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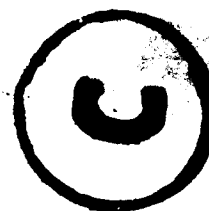
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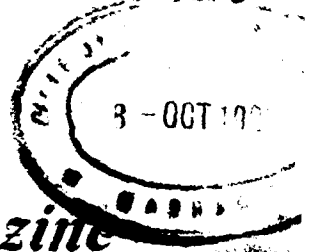
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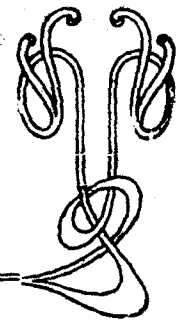
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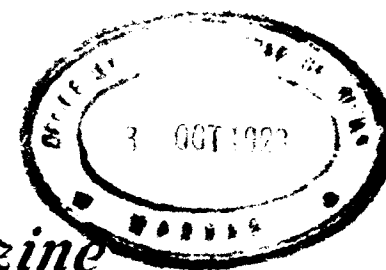
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[September 1923.

Swift's Battle of the Books.

A Burlesque on the Epic.

[By MR. V. SUNDARESAN, B. A.]

It is remarkable that, while all the other literary contributions to a controversy which raged with some degree of violence at the close of the seventeenth century over the relative merits of the Ancients and the Moderns have sunk into comparative oblivion, Swift's *Battle of the Books* alone lives to recall the once famous literary affray. The reason of the lasting vitality of Swift's contribution is to be found, not in the cause which he espoused, but in the original manner in which he treated his subject. His work is a burlesque on the epic, a refreshingly successful departure from the dull and monotonous kind of criticism rampant in his days.

The burlesque is defined as "that species of literary composition (or of dramatic representation), which aims at exciting laughter by caricature of the manner or spirit of serious works, or by ludicrous treatment of their subjects." In other words, it is "a grotesque imitation of what is, or is intended to be, dignified." If with this definition in mind a reader turns over the pages of Swift's *Battle of the Books*, he is at once convinced that Swift's work is a derisive imitation of the epics, ancient and modern. The element of burlesque is indeed evident at every turn in the book.

The question naturally arises,—How is it that the foremost genius of the age of Queen Anne and the most brilliant among the wits of her reign produced a burlesque, a literary kind which by its very nature cannot aspire to a place beside the epic and the drama—unquestionably the grandest literary forms? This question is answered by a reference to the character of the age in which Swift wrote, his peculiar mental disposition, and also the needs of the occasion.

The age which saw the publication of the *Battle of the Books* was quite unfavourable to the birth of a true epic of the magnitude and grandeur of the *Iliad* or *Paradise Lost*, or to the production of works requiring the poetic afflatus and the creative imagination that went to the making of the *Faerie Queene* and *Hamlet*. The intellectual enthusiasm of the Renaissance had spent its force, and the century that came in the wake of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" was characterized by a comparative sterility in imaginative work. The national drama which was the pride of the Elizabethan age dwindled into insignificance, and its place was usurped by spurious imitations of French plays. Non-dramatic poetry fared no better. The popular songs and sonnet-sequences—the first bubbling with the newly awakened national consciousness, and the second pregnant with the love and sincerity born of a robust and healthy frame of mind—were succeeded by a sheaf of ephemeral literature which the Grub Street versifiers produced to gratify the pretentious tastes of the time. In a word, the age of creative fancy and poetic imagination had come to an end. The age to which Swift belonged was obsessed with the prosaic and superficial realities of life, and impregnated with a spirit of sceptical enquiry. Literature, therefore, ceased to soar, and became pedestrian. Moreover, as a result of the unfortunate union of politics with literature, satire came into vogue. The purpose in most of the literature of the time was not primarily to amuse and instruct, but to laugh something to scorn. There is a whole literature of mockery, in the eighteenth century: mock heroics like *Mac Flecknoe*, parodies like the *Rehearsal*, and satires like *Hudibras*.

Swift could not but follow the general bent of his age. His burlesque account of the battle falls into line with the productions of his age, and bears its imprint in strong characters.

Besides the influence of the age, Swift was by character and temperament disposed to ridicule. His life had been a life of disease and disappointment. A mental malady, which clung to him throughout his life and to which he became finally a victim, gave him a gloomy and pessimistic outlook. This was aggravated by his disappointments in life. His early life of penury and annoyance and his later dependence on Sir William Temple had embittered him. Everywhere he saw folly rewarded and virtue repressed. He thought himself ill-used by the world, and knew that such preferment as he obtained was incommensurate with his worth and talent. Thus anger against injustice, oppression, convention and imposture, became in him a master passion, which found vent in satire of the most deadly

character. His *Tale of a Tub*, for instance, is a satire upon religion. *The Drapier's Letters* are in the nature of a violent attack on oppression and injustice. In *Gulliver's Travels*, the satire grows more vehement, and becomes an outlet for the author's bitterness against fate and human society. Another satirical effusion of Swift's is the *Battle of the Books*, wherein he parodies the epic conventions by applying them to a subject wholly barren of dignity.

Moreover the exigencies of the situation which impelled Swift to enter the lists in defence of his patron, Sir William Temple, required a weapon which could be found only in the armoury of satire. The piece was largely inspired by Swift's desire to rescue his patron from the trouble in which he had involved himself by his unlucky interference in the controversy over the comparative merits of the Ancients and the Moderns. Swift, however, knew little about the merits of the controversy, and was no match in argument and scholarship for Bentley, 'the doughty champion of the moderns.' But he was armed with a weapon of sarcastic humour, which Bentley's erudition could scarcely withstand. Fully confident of the strength of his weapon, Swift employed the burlesque to heap contempt and scorn upon his patron's enemies, and thus enabled Temple to retire from the field unscathed and with a semblance of honour.

We return to our point that the *Battle of the Books* is a burlesque on the epic.

The interest of the epic, like that of the drama, is dependent upon action and character, upon story and persons. The action in an epic, as laid down by Aristotle, must be great and important. It should deal with vast issues, with the fortunes, if possible, of a whole people, and should be provided by national tradition as in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Equally great and important is the epic hero. He is usually a king or leader of men, remarkable for his courage and skill in battle, his prudence and wisdom in adversity, or for any other striking virtue which elevates him above his fellow-men. He fights for the national cause, and the conflict brings him no discredit either in the motive which prompts it, or in its general conduct and eventualities. He is invariably opposed to a foeman worthy of his steel. A Hector is pitted against an Achilles, and a Turnus against an Æneas: Milton almost makes a hero of his Satan in order that he might be a worthy opponent of God Almighty.

A cursory reading of the *Battle of the Books* discloses to us the fact that in it the epic magnitude of action is travestied. Its subject-

matter is only a quarrel where party feeling plays a more prominent part than genuine love of letters. The theme of Swift's work is evidently trivial, and we may exclaim with Pope

"What mighty contests rise from trivial things!"

Yet Swift handles the theme with all the pomp and circumstance of narration that are of the essence of the epic manner. Similarly Pope, in his *Rape of the Lock*, made of a young man's indiscretion and a lady's passing resentment a narrative conducted in the most approved style of the epic. This investing of trivial subjects with epic grandeur provokes only derisive laughter.

The same ludicrous disparity is found in the status of the combatants brought into the field. Wotton is no match for Boyle, while Dryden is decidedly inferior to Virgil; and by joining issue with their inferiors instead of treating them with the contempt which they deserve, Boyle and Virgil only lower themselves in our esteem. Moreover, the conduct of the persons engaged in the controversy is also in ludicrous contrast with the conduct of the heroes in the classic epic. In the combats described in the epics, we seem to see the primeval forces of the world locked in monstrous conflict, for the heroes are inspired by a more than mortal determination to perform acts of valour. But in Swift's production, we seem to be witnessing only a street fight. Thus neither the theme nor the persons in Swift's work make for epic grandeur; on the contrary, they appear quite ludicrous.

Similarly also, the epic machinery is burlesqued in Swift's work. "The art of the epic poet is one of deliberate amplification." He gives one main plot and several side plots or episodes linked together with but a slender thread of unity. Swift too has introduced episodes in his work, but they are parodies of the epic episodes. Such episodes as the quarrel between the spider and the bee and the description of the habitation and company of the Goddess Criticism, are mock-imitations of the serious and dignified episodes which are a common feature of the classical epic. They stand on a par with the episode of Belinda's toilet, of the game of Ombre, of the house of Spleen, and of the pedigree of Belinda's bodkin, which amuse us so much in the *Rape of the Lock*.

Again the long-tailed similes are as much a feature of the epic as the episodes. They contribute to the dignity of the epic by furnishing us with separate entertaining pictures of beauty. Swift's similes are quite undignified. Thus he compares Bentley and

Wotton to "two mongrel curs, whom native greediness and domestic want provoke and join in partnership." Wotton is likened to "a wild ass with brayings importune." Not content with this, Swift goes the length of instituting a comparison between the republic of letters and the commonwealth of dogs.

Similarly ludicrous is Swift's imitation of the language of the classical epic. In the epic the language is heightened and brought into consonance with the general augustness of the theme. In many cases this heightened form of language develops not only into poetic diction, but also into stereotyped and conventional forms of expression. Swift parodies this epic poetic diction and these conventional forms of expression by employing them in situations which least require them, and where they consequently appear ridiculous. Thus his appeal to the goddess presiding over History to say "whom Homer slew first and whom he slew last", and his ironic adaptation of another famous Miltonic phrase "thrice he endeavoured to force his passage and thrice the centre shook"—these are evidently parodies of the epic style.

There is another feature of the epic which receives its due share of ridicule from Swift. He parodies in his work many of the epic conventions. Following the epic poets, he opens his description with an invocation and "petition for a hundred tongues, mouths, hands and pens, which would be all too little to perform so immense a work." Again, as Homer introduces a catalogue of ships and Milton one of the fallen angels, Swift gives us a list of the parties ranged both on the side of the Ancients and of the Moderns. Further, as Homer speaks of Ulysses' bow, Swift describes 'ink' as the weapon that was used in the battle of the books, just as Pope enlarges on the 'bodkin', the weapon with which Belinda engaged in duel with Lord Petre. In treating of these weapons as if they were as consequential as Ulysses' bow, Swift and Pope are merely parodying another detail of the epic manner. Yet another epic convention that is brought into ridicule is the deliberate introduction of divine agencies to solve a complicated situation. Thus Pallas Athena, the goddess of wisdom and light, is the patron of the Ancients, whilst Momus, a child of darkness and the natural opponent of Pallas, espouses the cause of the Moderns and appeals for help to the malignant deity Criticism, who dwells on the top of a snow-clad mountain, extended in her den upon the spoils of innumerable half-devoured volumes. She flies to the rescue of her darling Wotton, gathering up her person into an octavo compass, and privately orders two of her beloved children, Dullness and Ill Manners, to attend his person in all encounters. Swift's description of the council

convoked by Jove in the Milky Way is a mock-imitation of the descriptions of celestial meetings that we read of in the classical epic. Milton gives an awe-inspiring account of the angels, but Swift treats these heavenly beings in a light mock-heroic vein. Finally the many gaps discernible in Swift's work are also humorous imitations of the gaps found in classical manuscripts.

Swift, then, as is evident from the foregoing exposition, has burlesqued the epic in his *Battle of the Books*. The investment of a manifestly trivial theme with a dignity which it does not deserve, the exaltation of insignificant persons to the position of epic heroes, the deliberate introduction of mock-episodes and mock-similes, the ironical imitation of epic grandeur and sublimity of tone, and the sarcastic reproduction of the epic conventions—all these prove conclusively that Swift's work is a derisive imitation of the classic epic. The mastery with which he has parodied the epic in the *Battle of the Books* has made it one of the best burlesques in the English language.

Devices adopted by Shakespeare to relieve the tension of Tragedy.

[By A. SRINIVASARAGHAVAN, IV U. C.]

We are (in imagination) in 'merrie' London.It is a summer afternoon, and having nothing else to do we turn our steps to the 'Globe'. We are late, but as we take our seats we find that we are in time to see Macbeth "looking at his hands". The play proceeds and we begin to be conscious of a vague uncomfortable feeling caused by the creeping horror of the scene. As Macbeth withdraws to the tiring room and even before the echo of the haunting lines,

"Wake Duncan with thy knocking!
I would thou could'st"

has died in our ears, in reels the drunken porter of Inverness and bawls:—

"Here is a knocking indeed!....."

and the rest of his devil-portering talk. A feeling of relief runs through the audience.

Relief-devices are a dramatic necessity, and Shakespeare knew well how to use them. The very structure of his tragedies necessitated the use of such devices.

During the first stages of the tragedy, that is, throughout the 'Exposition' and the 'Conflict', there is no need to relieve the feelings of the audience. The 'Exposition' creates the atmosphere required for the play, and places before the audience an interesting situation; the oscillating movement of the 'Conflict' maintains that interest.

