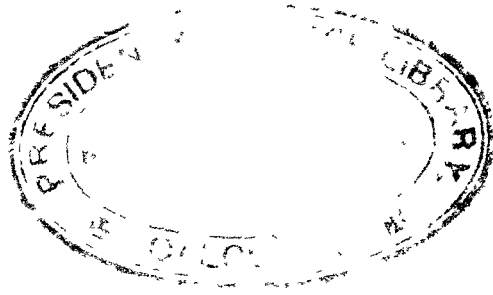


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THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS.

Foreward	1
Editorial Notes	3
Sir Asutosh Memorial	12
Late Sir Asutosh Mukherjee	12
Reminiscences of Bisvesvar Bhattacharyya, B.A., B.C.S.					14
Conflict of Religions in India as Revealed in Numismatics					17
Some Mementos lost to the College		30
College Cantos	34
Endymion	39
Reminiscences of Old Days	52
While I Recall you o'er deep parting seas				...	55
A few words in defence	56
Rabindranath in Presidency College	65
Liverpool Cathedral—A word on modernism				...	67
Reports		72
Library Bulletin		83
অবেস্তা	87

NOTICE

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There will ordinarily be three issues a year, in September, December, 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.

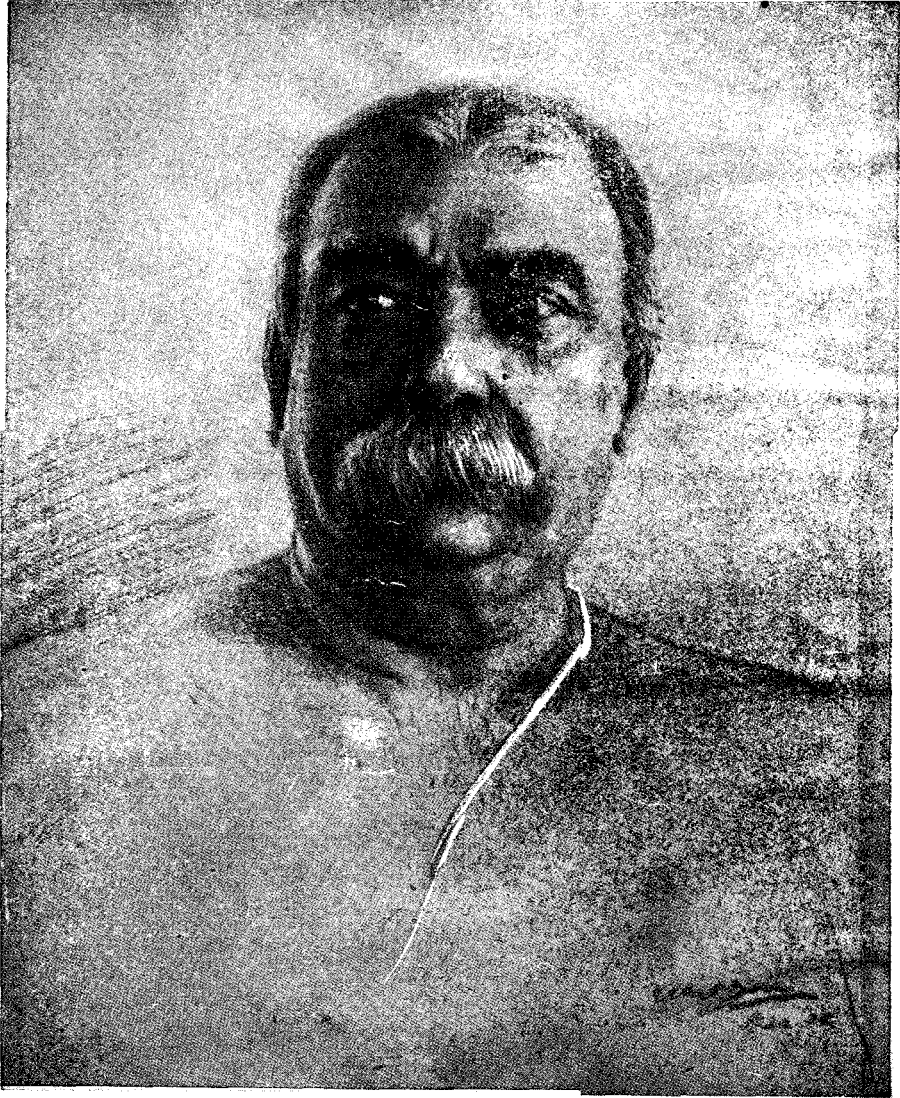
All contributions for publication must be written on one side of the paper and must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer, *not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.*

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor and all business communications should be addressed to Mr. Bejoy Lal Lahiri. General Secretary, *Presidency College Magazine*, and forwarded to the College Office.

Subodh Chandra Sen Gupta, B.A.

Editor.

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"THE GREATEST BENGALIEE"

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Vol. XI.

SEPTEMBER, 1924.

No. I.

FOREWORD

To one returning after a lapse of nearly 20 years, the first questions that suggest themselves are these. "In what way has the corporate life of Presidency College improved" ? "To what extent has the College outlook widened" ? In a word, leaving aside the relatively unimportant question of maintaining that standard of success in examinations which may fairly be expected from students of the type usually found in Presidency College), "Is the College fulfilling to the uttermost the duty it owes to Bengal by virtue of its position as one of the best-known educational institutions in India" ?

I fear greatly that to none of these questions can thoroughly satisfactory answers for the moment be given. College life is still too obviously dominated and oppressed by lectures : the College Union appears to be semi-moribund : athletics are at a discount : and the end-all of college existence seems in the minds of too many of its students, to be the mere obtaining of something which year after year steadily tends to become an ever less valuable label.

I sometimes feel myself compelled to wonder whether even the most brilliant of our students realise the great gulf between education as it is in the Colleges of Bengal, and education as it might, and ought to, be. The goal of higher education is *not*

the trivial incident of a University degree. College education should look to something very different : the attainment of a wide and imperturbable outlook on the constantly changing panorama of human progress and human life : a realisation of the supreme necessity of intellectual and social co-operation in the building up of national life : a steady striving against the innate human desire to dominate and dictate, and the encouragement in its place of the desire to serve.

For all these, mere attendance at lectures is of no avail : they can only be achieved if the College establishes itself, and continues to exist, as a living social organism in which every teacher and student resolves to play his part as an essential and helpful unit. What seems at present lacking in Presidency College is the corporate desire for the constant springing up of every form of healthy activity—a better hostel and Common Room life, the maintenance of the College Magazine at the highest possible standard of excellence, live debating societies and Union, and, above all, a far greater interest in games and physical culture than is at present visible in the College.

In attempting to carry on the work of my predecessors, especially with a view to the early realisation of the aims outlined above, I feel confident of being able to rely on the cordial co-operation both of students and staff. At the present juncture when the College is undergoing a searching examination at the hands of the Committee that has been appointed by Government, it is necessary to overhaul and improve every reasonable phase of individual and corporate activity. And I may fitly conclude by reminding each individual member of the College that Government can only be expected to help—whether by an increase of staff, the provision of a College Hall as well as additional tutorial accommodation, or the sweeping away of unsightly and insanitary bustis for larger playing fields—if the Committee is in a position to report to Government that Presidency College continues to be animated by the high ideals that have guided it in the past.

H. E. S.

EDITORIAL NOTES

IT is customary for an Editor of the Magazine to begin a new session with hopes and rejoicings and for once at least, we are purely jovial. But this year the opening word is a word of melancholy. For as we take stock of the past and look forward to the future, the impression irresistibly forces itself upon us that the College and the country are like woe-begone mothers bereft of their noblest son—the greatest Bengalee and in some respects, the greatest Indian, said the Governor and the greatest alumnus, we may add, of the Premier College of Bengal. The College and the country have made fitting demonstrations of their sorrow and sense of loss and are trying in every possible way to perpetuate his revered memory. When the heart is full, the simplest and the fewest words are the best. We can only say that Sir Asutosh Mukerjee was the greatest man of his generation and in his case the work also is as great as the man. He was a Napoleon of peace—a real ‘attorney of the people’—though in a sense far different from that in which Emerson uses it of the great butcher of Europe.

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The hand of death has also removed from our midst the all-beloved figure of Sir Ashutosh Chowdhury, whose profound scholarship and legal acumen were only equalled by his geniality and kindness of disposition. He was a true *gentleman*—indeed, the best that we came across in the heat and dust of public life. As an advocate, as a judge, as a senator and syndic, as a politician and agitator, he always left the impression of one ‘who could never give pain to others.’ No body else identified himself with so many popular movements, and very few, it may be said, had interests reaching out in so many different directions.

From the illustrious dead let us now come to ourselves. Every student of a college has two birth-days: The one he especially termeth his and the other is the day on which the college begins a new session. Our especial birthdays we dispose of as we like, but none can be indifferent to our common nativity. We cannot but reflect on the year we are ringing out and the year we are ringing in. Let us at first bid a hearty send off to the students who have just left us and a heartier welcome to the freshers that have just joined.

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We do not, indeed, admit them into the drudgery of the college (we leave that to our Principal and his clerks). What we do is to invite them to the sauce of the college-feast—the athletic clubs, the college union, the magazine, the Bengali Literary Society, &c. &c.

The straight road is the road to go wrong and the work of the college has a tendency to sink into mere routine work—Professors dictating notes to yawning students whom they don't recognise when out of the fold and students talking to each other as strangers accidentally huddled together. But this must not be.

We must cultivate the 'team-spirit'. We must know each other and take our rightful share in all the activities of the College. A match in the Elliot Shield must call forth as much enthusiasm as our 'ological exercises, an article in the College-Magazine must not be less interesting than Acton's historical commentary or Einstein's discourses on Relativity, and debates in the Union must leaven our studies in the college. The periodical 'Socials' are not less important than lecture work, for here we know each other and the proper study of students is the student-kind.

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Then Presidency College is the link between the old and the

new, and the 'team' consists as much of those who are off the harness as of those who are in. The Founder's day is the solitary occasion for a meeting of the old and the new. Else it is all blank and dark. A College Register containing the names of all students and a history of the institution is, therefore, an urgent necessity. If it is useful to have histories of nations, why should not we have a chronicle of institutions that are the cradle of a nation ?

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The history of a College, if it wants to escape being dull, must consist of first-hand reminiscences from people who have known and felt—ex-students and ex-professors. To this end we invite all our old 'boys' and 'men' to give us their recollections of College-life and trust they will awake to the need and usefulness of a College-Register. Those who have not time enough for the writing out of a memoir will kindly communicate to us their names, occupations and addresses.

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Now coming to our activities of the last session, there is not much in the record that we might well congratulate ourselves upon. The results have not been well worthy of the year. In I. Sc. specially, he that runs cannot read the top places in the list. For years our record has trailed, and this year we are in a similar position, only two of the top places being held by science students and our old record.

to produce the Hercules that will perform this impossible feat
 Stands Bengal where it did !

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As for other activities, we have done nothing remarkable in sports. The old days when Presidency College was the champion in the Elliot Shield Competition are fast becoming history and romance, and nowadays we don't play or play only to lose. It is a pity that Presidency College which exports so many to the privacy of research-rooms and the secrecy of Whitehall should send so few to the fair and open face of the Maidans. The secretaries complain of a lack of enthusiasm amongst general students. But enthusiasm cannot be manufactured and players like poets are born and not made. No amount of exhortation will infuse energy into people who are born for the closet. The authorities will only remember that sportsmanship is as good a distinction as the alphabetical appendages tagged on to our names in the Gazette, and if this is kept in view in future, the old days will return and even the bookworm of today will pulsate with enthusiasm tomorrow.

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Is the Bengali Literary Society dead ? For some years it seemed to have been seized with palsy. Its retiring Secretary invited Srijut Sarat Chandra a view to speed up its activities ; but a few rings of life before final inertia. "V"

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not easy to fill up or forget. There are Principals and Principals. Some have 'cold imagination' and only love to go through the labyrinthine toils of red-tapeism. There are others again who have a 'warm imagination' and who mingle with gusto in the various activities of the College, spreading a contagion of enthusiasm around them. Mr. Wordsworth was such a Principal. He has been a Professor of Political Philosophy—a 'subject of warm imagination,' the treasurer of our Athletic Clubs; he has been an Inspector of Schools, he has been our Principal and he has been a D.P.I., and in these various spheres, his geniality and manysided gifts have won the hearts of all he came in contact with. But above all, he has been a man of warm imagination which, we hope, will not leave him in the field of politics, where he carries with him the best wishes of his erstwhile pupils and colleagues.

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In place of Mr. Wordsworth has come Mr. Stapleton. He joins the College after about twenty years, and has set about his work with a gusto which a man might legitimately feel when he returns to the scene of his past life. There is many a branch which needs refreshing, many an activity had been in a state of suspended animation. Mr. Stapleton is reorganising, nay rejuvenating them and inspiring the members of the College with what may be called the 'team-spirit'.

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This team-spirit is what the College badly needs now. Our Science students do not know Arts Professors and the Arts men look upon their science brethren as a race of Philistines. With a view to remedy this defect and to bring students into closer touch with Professors, the Principal (to whom by the way we owe the idea and plan of the College-Register in contemplation) is introducing a system of tutorials, every thirteen students being placed under the tutelage of a single Professor, and what is more interesting is that,

contrary to all laws of natural selection, Arts men will lord it over Science students and vice versa.

Then Professors R. D. Ghosh, Siva Prosad Bhattacharyya have been transferred from here. Professor B. B. Ray has also had to leave. These vacancies have been filled up by Messrs. Bijoy Gopal Mukherjee, Hiron K. Banerjee and Sadananda Bhaduri, and in place of Mr. Adityanath Mukherjee has come Dr. S. N. Das Gupta of European reputation. Messrs Sterling and S. P. Das have gone out in leave, Messrs. Dustoor and K. C. De officiating in their stead.

Raising of fees is also in contemplation. This will mean great hardship to the poorer section of the students and may drive away 'noble rage repressed by chill penury.' Then considering that the College is systematically yielding places to some of those institutions which Mr. Rowe ridiculed as 'three-Rupee-Colleges', we think the authorities have no moral right to increase the fees. This will only confine Presidency College to an aristocracy of wealth rather than of intellect.

So much about ourselves. Looking outside, the first thing that strikes us is the death of Messrs. Joseph Conrad, Clutton-brock and of Marie Corelli and Prof. Marshall.

It is the essence of genius to be perverse and Conrad is one of the greatest puzzles of literature. He has proved an exception to the hitherto accepted general proposition that one can never handle a foreign language with the sensitiveness and nervous ease of a native. Conrad was born a Pole and learnt English late in life, his debut in the language being made at thirty-two. But he has left his mark as a master of style and will ever be ranked as a lord of language. Another enduring merit of his work and one that lends his style much of its charm is his Realism. Realism is the keynote of modern literature, but Conrad's Realism is different

from the nauseating nakedness which disfigures the popular novels and dramas of to-day. It is not the Realism of a satirical observer, it is the Realism of a man who lives the life he depicts. He was born a sailor and his pages are redolent of the sea—sea-scent, sea-air, and sea-murmur. His style too has the rhythm and flow of one who weaves into his writings the threads of his own life. He is of the race of Charles Dickens.

Marie Correlli was also one of the most popular writers of the age. She brought her powerful pen to lash the corruptions that had eaten into the so-called christian society. Her style, inspite of its richness and force was not easy, her pictures were often over-drawn, and her characters were mostly puppets, lacking the indefinable amenities that make for life. But she was still preeminent amongst women-novelists, and as a portrayer of contemporary life with all its glaring vice and immorality, she has had few equals.

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Prof. Marshall, the Nestor of the world of Economics, has also passed away. "Reuter" which takes care to note every trivial incident in the political jugglery of Europe and to report the death of every "puny whipster" and scribbler has forgotten to notice the passing away of the greatest economist of this generation ! Economics which was cried down two generations ago as 'dismal' and as incapable of scientific and serious study has now taken a pre-eminent place amongst modern sciences and this eminence and development it owes to Prof. Marshall more than to any other scholar or Professor. He has systematised the varying phenomena in the Economic world, bringing them under one central law of Demand and Supply and showing how man's monetary problems are a part of the "study of mankind." His books have done for the present generation what Mill's did for the last century, and as an example of his patient thoughtfulness, it may be pointed out that his Principles of Economics lay twelve years on his table before

publication. So long as the scientific study of Economics does not become extinct, Marshall's name will not be forgotten.

Another great figure has been removed from the field of contemporary literature—it is that of Mr. Arthur Clutton-Brock. In spite of all that is said about creative criticism, critical writings are after all transient and Croce will one day share the fate of Jeffrey. Criticism proceeds from keenness of taste and taste changes faster than time itself. Hence every age needs its own critic, as every age has its own translation of Homer. Mr. Clutton-Brock's name also will not live probably, but the present age has its debt of gratitude to him. His critical writings are pervaded by sympathy and sanity—qualities which do not usually go cheek by jowl. To take only one example, he yielded to none in his appreciation of the elfin muse of Shelley but none had a keener eye for the poet's inconstancy, his vagaries, his thirst after the impossible.

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The talk about contemporary English literature brings us to the question of Modern Bengali literature. Here there appears to be vigorous activity, every morning bringing a goodly number of books and a goodlier number of periodicals. But of writings with intrinsic merit, there is hardly any. The muse of the Poet-laureate is as prolific as ever but has lost the creative freshness of his younger days. It is repetition of old things now, and what is worse, in a feeble language. Sarat Babu too seems to have exhausted himself and of the young'uns, none has yet given any rich promise.

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But the stage it gradually asserting its rightful place amidst our literary activities, and there is a lot of talk about artistic acting and artistic criticism. But, alas, there is no artistic drama and hence the talk about art in acting and criticism sounds rather thin and distant in our ears and has an air of hollow unreality about it.

Our political life is also becoming mere and mere complex. Co-operation between the Government and the people was the keystone of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms but this has become impossible now. The leaders of the parties who are in a majority in the legislative council have not been ready to serve the Government under the present conditions, and they have, further, refused the grant on the Ministers' salary. Diarchy has therefore, come to a deadlock. A Reforms' Enquiry Committee has been appointed and we hope that ways and means will be found for enlisting wider co-operation of the non-official parties in our legislatures.

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Let us close with a word or two about ourselves. A Committee has recently been appointed to advise the Government about the proper scope of the college. The Retrenchment Committee considered things chiefly from the economic point of view, while the new committee consisting of educational experts will present the academic aspect.

We hope there will be increased efficiency and larger facilities for the social and athletic activities which contribute so largely to the making of a really educated man.

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It is gratifying to note that Prof. K. N. Mitter' has been this time nominated as a Member of the Council of State. We congratulate Hon. Mr. Mitra and ourselves on this signal honour done to him and the College.

SIR ASUTOSH MEMORIAL

We draw the attention of our readers to the following report and appeal, and we hope the response will be equal to the occasion. To a College which distinguishes its members, Sir Asutosh Mukerjee and Sir Asutosh Chowdhury have added remarkable distinction. We shall, therefore, be only honouring ourselves by doing honour to their memory.

Ed.

LATE SIR ASUTOSH MUKERJEE

Condolence Meeting at the Presidency College.

Principal's appeal.

(From our own correspondent.)

On the 4th July at 4 p.m. the students and the staff of the Presidency College assembled in the Physics Theatre to express their profound sorrow at the deaths of Sir Asutosh Mukerjee and Sir Asutosh Chowdhury, two distinguished ex-students of the College. Mr. H. E. Stapleton presided.

The following resolution was moved by Sj. Suresh Chandra Ray, B.A. : "This meeting of the students and staff of the Presidency College records its sense of profound sorrow and of irreparable loss at the deaths of Sir Asutosh Mukerjee and Sir Asutosh Chowdhury, both ex-students of the College ; and both of whom worked so earnestly in the cause of education, in the administration of justice and in various other fields of public activity.

This meeting further desires that an expression of sincerest sympathy may be conveyed to the bereaved families."

The resolution was seconded by Sj. Dhirendranath Sen, B.A. and supported by the Hon'ble Prof. K. N. Mitter and Prof. S. C. Mahalanobis.

The resolution was carried, all standing in solemn silence.

On the motion of Sj. Probbhash Chandra Chatterji, seconded by Sj. Siddique a Committee composed of the following members was formed to take suitable steps to perpetuate the memory of the deceased gentlemen.

In connection with the Sir Asutosh Memorial Fund the following appeal has been issued by the Principal to the students and the staff of the College :—

Presidency College, Calcutta.

The 5th August, 1924.

To

The Staff & Students of Presidency College :—

As you are all aware, it was decided at a College meeting, held on July 4th, to raise funds for a Memorial to the late Sir Asutosh Mukerjee and Sir Asutosh Chowdhuri, both distinguished ex-students of Presidency College. A representative Committee was appointed at the same meeting to make necessary arrangements.

The exact form the Memorial will take can only be decided after seeing what response is obtained to our appeal for subscriptions and after consultation with other Committees who have been appointed to devise means to commemorate the many services that the late Sir Asutosh Mukerjee rendered to his country and, in particular, to the cause of education ; but it has been suggested that the College Memorial—besides portraits to be hung in the Library—may take the form either of an Assembly Hall, or of Scholarships for deserving students who stand in real need of financial assistances.

Representatives of the different classes, as noted below, have been added to the Committee and I have now to appeal to you all to contribute generously to the Fund so far as it lies in the power of each individual. In the case of students I would suggest that reference should first be made to their parents or guardians (especially those who happen to be ex-students of Presidency College) in the hope that larger contributions will be forthcoming than might be the case if each student had to rely on what he himself can personally afford.

14 Reminiscences of Bisvesvar Bhattacharyya, B.A., B.C.S.

Receipts will be given by each collector—the class representative ; and the total contributed by each class will be notified from time to time on the Notice Board as well as in the College Magazine.

List of Class Representatives.

6th Year Arts.	S. C. Ray, B.A. & D. N. Sen, B.A.
„ „ Sc.	S. N. Ray, B. Sc.
5th Year Arts.	S. C. Chatterji, B.A.
„ „ Sc.	S. R. Banerji, B.Sc.
4th Year Arts.	T. K. Mukherji.
„ „ Sc.	A. K. Sircar & A. Gupta.
3rd Year Arts.	H. Z. A. Kabir
„ „ Sc.	B. L. Lahiri.
2nd Year Arts.	B. Banerji.
„ „ Sc.	A. R. Biswas.
1st Year Arts.	A. Ganguli.
„ „ Sc.	B. Ghose.

H. E. Stapleton,
Principal, Presidency College (Offg.).

REMINISCENCES OF BISVESVAR BHATTACHARYYA, B.A., B.C.S. *

IT was after the Summer vacation of 1888 that I took my transfer from the Metropolitan Institution and joined the 4th Year class of the Presidency College. Transfers in those days were easy and pretty frequent. In both Colleges the classes were unwieldy and the professors, as a rule, performed their duties in a more or less mechanical manner. I began to doubt

* Mr. Bisveswar Bhattacharjee. graduated from this College in 1889 with triple Honours (all in First Class). He is now the senior most officer in the B. C. S. (Executive Department),—Ed.

whether the classes of Messrs Rowe and Webb were any better than those of Messrs. P. K. Lahiri and N. N. Ghosh. As between the two former a contrast was, however, noticeable. Mr. Webb was cold and stern and Mr. Rowe vivacious. The latter liked to indulge in jokes and humorous remarks, which, I am afraid, were not always over-Puritanic in character. His personality however, was the only factor to relieve the dullness of the classes. Some of his remarks still seem to be ringing in my ears. On one occasion he had to write something on the black board and found it disfigured by a professor of Mathematics. While wiping off the writings, he remarked "there should be one board for Mathematical men, another for gentlemen."

Dr. P. K. Roy, the professor of Mental and Moral Science knew how to guide his pupils to success in examinations and his mode of teaching induced me to take up Honours in his subject in addition to English and History in which I had already taken Honours. Although this addition was in the 4th Year class, the trouble that his subject gave me was nothing in comparison with History and Political Economy, two distinct subjects grouped as one in those days. Mr. Webb was our professor of this bifurcated subject.

There was an absence of "seminars" and corporate life and professors and pupils drudged on alike towards the degree examination which would give the necessary passports to some sort of worldly career. Dr. Roy organised a philosophical club which, however, had a shortlived existence. I am not aware whether it has revived later.

Some of us in the 4th Year class formed a small group of our own and discussed various matters in conversation when at leisure. Babu Pramathanath Mukerjee (vakil) and Babu (now Rai Bahadur) Basanta Kumar Raha were amongst these.

I took up English in the 5th year class and got permission from the then offg. Principal (Mr. Pedlar) to attend the Philosophy class also. Here I came in contact with Messrs.

16 Conflict of Religions in India as revealed in Numismatics

Tawney and Percival, both honoured names in the history of the College. Mr. Percival knew how to coach his students for the University examinations while Mr. Tawney was every bit a scholar who would go on like a majestic stream towards the sea, unmoved by smiles or tears on the bank. The progress in Mr. Tawney's class was small and the students had to feel that they were there to learn and not to pick up notes for examination. Hardly any one would venture to interfere with him, but his notes were full, too full for purposes of examination. I remember the first day he came to our class and took up Shakespeare's 'Henry VIII'. "I come no more" he began, 'I come no longer' "to make you laugh to amuse you with a comedy"—and so he proceeded. One could hardly realise from his paraphrase of little things that it was the M.A. class.

Of my fellow-students, several have distinguished themselves in later life. I may mention here Mr. Mohinikanta Ghatak (Accountant General) with whom I had the honour of living in the same house for sometime, though in a separate mess. He was a serious and regular student and not much of a companion. Having been in the 3rd Year class in one College and in the 4th Year in another, I was naturally at a disadvantage, but I was benefited by the marginal notes on some of his books in English (the only subject we had in common). When the result of the examination was out I had the satisfaction of seeing myself bracketted with him in the subject.

There were with us several members of the landed aristocracy. The late Maharaja Kumud Chandra Sing of Susung, when a Kumar, was one. Simple and unostentatious in his ways, he used to move about as one of us. Though an M. A. student in English he was wellgrounded in Sanskrit and often impressed us with his conversation.

It was an evil hour when I decided to sit for an examination for entering service and to put an untimely end to University life. Mr. Brajadurlav Hajra (now Collector of Bankura) was

my fellow-conspirator and together we devised ways and means to achieve the object. A certificate of riding was necessary but neither of us was an adept in that line. We went to a Calcutta riding school but the fees terrified us. We had, perforce, recourse to other measures but that is another story.

Amongst the professors of the time who attracted attention but under whom I had not the honour of sitting were Messrs. Little, Booth, Pedlar, (now Sir) J. C. Bose and B. V. Gupta.

CONFLICT OF RELIGIONS IN INDIA AS REVEALED IN NUMISMATICS.

(Part of an original thesis – “Plants as Numismatic Symbols”)

MR GIRIJA PRASANNA MAJUMDAR M. A.

IT has been the peculiar misfortune of India not to have a history of her past. The researchers both in the East and in the West have now by their selfless exertion and laudable industry, discovered many sources out of which her unwritten history can be written. The infant science of Numismatics is one of those newly discovered sources.

The object of the present article is to show how out of her numismatics a brilliant chapter of her history can be reconstructed. The first Indian coins which have as yet come to light are the ‘punch-marked’ coins with bull or lotus on the reverse side, or with tree or branch, or tree in railing. The date of these coins has not yet been exactly fixed. Authorities differ by as large a period as 500 years, Cunningham fixing it at 1000 B. C. and V. A Smith at about 500-600 B. C. Professor Bhandarkar of the University of Calcutta has proved in his own way both these authorities to be erroneous, and has fixed the date of these coins at

18 Conflict of Religions in India as revealed in Numismatics.

1500 B. C. in the earliest. But we have solid reasons to believe that there is much to be said in support of Vincent Smith. For, a tree in railings, one of the marks figuring in these coins is evidently a Buddhistic Symbol coming in vogue certainly after the demise of Buddha, and then again a lotus, a bull, and a tree in railing all these figuring together unmistakably symbolise a grim struggle against Saivism represented by the bulls, the lotus representing Vaishnavism, the religion of peace and love, and a tree in railing Buddhism,—a fact at once illustrating the date of the coins, as well as the nature of the grim struggle that went on for centuries in India, resulting sometimes in the victory of the one, sometimes in the victory of the other, and often in reconciliation between conflicting sects. This is the keynote of the religious history of India of the years following the period with which we have begun. The literature and other five arts of India testify to this struggle and even the modest branch of arts that we have taken as our object of enquiry, numismatics, will illustrate the same story.

The coins coming chronologically next to the 'punch-marked' coins are those of the Bactrian Greeks, Indo-Parthians, and the Kushana sovereigns of India. These coins tell us almost precisely the same story of struggle as the "punch marked" coins.

The Bactrian Greeks were not Greeks proper, they were Hellenised Asiatics who received Hellenism enough to be conservative to the extent of resisting successfully non-Hellenic influences with one or two exceptions. They were in touch with India, governed a part of it for a period extending over 350 years, and they seem to have systematically stuck to the polytheistic religion of Greece. Their coins, one and all show that they were not at all influenced by Indian religions except in the matter of adopting palm as a symbol along with other symbols over their coins. Over their coins figure sometimes Zeus seated on a throne, sometimes Hercules

fighting against a lion, sometimes Zeus again with a Nike in his hand, and sometimes with a palm in addition to. It is not that the Greeks did not come in influential contact with the culture and civilisation of this country. They did come, but they were very little influenced. One Bactrian monarch, and a typical one will serve as an example of the rest. Menander, the famous Bactrian sovereign who entered into the heart of India, and if we believe in a historical basis of the famous Buddhist philosophical work 'melinda prasna,' had a nice discourse with the Buddhist teacher Nagesena, and continued in spite of all his acquaintance with Indian philosophy a thoroughgoing polythiest, as testified by his coins. The following list of coins given with their dates will illustrate the truth of our remarks.

Diodotos II—King of Bactria—245-230 B.C.

Rev.—A flower wreath in l. field.

Pantaleon—N. W. Indian Frontier—about 190 B.C.

Rev.—Flower in r hand.

Antimachos (I)—N. W. Indian Frontier—about 190 B.C.

Rev.—Naked Zeus—Wreath in l field.

Eukratios—175-156 B.C.

Rev.—The Dioskouroi charging r, holding long lances and palms, and in another type a wreath and palm.

Lysias—King of the Punjab—150 B.C.

Rev.—Heracles holding in left hand club, palm and lion's skin.

Antialkidas—Successor of Lysias—145 B.C.

Rev.—Throned Zeus holding in right hand a small figure of Nike who holds palm and a wreath towards which the forepart of a small elephant.

Menander—King of Kabul and the Indus valley—160-140 B.C. in one type Nike r, holding palm and wreath.

20 Conflict of Religions in India as revealed in Numismatics.

Zoilos—King of the Eastern Punjab—140 B.C.

— Heracles facing with wreath in r hand.

Amyntas—King of Kabul valley—about 100 B.C. or later.

Throned Zeus l, holding Nike in r-hand and
sceptre and palm in l-hand.

Hermaios—Last Greek King of Kabul—20-45 A.D.

in one type—Nike holding wreath in r & palm
in l-hand.

The coins of the Indo-Parthian Sovereigns resemble in many respects those of the Indo-Bactrians and illustrate the fact that at any rate during the earlier periods of their sovereignty the Parthian succeeded in maintaining Greek Polytheism intact inspite of all adverse influences. The Parthians too like the Bactrians were Hellenised Turks inhabiting the North-Western part of Persia. Taking advantage of the weakness of their Greek sovereign they set up their independence and established independent sovereignties. They occupied a part of the Western India over which they exercised direct control for about 200 years i.e. from 120 B.C. to 70 A.D. Their indirect sovereignty lasted longer for a period of 200 years more, for after the Parthian dominion was overthrown by the Kusanas the Parthian Governors used to serve under them as independent Satraps or Governors, and in the west the Western Satraps i.e. in Gujrat, Sind and Northern part of the Bombay Presidency they were practically independent lords. But these Satraps, both Eastern and Western readily accepted the religion of the soil, namely, Buddhism,—a fact corroborated also by their coins. The Indo-Parthian sovereigns of India like their Indo-Bactrian predecessors and contemporaries were polytheists throughout. Their coins as quoted below will confirm our opinion.

1. Maues (Moa)—Taxila 120-90 B.C.

Rev.—Nike—holding out wreath in right hand and
palm bound with fillet in l hand.

2. Azes I (Aya)—Taxila—about 90-40 B.C.
 - (a) Winged Nike, standing right, holding out wreath in r hand and palm with fillet in l hand.
 - (b) Draped goddess facing, holding in each hand a gracefully designed vine branch.
3. Azilises—Successor of Azes I—40-15 B.C.

Type 2—Goddess standing l, holding palm bound with fillet in l hand.
4. Gondophares—King of the Indus valley—20-60 A.D.

Winged Nike standing r, holding wreath and palm.

But the most interesting chapter of the numismatic history of India is constituted with the coins of the Kushana Sovereigns, illustrating that there was a terrible religious contest ending with a variety of results sometimes in the victory of the one, defeat of the other and sometimes in reconciliation. Very naturally one and the same sovereign sometimes changed his religions many times over, and the sovereign might serve, and as a matter of fact always served, as a type of his people.

The Kushanas were a Scythian tribe with pastoral life, manners and religion who all on a sudden came in contact with a number of religions in a conquered country, each with a rich system of ritual, splendid mythology powerfully supported by a cultured priestcraft, and they did not always know how to chose one from amongst the race, and hence the conflict of religions as represented by their coins which, besides illustrating this conflict, give us other valuable knowledge too.

The coins of Kadphises I (45 or 50-85 A.D.) are represented by several types :

Type I—With bust of Hermaios—Undoubtedly showing that the first Kushana sovereign was initially a servant of the last Bactrian ruler.

The second type with the Macedonian soldier is indicative of the acknowledgment of the Greek sovereignty stile.

The third type with the head of Augustus is a curious phenomenon which is difficult to explain. How could the head

22 Conflict of Religions in India as revealed in Numismatics.

of Augustus come to figure over the coin of an Indo-Scythian sovereign, certainly the portion of this country over which the Scythian ruled never came under the direct sway of Rome ? Possibly Kadphises I might acknowledge the supremacy of a Parthian sovereign who in his turn was a vassal of Rome.

The fourth type with a humped bull on the obverse side and with two humped camels standing on the reverse side, is a peculiar religious significance showing that the Scythian worshippers of Pastoral Deity, newly converted to the religion of Siva have not as yet given up their old deities. Psychologically this is very interesting. Man all the world over is a conservative being, and although "old order changeth yielding place to new", he cannot easily give up his old habits. The history of Christianity as well as that of Mahammadanism are full of such instances. The early converts to Christianity also worshipped their gods & goddesses both secretly and openly, and even after centuries of conversion, many many Moslems of India who were originally Hindus have not yet been able to shake off their prejudice. And the Scythian was not an exception to this rule.

The coins of Kadphises II (85-120 A.D.) evidently set him down as a thoroughgoing Saiva, over all his coins figuring Siva sometimes with a trident, with a battle axe as an additional weapon, sometimes accompanied by a bull and sometimes without it. The Siva of the early Saivas and especially of the foreigners converted into Saivism does not appear to be the peaceful god whom we worship in Bengal to-day, but a veritable god of destruction with his terrible weapon of war calculated to strike the imagination of the foreign conqueror who came to this country not with peace but "with a sword".

The coins of Kanishka (120-150 A.D.) the greatest of Kusana sovereigns are full of interest both historical and cultural.

Over almost all types of his coins figures on the obverse side

the king standing at altar with flames rising from his shoulders, and on the reverse side figure—(1) Bearded fire-god, flames rising from his shoulders. (2) Moon god—a crescent moon springs from his shoulders. (3) Male Sun-god—nimbate. (4) Draped goddess holding in right hand sceptre tipped with a (?) horse's head. (5) Four armed Siva. (6) War god (Bahram) grasping spear in right hand and sword at side. (7) Fire-god. (8) Wind god running fast to left holding up his robe floating in the wind. (9) Buddha nimbate, facing in preaching attitude. (10) Siva two-armed.

Thus showing that Kanishka ran from alpha to omega of Hindu Polytheism ending in Buddhism which he did his utmost to elevate to the rank of a world religion.

The coins of Huvishka (150—180 A.D.) illustrate the possibility of a religious reaction following the reign of his father. Over the coins of this monarch figure on the obverse side the bust of King with sceptre, and on the reverse side stand almost all the Hindu gods and goddesses figuring over the coins of his father but there is a point of distinction. The presence of the Turanian Goddess of fortune Ardochsho, and the absolute absence of Buddha seem to suggest the possibility of a religious reaction like that of "Julian the Apostate" in Rome who revived polytheism for a time even after the establishment of Christianity as the state religion by Constantine. And if reaction was actually brought about by Huvishka it seems to have met a fate similar to that of Julians.

The coins of Vashudeva (185—220 A.D.) show that monarch to be a thoroughgoing Saiva, Siva in some form or other appearing on all his coins. The goddess Ardochsho is still there testifying in that the Scythian influence is not absent in him. The Buddha is totally absent. It is rather interesting to note that Vashudeva should follow a religion which is associated with Vashudeva by contrast.

The Imperial Gupta Dynasty (325—530 A.D.)
The Gupta Empire, the second great empire of India, which

24 Conflict of Religions in India as revealed in Numismatics.

like its predecessor the Maurya Empire aimed at bringing the whole of India under one sceptre, has a splendid history of its own revealed in its inscriptions, literatures and coins. We are concerned with the coins here. They are abundant and of various types, but over all the coins of all the types of all the sovereigns of this dynasty figure the goddess Lakshmi—a fact full of religious significance. The Gupta emperors one and all identified themselves with Vaishnavism as Asoka and Kanishka identified themselves with Buddhism, and the successor of Kanishka seem to have identified with Saivism. Thus the coins show that the triangular contests resulted in the end in the establishment of the supremacy of Vaishnavism over its rivals, the Saivism and Buddhism. It is not to be supposed in the least that the one was superseded by another, and that by a third in a nice scientific order. History, at any rate Indian History does not know anything of such cut and dry division. All these were existing side by side till one came to prevail for reasons which is not our province to enquire here. Other evidences supplied by inscriptions and literature show the Guptas to be devoted supporters of Vaishnavism. A list of the coins of the Gupta dynasty put below confirms our views.

Samudra Gupta—A.D. 335—380.

1. Standard type. Rev.—Goddess Lakshmi, her feet rest on lotus.
2. Archer type—Lakshmi seated as in the preceding type.
3. Chandra Gupta I type—commemorating the marriage of Chandra Gupta I and Kumaridevi.
Lakshmi—her feet rest on lotus.
4. Battle axe type—Lakshmi seated on throne with lotus footstool or lotus.
5. Kaca type—Lakshmi holding flower in right hand.

Chandra Gupta II—Vikramaditya. A.D. 380 –414.

1. Archer type—class I. (throne reverse)

Lakshmi her feet rest on lotus.

Class II. (Lotus reverse)

Variety (a) Goddess holding lotus.

„ (b) „ seated facing lotus.

„ (c) „ holds lotus with short stalk in
uplifted left hand.

„ (d) „ holds lotus with long stalk.

2. Couch type.—

Var. (a) Lakshmi holding a lotus in uplifted left hand,
resting feet on lotus.

3. Chattra type II.—

Lakshmi facing (rising from lotus ?) holding lotus with
long stalk in left hand.

4. Lion slayer type—Class I.—

Goddess (Lakshmi-Ambicā) has lotus on varieties β. τ ε.

5. Horseman type.—

Lakshmi seated to left on wicker stool, holding lotus
with leaves and roots behind her in left hand.

Kumar Gupta I.—A. D. 414—455.

1. Archer type —

Var. right—goddess seated facing on lotus holding lotus
with long stalk and leaves in right hand.

2. Swordsman type.—

Lakshmi seated facing on lotus, lotus in left hand which
rests on hip.

3. Horseman type—class I & II.—

Lakshmi holding lotus with long stalk and leaves in left
hand behind, feeding peacock from bunch of fruits.

4. Lion slayer type —

Ambica or Lakshmi—holding lotus in left hand.

5. Tiger slayer type.—

Goddess standing left in lotus plant (?) holding lotus
with long stalk behind her in l hand and feeding peacock
with fruit in right hand.

26 Conflict of Religions in India as revealed in Numismatics.

6. Peacock type, 7. Pratap type, 8. Elephant-rider type
over the coins of all these types Lakshmi appears.

Skanda Gupta—455-480 A.D.

Archer type.—

Lakshmi seated facing on lotus, holding lotus in left hand which rests on knee.

King and Lakshmi type.—

Obv.—Lakshmi holding lotus with long stalk behind her in left hand and behind them Garuda standard.

Rev.—Lakshmi seated facing on lotus and lotus in left hand which rests on knee.

Pura Gupta—480-485 ? A.D.

Lakshmi seated facing on lotus, holding lotus in left hand.

Narasingha Gupta Bālāditya—485-530 A.D.

Archer type class I.

Lakshmi seated facing on lotus, holding fillet and lotus.

Kumar Gupta II Kramāditya—530-540 A.D.

Archer type—class I.

Lakshmi seated facing on lotus, holding fillet in right and lotus in left hand.

Chandra Gupta III Dvādasāditya—date uncertain,

(date between 480 and 560 A.D.)

Archer type—as in the preceding.

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Lakshmi, the consort of Vishnu, thus appears invariably in all the coins. In view of the fact that all the Guptas were Vaishnabas, there cannot be a shadow of doubt that Lakshmi, the consort of Vishnu symbolises good fortune and prosperity to the empire over the coins of which she is represented to preside.

The opinion of Vincent Smith, who regards Lakshmi as a transition from the Scythian goddess Ardochsho (ΑΡΑΟΧΡΟ),

and having something to do with the Roman goddess of fortune Abundantia, with her horn of blessings does not seem to be warranted by facts of history. Far from our Lakshmi or Sri, the goddess of fortune, having got anything to do either with Scythia or Rome, her origin may be traced to the Vedic texts, the Vedic goddess 'Roi' embodying actually all the attributes that came to be associated later on with the name of Lakshmi. The Bhāruta railings, which are certainly of an earlier date than the beginning of the Gupta Empire contain also figures of Sri. I understand that Dr. Benimadhab Barua of the Calcutta University is going to publish a dissertation on this subject which it is hoped will confirm our views.

Thus a short study of the coins of the premier dynasties which came to occupy a paramount power over a large extent of territory, has shown us the termination of religious contest among several systems ending in the practical sovereignty of Vaishnavism. Let us see what we can learn from the study of the coins of isolated provinces or local or tribal coins.

A. Local Coins of Northern India.

First in Chronological order come those of Taxila (350 B.C.—Christian Era). Almost all these coins have a Chaitya and a Bodhi tree over them, showing the sway of Buddhism the then prevalent religion of Northern India.

The coins of Ujjaini (3rd Century B.C.) are of two prominent types. One simply with Bodhi tree surrounded by a railing and the other with a humped bull and a tree. These symbols are unmistakable indications of the prevalence of Buddhism giving way to a compromise between Buddhism represented by the tree and Saivism by the bull.

The coins of Kāśam (2nd Century B.C.) with the Bodhi tree figuring over them all indicate that Buddhism was the prevalent type of religion throughout the reign of this dynasty. In some of the coins along with the Bodhi tree appear the goddess Sri, and in others a humped bull, and in one type a snake too,

28 Conflict of Religions in India as revealed in Numismatics.

testifying to the fact that Buddhism was trying to embrace the Saiva and Vaishnava tribes within its fold.

The coins of Mathura (2nd century B.C.) with Bodhi tree imprinted over them all and in some cases only associated with Lakshmi tells the same tale of compromise.

The coins of Ajodhya (150 B.C.—100 A.D) are also of the Buddhistic pattern almost throughout, only in the coins of the later Kings Satya Mitra, Deva Mitra and Vijay Mitra there appear cock and fan-palm tree invariably associated sometimes with a bull and sometimes with snake. The meaning evidently is that Buddhism gradually gave way to Vaishnavism, the religion of peace symbolised by fan-palm. The phenomenon of cock has still to be explained.

B Tribal Coins.

The coins of Kunindas (2nd Century B.C.) are uniformly of the Buddhistic pattern with the tall Bodhi tree in Buddhist railing, and as such this needs no comment.

Over the coins of Malwa (150 B.C. —330 A.D.) bull is the predominant figure associated sometimes with a conventional tree in railing, in one case a snake—a fact showing that the rulers were almost all purely Saivas.

The coins of Odumbara dynasty (100 B.C. ?) illustrate the evenness of the tug of war that went on between Buddhism and Saivism resulting in the triumph of the one over the other, and again followed by a reverse. The coins of the first king Dhara Ghosha with Odumbara (fig) tree surrounded by Buddhist railing point him out unmistakably to be a Buddhist. The coins of Raja Mahadeva with humped bull and lotus flower under head demonstrate the fact that he must have receded to a combination of Saivism with Vaishnavism—the former being the predominant element. The coins of Raja Rudra Varma at once set him down as of the same religion as his predecessor, but the next king Bhanu Mitra, how and

why we do not know, reverted to the Buddhism again, as his coins are with the Bodhi tree over them.

The coins of Yaudheya (at the beginning of the Christian era) are mainly of Buddhistic, and the rest are of a type representing a compromise between Saivism and Buddhism—the bull and the Bodhi tree appearing on the same coin.

The coins of the Nagas of Narwar (4th Century A.D.) and those of Rajanyas (Kshatrya, about the 2nd or 1st Century B.C.) a ruling tribe of some part of Eastern Rajputana are of unqualified Saiva pattern—with bull over them all.

As for Kashmere although it enjoyed the long rule of a single dynasty—the Varmas—for a period of 13 hundred years (78 A.D.—1339 A.D.) we have very few coins, and those of two sovereigns Toramana (6th Century A.D.) and Pravara Sena indicate Vaishnabic influence being imprinted with the figures of Laksmi holding a lotus in left hand.

In Southern India.

The Andhras who had a long and extensive rule in the Deccan and who for a time obtained paramouncy over the Northern India too are shown by their coins and what we also know from history, to be uniformly Buddhists all their coins being with a Chaitya or the tree within railing over them.

Thus the study of a very humble source of Indian History has yielded us a goodly harvest of materials which demonstrates the possibility and desirability of further enquiries into the field. History is, at any rate has been, so long guilty of being exclusively occupied with courts of kings, amours of queens, with splendid victories and disgraceful defeats caring very little for the people at large. Numismatics too is confined with mainly kings and very subordinately with anything else, hence it too gives us very little information about the people at large although it gives us a good deal about kings. So we are enabled to give direct information as to the sovereigns of the people alone whom I have ventured to take as typical representatives of the people so far as religion is concerned.

SOME MEMENTOS LOST TO THE COLLEGE.

GOKULNATH DHAR, B.A., M.R.A.S.

(Librarian, Presidency College, Calcutta.)

IN the ninth volume of this Magazine an attempt was made to trace to their source the inscriptions and portraits gracing the Library of the College. Mention was made in the second number of that volume of an inscription reported to have been raised to the memory of a former member of the staff, Mr. Robert Henry Halford. This inscription is no longer in existence; neither can it be definitely ascertained where, if at all, it had been originally erected.

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The pages of old newspaper files reveal that other memorials had at different times been subscribed for, and should have duly ornamented the college walls, had not some untoward and regrettable circumstance intervened.

The *Friend of India* of 13th November, 1845 announced that "the picture of Sir Edward Ryan, the late President of the Council of Education, and the staunch friend of Education, has arrived, and is to be immediately set up at the Hindoo College Hall". Sir Edward Ryan, it may be remarked in parenthesis, was intimately connected with the educational activities in this country ever since his appointment as Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court in 1826; from 1833 till his retirement ten years afterwards he was the Chief Justice of the Court. His interest in Oriental literature and arts led to his selection as President of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Sir Edward's zeal for education continued unabated even after he had retired from the service of the Indian Government; he worked as Vice-President of the Royal Asiatic Society from 1847 to 1875, as Vice-Chancellor of the London University from 1871 to 1874.

Sir Edward Ryan was appointed President of the General Committee of Public Instruction in Bengal on the 9th March, 1835 ; and continued in this office even after the said Committee had been transformed, in 1842, into the Council of Education. His close intimacy with the Hindu College is explained by the fact that, over and above his official capacity as the educational director of the country he was the President of the Sub-Committee of this institution.

Before the announcement quoted above (in the third paragraph) had become a month old the same paper again observed : "The subscribers to the Ryan Testimonial will learn with satisfaction that their wishes have been carried into full effect. The portrait of Sir Edward Ryan, by Sir M.A. Shee, one of the best, if not the best, in Calcutta, has now been for some time in the Grand Jury Room in Calcutta ; and the balance of the subscription, Rs. 4,283 has been transferred to the Council of Education till it accumulates to Rs. 4,800 when the interest will be applied to the support of a Senior Scholarship in the Hindoo College, to be entitled the Ryan Testimonial Scholarship", the value of the scholarship being, according to the Education Council's report, sixteen rupees a month.

It must have been a precious monument art,—this portrait of Sir Edward Ryan ; as the artist was none other than the celebrated Sir Martin Archer Shee (1769-1850), a past President of the Royal Society so well known for the (satirical) tribute paid him by Lord Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers". As regards the place where this portrait was housed temporarily, it may be noted that the Grand Jury Room was "a spacious court [in the Supreme Court buildings] fitted up much after the fashion of courts of law in Westminster Hall, the old Bailey, &c.decorated with statues and pictures of bygone judges of eminence."

We are all aware that the Ryan Scholarship referred to above exists in the Presidency College ; but the portrait does not appear to have ever crossed its threshold. It may, how-

ever, be noted that a portrait of Sir Edward Ryan hangs in the High Court Judges' Library : but its authorship is attributed by Archdeacon Firminger, in *Thacker's guide to Calcutta*, to Sir Martin Grant.

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In the *Friend of India* of 28th May, 1846 occurs the following : "The students of the Hindoo College have resolved to present an address and a suitable testimonial to Mr. Lewis for his valuable instructions in that institution, on the occasion of his promotion to the Principalship of the Dacca College. A subscription book has been sent round for this purpose".

Mr. G. Lewis was Head Master of the Senior Department of the Hindu College since 1st September 1843. Formerly he had been Head master of the Allahabad School. It looks doubtful whether the proposal for the testimonial referred to above ever materialised : even if it did, nothing is left on record to show what form it had taken. It is quite possible that the idea had to be altogether given up shortly, - presentation of addresses by pupils of Government Colleges to educational officers leaving institutions being looked upon with disfavour by higher authorities. The Deputy Governor having noticed such events in newspaper reports addressed a communication to the Council of Education which is embodied in the General Report on Public Institution for 1846-47 ; His Honour regarded " the presentation of complimentary addresses of this kind by students to their superiors, as a breach of discipline which ought to be promptly checked instead of being encouraged by acceptance and reply."

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Another portrait that would have graced the College hall was the one voted for Mr. William Wilberforce Bird, I.C.S., whose term of service in India extended from 1803 to 1844. He became President of the Supreme Council in 1842, and was the Deputy Governor of Bengal in 1840-42. As Senior Member of Council he officiated as Governor-General for over a month,

just before his retirement in 1844. In his capacity of President of the Council of Education since 1842, as well as in his purely official capacity, Mr. Bird was earnestly interested in the educational progress of the country. Several meetings were held after his retirement to devise ways and means for immortalising his name. At "a meeting of the European and Native inhabitants of Calcutta, assembled at the Town Hall, on the 13th instant", observes the *Hurkuru* of 24th September 1844, it was resolved "that a subscription be entered into for the purpose of endowing one or more Scholarships in the name of Bird, in order to perpetuate the remembrance of the sense entertained by this meeting and the inhabitants of Calcutta of the great exertions of William Wilberforce Bird in the cause of education." In the Report of the Council of Education for 1845-46 mention is made of "the sum of Company's Rupees 6,000" having been placed at their disposal "and duly invested in Government Securities to found a scholarship in the Hindu College, to be named the 'Bird Scholarship', in perpetual testimony of the great interest taken by Mr. W. Wilberforce Bird in the cause of education in India." This scholarship was duly founded, and is still in existence.

The *Friend of India* refers to another meeting held about the same time in honour of the retiring Deputy Governor. In its issue of 27th July 1848 we read: "When Mr. Bird had laid down the office of Deputy Governor of Bengal in 1844, to retire to England, the wealthy natives of Calcutta assembled in the Hall of the Hindoo College, and resolved to express their gratitude for the benefits of his administration, by procuring a portrait of him for that Institution". This portrait arrived in Calcutta by the middle of April 1848, but was "detained in the godowns of the Agent for the balance of Rs. 1,900 due upon it. The picture has cost Rs. 3,300 which was the sum subscribed, but only Rs. 1,366 of that amount was paid up"! Some three months later an advertisement inserted in the *Exchange Gazette* by Messrs. Carr, Tagore & Co.

Many a day I saw the Duffries snoring in the mellow shade,
Lulléd by a swarm of horse-flies droning round each whisker-
braid.

Or with Sexton Blake I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With detective tales for science and the Police news of crime ;
And the Strand and Red before me like a fruitful land
reposed,

And I only read the stories that they graciously enclosed.
And I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world and the misery that would be —

.....
Every firm is thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow,
I am but a Matriculate, what is that which I should do ?
I had been content to clerk it, in an office like a hound,
But the ranks are swelled with M. A's and such jobs are not
soon found.

For the jingling of the rupee helps the hurt that Honour feels
When their Sahibs pass on to swear from snarling at them
out at heels.

Could I but feed fat on sadness ? I just turned my story page
To hide me from my deep emotion—O this novel-writing Age!
Then I'd feel the wild pulsation that I felt about the strife,
When the heroine stood before me and the tumult of her life ;
Yearning for the large excitement that the coming page
would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he robs his neighbour's
field ;

Or at night sits up with Henty, till he, near and nearer
drawn,
Sees, O heavens ! Calcutta's gas lights extinguished at early
dawn—

When his spirit sinks within him and he snoozes there and
then,
Underneath the light he sits at, dreaming of the wars of men.

Men, the burglars, men the bunglers, ever reaping something
new,
From the harvest of the workers, yea much more than they
can do.
For I dipt into the Past and all that I had heard or seen,
Saw in memory all the World War and the sham Peace that
had been --
Saw the heavens fill with Zeppelins, Armadas of magic sails,
Pirates of the purple twilight, dropping down their deadly
bales.
Heard the heavens hum with biplanes, and there rained some
German Jews
As they dropped from airy naives—headlong—deadened with
the blues.
Heard the telegraphic whispers down the north-wind rushing
cold,
Of the victories and losses, cast all in a sickening mould.
Till the war-drum thrilled no longer, and the battle flags
were furled
In that mockery of man, the League of Nations of the world.
And the common sense of most big bugs deserting them, they
saw
That the kindly earth would slumber, lapt in universal law.
So all triumphed, tho' their cackling and their cringing,
as we see,
Left them with your padre's throat, and left them with, say,
house maid's knee ;
Knee, in which all tissues fester, all the tissues in the joint,
And they move but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to
point.
Slowly as a podgy school-boy, to your cycle creeping nigher,
Stares around and nods and winks and perforates a brand-
new tyre.
Hark! my greasy comrades' droning, sounding like a distant
horn,
Theirs whose foolish swatting fashion is a target for my scorn.

Shall it not be scorn to them to harp on such a beastly string,
I'd be shamed, if e'er I'd swatted, to have done so mean a
thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness ! swatters' pleasures,
swatters' pains—

Reading makes them blind old gogglers, ending off with
shallower brains :

Book worms are the basest worms, and all their gumption
match'd with mine

Is as moonshine unto sunshine, as ditchwater unto wine —

Or, in fact, they are so sick'ning, nothing. Ah, for a retreat

Sly, to yonder turfy Oval where one yet may find his feet ;

Or to cut all college classes and to wander far away,

On from by-lane unto by-lane till the time's up for the day ;

Irrespective of sun-burning, blazing noon and copper skies,

Breaths of tropic streets and stench ;--as free as nob's in
Paradise.

Never comes the tutor, never bores the printed rag,
Slinks the rat in mucky gutters, sings the tailor o'er his shag.

Drops a heavy-hurtled guava, hangs the heavy-patched togs,
Islands of banana skins lie in dank muddy seas and bogs,

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this muck
for mind,

In the lectures, in the lab-work, in th' exams that scourge
boykind.

There the spirits cramped no longer shall have scope and
breathing-space ;

I will tease some surly woman, she will curse my blue-blood
race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd we shall loaf and we shall run,
Catch the pariah by the ear, and hurl our text-books to the
sun ;

Whistle back the housewife's call, and do the leap-frog o'er
mud-brooks,

Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books,—

D.

ENDYMION.

BY MR. SRIKUMAR BANERJEA, M. A.

The only real interest of *Endymion* lies in its poetic or purple patches. Its symbolism is vague and intermittent and has little interest for the reader except as an evidence of growing ambition and ill regulated power. The main charm centres around the descriptions of nature, which are of the most varied kind, and worked out into the most diverse kinds of romantic effects. Indeed romance in Keats is a strange flower springing out of many roots, the main sources being nature and classical legend and sometimes these two combined.

There are some pieces of nature description which have nothing specifically romantic about them. They are simply the continuation of the old methods of Keats, marked by the same tremulous sensitiveness to natural beauties, touched, indeed, to a greater note of intensity, a finer and more delicate perception of the subtle sights and sounds of nature, and largely purified from the redundance of images and details that marred the earlier work of the poet. Indeed, the unpruned luxuriance of the poet's imagination is mostly absorbed by the allegory or symbolism of the poem; whatever is vague and confused in the poet's thoughts, whatever is superfluous and unrefined in his imaginings is swallowed up in the secondary meaning of the narrative, and his imagination is happily left free to flow in a clear untroubled stream in the nature-descriptions that shine out like clear gems from the vague general scheme of the poem. There are lines that already foreshadow the fine sensuousness and felicity of phrasing of *Ode to Autumn* (l. 829—And cloistered among cool and bunched leaves); others in which a loving and leisurely observation of the minutest and most evanescent things of nature leads up to the subtle divination of the apt mood or shade of feeling that may be supposed to inhere in them (ll 347-350). √ Romance in these cases as in the

Ode to Autumn, springs not from any imported halo or intensity of feeling, but from the very fineness and delicacy of the perception of natural beauty, the very fulness and undimmed brilliance with which the image of beauty is reflected in all its depths and layers in the transparent mirror of the poet's mind.

Then again, in other cases, a delicate and sportive fancy is made to play around the observed beauties of nature, thus imparting to the natural sights and sounds a delightful flavour and novelty of impression. This fancy is seldom boisterous or extravagant, wayward or farfetched, as was the case with the seventeenth century masters of Keats but is marked by a peculiar aptness of touch, and chimes in exactly with the actual beauties with which it is wedded. The piled masses of cloud-land at sunset looking like herded elephants ; the moon peeping in like a tiny scimitar and stooping as if to tie her silver sandals, the dew decking the green sward with daisies in order to prepare for a magnificent reception to the dawning sunlight—these are some of the apt and delicate fancies with which he reads an added wealth of meaning, a subtle and original flavour into the real beauties of nature. Romance, in these cases, although not of a very high order, springs from the delicate adaptation of the fancy to the real sights and sounds of nature,—a process which does not obscure or overlay the original beauty but heightens its suggestiveness like the sprinkling in of a few carefully chosen musical notes in the midst of a rich miscellany of actual sounds of normal life.

It is not, however, always the fact that Keats's fancy is of this sober and chastened type. His fancy has many opportunities to run riot in the dark labyrinths of his allegory. In "his faery voyage after beauty" he is driven to undertake many excursions, in the dark, unsunned depths of the sea and the nether world and in order to convince his readers that the journey was actually taken, he has to bring on to the surface a hoard of jewels and shining things more abundant than select.

