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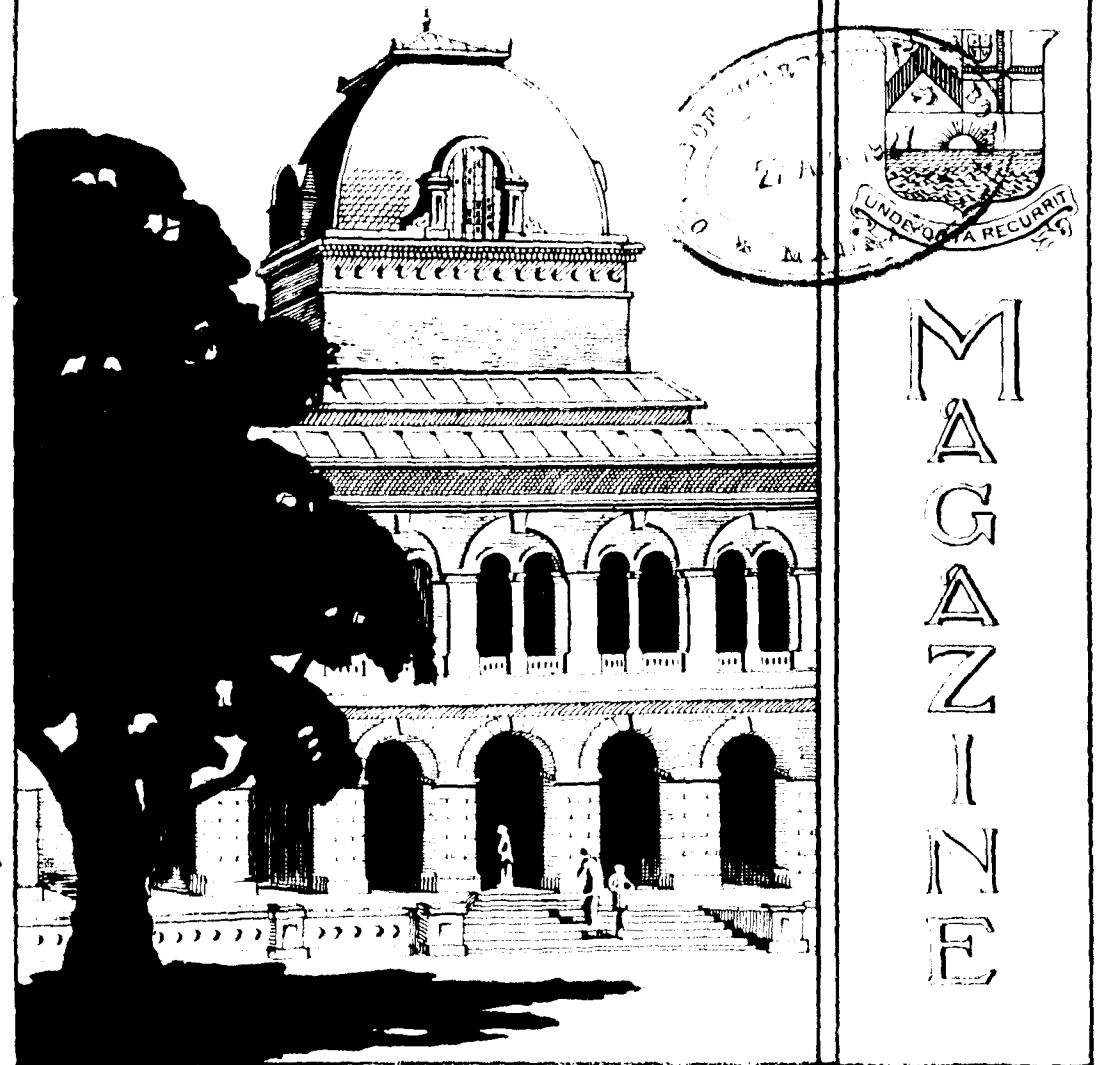
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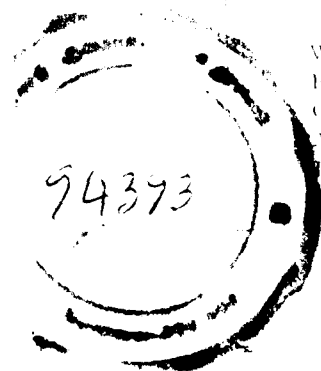
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MUGHAL SCHOOL
SAADI TEACHING A PRINCE
(From the Collection of M.R.Ry. S. V. Ramaswami Mudaliar, Madras.)

The Presidency College Magazine

Editor.—S. E. RUNGANADHAN, M.A.

Associate Editors:—P. D. STRACEY AND S. CHANDRASEKHARA SASTRI.

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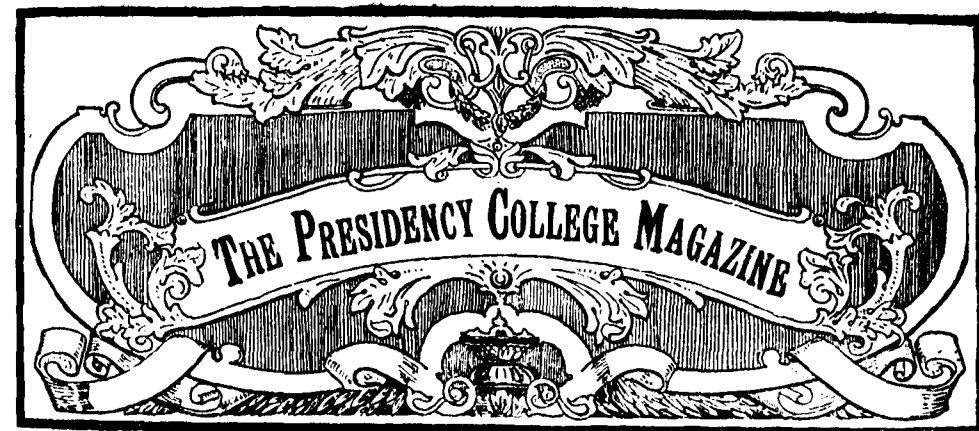
No. 6

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Contributions to the Magazine from the Members of the Staff and the past and present students of the College will always be gladly received by the Editor.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor "Presidency College Magazine," Madras.



Vol. II

MARCH, 1927

No. 6

Indian Painting

II

THE MEDIAEVAL DEVELOPMENT

Between the close of the classical era in Indian painting in the seventh century, which we sketched in our first article, and the revival of the sixteenth century, with which we shall now briefly deal, there is a period of about a thousand years about which, so far as the art of painting is concerned, little has until recently been known. The assumption that it was a period of pictorial darkness is not, however, receiving confirmation by scholars. On the contrary, they are slowly accumulating evidence of activities in various parts of the country. For example, the sumptuous and generously illustrated volume, "Studies in Indian Painting," by N. C. Mehta, I.C.S., recently published by Messrs. Taraporewala of Bombay, has a valuable chapter on Secular Painting in Gujerat in the fifteenth century which fills a considerable gap in our knowledge. There are indications that research will bring much more information to light. I have had read to me out of a Kanarese poem of the early eleventh century stanzas that were a treatise on the art of painting apparently as then practised. If only some South Indian University would have

the wisdom and patriotic enterprise to endow a research scholarship, if not a chair, in Indian art, many matters of the utmost importance not only as details of cultural history but as inspiration to modern art would certainly be brought to light.

The sixteenth century revival coincided with, if it did not actually rise out of, the Mughal settlement in Northern India. There are indications of pictorial communications between India and Persia prior to the sixteenth century, but it was when the brilliant, powerful and broad-minded Emperor Akbar ascended the throne (1555) that the new era in Indian painting defined itself. The history of that era is the history of two entirely different points of view, yet of certain affinities in feeling and technical expression. The psychological criticism of the mediaeval development of Indian painting has yet to be made, and will make a fascinating study. It is a matter for speculation as to what would have happened to the Persian tradition that the Mughals brought with them into India, and to the indigenous tradition that they found in the country, if they had never come in contact with one another. That they did influence one another is obvious at a glance over a few pictures by each school. It is equally obvious that there were certain unassimilable ingredients in the nature of each school. The indigenous school was homely. It brought the gods close to humanity, an artistic liberty that was abhorrent to the Muslim conception. Islam worshipped one God beyond form. The Hindu painters set out every conceivable aspect of Celestial Personality in the most concrete possible manner. The Mughal school was not homely but courtly. Yet, for all the fundamental differences thus involved, there is a mutual fineness and a mutual acceptance of certain technical conventionalities in the two schools. We cannot analyse these here. A glance over the history of the two schools must suffice. And first, as to the indigenous school.

The mediaeval Hindu school of painting is called the Rajput school. Geographically the term is wider than it seems. It embraces (besides Rajputana) the Punjab and the lower Himalayan valleys, such as that of Kangra, whose painters as sub-entitled *Pahari*, hill-men as distinguished from the schools at Jaipur and other centres on the plains. The Rajput power arose in the ninth century, and became the habitual opponents of the successive groups of Muslim invaders from western Asia. Certain students see in the Rajput paintings a continuation of the Ajantan era but

LATE RAJPUT SCHOOL
A DARBAR OF RANA RANJIT SINGH [1817]
(Original in the Blavatsky Museum, Adyar, Madras.)



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on a smaller scale. A Chinese traveller (Teng Chun) in the eleventh century saw paintings on cloth at Nalanda; but the Rajput art as now known to us (that is, small paintings on paper) does not go further back than the time of Akbar. There are traces of frescoes on the Ajantan scale in Rajputana, and references to picture halls in palaces in Pali and Sanskrit literature. We know that Indian painting was practised in Khotan and Tibet in the eighth century. But certainty is only felt in the sixteenth century.

Babar, the founder of the Mughal house, entered India from Persia in 1528. He and his son, Humayun, were highly cultured princes, but were too busy with conquest to be able to give much attention to art. Their entourage, however, contained painters, and these soon found artistic affinities in their new home, and enabled Akbar definitely to give his patronage to the development of art. By a subtle piece of argumentation he got round the alleged prohibition of portraiture by the Prophet, and thus led to the ultimate production of the long and exquisite gallery of Mughal miniatures.

Akbar's son, Jehangir (1605), continued his father's enthusiastic and liberal patronage of painting, and showed himself a discriminating critic. His desire to have pictorial representations of attractive natural objects resulted in a collection of beautiful pictures of beasts, birds and plants, many examples of which are still to be seen.

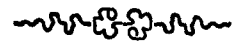
The hereditary impulse to art passed in Shah Jahan (1628) into architecture. Yet, though the Taj Mahal might house a crore of paintings, there is something of the same delicacy and particularity in it as in the paintings. If the Rajput miniatures are Ajantan frescoes reduced only in size, we may say that the Taj Mahal is a Mughal painting enlarged. In his reign the art of painting entered its decline, and passed into history when his son Aurungzeb ascended the throne (1658) and reverted to the strict canon of Islam.

With the rise of the British influence the two schools of Indian painting became partners in distress. Their members were scattered taking with them many of their works and a gradually diminishing power. They had affinities that made them capable, while patronage was available, of working together, but

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there was nothing in the new influence that either could take hold of. Oil and water failed to unite. While they flourished they gave things of beauty that are joys forever to the world. Their influence has passed on to the modern revival that began in Bengal thirty years ago, and of which we shall give some idea in our next article.

JAMES H. COUSINS.



Abanindra Nath's 'Dream of Liberty.'

Little limbs of perfect mould
Kicked up in an ecstasy,
Slender neck so round, so bold
Asking questions fearlessly,
Eyes of deep and humid love
Fastened on Eternity,
Budding horns that peep above
The skin so taut, but velvety,
Cool, wet, nozzle holding forth
—Not demanding—quietly
Entreating kisses—just its worth.

Just a dancing little hind
Roaming Love's infinity.
"In that hind" he says "I find
My dream of complete liberty."

E. R. NARAYANAN.



PERSIAN SCHOOL
A POET

(From the Collection of M.R.Ry. S. V. Ramaswami Mudeliar, Madras.)



College Life Fifty Years Ago



In the late seventies of the last century, Kumbhakonam, still in the zenith of its fame as the Cambridge of South India, and Rajahmundry under Metcalfe, would have had their classes much fuller, but that railway communication with those centres had not yet been established, and that accommodation in those Colleges was very limited, and also that no provision had yet been made for teaching science. Any way, a very large proportion of young men seeking University training gravitated to Madras; and there they had only the Presidency and Christian Colleges between which to choose. The former, under Thompson, Duncan, and Stuart, was fastidious about the number and quality of its admissions. Selection Committees had not been thought of; and the premier College was in no wise dependent on its fee-income. The Principal, therefore, found it quite a simple matter to turn down all applicants for admission save such as could show a fairly brilliant record, or had some hereditary or other special claim. The average strength of each of the four College classes was rigorously kept down in the region of thirty or forty. On the other hand, the Christian College, just emerging from its chrysalid stage (when it had been known as the Free Church Mission College), pursued a totally different policy. It adopted a distinctly lower scale of fees: Rs. 2-4-0 and Rs. 3-8-0 a month in the F.A. and B.A. classes respectively. Neither in theory nor in practice did the management set any limit to the size of their classes. In consequence, it was not long before their classes were full to overflowing.

It used to be felt, if not said, that the Presidency College was for the rich, the aristocrats; the Christian College was the refuge of the poor student, for the rank and file. To the former went the sons of Vakils making fortunes, of Deputy Collectors, of Principal Sadr Amins (as Sub-Judges were known then), of progressive landholders, and such like; to the latter went Indian Christians—and Syrian Christians in numbers were beginning to come in those days. Muslim students too, somehow, had a preference for the Christian College. As for the rest, they were from all grades of society—a democratic crowd.

Between the two Colleges there was a keen and not unhealthy rivalry. None of the professors of the Christian had the hallmark of Oxford or Cambridge; nay, one of them had no degree at all. The professors in the Presidency hailed from the ancient English Universities, except one whose doctorate was "made in Germany". Isis and Cam were inclined to regard St. Andrews, Aberdeen and Auld Reekie with condescension, if not with contempt; but Miller, Cooper, Alexander, Patterson and Michie Smith were men whose learning soon made itself felt. Dr. Wilson in the Presidency extolled the claims of chemistry, and ran down physics: while in the Christian, Michie Smith poured contempt on chemistry and held up physics as the pearl of great price for every student of science. In the Presidency, the tendency was to bow the knee to Bain, Mill, and Herbert Spencer; many a student of philosophy there being keen on calling himself a Materialist, or Agnostic, whether or not he deserved the label. To the Christian College students, Berkeley, Kant, and Hamilton were the great Masters. There were no inter-collegiate sports or amenities of that kind; though individual students of one College had their friends in the other. On the whole, as the University Calendars will show, academical distinctions and honours were pretty equally divided by the two Colleges.