The 'Crisis' is then reached. An immediate and crushing counteraction, in which the force triumphant at the crisis rapidly declines to the 'Catastrophe,' would be felt as too brief an effect for so long a preparation in the earlier stages of the tragedy. The 'Falling Action' must therefore be prolonged and the 'Catastrophe' postponed. The inevitable pause which results slackens the interest of the 'Falling Action.' An emphatic counterblow to the 'Crisis,' however, is given by inserting an equally powerful tragic scene after the tragic 'Crisis,' and in a way it helps to keep up the interest of this section of the play. This advantage gained by the counterblow is attended, however, by a serious drawback. The tragic scenes of the crisis and the counterblow, treading as they do upon one another's heels, would be too tragic for the endurance of an audience wearied already by the 'Exposition' and the 'Conflict.' Relief-devices are thus necessary. They serve a double purpose. They provide novelty and relief to the feelings of the audience, and they keep up the interest till the long-deferred catastrophe tragically closes the play.

The necessity for such relief-devices becomes the more apparent when we consider that the popular Elizabethan stage had no front curtain. To-day the front curtain falls upon a tragic scene, and the audience is given time to recover from the strain of excitement and emotion. But on the Elizabethan stage no such conclusion was possible. Relief had to be obtained by other means.

The introduction of a peaceful scene after a tragic crisis is the commonest device which Shakespeare uses to calm down the excitement of tragedy. The third act of 'The Winter's Tale' contains an effective peaceful scene. In the last scene of the second act old Antigonus is ordered, on pain of death, to cast Perdita away in some remote desert. The second scene of the third act witnesses the trial of Hermione. Between these two stormy scenes appears a quiet scene in a seaport of Sicilia. Cleomenes and Dion praise the 'delicate climate,' 'the sweet air' and the temple of Apollo in Delphos. The scene serves its purpose. Calming our minds after the excitement of the second act, it gives us a short breathing-space before the trial scene.

116 DEVICES TO RELIEVE THE TENSION OF TRAGEDY.

Occasionally the playwright introduces a humorous scene. These humorous scenes generally occur in the earlier stages of an action which grows more sombre towards its close. But their introduction in the 'Falling Action,' usually the fourth and fifth acts, affords variety and relief from the harrowing tragic scenes of the 'Crisis' and the counterblow. How delightfully humorous and how welcome is the grave-diggers' scene (Act V, Sc. i) in *Hamlet*! With what easy unconcern does the first clown jabber and sing as he throws up a skull!

"A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding-sheet;"

while in the very next scene the 'Falling Action' culminates in the terrible catastrophe!

This is admirable; but still more so are the humorous passages within scenes, doing duty for separate comic scenes. The delightfully merry talk and the comic behaviour of the servants of Aufidius (Cor. Act, IV, Sc. v) at Antium are as effective as the separate comic scene (Cor. Act V, Sc. ii), where the roguish sentinels of the Volscian army make fun of old Menenius who is confident at first of his power over Coriolanus, and, towards the end of the scene, crest-fallen at the cold repulse he meets with at his hands. More effective still are the words of young Marcius in the very middle of the emotional appeal of Volumnia to her son (Cor. Act V, Sec. iii):—

"He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight!"

The full power of a humorous passage is felt in '*Antony and Cleopatra*,' where the old countryman with the asps makes his learned discourse on the worm, concluding with the words:—

"Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm."

followed immediately by Cleopatra with the glorious lines:—

"Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me:....."

The relief-scene need not be comic; neither must it of necessity be peaceful in the sense in which the scene between Cleomenes and Dion in '*The Winter's Tale*' is peaceful. The monotony of tragedy may be relieved even by a "perfect harmony of contrast" between two scenes equally tragic. Take the quarrel scene (Act IV, Sc. iii) in '*Julius Cæsar*':—

Cas: You wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better;
Did I say, "better?"

Bru: If you did, I care not.

DEVICES TO RELIEVE THE TENSION OF TRAGEDY. 117

Cas: When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru: Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas: I durst not!

Bru: No.

Cas: What? Durst not tempt him?

Bru: For your life you durst not.

Compare this passage with—

Bru: O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.....
No man bears sorrow better:
Portia is dead.

Cas: Ha! Portia?

Bru: She is dead.

Cas:O insupportable and touching loss!.....

and again with—

Cas: O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru: Everything is well.

Cas: Good night, my lord.

Bru: Good night, good brother.

What a contrast between the inexpressibly sweet pathos of the quarrel scene and the blustering passion of the scenes at the Senate House and the Forum! What a relief to jangled nerves!

Intense moving pathos of this kind is to be found in *Hamlet* (Act IV, Sc. v), where Ophelia appears twice in her madness, and in the first scene of the fifth act, where the effect is echoed more softly and hauntingly over the grave of that hapless maid. The scene in '*Othello*' where the gentle Desdemona is haunted by Barbara's willow song—

"Sing, willow, willow, willow!"

is the finest example of the emotion-relieving power of this pathos, and the height to which its sweetness can reach at Shakespeare's touch.

To prolong a tragic scene in a lower tone after the climax, instead of introducing a separate peaceful or comic scene, is another device of Shakespeare's to lighten tragic intensity. This device is nothing more than a slight modification of the device of a peaceful scene between two stirring ones. The last scene of '*Julius Cæsar*' does not end with the real climax, when after saying

"Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd thee not with half so good a will,"

Brutus dies on his sword; for Antony and Octavius enter and prolong the scene, the former with a short eulogy over the corpse of Brutus, the latter with the promise to give the remains of the noblest Roman an honourable burial. In 'Othello' the last scene is lengthened out beyond the tragic crisis by the speech of Lodovico on the villain Iago. In 'Hamlet' Fortinbras and the English ambassadors come upon the scene after the 'noble heart has cracked,' to comment with Horatio on the untimely end of the prince. In 'King Lear' the heart-rending last scene where poor Lear moans over Cordelia is brought by Edgar, Albany and Kent to a quiet end.

The prolongation of a tragic scene in a lower tone is made more effective by the introduction of a new thread in the action to be taken up later on. This creates a sort of expectation in the audience which blunts the sharpness of the tragic scene that has preceded it. Shakespeare makes a masterly use of this device in (Act III, Sc. i) 'Julius Cæsar.' The conspirators leave the stage after Cæsar's murder; and Antony is left to curse and prophesy over the bleeding remains of the mighty Julius. But Antony's emotional speech does not close the scene. A servant enters—the servant of Octavius Cæsar; Octavius Cæsar's name is skilfully introduced, a name which is to appear frequently enough later in the play.

Of other important devices used by Shakespeare to relieve the mental strain of tragedy, two may be mentioned. The first is the 'reconciliation feeling' a skilful use of which is made in 'Antony and Cleopatra' and in 'Coriolanus'. The fourth act of 'Antony and Cleopatra' closes with the death of Antony—a victim of passion, it is true, but of a passion that exalts him in our eyes, and in which he 'touches the infinite.' The death of Cleopatra which closes the fifth act is now welcome to the spectator, who exults at the thought that after all, she has foiled Octavius and has gone to meet her Antony. The interest of the close of 'Coriolanus' centres round the scene before the walls of Rome, where Volumnia pleads with her son for the safety of the city. "Will Coriolanus burn Rome or will he curb his pride at a mother's voice?"—this is the absorbing question as we proceed expectantly to the end of the scene. And when at last we see good triumph over evil, when we see in Coriolanus "nature asserting herself," what relief, what exultation do we not feel! And even when we know the price which Coriolanus will have to pay for what he has done, we care little for that; he has saved his soul, and that is enough for us.

One other important relief-device consists in presenting the tragic characters at their best and noblest towards the close of the

tragedy. What nobler Othello can we imagine than the Othello of the last scene? One can imagine the unfortunate Moor after the first passionate outburst—

"Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.
O cursed, cursed slave! Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
Dead!" ...

subsiding into a strange startled calm, sitting with a weary, haggard and mournfully passionate look by the bed where Desdemona lay, and speaking in a low passionless voice of despair—

"Of one that loved, not wisely but too well;
Of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum"

Alc

and then dying, as became him, with the supreme words on his lips,

"I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee; no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss."

Hamlet again reveals all the nobility and wonderful sweetness of his nature just before his death. Feeling life already ebbing away, he has not a word of reproach even for himself, no vain regrets of what might have been. He forgives Laertes and the wretched queen, and in powerfully pathetic words implores Horatio not to die; and has just time to think of the future of his country and give his dying voice for Fortinbras. Then 'in spite of shipwreck' his world-wearied spirit reaches the 'haven of silence.'

There is no bondage like the bondage to self, none other that so enslaves. In our higher and happier moods I think we all have vision of the truth that we never are, nor can be, "paid" for our best save only in the doing of it.

F. L. Hosmer.

* * * *

A man knocked at the door and asked if the dentist was in.

"I am the dentist," said Dr. W.

"Well, then, I want to see what is the matter with my tooth."

The doctor examined it, and said:

"The nerve is dead."

"Then, by the powers," the sufferer exclaimed, "the other teeth must be holding a wake over it."

The Economic Survey of a South Indian Ryotwari Village.

[By V. K. SAMBAMURTI, IV. Hons.]

Preliminary Survey.

[The present article is a general survey of Rural Economics. In subsequent articles the different problems relating to land, labour, population, and economic prospects, will be treated in detail.]

The little village of Sarukai, situated in the heart of the Cauvery delta, may be taken as representative of hundreds of such villages lying in the rich and fertile tracts of Southern India. All around it is a level unbroken plain, green with paddy fields and cocoanut groves. There are no waste lands or meadows or forests—all available land having been brought under cultivation long ago. It is an inland village, ten miles west of Kumbakonam and a mile and a half north of Papanasam and Pandaravadai, two stations on the main line of the South Indian Railway. The village is divided into two parts by the river Cauvery, which, with its branches, gives fertility to the soil.

The rainfall ranges from 20 to 25 inches a year. Though the cultivation does not depend directly on the rainfall, yet one or two showers at the end of August (the Tamil Avani) and many more in the month of October and November (the Tamil Karthikai and Markali) are required for the cultivation of paddy. The village receives its heaviest rainfall from the North-East monsoon, and a few showers from the South-West monsoon. The rainy season commences in the middle of September and ends towards the close of the year.

The soil is fertile, being constantly supplied with silt by the Cauvery and its branches. It is specially so with the southern part of the village which lies between the Cauvery and the Arasalar. The greater part of its land is under water for a month or so every year, and it then receives its coating of silt—all other fertilizers being thereby rendered unnecessary. The soil contains sand and clay in the required proportions, and is eminently suitable for paddy cultivation, which is the staple cultivation.

The proprietors of the village have solved the drainage problem in characteristic fashion. One or two very small channels have been dug to drain away the surplus water. During the rainy season when the difficulty is chiefly felt, they block the heads of the supply channels and utilize them for drainage purposes. They also drain the excess

water from their fields into the adjoining fields, and the owners of these latter in their turn repeat the process. Thus the water is gradually drained away. This custom prevents the manuring of the fields with up-to-date chemicals, since the owner of an adjoining field would receive unnoticed and without expense into his own field the water in which the manure has been dissolved by his neighbour.

The present method of water supply has been in vogue for very many years. The village depends upon the Cauvery and its branches for irrigation. There is no other source of water supply. Wells and tanks play no part here. The river water is available for irrigation for six months in the year, from the end of July to January. There is water in the river for one or two months more, but it is insufficient for agricultural purposes. The North-East monsoon helps the second crop of paddy; and hence the failure of a shower or two in the month of December occasions a partial failure of crops. The river is also the main supply of drinking water for at least seven months. The well-to-do villagers have their own private wells, and a few common wells serve the needs of the rest. The Adi Dravidas dig a few wells in the adjoining channel beds. The river water is remarkably pure, and the other sources also are generally free from contamination. Four small tanks are used for washing and cleaning purposes, and for watering the cattle.

Agriculture maintains more than 90 per cent of the villagers. This is what is called a wet village, the greater part of the fields being directly irrigated by the channels. Even those lands classed as dry lands are not watered from wells. They are a little higher than the adjoining wet fields, and the channel water is baled into them. Most of them are subject to water-rate payable to government. The following statement shows the classification of land into wet and dry, single crop and double crop areas, and assessed waste:—

		1920-21.	1921-22.
Total area.			
Under cultivation	 acres	554·70	580·60
Assessed waste	 „	68·60	42·70
		<u>623·30</u>	<u>623·30</u>

Wet Lands.

Area under single crop,	acres	186	
Area under double	„ „	239·43	
		<u>425·43</u>	
			Rs. A. P.
Total assessment			5624 10 0.

Dry.

Area under cultivation, acres	166·14	
Assessed waste, ...	33·43	
	<u>199·57</u>	Assessment Rs. 815-12-0.

In this village there is no Inam land, that is, land granted to certain persons rent-free or at a reduced rent by previous rulers. No concession in revenue kist is shown to any one. The whole amount due from the ryot to the state is paid in four equal monthly instalments commencing in December. The following table gives a detailed kist statement for the years 1920-1921 and 1921-22.

