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## *A Sermon.*

*Phil. 3. 13.*

"Forgetting those things which are behind." Taken literally, this sounds a very difficult thing to do. Can you forget the things which have happened in your past life, if you want to? By an effort of the will can you erase from your memory the impressions that have already been received? It sounds almost impossible. And evidently, it is not such a state of forgetfulness of the past that St. Paul is said to have attained. The purpose for which he wants to forget the past seems to be, that he may press on. All that he wants is that the memory of the past whether it be of success or of failure, should not hamper his efforts in the present and in the future. St. Paul must surely have learned from his failures; but he refused to spend his energy worrying about them. 'Do not worry' was a text on which Jesus also was never tired of preaching. Take no thought—consider the ravens—consider the lilies of the field how they grow. Which of you by taking thought can add to his stature one cubit? Here Jesus is speaking about worry—unnecessary and fruitless worrying about things which do not deserve your bothering about—and things which you know will not be improved by your mere worrying about them. You know the type of person who will make himself and all his companions unhappy for a whole afternoon because he himself happened to make a mistake, say drop an ink bottle. He cannot get out of his mind the thought that he broke his ink bottle. He does not realise that the time and energy he spends worrying about his ink bottle are worth many ink bottles.

Why take other people's examples? You will be able to think back about periods in your own life when you worried a good deal about a broken slate pencil or considered your whole life spoilt when you got defeated in a football match against another class in your own school. Now we are worrying about what we consider big things; but behold the fowls of the air, says Jesus, and cease to worry about these small things. The gentiles seek after these things, but your Father knoweth, says Jesus. Jesus prayed—"Give us this day our daily bread." This spirit wherever it is met with is refreshing. Here is a poem which reflects this spirit.

Take what God gives, oh' heart of mine,  
And build your house of happiness.  
Perchance some have been given more  
But many have been given less.  
The treasure lying at your feet  
Whose value you but faintly guess,  
Another builder looking on  
Would barter heaven to possess.

Have you found work that you can do?  
Is there a heart that loves you best?



Is there a spot somewhere called home  
Where spent and worn your soul may rest?  
A friendly tree? a book? a song?  
A dog that loves your hand's caress?  
A store of health to meet life's needs?  
Oh! build your house of happiness.

Trust not to-morrow's dawn to bring  
The dream of joy for which you wait;  
You have enough of pleasant things  
To house your soul in goodly state.  
To-morrow time's relentless stream  
May bear what now you have away.  
Take what God gives, Oh! heart, and build  
Your house of happiness today.

Now it is a good thing not to worry about anything, not to brood over the past but to live actively in the present. But I dare say that many of us find it difficult in practice. May I suggest two ways of achieving this end? I am not saying that these are the only ways—these are only suggestions.

(i) In the first place I consider freedom from worry a by-product of the act of Prayer. Not so much the act of asking God for things as the act of getting into the presence of God, the act of realising that you are in the presence of a God who is the maker of the universe who holds infinite resources in the hollow of his hand and who is at the same time your Father. Take once again the illustration of the child that dropped its slate pencil. It picks up the broken pieces and runs to its father in his office. For a little while the spoiling of the pencil sent a flutter through the heart of the child. But when it saw the reassuring smile on the face of its father and realized that the big business that his father was transacting was worth thousands of slate pencils and also saw that his pencil had a place in the mind of the father and that the pencil belonged as much to the father as to himself, the child was set at ease. Even so, things which loom large before your eyes during the bustle of daily duties, and make you restless and useless for present action, will sink to their proper places when you get into the presence of God in the calm of the evening hour. A person who practises the presence of God will not be easily worried or upset. He can practise a wholesome forgetfulness. Such a person cannot commit suicide. The student who behaves as though everything were lost when he fails in an examination is not practising the presence of God. He is looking on his work as entirely his own. He has no consciousness of being a partner or a co-worker with God:

So the practice of the presence of God is a sure cure for worry. The life of Jesus himself gives us the best example of this fact.



1. Mr. M. S. Samuel, B. A. (Hons.), Tutor in English.
2. Mr. A. Arulsigamony, B. A., Demonstrator in Physics.
3. Mr. M. Thomas, B. A. (Hons.), Lecturer in History.

### **Visit of the Vice-Chancellor.**

R. Littlehailes Esq, M. A., C. I. E., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Madras, visited the College on Tuesday, 20th August. He addressed the whole College at 4 p. m. for about half an hour and met the Teaching Staff at Tea at 4. 30 p. m. He then paid a visit to the Settlement and left for Ernakulam by 5. 30 p. m. It was a great pleasure to us to welcome him.

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*The Negro Delegation* arrived here on the 27th of November and left on the 29th. Their visit was keenly appreciated.

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This year the College Day is proposed to be celebrated on Thursday, 19th of December. Sir R. K. Shanmukham Chetty K. C. I. E., Dewan of Cochin, has kindly consented to preside at the Public Meeting at 2. 30 p. m. Professor J. P. Manikkam of the Madras Christian College and the Poet Vallathol Mr. Narayana Menon are expected to speak at the meeting. We extend a cordial invitation to all our old students and friends.

### **Obituary.**

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### **The Settlement Chapel.**

The dedication of the Lester Hooper Chapel, Alwaye Settlement, on Friday the 25th October by the Rt. Rev. E. A. L. Moore, M. A., Bishop in Travancore and Cochin, marks a further stage in the growth of that institution. The chapel is a neat well-built structure, situated on the highest ground in the locality, and commands beautiful scenery all round. The total cost exceeds Rs. 13,000. The functions in connection with the dedication ceremony were well attended.



a storm that might blow. Seek for your companion a pilot who knows the waters.

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me  
Over life's tempestuous sea.  
Unknown waves before me roll  
Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal.  
Chart and compass come from Thee;  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

When you are choosing a pilot, do not forget that all life is but shallow water. You have to launch out into greater depths beyond. Have you seen people trying to launch out into the great depth beyond without the help of a pilot? Take it from me, it is a pitiable sight. At that moment they find it hard to forget the things which are behind or to reach out to the things that are beyond. Instead of sailing away peacefully, their boats roll and rock and their sails creak.

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me !  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

T. J. JOSEPH.

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## *Editorial*

THE first number of the College Magazine this academic year makes a belated appearance for no fault of ours. We were informed by Government that the present publisher of the Magazine being different from the person in whose name the original license was issued, a fresh license had to be obtained according to the requirements of the new Press Regulation. This involved fresh correspondence and the delay inevitable in such circumstances. We hope our readers will appreciate the difficulty we had to experience, and forgive the delay. It is also our hope that intending contributors will help us to bring out the magazine expeditiously by being more prompt with their contributions in the future.

Once more it is our cherished privilege and pleasing duty to offer our humble but heart-felt congratulations to His Highness the Maharaja on the happy occasion of his twenty-third birth-day. The past year has seen the inauguration of important projects calculated to promote the economic advance of our country, and His Highness has also had the pleasure of being



singled out for high honours by the Paramount Power almost on the threshold of his rule. We trust that His Highness may be spared to see many happy returns of his birth-day secure in the affections, respect, and regard of his subjects.

On the 29th October regular air service was opened between Bombay and Trivandrum, and His Highness the Maharaja had the pleasure of reading that evening the newspapers issued in Bombay in the morning. The facility thus afforded for quicker travel will undoubtedly bring Travancore into more effective contact with the rest of the world and thus enhance the prosperity of the State.

Our sympathies go to the sufferers from cholera and malaria in South Travancore. The efforts which are being made by the Government to render adequate medical and financial relief to the sufferers will, we trust, ere long be crowned with success.

The acute distress to the land-owning class caused by the low price of paddy and cocoanut still continues. Rice from Indo-China and copra from Ceylon continue to be dumped into India. It is some relief that the Government of India have begun to be alive to the reality of the grievances of our cocoanut cultivators, and we earnestly pray that the efforts made by Mr. Changanacherry Parameswaran Pillay to impress on the Indian Government our disabilities in the matter will have the desired effect.

Our distresses, however acute, must not prevent us from sympathising with the victims of the earthquake tragedy at Quetta. It is a great relief that, thanks to the prompt and energetic action of all ranks of the army stationed at Quetta, immediate relief was available. The whole of India has responded to the appeal for funds to help the sufferers. Travancore has not lagged behind in showing her sympathy to the distressed. We are confident that our readers will evince in their humble way their genuine sympathy with those who have suffered from the terrible seismic disturbance.

