



The Theosophical College Magazine



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The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the views expressed by the contributors to the Magazine

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We pursue Beauty but not unthriftilly;
And Knowledge but not unhealthily.
Thucydides.

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Wide is thine empire of thought and devotion,
 Wide as the hope and the hunger of Man.
 Thou hast allegiance from ocean to ocean;
 Pilgrims from Spain and Japan,

Lofty and lowly,
 Count thy soil holy.
 Thou hast a Queendom no treasure could buy:
 Thou dost inherit
 Realms of the Spirit.

Bharata Mata ki jai !

Thou hast no need for the weapons of terror,
 Wielder of Wisdom, armored in Love !
 Thou on the conflicts of passion and error
 Layest the breast of the dove.

Now the sick Nations
 Thy ministrations
 Call for; and naught shall thy service defy.
 Nothing may bind thee,
 That all may find thee.

Bharata Mata ki jai !

We who, though born of thy body, O Mother !
 Sinned against thee in the days that are done,
 Break now the bondage of sister and brother.
 Seel at thy feet we are one.

Tamil or Sindhian,
 We are all Indian.
 Woman and man, with free head lifted high;
 We in this mirth-time
 Hail thy new birth-time.

Bharata Mata ki jai !

J. H. COUSINS, D. Litt.

Capital Punishment *

BY E. N. SUBRAHMANYAM, M. A., B. L.

Mr. President, Sir,

THE resolution, I have the honour to move to-night, reads, "It is the opinion of this House that Capital Punishment should be abolished."

Sir, I propose to begin, my case for the abolition of C. P. by acquainting you and through you, the Hon. members of this House, with the origin of this atrocious form of punishment and the methods by which this penalty was inflicted from time to time. Sir, in very primitive times every man was his own avenger, but when society settled down to normal organised life, some method had to be found to stop promiscuous killing and so authority stepped in and definitely removed the settlement of personal quarrels from the jurisdiction of the individual. At first the injured parties were pressed and later on forced to accept compensation. If the amount was not paid, war could be declared on the offender and he could be thrust outside law and hounded from place to place till he was slain like a wild beast. When true punishment came, it was very severe. At first the tendency was to chop and mutilate. Then slowly came C. P. or death penalty, in the beginning reserved for homicide, arson, rape and theft by night and gradually extended to many more offences.

How was this penalty inflicted? Oh ! one shudders with horror at the contemplation of the several methods adopted for the infliction of the penalty. The very mention of a few of them would force upon us the conclusion, that a form of penalty associated with such barbarous monstrosity, should be done away with immediately.

Hanging came first, developing from the primitive method of stringing up the offender to the nearest tree. The victim was left to the wind and weather and to the ravens, his head having been first shaved and probably tarred and feathered. My hairs stand on end when

* The full text of a speech delivered at the College Union Debating Society

I think of the next method that was adopted to inflict the penalty that of breaking the offender on the wheel. Beheading in a variety of forms came next. The sufferer knelt on the ground or sat in a chair while the blood thirsty executioner standing behind, swung round at him with a two handed sword. At times the axe and the block were used. Another common method took the form of a primitive guillotine, a sharpened board being applied to the victim's neck and driven through by blows. We have again instances of death by ploughing, the offender being buried in the ground up to his head. Next from drawing and quartering, we pass to death by flinging from a rock into the sea. Death by exposure in a boat or in a cask was common on the continent. Burying alive was a form of punishment reserved entirely for women. There is evidence of offenders being stoned to death; of burying and boiling to death there is no need to speak. It was universal. These are only some of the mild forms. I could multiply instances, more ghastly, more gruesome and make you tremble with horror. But my courage fails.

Sir, is it not time that a penalty associated with such barbarity should be done away with once and for all. Do you require me to argue and set forth the grounds on which I demand its abolition? Sir, Capital Punishment stands today utterly discredited and condemned. It has been abolished in many countries and its total abolition throughout the whole world is bound to come. The present world movements are markedly tending towards that end. To say that it has existed among all nations and through all times is no argument in its favour. The laws of Draco were more ancient than those of Solon but it does not follow that they were better. We are rational animals and we reform our manners as age progresses.

It has been said that C. P. is a remnant of *Lex Talionis*. This conception is both shallow and erroneous. It is shallow because it seeks to satisfy the feeling of vengeance. It is erroneous because, Mosaic law lays down that God has no pleasure in the death of a sinner but rather that he should turn a way from his wickedness and live.

"As I live" saith the lord God, "I have no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live. Ye have heard that it hath been said an eye for an eye, and a tooth for tooth; but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil."

For the view that punishment is the infliction of an injury for an injury, is now substituted the view that punishment is a moral instrument, a means of regeneration, for the individual as well as for the protection of society. Says *Saleilles* on his monumental work 'Individualisation of Punishment':

"It would indeed be a violation of justice if under pretext of justice useless suffering should be inflicted. The legitimate purpose of punishment is to make of the criminal an honest man if that be possible; or if not, to deprive him of the chance of doing further harm." Punishment has a social end directed to the future, while hitherto it was regarded only as the necessary consequence of a past act. The Germans call it 'Zweckstrafe' punishment for a purpose, as opposed to 'Vergeltungstrafe,' punishment by way of compensation or retribution. The function of punishment must be accordingly directed to its social purpose and adopted to that purpose as an instrument is adapted to the operation in view. Accordingly it is the future and not the past, not the crime committed that sets the goal and purpose sought. If this conception of punishment which looks to the future for the realisation of a definite purpose be accepted, it necessarily follows that the punishment must be adapted to the nature of the individual to whom it is applied. If the criminal is not fundamentally a pervert, the punishment should not continue to his further perversion. It should serve for his regeneration and rehabilitation".

Another argument which would be advanced with some force is that C. P. acts as a deterrent. It really does not. Apart from its demoralising effect it has often proved as inefficient as it is needless.

I ASK!

1. Did the hanging of 72,000 persons for robbery alone by Henry VIII tend to diminish that crime?
2. Did the hanging of 500 criminals annually by Queen Elizabeth produce the desired effect?
3. Did the hanging of 30 men a year by the Bank of England for forgery prove effectual to stay the current of that offence?

protesting his innocence to the end. The real culprit was caught last year.

4. Another instance of miscarriage of justice when an innocent man was sent to the gallows has received considerable attention and prominence in the agitation to secure the abolition of death sentence in Germany.

Here are a few cases from Great Britain, cases that show that there is not only the possibility of the innocent suffering but also the guilty escaping.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly declared in the House of Commons that he found 17 cases of accused men having been sentenced to death and their innocence had been subsequently proved. Here is another heart-rending case Mr. O'Connell speaking at Exeter hall said,

"Sentence of death had been pronounced upon three brothers. I sat at the window as they passed by. There was a large military guard taking them back to jail positively forbidden to allow any communication with the three unfortunate youths. But their mother was there; and she, armed with the strength of her affection broke through the guard. I saw her clasp her eldest son who was 22 years of age. I saw her hang on the second who was not even 20. I saw her faint when she clung to the neck of the youngest boy who was but 18 and I ask what recompense could be made for such agony? They were executed and they were innocent. There must be several such instances all the world over. Until men acquire new faculties and are enabled to decide upon innocence or guilt without the aid of fallible and corruptible human evidence, so long will the risk be incurred of condemning the innocent. But I ask why do you incur such risk?"

The volume of public opinion against C. P. is steadily increasing and a welcome change is coming on. Austria, Italy, Holland, Norway Portugal, Roumania and Sweden have abolished the penalty of death. It has been practically abolished in Switzerland. In 7 cantons it is retained only in theory. In Belgium there has been no instance of it since 1863. Finland has abolished it. In U. S. A. as a result of the lead given by Michigan in 1846, many states have put a stop to it. England, where criminal law was ferocious and where even so late as the

19th century there were as many as 180 capital offences, has, as a result of the efforts of Bentham, Romilly, Peel and others reduced the sentence of death to four principal crimes namely high treason, murder, piracy with violence and destruction of public arsenals and dockyards. Since 1838 it is used only against cases of murder. It is a pity that the Bill of Mr. Rennie Smith a laborite, introduced recently in the House of Commons for the abolition of death penalty was thrown out though it had received a considerable measure of support in the country.

The agitation for its abolition has gained so much in strength in Germany that its abolition is only a question of few months. You will be delighted to hear that recently the Ceylon legislative council passed a resolution for the abolition of C. P. by an overwhelming majority. It is high time that a more systematic and organised effort is made to bring about its abolition all over the world. As Lombroso has very rightly observed in his famous book, *Crime, Causes and Remedies* "Capital Punishment ought to be found only in the penal system of barbarous peoples, among whom prison does not inspire sufficient terror but among civilised people, the delicacy of feeling which wishes to abolish it, is too strong; too respectable to be brushed aside, to say nothing of the fact that the singular prestige produced by a death inflicted in cold blood by judges and at times met with bravado, often multiplies crimes by mitigation and creates among the rabble a sort of worship of the unfortunate victim".

I have talked at some length. Sir, It now remains for me only to appeal to the members of this House to vote for the motion *nem con.* In the name of Justice, in the name of Mercy, in the name of Humanity, I appeal to you to vote for the proposition unanimously. Let it not be said that you were a party to the retention of this most barbarous form of punishment. Don't you be a party any more to the shedding of innocent blood, to the taking away of innocent lives. Life is the gift of God alone; we cannot recall that soul when once it is loosened from its earthly bondage nor rectify the injustice perpetrated. Liberty and property may be restored but the spark of life once extinguished is gone for ever.



THE FUTURE OF YOUTH

BY DUNCAN GREENLEES

IF you take ship from Bombay to the West you soon will come to the sunny, fruitful fields of Italy and drop your anchor in the matchless Bay of Naples. There, towering to the azure skies above the purv works of man, sits proud Vesuvius, the fiery mount of many olden stories. Carried by a little train to the lowest slopes of this mighty hill, you may enter a funicular carriage and be carried up, up, the dizzy gradient to the very summit, 4000 feet above the restless sea below. And as you climb you see on every side an unbelievable wealth of vegetation: vines and olives, figs and flowers of every kind, clustered in solid profusion near the rails. Dwellers of that paradise will tell you how the soil has gained its riches. Every ten years or so the mountain gods awake from sleep and pour vast streams of molten rock from the pulsing fiery veins of Mother Earth upon the fields around. Then all is destruction, agony and chaos. Death stalks wildly abroad on those fearful days, clad in smoky cloud and sheets of flying ash, and helpless man, not understanding, blasphemes his cruel Creator. So new soil comes on the Earth.

In far Japan the forces of destruction are also often flowing on that flowery land. In cold but verdant Iceland and in the lonely polar wastes of the Antarctic, other volcanoes ceaselessly throw out their fires and overflow of boiling granites. Some scientists will tell us all the heart of the Earth is made of fire and volcanoes are the outlets for that eternal Flame within our Mother. As is the one Heart of the World which sometimes emits destruction that itself creates fertility, so is the great Destroyer in the world whom some call Shiva, Lord of the Burning-Ground, one and life-bearing in His vast destroying work.

The Rulers of the World pour sometimes death abroad, and all our dwellings of mind and form are buried in the raging streams of purifying

fire; then sometimes life grows out of death and covers the world again with fairy bowers and gracious palaces wherein we find our shelter and our rest.

Such an eruption from the World's burning Heart was the recent War, and it has swept away many an outworn castle of refuge whither we had fled for shelter from the tyrannous wind of the Real that beat upon us, and many a flowery garden of ease and sloth wherein we had sought our pleasure has perished now beneath the destroying hands of God. Such an eruption is but the final stage to a long preparing time of earthquake like the mighty revolution in the World's thought on Science, Religion, Art, Politics, and Ritual, and long after the lavas of War and bloodshed have ceased to spread the Earth will quiver to the passing of that fearful storm.

