a *national* form of music. Germany comes with a band of singers followed by a band of men playing on all kinds of musical instruments. France comes fresh from the woods with her cornemuse. Italy issues from the mountains with that tuneful and fascinating goat-skin and pipe. Spain comes with a mandoline ; Scotland with its bagpipes; Ireland and Wales with harps of well-known national form and proportion. Even Russia sings a good bass and blows a horn well. But (alas!) England brings up the rear with a policeman requiring an organ-grinder to move on. Yes! my Indian Brethren! Whoever you are, to whatever community you may belong—if you, not content with our own musical system, imagine happiness in foreign music and dream that gramaphones, pianofortes, and harmoniums can feed the appetite of novelty with perpetual gratification, then survey England and confess your folly.

Digression apart, the aristocracy and the middle class of India have, with honourable exceptions here and there, been drifting into the present wretched predicament of finding themselves perfect strangers in their own native region of Indian Music, while the appalling poverty of India has been all along repressing the noble rage of the masses and freezing the genial current of their soul—so much so, that almost all their attention is now-a-days mainly, if not solely, rivetted upon the problem of livelihood, and the goddess of music lies prostrate and helpless.

Be the causes of the downfall of our music what they may—can we now resuscitate it? That is the question we are vitally concerned with.

Everywhere we see unmistakable signs of awakening in our country. Thanks be to Mr. Raja Ram Mohan Roy and Dr. Annie Besant for their having awakened the *classes*, and thanks be to Mahatma Gandhi for his having awakened the masses as well, of India, to look back upon and realise the ancient glory of our country, realise the temporary mesmerism whereby we have been hypnotised, and realise the imminent need, nay the supreme virtue of winning back to ourselves that ancient glory. We are, as the Duke of Connaught, rightly observed, "on the threshold of a new era."

Further, the Indian Politician is abroad and has found out that the goddess of music has not been clipped of her wings but only hurled into a deep pit, which her three great oppressors (viz. grinding poverty, godless

education, and appalling ignorance) revengefully guard preventing her free flight. He has therefore determined to drive those oppressors and see the goddess once again emerge with her widespread wings and shine in all her radiant glory.

I may here be asked why I introduce a tinge of politics into my discourse on music. The reason is obvious.

The stagnation in art is always the outcome of the stagnation in society. Hence the society, as a whole, must first be recalled to feeling and reality, before the art could saturate the life of the people. Indeed the social revolution must precede and react upon the artistic revolution. But again the social revolution hinges upon the political emancipation of the country. Hence the resuscitation of music very largely depends upon the nature of our Government and upon how that Government chooses to turn the view-point of the people regarding fine arts.

This position, Mr. Pramathanath Banerjea considerably reinforces by dilating, in his *Public Administration in Ancient India*, upon what he regards to be the vital point that Politics is the foundation for the structure of the human society and that one cannot successfully develop any kind of activity without having one's assurance made doubly sure of the foundation of Politics, as has been rightly laid down in our own *Mahabharata*: 'All good acts in a country depend on its Politics'; in our own *Thirukural*: 'The sceptre of the king (politics) supports the Vedas and the Virtues enjoined thereby' ; and in our own *Arthasasthra*: And 'Hence the first three sciences (out of the four, viz, Philosophy, Vedas, Economics, and Politics) are dependent for their well-being on the science of Politics'.

If, then, politics is the foundation of a nation , music must be deemed to be the summit of its superstructure. Inasmuch as all other departments of human knowledge and activity intervene between these two, any nation that has neither sound politics below, nor sound music above, will, as it must, ever be regarded to have an unsound structure.

As for politics, I said that the Indian Politician was abroad and that he would, ere long, drive out all the obstacles to the free growth of all kinds of useful institutions, not excluding music. But, be it remembered, the utmost the politician can do is the negative work of warding off the weeds. Hence Dr. Coomaraswamy's statement is very true—that nations are made more by artists and poets than by politicians and that, if the former contribute to the substance, strength, and growth of a nation the latter take upon themselves the duty of warding off the weeds that would otherwise tend to stunt its growth. "To many persons", observes the *Hibbert Journal*, "it may seen incredible that the consistence of Japan's statesmanship and strategy, the far reach of her military plans, the splendid qualities of her

soldiers and sailors, the steadiness of nerve, the accuracy of aim, the coolness of advance, the deadliness of attack, and the self-immolation of regiments at the word of command—all these are not unconnected with the fact that she alone, among living nations, has a truly national art, that her senses are refined and her taste fastidious and then even her poor men love beauty and seek their pleasure among flowers",

Leaving, then, to the politicians the negative task of warding off the weeds of godless education and grinding poverty, not unaccompanied by appalling ignorance; the Indian Artists must feel it a sacred duty that they should at this juncture come forward, do the positive work of knitting together the theory and practice of music and thus see that the finest of the fine arts once again rises to the pinnacle of her glory and is duly resuscitated. They should not allow themselves to be misled by the doctrine of *Laisser Faire*, the policy of 'Let alone'. If they argue that the development of music must be left to take its own chance, without any kind of help from outside; they but commit the same mistake as the English did regarding their theatre. See now with what a deep pathos Mathew Arnold exclaimed: "Instead of devising a better plan of public organisation for the English theatre the English gladly took refuge in the favourite doctrines of the mischief of State-interference, of the blessedness of leaving every man free to do as he likes, and of the impertinence of presuming to check any man's natural taste for the bathos and pressing him to relish the sublime. The people left the English theatre to take its chance. Its present impotence is the result".

Hence I say that the artists should take upon themselves the sacred task of resuscitating the music of India. By so doing, they honor Saraswathi, honor the art, honor the country, and honor no less, their own good selves.

Are such artists wanting in our country? Surely not. Only they, like Haridas Swami of Brindavan, require a little goading, whereby hangs a tale.