Once more, the anniversary of the armistice of 1918 is being celebrated. It is a terrible reflection on the ineffectiveness of the peace propaganda that, notwithstanding the existence of the League of Nations, one of its original members is now at war with the ancient Ethiopian kingdom. For the first time in human history, powerful Western nations are showing their disapprobation of the aggressive advance on a defenceless nation not by active fighting but by enforcing economic sanctions. It will be a great triumph for the cause of human freedom if these measures prove to be efficacious. Meanwhile, the sympathies of our countrymen are with the distressed Africans, and it is our hope that our countrymen will not grudge their share of suffering which the economic sanctions might eventually involve if that would result in the restoration of peaceful conditions without violating the self-respect of Ethiopia.

The Diocese of Madras, incorporated on St. Simon's and St. Jude's day, 1835, has just now celebrated its centenary. It has been an occasion



of great rejoicing in the Diocese. No other Anglican Diocese in India—Calcutta excepted—could point to such convincing proof of its vitality as the coming into existence of three daughter Dioceses—Travancore, Tinnevely and Dornakal. It was fitting that the Bishops of these three Dioceses should have actively associated themselves with the Centenary celebrations and lent the support of their personal presence and ministrations. Important pronouncements were made by the Metropolitan and the other Bishops on matters of moment to which we invite the attention of all interested in the growth of the Christian Church in South India. We offer our congratulations to the Diocese of Madras to whose Bishops Travancore is in many respects indebted.

By the death of Mr. C. P. Thomas, Travancore loses a great and enthusiastic educationist and our College a warm supporter. For nearly forty years Mr. Thomas was identified with the cause of education in Travancore. He gave his best years to the Mar Thoma Seminary, Kottayam, which owes its present importance very largely to his self-denying labours. His sympathies were not limited to educational activities and he took a large part in the public life of Travancore for more than a quarter of a century. A man of ideals, he was able to impress on many young men the duty of self-sacrifice, and there are many to-day in Travancore and outside Travancore who feel that they owe more to Mr. Thomas than they could adequately acknowledge. His latter years were spent as Headmaster of the new St. John's High School, Eraviperur. His death came almost immediately after his retirement from that institution. The enthusiasm displayed at the well-attended public meeting held at Eraviperur to bid him farewell on his retirement testifies to his great popularity. Mr. Thomas was for many years a member of our College Council. We offer our heartfelt condolences to the members of the bereaved family and to the community of which he was a prominent leader.

## *College Notes*

The College re-opened after the Mid-summer vacation on Wednesday, 12th June 1935.

### **New Admissions.**

135 students were admitted to the Junior Intermediate Class, 79 to the Junior B. A. Class and one to the Senior Intermediate Class. The strength of the various classes is given below:—

Class iv	48
Class iii	79
Class ii	99
Class i	135

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Total 361



Of these 228 live in the College hostels, 29 in the Extra Mural Lodges conducted by the College and the rest outside with parents or guardians or lodges approved by the College.

### **University Examination Results. (March 1935)**

The results last year were exceptionally good. The details are given below :—

#### *B. A. Degree Examination.*

	<i>No. of passes.</i>	<i>Percentage.</i>
English (Under Part i)	26	87
Malayalam (Under Part ii)	25	83
Optionals (Under Part iii) :—		
Mathematics	7	88
Philosophy	8	100
History and Economics	11	92

There were 2 Second Classes in Malayalam, 2 First and 2 Second Classes in Mathematics, and 2 Second Classes in Philosophy. 77 per cent qualified for the Degree.

#### *Intermediate Examination.*

	<i>No. of passes.</i>	<i>Percentage.</i>
English (Under Part i)	49	56
Malayalam (Under Part ii)	81	91
Optionals (Part iii)	61	69

51 per cent passed in all parts, 11 taking a First Class.

### **Further Affiliation.**

The College was newly affiliated in Group iv-B (Economics and History) of the B. A. Degree Course at the beginning of the current academic year and 41 students were admitted to that Group in the Junior B. A. Class.

### **Changes in Staff.**

The Rev. B. G. Crowley, M. A. (Oxon), Lecturer in History, left for England on furlough in April last after six years of continuous service in the College. He is expected to return by the beginning of the next academic year.

The following members of the staff also left us at the end of the last year :—

1. The Rev. K. C. Joseph Deacon, B. A., Tutor in English, after a service of one year, to join the Post-Graduate Course in English in the Madras Christian College.

2. Mr. N. J. Victor Alexander, B. A., Demonstrator in Physics, after a service of one year to join the Post-Graduate Course in Physics in the Madras Christian College.

The following persons joined the Staff at the beginning of the current academic year :—



1. Mr. M. S. Samuel, B. A. (Hons.), Tutor in English.
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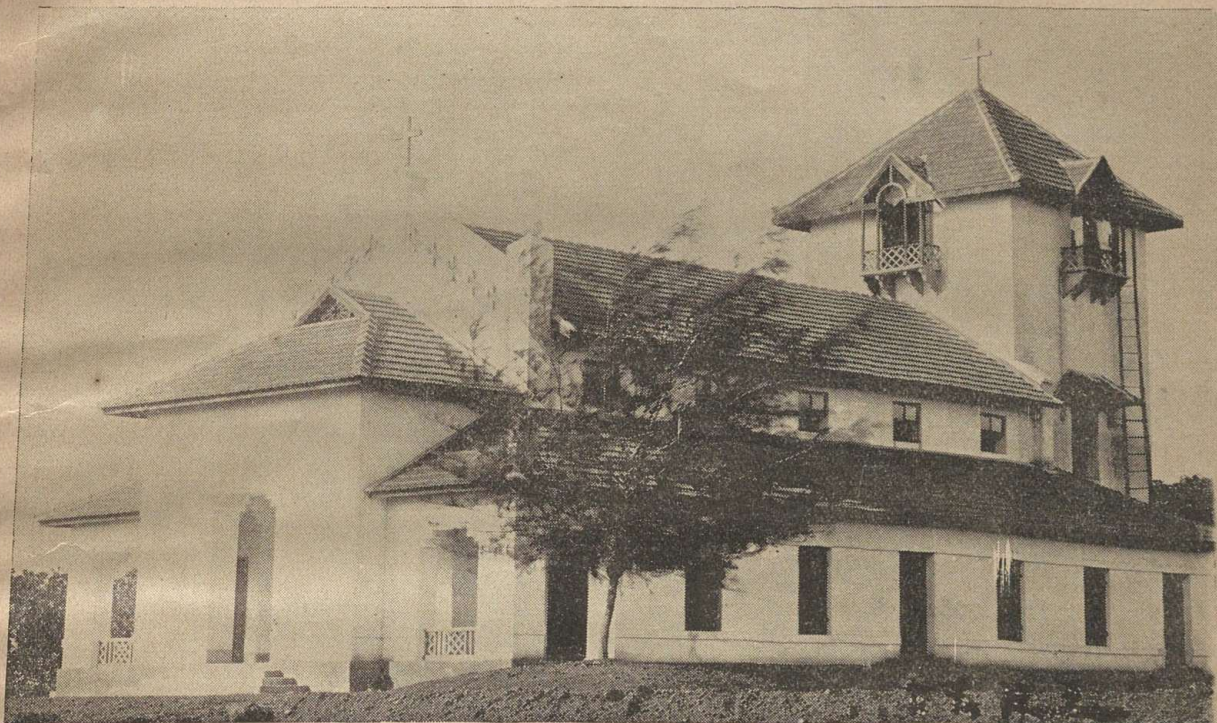
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**Lester Hooper Chapel, Alwaye Settlement,**

dedicated on Friday the 25th October, 1935,

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Bishop in Travancore and Cochin.







# *Abyssinia*

The Italo-Abyssinian War is now on every one's lips. Both Abyssinia and Italy may have their own particular reasons, legitimate or illegitimate for such a war. Progressive and scientific Italy may be fighting for political expansion and economic exploitation while the backward and unscientific Abyssinia may be struggling for her own independence, to remain for some more years to come as a slave-breeding and unprogressive State. But whatever be the motives and fortunes of the war, the world is watching with breathless interest the movements of the Italian armies in the Abyssinian regions. A brief account of Abyssinia is given below for the information of our readers.