Our own is such a day of destruction and is gloomy with the lowering clouds of doom and faithlessness, but we who have glimpsed the End and know that it is a glorious Day of new creation may keep our faith and stumble on, quietly waiting till the storm has past when we may till the fields in quietness, setting fruits and flowers in the place of raging streams of death.

What is the nature of the new Creation we envisage? War and Death and miserable Failure spring from Misunderstanding, Darkness and S p c i o n. We shall break away the shutters from our windows and allow the pure sunlight of knowledge to flood every corner of our hearts and minds. We shall let Knowledge, Sympathy, and Reverence guide our lives more and more from day to day. So shall we attain the ideal of the Future we shall create.

In Education, in Ceremonial, in Religion, in World Politics, in Social Life, this shall be our ceaseless aim: to model all our life on Understanding and Co-operation, knowing that all are on the same great adventure and search for the Holy Graal of the Real, we shall act as Knights of the Table Round to one another, striving ever to make our knightliness more true and constant. Knowing that all in essence are one and share the same grand destiny of a World made one in righteous happiness, we shall resolutely war on all that would divide and separate us from each other. Caste, Tongue, Race, Colour, Sex, Education,

and Religion — all these often try to build their walls around us. Ruthlessly shall we pull those walls of stupid ignorance to the ground, knowing they have outlived their usefulness and are barren hindrances to the birth of the glorious Age that we shall build.

When a Krishnaji voices the longing of the World for freedom from such shams and proclaims self-reliance, affection wide as the ocean and as free, beauty in dream and fashioning, and casting off the time-worn shackles of useless superstitions, we shall know him as our natural Leader and joyously follow his guidance on our Splendid Quest. So shall we find our Graal and guard it for the blessing of the World.

When we see the banner of our King flying proudly in the breeze of battle there shall we find our comrades, ready and eager to fight with them for the glory of God, the service of the King and the joy of the World. There shall we see our Captains in the struggle, eager to enrol ourselves in the army of the great King of the World, the ever-virgin Youth of sixteen years, who is the Spirit of the Young in His mighty power and unerring wisdom. SANAT KUMARA, the Ancient of Days, who guides the World from His mountain home. ~~He is the King of~~ our Table Round; His uniform we shall be proudly wear in the fiercest part of the battle; His chosen officers we shall be proud to obey with swift unhesitating joyfulness; His recruiting sergeants shall we be, eager to carry His glorious Flag around the Earth till every evil is overcome and His Law may reign supreme in every heart.

This is the truest patriotism; he is the truest patriot who loves the World as his Fatherland and strives that the Father's will be done on Earth. This is the Future Youth shall create in the days that are to be — one World, one Flag, one Mother of us all, — the "Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World", under the gracious and all-wise government of the Best, the highest Aristocracy of all.

ON LEAVING HOME

BY "A FRESHER".

THE day of my departure from my sweet home was fast approaching. The desire to go abroad for education, to have experience of life in a strange country and to have the chance, perhaps, of learning the manners and customs of people in new and different places urged me on, and no feelings of pain at the separation from my dear people had yet been aroused. On the other hand, I was feeling happy and jolly for the thought of travelling was exciting me at the time.

At last the moment came for my start and I bade my people farewell and left home with a sudden feeling of heaviness. My father accompanied me to the station and in a short time the train arrived pouring out dark clouds of smoke. There was great rush and hurry everywhere. I got into the train, but the instant I entered it the radiance of my joy was overcast by the dense clouds of despair and sorrow. Now I was flying away from my native land! The thought of leaving home, of going to a strange place with no help or welcoming sympathy so struck me that tears of sadness slowly filled my eyes. I could see nothing but darkness. Nearer drew the time, heavier grew my heart. The train whistled, signals were given and with the waving of the blue flag I burst into tears.

The train started; I could scarcely look at my father's face and bid him farewell. I slowly raised my eyes and looked about wildly. The train left the station, covering mile after mile. The thoughts — "When shall I see my native land again? Where am I going? What will my life be in the future?" — flashed upon my mind. As the speed increased so my heart began to sink low. The cool air of the evening and the beautiful aspects of the landscape, instead of refreshing seemed to curdle my blood into fever. The sun began to sink, but its descent brought me no peace. There was the bustling stir which broke harshly on the feeling of affection and the pain of separation. I was now out of reach, out of hope.

Now I am in a country hundreds of miles away from my home. Like the phases of the growing moon my feelings are growing. But there is nothing like the happiness of home-life. Truly has it been said that there is no place like home. The evening scene in the home of even a poor man is indeed delightful. When the father comes after his day's toil he meets with a smiling welcome from all the members of his family. They are all eager to attend to his comforts. And I have none of these homely joys! I often sigh and yearn for these sweet ties which constituted the charm of life. I am no longer watched by the affectionate care which saved me from troubles and temptations. I am in a country with no outward means of diverting and dissipating my grief, no relation to see me, no friend to care for me. I can look for no joy, a fact, which makes me feel the impotency of consolation. Often when I lie in bed, the thought of sweet home, of dear parents, of brothers and sisters of friends and relations fills my heart with sorrow. I am away from the care of a mother whose love can neither be chilled by selfishness nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude; a mother who sacrifices every comfort to her children's happiness and enjoyment, who will glory in their success and exult in their prosperity, who will love them in their misfortune and cherish them in their disgrace, should such be their lot.

Often at nights before I sleep I remember all my friends and relations, their words of affection their many tokens of care for me and become so absorbed in these thoughts that I forget the whole world around me. I feel now as one who treads alone in some deserted haunt with no cheer or joy, whose hopes are gone and whose desires are dead.

Indeed the feelings on leaving home for the first time are so painful that one cannot but feel and fret over separation.

Our Excursion to Ranipet

BY P. SUBBA RAJU.

AT about 1 A. M., on the 29th of August when all the town was in fast slumber after its day's hard toil and when perfect stillness was reigning, some of the science students of our College started by bus to the Madanapalle Road Railway Station. After an hour's waiting there under the bright moonlight, we got into the train. The stationmaster was kind enough to attach an extra carriage, which was occupied by all of us. Some sleeping, some talking, we reached Pakala Junction at day-break. After taking light tiffin we - the train rather - made a move to Katpadi and reached it at about 9-30. We changed train there and got into the Madras Passenger which reached Walajah Road Junction and again we changed train and got into the Ranipet Shuttle, as it is called. We were in Ranipet at last at about 10-30 A. M. Such was our journey from Madanapalle Road to Ranipet with so many changes for the short distance. We did not have even a wink of time to spare for other things. The journey though otherwise tedious passed away pleasantly because of the many rounds of talk and fun on the way.

Our Chemistry Lecturer Mr. P. V. Krishnamoorthi made friends with the Booking Clerk in the Ranipet Railway Station and we made ourselves comfortable in the first and second class waiting-room there. As we were twenty four in number naturally we least expected to get meals at hand. So we got a hotel keeper to prepare meals for us all and I should say we were lucky considering the scarcity of good hotels at Ranipet. Meanwhile we had our bath in a well near by and we all took our meals exactly at 1-30 P. M.

The town looks very extensive, especially as the houses are scattered wide apart. It struck my mind as soon as I saw a large open place with wiring all round it and with eight or ten fat bulls tied inside, that that should be the cattle shandy which is held every week on Friday. In addition to a Girls' School, there is a Government Training School,

where, Secondary, Higher and Lower Grade training is given and also there is a Women's Hospital on the northern side of the Railway Station. The town is beautifully situated on the southern side of which runs the river Palar.

After meals we proceeded to see the Chemical Works which is maintained by Messrs. Parry & Co., of which we had a bird's-eye view from the train. The letters E. I. D & S. F. Ltd. are mounted on the topmost portion of the building showing that it is East Indian Distillery and Sugar Factory Company Limited. Taking permission of the Managing Superintendent we first went to the Chemical Laboratory which is finely built like a cone surmounting a hollow cylinder. The whole apparatus was arranged in order and the laboratory is run and worked by an Analytical Chemist who is a friend of our Chemistry Teacher. The chemist who was immensely glad of our visit there, took us to every part of the Laboratory and explained everything vividly and thoroughly. Then he followed us to show all the things manufactured by them.

First we went to the main portion where all kinds of bones were being burnt to be rid of the gelatinous substance before being ready for use in many kinds of manures. The stink was so great that even now I sense it. The Chemical Works prepare manures in large quantities and the place is famous for these manures. Next we went to another part of the Works where Sodium Chloride and Sulphuric Acid were treated largely in a big hearth and condensed in a series of earthen ware cylinders and from the last condenser, they draw out Hydrochloric Acid. Thus Hydrochloric Acid is prepared in small quantities.

Then we went still further on and saw Nitric Acid also being manufactured in small quantities from Sodium Nitrate which is the cheapest salt of Nitric Acid. This salt is always employed to prepare Nitric Acid on account of its activity and of its relative involatility and Sulphuric Acid is used to displace it. The two materials are heated in cast-iron stills and the vapour is condensed in earthen ware pipes.

We then proceeded to see the manufacture of Sulphuric Acid which is the main acid prepared in abundance. Native Sulphur which they get from America is heated in a furnace with brownish red vapours and

combined with atmospheric Oxygen and these form Sulphur Dioxide. This Sulphur Dioxide is passed to the Glover Tower which is packed with flint, through which trickle from the tanks above (a) strong Sulphuric Acid which has been used to absorb nitrous fumes in the Gay-Lussac Tower, excess acid escaping out as Nitrogen Peroxide, and (b) weak Chamber Acid. This Tower assists the actual production of Sulphuric Acid and cools the gases from the burners. The actual production of Sulphur Trioxide is obtained here. Then the gas and the steam drift through the four chambers constructed on the second story of the building which is made of lead. The first chamber is maintained at a low temperature, the second chamber a little higher, the third still higher and the fourth highest. Thus the temperature gradually increases from the first to the last. The acid actually takes its form in the chambers and is driven to Gay-Lussac Tower where the acid takes its concentration. The concentration of the acid is only 60 to 70 per cent. After seeing the whole manufacturing place thoroughly and satisfactorily, we came out of the building. Now our attention was at once drawn to the southern side of the place where we noticed the fine instrument for mortaring slaked lime.

We next turned to what is perhaps most interesting in the factory and we were heartily welcomed by the European Superintendent of the Pottery Works. First we went to the place where the whole process begins. Two kinds of mud, one got from America and the other native clay are mixed and heated very strongly by means of a huge hearth. The liquid mud is driven into a box where the mud is purified and then sent to the presser which removes the water and presses the clay into sheets. All these machines are worked by an oil engine. These sheets are now transferred to the Potter's room where they are turned on wheels into jars and other numerous kinds of pottery. Here can be seen artificial skill aided by mechanical devices and contrivances. The vessels are then dipped in a glazing solution and removed to the huge furnace where they are burnt into finished vessels.

It took nearly two and half hours to pass from room to room in the huge manufactory and at the end we thanked the authorities for their kindness and left the place in a hurry to catch the train for our return-journey; but on nearing the station, disappointment awaited us as the

train had just then left and we were stranded there till nightfall. A visit to the historical town of Arcot on the opposite bank of the Palar was suggested, and exhausted though many of us were, we started in juktas. After a brief stay for a few minutes to refresh ourselves there, we beat a retreat back to the station. Our anxiety to catch the next train at least prevented us from exploring Arcot.