	1920-21.			1921-22.		
	Rs.	As.	Ps.	Rs.	As.	Ps.
Kist proper ...	6440	6	0	6440	6	0
Water-rate ...	631	2	0	538	15	0
Miscellaneous ...	58	8	9	53	3	9
Land cess etc., ...	442	9	3	436	12	7
	<u>7552</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>7469</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>4</u>

In lands assessed as wet, paddy is usually cultivated. More than half the number of paddy fields bear two crops. Besides paddy, other crops of a subsidiary nature such as gingily are raised. No further kist is paid to the Government for cultivating such crops. On lands assessed as dry, occasionally paddy, but generally cholam, ragi, groundnut, chillies, gingily, plantain, cocoanut, casuarina, and vegetables are cultivated. Usually not less than two crops are raised on these lands also. In this village there is no land specially set apart for garden cultivation. The dry lands serve that purpose too. Garden cultivation is not an important occupation. It is carried on on a small scale—plantain, cocoanut and fruit trees accounting for 23 acres, 9 acres and 2 acres respectively. The fruit trees are mango, jack, tamarind and lemon. An interesting experiment was made some 15 years back. Coffee was cultivated on a small plot of two cents. It yielded nothing. The principal shade trees are the Arasu, Banyan, Poovarasu, Margosa, Vela etc., standing on patta and puramboke lands on both sides of the Local Fund Road and on the river banks. Old trees and dead branches supply the fuel. The timber locally produced, like Poovarasu, Vela and Sohosa, is used for making agricultural implements and for building purposes.

The following table gives the area under each of the principal crops :

Name.	Not directly irrigated.				Directly irrigated.				Total.	
	1st Crop.		2nd Crop.		1st Crop.		2nd Crop.			
	Acre.	cent.	Acre.	cent.	Acre.	cent.	Acre.	cent.	Acre.	cent.
Paddy	7				432	38	281	37	713	82
Maize					11	40	8	44	19	84
Ragi					42	52			42	52
Kambu						55				55
Chillies				29	19	92		14	20	35
Melons					5	32		78	6	10
Karunai					1	24		3	1	27
Sembu					4	21			4	21
Turmeric						40		1		41
Vegetables				10		45		48	1	3
Groundnut	2	14	3	95			3	19	9	28
Gingily			5	75					5	75
Black gram				20						20
Horse gram		35	8	10					8	45
Cocoanut	8	51				27			8	78
Bamboo	7	65				21			7	86
Plantain					17	96	1	3	18	99
Poovarasu	1	8							1	8
Tamarind		88								88
Mango		76								76
Lemon		2				41				43
Casuarina		66				33				99
Other Fruit trees		10								10
Tobacco					4	83	7	96	12	79

The agricultural implements used are primitive. No attempt has been made to introduce the 'Monsoon Plough.' The up-to-date and scientific instruments which are used by Western and American farmers are unknown. Moreover they may not be suitable in this village. They suppose large and extensive farms; but here the plots of a single

cultivator are small and scattered. The ploughing is not deep, and efficiency is out of the question so long as the ordinary plough is used. One team consisting of two bullocks working six hours a day will plough about $\frac{1}{3}$ acre of wet land or $\frac{1}{2}$ acre of dry. The rate of hire for a plough is 8 as.

In manuring the fields up-to-date methods are not followed. Chemical manures are unknown, and even a few who seem to know of them do not take the initiative in bringing them into use. The few rich and well-educated landowners who might introduce such innovations are absentee landlords who do nothing. The others lack the necessary resources, energy and knowledge. The small holdings, the scattered strips, the open field cultivation, and the drainage system, stand against the introduction of scientific manuring. The usual manure consists of cowdung, street sweepings, green manures, and oil-cake. The green manure is made of the leaves of almost all kinds of trees, of creepers, of the indigo and kolinji plants. Occasionally sheep and cattle are hired by the owner of the land to be stationed in his fields for a few nights. About 12 cart-loads of dung and street sweepings are used for each acre of wet land, and six or seven cart-loads per acre of dry and garden land. The green manure is generally obtained from the ryot's own trees.

The cost of cultivation is a heavy item of expenditure to the ryot. An estimate of the cost of cultivating an acre of wet, dry, and garden land is given below :

A.—Cost of raising a single crop on one acre of wet land.

	RS.	A.	P.
Ten ploughs hired at 8 as. each	...	5	0
4 men, labour at 8 as.	...	2	0
Manure, 12 cart-loads at 8 as. (minimum)	...	6	0
Cost of transplanting	...	2	0
Weeding (twice)	...	3	0
Seeds	...	4	0
Harvesting	...	6	0
Nursery charges and supervision (customary)	...	5	0
Total	...	33	0

N.B.—The raising of a second crop costs not less than 66½ per cent. of these charges.

B.—To raise a single crop (ragi) on one acre of dry land.

	RS.	A.	P.
8 Ploughs hire	...	4	0
Labour of 4 men and 5 women	...	3	4
Manure	...	4	0
Seed	...	1	8
Watering (lift)	...	30	0
Transplanting and weeding	...	9	0
Supervision charges	...	3	0
Total	...	54	12

N.B.—A second crop costs not less than 50 per cent. of these charges.

C.—To raise a garden crop (plantain) on 1 acre of wet land.

1st year.	RS.	A.	P.
900 Plants at Rs. 3 per 100	...	27	0
Cartage	...	4	0
Labour—Cutting	...	10	0
Digging	...	5	0
Planting	...	5	0
Trench cutting	...	15	0
Supervision and labour throughout the year	...	100	0
Fencing	...	10	0
Ploughing	...	6	0
Total	...	182	0

2nd year.	RS.	A.	P.
Labour and spadework	...	6	0
Supervision charges	...	90	0
3rd year.			
Charges	...	90	0
Rent	...	90	0
Cost of making the land fit for subsequent cultivation	...	20	0
Total	...	296	0

The villagers generally breed their own stock. The land between the Cauvery and its branches is rich in grass, and the people are able feed their cattle at the cost of little labour for 6 months. They al

import a few pairs of oxen of superior breed from Thiruvannamalai, Mysore, and Kangayam. The home-bred cattle are used for agricultural work, while the superior breeds are yoked to the carts. The price of local oxen varies from Rs. 80 to Rs. 150 per pair. The imported breeds fetch from Rs. 300 to Rs. 500. Many of the non-Brahmin peasants keep cows and buffaloes. This village is noted for its curd and ghee, which find a ready market in the adjoining villages and at Kumbakonam. Horses and donkeys are conspicuous by their absence. Sheep are not plentiful. Every other house in the non-Brahmin quarters has a few goats. Straw and green grass are the ordinary food of the cattle. The stocks of ragi and maize are also used. Cotton seed and oil-cake are given to the cows and cow-buffaloes in addition to the ordinary fodder.

The population for the year 1915-16 was 1,441. Brahmins, Muppans, Padayachies, Nayadus, a few families of carpenters and smiths, and about 40 families of Adi Dravidas make up the population. The census report of 1921 shows a decrease of 10 per cent. in the total population of the Tanjore district. The birth and death returns of Sarukai for the year 1921 corroborate this estimate. The number of births was 47—males 28 and females 19; while the total number of deaths was 55—males 38 and females 17. The death-rate exceeds the birth-rate by 17 per cent.

The death return 1921.		Male.	Female.
Born dead	...	1	nil
Cholera	...	2	1
Fever	...	13	8
Dysentery	...	1	nil
Other causes (probably Cholera and Small-pox)	} ...	21	8
		38	17

The village site occupies 25·4 acres. The Brahmin agraharam, the caste village, and the Adi Dravida quarters, are distant and separate. As has already been mentioned, the village is divided into two parts by the river Cauvery, and both parts have their separate agraharam and other quarters. About 50 houses are in a tolerable condition in the Brahmin quarters. A few of these are terraced; the others are tiled. Almost all the houses have small gardens attached to them. In the non-Brahmin caste portion of the village there are about 180 houses. There is a demand for building-sites in South Sarukai. A site about 15 cents in area costs Rs. 200. The Adi Dravidas have about 40 thatched houses. The peasants do not live in field-huts, since the plots they cultivate are neither

continuous nor extensive. The greatest distance of the cultivated land from the house of the cultivator is about 5 furlongs. They feel no inclination to exchange lands in order to have their plots continuous.

There is no subsidiary industry in this village. Even weaving does not flourish, though Kabistalam to the east and Karuppur to the west are two of the great weaving centres of this taluka (Papanasam). There are four families of carpenters and two of blacksmiths. They meet the local needs, and make new agricultural implements and repair old ones. They receive their wages in kind, the customary rate being the annual payment of 12 Madras measures of paddy, costing a rupee, from the owner of each team. There are two families of masons. For a day's work of 7 hours a carpenter receives a rupee, and a mason a rupee two annas.

There is no trade and no shop worth the name. A small stall-holder sells a few necessities like salt and kerosene oil. The villagers' wants are few. They purchase little for industrial and agricultural purposes. When they go to Kumbakonam they purchase the few extra things they require. Nor do they sell very much to the outside world. Paddy, ground-nut, tobacco, plantain, and garden crops like chillies, are the exceptions. A rough estimate of the sale of produce to the outside world is given below for the year 1921-22:

1. Paddy about 2000 kalams at Rs 2-8-0
(24 Madras measures) Rs. 5000
2. Ground-nut 250 kalams at Rs. 3 „ 750
3. Tobacco „ 2500
4. Plantain (about 20 acres) „ 2000
5. Garden crops (chiefly chillies) „ 1500

The method of sale is primitive. The commodities are sold to small dealers and middlemen, who resort to the village at the time when the revenue is due to the government. There is no coöperation among the villagers in disposing of their produce. A few poor ryots have to sell their produce at a low price to pay their pressing debts and the government kist. They usually buy it back at a higher rate. The means of communication are unsatisfactory. The villagers are cut off from the railway station by four rivers for a great part of the year. Carts cannot reach the station except during a period of two months.

The economic well-being of the villagers may now be considered. For this purpose we may classify them under four heads: the landholders great and small, the tenants, the agricultural labourers, and labourers who earn their living by daily toil of a miscellaneous character. We may deal

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with the last class at once. Their number is not large and labour is uncertain. At best they may find work for 18 days a month. The women of this class are in a worse condition; the boys frequently get no work at all.

The following table gives the maximum rates of Labour.

Particulars.			1917—23.	1910—16.	1900—10.
Man	...	...	0 8 0	0 6 0	0 5 0
Woman	...	...	0 3 0	0 2 6	0 2 0
Boy	...	...	0 2 6	0 1 9	0 1 6

The agricultural labourer is not concerned with daily wages. Generally he has a long-term contract. He is called a padiyal or pannayal. He receives 2 Madras measures of paddy per day besides customary gifts and perquisites. During the harvest time he receives 6 Madras measures of paddy per acre. On Pongal, Deepavali, and local festival days, presents of cloth, grain or some money are made to him. For his marriage or that of his son he may be given a present, the value of which may go up to Rs. 10 if he is an old servant. In some cases, in addition to his regular wages he is provided with a mid-day meal when he is actually working in the field along with his master.

The tenants earn a living which may be said to be tolerable, if they are frugal and industrious. They may get 10 kalams of paddy per acre, besides the straw.

The landholders as a class are not prosperous. Most of them are Brahmins who lease out their lands, and receive only a rent in kind. If they took upon themselves the work of cultivating their own fields they might be fairly prosperous. As it is, what they get is insufficient to meet their normal annual expenditure, and still less the heavy extra expenses they have to incur in educating their sons, or in celebrating the marriages of their children. Their condition is getting worse and worse. Most of them are in debt; and once a member of this community falls into the clutches of the money-lender, he has no chance of getting on his feet again.

A year ago a Co-operative Society was started, but it is too soon to predict how far it will succeed. The villagers are prompt enough to borrow, but they are not so prompt in paying back; not that they do not



FLOODED FIELDS NEAR THE COLLEGE.

Railway in the background.

want to pay, but that they cannot pay, as they have to spend more than they earn.

The sanitary condition of the village is not particularly bad as far as villages go ; but there is great room for improvement. Malaria is unknown, but cholera and small-pox take a heavy toll every year. The nearest Local Fund Dispensary is at Papanasam, nearly two miles away. The local medical men render what help they can. Temporary relief and remedies for minor complaints are administered by a few experienced elders in the village.

In education the village has made some progress. There is a pial school with an average attendance of 17. Instruction in the 3 R's is given in the time-honoured traditional method. The Brahmin community contains a large number of educated persons, including many Bachelors in Arts, Science, and Law. All the Brahmins can read and write the vernacular, 50 per cent. read and write English, and a great many of them Sanskrit. 50 per cent. of the non-Brahmins can write their names in Tamil ; about 25 per cent. can both read and write the vernacular. About 20 per cent. of the Adi Dravidas can do the same. There are no Associations, Clubs, or Libraries.

A village panchayat, recently constituted agreeably to the terms of the Village Panchayat Act, deals with petty cases, both civil and criminal.

At this initial stage of the enquiry it is too early to make suggestions or to draw general conclusions. At the close of this study, and to some extent at the end of each subsequent article, ways and means of improvement will be mentioned, as they suggest themselves during the course of investigation.

The Predecessors of Shakespeare.

[By MR. P. K. VENKATA RAO, B.A.]

I

On a distant view of the Elizabethan Drama, the genius of Shakespeare towers so far above that of the other dramatists and commands such a pre-eminent position, that it is apt to throw into the shade the lesser lights that either went before him or came after him. On closer acquaintance, however, it will be found that Shakespeare was indeed very great, but he raised the structure of his greatness on a foundation which was the work of those who preceded him. Indeed,

the Romantic Drama, the form which Shakespeare adopted and in which he achieved his loftiest triumphs, had already reached a high artistic level in the hands of a group of playwrights popularly known as the "University Wits," who exercised a profound influence on Shakespeare. We shall deal with the rise of this Romantic Drama, point out its distinctive quality, and trace its growth, step by step, in the hands of each successive member of the group until it reached its perfection in Shakespeare.

