

Metropolitan (2). vs. Bangabasi (1)

This game took place on the Sovabazar ground. The game was very fast from beginning to end and both the goals were attacked every now and then. Bangabasi had more of the play but luck was against us. The Metropolitan boys scored a goal in the first half. Our players struggled hard and after a few minutes we drew level. Ashu Roy, Ashu Ghosh and Hazra deserve special mention. In the second half time the play was more up and down and in the last moment our back Makhan was penalised for handling the ball. The bad condition of the ground did not contribute a little to bring about this defeat, for our team was decidedly a lighter one than the Metropolitan F. C. The only fault that could be found with the players was a slight amount of selfish dribbling and want of combination.

The following players represented the team. Saraswati (goal), Makhan and Pramatha (backs), Ashu Bhaduri, Surath, Abhimat (Halves), Hazra, Ashu Ghosh, Ashu Roy, Jatin and Suryya (forwards).

We have got two other competitions which will be played soon.

Hony. Secretary.

A PLUCKED B. A.

It is with profound sorrow that we have to announce the melancholy news of the suicide of Nanilal Basu Mallik who failed to pass the B. A. Examination of 1917 from this College. Nanilal, a scion of one of the *buniadi* families of Calcutta, was undoubtedly the gentlest and the best-behaved student of the College and was in consequence a general favourite with his teachers. His unexceptionable manners gave emphatic proof of the fact that noble birth breeds noble manners. When we consider how profoundly his teachers have been affected by this melancholy occurrence, we almost shudder to think how terrible the blow has been to his parents, to whom our hearts go forth in sympathy and sorrow.

We cannot help thinking in this connection that Nanilal's worldly circumstances were totally unlike those of the great majority of Indian students. Failure in an examination did not spell financial ruin and a blank worldly prospect to him as it does to the average Indian student ; and yet he took the mere fact of failure so much to heart that he took recourse to this fatal step.

Our English critics not un-often speak in a censorious tone that India is the only country where young men consider University Examinations to be the be-all and end-all of human existence, the goal of ambition, the broad gate leading to the heaven of lucrative employment and that it is for this reason that Indian students consider failure in an Examination as the death-blow to their hopes of ever figuring well in the world. We need not enter here into a consideration of the essential difference between the state of things in England and in India, but we may treat our readers to the following extracts from W. M. Thackeray's *PENDENNIS* which will throw lurid light on the effect of failure in one's University career on the mind of a typical British youth.

" At last came the Degree examination. Many a young man of his year, whose hobnailed shoes Pen had derided, and whose face or coat he had caricatured—many a man whom he had treated with scorn in the lecture-room or crushed with his eloquence in the debating club—many of his own set who had not half his brains, but a little regularity and constancy of occupation, took high places in honours or passed with decent credit. And where in the list was Pen the superb, Pen the wit and dandy, Pen the poet and orator ? Ah, where was Pen, the widow's darling and sole pride ? Let us hide our heads, and shut up the page. The lists came out ; and a dreadful rumour rushed through the University, that Pendennis of Boniface was plucked.

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" Poor Arthur Pendennis felt perfectly convinced that all England would remark the absence of his name from the examination-lists and talk about his misfortune. His wounded tutor, the undergraduates of his own time and the years below him, whom he had patronised &

scorned—how could he bear to look any of them in the face now? He rushed to his rooms, into which he shut himself, and there he penned a letter to his tutor, full of thanks, regards, remorse and despair, requesting that his name might be taken off the college-books, and intimating a wish and expectation that death would speedily end the woes of the disgraced Arthur Pendennis.

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“The next day there was an immense excitement in Boniface College, Oxbridge, where for sometime a rumour prevailed, to the terror of Pen’s tutor and tradesmen, that Pendennis maddened at losing his Degree, had made away with himself—a battered cap, in which his name was almost discernible together with a seal bearing his crest of an eagle looking at a now extinct sun, had been found three miles on the Fenbury road, near a mill-stream; and for four and twenty hours it was supposed that Poor Pen had flung himself into the stream, until letters arrived from him bearing the London post-mark.

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“A plucked man is a dismal being in a University; belonging to no set of men there, and owned by no one. Pen felt himself plucked indeed of all the fine feathers which he had won during his brilliant years, and rarely appeared out of his College; regularly going to morning chapel, and shutting himself up in his rooms of nights, away from the noise and suppers of the undergraduates....The men of his year had taken their Degrees and were gone.”

It will, however, console the hearts of our readers who are in the same predicament as Pen that—“He went into a second examination, and passed with perfect ease. He was somewhat more easy in his mind when he appeared in his bachelor’s gown.”

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The following speech of Mr. Spavin—Mr. Spavin “who had been plucked, who had been rusticated, who had only, after repeated failures, learned to read and write correctly,”—*will be edifying to one class of readers:—*“I say, Pen, don’t take on because you are plucked. It’s nothing when you are used to it. I’ve been plucked three times, old boy—and after the first time I didn’t care.”

L.