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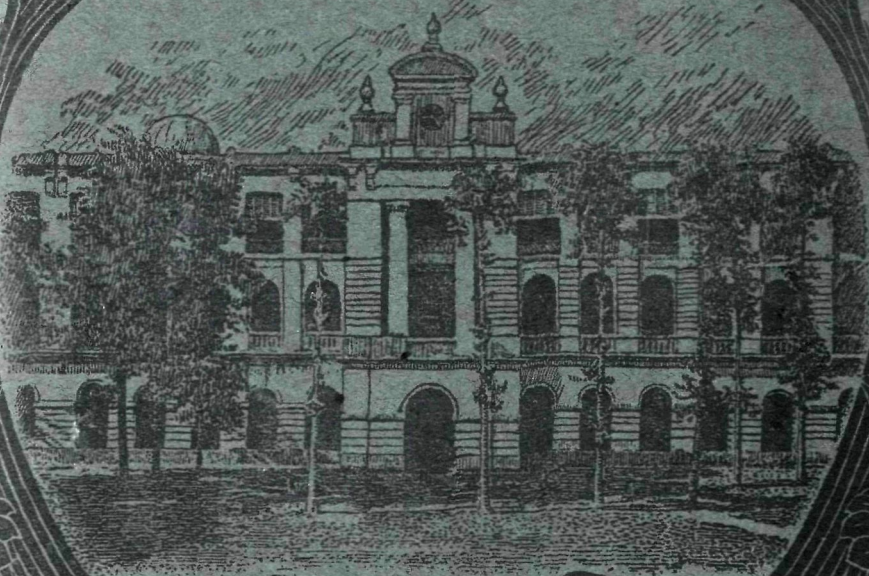
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THE Presidency College Magazine



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VOL. V

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

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NOTICE.

	Rs	A.	P.
Annual subscription in India, including postage	2	8	0
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There will *ordinarily* be four issues a year, namely, in 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 Editor does not undertake to return rejected articles unless accompanied by stamped and 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 should be addressed to the Editor and all business communications should be addressed to Mahmood Hasan, Esq., B.A., the General Secretary, *Presidency College Magazine*, and forwarded to the College Office.

AMIYA KUMAR SEN,
Editor.

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THE PRESIDENTY COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER, 1918.

NO. I

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WITH this issue our magazine enters on the fifth year of its existence

It was started in November 1914, under the patronage of Principal James, who, in his introductory remarks to its first issue, called upon the students, the professors and, in fact, all persons connected with the College, to come forward and help the newly-founded paper on towards progress. "When the Presidency College does have a magazine," (such were his words), "it is *incumbent* on *every* member of the College to do what he can to make it a success." This was an earnest appeal, and it did not fall flat on those for whom it was meant. In fact, the enthusiasm of the promoters of this paper rose high. They spared no pains to make it a success; and its first issues were brilliant. We remember the early days of our magazine: how eagerly we waited for its appearance: and not only we, but the students of other colleges as well. Unfortunately this period soon passed away. The next year, owing to events unforeseen and unavoidable, the editor could bring out only *five* issues: then the price of printing and paper considerably increased, and consequently both the bulk and the number of our magazine had to be reduced. Besides these shortcomings, the editor of the past years had to tackle a very serious difficulty: the interest formerly taken in the magazine began to ebb, contributions grew fewer and fewer every day, and the editor was constrained to confess frankly that "for sheer dearth of contributions" they were unable to maintain "their standard of journalistic perfection."

This survey is rather pessimistic. Some, we are afraid, will regard it as out of place here, at the very outset of this session. We plead guilty

to the charge; still, such a survey of our past and present has to be made; for we must have an adequate idea of our present condition, we must know where we are, otherwise we can't make any progress whatsoever; for retrospection alone can show us the way out of the difficulty, and the Future, unless and until it be based upon a searching analysis of the Present and the Past, is built on sand: it falls away at the faintest touch of the wind. Enough of this pessimistic view. We know that our prospects are gloomy. But that is no reason why we should give ourselves up to despondency. Let us, on the contrary, calmly confront our difficulties; let us help one another in the true spirit of co-operation: let us joyfully set our hand to the plough and we shall see that all our shortcomings, all our dangers, will vanish away like chaff before the wind. This is our earnest appeal to all Presidency College men, both old and new, and specially to our members of the staff. Without their help and guidance, it is absolutely impossible for the magazine to regain its former standard of excellence.

Any fraternal greetings to our fellow-students, after months had expired since the College reopened, will, we are afraid, run the risk of being regarded as unusually belated. But belated though they seem to be, we can assure our readers, that they are none the less sincere. To our fresh men, we extend our hearty welcome. They have but lately entered a new sphere of existence—a life which has, for all young men, a halo of glory round it. As such their enthusiasm and joy have an interest—an almost pathetic interest for us. They remind us of our past days, of those times when we were as joyous, as sanguine as they. With us that momentary gleam has faded away. May their fate be otherwise: may they find in their arduous tasks and onerous duties pleasure and a joy untarnished with sorrow and disappointment.



For the last few months the Allies had many a moment of anxiety. The hammer strokes of the Hun Army fell thick on them and pressed them so hard that in spite of the unflinching courage and stubborn resistance they put up against the attacking forces, they had to give way at several important points. The first phase of the German offensive, though it fell far short of their expectations, left Ludendorf and Hindenburg masters of a not inconsiderable part of territory between Ypres and Rheims. In fact it seemed as if the most important point in the whole region, Amiens itself, should succumb to the repeated onslaughts of the infuriated Germans, and it speaks much for the pluck

and grit of the British forces left there that the first rush was definitely checked just when it reached the outskirts of the town. The Germans next tried to break through the Allied Army and reach the Channel ports. Here too their attempts were effectually checked just after the loss of Mt. Kemmel. Their next attack sought to separate the British and French armies stationed on the banks of the Meuse, Vesle, etc., and thereby reach Paris. Here they achieved considerable success. They carried Soissons and Chateau Thierry and were on a fair way towards extending their lines beyond the Marne before the defending forces could recover from their first surprise. The apparent success of the Germans, their repeated onslaughts at different points, could not but damp the spirits of many a superficial observer. In fact the consternation of the amateur strategists knew no bounds. Their fears were, however, soon allayed when, after a brief pause, the newspapers with their usual parade of thick-typed headings announced the welcome news that the tide of victory had set in. Thenceforward the Allied Army has marched on from victory to victory. They have recovered a considerable portion of the ground lost in previous campaigns, they have gained many points of strategic importance, retaken Soissons, Chateau Thierry and in spite of stubborn resistance smashed an important sector of the much-vaunted Hindenburg line. Their captures in prisoners and guns show the magnitude and the suddenness of their attack. Meantime, the submarine campaign so much talked of by the German press and German politicians has been definitely checked, no less than 150 being captured through the defensive tactics employed by the Allied Navy. The havoc they caused during the previous periods of the war has been made up by the strenuous efforts of British and American shipyards. The stiffening of the Allied Forces in the Western Front by numerous detachments of the American forces, which had, notwithstanding the repeated attempts of submarines, been most dexterously sent over to France, has, to a great extent, acted on the morale of the German Forces.

Moreover, the economic distress of Mittel Europa has reached a crucial point. Strikes and desertions are frequent not only in Austria but in Germany, Turkey and other countries as well. In the Far East, the disaffected Russian troops are extending their lines about Vladivostok and other places: in the north, detachments of British troops have made their appearance on the coast of the White Sea. Meantime Russia, which Germany was so desirous of exploiting, and which, in fact, is the only place where she can gain any assistance in her

economic distress, is seething with anarchy and unrest. Massacres, plunder, indiscriminate execution of men of rank and position, revolution and counter-revolutions are the order of the day. The atrocities of the newly-liberated and triumphant Bolshevik party, their execution of the last Czar, their violations of all international pledges, remind us of the reign of terror. Germany can, therefore, receive little help from her newly-formed alliance. And this failure of Russia to help Germany will surely weigh in determining the duration of the war. In fact, so far as we can understand by the turn events have taken, especially by Germany's repeated covert attempts at a peace offensive, it seems to us that the moment has really arrived when Proud Prussia and her Allies would do well to think of peace and accept the principles of liberty and self-determination so eloquently formulated by President Wilson, the Champion of Democracy.

Although the actual fighting of the great war is, at present, going on several thousand miles from us, we have none the less been, in various ways, brought to be painfully conscious of its misery. India is pre-eminently an agricultural country. So far as industrial enterprises are concerned it lags far behind other civilised nations of the world. Consequently we have to depend on others for even the most ordinary everyday necessities of our life. But business relations between country and country have, to a certain extent, been deranged by the special situation created by this European conflict. Export and import operations are no longer in their normal state. Moreover the sudden elision of Germany, a great figure in the Indian market, has led to scarcity of certain articles and caused great distress. Much more hardship has, however, been caused by the abnormal decrease of India's export trade with England and other belligerent powers. For some time Japan and America have tried to control Indian markets and their attempts have been attended with considerable success. Still the fact remains that the prices of almost all articles have gone up by leaps and bounds. This increase has been specially prominent in the price of cloth. Owing to various causes (and some suspect that creating corners in the market is one of them) its price has risen to such an extent that it has become absolutely impossible for the poorer sections of our countrymen to get decent clothing for themselves and their family. This "cloth distress" (as the newspapers will have it) has gone to such lengths as to create great unrest in the country. In Bengal, there is scarcely a district where such disturbances have not taken place. A few months ago, looting of Hâts by low-class hooligans was the usual order of the day. Reports

have also reached the office of the newspapers and periodicals, describing in pitiful terms the hardships to which poorer people have been put to in the Mofussil districts. Charitable relief has become absolutely necessary. But mere charity will not do : we must be prepared for the worst and carefully consider what measures can be taken for increasing the total output of cloth or regulating its price. It is a problem not only for our elders but for us also. We are the future citizens of the country, we must be educated for the high trust we shall have to fulfil in the future. Studious Seclusion from all the social, economic and educational problems of the day, subvert the very ideal of our education. It does not create good citizens, it creates spectacled bookworms. To attain true culture, one must keep one's mind open to all the movements of the country : one must keep oneself in touch with all its tendencies. We must drink deep in the spirit of the age. With us, however, it is otherwise. "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" the average *good* student of Bengal always keeps, at least tries to keep, "the noiseless tenour of his way," supremely ignorant or oblivious of the fact that it is in the midst of such strife alone that one can reach perfection. Nay more, so callous have we grown that the most moving tales of distress can no longer inspire us with ardent philanthropy. While the whole country is ringing with the wail of distress, we calmly set to our study, and gravely put all other questions by. This habit of indifference must be shaken off. And, in these days of distress, when calamities upon calamities are trying to overwhelm our land, when earthquakes and floods are making great havoc among our brethren, it is our earnest appeal to all and sundry, to rich and poor, to young and old, to come forward with their contributions and allay the acute distress of our countrymen who, poor though they be, are still our brethren. When every college in Calcutta are active in the cause of philanthropy does it behove us, the students of the premier college of Bengal, to sit idle in fancied security?

Fraternity of Islam.

ISLAM, as the word indicates, is the religion of Peace and Submission to Divinity. This religion is found in perfect harmony with the full signification and wide application of the word in practical life. None need question the integrity of this statement as none can doubt the sun's power of giving light to the earth though sometimes or other

it is entirely enveloped in clouds, or doubt the moon's brilliancy though it is not always found to shine in the sky. To attain these great ends of Peace and Submission one is required to be of conciliatory disposition and brotherly spirit. These temperaments do not necessarily make a man or a nation dull, tame or trite. Side by side with these qualities one can naturally be spirited and upright; always prepared to fight for the cause of right and religion. 'Mercy tempered with justice,' peace confirmed by reason, brotherly feeling coupled with righteousness manifest their intrinsic value in manifold lustre. However, neither is it my business nor am I able to explain the reasons why Islam puts so much stress on the brotherhood of Islam and why the Holy Koran says, "All Musalmans are brothers among themselves." No injunction in the Holy Koran and no word from the mouth of the holy prophet of Islam have ever been left untranslated into action by the followers of the holy Faith. In this fraternity of Islam as well, the Muhammadans have set entirely a new and unique mark on the page of the great world-history; and manifested, to the nations of the world, a new light. Some may not be quite at home with these ideas or some may not be always prepared to accept them; so I beg to put forth a few words in the shape of argument in support of them.

What provisions have been made throughout the several phases of religious procedure for the development of Moslem fraternity.

My readers may have noticed long ago what a religious uniformity there is throughout the Moslem world. They, one and all, believe in the same God, offer their prayer in the same appointed time, in exactly the same manner. They turn their faces towards the "Kaba" the sacred Hall, also called the House of God (بيت الله), in Mecca. At the time of their prayer they all utter words in the same Arabic language and make the same number of prostrations. Again when they say their prayer, they do it, not singly but in a body under one spiritual head, with one united heart, obeying his command to prostrate before the Lord of Lords. Verily, one is sure to be wonderfully impressed to see the oneness of a Moslem-Prayer congregation. What does this uniformity mean? Is it not a good lesson, teaching the Moslems the doctrine of brotherhood among themselves? Does it not sufficiently indicate that Musalmans are equal in the eye of religion?

For the cultivation of this brotherly feeling among the Muhammadans, such arrangements have been made, and made compulsory

for them, that they should meet on every Friday in a mosque and congratulate one another there with bright and familiar faces. On this particular day, they converse most freely on the diversified topics of the week, and thus they get an opportunity of better co-operation, by interchanging their thoughts and sentiments.

Friday Prayer.

On the two great festive days of the year, that is to say on the occasion of Id-festivals, every member of the community solemnizes the occasion with utmost cheerfulness. In the morning all busy themselves in the joyous performances of embracing, salutation and hospitable repast. Then they all gather in a public place and after saying their Id-prayer begin to embrace one another with such good cheer and civility that every one returns to his house with hearts pregnant with the favourable influence of the joyous occasion.

Id-Prayer Congregation.

The pilgrimage to Mecca is the religious congress of the Moslem nationality. People gather there from all quarters of the world once a year, on a particular day, and there pray together for a common cause before the Almighty God. They interchange their ideas and sentiments for the developed establishment of the Moslem fraternity throughout the whole world.

Pilgrimage to Mecca.

Fasting is one of the five fundamental principles of Islam. Let us see how it pays secret homage to the fraternity of Islam. One of the multifarious reasons why we keep fast is this, that the rich section of the Moslem community can easily understand the difficulties always suffered by the poor famishing people and thus be in a position to feel sincerely for them, sympathize fully with them and heartily co-operate with them. At the close of a fasting day, they go to take their food but not alone, at least not without a sympathetic feeling for those who have nothing to eat when they are hungry. So in the month of Ramazan, even the Musalmans of poor circumstances are very liberal-handed and always found to give alms to the poor, food to the hungry and clothes to the naked. Thus fasting undoubtedly creates brotherly feeling in unfeeling minds and greatly nourishes the sympathetic hearts. The holy prophet described this month as the month of fellowship and good dealings (هو شهر المواساة).

Effect of Fasting.

Alms-giving by the rich to the poor, known by the name of "Zakat," is incumbent and obligatory upon the Moslems. The possessor of Rs. 40 in cash must give one rupee in charity. Thus the one-

fortieth part of a rich Moslem's property must be given away for the benefit of his poor brother Moslem. This compulsory duty of almsgiving leads much to the acquirement of Moslem brotherly habits.

What practical influence this Moslem fraternity has had upon the Moslem nationality, and what practical applications of it there are in Islamic history.

Let us see what marvellous influence this fraternity of Islam shed upon the life and manners of the wild and lawless Arabs immediately after their conversion into Islam. Every one knows that the Arabs, before the birth of the holy prophet of Islam, were divided into innumerable clans and little tribes, always at daggers-drawn for supremacy. Even the members of the same tribe were constantly engaged in fighting and blood-shed for small differences of opinion. They were indomitable, unwarrantable and never knew what is meant by kinship, sociality and political union. They hated women to the extreme, tortured them like brutes. But as soon as they accepted Islam they became wonderfully civil, they forgot their notorious tribal distinction and they began to love one another with passionate zeal. They all united under one spiritual, rather religiously political, head meaning the blessed prophet, and remained always prepared to sacrifice their life even at his most distant or indistinct hint. They loved him more than their own selves and respected him almost next to Divinity. What wrought these wonderful changes in their heart, character and manners? Is it not the brotherly feeling of Islam; is it not the brotherly teachings of Islam?

When Islam declared that all Moslems are brethren among themselves and are equal in the eye of religion, and when the world found that these doctrines were not merely vocalized but always put into execution, men, in large numbers, began to accept Islam most joyfully, leaving behind all sorts of distinctive policy and unliberal principles. Now-a-days there are countries, mostly or partially inhabited by Muhammadans, where there had never been Moslem kings or chiefs to enforce the acceptance of Islam, yet how it came to be so? The most probable cause of this is due to the liberal and brotherly dealings of Moslem merchants and emigrants of that locality. This fraternity of Islam tied its followers to one strong religiously political body and supplied them with the best and most effective instrumentality of Moslem national rise. So long as this fraternity of Islam was a predominant trait in their character, the

Change of Arab Character.
Propagation and Political
Rise of Islam.

crescent triumphantly danced and played in the azure sky. So long as this fraternity of Islam was the supreme lord in the Moslem hearts, they were at the head of all affairs of the world, whether religious, social or political. But as soon as they became self-centred and litigious their fall became inevitable and they suffered the fatal consequence.

As all Moslems are brothers among themselves and all are equal in the eye of religion, they had, from the very beginning, to do away with all sorts of caste system. They, of high birth or low, lord or tenant, rich or poor, all pray together in the same mosque, eat together on the same carpet, under the same roof, and partake of the same dish, prepared by the same cook. Instances are not rare that a master married his maid with all matrimonial ceremonies and that a servant became the pet of his master and ultimately his relative. We need not look for such instances in far-off countries as Arabia, Spain or Egypt, but we find in the annals of our own country innumerable examples of the ascent of slaves to the throne, of common men rising to eminence and honour, and of persons of ability, though not of high birth, occupying the highest seat of social honour. These are sufficient to amply prove that the caste system was entirely discarded and totally abolished by the Muhammadans.

In fine let me finish my argument by citing an example from the life-history of the great Caliph, Hazrat Omar (May God be pleased with him), to show the sweet and cordial relation between his Majesty and his Majesty's servant :

At the time of conquering Jerusalem, Hazrat Omar was the great and renowned Caliph of Islam. He sent his men before him to Jerusalem and himself started afterwards accompanied by only one attendant servant. His dress was no better than that of his servant. They proceeded, making a condition between them that one would ride the camel in turn for a mile while the other would lead the beast by the nose string. The Caliph was so kind-hearted and generous that he could not think for a single moment that his servant should suffer all the way while he alone enjoyed the ride. It so happened that when they entered the city, the servant was on the camel and the Caliph leading the beast. The Christians of the city could not know the Caliph by themselves, and on inquiry they were astonished beyond measure to see Hazrat Omar in a condition which will continue for ever to manifest his highest virtue.

SAYEDAL HAQ,

3rd Year, Presidency College, Calcutta.

Sunset on the Ganges.

" Now the bright hair'd Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove
O'erhang his wavy bed."

—WILLIAM COLLINS.

IT was a bright and sunny afternoon. The gay weather with its charm, the azure sky with its brilliancy, the sweet breeze with all its freshness tempted me to take a walk to the Ganges. I obeyed the temptation and went to the river banks.

It was close upon 6 o'clock. Before me there lay the "Ganga" with her vast expanse of water, all bathed in a flood of light, stretching afar and lording it over all. Oftentimes did I look at her; but this afternoon, she appeared to me in an altogether different aspect. I counted wave after wave, running with a sweet whispering noise towards the sea saying, as it were, "Man may come and man may go but I go on for ever." I sat in blank amazement musing over the wonderful scene, that opened itself to me.

The beauty of the scene was, indeed, extraordinarily sublime.

The "deep blue vault" of heaven was clothed in a red sheet with golden lustre all over. The western sky especially was irradiated and it cast its reflection on the bosom of the Ganges, the "Glorious Mirror" of Nature. The sun, who so long ruled the whole world with splendour and power, now seemed to drive his chariot home in order to enjoy sweet repose in his Elysian bower. The rays were fading fast; but it only increased the beauty that was worth enjoying. It was a grand sight indeed and fascinated me to a great degree.

Boats of different sizes were, now and then, gliding up and down the stream, while the rural and artless songs, sung by the boatmen, floated in the air, echoed and re-echoed, till at last they died away. Here and there, on the bosom of the river, some aquatic birds were skimming wantonly over the surface and filled the air with their sweet warbling.

Everything around me was red and seemed happy as well as beautiful. There was joy, life and light everywhere. The rays of the sinking sun, which looked larger and larger at that time, still lingered playfully everywhere,—in the sky "brightening the skirts" of a little, thin, and fleecy cloud—and on the earth crowning the tops of some tall trees, which seemed to the eye of fancy to be so many big images of gods, with heads encircled with halos.

I heard the buzzing noise from the Capital city of Bengal, nay of India (though lately not), Calcutta—great seat of business; I fully enjoyed and appreciated the songs sung by the boatmen, and I fully loved the picturesque beauty around me. Still I was not myself. I forgot myself for the time being and fell into a sort of reverie. I thought I had nothing to do with this. I lay “suspended between infinity and nothingness.” I pondered over the greatness of Nature and cursed the baseless vanity of us, here below. Indeed how small, worthless and flimsy we are all compared to any wave of the ‘Ganga’ that can easily sweep us to our destruction.

With these thoughts, I was beside myself. My heart now free from worldly concerns and cares, blithe and gay, seemed to leave this world and walk over to an unknown land—a happy land—the land of the blessed—“where,” to quote Tennyson,

“ Falls not hail or rain or any snow
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep meadowed, happy fair with orchard, lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.”

This is the only land where eternal bliss, peace and happiness exist. Malice, anger, pain, miseries and grief have no place here. Time cannot “breathe on its fadeless bloom.” This land defies “time’s tyrannic claim” and is situated “far beyond the clouds and the tomb,” but it is very near to the devoted Servant of God. It is not quite inaccessible to the mortal which Tennyson justly observed in the following lines :—
“The whole round earth is everywhere bound by golden chains about the feet of God.” “Resignation is sublime.” Resign yourself at the feet of God and you will be blessed with joys, peace, bliss and happiness. They will eternally co-exist in you.

We should begin from the love of Nature, which is the stepping-stone to love for that Almighty Father, the Creator of this world, and the ultimate disposer of everything too. My heart, indeed, in course of reverie, was filled to overflowing with a sense of love, gratitude and reverential awe for Him “the Great First Cause, least understood.”

I cannot say, with strict accuracy, how long I remained in that state of meditation. When I woke up (may I use the expression ?) I found the sun was fast sinking down, having yielded his possession over this world to Darkness.

“Now fades the glimmering landscape, on the sight” and soon “the evening shades” prevailed. At last the rays vanished altogether. “In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and

planets appeared one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow." "A solemn stillness" pervaded the spot save the noise produced by a "lagging bark" with sails, dallying with the evening breeze, or by the beetle wheeling "its droaning flight."

The night was fast approaching; so I walked home back slowly with a mind full of thought.

S. A. AHMAD,

2nd Year Science Class, Presidency College.

Annual Report of the Presidency College Bengali Literary Society for the Session 1917-18.

BY the grace of God the Presidency College Bengali Literary Society steps into the third year of its existence, and we are able to bring before the public report of fairly good work done during the past session. This Society was started in August 1916 under the patronage and supervision of Principal Wordsworth and Dr. P. C. Ray, and under the guidance of some of the members of the staff, specially our president, Professor Khagendra Nath Mitra. We should not forget to mention in this connection the name of Mr. Prafulla Kumar Sarkar, B.A., ex-student, who was one of those who took a leading part in the inauguration of the Society.

The aim of this Society is to foster a critical and scientific study of Bengali literature and literary history among the students of the Presidency College. With this end in view four different sections have been made for literature, science, history (including geography and economics) and philosophy; and regular fortnightly meetings are held where papers bearing on the above-mentioned subjects are read and discussed. It was also proposed that established authorities and reputed writers on the various subjects should be, from time to time, invited to give discourses for the benefit and encouragement of the members.