One day, Akbar asked his celebrated Tansen: "Can any one in the world sing like you?" Tansen replied: "Yes; my guru, Haridas Swami of Brindavan, will even surpass me". The Emperor exclaimed: "What! can you not surpass him?" Tansen bowed his head and humbly observed: "No: I cannot surpass my guru; because, I sing whenever my Emperor commands but he sings only when his inner voice demands. I sing to please you; but he sings to please God." Exceedingly anxious to see and hear such a great singer, Akbar hastened, along with Tansen, to Brindavan and met there Haridas Swami living in a hermitage on the sacred banks of the Jumna. Neither of them, however, dared to ask him to sing. Tansen began to play a trick, by himself trying to sing a snatch purposely with a mistake. Haridas Swami could not brook to hear a mistake, like the Tamil poet, Sitarai Chathanar. Forthwith did he proceed to draw Tansen's attention thereto and incidentally, but quite unconsciously he burst into angelic singing wherewith he electrified the two eager hearers.

Like Tansen, then, I venture to launch into the world my *Lectures on Indian Music* only to provoke the really good artists, like Haridas Swami, to come forward with better ones and thus redeem the otherwise irredeemable condition of music in India today.

Thoughts on the Present Discontent. *

By K. N. SUNDARAM, M. A. (Hons.) (*Old Boy*).

You will please allow me to preface what I have to tell you with a word of apology. I had an occasion to address the students of this institution on a similar evening three or four years ago, and when I was approached some two days back and asked to play the role of a speech-maker I felt extremely reluctant; not that I had no time but that I have begun to lose faith in the ethics and efficacy of speech-making. Human life in all its phases ranging from Domestic Economy to the abstruse heights of Metaphysics has been sufficiently found fault with and a sufficiency of idealism has been preached on all subjects of human interest which will do for another two thousand years to come. However, the task was forced upon me and the subject, surprising to say, was determined by the mesmeric suggestions of the Malayalam Pandit. On occasions like this what people generally expect is something light and breezy, something refreshing and recreating, to be treated to some of the dainty up-to-date, serio-comico-socio-politico tit bits. But a pedagogue is a poor choice indeed !

As a class, School Masters are a set of discontented people. One fails to see in them that sense of buoyant optimism which we naturally expect to see in those who live, move and have their being in the company of juveniles, people with whom in a sense the world is always young. There is a sense of calm moroseness about them. This malady has been accounted for in different ways from different points of view. Some say they are discontented with the emoluments they get for their services. Others suggest that they suffer from want of work ; while people are not wanting who sincerely believe that it is a divine curse on the profession. However I do not intend to make a searching study of the etiology of this disease. The one thing that strikes me as being largely responsible for this rather pessimistic out-look is this. He feels at every step that he is incapable of realising the ideals that he has set before himself ; that several practical difficulties and discouragements stand in the way of his discharging his duties adequately, efficiently and properly.

What is education ? and what is the share of responsibility that devolves on the teacher in the education of the boys entrusted to his care ? Education, in the highest and noblest sense of the term has often been

*Substance of a lecture delivered at Tripunittura.

described as the development of the innate powers and faculties in a child, calculated to equip him for the battle of life. Now the question is whether and how far teachers equip their students for this battle : how far our boys and girls who pass out of schools and colleges are able to discharge the obligations they owe to their family, their society, their country and their God ; how far they are able to answer the demands that are made on them with any measure of success. To make myself more explicit, are our young men able to support a family ? Are they in a position to cope with the problems of social importance, and suggest remedies for evils that are eating into the very vitals of our society ? Are they competent to tackle the political issues that are engaging the thoughtful attention of all the patriots of our country? And lastly do they realise the magnitude of the indebtedness they are under to the Maker who created man after his own image and made him the lord of creation ? The answer is a melancholy negative. Our young men are not able to find the wherewithal to support a family. They have not the mental and moral stamina which is the *sine qua non* of all public life ; and spiritually they are bankrupts, positive and absolute. This is a picture rather too dismal and desolate. However I believe I am not over-drawing it.

Now what are the causes that have conspired to bring about this lamentable state of affairs ? One of the stock reasons that have been trotted out is that the system of education now in vogue in our country is wooden and lifeless, that it is an exotic not at all suited to Indian conditions and that it is repugnant to and militates against the genius and traditions of our race. And several panaceas are suggested to remedy the evils of the system and make it congenial to us. Thorough-bred anglo-phobes go the extent of suggesting an extensive boycott of everything foreign including the study of English ; while there are others who suggest that everything national should be given a foremost place in the curriculum of studies and that only a secondary place should be given to things foreign.

Now what I am concerned with here is not to make out a case for any particular system or systems of education so much as with one or two fundamentals of educational ideology ; one or two fundamental principles that must guide and govern all systems of education whether Indian or foreign.

Where does education proper begin ? At home or at school ?

Education properly begins at home and not at school. The share of responsibility that devolves on the parents in educating a child is far greater than that of a schoolmaster. It has been a custom with us to believe that educational institutions take up the sole responsibility for the proper training of a child. This is an error and it has been the cause of our national ruin.

Everyone knows that " The child is the father of the man, " but the implications involved in this familiar proverb have not been adequately realised. The character of a man is formed from what he was when he was a child. The tiny banyan seed contains in itself the future tree which, given the proper environments, the proper soil, grows into a tree. Even so the child has in it latent and dormant all the characteristics good or bad which determine its destiny. This is why childhood is looked upon as a period of unique importance in the life of a person. A child is just like a tender branch which can be trained to grow in any direction. It is like molten metal which takes the shape of the mould into which it is poured. If a child happens to be born into a family where it receives from the hands of wise and loving parents intelligent and sympathetic training, its bad tendencies are checked and its good tendencies strengthened and developed. But how tragic is the fate of thousands of little children whose life has been rendered miserable by the culpable neglect of their parents, whose early training is anything but satisfactory, whose good qualities are repressed and bad qualities developed by bad examples ! Their life and character are spoilt at the very start. The stream is muddled at its very source.

A Roman Catholic Cardinal once said "Give us the children until they are seven years old and you can keep them all the rest of their life." What the Cardinal meant is that the first seven years of a person's life is the most precious because the most impressionable, that the training that is given to the child in its early days will not be easily forgotten, and that the impressions made on the receptive nature of a child will go a long way towards determining his character and opinions for the rest of his days. And naturally it is the mother that exercises the greatest influence on the child. The child is with the mother all day and night. It is the mother that feeds the baby and looks after it. The child learns its first lessons at its mother's knee and the early moral training is given to it by its mother. Of course the father has his own share of the responsibility for the proper up-bringing of a child but his influence cannot as a rule be so great as the mother's.