Our return journey began at nightfall and before eight we found ourselves sleeping on the open platform of the Walajah Road Station. After midnight we resumed journey and reached our Madanapalle again the next afternoon at about 2 P. M. Our return-journey was the contrary to our forward-journey because we had ample time at each stage to take rest for the exhaustion we had at Ranipet, whereas our forward journey was so continuously interrupted - getting from train to train - that we had no rest whatever. Our excursion was not without its excitement, adventure and anxiety, usual as they are always, and we shall long remember, at any rate, the awful smell of the bone-meal manufactured at Ranipet.

Rishi Valley

BY A. HARI RAO.

*Lovely, Oh! lovely is our valley,
With blue hills huge and rocky in Rally.
Rishikond, the biggest and most grand
Commands the sweep of all the hilly band.
Giant Banyan, King of trees
The Lord's Flagstaff at ease,
Welcomes all from every side,
With tailed branches wide;
Come next, plants small and great,
And shrubs and herbs of all estate.
How woeful is thy wretched fate
If with these thou canst not mate?
Lovely, Oh! lovely is our valley,
With blue hills huge and grand in Rally.*

The Cry of a Spiritual Wanderer

M. C. MALLI REDDY.

O! Precious wisdom! the privilege of 'minds attentive to their own', O truth! that lies far deeper than utterance, is it your perversity or our sin that has made you fly away from the lap of India, our Mother, the grand old cradle of your birth and infancy, radiant with celestial light, the temple of sages and saints, the sacred land where once the holy war of Kurukshetra was fought to establish righteousness and peace? She is now lying, alas! a corpse prayed on by the vultures of the west. She stands crest-fallen, clad in the garment of widowhood. Sons and daughters of India, with the blood of our great ancients running in our veins, let us march, march on, in the battle of *dharma* against intellectual scepticism and material vain-gloriousness. Children of one Mother, let us awake, arise, and stop not till the banner of Religion is once more set up in our soil and till the golden canopy of Rama's reign rests once more in our ancient land.

Adam and Eve, we may forgive but not the day that gave materialism being, and that struck the death-knell of our spiritual existence. Let oceans sink, the sun-beams turn icy-cold, and mountains fly like feathers, yet irrespective of all these we pour curses and cry in agony, 'woe to the day that shamed us'. What a deluge of materialism is everywhere? Truth, the precious jewel, the ultimate light of all philosophy, the goal of poets and seers has alas! abandoned us in the hands of warring forces and desolate gloom! Wealth, like a war-horse, full of energy and spirit is galloping off leaving far behind, its kindred, the jade of Poverty, to die abandoned and unmourned. The rich are steering on the ocean of superficialities to, - where? - the devil. Selfishness, cruelty, worship of Mammon, these among many others, have made a night of our Bharata Mata but not a night without stars, for her luminaries, though a few, are shining bright and leading us from 'the deep valley of life' to the sunny fields of bliss and happiness. Let our prayer and song in the meantime be, -

*Lead us from the unreal to the real; From darkness to light;
And from death to immortality.*

SLEEP

BY SARADA.

Sleep that men welcome,
I wish you will favour me;
Though partial to some
You make me suffer so.

They call you innocent
But that I cannot say;
For you have always sent
The dreams that sadden life.

What harm I did to you
I cannot recollect;
You bring thoughts old and new —
Sad themes to dwell upon.

The death of every day,
Ah! how cruel at times!
Why desert me this day?
You are indeed my foe.

I keep six honest serving-men
(They taught me all I knew);
Their names are What and Why and When
And How and Where and Who.
I send them over land and sea,
I send them east and west.

(From a poem by Kipling — Editor.)

My Dream

BY K. T. KRISHNASWAMI.

"When to the session of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past."

"The gate of a great city of sleeping kings, who would awake for us
and walk with us if we knew but how to call them by their names."

IT was late one evening, when I went to sleep over my blank sheets of paper — blank on one side only and four in number, all to be filled somehow for the first draught of some really original contribution for the College Magazine. All was hushed as midnight. Presently there came tumbling over a pile of books on my table — what? — an audacious ghost, as if to save somebody from a great calamity or to reinstate a fallen or discredited prince. "Don't fear, man", he said, and entered into a delightful conversation as befitting him and the hour, in whispers more sweet than talk. "You are hard pressed for an article, I see." "Yes, I am." "Well, well; it is a trial, no doubt, even for the adepts. But I have extricated many a fine would-be writer from such predicament."

And putting on the air of a millionaire who has saved many on the verge of bankruptcy, he went on. "My essays are the bodies of many contributions, the tails of others, the heads of some, the souls of more. But I and my good friend Addison have become the Cassandras among writers for having brought philosophy out of closets to dwell in clubs and at tea-tables. People read us, if they read us at all, more for the style than for the matter, as if we had been in a fencing school of words and learnt the newest tricks of verbal strokes. It is the mischief of that burly old fellow Johnson whose tribute, well-meant of course, to the style of Addison, my bed-fellow in the art of writing, is partly responsible for the perverse use of my really serious writings. As Isaac Bickerstaff, the magician-astrologer and clever diviner of the private secrets of his fellowbeings, I have held a mirror to the people wherein they could see themselves—their errors of vanity, egoism and extravagance. But it is your laughing fools, speaking and writing harlequins, I should say, who go down with you "

He was getting eloquent, a new edition of him in every way, I thought, and on being requested to give me the best part of his old experience and study, he said, "This is, I believe, the first issue of the magazine for the year. Well, *The Fine Gentleman* will be quite as good as any from me. And between ourselves - (he said with a twinkle in his right eye and a slight nod of the head) - this would do your readers good, I assure you, whether they like it or not." I took this remark of my ghost-friend, as an unwarranted and unjustifiable slight on our dear young friends, and

As he hurried away from me, he seemed to shrivel into the likeness of a book and on his back he bore a badge - a white plate bearing the inscription **Eng. Lit. IX F. 15**. They are probably the passwords of the Order of the Fraternity of the Quill. I wondered why this old dignitary should not have chosen a more imposing address in the regular Eastern style.

But hardly had he glided back to his place, when a number of other spirits, young and old, thin and stout, smiling and serious, came as suitors to my hand - rather my pen. There stood beside me dear old Dickens, the Emperor of Cheerfulness, with many **realms of fun** under his feet, yet

with heart as gentle for distress,
And resolute with wise true thoughts to bind
The happiest with the unhappiest of our kind.

"Was it not yesterday we spoke together?" he whispered. And I could not resist a laugh at this figure but soon my good sense got the better of my folly for his laughter was the rainbow of wisdom, not the cackle of empty hilarity. "Look," he said, and waved a kind of magic wand, and behold! there was an Apocalypse of the Lowly. I saw God as the *Daridranarayana* as well, bearing the burden of humanity. I saw also the fair humanities blooming in the lowliest hovel. As Life's little comedies and tragedies rolled past before me, this Master of the Revels, uttered brief but sweet words - as it were headlines of the scenes which struck up a thousand echoes in my mind - the Jeremiad of world's Great Souls.

They are to each other as a burning poison falling into a man's eye - Burmese saying. What is there that can justify tears and lamentations? - The Buddha. Have I not reason to lament What man has made of man!; To me the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. - Wordsworth. There is some soul of goodness in things evil Would men observingly distil it out. - Shakespeare.

And there rose before my mind's eye a goodly train of writers and thinkers, poets and prophets, who had raised their voice for the poor - Mrs. Browning, Hood, Elliott, Morris, Kingsley, Ruskin, Carlyle. The air was full of their voices. As Dickens came to the end of his role, his eyes peered into my eyes and seemed to say - *Never Be Mean, Never Be False, Never Be Cruel*. This is the message of my writings. Happy thought I, to have been in this blessed companionship! Who could have slept after such *Arabian Nights'* Entertainments!

What do I see now? Who is this, broad of face, with features that speak of tenderness and strength and wisdom? Once more fell on my attentive ears those familiar old solemn words, "Art thou also become one of us?" He drew near and said, "I wish your friends would listen to the message of my *Sesame and Lilies*, for it cost me much thought and much strong emotion. I had brought myself into that temper by years of thinking".

He sighed and passed - and - muttered, "There never was a time when wilder words were spoken or more vain imagination permitted respecting the question of women - their place, their function and their power in society and life, - quite vital to all social happiness. We hear of the mission and of the rights of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of Man; - as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim." Let your men of reform, your advocates of women, who often quote me wrongly, get at some clear and *harmonious* idea of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office, with respect to man's. We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other - *you* know which sex I mean - as if they could be compared in similar things. *Each has what the other has not: each*

completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give. Don't you know what my friend Tennyson has said? 'Woman, is not undeveloped man but diverse.' In one sentence regarding the woman's queenly function, *what the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty, that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.*"

Then Ruskin rose as if to take leave of me, and like a great prophet, lifted his eyes and looked upon half the world and wept at what man has made of man and at what nation has made of nation. With trembling accents his lips uttered what fell like a solemn prophecy and benediction.

Suppose there ever should arise a Fourth order of kings, who had read in some obscure writing of long ago, that there was a Fourth kind of treasure, which the jewel and gold could not equal, neither should it be valued with pure gold. A web more fair in the weaving by Athena's shuttle; an armour, forged in diviner fire by Vulcanian force — a gold only to be mined in the sun's red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs; — deep-pictured tissue, impenetrable armour, potable gold! — the three great Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors to lead us, if we would, with their winged power, and guide us with their inescapable eyes by the path which no fowl knoweth and which the vulture's eye has not seen! Suppose kings should ever arise, who heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of — Wisdom — for their people? "Think what an amazing business *that* would be! How inconceivable in the state of our present national wisdom!"

These words still hover over the world as unpropitiated and unfulfilled Desires of the great and glorious Dead, haunting the minds of those who are enthroned in might and power and worldly knowledge. Here is, I thought, an ideal and a programme for the League of Nations and the Kelloggs of the day!

Last came and last did go the Pilot of the Sea of Literature, the immortal Willie, as Shakespeare loves to be called. There rang in my mind the words of Keats referring to his first acquaintance with Homer — words, which in my changed version as below, equally express my wonder

and delight at Shakespeare, my Homer.

Of one wide expanse had I been told,
That (*broad-brow'd Shakespeare*) ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till (*Shakespeare himself did to me unfold*).

What shall I say of this divine Shakespeare, whose great name alone
Is a full harvest whence to reap high feeling;
It comes upon us like the glorious pealing
Of the wide spheres — an everlasting tone.

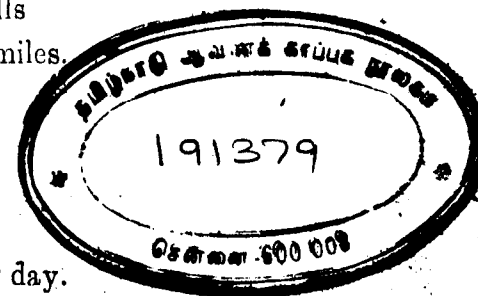
Oh for a whole magazine to speak of Shakespeare's glories! For
in the words of a living poet

Here are the heights, crest beyond crest,
With Himalayan dew's impearled;
And I will watch from Everest
The long heave of the surging world.

But alas! I feared the fierce glance of my impatient young readers.
And the fear chilled my warm imagination and ended my fair dream of
authors.

We are what suns and winds and waters make us;
The mountains are our sponsors, and the hills
Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles.
But where the land is dim from tyranny,
There tiny pleasures occupy the place
Of glories and of duties, as the feet
Of fabled faeries when the sun goes down
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.

[From Landor's *Chrysaor* — Ed.]



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Q M, L4, m2 16. M, N26
N28

being the most untrustworthy part of our people. It was Napoleon who said that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing grounds of Eton and Harrow, and never was a truer thing said about the germs of national greatness. English people are great, because of the discipline of their schools, and the path of India to greatness would be quicker if there were greater enforcement of real discipline in our schools and colleges.

