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Metaphysical Section

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THE
OLD COLLEGE

OR

THE MAGAZINE

OF

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

Chairman :

Dr. K. L. Moudgill

Staff Editor :

M.R. Balakrishna Warier

Student Editors :

Rama Varma Thampan

S. Ramaswamy Iyer.

TRIVANDRUM.

License No. 90 Dated 15th July 1926.

VOL. V. }

OCTOBER 1928.

{ NO. 1.

EDITORIAL.

Of the many events which have occurred since our last appearance, the visit of the University Inspection Commission in September stands foremost. There is a provision in the University Regulations for an inspection of this nature once in five years, but the last Commission functioned exactly ten years ago. Since then we have made such progress in Collegiate Education in the State that a mere chronicle of the events and the structural additions and alterations would set us wondering how the pace did not seem fast at any time and yet such distance has been covered.

The conditions in 1918 are not known to many of those who are now in the College, and those who were then here have little retained the picture of the institution at the time—so great has been the change. In 1918 the present main building not only accommodated the Languages and History sections of the College, the High School was also located here. Since then it has shifted to its own grounds, and as S. M. V. High School it is seldom

recognised as a former adjunct of the College. The University Commission visited the School, presumably, because it is certain that in any scheme of a University for Travancore or Kerala this institution is destined to play a very important part and we feel that they must have been impressed by the potential worth of this institution as a probable Intermediate College.

Again The College for Women, it was called the College for Girls at that time even as ours was the College for Boys, shared with the Girl's High School the red brick dwelling opposite the College. Dwarfed by the dimensions and lay-out of the College, this institution did not impress upon visitors its proper share of importance in the matter of the education of girls. It has now found its home in Thycaud and its crescent building, though incomplete, marks an impressive departure in architectural design in Travancore. We have no doubt that the mere fact of being educated in a place like this must have its ennobling influence on the scholars and we almost feel envious of our sisters.

And the Bifurcation. Amongst other changes, it is the landmark indicating the spread of Collegiate Education and of the demand for further accommodation which was met by sending the Arts Sections of the College to the building which was originally planned and constructed for the Training College.

Within the College itself, the changes have been no less important. Of special note were the introduction of Gr. II for the Intermediate in 1923 and its subsequent development into Gr. III A for the B. A. Degree course and the introduction of the Honours course in Mathematics. Natural Science occupies the northern half of the main building and the so-called Natural Science Building, erected as a temporary measure, is now destined—we think permanently—to give relief to the tired out youth after periods of grind in the Laboratories. The composition classes alone afford some rest to the student who is otherwise rushing to and fro, unable to snatch any respite between lectures or any rest between Practical Classes. The varied exercises he has to perform with no interval for mental readjustments seem inevitable under the present curriculum and the Composition class alone seems to give the student the time to sit down and think out his work. (But this is by the way).

The two extensions to the Chemistry Department have been completed since 1918. What this block looked like in 1918 may be seen from the three different shades of weathered colouring on the tiles of the roof which distinguish the old from the first extension (north wing) and the recent extension (south wing.) The Physics Department has extended its domain over the first floor of the preparatory Building and the Mathematics Department is to be content with holding its classes in odd corners all over the place. They still have the ground floor of the preparatory building, and the only acquisition to their credit—if it can be called an acquisition—is that misfit of a white bungalow which was styled in 1918 as the European Professors' Tiffin Room and which is still sometimes remembered as such.

The visit of the Commission seems to have given satisfaction to all. It is early to predict what their report will say but the impressions that they appear to have formed will do justice to the large sums of money and the efforts that have been expended on the educational work which is being done by the Government of Travancore through its Government Institutions and through the private Institutions which receive bountiful aid. But the questions of Hostel accommodation and provision for games have been recently discussed in University circles and in the Committees of the Universities with so much vigour that the outlook of the Commissioners is likely to have been very vigilant on these points. In both these directions we suffer from lack of accommodation.

The Commission met the Principals of the Colleges and some of the representative men in the country in a Conference with a view to gauge the views of the people of the State on the question of University expansion. Except in so far that some of the leading members of the Madras University will have been able to form a sort of bird's eyeview picture of the situation in Travancore, it is difficult to see what the Commission could or would do in the matter. The initiative lies with the Government of Travancore who would have to 'foot the bill'. We could probably afford a University in Travancore but the question has to be examined not only from this aspect but also from the point of view of unemployment which has followed the wake of rapid advances in Collegiate education here and elsewhere and which is now looked upon as an attendant evil of higher education.

Mr. Stephenson proceeded to England on leave on grounds of ill health in August. Rao Bahadur K. V. Rengaswami Iyengar has been appointed to act as Director and in his place, Mr. C. V. Chandrasekharan has been appointed to act as the Principal of the Arts and Training Colleges. Mr. E. T. Thomas comes to this College as the Professor of English. We hope that a stay in his home will restore Mr. Stephenson to good health. We offer our congratulations to Rao Bahadur Rengaswami Iyengar and Mr. Chandrasekharan on their appointments and we congratulate and welcome Mr. Thomas to the College.

* * * *

The fifth volume marks a change on the Editorial staff and the Managing Board. The Board has been reconstituted as follows:—

Dr. K. L. Moudgill	<i>Chairman.</i>
Mr. A. Sivaramasubramoney Iyer	<i>Manager.</i>
Mr. M. R. Balakrishna Wariar	<i>Staff Editor.</i>
Messrs. Ramavarma Thampan }	<i>Associate Editors</i>
„ S. Ramaswami Iyer }	<i>(Students.)</i>

Class Representatives.

Miss K. Parvathi Amma	Lady Student.
Messrs. K. Govinda Pillai	Class IV.
„ P. N. Madhava Panikar	„ III.
„ M. Lekshmana Pillai	„ II Gr. I.
„ K. T. Thomas	„ „ „ I.
„ P. K. Narayana Pillai	„ I „ I.
„ K. P. Raman Pillai	„ I „ II.
„ S. Venkataraman	Honours Classes.

Dr. Moudgill continues as Chairman. As was predicted two years ago, Mr. Sivaramasubramoney Iyer has not been allowed to rest on his oars for more than one term of office. By the same token we may give a forecast to Mr. Satiavageswara Iyer that two years hence he may be considered to have rested long enough to be fit to get into harness again. In the meantime we take this opportunity of placing on record our deep appreciation of his enthusiasm and talent which has kept the Magazine in form. Dr. Subramoney Iyer retires from the position of Manager and we

may predict for him a return to the Board in a different role. Both of them had a hard task before them and the way in which they weathered the calm, inevitably following the storm of enthusiasm for fresh ventures—a calm of indifference and sometimes apathy—calls for deep appreciation. Much of the credit of keeping the Magazine going is due to the perseverance of Dr. H. S. and to the irresistible tact and coaxing of Mr. S. S.

The task of those who take up the work is not light and they do not enter upon it lightly. They feel certain that they may count upon their compeers as substantial reserves.

The student Editors leave the College almost before they leave the Magazine Board and they fade out without the notice which their hard labours of many kinds on the Magazine staff would entitle them to. We extend to Messrs. Madhavan Nair and Mathew (O. C. M.) our thanks for their contributions and their services to the Magazine.

A departure has been made from last year's constitution of the Board in not appointing an Editor for the Malayalam section. This was felt necessary because the other Editors could not heretofore undertake the editing of this section, but the present Editor is expected to edit the entire Magazine. We offer our grateful thanks to Mr. Gopala Pillai who stepped into the breach and who raised the Malayalam section to a position which it would be difficult to improve.

**THE PRESIDENTIAL SPEECH OF
MR. K. NARAYANAN PANDALAI B. A. B. L.**

On the occasion of the College Day Celebration 1928.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I heartily thank the College Day Committee and also Mr. Pryde for conferring on me the distinction of presiding at the meeting to-night. I had my doubts whether I would be reckoned among the alumni of this College, because my optional subject was Mental and Moral Science. I had in my heart always claimed to be an old boy of this College and it grieved me to think of the possibility of my claim being thrown out for the reason that the Philosophy chair is in the Arts College and not here. My claim is based on solid grounds. The Philosophy chair was re-established in the Arts College only very recently—suppose this had not happened, where would we be then? Neither here nor there. Therefore when the invitation came to me, I felt very glad that I am no orphan; my beloved mother has not disowned me. I have spent some of the best years of my life here and the sentiment of family love and unity, as also of long association, is too strong to be stifled by adventitious circumstances. Right glad am I that my claim has been authoritatively recognised, as also that of my brother graduates. And I confess to you in all confidence that I have now in my mind a secret sense of triumph, because the Arts College, with the Philosophy chair in full blaze, cannot, with any show of reason, disclaim us. The result is a decided advantage to us, Philosophy graduates, in that they are old boys of both the Colleges.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have no idea of giving you anything like a speech, and the Principal has warned me that the meeting being a short affair, I am not expected to make a long speech. I am myself averse to making a long speech on this occasion for more reasons than one. There is no dearth now of meetings and speeches. We are having public meetings for all manner of conceivable objects and there is profuse speech-making. Mr. Lowthur was speaker of the House of Commons in the early part of the 19th Century. On the eve of his retirement, he said, in

response to the toast proposed at a dinner given by the Parliament Press Gallery, that during the 14 years of his speakership he had to listen to 32, 480 speeches and he was surprised that he had survived. Somewhat similar, I fancy, must be the feeling among you now and I shall not be a party to a proceeding which may partake of the nature of an infliction. This is not an occasion for making long speeches involving discussion of political or social questions or problems connected with education or general administration. This is an occasion for old and present boys perhaps I should add—as well as old and present girls—to have each other's company and spend a short time delightfully in cheerful friendly talk. I therefore propose to have only a brotherly chat with you to-night.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—My thoughts at the present moment naturally travel back to the halcyon days, 35 years ago, when I had the privilege of sitting at the feet of learned and estimable professors and tap the springs of knowledge. The venerable figure of Dr. Harvey, the then Principal, is now vividly before me in all its saintly refulgence. He maintained the strictest discipline and at the same time loved his students with parental tenderness. We used to give little trouble in our classes. The practice of stamping with the feet had not come into fashion then. Our only peccadillo at times was to fall into roars of laughter in our Malayalam class. Our Munshi was Mr. Rama kurup, known for his scholarship as well as his wit and humour. Some of his witticisms used to throw us into uproarious merriment causing disturbance to the adjoining classes. Dr. Harvey would slowly come up to the doorway of our class room and silence us all most effectively by a significant shake of his venerable beard. This was such a powerful corrective that for the rest of the week our facial muscles would refuse even to smile. I will mention but one instance of his fatherly sympathy to his students. While in the junior B. A. class, one afternoon, I sought the solitude of the empty Philosophy class room and there gave myself up to deep and sombre reverie with my chin resting on my hand. Dr. Harvey passed that way and saw me in that moody meditation. He at once divined the cause and the next day it was announced that I got the second prize of the previous year's Senior F. A. Calss, along with another student. The fact was that this latter student and I had obtained an equal number fo marks but that for some reason it had been decided that he

alone was to get the prize. This was really the cause of my melancholy abstraction and it is still a wonder to me what an unerring instinct it was that enabled him to make the discovery. His only object in setting matters right, was, to restore to my countenance the radiance of youthful liveliness and buoyancy. My young friends, you think highly of your own professors and I doubt not that they are equally good and learned. But I am quite sure of one thing. None of them has a beard such as his beard that used to smile approbation, award rebukes, and bestow benediction by appropriate shakes. Next I must acknowledge the deep debt of gratitude I owe to Professor Sundaram Pillai, the born philosopher. The remarkable feature about him was his ominous looking snuff box, as the beard was in the case of Dr. Harvey. Whenever a vexed metaphysical question came up for discussion, he would start up from his chair and pace the class room to and fro and pour out his animated and forceful criticisms. And once he takes a pinchful of snuff from his capacious box, woe to David Hume, John Stuart Mill, Dr. Bain and others of that school, for he used to expose the shallowness and absurdity of their doctrines with a force of reasoning and eloquence of style, all his own. It was supremely delightful to listen to his lectures on controversial questions of metaphysics, which were literally intellectual treats.

Then there was Dr. Mitchell who was professor of Mathematics as well as of English. In addition to his scientific learning, he possessed administrative ability in an eminent degree and our Education Code is an enduring product of his powerful intellect. His mind was so wholly practical and matter-of-fact, that philosophy could find little favour in his eye. Hence it was that at the death of Mr. Sundaram Pillai, the Philosophy chair was abolished. In 1892, after graduating, I managed to obtain for me a clerkship in the Huzur Office and Dr. Mitchell had then become Education Secretary to the Government. One day I saw him in his office and in the course of conversation he asked me "what use you find now of your philosophy" I replied with the difference that becomes a pupil "not much Sir, but the same is the case with my Algebra or Trigonometry". The abolition of the philosophy chair, especially in a country like India which owns a rich heritage of metaphysical learning from the earliest times, was a calamity which we all lamented. We cannot be sufficiently thankful to Her Highness,

the Maha Rani Regent for ordering the restoration of this chair in the Arts College. Last not least, we had a popular professor of English in Mr LaBouchardeire. He took great pains to teach us correct pronunciation and how to write simple and good English. He was the pink of neatness himself and he insisted on neatness and method in our work.

Ladies and Gentlemen—These are pleasant reminiscences to dwell on. But I must now proceed to business. We can well congratulate ourselves that we are under the benign Government ever solicitous of the welfare of the people, The brilliant reign of His Highness the late lamented Sri Mulam Thirunal Maha Raja was rightly described as the golden age of Travancore by a late Chief Secretary to Government, Mr. A. J. Vieyra. That Saintly Sovereign ruled for well nigh 40 years, a period of uninterrupted progress all round. Creation of Departments for the material advancement of the country, such as the agricultural and industrial Departments, establishment of popular institutions, such as the Legislative Council and the Popular Assembly, and the introduction of many measures of public utility, such as the Kodayar Irrigation Project and the extension of the Railway, along with the removal of systems that gave scope for corruption and oppression such as the abolition of taxation in kind and the enactment of elaborate rules for the assessment of land: these are in general the salient features of the golden age. Education in particular received special encouragement and collegiate education has had steady expansion and extension. Instead of one, we have now two first grade Colleges in this town and before long I hope we will have one more for the exclusive benefit of our sisters. Every year our Colleges are sending out finished products, who add to the intellectual wealth of the country. Here the question naturally arises whether all this is an unmixed blessing in view of the difficult question of the day, the question of unemployment. There are those who believe that it is time that higher education, the root cause of the evil, is discouraged and even stopped, at least temporarily. My friend, Professor Chandrasekharan and the Committee are racking their brains to find out the best way of fighting the growing evil. Now our sisters also have entered the lists and added to their trouble. An association has been started called "The Lady Graduates

Association" or "The Graduate Ladies Association" with the object of pressing the claims of the educated women for appointment in the several Departments of the State. I have no fear that the Committee would approve the remedy suggested by the party I have referred to. This party, I am afraid, are under a misconception. They mistake the aim and end of education. They confound the end with the means. True, higher education qualifies one for the public service and other honourable situations in life. But this is not the end and aim of education ; but its effect, rather one of its effects. We acquire knowledge for its own sake. Higher education trains the mind and disciplines the intellectual faculties. It sharpens the powers of observation, reasoning and judgment. Nobody can deny that these are valuable acquisition in any and every walk of life. The remedy proposed is in effect, starvation of the intellect also, as a preventive against the starvation of the stomach- Comment is altogether unnecessary. With the equipment furnished by higher education a person can go forth into the world with confidence to turn his hand to any work that comes in his way. I am not quite sure however of the advisability of too many of our sisters joining in the general scramble. They have to bear in mind their allotted function in life. To test the ready wit of the great Napoleon, Madam De Stael abruptly asked him in the middle of a brilliant party. "Whom he esteemed the greatest woman in the world living or dead". "Her, Madam, that has borne the most children" came the prompt reply. To bear children, to bring them up properly and to have general control of the home, is the honourable part of woman, divinely allotted to her. All her training, all her education must be such as would fit her for this, her sacred mission in life. I fancy my young sisters before me here, fasten on me a look of grave displeasure. I don't at all mean to disparage woman's capacity in any sphere of human activity. I know women can hold their own in the intellectual field and we in Travancore have a brilliant example in Her Highness the Maha Rani Regent, the fruit of whose enlightened and wise rule we gratefully enjoy and is now widely known throughout this Indian Empire and outside. Her Highness has constantly before her lofty ideals and has followed the liberal policy of Her Highness' late lamented uncle. The only disturbing element in the otherwise tranquil public life of the country for some time past is communal antipathy centering round Government appointments. At one time it reached such a pitch

as to resemble the bitter party animosity between the Whigs and Tories in England after the revolution. There is a story told of a little girl of Whig descent accustomed to hear from her cradle all sorts of invectives against the Tories. She asked her mother one day "Mamma, are the Tories born wicked or do they become wicked afterwards". The judicious answer was "My dear, they are born wicked and grow worse". Somewhat similar was the feeling between the several communities and the different sects freely exercised their inventive faculty in casting unwarranted aspersions on each other. The situation has greatly improved since the commencement of the Regency administration, for Her Highness' avowed policy has been "equal opportunities to all" regardless of caste or creed, the only requirement being capacity and character. The golden age inaugurated by the late Sri Mulam Thirunal, you will thus see, continues in undiminished vigour and radiance and we as subjects have to be profoundly thankful.

His Highness Sri Chitra Thirunal, our beloved Maha Raja, is busy equipping himself for shouldering the weight of responsibility that awaits him. A well regulated education at home supplemented by travel, imparts judicious training to the Royal mind and enlarges its vision, and the coming years are full of promise as well for His Highness distinction as for the well-being of the State.

With these words, Ladies and Gentlemen, I propose the toast to Her Highness the Maha Rani Regent and His Highness the Maha Raja.

Twenty-Ninth College Day.

Toast to the College.