What we, therefore, do as men and women in this world is largely determined by what our mothers did for us when we were children. The future of a race or a nation depends upon the training that is given to the mothers of the rising generation. Thus we see that what the poet and the cardinal said touches upon certain vital facts, that ought to be borne in mind by all parents interested in the proper training of their children.

But there are certain things that are more important still. I mean the influences that are brought to bear upon a child before it is born, when it is in its mother's womb, when it is in embryo. A child when it is born is not a mere mass of flesh. It has a human shape, it has life, it has intelligence, it has thoughts, feelings and emotions, dormant of course, awaiting the fulness of time for development and expression, a fact that has not received sufficient recognition at the hands of the materialistic Westerner. The mother conceives not only the physical body of the child but also its mental

moral, and spiritual make-up. Her thoughts and emotions during her motherhood influence the thoughts and emotions of her little self within, which grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. The mother consciously or unconsciously determines the destiny of her child. The qualities that it inherits from her mother are supplemented and devoloped by the training that is given to it. Like produces like. The law of heredity is inexorable all the world over. A bad mother never gave birth to a good son, nor a good mother to a bad son. This is a fact hardly recognised but this a fact which cannot be over-emphasised. Sri Krishna would not have been Sri Krishna if he had not a mother in Devaki and a foster-mother in Yasoda. A Sri Sankara was possible because his mother was one whose moral and spiritual strength was as exalted as that of Sankara himself. It is hard to believe that an ignorant and illiterate woman could have given birth to a spiritual giant like Jesus Christ. Virgin Mary must have had as much of the Saviour in her as, if not more than, the son she gave birth to. It is a matter of common knowledge to all people of Kerala how Uddhanda Sastrigal defeated all the Pandits and scholars of Malabar in literary combat ; how the latter with one heart and one soul appealed to a woman for help, how they prayed to her to bring into the world a literary giant to overthrow the Sastrigal and, to save the honour of Malabar and the reputation of its scholarship that had received such a rude shock at the hands of an outsider, and how in response to their prayers Kakkasseri Bhattathiri was born. Did I say that the scholars of Malabar appealed to a woman for help? I ought to have said they appealed to Sakthi ; for woman is Sakthi and Sakthi is woman. Sakthi is woman deified and woman is Sakthi humanised. Kerala was once famous for its Sakthi worship. Woman was then held in high esteem. She was adored and worshipped. She was enthroned on a pedestal of divinity.

And what is her position now? She is ignorant. She is illiterate. She has forgotten her glorious past. She has forgotten her sacred responsibilities. She has forgotten her mission in life. She is now a toy in the hands of man, for him to sport with. Her aims and ideals have fallen very low. Conscious of her degradation she is beginning to make desparate attempts to make up for the loss she has suffered by westernising herself and how unsuccessful has been her attempt to recover her lost prestige and power and to reinstate herself in a position of spiritual glory is seen in the spooney specimens of western civilization we have around us.

As a mother and a wife she is a failure. As a mother she is a curse to her children. How can an ignorant mother attend to the proper training up of her children? How can a benighted mother set a noble example to them? As a wife she is something worse. She is a drag on her husband. She is a drain on his purse. And to adapt a few phrases from Charles Lamb, she is a rent in his garment, a mote in his eye, a frog in his chamber, a blot on his escutcheon, a dismal shadow lengthening in the noon-tide of his prosperity.

Look at this picture and on that!
Oh! What a fall is there! My country-men!

Westernisation has made her miserable. Let it not be understood that I condemn western civilisation altogether. There are several good and useful things in it. But one very serious charge against it is this. It is unmoral and unspiritual. It is a civilisation not at all suited to our culture, traditions and genius. It has made us what we are. As long as India's womanhood remains what it is, there is no hope for our country. In our womanhood lies our hope and our salvation. She must be made conscious of her sacred mission in life. She must be made conscious of her glorious past and the glorious future in store for her. Then may come an era of peace and plenty for our land. Then may come a time when, in the words of the poet:—

.....she (will) set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of mankind.
May these things be!

Allahabad Agricultural Institute.

By M. S. MENON, (*Old Boy*).

"Agriculture? Stuff... Minding cows, digging land, handling dung and all the rest of it? Dirty! Flat! Awfully flat! Pah!....Where's culture?....Where's a decent life?...." That was how once I answered one of my friends who asked me what I was going to do in 'the future', and who suggested agriculture as a good 'line'. It is quite natural to feel like that after emerging out of a college with the new varsity-man outlook, with the fresh and vivid notions of culture, and such things. The chap just fresh from the college looks at life with the easy confidence of one who has never had to face life. He believes everything easy, and ready to welcome him into life.... That confidence is an essential asset to him; but it should not blind him and thus render him unable to sustain the shock he would receive when he has to face things squarely. All his newly learnt ideas, learnt from the college, are essential for a noble career; but he should allow the margin for the unexpected, the unseen, the strange, in his later life, and

thus be prepared to adjust himself to them, and still keep his outlook fresh and clear.

That is what you *should* do. But often the courage is lacking and you grow into a pessimist—premature, hence awful. That was the case with me. The Allahabad Agricultural Institute was the last place I sought admission to—the last because it was Agriculture! So I despaired all along on my way to Allahabad and also during the first month of my life there.

When I got there everything contributed to make it a mighty disappointment. Where I had expected to see a splendid city I saw a petty, spacious, dirty, meagre, smelly, drenched, slushy city; where I had dreamt and projected in anticipation visions of a gorgeous hostel and college I saw a few rude, rough-and-tumble, carelessly constructed buildings. Everything around was like that: the professors were clothed in khaki shirts and shorts, when I'd hoped to see them in full European clothes. The residents of the hostel ditto. I did not meet there chaps in blazers, flannels, double-breasteds, or soft-silk hats! Oh, hell, I saw there a rude blending of chaps in all sorts of clothes—dhotis, pajamas, shorts... ! Gracious God! how I felt it all! All the money, time, and labour expended to arrive into this darned, god-forsaken hole! My enthusiasm, my confidence, my courage—I felt them oozing away like water from a canvas bag that has been wet too long. I felt sick. I saw my future trembling before me, already tottering.