The inevitable question next arises as to the enforcement of "discipline". At this point we cannot but remember the famous dictum of the Greeks that virtue always lies midway between two extremes. The old days of flogging are gone by for ever, we hope, but if the substitute is only a laxity of control and a lack of system - gilded with euphemistic expressions though it be - the gain is comparatively little. In the whole of our social being our personal interests and idiosyncracies are always coming up against the welfare of society, and discipline is as necessary for the greatest benefit of the greatest number as for building individual character. To sacrifice the former in favour of the latter requires stronger grounds than urged at present, and unless these can be given, one can only conclude that inability of comprehension is sought to be covered up by convenient principle. Between the two extremes of physical violence and utter lack of control, there must be a middle path, and that is the path that each must discover for himself. But until it is done, we are only swinging from one extreme to the other and the most that may be said in our favour is that we have given the boys long enough rope to hang themselves.

No nation can last, which has made a mob of itself, however generous at heart. It must discipline its passions, and direct them, or they will discipline it, one day, with scorpion whips.

— Ruskin.

Punctuality

BY N. B. VENKOBABAO.

"Lose this day by loitering - it will be the same story tomorrow, and the next dilatory".

PUNCTUALITY means never being behind the appointed time to do a certain work. A school-boy who practises punctuality in his boyhood would certainly prove to be, at any rate, a successful man when he grows to manhood. Whatever he does he does it correctly at the fixed time and thus helps himself as well as those who depend upon him. Five minutes' lateness in attending a meeting gave me much pain; that was when the citizens of Madanapalle gave a farewell address to Mrs. Sarojini Naidu on the eve of her mission to the west. I had determined to attend the meeting but unfortunately I could not be in time to hear the reply of the poetess and patriot from the beginning. I felt very much for my delay as it was the first time of hearing Sarojini Devi. It was the best talk that I had ever heard.

Many may speak and write about punctuality and its benefits, but it is a very difficult thing to put into practice. In the beginning it will be very difficult and annoying but when once a man gets into the habit of promptness and punctuality, he is likely to be ever successful. Life at school and in college affords us many splendid opportunities for getting into this good habit. Everyday in the night when we go to bed we should determine to get up early though we may not be successful at the very beginning. But as noted writer says, 'a bed is a bundle of paradoxes. We go to it with reluctance yet we quit it with regret. We make our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late'.

Success is the child of two very plain parents - punctuality and accuracy. In the life of every man there come crucial moments by which he might rise to high position and become great but if such moments are lost there will be no chance of their return. Sir Walter Scott is an example of a punctual man whose success was not a little due to his habits of industry and punctuality. On the other hand, "Too late," can be read between the lines on the tombstone of many a man who has failed. Many a familiar proverb enforces the same lesson of punctuality for success and happiness in life.

Love the Law of Life

BY B. NARASINGA RAO.

HAPPINESS is found nowhere in this world, if the law of love is violated or disregarded. Love, in itself, is the cause and effect of all our actions and achievements. It is an embodiment of God Himself. Love is set in the heart by the Divine and it flows in numerous channels and finds expression in varied ways and reigns supreme particularly in the human mind. As the white ray of the sun contains seven different colours so love translates itself into many other forms which are one in their origin. By whatever name it is called in relation to different objects its nature is unalterable.

There is the vivid love of God in the child that lays its cheek against the cheek of the mother and clasps its arms about her neck. The virgin in whose mind and body nature has drawn a change inevitable in her sex, lives in the fairy land of fancy, dreams the happy dreams of love and forgets the world itself when she is accosted by her lover. To her love is the nectar of her life and the lover her only God upon earth. And so is with the lover. The wife sacrifices her life at her altar of love for her husband. The poor man drags on his sad existence in love of his kith and kin and the old are unwilling to leave the world behind. The sailor dares the terrible ocean in order to support his sweetheart. Love helps the growth and advancement of every science and art. It has been the inspiration of poets and prophets, sages and saints, patriots and philosophers and breathes out heavenly music in all creation. Every aspiration of the mind has its being in Love and every living kingdom upon earth is governed by this universal Law. Love is the soil in which architecture and painting take their root, grow and bear fruits of beauty. In short the heart which is the abode of love is the very temple of faith, of holy purity, of charity and the like.

Indian life is pregnant with the beautiful stories of Savitri, who brought back the life of her husband snatched away by the cruel hand of Death, of Damayanti who endured the troubles of life in the heart of the wilderness in ecstasy of love for her husband who had been torn away

from her by blind Misfortune, and of Sita who worshipped the ideal of her heart and suffered the pangs of separation from her husband. The stories of Prahlada and of Dhrūva reveal their endeavours, the dangers of life they ventured and the barriers they shattered in the realisation of God the Supreme Love. If we turn to Greek mythology, we find that Orpheus, with his song of love, moved the trees, birds, beasts, and even the lifeless stones, rivers and the like and made them follow at his heels through all his wanderings. Whether one believes in these stories or not it matters little, but it is to be admitted on all hands that love is a basic principle of life.

How potent is love and how powerful are its effects? Any breach, infringement or deviation from this universal law produces disastrous consequences. It is a law of nature, of paramount importance which, if abused or misdirected, turns out to be an enemy of the most dangerous type. Love of women, riches, and power and the carnal pleasures of this life have bewitched the world and dragged all who could not resist the temptation into the depths of sorrow and despair. In the annals of the world we find that love of power and riches has played an important part in the annihilation of kings and kingdoms, princes and peasants and that it has rendered men slaves of their times and enticed away the peace and goodness inherent in man. The bestial love glanced through a lustful eye, has destroyed the inward purity and outward behaviour; sickened the heart and corrupted the soul of either sex. Thus when the world was stagnated by the disruptive forces of lust and when chaos and confusion had sunk it beyond the power of humanity, there came into the earth incarnations of Love - Krishna, Budha, Jesus Christ and prophets like Mohammad of Arabia at long intervals and revived and readjusted the world in harmony with this divine law. Besides other things equally important, Sri Krishna taught the people of His time the centralisation of love upon One, the Soul of the Universe, and the music He breathed out was fully saturated with sacred Love; Budha gave to the world the same truth in another form as *Ahimsa* i. e. the love of all life underneath the heavens as one's own self; and Jesus who came to the earth 3000 years after the advent of Sri Krishna affirmed it by precept and example and led the world forward towards the goal.

But now what is happening in this world is the same that occasioned the appearance of these Divine Beings in the past. The world is once more 'broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls'. The warmth of love has cooled down to a freezing point; and the dogs of war are let loose again. Every nation is striving to establish its power over the other by resorting to fire and sword; men and women have given themselves up to selfishness and jealousy; and the worship of Mammon has become common all over the world. Religion has lost its charm and fascination upon the people who have grown to be intolerant and social evils have eaten into the very vitals of life. The creed of every organisation is ever changing as the fashion of the day. With all the advancement of civilisation, born of pure materialism, the world is still groping in darkness and stands today at the brink of ruin and bankruptcy. The world once more looks forward to the light in the East.

The night of darkness and transition is over. The dawn of the day is near, if not come already. The eastern sky is exhibiting the signs of the rise of a Sun who is shedding his light far and wide. The voice of love is speaking in tones of silver and the sweet music of love is alive everywhere. The troubled waters of life are being stilled by the Gospel of peace and good will. In India, the sacred land of spirituality, the cradle of Celestial Beings in the past is once more trodden by the feet of a spiritual giant of the first order. Once again love is being enforced as the law of life as was done at every incarnation in the past. He is bearing the torch of love to every heart to rekindle the spark that is enshrined in it, never more to be extinguished. Though not displaying the miracles that often fire the imagination he carries with him the teachings of his predecessors and expounds the truth in a light befitting the present age. The elements are so blended in him that nature herself stands and declares him to be World-Teacher. But only a few people have recognised him and his teachings which pave the path to immortal bliss. Still we cling to the hope that there will come a time, sooner or later when all without any distinction of caste, creed and colour, will bask their souls in the eternal sunshine of his glory and when all will adopt love as the principle of life.

Love is a mystic wand which can transform the earth into a heaven

and men into gods. In the words of a poet,

The breast is the lamp whose flame is love,
The heart is a shell and love the pearl in it;
The lamp without the flame is the grave,
Without the pearl the shell has no light.

Love is the fruit of the tree of life
Love is the gem of the crown of attractions,
Without love the soul is shrunk up,
Who is not loving is like dying.

My Choice

BY SATYAVATI.

Decked in all her gorgeous wealth, Dawn asked me "Am I not wonderful?"

I smiled and turned aside.

With all the splendour of her train, Evening stood before me and said, "Canst thou find any one like me?"

I laughed and walked away.

Then came Night with trembling steps and down cast eyes, and with tears welling up in her heart, she gently whispered, "Am I not worthy of thy look?"

I looked up in tender affection and with a glad smile replied, "Worthy of all the wealth of the worlds art thou Sweet One; for thine is the beauty of Soul".

College Chronicle

THE College reopened after the summer recess on the 2nd of July and in less than a week it became as usual all active. The play fields have been full of games and matches. The various associations of the College have been in full swing with their varied and ambitious programmes. It is neither possible nor necessary to review in detail all these activities. They are so many and so common. We shall content ourselves by recording a few of the new departures made this year.

The College Parliament gave place to the College Union Debating Society with a student as President. Debates have been held every fortnight, in proper Oxford style, as it is claimed, in the Besant Hall. On the last page is published a short account of the work of the society.

The inaugural address of the College Science Association was delivered by Prof. P. V. Krishnamurthi on "The Philosophy of the Alchemists". Mr. L. Sampath delivered an interesting lecture on "The Progress of Science in the West". The members of the Association went to Ranipet on a pleasant and educative excursion an account of which appears in the earlier section. The Association has a busy programme of work for the next term.

Five meetings were held during the term under the auspices of the College Philosophical Association and great enthusiasm prevailed. Mr. J. N. Gangadhar (III Class) spoke on "What is Philosophy", Mr. T. K. Venkatrao (III Class) on "The relation between Language and Thought", Mr. M. C. Malli Reddy (IV Class) on "The relation of Psychology to other Sciences", Mr. S. Krishnamurthi (IV Class) on "The Nature of Religion", and Mr. M. Srinivasamurthi (IV Class) on "Do animals reason?"

The work of the Indian Citizenship Association for the Term has been thoroughly satisfactory. It will be remembered that in the course of several meetings last year under the auspices of the Association, a general survey of India's Greatness in the realms of Religion, Philosophy, Literature, Science, History, Economics, Politics, - in fact, in all departments of human endeavour, was made. This year the Association took up an elaborate study of India's Religions and the following lectures with the exception of the last have already been delivered:—

Hinduism	by	Mr. K. T. Krishnaswami, M. A.
Zoroastrianism	by	Mr. E. N. Subrahmanyam, M. A., B. L.
Jainism	by	Mr. P. N. Chari, M. A., L. T.
Buddhism	by	Mr. D. Gurumurti, M. A.
Christianity	by	Mr. Duncan Greenlees, M. A. (Oxon)
Islam	by	Mr. S. Sreenivasan, M.A., L.T. Dip. Econ.
Theosophy and Religions	by	Mr. C. S. Trilokekar, M. A.

To add to the richness of the intellectual life of the College, two new Associations have been started this year—(1) the Cultural Association, (2) the Andhra Bhasha Abhivardhini Samaj. Under the auspices of the former the subject of, 'What is Culture?' was discussed by Messrs. Bhagat Ram Kumar, Krishnaswami, Sundara Rao and Natesan. One feature of all these meetings was that copies of printed synopses were distributed in advance. An account of the Telugu Samaj is given in the Telugu section.