Abyssinia, officially known as Ethiopia, is an inland empire in north-east Africa. It is bounded on the north by the Italian Eritrea, on the west by the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, on the south by Uganda and Kenya, on the south and east by Italian, British, and French Somaliland. In shape it resembles a triangle with its apex in the north. The country is being roughly divided into two by the Great Rift-valley. The whole State is about 359,000 sq. miles, 50 times the size of Travancore.

The Abyssinian plateau possesses many high peaks and deep ravines torn by rushing torrents which provide plenty of possibilities for ambushades. The climate in general is very healthy and temperate. The country lies wholly within the tropics but its nearness to the equator is offset by the elevation of the land. While in the valleys the conditions are hot and feverish, in the uplands the air is bracing and nights very cool. The year may roughly be divided into two main seasons, the dry called the "baga" and the rainy called "karant." There is also a period of so-called little rains usually about March. The rainfall varies slightly from province to province. The annual rainfall of Addis Ababa, the capital of Abyssinia, averages 50 inches but more than three-fifths of this amount falls in July, August and September, while from October to January it is almost rainless. The rainy season is of great importance not only to Abyssinia but to the countries of the Nile Valley, as the prosperity of Egypt and Sudan is largely dependent upon Abyssinian rainfall.

The flora and fauna of the land are as varied as the climate. Valleys and lowlands have luxuriant vegetation, while the uplands have only sparsely scattered trees and shrubs. The glens and ravines are generally thickly wooded and are a delightful contrast to the open valleys. These conditions are typical in the North. In the uplands of the South vegetation is more dense. The wild olive, mimosa, date palms, junipers and laurels; the fig, orange, lime, pomegranate, apricot, peach, banana and similar fruit trees; the myrrh and other gum trees; the grape wine, the black berry and raspberry; the cotton and indigo plants and occasionally the sugar cane are all found. There are extensive forests of valuable timber in the South. The coffee plant is native to the Kaffa District whence it takes its name. The red flowers and leaves of the kossa tree which grows from 30 to 40 ft. high are



much prized for their medicinal uses. The fruit of kurarina grown only in the Shoa District which yields a black grain is highly valued as a spice. A variety of grains and vegetables are being cultivated on the highlands. A fibrous plant, the sanseveira, grows wild in the semi-desert regions of the north and south-east.

As to the fauna of the country : lions abound in low countries and in Somaliland. Black and spotted leopards, hardy and fierce hyenas are numerous everywhere. The elephant and the rhinoceros are found especially in the Sobat valley while the Hippopotamus and Crocodile inhabit many of the rivers and lakes. The giraffe is found in the West while the Northern rockhills abound in zebra and wild ass. Antelopes and deer of various types and sizes are to be found in the uplands and in the lowlands. Monkeys of differing sizes, lynx, wolf, wild dog and jackal are universally found. Vultures, eagles, hawks and similar birds of prey are as plentiful as domestic birds like the duck, guinea fowl, and pigeons. Such birds of extraordinary brilliance and highly prized for their rich plumage as the black bird, the parrot, and the heron are ornaments to trees and house tops. The bee's honey is an important item in the food of the people. But the locust is a pest and a curse to the country.

Abyssinia is astonishingly rich in natural resources. Broadly speaking it may be said that the western half is mineraliferous and the eastern half is agricultural. The soil is fertile and agriculture extensive. Wheat, barley, maize, cotton, durra etc., are grown in the lowlands. The low grounds also produce a grain called cussa from which "black bread" is made. Castor plant and kat plant are grown for medicinal purposes. In the highlands white settlements are easy, and there is the possibility of growing many acres of excellent cotton in the neighbourhood of Lake Tsana. Wheat, coffee, pepper, etc., yield two or three crops a year.

The country is also well suited for stock-raising. Enormous herds of cattle of 10 to 15 millions head are found in Abyssinia. The long-horned Galla oxen is the most remarkable type. Hump-backed and straight-backed oxen are available there. Sheep of the short and fat-tailed variety are to be found in enormous flocks but they are not generally wool-bearing. Long and short haired goats are also very common. Large quantities of butter generally rancid are made from the milk of the animals. In certain places small pigs are bred in large numbers. The horses are strong and numerous, the asses are of the very best quality while the fever-proof mules excel them all as serviceable transport animals.

The country abounds in mineral resources. The alluvial sand of the Blue Nile contains enough gold to suggest great potentiality of wealth ; and the existence of diamonds and emeralds, silver and platinum, copper and lead, mica and potash in considerable quantities is no longer a matter of conjecture. But most of these mineral resources remain as fallow wealth. No wonder then that needy Italy has cast her hungry eyes upon the rich repast left untouched by Abyssinia.



The people of Abyssinia are courageous and even recklessly brave ; and their soldiers are well trained in their own type of warfare. Their strategy of course is different from that employed by European armies. There are two distinct classes among them : (1) the soldiers who farm when their services as soldiers are not required ; and (2) the agriculturists, pure and simple. In each province there is a standing army directly under the Provincial Governor, who in turn is under the Emperor and his War Ministry. The soldiers are well-armed with rifles, modern and old, and about one third of them are mounted mostly on mules. In times of peace they run their farms which are about a hundred acres in extent but they are always prepared for immediate mobilisation. The officers have larger farms according to their ranks. There are more Abyssinians under arms than is generally believed. For the most part, the pure farmer class is not armed although those farmers who can afford rifles have bought them now. Extra taxes are imposed upon those people in times of war so as to maintain the land of the soldiers while they are fighting. In the ordinary tribal wars, the agriculturists are not called upon to fight but as the present war is on a larger scale there is a possibility that they will have to fight. If they are called up, they will be provided with rifles by their respective Governors. The women will not be called to fight though in this present crisis even women have volunteered and sought the Emperor's sanction to fight for their country. As in European countries the army is a recognised profession. Boys join when between 16 and 18 years of age and remain soldiers till they are old men of 70 or 80. Most of the Abyssinians in Addis Ababa itself are merchants. For the most part they are armed as a precaution against the robbers who abound in Addis Ababa. The Abyssinians are generally peace-loving but every individual is prepared to die for his country in order to preserve their independence as the Abyssinians have never been conquered. Five-sixths of the population of Abyssinia are Orthodox Christians, the remaining sixth being composed of pagans and Mohammedans. The tribes resident near the Kenya border are Gallas and pagans.

Their chief occupations are agriculture and stock-raising. The whites, especially the Belgians and the French, have entered the scene for cotton and coffee cultivations. Gold mines are worked by Gallas as a subsidiary industry to sheep-farming. But, owing to the disturbed political conditions until recent times, lack of easy communication, bad methods of taxation, suspicion of foreign enterprise and currency difficulties, the economic and commercial development has been very slight. Banking has just been commenced, though it is still a monopoly of the Bank of Abyssinia which itself is a branch of the National Bank of Egypt. The total trade annually is more or less about £2,500,000. Salt, cotton fabrics and hardware are imported while coffee, hides etc. are exported. The chief channel of trade is the Addis Ababa—Jubiti Railway. There are no roads outside Addis Ababa fit for wheeled traffic. Transport is by mules, donkeys and camels and there are some trade routes to the Sudan, to the Italian Eritrea and British Somaliland. Telegraph lines connect Addis Ababa with Massawa, Harrar and Jibuti.



There is also a telephone service but outside the capital it is subject to frequent interruption. The currency is the Maria Theresa and Menelek dollars of a normal value of about Rs. 1½ (2 sh.), but in parts of the country bars of salt and even partridges are used.

The religion of the monarch and of the bulk of the people of Abyssinia is Christianity. According to the chronicle of Aksum, Christianity was introduced into the country by Frumentius who was consecrated first Bishop of Ethiopia by St. Athanasius of Alexandria about A. D. 330. Though there were troubles from Moslems in later days and attempts by the Jesuits to convert them to Roman Catholicism, the people of Abyssinia were able to preserve their form of religion intact; and they cling tenaciously to it. The Abyssinian Church and the Egyptian or Coptic Church are intimately related. And they have very few differences with the Orthodox Syrian Church. The head of the Church is chosen and sent by the Holy Pope and Patriarch of Alexandria who is now residing at Cairo proper, from out of an order of monks of the monastery of St. Anthony. The orders and officers of the Church are the Patriarch of Cairo, the Metropolitan, Bishops, chief priests, priests, archdeacons, deacons, readers and monks.