" Hallow! what c'n I do for you?" a pausing, phlegmatic voice interrupted my vision. I steadied myself. This tall white-skinned man should not know my thoughts. The determination was easy: but the changing of the pose, of the woe-be-gone expression on my face, was not as easy as that. So, in its place, an unsettled expression came into face. Was there a question —" who' you?" sort—on my face?

" I'm—em—acting in the place of the Principal—em—who's—em—gane to 'Amaraca.'

The introductions over I presented myself before the hostel warden—a young American with a slight stammer in his speech. He showed me my room.....The rest of the job I had to do myself.

A bunch of students collected round me. They were silent for a while, being shy.

"You are a student? Where do you come from?" And questions of that sort came from all round, soon.

" What horrible pronunciation?... " I remarked mentally. With it came up again my vision—the tottering future. What a darned place this? No culture, no sense of decency, no neatness; and horrible English! All a set of 'up countrys' ! I felt weak in my knees . . Was this the place that I had come to after all this nerve-racking patience? Would I have to pull on with such chaps as these around me? . . .

God ! . . . I felt incapable of thinking. All was a blank!

* * *

A month passed by . . . .

The tottering future was only fallen down in a swoon; or was it an instance of transmigration? From the tattered old garments, faded tassels, and bedimmed fineries there reared up a new one, fresh, cheerful, clad in a glistening gauze of Hope. . . .

My eyes viewed things in a new light. The blue-green light irradiating from the reborn Future spread over everything, illumin ated and rendered new everything.....

The hostel, its residents, the profs. and the environs gazed at me with a smile of welcome. The rudeness of the hostel had something of the quality of a "Fraternity" in it. The rudeness was the rudeness of a frank, hearty, rough farmer. The residents were incurious until you approached them. Once you are inside of the ring they are warm, friendly, kind.

My life mingled with theirs. The warmth that ran underneath the rudeness and the roughness of the exterior was extended to me. That warmth spread over and soaked the whole of my being. And along with it also crept in their outlook. These coloured my vision. I saw the field, the crops, the cattle, the dung—all in the new light.

* * *

The new chaps from all sorts of places, the new course of studies I had begun, the individuality and the independence I felt, had all the "smick" in them, as the Americans put it. They were new experiences for me. There were new excitements to reap from them. The bewildering jumble of all sorts of tongues, the variety of funny, curious clothes, and the loud sense of outlandishness were all something I had never come across before. There was margin in everything for me to wonder, to muse, to study:—there was the eternal black velvet cap on the head of the Parsi ; the tremendous talkativiness of the Bengalis and the marvellous swiftness with which their tongue worked through the countless maze of the letter'cha';the cranium and the face of the Sikh which had never had to feel the hell under the solicitous razor of a barber, and the mystery of the wooden comb and the tiny knife that are hidden in his hair, the narrow pig tail of the U. P. that is often brushed flush with the skull as if to hide it ; the curious way the Americans pronounced their words... In fact there were few things I could put aside and say, 'Oh, that's something I'm already familiar with.' I was in a regular wilderness of novelty. There were several things that tickled me to laughter though—the punctiliousness with which the Bengali arranged the two several plaited folds—vascular bundles, as we called them—in the front and at the back of his dhoti; the curiously cut shirt, and the piece of string round the waist—all sacred things—that never left the body of a Parsi; the extremities to which the paijama of the U. P. went with regard to the diameter each leg took, and so on. Their *khana* was ever a

marvel to me. I could never stop musing over the rough and dull *chappathi* they ate with their *dhal*.

Then the Americans themselves were a never-ending source of fun to me. There is always a drawl in their speeches. Their pronunciation of certain words and letters was quite queer. They say 'kant' where we say 'can't'. They pronounce words like top, gone, bottle, etc., as tawp, gawne, bawddle, etc. The 'r' is never trilled but just slided over, so that the 'r' in 'very' sounds just like the 'ഴ' in Malayalam. 'Girl' and 'form' are pronounced as 'gurul' and 'forum'. 'America' is 'Amaraca': 'conduce' and 'induce' are 'cawndooce' and 'indoose'..... Even when I was reading G. Bernard Shaw's discussion of the American pronunciation in one of his prefaces to one of his plays, I'd never dreamt that it would be so bad (may I use the word?) as this. But this queerness is redeemed by some of the splendid vividly expressive, 'chic' phrases they have over there.

* *

During the first week of my torments there used to come, when the wind blew my way, the strong pungent smell of the silage from the silo-pits. I would feel suffocated. That nasty, sickening odour would mount up into my nose, my lungs, my mouth, my tummy and it would choke me. I would curse, spit, stuff my nose with snuff, my lungs with cigarette-smoke, and my tummy with nausea. One day, in those days, in the Assembly hour I heard the Principal formulate in his deep, sonorous, dictatorial voice: "Every student of this institute has to educate his nose until he begins to inhale with relish the scent of the silage."

I had then growled with anger, ground my teeth, and had spat in disgust....

I look back on those critical days of bitterness, choler, contempt, and I laugh with my friends over it....

"How do you like it, *now*?" my friend M. asked me.

"Bah, like the smell of any sweet cake!" I answered.

The scent of the silage breezed by again on the wind. I sniffed and sniffed until I felt I would burst my lungs.

In fine, I fell in love with Agriculture. I loved to handle cattle, judge them, feed them, and care them. And there were about 60 native cows, several bullocks and 8 splendid American bulls to handle. There was excitement and fun in putting on a nose-ring for a bull, in dehorning a cow, in castrating a full-blooded young bull; in coaxing a young, shy, nervous cow to allow you to feel its udder, in tackling another cow to examine its teeth, and the several other odd jobs you have to pick up on a farm.

The field, the various crops that are to grow on it, the seasons, the manures they require, the times to harvest, and the thousand other details are left for you to figure out, to discover patiently from the lips of an ordinary farmer. He may tell you so fast that you'd get muddled, or yarn so slowly that you could feel ages whiz by and your hair grow gray.

You would look at a large plot of land with one or two ploughs at work on it, and you'd wonder when the whole ground was going to be worked through. You would think that you'd never be able to get through the whole series of preliminaries, ploughing, harrowing, mulching, furrowing, ridging up, and sowing...