It is a matter for some regret that the elaborate programme of Rural Reconstruction which was started on the 1st of October last year still remains where it began. Of course no good work can be done without funds. The Rural Reconstruction Rupee Fund Receipt Books which we sent out last year have borne some fruit. Thanks are due to those who have helped and collected. Though they have done their best we believe 'a better best' is possible and we are still hopeful that we shall be in possession of sufficient funds before long. We are very grateful to Mr. A. Ranganatham, B. A., B. L., M. L. C., for a contribution of Rs 25/-

from his Rural Reconstruction Fund. We append below a list of collections so far made by some of our enthusiastic students:—

M. R. Narayanan	Rs 25-0-0
B. Srinivasachar	14-0-0
Through Mr. Bindu Rao	17-0-0
S. Subbi Reddy	5-0-0
Vittobachar	7-0-0
Violet Suguna	5-0-0
M. Siva Reddi	8-0-0
K. Subrahmanyam	5-0-0
A. Narasinga Rao	17-0-0
S. Ramachandran	3-0-0
N. S. Bhagavan	2-0-0
B. Rameswara Reddi	1-0-0
S. Krishnamurthi	5-0-0
From Mr. Ranganatham's Fund	25-0-0
Total	Rs 139-0-0

We extend a hearty welcome to **The Madanapalle Scout**, Occasional Organ of the Asoka Scout Group, edited by Messrs. S. Rajam and S. Ramachandran. This is the first time the Scouts of the place go in for a printed magazine. The Magazine is dedicated to Dr. Besant, the Honorary Scout Commissioner for Al-India. We cannot do better than repeat her message sent to the Young Theosophist on its first appearance. "The responsibility of the written word is very great, greater than that of the spoken, but that is no reason why it should not be shouldered." We wish our contemporary a useful career.

Examination Results 1928.

We sent the first batch of students this year for the B. A. Degree Examination: 7 for History and 5 for Philosophy. The results published below show that we have secured 58.3 per cent full passes. In English the percentage was 66.6 and in Philosophy 100 per cent. and in History 42.9. Not a bad beginning.

B. A.

Complete Passes

A. Madhava Reddy
A. Adi Raju
K. Basappa
G. Venkataswamy
A. S. Bharatan
M. R. Narayanan
M. Ramachandra Reddy

Part Passes

T. Sundara Ramayya (Philosophy)
K. Gnanaprakasam (History)
C. Sundara Ramayya (English)

INTERMEDIATE

Complete Passes

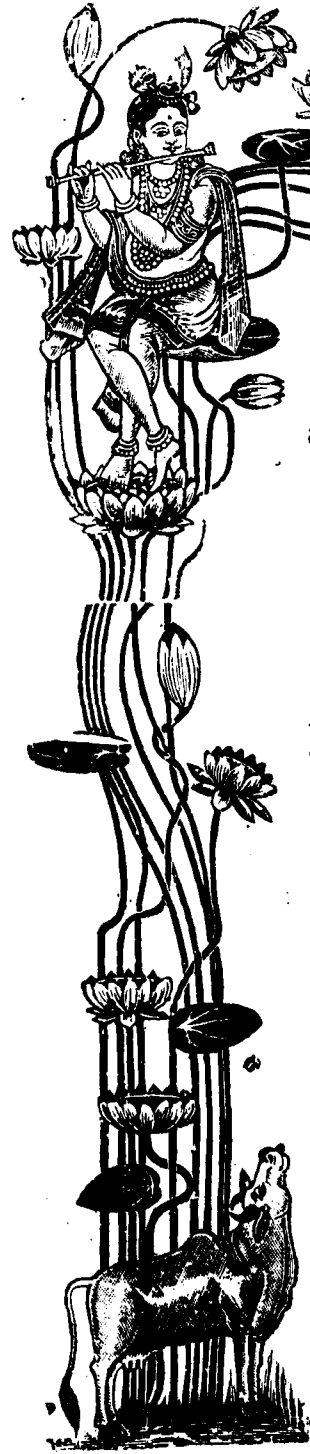
R. Guruswamy Naidu
V. Ramachandra Reddy
M. Rama Rao
M. Venkatasubba Rao
R. Venugopala Charlu (1st Class)
K. S. Rangaswamy
T. N. Ramakrishna
Chandravathi Royal
P. Chenga Reddy
A. Narayana
P. Ramanna
K. S. Jayaram
K. P. Raghavan Nair
S. B. Vyas
R. Subramanya Sastry
B. Chenchayya
V. Narayana Reddy
J. Ramachandra Das

Part Passes

P. Basi Reddy Part I
N. C. Ranga Charlu Part I
M. A. Sundaram Part I
R. Thippa Reddy Part I
N. V. Krishnamurthi Part I
S. Ramachandra Rao Part I
C. Sanjeeva Reddy Part I
K. Sitarama Rao Part I
Y. Peddi Reddy Part II
R. Ramachandra Reddy Part II
C. Ramaswamy Reddy Part I
N. Rami Reddy Part I
P. Subramanya Sastry Part I
E. Venkataramanappa Part II.

The Theosophical College Union Debating Society

RESOLUTION	SUPPORTED BY	OPPOSED BY	RESULT
1. "The ultimate goal of the people of India is Dominion Status".	Prof. D. Gurumurthi Mr. Arlin Perera (II Class) Prof. P. N. Chari	Mr. Maung Maung Ji Mr. Raghavan (III Class)	Carried
2. "Capital Punishment should be abolished"	Mr. Prof. E. N. Subrahmaniam J. N. Gangadhar (III Cl)	Prof. H. S. Rao Mr. B. T. Devaratna (III Class)	Lost
3. "The present system of Western education is an impediment to India's progress".	Mr. K. N. Sarma Mr. A. S. Venkatrao (II Class)	M. S. Ramachandran (II Class) Mr. Sriram Vyas (III Class)	Carried
4. "It is inexpedient for students to actively participate in politics".	Mr. R. Krishnamurthi (II Class) Mr. R. Lakshman Rao, B. A, B L, (Old Student)	Mr. K. R. Venkatrao Mr. A. Nanjundappa, B A. (Old Student)	Lost



శ్రీమతి ఆని బిసెంటమ్.

మనలి దయ్యను సేమివిసుగు లేకుండంగ
దేశ దేశాలన్ని తిరుగుచుండె

వివిధ పక్షంబుల విశ్వప్రయత్నాన
సమకూర్చి చట్టంబు సంతరించె

సైమను శక్తితో గలగొని మొనరింప
రణభేరి మోగించె ప్రముదమునను

దేశమాత ఋణంబు దీర్పక "చావను
చావన" నుచు చాటుచుండె

ధరను బిసెంటమ్ ధర్మమూర్తి
అహహ! యేమనివర్జింతు మామేశక్తి
బడసె యెనుబది రెండవ వత్సరంబు
బడయుగాత శతాధిక్ష్క ప్రియమామె!

(యం. వి. వావన్న గుప్త.)

పల్లెటూరి హైస్కూలు.

(గ్రంథకర్త. హరి. వెంకటేశ్వర్లుగారు, బి. ఏ., ఏల్, టి.)

ఇదియొక పూర్వమైన ఘన ఉత్తరాదిని బహు గ్రామములలో ఇంగ్లీషులో మిడి మిడి జ్ఞానమున, పలుకబడియు గల ఇద్ద మనస్సు లొకరిద్దరుచేరి కాలక్షేపము నిమిత్తము ఏరురాని వాటితో కమిటిల న్నిర్పించి హైస్కూల్లను స్థాపించి విద్యోదించుచుండును. అవిద్యోదమంతయు నిందు రసవంతముగ వర్ణింపబడినది. గ్రంథము చుట్టులోనున్నది.

కొద్ది పేజీలు చూత్రమే ముడించుచున్నాము. అట్టోబరు నెలాఖరులోవున అర్థాచ్యుతవానికి 0—8—0 లకు దొరుకును. గ్రంథము డిమ్మి 1/3 సైజున సుమారు 80 పేజీలుండును. అర్థపు క్రింది చిహ్నమునాకు పంపవలయును.

కవికర్త, నరసింహశర్మ,

హరి వెంకటేశ్వర్లు,

కాలేజీ,

మదనపల్లె.

గిరిరామ విజయము.

(గ్రంథకర్త. రా. కేశవరావుగారు.)

మదనపల్లెలో విద్యాభి వృద్ధికి తన సర్వస్వమును ధారపోసిన శ్రీ రామచోటి గిరిరావుగారి జీవిత సంగమము. ధియసాఫికల్ హైస్కూలుయొక్క పూర్వచరిత్రకూడ నిందు సంగ్రహింపబడినది. వెల బహు సులభము 0—4—0

శ్రీ గిరిరావుగారి అభిమానులున, స్నేహితులును హైస్కూలునందభిమానమున్న ప్రతివారును ఒక కాపీకొని “నాకెందుకు నాకెందుక”ని ప్రతివారు గుప్పెట్ట చేసి యుండగా యీగ్రంథకర్త ముందంజవేసి చేసిన యీసాహసమునకు తగిన ప్రోత్సాహమొసగ వేచుచున్నాను. గ్రంథములు నాయొద్ద దొరకును.

హరి వెంకటేశ్వర్లు,

హరి వెంకటేశ్వర్లు,

సంపుటము 3

తెలుగు బాలిక.

సంచిక 1

మా గొడవ.

ఈ పత్రికతోమా “తెలుగు బాలిక” కు రెండేళ్లు నిండినవి. మూడవది ప్రారంభమయినది. నామకరణముకూడ ఇప్పుడే చేసినాము. బాలారిష్టములుగడచి “బాలిక”కు కొంచెము జెబ్బుపుట్టి చేసినది. తనంతటతాను పాకులాడు చున్నది. ముద్దు ముద్దుగా పలుకుచున్నది. ఇంగ్లీషువారి సంపర్కము పూర్తిగా వదలిన యెడల “బాలిక” మరీ బాగుపడుతుందిని అంటారుగాని మాకా వైరములేదు. ఇద్దరు అక్క చెల్లెండ్రోలాగు ఒక చోటనే పెరుగు చున్నారు.

దీనికితోడు గతమూడు మాసములనుంచి ఇంకోపిల్ల బాలులు చేరినది మా ఇంట్లో. అబ్బా! ఇదిపుట్టి మూడునెలలైనా కాలేదు తగని అల్లరి చేయుచున్నది. దానిపేరు “అంధ్ర భాషాభి వర్ధనీ సమాజము”. దానిని గురించి దాని జనకులును (అనేక) బిరుదాంకితులగు శ్రీయుత కవికర్త నరసింహ శర్మగారు వేరొకచోట తెలిపియున్నారు.

పిల్లలని చూస్తే ఎవరికిష్టముండదు? ఇష్టము లేనివారెవరు మావాళ్లని పిలువ వద్దు. పిల్లలుగనుక అందరి దగ్గరకూ వచ్చెవరు. ఏదైనా పెట్టుమని అడిగెదరు. మీకు తోచిన యెడల ఇవ్వండి. బాగుంటే ముద్దుకూడా పెట్టుకోండి కాని, చూచికనరకండి. విసుగుకోకండి ఇంకోయేదాది పై బడితే వాళ్లే మిమ్ములను కసురుతారు. ఇదే మాప్రార్థన—మాపిల్లలని ఇంట్లో కూర్చోనియుము—ఇదిగో ఆడుకోండి అని స్వేచ్ఛగా వీధిలోనికి వదలుచున్నాము.

నిత్యంబు బూజింతు నీపాద యుగము!!

