

1914

John
H. C. G.
1914

THE
PRESIDENCY COLLEGE
MAGAZINE.

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NOTICES.

Rs. A. P.

Annual subscription in India,	
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There will ordinarily be six issues a year, namely, in July, August, September, November, January and March.

Students, old Presidency College men and members of the Staff of the College are invited to contribute to the Magazine. Short and interesting articles written on subjects of general interest and letters dealing in a fair spirit with College and University matters will be welcome. The Editors do not undertake to return rejected articles unless accompanied by stamped addressed envelope.

All Contributions for publication must be written on one side of the paper and must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer, *not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.*

Contributions and all communications should be addressed to Babu Jorges Chandra Chakravarti, B.A., Assistant Editor and General Secretary, *Presidency College Magazine*, and should be forwarded either to the College Office or to Room No. 60, Eden Hindu Hostel, Calcutta.

PRAMATHA NATH BANERJEA,

Editor.

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CALCUTTA.

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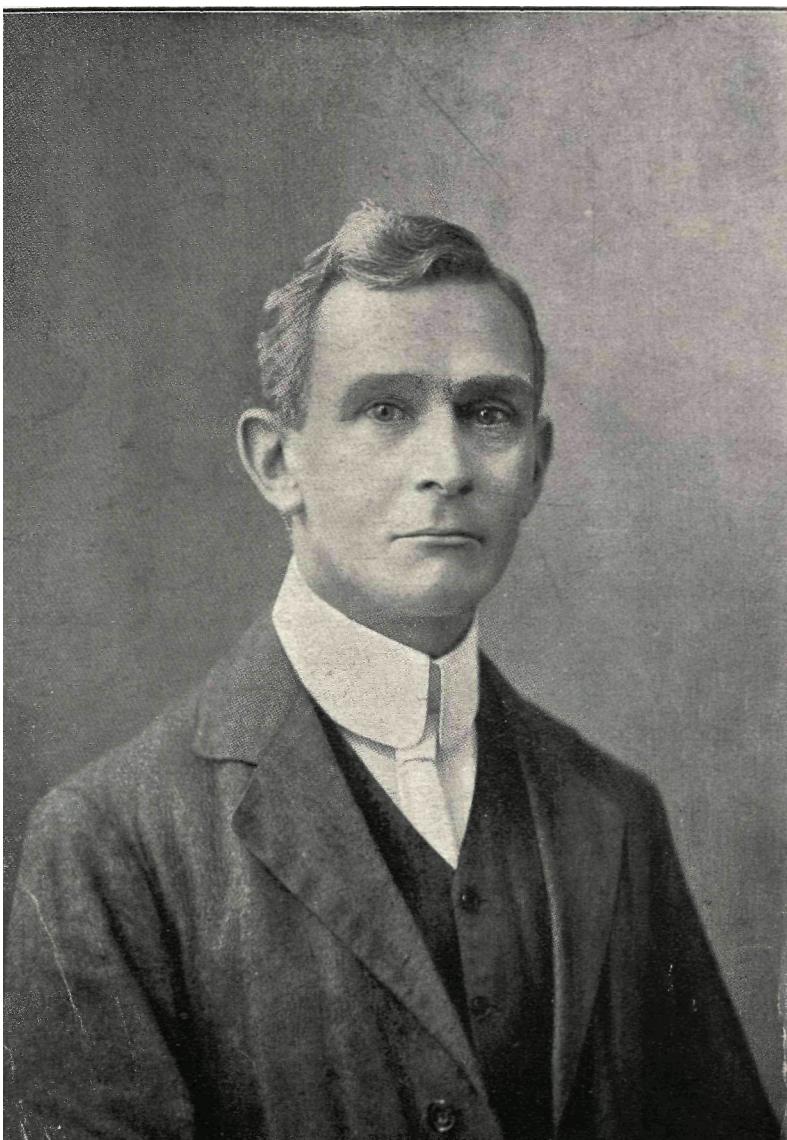
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Our Principal.

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1914.

No. 1

INTRODUCTORY.

IT is entirely in accordance with the fitness of things that Presidency College should have its magazine. I believe this to be the opinion not only of the large majority of present members of the college, but also of all who feel any interest in the college, whether through links of personal association, present or past, or merely from general interest in University education. Because I am convinced of this, I very willingly accede to the request of the editor to contribute to the first number a few words of introduction.

To some it may seem strange that such a magazine has not long been in existence. I do not however think time will be well employed in offering any apology or explanation for the fact that there is at present a void which the new magazine aspires to fill. The subject has from time to time been discussed in the college and a Presidency College magazine was started at least once in recent years and ran a short course.

The reasons which make it desirable that we shall have a college magazine are practically those which have determined other colleges to have magazines, and they apply with special force in proportion as Presidency College may claim a high place among colleges. It is, I believe, in part out of consciousness of special responsibility that Presidency College has in this particular lagged behind other colleges: if some say culpably, I have no great quarrel with them. What I am very clear about is, that when Presidency College does have a magazine, it is incumbent on every member of the college to do what he can to make the Presidency College Magazine a success. We have

hesitated—perhaps too long. We now take the decisive step of issuing our first number. We are under obligation to take care that our magazine is started on sound lines and is maintained permanently.

Nothing can better contribute to these two ends than a clear and accurate view of the functions which a college magazine has to fulfil. Rightly understood, a college magazine is an organ of the corporate life of the college. It is at once an expression of the common life and a quickener of its activities. It fulfils these functions better in proportion as it keeps closely in touch with the actual work-a-day life of the college. It should chronicle events; it should communicate views; it should afford opportunities for the free discussion of college affairs and interests. These things it should do first and foremost; and if it fails to do these things, it is no *college* magazine. But inasmuch as a college is related to other colleges and to the University, a college magazine should, in the second place, find space for news from other colleges and keep its readers informed of matters of common interest in the University. This is its second natural function. A third is to foster literary and scientific interest by printing contributions from members of the college which reach a sufficiently high standard.

This third function is quite legitimate, but I place it a long way after the other two. Care must be taken that it is kept duly subordinate. Experience shows that there is a danger of the more proper functions of a college magazine falling into the background, and of literary contributions bulking too largely. However great the temptation, and to whatever cause it may be due, it is to be resisted, or a college magazine altogether misses its true function. This is to be the *college magazine*, an organ of college life. It is to treat of current events and interests, and the interests of the *college*. It requires no mean art, no slight effort, no slender stock of perseverance to attain these ends adequately.

If our college magazine fulfils its functions as I conceive them, it will do the following things. It will give us information valuable to us in our ordinary college life:—notice of events which concern the college as a whole or sections of it; the constitution of clubs, seminars, societies; accounts of meetings; changes in the routine of studies; information concerning scholarships and prizes; reports of matches; social news of all sorts; University news and general educational news. News must of course be kept within limits, and the limits are given precisely enough by bearing on the interests of college life.

In order that these functions may be discharged effectually, in

other words, in order that the information may be useful, there are other conditions which must be fulfilled : (1) publication must be fairly frequent; (2) publication must be punctual. It is hoped to meet the first condition sufficiently by making publication monthly from July to November, omitting one month for the Pujah Vacation, ordinarily, as this year, the month of October. The date of publication will ordinarily be the first Monday in the month. This year it is proposed to publish the first number in November. There will be six issues in the year—three from July to September, three from November to March.

The regularity of publication will depend on the energy and good management of the editor and committee, and this will require the assistance of a staff of correspondents: one for college societies, one for the Eden Hindu Hostel, one for outside college news, one for University news. It is also hoped to find a correspondent among the members of the teaching staff.

It is proposed also to recognize the historic connection between the college and the Hindu and Hare Schools. A column will be kept for news from each of the two schools (so long as the schools have not their own school paper), and each school will be invited to appoint a correspondent.

Two very important considerations remain. Success is not attainable without the solid support of the college at large. In particular, the committee and correspondents must depend, to a large extent, on the active and intelligent co-operation of Secretaries of College Societies. The production of the magazine will also involve considerable expenditure. The financial problem has been met by a proposal emanating from the Magazine Committee and approved by the Students' Consultative Committee and by the Governing Body of the College, that a subscription shall be levied throughout the college from every student in the same way as the athletic subscription. The Governing Body have further agreed to supplement, if necessary, the revenue to be derived from this source.

In conclusion, I ask on behalf of the Committee for an indulgent reception of this first number and for friendly support from all. We trust we have already the support of every present member of the college. We hope also for substantial support from past members who retain an affection for the college, and who may be glad to keep alive the associations by which they are bound to us.

College Notes.

WE make our first appearance amidst the excitement of a crisis unparalleled in the experience of anyone now living. Far away from the scene of strife we hear only the echoes of what is likely to prove the greatest war in the world's history. Tremendous issues hang in the balance; but 'out of evil cometh good' and the most cheering outcome of the present war is the manifestation of the solidarity of interest and the unity of sentiment which prevail throughout the British Empire. A wave of loyalty has touched the shores of the Overseas dominions of the Emperor. The peoples of India accept the British cause not only as subjects of the British Empire, but as comrades in a struggle for existence, as vital to their interests as to those of any other part of the Empire. The despatch of Indian troops to fight on European soil for the first time in history, the voluntary grant of all the expenses of the Indian expeditionary forces from the Indian exchequer are significant facts. They give happy assurance of the steady development of better fellowship throughout the British Empire.

"Young Bengal" has not been slow to make known its sentiments. We believe that among educational institutions our college may claim to have been the first which expressed its sympathy with Government and offered such practical help as is in our power to give. We had two meetings; the first in the Hostel on the 12th of August; the second in the large Physics theatre on September the 8th. We have opened a subscription list for the relief of distress consequent on the disorganization of commerce, and we expect to start ambulance lectures very soon.



Our Professors have all agreed to make monthly contributions from their salaries at a fixed rate as long as the war lasts. Contributions have been divided into three classes according as they pay (a) 1 p.c., (b) 2 p.c., or (c) 3 p.c. to the Relief Fund. The members of the office and the Library staff have done the same.

The class-representatives of the "Consultative Committee" have accepted the charge of collecting subscribers' names from the various classes. It is gratifying to learn that one of our junior classes has promised to raise monthly subscriptions amounting to Rs. 50 per month. The class which has thus distinguished itself is the second year Arts class. This is a promising beginning and we hope that none of the classes will fail to follow suit.



The death of Shamsul-ulama Maulavi Ashraf Ali, the senior Professor of Persian and Arabic in our College, came as a great shock to all of us and is a cause of deep sorrow to all who knew him. The kindly nature, the amiable behaviour, the great learning of our late Maulavi, make the loss to the College very great. We offer our respectful condolences to the Maulavi's bereaved family.

Our losses in the course of the last two years have been indeed very heavy—first, Professor Amulyadhan Banerjea in 1912; second, Professor Binayendranath Sen in April 1913, and now Professor Ashraf Ali. Each one of these has endeared himself to a wide circle of past and present Presidency College men, and each is held in affectionate remembrance.



The College calendar appeared with commendable punctuality on the 4th of July. But we notice that the copies now extant are marked 'Advance copies,' and we understand that, as last year, a fuller volume is to be expected with complete lists of all classes and of all scholarship-holders, including also the papers set in the College examinations. We do not know to what cause the delay in the appearance of the complete calendar is due, but we are at all events anxious to see it. Meantime the 'incomplete' calendar serves well enough for most practical purposes.



We are glad to learn that the new Library catalogue is in the press. For the last two years the Library has been in a state of transition following in the complete re-arrangement of the books (which was a large undertaking, as there are over 30,000 volumes); and the absence of a printed catalogue corresponding to the new arrangement has naturally been attended with inconvenience for all concerned. The new catalogue, which, besides being a shelf-catalogue, will be a subject-catalogue, on the basis of an adaptation of the Dewey system, will be published in three parts. We hear that the first part will be out very soon. We await its appearance with great interest.



The new Science Library has been closed for the greater part of the session in order to allow of the completion of the new book-cases, the work which was begun in the Long Vacation. The Library was re-opened just before the Puja holidays and we found in the transformation that had been effected full compensation for the inconvenience which the temporary closing of the Library had caused. The Science Library as now permanently fitted up is a delightful place. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Crouch, Architect to the Government of Bengal, who designed the new wall-cases and took a close personal interest in the whole undertaking.



The competition for admission to the College in July was as great as ever this year. The number of applications for the Intermediate classes was 420, of which 336 were from candidates who had passed the Matriculation examination in the first division. The number actually admitted is 147.

The number of applicants for the B.A. and B.Sc. classes was 511. Of these 164 had passed the I.A. in the first division and 145 had passed

the I.Sc. in the first division. Eighty-three admissions have been made to the B.A. class. For the B.Sc., 78 have been admitted. A very much larger number was selected for B.Sc. admission, but many of these so selected failed after all to come.



We have missed very much the well-known figure of our friend and professor, Mr. E. F. Oaten. He proceeded to England last April. He was married on June the 15th. We offer him and Mrs. Oaten a hearty welcome back to India.

Mr. Henry Martin, M.A. (Oxon), Principal Islamiah College, Lahore, has for two months been working on the staff in Mr. Oaten's place. Mr. Martin has now left us to take up the work of his Principalship; but he has left many friends among us and we hope he carries away pleasant impressions.

Another interesting social event of the Long Vacation was the marriage of Professor Coyajee. We offer our best wishes to him and to Mrs. Coyajee.



✓ We may once more congratulate ourselves on the regaining of the Elliot Shield; this being the eighth time that the College has taken possession of this trophy. The Elliot Shield has thus been in our possession for a longer time than in that of any other College. We offer our heartiest congratulations to the Captain, S. M. Yakub, the Vice-Captain Dharendra Chandra Das and the team on the win for the College.



The M.A. and M.Sc. results have on the whole proved satisfactory to this College. We have two first classes in English, four in History, two in Political Economy and Political Philosophy (B). In Mathematics we have five (M.A. and M.Sc.); in Physics two; in Chemistry three first classes. The first three places in the second class in English and in History have also been occupied by students of our College.

The M.A. and M.Sc. results were announced on Friday evening, September the 18th. No doubt the difficulties in the way of getting papers examined in the busiest part of the Session are considerable. Nevertheless the examinations were all over by the second week of July, and it seems that nine weeks is a long time to take in getting out results, seeing that the number of candidates in no subject exceeds two hundred. It may at all events be said with certainty that the long period of suspense is very trying to candidates.

The lists steadily increase in length. The percentage of passes cannot be said to be satisfactory though it is no worse than in previous years.



We gladly recognize that our Seminars have made some advance towards the realization of a desirable ideal, but they will not really fulfil this purpose till they put off completely the semblance of debating societies, which they bear too much at the present time. It can not be too clearly laid down that Seminars are institutions for

the purpose of collective work on the lines of original investigation. When they put on this character the Seminars will have attained their purpose, but not before.



We welcome our new Vice-Chancellor, the Hon'ble Dr. Deva Prasad Sarbadhikary, M.A., LL.D., C.I.E. Dr. Sarbadhikari has been and still is very intimately connected with our College. We feel great pride when we welcome our Vice-Chancellor who, in the words of His Excellency the Governor, "breathes the true spirit of the scholar who loves his *alma mater*."

"It is a proud day for me," so wrote Dr. Devaprasad Sarbadhikari, "when many years later I was given a seat on the Governing body of my College, and another proud day when I—at the invitation of Principal James and in the presence of Lord Carmichael—had the privilege of addressing His Excellency on behalf of the 'old boys' of the College" on the occasion of opening the Baker Laboratory.

It is a prouder day for us to think that three Indian Vice-Chancellors of our University are the "old bo's" of our College. We thank the present Vice-Chancellor for having very kindly consented to contribute his "reminiscences" of his College days to our magazine.



We have noticed with great pleasure the recognition which Dr. Bose is receiving wherever he goes in Europe. Dr. Bose left Calcutta at the beginning of April and reached England before the end of that month. On May the 20th he lectured at Oxford before a distinguished audience on the "Irritability of Plants" and delivered another lecture at the University of Cambridge on June the 2nd. A third address illustrated by experiments was given by him before a meeting of savants at Vienna. His reception on each occasion was cordial and even enthusiastic.

We learn further that on the reopening of the autumn session Dr. Bose has been invited to address the Psychological Society of London. He has also been nominated to give a discourse before the Scientific Academy of Washington and invitations have been sent to him to deliver courses of lectures before the Columbia University, the Academy of Science of New York and the Universities of Chicago, Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan.

All this is very gratifying to us, and the most gratifying of all is the congratulatory letter which has been written to Dr. Bose by the Viceroy. This has already appeared in all the Calcutta papers and we need not reproduce it here. But seeing how intimately Dr. Bose belongs to us and how closely he is associated with this College we take a natural and proper pride in all this new harvest of distinctions for one whose great work was begun and perfected in our midst and in the very laboratories in which our work is carried on.



We take this opportunity of offering our heartiest and best thanks to our Principal, Mr. James, who has been all along taking a most kindly interest in everything that concerns our magazine.

We are indebted to him not only for having given our scheme a definite practical shape, but also for his valuable guidance at every step in working out almost every detail of the hard work which we have been called upon to perform.



The Committee is constituted as follows:—

<i>President and Treasurer</i>	..	H. R. JAMES Esq., M.A. (Oxon), Principal.
<i>Vice-President</i>	..	R. N. GILCHRIST Esq., M.A. (Aberdeen).
<i>Editor</i>	..	PRAMATHA NATH BANERJEA, B.A.
<i>General Secretary and Asst. Editor</i>	..	JOGES CHANDRA CHAKRAVARTI, B.A.
<i>Assistant Secretaries</i>	..	SHYAM CHANDRA TRIPATHI, B.Sc. PRAPHUILA KUMAR SARKAR.

Correspondents for—

(1) <i>Staff</i>	..	Professor J. W. HOLME, M.A. (Liverpool)
(2) <i>Societies. (Science)</i>	..	SHYAM CHANDRA TRIPATHI, B.Sc.
(3) " (Arts)	..	HEM CHANDRA CHAKRAVARTI B.A.
(4) <i>Sports</i>	..	S. M. YAKUB, B.A.
(5) <i>Eden Hindu Hostel</i>	..	JOGES CHANDRA CHAKRAVARTI, B.A.
(6) <i>University and other Colleges</i>	..	SIVA DAS MUKHERJEE, 2nd year class.
(7) <i>Ex-students</i>	..	DHIRENDRA CHANDRA DAS GUPTA, 3rd year class.
(8) <i>Hindu School</i>	..	RAMA PRASAD MUKHERJEE, 2nd year class.
(9) <i>Hare School</i>	..	SUBHAS CHANDRA BASU, 2nd year class.
		AMAL GANGULI.
		BROJENDRA KUMAR BASU.

The magazine owes a great deal to Professor R. N. Gilchrist who has helped the scheme forward from its first proposal. It is largely due to his helpful sympathy and co-operation that the proposal has at length been carried out.

The design for the cover we owe to the kindness of Mr. Percy Brown, Principal of the Government School of Art, to whom we offer our best thanks.

Aspects of Idealism in Life and Literature.

By V. R. RAO, B.A.

“ Idealise away!...
You're welcome, nay, you're wise! ”

— BROWNING.

THE story goes that Michael Angelo, the famous Italian artist of the Renaissance, was one day passing along the street; and, as his eye casually fell upon a block of stone lying neglected by the wayside, he pointed to it and said, ‘Send it to me, I see an angel's face in it.’ The stone, accordingly, was taken over to the studio: the master's chisel was sedulously applied to it; and, lo and behold, there

were soon wrought upon it the beautiful lineaments of a denizen of heaven. So to the piercing vision of genius were opened out possibilities hidden from the vulgar gaze ; and the rough stone apparently unpromising and altogether unheeded, became converted into the choice material of a concretized dream of divine loveliness. What one discerns another may not perceive with equal clearness and directness : the present always falls infinitely short of the prospective ; and yet, alike in things great and small, the ideal is there to be evolved only out of the actual.

The relation between the ideal and the real—the ideal in the real and the real amidst the ideal—in this lies the pith of all true philosophy, the essence of all higher experience. In so far as we untwine this necessary relation and dissever the one from the other, either we suffer ourselves to be carried off our feet or the world becomes too much with us. Either way, we render ourselves ineligible to estimate the correct values of things. Not the idealist, not the realist, but the idealist-realist is alone qualified for the supreme task of illustrating the ideal to himself and interpreting the real to others. The gross realist accepts the world's prevailing values at par. The abstract idealist rejects them at cent per cent discount. The idealist-realist or the practical idealist, on the other hand, neither wholly acquiesces in current values nor entirely denies all values, but finds satisfaction only in a constant revaluation of the real in terms of the ideal—in fact, not merely a revaluation but a transvaluation of values. The realist is confined in, and content with, the world of things that are, as they are ; the idealist condemns it and casts it off as a mass of so much unworthy dross ; while the idealist-realist, with his feet upon the sod and his eyes upon the stars, lifts the common from the common-place and invests it all with a 'light that never was on sea or land.' The realist recks not to rise above the dust ; the idealist dares not to descend down the clouds ; whereas the idealist-realist, even because he combines in himself the twofold capacity, commands at once the motive and the means for the achievement of both. This interfusion of the ideal and the real, or more properly, the transfusion of the real into the ideal, leads the worldly as well as the other-worldly to exclaim of the practical idealist—in scorn, if not out of reverence—'His ways are not as our ways, neither are our thoughts his thoughts.' Aye, truly so. In the world, yet not of the world, to him alone is it given to get the best out of the world by putting his own best into the world. To him who is ceaselessly intent, day or night, upon realising the ideal and idealising the real, the actual is not only the counterpart but the earnest of the ideal ; the imperfect is not the negative of the perfect—not that which is not perfect, much less that which is incapable of becoming perfect—but verily the perfect itself in the making. Thus a Michael Angelo beholds in the roughness of an unhewn stone the comeliness of a celestial countenance ; and a greater than he declares the general dictum that the stone rejected of the builders becomes the corner-stone of the edifice.

Is this, then, a saying to adorn a tale only and not to point a moral ? How strange, yet solemn and significant, its truth—a key to the mystery of 'all this unintelligible world,' a hint upon the adjustment of all this life's complex relations ! How far-reaching the appli-

cations of this principle to the life individual and the life national and the life international, if only we pause and ponder the responsibility for all the rejected but not truly rejectable stones so rich with importance in the economy of the Divine Architect ! To carve out of apparently coarse rubble what eventually justify themselves as corner-stones and key-stones is the high privilege of the practical idealist ; and in which walk of life has he not his representative ? True idealism can dare and do what sheer realism can only despair of, if it may even so much as dream of it. As ideas rule the world, idealism stands the *primum mobile* of existence ; and the roll, not of the world's thinkers alone, but of its workers also, is made up of true idealists and not mere realists. For true idealism is soul-illumination as well as will-energy ; mere realism is darkness of vision and despondency of volition. The one is dynamic, the other static ; or, borrowing the distinction drawn by Heine between romanticism and classicism in literature, we may say the one is infinite, the other finite, in outlook.

In this connection, it is remarkable how closely the stand-point of realistic idealism is represented, on the literary side, by what is known as the romantic revival movement—a movement vastly broader, in fact, than its purely literary compass. Transcendentalism in philosophy, mysticism in religion and romanticism in poetry—these are three facets of one Kohinoor from the *thrivéni* confluence of Franco-German-Anglican streams, the prime legacy of the nineteenth to the twentieth century. They reflect alike the same 'renascence of wonder' which, in the words of the great high-priest of nineteenth century romanticism,

“ hath among least things
An undersense of greatest ”;

the same 'beauty of promise'

“ which sets
(As at some moments might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of Paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full blown ”;

and the same 'excelsior' strenuousness of aspiration which proves

“ how on earth
Man, if he do but live within the light
Of high endeavours, daily spreads abroad
His being armed with strength that cannot fail.”

In fine, that is no true idealism which does not make the idealist "a sensitive being, a *creative soul*." And no greater service may be rendered to the cause of idealism than to rescue it from the besetting taint of passive, unpractical mysticism ; as, on the other hand, the peril to ward off in realism is its tendency to degenerate into abject, egoistic cynicism. In the happy commingling of these two elements, the idealistic and the realistic, freed each from its own peculiar incubus, we have the source of all the marvellous plenitude of productivity round about us, answering exactly to the *purusha* and *prakriti* functions, the *nirguna* and *saguna* aspects, in the process of cosmic evolution. It cannot, therefore, be too strongly enforced that idealism, as thus understood, is the active spring of all origination and originality, whether in art or in religion. He is no artist worth the name in whom there does not burn the Promethean spark of idealism, such as

the ploughman-poet of Ayrshire longed for as “ ‘a’ the learning I desire” that

“ My Muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.”

Above all, the Author of all being is the Highest of idealists, as also the Greatest of realists, even by virtue of that ineffable idealism, that impulse or *leela* of eternal generation, which, in the perpetual panorama of Divine self-expression, figures forth the Ever-Transcendental as the All-Immanent. Hence “ the human cry ” voiced thus by Tennyson:

“ Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah !—

Infinite Ideality !

Immeasurable Reality !

Infinite Personality !

Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah !”

And, be it noted, this idealistic force in Creation itself touches us at precisely the same points as the romantic spirit in art and literature. It reaches us as *Sathyam Sivam Sundaram*—*Sathyam* through our intellectual, *Sivam* through our ethical, and *Sundaram* through our æsthetic, consciousness—a tri-coloured image reflected on the plane of poetry in Wordsworth’s perception of truth—“ the sentiment of Being,” Shelley’s exaltation in goodness—“ the breath of life,” and Keats’s ecstasy over beauty—“ a joy for ever.” This crowning consummation of idealism, attained through the equation of truth and beauty and the identity of both with goodness, brings home to us as a reality of actual experience what would otherwise remain but a logical abstraction. So that, to reiterate what has been stated above, none but a genuine idealist can follow the gospel of work according to the Sage of Chelsea and “ produce, produce ; were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God’s name !” Again, considering the place of idealism in the scheme of things, whoever would have the nooks and corners of his existence flooded free with its fertilising waters must know no relaxation in keeping fresh and pure the sacred springs of truth, goodness and beauty aforesaid and evermore deepening and widening the channels of their outflow. Call it culture, discipline or *sadhana*, this is the one thing needful the sole office and occupation of those who would not lose their own souls even to gain the whole world. To suffer the springs or the channels to be insidiously choked up by growing insensibility is nothing less than to dry up the fountain and leave life but a barren waste in the result. The realist who has given his heart away—a sordid boon !—may, with his prudential calculus, late and soon, getting and spending, afford, if he find it profitable for the time being, to disregard in practice the claims of truth, goodness and beauty. But this the idealist of the type herein appreciated cannot bear to do; for he knows, as he alone can know, that under no circumstances is any truce possible for him with untruth, vice or vileness. Hence it imperatively behoves us to cultivate with diligence the sense of truth, the sensibility to goodness and the susceptibility to beauty which form the native plant of our human constitution. No man but is endowed by nature with some measure of idealism ; and youth being pre-eminently the period of idealism with its transparency and optimism, its buoyancy and adventure, the problem of life resolves itself into the problem of how to

preserve unfaded the spirit of youth, or, in other words, to perfume the experience of age with the idealism of youth.

“ Wintry age
Impends; the frost will gather round my heart;
If the flowers wither, I am worse than dead ! ”

So it is that all the great men intent upon this problem have ever suffered little children to come unto them, nay, themselves sought their contact and communion; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Need it be added that to idealise life is quite other than to possess ideals in life? Ideals, set ideals, are good, and they are needed; and poor, indeed, beyond words is the life devoid of these. But the idealising temper is all in all. It is that which not only furnishes ever fresh ideals but also bears down all impediments in the way to their attainment. Ideals are conscious aims looming above us in the horizon; the idealising temper is almost a constitutional trait that lifts us above ourselves and everything around along with us and hitches our waggon to the very stars—those ‘ patines of bright gold ’ in the firmament of the soul. Like the poet’s eye in a fine frenzy rolling, it doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, and girdle round with one rainbow-belt the varied contents of life, even this humdrum life of ours in the work-a-day world. Accordingly,

“ the vulgar forms of present things,
The actual world of our familiar days,”

undergo, through its exercise, a transfiguration which every moment demands and dictates what has been called a transvaluation of values. Says Walter Raleigh of this type of idealist, the Wordsworthian mystic, “ He does not look beyond this world, but gazes intently on what is presented to him, and if his quest fail, looks still nearer and closer. In the earth under his boot-soles, in the garments that cling closest to him, and if not there, in the beatings of his heart, he tries to find the secret. Heaven is not for him a far place, nor eternity a long time. Here or nowhere, now or never, the soul of all things is to be found.” Very apt words these, and roundly put.

This being so, it becomes obvious that, while idealism is the fruitful mother of ideals, not all ideals are justified of idealism—certainly not, at any rate, that of abstraction from the world. For the key-note of all idealism sound at the core is, not the detachment of the self, nor the dissolution of the not-self, but the spiritualization of the not-self and its identification with the self in unity-through-difference. Such, as Emerson tells us, was the idealism of Plato, whose “ balanced soul ” worked out a synthesis between “ the infinitude of the Asiatic soul and the defining, result-loving, machine-making, surface-seeking, opera-going Europe.” Later monkish mediævalism apart, such, too, was pre-eminently the idealism of the *rishis* and *yogis* of the *Upani-shads*, the *Janakas* and *Yagnyavalkyas* of our own spiritual ancestry. And if, once more, the real and the ideal, “ according well, may make one music as before,” it must be by setting the Æolian harp of the finite ‘ in tune with the Infinite.’ If, once again, our art is to paint the true picture of life, let us beware and see that we keep by our side and invariably use, in the words of the Seer of Concord, “ the two vases, one of ether and one of pigment.”—(To be continued).

Poplar, Beech and Weeping Willow.

By M. GHOSH, M.A. (Oxon).

Poplar sweet, poplar slim, poplar like a maiden
 Thinking, musing softly here so light and so unladen
 That with every breath and stir perpetually you gladden,
 Teach me your still secrecy of thoughts that never sadden.

From the heavy-hearted earth, earth of grief and passion,
 Maiden, you with me must spring and leave men's lowly fashion ;
 Skyward lift with me your thoughts in cumberless elation,
 Every leaf and every shoot a virgin aspiration.

The blue day, the floating clouds, the stars shall, to empalace
 You, make proffer of their pomp, dawn her rosy chalice ;
 Where the birds are you shall wing, and revel to be lonely
 In the clear of heaven to spire and toss with breezes only.

Beech, of deigning stature tall, beech of trees the lady,
 Soaring up so fair to bend with tresses soft and shady,
 You that lift your loveliness to make of shadow duty,
 Teach me, tree, your heavenly height and earth-remembering
 beauty.

Maiden, when you soar like me aloft with leafy tresses,
 Beauty into bounty change, bend down the eye that blesses ;
 Be from heaven a shelter cool to shepherd and sheep silly,
 Shadow with shadiness hot rose and fainting lily.

Through your glorious heart of gloom the noonday wind awaking
 In an ecstasy shall set swaying, blowing, shaking
 Leafy branches, in their nests set the sweet birds rocking,
 Till their happy song breaks out, the noonday ardour mocking.

Willow sweet, willow sad, willow by the river,
 Taught by pensive love to droop where ceaseless waters shiver,
 Teach me, steadfast sorrows, your mournful grace of graces,
 Weeping to make beautiful the silent water-places.

Maiden, would you learn of me the loveliness of mourning,
 Weep into the chill wan wave strength, hardness, lofty scorning :
 Drench your drooping soul in tears, content to love and languish ;
 Gaze in sorrow's looking-glass and learn the face of anguish.

In the very wash of woe while your bowed soul shall linger,
 You shall touch the high, bright stars and on the moon set finger ;
 You shall hear, where brooks have birth, the mountain pines in
 motion,
 Catch, upon the broadening stream, the sound and swell of ocean.

“Old Presidency College Men” Series.

(I) Sir Gooroo Das Banerjee.

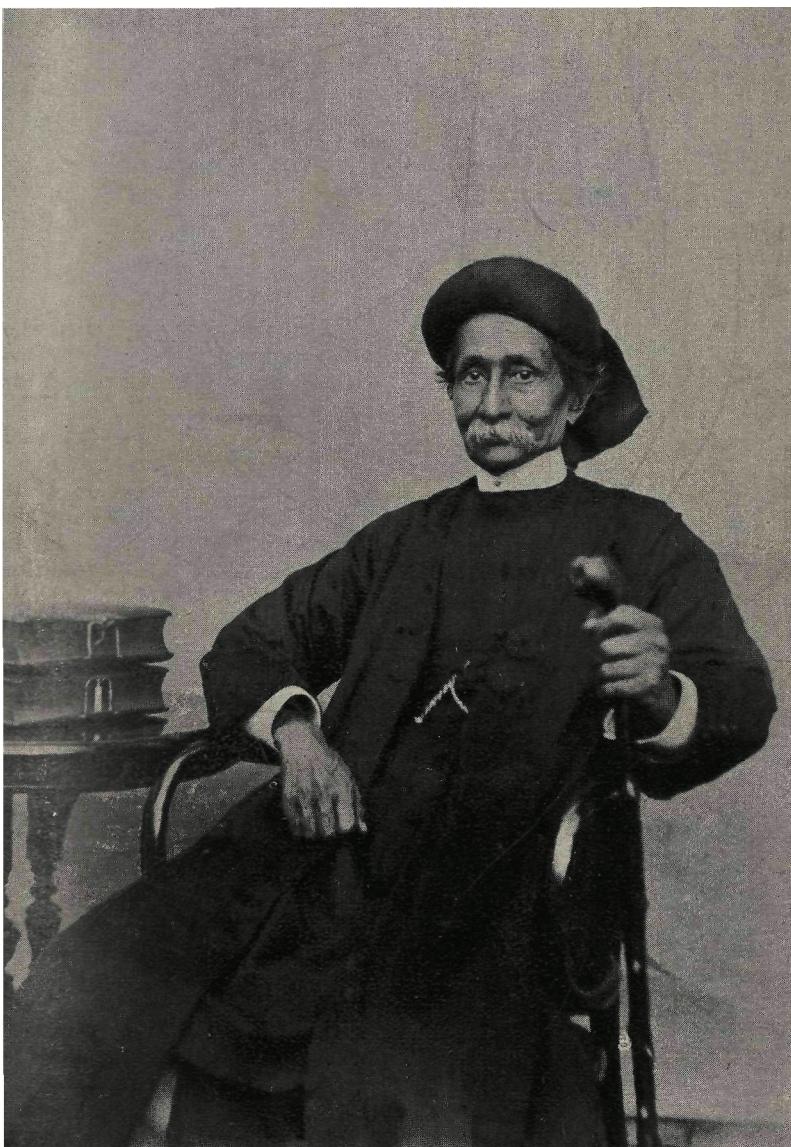
By R. P. MUKHOPADHYAYA.

THE name of Sir Gooroo Das Banerjee is a household word with the people of Bengal; what have impressed them most are his purity of personal character and open-hearted sympathy for all.

He was born on the 26th of January 1844 in Narikeldanga, in the suburbs of Calcutta. He lost his father while very young, and was brought up in the family of his maternal uncle under the care of his widowed mother, to whom he is wont to ascribe much of his successes in later life. So great was the inclination to acquire knowledge of young Gooroo Das, that he was sometimes found reading by the roadside by the light of a street lamp. He was admitted into the old Hare School, then known as the Coolootola Branch School. Upon passing the Entrance Examination, he secured a scholarship, which carried him to the Presidency College, from where he passed the First Examination in Arts and subsequently took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, occupying the premier place among the candidates. In 1865 he obtained the Master's degree, winning the University gold medal in Mathematics. He was then offered and he accepted the post of a Professor of Mathematics in the Presidency College and afterwards in the General Assembly's Institution. He then went up for the Law Examination and occupied his accustomed first place—this time also he won the University gold medal. He was immediately afterwards enrolled as a Vakil of the High Court.

For the next six years he practised in the District Court of Murshidabad, where he went as the Professor of Law in the Berhampur College; and in 1872 he joined the High Court. In 1876 he acquitted himself creditably in the Honours Examination in Law, and the next year he was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Law along with Dr. Troilokyanath Mitra. He soon made his mark as a learned and acute lawyer, and in 1878 he was selected as the Tagore Professor of Law to lecture upon “Hindu Law of Marriage and Stridhana.” The lectures formed a very valuable addition to legal lore, and the work, which has now reached a third edition, is accepted as an authority on the subject of which it treats.

During these years he was taking a great deal of interest in educational matters, and in 1879 appointed a Fellow of his University. In 1887 he was made a Member of the Bengal Legislative Council. He took a prominent part in the debates on the Calcutta Municipal Bill of 1888 and vigorously opposed the proposal to extend the Municipal limits of Calcutta. But he was not destined to sit long in the Council—an additional Indian Judge was sanctioned for the Calcutta High



Sir Gooroo Das Banerjee.

Court and he was selected for the office. In 1889 he was made permanent on the retirement of Mr. Justice Cunningham. During the sixteen years he held the appointment, he was noted as an exemplary Judge. The profoundness of his knowledge of Law was admitted on all hands, and he was noted for his impartiality, which should always characterise the holder of such a responsible and important office.

When Sir Comer Petheram, Chief Justice of Bengal, was offered the Vice-Chancellorship of the Calcutta University for the second time, he declined it, and suggested to the authorities, that some one else might be appointed. The reply came that no suitable person was available; but Sir Comer wrote that among the Indians, there were at least two persons who were as suitable as himself, if not better. And these were Dr. Mahendra Lal Sircar and Mr. Justice Banerjee, both of whom had been leading members of the Syndicate for several years. The Government was not prepared at the time to appoint a non-official as Vice-Chancellor and the choice fell upon Mr. Justice Gooroo Das Banerjee; and thus the first Indian Vice-Chancellor of an Indian University was appointed. Mr. Justice Banerjee was Vice-Chancellor for three years—1890, 1891, 1892. A resumé of the important measures, during the period he was at the helm of the University, is impossible within the space at our disposal; only one or two may be mentioned. One refers to the students. It was during his régime that the system of re-examination of the papers of candidates, who failed in one subject only, was begun. Another measure refers to the constitution of the Senate. It was during his tenure of Vice-Chancellorship that the Government of Lord Lansdowne agreed to the election of members of the Senate by the graduates of the University from amongst themselves. In his Note of Dissent to the Report of the Universities' Commission of 1902 he wanted more representation of the graduates by election. Here we may quote a few sentences from the addresses of His Excellency the Chancellor, with reference to the work of Mr. Justice Banerjee in the University. In 1892 when he was re-appointed Vice-Chancellor Lord Lansdowne observed in his Convocation address, "He has during the past two years discharged the duties of his office with tact and judgment and in a manner which has secured for him the confidence of the University. We are, I think, extremely fortunate in having prevailed upon him to accept re-appointment." Again the next year, when he had resigned, the Chancellor eulogised him in the following manner, "During his three years tenure he has discharged with much tact and ability the difficult duties of his office and has succeeded in winning for himself the respect of all those with whom he had been brought into contact."

On the 27th January 1902, a Commission was appointed "to consider and report . . . how to improve the constitution and working of the existing Universities." In the Commission there was no representative from any of the Indian Universities; on an emphatic protest from the educated public, from every part of the country, Mr. Justice Banerjee was appointed a member of the Commission at a subsequent date. He could not quite agree with the other members on every question. His Note of Dissent is worth careful study, as on some of the points in which he disagreed, his views, in their entirety or with some modification have afterwards been accepted by Government. I may here mention some of them. (1) The Commission was of opinion

that the Senate should have no authority to revise the decision of the Syndicate in matters of disaffiliation of colleges. Mr. Justice Banerjee explained the undesirable effects which would result if this principle were followed; and the system that now prevails is in accord with his opinion. (2) The Commission again resolved that minimum fees in arts colleges should be fixed by the University. Mr. Justice Banerjee showed conclusively ' it would be unjust and unwise to fix a minimum fee rates for the purpose of excluding *poor* students, of fair average merit, from University education. (3) There was another matter of vital importance on which he dissented from his colleagues. The other members thought it desirable to disaffiliate *all* second grade colleges, which could not be made first grade. In this case also the opinion of Mr. Justice Banerjee has been accepted as sound and practical. His remarks on this subject are worth perusal as they establish the unsoundness of the view "that a college should cease to exist merely because it is a second grade college with a school attached" The Note bears ample testimony to the breadth of view and the soundness of judgment which have always characterised him.

Mr. Justice Banerjee retired on the 26th January 1904 from the onerous responsibilities of a Judge of the High Court and a Justice of the Peace. In the same year he was knighted—a honour well-merited and well-earned. He has been one of the Vice-Presidents of the Indian Association for the Cultivation of Science, for the last twelve years, and that of the Calcutta Mathematical Society since its foundation. He was one of the leaders in the movement for the complete nationalization of our education; and has been one of the Vice-Presidents of the National Council of Education, in the development of which he has taken a very active interest. He also takes interest in the work of the Bangiya Shahitya Parishada, and it will not be too much to say that he is one of the guiding spirits of the Calcutta University Institute. He still takes deep and active interest in University work and he is seldom absent from any meeting of the Senate, or of a Faculty or of a Board.

Amongst his published writings may be mentioned the thesis he submitted for the Honours Examination in Law, and the luminous Tagore Law Lectures; His "Few Thoughts on Education" has become a standard work and is prescribed by our University as a text-book for the higher examination in Teaching. Many years ago he brought out a New Elements of Arithmetic and Geometry. Quite recently he has produced a new mathematical work in three parts, entitled "Saral Ganit," which deals with Arithmetic, Algebra, and Geometry. The books are written in our own vernacular Bengali, which has surely been much enriched by its production.

So far we have described Sir Gooroo Das Banerjee as a student, or a lawyer or in some other public capacity. But this sketch will be incomplete without a reference to Sir Gooroodas as a man. He, from his very infancy, has been a very dutiful and obedient son. As long as his mother was alive he made obeisance to her every day before he went out on business. His life is remarkably regular—He is regular in his diet, in his work, and in other everyday duties. He is a Brahmin of Brahmins. He has still kept up the daily observances of a good Brahmin. It will not be out of place to mention an incident—an incident showing his Brahminism, the simplicity, and the great affability

of his character. On the occasion of a certain Hindu festival, a poor widow was waiting for her priest. But the priest did not turn up. The old lady, who did not know Sir Gooroodas, asked him to do the Puja. He at once complied with the request; and when he was coming away he was requested to take some part of the offerings. They were tied in a napkin and Sir Gooroodas took them to his house with his own hands. Sir Gooroodas is a great lover of Nature. I have from my personal experiences found him quoting poem after poem, both in Sanskrit and English, at the sight of a beautiful natural scene.

Sir Gooroodas Banerjee is now in his seventy-first year with his mental faculties in full vigour and his bodily health fairly well preserved. It is the prayer of all his countrymen, young and old, that he may be spared many years yet, to serve his country and to be a beacon light to the rising generation.

The Storms of Bengal.

By Prof. E. P. HARRISON, PH.D., F.R.S.E.

WITH a passing grumble at times, most of us take the weather very much as it comes. Anything abnormal in the way of high winds or heavy rain is designated vaguely as "a storm," but unless curiosity happens to have prompted a study of such matters, we do not really regard the air disturbances around us with a discriminating eye and invariably lay undue stress on merely local happenings.

Now meteorology—the wisdom of the weather—is a young science. At present it has reached the stage, common to the early progress of all sciences, where facts and observations are being brought together and classified; it has passed the unhappy period in which charlatanism and superstition played their part and the "weather prophets'" art was that of a wizard invoking the Powers of the Air to his aid. In common with its sister sciences Astronomy and Chemistry, which long since emerged from the darkness of Astrology and Alchemy, the study of the weather is now happily founded on a firm basis of observed fact and is even beginning its advance in the direction of what the logician calls induction, which means the anticipation of phenomena as yet unobserved, in the shape of weather forecasts. Notwithstanding this progress it is curious to note how 19th century contempt for all that savoured of superstition still clings to the young science. One is continually met by the tolerant smile of incredulity that such an elusive Being as the Weather could be reduced to law or would submit to forecast. That the modern weather prophet is, however, beginning to justify some measure of trust on the part of the people the present article is intended to show.

To form a correct idea of the different types of weather experienced in Bengal it is necessary to realize the larger air movements—which sweep alternately from the equator to the Himalayas and from the

Himalayas back again to tropical seas. These are the *Monsoons*. The first or S.-W. Monsoon, often called merely *the Monsoon*, begins to advance into the South of the Bay of Bengal in the latter half of May or the beginning of June each year. It consists of vast masses of air heavily laden with water vapour and extending to a great height above the earth's surface; it sweeps up from the South-West, one portion entering the Arabian Sea, and the other passing gradually up the Bay of Bengal, sometimes receding temporarily, again advancing, and usually reaching the land area at the head of the Bay during the first fortnight in June, giving up its moisture in the form of rain and accompanied of course by heavily clouded skies. Thence it passes up North and West into Assam and the United Provinces carrying with it the necessary and longed-for water to the parched Gangetic plains.

The S.-W. Monsoon holds sway, in a normal year, until the end of September when the air current begins to weaken—breaks in the rains become more frequent, the temperature rises and finally we have a period of variable light South-Westerly winds in Bengal during October which gradually give place to Northerly winds in the early part of November.

This marks the establishment of the N.-E. Monsoon, whose dry Northerly winds from the Himalayan foot hills increasing somewhat in strength during the cold weather months, extend down the Bay replacing the Southerly winds of the autumn season. Rain practically ceases in Bengal, skies become clear and the temperature falls. The N.-E. Monsoon usually continues until late April or May, when the first temporary advance of Southerly winds into the South of the Bay begins and the yearly cycle is once more repeated. Such is a very brief sketch of what I have called the main air movements controlling the Bengal weather. But there are various disturbances of a more local character which are superposed on the effect of the two great Monsoons.

Let us classify these secondary disturbances or “storms.”

They may be divided into two categories—

- (a) Storms which are cyclonic, and
- (b) Storms which are not cyclonic.

Dealing first with (a) it must be realized that a cyclonic storm is invariably associated with masses of moist air rotating about a centre. It is similar to the small whirlwinds or eddies so often raised in the street dust, on a windy day, only on a vastly bigger scale, and of a more complicated character.

The rotation, which is connected with the rotation of the earth, is always the opposite way to the motion of the hands of a watch seen from above. Just as the small whirlwind moves as a whole along the street, so a cyclonic storm moves as a whole passing along some track from one place to another.

In a cyclonic storm the air is rising in the centre and pouring outwards and downwards at the top of the storm which may be many thousands of feet above the earth's surface.

Now for reasons into which it is impossible to enter here, whenever we have rapidly rising moist air that air will be cooled by its

ascent; the moisture it contains will consequently condense and rain will fall.

Thus associated with a cyclonic storm we shall always have these three phenomena more or less marked—

- (1) rising air in and near the centre and therefore a *fall in the barometer* (since the air pressure is reduced by the up-rush);
- (2) more or less heavy *rain* resulting from the cooling of the moist air by ascent;
- (3) a *regular circulation of winds round a centre*—which itself moves slowly along a path either straight or curved, thus, so to speak, carrying the storm with it.

Having formed some conception of what characterizes a cyclonic storm, there are only two types of non-cyclonic storm which need occupy our attention—

the ordinary thunderstorm
and the so-called "Nor'wester."

The thunderstorm, which is a purely local phenomenon, is too well known to need much description. After an oppressively hot day, will suddenly arise heavy clouds; lightning will flash and thunder roll for perhaps $\frac{1}{2}$ hour or more while heavy rain descends, cooling the air and relieving the unpleasantness of an intolerably 'close' and stifling atmosphere. It must not be forgotten that thunder and lightning of great severity continually accompanies both the Nor'westers described below as well as the larger and more important cyclonic storm.

The Nor'wester is a peculiar type of storm which is also quite local and is really a home-product, for exactly similar storms are almost unknown elsewhere. As with the thunderstorm, it arises suddenly in the form of a mushroom-shaped bank of clouds from the North-West, which gradually overspread the whole sky. The wind increases rapidly always from the North-West and sometimes attains great velocities for a short time. Dust and finally sweeping rain accompany the storm which usually moves in a nearly straight line for several miles. There is no tendency whatever to rotation, such as characterizes the cyclonic storm. The disturbance also is on an altogether smaller scale and is purely local. During a recent storm of this type which passed over Calcutta a velocity of 60 miles an hour was touched for a few minutes; thirty or forty miles per hour wind-velocities are quite common.

It is an interesting fact that the atmospheric pressure invariably rises in front of these storms. Recording barometers at the larger observatories show this peculiarity in a very striking way.

Now a word or two as to the seasons in which these various type of storms may be expected in Bengal, and as to how they may be recognized. It will be remembered that the N.-E. monsoon changes into the S.-W. monsoon in May, while the S.-W. monsoon in turn gives place to the N.-E. variety in October. These months of *transition* are the months when the most dangerous cyclonic storms are likely to arise; and they always arise at sea in some part of the Bay of Bengal.*

* In a few instances they have been known to originate in the Gulf of Siam and to enter the Bay from there.

A cyclonic storm of severe type is called a cyclone and is a very formidable enemy to shipping while it remains at sea ; moreover, when the storm approaches the coast as it inevitably will, it becomes a menace to the port or harbour over which it passes. But its fury is not spent even on reaching dry land, for it moves inland often wrecking houses and villages, tearing off station roofs and otherwise damaging railways and property. The torrential rain accompanying the storm swells the rivers and canals giving rise to breaches in the banks, and the consequent horror of flooded districts. But the worst destructive agent associated with these severe cyclones is the storm wave which accompanies the centre of the storm as it crosses the coast line. The low pressure at the centre is partly responsible for this dreaded wave, which sweeps inland over flat country for miles, wiping out villages, their inhabitants and cattle, and ruining hundreds of acres of crops.

The cyclone at sea may have a diameter of extremely dangerous hurricane winds of one hundred miles or so, while the outer diameter of the storm is often several hundred miles—throughout which region very high winds and a tremendous sea usually prevail. The milder influence of a cyclone may be felt for thousands of miles from the centre in the form of changes of wind to the cyclonic circulation, that is winds blowing at an angle of about 45° to the centre. At the actual centre itself of a severe cyclone the sky is often clear for a region of a few miles ; ships which have passed right through the centre of a cyclone always report this clear sky with a complete absence of wind and a very "high confused and dangerous sea." In many cases, birds and butterflies caught in the whirl and killed by the fury of the wind, have dropped dead on the deck as the ship entered the calm centre. Although the May and October cyclones in the Bay are the most dangerous and treacherous, yet cyclonic storms of somewhat milder type occur throughout the rains from June onwards right up to the end of December. They all form at sea in the Bay of Bengal, and those in June, July, August and September form gradually further and further south, until in December we find them off the S Madras and Ceylon Coast. Their direction of motion as a whole is generally N.-W. ; thus they cross any part of the coast line of Madras, Orissa or Bengal. Sometimes they curve eastwards moving over the Sunderbans and into Eastern Bengal when they break up in the Assam or Burma hills.

Invariably a cyclonic storm which has originated at sea will decrease gradually in intensity after passing inland.

As to the recognition of this type of storm, an observer of the weather in Calcutta says, it will be safe to conclude that Bengal is being affected by one of these large disturbances if the wind changes to the north, north-east or north-west during any part of the rainy season. If the northerly wind increases in strength and blows gustily, if the sky clouds over for a day or two at a time, and rain squalls set in with intervals of fine weather turning gradually to continuous rain, then you may be sure a cyclonic storm has formed in the Bay and is advancing in some northerly direction either into the Orissa Coast or even to the mouth of the Hooghly itself. As the storm passes inland, should the passage occur in Orissa the Calcutta winds will veer to the east, and so gradually right round to the S.-W. again as the disturbance disappears in the Central or United Provinces.

If by chance the storm passed inland near Saugor Island there would be no doubt at all in Calcutta that a serious disturbance was near, for the wind would increase to violence, continuing so for hours or even days at a time, while the long continuance of the bad weather together with a gradual change in the direction of the wind would make it quite certain that the trouble was widespread and not merely local.

It has already been remarked that cyclonic storms also occur during the N.-E. monsoon from December to April. These though truly cyclonic, do not originate in the Bay of Bengal, but march eastwards usually from Persia or Baluchistan, passing into the United Provinces or Rajputana from the west and sometimes moving into N.-E. India and affecting the weather in Bengal.

They are the storms which give the so-called "Christmas rains" to the United Provinces and Bihar—sometimes also to Bengal.

They are of a very shallow type, that is to say the fall of pressure in the centre is slight and the corresponding wind velocities are not high. They are never dangerous and the most they do is to cloud over skies and sometimes provide extremely valuable rain. A recent theory which has much to support it as to the place of origin of these disturbances is that they start from Western Europe and maintain their integrity half across the globe until they break up in the Himalayas or Assam.

We now pass to the season of occurrence of the thunderstorm and nor'wester. The latter invariably occur in the hot weather months; indeed their cause is primarily the rapid heating of the soil by the fierce May sun during the day. True thunderstorms usually occur also in the hot weather, but are often experienced in the winter. It must not be forgotten that thunder and lightning almost always accompanies the large cyclonic storms in the neighbourhood of their centres.

From what has been said it will be obvious that by far the most important part of the modern Weather Prophet's work is to anticipate the direction of motion of the dangerous sea-formed cyclonic storms of the transition periods or of the rains. If a cyclone is forming, say in the Andaman sea, it will be the Prophet's business to anticipate its probable direction of motion and to warn the ports, railways, and engineers in its line of march. To warn also individual ships putting to sea which are likely to pass near the cyclone in its advance towards the coast.

Now this work of warning cannot possibly be done by local observations alone. It is one of the greatest mistakes to imagine that the work of any single observatory or set of observations can be of material value in forecasting the advent of cyclonic storms or indeed of any kind of storm or bad weather.

For a successful forecast it is necessary to have telegraphic information daily or even every few hours of simultaneous weather observations taken all round the coast line of the Bay. The various stations and observatories established by Government throughout India render such simultaneous observations possible. At 8.0 A.M. each day a hundred or so of trained observers read the barometer, measure the temperature, take the velocity and direction of the wind, and telegraph them in code to the central observatory in Alipore where they are collected and set out on a chart. From this chart the

deductions are made which, combined with a knowledge of the average tracks of storms in the past, enable the required forecast to be issued. Ports and engineers, shipping and railways are then warned separately by telegram in cases of emergency, while at the chief ports and along the Hooghly when necessity arises, storm signals are hoisted as a general information to outgoing vessels. Recently much valuable warning has been done by means of wireless telegraphy in supplying information to ships at sea, as well as in the receipt of weather messages from ships in the neighbourhood of a cyclonic storm. Although a great deal of useful warning has been done by the various meteorological offices in the world during the past ten or twenty years, and much life and property saved, there remains an enormous field for further progress. As was remarked at the beginning of this article, the science of meteorology is yet in its infancy and its many problems offer a magnificent field to the mathematician, to the physicist, as well as to the careful observer.

The Study of Indian History.

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“**H**ISTORY, in the great conception of it, has often been compared to a mountain chain seen far off in a clear sky, where the peaks seem linked to one another towards the higher crest of the group. An ingenious and learned writer the other day amplified this famous image, by speaking of a set of volcanic islands heaving themselves out of the sea, at such angles and distances that only to the eye of a bird, and not to a sailor cruising among them, would they appear as the heights of one and the same submerged range. The sailor is the politician. The historian, without prejudice to monographic exploration in intervening valleys and ascending slopes, will covet the vision of the bird.”

This is one of the pregnant utterances of that great philosophic teacher of modern times, Viscount Morley of Blackburn, to whose sanity of judgment and historic insight posterity will remain for ever indebted, and whose name is held in ever-growing admiration wherever the English tongue is spoken, but more specially in India, though in his latter days to the infinite regret of all students of history and politics he has been giving to party what is meant for mankind. Permit me to place by the side of this, another of his impressive deliverances—

“In a fine figure the sublimest of Roman poets paints the struggle of warrior hosts upon the plain, the gleam of burnished arms, the fiery wheeling of the horse, the charges that thunder on the ground. But yet, he says, there is a tranquil spot on the far-off heights whence all the scouring legions seem as if they stood still, and all the glancing flash and confusion of battle as though it were blended in a sheet of

steady flame. So history makes the shifting things seem fixed. Posterity sees a whole. With the statesman in revolutionary times it is different. Through decisive moments that seemed only trivial, and by critical turns, that he took to be indifferent, he explores dark and untried paths, groping his way through a jungle of vicissitude, ambush, stratagem, expedient; a match for fortune in all her moods; lucky if now and again he catch a glimpse of the polar star."

"Posterity sees a whole." It is thus a comprehensive picture of Seventeenth Century India as a whole which the historical student would naturally delight to contemplate, from his vantage ground of a tranquil spot on the far-off heights, for it helps him to realize once again how the present has its roots deep down in the past, and how the different chapters of the history of India are but stages in a process of organic evolution and historic growth. And yet in the anarchic times which followed the disintegration of the Mogul Empire he would fain recognize the part played and the influence exercised by master-minds and imposing personalities—a Clive or a Warren Hastings—who were not content to take life as it came, but who tried to shape and mould it for themselves, and who guided the course of contemporary events by their force of foresight and the fire of genius.

On a similar occasion last year, I began my course of lectures by inviting your attention to a favourite thesis of our dear old Oxford teacher—Freeman—a thesis which he was never tired of emphasizing with indefatigable iteration, viz. that of the unity of history. I asked you to consider how that idea affects the study of the history of our land and I tried to explain that though for conveniences of study we divide the history of India into the Hindu Period, the Mahomedan Period and the British Period, it would be a mistake to regard these as so many air-tight compartments having no reference or relation to one another. For how can we hope to understand the land revenue policy or the administrative system of Akbar without knowing something of the genius and characteristics of Hindu civilization; how unhistorical again is the view which looks upon the rise and development of British power in the East as the sudden inrushing of an European element into an Asiatic void. My object in recalling this to your mind is to explain an apparent paradox in my attitude; for while on the one hand, in theory, I am asking you to think of the unity of history and to consider the History of India as an organic whole, on the other hand, in practice, I am presenting before you pictures of a snug nook in this vast continent at a particular epoch in one course of lectures, and following that up with pictures of certain aspects of India at a subsequent period. But the paradox is only apparent as will be partly seen from what has been already stated by anticipation. For one thing the days of specialisation are with us. "The temper of our present time is adverse to generalization. Harnack says that in 1700 the most universal or encyclopaedic mind was Leibnitz, and in 1800 it was Goethe. I suppose Leonardo da Vinci for 1500, and nobody would dispute that in 1600 it was Bacon the greatest intellect that ever combined power in thought with responsible practice in affairs of State. To whom should competent authorities give the palm in 1900? If we are slow to answer, the reason is that advance of specialisation over the whole field of knowledge has made the encyclopaedic mind an anachronism. The day of

the circumnavigator is over, the men who strive to round the whole sphere of mind, to complete the circuit of thought and knowledge, and to touch at all the ports". The same philosophic teacher whose words I have just quoted tells us again, "To-day taste and fashion have for a season turned away from the imposing tapestries of the literary historian, in favour of the drab serge of research among diplomatic archives, parish registers, private muniments, and everything else so long as it is not print"—though indeed we have to be constantly on our guard against the perils of archival research.

Our genial teacher of a bygone generation, Sir John Seeley, reminded us in his own inimitable way—"No one can long study history without being haunted by the idea of development, of progress. We move onward, both each of us and all of us together. England is not now what it was under the Stuarts or the Tudors, and in these last centuries at least there is much to favour the view that the movement is progressive, that it is toward something better. But how shall we define this movement, and how shall we measure it?" Indeed we have our differences of opinion as to what is implied in and what is the significance of our modern watchword "progress." But as I pleaded with you on another occasion and in another connection, the ideas with which modern sociological writers have made us familiar are those of evolution, and of gradual development, and adaptation to circumstances in the social and political organism discernible in all communities. The student of history would fain believe that in India, as everywhere else, the present has grown historically out of the past and that the course of Indian History also is marked by the working out of certain definite principles and the operation of certain general causes. We would fain believe that out of the union of the East and the West brought about by the genius and energy of Clive and Hastings, certain definite ideals as regards the government of dependencies and certain definite conceptions regarding the nature and responsibilities of Empire are being evolved in the English political world in accordance with the march of events in English History since the days of Lord North's Regulating Act of 1773.

That the present Government of India with its complicated administrative machinery should have grown out of a trading corporation not composed of the best which England had to give to the cause of maritime adventure and colonial expansion, offers a historical problem of the highest interest. Its study cannot but be full of instruction and practical suggestions for us all.

Here I am bound to explain that the modern historian no longer accepts the view that the acquisition of sovereign authority in India by the East India Company is something marvellous or strange. Strange it is not, in the sense that it cannot be accounted for; strange it may be in the sense that nothing like it had happened before, though history has repeated itself, and something like it has happened since, within living memory, as we realize when we think of the achievements of another chartered Company in the dark continent of Africa.

In our days it is one of the commonplaces of the historian to remark that the rise and ascendancy of Napoleon is in reality more wonderful than the final triumph of the English East India Company. As Seeley puts it, "That the younger son of a poor

nobleman in Corsica should control the greater part of Europe with despotic power, is intrinsically far more wonderful than that the East India Company should conquer India, for Bonaparte began without interest, without friends, without a penny in his pocket, and yet he not only gained his empire but lost it again in less than twenty years", while the East India Company was a chartered Corporation, with a subscribed capital to fall back upon, and the prestige of the nation to support it.

But the problem to which I have invited your attention is none the less instructive for this reason.

Indeed, one of the most hopeful signs of the times is the steadily increasing interest in the study of Indian History, from this point of view, viz. for the sake of the instruction which it affords. Macaulay lamented the general indifference of his generation towards Indian questions, and wrote regretfully—"It might have been expected that every Englishman who takes any interest in any part of history would be anxious to know how a handful of his countrymen separated from their home by an immense ocean subjugated in the course of a few years one of the greatest empires in the world. Yet unless we greatly err, this subject is to most readers not only insipid but positively distasteful". Happily the complaint would have hardly any justification in our days.

Hence it is that I have ventured to invite you to study certain aspects of India in the seventeenth century with the help of the narratives of European travellers and foreign observers who were drawn to our land by their love of adventure, the fascination of romance, the call of the East.

Mr. Bland, who has recently presented to the thinking section of the reading public two really remarkable works on current events and present policies in China, observes that "the Chinese, like the Hindus, have ever been peculiarly lacking in historic consciousness. The annals and records of successive dynasties provide little or no material for critical or scientific study of the evolution of the nation's laws, institutions and culture. The store-room of the Chinese race's past is a dark lumber place, full of musty relics, ancient myths and ghostly whisperings; we search it in vain for the cradle, the childhood's toys, the school books and discarded garments of former days. And since it is only within the last century that this primordial elder brother of the human race has been brought to speaking terms with the outside world, our estimate of his earlier intellectual and political struggles is largely conjectural." Whatever truth these observations may contain as far as China is concerned, they would seem to have little relevance or applicability in the case of India—if we accept as trustworthy the results of recent researches into India's past, and the luminous teachings of our present-day Oriental scholars, and savants. And as to the date when India, that other primordial elder brother of the human race, first came into contact with the wider outer world, what shall we say of it, where shall we put it? Was it in the days of Asoka, or was it earlier still in the days of that great dreamer of imperialism, Alexander the Macedonian, or was it at a still earlier moment in the history of the human race, whose memory is called up before our mind when we think of the recent startling discovery of

the names of the gods of the Hindu pantheon in regions far remote from the natural boundaries of Aryavarta? Whatever that may be, India was brought into speaking terms with the outside world long before the seventeenth century of which I have undertaken to talk to you, and the observations of our seventeenth century European travellers regarding India and the people of India are by no means "largely conjectural". This however is only by way of a digression, and is interpolated as a parenthesis

As against the views of the school of thinkers who are impressed by the inutility of the study of the history and antiquities of Oriental countries like India and China, I feel tempted to refer you to a few recently published words of an enthusiastic interpreter of Oriental ideals and a passionate votary of culture in all its forms, whose selfless life appeals to our sympathy and admiration almost with a compelling force—but who unfortunately is no longer with us.

We are told: "In the early history of man Asia formed a vast breeding-ground of civilization, of which countries like Egypt, Arabia, Greece, India and China were the extremities. Egypt and Arabia were destined later, from their geographical positions, to be overrun and suffer destruction of their culture. Greece and pre-eminently India formed what may be called *culs-de-sac*. Here, as if up the long shores of some hidden creek, would be forced the tidal wave of one epoch after another, each leaving on the coast a tide-mark that perhaps none of its successors would be able entirely to cover. Hence, in India, we may hope to discover means of studying, as nowhere else in the world, the succession of epochs in culture."

Again we read: "Never averse to a new idea, no matter what its origin, India has never failed to put each on its trial. Avid of new thought, but jealously reluctant to accept new custom or to essay new expression, she has been slowly constructive, unfalteringly synthetic, from the earliest days to the present time."

The writer would thus imply that India had never lost touch with the past. The chain of development, the continuity of things, has seldom been snapped or violently interrupted. Hence in India the past will never cease to have its claims on the present.

"European travellers and foreign observers in the India of the 17th Century." The phrase strangely recalls to one's mind the frankly ingenuous opening words of that delightful lecture on Steele which Thackeray delivered,—a lecture which was one of a series of addresses delivered by our novelist, a humorist himself, on the English Humorists,—Thackeray asks, "What do we look for in studying the history of a past age? Is it to learn the political transactions and characters of the leading public men? Is it to make ourselves acquainted with the life and being of the time? If we set out with the former grave purpose, where is the truth and who believes that he has it entire?" Thackeray refers us to Swift's *Conduct of the Allies* and Cox's *Life of Marlborough*, and declares that in his opinion the "solemn statements which we find in books of history about public affairs are all nonsense and would not bear any sceptical examination." "The life and being of the time" is what should interest us. We are left in no doubt as to what Thackeray means, for he goes on to tell us:—

"You offer me an autobiography: I doubt all autobiographies I

ever read, except those, perhaps, of Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, and writers of his class. These have no object of setting themselves right with the public or their own consciences, these have no motive for concealment or half-truths, these call for no more confidence than I can cheerfully give, and do not force me to tax my credulity or to fortify it by evidence. I take up a volume of Doctor Smollett, or a volume of the Spectator, and say the fiction carries a greater amount of truth in solution than the volume which purports to be all true. Out of the fictitious book I get the expression of the life of the time, of the manners, of the movement, the dress, the pleasure, the laughter, the ridicules of society—the old times live again, and I travel in the old country of England. Can the heaviest historian do more for me?

“As we read in these delightful volumes of the Tatler and Spectator the past age returns, the England of our ancestors is revivified. The Maypole rises in the Strand again, in London, the churches are thronged with daily worshippers, the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses, the gentry are going to the Drawing-room, the ladies are thronging to the toy-shops, the chairmen are jostling in the streets, the footmen are running with links before the chariots, or fighting round the theatre doors. In the country I see the young Squire riding to Eton with his servants behind him, and Will Wimble, the friend of the family, to see him safe.”

We have a delightful comment on Thackeray’s protests and professions from the pen of our genial historical teacher, Sir John Seeley, which I crave your indulgence to place before you:—

“That a great novelist should think thus is in itself almost a matter of course. The great engineer Brindley, being asked for what purpose he supposed rivers to have been created, answered without the least hesitation, “To feed canals.” Thackeray, being asked why Queen Anne lived and the English under the Duke of Marlborough fought the French, answers candidly, “It was that I might write my delightful novel of Esmond.” * * ”

Thackeray does not deny that history might be important if it were true, but he says it is not true. He does not believe a word of it.

Let me remind you in this connection of an instructive chapter in Herbert Spencer’s Facts and Comments which thus begins:—

“I believe it was a French King who wishing to consult some historical work called to his librarian, ‘Bring me my liar.’ The characterisation was startling, but not undeserved. The more we look round at the world’s affairs and the statements about them by this or that class of people, the more we are impressed by the difficulty, and in some cases the impossibility, of getting at the essential facts.”

Indeed the difficulty of distilling the truth from the mass of materials at our disposal must always be great. But after all, as the Philosopher concludes, “the things that we can be certain of are happily the only things worth knowing.” Herbert Spencer however adds, true sociologist that he is, “Through all the petitions, records, despatches, letters, etc., as well as through the laws that remain in force and those that have fallen into abeyance, there emerge numerous facts which there is no intention of telling—facts concerning the social classes, social organization, social customs, arrangements, changes”.

What then is the poor historical student to do? Should he cease

to take note of the doings of courts and kings and to study the constitution of governments and confine his attention to what the ladies dine upon? Fortunately our diarists and travellers do not place us in this dilemma. For while talking to us of the high and serious doings of courts and kings, they talk to us also of what the ladies delight in and dine upon. Thus the annalist, the diarist, and the Traveller are at one with the poet. *Quicquid agunt homines*, everything done by man falls within their province. They do not consider anything human as alien to their interest, *mentem mortalia tangunt*, for the human heart is touched by mortal things. Only we must not lose sight of the insistent warning suggested by the scientific temper of modern times, when we are turning away from "the imposing tapestry of the literary historian", and declaring in favour of "the drab serge of research"; we must not allow history to merge into poetry.

Before passing from this part of my subject I ought to recall to your mind the brilliant address which Lord Haldane recently delivered as the Creighton lecture of the year under the title of "The meaning of Truth in History". Says Lord Haldane: "It seems to-day that the genuine historian must be more than a biographer or a recorder. The field of his enquiry cannot be limited by the personality of any single human being, nor can it be occupied by any mere enumeration of details or chronicle of events. A great man, such as Cæsar or Charlemagne, may stand for a period, but his personality is, after all, a feature that is transitory. The spirit of the age is generally greater and more lasting than the spirit of any individual. The spirit of the age is also more than a mere aggregate of the events that period can display, or than any mere sum of individual wills. What, then, is to be the standard of truth for the historian?"

I have no desire to plunge into the intricacies and the subtleties of Lord Haldane's answer to this question. But it is hard to resist the temptation of referring in this connection to that magnificent epilogue to Lessing's *Laocoon* from the pen of Matthew Arnold, of which we are inevitably reminded by the trend of reasoning in Lord Haldane's discourse. In that Epilogue Matthew Arnold discusses once again the respective functions of the sculptor, the painter, the musician and the poet. We are told that the painter gives us in outward semblance a moment's life of things. His function is to show the aspect of the moment. The function of the musician is to know the feeling of the moment. But the task of the poet is much more difficult and much more important, for he has to speak to us of "life's movement." Hence it is that the truly great poets are so few—but these few are the real interpreters of life. May we not claim this same high privilege, this all-important function on behalf of the historian? For he also speaks to us of life's movement. He must bring before us and interpret to us the spirit of the age of which he speaks. Hence it is that a truly great historian, a Michelet—a Macaulay or a Carlyle—is so rare. But when he comes, his work is ever so much more important than the work of the annalist, the diarist or the Chronicler. Only once again let us remind ourselves of the warning cry uttered by the scientific temper of modern times; we must not allow history to merge into poetry.

May I in this connection be permitted to make just a passing reference to what we are told by two of our old classical teachers,

Bacon and Aristotle: Bacon who in his *Advancement of Learning* elaborates the proposition that "Poetry is nothing else but Feigned History," and Aristotle who teaches us in his *Poetics* that "the historian and the poet do not differ in using or not using metre—for the writings of Herodotus could be put into metre without being any the less a history, whether in metre or not—but the difference lies in this fact, that the one tells what has happened and the other what could happen."

I have often been asked by the younger generation of our historical students as to the available sources of information regarding the early British Period of Indian History. My answer has always been that the materials available for examination in this department are simply bewildering in their immensity and complexity, and that the field for study and research which lies practically unexplored in certain directions is almost inexhaustible. Years ago, when the late Sir William Hunter, that versatile Vice-Chancellor of our University, who did so much by his persuasive tongue and gentle eloquence to arouse among the English reading public a general interest in the study of India and of Indian problems, was with us and had just published the first volume of his contemplated *Magnum opus*, I ventured to state in a critical review written for a literary journal of the day—

It appears that Sir William Hunter originally intended to write a history of India from the earliest Aryan period, but this idea had to be given up. If this is due to the loss of the materials and original documents collected by him through a period of a quarter of a century, posterity shall have reason long to remember with the keenest regret the loss of the ill-fated *Nepal* in which Sir William's papers went down. But out of evil cometh good, and even this compulsory limitation of the field of survey in the present case is not without its collateral advantages. Sir William, we should think, is on firmer ground in the British period. There is no lack of original and in many cases hitherto unused materials here. To speak of the eighteenth century, there are the minutes and correspondence of Lord Cornwallis. Those of Wellesley and of the Duke of Wellington are practically within the reach of all, and these are actually included in the courses of study prescribed for the Modern History school at Oxford. Of the opening days of the British Empire in India—the volumes of selections from the correspondence of the East India Company published with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India, are a perfect store-house of information regarding matters historical and social. All that is required to build up a monumental and final history of British India out of the materials scattered through the mass of records now made available to the public is the facile pen, the clear discerning judgment, the methodising genius of a tried writer like Sir William. We sincerely hope that the work on which Sir William is now engaged may give us that final and monumental history of India.

Years ago, again, in another connection, I stated—

In answer to a query put by a literary journal of the day, asking for suggestions as to books which do not exist, but which ought to exist—a gentleman suggests—*A History of Modern India*, beginning from 1850 or 1858—"showing in detailed and scientific form the various improvements, moral and material, that have taken place in India from that period to the present day." A most excellent suggestion this

from India's point of view. The sound of the approaching footsteps of *resea ch* is being heard in the highways, as well as the byways of every department of study, and we would fain believe that the magnificent gift of Mr. Tata for the institution of a research institute and for the encouragement of postgraduate studies in India has added fresh force to this general desire among Indian scholars for original investigation. Our own university also, in its desire to keep touch with the general spirit of the age, a few years ago modified its own regulations about the award of Prem Chand Roy Chand studentships. For the holders of these scholarships on the literary side, we cannot conceive of a richer field of investigation and study, than the history of India. And indeed a great deal—a very great deal still remains to be done—for the history of India even under Queen Victoria. We have had only the other day an excellent monograph on the period. But it is, from its very nature, an introduction rather than an exhaustive treatment. We have again a history of Hindu civilization under British rule from the pen of one of our most accomplished scholars. But this again, a most interesting production in a way, one cannot accept as a full and scientific presentation of the various moral and material improvements that have taken place in India under the rule of our Queen Empress. We thus look upon this suggestion as an eminently practical one, and we devoutly hope that some Indian scholar will be found enterprising enough to undertake the preparation of a book on the lines suggested—a book which does not exist, but which ought to exist.

Since then some more of the treasures of the India Office archives have been thrown open to the general reader. Forrest's collection of State papers relating to the administration of Warren Hastings is already included in our History Curriculum. Our University has recently published in a popular form the Fifth Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, which enquired into the affairs of the East India Company, and has thus placed that invaluable, indispensable, authoritative review and commentary practically within the reach of all. That writer who appears before the public under the name of Sydney Grier has annotated and edited for us the Letters of Warren Hastings to his wife, which help us to realize some of the sterling qualities of the administrator who was a living example of *Mens aequa in arduis*; and which throw a flood of light on the life and doings of some of the notable characters of the day. We have had recently the Letters of Lord Dalhousie which help us to realize some of the aims and ideals of that strong-souled ruler and elucidate some of the hitherto unnoticed springs of his action, and throw light on the social life of the period. Sir Alfred Lyall has given us a masterly treatise on the Rise of British Dominion in the East, a monumental work, a real work of genius. Mr. S. C. Hill, whom many of us still remember as an Inspector of Schools and a Professor of English Literature in this province, has added two notable volumes to the Indian Records Series, which series also includes one of the valuable contributions of our late lamented friend Dr. C. R. Wilson. And there are many other notable works whose names will readily occur to all, and which fire the imagination, and tempt the eagerness of the genuine student. But the comprehensive History of India, whose absence I regretted years ago, still remains unwritten. Though much has been done since to pave and prepare the way for its coming, much

still remains to be done. There must be a good deal more of preliminary drawing of water and hewing of wood. My own insignificant attempts are but humble contributions to that end.

So far back as 1872, Dr. Stubbs, the then Regius Professor of History at the University of Oxford, declared in one of his inaugural addresses:—

“ We want a permanent chair of Indian History. I say a permanent chair, because that is a subject of permanent necessity, not a subject like Palaeography or Numismatology, in which the labours of one good professor may serve for two or three generations, and the endowment of the man is of equal importance with the endowment of the chair of study.”

These words have not lost anything of their force and relevance through lapse of time.

Is it too much to hope that a chair of Indian History may ere long be founded in this city, which is the scene of some of the noblest achievements and triumphs of Job Charnock and of Robert Clive and which is haunted by the memories of Warren Hastings, a chair whose duty it may be to expound in the scientific spirit of the true historian, problems connected with the rise, growth and organization of the British power in India?

The author of that once famous publication—The Company and the Crown—commenting on the life-work of Edmonstone of the North Western Provinces, tells us:—

“ It is in such manner that Indian rulers of the second class pass away and are forgotten. A man who for years has governed thirty millions of his fellow-subjects—governed, not in the mild mode of Western civilization by delicate contrivances known as ministers more or less responsible, but by force of individuality and the strength of his own right arm—this man quits the land of his adoption, and returns worn out to find his very name unknown in England. At first perhaps he lives in London, having business now and then to transact with the India Office; but gradually and by degrees even this resource is seen to fail him, he buys a little place in some southern county, to which he retires with books for his companions, and the tolling of a village bell soon makes known that one more weary public servant has found a home at last.”

The words I have just quoted, which call our attention pointedly to an important fundamental fact, remind us of, and read almost like an echo of, Macaulay’s famous peroration—

“ I rejoice to see my countrymen, after ruling millions of subjects, after commanding victorious armies, after dictating terms of peace at the gates of hostile capitals, after administering the revenues of great provinces, after judging the causes of wealthy zemindars, after residing at the courts of tributary Kings, return to their native land with no more than a decent competence.”

The present British Indian Empire of which we all are proud to be citizens has been built up in no inconsiderable measure by the labours of public servants of this stamp. May the School of History in this University teach our young historians justly to estimate the value of the services, alike to England and to India, rendered by these empire-builders!

Ballad of Past Toilers.

Out from the misty haze of Time's extreme
 Behold there passeth forth a great array
 Like to a dim procession in a dream—
 Those who for our weak footsteps cut the way,
 Who dared the perils of the first essay,
 And the rough upward journey did begin ;
 The men who toiled and wrought and passed away,—
 Unto their labours we are entered in !

They cleared the forest, bade Earth's bosom team,
 They made the wilderness a garden gay ;
 They cleft the mountain-path, they bridged the stream ;
 They won old Ocean for a broad high-way.
 Nor toil nor terror might them turn or stay ;
 They worked in faith a distant goal to win :
 They heeded not the passing of the day :
 —Unto their labours *we* are entered in.

And some in battle for the rights supreme
 Of freedom, goodness, truth : for all that may
 Man's low estate enlighten and redeem :—
 Might's proud decrees they bowed not to obey,
 They feared not those that could the body slay—
 They counted not the cost ; wealth, home, and kin,
 Life, love, on Truth's high altar did they lay :
 —Unto their labours we are entered in !

L'Envoi.

Toilers ! Of you men haply too shall say,
 When ye have rest after this strife and din :
 “They bore the heat and burden of the day
 Unto their labours we are entered in.”

Principal's Address.

(*Presidency College, Aug. 25, 1914*).

I HAVE travelled a long way since last I addressed the college in this place. When I say that, I do not mean merely that since April last I have, like many of my colleagues, been to England and back, I mean rather that I have traversed a long range of distance in thought and feeling and have come to see certain things more clearly than before.

When I was in England, I was thinking—as I often do when away—of my students here and what I should say to them when I was back in India. I was walking at the time on a breezy down on the

coast of England, at the corner where the English Channel opens into the North Sea. And it came to me that I would speak to them on the subject of patriotism. Patriotism is such a high and noble motive. And then it is a motive that is so frequently appealed to nowadays in Bengal. It is brought in sometimes in quite unexpected connections. Since I have been back, I have listened to a most eloquent appeal to students to work hard for the Intermediate Examination and do well in it for the sake of the mother-land; and the speaker carried me entirely with him. Then, at the time, in England there seemed to me so great a need for patriotism. Things were happening that drove one to very serious thought. First there was Ireland. In Ireland there were two great bodies of men, organized and disciplined like regular armies, and with arms in their possession. It seemed from day to day, as if one might any morning open one's paper and find that civil war had broken out. Then an even more sinister, and more unnatural, strife was also going on. One read from day to day of desperate outrages perpetrated by women—some of them well educated, even cultured women—injuries to the nation's art treasures: the burning down of beautiful country houses: outrages on sacred edifices. At last, one day I read that the building, to me from early association the most sacred in the world—Westminster Abbey—was the scene of one such outrage. What was to be the end of this savage warfare of civilized women on civilization? There was a third peril, if possible more menacing still, which concerned your peace and welfare here as well as the peace and welfare of the people in England. This was on the coast of Canada. Truly I thought there was terrible need in England, in the British Isles, in the whole empire, of a true understanding of what patriotism is.

I am speaking in Bengal and to Bengali students: and the first thing that occurs to me to say to you about patriotism is, that patriotism and the national spirit which it fosters, is, in Bengal, a comparatively modern product. Patriotism in the sense we now understand it is not, so far as I know—and I am very willing to be corrected—traceable in Bengal in earlier centuries. It is not to be traced in the 15th century: nor in the 16th: nor in the 17th century: nor in the 18th century: nor can you find very much which you could call patriotism in the first half of the 19th century. It is something which has come along with modern education, with English education as we sometimes call it. I do not think it would be misleading to say that patriotism in Bengal was a product of British rule. That is surely a fact of importance. It is specially important that those who have been born within the last twenty or twenty-five years should realize and recognize this. For if you do, you will surely agree with me that one thing patriotism in Bengal should not do, is to direct the national spirit into an attitude of hostility to British rule. There would be something I should call parricidal in such an attitude. Happily, there is no need for me to labour the point to-day. Something has happened which has brought us together in one great union of patriotism and we are all engaged in thinking what we can do to help the empire in this great crisis, so as to preserve the blessings of civil order, prosperity, education and culture, for which the British power is the guarantee and protection over such vast tracts of the earth's surface. But it is well

that we should not altogether forget, *at least that you should not altogether forget*—that it has not always been so well with us during recent years. I have accustomed myself to speak the truth to you here. I have not been afraid to speak the truth, even when distasteful, to Lieutenant-Governors and other great personages: and I have not been afraid to speak the truth to you. Or if ever I have been afraid, I have managed to overcome the fear. Remember, please; as I conceive my relation to you—your interest is my interest, your cause is my cause, your praise is my praise, and your reproach my reproach. So I say to you that you have not always been blameless in this matter. Therefore in your ardour of loyalty now, do not forget that there is some tarnish of disloyalty to be brushed away.

“ For this not God's own power can avail
To make undone that which hath once been done.”