The liturgy and ritual of St. Mark are in use. They are written in a Semitic language called Ge'ez which is not understood by the people at large. Baptism is universal, but only after forty or eighty days after birth though the Patriarchs wished to have it earlier. The Eucharist is in one kind, only the priests taking the wine. The bread is given to the communicants in wooden spoons and confession is obligatory before receiving the Eucharist. Women are not allowed to enter into the body of the Church but confined to the narthex. The distinctive feature of the Coptic and Abyssinian Churches is their Monophysite doctrine. It is set forth in the liturgy and recited at every Mass thus:—"I believe that this is the Life-giving Flesh which Thine only Son took from the Holy Mary. He united it with His Divinity without mingling and without confusion and without alteration. I believe that His Divinity was not separated from His Manhood for one moment or for the twinkling of an eye."

The Church lays much stress on fasts and festivals. The five great fasts are (1) the fast of Nineveh (for 3 days and 3 nights before Lent) (2) the Great Fast (Lent, occupying 55 days) (3) the fast of the Nativity during the 28 days before Christmas (4) the fast of the Apostles following the festival of the Ascension and (5) the fast of the Virgin for 15 days prior to the feast of 'Assumption'. The main festivals are six in number and they are those of the Nativity, the Annunciation, Palm Sunday, Easter, the Ascension, and Whitsunday. The marriage and death ceremonies are much influenced by Moslem customs. Confession and absolution strictly enforced give great power to the Priesthood. Pilgrimage to Jerusalem is a religious duty and covers many sins.

Every Church has three altars at the eastern end in three contiguous



chapels. Two important churches in the land are St. George's Church built at Addis Ababa to commemorate the Abyssinian victory over Italians at Adowa in 1896 and "Mahendra Mariam" Church at Aksum built in honour of Virgin Mary to which pious pilgrims flock in large numbers.

The people speak Semitic languages probably as a result of colonisation from Southern Arabia. Ge'ez is extinct. Amharic is in part a modern representative of Ge'ez. Out of the Amharic, two new languages have evolved, the Tigre and the Tigrinya. Other dialects are those of Guraguae and of Harrar. Of greater importance is Arabic which is the ruling language in North-African regions in general.

The political institutions of the people are of a feudal character and within the provinces the "rases" and chiefs exercise large powers. The emperor has a number of ministers and a council of elders. The legal system called the "Feta-Negast" is a rare combination of various origin based on the Mosaic code. The chief Judicial officer is known as "Afa Negus" (breath of the king). From all decisions there is an appeal to the king. The powerful Church presided over by the Abuna always exercises great authority. The Abyssinian calendar divides the year into 12 months of 30 days each followed by one month of 5 days (six in a leap year). The year begins on the 1st of Maskaram, i. e., on Sept. 11. The land is not held in fee simple but is subject to the control of the throne or the Church. The revenue is got from a 10% customs duty on imports and by a levy on all forms of production. But as the governors are not given salaries the receipts of the Central Government are subject often to fluctuations.

Abyssinia or at least the northern portion of it was included in the tract of country known to the ancients as Ethiopia. Ethiopia and Egypt were in very close and intimate relationship in the early days and so occasionally both were under the same administration and usually under the same cultural influence. The Hebrews had commercial connections from very early times with Ethiopia and according to Abyssinian tradition, the Queen of Sheba who visited Solomon, the Jewish monarch, was a ruler of their country and from their son Menelek, the king of Abyssinia claims descent. During the days of the Jewish captivity many went to Abyssinia and spread the Jewish religion. Under the Ptolemies of Egypt both the art and enterprise of the Greeks penetrated into Ethiopia which led to the plantation of certain Greek colonies. The kingdom of Auxume which was once almost co-extensive with Abyssinia proper most probably was the result of Greek activities. Christianity was introduced in the 4th century and in the fifth an order of monks was established. Ever since monks have possessed great power in the land. In the early sixth century at the request of the Roman Emperor Justinian, the ruler of Auxume called Caleb made a war upon an Arab chieftain and avenged the persecuted Christians carving out for Abyssinia some Arabian Districts. But these possessions were lost with the Muslim conquest of Egypt. With the advent of the Moslems, the enemies of their religion, Ethiopians were



hard pressed. But they were able to withstand the onslaughts. By 960 A. D. a Jewish princess called Judith planned to set up her power and successfully carried it out at the expense of the legitimate heirs. But after her days the royal line was restored in the person of Yekūnō Amlak in 1268.

In the 15th century the Portuguese came upon the scene. Pedro de Covilham, the first European to reach India in modern times, passed through Abyssinia in 1490, and an Abyssinian named Mathews was sent by the 'Negus,' king of Abyssinia to the king of Portugal to request aid against the Muslims. The Mohammedans were defeated by the valour of the Abyssinian king with the hearty support of the Portuguese. But the Negus showed unwillingness to become a Roman Catholic which the Portuguese had been eagerly hoping for. Some early attempts to Romanise the country had been made, but the bitter national opposition and the prejudice and jealousy of the Priesthood led to the expulsion of the Catholics and the extinction of the Roman form of faith in the land. Other European adventurers and Protestant missionaries have also visited the land.

Abyssinia was split up into more than half a dozen first rate chieftainships which were only occasionally brought under the control of some one single ruler. The ruler of Amhara whenever possible used to style himself as the "negusa negasta" meaning king of kings. But his authority was nominal till the days of the King Theodore of the 19th century. He organised the Abyssinian army on European lines, and increased his power by subjugating the rival provincial governors. But he had to come into conflict with the British on some points of dispute and hence Sir Robert Napier's expedition and capture of Magdala. After the death of Theodore, Menelek II the ruler of Shoa ascended the Abyssinian throne. It was in his time that the Italians first appeared on the scene. The seaport Assab was got in 1870 by an Italian company and bought by the Government in 1882. Beibul and Massawa, two other towns, were also acquired before long. The treaty of Oucciali was concluded in 1889. But naturally boundary disputes arose which led Menelek to enter into a war with Italy, which ended with the disastrous Italian failure at the field of Adowa in 1896. This battle led to the declaration of the absolute independence of Abyssinia. The news of this battle gradually brought into Addis Ababa foreign missions from Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Switzerland, Belgium, America and Japan. The English peacefully defined and limited their frontier relations with Abyssinia. The emperor Menelek who had converted a congeries of semi-independent kingdoms into a powerful State died in 1913 and the throne passed to his grandson Leg Yasu who has just passed away. His tyrannical and dissolute conduct, his support of the "Mad Mullah of Somaliland," his sympathy with the Islamic faith, all embittered the feelings of his traditionally Christian subjects and eventually resulted in his expulsion and in the accession to power of the Empress Zaiditu, the daughter of a former emperor. She appointed Ras Tafari, her nephew as the regent. Ras Tafari, a fine soldier and a skilful diplomat, was able to win popularity and entered into friendly relations with the English. He constructed the Addis Ababa—Jubiti Railway



in 1918, suppressed the slave traffic, started a school at Addis Ababa, sent out some students for higher studies to America, England and France, erected a large American hospital, built roads in and around the capital and imported motor cars and built shops, stores and offices around the grand central market place of the capital;—in a word, to the prosaic Abyssinian mind he revolutionised the State though to the Europeans he did not go fast enough in his reforms. The problems which demand solution are the illiteracy of the people, slavery, authority and bigotry of the priesthood, power and influence of great provincial chieftains and the necessity of development in administration. In 1922, however, the regent was able to leave his country for a short visit to Aden and in 1924 he visited the principal European countries with an imposing retinue of 20 rases and officials. His greatest success as regent was the admission of Abyssinia to the League of Nations in 1923 subject however to certain conditions as to the control of the slavery and of the arms traffic. His growing power and wide popularity made the Empress jealous and she called in the help of her once discarded husband. Ras Tafari was able to have him killed in a dramatic way by making use of aeroplanes for the purpose. And soon after the death of the Empress herself, he became the negus negasti of Abyssinia. This is the way in which Haile Selassie, king of kings, Elect of God, conquering Lion of Judah, descendant of the Queen of Sheba, came to power. All his life he has had to plan, scheme and fight. His adventurous life, his diplomatic ability and his military valour have already earned for him the title of "Brown Napoleon." He is a small bearded man 44 years old. He is much keen about European and military matters. In an interview with Mr. William J. Makin before the outbreak of the war, the emperor remarked "The rule of the future must depend upon the air and in my country of great distances the aeroplane is a necessity. Slowly we are creating an air force of our own; but one dare not progress too fast in this still medieval country." He himself has a three-seater aeroplane and flies above his capital. He has surrounded himself with a group of European advisers who have brought the Abyssinian army to a very high standard. He is not personally desirous of provoking a quarrel but is very keen about the maintenance of the independence and integrity of Abyssinia. And he addressed his soldiers just before the war thus "Soldiers, when you are fighting, you will learn how to die the death of a chief. Do not grieve or cry, for he who dies for his country is a happy man".