(By MR. K. MADHAVA KURUP, M. A

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen,

"With reference to" the "proceedings" of to-night, I "have the honour" to "submit" for your acceptance the toast to the College, adopting, for the moment, the jargon to which one is daily accustomed in that office where we are making endless efforts to run a Rolls-Royce administration in a bullock-cart country. Let me first thank the President and members of the Twenty-ninth College Day Committee for according to me the pleasant privilege of addressing you today on behalf of the "old boys" of this institution. I confess I was not a little surprised when the call came to me, for this honor was, to my mind, generally conferred only on persons of hoary antiquity in the annals of the College. A moment's reflection, however, made me realise that the invitation was extended to me not as the result of a mistake and that the S. O. S. sent out by the resourceful Principal was a cry for rescue to which I had a claim, not to speak of the duty, to respond. Though I cannot claim to belong to the race of aborigines who can remember the time when the big mango tree did not afford shady shelter to truant students, I too have, accumulated, as some of you may not have suspected, a respectable twenty years' standing as an *alumnus* of this institution. Some at last of the undergraduates here today were not born when my name was entered on the rolls by the late Dr. Bishop.

My predecessors in this position of vantage have never in vain sought your indulgence, in the absence of a set theme, to be reminiscent and even autobiographic. Vast and fundamental changes have taken place in this institution since I left it fifteen years ago, after a brief spell of employment as Tutor. Popularly supposed to be proof against innovation, the College has during the interval changed considerably, both internally and externally. In the words of Mr. Hodgson, "doors have become windows and windows have become doors. Dividing walls, if one may quote Shakespeare at this late hour of the day, "are melted into air, into thin air", to provide accommodation to the increasing number of

students seeking admission. Structural alterations have destroyed the familiar landmarks; and weird instruments and strange plants with only long Latin names have come to occupy the old den of the Principals. Science has monopolised the entire pile of these magnificent buildings. The humanities have secured an official "separation" on grounds of incompatibility of temperament, habitual neglect and even cruelty, and have established a new home in the Arts College. Very few old faces are to be seen among the staff, both literally and figuratively. Naturally, an altogether new generation of undergraduates comes up every fourth year. The solitary student or two of the wrong sex, those bold pioneers of co-education, who did not, two decades ago, distract much of our attention, have paved the way for the predominant feminine element in the present composition of some of the classes. The steps, almost completed, for the establishment of a First Grade College for Women will not, it is to be hoped, affect our strength as adversely and thereby reduce the attractions as markedly as another institution is supposed to fear.

Revisiting these old haunts of an optimistic and irresponsible youth, we feel surging in our minds pleasant recollections mellowed by the lapse of time. Distance has softened the terrors associated with those academical inquisitions known as examinations and the thousand minor vexations student life "is heir to"; and memory loves to dwell only on the high ideals and the noble enthusiasms cultivated then. It is not in the language of convention that, as individuals, we proclaim, on occasions such as the present, our gratitude and indebtedness to the College. It is with genuine feelings of humility and reverence that today we re-enter the precincts of this sacred temple of learning. And happy is the returned prodigal whose introspection assures him that he has done nothing for which his College has reason to blush. In those impressionable undergraduate days, we felt that the world was like an oyster to be opened with the sword of a coveted degree. The formation of character is even more important than the absorption of knowledge, though, except indirectly, the courses of studies do not stress the supreme value of the spiritual element in man and even place a premium on what may be called the intellectual and material side of our activities. When assessing our debt to the *Alma mater*, we feel, with the late Lord Oxford, that the best and

most enduring gift that a College can bestow is "the company of great thoughts, the inspiration of great ideals, the example of great achievements and the consolation of great failures!!". Disillusionment, in various degrees, has come to most of us after emerging from the academic atmosphere here; but all of us feel, gratefully, that we have received here, in an abundant measure, those priceless gifts which have helped to sustain us in the battle of life.

It is to be feared that a rude shock awaits the undergraduate who is confined to his books and is blind to the stubborn realities of the life before him. Warm friendships are begotten here and should be cultivated to endure through life. The ambition to secure distinction for the individual and glory to the College should not be dormant. With a broad outlook and something better than a Pass degree as the ultimate aim, one should cultivate an adequate sense of patriotism, learn to think independently and acquire the habit of trusting to one's own free judgment. Respect for constituted authority, though an old-fashioned virtue, should not be discarded as altogether out of date. The traditions that have been built up for this institution during the past nearly one century are not to be despised and have to be consciously added to. And you have no fair right to blame this College or the education imparted within its walls if, as a result of wasting your time and opportunities while here, you feel perturbed to face "the buffets of circumstance, the caprice of fortune and all the inscrutable vicissitudes of life".

It is not often realised that, according to tradition, the nucleus of this College lay in the school to which Mr. John Roberts was appointed in 1834. The Raja's Free School, which grew there from, has developed into this vigorous institution which is in fact a miniature University. Our first graduate took his degree in 1870. The influence which, through more than half a century of subsequent expansion, this College has been exerting on the country at large cannot be over-estimated. The public services, using the term in the widest sense, are manned by the *alumni* of this College, some of whom have occupied the highest positions open to talent in this State and are now adorning here and elsewhere, with credit to themselves and glory to the country, some of the highest offices of trust, power, confidence and responsibility. The contribution,

which the College has indirectly made, towards raising the tone and standards of public morality and civic duty and the impetus it has afforded, through the scholars it has nurtured to the expansion of vernacular literature should not be forgotten.

Speaking, however, as one of the family, I may be forgiven if I allude to one or two directions in which the results attained have not been commensurate with the hopes, or are not even appreciable. Botany for the degree course was introduced in 1924, under the aegis of your popular Principal who has, in the fitness of things, been placed to control higher scientific education after years spent in diverting secondary education into other than purely literary channels by giving elementary science and nature study a foremost rank in the high school curriculum. Physics dethroned Philosophy in 1906. The Chemistry Chair was found so long ago as 1883. Hundreds of graduates have, during these years, been trained in these well-equipped laboratories generously provided by a beneficent Government who never stinted on education. How many of these graduates, one asks, have taken to higher studies in those Sciences? How many have applied their acquired knowledge to the economic advantage of the country. How many have extended the bounds of human knowledge? It is eminently deplorable, if the instruction imparted here has failed to achieve anything more than theoretically influence, in an impalpable and indirect manner, the psychology of the individual graduates. To my mind, the expenditure and efforts involved in a scientific scheme of education have been hardly justified by the results produced. Manifestly, there is infinite scope for the employment of the scientist in any scheme for the development of a State like Travancore so bountifully endowed with abundant natural resources. Judged by the standard I have suggested, the contribution of this College towards the economic regeneration of the people has yet to be made. A *Silavati* graduate or, for that matter, even a History graduate may prove equally efficient as a clerk or equally successful as a lawyer, as a science graduate. If expenditure necessarily heavy, on scientific education should become remunerative, at least a percentage of science graduates should work in the avenues for which their training has specially equipped them. These laboratories are not surely functioning properly, if their entire out put swells only the ranks of indifferent clerks, schoolmasters and lawyers. The

causes for the present lamentable state of affairs may be with the material; the classes may be unwieldy by the access of many whose usefulness to society would not be impaired by their being relegated to a less expensive arts course; the courses of study may not be suitable, and genuine interest in scientific work may be smothered by the avalanche of facts which alone the Pass Course provides for the pupils; the time and facilities available to the staff for original work may be inadequate; a co-ordination of the laboratories of the technical departments under the Government with those of the College and a closer association of the various agencies engaged in such work may be useful; large-scale arrangements for postgraduate work may prove effective.

There is another aspect of this question, namely the diffusion of scientific knowledge. There is much of vague thinking and more of loose talk about the industrial development of the State and the economic reconstruction of society. There is also a fallacy that Travancore has a very highly educated population, a fallacy engendered by patriotism and nourished by complacency. Not only victory in war but success and progress in the arts of peace would appear unhesitatingly to belong to the nation which most utilises the discoveries of science. So long as the masses are not imbued with the scientific spirit and so long as lay public opinion is not thoroughly leavened by an abiding appreciation of the fundamentals of science, there can be no steady progress in the desertion of old fashioned and uneconomic methods of work, the adoption of improved appliances, and the free utilisation of natural resources. The popular mind should be made accessible to scientific facts and truths, and ready to receive and profit by the use of the powers man has secured over nature. The duty of this College, as the repository of the highest scientific culture in the land, to broadcast information on such subjects is not of lesser importance than that of original research. Extension lectures in the vernacular can help a good deal to create a responsive public.

A word about the College magazine. At times, the journal rises to a fine level; it serves admirably to keep the exstudents in touch with the hopes, the fears and the doings of the present generation; and it is always welcome reading. While therefore appealing for a wider support for the Journal both from the present

and the past students, may I indicate to those responsible for its conduct one direction in which an improvement seems desirable. The Magazine should be developed to form the organ for the publication of the results of intensive study and original research carried on here. A single original article of real scientific value is more useful than a series of silly sketches "from the College window" or any number of cleverly written frivolities, however admirable they be in their own way. The tendency of the Magazine to degenerate into a school chronicle should be checked, and the Magazine of the Science College should not belie its name.

My thanks are yours for the patience with which you have all listened to me. I propose the toast to our College and beg to associate with it the name of Mr. Pryde, the Principal.

The Heart's Melody.

BY MR. TITUS A. RODRIGUES.

I.

There is music in the air !
 There is music everywhere !
 Hark ! now I hear it ! there !
 " Ding ! Dong—Ding !—Dong ! "
 The Bells chime out to me—
 " Ding ! Dong !
 Over, across, the sea—

II.

Pray ! was that the cowbell's joyful ring !
 Beside the spring—
 Where the lush grass their tall shadows fling
 That the winds, home gently bring ?
 Or, is it the merry peal
 Of the winsome teal,
 Beneath the forest-glades
 Where the Morn in amber weaves
 Glistening robes, with purple leaves.
 Silver threads a-running thro' the sheaves

III.

Heardst that murmur now ?
 The slow spreading of the leaf ?
 The swift flutter of the Bee
 ' Mid the rustling sheaf ?
 Or the spouting of the rose,
 The opening of the bud ?
 Didst hear the quick brush
 Of love's tender wing,
 Across my heart ?

IV.

O ! the Heart's soft whisper,
 When 'tis budding new
 Or the silken rush
 Of wings,
 When Love his music brings !
 They ring
 The sweetest melody,
 To ME !

Sir Edmond Gosse, C. B.

BY MR. L. S. SUBRAMONY IYER, B. A., B. L.

(AN APPRECIATION.)

Few events can have saddened the sincere lovers of English Literature more than the death of the distinguished Critic and poet, Sir Edmund Gosse. It will not be conventional, much less insincere, to say that English Criticism is the poorer for his death. No man of his time had a larger and more varied acquaintance with European Literature or a keener sympathy for fresh adventures in poetry and criticism. He preserved to a rare age that "capacity for pleasures, comprehension and sympathy and that power of expression characteristic of the true man of letters". It is interesting to note that a few days before his death, he was passing the final proofs of a new edition of the works of Thomas Beddoes.

Gosse was also a poet. He 'lisped in numbers' even in his youth; and the first volume of verses he published was in 1870 *Songs and Sonnets "On Viol and Flute"* was published in 1873, at a time when Tennyson and Browning were still at the height of their literary power, and Morris, Swinburne, Rossetti, and Meredith were rising to eminence. Gosse, Lang and Dobson, together carried on the tradition of Calverley and Stephen. They exhibited a remarkable facility over light and humorous verse and their poetry, though not great, retains undiminished through lapse of time its quality and interest.

But it is not however as a poet that Gosse claims our admiration. It is as a critic of undoubted power and ability that he will be remembered in the days to come. Beginning from 1875 he gave to the world a series of critical studies and estimates, in the shape of his *Lives of Ibsen, Swinburne, Gray, Donne, Jeremy Taylor, "Critical Kit-cats, "Silhouettes". More Books on the Table "French Profiles "Some diversions of a man of Letters"*, to mention only the most prominent, which won for him, a position of authority and an international reputation as a critic. Judged on the basis of their profound and varied learning, their artistic worth, their rich and wide sympathies, their fine candour and generosity of judgment, and above all their keen sense of the

"interestingness of life" these works form an imposing and solid contribution to English criticism.

Gosse was no mere literary academician. Criticism with him is something far more valuable and stimulating than a graceful reaffirmation of existing values. It is essentially analytical and comparative, never polemical and destructive. It should, if it would serve any useful purpose as an instrument of education, be based upon an intelligent and comparative study of literatures, and inspired by a genuine sympathy for all that is great and enduring in works of art. And none emphasised more the value and power of criticism as an individual and creative branch of literature than Gosse.

The most striking feature of his criticism is its comprehensiveness and extraordinary tolerance of judgment. The Scandinavian writers, no less than those of France and England, fascinated him endlessly. If in his "*Northern Studies*" and "*Life of Ibsen*" and *French Profiles* he wrote with a great and imaginative sympathy of the brilliant Norwegian and French writers of the 19th century, he reaches just as eagerly forward to the literary Veterans of to-day in the "*Critical Kit-cats*" *Silhouettes* and "*More Books on the Table.*"

He was ever on the look out for "new arts, new raptures, and new desires"; and every fresh manifestation of literary genius delighted him. He was the first to discern the hidden glory of that "fragile exotic blossom of song", Toru Dutt. Here is his final judgment on her poetry and achievement. "Literature has no honours beyond the grasp of a girl who before the age of twentyone had produced so much of lasting worth"—a critical pronouncement suggestive of his Catholic sympathies and freedom from bias of any sort. It is this remarkable responsiveness to new ideals and fresh values, this quick comprehension of the new elements in literature, that invest his critical work with a higher value and importance.

It may be said of Gosse that there was not one writer of note, Victorian or Edwardian, with whom he was not familiar. He had a genius for forming personal connections. He was one of the earliest members of the famous "Saville Club", and as such had

the rare opportunity of enjoying the friendship of many men eminent in science and literature. No man had a wider circle of friends, alike distinguished and diverse, in character—Ibsen, Tennyson, the Brownings, Meredith, Hardy, Borrow, Whitman, Pater, Swinburne, Morris, Anatole France, Wells, Yeats, Kipling, Barrie, to mention only a few of the most eminent of the men who indulged Gosse with manuscript copies of their writings. He developed into a sort of literary confidant to most of his friends. His private library was a splendid collection of literary treasures and it admirably exhibited his exquisite critical taste, and judgment, his deep culture, and his peculiar capacity to inspire affection in all whom he met.

It is doubtful if there is any other critic who could excel him in the art of literary portraiture where the man is placed in relation to his times and his work deftly placed in the perspective of literature.

He has given us in his works a varied and illuminating portrait gallery of diverse types. The essays on Swinburne, Toru Dutt, Whitman, Stevenson, are among his best. They are "condensed portraits," where the effect is obtained by the skilful blending of biography and criticism, enlivened with lively touches of humorous anecdote and personal reminiscence. They are instinct with the freshness and warmth that comes of personal contact, and quite unforgettable. Often, in a sentence of infinite suggestiveness and striking verbal beauty he would as in a sudden flash reveal the personality of a writer. Swinburne, he describes "as the floriated termination of the romantic edifice." Whitman as "literature in a condition of protoplasm" and Ibsen, "as a violent portent of individualism". Of Stevenson, he says, "he seemed to skip on the hills of life". It was a novel literary method that he employed in thus combining biography and criticism, and investing both with an unflinching human interest.

Quiet and uneventful in its externals, his life was rich and thrilling in that it had a beautiful direction and was "filled with the adventures of the mind."

He retired from service in 1914 laden with many honours, and distinctions, and kept himself busy in the Academic committees,

and other kindred associations, ever promoting the cause of learning ever working hard for the relief of distressed writers. Two of his important works were produced after his retirement. The *Life of Swinburne* was published in 1917 and "*Father and Son*" appeared in the same year. The former is valuable for its discriminating study of Swinburne and its authentic presentment of his much misunderstood character. The latter is the most successful of Gosse's writings. It sets forth in vivid language the incidents of his early life, the strange environment in which he passed his boyhood and the unique reactions it produced on his ardent personality. It presents Gosse in a role which, he seldom assumed. No wonder it was severely criticised in certain quarters for its poignant realism and defiance of convention.

His last public appearance was in March when he delivered a lecture on Ibsen under the auspices of the British Drama League. Barely three months had elapsed before he passed away, after a brief illness. There is hardly any doubt that by virtue of the excellence and essential soundness of his critical work, he will take his place beside the masters of literary criticism.

I'll never ride again.

In these days when cars and carriages (and aeroplanes too in time to come) are filling the streets of Trivandrum, yet bicycles are in no way in the back-ground. They seem to have multiplied like "Barley loaves and fishes." In every road and by-road you are sure to meet cycles. Little street boys of eight or ten, riding on cycles at reckless speed, are a sight too common in Trivandrum. Everywhere, cycle-riding is the craze, so much so that even I seemed to have caught "the vile contagion"—I longed for a bicycle! The result of my longing was, that within two weeks I managed to learn the art of cycle-riding on a second-hand Raleigh, and by the end of the month, I got a brand new B. S. A.

Yes, a brand new B. S. A. and my very own. Oh! the joy I felt as I unpacked the new machine. What a glorious time I would have on my bike! I was so happy that I could not even sleep soundly, for, the little sleep that I had was all disturbed with weird dreams—a confused maze of cycles here, there and everywhere. But at last the hours of repose had come to an end and with it, my dreams too ended.

I woke with a bright sunny smile; I was happy, for, was not this very day to witness my first ride on my new B. S. A. ? * *
 * * * * * There! it was past nine already. I must be off to college—A hurried meal, a hasty "Good morning, Pa! My Books well packed on the carrier, and now I was on my bike. R-r-r-ring, r-r-ring, went the rolling-bell as I passed the Park, the Collegiate Hostel, the Public Library, on, and on. But what was this when I came to the Jubilee Hall junction? A motor car 'pom-poming' behind me, a "Town Service" Bus on my right, a cinema-advertisement cart with its monotonous drumming and "Nagaswaram" in front of me, and pedestrians on every side. Oh! my head was in a whirl! I was in a state of unstable equilibrium; and like the famous Pickwickian, Mr. Winkle, who closed his eyes before he fought the duel, so I also closed all my senses and rode right on. The result was, I knocked down a fat old man and nearly mangled a kid; dashed my bike against a lamp-post, bent the front wheel and was myself thrown from my saddle right

upon a sweetmeat-seller's basket. The mob soon gathered around me then, and what do you think they did ?

They first caught hold of my handle bar
 And twisted my diamond frame ;
 They broke the glass of my nice new lamp
 And thought 'twas a splendid game ;
 They pinched my bearings and bent my spokes,
 And somebody broke my chain ;
 They took all the oil from my fine oil-can,
 So, I'll never ride again !

"CYCLO."