Patriotism, I began by saying, is a high and noble motive. It is so just in proportion, as it is less narrow, less self-centred, more disinterested than most of the motives which ordinarily impel us. But just because of this, and because it makes such lofty pretensions, it is a motive peculiarly liable to misuse and even perversion. There are false kinds of patriotism. How may we tell the true from the false? One of the great tests of patriotism is willingness to make sacrifices. And certainly we may say this: patriotism is not a matter of talking but of doing; mere vapouring about the greatness of one's country and one's devotion to one's country is not patriotism. Another sign of true patriotism is seeking not what one can get out of one's country, but what one may do for one's country. If we are truly patriotic, we wish to promote every end and every course of policy which will conduce to the general prosperity and happiness. But even so, because it is a large and largely self-forgetting motive, patriotism has its special dangers. One of these is what is called *blind patriotism*, typified by the saying, “my country right or wrong.” This is a maxim which obviously has its dangers. Ultimately, in an extremity, we are, it is true, brought to this, as when a country is at war. But short of the *extremity*—all thinking men have a responsibility in considering most carefully whether a policy adopted by their country is right, and for taking their share in keeping their country from wrongful courses. To uphold one's country in unjust aggression or unjust action of any kind is an abuse of patriotism. Another danger is to maintain some narrower interest beyond a certain point, and give it the name of patriotism. There is a *party* patriotism, when party is put in the place of country. And there is *local* patriotism, when a part is put for the whole, as when Bengal is put in the place of India; or Wales, or Scotland, or Ireland, or Australia, is put in the place of the British Empire. It seemed to me when I was in England that true patriotism was just then very much to seek. Well, gentlemen, you know what a change has come over the scene both there and here. England needs the support of all her children whether they are called Irish, Scotch or English. The British Empire needs the support of all its members in every quarter of the world. Browning, when approaching the shores of Spain, within view of Trafalgar Bay and Gibraltar, exclaimed: “Here and here did England help me, how may I help England, say.”

Do not we all to-day make these words our own, whether we are English in blood, or English by the associations of education, of literary sympathy and of common participation in promoting the great ends of order, peace and prosperity? I believe that if ever in history there was a struggle between good and evil, between light and darkness, between Ormuzd and Ahriman, such a struggle is this which has begun in Europe. I believe that in taking up the gage of battle arrogantly flung down by Germany, Great Britain is maintaining the cause not of Belgium, nor of France, nor of the British Empire even, but of humanity; and of that spirit in human affairs, which is the opposite of the Moloch of militarism with its motto "Blood and Iron," which the German leaders worship. Of all the pitiable victims of this war, the German people are surely the most pitiable. It is their cause also we are fighting. Therefore, gentlemen of Bengal, you do well, I think, in embracing this cause: not as subjects of a dependency of the British Empire, but as loyal-hearted, free-hearted citizens and comrades. It is no ignoble fellowship to which we welcome you.

What have I done for you,
England, my England!
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere
As the Lord were walking near
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the song on your bugles blown,
England,
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Ever the faith endures
England, my England:—
Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!
Life is good and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky.
Death is death; but we shall die
To the song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown!"

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England,
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own!
You, whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You would know nor dread nor ease,
Were the song on your bugles blown,
England,
Round the pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of ships! whose might
England, my England,
Is the fierce old sea's delight,
England, my own.
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the song on your bugles blown,
England,
Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

'This is the language in which that fellowship speaks.

And now for some quite practical applications. Things have changed mightily since I first thought of speaking to you on this subject. Patriotism has become charged with new significance and passion for us all in the last few weeks. We are all anxious to do what we can. A week ago, by a lucky accident I was able to place in Lord Carmichael's own hands the resolutions of the boarders of the Eden Hostel passed at a meeting held Wednesday, August the 12th. His Excellency received them very kindly and told me to thank you. His Excellency spoke in very high terms of appreciation of the form in which the resolutions were expressed. And now we have to think of what is to be done next. I suppose the first thing is to hold a meeting of the whole College. Does anyone think that I should be disappointed or discouraged, because I read in the paper of this morning that it was not true that a corps of two thousand men were forthwith to be sent out of India? I am not at all. There is plenty more we can do. To begin with, our first duty is to accept uncomplainingly the share of inconvenience, or even distress, that may come to us as a result of the prevailing state of war. And do not let us make too sure that the share which will fall to us here will be small and light. After all, we are only at the beginning of a great struggle. We do not know what is before us. But even as it is, some of us here have been fairly hard hit. Some have had their plans upset. I know, for instance, there are students who were intending to go to Europe for their further education and have not been able to go. In all sorts of ways, we may be called upon to suffer inconvenience; and it is something if we merely make up our minds to submit to this patiently. Then we can have ambulance lectures, if you wish. I am ready to see what can be done in arranging such lectures as soon as you let me know how many of our number wish to attend, and not merely attend, but attend regularly, and go through the course. There is further the big question of money contributions. That is quite immeasurable. Nobody need be disappointed who wishes to contribute money. As soon as you are ready to make contributions, I am ready to accept them and to send them in along with my own, whether to the Imperial Relief Fund or to any other fund that may be organized. And over and beyond all this, we need to summon up our resolution to meet any further calls that may be made upon us. Mind you, that resolution is not an easy one. Let no one deceive himself as to that. Make the resolution, but do not make it lightly. We do not yet know what may be required of us. I only pray it may not prove too hard for some.

I cannot leave patriotism without saying something about patriotism towards this smaller, yet not insignificant, community of which we all here are members. I have said before, and I say again, that you will best learn the larger patriotism by practising it in the school of loyalty and virtue, which every well-managed college should be. Now I am quite willing to believe in the sincerity and efficacy of the wave of patriotism which has run through the College; that you are each and all willing to organize, to volunteer, to do something useful and valuable for India and the empire. But I want first to know and to be assured what each of you will do here and this session for the College. There are so many things that need to be supported: College associations of all kinds; games; help to be given; contributions to be made;

work to be done. But here again we must be honest with ourselves and I must be honest with you. I do not find that we are yet quite perfect in the degree of inconvenience we are willing to face for the sake of various public objects in the ordinary course of college life. I could tell you one or two very significant little facts. I do not want to say much about this, but I must in faithfulness point out that our ordinary standard of service in the College is not a high one. We do want a higher conception of what public spirit is and the sacrifices which ought to be made for the sake of it. I do not want to dwell longer upon this, but I must exhort you to try and realize the significance of these unpalatable facts, and still more appeal to you to resolve that you will not lay us open any longer to condemnation of the kind of which I speak. I am far from saying that there is no real love of, and pride in, the College or that the general body of students are incapable of answering appeals to their patriotism ; but I do say, I must say, there is not a sufficiently keen and practical realization in the College of what the obligations of public spirit are. I do say that we need a much livelier and more constant perception of our public duties. I am sure that it is by realizing better what self-denials public spirit calls for, and by acting on that realization, that you will best train yourselves for the self-denials and sacrifices which public spirit in the wider sense calls for. Here, in this College you have great opportunities. It is by listening to the claims of patriotism in the College that you will form habits which will make it instinctive with you to obey the calls of the larger patriotism. One other thing: remember that some service is asked of all. Everyone can do something ; it need not be something great. That is a common mistake. It is a very true bit of human nature in the Bible story when it was said, “If the prophet had bid thee, do some *great thing*....” In our first zeal we all want to do *some great thing*: and it is really so hard even to do even a small thing well. But this also is a true saying, “Thou hast been faithful in a small thing ; be thou ruler over many cities.” I may even repeat here what I said the other day in the hostel. For the time being, the very best way in which you can serve your country in the crisis brought by the war is by doing each one his duty as a student, or as a teacher, quietly and thoroughly. Be ready for the greater calls, for the larger sacrifices which may be asked of you ; but do the small things ready at hand in our everyday life as students first. Be diligent, be dutiful, be patient, be resolved ; that is enough for most of us ; aye, even more than enough for some.



Students' Consultative Committee.

THE class elections were held this year in July and August and were completed by August the 21st. As a result the Committee was constituted as follows:—

Pramatha Nath Banerjea, B.A.	..	6th year, Arts.
Amal Chandra Sarkar, B.A.	..	„ „ „ „
Manik Lal De, B.Sc.	..	„ „ „ „ Science.
Pramatha Nath Ghosh, B.Sc.	..	„ „ „ „
Nirapada Samaddar, B.A.	..	5th „ „ Arts.
Sachindra Lal Das Varma, B.A.	..	„ „ „ „
Mohit Kumar Sen Gupta	..	4th „ „
Mohit Mohan Ghosh	..	„ „ „ „ Science.
Bibhuti Bhutan Ghoshal	..	3rd „ „ Arts.
Dhirendra Mohan Mitra	..	„ „ „ „ Science.
Pasupati Ghosh	..	2nd „ „ Arts.
Prafulla Kumar Bose	..	„ „ „ „ Science.
Shamaprasad Mukerji	..	1st „ „ Arts.
Purna Chandra Sinha	..	„ „ „ „ Science.
T. I. M. Nurannabi Chowdhuri	..	„ „ „ „
Muhammad Nazim } Muhammadan
A. F. M. Mohsin Ali, B.A. } representatives.

The first meeting of the Council took place on August the 28th. The agenda read as follows—(1) the election of a Secretary, (2) the College Magazine, (3) the Students' tiffin-room, (4) Tennis courts, and (5) action with reference to the war in Europe.

(1) Babu Pramatha Nath Banerjea, B.A., was elected Secretary to the Committee. (2) There was an unanimous agreement to start the magazine on a basis of compulsory subscription. (3) It was resolved upon to open a tiffin-room in the College. A Sub-Committee was appointed consisting of Babus Sachindra Lall Das Varma, B.A., and Manik Lal Dey, B.Sc., to consider various details connected with the tiffin-room. The Principal and the Secretary were declared *ex-officio* members of the Committee. (4) Tennis courts were to be opened out close to the Baker Laboratory to offer opportunities of a milder form of exercise to a larger number of students. (5) A long discussion took place as to the ways in which action should be taken with regard to the war. Proposals for a meeting of the College, for the organization of relief committees, arrangements for ambulance lectures and for the collection of money contributions were made and passed.

A second meeting of the Committee took place under the presidentship of the Secretary of the Committee with the special permission of the Principal. The various class-representatives after consulting their respective classes were of opinion that money-contributions would certainly be forthcoming if the distress of the people becomes acute.

Two resolutions were drawn up for getting them passed by the general meeting of the College.

It was also decided to make certain proposals to the Principal for giving students facilities for improving their physique.

College Meeting.

September 2nd, 1914.

A GENERAL meeting of the College was held in the College Physics Theatre on Wednesday, September the 2nd, to consider what steps should be taken to give practical effect to the general desire not only to support Government by professions of loyalty but to find ways of doing real service.

The Principal who presided emphasized the practical purpose of the meeting and mentioned what had been already done by the staff. Two resolutions were passed.

The first was moved by Babu Pramatha Nath Banerjea, Secretary, Students' Consultative Committee—

(1) that this meeting of the students of Presidency College desire to express their deep sympathy with the Government on the occasion of the present war involving the British Empire. They further beg to assure the Government that as dutiful citizens of the British Empire they are ready to serve under the Government in any capacity that the authorities may think fit.

The motion was seconded by Babu Mohit Mohan Ghosh, representative, fourth year class, and supported by Babu Pashupati Ghosh, representative, second year class.

The second resolution moved by Babu Manick Lal Dey, representative, sixth year class, was :—

(2) that the students of Presidency College are ready to join the movement that has been set on foot for the relief of the people who are likely to be thrown out of employment in consequence of the stagnation of business during the present crisis.

This was seconded by Maulavi T. I. M. Nurannabi Chowdhuri, Muhammadan representative, and supported by Babu Mohit Kumar Sen Gupta, representative, fourth year class.

It was further resolved by the show of hands that ambulance classes should be started and that students should supplement the offer made by the staff to contribute monthly to the Relief Fund. Names of contributors were to be sent in to class representatives.



College Societies—Session 1914-15.

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

President ..	Dr. P. C. Roy, D.Sc. (Edin.), Ph.D. (Cal.), C.I.E.
Secretary ..	M. L. DEY, B.Sc.

The following papers have been read before the Society during the Pujah term:—

1. On Essential Oils—M. L. Dey, B.Sc.,
2. On Polarisable Electrodes—J. C. Ghose, B.Sc.
3. The Value of Original Research—S. C. Jana, M.Sc.
4. Colloidal Solutions—J. N. Mukherjee.

THE PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

President ..	Prof. E. P. HARRISON, Ph.D., F.R.S.E.
Vice-Presidents ..	BABU HRIDAY CHANDRA BANERJEE, M.A. BABU DWIJENDRA KUMAR MAJUMDAR, M.A.
Secretary and Treasurer ..	SAILENDRA NATH GHOSE, B.Sc.

PROGRAMME.

14th August	.. Prof. D. N. Mallik, Sc.D., F.R.S.E. “On the Rotation of Electric Discharge.”
28th August	.. (1) Babu Dwijendra Kumar Majumdar, M.A. “Looseri Thermoscope.” (2) Babu Kailash Chandra Chakravarty, M.Sc. “On the convenience of a simple thermo-joint for radiation experiments.”
11th September	.. Sailendra Nath Ghose, B.Sc. Some notes on the temperature variation of the electrical resistance of copper.
29th October	.. Prof. E. P. Harrison, Ph.D., F.R.S.E. “Temperature coefficient of Young’s Modulus.”
12th November	.. Gauripati Chatterjee. “On a demonstration apparatus for finding Young’s Modulus.”
26th November	.. Meghnad Saha, B.Sc. “The Problem of Impact.”
11th December	.. Babu Abani Bhushan Das, B.Sc. “On a new method of studying Crystallography.”

The following is a brief summary of the meetings held this session, in all of which the President presided:—

FIRST MEETING.

At the first meeting which was held (owing to postponement) on August 21st, Dr. D. N. Mallik placed before the Society the extremely interesting results of a series of experiments he has done while investigating the effect of various degrees of pressure on the rotation of the discharge. The lecture was by projections of the photographs taken by Dr. Mallik during the course of the investigations. These photographs showed that as pressure changes, the discharge exhibits three distinct phases.

(1) A stream of negatively charged particles is shot off from the Cathode and the discharge is a showery one.

(2) Both negatively and positively charged particles were present in the boiler. The showery discharge gradually thickens into broad bands. This stage may be called the band discharge. This phenomenon may be attributed to two causes—

- (i) The attraction of the oppositely charged particles.
- (ii) The reactions between two streams due to hydrodynamic causes.

(3) The discharge becomes again showery, the bands broaden out and merge into one another. The tube in this stage is again filled with particles, and with particles charged with only one kind of electricity.

Dr. Mallik also informed the Society that he had received a sample of helium from Sir William Ramsay and intended to repeat his experiments.

SECOND MEETING—28th August 1914.

Babu Kailash Chandra Chakravarty, M.Sc., gave a demonstration on the convenience of a simple thermo-joint for radiation experiments. He showed experimentally the extreme delicacy of the modification he has made of Leslie's Cubes. The President informed the Society of a sensitive detector of small radiations recently carried out by Mr. Kien. In the same meeting an extremely interesting account was given by Srijut Dwijendra Kumar Majumdar, M.A., of the use of 'Looseri Thermoscope.' After a short description of the apparatus and its differential nature he carried out a series of interesting experiments in which he showed that the Thermoscope can be utilized to demonstrate the ordinary phenomenon of diffusion, the variation of the specific heats of metals, the variation of the conductivity of wood along and perpendicular to the grains, the phenomenon of osmosis, the fact that a gas is cooled on expansion and vice versa, the production of heat by the absorption of a gas by charcoal. Among other things he pointed out that the conductivity before and after a shady state ought to be interpreted in a different way. After a short debate, in which the members took a keen interest, our President suggested that some experiments should be made in order to investigate the production of heat by the absorption of a gas by charcoal at different temperatures, which would go a great way to throw some light on the phenomenon of absorption.

THIRD MEETING—11th September 1914.

S. N. Ghose, B.Sc., gave a demonstration of the Calendar Recorder and the electric furnace which he used in determining the variation of the resistance of copper at higher temperatures. He conducted his experiments in vacuum. Somerville has also worked on the same line, but he conducted his experiments in an atmosphere of nitrogen. S. Ghose pointed out that he did not get a sudden rise in the value of α , the temperature coefficient at about 450° as Somerville had done. S. Ghose's result agrees fairly well with some experiments on the same line recently carried out in an atmosphere of carbon dioxide. After a very lively debate the President expressed his wish that some of the advanced students should come forward to investigate various problems raised in the debate.

THE FIRST YEAR UNION.

Annual Report.

One of the Debating Societies in this College is the First Year Union. It is made up of the students of both the Arts and Science sections of the First Year. The Union was revived last year by some students of the First Year Class and ended a year's useful work for the session 1913-1914. The Union is managed by a Secretary and two Assistant Secretaries, one from each section. Srijut Subhas Chandra Bose occupied the office of Secretary during the last session and Srijuts Rama Prasad Mukherjee and Nalini Kanta Basu were the Assistant Secretaries from the Arts and Science sections respectively. In each of the meetings papers were read and followed in each case by interesting discussions. The principal subjects of discussion were: "The Press and the Platform," "The Good and Bad Aspects of the present system of Education," "Why we read History" and "The Possibility of a Common Dialect and a Common Script for the whole of India." The work of the Union has been handed over to the students of the new First Year. We hope the Science students will take more interest in the proceedings than their predecessors did last year. Our thanks are due to the Principal, to Dr. D. N. Mallik and to Mr. P. C. Ghosh for the sympathy and encouragement they have shown.

SECOND YEAR UNION.

The students of the Second Year (Arts and Science) have started a Debating Union on similar lines as the First Year Union. We hope this will also end with a record of useful work for another session.



Seminars—Session 1914-15.

SIXTH YEAR ENGLISH SEMINAR.

President .. M. GHOSE, M.A. (Oxon).
Secretary .. S. M. CHAKRAVARTY, B.A.

PROGRAMME FOR THE SESSION 1914-15.

Tuesday, September 1, 1914 .. Marlowe as predecessor of Shakespeare—T. C. Das, B.A.

Tuesday, September 8, 1914 .. The Sonnet in English Poetry: with a discussion of its main types and its treatment in the hands of various poets—S. M. Chakravarty, B.A.

Tuesday, September 15, 1914 .. The genius of Tennyson—S. K. Bhuyan, B.A.

Tuesday, November 3, 1914 .. Tennyson's handling of the Arthurian Legend—P. C. Sen, B.A.

Tuesday, November 10, 1914 .. Carlyle's social and political teachings.

Tuesday, November 17, 1914 .. Dryden's "All for Love" and Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra."

Tuesday, November 24, 1914 .. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King": a discussion of the Allegory.

Tuesday, December 1, 1914 .. Tennyson's "Idylls": how far is it an epic poem?

Readers of the last four papers will be selected hereafter.

THE HISTORY SEMINAR.

OFFICERS FOR THE SESSION 1914-15.

President .. E. F. OATEN, M.A., LL.B. (Cantab).
Vice-President .. J. N. DAS GUPTA, B.A. (Oxon), Bar.-at-Law.
Visitor .. H. R. JAMES, M.A. (Oxon).
Secretary .. PRAMATHANATH BANERJEE, B.A.
Librarians .. JOGES CHANDRA CHAKRAVARTI, B.A. (Senr.).
 SAROJ KUMAR SEN, B.A. (Junior).

PROGRAMME FOR THE SESSION 1914-15.

Date.	Paper.	Name.
Aug. 20 ..	Mahomet ..	Pramathanath Banerjea, 6th year.
” 27 ..	Federation ..	Narain Chandra Banerjee, 5th year.

Date.	Paper.	Name.
Nov. 5 ..	War: its advantages, disadvantages and possibilities for the future ..	Saroj Kumar Sen, 5th year.
,, 10 ..	Home Rule ..	Yotis Chandra Banerji, 5th year.
,, 17 ..	The present European War	Joges Chandra Chakravarti, 6th year.
,, 24 ..	Nunda Coomar ..	Sekhar Kumar Bose, 6th year.
Dec. 3 ..	“The Prophets” ..	Pramatha Nath Banerjea, 6th year.
,, 8 ..	The Debt of the World to the Muhammadans ..	Zahirul Huq, 6th year.
,, 15 ..	The Permanent Settlement of Bengal ..	Krishna Kumar Mukherjea, 6th year.
,, 22 ..	The Rohilla War ..	Atal Bihari Bhattacharya, 6th year.
Jan. 5 ..	English Statesmanship in the Nineteenth Century.	Joges Chandra Chakravarti, 6th year.
,, 12 ..	The Religion of the Egyptians ..	Manindra Nath Ganguli, 6th year.
,, 18 ..	Clive ..	Bimalapada Banerjea, 5th year.
,, 26 ..	The “Executive” in the British Constitution ..	Sures Chandra Dey, 5th year.
Feb. 2 ..	Democracy ..	Kalidas Sanyal, 6th year.
,, 9 ..	Individual Liberty in the British Empire ..	Bhabes Chandra Sen, 5th year.
,, 16 ..	The Future Re-construction of the House of Lords ..	Saroj Kumar Sen, 5th year.

Three Moot Courts on International Law have been arranged for, but the dates on which they will be held will be fixed hereafter.

THE PHILOSOPHY SEMINARS—SESSION 1914-15.

THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY SEMINAR.

President R. N. GILCHRIST, M.A. (Aberdeen).
Secretary RAY HARDUTT PRASAD, B.A.

The following papers have been read in the Seminar during the term ending with the Puja vacation:—

Representative Government—Ray Hardutt Prasad, B.A.

The Representation of the Minorities—Jatindra Mohan Das, B.A.

The Constitution of Denmark—Mahendra Chandra Choudhury, B.A.

Female Suffrage—Joytish Chandra Dey, B.A.

Political Theories and Historical Practice—Joytish Chandra Das
Gupta, B.A.

German Political Theories and the Present War—J. C. Coyajee,
B.A. (Cantab), LL.B. (Bom.).

SEMINAR IN GENERAL PHILOSOPHY.

President DR. P. D. SHASTRI, M.A., M.O.L., B.T.
(Punj.), PH.D. (Kiel), B.Sc., Lit. Hum.
(Oxon), M.S.G. (Berlin).

Secretary S. C. MITRA.

SEMINAR IN NATURAL THEOLOGY.

President DR. P. D. SHASTRI.

Secretary A. DAM, B.A.

SEMINAR IN ETHICS.

President DR. A. N. MUKHERJEE, M.A., PH.D.

Secretary B. DEY, B.A.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SEMINAR.

The following meetings have been arranged for the session
1914-15:—

Date.	Name of Student.	Class.	Subject.
Aug. 27 ..	Bepin Bihari De	.. V Year	.. Pragmatism.
Sep. 11 ..	Anang Mohan Dam	.. , ,	.. Knowledge and Reality.
,, 17 ..	Girindra Nath Mukerji	.. , ,	.. Religion and Science.
Oct. 23 ..	Dev Narain Mukerji	.. IV ,	.. Teleology and Evolution.
,, 29 ..	Saurendra Mohan Dutt	.. V ,	.. Rationalism and Empiricism.
Nov. 5 ..	Sushil Chandra Mitra	.. IV ,	.. The Philosophy of Martineau.
,, 12 ..	Saroj Kumar Das	.. III ,	.. Philosophy and Science.
,, 19 ..	Promode Krishna Deb	.. V ,	.. Monism and Pluralism.
,, 26 ..	Bhola Nath Roy	.. IV ,	.. Morality and Religion.
Dec. 3 ..	Kshirod Chandra Deb	.. V ,	.. The Problem of Evil.
,, 10 ..	Sudhir Chandra Mitra	.. III ,	.. Spinoza's Conception of "Substance."
,, 17 ..	Gopendra Krishna Banerji	IV ,	.. The Nature of the Self.
Jan. 7 ..	Sushil Kumar Majumdar	.. V ,	.. The Sankhya Philosophy.

Date.	Name of Student.	Class.	Subject.
Jan. 18 ..	Sudhiranjan Roy Chowdhuri	.. IV Year ..	Theism and Pantheism.
,, 25 ..	Gopal Ch. Bhattacharji	.. ,, ..	Psychology and Metaphysics.
Feb. 1 ..	Bipin Bihari De	.. V ..	The Philosophy of Bergson.
,, 8 ..	Harendra Nath Bose	.. IV ..	Is Psychology a Science?
,, 18 ..	Abdullah Qadri Suhrawardy	V ..	Philosophy and Religion.
,, 26 ..	Sushil Chandra Mitra	.. IV ..	The Idea of the Absolute.
Mar. 10 ..	Saurendra Mohan Dutt	.. V ..	Shankara's Doctrine of Reality.
,, 17 ..	Girindra Nath Mukerji	.. ,, ..	The Philosophy of Lotze.
,, 24 ..	Ananga Mohan Dam	.. ,, ..	Hegel's Religious Philosophy.
,, 31 ..	Promode Krishna Deb	.. ,, ..	The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy.

Hostel Notes.

THERE have been 187 new admissions this year. All the rooms in the Hostel are now full. The total number of boarders in the Hostel is 258, and the numbers in the different years are:—

First year	24
Second year	27
Third year	49
Fourth year	61
Fifth year	72
Sixth year	25



Prefects.—The Ward Prefects for the Session 1914-15 are:—

Ward I ..	Babu Satya Charan Guha, B.Sc.
Ward II ..	Shishir Kumar Ghose, B.A.
Ward III ..	Rajkrishna Ray, B.Sc.
Ward IV ..	Shashimohan Chakravarti, B.A.
Ward V ..	Pramathanath Banerjea, B.A.



Debating Clubs.—The Ward activities have been many and various. In the Debating Clubs the subjects discussed include—"Nature vs. Art," "Meghanad badh," "Kunda Nandini," "Sports give us more pleasure than literature," "Influence of English Literature upon

Bengali," "Orthodoxy vs. Liberalism," "The pen is mightier than the sword," "Cramming is the best method of real education," and "Theatrical performances by students should not be allowed."



Ward Magazines.—The issues of the Ward magazines which appeared have been well up to the standard both in articles and illustrations. It would however be an improvement if they appeared with greater regularity. The Ward I magazine "Sense and Nonsense," the Ward II "Fortnightly Review," the Ward III "Rising Star," the Ward IV "Recreation" and the Ward V "Highland Review" are full of good articles and illustrations.



Ex-boarders' Farewell.—Ward V said farewell to their old boarders in a social gathering presided over by their Warden Mr. J. W. Holme. A large number of ex-boarders were present in the meeting on behalf of the boarders. The Prefect gave them a hearty welcome to which they replied in suitable terms. The Warden and the Superintendent spoke highly of the utility of such gatherings as they bring the past and present members of the Ward into touch with one another and tend to improve social life in general in the Ward.

The guests of the evening were then entertained with light refreshments and music, and after some amusements, in which all present took part, the gathering dispersed.



The Hostel Meeting.—One of the most noteworthy events of the present session in the Hostel was the "War Meeting" of the boarders under the presidentship of the Principal on the 12th of August. The boarders were not only abreast of other educational institutions, but even forestalled the great Town Hall demonstration. Two resolutions were passed. One placed the services of boarders under the Government, and the second expressed the determination of the boarders of this Hostel to join the movement that has been set on foot for relieving the distressed people thrown out of employment owing to the stagnation of business due to the present war. Babu Pramatha Nath Banerjea moved the first resolution, and was followed by Babus Joges Chandra Chakravarti and Shashi Mohan Chakraverty.

The second resolution was moved, seconded and supported respectively by Babus Satya Charan Guha, Janardan Mukherjea and Mukut-dhari Prasad Varma.

Mr. James in a stirring speech explained the situation and pointed out how we could help the Government. He also consented to start a course of lectures on the "First Aid to the Injured," and exhorted the boarders to take a little more interest in the gymnastic classes of the College in order to equip themselves more fully for organized work, if need arises.

The resolutions were placed by our Principal personally in the hands of His Excellency Lord Carmichael, who, we hear, was very pleased with them.

An Unexpected Visit.—It is not often that the boarders have such favourable opportunities of cultivating social relations with the Calcutta Police as were afforded us on the evening of Saturday, September the 5th, when quite a large number of its members paid us what we believe is called 'a domiciliary visit.' The visit was unexpected and the invitation did not come from our side; but the function passed off very pleasantly and with, we trust, the result of an increase of mutual respect. For our part we were impressed with the kindly spirit and good humour shown by the Police officers from the greatest to the least. We hope that impressions were not altogether unfavourable on the other side. A proposal for a six-a-side friendly game by moonlight was not taken up by the visitors.



The Superintendent's Feast.—The boarders of the Hostel were generously entertained at a feast by their Superintendent, on the 16th September last. The feast was a great success, and the Hostel compound rang with the hearty cheers of the boarders, who wished the Superintendent a long and happy life and a repetition of the same event for all years to come.



The Hostel Library.—The Library has become the rendezvous of all the boarders since the outbreak of the great war, and it is regularly invested by boarders anxious to get the news. The dailies are read, re-read, handled and re-handled a hundred times, with the result that only relics remain for curious eyes. The Secretary of the Library, Mr. A. Dam, B.A., popularly known as "Dummy," is doing his work very satisfactorily.

The thanks of the boarders of the Hostel are due to Babu Gopal Das Choudhury, Zemindar, who some time ago made a munificent grant of 700 rupees for our Library. It was intended that a tablet should be raised to commemorate this benefaction, and we hope that this intention may yet be carried out.



The Mess Committee.—The Mess Committee is doing excellent work. We had three feasts arranged for by it during the last term. Babu Hem Chandra Chakravarti, B.A., the Secretary of the Mess Committee, is to be congratulated on the excellency of his management. "Retrenchment, efficiency, and departure from obsolete ways" has been his motto.



The Health of the Hostel.—The health of the Hostel this Session has been, on the whole, excellent, though there have been occasional attacks of Seven-days' fever. We had, however, one very serious case of pneumonia in the Hostel. We are glad to announce the patient is well again, chiefly through the untiring exertions of our medical officer Dr. N. C. Maitra and the never-flagging zeal as well as the sound organization of a Nursing Agency by our boarders. The Nursing

Agency made arrangements for constant attendance—all day and all night—for over one month. Our special thanks are due to Babu Joges Chandra Bhowmick for his capable organization of the Nursing Agency and for his great personal efforts for the patient.



The Hostel Sports.—The season for football has just passed, and the hostel field had all along been teeming with activity. Games were played regularly every evening.

Many matches have also been played: (1) the Sen's Cup has been won by the Maiden's Head team under Captain Banerjea. (2) The Ward I Six-a-side Challenge Cup was given away by the Principal to the graduates under Captain Mukherjea. (3) The trophy in the competition between the "Internationals" and the "Veterans" was given to the losers, the "Veterans." (4) In the match between the Leans and the Fats, the Leans won as usual.

The Hostel Theatre.

D. L. ROY'S BHISMA.

THE performance of theatricals by the boarders on the Sri Panchami Day in honour of the goddess of learning is an annual event in the Eden Hindu Hostel. This year, however, we staged Bhisma in September in order to pay our homage to the memory of one of the most beloved sons of the goddess—the late lamented poet, D. L. Roy.

The performance of Bhisma in aid of the D. L. Roy Memorial Fund came off on the boards of the Star Theatre on the 10th September last. Among those present were the Principal, Mr. Gilchrist, Prof. R. E. Knox, Mr. Mitter, and Mr. Banerjee, the Superintendent of the Hostel. The play drew a full house and the success of the performance does great credit to Mr. Deb, the Secretary, and Mr. Syam, the Assistant Secretary, and to Mr. Roy who was in charge of the stage. Our best thanks are also due to Mr. Amrita Lal Bose for having kindly lent us the stage.

The rôle of Bhisma, the hero of the play, was given a superb rendering by J. Mukherjee, to whom great credit is due for not having sacrificed art for the sake of vulgar applause. The part of Dasraj was very successfully represented by P. Roy whose comic speeches and postures, though sometimes a little overdone, threw the audience into convulsions of laughter. B. Augusti displayed his fine histrionic talents in the rôle of Madhab and indeed shone far better as a poor friend of the imbecile monarch than as the august Byasa, the greatest saint, poet and historian of the ancient times. The part of Parasurama was rendered very well by N. Maitra. He would have been more appreciated but for the fact that he lay under the great disadvantage of being com-

pared with his predecessor H. Mitter whose splendid physique, fine voice, joined with his acting, had made him an excellent Parasuram on the first performance of the play last session in the Hindu Hostel. The part of Salva was represented by S. Chakravarty whose masterly execution of a retreat from the direful presence of Bhisma with his ever memorable “*যাইতেছি আমি*” struck the imagination of the audience more powerfully and has gained greater notoriety than any other piece of acting in the whole performance!

Of the female rôles, S. Roy and B. Banerjee acted the parts of Satyabati and Amba respectively. Both of them acquitted themselves very well. But the voice of criticism has been raised against the former in some quarters, where it is urged that her violent gestures and theatrical postures cannot be approved of according to the rules of oriental dramatic art. But it should be remembered that she was only the daughter of a fisherman bent on enjoying the pleasures of the world. Suddenly transformed into the Empress of all India, such a woman, when she is disappointed in love, foiled in her intrigues, baffled in all her projects and insulted with impunity even by a poor dependant of the court, cannot be expected to give a quiet and dignified expression to the violent emotions that rush on her lacerated heart in tumultuous succession.

G. Mukherjee made a good Ganga, while the part of the termagant queen was successfully represented by P. Kumar.

On the whole the play was a grand success, and the audience unanimously praised the boarders of the hostel not only for the great histrionic talents displayed, but for the very practical way in which they showed their enthusiasm for Bengali drama by raising seven hundred rupees in aid of the memorial fund of one of the greatest dramatists in Bengal.

The P.C.A.C. and the Football Season.

This year's football season, if not in all respects completely satisfactory, has been a successful one. The College team suffered only one defeat; and they won back the Elliott Shield.

College football usually stands under a disadvantage, because colleges do not re-assemble till after the commencement of the football season. Consequently, as the tendency of late has been to push association competitions through early in the rains, important matches have to be played with little or no previous practice. This was markedly the case this year, when we played our first match, the first round of the Trades Cup, before practice had even begun, and when the final for the Elliott Shield was played on July the 27th. The College began work on Monday, July the 6th, and on Tuesday the 7th, in accordance with the rules made last year, the surviving members of last year's teams met to elect a Captain and Vice-Captain. The meeting was held in the Principal's room: S. M. Yakub was elected Captain and Dhiren Das Vice-Captain.

The Annual General Meeting of P.C.A.C. was held on Thursday, July the 9th, in the Physics Theatre, at 2 p.m., the Principal presiding. The general report for 1913-14 was read and passed. There was only one name put forward for the Secretaryship—Sailaja Ray—who was accordingly elected unanimously. A resolution was also passed expressing the gratitude of the College for the services rendered by the treasurer, Prof. E. F. Oaten, who was away on leave till after the Pujahs, and adding congratulations on his marriage.

The following is the list of the Elliott Shield matches played, with their results:—

2nd Round :	Presidency College (2), Madrassa (1).		
3rd	"	"	(0), St. Xavier's College (0).
"	"	"	2nd day (3), St. Xavier's College (0)*
Semi-Final :			" 3rd day (1), St. Xavier's College (0).
Final :	"	"	(2), Bangabasi College (0).
	"	"	(1), Medical College (0).

* Played ten minutes short.

It is interesting to note that the only goal scored against Presidency College in the Shield competition was due to a penalty shot awarded against us in the first of the matches mentioned above.

The opening game was played, as already mentioned, with practically no previous practice. The team as a whole had little understanding of each other's play; there was a marked want of combination, and it is small matter of surprise that the match was lost. It is obvious that the Captain cannot fill up the teams unless there has been some opportunity of testing new players in practice games. It is to be hoped some remedy may be found for this drawback in future years.

For the first round of the Elliott Shield we were drawn against the Calcutta Madrassa. The ground was in a very bad state when the match was played, little better than a quagmire. The game was more like water-polo than association football. However by dint of hard work on the heavy ground Presidency College managed to win by 2-1.

In the second round we met St. Xavier's. This time the weather was ideal and the ground in excellent condition. The result after an interesting and well-fought game was a draw. The match was re-played next evening and we won by 3-0, playing ten minutes short of the usual time. In playing a third time Presidency College won after a hard struggle.

An easy victory against Bangabasi College brought us into the Final, which was played on Monday, July the 27th, under favourable conditions and won after an up-hill fight by 1-0.

The following received their colours in the course of the season:—

FOOTBALL BLUES FOR 1914-15 (IN ORDER OF POSITION).

1. G. Mukherjea Goal.
2. U. Banerjea } Backs.
3. R. Roy }
4. G. Banerjee }
5. J. Sanyal } Halves.
6. S. Roy }

7.	D. Dass	Forwards.
8.	S. M. Yakub	
9.	J. Dutt	
10.	P. Roy	
11.	S. Anam	

The officers of the Presidency College Athletic Club are as under:—

<i>President and Treasurer</i>	..	H. R. JAMES, M.A. (Oxon), Principal.
<i>General Secretary</i>	..	SAILAJA RAY, B.Sc.
<i>Captain</i>	..	S. M. YAKUB, B.A.
<i>Vice-Captain and Football Secretary</i>	..	DHIRENDRA CHANDRA DAS, B.A.

The members of the Executive Committee are:—

Joges Chandra Chakravarti, B.A.	..	6th year, Arts.
Suresh Chandra Bose, B.Sc.	..	„ „ Science.
Tarak Nath Sen, B.A.	..	5th „ Arts.
Sharful Anam	..	4th „ Arts.
Sasadhar Ray	..	„ „ Science.
Ranesh Chakravarti	..	3rd „ Arts.
Dhirendra Chandra Das Gupta	..	„ „ Science.
Mumtazuddin Ahmed	..	2nd „ Arts.
Umapati Banerji	..	„ „ Science.
Pasupati Nath Mallik	..	1st „ Arts.
Harendra Lal Mitter	..	„ „ Science.

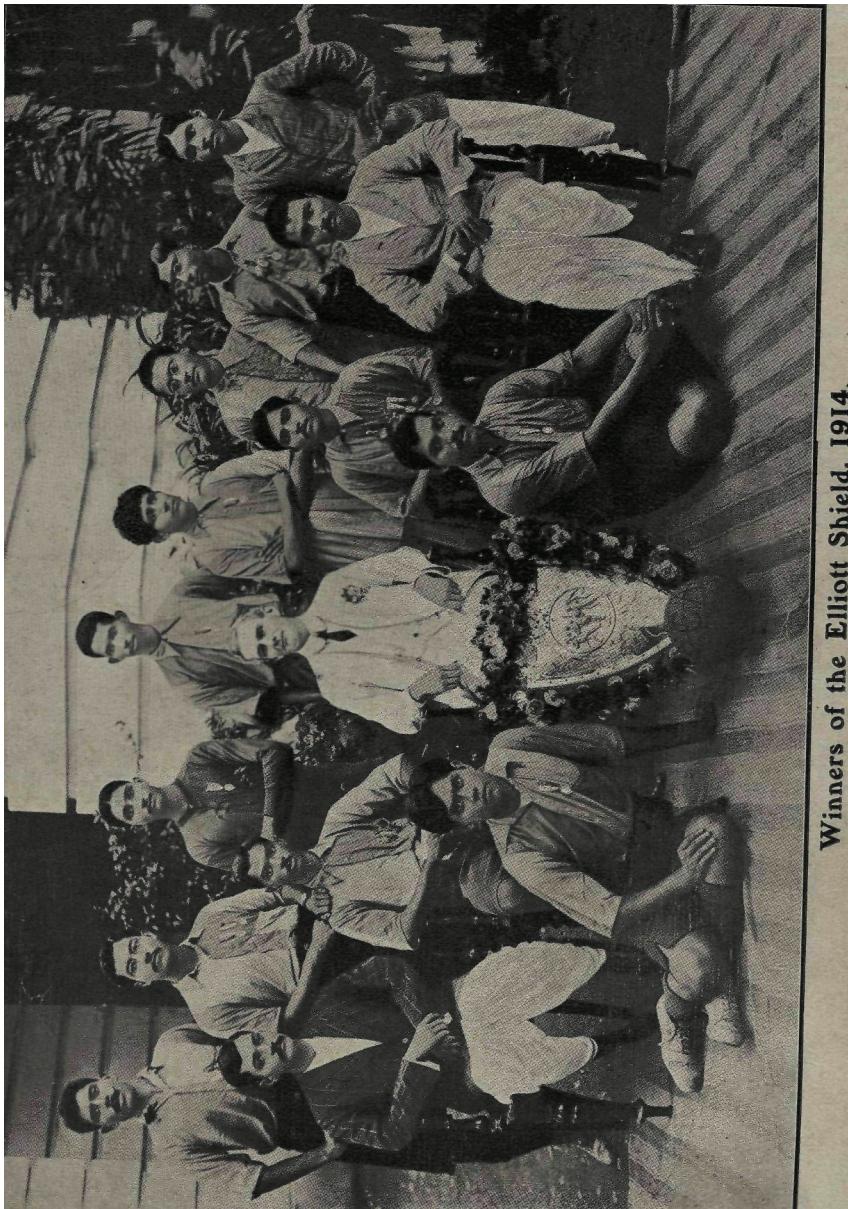
THE ELLIOT SHIELD FINAL.

Medical College vs. Presidency College.

The day of the final dawned and there was no sign of the weather clearing up. This was unfavourable to the chance of Presidency College, because the Medicals play much better on a wet ground. As the day advanced there was not much sign of rain either and this inspired some little hope into the hearts of the supporters of Presidency College.

The game started late as two of the Medical players did not reach the ground in time. Presidency won the toss and decided to defend the southern goal. The whistle blew and B. Ghose kicked off for the Medicals. From the start, our opponents took the aggressive, and S. Bose ran down the line and centred, but the shot proved abortive. The Medicals continued the pressure and were on the point of scoring, when Radhanath saved brilliantly though at the expense of a corner. The corner shot by S. Chatterji was a marvellous one but Mukherjee fisted it out. This opening did not promise well for Presidency College chances. Presidency, however, now rallied and quickly took the lead and after a fine display of passing, D. Das shot, but the ball went wide. Some up and down play followed, and then the Medicals broke through and S. Bose after a fine individual run centred cleverly, but failed to score. Presidency replied to this with a combined rush of the centre and wings, and after some neat passing between J. Dutt and D. Das, Anam sent in a low angular shot and scored amidst loud cheers. Two minutes later the whistle blew for half time.

Winners of the Elliott Shield, 1914.



After ends were changed, the Presidency forwards, who were much encouraged at their success, were playing a sound game and an individual run by P. Roy was much applauded. The Medicals tried hard to take the offensive, but our centre-half J. Sanyal and our back Banerjee, who were all along playing in brilliant style, were not to be beaten. When there was only ten minutes left for the game to close, our captain thought it wise to strengthen the defence. The Medicals none the less broke through and B. Ghose tried a good hard shot at goal, which Mukherji saved in equally good style. Presidency College were again pressing when the final whistle blew, leaving them the winners of the Elliot Shield for the eighth time. For the winners J. Sanyal, U. Banerji and G. Mukherji played well, while S. Bose of the Medicals was decidedly the best forward on the field.

The Shield and the medals were then presented to the Captain and the players of the winning team by the Persian Consul.

The teams were constituted as follows :—

Medical College : Goal—N. Bose. Backs—A. Banerjee, S. Chatterjee. Halves—M. Chakravarti, J. Dutta, J. Laha. Forwards—S. Bose, B. Ghosh, Bora, B. Chakravarti, S. Bagchi.

Presidency College : Goal—G. Mukherji. Backs—R. Roy, U. Banerji. Halves—G. Banerji, J. Sanyal, S. Roy. Forwards—D. Das (Vice-Captain), S. M. Yakub (Captain), J. Dutt, P. Roy, S. Anam.

Presidency College F.C. vs. Krishnanagar College F.C.

The Presidency College Football team made a journey to Krishnanagar on Sunday, August 16th, to play a friendly game with the local College. The match was watched by a large number of spectators, who cheered every bit of good play. The Presidency team kicked off and began pressing from the very start. The Presidency forwards gave a fine exhibition of passing and combination, but they invariably finished poorly. From the amount of attacking that they did in the first half, it would not have been surprising if they had led by a good margin, but strange to say the teams crossed with honours easy. This was due not only to the bad marksmanship of the Presidency forwards, but also to the fine saves brought off by the home goal-keeper. D. Das on the right was a perpetual danger to the opposing defence and his centres were all well placed, but the inside men failed to beat the home-custodian. The Presidency halves were not troubled much in the first half, but they were called upon to do a lot of work in the second half. The backs and the goal-keeper had a very easy time, but R. Roy cleared some balls with tall kicks and played throughout with great judgment and coolness. U. Banerjee, the left back, also did some good work. But the facile princeps in the Presidency defence was G. Banerjee, the right half, who gave a sterling display. His feeding of the forwards was a thing to watch, and he scarcely made a mistake.

The Presidency men returned to the attack in the second half but they missed some fine openings. M. Yakub the Captain, who played a rattling game throughout, scored a goal from a soft crossbar shot which gave the home custodian no chance of stopping the ball. The home forwards after this reverse returned to the attack, but the Presidency defence proved sound. The backs rose equal to the occasion and

R. Roy was responsible for some good clearances. G. Mukherjee in goal cleared some good shots in fine style. The Presidency men were attacking when the whistle blew.

Presidency College F.C. vs. Berhampore College F.C.

The Berhampore team who were invited to play two friendly football matches with us, arrived here on Friday morning, the 4th September. They were received at the Railway Station by some of our students, who escorted them to the Eden Hindu Hostel, where they were accommodated in Ward V.

The game started punctually at half-past five. From the start Presidency showed their superiority and hemmed in the Berhampore players to their own territory; but one of the Berhampore forwards breaking loose ran and scored the first goal unopposed in a very easy style. Soon after Presidency equalized,—a beautiful shot by Yakub from a pass by D. Dass finding the net. A few minutes later the whistle blew for half time, leaving the score one all.

After the interval, Yakub added to the score. The Berhampore men were now playing a plucky game, but Yusuf Mirza again scored for Presidency College. Soon after, G. Banerjee, one of the Presidency half-backs, who was playing a very scientific game, fell and injured his forearm. Yakub then scored the last goal for his side, leaving us winners by four goals to one. For the home team, D. Das, J. Sanyal and S. M. Yakub played exceedingly well, while for the visitors, their right wing and left back were much in prominence. The game was played in the best of spirits and the refereeing of Mr. C. R. Clayton was in his usually good style.

The replay took place the next day on the same ground. The game started late. Presidency was without the services of G. Banerji, who was on the injured list, K. Bose replacing him. The visitors put out the same team they had the day before. From the start Berhampore pressed and missed scoring on two occasions. J. Sanyal relieved the pressure and the Presidency forwards were then got going. After some up and down play the game was stopped for half time, with the score sheet blank.

After ends were changed Berhampore had more of the game and made several attempts at scoring, but our goal-keeper was equal to the occasion and saved again and again in brilliant style.

The Berhampore forwards then indulged in a fine bit of passing which hopelessly non-plussed our half-backs. After a few minutes of up and down play, the game ended in a pointless draw. The Berhampore team undoubtedly played the better game and they were decidedly unlucky in not winning.



School Notes.

HINDU SCHOOL.

The Hindu School Students' Association has three sections:

- (i) Debating Club,
- (ii) Sporting Section, and
- (iii) Poor Fund Section.



The Debating Club.—The meeting for the election of office-bearers for the Session 1914-15 was held on the 12th of September under the presidency of Babu Nilmani Ganguli, B.A. The following were elected office-bearers:—

- Master Amiyanath Roy (2nd class)—Secretary.
- ,, Sadananda Bhaduri (2nd class)—Asst. Secretary.
- ,, Manindranath Chatterjea (2nd class)—Librarian.



Among the subjects discussed in the Debating Club were:

1. Town life *vs.* Country life.
2. Advantages and Disadvantages of a Debating Club.
3. Modern system of training *vs.* Ancient system of training.
4. Who contributes more to the welfare of Society—a Lawyer or a Doctor?
5. Education at home *vs.* Education at school.
6. Is luxury an evil?
7. Was Ram justified in banishing Sita?
8. Poems of Hem Chandra Banerji *vs.* Poems of Michael Madhusudan Dutt.
9. Literature of Ancient India *vs.* Literature of Modern India.
10. The character of Akbar *vs.* The character of Aurangzeb.
11. Health *vs.* Wealth.



A special meeting of the Hindu School Students' Association was held in September 1914 to say farewell to our much-beloved and esteemed teacher Babu Bidhu Bhusan Sen Gupta, M.A., who had been temporarily transferred from the school.



Poor Fund.—The Hindu School Poor Fund is doing remarkably well this year. The collection up to the present amounts to Rs. 205, of which Rs. 90 were contributed by the students who appeared at the last Matriculation Examination. To transact ordinary business and to consider the applications received, periodical meetings were frequently held, several of which were presided over by teachers of the school. Almost forty applicants received help from the fund.

The total disbursements are nearly Rs. 130, leaving a balance of Rs. 75 which has been deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank. The total deposit at the bank now amounts to over Rs. 425.



We had an active and fairly successful football season this year. Ten matches were played, six of them being Cup matches. Out of these six, three were lost. An inter-class league was started in memory of the late Sriman Satcowri Mullick, in which the 2nd class "A" team won.

The following represents the team:—

Goal—K. Khutari (Vice-Captain). Backs—P. Roy, T. Sarkar (Captain). Halves—D. Rana, B. Dutt, A. Mukerjea. Forwards—S. Banerjea, K. Baral, B. Mukerjea and S. Sircar.

Prativa Roy and Kamal Bhusan Bose are respectively the Secretary and the Asst. Secretary of the Football Club.

HARE SCHOOL.

The Football team is fairly strong this year. We have won the Griffith Cup, having defeated the Metropolitan Institution Football Club (School Department) by two goals to nil in the Final Round. Our 1st class A team has won the S.F.A. Cup. We are now qualified to play in the semi-final round of the Bangabasi Cup. Other competitions are also in progress in which the several classes take part.



The Debating Club has not been so popular this year as it was last year and the year before. It has nevertheless displayed considerable activity. There have been about 14 meetings. The President and the Secretary of the Club are trying hard to induce more members to attend the Club. At present the maximum attendance is below 30.

The President of the Debating Club is S. P. Shaha. The Secretary elected for the Session is Baidyanath Chatterjea.



The office-bearers of the Football Club are as follows:—

President..	.. S. GANGULI.
Captain NILMANI DEY.
Vice-Captain	.. BRAHMADHIR KHASTAGIR.
Secretary ROBINDRANATH SEN.
Assistant Secretary	.. SAILENDRANATH CHATTERJEA.

The team is given below:—

Goal—N. Dey (Captain). Backs—R. Sen, J. Choudhury. Halves—A. Chatterjea, S. Dutta, S. Hossain. Forwards—N. Goswami, H. Dey, M. Eshak, A. Raman, H. Ghosh.

University News.

THE age limit at Matriculation was discussed at a meeting of the joint Faculties of Arts and Science. The subject has evoked a great deal of controversy.



A highly instructive series of lectures was delivered by Professor Arthur Brown of Cotton College, Gauhati, on the "Laws of War." The lectures were very opportune, and naturally were very well-attended.



Professor J. N. Das Gupta's opening lecture as Reader in Indian History was delivered on August 31, and proved as suggestive and as stimulating as in previous years. The subject was "The Study of Indian History."



We understand that there is some doubt whether the lectures which were to have been delivered this cold weather by a number of eminent men of Science returning from the meeting of the British Association in Australia will ever be given. This is one of the deprivations we owe to the outbreak of war. Most of the lecturers have changed their plans and are returning to Europe without coming to Calcutta. This is a great disappointment.



The following prizes, scholarships and medals have been won by members of Presidency College:—

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.

Prizes, Medals, Scholarships.	Subjects.	Name of Student.
Duff Scholarship	.. Physics	Mohit Kumar Ghosh.
" "	.. Chemistry	Sachindra Nath Sircar.
Saroda Prosad Prize	.. English	Birendra Kumar Biswas.
" " "	.. Sanskrit	Soraj Kumar Das.
" " "	.. Physics	Abhoyapada Chatterjee.
" " "	.. Chemistry	Mohit Kumar Ghose.
Stephen Finney Medal	.. "	Sachindra Nath Sircar.
Pachete Sanskrit Prize	.. Sanskrit	Abhoyapada Chatterjee.
Rai Radhika Prasanna } Mookerjee Bahadur, C.I.E., }	..	Soraj Kumar Das.
Prize.	..	Birendra Nath Hazra.
		Syed Shofir Ahmad.

B.A. AND B.Sc. EXAMINATIONS.

McCann Medal	Charu Chandra Ghosh.
Bishnu Priya Debi Prize	Habibur Rahaman.
Tawney Memorial Prize	Nirapada Samaddar.

“Success of our men abroad.—We feel very great pride in the brilliant achievements of our men abroad. Fresh additions have been made this year to the ever-swelling list of Presidency College men who have made their mark in foreign universities and won fresh laurels for our College. We offer our hearty welcome to Messrs. Kaliprasad Khaitan and Bhupati Mohan Sen on their return home from England where the former distinguished himself by passing the Law Examination with brilliant honours and the latter by winning the Smith's prize and by securing a wranglership in the Cambridge University.

Every member of our College will be glad to hear that Mr. Sudhindra Kumar Haldar, M.A., who graduated from our College in 1909 together with Mr. Bhupati Mohan Sen, B.A. (Cantab), and Mr. Kshitish Chandra Sen, B.A. (Cantab), I.C.S., has passed the I.C.S. Examination held in August last. We also note with pleasure the brilliant success of our friend Mr. Satyendra Nath Modak, M.A., who passed the Mathematical Tripos Examination, part 1, at Cambridge in class 1, last term. We hear he has occupied the first place. We wish him greater success at the I.C.S. Examination in which he will be competing next year. We rejoice to record these successes. Placed in high positions we hope our friends will continue to cherish feelings of loyalty and duty to our common *alma mater* to which they owe so much, and which also expects much from them.

Library Notes.

THE Science Library has been completely fitted up in accordance with plans prepared by Mr. H. A. Crouch, Architect to the Government of Bengal. The new book-cases are ranged along the wall continuously on the S.W.E. sides and on the north side, also in the intervals between the windows. The cases are of teak-wood to a height of 12 feet in three tiers, of which the two higher have glass fronts and the lower fronts of solid wood. The rest of the furniture is similar in design. The Librarian's counter is on the East with pigeon-holes for unbound numbers of Science periodicals behind it. The tables are very solid and handsome and seat four readers, two on each side. The table for Science periodicals is at the West end. Mr. Crouch is to be congratulated on the whole effect, which is handsome. It is calculated that the shelf-space will suffice for additions for the next ten or fifteen years. After that it is designed to extend the book-cases to the ceiling—a height of 8 feet, and to add galleries.



The following additions have been made this Session by the Library Committee to the list of periodicals:—

1. American Chemical Journal.
2. Edinburgh Review.
3. The English Journal.
4. Journal of the American Chemical Society.

5. The Journal of English and German Philology.
 6. The Political Quarterly.
 7. Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society of London.



The following is the list of new books received in the Library since the beginning of the Session, arranged alphabetically under author's names:—

Angell The Foundations of International Polity.
 Do The Great Illusion.
 Ashley The Economic Organization of England.
 Bansor Chemical Calculation.
 Do Do. (Advanced Course.)
 Barker The Theory of Money.
 Bernhardi Germany and the next War.
 Bradley On the Relations between the Spoken and Written Language, with special reference to English.

Calcutta University Calendar for 1913.
 Calendar of the University of Bombay for 1914. 2 Vols.
 Concise (The) Oxford Dictionary of Current English.
 Cowi The Theory of Poetry in English.
 Cushing Initials and Pseudonyms.
 Dana A Text-book of Mineralogy.
 Dicey Lectures on the Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the 19th century.
 Dinesh Chandra Sen Vanga Sahitya Parichaya.
 Everett Illustrations of the C.G.S. System of Units.
 Geikie The Founders of Geology.
 Graham-Smith Flies in relation to Disease.
 Grem An Introduction to Vegetable Physiology.
 Hall A Companion to Classical Texts.
 Harker The Natural History of Igneous Rocks.
 Hartley The Position of Women in Primitive Society.
 Hatch The Petrology of the Sedimentary Rocks.
 Higgs The Financial System of the United Kingdom.
 Hobson Work and Wealth: a human valuation.

Home University Library Series:

Vol 91. The Alps. By A. Lunn.
 „ 92. Central and South America. By Sheppard.
 „ 93. The Renaissance. By Edith Sichel.
 „ 94. Religious Development between the Old and the New Testaments. By Charles.
 „ 95. Elizabethan Literature. By Robertson.

Jones A New Era in Chemistry.
 Judd The Student's Lyell.
 Kohlrausch An Introduction to Physical Measurements.
 Landolt Physikalisch Chemische Tabellen.
 Map of Belgium and the North-East of France.
 Map of Eastern Theatre of War.

Map of the Western Theatre of War in Europe.

Marr .. The Principles of Stratigraphical Geology.

Marwell .. Matter and Motion.

Masson .. Shakespeare Personally.

Moreland .. An Introduction to Economics for Indian Students.

Nettleton .. English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century (1642-1780).

Newspaper (The) Reader's Companion to the War in Europe.

Newth .. A Text-book of Inorganic Chemistry.

Oxford University Hand-book.

Paynting .. A Text-book of Physics.

Penning .. A Text-book of Field Geology.

Perkin .. Organic Chemistry, Part I.

Phillips .. The Confederation of Europe.

Proceedings of the British Academy, 1911-12.

Rapson .. Ancient India

Richter .. Organic Chemistry.

Sheppard .. Photo-Chemistry.

Shorter (The) Modern Dictionary of the English Language.

Smith .. Introduction to Inorganic Chemistry.

Spencer .. Native Tribes of the Northern Territory of Australia.

Starling .. Principles of Human Physiology.

Statesman's (The) Year-Book, 1914.

Stranways .. The Music of Hindustan.

Sullivan .. Markets for the People.

Tagore, Rabindra Nath Chitra.

Do. The Gardener.

Do. The King of the Dark Chamber.

Tarr .. Elementary Physical Geography.

Taylor .. The Credit System.

Thacker's Military Map illustrating the War in Europe.

Thomas .. The Geology of Ore Deposits.

Vines .. An Elementary Text-Book of Botany.

Wadia .. Reflections on the Problems of India.

Wallas .. The Great Society.

Wells .. The World Set Free.

Westermarck .. Marriage Ceremonies in Morocco.

Woods .. Palaeontology,—Invertebrate.

Wright .. Rustic Speech and Folk-lore.



Correspondence.

A War Song by William Blake.

To

THE EDITOR OF THE *Presidency College Magazine*.

SIR,

I venture to call your readers' attention to the following 'War Song' by William Blake, which has much of the originality of that extraordinary genius and a very notable elevation of tone. Many of the phrases appear to me singularly appropriate to the present times. It will be noticed that it is unrhymed.

It is headed :

A WAR SONG :

To Englishmen.

Prepare, prepare the iron helm of war,
Bring forth the lots, cast in the spacious orb ;
The Angel of Fate turns them with mighty hands,
And casts them out upon the darkened earth !

Prepare, prepare !

Prepare your hearts for Death's cold hand ! prepare
Your souls for flight, your bodies for the earth !
Prepare your arms for glorious victories !
Prepare your eyes to meet a holy God !

Prepare, prepare !

Whose fatal scroll is that ? Methinks 'tis mine !
Why sinks my heart, why faltereth my tongue ?
Had I three lives, I'd die in such a cause,
And rise, with ghosts, over the well-fought field,

Prepare, prepare !

The arrows of Almighty God are drawn !
Angels of Death stand in the low'ring heavens !
Thousands of souls must seek the realms of light,
And walk together on the clouds of heaven !

Prepare, prepare !

Soldiers, prepare ! Our cause is Heaven's cause ;
Soldiers, prepare ! Be worthy your cause :
Prepare to meet our fathers in the sky :
Prepare, O troops that are to fall to-day !

Prepare, prepare !

There is one more verse which I omit as falling much below the level of the above five. It is I think as sublime a war-song as any that can be found, and it is remarkable that William Blake should have written it. It is found among the poems earliest published by him, the volume entitled *Poetical Sketches* published in 1783. Between 1775 and 1783 England was at war with both France and Spain but there is no indication in the poems of the particular incentive under which Blake was writing.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

SEMINAR.

Review.

The World Set Free.—A Story of Mankind. By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan's Empire Library. Cloth 3s. 6d., paper 2s. 6d.)

Mr. H. G. Wells' 'The World Set Free' is a vision of the war that was to wreck the civilization of Europe, and so prepare the way for a better order of things, when the ingenuity of man's brain and the energies released by science should be used for the advancement of the general well-being of mankind and not for insane rivalry and mutual destruction.

The great war is put in the year 1956 or 1957, it is not quite clear which, and its occasion and origin resemble pretty closely those of the war which broke out in August of this year. In some respects Mr. Wells anticipates with prescient accuracy the events now going on: in others he is very wide of the mark. It is of no little interest to observe the points of likeness and difference.

The war comes suddenly as this war has done. Its occasion is an attack on 'the Slav Confederacy' by 'the Central European powers,' 'with France and England going to the help of the Slavs.' Fighting takes place over the Ardennes countries, as it has actually been doing; but the British contingent is sent a good deal south of Mons and Maubeuge, namely to the Lower Meuse and the vicinity of Luxembourg (pp. 80-81). Features of the real outbreak of war which Mr. Wells does not anticipate are the extraordinarily quiet resolution with which the people of England have entered in the struggle; he makes the British public 'noisily patriotic' (p. 79). He does not anticipate the wonderful unanimity of the British Empire. He does not anticipate the part which is going to be played by the expeditionary force from India.

His central drama turns on the use for the purposes of war of the newly discovered atomic energy imaginatively conceived on the analogy of radium. Bombs are dropped from aeroplanes, which not merely deal destruction far exceeding that wrought by the bombs which have been dropped in Antwerp and Paris, but which become permanent centres of destructive activity and *go on destroying* within the area of their activity. Mr. Wells, in fine, imagines the introduction into warfare of the "continuing explosive." The substance used he names *Carolinum*: the present reviewer, not being a chemist, cannot say whether such a name is at present known to science. The effects produced by one of these bombs when it reaches the earth and bores into it are described in these words":—

"Then, as more and more of the *Carolinum* became active, the bomb spread itself out into a monstrous cavern of fierce energy at the base of what became very speedily a miniature active volcano. The *Carolinum*, unable to disperse, freely drove into and mixed up with a boiling confusion of molten soil and superheated steam and so remained spinning furiously and maintaining an eruption that lasted for years and months or weeks according to the size of the bomb employed and the chances of its dispersal. Once launched the bomb was absolutely unapproachable and uncontrollable until its forces were nearly exhausted....." (pp. 102-103).

By bombs like these in the course of Mr. Wells' war Paris, Berlin, London, every capital city in Europe, are wholly or partially ruined. "By the spring of 1959 from nearly two hundred centres, and every week added to their number, roared the unquenchable crimson conflagrations of the atomic bombs.... Most of the capital cities of the world were burning; millions of people had already perished, and over great areas government was at an end." This state of things was what (p. 137) at last made war impossible and set the world free to enter upon a new era.

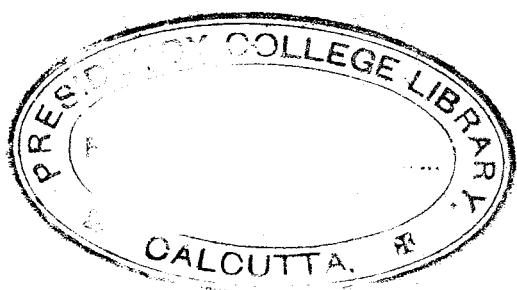
Viewed as a *story* there is a lack of unity in Mr. Wells' latest novel, except in so far as one accepts as unity enough the presentation of successive phases of the central theme, the disintegration of the old order, and the up-building of a new organization of society. The first phase is the discovery by a young chemist named Holsten in the year 1933 of a method of turning atomic energy to economic uses and the further exploitation of that discovery, in which the firm of Dass-Tata play a leading part. Next the outbreak and progress of the war is related in extracts from the journal of Frederic Barnet, a young man who from a position of affluence is reduced to beggary just before the war, and who subsequently serves through it as an officer in a territorial regiment. This narrative breaks off with the flooding of Holland through the bursting of the dykes: it will be remembered that the Belgians flooded part of the low countries in defending Antwerp; but in Wells' story it is German bombs which break the dykes, with the result that all Holland is violently inundated.

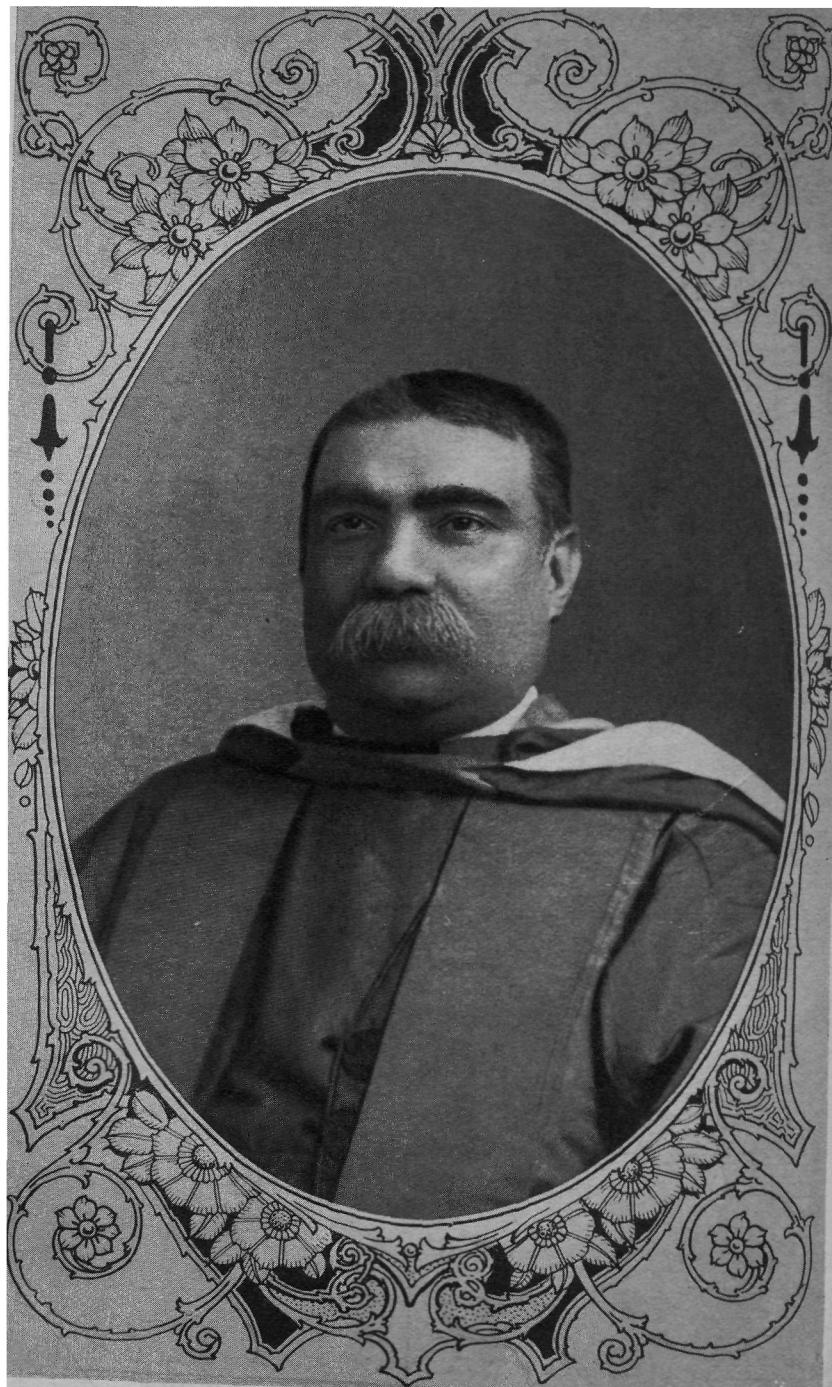
There we have the story of the re-construction of society; the meeting of delegates under the influence of the "impassioned humanitarian" Leblanc (p. 135), high in the mountains above Bressago on Lago Maggiore; the bafflement of the last of the old dynasts, Ferdinand Charles, King of the Balkans, who makes a crafty bid for world empire founded on atomic bombs. The delegates by a sort of instinctive agreement, induced by exhaustion and the bankruptcy of the old system, rapidly construct a world-state, with Egbert, heir of 'the most venerable kingdom in Europe' (p. 140) (in whom readers may, if they please, recognize a grandson of King George V), as President. Recovery is rapid, when once all the resources of science, and in particular of atomic energy, are turned to beneficent purpose, instead of to armaments. A state is reached in which very little labour suffices for the necessities of mankind and nearly every one's time is given to artistic production, to science, or to amusements. The select spirits devote themselves to research; the average man takes to art industries and gardening.

The final scene takes place in the Himalayas at 'the new station for surgical work' at a spot 'high above the Sutlej' gorge where it comes down out of Thibet' (p. 244). Here are found three hundred and ninety-two scientific people and two thousand and thirty patients. It is described how Marcus Karenin, chief of the educational committee, but a cripple from birth, came to undergo an operation. In the days preceding the attempt to restore him to vigour and activity a number of conversations take place between the officials of the institution and their visitors, which serve to illustrate the ideas of the new era—*the* hopes for the future.

It is the moral ideas put forth that are the real subject of this book. There is an overwhelming demonstration of the atrocious folly of war between nations and incidental exhibition of the irrationality of the political and legal systems holding sway at the opening of the 20th century. The spirit of the future cannot be better given than in these quotations from a 'general memorandum to teachers' issued by Karenin when dominating the educational committee: "Whosoever would save his soul shall lose it." That is the decree upon the seal of this document and the starting-point of all we have to do. It is a mistake to regard it as anything but a plain statement of fact. It is the basis for your work. You have to teach self-forgetfulness, and everything else that you have to teach is contributory to and subordinate to that end.... Philosophy, discovery, art, every sort of skill, every sort of service, love: these are the means of salvation from that narrow loneliness of desire, that brooding preoccupation with self and egotistical relationships, which is hell for the individual, treason to the race, and exile from God...." Mr. H. G. Wells' 'Story of Mankind' repays somewhat more careful reading than an ordinary novel.







Sir Asutosh Mookerjea.

THE
PRESIDENCY COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

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NO. 2

EDITORIAL NOTES.

JANUARY the 20th, our Founders' Day, will be observed this year by convening a gathering of the past and present members of the College, in the open ground between Presidency College and Hare School. January the 20th is the date on which the Hindu College, transformed in 1855 into the Presidency College, was opened; and this meeting on Founders' Day will, we hope, be productive of great results, leaving an abiding mark on the future history of our College.

* * *

The want of a College Hall has long been severely felt; and more and more every year as the effort after a common collegiate life has become more conscious. Without it we cannot effectively have a College Union, no permanent stage, no histrionic club, no big College meetings. The possession of a hall may enable us, in future, to start a *Presidency College Club* which is so much to be desired as a common meeting place of past and present students of the College. On all accounts the need of a College Hall is imperative. It is essential to the completeness of corporate life in a College.

* * *

The appeal for a College Hall was first made by the Principal in his address to the College delivered December the 16th, 1910. The appeal to Old Presidency College students to make the Hall *their gift* to the College was taken up by Dr. Sarvadikary in the spring of 1911, and renewed at the first celebration of Founders' Day on January 20th, 1913, when His Excellency Lord Carmichael opened the Baker

Laboratories. The Vice-Chancellor repeats the appeal in this issue of the magazine to all patriotic sons of our *alma mater* to help us in realizing this purpose. We reproduce along with his appeal the speech he made on the occasion of the opening of the Baker Laboratory.



We are glad to see that Dr. Sarvadikary is slowly recovering. He had an attack of severe illness lasting for about a month. We hope he will be soon restored to full vigour of health.

We were gratified to find Dr. Sarvadikary unveiling the tablet in the Baker Laboratory building in honour of the late Professor John Arthur Cunningham on the 24th of November last. The tablet has been a fit tribute of the affectionate remembrance in which the deceased is held by his numerous friends in India. By honouring a man of such gifts and character as John Arthur Cunningham we honour ourselves. We are glad to be able (through the kindness of Mr. C. W. Peake) to present to our readers a photograph of the late Professor Cunningham.



The war still continues and the discussions in the corridors and the Common Room have given place to academical debates in the seminars, and there has been a great gathering in front of the War maps set up in the Common Room by Mr. Peake, for which we offer him our thanks.



In spite of the absence of much obvious or acute distress in the country, as apprehended at the outbreak of the war, our contributions to the War Relief Fund amount to nearly Rs. 300 per month. We have also started First-Aid classes.

Our thanks are due to Major Moses of the St. John's Ambulance Association, who is taking the course of lectures himself. The class was limited to sixty and a good many more names have been received. If names enough are received further courses will be arranged. At present, lectures are delivered every Thursday between 4-15 and 5-15 P.M.



The Students' Consultative Committee is to be congratulated on the starting of the Tiffin Room. The Tiffin Room is at present on an experimental basis and is supplying only the requirements of the Hindu students. If the experiment becomes completely successful it will be

extended to the Muhammadan members of the College as well. It is fully recognized by the Committee that the need of the Muhammadans for a Tiffin Room is as great as that of the Hindus.



The tennis players of the College will hail with approval the decision of the Governing Body to construct a patent-stone court on the ground just in front of the Baker Laboratory Building. The tennis court will much enlarge the opportunities of our tennis players, and the amount of attention paid to it will, we hope, dispel the gloomy economical forebodings of the Students' Consultative Committee as to the expenditure.



Durbar Day was celebrated, as was done last year and the year before, on the 12th of December. H.E. Lord Carmichael graced the occasion by his presence.



Every member of the College will be glad to hear that we have been requested to send our magazine regularly to Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Carmichael. Our best thanks are due to Their Excellencies for the kind interest which they have shown.



We may add an item of intelligence which will cause even greater pleasure. It will not be betraying confidence if we mention that the Governing Body have approached His Excellency Lord Carmichael, the Governor, with a request to become the official Visitor of the College. We have it also on good authority that His Excellency is willing to consent.



The death of Sir Tarak Nath Palit, one of the greatest benefactors of the Calcutta University, has been mourned all over Bengal, and his loss has been felt nowhere more keenly than in this College in whose roll of honour the name of Sir Tarak Nath occupies a most prominent position. On the 20th of November we passed a resolution expressing our heart-felt sorrow at the death of one of the most distinguished alumni of our College, and conveyed our sincere condolences to the bereaved family. A portrait of Sir Tarak Nath will be found on page 94, and an account of his life and work will follow in the next issue of the magazine.

The death of Lord Roberts in circumstances which gave a befitting end to an heroic life, touched deep chords of feeling in Presidency College, as elsewhere in India. The students have passed a resolution of condolence which has been transmitted to Lady Roberts. Great in his career and its achievements, great in his devotion to his country, to all the fighting men of the Empire, and to the fighting men of India in particular, he died gloriously in performing a last act of devotion and sacrifice.



We offer our thanks to the *Bharati* and the *Prakriti* for permitting us the use of the blocks of Sir Taraknath Palit and Lord Roberts respectively.



The light blue colour of the cover of our magazine printed in a deeper blue ink seems to have puzzled many and even to have shocked the artistic sense of some. To make matters clear, we explain that the cover represents the College colours—light blue and dark blue—the combination of the colours of Oxford and Cambridge.



The first part of the Library catalogue has just come out. A description will be found under Library Notes.



A framed portrait of Mr. C. H. Tawney, Principal of the College from 1876-1892, presented to the College by Professor Gopal Chandra Ganguli of the Ravenshaw College, Cuttack, will be unveiled by the Honourable Justice Asutosh Mookerjea on Tuesday, January the 5th, 1915, at 5 P.M.



A link with the past has been severed for us by the death, on the 3rd of December last, at a ripe age, of Babu Nrisingha Chandra Mukerjee, M.A., B.L., who, about forty years ago, acted for a time as Professor of Sanskrit in this College. He was a Fellow of Calcutta University and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. He was also for many years an examiner in Sanskrit for Calcutta University and author of many text-books in Bengali on different subjects, which were widely read in our schools.

Dr. Bose is not expected back in India before next July. But he will come bringing fresh laurels from America, and we shall know how to welcome him at Presidency College.



The year 1914 has seen many changes in the staff of the College. Mr. C. W. Peake has just joined us after six months' absence on deputation to Simla. We have sustained severe loss by the death of Professor Asraf Ali. We have felt keenly the transfer of Professor U. N. Ghoshal to Rajshahi and the loss through resignation of Professor N. N. Maitra. Maulavi Hidayat Hosein has been promoted to the Professorship of Arabic in the place of Professor Asraf Ali. Professors Rabindranath Ghosh and Rajani Kanta Datta from the Ripon College have joined us as Professors of English and Philosophy, respectively; while Professor Hem Chandra Roy Choudhury, from the Bangabasi College, has been appointed Professor of History.

The Centenary of Waverley.

By H. R. JAMES, M.A. (Oxon), *Principal, Presidency College.*

INTRODUCTORY SPEECH BY THE VICE-CHANCELLOR.

I DO NOT propose to intervene long between you and the discourse of the evening, but shall only ask you to join me in conveying to Principal James our sincere thanks for being good enough to assist us on this occasion. He is ever ready with assistance like this, and those, who remember his excellent commemorative lecture in celebration of the Tercentenary of Milton six years ago, will, without much strain, realize what may be looked forward to this evening. They will also understand and appreciate my unwillingness to break the spell at the end of the discourse.

Quoting one of Milton's biographers, Principal James reminded his audience on the last occasion that "*Paradise Lost* has been more admired than read." If he were addressing a Bengali audience a quarter of a century ago, or more, he might have reversed the statement and said that the "*Whole World's Darling*," as Wordsworth calls Scott, "whose verse-narratives are read more for the story," has been

less admired than read. Time was in Bengal when the Penny Howler, the Shilling Yellow back or the Half-Crown Three-Decker had not left wayside railway book-stalls and invaded sober literary sanctums, when Scott, Dickens and Thackeray were the Bengali students' friends in leisure and guide in travail. Time also was when there was no need of prescribing prose fiction of Scott's or Thackeray's as University text-books, but the sagacious and appreciative seeker read them wholesale, if a small biography, such as is to be found, say in the English Men of Letters series, was only indicated. Things have, however, changed and Scott's and Dicken's novels have now to be included in the official curriculum, "lest we forget." It would be no mean service to the cause of culture and literature in Bengal if Principal James's discourse to-night helps in bringing back the olden order of things and literature were once again resorted to for its own sake and for the sake of the "sweetness and light" in its train.

How deep the debt of Bengal's gratitude is to Scott will be realized by those that can assess its debts to him who has been lovingly called the Scott of Bengal. Bankim Chandra's thoughts and sentiments have permeated Bengal, Bengali life, and Bengali literature and character for good and evil for more than one generation, and they hold their sway to-day as they will to-morrow. Without renewing speculations as to the extent of *Durgeshnandini*'s debt to *Ivanhoe* or the *Talisman*, one may claim that few prose-writers influenced the earlier Bengal school of fiction more extensively than Sir Walter Scott, directly or otherwise. And Scott's and Bankim's works find place together in our official list to-day. Meet were it, therefore, that in an Indian University one of its leading Senators and the Principal of Bengal's premier college should, before a Bengali audience, undertake to remind Bengal of Scott, and incidentally of its debt to Scott, on the hundredth anniversary of the mystifying appearance of *Waverley*.

When I was in England two years ago, the North-British, who were then somewhat less friendly to the French than they are to-day but friendly enough, were seriously debating under the shadows of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag, not far away from the magic mile from the Edinburgh Castle to Holyrood, how to celebrate the centenary of Waterloo, without unduly inflating German and unduly wounding French susceptibilities. The celebrations of 1915 are likely to assume shapes and proportions that no one now dare forecast, but they are engrossing enough in advance to interfere with the more peaceable celebrations of 1914, of which no one has the time to think in the

West, for the world of *Kultur* is engaged in work of devastation that would have sickened the author of the *Life of Napoleon*.

The occasion is unique, therefore, in that on the East is cast the duty of discharging one at least of the solemn obligations of the West. Allied obligations the East has ever been ready to recognize and faithfully to discharge. Before the American States had become as material as to-day, Scott's honoured and valued friend Washington Irving after his immortalized "Voyage," was struck by the dutiful homage paid in old England to the dear departed, and if the simple floral tributes on the graves of the dead touched him to the extent of inspiring him to weave the beautiful mosaic of his ever-charming "Sketches," how more deeply would he not have been touched had he witnessed the yearly, the monthly, and at times, the daily tribute that in the East is rendered, often at a great sacrifice but always with loving reverence, to one's forefathers.

Before he forfeited his old-world personality the good old Hindu reverently recognized what were popularly known as the *Deb-reen*, the *Rishi-reen* and the *Pitri-reen*. He can hardly be charged with neglect in regard to the last, with the census figure standing as high as the latest reports indicate, in spite of blood-curdling leaders and essays on "A Dying Race." The first two, however, have been left to take care of themselves more or less. The debt to seers and sages is best discharged by reverent study of their works and by realization of their teachings and tenets in life. We have just begun our Madhusudan Anniversaries, our Vidyasagar, our Kristo Das and our Bankim Chandra Anniversaries. There is a peculiar fitness of things, therefore, though not a little novelty, in the University of Calcutta undertaking this slight discharge of longstanding Western *Rishi-reen*, with its ever swelling debit balance, and we owe Principal James a deep debt of gratitude in return, for enabling us to effect some of that discharge.

WAVERLEY, 1814.

Waverley was published on the 7th July, 1814. Those who read the story in the course of the next three or four months with the avidity due to a new discovery, had not any prevision of the stately procession that was to follow in the next seventeen years:—*Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Old Mortality*, *Rob Roy*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *Ivanhoe* and all the rest, down to *Count Robert of Paris* in 1831. It was, as Scott himself describes it in a

letter dated two days later, “A small anonymous sort of a novel in three volumes.” Its success however was never in doubt. The first edition of a thousand copies was sold out in the first five weeks. The second edition of two thousand copies was ready by the end of August and disappeared with even greater rapidity. A third edition was called for in October and a fourth in November, each of one thousand copies: and a fifth edition was published in January, 1815. These figures are puny compared with the colossal sales of successful novels in our own day, or even in the time of Dickens and Thackeray. They were much a hundred years ago. The book was anonymous and July was the publishers’ dead season. The profits give, perhaps, a surer indication of the immediate success. Scott wrote in November, “I suppose Constable won’t quarrel with the work on which he has netted £612 in four months, with a certainty of making it a thousand pounds before the year is out.” The publisher’s share was half profits.

The year 1814 is momentous on other accounts than the publication of *Waverley*. The Battle of the Nations had been won and lost between October the 16th and 18th, 1813. On March the 31st, 1814, the Allies entered Paris. On May the 2nd Napoleon withdrew to Elba. Scott had written on April the 30th: “Joy—joy in London now! And in Edinburgh moreover, my dear Morritt; for never did you or I see, and never again shall we see, according to all human prospects, a consummation so truly glorious, as now bids fair to conclude this long and eventful war” Of Napoleon’s banishment to Elba, he says, “Good God! with what strange feelings must that man retire from the most unbounded authority ever vested in the hands of one man, to the seclusion of privacy and restraint! We have never heard of one good action which he did, at least for which there was not some selfish and political reason; and the train of slaughter, pestilence, and famine and fire, which his ambition has occasioned, would have outweighed five-hundred-fold the virtues of a Titus Spain, the continental system and the invasion of Russia he may record as his three leading blunders—awful lesson to sovereigns that morality is not so indifferent to politics as Machiavellians will assert.” These passages read significantly now.