[“ విద్యాభూషణ ” కవిత్వ సరిసింహశర్మ .]

ఏదివ్య సీమల నేప్రదేశాల
ఏభవ్య కహరాల నేపూతవసుల
ఏవిశుద్ధస్థలి నేస్వాదు గిరుల
ఏనదీ తీరాల నేపూలవసుల
ఏలతా సౌధాల నేపుణ్యవీధి
ఏరాగ కోసల నెందుంటివమ్మ!
చెప్పవే నాయమ్మ! చెప్పవేతల్లి!
హృదయ సింహాసన మధినిసింపజేసి
భక్త్య మలసిమాల భావాలమాల
నిత్యంబు బూజింతు నీపాదయుగము.

ఉదయాన దోచేటి యువయరాగంబు
సంధ్యనుదోబట్టు సాంధ్యరాగంబు
ఆమని వేళల నలరు రాగంబు
అస్మద్విమల హృదయాను రాగంబు
భవదీయ అనురాగ ప్రళింభలంబె!
ఎక్కడ నుంటివో యెటుగంగ జెప్పు!

హృదయ.....మాల

నిత్యంబు బూజింతు నీపాదయుగము.

ప్రాభాత వేళల బాలమున్నీట
సనురాగ కాంతుల నానంద మొలుక
బాలదివాకరు భక్తి నాడించు చుంటివె?
శారద పూర్ణిమా చంద్రికలనువి

శుద్ధాంత రంగంబుతో శోభించునట్టి
నలబాలు జోగొట్టి లాలించుచుంటివె?
సర్వాధి కారినా ప్రశాంత కాలమున
పూజంప దలపెట్టి పోవుచు నుంటివె
మిన్నపూ దోటలో మేటిసత్తెల్ల
కుసుమాల జడుపంగ?
చుక్కల నీవొక్క చుక్కవె యుంటివే?
సప్తలే పువ్వులై నివ్వటిల్లంగ
పువ్వుల నీవొక్క పువ్వుమై యుంటివె?
చెప్పవే నాయమ్మ! చెప్పవేతల్లి!
హృదయ.....మాల
నిత్యంబు బూజింతు నీపాదయుగము.

విమల చంద్రికలను విశుద్ధవేళ
యమునా నదీతీర రమ్యవనముల
సికతాతలంబును చేరితిమాల
భూరు హచ్చాయను మురళి మ్రోగించు
చునువేళమ గీతాల మనసారబాడు
శాంతస్వరూపు బ్రహ్మమిత హృత్తాళు
శ్రీకృష్ణ బంధించి చిత్తానభక్తి
హృజ్జ్యోతి వెలిగించి తజ్జ్యోతితోడ
పూజించుచుంటివె? పూతచరిత్ర!
చెప్పవే నాయమ్మ! చెప్పవేతల్లి!
హృదయ.....మాల
నిత్యంబు బూజింతు నీపాదయుగము.

అలసితివేమొ పదాం బుజముల
నల్లన నొత్తుదు నాత్మాధినాథ!
అంచ భక్తి కిసలయారణ్య శోమల
కరతలంబుల హాయి కల్గించుచుంటివె?

చెదరిన ముంగురుల్ చిక్కులు దీతునా
స్వామి! యంచల్లవ సవరించుచుంటివే?
ఘర్నాంబు కణముల గాసిల్లినీక
చేలాంచలంబున నేవించు చుంటివే?
శ్రీకృష్ణ దేవుని చిత్తాసనీవు
చెప్పవే నాయమ్మా చెప్పవేతల్లి!

హృదయ.....మాల

నిత్యంబుఁ బూజింతు నీపాదయుగము.

లొకమాన్యుఁడు గీతను వీక్షించెలువ
పుత్రుధీశక్తి కుప్పొంగి పాత్రుఁడీవు
అన్నివిధముల నాగర్భ మందుబుట్ట
భవద పూర్వాత్మక శుభంబు లిడుత
ఖండ ఖండారతరములం దఖండదీప్తి!
అందు నాశీస్సు లొసఁగుచు నమర తరువు
పొంతనా నీనవైనా వెపుత్రుతోడ?
కాక

బదరికాశ్రమ భూమి భావి సౌభాగ్య
మార్గంబుఁ జూపెట్ట మడిదలంచి
రాటంబుఁ జేబట్టి రయమునఁ ద్రిప్ప
చున్నావే?
జాతీయ గీతాలఁ జాతురఁబాడు
చున్నావే?

చెప్పవే నాయమ్మా! చెప్పవేతల్లి!

హృదయ.....మాల

నిత్యంబుఁ బూజింతు నీపాదయుగము.

[నారస వాహినీ'నుండి]

ప్రేమ చిహ్నము.

[శ్రీమతి సూర్యకాంతం 1 year class.]

లండను పట్టణమున క్రైస్తును సందోక యంగరము తొమ్మిదివేల రూపాయ
లకు విక్రయింపబడెను. ఈయంగుళీయక మందలి యపూర్వ మేమి? దీనికింతటి క్రయ
మేల? ఏదైననోక విశేషాంశమునకిది స్థానము కాదుగద?

ఇదియే ప్రేమచిహ్నము. దీనియందే — ఈచిన్ని యంగుళీయక మందే ఒక
మహారాజ్ఞిమణియొక్క యమోఘ మయిన ప్రేమ — యనిర్వచనీయమయిన ప్రేమ —
యలభ్యమగు ప్రేమ — ఏమాదాంతమగు ప్రేమ — అంకురించియు, జగురై తక్కువే శుష్కి
భూతమయ్యెను.

ఉంగరము ఒక బంగారపుటుంగరము — నెనుక భాగమున నల్లిబిల్లిగ లేచిగు
రాకులతోనగిషీచేయబడి చుట్టును మూడు రంగుల పూతతో నద్దమువలె నున్నచే చము
కీపనులతో చేయబడిన శిరో భూషణములు గలిగి నెలిజబెత్తురాణియొక్క పతిమతో
చక్కగ నలంకరింపబడిన యంగరము. ఇదియే ముద్దుటుంగరము. దీనినే, జ్ఞాపకార్థము
ప్రేమ పూర్వకముగ ఎటువంటి తప్పులను కత్తువులు నీవైనాగోపించినను నాకు వ్యతి
రక్తముగ నీవెట్టి దోషములూచరించినను యీ యంగరము తిరిగి నన్ను జేరునేని నిన్ను
క్షమింతు" నను వాగ్దత్తముతో ఎస్సెక్సు రాజునకు ఎలెజబెత్తురాణి యిచ్చియుండెను.

దోషియగు నొక స్నేహితునివలన ఎస్సెక్సు రాజు శిక్షా స్థానమగు Scaffold
నకు బంపబడెను. రాణి హృదయము వెయ్యివ్రక్కలయ్యెను ఎలిజబెత్తురాణి దేహ
మోత వక్రిముగ నున్నదో ఆమె హృదయముగూడ నట్టిదేయని ఎస్సెక్సు చెప్పటచే
నతడు మరణ శిక్షపాత్రుడయ్యెనని యాతని శత్రువు లామెకు జెప్పియుండిరి. ఎస్సెక్సు
తనరాజభక్తిని ఉంగరముబంపి ఋజువు చేయగలడని ఎలిజబెత్తు నమ్మియుండెను. ఎస్సెక్సు
మరణ కాలము వాయువేగ మహావేగముతో సమీపించుచుండెను. ఉంగరము వచ్చునను
నాశతో రాణి పతి నిమిషము నిరీక్షించు చుండెను. కాని, విఫల మనోరథ యయ్యెను.
ఎస్సెక్సు వధాస్థానమునకు బంపబడెను. ఆహా! చూచుచుండగ నే ఎస్సెక్సున మాధియం
దునుఘ్నప్రాప్తమైన జెందెను.

నెలకు శెలవు రోజులుపోను ఆయన actual గా చేసేవని యెంత?

3. (a) ఇద్దరు టీచర్లున్నారు. ఒక ఆయన వారమునకు అయిదు రోజులు చొప్పున December నాటికే course పూర్తిచేసుకొని తరువాత revision ప్రారంభిస్తాడు. రెండవ ఆయన వారమునకు ఆరు లేక, యేడు రోజుల చొప్పున చదువుచున్నను March ఆఖరు నాటికే course కాకనే యుండును. ఏరిద్దరిలో ఒక డాక్యుమెంట్, ఇంకొకడు ఆరవ అయితే, ఆంధ్రుడెవడు? అరవ యెవరు?

(b) పై యిద్దరిలో యెవరు గట్టివారని మీరభిప్రాయము? పై యధికారుల అభిప్రాయము?

4. 200 రూపాయలు 20 టీచర్లు పొందు తగులుగా పంచుకొవలసి వచ్చినపుడు ఏమేమి తగాదాలు అందులో crop up అగును? ఎన్ని adjournments తో మీటింగు పూర్తి అవుతుంది?

5. ఒక స్కూలులో ముగ్గురు లోభులున్నారు! ఒక ఆయన చిల్లిగవ్వ ఖర్చు చేసేటప్పుడు ఒక గంట ఆలోచించి ఆలోచించి చివరకు భార్యపట్టుదలచే ఖర్చు చేయకుండును. రెండవ ఆయన రాబడిని ఖర్చుచేసి పైరాబడి bank లో వేసి దబ్బుడి save చేయుట లేదని చెప్పికొనుచు తేరలిండి, దొంగిలిండి తినుచు అప్పిచ్చి, ఇచ్చిన మరునాటినుంచీ పీక్కు తినుచుండును. మూడవవాడు న్యాయవాది. లక్షాధికారి మేడలద్దకిచ్చి చీకటింట్లో పడుకొనును. మోకాలు దిగని గుడ్డలు కట్టుకొనును. ఈ ముగ్గురిలో నొకరికి Medal ఇవ్వవలసి వచ్చిన యెడల మీరెవరికిస్తారు?

6. మామూలు రోజుల్లోకంటె స్కూలు Inspection సమయములో మాస్టర్లు చురుకు దనము శ్రద్ధ ఖంగానున్నా క్లాసులలో పిల్లల అల్లరిన్ని ఏ ratio లో ఉండును?

7. (a) సాధారణముగా Scholarship కి వచ్చే application లకు చేర్చబడే Poverty certificate లలో నూటికి నిజమైన వెన్ని ఉండును? దగావి యెన్నిఉండును? ఈ రెండింటి భేదము తెలిసి కొనుటకు Private enquiry తప్ప వేరే గతియున్నదా?

(b) Tennis matches గాని మరే Matches గాని critical అవస్థలో నున్నప్పుడు సాధారణముగా referees కి అకస్మాత్తుగా కళ్లు మూతలు పడుటకు బలవత్తునైన గారణమేమి?

ఆంధ్ర భాషాభివృద్ధిసమాజము.

భాషా యోషను సకలగతుల నారాధించి తరించు నుద్దేశముతో మా కళాశాల పక్షమున సినమాజము స్థాపింపబడినది. మాయీసమాజము అన్వర్థ నామధేయమున గలిగి దినదినాభివృద్ధి గాంచుచు తేనెలొలుకు మాటలతో—చిటునవ్వు నెన్నెలతో— శారద కాంచీకింటి నిస్వంబులతో—గుననున పరుగులెత్తుచున్నది. ఇంకయోషన మధ్యస్థ కిశోరయై నూత్నదీప్తి శోభించు ననుటకావంతయు సందియములేదు.

శ్రీయుత హరివెంకటేశ్వర్లు బి. ఎం. యల్, టి. గారధ్యక్షులుగను—శ్రీయుత విరూపాక్షం వేంకటరామ శాస్త్రిలుగారు సాధ్యక్షులుగనుండి తమ సోదరినమిత వాత్సల్యముతో గారాబముగాఁ బెంచుచున్నారు. లేక లేక పుట్టిన తమసోదరిపై వారికెంత యోమక్కువ.