Such is the country, the people and the ruler with whom Signor Mussolini, the Italian Dictator, in the grip of a vision of eastern colonial empire, has thrown himself and his countrymen into a life and death struggle to restore slowly, but indubitably the "glory that was Rome."

M. THOMAS.



# *The Comedy of a Moustache*

*(An Adaptation)*

It was a time when the sacred teachings of Mahatmaji were misunderstood and debased and consequently people took it into their heads that Swaraj could be attained by the wholesale massacre of the Englishmen in India. The great leader preached the might of Ahimsa and protested against such a foolish idea. But Bengal remained pock-marked with seditious gangs and assassin groups and C. I. D's had a busy time of it.

The passenger from Mandu, a peaceful hamlet, started for Calcutta. In a second class compartment, two men, apparently from Bengal were sitting facing each other. The age of one man was about fifty. And he had a striking moustache. The other man was very young, just entering the prime of youth.

Both sat scrutinizing each other for about five minutes in silence. Then the younger man broke the ice and once the conversation began it never ceased. The elder man introduced himself as Kalicharan, an employee in a native factory. The other called himself Jagadis.

In a few minutes Kalicharan and Jagadis were friends. Their talk shifted from one thing to another and at last it turned upon politics. Once it had taken this turn Kalicharan did not want to pursue the talk. But Jagadis always kept him on the move and never refrained from conversation.

"But we Indians have to be a little more active. Is it not?" asked Jagadis.

"Certainly."

"Surely" continued Jagadis, "it is the Government that is the sole cause of all these political disturbances."

"But why blame them alone?" was the sharp rejoinder.

"Old fellow! you seem to have no nerve in you. Why? I wonder how you people can sit simply as onlookers at the mighty damage that these wretched foreigners are causing in our land. It is a shame," added the other.

When Kalicharan heard this remark he sat quiet for some time. At last his eyes twinkled and he observed,

"I now realize the Himalayan damage that these damned foreigners are causing in our India. But Jagadis! I wonder how we can put a stop to it. God is against us, and we are doomed to suffer."

"This resignation is sheer cowardice" exploded Jagadis. "What did you say? Indians a set of weaklings! I thought that you had at least some shame in you. But you are worse than a slave."

Again Kalicharan could hardly suppress a smile. He rejoined in a jocular way, "Oh! those are hard words, friend, those are hard words. I would advise you to swallow them down. But as you have said so much I



also may be frank with you. Do you know the best method to regain our freedom? I will tell you."

Then as he was about to disclose a great political secret he whispered, "Our goal can only be reached by the wholesale massacre of these white dogs."

Jagadis seemed moved and became eloquent. "Bravo! This is the kind of stuff I expect from every Indian. You have set the example. As you have come so far may I know your idea of the tactics which we have to employ?"

Kalicharan smiled and said "By applying this to the temple" and he showed the tip of a revolver from his inner pocket.

Now it was the turn of Jagadis to suppress a smile. He said at last, "As you are equipped with that little thing, I infer that you are after some blood-letting affair. Come. Be frank." He smiled again.

"Come closer sir" said Kalicharan. "It is a serious affair. I take you into my confidence and if you don't mind, you can also help me in carrying out my mission. I am going to blow the brains out of that Davidson's head."

"Oh, the deputy collector! All right" said Jagadis, and lapsed into silence. The train stopped at a busy station where it had a stay of fifteen minutes. Jagadis slipped out without a word but returned soon, accompanied by two constables and an Inspector of Police who said to Kalicharan "I arrest you for having conspired against the life of an Englishman." A constable stepped forward with a pair of handcuffs.

Kalicharan seemed at first dazed but quickly fell upon the seat with a roar of laughter. Everyone was amazed and looked at each other, but when they again looked upon Kalicharan lo! he was gone and in his place stood Mr. Mohan Roy the chief of the C. I. D., who was no other than Kalicharan *minus* moustache.

The scene which followed was a sight for the gods. The constable was very quick in hiding the pair of handcuffs. The Inspector professed that he had come for another man who was not in the compartment. Jagadis looked elsewhere. All except Jagadis slipped out as abruptly as they had come, and he was all apologies. "Sir, I am a new recruit to the Criminal Intelligence Department" he moaned. This time Kalicharan did not suppress his ready smile.

K. N. RADHAKRISHNAN,  
*Class II.*



## *The Nature of Genius.*

It was Carlyle, we believe, who defined genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains. One of the main difficulties of the aspiring man is to take the right kind of pains, to attempt what is best suited to his powers and also to the object in view. Surely there is a kind of instinct that determines our choice. Even the most splendid natural gifts are wasted from a wrong choice of one's line of work.

It would not be wrong to say that genius is the extraordinary development of ordinary qualities. A careful examination of the lives of the world's greatest men will give the lie direct to the Compensation Theory advanced by Emerson and others according to which if there is a remarkable development in a man in one direction there is a corresponding fall in another. Surely, a student of great mathematical abilities need not at all be a cipher in literature.

Genius exhibits its uncommon powers in most cases from the very birth. Macaulay learned to read at three. Samuel Johnson learned to read while still in petticoats. At the age of three Coleridge read an entire chapter of the Bible; at the age of five he read the Arabian Nights from cover to cover and at the age of fourteen he was writing poetry of no mean order. Again John Stuart Mill began to write articles on Logic and Economics at the age of twelve. Hans Anderson began to write stories and plays drawn from Greek literature when he was only eleven. Voltaire began to compose verses while he was still in his cradle. Instances can be multiplied to any length. Truly has Milton spoken:

"The childhood shows the man  
As morning shows the day."

On the other hand, there are several examples of illustrious men whose early years showed no promise of their future greatness. Such were Saint Augustine, Shakespeare and Cromwell. What a startling contrast do we notice between Shakespeare the boy and Shakespeare the poet, Augustine the sinner and Augustine the saint, Cromwell the peasant and Cromwell the administrator! Could we recognize in Shakespeare the poet of immortal reputation "the poor Warwickshire peasant who rose to be the manager of a playhouse so that he could live without begging?"

When we read the lives of great men, we cannot but be struck by the manner in which all kinds of experiences that might in themselves seem to be casual or even disastrous, are utilized in the long run. We also find that there is an urgency of desire not to be found in the great mass of mankind. They know what they should do and by assiduous application they reach the greatest excellence. To them difficulties are challenges rather than obstacles.

By dint of his burning passion for work and steady persistence in his



undertakings, his dogged perseverance, his patience, industry, will power and the like virtues, the genius struggles out of his damp obscurity into universal fame. From an invoice clerk to Britains Prime Minister rose MacDonald, from a street-singer to the poet Laureate rose Masfield, from an attender at a draper's shop to eminent literary honour rose Wells, from a newspaper boy to the foremost rank in the field of Science rose Edison.

Singularity is an invariable characteristic of genius. Milton always wrote with his head hanging over the arm-chair. 'Dr. Johnson invariably entered with either his right or left foot first' though Boswell cannot remember which. Bolzano printed his own funeral cards and made his own coffin. Such peculiarities have in some cases almost amounted to insanity.

It would however be a serious mistake to allow these peculiarities to dominate our conception of genius. Self-confidence more than audacity, enthusiasm and diligence, more than intelligence "the power to see through" far more than extraordinary abilities seem to constitute the essence of genius.

P. S. KARUNAKARAN,  
*Class I.*

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## *Our Spectator Club*

*(With apologies to Sir Richard Steele)*

The first of our society and very easily the best is Mr. Birkenhead, a gentleman whose bodily amplitude fully justifies the name. He is always seen clad in Khaddar and though he belongs to an absolutely conservative family, poses as a radical. The names of all persons of reputation are always on his lips. "Mahatmaji" and "Jawaharlal" are anathema to him and he rains his vituperative rhetoric on them. Thus according to him, "Mahatmaji was asked to preside over the inaugural session of the All India Women's Conference, a few months before; but being a born hater of the fair sex, he declined the offer." The Rt. Hon'ble Sastry, he once said, was writing a treatise on Trigonometry. I once remember him to have remarked that Bernard Shaw was no doubt a first rate philosopher; but much more ununderstandable than Euclid.