Nor is it without interest to recall what the author of *Waverley* was himself doing in 1814, and more specially what he was doing in the months immediately following the publication of *Waverley*. He was inspecting lighthouses! Scott’s good friend William Erskine was Sheriff of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and one of the Commissioners of

Northern Lights. In the autumn of 1814, in the legal vacation, he and other commissioners were about to make a tour of inspection in their armed yacht round the northern coast of Scotland and to the Orkney and Shetland Islands. They invited Scott and certain other guests to go with them. Thus it was on July the 29th that Scott sailed from Leith along with the commissioners and has left a full diary of his experiences from that date until September the 8th, when the party landed at Greenock. With them also went, as engineer to the Board, Robert Stevenson, not less great in the history of lighthouses than Sir Walter himself in the history of English literature; grandfather, moreover, of another Robert dear to later generations of English readers. It was Robert Stevenson, the grandfather, who perfected modern lighthouses, or at least introduced such improvements as established the existing system and made further improvements possible. His greatest individual achievement was the building of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, which Scott visited in this year and where he wrote lines in the lighthouse album. But Robert Stevenson was engineer to the Board for half a century and no less than twenty lighthouses were designed and constructed under his superintendence. Two of his sons were, like himself, great lighthouse engineers; Alan, the eldest, and Thomas, the fourth. It is Thomas who was father of R. L. S. On the rock of Skerryvore, on which Scott landed towards the end of the cruise, at no little personal risk, Alan Stevenson built a lighthouse yet more wonderful than that on the Bell Rock; and there in later days his nephew Robert Louis Stevenson inscribed these lines:—

For love of lovely words, and for the sake
Of those, my kinsmen and my countrymen,
Who early and late in the windy ocean toiled
To plant a star for seamen, where was then
The surfy haunt of seals and cormorants;
I, on the lintel of this cot, inscribe
The name of a strong tower.

Are not the doings of Sir Walter in the autumn of the publication of *Waverley* worth recalling for the sake alone of this heroic association? But while the inspection of the existing lighthouses and the surveying of new sites was the proper work of the expedition, the party of which Sir Walter was a member, did very much more in these crowded six weeks of sea-life. The story is all told in a plain straightforward manner, seasoned with humour, in the journal which Sir Walter, the man of the pen on a holiday, carefully recorded from the first day to the last. There was no point of interest on these dangerous shores

from Leith to the Moray Firth, and back by Cape Wrath, and Skye, and Iona, and Staffa that they did not visit, and that Sir Walter's diligent pen does not describe in a clear and informing manner. Above all the yacht sped north as far as the Shetland Islands, and Scott spent a week there and two days more in the Orkneys. And thereon hangs another tale, no less a tale than that known to the readers of the Waverley novels as *The Pirate*. Most instructive is it to the student of Scott to compare the novel and the journal: he may gain an insight into the alchemy by which the Wizard of the North transmutes the plain record of the diary into romance.

The germ lies in the superstition prevalent in Shetland and the Orkneys that one saved from the waves was sure sooner or later to injure his rescuer. This is the experience of Maudaunt Mertoun, who rescued Captain Cleveland from drowning and afterwards narrowly escaped death at his hands. At Stromness, too, Scott heard the story of the sea-rover, John Gow, who was the prototype of Cleveland. After a career of extraordinary daring Gow was made a prisoner in the Orkneys, and finally put to death as a pirate. Before this disastrous end to his career he not only came ashore at Stromness and gained for a time considerable social success in the neighbourhood, but even exchanged troth-plight with a young lady of good family, whose affections he had won before his real character was discovered. This is the origin of the entanglement of Minna Troil with Cleveland. At Stromness also the party met an old woman named Bessie Miller, who lived by selling charms for favourable winds to sea-captains. This suggested at all events one touch in the portraiture of Norna of the Fitful Head. One of the most romantic scenes in *The Pirate* is the farewell meeting of Minna and Cleveland amid the Stones of Stennis. The Orcadian Stonehenge where they met was visited by the commissioners and is described in Scott's journal. The really remarkable thing is how practically almost every note made by Scott in his journal of 1814 is somehow or other wrought into *The Pirate* if it is only as the substance of a foot-note. This was seven years later, for *The Pirate* was published in 1821. All this affords interesting light on Scott's literary methods. He was a sound economist of the material that experience brought to him. The voyage with the lighthouse commissioners, besides being a holiday trip, was itself partly undertaken in the interest of *The Lord of the Isles*, a poem which was on the stocks at the time and which appeared in 1815. These lines which begin Canto VI have, I think, a peculiar interest at the present time:

“ O who, that shared them, ever shall forget
The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,
When breathless in the mart the couriers met,
Early and late, at evening and at prime ;
When the loud cannon and the merry chime
Hail’d news on news, as field on field was won,
When Hope, long doubtful, soar’d at length sublime,
And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,
Watch’d joy’s broad banner rise, to meet the rising sun ;

O these were hours, when thrilling joy repaid
A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears ;
The heart-sick faintness of the hope delay’d,
The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears,
That track’d with terror twenty rolling years,
All was forgot in that blithe jubilee !
Her downcast eye even pale affliction rears.
To sigh a thankful prayer, amid the glee,
That hail’d the Despot’s fall, and peace and liberty !

Scott’s journal at this time is deeply interesting for its personal aspect, because it brings the author of *Waverley* near to us in a human and intimate way. The story of the doings of the party is very simply told. They suffered from rough weather, they climbed cliffs, examined castles and ruins; they visited caves. Scott describes everything that strikes him as of interest in the manners and customs of the people in out-of-the-way places, and makes notes of their social condition. In *Fair Isle* which lies midway between the Orkneys and Shetland, he sees the place where the High Admiral of the Spanish Armada, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, spent the winter after being shipwrecked in 1588. In the island of Harris he sees a harbour, where for a time in 1746 Prince Charles Edward lay concealed after the failure of the attempt to gain a throne described in *Waverley*. The whole of Scott’s narrative is characteristic, straightforward, simple, free from affectation, almost matter-of-fact in places, full of human sympathy and touched here and there with humour. It is Walter Scott holiday-making, and there is something delightfully boyish in the way some of the adventures are described. For instance, when bent on exploring Macallister’s stalactite cave in the Island of Skye, the party find the entrance blocked by a wall eight or nine feet high. The key of the door is three miles up the loch. There is no time to get it and they very properly (though “ with regret ”) resolve to scale the wall, which they easily do “ with ”, as the diary says, “ the assistance of a rope and some ancient acquaintance with orchard breaking.” The sequel also is human. “ When we left the cave we carried off two grandsons of Mr. Macallister,

remarkably fine boys; and Erskine, who may be called *L'ami des Enfans*', treated them most kindly and showed them all the curiosities in the vessel, causing even the guns to be fired for their amusement, besides filling their pockets with almonds and raisins.'" Anyone who knows boys knows that Macallister was well compensated. Climbing this wall is not the only boyish feat recorded. On the summit of Sumburgh Head on the mainland of Shetland, the poet in Scott is stirred and he writes, " It would have been a fine situation to compose an ode to the genius of Sumburgh Head or an elegy upon a cormorant, or to have written or spoken madness of any kind in prose or poetry.'" And adds, " But I gave vent to my excited feelings in a more simple way; and sitting gently down on the steep green slope which lay to the bench, I *e'en slid down a few hundred feet*, and found the exercise quite an adequate vent to my enthusiasm.'" It is interesting also to note that Scott along with the engineer Stevenson and two others of the party landed on the distant and isolated reef of rocks called Skerryvoor, afterwards to be so vividly described by the engineer's grandson. The weather was bad and the landing dangerous. " Pull through a very heavy swell with great difficulty, and approach a tremendous surf dashing over black pointed rocks. Our rowers, however, get the boat into a good creek between two rocks where we contrive to land well-wetted.'" The ultimate result of this visit was the lighthouse now guarding this dangerous reef at 14 miles distance from the nearest land. This was how the author of *Waverley* was employed while the fortunes of his first venture as a writer of fiction were being determined. He reached Edinburgh, as we have seen, to find his success assured.

This signal success is not difficult to understand. *Waverley* in the year 1814 was like water-springs in a dry ground. With one notable exception, there were no novels of the day worth considering: and there had been very little that was good since the first rise of the English novel with Richardson, Fielding and Smollett. A story with the pith and vigour of *Waverley*, with Scott's sanity, humour and humanity, was a great event to the readers of 1814. Yet it is even more of an event to us, as the prelude to the wonderful series that was to follow. *Waverley* itself is something short of being a perfect work of art, and it had no keener critic than the author of *Waverley*. Scott admits, though he attempts to justify, the tediousness of the opening chapters. He is unmerciful to the hero, whom he jestingly calls "a piece of imbecillity." There is careless writing, inequality, occasional heaviness in the humour, some weakness of structure. The account

Scott has given of the origin of *Waverley* goes far to explain any weakness the critics may be pleased to find in it. This is what he writes to his friend Morrill of Rokeby, "It was a very old attempt of mine to embody some traits of those characters and manners peculiar to Scotland, the remnants of which vanished during my own youth, so that few or no traces remain. I had written part of the first volume and sketched other passages when I mislaid the manuscript and only found it by the merest accident, as I was rummaging the drawer of an old cabinet: and I took the fancy of finishing it, which I did so fast, that the last two volumes were written in three weeks."

Now the year in which this early beginning of *Waverley* was attempted was the year 1803 and this year 1805 is therefore the ultimate date of the first germination of the idea of *Waverley*. It is worth while, perhaps, to glance back to 1805 and see what the author of *Waverley* was doing then. It was the year of Trafalgar, a year glorious and famous. But the victory of Trafalgar was not won till October the 21st, and earlier in the year people in England and Scotland were having an anxious time of it. What was the author of *Waverley* doing in this hour of his country's need? First and foremost, he was showing the utmost zeal as Quartermaster to the Edinburgh Light Horse. The menace of invasion by Napoleon which was dissipated in October 1805 goes back two years earlier; and in 1803 Scott wrote to a friend, "God has left us entirely to our own means of defence, for we have not one regiment of the line in all our ancient kingdom." But in 1805 Scotland was better prepared, and Lockhart relates: "Edinburgh was converted into a camp independently of a large garrison of regular troops; nearly ten thousand fencibles and volunteers were almost constantly under arms. The lawyer wore his uniform under his gown: the shopkeeper measured out his wares in scarlet: in short, the citizens of all classes made more use for several months of the military than any other dress." Sir Walter Scott had been a Light Horse-man since 1797; indeed, he had taken a leading part in organizing the Edinburgh Light Horse. It is known, yet not always distinctly remembered, that Walter Scott was a cripple, lame of one leg in his infancy. He could not drill on foot; and therefore fostered more eagerly the proposal of a regiment of volunteer cavalry for Edinburgh; and we read that, "Notwithstanding his infirmity, he had a remarkably firm seat on horse-back and in all situations a fearless one: no fatigue ever seemed too much for him, and his zeal and animation served to sustain the enthusiasm of the whole corps."

And in October, 1805, a few days before Trafalgar was fought, there was a real scare in Edinburgh. It was believed that a French force was about to land in Scotland. Scott was at the time in the Lake Country sight-seeing in company with William Wordsworth. There the news reached him of a great gathering of volunteers, horse and foot, from the Lothians and the Border country at Dalkeith. Scott happened to have his charger with him, and within twenty-four hours he had ridden to the place of meeting, a distance of one hundred miles. Such and of such a mind and temper was the author of *Waverley* in 1805.

But it was only the first seven chapters of *Waverley* that were written at that date. Scott tells us that he threw the work aside, because the opinion of his friend William Erskine, to whom he showed it, was unfavourable. The manuscript was put away in an old writing desk; and in the course of the removal of Scott's household goods to Abbotsford in 1811, this desk was thrust into a lumber garret and there forgotten. Scott had not, however, forgotten his design. But as he could not lay his hands on the part already written, he was disinclined—anyone who has ever mislaid a piece of writing will appreciate the feeling—to sit down and re-write it. And so things continued till June, 1814. Then by pure accident the fragment was discovered. Scott himself tells the story dramatically in the general preface to the edition of 1829: "I happened to want some fishing tackle for the use of a guest, when it occurred to me to search the old writing desk already mentioned, in which I used to keep articles of that nature. I got access to it with some difficulty and in looking for lines and flies the long-lost manuscript presented itself. I immediately set to work to complete it according to my original purpose."

It is to this happy deficiency of fishing tackle on the part of a guest at Abbotsford that we owe *Waverley*; and not only *Waverley* but the whole series of the *Waverley Novels*. His precious manuscript thus recovered, Scott returned to the project, so long intermitted, with astonishing energy. All the rest was written, as he elsewhere tells us, between 4th June and the 1st of July. "During all which," he said, "I attended my duty in court and proceeded without loss of time or hindrance of business." So on July the 7th, *Waverley* was published and in September Scott returned from his pleasure voyage to find *Waverley* in the zenith of popularity and public curiosity in full cry after "the name of the author."

But why the anonymity? *Waverley* was a success: yet the authorship remained unacknowledged; and so it continued till in 1826, events

not directly relevant to the authorship of *Waverley* made it impracticable to keep the secret longer. The brilliant series of novels which succeeded, all drew strength from, and augmented the fame of, the author of *Waverley*; but even when taxed with the authorship, Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford always evaded direct acknowledgment.

Is it of the slightest interest to ask why this was so? I think it is for us today, though the fact neither takes from, nor adds to, the charm and value of the *Waverley Novels*. A tendency to secrecy is about the last thing you might expect from Scott's generous and open nature. He had before 1814 for a dozen years been building up a reputation as a man of letters and a poet, which had brought him into the very front rank of the writers of the day. He had gone on from success to success; translations from the German, *The Border Minstrelsy*, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, each a greater success than the last. Even if there was doubt of his success as a novelist before *Waverley* was published, why, when *Waverley* was a brilliant success, and novel followed novel with as great or greater success, did he decline to wear openly the crown of this wider kingdom? Scott has himself given as sufficient reason, in the Preface already referred to, the reply "It was my humour." He points out that he had already a sufficiency of literary fame as well as an assured social position. He had no need of more reputation and he did not choose to risk what he had. But he says a great deal more, from which it may be inferred that what really swayed him, consciously or unconsciously, was a series of considerations of a thoroughly practical and business-like character; business-like from the point of view of authorship. In one word it was freedom. He discerned that there was a certain hampering of his freedom as an artist, if it were known that the poet of *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* was about to appear in the fresh literary roll of a novelist. Expectations would be formed, judgments prejudiced, whether favourably or unfavourably; and, similarly, when once the series had begun, there would be the same liability to judgment biassed by preconceptions. At all events, as the "Author of *Waverley*", otherwise, "the great Unknown", he attained the maximum of ideal freedom, the liberty to move in any direction he pleased, to break new ground, secure from the impertinence of critics who pretend to judge of what is proper or not proper for an established author to undertake. Scott valued his independence; he valued his perfect freedom of literary action, and he judged that he would be more free as the unacknowledged author of *Waverley* than the well-

known author of the *Lady of the Lake*. Like Shakespeare, Scott had wonderfully showed business perception of what suited the public and how best to direct his own activities to profitable artistic account.

At the same time, it is a curious fact, and curious to recall, that at the very time *Waverley* was published, Scott was carefully guarding another secret, guarding this even from his intimates. This was the secret partnership in the printing and publishing business of the Ballantynes. He had entered into this partnership as early as 1805, a fateful year also on this account: and twenty years later, Lockhart, his son-in-law, knew nothing about it. Scott was of course master of his own affairs and perfectly entitled to invest his money as he liked. It remains a fact that he entered into this partnership, and that neither the world at large, nor his intimate friends, knew anything about it. It happened that the alliance ended in disaster; and then the calamity which overtook Scott came as a shock to his friends. Had all gone well, there would be nothing to remark in the fact that he chose to invest his capital in a big printing concern rather than in stocks and shares.

But in 1814 all was well at Abbotsford; and all was apparently well with the author of *Waverley*; and so it continued for eleven years, while the great stream of the *Waverley Novels* flowed on. Some will say that *The Heart of Midlothian* is the greatest of Scott's novels, some will say *Old Mortality*; some, with Lockhart, will prefer the *Antiquary* which came early: some *Kenilworth*, or the *Fortunes of Nigel* which came later. The great fact is that the novels follow each other with some fluctuation in strength, but no definite decline of power from 1814 to 1829, and it is only the very last of the series, written after the mortal stroke which preluded the dissolution of those extraordinary powers had twice fallen, that any marked failure of the master's strength can be discerned. It is a mighty product. I have no intention of attempting a formal estimate of the qualities which make up the interest and greatness of the *Waverley Novels*. I will merely indicate the conviction that in those years Scott easily attained the position of first among the writers of English prose fiction, and that in the hundred years since, though there have been many kings of fiction—aye and queens—there is none who has wrested the sceptre of supremacy from him. He rapidly became, and he remains to this day, the greatest of English novelists: as much I think the greatest of English novelists as Shakespeare is the greatest of English dramatists. Scott is still the central figure of English prose fiction. Many have followed in the paths he

opened; none has done better. Take it all in all; there is no achievement so great as his: not Thackeray's, not George Meredith's, not Mr. H. G. Wells's. It is not difficult to find faults in Scott; in his method, in his style, in his dialogues; it is not difficult to show that in particular points of craftsmanship, many writers have displayed a more finished art; Robert Louis Stevenson, Mrs. Humphrey Ward Joseph Conrad. But for combined height and weight of achievement, no one has surpassed him, or even come up to him.

All attempts to find a reason why Scott's achievement is so high, and why he still remains in spite of other high achievements in the sphere of the novel the greatest of all, must in the end, I believe, come to this, that his greatness springs from his character. No doubt, there were his intellectual powers, his wonderful memory, his inexhaustible imagination, his ease, his copiousness. It is the amplitude of these powers which in thirty years of creative authorship enabled him to do what might have taxed the powers of three industrious and gifted men. For, besides the novels and the poems, Scott wrote history and biography and criticism: and all he undertook was on a generous scale. His life of Napoleon costs him two years of desperately hard work. But beyond these gifts of his powers and genius, there is the man himself. What a man was the author of *Waverley* as revealed in Lockhart's classical biography! For, be it remembered, Scott's authorship as translator, biographer, poet, critic, novelist, was the occupation of the free hours of a fairly busy official, and an exceedingly active social, life. After 1797 he was an official, not perhaps exactly overburdened with official work, yet from 1806 to 1830 performing with regularity and competence the duties of two offices, Sheriff of Selkirk and Clerk of the Session, Edinburgh. His life at Abbotsford and Edinburgh, as described in Lockhart's graphic pages, is simply amazing. He kept open house, he was passionately devoted to sport; he never failed to respond to an appeal for advice or practical help from friends and dependants, from literary aspirants, even when they were strangers Washington Irving has recorded with what warm hospitality he was received on his first visit to England and how later he owed to the same friend's good offices that he secured Murray as the ultimate publisher of his sketches. Walter Scott's great and simple nature is revealed in his letters and journals. A very competent critic, Oliver Elton, has found his very best writing in his journals. "Whatever else of Scott may lose its colour with time," he writes, "the Journal cannot do so, with its accurate unexaggerated language of pain."

“Of pain” because the last chapters of the brilliant personal story of the author of *Waverley* are tragic, because the touchstone of the greatness of his character was adversity. It was one of the great reversals not less complete in its way than that of the great tragic names Wolsey, or Belisarius, or Job. It is a story unknown to or forgotten by most who delight in the works of Sir Walter Scott, or are dazzled by his brilliant place in English literature; and only to be recalled because that alone brought out the true height and measure of his character. Comparatively early in his career, in 1805, as we have seen, from the very human motive of improving the means of his family’s support, he became privately a partner in the firm of Ballantyne Brothers, Printers. A little later in 1809, he embarked with one of the brothers, John Ballantyne, in a bookselling and publishing firm. Unfortunately neither of the brothers was really a capable business man, and John Ballantyne was very much the reverse. The catastrophe came in 1826 and Scott found himself liable for a debt of £117,000, or seventeen and a half lakhs of rupees. He might, of course, have compounded as a bankrupt. Instead he resolved to pay off the whole sum by his literary exertions. “No, if they permit me, I will be their vassal for life and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds (or what may sell for such) to make good my engagements, not to enrich myself.” He kept his resolve. Before his death in 1832 £63,000 had been paid off. By 1847 the whole debt was extinguished from the proceeds of his copyrights. No word of comment can add to the heroism of the bare recital of these facts.

Over-sanguine and imprudent say his biographers. Well, what is that to us? He was a generous and gallant English gentleman. To keep open house at Abbotsford, to ride to hounds, to serve as Quartermaster of a troop of Light Horse, these were objects dear to him, no less than to trace out the old songs and stories of the border country and to immortalise Highlands and Lowlands in his own vivid romances in verse and prose. It is curious and possibly characteristic that the two greatest Englishmen of letters, if I am right in associating Scott with Shakespeare, as, at all events, compeer nearest in rank, should have apparently cherished social ambitions more ardently than literary. Shakespeare worked, schemed and saved, till he was in a position to purchase the best house in his native town; negotiated a coat-of-arms from the Heralds’ office; and went to his rest a gentleman of leisure and position in his native town. The light that lured Scott on through the arduous labours of his middle life and led at last to disas-

ter, was the hope of founding a new and ennobled branch of the house of Scott, the feudal headship of which belongs to the Dukes of Buccleugh. Whether to their praise or dispraise, the fact is so. Shall we put it down to the obstinate Philistinism of the British temperament? Or rather to the perfect balance and sanity of these two great men of genius, that in spite of their surpassing gifts, neither took himself for a godling raised above ordinary men, but was content to judge by the common standard and follow ordinary objects of ambition.

However that may be, if you are interested enough to study Scott's life in detail, at whatever stage you take him, opening manhood, vigorous prime of years, or in the last years of misfortune, illness and failing powers, you will find an admirable character, and confess "here was a man." If time did not fail, it would be interesting, and not unprofitable, to trace out how the child was father of the man. To see in the "sweet-tempered bairn"—like Krishna the darling of the milkmaids—lying on the ground among the crags of Sandy-Knowe, or riding on his friend the cow-bailie's shoulder, the magician who charmed all Europe to a delight in Scottish scenery and character; we might listen to the lame schoolboy, whose stories, like those of a later Tyrtaeus, were the delight and inspiration of his school companions, and who in spite of his lameness, was not less respected among them for his powers with his hands and his leadership in all deeds of dering-do, in days when boys fought in Scottish schools and towns more than they do now. We might follow the young barrister of Edinburgh in his enthusiastic raids through Liddesdale gathering not cattle and booty like the Mosstroopers, his ancestors, but ancient songs and lines and relics of antiquity; or his earlier excursions to the Highlands as a young writer-to-the-Signet, where he received the impressions of scenery and incident which were to be woven into his novels. We might sympathise in that early romantic attachment which still, after thirty years of happy married life, remained with him a poignant memory. We might watch his first tentatives in literature; a translation from the German, a ballad in imitation of the poesy of former days which had an innate attraction for him; the happy labour on the volumes of his beloved *Border Minstrelsy*; his delighted intercourse with kindred spirits, with William Clerk, John Leyden, Richard Heber, Monk Lewis, George Ellis; his inception of his first great original work, the *Lay*; then his realization of his full powers with *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *Rokeby* and *The Lord of the Isles*; his phenomenal success; the concurrent improvement of his worldly fortunes; his dealings with his

old school-fellows the Ballantynes, so interesting at first and so hopeful, so fatal in the end; the writing of *Waverley*, taken up in such a haphazard way at first and resulting in such dazzling success; we might visit him at Abbotsford in the days of his brilliant triumph, as did so many noble and titled and even royal personages, as well as common folk and American tourists. All were welcome to that hospitality, all were kindly treated, though some were so trying as almost to exhaust the patience of the Laird. Always we should find the same buoyant, courageous, amiable, generous-hearted, manly spirit. "God bless thee, Walter, my man, thou hast risen to be great, but thou wast always good." These words of his kinsman Captain Robert Scott, in 1802, make a fair motto for the whole of his life. Boy and man, Edinburgh student, lawyer's apprentice, rising man of letters, successful man of the world, he was always the same in the simplicity of his heart, in generosity, in courtesy, in kindness. Children and animals loved him. His favourite frogs are famous; his horses scarcely less loved. The servants of his household were so devoted that even when his fortunes were obscured and his liberal way of living had to be appreciably changed, they clung unswervingly to his service. No more characteristic example of his deep-seated generosity and greatness of heart can be found than his dealings with literary people. He never grudged a fellow-scribe, a rival scholar, any hint, help or counsel he could give: he would even write an article that the proceeds might assist some author less blessed with this world's gear. It was not kindness and sympathy only, though these are none too plenty, but active, vigorous, sometimes costly, personal exertion. He was a good friend to Washington Irving; he was largely influential in getting John Leyden out to India; in spite of ingratitude he was a staunch helper to Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; he edited Miss Anne Seward's 'Poems and Correspondence' to his own heavy cost. Nothing ever seemed to give him greater pleasure than when the rise of his own fortunes enabled him to benefit some one or other of his early friends; William Laidlaw or John Fergusson or William Erskine. Even his entanglement with the Ballantynes owed something to this amiable trait. Amiability, it may be objected, forms no part of the essential outfit of poet or writer of prose. True: yet, not wholly true—Amiability has its part in the literary character. It comes out: it shines through. It is a quality in literature. And in Scott the amiability partook of the height of his other mental gifts. No comment on him could be more characteristic than Washington Irving's "Everything about him seemed to

rejoice in the light of his countenance." Or take his own words spoken to his children in 1819 when he believed himself to be *in articulo mortis*: "For myself, my dears, I am unconscious of ever having done any man an injury, or omitted any fair opportunity of doing any man a benefit."

In calling Sir Walter great I am aware that I am presuming to set aside the pronouncement of a great critic, himself a Scotchman, Thomas Carlyle. "Friends to precision of epithet will probably deny his title to the name great," wrote Carlyle in 1838 on the publication of six volumes of Lockhart's Life, and not many years after Scott's death. It would be irreverent as well as inexact to say, "I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober": but I may say I appeal from Carlyle "casting a dyspeptic eye on the author of Waverley's scandalous popularity, to Carlyle discovering in Scott a strong and true *man*." "Yet on the other hand the surliest critic must allow that Scott was a genuine man, which itself is a great matter. No affectation, fantasticality or distortion dwelt in him; no shadow of cant. Nay withal, was he not a right brave and strong man, according to his kind? What a load of toil, what a measure of felicity, he quietly bore along with him; with what quiet strength he both worked on this earth, and enjoyed in it; invincible to evil fortune and to good! A most composed invincible man; in difficulty and distress knowing no discouragement, Samson-like carrying off on his strong Samson-shoulders the gates that would imprison him; in danger and menace laughing at the whisper of fear; and then, with such a sunny current of true humour and humanity, a free joyful sympathy with so many things; what of fire he had all lying so beautifully latent, as radical latent heat, as fruitful internal warmth of life; a most robust, healthy man! The truth is, our best definition of Scott were perhaps even this, that he was, if no great man, then something much pleasanter to be, a robust, thoroughly healthy and withal very prosperous and victorious man. An eminently well-conditioned man, healthy in body, healthy in soul; we will call him one of the healthiest of men." This is all true, and this is very much. But it is not the whole; it is not the most vital fact of all, for, if the highest function of a poet or storyteller is to "create", to give life and reality to creatures of the imagination, so that it is said,

"But from these create he can
Thoughts more real than living man
Nurslings of immortality"

Then, surely Walter Scott ranks with the greatest of such creators.

The praise is that he re-created the past for us. Carlyle himself says that: "the old life of man resuscitated for us: it is a mighty word. Not as dead tradition but as a palpable presence the past stood before us." As a very recent critic has even more pointedly expressed it, "His historical portraits follow us about as if with living eyes." And there is one higher gift of creative imagination yet: to create individual persons more living than those of flesh and blood. It is because Shakespeare has created more real beings who so live for us than any other—creatures real as Imogen, Cordelia, Shylock, Falstaff—that he is supreme among poets. I think I need mention only two names to show how high Scott also ranks by this test:—Jeanie Deans and Dandie Dinmont. These two are enough to stamp his greatness. But what a multitude besides: Monk barns, Dominie Samson, Diana Vernon, Lucy Ashton, Rebecca, Balfour of Burley, Captn. Dalgetty, Bailie Jarvie Nicol: the procession is endless, "all talking and all alive."

They tell us that Scott has now lost his empire: that the young people of the present day no longer read him. You, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, are anxious and regretful on that account. It may be so: and doubtless if it is so, it is regrettable—though something to another purpose might be made of the new editions, *World's Classics*, *Everyman*, *Tauchnitz*, which are still pouring forth. But even if it be granted that Scott is not now so universally read, that the 20th century does not read him—and much may be forgiven to an age which has made its own conquests over the air, and over the sea, and under the sea: an age which is at this hour making history in a struggle which dwarfs the most extensive and destructive warfare of all past times. But I venture to prophesy that if ever it comes to pass in the 20th century that Scott is no longer read, some adventurous enquiring spirit in the 21st century or the 22nd century, or it may be the 23rd or 24th, will re-discover the *Waverley Novels* and hail the discovery with emotions akin to Keats' on reading *Chapman's Homer*.

"Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold", and feel like the explorer at sight of the Pacific. Carlyle actually uses this last metaphor. "It was like a new discovered continent in literature." And so it would be again. This treasure is too great and too wonderful to be altogether lost. The bounties of God are very rich: and not least God's bounties in literature. Among the other bounties which we acknowledge with a glow of the heart, let us thank Providence that just a hundred years ago, the author of *Waverley* followed a fortunate impulse and gave to the world the first of the *Waverley Novels*.

“Old Presidency College Men” Series.

(II) Sir Asutosh Mookerjea.

By JOGES CHANDRA CHAKRAVARTI, *Sixth Year Class*,
and

SIVADAS MOOKERJEA, *Second Year Class*.

SIR ASUTOSH MOOKERJEA'S name stands highest in Bengal's Book of Gold. He is the most distinguished of the many distinguished sons of our *alma mater*. Great as a scholar, great as a lawyer, great as a Vice-Chancellor, great as a Judge, a man of versatile activities, possessed with a phenomenal capacity for work, Sir Asutosh Mookerjea can justly be regarded as one of the greatest of the living men of India to-day.

Born on the 29th of June, 1864, passing through a vernacular school in his boyhood, Asutosh continued his studies at home under the guidance of his father, the late Dr. Ganga Prosad Mookerjea, who spared neither time, nor money, nor energy in the education of his son. Friendly queries were frequently made as to the lavish expenditure on the education of his boy, and the proud answer was always forthcoming —“I have invested all in the education of my son and I leave him as a legacy to posterity.” Posterity alone knows how valuable a bequest has been made unto them.

From his very infancy, Asutosh's ambition soared high, his desire for advanced studies was very great. This keenness led him to read Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Pope's *Translation of Homer's Iliad*, even before he was regarded as an adult by that Corporation which is ever anxious to welcome all in the ranks of manhood—the Railway Company.

After four years of rapid progress young Asutosh was put to school in 1876. He passed the Entrance Examination in his 15th year in the year 1879, standing second in the University.

Asutosh “climbed higher and higher up to the Mount of Glory” and his College career was more successful than his school career. He joined our College—the Presidency College of to-day on the same site—in January, 1880. He stood third in the First Examini-

nation in Arts in the year 1882, and topped the list in his B.A. and M.A. Examinations in Mathematics. While at College, Asutosh was considered a mathematician of no small repute. Sir William Hunter, the then Vice-Chancellor of the University, publicly extolled him when receiving the B.A. degree as "the senior wrangler of the year." He was at this time contributing to the leading Mathematical periodicals of the day. It might be incidentally mentioned that in his eagerness to study Laplace's *Mecanique Celesti* he learned French thoroughly at home. He next carried off the Tagore gold medals for three successive years for proficiency in Hindu Law, Muhammadan Law and the Law of Property; all this time he was studying Physical Sciences under Sir John Eliot and Mr. Maedonell, in which he took his M.A. in 1886. Thus came in the calendar of the Calcutta University the first "double M.A." in Mathematics and Physical Science. Ambition spurred him on to fresh activities and he was awarded the Premchand Roychand studentship in the year 1886—the highest distinction that the University could offer him. Shortly after, he ventured—as no other graduate had or has ventured either before or ever since—to apply again in 1887 for admission to the P.R.S. Examination with English, Sanskrit and Philosophy; but the Syndicate rejected the application on technical grounds. He passed his B.L. Examination in 1888 took Honours-in-Law Examination in 1893, and ultimately obtained the much coveted Doctorate of Laws in 1894. Thus ended the unique academical career of Asutosh Mookerjea with the attainment of the highest degree of Honours which the Calcutta University could confer on him.

His professional career began with his enrolment as a Vakil of the Calcutta High Court in 1888. A year later he was appointed a Fellow of the University by the then Chancellor, Lord Lansdowne. On March the 26th, 1889, he was elected a Syndic of the University. The sight of a graduate of only five years' standing taking part in the deliberations with some of the foremost men of learning in the highest education of his countrymen, was a spectacle at once novel and inspiring. From that date till his retirement from the Vice-Chancellorship, he associated himself whole-heartedly with all the activities of the University.

Ten years later, in 1899, the young man of thirty-five was elected by the Senate as its representative in the Bengal Legislative Council. Dr. Asutosh Mookerjea's activities now extended beyond the walls of the University. On his re-election in 1901, he took a leading part in the debates in the Legislative Council, specially on the Calcutta Municipal Bill.

Under the Municipal Act of 1899, he became a Member of the Corporation of Calcutta and as such sat on the General Committee. He resigned his Municipal Commissionership on his elevation to the Bench as a Judge of the High Court of Calcutta in 1904. Dr. Asutosh Mookerjea was filled with enthusiasm and he could inspire enthusiasm and confidence in others. In 1903, he was unanimously elected to the Legislative Council to represent the Corporation. Incidentally it may be mentioned to illustrate the unselfish public spirit of Dr. Mookerjea that as a Member of the Corporation he uniformly declined to accept the fees payable under the Municipal Act to all members on the General Committee and the various Sub-Committees.

In 1902, he acted as a member for Bengal on the Indian Universities' Commission. In 1903, he was elected to the Imperial Legislative Council by the non-official members of the Bengal Council. He did not sit long there as he was appointed by His Majesty a permanent puisne Judge of the High Court of Judicature at Fort William in 1904 on the death of Mr. Justice Henderson.

In the year 1902, Dr. Mookerjea was invited by the Bengal Government to represent the City of Calcutta at the Coronation of the late King Emperor Edward VII, in London, but his orthodoxy as a Hindu Brahmin stood in the way and he respectfully declined the high honour.

Dr. Asutosh Mookerjea was appointed Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University in 1906. As a member of the Syndicate for almost seventeen years from 1890, he helped to carry many important measures of reform, such as the reorganization of the course of studies in law, conversion of the P.R.S. Examination into a Research Studentship, revision of the syllabus, reconstruction of the Board of Accounts. He also tried hard to make the financial position of the University stable so that on his accession to the Vice-Chancellorship he had at his disposal a reserve fund of seven lacs of rupees. Apart from all these various activities he made an attempt to make the Vernacular compulsory and not relegated to the position of an optional third language. Compulsory it had been once long before, but Sanskrit had ultimately supplanted it. Early in the nineties, Dr. Mookerjea tried to make the vernacular compulsory at all stages from the Entrance to the M.A. Examination. The time was not quite ripe for this yet, and his eloquent speech of an hour and half failed to carry his audience.

For the next eight years from 1906-14, Dr. Asutosh Mookerjea

found himself confronted with a herculean task. Confidence inspired by success led to him to adopt drastic measures. Innovation after innovation, improvement after improvement followed, and there was a wholesale reorganization of the various departments till a new teaching University striving after a residential system grew up in the place of the old examining body. The University a decade ago might be described in the following parody of "Poor Susan."

"At the middle of College Street, when daylight appears,
Is a 'House' that stands proud, it has stood for long years;
Poor Sushil passed by the spot, and has seen
And has twice felt too well what the "Building" doth mean.

His eloquent dumbness; what ails him? He sees
A full Hall of dumb boys: not a word, not a sneeze;
The long rows of students—they are sitting so meek,
In their hands are some papers, which are written in Greek.

It is a scene from Inferno: their labours appeal,
While the sentinel spirit do stalk through the Hall.
Some are sweating in torrents, some tumble all o'er,
Some drink water—too dried up to write any more.

He looks and his heart is—O where! but they fade,
The Hall and the Vision, the silence, the dread.
But he knows, 'tis no dream, and forthwith I ween,
He mentally 'gins to prepare his 'routine.'"

The University of the "pre-Asutosh age" was then identified with the Senate House, and examination was almost its only one function. But a brief review of the steps taken by Sir Asutosh Mookerjea as Vice-Chancellor will convince one that now the University stands truly for its motto, "Advancement of Learning."

The framing of a complete body of new regulations, the extension of the University buildings, the erection of the Darbhanga buildings, the foundation of the University College for post-graduate studies; the establishment of the University Law College, the Hardinge Hostel, and the University College of Science; the establishment of thirteen University Professorships for post-graduate studies, the institution of Research Studentships and Travelling Fellowships, the extension of the University Library are the great events in the régime of Sir Asutosh Mookerjea, crowded into a small paragraph the significance of which is far-reaching. And it was under him that the Calcutta University came into contact with Universities of the West. Savants like Drs. Pischel, Schüster, Walker, Bloch, Forsyth, Jacobi, Vinogradoff, Oldenberg, Levi and Armstrong, have been persuaded by Sir Asutosh

to come here as Readers of the University and enlighten us by their discourses on subjects of which they are acknowledged masters. "We cannot, therefore, afford the patriotic luxury of restricting our selection to Indian scholars alone, but we naturally shall go no further afield than is necessary; yet it must be distinctly understood that we shall rigourously insist upon certain essential qualifications": that was the ideal of the great Vice-Chancellor and he fully tried to carry it out.

Philanthropy soon came to the aid of patriotism till persuasion attained triumph. The Vice-Chancellorship of Sir Asutosh has been noted for the princely benefactions and endowments made by Sir Taraknath Palit, Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh, Maharaja Sir Rameswar Singh of Darbhanga, Maharaja Manindra Chandra Nandi of Kasimbazar, as well as Babus Guru Prasanna Ghose and Anathnath Dev to the cause of the "advancement of learning."

These donations would signalise any Vice-Chancellorship, but the tenure of his office was further signalised by many other events of a historic character which have left an abiding mark on the annals of our University. It was during his term of office that the Jubilee of the University occurred, that the Coronation of their Imperial Majesties at Delhi took place, that a King of England for the first time visited Calcutta, that the poet Rabindra Nath Thakur won the Nobel prize, and lastly, the Crown Prince of Germany visited Calcutta. Sir Asutosh Mookerjea had the proud privilege of associating the University with each of these events.

He celebrated the Jubilee of the University in a befitting manner, instituted Jubilee Post-Graduate scholarships and established the Minto Professorship of Economics to commemorate the event. In 1911, Doctor Asutosh Mookerjea was knighted by His Imperial Majesty for his many-sided activities. During the historic visit of Their Imperial Majesties to Calcutta, Sir Asutosh Mookerjea had the proud privilege of presenting an address of the University to His Imperial Majesty. His Imperial Majesty's reply is inscribed in letters of gold in the Darbhanga building. It is a "watchword of Hope" and forms, as it were, the Educational Charter of India. This occasion again was commemorated by the foundation of the King George Professorship of Moral Science. He conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature to Srijut Rabindra Nath Thakur—and admitted the Crown Prince of Germany to the degree of *Doctor in Laws*.

On his retirement from the Vice-Chancellorship a leading English

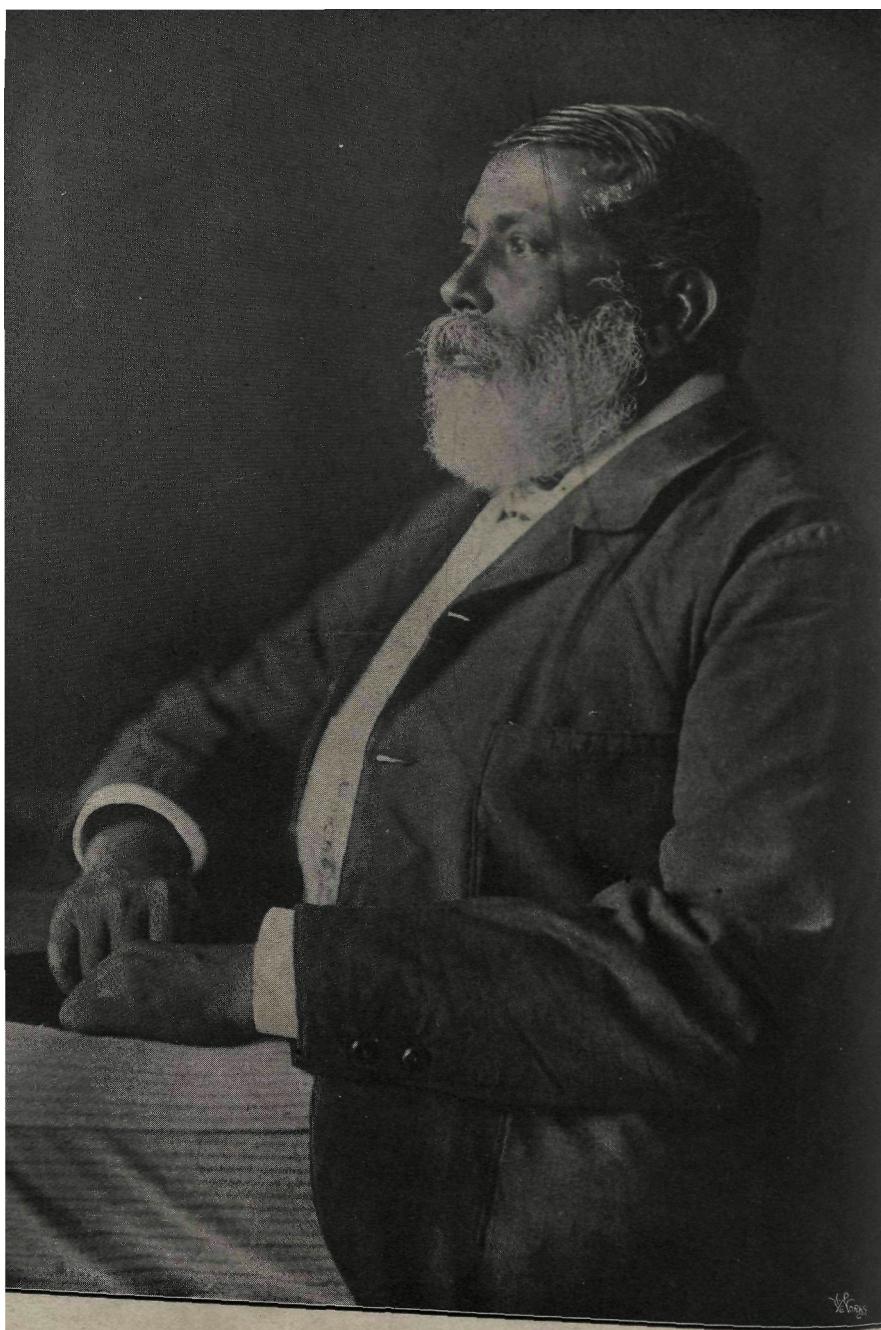
journalist and a friend of India eulogised him by remarking that there was no one in India who could perform the arduous duties of a judge with that of a Vice-Chancellor, but he certainly omitted to mention his many other public functions. The barest mention of these again will simply swell the list.

Elected a Fellow of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1886, Asutosh rose from the position of a fellow to a member of the Council, thence to be Treasurer, Vice-President and lastly President from 1907-09. He celebrated the 125th anniversary of the Society in 1907.

The Indian Museum again claims him as an honoured member. In 1909, he became the President of the Museum. As an active President he strove hard to instil life in the Museum of the dead by organizing a series of scientific lectures on popular subjects. Here again, he received His Imperial Majesty, as President of the Museum in 1911. It is only a year ago that he was forward in celebrating the centenary of the Museum.

Another public institution with which he is associated is the Imperial Library of which he holds the position of President since 1912. Among other bodies with which he is more or less connected are the University Institute, the Calcutta Historical Society, the Social Study Society, the Mathematical Society of which he is the founder, and many other societies all over Calcutta and other places.

Such is Sir Asutosh great as a public man, but he is still greater as a *private gentleman*. He is the embodiment of simplicity. No surly durwan blocks the gate of Sir Asutosh Mookerjea, no hard press of work denies interview to the eagerly expectant multitude at the door of his room. He is always accessible, always gentle and patient. He is found with *dhuti* and *chuddar* on almost wherever he goes—the great Judge and Vice-Chancellor by the way, has obviously changed his early views when he was an active member of the *Chuddar Nibarani Sabha*. Sir Asutosh is a particular friend of students, and it may not be an exaggeration to say that he knows almost all the distinguished graduates of the University. It is said that on a particular Sunday, he received 300 visitors. Students from all colleges have always flocked to him—some for advice, others with supplications. To very many advice has been given, some applications had to be rejected; but the amount of attention paid to the welfare of students extorts their spontaneous and profound admiration for their great well-wisher—and it would be hardly an exaggeration to say, that many of them not



Sir Tarak Nath Palit.

only pay their homage to him but also offer their daily prayers for greater success in all walks of life.

The time for a critical estimate of Sir Asutosh is not yet come. He was a great apostle of numbers and he has been severely criticised as such by many for sacrificing efficiency to numbers. He has been criticised for starting "the monstrous hybrid of a Lecture Institute" of a Law College and of a University College of Arts, for artificially lowering the standard of the University, for behaving like a dictator, for wasting money in appointing so many professors; in short, for almost anything that came into conflict with some stereotyped ideas. But at the same time, his bitterest critics admit that he had the faculty of and the capacity for a dictator. Truly boldness always appealed to him, timidity never. We only hope that the controversy which raged round him is but a *tête à tête* of two different schools of thought trying to coalesce with each other.

"The Indian Universities have in fact contributed exceedingly little towards the advance and increase of knowledge", so ran the convocation address of the great Vice-Chancellor in 1911. "They may be said to have acted as faithful guardians of the sacred flame, but they have done nothing to make it burn brighter and higher so as to dispel in an ever-widening circumference, the darkness which surrounds human intelligence. In old days, India was one of the great centres of creative thought; we remember this with pride, and we draw from it inspiring hope for the future. But at present, we have fallen woefully behind in the great intellectual competition of the nations of the world; and those institutions on which there mainly devolves the task of promoting the intellectual rebirth and development of the country have never realised the full extent of their responsibilities. The time has come now thoroughly to diagonalise this vital defect, and the result of the diagnosis requires to be declared on unambiguous terms, by those to whom the guidance of the existing universities is entrusted." This is no underestimation of the vast difficulties confronting him: this is no indication of any attempt at improvising a policy of makeshift—it is the voice of a master, not of a selfwilled dictator.

Engrossed in this almost all-enveloping task of "promoting the intellectual rebirth and development of the country", Sir Asutosh found time to act as the President of the Board of Sanskritic Studies, and it was he who introduced the convocation of *Pandits* for granting the *tol* men their degrees. The learned Pandits of his country had not

been slow to recognize him, and the Pandits of Navadwip have called him *Saraswati*, while the Pandits of Eastern Bengal Saraswat Samaj have conferred on him the title of *Sastra Vachaspati*.

Such is the man whose praise almost all Bengal, young or old, delight to con over, such is he who "made the University his own." The incubus of controversy, let us hope, will be laid to rest for a while, when his statue will be unveiled by His Excellency Lord Carmichael. His statue just on the corridors of the Darbhanga buildings with its left hand directed towards the room of the Vice-Chancellor, his face in full profile on the stairs, above him hanging the address of the University presented to His Imperial Majesty in 1911, and his gracious message, will inspire enthusiasm among the coming generation of Bengal. Let everybody who gets up the stairs of the building bow down in reverence to the great man's statue which would keep watch and ward for day and night; and let us all pray to God to grant him longevity and joy.

Whispering Sleep.

By MANMOHAN GHOSE, M.A. (Oxon).

Are not thy hands of honey, thy gifts of honey-suckle,
 Brother sweet of the breeze, wooing and whispering sleep ?
 Soft at our ears like a lover's thy vague lips tenderly murmur,
 "Kiss me!" they seem to say, "give me, poor heart, but a kiss."
 Then our anguish dims, care fades with the fading lattice;
 Into a lovely land wander we all unawares !
 O, into what sweet land didst thou this hour bewitch me ?
 Wakeful in tears, I lay, thinking of her who is dead,
 Wishing, longing for her, my heart's beloved, who left me—
 Left me and never once turned to regard me again.
 Never then shall I see a soft face over me leaning,
 Feel a gentle hand touching me, never again !
 Those adorable ways I now must only remember,
 Only wish for in vain, sweetness irrevocable !
 Sobbing to be with her, I heard a kind voice near me
 Whispering softly, "Hush! weeper, this agony cease.
 Grieve not now any more, nor with rending sobs afflict thee;
 Woudst thou be with her? O but accompany me !

Come, O come; for I know the grasses where she is sitting,
 And I know the flowers nodding in crowds at her feet.
 Past the shadowy river, the river forgetfully gliding . . .
 Lay but thy drooping head, sorrower, lay upon me.”

An Appeal to Old Presidency College Men.

By The Hon'ble DR. DEVAPRASAD SARVADHIKARY.

AS the anniversary of our Foundation Day is again approaching and the College Hall for which Dr. Devaprasad Sarvadhiikary appealed at the opening of the Baker Laboratory by H.E. Lord Carmichael on Thursday, January the 20th, 1913, has not been built, we think it opportune to publish the speech made on that occasion by Dr. Sarvadhiikary, and to add to it a supplement which he has kindly made at our request.

The speech was as follows:—

My Lord,—It is with mixed feelings that, at the instance of the Principal, I rise to address Your Excellency on behalf of old students of this College, in the presence of older and more distinguished students. It is a privilege that I highly value and am proud of. I however feel like a Caleb Balderstone type of personage in our service, who when reminded of growing age and indolence, turned round with excusable fury and asked, “Came I old or grew I so?” Looking back down the long vista of years which one’s father, uncles, brothers, cousins, nephews, sons and sons-in-law spent in the College, one feels, as I am proud to feel, how thoroughly one belongs to the Institution and how thoroughly the Institution belongs to him in a sense, and the years that one spent at the College himself appear longer drawn out because of long association. I speak not merely of official association with the Governing Body of the College and various other Committees that have had to do with the schemes and counter-schemes for expansion and improvement of the College, the first tangible resultant of which Your Excellency is about to inaugurate to-day and in connection with which we have long waited, planned, hoped and watched. All this otherwise cheering length of association, however, makes one almost sad, and something worse than my friend Dr. P. C. Roy’s sulphuretted hydrogen, which

has such distressing effect on Dr. J. C. Bose's ultra-sensitive plants, must account for this uncheery state of the mind on this joyful occasion. I am afraid Dr. J. C. Bose will have to undertake a fresh set of experiments in the new laboratories, for which even Lord Kelvin had to plead in vain and with a still more enviable set of apparatus, as to how many micro-amperes would induce sensibility in an age-ridden and disappointment-driven Hindu's tongue, after years of waiting, when he first sees the glimpse of hope in the near future under the remarkable auspices of the gathering.

Whatever the measure of such "risibility" may be, if one may use such an expression in this connection, the tongue's first effort and duty must be in the expression of supreme and heartfelt gratitude at Your Excellency's presence at this function. We are all the more grateful because we are convinced that this is no routine performance of gubernatorial duty, but is the outcome of genuine love of science on the part of one who has already laid his claims as a genuine lover of the people and their welfare. We feel particularly glad and proud to-day, for I do not remember any head of the Government taking part in a function like this here, since Lord Northbrook in the early seventies of the last century laid the foundation of the buildings which became the College proper on its removal from the almost classic though inconvenient piles across the road. It is a sad confession to have to make that one remembers so well of the early seventies of a bygone century. But these happened to be some of the most remarkable years in the annals of the Presidency College. The connection of Professors Clarke, Beebey, Croft, Peary Charan Sarkar and Mahesh Chandra Banerjee with the College which shed a lustre on it was just closing. Professors Tawney, Elliott, Pedler, Mann, Hand, Gough, Hoernle, Paulson, McCann, Perceval, Booth, Sarvadikary, P. K. Roy, Bellett and Edwardes were the professors who inspired the generation of leaders with whom it was my high privilege to come in contact in those years and to whom Principal James has, in his address first referred. And who were these? Mr. Justice Mukerjee, the present Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University; Mr. S. P. Sinha, the first Indian Advocate-General of Bengal and the first Indian Member of the Viceroy's Executive Council; five of the Indian Judges of the High Court—Mr. Justice Mukerjee, Mr. Justice Chaudhuri, Mr. Justice Digambar Chatterjee, Mr. Justice Nalini Ranjan Chatterji and Mr. Justice Rahim; Mr. Nanda Krishna Bose; the Indian Member of Your Excellency's Council, Nawab Shams-ul Huda and his predecessor Raja Kissorylal Goswamy;

the Hon. Babu Bhupendranath Basu, Principal Heramba Chandra Maitra, Babu Mohini Mohan Chatterjee, Mr. N. L. Dey, Babu Manmathanath Bhattacharjee, Mr. K. L. Dutt, Babu Dwarkanath Chakravarty, Babu Ram Chandra Majumdar, the Hon. Babu Mahendranath Roy, Babus Bhupti Chakrabutty, Ramnath Bhattacharji, Mr. J. C. Dutt, Babu Jogendra Chandra Mookerjee, Mr. Byomkesh Chakrabutty, Mr. J. N. Das Gupta, the late Maharaja of Cooch Behar, Babu Poresh Chunder Banerjee Babu Amulya Chandra Mitter, Babu Joti Prasad and Krishna Prasad Sarvadikary, Dr. Suresh Prasad Sarvadikary, Dr. Sasi Bhusan Dey, Babu Manomohan Roy, and last, not the least, Dr. P. C. Roy, belonged to that remarkable age. I naturally speak of these years, because I know them best and was impressed by them most. An equally remarkable galaxy would probably be difficult to name for another set of years in recent or earlier times. But coming to later times you have names like Babu Upendranath Majumdar, Mohini Mohan Ghatak, Joytish Chandra Mitter, Hirendranath Dutt, Mr. B. C. Mitter, the Standing Counsel, Dr. Sarat Chunder Banerjee, Messrs. Khitish Chandra Sen, Rasik Lal Dutt, Nilratan Dhar, Biman Chandra Dey, Dr. Prafulla Chandra Mitter, Susil Acharya, Jotibhusan Bhaduri, Jitendra Nath Sen, Panchanon Neogy, Hemendra Kumar Sen, Radha Kumud Mukerjee and many others which I find difficult to enumerate without the customary aid of a brief, which Dr. J. C. Bose and Dr. P. C. Roy, to whom I applied, could not furnish. They take a safe standpoint and say that you may fairly claim that almost everybody who is anybody in Bengal may without fear of contradiction be put down as a Presidency College man, and therefore you cannot differentiate and distinguish. This is a large order, which, if well-founded, ought to make us glad and proud. One can understand why the Presidency College has no system of roll of honour on its walls, for if it had there would be no blank space even on its increasingly growing walls so long as there was no proper College Hall to fall back upon.

Going back to the period preceding the seventies, we have the first officiating Chief Justice of Bengal, Sir Romesh Chandra Mitter; the first Indian Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, Sir Gooroodas Banerjee; Mr. R. C. Dutt, Raja Peary Mohan Mookerjee, Babu Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, Dr. Rash Behary Ghosh, the poet Hem Chandra Banerji, Mr. B. L. Gupta, Babu Asutosh Mookerjee (Senior), Mr. A. M. Bose, Rai Bahadur Debendra Chundra Ghosh, Babu Raj Krishna Mookerjee and Dr. Troylokyanath Mitter. Further backward in the annals still, when the Hindu College was in the heyday of its glory,

names like those of Ram Gopal Ghosh, Ramtanu Lahiry, Rajendralal Mitter, Rashik Krishna Mullick, Prasanna Kumar Sarvadikary, Soorja Coomar Sarvadikary, Radhanath Sikdar and Mahendralal Sarkar come back to our mind and make one proud that the Presidency College is but a continuation of the Hindu College where D'Rozzio and Richardson and Cowell prepared and moulded those that were destined to shed lustre on the country and its annals. It prepared workers for the strenuous times through which we are passing and must expect to pass for a long while yet to come. We are confident that latter-day Indian Education, which the Principal has so appropriately traced to the origin and growth of the "Maha Vidyalaya," under which name the Hindu College was started and developed, is helping to make men of us and aiding us in lessons of citizenship, some of the best of which was demonstrated when His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor visited these shores and which found expression again when the recent dastardly attempt on the Viceroy convulsed the country. Our claims in all walks of life, such as this citizenship implies, will never be gainsaid in responsible circles because of unreasonable, tactless, out-of-place and ill-conditioned ebullitions to the contrary. Such ebullitions therefore ought not to flutter or flurry us; but we have to go on doing our duty manfully, loyally, whole-heartedly to ourselves, our country, our Sovereign and our God. When there is the call of "to the rescue," Presidency College men have been and will ever be to the fore. That is more than enough. As for the rest I would in the language of the motto of the University of Aberdeen, the robes of honour of which I have the honour of wearing, repeat, "They say; what say they? Let them say."

We live in strenuous and exacting times, and there is abundant call upon the play of the energies and resources of the people as well as the Government. The Hindu College was founded without Government aid to begin with, and almost in spite of the powers that be. But the keynote of co-operation was not long wanting and soon the people and the Government worked together till the Government took over the whole work. Long before this was done the claims of science were pressed upon the authorities. A young Professor—whom for obvious personal reasons I shall not refer to more prominently than I can help—strongly advocated advanced scientific training in a prize essay in 1848 which the College authorities published. He was the first to write, in Bengali, text-books on Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry and to invent a mathematical nomenclature which holds the ground even

to-day. But though advance was made in mathematics and cognate subjects, physical science proper continued to be neglected, and Babu Mohendralal Sarkar, the pioneer science-worker of Bengal, who prepared the way for his after-comers, could not get any scientific training at the Presidency College and had to go to the Medical College for what could be got there. Those who remember old Raj Kristo Babu's bottles in a dusty almirah on the ground-floor of what is now the Albert Hall which was all the scientific paraphernalia of the College in our schoolboy days, will be able to imagine what the state of affairs in Dr. Mohendralal Sarkar's earlier College days was. Mr. Alexander Pedler's brilliant and fascinating dyes lured me away from Reid, Abercrombie and Hamilton in dark and unhealthy rooms to the north of the College compound, where the old Hare School used to be, and which the latter-day students and professors would refuse to look at even as a store-room. Yet I have seen in Great Britain and the Continent worse laboratories in which the greatest discoveries of the age have been made.

Considering the scantiness of our resources in men, money, buildings, and apparatus, it cannot be said that we have not shown fairly good results in advanced studies and research work. It is difficult to prognosticate as to how far well-appointed laboratories alone will advance such work or yield better results. But there can be no doubt that general scientific culture, upon which our industrial success will largely depend, will be materially helped.

Increased facilities also imply increased responsibilites, which I am sure our students and professors will alike recognize and live up to. To them we must look to help in keeping the College flag flying.

Principal James has feelingly referred to the absence of a College Hall, which compels us to receive Your Excellency almost in the open, in the primitive Hindu style. But the heartiness of the welcome and hospitality is none the less. Those who suggested the ordering of things in the routine of the College improvements, kept the College Hall, as a luxury, the last in the list. To-day's gathering and the strain on the lungs of those that have to speak, would prove that a College Hall is not quite a luxury. In fact this was realized some time ago, and as Government engagements would not permit of the last item in the list—the College Hall—being taken up out of its turn, I invited my fellow-students two years ago to provide the College with a suitable Assembly room. Ready response came from some quarters; one of these responses was from one now, alas, no longer with us, who evinced as much active

interest in our laboratories and everything appertaining to the good of the country, as any present to-day, who was almost an exile away from us, at the time of his sudden and almost tragic end. The response was from Professor Cunningham, and to-day I recall to you present and past students of the Presidency College that message from the dead and earnestly renew my appeal. The Presidency College had no more genuine friend than Sir Edward Baker, and you have fittingly resolved to name the new laboratories after him. I may, in passing, tell you that I received a letter from England yesterday, according to which Sir Edward is in very bad health, and I ask for the prayers of this assembly for his speedy recovery. I hope that the response to my appeal for funds for the College Hall will be large and speedy, and that before His Excellency finishes his course of beneficent reforms that he has so whole-heartedly taken up, it will be possible for us to receive him in our own Hall, worthy of the College and worthy of our illustrious guest. The land is there, and a lakh and half of rupees ought to give us a Hall, with plenty of wall space to inscribe the names of our daily-lengthening muster-roll of honour if one should think of it. In various walks of life there undoubtedly are a hundred and fifty men who can give a thousand rupees each, and certainly fifteen hundred who can give easily a hundred rupees each. We hope in four years to celebrate our centenary, and we ought to be able to perform it in a Hall of our own—our very own—because of our contributions. And when the time for naming the Hall comes, it will be difficult to find a name so suitable and so acceptable as the Carmichael Hall.”

Dr. Sarvadhikary writes :—

“ So spoke I nearly three years ago. During these three years several hundreds of B.A.’s and B.Sc.’s, M.A.’s and M.Sc.’s have graduated from the Presidency College; but three thousand rupees have not been yet added to the Carmichael Hall Fund. The hundred and fifty Presidency College men willing and able to give a thousand rupees each or the fifteen hundred men ready and willing to give a hundred rupees each for the Mother’s abode have yet to be found. The list was generously headed by Lord Carmichael with a donation of £100, or Rs. 1,500, and with the exception of a paltry thousand or two more there it rests. I appealed through the press not for funds alone but for names, addresses and particulars of occupations of our Presidency College brethren so that a register of comradships as it were might be started and the brethren might know in what service of the Empire and Hu-

many other brethren were engaged. This itself would be an immense gain, and if all or nearly all who have passed out of the College could be brought upon a Register like this, one hundred and fifty thousand rupees would not take long in collecting. I appeal once again for this information as well as, of course, for funds; and in view of the approaching centenary of the College I trust this renewed appeal will not be in vain. Not only Presidency College men but all who take any interest in the College and all that it stands for, are welcome to respond.

The appeal was made three years back under peculiar circumstances and amidst peculiar surroundings. The Government had yielded to clamant public opinion and decided not to remove the Presidency College from the site hallowed and endeared by many associations. It has decided to improve the College *in situ* and to spend many lakhs on such improvements. The first instalment of improvements costing several lakhs in the shape of the magnificent Baker Laboratory had already come. The head of the province came in state to open the Laboratory, and the alumni of the College, young and old, mustered strong. They had to receive the Governor under a commonplace *shamiana* which was erected not on the College grounds but on the quiet quadrangle of the residential quarters of the College, the Eden Hindu Hostel, where the young hopefuls of the College are lodged and cared for. The Mother's appeal would naturally be amidst quiet domestic surroundings like these and not in the public glare of the College still without a suitable Hall worthy of the occasion. There was almost a pathetic fitness of things in the procedure though probably those responsible for it never thought of it at the moment or since. It is hardly right that such an appeal should have so long gone unheeded.

The *Presidency College Magazine* is going to open a new chapter as it were in the College history, and let this be a fitting revival of the old and unheeded appeal. Other colleges have their college magazines and the Presidency College had none so long. Other colleges have their Halls, big or small, humble or glorious, as the case may be, but the Presidency College has none and will have none till the Government is able to find money years hence. The Presidency College has now got its college magazine. It is right and fitting that it should have its Hall as well. If older shoulders have failed to carry the burden so far younger and willing shoulders should take it up and effectively carry it to its destination. Presidency College Professors set an admirable example in sacrifice the other day in voluntarily

giving up a portion of their month's pay in aid of the distressed in the cruel war now raging in Europe. Will not Presidency College men take a leaf out of their Professors' books and make some sacrifice in achievement of that upon which Professors and students have for years set their heart? If they take up the work with a will and thoroughness God will bless them and fruition will not be distant.

Stands the *Mahavidyalya* where it did near upon a hundred years ago? Assuredly it does. Nay it must have made a tremendous advance, or else the terrible and almost pathetic rush for admission to its crowded classes year after year at the beginning of the term would be worse than meaningless indeed. People whose fathers, grandfathers, uncles, brothers, cousins, or fathers-in-law who have been there, are more than anxious to join *their* college and look upon it as a right to do so.

Right involves responsibilities as well and appreciation can be best translated into action, such as I venture to suggest on the eve of the Centenary of the College.

Advance, Presidency College.

By BIRENDRA KUMAR BISWAS,
Third Year Class.

“THE old order changeth, yielding place to the new.” While scrupulously maintaining the organic unity subsisting between the past and the present, it is possible, if not also desirable, to introduce now and then a change in the body politic, and the fact that there have been so many revolutions in the world's history since recorded time is in itself a proof, speaking humanly, of the essentially necessary character of all such revolutions. Though not actually a revolution in the ordinary acceptation of the term, the reforms I am going to chronicle have introduced considerable changes in the world to which I have the privilege to belong; and as Freeman took the Norman period of English history for his special study and Froude the Elizabethan, so have I devoted my attention to the investigation and narration of the changes aforementioned. As, however, I hold no brief for any party, I flatter myself that my presentation of the facts will not in any way be distorted or garbled. And without any further prologue I shall at once pass on to the subject of my dissertation—a

subject of importance and magnitude enough to call for the most assiduous labour joined to the most comprehensive judgment that one could bring to its consideration.

To secure seats in a classroom is generally a matter of difficulty and of no inconsiderable bustle and excitement. The same scene is repeated hour by hour when students change their rooms like guards in Buckingham Palace or sentries over Portsmouth Harbour. The assiduous and earnest section of the class rush in for the front benches, the defaulters and deserters for the last with equal speed, while the majority in which neither instinct is predominant are happy to occupy neutral ground in one of the middle rows. But the oncoming rush especially in the junior classes is so violent at times that there is a regular encounter of arms and elbows and often of spectacles before the mêlée calms down on the approach of the lecturer. To prevent these disturbances Roll Order descended upon earth. It enjoins upon students a somewhat military discipline (so useful in these stormy times) of sitting according to the number in the rolls. The college corridor is no longer a race-course, and our gentlemen proceed now in slow march with the cool security of railway passengers whose accommodation is reserved. The arrangement, though it has introduced great harmony in the working of the class, has not altogether been an unalloyed blessing. Some gentlemen innocent of all desire for learning who have been placed in the advance guard by the merest freak of fate have to bear the brunt of all the volleys from the chair, while a few of an opposite character who have been allotted seats on the back benches by the same arrangement have to strain their eardrums to catch the flying words of the professor which are each as valuable to them as a relic of antiquity and which they miss very often with as great an annoyance as they would miss a train. It is a pitiable sight to see them crawling to their seats like schoolboys "towards school with heavy steps" though, of course, the slow locomotion is due to very different reasons. This, alas, is one amongst many instances of legislation which can only be accommodated by the compromise of those affected by it.

While bemoaning their lost right of sitting at option the students were agreeably diverted by some unasked franchises granted to them. The windfall came in the shape of the Students' Consultative Committee. Each section elects by vote one member to sit in the newly instituted Cabinet and the enthusiasm at the polls is no mean successor of those stormy electioneering campaigns fought at critical moments of

British Parliamentary history! In the absence of any Mahomedan nominee being elected, thorough representation demands an extraordinary election at which three Mahomedan members are added. The meeting is held every now and then, generally presided over by the Principal. The subjects for consideration are published, but the decisions of this Alcides' club which aims at purging the student world of all monstrous grossness are a sealed book to the majority of students. Plebeians as they are, they would not like to pry into the secrets of their Patrician brethren, but they will surely be thankful if the *Magazine* takes upon itself the honourable function of the Decemvirate in publishing the "Ten Tables" and remove all possibilities of disaffection. Voters brought forward their best spokesmen with the hopeful assurance that out of these champions "there is much matter to be heard and learnt." But their promising champions came back from the Westminster halls so many Bottoms, transformed, indifferent. It is easier to approach the Principal than to approach these dignitaries, these incarnates. To appeal to them for the redress of any grievance, you might as well talk to the wall. To learn any secret of your academical destiny with which they are partially enlightened, you might perform ten Delphic voyages before these responsible censors will part their lips. Their distanced compeers whether from envy or admiration often desire to listen to the grave deliberations of these senators from behind the screen, but "they are to each other audience enough."

With the extension of the student's rights their territories too have expanded. A student's territory is the Common Room, the veritable "land of Goshen", where he escapes from the plague of eloquence. The former territory of the mirthful refugees extended over a single room beside the way to the library and therefore was not proof against the occasional grim appearance of a "*rarus hospes*" giving a quietus to their mirth. But now two rooms have been secured though with a sacrifice of light and air. The one contains a few torn leaflets of several out-worn magazines still eaten into by voracious bookworms; the other pruned of all association of letters provides "secret shades of Woody Ida's inmost grove" echoing with all sorts of debates, orations and laughter. The discordant mixture of a hundred voices makes it a scene of "dire Lepithan controversy" so tumultuous that "war seems a civil game to this uproar." But side by side with this:

Just here and there you will find
 Youths disdaining this voluptuous sway
 Whose hearts were moulded of a finer clay

and Diogenes with his "perpetual lantern" would probably have lighted upon the object of his search. The bearer who sits glued to his seat from 10 A.M., to 4 P.M. will preach a lesson of patience to you as you pass.

A striking contrast to this boisterous scene is the mighty "Bodleian," magnificent and most artistically equipped. The open bookshelves as well as the comfort lent by the innumerable chairs and tables provide excellent facilities for studies; the tablets and statues of the illustrious dead, the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown," add solemnity to the scene and "how reverend is the view of those hushed heads looking tranquillity." Sacrilegious younkers find no countenance here, thanks to the vigilant patrolling of the library assistants who point to them in the very manner in which a sergeant points to the warrant of arrest, the suspended injunction 'Silence is requested.'

It has been repeatedly urged that the college has no Hall; there was one such two years ago; the College has thieved itself of it and raised the hue and cry after it. Four consecutive rooms were separated by removable wooden barriers; they were sufficiently provided with lights so as to afford a gathering hall or a stage, but to stop the latter utilization, for so it seems to us, strong adamantine walls have been raised and the rooms now stand in cruel isolation. The grand room of antiquity is now a "remnant most forlorn of what it was," the long-drawn hall is no longer to be seen, and a most pathetic sigh bursts forth when occasion offers for a whole muster of the college:

Oh Heavens,
If your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old
Make it your cause.

Many venerable institutions have thus marched in sad array into the oblivious gorges of the past. The students parted in tears from all of them except the Test Examination which, thanks to the courtesy of their Board of Examiners, is no longer to greet them with the New Year. But if we put to the scales the Test Examination on the one hand and the mighty legion of periodicals, monthlies, weeklies and hourlies on the other, it goes without saying which will bring the balance to the ground.

The opening of the Baker Laboratories ushers in the long-tending separation of the Arts and Science departments, and the transportation of scientific lore to the newly equipped Science Library. The science students are to be congratulated on this attention bestowed upon them.

Their Arts brethren will be glad to see them content with their own possessions and not trespassing into those of others. But such trespasses are happily few since the Science students are more in their element in the odorous experiment-rooms, amid animal skeletons and among plants and vegetables where they are "poor Susans", picturing themselves in "Covent garden's fine piazza"; or if that be too poetic, they will play the "unfledged practitioners" carrying their researches to the antediluvian age.

A new phenomenon has appeared near the college quadrangle in one of the sheds previously used as laboratories; instead of pipes and bottles you will find glassware of a more interesting and practical nature and admire science to think how it has performed its function by administering to your palate. The Consultative Committee is to be congratulated on this practical consummation of its yearlong activities. As I have not yet tasted the salt of the caterer, it is the best time, as the Eastern proverb says, to say impartially in praise or dispraise of the new mansion and its landlord; but it is a theme which I should best reserve for his worthier patrons.

And last, though not the least, has been the newly-started *Magazine* which has thus removed one of the crying needs of the institution, and has provided a fit organ for the expression of the bottled-up feelings of generations of students; and while congratulating my compatriots on their good fortune, I cannot help expressing my intense sorrow at the fate of those students of past years, who, poor souls, had to go out of their academic cloister with all the ebullitions of their brain "confined and pestered in this pinfold here."

Forty Years of Progress of Chemistry at the Presidency College.

By Dr. P. C. RÂV.

IN his ever-memorable letter addressed to Lord Amherst in 1823 by Raja Ram Mohan Ray, the latter pointed out that the establishment of a Sanskrit College "would perpetuate ignorance" and keep India on a level with the Middle Ages of Europe with its scholastic philosophy. The great Indian Reformer pleaded for the "employing

of European gentlemen of talent and education to instruct the natives of India in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Anatomy and other useful sciences which the natives of Europe have carried to a degree of perfection that has raised them above the inhabitants of other parts of the world.'

Ram Mohan was far ahead of his age. The time was not yet ripe for the cultivation of Physical Sciences by natives of India. It was necessary that western literature and culture should first strike root in the Indian soil and that at least the lifetime of two generations must intervene before the craving for science would begin, especially when we bear in mind that the Hindu is steeped to the marrow in metaphysics and speculative sciences. Thus we find that among the alumni of the old Hindu College, there were thoughtful writers, speakers, social reformers like Krishnainohan Banerji, Ramgopal Ghose, Rajnarain Bose, and Ramtonu Lahiri. Some of the creators of modern Bengali literature also belonged to this period, e.g., Madhusudhan Dutt and Peary Chand Mitra.

A space of two generations is but a short spell in the lifetime of a nation. The old Hindu College was founded in 1817. If we take 56 years to represent two generations in Bengal we come upon the year 1873—an *annus mirabilis* in Bengal at any rate. Sir George Campbell was a remarkable man in more ways than one. We are not called upon here to pass a verdict upon his administration of Bengal (1871-1874). Suffice it to say that he was a man of striking originality. Long before an Indian leader like Mr. Gokhale had made the cause of mass education his own, Sir George Campbell had taken care to scatter broadcast primary village schools under the grant-in-aid system. In fact, the "Campbell Pathshalas" as they are called in this province, have kept fragrant the memory of her sixth Lieutenant-Governor. He had also the foresight to realize that in order to place within the easy reach of the people at large the benefits of Western medical science, instruction in it should be imparted through the medium of the vernacular. The "Campbell Medical School" of Calcutta, which is the precursor of several similar institutions in Bengal and other provinces, equally bears eloquent testimony to his wisdom. Sir George also in a way prepared the ground for the pursuit of science in Bengal. The alumni of the Presidency College in the early seventies of the last century will remember that Mr. H. F. Blandford was "Professor of Natural Science." He taught, we believe, the outlines of Physics, Chemistry, Geology, Meteorology, Physical Geo-

graphy, etc. Such an arrangement at the present day may cause amusement. The student who is well up in the laws of evolution knows, however, that heterogeneity is an essential condition in the rudimentary stage of progress. Sir George Campbell realized that the time had come for each of the several branches of science to claim undivided attention. He asked for two specialists—one in Chemistry and the other in Botany. The then Secretary of State was fortunate in securing the services of Alexander (now Sir Alexander) Pedler and George (now Sir George) Watt as Professors of Chemistry and Botany respectively. Both of them proved to be efficient teachers, and successive generations of pupils speak highly of the attractive manner in which they taught their subjects. Mr. Pedler was posted at the Presidency and Mr. Watt at the Hugli College, and latterly at the Krishnagar College. When Mr. Pedler joined his duties in 1874, the premises occupied by the present Presidency College were under construction and the old Presidency College classes were held partly in the buildings now occupied by the Hindu School and the Sanskrit College, and partly in the rented rooms of the upper storey of the Albert Hall.

On the removal of the Presidency College to the new buildings in 1874, the one-storeyed house on the north of the compound in which had been located the old Hare School (then just entered into possession of its present building) was made over to the Chemical Department. Here the Chemical Laboratory slowly and silently grew up to meet the requirements of the time. The teaching in Chemistry even for the B.A. course was comparatively elementary, and no training in practical work was necessary; this luxury was confined only to the students preparing for the M.A. degree in science, who in addition to Chemistry had also to take up some branches of physics. Thanks to the persistent pressure brought to bear upon the Senate by Sir A. Pedler, Sir John Eliot and others, the claims of Science began to obtain fuller recognition. For the B.A. degree in science attendance in practical classes in Chemistry and Physics was made compulsory.

The Chemical Department was housed in the old one-storeyed building for close upon twenty years, but the growing demand for increased accommodation due to the popularity of the subject and to the opening of the practical classes began to be keenly felt. Thanks to the devoted efforts of Sir A. Pedler, backed by Sir A. Croft, the construction of a new wing of buildings was sanctioned by Sir Charles Elliott at a cost of about 1,60,000 rupees. The Chemical Department

was removed to the existing premises in 1894. It should be remembered, however, that some of the valuable researches of Sir A. Pedler, e.g., those on "Cobra Poison," "Action of Light on Phosphorus," etc., which won for him the distinction of F.R.S.-ship, were carried on in this earlier humble, unpretending laboratory. The more complete differentiation of the Science Course and the institution of the B Sc. degree in 1907 gave a fresh impetus to the study of Science. A candidate for a Science degree was now relieved of the heavy handicap of taking up English literature as one of his subjects, and he was thus in a position to devote more time and attention to Science. He had on the other hand to go through a systematic training on the practical side. The wisdom and foresight of Sir A. Pedler have now been more than justified. Practical teaching in Science is now recognized in Europe as a *sine qua non* for a student of science, and laboratory experience constitutes the most essential part of his knowledge.* There is now no room for a mere smattering in Science. The requirements on the practical side of the new University Regulations after 1906 became so heavy and pressing that by 1908 the laboratory blocks of 1894, though spacious, proved to be quite inadequate to accommodate all the classes. It was a fortunate circumstance that the late lamented Mr. J. A. Cunningham was in charge of the Chemical Department from 1906—1909. His zeal and enthusiasm for the spread of scientific education in Bengal was unbounded. Not only at the Presidency College but often in his capacity as a University Inspector under the New Regulations he was indefatigable in his efforts to improve the quality of science teaching in the colleges of Bengal, Government and private. The accommodation for the I.Sc. practical classes, as also many necessary appliances for teaching, proved insufficient, so much so that the premier college in Bengal was in imminent risk of being disaffiliated. At the instance of Mr. Cunningham, Mr. (now Sir) Archdale Earle, the then Director of Public Instruction, made a special

* Even in England practical instruction in chemistry is of comparatively recent date, as the following extracts will prove:—

"At the time (70 years ago) public laboratories for the systematic teaching of chemistry did not exist in London. The number of real students of chemistry in this country was very small. They were looked upon by their friends as being eccentric young men, who probably would never do any good for themselves, and these few students found practical instruction in the private laboratories of some of the London teachers. * * * * * It was not till several years later, till 1850 and 1851, that the Medical Schools in London established classes of practical chemistry." — *The Jubilee of the Chemical Society of London*, pp. 6-7.

grant of Rs. 23,000 for the purchase of indispensable apparatus and chemicals and sanctioned the erection of a temporary structure with corrugated iron roofing in the quadrangle of the college buildings, and this was fitted up for the purpose. A similar arrangement was made for the I.Sc. Practical Physics. The removal of the Physical, Physiological and Geological Departments to the new Baker Laboratory Buildings considerably lightened the congestion on the 'Arts' and Chemical side as the rooms vacated by the former were equally distributed between the latter. The one storeyed building on the northern side in which, as we have already seen, the entire Chemical Department was accommodated from 1874-1874, and which has since the present time been an adjunct of the Physical Department, has now reverted to the Chemical Department, and is being specially fitted up to meet the requirements of Physical Chemistry; whilst the entire wing on the ground floor, which was so long in the possession of Dr. Bose, has been fitted up at a cost of Rs. 40,000 to relieve the congestion in the M.Sc. classes, and also to afford better facilities for research work. The corrugated iron shed is not only an unseemly structure but in the summer months the heat is unbearable; and moreover, the quadrangle being thus blocked up, the ventilation of the ground floor has been seriously affected. The real solution of the difficulty lies in pulling down the old one-storied building and raising in its place a three-storied one. A scheme to this effect has already been submitted to Government.

It will thus be seen that the Chemical Department has made large strides, although judged by the standard of the most progressive countries in Europe, it may still be found to be wanting in some directions.

An illustrious Chemist thus eloquently advocates the claims of science on the attention of Government:—

"Enlightened countries at last comprehend that all scientific research is a battle to be won, and that every victory increases national power. Intelligent nations no longer deny to scientific men, worthy the name of Captain, either arms for the conquest, soldiers devoted to their cause, or subsidies for their maintenance. Science is no longer an unrecognised power, of which, nevertheless, much is expected; to-day, every government which does nothing for it must expect to be vanquished by rivals, and to receive the censure of posterity for its want of forethought."—J. B. DUMAS, "Faraday Lecture."

Thirty years ago, while a student at Edinburgh, I began to notice that original contributions by Japanese students of Science had become a prominent feature in the Journals of the London and Berlin Chemical

Societies. Here was an Asiatic people, who could scarcely look back to a glorious past, adding to the world's stock of knowledge; while India, the land of Buddha, which through the medium of China had contributed in no small degree to the civilization of Japan, was sleeping the sleep of ages. This thought had often filled me alternately with pangs of despair as also with emulation. It is a matter for sincere congratulation that contributions from our advanced post-graduate students now bulk largely in the pages of the Chemical Journals of England, Germany and America, and are beginning to shed lustre to the chemical laboratory of the Presidency College. It is not necessary to recount the names of the many past students who have worked here during the last twelve years, and some of whom are now holding chairs of Chemistry in Government Colleges of Bengal. I hope I shall be pardoned, however, if I give special prominence to the brilliant contributions of two of our latest toilers in the field—Messrs. Rasik Lal Datta and Nilratan Dhar—both of whom have shown conspicuous talents and marked originality; nor should I omit the name of Mr. Jitendranath Rakshit, who has recently been awarded a research grant by the London Chemical Society for his investigations on sodium di-acetamide etc.* When the history of the progress of chemical research in India comes to be written the names of these three zealous investigators will naturally occupy a conspicuous place.

I cannot conclude this article without recording my sincere gratitude and obligations to Principal James for the warm and abiding interest he has always taken in the affairs of the Chemical Department. The difficulties which beset the path of a research student in science in India are many and often prove to be well nigh insurmountable. Mr. James has always done his best to smooth the path of the young workers and offer facilities to them. The progress of recent chemical research at the Presidency College is thus destined to be closely associated with his name.

* How highly some of these researches are esteemed will be evident from the following extract:—

"J. N. Rakshit (J. Amer. Chem. Soc., 1914, 36, 1221-1222) failed in his attempt to prepare tetra-amino-methane by the reduction of tetra-nitro-methane with nickel-coated zinc and hydrochloric acid and also by tin and the latter acid, ammonia and guanidine being formed in each case. Two evidently appears to be the limit of the attachment of amino-groups to a single carbon atom, the additional nitrogen being usually present as a cyano- or imino-group."—*Vide "Notes on Recent Theory and Practice," by Herbert H. Hodgson, M.A., B.Sc., Ph.D.—The Chemical World, Nov. 1914.*

The Sixteenth Decisive Battle: Arts vs. Science.

IT was, I think, the fourth month of the year when, one day, breathless and excited, my friend P. rushed into my room and called my attention to a newspaper heading. The piece of news which it contained made my hair stand on end, my ears to tingle, my eyes to dilate, my muscles to quiver, my heart to throb, and last but not least it imparted an azure tint to the tip of my nose. To keep the anxious reader no longer in suspense, it ran thus—

Terrible Unrest.

Science declares war on Art.

A grand speech of Euclid.

For some time past, we had been hearing a good deal about the strained relations between the two branches of knowledge. But whatever doubts we had on the point were dispelled yesterday, when the practical scientists, considering debates to be mere vapour and waste of energy, sent an ultimatum to the Artists through Euclid and Ganot.