Measurement.

BY MR. M. S. RAMA IYER M. A. L. T.

In physics we say that we have measured a certain quantity, when we determine the ratio of the magnitude of this quantity to that of the unit employed in expressing it. The statement that 'this table is 10 ft. long' means that the ratio of the length of the table to that of a footrule is 10. Similarly when we find that a plot is 20 times as large as a square of side 1 yard we say that the area of the plot is 20 sq. yards.

The process by which we arrive at this ratio may be either direct as in the measurement of length or indirect as in the measurement of area. In measuring the length we actually place the footrule along the edge of the table and compare the two lengths; while in measuring the area of the table we simply measure the length of the sides and apply our knowledge of geometry to calculate the area. In the latter case the means by which we arrive at the result is indirect.

As a matter of fact no measurement of a physical quantity, except that of length, is direct. We do not generally directly compare the quantity to be measured with the unit employed. Indeed every kind of measurement is made to depend ultimately on the measurement of a length. In determining the mass of a body observations are made of the oscillations of a pointer along a scale and the division of the scale against which the pointer finally comes to rest is deduced therefrom. The temperature of a body is estimated by the length of the mercury thread above a fixed point in the stem of a thermometer. The electric current is measured by the deflection of a needle along a scale. Time is estimated by the motion of a pointer along a circular scale. Atmospheric pressure is determined by measuring the height of a liquid column; and so on any number of examples might be cited to show that any physical measurement is made to depend finally upon a linear scale either straight or curved.

The reason, why this is resorted to, is that our eyes can compare two lengths with much more exactitude than that with which any of our other sense organs can compare two physical quan-

tities directly. Moreover there will be more reasonable agreement between several observers when they compare two lengths directly than when they compare any other physical quantities directly. When several people are asked to say with the aid of their muscular sense which of the two nearly equal weights is the heavier there is likely to be a wide divergence of opinion, while an appeal to a good balance by any of them would easily decide the matter. Similarly for the estimation of temperature with the aid of the sense of touch, the candle powers of a lamp, two intervals of time etc.

Having thus established how every physical measurement finally reduces to that of a length let us next consider what degree of precision is possible in its measurement. For one thing, the finer the marks on the scale and the smaller the subdivisions, the greater will be the reliability of an observation.

A point of supreme importance must be realised at this stage. No length would in general be an exact multiple of the smallest divisions of the scale, and any careful measurement would involve the estimation of the fraction of a scale division. This estimation is generally made in tenths. Some instruments are provided with verniers to make these estimations easier but here also the reading depends upon your estimation as to which division of the vernier coincides with a division of the main scale. That this is so can be verified from the fact that all persons may not agree in their readings for the same setting of a spectrometer vernier. It requires careful exercise of the judgment in estimating a length properly.

Anyone who has worked in the laboratory will easily realise that an absolutely exact measurement is out of the question. By using very delicate and sensitive instruments the measurements can be carried to such a degree of accuracy that the results can be expressed with 6 or 7 significant figures; but even there it cannot be asserted that the correct result has been attained. With a sensitive balance the mass of a body may come out to be 3.00526 gms; but this shows that, with the means at our disposal, the mass of the body can be estimated to 1 in a million but nobody can say what the true mass of the body is. It is as hopeless to determine the true value of the weight as that of $\sqrt{x}$ or $\log_e 10$.

Again different observers may not agree in the measure of the same quantity, say, even when they weigh the same body with the same balance using the same box of weights. They may get values like 3.00528 gms. 3.00523 gms. and so on. So also the same observer may himself get different values at different times even though he uses the same instruments. Under these circumstances it goes without saying that different balances are not likely to give the same results, nor is it likely that the same balance will do so at different times under varying conditions of temperature etc. All this simply shows that none of these results can with any reliability be taken as the exact weight of the body.

Thus a student of science is faced with the problem of finding the most probable value of a physical quantity from a series of observations which do not in general agree with one another.

Leaving out for the time being the discrepancies that arise from known causes such as the defective make of an instrument or the personal equation of the observer, I shall briefly refer to those which are purely accidental and are not within our control. The sources of errors arising from the former can generally be located and when properly located the errors can be eliminated, avoided or allowed for.

In spite of the fact that such known errors can be allowed for, even the most careful experimenter finds, in actual experience, that he does not get the same value for a particular measurement, made at different times; nor does he agree with others, as careful as himself, who take measurements of the same quantity with the same instrument. These variations are due to causes over which he has no control. It may arise from fluctuations in his judgment and also fluctuations in the external conditions such as temperature, light, shade etc. These fluctuations may act either way, and he may get values sometimes more, sometimes less, than the correct value. To get the true value out of a series of different ones, which vary out of causes over which we have no control, would look a hopeless business, but it has been possible for mathematics to accomplish this.

Let us suppose that a person measures the distance through which a body falls under gravity in a given interval. Even after

allowing for all known sources of error his values will not agree with one another. But it will be found that these values do not lie at random and that they lie within certain limits. Secondly if several observers take several series of observations it will be found that the arithmetic mean of each series would nearly be the same. Thirdly if any series be examined it will be found that the values crowd very near a particular value which does not differ much from the arithmetic mean. Moreover it will be observed that the greater the difference between a particular value and the arithmetic mean, the smaller the frequency with which that value occurs. All these facts can easily be verified by actual experiments. Thus it looks as if these accidental errors follow some mathematical law.

It is not the purpose of this article to inflict dry mathematics on its readers. So I have to conclude this at this stage. But it can be shown by mathematical reasoning that the most probable value of a quantity for which we have got a series of varying observations is the arithmetic mean of the several values obtained. The study of this subject has given rise to a branch of mathematics which is of practical importance to a gamester, an economist, a biologist, and a host of other 'ists' who have constantly to deal with chance and statistics.

A Peep at the "Golden Cross."

BY MR. M. P. ALEXANDER.

Lying on the eastern borderland between Travancore and Cochin are a series of craggy hills covered mostly by thick jungles and woody forests. They are closely scattered all over this region and they constitute the farthest links in that mighty irregular chain we call the Western Ghats. A few hundreds of years ago, when secluded mountain fastnesses used to be resorted to by religious fanatics and ascetic sanyasis, a revered christian saint, wended his solitary way through the lonely forests of one of these hills. Long and tedious was his climb, but sustained by a superior power he accomplished his arduous task and reached its summit. From that commanding site he turned his wistful eyes to the vast country that stretched from the foot of the hill and thence to Heaven. With outstretched hands and upturned eyes, he stood motionless for a time; then his whole frame shook visibly as if under a strange and mysterious spell. Picking up a stone, he scratched the sign of the cross where he stood and then fell into the same deep trance. Slowly he regained consciousness, and immediately departed from the hill * * * Years rolled by. But little change had come over that lonely spot, which those sacred feet had trodden centuries ago. Now, it so happened that a few of those primitive tribesmen, who inhabit such mountains to the present time, chanced to pass through the summit of this identical hill. Suddenly a strange brilliant light caught their eyes. Terrified at the sight of such an unusual and dazzling vision, they fled to the village at the foot and gave the alarm. A party of men was soon led to the spot, where to their startling amazement they beheld a tiny golden cross sprung up from the ground, just where the ancient saint had scratched the ground years ago. This is the gist of the tradition which invests the Malayathur hill with all its sanctifying associations.

It was Easter time and the great feast of the "golden cross" at Malayathur was drawing near. Ever since its first discovery, late in the last century, this sacred hill has attracted thousands of devout worshippers for the great annual festival. With increasing years a whole host of fantastic stories were concocted by popular

imagination and woven into the tradition. Religious fanaticism is as contagious as fashions and fancies, especially among men of little learning and least culture, and millions of people under its blinding influence came to regard this hill with the utmost awe and reverence. Innumerable instances of its strange miraculous virtues were set afloat throughout the land, and these so powerfully dominated the popular belief, that implicit and unquestioning confidence was reposed in their veracity. Thus at the time we decided to visit this traditional hill it had thoroughly established a name as a "fountain of virtue and a seat for miracles" and secured a permanent place in the superstitious beliefs of an ever-growing section of religious enthusiasts.

On a bright sunny afternoon, we arrived by train at Alwaye enroute to Malayathur. Sticking to our original programme, we resolved to stop there till the following Saturday when we were to start for the latter place. Alwaye is a lovely hilly place situated on the banks of the great Periyar river. From time immemorial, it has been reputed as a summer-resort and thousands of people flock there during the hot months of the year to enjoy the cool, delicious river baths. The river is the biggest in Travancore and like most others it shrivels up during the summer, exposing on either side, vast beds of shining sand. We used to saunter through these river beds which were crowded by merry groups of men, women, and children. To see a handful of them basking in the lively rays of the evening sun, with all the gaiety and happiness of life beaming through their eyes and shining in their faces, one might as well feel transported into another and a more blissful world. The sight of cheery little lads, dashing through the shallow waters and letting out their excess of steam in all sorts of childish ways—engaging themselves in mock fights, flinging volleys of sharp, piercing water-shots at each other and wrestling with the swift current till their arms ached—is most delightful and invigorating. Passing along we met another group of bathers, big fatty old men with silver tufts dangling from the roofs of their heads. One of them in particular attracted our attention. He was a huge bulky man, on the wrong side of fifty, and was preparing to plunge into the river. This done, he slowly walked to the edge of the river or rather began to swing himself heavily from left to right, and right to left. Poor man, he could not even walk without

frightfully discomposing his fair proportions, and as to running—well he did run, (it was, I think, to catch a joke which his fellows in the river seemed to relish immensely), and the attempt was one of the funniest misdirections of human energy, that wondering man ever saw. Well, we strolled on, and at last resolved to take a dip ourselves.

Very reluctantly indeed, we left Alwaye for Malayathur about 15 miles distant. that Saturday morning. We reached there after a two hours' drive through the most rugged roads I have ever passed. It is one of those typical jungle villages which are peculiar to that part of Travancore. There are but few houses and they lie scattered, few and far between. The ceaseless din and 'the fever and fret' of civilization, have not yet penetrated into their green interiors—and most likely will not in the future—where the rustic peasant true to the traditions and institutions of his ancestors still love to rove through the jungles and forests of his native village, "far from the madding crowds' ignoble strife." Every object that confronts the eye, bears the indelible stamp of age and antiquity. The narrow over-grown wood paths, the tiny thatched cottages, the little homely farms, the thick luxuriant crops—in fact everything is strongly suggestive of hoary antiquity. But as the giant hill which rose majestically from this little village, began to rally beneath it, year after year, hundreds of devout votaries, much of its secret privacy was being invaded and lost. But never, never can the stern ruthless band of unfeeling civilization, destroy the primitive charm and pristine beauty of its green meadows and wild jungles, so instinct with the very spirit of solemn antiquity.

Early next morning, we got up with the first rays of the sun and marched off to the foot of the traditional hill. It was the first day of the great festival which was to continue for a week to come. Thousands of people had already arrived and were making the best of their way to the common rendezvous. Every minute the crowd was increasing till as we reached the foot and gazed upwards, the narrow passage teemed with one mass of struggling, seething humanity. One continuous chain of men, women and children were rushing up, rending the air with their loud and ringing cheers. Even old men and invalids

struggled up without giving way; forgetting all cares and weaknesses they pushed on to the common goal; and arriving at the summit, their heavy hearts worn-down by years of disease or misery, might have lightened at the sight of the divine, miraculous "golden cross"; and then perhaps they might have learned to know God and worship Him better.

Taking our own chance, we too began to climb. Endless and endless on either side the tall winding trees closed in their ranks and stood gloomily lowering over us, as grim as an army of giants with a thousand years' pay in arrears. One strove with listening ear to catch some tidings of that forest-world within—some stirring of beasts, some screaming of birds—but strove in vain. The same thundering cheers swelled in the air and were echoed from the far bosom of the forest. It took us nearly three hours to climb to the very top, and never for a single moment, did we experience weariness or dejection. There at the height of about five miles from the ground was a magnificent church,—the work of some pious hands. Close to it was another small building, to which all the anxious pilgrims hastily turned their steps. Inside it was a huge cross which almost touched the very roof of the building, raised up on a stone basement. In the front side of this basement is a small rectangular hollow slit, covered by a glass. And the anxious faces of all the climbers who had gathered there from the far corners of the country, lit up with a beam of satisfaction when they saw one after another peeping through that narrow glass slit. For inside it they were to witness the little "Golden Cross."

Our turn came. We peeped in and saw blank space before us. A pair of candles were dimly twinkling in the centre. A minute—and other eyes were pressed against the same glass. But no "golden cross" met our searching eyes. Perhaps it might have missed our eyes being too small. Perhaps it did not exist in actuality. All the same, the large number of people who gather on that mountain top year after year, return, assured of its existence, sharers in the blessings and witnesses to the miracles worked by the little "Golden Cross."

Optimism and Mr. Balarama Iyer.

Balarama Iyer was walking home from his fields. Now walking may be generally considered to be healthy. But to Balarama Iyer, it was otherwise. He was getting on towards fifty and these years of luxurious comfort had increased the output of fat in his body. Today, moreover, the walk was not pleasant. It was distinctly bad. To walk at one o'clock in the day, with the thermometer at the local Medico's house registering $101^{\circ}8'$ in the shade was decidedly unpleasant. And then he had no shoes. Chettiar's dog—he was his neighbour, Chettiar was,—had the previous day played with them to some purpose and end. When he thought of it, he spluttered.

His thoughts passed from his shoes to his fields. Murukan, his favourite tiller had been absent.

“Has he not sufficient children that he should go and make one more?”

Further, two of his oxen, Bhima and Arjuna, were down with Rinderpest. The local vet, had that morning injected the Anti-Serum.

Balarama Iyer condemned dog, Murukan, Rinderpest, Vet., in fact, everybody and everything.

He heaved a sigh—a portentuous sigh, a sigh which came from the high deeps of his body, as the door of his house came in sight. The vision of a silver plate with delicious food floated tantalisingly before his eyes, as he with labour climbed his steps.

“Wow, wo-o-o-o-w, wow-wow”.

Now a dog, however docile it might be, does not think it a comfort to be used as a step to mount to higher things—even a silver plate replete with food fit for the Gods. So it gave one yap, one howl, two injured barks, wriggled under his foot and slipped away, leaving Mr. Balarama Iyer—for it was he—to gaze into the laughing face of the Sun-God. The steps burned with heat and Balarama Iyer bounced back to a sitting posture whence

he hastily got up. Then the torrent burst—a torrent of bad words, foul words, obscene words, unprintable words and other words and ‘half-words’, learned during fifty years’ of rather voluble sojourn in this Kali Yuga. They burst upon an audience of one, his own wife, Muthu Ammal, who had come out to learn what had happened. Encouraged by the sight (and support) of his life’s choice, Balarama Iyer waxed forth.....

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The sun continued to shine. The village slept. Away in the fields the oxen laboured. The shepherd, unconscious of the surroundings also dozed. And in his palatial house, Manickavelu Chettiar, fat, fair, and frothy, slept. Gulliver measuring his length on earth with Lilliputians swarming over him was not a nicer spectacle. A swarm of flies hummed over his mouth and face, only to be hurled back by the tornado coming out of his nostrils. He slept on. A long morning of putting together his account books followed by a meal which Mr. Chettiar had really relished, had induced him to a sleep delighting Morpheus himself. His dog, trodden nearly out of shape came in and lay gasping into his ear. Still Mr. Chettiar did not awake. The village slept on. The sun only seemed to grow hotter.

“Ayo.....h”

Ayo.....h!” Anima-a-a-a!”

The shrill cries went pealing and bounding, over the parched land, fainter and fainter, to the dozing cowherd dreaming of his food and home. They also pealed through the ears of the sleeping Chettiar and woke him up. They made him jump. He listened.

“Ayoh, appa, ayoh!”

Once again the cry rang out. And to the listening Chettiar it came from Balarama Iyer’s house. Mr. Chettiar paused for a moment to get his *Angavastram*, and then went waddling out as fast as his short, bandy legs could carry him.

Ye Gods! Have you ever seen a dog chasing its tail? Much better, have you seen Balarama Iyer chasing Muthu Ammal? For that was what was happening when Mr. Chettiar, wheezing out

of breath broke in. Balarama Iyer was attempting to catch his wife—attempting, I say, for Balarama Iyer, heavy and hearty with food, was a bad second to his fastly fleeing fairer-half. Mr. Chettiar at this sight gasped, sat down and groped about for his snuff-box tucked amid the folds of his cloth. He took in a hearty pinch and—gasped.

Recovering his breath

“Saar! Saar! Sir!” cried out Mr. Chettiar.

Seeing him, Balarama Iyer shook himself, grew more fierce and snorted. And Muthu Ammal quietly disappeared. The poor dear was not within vision anyway.

“Saar, saar, Enna Sir?” again wheezed out the Chettiar.

“What!!” exploded Mr. Iyer, “well, Chettiar avergal, you know how exasperating women can be. And this particular.....”

Mr. Balarama Iyer, at the very thought of the particular... ..jumped up and began to move in the direction of a door leading to the darker (and safer) quarters inside. The Chettiar gasped, at the same time catching hold of Mr. Iyer by his trailing cloth.

“Mr. Iyer, please be quiet. The neighbours will come in. I say, be quiet. For Heaven’s sake tell me what the matter is. Why should you rouse the whole village. Come on, tell me your troubles and I will settle everything. After all the cause, I dare say, is trivial enough. (A pinch of Snuff. Gr.....r.....rh),”

All the time he was speaking, he was also tugging at the cloth. Mr. Iyer was jumping about like a horse. Some words of the Chettiar reached the ears of Mr. Iyer, and persuaded by the jerking cloth, he turned round. “Mr. Chettiar” he said “the matter is really nothing. It is only that *woman*. She will be the end of me yet!”

“Yes, yes, tell me what the matter is.” The Chettiar was getting anxious and persuasive.

“You see” continued Mr. Iyer, the matter, as I said, is nothing. We were discussing the marriage of our daughter, Meena... “Who?” broke out the Chettiar.

“Yes our daughter, you know, Meena. Now there is a young boy, in Aruppukottai. By the time my daughter comes of

marriageable age, he will be about twenty. His father has a few villages and some extensive paddy fields, all of which will ultimately come to him—an only son. Yes, Janardhanan, Appusami; Iyer's son, a nice boy."

"But—" said Chettiar

"Yes, I know. But that wife of mine wants me to give my Meena....."