It is on this basis of an indiscriminate and luxuriant play of the fancy that Keats builds a cheaper form of romance—a romance which consists in a mere piling up of splendours and radiances with just a thin phosphorescent glimmer upon them to show that they do not belong to the familiar earth. There are many instances of this cumulative type of romance, the romance of piled luxuries and splendours in *Endymion*—the description of the nether world in Book II and of the world underneath the sea in the Third. But sometimes in the midst of this cheap and conventional glitter comes the sudden flash of a higher romance which consists in the intuitive divination of the special mood or atmosphere of these regions of unreal splendours. The line “one faint eternal eventide of gems” (Book II, 225) is a highly imaginative summing up of the atmosphere of the nether world and carries our minds forward to the ‘everlasting afternoon’ of the land of the Lotus-Eaters. A higher note of intensity and a greater warmth of feeling, a more thrilling responsiveness to mouldering things once imbued with warm human life marks his description of the sunk ships and other relics of man that *Endymion* encounters on his plunge into the sea (Book III 118-140). A few vivid phrases leap out here and there with the genuine light of romance on them, from the somewhat promiscuous and overwrought colours that bedaub his pictures. Glaucus after the magical transformation wrought in him by *Endymion* shakes off the coils and disfigurement of age and shines in his renovated youth “out-sparkling sudden like an upturned gem” (Book III, 777). The two deliverers, Glaucus and *Endymion*, after the drowned lovers had been restored to life, and a resumption of their interrupted loves, “tasted a pure wine of happiness from fairy-press oozed out” (801-02, III)—a line that would serve as a curiously apt description of many aspects of romantic poetry, and of the poetry of Keats in particular.

It is but rarely that Keats rises to the highest form of romance, which consists in an imaginative interpretation of the

moods of nature, an intuitive penetration into the very heart of natural scenes and their symbolic value. A purely sensuous poet never reaches this height ; it is only poets who discover a spiritual flame, a mystic halo playing at the top of the observed and palpable beauties of nature that are masters of this most thrilling form of romance. A certain spiritualisation, a certain imaginative transformation is of the essence of this romantic treatment of nature ; though of course it is impossible to fix down the relative proportions of the contributions of the eye and the imagination. There are innumerable varieties of this type, ranging from Wordsworth's Simplon Pass and Yew trees on the one extreme where the imagination raises itself to a stately height on the slenderest possible basis of observation, to Keat's Ode to Autumn on the other where an indefinable touch of romance lends a flush of colour, an added thrill and melody, a new delicacy and tremulousness to what can scarcely be distinguished from a bare enumeration of details in a spirit of studied calm and objectivity. What distinguishes this highest form from inferior ones, from the merely fanciful treatment of nature is the greater organic unity, the more perfect fusion between the gleanings of the eye and the shapings of the imagination and a certain quality of condensation and perfect spontaneity in the resulting product—something like the difference between a coil and a crystallisation.

There are not many examples of this intenser romance in Endymion. LL 100-106, Book I may be taken as one. The romance underlying this beautiful description of a fresh spring morning has been admirably brought out by Sir Sidney Colvin in his justly famous Life of Keats.

The description of the joyous outburst of fresh life in all things leads up to an intense and quivering apprehension of the living and stirring forces of nature, while that other form of romance which consists in a sudden opening up of distant vistas, a quick rebound to the far-off yet ever-recurring glories of a past that still lives on into the

present is contributed by the last line "To feel this sunrise and its glories old". These lines inevitably remind us of Wordsworth's poem "There is life in the mountains, There's joy in the fountains", where however the feeling has been pitched in a less intense, though more boisterous key and where the short, jerking movement of the lines suggests the actual frisk and dance of a child whose keen zest in beauty needs "no remoter charm unborrowed from the eye". They also present a characteristic contrast to Shelley and Wordsworth in another way. Keats' idea of the life in nature is not like the pale metaphysical vision of Shelley or the poetised transcendentalism of Wordsworth, not an alien supernatural pulse beating through natural forms and images, but a quite and concentrated vision that takes in and sums up the striving forces in individual things. Another instance of this higher romance in the treatment of nature, where Keats makes direct at the soul, the spiritual mood of natural scenery without passing, in usual manner, through its physical details and beauties is furnished by ~~ll.~~ 285-87 of Book I. of which Colvin remarks: "The spirit of mystery which seems to brood over lonely and barren places has nowhere been put into words with more success"—a praise substantially true though a trifle too highpitched. There is one long passage in Book II. (ll. 70-82) which constitutes by far the most sustained piece of nature-description in the poem and which blends, in a highly felicitous manner, some of the different phases and aspects of romance which have been distinguished above. "The green evening quiet in the sun" has the genuine Coleridgean touch about it both in its keen sensitiveness to colour effects and its spirit of brooding calm; and the picture of a peaceful woodland scenery, winding into deeper and deeper seclusions through its dim clefts finally leads us into its inmost recess of haunting calm where the poet's imagination conjures up in the genuine myth-making spirit the vision of "sleepy twilight" dreaming its summertime away. But for a mind so richly stored with concrete and beautiful images

the idea of a perfect silence, a complete negation of all sounds is likely to have but a chill appeal ; so he enriches the silence with faint light echoes of far-heard melodies which float about and dissolve like thin crisp snow-flakes in the crystalline purity of a wintry atmosphere ; and as a last stroke of imaginative condensation, these melodies come wafted to us with all the haunting suggestion of the ancient Greek world in its adventurous pilgrimages and in its worships tempered by artistic grace and love of the humanities.

We then pass on to the two famous invocations to the Moon ll. 40-70, and ll. 141-160, both of them occurring in the Third Book. The first of these passages is an excellent example of the romantic treatment of nature. The moon is conceived of as a spiritual force pouring a flood of magic light on things of the earth, drawing out their deeper thrills and harmonies and imparting an etherealising touch to the gross and concrete objects on which she gazes. There is also a strong streak of old classical memories and associations, a conception of the Moon-goddess as the Diana of the Greek myth and the heroine of a hundred songs, that is the starting-point of the poet's rapturous ecstasy, and that serves to modify profoundly the quality and flavour of the romantic effect of the passage. The romance of a passage like this is like the breeze that sweeps from far-off fields and pastures and is charged with the gathered fragrance of a thousand meadows. Wordsworth in his preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* speaks of the transforming effects of a sudden flood of sunshine or moon-light over the features of a familiar landscape as a proof of the imaginative transmutation of the commonplace ; and in a famous passage of the *Prelude* he actually acts up to his theory by describing the revealing, transforming power of sunrise on a dim and hazy morning. But he never explores the romance of moon-light ; his sturdy philosophical temperament did not possibly respond to its subtle, feminine grace. Coleridge has a greater temperamental affinity for it, but in his hands, moon-light tends rather

to be thinned down into moon-shine, and is charged with elements of the weird and the spectral. In Keats we get the healthy, normal white moonlight that merely reveals and transfigures, and does not "haunt, startle and way-lay." The other passage on the same subject (III. ll 141-169) also speaks of the spiritualising power of moon-light, but in a less intense and more gushing manner.

It has been noticed that the romance in the last few illustrations though mainly based on an imaginative treatment of nature, is also strongly re-inforced by the echoes and memories of Greek myths and legends. We shall next turn to the romance springing from an imaginative treatment of these myths themselves. The question here becomes more complex and difficult, for over and above the undoubted romantic effect of such passages, it will also be necessary to determine how far they are a genuine re-production of the spirit of the ancient Hellenic myths. Although in many respects, Keats attained to a marvellous approximation to the ancient Greek spirit—in his frank sensuousness, his bold non-moral attitude to nature, and sometimes in a large stateliness of utterance—yet with respect to these myths and legends, his main concern seems not so much to get back to the Greek attitude, as to draw out the eternal human interest, the primitive thrill and responsiveness to beauty lurking in the inmost recesses of even the most worn-out and conventional myths, not so much to make the old flowers bloom again petal by petal in all their rich wealth of colour, as to extract the subtle fragrance which they breathed, the original pulse of inspiration round which they grew and luxuriated. In such a passage as this (Book I, 493-95) the poet's aim seems to be not so much a positive reconstruction of the myth of Dryope in all its details, as to draw out the inner spirit that must have underlain it—the wild tender melody catching its tone from the solitude of the forest and the tremulous lisp of its thousand leaves which a homeless mother pours upon her new-born child for lulling it to sleep. Here it is only

the framework that is classical, while the exquisitely tender and desolate spirit which the poet breathes into it might have come from any age or clime, and has nothing specifically Greek about it. Similarly the passage (ll. 197-98, Book II) referring to Deucalion and Orion is remarkable rather for the concentrated expression of intense feeling, and command over a sculpturesque reposefulness of effect, than for an imaginative re-creation of the old myths themselves.

In this latter subject, a detailed and elaborate treatment of classical myths, Keats does not achieve any very marked kind of success. There is only one example (ll. 542-544, Book II) in which, as Sir Sidney Colvin remarks, Keats has succeeded in infusing a vital freshness of touch in the somewhat trite and conventional figure of the god Cupid, in whom, as Keats puts it, an apparent frown dissolves into a smiling encouragement on closer scrutiny. His reference to Proserpine and Echo (Book I, ll. 943-50) is merely conventional and does not show any higher touch of imaginative vitality, except that in the case of Proserpine he gives a wonderful example of his delicate sensitiveness to the cooler and more refreshing aspects of nature, when proserpine, in one of her periodical escapes from Pluto's land, is represented as dabbling her tender hands "on the cool and sluicy sands."

Nor is the case much better when Keats starts myth making on his own account on the obvious models of the Greek myths with which he had such a loving and appreciative familiarity. Strange as it may seem, the power to appreciate and the power to create did not go hand in hand with him; the subtlest power to track out the hidden thrill of old myths did not bring with it the gift to create new ones. The explanation seems to be that Keats, inspite of all his genuine appreciation, seems to follow too much the method of a conscious elaboration of details, is too much of a deliberate artist in his interpretation of the eternal human interest of these antique legends, broods too long and lingeringly on the images of beauty

and radiance, to get himself into the right kind of unsophisticated thrill made up of wonder and awe that goes to the making of all genuine myths. In traversing the Hellenic world full of radiant and beautiful shapes, of nymphs and fauns and satyrs, Keats is too conscious of the fact that he has entered an enchanted garden where he must hold himself in readiness to go into raptures at a moment's notice. It is into no virgin soil that he drives his magic plough ; on the contrary, he follows the old furrows too complacently, though with a keen eye for beauty, and in a keenly appreciative mood, to glean the last ears of a thrice-reaped harvest. It is only when he moves beyond the shadow of the Hellenic world, and looks at beauties lying about his very feet, that his imagination experiences the genuine myth-making thrill, and he conjures up visions of the different aspects of autumn which constitute the nearest modern equivalents of the antique myths and legends.

Examples of this attempt at myth-making are all huddled together in the last book. There is a long passage seeking to impart life and breath to the figure of sleep in lines 367-389, but it has very little of the quality of a genuine myth, being but an elaborate personification of some of its abstract conventional traits. Then again in lines 512-554, there is another very long embodiment of what seems to be an original fancy of Keats, the cave of quietude which is merely an allegory, somewhat on the pattern of *Spencer*, for that benumbed state of the soul, that state of dreamy quiescence in which active thrills of joy and sorrow lose their sharpness, and pass by us like blunted arrows with a faint muffled hiss. Lastly, his picture of Zephyrus and Flora inwoven in his song on the occasion of Dian's feast (ll. 562—605 Book IV) are quite lifeless and uninspired and without the slightest flash of a higher imaginative power.

It is not, however, in this vein that we should record our final impression of Keats' achievements in the Hellenic sphere.

There is not the slightest doubt that his mind was deeply saturated with the beauties and loveliness of the antique world, and they flow out of his over-brimming soul without any effort in chance allusions, and stray touches of remarkable beauty and delicacy. The wind faintly sighing among the reeds on the sea-shore quite naturally and irresistibly suggests to him "The dim echoes of old Triton's horn" (Book I. ll. 205-206), the moonlight whitens for him not only the visible things of earth, but also silvers over 'a shell for Neptune's goblet' (Book I. ll. 592-93); Diana, on the point of surrendering herself to the embraces of Endymion is made to cry out that by this step on her part, all old songs in praise of her chastity are made nullity (ll. 793)—the cumulative effect of a hundred such apt and delicate touches forces the impression as to how perfectly at home Keats must have felt himself to be in the beauty-laden atmosphere of the antique world. Moreover, there are two attempts on a more ambitious scale in the present poem which go to show how, in his moments of higher inspiration, Keats could brush aside all the decorative frippery, the ornamental undergrowth of Hellenism, intuitively pierce into the very centre, the deepest moods of the pagan faith, and bring out the pomp and circumstance of its worship, the intense fervour and lawlessness of its Bacchic rites and dances. These are the Hymn to Pan in the First Book, and the still more famous Roundelay to sorrow in the Fourth.

The Hymn to Pan constitutes a triumphant realisation on the part of the young poet of that rich, complex, and many-sided mood, of that wonderful convergence of the most varied strands of thought and feeling, that went to the making of the pagan god Pan. The god of the inmost green recesses of shady forests, the god who sends the fresh young sap of life briskly coursing through the world—old veins of Mother Earth, the god of riotous and grotesque mirth, of fantastic frolics and dances, the God who is the unseen protector and benefactor of rural things and pursuits, the God who lets loose over this old

state Earth, as from a mystic quiver, arrows of strange thrills and tremors and indefinable palpitations, and lastly the God who stirs abstruse philosophical thoughts in the human brain, and stands as a concrete embodiment of the eternal riddle of the universe, the cynosure of the ever-straining, but ever-baffled glance of men—what a wonderful focus for all the straying, divergent currents of thought and feeling ever set in motion by the beauty and mystery of this universe. And with a superb imaginative sweep Keats has taken in the whole of this complex and colossal conception ; his brain has drunk in a whole cup of this wonderful and strangely compounded beverage without reeling or staggering. Here he soars incomparably higher than the customary level of sensuousness where he is but too apt to stretch himself and linger ; but he does not soar into the chill, thin air of the upper heights, the region of tenuous and colourless abstractions, peopled by dim unreal shapes, which is breathed so frequently by Shelley, and where his readers find it so hard to accompany him in his aerial flights. There are two features that stand out above all others in this noble hymn : (1) keen eye for the rich, clustered beauties of nature, with a perfect felicity of expression for each one of them—a quality that is carried to still higher perfection in the Odes, and which constitutes Keats' distinctive contribution to romanticism, his special note in the wonderful chorus that was made up by the poetic voices of the romantic generation ; and (2) a keen sensitiveness to the haunting mystery of the big unpeopled spaces of the world, the desolate shore and the lonely depths of the forest—a feature that re-appears as an occasional mood in him, of rare subtlety and delicacy indeed when it comes, but unfortunately not worked out to its fullest possibilities in the few poems that he was spared to write. In fact, it may not be too fantastic to imagine that the figure of the pagan god Pan stands out to him as the complete embodiment of that new goddess added to our pantheon by the mystic fraternity of the romantic poets, the followers and disciples of St. Wordsworth—

Nature in both her familiar beauty and her haunting mystery and as a perfect harmony and reconciliation of both these moods, holding in sure balance the static unchanging beauties of earth and also the sudden flashes "as from an unremembered shield," the fugitive glamour which Shelley enunciates in the Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, and vainly chases through all the flux and sweep of creation.

As for the song of the Indian maiden, its peculiar and haunting beauty has been nobly appraised by critics like Sir Sidney Colvin and Professor Elton. The Elizabethan element in Keats which had before now expressed itself in over-bold conceits and a certain formlessness born of sheer redundancy is here refined into a subtle and haunting modulation of melody round which is strung together a group of lovely and delicate fancies, all pressed into the service of a quaint paradoxical mood. This subtle and quaint melody, dreamily meandering in its own involutions leads on to a more passionate and obstreperous strain which ushers in the headlong, breathless hurry, the dashing precipitation of the wild Bacchic procession. The procession sweeps forward, drawing in its whirl reckless maidens and jolly satyrs, spreading the contagion of its enthusiasm in countries far and near, capturing new votaries and hurling ancient gods from their hereditary thrones, and finally stranding the luckless damsel who had been induced to join the riot as a mere distraction and escape from sorrow in the solitude of an Indian forest where she meets her old enemy face to face. The triumphal march of the chariot wheels lapses into the dreamy quaint melody from which it had so unexpectedly emerged, and there is exquisite art in this return to the original tune which symbolises the persistence of the note of sorrow in the central depths of man's heart amidst all his furious zests and riotous ardours and Bacchanalian orgies. Keats indeed shows marvellous power in penetrating into an aspect of the Hellenic genius and temperament that might be expected to come the least in his way, and to harmonise but little with his love for

reposeful and sculpturesque beauty such as he extracts from the arrested movement of the carvings on the Grecian urn—"an astonishing emanation," as Professor Elton puts it, "from Hampstead." Keats here plunges himself into the actual flow and tumult of the stream of life and emerges the fresher and stronger from his bath. He has also succeeded in evoking here a more curious, complex, and haunting kind of romance by touching many chords at the same time, by the cumulative effect of a host of dim suggestions and obscure associations,—a method that is akin to that of Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* and is more subtle and intangible than the usual procedure of Keats, which consists in extracting the elementary impressions of romance from the familiar beauties of nature.

It has been seen what a wonderful variety of romantic effect has been worked out by the poet from different sources in this poem, which is a veritable storehouse of scattered beauties. Romance is made to spring from (1) a delicate sensitiveness to the subtle sights and sounds of nature, (2) a fanciful treatment of natural beauty, (3) a higher imaginative interpretation of nature's mood and spirit, and (4) from an imaginative treatment of classical myths and legends, and an intuitive penetration into certain aspects of Greek life and temperament. It is no wonder therefore that with such a rich diversity of achieved beauty to his credit, Keats should have marched forward to still higher glories, and dropped off the immaturities and redundances which yet continue to clog and hamper his movements. To a careful student who has followed and picked up the wayside beauties of *Endymion*, the *Odes* of Keats do not come at all as a surprise; they are but the legitimate development of what has gone, before, more sustained indeed in level, and more close-knit and condensed in expression, but resting upon the broad and sure basis of old aptitudes and past achievements.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD DAYS.

BY RAI SAHIB MAHENDRA NATH GUPTA, M.A., B.C.S.

THE young men of the "Magazine" are out hunting vigorously for the "Old ones" of their beloved abode. They are tireless and no hole or den in the outskirts is being spared. However it seems just natural—and quite delighting—that they should be so curious to know how these grave-looking elders used to live and move and have their being in their youthful days. I have repeatedly told my young enquirers that just like them we also used to sit in rows of benches, quietly hear the professors, take notes and then come away when the hours were over. They won't be satisfied. I suspect they are after some mischief. They wish to know what wickednesses we played, our frivolities and how we used to be snubbed and chastised by our professors. Let this be so then ; but I warn my young friends that they must not bear any disrespect towards us. For, as the saying goes, do unto others as you would should be done unto you when your turn and time come.

The first security we had in those days was that we had not the slightest apprehension of being out-numbered by the professors and the lecturers. Our majority was always certain and that had a decided advantage—easily intelligible now in these days of 'Votes'. Just as lawyers are out-numbering litigants, and doctors out-numbering patients so teachers and books are now-a-days threatening to overwhelm their learners. We had no such fear then.

A little good physical exercise for 4 or 5 minutes at the end of every period (=55 minutes) was compulsory. The professors had their own rooms—and we had to shift from one room to another at the end of every lecture. A rush at the door and then a run-up or down the stonestairs by the entire population of the College—could not be carried out

(even by saints) without simultaneous exercise of the vocal organs. When our professor of Milton was at fix to explain what a pandemonium was,—he found entire relief by referring to the condition of our seat of learning at every 55 minutes. So also he had no difficulty to explain the heaven's hierarchy of angels and archangels—by just referring to how we sat with reverential faces in rows of benches inside the class-room.

The display of physical activity however did not always cease with the interval of 5 minutes usually allowed for it ;—particularly when the professor was a little late in coming. In one such occasion this physical activity suddenly developed into a keen desire to play “foot-ball” with a tin can of paint which had been left by the workmen underneath the professor's chair. Very soon the dais, the floor and the slate-board were smeared with the spots and trails of the viscous contents of the can. The professor's footsteps were heard,—and all slipped into their seats—as if nothing had happened. A glance at the soiled slate-board, the floor and the dais showed to him however what was taking place. He took the matter very tragically, became grave—and ominous. No word, no whisper—all to sit silent, while the professor himself violently played with his long moustache. About a quarter of the hour later—he sent for a book—opened out a page and seemed to read. I could read the heading of the book—it was a volume of a big history of the Netherlands. I wondered when and where our professor of Mathematics had imbibed this love for history. However it was certainly a very severe punishment for us—to remain silent, motionless,—for full 55 minutes ! Solitary confinement of 40 people in one room !! what happened afterwards—is uninteresting.

On another occasion our venerable *Pandit* when walking down the stairs was caught by the mad rush of the pupils during the interval time. He did not know how he was carried down to the bottom of the steps—and began—we presumed—to think if he was really alive or dead. When convinced that

he was alive he gave a sigh of relief—and beseeched us to be more careful in the future—explaining with great force of logic that if his “ancestral soul” was lost no amount of condolence would bring it back.

In our class rooms we had our hierarchy of archangels, angels, and inferior souls—good, bad and indifferent pupils—some with strong tendency to turn “Satan”, others content to remain as mere followers. But there was no want of ‘esprit de corps’ when occasion arose; for instance when our professor lifted up his outstretched legs on the table displaying how the “half-soles” of his shoes had been changed by the cobbler there was an unanimous response by the loud noise of the rubbing of the “soles” of all our shoes on the floor. The effect was instantaneous. It brought the “soles” of the professor’s shoes to the right place, and we believed his “soul” also. For he immediately apologised and explained that he was suffering from a pain in the legs. We were sorry.

But as a rule we formed into ‘coteries’ according to our likes and dislikes—and quite unconsciously grouped together in small batches in different benches or corners—a sure proof of a somewhat similar law in “Electricity and Magnetism.”

There was again ‘gaints’ amongst us as well as ‘cads.’ Amongst the former was Srijut Hemendra Prosad Ghosh—now of great fame. He was a voracious reader of literature and we wondered what a lore he carried in his head. We therefore used to stand a bit aloof. Another of this class was Srijut Debendra Nath Sen Gupta. He would not jot down a single word of the professors’ either in the margin of his book or in any note book; but yet remembered every bit—at least up to the time of the examination. He got triple honours. Most jovial and “square” were Mr. S. K. Datta (alas what a sense of deep sorrow and great loss his name brings up)—and Chunilal Roy now in Behar. As for the ‘cads’ I think I should not speak for any price.

**“WHILE I RECALL YOU O’ER DEEP
PARTING SEAS” ***

BY LATE PROF. M. GHOSH

WHILE I recall you o’er deep parting seas
Lovelier have grown these cliffs, this English grass.
Haunt of my heart, dear faces, let me pass
To that far South, till presence bring me peace,
Unsatisfied with those dead memories.
I muse, and mould from each sweet day that was
An image of the future ; but, alas,
What prayer can oblivious hope appease ?
My soul may travel to you, but the sea
Sternly puts back the pilgrim’s feet of life
With the harsh warning of necessity ;
That oft taught truth my sighs would fain unlearn
How idle is human passion ! yet its strife
Is duty and our hearts are made to yearn.

* Taken down by Sj Praphulla Kumar Sircar, M.A., Ex-Secretary, College Magazine. This was written while the poet was on board his ship from England and the cliffs of Dover were fast receding from his sight.

A FEW WORDS IN DEFENCE

BIMALA PRASAD MUKTIOPADHAY

Fourth Year Arts class

IT is a curious fact that one still meets uncompromising antiquarians in the alleys of literature. Among these there are some who hunt up ways by which they can cry down the writers they do not favour and laud up to the seventh vault of heaven authors for whom, it seems, they hold a special brief. Well, there is no harm in our having some favourites, only we must be reasonable and give the others an intelligent and a sympathetic perusal.

Lately I chanced to look up an article in which the writer professed to indicate the essential characteristics of a true novel. He laid down some literary rules, quoting profusely the novels of Dickens to his aid by way of illustration and drew the inevitable conclusion, "If, however, the writing of novels be entrusted to the care of Grub Street, we will be obliged to cut off all connections with modern novels and betake ourselves to the immortal few of the past."

The writer of this present article does not want to indulge in personal criticism but tries to show at least that modern fiction, in the true sense of the term, does not consist of writers of the catchpenny series or of the sensation-mongering school. It includes mighty masterminds like Hardy and Wells, Bennett and Galsworthy. Genius is not a monopoly of any particular period—not even of the past.

We have no grudge against Dickens and Thackeray—those veteran chiefs of old. They will be stores of irresistible delight and humour and there is no use gainsaying the fact that we moderners still fall back upon their works in our moments of disgust and exhaustion. Rogues like Becky Sharp, villains

like Bill Sikes and monsters like Quilp will afford to us delight mingled with awe. There are not wanting pictures of perfect goodness in Mr. Brownlow, of tenderness of heart in Rose Maylie, of pathos in *Oliver Twist* and saintly love in Agnes. Further our blood is set tingling by those scenes of revolution in "*A tale of Two cities*" and Sidney Carton's bravery still gives us pleasant shocks of surprise and admiration even when the old-world spirit of chivalry is well nigh extinct in us. We perfectly realise the sentiments, therefore, of one who wants to consume his midnight oil over the pages of Dickens. But are there no occasional fits of aversion? Do we not feel sometimes a sense of tedium? The constant scrapes into which Mr. Tupman falls, the innumerable observations of human character which Mr. Pickwick jots down so carefully, the half-broken incomplete sentences of Mr. Jingle and the characteristic idiotic dances of Uriah Hip have sometimes a jarring effect on our nerves. Too much of anything spoils the joke of it.

Dickens and Thackeray did in reality create some chronicles with the types boldly standing out, and meekly bearing the burden of their author's individuality. Most of them seem to us at present not as human beings of flesh and blood. They cannot speak as it were without grimacing, and salute without bowing half their length at the risk of breaking their necks. We are not however trying to hurl only unfavourable reflections here. Indeed Dickens is a writer who bulges widely beyond the framework of the novel of his own time. He was a proletarian who rose to supremacy by his power of work, by his untiring and humorous observations—by his instinctive feeling for the miseries as well as the laughabilities of the life of the people. But he had his limitations also and here we join our voice with the comments of Michael Sadlier. "Dickens's sympathies with the evanescent subtleties of young womanhood, for example, or with the changing moods of abnormal sensibility were of the bluntest and the most elementary kind. Consequently his books are crowded panoramas of which the figures

live in the mind for ever in so far as they are simple, comic or ruffianly but are forgotten forthwith when they pretend to represent such blends of good and bad, of strength and weakness, of nobility and frailty as were the great majority of the ordinary folk—then as now.”

Thackeray, on the other hand, is the embittered gentleman with his usual mind of caustic brilliance. He hates his kind as passionately as his great contemporary loved the class from which he sprang. “Fastidious, sneering - Thackeray’s fiction is in most respects in violent contrast to the genial uncritical hurly-burly that are Dickens’s novels. But in one respect, the two are similar. Dickens by his genius for reducing scattered individuals to a symbol, ridiculous or terrible, and Thackeray by his determination to express his loathings and curses fell, both the one and the other, into the habit of ‘stunting’ a character from the first page to the last.” Upon these type-characters, the authors must lavish all their wealth of ridicule, irony and cynicism. It is therefore out of a pure anxiety to refresh our literary health that we sometimes wish to turn to the pages of modern writers. And it will be our task to show that some of these authors are far superior to those nineteenth century ones in point of range of vision and reflectiveness. To these ‘mortal few of the present’ also can be applied with advantage those literary rules, e.g. plot-construction, grasp of human character, sense of proportion etc., however detestable and awkward they may be in their very nature.

I have never heard it laid to Mr. Hardy’s charge that he is a bad hand at plot-construction. Even his earliest book, “Desperate Remedies,” which rank as an inferior novel when considered as a work of art, shows if nothing else, at least the wonderful powers of its author in knitting together the very many threads that bind the story.

Of ‘Universality of sentiment,’ Hardy’s ‘The Return of the Native’ and ‘Yesso of the D’urbervilles’ and Wells’s “The Passionate Friends” are the best of illustrations. If width of

vision and range of outlook be considered as the true index to an authors' genius, then 'Joan and Peter' must be regarded as one of the most powerful works in English literature by its equally powerful author H. G. Wells. This novel is a graphic picture of the contemporary youth of England and of the changes undergone by the English outlook on affairs of life. Further, there is Bernard Shaws' 'Irrational knot' which must be ranked as a novel of a very high order though it was published in the early years of the author's career. The centre of the story is London Society in which the diverse characters of the novel appear. The book deals with the eternal problem of conjugal rights and conduct and is thus full of abiding interest for all time to come. And last, but not least comes Mr. Arnold Bennett, who has shown the necessary requisite of an artist in him. He is certainly not fed with over-sympathy but he has given us in his particularly beautiful book "The Old Wives' Tale," a sympathetic delineation of the common humdrum of country women's lives. He has left us with one comforting conviction that all experience has a value and life may be happy and satisfying whatever may be our circumstances. Then comes the most recent figure Mr. Galsworthy and apart from his deserts as a first-rate play right, we shall have to consider his merits chiefly in the field of fiction. We know full well that he is a man of more limited powers (as a novelist, of course) than the best of his contemporaries. He is always at his best in novelettes, and to me, that little episode "Indian summer of a Forsyte" ranks higher than the big volume of 'Forsyte Saga', from the stand point of pure artistry and romance.

We shall neither enter into the technique of his art nor discuss, after the fashion of the day, whether he is a conscious artist or not. But this much we know and that very well, that he has painted in his "Man of Property," "The Dark Flower," and "Five Tales," some of the finest scenes we have read-scenes of perfect beauty which are so dearly held by all admirers of Galsworthy.

We have another point to consider and that is that most of the authors mentioned above have given to their generation some really wonderful characters that defy all petty calculations and intellectual analysis on our part to bring them down to some definite category. And in this, the modern writers have the advantage over their predecessors. Among male characters, Hardy and Galsworthy have drawn for us two of the most weird and interesting figures in English fiction. They are Gregory Venn and M. Ferrond in "The Return of the Native" and "The Island Pharisees". Other characters, too of abnormal sensitiveness and peculiar temperament have been introduced and in this connection, that doctor Fitzpiers in "The Woodlanders" and Swithin St Cleeve in "Two on a tower" of Thomas Hardy are worthy of mention. Bernard shaw has his own contributions also to make and in his inimitable fashion he has drawn two peculiar characters, Cashel Byron in "Cashel Byron's Profession" and Mr. Owen Jack in "Love among the Artists". Female characters of this mingled type are not wanting in modern fiction, and these are marked by those sudden flashes of intuition and a sensitive taste, so characteristically the features of women of the present day world. It is in this particular sphere again, that writers of modern novels get the upper hand of Dickens or of Thackeray. One may here recall with pleasure the delightful sketches of many varieties of the fair sex in Hardy's Tess, Sue Bridehead Eustacia Vye, and Marty South, Wells's Lady Mary Justin, Joan and Beatrice, and Galsworthy's Autonia, Sylvia, Irene and Megan.

The masters of modern fiction, however, are not totally immune from all literary blemish. Each has his own defect and it is not infrequent that Wells is called a clumsy writer and a fierce enthusiast silencing from the window-sill the muddle headed world beneath. Bernard Shaw is accused of roguish insinuation at the pillars of society (e. g. in "The Unsocial socialist") and of introducing in his works cold and lengthy dialogues that often pall and flag. Galsworthy is charged with

a spirit of propaganda—his pet study for criticism being the upper middle class of the English Society. Hardy, against whom very little can be said regarding defects as a novelist, is nevertheless accused of looking at the world with a blue eye. He has been sometimes called a cynic even. The reply to all these charges is "Yes—novelists are not supermen after all, free from all defects." Wells's enthusiasm is due in main to his lively and very powerful imagination and his versatile intellect. He has got so much to say—this veritable volcano, that often his eruptions are too rapid. But this cannot be a detraction from his genius though he gets into furious passion and rebels against the bewilderments and the pain of the world. He is, no doubt, a didactic writer, but at the same time we cannot deny that he is a born story-teller and "Kipps" and "Love and Mr. Lewisham" bear testimony to this fact. His clumsiness has an essential charm of its own for there are very few scenes in English fiction like Oswald's 'Valediction', which is supreme in its restrained pathos. He can travel to the opposite extreme even and we can catch a glimpse of his wonderful reflectiveness of spirit in Mr. Britling sees it through "and the silent eloquence of love in "The Passionate Friends". This man's powers are extraordinary. He finds life a thing of manifold and absorbing interest and he depicts with a strong hand every new phase and aspect of it he comes across. As regards the charges of didacticism and propaganda-work, they are true to some extent of Bernard Shaw, but even then we may argue that there is something called as 'novel with a purpose.' Galsworthy, of course, has an undercurrent of didacticism in his novels, but he is scrupulously fair, and judicial and what is chiefly to be noted, he has a sense of proportion to poise against. Wells is far too enthusiastic to be fair, "far too much of a prophet", even to be fair to himself; but Galsworthy examines every point of view and he leaves his readers to decide by allowing his 'heroes' a complete self-revelation. Soames Forsyte, the central figure of 'The Man of Property' and 'In Chancery',

the finest achievements of their author, is the most pathetic figure, and as Mr. Dark says, 'he is pathetic perhaps, because one is compelled to know him so well'. Galsworthy is a social reformer, no doubt, but as Miss. Kayesmith has pointed out, 'he is an artist before he is a social reformer'. He is dignified in his expressions and concerned almost as much with matter as with manner, and eager for perfection of form. Again, he is decidedly a reformer, in as much as he indirectly lays bare the Pharisaic ceremonialism, the hollow sham of existing institutions and conventions. Galsworthy's is a dispassionate and implied criticism and though it sometimes amounts to a deadly and depressing one, we may say that "to regret the futility of the present is at heart to begin to prepare for a saner future."

Thomas Hardy is habitually referred to as a pessimist. But he is a pessimist "in so far as that character applies to a man who looks at the worst contingencies as well as the best in the human condition." An American critic has said that, "in the seventies Hardy found humanity a sorry spectacle, but still rather a lark; in the 'eighties a forlorn hope; in the 'nineties, a desperate failure." Indeed the cruelty of life has been very obvious to him and consequently he is compelled to describe it as he sees it—very sad and very grey. Further, as he grew older he seems to have become obsessed by the necessity of proving that goodness and strength must be overcome. To put it in his words, he wishes to "set the infinitesimal human lives against the stupendous background of the stellar universe" and to show that we are the sport and plaything of fate and all our activities, heroic or otherwise, are doomed to failure. But still his works do not lose their freshness and charm, for while he relates the defeat of the good and the brave, he 'binds the bay leaves of immortality round the brows of his unhappy warriors'. Moreover, though he sighs over the world's evil, yet he does not mourn absolutely without hope and the final lines of "The Dynasts" contain, indeed, a very fine expression of faith.

This article is of humble pretensions. It does not profess to give the main currents of thought of the individual writers, and a real worth of their genius after Mr. Sidney Dark's admirable criticism on "The masters of modern fiction" in his pamphlet "Books and the Man." This has tried to show only that the novels of these authors are not time-serving catering to the clamours of present times and do not contain merely ephemeral or local interest. They are not woefully lacking in the fulfilment of any literary rules either.

Further we take objections to these literary canons and consider that they are futile. There should be no hard and fast regulations by which writers should strictly guide themselves, for the tone of novels is sure to vary according as time changes and man's angle of vision shifts itself. These rules had their brief spell of utility when novel-writing was in its embryo-stage. Times have changed, our ideas too, consequently have undergone a transformation. So, attempts on our part to narrow down the scope of and set forth limitations to the writing of novels are useless. There has been another charge often hurled against modern fiction and that is that it embraces too much of the world outside. It is true but the human element is not lost to us thereby and the novels of H. G. Wells bear testimony to this fact. When life flows smoothly, one may indulge in lachrymose sentiments, and lapse into an idyllic life of peace and calm. But during the last two decades, living has become a hard job. The world has been full of bustle and we too have been compelled to keep ourselves in touch with contemporary movements in the world of thought and action. Novels from being mere character-sketches have attained epic proportions now-a-days. They are no longer the vehicles of expressing the normal state of life only, but the authors' own ideas about it and spreading them for the ultimate good of humanity. There has been a process of transition of life from a pragmatic stage to a psychological one.

Indeed Wells has hammered this idea into our minds

through his articles in the 'Fortnightly Review' and "The Contemporary Novel." He is of opinion that we are going to write upon all things. He says, "we are going to write subject only to our limitations about the whole of human life. We are going to deal with political questions and social questions. We cannot present people unless we have this free hand, this unrestricted field. What is the good of telling stories about people's lives if one may not deal freely with the religious beliefs and organisations that have controlled or failed to control them? What is the good of pretending to write about love and the loyalties and treacheries and quarrels of men and women if one must not glance at those varieties of physical temperament and organic quality, those deeply passionate needs and distresses from which half the storms of human life are brewed? We are going to write about it all. We are going to write about business and finance and politics and decorum and indecorum and precedents and pretentiousness until a thousand pretences and a ten thousand impostors shrivel in the cold, clear air of our elucidations." Some of course will say, "It is Wells's way, and we mustn't mind these outbursts." But can we deny for one moment that life to us means something greater than what it meant to our predecessors? As the author of "the Passionate Friends" expresses this idea admirably we cannot resist the temptation of quoting the last few lines of the book—"It seems to me more and more as I live longer that most poetry and most literature and particularly the literature of the past is discordant with the vastness and variety, the reserves and resources and recuperations of life as we live it to-day. It is the expression of life under cruder and more rigid conditions than ours, lived by people who loved and hated more naively, aged sooner and died younger than we do. [*Solitary persons and single events dominated them as they do not dominate us. We range wider, last longer and escape more and more from intensity towards understanding.*]"

We have quoted at length from H. G. Wells, because we

know that he is the best exponent of the modern spirit in English Literature.

There is no use remaining like snails shut up in shells and refusing to come out. Of course, we cannot ask our friends—lovers of past literature—to fall in with the chorus singing in praise of modern fiction often blindly. We must read these modern authors with a spirit free from bias and then form intelligent criticisms of our own. It will not do well for us, we moderners, to live in the past, however glorious it may be.

We must wind up by saying that the reason of this change in the spirit of literature which is so far-reaching in its consequences, is in main due to the change of interest in human life. We have come to knock against some of the unopened chambers of our mind which the writers of old failed to take notice of. If literature has changed, it is primarily because the ideals of manhood and womanhood have changed. It is because the old good-humoured countrysquire has given up his pursuits of hunting and agriculture and has been struck by the vast possibilities thrown open to his career. It is because the young girls of the past whose bread and butter had to be cut in slices for them have come to take an active interest in almost all our concerns. Shocking it may be—but this is the fact.

RABINDRANATH IN PRESIDENCY COLLEGE

BINAYAKA BANERJEE

ON Wednesday, the 10th September, a few days before his departure to Spain, The Poet-laureate of Asia, kindly paid us a visit. Full two years back (Aug. 21, 1922) he came to our College and delivered a lecture on “Visva Varati”, and the

untiring zeal of our Union-Secretary Mr. S. C. Ray, made it possible, to have Dr. Tagore, once more in our midst.

It had been notified that Dr. Rabindranath, would arrive at 4-30 in the afternoon. But practically an hour before the advertised time, the Physics Theatre was converted into sea of human heads. Quite a number of the members of the staff, also, were present at the meeting. It was pleasant to see so many men waiting eagerly to have a look at the Poet-laureate of the East and hear his voice.

Just at 4-40 p.m., the Poet entered the room amidst hearty claps, led by the Principal, Prof. C. C. Bhattacharjee and Mr. S. C. Ray, the Secretary. Rabindranath, clad in pure silk dress, looked like a king of the good old days.

After Dr. Tagore and Mr. Stapleton, had been garlanded an opening song (বন্দেমাতরম্) was sung by Mr. Sushil De. Then the Union Secretary read a message from the students of the College. Our Principal then asked Rabindranath to address the meeting. Amidst loud cheers, the Poet rose to speak.

(The Speech)

The whole house listened to the Poet with pin-drop silence. He said that in response to an invitation from Spain, he was starting for the place to interpret to the West the mission of the East. He then described how at different places, in Europe and America, he was warmly received by the youth. Young men, he said, are always trying to break the fetters of the old traditions and striving for something fresh and original. In passing he showed, that Bengal had always a feeling against, the spirit of conservatism –and also referred to the songs (কীর্তন), musical instrument (খোল) and literature (বৈষ্ণব পদাবলী). He then told how the Vaisnav Padavalis twisted the language in every possible way to make it resonant with music.

He remarked the words বিশ্ব and ভূমা whenever uttered by

him have provoked the audience to laughter. They say that he makes too much use of the said terms. But he could not speak of anything else but the unity that ought to be established between India and the বিশ্ব; and it was the message of ভূমি that India alone can teach best.

Narrowness according to him is the most fatal bar to evolution. At present narrowness was solely responsible for making India down-trodden. It is the want of this narrowness of heart that has made other countries great and unless this narrowness – the greatest draw back—is overcome, there is no hope for the progress of India. For instance he described side by side the conditions of the Indian and Chinese labourers in Malay. Narrowness of heart and mutual ill-feelings have made the life of Indian coolies miserable there in Malay, whereas the Chinese labourers are living as happily in mutual co-operation and good will as labourers can live.

In conclusion he said that it was his ambition in life to establish link of love and fraternity among the people of the world.

The whole house burst into loud cheers and poet took his seat. The Principal then thanked the poet for his advice and with a closing song (জনগণ মন অধিনায়ক) the meeting terminated at 6-15 in the evening,

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL—A WORD ON MODERNISM.

SUBODH CHANDRA SEN GUPTA.

MODERN Civilisation with its soulless commercialism has been the burden of present day satire, and whether in the utopian visions of a Tagore or a Wells or in the monastic

dreams of a Gandhi or in the pungent wit of a Shaw or Galsworthy, we have endless denunciations of our 'machinery-civilisation' which, they say, atrophies our souls to pamper our bodies. The war was regarded as the most abysmal depth to which the barbarity of a soulless civilisation could lead—men devising engines for surer and swifter destruction of their fellow-men and nations extirpating each other for sordid love of lucre. The glory of the world seemed to be extinguished for ever! This is the easy philosophy with which a poet here or a saint there has been beguiling the credulous fancy of his disciples.

Much of these denunciation is true certainly. "Modern civilisation is too much like a man running down a road followed at a respectable distance by his own soul." But there is the other side of the picture too. The sanguinary fields of War speak do doubt for 'naked self-love', for 'drunken delirium of greed'. But do they not speak for something else too? Was it mere self-love that urged the flower of youth and manhood to waive all personal enjoyments, indeed, to sacrifice life itself? They who joined the War did not chop logic and weigh possibilities. At the root of the War there might be the 'drunken delirium of greed', but they who really fought it, were urged not by love of lucre but by the call of Duty—the necessity of serving their motherland. If this is not 'spiritualism', if this is not nobility of soul', let the words perish. Indeed, beneath the superficial splashes of commercial strifes, there has always been a steady undercurrent of noble spiritual life. What else could rally so many to the call of Duty? The War is, therefore, a strong proof that behind our luxuries and fopperies, we have our noble ideals which we live in and die for.

Another instance that modern civilisation is not simply a heartless scramble after Wealth—the second since the War—is the great Liverpool Cathedral—the first Anglican Cathedral to be constructed in the Northern Province and the third in the whole of England since the Reformation. The dust and

smoke of public life often clouds our nobler traits, but they are still in us, and often, as in the case of this great Cathedral, embody themselves in Visible works of art.

Commercialism was bringing in wealth; "What then" (ততঃ কিম্) asked the poet? This wealth, we may answer, is the grist for our spiritual mill. Liverpool is one of the greatest commercial centres of the world and it is difficult to estimate the volume of trade that is plied here. To a superficial observer, its peoples seemed to have given over to Mammon, Apollon, Satan or whatever you might choose to name. Indeed, from the accumulation of our luxuries and the energetic application of human intellect in the pursuit of commercial sciences, it appear that we live to eat, drink and dress. But the end of all selfishness is the renunciation of self—to give up all we have in the realisation of a noble ideal. It has not yet been settled whether Man created God or God created Man, but even if the former proposition is true, the end of God does not necessarily mean the end of all Divine ideas, and the great Liverpool Cathedral is the realisation of a Divine Idea, in an aesthetic no less than in a theological sense.

Man has to struggle for his existence and his highest end is happiness, but the greatest enjoyment is not in self-aggrandisement but in selflessness—not indeed, in monkish resignation (for that is, to speak in Maeterlinckian phraseology opposed to the highest instincts of life), but in something which is at once luxury and charity, useful and useless—in a word, in Art. And the highest because the most democratic art is architecture. Poetry and Painting are the monopoly of the inspired few and architecture is the only art in which the widow's mite mingles with the richest inspiration of the creative artist. And hence the greatest event in Twentieth Century England (with the exception of the War, of course) is the building of the great Liverpool Cathedral.

"Modern buildings do not please me" said Ruskin and he was sceptical about the powers and possibilities of modern

architecture. The more modern the critic, the gloomier is his outlook on present-day art. But Liverpool Cathedral has belied all our apprehensions and it stands as one of the greatest works of human art, an embodiment of all that is noblest and enduring in our life, keeping aloof from all that is petty, sordid and transitory. "As it rises above the river, above the roof tops and smoking chimneys of the crowded city—even more as it will rise when finally completed, with its soaring central tower—it will be to all who see it a "Surtum Corda", an appeal to lift up the heart in worship. It will be possible to feel that in a materialistic age, this great material work has been undertaken in the belief that it is the function of matter to express and give form to spirit, that a truly modern conception, ranking with the noblest past conceptions of how stone may become a visible witness of man's spiritual nature, has been given lasting shape. Then, perhaps with Liverpool Cathedral in our minds, we may look forward to a time when sordid, ugly buildings will be no longer thought of, when every building put up will be conceived in imagination, raised with craftsmanship, preserved in honour" thus speaks the Yorkshire Post.

The foundation stone of this great Cathedral was laid by His Majesty King Edward VII. twenty years ago and the consecration ceremony took place on July, 19 in the presence of their majesties King George V and Queen Mary. Though twenty years of ceaseless toil have been spent upon the building, scarcely half of it has yet been done, the central tower remaining unfinished. It takes us back to the Middle Ages when vast Cathedrals used to be built in larger numbers and the same building had to be done by more than one generation of architects. It is also remarkable that in style it has gone beyond the older models to the Gothic, with its naturalism, rudeness, wild simplicity and richness of ornament, its changefulness and grotesqueries. It lacks finer delicacy and perfect workmanship but is the only 'rational' and 'natural' style fit

to portray the many-coloured stream of life. "It is subtle and flexible like a fiery serpent, but ever attentive to the Voice of the Charmer," said the critic of the Stones of Venice. Here the Charmer is Sir Gilbert Scott. In such a vast work, it has not been possible for him personally to supervise every branch, but his was the original design and hence to him the shaping of every stone is in a sense due.

It is fitting that those who fell in the War should have here a cenotaph on which is placed a roll of honour containing the names of forty thousand martyrs. Those who did not go to the field are still engaged in hairsplitting discussions as to who began the War and what benefits, if any, it has brought in its train. But those who fought, got away from all arguments and listened to the one clear voice of their heart—the call of their motherland. The honour of their country was their ideal and at the altar of the ideal the noblest souls do always lay down their lives. And it is fitting that our highest works of art should be a monument of the noblest feelings that ever sprang in the bosom of any of us.

When the present generation comes to be weighed in the balance, this will count as one of the greatest efforts of man towards the realisation of the Divine. The Middle Ages were times of languor, repose and religious zeal and were therefore, also remarkable for vast Cathedrals, but the materialistic tendencies and feverish activities of modern times do not allow of such prolonged labour after what does not satisfy man's worldly needs. But man's artistic needs are, as Tagore would say, a part of his essence and these in spite of contrary tendencies, have found adequate realisation in the vast domes and vaulted arches of Liverpool Cathedral.

REPORTS

1. A Principal Retires :—

FEW people have the requisite tact and psychology to know when to take themselves off. (Unfortunately most of the blooming, i.e. budding orators have it). Like most other things life is a series of crests and troughs ; to put it more familiarly life is just one—a thing after another. In the neighbourhood of a depression of course you don't have to retire ; either you are extinguished or things suddenly and unexpectedly get brighter. It is the voluntary retirement that taxes one's brains. All successful people, like our Principal Wordsworth, retire a little before the crest comes on ; they don't wait for it. That is where the success comes in. (Mathematically speaking then, the best time to retire is when Y_1 is the positive and Y_2 negative). Politicians, in spite of their great abilities, generally go past the crest ; some take off on the downward slope, others wait to be extinguished near the trough.

All this super-philosophy boiled down to a sentence reads : The gathering of the students to bid farewell to Mr. W. C. Wordsworth on Tuesday the 15th April last at 4 p.m. was a great success.

The two moving spirits were our friends Messrs. Suresh Ray and Aksay Sircar. In a day or two they collected the subscriptions, arranged the programme and got the invitations out.

We met at 4 p.m. in the larger Physics Theatre. Mr. Wordsworth was garlanded amidst loud applause. After this all sat down to enjoy the programme that had been arranged at such short notice. After one or two opening songs Mr. Suresh Ray spoke on behalf of the students. He referred to the great abilities shown by Mr. Wordsworth as Principal in the last few years. He has always been kind and sympathetic and never have these qualities with his tact shone out than in the last few difficult years.

Principal A. N. Mukherjee, Ph. D. of the Sanskrit College spoke on behalf of the Professors. The speaker first met Mr. Wordsworth sixteen years ago when he (the speaker) was asked to initiate the young Professor Wordsworth into the mysteries of the profession. On the first day the latter admitted that from his childhood when he could only say Ben-jal for Bengal he had chosen this province as the field of his life's work. He had done one part of it faithfully and well and now he was entering another sphere, on the Editorial Staff of the "Statesman." Here the speaker said, Mr. Wordsworth would have unlimited power of doing good—and evil and we all look forward to all the good work through the medium of the Press that still remains for him to do.

Mr. Rahim of our staff, a regular player, spoke on behalf of the players. He had always found Mr. Wordsworth a good player and a thorough sportsman. Difficult situations always called forth the best that was in him. It was unfortunate that at a time like the present certain influences should have caused this premature retirement.

Mr. P. E. Dustoor also delivered an interesting speech bidding farewell to Mr. Wordsworth.

After one or two comic skits Kazi Nazr-ul-Islam recited one of his vigorous pieces with his characteristic thundering and expressive delivery. He also sang a rhythmic song composed during his prison life.

The guest of the evening then rose to reply. He started with the Story of the Eton headmaster who said he would retire as soon as he found he could not run to the top of the tower in one breath. (Reporters note: crest reached; downward slope near). When he (Mr. Wordsworth) found that a young tennis player of the first year could beat him any day he liked—well it was time to retire. He said that the aim of his life had been educational work and for the last sixteen years he had always tried to live up to that ideal. Now that he was going elsewhere it was a great thing for him that he could act

up to that ideal still. He then thanked all present for the kind thing they had spoken and thought of him, and said he looked forward to meeting them on a future occasion.

Mr. Wordsworth referred to the appreciations of his popularity and ready accessibility. These he said, were possible only when professors had opportunities of mixing with the students as in India. Inside the Universities in England the tradition was that the Professor was above all familiarity. He told the story of the Professor who during a vacation found another person in the dining room. "Waiter" he asked, "what is that?" "An undergraduate, sir." "Oh" said the Professor, "bring me a screen."

The guests then went in to tea and the students were treated to another song by the Kazi Saheb.

In this connection the writer would like to add his quota to the tribute already offered. The active members of the various athletic clubs remember all that he has done for them. Personally I have never seen him speak without his customary smile. It is a great pleasure to think that we have not to say "Good Bye." We look forward to the next meeting.

Satyendra Nath Ray,
6th year Physics class.

2. *The Annual General Meeting.*

The Annual General Meeting of the College Union to elect office bearers was held on the 20th August at 4 P. M. in the Physics theatre. There was a large gathering of students. Among those present were Dr. U. N. Ghoshal and Prof. S. C. Mazumdar. Principal H. E. Stapleton presided.

There were five candidates for the Secretariship and three for the Asst. Secretariship. At the request of the President all the candidates addressed the meeting and explained their programme of work.

After votes being taken Mr. Suresh Chandra Ray (6th year Arts) and Mr. Amiya Ranjan Biswas (2nd year Sc.) were declared duly elected, Secretary and Assistant Secretary respectively.

The meeting elected Prof. Benoy Kumar Sen and Charu Chandra Bhattacharjee as Vice-Presidents of the Union. On the motion of the President a committee consisting of the following gentlemen with powers to add to their number was formed for revising the rules and the constitution of the Union.

1. Principal.
2. Prof. H. K. Banerjee.
3. Mr. Suresh Chandra Ray.
4. „ Subodh Chandra Sen Gupta.
5. „ Satyen Ray.
6. „ Tara Kumar Mukherjee.
7. Md. Abdul Aziz.

With a vote of thanks to the chair the meeting came to a close.

The Committee of the College Union for the Session 1924-25.

President

Mr. H. E. Stapleton, Principal.

Vice-President

Mr. Binoy Kumar Sen.

Mr. Charu Chandra Bhattacharjee.

Secretary

Mr. Suresh Chandra Roy, B.A.

Asst. Secretary

Mr. Amiya Ranjan Biswas.

Class Representatives.

M.A. Class—Mr. Khagendra Nath Sen.

M.Sc. „ „ Satyendra Nath Ray.

<i>4th year Sc.</i>	„	„	Jyotirmoy Banerji.
<i>4th year Arts.</i>	„	„	Mr. Ajit Kumar Hazra.
<i>3rd year Sc.</i>	„	„	Sudhendu Sekhar Bose.
<i>3rd year Arts.</i>	„	„	Sukumar Bhattacharyya.
<i>2nd year Sc.</i>	„	„	Harendra Nath Ghose.
<i>2nd year Arts.</i>	„	„	Obaidur Rahaman.
<i>1st year Sc.</i>	„	„	Bimalendu Ghosh.
<i>1st year Arts.</i>	„	„	Sudhindra Banerjee.

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The unveiling ceremony of the portrait of the Late Prof. Jatindra Chandra Ghose took place on the 29th. August 1924, in the Physics theatre. There was a large gathering of both Professors and Students. Principal H. E. Stapleton took the chair.

The Secretary read out a short report giving the accounts of the memorial Fund, and paid tribute to the memory of the deceased on behalf of the Students.

Prof. S. K. Banerjee delivered a short address dwelling on the various qualities of the Late Prof.

The president in course of his speech briefly reviewed the brilliant career of Mr. Ghose both as a student and a Professor. He then unveiled the portrait and the whole house standing in silence. Maharajah Kumar Udaychand Mahatab of Burdwan having thanked the President the meeting terminated.

AMIYA RANJAN BISWAS—*Assistant Secretary,*
College Union.

Sudhir Memorial Committee.

Death of a Brilliant Student.

A meeting of the 2nd. Year Sc. students was held in the Physics theatre to express sorrow for the sudden and premature death of their class mate. Mr. Sudhir Kumar Chakravarty

a brilliant scholar. Prof. Charu Chandra Bhattacharjee took the chair. Resolutions expressing deep sorrow for the sudden demise of Mr. Chakravarty were moved and unanimously carried the whole house standing in silence. A memorial committee was also formed to perpetuate the memory of the deceased.

President

Prof. Charu Chandra Bhattacharjee.

Treasurer

Prof. Khagendra Nath Chakravarty.

Secretary

Mr. Amiya Ranjan Biswas.

Members.

Mr. Montosh Kumar Chatterjee.

„ Sukumar Dutt.

„ Sushil Kumar Roy.

„ Birendra Nath Mazumdar.

„ Sachindra Kumar Chakravarty.

AMIYA RANJAN BISWAS—*Secretary*.

Sudhir Memorial Committee.

3. *Physical Society : 1923-24.*

The inaugural meeting of this Society was held on the 20th December 1923 with Prof. P. C. Mahalanobis as president.

The office bearers elected were :

1. Prof. P. C. Mahalanobis—President Ex-officio
2. Dr. S. Datta—Vice-President
3. Mr. Satyendra Nath Ray, V yr. Phys.—Secretary
4. „ Nirod Bhusan Sen Gupta,—III yr. Sc.—Asst. Secy.
5. „ Dakshineswar Bakshi—VI yr.
6. „ Durgaprasanna Acharyya—V yr.
7. „ Pramathes Barua—IV yr.
8. „ Narendra Nath Sen Gupta—III yr.

} Representatives.

In the session just concluded five ordinary meetings have been held:

1. Mr. Anil Kumar Dass (VI year) in his paper on "Line Spectra" gave an account of the Quantum theory with the selection principle. He also referred to certain lines discovered by Dr. Datta which appear to violate this principle.

Dr. Datta was in the chair.

2. The President, Prof. Mahalanobis gave an interesting and non-mathematical exposition of the "Theory of Relativity" on the 8th February, 1924.

3. At the third meeting on the 19th February, Mr. Satyendra Nath Ray (V year) spoke on "Internal Combustion Engines". The principles and developments of the various types were referred to.

4. On the 6th March Prof. C. V. Raman D.Sc., F.R.S. very kindly came over. After the welcome by Principal Wordsworth he delivered an illuminating and original lecture on "the nature of the liquid state." He showed a number of experiments and slides to illustrate his theories.

5. At the last meeting on the 21st of August Dr. Datta spoke on "the theory and practice of wireless", particularly Radio-telephony. A number of slides and experiments were shown to illustrate the functions of the different parts of a wireless set.

Satyendra Nath Ray,
Secretary.

4. *The Bengali Literary Society*—*

The Fourth meeting.

The fourth general meeting of the above society came off on the 22nd of February 1924, with Prof. Benoy Kumar Sen,

* So the Bengali literary society is stirring into life. We retract much of what we said in our notes—Ed.

M.A. on the chair. Among others Prof. Srikumar Banerjee, M.A. was present. Sj. Humayun Kavir of the old Second year class wrote a paper on "*Bengali Novels*". But the writer being absent, the paper was read by Sj. Ashokenath Bhattacharyya. It was a nice little paper in which the writer cleverly dealt with the origin and development of the light literature of Bengal. It also gave us an account of the best novelists of Bengal. The paper was criticised by Messrs. Ashokenath Bhattacharyya, Syed Martuja Ali and others.

Afterwards Prof. Srikumar Banerjee at the request of the President gave us many valuable informations about the origion and development of Bengali Novels. But as to the future of the light literature of Bengal, he seemed to be rather despondent owing to the want of Historical Romances in Bengali and the decadence which marks the present Bengali light literature.

Then the President in course of winding up the proceedings, remarked that the future of Bengali Novels, though not very bright, cannot be absolutely disappointing. "*Danka Nisan*", the unfinished romance of the late poet Satyendranath Datta marks the dawning of a new era in the light literature of Bengal.

The Fifth meeting.