The men of Art accordingly summoned a great conclave to discuss the *modus operandi*, at such a critical condition of affairs. Shakespeare was elected president and sitting exalted on a high throne, raised by merit to that eminence, he opened the meeting thus—

‘Now say, thou Euclid, what would science with us?’

Obedient to the summons, Euclid rose to address the meeting. His head was a perfect circle, his nose a right-angled triangle, his middle parts a square with rectangular legs ending in two isosceles triangles of feet.

Putting on his spectacles, he began.

‘*Art is that which has position but no magnitude.* It is length without breadth, an



EUCLID

acute angle supplementary to the obtuse one of science. Though Art and Science may be said to be in the same plane of knowledge they are diametrically and vertically opposite to each other: like parallel straight lines they can never meet, however far they are produced in either direction. Of two magnitudes which cannot be made to coincide with one another, one must inevitably be greater than the other. Let it be granted that Science is superior to Art: it is a selfevident truth which though it requires no proof is capable of demonstration all the same. And we will establish the truth of this proposition *argumentum baculinum* in the event of an alternative opinion (but which is quite absurd on the foregoing enunciation of our superior position) *quod erat demonstrandum* at any cost.'

The learned ambassador sitting down amidst profound silence, Shakespeare, the president, rose to state the problem clearly before the meeting. He began,—

" Friends, Artists, Fellowmen, lend me your ears,
To fight or not to fight, that is the question.
Whether it is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The mocks and dynamites of outrageous Science
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them.
I pause for a reply."

Here Burke rose, and with a dignified cough by way of prelude, began,—

" It is now sixteen or seventeen seconds since I heard the speech of Mr. Euclid: and surely never came to our knowledge a more important mission. I flatter myself that I love a manly, moral, regulated warfare, as well as any gentleman of the scientific camp. *When I see the spirit of fighting in action, I see a strong principle at work*, and this, this, er (cough), this ahem.

Thundered Ganot at this stage,—
" When in direct infringement of the laws of Nature, two things are at the same place, at the same time, *there is sure to be friction productive of heat, light, fire, magnetism, and electricity.*"



He looked like a protuberant Rhumkorff's coil, vertically placed. He finished his speech with the quickness of a 62 h.p. locomotive



GANOT.

engine. The audience being galvanized with an e.m.f. of nearly 250 volts began to show various signs of energy. Burke raised a question as to "whether the right of uninterrupted speech was one of the fundamental rights of man or not, and if so he earnestly requested Ganot to show cause why he had interrupted him in order to go on effectively."

A warm debate ensued in which both the parties joined heartily. Their voices grew louder and louder. They came nearer and nearer to each other. And within a very short time they began to make use of words, not to be found in ordinary dictionaries. Seeing that the Hon. members had evi-

dently forgotten the King's English, and what was worse, that they were going to make a free use of their fists with a view to elucidate their points, the president rose to order.

When the tumult had a little subsided, Malthus proceeded to state that in this twentieth century of Christian knowledge, the number of Artists was increasing frightfully in geometrical progression. Everyone who is worth anything is now producing volumes. It has become absolutely necessary to check this growing spirit of authorship: and it is almost a divine dispensation that science has offered to undertake this work. He exhorted the audience not to miss this opportunity, for if Artists are allowed to multiply at this rate there will soon be a dearth of paper and pens.

Milton seconded Malthus and declared that his sentence was for open war. Wordsworth (Not Prof. W. C.), George Elliot and Addison opposed the motion.

The question was put to the vote and was carried with acclamation. Then Shakespeare said :

" Here we have war for war, blood for blod,
Controlment for controlment, so answer Science."

"The temperature of both parties being constant", answered Ganot, smiling, "the volume of the wild gas of your speech will vary inversely as the pressure we will exert upon it."

A volley of sharp retorts greeted him, as soon as he finished his speech.

Shak.—"Throw Physics to the dogs :

Avaunt and quit my sight, let the earth hide thee."

Milton.—"Hence loathe Science."

Dryden.—"Revenge. Revenge."

Tennyson.—"Not in this full frequence, can I lend full tongue,
Ignoble Science, to those thoughts,
That wait on you their centre."

Gray.—"Ruin seize thee, ruthless thing."

After having thus eased their minds, the followers of Art dispersed to prepare for the great battle, which, we learn, is going to be fought out, the day after, on the Land Debateable.

* * * * *

A bone-breaking journey of forty-nine hours in a cab brought me to the scene of action, a few hours before the memorable battle ; the fare was settled and paid after a lengthy discussion with the cabman, in the course of which I became profoundly impressed with his extensive stock of vocabulary, to say nothing of the admirable accent and gestures with which he eked them out.

There I learnt that Logic had been elected umpire, as it was both a science and an art and could not therefore side with any party. I also found Aristotle engaged in consoling his pupil Alexander, who with tears in his eyes was asking for permission to smash up both Art and Science.

There being no admission to the scientists' camp (except on business), I went over to the Arts side to see their preparations.

And what a sight met my eyes! Historians were sharpening their nibs and writing out huge folios which they meant to hurl at their opponents. Economists were raising up barriers of Protection in spite of a strong protest from some of their own camp who advocated free-fight. Philosophers were digging up unfathomable seas of thought to drown the poor scientists. With bows and arrows, the poets were practising to shoot under the direction of the son of Aphrodite..

Milton was earnestly calling upon Jehovah to come to their aid with his thunder. Comedians and humorists were busily engaged in

preparing side-splitting jokes, with a view to laugh the scientists out of their wits. Buskined tragedians were strutting and fretting about, to horrify their adversaries, to freeze their blood, and to harrow their souls. Satirists were quite ready with their cutting instruments, and the sculptors with their hammers and chisels. But above all this din of preparation and oratory, there could be heard the roaring of lions and tigers belonging to the zoological section of the army of science.

* * * * *

Precisely at the time appointed the trumpets sounded and the battle began in right earnest. But ere it was five minutes old, Euclid succeeded in finding the centre of Malthus's brain ; but the convex arc of the venerable geometrician's head was unexpectedly bisected by Diderot with a huge volume of the encyclopaedia. A Royal Bengal tiger came and carried off the gentle Lamb who was quite unprepared for an accident of this nature. Incensed at this shameful kidnapping, Shakespeare fell upon the zoological detachment with indescribable fury ; the armed rhinoceros, the Hyrcan tiger, the rugged Russian bear, all fled before him and in the hurly-burly and confusion of flight, they began a civil war among themselves. Taking advantage of this sudden reverse, the economists pressed forward and distributed blows freely from various standpoints - thus removing a great deal of the pressure of population upon the soil.

Shelley aimed a keen arrow at the heart of M. Ganot but found himself next moment in the powerful coils of Rhumkorff. Boyle put a pressure of fifteen atmospheres upon poor Byron, who sang swanlike and expired.

It is in fact almost impossible to give an accurate description of all the incidents of that memorable battle ; but the superior fighting power of Science soon became manifest, for with their heat and electricity, their long-toms and dynamite, they found no difficulty in cutting down their foes like sheafs of corn, as Wordsworth had anticipated. Newton voyaged through the seas of thought mentioned above and began to show how dissevered heads fall to the ground. On his way back he captured Homer and Molière and put them inside two Leyden jars : the tricks of the latter availed him nothing, while the wrath of the Father of epics was terrible to behold.

“Avenge the slaughtered saints,” cried Miton. Raving like the distant Tweed, Scott spurred on his prancing palfrey into the thick of the fight and was seen no more.

Chatterton committed suicide in despair. Archimedes effectively silenced Pythagoras and sent Dante to Purgatory, Virgil to Lake Avernus, Goethe to the land of Mephistopheles. But Gibbon succeeded in bringing about the decline and fall of Newton with a mortal pen-thrust.

The adherents of Art fought bravely but with their antiquated implements they were practically helpless before the dynamite and machine guns and howitzers of the up-to-date scientists. Things looked black for them—the scientists pressed on with a velocity that gained momentum every minute sanguine of a decisive victory, they shouted themselves hoarse. But suddenly their exultation was turned to wonder, as with starting eyes they all looked upward to the skies.

For the resourceful and quickbrained men of Art, finding themselves hemmed in from all quarters had soared up on the wings of imagination, and were now sailing away beyond the reach of dirigibles and aeroplanes, leaving their adversaries the undisputed masters of the field.

S. K. H.

Presidency College, 1910.



S. K. Haldar, M.A., I.C.S.

The College Athletic Club.

THE annual report of the Athletic Club for the year 1913-14, though not very cheerful reading, as the author of the report frankly confesses, furnishes grounds for reflection on matters which demand the earnest and immediate attention of every one interested in college athletics. That the Athletic Club is far from realizing its mission of providing for the adequate physical culture of our students and for inculcating the true spirit of sport among them is admitted on all hands. Failure in this direction may be due either to want of proper facilities or to incapacity in turning them to proper account. The report under review discusses both sides of the question from an impartial standpoint. "It is futile", says the report, "to goad at our men for not reaching in athletics the standard reached by St. Xavier's or Sibpore, which have grounds within sight of their class-rooms. * * * * * When it is remembered that many of our men in order to play a game on the Maidan have to walk there and walk back, the wonder is that any play there at all." *

This is one side of the picture, and circumstances being as they are, we cannot reasonably expect any great addition of athletic facilities in the near future. The other side of the picture holds up to our view discreditable defeats owing to *lack of practice and the failure of members to play when requested*. Defeats in themselves are not discreditable, for "it is really a small matter whether a college wins or loses provided it wins or loses well." To win all the intercollegiate trophies in football and cricket in one year, as for example in 1912-13, is a brilliant achievement of which we may be proud. But to lose all these trophies in the next year simply through lack of resolution and energy, as the report alleges, is indeed deplorable and is a sad commentary on the patriotism of our men, who, it has been said, "were never willing to play or practise when an attractive cup match of the type which has become so frequent in Calcutta of late years was taking place." "In the cricket season for a fortnight or more at Christmas owing to the

* "While the difficulties in the way of students are so many and regular athletic practice entails a daily walk of three miles or a daily expenditure of money for tram fare, it is not difficult to understand the fixed opinion of students, erroneous though it is, that in playing for their College team, they are conferring a great favour upon the College for which it ought to be duly grateful."

great attractiveness of the Colombo, Rangoon, Nattore and Calcutta teams which were then playing almost daily, our men scarcely played at all, and matches were ruthlessly scratched." This slackness continued, and at the end of the session no one played and it is doubted "whether any one—except the Captain and one or two others—cared." It is moreover stated that in the winter tour our men did not acquit themselves very creditably owing to internal dissension during its progress. True sportsmen do not attach much importance to victory or defeat in competition matches, but inglorious defeat through lack of practice, failure of members to play when requested, and above all through internal dissensions, if what has been alleged is true, is of course quite another thing and cannot be connived at or condoned on any consideration whatsoever.

On the other hand, in justice to our players we should recognize the difficulties they labour under. In the football season, the Association competitions have to be pushed through early in the rains, leaving little time for practice; while in the winter, the percentage peril and the approach of the examination divert the attention of even great enthusiasts from the field to the lecture hall.

Every one will admit "that the members of the cricket team have to give up something in order to maintain the cricket standard of the College at a high level." In view of the immense sacrifices that cricket involves in time, energy and money, is it desirable that this game suitable only to wealthy and leisured classes of society, should maintain its place in College athletics? From a broad standpoint it is of course but just, as has been suggested by many, that the College, instead of wasting so much money in training a few cricketers, should provide for more democratic forms of exercise and try to alter the really distressful fact "that very few members of the College take advantage of the Athletic Club at all."

Whether desirable or not, it is obvious that College cricket is destined to die a natural death in the near future. It is a significant fact that members of the cricket team played tennis in previous years when cricket practice was being carried on. The provision of new tennis courts near the College to meet the growing keenness of students for tennis, is fraught with important consequences for the future of cricket in College athletics. With these improved facilities tennis will attract a great number of players who perhaps will claim that much of the money now spent on cricket should be diverted to tennis.

In that case cricket can be kept alive only by means of a subscription from the wealthier students of the College—a possibility which perhaps does not come within the range of probability.

Germany, 1914.

Hers was the spirit once of holy zeal
 For truth and beauty, liberty and right.
 Her minstrels sang, her thinkers by the light
 Of transcendental vision did reveal
 The gleaming categories of the Real
 To Europe's dazzled eyes. And in the fight
 For Europe's freedom, see her Körner smite
 True blows with heart of flame and brand of steel!

Now she pays worship only to the pride
 Of insolent power. War's fell machinery
 Is now her work, her pastime, law and guide,
 No longer cares she to be wise and free:
 In bonds herself, she seeketh far and wide
 To bend, break, crush! Alas for Germany!

H. R. J.

Professor Armstrong on Scientific Education.

By JNAN CHANDRA GHOSH, *Sixth Year Class.*

THE course of lectures delivered in our College by Prof. Armstrong, as Reader to the University of Calcutta, is perhaps the most remarkable event of the present academic session. He was, as we all know, one among the band of the five eminent English Professors who were to come to Calcutta as Readers to the University. But the great war upset all arrangements, and Prof. Armstrong only came here, because, as he himself said in his reply to the address of welcome given by Dr. P. C. Ray, he felt a great curiosity to see this land of ancient civilization, and to learn what the Indians were doing.

The five lectures delivered by Prof. Armstrong were on the following subjects:—

(1) the Experimental Method, (2) the Choice of a Subject, (3) the Water Problem, (4) the Chemical Structure, and (5) the Chemistry of Enzymes.

Professor Armstrong is a great educationist. The address he delivered in Australia as the President of the section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, dealing with the problem of "Education", was the basis of his first three Calcutta lectures, which are applications of his general principles of education to the domain of Natural Science. In these lectures he laid down the principles on which the methods of science teaching should be based.

Professor Armstrong is a firm believer in laboratory work. He says that a man who wants to learn natural science without a laboratory, shares the fate of him who calls "oats" or "barley" to the door which only opens at the magic word "sesame." His conception of laboratory work is, however, quite different from the general run of our ideas. What is tremendously important about "natural science laboratory work" is that every student should always be a real discoverer, should always feel the emotions of a Columbus. He must not be made to verify a statement, or see the actual proof of a general principle by following the accepted methods of procedure. These are mere *demonstrations* and not *experiments*. Real laboratory work consists in the performance of experiments by students. An experiment is always an attempt to solve a question arising in the mind. It is *an answer to a call, and not the repetition of a known observation*. Prof. Armstrong himself gave an instance as to how experiments are to be carried out. Every one knows that iron rusts when left to the open air. A host of questions at once arises. Let us take one—Does the iron rust in absence of air? The solution of the question is obtained by observing what happens when clean iron nails are placed inside a bottle filled completely with water and well corked. But the water may contain air which is to be removed. This is done very simply by boiling the water. It is seen that iron remains perfectly clean under such conditions. The inference is that iron does not rust in absence of air, and that water alone does not rust iron. Here the student discovers his own fact, and this simple thing becomes a part of the student's mental machinery. This learning of scientific method, this aptitude of solving questions by direct appeals to nature, are the only points of fundamental importance.

The next thing that is demanded of a student in the laboratory is that he should be thinking all the time about the same matter not

from one, but from ten points of view. He should not be shown the finished edifice; but he should conceive it himself, construct the fragments part by part, and then bring them together to build up the harmonious whole. In our old problem, "the rusting of iron," we may take another simple question—Does the iron gain in weight when it rusts? For the purpose some clean iron nails are taken in a clean basin, and weighed in the balance. They are then left exposed to the air for some days, and again weighed. It will be found that the second weight is much greater than the first weight. The inference is that the iron gains in weight when it rusts. But, does it gain in weight in expense of the air in which it rusts? To solve the problem, the air in which iron rusts must be isolated from the rest of the atmosphere. This is done by taking a glass cylinder filled with air and inverting it over water. The water cuts off the communication between the air in the cylinder and the air outside. A gauge of iron wire is now fixed to a chip of wood and pushed through the water into the interior of the cylinder. As iron rusts, the level of water inside the cylinder rises. It is evident that something is absorbed by the iron from the air. In the next question—Does the iron absorb the whole of the air or only a part?—quantitative results are to be obtained for its solution. It is found that the water level inside the cylinder, in our previous experiment, does not rise indefinitely. It goes up to a certain height and there remains constant. Now, the relation between the total volume of air inside the cylinder, and that of the part which is absorbed, could easily be found out in the following way:—A greased glass plate is fixed firmly to the open end of the inverted cylinder which is kept *in situ*. The cylinder is now taken out of the basin of water, the glass plate preventing the outflow of water remaining in the cylinder. The volume of the water in the cylinder is now measured by means of a graduated glass vessel, similar to the well-known "measure glass" of the apothecary's shop. The total capacity of the cylinder is also measured in the same way, and it is always found that the volume of the water rising into the cylinder is one-fifth the total capacity of the cylinder. This one-fifth part of air has thus got properties quite distinct from the rest, and it is only this part that combines with iron when it rusts. This part of air is a chemical individual and we call it oxygen. We have thus got the general facts of the case. But we must try to penetrate deeper. The scientific mind will, however, try to know the exact conditions of rusting. Does pure iron rust when it is in contact with pure oxygen? We have been so far dealing with

simple things. But the preparation of pure substances requires the best thought of the most skilful investigator. It has been found by means of experiments which do not admit of very popular exposition that pure iron does not rust in pure oxygen. The question arises—What are the intermediaries whose presence is required for the rusting of iron? We know that air contains moisture. The cloud-laden atmosphere of Bengal especially dispels all doubts as regards the truth of that. Is moisture an intermediary? Many may feel interest to know the skill required in solving such problems; and the report of a recent investigation, though technical, may prove elucidating:—“Iron was obtained of a very high degree of purity by electrolysing purified ferric chloride, using iridium electrodes. The iron deposited was converted into ferric nitrate by means of very pure nitric acid and this salt repeatedly crystallized from nitric acid. The salt was ignited in an iridium boat and reduced to metal in hydrogen obtained by the only method which gives the gas in anything like a pure condition, namely, the electrolysis of a solution of carefully purified barium hydroxide. The iron was contained in a silica test tube which was enclosed in a tube of Jena glass. Water was distilled from a dilute solution of barium hydroxide, without actual boiling, through a trap, to prevent any possibility of the hydroxide being carried over. Oxygen prepared by the electrolysis of barium hydroxide which has been shown to be entirely free from all impurities, was admitted to the tube containing the iron. In these circumstances, the three substances, iron, water and oxygen, were found to be capable of contact without chemical action for some months. The inference therefore is that water is not the intermediary. We know that carbon dioxide is one of the constituents of the atmosphere. Is it one of the intermediaries? The solution of the problem requires extreme care, and it has not yet been settled. Taking up the simple phenomenon—the rusting of iron—we have proceeded by degrees from the solution of the simplest to that of one of the most complex questions that are occupying the attention of many keen investigators. We have seen that the last word on the subject is yet to be said. And in all this process, the following qualities of the scientific mind come prominently to our notice. He is not merely observing, measuring, and computing; he is reasoning and devising. He is not perverting facts; he is fair, observing the strictest rule of game even when his highest credit is at stake. He is scrupulously careful, and he cares for nothing but the truth.

Our Critics.

I AM not the editor of the *Presidency College Magazine*, fortunately. I mean fortunately for myself. But I dare say it is "fortunately" also for the magazine. I am only a candid friend of the editor's; and that sorely harassed public servant has made over to me a little sheaf of notes offering criticisms and suggestions concerning his first number. It is natural enough that there should be criticisms, and the editor actually invited 'suggestions.' Well he has got them: and more than he quite knows what to do with. For instance, there is the correspondent who thinks it would be so useful if the magazine would start a column of 'Notes and Queries'—to be a sort of *Crux Dubitantium*. And there is the correspondent who would like to see a few papers given monthly to 'Typical examination questions with answers.' Another would like a little space reserved for that good old-fashioned institution, Students' 'Doubts.' "Sir," the student would say "I have some 'doubts' in Tennyson's *Princess*, or in *Paradise Lost*, Bk. iv. or it might be in Carlyle's 'On Heroes.'" These may be called the Utilitarians. The best of this class of suggestions was undoubtedly that of the ingenious gentleman who proposes the printing of our professors' lecture-notes *verbatim*. We feel quite confident that in that direction would lie the path to fortune. Think of the competition among the students of all the colleges who do not enjoy the inestimable advantages which we at Presidency College revel in. Like the Athenians after the discovery of the Silver Mines at Laurium, when not only were all taxes remitted, but every free citizen received a substantial cash 'bonus' (or would have, if Themistocles, the Winston Churchill of those times, had not insisted upon building ships instead), our subscribers would not only have their magazine subscriptions *paid back*, but would, perhaps, receive in *addition* some small sum in ready money severally along with each number issued. It is a dazzling vision. But then it is only one side of the picture. There are others: one being the actions for infringement of copyright to which our indefatigable General Secretary and publisher would thereby render himself liable! No, on the whole I cannot advise the editor to adopt any of the suggestions of the Utilitarian School.

I am nearly overlooking one, the most practical of all, the suggestion that we should add to our other attractions a few pages of advertisements; and, what is more important, fill our war-chest with the

fees. Shall we establish ourselves financially by offering hospitality to advertisements of hair-oil and swadeshi perfumes, patent medicines, Messrs. Macmillan's serviceable text-books, and to those seductive annotations and summaries which offer to alleviate and brighten the tedious paths of learning? It is perhaps worth thinking of! On the other hand there is nothing whatever to be said for the suggestion, which nevertheless has been made in all seriousness, that 'whenever several members of the same family, brothers, cousins, uncles and nephews, and more are fellow students, they should be allowed to subscribe collectively at reduced rates, a sort of family ticket to admit four'! So much for the suggestions. The criticisms, as might be expected, have been numerous, and as various as they are ingenious. It is a perplexing fact, however, that they are, many of them, in flat contradiction one to another. One critic comments on the poor size of our first number. He expected something more like the Modern Review, or the Nineteenth Century. One pours scorn on the long lists of mere names. Another thinks that for equal subscriptions there ought to be equal rights and that *every* subscriber has a right to expect to find his name in each issue of the magazine at least once. One complains of the light and frivolous tone of some of the 'Notes', unbecoming the dignity of the "premier college" (it was inevitable that several of our friends would bring in that tag): another deprecates the monotonous sobriety of our sixty-four pages. Could we not find some one among the thousand or so members of the College capable of relieving this dead level of dullness by a 'humourous' article? I do not know whether this present article can be described as 'humourous,' but I do really believe your poor editor asked me to write it in the desperate hope that it might somehow in the execution take on something of that character!

Then there is the critic who would like the artistic standard of the magazine improved. He is quite in favour of block engravings, but he would have more of them; and he thinks the 'subjects' might have been 'more happily chosen.' We don't quite know what the man means! We thought we had chosen rather well and we offer our apologies to the Elliott Shield group, to Sir Gooroo Dass Banerjee and to the Principal! But there is no pleasing some people. And he is counter-balanced by another who does not see any use at all in illustrations and thinks their production waste of money.

Then there is the critic—in fact there have been several of him—who begins by remarking gracefully that students have to pay their subscriptions whether they wish to or not, and he really thinks that the

lads of this or that section of the community might have been better catered for. One of those choice spirits observes that while the magazine contains, no doubt, much of interest and merit, there is nothing which quite reaches down to the intellectual level of the 1st year class to which he apparently belongs. He admits that there is a considerable amount of 'very rich and high class food,' but does not accept this as suitable food for the delicate digestive powers of our babes. He wants some articles of an elementary character. Well, it is open to him to try his skill at supplying them! Then another pointedly draws our attention to a rule observed by our illustrious elder, the *Calcutta Review* (which we naturally feel is a model to us), severely excluding all verse. This critic is, however, nicely countered by another who would willingly sacrifice all the rest of our well-filled pages for the one page containing the poem '*Poplar, Beech and Weeping Willow*' which in his judgment outvalues all the rest put together!

No wonder your editor is carefully weighing the rival merits of Madhupur and Puri as health resorts, with a view to temporary retirement for the benefit of his health.

Aspects of Idealism in Life and Literature.—*contd.*

By V. R. RAO, B.A.

IN the transvaluation of values by the idealist, there is no object too mean or no being too hopeless: all is magnificence, as all is mystery; at the same time, all is certitude, as all is progression. In the positive utterance of the Idealist of Optimism sweeping all doubt and distrust before it in the swelling majesty of its very movement, "the evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound." And as even now "eternity affirms the conception of an hour," truth becomes stranger than fiction; 'Jove nods to Jove from behind each one of us'; and behold! every flower shines forth at once a fairy—every star a shekinah—every spot a sanctuary—every child a cherub—every 'tear' an 'amulet'—every sound of nature a strain of hosanna—every event of life a testament of providence—and, finally, in Swami Rama Thirtha's words, every day a New Year's Day, every eve a Christmas Eve! Cowper's 'dull matter' becomes woven on 'the roaring loom

of Time' into Goethe's 'living, visible garment of God.' Every sphere of man's thought and action becomes delved into a channel through which the Universal Mind flows—

"As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns."

That is the message of even so mechanical and matter-of-fact a realist as Pope. And how is the gulf bridged athwart these apparent contraries of condition between sinner and saint? We turn to the matchless lines of the Idealist of Evolution in which, speaking of "Faith beyond the forms of Faith," 'the Ancient Sage' declares:

"She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the Worst,
She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,
She spies the summer thro' the winter bud,
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,
She hears the lark within the songless egg
She finds the fountain where they wail'd 'Mirage!'"

Consequently, that endless 'reclassification' and 'reassessment' which rules out all 'permanent settlement' in the domain of idealism knows no 'depressed classes' of humanity too depressed to be elevated, no abandoned sinners too far abandoned to be reclaimed. On the other hand, the scum of society are already themselves so far saved as to become the saviours of mankind; and the very rubbish of the earth is seen only as the raw material of the more than royal robes of the lilies of the field. To crown all, with the fading of that ever-evanescing line between the *esse* and the *posse*, humanity becomes transubstantiated into divinity, as divinity itself comes to be translated into humanity—man the manifestation of God, and God the Perfection of man. Thus the *jeeváthma* avers '*Ahum Brahmásmiti*'; and the Son (not the Saviour!) announces, 'I and my Father are one.' Such is the universal doctrine and the eternal sacrament of the Eucharist in the Catholic Church of Idealism.

If, then, I am a true idealist as a teacher of youth, my pupil becomes to me, not a mere plastic piece of clay in my hands, but the inheritor and improver even now of the modest estate of my mind, a fellow-pupil with me at the feet of the Master of all wisdom. Likewise, if you are a genuine idealist in the relation of a householder, you no longer find at home the ready gratifier of your animal appetites or the secure steward of your domestic economy, but "the woman-soul that leadeth you upward and on," even as Faust is led into heaven by the very woman he has wronged, the glorified Margaret. Again, the

politician "with a heart alive like Memnon's lyre" to the quickening touch of idealism cannot be, as in that Elizabethan definition given in the *Duchess of Malfi*, "a quilted anvil for the Devil"; but he must regard himself as, by the only 'divine right' of 'the people's will,' the faithful trustee of their liberties, after the Victorian traditions of a Bright who held fast to the maxim that righteousness alone exalteth a nation and a Gladstone who kept the soul alive in the public life of Britain. Similarly, the minister of religion throbbing with a heart pregnant with the celestial fire of idealism fulfils himself in that holiest of vocations, not as an official oracle from a veiled God unto His blind seekers, nor an authorized arbiter between an offended Deity and His condemned children, but as a living witness to a Gospel that is universal and a Grace that is individual. Lastly, the poet mounted upon the Parnassian peak of idealism is distanced out from the versifier in the valley—at best, 'the idle singer of an empty day'—and, there, is endowed with both the vision and the faculty divine which make him at once the dreamer of dreams and the singer of songs. And such the songs he sings that to him alone applies the old claim about making the songs of a nation, no matter whoever should frame her laws.

Indeed, it is poetry, perhaps, more than any of the other arts, that links into one orb the two hemispheres of the ideal and the actual—the one the source of its inspiration, the other the field of its influence. Whoever, for instance, from the point of view of its purity or of its efficacy, can lower or limit down the idealism that, in no dilettante spirit or doctrinaire style, breathes, and breathes with wonderful effect of animation, through the poetry of Wordsworth and Shelley or the prose-poetry of Carlyle and Emerson? Poet-philosophers are these, one and all, in whom poetry and philosophy meet and merge at the angle of idealism, and Julius Hare's judgment that 'poetry is philosophy, and philosophy is poetry' is made good in the light of Henry Jones's valid conception of idealism as "that particular form of philosophy which is most in touch with our modern life and most akin to the poetry in which that life has found its best expression."

In the case, especially, of Shelley, 'sun-treader', as he is called by Browning, his profound admirer—Shelley, the idealist *par excellence*, commonly charged with shadowy insubstantiality—is it not true, however, that, if he was a 'changeling from the land of fairy'; he was, at the same time, the child of such a concrete, convulsive movement as the French Revolution? Nay, what was his one theme throughout, if not the Revolution itself set to music—*Queen Mab* declaring its

principles, though with the unripeness of the iconoclast; *the Revolt of Islam* setting forth the sacrificial struggles incident to them; and *Prometheus Unbound* sounding the final pæan of their triumph in the deliverance of the enchained human spirit? Surely, Shelley's idealism was, as true idealism cannot but be, always practical in its own way: aye, his was too intensely practical. His whole life, full of the wild 'storm and turbulence' of his own West Wind, was one grim effort of fanatic heroism to consistently translate all his idealism into practicality. One may recognize a picture of Shelley himself in his own superb description of

" a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

Indeed, with all his 'egregious practical energy', so called, Shelley is his own 'Defence of Poetry' incarnate—the poetry that "strengthens the faculty which is the organ of the moral nature of man, in the same manner as exercise strengthens a limb." 'Beautiful' beyond question but 'ineffectual' by no means, whether in the conduct of his life or in the influence of his teaching, is this 'angel'; and not altogether 'in vain' did he beat 'in the void his luminous wings.' In Shelley, no doubt, we see the spirit that etherealized, almost volatilized, all sense-impressions and rose on its wings to the Invisible, like his own Sky-lark soaring as it sings and still singing as it soars. But, nevertheless, and, in fact, through that very circumstance, did he not toil with all his might to objectify the inward 'Merlin's gleam' he caught of a renovated humanity? Yes, and that was what made him essentially the poet of the assured future in the living present. This is how he celebrates the millennium, in which "Hope creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates":

" The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn :
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

" A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far ;
A new Peneus rolls its fountains
Against the morning star ;
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

“ A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
 Fraught with a later prize ;
 Another Orpheus sings again,
 And loves, and weeps, and dies ;
 A new Ulysses leaves once more
 Calypso for his native shore.”

One thing to be observed is that, as the ideal must be realized in the actual, so the realization is rightly held to embrace, not the individual alone, but the entire race—a note which Wordsworth, that other minstrel of ‘joy in widest commonalty spread,’ also strikes in ringing tones :

“ Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
 Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind.”

For, so far as the Western world is concerned, the conception of *man* as against *men*—the unity and solidarity of the race, overstepping the self, the family, the tribe and the nation—constituted the main lesson of the French Revolution to the idealists of that generation. In fact, in no age has the true idealist consented to look to the self and leave his kind alone, or to concentrate upon one sphere, to the exclusion of the other spheres, of life. To him humanity is one, life is one. Rooted as he knows himself to be in the primal elements of common human nature, he owns for the rule of his growth this inviolable law of spiritual biology, namely, ‘ I am a man, and what is dear to any man cannot but be dear to me ; also, what is dear to me must be far from perfectly dear even to me, while there remains one other man to whom it has yet to be made dear. I cannot choose but realize myself, if at all, in and through my wife and children, my friends and neighbours, my co-citizens and fellow-countrymen, my brother-men and sister-women.’

It is worthy of note how the *Bhagavad Gita* and Wordsworth’s *Excursion* furnish highly suggestive parallels in their teaching on this subject of the higher life of idealism, its practical relations and social obligations. Arjuna, in his *vishádayógam* on the field of Kurukshetra, cowers before the categorical imperative of the higher social duty, bound down as he is by the transitory ties of kinship and kept back by dread of the immediate result of bloodshed through his supposed personal agency. The Solitary, in his ‘despondency’ bred by the so-called afflictions of private life and the apparent failure of movements of public hope, renounces human fellowship and divine faith and retires into seclusion and scepticism. Then, both for Arjuna and the Solitary, the lost paradise of duty and society is regained by

almost the same course of steps—firstly, *viswariúpasandarsanayógam* in the one case and ‘the apocalypse of Nature’ in the other; and, secondly, following upon the vision beatific, the revelation of the Law Divine, as unto Moses upon the Mount of Sinai. Sri Krishna urges the denial of death as against the fear of the sin of murder and the loss of kinsmen, detachment from the consequences of action as against the sway of the passion of effects, and the immersion of the self in the Higher Self as against the independence of the soul.

“ *Avinásithuthadwiddhi Yénasarvamidam thatham
Vinásamavyayayashásya nakaschith karthumarhathi ||
Mathkarmakrunmathparamó mathbhakthassangavarjithah
Nirvyrassarvabhútheshu yassamámethi Pándava ||*

So, too, in the churchyard among the mountains, the Wanderer and the Pastor, in their turn, meet the requirements of the case before them by expounding the exquisitely-ordered interrelation between Nature and Man and between Man and Man and by inculcating, through ‘the short and simple annals of the poor,’ the lessons of trustful resignation and social intercourse in words like these :

“ The man—
Who, in this spirit, communes with the forms
Of Nature, who with understanding heart
Both knows and loves such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred—needs must feel
The joy of that pure principle of love
So deeply that, unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow-natures and a kindred joy.”

Again,

“ One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.”

Once more,

“ Life, I repeat, is energy of love
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation; and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass
Through shades and silent rest to endless joy.”

Thus it would be no less easy than tempting to multiply passages of close parallelism which show how the corrective to despondency in both instances is drawn from the self-same source of idealism, "the heart within the heart." And, but for its indubitably smaller canvas and lighter colour, we might even go so far, perhaps, as to designate Wordsworth's philosophical poem as the Western replica of the *Song Celestial. Prophet of Nature*,

"The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being"—

celebrant of Duty, 'Stern Daughter of the Voice of God'—realist with 'the eye of a field-geologist'—idealist compelled often, even as a boy, 'to grasp at a wall or a tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism'—what words can appraise the worth of Wordsworth's message to Modern India, verily

"a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring and reprove"?

Literary illustration along this line, confined to the paramount primates among the Neo-Romantics with a distinctive life-philosophy of their own, should scarcely miss Keats—less the poet-philosopher than the painter-poet, with his "Oh for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts!" and despite his

"great end
Of poesy, that it should be a friend
To soothe the cares, and lift the thoughts of men"—

and Byron, too—that 'chief traitor in the Romantic camp,' more the subtle sentimentalist that the spiritual idealist even in his 'language of another world' learnt in Nature's 'familiar face' his passion for 'the gentle savage of the wild' and his worship of the 'Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind.' Our thoughts, then, on idealism and how the ideal ever moves in advance, luring on the actual behind, and the actual gropes its way forward with a succession of risings and fallings towards the ideal, may fitly conclude with those lines of allegory, as precious as precocious, which we owe to Coleridge, 'the subtle-souled psychologist', 'of imagination all compact', than whom no other metaphysical thinker of the age attained a firmer grasp of the inter-relation between the actual and the ideal:

"On the wide level of a mountain's head
(I knew not where, but 'twas some fairy place)
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
Two lovely children run an endless race,

A sister and a brother !
 That far outstripp'd the other ;
 Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
 And looks and listens for the boy behind ;
 For he, alas ! is blind ;
 O'er rough and smooth with even step he pass'd,
 And knows not whether he be first or last."

So the actual is blind by itself: it sees, if at all, through a glass darkly. But when that which is perfect in us is come, it is able to see vividly and walk confidently by the light of the ideal. For everywhere idealism begets the vision of light ; light begets the word of hope ; and hope begets the enthusiasm of humanity. Dream, declaration and deed thus follow—all as the progeny of idealism. In his self-expression, the idealist reproduces himself, first, in the seer, whose eye sees the 'dream' visualized before it ; next, in the prophet, whose lips pour forth the 'declaration' to the world ; and, lastly, in the reformer, whose hand remoulds the 'deed' of his environment. Hence it is that, by a natural law of limitation which leaves the dream larger, and the deed more particular, than the declaration, the reformer comes to be national in his methods, while he must be universal in his aims. The true reformer, then, is he who strives evermore to idealize the conditions of life, personal, domestic and social, intellectual, æsthetic, moral and spiritual, in relation to the peculiar genius and culture of his race but always with an eye to the broadening elements of the universal. Many are called, but few are chosen ; many are the builders, but few the architects ; and manifold the materials, both among the old and the new, rejected by the realism of the builders but all too highly prized—wisely conserved or valiantly welcomed—by the idealism of the architects ! Can we, therefore, too diligently assimilate the spirit of "the devout Mussalman who picks up and carefully preserves every scrap of paper on which words are written, because the scrap may perchance contain the name of Allah" ? Thus the saying that the stone rejected of the builders becomes the corner-stone of the edifice embodies a beautiful sentence-parable on the theme of the actual and the ideal and carries in it an unspeakable encouragement as well as a terrible warning. Blessed are they that make its lesson their own and need not the warning but benefit by the encouragement ! For, after all, that is the part of idealism in life reflected in, and reinforced by, all the idealism in literature, using the terms, of course, in their larger meaning.

To sum up, in closing, the practical implications of these terms.

If it is idealism that detects the soul of good in things evil and reconciles the troubled spirit to the appointments of life ; if it is idealism that discloses the promise and potency of the least little elements of society and braces up the downcast spirit with the Larger Hope ; if it is idealism that whispers, ' Fear not the future, weep not for the past,' and moves the conservative spirit towards the gaol of vaster progress in the time to come, ' winning the ears to dare be now glorious and great and calm ' ; then it must be conceded that no subject is more intimately connected with the cause and the cure of Mother India's degeneracy. As idealism has ebbed away from the practical life of the nation, it has spelled that disappearance of the large outlook and the liberal temper and that domination of fatalism and inertness which sadly form the all too patent marks of present-day Hindu life. Too prompt to proclaim the sublime idealism of our past, we have become too slow to own the crass realism of our present. But the lamentable fact remains that we have succeeded in making ourselves no less materialistic than the people of the West are assumed to be, but only without their redeeming features. As it is, nought but the wings of a healthy idealism can put into us that spring and elasticity which we lack in life. An appeal this which goes home, in particular, to youth, who form our band of hope and who must understand betimes that liberal education is only another name for cultivated idealism.

Again, if literature is singled out as the vehicle of idealism, it is not simply because every student has to do with literature who may not be fortunate enough to bring the other forms of art as well within his reach ; but chiefly because, as a formative force embodying the ideal in words, it is distinctly a more direct and suggestive, plastic and permanent, organ of unseen beauty and unheard harmony than the creations of wood, stone, paint or breath. For, as rightly pointed out by Shelley "language is arbitrarily produced by the imagination, and has relation to thoughts alone ; but all other materials, instruments and conditions of art have relations among each other which limit and interpose between conception and expression." All true art is designed, not by any means to photograph the realistic, but certainly to foreshadow the idealistic. Those 'plans and charts,' little or large, so busily and perpetually shaped, not alone by the 'six years' darling of a pigmy size', as the famous Ode on Immortality would have it, but equally also by adult men, who are, after all, but children of a larger growth—what are all those designs and devices, if not so many 'fragments from our *dream of human life*' ? It is but hollow cant that con-

veys praise in the common phrases, 'true to life', 'true to nature', since, after all, exact reproduction is something foreign to life and nature. Even otherwise, is it, for instance, the reproduction of heard melodies and not, rather, the adumbration of far sweeter melodies unheard that makes music carry us to the very edge of the infinite? But less impalpable, more enduring and susceptible of more varied and delicate combinations, than passing sound is the witchery of recorded words, the charm of literature, handed down through the generations in the magic casement of books—the 'Kings' Treasuries' of Ruskin. Is there less truth, then, in Wordsworth's indictment that "to be incapable of a feeling for poetry.....is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God" than in Shakespeare's verdict of fitness for 'treasons, stratagems and spoils' against

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds"?

Nay, not so, if poetry is indeed 'the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge.' How subtle, therefore, the symbolism which conceives of the goddess of music as also the goddess of letters; and, again, how sound the wisdom which ranks the production of a poem as among the *sapthasanthánás*—in fact, the most immortal and immortalizing of all offspring! We engage in the pursuit of literature to little purpose, unless we seek in it the fountain and feeder of idealism; and only thus do we come to recognize a Kalidasa, a Dante and a Shakespeare as among earth's truest benefactors—the very 'makers' of the race in the deepest sense; 'the unacknowledged legislators of the world,' as Shelley, their kinsman, would christen them.

Thus to fuse and frame life, literature, art and all into the noblest ends of ideal being—"this is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!" For, in the spirit of that modernism which is to lead to the altar of the Church of the Spirit, howsoever labelled, the better mind and heart of all the children of men from pole to pole, this is even the fruition of *religion in every-day life* out of the fulness of the Concrete Universal!

Om Thathsath!



Hardinge, *Viceroy and Governor-General of India.*

His head he did not bow: he did not bend
 Nor falter, when the felon missile, thrown
 By dastard treachery, rived him to the bone.
 Steadfast he held his place, firm to defend
 His great imperial mission to the end,
 And keep the trust laid on him; not alone,
 While at his side, with courage like his own,
 Was one to comfort, strengthen, soothe and tend.

But when with deadlier stroke Fate's iron mace
 Smote twice upon his heart-strings, blow on blow,
 In lone bereavement twice his head he bowed
 Proudly beneath the hand of God: and proud,
 Uplifted by the extremity of woe,
 With matchless constancy, still kept his place.

Philately.

— — —
 By J., *Sixth Year Class.*

PHILATELY or the art of stamp-collecting is a most interesting hobby. It is practised throughout the civilized world on an extensive scale, and has given rise to a new trade—that of selling stamps, stamp-albums, etc. The magnitude of this trade can be guessed from the fact that a single company in London has a capital of over £90,000. This is only possible because some stamps, rare or misprints (such as the Italian 15 centesimi printed on the paper intended for 20 centesimi stamps), or because used for particular purposes or occasions (such as the Indian stamps surcharged C.E.F., i.e. Chinese Expeditionary Force), fetch enormously high prices; and because the number of stamp-collectors is already very large and increasing daily. It is an almost everyday occurrence in the Philatelic world to find fine specimens of rare stamps sold at prices considerably higher than £100. The British Guiana 1 cent crimson stamps always sell at not less than £500.

And yet Philately is very young; it being not more than 75 years ago, when first stamps in the world were issued in England in 1840 by Sir Rowland Hill. It is almost an infant compared with the sister practices of coin-collecting and china-collecting.

Traces of coin-collecting during the Roman Emperors are found; so it is at least 2000 years old. That china-collecting is several centuries old, we need not repeat. But Philately though young, is progressing rapidly.

Though stamps were used in England since 1840, most countries did not have stamps before 1849. Stamp-collecting might have been started from this time; but when it began exactly we do not know. The first collections, about which we have authentic records were started by a Paris schoolmaster in this way. He asked his pupils to gum stamps of different countries on the margin of the maps of those countries in their school atlases. Most authorities think that the oldest existing collections were begun between 1853 and 1860. From 1862, we find regular stamp-collections. The French were first to make systematic collections with regard to such minutiae as the different shades of colour, different water-marks, different perforations, different border-marks, etc. From Strassburg was published the first catalogue of all stamps printed up to that time. Baron Jules P. von Fenary of Paris has the largest collection of both used and unused stamps. It has cost the owner at least £250,000, and its present value is immensely greater. Next to it is the collection of the British Museum. Such high personages as King George V, and the Earl of Crawford, are stamp-collectors. It has been estimated that the total number of different sorts of stamps now current in the world is about 24,000. The total number of stamps ever printed is estimated by various writers at from 150,000 to 200,000. Some think the number to be still higher.

Though stamps, like coins or medals cannot tell us of long forgotten kingdoms or kings or memorable events, and cannot like them decide doubts about some events; still they remind us of many things, which we are apt to forget ordinarily. A half-anna stamp surcharged $\frac{1}{4}$ and bearing the post-mark of '04 reminds us that there was a scarcity of 3 pice stamps in 1904. The Mafeking siege number tells us that there was a siege of that place. How many of us do really know that there was a small short-lived republic in Zululand in the middle eighties? But a stamp in an ordinary collection will tell us that there was New Republic, the South Africa of the Boers. The Tasmanian stamps will tell us that there are waterfalls and beautiful lakes

in that island. The Imperial War Relief Stamps now issued in Mysore will tell to future generations that the peoples of India endeavoured to help the soldiers, who died for the Empire, in every possible way. Stamps are "medals printed on paper."

Nor does the value of stamps lie in simply reminding us of particular places or particular events; collecting them and arranging them does one good in various ways. They give a scientific training. To collect them requires patience; to arrange them, one has to observe carefully various details and niceties, such as different spacings of perforations, different rulings, etc. ; and in arranging them systematically one easily gets a scientific habit—a habit which has been praised by all great men from Huxley downwards.

The hobby, therefore, not only gives us pleasure, but teaches us very valuable habits in an easy way.

May Day on the Yarra Bank.

EVERY Indian who has been on a visit to England must have seen some of those open-air meetings which take place in Hyde Park, on Sunday afternoons, attended mainly by the working classes, who acquire in them a great deal of information—or misinformation as the case may be—on political, moral, and religious subjects. Socialistic and atheistic propagandists, as well as their opponents, find Hyde Park a stump-orator's paradise. Similar meetings also take place in the great open space of the large cities of Australia, and as it was my good fortune once to be present at such a gathering, I have dug into the recesses of my memory, and reproduce my impressions for the benefit of the readers of the *Presidency College Magazine*.

There is in Melbourne a street called Collins, of famous renown. At right angles to this runs Swanston Street. Turn down this street when it crosses Collins Street, and it speedily brings you to a bridge over the Yarra River. Not far from this bridge, on the river-side, stands the Hyde Park of Melbourne, called Yarra Bank.

Sunday, May 1st, 1910, all was commotion there. The bare open unadorned space where a great crowd had assembled, looked in the distance like one black mass, sprinkled with splashes of red. I scented at once either the socialist or the salvationist orator, and hastened towards the red flags. There was the merest trace of autumn in the air on that my first May day under the Southern Cross, and I was very glad

to be wearing an overcoat. But as I crushed in amongst the surging crowds I very soon divested myself of it, or I should have well nigh suffocated.

I gazed around and noticed, as I expected, that the orators who were addressing the crowd fell into two main classes—those who wanted a new earth, and those who were content with the old heaven.

“We must rely, friends, we must rely on the moral sense of the community.” Over the worn-out wizened orator streamed in the wind a blood-red banner, inscribed with the one word “Anarchy.” Anything more unlike an anarchist than the pale and weary orator, or the crowd he had gathered round him, it would be difficult to conceive. But of course he and his supporters were philosophic anarchists, who desire peacefully to do away with all governments, not to overthrow any particular one. “We must,” he continues, “do away with governments; we must abolish—.” “’Ow about criminals, Fleming?” asks an enquiring listener, interrupting him. “There won’t be any criminals then; you see—” But this evasion of the question annoyed the audience; and a hundred lusty throats proclaimed the fact that they had heard enough by shouting, quite irrelevantly, but quite successfully, “Are we downhearted? No, no, no!” In his turn the orator became annoyed; and seeing that the disturbers were mostly youths of the hooligan class (called larrikins in Australia), and that there really were some who desired to hear what he had to say on peaceful philosophic anarchism, he adopted the very unanarchistic course of appealing to a policeman! The quick-witted Australians immediately saw the humour of this; and the last I saw of the champion of anarchy was a very annoyed-looking man being escorted off the field with lowered flag by the protecting help of mounted police! It was put to him that there would be no police to protect him in the anarchistic state; but he had his answer, for there will equally be no criminals!

I moved onwards. “We demand the Social Revolution” floated over a second orator’s head, emblazoned on a red flag. And here we got it red hot, and the red heat was instructive. Australia at the April elections of 1910 put a Labour Government in power with a substantial majority. And curiously enough in this orator’s speech there was no gladness at the fact. Rather, he bitterly attacked the Labour Party. And why? We soon heard why. Had not the Labour Party, though some of its leaders let it be known that now that it was in power, it proposed to represent all parties and classes, not one class only. “What in the name of heaven or earth,” cries the grey man on the stool, “is a

Labour Party, if not a class party?" Finally in the midst of bitter invective comes the second secret. Hitherto on previous May days, Labour M.P.'s have stood shoulder to shoulder with the red-flaggers and spoken under their banner. To-day, in the pride and confidence of power, there is not one. *Hinc illae lacrimae!*

And now a third secret evolved itself out of the darkness of my slowly awakening consciousness. Why, I asked, were there no labour members? The fact was that the Labour Party was pledged to universal military training for defence, and the socialists were fighting it tooth and nail. "Militarism" was the target at which the socialist tilted his lance. Four years ago, the average Australian had not got over the shock of Russia's defeat by Japan, and his newspaper talked much to him about the yellow peril, meaning thereby Japan now, and China later. And so Labour decided to put up with mild conscription. But the socialists did not like it. An erstwhile Labour Member of the Federal Parliament was on the spot, and took up the cudgels on behalf of the Labour Government's Military Policy. He was, however, heckled by a top-hatted Socialist as to Militarism. The Labourite ex-M.P. fought manfully. "Didn't I say such and such in the 'Ouse," he says, "on this very Military-ism question? Isn't what I said in 'Ansard?'" And then he makes a supposition. "Suppose France, Germany and Russia say to Japan, 'We want a go at old John Bull. If you'll keep quiet, you shall have Australia,' what can we do, if we aren't trained? England can't help us then." But the anti-militarist was obdurate. "No one can attack us or is likely to." A collarless individual in the crowd took up the argument. "Suppose I get a rifle and shoot my fellow creatures. I ain't fighting for myself, I'm only fighting for the capitalist." And the original socialist orator still on the stump chimed in, "Why should you working men fight? What's the good of saying you are fighting for Australia, when not a flower-pot of Australia belongs to you?" And then the ex-Labour man talks sense, "If ever you fight the Japs, it'll be on the emigration question. In Japan they live on 2d. a day, and they'll live on twopence a day in Australia, if you let them settle here. Once they are here, they'll undersell you in the labour market, and then what becomes of your eight or six hour day which you are always talking of. Military defence is a vital working man's question." The collarless individual was still stubborn. "Fighting's wrong," he said. "Don't you lock your door at night?" asked the Labour man. "Don't you stop and fight a thief who comes for your coat?" "No, I don't," said the collarless one. "I say:

'Take it : you need it more than I do.' " Whereupon the crowd laughed scornfully. But the collarless one immediately took off his coat and thrust it upon the ex-M.P., much to the latter's embarrassment, since it not only clinched the argument of the collarless one, but the coat itself was very old and dirty.

Finally I turned to the religious speakers. A very prosperous local butcher was vociferously and rather unctuously proclaiming his adherence to a certain commonplace of Protestant theology. His audience was not very appreciative. A haggard-looking young fellow, rather like a seedy down-on-his luck Byron, pushed his way through the crowd and seized the orator by the arm. "Say, butcher, what do you think about Rent, Profit, Interest?" "About what?" says the worthy man. "About Rent, Profit, Interest." "I don't think anything about them ; what have they got to do with religion?" "Well, you see," says the haggard Byronic one, "we think Rent, Profit and Interest are the cause of most of the evil in the world, and we want to eliminate them ; you ought to tell us your attitude to them." But the orator vigorously denied any knowledge of such things, and went on to tell us what Tas-eye-tus and Ply-knee have to say about the early Christians.

I came away marvelling at the argumentative powers of the Anglo-Saxon race under the southern sky. And as I went out of the park two scraps of oratory floated to me on the wind :

"Herbert Spencer came from Derby, and so do I."

"The Labour Party will give us workers' amelioration.

We don't want it ; what we want is not
AMELIORATION, but EMANCIPATION!"

I looked back on the curve of the Yarra ; and as I did so, I recalled with a sort of mild surprise and wonder the fact that little over eighty years had passed since this stream on whose banks is now thrashed out every problem in earth or heaven, was a river winding through uncleared bush, in the midst of which the degraded aboriginal wandered and sought for edible worms in rotted bark.

E. F. O.



The late Professor J. A. Cunningham.

A tablet inserted in the wall at the top of the first flight of steps in the Baker Laboratory Building in honour of the late Professor John Arthur Cunningham was unveiled by Dr. Deva Prasad Sarvadikari on the 24th of November, 1914. Sir Gurudas Banerjea, Dr. Sures Prasad Sarbadhikari, Mr. Bhupendra Nath Bose, Dr. Nil Ratan Sarkar, and other ladies and gentlemen, and about a hundred students, including the various class representatives, were present. The proceedings were marked by a good deal of emotion.

Before unveiling the tablet Dr. Sarvadikari spoke as follows:—

“I am very thankful for the high honour you have conferred upon me by asking me to take part on this melancholy occasion. It is an occasion replete with stimulating and elevating effect, and I sincerely trust that such effect will fully ensue. We have come together to honour Professor Cunningham’s memory, which is not so much of an honour to him as to us; in no less degree is it a profit also. Professor Cunningham, whose tragically sudden and unexpected death was universally mourned, was intensely respected as a Professor and as a man. And how dearly he was loved by those who enjoyed the inestimable privilege of his friendship or intimate acquaintance must be fresh in the minds of many of you. He was an educationist in no narrow and restricted sense of the term, but it was ever his determined and deliberate effort to broaden the basis of education, to widen its sphere and enlarge the outlook altogether. His objective was not merely to make his students adepts in chemistry, but also to make them, if possible, past masters in that beautiful alchemy, little in vogue now-a-days, alas, amidst atmosphere of so-called culture, that truly ennobles life and makes a man of a learner and not a mere speculating machine. Intense earnestness and singleness of purpose, almost regardless of consequences, was the key-note of his life. One of the devoted band of educational workers that succeeded in inspiring and encouraging others, he fearlessly took his ideas outside the college walls into the larger world that must necessarily shape college and university thoughts and ideals. If he did not uniformly succeed he laid sure foundation for the success of future workers as must be gratefully acknowledged by all

engaged in the same line of work. As an active Member of the Senate, as an indefatigable adviser of colleges, in fact, as one of the Pioneer Inspectors, he helped in raising the standard of scientific teaching in our colleges without unduly taxing their slender resources. The debt of gratitude of our educational world to him was therefore heavy and hard to repay. Added to this his genuine, warm, unconventional and unalterable sympathy for Bengal and Bengalees, for Bengali students, men and institutions constitutes an immensity of claims to our gratitude that I am ill able to express. He freely mingled with student-life in all its phases, and there was no more estimable and lovable a colleague. It was a real wrench to his friends here when his questionable promotion from his chair of Chemistry to the unfamiliar Inspectorate took him away from our midst. But we all expectantly looked forward to his early return to his larger sphere of usefulness. That, however, alas, was not to be, and he fell a ready prey to his martyr-like zeal. With characteristic earnestness and thoroughness he threw himself into his new work in the Chota Nagpur wilds. The most distant and inaccessible of outlying jungle schools was a matter of as keen an interest to him as the best equipped of model Institutions destined to wipe out the Presidency College. From one of these trying journeys he returned, made himself ill and passed away with agonizing quickness that over-powered us all. I have a painful recollection of the telegram announcing his death coming in at the Presidency College Governing Body meeting in Mr. Küchler's room at the Secretariat, almost about the same moment when we were considering as to when we could have him back to the college that was expectantly awaiting his return. It was, however, otherwise writ, and we were left to mourn his loss. Verily the good whom the gods love, die early.

"How deeply the loss was mourned many of you will remember. The Presidency College men have never failed in showing attachment to Professors that have earned it; the older men will remember how Professors Paulson and McCan were esteemed and how their memory was honoured. It was only the other day that I was privileged to be present at a similar ceremonial at the College Library when a tablet was unveiled by Principal James in memory of Professor Binayendra Nath Sen. Other tablets in the College Library testify the same spirit, which is an honour alike to the College and to students and a distinct incentive for those whose work is of the same kind as that of the honoured dead. This is not the least of the aspects of these functions, and no college need have apprehensions for its future where the relationship between students

and Professors is nearly as warm as that between Professor Cunningham and his students.

“ How well esteemed he was by those among whom his lot was cast, but away from whom also he died, has come to be known in his distant home. His fond father and his loving sister would have melancholy pleasure in to-day’s belated proceedings, and they would be pleased to hear of your further resolve to perpetuate his memory in connection with the University with which he was so thoroughly identified. Dr. P. C. Ray and myself during our stay in London made many endeavours to get a good photograph of his so that his bright, manly, cheery yet austere features could be preserved on canvas. Though his sister readily co-operated, our efforts failed. If we have not succeeded in securing this conventional and evanescent memorial, it is doubly our duty to further, as far as in us lies, the good work that sanctified his life and endeared him to all.”

After Dr. Sarvadhikari had unveiled the tablet, Mr. James said:—

“ This is no ordinary occasion. I speak with some difficulty; forgive me please if I do it badly.

“ But first I must thank the Vice-Chancellor on my own and your behalf for the great service he renders us by coming here to-day to unveil this tablet. I thank him first as a friend, because he comes as a personal friend, a personal friend not only of the College, but also of the man in whose memory this tablet is placed here. I thank him also as Vice-Chancellor, because as chief executive officer of Calcutta University he has given to this simple ceremony of ours the countenance of the university which John Arthur Cunningham served so well.

“ I have two things which I wish to say, if I can. One for myself and for the service to which I and John Arthur Cunningham belong. I was sometimes thrown with him very intimately. I did not always agree with him, nor he with me. John Arthur Cunningham was not an easy man to agree with always. He was so keen, so keen about everything which had to do with education;—how keen, perhaps, I have cause to know better than another. He was keen about his subject Chemistry first. You have been told about that. Then he was keen about Science teaching generally, not only here at Presidency College but in the whole University. And far beyond that, he was keen about everything that had to do with education, about every branch and every department and about all the details. When to our great regret he left this college and went to Chota Nagpur as Inspector of Schools,

he was just as keen about methods of teaching and school syllabuses and all the little points of school management, as he was here about equipment and apparatus and research in Chemistry. We have keen men in education both in the educational service and outside it. But never will you find a keener, never one who had broader conception or firmer grasp of the scope of education: never one who more fully made his zeal for education subsidiary to the higher end of making the world better. Yes, he has left a gap in the ranks. No, not in the ranks, a gap among the leaders, where leadership most is wanted! Do not think because I have said he was so keen that therefore he lacked judgment. John Arthur Cunningham had a shrewd enough head on his shoulders. He could think things out, and plan, and formulate a policy. To do great things in education we want men who have heart as well as head. We want men who have passion for educational aims. He has left a gap; his place has not been filled; it never will be filled. I am sorry he is dead—bitterly sorry, though it is three years ago now that he died. We miss his help and influence every day in Bengal now. He would have helped things forward. Perhaps if the spirits of just men made perfect do in some unseen way help the world forward; he does help. He does help; of this, I am sure, if here he is kept in remembrance. And that is what this tablet is placed for, where we see it.

“I say we miss him in Bengal. What I have further to say concerns Bengal and concerns you who belong to Bengal by birth and heritage. J. A. Cunningham loved Bengal with a love of faithful friendship. He loved Bengal and the people of Bengal so well that I used to think that sometimes he was less than fair to his own people. The visible proofs of the friendship he won in Bengal, which you see to-day, are a return for the warm friendship he first gave. I charge you here, who know, to remember this; and not to allow the service to which he belonged—and of which he was a most loyal member—to be lightly disparaged. And do not say—“the others are not like him.” It may be partly true: but it is only partly true. It was difficult to be like John Arthur Cunningham: he was unique. But it is no more true than the libel which says Bengalees do not understand gratitude, because some Bengalees, like some other men, receive benefits and do not take much account of those who have done the service. Remember too the objects for which John Arthur Cunningham lived and died: not merely education, but sound, true and efficient education. This tablet is a proof that you do remember; that you will remember. Assuredly

within this college he will not be forgotten—his services to Bengal, his love for India will be remembered.

Dr. P. C. Ray spoke of the esteem and affection in which the late Professor Cunningham was held by not only every member of the Educational Department but also by every one with whom he came in contact. A more sincere and indefatigable worker he had not seen during his experience of the Presidency College extending over a quarter of a century. He had often almost killed himself by overwork, and ultimately became a martyr to his zeal.

Students' Consultative Committee.

THE third meeting of the Students' Consultative Committee took place on September the 29th, 1914, when there were the following topics for discussion :—

(1) *Ambulance Classes*.—It was unanimously agreed to start a course of ambulance lectures in connexion with the College.

(2) *Magazine Distribution*.—On the request of the General Secretary, *Presidency College Magazine*, the members of the Consultative Committee expressed their willingness to help the Magazine Committee in the distribution of the magazine.

(3) *Tiffin Room*.—There was a general desire for the establishment of a tiffin room. The question of tariff was left to the Sub-Committee in charge of the Tiffin Room scheme.

(4) *Tennis Courts*.—The Principal proposed to open out Tennis Courts for students in the space beside the Baker Laboratory.

(5) *Common Room*.—On request of the students the Principal agreed to make a representation to the Secretary, Students' Common Room, for keeping Daily Papers on the table.

In the fourth meeting of the Committee the report of the Sub-Committee was passed, appointing Shyam Chandra Goswain, College caterer, subject to certain conditions.

It was also agreed to leave the tiffin room in charge of a permanent Tiffin Room Committee consisting of the Principal and the Secretary; also of two members holding office in rotation, their names being selected in alphabetical order.

The permanent Tiffin Room Committee was thus constituted as follows :—

H. R. James, Esq., President.

Pramatha Nath Banerjea, B.A. (Secretary).

Praphulla Kumar Bose.

Manick Lall Dey, B.Sc.

The last two members were to hold office for one month from November 10th, 1914.

The fifth meeting of the Consultative Committee was held on November 20th, 1914.

The agenda read as follows:—

- (1) Resolutions on the death of Sir Taraknath Palit.
- (2) , , , , of Earl Roberts.
- (3) Ambulance Class.
- (4) Letter-box for Students.
- (5) Tennis Courts.
- (6) Tiffin Room.
- (7) Daily papers in the Common Room.

(1) The first resolution ran as follows:—

“The Students of Presidency College, Calcutta, express their heartfelt regret at the death of Sir Taraknath Palit who has set such a noble example by his benefactions to their University and who will ever be held in remembrance as the Founder of the College of Science.”

(2) The second resolution read: “That the students of Presidency College, Calcutta, beg to offer their respectful sympathies to Lady Roberts and to express their deep sorrow at the death of Lord Roberts in France, when on a visit to the Indian troops, with whom he had been so closely associated in his great career.”

(3) The Principal was requested by the Council to open negotiations with Dr. Moses, Secretary St. John's Ambulance Association, for a course of lectures.

(4) It was resolved to have a letter-box in which the letters of the students in their College address would be locked up.

(5) The Consultative Committee urged the Principal to adopt a policy of waiting. The expenditure of a thousand rupees for a court which would last only five or six years was thought inadvisable.

(6) The members changed their opinion. A good deal of discussion followed, till at last the motion was withdrawn.

The Principal also accepted a suggestion for a clock in the College Common Room.

The 6th meeting of the Consultative Committee was held on the 3rd December, 1914.

The programme read: (1) tiffin room, (2) Ambulance lectures,

(3) good order in the common room, (4) dissolution of classes, (5) tennis courts, (6) the quorum of the Committee.

(1) Since the tiffin room existing was one intended for the Hindus, it was decided to entrust the question of a Mahomedan tiffin room to a second Sub-Committee consisting of the Principal and the three Mahomedan representatives. It was urged strongly that the needs of the Mahomedans were also very great. A report of the permanent Tiffin Room Committee was also asked for by the Principal. He was to make his decision after going through the two reports.

(2) The Principal repeated his announcement of the starting of Ambulance lectures from Thursday, December 3rd, by Major Moses of the St. John's Ambulance Association.

(3) The maintenance of good order in the Common Room was agreed to, but no definite scheme was laid down to preserve good order.

(4) In reply to the question of the dissolution of classes, the Principal declared that ordinarily 6th year classes were dissolved by the end of February, 5th year classes by the end of March, the 2nd and the 4th year classes are to be dissolved at the end of the second week of January.

(5) It was announced that the Governing Body has sanctioned the scheme for a patent-stone tennis court as originally proposed before the Consultative Committee.

(6) The quorum of the Committee was fixed at seven.

P. N. B.

Seminar Notes.

THE ECONOMICS SEMINAR.

SESSION 1914-15.

President J. C. Coyajee, B.A. (Cantab), LL.B. (Bom.).
Secretary Jamini Prasanna Ray, B.A.

The following papers have been read in the Seminar during the term ending with the Christmas Vacation:—

Date.	Paper.	Name.
1914.		
Aug. 5 ..	The Relations of Economic Welfare to General Welfare ..	Jogis Chandra Singha, B.A., 6th year.

Aug. 19 ..	The National Dividend ..	Jogis Chandra Singha, B.A., 6th year.
Sep. 2 ..	Eugenics and Economics ..	Ditto.
Nov. 6 ..	Pareto's Laws ...	Bhupendra Nath Chatter- jee, B.A., 6th year.
,, 27 ..	Uncertainty Bearing as a Factor of Production ..	Ditto.
Dec. 11 ..	Industrial Combinations ..	Chuni Lal Mukherjee, B.A., 6th year.

FIFTH YEAR ENGLISH SEMINAR (1914).

President	Prof. Holme.
Secretary	Mr. B. N. Ray, B.A.

The following is the syllabus of this Seminar :—

First Term.

1. Spenser as an Innovator in Poetic Speech. S. N. Roy, B.A.
August 28th.
2. The Place of the Shepherd's Calendar in the Development of English Verse. N. P. Samaddar, B.A. *September 4th.*
3. Spenser and Ariosto as Renaissance Types. Mr. Holme.
September 11th.

Second Term.

4. The Classic Element in Milton's Early Poems. P. B. Ghosh,
B.A. *November 6th.*
5. Colour and Imagery in Paradise Lost. J. C. Roy, B.A.
November 20th and 27th.
6. Samson Agonistes and Prometheus Bound. B. N. Roy, B.A.
December 3rd.

Third Term.

7. Dryden as Satirist
8. Dryden's Criticism } *Dates and Readers to be fixed.*
9. The Heroic Play



College Societies.

THE BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

AT the general meeting of the Biological Society held on the 25th November last, the following office-bearers were elected for the session 1914-1915. The meeting was largely attended and Professor Nibaran Chandra Bhattacharjea, M.A., B.Sc., was in the chair:—

<i>Hon. President</i>	..	Principal H. R. James.
<i>President</i>	..	Prof. S. C. Mahalanabis, B.Sc. (Edin.), F.R.S.E.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	..	Prof. N. C. Bhattacharjea, M.A., B.Sc. Babu Narendramohan Basu, M.Sc.
<i>Treasurer</i>	..	Babu Jitendranath Mukerjea, B.Sc.
<i>Secretary</i>	..	Babu Promoderanjan Das Gupta, B.Sc.

After the election, a paper on "Dyspepsia" was read by Babu Hemesh Chandra Das Gupta, B.Sc. The paper was a very interesting one, and many of the members present took part in the discussion that followed. The President closed the discussion in a very interesting speech in which he dealt fully with the various physiological and pathological aspects of the disease. After the usual votes of thanks, the meeting ended.

D. K. R.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO PROF. H. E. ARMSTRONG, F.R.S.

The Presidency College Chemical Society presented an Address to Prof. H. E. Armstrong on Thursday, the 5th November. Dr. Armstrong was then present in Calcutta as a University Reader. The address, which was beautifully printed on parchment, was read by the Secretary and presented in an artistically carved sandalwood box. We reproduce the text of the address.

To

PROF. HENRY EDWARD ARMSTRONG, LL.D., Ph.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., etc.
SIR,

We the members of the Presidency College Chemical Society avail ourselves of the opportunity of your short sojourn here to welcome you and express to you our admiration of the great services you have rendered to the progress of Chemical Science. It is not very often that this country has had the good fortune to be visited by eminent philosophers, the votaries of the great temple of science of the

West; but never does it seem to have been her lot to welcome a more distinguished chemist than yourself.

During your brilliant career extending over the last forty years, you have enriched our science to such an extent that it is impossible to attempt even a brief survey of your investigation.

Not only is your name a household word among chemists for your valuable researches, but also you are held in high esteem as a great educationist. You have been a source of inspiration to successive generations of chemists, foremost among whom we may mention Professors Pope, Lapworth, Lowry, Wynne and Kipping.

In recognition of your eminent services to our science, the Chemical Society of London has honoured you by electing you as its President during the years 1893-1895, and the Royal Society has awarded to you the Davy Medal—one of the highest distinctions which can fall to the lot of a scientist.

It is our earnest prayer that you may be spared long to continue to hold a high place amongst the leaders of the science for which you have throughout a long life laboured so strenuously and so successfully.

The Presidency College Chemical Society.

CALCUTTA :

Dated the 5th November, 1914.

President :—P. C. RAY.

Secretary :—M. L. DEY.

Prof. Armstrong, in replying, said that he felt very much interested in coming out to India, and the trouble he had undergone in coming had been more than repaid by the honours already shown to him. He was fully aware of the services done to chemical science by chemists of India, especially those of the Presidency College Chemical Laboratory under their well-known professor, Dr. P. C. Ray. He believed that the dark days that had fallen on India after her glorious past, which had been referred to in Dr. Ray's History of Hindu Chemistry, were gone, and that the new school of chemists founded by Dr. Ray was to prove that the country was able to uphold her traditions. From the beginning that the Presidency College laboratory had made, he was fully convinced that there were great hopes for the future.

Professor Armstrong warmly thanked the Society for the honour it had done him.

M. L. D.



The Geological Institute.

Patrons.

H. R. James, Esq., M.A. (Oxon), *Principal, Presidency College.*
 H. H. Hayden, Esq., C.I.E., B.A., B.E. (T.C.D.), F.G.S., *Director, Geological Survey of India.*

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR THE SESSION 1914-15.

President.

J. Coggin Brown, M.Sc. (Dutl in), F.G.S., F.C.S., Asso. M.I.M.E.

Vice-Presidents.

H. C. Das Gupta, M.A., F.G.S.
 B. N. Maitra, M.Sc.

Hony. Secretary.

S. K. Mookerjee, B.Sc.

Hony. Asst. Secretary.

P. C. Das.

MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

6th year class	..	P. N. Mukerjee, B.Sc.
		R. L. Gangooly, B.Sc.
5th	„ „ „	S. K. Roy, B.Sc.
4th	„ „ „	Rai Jadunath Sahay.
3rd	„ „ „	Nalini K. Banerjee.
		C. C. Roy.

THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

The ninth anniversary meeting of the Geological Institute was held at the Geological Museum of the Presidency College on Thursday, the 29th October, at 4 P.M. Dr. P. Brühl, D.Sc., F.G.S., F.C.S., I.S.O., presided. The gathering included among others our Principal Mr. H. R. James, Professor E. Vredenburg, Dr. L. Fermor, Prof. J. Coggin Brown, Dr. D. N. Mallik, and Dr. W. Chowdhury.

The ninth annual report was presented, which showed that the working of the Institute during the session 1913-14 continues to be satisfactory. There were altogether nine meetings, and in five of these papers were read. The details are given below:—

1. At a meeting held on the 22nd November Mr. Bijoy Gopal Sen of the 4th year class read a paper "On a trip to Nagpur." Prof. H. C. Das Gupta was in the chair. The paper was an interesting one and dealt with a manganese mine personally visited by him and also with the Gneisses and the Deccan Trap Basalts collected by him. In the discussion that followed Messrs. S. C. Dutt and K. L. Sanyal took part, and the essayist was congratulated by the President on the trouble taken by him in preparing the paper.

2. At the next meeting held on the 23rd December, with Mr. J. Coggin Brown, M.Sc., F.G.S., in the chair, Prof. E. Vredenburg, B.Sc., B.L., A.R.S.M., A.R.C.S., delivered a very interesting popular lecture on "Mountain Formations." In this lecture, among other things, he, in his usual lucid manner, dealt with the different types of mountains found in the moon and also with the different processes to which the terrestrial mountains owe their origin. The discourse was illustrated with lantern slides, specially dealing with Indian examples, and it was keenly followed by all present.

3. At a meeting held on the 26th January, 1914, Mr. Sachi Kanta Mukerjee gave an account of the College trip to Asansole. Prof. J. Coggin Brown was in the chair. The speaker gave an account of the classification of the Gondwanas and described a section along a *nullah* off Asansol with drawings. In the discussion that followed Profs. Brown and Das Gupta took part.

4. At a meeting held on the 12th February, 1914, under the presidency of the Principal, Prof. Coggin Brown delivered a popular lecture on "Pre-historic Man" before a large audience, and dealt with the different races of men, e.g. *Neanderthal* and *Aurignac*, now extinct, the implements they used, and their mode of life. Several interesting slides were shown, and the lecture was listened to with rapt attention.

5. At a meeting on the 13th March last Dr. Guy E. Pilgrim, D.Sc. (Lond.), F.G.S., Superintendent of the Geological Survey of India, delivered a popular lecture on the "Extinct Mammals of India." The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides. The lecturer dealt with the distribution of the mammal-bearing beds in India with a special reference to the Bugti Hills in Baluchistan and the Island of Perim, a few miles from the coast of Gulf of Cambay.

Four Geological excursions were made with Prof. H. C. Das Gupta during the session. Details are given below:—

- (1) To Barakar—to study the Gondwana Coalfields.
- (2) To Rajhara—to study the Daltonganj Coalfields.

(3) To Barharwa—to study the Rajmahal Trap

(4) To Kathiawar—to study the Deccan Trap and the Tertiaries

The report also recorded the kind help of our Principal, and also the co-operation of the officers of the Geological Survey of India.

The reading of the report was followed by short remarks from the guests of the evening. Prof. Vredenburg congratulated the Institute on its workings and said that there was ample field of Geological work which might be profitably carried on by persons not actually belonging to the Geological Survey. Prof. Brown hoped that the next year would see an increase in the number of papers by the students themselves. He was followed by Dr. Fermor, who gave a most interesting account of his experiences in the workings of the Institute. Dr. Mallik hoped that ere long matters should be so arranged that ex-students of the College who had taken up Geology might not be forced to style themselves as ex-students of Geology. The President in his short instructive speech explained the scope of Geology and the important part it plays.

A vote of thanks was then proposed by our Principal, who in the course of his appreciative remarks laid particular emphasis on the importance of popular lantern lectures by means of which the subject (Geology) might be popularized and which might awaken an interest for the subject among the general body of students.

At this stage the chair was vacated by Dr. Brühl and was occupied by Dr. Fermor, who brought the proceedings to a close.

The programme included light refreshments, a string concert, songs, and comic sketches. Prof. Vredenburg very kindly treated the guests to an exhibition of his exquisite piano play. Our thanks are also due to Babu Jnanapriya Mitra and others for kindly entertaining the guests with songs and comic recitations.

S. K. N.



A Message from the West.

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR ARMSTRONG TO DR. P. C. RAY.*

Nearing Aden, Dec. 3, 1914.

DEAR PROFESSOR RAY,

I am glad to say that absence of dust and sea air together have enabled me to throw off the effects of the unfortunate attack which disabled me in Calcutta. Much as I was hampered, I saw a very great deal there to interest me, and am particularly glad to have been able to see you at work among your students, and gain some idea of the influence you are exercising, and of the success that is gradually attending your efforts to found a school.

It is to men such as you that we must look for the development of an Indian School of Chemistry. Whatever the difficulties, you have no reason to feel discouraged: considering the time you have been at work you have already done much—at all events you have laid a foundation. Ability is rare everywhere, and the special kind of ability required to devise and carry out experimental research work with success—to do work of worth—is particularly rare. Taking your past history and their mental peculiarities† into account it is scarcely to be expected that many will be found among your countrymen who have the peculiar habit of mind of the experimentalist. But the work is to be encouraged in every possible way, on account of the influence it has on character in developing habits of accuracy, honesty of purpose, and unwearying perseverance. Science spells truth before all things, as you know.

I have been reading your paper through with care. The way in which you have gradually made yourself master of the nitrites is very interesting, and the fact that you have established, that as a class they are far from being the unstable bodies chemists had supposed, is an important addition to our knowledge.] I was interested and a little surprised when you told me that until five years ago you had paid no attention to organic chemistry; this explains the fact that until recently your work was inorganic. But from the rapidity with which you have developed your attack on organic problems of late, it is clear

* We hope to review this letter at length in the next issue of the magazine.—
Ed.—P. C. M.

† This evidently refers to the metaphysical trend of the Hindus.

that you have now acquired the greater interest. I say the greater because I have always thought that no one is really a chemist until he has learnt to appreciate the organic side: the grand problems lie mostly in that direction.

In your country, I imagine, the problems of agriculture will long remain the most important. Whilst it is very desirable to develop a knowledge of pure chemistry and to cultivate science for its own sake, its applications are of primary importance also. You complain of the way in which students worship the mere degree of the University, and it is said that what is learnt is learnt mechanically and is of little value: May not this be in large measure because the subjects selected are of little value in themselves? I cannot help thinking that a practical course may be devised in which matters of fundamental importance in agriculture could be taught, and taught in such a way as to give real knowledge besides being of disciplinary value. Students who had passed through such a course might gradually have a most important influence in the community. If I were asked to suggest improvements in the B.A. course I think I should be inclined to recommend some such experiment being made; as long as the course remains purely literary, it will be of little value for all practical purposes. I don't think you would gain much by teaching pure science to such students, but a little knowledge of first principles of Chemistry, Physics, Geology and Biology connected up through agriculture might well be within their scope. In any case, we need to make experiments in education; nothing worse than our present system can well be devised.

If I may advise, I would say, don't let it worry you whether your work be recognized or not: sooner or later, in good time, all good work tells. After all, those of us who are workers know well that if we do not derive satisfaction from the work itself that which we get from other sources counts for very little. Recognition is only of value in so far as it increases our opportunities for work: in this way it is of value.

My visit to you has given me intense pleasure, and I value the opportunity you have given me very greatly. I have been able to do very little, but I trust I have at best made it clear that our sympathies are with you and that we really do appreciate the work that Indian chemists are doing to carry forward the flag of our science. It is quite clear that there is real enthusiasm among you, and that you are not behind also in your knowledge of technique. May the number of real workers increase steadily, and may your work grow in importance year by year.



Lord Roberts.

I shall hope to hear from you whenever you have anything of interest to communicate, and I need scarcely say that you may always command my service.

Very truly yours,

HENRY E. ARMSTRONG.

War Notes.

PROBABLY never since the years of the Civil Wars in England has there been a year like this in the history of the older English Universities. About two-thirds of the "men" and a considerable portion of "the dons" are away in France and Belgium, helping to bar the road to Paris and Calais. The aspect of the university cities this term has been strangely altered. It is doubtful how far the activities of academic life have been following their usual course. We have just heard that the University Boat-race has been suspended, an event unprecedented; this has never happened before, since the race first became an annual event in 1819!

It is no ignoble feeling which makes us at Presidency College regret we have no opportunity as yet of 'going to the front', and inclines us to think of it as a grievance. Yet it would not be amiss if we realized clearly what it has involved for our compeers of Oxford and Cambridge. English University life is known to be in most cases very pleasant, even luxurious. Every undergraduate has two rooms, and these are often handsome and well furnished. All that has been given up; the books, the flowers, the easy life, the society and amusements. The student exchanges these at once for a bare room, shared with a couple of other young men, or it may be a tent in the open. Hard work from morning till night is the rule. Then at the far end—and not so very far—the trenches by day and night in cold and mire, with ugly death hurling overhead, or cruel maiming; and for a change a short sharp rush across a bullet-swept field. It may be good to be allowed to go; but much has to be given up, much borne from which flesh and spirit shrink.



University Notes.

A PIQUANT series of articles on Indian Universities under the title 'Young India' has been appearing since June in the *Times Educational Supplement*. The sixth and concluding article appears in the November number; and as it contains the writer's constructive suggestions, it has very special interest. Whether these will be found very practically helpful for our actual problems is somewhat doubtful. They seem to be sketched a little too freely *in vacuo* without sufficient regard for the very substantial facts and interests which, as we here know so well, condition the solution. The preceding five articles have all been critical and extremely damaging to our self-esteem in Indian Universities. We shall probably all agree with some of the writer's contentions and disagree with others;—and in varying proportions. The author appears on the whole to be well-informed, though here and there he falls into errors, only possible to the cold-weather visitor, as when he deplored the use of text-books in English for the Matriculation (do not we all know these were 'abolished,' when 'university reforms' came in?), or, ignoring Presidency College, he laments that no Indian College has a library 'which approaches adequacy.' The criticism, though severe alike to Government, Missionary and private colleges (and on the whole he is most lenient to the private colleges, least lenient to Government colleges), and even more to the universities collectively, is fair-minded and well-intentioned. There can be little doubt that there is still reason for dissatisfaction with some of the features of our universities, and plain-spoken criticism, if a little painful to our feelings, is likely to help to better things. We therefore think that all who have the welfare of our colleges and universities at heart, should read these articles carefully. It goes also without saying that every college library ought to subscribe to the *Times Literary and Educational Supplements*. It is but Rs. 2 a year including postage.



Sir Tarak Nath Palit, whose princely donation of fourteen lakhs of rupees has made the University College of Science possible, is dead. He has died full of age and honour. The University was closed for a day in respect for the memory of its late benefactor.



Almost simultaneously with the death of Sir Tarak Nath, we hear of the death of another man who has been connected with the Univer-

sity since the early eighties. Dr. Thibaut is reported to have died at a hospital in Hiedelberg. Confirmation of this report has not yet arrived.



The bust of Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, the late Vice-Chancellor of the University, is lying in the Durbhanga Building to be unveiled. 'Honour where honour is due.'



Prof. H. E. Armstrong, Reader of the University in Chemistry, has already delivered his captivating series of lectures on Chemical Science in the Presidency College Chemistry Theatre. All his lectures were well attended and were presided over by Dr. P. C. Ray in the absence of Hon'ble the Vice-Chancellor who, owing to illness, was able to attend only the last lecture.



Rai Sahib Dinesh Chunder Sen, Ramtanu Research Fellow of Bengali Literature, has commenced an interesting series of lectures on Mediaeval Bengali Literature. Two lectures have already been delivered.



The University classes and offices were closed on Friday, the 20th of November, as a mark of respect for the late Earl Roberts, who has done so much for India and the Empire.



At a Senate Meeting on Saturday, the 21st August, the age limit for the Matriculation Examination was discussed. A large number of distinguished men took part in the debate, and as the result of this meeting the motion proposed by Sir Gooroodas Banerjee was lost by a narrow majority. It has been decided to take the matter up again on January the 9th, 1915.



Professor J. N. Das Gupta of Presidency College delivered his second lecture as Reader of the Calcutta University on the Seventeenth Century in India, on Wednesday, the 2nd December, 1914. The lectures, as usual, were very interesting. The Vice-Chancellor presided.



The centenary year of Waverly was celebrated by Calcutta University on December the 14th last, when a paper on "Waverly 1814" was read by our Principal. The Vice-Chancellor presided.

What the other Colleges are doing.

Professors at the front.—St. Paul's College and the Scottish Churches College have given two professors (one from each) to Kitchener's army. Mr. L. B. Burrows of the St. Paul's, who is a son of the Bishop of Sheffield, and Mr. James Watson of Scottish Churches College, have, in response to the call of the King, joined the Indian Reserve of Officers.