"Your Meena indeed!" broke in a voice from the inside. "Will you shut up, or....." Mr. Iyer did not finish the sentence. He grew nearly apoplectic. Turning to the Chettiar, "you see, that woman wants me to give Meena to one of these new-fangled B. A's—these good-for-nothing, worse-than-useless College men, who come and marry good and nice girls, and then turn round and ask for money to go to England or America—for higher education, as they call it—or to give to Mr. Gandhi's Swarajya Fund." Mr. Iyer had somehow or other a very low and unjust prejudice against the Swarajya movement. "Dirty cads, I call them."

"But—" broke out the Chettiar again. He was getting puzzled.

"Dirty cads!" again the unseen voice, "yes, Janaki's husband, an I. C. S. getting Rs. 1200, is he a dirty cad?"

"Janaki; and her husband be blown! That cigarette-smoking, wine-bibbing loafer!" Snorted Mr. Iyer, "you see, Mr. Chettiar, how women are captivated by a hat and a pair of shoes. He is no Brahmin!"

"But Mr. Iyer" the Chettiar was getting excited. "I don't understand. You talk of your daughter. Who is Meena? I have not seen her. Where is she?"

Mr. Iyer rose, in all majesty of injured dignity and anger. "Mr. Chettiar," he thundered forth. You do not know Meena, you say? Good God, she is the apple of my eye, the soul of my being, the joy of my old age. Mr. Chettiar, she—is—the—daughter—we—have—been—hoping—will—be—born—to—us."

Mr. Chettiar collapsed.

The College Day.

The 29th College Day was celebrated on Saturday the 18th Febr. 1928. The function was in every respect a unique success and thanks are due to all the members of the committee. The College was fortunate in securing as President Mr. K. Narayanan Pandalai, B. A., B. L., Sarvadhi Kariakar and Private Secretary to Her Highness, The MahaRani Regent and as speaker, Mr. K. Madhava Kurup M. A., Asst. Secretary to Government. The collections from the present students, were not however such as could have been desired, though the old boys in general gave unstinted support.

A prominent feature of the celebration was the artistic and tasteful decoration. The main flagstaff, and the arches at the main gates, the numerous lines of variegated flags and festoon, were generally appreciated and they added not a little to the grandeur of the scene.

The programme of the day commenced with games in the morning. The final matches of two Tournaments in connection with the College Day were played. The final match of the Men's Singles (Tennis) was played in the College first court, while that of the Badminton tournament organised for the benefit of the lady students of the College was played in the Girls' High School Badminton court.

The arrangements for the breakfast in the various messes, were made. It was ready by 11 A. M. every where and it went off quite well.

The sports began at 2.30 P. M. Many old boys and ladies had come to witness them. Long jump, high jump, hurdle race, obstacle race, sack race and tilting the bucket followed one after the other in their usual course. Some of these items excited unusual laughter and merriment. Both the spectators and the competitors evinced great interest and enthusiasm. V. G. Mathew, won many first prizes. The sports came to an end at 5 P. M.

The whole gathering of guests, old boys and students moved

on to take tea which was served in the open space before the physical laboratory. The conveners of the Refreshments deserve congratulation on the orderly, systematic and convenient arrangements they had made.

The Public meeting in connection with the College Day was as usual held in the quadrangle, the amphitheatre of the College. It was a very large gathering consisting of over two thousand heads. The meeting commenced at 6 P. M. The College Choir sang the College Ode amidst loud applause. The Principal led Mr. Narayanan Pandalai, the president-elect and the speakers of the evening to the platform. The cups, shields and other trophies which the College had won, were exhibited on the platform and this added a fresh gaiety to the gay scene.

The President rose amid loud cheers to propose the toast to Her Highness The Maha Rani Regent and to His Highness The Maha Raja of Travancore. We publish elsewhere the short and felicitous speech.

Mr. K. Madhava Kurup M. A. next proposed the toast to the College. His speech is a masterly survey of the evolution of the present College of Science with reminiscences of his own College days. His suggestion that the College magazine should contain more original articles relating to science and research than it does at present, deserves careful and earnest consideration.

The Principal in an apt reply thanked the guests of the evening for their readiness in responding to his invitation. He spoke briefly of the many changes that had come over the College since the 28th College Day. He referred in a touching manner to the retirement of Principal R. Krishnaswami Iyer. The Toast to the Old Boys was then proposed by Mr. O. C. Mathew; and it was responded to by Mr. A. Venkata Rao B. A. B. L., the Head Sircar Vakil. He made a very short and telling Speech, in which he said among other things that the students were of a more optimistic turn of mind in his time, than the present generation seemed to be.

Then came the interesting function of the distribution of prizes, medals and certificates of merit. In the two Essay competitions in connection with the College Day, organised for the

women students in particular, Sry V. G. Gouri Amma of class IV and Miss. Achamma Samuel of class I were declared the winners. Miss. Mary Mammen, the winner in the Ladies Badminton Tournament was presented with a silver medal. Among those who had won medals and other prizes for the various items of sports, Mr. V. G. Mathew was conspicuous by the number of prizes he had won. The Tennis Marker Paramu Pillai was also presented with a silver medal in recognition of his faithful service.

The meeting came to a close after the concluding speech from the chair and the garlanding of the President and the speakers.

A farce specially written by Mr. Mallur Govinda Pillai for the occasion was then put on boards. The acting was exceedingly good. Some of the characters displayed histrionic talents of a high order. The parts of some subordinate characters were acted almost to perfection. The comic interludes were most of them excellent and full of fun. The function came to a close at 9 P. M.

The whole success of the celebration is due to the College Day committee consisting of the following :

The Principal, Ex-officio President

Dr. K. L. Moudgill

Messrs. K. R. Krishna Iyer

T. K. Koshy

P. K. Krishna Pillai

T. T. Thomas

C. P. Sankara Pillai

Miss Laura Noe

Miss Monica Fernandez

Miss Mary Mammen.

Mr. K. O. Ommen

Mr. T. K. Gopalan Nair B. A. B. L. } Joint Secretaries

and other class representatives.

From a College Window,

(The Editors will be glad to receive information on subjects of topical interest for inclusion in these columns).

Since our last appearance, the College has had very few changes. The extension to the Chemical Laboratory which was under contemplation for many years and under construction during the last year is at last finished, though not fully equipped for immediate occupation. The Chemistry Building which had hitherto presented an unfinished appearance, now with its neat little quadrangle and bold artistic outline adds a new charm to the College. We only hope that a visitor may not be tempted to go too near the charming building, lest the sulphuretted hydrogen and other fragrant exhalations which must inevitably proceed from its spacious halls, should impart an entirely different aspect to the College. We, however, hope that this extension will not only remove the present congestion and afford relief, but also will pave the way for opening the Honour Classes in Chemistry.....

Great credit is due to the Physics Department for the installation of a Radio-receiving apparatus in the Physics Laboratory. Much speculation was afloat even last term about Radio speeches and music parties. But so far as last year's results were concerned, they ended in disappointment. They have not yet been able to operate a loud speaker successfully. Programmes from Colombo and occasionally from Bombay are at present received on the headphones and it is possible for an enthusiastic student, provided that the weather is fine and he is willing to risk his tympanum and try his patience—to listen for a few minutes to music or speeches broadcast from distant stations. However the big antennae stretched high up in the air does certainly lend a scientific prestige and add a fresh feather to the cap of the College.....The most creditable aspect of the matter is that the major portion of the requisites is being made in the workshop of the Department.

A summary of the results of the University Examinations of March 1928 is given below. We offer our heartiest congratulations to the successful candidates and especially to Messrs. K.

Narayanier who passed in the First Class as the first in the Presidency in B. A. Group III A, R. Padmanabha Iyengar, who secured the double distinction of securing a First class first in the Presidency in Chemistry and the only second class in English from the College, A. Ramasubramony Iyer, P. Ramakrishna Iyer, and K. Karunakaran Nair who passed the Mathematics Honours Degree Examination in the First class and S. Yegnarayanier, V. C. Varghese and G. Purushothaman Pillai who got a First class in Physics. The Mathematics Department deserves special congratulation on the brilliant results of the Honours Examination.

Mr. K. Narayanier is the winner of the 'Palani Andi' Prize, of the University.

INTERMEDIATE.

	No. Sent up.	I class.	II class.	Part I only.	Part II only.	% Pass.	
						Part I	Part II
Group I	96	18	28	12	14	60.4	62.5
Group II	97	5	37	25	11	69.1	54.6

B. A.

	No. Sent up.	I class.	II class.	III class.	Total.	% Pass.
English	152	"	1	70	71	46.7
Group I	45	1	5	16	22	48.8
Group II A	22	3	3	10	16	72.7
II B	52	1	10	23	34	63.5
III A	28	1	1	15	17	60.7
Hons	12	3	5	3	11	100

(one withdrew)

We offer also our congratulations to two members of the staff, Dr. K. S. Padmanabha Iyer and Mr. G. Venketeswaren on the new distinctions they have won. M. G. Venketeswaren has come out as first in India in the last Civil Service Competitive Examination held at Delhi. He has since left this for England to undergo the training. May we hope that he will keep himself in constant touch with "the Old College" by acquainting us with his fresh experiences there. Dr. K. S. Padmanabha Iyer, Assistant Professor of Natural Science, has our heartiest congratulations on the

high distinction he has won by his quiet and unobtrusive work. The University of Madras has conferred on him the Doctorate of Philosophy for his original work on worms. They have a name—these worms have—but we may be forgiven for our lapse of memory. * * * *

Now that the academic year is well launched in its course, the out door activities of the college are in full swing. Much physical energy which, if turned to more useful account, might fetch large profits, is being wasted in the gymnasium. Even from a distance one could perceive every kind of motion within the shed; men swinging clubs, a pair of rings swinging men, and others moving like clock-work between the parallel bars. The tennis courts too provide a couple of hour's exciting diversion for the body cramped by continuous sitting and the faculties fatigued by hours of concentration often upon uninteresting subjects. From the sixth court where the member's ambition in life is to effect collisions of the racket and the ball, to the higher courts where they discuss the comparative merits of Yildon and Barotra, one can only find enthusiastic pleasant faces. Mr. Rama varma Raja, the Champion of the College has left us and we rarely see the type of his dashing play now. Mr. C. V. George who plays a promising game has joined us this year and we may with reason hope that our college will be well represented in the Tennis Tournaments this year * * * *

The last College Day, a full account of which is published elsewhere, was a singularly successful function in every respect. From the unanimous election of the Secretary to the closing scene of the farce, every item was faultless. The Secretaries deserve special credit for making a happy departure from *mamool* in providing particular facilities for the lady students of the College to take more active part in the celebration. Hitherto they were mute witnesses of the proceedings—of course the refreshments item being excepted. The Essay competitions and the Tournaments held solely for them will, we hope, find an important place in future College Day Celebrations * *

Our General Library, everybody murmurs, does not grow. The scanty resources cannot meet the requirements of either the

students or the teachers. The book room, the reading room, the librarian's office and the attender's sleeping apartment are 'rolled into one' single hall. It is not unusual to find the library more densely packed than even lecture rooms. And as to taking a spell at some periodical, the noise and distraction of the overcrowded room make it next door to impossible. We hope these inconveniences would be removed as early as possible.

We welcome the new members of the staff of the College and we trust they will by their active sympathy, help to increase the usefulness of the journal. Mr. E. T. Thomas is no stranger though he comes back to the old college after several years. Mr. P. Ramakrishna Iyer did yeoman service as the student editor of the magazine and though his preparation for the Honours Examination interrupted his contributions to these pages, we have no doubt that once again he will paint pictures of his dreams. Mr. K. Narayana Iyer, the Demonstrator in Botany has the distinction of being the first in this College to obtain a first class first in the Presidency in Botany.

S. R.

Athletics.

The College Gymnasium

Every year there is a steady increase in the roll of the Gymnasium. And with the swelling numbers, want of room in the shed is keenly felt. It is nothing short of a miracle how the slender acrobat on the 'Rings', the expert on the parallel and horizontal bars, and the club swinger—all crowded into the same enclosure—manage not to knock at each other. One visiting the Gymnasium in the evening will feel dizzy as one looks on the various whirling motions performed round about him. Stepping into the next room, one is brought face to face with another group of gymnasts with spring developers and dumbbells which know no rest in the evenings. The exercises with these dumbbells and developers are illustrated on charts exhibited on the wall, and the gymnasium master is always on the trot, helping the 'fresher' to press and then to stretch, and running instantly after the young men to whom parallel and horizontal bars are a despair. The budding 'Bhimas' with their brandishing clubs no less receive his earnest attention. The gymnasium is no doubt making rapid strides towards progress and its great practical utility in the manufacture of robust youth will be considerably enhanced, if only more facilities are given. Mr. Joshua, the College Physical Instructor has to be congratulated on the immense popularity of the gymnasium.

The Tennis Club

The Tennis Club held its Annual General Meeting and The Social in last March. The Office bearers for the ensuing academic year were elected. Mr. S. P. Parameswaran Pillai takes by an unanimous vote the place of the retiring Secretary Mr. M. Krishna Pillai and Mr. M. R. BalaKrishna Warier continues as the Vice President.

In the Annual Tournament, the two champions of the College Messrs. Rama Varma Raja and T. N. Madhavan Nair won the Handicap and Championship cups respectively. Mr. Pothan scored the silver medal for Handicap singles runner up. Of these, Raja and Pothan have left us, and Madhavan Nair is in good form. The first court still maintains a high standard of excellence.

The number of new members is on the increase so much so that the strength of each court has risen. Murmurs of a seventh court are in the air. It may also be here mentioned that some of the courts at least are to be provided with wire nettings: The tennis ball that frequently bumps into the football field often shares the same fate as the football and makes the players breathlessly wait for its speedy return. The unwary first court player not infrequently has to smart with pain caused by the cruel visitant of a third court ball. Under the circumstances we hope the authorities will kindly consider the desirability of wire-nettings for two of the courts at least.

The Tennis Club, we hope, will continue its career of activity and vigour, and maintain its place as one of the most well managed Clubs of the College, and win laurels in the ensuing Tournaments.

Volley Ball

There has been a resurrection in the activities of the Volley Ball Club since the reopening of the College. This is of course due to the unremitting enthusiasm of the newly nominated Vice President Mr. T. T. Thomas. The large number of students flocking to the Volley Court in the evening is clear evidence of the keen interest evinced in the game. Mr. P. Ramaswami Pillai has been nominated as the Captain for the year. Having made a good start, the Club may be rightly hoped to pursue its life of vigorous activity throughout the year. We believe that the good practice and the earnest interest of the players will bear fruit in the shape of winning a trophy in the ensuing Tournaments.

Badminton

Even in spite of the strenuous endeavours of the newly nominated Vice President and Secretary, Badminton is still in the same old slough. It has been serving only to bridge the gulf of interval between two sets for Tennis players. The cry of "set" in the Tennis Courts often leaves Badminton to its own fate. Perhaps this is bound to be so in view of its unenviable position as an 'adjunct' of Tennis, till perhaps the season of the Sree Mulam Tournaments shakes off its lethargy by exciting a momentary enthusiasm and Badminton asserts itself for a while. We hope

the Club will be more assertive of its independence and rally all its best resources earlier by giving better practice to its players and paving its way for the day of triumph.

The Football Club

The activities of the Club during the last term were praiseworthy, though no tangible evidence of merit in the shape of a trophy was exhibited. In the Sreemulam Tournaments the College Elevens Team was able to beat the formidable Town (A) with its renowned players, but as ill-luck would have it, was worsted by a lesser team Town (B). Again in the S. M. M. Tournament, our Sixes were almost on the verge of triumph. In the match between our Team and the Kottayam Crescents, the excellence of our training and sportsmanlike attitude was much in evidence. Victory ultimately slipped from us, the Kottayam Crescents scoring a belated goal against us. Nevertheless the College Football Team possessed some of the best players in all Travancore. Mathew and Mathai have now left us, leaving the other of the formidable trio Ommen in the lurch. Mr. K. C. George, a veteran player has again joined our fold and we hope the College can maintain its traditional excellence this year also in Football.

The office bearers of the Club for the year are :

Messrs. T. K. Koshy	Deputy President,
K. M. Dasthyagar	Secretary,
K. C. George	Captain, Senior
S. Chockalingom Pillai	Captain Junior.

G. P.

College Clubs and Societies.

The Arts Club

The Arts Club started its activities earlier this year with its first meeting soon after the reopening of the College. Mr. V. Karunakaran Nair of the Theosophical Society gave us his illuminating lecture on '*the Teaching of Music*' which was largely attended. The lecturer clearly pointed out the main defects in the present day methods of teaching music in Southern India, and the possibilities of improvement. It was presided over by Mr. T. Lekshmana Pillai B. A., the greatest living composer and exponent of South Indian Music in Travancore. The President in his concluding speech also suggested the various lines on which modern South Indian music could be improved and developed.

The business meeting to elect new office bearers for the year came off on 11—9—28. The report of the Managing Committee for the last academic year was read and unanimously passed and the following were elected as office bearers for the current year.

Pro. R. Srinivasan M. A.	President.
Mr. K. R. Krishna Iyer M. A.	Vice President.
Mr. A. Venketachalam M. A.	Secretary and Treasurer.
K. M. Thomas	Student Secretary.
• Messers G. Krishna Pillai	Representative of the IV and Hons. Classes.
K. Chandrasekhara Pillai.	III Class.
M. Madhavan Nair	II Class.
Y. Subramonia Pillai	I Class.
Miss Janaki Amma	Lady Representative.

An ordinary meeting of the Club under the new regime took place on 18—9—28 when Mr. Ramankutty Nair of Haripad, one of the talented disciples of Mr. T. Lekshmana Pillai, entertained the audience with his excellent vocal music to the accompaniment of the violin and mridangom.

Under the auspices of the Club, a performance of 'Ottam Thullal' was held on 14—10—28, by Patchu Pillai, the talented actor of Central Travancore. It was very largely attended and much

THE OLD COLLEGE.

appreciated. This encouragement to one of the dying arts in Travancore deserves special commendation. We hope the College Arts Club will form nucleus of a steady movement to bring about a renaissance of the indigenous arts of the country. The present activities of the Club augur a life of brilliant achievement for it. We hope that it will come out with a grander record of work this year.