The next meeting took place on the 7th March, 1924, with the Hon'ble Mr. Khagendranath Mitter as President. Dr. Upendranath Ghosal, M.A., Ph.D. encouraged the attendance by his presence. Sj. Khagendranath Sen, B.A. of the Post-Graduate class read a paper on "*Wowan Problem*". The paper was very lengthy and full of details but there was nothing original in it. It has been published in full in the last issue of the College Magazine and so we desist from giving a detailed account of it. It was criticised by Messrs. Ashokenath Bhattacharyya, Aksay Kumar Sarcar and Tarakumar Mukherjea. Afterwards Dr. Ghosal gave his views on the "Parda System" of the Hindu Ladies. He said that the Parda System was

mainly due to the Mahomedan influence and it is only in Bengal that such a *rigorous* system is prevalent.

The President could not finish his speech owing to the want of time. We can only echo the last few words of the venerable Professor, "In spite of all attempts at its solution, "Woman Problem" still remains a problem. The solution is not forthcoming. Further discussions on the point are absolutely necessary." The meeting came to a close.

The Sixth meeting.

The sixth general meeting of the society was held on the 25th July, 1924. Prof. Srikumar Banerjee, M.A. presided. Prof. Surendranath Majumdar, M.A. also attended. Sj. Binayaka Banerjee of the 2nd year Arts class read a paper on "*The problem in Fine Arts.*" The paper was lucid and dealt chiefly with painting and poetry.

A keen discussion took place. Sj. Baidyanath Bhattacharyya, Sj. Tarakumar Mukherjee, Sj. Humayun Kavar and many others took part in the debate. They dealt mainly with the problem of morality in Literature. At last the President summed up the details and gave us his valuable opinions on the subject. "Variety is absolutely necessary for the improvement of the standard"—this was the concluding sentence with which the meeting terminated.

ASHOKENATH BHATTACHARYYA,

Secretary.

Bengali Literary Society.

5. *Hockey Club 1923-24.*

The College Hockey Season, as usual, commenced in January and in a general meeting of the Club under the presidency of Prof. Sterling, Messrs. S. Chakravarty and H. N. Gupta were elected unanimously as Captain and Secretary respectively.

The year under review was in every respect a successful one. The standard of games kept to a fair level.

It is with much regret, I am to note here, that the Hockey was almost dropped the year before and as a result we had to play the Association League in the Third division instead of the Second. Before the League commenced we played a few friendlies—the results being quite fair and good. In the League Competition the Club stood third amongst fourteen competing teams. The total number of points secured was 19. Altogether we played thirteen games of which we won eight games. It is also to be noted here that we drew with the Champions who lost no point to any other Club in the competition.

The season closed with a short trip to Chandernagore where we played the local Sporting Club and the result was a victory for us by an odd goal in three.

In conclusion, our best thanks are due to Principal Wordsworth for his kind advice and lively interest in the welfare of the Club and perhaps the season would not have been half so successful without his invaluable help and co-operation. Our compliments are also due to some of our new friends for their kind co-operation.

H. N. G.

FOUNDERS' DAY RE-UNION, 1924.

This year's Founders' day Re-union was celebrated with great eclat. Besides the members of the staff many distinguished guests were present notably Justices B. B. Ghosh, C. C. Ghosh, Manmatha Mukherjee, Mr. S. N. Mallik, Rai Bahadur Haridhan Dutt, Mr. D. C. Ghosh, Mr. Abdul Karim, Messrs Mallinath Ray, N. N. Ghosh, J. Choudhuri, and J. N. Basu.

The pandal was a huge one and was tastefully decorated. Early in the afternoon there was tennis play between the past and present students. Then began the function Principal Wordsworth opening it with a neat little speech. The opening song was sung by Haren Dutt. Then there were several recitations by the students followed by comic skits by Kasi Babu. Prof. Chittaranjan then treated the audience to a fine humour by his “চাটুষ্যে বাডুয্যে” ।

On the whole the function was a grand success. Our best thanks are due to Mr. Gobindo Mohan Ray who organised every item and personally supervised every detail.

D. & G.

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অবেস্তা ।

অত্যন্তরীণ বিশেষ বিশেষ প্রভেদগুলির কথা ছাড়িয়া দিলে, পৃথিবীর যাবতীয় ধর্মকে মোটা-মুটি দুইটি প্রধান ভাগে ভাগ করা যায় :—

- (১) যাহাদের প্রামাণিক ধর্মগ্রন্থ আছে ;
- (২) যাহাদের তাহা নাই ।

পৃথিবীর অধিকাংশ ধর্মই এই প্রথম বিভাগের অন্তর্ভুক্ত । সনাতন হিন্দুধর্মই বলুন, মুসলমান-ধর্মই বলুন আর খৃষ্টানধর্মই বলুন—সবই প্রায় নিজ নিজ ধর্মগ্রন্থের উপর নির্ভর করে । হিন্দুর বেদ, মুসলমানের কোরাণ, খৃষ্টানের বাইবেল, ইহুদীর *Pentateuch* সবই লোক প্রসিদ্ধ । সম্প্রতি ইহাদের সঙ্গে আমরা আর একটি অতি প্রাচীন ধর্মকে সাধারণের নিকট উপস্থাপিত করিতে চাই । এ ধর্মটি অতি প্রাচীন এবং এককালে সুপ্রসিদ্ধ হইলেও এখন প্রায় লোপ পাইতে বসিয়াছে । ইহা “জোরোয়াস্টার”—(*Zoroaster*)—প্রবর্তিত প্রাচীন পারস্ত জাতির (ইরানীগণের) ধর্ম ; এবং এই ধর্মের প্রামাণিক গ্রন্থই *অবেস্তা* (*Avesta*) ।

বৈদেশিক প্রত্নতত্ত্ববিদপণ্ডিতগণ এসিয়ার আর্য্যগণকে দুইটি শ্রেণীতে বিভক্ত করেন ;—পারসীক (বা ইরানী) ও হিন্দু । বাস্তবিক ইন্দোইরোপীয় আর্য্যগণকে “ইরোপীয়” ও “ইন্দোইরানীয়” শ্রেণীতে ভাগ করা, ও ইন্দোইরানীয় অংশকে পুনরায় “ইরানীয়” ও “হিন্দু” শ্রেণীতে বিভক্ত করা সম্ভব কিনা তাহা সবিশেষ আলোচনাসাপেক্ষ * । তবে সে আলোচনা এ প্রবন্ধে করিবার আবশ্যক নাই ।

হিন্দুর নিকট বেদ যেরূপ অতি প্রামাণিক, অদ্রাস্ত ও অপৌরুষেয় বলিয়া বিবেচিত হয়, প্রাচীন পারস্ত জাতির বা ইরানীগণের নিকট *অবেস্তা*ও তদ্রূপ প্রামাণিক ও অদ্রাস্ত বলিয়া বিবেচিত হইত । সনাতন হিন্দুধর্ম বহু বিকৃতভাব প্রাপ্ত হইলেও এখনও মস্তক উন্নত করিয়া

* “বহু প্রাচীন যুগের নরকঙ্কাল প্রভৃতি পরীক্ষা করিয়া Rhys, Beddoe, Keane প্রভৃতি পণ্ডিতগণ সিদ্ধান্ত করিয়াছেন যে, ইউরোপের অধিবাসীরা কোন আর্য্যজাতির বংশধর নহেন ।”—প্রাচীন সভ্যতা, শ্রীবিজয় চন্দ্র মজুমদার, ৬০পৃঃ ।

“These tribes, being neighbours and perhaps subjects of Vedic tribes who had reached a higher level of civilization, adopted the Vedic gods and thus brought the Vedic Worship with them to their new homes in Mesopotamia.” (J. R. A. S. 1909, P. 726).

দণ্ডায়মান আছে, কিন্তু প্রাচীন ইরানীগণের ধর্ম অধুনা লুপ্তপ্রায়। ভারতেব পশ্চিমোপকূল-প্রবাসী মুষ্টিমেয় পারস্তধর্মাবলম্বী এখনও এই ধর্মের নির্দেশ মানিয়া চলেন, এবং সুদূর পাবস্ত্র-সাম্রাজ্যে এখনও কয়েক জন প্রকৃত ধর্মালম্বাগী বর্তমান আছেন, কিন্তু পাশ্চাত্য সভ্যতাব প্রকোপে তাঁহাদের সংখ্যা দিনের পর দিন হ্রাস প্রাপ্ত হইতেছে।

পূর্বে পাশ্চাত্য পণ্ডিতগণ, “Anquetil Duperron”এব অন্তসবৎক্রমে অব্যেস্তাকৈ “জেন্দাবেস্তা” (Zend Avesta) নামে অভিহিত করিতেন। তখন জেন্দ (Zend) বলিতে যে ভাষায় অব্যেস্তা লিখিত সেই ভাষাকে বুঝাইত। কিন্তু এখন ধীরে ধীরে প্রকাশ পাইয়াছে যে “জেন্দাবেস্তা” নামটি বড়ই ভ্রমোৎপাদক। প্রকৃত পক্ষে উহাব নাম “অবেস্তা-উ-জেন্দ” (Avesta-u Zend) হওয়া উচিত। “অবেস্তা-উ-জেন্দ” বলিতে বুঝায় “ধর্মবিধি ও তাহার ভাষ্য” (The Law and the Commentary)। কারণ ‘জেন্দ’ বলিতে কোন ভাষার নাম বুঝায় না; “জেন্দ” অর্থে ভাষ্য বা টীকা। তাবও একটি কারণ এই যে, গ্রন্থখানি একটিমাত্র (uniform) ভাষায় রচিত নহে; বিভিন্ন সময়ের বিভিন্ন প্রাদেশিক ভাষায় ইহার বিভিন্ন অংশ রচিত। অতএব, সকল দিক বজায় রাখিতে হইলে, গ্রন্থ খানিকে কেবল—“অবেস্তা”—এই নাম দেওয়াই ভাল। আর যে ভাষায় উহাব টীকা বা ভাষ্য রচিত (তাহা দেখিলেই মূল হইতে বহু আধুনিক বলিয়া প্রতীয়মান হয়) তাহাকে Pehlevi (“পেল্ভি”) বলা যাইতে পারে। এই পেল্ভি মধ্যযুগের পাবস্ত্রভাষার নামান্তর মাত্র†। পেল্ভি অতি অদ্ভুত ভাষা। এ ভাষার অক্ষরগুলি যে নিত্যন্ত কৌতূহলজনক তাহা নহে; তবে প্রথম দৃষ্টিতে ইহাকে পাবস্ত্রভাষা মনে না হইয়া “সেমিটিক্” (Semitic) বলিয়াই বোধ হয়। প্রকৃতপক্ষে ইহার শব্দ বা পদগুলি সবই সেমিটিক্, কিন্তু সে গুলি ইরানীয় ধরণে বিস্তৃত করা হইয়াছে। একথা গুলিয়া অনেকে হয়ত ভাবিবেন যে পেল্ভি কখনও প্রচলিত ভাষা ছিল না; কারণ বিজাতীয়ভাষার শব্দসাহায্যে উৎপন্ন ভাষা কখনই কোন জাতির মাতৃভাষা হইতে পারে না। কিন্তু এরূপ ধারণা সম্পূর্ণ ভ্রমাত্মক। পদগুলি আকৃতিতে সেমিটিক্ হইলেও প্রকৃতপক্ষে তাহার ইরানীয় ব্যতীত আর কিছুই নহে। পাঠ কবিসময় সেমিটিক্ শব্দগুলির মুখে মুখে অনুবাদ করিয়া ইরানী পর্যায়শব্দ উচ্চারণ করা হইত। সুতরাং “শব্দবোধে” কোনই গোলমাল ঘটিল না। কেহ কেহ ইহা অসম্ভব বলিয়া উড়াইয়া দিবেন। কিন্তু কথাটা গুলিতে যতটা অসম্ভব বোধ হয়, কার্যকালে ততটা অসম্ভব নাও ঠেকিতে পারে। আর আমরা নিজেরাও এরূপ কাণ্ড প্রতি নিয়তই করিয়া থাকি; তখন ত, তাহা অসম্ভব ঠেকে না। ধকল পুস্তকে লেখা আছে—“e. g.,” কিংবা “i. e.,” অথবা “etc.”; কিন্তু পড়িবার সময় ল্যাটিন শব্দ “id est,” “Exempli gratia” বা “Et cetera” না পড়িয়া বিনা

† অধুনা প্রস্তরলিপির (Inscription) আলোচনা দ্বারা, পেল্ভি সম্বন্ধে বহু নূতন তথ্য আবিষ্কৃত হইয়াছে।—Media, P. 20.

আগাসেই “that is,” “For instance,” “and so forth,” প্রভৃতি পড়িয়া যাই, কোন বাধাই ঠেকে না । পেল্‌ভিভাষাতে ইহাই আরও পরিণতি লাভ করিয়াছিল । এবং এই ঘটনা হইতে আরও একটি জিনিষ অতি স্পষ্টই অনুমিত হয় যে, প্রাচীন পারস্যসভ্যতা অপেক্ষা Nineveh (নিনেভ), Babylon (ব্যাবিলন্) ও Aram (আরাম) প্রভৃতির সভ্যতা প্রাচীনতর ছিল ।

অবশ্য পেল্‌ভির সমস্ত অংশই এইরূপ বৈচিত্র্যময় নহে । যে অংশটি এইরূপ সেমিটিকমূলক তাহার নাম দেওয়া হইয়াছিল *Huzvāresh* ; ও যে অংশটি খাঁটি পারস্যভাষায় রচিত তাহার নাম *Pāzend* । যে অংশটিতে *Huzvāresh* এর বাহুল্য দেখিতে পাওয়া যায় তাহাই অপেক্ষাকৃত প্রাচীন বলিয়া ধরা যাইতে পারে । এবং “পাজেন্দ” বহুল পেল্‌ভি অপেক্ষাকৃত আধুনিক বলিয়া স্থির করা হইয়াছে ।

অবেস্তার মূল অংশ যে একই যুগে রচিত হইয়াছে, ভাষাদর্শনে তাহা বোধ হয় না ; বিভিন্ন যুগে যে উহার বিভিন্ন অংশ রচিত হইয়াছে তাহাও পূর্বে বলা হইয়াছে । তবে অবস্থা যে ভাষায় রচিত তাহার অক্ষবাবলীর সহিত পেল্‌ভি অক্ষরের যথেষ্ট পার্থক্য আছে, সুতরাং মূল অংশ হইতে ভাষ্য পৃথক্ কবা মোটেই কঠিন নয় । পেল্‌ভিভাষায় লিখিত জেন্দ বা ভাষ্যকে “সাসানিয়ান্” রাজবংশের (Sassanian dynasty) সমসাময়িক বলা যাইতে পারে * ।

কিন্তু কেবল ভাষ্য লইয়া আলোচনা কবিলেই আমাদের সকল কার্য শেষ হয় না । অবেষ্টার মূল “সংহিতা” তংশটুকু কত প্রাচীন, কেই বা তাহার আবিষ্কর্তা, কেই বা তাহার নিষ্পাতা বা প্রবর্তয়িতা তাহাও জানা আবশ্যক । ঐতিহ্য (Tradition) আলোচনা দ্বারা জানা যায় যে “জোরোয়াস্টার” (Zoroaster) বা “জরথুষ্ট্র” (Zarathustra) ইহার নিষ্পাতা ও প্রবর্তয়িতা । এই জরথুষ্ট্র কে ? কোন কোন প্রাচীন গ্রীক ও রোমান গ্রন্থে জোরোয়াস্টারের বর্ণনা পাওয়া যায় । কিন্তু, তিনি যে প্রাচ্যদেশীয়, দিব্যজ্ঞানসম্পন্ন, ও অমামুখী দৈবী শক্তির অধিকারী মহাপুরুষ ছিলেন—এইটুকু বিবরণ ছাড়া আর কিছুই পাওয়া যায় না । আর তাঁহার আবির্ভাব সময়ের ও একটা স্থির নির্দেশ কোথাও পাওয়া যায় না । খৃঃ পূঃ ৬০০০ হইতে ৫০০ বৎসরের মধ্যে যে কোন সময়ই সাধারণতঃ তাঁহার জন্ম নির্দিষ্ট হইয়া থাকে । এ সকলের উপর নির্ভর করা আমাদের চলে না । সুতরাং অবেষ্টা হইতে তাঁহার যে বিবরণ পাওয়া যায় তাহাই আমাদের একমাত্র উপজীব্য ।

অবেস্তায় কয়েকটি স্তোত্র গীতি আছে সে গুলিকে সচরাচর “গাথ” (গাথা ? Gathas) বলা হয় । এ গুলি অবেষ্টার সমস্ত ভাষা হইতে প্রাচীনতম ভাষায় রচিত । এই গাথাগুলিতে উক্ত মহাপুরুষের কিছু পরিচয় পাওয়া যায় । আমরা দেখিতে পাই যে তিনি তাঁহার শিষ্যগণকে অতি সরলভাবে নবধর্মের মূলতথ্যগুলি বুঝাইয়া দিতেছেন, কখন বা শত্রু কর্তৃক নিগৃহীত হইয়া

* এই সাসানিয়ান বংশ খৃষ্টীয় ২২৬ অব্দ হইতে খৃঃ ৬৫০ অব্দ পর্যন্ত বর্তমানছিল বলিয়া জানা যায় ।

নিরাশ্রয় গৃহহীন অভাগার মত করুণ-কণ্ঠে জগদীশ্বরের নিকট আশ্রয়ভিক্ষা করিতেছেন, আবার কখন দেখি যে তাঁহার হৃদয় আদিয়াছে। স্বয়ং রাজা তাঁহার ভক্ত, রাজপরিবারের তিনি গুরু— তাঁহার শিষ্যের অভাব নাই। কোন কোন স্থলে তাঁহার নাম প্রথমপুরুষে ব্যবহৃত হইতে দেখা যায়—বৈদেশিক পণ্ডিতগণ এগুলিকে তাঁহার শিষ্যগণের উক্তি বলিয়া বিশ্বাস করেন। ইহা হইতে স্পষ্টই প্রতীয়মান হয় যে, জবখুষ্টি কোন অলীক বা কল্পনাগ্রস্ত ব্যক্তি নহেন, তাঁহার সন্তা অস্বীকার করা চলে না।

অবেস্তা হইতে তাঁহার পিতার, পত্নীর, পুত্র ও কন্যাগণের নাম পাওয়া যায়। তাঁহার বংশ বা গোত্রের নাম ছিল *Spitama* [স্পিতামা] ; কিন্তু এতদ্ব্যতিরিক্ত তার কোন বিশেষ পরিচয় এ পর্য্যন্ত পাওয়া যায় নাই। বৃহৎ কোন এক জলাশয় তীরে তাঁহার জন্ম হইয়াছিল। সে জলাশয়টি আবার এক বহু পার্শ্বত্যা প্রদেশের অভ্যন্তরে অবস্থিত ছিল। গভীর অরণ্যে দীর্ঘকাল ঘোরতর তপস্যার পর তাঁহার ব্রহ্মসাক্ষাৎকার লাভ হয়, এবং তদনন্তর সিদ্ধিলাভ করিয়া তিনি ধর্ম-প্রচার করিতে আরম্ভ করেন। যে রাজা তাঁহার নিকট শিষ্যত্ব স্বীকার করিয়াছিলেন তাঁহার নাম ‡ “বীষ্টিস্পা” (Vishtaspa) ; সম্ভবতঃ ইনি কোন প্রাদেশিক নরপতি ছিলেন ; ব্যাক্ট্রিয়ার (Bactria) রাজা ছিলেন বলিলেও বোধ হয় বিশেষ অসম্ভব হয় না। কারণ সমগ্র ইরান তখন এক সম্রাটের শাসনাধীন হয় নাই এবং ব্যাক্ট্রিয়াই তখন অতি সমৃদ্ধ রাজ্য ছিল। যাহা হউক, জনশ্রুতি বিশ্বাস করিতে হইলে জোরোয়াষ্টারকে অতি প্রাচীন রাজবংশীয় বলিতে হয়। তবে তাঁহার সময় নির্দেশ করিতে হইলে মাত্র এইটুকু বলা যায় যে, জোরোয়াষ্টার খৃঃ পূঃ অষ্টম হইতে দশম শতাব্দীর মধ্যে আবির্ভূত হইয়াছিলেন *।

অবেস্তার বচনা সময় প্রাচীন পুথি দেখিয়া নির্ণয় করা অতি অসম্ভব। শুনা যায় যে পূর্বে জোরোয়াষ্টার-রচিত পারস্য ধর্ম-গ্রন্থের অতি প্রাচীন পুথি পারস্যে বিদ্যমান ছিল। ১২০০০

* ম্যাকডনেল প্রমুখ পণ্ডিতগণ তাঁহাকে খৃঃ পূঃ ৮০০ বৎসরে ফেলিতে চান। পরন্তু M. Ragozin বলেন যে, তিনি খৃঃ পূঃ ১০০০ বৎসরের পূর্বে আবির্ভূত হইয়াছিলেন। Media. pp. 26-27.

‡ বীষ্টিস্পা = ইষ্টাশ্ব ; পারস্য “আস্প” = সংস্কৃত “অশ্ব”। কেহ কেহ বলেন যে, ভারতীয় আর্যেরা জোরোয়াষ্টারের উপদেশে অসম্মত হওয়াতেই তাঁহার পারসীকগণ হইতে পৃথক হন। বোধ হয় জোরোয়াষ্টারের শিষ্য ঐ বীষ্টিস্পার বিরুদ্ধে বেদের এই আক্রোশবাক্য রচিত হয়—

“কিমিষ্টাশ্ব ইষ্টরগ্নিরেত দ্ধশানাস্তুর্য ঋজতে নুন” ॥

(ঋঃ সং-১।১২২।১৩)

এখানে তাঁহার বাষ্টাশ্ব ও ইষ্টাশ্বকে অভিন্ন কল্পনা করেন। কিন্তু এ বিষয় কেবল অনুমানের উপর নির্ভর করিতেছে। কেবল, শব্দসাম্য দেখিয়াই অভিন্নত্ব কল্পনা করা উচিত নহে, বিশেষতঃ জোরোয়াষ্টারের সময় আর্য ও ইরানীগণ যে একত্রে থাকিতেন ইহা পাশ্চাত্য পণ্ডিতগণও স্বীকার করেন না ; তবে সে সময় ইষ্টাশ্ব নামক কোন শত্রু হইতে তাঁহার বিশেষ সম্বন্ধ ছিলেন ইহা অনুমান করা যায়। কেহ কেহ বা বীষ্টিস্পাকে Darius I (দারার) পিতা হিষ্টাশ্ব হইতে অভিন্ন বলিয়াছেন। ইহাও অসম্ভব। কারণ হিষ্টাশ্বের বহুপূর্ববর্তী পুস্তকে জোরোয়াষ্টারের নাম পাওয়া যায়। (এ ডেরিয়াস্কে কেহ যেন আলেক্সান্দ্রার নন্দনামিক “ডেরিয়াস্” (Darius III) বলিয়া মনে না করেন !)

গোচর্ম (বা পার্চমেন্টের ?) উপর লিখিত ২১ ভাগে বিভক্ত এই বিরাট পারস্ত ধর্মগ্রন্থমণ্ডে ধর্মের বিধি, নিয়ম প্রভৃতি, ও তাহা ছাড়া ব্যবহার, দর্শন, বিজ্ঞান, চিকিৎসা প্রভৃতি নানাবিধ বিষয় উপনিবদ্ধ ছিল। তখন পারস্তের রাজধানী ছিল (*Persepolis*)। সেই রাজধানীতে এই জোরোয়াষ্টার-ধর্মসাহিত্য সমস্তে রক্ষিত হইত। কিন্তু আলেকজান্ডার যখন পারস্ত জয় করেন, তখনই এ সমস্ত ধ্বংস হয়। গ্রীকেরা সাধারণতঃ সাহিত্যের বা শিল্পের ক্ষতি করিতেন না বটে, কিন্তু পারস্তজয়ের পর জয়োন্মত্ত ও পানোন্মত্ত আলেকজান্ডার + *Persepolis* অগ্নিদগ্ধ করিতে আদেশ প্রদান করেন এবং সঙ্গে সঙ্গে পারস্ত জাতির জাতিত্বস্বরূপ সেই বিবাত ধর্মসাহিত্য ভস্ম রাশিতে পরিণত হয়। কিন্তু অবেষ্টা একেবারে লুপ্ত হয় নাই। সেই বিবাত অগ্নিকাণ্ডের পর হইতে অবেষ্টার মূল অংশ, যতদূর সম্ভব, ধর্মপরায়ণ পণ্ডিতগণের শ্রুতিতে সম্প্রদায়ক্রমে রক্ষিত হইয়া আসিতেছিল। কয়েক শতাব্দী পরে সাসানিয়ান যুগে অবেষ্টাবিৎ পণ্ডিতগণ একত্র সম্মিলিত হইয়া লুপ্তরত্নের উদ্ধারের প্রয়াস পান। তাহারই ফল অধুনালভ্য অবেষ্টা। প্রাচীন অবেষ্টার সম্পূর্ণ মূল এখন পাওয়া যায় না, আর যাহা পাওয়া যায় তাহাও নিতান্ত বিশৃঙ্খলভাবে সজ্জিত। কিন্তু “গতস্য শোচনা নাস্তি”। হিন্দুর বেদও ত বরাবর শ্রুতিতে রক্ষিত হইয়া আসিয়াছে। সহস্র সহস্র বৎসরেও তাহার বিকৃতি হয় নাই; কিন্তু দুই চার শতাব্দীতেই অবেষ্টা এ দুর্দশা হইল কেন? ইহার উত্তর এই যে, বেদ শ্রুতিতে অবিকৃতভাবে রক্ষা করিবার জন্ত নানাবিধ উপায় অবলম্বিত হইয়াছিল কিন্তু অবেষ্টার রক্ষার জন্ত সেরূপ কোন উপায় ছিল না। অবেষ্টার ধ্বংস সম্পূর্ণ আকস্মিক ও অচিন্তনীয় রূপে সংঘটিত হওয়ায় উহার প্রতিবিধান সম্পূর্ণ অসম্ভব হইয়া দাঁড়াইয়াছিল।

পাশ্চাত্য পণ্ডিতগণ বলেন যে নষ্টোদ্ধারের সময় পণ্ডিতগণ মূল অংশকে নিজেদের স্বার্থ-সিদ্ধির জন্ত মনগড়া ভাবে পরিবর্তিত করিয়াছিলেন, এই সমস্ত প্রক্ষিপ্ত অংশই পরের যুগে পুরোহিতপ্রাধান্যের হেতু হইয়া দাঁড়াইয়াছিল। এ ব্যাপার বিশেষ অসম্ভব নহে। স্বার্থই জগতে সর্বশ্রেষ্ঠ আদরণীয় দ্রব্য। সুতরাং স্বার্থসিদ্ধির জন্ত যে পুরোহিতগণ প্রক্ষিপ্ত অংশের সৃষ্টি করিবেন, ইহা আর আশ্চর্য্য কি?

এখন অবেষ্টার দুইটি প্রধান অংশ দেখিতে পাওয়া যায়। স্বধর্মনিষ্ঠ পারসীগণ একটি অংশ প্রত্যহ সন্ধ্যা-আহ্নিকের ঠায় পাঠ করেন—ভগবত্পাসনার বিষয় ইহাতে বর্ণিত আছে। এবং এই অংশটুকুই বোধ হয় প্রায় অবিকৃতভাবে বর্তমান আছে। অপব অংশটিতে ক্ষুদ্র দেবতাগণের ও দেবযোনিগণের উদ্দেশে রচিত স্তোত্রাদি ও মন্ত্র তন্ত্রাদি বর্তমান আছে; এগুলি বিশেষ প্রয়োজনীয় নহে; নৈমিত্তিক কর্ম প্রভৃতিতে বা মাসে একবার ইহা পাঠ করা হইয়া থাকে। ইহার নাম সাক্ষিপ্ত বা ছোট অবেষ্টা (*Khordeh Avesta*)।

অবেস্তার পাঠ ও বিভাগ সাসানিয়ান নরপতি দ্বিতীয় শাপুরের সময় নিয়মবদ্ধ করা হয়।

দ্বিতীয় শাপূর (Shapūr II) খৃঃ চতুর্থ শতাব্দীর প্রথম ভাগে (৩২৫ খৃঃ) রাজত্ব করিতেন । সেই শ্রেণীবিভাগের কথা নিম্নে বলা যাইতেছে :—

১। বেন্দৌদাদ্ (Vendīdād)। ইহার প্রকৃত নামের (ইহা প্রাচীন নামের অপভ্রংশ মাত্র) অর্থ “দেব”গণের * দমন বিধি” । ধর্ম্মের জয় ও পাপের পবাজয়ের কথা ইহাতে ঐতিহ্য ও আখ্যায়িকার সাহায্যে বর্ণিত হইয়াছে ।

২। বীশ্পেরেদ (Vis’pered) : দেবতাগণের ও সিদ্ধপুণ্যশীল স্বর্গীয় বোনি-বিশেষের যজ্ঞে আহ্বানের কথা ও প্রকার ইহাতে বর্ণিত হইয়াছে ।

৩। যশ্ন (Yas’na—যজ্ঞ ?)। যজ্ঞের বিষয় ইহাতে বর্ণিত হইয়াছে । অতি নিখুঁৎ ভাবে যজ্ঞসম্বন্ধীয় যাবতীয় জ্ঞাতব্যবিষয় ইহাতে বর্ণিত হইয়াছে । “মন্থ” (Manthra—বৈদিক “মন্ত্র” ?) উচ্চারণপূর্বক অগ্নিতে পশু, ছক্ক, তন্ন, ফল আহুতি দিবার কথা আছে । “হায়োম” (Haōma) নামক গুল্মের রস + পেষণ করিয়া নাচিব করিয়া অগ্নিতে আহুতি দিবার বর্ণনা আছে ও সেই সঙ্গে গাথাগুলি গান করিবার নির্দেশ আছে । এক গাথাগুলিতেই ইহার পঁচিশটি অধ্যায় পরিপূর্ণ । Vendīdād, Vis’pered, Yas’na এই তিনটি খণ্ড পৃথক পৃথক ভাবে গীত বা পঠিত হয় না, পবম্পর মিশ্রিতভাবে পঠিত হইয়া থাকে । একত্রভাবে গ্রথিত এই তিনটি অংশের নাম *Vendīdūd Sadeh* । ঋক্, যজুস্ ও সাম যেমন একত্রে “ত্রয়ী” নামে অভিহিত হয়, ইহাও সেইরূপ ।

৪। “Yeshts” : ইহাতে স্তোত্রাকারে বহু আখ্যায়িকা বর্ণিত হইয়াছে । “বহু-ঈশ্ব-বাদ”ই ইহার প্রধান ভিত্তি । জোরোয়াষ্টারের প্রবর্তিত ধর্ম্মের তথ্যগুলি ইহাতে অনেক সময় অবিকৃত ভাবে পাওয়া যায় না, সুতরাং অনেকে এই অংশটিকে অপেক্ষাকৃত আধুনিক ও প্রক্ষিপ্ত বলিয়া থাকেন । আর এই জন্যই বোধ হয় ইহার অতি তল্প অংশই পেল্ভিতে (Pehlevi or Pahlavi) ব্যাখ্যাত হইয়াছে । এবং ভাষা ও ঐতিহ্যের অভাবে আধুনিক পণ্ডিতগণ ইহার অর্থবিস্করণে বিশেষ অসুবিধা ভোগ করিয়া থাকেন ।

পারস্ত্র ধর্ম্মগ্রন্থের এইরূপ শ্রেণী বিভাগের কথা ভবিষ্যপুরাণেও পাওয়া যায় । ওয়েদাব সাহেব বলেন—

“That these names indicate any Persa-Aryan influence is not to be thought of ; and if according to the Bhavishya Purāṇa, the Parsīs (Magas) have four Vedas, the Vada (Yas’na ?), Vis’vavada (Vis’pered) Vidut (Vendidad), and Angirasa, this is a purely Indian view, though indeed very remarkable”—(History of Indian Litt. P. 148)

যদিও ভবিষ্যপুরাণ অতি প্রাচীন নহে তথাপি তাহাতে এরূপ বিবরণ থাকায় স্পষ্টই অনুমিত

* অবেষ্টায় দেবেব (Dēva) শব্দের অর্থ দানব (Demon).

‡ হায়োম = বৈদিক “সোম” ?

হয় যে আৰ্য্যগণ ইরাণীয় ধৰ্ম্মশাস্ত্রের কিছু কিছু পরিচয় জানিতেন। এবং ইরাণীয়গণও যে আৰ্য্য-বাসস্থানের পরিচয় জানিতেন তাহা অব্যস্তাবর্ণিত “হপ্তহেন্দু” * হইতেই প্রমাণিত হয়। তাহা ছাড়া অব্যস্তার প্রথমই দৈব বলিতেছেন, “The first of the good lands and countries I created was the Airyāna-Vaēja (Vendīdād 1)”—(Media P. 37). Airyāna-Vaēja, ‘Aryan home’ বা আৰ্য্যাবাস ব্যতীত আর কিছুই নহে। স্তবরাং আৰ্য্য ও ইরাণী এই দুই জাতি একই “ইন্দোইরাণীয়” মূল হইতে উৎপন্ন না হইলেও পরস্পর যে কোন নিকট সম্বন্ধে সম্বন্ধ ছিল তাহা অনুমান করা অসম্ভব নহে।

বৈদিক দেবতাগণের অধিকাংশই রূপান্তরিত ভাবে এবং কোন কোনটি বা সম্পূর্ণ অবিকৃত ভাবে অব্যস্তায় স্থান পাইয়াছে ; এবং বৈদিক যুগ অপেক্ষা অব্যস্তার যুগে যে আধ্যাত্মিকতার প্রসার বৃদ্ধি প্রাপ্ত হইয়াছিল তাহা পাশ্চাত্য পণ্ডিতগণ স্বীকার করেন। প্রথম হইতে অব্যস্তার দেবগণকে ধরা যাউক। অব্যস্তার প্রধান দেবতা বা পরমেশ্বর, জগৎস্রষ্টা “অহুরমজ্জদা” (Ahura-Mazda)। ইহাকে আমরা বৈদিক দেবতা “দ্যৌঃ” বা “বরুণে”র রূপান্তর বলিতে পারি। + বরুণকে বেদে ‘অসুর’ (“অ-সুর” নহে ; অ-সুর—ন সুর—দানব, এ অর্থে ঋকসংহিতায় ‘তসুর’ শব্দ ব্যবহৃত হয় নাই। ঋগ্বেদে ‘অসুর’ অর্থে ক্ষেপ্তা—“অসেকরন”, অথবা “অসূন রাত্তি—প্রাণদাতা”) বলা হইয়াছে। এই ‘অসুর’ অব্যস্তার ‘অহুর’শব্দে পরিণত হইয়াছে। বেদে বরুণকে সর্বজ্ঞ বলা হইয়াছে। অব্যস্তায় অহুরমজ্জদা অর্থে “গভীর জ্ঞানময়।” তাহা ছাড়া ইহার নাম সর্বদাই “মিত্রে” (দিবালোক) সহিত সম্মিলিত দেখিতে পাওয়া যায়। এই মিত্র বেদের ‘মিত্র’ (সূর্যের মূর্তিবিশেষ)। আর মিত্রে সহিত অহুরমজ্জদার সংযোগ বৈদিক “মিত্রাবরুণ”রূপের সহিত তুলিত হইতে পারে।

মিত্রের সঙ্গে সঙ্গেই আমরা আর একটি নাম পাই—সেটি Verethraghna (বা “বিজয়”)। এই শব্দটিকে আমরা বৈদিক “বৃহৎ” শব্দের অপভ্রংশ বলিতে পারি। কিন্তু ইহাকে ইন্দ্রের রূপান্তর মনে করা অত্যন্ত অল্পচিত। কেহ কেহ এ শব্দটী “মিত্র” ও “অহুরমজ্জদার” পরিচায়ক বিশেষণ বলিয়া থাকেন। ইহাকে ইন্দ্রের স্বরূপ বলা যায় না কেন তাহার কারণ নিম্নে উক্ত হইতেছে।

বেদের “বৃহৎ” বা “অহি” (মেঘের নামান্তর) ইন্দ্রের শত্রু। কিন্তু অব্যস্তার “অজি দাহক” (বেদের “অহিদাসক”) ‡ “অহুরমজ্জদা”র শত্রু বলিয়া উল্লিখিত

* বৈদিক ‘সপ্তসিন্ধু,’ বা আধুনিক পাঞ্জাব।

+ বরুণ = Gr. Ouranos = Sky or, Heaven স্তবরাং দ্যৌঃ বা বরুণ একই দেবতার মূর্তি ভেদ মাত্র। ইহা ছাড়া “অসুর প্রচেতা” ও “অসুরো বিশ্ববেদা”—এই দুইটি শব্দ বরুণের বিশেষরূপে ব্যবহৃত হইয়াছে। ইহার প্রায় ‘অহুরমজ্জদা’র সমার্থবাচী। (ঋগ্বেদ সংহিতা ৮।৪২।১)।

‡ পরে ইনিই হুদান্ত ইরাণপতি “জোহক”রূপে পরিণত হন। Vide Weber. Ind. Litt. P. 36

হইয়াছে। Ragozin সাহেব উহাকে জাতিবাচক বিশেষ্যশব্দ বলিয়াছেন :—“The word *verethraghna* is a common noun which means “victory”..... This original meaning must have been quite forgotten before the name changed into a common noun meaning ‘victory’ in general and became personified once more, no longer mythically but allegorically.” * (Media. P. 73)

“অজিদাহকে”র কথা আমরা পূর্বেই বলিয়াছি। ইনিই বেদের ‘অহি’ বা ‘বৃহ’, এবং বাইবেলের ‘Satan’ (সয়তান)। ইনিই বিখ্যাত *Angra Mainyu* (the Evil one); পরমেশ্বরের নামের ঠিক বিপরীত ইঁহার নাম। অল্পরমজদার নাম *Spenta Mainyu* (প্রাণদাতা বা অমর) আর ইনি সংহারকর্তা (*Angra Mainyu*) †। এই অজিদাহকের সহিত “যিম” (Yima) বিশেষভাবে সংশ্লিষ্ট। যিম বৈদিক “যমে”র রূপান্তর মাত্র : তিনিই প্রথম নবপতি, প্রথমমুষ্টি মানব, তিনিই প্রথম মৃত্যুর কবলীভূত এবং তাঁহার সর্কশেষ পবিণতি প্রেতবাজ্যের অধিপত্যপ্রাপ্তি। এই যিম তাবাব Vivanghat (বিবস্বান ?) এর পুত্র বলিয়া বর্ণিত হইয়াছেন। (কিন্তু প্রচণ্ড শীতের সময় তিনি তাঁহার দুর্গমধ্যে ঈশ্বরের উপদেশক্রমে যে ভাবে প্রজা রক্ষা করিয়াছিলেন তাহাতে তাঁহাকে Noahর রূপান্তর বলিয়া ভ্রম হয়; প্রভেদের মধ্যে তিনি arch প্রস্তুত না করিয়া *Vara* বা দুর্গ প্রস্তুত করিয়াছিলেন)। বাহা হউক সহস্রাব্দিক বর্ষ স্মৃতে রাজত্বের তিনি সহসা পাপরত হওয়ায় জোহক (Zohak) বা অজিদাহকের অবতার তাঁহার বিনাশ সাধন করেন। §

অজির আর একটি শত্রু আতার (Atar)। ইনি বৈদিক জলসম্বৃত অগ্নি “অপাম-নপাতে”র রূপান্তর মাত্র।

“তিষ্ট্র্যা” ‡ (Tishtrya) হইতেছেন অবস্তার ঝড়ের দেবতা। তিষ্ট্র্যা (star *Sirius*—“লুদ্ধক”) একটি নক্ষত্রের নাম। অবস্তার মতে নক্ষত্রমাজেই বৃষ্টির বীজ বর্তমান আছে। কিন্তু তিষ্ট্র্যাই তাহাদের অধিপতি। ইহার প্রধান শত্রু *Apaosha* বা “অনাবৃষ্টি” দানব। এই শত্রুর নিকট পরাজিত হইয়া তিনি কখন কখন নিজের উদ্দেশে যজ্ঞ প্রার্থনা করেন; আহুতি দ্বারা পরিতৃপ্ত হইলে পর তিনি নানারূপ ধারণ করিয়া পুনরায় যুদ্ধে প্রবৃত্ত হন। যুদ্ধ হইতে থাকে *Vouru-kasha* বা মেঘরূপ সমুদ্রের বেলাভূমিতে; অবশেষে তৃতীয় যুদ্ধে তিনি অশ্বরূপী কৃষ্ণবর্ণ অনাবৃষ্টি দানবকে পরাজিত করেন। তাঁহার তেজে মেঘ সমুদ্রের জল ফুটিয়া উঠিয়া বৃষ্টিরূপে পৃথিবীতে পড়ে।

অবেস্তাব “ফ্রাবাশী”গণ (Fravashis) তার্ঘ্য “পিতৃ”গণের রূপান্তর। পিতৃগণ যেমন

* তাহা ছাড়া ইন্ডের অলুরূপ একটি শব্দ অবস্তায় ‘কান দানবের নাম’রূপে ব্যবহৃত হইয়াছে।

† বেদে ইহাকেই নিম্নাতি বলা হইয়াছে (ঋঃ সং ১।২৪।৯)।

§ যিমের যমজ ভগ্নী “যিমে” (Yimeh) বেদের “যমীর” রূপান্তর বলিয়া বোধ হয়।

‡ “দক্ষতঃ” ? নামের সহিত বিশেষ কোন মিল দেখা যায় না।

শ্রীক তর্পণাদির জন্তু লালায়িত, ইঁ হারাও সেইরূপ ইঁ হাদের বংশধরগণের নিকট হইতে শ্রদ্ধাদত্ত ভক্ষ্যোপহার লাভের জন্তু তাঁহাদিগকে নানা বিষয়ে সাহায্য করিয়া থাকেন ।

অবেস্তার “অহরমজ্দ্দা”র ছয়টি প্রধান গুণকেও দেবত্বপ্রদান করা হইয়াছে । ইঁ হাদের মধ্যে—

১। প্রথমতঃ “বোহুমেনো” (*Vohu Manó*) বা “সৎ মন” বা উন্নত অন্তঃকরণের নাম বিশেষভাবে উল্লেখযোগ্য ।

২। দ্বিতীয়তঃ “*Asha Vahishta*” (অশবহিষ্ট) বা “চরম পবিত্রতা” ; কার্য-মনোবাক্যে মজ্দ্দার প্রতি যে পবিত্র বিশ্বাস—যজ্ঞ সম্বন্ধে পবিত্রতা,—এবং অবশেষে “ঋত” বা পবিত্র প্রাকৃতিক নিয়ম, তাহাবই তথিপতি দেবতা “অশবহিষ্ট” ; এবং এই জন্তুই মজ্দ্দার নাম “ঋতের দ্যোতক” বা রক্ষক * ।

৩। তৃতীয় গুণের নাম *Khshathra-Vairya* (ক্ষথ বৈর্যা) বা “অতুন্নত প্রভাব” । ইঁ হার সহিত বরুণের বিশেষণ “ক্ষত্রে” শব্দের তুলনা করা যাইতে পারে ।

৪। চতুর্থ গুণ, *Spenta-Armaiti* (স্পেণ্টাঅরমৈতি) বা “পবিত্র ধর্মপ্রভাব” । ইঁ হাকে বৈদিক দেবতা “অরমতি” : (ভক্তির) রূপান্তর বলা যাইতে পারে ।

৫। ইঁ হাবা নাসত্য ও দশ “অশ্বিন”দ্বয়ের মত একত্রে আহুত হন । ইঁ হাদের নাম *Hourvatāt* (হৌর্বতাত্) ও *Amereitāt* (অমেরেতাত্) । স্বাস্থ্য ও অমৃতত্বের অধিকারী এই দুই দেবতাকে কখনও পৃথকভাবে বর্ণিত হইতে দেখা যায় না ।

এই দেবত্বপ্রাপ্ত গুণগুণলির সাধাবণ নাম *Amesha Spenta* (অমেশ স্পেন্তা) বা দেবদূত । আধুনিক পারসীগণ এই অর্থে “*Amshv Spand*” (অংশ স্পন্দ বা archangel) কথাটি ব্যবহার করেন । এই সমস্ত দেবদূতগণের মধ্যে মাত্র একটি দেবী আছেন : তিনি চতুর্থ দেবতা *Spenta Armaiti* ।

অবেস্তার দেবগণ সম্বন্ধে এ ক্ষুদ্র প্রবন্ধে আর বিশেষ কিছু না বলাই ভাল । ইরাণী ভাষায় দেব ও দেবতা একই অর্থে ব্যবহৃত হয় না । ইরাণী “দয়েব” (*Dae'va*) অর্থে দানব । ‘অসুর’ (অহুর) অর্থে সর্কশক্তিমান (পরমেশ্বর) । বেদেব প্রায় অনেক স্থলেই অসুর এই অর্থেই ব্যবহৃত হইয়াছে ; কিন্তু দেব শব্দের এরূপ নির্বচন অব্যস্তার নিজস্ব, বেদে ইঁ হার উল্লেখ নাই । কিন্তু Classical সংস্কৃতে শব্দদ্বয় অব্যস্তাবর্ণিত অর্থের বিপরীত অর্থই প্রকাশ করে । দেব শব্দ অব্যস্ত বেদেও যে অর্থ স্থচনা করে সাধারণ সংস্কৃতেও সেই অর্থে ব্যবহৃত হয় । কিন্তু অসুর (= ন সুর ; সুর = দেব ; অতএব অসুর = দানব) অর্থে সর্কশক্তিমান পরমেশ্বরকে না বুঝাইয়া সর্কশক্তিমান দানবকে বুঝাইয়া থাকে ।

* আমাদের দোঁ : কে ও বরুণকে ও বেদে পূর্বোক্ত বিশেষণ দেওয়া হইয়াছে Vide R. V. I. 160.r. and VII..86.

† অপেক্ষাকৃত ক্ষুদ্র শ্রেণীর দেবদূতকে ‘*Yazata* (বা “যজত”) বলা হয়

পারস্ত্র স্মৃতিশাস্ত্র পরের যুগের পুরোহিতগণের রচিত । তাহারও সামান্য পরিচয় এখানে দেওয়া আবশ্যক । এই স্মৃতিশাস্ত্রের যাবতীয় বিধির মধ্যে তিনটি অতি প্রধান—

১। কৃষিকার্য্য ও পশু পালনই শ্রেষ্ঠ জীবিকোপায় ; কাবণ যতটুকু জমিতে কৃষিকার্য্য বা পশুচারণ করা হয়, ততটুকুই শয়তানের নিকট হইতে জয় করা হইয়াছে বলিয়া ধারণা করা হইয়া থাকে ।

২। সমগ্র সৃষ্টি দুই ভাগে বিভক্ত—(ক) ভাল ; অর্থাৎ যাহারা তহরমজদার উপাসক ; (খ) মন্দ ; অর্থাৎ শয়তানের দাস ; তাহা ছাড়া গো-মহিষাদি পশু, গৃহরক্ষক কুকুর এবং সময়-নির্দেশক কুকুট ‘ভাল’র দলে পড়ে এবং কীট, পতঙ্গ, অনিষ্টকাৰী পশু বা সবীষপ প্রভৃতি মন্দ-সৃষ্টি বলিয়া কথিত হয় ।

৩। ক্ষিতি, অপ, তেজঃ, ও মরুৎ—এই ভূতচতুষ্টয় অতি পবিত্র ; কোন কারণে ইহা দূষিত করা উচিত নয় ; এই জন্ত পুরোহিত (*Athravan*—বৈদিক তাত্বর্কন্ শব্দ বোধ হয় ইহার সহিত গুঢ়ভাবে সংশ্লিষ্ট ; এই জন্তই বোধ হয় অথর্ববেদকে যাবনিক বেদ বলা হয়) আহুতি দিবার পূর্বে মুখ ও নাসিকা একটি থলি (*Paitidāna* বা *Penōm*) দ্বাৰা আবদ্ধ করেন, পাছে তাঁহার নিঃশ্বাসে অগ্নিব পবিত্রতার হানি ঘটে । এই অগ্নি (অনেকটা বৈদিক “অগ্নি গৃহপতি”র মত) চিরদিন সযত্নে প্রজ্জ্বলিত রাখিতে হইত । (যাহারা এ সম্বন্ধে বিশেষ তত্ত্ব জানিতে উৎসুক তাঁহারা Dr. Martin Haugএর “Essays on the sacred language, writings, and religion of the Parsis” এবং Ragozin সাহেবের “Media” পড়িতে পারেন ।

আমাদের যেকোন বৈদিক গায়ত্রী ব্রাহ্মণ মাত্রকেই ত্রিসন্ধ্যা জপ করিতে হয়, দীক্ষিত ও ভক্তিমান পারসীমাত্রকেই সেইরূপ মন্থ জপ করিতে হয় । মন্থ নানাবিধ আছে । তন্মধ্যে “অহুন বৈর্য্যই” (*Ahuna Vairya*) সর্ব্ব প্রধান * । ধার্ম্মিকগণ ইহা প্রতিদিন শত শতবার জপ করেন । স্মরণ্য ইহাকেই আমরা ইরাণীদিগের গায়ত্রী বলিতে পারি !

পারস্য জাতির সম্বন্ধে আর একটি কথা না বলিলে এ প্রবন্ধ অসম্পূর্ণ থাকিয়া যায় ; ইহা তাঁহাদের মৃতদেহসংস্কারপ্রথা । অবেষ্টায় বলা হইয়াছে যে “ভূত চতুষ্টয় পবিত্র ও দূষণের অযোগ্য । কিন্তু মৃত্যু শয়তানের লীলা বলিয়া দূষণের মূল ।” স্মরণ্য মৃতদেহ লইয়া কোথায় রাখা যায় ? যাহাতে শৃগাল কুকুরগণ ইহার অংশ ছিঁড়িয়া লইয়া গিয়া জলাশয়াদি অপবিত্র না করে তজ্জন্ত কোন উচ্চ উন্নত স্থানে মৃতদেহ রাখা আবশ্যক । শকুনিগণ যাহাতে পচা মাংস বা হাড় লইয়া জলে বা মাটিতে না ফেলে তাহার জন্ত দেহের সহিত বড় বড় ভারী ভারী ধাতুদ্রব্য চাপাইয়া দেওয়া হয় ; তাহারা সেখানে বসিয়া উদর পূর্ত্তি করুক তাহাতে আপত্তি নাই । মৃত দেহ পোড়াইবার উপায় নাই অগ্নি দূষিত হইবে, ভাসাইবার উপায় নাই জল দূষিত হইবে ;

আধুনিক পারসীগণ ইহাকে “Honover” (“হোনোবার”) বলিয়া থাকেন ।

কবর দিলে মৃত্তিকা দূষিত হইবে । তবে একেবাবে বায়ুহীন স্থানে বাঁথা সম্ভব নয় বলিয়া যে স্থানে বায়ু প্রবাহ কম, যে বায়ুপ্রবাহ দূষিত হইলে মনুষ্যের বিশেষ অপকার হয় না, এমন কোন সুউচ্চ স্থানে পক্ষিগণের আহাবার্থ মৃতদেহ সংস্থাপন করা উচিত । আর এই জগুই Dakhma বা *Tower of Silence*এর সৃষ্টি * ।

পারস্য ধর্ম ও অবেষ্টা সম্বন্ধে মোটামুটি একটা ধারণা করিতে হইলেও একুপ ক্ষুদ্র প্রবন্ধে কিছুই হয় না । যাহা হউক, এ সম্বন্ধে বিশেষ আলোচনা আব করা চলে না । আমরা এইবার পারস্য ধর্মের অবনতি সম্বন্ধে দুই একটি কথা বলিয়া প্রবন্ধ শেষ করিব । খ্রীষ্টীয় ৬৪১ অব্দে নবপ্রবর্তিত মুসলমান ধর্মে দীক্ষিত আববগণ যখন দিগ্বিজয়ে বহির্গত হন তখন তাঁহাদের গতিবোধ কবিবার সাধ্য পারস্যবাসী কেন কাহাবও ছিল না । এই বিপ্লবের ফলে শেষ সাসানিয়ান নবপতি Yezdegerd III নিহত হন ও পারস্যীগণ ছত্রভঙ্গ হইয়া পড়েন । অনেকেই বিদেশে পলাইয়া ধর্ম ও প্রাণ বক্ষা করেন । অবশেষে খ্রীষ্টীয় ১০০০ অব্দে একুপ অবস্থা হয় যে সমগ্র পারস্য দেশ খুজিলেও Fars বা Kerman প্রদেশ ছাড়া কোথাও পারস্যধর্মাবলম্বী দেখা যাইত না । কিন্তু কাহাবা দেশত্যাগী হন, তাঁহারা এতদূর তর্দিশাগ্রস্ত হন নাই । বহু দিন পাবে তাঁহারা গুজরাটে আসিয়া উপনিবেশ স্থাপন করেন । এখানে তাঁহারা তৎপ্রদেশের নবপতিব সহিত সন্ধিসূত্রে আবদ্ধ হন । সে সন্ধিব মর্ম্ম এই যে, তাঁহারা সম্পূর্ণ ভাবে নিরস্ত্র হইয়া ভাবতীয় নবপতিব বশুতা স্বীকার ও ভারতীয় ভাষায় আদান প্রদান করিবেন, কয়েকটি ভাবতীয় বীতিনীতি মানিয়া চলিবেন এবং ভাবতীয়গণ তাহার পরিবর্তে তাঁহাদিগকে কতাদান করিবেন (কিন্তু কত্যাগ্রহণ করিবেন না) । এই জগু আজও দেখা যায় যে গুজরাটবাসী বা বোম্বাই-প্রদেশবাসী পারস্যীগণের মাতৃভাষা গুজবাটী । ১৩০০ খ্রীঃ অব্দে তাঁহারাআব একবার মুসলমানগণ কর্তৃক বিতাড়িত হইয়াছিলেন, কিন্তু ইহাতে আব অধিক দূর যাইতে হয় নাই । তাঁহারা সুবাটে আসিয়া বসবাস আরম্ভ করেন ; এবং এখনও ঐ অঞ্চলে তাঁহারা বিশেষ প্রতাপতিযুক্ত ।

ইহাই হইল পারস্যবাসীৰ সংক্ষিপ্ত ইতিহাস ; যদি প্রাচীনের প্রতি পাঠকবর্গের কিঞ্চিদ্মাত্র শ্রদ্ধা থাকে, তবে আশা করি এই মহান ধর্মের অতীত উন্নতি স্মরণ করিয়া একবারও তাঁহারা নিজ নিজ মস্তক শ্রদ্ধাভাবে অবনত করিবেন ।

শ্রীঅশোকনাথ ভট্টাচার্য্য ।

সাহিত্য বিভাগ, চতুর্থ বর্ষ ।

* vide "The history of the Parsis" vol. I pp. 200 and ff — Dosabhai Framji Karaka.

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS.

Editorial Notes	99
Asutosh Mookerji : Some Aspects	107
How to Make a Simple Wireless Receiver	114
The Odes	120
Race, Caste and Culture in India	131
The Rainy Eve	134
In Lighter Vein	136
Early History of the Eden Hindu Hostel	137
Grapes of Gall	140
Municipal Government in Ancient India	149
Presidency College—1916-24	155
Questions Set at the Dragon	161
Some Papers by Prof. H. C. Das Gupta	164
Rousseau as an Educational Reformer	166
Reports	169
বিশ্বব্রহ্মাণ্ডে মানবের স্থান	190
বাঙালার প্রাচীন নাটক ও রঙ্গমঞ্চের সংক্ষিপ্ত ইতিহাস	196
পদ্মা	203

NOTICE

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There will ordinarily be three issues a year, in September, December, 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 Mr. Bejoy Lal Lahiri, General Secretary, *Presidency College Magazine*, and forwarded to the College Office.

Subodh Chandra Sen Gupta, B.A.
Editor.

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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DECEMBER, 1924.

No. II.

EDITORIAL NOTES

IT is the melancholy privilege of an Editor to do honour to the illustrious dead. Death has claimed Edwin Samuel Montagu, Bhupendra Nath Basu and Anatole France. It is yet too premature to judge the place of Mr. Montagu in the history of India. The heat and dust of the controversies in which he was engaged have not yet been allayed, the problems he sought to tackle are yet as thorny as ever. Posterity will judge the abstract 'work' of the statesman; for us there is the concrete man. Much has been said against Montagu's Reforms, some denouncing them as too liberal, some throwing them down as too trivial. But whatever may be the value of the gift there is no denying that the giver was inspired by the best of intentions. He wanted to know the real soul of India, loved India from the core of his heart and tried to do good to her even at a great risk to his own interests. These are things which none can gainsay, and these will claim a tribute of regret from every Indian, whatever his politics. We publish in this connection a letter from Lord Sinha who had greater opportunities of knowing Mr. Montagu than any other Indian and who, it will be found, is still 'proud to belong to our number.'

Lord Sinha's Letter to Mr. Suresh Chandra Ray,
Secretary, Presidency College Union.
 17, Elysium Row, Calcutta.
 27th Nov. 24.

My dear Suresh Babu,

I deeply regret that ill health prevented my acceptance of your kind invitation to preside at the meeting of Calcutta students in honour of the late Mr. Montagu.

I knew Mr. Montagu intimately for more than 10 years and I had the inestimable privilege of working in close association with him during the time he was Secretary of State for India, and particularly during the eventful years 1917 to 1919. I had thus special opportunities for knowing the intense zeal and enthusiasm he brought to bear on all his work for the advancement of India. I rejoice therefore that the students of my old College are paying their tribute to the memory of one whose premature death has deprived our country of the staunchest English friend she had at a time like the present.

With affectionate greeting to all Presidency College students from one who is proud to belong to their number,

I remain,
 Yours sincerely,
 S. P. Sinha.

* * * * *

Bhupendra Nath Basu was one of our most distinguished 'old boys', and for more than a quarter of a century one of our leading men—in the Bar, in the Congress, in the Councils, in the University and last but not least, in Whitehall. Every great man has his peculiar knack which tides him over difficulties and carries him on to success. Bhupendra Nath Basu was an effective speaker but not a great orator, a sound but not a profound scholar, an eminent lawyer but not the most eminent that the country has produced. The secret of his success lay in sanity and tact—homely virtues in which he has had few equals. He became the Vice-chancellor of our University at a

most critical period of its history and there are reasons to believe that he could have steered it safe of many a shoal and rock. But alas ! the pilot has been taken away too soon !

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Last time we mourned the loss of no less than three illustrious literateurs, but none of them were so eminent or so widely read as Anatole France, whose death, full of years and honours, occurred a couple of months ago. Anatole France was born in an age of negations—an age in which our deepest beliefs, the props of our mental and moral life were found to be lacking foundation, and Anatole France is the *maitre* of this spirit of bleak pessimism. It is no wonder, therefore, that the dominant note of his novels should be a note of irony. Ironists are usually morbid and bitter, for they find in man nothing but a round of foibles. France's irony was of a different nature. He knew the futility and emptiness of life, but he never lost sight of the beautiful flowers which fill up its void and make it worth living. "In spite of all its disappointment," said he, "I never lose faith in my old friend—Life". Born to such a bleak age, Anatole France could not help being a pessimist and ironist, but he was melancholy even at his own scepticism. "The modern man has himself torn his Bible into pieces"—in this wistful regret and in his love for 'Life in spite of all its disappointments', lies the secret of his charm. These account for the softness that always sweetens his laugh, the tenderness which always accompanies his irony, the sympathetic, admiring zeal with which he painted the outside and wayside beauties of the Christian church whose tenets and beliefs he made light of. This also explains why though attacked alike by royalists, labourites and romanticists for his pitiless treatment of all aspects of life, he was still the most popular author of his age. The man also was great as his work, We can never forget that this supreme ironist and sceptic gave away the whole value of his Nobel prize in aid of famine-stricken Russians.