Taking the year 1560 as the starting-point of our study, and viewing some significant plays that were produced in England between that year and 1580, the date of Lyly's 'Campaspe,' we can discern, beneath the confusing diversity of interests that ruled the English stage in the period, a clear bent towards the romantic type of drama. Plays like 'Gorboduc' and 'Jocasta' are imitations of classical models in tragedy, and "Ralph Roister Doister," (printed 1566), is an imitation of classical models in comedy; plays like 'Gammer Gurton's Needle' (acted 1562) represented the native element of crude and humorous farce; and other plays like Richard Edward's 'Damon and Pythias' and Whetstone's 'Promos and Cassandra' drew their materials from Italy. In the midst of these conflicting influences, one thing was clear, namely the love of the populace for ever new and exciting themes. George Whetstone notes this tendency in his remarkable preface to 'Promos and Cassandra.' "The Englishman, in this qualitie," he says, "is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order: he first groundes his workes on impossibilities: then in three howrs ronnes he throwe the world: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth gods from Heaven, and fetcheth diuels from Hel." Indeed, in this defect of the Englishman as formulated by Whetstone, or rather, in this ardent passion of the Elizabethan for the strange, the impossible, and the exciting, lay the germs of the Romantic Drama.

This species, later cultivated by the University Wits and perfected by Marlowe and Shakespeare, needs to be clearly distinguished as an artistic form from the other type upheld by the scholars of the day. From the adverse remarks of Sir Philip Sidney and men of his calibre on the earlier romantic plays as "neither right tragedies nor right comedies," and as having "neither decency nor discretion," one is apt to think of them as something confused and fantastic. But it is good to remember even at the outset that, in common with the classical dramatist, the romantic dramatist aimed at a high artistic effect. Both had in them a sense of unity without which there can be no art; but their conceptions of unity differed.

Whereas in classical drama the dramatist strove to secure it by a rigid observance of the three unities of time, place and action, the writer of romantic plays made no such effort. He was content with unity of general effect, and so long as that stood in no danger of being destroyed, he did not care when the incidents of his story took place, or where they took place, or what sort of story they dealt with. He did not even mind mixing comedy with tragedy, for mere unity of tone was not his aim. He reflected in his plays the variety and complexity of life in its different phases rather than one special phase of it, and so long as the central interest of his story was not obscured, he was safe. He too, therefore, did not lose sight of that organic wholeness and unity of general effect which is so essential to all art. If this is remembered, it may very well be added that the romantic playwright, as against the classical, was more ambitious in the choice of his subjects and covered a wider range; presented more of action on the stage; and, in general, strained every nerve to satisfy the desire for novelty, adventure, and fantasy, shared by every Elizabethan from queen to vagabond.

This new species of dramatic composition certainly did not reach its perfection all at once, and its beginnings very justifiably called forth the adverse remarks of Sidney and his school. Gradually, however, it became, in the hands of the University Wits, a dramatic form of high artistic capabilities. The principal members of this group have to be reviewed, their distinctive characteristics indicated, and the nature and extent of their services determined. In such a study, it is important to keep in mind two principal things, namely, the gains that the Romantic Drama achieved from the point of view of plot, characterisation, and dialogue on the one hand, and, on the other, certain characteristics common to the whole group, like their university-education, their eminently popular turn of mind, and their remarkable talent for sweet and delightful poetry. Lyly, Peele, and Greene are the names to be remembered in Comedy; Kyd and Marlowe in Tragedy; and Marlowe is further important, as making a distinct advance in the national Historical Drama.

II

John Lyly was a distinguished Oxford M.A. He proceeded from the University to the Court, and soon earned a name there by his wit, tact, and dramatic aptitude. He borrowed the beautiful but slender themes of his plays from classical mythology, and in his treatment of these themes he struck an entirely new note, departing on the one hand, from the rigid practice of the classical dramatists, and on the other,

from the rollicking buffoonery and horse-play of the popular playwrights. It would indeed be very pleasant work were there space enough to sketch briefly the plots of Lyly's 'Campaspe,' 'Gallathea,' and 'Endymion,'—all acted before the Queen between 1580 and 1585. These plays have in them the very essence of romance distilled from delightful myth, and, in all of them, the gossamer threads of fancy are interwoven with wonderful subtlety to form the semblance of a story.

The first thing that strikes one in an estimate of Lyly's dramatic work is his distinctive prose style, known as Euphuism, though he is remarkable for a good deal more than this. His style is beaten and wrought to the highest pitch of elaboration; every word has its chime, every clause its antithesis. This brilliant word-play is indulged in by his very slaves and servants. It now and then assumes a supple turn and displays a certain cadence which delighted Elizabethan ears as nothing else did. The credit of having domesticated prose-dialogue in English Romantic Comedy goes entirely to John Lyly.

He further introduced on the English stage the elements of what afterwards came to be known as High Comedy. His plays deal with characters of a superior type. Beautiful gods, graceful nymphs, emperors, and celebrated philosophers, tread the English stage and exchange courtesies in dignified and delightful dialogue. They are men of refined sentiments and free from the strong passions. The common theme is one of sublimated love, tinted now and then by a shade of jealousy.

Moreover the dramatist carefully interspersed beautiful snatches of lyric melody in the midst of his sparkling dialogue. The performance of one of Lyly's plays must have been a delightful treat.

We find, then, in the plays of Lyly, three principal gains to English Romantic Comedy: graceful prose-dialogue, characters of refined sentiment, and a simple, fascinating theme. The dialogue is enlivened by occasional snatches of song like the one on Cupid and Campaspe playing at cards for kisses. The genteel personages are now and then relieved upon the stage by saucy pages, braggart knights, and even fairies, as in 'Endymion.' The simple theme is also strengthened by the employment of such devices as subordinate plots and sex-disguises as in 'Gallathea.' The whole is placed in a setting of pure or pastoral mythology, and elevated to an atmosphere of romance. A successful combination of all these elements energised by a fresh original genius constitutes the charm of Shakespeare's early comedies, 'Love's Labour's Lost' and 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona.' Lyly, then, is among English playwrights the first constructive artist who influenced Shakespeare.

George Peele, for a time the rival of Lyly in court-comedy, had a genius which was better suited to poetry than to drama. His two plays, 'The Arraignment of Paris' (1583) and 'David and Bethsabe' (1589), are now remembered for their luscious diction and sweet verse rather than for any excellence in dramatic technique. In the first which is a court-comedy, Peele retains Lyly's fantastic treatment of classical mythology and its deft application to personal flattery of the Queen. But in contrast to Lyly's Euphuistic prose, he employs verse of a remarkable facility and grace. This play is further important as portraying shepherd-life in the fair vales of Mount Ida. The special merit of Peele lies, however, in the fact that he lets no chance for poetry go by. He manages, somehow, to carry the reader into a world of verbal felicity, music, and fancy. This can be seen by a passing glance over the opening pages of his masterpiece, 'David and Bethsabe.' Peele's service to the English Romantic Drama lies, therefore, in his pastoralism and, principally, in his poetry.

Robert Greene, by far the most versatile and the most remarkable of Shakespeare's predecessors who cultivated English Romantic Comedy, began his public career as "a penner of love-pamphlets," and no doubt gained much by this early training. He was a writer of pastoral romances and a distinguished playwright, being eminently individual and prolific in both branches of literature. Indeed, his mastery over romance helped him to achieve his success in drama.

"To the composition of his plays," Professor Churton Collins says, "Greene brought the same qualities which are conspicuous in his novels and his poems—the same sympathetic insight into certain types of character and certain phases of life; the same faculty of pictorial as distinguished from dramatic representation; the same refined pathos; the same mingled artificiality and simplicity; the same ornate and fluent eloquence of style. But he brought little else. Such qualities never have sufficed and never could suffice to produce dramas of the first order."

In the hands of Greene, however, they have sufficed to produce two very entertaining dramas which, in the opinion of some, have exercised as much influence on Shakespearean Comedy as those of Marlowe on Shakespearean Tragedy and History. These two plays are 'The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,' and 'The Scottish History of James IV.' We shall consider what they did for Romantic Comedy as regards plot and characterisation.

Thomas Nashe, a contemporary and associate of Greene, referred to his friend as "a master of his craft," evidently in the craft of plotting. If, by this, Nashe meant an exciting and complicated narrative calculated to captivate the interest of the audience, he was perfectly right. But if he implied an orderly evolution of plot leading to an ultimate catastrophe or any interaction between plot and character, we must demur. His best play 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay' has, doubtless, much verisimilitude of incident and situation, and is therefore highly interesting, but it is notoriously lacking in that organic evolution of plot and in that recurrence to the central interest which is so essential to all artistic drama. Strange adventures, queer feats of conjuring, scenes of idyllic love-making and country-entertainments, and patriotic pronouncements, follow each other in quick and bewildering confusion, and surprise us by their very unexpectedness. Greene therefore, amply supplied Romantic Comedy with verisimilitude of incident and situation—a quality so wanting in the plays of Lyly, but failed to secure organic evolution of plot, which was even necessary for its development on proper lines.

Greene's strong point lay, however, in his characterisation. It is true that, as compared with Shakespeare, his principal characters are rather sketchy. But among the dramatists who preceded him, even Marlowe not excepted, Greene has succeeded in his portrayal of simple human feeling, especially as seen in his men and in his clowns. Margaret of Fressingfield in 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay', Ida and Dorothea in 'James IV,' have in them the stuff of which Shakespeare's mature heroines are made of. To quote Professor Wilson again, "We open Greene's Comedies, and we are in the world of Shakespeare; we are with the sisters of Olivia and Imogen, the brethren of Touchstone and Florizel, in the homes of Phebe and Perdita. We breathe the same atmosphere, we listen to the same language."

The word "atmosphere" suggests a third important service that Greene rendered to this species of drama. He was indeed the first who brought comedy into contact with the blithe bright life of Elizabethan England. He was in this respect a pioneer who taught Shakespeare to write the charming scenes of 'Merry Wives' and the comic parts of 'Henry IV.'

It therefore stands to the credit of Robert Greene that, by infusing into English Romantic Comedy the elements of sympathetic and imaginative characterisation and by portraying idyllic country-life, he raised that form to the level of high art.

To sum up, Lyly gave to English Romantic comedy an artistic form and witty prose-dialogue; Peele, the gift of enchanting poetry and mythological pastoralism; and Greene, verisimilitude of interest and the portrayal of simple human feeling. The equally or even more important services rendered by Kyd and Marlowe in the other great branch of drama, Romantic Tragedy, especially the services of the last named in regard to dramatic verse and the treatment of History, will be the subject of a subsequent study.

The Voice.

[By Mr. S. RAJAGOPALAN, B. A., B. L.]

Gopala Iyengar, the Circle Inspector of Police, followed in disguise a decrepit, ill-dressed Naidu, who disappeared into a small house in a by-street. Ramu was talking with his friend Janardhan in their room close by. Janardhan, who posed as a prophet, was rapping out predictions for Ramu, and finally asserted that Ramu was going to be married in a month.

"An impossibility," protested Ramu.

The Inspector peeped in, eyed the two for a minute, and singling out Ramu, took him aside and put him a few questions regarding the Naidu.

"Have you seen anybody else enter that room?"

"I have seen only one other do so, and that only once."

"What was his appearance?"

"He was of the same height as that fellow, wearing dark amber goggles and a gold pin in his tie. His chin half disappeared into his big collar and his felt cap came down low upon his forehead."

"A disguise, I see," muttered the Inspector to himself. Ramu seemed to hear the remark and added:—

"He seemed as if he wanted to avoid my gaze. But it is difficult to say he is not of the respectable sort."

The Inspector had no more questions to put and he went away.

When Ramu turned to Janardhan there was a broad smile on the latter's face as he queried:—

"Your future father-in-law, I suppose, come for your horoscope?"

"Nothing of the sort, you would-be oracle; you are not going to see your predictions fulfilled so easily."

"Well, well, I will soon know. I am laughed at for my predictions, but they turn out true all the same."

That evening Ramu was returning from his favourite walk and passed the Inspector, who was standing on his doorstep. Ramu did not recognise him, but the Inspector hailed him and welcomed him into the house.

Both sat down and talked. It was a continuation of their talk in the morning. The Inspector told him everything about the case on which he was engaged,—how latterly he felt the presence of a master in a gang of note-forgers whom he found it next to impossible to lay by the heels.

He had long suspected the identity of the Naidu, and now he shrewdly guessed that the amber-goggled Iyengar and the Naidu were one and the same. If, as he surmised, this was the master of the Go-Rich Gang, he was amazed at the boldness and daring implied in his having one of his haunts in the very heart of the town itself. But he had to admit that that was a place which would give the least ground for suspicion. He proposed to search the room occupied by this dubious personage that very night.

"You say he never stays there at night?"

"Never."