As regards studies, the bill of fare was quite liberal. At the close of his first two years in College the student had to offer English literature, grammar, and composition, a second language (generally his vernacular), Arithmetic, Algebra up to and including the Binomial Theorem, Geometry (plane and solid), Trigonometry, Physiology, and History: a rather extensive course. For the B.A. the syllabus consisted of English literature, grammar, and composition, a second language, Psychology, History (including constitutional History, and one optional (Ethics and Logic, Mathematics, or Physics, Chemistry, and Botany). The educational ideal was "something of as many things as possible, and as much as possible of one thing". To a considerable proportion of men not endowed with the mathematical brain, the rather big dose of compulsory Mathematics was most unpalatable. But they had, perforce, to grapple with the subject, and by sheer dint of close application acquire a sufficient grip of it to satisfy the examiners. Obviously, this was a splendid discipline, bound to strengthen mind and character alike. The courses in Physiology, History, and Psychology were, perhaps, devised to whet the appetite and lead one on to the very fountain-heads.

This purpose was, certainly, fulfilled in some cases: there were students who, stimulated by what they learnt from the text-books and in the class-room, spent laborious hours over the standard treatises in their College Library, and obtained something like a comprehensive grasp of matters of which the University curriculum afforded the bare elements. There can be no doubt whatever that the study, during their four years at College, of the choicest classics in Tamil, Telugu, Kanarese, Malayalam, or Urdu, together with the highly complex grammar of the language, did give the older generation of graduates a distinct advantage over the modern who is, too often, profoundly ignorant of the rich treasures in his own mother tongue.

Everything was 50 to 75 *per cent* cheaper than today; the purchasing power of the still undepreciated rupee much higher; standards of living and even of comfort much lower. Clothing, food-stuffs, books, stationery, and in fact everything, could be had at prices ridiculously low, compared with the market rates today. House-rents were proportionately lower. Young India had not gone in for clothes of European style. Hostels there were none; but men from the mofussil who had no friends with whom they could stay, had no difficulty in finding board and lodging for Rs. 10 a month or even less. That the food and accommodation provided were of Spartan character, goes without saying; but that is neither here nor there. It was demonstrated as perfectly possible for a young man to go through the four years at College on Rs. 10 a month, paying his fees, buying his books and stationery, finding himself in clothes—of the simplest, of course—and everything else, save rooms and food. The contrast with what one has to spend today on one's sons at College, is startling.

In the seventies, there were no opportunities for social or corporate life, such as the student of today enjoys in abundance. Hostels were not yet, as already mentioned; nor were there any Societies, except perhaps, a Debating Society. Out-door games there were none: not even the "epicene game of Tennis", on which a Convocation orator emptied the vials of his scorn. The modern College student, in such an environment, would perish of *ennui*. He, like most young people of both sexes today, is all for movement, excitement, pleasure, and change. He must attend this tournament or that, this cinema or that public meeting; must put in a couple of hours of an afternoon on the cricket field or the tennis court; or must rush off to the rehearsal of the new play the

College Dramatic Society is doing. If not, he is hard at work getting up a valedictory or welcome meeting for this Professor or that great man; or, at least, organizing a protest meeting, or a strike, or some other kind of pyrotechnics. Else, he is *blasé*, fed up, stale, or whatever it is called. He must find a safety valve for his superabundant energies—and, incidentally, for his superfluous rupees. His prototype fifty years ago was as full of energy and vitality, though his purse was often rather lean. He had, alas, no "pictures" or similar places of amusement to which he could go. Some went in for a more or less systematic course of *kasrat* (indigenous gymnastics). To many, a long walk along the beach—Grant Duff's magnificent Marina was yet to be—sufficed for exercise. The hours not spent in class—six solid hours a day—or in study, exercise, general reading, or sleep, were usually spent in discussing, with one's particular friends, everything on earth below, in heaven above, or in the waters underneath: God, the soul, religion, evolution, protoplasm, politics, the events of the day, the peculiarities of the Professors and students, the University results, and what not. On the whole, not so much from choice as of necessity, men gave a very great deal more of time to their studies: they had very few distractions, very few other interests in life. But let it not be imagined they were pompous prigs or old young men. They were as full of mischief and fun as any young fellows. The poor old Pandits, and not infrequently some of the Professors who had yet to know the psychology of adolescence, had many an uncomfortable quarter of an hour; while practical jokes or "rags" were as common then as ever, though "stink bombs" and wall-crackers were yet unknown. To all of them who survive today, those years at College are a joyous memory; and, certainly, they were very happy days, warmed by many close friendships, and singularly free from care. For one thing, success in the examinations was much less of a gamble than today. There was no "slaughter of the innocents": every one was put through, except the hopelessly "dud" and the incorrigibly slack. Then again, the hideous spectre of "Unemployment" did not haunt the Temple of Learning. With scarcely an exception, men found suitable and often, well paid jobs as soon as they had completed their College course. Several were absorbed into one department or another of Government, in Madras or the mofussil. In particular the then Accountant-General had a very marked *penchant* for newly fledged B.A.'s, many of the men he put in rising pretty high before very long. In the many High Schools springing into existence, a

good number accepted teacherships. A few, very few indeed, went into business, or returned home to look after the ancestral acres. Some took up Medicine or Engineering; but the largest proportion including many who had secured appointments, joined the Law Class, then housed in the southern or science wing of the Presidency College. The legal profession was not crowded; its prizes were many. The rules and regulations of the Law Class offered a premium to men to join. They had only to pay their fees, and put in an appearance, whether or not they applied their minds at the two lectures a week between 6 and 7 in the evening. It was not necessary to pass any class examination. You attended the class for a period of two years, and you got the certificates of attendance which entitled you to appear for the B. L. degree examination when and if you chose.

Of College students of those days, not a few rose to eminent positions. Sir Sankaran Nair, with his virile personality, Sir Sadasiva Aiyar, characterized by his *joie de vivre* and his enthusiasms, Sir Rajagopalachariar, full of *bonhomie* and genial humour, Sir Sivaswami Aiyar, ever the courtly gentleman and fine scholar and Sir R. Venkataratnam whose life and influence has been an inspiration to many; these are happily yet amongst us, full of years, full of honours, and in their green old age still full of energy, worthy models, indeed, for the student.

W. L. V.



A Mesozoic Nightmare

I was alone and voyaging on a strange sea, that stretched into the distance until I could dimly perceive white cliffs above a shingly beach on which the waves softly lapped. My frail craft rocked gently to each plunge of my broad paddle as I moved silently forward. I was in a strange land, and all around me was new and curious. Mighty trees, much like gigantic ferns, but taller than the tallest pine, grew on the cliff-edge, while unaccustomed sounds and puzzling noises vibrated, from time to time, upon the still air. The sea on which I floated was calm and of a limpid clearness that allowed me to see far down into its depths; but occasionally its surface would be lashed into waves and seething turmoil as if down below there gambolled some mighty animal. An uncanny brooding peace hung over all things and filled me with a vague sense of impending danger. I shivered as I plunged my paddle deeper into the water and shot forward to the distant shore.

Suddenly my canoe was violently upheaved from beneath and I was almost pitched overboard with the violence of the shock. I clutched frantically at the thwarts, while I anxiously wondered what had happened. Then with a noiseless ripple, and with an unexpectedness that made me gasp, there slid out of the water, and so near as to graze the boat's edge, a long slender neck, shiny and dripping with moisture, and topped by a short compact head. The under lip hung gaping and loose and I could hurriedly see, set within the jaw, two rows of massive pointed white teeth. The glassy eyes gazed lifelessly at me for an endless second, then rose above my head and swept the surrounding expanse of sea, ignoring me as completely as if I was, to them, an everyday occurrence. For a few tense moments the long neck waved gracefully about, while I crouched petrified in my seat, then with the same noiselessness that marked its appearance, it slid beneath the water once more, leaving but a few ripples to mark the spot where it had disappeared. I rubbed my eyes and stared. Surely I had seen a head and neck like that somewhere, in some book on prehistoric animals. Ah! yes—now I remembered! The animal which bore such a neck was a Plesio—Plesiosaurus. That was it—a Plesiosaurus! But was I dreaming or was I really back in those fearsome times, when animals as huge as houses walked the earth, and man was not yet born? I leant over and gazed down into the clear depths of the water. Presently I saw sprawled, deep down on a coral bed,

a huge unwieldy form with a short tail, powerful paddle-like limbs, and a long slender neck that even as I gazed, cut upwards towards me. I seized my paddle and wielding it desperately, shot away from the dread spot. But what was this cutting through the water towards me like the black fin of a gigantic shark! I stopped paddling and gazed at it hypnotised, powerless to avoid whatever might be in store for me. Swiftly it sped towards my canoe, until with a splash and a grunt a monstrous fish-like form, with a great whale-like head in which were set two enormous round eyes, and which ended in a snout and a wide-open mouth set with rows of teeth, broke surface. Great Scott! An Ichthyosaurus! Wildly I stabbed with my paddle at its fearsome throat as it made for me, only to feel the weapon snatched out of my hands, with a force that left them raw and bleeding. Then with a single crunch that reduced my solid paddle to mere matchwood, it sank out of sight, apparently satisfied for the present. But it would surely return. Heavens! What further dangers was I to be exposed to in this strange land? What were the terrifying animals by which I was to be still attacked?

As I sat bewailing my fate and preparing myself for the worst, my boat, propelled by some swift merciful current touched the shore. Eagerly I sprang ashore, thankful to be safe off that terribly calm blue sea beneath whose waters there lurked such dreadful creatures. Overcome by the recent shocks I had received, I staggered up the beach towards a long black rock, and casting myself down beside it, attempted to gather my scattered feelings together. But—was I imagining? or— I could have sworn that the rock behind me had moved. Yes, I was not mistaken. What I had taken to be a big rock had turned out to be a mighty animal comfortably asleep on the warm sands of the shore. And now it was awake, and had already scented or discovered my presence! I hesitated but a second in paralysed fear, and then my shattered nerves giving away, I turned and fled madly up the beach towards the black opening of a cave in the cliffs beyond. With a great bellow of rage, the unwieldy sauropod started after me uttering snorts and grunts of rage that almost caused me to stop short in absolute fear. But I fled on with panting breath and trembling limbs, filled with the vague hope of finding refuge from a horrible death in the depths of the cave that loomed nearer and nearer each moment. Gradually I outstripped the lumbering brute behind as I could tell by the receding of the blood-curdling sounds behind me, and I was almost congratulating myself on my escape, when there

started up from a hollow, and immediately between me and the cave mouth, a second, and if possible, a more fearsome monster. Gasping for breath and trembling with fatigue I stopped short, realising that now all hope of reaching the cave was at an end. Dimly I took in the mighty proportions and terrifying details of the animal before me, even as it shook itself from side to side as if just roused from slumber while it gazed fiercely at this intruder upon its solitude. Smaller than the sauropod it was yet almost twice the size of a modern elephant, and was much more fearsome to behold. Set on an enormous flattened skull were three huge pointed horns, much like those of a rhinoceros, while below curved a great bony beak. In its small fiery eyes I could picture the agonising death in store for me were I but to get within its reach. Behind I could hear the thunder of my pursuer, now almost on me, when with a sudden bellow of rage the Triceratops started to charge down on me, its three-horned head lowered close to the ground, its massive hoofs raising clouds of dust. Wildly I looked around me. There seemed no way out. Then just as the galloping monster in front reached me, impelled by some instinct of self-preservation, I hurled myself to one side out of its path. The thundering hoofs swept past perilously near, and the great brute, impelled by its own irresistible velocity, charged headlong onwards, unable to stop itself, until with a shattering crash it collided with the pursuing sauropod. Both the great beasts recoiled with the violence of the shock, then their little brains apparently in one instant forgetting the presence of their common enemy, they hurled themselves at each other with horrible screams of rage that set me crawling as fast as my trembling limbs could bear me to a safe distance from the scene of conflict. Madly they charged at each other, the triceratops ripping huge pieces out of its opponent's side with its cruel beak, while its three huge horns slashed savagely upwards and sideways. But the sauropod returned again and again to the attack undaunted, its massive weight more than equalling the deadly weapons of its enemy. Soon the noise of conflict drew all manner of strange and fearsome creatures to the spot. High above circled immense flying-dragons, full twenty-five feet in length from wing to wing, with curved beaks and fierce red eyes that glared down at me, the while there were emitted strange, hoarse noises like the squeaking of huge birds. All around me swarmed new and terrible animals, all attracted by the battle—and all completely ignoring my presence. Here a Theropod, a great brute, with sharp carnivorous teeth set in a large head, sat back on its hind legs like a kangaroo, in eager

anticipation of a feast of flesh. Close by was another horrible monster, a double row of upright bony plates on its back, and a long powerful tail armed with spines, the mild look in its eyes belying its ferocious aspect. The earth literally crawled over with various species of queer and striking reptiles. Presently as I watched, the fight drew to a finish. The great sauropod, ripped and torn and bleeding, great blasts of air blowing from its lungs, could do no more against the slashing horns and tearing beak of the Triceratops. Gradually it weakened, until finally it rolled over onto its side with one last mighty bellow that echoed and re-echoed amidst the cliffs, and shot me bolt upright and shivering with terror, cold beads of sweat standing out on my brow. . . . It was pitch dark and I did not know where I was. My groping, trembling hands at last met with something—Ah! my mosquito-net. Then I was safe in bed? and that—all that was but a horrible dream after all? Ugh! this came of too plentiful a helping of Christmas pudding immediately followed by an hour with my geology books. With a thankful sigh, and a slight shiver, I turned over and was soon asleep once more in my cool, comfortable bed, immensely relieved to find that it was only a Mesozoic nightmare.

P. D. S.





Dickens's "Great Expectations"

AN APPRECIATION

'No story in the first person was ever better told than *Great Expectations*'—so says George Gissing in that splendid little volume of his "*Dickens—A Critical Study*". Indeed the novel is so interesting that one reads it over and over again. It is of course true that some critics place it as the sixth or seventh in order of merit among Dickens' novels. But it must be admitted on all hands that it is one of the master pieces of English Literature. It has an organic plot—a feature not to be found in many of Dickens' novels. The events related are closely inter-connected and right up to the end the interest in the story is kept up. Though here and there Dickens indicates to the discerning reader what the end is going to be, yet the reader is surprised at the turn events take towards the end of the novel.

It would be impossible, within the limits of this short essay to give a summary of Pip's autobiography. But we shall see what the distinguishing characteristics of this novel are.

In the first place, as has been said above, this novel has an organic plot. That Dickens wrote his novels, most if not all of them, in several parts at fairly long intervals is well known. *Great Expectations* is an exception to the rule, in that its whole plot was pre-arranged. The happy ending given is clearly a later innovation, made on the advice of Lytton. But that is only towards the end and no fault can be found in the story up to Pip's return from the East.