మూడుమాసముల బాలికయే యయ్యువాని యాటలు పాటలు విలాసములుఁ దనయందలి నోదరులందరిని సంతసపట్టుచున్నది. “కవిత్వతత్త్వమును” గూర్చి శ్రీయుత కోదండరామ శాస్త్రిగారును—“ప్రాచీనరసాయన శాస్త్రమును” గూర్చి శ్రీయుత పి. వి. కృష్ణమూర్తి ఎం. ఎస్, సి. గారును—“లలితకళలఁ” గూర్చి కవిశక్తిముగారు నుపన్యసించి ముద్దుపల్కు మాధుర్యమున విరళముగాఁ బంచివెట్టినారలు. వీరికిమాకృత జ్ఞత “చెల్లెలిపై నాకెక్కువప్రేమ, నాకెక్కువప్రేమ. యని తెల్పుటకోయన మాచే నెలకొల్పిబడిన పోటీబరీక్షలందు పలువురు పాల్గొనినారలు. ప్రశస్తములైన ఆంధ్రీకాన్యములు పారితోషికములుగా నొసంగబడినవి చెరిరెండు గ్రంథములు వంతున నడిగి గ్రామీణున నొసంగి తమయవ్యాజాసు రాగమును వెల్లడించిన శ్రీయుత ఆర్. శేషగిరి గారికిని—శ్రీయుత హరివెంకటేశ్వర్లు గారికిని—శ్రీయుత పి. వి. కృష్ణమూర్తిగారిని ప్రోత్సహించి మాకృతజ్ఞతను దెలుపవలసి యున్నది.

“నుఱులోఁబుట్టి పుట్టుకొమాడె” నన్నట్లుగాక దీనిని నిరంతరము సంరక్షింప వలయునని మాయాశయము. ఇప్పటికి మేమెక్కువచేయఁ జాలకపోయినను తెలుఁగు బాలికను మాత్రము మీకందజేయు చున్నాము.

విన్నపించువాడు,
కవిత్వ సరళింహశర్మ,
వ్యవస్థాపకుడు—కార్యదర్శి

చక్కని చుక్క.

(హరి వెంకటేశ్వర్లు)

హరి! గగనంపు కాగితమునందు పసిండిమపీజలంబుచే
బాగుగనచ్చు కూర్పబడు బ్రహ్మలిపి గనుగొంటివితగా
ఎవడు లిఖించెనో కనులకింపగు నాలిపి! చూచినంతనే
ప్రేమిమల నూత్న భావముల రాగిలుచుడి మనంబు నెక్కుడు
త్వనమునుబొందె. అనలకథక పరియింపని కెల్లుమారునో?
దివిజలదేమొగాని జగతింగల దేదియుగాని ఆలిపి
చదువగనేర్చు తెట్టులని పండియమందుచు బ్రహ్మవాత్సల్య
చనివెడు వారులేని విషాదము నొందుచు, ఎల్లవానికి
విదితముకానియట్టి దవివేకపు వాతయటంచు దూరుచు
తుదీమొదలైన గానబడునోయని నింగికలంచి చూచితి
చూచుకొలంది యింకమరిచూచెడు వేషకనిబూని చూపులా
హ! చదలంటి యుండిధర్మపై బ్రసరింపగ రావు వెంటనే
ఆచరు చుక్కలంగలసి యాడుచు సొక్కుచు తద్విలాసము
వాచవిగొంచు సొమ్మసిలి భౌతికవస్తు వివేచన త్వము
వీడిశరీరము మఱచి నింగిచరింపుచునుండ, అందువే
లాడెడి శాంతి రేణువుల యందము ఆత్మయుగాక సృష్టిలో
మూడవవస్తువేదియును పోల్చగరాదది యేమిచిత్తమో!
చూడగ తెప్పల్ బరువుసాకి తమంతటతాము మూసిన్
వెరపున వెంటనే తెరచివేయుదు నేనిమిషానకైన ఆ
చిరుత సువర్ణబీజముల చెందురహస్యము వ్యక్తమౌచునం
దరయగ సృష్టిమర్మము బయల్పడునోయను వెర్రియాక చే.
మొరసెడి యక్షరంబులను మింటకనుగొని సంతసంబున
మునుగుచు తేలుచుండ నొకమూలొక చుక్కని యక్కరంబు లా
మనుకు మినుక్కున్ కనులమీటుచు దొర్లుచు జారెక్కిందికి.

కనియతి సంభ్రమంబున ప్రకంపిత దేహుడనొచు మానసం
బునబెనగొన్న సందియము పోక నిదానముగా నొకొక్కటి
చూడగ చుక్కలన్నియును చోద్యముగా చలియించి యేదియో
మూసినలాగు లోపలకు బోవుచునుండ. చరాచ్ఛబులి
ల్లాడుట జీవధర్మమని నాత్మదలంచి స్వయంప్రకాశులై
గూడి సుశబ్దజాలములు కూర్చుట మాత్రమెగాక తామెవ్వ
భ్యాన మొనర్చుచుండును జగంబులకెల్ల నటంచునెంచియ
ద్దాని గ్రహింపగోరి యొకదానిని జూచిటు పల్కరించితి
నూన్మతవాక్కు పోలకడు శోభిలు చుక్కనిచుక్క! యిప్పుడీ
వీనుల రెంటిలోన కరిపింపుము నీదుక ధామ్యతంబు, నీ
వెవతెవు? ఏదియూరు? పగలెక్కడ కాపురముండువమ్మ? నీ
కవనరమేమి యీవగది నందఱతోనిశి మేల్కొనంగ? నీ
కవతల నేమియుండు? నభమందలి సంజ్ఞల దేనిరూపున
దివివెలుగుండుచుండువు? ప్రతిష్ఠనుజేయుచు ప్రాణదానము
సలిపినదాతెవండు? అనిశంబును దేనిని బోధనేతువీ
యిలగల జీవరాసులకు? సృష్టిరహస్యమయేని, అయ్యయో!
తెలుపుము దానినేవివగ తీడ్చినుబూని సమస్త శాస్త్రముల్
కత్తిచితిగాని యెందును వికాసము జెందదు నామనంబునో
నుందరి! కారణంబు పొడసూపదుగాని త్వదియరూపము
చందముగ గన్నదాది కడుచుక్కని యూహల మున్నియుంటి నా
జెందము నాకృమించిన కడింది విచారముపోయె. ఇంక నే
సందియ మందనేల? విను సత్యముచెప్పెద నిన్నుడించి నే
నింటికిబోవజాలను. సహింపను యేసుఖమైనగాని యా
మింటినిబాసి యొక్కక్షణ మిక్కడకు దిగగల్గెదేని ని
న్నంటి చరింతు లేనియెడ నన్నిటివీడి వసించు నిందే నే
నొంటిగ సర్వకాలము మహోగ్రతపంబున నిన్ను బొందగ

వీరవనిత ఇసాన్ డౌలత్ బేగం మహారాజ్జీ

A. Sundaram (II year class.)

సామర్కండు రాజ్యము, రంగము. (శయనగృహము) పేక్ జమార్ నగరములో

ప్రవేశము:—బేగం డౌలత్ (మేలిముసుగుతో)—

అహ! దైవమా! నిరవరాధినిస్త సర్వము మదీయభర్తవశంబొనర్చి, యాతడు దక్క యన్యల మనోవాక్కాయ కర్మంబుల నెన్నండైన దలంచి యెరుగని నాకీగతి నొనటవా! సీతివా! హరివిధి! రాజ్యావహరణంబుననేగాక, శత్రుశృంఖలాబద్ధుడైనాడీతేశ్వరుడు యూనన్ ఖాను నడివియై యుండునాకీగతిని వదిలివేసి రాజ్యంబుబాబ్యంబైనను మేనబ్రాణంబు నిలుపజాలుటగూడ నొక్కతప్పిదమేకాబోలు! అసహాయ శూరుండై సకలావ నీతికృతుల తుత్తి నియలుగావింప జాలినాడీవిశేషుడు యారాకాసు థాకరాననుడు నాయూనన్ ఖానుడు నీకుడై వోవ మాతుండగుటచే నిట్టికష్టంబు వాటిలైగాక సింగంబెన్నండైన నక్కకూన కాజాలునె! అంతమాత్రమునకై యీతడున్న నీచుడు జమాలుపేకు నన్నిట్లవమాన పరుచనొడంబడుటయా! రాజ్యంబు గోలుపోయి నిరుపేదనైన మూత్రాన సభర్త్యుక కాకపోవునె! సభర్త్యుకకు వునర్వివాహమా! ఇట్టివివాహముల నెందైనవంటిమే! వివాహంబులలో యధమాధమ వివాహంబు బలవన్వివాహంబని సకల భువనసీమంతి నీలలామంబులుద్దోషించుచుండ రాజవత్నిని సభర్త్యుకకు సకల సుగుణైక సద్యంశ జాతనగు నాకా! రణరంగంబున మదీయప్రియుని ప్రాణంబుని జగన్మోహనా కారుని యూనన్ ఖాను నొడించినంతి మాత్రమున మదీయతనవత్నినై సీతనికేరీతి హక్కుగలిగె. స్త్రీజనంబుల బలలనియు, మఱియు నీనివృద్ధసహాయననియు, తనదు బానిసననియు నీసీచకుల సంచాతుండులోఁ దలంచెగాబోలు! ఈతనివిజయం బెంతైన మదీయదేహంబు పైగాని, లోనగువృగువృమనియన్న పంజులుమయుచు జాబ్బిల్యమాన ప్రభాభాసితయై యంటనడాయను య సహ్యంబై జెన్నారు నాయంతరాత్మపైఁ గాదుగదా! ఛీ నీచాత్మా! నీవీంతటి తుచ్ఛత్వంబునకుఁ బాలుపడుదువని దలంపనైతిగాని యట్లయిన యానమరభిబుపైన మదీయమేలి ముసుగు పరివారవైచి భర్తకు బాసటనై చేదోడు వాడోడులిచ్చి నిన్ను నొచ్చియో, లేకనే చచ్చియో వీరస్వర్గంబు మూరకొని యుండ కుండడి దాననే! (అవలోకించి) అదిగో యామదోన్ సత్తుడు మూర్ఖుఖానుడిదే

వరుని వేసంబు ధరియించి' మదీయవక్షస్థల యమాలయంబు నపేక్షించి, నుద్యోకంబున, కన్నుమన్నెలుగక వచ్చుచున్నవాడు. వీనికి నేటితో యాయువు దీరినది కాబోలు, రమ్మ నీచా! నీధరతము పట్టించెదను. అదుగో యమకింకరులుసహా నీకొఱకై వేచివేచి వేసారు చున్నారు. శీఘ్రముగరమ్మ. (అనిచిరునవ్వు నవ్వుచుండును.)—

ప్రవేశము—మూర్ఖుఖానుడు (వరుని యుడుపులతో) (తనలో) అహ! ఈ సుకుమార సుందరగాత్ర మరుని యెదవ శరమువోలె మదీయ మానసంబును స్వప్నజాగ్రదావస్థలయందుసహా యడతెగక వేచుచున్నయది చిన్ననాటియుండియు నాప్రభు నిజ మూల్ ఖాను నాశ్రియించి మేనిప్రాణంబులగూడ నాశింపక యనన్య సామాన్య చిక్రమంబుననాశని నీడనై యుండజేరి సుగ్రాసుధనంబుడ గావించినందులకే తగువైన బహు మానము నాకిచ్చియున్నవాడు. వివాహముహూర్తంబు ఖాజీచే యప్పడే గావించబడి యుండెదదా! తడవే! (ప్రకాశముగా) సుందరీ! భువనైకమోహిని! ఇదె నీదాసాను దాసుఁడగావుము.