This was only the first of many exciting searches. Ramu was with the Inspector in all of them. The gang was being cornered, and the Inspector was certain they were bound to show their hand sooner or later, and pointed out to Ramu the danger of *his* pursuing the matter further. But Ramu was doubly interested in the matter. The excitement of the game appealed to him; and besides, he had a particular reason for desiring to cultivate the friendship of the Inspector.

On his first visit to the Inspector's house he had caught a glimpse of a beautiful young girl, the Inspector's daughter, about whom there appeared to be some mystery. On one occasion Ramu had noticed that she wore a *tali*. Yet the Inspector never talked about her husband, and nobody appeared to know where he was. Whenever the

conversation turned upon his daughter, the Inspector found occasion to talk about something else. He was a puzzle to everybody in this respect, and Ramu was puzzled to a greater extent than he cared to admit even to himself.

Ramu never heard much from his father, and he saw him much less. He understood that his mother was dead and that his father was a commercial agent who had to travel a great deal. More he did not know. But for regular monthly M. O. remittances his father did not exist for him.

He felt a great interest in the problem which he and the Inspector had set themselves to solve. While revolving the tangled facts over and over in his mind he suddenly recollected that he had seen that small Iyengar once about four miles to the east of the town on the road to a neighbouring village. It struck Ramu now that his manner was rather furtive, and that he seemed to be avoiding him. He thought that if he went there again he might get some clue, and keeping his own counsel he set out that evening for the spot.

On reaching it he noticed nothing remarkable. There were a few cottages packed close together on a sloping piece of ground barely visible from the road. He was about to retrace his steps, when a little Nadar girl came towards him looking as if she wanted him to help her in some distress which was evident on her face. Coming close to Ramu, she pointed to the group of cottages nearly a furlong away.

"What is it?" asked Ramu.

"My brother,—my little brother has broken his arm," the child sobbed.

"You want me to come?"

Her eyes pleaded an affirmative. Ramu followed the girl, and when they came to the village she pointed to one particular cottage the door of which was ajar.

"Where is your brother?" asked Ramu.

"In, in—go in," cried the child. Ramu went in and blinked in the darkness. The door was suddenly drawn and bolted from the outside. A quiet voice which sounded strangely familiar told him he was a prisoner.

Ramu was taken aback; but the whole thing seemed such a farce that he made bold to ask back, "Why?"

"You came at a very opportune moment. We were rather in a fix, and you have saved the situation admirably."

"I don't understand," said Ramu.

"It means you are a hostage until we arrange matters to our satisfaction."

"Still I should like to know——"

"You will, when you are back at the Inspector's. No harm till then unless, of course, you attempt to escape."

A week passed. Janardhan was anxious, and communicated the fact of Ramu's disappearance to the Inspector, who sent parties of constables here and there, but to no purpose. The Inspector was heavy at heart. He felt that somehow he was responsible for all this. It seemed to him as if he had lost a son. In his search for Ramu he forgot everything else.

While he was pacing the hall to and fro and fretting, his daughter came to him. She knew the cause of his anxiety, but asked gently:

"What is the matter, father?"

"Ramu has disappeared. I fear something must have happened to him; and I know I am responsible for it."

Something like a sob rose in her throat. The Inspector was too absorbed in his own thoughts to notice it.

"Should you not write to his father?" asked the girl.

"What a clever girl you are! I never thought of that. He may have been sent for urgently by his father and may have gone.—No, no, that is not possible, for then Janardhan would know."

"But why not write?" urged the girl. The girl evinced an extraordinary interest in the matter. But the Inspector did not notice it.

"I don't know the address."

"Go and search in his rooms for letters from his father."

"You are a smart girl," said the Inspector. He hastened to Ramu's room and examined his letter file.

While turning the letters over, his eye caught the writing on a cover, and his attention was arrested. He gazed at it as if he could scarcely believe his eyes. Grasping the letter in his hand he ran as if in a frenzy back to his house. He rummaged a drawer that his daughter thought had not been opened for years, and took out a packet of letters tied with a piece of twine and sealed. He cut open the seal, took a small cover and peered at the faded writing. Then he put the letter he had brought with him alongside and compared the two.

"Is it possible? Is it possible? If it is so, then there is still hope. Oh! then, my daughter you are saved. I must find you, Ramu, even if I lose my life in the attempt.—But the name?"

He seemed agitated by a new doubt.

"What is it, father, I don't understand—this letter business and that gramophone plate? Both seem to refer to me, though I can't see how."

"What gramophone plate?"

"Then you didn't put it there?"

"Where?"

"Here, on the table."

"No."

"Well, you know I had been asking you to get me G. 7842. I saw yesterday a gramophone plate on the table. I thought it was the one I had asked you for, and I tried it on the machine. Instead of the stories I expected, a strange voice spoke in Malayalam. It said something about Ramu and Aramuthu, and about my marriage, and a lot of other things."

The Inspector felt he was on the brink of a discovery. He muttered to himself:—

"There seems to be no doubt now that Ramu is her lost husband. But the puzzle is why all this evidence should turn up now.—Bring the record here, girl. I will see what I can make of the voice."

The girl brought it and placed it on the machine. Just then Ramu, breathless, burst into the hall crying, "Have you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"The gang has effected its escape!"

There was no chance for anybody to say anything. The voice from the machine filled the room. Ramu started, for his father's voice was speaking:—

"I am the President of the Go-Rich Club. By this time we are far away. You know we two were neighbours, and the only Northerners in Walia Salai street in Trivandrum. Your father wanted to see his baby grand-daughter married before he died. He was on his death-bed then. Then Aramuthu—I may as well call him Ramu, you have grown accustomed to it—was an orphan entrusted to my care. I thought that was a good opportunity to get rid of the responsibility. The marriage took place, Ramu was five and Kanagam three. But suddenly I had to

leave Trivandrum owing to the exigencies of my profession. Last not least, Ramu has 25,000 awaiting him in the Indian Bank on his attaining his 25th year."

The Inspector recollected he had much to do in his office and went. The kerchief was seen to go often to his eyes. Ramu and Kanagam were alone in the hall.

Ramu drew near and whispered "Kanagam."

"My lord."

The Tanjore Palace Library.

Impressions of a Visit.

[BY MR. K. R. R. SASTRY, M. A.,

Fellow of the Royal Economic Society, (London).]

Perhaps there is no other actual public institution which testifies to the administrative capacity of the descendants of Maharaja Shivaji so clearly as the historic Palace Library of Tanjore. It is a singular coincidence that no other public institution shows more definite marks of the decay of the line of Mahratta Kings of Tanjore who reigned from 1676 - 1855. Perhaps the name of the Library and the ex-officio membership of the present Senior Prince on the committee of management are the only two links which connect the Serfogi Maharaja Saraswati Mahal with the historic past. Since 1921, the Government have taken over the direct management of the Library.

The process of re-arranging and maintaining the MSS. in good condition is progressing slowly. There are 12,376 MSS. in Sanskrit alone. There are again 708 Telugu MSS. and 34 Hindustani MSS. In Tamil there are 117 MSS. on the science of Medicine and 719 MSS. on miscellaneous subjects. But the staff employed in the Library is inadequate and ill-equipped. Besides a general Manager who looks after the correspondence, there is a Librarian, an assistant and four copyists. A well-qualified Curator trained in Western methods of research, and half-a-dozen more Pandits, are essential for a Library of such dimensions.

All these MSS. are in palm-leaves preserved in cloth covers. The number of almiras will need to be increased if specialisation and classification on scientific lines are to be attempted.

The Burnell Catalogue of Sanskrit MSS. is the only printed one of its kind. I am reliably informed that the printing of the Catalogue of Tamil MSS. has been ordered. The Telugu MSS. Catalogue and the Catalogue of 1,925 English books urgently require to be printed.

The long neglect of these MSS. is easily accounted for by the vicissitudes of fortune which beset the Tanjore Nayaks and Rajas. But thanks to the efforts of the Madras Government, what was a rubbish heap of MSS. was set in order by Dr. A. C. Burnell in the seventies of the last century; and the result was the publication of the Burnell Catalogue in London in 1880.

The present condition of these MSS. is not quite satisfactory. One of the marked evils of a lending library is apparent on an examination of these MSS. As typical instances, in the Tamil section, MSS. Nos. 194 to 201 are not traceable, and Nos. 370, 450, 451, 454 and 558 are missing.

Dr. Burnell remarks that this Library is the result of perhaps 300 years' work of collecting undertaken first by the Nayaks of Tanjore, and secondly, after about 1675, by the Mahratta Princes. The antiquity of these MSS. is not definitely vouched for by the learned Doctor, but wherever possible approximate dates are given.

This difficulty of dating the MSS. is complicated by the absence of any mention of Eras in a large number of them. In some of them, the Tamil year alone is given, and this does not make the determination of the date much easier. One of the earliest of these Sanskrit MSS., the "Anumānālōka Deepika" by Miçra Madhava, is dated Samvat 1632, i.e., 1575 A. D.

One English book—Hugh Brown's English translation of Euler's "True Principles of Gunnery"—is entered as published in 1277 (?). This startled me since it conflicted with the date of Caxton's introduction of printing into England (1475). A reference, however, in the same book to the year 1742 set matters right. This is only an instance to show the nature and volume of work that lie before those really interested in this historic Library.

The neat execution of one and all of these MSS., whether in Sanskrit or Tamil, is still a marvel to many. It is easy to read the MSS. dated 1575 A. D. without spectacles, not to mention magnifying glasses.

The edges of some MSS. have been eaten away by white ants, and the last pages are often wanting. Happily, however, these MSS. are now safe against such depredations.

It is very desirable that the attention of the public should be drawn to this Library, and that adequate provision should be made for its preservation and utilization.

Some Oxford Customs and Functions.

By Mr. R. J. STEPHENS B.A. (*Oxon.*)

Tradition is the child of antiquity; and old institutions are generally characterized by the rich store of traditions that form an almost natural part of their organization. Oxford is particularly fertile in this respect. Here traditions spring up as spontaneously as mushrooms, and yet are indestructible like oak trees. They are laws of nature; to ignore them is indiscreet, to transgress them is treason.

The "Fresher."

In Oxford ignorance is not bliss. This at least is the sad experience of the fresher. 'Fresher' is the typically Oxford corruption of the word *freshman*, which in its turn is a half-contemptuous and half-patronising term used for describing a new-comer. The fresher in the first term of his University life, usually finds himself in a delirious atmosphere of utter bewilderment. He is totally lost in the labyrinth of traditions which he has entered, and his heroic, though often unsuccessful, attempts to walk clear of the many pitfalls which beset his path, instead of being applauded by his seniors as zealous attempts at traditional propriety, are only laughed at as unbecoming and ludicrous apings. The senior is relentless in this respect, probably because he is slow to forget the bitter memories of his own fresherdom. Only time can improve the fresher's lot. There is a story told of Dr. Jackson who was Dean of Christ Church in 1783. Passing through Tom Quad one morning he met some undergraduates, who passed him without saluting. Calling one of them he asked, "Do you know who I am?" "No, sir." "How long have you been a member of the College?" "Eight days." "Oh! very well," said the Dean walking away, "puppies don't open their eyes till the ninth day." This is the sort of compliment that is meted out to the fresher.

The first stumbling block of the fresher is his academical dress. The cap and gown of the University have to be worn by under-

graduates during lecture hours in the mornings, and practically the greater part of the evenings. The senior regards these robes not as an ornament, but as an infliction, and he treats them therefore with something like calculated neglect. He has connived with tradition and has dispensed with the cap for other than strictly ceremonial occasions and examinations--a right which, by the way, the Cambridge undergraduate has yet to win. He has not reached the same blissful stage as regards the gown, but according to strict tradition he is expected to keep it in as shabby a condition as possible. Although he always carries it, he avoids wearing it. On cold mornings he uses it as a muffler, and when it rains or snows, he wraps it round his head. He uses it as a duster, and finds it handy and durable. The more shabby a gown is, the greater its respectability. In fact, it is a recognised custom for a senior to add periodically to the rents in his gown in order to indicate the number of years he has been at the University. Thus a tattered gown, a collection of streamers rather than a garment, tells its own tale of enviable seniority.

The fresher, however, views the academical robes of the University in a very different light. He has just emerged out of the irksome atmosphere of a public school, and he sees in the cap and gown the glorious symbols of his newly acquired independence and status. His regard for them is as profound as that of a new *Rao Sahib* for his *sanads*. To accentuate the tragedy, it usually happens that some sly shop-keeper eulogises the robes, and every porter of the College openly admires them. Now, if there is one person in Oxford who is more susceptible to flattery than others, it is the fresher. The net result is that one morning, at about the busiest time when hundreds of undergraduates are about, there comes strutting out of the College door, Mr. Fresher with a spotlessly clean and creaseless gown on his shoulders, and an equally smart cap on his head, and wearing on his face the conscious look of a suitor who has come to court wisdom at her own door. In Samuel Johnson's words,

"Through all his veins the fever of renown
Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown."

Before he has proceeded a hundred yards he realises that there is a stir in the atmosphere, and that somehow everybody is looking and laughing at his mortar-board and gown. Let us drop the curtain on the act; when it rises again, one may see the fresher in the secrecy of his room trying to impart the requisite degree of shabbiness to his new gown. He indeed grows wiser in his day.

University Discipline.