The death of Sir Archibald Geikie removes a great figure from the world of Geology and Mining. Born almost a century ago, the century of Darwin and Kelvin, he was as it were, a living echo from the past, and his great book about a long life's work has an interest more human than scientific. We may recall, in this connexion, an incident characteristic of the dedicated life he led. When less than forty he was offered a chair on a very high salary in an Indian University, but considerations of money did not weigh with him. He declined the offer, and devoted himself to the cause of higher studies in Geology—a region which he was destined to illuminate in such an abundant measure.

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"Was the War worth while" is the question asked and discussed by Mr. Wickham Steed some time ago in his "Review of Reviews." One thing the War has certainly done ; it has awakened all nations to the urgent necessity of self-determination and self-preservation. India is no exception to this growing spirit of independence. The question now is, what steps are we to take for realising our goal ? Already we have been torn into various political parties, and the leaders are trying to find a common platform from which the voice of united India can be heard. So long as there are many men there will be many minds, that is to say, political differences are an inevitable necessity. But in India there are other and more fundamental divisions, viz, those of castes and creeds. The historian will tell you that the ancient Hindus lost India because the various castes could not be united even in the face of a common peril. History is repeating itself. What now chiefly clog our efforts towards self-determination are our differences not only of castes but also of creeds. The political agitator thinks that the common end of self-determination is enough and that "these social differences distinguish but do not divide us," (to quote a great congressman of old). This is a typical case of distinction without difference, if ever there was one, but facts,

bitter facts go to show that the difference is not as shadowy and imaginary, as we would fain persuade ourselves, ostrich-like, to believe. The irony of the situation is that as soon as an All-India leaders' conference solemnly resolves upon unity some serious racial disturbances follow close upon its heels, demonstrating the pompous artificiality of its deliberations. Before we have found, therefore, a common platform for performing the noble functions of our voice, we must have a common table for doing the much simpler work of the right hand. Otherwise, our so-called unity will be like all thin textures, good for sight but bad for wear.

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Events in the political world of Europe are moving on apace. Parliaments are changing, councils are ending and mending, and ministers are coming in and going out with an almost phantom-like rapidity. It is six years since the War ended, but the fundamental question of Reparations has not been done with yet. Every conference thinks that the time was out of joint and that it has set it right. One of the most recent and important is the London Conference which contemplates raising a big loan to help German finance from its severe straits and to speed up its efforts towards meeting its liabilities. But the question is whether there is in Germany a sincere desire to stand up to its obligations. In any case, Germany should be made to pay. It was Germany that brought on the War and France was forced to make sacrifices which have to be made good. Mere profession of penitence will not heal the festering wounds that were inflicted on that hapless country.

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As for England, the Labour Government has come to an end and the Conservatives have been too firmly reinstated to be easily dislodged. The administration of labour has not been worthy of the high hopes of its supporters. The ministers beginning from Mr. MacDonald had often to go back upon their pre-ministerial utterances and except for some blundering

mal-a droit effusions of generous intentions and a somewhat more pronounced fit of wavering indecisiveness, pointing to a divided mind and an uneasy conscience, their administration has not been more liberal than that of the Unionists. It is fitting therefore, that they had so soon to walk out. They are not certainly very honourable people who have suffered such a big gulf to remain unbridged as between their convictions as gentlemen and their opinions as Right Honourable men.

Every Austerlitz has its Waterloo, and pocket Napoleons must have their miniature St. Helenas. This is the impression one gathers from recent events in Italy. In an age whose tendencies are admittedly democratic and which tries to end all tyrannies of force, Fascism wanted to terrorise people into order and good government. It was an anachronism. The bold Coup d'etat of Signior Mussolini had indeed its short-lived spell of success. But the spirit of man refuses to be terrorised into submission, and the recent disturbances show that the days of Fascism are numbered. The sooner, the better.

Elsewhere will be found a selection from questions set at the Dragon, one of the greatest nurseries of Education in England. It is a great preparatory school giving lessons to boys between six and fourteen, that is, to those who have not yet joined the University Public Schools. It publishes a terminal magazine, from the most recent issue of which the questions at the end have been taken. We have received this paper from Master John Stapleton, a lad of ten, who has been a student here from last year. Besides the very interesting articles it contains, the paper lets us a glimpse into the methods of education obtaining in one of the most cultured countries of the world. A record of the height and weight of all boys is regularly kept and from the reports, it appears that each student plays many more cricket matches than he reads books. Then debating and recitations are

as frequent as lecturings. Many students seem also to evince lively interest in music and all these show that to them the end of education is not a mere degree, but the harmonious development of all human faculties. So far as the scholastic side is concerned, a comparison of these questions with ours will reveal the woeful backwardness of our system. We are too bookish, we acquire a vast amount of knowledge but all at the cost of that great virtue of real education—*freshness*.

* * * * *

Our new Principal has, however, infused fresh life into all the activities of the College. It has long been a burden of our periodical wail that the old days when Presidency College was the champion in Elliot Shield and other tournaments are fast becoming myths. But there appears to be a change for the better now. For this year we have won the Gladstone Cup of Hooghly, thanks chiefly to the efforts of our Secretary Mr. Hemendra nath Gupta and to our veteran Captain Mr. Sukhada Charan Chakraverty who has been the mainstay of the College Football and Hockey teams for the last five years.

* * * * *

This fresh accession of team spirit has been reflected in all other activities of the union. The Secretary Mr. Suresh Chandra Ray who three years ago revived the union from its state of suspended animation has returned to his work with redoubled energy and not a week passes but we have meetings, lecturings and debates and sometimes acting too.

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The dramatic performances at the Autumn socials of the College and the Hostel deserve special mention. Our men staged some of the most difficult plays of Tagore, and evinced remarkable skill in the histrionic art, extorting admiration from such a veteran actor as Natyacharyya Amrita Lal Basu. While thanking Mr. Ray and his assistants, we must not forget that the initiative came from the organisers of the Hostel union—Messrs. Tarapado Mukharji, Birendra

nath Ganguly, Bejoy Sen Gupta and others. They first showed what stuff we are made of

The C. U. T. C. is also enlisting a goodly number of recruits, and one of our own men Mr. Bikas C. Ghose is a lieutenant.

We regret to note, however, that of the more than two dozen candidates in the Inter-College walking competition, Presidency College was represented by only a single member

The year is coming to a close and January has a special significance for all Presidency College men. It is the nativity not only of ourselves, but of our *Alma mater*. As we said on a previous occasion, there is hardly any one amongst us who does not feel a thrill on January 20th, the day which links us to Derozio and Michael Madhusudan, to Tawney and Percival, to Booth and Sir Asutosh on the one hand and to generations yet unborn on the other. This is the day which calls to life the illustrious men of the Past and the dream children of the Future. The Old Founders!—there they are, watching how the little tree they planted more than a century ago has been bearing fruit richer and more plentiful than the boldest imagination could ever have conceived. Let us see that this red-letter day does not become a 'dead-letter day.' Let us join hands, forgetting all distinctions of power, prestige, pedigree and (the fourth 'P' is the most important) Politics. Founders Day is a wholly social affair and it is a pity that some of us this year should have so far forgotten the objects of the function as to drag in controversies of a political nature. We are brought together on Founders Day by associations more tender, more sacred and more permanent than the temporary whirls and eddies of political life. In Social Functions charity, courtesy and decorum are things essential, and we trust it may never be said to our discredit that Presidency College men have been found wanting.

ASUTOSH MOOKERJI: SOME ASPECTS

MR. B. B. ROY, M.A.

I

OF the late Sir Asutosh Mookerji it will not be easy for some time still to write with anything of the caution or coolness usually looked for in the strict biographer or character-sketch writer. One cannot help thinking of him in the high superlative mood of hero-worship ; and when one writes one merely watches the stream of adjectives as they flow from the pen, straining themselves for fuller expression of homage and appreciation. Everybody must have felt this, from the privileged contributors to the Calcutta Review memorial number to the unambitious compilers of obituary notices in the dailies. Yet it should be necessary if it were possible, sooner or later, to get away from this stereotype altogether ; and attempt in simpler words to describe, in the mood as far as possible of detachment, as of those who will come after us, the man that was Sir Asutosh and what he did for Bengal.

A generation hence, or perhaps two, a good deal of what forms part of our mental picture of Sir Asutosh will be necessarily lacking ; men will arise who couldn't have seen him, the man of large build and noble step, who laughed and frowned and ruled as a Carlylean hero might. Some will perhaps look for and hang upon the half-a-dozen trenchant passages from his speeches and letters which will hand him down as no smaller a master of polemics than of English. But for most the mere sound or thought of the phrase, "Calcutta University" will automatically call up the man who made himself, through his own endeavours, an undying synonym for it. They will ask themselves why and how this happened, as it had happened with no other institution in Bengal and with no other man.

II

It must have been a silent, lonely hour which no biographer can quite re-capture, even if he dimly guesses it when young Asutosh decided to devote the entire wealth of his genius to the service of what must then have seemed to most people, a hopelessly unpromising institution—the Calcutta University. One wonders if even Sir Asutosh could fully describe to some pestering admirer, that hour of inspiration which came to him as it comes to all great men, in absolute unpreparedness. A thwarted career as Professor ; the utter barrenness in scholarship of most contemporary professional men ; the tragic absence of anything like a true University in India—all this, given as probable explanations of this momentous step, by himself even, could not have been anything more than a happy and an intelligent afterthought. To us, who can look upon his life as a whole, it was merely the vision in which the truly great are granted the knowledge of their mission in life, and the strength to work it out.

It has often been asked by those who speculate in probabilities, if Sir Asutosh didn't do himself a serious injustice by restricting himself too exclusively to one institution and the education of one particular province, albeit his own. Wouldn't it have been splendid if, in his early youth, he had plunged into politics with his unequalled skill of tongue and pen, his fine intuition and his tact ? But, paradoxical as it might sound, he was far too intensive a type of worker for leadership in politics of any period. The closer one envisages him, the more keenly one feels that he couldn't have played the professional politician all his life through. For among all the harsh things said of him, one doesn't remember having seen him described as volatile enough for political success ; and the knack of popularity notwithstanding, his masterful intellect would have soon tired of the piquant game of politics, which consists in partly controlling and partly playing to the gallery. He was, by force of temperament, an intellectual

aristocrat, and of such, as we all know, there couldn't have been much room, then or now ; far less that room at the top, which alone could have satisfied the genius of Sir Asutosh.

The master showed himself in limiting his talents to as concrete a sphere as could have been thought of, in the eighties of the last century. One loves to fancy young Asutosh marching, year after year, to bigger and surer positions of leadership in the Senate, filling many an elderly member with jealousy, brushing aside obstruction and advancing to the summit to which he had the largest claims. But personal triumph, magical as it was, meant in the end much less than the splendid new birth which the University received at his hands. From a merely and gingerly examining body it became a centre of teaching and research, of the highest type ; and what was more or less correctly called a "nursery of slaves," became a real human factory, turning out thousands of young men, conscious as few young men had been before them, of some vague, large duty they owed to the motherland. These apparently shapeless but soulful products of his, with impertinent correctness styled by some, "Sir Asutosh's graduates," have been sneered at in the facile, stupid way of those who do not look beneath the surface ; but only a man of Sir Asutosh's insight could have stood persistent criticism from even well-intentioned friends and still gone on turning out "graduates." Wiser than his critics, he saw that education consists in not merely teaching correct English but in the humanising of youth in increasing harmony with the national environment ; that it would be unwise to throttle the intellectual proclivities of a progressive race, forced to learn the merest elements of knowledge through a foreign tongue, by maintaining a snobbishly strict examination standard ; that it would be suicidal to help on further anglicisation of the Bengali outlook on life by allowing the contemptuous treatment of the vernaculars at the University. The result has been that with "cheap" degrees or none these young men have gone forth

and in less than a quarter of a century transformed the entire outlook of Bengal in politics, in social service, in scholarship and in nation-building. And if the University is no longer a manufactory of anglicised seekers after clerkly dignity, it has been in no small measure due to Sir Asutosh holding the field against the host of his candid friends and critics.

III

But no man, not even the most successful, is fully explained by his work, if one might repeat the poetical and philosophical platitude of the last century. In all such work necessarily the reach exceeds the grasp ; and in some of his few moments of loneliness, stolen from hard-worked days and nights, he must have felt and sorrowed that great as his work at the University had been, it was the merest fragment of what had lain at the back of his mind. He knew perhaps, and was consoled by the thought, that what would pass on from him and form part of the national heritage of Bengal would not be what he had done for education or for law or for hosts of struggling meritorious men but rather that something in him in which the genius of the Bengali race, impeded in a hundred ways, found one of its few genuine organs. In order fully to realize this, it must be accepted axiomatically that of the two types of greatness between which Bengali talent oscillates, the emotional and the active, Sir Asutosh belonged certainly to the latter. Already while he was alive and young a legend had grown up around him ; his extraordinary memory of faces and names and things ; the industry which neither ill-health nor bereavement could curtail ; the erudition which embraced such a rich variety of interests ; the tremendous self-confidence and courage in action. Most of his contemporaries, young and old, undeterred by criticism, thought him—entirely golden—feet and all. And if petty-fogging biography someday takes away something from this picture, cannot one be pretty sure that the impression, on the whole, would be undisturbed ?

For the last twenty years or more of his life, his house at 77 Russa Road was one of the few rallying-points of all Bengal in the multiplicity of its interests. Bengal was gathered there and made anew. It became a replica, as it were, of the large, tossing human world with its passions and ardours, its restlessness and strife. What crowds of admirers, in all degrees of mixed self-seeking and hero-worship ! Lawyers, statesmen, professors, businessmen, students, high officers of the state, humblest clerks ! Shy youths from the mofussil, freshly arrived in Calcutta, nervously loitering in the yard ; foreigners out in Bengal for pleasure or study, longing to see her greatest man ; politicians submitting their private grievances to his arbitration ! And what rivalry amongst these, for favour and patronage ; what dramatic coming together of the backbiter and the backbitten ; of those dislodged from favour seeking it again ; of those backward in the race still persevering ; of plodding middle-age and starving youth—all levelled in an indistinguishable democracy, eagerly expecting a word of hope or counsel from the great Sir Asutosh ! Day and night this human drama confronted him ; and he undoubtedly enjoyed it to the full, spontaneously modifying his quick mastery of the weaknesses of his admirers, by a large human charity, as broad and genial as his own sonorous laughter.

And what made so many men, at every hour of day and night, gather round him, obey his unspoken commands, note with anxious scrutiny the least little changes of his tone and manner and keep strictly to that unwritten law of etiquette which he never so much as hinted ? Not so much his tremendous power for good and evil ; others had it even in larger measure and will have it in some sphere or other of public life. Nor the firmly-rooted legend, with its core of truth like all legends, of something unthinkably superhuman in the life and thought of this great man. But the visible and undeniable fact that he stood there as a symbol of the Force that one has always felt lurking somewhere deep down in

the Bengali nature but had never before seen concentrated and embodied as in him. They saw the giant's strength with the ability and anxiety to wield it as no other man before had ; they saw the unbending will and swiftness of vision ; they saw too the tenderness of heart which it all concealed. They saw the Carlylean hero and the Nietzschean superman, the worshipper of force more than of grace, but one that the age supremely needed.

Critics complain of his supposed illimitable love of power ; of the atmosphere of jostling rivalry which some among his admirers habitually worked up around him ; of his wrapping the detached, abstract life of an institution with too much of his personality. But he couldn't have possibly helped his own genius ; couldn't have sent away through the delicacy that lay behind his massive nature, the erring and over-zealous among his followers. What is more worthy of record is the lightness with which he wore his own personality, just as he wore those hard-won academic degrees, those unsolicited honours of the state and those strings of sonorous titles with which the more impatient among his admirers, crudely but honestly attempted to express their gratitude and devotion.

One feels too, how this popular man of easy accessibility, of the preliminary haughty query and final outburst of reassuring laughter, easily engageable in debate and argument, could yet have built a wall of reserve round so many provinces of his life. One feels curious about the man Asutosh, quite apart from the hero or the master-builder. What was his religion, one asks. And more longingly still, what was his politics ? In his large, well-ordered mind there could have been no room for nebulous ideas, or half-formed principles. He certainly had these, clear-cut and matured, though no one has perhaps captured them. One asks also what was the meaning of that slight touch of anxious absentmindedness which a careful observer could notice in him, at rare moments, of an evening, when, alone in his car, he felt securest from

public scrutiny—a fleeting mood which so few of his portraits have successfully caught. Didn't so thorough-going a "public" man, have his own internal life of painful self-query and discipline? And were there not sunset-touches which disturbed him when he felt safest? What was the type of beauty that he looked for in poetry and what colour or nuance in picture? In the crowd of his admirers one fancies there must have been some young persevering enquirer who plied the great man with these disturbing questions, and one feels sure that they were answered by peal after peal of loud, evasive laughter, as of one who, living so much of his life in the open, jealously guarded something which he felt should be kept absolutely private.

IV

The external life of man is largely "a chaos of chance events," as a great but until lately obscure Bengali poet in English put it once; but not so, the internal, which is with most men, a steady stream of purpose and fruition. One feels, however, that Sir Asutosh's life, couldn't have been a "chaos," even if he had been born to poverty and dogged by misfortune. Whatever the sphere, he would have risen to the top of it, not as so many men do, by adroitly bending to the men and things around them, but by creating the very set of circumstances which would have led to his rise; by striking out something tangible and original and pursuing it right through the whole length of it. In the hard-worked but picturesque phrase of political journalism, he was a "whole-hogger," and his life even if it had been less smooth, couldn't have been anything but a steady unfolding of some deeply formed, severely planned purpose.

He was cut off when he was about to confront the highest task of his life, and one for which, circumstances, in their irony, seemed to have combined to give him leisure and opportunity. He was about to tackle the biggest problem of

the University, which he had rebuilt with his own hands. How one wishes that he had lived and solved it and earned the serenity of old age and seen, like the poet, the children of the dawning day, holding the reins as they dropped from his tired hands, and treading with swift feet upon his heels, on the stage where he had walked in his adulthood, in unrivalled glory and pride ! But this was not to be ; he was ruthlessly taken off, on the eve of his biggest endeavour, suddenly and without warning, as not a few great men before him had been, in a setting of unforgettable tragedy and pathos.

HOW TO MAKE A SIMPLE WIRELESS RECEIVER

BAMADAS CHATTERJEE,—*3rd year Sc.*

THE reception of wireless telegraph and telephone messages is daily becoming a universal necessity, and a time will come when many of us will possess some form of receiving apparatus for the purpose of intercepting intelligence broadcasted by wireless transmitting stations. A transmitting station should be distinguished from a receiving station. The former sends out electrical waves in the all pervading ether which a receiving station picks up and converts into audible sound that can be interpreted by the user. The chief difference between wireless telegraphy and wireless telephony is that in the former case the signalling waves that are sent out by a transmitter are cut up into long and short trains of waves corresponding to the dots and dashes of the Morse telegraphic code, while in the latter

a continuous stream of waves has its amplitude varied by the transmitting apparatus in a manner corresponding to the sound waves which are made to impinge upon the transmitting diaphragm by the man speaking there. Both kinds of waves travel by the ether and strike the receiving apparatus which converts them into audible sound. In the former case the receiver produces sounds corresponding to the dots and dashes, but in the latter one the very same speech of the man is distinctly reproduced. Any one with the help of a receiver can therefore listen to both telegraphic and telephonic messages that come by the ether.

The authorities are now granting licences to various companies so that they may erect wireless telephone-stations of sufficient power and that messages may be broadcasted over a large area. Vocal music, instrumental concerts, speeches and news items are also broadcasted. For a small sum a suitable apparatus can be purchased or constructed. The difficulties and technicalities of erecting a wireless receiving station are not great and are well within the reach of even an absolute novice.

Recently a good many broadcasting stations have been erected in some of the chief cities of India, viz. Calcutta, Bombay Madras etc. The receiving apparatus which is described below can only work over a range of 20 to 30 miles from the transmitting station. So any one living within thirty miles from Calcutta, can easily pick up with the help of this apparatus the wireless concerts which are regularly broadcasted by a company in Calcutta.

Among the wireless receivers the "crystal" is the cheapest and simplest. For a novice the construction of this crystal receiver is easy enough, and in the few following pages it is explained how such an apparatus may be made with the help of the odds and ends that are found in every household.

Before any wireless experimenter can arrange for an installation at his home it is first necessary for him to obtain a licence from government, the fee of which is Rs. 10 per annum. In

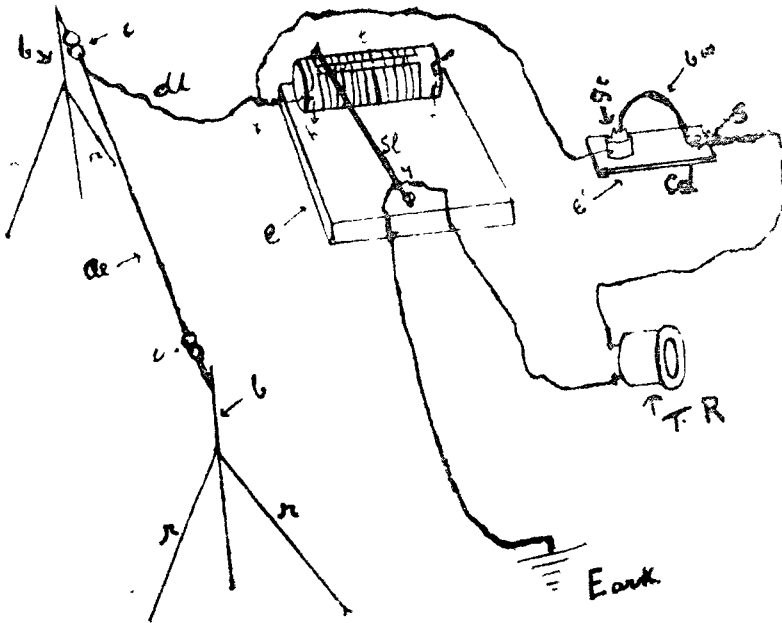
Calcutta applications for such licences should be addressed to the Presidency Post Master, G. P. O.

The wireless Receiver can be divided into three main parts, (1) the aerial, (2) the apparatus proper (3) and the earth connection.

1. The aerial is a wire hung in an open space, and by it waves are picked up from the vast expanse of ether and brought to the receiving instrument. On its length position and arrangement depends to a large extent the efficiency of the receiving apparatus. A hundred feet long No. 18 (standard wire gauge) uninsulated copper wire and two bamboo poles about 20 feet long are required for the purpose. The poles should be erected high on the roof in a wide field about 104 feet wide, and the aerial wire should be long between the poles. A look in the adjoining diagram will clear up the matter to our readers. The two poles (bb.) are held in position by tie ropes (rr.), and the aerial (ae) hangs between them. A down lead (dl) comes from one of the ends of the wire (ae) to the apparatus; this brings the received waves from the aerial to the apparatus. The height of the aerial does not by itself increase the efficiency of the apparatus, it should be higher than any object directly or indirectly connected with earth, such as buildings and trees that stand near the aerial. The wire (ae) should be insulated from its halyards by one more w porcelain insulators (ii) at each end. The down lead (dl) should be as short as possible and properly insulated.

2. The next thing to do is to construct the apparatus which again consists of three parts, (a) the tuning coil, (b) the crystal detector, and (3) the telephone receiver.

(a) The function of a tuning coil is to selectively catch particular electric waves excluding unnecessary waves which also pass through ether simultaneously. It consists essentially of a number of turns of copper wire with one slider which slides over the coil and can be fixed at any desired position. First secure a tube (t, in the fig.) of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter



and 4 to 5 inches long. Bamboo tubes are better than those of cardboard. Do not use any kind of metallic tube for in that case the electricity may leak through it. Varnish the whole tube with shellac and allow it to dry up. No 24 single silk covered copper wire is always easy to obtain from any electrical shop, and about half pound of it should be purchased. Two holes (h h) are made $\frac{3}{4}$ inches from one end of the tube, and the end of the wire is "anchored" by being passed two or three times through them. The wire is now wound evenly on, in a single lair, the turns lying as close together as possible, and its far end is again secured in the same way as the other. A coat

of shellac or enamel applied to the wire after it has been wound will serve to keep the turns in place. Fix the coil on an ebonite board (e) or on a well varnished hard wood block of about 6 inches by 6 inches in dimension by means of two screws at the two ends. Procure a stout brass wire about $\frac{1}{8}$ th inch in diameter and 6 inches in length. Make a loop at the other end and fix it by means of a screw on the remote end of the board. Hold the other end of the wire (sl) and place it over the coil, it will press the coil hard on account of its elasticity. Now run the stout wire or the slider (sl) as it is called, several times up and down over the coil, and it will scratch a straight line right accross the silk covered wire. With a pen knife scrape off the insulation $\frac{1}{8}$ th inch wide, right along the line. Notice carefully that the slider (sl) is in close contact with the turns as it moves. Unless the contact of the slider with the bare portion of the turns is close, electricity will not flow easily. The turning coil is now complete and we proceed to the second part of the apparatus.

(b) The work of a crystal detector in a wireless receiving apparatus is that it rectifies the current of electricity that comes from the aerial, that is, makes it suitable for working the telephone receiver. A simple form of it is shewn in the figure marked (ed). An ebonite board (e') about 3 inches long and 2 inches wide, a mounted galena crystal, and a long thin brass wire are necessary. The galena crystal mounted in a metallic cup (gc) can be purchased from any dealer in wireless parts for a small sum of about a rupee. Connect the bare end of an insulated copper wire with the metallic cup containing the crystal. Make a small hole at one end of the ebonite board (e') and fix the cup there. Now at the other end of the board drive a screw (s) about half way home, and twist round its shank first the 3 inches long brass wire, and then the bare end of an insulated wire for making the connections. Turn the screw hard down and bend the brass wire into a curve bringing its point into contact with the surface of the crystal. It should

be bent in such a way that on account of its elasticity its point presses firmly on the crystal, The second part is complete and let us now proceed to the third part, that is the telephone receiver.

The telephone receiver (T. R) is a sensitive apparatus and it is very difficult for the lay man to construct it at home. Its work is to convert the electrical modulations into sound waves.

So this should be purchased from a dealer of wireless accessories. The cost of one pair will not exceed fifteen rupees. The resistance of the coils inside the phone should be greater than five hundred ohms.

In order to allow electricity to flow back to earth a good earth connection is necessary. This should be made by connecting the wire with ordinary filtered water-top, or with lightening conductor. Solder a piece of stout copper wire with a portion of the tap previously brightened by rubbing with a file. Where there is no water pipe or lightening conductor, the earth connection can be made by imbedding a thick copper plate about one foot square under the earth, four or five feet below the surface. A long piece of stout copper wire should be previously soldered to the plate, so that the best possible connection is made, and the wire then led to the earth terminal of the receiver.

Last of all you are to connect the various parts of the apparatus. Connect the down lead of the aerial to one of the free ends of the tuning coil, (the connection is marked x in the figure). At (x) join another wire and bring it to the crystal. Connect the wire that comes from the contact-wire (bw) of the crystal detector to one of the terminals of the telephone receiver. From its other terminal bring another wire and join it to the slider (s l) of the tuning coil at (y), then last of all connect (y) with the wire that comes from the earth connection. The connections must be good and if possible they should be soldered.

The electrical modulations that come from the aerial bifurcate at (x) and the part that goes to the tuning coil returns to earth by the slider after passing through the required number of turns in the coil. The other part of electricity that goes to the crystal from (x) enters the telephone after being rectified by the crystal. It then vibrates the diaphragm of the telephone and ultimately returns to earth. When broadcasting will commence, (the time of which is generally announced in the newspapers) hold the telephone receiver to your ear, move the contact wire of the crystal with a match stick over the surface of the crystal and thus try to find the sensitive spot on it. By sensitive spot is meant a point on the surface of the crystal over which when the contact wire is placed, you will be able to hear loud and distinct sound in the telephone receiver. Next adjust the tuning coil by moving the slider upon it backward and forward. You will soon be able to find the place where the messages may be heard loudly and clearly.

THE ODES

BY MR. SRIKUMAR BANERJIA, M. A.

IT is in the matchless Odes that Keats' long search after a perfect form to embody his keen sense of beauty comes at last to a happy end. The long quest has a worthy finish. Keats after his many experiments and half-successes, succeeds in forging a fit cup for the rich wine of beauty which he knew how to extract from everything round about him. The epic scale had been tried, and given up in *Endymion*; the shorter narrative, eked out with beautiful embroideries, was next followed, and in spite of its lame and halting character, was touched

to fine issues in Isabella. The Eve of St. Agnes. But the narrative was not the right thing for Keats; his deeper feelings and finer than meditation could not very well be made to fit in with the narrative method of story-telling; and in Isabella the story, after it has canter slips into a rut, and founders hopelessly between the mill and marvel, while the faded sentiments tagged on to it do not help in improving things. At last Keats strikes upon a form which is most happily suited to the rest of his genius. In the short compass of the Ode he pours, with perfect command, the rich and varied gifts of his imagination; his exquisite sense of beauty, his rich store of concrete imagery, his intense and poignant feelings, which, in his longer things, tend to run off into feeble sentimentality, his rare veins of original thought, which, though profound and suggestive, would break down under the strain of a long expansion, the sudden vista of romance which he knows so well to now open in the midst of an enumeration of familiar beauties—all these are woven into unity and proportion, and checked from straying beyond their limits, from growing riotous and undisciplined; in this new form which he has fashioned for himself. No where else in English poetry has so much beauty, so much refreshment for soul and sense, been compressed within such narrow compass: every rift is literally loaded with ore, and though logic was never a strong point with Keats, it scarcely held him back from a ramble through regions of beauty, the whole thing presents a sufficiently close-knit and muscular appearance to satisfy our sense of form. The Odes as form the best and most satisfactory achievement of Keats, a piece of ivory which he polished well nigh to perfection.

The Odes of Keats are indeed a veritable treasurehouse of beauty, beauty of the most varied type. The world of nature explored with a loving eye, and the mazy spells that it weaves around the different senses of man are felt and recorded with astonishing sureness of touch, in felicitous phrases which are shed in a very shower of beauty and feel actually soft and

cool within the palm. This intense relish in the beauty of nature shows itself in quite a multitude of forms. Sometimes, as in the lines.

‘Mid hush’d, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,

Blue, silverwhite, and budded Tyrian, (Ode to Psyche)

each phrase stands charged with the precise quality of the appeal that flowers make to our various senses, and the whole brings out the complex and co-ordinated enchantment of a flowery forest-nook. This method easily lends itself to a contrast with the comparatively simpler strain of the flower-poems of Wordsworth and Shelley, which is generally marked by over-emphasis on only one aspect at the expense of all the rest. The daffodils of Wordsworth

“Ten thousand saw I at a glance.

Tossing their heads in sprightly dance”

are only a sudden flash of colour, a morris-dance of riotous and infectious joy, rather than real and full-fledged flowers. Shelley’s host of flowers in his “The Sensitive Plant” while wonderfully true to one aspect of flower-life, their delicate hyper-sensitive-ness to the subtle forces of corruption, are touched too much by a subtle and aery fancy, and have too pronounced a suggestion of human likeness about them, to be the genuine thing themselves. Keats, in trying to recall the merely exact impressions, have gone down to the root of the matter, and touched the inmost core of floral beauty in all its varying lines and radiations.

Clustered and constellated beauties haunt the lines of the Nightingale Ode. Felicitous phrases, piercing beneath the outer coating of things into the inner cores from which well up the springs of life and beauty, abound; never is there a happier blending of reality and romance, of reality with its eye to the actual details, and romance, with its eye to the inner fountains, than in the descriptive passages of this poem, at every turn vivid words and happy compounds leap out of the soil—the happy result of this fidelity to nature worked upon by an abiding passion for beauty—

"With beaded bubbles winking at the brim" (St. 2)

"Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways"
(St. 4)

"The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,

The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves (St. 5)

—all these are supreme examples of things, commonplace in themselves, transformed almost into faery visions of beauty not through a conscious exercise of the poetic imagination, as in Wordsworth, but merely through the poet's hold upon the hidden springs which send the sap and flush of life through the face of the most ordinary things of nature. Indeed they have so little of the novel element in them, of that "strangeness" which, added to beauty, makes up the romantic impulse, that it is an open question whether they are to be classed as *romantic* rather than as simply *beautiful*; they bloom on a soil which is almost a kind of neutral ground, as between romance and beauty. Indeed the novelty, in these cases, consists neither in materials, nor in any special method of treatment, as in the unexpected fineness and beauty of the resulting product. Indeed transformation of the common-place has a different sense in Keats from what it has in Wordsworth. Wordsworth purges his eyes of "the film of familiarity" until he attains to the clarity of a metaphysical vision, in which he sees into the heart of things, and casts a visionary glamour on the commonplace face of nature. Keats has this clarity of vision without any previous process of purging, without washing his eyes in the well of transcendentalism; for him the poetry of the earth is never dead; he sheds upon the things of nature not indeed the visionary light of the older poet but a homelier, more normal kind of gleam. He realises, without any effort, and by virtue of his temperament, Wordsworth's ideal of the poet for whom "custom should never dry up the dew-drops".

Sometimes in his treatment of nature the imagination of Keats, instead of a leisurely brooding over details, takes a bolder sweep, and distils the quintessence of a hundred scenes

in a swift vision of concentrated beauty. The best of this rather rare mood with Keats is the two lines from Ode to Psyche (St. IV).

Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees

Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep.

But no where in all Keats' poetry is his distinctive touch in the treatment of nature brought out with greater clearness and effect than in his flawless "Autumn Ode." In a sense, it is the best work of Keats: Keats alone could have written it. The lyrical poignancy and passion of the "Ode to the Nightingale" might have come from Shelly, though the key would

have been more high-pitched and hysterical, and the pictorial outlines more blurred and confused. But the placid, almost matter-of-fact enumeration of details in the "Autumn Ode", passing insensibly into romance through a keen relish of the sap and juice of earth, could only have come from Keats. The very words are spongy, soaked in the juice of nature, and have a cool, refreshing touch about them. Even the excursion into the world of psychology ("until they think warm days will never cease") is all of a piece with this warm, throbbing beauty: it has nothing of intellectual pallor about it, but is steeped in a rich glowing moisture as it were.

The same quiet, unobtrusive thrill of life pervades the different sounds mentioned in the third stanza. The two-fold split of romantic literature into naturalism and romance proper, which has had almost a traditional sanction among critics, seems to lose all its import and obliterate its boundary-lines in this poem of Keats. Here we find the naturalism, which had its origin in Thomson, Goldsmith, Cowper and Crabbe, and which, in its inception, stood sharply aloof from the subtler and more intangible graces of romance, blooming, as if by miracle, into full-fledged romantic beauty. The two strands are woven into one; the roots of naturalism blossom forth into the flower of romance; and nature-description, without any apparent change of method, without drawing to itself any foreign glow of passion

and emotion, reaches one of its highest peaks, and catches the glow of romance full upon its face.

A higher imaginative quality shows itself in the fine figures representing the different aspects of the season in its relation to the activities of man ; but even here it is of a quiet, unaggressive type, touching, with the perfect economy of the highest art, upon the real points of contact between the worlds of man and nature. Nature is indeed personified, conceived of as human figures but in such a way as to lose nothing of its original traits. Personification in poetry usually appears as artificial, as a mere rhetorical device, because it errs in carrying the analogy between two dissimilar things too far ; it cannot but do violence to the real spirit of nature to transform it in all its details into a human being. We naturally look upon such a perfect interchangability with suspicion ; it can hardly be the fact that all the details of the one species would fit in exactly with those of the other. Keats knows exactly how far to carry the process ; his figures are not full-fledged men and women, they retain the freshness, the large impersonality of nature. He distils from nature its subtle suggestions of human life, and moulds these into a vague and distant likeness of human beings, without pressing the parallel too far ; he throws round his swiftly evoked human figures something of the large setting, the more shadowy outlines of nature. It is thus that the blending between man and nature comes to attain perfection. This is why the Autumn Ode stands as one of the most Hellenic things ever written by Keats ; it has the lightness and spontaneity of touch with which Greek poetry at its best invested the world of nature.

The Autumn Ode leads us by an easy transition from Keats' treatment of nature to his Hellenism, his assimilation of the spirit of Greek life and art, which has already been seen to be one of the distinctive features of his genius. The *Ode to Psyche* is remarkable for its loving reconstruction of the pomp and ritual of ancient Greek worship, a keen sensitiveness to its

many-sided aesthetic appeal. A keen thrill of emotion tempered by a touch of sadness at the passing away of all this old-world beauty, shoots its warmth through the piled-up details, and lifts them to a higher poetic level.

The "Ode on a Grecian Urn" has much less of Hellenism about it than what its title would seem to suggest. Here and there no doubt, we get exquisite glimpses into the antique Hellenic world; 'the leaf-fringed legend' suggests the idyllic charm of the old Greek myths, myths which seem to catch the very murmur of the forest into their folds (Cf. *Endymion*, Book I, 493-95); 'the little town by river or sea-shore, or mountain-built with peaceful citadel' opens out to us with rare quality of suggestiveness the picture of an ancient Greek town, with the high-tide, exuberant flow of life beating against its narrow bounds. But the main note in the poem is philosophical, rather than pictorial, touching on the contrast between life and art with astonishing fulness and comprehensiveness of vision, so that these short glimpses into Greek life constitute the only Hellenic features about the poem.

Another Hellenic feature in Keats' poetry comes out rather unexpectedly in his brief fragment, *Ode to Maia*. Conditions of authorship must have been vitally different in the old days of Hellas from what they are now. Poet and people were drawn together by a much more vital and intimate link; there was a peculiar naivete, a carelessness as to the scope of future immortality in the utterances of the poet, curiously different from the present-day craze of commanding an ever wider and wider circle of audience. Intellectual maturity had greatly outstripped social organisation; so that these old Greek poets

Imagine Homer giving out to his few rude neighbours and tribesfold the immortal verses really meant for all mankind, and accidentally preserved to claim the meed of the future.

were quite content to whisper their immortal utterances, which now embrace the whole human race in the range of their appeal, into the ears of their few clansmen, to leave "great verse unto a little clan." It is this vital truth about

old Greek poetry that Keats seizes in his Ode to Maia with a quiet intensity of grasp which is all the more surprising on the part of a romantic poet,—one who draws his breath in an atmosphere of subtle regrets and high-strung discontent,

Much of the achieved beauty in the Odes is due to a prominent feature of Keats' poetry—his command over concreteness^{✓5.} of imagery. This it is which gives such a rounded perfection to his conjurations of the visions of beauty. It clothes his ideas with a rich exuberance of beautiful details, like green leaves clustering round a naked branch, and sometimes even tends to obscure their real thinness and poverty. Everything comes to him with a trailing cloud of beautiful accessory images that immensely heighten the spell of the original thing. Take, for example, the following lines from *the Nightingale Ode*, lines redolent of the varied associations of mediaeval revelries ;

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance and Provencal song and sun-burnt mirth !

The same concreteness of imagery is at his service, when he seeks to portray abstract thoughts, or even his states of personal feeling. One of the rare charms about these Odes is their truthful sometimes poignant picture of the personal feelings of the poet projecting themselves into his exquisite relish of natural beauties, and lending to them an intense emotional thrill. A truthful record of emotions had not hitherto counted itself among the many undoubted excellences of Keats' poetry : his feelings were but too apt to slide down to mawkish sentimentality, to overflow in sickly gushes. They appear considerably chastened and purified in the Odes. Even the moods of languor and listlessness, which seem to be inherent in Keats' constitution, have a certain fitness and rightness of tone about them. The most protracted elaboration of such a flat and vapid mood is to be found in the *Ode on Indolence* : here also Keats shows himself alive to the need of economy and on his

guard against over-effusiveness in his portraiture of voluptuous languor

Ripe was the drowsy hour ;
 The blissful cloud of summer indolence
 Benumb'd my eyes ; my pulse grew less and less ;

Pain had no sting, and pleasure's wreath no flower.
 the fumes of the drowsy poppy linger over lines such as these,
 which observe a fit simplicity of expression even in their picture
 of a rich and complex mood.

A quicker thrill and pulsation, a higher imaginative virility
 is given to the portraiture of the mood in the following lines
 which clothe the naked idea with the most exquisite concrete
 images fancy can conceive.

And once more came they by ; alas ! wherefore ?
 My sleep had been embroidered with dim dreams ;
 My soul had been a lawn besprinkled o'er

With flowers, and stirring shades, and baffled beams :
 —lines that reach the high-water-mark in that line of poetry
 which fits external images and symbols to the inner world of
 the mind.

A similar mood of numbness, in this case induced by excess
 of sympathetic joy, is described with equal felicity and concrete-
 ness of details in the beginning of the Nightingale Ode. , These
 concrete images are equally at home in the region of a much
 keener and sharper experience, in the most poignant expression
 of the tragic futility of life ever recorded in non-dramatic
 poetry (stanza 3). The subject is as old as thought itself ; un-
 numbered generations of poets and philosophers have exhaled
 their breath against it, and enveloped it in a pretty thick mist
 of abstract thoughts. Yet Keats pierces through this dense mass
 of abstractions, the accumulation of centuries and through the
 unfaded freshness of his images once more brings home to us
 the old authentic thrill.

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs ;
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin and dies :
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs ;
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

In lines like these we sweep aside the cobwebs of custom, resist the tendency of time to blunt the edge of our feelings, and getting behind the mere comments of others, once more stand face to face with the naked vision of sorrow, the thing itself rescued from all later incrustations.

But nowhere is the deft manipulation of these concrete images more evident than in the *Ode on Melancholy* and *Ode on the Grecian Urn*, where they are pressed into the service of a subtle and long-drawn-out argument. The logic marches on under cover of the beautiful images, and the reader carried along on the waves of beauty, has scarcely any suspicion of the progress achieved, until he finds himself surprised and awakened by a sharp and arresting paradox, which forces him to look back and realise the length he has unconsciously travelled. This is specially the case in *The Ode on Melancholy*, where the images of exquisite fitness lead the poet on to the enunciation of a profound psychological truth, conveyed through the same concrete process :

For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
 And drawn the wakeful anguish of the soul.

The progress is somewhat retarded by the false touches of levity into which the poet stumbles in the second stanza and the unfitness of the images serves to expose to view the weakness of the logic. But this temporary set-back is counteracted by a new onrush of beauty, of concrete images, pictorial in their swift suggestiveness :

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die ;
 And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips

Bidding adieu ; and ^hacting Pleasure nigh,
 Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips.

while the expressiveness is heightened to its last and furthest in the remarkable lines that follow :

Ay, in the very temple of Delight
 Veil'd Melancholy has her Sovran shrine,
 Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
 Can burst joy's grape against his palate fine :

words that find a concrete expression for the most subtle and shadowy abstract thoughts, that reproduce the vague and obscure processes of the mind as clear-cut, definite appeals to sensation, that have as much of the sap of beauty as of the more intangible ether of thought in them.

Logic is, however, by no means, a strong point with Keats, and a clear intellectual evolution of the central idea is hardly to be met with even in his most close-knit works, the Odes. Thus, in the *Ode to Psyche*, there has been an abrupt and awkward transition from the outer to the inner world in stanza 4 - a transition that can hardly recommend itself to our sense of form. Again, although the change is effected by a kind of *tour de force*, Keats does not know how to accommodate himself to it ; he does not feel quite at home in the inner world to which the scene is so unceremoniously shifted ; and he goes not speaking of external beauty, even when he is ostensibly roaming about it the shadowy regions of the mind. Lines such as

Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees
 Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep,

in spite of their exquisite condensation of beauty, are obviously out of place in the world of the mind to which the poet has now betaken himself. A similar lack of the power of intellectual evolution is to be traced in the famous *Nightingale Ode*, however cleverly it might have been disguised by the clustered pile of beauties with which Keats fills the poem. A comparison between Shelley's 'To a Skylark' and Keats' *Nightingale Ode* on the basis

of their intellectual structure is obviously to the disadvantage of the latter ; Shelley, in the midst of all his shrill ejaculations, his breathless accumulation of images, has a fine, an unfailing sense of form, and maintains a hard grip upon its structure ; Keats allows himself to lose sight of the central idea, in an airy ramble through enchanted forest-lands.

The intellectual maturity of Keats is, however, most in evidence in his *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. With his concrete images, Keats probes into intellectual depths not sounded by him before : he enters upon a series of highly subtle and profound remarks as to the comparative merits of art and life, without any the least damage to his poetry and its dominant note of beauty. The 'Grecian Urn' leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader that Keats is putting forth new wings ; he holds ripe and mature thoughts in solution in the rich stream of his poetry, and the stream flows on as sparkling and transparent as ever.

The poem is replete with surprises for the reader of Keats. One of the most unexpected notes struck is in the lines :—

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter.

To be continued.

See P. 263

RACE, CASTE AND CULTURE IN INDIA

BY MR. PANCHANAN MITRA, M.A., P.R.S.

“**B**UT from the earliest beginnings of history India has had her own problem constantly—it is the race problem.In finding the solution of our problem we shall have helped to solve the world problem as well—Rabindranath Tagore.

Since the last war the problems of race and civilization have become of supreme moment all over the world. ‘Many

persons believe that modern civilization, like other civilizations of the past is showing signs of degeneration and decay.' In a book on the 'Rising Tide of Color in the Struggle for World Supremacy (1920) Lothrop looks forward with alarm to increasing conflicts between the races of mankind. He has estimated the total population of the world to be 1,700,000,000 distributed among the different races as follows :—

White race about	550,000,000.
Yellow race about	500,000,000.
Brown race about	450,000,000.
Black race about	150,000,000.
Red race about	40,000,000.

On the whole the yellow race is not increasing very rapidly in numbers. In spite of the great area which it occupies the black race is not increasing in numbers in Africa. The white race with about one-third of the total population of the globe occupies four-tenths of the habitable land *and* has practical control over nine-tenths of it and it is expanding rapidly in America, Africa and Australasia.

The greatest problem of modern India according to many eminent thinkers is also the racial problem. Thus Sir Valentine Chirol brilliantly closes his latest book (India Old and New). "There are some who hold that the British Empire has made its last if most glorious effort in the great war and that in it Western civilisation proclaimed itself bankrupt and committed suicide. That cannot be. The cause for which the British people fought and made such appalling sacrifices was not unworthy of them or our civilisation. Heavy clouds hang over the future and obscure the paths of nations. But in India where East and West meet as nowhere else, Britain has lighted a beacon which if she keep it burning, will show to both the way of escape from a more disastrous conflict than that from which the West has just emerged battered and bleeding not between nations, but between race."

Since the dim days of prehistoric past when the white Arya

built up the Indian culture and dominated the Indian continent India has had her racial problem as our greatest poet thinker Rabindranath has pointed out. Just as the American to-day tries with an amazing success to transform the Lett, the Albanian, the Pole, the Russian and the Anglo-Saxon into the American in one or two generations so too has India been trying since the prehistoric past to make the black, the brown and the white part of Indian social fabric. 'A parallelism exists between America and India—the parallelism of welding together into one body various races!' Indianization has been as much a vital nationalising process in the past as Americanization in the present day. But there is a great difference that whereas in America as in China the tendency is to obliterate all group distinctions in India there is a conscious attempt to perpetuate the differences and yet confederate them, to work out unity in the diversity. India always working for social federation evolved the caste-system whereas in America and China by a sort of social imperialism all the minor interests have been absorbed and obliterated by the dominant racial and cultural factor.

Three primary races of mankind are generally recognized in the world to-day, namely the white, yellow and black races—the brown and red races being generally regarded as offshoots of one or more of these primary races. In India before the white Caucasian races came the black and possibly the yellow races had already been in the land. In the latest work on Indian Ethnology by the late eminent Anthropologist Prof. Giuffrida Ruggeri (vide "The First outlines systematic anthropology of Asia translated by Prof. H. C. Chakladar, Calcutta University 1921) we get a clear exposition of the racial succession in India. First of all were living in India the black negroid races of whom traces are still found in the forests of South India. The dominance of these races has probably ended in India towards the end of the old Stone Age. Then came the age of the Brown and Yellow peoples. The Brown peoples are found intact in certain primitive tribes of South India and Chhota Nagpur who

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The Rainy Eve

are akin to certain peoples of Malay Peninsula, the Indian Archipelago and Oceania. These are the Mon-khmer speaking peoples of Chhota Nagpur formerly called kolarian and certain forest-tribes of South India such as Irulas, Kurumbas. It is possible that these were the Nishadas spoken of in the Vedas as Prof. Chanda thinks and as S. C. Roy points there many names in the Rigveda which appear like Mon-khmer terms. However, it is possible that these peoples as much as the later Dravidian have influenced Indian social system and the exogamous basis of Hindu society with a certain Totemistic ring may ultimately perhaps be traced to these. The yellow Mongolian races on the North-East of India have not been able to penetrate far into the Indian continent and have influenced only the outlying tracts. Next came in chronological order the three white races the Dravidian held by Haddon as akin to the Mediterranean, the Vedic Aryans akin to the long-headed Nordic and the last to come were the broad-headed 'Outer Aryans' of the Alpine stock by the tenth Century B. C.

To be continued.

THE RAINY EVE

(Friday, 18th. July, 1924, 6 P. M.)

1

IN silent wonder I gaze at the sky,
The sombre clouds rest before my eye;
A thousand thoughts in endless train,
O'er my mind scatter balmy pain.

2

The solemn grandeur of the rainy Eve,
In me a dark depression does always leave;
The stamp of Sadness on the gloomy clouds,
In thoughts my mind often shrouds.

The Rainy Eve

3

The lovelorn Yaksha, in days of yore,
 To end his deep, heartfelt grief
 Sent to the clouds, with a trembling lip
 Many a word of welcome pure.

4

Cheer'd by hope he spoke aloud
 To the inanimate, vapoury cloud :
 Fancied response gave him peace.
 He sent to his wife a message of bliss.

5

Forgetful Fancy her feathery wings
 Not for the present on me flings,
 So clouds to me have no more powers
 Than that of pouring fruitful showers.

6

Dull loneliness o'er me sweeps
 Unconscious sighs vanish into the air,
 My aimless eyes dreamily stare,
 My aching heart for the unknown weeps.

7

I love to see the smiling blue,
 The moon with her lovely, starry crew :
 I love to see the splendid Sun,
 The tiny brooks that rippling run

8

Dim darkness spreads around,
 My ears catch a whispering sound,
 The rumbling clouds speak to me—
 "Those beauteous things you will not see."

R. C.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

COLLECTED BY SUDHINDRIYA BANNERJEE — *1st Year Arts.*

VERY stout woman (mounted, to a riding inspector) : “ Do you think it is possible the reduce weight by this kind of exercise ? ” “ Oh, yes madam. This is only your second lesson and your horse is thinner already.

* * * *

Dibbe : “ You mean to say that you have worn that hat every day for three years ? Impossible.

Bibbs : “ Yes, I have, I bought it three years ago, had it reblocked twice, then exchanged it for a nearly new one at a restaurant yesterday. That’s economy, my lad.

* * * *

“ I want a careful chauffeur—one who does not take any risk.”

“ I am your man, sir ! I even ask for my salary in advance.”

* * * *

A Jew was so ill that a trained nurse had to be sent for. When she came on duty her first remark was : Now I’ll take your temperature ! ”

“ You can’t ! ” protested the jew defiantly ; “ everything is in my wife’s name.

* * * *

Mabel : “ There was a ring of sincerity in his voice when he told me he loved me.”

Maud : “ Oh, but you must remember, dear, that a ring in the hand is worth two in the voice.”

* * * *

Old lady : “ Is it dangerous to go up in an aeroplane ? ”

Aviator : Not at all, madam. The danger is all in the coming-down.”

James and his friend were conversing one evening. I once had a splendid dog," said James "He could distinguish between a vagabond and a respectable person."

"What became of him?" "Oh, I was obliged to give him away. He bit me."

A BRIEF NOTE ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE EDEN HINDU HOSTEL.

MR. P. MUKHERJEE, M.A.

AT the suggestion of Mr. Woodrow, Govt. consented, in August, 1877, to allot some two acres of land to the west of the Senate House for the purpose of a Hostel on condition that the cost of the building (estimated at Rs. 1,47,000) would be met from subscriptions to be raised for the purpose.

2. On the 6th of March, 1879, a meeting of some of the most influential Indian residents of Calcutta and its neighbourhood was held at Belvedere under the presidency of Sir Ashley Eden, the then Lieutenant Governor of Bengal. At this meeting a proposal to build a Hostel was unanimously adopted and a Committee called "the Hindu Hostel Building Fund Committee" was appointed for the purpose of raising subscriptions. Among others the Committee consisted of Mr. (later Sir) Alfred Croft, Mr. Ananda Mohan Bose, Maharaja Sir Jatindra Mohan Tagore, Raja Peary Mohan Mookerjee, Rai Kristodas Pal Bahadur, Rai Dr. Rajendra Lal Mitra Bahadur, with Pandit Mahesh Chandra Nyayratna and Mr. A. M. Nash as Hony. Joint Secretaries.

3. By March 1882 the Committee could raise only about Rs. 50,000 which fell far short of the required amount, viz., 1,47,000, and consequently the Committee almost gave up the idea of building a hostel on the plot of land promised by Govt. and began negotiations for the purchase of the Ghoshal's family House at Patandanga with the funds raised by them supplemented by a Govt. Grant in lieu of the promised gift of land.

4. Subsequently, however, the proposal for building a Hostel for Hindu students in Calcutta was revived in 1886 by the Executive Committee of the Hindu Hostel Building Fund who constructed the ground floor block of rooms out of funds raised by them on the plot of four bighas of land given to the Committee by Government. In Sept. 1889 the Zemindar of Mahishadal, Babu Jyoti Prasad Garga, contributed Rs. 32,000 to the Fund for the construction of the first floor of the Hostel Building which was taken in hand towards the latter part of 1889. The Govt. made over, free of charges, 4,75,000 bricks and 10,000 cubic feet of ~~soorkite~~ for the construction of the first floor of the building according to plans approved by them. The Hostel was thrown open to the Hindu student community of Calcutta and in 1891 it was placed under the management of a Board of Trustees consisting of men like Maharaja Sir Jamshedramohan Tagore; Maharaja Sir Narendra Krishna, Raja Peary Mohan Mookerjee; Raja Durga Charan Law and others with Rai Radhica Prasanna Mookerjee Bahadur as Hony. Secretary.

5. In his letter No. 2467, dated the 15th April, 1895, the D. P. J. wrote "The Trustees have been informed that the Govt. of Bengal has decided to build a Hostel for the Hindu students of the Presidency College, and [of] the effect that this decision would be likely to have in reducing the number of resident students of the Eden Hostel." Subsequently in 1895 negotiations were opened between the Trustees and the Govt. for the transfer of the land and premises belonging to the Eden

Hostel to the Government. The following terms were agreed upon by the two parties as conditions of the transfer :—

(1) that the Hostel be retained as a hostel for Hindu students ;

(2) that Government pay off the existing liabilities of the hostel amounting to about Rs. 3000/-.

The D. P. I. was authorised to have the necessary deed drafted by the Government Solicitor, reconveying the property to the Secretary of State to be used for a Hostel for Hindu students of the Presidency College and other institutions. (We should note in this connection the reply given in the Bengal Legislative Council to a question put by the Maharaja of Natore in which it was said—"Any students belonging to other Colleges who are now resident in the Eden Hostel will be permitted to remain, but in future a preferential claim to the accommodation in the Hostel will vest in students of the Presidency College and the two Entrance Schools attached thereto).

6. In the same year (1895) proceedings were instituted in the High Court for obtaining an order for the transfer of the land and building of the Eden Hindu Hostel from the Trustee to the Government. In October, 1896, the necessary engrossment of the deed of surrender and transfer of the institution, was duly executed ; and the new Eastern 2 storied block of building constructed by Govt. was ready for occupation in the month of June of the same year.

7. On and from the 1st of April, 1898, the Hostel came under the direct *control* of Government ; but Government did not assume entire *management* of the Hostel till January 1900. During the transitional period from 1st April, 1898 to the 25th of January, 1900, Government only made the following payments :—

- | | |
|---|------------|
| (1) Capitation grant for the Superintendent and the Joint Superintendent. ... | Rs 1,800/- |
| (2) Allowance for the Medical Officer. ... | Rs. 600/- |
| (3) Municipal rates and taxes. ... | Rs. 400/- |

The other charges for the maintenance of the Hostel were for the time being met from the fees realized from the boarders.

8. According to the new arrangements proposed and sanctioned in 1900 the fees from the boarders were paid to Government who paid the *entire expenses of the Hostel*.

9. The following conclusions may be drawn from the above brief survey of the history of the construction and management of the Eden Hindu Hostel.....

- (a) That the buildings have been constructed by the joint efforts of Govt. and private citizens of Bengal.
 - (b) That the funds necessary for the construction of the building were raised partly from private subscriptions and partly from Govt. contributions ;
 - (c) That, legally speaking, Government are now the owner of the building.
-

GRAPES OF GALL.

THE clear tropical moonlight came in at the bedroom window and with it the unceasing roar of the sea at its height, the rhythmic swishing of the tall casuarinas in the breeze and the occasional cry of a jackal or the screech of a lizard or an owl. All else was calm without. The night was cool, wonderfully cool for an Indian summer. It had been hot and muggy throughout the day, but towards evening an unusually pleasant breeze had sprung up, and now the whole village world and his wife were fast asleep after the fishing and net-making of the day. Only Norman Foster, on his small moon-swept cot, lay restless and very wide awake. He was fully dressed, as dressing went in that one-horse little place, and his boots

were precipitating sandy deposits all over their end of the sheet. From the whole look of him he had simply thrown himself on the bed, not turned in for the night. It was late, and even since he had come here a fortnight since, late hours and sleeplessness were things unknown to him. He had been making the best of his holiday, returning early and sleeping well. The change was working wonders with him. Indeed that very day he had written to Doris. ".....and you should see me sleep. No fuss about the thing here, I just do it darling. After dinner the first train to Bedfordshire, that's the secret—a jolly simple one when one hasn't a cat to keep him company". He had gone on to say something about touching wood and.....here he was, at past midnight, sleepless, without a thought of sleep.

He was suffering a violent mental agony; he tossed about so. His eyes were wide open and fully expressive of his state. He was hot, feverish—expecially about the head. His head was turning, whirling, maddeningly occupied. His limbs, tired after a long walk, would have welcomed sleep, but his physical requirements were like those of private individuals in times of war. They could wait, had to wait. And it was war within Norman Foster that night. All that was high and noble Norman Foster, his real self, his manly self, was protesting, loudly clamouring, insurgent, against what Norman Foster had done. And as there could be no redress, no apology, no satisfaction, there was no peace, but tumult, mental torment, unspeakable agony.

His head was splitting. Tossing about feverishly only made matters worse. He lay perfectly still. Came no relief. His temples kept throbbing, his mind functioning.....He sat up, his head between his hands. Once a persistent jackal behind the bungalow made him lift his head somewhat, but next moment he resumed gazing at his long legs dangling underneath him.....

Suddenly he sprang off his bed, stumbled towards the

stand, bathed his head and started pacing up and down the roomHis eyes fell on the glimmering rectangle of light that fell on a portion of the floor. With a sigh and a muttered oath he hurried to the window and shut out the moon.

His mind switched to the moon. The moon was an eyesore to him. He hated the moon. Till tonight its silvery stream of light had been to him the quintessence of poetry. It was so no more. No more was it the symbol of all that was good, gracious and gentle in the world. It had stood for Doris, for dear old mother, for little Claude, for Mrs. Armstrong's chuckling wee Willie next door, for music for painting, for the snowdrops and the crocuses of spring, for books, for all that cheered and ennobled his life and the lives of those dear to him..... And it had betrayed him, tempted him, made him forget himself, wrecked the peace and purity of his soulAnd of another's? That another! His mind wandered back to the scene, the clear Casurina forest, the creaking twigs underfoot, the sands and sandhills around, the welter of the not-too-distant sea..... and over all the moon peeping through the trees and making a patch-work quilt of the ground underneath. Yes he loathed the moon.