But the impatience, the weariness, and the hurry pass away with time. The studies, the work in the fields, among the cattle—these grow interesting. The machines such as the tractor, the harvester, and the different types of ploughs reveal to you how time can be conquered and labour economised. The tractor ploughs and harrows an acre of land in about half to three-fourths of an hour.

Your studies become more and more interesting as you plunge deeper and deeper into them. You feel you have in your hand problems that the whole world is at work to puzzle out. You survey the economic and agricultural conditions of your land. You discuss the suggested improvements and measures. You discuss important problems. You form your opinions. The country has lots of places where measures of improvement should be tried. The improvement of the cattle in India, the crops, and the produce... the methods...

You feel a changed chap...a man, already. Questions of national importance occupy your heart and mind!...

* * * * *

"Man! what are you dreaming about there?" I looked up. It was my friend A.

"Are you game for a set of tennis, and then the picture at the *Palace*?"

"Rather!"

I am simply miserable at tennis. But I know how to laugh and pull jokes, a bit. Laughter is contagious. So I was allowed in the court....

The movie was a dandy, as the Americans would say. But the trudge through the narrow streets of Allahabad—our Institute is about 4 miles from the city proper and separated from it by a one-mile bridge over the river Jumna—was—horrible—did I say? Not in the least! Just dirty, that's all. Jolly enjoyable, though. The buggy side on the *ekka*, the ceaseless bombardment of bugs from the seats, the sharp, bone-cracking jolts, and the frequent races the ekkawallah would give us when there was another ekka beside ours, all contributed to make the passage exciting and gay.

"Eh, ekkawallah! *isi Kaise chala*?" if you ask him-there!-as sure as anything the answer comes:

"*Arre Sahib* !....*Kya, Sahib* ?....*dekkho* !....." There's the thud of a stick on the back of the pony, a yell in the month of the ekkawallah, and you feel the wind rushing by you. Ain't that got 'kicks' in it?

And..the rush and the din of the mob, the multi-coloured clothes glittering in the brilliance of the electric lamps, the shops all blooming, bathed

in dazzling lights, the maze of ekkas, *tongas*, bicycles, occasional cars, the cries of hawkers, the hum of the human voices—tell you that it is the *chowk*—the heart of the city of Allahabad.

You change into a *tonga*—a decent sort of a cart with leather bolsters. The bustle and the noise of the *chowk* slowly fade into silence as you pass into long, broad streets, with solitary cars, ekkas, tongas. isolated promenaders, big buildings at long intervals, well-lighted and surrounded with large-lettered sign boards and hoardings. That's the 'Civil Lines'.....

The hustle and bustle of the city contrasts with the quietness and isolation of our Institute quarters. The buzz of the city is still in our ears. The blood is hot with the excitement of the city and the picture. You approach the long dark bridge. You are silent. You feel like it....Half of the bridge is over.

Then suddenly a match is heard struck. The light appears large and irritating....

"Want a fag?"

You feel desolate...

The glow of four or five cigarettes, the smoke, the rush of the cool air warm you up again. You are tempted to remark:

"This darned bridge is eternal."

"Yes; we've to be farmers *again*...."

Purism *in Excelsis.*

(A PURIST OLD BOY.)

A news-agency recently supplied the information to its subscribers that the Deccan Sabha, of which the Right Honourable V. S. Srinivasa Sastry (the Scholar, Stylist and Statesman) is the President, sent him a telegram congratulating him on his 61st birthday and wishing.....etc. I presume that the news-agency concerned is responsible for "congratulating him on his 61st birthday". News-agencies are not great sticklers in the matter of style and language, and we may take it that the Right Hon'ble gentleman was congratulated on his attaining his 61st birthday and that "on his 61st birthday" does not indicate the time of congratulation on something not mentioned. If the latter were the case, a more suitable place for "on his 61st birthday'. would be after "telegram". But the Deccan Sabha, of which Mr. Sastry is the president, offering its congratulations to him on his attaining his 61st birthday and the mention in the papers sometime before, that Mr. Sastry's Shashtyabdapoorthy fell on a particular date this month (September) land us in doubt whether Mr. Sastry attained his 60th birthday or his 61st birthday, that is to say whether he completed 60 years of age or 61. Or it may be that the Deccan Sabha of scholars thinks that the birthday falling on the

day on which one completes one's 60th year of sojourn on this planet is one's 61st birthday. I look up my C. O. D. (The Concise Oxford Dictionary) for the meaning of "birthday" and that authority says "(anniversary or day of one's birth".) So, "birthday" does not mean or even cover "the day on which one was born", and we refer to the day on which any of us was born as "the day of his birth" and not "his birthday". Any way, the same word should not be used to mean more than one thing at the same time. Either "birthday" means "the day on which one was born" of which one cannot have more than one during one phase of earthly existence, or it means "the anniversary thereof". In the latter case, the first anniversary occurs on the completion of one year of age, the second two years of age and so on; and shashtyabdapoorthy, or completion of 60 years of age is registered by the 60th birthday. The same is the case in Malayalam also. "പിറന്നാൾ" is the anniversary, and the day of birth is indicated by "ജനിച്ച ദിവസം" or "ജനന ദിവസം", or "ഭൂമിയിൽ വന്ന ദിവസം".

Fun and Frolic.

Magistrate : What is your name ?"
Prisoner : "Smith"
" Your occupation ?"
" Locksmith ."
"Locksmith up."

* * * *

Shy girl : "Oh, but mother objects to kissing !"
Young Man : "Well, I'am not kissing her, am I ?

* * * *

Professor : "I don't think my lecture last night was much of a success ."
Wife : " But think of the splendid audience you began with ."

* * * *

Doctor (after explosion) : " Yes, he's dead ."
The Victim (feebly) . " I ain't dead ."
His Mate : " Yer are, this bloke knows best ."

* * * *

It was a casual acquaintanceship. The two men had met in the park. Suddenly one of them sighted two women coming along.

"Ah," he said , "here comes my wife with some old hag she's picked up ".

" Fancy that, now ," said the other, "here comes mine with another ."

* * * *

" Why do you speak of your wife as your present wife ? You haven't married before, have you ?"

" No; but I call her my present wife because her father gave her away."

* * * *

Magistrate : " Did you call the accused a rogue and a thief ?"

Witness : " I did ."

" And did you call him a liar and a cad?"