In the class Mr. Birkenhead is remarkable. He is rarely seen without scribbling something in his book. He blinks at the lecturer nay, stares at him and remains thus for a whole period, as if grasping entirely every one of his words and clearly digesting them; while, as a matter of fact, his ruminations relate to nothing more intellectual than his lunch.

In the field Mr. Birkenhead is the cynosure of all eyes. Badminton, he says, is a lady's game. Volley and Football are too boisterous. Tennis is his dearest hobby. But this miniature Fred Perry always quarrels with his racket.



Mr. Birkenhead, you must know, has a vast reading. He is a living authority on a living author, Mr. H. G. Wells, whose 'Fiction,' he would say, excels in mystery, even those unbelievables mentioned in the Arabian Nights. Shaw's philosophy he abhors and he has further an insuperable aversion for Dumas, the dry and abstruse chronicler. He says that Scots' 'Macbeth,' Tennyson's "Count of Monte Cristo" and Longfellow's "Paradise Lost" are his three favourite volumes.

The next in importance is Mr. K. S. Dhar, a gentleman with the strongest fascination for occidental customs and manners, as his refined name would easily proclaim. Mr. Dhar is a poet, rather he poses to be one. Poetry, according to him is not made by man, is not altogether an artificial thing. It exists in nature, in all walks of man's life as easily as you and I exist. There is poetry in Mr. A's curling of the moustache; there is poetry in Mr. P's combing of the hair; there is it in Mr. R's laughter; there is the touch of the poet in Mr. S's eye-brows and it is there in Mr. K's turn of the nostrils. And more ardent than that of a true-born Greek is Mr. Dhar's love for the beautiful. The following piece of poetry, which Mr. Dhar very recently composed for publication in some periodical, but which the Editor unwisely declined to insert in his columns, will undoubtedly testify to Mr. Dhar's poetical genius.

### The Angel of My Dream

She is there—my heart's best idol,  
The wedded queen of Manmadh gay;  
Sings she notes of cuckoo sweeter  
And breathes new life in man and beast.  
Her person bright as Manmadh's car

Her cheeks to serve as sides of it;  
Her eyes—a sparkling pair of rubies  
Serve as front-lights for the cab.  
Her voice—music all about it

Serves as louder call of the horn;  
Her tuft it is the top of the van,  
Her rose to serve as Danger—light.  
etc.      etc.      etc.

The third in the ladder is Mr. Dontcare, who has always a peculiar view of things. At times he is a Jaques and at other times a Jekyll. He never goes to the class, but visits it. He never seems to be satisfied with anything one can have in this vast universe. Nothing can pacify his abnormally sensitive heart. He has his own way of judging others and many are his oddities. But his heart is good and he is rightly called "The U. C. C. de Coverley."

Our club would be wholly monotonous but for the existence within it of the man next in esteem and importance. He is Mr. Donothing.



More easy going and witty a person, you cannot find. He sleeps in class—especially in the Logic class. “Is Logic a science or an art?” the lecturer seems to have asked him once and his immediate reply was “It is neither a science nor an art. It turns one’s mind upside down, instead of, as you say, investigating its thinking activities.”

Mr. Donothing comes to the class in magnificent attire. With his budding moustache very carefully trimmed, with his “West End” newly electro-plated, with the half-burned “Gold Flake” embellishing his lips, with a few books thrust carefully in his arm-pit and with his newly-ironed ‘P. G.’ flying in the air, he is indeed a personality, not always to be trifled with. The Gatekeeper ‘Salaams’ him and he laughs in return—a very generous and patronising laugh. A ‘Good-Morning’ he gives to the first student he meets and gets in return a “better morning.”

As you will readily guess Mr. Donothing abhors labour—particularly when it is physical. If at all he hates anything in this world, it is the Physical Training class. “What games do you play?” an inquisitive lecturer, it appears, once asked him and Mr. Donothing’s speedy response was—“Cards, of Course.”

These are a few of the towering personalities of the U. C. C. Spectator club. Much may be said about their recent activities, particularly about Mr. Birkenhead’s recent publication entitled “The art of being a popular student,” but there, the Editor thunders.—“Enough”; and so a dieu for the present.

N. RAMASWAMY IYER,

*Class II.*

## *The Power of Patience*

Macaulay speaks of liberty as a fairy, who is said to appear before men, sometimes disguised in a most hateful and unattractive form, and sometimes in her real shape of exquisite beauty. Those who welcome her in her disguise are later rewarded by her. But those who neglect her are disappointed when she appears in all her radiance and splendour.

Patience can more or less be compared to this fairy. Those who worship Patience, notwithstanding her detestable aspects will be crowned with success. But those who neglect her and scorn her will assuredly meet with failure and disappointment.

We often neglect Patience, because she, like the fairy, at first appears before us in unprepossessing attire. But, if, instead of contemning her, we are hospitable to her, when she approaches us in lurid guise, she will later on unveil herself in her true garb and her splendour will dazzle our eyes as “the blaze of truth and liberty dazzles and bewilders nations which have become half-blind in the house of bondage.”



If we are suffering from a wound or any other disease, we shall have to wait patiently till we are well. If we are patient enough to obey the doctor, we will avoid danger. But if we are impatient and do anything that is forbidden by the doctor, we are courting disaster. To be patient is rather unpleasant; but blessed is he who is patient; he will have his reward.

The patient will never meet with failure and disappointment, and the impatient will never meet with success and contentment. Among most of us there is a delusion that those students, who fail in the examination, are dull-headed. But their failure is due much more to their thoughtless impatience than to their intellectual inferiority. As soon as they take a ponderous notebook they want to finish it at a stretch. Such impatience leads to indigestion and dyspepsia. Consequently they blink in the examination hall and go out with despondent hearts. On the other hand patience is the surest gateway to the mansion of success. The great men of this world are those who have passed through this gateway and reached, not by a sudden flight, but by walking upwards slowly and step by step with inexhaustible patience, the uppermost stair of the mansion of success from where they stand out as beacon-lights to those beneath them.

Let us make no mistake about it; the world's greatest benefactors have been patient men. The miracles of science which have ceased to astound us only because they have become part and parcel of our daily life were all achieved less by inspiration than by patient toil and unremitting industry.

Verily, civilization itself, the modern world and all its blessings are living monuments of assiduous and indefatigable effort on the part of the gifted of the earth. Glory be to patience.

M. J. KURIAKOSE,

*Class I.*

## *Russia Redivivus*

After a very long and wearisome journey we at last came in sight of land. Soon we landed. I took my bag and hurried towards the town. But I was extremely doubtful as to the right path, and seeing me in this plight an honest-looking young man came up to me and asked me whether I wanted his help. I expressed my thanks to him and said that I was absolutely a stranger to the country. He spoke nothing more, but walked in ahead politely asking me to follow him.

Within an hour and a half we came to the entrance of the city, an arched big gate-way, made of beautiful red marble with two small towers on either sides. My guide asked me about my destination and I told him that my idea was to take a walk all over the city and visit the important spots. I expressed my desire to see first of all the great palace of the Czar.



He looked at me and smiled and walked ahead without uttering a word. I could not understand the meaning of his smile then. But later I realised its significance. We soon came in front of a great tower, coloured in deep red, with an enormous arched gate in the centre. This was the entrance to the palace. There were none in the gate with frowning moustaches and bearing muskets, and we entered in. A magnificent building came into view. This I believed, must be the imperial palace and I thought to myself "Happy is he who lodges there in silken robes."

As we approached nearer, my heart began to beat fast. We entered the main hall. The moment I read the few words written over the main door, I doubted very much whether I was dreaming or waking, for, the words were "The Agricultural Museum and Public library."

My friend smiled at me and said: "Brother, don't be astonished. This is the palace. This grand hall was the great durbar house of the Emperor, but it is now the public library. That highly ornamented hall was the place where the throne stood. But after the revolutionary war it was transformed into a museum." Noting my astonishment my guide proceeded. "Why; there is nothing in it. We had the great revolutionary war and we shook off the iron yoke of autocracy. Our country rose from her slumber of centuries and buried her past in the fathomless deep."