The room was becoming insufferably hot. His temples were bursting. Still wrapped in thought, mechanically, he stepped out. A cool puff of breeze came like balm to his burning brow. He awoke from his reverie and found himself under the sky. The moon had disappeared under a cloud. Ashamed of itself, he thought. How could it fare him now?

A large bat flapped above him as it passed. He got an idea. He too would stir out a little. He was tired but not fagged. Only sheer exhaustion,—being sodden with fatigue—could induce sleep. As he was, sleeping was impossible. Besides, walking would be some relief to his head.....

He had no plan: he just stumbled along the long open roads and turned when the turnings came, now to the left and now

to the right. . . His mind grew less tumultuous, his thoughts more ordered. They ran more home and the past than to his immediate circumstances.

He thought of home, the dear old "Woodlands" where were mother and Claude and the hepaticas and purring little "Fluff" and the rest, far, far away across the seas. Where poor Dad had been but now was no more. Poor dear Dad ! It hurt to think of him as dead. It hurt terribly. So clean, so noble, so loving ; the perfect father. No man's father had been such. He loved mother, loved her very dearly, but Dad—Dad was the ideal of his boyhood, the idol of his rising years. Some vivid memories of early childhood were still with him. He remembered as yesterday the lessons he had learnt, in his nursery days, from the lips of Papa (He used to call him Papa then). About cleanliness and purity of body and soul they had been and about the responsibilities and healthiness of life and love and birth. Dad had never been squeamish or falsely modest about all that. He believed in straight talks with the young. Everything about him was straight, fearless, open. And all Dorrington loved and respected Dad. There were the Bendalls especially, whose scape grace Jack he had rescued, and old lonely Mrs. Powell who always put him into his prayers. "Norman darling" she had once told him—and the very words came back to him now—"Norman darling, he is the pride of Dorrington. Be like him."

He recalled the days when he was down, on his first vocation, from school. How dear old Dad had told him all about his body and mystery of sex, and the silvanus stall they had read together in those happy, peaceful days. Now that he thought of it Dad it was who had to be thanked for the innocence, the tutored restraint of his school days. Unhelped and unwarend, he would surely have fallen then. Not a few of his fellows had—miserably. And when he was at Cambridge, the fond memory of Dad—he had succumbed to the flu within a week of his going up—and of his work had remained all through

with him, to busy him up, to enable him to rise superior to all temptations to his manliness and chivalry.

It hurt awfully, to feel that for the last eleven years that memory alone had been with him. But—and it dawned suddenly upon him—what if he had been alive! No he was better deed. How would he have faced him after what had happened? (Happened? Yes that was it, it had just happened). What would it have meant to the old man—he would be verging on sixty to-day—to see the making of another Jack Bendall in his eldest son! Providence *had* been merciful.

And mother! What might she be thinking of him now? What would she be think if she knew him as he was? She must *never* know. But how could he meet her next July when he went home for his first leave, and she not see his sin written all over him? Mothers had that instinct. No, he would never go home now. But then, Doris! He had promised her. God, he was engaged to Doris.

“Engaged”! The word burst unconsciously from him as the full realisation of his sin flashed upon him. His own outburst awoke him from his brown study. He noticed now for the first time that it had begun to rain. It was just a thin drizzle, but there were heavy black clouds overhead. He looked around him. Open undulating fields, relieved only by hillocks here and there, stretched out on either hand. Where was he? How much had he walked? He simply couldn’t tell. Only this much was certain, the sea was to his left. He could hear the breakers, not very far away. And, about ten yards ahead, there was an intersecting path curving towards the beach. He would take that. Once on the sands he would get his bearings all right...

Soon it was no mere drizzle. The rain was pouring down in earnest. He struck the new path and instinctively quickened his pace—not much, for his legs seemed to rebel. There was no shelter in sight. Perhaps one of the turns on the way would bring him face to face with one. He plodded on.....

His thoughts returned to Doris. He could visualise her clearly tonight. His memory for faces was bad : it was seldom that he could conjure up Doris's face before him—very seldom. In fact the more persistent he the more elusive she always was. She appeared best and in lightning flashes when there was no effort on his part. But tonight he saw Doris distinctly.' He pictured her in the blue dress she had worn on that never-to-be-forgotten evening when sitting by the river they had poured out their love to one another and nothing seemed to exist but themselves. He looked once more into those deep blue eyes—and even the kiss he had earned by remarking that she looked perfectly "blue" that evening flashed through his memory—he saw before him the pale yellow hair, the dimpled cheeks, the red well-formed mouth. An entire vision of her was focussed on his memory. By a natural transition—she was dressed in blue at his own request on that last occasion also—his mind passed to the parting-scene at Southampton and the last words of all.

"Norman dear, I'll wait as long as you like" she had said. "It won't be long, sweet heart," he had replied. "And then if my blue bird has not flown away, I'll take her South with me and we'll live happily ever after as they say in stories, you know."

He had tried in this way to hide his emotion but she had understood.

"But you—you are going far away—you won't forget" ? "Never," he had said simply.....

A sharp flash, a deafening crack, and Norman Foster leapt forward from the world of reminiscence to the bitter reality of things present. The rain was coming down in torrents now. His twill shirt was clinging carressingly to his body. His boots squeaked, as if in protest, with every step. His legs dragged. He was sodden with fatigue but in the darkness, a faint something standing out from the rest of the landscape gave him hope and strength. The plantation ! Or was it only

a hillock standing to deceive? There was nothing for it, anyway, but to blunder on and hope for the best.

What a holiday! What a change! The doctor at Calcutta had recommended a change: "What you require, my boy, is simply a quiet holiday, preferably by the sea. What's the matter with you. You've overworked yourself, that's what's the matter with you. Get away from civilization and forget that there are such things as banks and bonds and all that."

The irony of it all! He, Norman Foster, was out on a holiday by the sea! Only, it wasn't so quiet after all. Old Somervell must have made a bloomer. Doctors often did; they were donkeys all. Anyway, *he* wasn't to blame. He had followed the Colonel's advice to the letter. There was no mistake about that. He had searched out the most unfrequented hole by the sea over two hundred miles away from the nerve-racking hubbub and stir of his daily occupation. Hadn't he in his small, two-roomed bungalow behind the casurina plantation forgotten that Cox's with its stupid old Logan, the swine of a burra-sahib—it was Logan who had got on his nerves—and Archbold and Chandler, and ledgers and files, and babus and chaprasis, the rupees and the roar—had he not, within a day of his arrival here, forgotten that Cox's ever was?

As for getting away from civilization, hadn't he done that too, and with a vengeance? Out there in the other world the seventh commandment and others might hold good. They were of their civilization. Here, in the back of beyond, one slipped into the primeval barbarousness that existed before morality was, before one's neighbour's wife or daughter or sister was. Out there a self-respecting young man of twenty-eight might covet many things—it was difficult not to covet things sometimes—but might not have those that his honour and his civilization obliged him to keep his hands off. In other words, he had to behave himself, very often no doubt struggle not to misbehave himself, and to remember however painfully that he was the heir of all the ages.

He had not misbehaved or forgotten his heritage during the two years or so that he had lived in his club at Calcutta. There were blokes in his club who had discovered that in the midst of civilization they were in abomination and filth, and rejoiced in their discovery. The discovery had very early been his also, but not the rejoicing in it. In his calmer moments he had painfully accepted the evil as a blot on our vaunted progress and refinement; in his less honourable moods he had been tempted by it and his companions, but enough honour there always had been in him to deny his thoughtless self. They said he was a coward. Perhaps he was. Perhaps the cowardice was theirs. He had read somewhere that men were decent enough by themselves: they sinned in packs. That might apply to his companions,—straight, hard-working fellows, most of them, when you had them alone. But he,—he had been different. He was a real bad egg. He had sinned alone.

The excrescence on the landscape was less faint now. It could have been recognised with a little effort as a cluster of huts, but the solitary straggler was too busy with his ironical reflections to pierce the surrounding gloom with a scrutinising eye.

Yes, he *had* got away, cut loose, from civilization. There was no denying that. Here he was, the only white man among a Pre-Aryan people, a Dravidian race of fishermen and women. They were a clean, simple people, worshipping their primitive gods and leading honest, peaceful lives. They were without our civilization, but not savage. He, Norman Foster, had left his civilization behind and brought into this innocent village only the savagery and selfishness which his civilization had subdued, but not extinguished, in him. . . .

It had all happened so suddenly. The tiger in him had broken through before he could check it. He had been idling at home the whole day. His thoughts had wandered all the time as only a young man's can. It was full moon. He had

had an early dinner and gone for a stroll along the beach. He must have mooned along southward for miles with his stick trailing in the sands and the rumble of the waters in his ears. The casurina forest, behind which stood his little cottage, stretched all the way to his right. At last, he made up his mind to strike home through the plantation instead of turning back and taking the main street. There was no undergrowth. The moonlight from a cloudless sky penetrated the slender trees and lit his path. The tree-tops made music for his march. His mood was ecstatic.

A tall, full-breasted, young woman emerged from behind a clump of trees on his right. She was carrying a bundle of twigs and humming a strange song as she came along a path that intersected Norman Foster's a few yards ahead. Evidently she was returning to her home among the little cluster of huts which he had noticed, our evening at the southern end of the plantationA garden of Eden! The blood rushed to his head. He walked on, struggling to gain mastery over himself. The woman was very near now. He stopped, the tiger had triumphed. He signalled to her, significantly. He was a white man, tall strong, handsome—a Sahib...It was full moon ...

Yes, he had been a downright cad. He had ruined not only himself but another—a simple impulsive child of nature. And he was going home next month,—to marry Doris! How could he gone home now? He had forgotten himself, forgotten Dad, forgotten Doris, forgotten everything that was honourable in his life.....

Physically and mentally, he was at the breaking point. He was cold, his legs were bad and might, at any moment, refuse their office altogether. He stared about him. Was there no human habitation in sight? His heart leapt up—the plantation and just at the foot of it a dark silent, sleeping village! He had found shelter at last. He stumbled up to the nearest hut. It stood in the centre of a raised platform of mud, with the thatch of the roof projecting so as to cover the unoccupied outer fringe

which served as a neat verandah sunning right round the place. He sought the driest spot of all this fringe... ..

Next morning a tall, full-breasted, young woman discovered a handsome strong Sahib lying on her mud-paved verandah. The Sahib was stone dead.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT IN ANCIENT INDIA.

HIRENDRA NATH MUKERJEE.

Third Year Arts.

EVERY student of ancient Indian history will note with regret the singular lack of appreciation of India's attainments in the past, especially in the secular field, even among the educated intelligentsia of our people. Ancient India is at best, described as a land of metaphysical speculators, whose literature mainly consisted of vague idealism and other-worldly absurdities. This notion has been greatly fostered by a section of historians who appear to delight in advertising before the world's gaze the weak points in Indian civilisation, and are loth to recognise and appreciate the best in it, for no other reason than that India happens to be outside the pale of the Graeco-Roman world. Their attitude may, I think, be correctly summed up as follows :—

We are the sweet, selected few,

Let all the rest be damned ;

There's room enough in hell for you,

We will not have heaven crammed.

Again, the undue stress laid on India's spiritual life by a section of Indologists has resulted in the spread of the idea

that her achievements in the secular line are too meagre to deserve attention. It is up to the students of ancient Indian history and culture to try to efface this undeserved blot on the glory of India's past.

An attempt has been made in these pages to show that municipalities are no new innovation in India, but that we possess sufficient materials to prove that they are an indigenous growth. The subject is one of fascinating interest and requires most careful handling by experts, and in attempting to write something on the subject, I may, not unnaturally, be classed among those people who always rush in where angels fear to tread.

There are ample proofs to demonstrate that municipal institutions are not an exotic growth in India, and that they can be traced back to the earliest dawn of civilisation in India. In the Rig-Veda, we have mention of the Pūrapati or lord of the city, who was at the head of the organisations for local government in the capital city and the larger towns, (P. N. Banerjee, "Public Administration in Ancient India.") Pūga, gana and nīgama were the three terms generally used to denote the pūra or town in its corporate capacity. From the Buddhist Binaya literature, we can infer that the 'pūga' was then a well-known organisation for purposes of municipal government. The term was also familiar to the great grammarian Panini who is generally computed to have lived in the seventh century B. C. "The municipal corporation was thus well established in pre-Maurya times."

"Nīgama" has been explained by Yajñavalkya's commentator as nānā-paura-samūhāh" i.e. aggregation of manifold citizens. A number of coins discovered in the Punjab by Sir Alexander Cunningham showed, on examination by Buhler, that the Naigamas or citizens could strike coinage. Again, Bhagwanlal Indraji has interpreted an inscription found at Nasik to record the gift of a village by the inhabitants of Nasik. Thus, we have examples of a Nigama-Samgha or town-democracy

exercising sovereign power. (D. R. Bhandarkar, Carmichael Lectures, 1918.) In Professor Rhys David's accounts of village administration as recorded in Buddhist books, we find glimpses of what we may be permitted to describe as a sort of municipal government. There we find that villagers united "of their own accord, to build Mote-halls and rest-houses and reservoirs, to mend the roads between their own and adjacent villages, and even to lay out parks."

It might be contended that these were mere "village communes" which hardly deserved being called municipal corporations. But it cannot be gainsaid that urban culture had attained quite a height of excellence in Hindu India. Even if we leave out entirely from our consideration the poetic descriptions of ideal cities like Ayodhya and Dvaraka of epic India, genuine historical data are available for showing the presence of cities in Northern and Southern India—cities which might even bear comparison to those of modern times.

Takshasila is known as one of the greatest cities of the ancient world. Its origin is shrouded in oblivion. We have reference to it even in the Ramayana. From the Jatakas, we learn that it was a great University town especially famous as a seat of Ayurvedic learning. It has been characterised by Akshay Kumar Maitra as the meeting-ground of nations of both the East and the West. Madura in the South, was in the first century A. D. in commercial and political touch with the Roman Empire. Vatapi in Bijapur, Tamralipta in Bengal, Ujjayini in Malwa, and Kanauj—not to speak of Pataliputra—were some of the great cities of ancient India. Arrian describes Takshasila as "a large and wealthy city and the most populous between the Indus and the Hydaspes." Treatises on town-planning were not wanting, and the Manasara, the most well-known of them, mentions seven kinds of villages and gives definite instructions for the building of even private dwelling-houses in the cities. The classification and separate enumeration of the vehicular streets (Rathya), avenues (Vithi)

and men's roads (Nrinam Marga) testify to the appreciation and recognition, by the town-planners of ancient India, of the principle of adjustment of streets to the volume of traffic. "There were also drains on both sides of the streets. We also find instances of conduit sluices like the modern sewerage as in the town of Vanji." (B. B. Datta, "Streets and their planning in Ancient India" in the "Forum.")

Tamil literature affords us an interesting account of municipal government in their cities. It appears almost incredible that arrangements were made for efficient collection of customs duties, maintenance of light-houses on the beach, supply of drinking water, segregation of public women and the system of drainage, (B. K. Sarkar, "Political Institutions and Theories of the Hindus.") During the Pallava and Ganga-Pallava times, Southern India was divided into Prefectures, Townships and Districts—Mandalams, Kottams and Nadus. Each Nadu contained a number of villages, each of which governed itself through the Mahasabha elected by the villagers. "An inscription of the time of the Ganga-Pallava king Kampavarman found at Ukkal, records an assumption of trust property and informs us that the management of the same was entrusted to the 'annual supervision' committee of the village." (C. H. Rau, "Local Self-Govt. in Ancient India" in the Indian Review, August 1908.) The Arthasastra tells us that in the extensive empire of Chandra Gupta, there was at least one city in each district, most of whom however, were small. We might then legitimately infer that urban culture had been quite developed in ancient and Hindu India.

The administration of Pataliputra, the "Indian Rome," was an illustration of perfect municipal organisation. Even Vincent Smith has admitted that "examination of the departmental details increases our wonder that such an organisation could have been planned and efficiently organised in India in 300 B.C." From the account of Megasthenes, we know that there was a municipal commission of 30 members, divided into six boards

of five members each, who, apart from their departmental functions, had charge also of matters affecting the general interest of the city. The six boards were respectively in charge of industrial arts, entertainment of foreigners, census and vital statistics, trade and commerce, supervision of manufactures and the sale of the same duly stamped, and the collection of tithes on the sale of goods. It was indeed a heavy responsibility that the Nagaraka (Mayor) together with the city council and the Sthanikas (Sub-prefects) and Gopas (Subordinates), had to bear, for Pataliputra in the third and fourth centuries before Christ, was undoubtedly the greatest city in the world. "Its territorial limits were four times those of Periclean Athens (B.C. 430) or of Augustan Rome (B.C. 27-14 A.C.) the greatest cities of ancient Europe." (Sarkar)

Pataliputra was encircled by a ditch 600 ft. in breadth and 30 cubits in depth. The wooden walls of the city were crowned with 570 towers and 64 gates. It "sketched to an extreme length of 80 stadia"....."its breadth was 15 stadia." The total circuit therefore, measured about $21\frac{1}{2}$ miles, which was slightly above the double of Aurelian's Rome that had a circuit of $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles. "Verily, Hindu burgomasters must have had Atlantean shoulders to bear on them the financial burden and civic duties of two European Romes in one Asian capital." (Sarkar).

We shall not be very far from the truth, when we infer that the viceregal capitals like Takshasila, Ujjayini, Suvarnagiri and Tosali, were governed on the model of Pataliputra. Special attention was paid to the strict enforcement of sanitary regulations, fines being imposed on those who transgressed them. Thus scrupulous cleanliness of the city was guaranteed by stringent laws. Rules were given out for precaution against outbreaks of fire. Citizens were expected to be always on the alert and see that no regulation was being tampered with. Arrival and departure of guests had to be notified to the city police. Profiteering was carefully guarded against, and prices of goods were regulated by official laws. A regular census

was taken under the supervision of the Samaharta or Collector general of the empire, when the minutest particulars about a family were carefully noted. The citizens were always keen in the discharge of their civic duties, and foreign travellers have always testified to the Indian citizens' sense of civic responsibility.

Asoka paid scrupulous attention to the activities of the municipalities throughout his empire, in one of his edicts to the municipal commissioners of Tosali in Kalinga, he concludes thus—

“For this purpose has this edict been inscribed here in order that the officers in charge of the city may display perservering zeal to prevent unwarranted imprisonment or unwarranted torture of the citizens.” With the same object, he called upon the Viceroys of Taxila and Ujjayini to summon assemblies of municipal administrators, at least every three years without fail.

We have now come to the end of our essay, and I think I have succeeded in giving an account, though very inadequate, of municipal institutions in ancient India. My readers, let me hope, will not expect anything original from the article, as it is merely a summary of the few data that in my humble way I have been able to collect. I may be criticised, on the one hand, by those who will laugh at my attempt to handle so intricate a subject, and on the other, by those who will exclaim with Shelley :

The world is weary of the past,

O might it die or rest at last !

To the former, my answer is that failures will only help as stepping stones to success, and to the latter, I shall only repeat what MaxMullar, stated in one of his lectures at Oxford :

“There is but one key to the present—that is the past. There is but one way to understand the continuous growth of human mind and to gain a firm grasp of what it has achieved in any department of knowledge—that is to watch its historical development.”

I can do no better than close this essay with the words of Professor Sytrain Levi, which, to my mind should serve as an inspiration to all students of ancient Indian history and culture :

“Old India, the mother of numberless children that have passed through days of triumph and age of sorrow, the ever-regulating mother of numberless children to come, stands before you anxious about her way. It is not enough to worship your mother. Help her !”

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE 1916-24.

THE January 1917 number of this Magazine, which was in a sense the *College Centenary number*, contained three articles from different pens of a historical nature, one on the foundation of the Hindu College, one on Presidency College from 1833 to 1906, and the other on the College from 1906-1916. These should be read by every student who has a pride and interest in his College. The third article was by Mr. H. R. James, and I am asked to continue the story from the point where he left off.

Briefly, it is a story not of material development but of quiet happy work, marked by a certain number of internal changes. The generous schemes for building extensions remain where they were, in large files, which by this time must be very dusty. The war, the financial stringency, the increased cost of building, and the uncertainty of future policy consequent on the appointment of the University. Commission, all contributed to delay action.

Mr. James told the history of events up to 1916. That year opened with a disaster. Serious misconduct on the part

of a small body of students necessitated the temporary closing of the College, and attempts on the part of outside authorities to interfere with the responsibilities of the Governing Body, were met by Mr. James' application for leave preparatory to retirement. So the College lost its finest Principal, and the Educational Service one of the ablest, if not the very ablest, of the Englishmen who have served in it in this province. A great scholar, a man of every refinement of instinct, an educationist to the finger-tips, a friend of all that was generous, and a great lover of Bengal, he gave up the prospects of a distinguished career in England because he felt attracted to India, and the affection in which his memory is held in Calcutta and Patna is in striking contrast with the circumstances that forced his departure. In England he accepted as a temporary war-time measure the *Sixth Form classical mastership* in a well-known public school, and subsequently settled down to literary work in which he is still engaged. Mr. W. C. Wordsworth was appointed Principal in his stead. He had joined the Educational Service in 1900, and had been Professor of Political Science in the College for four years, after which he had been Assistant Director of Public Instruction and Inspector of Schools for the Presidency Division.

Shortly afterwards a Committee was appointed to consider the reorganization of the M.A. and M. Sc. work of the University, and on its recommendation new regulations were framed abolishing all affiliation for the higher degrees and concentrating this work under control of the University, the Colleges assisting by placing at the service of the University their teaching power and equipment so far as could be done. This was a far-reaching change. The College had previously been entirely responsible for the advanced teaching of from two to three hundred students. It now surrendered this entire responsibility and agreed instead to take a large share in the teaching of the whole body of Post-Graduate students. The circumstances that led to this change are common to most countries. Higher

teaching becomes more and more exacting as knowledge extends and standards are raised. Resources do not increase in the same proportion as the demand, and the only solution is to combine resources. This is being done almost everywhere. It is possible to find much that is better and much that is worse in the new system. From the College point of view it has meant a loss of the sense of possession. The M.A. and M.Sc. students were a greater source of strength when they belonged entirely to the College and were wholly identified with it. They were the natural leaders in social and athletic life. Yet it would be ungenerous not to recognize how, despite their many occupations outside, the students who are attached to the University through the College magnificently carry on the old traditions.

Towards the end of 1917 Mr. Wordsworth was called away to act as Director of Public Instruction, and did not return to the College until July 1920. A year later he was again called away to the same post, and returned in November 1923. On both occasions Mr. J. R. Barrow, who was Principal of Chittagong College, acted for him.

The year 1918 and part of 1919 were marked by the investigations of the University Commission. Its comprehensive Report is a document that throws out of date all previous work, but little has been done to carry out the many recommendations. In Bengal, the Dacca University is up to date the only practical consequence of importance. The advisability of making Presidency College, either alone or with certain other select Colleges, a separate University was pressed by some witnesses, but was not accepted. Those who are interested will find more about this on pp. 414-417 of the first volume of the Report.

The last months of 1920 were months of trial. Political excitement mounted and after the famous Nagpur Conference the blow fell. College after College and School after School closed down in indiscipline and confusion, the University buildings were ringed with sentinels determined to let none

enter to sit for examinations or for other purposes, and the Presidency College next door was not left unmolested. It was a time of strain, but there was no disturbance within the College. Work went on quietly and happily as usual, until at last matters outside became intolerable, and Presidency College students were jeered at and roughly handled in the streets for their loyalty to the College. Then work was closed down for a couple of weeks until passions had cooled down. But other interests, social and athletic, continued with little interruption, and the enforced holiday did little harm. Immediately after the resumption of work, the College showed its mettle. The Census was due, and the Principal, on behalf of the students, offered to be responsible for the work in their ward running from Bow Bazar to Harrison Road. There was much emulation to take part in this new form of activity. Ultimately about 160 students were selected, those with no University examinations on hand being preferred ; they were organized into an army under eight senior students elected as captains, and with the Principal, as Officer in Command, set about the work. It took all leisure, morning and evening, for some six weeks, ending with a special verifying effort on Census day, but those who took part in it had the profit of learning much about the ways of life in this city. Hard as the work was, it was pleasant ; few resented the enquiries, and most were anxious to help the students in their self-imposed task.

The subsequent years passed without much unusual event. Political excitement went round the educational world in occasional spasms, one or two of which affected the College momentarily, but it never lost its head or its courage.

In the organization of work certain innovations deserve mention. Botany was introduced into the I. Sc. class from 1916. The new Post-Graduate system necessitated many changes in routine, to enable the Professors taking part in University work to meet these engagements. An endeavour has been made to give First Year students some practical training in English,

to improve their conversational and reading powers and their ability to follow lectures. The tutorial system has seen some extensions, but time does not permit of much more here ; a student cannot with profit do more than a certain number of hours work a day. The seminar system also has been developed, and in English Mr. Sterling has introduced many valuable improvements. Presidency College students of to-day are in one respect worse off than their grandfathers were. The College is so much larger, and there is so much work to be done, that they are naturally less in touch with their teachers. But this is compensated by better equipment, improved teaching methods, and by the deliberate attempt so to organize the work that all students have some direct contact with their teachers otherwise than in lectures.

An inevitable, but to my mind regrettable, feature of these years was the steady decrease in the number of European teachers. The war time losses could not be repaired by recruitment, and with the introduction of the new political arrangements it became a matter of policy to recruit no more. Mr. Peake retired at the completion of his service. He was largely the planner of the Baker Laboratories, and entirely the inspirer of the Science Library, now known as the Peake Library. Dr. Harrison was called to England to be a Physicist to the Navy at Portsmouth. Mr. J. W. Holme resigned on invitation to assume the Principalship of La Martinière College in Calcutta—an invitation given to him by the Governors after consideration of a long list of applicants in England. In consequence of the recommendations of the Lee Commission, Englishmen who choose education in India as their life's work will have to look elsewhere than Government service in future. The Indian Education Service, so far as Europeans are concerned, is now passing away ; the writer, himself a member, hopes to say something by way of tribute to it in a future number.

College Clubs have had their ups and downs. The College is badly situated, in the midst of a big city, with little ground

of its own ; students have little leisure to go far afield for their recreations. Accordingly the vitality of the clubs depends largely on the energy and devotion of those who are elected to office. There have been keen years, and lethargic years. The College has had good teams, and it has had teams so uninterested that they scratched most of their matches. One year this was done because, to balance accounts and remedy overspending in the previous season, the allotment to the cricket team was cut down, and those in charge refused to play when they could not entertain their opponents fittingly. This of course is the reverse of sport ; the cricket should be the attraction. The College has seen some extraordinarily good hockey teams of recent years, and would stand high in local esteem if it always kept its engagements. But with a good team one year and the next no team at all, authority fights shy of giving it a high place in the local competitions. Tennis prospers. It is a new addition to the amenities of the College, but happily the courts are on the spot, and much can be done with an hour in the evening. Perhaps the new keenness in tennis is responsible for the falling off in cricket. Three or four years ago there would be a couple of dozen men at the nets on the Maidan every evening. Now-a-days no student is ever seen there except for a match. An attempt was made a few years ago, to establish a College Swimming Club in College Square, but the success was small. With a thousand students more ought to be done. Games have their value for all, not merely for those who are expert enough to play in the teams. The difficulties in the way are great, but for what were difficulties made if not to be overcome ?

Did space allow I should like to say something of my colleagues during these years. The qualities of a few received recognition—cheering, if long delayed. Mr. Coyajee was appointed to serve on the Tariff Commission, a tribute to his profound wisdom in economics. Professor Hriday Chandra Banerjee was at the very end of his career selected to be Principal of

Chittagong College. Dr. A. N. Mukherjee was recently chosen to be Principal of the Sanskrit College. Professor K. N. Mitter was for some time one of the official representatives of Bengal in the Assembly at Simla and is now a Member of the Council of State. The College has been well served, and it has well served Bengal.

W. C. W.

QUESTIONS SET AT THE DRAGON.*

Science.

1 (a) Describe in detail how a simple Mercury Barometer is made, as you have seen it done.

Make a drawing.

What is the use of the instrument ?

1 (b) [For those who have not seen the Barometer made.] Write a description of the substance Mercury as you have seen it yourselves.

2. Choose three of the common trees in the school grounds, and make drawings of their leaves and of their 'fruits,' labelling each with its name.

3. (1) The silkworm is not a worm.

(2) The ladybird is not a bird.

(3) The whale is not a fish.

Say what each really is, and give reasons for your answer.

4. Describe carefully the ordinary electric bulb. Illustrate

* From the *Draconian*, August, 1924. It may be pointed out that these questions were tackled very creditably by boys below fourteen, amongst whom is Master G. Maefield, son of the celebrated poet.

your description by a 'life-size' drawing, and say how the bulb comes to give a light when you put the switch on.

5. Write a few lines on *three* of the following :—

- (1) Occultations and transits.
- (2) Hips and haws.
- (3) Spring tides.
- (4) Cocoon.
- (5) The toe of a fish.
- (6) Coal.

English Literature.

1. Quote, if you can—and if you can't, compose—four lines of English Verse about each of (1) a bird or birds, (2) a landscape, (3) someone's death. If you quote, name the writer.

2. Name and describe shortly your favourite verse-story. Do you think it would be as good if it had been written in prose ? Give reasons.

3. Write a short dialogue between Miranda (of 'The Tempest') and her son, aged 12, in which he asks and she answers questions about life on the island. Give the boy the name which you think Ferdinand and Miranda would have chosen for him.

4. Continue for not more than four lines, naming work and author :—

- (a) The king sits in.....
- (b) He had forty-two boxes, all carefully.....
- (c) Stone walls donot.....
- (d) O where ha'e ye been, Lord.....
- (e) When the enterprising.....

English.

1. (a) Describe, shortly but vividly, the scene suggested by :—

- (1) Shibboleth, (2) hanging by a hair, (3) tantalize,
- (4) selling the pass.

(b) Write short sentences which will explain the meaning of :—the green-eyed monster, a dark horse, riding for a fall, a flash in the pan, a busman's holiday.

2. If you had to spend ten years on a desert island, what six books would you take with you ?

3. Write an original 'Just-so story' after the manner of Kipling.

4. Is a photograph a work of art ? Give your reasons.

5. Take any three English poems you know and like, arrange them in order of merit, and explain, with quotations, why you like them.

6. Who painted :—The last supper, The Rake's Progress, The Blue Boy, The Fighting Temeraire, The light of the world, The Roll Call, The Rehearsal, The Sistine madonna, The laughing Cavalier. Describe any one of them or any other well-known painting.

7. Continue (where necessary) for not more than four lines, and give name of author and title of work :

(1) If you have tears.....

(2) Cromwell, I charge thee.

(3) Do the work that's nearest.

(4) Lives of greatmen all remind us.

(5) So he passed over, and all the Trumpets sounded
for him on the other side

(6) Let us always keep heart in the strife

(7) Ah ! Love could thou and I with fate conspire.....

History.

1. What king in English History brought the greatest misfortunes to his country ? Give your reasons.

2. Write the letter which (a) Protestant, (b) a Roman Catholic, (c) a statesman might have written to Queen Elizabeth in 1586.

3. If you could have been one of the English statesmen of the last 200 years, which would you have been ? why ?

SOME PAPERS BY PROF. H. C. DAS GUPTA. *

IT is unfortunate that the total output of original papers from the Presidency College is very small. The Laboratory and the library have much improved since the days of Dr. J. C. Bose and Dr. P. C. Roy, but the initiative and the inspiration which the then workers in the field derived from these Professors are now scarcely available. It is pleasing to note, however, that a few—and their number is daily increasing—are still trying to keep the old light kindling. Among them Professor H. C. Das Gupta, M.A., F.G.S., is perhaps the most prominent. His untiring energy and whole-hearted devotion to his works have a great lesson for the younger 'seekers after truth'. His results are not less inspiring.

His field of investigation extends far beyond the widest boundaries of Geology, the subject of his special study. His papers on the sedentary games of India and on polyandry in Jubbal State are no less interesting and instructive.

In his paper on the Geology of Hill Tipperah (1) about which no Geological note had been previously published. Prof. Das Gupta describes a peculiar uncultivable area which is covered with turf and is floating on a muddy subsoil. This land was confined to a small area some fifty years back, but is now half-a-mile long and one-eighth of a mile broad, and is still tending to extend. In this paper he also describes an angiospermous fossil wood from the sandstone bed of Lalmai range in Commilla District. In this connection it may be said that a careful study of the much neglected Geology of the alluvial Bengal pays to the fullest extent.

* (1) Journal and Proceedings, Asiatic Society of Bengal (N. S.) Vol. IV No. 6, 1908.

(2) Proc. Indian Association for the Cultivation of Science Vol. I, 1915.

(3) Ibid 1915.

(4) Ibid 1919.

(5) Journal of the Department of Science, Calcutta University Vol. V, 1923

(6) Journal and Proceedings, A. S. B. (N. S.) Vol. XIX, 1923, No. 3

In a paper on the correlation of the Kamthi beds of the Gondwana system (2), Prof. Das Gupta criticises the opinion of the late Mr. Vredenburg, that the Kamthi beds are younger than the Panchets, and after a careful examination of the fossil flora of the two beds concludes that the Panchets are really the younger.

In another paper (3) he discusses the origin of the serpentinous limestone or ophicalcite of Daltongonj, which according to him is derived from the pre-existing garnet-bearing pyrocene-granulite.

The Presidential addresses which he delivered in the Science conventions of the Indian association for the cultivation of Science are worth perusal. In his paper on past glaciation in India (4) he has compiled in a short compass all the available records of glacial conditions in India in the Geological past. Compilation of this kind is extremely helpful for correlation and enunciation of general scientific principles.

It will not be possible here even to mention all his original papers which number no less than thirty. I shall like to make more than a passing reference to two of his recent papers which may interest some of the readers. In his paper on Indian prehistory (5) the author discusses the antiquity of man so far as Indian evidences are concerned. Here he gives a full description of the *Sivapithecus indicus* which according to Dr. Pilgrim is the Lower Siwalik ancestor of man. After giving a brief history of the controversy over this interesting specimen Prof. Das Gupta supports Dr. Pilgrim and says that at least one character of the right ramus which is practically the only part of the animal known has a human aspect. In his paper he tells the interesting story of the implement which was found by Dr. Noetling from the Siwalik (Pliocene) beds of Burma. The author fully discussed the evidences of the associated fossils, the nature of the chipped implement and the mode of occurrence and says, "We have in Burma evidences which may probably point to the existence of a man in the

middle Siwalik or Pontian age. Prof. Das Gupta then gives a lucid and rapid survey of all the evidences of the existence of man in India in prehistoric age.

In a paper (6) read at the Anthropological section of the last Indian Science Congress, Prof. Das Gupta describes a type of sedentary games from the Cherapunji Hills. This peculiar game, he tells us, is also prevalent in Orissa, Madras Presidency and in other parts of India, but has not been found in the Indo-gangetic plain. The sedentary games, which are rapidly disappearing from India and (if a record is not now kept,) which it will be impossible to collect in future, may in course of time add some valuable chapter to the history of India.

S.

ROUSSEAU AS AN EDUCATIONAL REFORMER.

PROFULLA KUMAR SARKAR, M.A.

(*Ex-Secy. College Magazine*).

IT is generally the way with the reformers to state their opinions and views in an extreme form, and sometimes they strike the pendulum to the other extreme, giving views diametrically opposite to accepted things. This was the case with Rousseau, himself a reactionary and in some sense a revolutionary in education. He drove his educational cart with the child before the subject rather than with the subject before the child, as was the practice of the age. As a reactionary, it was natural for him to start the reaction in the education of the young by laying an exaggerated stress on the child to the neglect of the subject. After him came the New Teaching which made up for the defect of the reaction and in a spirit of compromise laid stress on both the child and the

subject with, however, a slight greater emphasis on the child. The reaction thus set on foot paved the way for the New Teaching through his followers, Pestalozzi, Basedow and Froebel. According to Mr. Morley "It cleared away the accumulation of clogging prejudices and obscure inveterate usage which made education one of the dark formalistic arts ; and it admitted floods of light and air into tightly closed nurseries and school-rooms" (Rousseau, ij., 248). In this, he has been characterised by some as a revolutionary, preaching in extreme forms his motto of doing the opposite of what was usual and customary. He laid the first axe at the Renaissance ideal of education through bookish lore, emphasising instruction through things and sense-perception. He was certainly a revolutionary in his advocacy of education in natural environment cut off from society relieved only by the solitary presence of the tutor, who is to help or rescue 'Emile' while in serious difficulties. Voltaire, however, says that this only dehumanises man. This education in isolation bears some resemblance to that imparted in the 'forest-homes' or *asramas* by the Indian ascetics. Pestalozzi following Rousseau laid much stress on child-study and afterwards founded the modern psychological method of education. Froebel also was much influenced in his idea of *Kindergarten* for children by Rousseau's idea. 'Emile' was not to be brought up as a social man, but as an isolated plant out of the influence of society. Froebel's *Kindergarten* idea treats of the children like so many plants in a garden. But Froebel here provides for the growth of the social virtues of the child through *Kindergarten* activities. Rousseau's natural method, i.e., studying through things was successfully applied by Froebel, while his plea for child-study prepared the way for the psychological method introduced by Pestalozzi.

We may notice here some of the chief features of Rousseau's instructions : —

- (1) Process of learning was not through words but through objects
- (2) Mathematics and physical science were given much

prominence as subjects of study (3) No didactic method was allowed and self-teaching was the only method followed (4) The activities of the limbs were to accompany learning. Rousseau's plea for self-activity, self-learning and self-development was extremely useful in education. As a reformer he put all this in an exaggerated manner perhaps to divert man's minds from the traditional course. But he committed a great blunder in ignoring the humanising influence of society in education. In his defence it may be said that disgusted with the formalities then prevailing in society and the exaggerated importance placed on formal learning not based on the study of things from nature, he wanted to let man develop freely in nature so that his divine nature may come out at its best.

He allows his 'Emile' a long rope, under the fostering influence of nature to do and move as he likes ; his natural instincts and interests are allowed the greatest possible satisfaction limited only by the occasional and healthy checks of natural consequences ; for human checks are feared by him as things which impede natural growth. Here Rousseau was mistaken, if we take him literally ; reliance only on natural checks and consequences, if they come too late may allow a person to become a hardened sinner. But we must not forget that in this also Rousseau only sought to clear out the prevailing atmosphere which stifled life in the schools by a system of all sorts of punishments, making learning a repulsive process. Here also he may be said to have paved the way for what is called 'soft-pedagogy.

Rousseau's imaginary child 'Emile' created a great stir, being rich in fruitful "suggestions, upright counsels and lofty ideals, suited to modern times," in spite of all that was notorious about it. The "craze" produced good results ; mothers were won over and set about thinking seriously of the nursing of their infants ; noble lords took to physical exercise and making handicrafts ; the spirit of innovation drove the new educational chariot entirely on a new road.

REPORTS

The Presidency College Union.

IN presenting the report of the College Union for the first term of the college year, the secretary begs to thank the professors and students who have by their active co-operation and support brought a new life into this organisation which was almost in a moribund condition for the last two years. *

We had a very busy session last autumn. Besides the occasions of Dr. Tagore's visit and the autumn social, we met seven times in the Physics Theatre. All these meetings, we are very glad to say, were well attended. A brief summary of these gatherings is given below.

1. Dr. Tagore in the Presidency College.

On the invitation of the Union, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore honoured our College with his presence on the 10th September, when the union presented him with an address on the eve of his departure for the Far west. The eagerness of the students to hear Dr. Tagore was so keen that it was difficult for the union to accommodate them comfortably.

The High Priest of Indian culture was given a great ovation on his arrival and was greeted with the famous song, *Bande-mataram*."

Having garlanded the distinguished guest and the Principal, the secretary welcomed the poet with a short address. Dr. Tagore delivered his address in a sweet and melodious voice, which was heard by the audience in pin-drop silence. In the course of the address he said that his mission was essential one-ness of humanity. The message which he carried with him as the Representative of India was the message of eternity—the message that culture is not bound by time, place and circumstan-

* Is not S. C. R. too harsh here? Ed

ces. The greatness of India and of the world lies in the realisation of the fact that humanity is a unity and that the highest religion of the world is not found in narrow separatistic ideals but in the universal. *Detailed report has already been published.*

[The Principal having thanked the Poet for his illuminating address, the meeting terminated with a song in chorus.]

II. A Debate on Residential Universities.

At a general meeting of the College union held on Friday the 12th September, under the presidency of Principal Stapleton Mr. Satyendranath Ray of the sixth year class moved.

"That time has come to start further residential universities in all parts of India."

The mover in a short speech said that it is the residential universities that produce the real type of men. They give the students an opportunity of association with the professors, which is sadly lacking in non-residential types. They promote mutual understandings among the students themselves, while the present system hinders the growth of fellow-feeling and friendship. Besides, study in residential universities inspires a healthy pride in the Alma Mater and a sort of university patriotism. In ancient India, Universities implied residence ; the student was completely cut off from his home. The idea is that the student should be free from the cares and anxieties of the family.

Mr. Prokash Chandra Mullick of the 3rd year B. A. Class, who seconded the resolution, said that the English Universities gained a real advantage from the direct training which they offered.

Mr. Agrawal of the First year Arts class moved an amendment which was rejected after some discussed.

Mr. Tarakumar Mookerjea of the Fourth year class opposed the resolution on the ground that poverty makes the introduction of residential universities impossible in the country.

Before Mr. Mookerjea had finished the Debate was adjourned.

III. Address by Mr K. C. Roy Chowdhury.

On the invitation of the college union Mr. K. C. Roy Chowdhury, the Labourite M. L. C. addressed a largely attended meeting at the Physics Theatre on the 15th September. Principal H. E. Stapleton, who presided, introduced the speaker in a nice little speech.

Mr Roy Chowdhury recalled on occasion in 1907 when he had arranged in the Presidency College a lecture of Mr. Keir Hardy, the great Labour leader—a step which at that time the authorities at Darjeeling looked upon with disfavour. But “Labour ministry now rules the destinies of the British Empire” Mr. Roy Chowdhury outlined the origin of the great Labour Movement in England and pointed out that it had now assumed an International aspect. He referred to Art XXIII of the covenant of the League of Nations which was the magna Carta of the Labour movement in Europe.

After the lecture, Mr Roy Chowdhury replied to some questions put to him by Mr. A. K. Sarcar.

With a vote of thanks to the speaker the meeting terminated.

IV. Symbolism of Arupratan.

Symbolism of Tagore's “Arupratan” was the subject of a lecture delivered by Prof. Surendranath Das Gupta, M. A., Ph.D. on the 19th September. Principal Stapleton took the chair.

The president in introducing the speaker said that the Union was going to stage Tagore's “Arupratan” shortly. But as the mystic play required some explanation they had invited Dr. Das Gupta to deliver this lecture.

The learned Doctor began with same remarks on the symbolic plays of Shelley, Ibsen and Tagore. He then pointed out that Rabindranath's source of the play was a sanskrit drama named “Kushajateka.” In “Kushajateka” and “Arupratan” the story is the same. But the latter is full of suggestiveness and

gives hints of the Beyond. In it the whole scheme of thought is purely Indian. It speaks of the ultimate truth which is unspeakable, invisible and inaudible—which can only be felt. In “Arupratan” Tagore teaches that self knowledge and self-communion must be the aim of life. The drama is purely Indian in temperament and full of robust optimism.

The President on rising to thank the speaker made a few suitable remarks whereupon the meeting came to a close.

V. Codolence meeting on the Death of Mr. Bhupendronath Basu.

A meeting of the College union was held on the 20th September in the Physics Theater to express sorrow at the death of Mr. B. N. Basu. Principal Stapleton presided.

The following resolutions were passed ;—

“This meeting of the Presidency College Union deeply mourns the untimely demise of Mr. Bhupendranath Basu, an alumnus of the Presidency College, who had distinguished himself in various spheres of public life and rendered invaluable services to his motherland. This meeting also expresses heart-felt sympathy, on behalf of the College, with the bereaved family.

“Resolved that a copy of the above resolution be forwarded over the signature of the president to the son of the deceased.”

Drs. Shastri and Ghosal and Prof. B. K. Sen spoke eloquently on the various qualities of the late Mr. Basu.

The President in a nice little speech paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the great man.

VI. The Autumn Social—A detailed report has been published elsewhere.

VII. Condolence Meeting at the death of Mr. Montagu.

A meeting of the College union was held on the 17th November to mourn the death of the Right Hon'ble Mr. Montagu, late secretary of state for India.

The following resolutions were unanimously passed, all standing in solemn silence.

“This meeting of the students and staff of the Presidency

College expresses its deep sense of sorrow at the sudden death of the Right Hon'ble Mr. E. S. Montagu, and places on record its high appreciation of the services, he rendered to India.

Mr. Stapleton, the Hon'ble Mr. K. N. Mitter, and Messrs. S. C. Roy and S. C. Sen Gupta spoke on the great qualities of the deceased.

VIII. Debate on Residential Universities.

The adjourned debate on residential Universities was resumed on the 20th November in the Physics Theatre. Principal Stapleton presided.

Mr. Tarakumar Mookerjee who was in possession of the House when the debate was adjourned on the previous occasion objected to the establishment of residential Universities mainly on economic grounds. He said that it was only the pink of aristocracy that could join residential Universities. In ancient India residential universities were advantageous as there was no means of communication at that time. He pointed out that communal jealousies and caste system were great obstacles in the matter.

Principal Stapleton opposing the motion said that residential universities involved a heavy expenditure. It was not possible to find out means for the establishment of these universities without further taxation. From the point of economy he regretted his inability to support the motion.

Mr. Manindranath Basu, Mr. B. M. Agarwalla Mr. C. A. Gomes and a few other students participated in the debate.

After Mr. S. N. Ray had replied to some of the arguments put forward by the opposition, the motion was put to the vote and was carried by a majority of one vote, 32 voting for and 3 against it.

IX. Work before young men was the subject of a lecture by Mr. G. S. Dutt I.C.S. on Saturday the 29th November at 15 p.m. There was a large gathering of professors and students. Mrs. G. S. Dutt O.B.E. was also present, Principal Stapleton presided.

Before we conclude we should like to convey our thanks to

Mr. J. N. Bagchi who treated the organisers of the Autumn social to tea on the 27th November last. Mr. and Mrs. Stapleton were present and the whole party was photographed.

S. C. R.

Report of the Magazine-Committee.

A meeting of the Old Magazine Committee was held in the Principal's room in August last under the Presidency of Mr. H. E. Stapleton. The following members who had been previously elected by their respective classes were confirmed as class-representatives.

President

Principal (Ex-Officio).

Vice-President

Mr. S. K. Banerjee.

<i>6th year Arts.</i>	Sj. Suresh Chandra Roy.
<i>6th year Sc.</i>	„
<i>5th year Sc.</i>	„
<i>4th year Arts.</i>	„ Bimala Prosad Mukerjee.
<i>4th year Sc.</i>	„ Syed Murtuza Ali.
<i>3rd year Arts.</i>	„ Hironmoy Banerjee.
<i>2nd year Arts.</i>	„ Govinda Das Bhattacharjee.
<i>2nd year Sc.</i>	„
<i>1st year Arts.</i>	„ Durga Pada Ghoshal.
<i>1st year Sc</i>	„ Jatindra Nath Rudra.

Messrs. Subodh Chandra Sen Gupta and Bijoy Lal Lahiri were elected the Editor and the Secretary respectively. All the resolutions were carried unanimously.

The members of the Magazine-Committee met in the Principal's room on Thursday the 13th November under the presidency of Mr. H. E. Stapleton. The following resolutions were carried unanimously.

(1) That this Committee considers the desirability of electing an Assistant Editor who should have a previous training

and thus may be eligible for election as editor in the next or any subsequent year.

(moved by the Principal).

(2) That the assistant editor should be elected by the committee, whereas the editor should be nominated by the Vice-President.

(moved by Mr. P. E. Dustoor).

(3) That the above resolutions be placed for consideration before the Sub-Committee of the College Union.

(4) That a Sub-Committee be formed consisting of the following members.

(i) Prof. S. K. Banerjee, Vice-President.

(ii) Sj. Subodh Chandra Sen Gupta, Editor.

(iii) Sj. Bijoy Lal Lahiri, General Secretary.

(iv) Sj. Suresh Chandra Roy, Member, to consider the following resolutions :—

(a) That a revised free and exchange list of the Presidency College Magazine be drawn up for approval.

(b) That in view of the unsatisfactory financial conditions of the Presidency College Magazine, tenders be called from several presses for the future printing of the Magazine.

(moved by the Principal).

We should like to convey our thanks to the publishers of the Calcutta Review through whose courtesy we could publish a portrait of late Sir Asutosh Mookerji in the last issue of the Magazine.

B. L. L.

The Bengali Literary Society.

The Editor of the College Magazine in the last issue expressed his fears for the fate of the Bedgali Literary Society—he was afraid lest it should cease to be. But we are sure that by this time he has found out that it is very much alive and we would warn him not to make any such disparaging remarks in future !

The first meeting :—

The Bengal Literary Society met for the first time on the 29th of August to elect office-bearers for the session. The results are appended below.

President

Dr. Surendra Nath Das Gupta.

Vice-President

Sj. Charuchandra Bhattacharya.

„ Srikumar Bandopadhyia.

„ P. C. Mahalanobis.

„ Surendra Chandra Mazumdar.

„ Sadananda Bhaduri.

Secretary

Sj. Humayun Kabir.

Asst. Secretaty

Sj. Sukumar Dutt.

Class Representatives.

1st. year Arts. Sj, Haridas Ghosh.

1st year Sc. „ Charuchandra Bhattacharya.

2nd year Arts. „ Symacharan Chatterjee.

2nd year Sc. „ Bhibupada Kisti.

3rd year Arts. „ Atikar Rahman Mahmood.

3rd year Sc. „ Promode Kumar Ghosal.

4th year Arts. „ Baidyanath Bhattacharya.

4th year Sc. „ Naresh Chandra Deb.

5th year Arts. „ Subodh Chandra Sen Gupta.

5th year Sc. „

6th year Arts. „ Suresh Chandra Roy.

6th year Sc. „ Satyendra Nath Roy.

Principal H. E. Stapleton presided

The Second Meeting :—

The Second meeting of the Bengali Literary Society took place on the 5th September at 1 p. m. at the Historical Seminar. Dr. Surendranath Das Gupta presided and Professors Srikumar

Banerjee, Benoy Kumar Sen, Dr. U. N. Ghosal, Surendra Chandra Mazumdar and Harihor Shastri were kind enough to attend. Professor Nilmony Chakraborty delivered an interesting lecture on Prakrit Language and Literature. He spoke at length of the achievements of Prakrit and indicated its vast extent. The President then offered a few remarks.

The Third Meeting :—

The next meeting was held on the 26th of September at 1 p. m. in the physics theatre before a large gathering of students and Professors. Professors B. M. Sen, S. K. Banerjee, C. C. Bhattacharya, Dr. U. N. Ghosal, H. C. Sen Gupta, Sadananda Bhaduri and Narendra Nath Neogi attended. Dr. Surendra Nath Das Gupta took the chair. Mr. Humayun Kabir read a short paper on Rabindranath's "Raktakarabi", (রক্তকরবী) which tried to bring out the main ideas of the poet in a short space. The paper was followed by interesting remarks from Professors Srikumar Banerjee and Charu Chandra Bhattacharya. The President then offered his remarks which were highly appreciated by the house.

The Fourth Meeting :—

The next meeting came off on Thursday the 13th of November at 2 p. m. in the Physics Theatre with the Hon'ble K. N. Mitter in the chair. Professors B. M. Sen, Nilmony Chakraborty and S. C. Mazumdar were also present. The attendance of students was not satisfactory.

Mr. Bhibupada Kirti of the 2nd year Science read a lengthy paper on "Satyendranath" in which he tried to bring out the main points of excellence in Satyendranath, which constitute his chief attraction. Mr. Pramotha Chakraborty offered some remarks, after which the president treated as to some nice little details of the poet Satyendranath, who was an intimate friend of his.

The Fifth Meeting :—

The fifth meeting of the Bengali Literary Society took place on the 27th of November at 3 p. m. in the Physics Theatre.

Professor Srikumar Banerjee, the President of the meeting, called upon Mr. Subodh Chandra Sen Gupta * to read out his paper on "What is Poetry." The audience appreciated the pains taken by the writer to criticise all possible theories of poetry and the soundness of some of his criticism. The paper was criticised by Messrs. Tarapada Mukerjee and Probodh Ranjan Sen, who differed from the writer on some points.

The President then offered his remarks, which were as usual marked by keen-insight into the subtleties of poetry. He talked of the elusive nature of poetry and remarked that its origin and consummation were both mysterious and infinite.

Humayun Kabir.

Report on the working of the Presidency College Cooperative Society for the period 1. 7. 23. to 31. 3. 24.

The Committee of Management of the Presidency College Cooperative Society submits its report on the working of the Society during the nine months from 1. 7. 23 to 31. 3. 24. In former years, the cooperative year ended on the 30th June, but, from this year, the Registrar has ordered that the cooperative year should coincide with the official year beginning on the 1st of April and ending on the 31st of March. This report accordingly covers a period of nine months only from 1. 7. 23 to 31. 3. 24.

* *Membership* :—The number of members last year was 73. This year 15 new members were admitted and two ceased to be members: the total number at the close of the year under review was thus 86.

Shares :—The authorised share capital of the society is Rs. 20,000 divided into 2000 shares of the value of Rs. 10/- each. Share payments are made either in one lump or in successive monthly instalments of not less than one rupee. The number

* We have made the editor read one paper for the *one* remark he made in last issue ! Now for the future !

of shares held by members last year was 469 and this year it has increased up to 539. Paid up share capital has increased from Rs. 4565 to Rs. 5350 and no share has been withdrawn or forfeited during the period under review.

Deposits:—The maximum liability of the Society fixed for the year was Rs. 20,000 and it has not exceeded that limit. The total deposits from members and non-members increased from Rs. 4450 and Rs. 400 to Rs. 7071 and Rs. 1800 respectively. Interest on deposits was paid twice during the year i. e. in June and in December. In this connection the audit report says.—“Increase of deposits is a hopeful sign of the society and the solvency of the society seems to have improved and increased and thus the society attracted the faith of the depositing public.

Loans:—During the period under review Rs. 18105/- was loaned out to members and Rs. 13049/- was repaid by borrowing members : last year Rs. 84104/- and Rs. 5254/- represented the issue and repayments of loans. Repayments have been generally regular and punctual. The interest on loans remained the same as last year viz., 9 per cent.

Profit and its distribution:—During the period under review viz., 9 months the Society made a net profit of Rs. 505-11-9. Adding to the last year's profit of Rs. 5-2-0 which has been carried forward to this year, the total net profit amounts to Rs. 510-12-9 which may be distributed, subject to the sanction of the Registrar, as follows :—

1. Reserve fund	...	127-14-0
2. Dividend at 6 % (per nine months)		321-0-0
3. Bonus to cashier	...	50-0-0
4. Carried to next year	...	11-14-9

It is to be noted that the dividend of 6 % has accrued out of only 9 months' working of the Society : it really work out at 8 % if 12 months are taken into account.

Staff:—We have only the part time service of a peon on Rs. 2/- per month. The sum of Rs. 50/- was paid last year to

Babu Hiralal Mukherji, cashier of the College, for his services in collection of monthly payments of kists. All the office bearers are honorary workers.

Meetings : — Two general meetings—the annual general meeting and an extraordinary general meeting—were held during the period under review. Besides the two general meetings, thirteen meetings of the Committee of Management were held during the same period.

General : — The successful working of the Society has been very largely due to the ungrudging services of Prof. K. N. Chakravarty, the Joint Secretary, to whom the Society owes a heavy debt of gratitude. His services are indispensable to the Society and we hope he will be persuaded to continue his labor of love for another year at least.

P. Mukherji.

Hony Secretary.

Historical Society.

The second annual meeting of the Society came off on the 4th January 1924, Principal Wordsworth being in the chair. The following office-bearers were elected.

Prof. K. Zachariah, M.A. (oxon) —President.

„ B. K. Sen, M. A.	} Vice-Presidents.
„ U. N. Ghosal, M.A., Ph. D.	
„ S. C. Majumder, M.A.	
„ Nilmoni Chakravarty, M.A.	

Mr. Tarakumar Mukherjee, III.yr. hon.—Secretary.

Mr. Ranjitkumar Roy, I.yr.—Asst. Secretary.

Class-Representatives : Mr. Prithwish Ch. Chakravarty, IV yr. hon. Mr. Abul Khair, IV yr. pass, Mr. Pramotho Nath Chakravarty, III.yr. hon., Mr. Bimalaprosad Mukherjee, III yr. pass, Mr. Hiron-moy Banerjea, II yr., Mr. Kalyan Kumar Bose, 1st year.

The First Meeting.

The first meeting of the Society came off on the 25th January 1925 with Dr. Ghosal as president. "The study of Indian history

in a critical method" was discussed. Various suggestions were also invited from the members for the better working of the Society and it was hoped that the Society should create a general atmosphere of research by fostering a spirit of scientific enquiry into events of the past.

The Second Meeting.

The second meeting was held on the 8th February 1924 with Dr. Ghosal in the chair. Sj. Asit Mukherji read an interesting paper on "Imperialism in Ancient India."

"The Empire cult", remarked the writer, "was of a long duration in the mind of Indian kings." The remark was supported by illustrations from different periods of history of Ancient India and a glowing tribute of praise was paid to the unique character of Asoka's Imperialism. The characteristics of Imperialism prevalent in India were made clear by a reference to political science as propounded in the Maurya Period and by drawing a contrast with the Greek or Roman Imperialism. "The vitality of local self-governing associations and social activities was least endangered by the growth of Imperialistic ideas among kings"—was another remarkable observation of the writer. The Essay was concluded by an attempt to explain the causes of the failure of this ideal.

A keen discussion took place. Sj. Ajit Kumar Hazra, Sj. Tarakumar Mukherjee, Sj. Ranajit Roy and Sj. Chitta Ranjan Sen took part in the debate

The President, in conclusion referred to the varied growth of this Imperialistic idea and said that the idea was original with the Indians of ancient times. The meeting then came to a close.

The Third Meeting.

The third meeting took place on the 29th February under the presidency of Dr. Ghosal. Sj. Ajit Kumar Hazra read a paper on "Diplomacy in Hindu India."

In Chanakya, the writer found his Indian hero of diplomacy and even Bismark of the 19th Century, according to the writer was not a match for this Indian diplomatist. In The 'Artha

Sastra' the writer found an inspiring book. Mr. Hajra even characterized Asoka's theocratic rule as a specimen of foolish policy and it was his opinion that a king like Asoka was unfit to rule an empire

The paper gave rise to a heated discussion. Sj. Promotho-nath Ceakravarty, Sj. Asit Mukerji, Sj. Chittaranjan Sen, Sj. Tarakumar Mukherjee took part in the debate. Mr. Hajra was then allowed to reply.

The President in his concluding speech remarked that the science of diplomacy was prevalent in India long before the time of Chanakya. Of the four উপায়'s of state management সাম, দান, ভেদ and দণ্ড, as described in the Mahavarata, the third referred to diplomacy. Asoka, observed the president,—was a strong king, yet his exceptional adherence to religion took away from his subjects and successors that military ardour which would have been capable of saving the Maurya Empire from its speedy march towards decline.

The Fourth Meeting.