This leads us then to the second feature which characterises the novel. And that is pathos of a graver and subtler kind. One cannot but shed a tear for poor Magwitch, the hunted criminal. Whenever that miserable man has a click in his throat, the emotional reader has a click in his own throat. For is he not, in the words of the angelic Joe 'a fellow-creature' of ours? 'The old convict Magwitch, if he can't be called a tragical personality, has feeling enough to move the reader's deeper interest and in the very end acquires through suffering a dignity which makes him very impressive. Even more than in the life of this convict, there is pathos in Pip's foolishness. Pip has great expectations in the beginning but in the end he realises nothing whatever. He finds

that his benefactor is Magwitch, whom he detests, and not Miss Havisham, the mother of the Estella of his dreams. Too proud to inherit the property of a condemned criminal, he is on the verge of being arrested for debts and is saved only through the magnanimity and kindness of the noble hearted Joe. Again he is disappointed in his love for Estella. Nor does he win the love of Biddy who prefers, and rightly too, Joe to Pip. He leaves England for the far off East. If the story ended here, the pathos would be too much for the reader to bear. But as Gissing points out the pathos in the novel would be more manifest with the author's original close of the story.

As in his other novels, in *Great Expectations* too Dickens makes use of farcical extravagance to soften the bitterness of truth. The story of Miss Havisham's life would be too bitter but for the saving trait, humour. We pity her and yet we laugh at her eccentricity. Even so in the case of Mrs. Joe. In *Pumblechook* and *Mrs. Pocket*, we see the humour of stupidity. Again we cannot but laugh at Mr. Jaggers who knows only one alternative to ten pounds and that is five hundred pounds! we wonder whether Pip could contain himself from laughing. Whether Mrs. Pocket's grandpapa has any influence in her own life, is open to question. But certainly we can have a hearty laugh at the expense of the 'grand papa's grand-daughter'.

A study of '*Great Expectations*' would be incomplete without a few remarks about the characters—at least the more important of them. And the very first question which presents itself to us is "who is the hero?" The answer on the first thoughts would be 'Pip'. And it is mainly correct. For if there is any other character in the novel that is as important as Pip, it is Joe. Joe is clearly the 'ideal man' of Dickens and on that ground might be considered to be the hero of the novel. But it is Pip's life alone with which we are most concerned and clearly in an autobiography none but the relator can be the hero.

Any way Joe is the ideal character of the novel. Dickens admires him and wants us to admire him. We have in Gissing's work an excellent analysis of Joe's character. 'A village blacksmith, with a heart as tender as his thews are tough; delighting above all things in the society of a little child; so dull of brain that he gives up in despair the effort to learn his alphabet; so sweet of temper that he endures in silence the nagging of an outrageous wife; so delicate of sensibility that he perspires at the thought of

seeming to intrude upon an old friend risen in life' what name can be his but Joe Gargery? One cannot but admire Joe for the innate nobility of his soul. By profession a village blacksmith, his manners are necessarily coarse and common. But behind the repulsive exterior there lies hidden a soul which is almost angelic. He suffers his wife's temper because he shudders at the remembrance of his mother's woes. And he dared not commit the sin his father committed. If Mrs. Joe brought up her brother 'by hand', Joe brought him up by love. And but for him we could not have had this autobiography, for Pip would certainly have been beaten to death by his cruel sister. Again Joe shines by contrast, when he helps the ungrateful Pip. The crowning deed of his selfless life is his naming his own son Pip. Indeed it is difficult to find in this world a nobler man than Joe.

Jaggers and Wemmick would make a novelist's reputation. It is indeed surprising what a remarkably minute knowledge Dickens had of the legal world. Jaggers and Wemmick have of course their own individual virtues and vices. But they represent the whole legal profession also. Thus both do not know what sentiment is, in their office, if not even out of Little Britain. They do what they are paid for; no more, no less. Again they are guarded in their communications to others, whether written or oral. They instinctively understand each other. But Wemmick differs from his master in that he has an aged P to bestow his dutiful affection upon. Wemmick always makes a fuss about his Walworth and Little Britain sentiments. This is as much an eccentricity in his character as the hatred of the male sex is in Miss Havisham's.

In criticising a novel of this kind, it is necessary to examine how the hero's character is developed. 'Pip exhibits very well indeed the growth of a personality, the inter-action of character and event.' Let us see, how.

The one anxiety in Pip's mind till his seventh year was to save himself from the Tickler whenever his sister returned home after being out 'on rampage'. And it was a common occurrence too. For as Joe says "Into the rampage and out of the rampage, such is life, Pip". And his one ambition was to get apprenticed to Joe when he came of age. But now an incident happens which has enormous influence on the whole course of his life. He meets the convict Magwitch who is to be his future benefactor. This indeed is the supreme event in his life. But there is another event which has a great influence on Pip's life. If Pip had not met

Estella and Miss Havisham, he would have been supremely happy till his twenty-third year when the dreadful revelation was made. Indeed one may even go to the extent of saying that if Pip had not learnt, as a result of his association with Estella, to hate his own humble surroundings, he would have, ten to one, refused to leave the forge for London. But now the forge no longer appeared as 'the glorious road to manhood and independence'. The result was that he gladly accepted Mr. Jagger's offer on behalf of an unknown patron and left for London. Once in the 'civilised' atmosphere of London and once having tasted the pleasures of wealth, Pip conveniently forgets his Joe and his Biddy. If he visited them at all, it was as a great condescension on the part of an up-to-date London gentleman. And note, this was before he had realised his 'great expectations.' The influence of this sudden change in his fortunes on his attitude towards his friends is evident from the following lines: "I promised myself that I would do something for them one of these days, and formed a plan in outline for bestowing a dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, a pint of ale, and a gallon of condescension, upon every body in the village."

In short he almost loses his soul in his giddiness. Magwitch, his benefactor, he looks down upon contemptuously; and it is only later, when he realises the danger to which Magwitch, in his love for Pip, exposes himself, does Pip treat him kindly. Notice again, how as Pip realises that one by one, his great expectations are dissolving themselves into a myth, he becomes a nobler man than he was just a year ago. The Pip arrested for debts and lying on his bed is not the old Pip, haughty in his riches. He cries 'Oh! don't be so kind to me' when he sees Joe by his side. Dickens rightly makes Pip go to the East and lead an independent and honorable life; for thus and thus alone could Pip attain the full stature of his manhood. We are no doubt glad that Pip marries Estella.

Thus whether we study the story of the novel or the characters in it, we find that 'Great Expectations' is a master-piece. If after reading it, we can realise that a man ought to be judged by his character and not his position in life; that a soul exists even in a condemned criminal like Magwitch; if, in short, we come to believe in the possibility of an ideal life, Dickens' purpose would have been amply fulfilled. For Dickens was above all an idealist.

S. CHANDRASEKHARA SASTRI



THE BEACH

Two Poems

I. CHERUBIM.

The Sun is God's red glorious Face,
Which none may look upon,
The Moon a blossom, white with grace,
On which His Face has shone !

And since we may not gaze at Him,
We look up at the Moon,
And find by night the cherubim
Denied to us at Noon.

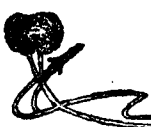
II. WIRELESS.

Behold ! The labour of the tireless
Has spann'd the heavens from sky to sky,
Through magic of the winging wireless
Till far lov'd ones are very nigh ! . . .

And yet I feel that long ago,
Though this was not, Love knew no bar
Of Time or Space or Death when two
Rapt hearts were calling from afar . . .

SANKARA KRISHNA CHETTUR.





College Day



College Day, which is perhaps the most eagerly anticipated occasion in the year was celebrated on Wednesday the 9th February with great eclat. A strong Committee of old Boys had been got together to conduct the function, and much of the success of the day was due to their efforts. The services of a large body of volunteers from among the College students had been requisitioned to superintend the ground arrangements and generally to see to the comfort of the visitors.

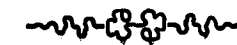
The sports were started punctually at 1-30 P.M., and each item was gone through in order without a hitch. Besides the usual athletic events, this year's programme included two races for the lady-students of the College, the usual thread and needle or arithmetic race giving place to what was known as the candle race, while a special seventy-five yards for ladies had been introduced. As was to be expected, much interest was centred in these two events, the first attracting as many as nine pairs while for the latter only four ladies could be found in the College brave enough to run seventy-five yards before a turbulent crowd of spectators consisting mostly of males! In the flat-race Miss Woodbridge romped home the easy winner with Miss Satur just beating Miss Sathianadhan for the second place. When the candle race came off there was great excitement. It was highly diverting to watch the various ways in which the couples tried to light their candles in the wind. Miss Sharada Bai was the first to start, closely followed by Miss Woodbridge and her partner. The latter couple soon got ahead, and not pausing to re-light their candle even once, walked steadily on towards the winning post, eventually winning quite easily. Another item which attracted considerable interest was the fast Cycle Race over a distance of a mile. Gidraj rode a well judged race and won comfortably with Flory second. The potatoe gathering race, another novel item went to Flory. The open mile resulted in a win for the Law College, one of their representatives establishing a long lead in the early laps, and won with a lot to spare.

Tea was served to the guests at 4 P.M. after which a move was made to the Cricket Pavilion for the prize distribution. Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer in a short speech prior to distributing

the prizes, expressed his deep regret at the unfortunate demise, the same afternoon, of the Hon. Justice Sir C. Krishnan, a distinguished Old Boy of the Presidency College. The prize giving was then gone through. C. Sreenivasan, this year's College Champion, is a worthy successor to Veerasinghe who has won the championship for the last six years.

After the prizes had been distributed the guests settled down to witness a variety entertainment got up by the Old Boys' Committee. The first item was a recitation by Miss Nundy. She gave us an old favourite "The Bells" by Edgar Allen Poe, and held the audience in rapt silence with the music of her voice. It is seldom that we are given an opportunity of hearing such a finished reciter as Miss Nundy, and her item was appreciated to the full. She was followed by Miss Swaminathan on the Veena. Miss Swaminathan is an accomplished performer and it was a pity that the sweet tones of her instrument could not reach everyone. Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer next gave us a humorous recitation which was loudly cheered. Several other humorous items followed. Mr. Mani Iyer told us of the experiences of a Madras "B. A., B. L. Vakil of the High Court" who went to England for further studies, his droll mimicry sending the audience into roars of laughter. Mr. V. C. Gopalratnam then danced a very realistic nautch-dance, and followed it up with skilfully dancing on three large chatties and on the edge of a flat vessel of water, placed on the floor, without spilling a drop of its contents. "Our Cabaret" was another good item, while the humorous dialogue between Mr. Gopalratnam and Mr. Sambanada Mudaliar provided a fitting climax to a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment.

With a few concluding words Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer announced the next day to be a holiday, and the gathering dispersed after Mr. Fyson, the Principal, had called for three cheers for the guest of the evening. The Old Boys' Committee are to be heartily congratulated on the very fine entertainment they provided, as for the whole success of the day, while mention must be made of the untiring efforts of the volunteers whose difficult task was to keep order throughout the day. The list of prize-winners is given on another page of this issue.



The Measurement of Intelligence

There are two classes of persons whom the psychologist finds it hard to convince of the scientific method in Psychology, one is the religious minded man, and the other the so called scientist.

To the former an attempt to measure intelligence appears to be presumptuous on the part of man, for intelligence to him is a God-given faculty too sacred to be tested, and too protean to be analysed. To the latter, mental tests look like childish puzzles and therefore they cannot be called scientific.

But both are superstitious in one way, that when we talk of "measurement", they think of the foot-rule and the scale pan. Certain other difficulties arise from the philosophical usage of the term, "intellect" which from the time of Aristotle has been described as the power to conceive universal ideas. Finally "intellect" became more and more reserved for purposes of psychological exactitude, whereas "intelligence" was abandoned to the psychology of the streets, and now, in ordinary usage, does not possess any definite meaning.

This is the reason why a mental specialist recently said, "while the teacher tried to cultivate intelligence and the psychologist tried to measure intelligence, no body seems to know precisely what intelligence is".

But a survey of the attempts made by psychologists for the last few decades convinces us that they have done a good deal towards the solution of the problem. Ebbinghaus, the German psychologist, was the first to take the lead, and he concluded that the nature of intelligence consists in the power of combination. A more scientific treatment of the subject was undertaken by Binet. He formulated different questions suited to different ages, so that a boy who answers all the questions which are expected of his age is considered to be a normal intelligence. If he answers questions of a higher age he is "bright"; he is classified "dull" when he can answer questions only of a lower age. To give examples, a child of three is expected to show its nose, eyes, ears, etc.; while an adult should be able to find out the absurdity involved in a statement. Binet's results led to the conclusion: 'comprehension, invention, direction, and censorship—intelligence consists in these four words.'

Coming to more modern times Dr. MacDougall remarks, "Intelligent processes are those which are conditioned by dispositions that have been built up through the experience of the individual."

Professor Spearman explains intelligence thus: Any lived experience tends to evoke immediately a knowing of its direct attributes. The presenting of any two or more characters tends to evoke immediately a knowing relation between them. The presenting of any character together with a relation, tends to evoke immediately, a knowing of the correlative character. When a subject has all these characteristics he is considered to be intelligent.

But an examination of about 400 subjects, led us to the conclusion that the above mentioned view requires modification. Our tests were of five different kinds: two of them were intended to draw out the capacity of the subject for inference, one for analogies, another for memory and mathematical precision, and the last, the most interesting of all, for eduction.

The last requires an apparatus; it consists of a mirror in front of which usually geometrical designs are placed, but are kept out of the subject's view by means of a blind. The subject is asked to trace certain lines joining particular points by looking only at the mirror. Carbon impressions are made on a paper kept below the picture. Unless the subject finds out the relation between an image in the mirror and the figures in front of it, he goes wrong. From the kind of movements he makes he is classified dull or intelligent.

On correlating these results we were convinced that more emphasis must be laid on the kind of inference that the subject draws in each experiment, in order to perform it successfully. This was further confirmed by applying a modified form of the tests to a few delinquents and illiterates we had managed to get. If the question is raised whether inference can differ in kind, we answer yes. Unfortunately, on account of our peculiar social conditions we were not able to examine many subjects of the other sex and therefore we do not feel confident to pass any remark on the relative merits of the sexes. But we hope that the bolder among them will come forward and encourage us in our pursuits. These conclusions, we are sure, will lead us to not altogether useless results and we hope future investigation will throw further light on these points.

T. C. HARIKRISHNAN.

The Inevitable

Dreams of the unseen years that Youth indulges,
Come to me, not alone.
A pause between the dancing scenes, divulges
A deeper, sadder tone.

They say that Youth's the time for gathering roses,
With never a frown or care,
The flowers that never will bloom when the spring time closes,
That make the whole year fair.