We proceeded further and soon came in front of a great church, which was a standing monument of ancient architectural skill. What was my surprise! There were no shrines or candles and no men or women praying. It was not a place of worship, but a place of work. People, both men and women, were working gaily inside. What had once been a church was strangely enough now a busy workshop.

Then I expressed my desire to see the courts of justice. My guide answered that he was sorry because they had nothing of the sort there. He proceeded to say that there was now no distinction between the rich and the poor, the weak and the powerful and between man and man. All were alike in rights and all had equal responsibilities to the State. No individual possessed any property as his own. The whole land and indeed everything in the country belonged to the State which was the common property of all. As a result, there were no quarrels between the rich and the poor and the weak and the strong for possessions. Robbers and thieves were no more as nothing belonged to individuals, and consequently civil and criminal laws were of very little practical use.

Each member of the State was bound to work for it. He added "All are equal here and unlike in your countries no one here suffers from the sense of inferiority, the tyranny of injustice." There were no millionaires who kept all the wealth for themselves—the fruit of the sweated labour of the working masses—and spent it for their own selfish purposes, so that so many others were left without food and clothing. There were no private factories where the poor and the labouring were kept and made to work from



morning till night. Seeing the expression of pity and horror on my face he smiled and said "No, sir, do not imagine that we are immoral and unprincipled. Our newborn sense of self-respect is enough to keep us away from wrong-doing. We are on the whole a well-behaved community. We are at any rate no worse than others."

By this time we came to the centre of the city. He then pointed out to me a collection of red buildings and said "There stand our big colleges and theatres and common-assembly halls. Every detail here is in memory of the late revolutionary war." At a short distance before me, situated amidst a beautiful garden, I saw a very magnificent tower with a semi-spherical roof, having ornamented arches on all sides, the whole thing worked out in red marble. Inside at the centre of the tower stood a life-size statue with a venerable and charming face, a face full of energy and ability, determination and serenity. And on the main arch, before the statue was written in flaming red characters "Lenin memorial arch."

Here ended my visit on the astral plane to Soviet Russia.



## ശ്രീ ചിത്രതിരുനാൾമംഗളം

തൻപത്തിൽക്കല്പവൃക്ഷം കടതലമുഴുവൻ താണു വന്ദിച്ചു, വിദ്യാ-  
സമ്പത്തിൽ സാധുവാദം ബുധതതി സതതം സാദരം ചെയ്തു പാരം  
അൻപൊത്തെന്നും സുധമാവ്യുതയൊടുമുതാനന്ദമേകി, ക്ഷിതിന്ദ്രൻ  
വൻപൻ ശ്രീചിത്രനക്ഷത്രജനടൈ തിരുനാൾ മംഗളം മംഗലയ്ക്കും.

## ഷഷ്ട്യബ്ദപൂർത്തിമംഗളം

(പാന)

അൻപുചേരുന്നൊരിക്കൈരളി'ക്കപ്പൻ  
തമ്പുരാൻ' ഭൂരി സൂരി ജനങ്ങൾക്കും  
ഇമ്പമേറും തിരുനാളുറുപതിൽ  
കമ്പമെന്നിയെ കാലുകുത്തിടവെ,  
കൈരളിക്കുള്ളിലുളളാരു കൗതുകം  
കേരളത്തിൻ പ്രകൃതിയിൽക്കാണുന്നോ  
കൊണ്ടലിണ്ടയാകുന്ന കനത്തുള്ള  
കണ്ടിവാർകുഴൽ ചിക്കിമിനക്കിയും,  
മന്നിനാനന്ദമേററവുമേകുന്ന  
മിന്നലാം മുല്ലപ്പൂമാല ചാത്തിയും,  
അഞ്ചിത ശ്രീകലൻ മഴവില്ലാം  
പഞ്ചവണ്ണപ്പൂമ്പട്ട താൾ കെട്ടിയും,  
ഉച്ചലത്തുണ സസ്യദലങ്ങളാം  
പച്ചസ്സുരുപടസ്സാരി ചുറിയും,  
വന്മരദല മർക്കരശബ്ദത്താൽ  
ത-ബുരു ശ്രുതി സാദരം കൂട്ടിയും,  
ചേണലാവും കളകണകണവും,  
വേണനാദവും ചേർത്തങ്ങു പാടിയും,  
വാരിധിതിരമാലയാൽ മന്ദമായ്  
പൂരിതാശാ മൃദംഗം മുഴക്കിയും,  
പാരം ബ്രഹ്മാണ്ഡവീണയെ മീട്ടിയും,  
ചേരും താണ്ടുവം ചെയ്യുന്നു നിന്നവൻ.



മാടഭൂമിപ വംശജനത്തമൻ  
കേടകന്നോരുസാഹിതിനായകൻ  
ആയുരാരോഗ്യ കീർത്തി വളർത്തി മേ-  
ലായിരം കൊല്ലം വാഴുമാറാകണം

## രഘുവംശം കാളിദാസന്റെ പ്രഥമകൃതിയോ?

രഘുവംശം കാളിദാസന്റെ പ്രഥമകാവ്യമാണെന്ന് പല പണ്ഡിതന്മാരും അഭിപ്രായപ്പെട്ടിട്ടുണ്ട്.

‘മന്ദഃ കവിയശഃ പ്രാത്മീ  
ഗമിഷ്യാമൃപഹാസ്യതാം’

എന്ന് രഘുവംശം പ്രാരംഭഘട്ടത്തിൽ ചെയ്തിട്ടുള്ള പ്രസ്താവനയാണ് ഇവരുടെ വാദത്തിന്റെ മുഖ്യതെളിവ്. കാളിദാസൻ പ്രസ്തുതകാവ്യം രചിക്കുന്ന കാലത്ത് ആത്മവിശ്വാസം ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നില്ലെന്ന് ഈ പട്ട്യത്തിൽനിന്നും ഊഹിക്കാമത്രെ! ഈ വാദം ശരിയാണെങ്കിൽ

‘ആപരിതോഷാ ദിദൃഷാം  
ന സാധുമന്യേ പ്രയോഗവിജ്ഞാനം  
ബലവദപിശിക്ഷിതോപി  
ആത്മന്യ പ്രത്യയം ചേതഃ’

എന്നു ശാകന്തളത്തിൽ കാണുന്നതുകൊണ്ട് ശാകന്തളവും കാളിദാസന്റെ പ്രഥമകൃതികളിൽ ഒന്നാണെന്നു സമ്മതിക്കേണ്ടിവരും. ഇത് വിദഗ്ദ്ധന്മാർക്കു അനുവദിക്കുന്ന കാര്യമല്ല. യഥാർത്ഥത്തിൽ കാളിദാസൻ വിനയഗുണാനവിതനായിരുന്നെന്നു മാത്രമേ ഈ ശ്ലോകങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും ഊഹിക്കേണ്ടതുള്ളൂ. കാവ്യകാലം നിർണ്ണയിക്കുന്നതിന് അവ അസമർത്ഥങ്ങളത്രെ.

രഘുവംശം പ്രഥമകൃതിയാണെന്നു ഹിക്ഷുന്നതിനുള്ള മറ്റൊരു കാരണം അതിൽ ആദ്യംകാണുന്ന ഈശ്വരസ്തുതിയാണ്. ഇത് ഗ്രന്ഥാരംഭത്തിൽ ഈശ്വരസ്തുതി വേണമെന്നുള്ള മാമുലനുസരിച്ചു ചെയ്തിട്ടുള്ളതാണെന്നും, ക്ലമാരസംഭവത്തിൽ ‘അസ്തി’ എന്ന ഒരു പദംകൊണ്ടു മാത്രം മംഗലാശംസചെയ്തുവെന്നും, ഈ പദ്യസമ്പ്രദായങ്ങളിൽനിന്നെല്ലാം സ്വതന്ത്രനായി ‘കശ്ചിത്കാന്താവിരഹഗുരുണാ’ എന്നിത്യാദി മേഘസന്ദേശം ആരംഭിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളതുകൊണ്ട് ആ കാവ്യം കാളിദാസന്റെ ഒടുവിലത്തെ കാവ്യമാണെന്നും ചിലർ വാദിക്കുന്നു. ഇതിലും ഒരു യുക്തിഭംഗം പ്രത്യക്ഷമാണ്. നാടകങ്ങളിൽ ഒന്നിലും കാളിദാസൻ മാമുലാണെന്നുള്ള കാരണത്താൽ ഈശ്വരസ്തുതി ഉപേ



ക്ഷിച്ചിട്ടില്ല. മേഘസന്ദേശം എഴുതിയ കാലത്തുമാത്രം കാളിദാസൻ ഒരു വിപ്ലവബുദ്ധി ജനിപ്പിച്ചു വിശ്വസിക്കുന്നതിനു വിഷമമായിരിക്കുന്നു. അതല്ലെങ്കിൽ നാടകങ്ങളെല്ലാം പ്രഥമകൃതികളാണെന്നു പറയേണ്ടിവരും. അതുകൊണ്ട് ഇക്കാരണത്താലും രഘുവംശം കാളിദാസന്റെ പ്രഥമകൃതിയാണെന്നു തെളിയുന്നില്ല. മനുഷ്യക്ക് ഈശ്വരവിചാരം സാധാരണയായി യൗവനകാലത്തല്ല, വാല്യകൃത്തിലാണ് വർദ്ധിക്കുന്നതെന്നുള്ള സംഗതിയും ഇവിടെ സൂതപ്പ്രമാണു്.