The Physics Association

This Association is maintaining its high level of enterprising activity. During the last term of the last academic year, the Association had two well attended ordinary meetings and the Annual Socials. The first of these ordinary meetings was held on 1—2—28 when Mr. SeethaRama Iyer M. A. of the Physics Department gave a very informing and eloquent lecture on 'Wave-motion' bringing home to the audience how transmission of energy takes the form of waves in nature. Mr. V. Sivaramakrishnaier M. A. the President took the chair. The next meeting was on 3—2—28, immediately on the wake of the first, when Mr. P. G. Jacob of class III spoke on 'New Light on Life and Death,' giving a novel and characteristically original interpretation of life and energy, which was something of a revolt against faith and its follies.

The social gathering of the members of the Association came off a week later. The Principal and Mrs. Pryde were the chief guests of the evening.

The inaugural meeting of the Association was held this term on 23—8—28 when Mr. Sivaramakrishna Iyer M. A. gave a very interesting lecture on 'Electrical Phenomena in the Earth's Atmosphere'. Prof. Ramakrishna Iyer M. A. was in the chair.

An ordinary meeting of the Association was held on 4-10-28 when Mr. T. T. Thomas M. A. gave a very entertaining lecture on 'Radio' with demonstrations. The Hall was full to the brim and the lecture was well appreciated.

Mr. Aliar Kunju is the Secretary of the Association.

The Chemistry Association

The Chemistry Association held no meetings during the last term of the academic year 1927-28, except the Annual Social

Gathering, which came of on the third Saturday in February. It was a gala day. It began at 3.30 P. M. with games, such as Tennis, pingpong, chess and cards. At 5 P. M. the members were taken in for refreshment to the new wing of the Chemistry Laboratory which was daintily decorated with ferns and palm leaves. After this, came the meeting when Mr. A. Narayana Potti M. A. occupied the chair. After the President's opening speech, Mr. K. Krishnan Nair of class III proposed the toast to the out-going students in a neat and felicitous speech. It was responded to by Mr. Govinda Rao of class IV in a short, witty speech. The report of the activities of the Association for the year was read by Mr R. Sanakaran, the Secretary. The new office bearers for the year were also elected.

Mr. A. Venketachalam M. A.	President.
Mr. K. Krishnan Nair	Secretary.
Messers. V. Padmanabha Iyer	} Representatives of the IV class.
„ P. Zacharia	
„ M. Vydingalingom Pillai	} Representatives of the III class.
„ Madhava Panickar	

The inaugural meeting after this committee was constituted took place on the 14th August '28. Mr. K. R. Krishna Iyer M. A., gave a very instructive discourse on 'Colloids and their Reactions'. The Principal presided.

Another meeting soon followed. On the 22nd August, Mr. E. Masilamony B. A. B. Sc., sometime state Geologist, delivered an excellent lecture on 'Precious Stones'. Dr. K. L. Moudgill M. A. F. I. C. presided on the occasion.

The Mathematics Association

This Association after its having been moribund throughout a large part of the last academic year, has restarted to active life. At a business meeting, the office bearers for the current year were elected.

Prof. Srinivasan M. A.	President.
Mr. K. Subramony Iyer	Secretary.
Mr. Sivasubramonia Pattar	Representative of the IV class.
Mr. K. Rama Iyer	„ III class.

The first ordinary meeting of the Association was held on the 19th July 28 when Mr. Mancheri Rama Iyer B. A. B. L. delivered a very inspiring lecture on the 'Platonic Solids'. The lecture showed that any subject would do for a talented speaker to make a deep and lasting impression. The dry subject of solid geometry, nobody thought, could be made so entertaining even to the layman. Mr. E. Subramonia Iyer, M. A., M. L. took the chair on the occasion. The meeting came to a close when Dr. Subramonia Iyer in a short speech thanked the distinguished lecturer and president of the evening.

An Ordinary meeting of the Association came off on 14-9-28 when Mr. U. Sivaraman Nair M. A, spoke on 'Newton and His Contributions to Science'. Prof. Srinivasan presided.

The Debating Society

The Valedictory meeting of the last Academic year was held in the last week of January 1928 when Dr. Graham M. A. of the Manchester Univeristy gave a truly inspiring address to the students. He spoke in some detail on the necessity of focussing attention on the formation of character, the cultivation of a judicious taste and a sense of proportion in all matters. The meeting which was held in the Quadrangle of the College had unfortunately to be terminated earlier on account of inclement weather. The president, Mr. Pryde M. A. Msc, and the learned lecturer were garlanded.

This year, the office bearers of the Debating Society are—

Mr. K. R. Krishna Iyer M. A.	Vice-President
Mr. V. T. Veloo Pillai	Secretary
Mr. S. Sathiavageswaraier	Staff Representative.

The Inaugural meeting of the Society was held on 6th August 1928 at 4-15 p. m. when Mr. Malloor Govinda Pillai B. A. B. L. gave a very entertaining address on 'The Student His Rights and Duties'. The Hall was full and the address was very much appreciated.

Another meeting took place on the 21st August when Mr. P. Neelacantan Nair of class III spoke on the "Indian Ryots", Mr. G. Mahadava Iyer M. A. was in the chair. Many student speakers were ready with their varied opinions on the subject.

An ordinary meeting came off again on the 21st Sept. 28 when Mr. M. R. Madhava Warier spoke on 'Malayalam Literature'. Mr. T. K. Veloo Pillai B. A. B. L., who presided, in his concluding remarks emphasised the necessity of taking greater and keener interest in the study of the mother tongue. All the lectures were in the Vernacular.

K. N.

Hostel Notes.

The Collegiate Hostel is almost full and hostel life has at last attained an apparently ideal condition this year. The dark mansion, as if at the magician's wand, has become a scene of eminent activity and high class jollity.

The Literary Union has awakened from its temporary torpor after the summer recess. The inaugural meeting of the Union was held on Sunday the 5th August 1928 when Mr. P. K. Narayana Pillai B. A. & B. L. delivered a very interesting address to the inmates on 'Student Life'. Professor R. Sreenivasan, our popular warden, took the chair. The union bids fair to run on right lines; the quick succession of meetings, the active interest of the members and the untiring enthusiasm of the present secretary Mr. A. Syed Muhammed, these augur a life of redoubled vigour and activity. The Reading Room attached to the Hostel, lures many to take a spell and spend a truant hour from serious study. It is better furnished with papers and periodicals than last year. The best leading papers of the day both English and Anglo-Vernacular have found their place there.

The Athletic Association has also found a new lease of life this year. Tennis and Volley have at last come to stay. All the games are in full swing and great credit is due to Mr. C. M. Mathew for this.

'The Hostel Dramatic Troupe' is still only a mere dream. We hope that this will soon take shape under the patronage of the warden.

The 'Hostel Scouts' some of whom have left the cosy shelter of this our second home, are astir about the ensuing Rally in honour of the Chief Scout's Birthday.

AN INMATE.



THE OLD COLLEGE.

OR
THE MAGAZINE
OF

H. H. The Maharajah's College of Science,
TRIVANDRUM.

മലയാളംകമ്മിററി.

എം. ആർ. ബാലകൃഷ്ണവർമ്മ. എം. എ. (അദ്ധ്യക്ഷൻ)

പി. എൻ. മാധവപ്പണിക്കർ.

കെ. പി. രാമൻപിള്ള.

മലയാള വിഭാഗം.

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കേരളത്തിലെ രാജകവികൾ

വളരെ പുരാതനകാലംമുതൽക്കു കേരളം സാഹിത്യസാരവേദികളായിരുന്ന മഹാരാജാക്കന്മാർ ഭരിക്കുന്നതിനിടയായിട്ടെന്നുള്ളതു് ഏറ്റവും അഭിമാനകരമായ സംഗതിയാണു്. കേരളീയ സംസ്കാരത്തിന്റെ അഭിവൃദ്ധിയിൽ ഈ കാവ്യാലാപകതകികളായ മഹാരാജാക്കന്മാർക്കു് മാത്രമായ ഒരു സ്ഥാനമുണ്ടു്. കവികളെ സ്വരാജധാനിയിൽ വരുത്തി വേണ്ട ത്തൊഴകളും സമ്മാനങ്ങളും നൽകി ഓരോ വിഭാഗത്തിന്നു് സ്ഥാപിച്ചു്, സാഹിത്യത്തിന്നും ശാസ്ത്രത്തിന്നും കഴിയുന്നത്ര അഭിവൃദ്ധിയുണ്ടാക്കുവാൻ പരിശ്രമിച്ചുവെന്നു മാത്രമല്ല, ഈ കേരളരാജാക്കന്മാരിൽ പലരും ചെന്തമിർ, സംസ്കൃതം, മലയാളം എന്നീ ഭാഷാസാഹിത്യങ്ങൾക്കു അമൂല്യങ്ങളായ കാവ്യങ്ങൾ സ്വയമേവ സമ്പാദിച്ചു കൊടുത്തിട്ടുമുണ്ടു്. ക്രി.സ്തു

രണ്ടാംശതവർഷമുതൽ ഇത്തരം പല വിദഗ്ദ്ധസദസ്സുകളെപ്പറ്റി ഏറെക്കുറെ അറിവു നമുക്ക് ലഭിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. കേരള പെരുമാക്കുന്മാരിൽ കീർത്തികൊണ്ടും രണശൂരതകൊണ്ടും അഗ്രഗണ്യസ്ഥാനത്തിനു സാധമാ അർഹനായ ചേരൻ ചെങ്കുട്ടവ ചക്രവർത്തിയുടെ രാജധാനിയിൽ ഒരു വിദഗ്ദ്ധ സദസ്സുണ്ടായിരുന്നതായി 'ചിലപ്പതികാരം' എന്ന തമിൾ മഹാകാവ്യത്തിൽനിന്നും വ്യക്തമാകുന്നുണ്ട്. പിന്നീടും കുലശേഖരപ്പെരുമാൾ, ഭദ്രാശ്വനാട്ട് ശ്രീവിവർദ്ധനൻ, കോഴിക്കോട്ട് സാമൂതിരി, എന്നിവരുടെ രാജധാനികളിലും വിദഗ്ദ്ധസദസ്സുകളുണ്ടായിരുന്നതായി ധാരാളം ലക്ഷ്യങ്ങൾ കാണുന്നുണ്ട്. ഇതുകൂടാതെ, പല സാമന്തരാജാക്കന്മാരും വിദഗ്ദ്ധന്മാരെ പ്രോത്സാഹിപ്പിക്കുന്നതിൽ പരമേശ്വരകൃഷ്ണൻ പ്രദർശിപ്പിച്ചിരുന്നതായി വിചാരിക്കാനും ധാരാളം വകയുണ്ട്. പൂഞ്ഞാറു കൊട്ടാരത്തിൽ കവിൾ തുടങ്ങിയ ചില ചെന്തമിൾ കവികൾ താമസിച്ചിരുന്നുവെന്നു 'പുറനാഥർ' എന്ന ഖണ്ഡകൃതിഭണ്ഡാഗാരത്തിൽനിന്നും സ്పഷ്ടമാകുന്നു. സാഹിത്യ പ്രണയികളായി അനവധി കേരളരാജാക്കന്മാർ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നുവെങ്കിലും വളരെ കുറേപേർ മാത്രമേ കവിരാജന്മാരായി പ്രസിദ്ധി സമ്പാദിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളൂ. അവരിൽ ഏതാനും പേരെപ്പറ്റി അന്വേഷിക്കുകയെന്നുള്ളതാണ് ഈ ലേഖനത്തിന്റെ ഉദ്ദേശം.

കേരളരാജാക്കന്മാരിൽ പലരും പ്രസിദ്ധന്മാരായ ചെന്തമിൾ കവികളായിരുന്നുവെന്ന് പ്രാചീന ചെന്തമിൾ കൃതികളിൽനിന്നും വ്യക്തമാകുന്നുണ്ട്. ക്രിസ്തുവർഷത്തിനു മുമ്പുതന്നെ "അതൻ" എന്നൊരു ചേരരാജാവ് ഹൃദയാപജ്ജകളായ പല ഖണ്ഡകൃതികളും രചിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. ക്രിസ്തുവർഷത്തിന്റെ അടിമരതകങ്ങളിൽ തമിഴിനു കേരളത്തിൽ കൂടുതൽ പ്രചാരവും രാജഭാഷയെന്നുള്ള പ്രാമാണ്യവുമുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. തമിൾ സാഹിത്യത്തിലെ പഞ്ചമഹാകാവ്യങ്ങളിൽ പ്രാധാന്യമുള്ള 'ചിലപ്പതികാരം' തന്നെ ചെങ്കുട്ടവ ചക്രവർത്തിയുടെ ഇളയ സഹോദരനായ 'ഇളങ്കോവടികൾ' എന്ന സന്യാസിവർണ്ണൻ രചിച്ചതാണ്. പെരുമ്പലം പെരുമ്പലത്തിലും അസക്തിയില്ലാതെ ചെറുപ്പമുതൽക്കെ സന്യാസിപ്രതം അവലംബിച്ച ഈ മഹാകവി തമിൾ സാഹിത്യമണ്ഡലത്തിൽ അക്ഷയഭാസ്സോടെ എന്നും വിളക്കുമെന്നുള്ളതിനും സംശയമില്ല. അമാനുഷപ്രഭാവന്മാരായ ഈ സഹോദരന്മാർ രണ്ടുപേരും പ്രത്യേക മാർഗ്ഗങ്ങളിൽ അനശ്വരകീർത്തി സമ്പാദിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. ഹിമാചലംപരെ ചെന്നു രഘുവിനെപോലെ ദീപ്തജ്വലം നടത്തി മേരപതാകയെ പവ്തസാനവിൽ നാട്ടി ഒരാൾ ഏക കരതാധിപത്വം സാധിച്ചുവെങ്കിൽ, ലോകവൈരാഗ്യസോപാനം വഴി ഉത്തമകവിത്വലോകത്തിൽ മറേറായാളും അഗ്രഗണ്യനായിത്തീർന്നിട്ടുണ്ട്.

പക്ഷേ, ചെങ്കുട്ടവന്റെ സമശൂരത അളകൾ വിസ്മരിച്ചാലും ഇളക്കോ
 വടികളുടെ കവിതാചതുരി തമിൾ സാഹിത്യമുള്ളിടത്തോളം മറക്കാനൊ
 മറയ്ക്കാനൊ സാധിക്കുന്നതുമല്ല. കേരളീയരുടെ കവിതയുടേയും യുദ്ധത്തെ
 പുണ്യത്തിന്റേയും ജയസ്തംഭങ്ങളായി ഈ സഹോദരന്മാർ എന്നത്തേക്കും
 പരിലസിക്കുമെന്നുള്ളതും അവിതർക്കിതമാണ്. അക്കാലത്തു നടന്ന കോവി
 ലൻ ചരിത്രത്തെ അസ്സദമാക്കി രചിച്ച ഈ കാവ്യത്തിൽ, പുകിർകാണും,
 മതുരെക്കാണും, വഞ്ചികാണും എന്നു മൂന്നു കാണുങ്ങളുണ്ട്. കോവ
 ലന്റെ വിവാഹം മുതൽ കണ്ണുകിയുടെ ചിലമ്പോടുകൂടി മധുരയ്ക്കു പുറപ്പെ
 ടുന്നതുവരെയുള്ളത് ഒന്നാംകാണുത്തിലും മധുരാനഗരത്തിലെ അഗ്നിബാ
 ധ, കോവലന്റെ മരണം എന്നിങ്ങനെയുള്ള അവരുടെ സ്വർഗ്ഗാരോഹണം
 വരെയുള്ള കഥ രണ്ടാംകാണുത്തിലും വിരചനയുടെ പ്രതിഷ്ഠ, ചെങ്കുട്ട
 വന്റെ ഉത്തരേന്ത്യായാത്ര എന്നവ മൂന്നാംകാണുത്തിലും വിവരിച്ചിരി
 കുന്നു. കഥാകഥനത്തിലും വർണ്ണനയിലും സ്വഭാവരചനയിലും ഗ്രന്ഥ
 കർത്താവ് അസാമാന്യമായ വൈഭവം പ്രദർശിപ്പിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ടെന്നു മാത്രമല്ല,
 പരമഭാഗവതനായ മഹാകവിയുടെ ഭക്തിചാരപശ്യത്തിനും ഭാവനാശ
 ക്തിയ്ക്കും ഉത്തമോദാഹരണങ്ങൾ ഈ കൃതിയിൽ എവിടേയും സുലഭമാണ്.
 പാത്രങ്ങളുടെ മനോഭാവങ്ങളേയും ഹൃദയസ്തോഭങ്ങളേയും തന്മയതപത്തോടു
 ചിത്രീകരിക്കുന്നതിനും അമൃതനിഷ്പന്ദികളായ സുലളിതപദങ്ങളെ യഥാ
 യഥകലാകാരന്റെ പ്രസന്നതയോടു സമ്മേളിപ്പിക്കുന്നതിലും ഈ മഹാ
 കവി പ്രദർശിപ്പിച്ചിരിക്കുന്ന പരമചതുരി അദ്ദേഹം അത്ഭുതപ്പെടുത്താ
 തെയിരിക്കുമില്ല. അക്കാലത്തെ സമുദായ നടപടികളെപ്പറ്റിയും മറ്റും
 സരസമായി വർണ്ണിച്ചിരിക്കുന്ന ഈ കാവ്യതല്പര്യം ചരിത്രാപേക്ഷകളു
 ളേയും അമൂല്യനിധിതന്നെയാണ്. കേരളീയ സമുദായത്തിന്റെ അക്കാ
 ലത്തെ ഗതിവിശേഷങ്ങളെ അറയുന്ന ഏകം ഇത്രത്തോളം പ്രയോജ
 നകരമായ ചേറൊരു കൃതിയുണ്ടോയെന്നു സംശയമാണ്. ചേരരാജാക്കന്മാ
 രിൽ ചേറേയും പലരും ചെന്നതമിൾ സാഹിത്യത്തിൽ മാന്യമായ ഒരു
 സ്ഥാനം പിടിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. “പാലൈപ്പാടിയി പെരുങ്കുടങ്കൊ” എന്ന ചോ
 രാജാവിന്റെ പല ഖണ്ഡകൃതികളും ‘എട്ടു തൊക്കൈ’ ‘നലകുളിപ്പുറം’ ‘പെട്ട
 ‘നററിഞ്ഞൈ,’ ‘കുറുന്തൊക്കൈ’ ‘പുറന്നാരറ്റു’ ‘അകന്നാരറ്റു’ ‘കലിത്തൊ
 കൈ’ എന്നിവയിൽ കാണുന്നുണ്ട്. ‘പാലൈ’ നിലത്തേയും അതിന്റെ
 മനോഹാരിതപത്തേയും വർണ്ണിക്കുന്ന പാട്ടു രചിക്കുന്നതിൽ ഇദ്ദേഹത്തി
 നുള്ള പ്രത്യേക പ്രാപിണ്യത്തെ അടിസ്ഥാനമാക്കിയാണ് ‘പാലൈപ്പാടിയി
 പെരുങ്കുടങ്കൊ’ എന്ന പേരു ലഭിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളത്. തന്മയതപത്തോടും നിസ്ത
 ലാളിത്യത്തോടും വർണ്ണിക്കുന്നതിനും ഇദ്ദേഹത്തിനുള്ള ശക്തി അനന്യസാ