The University maintains its own police organization in its time-honoured institution of proctors and bullers. The proctors, two in number, are the chief guardians of the University discipline, and are chosen every year by the colleges in rotation from the fellows or tutors. They are assisted by a body of sturdy and stalwart men known colloquially as "bull dogs" or "bullers," who correspond to the ordinary constables of other police organizations; they carry out the less agreeable part of the work. The proctors' vigilance begins generally after eight at night—they could become "active" earlier if they liked, but even proctors respect tradition, which in its profound sympathy for the undergraduates has obtained for them an unwritten immunity during the hours of the day. The proctor's party is easily recognised. The proctor wears the judicial ribbon on his collar, and the sleeves of his gown are specially made of black velvet. The two or three bullers who follow him at a distance, wear bowler hats, but what is more marked is the evil and searching look in their eyes. When the party comes across an offending member, the proctor nods to one of the bullers, who at once goes up to the undergraduate and demands his name and College. This is known as being "progged." The next morning there comes an unpleasant summons and an interview ending generally in a fine; but if the offence is more serious, in suspension or even dismissal. The prodding may prove exciting, if the offender tries to give his pursuers the slip. But the bullers are smart men, true to the canine qualities that are attributed to them, and it is seldom that they are defeated, although in the course of the chase they may come in for a lot of jeering and ridicule.

Dismissal in Oxford is known as being "sent down." It is not such an inglorious fate as might seem. There is always the classical case of Shelley. He was sent down from University College for being a heretic, and yet to-day the very College which pronounced his doom, has erected in commemoration of the great poet one of the most artistic and touching memorials in the world. There is in Oxford a curious custom, which shows that it does truly honour its "dead." This is the mock funeral. The undergraduate who has been dismissed is made to lie flat on a hearse, and is led by the other undergraduates in mournful procession to the railway station. They dress up as ministers, undertakers, and mourners, in order to give a realistic appearance to the spectacle. A touch of defiant ingenuity is seen in the "corpse" displaying about him some symbol of his particular offence. The ceremony is naturally not relished by the proctors, and the funeral is generally broken up by them with the help of an

extra corps of bullers, and the day usually ends as a red-letter day in the annals of prodding.

"Schools."

"Schools" in Oxford is the euphemism for that terrible institution which in other Universities they describe as examinations. Examinations are as unpalatable in Oxford as in other Universities. Schools week at Oxford carries about it an atmosphere peculiar to itself. Hundreds of undergraduates move about in full academical dress,—cap and gown, black suit and black shoes, and a white bow;—the Statutes are very strict about the academical dress on these occasions, so much so that on hot and sultry afternoons examiners will allow the undergraduates to remove their coats, but will insist on their retaining their gowns. Tucked-up shirt sleeves peeping from under dark robes convey a strange impression of dignified toil. The purpose of the white bow is still a matter of wide conjecture. The authorities of course advance the theory of disciplinary uniformity, but the undergraduates' opinion is that it is specially intended to create a demeanour of docility in them, befitting so mournful an occasion.

An Oxford examiner described an examination as a "presumptuous attempt to fathom the depths of human ignorance." He must have been referring particularly to the *viva-voce*, for here the examiners do not merely attempt, they seem to carry on determined a research in the subject! It is one of those institutions which neither edifies the one who examines nor the one who is being examined. With good humour on both sides, however, it is an agreeable mental diversion. In the History Schools, one comes across examiners who are young and are on that account perhaps sympathetic. In an earlier age, if an examinee inadvertently antedated the birth of Queen Anne by a year, the hoary sages who sat in judgment used to frown at him, as if he were a renegade and had stabbed historical truth to the heart. In these happier days, you can firmly assert that the Great Charter was signed by William the Conqueror under the direct pressure of Simon de Montfort and the gentle persuasion of Cardinal Wolsey, and yet the young examiner will only smile, as if he were conscious of the possibilities of your theory; he will then modestly venture to correct a slight mis-statement of minor facts! In the *viva voce* of the Divinity Moderations, however, there still reigns a sternness which time has not withered nor custom made stale. Here the undergraduate is usually up against an ordeal and an adventure. His feeling is most remarkably illustrated by the following story.

Scene: A viva voce examination in Divinity.

Examiner: "It seems to me, sir, that you know nothing about the Bible. Is there any passage you can repeat?" *Undergrad:* "Judas departed and went and hanged himself." *Examiner:* "Well, sir, perhaps you will repeat another." *Undergrad:* "Go and do thou likewise."

The "Ouds."

The dramatic talent of the University finds its expression in the annual performance of the Oxford University Dramatic Society, commonly known as the Ouds. It is almost a national function, evoking an interest beyond the limits of the University. The policy of the Society is usually to utilize only home talent, but occasionally, as in the production of *Antony and Cleopatra* in 1921, the services of some able London actress are enlisted. In this particular case Miss Kathleen Nesbit of recent Playhouse fame took up the rôle of Cleopatra, but being an actress whose chief claim to reputation is that she is "delightfully modern," she altogether failed to raise the powerful character of the Egyptian Queen above the level of an English drawing-room siren. This introduction of a foreign element is, however, rare. As a rule, every item from scene-lifting to the management of the incidental music is organized by the undergraduates themselves. There was a time when the Ouds gave performances in Greek! We of a less classical age find sufficient matter for edification in the Latin address of the Vice-Chancellor at Convocation.

The River.

The Thames flows through the city of Oxford disguised under the classical name of the Isis. The Isis is one of Oxford's greatest charms. Collins sang of it thus:

"Oh Isis! noble Isis, in thee quiver,
Eternal Oxford, wondrous Gothic glory,
Poetic towers and pinnacles of pride."

But the Isis is known to the outside world, not so much for its serene beauty, as for its being the great centre of English rowing. During afternoons in term time its placid surface is rent by hundreds of fleet-footed boats, and its air filled with the buoyant shouts of a thousand enthusiasts. All the familiar characters of rowing are here,—the timid beginner who clings to his oars in clumsy helplessness, like a raw horseman to his saddle; the coxswain, a demi-god of the river, at whose passage a thousand sprays spring into the air to pay homage; and the veteran coach riding on horseback along the bank, his megaphone bellowing relentlessly. For many a dreary afternoon the under-

graduate submits to the drudgery of training, for he knows well that oarsmen, unlike poets, are not born but made. His great ambition is to represent his College in the "Eights" races. This event, which takes place in May, is the liveliest and the most attractive sporting function of the year.

"In the green distance smites through cloister doors,
The swift and rhythmic throb of racing oars,
The shout of victory and of defeat,
Oxford is Oxford most when May is May."

During the races the river presents a spectacle of extraordinary charm and animation. The College barges moored along the banks form a stately row, their picturesque designs brought out by numerous flags and decorations. Thousands of visitors are seated on their terraces, fashionable dresses producing a medley of rich colours that vie with the proverbial gorgeousness of the East. Punts and canoes move lazily along the waters.

Half an hour before the races, the police launch sweeps the traffic to one side and clears the course. An expectant hush falls on the crowd. Suddenly the noise of a gunshot is heard. The race has started. For the next twenty minutes there reigns the wildest uproar and excitement. Men rush along the banks cheering their boats, rattles and pistols combine with the shouts of men to create a mighty din. Then comes the end, dramatic and sudden, with "its shout of victory and of defeat." It is a soul-stirring sight, which leaves an indelible impression on the mind of one who has witnessed it.

Stranger in beauty and more fascinating than the Isis is the Cherwell:

"The stream that murmurs as it goes,
Songs of forget-me-not and rose."

It rises forty miles away from Oxford and joins the Isis in the centre of the city. Its meandering course runs through a group of segregated woods and forest bowers, from which it derives an air of rustic enchantment. It is the prettiest feature of Oxford.

College Notes.

Old Boys.

Our sincere apologies to Mr. T. Madhava Rao, B.A., L.R.C.P. & S., Municipal Hospital, Bezwada, to whom, through inadvertence, we failed to offer our congratulations on the title of Rao Sahib, conferred on him last June. Will the Rao Sahib pardon our remissness and now accept our sincere, if belated, congratulations?

* * * *

We fear we are also unduly late in taking editorial notice of the promotion awarded to two of our "Old Boys."

Mr. T. B. Ramachandra Mudaliar, B.A.,—"T. B." as we used to call him twenty-five years ago—has become Assistant Secretary to Government, Local Self-Government Department; and Mr. S. Ananta-krishnan, M.A., B.L., has gone up a rung or two on the ladder of the Accounts Department—he is now Assistant Accounts Officer.

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Mr. P. V. Ramachandran, B.A. (Hons.), of this year, is now Physics Lecturer at the American College, Madura.

* * * *

Mr. R. Gopalswami, B.A. (Hons.)—the first in the list in Br. I this year—has been appointed Mathematics Lecturer in the College in place of Mr. G. V. Krishnaswami, M.A.

* * * *

"Mr. M. S. Krishnan, M.A. (Hons.), who went to London in August 1921, for higher studies in Geology in the College of Science, obtained a first class in the examination last year and accordingly became A. R. C. Sc. This week's mail brings news that he has been awarded the D. I. C. (Diploma of the Imperial College) for research and advanced studies in Geology, and that he has passed the advanced Mining (Economic) and Geology examinations in the first class, topping the list."—*The Madras Mail*, 7th August, 1923.

Our friends will be pleased to recognise in the subject of the above, notice our "Old Boy" of Intermediate Gr. II, 1915-1917, conspicuous in class and on the stage. Our congratulations and best wishes to him.

* * * *

"A correspondent writes: After graduating in History (Hons.) from the Madras University in 1920, Mr. Kallukaren of Cochin proceeded to London for higher studies in the Science of Economics. He has been recently declared eligible for a Doctorate Degree in the Philosophy of Economics by the University of London. Mr. Kallukaren is, I think, the first man from the Cochin State to take a Doctorate Degree at the London University. He is the son of Mr. Paulose Kallukaren, a leading citizen of Ollur. Mr. Kallukaren will leave London shortly and is expected to arrive in India by the middle of September."—*The Madras Mail*, 21st August, 1923.

This is our Paul Kallukaren, who left the College in 1920, after passing the B. A. Honours Degree Examination.

Well done, Paul! Come and see us, with your Doctor's Cap, when you return.

* * * *

One of the youngest members of the staff left us early in July, Mr. T. S. Ramabhadran, B.A. He had just blossomed forth into a full Chemistry Lecturer when he was selected for the post of Chemistry Demonstrator in the Presidency College.

The choice of him by the Metropolitan College incidentally shows that we had hit on the right man for a lecturer. But again, the future of a young man being in the balance, we would not be in the way of his prospects and we let him go. We parted with mutual regrets; but in spite of regrets, we heartily wish him every success.

Museum.

Two years ago a distinguished guest did us the honour of visiting the College; and it became known among the Curator's friends that the Curator had put in a modest request for an elephant. The friends became interested in the business; they spread the news that the Curator had been promised a live elephant,—(he had asked for the skeleton of a dead one). One of them offered the thoughtful suggestion that the Curator being now possessed of his elephant, (possession was considered as an accomplished fact), might turn it to good account and raise a big fund for his penniless museum. The elephant might be hired out for marriages, torch-light processions, and similar festive occasions, at so many rupees the hour. What he did not suggest, was how the monster was to be kept—he requires 1,000 lbs. of fodder a day to maintain him in festive appearance—during the nine months of the off-season when his services would not be required. Only very wealthy institutions can afford an elephant

for show purposes and dignity's sake; and everybody knows that the Curator's gun is the only fund on which the Museum subsists. Another made the original suggestion that the Curator would have his professorial dignity much enhanced if he went to class riding on his elephant.

These and other equally brilliant suggestions were nullified by the reminder that what had been asked for was a dead elephant, the skeleton or at least the skull of a full-grown elephant.

A previous number of the Magazine related how the Curator a year ago thought he had at last secured what he required; how he dug up the skeleton of the Ramnad State Elephant, and with what results, odoriferous and others.

Early this year the Curator received an urgent letter informing him that a big rogue elephant had been shot in the jungle beyond Sattiamangalam. (It looked as if it was going to rain elephants at last, and that perseverance was going to have its reward). All he had to do was to go by train to Erode, thence by motor to Sattiamangalam, thence by jutka to Benari. There, if he advertised his presence and the purpose of his coming, the shikari who helped to track the elephant would take him to the jungle where Two-Tails lay awaiting his orders.

There was a difficulty in the execution of this plan—how to get a week's leave in February when 300 students in the Senior B.A. class were clamouring, as only 300 students in the Senior B.A. class know how to, for full answers to all expected Shakespeare questions—and it is truly amazing how many are expected at that time—and were volunteering to attend extra classes too! Supposing the Curator ever got as far as the jungle, a further difficulty would be how to remove single-handed a ton of flesh from the bones; for it is not an attractive job and though the empty jungle would have filled as by magic with hundreds of boys, young and old, springing apparently from nowhere, there would have been none willing to lend a hand. Then again how to disinfect, piece together, and convey the bones to Trichy without arousing the suspicions of the whole Sanitary Department of South India? Dead elephants can be followed quite easily by the scent, even if they get a twenty-four hours start. Reluctantly, the Curator declined the offer. Thanks, however, to the great kindness of Lt. Colonel T. S. Cox, who shot the elephant, the lower jaw was secured for the museum.