And I too trip thro' these meadows of fresh May flowers
And thrill with the quickening breath
Of Life in the bud,—but ever in quieter hours
Comes the haunting thought of death.

For I know that these petals so gay will fall with the rain,
That Summer shall sere this green,
And these leaves shall flutter and pine, all parched with pain,
For the years of what-has-been.

I know it, by every face that I pass in the street,
That is furrowed by Time and Care.
Surely these blossoms once waved round their youthful feet,
Surely a spring was theirs!

I know ; yet build, and await the uplifted stroke
That shall shatter my lofty towers,
And only a cloud of fast dispersing smoke,
Send up from these fiery hours.

For I bare with me the unquenchable flame of youth,
And must feed its eternal fire,
Though for every thought I hold as unchanging truth,
It may be but a funeral pyre.

“ R. A. ST. C. ”



COLLEGE DAY SPORTS.



College Societies

THE UNION SOCIETY, 1911—1914.

Mr. P. R. Krishnaswami M.A. writes :—

It was with much interest that I read a brief history of the Society in one of the issues of the Magazine. It was also a great disappointment to me when the writer stated that he lighted on no records for the years 1911 to 1914. As these were exactly the years of my being at the Presidency College, I feel provoked to communicate a few notes about the Society during those years.

When Mr. Bhupendranath Basu proposed his Civil Marriage Bill, there was considerable excitement all over the country. The younger generation had more than its ordinary share. It was a momentous session of the Union Society when the subject came for debate before it in 1911. I happened to open the debate, and Dewan Bahadur K. Narayana Rao was in the chair. A very large number of ladies was present which included the present Zemindarini of Kumaramangalam, before her marriage.

A very interesting discourse was delivered in the same term by Mr. (now Rt. Hon'ble) V. S. Srinivasa Sastri on "A Defence of Mediocrities," with the Hon'ble Mr. V. Krishnaswami Aiyar in the chair. Mr. Sastri maintained that the greater part of the world's work was turned out by mediocres. It was understood at the gathering that Mr. V. Krishnaswami Aiyar represented genius, while the lecturer was apt to be taken at his own word that he was a mediocre! Time has shown how greater than a mediocre Mr. Sastri has proved to be. Mr. (now Sir) Mark Hunter made one of his neat little speeches to thank the guests at the end of the

meeting, in the course of which he made reference to the humble role of the teacher very touchingly. He was content to do his bit of work like a worm.

Then, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher who happened to be on the Public Services Commission also delivered a lecture during my time. He was giving us advice of the ordinary kind, about daily habits for students and things of that kind. Mr. Mark Hunter was in the chair, and some of us were inclined to think the Chairman's the better speech!

Mrs. Parakutti Ammal once did a lecture when Mrs. S. G. Hensman, now at the Mysore Maharanee's College, presided. Only lady students took part in the discussion which followed the lecture.

Mr. N. S. Srinivasan once opened a debate on social legislation when Mr. (now Sir) T. Sadasiva Aiyar was in the chair. The meeting was reported at some length in the newspapers.

I delivered a lay sermon on Sentiment in 1912 when Mr. S. Srinivasa Aiyangar (then Advocate-General) took the chair. This meeting had an aftermath in a discussion in the columns of the "Hindu" which made the first attack in a leading article on Mr. S. Srinivasa Aiyangar for having stated that Indians lacked in useful sentiments.

Miss K. Myers read a paper on the heroines of Shakespeare's tragedies when Sir Henry Stone was in the chair.

Mrs. H. Whitehead once delivered a lecture when Mr. V. Krishnaswami Aiyar presided. I remember the praise bestowed by the lecturer on Sir Rajendranath Mukerjee as a captain of industry. She said she had got to know him while on board a P. & O. boat.

I did a paper early in 1914, on "Ophelia as a Tragic Heroine," when Mr. Mark Hunter was in the chair. This meeting caused some excitement as I had taken a view of the character which ran dangerously counter to Mr. Hunter's own views on the subject.

The Union Society had been given the use of a room downstairs, next to what was then the Philosophy room. We made so much noise in that room which was filled with newspapers, that Mr. Middlemast considered it necessary to take away the room from the Union Society.

I remember one other interesting meeting when a paper was read on the 'Poetry of Childhood' with Mr. J. C. Rollo in the chair.

As far as I remember, Union Society meetings were great events, but at the same time we knew that unless you had the very biggest personages coming over to preside or to lecture, you could not easily gather a decent audience.

THE UNION SOCIETY'S PLAY, ST. JOAN.

One would have very little hesitation in describing this year's choice, by the Union Society, of one of Bernard Shaw's plays for production, as ambitious. It is necessary for the success of the play that the role of Joan should be filled only by a woman, and it was a pity that the Union Society could not persuade one of the lady students of the college to take the part.

The story deals in main with the prominent scenes in Joan of Arc's life as the saviour of France from the English invaders. The opening scene shows us Joan (Moheb Ali) coming to the castle of Vaucoulers to obtain from its captain, Robert De Baudricourt (Seshan), an escort to the court of Charles the Dauphin, for her "voices" have told her that she is the one to lead France's armies to victory. The coarse and rude De Baudricourt at first refuses to grant her request, but is later persuaded to give her what she asks. We now find Joan in the Dauphin's castle at Chinon, where the historic scene of Charles's identification is placed before us. Joan is given command of the army, and the assembled knights acclaim her with enthusiasm. The next scene is laid in the English camp. The Earl of Warwick (P. T. Thomas) decides to offer a large sum of money for the capture of the Maid, for she has been the cause of the recent reverses his forces have sustained. He discusses with the Bishop of Beauvais (S. Sarma) the necessity for getting Joan tried and burnt as a witch. The Bishop, however, regards the Maid not so much a witch as a heretic, and is prepared to do his utmost to save her soul. The next scene depicts the crowning moment of Joan's triumph, while giving us an inkling of the wane of her popularity. Charles has been crowned King of France at Rheims Cathedral, and is reluctant to fight any more. Joan, while realising that her work is finished, is determined to go on until Paris is taken. But her 'military conceit' is condemned by the church, whose representative, the Archbishop of Rheims (Nalpon), warns her that she will be left to the mercy of the English. Joan leaves them bitterly disappointed.

The final scene, which is easily the most interesting of all, is laid in the Bishop's Court at Rouen. Joan has been captured by the Burgundians, and sold to the English, who have in turn handed her over to the Bishop of Beauvais to be tried for heresy. The Bishop and the Inquisitor sit as judges over her case. The scene is a dramatic one. The main charges against Joan are those of heresy, intercourse with evil spirits, and of wearing men's clothes. Joan makes a spirited defence against the accusations but is prevailed upon to sign a recantation by threats of burning. In spite of this however, the Inquisitor condemns her to life-long imprisonment, and Joan in terrible anger, tears the recantation across and defies her judges. She is then solemnly excommunicated from the church and condemned to be burnt at the stake.

The role of St. Joan was filled by Moheb Ali, and it must be said at once that although he worked very hard in it he could not make it quite a success. It was very obvious, from the start, that it was a part to be played only by a woman, but Moheb Ali is to be congratulated on a very plucky attempt to make good. The character of Charles the Dauphin, perhaps the most difficult of all the parts in the play, was taken by K. P. R Menon. History tells us that Charles was a weak effeminate coward, and as such Menon gave a very accurate portrayal, sustaining to the end his attitude of helpless weakness alternating with fitful periods of impotent rage. Nalpon as the Archbishop of Rheims was distinctly good. He spoke clearly and slowly, and had just the pompous tone suitable to such a solemn dignitary of the church. P. T. Thomas as the Earl of Warwick was weak. He was continually inclined to hurry his speech and very little of what he said reached the audience clearly. S. Sarma provided the necessary impressiveness of attitude as the Bishop of Beauvais, but T. S. Ramanujam as the chaplain bent on killing Joan was almost unintelligible in parts, by attempting to be too dramatic. Seshan gave us a convincing if slightly exaggerated picture of Robert de Baudricourt, the rough military squire, and he and his steward, Abdul Majeed, caused much amusement in the opening scene, the one with his blustering rage, the other with his trembling and fear. Ramuni Menon as Bluebeard spoke distinctly and made no attempt to hurry through his speeches, while Saiduddin Ahmed was very successful as the relentless Promoter in the trial scene. Among the minor characters mention must be made of Samuel as Dunois and Lourdasawmi a priest, both of whom rendered a good account of themselves.

THE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

The activities of the Association began with the "At Home" to the new graduates, which came off on Saturday, the 21st August at 4 P. M. The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Mr. Ferrand E. Corley, M.A., with the Hon'ble Khan Bahadur Dr. Usman Saheb Bahadur, B.A., M.L.C., Member, Madras Executive Council, in the chair. The subject of the learned address was "The Implications of History." The next meeting that was convened was on Monday the 13th September, 1926, when Rao Saheb Dr. S. Krishnaswamy Ayyangar, spoke on "Chandragupta Vikramaditya." The Hon'ble Mr. Justice V. V. Srinivasa Ayyangar, B.A., B.L., presided. The address was really a piece of laborious historical research in the yet unravelled period of early Indian History.

The second term commenced with the eloquent address of the Hon'ble Sir C. P. Ramasamy Ayyar, K.C.I.E. on "The League of Nations" on Wednesday, the 10th November, 1926 in the English Big Lecture Hall before a fully packed house. Mr. P. F. Fyson, M.A., F.L.S. presided over the occasion. This was followed by Mr. M. S. Sundara Sarma's lecture on "The Pallava Frescoes at Sittannavasal" which was delivered on 11th November, 1926.

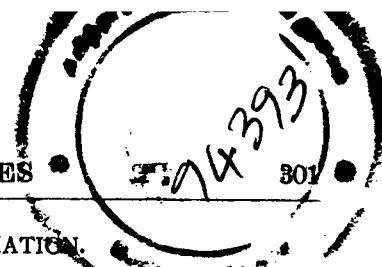
Mr. P. F. Fyson was kind enough to occupy the chair.

The next meeting was held on the 15th November, 1926 when Mr. C. D. Jayarama Rao, moved, "That in the opinion of this House, political rights for women are desirable". Mr. M. Anantanarayanan, opposed the motion. A lively debate ensued and in the end the motion was put to the vote and negatived by a majority of two.

The last meeting during the period under review was held on the 26th November, 1926 when Mr. T. S. Ramachandran, M.A., M.Sc., I.C.S., Bar-at-Law, an old student of the History Department and an ex-member of the Association addressed the members on "The Task Before us". Mon. Etienne Dennere of France, who had been to Madras on his tour round the world presided over the meeting.

THE TAMIL SANGAM.

The Tamil Sangam staged this year 'Gnanasoundari'; the popular Christian mystic drama—under the presidency of Mr. Statham. Most impressive among the actors were the hero (Mr. Ramanujam), the heroine (Mr. Sankaran) and the cruel step



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mother, Lenal (Mr. Krishnamachari.) About the performance of Sankaran, the well known actor of our stage it will suffice to say that it was excellent, and was by no means less impressive than in previous years. Especially commendable was the splendid music of Mr. Ramanujam. His acting too was distinctly good. R. Krishnamachary, who has been training himself for sometime past to act the difficult part of the female villain of the drama, was very successful in his rendering of the part of Lenal. The heartless cruelty of her disposition towards Gnanasoundari, as well as her dissimulation in her husband's presence were all very naturally brought out in the course of the drama. The appetite for the comic in the audience was fully satisfied by the two perfect toppers—Moheb Ali and Krishnamurthi. Their acting was inimitable and provoked endless laughter in the galleries.

The general get up was very satisfactory and some of the scenes, at least, deserve special notice. The miracle scene, in which the Virgin Mary appears to the luckless Gnanasoundari and restores her arms to her was very imposing. The final scene, with its reunion of the separated couple and their relatives was very moving; and the reconciliation of Lenal with Gnanasoundari touched a tender chord in the hearts of all present. One good feature of this year's acting was the successful flashing of lime-light, at the necessary places.



To Rabindranath Tagore

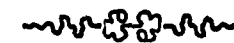
I

Hail! master of majestic thought
With India's ancient wisdom fraught
And matchless music! Through many a land
And age, peerless may'st thou stand
With him whose "verse of equal pace"
Shed lustre on the solar race,
The great Valmiki! Even he
Whose utterance large and bold and free
Compasses the world's immensity!

II

Lead us where the mind's unbowed
Where the heart is justly proud,
Where the clear unclouded gaze
Upon the world's mysterious maze
Fearless and unperplexed may rest;
Where of all things noblest, best,
Truth is still our heritage,
Lead us, singer, saint and sage
The pride and wonder of our age.

V. THIRUNAVUKKARASU.





OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY—I.

Radha

Johnson's—"Life of Gray"

Johnson's "Life of Gray" unlike his other lives of the poets suffers from peculiar limitations. A man of strong individuality as Dr. Johnson was, he formed his opinions with an authority and self-consciousness which few would dare to question. Nevertheless, very often prejudiced as his impressions might appear, his opinions on most questions would appeal to the ordinary intellect, because sound common sense is perceptible in his views. Hence in judging Johnson's criticisms on men and manners, on books and authors, we should be guarded and invariably try to form our own opinions after careful consideration. Another drawback that Johnson suffered from was that, in most places, he was writing about the times fairly near his own and so his opinions are open to further examination.—Thirdly, Johnson himself was unable to appreciate some of the new tendencies that were becoming prominent in his own age, since he was himself a product of the classical age.

His criticism of Gray particularly suffers from all his defects and a glance through his "Life of Gray" is bound to leave the impression that he has done great injustice to the poet. When he has an opinion to deliver, he piles up arguments which are often superficial; and he is also, in general, unable to appreciate the exact principle in the growth of literary thought for which Gray stood in his age. The classical diction of Gray or the somewhat overburdened classical imagery in his thought, and the curious expression as well as the unusual compounds he sometimes uses, do not constitute the real genius of Gray; but in the poems of Gray, we leave behind us the classical spirit in literature as a purely intellectual force and there begins to dawn in the short lyrics and odes of Gray the new spirit of romance which is to blossom into fulness of expression within half a century later; and yet Dr. Johnson has neither the ear to appreciate the music of the new art of poetry in Gray nor has he the critical eye to find the true value of the new element of romance in Gray, so that the criticism of Johnson regarding Gray's poetical genius is bound to fall flat upon the modern ear. Apart from this difficulty, there is another piece of injustice which Johnson does to Gray, in that his appreciation of Gray's poetry, where he does happen to appreciate it, is very much qualified and limited by a general

unwillingness to give his full praise to Gray. Hence on the whole, Johnson's criticism of Gray is not only out of date but it is also pointless and far too coloured by prejudice, and this is the result of Johnson's nature not being prone to higher flights of poetic thought.