ധാരണമായിരുന്നുവെന്ന് അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ എല്ലാ പണ്ഡിതരിലും ഉത്തമസാക്ഷ്യം വഹിക്കുന്നുണ്ട്. ചിലപ്പതികാരംപോലെയുള്ള ദീർഘകാവ്യങ്ങൾ ഇദ്ദേഹം രചിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളതായി അറിയില്ലെങ്കിലും ഈ രാജകവിയുടെ പ്രശസ്തി അനുസ്മൃതമായി നിലനിൽക്കുന്നുണ്ട്. ഇദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ സമോദരനായി 'മരുതംപാടിയിട്ടുള്ളൊരു' എന്നൊരു ചേരരാജാവും ചെന്തമിൾ കവിയായി പ്രസിദ്ധനായിട്ടുണ്ട്. മുടങ്ങിക്കിടന്ന നെടുഞ്ചേരലാതൻ 'കണക്കാലിരുമ്പൊരെ' കോട്ടമ്പലത്തുഞ്ചിയ ചേരമാൻ 'ചേരമാനിലും കുട്ടവൻ' എന്നിങ്ങനെ വേറെയും പല ചേരരാജാക്കന്മാർ ചെന്തമിൾ കവിതാലോകത്തിൽ അങ്ങിങ്ങായി കാണാനുണ്ടെങ്കിലും അവർ പായത്തക്ക നിലയൊ വിലയൊ ലഭിച്ചിരുന്നതായി തോന്നുന്നില്ല. "ചോഴൻ ചെങ്കണ്ണനോടു യുദ്ധത്തിൽ പരാജിതനായി 'കുടവായിൽ കോട്ടത്തു'വച്ചു' ദാഹശാന്തിക്ക് വെള്ളമാവശ്യപ്പെട്ടപ്പോൾ കൊടുക്കാത്തതിനാൽ പിന്നീട് കൊടുത്തത് നിരസിച്ചു' തന്റെ അഭിമാനത്തെ പരിരക്ഷിച്ചു' മരണമടഞ്ഞ 'കണക്കാലിരുമ്പൊരെ' രാജാവിന്റെ ഒരു പാട്ടല്ലാതെ വേറെയൊതൊരു കൃതിയും ലഭിച്ചിട്ടില്ല. ഇങ്ങിനെ ചേരരാജാക്കന്മാർ ചിലർ ചെന്തമിൾ കവികളായിത്തന്നെ പ്രസിദ്ധി സമ്പാദിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളതുകൊണ്ട്, അവരിൽ പലരും കവികളെ പ്രോത്സാഹിപ്പിക്കുന്നതിലും അളവറ സഹായങ്ങൾ അവർ ചെയ്യുന്നതിലും പ്രത്യേകം ജാഗ്രത കാണിച്ചിരുന്നു. ചെന്തമിൾ കവികളിൽ പലരും ഈ മഹാരാജാക്കന്മാരുടെ ഔദാര്യത്തേയും ഗുണഗർഭമേയും പററി സ്തുതിച്ചുപാടിയിട്ടുണ്ട്. കേരളത്തിലുണ്ടായിരുന്ന മറ്റു സാമന്ത രാജാക്കന്മാരും സാമിത്വ പ്രണയികളും കവികൾക്കു സഹായം ചെയ്യുന്നതിൽ ഉത്സുകരായിരുന്നുവെന്ന് 'അതിയമാൻ നെടുമാനഞ്ചി' 'വേളാവിഷോമൻ പേകൻ' 'വേൾപാരി' എന്നിങ്ങനെയുള്ള ചിററമ്പന്മാർ ഓരോ കവികൾക്കു ചെയ്തിട്ടുള്ള സഹായ സഹകരണങ്ങളിൽ നിന്നും വെളിവാകുന്നതാണ്.

ചെന്തമിൾ സാമിത്വത്തിലും സംസ്കൃതസാമിത്വത്തിലും ഒരു പോലെ പ്രസിദ്ധിയുള്ള ഒരു കേരളരാജാവാണ് പരമഭക്തനായിരുന്ന കുലശേഖരപ്പെരുമാൾ. പേരുകേട്ട പന്ത്രണ്ടു വൈഷ്ണവ ചാതുരന്മാരിൽ ഒരാളായ ഇദ്ദേഹം രണ്ടു ഭാഷകളിലും മികച്ച കവിയായിരുന്നു. സംസ്കൃതത്തിൽ 'തപതിസംവരണം' 'സുദ്രോധനഞ്ജയം' എന്നു രണ്ടു നാടകങ്ങളും 'മുക്കുന്ദമാലയും' പ്രശസ്ത ഗദ്യകാവ്യമായ 'അശ്വതുലഞ്ജരി'യും ഇദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കൃതികളായി അറിയപ്പെട്ടിട്ടുണ്ട്. അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ രണ്ടു നാടകങ്ങൾക്കും അവ യഥാർത്ഥത്തിൽ അർഹിക്കുന്ന സ്ഥാനം ഇതുവരെയും ലഭിച്ചിട്ടില്ലെന്നുള്ളത് ശോചനീയംതന്നെ. ഇവരണ്ടും കേരളത്തിലെ നട്ട

നാരായണൻ ചാക്രന്മാരുടെ ആവശ്യത്തെ പൂർണ്ണമായി നിർമ്മിച്ചുവെക്കുന്നു. കൂടിയാട്ടമെന്ന സംസ്കൃത നാടകഭിനയത്തിന്നു ഈ പെരുമാളുടെ കാലത്തു പൂർവ്വാധികം പരിഷ്കാരവും പ്രസിദ്ധിയും സിദ്ധിക്കുവാനിടയായിരുന്നുള്ളതു പ്രത്യേകം സ്മരണീയമാണ്. പെരിയാറിന്റെ കരയിൽ പരമേശ്വരേശ്വരൻ എന്ന ക്ഷേത്രത്തിന്നു സമീപത്തുണ്ടായിരുന്ന ഒരു നമ്പൂതിരി, ഈ രണ്ടു നാടകങ്ങൾക്കും ചാക്രന്മാർ അഭിനയരീതിയിൽ അറിഞ്ഞിരിക്കേണ്ട പ്രധാന മർമ്മങ്ങളെമാത്രം വിസ്താരമായി പ്രതിപാദിച്ചു ഗ്രന്ഥകാരന്റെ ആവശ്യപ്രകാരം “പ്രാഗ്വ്യായാ” എന്നൊരു വ്യാഖ്യാനം, എഴുതിയിട്ടുള്ളതു ശിവരാമന്റെ വിവരണം കൂടാതെ പ്രസിദ്ധമായി തീർന്നിട്ടുണ്ട്. ധനഞ്ജയ വ്യാഖ്യാനത്തിൽ ഈ മഹാരാജാവിന്റെ പ്രശസ്തിയേയും മറ്റും പറ്റി വ്യാഖ്യാനവും ഉപന്യസിച്ചുകാണുന്നു.

“അഥ കാലോ ഭവേൽ കശ്ചിത്തരീതവാതാതപാനചിതം
നിർമ്മലാംബുജരവി സ്വഹരപ്രോദ്യൽകൽപാരസഞ്ചയഃ
വിഷദന്തദപുഷ്പോദ്യൽഗന്ധവാസിതദിങ്മുഖഃ

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പ്രതിമാമന്ദിരാഭ്യുദ്യദുത്സവാപാസ്തകന്മഷഃ.”

‘തോലൻ’ എന്ന പേരിനാൽ പ്രസിദ്ധനായ ഭാഷാകവിയും ഈ നാടകഭിനയത്തിന്നാവശ്യമുള്ള പല ഫലിത പ്രധാനങ്ങളായ വിദ്യഷക ശ്ലോകങ്ങളുടെ കർത്താവും ആയ നമ്പൂതിരിയും ഈ പെരുമാളുടെ നർമ്മചിന്തയായിരുന്നു. ‘യുധിഷ്ഠിര വജ്രം’ ‘നളോദയം’ മുതലായ യമകകാവ്യങ്ങളുടെ കർത്താവായ വാസുദേവകവിയും ഇദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ സദസ്സിലെ ഒന്നാമനായിരുന്നുവെന്നു ‘പദാത്മചിന്തനം’ എന്ന അതിന്റെ വ്യാഖ്യാനത്തിൽ— “കലശേഖരസഭാസഭാസ്താരസഭാജിതകവിതാകൌശലംസകലവിദ്യാസാഗരപാരിണശേമുഷികൊ ഗുരുകരുണാകടാക്ഷ പീയൂഷസംവല്പിതകവിതാകമ്പലതൊപല്ലതർമ്മഹാഭാരതഭാരത പരമാചാര്യനേവാസിദ്ധാസുദേവനാമനാ” എന്നു കാണുന്നതിൽനിന്നും തെളിവാകുന്നുണ്ട്. ഈ പെരുമാളിന്റെ സാക്ഷാൽ പേരു രാമവർമ്മ എന്നായിരുന്നുവെന്നും കിരീടധാരണശേഷം കലശേഖരൻ എന്ന പേരു കൊണ്ടുണ്ടാണെന്നും ‘പദാത്മചിന്തനം’ ‘ബാലവൃത്തപ്പതികാരികാ’ എന്ന രണ്ടു വ്യാഖ്യാനങ്ങളിൽ നിന്നും സ്പഷ്ടമാകുന്നു. ഇദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ പിൻഗാമിയായ ഭാസ്കരരവിവർമ്മപ്പെരുമാളും ചാക്രന്മാരുടെ ആവശ്യത്തിലേക്കായി ‘ചിഹ്നനിർമ്മാണകോശം’ എന്നൊരു നാടകവും രചിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളതായി അറിവുണ്ട്. ചാക്രന്മാരുടെ ‘അഭ്യുദ്യോക്താവേ’ എന്നതിൽ ഇതിന്നാവശ്യമുള്ള ചടങ്ങു

കൾ വിസ്തരിച്ചുഴിയിട്ടുള്ളതല്ലാതെ, ഈ കൃതി ഇതുവരെ പ്രസിദ്ധം ചെയ്തിട്ടില്ല. പെരുമാക്കുമാരിൽ വേറെയും ചിലർ കവിതാലോകത്തിൽ പ്രസിദ്ധിച്ചുള്ളവരുണ്ട്. സുന്ദരമൂർത്തി നയനാരുടെ സഖിയായിരുന്ന ചേരമാൻ പെരുമാളെപ്പറ്റി ചില വിവരങ്ങൾതമിൾ കൃതികളിൽ നിന്നും ലഭിക്കുന്നുണ്ട്.

ദേശിങ്ങനാട്ടു രാജവംശത്തിലെ അംഗവും ദക്ഷിണഭോജനെന്നും സംഗ്രാമധീരനെന്നും പ്രഖ്യാതനുമായിരുന്ന ശ്രീരവിവർണ്ണൻ മികച്ച സംസ്കൃതകവിയും സാഹിത്യ സാരവേദിയുമായിരുന്നു. അലങ്കാരസ്വ സ്വപ്നാഖ്യാതാവായ സമുദ്രവന്ധൻ, കവിഭൂഷണൻ മുതലായ പണ്ഡിതന്മാർ അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ വിദ്യാഭ്യാസത്തിൽ അംഗങ്ങളായിരുന്നു. സംഗ്രാമധീരനും അതിപരാക്രമിയുമായിരുന്ന രവിവർണ്ണന്റെ 'പ്രദ്യുമ്നാഭ്യായം' എന്നൊരു സംസ്കൃതനാടകം എഴുതിയിട്ടു് കേരളനാടക ചക്രത്തിൽ മാന്യമായ ഒരു സ്ഥാനം അർജിക്കുന്നുണ്ടെങ്കിലും ചാക്യാന്മാരുടെ അഭിനയത്തിനുപോലും ധാരാളമായി ഉപയോഗിച്ചിരുന്നൊ എന്നു സംശയമാണ്. സമുദ്രവന്ധൻ തന്റെ അലങ്കാര സ്വ സ്വപ്നാഖ്യാനത്തിൽ ഓരോന്നിന്നും ഉദാഹരണങ്ങളായി കൊടുത്തിരിക്കുന്നത് രവിവർണ്ണൻ ചക്രവർത്തിയെപ്പറ്റിയുള്ള പ്രശംസാ പദ്യങ്ങളാണ്.

“യത്യാകാംക്ഷസി വീക്ഷിതും ഗുണഭവെ! ചേതഃ സമസ്താൻ ഗുണാൻ
കോലംബാഖ്യ മുപേതി ദക്ഷിണദിശാസീമന്തരന്താം പുരം
അസ്തേ യത്ര ഭുജേന കീർത്തിശരിനഃ പൂർവ്വചലേനോദധമൻ
ഉവീമണ്ണവമേഖലാം യദുപതിഃ കല്പഭൂമോജംഗമഃ”

“അജ്ഞാനഗുണാനുരാഗി
രക്ഷിത ഗോമണ്ഡലോ ബലജ്യേഷുഃ
യദുപതിരഭിമതസത്യഃ
ശരഭയുതം ജയതി വിബുധഹിതനിരതഃ.”

“വപുരിവ മധുരം വചഃ പ്രസന്നം
വച ഇവ കൂപകഭൂപതേ! മനസ്തേ.”

“കൃതാന്ത ഇവ വിദിഷാം, പ്രണയിനാം യഥാ സ്വർഭൂമോ
വിഹാരഗിരിസന്നിഭോ യദനരേന്ദ്ര! വീരശ്രീയഃ
സമച്ഛേദസുമേഷണാ തപമസി കാമിനീനാമതഃ
പുസ്തപ മഹിക്ഷിതോ ദിവസദീപകല്പാഃ പരേ”

എന്നിങ്ങനെ അനേകം ശ്ലോകങ്ങൾ പ്രശസ്തിപരമായി സമുദ
ബന്ധൻ രചിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കാലത്തുണ്ടായിട്ടുള്ള 'ഉണ്ണുനീ
ലിസന്ദേശത്തിലും രവിവർമ്മ ചക്രവർത്തിയെപ്പറ്റി സ്മരിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്.

“അത്മീശശ്രീണിക്കഭിമതഫലം നൽകുവാൻ പാരിജാതം
വിദ്യപത്മമാകരദിനകരം വിശ്വലോകകകദീപം
മുറിക്കൂടും പെരിയപര ചക്രേഷു ചക്രാധമാണം
കററക്കാർമൽപുരികുഴലിമാർമാരനെ കാൺകപിന്നെ.

ചേലപ്പെണ്ണിന്നഴകുപൊഴിയും കണ്ണനെപ്പോരിൽമാറാൻ
മൂലത്തിന്നേ മുടിവിന്നൊരു മുക്കണ്ണനെപ്പുണ്യകീർത്തേ!
വേരിൽച്ചൊല്ലാൻ മനസിജകയൽക്കണ്ണനെച്ചെൽറുനേരെ
കോരിക്കൈകുപ്പടനിരവിവർമ്മാപ്യ വേണാടർകോനെ.”

ഈ രവിവർമ്മ ചക്രവർത്തിയുടെ കാലം നിശ്ചയിക്കുന്നതിനു ചില
ശിലാശാസനങ്ങളിലുള്ള പ്രസ്താവങ്ങൾ പ്രയോജനീയവേകുന്നുണ്ട്. അദ്ദേ
ത്തിന്റെ ജനനം ശകാബ്ദം ൧൧൪൪-നു ക്രിസ്തുവർഷം ൧൨൩൩-ലാണെന്നു,

“സ്വസ്തിശ്രീജയസിംഹ ഇത്യാഭിമിതഃ സോമാനന്ദയോത്തംസകോ
രാജാസീദിഹ കേരളേഷു വിഷയേ നാഥോ യദുക്ഷാഭൂതാം
ജാതോസ്താദവിവർമ്മ ഭൂപതിരുമാദേവ്യാം കുമാരഃ ശിവാൽ
ദേവവ്യാപ്യശകാബ്ദം ഭാജിസമയേ ദേവീവ വീരൊ രസഃ”

(കാഞ്ചീപുരം. ശാസനം.)

എന്നതിൽനിന്നു തെളിയുന്നുണ്ട്. അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ മുമ്പത്തിമുന്ന
മത്തെ വയസ്സിൽ പാണ്ഡ്യചോളരാജാക്കന്മാരെ ജയിച്ചുവെന്നും പാണ്ഡ്യ
രാജാവിന്റെ മകളെ വിവാഹം ചെയ്തുവെന്നും ആ ശാസനത്തിൽ,

“ക്ഷയം നീതഗ്നാ സോയം കലിബലമിവാശാനിനിവചാൻ
ജയശ്രീവൽ കൃതഗ്നാ നിജസഹചരീം പാണ്ഡ്യതനയാം;
ത്രയസ്ത്രിശഭപഞ്ചയശ ഇവയയൈ കേരളപദം
രരക്ഷ സ്വം രാഷ്ട്രം നഗരമിവ കോളംബമധിപഃ”

എന്നതിലും,

ലീലാതിലകത്തിൽ—

“ദ്രോണായ ഭൂപദം ധനഞ്ജയ ഇവ ക്ഷുപാല ബാലാംബലീ
വേണാട്ടിനടുത്തോരു വീരരവിവർമ്മാപ്യോ യദുനാഥപതിഃ

പാഞ്ച്യം വിക്രമപൂർവ്വം പടയിൽ വെച്ചാട്ടിപ്പിടിച്ചുണിനെ
പാഞ്ച്യശാലകൊടുത്തു തസ്യതനയാം പത്മാനനാമഗ്രാമീൽ”

എന്നതിലും പ്രസ്താവിച്ചുകാണുന്നു. ചോളപാഞ്ച്യന്മാരെ ജയിച്ചശേഷം അദ്ദേഹം കൊങ്കണത്തെയും കീഴടക്കിയെന്നു.