The Society is under a duly appointed Committee consisting of one president, four or more vice-presidents from the members of the staff, one secretary, three or more assistant secretaries, two representatives from each class—one from the Arts Section and one from the Science Section. The Executive Committee held four meetings in which various topics regarding the constitution and work of the Society were raised.

During the past session nine ordinary meetings were held in which the following papers were read :—

- (1) Rabindra Nath and his Poetry. By Sj. Sudhir Chandra Bhaduri, B.A.
- (2) Poet and Poetry. By Sj. Jahar Lal Basu.
- (3) Utility of Practical Sciences. By Sj. Sital Chandra Mukherji, B.Sc.
- (4) Vaishnava Poetry. By Sj. Mohini Mohan Mukherji, B.A.
- (5) Beharilal and his Poetry. By Sj. Panchkari Sircar.
- (6) Ancient Astronomy. By Sj. Sukumar Ranjan Dasgupta, B.A.
- (7) Comic Songs of Dwijendra Lal. By Sj. Bibhuti Bhusan Ghosal, B.A.
- (8) Photography in Natural Colour. By Sj. Kshitish Prasad Chatterji, B.Sc.

The meetings were, in general, well attended, except when scientific subjects were chosen for discussion, and on these occasions, we regret to say, the attendance was much thinner.

It is very gratifying to note here that one extraordinary meeting was held during the last session in which the renowned poet, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, was invited to give a discourse on some aspects of Bengali literature. The discourse, as it was delivered in a lucid and fascinating style, was very illuminating and was much appreciated by the members of the Society.

Though we made a good progress last year, all our attempts were not fruitful. We proposed to start a philological sub-section where the different dialects of Bengal would be scientifically and critically studied, but some unavoidable difficulties having crept up in our way we could not proceed with the matter any further. We hope, however, that the Committee will begin its work this year.

Lastly we beg to enumerate some of the grave difficulties under which the Society has been labouring. It is badly in need of a library and a seminar. The Presidency College Library never boasts of a good collection of Bengali books, specially books dealing with the critical history of Bengali literature; and members of the Bengali Literary Society, when called upon to write papers on subjects in which research work is required, find themselves in an awkward position for want of reference books on those subjects. It is also felt urgently necessary that for timely reference and constant use of the members the Bengali Section of the Presidency College Library, when the aforesaid additions

are made, should be placed at the entire disposal of the Society directly under the management of the Executive Committee.

The next thing the Society stands in need of is a seminar. We believe that all will be at one with us when we say that this is one of the most important societies in the College so far as the real and productive training of the students of this College is concerned. It is therefore in the fitness of things that the Bengali Literary Society should have a seminar of its own when less important societies of recent date have been provided with seminars. Many will entertain doubts as to the stability of the Society when its members have to face constant difficulties in securing a vacant room to give their meetings a local habitation.

Before closing our report we shall here mention a sad incident in the history of the Society. Srijut Siva Das Mukherji, B.A., one of the assistant secretaries of this Society, has been suddenly taken away by untimely death from the circle of his friends and co-workers. In his death the Society has lost an ardent and enthusiastic worker whose place it will be very difficult to fill.

In conclusion, we take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to our Principal who so kindly takes much interest in the proceedings of this young Society, and to our professors who presided over the several meetings and helped us with valuable advice on all occasions. We conclude by hoping that with the continuance of the sympathy and well-wishing of our Principal and professors the Bengali Literary Society will make a steady progress towards the realization of its ultimate end.

SUKUMAR RANJAN DASGUPTA,
Secretary.



Evil Times.

(Translated from the Bengali of Rabindranath Tagore).

Though evening comes with silent steps and slow
 Mutely signalling for songs to cease,
 Though mateless thou and vast the azure waste,
 Though thy weary heart doth yearn for peace,
 A dread unknown doth darkling lurk so grim,
 A sable mist doth cover earth and sky,
 Still, still, dear bird, though sightless thou and wan,
 Aloft spread thy trembling wings and fly!

Dreary and dark the night still 'fore thee spreads,
 Far 'mong orient hills the dawn doth sleep :
 The mighty universe with breathless awe
 Counts the silent hours that slowly creep :
 The tiny orb of the glimmering moon
 On the far horizon's verge doth lie :
 Still, still, dear bird, though sightless thou and wan,
 Aloft spread thy trembling wings and fly!

Up in the sky the twinkling stars of night—
 How with fixed stare on thee look down,
 While below thee the seething gulf of death,
 In myriad eddies wildly frown :
 Far, far behind, from shore with folded palms
 'O, come back,' in voice nigh-choked they cry :
 Still, still, dear bird, though sightless thou and wan,
 Aloft spread thy trembling wings and fly!

Nor fear, nor hope, nor love that holds and binds,
 —Love's illusion ever is the same—
 Nor language sweet to soothe thy pent-up grief,
 Nor a home alas, nor praise, nor blame :
 Only the pathless waste of ether black,
 And thy pair of wings to bear thee high :
 Still, still, dear bird, though sightless thou and wan,
 Aloft spread thy trembling wings and fly!

HIRAN KUMAR SANYAL,
 3rd Year B.A.

Lines.

The winds are laid, the storms are gone

The wrath of Heaven o'er ;

The sky is clear, - a blue expanse

And there's the peaceful shore.

All bright and still, the crystal waters shine

The silvern clouds above are still and bright

With far-off heaven's sweet and hallowed light

That does in it, a peaceful charm entwine.

Through moaning cedar-groves, had swept

The showers all night long,

When tempests howled and round our sleep

Did yawning terrors throng.

Across the sky, grim lightnings flashed anon

While thunders pealed an awful harmony

And through the warring clouds, a pageantry

Of ghastly shapes and fleeting forms passed on.

But now the tempest's voice is hushed

And all are waking now,

The East awakes, the smile of God

Light up its darkened brow.

The East awakes and thence the sun once more

Begins his royal state along the sky

And far and wide his glowing shafts do fly

To cut through darkness wild, a sparkling door.

The earth is calm and nature gay

Through silence speaking clear ;

The flowers wake, their fragrant breath

Perfumes the whistling air.

Beneath the sky, reigns one unclouded peace,

Above the hoary heights, a calm supreme,

And on the groves, there steals a sunny dream

A fond embrace of waves along the beach.

The magic wand in nature's hand

Has cast its peaceful spell,

On sky and earth, on woods and streams

On every hill and dale.

A soul of peace now throbs in dumb accord
 Through nooks that ne'er reveal to human eye
 The precious shores of life and thought which lie,
 In their unerring silence safely girt.

The whisper soft of autumn morn
 A welcome message brings ;
 The brooks now sing a hopeful note,
 They tell of peaceful things.
 There travels to the ears the hum of bees,
 The birds do chant a sweet and solemn hymn
 And hearts respond ;—a chord is struck within ;
 There hangs a peace upon the gentle breeze.

All is peaceful on the globe
 And all is quiet, calm ;
 In gladness mute, now nature tunes
 A peaceful, solemn psalm.
 From depths below the deep, a music comes,
 And from beyond the sleeping clouds above
 Is heard a song of silent, self-less love ;—
 A sad contrast with roars of battle-drums.

The beast in man has long been up
 With blood-stained teeth and claws ;
 And Peace has fled, her place is filled
 By cruel, blood-red laws.
 The roll of tempest-blasts is heard no more,
 The face of nature beams with peaceful glee
 And quiet are the surges of the sea ;—
 And would that man should follow nature's lore.

SAILENDRA NATH GUHA ROY,
3rd Year Class.

Hellenism of Keats.

ENGLAND had witnessed the rise of a band of ardent worshippers of Nature, since that great upheaval which goes by the name of the French Revolution. Nature began to absorb the entire attention of almost every poet of the time. Wordsworth was there, eliciting sublime messages from the book of Nature ; Shelley was there, viewing Nature

through a prism of delirious fancy and building a dome of many-coloured glass; Byron was there, madly yearning to be "a sharer in the fierce and far delight" of some tempestuous night or wantoning with the rushing, roaring, mighty breakers of the ocean. All the poets, great and small, joined together in one grand chorus to sing the panegyric of Nature. Earth rang with jubilee and loud hosannas filled the eternal regions. But there was one who stood apart in a different niche and sang of Nature in a different key—it was Keats who stood apart from his brother poets and hailed Nature in a different anthem. His temperament was different from that of his brother bards, and the songs which issued from the depths of his heart were consequently of a different order. The apprentice of a nineteenth century London surgeon, John Keats was essentially Hellenic in spirit and saw Nature with the eyes of a primitive Hellene.

And here it is necessary to point out and emphasize the fact, that the Hellenic way of regarding Nature was very different from the modern way. The modern poet looks on and *communes* with Nature, —the grand pathos and the infinite suggestions of Nature he magically brings out, as no poet ever before him brought them out. The frail, transitory bloom of a floweret brings tears to the eyes of a modern poet: to him the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. But how does a floweret appear to a Greek? To him it is no mere flower—its sight serves but to conjure up before him the bewitching face of some beautiful nymph. The temperament of a Greek encouraged anthropomorphic visions. Every objective nature appears to him in a living, glowing human figure. Wherever in this endless, beautiful world he moved, dancing shapes, images gay haunted, startled and waylaid. The sun which he beheld rising from the Acropolis was not a mere luminous lamp to his eyes; but Apollo himself, gleaming in all his divine splendour and urging the impetuous steeds. The moon that sailed through the sky was no mere dead volcanic world, but "Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair" on her way to kiss the beauteous Eudymion. At any moment, a Greek youth, as he sauntered among the olives and oaks, might be startled by the sweet pipings of Pan. From every tree and from every brook, the dryad and the naiad might come forth and bestow their unfading garland on a mortal.

The mythopœic imagination of the Greeks thus filled Nature with exalted human divinities. They could not look on Nature in the abstract, and could not therefore indulge in the impassioned communion

which a Wordsworth had with sky, earth and sea, or even with the meanest celandine. And when we, therefore, say that Keats looked on Nature with the eyes of a Greek, we mainly mean that, he too had the imagination to conjure up exalted human figures at the sight of natural phenomena. He too, indeed, filled the world with half-human, half-divine personages—he too could behold in every natural object a glowing, semi-divine being—he too had the sight of Proteus rising from the sea, and he too heard old Triton blow his wreathed horn. What a beautiful vision, for instance, had he of the season of Autumn. His Autumn sometimes “sits careless on a granary floor, her hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind” or sometimes “by a cyder-press, with patient look, she watches the last oozing hours by hours.” This Autumn is verily a divinity in human shape. Again, what a characteristically Greek figure does he draw of Pan! His Pan “loves to see the hamadryads dress their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken, and sit through whole solemn hours and hearken the dreary melody of bedded reeds.” He wanders at eventides through sunny meadows. He is the “Hearkener to the loud clapping shears, while ever and anon to his shorn peers a ram goes bleating.” He is the “strange ministrant of undescribed sound, that come aswooning over hollow grounds, and wither drearily on barren moors.” What a marvellous picture is this which he draws, thoroughly embodying the Greek conception of the great god Pan!

It was this characteristic feature of Keats's poetic temperament that prompted Shelley to remark that Keats was a “Greek.” This Greekness of mind, which led him to see a living image in every object, naturally led him to revel in the bounding life of external Nature, to fling himself almost madly over the exuberant beauties of Nature. His eyes, in a fine frenzy rolling, glanced from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, and passionately feasted on whatever there was beautiful. This Hellenic bent of mind did not allow him to philosophise on Nature, like his brother-poets. He was too much carried away by the multitudinous sights and sounds of external Nature to have the time and inclination to brood on deeper things. We see him, therefore, busy in reproducing the sensations which he feels and the sights and sounds which inspire those sensations. Therefore, there is nothing in his poetry of the “egotistical sublime” of a Wordsworth or the idealistic egotism of a Shelley. He was, in the language of a great critic, really the “Faun of Nature,” looking with insatiable eyes on the beauty that was unfolded before his enraptured vision—looking and looking, like a

Faun, like a lover, without the least ripple of philosophic brooding, but at last bowing down before and worshipping that beauty. In this vivid and spontaneous sympathy with the animated life of external Nature, he was indeed a true Greek. "This very temper, half-worship, half-joy, and both in a thrill of hourly expectation of the birth of the wonderful, this power of seeing all things with a child's amazement and forgetfulness," was pre-eminently the temper of the Greeks, and this Keats possessed in a far greater degree than any other modern poet.

This passionate love, which Keats had for external, objective Nature, contributed in him, as it did in the Greeks, to the growth of a love of sensuous beauty. Like the Greeks, he, too, was preternaturally sensitive to "the beauty which speaks primarily to the senses." But the Beauty which he worshipped, had nothing in common with the Intellectual Beauty after which Shelley poured out his heart. To Keats, Beauty for Beauty's sake was indeed paradise, to him objects beautiful to the eye were a joy for ever. This outward beauty of which Keats was an ardent devotee was, of course, sensuous, but by no means sensual. A noble ideality exalted him, as it did the Greek's, love of Beauty, and he was a true descendant of the Greeks in this chase after external Beauty idealised.

Such a passionate lover of the Beautiful was naturally shocked by the sordid materialism of his own age. Turning his back to this world "which became too much with him" he hurried to that fairy land of Hellas to breathe its diviner atmosphere and lose himself in its far-off loveliness. The preponderance of the aesthetic sensibility in his poetic constitution made Keats blind to the other side of the shield—he had not the vision and the faculty divine to perceive the grandeur of our earthly struggle, the Spiritual Beauty that lurks beneath the crust of modern civilisation. He was, therefore, utterly deaf to those great upheavals, which were shaking the Europe of his time to its very foundation and which appear so vividly in the pages of Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth and Coleridge. He was not at all troubled by thoughts about the destiny of Man—he felt no interest in the burning question of liberty, equality and fraternity, no interest in the coming millenium whose pæan his brother poets were singing so ardently. While his brother poets were sounding the trumpet of prophecy through the unawakened earth, John Keats was perhaps "wandering in a forest thoughtlessly and seeing the vision of the sleeping Cupid and Psyche—

"Two fair creatures, couched side by side
In deepest grass, beneath the whispering roof
Of leaves and trembled blossoms,"

or perhaps joining in the festival of some

“ Little town by river or sea-shore
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,”

or perhaps singing to the “Mother of Hermes, the still youthful Maia” asking for the ‘old vigour’ of the ancient bards. He was content to live “housed in a dream, at distance from the kind.”

It must follow as a matter of course that the Beauty which thus leads its votaries to a life of selfish isolation cannot be perfect, in spite of all its fascinations. The Greeks no doubt worshipped this Beauty, but they were also fully conscious of a higher spiritual Beauty—a Beauty whose dwelling place is in the heart and not in the eye. “The Beautiful was taken by the Greek tragedians,” for example, “in its wider and deeper meaning, carrying with it the ideas of Eternal Law, of Divine Justice, of theoretic happiness of man living on earth a life worthy of heaven, which the ‘Master of those who know’ set forth as the final aim of human existence. In Beauty thus considered—Man, with his passions, his joys and griefs, his destiny—the world beyond the world, the things beneath the veil,—formed necessarily the principal object” (*Palgrave*). and it will scarcely be any exaggeration to say that, Shakespeare is *the* master singer of the glories of this Beauty.

Keats, however, like a true great poet, soon detected the comparative hollowness of the Beauty which he worshipped. For we find that he was already becoming conscious of the existence of a higher and more intense Beauty—the Beauty which comes from the ‘strife of human hearts.’ Like the Lady of the Palace of Art, revelling in her “God like isolation,” he was disturbed in the midst of his Elysian joy when “the airy hand confusion wrought.” For *he* too had begun to feel the fever and the fret of this weary world. He, too, was changed, and in his *Ode to Nigtingale*, which is full of the sensibility of human pain, he awakens to the fact that he is no ‘habitant’ of some far-off, golden cloudy region, but a people of this solid earth

“ Where youth grows pale and spectre thin and dies,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes.”

He had now heard the “still sad music of humanity” and felt its chastening influence. He could now find “the beauty that belongs to melancholy and the melancholy that belongs to beauty.” He had now felt that “Beauty *must* die” and that “Joy’s hand is ever at his lips bidding adieu.” In his higher vision, he now saw Beauty and Truth identical, and in this he found the true eudomonia of mankind. Although his verse still palpitates with the theme of the flying lovers, it

is thrust into the background to make room for the poetical enunciation of the great ethical question of the *summum bonum* of human existence as lying in a knowledge of the equivalence of Beauty and Truth.

Thus we find he was gradually approaching the true ideal of Beauty, when his career was suddenly cut off. Had he lived longer, he would certainly have risen to that elevated conception of Beauty, of which Shakespeare and the Greek tragedians were the high priests.

It will not be perhaps quite out of place here to note in passing that, Keats's Hellenism, of which we were speaking so long, was not the product of study. He enjoyed the prosy pages of Lemprière, only because his Hellenic instinct conjured up visions of Beauty, a gay beautiful cosmos out of the chaos of Lemprière. He found, in Chapman, the "pure serene" of Homer, only because he was a born Greek. His Hellenism was, indeed, no mere product of study, for he was no Greek scholar at all. Landor's Hellenism, which was indeed a product of study, naturally lacked the spontaneity, the freshness and the magic with which Keats's Hellenism was suffused. It must be that, through some mysterious birthright, Keats was born in this world, divinely endowed with the Greek temperament. Brimful of the Hellenic spirit as he was, he easily wafted himself back to the time

"When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
Holy the air, the water and the fire."

It now only remains to be remarked that, in *spirit*, he was a Hellenic, but in *manner* far from it. The exuberance and the passionateness of expression that belonged to him was antithetical to the Hellenic ideal of rigorously clear diction. He was in his workmanship essentially romantic and Gothic. His favourite Elizabethan poets, including even Shakespeare, revelled in a florid diction, and he could not shake off their influence. Again, Keats was abnormally sentimental in spite of all his Hellenism. In the treatment of his youthful heroes, Keats oftentimes imparts a touch of effeminacy which is very different from the stern classical ideal. He lacks the stimulating force of the classical poets. "His Hellenism, exquisite in itself, is certainly morbid. If Shelley, in his purity and glowing life, reminds us of the greatest Greek poets, Aeschylus and Sophocles, Keats's verse has the "dying fall" and luxurious inertness of the anthology; it is the poetry, not of May, but of August."

KAMAL KRISHNA GHOSH,

Sixth Year English Class.

Great Men.

A MAN who by his acts contributes to the evolution of mankind is a great man. A philosopher who by his spiritual insight tries to discover and interpret things in all their bearings is a great man. A soldier who in the battle-field consecrates his life in the cause of his country, undaunted and undeterred, and wins an undying fame is a great man. The poet who stirs up the imagination of the people by his poetry and rouses their spirit for the execution of some great deed is a great man. The patriot, who absolutely regardless of self, regardless of the vicissitudes of life and the overwhelming odds that are working against him, does his disinterested service in the cause of his country and considers no sacrifice to be too great, is a great man. A statesman, who works in the midst of contumely and calumny of every kind and amid the wicked stabs of false friends, who grapples with the most intricate problems of the day with a singular tact, resourcefulness and energy, who evolves order out of chaos when the country is seething with elements of disaffection and discontent, is a great man. An orator, who appeals to the sentiments, passions and reason of the audience with vehemence and cogency to encourage them to do some arduous task or make some noble sacrifice which the exigencies of the occasion demand, is a great man. A reformer, who fights tooth and nail against the prejudices, superstitions or meaningless vanities of his land encrusted with the ignorance of the people, and who tries to engraft the best customs of other countries on his own, is a great man. A scholar, who by his individual researches adds to the sum-total of human knowledge, is a great man. Indeed everyone, who has no spirit of disservice at heart, but expressly or silently does something to better the lives of others, who acts in a manner that 'life is a great and noble calling, an elevated and lofty destiny, and not a mean and grovelling thing to shuffle through as we can,' is a great man.

"Taken up in any way," said Carlyle, "great men are profitable company." And why? Let it be borne in mind by those who question the truth of this that the greatness of the men is brought to test by their acts and not by themselves; and is it possible that the verdict of the people will go in favour of a man who is not really great? A great man is acclaimed by the people to be so when they have understood him and have got an insight into his intrinsic worth.

Great men bear the brunt of their struggle of their lives with an

unflagging zeal and with a mighty energy. Whenever any calamity befalls them, they do not break down, but with a clear reading of the situation go on tiding over that. They try to analyse the situation, and analysis enables them to act in a proper and regulated manner. Men derive invaluable inspiration and guidance from the study of their lives. If you like to be a great soldier, just look at the gallant lads in the present Titanic struggle, and see how having passed through the baptism of fire they are displaying their valour and courage to maintain their position against the ruthless onslaughts of the enemy. As a champion of the oppressed and down-trodden, as an upholder of the canons of humanity or sentiments of morality, look at the British, the French and the Americans who have put forth their might, energies and resources to disenthroned the brute force of Germany which tries to give death-blow to civilization. If you like to be a great orator, read the speeches that are still extant of the ancient Cicero or Demosthenes, or of Burke, the prince of British orators; mark how they spoke, taking special note of the sentiments of the audience, and appealed to their imagination to convulse their hearts to their innermost depths. As a statesman, read the life of Gladstone—a life all compact of active beneficence, of exalted spiritual insight and endeavour—a life which speaks of the political condition of England in the nineteenth century. As a reformer, read the life of Martin Luther, who reformed the mal-practices of the church and set up the freedom of individual reason and conscience in determining the meaning of the revealed religion, or the life of Raja Rammohun Roy who distinguished himself by his unwearyed labours to promote the social, moral and political condition of the people and by his earnest endeavour to suppress idolatry, who broke the spell of ages by bidding defiance to the foolish customs of his country by his initiation of Brahmoism. In fact, in every field, in every pursuit of life you can have guidance or help from the great men to lead your steps aright.

Great men are the beacon-lights. Whenever we go astray, the light from above shows us the path and tends to make us alert and steady so that we may not fall into the many pit-falls in our way. There is many a temptation in our life. There is much likelihood of our being reduced by one or the other. But the great men who had to experience the same sort of thing give us hope and courage by their unseen presence. Great men are an unction to our soul. Temporary failures and discomfitures in life sometimes make a man dejected and melancholy, but then the teachings and precepts of the great men keep

us from the Slough of Despond or the clutches of the Giant Despair. In fact, they seem to feel like guardian angels a keen solicitude for us on every occasion of our lapses, mistakes or dereliction of duty. And what is more proper and reasonable than to enshrine them in the tabernacle of our hearts ?

But our heart bleeds to see a spirit of cynicism entering into the treatment of great men. After the death of a great man, the cynic makes it a point of his life to "draw his frailties from their dread abode." It is no hyperbole to say that such a spirit is discouraging and dishonourable. It is not only an insult to the good breeding, reasonableness and the merit of the cynic but also makes him an object of derision in the eyes of the world. In the interests of humanity at large, he should refrain from resorting to this unworthy manner of damaging the reputation and good name of the great man. To our satisfaction however, this is going to be a thing of the past and with the growth of civilization and intellectual culture, there is growing a spirit for the appreciation of the great men which is swelling in its volume day by day. Of course it can be hardly denied that such a spirit was not absent to the ancient people, for says Morley, "It was no bad usage of the old Roman to bring down from its niche the waxen image of an eminent ancestor on the anniversary of his natal day and to recall his memory and its lineaments even though time and its wear and tear should have sprinkled a little dust or chipped a feature."

It is a happy sign of the times that people are multiplying the number of anniversary meetings which consider great men in all their aspects and thus stimulate the minds of the audience to vigour and emulation. In modern times, a tendency to hero-worship—the worship of man who has joined

"The choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence,"—

is making itself felt amongst us. In America, the birthday anniversaries of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln are unmistakable proofs of this tendency. In France, the observance of Jeane Darc's day is a healthy recognition of this spirit—a spirit at the same time helpful to the cultivation of patriotic sentiments of the people and the stimulation of their national morale. In England, the dawn of this cannot escape the eyes of the most supine observer. Men like Nelson, Cromwell and Gladstone have become honoured and revered names to whom worship and homage. it is no paradox to say, are an ennobling


and not a degrading superstition. When such is the case with the West, the East cannot be blamed if it shows a stronger inclination towards this spirit, for the East values noble and religious sentiments more than anything else. It is not surprising, therefore, that celebrations of anniversaries, and Puja of Ramkrishna Paramhansa, Vivekanandaśwami, Vidyasagar, Keshubchundra Sen and others take place all over the country—they being treated as the embodiment of national consciousness. We see, then, that, with the growth of modern democracy, the spirit of the worship of the great men is growing within us; and it is doing inestimable good in the civilization of mankind, and the more it is fostered, the better for us all.