The Elegy alone is particularly appreciated by Johnson because of the popular sentiments expressed therein, while he is tempted to give a harsh and unjust criticism of the other poems of Gray, largely because Dr. Johnson admires no poetry which does not contain some moral truth or some chain of reasoning. To Johnson, poetry is either didactic in purpose or prosaic in its logicality. The idea that poetry must teach a moral truth is an ancient one coming to us from the classical ages. But according to modern thought, poetry is looked upon as one of the fine arts, as an art which stands by itself and which has a purpose of its own. Art for Art's sake is a particularly modern conception; and the moral value of poetry is sometimes looked upon as secondary but more often as unnecessary. That the poet should have a form of composite reasoning is equally opposed to the artistic notion of poetry. The truth of the poet and the reason of the poet have spheres of their own and the poet has to satisfy himself and his readers only from that standpoint. In the age of Johnson criticism had not yet gone beyond the stage of applying classical canons which were ready-made and which did not always interpret the higher elements of imagination contained in poetry. The conception of pleasure as the end of poetry was evolved by Addison and the idea is also partially found in Dryden. But even to them the notion of art and poetry was strange.

While Gray is "classical" in his imagination and while he tries to compose poetry on classical models, adopting classical language to the extent to which it is possible, the general mould of his thought is in advance of the age and in his poetry there is the element of Romance already appearing clearly. The beauty of the Elegy to the modern critic does not lie in its appeal to the sentiment of the popular mind, but in its artistic conception and in the perfection with which, Gray draws a portrait in poetic imagery of sentiment which is raised from the common to the uncommon stage, by the force and the originality of the poet's genius. The Elegy is more a mental picture than an intellectual interpretation of a popular Idea. Similarly his odes, "the Progress of Poetry" and "the Bard" are elevated visions of sentiments which become too common when the artistic

structure is taken away from them—similarly, it could be said of all Gray's poetry that his special contribution lies not in his language or in the subject of his poems, but in the new turn that he gives to the play of poetic imagination. This is an attitude which Dr. Johnson in spite of his learning and critical capacity, cannot be expected to appreciate. Johnson's "Life of Gray" is about the worst of his "Lives", because we now look upon Gray as one of the forerunners of the romantic movement. Cowper considered him the only poet since Shakespeare who could fairly be called "sublime" and it might be said that Collins and Gray represent the new spirit in a classical age.

Johnson's criticism of the "Ode on Spring" indicates that what is pleasing in the ode is the personal element; Johnson is not attracted by the moralising or the diction or the thought of the poem. While the thought is just commonplace, Gray attempts to give it a new mode of expression, which in Johnson's opinion is "too luxuriant", but which is the normal diction of poetry in the 19th century. The moralising element in the ode is just a relic of the classical conception of poetry. This moralising tendency evolves in the nineteenth century into idealization on the one hand and spiritualisation on the other. In the moral that Gray depicts in this ode, in the comparison he draws between the spring and human life, he is paving the way for the growth of idealism and mysticism in the Romantic Poetry of the 19th century. The personal element in this ode marks the step to the growth of subjective vision in the romantic poets of the succeeding age. The struggle that he exhibits in attempting to coin expressions to express his ideas adequately, as for example in "cultured plain", "daisied bank" or "honied spring" shows the inadequacy of language in the 18th century as the vehicle of new modes of thought coming into vogue, an inadequacy which was felt even in the 19th century, as for instance in the language of Shelley or Browning or Rossetti.

Dr. Johnson writes approvingly of the sentiments, the expression and the moral application of Gray's Hymn to Adversity, because this poem closely follows classical tradition and diction in every point. This criticism of Johnson at once shows wherein lay the power of Johnson as a critic. The moralisation which he criticised in the poem on the "Cat", the invocation to the Thames which he criticises in the Prospect of Eton College and the expression which he criticises in the other poems of Gray are all satisfactory to the critic in this poem, because in accordance with

classical tradition, Gray personifies abstract qualities like folly, wisdom, melancholy, etc., uses the ordinary language of the 18th century poet, invokes the daughter of Jove in classical manner and makes adversity teach in classical manner the lessons of love and forgiveness to man. Johnson finds in this poem a dignity which he fails to see in the other poems of Gray. Dr. Johnson's criticism on this poem illustrates clearly that he had neither the eye for romantic vision nor the ear for the new music of the dawning age of romanticism.

Dr. Johnson is all praise for the Elegy and he indicates the reason for his appreciation in unmistakeable language. He says that the final judgment on a poem is to be given by the common sense of the readers uncorrupted by literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtleties and the dogmatism of learning. For instance he mentions the description of the churchyard in which every reader would find an echo of his own sentiments and the image for which every reader would find the mirror in his own mind. Similarly in the four stanzas beginning with "yet even these bones", the emotions expressed are common to all human beings and the ideas, though original, appeal to the popular imagination. These are the grounds on which Johnson gives his praise to the Elegy. There is no doubt that the Elegy is the most popular among Gray's poems. But the popularity of the poem does not by itself denote the imaginative height of the poem. Judging from the common-sense standard, the Elegy is bound to occupy a high place in the realm of thought. But there is a higher standard, still from which we have to look at poetry as a creative art. The mere appeal to the popular mind, the commonness of the basis of the poem, and the popularity the poem obtains are not the final tests in judging the value of a poem. Creative Art, in order to deserve the name, must attempt at something higher than the common standard and must strike a new note in the field of imagination.

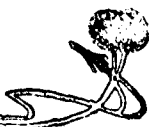
The criticism of the Elegy by Johnson shows at once the theory he held of the function of poetry and the limitation of his critical faculty. In an age of classicism, new ideas and new modes of expression could not be popular. That is why Dr. Johnson is unable or unwilling to find delight in Gray's odes—The Progress of Poesy and the Bard. While he admits that those who rejected the two pieces in the beginning felt some delight in reading the two odes at a later time, he is himself unable to appreciate the beauty of the odes.

Perhaps the initial fault lay in Dr. Johnson's taking up Gray for one of his 'Lives'. But then his life of Gray is not without its value to the student of criticism. His criticism of Gray reveals to us the limitations of the critic of the 18th century, a century in which classicism still held sway over the critic and the creative artist. However, the very elements in Gray's poetry which displeased Dr. Johnson were the distinguishing features of the new poetry that was dawning in the horizon when Gray wrote his poems and odes. He refers to the ungraceful ornaments, the affected imagery, the laboured expression, the false dignity and the unnaturalness of view in Gray's poetry. These faults, in Johnson's opinion, had to be expunged if Gray's poetry could be called good. The faults pointed out were incidental to an age in which the poet with a new vision felt bound to conform to the standard of classical poetry and classical expression. If Dr. Johnson had lived fifty years later, he would have seen poetry freed from these faults and if Gray had written his odes fifty years later he would have found no need to clothe his poetry with the worn-out formalities of classicism. Dr. Johnson, however pays a tribute to Gray when he admits that it would be unjust to say that Gray had no beauties and that a man of his learning and industry was bound to produce something valuable. While Johnson starts with a personal dislike in general for Gray's poetry, and while he exhibits a lack of capacity to appreciate the points of worth in Gray's poetry, he subjects Gray's poetry to a very searching criticism, which has its own value. In trying to find out the faults of Gray's poetry, Johnson has done real service to literary criticism by enabling us, if not so much to appreciate Gray, at least to see clearly the fundamental elements of romantic poetry and realize the distinction between classical and romantic poetry in thought and style and to look for the beauties in Gray that would introduce us to the new age in English Poetry. The service of Gray as a poet lies not so much in what he wrote in poetry but in showing us what could be achieved in the realm of poetry, if the poet should leave off the trammels of classicism and allow his imagination to soar high and freely in the regions of thought. The poetry of Wordsworth, of Coleridge, of Shelley, and of Keats may be said to be in fact the direct product of this new vision of the poet in Gray. We already see in Gray elements of the naturalism, the subjective and the objective idealism and the mysticism which we find expressed and developed in the poetry of romanticism in the 19th century.

N. K. VENKATESAN.



In Lighter Vein



ENGLISH SURNAMES

The pronunciation of many English surnames is full of traps for the unwary.

A story is told of how Horatio Bottomley once called at the home of Lord Cholmondeley and, in asking the butler if his master was in, pronounced the name as it is spelt. The butler said, loftily. "You mean Lord *Chumley*, sir?"

"Ah, yes!" replied Bottomley. "Tell his lordship that Mr. *Bumley* would like to speak to him."

During the war a very aristocratic young man named Bayswater joined the army as a private. On parade he wore a monocle, and a furious sergeant yelled, "Private Bayswater, take off that window-pane!" In an injured voice the private replied, "Bassiter, Sergeant, Bassiter—not Bayswater!"

Among peers—anomalies in names are common. Earl Wemyss is Weems, Lord Blyth is known as Bly, and Knollys is Nowls. One of the Dalziel family was addressed by someone who pronounced his name as it is spelt. Each time he was addressed as "Dalziel", he quietly corrected it to "Dee ell" (the proper pronunciation). The other entirely misconstrued his meaning and at length got thoroughly fed-up with what sounded suspiciously like a personal affront.

After about the sixth correction, therefore, the poor fellow flared up and cried. "I am *not* a damned liar!"

* * * *

In England once there was a Mr. Key;
To make a fortune he did hie to Spain,
By custom there he was then hailed Don Key;
And this made him quit the land in pain.

Then went he to France, it seemed a better place,
Misfortune there too followed, for he was styled Mon Key,
And so he left that country too in haste;
England is best, thought the returning Key.

C. R. P.

A monologue is a conversation between a man and his mother-in-law.

* * * *

Wife: "I really must have some new clothes. I'm sure the entire neighbourhood knows my wardrobe by heart."

Hub: "But it would be cheaper to move to a new neighbourhood, wouldn't it, dear?"

* * * *

Club Director: "Do you admit having kicked the opposing player in the stomach during the struggle round the goal?"

Footballer: "Yes, but I plead extenuating circumstances; I mistook him for the referee."

* * * *

Husband: "You accuse me of reckless extravagance. When did I ever make a useless purchase?"

Wife: "Why, there's that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago. We've never used it once."

* * * *

Schoolmaster: "Give me a good example of a coincidence."

Pupil: "My father and mother were married on the same day."

* * * *

"Yes", said the oculist, "he had a curious affliction; everything he looked at he saw double."

"Poor fellow, I suppose he found it hard to get a job."

"Not at all. The Electric Supply Company snapped him up and now he's reading meters."





Football

There is nothing very much to be said about this game. The usual two tournaments were run, the Presidency College tournament attracting seven entries, while the Wilson Cup tournament attracted six. Our team were defeated by the Mohammedan College in the first round. The Rajamundry College eventually proved the winners defeating such strong opponents as the Lawyers in the semi-finals and the Christians in the finals. They were easily the best team and thoroughly deserved their victory over the pick of the Madras Colleges. The Wilson Cup contest witnessed some keen football amongst the local Colleges, the Rajamundry College not participating. The R. M. S. worked their way right up to the finals, only to meet defeat at the hands of the Christians who in turn had disposed of the Medicoes and the Lawyers. The winning team ably justified their reputation as being one of the best College football combinations in Madras.

Hockey

Since last we wrote of Hockey much has happened. For we have lost both the Panagal and the Inter-Collegiate tournaments. Indeed, our luck seems to have completely deserted us, just when we needed it most.

In the Inter-Collegiate tournament we were one point a head of the Christians with one match yet to play against them, and we had every hope of coming out on top. But this very match marked the turning-point in our fortunes. We played it 'away' and half-time saw us two clear goals ahead, and our chances seemed very bright. But our opponents rallied wonderfully on resumption and scored twice off two successive short corners.

Then came a great struggle for the winning goal. The Christian forwards raided our ring again and again, until in one of the scrimmages they scored. But it was pretty evident that the ball went through as the result of a kick. The referee, not having sighted the foul, rightly piped for goal, and immediately after changed his decision on our players protesting. It was an unfortunate action and one that drew on him and us the full temper of the spectators, the match ending in a disgraceful squabble. Under the circumstance we could do no less than give the game to the Christians and withdraw honourably from the tournament, as we did. Thus our hopes for this tournament were finally defeated.

But, in view of this unfortunate episode, which has been but one of many similar ones in the past, it seems incumbent on us to draw the attention of the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association to the absolute necessity that exists for the provision of neutral referees in their matches. No matter how impartial a referee may be, there is always scope for ill-feeling and fault-finding with his decisions, particularly when he happens to award a doubtful decision to the team from his own College. We hope that next year, something will be done to obviate this nuisance.

In the Panagal Hockey tournament we fared as badly. Five teams participated, our 1st XI easily defeating the Law College in the opening match, while our 2nd XI went down to the Muslim High School. The latter then went on to win against the Rajamundry College, and then met us in the finals. This was played soon after our return from the Christmas vacation, and it was at once apparent that our forwards, at least, were clean off colour. They could do nothing right and we should have been beaten that same evening had it not been for the sterling play of the defence, which made the game a drawn one. But on the evening's play our opponents showed a marked superiority in passing and ball-control, and with a little more luck should have won. The re-play saw much the same state of affairs, our forwards again failing to make good. But our defence once more rose manfully to the occasion, saving the situation time and again. It wanted but a few minutes for full time, and it looked as if a second re-play was inevitable when a pretty piece of work by the opposing forwards resulted in a hot shot which beat the goalie all the way—and we were beaten! But let us be generous and give our conquerors full credit for their splendid victory, which they thoroughly deserved.

Cricket

Turning to cricket we find a much brighter picture. Indeed the reputation of our stalwart XI was never seriously threatened this season, for they won both the Inter-Collegiate and Wilson Memorial tournaments with ease. It is a pleasure to see that this game shows no signs of waning in popularity in the College, for more and more students seem to be taking to it.

If the visit of the M. C. C team to Madras has done anything worthwhile, it has certainly given cricket a great filip in this College. We have frequently seen groups of students, who once content to watch are now eager to play, practising hard with bat and ball, while one or two of our bowlers have been eagerly exploring the mysteries of a "flight" and "spin". But if there is one department of the game in which our players can do well to endeavour to emulate the M. C. C. it is in that of fielding. The visitors showed themselves past masters in the art of ground fielding, while their throwing in to the wicket was a treat to watch. But our players must bear in mind that such efficiency can only be attained by practice, practice, and once again practice.

Tennis

This has been a very "live" game in the college this term, the activities being many and varied, and the Secretary must be heartily congratulated on his enterprise in introducing so many new features. The first of these was the running of a Presidency College Past and Present Tournament. This attracted several notable "Old Boys" including Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer, the Hon'ble Dr. Subbarayan, Dewan Bahadur V. T. Krishnamachari, Dr. K. K. Pandalai and Mr. C. K. Krishnaswamy Pillai, besides several others well known on the Tennis courts of Madras.

The second innovation was the introduction of a tournament open to all Colleges, for which several handsome cups were presented by old boys and others. The Law College secured all the possible honours in this tournament, two of their representatives meeting in the finals of the singles for the Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer Cup, while in the doubles event, for the Sir Annamalai Chettiar Cup, two of their pairs also contested the finals.