The long and the short of the story is that the Curator still wants the skeleton of an elephant, or at least a complete skull. And he

appeals once more to the readers of the Magazine and their friends to tell him how and where to get one. Valuable suggestions like, "buy an old elephant, steal one, go and shoot one," will of course be gratefully received and carefully recorded in the Magazine to the credit of their authors.

The beast should be *recently* deceased and within get-at-able distance. The Ramnad elephant decayed completely, skull, bones and all, in less than twelve months.

General.

On 13th August, at 6 P. M. a crowd of students could be seen squeezing, crushing one another to gain entrance into the Lawley Hall. What was the attraction which drew them there? Mr. Leo Wallace-Young, the celebrated elocutionist, was going to give a recital entirely from Shakespeare.

The audience were treated to selections from Julius Cæsar, the Merchant of Venice, Richard II, As You Like It, Henry V, Macbeth etc. A feature of the performance was the presence of Mrs. Wallace-Young, a combination which enabled the artists to produce most interesting scenes from the great dramas. The wooing scene between Henry V and Catherine of France was particularly relished by the audience.

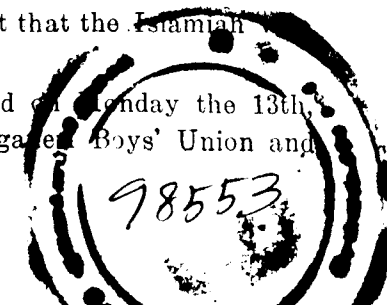
The perfect orderliness, the impressive silence prevailing in the Hall for full two hours, on a close August evening, with an audience numbering over 1,000 persons, give the measure of the success obtained by Mr. & Mrs. Wallace-Young.

The Father Sewell Football Sixes Tournament.

This tournament began on the 1st August 1923. As many as twenty-three teams competed. But it was only in the closing stages of the Tournament that the play rose to a level high enough to be interesting.

The first of these interesting matches was between the Nega-patam Friends XI, and the Trichy-Erode Islamiah. Play was very quick from start to finish, the Trichy-Erode Islamiah trying to beat the cup-holders of the previous year while the latter wanted to retain the cup at any cost. But their defence was weak and the Islamiah forwards easily broke through, with the result that the Islamiah won by two goals to nil.

The two semi-final matches were played on Monday the 13th, the first between the Islamiah and the Varagade Boys' Union and



the second between the St. Joseph's Union and the Bishop Heber College "A" team. Both the matches were expected to be very interesting and the spectators were not disappointed. In the first match between the Islamiah and the Varaganeri Boys' Union, the latter scored a goal at the very beginning of the game by a well-placed kick awarded for a foul. The forwards of the Varaganeri Boys' Union combined excellently and repeatedly broke through the Islamiah defence but they could not score again. The Islamiah tried their best to equalise but in the first half of the match failed. It was only in the second half that they succeeded in drawing level by converting a penalty kick. They made every effort to score again, but Chinnasamy of the Varaganeri Boys' Union checked them so effectively that when time was called, the match ended in a draw. Extra time was played but without further result.

The other match between the St. Joseph's Union and the Bishop Heber College "A" team was well contested and evoked great excitement. All through the first half of the game, there was no score though both teams strained every nerve to get ahead. It was only in the second half that Pulp of the Union team scored a goal by an unerring shot from beyond the penalty area. The other team tried their best to equalise but in vain, so that the Union team won the match by one goal to nil.

The semi-final match between the Islamiah and the Varaganeri Boys' Union was re-played the next day. From the exhibition of the previous day every one expected a very tough fight between the two teams, but as it turned out the Islamiah had an easy victory. The Boys' Union equalised up to two all, but when the Islamiah scored again they evidently lost heart and did not put up as good a defence as was expected of them, so that the Islamiah scored again, thus winning the match by four goals to two.

The finals between the St. Joseph's Union and the Islamiah was played on Wednesday, the 15th. M. R. Ry. K. V. Subba Iyer, M.A., L.T., who had been invited to preside and give away the prizes, was present. The wind was stronger than usual and made accurate shooting impossible. The game was very quick from the beginning. The Islamiah scored first through an individual effort on the part of Venkatarayan. Nothing daunted, the St. Joseph's Union team rose to the occasion and during the second half of the game equalised. Rajiah very ably checked further efforts on the part of the Islamiah team to score so that the match ended in a draw. Extra time produced no result.

WINNERS OF THE SEWELL TOURNAMENT, AUGUST 1923.



The finals had therefore to be played again on Thursday the 16th August 1923. But the Islamiah team were obliged to use a substitute in their defence, so that the result of the match was almost a certainty. The match was not as interesting as on the day previous, and the St. Joseph's Union won easily by two goals to nil, the Islamiah fumbling badly before an open goal even when they had good opportunities to score.

The cup was presented to the winners by M. R. Ry. K. V. Subba Iyer, M.A., L.T., after a suitable speech. It was also announced by the Secretary of the Tournament that six silver medals would be awarded specially to the Varaganeri Boys' Union for the excellent fight they had put up against odds.

Staff-Sergeant Kearns of the 5th U. T. C. was kind enough to undertake the onerous task of refereeing throughout the tournament; and we take this opportunity to thank him for his kindness.

The Literary and Debating Society.

The first business meeting of the Literary and Debating Society was held on Wednesday the 1st August at 5 P.M., in the Digby Hall. About 25 members attended the meeting. Revd. Fr. Rector, the President of the Society, took the chair. After a few remarks from the chair, the business of electing office-bearers for the year was taken up. Mr. K. Ramachandran of the IV University class, and Mr. A. B. Hirudayasamy of the IV (Hons.) class, were unanimously elected Secretary and Assistant Secretary respectively for the year. Then, the usual rules were passed, and after a few concluding remarks by the President, the meeting came to a close.

The Inaugural meeting of the Society was held in the Lawley Hall on Monday the 20th August at 4-30 P.M. The previous announcement that Father Quinn S.J., was going to be the lecturer, attracted an unusually large number of students, who naturally expected an intellectual treat that evening. They were not disappointed. After a few preliminary remarks by the President, Fr. Quinn rose amid applause and gave a most interesting lecture on "The Purpose of the Dramatist."

A manifest proof of the great interest shown by the four hundred students who attended the meeting was the perfect silence which prevailed throughout.

We give the lecture in its entirety for the benefit of those who had not the good fortune to hear it.

The Purpose of the Dramatist.

The purpose of the dramatist is to represent human life by means of dialogue and stage action. His purpose is the same as that of all artists, whatever their medium of expression, be it tuneful sounds as in music, or the rhythmic movements of the human body as in dancing, or the forms of the human body as in sculpture. But the dramatist has an advantage over other artists not only in his medium of expression, but also in the vaster range of human life which he can represent. All that multitude of motives, thoughts, and feelings which express themselves as human life, and which really constitute human life, may be represented by him as living realities on the stage. The dramatist might, of course, forget the primary purpose of his work, and centre our interest in a story. Stories are all very good in their way, and the interest in a succession of incidents may be very thrilling and very instructive. But, however captivating the interest of the story in Shakespeare's plays, it is not, even in his lightest plays, the purpose of his work; nor should it be the students' chief interest. A play is not a story; it is a representation of life, of motives, thoughts, and feelings; and every line of dialogue, and every incident in the action, and every action performed on the stage should be the outward expression of life. So it is in Shakespeare's plays.

In his *Midsummer Night's Dream* the dramatic purpose stands out with marvellous clearness; and yet there is a rumour about that students are not interested in this play; they consider it a childish story made still more unbelievable by the childish machinery of fairies. If that rumour were true, it would be a sad affair, for it would prove something somewhat out of order in the state of Denmark.

In this play, Shakespeare puts before us the life lived by probably most men and women—a life which can scarcely be called human, though lived by human beings. Are there not crowds of men and women who do nothing; to whom every thing happens, and who are according to the nature of the happenings lucky or unlucky? However strong their impulses, however glorious their aspirations at any given moment, they are the next moment impelled in another direction and attracted by other illusions; they are as shifty as weather-cocks. Under the momentary impulse, they are capable of wonderful actions; Titania who had loved Oberon and fallen out with him on account of her love for the changeling, can now fall in love with Bottom, the ass

with an ass's head on his shoulders. But the impulse however strong, and the consequent action however wonderful, are equally momentary.

There are many, too many men and women, as unreliable as Demetrius and Hermia, as Lysander and Helena; sweet and tender and loving at one o'clock, and bitter and hard and hating at two; generous, plucky, and selfless on the first stroke of two, and stingy, cowardly, and selfish before the second stroke of two has struck. That is a phase of human life; and in this play Shakespeare represents it and accounts for it. Theseus gives an explanation by a definition of imagination. The passage is very beautiful; so beautiful that it is considered to be Shakespeare's last word on the subject. *But it is not* his last word. There is something more in it than imagination, or less, answers Hippolyta; and Hippolyta is right. Something more than imagination is required to explain this unwavering consistency in inconsistency. People of this kind, Shakespeare tells us, are people without imagination; they cannot imagine that fairies can play tricks with them, that they are the dupes of the whims and caprices of the moment. They are people without character; they have no principles of conduct, wise or foolish. Why, even if they have principles to guide them, they have not will-power enough to work out a whim or caprice to a finish. They do nothing; they carry nothing through; things happen to them; and their luck is good or bad, as things fall out.

That may be all very evident if the characters of the play are considered independently of the wonderfully beautiful fairy machinery which, beautiful though it be, so many nowadays say they cannot admire. Chaucer thought the friars with their logic and metaphysics had destroyed fairies; modern scientists think that the electric lamp has banished them off the face of the earth and out of men's minds. But the average poet (and Shakespeare is at least that), and the average common-sense man who enjoys a properly behaved imagination, believes in fairies. He believes in ghosts, and in devils, and in angels; he will have nothing to do with ghosts if he can help it, and he will pray for protection from devils to the angels:

'Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us!'

He believes in fairies also, but with a difference which, however, leaves his belief stout, sturdy, and stubborn. Everyone believes in metaphors in words. Why not believe in metaphors in things? Of all metaphorical things, fairies are the most beautiful and the most useful. Oh, let us have fairies, not only Oberon and Titania and Puck and Peaseblossom, but the whole fairy court, and Banshees, and Lepre-

chauns as well. Let us have them, for they explain the inexplicable, not like the scientist by stripping the phenomenon of its mystery, but by clothing it in more and more wonderful mysteries. Give me a little fairy with a little drop of flower-juice and I can explain any wonder in the world. Shakespeare's first explanation of the wonder of constant consistent inconsistency, by the character of the personages in the play, is a negative or scientific explanation; no character, no will-power to determine on a line of action, and no driving will-power to carry a resolution through. That is satisfactory for the scientific turn of mind perhaps, but the average man wants a positive explanation. Shakespeare satisfies him by the fairy machinery in the play. The little knavish fairies with their little drops of flower-juice tell us what really happens. External influences acting on us are so many and so very very small that we cannot enumerate them, nor can we even perceive most of them. Whims, caprices, inconsistencies are caused not only by the absence of character and will-power, but also by a multitude of unperceived external influences which, if they are to be named at all, must be called fairies, at least until some better term is furnished by 'imagination bodying forth the forms of things unknown,' and by the poet's pen turning them to shapes and 'giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name'. The fairies, then, are those many but imperceptible influences that work on people who have no character, to whom, as we have said, things happen.

Such, then, is the phase of life represented in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and such the account of it given by Shakespeare. The play is appropriately called "A Dream". The life represented is the life of dreamers, not that of waking conscious men and women, thoroughly awake, determining the purposes and aims of their life, and choosing and using the right means to secure their end. A midsummer night is the right moment for such a dreamy life when it ends in marriage, and 'they lived happy ever after'.

But midsummer nights and their dreams pass away, and winter comes cold and sad; and winter has no charming dreams, but a sad *Winter's Tale* to tell.

One phase of life makes place for another on Shakespeare's stage. There are men and women who have a character and will-power; whose actions are not mere happenings, but the necessary result in a given situation of their temperament and character stirred into activity by motives, wise or foolish. They work out their happiness or misery by their own deeds or omissions, often under the influence of that actor who plays a large rôle in human life, the

Unexpected and the Unforeseen. It is one particular instance of life of this kind that Shakespeare represents in *The Winter's Tale*.

He introduces us into the court of a right-royal, large-hearted, hospitable king. There is, however, in the brain of that lovable king just one rotten spot out of which a deluge of mischief is destined to flow. Leontes must not be placed beside Othello. There was no rotten spot in Othello's brain. His heart had to be crushed and bruised, before his senses could be blinded and his judgment obscured. The evil was in Leontes himself. He loved Hermione with a large, comforting, and, to all appearance, trusting love. But like all other passions, love has its errors and excesses. The first, the absolutely necessary condition for abiding, unchanging love is reverence arising from an unshakable conviction of abiding moral excellence. It is not, of course, question here of that love which has its source in the sense of life and benefits conferred, as for instance, in paternal and maternal love; it is question of what is called love among equals, but very improperly so-called. There is no such thing as love between equals. Love is the passion which brings together souls which have discovered, each in the other, a moral excellence to be revered. Friendship is akin to love; and friendships are tottering shaky things; they cease when friends cease to find each in the other a moral superiority to be revered. When reverence ceases, love and friendship cease. Suspicion and reverence cannot live together. Suspicion, Bacon observes, is a disease not of the heart, but of the brain. Suspicions are ill-grounded judgments; 'they dispose kings to tyranny, husbands to jealousy, and wise men to irresolution and melancholy.'