“കൃതാ കേരളചോളപാഞ്ച്യവിജയം ക്ലിപ്താഭിഷേകോത്സവ-
സ്സംഗ്രാമാപജയേന കൊങ്കണഗതം തം വിരോധാഞ്ച്യം നൃപം;
നിതാ സ്മൃതിബലം തതാപി വിവിനം ജിതാഭിരാമുത്തരാം
കാഞ്ചാമതു ചതുർമ്മ മണ്ഡമഖിലസാഗ്രാമധീരൈ നൃപഃ”
(കാഞ്ചീപുരശാസനം)

എന്നതിൽനിന്നും പെളിവാകുന്നു. അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ പട്ടാഭിഷേകം തന്നെ നല്ലത്തി അറാമത്തെ വയസ്സിൽ വേഗവതീനദിയുടെ തീരത്തിൽ വെച്ചായിരുന്നുവെന്ന്.

“ഷട് ചതാരിംശദണ്ഡസ്തഭൂവി മകടം ധാരയൻ വേഗവത്യാഃ
ക്രിഡാം സിംഹാസനസ്ഥശ്ചിമേകൃതമാദീ കീർത്തിവാണിരമാഭിഃ”

എന്നതിനാലും സ്പഷ്ടമാകുന്നുണ്ട്. ഇദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കാലത്തു ദക്ഷിണേന്ത്യയിൽ കടന്ന് നാനാവിധങ്ങൾ കാണിച്ചു മുകളിലു സർദാരായ മാലിക്കാഹരന്റെ പ്രശംസയ്ക്കുപോലും പാത്രവാനായ ഈ രണശൂരൻ സംഗീതസാഹിത്യങ്ങളിലുമൊരുപോലെ വൈദഗ്ദ്ധ്യം സമ്പാദിച്ചിരുന്നുത് പ്രദ്യമ്നാഭ്യയത്തിലെ പ്രസ്താവനയിൽ നിന്നു ഗ്രഹിക്കാവുന്നതാണ്.

“അസ്തികില സംഗീതപാരദശപനാ നിഖിലഗുണരത്നാരോഹണനി
രിണാ കവിജനമയൂരകാളമേഹേന സാഹിത്യവിദ്യാവിചക്ഷണേന ദക്ഷി
ണഭോജരാജേന മഹാരാജപരമേശ്വരേണ സംഗ്രാമധീരാപരനാമധേയേന
ശ്രീരവിവർമ്മദേവേന വിരചിതം”

“സംഗ്രാമഭൂമിഷു സഭാസു ച ധീര ഏഷ
ശസ്ത്രേണ ബുദ്ധിവിഭവേന ച തൈക്ഷ്ണ്യഭാജാ
ദല്ലാസകാരിരധിയൊ നൃപതീൻ ബുധാശ്ച
ജിതാക്ഷിതൗ വിഹരതെ ജയസിംഹസുന്ദരഃ”

[തുടരും]

പുലരിക്കാഴ്ച.

വിദ്വാൻ കെ. പി. ശാസ്ത്രികൾ.

മേലേ വാർമഴവിൽ വളച്ചു വിലസും സമുദ്രാദിപീഠത്തിലാ-
 ചേലേറ്റം നവരത്നശാലികൾ നദും കാണിക്കു വച്ചാദരാൽ;
 കാലേകാലഗുണജന്മയാം പ്രകൃതിതാനന്ധാൻഷസ്സുയെ
 ച്ചാലേപള്ളിയുണർത്തുവാൻ കിളികളെക്കൊണ്ടത്രോപാദിപ്പതും.

പ

അരാജദസുവായുണർന്നിട്ടമുഷസ്സുശ്യാമമാലക്ഷ്മിതൻ
 വാരാളം വിഭവലിയാക്കെ നിഴലിച്ചേകുത കാണുന്നതായ്;
 പാശാവാഗഭീമസന്ധമിമയായ് ശ്രീ വേവനാദാപ്യതി.
 പ്ലാശകെപ്പുകഴുന്നുകായൽ കവിതാനന്ദം വളർന്നതും.

൨

രാവിൻതാമസഞ്ചാല പോവതിനടുസ്തോമപ്രദീപങ്ങൾ വ
 ച്ചാവിണ്ണിൽപ്പതു പത്മമിട്ടു ശശിതാൻ തുള്ളിക്കളം മാച്ചുപോൽ;
 ദ്രോപിൻവക്കതിലങ്ങുമിങ്ങുമിമയം ചായപ്പെടുക്കിട്ടമൊ-
 ട്വാചിർഭൂതസം ക്രമേണ നിഴലിച്ചാക്കായലിൽക്കാണമേ,

൩

രാവാകെത്തരമെന്നികായലരകിൽ കെട്ടിക്കിടന്നിട്ടഷഃ-
 ശ്രീവാഞ്ചെപ്പനരുന്നിയുന്നിയകലും കേവഞ്ചിവർഗ്ഗങ്ങൾപോൽ
 അ വാനിൻചരവങ്കൽ നാലരകിലും പറിക്കിടക്കുന്നതും
 സാവാസസ്ഥലിവിട്ടുവാരിദഗണം നീങ്ങിത്തുടങ്ങുന്നതും.

൪

ഗോകണ്ഠം മുതലാക്കുമാരിവരെയും നീളത്തിലീക്കേരള-
 ശ്രീകന്യാമണിയാൾ കളിച്ചു വിളയാടീടാൻജഗന്നായകൻ
 അകമുതലവിതീർത്തതാം മരതകപ്പച്ചപ്പുതുപ്പുതലിൻ
 പാകത്തോടവിഭക്തശില്പരചിയായ് സമുദ്രികാണുന്നതും.

൫

കാമൽക്കേരളമാതൃതൻ മരതകപ്പൂമേട സമുദ്രിയെ
 പ്രേമത്തോടുമുഷസ്സുക്കുങ്കമരസംപൂശിച്ചെമറ്റിപ്പതും;
 സാമഞ്ജസ്ത്രസാദനക്ഷണമതിൽത്തങ്കത്തനിദ്രാവകം
 പൂമങ്കസ്തിതപുണ്യപൂരരചിപോലെങ്ങും പുറട്ടുന്നതും.

സ

പൊൻപറാമിളവെയ് ലണിപ്പുതുതലക്കെട്ടാൻസമുദ്രിയോ
 കൊമ്പന്മേൽത്തരുണാക്കുഞ്ചിഞ്ചമെഴുനള്ളിടുന്നതായ് കാണവെ;
 കൊമ്പന്മേൽക്കുന്നങ്ങളാൽ കളജയാലാപം മുഴക്കിത്തുലോ.
 മിമ്പത്തിൽലരണീരധങ്ങൾമലരിട്ടമി ചുവന്ദിപ്പതും?

൭

അനിസ്തുലമഹാമഹസ്സനദിനം തങ്കൽപ്പകുനാസ്ഥയാ
വാനിൽപ്പൊങ്ങിയ കർമ്മസാക്ഷിയെ നമിച്ചാവിഷ്കൃതാശാരോഃ;
മാനിച്ചാത്മതിരക്കരങ്ങൾ നിറയെത്തുവെള്ളമുത്തിവമായ്
ത്താനിക്കായൽകരയ്ക്കുണച്ചുരപദം കാണിയ്ക്കവയ്ക്കുന്നതും, വ

ബാലാക്കുൻറയിളം മരീചികൾ പരന്നാരുണ്യവണ്ണം കല-
ന്നാലാക്കിൽക്കളിർ കാറുമായ് കളിതുടങ്ങീടും തരംഗങ്ങളാൽ
ചേലാളുന്നനിറപ്പകിട്ടുകളെഴും കായൽപ്പുറപ്പുറസ-
ത്താലാഭ്രവികരപ്പുറത്തിരുടെ വെൺപട്ടാടയാകുന്നതും. ൯

പൊന്നിൻഠലിലിണക്കി നല്ലകനകപ്പട്ടം പറപ്പിച്ചുപോൽ
കുന്നിൻകുട്ടികൾ, ഭാനുബിംബമുയരേ പൊങ്ങുന്നതായ് കാണവെ;
ഉന്നിക്കണ്ടുതലയ്ക്കുമേല, തിളക്കിക്കായൽപ്പുറപ്പിൽ കട-
ണൊന്നിച്ചാത്ത തിമിത്തുകുടിനതിരപ്പെരുത്തലും തുളുന്നതും, ൧൦

പായാക്കും ചിറകാട്ടി, വീതികലരും കായൽപ്പുറപ്പിൽക്കട-
ന്നായാസേതരമഃചിഹ്നംഗപതിപോൽവള്ളങ്ങളെത്തിടവെ;
ഭീയാന്നാത്തുപുളച്ചിടും തിരകളാം സപ്പുങ്ങൾ താഴുന്നതും
പേയാംമാറിളകിത്തിമിത്തുമുഴലെക്ഷിപ്രം പെരുക്കുന്നതും, ൧൧

നാനാവണ്ണവിതാനശിലുരുചിയും സാമ്രാജ്യലപ്പുത്തലിൽ
താനാതിമ്രപുമേറുതെല്ലിടയിരുന്നാദിവൃതേജോമയൻ;
മാനാഹ്സ്ഥിതിയിൽ പുരോമുഖമെഴുന്നള്ളിടവെ ദിങ്മുഖ
ശ്രീനാലും തനിവെണ്മപൂണ്ടുപുലരിച്ചാഞ്ഞൊക്കെ മായ്ക്കുന്നതും. ൧൨

കണ്ടാപ്പാവനിയാമുഷഃ പ്രകൃതിതൻ സൗന്ദര്യസംസ്ഥാപം
കൊണ്ടൊരാടിടുമാമഹോദയഗിരി പ്രാന്തത്തിലേക്കെന്നുമേ;
കൊണ്ടൊടിക്കുതികൊള്ളുമെന്റെ ഹൃദയച്ഛംബൈതലിന്നിമ്പമൊ-
ട്ടുണ്ടായിപ്പരിതൃപ്തനാവതിനെനിക്കെന്നെൻപിതാവേതരം!! ൧൩

ക്ലേശാസംഖ്യതകൊണ്ടു ഞാനനുദിനം കണ്ണിക്കിലും നിത്യവും
കാശാഹരയരവികാളിദാസകവിതാകാന്തിത്തഴപ്പേന്തിനി;
അശാന്തംപരമിൽപ്രസാദപരമാനന്ദം പുലർത്തിത്തുലോ-
മാശാസ്യം കണികാട്ടിടുന്ന പുലരിക്കാശ്ചേ നിനക്കായ്തൊഴാം. ൧൪

എന്റെ തീപ്പെട്ടി.

ശ്രീമൻ, എസ്സ്. ശങ്കരവാർമ്മർ അവർകൾ. ഫി. എ.

(കാകളി.)

അന്ധകാരം പരന്നതമില്ലാതെഴു-
മന്തരിക്ഷത്തിൻ നടുവിലേകാകിയായ്
പെട്ടുഴലുന്നതുകണ്ടു കൃപാർദ്രനാം
സ്രഷ്ടാവെനിശ്ശ്വാത തീപ്പെട്ടിനർക്കിനാൻ.

വാസനാജാതമാം ലീലാസത്തിനാൽ
വാസവനീലതമസ്സിൻ ഗളത്തിൽ ഞാൻ
ചെമ്പവന്മാലയണിയിച്ചഴിയ്ക്കുവാ-
നൊൻപതു പത്തുതിരി ചിലവാക്കിനേൻ.

പിന്നെച്ചിലകോലുകൊണ്ടുഞാൻ കൂരിരു-
ട്ടെന്ന കളിദാസാനിപ്പന്ദ വാരിയിൽ
കാൽസപരോദം മന്യമനങ്ങൾതെ-
ക്കത്തുപാത്തിടിന കാഴ്ചകാട്ടിടിനേൻ.

പോകുംവഴിയ്ക്കു നീരാളം വിരിയ്ക്കുവാ-
നാകാട്കുഴയാൽ തിരി പെട്ടന്നുരച്ചുഞാൻ
കഷ്ടം! പ്രതികൂലവാതമടിയ്ക്കയാൽ
കത്തുന്നതിന്നുമുന്വായതു കെട്ടുപോയ്.

പിന്നെയും കത്തിച്ചു, പിന്നെയും കെട്ടുപോ-
യെന്നുടൈപ്പട്ടിയൊഴിയുന്നദിക്കിലായ്.
യാനത്തിനുവഴി കാണതില്ലാകയാൽ
പീനമായുള്ള തിമിരത്തിൽ നിന്നവോ!

ഇപ്പെട്ടിയിലെഴും കോലത്തുവോളവും
കെല്ലൊടാഗേയശരങ്ങളെ യെയ്തൊൻ
അന്ധകാരത്തിന്റെ മെയ്യുകൊള്ളിച്ചുക-
ണ്ടെന്നൊന്നുമനുഭവിച്ചിട്ടുവാൻ.

ചിരി.

ശ്രീമാൻ, റി. എൻ. കേരളവർമ്മ അവർകൾ (IV Class)

എപ്പോഴും ചിരിക്കുന്നതിനോ ചിരിപ്പിക്കുന്നതിനോ അർക്കം സാധിക്കയില്ലെങ്കിലും ജീവിതത്തിൽ ഒരിക്കലൊരിക്കലും ചിരിക്കാത്ത മനുഷ്യരെ വല്ല കഥകളിലൊ മറ്റൊ അല്ലാതെ ലോകത്തിൽ കാണാൻ സാധിക്കയില്ല. ചിരിയില്ലെങ്കിൽ മനുഷ്യത്വമില്ലെന്നു സമ്മതിക്കാമെങ്കിലും മനുഷ്യത്വമില്ലെങ്കിൽ ചിരിയില്ലെന്നു സമ്മതിക്കുവാൻ ലോകത്തിലെ പരമ രഹസ്യങ്ങളെ അരാഞ്ഞറിയുന്ന ശാസ്ത്രജ്ഞന്മാർ അനുവദിക്കുകയില്ല. ചിരിക്കാത്ത മനുഷ്യരേയും ചിരിക്കുന്ന മറ്റു ജീവരാശികളേയും കാണുവാൻ പലരും ആഗ്രഹിക്കുകയില്ലായിരിക്കാം. ചിരിക്കുന്ന വൃക്ഷലതാദികളുണ്ടെന്ന് സർ ജെ. സി. ബോസ് പറഞ്ഞാൽ, 'ചിരി മനുഷ്യന്റെ പ്രത്യേക സ്വത്താണ്'- അതിനു സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം ദൈവം മനുഷ്യനു മാത്രമേ നൽകിയിട്ടുള്ളൂ' എന്നൊക്കെ എതിർവാദം ചെയ്യുന്നവരാണ് അധികവും. വിശേഷബുദ്ധിയൊ ചിരിയൊ മാത്രമല്ല, ജീവിക്കുവാനുള്ള അവകാശം പോലും ഇതരസ്താപ്തികൾക്കനുവദിക്കുവാൻ മനുഷ്യന് സമ്മതമില്ല. "എന്റെ സുഖം; എന്റെ അവകാശം" ഇതത്രെ മനുഷ്യന്റെ പല്ലവി.

പക്ഷെ "അർക്കം ചിരിക്കാം; പശുവിനും പക്ഷിക്കും ചിരിക്കാം; വൃക്ഷത്തിനും പതയ്ക്കും ചിരിക്കാം. എന്നാൽ മനുഷ്യന്റെ ചിരിയാണ് 'ചിരി'" എന്നൊക്കെ വേണമെങ്കിൽ മനുഷ്യൻ അഭിമാനിച്ചുകൊള്ളട്ടെ. അങ്ങിനെ നായിരുമ്പെങ്കിൽ എത്രദോ. ഏതായാലും ചിരിയുടെ കാര്യത്തിലും ഭരഭിമാനത്തിനു ഒട്ടും കുറവില്ല. കാര്യത്തിൽ വരുമ്പോഴേ കുഴങ്ങുകയുള്ളൂ. എപ്പോൾ വേണമെങ്കിലും ചിരിക്കാം എന്നൊക്കെ തോന്നും. പക്ഷെ ചിരിക്കുന്നവരേക്കാൾ 'പല്ലിളി'ക്കുന്നവരാണ് അധികം. ചിരി ഉണ്ടാകണം; ഉണ്ടാക്കിയാൽ ചിരിയാകയില്ല. അതിനുള്ള ഉപകരണങ്ങളും അതുണ്ടാകുന്ന അവസരങ്ങളും ചിരിക്കുന്ന അളിന്റെ നിയന്ത്രണ പരിധിയിലല്ലതാനും. അതിന്റെ യഥാർത്ഥ ബീജങ്ങൾ അപരമായ ഏതൊ ഹൃദയകോശത്തിലാണ്. അവയുടെ നിയന്ത്രണം ചിരിക്കുന്ന അളിൽ മാത്രം ലയിക്കുന്നുമില്ല.

യഥാർത്ഥമായ ചിരി, സോത്ഥകമായ ഒരുതരം കവിതയെന്നാണ്. അത് തനിയെ ഉണ്ടാകണം; ഉണ്ടാക്കുവാൻ ശ്രമിച്ചാൽ അതിന്റെ തന്മയത്വത്തിനു ഹാനിയുണ്ടാകുന്നു. സ്വാഭാവികമായിട്ടല്ലാതെ ഒന്നു ചിരി

ക്കാനുദേശിച്ചാൽ അത് വെറും 'പല്ലിളിപ്പ്' മാത്രമായി പരിണമിക്കുന്നു. പാണ്ഡിത്യം മുളയ്ക്കുകൊണ്ടു മാത്രം വാസനയില്ലാതെ എഴുതിയ കവിത പോലെതന്നെ. മഹനീയവും ഹൃദയാവർജ്ജകവും ആയ കവിത ക്ലിപ്തസമയം, നിശ്ചിത സന്ദർഭം മുതലായ വ്യവസ്ഥകളെ നിരാകരിക്കുന്നതുപോലെ നിസ്കൃത മധുരമായ ചിരിയും അവയെ നിശ്ശേഷം ആദരിക്കുന്നില്ല. സ്വതസ്സിദ്ധമായി പൊട്ടിപ്പുറപ്പെടുന്ന ചിരിക്കുമാത്രമേ മധുരമയും അസ്വാദ്യതയുമുണ്ടാകുന്നുള്ളൂ.