The usual tournaments for present students was divided up into handicap and open events in order to give all the players a fair chance. In the open singles P. S. Venkataraman again

proved the winner, defeating S. Venkatanarsu, while he has every prospect of winning the handicap event as well, which has not been played off yet. In the open doubles D. Parthasarathi Rao and P. S. Venkataraman defeated A. Kanniah and Venkatanarsu, while the same pair won the handicap doubles. It will be of interest to Presidites to know that Venkataraman and Venkatanarsu did very well in the M. U. C. Tennis tournaments, and played against Perkins and Singaravelu in the semi-finals of the doubles championship. Indeed the latter pair of champions had to go all out to win. Venkataraman's service has been described as the stiffest seen in Madras since that of C. Ramaswamy, the Cambridge Tennis Blue.

We hear that a move is afoot once more to induce some of the lady students of the college to participate in a mixed Doubles tournament, and that there is every hope of its succeeding. It is a splendid idea, and we hope that it will not fall through once again as it did last term.

Rowing

This is a new branch of sport in our college, but we hope to soon see it as firmly established as any other. In our last issue we hinted at the founding of a College Boat Club. This scheme, we are very glad to say, has now practically materialised. A boat has been hired, temporarily, from the Madras Rowing Club, and each morning sees four men, in shorts and shirts, practising on the Cooum, under the eagle eye of our coach, Mr. Fyson, and undeterred alike by the early morning effluvia from the waters as by the low state of the river! Occasional meetings with mud-banks are, we imagine, more welcome than anything, for rowing is an extremely strenuous sport and untried muscles tend to tire easily!

At present it is only possible to permit a limited number to row, there being but one boat, but with the new year, we hope to see a Boat Club instituted, when no doubt funds will be voted from the ample coffers of the College Athletic Association for the purchase of several boats. But this will only be, provided that rowing "catches on" in earnest with the students as otherwise it would be impossible to risk the outlay of thousands of rupees on the purchase of boats. We call upon all students really interested in this splendid sport, to come forward therefore, and to give the scheme all their possible support.

In this connection we feel it our duty to record our deep appreciation of the keenness of our Principal, in coming out to coach us, morning after morning. "Breaking in" absolutely raw recruits to rowing is no light task, but Mr. Fyson has gladly given much of his valuable time and trouble to doing so. It is only fitting therefore that his efforts should not be in vain.

Some Outgoing Sporting Personalities of the College

This issue would be incomplete were we not to make some mention of those of our leading sportsmen who are leaving us at the end of this year. One and all, they have rendered us yeoman service in the field, and it is but fitting that their college should send them out with a gesture of recognition and of appreciation for their loyalty and help.

First to be mentioned must be the veteran Veerasinghe. For six years the Athletic Champion of the Presidency College, and Inter-Collegiate Champion for 1926, he has established a remarkable record for all-round sporting ability. His cricketing shots are well known, while his accurate eye and hard hitting in Hockey have made him the terror of opposing forwards. One of the oldest members of the University Training Corps, he has risen to the rank of Regimental Sergeant Major by dint of efficiency and hard work.

The Reddi brothers come next on the list. The elder brother captained the College Cricket team for 1926—27 with outstanding ability, and it is a tribute to his captaincy that we were not defeated once during the year under review. A fine forcing batsman, he plays with a free swing of the shoulder; he is also a safe and hard-working half-back in Hockey. Nogi Reddy, the younger brother is a singularly attractive personality in college sporting circles. Quiet and unassuming, he is yet one of the safest bats in the Cricket XI and has many a tall score to his credit. He has made a great study of the theory of cricket, and what is better has put his lessons to practice in the field. He is one of the safest catches in the team, and has the reputation of being one of the best fieldsmen in Madras. A thoroughly sound back in Hockey he has saved the team from defeat time and again. We should hear more of him when he leaves the college for England, as it is rumoured.

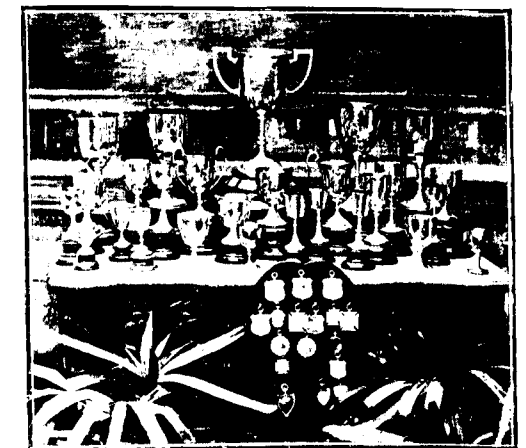
Joseph is our burly Football Captain. A fine kick, he is not afraid to tackle the heaviest opponent, and always plays with



P. S. Venkataraman.



A. A. Virasinghe.



Rowing on the Cooum.

vigour and the determination to win. He has unfortunately not received the necessary backing in his efforts to get the Football XI going strongly, otherwise we might have had a different tale to tell of Football.

P. S. Venkataraman has been the college singles Tennis champion for the past two years. He is one of the best student players in the city and is not afraid to meet any of the best players in Madras. Recently, partnered by Venkatarnarasu, another Presidency player, he almost snatched a victory from Perkins and Singaravelu, two well known performers, in the semi-finals of the M. U. C. Tournaments. His service has been described as one of the fastest in Madras since that of C. Ramaswamy the Cambridge Blue.

D. Parthasarathy Rao is an able second to Venkataraman in tennis. The captain of this game in the College, he has done a lot to popularise it, and has endeavoured to introduce new and pleasing features into the ordinary round of tournaments and practice-matches. He and Venkataraman are the College Doubles champions.

C. Sreenivasan, the College Athletic Champion this year, thoroughly deserves his success, as he has been second only to Veerasinghe for the last two years. A fine sprinter, hurdler and jumper, he is at his best when pressed close, as was shown on this College Day. He has a bad knee which unfortunately prevents him from doing really well.

W. J. Satur is one of the veterans of the Hockey team, for which he has played for the last four years. A quick runner, he has a nice knack of getting away with the ball, and when once well down the touch-line centres with deadly accuracy. He is a fine long-distance runner, having won the College mile in 1926, being second this year in the same event.

Last but not least, we must not forget to mention Kalyanaraman. Though really an old boy, he has yet not left us altogether, for he remains as a demonstrator in the College. Thus we hope to see him play Cricket for the College XI for a year or two more. Kalyanaraman is a fine batsman, whose flourishy style tends to deceive a casual on-looker as to the real strength of his strokes. His back-play is very forceful and attractive to watch. A safe wicket-keeper, his presence behind the stumps breeds a certain confidence, for he brings with him all the weight of his cricketing experience and of his numerous grey hairs!

P. D. S.

Presidency College Day Sports

Prize Winners.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>(1) <i>High Jump</i>—
I. G. Kondalrayadu.
II. C. Karunakara Menon.</p> <p>(2) <i>100 Yards Flat Race, Seniors</i>—
I. C. Sreenivasan.
II. K. P. R. Menon.</p> <p>(3) <i>100 Yards Flat Race, Juniors</i>—
I. A. Ram Mohan Rao.
II. E. M. Sundaram.</p> <p>(4) <i>Putting the Shot</i>—
I. G. Kondalrayadu.
II. C. Sreenivasan.</p> <p>(5) <i>120 Yards Hurdle Race</i>—
I. C. Sreenivasan.
II. T. A. Balakrishnan.</p> <p>(6) <i>Long Jump</i>—
I. T. A. Balakrishnan.
II. C. Sreenivasan.</p> <p>(7) <i>220 Yards Flat Race, Seniors</i>—
I. C. Sreenivasan.
II. K. P. R. Menon.</p> <p>(8) <i>Throwing the Cricket Ball</i>—
I. C. Flory.
II. C. Sreenivasan.</p> <p>(9) <i>Quarter Mile Race</i>—
I. A. Padmanabhan.
II. G. T. George.</p> <p>(10) <i>50 Yards Flat Race, Ladies</i>—
I. Miss W. Woodbridge.
II. Miss C. M. Satur.
III. Miss P. Satyanadhan.</p> | <p>(11) <i>Half Mile Race</i>—
I. S. M. Joseph.
II. W. J. Satur.</p> <p>(12) <i>Sack Race</i>—
I. Abdul Hamid.
II. G. T. George.</p> <p>(13) <i>Fast Bicycle Race</i>—
I. A. Gidraj.
II. C. Flory.</p> <p>(14) <i>Old Boys, 220 Yards Race</i>—
I. K. M. Nanjappa.
II. Sundaresan.</p> <p>(15) <i>Old Boys, 100 Yards Race (above 10 years)</i>—
I. Mr. M. O. Parthasarathy Iyengar.
II. Mr. Murugesu Mudaliar.</p> <p>(16) <i>Candle Race, Ladies and Gents</i>—
I. Miss W. Woodbridge.
 { Ralph Stracey.
II. Miss R. Sarada Bai.
 { K. P. R. Menon.</p> <p>(17) <i>Juniors, 220 Yards Flat Race</i>—
I. A. Ram Mohan.
II. A. Joshua.</p> <p>(18) <i>Bicycle Potato-gathering</i>—
I. C. Flory.
II. Chandra Babu.</p> <p>(19) <i>One Mile College Race</i>—
I. S. M. Joseph.
II. G. T. George.</p> |
|--|---|

- (20) *One Mile open to all Colleges*—
I. Shamanna (Law).
II. Chandy (Xian).

- (21) *Relay Race*—
Honours class team.

- (22) *Fancy Dress, Old Boys*—
I. R. Parthasarathy. (Brahmin Priest).
II. M. N. Chittiappa. (Burmese).

- (23) *Fancy Dress, Present Boys*—
I. Harnamdas Kapur (Red Indian).
II. Abdul Majeed (Afghan).

College Cricket Tournament—
Duncan Memorial Cup.
Winners—Presidency College A Team.

College Football Tournament—
Winners—Rajahmundry Government College.

College Hockey Tournament—
Rajah of Panagal Cup.
Winners—Muslim High School.

College Tennis Tournaments—
Singles—
I. P. S. Venkataraman.
II. Venkatanarasu.

Doubles—

- I. P. S. Venkataraman and D. Parthasarathy Rao.
II. Venkatanarasu and A. Kanniah.

Handicap Singles—

- I. P. S. Venkataraman.
II. Venkatanarasu.

Handicap Doubles—

- I. D. Parthasarathy Rao and Venkatanarasu.
II. P. S. Venkataraman and P. Venkateswarulu.

Handicap Singles, Juniors—

- I. A. Ram Mohan Rao.
II. M. Venkata Sastry.

Open to all Colleges—

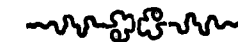
Sir C. P. Ramaswami Cup.
Singles—Law College.
Sir Annamalai Chettiar Cup.
Doubles—Law College.

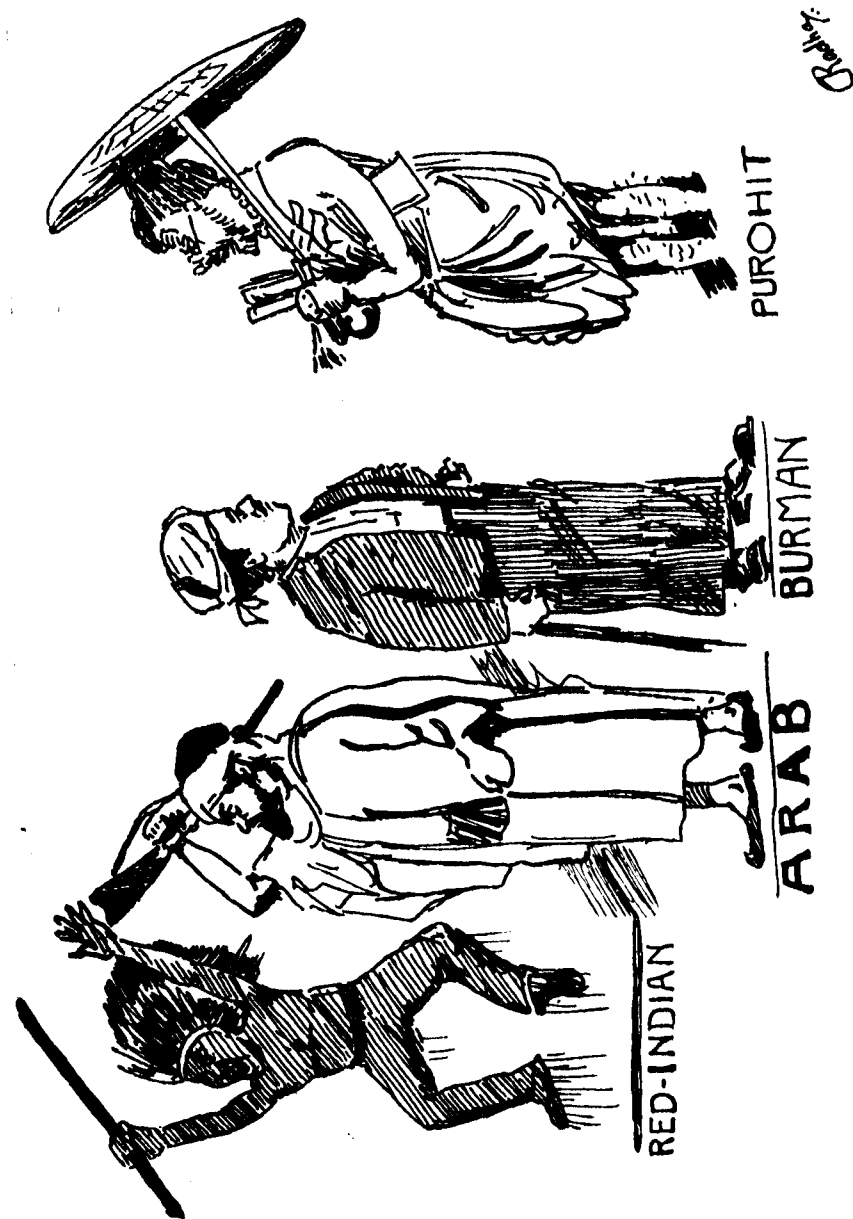
College Badminton Tournaments—
Singles—

- I. Narayanamurthy.
II. Subramaniam.

Doubles—

- I. Narayanamurthy and V. D. Ramaswamy.
II. Raghunatha Rao and Parthasarathy Rao.
Fives.—First year class team.





PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE FANCY DRESS COMPETITION

A Primer of Hinduism

III

THE FIRST ASCENT—(continued).

Pupil.—This brings us to the next cardinal virtue—Truth. But truthfulness is a virtue inculcated by every religion worth the name.