A New Hostel.—The students of the Scottish Churches College are going to have a new hostel named after its first Principal Dr. Ogilvie. It is very fitting that the name of such a man should be so honoured.



A loss to the Scottish Churches College.—We sympathize with the Scottish Churches College in its misfortune of losing one of its promising members. Sarada Charan Mahapatra was an extremely promising student and was one of the popular figures in the student community of Calcutta. Such "all-round" students are rare in Calcutta Colleges.



Patna College Archaeological Society has introduced a novel feature in its College-life by organizing "Archaeological expeditions." The other day a large number of Patna College men left their College on an archaeological trip with Principal Jackson and Professors Samaddar and Moore. They spent some two or three days in Paresnath—a place reputed for its connexions with the name of Goutama Buddha—and thence went to Bodh Gaya. They intend to have another such trip during the Christmas holidays. Really, this is the most thorough way of studying history.



St. Xavier's College staged a Bengali play November 1914, in aid of the Imperial War Relief Fund. Their endeavour was very successful.



Mymensingh A. M. College has made a departure from the old way by placing its Common Room in charge of a Committee selected from students.

S. D. M.

Library Notes.

THE publication of Part I of the new Presidency College Library Catalogue completes the first instalment of a work of great labour and considerable importance. It may interest those who come after, if we set down the plain facts of its inception and working. The idea of the necessity of re-arranging the books of the library had been for many years in the air. It was brought to a point by a proposal from Dr. Harrison in 1910 to adopt the Dewey, or decimal, system of classification and an offer by him to oversee the arrangement of the Science section. The undertaking was a large one: for there were over 30,000 books, and all had to be sorted and re-arranged before a catalogue could be begun. There was the further practical difficulty of where to put the books while the re-arranging was going on; for the whole library was terribly overcrowded, and the Baker Library did not as yet exist.

A very special interest attaches to the work now nearing accomplishment, because it has been the collective work of the staff. Different sections of the Library under its old divisions were made over to particular members of the staff who proved a sort of committee, with the Principal as President and Secretary. The books were re-arranged section by section and new shelf-lists made in accordance with the new arrangement. Philosophy and Religion came first: for Philosophy is 100-199 in the Dewey and Religion 200-299. This work was begun by Dr. A. N. Mukerjee, and has been supplemented since by the labour of Dr. P. D. Shastri. Mr. G. H. Langley checked the whole of the sections 100 and 200 while temporarily on the staff in the spring 1913. Next came Sociology (including books in Economics, Political Philosophy and Education), on which first Mr. Wordsworth and then Mr. Gilchrist and Mr. Coyajee have worked. Philology section 400 has been the peculiar care of Mr. P. C. Ghosh. Dr. Harrison and Mr. Peake have done most of the work on the important and extensive section 500, Mathematics and Science: but the first re-arrangement of Mathematics was made by Dr. Mallik, and help has been given in the books on Chemistry, Geology, Physiology, Botany by the professors of these subjects. Section 600, Useful Arts, was undertaken and carried through by Mr. M. Ghosh. A large amount of work was required on section 700, English Literature, and there have been several workers, Messrs. Sterling, Holme and M. Ghosh. Section

800 includes all other literatures, and the required work has been done by the professors of the subjects: Prof. A. Shastri undertook both Sanskrit and Bengali: the late Shams-ul-ulama Mirza Ashraf Ali arranged the Persian and Arabic and Urdu books with the assistance of Prof. M. Hedayet Hosain, his successor as Arabic Professor: History forms section 900, and includes Biography (910) and Geography (980). Mr. Das Gupta began the re-arrangement and Mr. Oaten completed it. The Reference Book (000) section is in charge of the Librarian, who has also given useful help throughout. Obviously a regulative 'intelligence' has been required to co-ordinate the labour of these many workers on a settled plan, and this has been the function and privilege of the Principal, supported by the Librarian Babu Gokul Nath Dhar for expert advice on the details of library management. All deserve well of the College: for it may safely be affirmed that the new catalogue will be much more useful than the old.

The catalogue will be in three parts. Part II, which consists of section 500 along with Science periodicals and Reference Books, is in the press. Part III, which consists of the remaining sections, including old Reference Books, will shortly be sent to press.

There has been an abundant output of books on the war. There have first been the books expounding the causes of the outbreak of war, and the rights and wrongs of the quarrel, chief in importance among which is *Great Britain and the European Crisis*, published by the Government in England; which contains all the important despatches and some of the speeches of leading statesmen. There is a whole series of pamphlets published from Oxford; and another set published by Macmillan, *How Britain Strove for Peace* by Sir Edward Cook; *The Meaning of the War* by Frederic Harrison; *Why India is Heart and Soul with Great Britain* by Bhupendra Nath Basu. All these will be found in the Library.

Then there are the books about Germany and the growth of the aggressive spirit among the German people: Cramb's *Modern Germany*, Prof. M. E. Sadler's *Modern World*, and Gowans's Extracts from Treitschke's *Lectures on Politics*. Attention may be drawn in special to the wonderful series of articles appearing in the first page of *The Times Literary Supplement* for some weeks past, which are characterized by a very exalted spirit of moderation, impartiality and fair-mindedness and humanity. The first, which appeared August the 14th, was entitled *The Two Kinds of Courage*. Then followed among others *Thoughts in Adversity* (Aug. 28th), *Men and Marionettes* (Sept. the

11th), *What are we fighting for?* (Sept. the 18th), *France* (Oct. the 2nd), *Germany* (Oct. the 9th). The last but one is called *The Illusions of War*, and appeared in the issue of October the 23rd. The last, *England*, just received is a fitting culmination. All who can, should read these: for to read them is a purificatory process much needed at this time.

The anthologies of war-poems merit some separate notice. There have been several. The best is E. V. Lucas's under the title *Remember Louvain!* which is an anthology of war-poems from the body of English poetry during the last hundred years. Others are *A War Anthology*, compiled by A. Manning Foster; *Songs and Sonnets for England in War Time* (John Lane); *Poems of the Great War* (Chatto and Windus). The two latter consist of the poems which have appeared since war broke out.

The following books have been received in the Library during October and November, 1914:—

Adams The Evolution of Educational Theory.
Allsopp An Introduction to English Industrial History.
Baker A guide to Historical Fiction.
Baker A Concordance to the Poetical and Dramatic Works of Tennyson.
Barier France of the French.
Baring The Russian People.
Baulger Holland of the Dutch.
Baulger Belgium of the Belgians.
Beaconsfield Sybil.
Belgium and the North-East of France. MAP. (By the Survey of India).	
Bernhardi On War of To-day.
Berry Germany of the Germans.
Bevan The House of Seleucus. 2 vols.
Brett The Government of Man.
Burnet Greek Philosophy.
Cambridge (The) History of English Literature.	
Vol. XI. The Arden Shakespeare. The First Part of King Henry the Fourth. Edited by Cowell and Morgan.	
Cannan Wealth.
Cantlie First Aid to Injured.
Carter Tendency towards Industrial Combination.
Chapman The Plays and Poems of George Chapman. The Comedies. Edited by Parrott.

Cramb .. Germany and England: a Reply to Bernhardi.

Croce .. Historical Materialism and the Economics of Karl Marx.

Davenport .. Economics of Enterprise.

Davies .. The Collectivist State in the Making.

Desch .. Intermetallic Compounds.

Drage .. The State and the Poor.

Duckitt and Wragg .. Selected English Letters.

Dunstan and others .. The Viscosity of Liquids.

Egerton .. The War and the British Dominions.

Great Britain and the European Crisis.

The Arden Shakespeare. 33 vols.

Fletcher .. The Germans.

Frank .. Roman Imperialism.

Garnett .. Greece of the Hellenes.

Garnett .. Turkey of the Ottomans.

Geikie .. The Antiquity of Man in Europe.

Gettell .. Readings in Political Science.

Graves .. The Secrets of the German War Office.

Green .. Lectures on the Principles of Political Obligation.

Gretton .. History.

Gross .. The *Daily Telegraph* War Map of Europe.

Headlam .. France.

Hill .. Congress of the Universities of the Empire, 1912.

Hoag .. A Theory of Interest.

Hobson .. The Export of Capital.

Holland .. Germany.

Holmes .. In Defence of What Might Be.

Hugo, V. .. Les Misérables.

Jebb .. The Britannic Question: a Survey of Alternatives.

Jones .. Selected English Speeches from Burke to Gladstone.

Jones .. The Nature and First Principles of Taxation.

Keller and others .. Austria of the Austrians.

Law, Narendranath .. Studies in Ancient Hindu Polity.

Layton .. Relations of Capital and Labour.

Lee .. Historical Jurisprudence.

Lee .. Great Englishmen of the 16th Century.
 Loan .. Exhibition of Antiquities, Coronation Durbar,
 1911.
 Longford.. Japan of the Japanese.
 Loria .. The Economic Synthesis.
 Mackinder .. The Teaching of History and Geography.
 McKower and Black-
 well .. A book of English Essays.
 Migatovich .. Servia of the Servians.
 Mitchell .. A History of the Greenbacks.
 Money .. The Nation's Wealth,—will it endure?
 Money .. The Future of Work, and other essays.
 Morritt .. The Letters of J. B. S. Morritt of Rokeby,
 descriptive of journeys in Europe and Asia
 Minor in the year 1794-1796. Edited by
 Marindin.
 Nashe .. The works of Thomas Nashe, edited from the
 original texts by R. B. McKerrow, 5 vols.
 Newbigin .. The British Empire beyond the Seas.
 Orange .. National Guilds.
 Palgrave .. The Golden Treasury of the best songs and
 lyrical poems in the English Language, with
 additional poems and with notes by Wheeler.
 Peacock .. Selected English Essays.
 Perris .. The Industrial History of Modern England.
 Poole .. Historical Atlas of Modern Europe.
 Roberts .. Monarchical Socialism in Germany.
 Sargeant.. Terence.
 Smith .. Early History of India. Third Edition.
 Smith .. Industrial and Commercial Geography.
 Stewart .. Chemistry and its Borderland.
 Storr .. Sophocles.
 "Story of Nations" (The) Series, Nos. 42, 46, 47, 49, 52, 53, 54, 55,
 56, 57, 58, 60, 62, 63, 64, 65.
 Trevelyan .. India and the War.
 Usher .. Pan-Germanism.
 Villiers-Wardell .. Spain of the Spanish.
 Vinogradoff .. Russia.
 Walker .. Selected English Short Stories.
 Webb .. Switzerland of the Swiss.

Williams	Gnomic Poetry in Anglo-Saxon.
Williams	Proportional Representation and British Politics.
Williams	Russia of the Russians.
Withers	Poverty and Waste.
Zimmern	Italy of the Italians.

Hostel News.

WE notice with great pleasure the absence of the epidemic outbreaks of dysentery and such other diseases that used to prevail in this period in other years. The abolition of the Test Examination has in more ways than one improved the general health of the Hostel.



The Christmas term has seen a good deal of changes in the *personnel* of the various self-governing institutions of the Hostel. The Mess Committee and the Library Committee have both changed their masters—fortunately for the office-bearers concerned. The former was growing fatter and the latter thinner in consequence of a vigorous and efficient discharge of their duties.

Meetings, elections, resolutions, committees—these are the order of the day. In a general meeting of the Hostel presided over by the Superintendent—a rare thing here—we elected on the 22nd November a General Secretary for the coming *Saraswati Puja* and two Secretaries—I should say two Independent Joint Dramatic Secretaries—for the management of the theatrical performance held every year in connexion with the Puja or *vice versa*. After the tremendous histrionic activities of the Hostel before the Pujas, which had resulted in staging the *Bhism* on the boards of the Star Theatre, there has been a lull in dramatic circles, which indicates either exhaustion or diversion of attention to more mundane matters, as for instance, examination. Be that as it may, we have successfully passed resolutions (no mean achievement in the Hostel), tried to elect two representatives from each ward to form an Executive Committee with the Superintendent as President, and discussed, defined and separated the respective functions, powers and obligations of the General Secretary and the Independent Joint Secretaries in a manner worthy of Montesquieu and all his disciples put together. It will be a pity if the resolutions for holding a dramatic performance passed after such deliberation and

the constitution framed with so much care be not put into execution because of the unpatriotic disinclination of the boarders to loosen their purse-strings and the injudicious decision of the actors in giving preference to their private interests to the demands of public service and the general happiness of the Hostel.



We deeply regret to announce the death by small-pox of Sreejut Krishnakumar Mookerjea, an ex-boarder of our Hostel, on the 20th of December, 1914. He was a student of the sixth year history class and was held in high esteem by all who came in contact with him. His untimely death will touch all who know his melancholy story: he has left a young wife of 14 and a childless mother to mourn his loss. We deeply sympathise with the bereaved family, and we hope the College, or at least the members of the History Seminar, will devise some means for commemorating his connection with them.



The University Examinations have been drawing nigh. We have not as yet lost our *morale*, but are as jolly as our soldiers are reported to be in the trenches of Belgium. And indeed, we were never jollier than in December last. Leaving aside Christmas and the merriments it brings in its train—cricket matches, cinematograph shows, theatricals and all that—we had the anniversary celebrations of the four out of the five debating clubs of the Hostel. Ward II celebrated its sixth anniversary on the 5th December, and the ninth anniversary of Ward V followed on the 12th December, the Durbar Day. The third anniversary meeting of Ward III was held on the 16th December, the second anniversary of Ward II being celebrated four days later. The Hostel was *en fête* on each of these occasions, the wards vying with one another in signalising the celebration of their own anniversary with greater success, greater pomp and *eclat* than those of the rest of the wards put together.

The spirit of friendly competition that lay underneath all these ward-activities and kept ward consciousness alive, rather aided than impeded the development of a “pan-hostelic” feeling whose active assertion in the attempted construction of such a lifeless machinery as the Hostel Union, based on the ruins of the much-cherished ward anniversaries, found no responsive echo in the heart of the boarders. The observer who looks beneath the surface of things notices with pleasure

the real unity of the Hostel in the feeling of healthy co-operation among its members which rises above all jealous struggles for individual praise and impels them to volunteer their services when other wards require them. In all the wards the managing staff declared that they owed their success greatly to the voluntarily offered services of the members of other wards. To merge all these five ward-festivals into a single celebration of a *Hostel Union* (which does not exist) will not only reduce the number of entertainments to which our common guests are treated under the present system, as one interested observed, but will deprive us of the opportunity of showing what we feel for one another in spite of the apparent rivalry that seems to keep us apart. Moreover the present system affords us the opportunities of playing the distinctive parts of the host and the guest in turn, which the Hostel Union will restrict, or to be more accurate, it will cool down altogether our activities in the latter function—a calamity unredeemed by any better prospects in any other direction.

Great importance is attached to social gatherings of this nature as they bring the professors and students into friendly touch with one another and provide the students with adequate facilities for giving expression to the love they bear for their teachers. Attendance at 75 per cent of the lectures is regarded as a sound test of the desire for learning on the part of students, and if even the minimum percentage is reduced to 50 in the case of our *Gurus* whom we are only too glad to welcome in these celebrations of our anniversaries, only a small number including the Principal, Professors Ghosh, Mitter, Mullick and Khastagir seem to have passed the test. We acknowledge our debt of gratitude to them and to other members of the staff and to Mrs. Mahalanabis and Mrs. Oaten who were present on these occasions, and above all to Dr. Devaprasad Sarvadikari who found time in the midst of his multifarious duties to preside over the anniversary meeting of Ward III on the 16th December last.

Our thanks are also due to those professors who have been kind enough to show the great interest they take in our activities by offering or announcing prizes to the members of the different wards, which we mention below :—

		Prof. K. N. Mitter's	Annual medal for Indian games.
			Annual prize for walking or running.
		,, H. C. Das Gupta's	prize for the best Scientific article published in the Ward-magazine "Recreation."
Ward IV	..	,, H. C. Banerjee's	prize for Badminton.
		,, S. N. Banerjee's	prize for proficiency in Botany.
		Dr. Bose's	prize to be awarded to the best athlete of the session.
		Mrs. Bose's	prize to best serving man of the ward.
		Babu Narendra Mohan Bose's	prize for Badminton.
		Dr. Bose's	running cup for Indian games.
Ward V	..	Prof. J. W. Holme's	annual prize for recitation.
		,, H. C. Banerjee's	cup for running.
Ward III	..	Prof. P. C. Ghosh's	prize for painting.

The *Presidential Addresses* this year have been marked by important utterances and have embodied able expositions of the relation between professors and students, the influence of English ideals on Indian student life, the duties of students to their *alma mater*, and the ideal of student life in general. Professor Mahalanabis in Ward II emphasized on the need of mutual trust between the teachers and the taught, while Professor Oaten in Ward V urged the Indian student to look at life from the English standpoint, preserving the best characteristics of their national life. Dr. Mullick pointed out the necessity of remembering always that the ward is a part of the Hostel and the College and of directing our activities in conformity with our common ideal of the welfare of the Hostel and the College. Dr. Sarvadikari in Ward III reminded us of his utterance that "everybody who is anybody in Bengal is a student of the Presidency College", and exhorted all to maintain these glorious traditions of their *alma mater*.

The *Annual Reports* of all the debating clubs give accounts of satisfactory progress in all branches of their activities. In every ward "the work of the debating club has been carried on with fair success and they have been, all of them, largely attended and all characterized by lively discussion", and it is gratifying to note in the reports of almost all the different ward clubs, that the high standard of excellence to which the ward organs reached in the earlier years of its existence has not suffered in any way at the hands of the present members of the clubs. The Poor Funds have been doing excellent work and the boarders of all wards have taken distinguished parts in movements concerning the Hostel and the College as well. Prizes on all conceivable subjects have been competed for and won, including such commendable activities as making practical jokes (innocent and ingenuous) on fellow-boarders.

A short account of the best practical joke of the season will not be quite out of place. The winner of the "mischief" prize gave out that his marriage would take place on a certain date. "He invited some thirty of his friends to attend the wedding ceremony; meantime some of his friends began to suspect that it was nothing but a bogus invitation. To remove this unforeseen obstacle he played a very ingenious trick. He told each one of his friends individually that the invitation was really bogus and he asked him to keep it a strict secret so that all others might be fooled. The marriage day arrived. The bridegroom was absent from the Hostel from the morning. Every one of those thirty felt very much amused at the idea how all except himself would be so ridiculously played upon. Everyone spent much time and energy upon his toilet in the evening with the idea that the secret which he only knew and others were ignorant of might not be suspected. All of them proceeded to the place where the marriage was to take place. The number of the house was distinctly written—it was a grocer's shop! The whole thing came out in a moment, and three hearty cheers followed."

The reports also dealt with the broader issues of our life as affected by movements and activities outside the Hostel. The following extracts will throw a flood of light on the feelings and sentiments of the boarders at large:—

"This year also our country is not without its troubles. But we are not indifferent to the gravity of the situation. We have started a fund for the relief of the distress which the thickening clouds in the Far West have projected over our land. But this cloud is not without its silver lining. It has afforded us the opportunity for showing our sincere gratitude to the country to which we owe so much. It has taught those Englishmen who did not know it before—or if they knew, did not believe—that much as we have to take from them, we have something to give as well. Thus the war has given a better opportunity of better understanding each other. If there are still Englishmen who think that they have come to this country to give only and have nothing to expect in return, they are wrong; and at this time of the day when to the learned and to the thoughtful of the West the matter stands so clear, we need not consider seriously the wrong notions of the few.—*Annual Report of the Ward IV Debating Club, 19-12-14.*

"We recall with pride and pleasure the evening when we met under the guidance of a sage, we mean Dr. Jagadish Chandra

Bose, who, we are delighted and proud to say, is achieving great honour and fame in foreign lands. In this connexion also we are happy to recall our gratitude to Mrs. Bose, whose presence cheered us and who gave away prizes and medals to our champions and winners."—*Annual Report of the Ward II Debating Club*, 5-12-14.

"Our Anniversary is after all a small affair. But its significance is great, and this greatness arises immensely from the fact that it happens to fall on a day which will go down to posterity as one of the most glorious days in the annals of our country—a sacred day, a holy day. On this day, three years back, a ceremony was performed—grand and sublime—in one of the most ancient cities of India. The like of that ceremony India had not witnessed for ages. All hearts throbbing with enthusiasm were eager with expectation, and by this time of night on that day words of bliss and hope had travelled far and wide throughout the country."—*Annual Report of the Ward V Debating Club*, 12-12-14.

Durbar Day.

THE anniversary of the King-Emperor's Coronation Durbar was celebrated on the 12th December last in a fitting manner by the Hindu and Hare Schools and the Sanskrit College. The Presidency College grounds, where the chief events took place, were *en fête* during the day, while the Hindu and Hare Schools and Presidency College buildings were also decorated with a lavish display of multi-coloured bunting. The statue of David Hare was also encircled with a wreath.

The programme commenced at 12 noon with an appropriate address in English by Prof. Oaten in the Institute Hall, and by Prof. Coyajee in the central hall of the Hindu School. Addresses in Bengali were also delivered in the Hare School hall by Prof. K. N. Mitter, and in the Hindu School gallery by Prof. P. C. Ghosh. At 1 P.M. there was a march round the College Square.

The sports, which were the principal feature of the celebration, were held in the grounds of the Presidency College in the presence of 1200 students. The previous events, which were arranged by the Professors and staffs of the schools concerned, afforded much enjoyment. His Excellency Lord Carmichael, accompanied by Mr. Gourlay, Private Secretary, arrived at 2 P.M., and was received by our Principal. Among those present were Sir Gurudas Banerjee, Mr. Wordsworth, Asst. Director of Public Instruction, Rai Chuni Lal Bose Bahadur,

and Professors Peake, Oaten, Ghosh and Mitter. On His Excellency entering the grounds, the boys of the Hindu and Hare Schools sang the National Anthem, and afterwards the war poem of the Poet Laureate Robert Bridges was recited. His Excellency and Mr. Gourlay were garlanded before their departure.

At the conclusion of sports the prizes were presented by Mrs. Peake. In the high jump, H. Bose and M. Chatterjee were the winners from the Hindu School, Sharafat Hossein and A. De from the Hare School, and S. Mukherjee and G. Mukherjee from the Sanskrit College. The rescue from the firing line test in ambulance work was won by the Sanskrit Collegiate School team. After the distribution of prizes refreshments were served, and the celebration closed with an entertaining cinematograph exhibition in the Overtoun Hall.

Correspondence.

To

THE EDITOR, *Presidency College Magazine*.

DEAR SIR,

Will you please allow me to make the following appeal to the members of our College through the pages of the College Magazine? It is a worthy cause, and I hope you will be in full sympathy with me in it.

I may take it for granted that every member of our College knows that there are many students in our College whose poverty considerably hampers them in their studies. There are many who find it extremely difficult even to pay their monthly College-fees, and not infrequently they have to seek assistance from some of their professors or fellow-students. We, members of the 2nd Year Arts Class, have opened a fund to help our poorer members as far as we can, under the guidance of Prof. P. C. Ghosh. Prof. Ghosh has impressed upon us the necessity for such a fund. We have followed his advice and have collected within the last two months a sum of sixty rupees. My only purpose here is to appeal to my friends in the other classes to open similar funds so that they may co-operate with us in our humble attempt. I think it is a duty on the part of those who have got sufficient means to do as much as lies in their power to help their poorer brethren. Our Principal is in full sympathy with us in our movement, and I earnestly hope that the 2nd Year Arts Class will not be the

only class to take it up. I thank you in anticipation for your courtesy in publishing this letter, and without any further words let me emphasize the goodness of my cause to the other senior and junior classes.

I am, Dear Sir.

Yours faithfully,

X. Y. Z.

To

THE EDITOR, *Presidency College Magazine*.

DEAR SIR,

Whoever might have been the writer of it, *The Ballad of Past Toilers* in your last issue reminded me of another poem written by a professor of this College in its infant days. It was addressed to the students of this College by Mr. Henry Louis Vivian Derozio (1809-1831) in his introduction to his book of poems *The Fakir of Janghira*. Mr. Derozio's name will go down to posterity as one of those devoted and earnest workers who have made the cause of India their own, and have willingly given the best parts of their lives to its service. He did for Bengal what Socrates did for the young men of Athens. His love for his pupils will be evident from the following sonnet to which I venture to draw the readers attention. It is headed

SONNET TO THE STUDENTS OF THE HINDU COLLEGE.

Expanding, like the petals of young flowers,
I watch the gentle opening of your minds,
And the sweet loosening of the spell that binds
Your intellectual energies and powers,
That stretch (like young birds in soft summer hours)
Their wings to try their strength. O! how the winds
Of circumstance, and freshening April showers
Of early knowledge, and unnumbered kinds
Of new perceptions, shed their influence,
And how you worship Truth's omnipotence!
What joyance rains upon me, when I see
Fame, in the mirror of futurity,
Weaving the chaplets you are yet to gain—
And then I feel I have not lived in vain.

The students of Presidency College should be grateful to him because I think, Mr. Editor, you will fully agree with me when I say that his name and work deserve fuller recognition that has yet been given.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

COMMON ROOM.

P.C.A.C. and the Cricket Season.

WE began the cricket season this year under great difficulties. In fact, in a meeting of the Executive Committee it was seriously questioned whether we should have any cricket team this year. The first and foremost difficulty that confronted us at the beginning of the season was that the ground was not in order. Moreover, most of the colourmen of last year's team, being now all examinees, unfortunately expressed their unwillingness to take part in cricket this year. The prospect of a good and successful cricket season in the face of such formidable difficulties became rather gloomy. Up till now we have played eight matches and the results, considering the difficulties, have not been totally disappointing. In future, we hope to do better for we have got some new blood, who, considering their difficulties, are trying their best to keep up the good name of the college. The Lansdowne Shield Competition comes off in the middle of January, and we fervently hope that the cricket team will make a supreme effort to win back the lost trophy. We have got some good cricketers, and if the players turn up regularly in the practice matches and for net practice we can make a good bid for the shield this year. Mr. S. Roy who was elected vice-captain is acting as the skipper for the Maharaj-Kumar of Nattore, who was elected captain but cannot play this season. Before we close this short account, it will be worth while to mention those players who have been successful this season. S. Roy, N. Guha and G. Banerji have done well both with the bat and ball. S. M. Yakub, D. Dass and S. Anam, who are all footballers, have all made runs. Bravo! footballers! Last of all, we thank Mr. J. Mukherjee, B.Sc., an old colourman and now a member of the college staff, for having helped the team on many occasions.

The following is the list of matches played, with their results:—

21st Nov.	Ripon Club	..	Won by 103 runs.
28th Nov.	Calcutta C.C.	..	Drawn Calcutta (163—3 wkts.) Presidency (78—2 wkts.).
5th Dec.	Mohan Bagan	..	Lost by 4 wkts.
12th Dec.	Town Club	..	Won by 7 wkts.
19th Dec.	Metropolitan College	..	Draw in our favour (M.C.—71) (P.C.—52 for 6 wkts.).
20th Dec.	Howrah Sporting	..	Lost by 68 runs.
25th Dec.	Old Boys	..	Won by 5 wkts. and 68 runs.
26th Dec.	Medical College	..	Lost by 37 runs.

Late News.

We are all of us at Presidency College deeply grieved at the news received in Calcutta on Sunday, December the 20th, that Lieutenant Hardinge's wound has proved fatal. We feel the utmost sympathy with His Excellency the Viceroy, thus bereaved twice in the short period of two years while bearing the vast responsibilities of the rule of this empire. Lord Hardinge's Viceregency, memorable as it is in other ways, will be memorable also for this—the unprecedented burden of bereavement under which it has latterly been borne. Our sympathies here are real and personal: for we bear in mind Lord Hardinge's friendly interest in Calcutta students, shown alike on his visit to Presidency College and the Eden Hindu Hostel in February, 1911, and in his private tour of inspection among Calcutta messes.

Lieutenant the Hon'ble E. C. Hardinge was only twenty-two years of age. His regiment was the 15th Hussars. The Distinguished Service Order had been conferred on him for his gallantry on August the 27th last, when he was wounded.



The report of Dr. Thibaut's death in Germany recently confirmed causes widespread regret in University circles. Dr. Thibaut was a scholar of rare attainments and simple character. The position for which he was best suited came to him late, only when he was already worn out by a long-borne burden of laborious responsibilities, first through the full length of service in the Education Department and then as Registrar of the Calcutta University. The Carmichael Professorship of Ancient Indian History and Culture was exactly suited to him and he to it. It is pathetic that he should have lived for so short a time to enjoy the scholarly opportunities which it offered. His many friends in Calcutta and at Presidency College lament the frustration of those hopes and mourn his loss.



Reviews.

SOME BOOKS ON THE WAR.

1. *Germany and the Next War*.—By General Friedrich von Bernhardi. Translated by Allen H. Powles. Sixth Impression. Edward Arnold, 1914.
2. *Pan-Germanism*.—By Roland G. Usher, Ph.D. Constable & Co., 1913.
3. *Germany and England*.—By J. A. Cramb, M.A., with a preface by A. C. Bradley, LL.D. John Murray, 1914.
4. *Great Britain and the European Crisis*.—Correspondence and Statements in Parliament, together with an introductory Narrative of Events. Printed under the authority of His Majesty's Stationery Office, London, 1914. Price one penny.

Since August the 4th last the books enumerated above have been added to the library of Presidency College. Von Bernhardi's book, the most famous, or rather the most notorious, of them all, was almost added two years ago, and it is illustrative of the sudden change which August the 4th worked in our outlook, that a book which the Library Committee considered to be of insufficiently permanent value to be purchased for the library of an academic institution, is now in everybody's hands, and is not unlikely to find mention in the histories of the future as one of the clearest contemporary statements of the baffled aims of the Germany of the early twentieth century. Nowhere else can we obtain a clearer version of the berserk soul of modern Germany; nowhere else are the implications of Treitschkian history and Nietzschean ethics—or rather lack of ethics—worked out more ruthlessly in their application to German politics to their astounding conclusion. And that conclusion is: Given the assumption that German culture is superior to all other cultures—and Germans in general accept that assumption—Germany must, as her supreme duty to civilization and humanity, force that culture upon the world at the point of the sword. England must go; France must go; Russia must be kept in check; compared with Germany they are barbarians. Are they friendly to one another? They must be made unfriendly, for Germany must fight them one by one if possible, not together. But even in the very worst event Germany must try to spread her culture. She must expand her power, and therefore the area affected by her culture, at the expense of her neighbours, or perish in the attempt. If necessary she must fight any possible combination which may exist, if it hampers Germany in the attempt to expand. The titles of the chapters are significant. We have one chapter on "The duty to make war"; the second is "World-power or Downfall."

As we read the book, we however become rather tired of the utter absence of any recognition of moral restraint upon international conduct. It is all so very stale, and Machiavelli did it much better many centuries ago toward the close of the Dark Ages. We *have* made progress in international relations since chapter xviii of "The Prince" was written, and it irritates us to be tacitly conducted back to 15th century political morality. The whole is greater than the part, the human race is greater than any particular race; and while the better mind of humanity does not deny the right of a higher culture to direct the concerns of a race of lower culture, it does deny the right of a state to make its own good the sole standard of its ethics—to cast away the painfully-bought moral gain of the last three centuries, and thereby poison at the very root the bonds of goodwill and good fellowship between alien peoples. As in the course of the next century the eight hundred millions of the East awake to political consciousness, are we of Europe to offer them Machiavellianism as our gospel, and Wilhelm II, its supreme example and successful exponent, as our approved product of the civilization which we are offering them? It is significant perhaps that Indians and Japanese are helping Europe to reject that gospel, while the only Asiatic people whom Germany can persuade to help her are the Turks, who, unlike India and Japan, have given the world, either in the past or the present, nothing which it values.

But we need not answer Bernhardi. He is to-day being answered partly by the grotesque failure of all his prophecies, based on his disbelief in moral forces, as to rebellion in Egypt, India and the British Colonies, partly by the guns of eight nations united in defence of civilization. A literary exposition and at the same time exposure of German aims was attempted by an American, Roland Usher, in his "Pan-Germanism." The text of his book is given on the first page. "*The Germans aim at nothing less than the domination of Europe and of the world by the Germanic race.*" He shows that the Germans dream of a vast German-Roman Empire extending from Hamburg through Central Europe and Western Asia to the Persian Gulf; that they seek to utilize Pan-Islamism as a factor by which to promote Pan-Germanism; that they believe the British Empire will fall to pieces at one blow, and intend to deliver that blow themselves; and that the Triple Entente came into being as a check on this ambitious scheme, which threatened the interests, immediate or future, of almost every great state now existing. The writer outlines the history of the diplomatic struggles of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente in a fascinating manner;

he exhibits the relationship of the United States to the two groups, the German view of the British Empire, the significance of the Turko-Italian and the Balkan Wars,—where he is perhaps not very trustworthy,—and the difficulties in the way of the realization of the Pan-Germanic ideal. It is refreshing by the way to find Usher realizing the real springs of English power in India. For Germany “to snatch India from a few thousand Englishmen with the assistance of the Hindus is one thing; to conquer India from the English and the Hindus combined. would be a very different thing.” Altogether, “Pan-Germanism” is a very informative, if rather over-imaginative, study of German “Welt politik.”

“Germany and England” is a book of a very different nature. Professor Cramb desired in these lectures to awaken Englishmen to the real peril which confronted them in the German menace. We are apt when reading of German atrocities in Belgium and elsewhere to be led away by passion into forgetting how great a people the Germans really are. Professor Cramb left his hearers under no delusion as to the spiritual and material greatness of their opponent, marred though it is by an inability to appreciate greatness in other races. As such his book forms a healthy stimulus towards a proper appreciation of the great task confronting England. He shows us ourselves as Germany sees us, and it is not a pleasant picture! Whether or not we go with him all the way in his theory that Germany regrets her great error in the fifth century when she borrowed an alien religion, and wishes now to propagate a new “religion of valour” made in Germany, we can yet follow him in the undisguised admiration which he expresses for a race which does not shrink from facing the world in arms, in pursuance of its ideals. The Germans are undoubtedly unscrupulous; but let no man deny them courage. “And one can imagine the ancient mighty deity of all the Teutonic kindred, throned above the clouds, looking serenely down upon that conflict, upon his favourite children, the English and the Germans, locked in a death struggle, smiling upon the heroism of that struggle, the heroism of the children of Odin the War-god!” The pity of it all, that it should be necessary that the favourite children of the War-god tear one another in pieces in a death-grip! But Germany, who has determined to be the new Hellas, giving culture to the world, and the new Rome, bringing it law, organization and the custom of peace, to be secured by one world-dominating imperial race, finds England athwart her path, England with her ideals of peace through conciliation, peace through agreement, peace through liberty, England

which rejects peace born of war and domination as the untimely resurrection of ideas which she thought she destroyed at Waterloo. And so Professor Cramb exhorts Englishmen to realize their awful danger; and secondly to give the lie to German assertions that the British Empire means nothing, and signifies nothing in the world. Germany has her vision of her purpose in the world. Can England not also realize to the full her own high imperial task? Let England too preach her new religion! As Alexander of Macedon sought to make all men Hellenes, so let the aim of England's empire be "to give all men within its bounds an English mind; to give all who come within its sway the power to look at the things of man's life from the standpoint of an Englishman; to diffuse within its bounds that high tolerance in religion which has marked this empire from its foundation; that reverence yet boldness before the mysteriousness of life and death characteristic of our great poets and our great thinkers; that love of free institutions, that pursuit of an ever higher justice and a larger freedom which rightly or wrongly we associate with the temper and character of our race wherever it is dominant and secure." Then at least, England will live for ever, just as Rome lives for ever, even though as empires both pass into the limbo of departed glories.

And now the mighty contest is set. For those who would know how it came, and the desperate efforts England made for peace the penny publication "Great Britain and the European Crisis" is a book of the highest value. There will be found the frantic interchange of telegrams between London on the one hand, and Berlin, Rome, St. Petersburg, Belgrade, Vienna and Paris on the other. It is a stimulating peep into the Foreign Offices of Europe which is here afforded us. The book contains in addition to the reprint of the diplomatic correspondence, a historical introduction, a description of the final events in Berlin and Vienna by the British Ambassadors, the first of which shows that the German people, from the most august individual in it down to the street populace, do not show at their best when excited, and finally a reprint of the statements of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey in Parliament.

Other books useful for the comprehension of the titanic world contest now taking place are being added to our library; but in the meantime the student who reads the four books here briefly described will find enlightenment and food for thought in abundance.

E. F. O.

Shakespeare. The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.—Edited with Introductions and Notes by the Rev. J. C. SCRIMGEOUR, M.A. Macmillan & Co. Rs. 2.

This is an edition of *Julius Cæsar* which is sure to be found serviceable by students preparing for Calcutta University examinations. The book carries out very thoroughly the ideal of 'Perfect Possession,' sketched on p. xi. This 'Perfect Possession', so defined, is certainly the ideal which the student should set before himself: whether it is quite so well that the work should all be done for him within the covers of a printed book, or even in a set of lectures, is more open to question. At all events, Professor Scrimgeour has shown the way towards the desired end with much success; and more than that, with scholarly judgment with an enthusiast's love for the work he has taken in hand. Doubtless he means it to be understood that the active effort of the student's mind must co-operate throughout. It would have been one excellence the more, if this had been distinctly said.

Certainly Professor Scrimgeour's Introductions, Notes and Appendices—materials for complete 'possession'—are very comprehensively given. In the Introductions, besides a judicious and sympathetic 'Life of Shakespeare' and a well-judged 'Chronology', there is a particularly full treatment of the critical aspects of the play under the heading 'Construction and Interpretation.' The subject of Cæsar's character has evidently a special interest for the edition: it is ably treated, but, perhaps, a little disproportionately. On the other hand there is no discussion of Anthony's character, not an unimportant point; and the female characters are neglected, though as regards Portia amends are made in note on Act II, i, 307, p. 140.

The notes are full, with a leaning here and there to over-elaboration. Attention is very properly paid to the dramatic structure and the course and connection of the action of the play in notes which precede in each scene the annotations on the text; but we venture to think that just here Prof. Scrimgeour fails to aim at the best—the notes are framed too much as mere analyses of the scenes, instead of seeking to bring out the exact point of the dramatic intention.

There are many good editions of *Julius Cæsar* (especially one in the Warwick Series), and it is no slight praise to Prof. Scrimgeour to say that it justified Messrs. Macmillan in adding to them. The book is a careful and able piece of work which goes far to vindicate the standard of industry and scholarship which Professors at Indian Colleges set before themselves; and Prof. Scrimgeour is to be congratulated.

Shakespeare. As You Like It.—Edited by J. W. HOLME. (The Arden Shakespeare). Methuen & Co. 2/6.

This is a scholarly edition of *As You Like It*, well maintaining the high standard of excellence set by previous volumes of Methuen's Arden Shakespeare. Features of this series are the careful attention given to textual accuracy and various readings, a return to the convenient practice, familiar to some of us in our Latin and Greek school classics, of the presentation of text and annotations on the same page, careful but not excessive notes, and an adequate but judiciously limited introduction. Mr. Holme's edition of *As You Like It* very successfully realizes all these features. The notes are brief and to the point, and do not disproportionately overload the text. There is an introduction touching on all necessary points of criticism but date, original features, estimates of character. To these are appended judicious extracts from Lodge's *Rosalynde*, which form a particularly useful section. On one head a devout pilgrim to Arden might, perhaps, desire rather fuller treatment; that is on the topography of Arden himself. It is possibly a self-denying restraint, which the editor exercises in conformity with the strict economy of commentary practised in this series. The name of the series might, it may be urged, have excused a little latitude in this particular. However this may be, Mr. Holme's book will be found a very useful edition for class purposes, when next the play is set.

Montesquieu.—Romanes Lecture.

Sir Courtenay Ilbert's Romanes lecture on *Montesquieu* is a remarkably brilliant performance in its own way, and does by no means fall short of the high expectations raised in India, when the appointment of Sir Courtenay to the lectureship was announced. In India Sir Courtenay did more than ample justice to the honourable traditions of an office, which had been held by jurists like Macaulay and Sir Henry Maine, and now at Oxford in this lecture he keeps up the traditions of a chair which had been held by a Gladstone and a John Morley. If Lord Morley's *Machiavelli* appeals exclusively to the serious student of history and of politics, Sir Courtenay's *Montesquieu* is equally suggestive and appeals more to the general reader and to the man of letters. There is an undefinable literary charm about the whole performance, which is most refreshing and seldom met with in these days, when the hardness and matter-of-factness of what is sometimes called scientific culture are in evidence everywhere. Sir Courtenay himself

has unconsciously demonstrated the value of this literary charm when he remarks by way of accounting for the enormous influence exercised by the *Spirit of Laws*, "Much was due to charm of style. If you want to be read, still more if you want to be read widely, you must be readable." That two writers and thinkers of the stamp of Lord Morley and Sir Courtenay should have respectively chosen *Machiavelli* and *Montesquieu* as their texts for enlightening the modern world is at once significant of the tendencies of the time as also of a similarity in the trend of thought in the two modern exponents. To-day we can only afford to notice one or two of the superficial aspects of this refreshing and stimulating study and express our regret that Sir Courtenay with a tantalizing brevity has just touched the fringe of some of the important topics of the present-day world. Says Sir Courtenay, "One might amuse oneself by speculating on the differences which Montesquieu would have observed and on the general reflections which he might have made if he had been called upon to pass in review the Government and legislation of the present day." While thus speculating, Sir Courtenay asks what has Physical Science done for the World, and he answers "it has done three things. It has increased the ease and speed of production. It has increased the ease and speed of locomotion. It has increased the ease and speed of communicating information and opinion. And by so doing it has made for democracy, it has made for plutocracy, it has made for great states."

Again the lecturer reminds us that man is by nature imitative, and goes on to explain that man imitates his forefathers: that is custom. He imitates his neighbour: that is fashion. He imitates himself: that is habit.

One cannot help expressing his sincere regret that Sir Courtenay has not given us more of these speculations. But it is perhaps in the nature of these lectures to be suggestive rather than comprehensive. One more point before we close this rambling notice. It is the fashion with a certain section of the Indian educational world to sneer at history because on occasions history insists on the importance of dates and facts. To that section we would commend the two following sentences, which are almost the opening sentences of this lecture, by way of illustrating how dates and facts by suggestion and association can be full of instruction. "Montesquieu was born in 1689, a year after the Revolution which ended the Stuart Dynasty, five years before the birth of Voltaire, 100 years before the outbreak of the final Revolution; died in 1755, four years after the publication of the first volume of

the French Encyclopaedia, the year before the *Seven Years' War*, five years before George III came to the throne, and seven years before Rousseau preached to the world in the first chapter of his *Social Contract* that man was born free and is found everywhere in chains."

J. N. DAS GUPTA.

The Co-operative Movement in India.—By PANCHANAN DAS MUKHOPADHYAYA.
Published by M. C. Sarcar & Co., Calcutta.

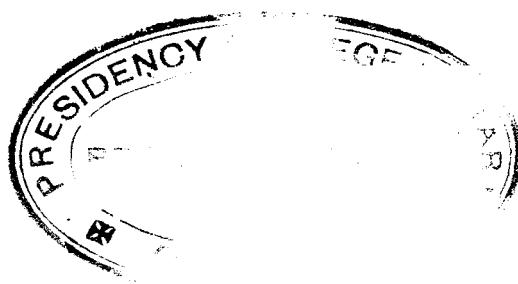
Professor P. Mukhopadhyaya is to be congratulated on the very useful introduction to the study of the co-operative movement in India composed by him. The treatment is lucid and the statistics are up to date. The beginner is led on by easy steps to contemplate the rising edifice of co-operation, which is one of the latest but by no means one of the least of the advantages which India enjoys under the British rule. Professor Mukhopadhyaya, with his experience as teacher, knows well the value of introducing the student from the first to the original documents of the subject; and he has put before his reader the invaluable Government Resolution of 17th June 1914, in which a masterly view of co-operative principles in their application to India is to be found. It is to be hoped that the author will further prosecute his studies in co-operation, and will give us, in fullness of time, the mature fruits of his future labour.

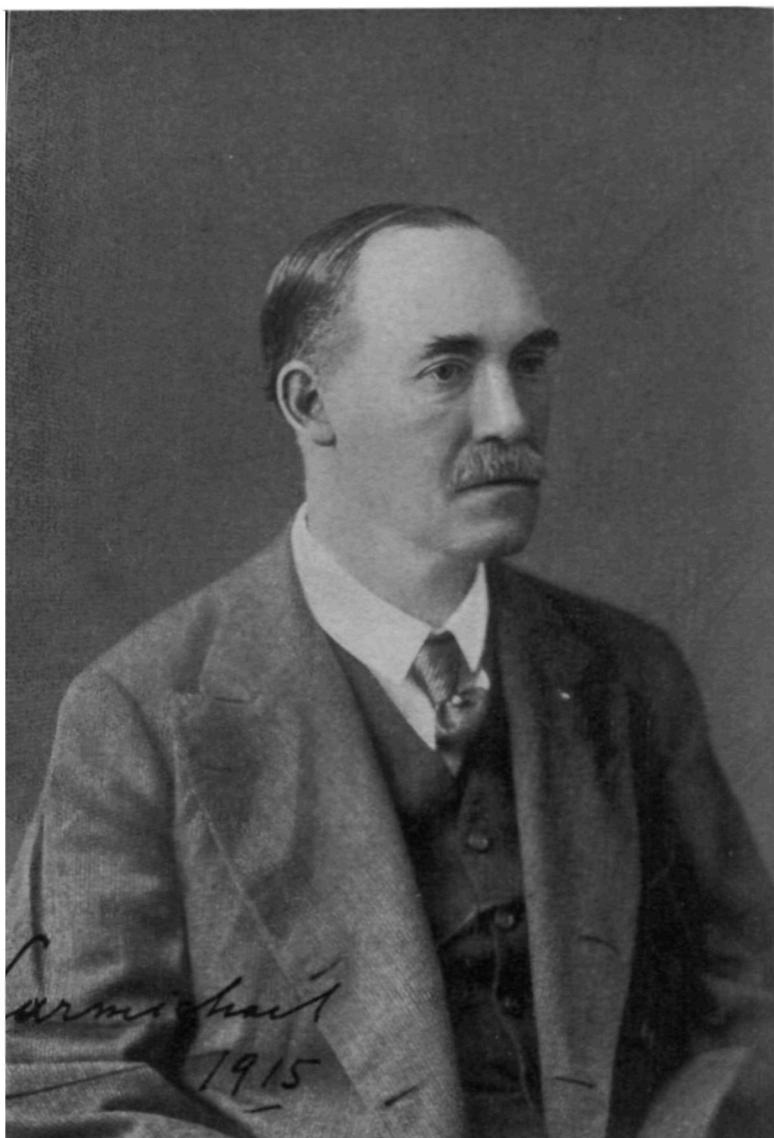
J. C. C.

Bibidha Prabandha or Miscellaneous Essays.—By Prof. HEM CHANDRA SARKAR, M.A. Price Six Annas.

The book is a collection of sixteen reflective essays meant chiefly for students, and is on the whole a very remarkable production of its kind. The essays embody universally accepted truths; the style is very simple. The essays on "Character," "The Mount of Glory," "Friendship," "Wine and Drunkards" will be of perennial interest to all right-minded men. The author clearly emphasizes the truth of the famous dictum—"the crown and glory of life is character." The illustrations are apposite, varied and convincing. We hope the book will be widely read, and we shall be glad to find it placed in the hands of all of our college and school friends.

N.B.—p. 50, l. 1: for 'Mitter' read 'Lahiri'; p. 89, l. 16: for 1904 read 1906; p. 94, l. 8: for 'statue' read 'bust'; for 'its' read 'his'; p. 91, l. 40: for 'to' read 'on.'





Our Visitor.

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NO. 3

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE seems to be a gratifying consensus of opinion that the celebration of Founders' Day this year was a success and fulfilled its primary purpose. That purpose was to bring together past and present students and to enable them to meet each other and to see the College. Old students came in large numbers, and the range of years which they represented extended from 1861 to last year, 1914—fifty generations. Old and young met together, and at the same time friends met contemporaries. We believe there were meetings on January the 20th of old friends who had not met since their student days. Sometimes the student days were four years ago and sometimes forty. All met on the common basis of membership of the College. The expedient of telling off some of the youngest Present students as hosts and guides to their elders of past days ensured that extremes should meet. The extremes did meet—the very oldest and the very youngest: and we have reason to think to their mutual advantage.



As we said in January, this year's Founders' Day will probably be reckoned of great importance, because it will, to a great extent, determine the type of our future celebrations of our Founders. Already by a common form of illusion we begin to feel that we have always had a Founders' Day. Soon members of the College will scarcely be able to believe that there was ever a time when Founders' Day was not celebrated. Yet this institution is exactly two years old and this year's is the first regular celebration. In 1913 it was a happy idea of

the Principal's to choose January the 20th for the opening of the Baker Laboratories. Lord Carmichael, Bengal's first Governor, came to open them, and it was Lord Carmichael, Bengal's first Governor and now Visitor of the College, who declared that this day should be celebrated in perpetuity as Founders' Day.



The thing, however, most to be impressed on our minds is that January the 20th really is our Founders' Day. It is not a day fancifully chosen, but rightly chosen, because that day in 1817 really saw the birth of our College. On January the 20th, 1817, was opened the Hindu College or Malta Vidyalaya. The Founders are the little group of enlightened men, Hindu and English, who banded together to give Calcutta the first educational institution which was to combine in careful balance the lore of the East and of the West. The Hindu College anticipated the purpose of the famous Educational Despatch of 1854 and of the Indian Universities and the Departments of Public Instruction. We shall do well to keep the foundation of the Hindu College in remembrance and to treasure the memory of our own identity with the Hindu College.



The incidental entertainments offered to our guests this year were secondary only in importance but served their purpose. There was a Tennis tournament, Past *vs.* Present, organized by Professor Oaten and by the Honorary Secretary Sures Chandra Bose. A Cricket match was also played at Marcus Square. There were scenes from *As You Like It* and there was the Conference of Past Students. ✓

In the two athletic contests honours were very fairly divided between Past and Present. Present won the Cricket match by one hundred and twenty-eight runs to seventy-seven. But seniority was well vindicated in the two Tennis matches, for both were won by the Past.



[The conference was, considered in itself, a notable event and owed its success to our unfailing friend the Vice-Chancellor and to the eloquence of Professors P. C. Ghosh and S. C. Mahalanobis. For further judgment of its success as a practical undertaking we await developments. There seemed to be general agreement that we should, and must, have a College Hall. The proposition that old Presidency College men should have an association, even as old Aligarh College

men do, was received with approbation seemingly unanimous.] What will be the outcome? To give effect to the sentiments which found expression and approval on Founders' Day, it is indispensable that a Committee should be formed for each object. And first and foremost there is need in each case of an energetic and devoted Honorary Secretary. We *await* developments. ✓

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The Scenes from *As You Like It* were performed on a stage ingeniously built up to make a very passable resemblance to a forest with the help of the line of trees which bound the road in front of the porch. The cast comprising of Moshin Ali as melancholy Jacques, H. Bhattacharya as the Duke, R. Chakravarti as Orlando and A. K. Laha as Adam, deserves our thanks for the zeal with which they worked up these scenes at short notice and our congratulations on the artistic success of their performance. A full account by our special dramatic critic will be found under its proper heading. Our best thanks are due to Professor Sterling for the keenness with which he superintended the rehearsals and the exertions by which all stage-requisites were provided in time. We were fortunate in finding Mr. Joachim of the St. Joseph's High School to sing Amiens' famous song.

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✓ The excellent representation of the "pastoral play" opens up many possibilities for the "Presidency College Amateur Dramatic Club," which has had a somewhat fitful history. The activities of the actors we had hoped would enable us to stage *Julius Cæsar* early this session. On the Founders' Day they gave abundant evidence of their histrionic talents. Confident of success they should spur themselves on to fresh activities, and we are sure they can count on the enthusiastic support of the whole College. ✓

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✓ With the development of the Dramatic Club we should start a Presidency College Debating Society. We have in the College debating societies of the first year and the second year students. It is a matter of regret that the graduate classes should have *all* their energies absorbed in the work of the Seminars. We would be glad to find the activities of the various classes extended to the formation of a

College Debating Society. Whether as a meeting ground of the members of the College, or as affording facilities for the powers of public speaking, the need of a College Debating Club is very great. ✓



The vista is widened, and with a Debating Society and a Dramatic Club we can hope for a revival of the old "Presidency College Students' Union." Such an "Union" will concentrate all the activities of the various Societies and Clubs in the College and will effectively help the growth of College *esprit de corps.* ✓



We offer our heartiest congratulations to the Metropolitan Institution on their well-deserved win of the Lansdowne Shield on February 5th. They defeated us in both the innings—finally winning by 315 runs. Theirs is a victory of which any team might be justly proud. It may be hoped that this defeat will serve to whip up our efforts for greater exertions next year. The thanks of the College are due to those players who did their best to save the prestige of the Club.



"The Ides of March, remember!" Within a few days our second and fourth year men will be taking their examinations. We heartily wish them all success. The hearts of their Professors throb in unison with their own hearts. Every examinee has an imperative duty not only towards himself or to his family but also towards his great *alma mater*, always proud of the ever-increasing triumph of her sons.

The examinees this year have been subjected to great anxiety about small-pox, but we have been fortunate enough in having practical immunity—there being only two cases of small-pox, so far as we know, among our students. The Vice-Chancellor deserves the thanks of all for making special arrangements for students attacked with small-pox.

We are glad to announce the recovery of a student of the fifth year class who was down with small-pox in the Senior Students' Mess at 61, Machuabazar Street. The mess however has been transferred from the long-familiar mansion to the shady groves of Ballygunge.

Thirty students along with the Principal took an examination in "First Aid" on February the 1st and the 5th. We would be glad to find our men, armed with certificates, forming themselves into a *College Ambulance Corps*. The formation of a College Cadet Corps may be within the bounds of possibility, but it is very gratifying that we should have created a record, for never before have so many students of a College been admitted to the First Aid examination. Mr. James took the examination along with the students. It is indeed a wonderful thing that the Principal of an institution should sit for the same examination on the same day with his students.

We are very glad to announce that 29 out of the 30 examinees have passed. Major Moses can well congratulate himself and the College on the success of his pupils.

The examination has been a relief to some and disappointment to others. Some were alleged to have come forward because they wanted to go on active service; others are supposed to have backed out for fear of being "dragged into the trenches." Hopes have been disappointed, fears dispelled. The idea of going to the front on the strength of a certificate, owing its origin to the fervid imagination of enthusiasts, will repose in the haunted limbo of the past.



The January number of the *Calcutta Review* is alike interesting and instructive. It has special interest for us because of the association of our Professors with it. There are three articles written by Professors of our college, while the Scottish Churches College Professors have contributed two articles. Professor E. F. Oaten has written an excellent article on the present war—a subject in which he is all the more keenly interested as a Professor of History and International Law. Mr. Gilchrist has an article on student life in Bengal, a subject of perennial interest to us and all our well-wishers; while Mr. Wordsworth again has written an article on the war.



A full account of the unveiling of the portrait of Prof. C. H. Tawney, Principal of our College from 1876-92, will be found elsewhere. Professor Gopal Chandra Ganguli deserves our thanks for presenting the photograph to his College where Professor Tawney worked for so many years. An example has been set in the right direction, and it

leads us on to the hope that a time may come when our College hall will be adorned with pictures of the galaxy of our Professors.



We have been asked by a large number of our friends to declare their intention of starting a Bengali Society. With the helpful co-operation of all the members of the College such a Society can be easily started, and it is undoubtedly desirable. Definite proposals will be, we have been told, laid before the College in July next.



We regret very much to record the death of Mrs. Banerjea, wife of Professor Hriday Chandra Banerjea. Professor Banerjea was struggling hard with family troubles for some time past. He received a rude shock on the night of the 3rd February last when his wife died of heart failure. She leaves behind her two boys, and an infant girl aged six months only. We accord our sincerest sympathy to Mr. Banerjea in his irreparable loss.



We announce our intention of starting two fresh series of articles in our magazine—

- (i) Presidency College Professors Series.
- (ii) Presidency College Founders and Benefactors Series.

We invite the assistance and co-operation of all members of the College, both past and present.



We have no doubt that our readers will be gratified to find a portrait of Lord Carmichael as Visitor of the College included in the present number. The portrait has the further special value that through his Excellency's personal kindness it bears his autograph.



In the Halls of Valhalla.

SCENE.—A mighty hall in the under world, gloomy, ghostly, and untenanted. A faint flickering light penetrates through from the upper world, but this only serves to emphasize the ghastly gloom and empty terror of the place. All is silent, deathlike, awful. Suddenly there comes the noise of distant cannonading, the scream of flying shells, the crash of falling masonry, the hiss of exploding steam, and the cries of men and women in mortal agony. Then in the hall there bursts forth a blaze of light, and in comes a youthful warrior, the messenger of Odin.

Messenger: Souls of the mighty dead, awake! Forasmuch as on earth ye fought a good fight, forasmuch, too, as your warrior souls were pleasing to mighty Odin, he grants, as ye well know, that ye shall wake from your eternal sleep, whensoever men fight mightily upon the earth. For when ye were in life, ye delighted in the shock of arms and the joy of the brave blow struck for your country's honour; so therefore in Valhalla it is your reward that while men live slothfully in peace, ye shall sleep in forgetfulness, but when men rouse themselves to battle, then shall ye have joy in beholding their mighty deeds. That is the heaven which Odin gives to warriors and heroes. Awake, awake, ye of the Warriors' Hall, awake!

The messenger vanishes and once again all is dark. Suddenly however one side of the Hall seems to vanish into space, and through it is revealed a picture of the world, spread out as if a plain. And in the light that streams into the Hall, then become visible all the mighty soldiers whom the world has known. Among them Napoleon sits as king; on his right sits Alexander, on his left Hannibal, while Caesar, Turenne, Marlborough, Moltke, Tamerlane, Nelson, Frederick the Great, Cromwell, and hosts of others sit around him. All are looking eagerly out upon the world.

Napoleon: A pest on these plaguey Balkan folk who will not let me rest. Ah! 'tis as I thought. What care I for little eastern peoples, Servians, Bulgarians, Roumanians, and what not, whom in my day no man had heard of? 'Tis only a little skirmish on the Danube, a few balls flung into Belgrade. Is it for this they wake me, king of the warrior dead, *me*, who marched into Vienna, Madrid, Cairo, Berlin, Moscow, Rome, London? No, not London! I had forgotten. Would that I might forget! I hate these modern wars. 'Tis but three years since they woke me for Italy. A plague on her! That was no war!

Why didn't she take Constantinople? And 'tis but ten since they called me to watch the Czar and his Cossacks fleeing before little men with yellow faces and round heads in lands that I know not. 'Tis a new world, a world that has passed away from me! 'Twas good fighting, no doubt, but what did I care who won? What are yellow men and Siberian wastes to me? I fancy Borodino and the Moscow march took away *my* taste for Russian wastes! 'Tis more than forty years since they woke me to see any lands that I know well, and then —nom d'un nom! 'twas worse than Leipzig, or Waterloo! Strasburg Prussian? Bah! Jéna will come again!

Moltke: Unless, sire, it be a greater Sedan! For see, Prussia pours her troops in great masses through the Ardennes and Brussels sweeping round on Paris

Napoleon: What? Troops in the Low Countries, which now they call Belgium? Odin, thanks, thanks! This is a war indeed! Ever has it been a mighty war, when the Low Countries were concerned? But who fight whom? One thing I know. I see no English soldier, but well I know, that if there be fighting in the Low Countries, England fights there too! I wonder! Perhaps at last my France takes vengeance on England for Canada, India, Egypt, and Waterloo? I remember they woke me for Fashoda, but let me sleep again!

Moltke: Nay, sire, England will not fight. 'Tis Prussia that fights France, and England will stand and watch as she watched in '71.

Napoleon: I had more to do with England than you, Moltke. I tell you, and only fools can help knowing it, that if Prussia fights in the Low Countries, England fights for one side or the other. Sort of "noli tangere," if you remember your church Latin, Moltke. Why, in my day these shopkeepers got excited if a Frenchman went swimming in the Scheldt!

Moltke: In the past, yes. Now, no! England is not the England of your day. She likes luxury, ease, and running after little balls all day long. Englishmen will not fight for their own country. Will they fight for Belgium?

Napoleon: When they fight for Belgium, they fight for England. Pitt knew that, and so did Castlereagh. Surely, surely, they cannot have forgotten that? If so, I was born a hundred years too soon.

Wellington: England has never forgotten and never will! and for the matter of Moltke's little balls, what about the playing fields of Eton they say I used to talk of?

Drake: I finished my game of bowls, anyway, before the Armada came, you remember.

Frederick the Great: England never forgot the Low Countries. Who cares? Maria Theresa never forgot Silesia. But I kept it. Silesia, half Saxony, Poland, Alsace too, they tell me, and Hanover! And now the Low Countries, why not? This becomes interesting. I will have much talk with Wilhelm, when he joins our company.

The noise of a tremendous cannonading is heard. Thousands of ghostly shapes, Belgians and Prussians, come filing into the Hall, to take their place.

Napoleon: Welcome, heroes all! Lay aside your enmities. Here we have no country or passions, but one common patriotism, courage! What of the war? Where have you come from?

Belgians: Liège, Louvain, Malines, Termonde. The Belgian army seeks fruitlessly to stay the Prussian advance through Belgium, but the struggle is useless. Liège is gone, with brave Leman; Louvain, Termonde, Malines, smoke to the sky in ashes; our villages and farms are empty, save for the corpses of their former occupiers. Churches, libraries, pictures, parks, are put to common ruin. Our women and children flee into Holland or England, save those whom Prussia murders to make a holiday for her soldiery. Brussels is German, and there they say men pray that Alva were back again instead.

Turenne: Burning libraries, slaughtered women, children tossed on the points of troopers' spears? It reminds me of the good old days in the Palatinate.

Tilly: Magdeburg over again! But this time Germans are on top. Well, well, she's a fickle maid, Fortune! Who ever would have thought the Magdeburgers would get their turn? I thought that sort of thing was dead in these soft-hearted modern folk.

Attila: Odin be praised that we did not miss this! It seemed men had forgotten how war rightly should be made. But no! they still remember. Thanks! Odin, thanks!

Tamerlane: My sentiments exactly, Attila! How it brings back to me the good old days in Hindustan! They tell me those good old days have passed away there now. 'Tis but for a time. From the north some other Tamerlane will come!

Alva: How dare Wilhelm rival me in the Low Countries! Why, the Netherlanders might even forget me now, and use Wilhelm's name instead of mine to frighten their children with! Shame!

Napoleon: Peace, Alva! We know not yet if Wilhelm will be

admitted to our company. That depends on the manner of his death. None but the brave are made fellow-craft with us. Master warriors all, look forth again. Can you see anything besides the Low Countries battle?

Moltke: Ay, see, Von Kluck sweeps on, as neither you nor I ever swept, from Liège to Mons, and thence to Paris. See, he knocks at the outer forts even as I did! Victory, victory to the Kaiser!

Napoleon: Calm, be calm, Moltke! Here we have put off all passions, though it takes you Prussians some time to realize it. But see! he turns, he flees. From the Paris forts to the Marne, from the Marne to the Aisne! He leaves behind prisoners, stores, guns! France, my imperial France! But what are those uniforms on the left? Women? As I'm a living ghost, the Highlanders! England? England the ally of France? Englishmen and Frenchmen fighting side by side in the Netherlands, near Waterloo, at Mons, La Fère, around Paris! Gods, 'twas for this then you foiled me at Boulogne! Now I wonder, have they a Wellington? They've no great army, but somehow they make generals. Cromwell, Marlborough, Wellington, all useful men! But perhaps France has a Napoleon? No, there's only one Napoleon, that would-be second one, Louis's son, made a mess of things. Besides, these republics, I doubt whether they make great soldiers See! French and English sweep round on the left; they enter the Lowlands by Dunkirk; from the sea the English shell the German right—it's always the sea, those English. Corunna, Torres Vedras, Acre! Fools the Prussians must be to come near it! Back, back, the French and English press them. Ha! Antwerp falls! Well, well, one thing is certain now, while the Prussian flag floats on Antwerp, there will be no peace with England. Ten, twenty, fifty years, England will press Prussia till she resigns Antwerp. She fought me twenty years, so I ought to know. Odin, once again thanks, thanks! This is war indeed! What monstrous masses! Now that's a curious problem. How can one man lead those millions? By the time news reaches him from the wings, and his orders reach them in return, the orders must be useless! I wonder!

J. Cæsar: Just watch those Belgæ on the left. Said I not in my "Commentaries" that they are the bravest of all the Gauls?

Wellington: That was not my experience at Waterloo.

Garibaldi: May be. But recollect. Since Cæsar fought the Belgæ, when have they had anything to fight for? But now that the sacred fire of nationality glows in their hearts and nerves their

hands, Cæsar's Belgæ are great and brave again. But what is Italy doing?

Victor Emmanuel : Italy waits on circumstance, as did Cavour and I.

Garibaldi : Let Italy beware lest circumstance wait not on her, but leave her panting behind. "He that is not for us is against us", you know the saying?

Napoleon : Peace, warrior ghosts! Look forth again. What are those turbans, those dusky faces and crooked knives I see?

Bussy : By the Nizam's bones, Hindustani regiments! Sepoys in France? Can it be that after all Clive and Coote did not undo my work? Was Wandewash not final, and did Dupleix's work stand after all? Sepoys in France!

Napoleon : No, Wandewash was final; as I discovered in Egypt. These sepoys must be English troops. (*To a German shade*) What of the soldiers of India, friend?

German soldier shade : The devils say all wars are good, but this is heaven! A curse on Bernhardi! He told us they would fight against the English, not against us.

Themistocles : Indian warriors in the lands of the central sea? Never since Marathon have Indians fought in the western lands.

Alexander : I thought I stopped all that sort of thing at Arbela and Hyphasis.

Indian soldier shade : Iskender, we died fighting for a padishah from the west mightier even than thou wast.

Alexander : If that be so, then worthily did ye die.

Napoleon : Warriors all, look further yet. What of the east?

Frederick the Great : 'Tis as I feared. The Czar and Prussia fight for Poland. The Seven Years' War has come again! Heaven defend Wilhelm! This time the Czar will not go home every winter; nor has Prussia England's money bags to draw upon.

Napoleon : Russia and France together? Tilsit over again!

Frederick the Great : Russia, France, England. It's a fearful combination! Still, Wilhelm has the inner lines.

Nelson : And England has the outer lines—all of them! The lines lead over every ocean and every sea. Look! Horses from Argentina, wheat from Australia, arms from America, convoys from Japan, men from all the world, and transports from—ha! ha! Germany. England expects this day that every German transport will do its duty! 6d's bodikins, the outer lines are better!

Frederick the Great : England, France, Russia ! Um ! I pride myself on being original, but Wilhelm will brook no rival. He's go a tougher time in front of him than ever I had.

Napoleon : These newly arrived shades are saying that there are others besides, though they did not belong to my world, Servia, Monte negro, Japan.

Nelson : Add Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Hindustan, The Cape, Algeria, Egypt, and—shall we say, St. Helena, which may come in useful ? Think you not the outer lines are best, Napoleon ?

All : Order, order in Valhalla ! Shame !

Frederick the Great : Shade of Maria Theresa, I see Austria fights for Wilhelm ! Has he then given back Silesia ? But no ! Maria is dead, and with her the last of the great Hapsburgs. Not much use Austria to Wilhelm ! See, the Czar drives them headlong through the Carpathians ! I did well to take Silesia. 'Twere better still had I taken Vienna and stirred those southern folk up. But what's this ? More turbans ?

John Sobieski : Turks ? Gods ! and I saved Vienna for this !

Wellington : England, Russia, and France fighting together against the Turks ! Heavens ! what a Congress of Vienna there'll be when it's all over !

Attila : Well, well, I suppose it's necessary for Wilhelm to get help, but I did all my outrages and massacres without any help whatever.

Napoleon : Attention, warriors all ! What see you now ?

Wellington : There's fighting at Wypers, Boney, that puts our little skirmish at Waterloo out of the lime-light. See the shades are entering the Hall in thousand after thousand !

Shade of German theological professor, killed at Ypres (chanting in a nasal tone) : " And Wilhelm sent messengers unto Albert, King of the Belgians, saying : Let me pass through thy land ; we will not turn into the fields, or into the vineyards ; we will not drink of the water of the well : but we will go along by the king's highway, until we be past thy borders. And Albert would not suffer Wilhelm to pass through his border : but Albert gathered all his people together, and went out against Wilhelm toward the east : and he came to Liège and fought against Wilhelm. And Wilhelm smote him by the edge of the sword, and possessed his land from Liège unto Ostend, even unto the children of Gaul ; for the border of the children of Gaul was strong. And Wilhelm took all these cities ; and Wilhelm dwelt in all the cities of the Belgians, in Brussels, and in all the villages thereof. Thus

Wilhelm dwelt in the land of the Belgians.''
(*Looking up*) Now that's straight out of the book of Wilhelm's old ally, God.

Cromwell: Peace, blasphemer. I too can quote the book of the Lord. "Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise; and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding." Take that to thyself and to thy lord. Thou hast come to the wrong place. Begone! And an thou ever meet thy lord again, speak unto him from the Holy Writ thus: "By the hands of a little people"
Thou knowest, and he!

(The whole of the world, as the watchers gaze upon it, becomes one cloud of smoke and fire. The noise of cannonading, of bursting shells, of falling houses, steadily increases and continues; the moaning of tortured men, the wails of grief-stricken women, the squeals of mutilated horses, and all the horrible accompaniments of modern war seem to fill the world. Finally there seems to pervade the earth the low hum of maddened populaces, the cries of the starving proletariat of the great towns of modern Europe: "Bread, bread, give us bread!" Dim visions appear through the smoke of barricades, and street fighting, of looted shops, of burning palaces, and roads littered with corpses. Smoke, flame, sheets of fire everywhere appear. Then after a long interval, silence! Slowly the vision of the world fades away from the gazers; gloom settles upon the Hall of the Warriors: thicker and thicker becomes the darkness, and at last the place is shrouded in ghastly and ghostly deathlike blackness, as at the beginning. The shades of the warrior dead fade slowly away into the oblivion from which they had been temporarily awakened. Nothing is seen but one figure away, apparently, in the far distance, standing out from the gloom, surrounded by a faint halo, bleeding, dishevelled, weeping, and yet for all that, sublimely beautiful. It is the Spirit of Peace.)

Spirit of Peace: Once again am I come, warriors and heroes all, to bid you sleep. Sleep, sleep deeply, and may ye never, never awake! By the hands of a little people ! Ah! would that men on earth would read aright the lesson of Belgium! Meet was it once, they say on earth, that one man died for the people! Meet is it too that one nation perish for the world! O world of men, will ye not accept the sacrifice, and over the bleeding corpse of Belgium swear eternal peace? Shall Belgium have died in vain? Down throughout all future ages shall men remember Belgium, the symbol of the time when the golden age began, or else—oh world of men, avert it!—of the day the iron age returned to harrow the fair surface of the earth as never yet it hath been harrowed. Choose, O world of men.

Belgium hath died! Belgium hath risen again! Rightly ye enthrone Belgium, but how? As the symbol of your hate? or as the emblem of your love? Choose!

(Slowly the vision fades, and all is darkness. Then from the world above resound shouts of "Belgium! Belgium!" filled with the note of triumph, hate, and fear!)

Spirit of Peace (from out the darkness in accents of broken-hearted sorrow): They hate, alas! they hate! But perhaps, perhaps, a little while and men will understand! Beware, world of men, beware!

(Slowly the weeping, warning voice dies away into the distance and all is darkness and silence.)

E. F. OATEN.

Presidency College in the Past.

Distinguished Teachers Series.

I. HENRY LOUIS VIVIAN DEROZIO.

DEROZIO'S name stands very high in the history of the early days of this College. He was a devoted and sincere worker for the cause of English education in our country, and as a true benefactor of students he was unique. He made the cause of Bengal his own and gave the best part of his short life to its service. He taught his pupils what love for one's country really is and instilled into them a spirit of appreciation of everything that is noble in literature. His name will go down to posterity as it comes down to us honoured by good work, and every student of this College must pay his tribute to the memory of one who strove so hard for its cause. Endowed with many sterling qualities, not the least of which was his philanthropic spirit, he was really a "sign and example" for all workers in education.

Henry Derozio was born in Calcutta on the 10th of April, 1809. He came of a noble family. "His father," says his biographer, "who was descended from a respectable Portuguese family, named De Rozario, occupied a highly respectable position in the mercantile houses of Messrs. J. Scott & Co. in Calcutta."* His mother was an Indian lady, and doubtless the sympathy he felt for the Indians was due to his maternal heritage.

* Thomas Edwards—Life of Derozio, p. 2.



H. L. V. Derozio

On August 12, 1809, Henry Derozio was baptized in St. John's Cathedral by the Rev. James Ward, D.D. It is interesting to note that this chaplain at the same church baptized the novelist Thackeray on January 3, 1812. At the age of six he was sent to the Dhurmatalah Academy, of which Mr. Drummond, "an eccentric Scotch dominie," was the proprietor. Drummond was one of those poets whose poems have not been heard of. In his own estimation, they were invaluable, and he thought that, if published in his native land, they would be considered valuable additions to English poetical literature. But his ever-cherished longing was doomed to remain unfulfilled for the ship carrying the treasures of an earnest heart was lost, and the future hopes of English literature were drowned with it. However great may have been his eccentricity, it was universally admitted at that time that Mr. Drummond's scholarship was of a very high order. Under the fostering and paternal care of this man the future life of Derozio—journalist, poet, reformer, philanthropist—was built up.

Derozio being one of the brightest stars of the Academy, soon gained the affection of his generous teacher, who was not slow to encourage and foster the poetic genius inherent in his pupil. It was through Drummond's care that Derozio at a very early age became proficient in poetry and philosophy. Such was the depth of his learning even when he was a mere schoolboy, that Dr. Mill, then Principal of the Bishop's College, declared, before a large and distinguished assembly, that the objections which Derozio had put forward to the philosophy of Kant "were perfectly original and displayed powers of reasoning and observation which would not disgrace even gifted philosophers."

At the age of fourteen Derozio ended his school-life and entered the mercantile firm of Messrs. James Scott & Co., Calcutta, where his father for many years had occupied the responsible office of chief accountant. But he was not destined to hold the office long, for his poetic nature could not be confined to the office-stool. Before a year was passed, he left the office and joined his uncle, Mr. Arthur Johnson, as an indigo planter at Bhagalpur. There, amidst the wild scenes of nature—the sonorous music of the river, the grand and dignified aspect of the blue hills, the sweet rustling of the leaves and the soft murmur of the fountain at the foot of the hill—the poetic inspirations of Derozio began to bloom, and ere long his high sentiments and noble feelings took the practical shape of published poems.

Derozio came back to Calcutta in 1827, and in the same year the

first volume of his poems was published. The poems met with high favour and encouragement on all sides. At that time, through the influence of Dr. John Grant, to whom Derozio had dedicated his book, he obtained an appointment in the Hindu College on a salary of Rs. 150 per month. From this time his life as a teacher began. He was only eighteen years old, and could make no pretension to experience in his profession, but within a short time in consequence of his kindly disposition and sound teaching, he was held in such high esteem by his pupils that at all times they used to come regularly to his house and discuss with him various interesting topics of literature and current social problems—the beauty of European dramas, the patriotism of ancient Greeks and Romans as depicted in their history, and the sacrifice required to attain true greatness. Indeed his mode of teaching was unique in its kind. Dwelling upon the influence which Derozio exerted on the minds of his pupils a writer in the *Calcutta Review* for 1852 said:—“The master spirit of this new era was Mr. Derozio. This gifted young man entered the College as one of the junior teachers in November 1826 and speedily acquired an undoubted influence and popularity among the students. He entered into their feelings with all the fervour and enthusiasm of his highly poetic temperament and spared no pains to fan and feed the flame.”*

To most men Derozio is known only as a teacher, but he indirectly played as well the part of a reformer. The time in which he flourished was most suited to his teachings. Grave problems of society and religion were at that time in the melting pot, and the whole of Bengal was ringing with arguments in favour of or against them. Derozio always advised his pupils to take part in them and he himself heartily joined them in their discussion of social and religious matters. In fact “the class of Derozio in the Hindu College was not the dull and monotonous thing which a class in these days of “cram” is in the Indian Colleges; it was, to compare small things with great, more like the Academy of Plato or Lyceum of Aristotle. There were free exchanges of thought between the professor and the pupils, and young men were not so much crammed with information as taught to think and to judge.”**

The tide, however, began to flow in a different channel. The teachings of Derozio, which urged upon his pupils the mistake in showing passive obedience to the established doctrines of society and religion

* Recollections of Alexander Duff, p. 29.

and the necessity of viewing them with the eyes of critics and reformers, were meant to encourage them in making direct attacks on the beliefs and practices of Hindu society. In doing so the young men in many cases overstepped the mark. Contempt and hatred for Hinduism became so prevalent among the students of Derozio that it alarmed their guardians, with the result that the authorities of the College and Derozio were accused of things which with justice could not be attributed to them. He tried to defend his character not by playing upon words only, so as to confuse his accusers, but by firmly maintaining the impossibility of the charges themselves. He thus wrote to the College authorities—" Entrusted as I was for some time with the education of youths, peculiarly circumstanced, was it for me to have made them pert and ignorant dogmatists by permitting them to know what could be said upon only one side of grave questions? I never teach such absurdity."* But with all that he was dismissed scornfully and without mercy.

Soon after his resignation Derozio started a daily newspaper called the " East Indian." Many eminent writers, such as Mr. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Crowe, regularly contributed to this paper till the death of Derozio. By this time the days of Derozio's life were numbered. On the 23rd of December, 1831, at the age of twenty-three, he died, a victim of cholera. Mr. Madge of the Imperial Library once fancifully remarked, "' Henry Louis Vivian Derozio' makes up twenty-three letters and Derozio died in his twenty-third year."

" No frown ever darkened his brow, no harsh or rude word ever escaped his lips. With him it was all spring and sunshine." Such a man was, indeed, Derozio. He was not ashamed of his Eurasian birth, but on the contrary he took pride in it and regarded India as his native land at the mention of whose past glories he would almost burst into tears. He breathed an ardent and exalted spirit of patriotism which is beautifully embodied in one of his poems.

" My country ! in thy days of glory past
 A beauteous halo circled round thy brow,
 And worshipped as a deity as thou wast—
 Where is that glory, where that reverence now ?
 Thy eagle pinion is chained down at last,
 And grovelling in the lowly dust art thou;
 Thy minstrel hath no wreath to weave for thee,
 Save the sad story of thy misery !
 Well let me dive into the depths of time

And bring from out the ages that have rolled
 A few small fragments of those wrecks sublime
 Which human eye may never more behold.
 And let the guerdon of my labour be,
 My fallen country ! one kind wish for thee."

Another illustration of his love for his country may be seen in the speech he delivered in a meeting at the Town Hall in honour of Mr. Ricketts who then had returned from his deputation in England after representing the sufferings and disadvantages of the East Indians before Parliament. Derozio was then ailing badly, but in spite of that he did not fail to take an active part in the assembly. The opening lines of his address run thus:—

" Gentlemen, suffering as I am from severe disease, it might naturally be asked why I came here in this state. The answer is simple. I am an East Indian, therefore am I here. I love my country, therefore am I here. I take an interest in the welfare of my countrymen, therefore am I here. And should it again be asked, why do I love my country, I would reply by asking you why do you love the breast that gave you nourishment ? "

It is as a teacher of the Hindu College that Derozio's name will live. His kind manner and engaging personality were magnetic. His personality as well as his teaching attracted students. He tried to make social and religious reformers of them, and as such he always kept a watchful eye on their intellectual progress. " With undaunted enthusiasm," writes the late Babu Peary Chand Mitra, " he used to impress upon his pupils the sacred duty of thinking for themselves—to be in no way influenced by any of the idols, to live and die for truth—to cultivate all the virtues, shunning vice in every shape. He often read examples from ancient history of the love of justice, patriotism, philanthropy and self-abnegation, and the way in which he set forth the points stirred up the minds with the excellence of justice, some with the paramount importance of truth, some with patriotism, some with philanthropy."*

In the preface to his work " The Fakir of Janghira," his love for his students and hopes for their future are voiced thus :

Expanding, like the petals of young flowers,
 I watch the gentle opening of your minds,
 And the sweet loosening of the spell that binds
 Your intellectual energies and powers,

* Life of David Hare.

That stretch (like young birds in soft summer hours)
 Their wings to try their strength. O ! how the winds
 Of circumstance, and freshening April showers
 Of early knowledge, and unnumbered kinds
 Of new perceptions, shed their influence,
 And how you worship Truth's omnipotence !
 What joyance rains upon me, when I see
 Fame in the mirror of futurity,
 Weaving the chaplets you are yet to gain—
 And then I feel I have not lived in vain.”

The poet's dream was indeed fulfilled to a great extent. Many of his pupils attained fame in various ways, some as teachers, some as thinkers, some as politicians, and some as social reformers.

Derozio's life being cut short in its early manhood, his poetic genius could not be fully developed. The few volumes of poetry which he has left give a strong proof of high poetic genius in embryo. Thomas Laurennna, in his estimation of Derozio's poems, said—“ his poems afford ample evidence of great and undeveloped poetical powers. In the ranks of those who have written English poetry in this country he undoubtedly stands very high. None ever equalled him here at the same age.” Miss Toru Dutt, the gifted poetess, wrote in the *Bengal Magazine* for December, 1874, “ Derozio had great talents and he left his mark on the next generation.”

To do justice to his poems and to quote them at length is impossible here, therefore we shall give only a few illustrations of his poetic faculty and leave it to the readers to draw their own conclusions. It is said that on one occasion Derozio's sister, Amelia, asked her brother to give her a sister-in-law, but Derozio's views about matrimony were not in her favour ; and one morning Amelia discovered under her plate at breakfast these pretty lines :—

“ A sister-in-law, my sister dear,
 A sister-in-law for thee ?
 I'll bring thee a star from where angels are
 Thy sister-in-law to be.
 For thou art as pure as the lights that burn
 In the palace of bliss eternally,
 And thy sister-in-law must like an urn
 Contain the essence of purity.

* * * *

I'll shoot like a beam from the golden-haired sun
 Down, down to those bright coral caves,
 Where the mysteries dark of old ocean are done,
 And the mermaid her amber lock laves,

And I'll bring thee a gem from the rich diadem,
 On the brow of the queen of the sea ;
 That jewel so rare on my bosom I'll bear
 Thy sister-in-law to be."

The " Bard's last song " is also remarkable :—

" Once more, my harp, another strain,
 And then—adieu to song and to thee—
 I will not wake thy notes again,—
 'Tis time thou shouldst forgotten be.

* * * * *

And I have lov'd—A verse is due
 To her for whom I sung of yore—
 To death's dark home her spirit flew,
 And now these songs I sing no more.
 Then farewell, harp !—thou needest rest
 I will not break thy sad repose—
 Thou ne'er again shalt charm my breast
 Nor echo back its throbs and woes."

Even when he was on his death-bed, his muse did not leave him. The day before his death, when the world was glimmering fitfully before his eyes, he wrote :—

" Death, my best friend, if thou dost ope the door—
 The gloomy entrance to a sunnier world—
 It boots not when my being's scene is furled
 So thou canst aught like vanished bliss restore."

The life of Derozio is an instructive study. In him can be discerned the harmonious blending of the East and the West; in him we see the guiding spirit of the rising generation of that time. The biographer can study his life to know how in his early youth ample signs of greatness were discernible in him; the historian can study his life to learn the important movements of his time; the sociologist can learn from his deeds and ideals the condition of society of his time. As said the writer of the life of Raja Digambar Mitra—" a room yet retains the odour though the flower has been removed, a sound repeats itself in echoes after it has died away ; and a fire leaves its warmth when it has ceased to burn. So is it with Derozio who has left behind an enduring mark on the arena of his tuition. The spirit he has raised will continue to exercise an influence for many a day to come."