" No, your worship, I didn't, a man can't remember everything."

* * * *

Judge : If you could not afford to pay for it, why did you insist on having the very best wine in the restaurant ?"

Accused : " Well, I said to myself, ' I can't pay in any case, so why not have the best ?"

* * * *

" What did you think of Mary's get up at the dance ?"

" I never knew she fell down ."

* * * *

Husband (at the theatre) : " This play makes me think ."

Wife : " Yes, it's a most extraordinary play ."

* * * *

Social worker : " Do you believe in the transmigration of souls ?"

Fisherman : " Well, No, Sir, I likes 'em fried in the ordinary way ."

* * * *

" I suggest, Sir, "said the barrister, icily, "That you are obviously an unscrupulous liar. Am I right ?"

"I suggest," answered the mild-looking witness, "that you are obviously a perfect gentleman and we're both equally wrong."

* * * *

" Daddy, teacher inquired after you to-day ."

" Really ? "

" Yes! he said he would like to know what sort of a fool my father was?"

* * * *

An Indian potentate was boasting to an Englishman about his vast wealth.

" Twenty thousand pounds to me," he said, "is what six pence is to you ."

" Have you got change for a shilling ?" asked the Englishman.

* * * *

" George Washington", read the school master, " was born on February 22nd, A. D. —" and then broke off with, " By the way, Smith what is the meaning of A. D. ?"

" Please, Sir, I'm not quite sure," was the reply, but I should think it means ' after dark .' "

* * * *

Distracted wife (at bedside of sick husband):
" Is there no hope, doctor ?"
Doctor : " I don't know, " What were you hoping for ?"

* * * *

A pretty girl who confessed to a priest that she had been kissed was asked how many times.
She replied, " Father, I have come to confess, not to boast ."

* * * *

" Dear Sir," wrote the literary editor to the Treasury, "will you forward a couple of your new bank-notes for review ?"

* * * *

Specialist : " The best thing for you is to give up smoking and drinking and go to bed at ten o'clock every night ."
Patient : " And what is second best ?"

* * * *

Wife : " Do you realize, dear, that it was twenty-five years ago to-day that we became engaged ?"
Absent-minded Professor ; " Twenty-five years ! Bless my soul ! You should have reminded me before. It's certainly time we got married ."

* * * *

" Iceland, " said the teacher, " is about as large as Siam ."
" Iceland, " wrote Willie afterwards, " is about as large as teacher ."

Diwan Bahadur Ramunni Menon Gold medal for music.

Tests for Competition of October—November 1929.

1. Ability to recognise the following 20 ragas:—

(a) Todi, Bhairavi, Sankarabharanam, Kalyani, Kambhoji, Saveri, Mohanam, Mukhari, Kataragaulam, Arabhi, Sriragam, Bilahari, Yadukula-kambhoji, Anandabhairavi, and Nadanamakriya.

(b) One raga out of each of the following five groups of four ragas:

1. Karaharapriya, Sriranjani, Ratigaula and Abheri.
2. Atana, Kedaram, Pyagadai and Hamsadhuani.
3. Sahana, Natakuranji, Harikambhoji and Kuntalavarali.
4. Pantuvarali, Bhurikalyani, Ramapriya and Saranga.
5. Chakravakam, Asaveri, Vasanta and Dhanyasi.

2. Ability to sing any ten of the above 20 ragas and a musical composition in each.

3. A rudimentary knowledge of the following talas:—Adi, Rupaka-Triputa & Jambai.

4. Ability to sing a slokam—Sanskrit or Malayalam or a Tamil Pada (Thayumanavar, Pattanath Pallaiyar, Tevaram, etc.) in four ragas.

5. Ability to sing Tiruppuhazh, Javali and Bharati's national songs two in each.

6. Folk songs of the locality and specialities.

Maharaja's College,
Ernakulam,

S. K. SUBRAHMANYA AYYAR,
Principal.

Diwan Bahadur Ramunni Menon Gold medal for painting.

The competition will be held early in December.
The competitors will be asked.—

(1) To paint still life in water colours.
(Time allowed 6 hours).

(2) To paint object in relief in black and white.
(Time allowed 3 hours).

(3) To sketch from nature in black and white.
(Time allowed 2 hours).

Mr. P. J. Cheriyan, Artist and Photographer, Ernakulam, has kindly consented to give instruction to students in painting.

It is hoped that intending competitors will avail themselves of the offer so kindly made by an old student of our College.

Maharaja's College,
Ernakulam.

S. K. SUBRAHMANYA AYYAR,
Principal.

College Notes.

University Convocation (*August 1929*). Twenty-two of our College graduates took their Degree personally and 27 took their Degree *in absentia*. As in previous years, the Principal was "AT HOME" to our new graduates at 7 p. m. on the convocation day in the Hindu High School, Triplicane. Dr. T. Krishna Menon, 4th Physician, General Hospital, presided and Dr. V. K. John, Bar-at-Law, gave a few words of advice to the students. Among those present were the following—

Dr. P. Kallukkaran, M. A., Ph. D., Messrs. R. Gopala Ayyar, M. A., L. T., G. A. Srinivasan, M. A., L. T., N. R. Sesha Ayyar, B. A., B. L. (Advocate).

* * *

Mr. M. Ratnaswami, M. A., Bar-at-Law, Principal, Law College, Madras, will deliver the Jubilee Memorial Lectures this year in January next.

* * *

Mr. Ulloor S. Parameswara Ayyar, M. A., B. L., the well-known Malayalam Poet, has kindly consented to deliver this year's lecture under the Chathu Panikkar Memorial Endowment Fund.

* * *

The Chandrasekhara Ayyar Essay Competition will be held on Saturday, the 26th October. Intending competitors should give their names to the Principal on or before the 10th October.

* * *

We are glad to find that the University has permitted Mr. P. N. Neelakanta Sarma of Pattambi, to re-deliver the ordinary University Lectures on Raghuvamsa in Sanskrit at Ernakulam.

* * *

The music and painting competitions for Diwan Bahadur Ramunni Menon Gold Medals will be held early in December.

* * *

The College Day Celebration Committee for the current year has been formed and has already begun work. It is hoped that the Old Boys of the College will liberally respond to the appeal of the Committee published elsewhere in this issue.