PANCHUGOPAL ROY CHOUDHURY,

First Year Arts.

Our Visit to the Gas-Works of the Oriental Gas Co., Calcutta.

[We, the Presidency College students of the Fifth Year Chemistry Class, were very kindly permitted by the manager Mr. Snelgrove to visit the gas-works with Mr. Marshall and Gupta on the 26th August. We offer our hearty thanks to the manager and his officials.]

WITH Mr. Marshall, we go upstairs in the retort house and are first taken to the railway siding, where we see a moving machine for charging and emptying the retorts. We see two workmen on the top constantly maintaining the quantity of coal in the cup and cone arrangement. Just below this arrangement, there is a wheel which rotates very rapidly and makes the coal go into the open retort in a torrent, as it were, till it is full, when the rotation is stopped. We see the stokers opening a retort to be charged. The wheel rotates and the retort is filled up in two minutes. The coal at once takes fire inside and the fiery flames flow out even outside; but the stokers are seen immediately sealing the retort hermetically, so that no air gets inside. We are told that these retorts are -shaped, made of fireclay and can be opened both ways. We see that there are four horizontal lines of retorts in the whole retort plant; eight retorts, consisting of two in each line, make a section, and each stoker is in charge of a section.

We now come to the back side of the retorts and notice the stoker opening the cover-piece of one of the retorts. Huge masses of white hot coke are seen emerging and falling on the iron platform on which

we stand. The workmen at once seal the retort and engage themselves to push the greater part of the coke into the furnace below through window-shaped openings, just on the level of the platform. Then they close this opening by a cover-piece and surround the cover further by throwing dusts of coal around their edges. This is done to prevent the flames shooting forth towards the platform. We now come over to the railway siding again, and are just in time to find the stokers opening a retort to be emptied. A beam of iron moving in a horizontal plane is seen to be pushed like a piston inwards and outwards alternately into the retort by the agency of an electrical contrivance in the moving machine alluded to before. Coming back to the other side, we notice the emerging masses of glowing white-hot coke. The coke which falls down the gaps in the platform towards the ground beneath is collected in trucks placed on rails at the proper positions. Some of the coke which also falls down on the side of the moving machine is cooled by pouring water over it, and together with the coke collected in the trucks aforesaid, it is heaped up in the open yards and sold to public.

We now come downstairs and are shown the vertical row of inlets for the "Primary air" down the arch of the furnace; these help to burn the C (carbon) of the coke to CO (carbon monoxide), and this gas together with the nitrogen of the air passes through the 'nostril holes' in the arch of the furnace and meets the "Secondary air" which comes here though a set of inlets parallel to the former ones. CO₂ (carbon dioxide) is produced, and this together with a mixture of CO and N (nitrogen), called 'waste gases,' become hot and are utilised in directly heating the lower line of retorts which are kept charged for ten hours together. The other lines of retorts are kept charged for eight hours each. The waste gases are also made use of in heating the Secondary air before they are allowed to pass out through the chimney

We now come upstairs again; and the "ascension pipes" issuing out from the mouths of the retorts are shown to us. These pipes go vertically to a height of 14 or 15 ft. and they end by dipping in the hydraulic main. We are told that the gas (or rather the mixture of gases and tarry matter) ascending the pipes attains the temperature of 1800° to 2000° F. approximately. We now ascend the ladder at one extremity of the retort plant and we are asked to be careful not to touch the pipes, etc., for they are evidently red-hot. Coming to the top, we stand on a narrow platform by the side of the hydraulic main. We experience an awful and tremendous heat, in spite of which we spend

a few minutes determined to see the important parts here. We see that the main consists of an inverted U-shaped stout pipe running horizontally throughout the whole length of the tremendous apparatus. It is always kept half filled with gas-liquor stored in a huge tank, set a little below the slanting roof of the retort house. We are shown the bridge pipe joining the upper extremity of an ascension pipe with another smaller length of pipe which dips in the gas liquor of the hydraulic main to a depth of half an inch or so.

The upper part of the hydraulic main is closed throughout except at the entrance of the dip pipes, and at the sides we are shown small openings through which gas-liquor is always dripping in thin streams. The gases ascending from the retorts give up a fair proportion of their tar as they pass bubbling through the gas-liquor. The tar passes out into a pipe (of smaller diameter) running parallel to and along the bottom of the hydraulic main, and from this it goes to the tar well in the yard outside. The impure gases leave the hydraulic main by a large pipe, called the "foul main," which circulates throughout the whole retort building and runs out into the open yards, off from the workshops. We notice from the thermometer on the valve attached to the hydraulic main and the foul main that the impure gases have cooled down to 118° F. The gas, as it travels along the entire winding length of the foul main, is cooled down more and more.

We now come down by the same ladder in the reversed order, and on reaching the platform find ourselves slightly blackened and scorched and moreover bathed in copious perspiration.

One of us suddenly finds out a curious recorder suspended on the wall of the retort house just by the side of the ladder, and we are given to understand that this apparatus is meant to show the degree of vacuum maintained by the exhaust pump. We now hurry on just beside the retort building and find the store of Ranigunge Bituminous Coal, which is being constantly ground to smaller lumps by a revolving system of wheels and subsequently sent forth to the top of the moving machine in a series of buckets moved slantingly upwards by a side machinery. We now wash our hands and faces, and leaving the retort plant, we follow the foul main to the open yard. The gases are here cooled by a system of atmospheric condensers, whereby the naphthalene is removed primarily because the gas would otherwise deposit solid naphthalene in the subsequent parts of the plant and distributing system, causing much inconvenience to the Company as well as the consumers in the district. We next see the large water condensers set in rows

in a slightly slanting position. They are some 20–25 ft. high and as the gas passes alternately upwards and downwards through tubes surrounded by water, pumped in opposite direction, it cools down nearly to the atmospheric temperature, and gives off some more of its tar, which goes to the tar well. Here the thermometer reads 87° F.

We are next taken to a building, where in one large room we are shown the 'Exhaust Pump' which is continuously worked in order to serve the double purpose of, first, pumping the gas continuously as it is made from the retorts through the condensers, and, secondly, pumping it forward through the subsequent purifying apparatus to be described. Here we notice the vacuum recorder as we saw it in the retort house before. Leaving the exhaust pump, we come to the 'tar-extractor,' which is a large closed tank containing a tin plate near its top with very many small circular pores. Through these, we are told, as the gas has to pass in its way to the scrubbers, fine streams of gas are produced, in consequence of which any minute quantity of tar (still remaining) clogs to the pores and flows down and passes into the tar well. Some ammonia liquor is also used in the washer whereby some ammonia, H_2S (sulphuretted hydrogen) and CO_2 (carbon dioxide) are removed. We are shown the tar well, built underground, containing a huge quantity of tar.

Now to effect the last removal of ammonia, the gas from the tar extractor passes through two systems of scrubbers. The first system consisting of a horizontal cylindrical shell has inside it, we are told, compartments made by vertical planes containing an opening in the middle. There is also a circular iron plate in the middle of each compartment and two kinds of brushes—viz. (a) stationary brushes at the sides. and (b) rotating brushes in contact with the circular iron plates. Washing water is introduced in direction opposite to that of the gas, and after circulating through each compartment is led away to the liquor tank. The gas is next passed through the second system of scrubbers which are tall towers filled with wetted broken bricks and coke. The gas ascends through these and at the top it comes in contact with the downpour of fresh water whereupon it gives off almost all the last traces of ammonia. Further, some H_2S and CO_2 combine with the aqueous ammonia and are thus removed. We take a little of the water flowing out from this scrubber and find that it smells very faintly indeed of ammonia.

We next see the purifiers, consisting of large iron boxes arranged on the ground; we are told that these contain shelves on which "dirt"

of iron oxide are spread. The gas from the tall scrubbers has to pass through these layers of oxide, whereupon the sulphuretted hydrogen retained in it is removed by the "dirt." The "dirt" is kept for some time in these boxes, after which the spent "dirt" is removed to shaded and unshaded yards, where they are spread out and continuously turned over for atmospheric oxidation. When they have attained 60% of S in them, they are sold to the sulphuric acid manufacturers.

We are now taken to the standard "meter" room, where we are shown the dials indicating the cubic feet of gas that are being produced every hour and also since the starting of the day's operation. We look over the record book kept in the room, and find from the last two entries that nearly 38,000 c.ft. and 40,000 c.ft. of gas have been produced between the hours 2-3 p.m. and 3-4 p.m. respectively. The pure or rather purified coal gas now goes via the meter to the huge and lofty gas-holder. We pass over the yard to the gas-holder, and ascend by a ladder on the circular edge of the water reservoir. We see that it is some 35-40 ft. deep and in it the lower part of the large steel plate holder is dipping. The gas main enters the holder just a little above the level of the water and by exerting a pressure on the water raises the holder. We are informed that this holder can contain one million cubic feet of gas. There is another large main near the entrance main of the gas. The gas leaves the holder by this exit main which by giving rise to many hundreds of smaller pipes running along the streets, supplies the gas to the district.

We come over to the building again, where we see the "governor," regulating the pressure of the gas sent out to the streets. We are next taken upstairs to the chemical laboratory (in the office building), where we see arrangements and instruments for ascertaining the 'calorific power' and the 'specific heat' of the gas; the sulphur content of the spent oxide and various other analogous items being also tested, analysed and examined here. We come downstairs and see the photometric room in which the candle power of the gas is tested at intervals. The last entry in the record book indicated the candle power of the gas to be 14.88.

Lastly, we see the ammonium sulphate plant (still), where the aqueous ammoniacal liquor is converted into ammonium sulphate and sold to the agriculturist and the sugar refiners. We also examine a few lumps of the exposed spent oxide of iron and we perceive the smell of sulphur in it. We are then taken to the mechanic workshop, which is worked by an engine (of enormous horse-power) propelled by the Com-

pany's own gas. We next come to the power-house for the working of the moving stoking machine. We are here shown the electro-gas system which the Company has taken recourse to. And finally we pay a visit to the mould works of the Company, where all the necessary mouldings are cast by the Company's servants.

On our way back to the gate, we examine several new fire-clay retorts as they stand in the pen yard. We also find a second retort plant and a second gas-holder, which are not now in operation, but which, we are told, are used in the winter, when the consumption of the gas in the district is greater. The second gas-holder, we are informed, holds one lakh cubic feet of gas.

BRAJA KISOR BANERJEE,
Fifth Year M.Sc. Chemistry Class.

“From School to College.”

LIKE every other thing in the world human life is also susceptible to change and chance with the progress of time and age—at first ‘an infant mewling and puking in the nurse's arms’; then the whining and unwilling schoolboy; next the happy and labouring college student; and so on. The very fact that the world's history fails to furnish us with any instance of aught which did not undergo any change with the lapses of time is in itself a proof of the changeable character of human life. The changes that I am going to discuss are not changes in the strictest sense of the word, for both school and college careers are contained in the term “academic life.” Nevertheless some observers take fancy to draw a line of demarcation between the two careers. However, without any further introductory remarks I shall at once pass on to the main topic; and I would flatter myself if my humble presentation of the facts is not in any way disproved or criticised, as I shall spare no pains to put every possible point in black and white.

I think it would not be overtaxing my gentle readers if at the very outset I request them to ponder over their respective school-days till “fond memory brings the light of other days around them” and to observe what expectations did they have during those days regarding college life.

Here is a schoolboy who gives “sufficient promise of future excellence”—he is regular and assiduous in his studies, his character is well-formed, his mission in life is sublime and he aspires after the eminent

heights of worldly ambition. Partly in a fit of childish anticipation and partly due to his ignorance of the realities he thinks within himself,—“When in the near future I shall matriculate and enter college, I would become as free and independent as air itself. I shall be at liberty to do anything and everything according to my own sweet will. There will be nobody to interfere with me in my affairs—not even the professor. They have got no authority to chastise the students—not to speak of inflicting any corporal punishment on them—even if they do not go well-prepared in all subjects. Lecturers will address me, just as they address other senior students, as ‘gentleman,’ ‘friend,’ etc.” Such are the speculations of a schoolboy who has not yet stepped into the academic cloister of higher education. Very soon, when the next part of his life which is as yet lying folded and unenjoyed before him will commence, he will come to know whether his views are true and accurate or not.

Bit by bit he attained his sixteenth year and appeared at the Matriculation examination. While fortune is in the womb and the papers are being examined he has all the time been meditating “to college or back to school.” After a lapse of about three months which to the poor impatient student appears—and one should excuse him for his impatience—more than three years, the Declaration Day of the results came on at last; and he with scores of other co-examinees goes to the University hall with a view to know his fate. Sometimes the hope of success puts fresh vigour in him and sometimes the dread of failure makes his heart sink within himself. At length when he comes to know that he is one of the fortunate successful candidates what a sense of relief he himself feels when he says, “Thank God, my labours have been crowned with success. I’ve done with school at last.”

Soon afterwards he goes from one college to another gathering the prospectus of each, and tries his utmost to get himself admitted in the one which he deems best and where he finds the most suitable combination. Supposing by freak of fortune he has to come back disappointed therefrom, being unsuccessful in his efforts, he cannot but turn to some other college which stands next to the former in reputation and in other respects, in order to seek admission there. If by chance delay occurs, unfortunately, in submitting the application, the first question which is put to him is whether the applicant has got any chance of securing a scholarship. If not, whether he got a first class in the last examination. In case of his answer being still in the negative his application is sure to meet with an unquestionable rejection. How-

ever, his very steady resolution of prosecuting his studies will enable him to get himself admitted somehow or other in some college which would be willing to admit him.

When he has taken his admission he finds himself among “new faces, other minds.” Whatever he beholds around him seems new and unfamiliar to his eyes: the very college is new, acquaintances new, professors of different and dissimilar nature, mode of teaching quite different from what he had been previously accustomed to, students of every shade of mental capacity ranging from the genius down to the dunce and belonging to various castes and creeds. In a word everything is practically novel to him. During his first few days he is just like a “stranger in a strange land.” Now from his present standpoint he is in a position to realize that ‘things are not what they seemed.’

The wonderful and animated scene enacted before him repeatedly hour by hour on occasions of changing the classrooms is worth describing: the corridor of the college appears to be a race-course at the end of each hour where human-horses run with the quickness of 15 man-power bi-ped engine. Gentlemen’s hustle and bustle indicate as if the train is on the verge of starting and they are in a great hurry to secure a comfortable accommodation as they cannot get their seats reserved. On seeing the spectacle of the constant rush and excitement in securing seats in the class-room his “remembrance wakes with all her busy train” and leads him to conclude that even college resembles school in many respects. The industrious, hard-working and diligent section of the class rushes in for the front benches while the least eager ones are pleased to content themselves with the back ones. The rest of the class, being unable to encounter this perpetual and unbearable difficulty cannot but occupy the average and neutral (for there is no contention for those seats as is the case with both the front and the back benches) grounds somewhere in the middle rows. At this juncture of time when the god-sent blessing of sitting in Roll Order came down upon earth, some colleges, not wishing to change their usual course of affairs, paid no heed to it in the least. The consequence of the latter is that the disturbances are quite inevitable. However, he now rejoices in being the student of a disciplined college where there is a sort of military discipline (so useful in these stormy days).

When, in course of his grand tour of visiting every creek and corner of his new world, he halts at the Library, he gets wonder-struck to see the long and magnificent range of book-shelves containing works of the “mighty minds of old.” He, then, comes to this calm, solemn and

tranquil place daily and begins to learn how to utilize this property in the best possible manner. Now he has not to go from one teacher to another requesting and entreating them all the while to recommend him for the book applied for so that he may borrow it from the library. He, being supposed to be a responsible man, signs his name and gets the book from the library for study at home.

With the extension of the student's rights and privileges his field of activities also grows wider. One of the fields of activities which is exclusively enjoyed by the students is the Common Room of the college. Some torn leaflets of worn-out weeklies, fortnightlies, monthlies, and other journals are to be found scattered here and there and still eaten by some voracious book-worms—pictures being conspicuous by their absence as they are taken away, unfortunately, by those for whom they are meant. The mirthful refugees that escape from 'the volleys from the chair' and 'plague of eloquence' make this common territory always echo with all sorts of confused debates, noisy orations and roaring laughter. The intermingled sounds of the orators and the discordant mixture of hundred other voices render the scene so boisterous and tumultuous that "war seems a civil game to this uproar."

Such are the impressions of one who has just been from school, and it is hoped that they will not be subjected to the "utmost rigour of critical procedure."

A. M. JALALUDDIN AHMAD,

First Year Arts Class.

Autobiography of a Pair of Shoes.*

AN account of my family is not needed. You all know me. I am in close touch with all the dust and dirt and slush and rubbish of the wayside. You put me off and leave me outside, before entering a room. If you want to insult and humiliate a person grossly, you bring my body in unholy contact with his. It is your delight daily to trample on me and to lacerate every limb of mine with stone and gravel and thorn. But let that pass.

Through the first ceremony of the lying-in room and the various other ceremonies of being cut and sewn and the like, when I reached

* Translation of a story of Sj. Sudhindra Nath Tagore (*Prabasi*, Kartick 1319).

years of discretion, I found myself shut up in an almirah in a Chinaman's shop. There I noticed many of my race in the same plight.

I have heard of that well-known big road of yours—called Bentinck Street—on both sides of which, in big shops, many of my tribe live in comfort. But my ill-luck and the sins of my previous births doomed me to durance vile in a small, dilapidated, dank, dark room at the junction of Harrison Road and Chitpur Road. On the south of the room, there was a narrow lane with a drain on one side. The evil odour of our body is notorious, but the stench of the drain was too-much even for me; and I felt so sick that my stomach was ready to throw up its contents. On the north, there was a sweetmeat shop. My hungry bowels used to burn, when people went about on the foot path, holding in their hands, what-do-you-call-it—‘*Loochi*,’ looking like a silver-white full moon—and ‘*Jilipi*,’ looking like a complicated cluster of golden rings. Alas, that you should have such humorists in your midst! Some people would delight to take their stand right in front of the shop on the footpath, attitudinising like Srikrishna—with three beautiful curves at the head, waist and feet—and with closed eyes and great relish, putting, one after another, the sweet syrup-soaked things into their mouths from the cone-shaped leaf-made cases as though to make a parade of their ecstatic enjoyment. How keenly did I then wish to pounce, kite-like, upon them and to snatch away from their hands the viands, case and all. Had they no other place in the whole city where they might stand?

In the dark, dingy, locked-up room, through a chink or two in the almirah, I would keep up my respiration somehow and lie all night in a state of stupor. In the morning, the Chinaman would come and open the door; and I would slowly revive and look round. The Chinaman, tucking up his blue loose pantaloons, would recline in the armchair and, with pipe in mouth, enjoy heavenly bliss in opium-fumes for an hour or so;—after which he would get up, dust about a little, take out his sewing machine with accessories and begin the reformation of our race. One by one, your people would then come in and hold rapt converse with the Chinaman, employing complicated systems of signs and a jargon of English, Bengali and Hindi curiously blended! The conversation over, if an incomer had the hardihood to go away without having one of us under his arm—in the manner of your forefather *Hanuman*, the Monkey-god, putting the sun under his armpit—the Chinaman would, unheard, follow him with volleys of unmentionable abuse. Like ‘*Ahalya*’s’ liberation from the curse through the favour

of 'Ramchandra,'—many of my tribe, one after another, got their liberation through the favour of your kith and kin. But it took me about six years before I could get my release.

One thing I have forgotton to mention. You have, amongst you, a class of people whom you call dwarfs; I was of that ilk. My age increased; but, with it, my size did not change in any way. I continued to be the same short, stunted, tiny thing that I was in my infancy.

* * * * *

It was in autumn; a day or two before the Pujah. As far as the eye could reach, I saw through the door-chink that the sky had changed its tint altogether. On the other side of the road, over the house-roofs, the head of a "*Bakul*" tree was partly visible. The sun gleamed over its thick and bright foliage. The music of the "*rasun-chowki*" came floating in the air; the perfume from the scented "*chudders*" and handkerchiefs of the fashionable passers-by penetrated into the shop. People were astir,—there was no end of buying and selling.

In the afternoon, a Bengali alighted from a tram-car and entered our room. He went round the shop and finally stopped where I was. He turned me on all sides and inspected me. Somehow, he took a fancy to me, paid the Chinaman two rupees for the honour of having a look at my face and slowly went away with me.

Oh, the inexpressible joy of it! The free air touched me and I was in raptures.

The Babu got down from the tram-car near a house at the Grey Street crossing. The house looked perfectly cheerful with the joyousness of the Pujah. A lovely, fair, little six-year-old girl, looking like the jessamine, was standing at the gate. She clapped her hands, came frisking to the Babu, caught hold of his hands, pressed them and called in great glee, "Papa has brought me shoes! Papa has brought me shoes!" She was full of delight when she put me on. She ran about and told whomsoever she met, "My new shoes! look, how fine my new shoes are! Papa has brought them for me!" The delicate touch of the sweet girl's feet soothed me. Ah! I could then understand why you compare feet with the lotus!

All the while, the girl kept me on her feet. She paid no heed to any remonstrance, but ate her meal without putting me off. She then dusted me and laid me tidily upon a wooden box and went to bed casting repeated wistful glances at me.

It was the *Saptami-Pujah* day. At noon, the worship was over, as also the offerings of food and light to the goddess. The sound of the gong and the bell had ceased. The wet cast-off Pujah-flowers were still lying on the ground. The last breath of the incense could be faintly perceived. The worship-hall was empty but for a woman or two who had come from outside to make their bow to the goddess.

Finding this opportunity, the girl came up the hall, with her shoes on, and began to pick up the flowers left after the worship. Filling the loose end of her Sari with them and laughing gaily, she was about to return, when the eyes of the Babu, her father, fell upon her. He was drunk at that time; his eyes were red like the China-rose; his voice was thick and indistinct; and his temper was rather—devilish. He made a dash at her and gave her two fierce kicks, saying “Cursed girl, you have come to the Mother’s worship-hall with your shoes on!” Then pulling me off her feet, he flung me into a remote corner of the courtyard. The girl did not cry ever so little—she only raised her large soft eyes and fixed them steadily upon her father’s face.

When he was gone, she quickly picked me up, put me under her sari and secreted me under an almirah in the room upstairs. No one saw her outside the room any more that day.

At the dead of night, when every one was sleeping after the festivities, the Babu came to his bed-room in the zenana and called to his wife :—

“Nistarini, Nistarini, are you asleep?”

“Why, what is this? So late and not yet abed?”

“No: where is the child? How is she?”

“She has got fever.”

“Fever?”

“Yes; her skin as is hot as fire. She is starting up now and again.”

“I say, do you hear me? I have had a bad dream. I had beaten the child severely for going up the worship-hall with her shoes on. Then the Mother appeared to me in a dream and reproved me, saying “Hypocrite! Reprobrate! *you* can come to the worship-hall with your polluted body and mind; but you have beaten this blameless, sinless, stainless girl for coming to my room with her shoes on! I will not keep her any longer in your sinful world; I will draw her with her shoes to my bosom.”

“Oh, what will come of it? What do you say?”

“Yes, Nistarini, I am telling you the truth. I have not touched a drop of wine since this afternoon.”

"It is the result of drink. Do not speak any more about it—Oh, do not! Go to sleep."

Then the Babu approached the child and passed his hands caressingly over her body. Suddenly he cried out, "What is the child holding in her hands on her chest?" The wife replied, "The child would not part with it. She insisted upon going to sleep with the pair of shoes in her hand."

The Babu was silent for a while; then he shook his head and kept on saying, "It bodes no good! Oh, it bodes no good!" All night long, couched in the child's bosom hot with fever, I could hear the echo, "It bodes no good! Oh, it bodes no good!"