SUKUMARRANJAN DASGUPTA,

Third Year Class.

The Story of Bhāratmātā.

By G. S. DUTT, I.C.S.

THERE once lived a very high souled lady of the name of Bhāratmātā, of great learning and wisdom, who was renowned withal for her exquisite grace and beauty, with dark hair and dark-gold complexion. And she had a very beautiful abode which stretched from the eternal snow-clad mountain tops far down to the shores of the blue ocean. Now it happened that this lady had many children, and her children, among whom some were very strong and others very clever, always quarrelled among themselves and they gave the mother no peace.

It had not however always been thus; for, in her younger days, when she had fewer children, they lived in peace and amity and the mother was happy. Her children were of great prowess and strength, and once when a cruel monster, called Rāvana, had dared to cross the sea and molest her, her brave sons, under the leadership of Rāma, the wisest among them, whose fair wife Sītā the wicked monster had carried away, had invaded the monster's abode across the sea and after bloody warfare had slain him and his hosts and avenged the fair Sītā.

But as time passed the mother had many more children than she could look after. To her great grief and pain, many of them grew up to be headstrong and quarrelsome and they made the mother very very unhappy. Matters became so serious that at last the wicked children, who were known as the Kauravas, fought against the good children who went by the name of the Pāndavas. It was a terrible war, for mighty warriors fought on each side such as the great Bhīma and Arjuna on the side of the Pāndavas, and the equally great Drona, Bhīshma and Karna on the side of the Kauravas. And while they fought, the mother's great heart bled. After vast numbers of them had perished in battle there was peace for a time, but the foolish children quarrelled again and yet again, and made the mother yet more unhappy.

At times, indeed, the wisest of them would succeed for a time in bringing the others under control and then they would bring peace and prosperity to the mother and a smile of gladness in her sad face. One such was the great Asoka who shed lustre on the mother's name;

but after a little time the foolish children quarrelled again and the good Asoka's work was undone.

Once it happened that some neighbours—sons of one Islām—who were fascinated by the beauty and charm of the abode of Bhāratmātā, scrambled with her sons for a place therein, and the mother, kind and generous as was her wont, adopted them even as her sons and allowed them a home in her abode—the more so as she hoped that these might be able to reduce her unruly sons to order,—for these sons of Islām were young and vigorous and had, unlike Bhāratmātā's other sons, developed in themselves a wondrous strong sense of brotherly affection.

As time passed these foster children of the mother became as dear to her as her other children, and one of them who went by the name of Ākbar the Great emulated the deeds of Asoka, nay, even surpassed them; and others who succeeded him in authority, in their intense love for the mother, adorned the abode of the mother with great and beautiful buildings which became for ever after the wonders of the world.

But the ill-luck of the mother was not yet at an end, and her children, old and young, fell out again as of old and began to curse and kill each other. Indeed, it seemed as if the poor mother was doomed to life-long sorrow and misery.

Meanwhile Bhāratmātā had made the acquaintance of a great and powerful lady, Britannia by name, who lived far away across the seas. Now this lady had many children too—although not as many as Bhāratmātā,—but they were strong and brave beyond compare and wondrously attached to their mother; and, unlike Bhāratmātā's children, they had learnt to live in peace and amity for their common good. In utter despair Bhāratmātā appealed to her friend and sought her aid in reducing her own unruly children to peace and order; and Britannia, ever ready to assist those who were in need of help, sent some of her best and wisest sons to act as “*guru*” (teacher) to the quarrelsome children of Bhāratmātā—even as the wise Visnusarmā of old had been appointed by King Sudarsana of Pātaliputra to be *guru* of his unruly sons,—and she called the *guru* the “Governor General.”

Now this *guru* had a very very difficult and arduous task to perform—even as difficult as that of the *guru* who has to teach, not boys who are young and docile, but grown up and strong and mischievous;—for the children of Bhāratmātā were not as ignorant infants, but were strong and clever and proud and thought they had nothing

to learn, and each of them was ever ready to harm the other. And at first the *guru* had to be very very strict, and when need arose, to chastise them—cruelly, as the children thought—to bring the unruly ones into submission, for like naughty children they knew not that it was all done for their own good and at their mother's wish. And one day the naughty ones rose in rebellion and wellnigh killed the well-meaning *guru* and his assistants, but they failed in their foolish adventure, for Providence had willed that the beneficent mission of Britannia should not fail and that the cherished hope of Bhāratmātā should not be foiled. And in spite of these occasional foolish acts of violence on the part of the children the wise *guru* was true to his duties and was not vindictive ; and Britannia, who knew well how to correct unruly children, did not lose hope in ultimate success in delivering Bhāratmātā from her age-old distress.

As the years passed on, the quiet work of the *guru* began to bear fruit and the wiser children began to discern that they had made their mother unhappy by their dissensions, and to perceive that under the wise guidance and teaching of Britannia's sons they were learning unity and discipline for the common good, and they saw that the incessantly flowing tears of their mother had at last nearly dried up. And the number of these wise children grew more and more every day.

And so the years passed on.

Now it happened once that at the invitation of the grateful Bhāratmātā, the greatest and wisest of Britannia's sons, who ruled over her other children, came to pay a visit to Bhāratmātā, and he held an august durbar at ancient Indraprastha where the greatest of Bhāratmātā's own sons had of old held their great durbars, and at this durbar all the sons of Bhāratmātā, young and old, high and low, rich and poor, assembled. And lo ! they beheld in Britannia's great son the very image of the great Rāma, their own great and good brother who had ruled over them of old and under whom they had been so happy ! And they all paid loving homage to him and crowned him as their Emperor, for in that august assembly they heard the voice of their own mother Bhāratmātā whisper to them that this great and good son of Britannia was as dear to her heart as was Rāma himself and that he too loved them as dearly and would rule them as wisely as her own son Rāma had done of old.

And thus at last Bhāratmātā was happy, for her children had been well handled by their *guru* and now they knew what was for their good and had learnt to love each other ;—save and except some few wicked ones who were so foolish as not to heed the mother's wishes and to be

blind to the mother's welfare. But the number of these wicked ones was very small, and, despised by the others, they hid their faces in shame.

And so at last Bhāratmātā had the cherished hope of her life fulfilled, and a great and mighty flow of happiness rejuvenated her own life and brought the strength and activity of youth, no less than its beauty and grace, back to her again. Her children were now good and united, and so grew very strong—so strong indeed that Britannia was proud of them, and they, in their gratitude, vowed eternal allegiance to her.

Now not far from Britannia's home across the narrow seas there lived a monster called Prussia, a monster even as vile and vicious as Rāvana of old; and after the fashion of that monster, who had carried away the good and unoffending Sītā, this monster outraged a fair damsel of the name of Belgia who was under Britannia's sisterly protection. And so to avenge fair Belgia there began a terrible war, for this monster was even more powerful than Rāvana and had many infernal devices.

And as Britannia had come to the help of Bhāratmātā when she was in sore need of help, Bhāratmātā now sent thousands of her own eager sons to the help of Britannia across the seas. And lo! these sons of Bhāratmātā were even as strong and brave and high-souled as Bhīma, Arjuna, Karna, Drona and Bhīsma of old;—only they had now received other names—such as Ganga Singh, Naik Darwan, Khodadad, and the like. Tears of joy flowed from the eyes of Bhāratmātā and her great heart swelled with pride as the tidings of their prowess were wafted across the seas, for whereas her old heroic sons had fought among themselves, these now fought for their mother, for Britannia, and for their Emperor against the common enemy.

The united sons of these two great sisters with their overwhelming strength overpowered and slew the greatest and cruellest monster the world had known.....

Fair Belgia, like Sītā of old, was avenged.....

And for ever after, the children of Britannia and Bhāratmātā became bound together, in the cause of justice and humanity, of truth and learning, in an indissoluble bond of mutual sympathy, gratitude and love.

Faridpur,

January, 1915.

Welt-politik.

All who with pride of victory elate,
 Fed their ambition beyond bound or stay,
 Till lust of power, grown inordinate,
 Scorned to be satisfied with less than sway
 Of earth and sea : who fretted to array
 Their conscript millions, free men to enthrall
 And strike the nations with a huge dismay ;
 God's *malison* upon them, one and all !

On those who, to the Spirit consecrate,
 Wisdom's benign inheritance betray,
 And breed the young up to a creed of hate.
 Their eager-hearted youth too well obey ;
 The multitude follow after all astray :
 So insane jealousy and greed and gall
 Have grown to monsters ravening for prey !
 God's *malison* upon them, one and all !

On them who boasted of the doom of fate,
 Who schemed, and planned and plotted for the Day,
 The lusts of forty years to satiate ;
 Who went forth jubilant to burn and slay ;
 Who let this pent depravity find way
 In deeds that should the doers' hearts appal ;
 Then shame with lies more shameful overlay :
 God's *malison* upon them, one and all !

L'Envoi

Oh Jesu ! who didst teach a better way,
 Forgive wild words from anguished lips that fall !
 Succour us, pity, pardon, heal, we pray !
 God's *benison* upon us, one and all !



When Sir Gooroodas Banerjea was a Student.

By JOGES CHANDRA CHAKRAVARTI,
Sixth Year Class.

OUR readers will excuse me for undertaking the task of giving a description of the Presidency College of the days of Sir Gooroodas Banerjea. The great man whose reminiscences I attempt here is of opinion that one ought to take at least as much time to write an article as the aggregate number of readers will take to read it. He calculated that 1400 subscribers of the *Presidency College Magazine* would take 350 hours, at the rate of fifteen minutes each, to read this article. Hence, the writer of an article like this ought to have devoted 350 hours to make it worth reading, provided he has got the capacity for writing.

THE OLD COLLEGE—CHIEF DIFFERENCES.

Location.—About half a century has passed away since Sir Gooroodas was a student of our College. It was in the beginning of the year 1860 that Gooroodas Banerjea, after passing the Entrance Examination in the year 1859, entered into the first year class of the Presidency College. The Presidency College of those days was not what it is to-day. The picture of a thoughtful and serious young Gooroodas walking up and down the quadrangle between the Hare School and the Presidency College of the present day with the noisy trams rattling close by, would be a figment of the brain. The Presidency College of those days was located in two buildings, one part of which was in the buildings now occupied by the Hindoo School and the Sanskrit College and the other part in the Albert Hall now occupied by the David Hare Training College. The site of the College has changed and “Westward ho!” has been the cry since the time of the old Hindoo College both in the outer and the inner expansion of the College. The first year class of which Gooroodas became a member was held in the gallery now occupied by the first class of the Hindoo School while the second year class was held in the first floor room of the right side of the Sanskrit College quadrangle. Lectures to the third and fourth year classes were delivered on the first floor of the present Albert College Hall while the library was then located in the Sanskrit College building.

Size.—The College was much smaller than it is now. The number of men in the teaching staff of to-day is not exceeded by the number of students on the rolls of any class of 1860. There were not more than 50 students in each class and the total number of students in the College was less than the aggregate number of the post-graduate students at present.

Equipment.—The College was also very poorly equipped and the Science department suffered the greatest amount of neglect. In Physiology there was no arrangement for dissection—wax specimens being employed for demonstration purposes. There was very scanty provision for teaching Chemistry and Presidency College students had to attend Chemistry lectures in the Medical College where the back benches were reserved for them. Presidency College, though it did not teach much Science, taught Law.

Corporate life.—The inner life of the College was hardly developed. Corporate life—in the sense in which it is now used—was not yet in existence. Seminars and Societies had not yet sprung into life and the dingy classrooms afforded the only meeting ground between professors and students.

AN AGE OF TRANSITION.

The conditions prevailing at that time were also entirely different from those of the present time. It was essentially an age of transition. In fact, the Calcutta University was then in its infancy. The ideal of specialization was not so fully carried out as it is done now and the professors were not generally attached to any particular subject, for instance, a Professor of English taught History as well. As the number of students and professors was not large, the administrative work of the Principal did not also bulk so largely.

“We were passing through an age of transition”, said Sir Gooroodas, “The F.A. Examination was not yet instituted. The examination at the end of the first two years’ course was the old Senior Scholarship Examination. About the middle of the year 1860, it was announced that a University examination, viz. the First Arts Examination, would take the place of the old Senior Scholarship Examination, and the course for that examination was modelled very nearly on the lines of the old Scholarship Examination.”

THE COURSE OF STUDIES AND THE STAFF.

First Arts.—The course included English Literature, History, Mathematics, Mental and Moral Philosophy and Vernacular. Drawing

was regarded as an optional subject. "Messrs. Hand and Carnduff (father of the late Justice Sir H. Carnduff) were our Professors of English. In addition to the Professors of English Literature we had, as Professor of English Composition, Babu Peary Charan Sarkar and for a short time Mr. Thomson (who afterwards became a Judge of the Small Cause Court). The text-books in English were the first three books of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Pope's *Temple of Fame*, Addison's *Cato* and *Spectator*, and Book I of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*. In History, Keightley's History of England was taught. In Mathematics students were required to read Euclid's Geometry, Trigonometry and Algebra and Statics. We had to write out essays in the class two days every week. Full two hours in the afternoon were spent for that purpose. Mr. Saunders was Professor of History. He introduced a novel method of correcting class exercises by students styled "inspectors," and in order to prevent heart burnings made the inspectorship go on in rotation. Pandit Somnath Bhattacharya was Professor of Bengali."

The question papers being tampered with, the F.A. Examination was postponed for a month. Gooroodas passed his F.A. in the year 1862.

Bachelor of Arts.—The subjects for the B.A. Examination were (1) English, (2) History, (3) Physics, Chemistry and Physiology, (4) Mathematics, (5) Philosophy, (6) Bengali. In English the texts were *Hamlet*, Milton's *Comus* and *Sonnets*, Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, Book II, Macaulay's *Essay on Addison*, Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric*. In Philosophy Browne and Payne were the prescribed texts. Messrs. Saunders, Cowell and Grapel were Professors of English. Mr. Grapel was the first Registrar of the Calcutta University. His reading of Shakespeare was acting. Professor Cowell was a true scholar of the oriental type.

Professor Stephenson and Principal Sutcliffe taught Mathematics, Mr. Saunders took Logic, and Mr. Jones Philosophy. Babu Krishna Kamal Bhattacharya was Professor of Bengali. Samuel Lobbe was Professor of History, while Dr. Halleur was Professor of Science and taught Chemistry, Chemical Physics, Physical Geography and Physiology. He went home on leave in the year 1864. Mr. Kanai Lall Dey, Rai Bahadur, gave a course of lectures in Chemistry to the 4th year class, while the lectures on all other scientific subjects were in abeyance. There were no arrangements for the teaching of Chemistry to the 3rd year class, and with special permission of the Principals of the Presidency College and the Medical College, Presidency

College students of the 3rd year class were allowed to attend the Chemistry lectures in the Medical College.

Mr. Blandford, Director of the Geological Survey of India, acted for a time as Professor of Science. In the year 1864, Gooroodas passed the B.A. Examination. He passed the M.A. Examination taking his accustomed top place in the year 1865.

RELATIONS BETWEEN PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

Sir Gooroodas cherishes an affectionate remembrance of his old professors. A glow of reverence mingled with gratefulness plays in his face at the very mention of their names. He paid his particularly warm tributes to Mr. Cowell. "He was one of our most successful professors. I would never forget the lessons that I learnt from him." "His sincerity, his earnestness," he continued, "his endeavour to do good to the students disarmed the opposition of even the worst of us. The elements of compulsion and severity were hardly to be seen in his method, and so the relation between the pupil and the preceptor was a sweet thing and yet it did not in the least detract from the efficiency of his teaching. Students were anxious to see that their professors were not displeased with them, and if any student was found inattentive to the lecture in the class, he was sure to be taken to task by his neighbours for his want of respect to the professor."

COWELL AS A TEACHER.

While in the 4th year class Dr. Haleur, Professor of Science, went home on sick leave and lectures on Science subjects were suspended for a considerable time. "Mr. Sutcliffe rearranged our routine of College work, one hour being set apart for 'private study' in the library. Tired of wandering up and down the College corridors we requested Mr. Cowell, who never said 'No' to any of our requests, to read us one of the plays of Shakespeare that hour. He readily consented and selected *Macbeth* for our study. Professor Cowell also taught us *Milton's Sonnets*, and while explaining the literary beauties of the poems, his lectures sometimes took the form of a sermon on the text. Indeed, while going through our course he frequently made digressions which bore upon other spheres of life than mere literary education. Whenever he came across any of the great teachers of mankind he used to say that *the greatest teachers are those who can found schools*—making students imbibe certain ideals and enabling them to develop new schools of thought." While teaching Indian History, Mr. Cowell would very often contrast Akbar with Aurangzebe. "The best form of govern-

ment," he would say, "is a despotic government with an Akbar as your despot, but the danger is that an Aurangzebe may follow."

ANECDOTES—A SYMPATHETIC PRINCIPAL.

Cowell and the Register Affair.—Two anecdotes illustrate forcibly the striking personality of Principal Sutcliffe. The following is one:—Mr. Cowell, a true oriental scholar, almost invariably exceeded his time-limit and one day forgot to call the rolls. As the College rolls in those days were only called once a day, the students requested Mr. Jones to take the register in the second hour. Unfortunately Mr. Cowell made the same mistake next day and his colleague had to do the work for him again. On a repetition of the mistake on the third day, Mr. Jones, the Professor of Philosophy, did not like his colleague entirely to free himself of the plodding roll-calling business. At any rate, he left the class without taking any heed of the register. Legally the students were absent, and O. C. Mullick (afterwards father of Dr. S. K. Mullick, M.D.) stood up and said, "Sir, do you mean not to take the register?" The question obviously admitted of two interpretations. It might be taken simply as it was, as a question. Or it might be a rather impudent challenge calling into question the right of the Professor to go away from a class without marking the members 'present.' The latter interpretation suggested itself to the mind of Mr. Jones, who turned back and said, "What's your name, my dear fellow?" and the "good fellow" was soon summoned to the Principal's room. Mullick was known to Mr. Sutcliffe who asked him, "What have you done to offend your Professor? These are not the men who complain without reason. Tell me what has happened?" O. C. Mullick explained to the Principal what he meant by his apparently impudent remark, and Mr. Sutcliffe burst into a good-humoured laugh and said to Mr. Jones, "His conduct is not at fault though his English is very much at fault." Mr. O. C. Mullick later on became one of the leading barristers. Mr. Sutcliffe, a sympathetic Principal, was not slow in finding out where the mischief lay, and "I am sure," said Sir Gooroodas, "ignorance of the English language and English manners is more responsible for much of the misunderstanding that arises now and then between European professors and Indian students than any intentional manifestation of irreverence on the part of the latter."

A STRIKE AVERTED BY TACT.

The Laugh and the Slap Incident.—Principal Sutcliffe's dealings with his students were characterized not only by his broad sym-

pathy, but also by statesmanlike qualities of a very high order. Sir Gooroodas delights in talking about the masterly way in which Principal Sutcliffe extricated himself from an awkward position in which he found himself placed in consequence of friction between Professor Stephenson and the students of the third year class. Mr. Stephenson, who was a teacher of Mathematics, set a very hard problem to the class to be worked out at home. No one could work it out. The next day, Mr. Stephenson took all the students to task and walked over to the board himself to give an effective demonstration of the dullness of the students by showing that the problem admitted of a very easy solution. But unfortunately, the Muses played him a trick and the attempted demonstration was not successful. A student of the third year class could not help laughing out, not content with the unhappy gestures, the falling demeanour, and the promise of the professor to have it worked out next day. *The angry professor rewarded the student with a slap on the cheek.* The punishment was considered too heavy for the crime. The Principal, as usual, was approached to redress the insult thus offered to the sense of dignity of the class and the student. "We won't enter the class, until and unless Mr. Stephenson apologises to us," such was the language of the memorial. Mr. Sutcliffe not unnaturally resented the threat and took no action whatever. What he did was to order the gate-keeper to close the door of the lecture room if the students did not turn up in the first hour—the period in which Mr. Stephenson used to take his class. But the students were more than a match for the *Durwan*—on went the rush and down went the poor gate-keeper. The students made an entry into the class-room. Being informed of this development in the unfortunate situation, the Principal appeared on the scene, and delivered a short speech which left no doubt in the minds of the students about the intentions of the Principal. The hero of the day, the object of the wrath of the Professor, was ordered out of the class. "Adequate steps will be taken later on; for the present I order the ring-leader to leave the class", so rang the knell. The man was gone but the moment remained. The eyes of the Principal however discerned the real object of the students, in their movements to join their fallen comrade. He saved the situation and completed his sentence by saying, "*to the rest of the class I give leave for the day.*" In an instant the room was vacated and he again arrested the progress of the students down the stairs. "Is this the way you behave towards your professors?", demanded the Principal. A rough and ready response came from the students: "*It is a matter*

of common ridicule that Bengali boys always pocket insults" and they would not like to add further grounds for the justification of such an accusation. After some parley, Mr. Sutcliffe smoothed the ruffled feelings of the students by admitting that the Professor did wrong—"I am quite sure he was wrong," he said, "and he is sorry too."

The students did not push the matter further by insisting on an apology from the Professor *himself*, and the differences being made up the students entered the class and their regular work went on as before.

SUTCLIFFE AS PROFESSOR.

Principal Sutcliffe, a profound scholar of Mathematics, was not only a most successful principal, but made his name as a professor as well. He was in the habit of constantly keeping himself informed about the progress of the students in their studies. He often set questions which his pupils were required to answer in the class, and he went round the class to see how the students were working. He was of opinion that no subject can be studied with one book. If anybody was found unable to answer questions set to him in the class, he gave him leave to consult books. He devoted a little time to each student giving him valuable hints. He was very exacting in regard to order and neatness in the answers and one of his favourite sayings was that "*a neat hand wins half the battle.*" Mr. Sutcliffe used to rate Nilambar Mukherjea (afterwards the Vice-Chairman of the Calcutta Corporation) for five minutes every day for his bad handwriting.

PROFESSOR SAUNDERS AND BHATTACHARJEE—AN ANECDOTE.

Mr. Saunders laid great stress on exactness and accuracy. He made it a point not to answer a question unless properly worded and put: "You must question *correctly* and then only can you expect an answer": that was his dictum. Sir Gooroodas delightfully gave an illustration as to the way in which Mr. Saunders carried out his dictum: "In July 1863, my mother was down with a severe attack of fever and one day the doctor advised us to administer medicine to her at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. All the members of my family were away, and it was arranged that I would come back from college before 3 p.m. In time I submitted my application to Mr. Saunders. The application ended with the words, "*I therefore request YOUR favour of granting me leave*", and back it forthwith came to me with the words added, "*You correct YOUR mistake and go home.*" Here Sir Gooroodas paused for a while and said that half a century had passed away,

but Mr. Saunders' words still ring in his ears and he never committed the same mistake again. Teachers by their own example and method of teaching exercise immense influence over the minds of their students: *to inspire them with a sincere love of learning is their ideal.* To illustrate this further Sir Gooroodas introduced his Professor of Bengali literature. "His exposition of the relation between Bengali and Sanskrit was so clear and so illuminating that we came to know much of Sanskrit in spite of ourselves. We had naturally a great longing to learn a language whose beauties were so effectively and so often demonstrated to us." It was the love of Sanskrit fostered chiefly by the lectures of his Professor of Bengali which helped Sir Gooroodas in learning that language later on so easily—and so well.

RELATIONS WITH THE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Presidency College of those days could boast of many learned Professors, but was very poor in scientific equipment—in apparatus—and in general, teaching of Science. In Chemistry, no sufficient provision was made for lectures. Back benches in the Medical College were reserved for Presidency College men eager to attend lectures. Nemesis overtook them there also. One day, a Presidency College man had the audacity to try an experiment of sitting on one of the front benches. The privileged order was annoyed, a row followed in which young Taraknath Palit (afterwards Sir Taraknath) with considerable physical strength distinguished himself. The medicals were severely handled. Their Principal grew angry at this insolent familiarity and interdicted Presidency College students from the Medical College. Three years after on a pledge of good behaviour Principal Sutcliffe requested the Principal of the Medical College to remove the ban. Resumption of intercourse led to better understanding. The Professor of Chemistry in Medical College was equally kind to Presidency College men.

Cooroodas passed the B.A. examination in the year 1864. The M.A. course was slightly higher than the B.A. Honours course of to-day. And it could have been hardly otherwise. The M.A. examination was held just a month after the B.A. examination. A candidate losing one chance lost his claims to the gold medal for good, even if he headed the list later on. The rule was altered in 1864.

OCCASIONAL DIFFICULTIES.

Some difficulties, however, cropped up now and then. "Mr. Samuel Lobbe, Professor of History, was a very well-read man. He

did not know that we were perfectly innocent of all knowledge of Greek and Latin." The students of Mr. Lobbe showed their appreciation of his lectures by their thin attendance. *Attendance in those days was not compulsory.* The matter went up to Mr. Sutcliffe who smoothed away all troubles by explaining to the Professor the practical difficulties of the students.

Sir Gooroodas had to face the same trouble when he read law with Mr. Boulnois afterwards the Chief Judge of the Punjab Chief Court. "We are half afraid that Mr. Boulnois often ended his brilliant Latin discourse in disappointment when he found puzzled faces all around him—faces which ought to have been animated with admiration for the profound scholarship of the lecturer."

LAW IN PRESIDENCY COLLEGE.

We should caution our readers here against drawing inferences about the law classes of those days from the knowledge they derive from this solitary incident. "The lectures of Babu (afterwards Sir) Chandra Madhab Ghose were so interesting that though we were immediately preparing for our M.A. examination we still attended and intelligently followed those lectures." This is a striking contrast to the picture of a law class where the animated speech and illuminating explanations of dutiful Professors fall flat on the ears of the crowded back-benchers, whose attention is riveted on works of art and fiction.

The *Law Professors of Presidency College* were men of great learning who distinguished themselves highly in their professional career. Mr. Boulnois became Chief Judge of the Punjab Chief Court, and Mr. Goodeve, the Master in Equity of the Supreme Court. Mr. Montrion was the famous author of a work on Jurisprudence. It is said that in a rent case he handed over a copy of Ricardo's *Theory of Rent* to the Chief Justice, Sir Barnes Peacock. "Which portion of the book am I to read Mr. Montrion?", asked Sir Barnes. "The whole of it, my lord, it will do you good", came the audacious reply. One day at the end of a lecture Sir Gooroodas went to Mr. Montrion and asked him, "What books on Jurisprudence should we read, Sir?" Sir Gooroodas took a pencil out of his pocket to note down the names of books that would come out of the mouth of an author of Jurisprudence.

"We don't teach books, we teach subjects" was the short answer.

Mr. Goodeve had a "disagreeable" habit of putting questions to students on the subjects dealt with in his last lecture—a mode of procedure not cherished with any generous feelings by students of any age.

If the answer was not forthcoming—and we expect many a time the lips were locked up—a sharp rebuke was administered unto the student—“Very well, at the time of examination, you will be treated like geese.”

Percentage System.—Law classes in those days were as fully attended as the other classes though there was no “percentage system”, to compel attendance. In those days the rolls were called once only in the morning, and still the afternoon classes were as full as the morning classes. He is of opinion that *lectures ought to attract students by their intrinsic merit* and he has little faith in the ultimate gain derivable from a system of compulsory attendance.

The dangers of compulsory conscription are obvious. “You can take the horse to the water but you cannot make him drink”: that was Sir Gooroodas’s opinion on the *percentage system*.

War and Finance (I).

By J. C. COVAJEE, B.A. (CANTAB).

THE events of the present war must be of absorbing interest to every one, but the task of deriving the maximum of instruction and of following them with the most fascinated interest is left to students of the sciences of War, of Politics and of Economics. A great many military, economic and even political institutions have gone into the melting pot and quite a number of them must come out fundamentally altered. To the students of the three above-named sciences the present Great Crisis is like some gigantic laboratory in which numerous experiments will be tried, and valuable results will be gained.

Economic and financial history was never made at such a rapid pace. We must suspend our final judgment on most of the measures of finance adopted by the belligerents. But we must note with profound interest and instruction the measures already taken. In England we have had to study the moratorium, the closing of the Stock Exchange, the issue of Treasury Notes, the enormous task undertaken by the State to support the banks, the discount market and the Stock Exchange. Efforts have been made to remove the deadlock in Foreign Exchanges, and we have to watch with high admiration the enormous strength shown by the English banking system.

Coming to Germany, we have to notice a great system of State loans which may soon lead—even now has led very near—to the shoals and rocks of inflation. The powers of the State have been dangerously enlarged so as to include even the distribution of food to the population. The Reichsbank has been trying to gather into its coffers all the gold in the country. In a word the economic system of Germany has been made dangerously artificial. Other problems of profound financial interest are presented by France and Russia. Even neutral States like the United States and Holland are going through profound changes. We have also to study how India strengthened by its recent growing economic prosperity has stood the strain of war triumphantly, while its currency system “meets the crisis better than that of almost any other country.”

It is easy to be wise after the event, but when the storm burst it found most financial centres utterly unprepared. Germany seems, however, to have been the one exception. In the scramble for gold which preceded the war it was Germany which took the lead and set the pace. Former crises had warned Germany that financially it was unprepared for war. “At the time of the Algeciras Conference the financial groups of Berlin had used all their influence to induce their Government to recede from its uncompromising attitude.” We learn this from a high financial authority, M. Patron. Another such authority, M. Sayous, asks, “If war had broken out between France and England at the time of the Fashoda incident, what would have become of the German banks?” The Balkan war had also brought on a banking crisis at Berlin. The lesson was taken. The Reichsbank by various skilful moves added to its stock about £20,000,000 in gold. Their step was followed up by Russia and France. England alone—and this is proof positive of her peaceful intentions—stood apart from that scramble for gold which was the harbinger of the present war.

When the storm at last burst at the end of July the Paris Bourse and the London Stock Exchange had to be closed: and on the first of August the Bank rate rose to 10 per cent. “Practically every bourse throughout the world had by then ceased work; commodity markets closed right and left; the foreign exchanges broke down, and the whole mechanism of international finance and commerce was thrown out of gear.” “A modified run” on the English banks had commenced. The other banks persisted in the policy of economizing their gold, and this drove crowds of people to the Bank for obtaining their currency requirements. The impossible seemed to have happened, when

the value of the Bank Note itself was impaired for a short time. But, as Mr. Keynes says, "After a week of vacillation and much timidity, the City of London realized and then asserted its immense strength. For the ultimate recovery the authorities of the Treasury and of the Bank of England, the good sense of the former and the courage of the latter not failing them at the crisis, are to be held mainly responsible." A series of remedial measures were adopted, which will for ever remain memorable in the history of Finance. The future historian may criticize these measures, but he will remember that the measures were meant not only to attack financial difficulties but also to allay popular fears. The problem was at once financial and psychological.

The first thing was to extend the Bank holiday, and so to gain time for reflection and preparing remedial measures. An emergency currency was provided, and £1 and 10s. notes were issued by the Government. In this way the suspension of the Bank Act was obviated, and also the provision which does not allow the Bank to issue notes of less than £5. "The notes issued by the Government, through the Bank of England, have no *compulsory* gold backing, are legal tender, and are convertible into gold at any time at the Bank of England." These notes were issued to the joint stock banks to the extent of 20 per cent. of their deposits and current accounts. This emergency issue has thus far produced four substantial benefits: (1) The suspension of the Bank Charter Act has been avoided. (2) The resources of the joint stock banks were largely augmented and they have been enabled to lend freely and to employ additional amounts of money in the bill market. (3) The need for gold in circulation has been lessened and the stock of gold in the Bank has been increased. Thus at the eleventh hour the advice of Goschen has been followed and £1 notes have been issued with the aim and result of increasing the central gold reserve. (4) The Government itself has benefited, for with the banks in possession of the emergency currency "the Treasury bills were allotted at the extraordinary low average of £3-13 per cent," while the Bank rate of discount was 5 per cent the market rate was 5½ per cent. Of course, the banks using this accommodation had to pay interest on the emergency currency, at the Bank rate; and they objected to their having to pay interest on the whole blocks of emergency currency, some of which might lie idle with them. Hence the Government again came to their assistance, and made them another concession. The banks were allowed to take out certificates from the Treasury

which gave them a right to a deposit of equal amount at the Bank of England, and they paid interest only on that part of the deposit which they actually drew out of the Bank. Truly, the joint stock banks have been under great obligations to the Government; and it must be remembered that they had not to deposit any collateral or pledge; when availing themselves of these loans of the emergency currency. Up to the end of December, 1914, more than £36,000,000 of this currency had been issued, and more than £16,000,000 of gold was held against them.

While the above notes were being printed postal orders were made legal tender, as a temporary measure, and were largely used. Credit certificates were also utilized for the same purpose.

The second great concession which the banks got from the Government during the extension of the Bank holidays, was the Moratorium. There were two Moratoria.

(1) The General Moratorium was initiated by the Proclamation of August 6th and was continued by the Proclamation of September 3rd and September 30th. "The effect of the three proclamations was to postpone payments originally falling due up to September 3rd by three months (with November 4th as the earliest date), payments originally falling due from September 4th to October 3rd by two months, and payments originally falling due from October 4th to November 3rd by one month. All such payments therefore became finally due at any date from November 4th to December 3rd." Many classes of payments, e.g. wages, salaries, dividend and interest on trustee investments, old-age pensions, and deposits in trustee Savings banks, were excluded from the operation of this moratorium which finally ceased to operate on December 3rd. It is highly creditable to the English joint stock banks, that although they were in a sense protected by the Moratorium, they chose not to take the full advantage of it, but preferred to meet all reasonable demands made on them by their depositors.

(2) The other moratorium applies to bills of exchange not on demand. Such bills if accepted before August 4th, and if reaccepted, had their period of payment postponed by various proclamations up to November 17th. "There were three proclamations governing these postponements, of which the total effect was to postpone for two months and fourteen days bills originally falling due between August 3rd and September 3rd, for one month and fourteen days those of dates from September 4th to December 4th, and for one month all other bills of whatever later maturity, which had been accepted before August

4th * * * * For the period of these postponements interest was payable at bank rate."

Let us now see what has been done by the Government for the rehabilitation of the discount market. Mr. Keynes has dealt with the subject in a masterly way in the Economic Journal, and we cannot do better than follow his treatment of the subject. The difficulties as to accepting houses were three in number: (1) In August some of them were unable to meet the bills falling due immediately. (2) This made the old bills accepted by these houses and falling due a month or two later temporarily unmarketable, and (3) *a fortiori* any new bills accepted by them would be unmarketable. Now let us study in due order the remedies brought forward to overcome these difficulties of the accepting houses.

- (a) The moratorium as to bills solved the first difficulty, but aggravated the second, because the accepting houses had still to carry the burden of the older bills of which only the payment was postponed by the moratorium.
- (b) The Government authorized the Bank of England to lend on application to the acceptors funds with which to pay all approved pre-moratorium bills at maturity. Interest was to be charged upon these advances at 2 per cent above the ruling Bank rate. This solved the second difficulty, but not the third. The old bills had been paid off, but the ultimate liability of the accepting houses to the Bank for the loan remained; hence, the accepting houses were not disposed to accept new bills.
- (c) It was provided that "the Bank undertook not to claim repayment of any amounts not recovered by the acceptors from their clients for a period of one year after the war"; and meanwhile the Bank of England's claim will be only a second charge on the assets of the accepting houses—the new bills forming the first charge.

Thus it is to be observed, the problem is solved so far as accepting houses were concerned. But while the houses had accepted bills, the banks had bought the bills so accepted, and all their capital had been thus locked up. This deterred banks from discounting new bills. To meet this difficulty, under Government guarantee, the Banks rediscounted at 5 per cent any pre-moratorium bills in possession of banks and discount houses. This brought to the Bank an enormous number

of bills to be rediscounted, with the result that "Other" securities rose to the amount of £95,000,000 (normally their amount is £35,000,000) and of course "Other" deposits too grew to a vast size. The banks had hastened to get rid of all their possible pecuniary losses and liabilities and to transfer them to the shoulders of the State.

In the result therefore the problem of the bill market had been solved from both sides—from that of accepting houses and of the banks—from the supply side of bills as well as from the demand side. For the accepting houses help to furnish the supply of bills, while the banks purchase the bills.

It will be well to summarize here the measures taken by the Government and the banks to support the bill market.

I. As regards the pre-moratorium bills (i.e. bills accepted before August 4th) there were two schemes :

- (1) By the scheme of August 12th (a) the Bank of England agreed to discount them without recourse to the holder.
(b) The acceptor was given the option of reaccepting the bills and of postponing payments ; two per cent above the Bank rate were charged for this.
- (2) By the scheme of September 4th, the Bank agreed to advance the amounts required to the acceptors to pay off the bills. These payments were made only a second charge on the assets of the accepting houses and repayments were not to be claimed till one year after the war.

II. As regards new bills, the joint stock banks agreed to advance money required to pay their acceptances. These payments were to be a first charge on the assets of the accepting houses. This measure was necessary, for unless new bills could be freely accepted movements of produce and merchandize could not be expected.

Here a quotation may be permitted from an American authority which at once summarizes and eulogizes the above measures : "The Government at first declared a Moratorium, as did all the principal countries of Europe, thus postponing the obligatory settlement of accounts. Then the Government stepped in behind the joint stock banks and guaranteed every acceptance which was held by them dated prior to August 2nd. Not only did the Government guarantee the solvency of the maker and the borrower, but it guaranteed that a renewal acceptance might be made within a year. That act was a master stroke, and it promptly restored confidence. The Banking Department of the

Bank of England, with an average gold supply of less than \$15,000,000, extended its loans to \$330,000,000 in a month, and furthermore announced that it would guarantee the banks against loss on all acceptances made before August 2nd. A favourable response was immediate. The discount rate which had gone to 10 per cent receded to a lower rate than prevailed in Chicago or New York. There was an enormous number of acceptances offered for discount at first, and for thirty days the Bank of England discounted very freely. As a result the gold reserve dropped from 52 per cent to a trifle above 14 per cent. At this point the Bank announced that so much paper had been offered for discount that it would be compelled to discount less freely until conditions were more nearly normal, and that thereafter it would open the department of the Bank, but for a portion of each day. Confidence had been restored and reserves were then gradually increased."

The closing of the Stock Exchange is the next economic measure which must occupy our attention. There were several weighty reasons which made the step necessary. In the first place almost every Bourse in the world had been closed. Moreover, had the London Exchange been kept open there would have been a "flood of selling," so that securities would have been rendered unsaleable or at least their prices would have gone down so far as to alarm the public. The third reason was that (as Mr. Keynes has emphasized in a brilliant article in the *Economic Journal*), the mechanism of foreign remittance had broken down. Foreigners who had previously purchased securities on the London Exchange were unable to remit payments, and as they were out of reach, the brokers who had dealt on their behalf would have been held liable and would surely have been "hammered", i.e. driven into insolvency. The last reason for the step was the fact that the banks had lent money to members of the Stock Exchange on the pledge of securities. If the Stock Exchange had been kept open, these securities would have gone down in price. On such depreciation the banks would have asked for further "Collateral" and any default would have led to the bankruptcy of the borrowers.

Thus circumstances justified, in the main, the closing of the Stock Exchange. But expert opinion has not been unanimous as to whether the closure should have been complete. It has been argued that the institution might have been kept open for cash transactions. Complete closure might also have been avoided if the banks, to which the securities above referred to had been pledged, had shown more consideration.

The Stock Exchange has at last been reopened, but under numerous restrictions which are of course necessary, but which are at the same time impalatable to a body so long and so fully accustomed to *Laissez Faire* as the Stock Exchange. First comes the restriction as to minimum prices. This is indispensable, for but for it the enemy or even the "bears" in the market may, by disseminating false rumours, cause a heavy stir-up in the securities. Precautions have also to be taken lest the enemy should, on the opening of the Stock Exchange, realize securities there through neutrals, and thus be virtually subsidized by England. Consequently sellers of securities have now to prove that such securities have been in "physical possession" within the United Kingdom since September 30th. All buying orders from abroad must state the buyer's name with order, and as all sales are for cash, only selling orders, from the colonies, etc., are possible by mailed instructions, and scrips and transfers must accompany the same. Stock Exchange business is limited to British subjects." All these matters are further complicated by the fact that the Stock Exchange has no monopoly of business in securities, and outsiders can deal in them at any price and for any clients.

Of course, the Stock Exchange did not reopen without substantial help from the State. But at one time great doubts were felt whether the Stock Exchange was entitled to any special help. On the one side was the view that "the Stock Exchange performs a most vital and useful part of our financial machinery so that there can be no real return to normal conditions until we have once again a free market in public securities." On the other side might have been argued that "the positions open must be largely of a speculative character, and on the face of it, therefore, the grounds for State assistance are somewhat less clearly apparent than in the case of financial transactions directly based on commerce." It would also seem that any measure of relief should liquefy securities generally than aid the Stock Exchange in particular.

In the end, however, Government help was extended to the Stock Exchange. The total amount lent to it was about £80,000,000, of which more than half had been lent by joint stock banks. By the new arrangement (a) Lenders other than joint stock banks could obtain advances from the Bank of England up to 60 per cent of the value of the securities on July 29th.

(b) All banks to which Government had extended currency facilities agreed not to press for repayment of such loans or require the deposit

of further margin until the expiry of a period of twelve months from the conclusion of the peace.

The next important measure to which we must turn is the relief of British traders in respect of debts abroad. The object is to provide solvent debtors with funds to continue their business and to pay their commercial debts to other traders or manufacturers. The British exporter was to be helped if he had debts outstanding in foreign countries and the colonies; for, as remittances from abroad were difficult such exporters were unable to continue their business and to pay their debts to other traders and manufacturers. Advances are to be made to such exporters not exceeding 50 per cent of the outstandings and are to be made on six months' bills drawn by the trader. He may discount such bills either with the accepting bank or in the market. Any ultimate loss is to be borne as to 75 per cent by the Government, and as to 25 per cent by the accepting bank.

This relief though welcome has been criticized by the *Banker's Magazine* as involving a hardship to banks, and this on two grounds:

(1) An injustice is done to the banks in the enactment that no part of the advances are to be used in paying off or reducing loans or bank overdrafts.

(2) The banks have been called upon to share the resulting loss with the Government to the extent of 25 per cent.

Such criticism may be met by urging that the banks have been already very highly favoured by a Government which rediscounted their bills and provided them with vast amounts of emergency currency. It is under such circumstances hardly fair that these banks should also benefit incidentally from relief meant for other classes of people.

Help was also extended by the Government to the cotton trade. With a view to enabling the Liverpool Cotton Exchange to be reopened a scheme was arranged by which advances made by the Liverpool banks to merchants were guaranteed as to 50 per cent by His Majesty's Government and as to 25 per cent by the Liverpool Cotton Association, leaving a risk of 25 per cent to be assumed by the banks! The statement of this scheme was published on November 16th.

The opening of the war brought a deadlock in foreign exchanges owing to two causes. The first was the interruption of communication with many countries, and the second was the cessation of arbitrage, certain links in the chain being broken. Experts have called this "the most difficult of the many difficult problems" of the war. Large amounts were owing to England from other countries at the

beginning of the war, but as has been said the means of remittance were non-existent. Thus America owed England large sums but "the position of the American Exchange (about $5\frac{1}{2}$ dollars to the £) made it impossible for New York to settle such indebtedness otherwise than in gold, a form of remittance rendered, however, impracticable by the difficulty of insurance, owing to the state of war. America owed to Europe the enormous sum of \$500,000,000 maturing between August 1st and January 1st, of which \$200,000,000 were immediately due. Trade was at a standstill and the only way to pay the debt was in gold. But the outward drain of so much gold would shake the credit of the States to its foundations. The Bank of England tried to solve the problem of foreign exchanges by providing that on American banks sending gold to Ottawa, credit facilities were to be issued against it by the Bank. But though a similar scheme succeeded in the case of South Africa, the New York bankers were either unable or unwilling to send gold to Ottawa at a time when there was a minor financial crisis in the U.S.A., and this chance of correcting the position of American Exchange was not availed of. To quote an American writer: "The practical cessation of exports for the first weeks of the war destroyed the medium through which we were wont to pay our debts, and the limited discounting of the Bank of England interrupted the free play of these adjusting forces. * * * We did not want to part with the gold, and we did not think that we should, for we knew that the demand in those countries for our foodstuffs and other commodities must eventually offset our debt.... To do our part toward relieving the English situation we organized the so-called Gold Pool."

The Gold Pool was formed by a fund of a hundred million dollars "subscribed by National banks in reserve cities to guarantee the payment of our debts in London." This improved the situation for a time, but matters could not come to right themselves entirely till the U.S.A. can go on with their usual shipments of cotton and other raw materials, and the approaching termination of the bill moratorium in England quickened the demand for remittances from New York. At one time the dollar fell as low as 6.50. The reason was that at the beginning of the war there was a flood of sales of securities from Europe on the New York market, and America was left without any means of paying off this unprecedented indebtedness.

Coming to France, we find that on the outbreak of the war it called in all the balances held in England, with the result that the exchange rate, which was 25.16f. just prior to war, fell to 24f. Indeed

by December the Exchanges became favourable to France everywhere, and it was this which helped that country without any difficulty to increase her reserve. It is interesting to note the causes through which French Exchanges have moved against England. On the one hand there is the issue of French Treasury Bills and the sale of English bills by French holders; on the other hand, the strict French moratorium prevents English holders of bills on France from realizing them.

Great interest attaches at present to the Amsterdam Exchange, for "one result of the war is that Amsterdam and Copenhagen are sharing the place of London as the money changers of Europe, while New York, with characteristic confidence, declares that it has become 'money-changer for the world'." The reasons why Dutch Exchange has moved against England are interesting. The large number of American securities held by the Dutch have been realized through London, and further large purchases of sugar have been made by the British Government in the Dutch Indies.

A propos of Amsterdam, one may also notice the German Exchanges. The depreciation of German currency is reflected in the fact that the Exchange on nearly every neutral country has risen markedly against Germany. Thus at the beginning of December the Swiss rate had risen from 80 to 90.50 against Germany; the Dutch from 170 to 190.25; the Scandinavian from 112.50 to 118; the Italian from 80 to 87.28; the New York from 4.20 to 4.70. Thus a classical example is furnished of the relation between depreciation of currency and fall in foreign exchange.

The same state of things also shows us a fine example of the way in which Exchanges of different countries move upwards or downwards sympathetically. On the receipt of some nine-million marks from Germany in Holland the German Exchange on Holland improved by five points, and "with the sudden rise of marks in Holland all foreign Exchanges in Germany fell heavily. Thus the cable rates on New York dropped from 4.68 to 4.48; on Scandinavia from 118 to 115; Italy from 88 to 85. The completeness of the movement shows that the Amsterdam market has become the centre of Exchange."



How I was Ploughed in the Int.*

READER, if you have ever felt what it is to be ploughed without deserving the distinction, if your eyes have ever been wet at such plight of yourself or any of your comrades, if "your past misery delights to trace its semblance in another's case," moisten those dried tears in sympathy with the present writer whose tale of woe beateth all records. I have been ploughed in the Int.† What an uneasy distinction it is to make known to generations yet unborn, to my descendants, if any, that I, Blatant, Short-sighted, was actually ploughed in the Int! What absurd economy does that Senate preach in hoarding up those mountains of records from which, after long long years, from a lair of dust, the unhappy intelligence will protrude upon the wicked gaze of an antiquarian! There is no escape even in death—so horrible it is to be ploughed in the Int! The prospect of an inglorious immortality does not haunt me so much as the remembrance of the injuries to which I have been subjected. An open avowal will be interpreted a lampoon to my distinguished University. Since it is impossible to be better prepared than I was on the year I was ploughed, I do not entertain any prospect of emoument at the hands of that cruel *alma mater*. With a free conscience and a heart undaunted by the boorish threats of expulsion, I expose to you, reader, the unblushing cruelty and gross unfairness of the authorities in not passing a paper, so original, so satisfactory and so far above the best in the estimation of its writer.

The University to which I, ill-starred that I am, turned for education, has been recently preaching a gospel of discouraging cramming and encouraging originality. The Colleges with true missionary zeal reiterated the same Commandments and the Premier College where my malignant guardian genius guided me made itself the Geneva of the Reformation. A true Calvinist that I was, I laid down the maxims to my heart and followed them with unquestioning obedience. The idea of cramming became so loathsome to me, a new convert that I was, that books, the unmistakable sources of that vice, became abomination. The books of Euclid annoyed me as one interminable series of cramming matter, and the use to which I turned them was

* Written on the model of one of the Shot-over papers, Oxford, which appeared 30th May 1874. It dealt with logic.

† Int. is an abbreviation for Intermediate Examination.

to exhaust invention on proving the inequality of right angles and similar original problems. Whenever I happened to read books (for sometimes the old habit returns) I made it a point to forget everything clean lest memory tampers with originality. I won't tax the reader more. What I am beating about is to convince him of the true athletic spirit in which I followed the new game. For whatever other faults I may have, lack of originality is not one of them. This is the ground on which I venture to bring forward to the reader the rapacious hypocrisy of the University in ploughing such a loyal votary of its tenets and exhibiting such a disproportion between example and precept.

It was with an exultant heart and a new white *chadar* that I entered the Senate on the morning of the examination, and having seated myself comfortably I was at first annoyed at the blank anxious looks around me betraying a universal nervousness; but ignoring the situation as one of the inevitable consequences of cramming, I indulged in a most stately sense of self-complacence. Punctually at 10 hours 1 minute a paper was served to me and it was, I discovered, one on history. The subject suited my capacities well, and originality was soon busy at work. I shall presently put before the reader a few of the questions and the answers I appended to them as indicative of how I did in the Exam, and then leave him alone to judge what extreme iniquities I have been a victim to.

The first question ran thus:—

When and where was the Magna Carta signed?

At first I wondered what the deuce this question meant, so fearfully led by as many as two adverbs—of time and place! I began to think where that cursed document might be signed, and all on a sudden a brilliant thought struck me. Where else must a document be signed than at the bottom, thought I. It was as soon thought as written.

As to the time I immediately put down 5-59 P.M., not that I had any partiality for that particular hour above any other, but because it would imply precision.

The next was:—

Was Elizabeth a Protestant or Catholic, or both?

As I never troubled about what creed that noble lady professed, I was much inclined to put her down for both when my pen was arrested by a rather impertinent demand in a corner of the paper—Give reasons for your answer. Give reasons, eh! Why, I had not any, far less not to give one. So I instantly put down:

Neither, because she had two admirers from both the Churches and would not bear to wish “either charmer away.”

Then came in smooth array :—

What do you know of the Mad Parliament? Where did it sit? Mention any other nickname Parliament which you have heard of in English history.

Not being of a metaphysical turn of mind, I was inclined to take things as they were. The meaning of the Mad Parliament was therefore apparent, and what under the moon might that mean but a pack of lunatics at large! So I wrote.

As to the second part, well, the place must be the lunatic asylum, somewhere at Bedlam.

While driving to the third part, I was amused to think that Parliaments were so much humanised now-a-days as to require nicknames. It was however easy to find some as many of us have it as their domestic commodities ; and I put down Pachà, Dàku Hábà and so on, when suddenly I remembered I was writing about English history. I instantly struck them through and put Tom, Dick, Harry and my comparatively little stock of that foreign commodity.

The next was :—

What is the difference between the Suspending Power and the Dispensing Power?

This looked somewhat like a mere verbal jugglery and I at once caught the Examiner in his own trap. He must have had some juice in him—as our slang goes—and as no riddle-maker likes his riddle to be solved by persons other than himself, I flattered the Examiner's weakness with a clean denial of my ability to answer that question.

Then came :—

Why was Henry VIII called Henry the Eighth?

This was most puzzling of all.. The ancient historians were surely monkeys, as Darwin supposes, that they skipped over as many as seven numerals and appended the eighth one to their Harry. Still I could not be clear about this particular choice of theirs. Suddenly a light came upon me. This King, I recollect, had married quite a fair number of ladies and I greedily put down :

Henry VIII was Henry the Eighth because he married eight wives.

Here are five of the eight questions I was *permitted to attempt*, and as I have chosen them indiscriminately, I think I have given the reader a faithful idea of how I finished that paper. There will, I fear,

be a dearth of space in this esteemed magazine if I go at full length with all. I shall stop with the recital of one more question which was in the 2nd paper and which was a little different from all the rest.

It was:—

Who was Sulla? What do you know of his proscriptions? How many deaths did they bring about?

What on earth was Sulla! With my characteristic presence of mind I gave the question a second reading. 'Proscriptions'—that was a fresh trouble. Proscription and people dying by it! No, it can't be proscription; it was a misprint for prescription. Of course it was, how odd I did not discover it before! I immediately desired to see the Examiner who was in the hall, and summarily satisfying the guard who was still sceptical, I was ushered into that majestic presence. As soon as I entered, that gentleman threw upon his face an aspect of gravity which made me recoil a few steps. But instantly I steadied myself, and feeling a few shocks at his stern demand—What do you want?—I pointed out with a look of bland surprise the erratum I lighted upon. But that gentleman, with a suggestion of a smile in his physiognomy but an expression of gravity all over, refused to take the matter in the same light as I did, and to my extreme surprise directed the guard to conduct me back to my seat. Though a little disconcerted, I could not change my opinion on the subject and excused the Examiner's denial as only the godlike assertion of equal treatment from the Examiner to all the examined. So I wrote down: "Sulla was a doctor, possibly an M.D.," adding a commentary on the printer's drunkenness or the Examiner's bad handwriting which was the more possible to occasion misprints.

As to his prescription, why, I had no difficulty to construct one on the model of the family physician with its usual menu of hydrosulphates, sodium iodate and others.

As to the number of deaths occasioned by the prescriptions, no, there was none, because a physician whose name survives in history must have been a great enemy of Pluto. So I finished up my answer, adding by way of comment, that the question had a logical element in it, being framed in the manner of an enthymeme.

So I floored the paper. I was at first sanguine of an easy success. but a consultation with my other friends left me in fearful diffidence. Their answers were so very different from mine that like contradictory terms, they and I could not possibly be similarly disposed of. Either they all must fail or I must be a plough.

But och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see
 I guess an' fear.

The reader knows what I guessed and what came to pass; but was I not sacrificed to the cause of a new Gospel which my University preached without the least intention of adopting?

INDIGNANT B.S.

“Old Presidency College Men” Series.

(III) Sir Tarak Nath Palit.

AFTER a long life of nearly three-quarters of a century, of which the greater part was stern, laborious struggle, Tarak Nath has gone to his repose in his ‘life beyond life.’

Sir Tarak has taught us great things. He has opened to shame the eyes of the selfish and the rich who ‘hoard and sleep’ and know neither their country nor suffering humanity. He stands out from these selfish and degenerate surroundings as a mountain of renunciation. He has taught that to live for others is life. His life is a message to the rising generation of Bengal and of India, calling upon them to tread the rough path of sacrifice. The life of Tarak Nath serves as one more proof that even in these degenerate days of foreign imitation, India has not forgotten her distinctive ideal. The lesson that India has taught throughout all ages—the message she has conveyed to the other nations of the world—is one of renunciation—sacrifice. Is not the god of the Indians, the ascetic of ascetics, the all-renouncing Sankara? Were not the wealthiest kings of Hindustan—Asoka, Harsavardhan and others—the poorest of the poor? Their wealth consisted in renunciation and poverty; and the life of Tarak Nath Palit has shown that his wealth consisted in renunciation. Hail! thou worthy son of Ind, Tarak! May we live to see the torch of sacrifice held by thee kindling the hearts of rising generations! May thy blessed example dispel from the minds of our youth all idea of selfish gain and glory, and point them to sacrifice and love of their fellow-men.

Sir Tarak was born in October 1841 in a village in the district of Hooghly. His father, Kali Kinkur Palit, was a man well known for his extensive charities. He was a man of whom it was said that he

was the architect of many a man's fortune. But he bequeathed scarcely anything in the shape of money to his son.

Tarak received his early education in the Hindu College, and from his School and College days onward he was characterized by extraordinary quickness of intellect. He had a thorough knowledge of English literature and a passion for Philosophy. For some time he was keenly devoted to Hamilton and later on went over to the Spencerian school. But though he drank deep of the fountain of foreign literature and imbibed foreign ideals and sentiments, yet he did not forget his heritage. He loved his country and his people.

Completing his education here, Tarak left for England about the year 1864 to qualify himself as a barrister-at law. On return he began practice in Calcutta. As a professional man too he was most successful. He was characterized at the bar by boldness of personality. He was an authority on Evidence and he also was an expert cross-examiner.

Tarak's father left him hardly any property worth the name. The fortune that he made was his own acquisition. For many years, he toiled incessantly without any respite whatever, to amass that large fortune, nearing two millions of rupees, which he has given for the service of his country in the cause of scientific education. His munificent gifts were not the result of a momentary outburst of feeling. They were the end and aim of his life, towards the realization of which he had been struggling all the years of his life. He has handed down to his countrymen not a pile of gold-mohurs but his very life-blood. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

Owing to extreme ill-health, Sir Tarak retired from active life in 1898. Some years later—about 1906—he contracted a severe type of heart disease, and after eight years' suffering he passed away on Saturday, the 3rd October, 1914. He was born on the day of the worship of Luxmi, the Goddess of Wealth, and died on the same day.

The patriotic spirit of Sir Tarak, which was daily increasing in strength beneath the cloak of his apparently self-centred study, thought and activity, first found expression during the Swadeshi movement. He worked with great energy for this movement, and supported with large pecuniary gifts many institutions and industries that were then set on foot. The total gift to the Calcutta University for the foundation of a Higher College of Science to be managed by Indians only, which amounted to more than 1½ millions of rupees, may have surprised most of us, but those who knew him intimately and entered into his heart expected nothing less from him. Tarak, the man and

the patriot, was simply the fulfilment of Tarak, the boy and the student. His private charity also was great though few of us know of it. He, on many occasions, gave away several thousands to his friends and relatives in distress. In addition to his gift to the University, he has given Rs. 50,000 for the erection of a National Medical College at Belgatchia and a like sum to the Sakha Silpa Samiti, besides many others.

To Tarak we may look for the future school of scientists who, following in the wake of Jagadish Chandra and Prabhulla Chandra, will do greater glory to their country, and may we live to find in our rich men many Sir Taraks, and may we be so fortunate as to see in the rising generation many who from being slaves to luxury may change to cherish more unselfish ideals in life. Let us keep in mind those words of the Swami Vivekananda, "Oh India! Forget not, that thy wealth, thy marriage are not for thy sense-pleasure, are not for thy individual, personal happiness. Forget not that thou art born as a sacrifice to the mother's altar."

The Gift.

(From the Bengali of Rabindranath Tagore.)

By K. C. SEN.

Dear, this morning what will be

My gift to thee?

The song that's born

In golden morn?

But morning droops before the breathless might

Of noon tide's torrid light.

So tired and faded dies

The song that lies.

In morning's eyes.

Friend, why comest thou, when the day is o'er,

Knocking at my door?

What gift wilt thou receive?

The lamp that's lit at eve?

But its light is for a corner lone and small,

A silent hall.

Wouldst thou take it on the road where others fare with thee ?

Alas, the free

Wild winds that wanton on thy way to-night

Would slay its light.

What power have I to give thee gift, however rare ?

Be it a flower, be it a garland fair,

Wilt thou bear

Its futile burden when it fades in noontide's glare ?

Whatever gift

My hands to thee will e'er uplift

Will slip through thy fingers' rift,

And ever must

Mingle in the cold grey bleakness of the dust.

Better far, when thou

Beneath the star that glimmers on eve's pale brow,

Wilt walk, in spring, amid my blossomed bowers,

Listless and idle, and a sudden breath of flowers

Will hold thee entranced and still,

In the charmèd power of a nameless thrill,

That moment swift

Will be my strayèd gift.

And my starred arcades

Will cast dim shadows and dreams as daylight fades ;

And sudden and stark,

Slipped from evening's tresses dark,

An errant streak of light will trembling gleam

And touch and greet thy inmost dream.

That magic light, on dubious skies adrift,

Will be my gift.

All my wealth is in such fleeting flash and shimmer,

In a moment's glint and glimmer.

It comes unbidden with songs that bring th'enamoured street

Thrills and tremors sweet,

And flies with murmurous anklets on its hurrying feet.

I know not where it doth retreat,

Nor hand nor foot nor voice can reach its hidden seat.

Friend, what comes from this elusive strand

To thy hand,

Unsoughten and unknown,—that will be

My gift to thee.

My hands can nothing give that will not do thee wrong,—
Be it flower, be it song.

My First Year in Presidency College.

By PROBHAS CHANDRA GHOSH,
Third Year Class.

THIS is the age of 'reminiscences.' The Vice-Chancellor has his 'reminiscences,' the Professor has his own, and it is not in the fitness of things that I should not have mine. My autobiography has yet to be written, although I have little doubts that it will be the most illuminative and interesting of its kind. For the present I shall be content with giving you some reminiscences of my first year in Presidency College.

But I must first have a word of quarrel with the editor. I must tell him flatly that he is a most dangerous man. I try my best to do something for my College Magazine, but he will not let me do it. For instance, all these months that the *Presidency College Magazine* has been amidst us, I have been making frantic efforts to contribute something to it, but the editor's notices always prove too strong for me. Who is to blame, myself or the editor? Let us see.

The editor solemnly proclaims that he welcomes 'short and interesting articles written upon subjects of general interest.' I admire the fastidious taste of the editor. But he is not simply fastidious: he is more: he is tyrannical. For what is tyranny other than to expect 'short', 'interesting' and 'of general interest', each and all three at once?

Frankly speaking, I am not a little puzzled with that extravagant phrase of the editor's 'of general interest.' I ask a friend what are in his opinion subjects of general interest and back comes the stunning reply: "There is only one and that is *eating*." My friend is an amazingly frank fellow, I own. But after all, has he not uttered a pregnant

truth? Who will deny (except perhaps the ungrateful tongues of the twentieth century dyspeptics) that that subject has a universal and perennial charm of its own? I ask a second friend—my grave friend of the hostel, the consumer of many a *maund* of midnight oil—and he thinks that it is the university syllabus. I ask a third who says that it is cricket. Now, amidst such a variety of tastes (and tastes must differ) what does the editor expect me to do? Somebody hinted the other day that I might try 'College books', although I cannot see how that can help me. For 'Theism and Pantheism' will send followers of Ganot and Helmholtz to hysterics, the sweet music of Kalidas's poetry will fall flat on ears trained to 'Gresham's Law' and 'Eugenics,' while the talk of the Gallic Campaigns or the American War of Independence will serve but to intimidate the man overburdened with his 'sine' and 'cosine,' his ever-beloved ' θ and π .' Who will rid me out of this fix? Not my overnice editor.

A truce to my quarrel. As you see, however, I have stumbled on this humble 'reminiscence' of mine—'a voice of the past' which I dare not treat with disdain. So I write these few lines, though in the desperate hope that they may somehow in the end find favour with the editor.

From boyhood, I had heard Presidency College described as the Premier College of Bengal, and naturally I looked up to it as a storehouse of surprises. Nor was I much disappointed. For, although the 'surprises' were few, there were a lot of interesting things. I shall not trouble you with details, but of the latter I shall name two. The first was the queer mysterious figure of the gateman. Indeed, that man at the gate was a mystery. Who could divine what was passing in his thoughts as he sat Cicerolike on his mighty stool, a veritable 'scarecrow set to frighten fools away?' The second was a more refreshing phenomenon. I mean the phenomenon of *salaam* encountering me at every step. It was a gratifying spectacle at first, although I am now disenchanted. For, later days have brought to light the sinister motive that screened itself behind the bows, and instead of being a source of pleasure, it is now a positive nuisance. That friend of mine was indeed voicing the feelings of all, when I heard him grumbling the other day :—

*Salaam, salaam everywhere,
But not a pice to pay.**

* One of my friends has already sounded the note "Advance, Presidency College." But is there no one to give him the rebuff and cry, "Halt, Presidency College", and do away with these *salaamings*, at least with *their salaams*?

What shall I tell you next? I dig into the recesses of my memory, and with those memories of the past crowding upon my brain, I distinctly remember how lonely and miserable I felt myself at first. In fact, the first few weeks are very trying to the mofussil student, particularly when he has no familiar face by to enliven or cheer his spirits. He feels what even the *dux* of the village institution sees too plainly that he is nobody here. Without friends, without admirers, accustomed to sincerity and easy manners, he cowers before College-life with all its constraint in speech, its formality in action. And in hours when seated in the mighty Bodleian, with plenty of solemn tablets and statues to deepen his melancholy, his eye grows weary with pouring over a book, or when he loiters aimlessly here and there in that big massive building,—a piece of architecture though sadly lacking the 'dumb music' of Goethe or the 'frozen music' of Madame de Staël, he feels with that great poet of Weimar:—

I feel oppressed!
The pillars of the wall
Imprison me!
The vaulted roof
Weighs down upon me!—Air!

But gradually this melancholy spirit wears off, and as new acquaintances are formed, new friendships made, a light shines on his way—a light which dispels all the gloom of dark despondence and opens up before him a vista of new joys and delights.

Personally speaking, I was a bit fortunate on this score. I do not know how I managed to gather round me, in a very short time, a number of friends—friends, "select, though few," but for whom my College-life would have been nothing short of miserable. Indeed we soon developed such a liking for one another, that we had a regular 'club' started, which held its sittings in the Common-Room and even sometimes in the Library. The first-year people are said to be the most easy-going members of the College. Put them where you will, they know how to enjoy themselves. And we were no exception to this rule.

We could then enjoy the class-room, though, I am afraid, it has been difficult of late to do so. There was the mathematics class, where we had enough of Gauss and Poincare, of α and β and, what was most unexpected and wonderful, a good deal of wit and humour. In the English class we had everything—Poetry, Philosophy, Fine Arts, Medicine, Botany, Physiology and what not! Indeed, Lord Avebury alone made our work so easy for us! We dived into the philosophy

of Jack Pudding, had a peep into the mysteries of the cornea and the retina, were taught fine distinctions, e.g. between 'to go' and 'to proceed', and above all we learnt how to write good poetry (at least good verse!). In the Sanskrit class we were hardly less successful. One canto of *Raghuvanusaṁ* and another of *Bhāttikāvyaṁ* were sufficient to make us think of ourselves as so many epitomised editions of Mallinātha and Jayamangal, and nothing was held too sacred for our pen-thrust. The stern reality of the Logic class was much felt in spite of the many witty and humorous illustrations of our esteemed Professor, although the class itself (barring a day or two in the week which were reserved for *viva voce* examinations) was thoroughly enjoyable. Last scene of all these was the Bengali class—a class which is so universally (and justly so!) appreciated by students. I do not pretend to put forth any reasons for its being so, but I can frankly say that it is so, not indeed for the highly interesting discussions and criticisms which mark its chief characteristics, but for that indescribable something which none but he who attends that class can ever hope to appraise.

Outside the class-room, the Common-Room was our refuge, though some of our fellow students, who delighted in being called the 'House of Lords men', would push their rendezvous further towards the gate, further away from the plague of eloquence. As for ourselves, 'Commons people', we were content with the Common-Room where a

Taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

In fact, it was in the Common-Room that we were in our element, though we were not sometimes afraid of extending our depredations even to the sacred precincts of the Library. I speak of pre-separation days, when the magnificent library was not yet shorn of its former glory, and when there was a greater convenience for intruders to come in and enjoy themselves.

Thus we plodded on through dailies and weeklies and monthlies, until the annual examination came and 'left us honeyless.' I have heard of a gentleman who being unable to pass the annual examination, but having an inkling of Roman history, was said to remark, "It came, It saw, It conquered." Fortunately, I had no occasion to do so.

The day of the first year are things of the past. Nor does our club exist any longer. For it too has "withered like the blossom upon the tree." The economic man can only spare a recognizing nod or smile when he brushes past his friend of the Sanskrit Class and hurries along for his seminar. The philosopher (!) soaring to Olympian

heights deigns not to come down and converse with his plain matter-of-fact friend of the Historical Seminar. While the mathematician's Integral Calculus forbids him to be in touch with anything that does not smell of mathematics. So do things stand now. But who will shut out a pale lingering shadow of hope that years after we will meet again and revive our good old first-year friendship?

Presidency College in 1910.

Our College.

OUR College is bounded on the North by a lane named after a person who is no more; on the East by a street which is a daily scene of accidents, street-fights and motor-car fatalities; on the South by a lawn on which children run and romp about in the mid-day heat and get the sunstroke; on the West by a devastated area which strongly reminds one of Nadir Shah. All this is melancholy news, but true. The moving accident is not my trade, but truth is sometimes sadder than fiction.

As you are going to enter the building, on the right-hand side you find a dark-room, in which ghostly beings—some handling things with extended arms in the approved ghost fashion—flit about with an uncanny aspect; evidently the spirits of the innocents massacred here at the Examinations. At the sight of their woe-begone, cadaverous faces a Milton would have cried, “Avenge, O Lord, the slaughtered saints”, and a Hamlet exclaimed, “Rest, rest, perturbed spirits”; but you will do well to create no such fuss, for there is no dearth of noise in our College.

As you enter the College, a confused mass of jarring sounds, like ‘the star of the great Babel’, invades the ear:

Two voices are there; one is of the street,
One of the student; each a mighty voice.

Passing along the eastern corridor on the ground floor, you find young men working in the laboratories with the ‘tristful visages’ of convicts serving out their terms with hard labour. They are doing “practical work” with all the novice’s aptitude for smashing machines and apparatus. Towards the north, a striking odour makes you suspect that something is rotten in the region of Denmark. The smell is of such a magnitude that one can hazard the opinion that ‘all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten’ this stygian Tophat. The force

of stench could no further go. There needs no ghost from the grave to tell you that this is the chemical laboratory; for only chemists prepare perfumes, good or bad.

‘A simple race! They waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smell.’

(SCOTT, quoted from memory.)

When you have got sufficient appetite by swallowing the lectures of your professors for the greater part of the day, you are sent to these rooms, and your hunger vanishes as if by magic. Truly, ‘it is a miracle of rare device.’ I am not astonished to find the superfluity of leanness in chemists.

Within the quadrangle rises a dismal-looking structure, ‘making day hideous’, an imitation Presidency Jail made of corrugated iron and glass—for “Stone walls do not a prison make”—in which may be seen rows of latent chemists, ‘all silent and all damned’, working ‘from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve’ with the perseverance of galley-slaves.

The other places of interest on the ground floor are the Common Room and the Library. A glance at the Common Room would convince one that “confusion here hath made his masterpiece.” It is a scene of ‘most admired disorder.’ Here are young men lounging about in the right Bohemian fashion, smoking cigarettes and dispersing all sorts of quips and cranks and scandals; here you find a lively young wag “bearded like a pard” setting the table on a roar with his well-seasoned stories. A big, hulking fellow with a Napoleonic chin, who has evidently not smiled for five years and is intending to do no such thing for another five, is poring over a copy of the *Punch* with as much gravity as if it were a text-book of integral calculus. Illustrated magazines are in as great a demand as shares in the present Rubber market. Magazines such as the *Athenæum* or the *Spectator* are at a discount and left untouched, except when all the illustrated ones are occupied and some whiskered gentleman finds himself among younkers and striplings half his own age. Others are ‘five fathom deep’ in the stories or engaged in patiently adding edifying notes to the pictures. Outside the room there is a knot listening to the delightful mimics of that spruce fellow, the ‘cynosure of all eyes’, a very Garrick at reproducing the Professors’ voices and actions, down to their coughings and fidgetings. Somebody starts a song and beats the devil’s tattoo, which are nipped in the bud by the entry of our Fatstaff, one vast substantial smile, who announces that Mr. X won’t take his class to-day.

A wild uproar, such as rose from the Lucknow garrison at the news of Havelock's approach, 'tears Heaven's concave', and greets the welcome news with volleys and salvos of interjections and ejaculations.

The Library is stocked with all sorts of books, from Esoteric Buddhism to the History of a Caterpillar. On all sides notices are staring you in the face with the impudent words: 'Silence is requested.' Yet a few disobedient boys are having a merry time of it, and are probably talking sedition—the 'chink of grasshopper's' evidently not disturbing the repose of the 'great cattle' chewing their cud in silence. Yet everybody is reading in stupendous tones Encyclopaedia Britannica, Calcutta University Calendar, Presidency College Library Catalogue and the like. These are surely "progenies of learning", to quote Mrs. Malaprop's felicitous phrase. How would Dr. Johnson like to come here and stretch out his legs on the table while reading one of the ten-pound volumes! Several students are taking home terrible books on Geology, Egypt and Electricity. One is tempted to ask, with little Peterkin—

What good will come of it all at last?

Quoth little Peterkin.

The Professors' room stands on the first floor. We are not privileged to enter this Sanctum Sanctorum, but now and then, like the prince in the fairy tale, we have peered through the forbidden door, and seen some professor stretched on the easy chair, taking his 'forty winks' while others are simply chatting, gossiping, laughing, or sitting apart on the arms of a chair like the biped that 'perched and sat and nothing more.' A few are lecturing. Some professors will be always professors.

The Principal's room is at the other extremity of the corridor, 'his soul is like a star and dwells apart.' The office room is full of shoals of students who are swarming about like locusts in Pharaoh's realm under the divine wrath—and the cry is still, 'They come'—reminding one of those that 'in hundreds and thousands of trooping came' to the solemn council at Pandemonium. A few sit 'high on a throne of royal state' (a horrid wooden plank), 'by merit raised to that bad eminence'—impregnable 'coignes of vantage'—and are pushing forward any number of rupees to the piously reluctant clerks. Phœbus! if all the world were like this? Then the vexed questions of poverty, taxation and old-age pensions would receive their quietus for ever. I wish I were a college clerk.

Briefly, paying one's fees is more difficult than 'samphire-picking' or 'salamande gathering.' One of the clerks is reading "King John"

in the intervals of business—a conspicuous example of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Another is thumping a typewriter with as much evident relish as if it were a piano or somebody's back.

Only the History men among the Arts students have their classes in the middle story. They have wisely preferred the 'middle way' recommended by Buddha. 'Histories make men wise.' To ensure economy, Political Economy also has been hustled into these rooms. In one of these classes, a blasé-looking gentleman, to whom Shah Jahan on the stage is more interesting than the Shah Jahan on whom the professor is lecturing, is vividly describing the play he witnessed last night, to a coterie who are making unsuccessful efforts to look interested in the lecture. The professor gives him such a look as the ghost gave to the man who had come into the haunted-house and said he didn't care a pin for ghosts.

The professor looks on the student,
The student looks on the wall.

The other rooms belong to Physiology, Geology, Physics, and Chemistry. Nothing in this mass of machinery, stone and chemicals can be of any interest except a clattering skeleton, the sacred relic of some martyr to science: a death's head at the feast of knowledge.

Ascend we to the second floor! Here we have an almost undisturbed dominion of the Arts. Here the chastened noise of the students brings to your ears the 'still sad music of humanity.' Perchance a second-year boy has been ordered to have an airing outside (the professor having made the class-room too hot for him), and he is 'wandering lonely as a cloud' 'over fresh fields and pastures new,' and is perhaps writing on the walls 'things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.' He is not sorry to leave his compositions anonymous, rightly deeming virtue to be its own reward. In one class where the professor, a young man eloquent, is dictating notes, a student is now and then communicating speechless messages with his friend by wireless telegraphy. 'Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the calls ye to each other make.' In the Bengali class, in one of the back benches, a supine figure is 'uttering a dulcet and harmonious breath', 'musical as Apollo's lute,' and is 'shut up in measureless content' till he hears a voice cry, 'sleep no more' and forthwith 'starts like a guilty thing surprised.' The Sanskrit and the Persian classes preserve an Oriental tranquillity. "Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!" It 'freezes the genial current of one's soul to be in such a class. One fine young man is

strolling about in flaunting clothes, reminding all that 'plain living and high thinking are no more' (but on the other hand plain thinking and high living). The professor of the first year class is asking questions. One student, true to the maxim 'Brevity is the soul of wit,' says with a smile 'Don't know, Sir.' Another, acting on the rule 'Silence is golden,' or on Polonius's golden advice, 'give thy thoughts no tongue,' looks the professor roundly in the face and preserves a stolid Pythagorian taciturnity. A third gentleman, to whom evidently Pidgin-English comes as easy as lying and is an habitual polluter of 'the well of English undefiled,' casts a look at the professor as a cat may look at a king, and proceeds to relieve the wearisome dullness of the hour by floundering in the Serbonian bog of errors and solecisms. 'A sadder and wiser man' he resumes his seat.

The three best rooms in the College belong to Mathematics. The present arrangement of classes dates from the time when a Mathematician was the Principal. The rooms from the West to the East (the way the Earth moves) form an ascending series in respect of the respective classes held therein, but a descending series in point of number. Bacon has truly remarked 'Mathematics maketh men subtle,' for there is hardly a corpulent student in these classes.

The Philosophic Seminar is veiled from public view by extra-thick screens and curtains; they thus secure the true philosophic seclusion, 'far from the busy hum of men!' They discuss serious topics. Last time they had a three hours' debate on "Is God rational, holy and alive?" The room contains a suspicious-looking pitcher, containing no doubt "adversity's sweet milk, philosophy." The English Seminar has been called by the Principal "the only bright spot of the College." The Seminar is open as long as the fifth and sixth year classes are being held in the room, which means for full four hours a day. Formerly there used to be debates in this room, but now they are "to dumb forgetfulness a prey." The debates were on such solemn subjects as "Poetry and Zoology," "India and Greenland," "Zoroaster," etc. There are three more English classrooms, made out of the defunct Theatre Hall. It is expected that students will find an explanation of this procedure in the lines :

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;

showing clearly the superfluousness of all stages reared by human hands.—K. C. S. in *The C. U. Magazine*.

X-Ray Treatment.

By "A STUDENT OF THE SIXTH YEAR CLASS."

DON'T be afraid, please; this is not a doctor's thesis, but a mere story—which ended in all but originating a new scientific theory.

A patient—a carpenter by trade—was brought to a hospital, suspected of having swallowed a small nail while working with an ordinary wooden box.

The doctor at the hospital examined the patient and found that the fright in swallowing the nail and the resultant worry were fast eating into his strength.

The doctor's decision was rapid. He would not be able to get the nail out without an operation, and before an operation he must locate the displaced bit of metal.

A thin mattress was placed over a heavy, glass-topped table and the patient was carried in, stripped, and placed on the table.

The doctor then brought the X-ray machine into focus on the unfortunate man.

"Sure enough. There it is!" he exclaimed.

The nail was still in the stomach and the point was downward. From his knowledge, the specialist realized that the piece of iron was firmly lodged in the tissue surrounding the wall of the stomach. It was on the right side, and in such a position that it could be easily reached with the aid of a knife.

"Did you say it was a very small nail?" the doctor asked his patient after the examination.

"Oh, I guess so, doctor. I—I don't know. Oh! this is awful! I'll—I'll never touch a nail again as long as I live."

"But the nail shown by the X-ray is a much larger nail than the kind you say you have swallowed," the doctor answered.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear! That makes it worse; everything makes it worse!" groaned the patient.

A consultation was held. It was decided that the operation should take place at once.

The patient was prepared for his ordeal and finally wheeled to the operation-theatre.

The Surgeon with his assistants worked quickly and deftly. An incision was made on the stomach just above the place where the

nail had been shown by the X-rays. The skin was laid back and the doctor probed for the foreign object.

He failed to find it. Everywhere that he searched everything seemed to be quite sound and he met with no obstruction.

Quickly he sewed up the incision and cut the man open on the other side.

But even there nothing could be found.

He examined the whole stomach and could not discover the nail anywhere.

Certain that he had seen it by the X-rays, the doctor consulted a photograph showing its location. Then he made up his mind that the nail must have shifted its position in the interval between the examination and the operation.

Following out his theory, he finished up the work and had his patient removed to the bare glass-table for another X-ray examination while he was still under the influence of chloroform.

A thorough investigation of the stomach proved that the nail had disappeared. The doctor examined the body thoroughly and was certain of the correctness of this conclusion.

When the patient recovered from the effects of the chloroform the doctor told him that the nail had been removed.

The patient groaned and insisted that he still felt it.

"It's only your nervous condition," the doctor assured him; "you are very susceptible to suggestion and in your present state you still seem to feel the nail."

The answer did not satisfy the patient—he persisted in his belief that the nail had not been removed.

The doctor worried for twenty-four hours over the mystery of the nail and could not solve the question of its sudden disappearance.

At length, to satisfy the patient that the object he had swallowed was gone, he caused the man to be carried in on the mattress and put again on the X-ray table.

To his boundless surprise, the Surgeon now found that the nail was still present in the stomach, but had changed its position. This time the point was upward, and it was on the opposite side. The position had been exactly reversed.

His feeling was almost uncanny as he made sure it was the same nail.

In sheer desperation he re-opened the incision and probed again for the elusive nail. Large beads of sweat stood out on his forehead—he probed the entire organ.

Again the nail was nowhere to be found.

Removing the patient to the X-ray he examined him again, and found absolutely no trace of the nail.

It became immediately the great question of the hospital. Everybody had a theory and everybody was free to express it.

Other X-ray specialists were called in and the patient was examined in every possible way, but the nail did not appear again.

The patient's mind became fixed on the fact that the dreadful bit of iron was still within him, and he would not believe the doctors when they assured him that no trace of it could now be found.

The Surgeon insisted that his condition was such that he could be discharged, but the man would not hear of it and pleaded for another examination.

They granted it and hurriedly carried him in, just as he was, on the mattress, and focussed the X-ray for the last time upon his poor stomach.

The Surgeon staggered back as he beheld the result of the examination.

The nail appeared again and was in exactly the same position that it had been at first, with the point down and on the right side.

The Surgeon reeled away from the examination table and stared blankly into space, trying to account for the phenomenon.

A young assistant, who had assisted at each of the X-ray examinations, as well as the operations, rushed over to him and blurted out, "I've got a theory, doctor."

"Tell me what's it at once, please" demanded the Surgeon.

"Have the patient removed, but leave the mattress on the table and I will test it."

The order was carried out and an X-ray photograph was taken of the mattress alone.

The resultant picture showed the same nail in the same position.

"Don't you see what was the matter?" cried the assistant, his face alight with success.

"Why—why" stammered the doctor, "I—I—". "Here."

The assistant took up the light mattress and slit it open with a scalpel. Inserting his hand, he probed around and at length brought out a shiny nail.

"You see," he smiled, "the operation should have been performed on the mattress instead of on the man."

"Good Heavens, man! How did you ever discover that the nail had been negligently sewed up in the mattress?"

"You see," answered the assistant, "the first time he was examined we carried him in on the mattress. Then immediately after the operation we examined him on the table, with just a sheet thrown over him, and of course no nail showed. The next time it was on the mattress again and the nail showed plainly; then when we tried it again after the second operation we didn't have the mattress, and of course no nail showed."

"I see!" the doctor cried, "and all of the further examinations until this last one were made on the sheet, without using the mattress at all."

"That's it! said the assistant. "The thing is most simple. The man only frightened himself into believing that he had swallowed a nail. He just choked on the nails and never swallowed one at all."

"Oh! now that's right" answered the physician.

The X-ray picture records nothing but hard substances like bone or metal. It made no record of the mattress, but the nail being metal, was photographed and looked as though it were in the man's stomach, alongside his backbone, which showed clearly.

The Indian School of Chemistry.

The Researches of Professor Ray and his Pupils at Presidency College.

By FRANCIS V. FERNANDES, B.Sc.