డౌలత్ || దుర్మార్గుడా! కులవనితలను కులటలను గాంచజాలని నీయట్టి కామాంధులకాశింప దగ్గదేహమాయది. నీప్రలాపంబులింక గట్టి వెట్టుము.

మూర్ఖు || సుదతి! నావైయింత యలుకేల! సకల భువనంబుల నొక్కవట్టున ప్రచండ వాయువు జీ మూతంబును భేధింపజాలినరీతి భేదింపజాలు కరవాలంబు ధరియించునట్టిది యీనా హస్తము నేడు నీచాదాక్రాంతమగుట నీకగుపడలేదా! దేవీ కనికరింపుము.

డౌలత్ || నీచా! ఏలనన్నిట్లు మాటిమాటికి నొప్పించెదవు. మదీయ మానసంబున జనాకాంక్ష తంబై యున్నదని నీవెఱుంగవా!

మూర్ఖు || సకలభువనాధీశుని ముఖ్యసేనాని యగునేనుండ నీమనంబాకర్షింప నమకట్టిన యా ముష్కగుఁ డెవ్వడు తక్షణమే తెలుపుము. ఒక్కతుగ్గిని తుత్తినియలు గావించి ప్రేతాలయంబున కతిధిగావించును.

డౌలత్ || ఊరక కారుకూతల నేలవద రెదవు నేవీవాహితను అనియునుగాక, సభర్త్యుకనుదా నంజేసి నేపరాధిత విత్తంబునుగాని, స్వతంత్రుగాను.

మూర్ఖు || చెలీ! నీమాటలునాకర్థంబు గాలేదు సకలజన సముదాయంబునకు భూలోక దేవుఁ

డగునేను జమాలుఖానుడు నాకప్పించియుండ నిన్ను పరార్పితంబు గావించిన వాడెవ్వడు? వాని నిష్కృతాక నిమునంబున చించి చెండాడెదను దేవీ! వాడెవ్వడో సెలవివ్వము.

జౌలత్ || కామాంధా! నన్ను పరార్పితము గావించిన వాడనంగుడగుటజేసి యాతని నీ నిశిత కరవాలంబుగాని, నీవభుని యానతిగాని యేమియు జేయజాలవు. నేను శాస్త్రా క్త వివాహితను. నాభర్త యూనస్ ఖానుడుగాని నీవుగాను.

మాల్వి || వన్నెలాడీ! ఏమంటివి నీభర్త యూనస్ ఖానుడనియూ! కార్తాగారంబున తొంభలాబు ద్దుండై మదీయప్రభుని బానిసయై కనునన్ని మెలగవలసిన యాజ్ఞానువర్తియై యూడి గములజేతు గొని తెచ్చిన దాసుడైయున్న యా యూనస్ ఖానుడు నీ భర్తయూ! సకల సన్మార్గ గౌరవకుల సంజానుడనై చతుస్పమునగ్ర పరివేష్టిత భూతల నాభుడైన జమా లుఖానునకు కుడిభుజమున వాసివన్నెలగాంచి సకలావ యధికాగోషేతుడైన జమా లుచే ప్రసాదించబడిన నేను భర్తనుగానా! సుదతీ నీకొక్కింతమది భయంబు గలిగి నట్లున్నదే!

జౌలత్ || కామాంధువై యుక్తాయుక్త వివేకజ్ఞాన సూన్యులగు నీబోటి యథమాధములకుగా ని, మావంటి పరమనాథులకు సదాభర్త చరణారవింద చింతనామృత స్వాదనామా సనులగు వీరవనితలకు మతిభ్రమణమా! జాగరూకతగనుము ఇట్టియసంభద ప్రలాపంబు లా కొకరిని వాయిగఱపునేని నీనాలుక తుత్తి నియలుగావించబడు తెలియుము.

మాల్వి || (స్వగతముగ) ఆహా! ఏమిదీని కండకావరము స్త్రీయనియు, యబలయనియు మీదు మిక్కిలి మదీయ యథాంగియనియు నేనింత సహించి, మన్నించి గౌరవించుచున్నను లెక్క కు మిక్కుటంబగు కారుకూతల దూలసాచుచున్నదే. ఇకదీనికి నయంబు బనికరాదు. భ యంబుగొలిపి కార్యంబు సాధితు. (ప్రకాశముగా) నీచాశ్మరాలా! నన్నెవ్వరుగా లోఁ దలచి యిట్టి కండకావరపు కారుమాటలాడుచున్నావు సహించుటకు యాకొజ్జా యూ నస్ ఖానుడగాను సుమా! వేరొక్క మారిట్టి వచనంబు బయల్పడలేనేని నీ నాలుక సహస్ర ఖండములుగాగ ఖండింపింతును సుమా! జాగరూకవగుము.

జౌలత్ || ముష్కరా! నీయదరింపులు, బెదరింపులు సహజభీతాత్ములకు సాశీల్యవంతులయె డగాని భీరువులగు వీరవనితలయందుగాదు సుమా! నీపల్కులకిప్పుడెదగు దండననిడి యుండుగాని మన్నించితిని వేగమే నీప్రణంబువీడిన మేనిజీవంబుల గాపాడు కొనుము

మాల్వి || సుండరీ! నీగాఢాలింగన సంతోషమున కియ్యకొనెదవా! లేదా! నీవునాదానవు నేనేమిజేయుటకును యర్హత్వముపపాదించ బడ్డవాడను. నీకిందు సహాయమొనర్చు ఛార లెవ్వరులేదు. అబలవని మొంతయో నోర్చియుంటి నన్నిటల దిరస్కరించుటకా! కానిమ్ము నే నిదేనిన సంగ్రహించుచున్నాడను. ఏమిజేతువో చూచెదఁగాక. (అనిపైబడపోవును.)

జౌలత్ || (కిందమాల్విని పడదో)చి పై నెక్కి వీరావేశమునకు త్తుకపై క త్తినిపి) మానవాధ మా! గాంచితివా నీపాటు నీకాయువాసన్నమైనది. నీబోటిసీచులు జీవించియుంటదగదు. నీగోతన గాఢాలింగనము మృత్యుచెంతనందుము. ఇనుగో అల్లా నొక్కపరి నీకితరజన్మం బులనైన నిట్టితుచ్ఛపుబుద్ధి నివ్వకుండునట్లు భక్తిమై ధ్యానింపుము. ఇదియే నీకడసారి కుత్సాసుమా! నిన్నంటినకొలదియు నామేన పవిత్రమగుచున్నది. చిరకాలమంచినకొలది యు, భూదేవి భారంబు సహింపనేరక వడవడ వడంకుచున్నయది పతివ్రతల నాశించి, నిరంతర కామాంధులై చరించు మదోన్మత్తుల కిదియొక నిద్రసంబగుగాక! ఆసియా మధ్యభాగంబునంతను నిండుదావాగ్ని భాతి పృథ్వీలింపజేసి శత్రునిహూలసంబు గావించి జగ దేక వీరఁడని విఖ్యాతిపడసిన మంగళఖానుని నీవ్యచితావం బిదిగో! చనిచూడుము. దావాగ్ని నవీత్తించి యా లింగనము గోలిన తుచ్ఛునకు గలుగు ఫలంబు నీకును గల్గెడు ఇరెడయజాల (అని ఖడ్గంబున కంతంబు దెగవఱికి) నేవకా! తక్షణమే యాయథమాధ ముని కలెబరంబు వీధం బడవేయుము. యింటనుండిన నేసహింపజాల మీప్రభువున కీవా త్తానవేరించి యాతనిఁ జోడిలెమ్ము.

(నేవ! చిత్తము అని నిష్క్రమించును)

ప్రవేశము జమాలుఖానుడు—

జమాలు || తస్మి! నీజేల యట్టి ఘోరకృత్యంబున కొడిగట్టితివి!

జౌలత్ || సార్వభౌమా! నీపురషిముఖులెల్లకును వీరనితా సమాగమము జచ్చుటకేయని దెలి యుటకు.

జమార్ || నిన్ను నే శాస్త్రాక్తంబున నాతనికి పరిణయం బొనర్చియుండలేదా! అంతనుండియు మాల్వి నీనాథుడుగాడా! ఏల నిట్టిరక్తపాతంబు గావించి రాజ్యంబు పాపసంకులంబు జేసి తివి! పథనుగావించి దండనార్థు రాలవైయున్నావు! గాననీకు దండన మిడుటకు వందేహ

మేమి! ఏమి చెప్పికో నెవరో చెప్పుము.

జోలత్ || సత్యసంఘలైన రాజన్యలెల్లకును దైవమునకు దామొనర్చు నెల్ల కార్యములకును జవాబు దారులుగా నున్నవారని కొరంకా ధర్మశాస్త్రముద్ఘోషించు చుండలేదా! వధ్య గావించి నందులకే నవరాధిపతి ముహూర్తానికిని నీయెడుటను, దైవమునెడుటను నుడువుచు న్నను. వివాహితయై ధర్మ బ్రవీక్షకుడై యుండినతమాశ్రిమున స్త్రీపునర్వివాహ యోగ్యుని మీఱెత్తినినే ధర్మమునందైన వక్కాణింపబడి యున్నదా! జూడును. నిష్కళంకిమై ప్రేమపూర్ణమై విరాజిల్లు నుదీయ మానసంబు యుండునానుపై లగ్నం బయియుండ యీనదు నెల్లు దాక్కొందును. నాదెలియునీతిలు నెల్లజెప్పి వినుకున్న గార్జ న్యమునకుం వెఱచి నిక్కార్మం బొనర్పవలసినదే ఇదియే నావాదము. విఫలతేక మాన రక్షణంబునకై జేసినదానగాని నీచాత్మనై భుగ్గాహ్యమును దుష్కారకాంబున మార్చి ముగాడునుమా! ఇంతకును నాకు వధంబు నండించుకుంటిమి నీ దగడింపుము. నేనందుల కెంతమాత్రమును వెఱచుదానగాను నీవెంతైనను నాదేహంబు ఛేదించగలవుగాని యం తరాత్మ నేమియు జేయజాలవుచున్నా! గాన తలెముము.

జమారీ || (స్వగతము) ఆహ! ఏమియు ఏరరహి ద్రోగము ధర్మావేతనై సతిదాయకమై నిరుపమాన సింధుణ సహజ భావ ద్రోగమైన యీమమూర్తి చూడనచి యీ నావేదం బు సహస్రభాను సంకా గతీక్షణమై కన్నుల సంధికాఠ బంధురముల గాఢించుచున్న యది. ఇట్టి వీరమూతి లుండుటంబట్టిగా వ్యవసాయమునందు ధర్మంబు నలచుట వీరధర్మం బుల పరికించుట ఈమె పరమపవిత్ర, వీరమాతపవిత్ర ఈమెనంటేని పలుకరించుటనా కు, బ్రాణాపాయంబు. (ప్రకాశము) భవన్తేక చావన! నీకీలంబు భగవదంశ సంభూ తంబు. నీదరితుంబు పూజ్యపతనీయంబు, నీదుదేహంబు నిష్కళంకంబు. స్వదుతేజంబు దుర్భరవీక్షణంబు నీవతిధక్తికి మెచ్చితిని చెల్లబడచితిని స్వపతికడ నివ్వదలునట్లా నతి నిదె యిచ్చుచున్నాను. సాగ్వి ఇవుగో నానలాములు (అని సాగబడును.)