The next day, the Pujah-gaiety changed into sadness. Doctor after doctor came in quick succession: but all went away with grave and ominous faces. No one told the father, but he realized within his heart what was coming. Prostrating himself before the Mother, he wept bitterly and prayed, "Forgive me, Mother; Oh, forgive me! Chastise me as you will; but do not snatch away my all—my child! Oh, do not snatch her away from me!"

The parents tended the child day and night; but all came to naught! Till the last, the girl kept me close pressed to her bosom. At times, in a fit of delirium, she would cry out, "Papa, my shoes? Where are my shoes, papa?"

Two days passed. '*Bijoya*' came, with its plaintive melody of the '*rasunchowki*' as a prelude to parting everlasting. The goddess was consigned to the river and, along with it, on that day, another life passed into eternity.

A year has passed. The grief-stricken mother, even now, opens the almirah many times a day, brings me out and strains me to her bosom,—washing the dust off my body with copious tears.

Now too I am shut up in the almirah; but now I am free. I was the object of the child's thought till death. She is resting upon the lap of the Mother of the Universe,—and I have been her heart's treasure!

PRABHAT CHANDRA SARBADHIKARI,
M.A. Class.



Coloured Suns.

WHAT is the dream-land? It is the land one sees in dreams—where the sun sheds a radiant red light and the moon cheers up the inhabitants with its sapphire hue.

Now, if I were to tell you that there is a land where the sun sheds a rosy light and another where the sun sheds an orange light—I would surely make a fool of myself.

It makes one utterly astonished to think of coloured suns, that is coloured stars. "Suns are stars" is a very common fact nowadays. Now, it is a fact—a true real fact—a fact that has heaps of scientific proofs to support it—that there exist in nature, stars which are coloured with the most astonishing and fantastic hues. Our little human mind is almost overwhelmed to think of worlds which rotate round these coloured suns, whose fortunate inhabitants (if there be any) bask in their coloured rays.

Our tiny intellect will be still more dizzy and puzzled to think of 'double-stars' which are coloured. Now, in the inexhaustible variety of creation, there exist suns that are united in pairs, bound by a common destiny, cradled in the same attraction and often coloured in the most delicate and entrancing shades conceivable. Here will be a dazzling ruby—its glowing colour distributing joy—there a shining emerald—beyond are blue sapphires—diamonds of translucent beauty shining forth from the abyss of the heavens. What splendours are scattered all over the heavens! What immensity! What profusion!

Let us now enumerate some of these coloured pairs of stars. 'γ' in Andromeda is composed of a fine orange star and one emerald green, which is again coupled with a little comrade of the deepest blue. 'β' of the Swan has been found to be a double star—one a golden yellow and the other—a sapphire. 'α' of Hercules is a couple of a magnificent emerald and a ruby companion. 'ξ' of Lyra is composed of two shining orbs—one yellow and the other a green star. 'η' of Perseus resolves into a burning red star and a smaller deep blue one.

These exquisite double stars revolve in graceful and splendid couples around one another, blending their multi-coloured fires in the midst of the starry firmament.

Our life is rather monotonous. Always, we have the same white light—though it can be resolved into the seven component lights. But to picture the fantastic illumination of the world that rotate round

their multi-coloured double stars and the floods of blue or rose-red or orange light that is shed! What a fairy spectacle must life represent there—upon those distant worlds! Is not that “dream-land”?

Let us now think that we inhabit a world which is illuminated by two suns, one red and the other blue.

The sapphire sun makes its appearance in the east, lightening up the heavens with a most sombre and melancholy hue. Gradually the blue sun climbs up the sky and begins to descend towards the west—when lo! the east is again brightened up with the flames of a scarlet sun, which in its turn attains the zenith. What a fairy vision it is to picture a world where the west is plunged in the twilight of the blue sun while the east is illuminated with the purple and burning rays of the ruby light. The first sun is setting when the second is attaining its zenith. The second one, too, performs the common law of the heavens and scarcely has it disappeared when the east again lights up with the rays of the blue Phoebus. And thus these two suns fraternize in the heavens in the task of renewing a thousand effects of extra-terrestrial light for the globe that knows no night.

Scarlet, indigo, green and golden suns! pearly and multi coloured moons! Are these not fairy visions dazzling to our sight, accustomed here to see but one monotonous white light.

If again, I were to tell you that there are suns which shed a blue light now and an orange one a few hours later and so on, I would certainly be taken for a dreamer. But a great numbers of stars are variable, either periodically in regular cycle—or irregularly.

In order to realize that, let us imagine that we inhabit a world which is illuminated by one of such variable stars—for example a star in the southern constellation of the Whale, indicated by the letter ‘o’ and which has been named “wonderful” of the Whale (Mira Ceti). Our new sun is shining to-day with a dazzling light shedding the gladness of its joyous beams upon the lands around. For two months or so it is admired for its superb light and sparkling illumination. Then, all on a sudden, its light fades and is diminished considerably in intensity and thus the whole world around becomes sad and dull. For five long months, our world suffers, as it were, a painful twilight. But while we are bewailing our lot—our glorious disk again revives—the intensity of its light increases slowly until it attains its former glory and splendour and showers its bright beams upon our world. But again all on a sudden, our golden orb darkens and is again reduced to its former fading lustre. Then it revives again and sends forth its

joyous beams to the lands around. Such is the nature of this capricious sun. It varies in 331 days, and from yellow at the maximum to red at the minimum. This star, Mira Ceti, which is one of the most curious of its type, varies from the second to ninth magnitude. We cite it as an example—thousands other can be instanced.

Thus the sky is no black curtain dotted with brilliant points—no empty desert, silent and monotonous. It is a prodigious theatrical stage, on which the most entrancing plays are continually being acted. Only—there are very few spectators.

PANCHANAN BANERJEA,

Fourth Year Science Class.

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Historical Research in Bengal.*

By THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON OF CALCUTTA.

NEARLY eighty years have passed since Lord Macaulay in the opening paragraph of his Essay on Lord Clive declared that the subject of the history of the British Empire in India is to most readers "not only insipid but distasteful." An interesting illustration of this statement is afforded by no less a person than Lord Morley. It must have been noticed by you how in his two books on Edmund Burke, Lord Morley when dealing with Burke's philippics against Warren Hastings shows a marked distaste for the discussion of the justice of the great impeachment. From the recently published *Recollections* we learn what must be the secret of this extraordinary omission. Referring either to Macaulay or Sir Alfred Lyall—it is impossible to say which—Lord Morley says, "he is the only man who ever makes Indian history readable to me."

Many reasons may be assigned for the indifference of English people to the subject of Indian History. English folk are very apt to credit themselves with the possession of an "imperial mind," but that mind, so far as they do in fact possess it, has, as a matter of fact, been simply forced upon them by the exigencies of an empire over the seas which Great Britain never consciously aimed at creating. The melancholy way in which our statesmen at the end of the last century subordinated British interests in East Africa to the intelligent and restless over-reaching of Germany was only possible because Lord Chatham's "roll up that map" has become the watchword of Britons who swoon at the very thought of geography. To-day a lecturer on Trinidad may be assaulted by his audience with questions as to whether Manitoba is a good place for tiger-shooting, or whether a contemplation of the snows from Darjiling is not usually disturbed by bites of the rattle-snake.

* This paper was prepared with a view to provoking a debate. It is thus an "extreme statement."

Politicians who like Lord Curzon or the late Sir Chas. Dilke possess a competent knowledge of the politics of the wider world, are by many credited, or rather discredited, with a knowledge of an uncanny and occult nature—dull because it lies outside party contention, dangerous because no one dares challenge it. It is only in recent years that the ordinary member of the House of Commons has been able to attend India debates without imperilling his reputation for respectability. Mr. Bonar Law's New Brunswick associations are supposed to render him peculiarly unfitted for the prominent place in his party. There is actually an Act of Parliament to keep at arm's length the clergy ordained in India and the dependencies of the Crown.

In the XVIIIth century retired Anglo-Indians seem to have done much in the way of living up to an unfavourable reputation. They were supposed to have undergone some sort of evil re-baptism off the Cape or in the Red Sea or Persian Gulf, and during their stay in the East to have become either sultanized, i.e. plutocratic and domineering, or brahmanised, creeping and cunning. Foote's comedy the *Nabob* hit them off very well. They were, moreover, credited with all kinds of complicity with political crime. It is on record that Barington, the saintly bishop of Durham, declined to call on Sir Francis Sykes, as the latter was supposed to have engineered the terrible famine of Bengal in 1769-70, which happened a year or more after Sykes had left the country. No doubt people expected when they saw the Great Proconsul to see the end of the rope with which he hanged Nuncomar projecting from beneath his coat tails! In many instances the bad reputation was not undeserved. Clive, for all his wondrous glory, can never have been a person with a charm about him especially towards the end. Browning describes:—

Such a castle seldom crumbles by sheer stress of cannonade,
'Tis when foes are foiled and fighting's finished that vile rains invade,
Grass o'ergrows, o'ergrows till night-birds congregating find no holes
Fit to build in like the topmost sockets made for banner poles
So Clive crumbled slow in London—crushed at last.

Orme, who has won an acclamation from no less a judge than Thackeray, has been also characterised by Macaulay as "inferior to no English historian in style and power of painting." It has been often asked why Orme, with all his long collected, voluminous, and carefully-studied documents before him, left his great history uncompleted. The explanation has at last been revealed. "The decisive reason," writes Mr. S. C. Hill, "why Orme laid down his pen was the disgraceful conduct of many of the successors of Saunders, Pigot, Lawrence and Coote. He had lived amongst heroes in an Age of Iron, and had told

their story in language which did honour both to himself and them : it was not fitting that he should describe how lesser men thought that in the misery of the country they had found an Age of Gold."

It is impossible to deny that the impression which Mr. Hill's words convey has worked itself into the subconscious mind of the reading public, and explains, perhaps to the full, the distaste for the history of British India to which Macaulay refers. Mrs. Besant, after summarising the quarrel of the French and English in Southern India, goes on to say,—“The forged treaty by which Clive cheated Omichund, the shameful sale by Hastings of British soldiers to murder the Rohillas, the swindling of the child Navab of Bengal, the murder of Nanda Kumar, the starvation of the Begums of Oudh, the torture of their stewards, the innumerable cruelties and exactions such as India had never known—are they not written in the chronicles of that awful country ? We have seen the result—the reduction of the richest country in the world to the poorest.”

Now I think you will agree with me when I say that the alleged turpitudes to which Mrs. Besant refers are not as a matter of fact written in the chronicles of the country, but in the pages of James Mill's *History of India*—a work in which, under the dry and apparently diligent style of one who has the disinterested ideal of the historian in view, is in reality as passionately partisan, prejudiced, and unjust as the political pamphlets and parliamentary reports on which it is based. Horace Hayman Wilson's annotations were, I suppose, the first indications to the English world of the unreliability of James Mill's performance. Macaulay, whose splendid genius compelled the English-speaking world to make a superficial acquaintance with the subjects of Mill's work, did not, as is so often supposed, write his two Indian Essays during the time of his residence as Legal Member in Calcutta. There is no genuine Indian colouring in the famous essays. I am coming to the heart of my subject when I say that it is precisely “the chronicles of the country” which have been neglected, and, it is to the chronicles of the country that recourse has yet to be made to render available the true history of the British Empire in India

Turning from the subject of the attitude of the average English-reading man to that of the Indian—or, as is best to concentrate the forces, the well-read Bengali gentleman, I think, that, anxious as I am to acknowledge the services of generations of Bengali antiquarians—men of genuine worth and distinction, I shall not be acting unfairly if I emphasise the great salient fact. It is this. If you wish to turn to a

comprehensive political History of Bengal, you have to take down from your shelves a book written one hundred and four years ago by a military man—Major Charles Stewart. The work was perhaps as good as it could have been expected to be in the state of knowledge one hundred and five years ago: but research has not stood still, and to-day the book may be regarded as so replete with inaccuracies, that it can not longer be relied on with impunity. In 1868 Sir William Hunter, nearly six years before the publication of John Richard Green's *Short History of the English People*, published the *Annals of Rural Bengal*, and in so doing, despite a tendency to wander discursively, supplied an ideal for the future historians of the peoples of Bengal under English Rule. Yet, although not a few illuminative treatises have been written about isolated subjects, we still have no comprehensive history of the peoples written from a wide study of Indian records, that can take the place of Major Stewart's work written 105 years ago.

The absence of a standard work on the history of the peoples of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa is a fact which would seem to point to the existence of a very real lack of interest in the history of the country and its peoples. The Proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, and those of the recently formed and very vigorous Bihar and Orissa Society of Research show both that the number of competent native archaeologists is considerable, but in the wider province of history the number of workers, either Indian or European, are very few indeed. The proceedings of the learned Societies to which I have referred seem to show that if history is cared for at all, it is not for its own sake, but simply because a certain amount of historical knowledge is required by the student of ethnology, folk-lore, archaeology and numismatics. If in our schools we were to teach geography simply because a knowledge of that science is useful to the collector of postage stamps, the present situation in regard to historical science would be paralleled. In a few years' time perhaps the only importance that will be attached to the English occupation of Jerusalem will be found in the fact that it led to the issue of a series of surcharged postage stamps that have become exceedingly rare!

A number of causes may be assigned for the lack of interest in their own history displayed by the Indian people, and the enumeration of some at least of these causes may perhaps lead to an interesting and valuable discussion. I state the reasons, without however pledging myself to accepting them.

It may, in the first place, be suggested that the study of the past is not an occupation that can ever be congenial to the oriental mind. It may be asked if the fatalism which is associated with Islam and the Karma doctrine of Hinduism are consistent with that habit of judical investigation of human actions which forms part of the mental outfit of the Historian? It might be suggested that the tendency of the Indian student does not lie in the direction of a study of things transitory—his natural pre-occupation would be with the eternal. Logic and metaphysics have always fascinated his mind, and the science of law, with its desire to bring all phases of human life under general principles—to resolve the concrete into the abstract—the dynamic into the statical, also has its charm for the Indian mind. History, with its open eye to detect the exceptional, its move and stir, dreams, alarms, and excursions, would belong to the western type of mind which thinks fifty years of Europe better far than centuries of Cathay. This, perhaps, is only another way of saying what is so often laid down almost as an axiom in our debates—the Eastern mind is “spiritual,” the Western “materialistic.” To the East is ascribed the destiny of watching Empires come and go, and yet remain unchanged—to

Bow low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain;
To let the legions thunder past,
And plunge in thought again.

Of what avail can the study of the past be to this transcendentalist, whose religion bids him regard the attainment of a state of “pure consciousness” as the *summum bonum* of his soul, and who would say

There is no effort on my brow—
I do not strive, I do not weep;
I rush with the swift spheres and glow
In joy, and when I will I sleep.
Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once—but where?

I knew not yet the gauge of time,
Nor wore the manacles of space;
I felt it in some other clime,
I saw it in some other place.
’Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God.

So, as you wander through India, you perhaps no longer wonder why, while in Assyria, Egypt, and the islands of the Mediterranean, the spade of the archaeologist has been at work and whole chapters have been added to the history of the near East, the investigation of the

sites of ancient cities or temples in India arouses but a languid interest. The idea that there can be no merit in restoration, accounts perhaps for the disappearance of many a work of the finest art. The great Adina Musjid at Pandua if completed would have had its place among the wonders of the world; but what merit could there be in completing a work commenced by another? Some years ago when taking a large party over the battle-field of Plassey I asked an Indian friend what would be the idea in the minds of the villagers who with expressions of wonder on their faces were watching the movements of the party. "They think we are mad" was the answer. The good folk of Malda probably think that the great Viceroy who expended so much care and money on the preservation of the mighty ruins of Gaur was madder than other people, while the local Zemindars who sold as building materials the great stones, drawn hither in ways which almost defeat our imagination, were pre-eminently sane. To-day in Calcutta we have remnants of the Buddhist glories of India almost as stupendous and certainly more interesting than stone heaps to which so many pilgrimages are made across nine miles of Salisbury plain. How many of us are aware of that fact? It is significant that Messrs. Francis and Thomas have recently published a learned and fully illustrated work dealing with these very monuments, and in the preface we are told that they are to be seen at Bharhut, a village 120 miles south-west of Allahabad, where they were "discovered" in 1873 by Sir A. Cunningham! It might then be argued that there must be something like a constitutional habit of apathy in regard to the past to account for the indifference of the Indian mind to its past—an indifference which renders it possible for works of either magnificence or the deepest historical and religious interest to be "discovered" by western officials in our own day, or whose preservation is simply rendered possible by the accident that a Viceroy is sent out who possesses the enthusiasm of the scholar as well as the gifts of the administrator!

Another cause may be suggested for the existing lack of interest in Indian history—the difficulty of getting people in India to take any interest in any movement of any kind unless it is patronized and directed by Government. When I say "any movement," I am speaking from experience of over twenty years of work in connection with philanthropic and educational causes. When one is about to set to work to find the funds required for the most necessary institutions—schools, homes for the poor, hospitals, churches, etc., etc., the first objection one will have to encounter comes in the form of a protest "surely Govern-

ment should do this or at least bear the lion's share of the expenditure." Without a promise of Government aid it is almost impossible to make a start, but with such promises the work becomes easy, and proves the truth of the old rule "nothing succeeds like success." Taking circumstances as they present themselves and not finding fault with them, it must be said that Government hardly concerns itself with the study of history, and, perhaps because there is no encouragement given, the interest of students has never been promoted in that kind of practical way students may think their interest should be stimulated. At this point the influence of the Universities would come under review, and here we should notice that we are concerned not with examinations and rewards, not with the work of a University in diffusing knowledge, but with the higher province of a University in setting its advanced scholars to work to obtain deeper and truer sources of knowledge. I trust I do the University of Calcutta no wrong when I venture to say that it never has made any serious attempt to bring within its scope the numbers of learned men who are making original contributions to those branches of learning with which any University worthy of the name should stand as parent. Its method seems to be to wed itself as closely as possible to the departmental system of the civil Government, and to content itself with the work of distributing certificates of qualification to youth. It marks time but does not set the pace. This, of course, is an evil from which our English Universities are far from being free.

Another and perhaps a deeper cause may perhaps be created by the characteristics of the history of the country. Is it only in recent years that its peoples have come by a sense of their unity? For centuries Bengal remained under the rule of intended Mahomedan governors, and before that time she was split up under rival races of Bengali rajas. Then from the time of the grant of the Dewani in 1765 her affairs have been administered by foreign hands. If indeed there has ever been a Bengali golden age in the past, may it not be that to ask Bengalis, in ages of conquest, to sing songs of freedom is something akin to asking Israel by Babylon's sad waters to sing to their captors the songs of Zion?

Then again another cause may be traced back to the fact that the backbone of Indian history is inevitably a matter of the administration of the land revenue. The subject must be to the mind of the average man extremely technical and uninviting. May I be permitted to refer to a personal matter which, as a matter of fact, throws a good deal of light on the subject? To a recent reprint of the famous Vth Report of

1812, I have been permitted to prefix an introduction in which, I do not think I shall sin against modesty, if I say that the subject of the alleged conquest of Bengal by the English has for the first time been examined in anything like fidelity to historical fact. When I first offered my work to a publisher, I was told that, while its merit might be ample, the work would not have the slightest chance of reimbursing the publishers, since its author had no *locus standi* at the High Court. History, before it can be swallowed, requires a chocolate if not a gilded coating.

The difficulty under the present head is far deeper. The historical student, before he can deal with the subject of the life of the people under the Zemindari system, desiderates some accurate knowledge as to at least the leading families of Bengal. Where can he obtain knowledge of the kind ? He may have access to collections of State papers and he will find rich mines of untold wealth in the *Ain-i-Akbari* and the 5th Report, but he will find that at every point he is in the dark from want of any reliable resources of information as to the actual history of the leading families represented by the Zemindars. The Hindu practice of adoption in itself complicates the problem, and renders the task of following the history of estates peculiarly difficult for the European student. Many years ago an attempt was made by the *Calcutta Review* to provide something like a series of family histories, but the materials for such an undertaking were at that time exceedingly scarce, and it cannot be said that the results obtained were of any permanent value.

When we have taken all these suggested causes for a lack of interest in the history of the country into consideration, I think it will be agreed that they are not so formidable, but that a certain amount of wisely directed enthusiasm might surmount them all. After all has been said on the subject of the difference between an oriental and an occidental mind, and probably a great deal too much of what is said on the well-known subject—the Bengali as he becomes a citizen and a statesman will in an ever-increasing degree feel the need for an education in political knowledge. He will have to make use of his metaphysical skill, and not simply let metaphysics master him. We might perhaps look to the East rather than to the West for the rise of a school of historians, who will fulfil the disinterested role which Fenelon declares should be the historian's and tempering the Western tendency to identify revolution with progress, reveal to us the Eternal as it lies imminent and yet transcendent in the pages of the past. Surely as we are coming

to understand the history of the British Empire in India more thoroughly, we need not be afraid that its study will awaken nothing else but disagreeable memories. History knows of no British conquest of the country which need cause any one living at the present day the least sense of shame, and if, as indeed in a fallen world, we have to deplore the clay feet of many an otherwise splendid idol, the lessons that human frailty and failure have to teach are not unneeded by us who also hold the golden treasure in earthen vessels. And lastly, if it be true that to know all is to pardon all, then the story of that Empire in which we to-day are all members, and whose welfare is so intimately bound up with that of Great Britain, will offer a great means of reconciliation, and we shall be brought to know one another better and to trust and love each other better as we join our forces to recover for future generations the wise, the brave good deeds that have been wrought by Indians and Europeans for the country in the past.

College Union—Session 1917-18.

THE third and the last meeting of the College Union, during the academic session of 1917-18, was held on the 9th April, 1918. The previous meeting had been held nearly two months ago and we owe our friends and supporters an explanation why no meetings were held in the meantime. First all, we should say that we started the Union during the last term of the session, when the zeal of the students for attending meetings and debates is generally at a low ebb. The frequent monthly examinations, the activities of the sister societies, the Convocation, the much dreaded approach of the annual examination—all seriously hampered our activities.

But if very few meetings had been arranged during the session, those that were held were very successful. On the present occasion, the Physics Theatre was packed to its utmost capacity. Our kind Principal—to whom the Union owes its origin and development—was in the chair. There was also a large attendance of professors.

The meeting was opened with a song from the *Gītānjali* of Sir Rabindranath. It was a devotional song suited to the occasion and was sung by Mr. Harendranath Dutt of the Third Year Arts.

The minutes of the previous meeting were then read and confirmed.

At the request of the Secretary, the Principal then delivered a long, instructive address.

After the speech was over, Mr. Phanindra Nath Ray of the Third Year Arts sang another song by Sir Rabindranath, beginning with

“অজি প্রণমি তোমারে চলিব নাথ সংসার কাজে।”

With a hearty vote of thanks proposed to the chair by Professor Hriday Chandra Banerjea, the meeting came to a close.

At the termination of the meeting, a comic performance was given by Professor Chittaranjan Goswami. His comic skits were very fine, and at frequent intervals evoked volleys of laughter from the audience. With a merry frame of mind, the professors and the students departed home, to meet again after the vacation.

A sum of Rs. 26-6-0 had to be spent for defraying the expenses of the meeting. We beg to acknowledge our obligation to the following gentlemen for the donations mentioned against their names:—

	RS. A. P.		
Principal J. R. Barrow	5	0	0
Prince Samser Jung Rana	10	0	0
Kumar Ganga Prasad Singh	4	0	0
Mr. Susil Ch. Banerjea	1	0	0
Mr. Asutosh Ghosh	1	0	0
Mr. Kisori Mohan Ray	0	8	0
<hr/>			
TOTAL RS.	23	8	0
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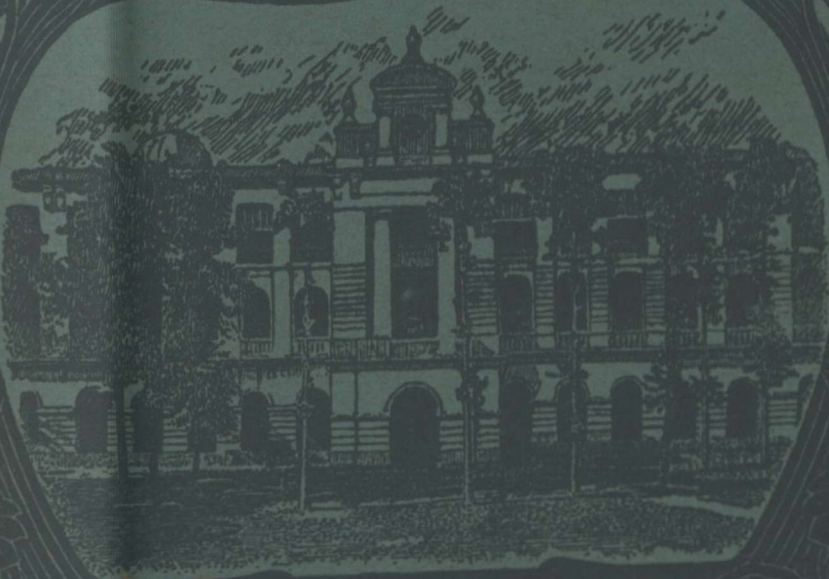
SUDHIRENDRANATH BASU,

Assistant Secretary.