"La chimie est une science française. Elle fut constituée par Lavoisier, d'immortelle mémoire." Thus began Wurtz his famous "Dictionary of Chemistry"; and at the time when this dogmatic assertion was made it seemed to require no word of apology from the author, so universally was the debt owed to the great master recognized by the scientific world. Yet we find that, within a few years, dissentient voices rose and darkened the halo that was surrounding the name of Lavoisier. When men were loyal to the memory of their benefactors, Lavoisier was the creator of the science of Chemistry, the reformer who taught chemists new paths of inquiry, the founder of a school of mathematical exactitude. But the searching spirit of Ger-

many has proved to its satisfaction that the Frenchman was only a reorganiser of chemical doctrine, whose "great achievement consisted in abolishing old prejudices and in the masterly application of scientific principles to the explanation of chemical processes." This is about all the credit which Lavoisier gets at the present time in some of the German schools.

If such is the fate of one of the greatest master minds of the world, what judgment can we expect from the future on the work of the Hindu savant, who has revived the scientific traditions of his country? He is not a Lavoisier, and yet through his efforts the land of Nagarjuna has renewed activities which lay dormant for centuries. It was that savant himself who bitterly deplored the "intellectual torpor and stagnation" of his country; and there was left to him the noble task of regenerating Indian chemistry. It is he who, to the nation of metaphysicians and visionaries, has added the lustre of a school of experimental and inductive scientists. The man who has accomplished these things cannot be ignored by his countrymen. India offers the tribute of respect to her illustrious son, the founder of the Indian School of Chemistry, Professor Prafulla Chandra Rây.*

That there is a distinct Indian School of Chemistry is now generally recognized. Professor Armstrong has more than once publicly admitted the fact; and Professor Sudborough did not hesitate to say at the last Science Congress that the Indians had done good work under the influence of Professor Rây long before the European Science Professors were imported into India, and that to him really belongs the credit of being the pioneer of chemical research in India. As Professor Rây himself has proved in his "History of Hindu Chemistry," this science is of no exotic origin, but a heritage left to Indians by the sages of old; and now we may add that it has been his rare privilege to take up the broken thread and direct the activities of Indian science.

The enormous sacrifices which such a task involved can scarcely be realized by the general public. To sympathize with the sublime

* We are gratified to find that the "Society for Promoting Scientific Knowledge", in an address presented to Professor Rây during his recent visit to Lahore, endorses our opinion of the Bengal Chemist in these words:—"By training a band of young scientists to supplement and continue your noble work, you have deservedly earned the title of Father of the Bengal School of Chemists, and your laboratory has been rightly called by a distinguished French Professor "the nursery from which issue forth the Chemists of India."

ideal of a disinterested man and to appreciate the work done solely for the good of his country, one has to carry oneself back a quarter of a century, and thence survey the field.

At that time, unless we greatly err, there was not a single Indian scientific worker of repute in the land. Sir Alexander Pedler had completed his famous researches on "Cobra Poison," and directed his attention to other affairs. He did not kindle any enthusiasm for Chemistry, nor did he give any impetus to research work. Perhaps the time had not come, and it is well that he devoted his energies to the improvement of science teaching. Thus when Professor Rây came into the field, he found a decent laboratory to work in, but the scientific spirit was lacking among his countrymen. Indeed, the value of original research was not at all well understood (and it is doubtful whether it is so even at the present time). Professor Rây, however, oblivious of everything but the task before him, carried on his patient work. Hampered by the heavy official duties of a junior professor, isolated from his brother scientists, and hardly appreciated by his countrymen, he faced alone the problem which awaited him. It is true he took nearly twenty years to change lethargy into activity and to instil a scientific spirit into Indian minds, but what more could be expected from one solitary worker? Is it not enough that the energy and ability of a single man have overcome all obstacles, and that he has at last succeeded? His is an enviable position—to hold the undisputed sway of one empire of thought, to be the sole founder of the Indian School of Chemistry.

To understand fully the gradual popularization of Chemistry in this country, and the subsequent establishment of the school, it becomes necessary to inquire into the number and the work of the first disciples whom Professor Rây gathered to his flag. From the time of the publication of the first chemical paper in 1894, we do not find a single name associated with his until we come to the year 1903, when a paper was published conjointly with Jatindra Nath Sen. After that, Atul Chandra Ganguly seems to have rendered valuable assistance, for some of the most important work on the nitrites and the hyponitrites was done with his co-operation and collaboration. Panchanan Neogi, Hemendra Kumar Sen, Atul Chandra Ghosh, and Satis Chandra Mukerji are the names associated with Professor Rây's in connection with the real beginning of the school.

The turning point in the history of Professor Rây's school appears to be the enrolment of Rasik Lal Datta, Nil Ratan Dhar, and Jitendra

Complex Salts." In a review of the progress of Inorganic Chemistry in the Journal of the American Chemical Society, this paper is mentioned as one which has advanced materially our knowledge in this subject. The experimental work which has been done in several branches of Electrochemistry is enormous. The researches of Dhar are too technical in character to be read with advantage by the lay reader, but an idea of their high efficiency will be given by the following extract from a letter received by him from the great German Chemist, Bredig :—

" Your works have already occupied a prominent place in our literature. Of all things, the fact remains prominent that you are the master of a great and distinguished branch of knowledge."

Kshitibusan Bhaduri, Government Research Scholar, holds the unique position of being the only chemist at the Presidency College to investigate the chemical nature of certain Indian drugs. Researches in this direction ought to be encouraged as much as possible, for they are of the utmost importance to the welfare of India. It is pleasant to note that the labours of Bhaduri have already been rewarded by several important discoveries. He has isolated the glucoside of *andrographis paniculata*, and has obtained some valuable results in the investigation of the oil of *argemone mexicana*, which is an American plant growing wild in India. He has also prepared some interesting compounds of acetylene with copper thiosulphate.

Two young students, Jnan Chandra Ghosh and Jnanendra Nath Mukerji, deserve special notice. They have started their scientific careers independently of any help, and each one has already contributed two papers. The marked originality which they have shown leads one to expect great achievements from them in future.

We cannot omit the work of Pulin Bihari Sircar, who has filled a gap in the researches at the Presidency College. Although every other branch of Chemistry had a representative, there was none for Analytical Chemistry. Sircar has contributed one paper on the subject, and we hope he will be able to carry on the work he has begun and enrich the literature of Analytical Chemistry with many more contributions.

Such is the history of a great scientific movement in this country. The leader has carried out his life's mission. He has founded the School. He has trained a host of chemists. And now he may rest fully assured that the work he has started will be carried on in all its details. The development of the School he has created he may now safely

trust in the hands of his pupils. They will prize it as their most valuable legacy, and loyally hand it down to posterity.

What an awakening for India ! After centuries of scientific stagnation she has now recovered her former position in the chemical world. May the man who has effected this change be long preserved to us ! May he long inspire his disciples to greater deeds ! All we can do now is to pay a sincere tribute of affection, of admiration, of respect to the great benefactor and disinterested philosopher, Prafulla Chandra Ray.

Lord Rosebery on Sir Robert Peel.

We invite the attention of all our historical students to Lord Rosebery's paper on Sir Robert Peel which was originally written as a review of the volumes edited by Mr. Parker and published in Lady Randolph Churchill's superb *Anglo-Saxon Review*. The *Anglo-Saxon Review* during its brief career was available only to a few. We are therefore glad that Lord Rosebery's paper has been published as a separate booklet. Our gratification is all the greater, because here we realize once again how natural it is for Lord Rosebery to soar into the loftier regions of general discussions and general principles—where both the author and the reader are untrammelled by class prejudice and party passions—in whatever he undertakes to do, whether it be a Rectorial address at a University, or a chatty discourse at a formal prize-distribution ceremony at a public school, or a hurried sketch of an important historical personage, or a bird's-eye view of some important chapter in national history. Lord Rosebery could not speak of Sir Robert Peel without entering into a discussion of the larger questions—what is a Prime Minister, what are his functions, what is his position in the cabinet; how far does the reality differ from the fancy picture in the popular mind? And the passages in which Lord Rosebery discusses these questions are, for their lucidity of exposition, fit to stand by the side of Bagehot's well-known study of the English Cabinet. To the historical student, Lord Rosebery's sentences have the added force and authority of being written by one who though for only too brief a period, was himself a Prime Minister. We read—"The Prime Minister, as he is now called, is technically and practically the Chairman of an Executive Committee of the Privy Council or rather of Privy Councillors, the influential foreman of an executive jury. His power is mainly power of individual influence * * * Of all anomalous arrangements for executive government in an Anglo-Saxon community, the strangest is the government of

the British Empire by a Secret Committee." Again the writer in speaking of Sir Robert Peel's oratorical powers moralises in a philosophical mood on the influence of oratory on modern English public life. And here his pronouncement, though meant to be severe, is weighty and deserves to be seriously pondered over. We are told, "The greatest statesmen, the most consummate administrators, avail little in a Parliamentary nation without the power of explaining, and so to speak advertising themselves. This in itself is not a subject of complacency. Nations are built up in silence. Their addiction to oratory is usually a sign of decadence." Lord Rosebery's paper, though brief and hurried, throws a searching light on contemporary personages, and helps us to realize once again the steady resolution of the great Duke, Ellenborough's pompousness, Hardinge's warm friendship, and Graham's fidelity. We are also let into the secret of the relation between Peel and that "strange and wild genius" who with a fine touch of irony at a later period took unto himself the name and title of the Earl of Beaconsfield. Lord Rosebery speaks of "the genius which was concealed under the rings and ringlets, the velvets and the waist-coats, of the young Jewish coxcomb."

In those days when educational problems are so much before the public, one is naturally led to think of that great educationist, Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol, and we feel that one rare distinction of this distinguished teacher is that he has left a *school* behind, a sort of cult, a noble tradition. Evidently Lord Rosebery also inclines to the belief that to be able to do this is one of the noblest triumphs of a man's life. He considers it "a crowning merit" in Peel that "he made men, he formed a school." What men he shaped! What a creed of honest work he left with them! What a tradition of public duty!

To the historical student, however, the portions of the book which are most interesting are the portions where the writer discusses the propriety of Peel's action in 1829 and in 1846—in 1829 when as the leader of the party identified with the opposition to Roman Catholic claims he was instrumental in removing the Roman Catholic disabilities; in 1846 when he stood identified with the repeal of the Corn Laws. But these are questions into which we cannot now enter.

Seminar.

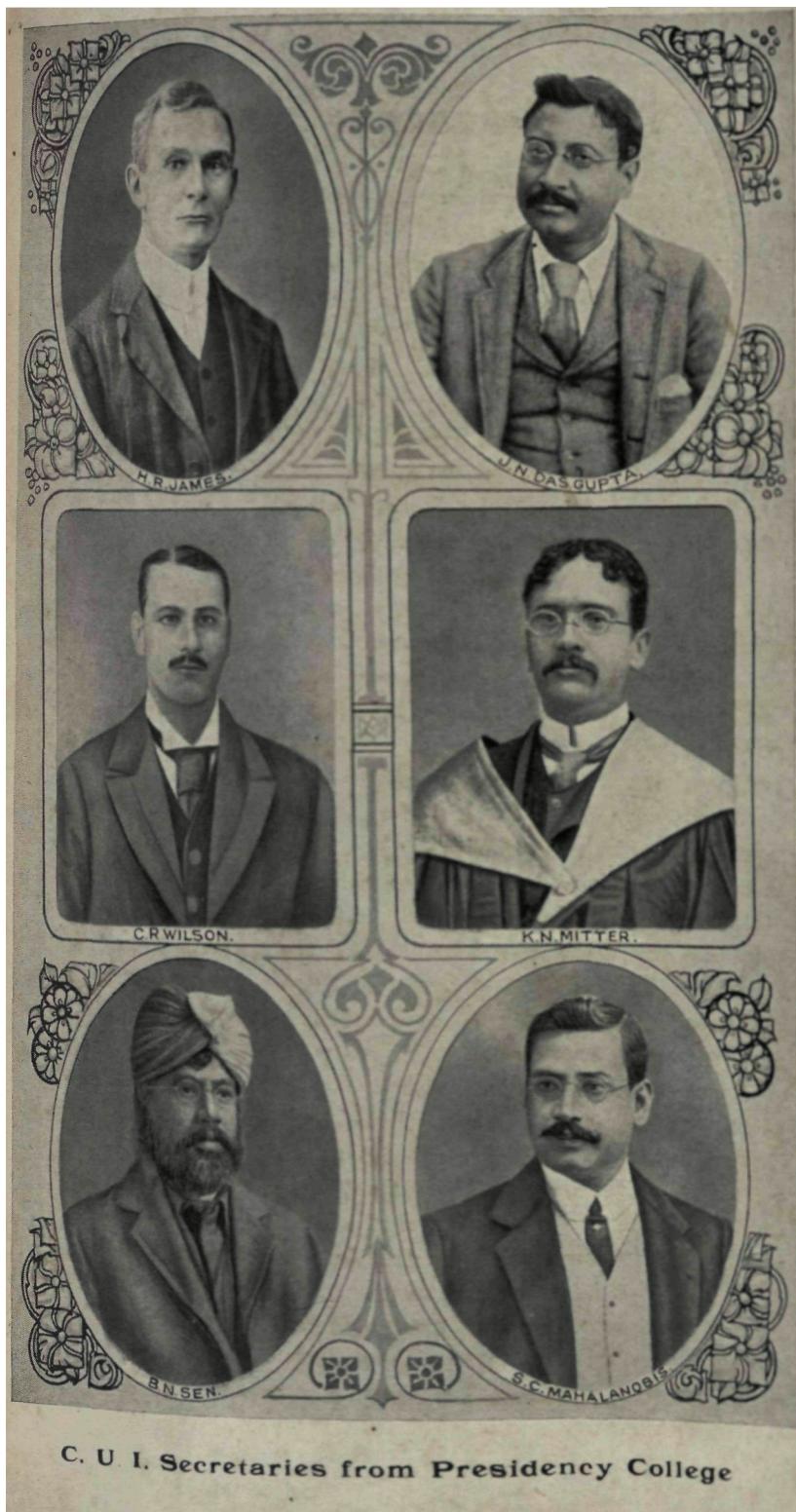


The University Institute.

By "A PRESIDENCY COLLEGE JUNIOR MEMBER."

THE University Institute has now become a distinct factor in our university life here in Calcutta. It hopes to play a more important part in the near future when it will be provided with a new commodious building of its own. It is the only University Society here which attempts to foster that University spirit which lends charm to the life in such great English Universities as Oxford and Cambridge. Consequently perhaps it will not be out of place and time to consider its bearing on our College in the past and at the same time to offer some suggestions for its improvement.

It is a very young institution, being only 24 years old. It came into existence in 1891 through the strenuous efforts of some well-wishers of the student-community of Calcutta, the most notable among them being the Rev. Protap Chandra Mazumdar, Sir Alfred Croft, and Sir Gooroodas Bannerjee. The then Chancellor of the University, Lord Lansdowne, warmly supported the endeavour of these gentlemen and made a most eloquent appeal on its behalf in his Convocation Speech of 1892, and generously presented it with books and furniture to the value of Rs. 5,000. On his departure he further gave a practical proof of his deep solicitude for the welfare of the students of this University by presenting a Challenge Shield to encourage the game of cricket among the students of the Calcutta University. This Shield, which is now known as the Lansdowne Shield, is coveted by every college in Calcutta. In this way the Institute came into being under the name of "Society for the Higher Training of Young Men," and among those who became its first office-bearers we may mention the names of Sir Herbert Risley, the Rev. Protap Chandra Mazumdar (who was chosen to deliver the Lowell Lecture in the United States in 1894), Bankim Chunder Chatterjee, the famous novelist; Mr. H. Lee, Chairman of the Calcutta Corporation; the Rev. Kali Churn Bannerjee, the great preacher; and, last but not the least, Dr. C. R. Wilson, who became its first Honorary Secretary. In relating the names of these gentlemen who were interested in the welfare of the students of the University, one must not pass over the name of Sir Charles Elliot. The Institute owes much of its success to his initiative and interest. Of these founders of the Institute,



the one man spared by Providence to us still, who saw the birth of the Institute and has worked whole-heartedly for its welfare and who is still amidst us inspiring the junior members with his fatherly words of advice, is that saintly figure—Sir Gooroodas Bannerjee.

It would be needless here to trace the course of its general progress from its inception. It is our purpose now to see how far our College has influenced its growth. Lately it has become a fashion with some men to extol the share which they have taken in it. But Presidency College may claim the credit of creating the Institute as it is to-day, for it was the earnest men from our College and no other, who worked and made the Institute what it is. It was under their fostering care that it steadily grew in popularity and usefulness till it earned its reward in the shape of a grant of more than three lakhs of rupees from the Imperial Government for a spacious and worthy building of its own.

Bankim Chunder was the first President of its Literary Section of the Institute ; and who can dispute the fact that Bankim Chunder was the first graduate from Presidency College and that in his honour guns were fired from Fort William to announce that the first graduate of the University was receiving his degree from the hands of the Chancellor ? The addresses which he delivered before the Institute have been treasured up by it as valuable mementoes to be preserved for future years. Presidency College can also claim Sir Gooroodas Bannerjee as one of its own men. Sir Gooroodas attended its inaugural meeting in 1891 under the presidency of Sir Charles Elliot, the then Lieutenant-Governor, and he recently took an active part in a meeting for election of office-bearers in the present year 1915. To him the Institute owes a debt which it can never repay and it is not too much to hope that the Institute will show its appreciation of that fact while celebrating its 25th Foundation Day next year. Then there was the energetic Secretary, Dr. C. R. Wilson, of our College. The Institute may well deem itself fortunate in securing a man of the type of the late Dr. Wilson as its first helmsman. Dr. Wilson was one of those genuine Englishmen who represent in them the best qualities of the English nation. A true Oxford Scholar, he was respected by all who came in contact with him. By his personal example he inspired among the students a sense of respect and admiration for the national characteristics of Englishmen. Has the Institute ever seen the like of him ? I have been struck by the enthusiasm and reverence with which men who came in personal contact with him speak of his

zeal for their welfare, sympathy for their shortcomings, and energy for work. "Indefatigable Dr. Wilson" worked for the Institute as hard as he worked for his College. He was the leading spirit of the College next to the Principal, Mr. Tawney. Every Club and Association which were formed at that time in the College had Dr. Wilson for its guiding spirit. His relation with his students did not end with his work in the lecture room, but extended to the field. He would join heartily with his students in a game of cricket or badminton with as much sportsmanlike zeal as he would do with the oars in the College Square tank. So great was his devotion to the Institute, that he used to devote even the interval hours between college lectures to the work of the Institute. When at leisure he would seek acquaintance with student-members *unasked*, of his own accord. He would carefully enquire about their studies and health with as much interest as a personal friend. Such was the way by which Professor Wilson endeared himself to his students. Sympathy and solicitude evoked admiration, respect, reverence, and his students were ready to do anything at his bidding. Yes, a true and genuine Englishman he was. Manual work he never looked down upon. Some of his students testify to having seen him working with the garden *malee* of the Institute with spade in hand.

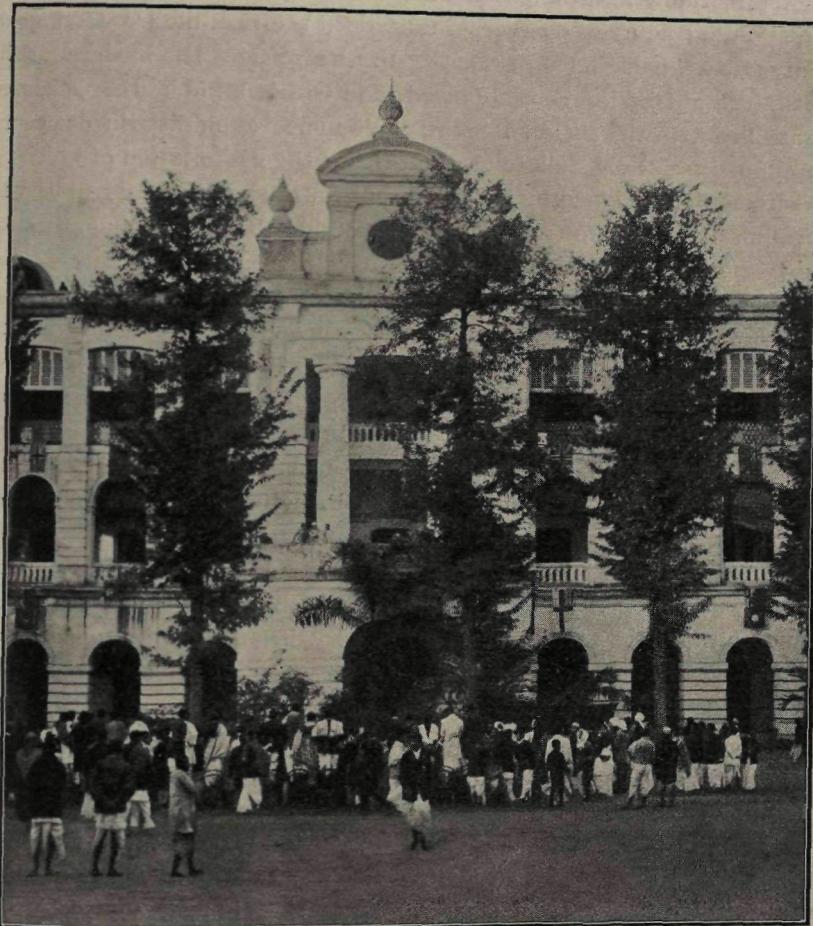
(To be continued.)

Founders' Day, 1915.

THE Founders' day this year was celebrated on January the 20th. It is the day on which the Hindu College transformed into Presidency College was first opened. It was by a fortunate coincidence that 20th January, the *Saraswati Puja* day, was also our Founders' day, and it was on the *Sri Panchami* day, that the past and present members assembled together in memory of their great benefactors in *their* temple of learning.

The 20th of January saw our college in gay attire for the pleasant function. Over the general din of preparation and the bustle of arrangement there hovered a contented spirit of discipline. The Principal with his veteran dexterity divided the students into brigades with captains at their heads, who were entrusted with the charge of the different departments of the college on view. Some of these brigades were stationary, keeping position near their respective charges, and some were mobile, their duty being to run errands and serve as guides

to the guests. These divisions were smoothly managed by the commander-in-chief. The management of these corps was so perfect that no guest ever had to wait for or go without the information which he desired in course of his visits to the various items of interest.



[Photographed by A. T. Bose, M.Sc.

PAST STUDENTS WITNESSING THE PASTORAL SCENE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."
(*Founders' Day*).

A comprehensive programme was arranged for helping the visitors' choice to see and enjoy as they liked. A pavilion was erected in the lawn in front of the main building where chairs and tables were spread out for the chit-chat of old friends. Sheets were also kept for signature of, and other information regarding, the old students so that the college

might know what its students are doing around and abroad. The magazine with its usual complaisant appeal to connect the old with the new was also thrown open to multitudes of curious visitors and enlisted many sympathies and, we are glad to own, a few subscribers.

Punctually at 4 p.m. visitors from all quarters began to pour in; the familiar figure of our Vice-Chancellor, the Hon'ble Dr. Devaprasad Sarvadikari, being one of the first on the scene. His predecessor, Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee, soon followed, and within an hour the compound was filled with the *elite* of Bengal. We hope to publish in due course a roll of Presidency College graduates, for the compilation of which the Visitors' Books signed by those present on Founders' Day will be very helpful. Suffice it for the present to say that the gathering on the 20th of January was thoroughly representative of our past students.

There were representatives from almost every profession, and it is worth while to note that amidst an assembly so temperamentally varied, one feeling reigned supreme—the feeling of affection. Inequality of position, discordance in opinion—everything was blended into one predominant sentiment of veneration and gratitude.

The visitors were conducted from the gates by students of the mobile brigades and received by the Principal and the staff in their academic costumes. From 4 to 5.30 p.m. greetings were exchanged, new friendships made, old ones revived and the buildings, the hostels, the laboratories were visited. The new Baker laboratories attracted a large number of visitors who were impressed with the exhibition of model slides and specimens of geological interest, with the physiological experiments on plants, and with the general progress of the physical laboratories. The extension of the chemical department was also appreciated. Tours were also extended to the Eden Hindu Hostel. The main building drew a fair number of guests, who were pleased with the recent equipment of, and additions to, the library and who walked over the building with sentimental effusions of various shades and meaning. Many stray remarks escaped their lips, remarks that were imbued with the all-pervading feeling of gratitude to the college and to all the master spirits that worked in it, dead and living. Some were reminded of their old schoolboy days, and ideas were associated in all possible ways. Some remembered their truant tricks and youthful frivolities and returned more indulgent to their wards. The astronomical observatory of the college also attracted a great many of the visitors of the main building.

To bring the present and past students into direct touch with one

another two friendly matches in Cricket and Tennis were arranged. The cricket match, which was a very interesting item, was played between the Present and the Past students of the College at Marcus Square. The old boys were represented by veteran cricketers like Principal S. Roy; J. N. Sen Gupta, Bar.-at-Law; K. P. Bose, Vakil; P. C. Roy, Vakil, and the well-known bowlers R. Roy and J. Mukherjee. The present students made the first use of the wicket and a good first wicket stand was made by N. Nag and P. Lahiri. Lahiri played in a free style and his glances to leg were a treat to look at. Frequent bowling changes had to be made to dislodge the couple and Lahiri was the first to leave the wicket after compiling 27. N. Nag went on hitting merrily, and his drives were perfectly executed. The other batsmen who followed could not stand to the bowling of J. Mukherji, the Champion bowler of 1911. N. Nag kept his wicket and scored half a century before being caught out. The present members of the team were all out for 125. J. Mukherji took nine wickets for 25 runs. After luncheon the old boys went to bat, but an unpromising start was made. The first three wickets fell in quick succession. But a good stand was made by J. M. Sen Gupta who scored 26 in vigorous style. His leg hits were particularly brilliant. K. P. Bose also played well. S. Roy, the College Captain; P. Lahiri and G. Banerji shared the wickets among themselves, and in fact the College Captain was unplayable. The old boys were all out for 77 runs only.

The Tennis court, where a friendly game between the present and past members was played, attracted a considerable number, mostly juvenile, having an athletic spirit in them. The game took place on the new stone court at the back of the College; in fact the game formed a kind of inauguration ceremony for the new court, since it was the first time the court had been played upon. One set of eleven games was played by each pair.

The first pair representing the Present were Mr. E. F. Oaten and Mr. A. N. Bose. They were faced by Mr. J. M. Sen Gupta and Mr. P. K. Chakrabarti. For a short time the game was even, but eventually the Past asserted their undoubted superiority and won the set by seven games to four.

The second Present pair, Mr. N. K. Nag and Mr. S. C. Sircar, likewise proved no match for the Past pair which faced them. The set went to Mr. K. P. Bose and Mr. P. C. Roy, who were certainly the better players. The score was the same as in the first set, seven to four. Thus the Past secured a very pleasant revenge for the defeat

in cricket which they had suffered at the hands of the Present only an hour before.

At about 5.30 p.m., the scene in the Forests of Arden from "As You Like It" was enacted in front of the main building on a very congenial and appropriate background. Our special dramatic correspondent writes:—

"At first I rubbed my eyes, seeing plantains eaten in Arden, but after all, if palms and lions and other strange wildfowl, why not plantains in that charmed spot? Surely Shakespeare's fantasy would have rejoiced in the idea, rejoiced too in the way a somewhat arid compound of a college in 'Eastern Ind' had been transformed into a glade in Arden. The whole thing was a delight, from the half-cynical sententiousness of Mohsin Ali's Jacques to Joachim's rendering of the 'native wood-notes wild.' And with what command of his weapon did Orlando Chakravarty—who certainly did not hold his sword 'like a dancer'—burst in upon the banqueting exiles! Actors and producers alike are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts, which showed no sign of the hasty fashion of their rehearsals. 'The best actors in the world! Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plantus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men!'

At nightfall visitors assembled in the Physics theatre where a conference of old students was held presided over by the Principal. Dr. Sarvadikari brought forward the much mooted point of a College Hall. He complimented the students on the perfect discipline with which they made room for their guests, thereby introducing the necessity of an ample hall where without regard to guest and host all could meet for discussing their domestic affairs. The appeal which he said he was persistently making to the old students, if it were responded to, would have enabled them to meet on such a common ground that day. He also mentioned the generosity of the Government in providing the students with lecture rooms, laboratories, libraries and every possible facility for education, but in the official list a College Hall came last, and it would therefore be well if the students, past and present, come onward with their purses to expedite the work. In the official list the College Hall came last, and it would be many years before they could have it. That was why many of them thought that it would be well if they could find men willing to subscribe the money necessary to build a hall.

Dr. Sarvadikari offered *one* rupee from a learned friend of his—one who had, he told us, renounced the world and was a *Sannyasi*, and with one rupee he opened the subscription list that evening.

The same theme was taken up by an ex-student who expressed on behalf of the visitors the deep sentiment of gratitude they owed to the college. Irredeemable as the debt was, he exhorted them to do as much as in them lies to further the scheme. Another past-student proposed that the old boys should immediately take the matter up in their hands and by way of suggestion proposed a committee which should make a list of the old students and send them an appeal. Babu Bankim Chandra Mitra, Judge, Small Cause Court, recited a Bengali poem composed for the occasion, and printed copies of it were circulated. Another ex-student, among others, expressed similar opinions in Urdu.

The question of the formation of an association of old boys was introduced in Bengali by Prof. P. C. Ghose who briefly spoke of its various advantages. Prof. P. C. Ghose quoted the opening lines of the *Mitralabha in Hitopodesha* and expressed a hope that the proposed College Hall might some day attract all past students, like the great banyan tree on the river Godavari in whose branches birds from different quarters came in the evening and roosted all night. Prof. S. C. Mahalanobis echoed the same motion and appealed greatly to the sentiments of the audience by a little pithy poem composed for the occasion. Other speakers supported the movement.

The Principal in thanking the audience for their presence referred to the subjects already discussed. The gathering he said was unique since on no other function so many old Presidency men were drawn together. He accounted for the large attendance by mentioning that they rightly considered the college as theirs. The Government, though imparting its own appellation to the college, did not deprive them of their rights to call it their own, but rather furthered their claim for acknowledging it in inseparable kinship with the progress and improvement of the leading classes of the community. He owned with delight that the Presidency College men in a body were a power in the land and, as an illustration more palpable than that day's gathering, he mentioned the strong voice of the old Presidency men which kept unshaken the earthly foundations of the building when he and Dr. Ray were proposing a removal. The proposed formation of an Old Boys' Association would build that power on a stronger and more enduring basis. "It would", he said, "make the impalpable palpable, the accidental substantial." It would therefore be only in the fitness of

things that there should be such an association which would discuss the needs of the college such as that of a College Hall which is at this moment a most pressing one. He mentioned the various discomforts of the present arrangement so as to make the need more visible. Speaking of the sentiments which had worked up such an union that day, he said he never disparaged sentiment and he forcibly exonerated sentiment from the charge of 'unpractical' which is generally but falsely laid at its door. He thought that sentiment was one of the most practical of things and sincerely believed that it was the sentiment of love, loyalty and gratitude with which the old students enjoyed a return to their Alma Mater (*applause*). He concluded remarking that the proposals before them were practical and as such it is worth their while to take them up. The function came to an end at about 7 p.m., after a vote of thanks to the chair proposed by Mr. J. L. Banerji.

ମାତୃମନ୍ଦିରେ ।

এত দিন পরে	ডেকেছ জননী—
‘আয় বাছা আয়’ ব’লে :	
শতদিক হ’তে	শতেক সন্তান
আসিয়াছে পদতলে ।	
তোমার স্নেহের	শীঘ্ৰে পালিত
এ প্ৰিয় আবাসে সবে,	
এই প্ৰিয়তম	অঙ্গন ভৱিষ্য
খেলা কৰিয়াছে কবে !	
এই অঙ্গনের	পৰিত্ব বাজাসে
খেলিয়া, ফিরিয়া এলে,	
তুমি কতদিন	কত মধুময়
স্বৰ্থাদ্য দিয়াছ ঢেলে ;	
পাত্রে পাত্রে ভৱি	‘সাহিত্য’-অমৃত
খেয়েছি সকলে মিলে ;	
পিপাসা মিটায়ে	বিজ্ঞানের বারি
তুমি কত এনে দিলে ;	
দৰ্শনে’র করে	তৃপ্ত ক’রে কত
গায়ে হাত বুলায়েছ ;	
ইতিহাস’ময়	কঞ্জে নব নব
কত কথা শুনায়েছ ;	
মৃমি যে পাথের	দিয়াছিলে সাধে,
তাইতে কাটিছে পথ ;	

যাত্রাকালে দেওয়া।
 পূরাইছে মনোরথ ।
 আহ্বানে তোমার
 এসেছে পথিক কত ;
 কেহ বা রথের
 কেহ বা ধূলায় নত ।
 আমরা অধম,
 স্মৃতি করি' নতবুক,
 নিজ গরিমায়
 উজ্জল তোমার মুখ :
 প্রশান্ত ধীমান
 আনন্দ দিতেছে ওই ;
 'রাসবিহারী'র
 তুমি যে ভারত-জয়ী ;
 ওই 'আশুতোষ'
 দীপ্তি নিজ প্রতিভাব ;
 প্রসন্ন তুমি যে
 স্বধাংশুর স্বর্বমায় ;
 'আশু', 'বোমকেশ',
 ব্যবহার শিখবেতে ;
 'প্রফুল্ল', 'হীরেল',
 নিজ নিজ আলোকেতে ;
 রবি শশী তারা
 আর (গ) কত আছে
 তারাও তোমার,
 তোমারি আলোকে ভরা ।
 হে মাতঃ সবার !
 আধেক নয়নে
 উজ্জল মিলন হেরি',
 আধেক নয়নে
 আসিতেছে যেন ঘেরি' !
 তোমার অঙ্গনে
 অভাত-তপন প্রায়
 খেলেছিল যেই
 কোথায় আজি সে হাও ?
 সে 'বক্ষিম' নাই ;
 তোমার কাননে সেই,
 পূর্ণ পরিষ্কৃট,
 ভরিল আলয় এই ;
 আশীসু তোমার
 কত পথ হ'তে
 প্রথিত সারথি,
 দেখিব উল্লাসে
 যাহারা ক'রেছে
 'শুরদাস' তব
 বিশাল মেধায়
 অংশুমালী সম
 'দেবপ্রসাদে'র

নাহি 'হেমচন্দ্র',	গিয়াছে 'রমেশ'
‘আনন্দমোহন’-ভাতি;	
তাই ক্ষণে ক্ষণে	এ দিব্য আলোকে
আবরিতে চাহে রাতি	
গেছে তারা বটে,	রেখে গেছে হেথা
আলোকের রেখা স্থির;	
তাই দেখি', আজি	মোছ মা তোমার
নয়নকোণের নীর।	
এস এস তাই!	এ অঙ্গনে পুরুণ
স্মৃতিতে খেলিব আজি;	
স্মৃতিতে প্রস্তুন	করিয়া চৰম,
তরিয়া লইব সাজি;	
নবীন হৱয়ে	খেলিত্তেছে হেথা
নুতন আলোকে যারা,	
এই পুরাতন	সন্তানগণের
নবহের সন্ততি তারা;	
তুমি কালে কালে	জননী সবার,
নবসুত-পরিবৃতা,	
এ নিত্য নুতন	সন্ততিরভনে
থাক চির-অলঙ্কৃত।	
নব পুরাতনে	আজি কোলে করে
বাসন্তী প্রকৃতিরাতী;	
নব পুরাতনে	তোমার ভবনে
দেশ মা চৰণখানি।	
নব পুরাতনে	মিলেছে পূজিতে;
আজি সে অঙ্গলি নাও;	
নব পুরাতনে	আজি কোলে ক'রে
সকলে আশীস দাও।	

ଦୀନଧାର, କଲିକାତା । }
ବୁଧବାର, ଶ୍ରୀପଞ୍ଚମୀ, ୧୩୨୧ । } ଅବକ୍ଷିପ୍ତଚଲ୍ଲ ମିତ୍ର ।



Unveiling of a Portrait of Mr. C. H. Tawney.

AN interesting ceremony took place on the 5th January at Presidency College, when a portrait of Mr. C. H. Tawney, presented to Presidency College by Professor Gopal Chandra Ganguli of the Ravenshaw College, Cuttack, was unveiled in the College Library by Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee in the presence of a gathering largely composed of Mr. Tawney's old pupils. The portrait is an enlargement from a recent photograph received from England and was made by Messrs. Bathgate & Co. It is now 22 years since Mr. Tawney left the College. He was Principal from 1876 to 1892 and Professor from 1864.

Before unveiling the portrait Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee, who presided, spoke as follows:—

MR. PRINCIPAL AND GENTLEMEN,.

I do not use words of mere convention when I say that I deem it a great privilege and honour to unveil the portrait of Mr. Charles Henry Tawney, presented to my college by Professor Ganguli. It is always a pleasure to be associated with a function for doing honour to a true scholar to whom all honour is due. In my case, that pleasure is largely intensified by the fact that the scholar we have met to honour is my venerable preceptor.

Our present Principal has accurately described Mr. Tawney as a distinguished Cambridge scholar. He was in reality the most distinguished of the many Cambridge scholars who, in the middle of the last century, came over to this country. In 1860, Mr. Tawney was bracketed first in the classical Tripos with Peile and Hodgson. Shortly after, he was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge. But though he had obviously excellent prospects of academic work at home, considerations of health induced him to seek employment in this country. In 1865, he was selected to occupy the Chair of History in the Presidency College, just then vacated by that learned orientalist Professor Edward Byles Cowell. Mr. Tawney filled this Chair with great credit from 1866-1872; in the latter year, he was appointed Professor of English. In 1875 he officiated as Principal in place of Mr. James Sutcliffe, one of the ablest administrators ever placed at the head of this Institution. On his death, Mr. Tawney was confirmed as Principal—while his junior, Mr. (now Sir) Alfred Croft, became Director of Public In

struction. He held the office of Principal from 1876-1892, with breaks for short periods during which he either proceeded home on furlough or was called upon to officiate as Director of Public Instruction.

Mr. Tawney when he came over to this country was a most devoted student of Western literature and Western culture. During the many years of his residence here, he became an equally devoted student of Eastern literature and Eastern culture, and acquired a profound knowledge of Sanskrit, Pali and Prakrit. I may just remind you in this connection of the admirable versions which he made of the *Uttara Ram Charit* of Bhababhuti, the *Katha Sarit Sagar* of Somadeva Bhatta, the *Satakas* of Bhartrihari,—and, finally, the *Kathakoshe*, which he translated from an unpublished manuscript.

During the twenty-seven years that he was connected with this College, he occupied successively, as I have already told you, the Chairs of History and English Literature. Amongst those who came under his influence as Professor of History, nearly all have passed away. But those who came under his influence as Professor of English may still be counted literally by the hundred, and they hold his memory in grateful and affectionate remembrance. During the many years, he cheerfully took his full share of the burden of work of instruction as Professor of English, though charged with the duties of the administrative Head of the College. I have a vivid recollection of his taking the full responsibility of teaching almost the entire course in English to the B.A and M.A. students, and I remember the keen disappointment caused to his pupils by his temporary appointment as Director of Public Instruction. His knowledge of English literature was extensive; his acquaintance with Elizabethan literature was remarkable, while in Shakespearean learning he had no living rival in this land; it, indeed, reminded one of that erratic genius, David Lester Richardson, who was, in days now long past, an ornament of the Hindu College and the Presidency College.

It is superfluous to say that Mr. Tawney exercised a most healthy and beneficial influence upon Indian students. To what was his influence due? Varied scholarship? Unflinching devotion to duty? Or, was there anything peculiar in the character of the individual? His influence was due in a large measure to his elevated moral character, his impartiality, independence of

judgment, keen desire to do justice to all who came into contact with him. He was a singularly unobtrusive man and he was sometimes mistaken as a man of severity and austerity; but in reality there were few kindlier souls amongst our teachers. He was surrounded by a distinguished band of colleagues, by scholars like John Elliot, Alexander Pedler, Hugh William MacCann, William Booth, Archibald Gough and Rudolf Hoernle. Amongst such men of unquestioned intellectual calibre, his was a towering personality. He was the Principal of the premier educational Institution in the whole of Northern India; he realized to the fullest extent the significance of the dignified position he occupied, and he devoted his best energies in guiding the destiny of successive generations of students, amongst whom his name is still cherished with affection and veneration.

After the unveiling Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee called on Professor Ganguli. Professor Ganguli said:—

“Allow me on behalf of the old pupils of Mr. Tawney to thank the Governing Body of the Presidency College for accepting from one of them a portrait of their master to be preserved in this temple of learning of which he was the high priest for so many years and in which many worshipped before and many more are worshipping now with a revised Book of Common Prayer.

“I now wish to say a word or two about the portrait. Every educational institution, large or small, particularly in this land of Gurupuja—a word which I cannot translate—should have portraits of its excellent teachers of the past. So I wished that the Presidency College should have a portrait of Mr. Tawney. About 10 or 5 years ago I enquired if Mr. Tawney had a photo, and in his characteristic manner he replied that not only he had no photo but that he never sat for any except once in life long, long ago. I was thus keenly disappointed. Verily those who seek will always find. And last year quite unexpectedly I got a photo of Mr. Tawney from his daughter and I at once placed myself in communication with Principal James.

“The President, a learned man, has referred to the learning of Mr. Tawney. I only wish to mention one or two facts of Mr. Tawney's life of which I have personal knowledge. Such is his love of learning that in his seventy-seventh year, in spite of failing eyesight and contrary to medical advice, he is engaged in writing books,

mostly translations from Sanskrit Classics, and his table is full of them though they are not likely to see light. I remember how year in year out like a perfect machine he entered and left the class-room with the striking of the gong. From the very day the 4th year class was dismissed, he gave us an additional lecture a day in the 5th year class, because even while on the verge of retirement he knew no slack session which we, not half as old, eagerly look forward to. What shall I say of his heart? I have had occasion to perceive the throbbing of that big heart when one individual is oppressed by another, when one nation is wronged by another. I have seen his letters to some of his Indian friends. How sympathetic, how touching are these letters! They are never short, never less than four pages and sometimes more than six, and such letters always reveal the inner man. What struck me most in my master was his utter indifference to popularity, the idol of the age, which unfortunately in some cases magnifies the artful, and minimises the genuine.

"Having regard to Mr. Tawney's constant punctuality to the minute, his deep devotion to duty, the rare qualities of his head and heart, I consider him to be an ideal teacher who combined in himself the best of the East and the best of the West, and I look upon him as a never-failing source of inspiration to me."

When Professor Ganguli had concluded an eloquent eulogy joined with other interesting reminiscences, the Principal on behalf of the College briefly thanked Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee for presiding and Professor Ganguli for his gift, which, he said, the College valued very highly.

He thus addressed the meeting :—

SIR ASHUTOSH MOOKERJEE, PROFESSOR GANGULI AND GENTLEMEN,

It is a great satisfaction to me to see this goodly gathering of old pupils of Mr. Tawney, and I am sure it is a satisfaction to them that the happy idea should have occurred to Professor Ganguli to have this portrait executed and to present it to the College. The portrait is now unveiled and Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee, himself among these old pupils pre-eminently distinguished, has eloquently portrayed for us what manner of man Mr. Tawney was; and Professor Ganguli has added his interesting personal reminiscences. It remains only for me to discharge two very pleasant tasks.

The first is to thank Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee, on my own behalf

and on behalf of the College, for his great kindness in coming here to-day to preside and to unveil the portrait. I can assure him that we are extremely pleased to see him here and that we indulge the hope, now that he is relieved of the tremendous burden of the supreme responsibility for that vaster educational institution next door to us, for which he has done more than any other man living, and I may add, than any man who has ever laboured for its advancement, he may be a frequent visitor here. We claim our part in him, and that the whole: and we believe that he also claims lot and heritage in us, and that while he continues to do all he can to promote the welfare of the larger institution, he will also promote the interest of this smaller institution, this imperium in imperio, if I might so call it without arrogance, this universitas in universitate. We thank you, Sir Ashutosh, very warmly for coming here to-day.

My second pleasant task is to thank Professor Ganguli for his gift of this portrait. For him, as you hear from what he has said, it has been the discharge of a pious duty; for us, it is perhaps a somewhat tardy fulfilment of an obligation. We need not ignore that there is a Tawney Memorial Prize in the University, and I think it probable that there are one or more Tawney prize-men present this afternoon; but there has been no distinctive memorial of Mr. Tawney in the College. This portrait presented by Professor Ganguli is a very welcome form of memorial. There are some Indian colleges which have their picture gallery, where we may see the portraits of the men who have worked for the institution in times past, even as, of course, every Oxford College and every Cambridge College has such a picture gallery. I think there is no doubt that such a gallery is a very valuable possession. It is regrettable that we have none such at Presidency College. Professor Ganguli's gift is all the more welcome on that account. There can be no doubt how fully right is this form of commemoration in the present case. You have had Mr. Tawney's distinctions and characteristics already rehearsed to you, a scholar of rare attainment, a master of Sanskrit and other tongues, a most distinguished Principal of this College, a member of the Service to which I belong, of whom we have the greatest reason to be proud.

The report of what we have been doing here this afternoon will go to Mr. Tawney and cheer him in the evening of his days, the very late evening. I think this was part of Mr. Ganguli's inten-

tion. It will, I am sure, bring him the pleasure intended. We might, I think, apply to him the words of one of these wonderful aphorisms of Bhartrihari which, as you know, it was one of the labours of Mr. Tawney to translate, and I will use the words of his own translation—

Knowledge is man's highest beauty,
Knowledge is his hidden treasure,
Chief of earthly blessings, bringing
Calm contentment, fame and pleasure.

Seminar Notes.

SIXTH-YEAR ENGLISH SEMINAR.

The following papers were read in the Sixth-year English Seminar during the term after Christmas :—

Date.	Paper.	Name.
1914.		
Sep. 1 ..	Marlowe as Predecessor of Shakespeare	T. C. Das.
,, 8 ..	The Sonnet in English poetry: with a discussion of its main types and its treatment in the hands of various poets	S. M. Chakravarty.
,, 15 ..	The Genius of Tennyson ..	S. K. Bhuyan.
Nov. 10 ..	Tennyson's handling of the Arthurian Legend ..	P. C. Sen.
,, 17 ..	Carlyle's Teaching ..	R. V. Sivudu.
Dec. 1 ..	Dryden's "All for Love" and Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra"	A. F. M. Mohsin Ali.
,, 8 ..	Tennyson's "Idylls of the King": a discussion of the allegory	H. P. Bhattacharjee.
,, 15 ..	Tennyson's "Idylls": how far is it an epic poem? ..	Ali Reza.
1915.		
Jan. 5 ..	Allegory of the "Faerie Queene" and Allegory of	

	the " Idylls " : contrasted as regards their method ..	N. K. Siddhanta.
Jan. 12 ..	" Paradise Regained " as a sequel to " Paradise Lost "	S. C. Khasnabis.
,, 26 ..	Epic and Drama: difference between the epic and dra- matic treatment of a story	H. K. Dev.
Feb. 2 ..	" Geraint and Enid " : its position and importance in the series of Idylls ..	S. K. Ghose.
,, 9 ..	" Paradise Regained " : its superiority or inferiority in various ways to " Paradise Lost "	S. S. Kahali.
,, 16 ..	Lyrical poetry of Elizabethan Age	D. K. Das.
,, 22 ..	Character of Hamlet ..	Q. Mahammed.

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY SEMINAR.

The following papers were read in the Seminar :—

1. The Law of Nature .. Apurba Charan Mukherji.
2. Liberty and Coercion .. Nerode Behari Mallik.
3. The Crown (England) .. Mahamad Yaqub.
4. The Ministers (England) .. Nogendra Nath Bose.
5. The Permanent Civil Service .. Pashupati Kumar.

War Notes.

THE sufferings of Belgium hardly bear thinking about. Students of the war in its ethical aspect will, however, do well to read an article by Frank Fox in the *Nineteenth Century* for January. The writer brings out very powerfully under the image of a victim on the rack the view that the supreme crime against Belgium was a crime against a people's soul through the invitation, once, twice, three times repeated, each time after some further experience of greater terror, to submit; and by so doing to betray the cause for which they had already endured so much. " The deepest infamy was reached in the constant invitation to the tortured victim to abandon her faith and save

extremer pangs.' This judgment is supported by circumstantial reference to events and dates.

This also is poignantly put. "Germany pleads that to pass through Belgium to attack France was a necessity of her war policy. In no code of national honour could such a plea be accepted. If Germany were not strong enough to come against France by the open road, let her have waited. It is vain to attempt to justify a murderous assault upon a little friend, to whom you have solemnly promised protection, with the plea that it was necessary in order to help a treacherous attack on a powerful enemy. But after the initial wrong, after the decision to try to murder Belgium, it was a madness of hate and pride to decide to accompany the killing with torture, and to accompany every phase of the torture with a new invitation to play the traitor. And that last was the unforgivable sin, the attempted outrage on the soul of a nation."

In the dreadful controversy concerning the "atrocities" and the "necessity of war", it is of the utmost importance to get to the root of the matter. The question of facts is momentous enough, but far more momentous is the question of theories. An article in the *Spectator* of December the 26th dealing with an inquest upon German outrages gets very near the root of the matter. The writer says, "The German theory avowedly is that the only way to deter civilians from firing upon German troops is ruthlessly to punish the whole town or district in which such firing takes place, quite regardless of individual guilt or innocence." This theory has its culmination in the admitted German practice of taking hostages and shooting them if an act of hostility against the Germans subsequently occurs, although the fact that the hostages are in German hands precludes the possibility of their being able to prevent any act of hostility. If this German theory can be upheld, then war takes on even worse terrors than the world has for a long time known, for it is quite certain that multitudes of previous wars have been waged without anything like the systematic and cold-blooded methods of punishment that the Germans have practised." Tremendous as are the immediate issues of this war, something even more momentous is evidently here at issue.

I do not agree with those who think poorly of the poetry produced in the last six months under the immediate impulse of the war. Here is something by Katharine Tynan who is known as a writer of bright and pleasant stories of Irish domestic life, which may serve as a relief to the oppression inseparable from the subject of my previous notes.

I make no apology for quoting the poem in full. There are chords in "Flower of Youth" to which few of those who have to do with colleges will fail to respond.

FLOWER OF YOUTH.

Lest Heaven be for the greybeards hoary ;
 God, Who made boys for His delight,
 Goes in earth's hour of grief and glory
 And calls the boys in from the night ;
 When they come trooping from the war
 Our skies have many a new gold star.

Heaven's thronged with gay and careless faces,
 New-waked from dreams of dreadful things.
 They walk by green and pleasant places,
 And by the Crystal water-springs
 Forget the nightmare field of slain
 And the fierce thirst and the strong pain.

Forget ! God smiles to see them merry,
 For his own son was once a boy ;
 They never shall be old and weary,
 But of their youth will have great joy,
 And in the playing-fields of Heaven
 Small run and leap, new-washed, new-shriven.

Now Heaven's by golden boys invaded,
 'Scaped from the winter and the storm,
 Stainless and simple as He made it,
 God keeps the boy's heart out of harm.
 The old wise Saints look down and smile,
 They are so young and without guile.

Oh, if the sonless mothers weeping,
 The widowed girls, could look inside
 The country that hath them in keeping
 Who went to the great war and died,
 They would rise and put their mourning off,
 Praise God, and say : " He has enough."

KATHARINE TYNAN.

As a pregnant commentary on the above, take this about Eton from the *School Guardian*. "On Sunday, December 6th, Founders' Day was celebrated, the usual dinner in College Hall being omitted. The chapel service was remarkably impressive. Many visitors attended, several being in khaki, as it was known there was to be not only the usual commemoration of benefactors, but special mention of the Old Etonians who have fallen in the war, no fewer than 155 in number, considerably in excess of the total loss in the whole of the Boer War. The whole list was read out by the Headmaster."

Now that we have received the full text of Cardinal Mercier's Pastoral, we see it to be one of the most important historic documents in connection with the war. It may now be seen to be as moderate in tone as it is dignified and fearless. So far from fomenting discord or encouraging violence, Cardinal Mercier writes: "Towards the persons of those who are holding dominion among us by military force, and who assuredly cannot but be sensible of the chivalrous energy with which we have defended, and are still defending, our independence, let us conduct ourselves with all needful forbearance. Let us observe the rules they have laid upon us so long as those rules do not violate our personal liberty, nor our consciences as Christians, nor our duty to our country. Let us not take bravado for courage, nor tumult for bravery." He also says, "From the outset of military operations the civil authorities of the country urged upon all private persons the necessity of abstention from hostile acts against the enemy's army." At the same time he is perfectly clear as to the nature of the German occupation and the limits of an authority depending solely upon foreign military force. "I hold it as part of the obligations of my episcopal office to instruct you as to your duty in face of the Power that has invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that Power is no lawful authority. Therefore in soul and conscience you owe it neither respect, nor attachment, nor obedience. The sole lawful authority in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the elected representatives of the nation. This authority alone has a right to our affection, our submission."

University Notes.

MATRICULATION Age limit was the subject of discussion in a third Senate meeting held in the Durbhanga Building in January last. The subject being an important one, it evoked much criticism. The result is that the usual age limit of 16 years has been lowered down to 15 years 2 months.



The University authorities have not been slow to face the outbreak of small-pox in the city. Special arrangements have been made to remove stricken students and for necessary medical aid to them. As a result, the University messes have been rendered safe.

The bust of Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, the late Vice Chancellor, was unveiled by His Excellency the Rector on the 12th of January last, before a large gathering of citizens. We have rarely seen such a representative gathering; almost every community was represented by its most distinguished representatives. We are glad that H.E. the Rector has described Sir Asutosh as the "Students' Friend." In fact never has there been a sturdier champion of the interests of the student community of Calcutta. Various as are his activities, he is for ever enthroned in the hearts of the students.



Mr. C. J. Hamilton, M.A. (Cantab), Minto Professor of Economics, delivered a course of lectures on "Some Economic aspects of Indian Land System" in the Main Hall, Senate House, on the following dates, February 10th, 17th, 24th, March 3rd, 10th, and 17th.



Mr. R. Massood, B.A., has been appointed an ordinary Fellow of the University.



In the annual meeting of the Senate of the University, the Faculties for the year 1915-16 were constituted. Our College is represented by Principal James, Professors Das Gupta, Peake, Mallik and Sterling in the Faculty of Arts, and by Professors Mahalanabis, Ray, Peake, Harrison and Mallik in the Faculty of Science.



In a recent meeting of the senior members of the University Institute, Office-bearers were elected for the year 1915-16. The Hon'ble Mr. P. C. Lyon, C.S.I., has taken the place of the Hon'ble Mr. J. G. Cumming, C.I.E., as President of the Institute. Professor Mitter and Dewan Bahadur Dr. Hira Lal Basu of the Medical College have been appointed joint honorary secretaries. Our College is well represented in the Executive Committee of the Institute. We follow its progress with more than common interest.



The season of examinations is now in full swing. The ominous clangor of the bell of the University is now heard very frequently, sending qualms through the hearts of exam-stricken men. 'The Ides of March' is come with its train of examinations, viz. Matriculation,

Intermediate and Degree examinations. We wish our students good luck.



In the Syndicate for the year 1915-16 our College is represented by Principal James and Professors Peake and Mahalanabis.



Professor J. N. Das Gupta, University Reader in Indian History, addressed a fairly large audience on "The Diary of William Hedges" on 8th February last in the West Hall of the Senate House. It was a very interesting thing to hear William Hedges speaking of his Indian experiences two hundred years back.



Dr. Henry Stephen, M.A., D.D. (Aberdeen), formerly of the Scottish Churches College, has recently joined his appointment as Senior Professor of English Literature in the University. We offer our hearty welcome to him.

A Peep into other Colleges.

By SIVA DAS MOOKERJEE.

St. Paul's College was the scene of very pleasant function recently. Dr. Lefroy, the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, laid the foundation stone of a new school building in the "smaller compound." The fine gardens and the spacious compound of the College too was *en fete* on that day. An "At Home" was given to the old boys of the College on the same day and the function went off very pleasantly. Mr. Walpole is the latest addition to the staff of the College. He is a distinguished graduate of Oxford and the son of the Bishop of Edinburgh.

Presidency College, it appears, has not been the only College to open First-Aid classes during the past months.

Ravenshaw College (Cuttack), St. Stephen's College (Delhi), Hindoo Academy (Daulatpur) are, among others, some of the Colleges which have opened First-Aid classes.

Patna College Chanakya Society is to be congratulated on the

splendid work it has done under Principal Russell in the year just closing. As appears from the annual report ten monthly meetings were held and five expeditions to different places were undertaken.

Ravenshaw College has started an Economic Society after the Patna College model under the direction of Professors Duke and Burden. Its members are paying visits to various places, and are collecting family budgets, village returns and carrying on investigations into local industries. It is a very laudable attempt, and we hope to see many more such useful institutions all over the province.

The City College is going to have a new building of its own in the near future. We have been informed that the Raja of Pithapore has made a donation of 30,000 Rupees to the College for building purposes. Our hearty congratulations to City College men.

The Scottish Churches College held their annual 'Reunion' on 6th of February last. It was a big success.

Library Notes.

The following books have been received since December, 1914:—

Alphabetical (An) List of the Feasts and Holidays of the Hindus and Muhammadans.

Ammunition for Civilians. I—Our Just Cause: Facts about the War for ready reference.

Baring, M. . . . An Outline of Russian Literature.

Basu, B. N. . . . Why India is Heart and Soul with Great Britain.

Beaumont & Fletcher The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. Edited by A. Glover and A. R. Waller, Vols. 1 to 9.

Bengal, Past and Present, Vol. I, Vol. II, pts. 1 and 2, and Vols. III to VII.

Bergson, H. . . . An Introduction to Metaphysics.

Bernhardi, General Von Britain as Germany's Vassal.

Germany and the Next War.

How Germany makes War.

Beveridge, A. S. . . . The Memoirs of Babur.

Bosanquet, B. . . . Gifford Lectures, 1912: The Value and Destiny of the Individual.

Bourdon, G. . . . The German Enigma.

Bulow, Prince Bernhard Von .. Imperial Germany.

Calendar, Punjab University, for 1914-15

Calendar, Calcutta University, for 1914, Part I.

Calendar of the University of Bombay, for 1914.

Calendar, King's College, London, for 1914-15.

Catalogue of the Museum of Archaeology at Sarnath.

Chambers' Twentieth Century Dictionary of the English Language.

Concise (The) Oxford Dictionary of Current English.

Coolidge, A. C. .. The United States as a World Power.

Cromer, Earl of .. Political and Literary Essays (Second Series).

Driesch, H. .. The Problem of Individuality.

Eugenics: Twelve University Lectures by Aldrich and others.

Fairlie, J. A. .. Municipal Administration.

Foster, A. E. (Ed.) .. Lord God of Battles: a War Anthology.

Gascoigne .. The complete works of George Gascoigne.
Edited by J. W. Cunliffe, 2 vols.

Gooch, G. P. .. Political Thought in England from Bacon to Halifax.

Hogarth, D. G. .. The Ancient East.

James, W. .. A Pluralistic Universe.
Some Problems of Philosophy.
The Meaning of Truth, a sequel to "Pragmatism."

Lowell .. Public Opinion and Popular Government.

Monypenny and Buckle The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, Vol. 3.

New (A) German and English Dictionary.

Orr, M. A. .. Dante and the Early Astronomers.

Oxford English Dictionary, 3 parts.

Pearson, Karl .. The Life, Letters and Labours of Francis Galton, Vol. I.

Poems of the Great War. Published on behalf of the Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund.

Rait, R. S. .. History of Scotland.

Reid, S. (Ed.) .. The Indian Year Book, 1915.

Remember Louvain! A little book of Liberty and War.

Report of the Eighth Industrial Conference held at Bankipore on the 30th December, 1912.

Richardson, C. H. .. Economic Geology.

Richardson, P. W. ... The Electron Theory of Matter.

Roxburgh, W. ... Flora Indica, or Descriptions of Indian Plants.

Royal Army Medical Corps Training, 1911.

Scott ... The Constitution and Finance of English, Scottish and Irish Joint-Stock Companies to 1720, 3 vols.

Shakespear, L. W. ... History of Upper Assam, Upper Burma and North-Eastern Frontier.

Shorter (The) Modern Dictionary of the English Language.

Silberstein ... The Theory of Relativity.

Smith, T. C. ... The Wars between England and America.

Songs and Sonnets for England in War time.

Starling, S. G. ... Electricity and Magnetism for advanced students.

Stewart, G. N. ... A Manual of Physiology, with Practical Exercises.

Stirling, W. ... Outlines of Practical Physiology.

Tagore, Mahatma Devendra Nath ... The Autobiography of Mahatma Devendra Nath Tagore. Translated by Satyendra Nath Tagore and Indira Devi.

Tatham, G. B ... The Puritans in Power.

Tennyson, Hallam, Lord Tennyson and his Friends.

Times (The) History of the War, Parts 1 to 20.

Times (The) War Atlas.

Treitschke ... Selections from Treitschke's Lectures on Politics. Translated by A. L. Gowans.

Walker, T. L. ... Crystallography.

Wallace, Sir D. M. ... Our Russian Ally.

Walling, W. E. ... Socialism as it is.
Progressivism and after.

Why we are at War: Great Britain's case. By Members of the Oxford Faculty of Modern History.

Wilkinson, S. ... Britain at Bay.

Young, F. E. B. ... Robert Bridges: a critical study.



Correspondence.

TEST EXAMINATION.

TO

THE EDITOR, *Presidency College Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,

It is only a recent innovation which has made the Test Examination a deadletter in Presidency College. What defects in the old system or merits in the new impelled the authorities to do away with the time-honoured custom, I do not pretend to divine. But in a matter so intimately concerning the students, I think their views have a claim to some recognition. And I only voice the general opinion of the students in giving outlet to the following considerations.

The competence of students to appear in the University Examinations is now settled by a comparatively strict reckoning of the year's records. That is well and good. But why not retain both? An average indicator of the year's progress will only gain in precision if the Test Examination acts as its supplement. Moreover those who cannot appear at the Test or fail in it accidentally might fall back upon their year's records to recommend their cause. Such is the case in many colleges, such was the case here in this college not very long ago. Again the argument, if there be any, which justifies the abolition of the Test Examination must justify the abolition of the Annual also; and since both these examinations are exactly same to all intents and purposes, it seems logically inconsistent to abolish one and retain the other. Records of the year's progress of each individual student are kept in all classes; to regard them as a fair standard when judging fitness for sitting at University Examinations, denying them all recognition in the case of class promotions, is a fact that seems not to maintain, as it should, the prestige of the University.

The Test Examination is generally accused of diverting the students' attention only to the portions set for the examination at a time when they should work up harmoniously with all. I have grave doubts if at all it does divert, and still graver doubts of any possible injury even if it does. The more thoroughly are we prepared so soon as two months before the examination, be it over one year's work, the smoother and easier becomes the task of preparation. To discountenance the Test Examination on the ground that it arrests general progress and harmfully specialises our attention to particular subjects is only a plea for doing nothing at all. I speak from experience. On the

contrary, I cannot sufficiently describe what an immensely helpful and timely incentive the Test Examination furnishes to us in squeezing diligence and energy out of us who have such a great tendency towards inertia.

Lastly to abolish the Test Examination on the ground that it has no precedent in the *ideal* Universities of Oxford and Cambridge is only an attempt to suit an adult's coat to an infant body, and the plea is absurd on the very face of it. Thanking you in anticipation of your kind publication of my humble views,

I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

A SUFFERER.

A GRIEVANCE.

To

THE EDITOR, *Presidency College Magazine*.

SIR,

Now that our magazine has been started we hope that you will allow us to ventilate through the magazine our long-standing grievances which we hope will meet with speedy redress.

One of our College rules requires the students to take their seats in the classes according to their rolls. The disadvantages arising out of the enforcement of this rule are keenly felt by all classes of students. The good boys of the class who are forced to take their seats in the back benches have to strain every nerve to catch the words of the lecturer whose voice melts away in the intervening distance, seldom reaching the ears of the far-off listeners. Again those students who left to themselves would have tried to rest in sweet tranquillity in the back benches are compelled to be front-benchers, and this compulsion, in the words of one of our ex-students, a professor of the University College, "leads to make believe in writing notes on the part of those students who all the while have some interesting book, which hidden under note-books or loose papers covered with hieroglyphics and scrawls, they manage to read on the sly." Thus many really attentive students are treated like younger sons, being deprived of the benefit of hearing the lectures of the professors simply because they entered the College a few days later than some other students. The most painful part of the system is that the order of allotment of seats is never changed—once a back-bencher one has to be a back-bencher for two academic sessions at

least. We invite the attention of the Principal to the iniquity of this system, and we pray that he will be kind enough to abolish this rule.*

I am, etc.,

BACK-BENCHER.

To

THE EDITOR, *Presidency College Magazine*.

SIR,

The recent performance of a scene from "As You Like It" in the College compound has whetted my appetite for more. The whole thing was, I believe, conceived, rehearsed and arranged in little more than a week. If this is so, it reveals possibilities that I think we are too slow to develop. The College has a Dramatic Society, more or less moribund, which spasmodically revives, produces worthy work, and subsides into inaction. The reason for this is not far to seek. Schemes too ambitious in their scope are attempted, and the result is the recent fiasco of Julius Cæsar. But there is another course. Among 750 students there must be many with histrionic capacities who naturally regard the production of a whole Shakespearean play, with the labour involved, as too much interference with their College work. Why not, therefore, divide them into several bands who may produce respectively not a play, but scenes from various plays? Consider how much of Shakespeare can be produced in the open, and how some of his work gains from such production. My idea would be to see one band playing a scene, from As You Like It, another band similarly working, say, a couple of scenes from The Winter's Tale, and so on. And this would minimise, too, all the ill-feeling in the distribution of parts which the production of a single play involves. Further, there is no reason to stop at Shakespeare. With a little adaptation the front of the College or of the Hare School would make an admirable background for scenes from classic drama, which would require very little expenditure on costume and scenery.

I am, Sir, etc.

THESPIS.

* Socialistic ideas seem to be gaining ground in the College, and it may be reasonably hoped that equal opportunities of hearing lectures should be offered to all by changing the order of allotment of seats at least once every term.—Ed.

To

A NEW TOPIC.

THE EDITOR, *Presidency College Magazine*.

DEAR SIR,

Will you kindly allow me to introduce the following topic in your magazine? I hope it will not be quite out of place.

As the students of our college come from various parts of India, I believe it will be a happy thing if a healthy correspondence can be established and maintained through their means between ourselves and our fellow-students in other Indian Universities. It is to be regretted that we seldom hear of them except in stray bits of newspaper information. It will never do for us to be strangers to their thoughts and feelings. I wonder if they are better informed about the community of our Bengali students. There are students in Behar, not to speak of more distant provinces, who would graciously attribute the cause of our poor physique to ceaseless cramming and excessive mental labour. Others there are who would hint at worse, and ever associate us with mean political intrigues—for their knowledge of us is perhaps no better than the second-hand information they derive from newspaper reports of court proceedings. The inter-university sports help a good deal in removing such injurious notions: but we want more sufficient means of communication between students of different provinces. What does our friend Ramaswami Ayer of Madras think of the Indian Relief Fund? Does our friend Suraj Sinha in the U.P. join the ambulance class!—is any such class started there? How do the poor students of Bombay manage to prosecute their studies?—Do their colleges keep no poor fund like ours? These are questions which daily excite our curiosity.

We are glad to see that one page of our magazine is devoted to the report of 'what other colleges are doing.' But not one of these colleges is outside the pale of our Bengali Society. We wish to have a similar acquaintance with what other universities are doing. Their exertions in the cause of the British Raj, their contributions to social and literary reforms—our knowledge on these points is wretchedly limited. We exult in the present renaissance of Bengali literature. Has not the wave of European influence on native literary products reached other provinces as well? We long to know of it.

It is not only our college that can boast of a magazine. It is common to the leading colleges of all other universities. We are eager to turn over the leaves of these other magazines. Literary contribu-

tions by students like ourselves must have a hallowed curiosity for us. A mutual interchange of magazines may perhaps be easily managed; if not, we may make shift to subscribe a few of them.

In conclusion I beg to appeal to the goodness of our beloved professors who have left their homes in the distant parts of this country to toil for us here, to promote good-will and fellow-feeling between us their pupils and the students of their native provinces.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

FRATERNITY.

A CHALLENGE.

To

THE EDITOR, *Presidency College Magazine*.

SIR,

I have been inundated by the complaints of a shoal of critics who enjoin upon me to ask you on their behalf to explain why they have not been described in "Our Critics." They claim the distinction as the rightful heritage of their class, and will be satisfied with nothing short of a written formal apology from yourself and your "candid friend"—the writer of that article—in your own script. The critics whom I have the honour to represent unanimously hold that this intentional omission was meant as an insult; and they now condescend to remind you, lest you forget that it is through their charity and tolerance that you are still continuing in your office.

I am going to describe my constituents according to the ascending order of their numerical strength. One class there is who, from their too exalted idea of what a college magazine ought to be, would like to relegate it exclusively to the domain of the professors, any interference of the students in this work being a trespass. Some of them at the same time would desire the professors to stuff it to the full in such a way as to dispense with the class-lectures altogether. They would like you to lay down your *fasces*, Mr. Editor, since to be an official while yet in the pinfold of the academic cloister sounds like the yet unattained privilege of sitting in both houses of the Parliament! Another class of critics goes to the opposite extreme. They regard the regulation of the college magazine as the undoubted birth-right of the students and as such not only the official management, but also the stuffing of it should be undertaken by the students,

the professors having no right to help or hamper them. Some socialistic critics would admit trash and absurdities into the magazine with the same ardour with which they would invite good matter. The rejection of any article is therefore in their opinion a violent outrage to their rights and any more infringement on your part, Mr. Editor, will surely provoke resentment from a thousand quarters.

There is yet another class of critics who are greatly disappointed at your editorials. While they were preparing to hear long sermons on early marriage or the Dowry system or instructive articles on the present war, you give them short pithy paragraphs about yourself, your magazine and your college which set a keener edge upon their appetite. Impatient of vain waiting they indignantly proclaim that the magazine is the editor's monopoly and mobilise through myself, their herald, all their compatriots to wage a scurrilous warfare against this monopolistic tendency.

Another class of critics condemns your conservatism as an unjustifiable veneration for the old as is expressed by your persistent publication of "Old Presidency College Men Series." They are liberal enough not to grudge this, but fairness according to them demands a concurrent series of "Present Presidency College Men", and it is a most sensible proposal.

Another class of critics and a most heavily-peopled one is the predetermined school. They are predisposed by nature and temperament to cry down everything that appears in the magazine. Just after exchanging their cards for copies of the magazine, they would indulge in sour panegyrics upon you, Mr. Editor (do you not deserve them?), as if they are giving you your dues for all your toils. That the magazine without their co-operation, (which, forsooth, they are unable or incompetent to lend), cannot reach any satisfactory standard is a conviction *a priori* with them and a fairly satisfactory publication from our college will only invite hostile criticism. You, Mr. Editor, may say that criticism is cheap and that you can supply a tolerable amount of that commodity from your own resources. Come on then, you proud official, and I shall be glad to pick up your gage on behalf of the critics whose championship I have espoused.

Yours inimically,

CRITIC.



The P.C.A.C. and the Cricket Season.

From the list of the averages of the cricket players, given below, it may fairly be concluded that most of them did more or less well during the season just over. It is gratifying to some extent to see that the number of matches won is greater than the number of matches lost. It can with reason be hoped that the latter number might have been reduced had the team been assisted on all the occasions by all the available regular players. It was probably owing to the high pressure of the all-important examinations, that the playing students did not always venture to "waste" their time by staying away from classes. However it was lucky that the team could be fully assisted (verbally by some and manually by others) at the most critical moment, that is to say, in the Lansdowne Shield Final. But in spite of that, as ill luck would have it, the team could not do anything at all; the reason partly being that, at the very commencement of the second innings, the Captain and P. Lahiri both unexpectedly injured themselves. The latter, in an attempt at a low catch, had the tip of one of his fingers lacerated, while the former in attempting a high catch in the slips, overbalanced himself and had knocked his head against the ground. These accidents rendered them unable to bowl any longer with any success. This goes a good deal to explain why the opponents were able to make such a fabulous score. Thus the hope to secure a mate in the Lansdowne Shield for the Elliot Shield was frustrated. But the big defeat of the college team by La Martiniere College cannot possibly be forgiven. The conduct of some of the players on that day was anything but sportsmanlike. The game was supposed to commence at 11 o'clock punctually, but after the 'toss', there were only four or five players present. It was not till half past twelve that the captain had eleven players at his disposal. The result, of course, was a foregone conclusion; a lost match and a loss of the prestige of the college team. So much for the Shield matches. Of the other matches the most important were the two matches played against the old students. The old students met the present students with strong elevens, but, in spite of their efforts for victory at any cost, on both the occasions they had the modified satisfaction of seeing that their

younger brothers are worthy enough to stand side by side with them. On each occasion the present students won.

Altogether 17 innings were played.

Bowling averages of those who played in more than 70% of the matches :—

	Inns	Wickets.	Runs.	Average.
1. Sailaja Ray	.. 12	54	477	8.8
2. Gobindo Banerjee	.. 15	21	255	12.1

Bowling averages of those players who played less than 70% :—

1. Hemesh Das Gupta	.. 10	5	42	8.4
2. Nalini Guha	.. 8	18	204	11.3
3. Probodh Lahiri	.. 8	11	163	14.8
4. Jnanen Dutt	.. 10	5	136	27.2
5. Jiten Mukherjee	.. 6	17	90	6.4

Of the matches played, eight were won, seven lost and two drawn.

17 innings were played in all.

Batting averages of those players who played in more than 70% of the matches :—

	Inns.	Not out.	Runs.	Averages.
1. Sailaja Ray	.. 12	1	177	16.1
2. Gobindo Banerjee	.. 15	4	162	14.7
3. S. M. Yaqub	.. 13	2	137	12.4
4. Dhiren Das	.. 13	1	102	8.5
5. S Anam 14	2	84	7
6. Girin Mukherjee	.. 14	3	26	2.3

Batting averages of those players who played less than 70% :—

1. Nripen Nag	.. 9	2	180	25.7
2. Probodh Lahiri	.. 8	2	127	21.1
3. Jnanen Dutt	.. 10	2	101	12.6
4. Hemesh Das Gupta	.. 10	4	56	9.3
5. Nalini Guha	.. 8	2	56	9.3
6. Radhanath Ray	.. 6	×	64	10.6
7. Jagesh Bhowmik	.. 5	2	25	8.3
8. Suresh Bosu	.. 4	×	15	3.7
9. Nripen Bosu	.. 3	×	6	2
10. Khetronath Bose	.. 3	×	6	2
11. Jiten Mukherjee	.. 6	3	1	1.3

The following gentlemen are awarded cricket colours for the season 1914-15 :—

1. N. K. Nag.	7. Jnanen Dutt.
2. P. Lahiri.	8. Dhiren Das.
3. G. Banerjee.	9. S. Anam.
4. S. Yaqub.	10. G. Mukherjee.
5. N. Guha.	11. J. Bhowmik.
6. Hemesh Das Gupta.	12. Radhanath Ray.

Reviews.

SOME MORE BOOKS ON THE WAR.

1. *Why we are at War—Great Britain's Case.*—By Members of the Oxford Faculty of Modern History. With an Appendix of Original Documents including the Authorised English Translation of the White Book issued by the German Government. Third Edition Revised (Eighth Impression) containing the Russian Orange Book and Extracts from the Belgian Grey Book. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 2/6s. 1914.
2. *Imperial Germany.*—By Prince Bernhard von Bülow. (Cassel & Co. 2s.). 1914.
3. *Selections from Treitschke's Lectures on Politics.*—(Gowans and Gray. 2s.). 1914.
4. *The German Enigma: Being an Inquiry among Germans, as to what they think, what they want, what they can do.*—By Georges Bourdon. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. Paris. Georges Crès et Cie. London. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., 1914.
5. *The French Yellow Book.*—2s. net. The Times, Printing House Square, London.

Of the making of many books about the war there is apparently no end, and the future student of the great struggle of 1914-15 will suffer from an *embarras de richesse* of contemporary documents and pamphlets. But in spite of the difficulty of choice, it is well that all men claiming to be educated, and possessed of sufficient leisure, should do their best to keep abreast of contemporary thought in regard to the great contest. A further attempt is therefore made in this issue of the *Presidency College Magazine*, in continuation of the reviews in the last issue, to guide students in their choice of reading.

The student who can find time to read only one of these books will be wise if he chooses the first. At the outset of the war six well-known members of the Oxford Faculty of History issued a careful and restrained statement of Great Britain's case for war, under the title of "Why we are at War." As a result of the foolish *ex parte* lucubrations of the Chauvinist German academic men, the intellectual stock of professors is at the present time perhaps rather low; but Messrs. Davis, Hassall, Fletcher and the rest of them are severely historical in their treatment of the questions upon which they touch and are open to no charge of prejudice and distortion of fact. First of all they give a historical account of the origin of Belgium and Luxembourg as States, and more especially as permanently neutralised States. The second chapter is a historical sketch of the Growth of Alliances and the Race of Armaments since 1871. The third chapter contains a brief account of Germano-Russian rivalry in the Balkans, showing that the attempted forcible Teutonisation of large portions of Slavdom by the German powers is responsible for the great eastern quarrel, and that the stake for Russia

in this war is her prestige among the Slav people, and not merely the integrity of Servia. The fifth chapter, called "Negotiators and Negotiations", is a pitiless exposure, based rigidly on the printed diplomatic correspondence of the British White Paper, the Russian Orange Book and the German White Book, of the way in which Germany made war inevitable first for Russia, then for France and finally for Belgium and Britain, unless they were prepared to sell their honour for a promise that was sure to be broken, and was not acceptable by honourable men, even though it were sure to be kept. The sixth chapter on "The New German Theory of the State" is one of the most valuable. It exposes the affinities between modern Treitschke and medieval Machiavelli, and sums up with the following striking words: "We are fighting for Right because Right is our supreme interest. The new German political theory enunciates that 'our interest is our right.' The old—the very old—English political theory is, 'The Right is our interest.' It is true that we have everything to gain by defending the cause of international law. Should that prevent us from defending that cause? What do we not lose of precious lives in the defence?"

In an appendix to the book is given the English translation, made and published in Germany for American consumption, of the German White Book, entitled "Germany's Reasons for War with Russia. How Russia and her Rulers betrayed Germany's confidence and thereby made the European War." This is a reprint of certain parts of the diplomatic correspondence between Germany and other powers, preceded by a historical introduction, whose nature may be gauged from the fact that it states that "Shoulder to shoulder with England we laboured incessantly" for peace, and that all their proposals "were overtaken by the military preparations of Russia and France." The German Foreign Office, in publishing such ridiculous stuff, have obviously borne in mind the old adage which said that an ambassador's chief duty was to "lie abroad" for his country.

The latest editions of the book contain also selections in German from the Austrian *dossier* of the Serajevo murder, Extracts from the Russian Orange Book and from the Belgian Grey Book.

The six Oxford Professors have done their country, and the world in general, good service, by publishing this book.

"Imperial Germany" gains its chief interest from the fact that it is written by no mere military firebrand, but by one who has actually been in the past Chancellor of the German Empire, and so is able to show us the secrets of German foreign policy.

Prince von Bülow divides his book into two sections, "Foreign Policy" and "Home Policy." He discusses in the first part the relations existing between Germany on the one hand and the great powers of the world on the other. When he wrote the book, of which an English translation has recently been issued, he was quite certain that Italy would not desert the Triple Alliance in the event of a European War, and that war between England and Germany was exceedingly unlikely. He was an ardent advocate of a strong navy for Germany, as a defensive measure in view of Germany's growing oversea commerce, though he is careful to point out that it had no aggressive intention. His statement that in case of war, however, "the fleet would consider attack the best form of defence" reads humorously in view of the long inaction of the German fleet at Kiel, and the clean pair of heels it has shown on most occasions when the British Navy has been near. He repeats the stock argument of the firebrands that Germany has no oversea colonies and so must lose much of her manhood to other nations through emigration, though the facts are that emigration for many years preceding the great war was almost a negligible quantity. Von Bülow's review of German internal politics is also very illuminating, and would demand more attention in another connexion; though his suggestion that the Social Democrats must if necessary be compelled by force "to bow to the might of the national idea" scarcely sounds a statesmanlike remark. "Imperial Germany" is a valuable record of an Ex-Chancellor's views; and his mistaken prophecies as to political events do not redound to any great degree to his discredit, since it is possible that, had he continued to hold the helm of affairs, Italy would not have been repelled nor England estranged.

In the third book under review, the student has the opportunity of reading some of Treitschke's theorisings on politics. They are unfortunately only selections, and the reader who is not acquainted with German must wait for some time yet before any of Treitschke's greater works are available in our language. But in this little book of Selections we find all the well-known points of view which hitherto made up all that most of us knew of Treitschke. The necessity and inevitability of wars as a drastic medicine for the human race, the value of colonies and of sea power as a means of gaining and retaining them, the temporary nature and repudiability of treaties (scrap-of-paperism, we might almost call it), the defects of the laws of war as at present existing, the uselessness of arbitration in great issues, all of these well-known views of the remarkable German historian will be found set out in this little

volume. And, beside this, the student who reads this book will be emancipated from dependence upon newspapers for his opinion of Germany's chief historian. He will take particular notice of Treitschke's follies, as well as of his wisdom. He will note that Treitschke criticises the German for his tendency to self-depreciation—a suggestion which to-day makes us smile; that he criticises England for its bad climate, its lack of wine, and its absence of beautiful scenery,—than which perhaps folly could go no further,—that for all his insight into German character, Treitschke never saw how fundamentally incapable the German is of ruling other people without killing their spirit and self-respect; and, finally, that in Treitschke's opinion the small nations are incapable of anything great in art, literature or politics, but must either be absorbed into a larger state, or live on destitute of ideals and sunk in corruption! Had Treitschke never heard of Athens, of imperial Portugal, of Venice, of the city states of Italy, of Holland, of England when she fought half Europe? If it be so that his spirit possesses consciousness, he knows now at least of one great little State, whose fame will ring down the ages linked with his own land's dishonour.

“The German Enigma” is an English translation of a French book written by M. Bourdon as a result of his inquiries, carried out by personal interviews when possible, as to what leading Germans thought about Franco-German relations. He dares to speak to the French openly about the still running sore of Alsace-Lorraine, refusing to be bound by Gambetta's phrase “Let us think of it always, let us never speak of it!” He comes to the conclusion that in a contented Alsace, whether nominally French or nominally German, or neither, lay the sole hope of reconciliation between France and Germany. “Germany, O Germany! why will you not hear the despairing appeal, the peaceable appeal that comes from the heart of Alsace?” And he quotes the eloquent appeal of M. Jacques Preiss, the Alsatian, in Paris in 1913. “Alsace-Lorraine wants autonomy. She claims to be put on an equal footing with the other parts of the empire. She wants her own government and her own legislative body..... The day will come when all the European powers—Germany included—will feel the imperative irresistible need of finally settling this burning question, which prevents the whole of Europe from breathing freely.