* * *

Mr. G. F. Papali has taken long leave and proceeded to England for higher studies. On the eve of his departure from our midst, he was entertained by the students at a social gathering. The members of the staff were also "AT HOME" to him a few days before he left for England. We wish him *bon voyage* and a very successful career at the University of London.

* *

Messrs. K. N. Sundram, M. A. (Hon.) and T. C. Balakrishna Menon, M. A., L. T., have been appointed as tutors in the Department of English.

* * *

As in previous years, Birthday competitions have been held, and six essays in English and five in Malayalam have been received. The subjects prescribed were as follows:—

(1) English Essay on "Sovereignty & Citizenship"
"Democracy vs. Benevolent Despotism."
"Indian Princes as patrons of arts and of letters."

(2) Malayalam Essay on

ക. ഭാഷാകവിതയിൽ വന്നിട്ടുള്ള മാറ്റം

ഖ. മതവിഷയത്തിൽ സഹിഷ്ണുത

ഗ. പ്രാചീന കേരളത്തിലെ പ്രജാധിപത്യം

The decision of the Judges will be published in the next issue of the Magazine.

* * *

The following notifications of the University of Madras are re-published in the Magazine for the information of the students :—

"That in order to make the course of study coincide as far as possible for the examinations under the Old and New Regulations, Lamb's Essays of Elia, First Series, edited by A. H. Thompson be prescribed as an alternative to Hazlitt's Twenty-two essays edited by Beatty for the B. A. Degree Examination of 1931" (Under the Old Regulations).

"That the candidates for the B. A. Degree Examination of 1931 will be required to show a knowledge of the introductory essays in Johnson, Prose Selections in Johnson, Prose and Poetry (Clarendon Series), a text-book in English prescribed for the examination both under the New and Old Regulations."

* * *

The cover-design that appeared in the last number of our Magazine won the first prize in the cover-design competition held some time back. We inserted it in the last number as a contribution, with a view merely to encouraging our students to produce better things in this line.

* * *

A few important items of College news are held over from this issue for want of space.

College Day Celebrations, 1928.

BALANCE SHEET.

		Rs.	A.	P.	Rs.	A.	P.
1	Opening balance	15	4	7			
2	Subscriptions from the students of the College	408	12	0			
3	Do from the members of the College staff	65	8	0			
4	Donation from the Old Boys' Association	34	11	2			
5	Do from the College Literary Union	50	0	0			
6	Local collections	287	0	0			
7	Donations from the Princes	47	0	0			
8	Do from outside Ernakulam	74	0	0			
9	Contributions from schools and offices	104	12	6			
10	Sale proceeds of entertainment tickets	80	0	0			
11	Entrance fees for sports and contributions for sports prizes	144	14	4			
12	Interest on deposit	11	1	7			
13	Sports				344	6	7
14	Social gathering				330	5	7
15	Stage equipment				82	11	4
16	Tamil Entertainment				89	9	0
17	Malayalam Entertainment				69	0	9
18	English Entertainment				17	0	0
19	Stationery, printing and postage				84	0	7
20	Decorations, lighting, garlands, etc				40	8	0
21	Establishment charges, remunerations to peons and servants, expenses for volunteers, etc.				99	4	9
22	Photo charges				41	8	0
23	Travelling allowance to the President				100	0	0
24	Miscellaneous				8	2	6
25	Closing balance				16	7	1
	Total Rs.	1,323	0	2	1,323	0	2

(Sd.) P. S. RAMAKRISHNA AYYAR,
Joint Secretary.

(Sd.) K. V. KRISHNA AYYAR,
Auditor.

Scout Bulletin.

———

At my representation, owing to pressure of work, the Executive Committee has kindly permitted me to retire from the Editorship of the Bulletin, and I am glad to announce that it has entrusted the work to Mr. V. Ramanathan, M. A., L. T., of the Maharaja's College, Ernakulam, to whose address all letters intended for these pages should hereafter be addressed.

T. K. KRISHNA MENON,
Honorary Secretary,
Cochin Boy Scouts' Association.

A REAL GOOD TURN.

The Scoutmaster, Thykoodam, has sent a report of an act of heroism done by a smart Scout of his troop, a lad of 17 by name N. K. Raphael. A small house in the village of Maradu caught fire at about 2 a. m. on the 19th November 1928. The inmates of the house seem to have fled panic-stricken leaving behind a small child of about 2 years. Raphael is reported to have had the courage of braving the fire and saving the child at considerable personal risk. The act is certainly commendable and should serve as an example to other Scouts. Well done, Scout Raphael !

A FIRE ACCIDENT AT MATTANCHERI.

The Secretary of the Mattancheri Boy Scouts Association sends a report of another fire accident. "A fire broke out on 6th Kanni 1929 at about 2-30 p. m. in two thatched houses in the western streets adjoining the T. D. Temple. The alarm whistle was sounded by the Scouts immediately after the discovery of the fire and all the Scouters, Scouts as also the teachers and students of the T. D High School hurried to the scene. Intimation was promptly given through the phone to the Municipal and Police authorities requisitioning their help. In the meanwhile the Scouters and some of the senior Scouts climbed upon the roofs of the adjacent houses and formed water-chains on either side to put out the fire. Through their tireless efforts the fire was soon brought under control.

A young Scout named V. Vasudeva Kini of the Madhwa Troop courageously entered the burning house and rescued a young child from the cradle where it was sleeping. All the Scouters and Scouts of Sri Madhwa, Sri Sankara and Sri Venketessha Troops were present at the scene of occurrence besides numerous students of the T. D. High School and the old Scouts."

Every one of them did his little bit and it may therefore be invidious to mention names in this connection. But we owe it to ourselves to mention specially the name of V. Vasudeva Kini who displayed such rare pluck and presence of mind. Vasudeva Kini is indeed a live Scout and he deserves well of the Cochin Boy Scouts Association.

The matter was duly reported to the Scout Commissioner by the Secretary, Mattancheri Boy Scout Association and the following order was received.

Order, dated 8th February 1929, C. No. 7240/1104.

"The Commissioner has perused the report with great pleasure and noted the services rendered by the Scouts and the staff and pupils of the High School and especially Scout Vasudeva Kini who saved the child."