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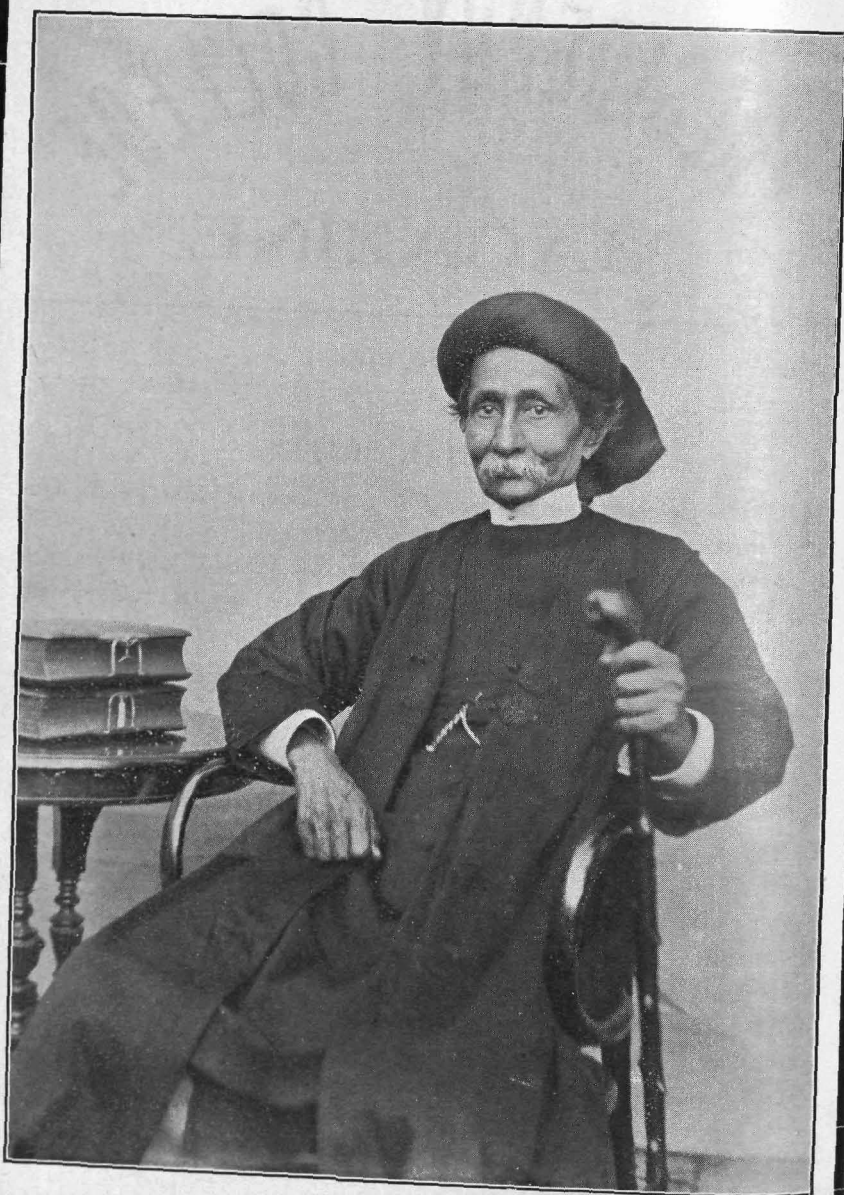
Students, old Presidency College men and members of the Staff of the College are invited to contribute to the Magazine. Short and interesting articles written on subjects of general interest and letters dealing in a fair spirit with College and University matters will be welcome. The Editor does not undertake to return rejected articles unless accompanied by stamped and 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 should be addressed to the Editor and all business communications should be addressed to Mahmood Hasan, Esq., B.A., the General Secretary, *Presidency College Magazine*, and forwarded to the College Office.

AMIYA KUMAR SEN,
Editor.

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THE LATE SIR GOOROODASS BANERJEE.

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL. V.

MARCH, 1919.

No. 2

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THIS being our first appearance after the long vacation, we are constrained to offer our sincere greetings to our readers and college friends at a time when they are likely to lose much of their warmth and flavour. But it is always better late than never. Our readers will allow that it is the peculiar misfortune of all journals appearing periodically and at irregular intervals, and we hope that our greetings, though belated, will be appreciated in the spirit in which they are offered.



We regret that in our first issue after the long vacation we have to record the death of one of the greatest alumni of this College. The death of Sir Gurudas Banerjea is a national calamity. A distinguished scholar, a great lawyer, and an educationist of universal reputation, his death has left a void in the public life of the country which it will take generations to fill up. His career and the rare qualities of head and heart which adorned his long life are too well known to need recapitulation here. In offering our heart-felt condolence to the bereaved family, we trust that the lessons of his glorious life will be appreciated with profit and ardent devotion by the students of an institution which prides itself on its association with the honoured memory of Sir Gurudas.



We are proud to note that the students of our College convened a meeting to express our sense of sorrow and profound loss at the death of Sir Gurudas Banerjea. The meeting decided to raise a fund which

will be utilized in raising a memorial to the distinguished alumnus and erstwhile professor of this College. We may note, in this connection, that such meetings create very little impression upon our minds. What we require is a psychological study of the great moral and intellectual principles which such a life embodies. We take this opportunity to assure our reader that our pages will be always open to such fruitful subjects of contemplation.



As is well known, the vacation was unusually prolonged on account of the Influenza epidemic which is raging all over the country. The epidemic has been sweeping in its work of destruction and some of the finest products of modern culture have fallen victims to this fell disease. The death of Prof. Nikhil Nath Maitra will be regretted by all who had the rare privilege of coming in contact with him. He was, for some time, a professor of this College but resigned his appointment. His great intellectual capacities and his glorious character were so simple and unassuming in nature that it was only on a closer acquaintance that we could have glimpses of his powers and acumen. A graduate of the Allahabad University, he appeared at the M.A. examination of this University as a private student and got a first class, heading the list of the successful candidates. He acted as a professor in many colleges and came down to this College from Hooghly. At Hooghly he not only taught English but lectured on French to the B.A. classes. This is, however, a stray example of his all-round genius. He was a perfect master of French and German literature, and his knowledge of Greek and Latin was also of a very high order. Besides all this he was a great scholar in Mathematics and Philosophy. He was also a passionate lover of music and had studied the art to great perfection. His mind was indeed "a globe of miraculous contents" and we make this statement not only on our own personal knowledge but on the authority of many distinguished men who had the privilege of coming in contact with him. His studies in Philosophy made him a great spiritual idealist and a quiet and dignified philanthropist. Born of an aristocratic family he gave away whatever he earned in charity. Even after leaving Hooghly College he sent a regular contribution of Rs. 30 per month for the benefit of the poor students of that College. To enumerate all his charitable work would fill a volume. We can only mention in this connection that we have never known a poor creature come back disappointed from him. His object was not to make a name in the profession he

adorned—he worked for an ideal. It was a combination of intellectual and spritual ideals which he sought for. To realize this ideal he shifted to many places and joined many institutions to none of which he could stick for a considerable period. Only last year he resigned his lecturership at the Calcutta University for a principalship at Delhi. But there, too, he could not reconcile himself with the surroundings. He joined the Benares Hindu College and, from his inclinations, all his friends entertained the hope that he would at last realize his ideal and settle down to the quiet environs of the great seat of Hindu Culture. But alas! it was a vain delusion. He went on a holiday trip to Dehra Dun and died, soon after, of influenza. He was only thirty-five when he died. His life was short as the flight of a meteor, but it had a meteoric brilliance too. We offer our heart-felt condolence to the bereaved family.



We are naturally reminded of two other victims of this cruel disease. The death of Babu Ajit Coomar Chakravarty, B.A., will be mourned by every lover of Bengali literature. His monumental work "The Life of Maharshi Devendranath Tagore" is of great merit and will be admired and read with interest by all students of biography. Besides these his contributions to Bengali critical literature were very considerable. He was a young man of great promise, and his death is a severe loss to Bengali literature.

We are next reminded of Babu Jnanapriya Mitra, B.L., who was one of the most prominent members of the Calcutta University Institute. He was a great musician and one of the most sociable and amiable persons we have ever known. In almost every social gathering his fine voice entertained the guests. His loss will be very keenly felt by the Bengali public of this city.



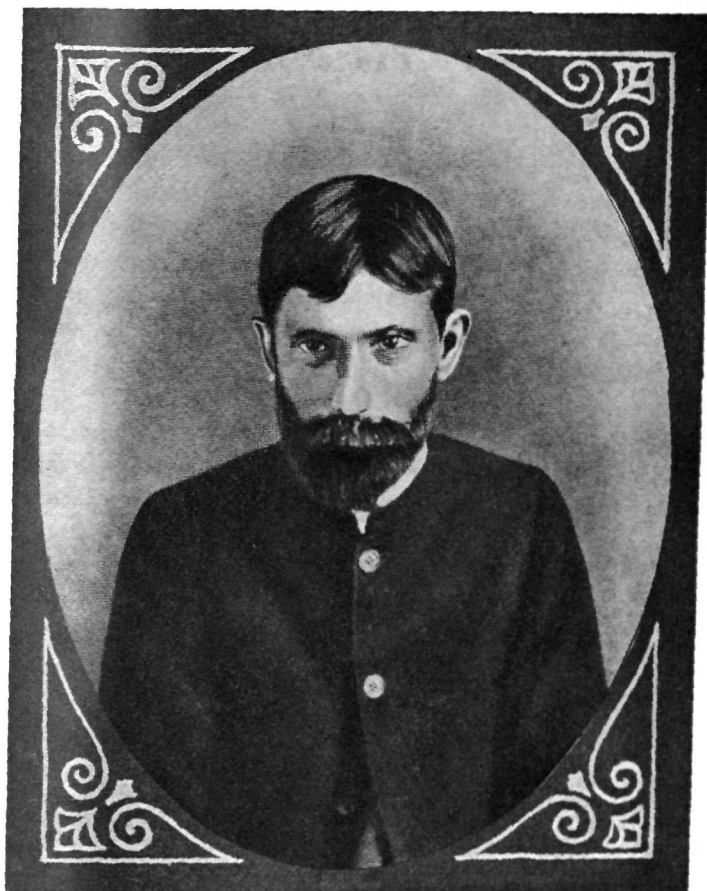
While on this subject we offer our sincerest condolence to our beloved professor Mr. Monmohan Ghose, M.A. (Oxon), on the bereavement which he has sustained in the death of his wife. Coming back to the lecture rooms after three months of languor and idling at home, every one misses keenly the genial presence of the teacher whose lectures are a delight and entertainment to all his students. We sincerely pray to God that he may grant him the patience and fortitude to bear this loss.

We are however happy that there are at least some joyful tidings which come as a pleasant relief to these sorrowful events. The bestowal of a knighthood on Dr. P. C. Ray who, for a period of thirty years, occupied the chair of Chemistry in this College will be hailed with delight by all students of this institution, young or old. A great scholar, Dr. Ray has rendered yeoman service to the cause of scientific education in this country. His researches in Chemistry have won for him, in the words of Prof. Armstrong, the distinction of being the "master of the nitrites." He has also, by his patriotic endeavour, revived from obscurity the mysteries of ancient Hindu Chemistry. His genial personality and the truly missionary spirit in which he worked for the College have drawn round him a host of brilliant and energetic scholars who have formed a new school of Chemistry. He combines in himself the ancient Hindu ideals of plain living and high thinking, and his zeal for doing some practical good to the country is responsible for the foundation of the Bengal Chemical and Pharmaceutical Works. His philanthropy and endeavours in the cause of social reform are also well known. He has spent almost the whole of his income in charity to poor and deserving men ever since his connection with this College. We rejoice that he has been fitly honoured for very few persons have deserved so well of their country.



The appointment of Sir S. P. Sinha as the Under Secretary of State for India and his being raised to the peerage are greatly appreciated by the people of India. To us it has a special significance inasmuch as Sir Satyendra is an old boy of this College. His elevation will have a great moral effect on the students of this College. It proves that genuine worth and great rectitude of purpose are being gradually recognized not only by the Government in this country but also by statesmen abroad. We are sure that he will justify the high expectations that the whole country holds of his ability and patriotism.





SIR PRAFULLA CHANDRA RAY Kt., C.I.E.

out by the late Minto Professor, it would be of great value if we could get students of economics in different representative villages—and they are to be found in all Calcutta colleges—to make—

- (1) an enquiry into typical family budgets, giving an accurate account of annual income and expenditure ;
- (2) an enquiry into the extent of migration into and out of the village over a year ;
- (3) an enquiry into movements of wages of men, women and children in different industries ;
- (4) an account of local trading, e.g. the methods by which the cultivators get their necessities of life and the prices paid, whether cash or credit ; or, again, the manner in which the cultivators dispose of their produce, whether in central markets in the presence of competitive buyers or to virtually monopolistic dealers ;
- (5) a comparison between the standard of comfort of the owning cultivator, the wage cultivator and the village artisan ;
- (6) an account of the economic results of the local co-operative society on the village life ;
- (7) an estimate of the crop yield per unit of area from different village holdings ;
- (8) a description of the local home industries—their past history, present condition and suggestions for their improvement.

Investigations on the above lines are being fruitfully carried on by the Madras Economic Association and the Patna College Chanakya Society. I cannot help admiring the noble aim and the praiseworthy activities of the latter Society ; its aim is “to infuse into its members a love for making enquiries into the conditions of local industries, collecting village statistics and family budgets, and comparing them year after year in order to ascertain the correct economic position of their fellow-countrymen in this part of India.” There are two most noticeable features of this pioneer college economic study society. The first is the reading of interesting original papers embodying the results of the students’ personal observations—papers on subjects like the following—“The Pottery Works of Siwan, Dt. Champaran ;” “Co-operative Credit Societies in the Nawadah Sub-division, Dt. Gaya” ; “Saltpetre Industry in the Aurangabad Sub-division, Dt. Gaya” ; “the Deoghar Agricultural Farm,” etc.

The other most noticeable feature of the Chanakya Society’s activities is the occasional visit by its members to centres of industrial

and agricultural activities. For example, in one year they took trips to the local Agricultural Experiment Farm, to the Dumraon Raj Experimental Farm, to Patna City (to see the works of the *Tikuli* and glass manufacturer), to Jehanabad (to visit the Co-operative Credit Bank), to Giridih (to visit the collieries). Such visits to what may be called the "economic laboratories" impart living interest to the study of abstract theories of economics, and afford the student an opportunity of gaining first-hand knowledge of local economic conditions, and of testing the validity of the abstract principles embodied in books.

Our College may well imitate her sister at Patna by founding an Economic Study Society, membership of which will be extended to present and old students of the college; but, as a necessary pre-requisite for the successful working of such a society, genuine workers and a well-equipped library of Indian economic literature are wanted. Personally, I think the University should allow the use of its splendid library of Indian economic literature to all those students of its affiliated colleges who are certified by their professors to be genuine students of the subject. If such an arrangement is not practicable, the college should spend a few thousands fully to equip the library with all extant literature on Indian economics. The Society should also arrange to have lectures delivered on special subjects (such as Banking, Co-operation, Agriculture, etc.) by experts (like the Secretary to the Bank of Bengal, the Registrar of Co-operative Societies, the Director of Agriculture and others). This is how the Muir College Economic Society at Allahabad has been working, and in this way the shortcomings of a mere theoretic course can to some extent, be overcome. Above all, Calcutta and its suburbs, with their various industries and varied industrial problems, afford splendid opportunities for what may be called "the concrete study of economics"

Other Calcutta colleges may also have their own economic study societies; and all these college societies might be federated into a central economic study society under the auspices of the University where, in addition to learned papers from distinguished scholars and investigators, the best papers of affiliated college societies would also be read and discussed; this would encourage the young economic investigator and stimulate him to further sustained study.

I hope I have been able to show how our College students can have a share in building up a school of Indian economics. But theirs is the business—though a most important one—of supplying the raw materials; the more difficult task of classifying them and deducing

new truths from them will devolve on the trained economist who has intellectual ability and educational qualifications of a high order. Such trained economists may also engage themselves in the all-important task of preparing an economic history of India. Indeed the field of Indian economic investigation is so vast that generations of diligent scholars will not be able to traverse half the ground. From among the hundreds of students who are every year graduating in economics, I hope at least a few scores will undertake serious and sustained study of the subject, so that the bounds of knowledge may be extended, and sound economic ideas may guide the speech and action of our educated people.

Palli Samaj : A Critique.

ONE evening, four years ago, I called on a friend of mine. I found him turning over the pages of the *Bharatbarsha* of that month. "So you are reading *Bharatbarsha*" said I. "Yes and no" replied my friend, "for I have finished it just now." "What do you think about the contents of this issue?" "Nothing very particular: the stories are all insipid and..." I cut him short and said contradicting. "But the first instalment of *Palli Samaj* is certainly not insipid." "What," said my friend in a tone of surprise, "is *Palli Samaj* a novel?" "Yes, and by Sarat Babu." "God bless me, I thought it was a stereotyped magazine-article written by some disciple of Rousseau, extolling the blessings of country-life and cursing the sins of city-life." And he added, "I did not think any novel could be written on such a theme." And without further words, he opened the book and was lost in the story.

I quote this anecdote not to criticise my friend's oversight nor to publish my own exactness. I quote this because of a significant sentence used by my friend, "I did not think any novel could be written on such a theme." This was just what the reading public thought before the appearance of the book under review, and they were taught to think thus by their master-writers. From Bankim downwards the village-life of Bengal found no voice in our story-literature. Bankim's creations are largely human. They are instinct with a quivering poetic life, but rent asunder from the life of the soil. His Pratap is as much a Bengali as he is a Persian or a Peruvian. His Surjyamukhi or Bhramar, his Praphulla or Rajani—in none of them can we find a trace of what may be called the characteristic life of Bengal. The actions of

his novels often take place in villages of Bengal, but we need not remember this fact to read and enjoy them, and we are never reminded of it. Such characteristic things as the joint-family system or polygamy or widow-remarriage simply help him to create situations, and they have little influence on the further development of the stories. In "Anandamatha," surely, he tried to paint Bengal. But the sudden presentation of the wonderful organization of the sannyasis in a deep, pathless forest seems like a dream, a phantasmagoria conjured up by a powerful magician. As soon as we come out of the forest, the dream fades into the light of common day. The impression left upon us is the impression of such noble characters as Satyananda and Jibananda, who could be leaders of revolution in any age or country, in France as well as Russia. Exotic as his art was, the soul of Bengal could find no voice in Bankim Babu.

In Rabindranath's novels we find a change, but not in this direction. He created what is called the psychological novel in our language. While in Bankimchandra we find lovely forms first emerging in our literature just as Urvashi emerged from the depths of the sea, we find in Rabindranath, the souls of such forms unveiled, their conflict of passions fearlessly analysed, their delicate shades of thought and evasive moods permanently recorded. He is more independent of the limits of time and place; and well he can afford to be so for he dwells on such thoughts and passions and emotions as belong to the eternal nature of man. In "Gora," Rabi Babu attempted to create the epic-novel of the age in which he tried to represent young India, with all the complex problems of life faith and religion. But as is the case with every idealist, his creative element got the better of his critical element, and we are more interested in the fates of such human characters as Binay and Lalita than in the fates of such symbolic personages as Gora and Sucharita. The village-life of Bengal is touched incidentally and treated academically; the feeble murmur of Bengal is lost in the louder voices of larger issues.

It may seem a wonder that two of the greatest geniuses of modern Bengal, writing in Bengali, could not give expression to the soul of Bengal. But the wonder grows less when we consider that novel-writing in Bengal is not an indigenous growth. It was not born like a son in the family, it was adopted full-grown; and it required time before the two could suit each other, before the exotic plant could be acclimatised. Besides Bankim and Rabindranath had not what Sarat Babu has—an intimate and first-hand knowledge of the life of Bengal. And

so in his Palli Samaj, the life of Bengal found its first adequate representation.

In Palli Samaj, Sarat Babu states a problem which is and ought to be the first problem of every thinking brain of Bengal now. We are now eager for a forward march to take a seat in the League of Nations. But how can we march forward when the major portion of the people, "the dumb millions," is groaning under the weight of ignorance and immorality. The cleavage between the town and the village is daily deepening. The cultured community is rising one way, and the mass of people is going down the other. How can they, then, meet at a point? What can a few scattered lamps do against a universal darkness?

For truly our village-life is utterly dark. And here Sarat Babu astounds us by his bold realism. He does not paint it like a pastoral poet or like a man who knows the country through the windows of a railway carriage. He is no conservative idealist who thinks of our rural life as the grand panacea for all social diseases, whose idea is that "in these solitary villages, that peace and happiness can still be found which is rare in the thickly-populated towns; where the simple scanty-contented villagers melt in sympathy at others' sorrow and come unbidden at happinesses to celebrate their joy; where alone can still be found what is greater than everything—religion and social character." But these delightful vagaries he dispels away at the very outset. He paints the village as Truth will paint it and bards will not. Romesh, a cultured young man and almost a stranger to his native village, comes to celebrate his father's sradh ceremony. This creates a great commotion in the little world. His father has passed his life in continuous litigation with the other two sharers in the zamindari, one of them being his own brother's son. So great was their enmity that this uncle and nephew had not met each other once in the course of ten years. Now that the father is gone, they conspire to humble him. In the course of a few pages, the fierce party-spirit, the merciless social tyranny, the unscrupulous hypocrisy, the astounding gluttony, the immense selfishness, the shameful vulgarity, the clever "faking up" of law-suits and the outrageous vileness of the pillars of society like Beni, Govinda Ganguli, Dharmadas, and Paran Haldar are all brought before us with a truthful repulsiveness. As scenes change, other aspects of our village-life are revealed to us:—Madhu the shop-keeper, who is ever giving on credit and scarcely paid back, and who is astonished beyond measure at Romesh's coming himself to meet his

bill: the village school-master who has to sign for full pay getting only half, and who is ever ready to touch the feet of his young landlord; the total disregard of the villagers for the maintenance of the school, and for sanitary conditions even when they themselves are suffering from malarial fever, and above all, the absolute insensibility and irresponsiveness to a man's love and charity. Romesh says one day in a mood of anger and despair, "When I am charitable they think me foolish; when I do them a good turn, they discover selfishness; to forgive them is a great sin, for they think it cowardice." As a result of his selfless love and charity, Romesh is "one-housed." So great is the negative power of society that none dares defy it—not even Bhairab whom Romesh has saved by a large donation from the clutches of Beni and his crew. Yet this very Bhairab is glad to invite his oppressors to his grandson's "rice-ceremony." For had he not excluded Romesh and invited the "samajpaties," his daughter's marriage would have been impossible, and thus he would be what is perhaps the greater dread of a rigid Hindu—an outcaste.