എന്നു തന്നെയുമല്ല, അന്തരംഗം എത്രമാത്രം പരിശുദ്ധമായിരിക്കുന്നുവോ, അതിനനുരൂപമായി നാം വായുവിൽ ചിത്രീകരിക്കുന്ന ഈ കവിതയ്ക്കു സാരസ്വതം ചാരുതയും ഏറുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നു. അനർത്ഥങ്ങളായ ദിവ്യതയോടുകൂടിയും എത്രയോ മാഹാത്മ്യം മുളയ്ക്കുവാൻ പാപനചേതസ്സിന്റെ ഏകലോഭനമായ പുഞ്ചിരി? സമീപനന്ദ സ്വരൂപനായ ജഗദീശ്വരന്റെ ചൈതന്യം വിമലാത്മാവില്ലാതെ ഒരിക്കലും പ്രതിഫലിക്കയില്ലെന്നുള്ളതിനാൽ ചിത്തശുദ്ധിയുടെ ബാഹ്യരൂപമായ നിമ്ബലമാസം തൽകർത്താവിനു ഈശ്വരനോടുള്ള ബന്ധത്തിന്റെ വ്യാപ്തിയെ ഒട്ടേറെ വിശദമാക്കുന്നുണ്ട്. ചെറുപൈതളങ്ങളുടെ പുഞ്ചിരിയുടെ മനോഹാരിതത്തിന്റെ പരമരഹസ്യവുമിതുതന്നെയാണ്. ഈശ്വരനിൽനിന്നും ലഭിക്കുന്ന ദിവ്യത്വം ലോകവ്യാപാരങ്ങളിലേപ്പെട്ട കാലക്രമേണ നശിച്ചുപോകുവാൻ ഒരു മദ്ധ്യവയസ്സന്റെ പുഞ്ചിരിക്കു, ഒരു പൈതളത്തിന്റെ പുഞ്ചിരിയുടെ വശീകരണശക്തി ഉണ്ടാകുന്നില്ലെന്നു അനുഭവൈകവേദമാണ്. മാനസനൈർമ്മല്യഭ്രാന്തകമായ വിമലമാസത്തിന്റെ വശീകരണശക്തിക്ക് അവസാനമില്ല. കംസാജ്ഞകൈക്കൊണ്ടു ശ്രീകൃഷ്ണനെ കാണുവാൻ ചെന്ന പ്രകൃത്യാനിഷ്ഠനായ അക്രൂരൻ, ആ ശിശുവിന്റെ ദാമനത്തുമുഖത്തിൽ പരിലസിക്കുന്ന വിമലമാസം കണ്ട്, അതിന്റെ വശീകരണശക്തിക്കധീനനായി തെല്ലനേരം നിന്നുപോകുന്നു.

“പുഞ്ചിരിയായൊരു തൂനിലാവേറുനി-
ന്നെഞ്ചിത്തമായുള്ളൊരാമ്പൽ ചെമ്മെ.
ഉല്ലസിച്ഛാനന്ദമായോരുതേരം പൂണ്ട-
ല്ലവേപ്പോക്കുമാറുണ്ടോവന്തു?”

സാഹസിയായ പൂതന മോഹിനീ വേഷവും പൂണ്ട് പോർകൊങ്കളിൽ കാകോളവും തേച്ചുകൊണ്ട് ശിശുഗൃഹത്തിൽ പ്രവേശിച്ചയുടനെ, കോമളാകാരനായ ശിശുവിന്റെ തുമ്പുമാസം വീക്ഷിച്ചത്, അവളുടെ മനോമാചിന്തയെ തെല്ലനേരത്തേക്കെങ്കിലും വിപാടനം ചെയ്യുന്നതിനു

പയ്യോപ്മായയിൽനിന്നും നിഷ്പന്നകവും നൈസർഗ്ഗികമായി നിർമ്മിക്കുന്നതുമായ ചിരി മാനസമാലിന്യത്തെ ഉന്മൂലനം ചെയ്യുന്നതിൽ പ്രദർശിപ്പിക്കുന്ന മഹനീയശക്തി ഏതു വളംവളയത്തേയും വശീകരിക്കത്തക്കതാണ്.

കൃത്രിമചിരിയാകട്ടെ, മനുഷ്യമനസ്സിൽ സ്വേച്ഛാധികാരം നടത്തിക്കൊള്ളുന്ന കപട രാഷ്ട്രസൺറെ ചാരപ്രധാനനാണ്. അവൻ ചിരിച്ചും ചിരിപ്പിച്ചും ഇതരന്മാരുടെ ഹൃദയ കസുമങ്ങളിൽ തുളുമ്പുന്ന ദൈവികമായ അനന്ദമകരന്ദം അപഹരിക്കുവാൻ സദാ സന്നദ്ധനായി നിൽക്കുന്ന ഒരു നീചമധുപനത്രേ. അ വെള്ളപ്പച്ചയിരിയുടെ യഥാർത്ഥനിറം കറുപ്പും അതിന്റെ സ്വാധീനശക്തിയും മൂർച്ഛയും അപരിമിതവുമാണ്. ലോകപ്രസിദ്ധനായ 'ജൂലിയസ് സീസറിനേ'യും 'അൻറണി'യേയും പൗരസ്വമില്ലാത്ത പാവകളാക്കി, കുളിപ്പിക്കുവാൻ "ക്ലിയോപ്പാട്രാ" രാജ്ഞിയെ ശക്തിയാക്കിയത് അവളുടെ കപടഭ്രാന്തകമായ കള്ളച്ചിരിയത്രേ. ഇതിൽ കവിതയില്ല; രസാത്മകതാപൂർവ്വമില്ല. അതിൽ കാപട്ടുകാക്കോളം മാത്രമല്ലാതെ, മനോനൈർമ്മല്യം ഒട്ടും അലിഞ്ഞു ചേർന്നിട്ടേയില്ല.

മനുഷ്യൻ കാലഭേദങ്ങൾ നോക്കാതെ പുഷ്പിക്കുന്ന ഒരു സുവർണ്ണലതയാണ്. പക്ഷവും രംഗ്നിയിലും വേനലിലും വർഷത്തിലും അറിയാതെതന്നെ ഹാം പുഷ്പിക്കുന്നു. അതിന്റെ വസന്തം അന്ത്യന്റെ പ്രവൃത്തിയിലും നാക്കിലും വേനലിലുമായിട്ടാണ് പ്രാപിച്ചുകിടക്കുന്നത്. ഈ ചെടിയുടെ പ്രത്യേകവിശേഷം, ഒരു പൂവല്ലാതെ ഒരു സമയം അതിൽ കാണുകയില്ലെന്നുള്ളതാണ്. മനുഷ്യനിൽ ഓരോകാലത്തും വികസിക്കുന്ന ഈ പുഞ്ചിരിപ്പൂക്കളുടെ കമനീയതമാത്രമല്ല, സൗരഭ്യഃകൂടിയും അസ്വദിക്കേണ്ടതുമായനേന്ദ്രിയം വഴിക്കു മാത്രമാണ്. രമ്യഫലങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും ചിലപ്പോൾ നിർദ്ദിഷ്ട മന്ദദാസം ഏതു പൂമാനസങ്ങളെ കൃത്യസോപാനങ്ങളിൽക്കൂടി അനശ്വരമായ സ്വർഗ്ഗപീഠത്തിലേക്ക് അനയിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു! കഷ്ടം! മറുചിലപ്പോൾ ഇന്ദ്രസിംഹാസനങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും അവരെ വെറും പാഴ്ചെളിയിലേക്ക് തള്ളിവിഴ്ത്തുന്നതും ഇതിന്റെ ഒരു വകഭേദം തന്നെയാണല്ലോ?

ചിരി, മനുഷ്യനു നേരിട്ടിട്ടുള്ള യേശോകവികാരങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും വിമോചനം ലഭിക്കുമ്പോൾ അയാൾക്കുണ്ടാകുന്ന വിജയത്തിന്റെ കാഠമുഖപനി തന്നെയാണ്. ഈ വിജയലക്ഷ്മിയുടെ വീണപായനയിൽ വിദ്വാനും വിവേകശൂന്യനും ദരിദ്രനും ധനികനും വീതഭേദം ലയിക്കാവുന്നതാണ്. യഥാർത്ഥമായ ചിരി അപ്രാജ്ഞാലി അങ്കുരിക്കുന്ന സുമുഹൂർത്ത വേദകളെല്ലാം, സകല മനുഷ്യരും, സ്ഥിതിഭേദമോ മറ്റോ ഇല്ലാതെ പൊതുവെ

ഒരേ നിലയിൽ എത്തിച്ചേരുന്നു. ലോകവിജിതീയവായ അലസ്കാണഡർ ചക്രവർത്തിക്കും തെരുവിലലയുന്ന ഭിക്ഷുവിനും ആയവസരങ്ങളിൽ നിർബാധമായി വിജയകാഹളം ധ്വനിപ്പിക്കാവുന്നതാണ്. കഴിയുന്നത്ര ആ അവസരങ്ങൾ ഉപയോഗിക്കുവാൻ നമ്മുടെ ജീവിതഗതിയെ നിയന്ത്രിക്കുമെങ്കിൽ ഇഹലോകവാസം ആർക്കും മോഹനതരമാക്കുവാൻ സാധിക്കുമെന്നുള്ളതും നിർവ്വിവാദമാണ് യഥാർത്ഥമായ ചിരി ഉണ്ടാകേണ്ടതിനു ശ്രമിക്കുന്നത് അരോഗ്യകരമെന്നു ഭിഷഗ്വരന്മാർ ഉപദേശിക്കുന്നതിന്റെ രഹസ്യവും ഇതുതന്നെയാണ്.

വിദ്യാന്മാർ ബുദ്ധിയിൽ ചാലിച്ച 'ഫലിത'ങ്ങളിലും പാമരന്മാർ നിർകമളകൾക്കു തുല്യമായ 'നേരംപോക്കു' കളിലുമാണ് ധാർമ്യമായി സിദ്ധിച്ചു ചിരിക്കുന്നത്. രണ്ടും ഇന്നപ്പോൾ ഉണ്ടാകണമെന്ന് നിയമമില്ലെങ്കിലും ഉണ്ടായി കഴിഞ്ഞാൽ അതുകേട്ടു ചിരിക്കാതിരിക്കാൻ സ്വബുദ്ധിയുള്ളവർക്ക് വിഷമമാണ്. ഇവരണ്ടിനും തമ്മിൽ പ്രസ്തുതമായി കാണുന്ന വ്യത്യാസം ബുദ്ധിമാന്റെ ഫലിതങ്ങൾക്കു ഭീർവ്വായുസ്സ് കൂടുമെന്നുള്ളതാണ്. ഒരു മനീഷിക്കു തന്റേറതുപോലെയുള്ള വേറൊരു മനസ്സിൽനിന്നും നിഗ്ഗമിക്കുന്ന ഫലിതങ്ങൾ ഓരോ "ഓരോത്താ" ചിരിക്കാൻ സാധിക്കും. അവയുടെ പുതുമ ഹൃദയംഗമമായ സൽകവിതയുടേതുപോലെ, കാലപ്പഴക്കത്തോടു കൂടി ഒരിക്കലും നശിക്കുകയില്ലെന്നു മാത്രമല്ല, ക്രമേണ വലിച്ചുവരികയും ചെയ്യും. ഓക്കുലോളോം സഹൃദയന്മാരെ ചിരിപ്പാത്തക്കഫലിതങ്ങൾക്ക് സൽകവിതയുടെ അനശ്വരതയും പോലെയുള്ള മാഹാത്മ്യമുണ്ട്.

ഒരാൾക്കു ചിരിക്കാൻ കഴിയുന്നതുതന്നെ ഒരു മഹാഭാഗ്യമാണ്. പക്ഷെ നമ്മെ ചിരിപ്പിക്കാൻ കഴിയുന്ന ആളുകൾ ലോകത്തിനു ചെയ്യുന്ന നന്മ എത്ര വിലയേറിയതാണ്. ഈ ലോകനാടക വിദ്യേഷകന്മാരുടെ ജോലി ഔസര്യമേറിയതത്രെ. അവരുടെ തുലികാഗ്രത്തിൽനിന്നു വശ്രത്തിൽനിന്നു നിഗ്ഗമിക്കുന്ന ഫലിതങ്ങളത്രെ, ചിന്താശതകുഭിതരായ ജനങ്ങൾക്ക് ഒരു സമയം ബുദ്ധിക്കു കളർമ നൽകുന്ന മന്ദാനിലനായും മറെറൊരു സമയം ശരീരമുള്ളതായ നീക്കുന്ന ശീതളപാനീയമായും തീരുന്നത്. എല്ലാവരും, പണ്ഡിതനും പാമരനും ഫലിതങ്ങൾ കേട്ടും കണ്ടും അനന്ദിക്കുന്നതിനു എപ്പോഴും അഗ്രഹമുള്ളവരാണ്. കേരളസാഹിത്യത്തിൽ ചിരിപ്പിക്കാനുള്ള കെല്പ് അസാമാന്യമായുണ്ടായിരുന്ന നമ്പ്യാശാൻ പറയുന്നതു നോക്കുക.

“കവികാലങ്ങളിലുള്ള കാണികൾക്കു കഥകേട്ടാൽ
ഫലിതമുള്ളതേനല്ല പലക്കുമങ്ങിനെതന്നെ.

വവില്ലുള്ളവർക്കും വയസ്സുചെന്നവർക്കും നൽ-
കുവത്തിലുള്ളവർക്കും നാരിമാർക്കും ശിശുക്കൾക്കും
ചിരിപ്പാൻ സംഗതിയുള്ള കവികൾ ചൊല്ലിയെങ്കിൽ കേ-
ട്ടിരിപ്പാനാഗ്രഹമുണ്ടാ മെന്നിയേ സൽക്കരകേട്ടാൽ.
മരിപ്പാനൊട്ടുത്താലും മാധവന്റെ പദാംഭോജം
സ്മരിപ്പാൻ ഭാവമില്ലാക്കു മെന്നൊരു നിമ്നരിയാം.”

എല്ലാവർക്കുമുള്ള ഈ അഗ്രഹത്തെ ഫലിതോക്തികൊണ്ട് സാധി-
പ്പിക്കുന്ന വശ്യവചസ്സുകളോടു ലോകം എത്രമാത്രം കടപ്പെട്ടിരിക്കുന്നു.
അവർ നമ്മുടെ സ്നേഹത്തിനും ആരാധനയ്ക്കും സർവ്വാ അർഹന്മാരാണ്.
അവരെ യഥാർത്ഥമായലോകോപകാരം ചെയ്യുന്നത്.

—(*)—

ഉണ്ണികൃഷ്ണന്റെ സ്വർഗ്ഗാരോഹണം.

എസ്സ്. വൈദ്യനമേൻ. (IV Class)

(ഗാഥ)

ശ്രീകേളിയാട്ടുന്ന മൂഡ്ഗിലുവംശമാം-
മാകന്ദശാഖിയിലാണുപൂവേ!

ലാവണ്യധാമമേ! കാണികൾക്കൊന്നി
പാവനമോഹന രൂപനായി.

സാരസ്വതകോമള ശാലാലശാലയായ്
സൗരഭ്യമാരുതരംഗമായി

കാളേജുമൈതാനമാകുന്നൊരാമ്പാടി
കേളിയുരങ്ങാക്കി വാണ കൃഷ്ണ!

പൊന്മണിക്കുഞ്ഞേ! നിൻ ചിന്മയരൂപമെൻ-
ജന്മസാഫല്യത്തെ കൈവരുത്ത!

താലോലം പാടിന മാതാവിൻ കണ്ണിൽ നീ
ലീലാമൃതത്തെ ചൊരിഞ്ഞിരുന്നു.

ശ്രീയന്മോരഞ്ചാലരൂപമിന്നെങ്ങുപോയ്
മായയിൽമാഞ്ഞു കിടക്കയാണോ?

കണ്ണാ! നിൻ പ്രേമസാിത്തിതാപായുന്തു.
കണ്ണിണതട്ടിത്തകത്തു ചാടി.

നിന്മുഖംജാതമായുള്ളസവ്സപയും
നിന്നെയനുഗമിച്ചല്ലോ കഷ്ടം!

ഏങ്ങുപോയോമനക്കുഞ്ഞേ! നീ യെങ്ങുപോയ്
മങ്ഗളമുന്തേ! മടങ്ങിവാധാ.

സോദരൻ കേഴുന്നുവല്ലോ ചിദാനന്ദ!
സാദരം നിൻകുളർ മേനിപ്പുൽക്കാൻ.

ഛായാ! ഞാൻ കാണുന്ന കാണുന്ന കണ്ണനെ!
മോഹന! നിൻകളിയെത്ര ചിത്രം.

വാനചർ ചാഴുന്ന മാളികമേൽനിന്റെ
യാനനം ഞാനിതാ ദർശിക്കുന്നു.

അന്തരിക്ഷത്തിൽ നീ താരമായ് സ്തോമത്തിൻ
കാന്തിചൊരിയുന്നു രാത്രിതോറും.

പുണ്യസ്വരൂപൻ നീ പൂജ്യസ്വഭാവൻ നീ-
യുണ്ണി! ജയിക്ക ജയിക്ക നിത്യം

ലോകമാം കാനനേ ഭോഗനായാട്ടിനായ്
പോകുന്ന നിത്യവും ഞങ്ങളെല്ലാം,

പാപത്തെക്കെട്ടിയെടുത്തു മടങ്ങുന്ന
പ്രാപഞ്ചികസൃഷ്ടി പ്രാദുർഭാവം താൻ.

ശോകസമുദ്രത്തിൽ നിന്നുകരയോറി-
നാകമണിമേടയാണുനീയോ

ആനന്ദ കന്ദളമായവിമാനത്തിൽ
ഗാനങ്ങൾ പാടി സ്തബ്ധിച്ചിടുന്നു.

എന്നോമൽകുഞ്ഞേ! ജയിക്ക നീ യാമോദ-
സന്ദോഹരൂപനേ! മംഗളം തേ-