Teacher.—Yes. In all Hindu scriptures truthfulness is constantly alluded to as the basis of both heroic and saintly types of character. For instance in the Mahabharata Bhishma says to Yudhishtira, "It is impossible, O King, to exhaust the merits of truth. For this reason the Brahmanas, the Pitrs and the gods speak highly of truth. There is no duty higher than truth and no sin more dreadful than untruth. Indeed truth is the very root of righteousness. Therefore one should never destroy truth. On one occasion truth and a thousand horse sacrifices were weighed against each other in the balance. Truth proved heavier than a thousand horse sacrifices." The importance of truthfulness is indicated in a thousand ways in the Epics and the Puranas. The colossal sacrifices made by Harischandra, Yudhishtira and Dasaratha in keeping the promises they made show the high place given to truth by Hindu sages.

P.—Shall we now pass on to the next cardinal virtue—non-violence?

T.—No. I have not yet done with truth. Truth does not mean mere truth-speaking. It means what is right in conduct, what is just in social intercourse, and what is true in knowledge. I have already said that Hinduism is a progressive quest after truth. It is a quest after right conduct, just intercourse and true knowledge. Truth is that which *is* and untruth is that which *is not*. God is truth. For He is the source of all righteousness, beauty, justice and knowledge. These are eternal values. But sin, ugliness, injustice and ignorance are all forms of untruth which is a mere shadow without a substance. So what our religion enjoins by *satyam* is not mere truth-speaking but our enthusiastic identification with all correct views, just causes, right actions and beautiful ways of life. It is a virtue that opens the door to infinite progress in science, in art, in social justice and to the higher morality of a future day.

P.—What do you mean, Sir, by the higher morality of a future day?

T.—Humanity, my boy, is comparatively young. It is as it were only the other day that man appeared on the earth with his notions of right and wrong. Do you know for how many millions of years the earth had rolled on its axis before man was evolved? And do you know for how many millions of years more it is going to revolve? Who knows what marvels the eternal magician has still in view? Who can dare prescribe limits to the progress of man? What was deemed impossible a hundred years ago has become possible now in scientific

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invention. Similarly what is impossible now for the ordinary man in the moral sphere, owing to the weakness of the flesh, may become possible for the whole race a million years hence. By that time who knows that the Spirit may not have learnt to express itself through a better instrument than human personality on this earth?

P.—Sir, what you say is rather bewildering to me.

T.—No. I am only stating facts. Truth is bewildering. It is far more bewildering than our wildest imaginings. Contemplation of truth takes us swiftly away from our little systems of morals and metaphysics. The Hindu scriptures teach us that the pursuit of truth, wherever it may lead and whatever sacrifices it may involve, is indispensable to the progress of man. Hence Hinduism has never opposed scientific progress. It has never opposed speculation in metaphysics or ethics. The last page of its ethics is not yet written. I hope it will never be written. If we have eyes to see, a new chapter is being added to the ethics of India in our own life time.

P.—So this cardinal virtue also involves a whole group of virtues?

T.—Of course it does. Honesty, sincerity, justice, loyalty, faithfulness, patient investigation of facts, appreciation of all forms of beauty and a host of similar virtues are involved in the love of truth.

P.—Now we come to the last in our list of cardinal virtues—namely, non-violence. What does this imply?

T.—Non-violence is the English equivalent for the Sanskrit word *Ahimsa*. There is an oft-quoted Hindu saying—*Ahimsa paramo dharma* which means that non-violence is the highest law. There is no doubt that the gospel of non-violence is the most remarkable contribution of India to the culture of the world. Non-violence has two sides—a negative side and a positive side. On the negative side it means refraining from giving pain to any creature in any way. And on the positive side it means perfect love towards all creatures. One of the greatest Hindu sages of modern times thus speaks of non-violence:—

"Non-violence is a perfect state. It is a goal towards which all mankind moves naturally though unconsciously. Man does not become divine though he personifies innocence in himself. Only then does he truly become man. In our present state we are partly men and partly beasts and in our ignorance and even arrogance say that we truly fulfil the purpose of our species when we deliver blow for blow and develop the measure of anger required for the purpose. We pretend to believe that retaliation is the law of our being, whereas in every scripture we find that retaliation is nowhere obligatory but only permissible. It is restraint that is obligatory. Retaliation is indulgence requiring elaborate regulating. Restraint is the law of our being. For highest perfection is unattainable without highest restraint. Suffering is thus the badge of the human tribe."

P.—Does Hinduism preach that we should return good for evil, and love for hatred?

T.—Scores of passages could be quoted from the Mahabharata to show that this has been the teaching of the Hindu sages from time immemorial. And the law of love is extended in the religions of India even to the sub-human world.

P.—But is complete non-violence possible?

T.—The Hindu sages who preach non-violence recognise that perfect *ahimsa* is only an ideal. It is like a geometrical straight line. We can only make an approximation to it in practice. All creatures, for instance, get their food by violence. They have to kill and eat. Some kill animal life, and some vegetable life. But, as animals are higher forms of life than vegetables, to kill animals is a greater violence than to cut vegetables. Therefore Hinduism exalts vegetarianism above meat-eating and regards the ideal saint as one who lives on air.

P.—Does Hinduism insist on vegetarianism?

T.—No. It only recognises its superiority. Hinduism lays down no uniform rule for all sections of the population. It points to the goal and allows individuals and classes to reach it in their own time when they have acquired the necessary *adhikara* or moral competence.

P.—Do you mean to say then that non-violence in India is only an individual virtue or a class virtue and not a national virtue?

T.—Non-violence may fairly be called a national virtue in this country. For, though it is practised by small sections of society, it has considerably influenced the Hindu community as a whole. Why, we may say that it has made the Hindus what they are to-day. Most of their virtues and vices could be traced to the ideal of non-violence. Their mildness, their hospitality, their humanity, their horror of bloodshed, their abhorrence of taking out life, their kindness to animals, and their deification of the cow are all due to the preaching of non-violence. The pacific character of the Indian civilisation is a result of this ideal. It is said that the Indian masses, in spite of their terrible poverty, are far less brutal than the masses in other countries. If that is a fact, it is due to the non-violence practised by the classes.

P.—But I think, sir, there is another side to this picture.

T.—Yes. I have already said that most of our vices as well as our virtues could be traced to the ideal of non-violence. Remember *ahimsa* is only for those who are brave and strong. It is for those who could strike but would not. To flee from the brute and the bully and call it non-violence is the worst form of self-deception. What non-violence requires us to do is to substitute spiritual strength for brutal strength and not cowardice for valour. So in a warring world such as ours, *ahimsa* in the hands of those who have no *adhikara* or moral competence for it could only result in lack of manliness, and lack of manliness is the parent of many sins.

P.—What are the virtues that true *ahimsa* implies?

T.—True *ahimsa* necessarily implies courage, gentleness, courtesy, kindness, hospitality, humanity and love.

P.—Is the cultivation of all these main and subsidiary virtues the sole aim in the first stage of man's ascent to God?

T.—Yes. The Hindu scriptures say that rites and ceremonies are the external means, and that virtues are the internal means by which the purification of the soul is effected.

P.—Does a man progress from one virtue to another gradually in the order in which you have given them—purity, self-control, detachment, truth and non-violence?

T.—No. It is only for the sake of convenience that we divide and sub-divide virtues. They are all one and constitute a virtuous character. One should rather say the formation of a virtuous character is the aim of the first ascent rather than the cultivation of the cardinal and other virtues.

P.—Why, sir? What is the difference?

T.—Virtues, like rituals, are more or less in the nature of commandments proceeding from an external authority. Moreover their validity depends on circumstances. It is not always easy to say at what point virtues cease to be virtues. Firmness easily passes into obstinacy, courage into fool-hardiness, non-violence into cowardice, self-control into self-violence, and so on. Therefore the cultivation of virtues may merely imply a mechanical obedience to moral precepts. This, of course, is necessary in the beginning as rites and ceremonies are necessary. But soon the moral man begins to act for himself. He decides for himself what is true and what is just and what is virtuous in the given circumstances. He is no longer hampered by rules and precepts. When he has thus acquired a virtuous disposition he becomes independent in his judgment and never goes wrong.

P.—If precepts and commands are superseded in this way, what are our moral standards?

T.—An ethical personality—a *Dharmatma*—is a surer standard than an ethical precept. The former is the living tree, the latter is only a dried fruit. In the Taittiriya Upanishad a teacher giving parting advice to the pupil on the completion of his education says, "If you should have a doubt concerning an act or conduct, in such a case you should conduct yourself as Brahmanas competent to judge, apt, devoted, not harsh lovers of virtue conduct themselves."

P.—Are men the guides of right conduct according to Hinduism and not the scriptures of sacred law?

T.—Men as well as scriptures. According to Hinduism the guides of right conduct are the scripture, usage, the example of saints, and the inner self or conscience. For Manu says, "The whole Veda is the source of the sacred law, next the tradition, and the virtuous conduct of those who know the Veda, and also the customs of holy men and finally the satisfaction of the inner self." Thus, by making the example of the saints an authority, Hinduism keeps its dharma alive and its moral code flexible.

P.—Sir, you said that the Hindu law-givers not only lay down dharma but also prescribe penances for various sins. Can penances remove sins? First of all what is the nature of sin?

T.—Sin is man's opposition to the eternal law of righteousness. A sinner is one who is out of harmony not only with the society around him but also with the universal kingdom of spirit of which he is a part. For, the earthly dharma he is violating is only a transcript of Rta which the Vedas declare to be the rhythm and the order of the universe. Man in his blindness thinks that he can be independent of the rule of the universe. It is like a limb setting up some local action and refusing to function with the rest of the body—with the result that there is inflammation, pain and disease. A sinner is a diseased limb of society and a rebel from the kingdom of God. He sets his self-will against the will of God. He sets the creature against the Creator and, remember, both are in himself.

P.—But why does a man commit sin?

T.—The same question was put to Krishna by Arjuna in the Bhagavad Gita. Arjuna asks, "But what prompts a man to commit sin, O Krishna, reluctantly indeed as if he were constrained by a force?" And the Bhagavan replies, "It is desire, it is wrath which springs from a passionate nature." It is a monster of appetite and sin. Know thou that it is the foe on earth."

P.—So are all our desires our foes?

T.—No. It is only kama or selfish desire that is the enemy. Desires are bad only when their object is the self. As long as man is self-centred and erects walls of separation between himself and his fellows his desires come into conflict with the law of universal love and retard his progress.

P.—But how can a man of the world cease to take care of himself, his family and his country, and act according to the law of universal love? If what you say is true, all of us are sinners.

T.—Yes, all of us are sinners. Every religion teaches you that. The Hindu Scriptures constantly say that existence is evil, that samsara is a thing of sin. Buddha equates life with *Dukkha*. Christianity teaches that all men are born sinners and that the world is always antagonistic to God.

P.—Is not this a very pessimistic view of life?

T.—You should not be frightened by the word pessimism. There can be no beginning of religious life unless we look upon the world as mainly evil. All that most of us can do in this world seems to me to be to acquire a little cleanliness in an ocean of dirt, a little righteousness in an ocean of sin, a little beauty in an ocean of ugliness and a little love in an ocean of selfishness. If we don't shrink from the dirt, the sin, the ugliness and the selfishness of the world and denounce them as evil we have no hope of progress. We all start from a self-centred life. But when our conception of self gradually expands, so as to include the family, the community, the country and the humanity to

which we belong, we grow less and less sinful. As we learn to work for larger and larger units, our desires purify themselves and coalesce with the universal Dharma. All moral progress lies in making our self-will subservient to the Will that rules the universe.

P.—But how can this progress be achieved? How can we get rid of our sins?

T.—The way to get rid of our sins is to cultivate a virtuous disposition. The latter increases our spiritual power which burns up all sin. Every virtuous act adds to the hidden strength of the soul.

P.—What then is the use of penances and purificatory rites?

T.—Penance and purificatory rites are prescribed only for those who have turned away from sin. They come in only after the change of heart. I have compared a sinner to a diseased organ. Well, penances are like external applications which can only supplement but never supplant obedience to the general laws of health.

P.—What is the use of them if they only follow a change of heart?

T.—They are a mark that the man is retracing his false steps. They serve to show his repentance and his public confession. No law-giver ever says that gifts might be distributed or that fasts and vigils might be observed for the wiping away of sin without an antecedent change of heart. Penance is only confirmatory rites. They confirm the soul's purification. But the purification must come from within. No man can be saved from without. The health of the soul, like the health of the body, can only be evoked from within and never be communicated from without.

P.—If our sins are not expiated by repentance and purification what will happen?

T.—They will bear their inevitable fruits in the soul as it wanders in the mazes of Samsāra.

P.—What is Samsāra?

T.—Samsāra is the cycle of births and deaths through which the soul passes before it attains Moksha or salvation. Hinduism teaches that all creatures, as long as they are creatures, are involved in this time-process. And the state of each creature in any particular life depends upon the Karma or the good and evil deeds of its preceding lives. The law of Karma is a unique and characteristic feature of the religious thought of India. It is taught not only in all Hindu scriptures but also in Buddhist and Jaina scriptures.

P.—What exactly is the Law of Karma?

T.—The Law of Karma is a moral Law corresponding to the physical law of causation. As a man sows he shall reap. Every thought, every act of his is weighed in the scales of eternal justice. God does not sit in judgment over our actions on some future day but here and now. His law is wrought into our natures. Just as the realm of nature is subject to unalterable laws, just as flowers bloom and fade

regularly in their seasons, so is our moral nature subject to law, and our characters and destinies shape themselves not according to mechanical rules but organic laws. And just as we cannot interfere with the immutable laws of nature but can utilise them for our benefit by obeying them, so we cannot interfere with the moral law but can guide our conduct by a right knowledge of its working.

P.—If the right knowledge of the law of Karma is enough for us, do you mean to say that God is unnecessary for moral life?

T.—You may as well ask me whether God is unnecessary for natural life if the laws of Nature explain everything in Nature. God works through laws. What we call a moral law or a natural law is only an embodiment of His will. He never abdicates in favour of His law. The Upanishads call him Karmadhykshah, the Supervisor of the law.

P.—Do you mean to say that a man's birth and circumstances in this life depend entirely upon his past Karma?

T.—Yes. God is not partial. We carry with us our past. We bear an ineffaceable record of it in our souls. The mental and moral tendencies that the soul acquires in a particular life as a result of its purposes and actions work themselves out in suitable conditions in the next, and a new set of tendencies is acquired which again have to work themselves out in a new set of conditions. The process goes on through several lives till the soul obtains moksha or salvation.

P.—Cannot the whole process be gone through in one life?

T.—I am surprised at your question. How many of the people you have seen in the world are fit for moksha which means God-like perfection? It is monstrous to suppose that the soul could obtain its eternal reward or its eternal punishment by the actions of a single life. For in that case either the reward or the punishment would be intolerably unjust.