This, then, is Shakespeare's purpose in *The Winter's Tale*, to represent a life and lives marred, checked in growth and development, spoiled of grace and in a large measure of vitality; minds and hearts for ever wasted or for long years weakened and withered by a purulent discharge from one diseased spot in one man's mind. But because he represents life as it is, he represents not only these grim realities, but also the God-given recuperative vitalities of life. He restores all that remains susceptible of cure by the only remedies for these ills of life; sorrow and penance and reparation for the evil done on the one side, and on the other God's own remedy for sin, forgiveness.

But if an epidemic may spread among men, and carry off the fairest and the best, and leave the rest for ever injured and scarred what shall we say if the very foundations of the world loosen and wrench asunder? Let the earth quake, and split, and cast up its molten consuming lava, and all the strength and beauty of every

superstructure is dissolved. So it happens in the physical world, and likewise in the moral. Shakespeare's purpose in *Lear* is to represent that phase of human life in which the very foundations of society are tumbled in confusion and society lies in sorry hopeless ruin.

Philosophy will tell us in its prosy rigmaroles that the family and the relations between parents and children are the groundwork on which every other form of society is reared as a superstructure, but it takes the dramatist to represent before us the horrors of that phase of life that follows on the bursting of the bands of filial affection. They are snapped in this play wickedly by Regan and Goneril, and foolishly by the doting old Lear himself. The division of the kingdom is, in the mind of the foolish old king, a witness to the union that reigns in his family and is to be the safe-guard of peace and happiness for himself, his children and the country. He foolishly imagines Cordelia to be a faulty crumbling piece of rubble, and is careful to cast her aside. On this disjointed, shaky foundation he builds a superstructure which totters, and falls to ruin; and in its ruin it enwraps himself, his family, and the peace and prosperity of the country. The ruin is so complete that we feel Death dealt kindly with the Fool, Cordelia and Lear himself, in removing them before they could view the ruin in its completeness.

This is the phase of life represented in *King Lear*. It is said that this play cannot be adapted for any stage. Truly. It is a play which represents a world of human life, and the world itself is its only appropriate stage.

In these three plays Shakespeare represents life; the life of people without character, people to whom things happen, and whose apparent actions are of little consequence to anyone but their own little selves; the life of people just and true, poisoned for many years by the infection flowing from a defect in the character of one man; and the life of a country suffering, humbled, and insecure, because family union has been dissolved by filial impiety.

That is to say, he fulfils the purpose of the dramatist, which is not to elaborate a maxim of life, nor to entertain an audience, nor to teach a moral lesson, but to put life before us and to let life speak for itself.

Annual Report, 1922-23.

I HAVE the honour and the pleasure to appear before you again after an absence of nearly two years, and to offer you a report of the work done in this institution in the course of the year 1922-23.

Strength.

The strength has been practically stationary, varying from 1,009 in 1921-22 to 1,020 in 1922-23.

The attendance was 92.5 in 1922-23 against 92.2 in 1921-22.

Staff.

The outstanding event under this head in the year under review is the change of Rector. In October 1922 Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J., handed the reins of government to Rev. Fr. F. X. Frœhly, S.J. It would not be proper for me to say anything of the latter; he can be seen at work; everyone can form an opinion of him for himself, and there is little doubt what that opinion will be.

Father Carty has carried with him the gratitude of all. If he has retired from the Rectorship, he has not retired from work. Anyone acquainted with him knows that relinquishing office meant for him liberty to work harder, and to take more work on his shoulders than he did while in office. It is the wish of all that he may be spared—and that he may spare himself—to occupy the chair of Economics in this College for many long years to come.

Father H. J. Quinn, S.J., found himself constrained by failing strength to restrict his activities. He gave up College work, and confined himself to the L. T. Department. Father C. Leigh, S.J., succeeded him as Chief English Professor, and the vacant place on the staff was filled by Father T. Sequeira, S.J., from Shembaganur.

The services of Father J. F. Caius, S.J., were lent to St. Xavier's College, Bombay, for a year or two, but fortunately Mr. P. C. Ramachandra Aiyar, M.A., returned and resumed his duties as lecturer in the Chemistry Department. Another veteran Professor, Father J. Castets, S.J., retired, and handed over Political Science to Father J. Steenkiste, S.J. Mr. P. N. Ramaswami, B.A. Hons., a young and promising member of the History staff, left us for England after passing the I.C.S. Examination. His place was taken by Mr. N. R. Sathiyanaatha Aiyar, M.A., a former Research student of the Madras University and a former pupil. Father S. Miranda, S.J., left us for Palamcottah, and Father D. Arulnather, S.J., succeeded him as Headmaster of our High School. The Logic chair thus vacated was filled by Father A. M. Antoniswami, S.J.

Hostels.

This department worked smoothly. An attempt was made to have some sections managed by the students themselves, but the experiment was given up after a couple of months.

Sports.

The keenness of the students on outdoor games has been fairly maintained, although not always supported by success.

In Football, all that our College teams did was to come up to the finals in the Father Sewell and in the T. A. A. Sixes Competitions. Fortunately the School teams partially retrieved our honour, and carried away the trophies in the Pudukottah College Sixes and in the T. A. A. Elevens Tournaments.

We have been able to give a better account of ourselves in the two milder forms of sport, Badminton and Tennis. Our champions won the T. A. A. Open and the High School Badminton Shields, besides securing a number of minor trophies.

In the T. A. A. Tennis Tournaments, Mr. V. Raghavachariar won the Singles, and with his partner T. E. Tyagarajan, the Doubles also.

At the Grigg Memorial Sports, our High School representatives covered themselves with glory. The Championship Medal was won by Rukmuddin of the VI Form, and we were also awarded the Championship Shield in this class.

Library.

The annual instalment of statistics under this head is no doubt a desirable item from the official point of view, but I doubt if it is interesting to the audience. With a view to relieving the dryness of figures, I turned to the preceding years, and I was pleased to find that our Library had doubled itself in the last ten years. A respectable array of 13,608 books adorns its shelves. That they do not stand there merely for decorative purposes, is shown by the fact that 21,426 were taken out for home reading, and 11,400 for consultation.

The library affords a good illustration of the process of action and reaction known as growth. Books, more books and still more books are purchased till the library has to be enlarged. Then the extension has to be filled with new books—and the process repeats itself. So it is that a third room has just been annexed by the library.

I am far from complaining of this process, but I could wish the Government considered it in awarding grants.

College Societies and Magazine.

If we can estimate the work done by the Societies from the list of meetings held, then we must say that they have displayed praiseworthy activity in the year under review, and that their popularity is well maintained.

A contest in Elocution was held towards the close of the academic year, which was as largely attended as it was interesting. The Rector's Medal went to E. N. Subrahmanyam (V Hons.) while K. Ramachandran (III U.C.) was next in merit.

The Magazine calls for no remark.

Museum.

This interesting department more than maintains its popularity. This is no doubt due to the zeal displayed by its enthusiastic Curator, who knows how to interest friends, young and old, in his work, and to get help from them to enlarge his collections. I am sure I am interpreting his feelings correctly if I offer these friends his and our sincere thanks for their co-operation.

Public Examinations.

As may be seen from the accompanying tables, we have good reason to be satisfied with the results obtained in the recent Examinations.

Class.	Number sent up.	Passed in			Total.	Percentage
		I	II	III		
Intermediate						
Group I ..	103	13	27	..	40	38.7
.. III ..	73	1	30	..	31	42.4
Total ..	176	14	57	..	71	40.3
		Passed in Part I only			22	
		.. II ..			26	
B. A. Pass.						
English ..	286	1	5	189	195	68.1
Group I ..	29	..	4	15	19	65.5
.. II-A ..	50	..	4	26	30	60
.. II-B ..	30	1	8	16	25	83
.. V ..	178	..	..	107	107	25
Total ..	287	1	16	164	181	63.1
B. A. Honours.						
Branch I ..	8	2	4	1	7	87.5
.. II-A ..	7	1	4	1	6	85.7
.. V ..	15	..	6	8	14	93.3
					(1 Pass)	
Total ..	30	3	14	10	27	90
Hons. (Prely.)	35				29	82.8
L. T. Degree	40	..	6	23	29	72.5
S. S. L. C.	157	Eligible for College course			109	69.3

The S.S.L.C. Examination resulted in 109 of our 157 candidates being declared eligible for a college course.

Our percentage of passes in Intermediate, though not brilliant, compares favourably with that of the Presidency.

In the B.A., in English, our candidate, T. V. Subrahmanyam, stands in first class in "splendid isolation," and carries off the Cardozo Prize.

The Mathematics and Physics results are fair. These groups have no first class to show; and the fact can scarcely be wondered at, if we remember that the bright students take the Honours courses in these groups.

Chemistry can boast of quality as well as quantity, with one first class and 83 per cent of passes. This course is very much in demand nowadays. I wish this popularity were a sign of an awakening of industry in the country, and of a great demand for chemistry students in the industrial world. Unfortunately it does not seem to be so, and an abnormally high number of chemistry graduates still find nothing better to do than join the Law College.

In History and Economics, we have to rest satisfied with quantity without quality. The material in this branch is not, however, I believe, in any way inferior to the material in the others. But History is not an exact science. It leaves much room for the personal factor both in the writing and in the valuing of the answers to the question papers. In the candidate, I fear, the personal factor appears mostly in the shape of inaccuracies, bad English, bad composition. I do not profess to know how the personal factor works in the valuing of the answer book but one cannot help a feeling of surprise that out of 1000 candidates or more not one should be four worthy of a first class, and so few should be found worthy of a second class, and that, not this year only but for several years.

In Honours Mathematics Mr. Gopalaswami comes first in first class, and carries off the Sturges Prize.

In Honours Physics, Mr. K. V. mani stands alone in the first class and wins the Jagirdar of Arni Gold Medal for Physics. He is immediately followed by two more of our candidates, who pass in the second class.

In History and Economics, I am certain Mr. A. Kalyanaraman would have given a much better account of himself had he not been handicapped by ill-health. As it is, he is

take comfort in his being third on the list, in spite of the handicap, and in the Rajah Sir Ramaswami Gold Medal for Politics, which he wins.

We desire to convey our hearty congratulations to our successful candidates, especially to the winners of prizes and medals. May their first success be a harbinger of more to come.

If I may be permitted a digression, I should like to say that a similar wish, expressed a few years ago, has just been fulfilled in the case of one of our old students. Mr. P. V. Balakrishna Aiyar, who headed the History Honours pass list in 1921, has come out first in the late I. C. S. Examination, held at Allahabad in January last. He is the second of our alumni who have passed the I.C.S. Examination.

Discipline.

I have again to say, and I have much pleasure in saying, that the behaviour of our students has all along been excellent and marked with the traditional friendliness to the staff and authorities. This disposition is as powerful an instrument for maintaining discipline in a large institution like this, as it is a source of comfort and encouragement to both teachers and students.

The University Training Corps.

This corps was, as all know, started by the Government, with the specific purpose of providing a recruiting ground for the commissioned ranks of the Indian Territorial Force. Sanction was given to raise one battalion for the Presidency, two companies being allotted to Trichinopoly. Recruiting began early in October, and in a fortnight the sanctioned strength of the detachment was made up from the three local colleges. Parades were held three times a week during term, and a week-end camp was held at the

end of February. The progress so far achieved is, we are told, satisfactory.

The College Company is commanded by Lieut. T. R. H. Peck, who is assisted by two platoon commanders, Second Lieuts. Sundaram Aiyar and P. V. Srinivas Aiyar.

We wish our Company every success.

The University Bill.

The outstanding event of the year is beyond doubt the passing of the University Bill into law.

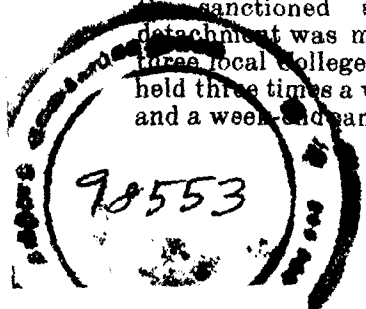
All that can be said of merits and demerits has been said. It would be waste of time to go over again the old battles fought in the Council and elsewhere and to indulge in any recriminations.

The Bill is now an Act. The new University authorities will be constituted in the near future, and the work of reconstruction on the lines laid down by the Act will then begin.

We were assured by a person in authority speaking in this very town that Mofussil colleges would be, after the Bill became an Act, just where they were before. Let us take note of this assurance and await events.

Conclusion.

My last duty is to convey thanks where thanks are due, and it is no mere formality when I say we feel sincerely and deeply indebted to so many who have helped us in our work one way or another. They are first and foremost, the able and devoted lay staff of which we are justly proud; next the charitable gentlemen who have contributed to our Poor Boy Fund, particularly Dewan Bahadur S. Rm. M. Ct. Pethachi



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**தமிழ்நாடு ஆவணக்காப்பக நூலகம்,
எழும்பூர், சென்னை-600 008.**

தவணைத்தாள்.

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