The fourth meeting of the Society came off on the 14th March. Principal W. C. Wordsworth, M.A. (Oxon) presided. The meeting was graced by the presence of a galaxy of professors like Dr. P. D. Sastri, Hon'ble Mr. K. N. Mitter, Mr. B. K. Sen, Dr. U. N. Ghosal, Messrs. P. C. Ghosh, H. D. Vidyabhusan and B. B. Roy. Prof. Nilmony Chakravarty, M.A. read an excellent paper on "Sanskrit literature in India under the Mahammadan rule."

The subject matter was limited within the period extending from the 13th to the 18th Century. The Professor dwelt on the development of Sanskrit learning during the period. After referring to the great Mahammadan patrons like Daraseko, Sayestha Khan and others, he began to indicate how Sanskrit learning branched into different channels of philosophy, poetry, drama, grammar, rhetoric, astronomy, astrology, architecture and geography. Independent researches in several fields of learning were not lacking.

Dr. Ghosal and the President thanked the writer in neat little speeches and the meeting then terminated.

The Fifth Meeting :

The fifth meeting was held on the 8th August under the presidency of Principal Stapleton. Among the Professors present were Dr. Ghosal, Messrs. B. K. Sen, N. Chakravarty, H. D. Vidyabhusan. Dr. Prabhudatta Shastri spoke on "Historico-Critical method with special reference to the Rig Veda and the Bible." The speaker dwelt on the immense value of the evolutionary theory. Then he traced the working of the method in the proper interpretation of the Rig Veda and the Bible. His lecture was very interesting. The President thanked the speaker for the masterly way in which he dealt with an extremely complicated subject. The meeting then broke up.

The Sixth Meeting :

The Sixth meeting took place on the 13th November. Mr. Nilmony Chakravarty occupied the chair. Among the Professors present were Dr. Ghosal and Mr. S. C. Majumdar. Sj. Asit Mukerji read a paper on "Mediaeval India."

The writer in a general way compared "India in the mediaeval period" with "Europe in the middle ages." He went on tracing the rise, growth and decline of the Mahammadan power in India, in course of which the causes of the decline of the Hindu power were also mentioned. The varied growth of culture and cult during the period was also dealt with.

Sj. Tarakumar Mukherjee, Sj. Chittaranjan Sen, Sj. Pramathanath Chakravarty and Dr. U. N. Ghosal took part in the discussion.

The President concluded his observations by saying that the Hindus though defeated many times were never conquered. They preserved themselves and their culture by adopting a sort of policy of non-co-operation as it were. The company of the ruling race was avoided as far as practicable except in the case of several kindhearted and enlightened provincial

Governors and Zaigirdars who gave special stimulus to Hindu art and culture.

Tarakumar Mukherjee,
Secretary, Historical Society.

A Trip to the Museum

We are glad to announce that on Sunday the 27th January, a trip was taken by several members of the Historical Society to the Museum under the leadership of our affectionate Professor Dr. U. N. Ghosal. The Professor explained many of the Jataka stories that were illustrated in the gateway of the Sisunaga kings. We could also know the very mode of life of the Indians in ancient time from several beautiful sculptures. Our thanks are due to him for the very valuable information we gathered on that day in his company.

T. K. M.

Physical Society :

A general meeting was held on Friday 21st November at 1 p. m. to elect the office-bearers, for the current Session. The results are :

President—Prof. P. C. Mahalanobis, M.A. (Cantab)
Ex-officio

Vice-President—Dr. S. Datta, D. Sc. (London)

Secy.—Satyendra Nath Ray,—VI yr. Phys.

Asst. Secy.—Suresh Chandra Sen,—V yr. Phys.

Representatives	{	Santanu Kumar Mukherjee,—VI yr.
		Girindra Kumar Basu,—V yr.
		Syed Murtar Ali,—IV yr.
		Uditendra Prokash Mallik—III yr.

The annual report showed that the Society enters its second year of revival with a balance on the right side. The Secretary would welcome more interest in the year to come and hopes

he will be overwhelmed with an outburst of enthusiasm among the members so that he may be buried beneath a shower of papers.

Satyendra Nath Ray,
Secretary.

The Sanskrit and Pali Seminar.

A general meeting of the Sanskrit and Pali Seminar was held on the 29th November under the presidency of Prof. Nilmani Chakravarty, Vidyabhusan, M.A. The main object of the meeting was to fix the constitution of the new seminar. The regulations, as drafted by Mr. Sushil Ch. Khasnabis, B.A. were accepted with a few amendments.

After the regulations were passed, the following office-bearers were elected for the current year.

President—Prof. Nilmani Chakravarty, Vidyabhusan, M.A.
Vice-presidents $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Prof. Harihar Banerjee, Vidyabhusan, M.A.} \\ \text{Prof. Sadananda Bhadury, M.A.} \end{array} \right.$

Secretary—Hemendra Kumar Guha, 3rd year Arts.

The following resolutions were then moved by Mr. Susil Chandra Khasnabis B.A. and carried unanimously.

Resolved :

(1) That this meeting of the Sanskrit and Pali Seminar places on record its sense of gratitude for Principal Mr. H. E. Stapleton, M.A., I.E.S., and accords him a most sincere vote of thanks for his kind interest in the formation of this new Seminar.

(2) That this meeting humbly requests him to accept the patronship of the Seminar.

(3) That, the above resolutions be sent to the Principal over the signature of the President.

With a vote of thanks to the chair, the meeting for the day came to an end.

Hemendra Kumar Guha,
Secretary.

Nag Memorial Fund.

The above fund was started under the kind patronage of our late Principal Mr. J. R. Barrow on the 28th November 1922.

This late submission of the account to the numerous contributors is due to the fact that the Secretary hoped to raise a very decent sum for the announced annual medal. But he has been greatly disappointed in the matter.

The following are the recipients of the J. C. Nag memorial medal from 1922 : -

1922 Mr. Puryendra Nath Mazumdar.
 1923 „ Sachindra Nath Bose.
 1924 „ Russel Solomon.

ACCOUNTS.

Receipts				Expenditure			
	Rs.	As.	P.		Rs.	As.	P.
From the				Portrait	49	0	0
students and				Tablet	83	0	0
colleagues of				Stationery etc.	10	0	0
late Professor				Invitation cards			
J. C. Nag.	430	5	0	etc. on the un-			
Mrs. J. C. Nag.	51	0	0	veiling ceremony.	12	7	0
				Putting up the			
Total	481	5	0	Tablet	4	5	0
				Velbs with			
				accessories	7	5	0
				Three silver			
				medals 1922-24	45	0	0
				Cost of medal			
				for 1925	15	0	0
				To purchase P.O.			
				cash certificate	255	0	0
				Total	481	5	0

Rs. 270/- and three silver medals will be submitted to the Principal before X'mas.

Puryendra Nath Mazumdar,
 Secretary.

The Autumn Festival.

THE Presidency College Union celebrated its Autumn Festival with great eclat in September, on two consecutive days, (September, 24 and 25) with Natyacharya Amritalal Basu as the principal guest. This arrangement was resorted to because it was seen that the hall of the Physics Theatre in which the festival was to be celebrated would not be able to hold all the students of the College on one day. The device was adopted of dividing the students into two groups—the Art group and the Science group, each with its distinguishing ticket. In spite of this device and in spite of the maximum of efforts put forth by the volunteers, the Hall was packed literally with human heads on both the days. As the funds at the disposal of the College Union Committee are small, no Pandal could be erected which would hold all the students of the College. Incidentally, this vast gathering impressed on the minds of all present the necessity of a big auditorium for the College.

The only item in the programme besides the usual speeches was the staging of Rabindranath's drama, *Arup Ratan*, a symbolic play. The thanks of the Secretary and the Union Committee are due to Sj. Abanindranath Tagore, D. Litt. and Sj. Sourendra Mohan Tagore for their kind assistance in getting up the play, and to Sj. Charuchandra Ray for his art direction : and to all those who had in any way helped to bring the function to a successful close, esp. to the small band of our hard-worked volunteers.

On the first day, among those present were Dr. A. N. Tagore, Dr. Kalidas Nag, Prof. M. M. Bhattacharyya of the Calcutta University, Mr. R. C Ghosh, Bar-at-law, Mr. Jatindra Nath Mazumdar, and Srimati Hemlata Debi. The proceedings began with a Vedic song sung by Sj. Sushil De and Sj Amiyaranjan

Biswas after which Sj. Suresh Chandra Ray, the Secretary of the College Union delivered his welcome address which was directed mainly to the new students. Natyacharya Amritlal Basu who then rose to speak was greeted with great applause from all sides. Indeed, his flowing hairs in their white purity gave him the airs of a veritable prophet who had to interpret the message of the Past unto the Present. In his address, Natyacharya unravelled the significance of the autumn festival specially in the village where the corn-fields were already awakening to a promise of rich harvest and the work of transplantation already begun.

After the address was over, the play commenced. An unfortunate feature which was quite out of the programme and therefore not bargained for was the sudden failure of electricity when the play was half through. However gas-lights were requisitioned speedily and there was happily no other disturbance.

On the second day, while prefacing the programme with a speech, Sj. Suresh Ch. Ray said that as leaves fall in Winter only to herald in the green foliage of Summer, so the present batch of Senior Scholars who were soon to disappear from the precincts of the College were going away with the sense that they were making room for a younger and healthier generation to succeed to the traditions which they were leaving behind. Our principal guest took up this talk of the Secretary with a humour, which is all his own. He said that the Secretary's smile was defective in that the outgoing generation was not really like winter leaves because these latter wither and die while the Secretary and his batch were about to enter upon a new life with new activities and rich with the promise of new possibilities. This is quite a serious and blunt way of putting the thing, but, as I have said, the venerable Natyacharya did it so humorously that the whole house was caught laughing.

The gathering on the second day was almost overwhelming. There was a considerable number of ladies too who graced the

occasion with their presence. Among them were Mrs. B. L. Chaudhury, Mrs. Sundari Mohan Das, Mrs. Dasgupta, Sm. Suruchi Ray, Sm. Giribala Devi, Ratnaprova Saraswati and Mrs. R. C. Biswas.

In course of his introductory remarks, Mr. H. E. Stapleton, Principal, who presided over the function on both the days, gave an outline of the various activities of the College and said that so long as he was in the Presidency College, he would never allow "red-tape"-ism to interfere with the genial relations which should obtain between the Principal and his students. After the addresses were over, the play commenced, with the entire scientific resources of the College at hand this time should there be any recurrence of the previous night's accident. Unfortunately for the scientific staff of our College, the electric lights did not fail ; however, we should be lacking in fairness if we do not here take the opportunity of offering our best thanks to Prof. Maholanobis who supervised the arrangements on the second night, to Prof. Kailash Ch. Chakravarti who was in charge of the flashlight which imparted a sense of weirdness in the acting which in itself was superb : and last but not least to Ramdhani of the Physical Laboratory, who had to do the Spade work.

In fact, the two pleasant evenings of Autumn were successful from every point of view. The festival was brought to a close with a few remarks by the Nattyacharya in which he congratulated the players—each one of them—especially Sj, Sushil De whose sweet songs had enchanted the audience, and Sj. Sachin Banerjee who as Thakurdada had fully maintained his high histrionic reputation. It was heart speaking to heart when the Venerable Mentor of the Bengali Stage was addressing his concluding remarks : very touching to relate, but that's the impression.

K. N. S.

বিশ্ব ব্রহ্মাণ্ডে মানবের স্থান।

কেহ বলিতে পারেন কি ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের সীমা কোথায়?—অর্থাৎ কোথায় ইহার আরম্ভ এবং কোথায় ইহার শেষ? এখানে ব্রহ্মাণ্ড অর্থে আমাদের পৃথিবী, অথবা সৌরজগৎ, তথবা ঐ সুদূরস্থিত নক্ষত্রাবলিসম্বলিত এক জগতের কথা বলিতেছি না,—ব্রহ্মেব সৃষ্ট মহাজগতের কথা বলিতেছি।

প্রাচীন কালে লোকের ধারণা ছিল যে আমাদের আবাস ভূমি পৃথিবী স্থির হইয়া আছে এবং নক্ষত্র, সূর্য্য, চন্দ্র, গ্রহ, উপগ্রহাদি পৃথিবীর চতুর্দিকে প্রতিনিয়ত পরিক্রমণ করিতেছে। কিন্তু বিজ্ঞানের উন্নতির সঙ্গে সঙ্গে উহা সুপ্রমাণিত হইয়াছে যে আমাদের সূর্য্য একটা নক্ষত্র-স্বরূপ এবং বুধ, শুক্র, পৃথিবী, মঙ্গল, সমষ্টিগ্রহ (asteroids), বৃহস্পতি, শনি, ইউরেনাস, নেপচুন প্রভৃতি গ্রহগণ স্ব স্ব নির্দিষ্ট কক্ষ, বা ক্রমণ পথে থাকিয়া আমাদের তাপালোকের প্রধান উৎস আদিতাদেবের চতুঃপার্শ্বে প্রতিনিয়ত গতিবিজ্ঞানের নির্দিষ্ট নিয়মানুসারে ক্রমণ করিতেছে। প্রত্যেক নক্ষত্র একটা সূর্য্যস্বরূপ; কেহ সূর্য্যাপেক্ষা কিঞ্চিৎ বড়, কেহ তদপেক্ষা ছোট, এবং কেহ বা তাহার সমান। মোটের উপর, আমাদের তপনদেব একটা মধ্যম রকমের নক্ষত্র মাত্র।

আমাদের পৃথিবীর আয়তন কত এবং মহাশূন্যের—কারণ, অনন্তবিস্তীর্ণ মহাশূন্যের মধ্যেই জ্যোতিষ্কপুঞ্জ, নীহারিকা-মণ্ডলী, গ্রহ উপগ্রহ প্রভৃতি আস্তীর্ণ হইয়া রহিয়াছে—কতটা স্থান আমাদের এই “সুজলা সুফলা শতশ্রামলা” গ্রহটী অধিকার করিয়া আছে তাহা কেহ ভাবিয়াছেন কি, অথবা দেখিয়াছেন কি? কেহই বাহুদৃষ্টির একটা চাহনি দ্বারা ইহা দেখিতে পাইবেন না,—ইহার জগৎ চক্ষুনির্মীলিত করিয়া চিন্তার প্রয়োজন। পৃথিবীর আয়তনের কথা মনে করিতে গেলে প্রথমে আমাদের চতুর্দিকস্থ স্থান যাহার সহিত আমরা সর্বদা পরিচিত তাহারই কথা মনে পড়ে; যথা, প্রথমে আমাদের গ্রাম বা সহর; তৎপরে মনে করুন আমাদের মহ-কুমারী কত বড়; তারপরে ক্রমে ক্রমে আমাদের জিলাটির, বিভাগটির, এবং আমাদের বাঙ্গালা দেশটির আয়তনের কথা ভাবুন। অনন্তর ভারতবর্ষের মধ্যে আমাদের বাঙ্গালা দেশটী কতটা জায়গা অধিকার করিয়া আছে তাহা মনে করুন। তারপর দেখুন এশিয়া মহাদেশের মধ্যে ভারতের স্থান কোথায়। অতঃপর পৃথিবীর স্থলভাগের কত অংশ এশিয়া দখল করিয়া আছে তাহা চিন্তা করুন। আবার পৃথিবীর স্থলভাগ জলভাগের এক তৃতীয়াংশ মাত্র। জলভাগ এবং স্থলভাগ লইয়াই আমাদের পৃথিবী। এখন দেখুন আমাদের পৃথিবীটা আমাদের বাসস্থলের, স্তবরাং আমাদের তুলনায় নেহাৎ ছোট নহে।

এখন দেখা যাউক, সৌরজগতের মধ্যে পৃথিবীর স্থান কোথায়? সূর্য্যকে অধিকেন্দ্রে (focus) রাখিয়া নয়টী গ্রহ নিজ নিজ বৃত্তাভাস (elliptic) পথে প্রতিনিয়ত পরিক্রমণ করিতেছে।

ইহাদের পরস্পরের মধ্যে দূরত্ব নেহাৎ অল্প নহে। সূর্য্যের সর্ব্বাপেক্ষা দূরবর্তী গ্রহ নেপচুনটী পৃথিবী হইতে এতদূরে অবস্থিত যে তাহাকে নগ্নচক্ষে, অর্থাৎ দূরবীণ যন্ত্রের সাহায্য ব্যতীত দেখা অসম্ভব। কিন্তু তাই বলিয়া নেপচুন গ্রহটী আমাদের পৃথিবীর চেয়ে বড় বই ছোট নহে। বস্তুতঃ ইহার ব্যাস পৃথিবীর ব্যাসের সাড়ে চারগুণের কিঞ্চিৎ অধিক। পৃথিবী আয়তনে গ্রহদিগের মধ্যে পঞ্চমস্থান অধিকার করে; বৃহস্পতি সব চেয়ে বড়, ইহার ব্যাস পৃথিবীর ব্যাসের এগার গুণ। সূর্য্য আয়তনে (volume) পৃথিবীর চেয়ে তেরলক্ষগুণ বড়। স্মরণ্য পৃথিবী সূর্য্যাপেক্ষা কত ছোট এবং সৌরজগতের তুলনায় আরও কত ছোট তাহা বেশ উপলব্ধি করা যাইতে পারে। কেহ যদি সৌরজগতের বাহির হইতে সৌরজগতের প্রতি দৃষ্টিপাত করেন, তবে খুব সম্ভবতঃ পৃথিবী তাঁহার দৃষ্টিপথবর্তী হইবে না। পৃথিবী সূর্য্যের চেয়ে এত ছোট যে ইহাকে দেখাই যাইবে না, এবং সূর্য্যকেও একটী উজ্জ্বল তারার স্থায় দেখা যাইবে। পৃথিবী সূর্য্য হইতে নয় কোটি সাতাইশ লক্ষ মাইল দূরে অবস্থিত। পৃথিবী অপেক্ষা নেপচুন সূর্য্য হইতে ত্রিশগুণ বেশী দূরে অবস্থিত, অর্থাৎ ইহার দূরত্ব প্রায় ২৭৮ কোটি মাইল, ইহাই বর্তমান জ্ঞানানুসারে, আমাদের সৌরজগতের ব্যাসার্দ্ধ। পৃথিবীর ব্যাসার্দ্ধ মাত্র চারি হাজার মাইল।

প্রথমে পৃথিবীর সহিত মানবের তুলনা করা গিয়াছে; তৎপরে পৃথিবীর সহিত সূর্য্যের এবং সৌরজগতের তুলনা করা হইল! এখন দেখা যাউক, সৌরজগত সূর্য্য ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের কোথায়।

ঐ যে অগণ্য তাবকারাজি দৃষ্টিগোচর হইতেছে উহাদের সংখ্যা কত? শুধু চোখে একবারে আমরা আকাশপটে তিনহাজারের অতিরিক্ত তারকা দেখিতে পাই না—যদিও মনে হয় তাহার অগণ্য, তাহার প্রমাণ “আকাশের তারা, পাতালের বালি,” স্মরণ্য মোটের উপর সমস্ত আকাশে, অর্থাৎ আমাদের মস্তকোপরিস্থিত এবং পদনিম্নস্থ পৃথিবীর অপরপার্শ্বের আকাশপটে আমরা ছয় হাজারের বেশী তারা শুধু চোখে দেখিতে পাই না। কিন্তু দূরবীণ সাহায্যে দেখিলে ইহাদের সংখ্যা কয়েক কোটিতে পরিণত হয় এবং যতই দূরবীণ যন্ত্রের দৃষ্টিশক্তি বাড়িতেছে ততই ইহাদের সংখ্যাও বৃদ্ধি প্রাপ্ত হইতেছে। দূরবীণ সাহায্যে যাহা দেখিতে পাওয়া যায়,—আলোক-চিত্রের (Photography) সাহায্যে তদপেক্ষা অনেক বেশী পাওয়া যায়, কারণ, দূরবীণের অতীত অত্যম্পষ্ট তারকাগণও তাহাদের অম্পষ্ট ক্ষীণ আলোক সাহায্যে আলোক চিত্রের ফলকে (photographic plate) তাহাদের চিত্র অঙ্কিত করিতে সমর্থ। এজন্য আজকাল আকাশের সমস্ত তারকার আলোকচিত্র লইয়া তাহাদের স্থান নির্দিষ্ট হইতেছে। অতএব দেখা যাইতেছে যে যন্ত্রের দৃষ্টিশক্তি বৃদ্ধির সঙ্গে সঙ্গে তারকাবলীর সংখ্যাও বাড়িতেছে। ইহার কি শেষ নাই? আপাততঃ সেইরূপই মনে হয়। কিন্তু আধুনিক যুগের আপেক্ষিক বিজ্ঞান (Science of Relativity) বলে যে ইহার শেষ আছে। সেই বিজ্ঞানের মতে আমাদের ব্রহ্মাণ্ড একটী নিরেট বৃত্তাভাসের (ellipsoid) আকৃতি-বিশিষ্ট অর্থাৎ কি না একটী হংসডিম্বের মত এবং অম্পষ্ট ছায়াপথের (milky way) শেষ প্রান্তস্থিত তারকাগুলিই নাকি এই ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের শেষ সীমায় অবস্থিত। আমাদের হিন্দু শাস্ত্রেও উক্ত হইয়াছে যে সৃষ্টির প্রারম্ভে একটী স্বর্ণডিম্ব

প্রসূত হইয়াছিল এবং তাহা হইতেই সৃষ্টির বিকাশ হইয়াছে। যাহা হউক, আপেক্ষিক বিজ্ঞান ইহাও বলে যে এইরূপ ব্রহ্মাণ্ড যে একটিই আছে তাহা বলা যায় না ; এরূপ অনেক ব্রহ্মাণ্ড—এমন কি কোটী কোটী বা অনন্ত ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের অস্তিত্বও সম্ভব।

এখন একটু তারকাগণের পরিমাণ এবং দূরত্ব সম্বন্ধে সংক্ষিপ্ত বিবরণ এবং মহাশূন্যে তাহার কিরূপে সংবিন্যস্ত তাহার একটু ধারণা দিতে চেষ্টা করিতেছি।

পূর্ব্বেই উক্ত হইয়াছে যে এক একটি তারকা আমাদের সূর্য্যের সমান, কোনটী বা উহা অপেক্ষা বড়, কেহ বা উহার সমান, এবং কেহ বা উহা অপেক্ষা কিঞ্চিৎ ছোট। এখন কথা হইতে পারে, তারকাগণ যদি সূর্য্যেরই সমান হয়, তবে উহাদিগকে এত ছোট দেখায় কেন? ইহার কারণ সহজেই অনুমেয়, কারণ আর কিছুই নয়—তাহাদের দূরত্ব, নক্ষত্রগণ সূর্য্যের—সুতরাং চেয়ে বহুদূরে অবস্থিত—এত দূরে যে তাহাদের দূরত্ব হিসাব করিতে মাইলকেও মাপকাঠি (unit) ধরা চলে না; এখানে আমরা আলোক-বৎসরকে (light-year) মাপকাঠি ধরি। এখন, আলোক-বৎসর কাহাকে বলে? বোধ হয় অনেকেই অবগত আছেন যে আলোর গতি প্রতি সেকেণ্ডে একলক্ষ ছিয়াশী হাজার মাইল। ইহার অর্থ এই যে যদি কোনও স্থানে একটি আলো জ্বালা হয় তবে এক সেকেণ্ডে ইহার একটি রশ্মি একলক্ষ ছিয়াশী হাজার মাইল দূরবর্তী স্থানে পৌঁছাবে—এই দূরত্বটী নেহাৎ কম নহে; কারণ, পৃথিবী আমাদের নিকট এত বড় বলিয়া বোধ হয় কিন্তু তাহার ব্যাস মাত্র আট হাজার মাইল। দুই সেকেণ্ড পরে ঐ আলোক রশ্মি ইহার দ্বিগুণ দূরবর্তী স্থানে পৌঁছাবে। এই ভীষণ বেগে চলিয়া এক বৎসবে একটি আলোক রশ্মি বা আলোক-তরঙ্গ যত পথ অতিক্রম করিবে তাহাকেই আমরা এক আলোক-বৎসর বলি। অর্থাৎ ইহার পরিমাণ, $১,৮৬,০০০ \times ৬০ \times ৬০ \times ২৪ \times ৩৬৫$ মাইল। এই বিশাল দূরত্বকেই আমরা মাপকাঠি ধরিয়া লইয়াছি, কারণ নক্ষত্রের দূরত্ব মাপিতে মাইল অতিশয় ক্ষুদ্র মাপকাঠি। আলোক-বৎসরকে কেহ কোন প্রকার বৎসর বলিয়া ভ্রম করিবেন না—ইহা একটি দূরত্ব ভিন্ন আর কিছুই নহে (যথা গিরিসঙ্কটকে কোন প্রকার সঙ্কট মনে করিলে সঙ্কটে পড়িতে হয়)।

এখন, আমাদের সূর্য্যের সুতরাং সৌরজগতের—কারণ, একটি তারকার দূরবর্তী স্থান হইতে দেখিলে সৌরজগতের মধ্যে সূর্য্যকে একটি তারকার স্থায় দেখাইবে এবং বিশেষ ক্ষমতাসালী দূরবীণ ব্যাভীত তত্ত্বাণ্ড গ্রহ উপগ্রহের সন্ধানই মিলিবে না—সর্ব্ব নিকটবর্তী তারকার দূরত্ব সাড়ে চার আলোক বৎসর অর্থাৎ যদি একটি আলোক-তরঙ্গ অথু ঐ তারকা হইতে নির্গত হইয়া সেকেণ্ডে ১৮৬০০০ মাইল বেগে ধাবিত হয় তবে সাড়ে চার বৎসর পরে উহা আমাদের নিকট পৌঁছাবে। ইহা হইতেই তারকাগণ আমাদের কত দূরবর্তী তাহা অনুধাবন করিতে পারিবেন। পূর্ব্বেবর্ণিত তারকাটী আমাদের সর্ব্বনিকটবর্তী, কোন তারকার দূরত্ব পাঁচ, কোনটির দশ, কোনটির একশত, কোনটির বা হাজার হাজার আলোক বৎসর। অর্থাৎ অথু কোন হাজার আলোক-বৎসরের দূরবর্তী তারকা হইতে যে আলোক বহির্গত

হইল তাহা আমাদের পনের বা কুড়ি অধস্তন পুরুষে কেহ দেখিতে সমর্থ হইবে! তবে বুঝিতেছেন, এক একটি তারকা কত বহুদূরবর্তী—এত বিশাল দূরবর্তী যে সহজে কল্পনাতেই আসে না।

এখন যদি কেহ এই ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের সর্বব্যাপক দৃশ্য একবারে দেখিতে পান, তবে তাঁহার নিকট সূর্যাগণের বা নক্ষত্রমণ্ডলীর বিশ্বাস কিরূপ বোধ হইবে?

মনে মনে একটি প্রকাণ্ড প্রকোষ্ঠের ধারণা করুন—অর্থাৎ প্রকোষ্ঠটি লম্বায়, চওড়ায় এবং উচ্চতা হিসাবে সব দিকেই একটু বৃহৎ রকমের। তারপর মনে করুন আমাদের নিকট ছায়াবাজীব অদৃশ্য তারের ত্রায় বহু সংখ্যক সূক্ষ্ম তার আছে। ঐ তারগুলির প্রত্যেকটির দৈর্ঘ্য প্রকোষ্ঠটির উচ্চতার সমান। সব তারগুলি যদি এখন ছাদ হইতে ঝুলাইয়া দেওয়া যায়, এবং প্রত্যেক তারের বিভিন্ন দূরবর্তী স্থান সমূহে বিভিন্ন আকারের উজ্জ্বল কাঁচবর্তুল সংগ্রহিত করিয়া দেওয়া যায় এবং একজন লোককে বা পাঠককে ঐ ঘরের মধ্যস্থলে ছাড়িয়া দেওয়া যায় তবে ঐ ব্যক্তির নিকট বা পাঠকের নিকট ঐ বর্তুলগুলি কিরূপ বোধ হইবে তাহা সহজেই বেশ উপলব্ধি করা যায়। ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের সমস্ত নক্ষত্রগুলি একজনের একবারেব দৃষ্টির বিষয়ীভূত হইলেও তাহার নিকট ব্রহ্মাণ্ডকে ঐরূপ বোধ হইবে। যবটি যদি একটি নিরেট বৃত্তাভাসেব ত্রায় হয় তবে এই উপমাটি আরও ঠিক হইবে আশা করা যায়। প্রায় প্রত্যেক নক্ষত্রেব সঙ্গে তাহার অন্তর গ্রহগণকেও তাহার চতুঃপার্শ্বে ঘূর্ণিতে দেখা যাওয়াটা সম্ভব মনে হয় এবং নক্ষত্রগুলির বিভিন্ন গতি বিধিও আছে দেখা যাইবে। এখন মনে করিয়া দেখুন “ব্রহ্মাণ্ড কি প্রকাণ্ড!”

আমরা যদি একটি সূত্রদ্বারা একটি বর্তুলকে ঝুলাইয়া ধরি তবে ঐ বর্তুলের চতুঃপার্শ্বে শূন্য স্থান থাকে (যদিও প্রকৃতপক্ষে পৃথিবীর উপরিস্থল বলিয়া শূন্যের পরিবর্তে বায়ু থাকিবে)। আমাদের পৃথিবীও ঐরূপ একটি বর্তলাকার জিনিষ যাহার উপর আমরা অতি ক্ষুদ্র ক্ষুদ্র জীব বিচরণ করি। আমাদের পৃথিবীর চতুঃপার্শ্বেও ঐরূপ মহাশূন্য বিরাজিত। প্রকৃতপক্ষে বিশ্বব্রহ্মাণ্ড মহাশূন্য ব্যতীত আর কিছুই নহে। চতুর্দিকে অনন্তবিস্তীর্ণ মহাশূন্য, তন্মধ্যে স্থানে স্থানে তাবকারূপ সূর্যাগণ, গ্রহগণ, উপগ্রহগণ, ধুমকেতুগণ, নিহারিকাপুঞ্জ, উল্কাপিণ্ড সমূহ ইত্যন্তঃ বিক্ষিপ্ত রহিয়াছে। কিন্তু জড়বিজ্ঞানের এগন কঠোর নিয়মে শাসনাধীনে তাহারা বাস করে যে কেহ কাহারও কার্যে বাধা দিতেছে না—কেহ স্থানচ্যুত হইয়া পড়িতেছে না, সকলেই নীরবে আপন আপন কার্য সমাধা করিয়া যাইতেছে। সকাই স্বাধীন, অথচ এক মহানিয়মেব অধীন; মানুষের সাধ্য কি এমন স্ত্রনিয়মে রাজ্য সিন করে!

এইবার একবার এই মহাশূন্যের সীমা নির্দেশ করার চেষ্টা করা যাউক। মনে করুন আমরা পৃথিবীকে যে কোন স্থান হইতে একটি নির্দিষ্ট সরল রেখার পথে মহাশূন্যের ভিতর দিয়া যাত্রা কবিলাম। মনে রাখিবেন যে যাত্রাটা নেহাৎই কল্পনার যাত্রা। কারণ, ঐরূপ

যাত্রা কখনই সম্ভবপর হয় নাই—এবং কখনও কোন স্রুত ভবিষ্যতেও যে সম্ভব হইবে এরূপ ওরসা নাই। কারণ, অক্সিজেন (Oxygen) গ্যাস না হইলে আমরা বাঁচিতে পারি না এবং বায়ুই প্রধানতঃ আমাদেরকে এই গ্যাস সরবরাহ করে; এখন, এই বায়ু পৃথিবীপৃষ্ঠ হইতে কতদূর পর্য্যন্ত ব্যাপ্ত আছে তাহা যদিও সঠিক নির্ণিত হয় নাই, তথাপি তাহা যে সাড়ে চারিগুণ মাইলের বেশী নয় এটা সর্ববাদী সম্মত। আবার যদিও ধরা যায় যে আমাদের অক্সিজেনের দরকার নাই অথবা আমরা অক্সিজেন কৃত্রিম উপায়ে উক্ত গ্যাস প্রস্তুত করিয়া তদ্বারা জীবনধারণ করিব, তাহা হইলেও মহাশূন্যের তাপ এত অল্প যে আমরা তাহার মধ্যে পড়িলে একেবারেই শীতে জমিয়া যাইব, এবং আমাদের অস্তিত্ব বিলুপ্ত হইবে। তবে বলিতে পারেন, আমাদের পৃথিবী মহাশূন্যের ভিতর অবস্থিত অথচ ইহার তাপ এত বেশী কেন। তাহার উত্তর এই যে পৃথিবী সূর্য্য হইতে যে তাপ পায় তাহা দ্বারা নিজে উত্তপ্ত হইয়া ক্রমে ক্রমে সেই তাপ মহাশূন্যে বিকীর্ণ করিতেছে। পৃথিবীদ্বারা উৎকীর্ণ এই তাপের দ্বারাই পৃথিবীপৃষ্ঠের নিকটবর্তী স্থান উত্তপ্ত থাকে। যাহা হউক, এখন আমাদের ভ্রমণ বৃত্তান্ত বলি। আমাদের যাইতে কত সময় লাগিবে তাহা বিচার করিতেছি না। এখানে শুধু সীমা নির্ণয়ের চেষ্টার ফল দেখাইতেছি। আমরা চলিতে চলিতে হয়ত কোন গ্রহ অথবা উপগ্রহ, কোন ধুমকেতু অথবা উল্কাপিণ্ড, কোন তারকায় বা নীহারিকায় পৌঁছিতে পারি; অথবা ইহারা আমাদের চতুর্দিকে দেখা যাইবে। যদি আমরা ইহাদের কাহারও নাগালই পাই, তথাপি মনে করিব যে আমরা ইহাদিগকে ভেদ করিয়া নির্দিষ্ট সরল পথে জ্যোতিষ্কমণ্ডলীর আকর্ষণের অধীন না হইয়া কবির কল্পনাপ্রসঙ্গে ভর করিয়া ধাবিত হইতেছি।

এখন কথা হইতেছে, এই যে সরল পথে ধাবিত হইতেছি ইহার অন্ত কোথায় বা কতকাল ধরিয়া এইপথে চলিলে বিশ্বব্রহ্মাণ্ডের সীমায় উপনীত হওয়া যায়? এ প্রশ্নের উত্তর এ পর্য্যন্ত কেহ দিতে পারেন নাই এবং ভবিষ্যতেও পারিবেন কি না সন্দেহ। যদিও পূর্বেই আপেক্ষিক বিজ্ঞানের কথায় বলিয়াছি যে এই বিজ্ঞানে ব্রহ্মাণ্ডকে সসীম বলা হইতেছে, তথাপি এই বিজ্ঞান বলিতে পারে না যে আমাদের এই ব্রহ্মাণ্ড ছাড়া অন্য ব্রহ্মাণ্ড নাই। প্রকৃত প্রস্তাবে বলিতে গেলে এইখানেই আমরা অনন্ত কিরূপ তাহা আমাদের সসীম জ্ঞান দ্বারা ধারণা করিতে অসমর্থ হই। এই খানেই মানুষের বুদ্ধির, মানুষের বিচার, মানুষের যাচাই, মানুষের বিজ্ঞান গর্বেব শেষ। এখানে মানুষের নিজের ক্ষুদ্রত্ব ও সসীমত্ব প্রমাণিত হয় তাহার বিচার অসারতা উপলব্ধি হয়, তাহাব জ্ঞানের সসীমতা বিশেষরূপে অনুভূত হয়। যে ক্ষম নিজ বুদ্ধি, বিজ্ঞা, পরিশ্রম ও অধ্যবসায় বলে আকাশের বিদ্যুতকে ভূতের দ্বারা যথেষ্টব্যবহারে নিয়োজিত করিতেছে, মুহূর্ত্তমধ্যে বিনাতারে পৃথিবীর এক প্রান্ত হইতে অন্য প্রান্তে স্বাদ প্রেরণ করিতেছে, ইচ্ছামত বিহঙ্গমকুলের সহিত গগনবিহারে প্রতিযোগিতা করিতেছে, যথা-জাহাঙ্গের সাহায্যে অতলজল নিবাসী তিমি, তিমিঙ্গল প্রভৃতি প্রাণীর সহিত সমকক্ষতা বহিতেছে, সেই ক্ষমতাশালী মানবের এই অসীমের নিকট পরাজয় স্বীকার করিতে

হইতেছে ; সান্ত হইয়া অনন্তের সন্ধান কতদূর নিরর্থক তাহা মানুষ মর্শ্বে মর্শ্বে নুভব করিতেছে এবং করিবে। কিন্তু তথাপি মানুষের বিরাম নাই, বিশ্রাম নাই ; তাহার বুদ্ধিবৃত্তি প্রতিহত হইয়াও প্রতিনিবৃত্ত হইতেছে না ; ক্ষুদ্র ক্ষুদ্র রণে প্রকৃতির সহিত জয়লাভ করিয়া তাহার জ্ঞান পিপাসা উত্তরোত্তর বৃদ্ধিপ্রাপ্ত হইয়া, বৃহৎ রণে জয়ী হইবার আকাঙ্ক্ষায় ছুটিয়া চলিয়াছে। এই রণে সে জয়ী হইবে কি না কে জানে ?

অতঃপর মানবের অতি ক্ষুদ্রত্বের একটা দিক আলোচনা করিয়াই ক্ষান্ত হইতেছি। মানব যে বিশ্ব ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের মধ্যে কত ক্ষুদ্র তাহার ইয়ত্তাই করা যায় না। অথচ এই ক্ষুদ্র পৃথিবী বক্ষে ততোধিক ক্ষুদ্র মানবের অহঙ্কারের সীমা নাই !

“ What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! And yet, what is this quintessence of dust ? ”

শ্রীননীগোপাল মুখোপাধ্যায়
ষষ্ঠ বার্ষিক শ্রেণী (বিজ্ঞান বিভাগ)
(ফকিত গণিত)

উপস্থিত ছিলেন। পর বৎসর (১৮৫৮ খৃঃ) রাজা দ্বৈধরচন্দ্র সিংহের বেলগাছিয়াস্থ বাগান বাড়ীতে “রত্নাবলীর” বঙ্গানুবাদ অভিনীত হয়। এই বাগানবাড়ীখ থিয়েটারই “বেলগাছিয়া থিয়েটার” নামে বিখ্যাত * ইহা পুর্বে বিলাতি আদর্শে গঠিত হইয়াছিল এবং বাঙলা থিয়েটারে Orchestra প্রথম বেলগাছিয়া থিয়েটারেই প্রযুক্ত হইয়াছিল। ঐ বৎসরই মধুসূদন সম্পূর্ণ বৈদেশিক আদর্শে রচিত শর্মিষ্ঠা নাটক প্রকাশ করিলেন। এবং ১৮৫৯ খৃষ্টাব্দের ৩রা সেপ্টেম্বর শর্মিষ্ঠা বেলগাছিয়া থিয়েটারে প্রথম অভিনীত হইল। বাঙলা নাটকে বৈদেশিক প্রভাবের সূত্রপাত প্রকৃত প্রস্তাবে এখন হইতে আবিস্ত হইল। ঐ বৎসর জনাইএর জমিদার চন্দ্রনাথ মুখোপাধ্যায় মহাশয়ের বাড়ীতে শকুন্তলার দ্বিতীয় অভিনয় হয়।

১৮৬০ খৃষ্টাব্দে বড়বাজার সিদ্ধুরাপটির গোপাললাল মল্লিকের বাড়ীতে কেশবচন্দ্র সেনের তত্ত্বাবধানে “বিধবা বিবাহ” নাটক অভিনীত হয়। ১৮৬৪ খৃষ্টাব্দে শোভাবাজারের রাজা দেবীকৃষ্ণ দেবের বাটীতে মধুসূদনের “একেই কি বলে সভ্যতা” অভিনীত হয়। এই সময় “চমৎকার কৃষ্ণদেবের” বাড়ীতে “The Sobhabazar Private Theatrical Society” নামক সখের থিয়েটার স্থাপিত হইয়াছিল। ঐ বৎসর “নলদময়ন্তী” নামক একখানি নাটক † বাগবাজার ভাটপাড়া ও বর্দ্ধমান বাজবাটীতে অভিনীত হয়। পর বৎসর মহারাজা যতীন্দ্রমোহনের বাটীতে “মালবিকাগ্নিমিত্র” অভিনীত হয়। তাঁহার নিজের বাটীতে একটি রঙ্গমঞ্চ ছিল—উহাতে তৎপ্রণীত “যেমন কর্ম তেমনি ফল,” “বিদ্যাসুন্দর,” “মালতীমাধব,” “উভয়সঙ্কট,” “চক্ষুদান,” “বুঝলে কি,” “রুক্মিণী হরণ” প্রভৃতি অভিনীত হইত। ইহাতে টিকিট বিক্রয় হইত না তবে সকলে যাহাতে প্রবেশ করিয়া গোল বাঁধাইতে না পারে সে জন্ত পাশের ব্যবস্থা ছিল। পর বৎসর “কাটা মহেশ তলায়” “ইন্দুপ্রভা” অভিনীত হয়। ১৮৬৬ সালে নিম্নলিখিত নাটকগুলি অভিনীত হয়— “মহাশ্বেতা” “শকুন্তলা” “বুড়ো শালিকের ঘাড়ে রোঁ” “চন্দ্রাবলী” “এরাই আবার বড়লোক”। উমেশচন্দ্র মিত্রের “সীতার-বনবাস” এই বৎসর সারু রমেশচন্দ্র মিত্রের পৈতৃক বাটীতে অভিনীত হইয়াছিল। মধুসূদনের “পদ্মাবতী” ও এই বৎসর সম্মিলে গুড়িপাড়ায় অভিনীত হয়। পর বৎসর

* এই বেলগাছিয়ার বাগানবাড়ী পূর্বে প্রিন্স দ্বারকানাথ ঠাকুরের ছিল; পাইকপাড়ার রাজপ্রতাপসিংহ উহা ক্রয় করেন, এবং তাঁহাদের খরচে ও মহারাজা যতীন্দ্রমোহন ঠাকুরের উপদেশে এই থিয়েটার স্থাপিত হয়। ইহাতে প্রথম অভিনীত হয় রামনারায়ণ তর্করত্ন কর্তৃক অনুবাদিত “রত্নাবলী”। ইহার দর্শক ছিলেন,— তদানীন্তন ছোটলাট সারু ফ্রেডরিক হ্যালিডে, বিদ্যাসাগর মহাশয়, হরিশ্চন্দ্র মুখোপাধ্যায়, মধুসূদন দত্ত, হাইকোর্টের বিচারপতিগণ, ম্যাজিস্ট্রেটগণ ও কমিশনারগণ। মোহিনী বাবু তাঁহার প্রবন্ধে ইহা মহারাজা যতীন্দ্রমোহনের বাগানবাড়ী বলিয়া উল্লেখ করিয়াছেন।

† নাট্যকার কালিদাস মান্যল ইহার জন্ত বর্দ্ধমানরাজ কর্তৃক সম্মানিত হন।

শোভাবাজার রাজবাড়ীতে “কৃষ্ণকুমারী” নাটক প্রথম অভিনীত হয়। গিরিশচন্দ্র ঘোষ এই অভিনয়ে উপস্থিত ছিলেন। ঐ বৎসর দ্বারকানাথ ঠাকুরের আবাসে জোড়াসাঁকো নাট্য সমাজ কর্তৃক রামনারায়ণের “নবনাটক” অভিনীত হয়*। রামনারায়ণ তখন “নাটুকে নারায়ণ” নামে বিখ্যাত। ঐ বৎসরই কল্যাণাচাঁর মহারাজা যতীন্দ্রমোহনের “বুঝলে কি”র উত্তর “কিছু কিছু বুঝি” অভিনীত হয়। অর্দ্ধেন্দুশেখর ও ধর্মদাসস্বর এই দুই স্বনামধন্য পুরুষ ইহাতে ভূমিকা গ্রহণ করিয়াছিলেন। ধর্মদাস “চন্দনবিলাসীর” ভূমিকা অভিনয় করেন এবং অর্দ্ধেন্দুশেখর, “মোরাদ আলি”, “চন্দনবিলাস” ও “দন্তবক্রের” (মহারাজা সৈরীন্দ্রমোহন পুরাতন দন্তশূলে ভুগিতেন—ইহা তাহারই caricature) ভূমিকা গ্রহণ করেন। অভিনয় এত সর্বাঙ্গসুন্দর হইয়াছিল যে মধুসূদন চিৎকার করিয়া বলিয়া উঠেন, “মৃত্তিকেরে বাবা মৃত্তিকে!” এই ব্যঙ্গাভিনয়ের ফলে অর্দ্ধেন্দুশেখরকে ঠাকুর বাটীর আশ্রয় পরিত্যাগ করিতে হইয়াছিল।†

এই সময় জনসাধারণ থিয়েটারের প্রতি বিশেষ অনুরক্ত হইয়া উঠিতে লাগিলেন, এবং চারিদিকে সখের থিয়েটারের আখড়া স্থাপিত হইতে লাগিল। চোরবাগান, বোবাজার, দলানীপুৰ, শিবপুর প্রভৃতি স্থলের নাট্যসমাজ বেশ বিখ্যাত হইয়া উঠিয়াছিল; এবং ইহাদের “বহুবাজার অবৈতনিক নাট্যসমাজ” (স্থাপিত ১৮৬৮ খৃঃ) ছিল সর্বাঙ্গপেক্ষা জনপ্রিয়। মধ্যে বহুবাজার বসুবংশ কর্তৃক ইহা স্থাপিত হয়, এবং বিখ্যাত নাট্যকার মনোমোহন বসুর (ইহারই পুত্রগণ সর্বপ্রথম বাঙ্গালী সার্কাস খুলেন—সে সার্কাস “বোসের সার্কাস” নামে খ্যাত) রামের রাজ্যাভিষেক, সতীনাটক, হরিশচন্দ্র, প্রণয়পরীক্ষা, পার্থপরাজয় প্রভৃতি নাটকগুলি সর্বপ্রথম এইখানেই অভিনীত হইয়াছিল।

এই সমস্ত অভিনয় দর্শনে নবীন যুবক গিরিশচন্দ্রের হৃদয়ে প্রকাশ্য রঙ্গালয় স্থাপনের প্রবৃত্তি জন্মে এবং প্রথমে খরচার ভরে তিনি ১৮৬৭ খৃষ্টাব্দে আড়ম্বর শূন্য একটা যাত্রারদল গঠন করেন। তাঁহার সহযোগী ছিলেন নগেন্দ্রনাথ বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায় ও ধর্মদাসস্বর। প্রথমে “শশ্মিষ্ঠা” তৎপরে ১৮৬৯ খৃষ্টাব্দে দীনবন্ধু মিত্রের “সধবার একাদশী” তাঁহারা অভিনয় করেন। গিরিশচন্দ্র নিমচাঁদের ভূমিকা ও অর্দ্ধেন্দুশেখর কেনারামের ভূমিকা গ্রহণ করিয়াছিলেন। ইহা ছাড়া নগেন্দ্র বাবু, রাধামাধব কর, অমৃতলাল মুখোপাধ্যায় (ওরফে কাপ্তেন বেল্) প্রভৃতিও অভিনেতৃবর্গের মধ্যে ছিলেন। গিরিশচন্দ্র এই অভিনয়কেই প্রকাশ্য (Public) অভিনয়ের আদি বলিয়াছেন। এক বৎসর মধ্যে বইখানির সাতবার

* মহারাজা যতীন্দ্রমোহনের ভ্রাতৃসম্পর্কীয় স্ববিখ্যাত অর্দ্ধেন্দুশেখর মুস্তফী মহাশয় এই অভিনয়ের যথেষ্ট প্রশংসা করিয়াছিলেন।

† এ সম্বন্ধে যাহারা বেশী জানিতে ইচ্ছুক তাঁহারা শ্রীযুক্ত শ্যামাপ্রসাদ মুখোপাধ্যায়ের “The Bengali Theatre” নামক প্রবন্ধ (Cal. Rev. Jan. 1924.) পড়িতে পারেন।

অভিনয় হয়, এবং গ্রন্থকার স্বয়ং অভিনয় দেখিয়া বিমুগ্ধ হইয়া পড়িয়াছিলেন। ইহার পর তাঁহার “বিষেপাগলা বুড়ো” ও “লীলাবতী” অভিনয় করেন। ইহার পূর্বে সাহিত্যসম্রাট বঙ্কিমচন্দ্র ও অক্ষয় কুমার সরকার প্রভৃতি মনস্বিগণ লীলাবতীর হাট কাট বাদ দিয়া অভিনয় পূর্বক টুচুড়ায় বেশ নাম করিয়াছিলেন, * এবং সে সংবাদ শুনিয়া অর্কেন্দ্রশেখর প্রভৃতি অনেক দমিয়া যান। কিন্তু গিৰিশচন্দ্র দ্বিগুণ উৎসাহে গ্রন্থকারের একটা কথাও বাদ না দিয়া অভিনয় করেন। অভিনয়ান্তে দীনবন্ধু বাবু গিৰিশ বাবুকে বলেন, “এবার থেকে বল্বো “দ্যো বঙ্কিম ! ” এই সময়েই নাট্যাচার্য্য শ্রীযুক্ত অমৃতলাল বসু এই অভিনয়ের দলভুক্ত হন §। প্রথম বার অবশু তিনি কোন ভূমিকা গ্রহণ করেন নাট; কিন্তু রঙ্গমঞ্চের সহিত তাঁহার সম্পর্ক এই অভিনয়ের সময় হঠতেই আরম্ভ হয়। বাগবাজার পাটের নাম দেওয়া হয় “কলিকাতা ন্যাশানাল থিয়েটার” (পরে শুধু “ন্যাশানাল থিয়েটার”) এবং ১৮৭১ খৃঃ জুলাই মাসে লীলাবতী অভিনীত হয়। এই ন্যাশানাল থিয়েটারই বাঙলার প্রথম Public থিয়েটার। এ সম্বন্ধে এ প্রবন্ধে আর বিশেষ আলোচনা করা চলে না; সুতরাং আপাততঃ এইখানেই প্রবন্ধের “ববনিকা পতন” হওয়া ভাল।

শ্রীঅশোকনাথ ভট্টাচার্য্য ।

চতুর্থ বর্ষ। সাহিত্য শাখা ।

* বঙ্গভাষার লেখক—পিতা পুত্র—পৃঃ ৫৫৪ ।

§ অন্ত বাবু তখন কালীধামে হোমিওপ্যাথ চিকিৎসক রূপে অবস্থান করিতেছিলেন। এবং মাত্র কয়েক দিনের মধ্যে কলিকাতায় আসিয়াছিলেন।

পদ্মা ।

বহুদিন পরে আজি বোগজীর্ণ আঁখিছুটী মেলি,

হেরিলাম তোরে !

শ্রাবণেব ঘনঘটা এই পুঞ্জ মেঘেব আড়ালে

অপূৰ্ণ যোগিনী বেশে মুক্তকেশে আসিয়া দাঁড়ালে

নয়নের আগে মোর ! ক্ষুদ্র রুপ্ত উষ্মিরাশি ঠেলি'

চলেছ বহিয়া শুধু—আবিল সলিল রাশি তব

নেচে উঠে মরণেব তাণ্ডব নর্তনে নব নব !—

চিরমুক্তা ! কোন কালে ধরা দিবি নাক কোন ডোরে ?

205

শৈশব জীবন হতে' তোবে আমি দেখিতেছি নদী—

213

পাই নাই শেষ !

240

কখনো শরৎ প্রাতে পূর্ণবাবি শান্ত অচঞ্চল,

245

কূলে কূলে মৃদু তানে গান গেয়ে' বয়ে' চলে জল—

251

কখনো বৈশাখ সাজে গগনে ঘনায় মেঘ যদি

256

প্রলয় নর্তনচ্ছন্দে নেচে' ওঠে তোমাব পরাগ

263

তোমাব বিষণ্ণে বাজে প্রলয়ের ধ্বংসলীলা গান

268

তোমার নয়ন তলে করুণার নাহি চিহ্ন লেশ !

273

274

বালার্ক-কিরণ তব দেখিয়াছি হে নদী আমার

274

অপরূপ হাসি !

280

কূলে কূলে কাশরাশি ফুটিয়াছে পূর্ণিমাপ্রাবনে,

284

মুগ্ধ জলরাশি তব শিহরিয়া ছুটেছে আবার—!

289

বৃকে নিয়ে স্তম্ভসাধ, আঁচল সাজারে বনফুলে

294

সোহাগ-সরম-লাজে মৃদুবাণী-পূর্ণা কূলে কূলে

297

ছুটিয়া চলেছ দূৰে—যেন কোন জনে ভালবাসি !

304

আজি পুন হেরিলাম একি তব অভিন্নব রূপ

ভৈববিনী সাজ !

গগনে মেঘের ঘটা শ্রাবণেব শেষ দিনে আজি'

ভয়াল গৈরিক ভীম ! নভোতলে মৃত্যুবেশে সাজি'

এলায়ে ধূসর জটা—জলবাশি শ্মশান-স্বরূপ—

একা চলিয়াছ ছুটে ! শ্রোতোবেগে শিহরি উঠিয়া
তড়িৎ-ত্বরিত-গতি আশ্বহারা চলেছ ছুটিয়া,—
ধ্বংসের প্রলয়মন্ত্র বক্ষে তব বাজিতেছে আজ ।

আজি তব দেখিতেছি নাহি দয়া করুণা নয়নে
সুকঠিন হিয়া !

মানব ধরিত্রী আজি আঘাতে কাঁদিয়ে সুকঠোর,
গগন ব্যথার ব্যথী ঢালিবে অঝোর অঁখিলোর,
বুকে তব ক্রোধবহ্নি নিভিছে না অঁখির প্লাবনে !
শ্রোতোবেগে ক্ষুদ্র তরী অই দূরে ঠিকরিয়া পড়ে—
তীর হতে' লক্ষ নর ফুকরিয়া হাহাকার করে
নিরুপায় ! তল পাবে কে জানে কোথায় শেষে গিয়া ।

অকস্মাৎ শ্রোত তব রবিকরে ঝলকি' উঠিছে
ছুরিকার মত !

এ যেন কুটিল হস্ত তব হিংস্রদন্ত ওষ্ঠ পরে
তব হত্যাসাধ যেন—নিষ্ঠুর নয়নে ক্ষণতরে
ব্যব্রের জিঘাংসাপ্রায়—শান্তস্মিত আলোকে ফুটিছে !
প্রবল হুর্বার তুমি—অত্যাচারী মদগর্ভে তব,
শক্তিমদে ভাঙিগড়ি' শ্রামশোভা দেশ নব নব
চলেছ কাটিয়া বলে ধরামাঝে আপনার পথ !

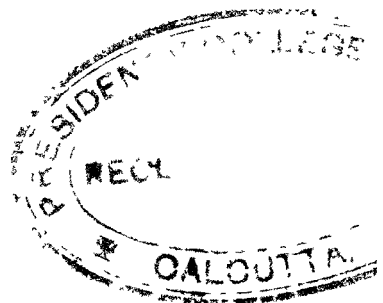
তোমার প্রবলশক্তি বাধা দিতে আছে আমাদের
স্নেহ প্রেম বুকে ।

সে ক্ষীণ বাঁধন ঠেলি', হে গর্জিত ! চলিয়াছ বেগে
আঘাতি' কঠোর ঘাত ! ব্যথিত গঞ্জরে ওঠে জেগে'
দীর্ঘশ্বাস ভগ্ন-আশা নিরুপায় দীন হতাসের ।
তবু নর কাঁদে শুধু—বুকে বাঁধি' একে অপরেরে,
বারিহরে বিশাল বিশ্ব আপন বন্ধন জালে ঘেরে,
সে তবু বসিয়া রহে উর্দ্ধ-অঁখি সব স্নুখে ছুখে ।

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE

CONTENTS.

Editorial Notes	205
Poems by Manmohan Ghosh	213
His Excellency's Speech at the Founder's day	240
Some Teachers of the Presidency College	245
Walks in Assam	251
The Passing Away of Nationality	256
The Odes of Keats	263
The Principal's <u>Speech</u>	268
A Sonnet	273
The Sanctuary of Sorrow	274
Mendelism	274
Correspondence	280
Medical Examination of the Students	284
Reports	289
College Notes	294
Library Bulletin	297
রাজি	304



NOTICE

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There will ordinarily be three issues a year, in September, December, 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.

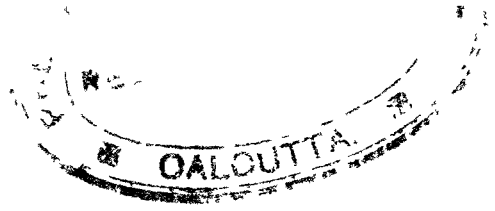
All contributions for publication must be written on one side of the paper and must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer, *not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.*

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor and all business communications should be addressed to Mr. Bejoy Lal Lahiri, General Secretary, *Presidency College Magazine*, and forwarded to the College Office.

Subodh Chandra Sen Gupta, B.A.
Editor.



Principal Wordsworth.



THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Vol. XI

MARCH, 1925

No. III.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A year ago passed away Man Mohan Ghose, the great professor and poet. Glowing tributes have been paid to his creative teaching and his poetic life ; his poetry, however, has been touched only in vague and general terms. Ever since he came back to India, a rosy legend had grown around him about his high poetic powers, the rich promises he gave in England, and his failure to get the Poet-laureateship by only a single vote (as if even Poet-laureateship depended on franchise !). He looked the poet and was called Apollo. He lived in solitude, shrouded in mystery—just the sort of life that we dream for a poet. But his poems one could never get at. He looked on his poetry almost as he looked on his Myvanwy :

“I grudge her cheek to the sun, her hair to the breeze
Cease, World, she must not be thine.”

He never joined the feverish strife of the world and did not let it into the secrets of his heart.

But this is not what he meant to do in the first flush of youth. He too had his dreams of being in the rush and the rapture of life :

“Eager to thee I turn, life and thy visions of joy
Fame I see with her wreath, far off approaching to crown me.”

Thus wrote he in his first poem when he was hardly twenty. Even as late as 1901, he avows his dislike for the caresses of the wood, for ‘how sweet it is to be even an unknown leaf in the forest of *life*.’

But God 'disposed' quite differently. In the forest of life, he was to have no place. He lived in the world, but could be none of it, and herein lay the tragedy of his life. The circumstances in which he was placed were all unfavourable. He was born in a country in which he was not educated, his youth was passed in a city which he never again visited, but for which he passionately yearned all through his life. Though a Bengali by birth he felt in this country as a 'lost exile' left in 'desolation complete.'

"In your bosom like a storm blast bear me
On to that sweet land my spirit craves
From shores insupportable, o tear me !
With a cry I rush into the waves."

Then he had to do professorial work (which is not at all congenial to poetic temperament), and this again amidst circumstances which made it sheer drudgery.

All this made for the tragedy of his life—its mystery, pathos and reserve, and this also accounts for his plentiful production and its scanty publicity. But he was of a temperament that was almost cut out for tragedy. Youth is proverbially hopeful, but his silver hopes had a sable living. In his poem of twenty, when impassioned [he] yearns for the future, he grows melancholy at the thought that he is probably 'all unconscious what ills life in its circle affords,' and he compares his restlessness with that of a sailor boy who lightly leaves behind the "sad faces of home.

"Never again perchance to behold them, lost in the tempest
Or in some tropic shore dying in fever and pain."

Though there is a dizzy rapture in such poems as *The Garden Passion*, it is remarkable that there is a note of melancholy even in his early love poems, his 'lovesongs' coming side by side with his 'elegies.' Raymend and Ida are in love, but when we expect

impetuous passion, Ida's mind is crossed with fears of death and she questions

Will he forget me then
When I am gone away
't were best : to give him pain
Let not my memory stay.