P.—If a man's birth and environment are determined solely by his past Karma which has to fulfil itself, is he not merely a creature of circumstances? Can he have a free will of his own? If everything is pre-ordained for him by fate, what is the use of his efforts?

T.—Man's will is ever free. Else moral life would be impossible. It is only when the law of Karma is misunderstood that it gives rise to fatalism. All is not determined. Within the limits set by birth capacities and tendencies a man has still ample scope to carve a career for himself. The author of the Gita, in a suggestive metaphor, calls the body a plot of ground (kshetra). Every soul is a farmer to whom a plot of ground is given. The extent of the ground, the nature of its soil, the changes of weather to which it is exposed are all pre-determined. But the farmer is quite at liberty to till the ground, to manure it and to raise suitable crops or to neglect it and allow it to run to waste. Similarly there are elements of freedom as well as elements that have been pre-determined in all our lives. The law of Karma recognises both of these, and thus does not run to any extreme.

P.—What are the elements of freedom? And what are the elements that are pre-determined?

T.—Hindu scriptures divide man's Karma into three parts—Prārabdha karma, Samchita Karma and Vartamāna karma. Prārabdha Karma is that part of a man's accumulated Karma which has come to fruition in the present life. It is a thing which is entirely determined and cannot be avoided. It gives rise to those conditions of a man's existence which he cannot get over, however hard he may try. We cannot, for instance, get over our sex, or parentage or the colour of our skin in this life. We cannot jump out of our bodies. As far as such things are concerned, everyone will admit that man is a creature of circumstances. Therefore Prārabdha Karma can be exhausted only by being experienced.

Samchita Karma is the name given to the accumulated Karma of all the previous lives of a man. As a result of all his actions in the past he acquires a certain character or certain tendencies. These are not inflexible like sex and parentage. They could be modified to a large extent by the thoughts, desires and actions of the present life. It is possible to uproot evil habits by persistent effort and plant good ones in their stead. So Samchita Karma is to a considerable extent subject to our will.

Lastly Vartamāna Karma is that which is being created now in the present life. Its fruits will come to us in a future life. Hence it is sometimes also called Agami Karma. It is entirely in our hands. As we sow we shall reap. If our thoughts are pure, our actions righteous and our desires unselfish we create for ourselves conditions which will accelerate our progress towards perfection. If on the other hand we sin, penal blindness overtakes us and we automatically go down in the moral scale and we suffer for it in this life or in the next.

P.—Is the law of Karma then a remorseless law dispensing mechanical justice?

T.—Not in the least. It is remorseless only to those who are self-centred. And the justice it dispenses is a part of the justice of God. It works according to His high decrees as the sun shines, the fire burns, the wind blows and Death stalks on the Earth.

P.—Is not its working like the working of a judicial system by which every man rigorously gets his due?

T.—Not exactly. You cannot, for instance, call a family a judicial system because every child gets its due from a just and loving father who is always ready and eager to help. It would be more correct to call Samsara an educational system where the master allows the pupils to educate themselves by seeing the natural consequences of their doings, while he is present everywhere to advise, to help and to save.

P.—If every man has to learn by his own mistakes and bear his own burdens and if no man can help another nor alter his destiny, does not the law of Karma encourage rather a selfish type of morality?

T.—No. If a man can alter his own destiny very considerably within certain limits, he can as well alter his brother's destiny also within certain limits. If a farmer, by his own exertions is able to change the quality and the quantity of his crops, he can also influence the crops of his neighbour by precept, by example and by actual help.

P.—So there is nothing in the law of Karma which makes our social and humanitarian work futile?

T.—Nothing. Social and humanitarian work is one of our sacred duties. And even when we seem to fail to make others happy our souls are ennobled by our noble endeavours and we set a good example to the world.

P.—The law of Karma, then, does not paralyse human action as it is generally supposed to do?

T.—Not at all. It only teaches that all actions good or bad, when they are directed by self-love, bind the soul to the wheel of samsara. Therefore selflessness should take the place of selfishness, if the soul is to be free. The author of the Bhagavad Gita teaches us that all moral and spiritual evolution of man lies between two types of character—a Sakta and a Yukta. A Sakta is a man who works from attachment to the world and a Yukta is a man who works in union with God. Both of them work, and work with zeal. But what a difference in motives and consequences! The work of the former results in bondage, the work of the latter in freedom. A Sakta is a baddha or one who is bound. A Yukta is a mukta or one who is free.

P.—If good actions bind the soul as much as bad actions, what is the use of doing good?

T.—Good actions are the boats by which we cross the black ocean of samsara. But to reach the other shore we have to get out of the boats. Moksha or deification of man is complete only when the evil in him has disappeared and the good by the absence of contrast and opposition has lost its goodness.

P.—Is the operation of the law of karma confined to the Earth?

T.—No. It embraces the whole of the created universe. There are countless visible and invisible worlds inhabiting space, and there are innumerable forms of life in them. And from the lowest vegetable to the highest gods in heaven all are subject to this great moral law which says according to the decree of God, "As one sows, one shall reap. Every creature makes its own fate."

P.—Are all its workings known to us on this Earth?

T.—No. *Gahana karmano gatih*. Mysterious in the course of Karma. How can we know all about its workings? Can we know all about the trade winds from the breeze that blows in through our windows? Can we know all about the ocean currents from the ripples in our creek? Only the general character of the law operating in the moral universe and binding the past, the present and the future into one play of Divine Justice has been revealed to us by the Vedic seers.

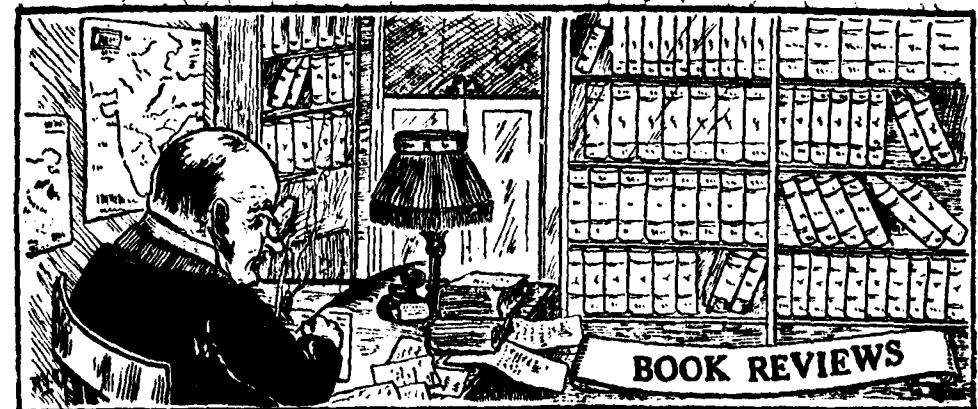
P.—Are we subject to this law for ever ?

T.—No. I have said it operates only in the moral universe. But behind the moral universe there is a spiritual universe where all differences are reconciled, all conflict between good and evil ceases and all selfish desires melt in an ocean of love. There the law of karma has no place. For as the physical world is subject to the law of causation, and the moral world is subject to the law of karma, so is the spiritual world subject to the law of love. Man is a unique expression of the Absolute Reality and his acts are free in so far as he acts from his higher nature and participates in the real. The Gita says that the law of karma does not bind Ishwara though He works incessantly for the maintenance of law and order in the universe. If we take refuge in Him and try to act in concert with Him we can escape from the realm of karma or retributive action and enter into a world which is subject to the higher law of love.

P.—Can we enter into that world in this life ?

T.—Yes, this very moment. It is to enable us to enter that world that all this discipline of the first ascent that I have described is designed.

D. S. SARMA.



ECONOMIC ORGANISATION OF INDIAN VILLAGES. VOLUME I.—
DELTAIC VILLAGES by N. G. Ranga, B. Litt. (Oxon.) Price Rs. 2.

In the foreword written by Mr. C. R. Reddy it is mentioned that the writer, who has made the economic survey of the deltaic area of the Kistna river, is himself a ryot of the locality. His results therefore may be presumed to possess a greater degree of accuracy than those of Economists who have paid just a chance visit to villages or have relied upon the data collected through the medium of their students. The work however would have gained considerably if a sketch map had been appended showing the district of Guntur in its natural setting and the villages investigated, as it is difficult for a reader who is unfamiliar with the Andhra country to get a comprehensive view of the situation otherwise. We trust that in the companion volume on the dry villages the author will supply this need.

The survey concerns itself with seven villages situated in the Bapatla and Tenali taluks of the Guntur district. The author has devoted himself whole-heartedly to his work and deserves congratulation for the great amount of information he has collected. The area surveyed is in the deltaic portion of the Kistna river, and one of the most interesting parts of the book is where a comparison is made between the present and the past. About sixty years ago it appears that irrigation was a novelty to the people in these parts and their lands yielded dry crops largely except where well-irrigation could be had. Now the major portion of the seven villages is under wet cultivation and owing to the certainty of the supply of water from the irrigation works the ryots have an easier time than when they were dependent on the vagaries of the monsoon.

But the change is not satisfactory according to the author. Wet cultivation though profitable causes long spells of under-employment or unemployment and dry-farming which could be practised in such slack times is not popular because the ryots are not enterprising enough. No doubt in some parts facilities for dry-farming do not exist, in which case the development of rural industries would probably provide the necessary employment. The author however would like to see dry-farming, like fruit growing for example, practised as a subsidiary occupation and surmises that it would materially benefit the ryots, whose holdings on an average do not exceed five acres. The reason for the smallness of the holdings, however, is the same in this part of the country as in others, namely, the Hindu Law of Property which encourages uneconomic slicing up of property.

The writer has specialised in "farm-costs" and "family-budgets". He has supplied the reader with forty-two family budgets exhaustively dealt with, as well as worked out actual costs of working several farms. Such information ought to be welcome to every student of rural economics from the comparative point of view. The cattle problem has attracted the author's attention most and it seems to be in a bad way. The ryots do not appear to be aware of the proper methods of rearing, feeding or working the cattle, with the result that in several instances the farms are unprofitable because the cost of maintenance of cattle is unduly high. There is thus a great need for the services of the Agricultural and Veterinary departments, in this area to set matters right.

The book abounds in suggestions for improvement and will repay a perusal by all those interested in matters of rural reconstruction. The get-up and printing of the book, in conclusion, might with advantage be improved if another edition is ever contemplated.

J. F.

MAKERS OF BRITISH HISTORY—R. B. Mowat, Books I, II & III. Edward Arnold & Co., London.

The author must be congratulated on the successful effort made by him in these books to teach history through a series of historical sketches. Though the value of biographies in humanising the study of history has generally been recognised, it remains true that history teaching in schools and colleges is still lacking in that element. It will be hard however to subscribe wholly to the

view of Mr. Mowat that "history as it has occurred is just the lives of men and women", but still there remains a large sphere where a judicious use of biography may be made to bring out the main currents of a nation's thought and action at different periods. Far from making it a mere chronicle of the doings of the kings of England, the author has taken us in these sketches through all the phases of English historical development, political, economic, social and literary, without any sacrifice at the same time of historic sequence. To mention only a few of the instances, the conditions of feudal England have been depicted in the sketch of Geoffrey De Maidenille. A general idea of mediæval ecclesiastical ideals and their relations to the state is given to us in the sketches of Anselm, Langton and Becket. The best ideals of mediæval chivalry have been pictured to us in this life of the Black Prince. The rising nationalism of 14th century England is portrayed to us through Chaucer "the poet of Merry England." Wolsey, Cromwell, Burleigh and Drake represent all that was best in Tudor England. The sturdy, independent country squire of 17th century is John Hampden. "The wonderful revival of political and civic enthusiasm in the people of the 18th century, the response to the statesmanship of Chatham and the younger Pitt is brought out in a sketch of their lives. John Wesley stands out as the representative of the spiritual revival of the same period. Watt and Boulton are the representatives of the industrial side of English life in the 18th century; perhaps sketches of Sadler, Forster, Ashley, Cobden and Bright might with advantage have been included to give an idea of the great economic and social problems which England had to face, close on the era of mechanical inventions. The manifold developments of the Victorian age have been fully represented by Peel, Gladstone, Disraeli, Carlyle, Tennyson and others. On the whole a very careful selection of personages has been made with due regard to the varied aspects of English historical development. The addition of a chronology for the periods uncovered by the biographies to bridge the gaps and bring out the developments of those periods and useful illustrations still further enhance the value of the book.

It would be too much to suggest that these books may serve as text books for university students but certainly they can serve as useful supplements. To a discerning student, there is much that can be gleaned through such biographical studies.

V. V.

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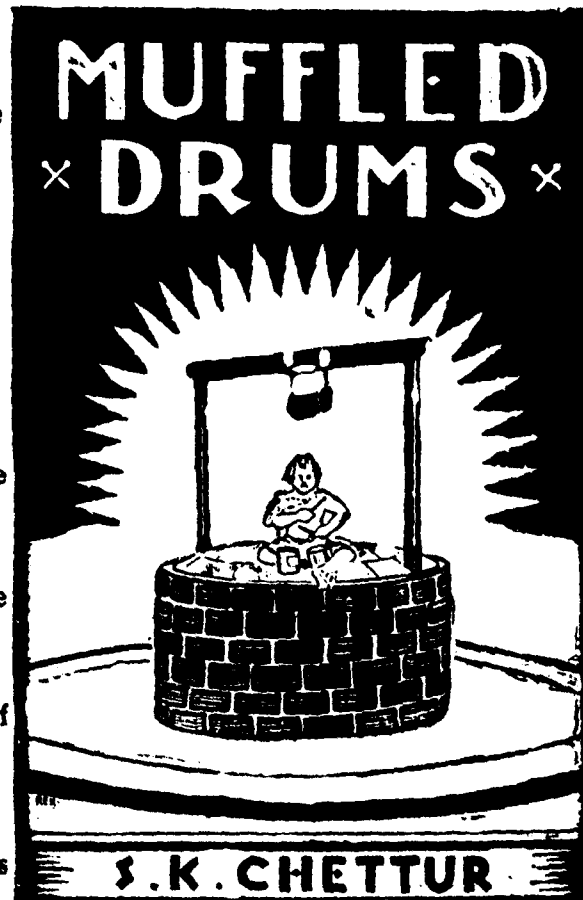
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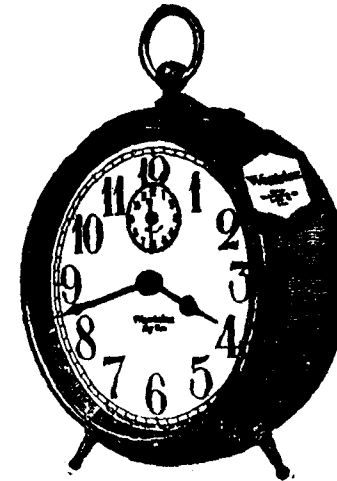
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