It must not be gathered from all this that our author takes a wholly unsympathetic view. It is true that in the realistic scenes there pervades an undertone of irony and satire. But he is not a foreign missionary that attacks for pleasure; he is like a surgeon that applies the lancet only to cure. Without sympathy he could not create Bhairab's wife who comes to life in a single stroke of art, nor Dina Bhattacharya that simple good man who is saved by his foolishness and want of intelligence from becoming a villain. It is interesting to note with what unreserve Romesh talks with this piece of rustic stupidity, and how much he feels for this tiny spark of goodness in a land of evil. Our author takes nothing for granted. He brings his own keen insight to bear upon every question and suggests to us unforeseen points of view. He has a few good words to say even for such an obviously defective institution as our modern rigid caste-system. One day Romesh condemned the system before his Jathai-ma and says, "If you could read the census-report, you would have been frightened. You would see how the Hindus are daily decreasing and the Mussalmans increasing in number." Jathai-ma smiled and said, "I admit this fact, and admit further it is a defect of society. But the caste system is not its cause. No Hindu has ever forsaken Hinduism simply because he is low in caste. No one ever racks his brains in a village, as to whether a man's caste is high or low. A younger brother is not jealous of his elder and is not grieved at heart for being born a

couple of years later; it is just like this about caste in villages." Romesh argued, "Why then such social strife among us Hindus, and such social amity among the Mussalmans?" Jathai-ma said, "But the caste-system is not a cause of that. The true cause is that the Mussalmans have still a living religion which we have lost. What may truly be called religion has vanished altogether from our villages. What remains is a bundle of superstitious conventionalities and meaningless party-spirit." "Is there no remedy then?" asked Romesh. "Yes, there is. Remedy is in knowledge alone. You will say, perhaps, that ignorance is largely prevalent among the Mussalmans too. But their living religion has kept them alive and true in all directions..... Do not confuse, my child, the means with the end. The strife among castes that you speak of is merely a sign of progress, not its goal." Then she added, "If those who had grown up outside like you, had not come back to their village, and had not gone away cutting up all connections, the condition of the villages would have been otherwise. The village-society would never have taken Gobinda Ganguli on its head, pushing you aside." These her words are well worth pondering over by every student in every town of Bengal.

The situation of Romesh first appearing before the people and trying to reform them, reminds one much of Nezhdanov in Turgenev's "Virgin Soil." Nezhdanov was something of an aristocrat by birth, by instinct an aesthete and a poet, and a violent democrat and propagandist by inclination. He applied his whole heart to talking of the 'cause' and the 'question.' He was ashamed of the verses that he was compelled to write as if by some inward pressure. The aim of his life was to 'simplify himself' to go back to the people to influence them and to lead them on to a glorious revolution. He went far into the country, wore the people's dress and mixed with them. His first expedition may be summed up in two lines,—

It would all have been so comic
If it had not been so sad.

But the comic charm fled every day. He was irritated at their coarseness. One day, he had to drink vodka with them and came back quite drunk. Day after day, the immediate touch of the people disgusted him. He, the visionary, the 'Hamlet of Russia,' sought for a people that was ready for a revolution, ready as a ripe boil for the stroke of the lancet. But he found them not. His vision faded. His faith in the cause was dead. He asked himself, "To take up the hatchet, but with whom. against whom, and for whom? So that the

national soldier may shoot you down by a national rifle, which I call a sort of complex suicide." And he ended his career by a less complex procedure—by simple suicide. And in Solomin, Turgenev drew the true hero of and champion of the people. He is a factory-manager, an immensely practical man. He is of the people. He has unflinching faith in the cause. But he is not an enthusiast. He can wait. He does not want to reform Russia in a single night and by a sudden single stroke. And all see people gathering round him, slowly toiling towards their goal. Sarat Babu seems to take a not altogether different point of view. So long as Romesh was an idealist like Shelley, expecting an instantaneous remoulding of the village-society, his Shelleyan liberalism proved futile. He was so far ahead of the people that to them he was a misty illusion whom they could neither understand nor follow. But at last his idealism became alloyed with a grain of realism and his influence then became operative. The people who could not grasp his larger ideas could understand and utilize his smaller ones. When his enthusiasm was curbed, his liberalism narrowed, when he came to a compromise with his conservative society, and thus became merged in the people, then for the first time he saw glimpses of his ideal being one day realized. This is the constructive ideal the author holds up before us—to go back to the village and be its villager—and not to stand aloof, to condescend and to patronise.

The message the author preaches openly, as we have seen above, through the mouth of Jathai-ma, who, as Ramá says, "knows everything." Truly nothing escapes her. Ramá's secret affliction at Romesh's rigorous imprisonment may be unknown to everybody else, but it is clear to her. She is the ideal mother who can heartily forgive and bless the punisher of her own son, for she sees that her son was in the wrong. She can discern the truth in every case and is always on the side of truth. It is by her profound love and affection that she can thus see into the life of things. In this respect, she forces comparison with Anandamoyee in Rabi Babu's "Gora." I must confess here, my regard for Anandamoyee is greater. She seems to me as more humanised, and beside her Jathai-ma seems rather disembodied. For the latter always talks like a book; she comes in at critical moments and explains the perplexities. Her predictions always come true. We are rarely allowed to see into her heart. But on one occasion she lays her heart fully bare—in which we see what pangs a noble mother bears for the sake of a scoundrel son. She is leaving her home for ever to live for the rest of her life at a holy city. Romesh asks her

“What offence have we committed, Jathai-ma, that you are leaving us so soon ?” She put her right hand on his head and said, “To talk of offences, my child, that will not be easily ended. So let us drop it.” And then added, “If I die here, Beni will do my last rituals. That will destroy my salvation for ever. This life of mine has been a continuous burning-fire ; I go, lest my other life be the same again.”

In Ramá we come to a character nearer to us. She is more interesting than Turgenev's Marianna. From the first sight we know her to be a “red republican” and we do not wonder much when she attains her austere grandeur and becomes a “Roman woman” indeed. But the case is otherwise with Ramá. In her, we see the struggle itself. She had a keen intellect and an affectionate heart, but she was placed in a conservative society and moreover was a Hindu widow, perhaps the most conservative being on earth. Her noble heart was being wasted when Romesh came in. He knew and loved her in his boyhood. When he came back, he had a hope that Ramá at least would help him in his noble cause. But he was disappointed. Ramá the widow was not Ramá the girl. The conservative element in her stood against him. Disappointed, Romesh too set his back against her. It is imposible here, for want of space, to go through all the subtle shades of change of feeling they both underwent, but it is clear that in spite of all their strife they were tending towards each other. Their love-episode is painted in such a subdued colour, with such an unrivalled sureness of touch that new windows seem to spring up on the bounds of human vision. Ramá's heart began to flower under the sunny influence of Romesh. At last when through her unwilling instrumentality Romesh was sent to prison on a false charge, her remorse knew no bounds. Burnt and purified by this remorse, She came to perceive the truth. She began to understand Romesh and love his ideal. For the sake of *his* ideal she stood up against society even at the risk of endangering her reputation as a woman. Romesh came back from the prison, heard her calumny. Ramá's proud heart prevented her from disclosing the truth—that it is on his account that she is being thus maltreated. But she could not remain there any longer, for—she had begun to love him. This is perhaps the greatest sin that can be committed by a Hindu widow. She prepared to leave her home and follow Jathai-ma. Just before they took their last farewell, Romesh came to know the truth about Ramá and her love for him, from Jathai-ma. But before he could be glad of it, sadness came on him. Ramá was going away for ever. And our eyes

too become heavy with tears. It seems to us that by God above these two beings were meant for each other, and what tragedy can be more tragic than this in which two such noble souls came to touch each other but could not unite?

So long we were dealing with the matter of the book. But the manner in which it is written is no less masterly. Events succeed events in a natural course, but the interest never flags. This is due, most of all, to the charming style in which the book is written. It is perhaps the model style for story-writing. It is free from the verbal bombast of Bankimchandra, and equally free from the mental bombast of Rabindranath. There is no trace of strain of effort in it. Words fly like light breeze, sentences gather like falling snow. Yet this simple style lends itself to how many different moods. It is equally suited to common conversation, spirited dialogue, vulgar quarrel, sublime expression of love, pathetic appeal to the heart and profound observation and reflection of life. In all its many excellences, the book is like a Dutch-wrought diamond of many facets, valued equally for its substance and artistry, that will live far into the future with untarnished brilliance.

NIRENDRANATH RAY,
Post-Graduates' Arts Class.

Sir Thomas More and his Utopia.

WHILE the Renaissance was stirring all England and a new life and spirit inspired the English people and Greek was taught for the first time in Oxford, a student of fourteen came to the university there. This was Thomas More, son of a lawyer who afterwards rose to the position of a judge. More, when a little boy, served as a page in the household of Morton, the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Archbishop was struck with the boy's excellent parts and said, "This child here waiting at the table, whoever will live to see it, will prove a marvellous man." So he persuaded More's father to send the boy to Oxford to study law.

Here More passed his time agreeably between his books and friends. But before he completed his second year there. More's father apprehended that More was caring more for Greek and Literature than for law, and he sent More to study law in London. This was a terrible blow for More—he was so sorry to leave his beloved studies and clever friends. But his sunny temper and buoyant spirit as light as that of

a trilling bird, never made him cross or sulky. So he settled down cheerfully to his new life, and in a short time, rose to be one of the most famous and learned lawyers of this time.

It was after More left Oxford that he made acquaintance with the great Erasmus, who afterwards became his dearest friend. Erasmus had practically no knowledge of English. But that did not stand in the way of their being the best of friends and having the sweetest of relations. They were of the same lively temper, the same bright and sparkling wit, and had the same love of literature and Greek learning. They spoke to each other, and wrote and jested, in Latin, which clearly shows what a firm hold Latin had still over English literature—nay, indeed, over all the literature of Europe. "My affection for the man is so great," wrote Erasmus once, "that if he bade me dance a hornpipe, I should do at once what he bid me."

Notwithstanding More's bright and lively temperament, his morals were the most perfect and life the most elevated—full of a becoming grandeur and dignity—in fact, there was a touch of the divinity in his angelic face. Religion spread out her eager arms to lock in its embrace this silent votary. But More's friends dissuaded him from pursuing the life of an austere anchorite. And after a time he thought of matrimony. He chose his wife in a way which proved the strength of his character and the infinite tenderness of his heart. One of his friends had three daughters of whom he liked the second best. But he married the eldest because it seemed to him "that it would be both great grief and some shame also to the oldest to see her younger sister preferred before her in marriage."

In spite of More's quaint choice, his home proved a very happy one. Nothing on earth could give him a greater delight than to sit beside the cosy fireside with his wife and children. After six years, his wife died, but he quickly married again. Although his second wife was 'a simple ignorant woman and somewhat worldly too,' with a sharp tongue and a short temper, she cared for and was kind to her stepchildren, and the home continued to be the same bower of bliss with its thousand echoing remembrances.

More was a great public man and always thrust his head into all the leading questions of the day, but primarily and chiefly, he was a father and the head of his own house. Whenever he had a moment's respite, he would fly home with a joyful heart there to pass his time with his wife and children whom he prized above king, politics, gaieties—nay above everything.

At a time too when education was the prerogative of the one sex, and thought little necessary for the other, More taught his daughters as carefully as his sons. More's eldest daughter Margaret (Meg he dotingly called her) was highly spoken of for her learning, and he was fortunate enough to see his children—his very own buds to develop into the sweetest flowers that ever bloomed on earth. Even after their marriage, his children came with their husband and wives to live at Chelsea in the beautiful home More had built there. So his hearth never ceased to ring with the same familiar voices.

More soon rose into prominence and was regarded as one of the foremost men of his time. Henry VII was hostile, so More had no great prospects during Henry's lifetime. But Henry VII died, and Henry VIII came to the throne and the great Chancellor Cardinal Wolsey became More's friend, and he was sent on business for the king to Bruges.

It was while More was in Belgium on the king's business that he finished the greater part of his book that has immortalized his name through all ages. This book is called 'Utopia,' meaning 'Nowhere' from two Greek words 'ou' no, and 'topos,' a place.

The 'Utopia' was the direct outcome of the Renaissance, the new forces that had already begun their work. But up to this, "the plans of reform had been almost exclusively intellectual and religious. But in More the same free play of thought which had shaken off the old forms of education and faith, turned to question the old forms of society and politics." When More looked round upon the England of his time, he could not but be disgusted with contemporary life. His clear sight revealed to him the distress, the suffering, the evil that pressed upon the life of the nation like a horrible nightmare—the social tyranny of the rich over the poor, the despotism of the king, the religious hatred and intolerance that slowly but surely corroded the English people. So he wished to free people from their slavish bondage, and wanted them to see that things were wrong. And in order to combat the evil, "the humourist philosopher turned to a 'Nowhere,' in which the mere efforts of natural human virtue realized those ends of security, equality, brotherhood and freedom for which the very institution of society seemed to have been framed. It is as he wanders through this dreamland of the new reason that More touches the great problems which were fast opening before the modern world, problems of labour, of crime, of conscience, of government. Amidst much that is the pure play of an exuberant fancy, much that is the recollection of the

dreams of bygone dreamers, we find again and again the most important social and political discoveries of later times anticipated by the genius of Thomas More." From a world where 1500 years of Christian teaching had produced social injustice, political tyranny and religious intolerance, More turns with a caustic smile to a 'Nowhere' in which there was no evil, no injustice,—in which everything was happy, good and beautiful. "In 'Nowhere,' the aim of legislation is to secure the welfare, social, industrial, intellectual, religious, of the community at large and of the labour-class as the true basis of a well-ordered commonwealth."

In those days men's minds were stirred by the discovery of new lands, and chiefly by the discovery of America. Although the credit lies with Columbus for discovering America, it is after an Italian explorer Amerigo Vespucci that this new world derived its name. Amerigo wrote a book about his voyages, and to this book More is indebted for some of his ideas for the Utopia. More makes believe 'that one day in Antwerp he saw a man 'wellstricken in age, with a black sunburnt face, a long beard, and a cloak cast homely about his shoulders, whom by his favour and apparel forthwith I judged to be a mariner.'

This man was called Raphael Hythlodaye and had been with Amerigo Vespucci in his three last voyages. On the last voyage Hythlodaye asked to be left behind. After Amerigo had set sail homewards, Hythlodaye with five other comrades, after many thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes, reached this wonderful land of 'Nowhere.'

The whole story of the Utopia is told in the form of dialogues between Hythlodaye, More, and his friend Peter Giles. And More creates an atmosphere partly real and partly imaginary such as hardly fails to impress one with the sense of reality and truth. He mixed with such a dexterous hand what was true and what was false that many thought Utopia not a dreamland but a real place. Peter Giles, for instance, was a real man and a friend of More, while Hythlodaye was imaginary, his name being made of Greek words meaning cunning babbler. More follows the same plan while handling with the names of rivers, towns and cities, etc.

More takes a great deal of trouble to envelop this strange land in a haze of mystery, and it was quite natural, for under the pretence of telling a story, he told bitter truths about the laws and ill-government of England which it was high treason to whisper. In those days, treason was a terrible word and almost identical with death and torture.

But More knew it would require a struggle, and not a very easy one, to make things better in England. "There are many things in the Commonwealth of Nowhere, which I rather wish than hope to see adopted in our town." It was with these words of characteristic irony that More closed the first work which embodied the dreams of the New Learning.

The Utopia is divided into four books, and it is not until we come to the beginning of the second book, that we really enter Utopia. It would take too long to tell all about the wonderful island of Utopia and its people. But there is one thing that readily attracts our notice—that it tries to blot out that invidious distinction between the rich and the poor. The doctrine of equality held sway among the Utopians—all being on the same social platform. No one could pass his time like a gay drone taking life easy, nor could any one be overworked for all had to work 6 hours a day. No man was rich, no man was poor 'For though no man have anything, yet every man is rich' for the state furnished him with what he needed. Money was hardly of any use, and gold, silver and other precious jewels were held in contempt. So Mammon worship fled from amongst the Utopians. They prized from above these precious metals, and regarded it along with the air, the water and the earth itself as bounteous gifts that Nature as a kind and loving mother had placed in their hands. To show the utter worthlessness of gold, silver and diamonds, the Utopians connected these with the vilest and the most ludicrous of associations. Vessels and chains for bondmen were made of gold, and diamonds were children's trifles.

There is a strange admixture of what is quaint and deeply wise in More's Utopia. Still we cannot agree with all that he says, nor can we think we could be perfectly happy in the land he describes. For one thing, to those who are fond of colour, it would seem exceedingly dull if they were forced to dress eternally in coarse-spun, undyed sheep's wool, and if jewels and gold with their lovely light and bright glimmerings, were but marks of infamy and degradation. In Utopia, we have a curious blending of what we would like to have and of what we would rather have otherwise.

We must remember More was, however, not the pioneer in writing about a happy land where everyone lived in peace and amity and where only justice reigned. And if he was indebted for some of his ideas to the discovery of the new world, he was much more so to the new learning, for, long before, Plato had told in his 'Republic' of a land very like Utopia. It is rather peculiar that More wrote his book

in Latin, and it was not translated into English until seven years after his death.

The Utopia won universal celebrity and it was translated into Dutch, Italian, German, French and largely read all over the continent.

More wrote many other books both in English and Latin, and besides being a busy author, he was a busy man. For blustering, burly, selfish king Henry had taken a fancy to this gentile, witty lawyer. When business was over and supper time came, he was sent for by the king and queen to entertain them with his lively wit. Thus it came about that More could hardly get away home where his heart most longed to be. He pretended to be less clever than he was, but that too did not improve the situation much. Henry would sometimes follow More to his beautiful home at Chelsea and pass there a jolly good time.

Meanwhile the king heaped favour after favour upon More. He became Treasurer of the Exchequer, Speaker of the House of Commons, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and last of all Lord Chancellor of England. For a layman, this was a great honour, for until then the Chancellor had always been some powerful churchman.

More was not eager for these honours. He would much rather have lived the simple pleasant life at Chelsea with his wife and children. But bluff King Hal was no easy master to serve. So, as Erasmus says, More was dragged into public life and honour, and being thus dragged in, troubles were not slow to follow.

Henry grew sick of his wife, queen Catherine. But the Pope would not allow him to divorce her. So Henry quarrelled with the Pope. The Pope, he said, should no longer have any power in England and the people must look up to him as the head of the church. This More could not do. He tried to keep himself aloof from this quarrel. To More, the Pope was the representative of Christ upon earth and he could look to no other as the head of the church. He reminded the king of his oath before entering service that he should first look unto God, and after God unto the king. So he laid down his seal of office and went home to pass his last days in peace and calm.

But that was not to be. There came a day when messengers came to More's happy home and the beloved father was led away to imprisonment and death. At last the end came. In Westminster Hall More was tried for treason and found guilty. From Westminster through the thronging streets he was led back to the Tower. As the sad procession reached the Tower wharf, there was a pause. A young and beautiful woman darted from the crowd and caring not for the soldiers

who surrounded him, unafraid of their swords and halberds, she reached the old man's side and threw herself sobbing on his breast. It was Margaret, More's beloved daughter, who, fearing that never again she might see her father, thus came frantically to the open street to say farewell. She clung to him and kissed him in sight of all again and again, but no word would come out save "Oh, my father! Oh, my father!"

Then Sir Thomas, holding her tenderly, comforted and blessed her, and at last she took her arms from about his neck and he passed on. But Margaret could not yet leave him. Scarcely had she gone ten steps than suddenly she turned back and once more breaking through the guard, she threw her arms about him. Not a word did Sir Thomas say, but as he held her there, the tears fell fast from his eyes and even the guards wept for pity while from the crowd around broke the sound of weeping. But at last, with full and heavy hearts, father and daughter parted.

Next day he died cheerfully as he had lived. To the last he jested in his quaint fashion. The scaffold was so badly built that it was ready to fall, so Sir Thomas, jesting, turned to the lieutenant, "I pray you, Master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." He desired the people to pray for him and having kissed the executioner in token of forgiveness, he laid his head upon the block. 'So passed Sir Thomas out of the world to God.' His death was mourned by many far and near. "Had we been master of such a servant," said the Emperor Charles, "we would rather have lost the best city of our dominions than have lost such a worthy counsellor."

More died for his faith, that of the Catholic Church. He, as others, saw with grief that there was much within the church that needed to be made better, but he trusted it would be made better. To break away from the church, to doubt the headship of the Pope, seemed to him the vilest of wickedness—nay almost a sacrilege. Thus the great Sir Thomas died cheerfully on the scaffold, a martyr to his faith, but the aroma, the fragrance and the beauty of his life will continue to perfume, soothe and inspire us as long as Time itself shall last.

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Influence of the French Revolution on Byron.

THE dramatic personality of Byron "has emerged from the floating mists of time" in many varied lights, from the veritable incarnation of the Devil to the poet, philosopher, and the apostle of liberty. By a strange irony of fate the poet, who was held up as the idol of great men all over the continent, was disgraced and hounded from the shores of his native land. Indeed the merciless rigour with which the enraged moral consciousness of the English people persecuted one of England's noblest sons finds forcible and pathetic expression in the words of Lord Macaulay: "The unfortunate man left his country for ever. The howl of contumely followed him across the sea, along the Rhine, up the Alps."

The time has now come when it is possible to form a more impartial and accurate estimate of the poetry of Byron. Removed as we are from the heat and fury of an outraged society, and the fiery passionate outcries of nations whose liberties were being trampled down under the iron heels of the "Holy Alliance," it is for us to take a wide survey of the writings and activities of a poet who, with all his faults, was a sincere and impassioned champion of liberty.

Probably the most remarkable elements in the poetry of Byron are the fire, the force, the impetuosity of will, and the vehemence and directness of expression which flashes through every page of his writings. All these, however, on a thorough and careful examination appear to be due mainly to the influence of the French Revolution. His poetry is saturated with the revolutionary spirit which laid a firm hold on the minds of man in almost every country of Europe.

The Revolution, in its essence, was a vigorous and tumultuous protest against the accumulated tyranny of kings, the clergy, and the nobility from times out of mind. The apostles of the Revolution held up to the wonder and admiration of a bewildered world, an era of eternal happiness, with no government to interfere with the liberties of the individual,—an era in which every man would live with his neighbour on terms of "Liberty," "Equality" and "Fraternity." All governments, institutions, and societies, to the mind of the revolutionists, were too narrow and tainted with evil and they sought refuge from the trammels of worldly life in the contemplation of nature and

all her glories. The indirect result of this influence was a growing consciousness of the dignity of man as man and not as a mere link in a feudal chain. It is only a matter of logical sequence that all these ideals were inspired by a passionate love of liberty which found eloquent expression in the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau.

Byron is the most glorious and powerful exponent of all these ideals. We are conscious that the place of honour has been contested on behalf of Shelley by many distinguished critics of both. John Morley claims for Shelley that sublime elevation, that power of distilling worldly ideas into fine ethereal essence in a language much sweeter and far more exquisite, which transports his readers by the sheer elevation of his ideas and the witchery of his music. But we must remember that Shelley only touched the fringe and turned away from the grim realities of the earth. Byron was "of the earth, earthy." The world was at times, as it is with many, "too much for him" and he often transported himself to a region of eternal calm and beauty for a moment of relief, but his own nature dragged him down to the world to dwell among men and share their joys and sorrows. It is here that he appeals more forcibly and more directly to the human heart than Shelley. Indeed, as the poet says,

"How can you look at the sun,
Unless your eyes are sunny."

Turning now to Byron, we find that his poetry contains much of that "melodramatic individualism" which is one of the most characteristic elements of the revolution. The worship of genius which refused to be trammelled by the fetters of government and the conventions of society is visible in many of his poems.

In "Childe Harold" the hero is a wilful exile from society, imbued with a staunch hatred for sham and hypocrisy, disgusted with the tyranny and frivolities of a corrupted world and seeking refuge in the contemplation of nature, the past glories of fallen empires, and the beauties of sculpture and the pictorial art. In Manfred the hero is filled with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, intending to abstract himself from the vices and corruptions of a degenerate world. Don Juan is the knight-errant of chivalry who lives a fast life in places scattered all over the continent and exposes the corruption of societies, courts, generals, and indeed every type of man wielding power and influence.