Thus there were seeds of melancholy in him long before his hopes had been wrecked. Then for a poet the poetry of Earth is nowhere dead, and seeing how perfectly his brothers succeeded in acclimatising themselves here, it is questionable whether his being grafted on this land was the real or only cause of his melancholy. The thing is Melancholy marked him for her own even when 'the world was breaking fresh at his feet.' He was even then troubled by the inordinate aspiration of humanity compared with the meagreness of its means. Though in the first ecstasy of youth, he for the time being reconciles himself to this hopeless struggle in the belief that

'Tis Nature cries in us
'Tis no unholy strife of ours
Against some forbidding powers.

it is plain from these early poems that even when he was with 'Stephen and May,' the blankness of death, the futility of life, the uncertainty of the future had all cast their gloom upon his life.

This pessimistic attitude towards human aspiration he had in common with Arnold, Swinburne and other modern English poets. There are many students of Manmohan Ghose who liken him to Matthew Arnold, but in fact their melancholy was not very much akin. Arnold was pained at the thought that the modern world, though it delights in classic art, can yet never recreate for itself the moral atmosphere of the past. This melancholy was intellectual, based on a *moralistic* 'criticism' of life. Manmohan Ghose was much more emotional,—being depressed by vague fears that achievement may not be equal to promises, by the pitiful irony that 'we to whom

no wings are given should seek for a Heaven above.' He consoled himself with the belief that love is the salvation of life.

O then this pleasant earth
 Seems but an alien thing
 Faint grows our busy mirth
 Far hence our thoughts take wing
 For some enduring home we cry !

 Only in loving eyes
 We see our happiness
 Only upon a loving breast
 Our souls find any rest.

This sense of 'alien' on the earth, this profound melancholy and this faith in love as the solution of the enigma of life affiliate him to Shelley, though he has not the lyric intensity, nor the metaphysical idealism of the great romantic. Love and melancholy are then the keynote of his poetry. 'Love songs and Elegies'—the name of *his* only published book is, therefore, more than a mere name. It sums up within the compass of three words the chief characteristics of his poetry—its love, its melancholy, its melody. Whether Death can end Love or Love can outlive Life is a question which puzzled him from early life, it was the mystery which haunted him to the last. The poem that he wrote after the death of his beloved wife all reflect this mood. Death takes away Love but he is consoled by Sleep

"'Rejoice.'
 Thy love to visit thee shall I bring oft
She her sweetness
 Divine on my wings' fleetness
 Shall come to thee."

In the dialogue between Death and Love also we are told that Death is but an instrument of filling Heaven where lovers shall

have purer life and fuller enjoyment. In 'The Rider on the White Horse' too he thinks of Death as taking away his dead wife only to relieve him for a while of his heavy burden. His melancholy was reflected in his Nature poetry too. The beauties of Nature numb his soul ; he feels something too sweet in her, wants to shut himself up in repose and brings himself back to her only when he is reminded that sere autumn will soon overtake the luxuriance of Spring. He loved the beauties of Nature, but did not feel quite at home in them. Rather he liked to 'lie and twine in the roots of things.' Shelley finds the archetype of his millenium in Nature, while Manmohan Ghose rejects all 'the caresses of the Wood'. Like Shelley, he thought that love is the sap of life, but this love is common everyday passion and has nothing transcendental about it. He has been sometimes likened to Keats, but to us they seem to be poles asunder. Manmohan Ghose had not that love of wayside beauties, that natural magic of diction, that concreteness of imagery, which are the distinctive features of the poetry of Keats. Manmohan Ghose felt a charm between Nature and man, and so did Keats. But Keats wanted to lose himself in her, while the Indian poet only feels the gulf and tries to justify the course of human life. Then Keats scarcely shows that subtle insight into human psychology of which we have so many glimpses in Manmohan Ghose, the best, of course, being in the poem named 'Baby' which recalls to us the studies of Browning. Finally, the keynote of Keats's poetry is luxury of enjoyment, while Manmohan Ghose leaves a sense of pensive yearning. He loved life rather than Nature ; his best poem (excepting the Dewdrop) is that on London in which he wants to withdraw from Nature.

To be lost in others, bathed in tones of human voices
And feel hurried along the happy tread of feet

... ..

And a sense of vast sympathy my heart craves
The warmth of kindred hearts beating with mine."

He wanted to court, this ravishing reality 'this earthliness divine,' but could not, and in this wistful hope and wistful regret lies the secret of his life—the secret of his poetry. He departed from his proper vein only twice, in his Song of Britannia and his lives on the Centenary of Presidency College, both of which are excellent *tour de force*.

✓ The late Dr. Dunn described him as an interpreter of the East to the West while others call him an interpreter of the West to the East. In fact Manmohan Ghose, as will appear from the poems that follow, had nothing particularly Anglo-oriental about him. He sang of universal *human* sentiments and if his poems were published without his name, nobody would be able to recognise anything particularly English or Indian about them. To be an interpreter either of India or to India, there are required a propagandist zeal and a sympathetic knowledge of Indian life and civilisation, which were not certainly the most remarkable characteristics in him.

There are two kinds of poetry as there are two kinds of consciousness. There are men of single consciousness and there are men of double consciousness. The first kind receives impressions while the second interprets experience. In the poetry of single consciousness there is expression of life, while the poetry of double consciousness criticises or, as the more modern critic will say, contemplates experience. Shelley's Lines in Dejection near Naples is a poem recording impression while his Ode to West Wind is a poem of criticism. Manmohan Ghose was a poet of single consciousness; he gave thrilling and melodious expression to sentiments which we vaguely feel but can never express. His 'Dewdrop' which has been described in the pages of this paper * in language the very apex of poetic prose reaches the high watermark of this kind of poetry. As for the poetry of interpretation, we have no more than faint glimpses of it, but the best part of his production remains buried in manuscripts which are evidence as much of his fastidious search after

* Vol X No. III Manmohan Ghose—Mr. Phani Bhushan Chakraverty

fine phrasing as of his carelessness for publicity. His daughter will be doing a service not only to the memory of his father, not only to India but also to all lovers of poetry, if she can unearth the rich treasure that lies hidden in these manuscripts. We take this opportunity of presenting our readers with a collection of the poems which lay scattered in the different issues of the magazine.* Until his poems are all published, any attempt at a final estimate of his poetry is blind and tentative. But the few that have seen the light will, apart from all criticastry, remain a joy for ever.

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The first thing that strikes one looking round the College is the dissolution of the College union. The members have almost unanimously passed a vote of non-confidence on the secretary whom by an overwhelming majority they elected less than a year ago ! The circumstances that led to this decision are complex and unfortunate and any attempt at discussing them will rake up the embers of a controversy which we all hope has been closed for ever. The service or disservice of a secretary does not, however, affect the life of the Union. The College Union is a vital part of the College, the sap and juice of its life. As the Principal has more than once emphasised, education does not mean the mere taking of a degree but the harmonious development of all the faculties, the realisation of the supreme necessity of intellectual and social co-operation for the building up of national life. For all this the activities of the Union are as important as lecture work, and we hope that next year the Union will be revived and rejuvenated with the same zeal and energy with which it has this year been destroyed.

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We have much pleasure in announcing the formation of an Old Boys' Association in our College. Distance is said to lend enchantment to the view. Through its magic both the Past and the Future

* The exquisite lyric named 'The Dewdrop' has been taken from The Calcutta Review (March, 1922).

appear in rosy hues. But the vision of the Future is often indistinct and insubstantial. Our past memories, however, centre around tangible things, and by associating with them, we can recall our Old days 'so sad, so fresh, so strange the days that are no more.' What Old boy can come to the Presidency College without feeling young again? Indeed, even the name 'Old Boy' is significant. Then, when an Old student meets a fresher, what emotions of sympathy and fellowship does not each feel? To revive the past, to maintain the connexion between the old and the new, it was necessary to have an institution for Old Boys; so that they might come here and feel what a *bountious mother* the College is. The proposal for an Old Boys' Association was put forward years ago, but it has materialised only recently. A provisional Committee has been appointed to frame rules and regulations and to draw up an outline of future activities. The President is Sir Deva P. Sarbadhicary, who is one of our oldest and most illustrious Old Boys and whose interest in the College is too well-known, and Mr. C. C. Biswas, a distinguished Old Boy and Prof. P. C. Ghosh (who with Sir Deva Prosad was, we believe, the first to put forward the proposal) are the Jt. Secretaries. We wish all success to this new institution for old men.

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Now coming to other activities of the College, there appears to be a change for the better in our athletics. Thanks to the untiring efforts of the Secretary Mr. Govindamohan Roy. An Hockey team has been promoted to the B. Division, where it is exhibiting a fairly good form. Formerly the complaint against us was want of punctuality, but the Secretary this time has in spite of all difficulties regularly turned out his team—and a very good team too.

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Our best thanks are due to Mrs. Stapleton who takes such a keen interest in the activities of the College. She bore all the expenses of refreshment on the last Founders' Day, has awarded two cups in Tennis and her presence on the ground is, we are told, a feature of our Hockey games.

POEMS

BY

Manmohan Ghosh, m.a. (oxon)

POPLAR, BEECH AND WEEPING WILLOW.

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

From the heavy-hearted earth, earth of grief and passion,
Maiden, you with me must spring and leave men's lowly
fashion ;
Skyward lift with me your thoughts in cumberless elation,
Every leaf and every shoot a virgin aspiration.
The blue day, the floating clouds, the stars shall, to emplace
You, make proffer of their pomp, dawn her rosy chalice ;
Where the birds are you shall wing, and revel to be lonely
In the clear of heaven to spire and toss with breezes only.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHISPERING SLEEP.

Are not thy hands of honey, thy gifts of honey-suckle,
Brother sweet of the breeze, wooing and whispering sleep ?
Soft at our ears like a lover's thy vague lips tenderly murmur,
" Kiss me ! " they seem to say, " give me, poor heart, but a kiss. "
Then our anguish dims, care fades with the fading lattice ;
Into a lovely land wander we all unawares !

O, into what sweet land didst thou this hour bewitch me ?
 Wakeful in tears, I lay, thinking of her who is dead,
 Wishing, longing for her, my heart's beloved, who left me—
 Left me and never once turned to regard me again.
 Never then shall I see a soft face over me leaning,
 Feel a gentle hand touching me, never again !
 Those adorable ways I now must only remember,
 Only wish for in vain, sweetness irrevocable !
 Sobbing to be with her, I heard a kind voice near me
 Whispering softly, " Hush ! weeper, this agony cease.
 Grieve not now any more, nor with rending sobs afflict thee ;
 Woudst thou be with her ? O but accompany me !
 Come, O come ; for I know the grasses where she is sitting,
 And I know the flowers nodding in crowds at her feet.
 Past the shadowy river, the river forgetfully gliding ..
 Lay but thy drooping head, sorrower, lay upon me. "

BABY.

Baby dear ! and shall we sever ?
 All your own
 Mother is, and yours alone.
 Father goes, he cares not he !
 Comes, and now from other shores,
 Baby dear, your deity
 Woos he, and adores.
 Never heed him ! he was never
 Yours !
 My one bliss, and would you lonely
 Leave my heart,

Thus from mother's lap to part ?
O what is it, charm of charms,
Seek your lips incarnadine,
Stretching forth your little arms,
With that cry divine ?
Enchantment ! art thou not only
Mine ?

Fret not so, nor fear my raiment :
Heed not thou !
Softly though he flatters now.
Words nor whispers thinks she sweet,
Mother, to thy vague murmurs :
Men, the world, the roaring street,
Father, he prefers.
Hers you are 'gainst every claimant,
Hers !

Leave him ! Not a kiss deserves he
Lonely here
To forsake us, baby dear.
Toils and troubles all the week
They possess him, toils like tares
For the rose of baby's cheek
Not a thought he cares.
'Tis for them his heart preserves he,
Theirs !

Laughing, see, has baby known him,
And small hands
Stretching out, his beard demands,
O his flattery well I know,
Sweet he comes, as April showers ;
Wait, poor prattler, he will go,
False as April flowers.

No, my joy, we cannot own him
Ours.
From his arms to keep you ? Never !
Baby dear !
From his arms, your native sphere.
Home from labour comes he tired,
You and I, his only bliss.
Crown him, crown our king desired
To adore and kiss
You and I his slaves forever,
His.

A SONNET.

BY MANMOHAN GHOSH, M.A. (Oxon).

While I recall you o'er deep parting seas
Lonelier have grown these cliffs, this English grass
Haunt of my heart, dear faces, let me pass
To that far south, till presence bring me peace
Unsatisfied with those dead memories
I muse, and mould from each secret day that was
An image of the future : but, alas,
What hunger can oblivious hope appease ?
My soul may travel to you : but the sea
Sternly puts back the pilgrim feet of life
With the harsh warning of necessity.
That oft-taught truth my sighs would fain unlearn
How idle is human passion ! yet its strife
Is duty and our hearts are made to yearn.

TO DR. JAGADISH CHANDRA BOSE.

Translated from a poem of RABINDRANATH.

Young image of what old RISHI of Ind
Art thou, O Arya savant, Jagadish ?
What unseen hermitage hast thou raised up
From 'neath the dry dust of this city of stone ?
Amidst the crowd's mad turmoil, whence hast thou
That peace in which thou in an instant stoodst
Alone at the deep centre of all things—
Where dwells the One alone in Sun, Moon, flowers,
In leaves, and beasts and birds, and dust and stones,
—Where still one sleepless Life on its own lap
Rocks all things with a wordless melody
All things that move or that seem motionless !
While we were drunk with the remote and vain
Dead glories of our past,—in alien dress
Walking and talking in an alien tongue,
In the caricature of other men—
Their style, their bearing,—while we shouted, yell'd
Frog-like with swollen throat in our dark well,
O, in what vast remoteness wert thou then ?
Where didst thou spread thy hush'd and lonely mat—
Thy mat of meditation ? Thou, thy mind
Curling into calm gravit', didst plunge
In thy great quest after the viewless ray,
Beyond the utmost borders of this world
Of visible form, there where the RISHIS old
Oped, and passed in beyond the lion-gates
Of the Manifold and stood before the One,
Silent in awe and wonder, with joined hands !

O Hermit, call thou in the authentic words
Of that old hymn called Sāma ; "Rise ! Awake !
Call to the man who boasts his SASTRIC lore
From vain pedantic wranglings profitless,
Call to that foolish braggart to come forth
Out on the face of Nature, this broad earth.
Send forth this call unto thy scholar band ;
Together round thy sacrifice of fire
Let them all gather. So may our India,
Our ancient land, unto herself return.
O once again return to steadfast work,
To duty and devotion, to her trance
Of earnest meditation ; let her sit
Once more unruffled, greedless, strifeless, pure
O once again upon her lofty seat
And platform, teacher of all other lands.

A SONG OF BRITANNIA.

1.

Muse, who art quick to fire
At the least noble thing,
And frankest praise to bring
Upon the quivering lyre,
Why art thou slow to sing
Now when the world beclouds
With battle, such as shrouds
Earth in a mist of tears ?

For want of heart belike,
While thunder sings afar
And even the bravest fears.
Seek'st thou a theme for song
No fears can ever wrong
No tears can tarnish ? Strike
And sing Britannia.

2.

Britannia the fair,
Whom oceans girdle round,
With hill and valley crowned,
And purest wash of air
From her Atlantic bound,
What heaths so fresh as hers
With blossom ? and how stirs
The soft wind in her pines.
Earth's fairest isle, 'tis said,
Where all things lovely are.
Yet beauty there not mines
Strength ; for no cliff is there
No headland calmly fair
But fringed with wild sprays web
To shout Britannia.

3.

Britannia the strong,
Whom God designed should queen
The Ocean plain, serene
Though threat'ning foes bethrong :
Whose fate shall not belong,
While round her, every deck
Bristling with cannon, speck
The seas her angry fleet.

Not earth to dominate
Or to embroil with war
Tower they : 'tis to keep sweet
The world's dear peace they bulk
So with their silent hulk
In all eyes power, elate
To speak Britannia

4.

Britannia the free,
Of soil so virtuous, such
Not foot of slave can touch
But walks at liberty.
The staff she is, the crutch
By whom weak lands arise
Who nourished in her eyes
Grow, and shake off the sloth
Of old anarchic power
Two richly tokens are
Of her boon influence, both.
What man of Ind or Nile
Who sees his fat fields smile
But his lips burst aflower
To praise Britannia.

5.

Britannia the sage,
With her own history wise ;
The stars were her allies
To write that ample page.
'Twas her adventurous eyes
The vantage saw, whence she
To this wide regency
Through acts adventurous won :

Which if from strife and jar
 She keep, the secret learn
From her mild brow alone ;
 How, not the world to daunt
 Or power imperial flaunt
She makes the queen'd earth yearn
 To serve Britannia

6.

Britannia the good,
 With her own heart at school,
 Whom flatterer cannot fool
Nor rebel sour ; at flood
 Her own strength taught to rule.
Hers are the mighty hands
That o'er hundred lands
 Weave bliss from dawn to gray
Like fond words from afar
 Hers are the winged sails
O'er ocean : words are they
 Which in a moment bring
 Her brood beneath her wing
And none so small that fails
 To knit Britannia

7.

Britannia wide-flung
 Over the globe ; its half
 Her children, whether graff
Or scion mother-sprung
 Sons, now to be her staff
When her path glooms ; though Rhine,
Danube and Elbe combine
 Of these (O idlest dream !),

To reave her. Hers they are.
Rous'd, ardent in her right !
From Ganges utmost stream
Far as Canadian firs
And bush Australian, hers,
Joined even in hell's despite
To help Britannia.

8.

Britannia the heart
And brain that bulwarks power ;
See, at the crucial hour
How well she bears her part !
From fields how peaceful flower
In millions arms and men ;
Which now she pours again
To those old battlefields
France, Flanders ; makes her star
Of glory that she shields
The weak, confronts the strong.
Brute force let others sing ;
She shows in everything
To her it shall belong
To be—Britannia.

9

Britannia, sublime
To flame in generous deed ;
In others, cause to bleed.
So to the end of time
It shall be. One she freed
The Iberian. Wellington
And Torres Vedras spun
The lines of victory then.

Another Trafalgar
 The Bleak North Seas await ;
 Where her fleet towers the main ;
 Each mighty battleship
 Charged to the very lip
 With thunder. Big with fate
 They loom Britannia.

ON THE CENTENARY OF THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE.

I.

A hundred years ! The very phrase
 Unsepultures the million'd dead :
 Three generations in that space,
 Ghosts of the past, have breathed and fled.
 Time shakes his hour-glass, and we slide,
 We running human sands, away ;
 Vain individual atoms,—glide
 From name and memory. But the play
 Of his chance-reaping scythe stops here :
 Our frail race flowers upon its bier,
 Man, feeble man, who from his dark
 Gets no more, can no more endear
 To the stern harvester his year
 Than soaring eagle, feels a spark
 Of the eternal burn in him. Some ark
 That may survive the flood of things
 He fashions, not for what so flies
 His brief self, but that children's eyes
 May see, and children's children's, builds
 In the void future There on wings

Indignant immortality
Lends him, in that abysm of time,
Where no sure certainty can climb
He ledges his sheer hope, where sings
Some torrent his lone fancy gilds,
In mists, the everlasting snows
Above him, nests his brave repose
High-eyried in posterity.

II.

So thought, so toil'd, so built the men
Our founders, whom to-day we laud,
Commemorate ; from now to then
Over a hundred years applaud.
To the true-hearted Britons praise !
Those three ! from law and church who rose
And shop, this lasting fane to raise
For the lov'd Muses, verse and prose
Thought, science, numbers : to enshrine
Fair Learning's self, the lamp divine
In God's hand for mortality
To see by. Gulf of "mine" and "thine"
Though come from o'er the bitter brine
They knew not ; no dividing sea
In race, pride, alien ancestry,
That with such cold estranging wave
Makes severance of us ; through our blood
Howls against human brotherhood ; ..
Than towering Himala more
Parts land from land ; as in a grave
Buries mankind's growth, to congeal
In icy barriers : which with ease
They leap'd. Nor could caste, custom freeze
Their fiery souls, those two, our brave

Own native founders, who both bore
 The name, and the large heart of kings.
 To them, while all the patriot springs
 To our lips, let the heart's thanks peal.

III.

For they saw, those far-sighting five,
 Or, dim divining, surely felt
 Shakespeare in Kalidasa thrive
 In Bhababhuti Milton melt.
 Through creed, race, colour they saw kin
 The bleeding ransom Calvary's tree
 Shed for us, and what under this
 Tathagata's thought-agony
 Dropt in the dreaming bot-leaf shade
 At Gaya. And as, never to fade
 What they in man's adoring soul
 Hope, rapture, worship built, they made,
 Those Heavenly Founders, one and whole
 Like some cathedral's vault to roll,
 Or God's blue, o'er humanity
 For all to breathe in : so divined
 Ours, building earthlier, that mind
 Like soul (that catholic lesson) is
 For all men ; spreads like empire free ;
 This glorious fabric she uprears,
 Britannia. Under the third George
 When she pent Europe's splendid scourge
 In Helena, they, rapt to see,
 Prophets, the large imperial bliss
 To be now, when earth's peace is spilt
 By a worse madman, rose and built
 This structure of a hundred years.

DEATH AND LOVE.

A Dialogue.

Come, Nothingness,
Blank and Negation, Nescience, mighty Death.
Annihilation, or whatever else
Men do miscall thee, thou that loss of breath
And being seem'st, terrifically to dress
Thy aspect to each dark mind-muffling fear
That in man's spirit dwells.
Come, for I will disprove thee, show thou art
A self-made phantom of man's fearful heart.
Thou shalt from me extort not one sad tear
To weep the invisible triumphant dead,
She waits me, that divine, dear, shining head.
Dupe of thy hope,
Shallow love-cheated mortal, I am death ;
Behold me, I am nothingness. Revive
One of the millions then that my dart slayeth ;
Thou that hast challenged me, say, canst thou cope
With these terrific arrows ? Then renounce
All hope that she can live.
Thou saw'st her borne unto the river side
Burnt on the pyre, her ashes scattered wide.
In reason's mere despite to play the dunce,
'Gainst proof of eyes and ears be dreamer, fool !
Who was it taught thee, in what shallow school ?
Immortal Love
Who made his heaven and home in her fair eyes.
I learnt in that bright college. He it was
Taught me thy muffled menace to despise,

In this faith grammared me, that thou wouldst prove
The shadow of a shadow. Substance thou

Hast none, nor shape canst show
An insubstantial terror. Thee God made
From our projected ignorance, afraid
Of its audacity, to have us bow
To his slow earthly schooling. Therefore he
Heaven's brightness hid with thy dark nullity.

Heaven's brightness ? Dolt !
And where's that fancied brightness, thy vague heaven ?
All worlds I rule. And nothing is so strong,
Such power to my imperious stride is given,

'Gainst me can shut the bolt,
Offer to me resistance, the prime law
And nature's mere necessity. Lest throng,
Lest insane superfluity should Earth,
The many-breasted mother, crush with birth,
I with my emptying quiver overawe,
God's sane inexorable archer, Death,
Who roomy keep the populous fields of breath.

'Twas Heaven to fill,
Heaven, vast Eternity, whence forms and clouds
Life's pageantry for ever, thou wast given
Those darts tremendous. Therefore crowds on crowds
Slay, harry. Thou wast suffered. Haste to kill,
Admit us to the brightness ; people Heaven.
She dwells there where the truth cores the universe.
'Tis everywhere. Behind the breeze it lies,
Behind the sunshine to our thwarted eyes,
Eternal Love eclipses there thy curse
And joins all parted lovers Thou, his thrall,
Art but the gateway to his glorious All.

A DEATH-BED VISION.

O'er her death-bed
With sobs I hung,
Wild idle sobs, and in my lonely pain
Kiss'd the dead face again and yet again
And to the cold form passionately clung
Weeping.

With peaceful head
She on her pillow,
As past this angry billow,
Life's rude tumultuous rocking, in some bay
Anchor'd some far enchanted haven, lay
Sleeping.

Wild idle tears
I shed to know
That she was gone forever past my hail.
That was the glint of her departing sail,
That peace ineffable. I long'd to go
Thither !

For past all fears
And shocks of sorrow
In the eternal morrow
Her drifting bark had anchored. I left lone
On life's rude sea longed for that world-unknown
Whither.

As thus I wept
And watched in awe
Rapt with the beauty of that angel strand
Where I was sure her soul had driven aland
The ecstatic, white, still face, 'twas then I saw,
Weeping,

How toward me stept
Two forms of glory
Pilots of our brief story
Who lull and convoy nature. Gently they
Came where in trance marmoreal she lay
Sleeping.

Sleep o'er her head,
Death at her feet
Silent and shadowy stood. I knew them come
To carry what I loved to its last home
Her body, that familiar form too sweet.

"Lover,"

Sleep pitying said,
"Take thy last kisses
Of her. Alas, what bliss is
To thee that senseless relic? Pilots we
Of nature come to waft mortality
Over."

O'er the dear clay
Weeping I hung.
To me each atom of her earth had life,
Smelt not of death, but blossomed memory-rife
Old smiles, love, kisses, tears. To it I clung
Weeping :

"Take not away,
Angels of pity,
From me the ransacked city
Where dwell such tender memories. Spare her, Death.
Leave her a lovely mummy void of breath
Sleeping.

"Vainly thou prayest
Made blind with pain,"

Death answered, "Each dear particle, each mote
That once made up her sweetness wouldst thou dote
So fondly on to have with thee remain
Eternal ?

They cry us haste
To ship them. Weeper,
We wafted have thy sleeper
To bliss. That is not she. Across the river
Time's wintry stream, she breathes and flowers forever
Vernal.

"Dissever then
Thy arms from dust
That once was proud to sheathe her, be the dress
Organ and tool of so much loveliness.
Great nature back demands her loan. Be just,
Not crazy
With grief and pain.
We come to carry
What was her dear flesh, marry
Anew in life's great ferment, to compose
Flowers on her grave triumphant, kingcup, rose,
Daisy."

With a wild cry
I clung to her
The all that dreadful immortality
Spared of the warm, terrestrial, trivial she,
All that had laughed, smiled, wept, made lovely stir.
Anguish !

One kiss to fee,
Wage, take farewell forever
From that ! All sweet links sever

With the dear past ! So curtly her dismiss !
I never could the sorrow of that kiss
Vanquish !

Death stooped and Sleep
Over her now
Stooped as to lift her : yet they lingered still.
Inexorably gentle to fulfil
Their functions, grief they did awhile allow.
"Mortal,"

In my ear deep
Death murmured, "Render
To grass, earth, flowers what's tender
Sweet, sacred, but not she. Her soul by this
Hath sealed the ramparts that the walls of bliss
Portal."

"Take me, too, Death,
Take me," I cried
Through his dark wings I breathed that flowery place,
The rapt Elysian peace of her still face
Seemed to say, "Come. 'Tis sweet here. To my side
Hither !"

"Nay," his cold breath
Chilled me made shudder
"Thy yet distressful rudder
Must uncompanioned cut life's sea alone
Thou art not ripe to reach that world-unknown
Whither.

"Above her grave
A little while
Weep if thou wilt, where soon the rose shall laugh,
Oxlips triumphant write her cenotaph,

But her poor earth delay not in exile.

Suffer

Lilies to have

Birth from her beauty,

The marguerites tall do duty

O'er that still mound. There weep. Thy fond regrets,

Tears, memories, to the dreaming violets

Proffer. "

The dear still feet

As thus he spoke

Death lifted. Of his mighty wings (no error

Fools us to fear), the outspread shadowy terror,

I felt the strength And my heart almost broke

Weeping.

All that was sweet,

Past precious to me,

Death on his pinions gloomy,

On argent plumes Sleep took. My soul sank dead.

Gently he lifted her still, peaceful head

Sleeping.

Murmuring he stooped

So sweet, so soft,

Toward me, the charm of his world-lulling voice

Drugged for a moment agony : " Rejoice !

Thy love to visit thee shall I bring oft :

Only

Despair not drooped

O'er dead earth She, her sweetness

Divine on my wings' fleetness

Shall come to thee. " He spoke, and with a shiver

Of silver wings was flown. I left forever

Lonely.

LONDON.

Farewell, sweetest country ; out of my heart, you roses,
 Wayside roses, nodding the slow traveller to keep.
Too long have I drowsed alone in the meadows deep,
 Too long alone endured the silence Nature espouses,
O, the rush, the rapture of life ! – throngs, lights, houses !
 This is London. I wake as a sentinel from sleep.

Stunned with the fresh thunder, the harsh delightful noises,
 I move entranced on the thronging, pavement. How sweet,
To eyes sated with green, the dusty brick-walled street !
 And the lone spirit, of self so weary, how it rejoices
To be lost in others, bathed in the tones of human voices,
 And feel hurried along the happy tread of feet.

And a sense of vast sympathy my heart almost crazes,
 The warmth of kindred hearts in thousands beating with mine.
Each fresh face, each figure, my spirit drinks like wine,
 Thousands endlessly passing. Violets, daisies,
What is your charm to the passionate charm of faces,
 This ravishing reality, this earthliness divine ?

O murmur of men more sweet than all the wood's caresses,
 How sweet only to be an unknown leaf that sings
In the forest of life ! Cease, nature, thy whisperings.
 Can I talk with leaves, or fall in love with breezes ?
Beautiful boughs, your shade not a human pang appeases.
 This is London. I lie, and twine in the roots of things.
1901.

TO STEPHEN AND MAY.

Something remembering I sigh,
Beneath this glorious Indian sky,
He grieves me tender, large and bright,
Hesperus in the western night,
And with sweet half-forgotten things,
Zephyrus loads his *western wings*.

What airs of spring-time's very home
What laughing freshness as of foam
Make languid all the eastern day
I start ! I think of Stephen and May.

Stephen and May ! two names that run
To daffodils and April sun
Musical sounds that fancy weaves
With the magic of the winds and leaves
Sounds like the wash of western seas
Full of the foam, full of the breeze,
I cry out suddenly and through
This odorous darkness look for you
Enchanting friends, that fill my soul
A million waters 'twixet us roll
O ! sunset on my heart shall weigh
Till I revisit Stephen and May.

THE RIDER ON THE WHITE.

I

How did I lose you sweet,
 I hardly know,
Roughly the storm did beat,
 Wild winds did blow.
I with my loving arm
Folded you safe from harm
 Cloaked from the weather.
How could your dear feet drag ?
Or did my courage sag ?
Heavy our way did lag
 Pacing together.

II

I looked in your eyes afraid
 Pale, pale my dear !
The stone hurt you ! I said
 To hide my fear
You smiled at my face,
You smothered every trace,
 Of pain and langour.
Fondly my hand you took,
But all your frail form shook,
And the wild storm it struck
 At us in anger.

III

The wild beast woke anew,
 Closely you clung to me.
Whiter and whiter grew
 Your check, and hung to me.

Drooping and faint you laid,
Upon my breast your head,
 Footsore and laggard,
"Look up, dear love" I cried
But my heart almost died,
As you looked up and sighed
 Dead weary staggard.

IV

There came a rider by,
 Gentle his look,
I shuddered for his eye
 I could not brook.
Muffled and cloaked he rode
And a white horse bestrode
 With noiseless gallop.
His hat was mystery
His cloak was history
Pluto's consistory
 Or Charon's shallop.

V

Could not the dusky hue
 Of his robe match
His face was hard to view
 His tone to catch.
She is sick, tired. "Your load
A few miles of the road
 Give me to weather"
He took as 'twere a curse
Her fainting form perforce,
In the rain rider, horse
 Vanished together.

VI

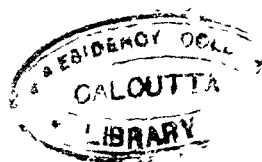
"Come back dear love, come back"
Hoarsely I cried,
After that rider black
I peered and sighed.
After that phantom steed
I strain with anxious heed
Heartsick and lonely
Into the storm I peer
Through wet woods moaning drear
Only the wind I hear
The rain see only.

THE DEWDROP.

In the bliss, they say, of the love that laves
The skies and ocean and earth
All things hasten to lose, they say,
the grieving ripple of birth.
Why then ah! do I tremble and pale
at the thought of thee, O Death
And shivering stand to take my plunge
in that infinite sea of breath?
There are the lost joys of my life
far sunk beyond rave and fret,
There are the souls of dreams unflowered
and the roses of regret,
There is the sunken dreadful gold
of the Once that might have been,
Shipwrecked memory anchors there,
and my dead leaves there are green.

Why in the merge of all with all
by a plunge recoverable,
Desperate diver, shudder I
from all pearls in one shell ?
For O more precious than all things lost
is the one that I let fall,
One heart brimful of love for me,
her love that encasketed all.

Dear, like a trembling drop of dew
I held thee in my hand,
How of a sudden could I so spill
as to lose in the infinite sand ?
As I stood madly secure of thee
as happy I looked my fill ;
Thou from my jealous palm didst slide
and vanish in salt sea rill.
Now by the infinite shore I roam,
the bliss that all things laves ;
Down bent, weeping I seek for thee
by a mournful music of waves.
Deaf to the grandeur and the roar
that hath washed thee away from me
In the streaming sands and my own salt tears
I wildly look for thee.
Thou with the freshness and the foam
art glorying borne away,
I, amid wreck and driftwood grope
and dally with all dismay.
Come back, tremulous heart, I sob,
heart's bliss, come back I cry ;
Only the solemn ecstasy
of waters makes reply.



**His Excellency's Speech at the Founder's
Day Ceremony, Presidency College,
on 20th January 1925.**

MR. STAPLETON, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I am very pleased to be present on this anniversary of your Foundation not only as a guest, but in the capacity of 'Visitor' to the Presidency College, which since Lord Carmichael's time Governors of Bengal have been glad to assume. The interesting historical review of the college, which the Principal has given in his address, has prompted me to make some researches myself into the history of this function of visitor and I have been interested to find that the Governor of Bengal, in accepting the function of visitor to the Presidency College, strikes out no new path, but merely turns full circle the wheel of tradition.

I learnt what is probably known to most of you that the Presidency College has grown from the school which was opened on the 20th January 1817, in the Chitpore Road, that this institution was, in the first instance, a private and not a Government institution, and that subsequently in the course of time Government assumed responsibility for it. The institution met with many difficulties in its early days and eventually Government was asked on the initiative of David Hare of pious memory to save it from ruin. Government willingly accepted this responsibility, but stipulated for a small measure of control which the Managers were at first unwilling to accord. During the negotiations which ensued a letter was written which will be found in the Proceedings of 1829 and from which I will quote one sentence—

“We thought it advisable to decline acceptance of the authority thus offered to us, but * * * we deemed it expedient to propose taking share in the control of the institution as visitors of the college.”

So wrote the Committee of Public Instruction which under Government conducted the educational administration of that day.

Thus. it will be seen that nearly a hundred years ago Government assumed over the Presidency College of that day the function of 'Visitor' which it is to-day my privilege to enjoy.

I further learnt that the first anniversary meeting of the supporters of the institution was held on the 6th January 1818. The number of boys at that time was 69. The enthusiasm of its promoters, however, was not damped by small numbers or modest beginnings. Presidency College has always had men who believed in it and dreamed of a great future for it. In spite of vastly changed circumstances there are many to-day who, though Presidency College might be thought a sufficiently imposing institution, still believe that we have not yet seen the half of what it one day may be. That these firm believers in the Presidency College are merely following in the footsteps of their predecessors may be illustrated by two small extracts from its history. The report of the first anniversary meeting tells us that on the day of the opening of the school a learned Hindu said :

"The Hindu College will be like the *bur* or banian tree which is at first but a small plant, but afterwards becomes the greatest of all trees."

Similarly in 1853, in Lord Dalhousie's time the Secretary to the Government of Bengal wrote as follows : —

"The time, His Lordship doubts not, will come, though it is probably still in the distant future, when the Presidency College, having elevated itself by its reputation, and being enriched by endowments and scholarships, will extend its sphere of attraction far beyond the local limits which it is now designed to serve ; and when, strengthened by the most distinguished scholars from other cities, and united with the Medical College in all its various departments, as well as with other Professorships of practical science and art whose establishment cannot be long postponed, it will expand itself into something approaching to the dignity and proportions of an Indian University."

As we stand here and look around, as we think of the enormous expansion of collegiate and school education in Bengal since 1817, we are bound to acknowledge that the simile of the banian tree was a truthful and prophetic one. The tree has spread and grown in the manner specially characteristic of the banian so that Presidency College no longer stands out as the main and almost the only stem, but is one of many vigorous growths. One little rootlet, —that development which Lord Dalhousie erroneously thought so far off in 1853, and which was in fact less than half a decade away has now spread so far and put forth so many offshoots that it is difficult to distinguish the original parent stem. Presidency College however, continues to stand out as one of the stoutest of the banian trunks, and to make an invaluable contribution to the support of the whole organism, a contribution which, as Presidency College men believe, and as I recognize, is essential to the well-being of the whole. As we all know, the proper method of co-ordination between the Presidency College and the University in its latter day developments was one of the subjects on which the Sadler Commission spent much thought and it is one which, I understand, Presidency College men consider that Government and the University ought to face at an early date. I hope the University and the Presidency College Committees now sitting will give us good advice on this matter.

I can see, however, from the Principal's speech that your faith in the future of Presidency College is firm, and that you are convinced that, whatever form of integration with University activities may ultimately be adopted, it is essential that the Presidency College, which co-operates with the University, should be a developing organism retaining an individuality of its own, and contributing from that individuality to the University something valuable of which it would otherwise be deprived. This was the view of the Sadler Commission and I am convinced that it is the right view. You, therefore, claim, and I am sure rightly claim, that Presidency

College should not be neglected by Government merely because Government is assisting in the development of the University of Calcutta in the matter of those activities in which it tends to overshadow you, though it still needs your co-operation, I mean Post-graduate studies.

I hear, therefore, with interest of your schemes for development and can assure you that we are very far from thinking that on account of University needs, Presidency College must be regarded as having reached the limit of its expansion. Whatever is needed for its development we shall be glad to concede within the narrow limits of our financial resources. If, however, the college is to depend on the help of Government alone, its growth must necessarily be slow. Those rich endowments, which Lord Dalhousie anticipated in the passage which I have quoted, have unfortunately not materialised in Presidency College to the extent that was hoped. For instance, the appeal to the public of your former Principal, Mr. H. R. James, for a College Hall fell on unheeding ears. This was, perhaps, due to the belief that because the institution was a Government one, endowments would merely relieve Government of its commitments. Such a belief would be misguided, and I hope no one here holds it. If, however, the fact that Presidency College is a Government institution does actually hinder its development, then the Government patronage is a doubtful benefit and should, perhaps, in the interests of the college itself, be removed. We have good warrant in the Sadler Commission's Report for asking ourselves whether we should not as a Government divest ourselves of direct responsibility for the college, and instead hand it over to a Body of Trustees who would then develop the college with the help of Government grants and such endowments as they might receive from the public. No decision on these lines has, of course, been taken as yet, nor will it ever be taken unless it is clearly shown to be in the interests of the college. It is a subject which, I hope, the Presidency College

Committee now sitting will consider and express an opinion upon.

Whatever future form the college may take, whatever changes may happen in its constitution and administration, I am glad to know that it is doing good work in the present. I have heard with special interest that you are starting an Old Boys' Society, a society which, if it had been started earlier, would have included those great sons of the Presidency College, Sir Asutosh Mookherji and Mr. Bhupendra Nath Basu, whose loss we had to deplore in that year of great losses, 1924, which also robbed you of that gifted member of your staff, the poet Manmohan Ghosh. Such a society would, I think, at any time include most of the great names of Bengal. I wish the new venture all success. I also hope that the new system of tutorial guidance promoted so energetically by Mr. Stapleton will bear the fruit expected of it in comradeship and collaboration between staff and students which is such a real need for young men at the formative period of their lives, and which the Sadler Commission, in the passage quoted by Mr. Stapleton, so clearly outlined. I wish you success in this and all developments making for unity, fellowship and corporate spirit within the college. With you I regret that the generous scheme of development which Mr. James, your former Principal, expounded before Lord Carmichael on this very spot in 1913 has made little or no progress owing to the stringency of post-war conditions in Bengal. So far as I can help within the limits within which the Government of Bengal must perforce confine its activities in these difficult days, you may rely on me for support in all that makes for the efficiency, well-being and development of Presidency College.

SOME TEACHERS OF THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE.

I have been asked to write something of the many colleagues with whom I have worked since I joined the Presidency College over seventeen years ago. I do so willingly, though it must be inadequately. I have never kept notes except in my mind.

When I came out Mr. H. R. James was Principal. He knew nothing of my coming. Nor in fact did any one at Writers' Buildings. Sir J. C. Lyall had appointed me in London, and pressed me to come out without delay. So the College where I was a lecturer let me off at the end of term, with only a fortnight's notice. In the next week I packed, ran over to France to see a sister in school, and left London behind me for a new life. The speed with which things had moved in London was not to be repeated on the voyage. We coursed leisurely and comfortably, taking thirtyfive days on the way. If it was enjoyable to me, drawing no pay until I arrived, it was more so to those others who were coming out in their first voyage, but with pay accruing from the date of appointment at home. One lucky youth had 'earned' seven weeks full pay by the time we reached the Hooghly. But fortune dispenses good and ill. The week after landing he was down with Enteric, and he was not at work until five months had gone.

On reporting myself at Writers' Buildings I found that none knew of me. This was a heavy blow to vanity. As however there was no vacancy elsewhere and as I was specifically appointed to be "Professor of Philosophy in a Government College in Bengal" I was sent on to Presidency College, to be received by Mr. James, whose fame had come to my ears in the two days we lingered at Madras. He had not long before been transferred to Calcutta from Patna, and great things were expected of him. After surveying

me quietly he remarked—noting a new cheque-book in my hand—that I appeared to have the philosopher's capacity of appreciating fundamentals. It appeared that he also had not heard of me, and was not aware that he required an additional professor of philosophy. As it was the end of January he thought that perhaps the best thing I could do was to have a look round Calcutta, and then go to England again for the long vacation to tell my friends all about the East. Then I could return for July, when work would be in full swing, and he could fit me into the time-table. After this general conversation he handed me over to Mr. J. R. Cunningham, now Director of Public Instruction in Assam, then a recent recruit to the English department of the College. Mr. Cunningham took me in hand, showed me where to plant my feet, helped me to settle down comfortably, and altogether treated me with a kindness of which the memory is owed. In his few months at College Square he made a host of friends, having all the charm implied in the word 'likable.' But he was soon taken away to be Assistant Director, and returned no more to the College. After his term at Writers' Buildings he was posted as Inspector of Schools in Chota Nagpur, whence at the reorganization of provinces in 1912 Sir Archdale Earl, who had learnt his merits, called him to Assam to be his Director.

I have digressed from Mr. James. Let me say at once that in him I found the greatest educator it has been my fortune to know intimately. Educated at Westminster, a school with famous traditions of classical scholarship, and at Oxford as a scholar of Christ Church, he was on his way to becoming an Oxford don when circumstances called him to India—first I believe to Patna. Those were the days when after long and solemn discussion about the need of advancing education Government would sometimes create an additional post for the purpose. On this occasion they created two and brought out Mr. James and Mr. Halward as a select army to drive back the forces of ignorance.

Mr. Halward became in due course an 'administrator,' ending up as Director in East Bengal and in Behar.

What Mr. James* did for education in Bengal would require a long chapter to itself. He brought to it his scholarship, his freshness of mind, his profound faith in education as an instrument of national progress, and his affection for youth. His long training in accurate scholarship - terms almost synonymous - prevented him from accepting low standards for himself or anyone else. His abiding interest in men and literature kept his mind and sympathies ever fresh, and his faith in the value of education enabled him to endure a great amount of petty persecution for his ideals. His views were clear, generous and strong. He would compromise in unessential details, but never in principles, and because of this rigidity he won the dislike of those who find a man with an outlook of his own difficult and hard to get on with. In the University he waged sturdy warfare against tendencies that he considered harmful. In his work as an official of Government he was equally insistent. He fought for what was good for education, and lent himself to no pretence, with the consequence that men who did not like him and his ideals began to whisper that he was 'not sound,' words which were merely a malicious way of saying that he would not accept the common-place and convenient views of the moment. It was foolish, for his personality and influence were of inestimable advantage to the Government he served, winning the confidence of the educated classes in a remarkable degree. But the rumour was useful when those who were ill-disposed to him found him marked out by public expectation as the coming head of the Education Department.

As I have said, he kept a fresh mind through his long years in India, so fresh that after retirement he could do valuable work

* Those who are interested in Mr. James's work are referred to Mr. Wordsworth's excellent address on the occasion of unveiling his portrait. It was published in Vol. IV.—Ed.

in both education and literature. His book on Education and Statesmanship in India, written while he was Principal of the Presidency College, stands as a lasting testimony to his ideals and courage, and it is no secret—or shall we say it is an open secret—that he paid the price of his courage. The official world resented the book. His translation of Boethius, done in early years is regarded by competent critics as the best in the language. He has recently published an excellent little work in two volumes on the heritage of Hellas, which every one will enjoy. With all his breadth of interests however there were limitations. He was always the Englishman helping and stimulating young Indians to an appreciation of Western culture, and himself remained little affected by the culture of the East. Literature was to him the expression of the struggling, suffering, aspiring mind, but he had a strange indifference to the claims to attention of Indian languages and literature.

As Principal he was hard worked and hard working. Most men who have heavy office duties choose to keep level with them by working at home, whether at night or in the morning. Mr. James preferred to stay in his room at College until the day's tale was done, giving himself little leisure for recreation or for friendship. He kept himself fit by a routine morning ride or an occasional hour's rowing, above all by making the most of his vacations. A long vacation, if it did not take him to his children in England, took him tramping in the hills, far from fashionable tracks. The social hill station he abominated and shunned. Life was too full for time to be wasted in that way. In his vacations he recreated mind and body, but in term he lived laboriously. Every decision was made with the utmost care, for every decision affected human interests and above all affected the welfare of a College of a thousand students. He had visions of what Presidency College might become, and had they been carried out there would now be on the site one of the finest colleges in the land, finest in buildings, that is ; there is one of the finest in other ways there already

—with additional laboratories, professors' houses, and ample space for athletics. The spare ground that there is and the Baker Laboratories are signs of what might have been had his hopes come to fruition.

In his administration of the College and working out plans for its future he spent every hour not required by University business. Because of the importance he attached to good administration he held that a Principal should be entirely relieved from teaching duties. This was a surprising view for so able a teacher, and has never commended itself to the writer. In a large College it is practically impossible for a Principal to know his students in an intimate way. It is common for him to be referred to as if *in loco parentis*, but a thousand is rather too large a family. But his students may get to know him, an equally important consideration, and by teaching contact this may be effected. If the pressure of duties is so heavy that something must go, let office work make the concession.

I had intended to write of a dozen or more friends in this contribution, but I have let my pen run on without getting to the end of what I wished to say about one. When I came out, Mr. James was busy in reorganizing the courses at the College to meet the revised curricula of the University. Appointed a professor of philosophy, I did a little lecturing in that department under the guidance of Dr. A. N. Mukherjee and Professor K. N. Mitra, by way of getting to know the Indian student. But changes were in progress, and I was soon asked if I would take over the duties of professor of political economy, the teaching of which as a subject of its own was now ordained. As this was to my taste, and I had given much attention to economics and politics both at Oxford and afterwards, I readily agreed, and so my future was arranged.

As some of Mr. Manmohan Ghosh's writings are to find place in this number of the Magazine, it is fitting that I should here make reference to one who was an ornament of the college, and

whose association with it has left it rich in memories. Mr. Ghosh in many respects resembled Mr. James. He had the same scholarly outlook on life, the same deep love of literature, the same great capacity in teaching. But he had also the mysterious something that makes a poet, and it was with the insight of a poet that he directed his hearers' thoughts. He too was trained in the Oxford classical school. He too if I remember aright was a student of Christ Church. By nature reserved, indifferent health and private trouble increased his reserve, and he was always a man who went about life quietly and asked nothing of any man. But to him who sought it he gave his friendship, sincerely, though still with reserve. Fortune had not been kind to him, and it was accordingly a delight to his friends that some years ago his capacities were properly recognized by authority and he was put into the Indian Educational Service. This magazine has seen a little of his best work. But there is a veritable heap left unpublished, for he wrote for himself and was sensitive about giving it to the public yet it would be a great loss if this were not done. The present generation of students scarcely knew him. He had long been ill bearing his sufferings with quiet courage and dignity. But their predecessors will never forget the man who gave them a new understanding of English literature.

I shall write of other colleagues in a later number

W. C. W.

WALKS IN ASSAM

Shillong has become a popular hill station, with the full paraphernalia of hotels, restaurants, golf courses and so forth and it has even received the crowning dignity of a *Shillong Mail*, which crawls along at a very unmail-like pace—but that is another story. The strange thing is that so many of those who go to Shillong are content to remain there. For it is the bottom of a cup ; on most sides are ridges that rise a thousand feet above the town ; the air is warm and stagnant ; and at all points the eye is turned in by hills and can enjoy none of that scenic command of space, which is half the charm of life among the mountains. And escape is delectably easy. To the south extends the Khasi plateau, open, wind-blown, traversed by well-made roads, dotted with rest-houses, so that one may walk and not faint. Along the motorable roads indeed cars whizz up and down, raising clouds of dust. A curse on all motorists, say I, being a pedestrian. But why should I curse those who are so blind already as to pass the fairest spots on earth at fifty miles an hour ?

Fortunately, it is not along the arteries that the best places lie. They are to be approached only by sinuous little tracks, capillaries, that none may pass along but on foot, so that nature exacts, here as elsewhere, a price for her loveliest things. Few there be who tread these narrow ways. In one gem of a dak bungalow, we found that only one person had spent a night during the past twelve months.

The best way to see the Khasi country is to use the rest-houses as bases, where food and drink may be had, the luxury of warm baths and rest for tired feet ; but to leave them in the early morning and return to them only in the quiet dusk ; and to spend the lightful hours wandering and exploring far a field, with a map in your hand and some sandwiches in your pocket. Thus only may you enter into spiritual possession of the land and make your enjoyment individual.

It may be confessed at once that the Khasi country lacks much of what one associates with mountains. Snow there is none ; nor can it be seen save when on a clear day a good eye may catch some elusive glint of the Himalayas. There are no tall peaks, no strong, solemn, towering shapes to stab and correct the rounded, rolling outlines and what a privation this is ! How one of those Alpine peaks, like the Matterhorn or the Jungfrau or the Dent du Midi can inform and give substance to the sky ! They are the brightest of all beacons, shining afar off, calling with wordless voices and teaching those who have the wisdom to learn

Nor is there anything in our hills for the pure mountaineer, the man who climbs for climbing's sake, whose joy is in crevasses, chimneys, over-hangs and such easy roads to death. There are, it is true, one or two rocks, the Kyllan Rocks, for example, which on the southern side rise at an angle of 80 degrees for 600 feet. But of them I speak only by report. The peaks I climbed were easy and gentle, accessible to the veriest novice. From even the smallest peak, however, unexpected expanses are visible ; in the clear country air, the advantage of a few hundred feet in elevation makes you a king of infinite space.

I think we climbed all the high peaks within our range. Apart from Shillong Peak itself, 6445 feet, there are three over 6200 feet. Swer 6382 ft., Lum Rapleng, 6275 ft., and Mun, 6204 ft. Just below that contour there are whole ridges, so easy are the slopes of the district. The walk to Lum Rapleng from Laitlyngkot remains especially in my memory. The monsoon had begun and our start in fair weather would not, we knew, necessarily mean a dry return. But it kept fine till we were within sight of the peak, when great mists began to swim over and a fine drizzling rain set in. Two of us, not daunted by mist or rain, left the others in the village below and climbed the steep hillside. Meanwhile a guide had attached himself to us, who was of course not of the slightest use, as we had no Khasi ; and the peak was so plain and palpable that a blind man

set in the right direction might have climbed it. But all our shakings of head and wavings of hand would not discourage him. We climbed fast and put our-selves out of breath, hoping to shake him off, for he was an old man ; but it was experience and hill-craft against youth and, try as we would, we gained no more than a few yards. The first sight that loomed out of the mist as we stood panting on the top was an inquisitive head above ragged clothes. Anxious to waste no time, he discoursed to us while we ate our sandwiches and longed for the mists to blow away. But they swirled all round, streaming in the high wind, a moving but impenetrable curtain. To all intents and purposes, we three were alone in the world. It was an admirable opportunity for murder and the temptation was great. But we resisted it, and suddenly running down a circuitous way, left our exasperating friend clean behind.

He had his revenge. We were nine long miles away from the bungalow. It rained steadily and the mist shrouded the land like a cloak. There is an elemental joy in battling through rough weather and one can meet rain with cheerfulness when one is already drenched. Such buffetings of the body we were prepared for. But it was a difficult matter to keep to the right road. The road was no more than a line, a thread of track, melting into the surrounding green when it passed over level turf, easily missed at the best of times, but now, in the general dissolution of landmarks, only to be discovered by instinct. A map we had, but what is a map without sun or compass ? Villages we passed, but we could not make ourselves understood. Presently, however, some faint indications awoke suspicion that we were on a strange path. A halt was called ; and our combined wisdom showed that we were a mile or two off the right direction. It was a good curse, that of the old man !

But that was an exceptional day, one of these days that remind us of the imperfection of all things human and tend to a proper humility. For the most part, we had all Hazlitt's conditions of a good walk : 'Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green

turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner.' A winding road is indeed a necessity for a walk, a road of surprises, where at every curve we turn a fresh page and see a new picture. A straight road is all very well when you merely want the shortest line from place to place, the road of mere utility. But there is something subtly depressing about it when you wish to stray, something that robs a walk of all beauty and hems you in till you feel as helpless as a fly in treacle. Fortunately, country paths, especially in hills, always wind. Where they skirt a hillside, every fold of the ground, every natural buttress, means a curve, soft or sharp as the case may be. The motor road from Shillong to Cherra is a good example. But even the paths on the level ridges wobble like snakes, through some strange and repeated errancy of the feet that have made them. You move on, turning and re-turning like a dancer, hardly conscious that these are all variations on a theme and that you are making steady progress towards some cardinal point. And then, suddenly perhaps, on the other side of a hill or across a valley, you catch sight of the village or waterfall of your pursuit.

Most things in this land are across valleys. The little streams have worn deep gorges between the hills and a path may take you down a thousand feet to the cool, pebbly torrent and up an almost precipitous scarp. This is an experience apart, epitomising the whole relation of hill to plain ; and here are few sensations more quietly exhilarating than, after a steep descent and a stiff climb, to look down the narrowing sides at the profound angle where the water ripples in a black and noiseless radiance. Have we indeed ascended from that cavity ? No wonder men have always placed the evil spirits in holes and caves and the gods on the high hills.

Along the made roads you can never taste the full savour of this contrast. They have to calculate the capacity of horse or car to overcome the force of gravity and, by dint of zig-zags, cuttings and

embankments, to lie on an easy inclination. But legs can go where wheels cannot ; and it is on the country paths that you see best the reckless indifference of the hillman to gradients. But even the hillman sometimes falters ; at any rate he sometimes eases a slippery track with steps ; or perhaps it is for his womenfolk that he has done this act of charity. All over the hills you come across these rough steps. There is a notable one off the road from Laitlyngkot to Langkyrdem, leading up to the village of Laitkynsew—all Khasi place names do not begin with L—which, according to the patient person who counted them, has over 900 steps. The Khasi might well take the name of della Scala, once borne by the lords of Verona.

This road from Laitlyngkot to Langkyrdem is the best example I know of a road along the ridge of a very narrow watershed. The track hangs now on one slope and now on the other, so that you look down alternately into the valleys of the east and of the west. It gives one an eerie feeling of insecurity as of a precarious footing.

Thus all over these hills you may wander, if you have the right turn of mind for out-of-doors. There are no forbidden tracts, lack of endurance or skill are the only limitations. Scattered about are a few potato patches, but there are no great fields to skirt, no really thick woods, hardly a stream you may not paddle through. Even the villages are small and sparse. And, unless it is market day, you may tramp for miles without meeting more than a few stray folks, a woman with a conical basket on her back or an Arcadian cowherd playing on a lonely hillside on his penny whistle. Here is delight, ye town-dwellers ! room for a comfortable tiredness of the body and the tranquil play of the mind.

K.

THE PASSING AWAY OF NATIONALITY : A PROBLEM IN WORLD-PEACE.

BY MR. BINOY BHUSHAN DAS GUPTA

Fifth Year Class.

THE question of the rights of nationalities has come to the forefront of post-war Political Philosophy. The problem of world peace depends on the solution which it receives at the hands of statesmen.

Ever since the formation of the territorial monarchies at the end of the middle ages the political destiny of Europe has been swayed by what have been known as the Powers, sometimes ranged in opposing groups, and maintaining an uneasy balance of forces, sometimes acting together in a no less uneasy concert. But as a result of the war Germany has ceased to be a great Power ; Austria-Hungary has passed away completely into history ; Russia is not even a Power. Italy and France are damaged and burdened past recovery. Thus of the six great Powers, five have ceased to be. What is there now to take up the place of the balance or the concert of powers for securing peace ?

Three distinct forces may be said to be working now for the maintenance of the world peace viz (1) The League of Nations (2) The Peace Treaty and (3) Some smaller alliances such as the Franco-Belgian alliance or the little entete. But it is evident that none of the above three forces have been effective in their operation.

But naturally on the extinction of the great power states of Europe, statesmen and political philosophers look up to some international machinery for the maintenance of world peace.

Side by side with this synthetic force, there has been operating also a disintegrating force. The war is said to have been fought on grounds of nationality. Various small one-nation states have actually been created after the war. The right of a nation to organise itself politically is said to have been finally established.

Thus we are brought face to face with two opposing principles. Every nation claims to organise itself into a state : a nation which in union with another formed one joint state now claims to form a separate state for itself alone. Then—again all the states, it is desired, ought to be brought under one international organisation : the problem of world peace demands it.

Under these circumstances, we are led to enquire closely into the rights of nationalities.

“Beginning by a protest against the dominion of race over race, its mildest and least-developed form, it grew into a condemnation of every state that included different races and finally became the complete and consistent theory, that the state and the nation must be coextensive.”

“Nationality, in fact, rightly regarded is not a political but an educational concept.” “I should say it is only *accidentally* a political question owing to the operation of certain forces which are really anachronisms in the 20th century. It is primarily and essentially a spiritual question, and in particular an educational question.” A people, if left with an unimpeded enjoyment of its laws, institutions and custom, will never aspire after statehood. It is only arbitrary governments that by repressing the spontaneous manifestations of nationality lures it into political channels. Nationality was wounded in its most sensitive part first in history in the partition of Poland and then by the conduct of Napoleon * and Metternich

* In connection with the ravages of Napoleon as an agency in bringing about the emergence of the sense of Nationality in the history of word politics, the attitude of Fichte before and after 1806 (the date of the Battle of Jena, in which a crushing defeat was inflicted upon Prussia by Napoleon) is an interesting study. Kant had upheld the ideal of an ultimate republican federation of states on the ground of the Universality of Reason to which humanity as a whole, alone corresponded. Fichte took up and preached that idea before 1806 though from a different standpoint. But after 1806 the preachings of Fichte became so nationalistic that he championed the cause of the nationalistic closed states—closed even to international trade,

and by the congress of Vienna. And thenceforth nationality appears as a political force in history ultimately claiming statehood. In this aspect, nationality became a definite principle in the mid-victorian programme of statesmanship.