“The general cause of civilisation is closely allied with the drama that is going on in Alsace-Lorraine. We have our part to play in the history of humanity! We have been the victims of the principle ‘Might is Right.’ We refute it with another principle, which is the

boast of modern times, 'Right is might.' One day history will say: 'The cause of true civilisation that relies, not on brute force, but on justice and truth, on the will, the aspirations and the liberty of nations, has never had nobler nor more worthy defenders than the people of Alsace-Lorraine.' ''

In reaching his conclusion that there could never be reconciliation between France and Germany while Alsace groaned under the oppression of Prussia, M. Bourdon introduces us to some very interesting personal views of leading Germans. General Keim, the Pan-Germanist, was frankly brutal. He refused to be interviewed, but wrote a letter the gist of which was: "Germany says to France, 'Give me your colonies, and I will give you peace.' " Herr Kerr was even franker. "It is interest, profit, do you see? You are rich. Therefore your possessions are coveted. But I must say we gaze more towards England than towards you." "The German has arrived with his red corpuscles, and I believe his hour has come." Prince Lichnowsky, on the other hand, was convinced that neither France nor Germany wanted war. Of course France could not forget 1871, but war! war was so unspeakably horrible that "no one in the world would be mad enough as to plunge us into it." "We will not talk of such a thing." Prince Hatzfeldt scouted the idea of war between France and Germany, but added, "Germany is to-day pacific. But she expects that as she regards the interests of others, no one shall put obstacles in her path." That, adds M. Bourdon, was a hit at England. For in the mind of every German is harboured rancour against England. "But she won't go to war with us," Prince Hatzfeldt concluded, "for she knows that even a victory would cost her half her fleet." And so M. Bourdon went the round of the financiers, professors, teachers, politicians, journalists, parliamentarians and great statesmen of Germany, trying to peep into that twentieth century enigma, which is now no enigma at all, the German national egoism. But at the last he came back to his main conclusion, that tortured Alsace forbade all real reconciliation between the French and the German peoples. Between Europe and a lengthy peace stood the accursed Treaty of Frankfort. France could never forget her suffering brethren across the frontier; and so, though she would never dream of attacking Germany, frank and open friendship was impossible; while there was only too much reason to fear that a large party in Germany thirsted for an opportunity of crushing France utterly and once for all, so as to feel perfectly free for a contest with England or with Russia.

Little space is left for the discussion of the fifth book of our list, the "French Yellow Book." The last of the nations to print the diplomatic correspondence preceding the war, France has in some ways given us the most overwhelming exposure of Germany's criminal methods yet revealed. As a revelation of crafty deceit, brutal aggression, and utter disregard by Germany of elementary international duty, it stands perhaps unparalleled among diplomatic documents, tortuous and cynical though they have often been in the past. It includes an extremely interesting exhibit, which analyses penetratingly and acutely the various reasons which made the Government of Germany and some of its classes desire a war.

E. F. O.

The Education Problem in India.—By SIR GOOROO DASS BANERJEE, K.T., M.A., D.L., PH.D. (Messrs S. K. Lahiri & Co., price Re. 1-4.)

Sir Gooroo Dass Banerjee's opinions on our educational problems are entitled to respectful consideration anywhere, and they claim specially respectful consideration in the columns of this magazine. His new book covers the whole field of education in a straightforward manner and offers suggestions, bearing on the "many questions relating to educational reform now engaging the attention of the Government and the public." The avowed scope of the book is characteristically modest—"to offer a few practical suggestions for the improvement of the system of education of this country." This simplicity and directness of treatment is eminently successful. On all the topics treated—and they include all the leading questions of the time—Sir Gooroo Dass has suggestions to make, all of which must be carefully considered, and most of which are likely to commend themselves to the fair-minded. This may be agreed on all hand, while leaving a necessary margin for differences of opinion. Although Sir Gooroo Dass disclaims any ambition to write a systematic treatise on education, as a matter of fact he proceeds with a rare thoroughness. He begins (Chapter I) with a brief statement of the educational problem, which he conceives as being "to determine how to impart education in its different branches so as to secure the greatest attainable benefit at the least cost of time, energy, and money." This definition might, I think, find general acceptance, but there will inevitably be wide differences of opinion in its application. Similarly, all must welcome the statement of the four fundamental principles of Simplicity, Parsimony, Justice and Modera-

tion (pages 9-21). But again there is abundant room for difference in the interpretation of each of these.

On the various controversies which divide educated opinion in India, Sir Gooroo Dass's views are clear and decided, yet always inclining to moderation and always temperately expressed. The keynotes of moderation and a conciliatory spirit are struck at the very outset. "My tone will be considerate, but not compromising, for to be compromising in such cases would be to trifle with truth" (page 2). He wishes primary education to spread, but would hesitate to make it compulsory. He holds that secondary schools should remain under the control of the University (pages 31-43). He clearly gives his opinion that the State should have an ultimate control over universities, but is equally clear that this power of ultimate control "should be exercised most sparingly and only in very extreme cases." (Pages 46 and 47). His views with regard to Physical Education are far from being narrow, since he lays down "that Physical Education should not be confined to mere training in the practice of athletics, but should include also teaching of the principles of Hygiene and Sanitation" (page 48). Yet, at the same time, he gives his opinion "that violent physical exercise, though it may be suited to a cooler climate, is altogether unsuitable under the tropical sun." He is an advocate of teaching history and geography in all schools: "they are our time-chart and our space-chart, and without knowledge of them we cannot fix our position in the world" (page 62). Sir Gooroo Dass is a staunch upholder of insistence on a study of classical languages in secondary schools, Sanskrit for Hindus, Arabic and Persian for Muhammadans (page 64). He is also—and this seems to need more justification than Sir Gooroo Das finds for it—an uncompromising advocate of compulsory mathematics for all Intermediate candidates (page 87). The argument no doubt justifies an insistence on Arithmetic and possibly also on elementary Geometry and Algebra, but many will agree with me in thinking the insistence on more than this against a natural bent unnecessary, and even harmful, rigour.

These are all familiar controversies, and opinions either way, whether right or wrong, are held in good company. In other matters Sir Gooroo Dass Banerjee's opinions are more individual and therefore merit special attention. For instance, he recommends that Science students should in all cases study Logic. The justice of this view will appear from the consideration that the Inductive Sciences proceed inferentially by logical methods, even more rigorously than Philosophy and kindred

subjects. It is really a strange anomaly that Science students—indeed I fear often Science teachers—have never studied the theory of inference on which their proofs are based, and therefore are never strictly in a position to know when their experimental proofs are valid, except by instinct or rule of thumb. Students of the humanities who make little use of inductive methods, study Logic both Deductive and Inductive. Our chemists and physicists who found their sciences on hypothesis and verification do not study even Inductive Logic. Sir Gooroo Dass Banerjee would make all Intermediate students take Logic. In my opinion he is plainly right. Again Sir Gooroo Dass enters a protest against a number of combinations allowable under the Regulations both in Science and Arts. He points out (page 81) that “the different options allowed make the scheme embarrassingly complicated, it being possible for a candidate for the Intermediate Arts Examination to choose any one out of as many as forty-six different combinations of subjects, and for an Intermediate Science Examination candidate to select any one out of thirty-six different combinations. The object of giving such wide range of choice is, to make the course suit different tastes and capacities. But the result of allowing such a wide range of choice is, in the first place, to bewilder and puzzle students and their advisers; in the second place, to embarrass colleges in the preparation of their time-tables, and to impair the efficiency of their teachers, and in the third place, to lead students to select strange combinations of subjects, they being influenced in the choice of their subjects, not so much by their aptitude for the study of the subjects as by the consideration whether the question papers of previous years in any subject were easy or difficult. The allowing of options, therefore, practically leads to little good and to much evil. It will be certainly better to prescribe only a small number of reasonable combinations of subjects.” Similarly (page 89) “In the B.A. course, the number of options allowed is thirty-five, and in the B.Sc. course, it is as many as fifty-six. Nor are all the possible combinations of subjects helpful to students in their acquisition of systematic knowledge. The objections which I have urged against allowing too many options in the selection of subjects, when considering the Intermediate Examination courses, apply with a still greater force to the B.A. and B.Sc. courses.” All this is soundly reasoned. The protests are very timely.

Another notable protest Sir Gooroo Dass makes is against requiring the student, who has passed the I Sc. examination but wishes to proceed to the B.A. degree, to pass an examination in one of the I. A. sub-

jects: and conversely, in case of an I. A. student who wishes to take up the B. Sc. examination. "The conditions imposed", says Sir Gooroo Dass Banerjee, "upon candidates going from the Science to the Arts side and *vice versa* are unnecessary: and though the question presents some difficulties, I incline to agree. There are also some very just remarks on Research work. Sir Gooroo Dass Banerjee remarks that "while Research work should be encouraged in every possible way, we should be careful to secure real Research work, and not to allow it to degenerate into a mere name" (page 94). It appears that he means "the new facts or new relations of facts should be important and useful, and the mere fact of their being new should not be enough." There is an earnest plea for a Faculty of Agriculture on page 104. In all these matters Sir Gooroo Dass Banerjee's opinions, even when they depart from the beaten track, are just and well reasoned.

On the difficult question of moral education in schools Sir Gooroo Dass Banerjee is a strong advocate of direct moral teaching and supports this view with reasonings, which I do not propose to consider here. But in speaking of the danger of selfishness being fostered by a too great regard for material things, he has the following admirable remarks which have a pointed application at the present time. "The only hope of liberation of the West from that bondage lies in her perception of the two great evils which her material prosperity has brought in its train, the fierce internal strife between labour and capital with its open strikes and riots and its secret anarchism, and the still more fierce external strife between nation and nation for gain and not for glory; and that deliverance of the West may come sooner if she views the peaceful poverty of the East with less supercilious eyes than she is accustomed to do, while the East may benefit by carefully observing what is going on in the West with eyes not dazzled by her material splendour" (page 114).

In Chapter V Sir Gooroo Dass has some admirable remarks about the teacher and his qualifications. "He should know the subject he has to teach, know how to teach it, and know other allied subjects which throw light on the subject he teaches. He should possess a keen sense of sight and hearing to enable him to see and hear what his pupils are doing and saying, and a clear and powerful voice to make himself heard and understood by his pupils. And he should have liking for his work so that he may not feel tired soon; he should have love for his pupils so that he may not be annoyed with them easily; and he should have a high character that he may command the res-

pect and attention of his pupils. All this is easily seen, and will be readily admitted. The difficulty lies in finding such teachers; and even when such teachers are found, very few employers including Government will be found ready to pay the remuneration necessary to obtain their services." Sir Gooroo Dass fully recognises "how defective at the present time are the remuneration and prospects of the teachers in schools. "This is a deplorable state of things and we can hardly expect any educational reform to be effective, unless the pay and prospects of the teachers are improved" (page 126). He suggests that Government should set the example of improving the terms of service. "If Government raises its scale of salaries, as it can do and ought to do, that will have a beneficial effect all round.

Where there is so much to welcome and admire, one unwillingly offers criticisms to an opposite tenor. Yet there are one or two statements in this book which I could wish away, because I think them both mistaken in substance and prejudicial in their effects. Sir Gooroo Dass Banerjee lends the weight of his name and influence to the illusion that in a preceding golden age, the relation of students to their professors—and it is unfortunately European professors, a small minority, who are singled out—were ideal, whereas now (it is implied) they are far from being so. "European professors treated their Indian pupils with kindness; when occasion arose for severity of treatment, it was a loving severity: and their pupils in return showed them affectionate reverence. But unhappily the state of things is somewhat different" (page 129). The plain inference is that European professors no longer treat their Indian pupils 'with kindness' and that there is severity which is no longer 'loving.' Now I believe, as the result of careful observation for many years, that this is an illusion, a fallacy due entirely to an unnoticed but very material change in the measure by which judgment is taken. There is no doubt that students nowadays are more sensitive, more exacting, less willing to give and take, less ready to interpret in good part. They too often view their European professors through a mist created by patriotic oratory, by foolish talk of the colour line in education and the deliberate slanders of certain Calcutta newspapers. The wonder rather is that there is so much goodwill left. And there is a great deal on both sides. But it is an absurd fallacy that the European professor to-day does less for his pupils, or is more severe in judgment of them. I happen myself to be a link between the past generation of professors—of the great days of Tawney, Croft, Pedler and the rest! and I know. The tendency has been all the

other way. The standard required of European professors is now very much higher (see the principles of University Reform *passim*). I have myself helped to raise the standard and I do not repent of it. But I am sorry when I see the facts misrepresented; and it gives me real pain to find Sir Gooroo Dass Banerjee giving countenance to views at once so contrary to the facts and so prejudicial to the best interests of teachers and taught.

Again I venture to think that reference to supposed doctrines that the Indians are not really Aryans (page 74 and again on page 130) as prejudicially affecting views and behaviour among those who have to do with education, both unnecessary and inexpedient. I do not believe that any one whose opinion needs to be taken into account, holds "that the brain and the intellect of the Indians are inferior to those of the Europeans." I have sometimes heard a converse view expressed. Still less may I be persuaded that to any appreciable extent professors in colleges are induced by ethnologists' speculations about the Mongolo-Dravidian type "to give way to a latent subconscious contempt for Indians as an inferior race of man." I have seen very little evidence of such contempt. The prevailing feeling among European professors is unquestionably of kindly interest and sympathy: what else is possible on the foundation of the essential relation between teachers and pupils! If occasionally, in rare cases, there is a tinge of dislike, is it wonderful, seeing the opinions allowed to be abroad amongst students, that the patience of individuals sometimes here and there gives way? Would it be strange, if in some instances the Englishman, finding himself disliked and misinterpreted, at times disliked a little in return? I appeal to the candid reader whether the tables are not completely turned in these days. The poor, despised Indian student has come to be a myth. It is the "alien" professor, working in a no longer very friendly or happy environment, who really claims the sympathy of the discerning. Or rather the greater truth is that there is abundant scope for mutual helpfulness, kindness, sympathy, co-operation, as much now as in any past times; and that it is by goodwill and mutual trust that the great ends of education in India, as elsewhere, will be forwarded. Here fortunately, there is no difference of opinion, and I am merely ranging myself alongside the revered author of this book. Taken in its entirety, Sir Gooroo Dass Banerjee's book contains an abundance of valuable and helpful suggestions and is worth reading and thinking over from the first page to the last.

Late News.

THE news of the death of Mr. Gokhale on the night of Friday February the 19th, has caused a profound sense of sorrow throughout the length and breadth of India. Admiration for his gifts and services and grief for the untimely cutting short of a life so valuable have been universal. It is felt alike among the public of every class and in official circles. It is difficult to appraise the full extent of the loss. India has lost the most eminent of her public men, a statesman wise and able, a firm patriot, a most gifted speaker. We in colleges feel that we have peculiar rights in this general grief, partly because of the supreme importance which Mr. Gokhale attached to the subject of education, and not least his devoted advocacy of the cause of Primary education ; and also, in part, because for so many years of his life Mr. Gokhale was himself a teacher. As is well known, he was for twenty years on the staff of the Fergusson College, Poona. As a teacher he worked with rare devotion, and for a salary from which most of our graduates would turn away with scorn. And then he founded the brotherhood of the Servants of India, and has himself set a splendid example of disinterested service. A meeting of the College to express our grief and sense of loss was held on Friday, February the 26th. The Principal presided and the following resolution was passed :—

“ That this meeting of the Staff and students of Presidency College records its deep sense of the loss sustained by the Government and people of India through the untimely death of the Hon’ble Mr. Gokhale in whom they recognize a statesman gifted, wise, moderate and a true lover of the country.”



Professor Khagendranath Mitra resigned the Secretaryship of the Calcutta University Institute on the 24th of February last. Professor Mitra like his predecessors, all professors of Presidency College, contributed his best care to the work, being closely associated with the “ Institute ” for the last ten years, as senior member, Deputy Secretary under Professor Binayendra Nath Sen, as Secretary, and lastly as Joint Secretary. He was elected Joint Secretary last February for the senior members of the Institute though the vast bulk of the work of the University Institute weighed too heavily on the shoulders of one man.

This alone is a compliment to him. The reception of the Hardinge

autograph to the Junior Members, the Hardinge Challenge Shield, the contribution of 4,000 rupees from their Excellencies Lord and Lady Hardinge, the increase in the number of Junior Members from 800 to 2500, the sanction of the Imperial grant of 3 lacs of rupees are some of the notable events during his Secretaryship. He infused new life into the Institute, improved its organ, *The Calcutta University Magazine*, and regularized its proceedings.

The loss of such a devoted worker by the Institute at such a critical moment of its life is severe; to Presidency College men it is, as it were, "the parting of the old days"—the old days of C. R. Wilson, H. R. James, Jogendra Nath Das Gupta, Subodh Chandra Mahalanobis, Binayendra Nath Sen. To Professor Mitra it is a great satisfaction that he did his duty "whole-heartedly, fearlessly and well."



Every member of the College will hear of the fresh laurels Dr. J. C. Bose is winning in America with the exultation of a personal acquisition.

At the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Philadelphia, Professor Bose gave an address on his discoveries before the leading scientific men of America. Striking and novel experiments were shown, demonstrating the unity of response in plant and animal life. Dr. Bose, at the conclusion of his address, received an ovation from the assembled savants. Professor Ganong, the leading plant-physiologist, declared that his own apparatus, adopted in European and American laboratories as standards, was crude compared to the marvellous instruments invented by Professor Bose. Plant-physiologists had their attention directed hitherto to mere mechanical and descriptive phenomena. Professor Bose was the first to create a new living science by his wonderful theoretical insight and by means of his instruments of extraordinary delicacy, by which the plant is made to reveal its own inner history through scripts made by itself.

Professor Bose's discoveries have created a great sensation in America. The *Philadelphia Press*, referring to the meeting, says:—"Another addition was made yesterday to the list of scientific achievements when Dr. J. C. Bose, the Hindu savant, before a distinguished gathering of surgeons and botanists in the Medical Laboratory of the University of Pennsylvania, successfully anaesthetised a plant and exhibited its declining reactions. The mere success of the operation was

acclaimed as marvellous by those present, but even more noteworthy, it was declared, were the conclusions Dr. Bose reached. By means of microscopic projections, Dr. Bose showed that poisonous solutions injected into the plant produced the same effect as on animal tissue. He further drew other striking parallels between automatic response in plant and similar activity in man. These experiments were the first of the kind that have ever been exhibited. Dr. Bose made an impressive figure among the hundreds of scientists assembled, and, in the opinion of his compeers, he placed himself, by his experiments, among the foremost of investigators."

As the result of Professor Bose's address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Philadelphia, numerous invitations have been sent to address the various Universities and leading scientific associations in America. At Washington, three scientific associations—the Academy of Science, the Botanical Society and the State Bureau of Plant Industry—organized a joint special meeting for the demonstration of Professor Bose's discoveries. The economic importance of these researches in the advancement of agriculture is fully realized in America where the grant for the furtherance of plant industry amounts to no less than twenty-three million dollars a year. The following account of Dr. Bose's lecture appears in the *Washington Evening Star*.:—

"That plants, like animals, respond to anæsthetics, drugs and other stimulants and exhibit all the symptoms of death agonies, was demonstrated to a large audience of Washington scientists in a lecture by Professor J. C. Bose, one of the world's authorities in the field of electrical physiology. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Washington Academy of Sciences, the Botanical Society, and the State Bureau of Plant Industry. It attracted an audience which packed the Assembly Hall, while many persons were unable to obtain even standing room. Professor Bose for more than an hour entertained his audience with an account of his principal discoveries of plant-life phenomena. These discoveries show that there is not a single physiological phenomenon in the animal which is not duplicated in the plant.

"The Bengali scientist conducted an experiment with an apparatus invented by him, which enables the plant to show on the screen that it feels or responds to all kinds of mechanical and chemical injuries as much as animals do and that at the moment of death convulsive movement takes place. By pinching a cauliflower plant with this

apparatus the sensation experienced by the plant was thrown on the screen in the form of a light wave. Professor Bose exhibited diagrams showing how it is possible to measure the speed of plant's nervous impulses and demonstrating the existence of throbbing, pulsating organs."

The New York *Tribune* fancifully says:—"Professor Bose is travelling over the world at the instance of the Indian Government, with the view of making his discoveries known. As his researches into plant life tend to show in a remarkable fashion the unity of life, he and his Government feel that in thus visiting other countries in the name of science, which is universal in its appeal and whose home can be bounded by neither rivers nor mountain chains, they are contributing to the cause of world unity. The veteran scientist, Dr. Graham Bell, the renowned inventor of the telephone, gave a special dinner in honour of Professor Bose, and a reception was held where the leading scientific men of Washington were introduced to him."



The following is the text of the address presented to Dr. P. C. Ray by the Society for Promoting Scientific Knowledge:—

Sir,—We the members of the Society for Promoting Scientific Knowledge esteem it a unique honour and a rare privilege to be permitted to accord you a respectful welcome to the capital of the Punjab. In doing so, we need hardly assure you that your name is cherished with no less reverence, pride and affection in this land of five rivers, the cradle of Aryan civilization and progress, than in any other part of the country.

2. Simple and unassuming like the *rishis* of Ancient India, you have devoted your undivided attention to unravelling the mysteries of nature. Your brilliant and epoch-making researches in the realm of Chemistry have not only brought you deserved fame as an eminent chemist, but have made a lasting and valuable contribution to the storehouse of human knowledge.

3. Your original investigations, remarkable as they have been, are not the only title to our gratitude. By training a band of young scientists to supplement and continue your noble work, you have deservedly earned the title of Father of the Bengal School of Chemists, and your laboratory has been rightly called by a distinguished French professor "the nursery from which issue forth the Chemists of India." Another achievement of yours, which must be recalled, is the establishment of the Bengal Chemical and Pharmaceutical Works, which has proved an important and successful industrial enterprise.

4. Not only has your rich example and noble inspiration served to dispel the reproach that modern India cannot successfully hold its own in scientific research, you have shown how considerable were the attainments of Ancient India in this field by your monumental work 'History of Hindu Chemistry,' a work of which, in the words of the Vice-Chancellor of the Newcastle Convocation, "both the scientific and linguistic attainments are equally remarkable, and of which, if of any book, we may pronounce that it is definitive."

5. And finally, Sir, you have laid the Punjab under a further debt of obligation by accepting the invitation of our University to come, at great inconvenience and sacrifice of your valuable time, to this distant province to deliver a short course of lectures on your remarkable discoveries.

6. In conclusion, we beg to offer you once again our most cordial welcome and wish you energy and strength to continue to win fresh laurels of fame for yourself and your country.

We beg to remain,

Sir,

Your obedient servants,

THE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY FOR
PROMOTING SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE,

LAHORE.



The Second and Third Year Chemistry students should deem themselves fortunate in securing the hospitality of no less a person than Dr. P. C. Ray. They were entertained by batches on two different days last December and they had a jolly good time of it. Dr. Ray, it is said, was all attention to his young student guests. The programme included a tour round the workshops, merry-making, and last but not the least a good treat. After the first two items of the programme were over, the guests were given a good opportunity of experimenting upon chemical compounds in the shape of *leechis*, *rasagollas*, *sandeshas* and other such things as make the tongue water. We are speaking from personal experience when we say that the young latent chemists did full justice to this opportunity—several of them being absent during supper-time in the evening.



It is with deep regret that we have come to know of the death of one of our brilliant old men. Dr. Aghore Nath Chatterjee, D.Sc. (Edin.), the father of the gifted poetess Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, was the first Indian to win the Hope Prize in Edinburgh University. After having finished his career in Edinburgh, he further pursued his studies in the University of Bönn. After a distinguished scholastic career he took up educational work here—the principal college with which he was connected being the Nizam's College, Hyderabad.



Professor J. N. Das Gupta recently delivered three lectures at Dacca in connection with the scheme of University Extension lectures which the authorities of the University are endeavouring to organise. The first of these lectures was delivered on the 9th March at the Dacca College under the presidency of the College Principal, another was deli-

vered at the Jagannath College, while the third was addressed to a number of graduates assembled in a public hall. These lectures were very largely attended, and it is gratifying to note that they have served to stimulate great enthusiasm among the University graduates and undergraduates at Dacca.

* * *

Our Contemporaries.—We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following of our Contemporaries:—

Ananda Mohan College Magazine.

Bijnan.

Bangabasi College Magazine.

Calcutta University Magazine.

Canning College Magazine.

Christ Church.

Dacca Review and Sammilani Educational Review.

Holkar College Magazine.

Kushadaha.

Lucknow College Magazine.

Patna College Magazine.

Rangoon College Magazine.

To Gopal Krishna Gokhale.

By G. S. DUTT, I.C.S.

Cut off too soon, alas, by Fate's grim hand—
 'Servant of India' truest that e'er breath'd—
 Thou ! who, example deathless hast bequeath'd
 Of service to thy dearest Motherland !

Thy hallowed memory will death withstand,
 Illuming India's path with lustre clear :
 Death has but made us feel thy presence near,
 It will but swell the numbers of thy band !

Thy fiery spirit, pure, immaculate,
 Has now, consuming flesh's too frail confine,
 Spread o'er this land in thy great heart enshrined ;—
 Its sacred flame will there for ever shine,
 The dross and sham to burn : to consecrate
 The pure and good and true in heart and mind.

Convocation Supplement.

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**Calcutta University Convocation,
March 6, 1915.**

The Chancellor's Address.

(H.E. The Right Hon'ble Baron Hardinge of Penshurst.)

IT gives me much pleasure to preside once more at your Convocation, and to welcome Dr. Sarbadhikary to the first Convocation at which he has officiated as Vice-Chancellor. Few people realise the great volume of work, worry and responsibility that falls to the Vice-Chancellor, and I think we all owe him a debt of gratitude for so cheerfully shouldering this burden and wish him every success in his heavy task.

As I have already said on a previous occasion, I value my position as Chancellor of the Calcutta University, especially because it brings me into direct contact with the students of India in whose welfare I am keenly interested. I am also glad to think that, during my Vice-royalty, there has been considerable progress in university education.

In 1904 the universities of India were invited to take a higher part in the educational activity of the country than the mere examination of students taught in independent colleges. The Government of India assisted them by funds to obtain closer control over the affiliated colleges by means of periodical inspection. The funds however were not forthcoming at that time to enable our universities to undertake the

important functions of teaching and research, and I am pleased to think that, during my term of office, Government have been able to place universities in a position to perform this duty. It is a matter of congratulation that this example has been followed with generous gifts from two of your fellow-citizens—I mean the late Sir Taraknath Palit and Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh. In the past few years the Government of India have contributed Rs. 12,00,000 for the capital requirements of your university, which also now draws an annual sum of Rs. 1,28,000 by way of subsidy towards its recurring requirements—a sum, the capitalised value of which amounts to more than 36½ lacs.

I do not propose to give you a history of all that has passed in this period. Indeed, it would be impossible to do so; for the movement which has been initiated is as yet incomplete. We still stand on the threshold and amid the preliminary difficulties of what I believe to be a new era in the history of Indian universities, their transition from a purely examining to a partly teaching university type. I may point out that the number of Arts College students in the area over which your University holds jurisdiction has, between 1910 and 1914, nearly doubled, increasing from over 9,000 to nearly 18,000, the annual number of your matriculates has increased from nearly 3,000 to nearly 7,000, that of your graduates has trebled, and that of those who pass the master's degree has quadrupled; and I might elaborate this expansion along many lines and ask you to reflect what this great expansion means. I prefer, however, on this occasion to confine myself to three special considerations, which to my mind are of the first importance.

The first is the increased interest which has arisen in the teaching of science subjects. University inspection combined with an ordered procedure in affiliation has, I believe, considerably raised the standard of instruction in the colleges. Some of the laboratories attached to these institutions can now compare favourably with any in the world. The teaching staffs have been strengthened. Your advanced students produce papers dealing with subjects of research which are accepted by leading scientific journals in Europe. The benefactions to which I alluded above were both made for the advancement of scientific teaching and research. I am not fully aware of the dispositions you propose for the utilisation of these donations or of the Rs. 12,000 a year of Imperial grant which is to be expended on the upkeep of your university laboratories. But, much as we admire the triumphs which India has achieved in the field of humanitarian studies, it is a matter for satisfaction that her sons are now advancing along the path which will

enable her to take her due place in a civilisation which demands other qualities besides those of poetic sense or philosophic contemplation. While I am on this theme, I should like to acknowledge similar advances made elsewhere. For Bengal is not alone in her awakening to the need of scientific training. In Bombay the contributions of a few public-minded citizens to the proposed Royal Institute of Science have totalled nearly 25 lacs, while Sir Chinubhai Madhav Lal has endowed the Institute of Science of Ahmedabad with six lacs, giving a further two lacs to the Gujarat College with which it is associated.

The second point which I note is this: The universities of India have recently made laudable efforts, which have been substantially aided by my Government, to provide for themselves local habitations in the shape of buildings befitting their dignity, and libraries where their *alumni* may learn the use of books and the methods of investigation and research, which collections of books alone make possible. Nor has Calcutta been behindhand. Thanks to the generosity of the Maharaja of Darbhanga, you are now possessed of a handsome library. The students of your Law College are accommodated in a hostel towards which my Government contributed three lacs. We have also made a grant of eight lacs for the purchase of a valuable site which abuts on your university buildings and the acquisition of which should permit of a further extension.

CONDITIONS OF STUDENT LIFE.

The last subject on which I shall speak is one upon which I feel strongly. Early in my term of office I made a point of personally investigating the conditions in which students in Calcutta reside. It is a matter of common knowledge that these conditions leave much to be desired and that, even where in default of hostels the lodgings occupied are unobjectionable on sanitary or other grounds, there is little chance for that community and pleasant intercourse of life which Cardinal Newman described as worth more than all the teaching and examination which a non-residential university can provide. Two years ago, your Vice-Chancellor described it as a matter of the deepest regret that visible progress had not yet been effected in the erection of hostels for colleges in the city other than the University Law College; "and", he continued, "to all interested in the welfare of our students, it is still a matter of grave concern that they continue in many instances to live under very unfavourable conditions." The University Law College has a commodious hostel; I am proud that it bears my name. There are

also good hostels attached to some of the colleges. But I understand that a large number of University students and practically all of those of certain colleges have no place of residence save what they can find, in the shape sometimes of licensed and subsidised hostels, up and down the city. In the past few years, my Government has given out a capital grant of 14 lacs for hostels in Calcutta, exclusive of the three lacs given for the Hardinge Hostel, and of a further 24½ lacs given for hostels in the mofussil. Imperial Funds have also contributed over 3½ lacs towards the building of the University Institute on the completion and success of which I lay great stress as one of the few social links which may bind your students into the corporate life proper to a university. Thus Government has done much. But I cannot conceal from myself that much more still remains to be done. And I would urge upon the University the desirability of consolidating its work by some concentration of energy on the residential system, without which the creation of new chairs and the construction of new laboratories are but too likely to prove of little avail. With a view to contribute towards this end and to commemorate this visit, I am glad to announce that my Government will make a further capital grant of ten lacs to the University of Calcutta, on certain conditions, for the building of hostels for undergraduates studying in affiliated colleges in Calcutta.

COUNSEL TO THE STUDENTS.

As this is the last occasion upon which I shall have the honour of presiding as your Chancellor at the Convocation, I would like to address a few words to the students of the University.

I have myself been a student at the University of Cambridge for a spell of 3½ years; and although I can recall periods of what seemed to me then hard work and unwelcome drudgery, I now look back upon that time with grateful enthusiasm as some of the happiest years of my life. I am aware that my tutor was a little disappointed with me and the results of my examinations; still it is not by the results of examinations that one is truly able to gauge whether a young man has profited or not by his residence in the University. Nor can it be said that the standard of education of a student and his utility in after-life depend upon the knowledge in some special subject that he is able to assimilate in his brain for the time being. Still, what I learnt, and what I veritably believe to be even more valuable for practical life in this world, was the power of concentration and assimilation, and these are qualities that each and every student should assiduously cultivate

for himself and that no tutor, however gifted, can teach. I feel that I have here made a personal digression, but what I wish to say a few words about to you to-day is the meaning of university life and the part that you students should play in it. In the modern State one of the chief objects of those who are responsible for its good government should be the encouragement of the moral and intellectual development of the people. The natural channel through which such progress should be safely obtained is through its educational establishments, such as universities and schools. The primary schools are the lowest of such institutions and are intended to educate and raise the people of the soil, while the secondary schools, to which a comparatively limited number proceed, are utilised for the development of education and expansion of knowledge amongst a class of people who, as useful members of the commonwealth, are in a position to exercise a beneficial influence on their surroundings, and on those who have not had the privilege of enjoying similar advantages. But it is from the universities that we hope and expect to find those pioneers of higher intellectual thought and reason, who not only contribute to the knowledge of the world, but also impress upon the State the individuality of their views and the refining influence of their higher aspirations. In this sense the university plays a very important part in the State since it is indisputable that, with but few exceptions, those who rise to the highest positions in the public and intellectual life of the nation are those who have passed through the portals of the university and have thereby acquired not merely academic knowledge but a wider outlook upon life, together with a more penetrating insight into the ways and character of men. It is the higher and more intelligent life of the university that should be the training ground of the nation's most distinguished sons, whether in public life or in the highest intellectual pursuits. Thus it is in accordance with the duty of the State and an act of patriotism in all those concerned, to maintain the universities at the highest possible level of intellectual efficiency, and in so doing they may rest assured that, with the course of time, men of the highest talent and intellect will emerge, and that their efforts will not have been in vain.

Now it is as well that students also should realise their duties and responsibilities towards the University of which each one of them is a small but component part. Just as they enjoy the advantage of the prestige of the University so they should do all in their power to maintain and even to uplift it. The best way to do this is to make

the utmost of their opportunities, to foster noble thoughts, to develop intellectual ideas and to strive to live at a higher level of life. The path is hard and stony, and it is only by incessant toil and strenuous effort that the goal of learning can be reached. It is not in the back-waters of university life, but in the full stream of mental activity and intellectual competition produced by contact with greater minds that the cultivation of the intellect can be perfected. These are opportunities which present themselves during your university career. To reap the full benefit of your residence at the university you must strive for concentration in your ideas and assiduity in your studies. At the same time there is plenty of room for enjoyment, and toil brings with it its own reward, its own pleasures and its own happiness. Those who aim at reaching the highest plane must live accordingly, and must look for their pleasures and enjoyment in the lighter side of intellectual research. Do not forget that "the night cometh when no man can work."

THE VALUE OF CHARACTER.

So also with character, without which learning is of no avail, to secure success in life. The precepts and principles of character can only be inculcated from earliest childhood and cannot be taught, though they may be inspired by noble example. As was said recently by a great English statesman—" You cannot have a class of character or a class of morals, but you can imbue individuals with the tone and atmosphere, of your universities and your professors." It is character in combination with learning that makes a man, the man of whom the State needs so many, and for whom the demand is unfortunately far greater than the supply. Man is as he made himself; man will be as he makes himself. It is true that external circumstances may influence the development of a man, nevertheless his ultimate formation depends largely upon himself, and in his daily life he is determining his own future and what sort of man he shall be. The highest code of ethics and of chivalry, embracing honour, loyalty, uprightness and devotion to duty for duty's sake are qualities that must be cultivated from infancy, and a noble character creates by noble deeds a source of inspiration and provides an example for future emulation. These are the men who succeed in the world's rivalry, and it is such men that I would wish to see trained and developed in this great University. India has need of every one of such men and the need grows greater every day. So long as such men are produced in these seats of learning no nation need despair, and I look forward with the hope and

confidence that the students of this University in particular may even now and in the future so shape their lives that on their arrival at the age of maturity they may each in their own way, whether in the field of literature or science or whether in public or private life, render valuable assistance and co-operation to the Government of India in welding together into one civilised and progressive whole the destinies of this great Empire. They should also endeavour to show to the world that the East is not only recovering its former position of supremacy in the arts and sciences, but that India is at the same time training up a race of men who in the words of Milton, the great poet and educationist, shall be "enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages."

And now I have done, and it remains for me to take leave of you all, and in doing so I wish to tell you how much the young men of India will always be in my thoughts and in my prayers for their own welfare and the prosperity of this Indian Empire so largely dependent upon them and their efforts. I would like to add on this occasion that it has been to me a source of great satisfaction to learn that there is a large number of medical students of this University amongst the Ambulance Corps recently formed and offered by Calcutta to the military authorities for employment with our troops overseas—an offer which the Government of India have gratefully accepted. Although its destination has not yet been definitely settled, this Ambulance Corps will probably be employed in Mesopotamia and possibly as a river ambulance service. I am confident it will do well. With these few words I bid you farewell, and may God bless this University to all time.

I will now call upon the Vice-Chancellor to address the Convocation.

The Viceroy then requested the Vice-Chancellor to address the Convocation.

The Vice-Chancellor's Address.

(*The Hon'ble Dr. Devaprasad Sarvadikary, M.A., LL.D., C.I.E.*)

THE WAR AND CULTURE.

SINCE we met last in Convocation, momentous changes have come over the world at large and no less over the academic world. In the name of culture—an honoured name now covered with shame and ignominy—unmaking of history is being attempted on an unheard of scale, with ruthlessness that few classic expletives will aptly portray. Strife that no recorded chronicle can parallel, beggaring what Homer, Vyās, Valmiki, or Markandeya dared depict, is raging for the negation of human progress, under colour of “biological necessity” and for “undoing historical wrong”, whatever that may signify. To baffle this, the resources of the powers ranged on the side of righteousness and order are being strained to the breaking point. Soul-uplifting tenets have been distorted and the land of Goethe has debased them for gross purposes in a manner befitting the diseased and degenerate channels through which such teachings, bereft of their true innerness, passed. To the East the blow is doubly distressing. While sharing the material losses and sufferings of the West, it has the additional mortification of moral and spiritual discomfiture by reason of the woeful backslidings of those who, ere now, held up to the admiring gaze of the Western world teachings of which they have now proved the worst mockers.

Whence comes this conflict between ideals and practice, this war between spirit and matter, that threatens to raze to the ground the edifice of a lofty idealism that, with the aid of Oriental thoughts, Germany helped to build up? What has led an entire people to this frenzied aberration? Is it not because they have thought of storming the fortress of reason by force? They have sought to enter the Temple, not bare-footed and lowly, as were meet, but in Blücher boots and with clanging hangers, forgetting that even the Titans failed to scale the heavens and take them by violence. “Heroes of force without scruple,” they forget that possession of the key to the sanctuary—nay the very right to “worship at the Gate”, must be founded on essential moral qualifications. Without the gift of the inner vision, the Book of Wisdom, though open, would remain sealed with seven seals. A spiritual philosophy, teaching the soul's domination of matter—a philosophy that has in other ages and other climes been the mother

of Charity and the handmaiden of Peace, has on Prussian soil bred a new atheistic brood,—the doctrine of the Superman and of the new “dispensing power,” the power of the State to abolish the unwritten moral charter of mankind, contemptuously called by “Kultur,” “Slave Morality.” The churned ocean, so the tradition runs, yielded both nectar and poison; but poison such as even the Great Good, *Parama Shiva*, could with difficulty withstand, became Germany’s portion.

Some like Shopenheur sought Eastern lore and wisdom to assuage the burning thirst; they chose not however the pure and undefiled fountain head of the *Upanishads* but turbid streams turned westward by amiable but unentitled delitantes like Dara Shekoh and Dupperron.

Gradually rose the fetish of a supreme and ultimate State Efficiency, the new Absolute with the mailed fist,—the modern Moloch on whose altar individuals, families, nay, whole peoples, were to be sacrificed.

A rigid absolutism crushing down by sheer mass and dead weight, and by drill and routine, all instinct, initiative and free play of spontaneity has been the order of the Day. And most potent has this hypnotism been in the academic world. Now that the barrack view of human life has been seen bare in all its ugliness, we may hope that the educational, the social and the economic ideals of the world will be freed from the baneful spell cast upon them. German history, economics, and philosophy manufactured to Imperial order for State purposes can no longer hold sway, however much vassal scholarship may debase itself and unwilling Science be “harnessed to the chariot of destruction.” Captive science will be once more freed from her chains by the Angel of wisdom.

The ancient story of Indra and Virochana as to the choice between wisdom and power has been re-enacted in the field of German thought.

German philosophy has been struck blind; she has ignored the basic principle of life. Not unity of Being, but diversity of Becoming has been her latter-day quest,—not the harmony of the All, as correcting, chastening, and filling all-egoisms and individualities. Instead, there is an eternal rush, an eternal cycle of misery and unrest, as the goalless goal; and most woeful of all, the melancholy madness of turning away from the Eternal Peace, the tranquil, the ineffable One, abiding in His Seat, the heart of the world.

THE WAR AND THE UNIVERSITIES.

When the latent and untamed *Asura* in man, masquerading as the spurious Superman, was let loose and manifested itself in remorseless

savagery, a campaign of criminal destruction of Universities, Libraries, Churches, Museums, and priceless Works of Art began,—the like of which was never witnessed since the treasures of Alexandria and Pekin were consigned to the flames. All that is right and good and true was apparently to end alike, in order that Wrong alone should reign supreme and have nothing left to compare itself with but its own ghastly self. It came to be openly avowed that to crush out a nation's vitality, to debase and terrorise it for all time, its material, intellectual and spiritual well-being must alike be crushed and engines of destruction must be directed to that end and not merely to conquest. Appalling war-ethics, against which even childhood and womanhood are not proof, have been set up in justification.

Nowhere would this overthrow of the olden order be more keenly felt and resented than in seats of learning charged with the maintenance of the world's ideals, and promotion of genuine culture. No University that realizes its responsibilities can let such a travesty of ethics pass unchallenged. The Syndicate felt it its duty to raise its voice of strong protest, for the moment unheeded, against such barbarism and to express its deepest sympathy with time-honoured seats of learning like Louvain in their sufferings.

Unwilling to withhold the due meed of praise even from the enemy whose contributions in the past to the world of Science and Literature have otherwise been considerable, one is bound to take stock of the situation in the light of the terrible happenings around and safe-guard culture,—the test and strength of which always is the protection of the weak and due respect for others' rights. In Ruskin's memorable words races, like individuals, can only reach their true strength, dignity or joy in seeking each the welfare and exulting in the glory of the other. True culture, with its inalienable adjunct of "Sweetness and Light" is, in the Seer's words, a perpetual compact of our different strengths to contend for justice, mercy and truth throughout the world. Purification by fire and sword which has been invoked, will, it is to be hoped, induce a new and better revival, the birth pangs of which are shaking the foundations of the world. Thus alone would the good be rescued and the wicked confused; thus from age to age is Righteousness enthroned.

Thanks to the strong arm that protects us, in our own peaceable seats of learning here, we are free to follow congenial pursuits which in similar Western seats are for a time suspended. It is doubly our duty now—to cultivate and conserve ideals that were our making in the

past and are our hope of the future and that helped some in the West less than we had fondly imagined. There is reason for abundant gratitude for ability and means to continue our work.

Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, St. Andrews and other Universities, as well as schools like Eton and Harrow, the kindly hospitality of which to your delegates three years ago is never to be forgotten, have sent out students and professors in their hundreds for avenging Humanity's wrongs. Many of our students in England have contributed their humble quota to the work in hand, readily falling into their appointed place as combatants or non-combatants as occasion demands. Their work, it is gratifying to note, is well spoken of.

England and India have long been working together in fields of peace, the victories of which are no less glorious than those of war. They have now been called upon to fight side by side in the common cause. And not alone the constituted Army of India,—which has earned the high commendation of His Majesty the King-Emperor for gallantry and steadiness in hitherto unfamiliar fields of battle—but Indian civilians as well, have opportunities of responding to the call. It was Great Britain's singular triumph to encircle the world with a girdle of steel. To-day she has achieved a greater glory and is able to summon and receive prompt and willing assistance in defence of the Empire from all parts of the globe. A ring of a different kind has however now been drawn around. If it be a great triumph for British bayonets and "wireless" masts to glitter in twenty-four hours of unbroken sunshine—it is still more glorious to have been able to encircle the world with a girdle of united prayer from all races and creeds, reaching the Almighty's Throne in the cause of Righteousness. And it is encouraging to feel that Advancement of Learning, with which England has always been identified, has played a notable part in attaining this great end.

We, who are yet so distant from the seat of War and consequent sufferings, but little realise its agonies. How homes hitherto bright and cheery have been plunged into unfathomable grief that no one dares or cares to voice at such a juncture, how the hope and the flower of the family in tender and innocent youth have gone forth to battle against odds, how they have stemmed the tide of impending disaster in a strife in which proprieties of life and conventions of morality, decorum and religion are mercilessly trampled upon, and how in so doing have been readily laid down lives of abounding promise from the highest to the humblest, and how visitations of inexpressible savagery are being

calmly, yea cheerily, met in all ranks and by all nationalities gathered round the flags of the Allies, is now common history that will be the world's rich heritage for all time to come. With unwavering determination the struggle continues and thinned but unyielding ranks are readily filled by the magic cult that demands that every son of England—larger England that now is the entire Empire—shall do his Duty.

They must do so till Right once again proves itself mightier than Might, as of yore and from age to age.

OUR MEDICAL GRADUATES.

Our own active part is so far small. Several of our own Medical graduates who were standing by as members of the Volunteer Field Ambulance Corps now in the making and who never thought that their Degrees by themselves would be direct passports to the honoured glory of their King's commission, have by the leave of our Chancellor been summoned to service. As Lieutenants in the I.M.S. they and their comrades, who are graduates of the Universities of the Punjab, Madras, Bombay and some British Universities—all in fair independent practice—have quietly gone for unknown periods to unknown destinations, on a few hours' notice, true soldier fashion, to do their duty. A dying wife here, a sick child there, aged parents elsewhere have been left behind to be cared for by their country and their Government. Others with coveted positions in civil life are waiting to be called to any duty, humble or high, that may be assigned to them. Who could ever believe that such a Day was in store for Indian Medical Graduates? And these are no hurried make-shift arrangements to meet the pressing exigencies of the hour, that stand in danger of failure when put to the proof. The testimony of our Chancellor's expert Medical Advisers like Sir Pardey Lukis, who materially contributed to this unique recognition of our Medical Graduates, is amply to the contrary. Let us try and be not too proud of them.

How different was the picture drawn of our Medical Graduates by our first Vice-Chancellor 57 years ago :—

“It may also be doubted whether the social and religious peculiarities of the natives of this country have not contributed as powerfully as any constitutional infirmity or defect to that listlessness, and that indisposition to locomotion and adventure which have painfully distinguished some of the most promising graduates of the Medical College from the members of their profession of other races.”

And this was a faulty and overdrawn picture even then.

All this then had and now has one lesson only, and that is:—Let Indian Universities and their Graduates *justify* themselves. Let them follow steadily and fearlessly the new paths that have been opened out before them, which will take them to a new destiny never dreamt of before. Let the word of immediate recognition be not their only objective. Let them silently work on and reward will come at the proper hour.

THE BENGAL AMBULANCE CORPS.

The Bengal Volunteer Field Ambulance Corps itself, when completed, will form one of Bengal's humble war contributions to the Empire, and be no mean achievement of this University. Professors of Science and Literature holding high degrees of this University, lawyers in fair practice, teachers in comfortable positions, sons and relations of Government Officials, scions of some of the best houses of Bengal, heirs of rich merchants and traders are ready to render service to the wounded and the sick in the field. As Ambulance men, they seek once again to matriculate, so that by dint of worth and perseverance they may, by and by, be called to the higher degrees in life's sterner University in which, if the course is trying and heavy, glory and recompense without end also await them. They seem to be animated by the Job-like motto of the Founder of Calcutta :—

“ Pluck wins, it always wins;
Though days be dark,
Still Pluck wins.
He gains the prize who most endures,
Who faces issues, who never shirks,
Who works, who waits, who always works.”

There must be a steady satisfaction in the feeling that our Universities are beginning to be alive to national duties and responsibilities and to be sensitive to the atmosphere about them. Not alone to “knit the community together by common mental associations and enjoyments”, not alone to render service to learning and science, but to ennoble liberal education by its true adjunct, real Manliness, and to elevate character is not the least of the functions and privileges of an University. I dwell on some aspects of war to see how far this function is likely to be discharged and to consider how full fruition can be achieved. No event can now loom larger in any academic stock-taking. The beginning has been made and when the din of battle has died down and the smoke and the dust have cleared, England and India will, through events and agencies like these, be far closer to one another than ever, for humanity's good in fulfilment of Divine decree.

OUR CHANCELLOR.

For a moment another aspect of the War must engage our attention. We are highly thankful for the presence, this afternoon, of His Excellency the Chancellor, than whom Indian students and Indian education have no truer friend. But we receive him with a sorrowful heart. He has just paid a heavy war toll. It has been the lot of few Viceroys to bear such a load of trials and bereavements in so short a time and few have borne it more nobly. She that won him back to life not long ago, herself lay cold in death soon after in the distant home, when news of her speedy restoration to health was daily expected. The tragic end came almost at the moment when not very far from this spot thousands of young hearts for whose good she toiled, even with her last breath, were filled with prayers for her early recovery. Before this wound could heal, was readily laid down in the country's cause, another life, no less dear to him and of which he and his country and his Sovereign were justly proud. A quick succession of afflictions rare and cruel as these, daunt not your Chancellor's courageous heart. He whose unspoken watchwords ever have been Duty and Devotion, stands out as an exemplar before every member of his University, as the embodiment of the spirit of the Charge of Obligation of this day. In life's lesser troubles such a model will stand us all in good stead. In his unspeakable loss he has grown dearer to India as India has grown dearer unto him.

OUR MINOR WOES.

I shall shortly recount now some minor woes that the War has inflicted upon us. The supply of our books and scientific appliances has been cut short. Distinguished professors of assured place in the world of science like Drs. Hicks, Browne, Turner and Bateson, whose presence in our midst had been arranged on their way from the Congress of Scientists in Australia, were prevented from fulfilling their engagement much to our disappointment. Holders of our Guruprasanna Ghosh Scholarships, one of which for the first time was awarded to a promising artist, and other scholars have been prevented from proceeding to their work abroad. Our Science College Professors who needed special training have been sent away empty-handed from places that once glорied to be regarded as seats of learning, or have been interned. One may be grateful that the treatment of alien scholars in our midst is different.

OUR DEATH ROLL.

For a moment longer I must linger over grim war. It has deprived us of a good man, a true citizen and a brave soldier, who was long one of our Fellows—active, sympathetic and helpful—and who was a true friend of the country. India's defender in her dark days preceding the establishment of the University, her defender again against foreign inroads on the North-Western Frontier later, organizer and chief of her Army that ensured not alone internal peace but was often of use to England abroad, a friend of Temperance, purity and life's good conduct, Lord Roberts went home after forty-one years of devoted service to India, full of years and of honour. When the danger that he had ineffectively warned against came and when his beloved Indian soldiers were summoned to the front, he braved the inclemencies of the weather, turned a deaf ear to friends' entreaties and doctors' advice and went forth unprotected against the merciless wind, to cheer up his comrades in their hour of trial. If it was not given to him to die as his beloved and only son had done on the Tugela, he died within hearing of the cannon's roar, facing the enemy's trenches, and his King and his people honoured him and Indian Princes and his fellow-soldiers were his pall-bearers.

Though not an immediate and direct victim of the war, Dr. George Thibaut's end must have been hastened by its cares and anxieties. By his death India has lost one of the most able exponents of her ancient civilization and culture.

He assisted Professor Max Muller in bringing out the last volumes of the great edition of the Rigveda-Samhita with Sayana's commentary, and was practically responsible for the edition of the text of the Rigveda Hymns in two volumes. In 1875 Dr. Thibaut came to India as Professor in the Anglo-Sanskrit Department of the Benares Sanskrit College. Later on he held the posts of Principal, Queen's College and Sanskrit College, Benares, and of Principal, Muir Central College, Allahabad. After his retirement from Government service in 1906, he successively held the posts of Registrar, Allahabad University, and Registrar, Calcutta University. At the time of his death, he was Carmichael Professor of Ancient Indian History and Culture, and the President of our Board of Studies in History. He was also working on Ancient Indian Mathematics, researches in which field have become possible in the University by Maharaja Manindrachandra Nandi's endowment. Dr. Thibaut's contribution towards our knowledge of Indian Astronomy

and Mathematics, as well as of Indian Philosophy, are of the highest value. In his edition and translation of the *Sulva Sutras*, he was the first to explain and point out the significance of the oldest teaching of the Geometrical Science in India, and his views as to the originality of the Hindus in this respect, which was long contested by Western Historians of Mathematics, have been fully confirmed by recent research.

He materially assisted the publication department of the University and opened out possibilities in this direction that had not been adequately thought of before.

Quiet, devoted and fruitful scholarship received a blow in the untimely death of Pandit Nrisinhachandra Vidyaratna. Simple and unostentatious, he was one of those remarkable personalities who in spite of considerable powers are always subdued in their manners and whose restraint and reserve are never flurried by distraction or annoyance. He was born in 1847 and was descended from an ancient family of Pandits, specially famous for their erudition in *Nyaya* (Logic). They established many *tols* in their native village to impart Sanskrit education to which they devoted their whole energies and a greater part of their fortune, for students had not only to be educated free but maintained free as well, according to time-honoured traditions of the country at these seats of ancient learning. Since taking his M.A. degree, he was for some years engaged in studying the Hindu *Shastras* at a famous *tol* in Benares. After serving for three years in the Education Department, he joined the Bar, but soon left it in order to be of use to his *alma mater* in wider fields of usefulness. His educational works had as wide a circulation as they had a healthy influence.

Large-hearted and philanthropic he bore his burdens with Atlas-like coolness, and in spite of much to disturb his equanimity, his was an even scholarly life that shed its lustre far and wide.

Sanskrit Scholarship and scientific study of music sustained serious loss by Raja Sir Saurindramohan Tagore's death, which took place at the ripe old age of 74. He was recognized as the greatest musical authority in India. Bengali Literature and more specially Bengali Drama are greatly indebted, for the progress they have made within a comparatively short time, to him and to his illustrious brother, Maharaja Bahadur Sir Jatindramohan Tagore, one of our notable University benefactors. He reduced Hindu music to a system and was the first to teach it through a notation devised by himself. The value of his work was very widely recognized and he was the recipient of many high honours in Europe as well as here. His energies were not confined to

music and musical studies. He was a man of varied scholarship and wide culture, and was a great patron of Indian Art.

In 1880 he was appointed a Fellow of the Calcutta University, was made a C.I.E. and received the title of Raja. The high distinction of Knighthood was conferred upon him in 1884, this being the first Knighthood conferred upon a native of Bengal by Queen Victoria.

Old world grace and courtesy, fast becoming a thing of the past, lost heavily in the death of Shams-ul-Ulama Ahmad and the Senate lost a colleague, of high attainments as an Arabic and Persian scholar. He entered the Provincial Education Service in 1896 and after serving for some years as Senior Professor of Arabic and Persian in the Presidency College, was appointed as Head Maulvi of the Calcutta Madrasa, where he also acted as Principal for some months. He was one of the most prominent and useful members of the Board of Studies in Arabic and Persian and his services were often in requisition in compiling text-books for University Examinations. He was a zealous worker in the cause of education, and his affable and unostentatious manners endeared him to his colleagues and to all who knew him.

Overtaken by a painful affliction, Professor Kalipada Basu was a martyr to his sense of duty. After a distinguished academic career, he entered the Educational Service in 1889 and after serving with credit as a Lecturer and a Professor in several Government Colleges, he was appointed as Professor of Mathematics at the Dacca College in 1900. This post he held up to the time of his death. He was a Fellow of the University since 1910 and the author of several mathematical works. As an examiner in mathematics for successive years, he rendered valuable service to the University. He was a devoted educationist of high character and great attainments.

Babu Ganeshchandra Chandra, Vakil and Solicitor of the High Court, worked his way to the top of his profession by dint of sheer worth and devotion and won widespread esteem and affection. He was admitted within ten years of the admission of the first Indian member of his profession, and his success as one of the pioneers in a new profession opened out to Indians under altered conditions was singular. What might, nay assuredly would, have happened in many of our walks of life if the Occidentalist had not won may well be imagined. His command of the English language and powers of expression, his comprehension of facts, strong common sense and unfailing judgment were remarkable. His ability and probity always stood high. He

possessed all the dignity, courtesy and instincts of unaggressive but never-failing self-respect associated with the older school of Hindus. Yet he never allowed himself to be out of touch with the life around him and helped progress on whenever he could. There were various spheres of public usefulness in which Babu Ganeshchandra took a leading part. His death was deeply mourned by his friends and his colleagues—European and Indian alike. His Majesty's Judges met in Full Court to pay his memory the last tribute of respect, a singular honour, that had befallen few members of his profession which he had helped to elevate and dignify.

And last of all we mourn the death of that eminent educational benefactor, Sir Taraknath Palit, whose name will be held in reverence by posterity as of one who gave his all, and not what he could spare, in the cause that he cherished. On the magnitude and the circumstances of his singular munificence, which has been often spoken of in Convocation and Senate in befitting terms, I shall not now dilate. I prefer for the moment to view him in another light, as an essentially self-made man, who had to educate himself amidst enormous difficulties in which he was left in his early and unprotected life. How with unconquerable determination he overcame them and how in spite of initial handicap he attained phenomenal success are matters that our students may well take to heart. Reflect for a moment on his high intellectual capacities, his notable attainments and his resolute adherence to the objects that he had set to himself and you have the life story of a great worker whom no obstacles could daunt. As an advocate and as an organizer in difficulties he rarely had his equal and his clear intellect, incisive reasoning, deep erudition, unflinching zeal and single-minded devotion made him a leader in his profession and among men. Ever devoted to the cause of education, he felt that its full benefit would not accrue without substantial scientific grounding and broad-based technological training. It was a settled creed with him that without such a ground-work material prosperity of the country would be impossible. Moved by such considerations and convictions and uninfluenced by anything extraneous, he determined to have opened wide to his countrymen the door of scientific advancement. He took a peculiar pleasure in serving the mother-land, in his own chosen way, in the obscurity of the back ground, where he strove, toiled and planned, all by himself. There was never a movement of public utility in which if he did not actively participate, he did not patiently advise and quietly organize.

Through the willing co-operation of the educational authorities, official and private, general academic mourning was observed and unparalleled honour was shown to the memory of one whose renunciation was also unparalleled. Sir Taraknath's life story will be a rich legacy of lessons for all time to come.

LOSS BY RETIREMENT.

By the retirement of the Hon'ble Mr. B. K. Finnimore the Faculty of Engineering in particular have lost an expert of wide and varied experience whose opinions always carried great weight. After serving in several posts of trust and responsibility in the Public Works Department since 1881, in all of which he greatly distinguished himself, he was eventually appointed Chief Secretary to the Government of Bengal in the Public Works Department and a Member of the Legislative Council of Bengal. His thorough mastery of details of the special branch of the service to which he belonged and his sound judgment marked him out as a valued councillor on whose advice Government could always rely.

Rev. W. G. Brockway, B.A., was appointed a Fellow of this University in 1911. He was attached to the Faculty of Arts and was a member of the Boards of Studies in Teaching and in Geography, of which latter Board he was the President at the time of his retirement. He used to take a keen interest in secondary education in these Provinces and was indefatigable in his endeavours to introduce important changes in the system of education. He proceeded to England and countries on the continent to study the systems of secondary education, and on his return to Calcutta he was trying to improve the agency and to bring about reforms suggested by his European experience, when owing to reasons of health he was compelled to leave India for good. He was a devoted and enthusiastic worker who commanded the respect of all with whom he was brought into contact.

Rev. R. G. Milburn, B.A., was a valued member of the Faculty of Arts and of the Boards of Studies in English and in European classics. His utterances in the Faculty of Arts as well as the Senate were always frank and fearless. His deep sympathy with the wants and aspirations of the people of this country and his earnest zeal to co-operate with them in their endeavours to better their prospects were always prominent. By his retirement the Calcutta University has lost one of its staunch supporters, a veteran educationist, and a man possessing broad and generous views. His high character and lovable disposition made

him a host of friends, who deplore his early departure from the scene of his activities.

Major C. L. Peart was appointed a Fellow of this University in 1912. In response to the call of duty, Major Peart has left these shores and gone to the front. His attainments as an Arabic and Persian scholar marked him out as the fit and proper successor of Dr. D. H. Phillott. During the short period of his connection with the University, he rendered valuable service to the cause of Mahomedan education. He was the President of the Board of Studies in Arabic, Persian and Urdu, and proposed several comprehensive changes in the courses of study for University examinations, which are engaging the attention of the Syndicate and the Faculty of Arts.

Long after we forget the Judge and the Senator Sir Harry Stephen will live in our memory as a man. His work as a Fellow of this University was always helpful. Even in his retirement in the congenial neighbourhood of Cambridge he is always trying to be of use to the University, whether it be in the matter of selecting Professors for us or in any other way that his services may be in request. His abiding claims on the gratitude of the Calcutta public, however, always will be that there was hardly a matter of public utility affecting our life with which he did not thoroughly and whole-heartedly identify himself. What an admirable and lovable commander of our city soldiers at the juncture he would have made, will not be difficult to realize by those who knew anything of his volunteering work. None was keener for the welfare of the prisoner when his term had been served, and the waif and stray of Calcutta crowding "the Refuge" had never a truer friend. The Bagla Marwari Hospital was not the only philanthropic institution for the improvement of which Sir Harry toiled incessantly, and the possibilities of the social side of Calcutta were ever present in the mind of the President of the Calcutta Club. The gap in Calcutta life caused by Sir Harry Stephen's premature departure will be long difficult to fill up.

OUR WORK IS INCREASING.

Steadily depleted as we are of our workers, our work is steadily increasing in volume and complexity, as is eloquently witnessed by the figures Your Excellency has been pleased to quote.

It can hardly be that small as the number is that comes direct in touch with us, the influence proper of the University is not larger than these figures indicate. Not only by shaping the curriculum and courses of studies in our schools and colleges, and by applying our tests of

examinations, by exercising indirect and negative check on unauthorized and unaffiliated institutions, but also by training and influencing teachers and professors, and officers, in public and private service, and men engaged in the various professions, learned or otherwise, in the trades and industries and in commerce, in journalism and other avenues of employment and public usefulness, the University has exercised in the past and will exercise in the future influence of a widespread and far-reaching character, the magnitude of which is difficult adequately to measure. And such influence would be for good or evil as we shape our policy and courses and as we raise or lower our standard, intellectual as well as ethical.

Faced by work of this magnitude and complexity and following a long array of high placed and distinguished officials, my position as the first non-official Vice-Chancellor of the University, as Your Excellency was good enough to designate me in the gracious message last year, is one of no mean difficulty. The difficulty ordinarily great, because of the magnitude and complexity of the work, must be manifest when one has to come immediately after so indefatigable a worker, so capable an administrator and so gifted an organizer as the Hon'ble Justice Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee whose eight years of strenuous and unceasing work has left an abiding mark on all departments of the University. Mine must be the humble though responsible task of garnering the rich sheaf that my distinguished predecessors have helped in bringing home, in gathering together what lies about and in consolidating and supplementing, within the limitations of available resources.

OUR NEEDS.

Our long conserved reserves have nearly been spent in building and other work that would not wait. Our requirements are daily growing; our means by no means keep pace. Rigid economy in every direction becomes necessary and efficiency and smooth working sometimes suffer in consequence. We are cramped for space all round. We are handicapped for want of men and books and apparatus; but we try to get the best outturn we can from our slender and failing resources.

We realize there is more than room for improvement in many directions and have appointed committees to go into the conditions of education imparted in our schools and our colleges, for they are alike the mainstay of the University. A considerable amount of information is already available, which would indicate that within limitations of the means at the disposal of our schools and colleges the good work they

have done within the past few years is noteworthy. Little wonder that our defects are grave and many; but we need not wholly despair when we consider that elsewhere and under better auspices, the state of affairs is not very different. Bishop Weldon speaking at a recent conference of the Educational Associations of England complained that boys are sent out of Secondary Schools "with little knowledge of history and geography and often with little capacity for writing and spelling their own language or for reading and writing letters in French, German or Spanish, when it was this capacity which would serve them and their country in good stead at home and abroad." The last word has nowhere been said about educational methods, which is not the least of our difficulties in some directions. In another sitting of the same conference of educationists, a learned professor advocated one form of pronunciation and another said that if his son came home from school and pronounced in the way suggested he would be inclined to have him flogged. I mention these difficulties not by way of extenuation but more by way of insurance against despondency and of urging on further endeavours.

We unhesitatingly recognize that much remains to be done. But it is all a question of men and money and of money and men. The demand for education in all its branches is steadily growing every year. But the supply is woefully unequal. The hand of the clock cannot be set back and the demand must be met on approved lines. We cannot afford to ignore or belittle the demand if improper and uncontrolled education is to be at a discount. The complaint in former times used to be that there was no adequate demand for education, the complaint now is the other way.

OUR INCREASING NUMBERS.

Last year and the year previous after the results of our Examinations were published, many students could get no accommodation in any college. For the plucked students, the only means that could be devised, unless they were to drift as they chose, was to allow them to attend lectures in as many subjects as they could be made room for and on production of certificates that their studies in the other subjects had been kept up and assisted, to allow them partial exemption. We thought that it would be better that the student should have partial lectures in the third year of study (the full number of lectures having been attended during the first two years) rather than that after his failure he should be left absolutely to himself and be allowed to come

up as a non-collegiate student. We insisted upon this as it was found in working out the results that no more than seven per cent of non-collegiate students pass, though the percentage of passes of collegiate students is high, far too high as some would suggest. The colleges co-operated with us to the best of their power, and we are grateful. This year the difficulty is likely to be greater, for the admissions to our examinations are much larger than during the previous year. We have either to relax the regulations or compel a large number of students to give up higher studies. Either of these courses would be objectionable and the matter requires anxious and early consideration. Need for more colleges is apparent on all hands, and it is with satisfaction that I view the renewed movement for a college at Bhowanipur, which though proposed to be second grade for the present, will undoubtedly grow into a good First Grade College at no distant time. But many more colleges have to come. In the domains of School Education, the experiment of the Hastings House School will be watched with interest and any lessons that it may have to teach will be readily availed of.

COLLEGE CO-OPERATION.

Success of University work depends upon the good feeling and co-operation of all concerned—the Government, the people and the schools and colleges. Colleges are not only a component but an integral part of the University. They, or at all events their predecessors, were in existence before the University and used to represent its teaching side. Though many more came afterwards, the University, as then conceived, could not come into being without these colleges. Harmonious relation between the University and the colleges is therefore of supreme importance and it ought to be assured more than ever under our present constitution. Sixty-seven of one hundred members of the Senate are educationists; this includes our University Professors, who, under the Regulations, have a somewhat anomalous position, because they came into existence after the Regulations were framed. On the Syndicate, 11 out of 17 are members of College Staffs, and one is a University Professor. No strain of relations between the University and the colleges is desirable, none need be possible under our constitution. When efficiency and discipline, however, require it, we have to take strong lines with our colleges, as we unhappily had to do in a rare case recently. We have to do the same in the case of our schools, and last year seventeen schools received notice of impending disaffiliation on account of non-compliance with Regulations or as a disciplinary measure. Through our inspecting

agency and by friendly intercourse on the Senate and Syndicate we seek to cultivate good relations with the colleges in all possible ways, appreciate their good work and make due allowance for unavoidable shortcomings.

Steps have been taken that as many of our Principals, Professors and Members of the Senate as are able to do so, should take part in the work of inspection, which under the Regulations have to be held every year. It has been pressed upon us that as the Professors, buildings, libraries and laboratories are practically the same from year to year annual inspections and reports, particularly as they are often delayed owing to the exigencies of the situation, are no longer needed but inspections at longer intervals would be suitable. The criticism in some cases may hold good; but we are helpless under the Regulations. Steps are being taken to edit from the annual inspection reports as well as from the special information supplied at the instance of our new College Committee, a compendium of the work of improvement in each college since the new Regulations came into force. This if accomplished will be useful and interesting. It will take time, and how much of it can be achieved during the next 12 months is more than I can now promise.

To ensure better understanding between the colleges and between the colleges and the University, it has been in our mind to have friendly conferences of Professors and Principals at intervals and exchange views. Many opportunities for this have not yet been found; but I hope some will be soon forthcoming. Some of the Principals were good enough to meet me and help the University in providing for excess students to which I have referred; without their co-operation our difficulties would have been great. When the War Relief Fund was started they co-operated again very whole-heartedly. Without their help our inspection and examination work and in its initial stage our post-graduate teaching would be at a standstill.

More than eight hundred and fifty M.A. and M.Sc. students, who could get no accommodation elsewhere and could therefore receive no instruction, are being instructed in subjects like English, History, Sanskrit, Pali, Mathematics, Philosophy, Economics, Arabic and Persian in the University Classes. With a much larger staff than any college provides our routine and method of work are not all that we can desire. We can but attempt slight tutorial assistance and our residential arrangements are scanty. Till we can provide suitable accommodation further progress of an appreciable kind in either direction is unlikely. We realize that defective accommodation affects teaching as

well as discipline and comfort, and we are doing our best to overcome these difficulties and to improve the teaching side of the University. Some relief would be possible if our colleges took their fair share of M.A. teaching as I have often invited them to do. But even the Sanskrit College is without M.A. affiliation in Sanskrit yet.

The Science College Buildings are nearing completion. Our Professors and Demonstrators are ready and so is a portion of the apparatus. But we have to wait for fittings and furniture, and for our hostels and Professors' quarters there. Though some land is available, funds are needed for these purposes, as well as for the acquisition of the neighbouring land, if full benefits are to accrue in the near future from the splendid benefactions of Sir Taraknath Palit and Dr. Rashbehary Ghose. They have soon to be followed and largely supplemented if real and permanent good is to ensue. When the facilities still wanting are forthcoming, we shall be much nearer the ideal of University teaching that our Act of Incorporation contemplates.

THE HEALTH OF OUR STUDENTS.

We, who come in contact with isolated student life in our hostels and messes, cannot help deeply sympathising with them, particularly in a crisis, such as Calcutta is passing through. We feel the stress whenever an epidemic breaks out, and we are often helpless, particularly in times of panic. There is no student infirmary where our students may be taken care of in the way they are accustomed to, though for smaller ailments some arrangements are made. When the small-pox epidemic broke out this year, the need for a Students' Isolation Home was strongly felt, and failing other resources, with the co-operation of the Calcutta Sanatorium, we were able to start a Nursing Home which however had to be closed down on account of objections in certain quarters. We had to look about elsewhere. Our stricken students are now being sent to a special hospital in the outskirts of the town provided by the Municipal authorities, where our own nursing arrangements continue. This is some relief and has, I believe, been appreciated. The panic has led to a demand for wholesale and untimely closing of colleges and postponement of examinations chiefly because all our students are not well housed. With all of this we could not comply. Opening out of special centres of examinations in the mofussil and allowing change of centres of Calcutta students wherever possible, have been attempted; but the machinery is far too large and complex for all demands to be satisfied. Those who do not live with their

people or cannot be accommodated in our hostels continue to be worst off in this and other respects.

CORPORATE LIFE.

Students who have the advantage of living with their parents or guardians do not come in contact with us in this particular way; but do so on common platforms like the University Institute, in which Your Excellency, His Excellency the Rector and other high officials and distinguished citizens are good enough to take a deep and active interest. University authorities, college professors, students, friends of education, leaders of society, and high officials all meet there in the cause of students' advancement. A Students' Fund for the benefit of poor and deserving students was by Lady Hardinge's kindly thought placed on an assured footing. Cultivation of an important phase of corporate life, such as latter-day University ideals demand, is to an extent possible. Through the special and timely help of Your Excellency, the Institute is to have a new building sooner than many thought now likely and its increasing usefulness will no doubt be further increased. With the growing success of this Institution other Institutions of a like nature may grow up. Moreover College Clubs, College Sports, College Magazines and College Unions are daily becoming an important factor in this direction. Both in the mosfussil and in Calcutta, the Common Room and sporting facilities upon which our Inspectors insist, are utilised to an extent unfamiliar before. All this will make it possible for us to establish intimate relations with inner student life, without which real University life is believed to be unattainable.

UNIVERSITY LECTURES.

Our University Readers, Lecturers and Fellows provide some facilities for University teaching. Rai Saheb Dineschandra Sen delivered an excellent course of lectures on Vaisnav literature last year. In 1887 Sir William Hunter talking of New America's awaiting the Bengali literary explorer, talked of life-like pictures of every-day details of a Bengali's life as depicted by Mukundaram Chakrabarti. Professor J. N. Das Gupta has helped the University in presenting some of those remarkable pictures to the learned world more than a quarter of a century later. Professor Armstrong, the only one of the Readers from England who was able to come, delivered a notable series of lectures in higher Chemistry that gave a marked impetus to our work here and have made us keenly regret that his colleagues could not come

and that his own stay was so short. He has recorded his appreciation of the capabilities and enthusiasm of our Professors and students which will be a great help to them. He also declared high possibilities in the domains of Agricultural and Industrial Chemistry in this country which in the present crisis will be extremely helpful. His observations made me think longingly of days when we may have a Faculty of Commerce and Industries to assist in solving problems of material prosperity with the aid of advanced scientific and economic ideas, for propagation of which some provision has already been made.

When the War broke out Mr. Brown of Gauhati was good enough to deliver a course of lectures on International Law—at least as it has been and should be. In celebration of the Waverley Centenary, Principal James of the Presidency College delivered an address as illuminating as it was learned, which was very highly appreciated. Professor Hamilton has begun his instructive course of public lectures as Minto Professor. Dr. Young's lectures and his Report on the methods obtaining in noted centres of mathematical research in Great Britain and on the Continent will be a great help to our growing Mathematical School. We could not make any appointment to the Travelling Fellowship decided on last year and Dr. Young has been good enough to supply us with the first and quite an acceptable instalment of work in this direction. The Syndicate has deputed him to study American and Japanese methods, which are an adaptation of continental methods and therefore believed to be more suitable to India. We expect from Dr. Young a supplemental report that, it is believed, will be very useful. Dr. Ganesh Prasad's introductory Lecture on the study of mixed mathematics was much appreciated. The University has invited Babu Akshaykumar Maitra of Rajshahi, one of our foremost original workers in History, to deliver a course of lectures on an interesting period of the History of Bengal—that of the Pal dynasty; and workers in similar fields are in view, whose services may be in requisition as soon as opportunity permits. A further interesting experiment is to be tried somewhat on the lines of extension movements elsewhere, and such of our University Readers and Lecturers and Inspectors as can be arranged for, will lecture at different mofussil colleges that they happen to visit. Distinguished and capable gentlemen have agreed to participate in the work. It will give a start to work on lines that can be abundantly amplified and is sure to be rich in fruits. This will I hope also be a means of bringing the colleges and the University closer together.

In regard to the Tagore Law Lectures, for the first time since the

Endowment, the Chair has been left vacant for want of candidates coming up to the mark, and the Faculty has been authorised by the Senate in the special circumstances to look out for a suitable professor. Necessary permanent changes in the regulations to that effect have also been recommended, to meet future contingencies. The Bireswar Mitra Medal in Economics has not been awarded for want of sufficient merit on the part of those that submitted theses. Our demand in respect of the work of our research students is being steadily raised, and where a piece of research work is allowed to be substituted for a part of examination work, the standard is also high. I congratulate Drs. Anukulchandra Sarkar, Jitendranath Maitra and Naliniranjan Sengupta on attaining the requisite standard and earning admission to the coveted degrees to which I have just had the privilege of admitting them.

We have not been able to arrange yet for Inter-University exchange of lectures that would enable us to have in our midst gentlemen from, or engaged by other Indian Universities, who hold an important place in their own departments of learning. The Punjab University has showed us an admirable example in this direction which we shall be happy to imitate whenever there is an opportunity. It has utilised the services of Dr. J. C. Bose and Dr. P. C. Ray, honoured names in the world of Science, of whom this University feels justly proud. Dr. J. C. Bose's notable achievements in Europe and belated acceptance of his theories and ideas during the past few months have been singular and his field of activity has extended to America which proposes to send students to *work* in his Laboratory here. A great Philadelphia savant, Professor Ganong, the leading Plant-Physiologist there, is said to have declared that his own apparatus, which has been adopted in European and American Laboratories as a standard, was crude compared to the marvellous instruments invented by Professor Bose. Further and greater work in this direction—which has been generously helped by His Excellency the Rector—would no doubt be possible in the near future.

Opinion was divided on the ground of convenience, as to whether there should be several smaller and by no means similar degree-days, instead of a long ceremonial in full Convocation as heretofore. I am glad that the decision was on the whole in favour of maintenance of the old traditions, though to provide for unusually large numbers, we had, after many years, to come away from the Senate House and hold our Convocation where Vice-Chancellor Sir James Colville addressed the first Convocation in 1857. We are thankful that we have in our midst

to-day one, who, as a schoolboy, listened to that admirable discourse and who by his self-effacing devotion, rose to be the first Indian Vice-Chancellor of this University. Sir Gooroodas Banerjee's presence at a Town Hall Convocation fifty-seven years after his first attendance, may well make us proud and glad, and may he be long with us all. I sincerely trust that those, who have done us and you the honour of coming to assist at to-day's function, will overlook the passing inconveniences of the hour. It will be some compensation to them to be assured that our graduates would have sorely missed their graduation in open Convocation presided over by their Chancellor, though all could not be brought up to the Dais in customary detachments to receive their degrees. It is to be hoped that the departure from previous years' practice, unavoidable owing to increase in our numbers, will be appreciated.

THE OBLIGATION OF THE DAY.

The solemnity of the ceremonial just over will, I hope, leave an abiding impression on the minds of the recipients of our degrees. I offer them most sincere congratulations and good wishes on the threshold of a new life. It is earnestly to be trusted that you will strive your uttermost to justify the mark of approbation bestowed on you by the great Mother, whose watchful care during the past few years—some of the best in your life—has furnished you with initial equipment. Her reputation and her prestige are to-day with assurance given over to your care, and for her sake as well as your own, it must be your anxious, constant and prayerful endeavour never to be unworthy of that high trust and never to do aught that will tarnish or bedim her steadily brightening escutcheon. If it be not your lot to add to her hitherto not ample achievements, be jealously sure to do naught that will belittle her in ever so remote a degree. And meet is it that after your strenuous period of probation—to some of you trying and weary—you should be initiated and equipped for life's serious struggles, in solemn form that may ever live in your memory.

In the course of his readings as well as his intercourse with men of light and leading and the world at large, there would hardly be a moral tenet or ethical doctrine worth the name, that would not be brought home to a graduate. Yet if by way of parting advice he is reminded of his duties and obligations at his graduation, it is because of the fateful character of the solemn occasion, when it is believed even the most commonplace of injunctions, administered in the homeliest of manners, would find a lasting lodgment in the susceptible and youthful heart,

and would be magnified into life's lasting mottoes and rule of guidance. Such is believed to be the psychology of initiation, and such a conviction alone would warrant and embolden me to utter truisms of the conventional old-world type before a trained audience, long familiar with all that can conceivably be said on such an occasion. Moreover it is a duty sanctioned and demanded by custom.

As an aid to the realization of the day's obligations there is little need to dilate on virtues and qualities at large that go towards building up of character. One might, however, take for a moment as one's theme some of the less obvious, some that are commonplace but none the less essential and which like the rough concrete, deep stowed away from public gaze and in obscurity, forms the bed rock for the imposing superstructure. Any flaw or weakness in the foundation must endanger the edifice as well as those living in and coming near it. If I speak of the imperative need of reliability and regularity in the smallest of things, of civility and courtesy to the least of human beings, of thorough and absolute sense of discipline, responsibility, proportions and fitness of things even in respect of mere trifles, let it not be set down as negligible or laughable copy-book morality of no significance. Let them be rated rather as essentials, without which no virtues however heroic or ostentatious could shine. Due restraint and temperance in regard to habits as well as speech, thought and action, reverence for authority whether at home or in the world outside, unfailing adherence to the cause of law and order, studied consideration for others' feelings, thorough personal purity and unswerving probity are also no more than commonplace. But they are essentials none the less, the lack of which damages life and dims success. If you come across a compeer likely to go down the precipice, lose no time in pulling him away, for you can do that ever so much better than your elders. It may not be given to all to be great; but it is possible for and demanded of all to be good and just. Fairness to all in all things, readiness to give and take, unalterable adherence to proper resolves deliberately made, yet readiness to be open to reason and conviction, are matters of imperative need. Ability to forgive one's wrongs and to return good for hurt and harm, desire to help others to bear their burden, will to widen and straighten life's narrow by-paths, more than WILL to POWER, adorn knowledge and help in its ample fruition. Loudness can never be strength, nor rudeness independence. Rough disregard of others' rights and views, readiness to attribute motives where none exists, absence of true charity in human intercourse, debase humanity in spite of seeming and transient

success. Mere glamour of the intellect must not dazzle us; but the moral fibres must be strengthened. Sober reserve and subdued restraint that constitute power and real strength overcome untold difficulties. As Job Charnock claims, the strength of the effort is the measure of the result: chance is not. Do not exaggerate your difficulties, by way of excuse for your own shortcomings; but go steadily on toiling in duties however galling to which you have been called, and adhere rigidly to "almost obsolete notions of dignity and honour." A notable exponent of these virtues and many more was a dear friend that has just passed away. A more devoted Servant of India and a warmer friend of education rarely breathed than Gopal Krishna Gokhale, for whose untimely death India will be immensely the poorer. The King-Emperor, our Viceroy, Governors, Princes and the people have with one voice testified to his sterling and high worth, that delighted in mere duty and shrank from the world's transient honours. He will long be our exemplar in much that I have tried to set forth, for the moral and intellectual qualities were wonderfully blended in him.

Seemingly inconsiderable and easy but by no means negligible as these virtues are, their lack is unfortunately common and is at the root of life's everyday tragedy. These are the little pennies, in life's currency, which duly taken care of betimes, automatically help the pounds to take care of themselves. And that is why to-day's charge fittingly is that in your life and conversation you should be ever worthy of your degrees. No more is demanded and no less will satisfy. You enter a fresh life to-day in which greater exertions will be needed, greater sacrifice required, greater obstacles will have to be surmounted and greater temptations will have to be overcome than heretofore. If you go forth into the fray, primed as I have charged you to be, you would always be able to give a good account of yourselves and annoying distractions such as beset the *Sadhus*' path throughout, to turn him away from his goal, will never daunt you. In the words of the poet of the West whose initial inspiration was drawn from the East, who in spite of his earlier cult that is being largely revised, has helped in the welding of the East and the West, and who puts the beautiful imagery and enlivening sentiments of the East in the forceful language of the West, you will be a MAN,—

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too,
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise,

and you will be doubly and truly a Man,

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
 And treat those two imposters just the same,
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
 And stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools.

To-day's charge to the earnest and conscientious seeker conveys volumes without gratuitous amplification. It is the key-note of the guiding principle of the University, with its initial motto, "Advancement of Learning." We pledge ourselves to "Advancement of Learning" to begin with and strive in its cause to the utmost of our power. But when you go forth to the world, without putting a discount on learning and its fruits, we charge you ever in your life and conversation to be assiduously worthy of that which your learning has earned for you. We hesitate to put our hall-mark on metal that is or may by subsequent alloy prove base. If we cannot minutely assay we largely trust to the purification of this solemn obligation as a guarantee of potent virtue. Advance the domains of knowledge if you can and uplift your University's name in the councils of the Empire of Learning. But we have no quarrel if all do not succeed in this; it is not given to all to do so who go forth to life's battles in places obscure or high. This however is demanded of all, that their daily life and conversation, conversation in the wider sense, should be worthy of the association with the University. Two of your own people who at one time or another occupied the position that you occupy to-day, have also occupied the place that by the grace of His Excellency the Chancellor is now mine to occupy. God willing more of us,—and who knows if not some one of you admitted to-day—may have the privilege of administering the self-same charge and assisting in the same duties in the not very remote future. A higher and more acceptable honour and a more responsible office could not be conceived for an educated Indian, for the Charge is fit to take rank, in our Academic world, with Nelson's never-to-be-forgotten signal at a supreme moment, that more than a century later calls forth the latent energies of the whole Empire.

The labours of the day will be amply repaid if the charge that it was my privilege to administer, continues to influence you in life and helps in building up character and manhood. And our earnest prayer to the Almighty would be that to-day's academic ritual may never be for any of us a hollow unreality and an unsubstantial nothing.