As we have already pointed out, this individualism seeks for a refuge from the vices and misery of the world in the contemplation of

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natural and artistic beauty. Here, again, the distinction between Byron and some of the other poets of the time, Wordsworth or Keats, for example, is strikingly pointed out. We do not come across a single passage in which description of natural beauty is as minute and full of details as it is in Wordsworth, Keats, or Cowper. He takes us through whole landscapes by touching only some of the most glaring aspects which are too well known to escape the eye of the most casual observer. Nor do we often find him endowing Nature with a deep spiritual significance as in Wordsworth. He gives us the broad outlines and his appeal lies in the deep and intense human interest with which he invests her. Every sight, every sound, every ray of sunshine, every note of music, and every flash of the heavens calls up in his mind associations of deep human interest. When the

“Mountains looked on Marathon
And Marathon looked on the sea”

he was led to cherish the hope that “Greece might still be free.” Again, the isles of Greece remind him of Sappho and all their glorious antiquities. The bustle and tumult of the waters of Terni with the crimson rays of the sun lingering upon them is interpreted by the poet as “Love watching madness with unalterable mien.” The lake of Thrasimene reminds him of the furious battle which plunged legions in a sea of blood and mad confusion.

The fire and energy which was the mainstay of the revolutionary movement before it ended in confusion and disaster, is seen in the dramatic vividness of Byron's descriptive passages. The dramatic spirit is generally actuated by a love of action. In every country the growing impulses and national aspirations of a people have found expression in dramas. Byron was living in times when the hearts of Englishmen and indeed of all men were stirred to their lowest depths by the great national movements against autocracy and serfdom. It is very natural, therefore, that he should imbibe the dramatic spirit which is the necessary product of those stirring times. His regular dramas the “*Marino Faliero*,” the “*Two Foscari*,” and some others are failures. But he had the true dramatic spirit in him. The description of the night before the battle of Waterloo when the beauty and chivalry of Belgium assembles “to chase the glowing hours with flying feet” and “soft eyes looked home to eyes that spake again” with the dim reports of gun-shots becoming “nearer, clearer, and deadlier” than before the wild confusion of farewell and leave-taking and all the gloomy premonitions of impending fate, is remark-

able for dramatic vividness of thought and style. In *Don Juan*, when the savage Cossair is filled with surprise to see his household converted into an oriental palace, ringing with the music of revellery and looking gala with the serried lights and silken hangings, mixes himself up with the crowd of revellers, slowly contemplates revenge, and in the dead of night takes the amorous couple by surprise, we have a singular instance of his dramatic quality. It is the same story in almost everything he has written although his restless nature was not capable of the sustained coherence of action and character which is so essentially necessary for a genuine drama.

A child of the revolution, Byron's analysis of political affairs and human action was naturally destructive. The main cause of the failure of the revolution lay in its inability to offer a constructive organism which could supplant the existing order of things. The apostles of the revolution were defective in that historical sense which shows that things which have grown out of date in one age had their usefulness in days gone by and that they are capable of adjustment to the existing surroundings without any violent interruption of the entire system. The revolutionists had many lofty ideals, but they were not able to crystalise them into a constructive order. Nor were they conscious how human nature required considerable modification before it could become capable of reaping the fruits of a golden era of complete liberty. Hence, they shattered all past ideals, and their outbursts are more or less sentimental explosions without any basis of reason. Byron's poetry abounds in such instances. He rails against man, society, religion, kings, and republics, but he never points the way out of their clutches; when he loses faith in his own preachings, he seeks refuge in the contemplation of nature, in drinking deep at the fount of ancient glory, and in enjoying the beauties of sculptural and pictorial art. But although his criticism is mainly destructive, instances are not wanting, which display a keen insight into human character and sober analysis of political questions. This is due to the intensely rational spirit of Byron's genius. His analysis of the character of Napoleon, his estimate of Rousseau and of the French Revolution, how it degenerated into self-conceit and tyranny, all point to the practical wisdom of Byron.

But with all the defects of his critical genius and all the imperfections of his mental constitution he was, it must be admitted, a sincere lover of liberty. In his writings and as well as in life he has given no unmistakable proofs of his sincerity. His love of liberty was not a mere

sentimental affectation as it was with Wordsworth in his later years when he shed tears over the extinction of the Venetian Republic, but would not suffer his own people to make the national parliament a representative body. If he had shrunk from the excesses of the French Revolution, he became a reactionary with vengeance. He characterised the Reform Bill of 1832 as mob-rule. Not so Byron. His was not a narrow provincial patriotism like of that of the Greeks. He had made the whole world his home and the hand of a tyrant in remote Greece touched him as quickly as the tyranny of rulers at home. His love of liberty was again combined with a spirit of tolerence and sympathy and an abhorrence of bloodshed which is evident on every page. The terrible rapine and bloodshed of the battle of Thrasimene makes him recoil with horror and he exclaims :

“ Renew thy rainbow, God ! ”

It has been contended that the striking vividness with which he describes the fiercest aspects of nature proves beyond doubt that he revelled in terrible sights and his affectation of humanity in stray passages is more or less due to the exhaustion caused by an overstrained and morbid sentimentality. The most effective answer to this charge is Byron's own life. Never in his life was he chary of doing good things for the benefit of humanity. Born an aristocrat, he was always a friend and champion of the people. His career in the House of Lords, his sacrifices in the cause of freedom in Italy and Greece, are loud mementoes of ardent love of liberty and his tender humanity. And we shall not do proper justice to his character if we fail to observe the risks at which he set to work for the liberation of Italy and Greece. In Italy, he joined the Carbonari, and although the society was dissolved, his writings kept alive the smouldering fire which blared forth at the trumpet-call of Garibaldi and Mazzini and brought about the liberation of Italy under the able guidance of Cavour and Victor Emanuel. In Greece, his eloquence, his self-sacrifice, and his persistent efforts put an end to the petty strifes between faction and faction, and paved the way to her independence. The work which he had begun was not completed when the hand of death removed him from his scene of activities at Mesolonghi.

Byron died in the full bloom of youth. The rare courage and political wisdom with which he conducted the affairs of Greece were signs that his genius was maturing. One is tempted to think that, if he had lived longer, he might have bequeathed to the world a better record of moral life and a more exalted poetry which would have

acted as beacon-lights to lovers of truth and beauty from generation to generation. Indeed Shelley frankly wrote to one of his friends that Lord Byron was not quite the same man when he saw him in Italy for the last time. But enough of vain illusions. Let us part from Byron with our grateful tributes to the memory of a man in whom the remains of a noble nature were sapped by the tide of adverse influences and who, with all the imperfections of a confirmed cynic and a depraved sentimentalist was a great and glorious personality spending the whole of his fire and energy in crushing hypocrisy and unfurling the banner of liberty on distant shores where his name is a watchword for nobility, self-sacrifice, freedom, and liberty.

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A Brief Survey of a Few Political Theories in Ancient India.

POLITICAL philosophers of all ages and of all countries have discussed the question of the origin of the state and the kindred question of the institution of kingship. Ancient India also was no exception to the general rule. Till very recent times it was the fond belief of Western scholars—nay many of our countrymen—that ancient India could boast of only philosophy and religion, that in the domain of politics her achievements were not worth the name. But careful researches carried on with unwearied zeal by a multitude of scholars of the soil as well as by sympathetic foreigners are almost daily exploding these wrong and sometimes, I should say, biassed theories and are shedding a flood of new light on the dark spots of the Indian history. It would perhaps be long before the history of ancient India can be reconstructed on a sound and secure basis, and can stand on the same level as Egyptology or Assyriology; but even at this imperfect state, the labours of scholars warrant us to assert that Indian philosophers did speculate on politics almost as minutely and thoroughly as European thinkers.

Even as early as the time of the Mahabharat, the science of politics was regarded as a very important subject of study. In the Santiparva, for example, we find, “when the science of politics is neglected, the three Vedas as well as virtues decline.” *

* Santiparva, sloka 28, section 63.

Kautilya holds the science of government as one of the four recognized branches of study.*

Manu devotes an entire chapter† to the discussion of questions like these, viz. the origin of the state, duties of the king, the object and the scope of government, taxation, etc.

Names of many other illustrious authors may be multiplied, who have dealt on the subject. But from what has been said above it cannot, we think, be seriously maintained that politics did not loom large before the eyes of ancient Indian philosophers.

As far as their conception of the origin of the state and the institution of kingship are concerned, we are struck by the remarkable similarity of thought that characterised the minds of the sages of ancient India, and the European theorists of the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries.

The origin of the state is thus set forth in the Santiparva ‡:—"In the early years of the Krita age there was no sovereignty, no king, no government. All men used to protect one another righteously. After some time they found the task painful. Error began to assail their hearts. Subject to error the perception of men became clouded and consequently their virtues began to decline. Love of acquisition got hold of them and they became covetous. Wrath possessed their minds; once subject to wrath, they lost all considerations of what should be done and what should not. Thus unrestrained license set in. Men began to do what they liked. All distinction between virtue and vice came to an end. When such confusion possessed the souls of men the knowledge of the Supreme Being disappeared. The gods then, overcome with grief, approached Brahma for protection and advice. Brahma then created by a fiat of his will a son called 'Virajas.' The son born of the energy of Brahma was made the ruler of the world."

Manu also says, "When these creatures, being without a king, dispersed through fear in all direction the Lord created a king for the protection of the whole creation."§

Let us turn for a while to the three great political thinkers of the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries, viz. Thomas Hobbes, John Locke, and Jean Jacques Rousseau. They were all upholders of the doctrine of social compact though their different process of reasoning led Hobbes to support the monarchical absolutism of the Stewarts, Locke to hold

* Artha Sastra, book I, chap. 2.

† Manu Samhita, chapter 7.

‡ Santiparva, section 59.

§ Manu, chap. VII, sl. 3

a brief for the limited and constitutional monarchy, and Rousseau to advocate popular sovereignty and universal suffrage. As each of them was the champion of the doctrine of social compact, it follows as a matter of fact they were the exponents of the belief in the human origin of the state.

Thus apparently we find the opinions of the two schools are divergent—the Mahabharat and Manu supporting the divine origin of the state, and the European trio advocating the human origin of the state. But a closer examination reveals a remarkable similarity. The picture of the ante-political condition of men depicted in the Mahabharat reminds us of the state of Nature of Rousseau and Locke—prior to the institution of civil society. Locke regards the state of Nature “as a state of perfect freedom to order their actions and dispose of their possessions and persons as they think fit It is also a state where every one enjoys his natural freedom without being subjected to the will of any other man.” With Rousseau the state of Nature appears as an era of Idyllic simplicity.

The circumstances which necessitated the state-organization are also almost the same. “Unrestrained license,” as we have seen in the Santiparva, induced Brahma to bestow a king on the world. Locke, of course, expressly states that “the state of Nature is not a state of license.” But he says, “Though in the state of nature man is the absolute master of his own person and possession, the enjoyment of these is very precarious and is constantly exposed to the invasion of others—inasmuch as greater part of men is no strict observers of equity and justice.” To escape from such an evil state men agreed to join and unite into a community for the protection of the lives and properties of those who composed the society.

On this point Rousseau says :—

“I assume men have reached a point at which the obstacles that endanger their preservation overcome by their resistance, the forces which the individual can cast with a view to maintaining himself in the state. Then this primitive condition can no longer subsist and the human race would perish unless it changed its mode of existence.” *

Thus we see that the two portraits—the portrait of the ante-political condition of man as delineated in the Santiparva and the portrait of man nurtured in the state of Nature of European thinkers

* Contract Social, book I, chap. 6.

—together with the circumstances that necessitate the state-organization—are in substantial agreement.

Hitherto we have left out of consideration Hobbes's arguments. Our omission to do so must not be understood that they are of less importance for the present purpose we have in view. On the contrary Hobbes's theory of the origin of the state and the institution of kingship resembles in a still greater degree the theory of the Mahabharat and almost coincides with the theory of Kautilya—the great Brahmin minister of Chandragupta.

First, take the pictures drawn by the Mahabharat and Hobbes. The evils of the absence of the king are thus described in the Santiparva :—

“Without the king the position of men would be like that of a herd of cattle without a herdsman . . . the strong would forcibly appropriate the possessions of the weak. All kinds of property would cease to exist . . . Morality would be lost, society would cease to exist; all kinds of injustice would set in” *

Hobbes gives the following picture of the state of Nature prior to the formation of civil society :—

The state of Nature is a state of war in which every man's hand is turned against his neighbour, in which there is as yet no such thing as justice, in which force and fraud are cardinal virtues. in which man's life is “solitary, poor, nasty and brutish.”

The two pictures very closely resemble. Let us now take into consideration the views of Hobbes and Kautilya. At the very outset it may be remarked that the “less spiritually-minded but more practical” Kautilya, unlike the Mahabharat and Manu, is a believer in the human origin of the state as the three European thinkers are. This will be proved to demonstration from the following quotation from the Artha Sastra.† “When the weak,” says Kautilya, “began to be oppressed by the strong the people made ‘Vaivaswata Manu’ their king and fixed $\frac{1}{6}$ of the produce of the soil and $\frac{1}{10}$ of the merchandise as his remuneration.”

Hobbes's view as regards the state of Nature we have already seen. Still I quote the following from his work *Leviathan* (chap. XVII), for it will make this position clearer. “The final cause, End and Design of men in the introduction of restraints upon themselves is the foresight of their own preservation and of a more contented life there-

* Santiparva, sec. 68.

† Artha Sastra, book I, chap. 13.

by; that is to say, of getting themselves out from the miserable condition of war which is necessarily consequent to the natural passions of men when there is no visible power to keep them in awe and tie them by fear of punishment." Again in the Artha Sastra we find, "In the absence of government people behave like fish—the strong devouring the weak,—but protected by a government they flourish." * A comparison of the quotations from Leviathan and the Artha Sastra is sure to bring home even to a casual reader the remarkable extent to which their thoughts are in agreement.

We need not stop here to examine the arguments that may be advanced against the Indian philosophers that their ante-political picture of mankind did never correspond to reality, that it is only the figment of their brain. Suffice it to say that the supposed state of Nature of the Western thinkers too is no less utopian, and no less open to serious criticism from historical and psychological point of view.

Thus far about the origin of the state. If we care to discuss the question of the position of the king in ancient India we find many interesting points. That kingship in ancient India was in many instances elective has been established beyond doubt. It is only very gradually that it tended to become hereditary. As late as the VIIIth century A.D. the elective system did not become a thing of the past. This is well illustrated in the case of Gopal—the first monarch of the celebrated Pala dynasty. In the VIIIth century, when the evil days of Bengal threw her into the vortex of anarchy and chaos, people elected Gopal king of Bengal. To believe Taranath, the Tibetan historian, Dharmapala, the son and successor, Gopal also owed his crown to popular election. The formidable rising against Mahipala, a later king of the same dynasty, known as the "Kaivarta rebellion," is regarded by many competent authorities as the struggle of the people of Bengal against the hated monarch who usurped the throne by trampling under foot their inherent right in the choice of sovereigns which had been sanctified by long usage.

Even when hereditary, a king was not expected to be an autocrat. In the Santiparva we find :—

"A king who is unable to protect is useless. If the king fails in his duties any person—no matter to what caste he belongs—may wield the sceptre." In the same place we find that the protection of

* Artha Sastra, book I, chap 13.

the people and the promotion of their welfare are considered as the primary duties of the king. Kautilya holds: "As the kings are remunerated by the people it is their duty to look to the interests of the state."* In the Sukraniti, another treatise on politics, we find:--

"Brahma created the king to be the servant of his subjects and he is remunerated by the share of the produce If the king is the enemy of virtue and morality the people should expel him as a destroyer of the state."

In the face of these facts it seems to be certain that kings in ancient India could never claim "the right divine to govern wrong" in theory, at least they were not expected to be autocrats; on the contrary the conception that the king was the servant of the state was one of the fundamental principles of political thought, and whatever might be the character of monarchy on the surface, the relations between the ruler and the ruled were certainly contractual. At the same time, regarding the trend of political thought in ancient India in the light of the Indian philosophers, and keeping in view some of the actual cases, it seems but a travesty of historical facts to assert that the West and the West alone can claim the sole credit of being the cradle of republicanism and elective system of government, and the genius of the East is peculiarly uncongenial to the growth of such ideas.

Here also we must be prepared to meet the objection that might be urged against the Indian philosophers on the score of the impractical nature of some of their principles. Our answer must be, in the first place, that many of the leading theories of the European thinkers too are little more fitted to meet the exigencies of practical politics. It is well known how Voltaire while commenting on some passages of the "Contrat Social" characterised them as nothing less than "a code of anarchy," and Burke the great propounder of the doctrine of expediency in politics remarked with great truth that "Men would become little better than flies of a summer," if those theories of Rousseau are given effect to. In the second place our object is not so much to determine how far the ancient Indian philosophers can stand the test of practical politics as to show they no less than the European thinkers were preoccupied in politics. In the third and the last place an unbiassed study of their works is sure to convince any reader of the eminently practical nature of many of their principles.

* Artha Sastra, book II.

Finally, we may note in passing that questions which were settled in Europe after so much bloodshed and civil wars which brought untold misery and terrible havoc in their wake were recognized in India in hoary antiquity as the first principles of government. And we are in a position to say that however true might be the saying that "East is East and West is West" it is an undeniable fact that the current of thought in the orient and the occident has, in many cases, run through the same channel.

DHIRENDRANATH KHAN,
Post-graduate Arts Class.

A Child's Laughter.

Sweeter far than all things fair,
Lips of love that lure the youth,
Song of April's lightest air,
Rose that blows with beauty bright,
'Tales that teach some moral truth,
Autumn dawn with deep delight ;

Quivering leaves that quake in wind,
Golden dreams that gladness bring,
Peace that moves in painless mind,
Dance of light on far-off hill,
Rill that runs with radiant thrill,
Dance of Love with joyous wing,
Murmuring breeze of midnight still ;

March of music moving soft,
Lays of minstrel lovely wrought,
Lucent Moon that shines aloft,
Endless East with morning blaze,
Flash of Dawn with splendour fraught,
Flame-bright hopes of future days ;

Brightness flashed from bay to bay,
Glance of women gaily fair,
Songs of birds that greet the day,
All these die in mere eclipse
This is worth a world of care—
Laugh that leaps from children's lips.

SITAL DEB.

War-Time Reflections on Science, Industry and Commerce.

I. The Modern Outlook.

SCIENCE is pre-eminently the fulcrum on which all modern industries balance themselves. The struggle in the problem of lighting by electricity and gas bears undoubted testimony to the fact. But for the incandescent gas mantle, the fruit of marvellous researches in modern chemical science, coal would have been worthless as a source of illumination: for, we should not forget that the black "old king" is the originator of the coal gas and the coal tar colour industries. No less is the vicissitude the "old king" is passing through in a contest of survival with its antagonist the oil fuel. The researches and investigations on the internal combustion engines have not only brought the automobile factories on the face of the earth, but has afforded the petrol engines the further monopolisation in the propelling of the modern airships, aeroplanes hydroplanes and the like. The zeal with which the oil fuel is finding application in nearly all sorts of industries would have led to the rejection of coal as a source of fuel, but for the present scientific system of mining operations resulting in the cheapness, and the vast regular output of tons of the mineral. The first cause has also been the saviour, as it were, of its old position in the propelling of railway engines in which the costly electric energy is frequently showing its face. These trio of industries—the gas, the electric, and the oil industries—are therefore keeping pace with one another through the agency of scientific researches on their respective accounts.

This interdependence of industry on science has led to the establishment of well-equipped and most up-to-date laboratories. The factories are the colleges of which the laboratories are the schools. Enter a modern factory, you will not fail to observe the associated laboratory. As the sciences are by themselves mutually interdependent, the mechanical, electrical and chemical laboratories work simultaneously and produce the manufactories; the scientific working of the latter result in the creation of the industries. Hence, Industry is the product of which the Union of the sciences is the cause; the laboratory being the storeroom of the sciences, and order supplier to the industries.

The tendency, therefore, of the modern scientific world is to utilise

the sciences through the agency of the laboratories. The old fulcrum of sciences has therefore grown into the three knife-edges of laboratories carrying the beam of industries over them. The scientifically trained engineer, electrician and chemist form the pillar of support for the entire system.

This static system of balance requires a vital principle to make it dynamic and workable. The turning handle—"the life-blood of capital"—gives the necessary organized and co-ordinated stimulus to the whole system and the result is Commerce. The countries having attained enough of political greatness in the past, territorial aggrandisement being no more the question taxing their brains, the Powers are bent upon the achievement of the "open door" commerce. While Industry serves as the index to the Civilisation and power of nations, these latter, on the other hand, find support in wealth and finance—the products of Commerce.

The modern industrial era which has dawned since the last decades of the nineteenth century consequently leads us to the fact that a contest for supremacy among these industrially civilised powers will culminate in a War of Industries; for, modern analysis has shown us that "War is mechanical, electrical and chemical"; its synthesis is effected by the blending of the industries. The present (as well as the future) wars, therefore, tend to be Industrially (Scientific) Wars, the treaties which will lead to the reorganization of industries, the extension of (research) laboratories, and the expanse of scientific culture. The most intricate, accurate and skilful mutual systemisation of the above three in the cause of future problems to be faced, will mark the national suzerainty of posterity.

Such is the modern outlook of Science, Industry and Commerce. The complete mastery of all the industries coupled with the world-monopoly of territorial, naval, aerial, submarine and subterranean commerce forms the sole ideal of future efficiency. And though there may be no perfect realisation of the ideal, the tendency of this increasingly materialistic age will nevertheless remain concentrated on utilising the deductions derived from the deviations from this ideal limit.

II. Aerial Navigation.

By their mighty co-operation the engineer, the electrician and the chemist have synthesised, as it were, the present-day air-man. The thoughts and imaginations of 'air-flight and air-flying,' so much prevalent in epics and mythologies, in poetry and literature, in legends

and romances, in bygone ages and among almost all nations, are now things of the past, and in their place has sprung up the real and unsophisticated aerial navigation of the modern century. The concordant and simultaneous response of the trio of scientists in the common cause of the aviator—and more especially, their undivided attention and concentrated energy at the most unsolvable problem of ages—have resulted not only in the melting of the descriptive and figurative aviators of old, but in giving birth to the thoroughly remodelled and scientifically recast aviators of our day. The crowning glory of the three master spirits of modern science has consisted in laying the scientific foundation of the vast aeronautic laboratories of the modern civilized world; and this glory will be the more lasting, inasmuch as in their creation of the air-man of to-day, they have ushered among us a new man, as it were, who embodies in himself the role of a chemist, an electrician, and an engineer.

Aerial navigation, which has become so very successful in recent times, is another illustration added to the history of the application of modern scientific research to the furtherance of industry and commerce. The ever-increasing aspiration of the aviator to soar more and more to the tremendous heights of the atmosphere has necessitated the construction of various modes of apparatus; and in his novel way, the modern aviator—the new man that he is—has furthered his utmost not only to create a stimulating impetus to a new industry, but to extend upon mankind the blessings of an equally new commerce. The chief demands of the aviator of materials such as wood, aluminium, rubber, water-proof fabrics and the propelling motor (internal combustion engine), etc., have called forth new batches of industrialists who are busy striving after the most suitable materials adapted for various special purposes of aerial service. Further, by extending his patronage to the leaders of such other industries as the electric, photographic, leather, glass and gas industries, the air-man has thrown open before the world's vision an immense avenue of industrial and commercial horizon such as was never dreamt of a few decades ago. Well may we mark this brilliant and shining prospect as “the dawn of a new day” in our modern era of industrial and commercial efficiency.

The scientific spirit, animating the recent aerial achievements, has been intensely augmented by the present war; the many-sided activity and usefulness of the modern air-craft, in affairs both civil and military, emphatically point out the still higher role it will play in the not far-off forties and fifties of the present century. Such has been the

remarkable characteristic of the more recent history of inventions and discoveries, that the scientific man of to-day is not to be laughed at when he foresees that the gradual systematic development of aerial navigation will, in the near future, afford deductions mighty enough to equip our posterity with more marvellous machinations than the modern achievement of our day.

III. Submarine Navigation.

Concurrently with the aerial navigation of to-day comes the submarine navigation of yesterday. Curious it may seem that though there were no such hordes of thoughts and visions regarding underwater craft in early times and in ancient writings, yet it was this submarine that came into practical operations earlier than the aeroplanes, or air-ships; much more curious is the fact that the history of its development into our modern submarines is parallel in its outline to the history of the sister navigation. The (oil) internal combustion engine has again come to the front and as a consequence of the work on the borderlands of modern science, the engineer, the electrician and the chemist have, the other day, evolved between them the submarine of the present decade. The failure of the three generations of engineers, who preceded the modern engineer and his scientific associates, has been the source of a double blessing as it were; for, not only has the inevitable necessity of unity among the trio of scientists been more strongly urged upon and confirmed, but man's invasion of aerial and aquatic regions has become successful to such degree of practicability as was seldom entertained even in imagination.