ഇനി മറ്റൊരു കാരണം പറയുന്നതു രഘുവംശത്തിലെ വിഷയം പൌരാണികവും, മേഘസന്ദേശത്തിലേതു കല്പിതവുമാണെന്നും, രണ്ടും കാളിദാസന്റെ ക്രമപ്രവൃദ്ധമായ കല്പനാസാമന്ത്രിമനുസരിച്ച് എഴുതിട്ടുള്ളതാകയാൽ രഘുവംശമാണ് പ്രഥമകൃതിയെന്നുമാണ്. അങ്ങനെയാണെങ്കിൽ പുരാണകഥകളായ ശാകുന്തളവും, വിക്രമോദ്യോഗീയവും എഴുതിക്കഴിഞ്ഞതിനുശേഷമാണ് മാളവികാഗ്നിമിത്രം നാടകമുണ്ടാക്കിയതെന്നും വിചാരിക്കേണ്ടിയിരിക്കുന്നു. ഇതിനും പണ്ഡിതസമ്മതം ലഭിക്കുകയില്ല.

കവിതാരീതി പരിശോധിക്കുന്നപക്ഷം, രഘുവംശം ഒരു പരിപകൃതവിതയെന്നല്ലാതെ തോന്നുകയില്ല. അതിലെ മിതവും ഹിതവുമായ വണ്ണനകളിൽ കാണുന്ന ആശയങ്ങളുടെ സ്വാഭാവികവും, ഗാഢീയവും ഇതരകാവ്യങ്ങളിൽ സുലഭമല്ല. കാളിദാസന്റെ ഉപമകളിൽപെച്ച് അത്യുൽകൃഷ്ടമായിക്കരുതിവരുന്ന 'സഞ്ചാരിണിദിപശിഖേവ' എന്ന പദ്യം രഘുവംശത്തിലുള്ളതാണ്. അതിനുംപുറമെ, സ്ത്രീപുരുഷന്മാർ തമ്മിലുണ്ടാകുന്ന പ്രണയത്തിന്റെ പരമകാവ്യയെ കാണിക്കുന്ന

‘സാഹം തപഃ സൂര്യനിവൃത്തദൃഷ്ടി-  
 രൂപം പ്രസൂതേശ്വരിതം യതിഷ്യേ  
 ഭൂയോ യഥാ മേ ജനതാന്തരേപി  
 തപമേവ ഭന്താ ന ച വിപ്രയോഗഃ’

എന്ന ഭക്തപരിത്യക്തയായ സ്ത്രീയുടെ സന്ദേശവാക്യം രഘുവംശത്തിലാണ് കാണുന്നത്. രഘുവംശത്തിലെ

‘മല്ലരം ദുർല്ലഭം മതപാ നൃനമാവർജിതം മയാ  
 പയഃ പൂരൈഃ സ്വനിശ്വാസ കഭവാഷ്ണമുപയുജ്യതേ’

എന്ന ദീലിപവാക്യം, ശാകുന്തളത്തിലെ

‘അസ്മാൽപരം ബതയമാശ്രുതിസംഭ്രാന്തി  
 കോനഃ ക്ലേനിപവനാനി നിയച്ഛതീതി  
 നൂനം പ്രസൂതിവികലേനമയാ പ്രസിക്തം  
 ധന്താശ്രുശേഷമുദകം പിതരഃ പിബന്തി’



എന്ന ദൃഷ്ടാന്തവിലാപത്തിന്റെ ഒരു ക്ഷീണിച്ച പ്രതിധ്വനിപോലെ തോന്നുന്നു. അതുപോലെ

‘സകീച കൈമാത പുണ്യരസ്യഃ  
കുജത്തിരാപാദിത വംശകൃത്യം  
ശുശ്രാവകഞ്ജേഷു യശസ്വമുച്ചൈ-  
തൽഗീയമാനം വനഭവതാഭിഃ’

എന്ന രഘുവംശശ്ലോകവും, കുമാരസംഭവത്തിലെ  
യഃ പുരയൻ കീചകരസ്യഭാഗാൻ  
ദരിമുഖോത്ഥേന സമീരണേന  
ഉൽഗാസ്യതാമിച്ഛതി കിന്നരാണാം  
താനപ്രദായിതമിവോപഗന്തുഃ’

എന്ന ശ്ലോകവും തമ്മിലുള്ള സാദൃശ്യവും പ്രസ്താവിച്ചാൽ. ഇതുപോലെ ശാകുന്തളത്തിലും, കുമാരസംഭവത്തിലുമുള്ള ചില ആശയങ്ങൾ രഘുവംശത്തിൽ പ്രതിഫലിച്ചുകാണുന്നുണ്ട്. ഇവയിൽ ഏതു ഗ്രന്ഥമാണ് ആദ്യമെഴുതിയതെന്നു നിണ്ണയിക്കാൻ നിവൃത്തിയില്ലെങ്കിലും, ശ്ലോകത്തിന്റെ രീതികൊണ്ട്, ആ ആശയങ്ങൾ ആദ്യമായി പ്രകടിപ്പിച്ചതു രഘുവംശത്തിലല്ലെന്ന് ഏകദേശം തീർത്തുപറയാവുന്നതാണ്.

ഇവയ്ക്കെല്ലാംപുറമേ, ‘അസ്തികശപിഭാഗവിശേഷഃ’ എന്ന വാക്യത്തെപ്പറ്റിയുള്ള ഐതിഹ്യവും രഘുവംശം കാളിദാസകാവ്യങ്ങളിൽ ഒടുവിലത്തേതാണെന്നു കാണിക്കുന്നു. വിപരീതമായ തെളിവില്ലെങ്കിൽ ഐതിഹ്യങ്ങളെ ഉപേക്ഷിക്കുന്നത് യുക്തമെന്നു പറയാൻ പാടില്ല. ആകപ്പാടെ രഘുവംശം കാളിദാസന്റെ പ്രഥമകാവ്യമാണെന്നുള്ള അഭിപ്രായം നിസ്സംശയം സ്വീകരിക്കാൻ പാടില്ലെന്നു മാത്രമേ ഞാൻ പറയുന്നുള്ളൂ. സംസ്കൃതകാവ്യങ്ങളിൽ വേറെ ഒന്നുംതന്നെ ഇത്ര ഹൃദയാവജ്ജ്വലമായി എനിക്കു തോന്നിയിട്ടില്ല.

### കുയിലിനോടു്.

കുയിലേ! കുയിലേ! നീയെന്തെ  
മാവിൻ മറവിലൊതുങ്ങുന്നു?  
നിറമില്ലാത്തതു കൊണ്ടാണോ?  
നിറയും നാനും പൂണ്ടാണോ?  
പരന്നുടെ കൂട്ടിൽ വളന്നിട്ടോ?  
പറയുക ഞാനതു ഭേദിക്കട്ടെ.  
കാലം മാറിയിരിക്കില്ലേ?

കോലം, കലമിവ പോയില്ലേ?  
ഗുണമേ ലോകം വകവെക്കൂ;  
തണലിൽത്താഴെയിറങ്ങിക്കൊ.  
മധുരം മധുരം നിൻ കണ്ഠം  
മധുവഞ്ചൊഴുകും കൽക്കണ്ടം  
ഞാനതു നന്നായ ഭേദിക്കട്ടെ,  
ഗാനവിധങ്ങൾ പഠിക്കട്ടെ.