The signal services rendered by the Scouts have deservedly come up for public appreciation. The Mattancheri Town Council at its meeting held on Monday, 21st Kumbham 1104 observes that:

"The Council records its high appreciation of the meritorious services rendered by the Scouts in extinguishing the Fire."

AND YET ANOTHER.

The Managing Editor of the "Gosri Scout", Cochin, sends the following:—

"I beg to report another slight fire accident that took place at 10 p. m. on 7th February 1929 in the Kudummi Quarters at Mattancheri. Scouter R. Ranga Pai and myself together with about two dozen Scouts reached the spot and strained every nerve to bring the fire under control.....By 11 p. m. the fire was completely extinguished... ...."

A similar report has been received of another fire accident at North Chellai at 2-30 p. m. on 23rd February 1929, The Scouts of the Sankara and Madhwa troops along with several students and teachers of the T. D. High School promptly arrived at the spot and rendered signal services.

The Scouts of Mattancheri seem to have had unparalleled opportunities for displaying the Scout spirit and it is really a matter for gratification that they invariably rose to the occasion and responded to the call of duty. Nothing is more calculated to popularise the movement than such acts of noble heroism.

THE CHIEF SCOUT'S BIRTHDAY.

The Honorary Secretary of the Mattancheri Boy Scouts Association writes under date 24th February 1929:—

"The 72nd Birthday of Sir Robert Baden Powell, the Chief Scout of the world, was solemnly celebrated by the Scouters and Scouts of the Sankara and Madhwa Troops on Friday 22nd February 1929.

The Scouts who were asked to do special 'Good Turns' in honour of Sir Robert Baden Powel, reported a good many at the Rally and Public Meeting when prayers were offered for the longevity and prosperity of the Chief Scout. The Scout Master gave a yarn on the life of the Chief Scout and the Scout movement founded by him. The Rally terminated with prayers, the National Anthem and Cheers."

A PLEASANT HYKE.

K. D. Mathai, Scoutmaster, Narakkal, writes about a very pleasant hyke arranged for his troop during the vacation. The Hyke was to Malayattur and back and it covered on the whole five to six days. "All the usual items of the Treck Camp, such as physical exercise of the troopers, salute to the royal banner, National Anthem, appointment of the duty patrol leader, etc., were systematically gone through with a final word of advice from the Scoutmaster that all troopers should be careful not to eat or drink from outside the Camp....." The troop halted at various places and the boys seem to have enjoyed the trip immensely. To arrange a Hyke is no easy joke. It presupposes the ability to plan ahead and the tact to guide properly. Properly arranged, a hyke is perhaps the surest way to inculcate the ideals of the Scout movement. It enables the boys to develop pluck, self-reliance, resourcefulness, enterprise and the sense of adaptation. Like all good things it has inherent defects but these may be avoided if the hyke is planned with care and pinched, as it needs must be, with the true Scout spirit. The unqualified success of the hyke, lasting as it did, for about six days is in itself eloquent testimony to the Scout spirit in the boys. Other troops may well emulate the example of the Narakkal Scouts.

A similar hyke is reported by the Scoutmaster of the Mangayil Vijaya Troop, Trippunittura. This was not so prolonged but was none the less interesting and instructive. The boys were helped by generous persons all through. The Scouter makes appreciatory references to the munificence and liberality of Ambadi Kochukrishna Menon and Kalladayil Parameswaran Pillai. We wish we could reproduce the whole report *in extenso* but refrain from so doing from considerations of space.

OBITER DICTA.

Fun is like insurance.....the older you get the more it costs.

* * * * *

On the voyage of life the best ship is friendship.

* * * * *

Simplicity is the hall-mark of true greatness.

* * * * *

Feminine bridge spans a flood of gossip.

* * * * *

Success without honesty is failure.

(*Tit-Bits*)

V. RAMANATHA AYYAR.

Business Notes.

THE MAHARAJA'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE PERMANENT FUND.

(Terms of Life-Membership).

1. A sympathiser or an old student of the College will be eligible to become a Life-Member.

2. Each Life-Member will pay a subscription of Rs. 25 only, in advance, or in instalments within a year.

3. Each member will receive the issue of the Magazine free of cost and postage.

4. Each member will be given a Life-Membership Certificate on payment of the full subscription of Rs. 25.

5. In the event of discontinuance of the Magazine, the amount available will be devoted to such College purposes as will be decided upon at a meeting of the Life-Members and the College Magazine Committee.

* * *

The Secretary begs to acknowlege with thanks the receipt of the following subscriptions.

		Rs.	A.	P.
Mr K. Raman Menon	(27—28)	2	0	0
,, F. D'Costa	(24—27)	6	0	0
Sister Clara	(27—28)	2	0	0
Mr. Ambat Kuttikrishna Menon	(27—28)	2	0	0
,, T. M. Subbaraya Menon	(,,)	2	0	0
,, E. C. King	(,,)	2	0	0
,, E P. Krishna Menon	(,,)	2	0	0
,, T. P. Ananthanarayana Ayyar	(,,)	2	0	0
,, R. V. Pillai	(,,)	2	0	0
,, M. Parameswaran Pillai	(28—29)	2	0	0
,, N. Raghava Poduval		1	8	0
Mr. K. Koshi	(28—29)	2	0	0
,, F. D'Costa	(27—28)	2	0	0
,, M. A. Ananta Ayyar	(28—29)	2	0	0
,, R. P. Venkatakrishna Ayyar	(28—29)	2	0	0
,, J. W. D'Cruz		2	0	0
Secretary, P, L. and R. R., Trichur		2	0	0
Mr. K. Rama Varma Raja		2	0	0
,, F. D'Costa	(28—29)	2	0	0
,, P. K. Varghese	(,,)	2	0	0
,, Chakyat Narayana Menon		2	0	0
,, C. Chattukutty Nambiyar		1	8	0
,, P. N. Menon		2	0	0

* * *

Permanent Fund on 26th September 1929.

Full paid up subscriptions	Rs.	3,150	0	0
Instalment subscriptions	,,	261	0	0
	Rs.	3,411	0	0

This sum along with ordinary subscriptions totalling Rs. 5,575, has been deposited in the Government Servants' Co-operative Society Ltd., Ernakulam.

K. V. KRISHNA AYYAR,
Secretary.