Both the new crafts have acted as complements to each other and to the ordinary sea-craft of ages. With the aviator overhead and the submarine underneath, the old (surface) navigator has formed a triple system, at once promising and productive of great industrial and commercial enterprise. The vast extension effected within recent years in such industrial operations as of mining, manufactories and transportations stand out as hopeful examples pre-eminently due to the direct working of the triple system. While the war has afforded a preliminary demonstration of the military utility of submarine navigation—especially in its relation to the increase of modern sea-power—the problems of safety and economy have contributed none the less to enforce the anticipation of the possibility of a peaceful aspect, and a civil role in the functions of the future submarines. In fact, the ultimate result with which the present-day engineer, electrician and chem-

ist are engaged in working out the complete blending of and co-operation among the three systems of navigation seems to be the evolution of an unheard-of and inconceivable efficiency in the generations to come.

Evidently the modern world stands on the platform of a period of reconstruction and synthesis. With the perfection of the submarine and the complete solution of the old problems of lighting and fuel, of energy and motive-power, among competitors such as coal, petroleum and electricity, the period of reconstruction will terminate with the consequence that a newer industrial and commercial era will come out synthesised by the modern laboratory. The repetition of commercial history will inevitably occur; the aerial and submarine commerce will pass into everyday matters of fact; and the scientific men of the age in collaboration with the geologists will evolve between them a still newer commerce, which we may well try to predict and name as the Subterranean Commerce of to-morrow.

BRAJA KISOR BANERJEE,
(5th Year Class Chemistry, M.Sc.)

A Visit to the Sugar Refinery of Messrs. Turner Morrison & Co.

THE fifth year Chemistry students had an opportunity of visiting the Cossipur Sugar Refinery of Messrs. Turner Morrison & Co., on the 18th September, 1918. The firm do not allow outsiders to visit the factory, but on the request of our Principal the Manager was kind enough to permit us to visit it.

The following is a brief description of what we saw in the factory :—

They import raw Java sugar and purify and recrystallise it. First of all a saturated solution of the raw sugar is made in water at 212° F., the saturation point is noted by means of Hydrometer; this saturated solution is then led into big pans and hot water is mixed with it until a solution of definite density is obtained (the density was not told to us, being considered as trade-secret), when milk of lime is added in slight excess and stirred continually by means of a mechanical stirrer whereby all the albuminoid matters rise to the surface as scum which is removed by means of a perforated ladle. This solution is then allowed to flow into filler-bags which are encased in chambers

through which steam is continually passed; the object of admitting steam in the chamber is to prevent the hot solution from being crystallised within the pores of the filter-bags. After the first operation the filter-bags are taken away, washed with water and squeezed by being pressed between two rubber-rollers. Samples of this solution are taken out for examination, and if it is found that the solution contains traces of impurity it is again passed through the filter-bags. These filter-bags are made up of coarse canvas. The solution from the filter-bag is then allowed to pass through animal charcoal beds whereby the colour of the solution is almost discharged; the colour of the solution after being subjected to the process of charcoal filtration appears faintly brown. This solution is then concentrated in large copper vessels under very low pressure; the object of concentrating it under very low pressure is to promote the growth of crystals. There is a mechanical arrangement in the evaporating pan whereby samples of crystals can be taken out for examination, and an expert operator can tell from the shape of the crystals that the time for taking away the crystals has come. Just below the evaporating pans there is a mechanical arrangement by which the crystals formed within the evaporating pan can be taken away: when the crystals are taken away at this stage, they appear to be of light brown colour, and are mixed up with large amount of thick syrup. This is then introduced into the centrifugal machine where the sugar is freed *in situ* from syrup; the crystals are then dried by passing steam through the centrifugal machine, and thereby the colour is discharged. The sugar is taken away from this machine and collected. There is a mechanical device whereby the symmetrical crystals are separated from the unsymmetrical ones: the latter is then dissolved with the raw Java sugar. The symmetrical crystals are then compared with the standard crystals, and if they are in any way found different the whole lot is rejected. The sugar is further subjected to another operation, viz. separation of dust, etc., by women workers who are especially engaged for the purpose. After having done this the sugar is packed in gunnies and sold to the customers.

In the factory 12 kinds of sugar are manufactured, and the purity of the best kind of sugar is 99.9% and moisture of .01%. We are told by the Superintendent that amongst the sugar factories worked in India this factory produces the biggest-sized crystals.

Our thanks are due to our Principal for the trouble he took in obtaining permission from the Superintendent to visit the factory;

our thanks are also due to Mr. Robert Gow, the Superintendent of the Factory, and to Babu Dharendra Nath Basu, one of the Chemists, for the trouble they took in taking us round the factory, and at the same time explaining the different parts of the plant.

Lastly, we must not forget to acknowledge our thanks to the chemists of the factory for providing us with "sherbats," which were welcomed by all of us.

JNANENDRA KUMAR ADHYA,
5th Year Chemistry Class.

Atmospheric Electricity.

IT was about the middle of the eighteenth century that Benjamin Franklin showed experimentally that the electric phenomena of the atmosphere are not quite different from those produced by electric batteries. Peltier regarded the earth as an insulated resinously charged conductor. He said that it is subjected to accidental influences of electric deposits in the clouds. Professor Thomson regarded the earth, its atmosphere, and the surrounding medium as the inner coating, the dielectric and the outer coating respectively of a large Leyden jar charged negatively.

The phenomena of atmospheric electricity are of three kinds, viz. :—

- (1) Electrical phenomena of thunderstorm.
- (2) The phenomena of continual slight electrification in the air, when the weather is fine.
- (3) The phenomena of Aurora

The analogy between the lightning and the electric spark was noticed at a very early period. Dr. Wall pointed out the resemblance between them in 1708. Lightning and thunder are thus the atmospheric electrical phenomena. The thunderstorm results from an accumulation of active electricity with the vapours condensed in the atmosphere. The lightning sometimes darts on broad and well-defined lines from cloud to cloud. It follows a zig-zag and irregular path when shoot towards the earth, and it sometimes appears as a large ball of fire rapidly moving towards the earth. The appearance of such a fire ball is erroneously designated by the ignorant to be attended by the fall of a solid body. In the pre-scientific days it was supposed to be a special vehicle of divine vengeance.

If a person is out of doors during a thunderstorm a recumbent position on the ground is the most secure. It is seldom dangerous to take shelter under low buildings. Trees and elevated bodies should always be avoided as they are most likely to receive the charge. When we are within doors the tolerably safe position is in the middle of the room. It is sometimes noticed that when a charged conductor is suddenly discharged a discharge is felt by persons standing near. This action known as the "Back stroke" is due to influence, and is sometimes felt by persons standing on the ground at the moment when a flash of lightning has struck an object some distance away. Over a hundred years ago Franklin was the first to suggest the use of "Lightning conductors" for the protection of buildings. Sir William Snow Harris perfected the lightning conductor, first suggested by Mr. Singer, to be employed in ships and introduced it into the navies in nearly all the countries. Telegraph work is also very unsafe during a thunderstorm unless lightning conductors are used. Bregnet's paratounerre is much used on the French telegraph lines.

When the sky is serene and the air perfectly clear it is generally found by experiment that the electric potential of the atmosphere is normally positive relative to the earth; in damp or rainy weather it is however occasionally found negative. It increases as we go up in the higher regions, and is stronger in winter than in summer. It is more intense when the air is still than during the prevalence of high wind. W. Liuss, J. Elster and H. Geitel discovered towards the end of the nineteenth century that conductors, however perfectly insulated they may be, lose their charge, and this depends entirely on the atmospheric conditions. It was also supposed that there are ions always charged, positive and negative, present in the atmosphere.

The potential gradient at any place near the ground is always varying. It differs with the season of the year and the hour of the day. It is largely dependent on the condition of the weather. The intensity of electric charge in the atmosphere increases from July to November, both inclusive. In the diurnal variation there are two maxima and two minima every twenty-four hours. There is the first minimum early in dawn, that is, a little before the rising of the sun. A few hours after the sun has arisen the intensity increases, at first gradually and then rapidly, and arrives at the first maximum. A little before the sun sets the second minimum occurs. When the sun is just on the horizon, it begins to reascend and attains the second maximum

a few hours after. It then diminishes again till sunrise and proceeds in the same order as indicated above.

An alternation takes place in the regular diurnal inequality during the whole year. This is best seen by analysing it into a Fourier series.

$$C_1 \sin(t + \alpha_1) + C_2 \sin(2t + \alpha_2) + C_3 \sin(3t + \alpha_3) + \dots$$

where t is the time elapsed from the midnight of the place; $C_1, C_2, C_3, C_4 \dots$ are the amplitudes of the component of the harmonic vibrations, whose periods are 24, 12, 8 and 6 hours respectively, and $\alpha_1, \alpha_2, \alpha_3, \alpha_4 \dots$ are the corresponding phase angles. An hour in the time t represents 15° . If there is a delay of one hour in the time of the maximum this means that there will be a diminution of 15° in the phase angle α_1 of 30° in the phase angle α_2 and so on.

What is really aimed at in the ordinary observations of atmospheric electricity is the measurement of the difference of potential between the surface of the earth and a point at a given distance above it. Franklinian kite may be employed in examining the electrical condition of the higher regions of the atmosphere. Great care must however be taken in conducting this experiment, as severe shocks may be received even in cloudless weather through the string. Mr. Sturgeon boldly sent up a kite, during thunderstorm, with silken cord. He attached one end of a wire at a distance of about four inches from the reel of the kite-string and let the other end touch the ground. He was highly gratified to see a large number of sparks passing in between the lower end of the wire and the ground. Several parts of the string towards the kite were occasionally very beautifully illuminated. There was a hissing sound round the string in the atmosphere. The reel was also sometimes enveloped in a blaze of purple arborised electrical fire.

The potential at any point in the atmosphere at some distance from the earth's surface can be measured in the following way:—

Let V be the potential, ρ the density of free electricity at a point in the atmosphere, whose distance from the centre of the earth is x c.m. Then we have, neglecting the variations of the effect of the potential in the horizontal direction,

$$x^{-2} \left(\frac{d}{dx} \right) \left(\frac{x^2 \cdot dV}{dx} \right) + 4\pi\rho = 0.$$

Now the extent of the earth's atmosphere, which is open to us for experimental purposes, is very limited; hence for all practical purposes we may treat x^2 in the above equation as a constant quantity.

$$\therefore \rho = -\left(\frac{1}{4\pi}\right)\left(\frac{d}{dx}\right)\left(\frac{dV}{dx}\right).$$

Thus we see that the density of free electricity ρ is positive, if the potential gradient $\frac{dV}{dx}$ diminishes as we go further and further away from the centre of the earth.

Let σ be the surface density of the charge on the earth's surface and $\frac{dV}{dx}$ the potential gradient close to the ground. Then we have

$$\sigma = -\left(\frac{1}{4\pi}\right)\left(\frac{dV}{dx}\right).$$

Now since $\frac{dV}{dx}$ is normally positive, the natural inference is that the earth's surface is normally charged with negative electricity.

Let us consider a tube of force of 1 c.m. cross-section, and let it be cut by two equipotential surfaces at distances x_1 and x_2 from the surface of the earth.

If Q be the total charge on the portion of the tube included between the two equipotential surfaces, we have under the conditions assumed above

$$4\pi Q = \left(\frac{dV}{dx}\right)_{x=R+x_1} - \left(\frac{dV}{dx}\right)_{x=R+x_2},$$

R being the radius of the earth's surface.

The Aurora is a magnificent luminous effect which is occasionally visible in the polar regions. In North Polar regions it is called the Aurora Borealis or the "Northern Lights," whereas in the South Polar regions it is known as the Aurora Australis. The appearance of an Aurora is usually accompanied by a magnetic storm, which in its turn is indicated by the disturbance of a magnetic needle. M. Lottin observed Aurora during the winter of 1838-39 in the bay of Alten on the coast of West Finland. He said that auroras were most frequent during the time the sun was below the horizon at that place, that is, from the 17th of November to the 25th of January. The border of the light of the Aurora is generally quite regular and takes the form of an arc, which is of a pale yellow colour. When the bow swells up its summit is generally on the magnetic meridian or very nearly so. Sometimes the Aurora consists of a large number of streamers of light rose colour, which radiate from a polar centre. The spectrum of the Aurora shows a characteristic yellowish green line.

This is probably due to the inert gas Krypton. The characteristic lines of the other constituents of the atmosphere have also been detected in the spectrum. This fact proves the statement that the phenomenon is due to an electric discharge through the atmosphere.

MRITYUNJAY MUKHERJEE,
4th Year B.Sc. Class.

College Union Notes.

THE first general meeting came off on July 24th, 1918. The meeting began with a chorus by some students. This being over, Mr. P. K. Rao, B.A., read the last year's report, and thanked Principal Barrow and some of the professors who took keen interest in making the Union a success. The last year's Executive Committee then formally tendered their resignation. Principal Barrow then welcomed the new students of the College and encouraged the old. He was joined in this by Prof. Khagendra Nath Mitra who suggested that in future the College Union might take under its care all the departments of college social life, e.g. sports, magazine, etc. New members for the Executive Committee were then elected from the Undergraduate classes. The meeting came to a close after a hearty vote of thanks to the chair, to the speakers, and to the last year's Executive Committee.

A meeting of the students of the College was held under the auspices of the College Union, on 19th September, to consider what steps should be taken by the students of the College regarding the North Bengal flood. Dr. P. C. Ray, Ph.D., D.Sc., C.I.E., F.C.S. (now Kt.), was in the chair. It was resolved to raise funds for this purpose, and the following Executive Committee was appointed :—

J. R. Barrow, Esqr., M.A., President and Hon. Treasurer.

K. N. Mitra, Esqr., M.A., Secretary.

The members of the Executive Committee of the College Union to act as members.

The College raised Rs. 555-12 from the professors and the students. Out of this, Rs. 455-12 was handed over to the Hon. Secretary Social Service League, and Rs. 100 to the Ram Krishna Mission. Apart from this the Eden Hindu Hostel also contributed Rs. 200.

SAILESH CHANDRA CHAKRABARTY,
Secretary.

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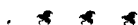
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Hostel Notes.

EDEN HINDU HOSTEL.

The Prefects for the present session are :—

- Ward I. Babu Debendra Nath Banerjea, B.A.
- Ward II. Babu Nripendra Nath Chatterjea, B.A.
- Ward III. Babu Umesh Chandra Sengupta, B.Sc.
- Ward IV. Babu Bhaba Kinkar Banerjea, B.A.
- Ward V. Babu Bagula Pada Banerjea, B.Sc.



The Mess Committee was formed early in the beginning of the last session. It is working well, but perhaps not so well as one might wish. Imagination is a good thing, but it becomes a source of real trouble when it catches the fancy of a Mess Committee Secretary; and some time ago when a feast was arranged on novel lines by our esteemed and well-intentioned friend Babu Sudhir Lal Sengupta, the trouble of the boarders know no bounds. And just now we hear an experiment is being made on a different line; the present Secretary is credited with a determination to provide the largest number of feasts in a month; and to be sure, the monthly expenses will not exceed the usual limits! The boarders await the result with anxiety.

We regret that the athletic activities of the hostel have fallen short of even very modest expectations. We congratulate the Assistant Secretary on his efforts to revive the hockey season. We hope the Secretaries will spare no pains in making the season a success.



The hostel library has been opened early this year, and it is to be hoped that the Library Committee with Babu Himadri Ballav Biswas, B.A., as its Secretary, will try to make better arrangements.



Our congratulation to the boarders on their prompt and magnificent help rendered on the occasion of the North Bengal Flood. A Relief Committee was formed with Sir Prafulla Chandra as President, and some three hundred rupees were collected.



The boarders of Ward II celebrated their "Ex-boarders' Farewell" early in September, with Professor Khagendra Nath Mitter in the chair. The programme was a very neat one, and the function was a success.



In the same month the boarders of Ward II held the anniversary of their Debating Club under the presidency of Professor S. C. Mahalanobis. The programme included many interesting items which contributed to the great success of the function.



The Highlanders held their Ex-boarders' Farewell Ceremony on the 29th September last. Professor Profulla Chandra Ghosh was in the chair. The various musical performances, vocal and instrumental, were highly appreciated, as were the comic sketches and many other items of interest. The evening's function proved a splendid success.



We are glad that the proposed quarters for the Assistant Superintendent have, at last, though as some think at very long last, been built. The arrangements made are really satisfactory.

We regret to announce that our esteemed friend Babu Ramapati Banerjea has withdrawn from our midst. He has not joined the hostel after the holidays. He was a popular and well-known figure not only in the Highlands his own ward, but in all the other wards of the hostel for his musical "activities." The boarders miss him very much.

PUSHPITA RANJAN MUKHERJEA.

Athletic Notes.

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE ATHLETIC CLUB.

AS usual our football season began late in the first week of July, and we had to play in the Trades and the Cooch-behar Competitions with little practice. As most of the players were suffering from influenza and fever we were defeated in the first rounds.

This year we have to miss the services of several good players, amongst whom the names of Messrs. S. Chakravarti and A. Dutt are worth mentioning.

ELLIOT SHIELD.

Presidency College (2) *vs.* St. Xavier's College (0)

In the first round we met the St. Xavier's College F.C. on the 27th July. We could not get together a good team as the fifth year students were not taken in even by that time. The result was a pointless draw during the first 50 minutes' game, but in the second half of the extra time we scored two goals in quick succession. And thus we were entitled to meet the C.E. College in the second round.

Presidency College (1) *vs.* C.E. College (1).

Second Round.—On the 30th July we met the Sibpur College on the Sova Bazar ground. The C.E. College was leading by a goal in the first half, but we equalized soon after the exchanges. The goal was scored by the Captain. There was no more score and the game was undecided.

Replay.—We again met the Sibpur College next day on the Greer ground. We missed the service of H. Ghose, our left back. After the exchanges the C.E. College pressed hard and scored two goals in quick succession.

HARDINGE BIRTHDAY CHALLENGE SHIELD.

Presidency College (1) *vs.* Utterpara College (0).

On the 5th August we met the Utterpara College F.C. in the first round. We won the match by a solitary goal.

City College (2) *vs.* Presidency College (0).

Second Round.—On the 9th August we met the City College F.C., and we were defeated by two goals to nil as we were not fully represented.

ASHANULLA SHIELD.

On the 10th August we met the Sporting Union on the latter's ground, and were defeated by two goals to one.

SHAMSUNDER CUP.

Second Round.

Presidency College (1) *vs.* Army Navy Stores (0).

On the 20th August we met the Army Navy Stores F.C., and defeated them by one goal to nil.

Third Round.

Vidyasagar College (2) *vs.* Presidency College (0).

On the 28th August we met the Vidyasagar College F.C., and we were defeated by two goals to nil. Both the goals were scored during the last five minutes' play.

SARAJU CUP.

First Round.

Presidency College (2) *vs.* Bangabasi College (1).

On the 2nd September our College team met the Bangabasi College F.C. on our ground, and defeated our opponents by two goals to one. No goal was scored in the first half. The Bangabasi College team played a very good game.

Second Round.

Presidency College *vs.* " B " Company Somerset

We were scratched as the majority of our players were in the grip of the virulent influenza.

COSSIPORE CHALLENGE SHIELD.—(SIX-A-SIDE).

First Round.

We walked over the Aryans as they turned up very late.

Second Round.

On the College ground we met the Star Sporting, and defeated them by one goal and two corners to nil.

Third Round.

On the College ground we defeated the Bindubasini F.C. by one goal and two corners to one penalty goal.

Semi-final.

As our opponents the Scottish Church College F.C. did not turn up we were qualified for the final.

Final.

Presidency College vs. Kumartuli F.C.

On the 8th September we met the Kumartuli F.C. on the Cossipore Sporting ground. The play began at 5-45 P.M. The duration of the game was half an hour. In the first half our opponent led by two points to one. The game was very up and down. In the second half S. Chowdhury scored the only goal for us. R. Sen (Captain) and F. Rahman played a brilliant game. The shield and medals were presented by Raja Monmotho Nath Rai Chowdhury of Santosh, amidst loud cheers. This is the only trophy (in football) which we annexed this year after a lapse of three years.

We played many friendly matches this year. We played the Bangabasi College F.C., Belgatchia Medical College F.C., Cooch-behar College F.C., Central Athletic Association, Boys' Union, St. Paul's College F.C. and Medical College F.C. We defeated all the above-named teams excepting the two last named. We played a few inter-class matches.

INTER-CLASS LEAGUE CUP COMPETITION.

This year we have started an Inter-class League Cup Competition. The cup has been presented by the Athletic Club. This year the Competition was started rather late (in the first week of August). The Post-

graduate men are the lucky winners, winning all the games; another characteristic is that no goal was scored against them. The second year 'A' team are the runners-up. The following is the final league table of P.C. Inter-class League Cup Competition :—

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Points.
Post-graduate classes	.. 6	6	0	12
Second year A 6	5	1	10
Third year 6	4	2	8
First year 6	2	4	4
Second year B 6	2	4	4
Fourth year A 6	2	4	4
Fourth year B (withdrawn)	6	0	6	0

The following office-bearers have been elected for the session 1918-19 :—

<i>President</i>	Principal J. R. Barrow.
<i>Treasurer</i>	Professor K. Zacharia.
<i>Football Captain</i>	.	Mr. R. Sen (II year).
„ <i>V.-Captain</i>	..	„ R. Mitra (IV year).
„ <i>Secretary</i>	..	„ P. N. Mallick (Do.).
„ <i>Asst. Secretary</i>	..	„ K. B. Basu (III year).
<i>Cricket Captain</i>	..	„ P. E. Dustoor (IV year).
„ <i>Secretary</i>	..	„ J. Banerjee (VI year).
<i>Hockey Captain</i>	..	„ F. Mirza (IV year).
„ <i>Secretary</i>	..	„ R. K. Banerjee (V year).
<i>Tennis Captain</i>	..	„ K. Banerjee (VI year).
„ <i>Secretary</i>	..	„ K. B. Basu (III year).

Although we have been defeated in most of the matches yet we expect that in future we will be able to form a good College XI when we shall begin the league-matches early in July.

PASUPATI NATH MALLICK,
Hony Secretary, P.C.F.C.



Presidency College Urdu Literary Society.

THE inaugural meeting of the above Society was held on the 1st of October, 1918, in the Physics theatre, with Principal J. R. Barrow in the chair. Prof. Abdur Rahim, who was the first to start the idea of forming the Society, and who had spent a good deal of his time and taken a lot of trouble in realizing his idea, explained the objects of the Society in a short speech. He said that the Society was started (1) to promote the study of Urdu language and literature and, specially, to encourage original research; (2) to create among the Bengalee students of the College an interest in and sympathy for a language which held sway over, practically, the whole of Northern India. The Society was very fortunate in having as its President Dr. P. D. Shastri.

The membership of the Society would not be confined to Muhammadans only, and every student, who took any interest in Urdu, was eligible for membership.

Mahmood Hasan (fifth-year English) then read a paper in English on the "Rise and Development of Urdu, with special reference to the part taken by Hindus." Dr. P. D. Shastri, who spoke in Urdu, showed that there was not much essential difference between Urdu and Hindi since both belonged to a common stock. He illustrated his speech with diagrams, which were very instructive.

After this the election of office-bearers took place, and the following were elected :—

<i>President</i>	..	Dr. P. D. Shastri.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	..	Prof. Abdur Rahim, M.A. Maulvi Hidayat Husain.
<i>Secretary</i>	..	Mahmood Hasan, V year English.
<i>Asst. Secretary</i>	..	Mahfuzul Huque, III year Arts.
<i>Members</i>	..	Chandi Prasad Khaitan, V year Math. Md. Yahya, IV year. Abdul Hafiz, III year. Hidayatullah, II year Arts. Anwarul Husain, II year Science. Jalaluddin Ahmad, I year Arts. Qamruddin Haider. I year Science.