We see that nationalism has had opposite effects on the European map. Now "it makes a great difference whether a written or a spoken language, a great culture tongue or a vernacular, has been chosen as the basis of a nationalism. For a culture tongue will frame a great nation, being widely spread, and a vernacular a small one." Before the eighties, with the upper classes in complete control of the state and its thinking, nationalism tended to build great states or empires, the unification of Germany and Italy being among the last fruits of this movement of aristocratic nationalism with its large-language basis. Since 1880 with the lower classes gaining some political power nationalism has tended increasingly to break up the empires into small states on the basis of vernacular languages. Eastern Europe having less of physical barriers and of feudalism, though lower in civilisation, early developed large states ; but these states did not firmly establish single culture languages, largely because there was not enough culture to demand the rise of a widely used literary language. Another reason was the competition in some cases of culture languages among themselves. This explains to a great extent the oft contended fact that the near East is like a bomb-shell ready to burst at any moment.

In this connection may be noted, in brief, the idea of *Kultur* in Germany and the German idea of the rights of nations

"Germany thinks of civilisation in terms of intellect, while we (the English) think of it in terms of character." "To the question "what right have you to call yourselves a civilised country an Englishman would reply, 'Look at the sort of people we are, and at the things, we have done.....,' a German would reply, 'Look at our achievements in scholarship and science, at our universities,

at our systems of education, at our literature, our music, and our painting ; at our great men of thought and imagination, at Luther, Durer, Goethe, Beethoven Kant." "*Kultur*, then, means, more than 'culture' : it means culture considered as the most important element in civilisation."

There is a further idea of connecting *Kultur* with the state : the task of preserving the *Kultur* and of handing it down from generation to generation devolves on the state. * Two consequences follow : one as regards the idea of the individual and a second as to the rights of nationalities.

"An ordinary citizen can learn to earn his living and, at the most train his intellect, but do what he will, he loses his personality.....He is not asked, "what are you ?" but only 'what have you ? What attainments, what knowledge, what capacities, what fortune.'" (Goethe)

As regards the rights of nationalities, culture, in the German idea is the justification of a nations' existence. Nationality has no other plea. Goethe, Luther, Kant, and Beethoven are Germany's title-deeds. A nation without a culture has no right to "a place in the sun." These two ideas as regards the position of the individual and the rights of nationalities may be conveniently brought under the idea of Militarism.

Thus we are brought face to face with two conflicting doctrines. Militarism tries to crush down nationalities and in the face of it, nationalities claim their rights to organise politically.

* This connection of *Kultur* with the state can be directly traced to the Kantian idea of a dual legislation of reason by which are marked off two distinct realms—that of science and that of morals. It is the state that brings about a reconciliation between these two worlds—the phenomenal world of sense and the nominal supersensible world—the world of obedience and the world of freedom. It is in this sense, (unintelligible to an Englishman) that the Germans unite freedom with obedience, with efficiency and organisation. "The concept of freedom is meant to actualise in the world of sense the purpose proposed by its laws."

The rights of nationalities, when analysed to their final effect to-day, include fatal rights to run amuck and commit suicide. "The theory of nationality", as Lord Acton has said, "is a retrograde step in history."

"When political and national boundaries coincide, society ceases to advance, and nations relapse into a condition corresponding to that of men who renounce intercourse with their fellowmen."

The theory of the rights of nationality is a bar to liberty; for "liberty provokes diversity and diversity preserves liberty by supplying the means of organisation." "It is a confutation of democracy, because it sets limits to the exercise of the popular will and substitutes for it a higher principle." "There is no principle of change, no phase of political speculation conceivable, more comprehensive, more subversive, or more arbitrary than this."

Where then does the utility of nationalism lie? It consists in its blotting out the theory of absolute monarchy and laying bare the absurdities of the ideas of the revolution. As Lord Acton says, "it has an important mission in the world and marks the final conflict and therefore, the end of two forces which are the worst enemy of civil freedom—the absolute monarchy and the revolution."

It seems a bit puzzling to note that the Allies fought the great war on the grounds of the rights of nationalities, when that right is prejudicial to civilisation, democracy and liberty—a theory which is "a retrograde step in history. But it may be noted, as an American professor has noted, that this theory of political nationality was but an effective instrument used to bring about a division in the German camp. We have marked the tendencies of Empires of Eastern Europe to break up after 1880. "And the World-War and Russian Revolution have made western Europe seize on this movement as a first-rate military weapon to smash their enemies in central and Eastern Europe." "Of course the deed was accompanied by a world of mealy-mouthed talk about the rights of small

nations,but it is hard to see in the dispositions of Versailles much more than military measures for the defeat of German power."

Thus, we have come to learn two lessons about nationality, one of Political Philosophy and another of History. The former teaches us that the theory of nationality is prejudicial to democracy, liberty and civilisation, while the latter teaches us that nationality is mainly a social force. It acquired political force only when acts of wanton violence were committed, upon it, when attacks were hurled upon its existence from political quarters. In this respect nationality is to the modern age what religion was to the middle. Religion is essentially a non-political force ; but it acquired immense political force as a result of political interference. These wars of religion ceased in 1648. The wars that followed mainly concerned the questions of inheritance, personal or dynastic relationships etc. With the partition of Poland in 1772 the wars that have been fought are mainly wars of nationalities.

It was a respectful toleration of religious ideas that put an end to the religious wars of the middle ages in 1648. Similarly it is a respectful toleration of nationalities that will be our watchward in the present crisis. Nationalities have acquired political force because of undue and arbitrary interference with their peculiar laws, customs and institutions. They will revert to their social non-political life as soon as a respectful toleration is shown towards them. "The first step towards the settlement of the problem behind the nationality wars of the present day towards the true understanding of nationality is to realise that it is something deeper than political organisation, something which should command not only toleration but our respect."

What, then, are the prospects of a world-state ? The path for approaching a world-state is certainly through multi-national states. And in this sense a study of the British Empire is of immense benefit. The British colonial policy is a well-thought-out programme for approaching a universal parliament of man. The world-war, if

it is a war of ideas, is a war between the British and the German ideas of empires. The German idea of empire is to absorb nationalities of a lower order of culture completely into herself: culture, as we have seen, is the only claim for the existence of a nationality. This is what is meant when it is said that the Germans tried to germanise the whole world. The British idea of an empire, as we know, is to allow every nationality develop its peculiar laws and institutions unhindered. Fortunately for the world, the British idea has been tried and not found wanting. But the creation of mono-national states by the Peace Conference is highly regrettable.

The world is already one "Great Society." All the forces of arts and science, of economic organisation and territorial division of labour tend to hold together the world into one whole. Any trouble in any part of the world reflects itself on the other parts as well. The Indian trade and currency system was thrown out of gear on account of a crisis in America in 1907. The depreciation of the German mark is causing unemployment in England. The reparations payment of France in 1871 caused a crisis in Germany. Thus the world is already one "Great society." The state must adjust itself to it. By our foolish repression of nationalities we can only delay "world-state" ; we cannot kill it.

In Europe in the middle ages, one great attempt was made to make the whole of Europe into one Great society. The attempt succeeded and the result was the Holy Roman Empire. Christianity taught men to look upon men as equals and brothers. A Great democratic society was thus formed. But in the mean time society tended to be organised on a secular and afterwards on a national basis. And the empire broke down. * Thus this time the

* There were further bars to this democratic society finding expression in a democratic government. One was the hierarchic conception of society and its manifestations in the church organisation and the feudal system of the middle ages. Then there was the transcendental conception of life preached by Christianity which was not favourable to a democratic Government—democratic government of our times requiring for its basis a materialistic conception of life which has gained ground in our time.

hindrance to the formation of the world-state was a change in the basis of society itself.

The world is again one Great Society. Our duty is now to organise it into a world-state. The path, as we have seen, lies through the British *idea* of an empire. A large number of States means, with the modern protectionist trend, a large number of tariff walls. A small state, again, lags behind the modern idea of geographical division of labour. Thus economically speaking, small states are sure to pass away. Then again, nationality is inseparably connected with the past. One state for one nation means that we shall not live together because we *did* not live together. This is an intolerable tyranny of the past over the present. In short, national states are relics of barbarism. We may end with the following lines :—

“ If we seek to consolidate and strengthen the realm of Britain, it is not merely because of its size, it is because we believe it to be not only a great empire, but a good empire ; because on the whole we think it may become the most potent instrument ever forged by human hands to promote the order, the progress, the freedom and the peace of the world.” (Sidney Low—King’s College lectures—1913).

THE ODES OF KEATS—(concluded)

BY MR. S. K. BANERJEA, M.A.

KEATS' main strength lies, of course, in a rounded felicity of phrasing, a power to squeeze out the last ounce of expression from language, to wrap round cold words something of the warm, throbbing touch which belongs to life itself. Here, however, almost

for the first time, he betrays a sense of the charm of suggestiveness, of the superiority of the unspoken to the spoken word. Here, therefore, is the unfolding of a new promise, the first germ of a new vision which might have borne fruit, if the fates had been kinder.

A more stirring and stimulating appeal lies in the string of questions which Keats throws out with such perfect art to fill in the imagination with suggestive ^{hints} hymns and details that go to complete the picture—questions that suggest their own answer without unduly filling the canvas. These poignant queries stand forth as tongues of flame against a background of inviolate silence, and open out the restless waves of life that surge against the fort of an immovable work of art. Here is a quality of economy and suggestiveness that is so rare in Keats' world of elaborate and long-drawn-out beauties, the opening of a new vein which, unfortunately, Keats did not live to work out.

The ideas of Keats on the subject—comparison between art and life—are highly suggestive and steeped in the full beauty of poetry, though not profoundly original. Art, Keats thinks, is a cup dipped in the flowing river of life; the water in the cup remains full, but is cut off from flow. A section of life transferred to art remains vacuum, and this vacuum can never be filled up, as things never flow back from art to life and pictures do not step out of their frame work (Stanza 4).

The conclusion is the most halting part of the poem. Of course, every work of art is hedged round with a circle of suggestiveness; as it is a slice taken off from real life, its very silence is waited upon by a host of things eager to renew the broken commerce, the yet sensitive nerves of reality reaching out for the joints where they parted company with their happier comrades enshrined in art. But to compare it with the inexhaustible meaning of eternity (Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought, as doth eternity) is, to put it mildly, to be led away into over-emphasis. The final

moral, though big enough to be supported on its foundations, does not pretend to state the whole truth, but to emphasise an aspect of it that is most apt to be neglected in the flux and welter of the world—a warning against that morbid pessimism which identifies truth with the sordid and fleeting elements of life. There is, Keats holds, a higher degree of truth in identifying truth with beauty; this, at any rate, is the aspect of truth that man should take most to heart, for this is on the whole, a sounder maxim for man as he is just now. There may be a gulf between truth and beauty, but that between ugliness and truth may be wider still. It is happier and more comfortable, and more in consonance with the present-day needs of man, to seek truth through vistas of beauty than through those of squalor. However the restfulness of art may furnish a steadier clue to the search than the restless and destructing shows of reality. The *Ode on a Grecian urn* stands unique among the odes of Keats for intellectual maturity, its highly suggestive contributions to the world of thought; it supplies a proof positive that Keats, at the moment of his tragically premature death, was far from having exhausted himself, but was actually reaching out towards new development in his art.

It has been already seen that the kind of beauty achieved in the Odes, is of such a normal, natural type, is built up so essentially on the normal sensibilities of man, has so little of the strange or weird touch about it, that it has at least but a doubtful claim to be reckoned among the distinctively romantic species. The poetry of Keats, is romantic in the sense that it conveys with unparalleled vividness and intensity that first thrill of joy which waits upon the vision of all beauty, communicates to the printed page something of the glamour of the first glance, and in a curiously swift and intuitive manner lays bare the inmost, the red-ripe core of beauty underneath the surface-layers of even the most common-place things. Otherwise the touch of strangeness is almost entirely absent; romance in Keats is mainly the exultation of the common-place, though not through

the dominions of metaphysical vision as in Wordsworth. The romantic impression is further reinforced by the poignant outbursts of feeling, or the moods of dreamy languor which contribute an element of unwonted thrill or vagueness to the atmosphere. Keats' imaginative apprehension of Pagan religious worship, his drawing out of the full emotional value of its pomp and ceremony and the tender pathos with which he invests the passing away of the antique rites and moods of feeling serves further to deepen the spell that is woven round us, and forms a contribution to that aspect of romantic movement which is styled as the return to the Past, though here it is neither the abnormal superstitions of the bygone ages nor their superficial glitter and picturesqueness that is focussed in art. Romance in the Odes is, as has already been remarked, mainly a matter of beautiful details, and as such does not soar to very lofty heights. But there are at least two occasions when Keats breaks away from his rather listless dream of beauty, his mere pre-occupation with details, and in a rare flash of imaginative insight distils for us the inner soul of such beauty, the breath of life that keeps them fresh and green, and saves them from cloying on our palate.

One of these passages is from the Ode to Psyche—its last four lines,

And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm love in.

The lovely details which Keats had conjured up in the course of the poem are, in these last four lines, worked upon by a flash of the disembodied imagination, and made to yield up their real essence of reality. The inner breath of life, curiously purged of all its elaborately beautiful framework, its circumstantial pomp and splendour, simplified to a mere torch and casement shoots into depths of the heart locked to the most bewitching vision of beauty

that can be called up by the fancy. In lines like these we feel the essential breath of romance set free from its body, disentangling itself from its beautiful accessories, and laying a spell upon us like a haunting melody repeating itself without end in the brain. The process here is exactly the opposite of that which goes to the making of Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*; in the one case a far and vague note of suggestiveness is clothed with the aptest collection of images that convey their own mystic appeal without waiting for the interpretation of the intellect; in the other the vital throb of life is brought out from under the super-incumbent layers of beauty under which it was lying buried. The one constitutes a triumph of embodying, the other of the disembodied process of the imagination.

The second instance is furnished in those wonderful lines of the *Ode to Nightingale*, familiar to every reader of poetry.

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that oft times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fæery lands forlorn.

The voice of the nightingale, hitherto buried in the verdurous gloom of the forest, in close neighbourhood with the perfumes of earthly flowers, and in sharp contrast with the tragic futilities of life, suddenly breaks away its familiar boundaries, and pushes open limitless vistas round it in all directions. By a master-stroke of imagination it is transmuted into the voice of Romance, winging its way across the centuries, piercing right through the age-long sorrows of man and shedding the healing dews of consolation on the stricken heart, and finally opening out sudden windows on the weird untrodden regions of the soul, unbarring the magic casements which no other force in life is potent to unfold. The last two lines are like the soul ripped out of and distilled from a whole book of mediaeval enchantment, an episode of Malory's *Morte*

D' Arthur for example. Here we come across the highest touch of imaginative idealisation, lifting us immeasurably above the head of concrete beauties—an authentic proof that Keats' place is with the soaring, rather than the pedestrian votaries of Romance.

**Speech delivered by the Principal at the Presidency
College Reunion, Founder's Day, January, 1925.**

Today is the 108th Anniversary of the opening of the Hindu College. That institution, which marked the beginning of higher education in Bengal, was founded on January 20th, 1817. Nearly a hundred years later when the new Baker Laboratories of the College were opened, Lord Carmichael approved the proposal to commemorate January 20th as the Founders' Day of the Presidency College. The war, however, caused an interruption of the commemorations: but Founders' Day Celebrations were revived three years ago: and since then it has been annually commemorated.

No one who looks back over this century and more can fail to be struck by the remarkable advance made by education in Bengal generally and in particular by this institution. Then there were only two or three Colleges in the province, now there are nearly 40. Then the number of students was reckoned by scores, now by thousands and even tens of thousands. Then, and for a generation after, there was no University in Bengal; now there are two flourishing Universities. Then there was no professional College: now provision has been made for the study of Teaching, of Law, of Medicine and of Engineering.

It would be tedious to trace the successive stages in the growth of the Presidency College during the 19th Century. But a short

account of the advance that has been made during the past 24 years will sufficiently prove that the College has never stood still, and that, in spite of its venerable age, it still exhibits all the signs of youth and untired vitality. The staff has increased by two-thirds in this period, the number of students has doubled. The Library has been reorganised and reclassified. A College Council has been constituted. The Governing body was created in 1910. Wardens and Profects were first appointed for the Eden Hindu Hostel in 1908. A large number of College Clubs and Societies has sprung into being. The College Calendar was first published in 1911 and until this year, when its publication was temporarily suspended as a measure of retrenchment, it has been annually revised and reissued. The College Magazine, which was started in 1914, has since had an uninterrupted and prosperous career.

Some attention has also been given to the *corpus sanum* as well as to the *mens sana*. The College Sports, which had been discontinued since 1901, were revived in 1919. The new land acquired by Government for building was levelled and used as a football field. One or two new tennis courts were laid out. When the University Corps was started, the College sent a large contingent. In these and other ways, the present century has witnessed many efforts to increase the depth and range of the educational and corporate activities of the College; and these efforts, we venture to think, have been largely successful.

During the past year, there have been a few changes in the staff of the College. Mr. Wordsworth, who had rendered valuable services to the College, first as Professor of Politics and then as Principal, left education for the perhaps not less useful sphere of journalism. In English we have had two accessions during the year in Mr. B. G. Mukherji and Mr. H. K. Banerji: Mr. Mukherji took the place of Mr. Manmohan Ghosh, whose death in January 1924 deprived us of one whose great poetical gifts and rare power of inspiring his students had, during many years, assured for him

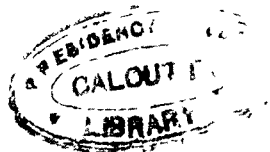
a unique place in the respect and affection of his colleagues and students. In Sanskrit Mr. S. Bhaduri has joined the staff during the current year.

Examination results are a coarse and partial test of the work of a College, but they are indeed almost the only available and measurable test. Judged by them, the College retains its traditional position. In the last University examinations, the percentage of successful candidates was the following : in the I. A. 85.7 %, in the I. Sc. 89.5 %, in the B. A. 94.6 % and in the B. Sc. 82.5 %. The places in the class lists obtained by students of the College are also worth noting. In the I. A. no fewer than 36 out of 63 candidates were placed in the First Division, and among them were the 1st, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th and 8th. In the I. Sc. 61 out of 96 obtained First Classes, but the College only secured the 2nd and 7th places among the first 10. In the B. Sc. there were 9 in the First Division out of a total of 80 who appeared : and in the B. A. 15 out of 93. In the Honours subjects, the College had the first place in English, Philosophy, Economics, History, Mathematics (both Arts and Science), Physics, Physiology, Botany and Geology. Eleven University prizes or medals were won (or in the case of some prizes, shared) by students of the College in the I. A. and I. Sc. examinations and no fewer than twenty-four in the B. A. and B. Sc. examinations. In the Civil Service Examination of 1923, three students of the College, and in 1924 one, were successful. One appointment in the Imperial Police has been secured by a Presidency College man in each of the last 3 years, two out of the three occupying the first place on the list.

Remarkable as these results are, we have no disposition to be satisfied with them. For, on the one hand, it is generally recognised that the Calcutta University is easy and generous in its examination standards ; and, on the other, examination results are little indication of that high tone, that social cohesion, that vigour and variety of corporate life, without which no educational institution can call itself

by the significant and meaningful name of *Collegium*. We are conscious that, in this respect, much remains to be done. During the present year, something has been attempted along these lines. A system of tutorial instruction has been worked out, by which each member of the staff gives his personal care and guidance to a small group of students ; and this may, in course of time, develop that intimate contact between teacher and student, the lack of which is described by the Report of the Calcutta University Commission as 'the greatest defect of the present system'. We say 'in course of time', because the existing lecture system and examination system are all against it ; and because, as the Report recognises, it is a tradition which cannot be built up in a day. 'The methods', it says, 'the methods, the range and, still more, the intellectual and friendly intimacies of this kind of teaching depend to some extent upon the idiosyncrasies of the tutor himself ; but also upon the opportunities of companionship which are allowed by the structure of College buildings. They depend also upon the other surroundings and habits of College life, and not least, upon a kind of infection which clings to the walls of Colleges where these tutorial friendships have been habitual through many successive generations of undergraduate life. We trust that before many years have elapsed such a tradition will arise here, so that the old students, when they look back on their College days, will remember not only the lectures and the games, but, more vividly and gratefully, the informal fellowship and guidance of tutorial hours.

It has been part of our aim during the year under review to link the old students to the College in some closer bond. Many of the best known names in Bengal, in letters, in the professions or in public life, are those of old members of the College. During the year under review, we have had to mourn the loss of three great sons of Bengal, Sir Ashutosh Mukherjee, Sir Ashutosh Chowdhury and Mr. Bhupendra Nath Basu : and the incidence of their loss has fallen with special weight on this College whose *alumni* they were.



Hitherto there has been no organisation to keep the old students in touch with the College or to make available for their *alma mater*, their support, advice, or loyalty. But arrangements have now been made for an Old Boys' Association to come into being ; and we may well expect great things from it.

Another step in the same direction is the compilation of a Historical Register of the *alumni* of the College. This large and important task has been taken in hand by the College Union and the History Department together, and it is hoped to publish it in the course of a year or two. The Register, prefaced by a historical introduction, will reveal to the present generation something of the richness and glory of the inheritance into which they have entered and it may help to evoke that spirit of College loyalty and fellowship which is so little developed in Bengal.

Such are some of the things we have tried to do ; but more, much more, remains to be done. On every side we are held up by the limitations of existing accommodation. A comprehensive scheme of improvement was approved by Government and fully planned out a few years before the war. Part of it was actually realised when the magnificent new Science laboratories (with the attached Science Library—) were opened in January 1913. Fresh land was also acquired adjoining the College for other buildings. The estimate for further acquisition of land to complete the full original scheme amounted to 12½ lakhs ; but the financial stringency of the years of war and after has blocked all further progress. Some of the unrealised schemes are a College Hall. Residences for members of the staff, new Hostels, an Observatory, a proper Gymnasium, a Playing Field adjoining the College, and Tutorial rooms. The need for most of these is at once evident and urgent. There is no Hall in the College where more than a fourth part of students can meet together. The lack of rooms for members of the staff and for tutorial work is seriously felt. The accommodation provided by the Eden Hindu Hostel is insufficient for those Hindu students who have no homes

in Calcutta and there is no Muhammadan Hostel at all. Greater facilities for games are badly wanted. But we cannot build or even plan buildings unless a fresh start is made in the acquisition of land, beginning with a bustee which at present juts into the College property like a peninsula. For this latter purpose, an initial sum of $3\frac{1}{2}$ lakhs will suffice—details of further acquisition being left for subsequent consideration. Once this projecting area has been acquired, we can lay out temporarily another playing field and begin to plan again for those buildings that are now found to be most urgently necessary for ensuring that the College will continue to carry on, with increased usefulness, the great work which it has done for more than a hundred years as the premier educational institution in the province.

A SONNET.

Already, dear, our souls have kissed at lips,
 Pressed heart to heart and wedded with the sweet
 Swift mirth of midnight waters when they meet,
 Or the fairy music of the moon, when cliffs
 She, virgin-wise, her silver robe and dips
 Into the purple down her lily feet
 And melts into its liquid rose. Complete
 Has been our union, soft as dew that drips
 At eve, and deep as life.

And now, my dear,

We feel a thirst within us and desire
 And wiseful burnings in the blood to win
 Our souls up to the lips and speak the clear
 Full language of our love with lips of fire
 And honey-dew. When, when we shall we begin ?

D,

‘THE SANCTUARY OF SORROW.’

(From Rabindranath's *Geetimalya* No. 57.)

Could I but guess what ails me

I'd fain let thee know :

Name him ?—I cannot—who makes

My eyes to overflow.

Whither my hand in vain I turn,

After whom in pursuance I ever run,

Sold is my all—but nothing could I earn.

The treasured pain—where does it lie ?—

This my live-long care :

The world it seems to permeate ; but alas ! my life

To its fill has had it ne'er.

What men call happiness,

Sound I always, and back it vibrates

‘I want not’ in deep tone ceaseless.

Translated by

Mr. Saroj Kumar Das, M.A.

MENDELISM.

BY MR. GIRIJA PRASANNA MAJUMDAR, M.Sc., B.L.

‘We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;’—Bailie. One of the most conspicuous discoveries of the modern times is that of Mendel—a discovery which is hardly inferior to that of a Newton or a Dalton. It has made possible the explanation of such enigmas as the proverbial bad sons of pious preachers, spend-thrift children of thrifty fathers, talented off-spring of mediocre parents etc. It has also brought within the range of possibility the

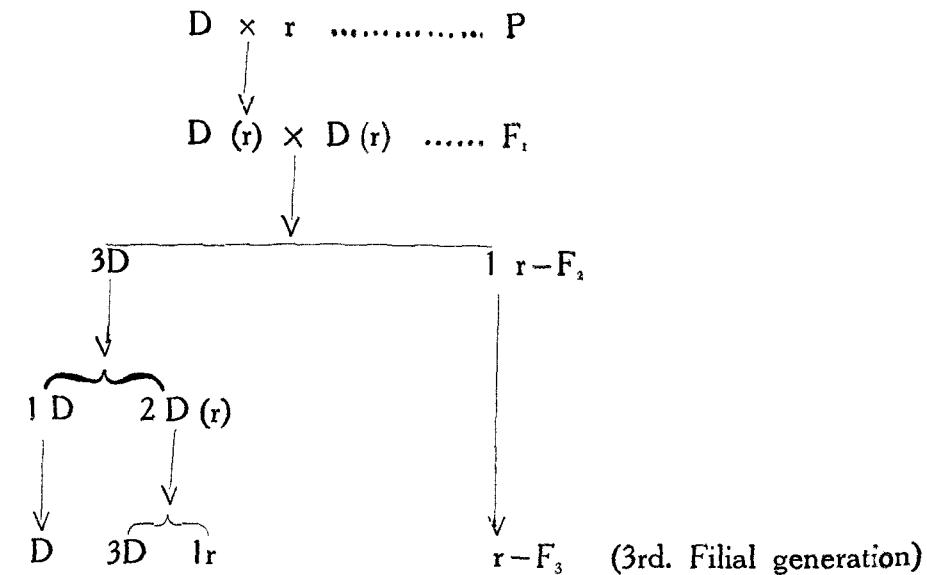
improvement of the human race, live stocks, staple food of human consumption and so forth. In other words it has put the whole subject of heredity upon an entirely new footing, and has indicated a mode by which the isolation, perpetuation and combination of definite useful characters can be guaranteed.

What led Mendel to experiments leading to this epoch-making discovery? What are the problems with which he was confronted? Before we attempt to answer these queries we must acquaint our readers with the relationship that exists between parents and their off-spring. It was definitely established only so late as the end of 18th. century A.D. that both the parents make a definite material contribution to the off-spring produced by their joint efforts. The old idea that the man supplies the seed and the woman the soil has been discarded once for all. Two microscopically small cells called the sexual cells or the *gametes* unite and form another cell called the *Zygote*, and this *Zygote* develops into what is known as the off-spring, which, when mature produces gametes in its turn. Thus a child inherits its paternal characteristics through these sexual cells by the union of which it is produced, or put differently, it comes to this that the paternal characteristics in order to be transmitted to the off-spring must be present in the gametes by the union of which a child is produced. If this be the case how is it that children born of the same parents do not resemble each other, why one child inherits more of the maternal characteristics than another and vice versa, why a grand parental feature absent in one or more succeeding generations makes its reappearance in the third, fourth, or even in a far distant generation? Mendel tried to solve these problems. The problem which he endeavoured to solve in particular was "the law or laws 'governing the formation and development of hybrids' with special reference to the laws according to which various characters of parents appear in the off-spring.

In order to arrive at a solution of these problems Mendel

began his experiments with plants differing in sharp and definite characters. He selected two varieties of Pea (*Pisum sativum*) with tall and dwarf characters. He crossed them and carefully collected the resulting seeds. He then sowed them, and all the plants produced in this generation to his utter astonishment became tall, no dwarf and no 'intermediate' appearing. Where had that dwarf character gone? Was it totally lost or eliminated? He crossed these plants in turn, collected with patience the resulting seeds, counted them and sowed them. And lo! the dwarf plants had reappeared in this generation, but in the proportion 3 : 1, that is, out of every hundred plants 75 were tall and 25 were dwarfs. The dwarfs bred true in subsequent generations, but of the 75 tall plants though indistinguishable in external appearance, when self-fertilized 25 bred true, the rest i.e., 50 produced tall and dwarf plants again in the proportion 3 : 1. Obviously "tallness" was a character that dominated over "dwarfness" in the first filial generation, and Mendel termed the former "dominant" and the latter "recessive."

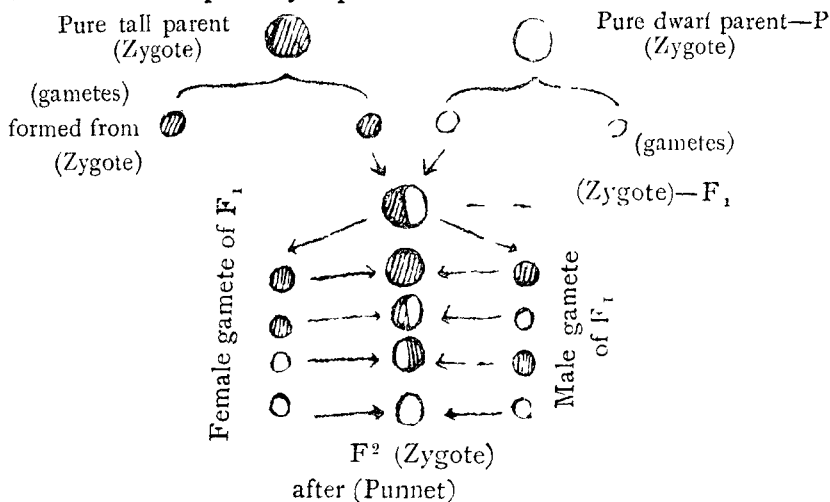
The above facts may be diagrammed as follows :—



Where P is the 1st. parental generation, D is the dominant character

(here tallness), r the recessive character, (here dwarfness), and F_1 , F_2 and F_3 the 1st. 2nd and 3rd, filial generations.

But we have seen that all these characters must pass to the progeny through the sexual cells. Let us now see if the above result can be interpreted in terms of gametes. "Mendel conceived of the gametes (Sexual Cells) as bearers of something capable of giving rise to the characters of the plant, but he regarded any individual gamete as being able to carry one and one only of any *alternative pair* of characters." A given gamete thus could carry tallness or dwarfness but not both. Thus when a Zygote is formed it bears both the parental characters although the dominant appears to the entire exclusion of the recessive. But when the formation of gametes from this Zygote occurs the elements representing dwarfness and tallness *segregate* from one another so that one half of them contains the one and the other half the other of these two elements. Graphically represented this becomes.



From the scheme it is at once clear that when the Zygote in F_1 generation produces gametes equal numbers of them are produced, containing both the factors. And when the male and female unite there is every chance of all sorts of possible pairing. Just as when we take two coins and toss them we get only these four possible combi-

nations viz., HH, HT, TH and TT where H is the head and T the tail, and if we assume that H is dominant over T, then we get 3 combinations with the dominant character and one with pure recessive, and the proportion of dominant and recessive becomes 3:1. This is precisely the result obtained by Mendel when plants were crossed with one dominant and one recessive character. What was found true in the case of Pea has been found by subsequent researchers to be true with slight modifications in all cases of living organisms.

We are now in a position to answer why all children do not resemble each other in all their parental characteristics, for the Sexual Cells that go to produce them may not contain the same elements in each case. Prodigal sons of pious men, thrifty offspring of spend-thrift parents are similarly explained, as these characters being the acquired characters of the parents have no place in the gametes and as such are not transmitted to the progeny, and hence the latter in its developments do not manifest them. The grand parental feature being recessive reappears only when it is free from the influence of the dominant. The improvement of the human race, that is, the science of Eugenies (well born) has become possible of realisation as we have seen that during the formations of the Sexual Cells all the characters separate and during the production of Zygotes any combination of them is possible, so that in the course of a few generations a line can be distinguished which will combine all the good characters; and there is a move in this direction in some European countries. But in an experiment like this one is to be very careful as to the selection of the characters he wishes to combine. How far this is possible will be evident from the statement of an American grower who has said that his clients have simply to state what characters they desire for their own particular variety of pea and he will produce a pea according to the specification within 3 years."

The man who patiently worked out this great problem

of the world is Gregor Johann Mendel, an Augustinian monk of the old monastery of Brunn, Austria. This great man was born on July 22, 1822. For 8 years he carried on his experiments in the secluded corner of the cloister garden of which he was the Pralat. He published his results in the local scientific paper in 1865, but they remained unknown or uncared for nearly 35 years when in 1900 they were re-discovered. "He was in the habit of saying *Meine Zeit wird schon kommen*—my time will no doubt come—and his confidence has been fully justified." He has been immortalised by having his name associated with the law he discovered, and it is now known as "Mendelism" or the Mendelian principle of heredity. "The white marble statue erected to his memory in Brunn, in 1910, represents the esteem in which scientific men of all nations now hold the Abbott of the Konigskloster in that city." After 1873 he gave up further biological work, and died a broken man in 1884 two years after the death of Darwin. Darwin died in complete ignorance of the epoch-making work of his contemporary. Professor W. Bateson, the leading authority on Heridity and Evolution has rightly said "Had Mendel's work come into the hands of Darwin it is not too much to say that the history of the development of evolutionary philosophy would have been very different from that which we have witnessed."

Thus we have stated briefly the history of one of the most wonderful discoveries of the modern world in non-technical language in order to make it easily intelligible to readers without a scientific training. This story is at once instructive and interesting if not also inspiring. Mendelism is a monument of perseverance, industry and whole-hearted devotion to the pursuit of truth—a devotion which all students should do well to imitate.

I may be permitted to point out before I bring this article to a close that in a subsequent issue of this magazine if I am allowed space and time I shall try to show the truth in our common adage নরাণাং মাতুলক্রমঃ how farsighted our forefathers were when

they used to put more stress on family lineage than on personal beauty in the selection of a bride ; how there is a fundamental difference of intellect between a man and a woman which difference cannot be made up by education or training on the part of the latter. But as besides making a definite material contribution to the production of the off-spring she also forms the environment in which it grows and as it is of fundamental importance to a man not only to be "well born" (eugenics) but also to be "well placed" (euthemics) she must be educated and trained to form a better environment for the developing of Zygote.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Calcutta University and its one Club,

To

The Editor,

The Presidency College Magazine.

Sir,

It is an old and a true saying that the purposes of a University are only half fulfilled if students who have journeyed thither have not been made to feel that they are now part of a far larger world than the world of school or even of college. In the great residential Universities of England, social intercourse amongst the Graduate and Under-Graduate members of the several colleges is held to be of the very first importance ; and it is not too much to say that many parents struggle to send their sons to Oxford or Cambridge for no other reason. This attitude of mind may perhaps be considered to be going too far away from the true intention of a University which is firstly the advancement of learning and secondly the spread of higher education. The truth is that learning is less easy to advance and higher education is more difficult to spread when those who have come within the precincts of a University lock themselves

up in their homes or in their hostels during the hours not given to lecture or to laboratory demonstrations.

No one can doubt that in the old days the great Universities of India did not exhibit such a tendency ; one which is not without a corrective in the university life of the West to-day. In the great universities of Germany, for instance, the student population has its Clubs in which students meet for convivial purposes. In many cases there are Club Buildings and the Club itself or (as it is often spoken of) the Corps, has a distinctive uniform which it is considered an honour to wear. One need not elaborate the point. Indian students are like all other students in that they are in their first youth ; that they are brought together under conditions which will never recur again : when they are meeting for the first time young-men hailing from countries other than their own, from communities of which till this moment they may know but little and as to which they may have formed prejudices which contact would easily dispel. And lastly they are in need of forming friendships independent of family arrangements or the chance associations of school or hostel life. In short they are what all human beings want for the exercise of friendly feelings, that is to say a free choice and a wide market.

The University of Calcutta is one of the largest if not the largest University in the world. Its colleges are scattered. Its hostels house but a fraction of the under-graduate population. Many of these hostels are communal in character ; others are sectarian : some few accommodate students engaged in a common study such as Law or Medicine. Plainly then if the life of the University as a whole is to be refreshed and invigorated by the exchange of ideas and by all that socially grows from such exchanges, club life, organised with a due regard for comfort must in some form receive a general recognition as a factor of importance. But mere recognition is not enough. The movement must be supported by the students themselves. It must also, in large measure, be a matter of their own organization ; and they must be proud of their hand in it.

Some years ago there was founded, largely by private benefaction, a very handsome Club now named the Calcutta University Institute. It stands upon a site in the very centre of what I may call the University quarter : that is to say it is within a stone's throw of College Square. It provides a fine and well-equipped hall for meetings, concerts and theatrical entertainments. It has a good general library, conveniently housed and accessible to readers under very comfortable conditions ; where, too, a large number of important Periodicals are provided. The premises offer opportunities for various indoor games including Billiards. And last, but not least, there is a Music Room. The Committee, with the assistance of numerous voluntary helpers have done their best to start among the student members classes for boxing and to organise outdoor games and sports on lines which have long been popular in this country.

Will it be believed, then, that with a Graduate and Undergraduate population running into many thousands the total number of Junior Members was in 1919-20 (I believe its best year) only 895 and its Senior Members 402 ? This surely represents a lamentable neglect of opportunity. But if the position in 1919 was as I venture to describe it, what adjective can I use to depict the state of affairs to-day ? The population of the University is on the increase. The membership of the University Institute is on the decrease. This year though the Senior Membership is nearly the same (399) the Junior Membership has fallen to 516 though the subscription is a beggarly Rs. 5 a month.

It is inconceivable that there are not at least 2500 youngmen capable of paying Rs. 5 a month without missing it. The Institute needs their support if it is to continue. For its establishment charges have risen from Rs. 2348 in 1919-20 to Rs. 3104 in 1923-24. This represents no extravagance, but rather a desire on the part of the Committee to ensure that its members should have a reasonable standard of comfort and convenience for the subscrip-

tions they pay. Nor does it represent an increase of salaried officials ; for the greater part of the administration of the Club is in the hands of voluntary workers whose enthusiasm and unselfishness have received but scant recognition from that large army of youths whose interests they serve. But to run so large a Club well requires the full time of a paid secretary ; and that secretary should be *well paid*. In point of fact the Committee do not yet feel that the financial situation justifies such an appointment.

The Institute ought to publish a Magazine, and this might well be an important publication in which young men of attainments might find scope for the exercise of their youthful faculties. But the publication has had to be discontinued for lack of funds. The Library needs replenishment. It must go without it. Playing fields, properly conditioned, ought to be found and maintained at the expense of the institution. But we must be content with dreaming of such places. We have not the funds to buy or to hire one single bigha.

There is an English saying to the effect that God helps those who help themselves ; and it is a significant fact that when the membership was at its highest : when the subscriptions stood at nearly Rs. 5000 donations were made totalling Rs. 1000. While in 1922-23 and in 1923-24 when the membership—that is to say the support of the Undergraduates—had fallen to little more than 500 persons with subscriptions totalling Rs. 3000 no donations were forthcoming at all. What is the remedy ? Something very simple. Let each of the five hundred youths who now have their names on the books of the Club introduce five more members with good sense in their heads and Rs. 5 in their pockets and the subscription will rise in one year to Rs. 15000. And they may be sure that they will be supported by donation from older people, who realise that if the world be influenced by the maturer minds of the day it is after all moved by youthful blood and brains. The Presidency College occupies a position of high prestige in the

University. It is associated with two of the best schools in the Province. It numbers amongst its old members men of the highest intellectual attainment, men whose names will go down into Bengali History. In the social movement for which the University Institute stands will not the Presidency College lead the way ?

I am

Sir,

Yours etc.

N. BARWELL,

Lt. Col. (retired)

(A Senior Member of the Calcutta University Institute).

Notes on the Medical Examination of the students of the Presidency College held on July and August, 1924.

It is a well proved fact that individual fitness and fitness both of the mind and body are essential for the production of able citizens. Mr. Stapleton, the present Principal of our College rightly believes that the methodical culture of the body must run side by side with the culture of the mind. If the former fail the latter is sure to fail too.

When the Principal first suggested the idea of attending to the health of the students, we thought it impossible to take up the task, because it was likely to involve considerable expense as well as the work of one medical man for at least 8 months to complete the medical examination. However, at last we approached the Students' Welfare Committee of the Calcutta University, who very kindly sent their staff to examine the students of the first three years. These medical men, 6 in number, took about 6 weeks to complete

the examination of 565 students only, working four hours in the week days.

These students belong to the Intermediate Arts and Science classes in the 1st and 2nd year classes, together with Arts and Science classes of the 3rd year B. A. and B. Sc. course. We had to leave those who are going to appear for the degree examinations ; so it necessarily follows that defectives would increase in number if the latter classes could have been subjected to the medical examination.

We quote figures below of the defectives, who, if not attended properly, will ultimately prove unfit in the struggle for existence and will be handicapped in the production of fitter generations towards whose improvement all educational, social and political researches are working day after day. The students of the Presidency College are really the future pioneers of all movements in Bengal. They will constitute a large part of the whole administrative machinery of the country.

In this short paper I shall give reports of the results of examination in 1924 and will attempt to show how future generations are likely to be ruined, and how far the assertion of a "Dying Race" is true. I shall serially discuss (1) General appearances, (2) Posture : (3) Vision ; (4) Teeth ; (5) General defects and (6) Total defects.

General Appearance.

Under this head students have been divided into four classes. A. B. C. D ; A, denoting good muscular development, B, stoutness, & without muscularity, C, medium musculature, and D, their bodily developments. It will be seen from the figures below that on an average only 6 % of Presidency College students have proper muscular development. This is a decrease from even the poor 10. 4% reported after the examination of 692 Presidency College students in 1921.

A.	B.	C.	D.
5. 84	10. 61	64. 24	18. 93

Posture.

Under the head of Posture, students have been divided into 2 classes (1) those who do not bend their spinal cord and (2) those bend their spinal cord, in standing and sitting.

Erect.	Stooping.
63. 18%.	36. 81%.

The percentage of stooping students in 1921 was 47. 6 % so some improvement has to be recorded under this head.

Vision.

Under this head students have been classified into 2 groups, (1) those who have normal vision & (2) those who have defective vision. The number of defectives who have partially corrected their vision was also noted.

(1)	(2)
61. 04	38. 96
Corrected.	Uncorrected.
53. 48% of (2)	46. 52% of (2)

A slight improvement is observable from the 1921 figure—47. 3% for (2).

Teeth.

Teeth may show caries, gums may be bleeding and spongy, and there may be Pyorrhoea Alviolaris.

	Teeth.		Gum.
	1924	1921	
Normal.	75. 57	60. 2	Spongy. 24. 07
Caries.	8. 84	10. 8	Pyorrhoea. 1. 94 (1921 figure 1. 8)
Defective.	16. 99	—	

The Defective teeth are believed to be correlated with poor physical development and there seems to be a very close relationship in the figures for normal teeth and vision. According to the Students Welfare Committee the figure for Caries in the Presidency College is the highest among Calcutta students.

General Defectives.

Under general defects have been included defects of heart, pulse, lungs, tonsils, throat, spleen, Uvula, eye troubles other than those of refraction, pharyngitis, nasal troubles, liver etc. This is the same as Table No. 22 of the University Students Welfare Scheme. This year, out of 565 students examined, 322 have been classified under the category of general defectives, i. e. about 59 percent on the average have some defect or other, as compared with 49% in 1921.

Total Defectives.

Under this heading have been counted all students who show several defects. The total number of "Total defectives" out of 565 students is 454, that is, 80.35 percent. On a previous occasion this fact was also brought to light by the Students' Welfare Committee, though in passing, it was remarked that "for the Presidency College minor defects are more common." Though the Presidency College figure is still abnormally high, the 1924 result is somewhat better than the 1921 figure of 91%.

Passing on from a study of the conditions of these 565 students we inevitably come to the conclusion that immediate steps should be taken to improve the present in view of future generations. Let us picture only the condition of one hundred students from our classes and let them stand in a line, 33 with eye defects as evidenced by their wearing and needing glasses, 29 with bleeding gums and caries, 18 with miscellaneous defects and only the remaining 20 students in enjoyment of normal health. In this connection, I may be permitted to note on the last two occasions when the health examination for the I. C. S. candidates from our College was being conducted by the Medical board I was consulted beforehand by a few students and was confounded to see the condition of 4 first-class-first students in different subjects. I found they had consulted me too late, but out of curiosity I asked them to let me know the final result. The four students came back, rejected by the Medical Board.

From the same hostel another student not so brilliant came out successful in the competitive examination after having duly passed the health examination as conducted by the Medical Board. I can boldly say that those 4 students would have occupied the first 4 places in the Civil Service list, had their bodies only been attended to for one year previously, or if they had systematically played games. More attention to games is a crying need among Presidency College students,

Many points of a very interesting nature have been observed in the course of the health examination. I hope to bring them before our students in the near future either in Union gatherings or in our College Magazine.

In conclusion, I beg to express my indebtedness to Mr. Stapleton, Principal of the Presidency College, for his kindly allowing me to attend the health examination in his College, and I take this opportunity of expressing my thankfulness to the President, Secretary and the Superintendent of the Students' Welfare Committee for giving me full facilities of going through the University papers and copying results of the examination therefrom.

J. N. Maitra, M. Sc., M. B.,
Eden Hindu Hostel.

REPORTS

The Founders' Day at the Presidency College.

Despite ominous threats held out by a certain section of our students in the columns of a well-known daily of Calcutta, Founders' Day, which was celebrated on January 20 last, was, from every point of view, a remarkable success. It is extremely regrettable that some of our friends forgot the real significance of Founders' Day and kept themselves away out of considerations quite irrelevant for the occasion. As the Editor of the College Magazine pointed out, "we are brought together on Founders' Day by associations more tender, more sacred and more permanent than the temporary whirls and eddies of political life," and be it said to the credit of our College that the large majority of the students turned out to do homage to the glorious Founders of the Hindu College, and thereby to maintain unbroken the chain of our association with the past.

The programme arranged was quite unostentatious. The grounds were tastefully decorated. On the 19th there were the Annual Sports which were held in the afternoon. Some of the events evoked keen competition, and from the list of competitors, it was evident that for one day at least the examinees had forgot their examinations and come up, either as spectators or as competitors, on the Baker grounds where the course was laid. Messrs. Kali Mohan Dutt, J. N. Mukherjee and Hemen Gupta worked day and night to perfect every detail of arrangements. Some very beautiful cups and medals were presented by gentlemen interested in the athletic activities of our College, to whom the grateful thanks of the whole College are due.

After the Sports were over, Mrs. Stapleton kindly gave away the prizes. I may here take the opportunity to say that the College owes an immense debt of gratitude to Mrs. Stapleton for the

sympathy which she takes in the activities of our College. She takes a personal interest in the athletic life of the College and she has been one of the morning lights in the organisation of Founders Day. As a digression I may say here that the entire expenses for the refreshment of our guests on the Founders' Day were borne by Mrs. Stapleton, on behalf of the College.

The programme for the evening was an address by Sir J. C. Bose Kt. F.R.S. It was a happy coincidence that in the same month as we were celebrating the Founders' Day, Sir Jagadish had completed the 40th year of his connection with the Presidency College. As is known to everyone, he enjoys the unique honour of being the Emeritus professor of our College and the Secretary of the College Union on behalf of the College presented an *Arghya* to the learned scientist in a purely Indian form amid the blowing of conch-shells and also presented him with an address. The Principal Mr. Stapleton, introduced him to the audience in very felicitous terms, giving a detailed and interesting review of Sir Jagadish's unique career and of his long connexion with the Presidency College. After this Mr. Samirendra Nath Mukhopadhyaya eloquently recited a poem of late Satyendra Nath Dutt on the great scientist. The address which was presented to him by the Secretary of the College Union is quoted below :

To

Sir JAGADISH CHANDRA BOSE, Kt., F.R.S.

Emeritus Professor, Presidency College.

SIR,

On the eve of Founders' Day which is the nativity of all Presidency College men, which links the Past with the Present, in which even the stones seem to be instinct with life, we welcome afresh the greatest scientist that the College has produced—the scientist that has worked not to destroy but to discover Life, 'attracted alike by gulfs which separate and by borderlands which unite.'

Sir, your interests have been so wide that it is difficult

even to describe you. The botanist claims you as much as the physicist, psychology finds in you an exponent no less than zoology. Scientist-Laureate of Asia, your epoch-making researches have extorted admiration from all parts of the world, the foundation of your Institute has been an event in the history of India and your discoveries have been events in the history of science. To the keen insight of a scientist you have added the delicate imagination of a poet. Plants you have found sensitive, in things inert you have found movement of life, to the matter-of-fact science of the modern world you have brought the witchery and magic of the old.

But Presidency College is the cradle that has nurtured you and your relations with your nursery have never ceased, your affection for her has never waned. So your success has been our success, your glory has reflected glory on the College, the admiration of the world has been our pride.

Full of years and honours, we revere you. The rival of Marconi, the kinsman of Newton, we take pride in you. Great as a scientist, greater as a man, we love you. Bringer of Light, pioneer in the world of science, we welcome you.

Presidency College, Calcutta.
FOUNDERS' DAY EVE,
19th January, 1925.

WE ARE
*Your beloved students of the
Presidency College.*

Then came the speech of Sir Jagadish which was heard with soft attention.

After the speech was over, Mr. Surendra Nath Mullick, an ex-student of Sir J. C., moved the vote of thanks. He made an appeal for the erection of a suitable memorial in honour of Sir Jagadish and himself promised to give Rs. 100 for the object. A sub-committee has already been formed according to his advice to settle details. Mr. Mullick was followed by Mr. J. Chaudhuri who gave some reminiscences of his own College life with Dr. Bose as his professor. The gathering dispersed late in the evening.

Next day was all bustle and commotion from the very morning. Volunteers were hurrying to and fro on their respective errands. I take the opportunity here of recording that this band of youthful workers was actuated by nothing but a spirit of service and good will. This is what is wanted on such occasions,—to banish from their heart all feelings of hatred and aloofness from a function which is peculiarly their own, and to enter into the joy and enthusiasm of maintaining the ties of respect and affection which bind each to each among ourselves and ourselves to generations past and generations yet unborn.

Batches of volunteers were posted (1) at the gate to escort the guests to the pandal (2) at the pandal to show them to their seats, (3) at the Baker Buildings to show them round the laboratories, (4) at the Libraries and (5) in the Refreshment rooms. At 2 P. M., there was a Tennis match between the Present and the Past, in which the Present got the advantage of youthful vigour and won by 26 games to 21 in their favour. The libraries and laboratories also were thrown open for inspection, and the guests were shown round all laboratories where interesting experiments were arranged.

His Excellency Lord Lytton accompanied by Lady Hermione Lytton Mr. Wilkinson and an A. D. C. arrived here at 4 p.m. and was received at the foot of the stair-case by Principal H. E. Stapleton, Mr. B. K. Sen Vice-President, and Mr. S. C. Ray the Secretary of the College Union, Mr. K. N. Sen, a Secretary of the Athletic Club, and Mr. S. C. Sengupta, Editor of the Magazine. The staff and the members of the College Union Executive Committee were then presented to His Excellency. After the presentation was over, His Excellency was shown round the College after which he was escorted to the Pandal where the Boy Scouts, in charge of Mr. Pratul Mitter, were presented.

After this, there was the pleasant item of refreshments. Arrangements were made in both European and Indian styles, Messrs. Peliti being in charge of the European arrangements. In the meantime,

an Indian concert party discoursed sweet music. A glance at the gathering showed that the expectations of the most sanguine, optimist had been exceeded and it is a significant fact that refreshments could not be provided for all the students. As for the number of distinguished guests present, it was a record gathering in the annals of the College Union. Among these present were—to mention only a few—Sir R. N. Mookerjee, Mr. K. C. De, Mr J A. L. Swan, Mr, E. F. Oaten, the Rajah of Nashipur, Mr. Justice C. C. Ghosh, Mr. Justic Dwarika Chakraborty, Mr. Justice Monmotho Mukherjee, Mr. S. N. Mullick, Mr. N. N. Sircar, Mr. Funniman.

The refreshments over, the students and the guests repaired to the pandal. The first item in the programme was a song by Mr. Sochyn Banerjee M. A., B. L., an English rendering of D. L. Ray's famous song—বঙ্গ আমার জননী আমার etc. The Secretary Mr. S. C. Ray then welcomed the ex-students on behalf of the College. Mr Justice C. C. Ghosh, who replied to the adress of welcome thanked the Secretary for his kind wel-come. He spoke in a reminiscent tone but ended with a grave counsel warning the students to think for themselves and not to take their opinion from College Square. He did not want to go into politics, he assured ; what he advocated was independence of thought, and the carrying out of one's own convictions. The Principal then delivered a speech in which he gave expression to the many needs and wants of the College and urged the removal of the Bustees west of the Tennis fields,—a long standing grievance.

His Excellency Lord Lytton then delivered his address, which has been published elsewhere.

After the address was over, His Excellency bade good bye and assured the expectant audience that his visit to the College would be signalised in the usual manner.

Things began to get more lively as Mr. Funniman, made his appearance on the dais. Need I say that the audience was moved into hysterics? The present of a hand-bag to Funniman

by the College was appreciated by all. After this there was a comic song by Mr. Sochyn Bannerjee, an English rendering of the Bengali Song—তুমি কাদের কুলের বো which too was much appreciated. Mr. Sudhir Chakrabarty of the Sixth Year Class then delighted the audience with his comic skits, and ventriloquism.

The celebrations came to a close with a bioscope shown by Messrs. J. F. Madan & Co., when that popular film—"The Kid" was screened. All that I have to say, in conclusion, is that I have been asked by the Secretary of the College Union to convey his best thanks on behalf of the College to all these who co-operated with him to make the function so thorough a success. I myself may here add my personal tribute to the Secretary for the indefatigable energy and unselfish devotion to work which he brought to bear upon the discharge of his onerous duties—and may I claim that the College endorses my tribute?

K. N. S.

COLLEGE NOTES. *

(From our own correspondent.)

At the invitation of the Presidency College Union, a meeting of the Old Boys of the College was held on the 13th. January, in the Science Library. Mr. Surendra Nath Mullik presided.

On the motion of the Hon'ble Mr. Abdul Karim, seconded by Professor P. C. Ghosh, an Old Boys' Association was started. A provisional Committee was also formed. Professor P. C. Ghosh and Mr. C. C. Biswas were appointed Joint Secretaries.

* For want of space it has not been possible to publish detailed reports about the activities of the College.

The Union celebrated the 40th anniversary of Sir J. C. Bose's connexion with Presidency College on the 19th. January, and the 108th. Founders' day of the College on the 20th. January. Detailed reports have been published elsewhere.

An extra-ordinary general meeting of the Union was held on the 25th. February when the following resolution was carried by a majority :—That this meeting is of opinion that it has no confidence in the present Secretary of the Union.

As the Committee identified itself with the policy of the Secretary, the whole Committee has resigned.

The College Union sent a batch of Volunteers to help pilgrims on the occasion of the last lunar eclipse.

Mr. S. C. Ray has received a letter from Mr. H. R. Wilkinson, Private Secretary to H. E. the Earl of Lytton communicating His Excellency's appreciation of the achievements of the Presidency College Union. The letter, further says, "His Excellency recognises the important part that such a Union can play in organising and correlating the activities of a College and he feels that your Union has made valuable contribution towards such an end : he wishes the Union all success."

In his convocation speech at Dacca, the Chancellor Congratulated the University on the use made of its Library. On this occasion His Excellency quoted the following figures :—

Total No. of books in the Library : 34,753.

No. of books borrowed last session : 3,982.

Will it be invidious to quote corresponding figures about Our Library ?

Total No. of books : 43,000 (approximately)

No. of books borrowed by students alone :—

1923-24 :—7,538. 1922-23 :—6,920.

1921-22 :—8,823. 1920-21 :—6,400.

The Bengali Litrary Society too has done excellent work this

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The Bengali Litrary Society too has done excellent work this

year. There were as many as ten meetings in which both professors and students took part.

Our Congratulations to Mr. Birendranath Ganguly who has been awarded the College medal for the best essay in last year's issues of the magazine. His paper was in the problem of Pauperism and appeared in the second number of Vol. X. The College medals and prizes are an incentive to students and as such they ought to be awarded in a general meeting of the College. Otherwise they fail of their chief end. Can't we have a College day in which we might meet to award prizes and medals to our successful men? This will be an interesting day, indeed.

As we go to the Press news comes of the death of Marquess of Curzon and Field-Marshal Rawlinson. Marquess of Curzon was one of the most outstanding personalities in the political world of Europe. His intellectual gifts, his brilliant powers of expression, his boundless enthusiasm for work made him a dominating figure in all the spheres of his life—from Oxford to Whitehall. Lord Rawlinson will be for ever remembered as the brilliant Commander of the famous 4th Army which in the last war effected miracles after miracles—at Ypres, on the Somme and at Amiens. May their souls rest in peace!

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রাতি (Shelley)

সমুদ্র তরঙ্গ পরে ফেলি' তব চকিৎ চরণ

এস তুমি রাতি !

পূর্বের কুহেলি ঢাকা গুহার তিমির আবরণ

আশঙ্কা হাসির জালে স্বপ্নময় আনিয়াছ গাঁথি' ।

সেথায় বসিয়া দীর্ঘ নিবজন দিবস বেলায়—

মধুর ভীষণ স্বপ্ন রচিয়াছ অবাধ হেলায়

আন ত্বরা সে স্বপ্ন-পাঁতি ।

অপরূপ দেহখানি এস ঢাকি' তারা-মালা গাঁথা

ধূসর বসনে

আকুল কুন্তল ভারে ছেয়ে দিবসের আঁখিপাতা

বিবশ করিয়া তারে অবিরত অধীর চুষনে !

তার পরে যেও তুমি নগরে নগরে দেশে দেশে

যাছ নিদ্রাদণ্ডে তব সবাবে পরশ করি' হেসে'

হে বাঞ্ছিতা এস মোর মনে ।

যখন হেরিলু আমি ধূসর উবারে জেগে' উঠে'

কাদি তোর তরে

উর্দ্ধে যবে দীপ্ত সূর্য—শিশিবে স্বপ্নস্বপ্ন টুটে

দিনেব উত্তাপক্লান্ত তরু হতে পুষ্পরাশি ঝরে,

পরিশ্রান্ত দিবালোক যেতে' যেতে' নাহি যেতে' চায়

বারে বারে ফিরে' আসে ! তোরি কথা জাগে সখি ! হায়

আমার অন্তরে !

মৃত্যু তব ভ্রাতা আসি' কহিল ডাকিয়া মোরে যবে,

“চাহ কি আমারে ?”

তব শিশু সৃষ্টি কহে স্বপ্ন-জড়িত মধুরবে,

--মধ্যাহ্নের নিদ্রালস ভ্রমরেব মত বারে বাবে—

“তোমার বুকের কাছে ঘুমায়ে রব কি সারা বেলা

লবে কি আমারে তুমি ?” কহিলু কবিয়া অবহেলা

“চাহিনা তোমাবে ।”

যবে তুমি এ জীবনে আর কভু আসিবেনা ফিরে'

আসিবে মরণ ।

তল্লা আসে যবে তুমি চলে' যাও সমাপ্তির তীরে ;—

কারু কাছে চাহিব না, তোব কাছে যাহা চাহে মন

হে প্রিয়া বাঞ্ছিতা মোর ! এস রাতি এস ত্ববা করি'

এস সখি, এস ফেলি' সমুদ্র তরঙ্গ-শিব পরি—

চকিৎ চরণ !

ERRATA.

- P. 264 l 8 for hymns read hints
l 12 for fort „ foot.
l 22 add a after remains.
- P. 265 l 15 „ destructing read distracting.
l 33 „ exultation „ exaltation.
- P. 266 l 1 „ dominions „ dominance.
-