

∞ STELLENBOSCH ∞

STUDENTS' \* ANNUAL.



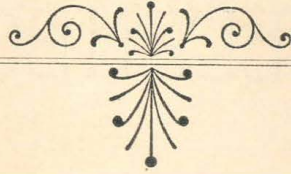
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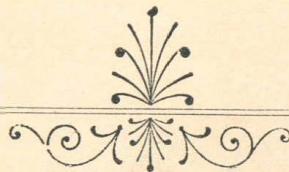
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## PREFACE.

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The success which attended their previous effort has induced the Stellenbosch Students to issue the second number of their ANNUAL, and the Committee charged with the publication has applied to me for a few words of introduction.

I hail the advent of this number as another indication of that healthy *esprit de corps*, which all interested in education wish to encourage as far as lies in their power. A visible link is needed between past and present Students, and this is in some measure supplied by the little volume of papers which now sees the light. The wants, the hopes and aspirations of the Student, hardly realized by an outsider, will find expression in these pages; and it is possible, that the long-wished-for Stellenbosch Students' Union will be one of the permanent results of this publication.

To the series of papers now issued Students of all grades have contributed. Authorship has not been confined to one College. A common educational brotherhood finds expression here. The bond of union is Stellenbosch—the one centre of a number of concentric circles.

The papers now issued have not passed through my hands. The few words of preface I now add are meant as words of encouragement, of appreciation, of sympathy with the ends and aims of our Students, of hearty recommendation to all near and far who take an interest in our educational work. The responsibility of the publication rests entirely with the Students. The ANNUAL is theirs and theirs only. As such they wish it to be considered.

Friends of their *alma mater* will, I trust, generously acknowledge their efforts.

J. I. MARAIS.

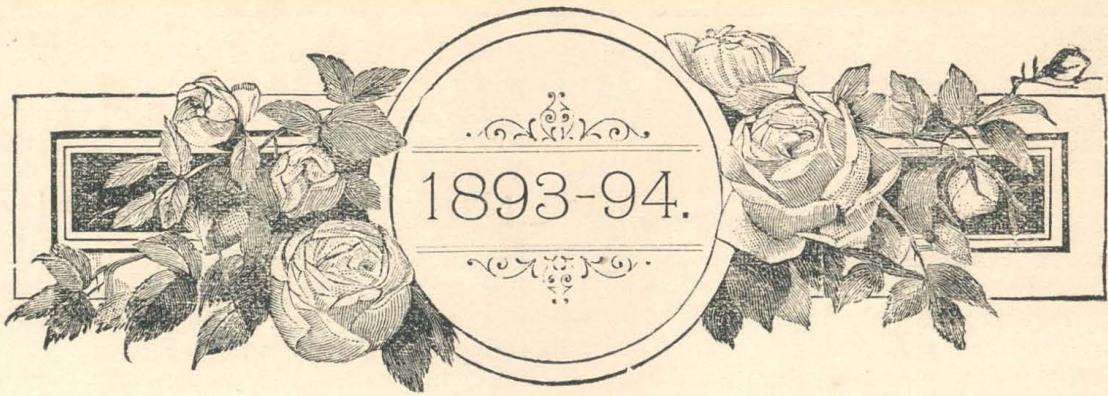
Theological Seminary,

Stellenbosch, August, 1894.

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# Stellenbosch Students' Annual.

## Editorial Notes

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Thanks for the following:—"Union Annual of the S.A.C."; "St. Andrew's College Magazine"; "Gill College Monthly." We have perused the same with interest.

\* \* \*

As heretofore, the columns of the *Annual* are open to all past and present students of any of the Educational Institutions at Stellenbosch. Contributions may be sent in at any time to the Secretary, Mr. E. T. F. Malan.

\* \* \*

Copies of the *Annual* may be obtained by applying to the Secretary, and enclosing P.O.O. for 1s. 3d. or stamps to that amount.

\* \* \*

Every past student or friend who sells or orders a dozen copies of the *Annual* receives his own free of charge.

\* \* \*

Those who have not paid last year's subscriptions yet may remit the same to the Secretary.

\* \* \*

We beg past students to remember that we are entirely dependent upon their co-operation for an extensive circulation of the *Annual*.

\* \* \*

*College Song.*—We hope in our next edition to publish a "College Song." The plan to do so now has been frustrated by unforeseen circumstances.

## Review of the Year.

—:0:—

About a year has passed since the first number of this *Annual* saw the light. It is high time for its successor to make its appearance, as the opinion seems to be rapidly gaining ground that the *Annual* will only be heard of again when a new periodical sings its dirges. We trust, however, that the occasion for such a song will never arise. If on the other hand the circle of readers expands, and past students support it more loyally by sending contributions and getting outsiders to subscribe for it, we do not see why it should not ere long develop into a half-yearly.

In the first number it was stated that in future the *Annual* would be issued in June, at the end of each academic year. For various reasons, however, the Committee deemed it advisable to wait till after the June vacation before bringing it out. It seems that after all the July-September quarter suits the editors best; for not only are they then free from the pressure of examination work, but they also find that they cannot give a proper review of the proceedings of each academic year until after the June holidays. Subscribers will feel the force of these arguments and will not be displeased at the protracted delay of this edition.

—:0:—

The Editorial Committee feels gratified at the many expressions of satisfaction with the first appearance of the *Annual*. Such recog-

nitions make them undertake the editing of this number with greater confidence. They depend upon as favourable a support as in the previous year.

#### SLEEPY HOLLOW.

During the past year matters have to a large extent taken their ordinary course at Stellenbosch. Again the epithet "sleepy hollow" has been proved a misnomer. Only twice during the past twelve months our village enjoyed a quiet snooze, viz., during the Christmas and June vacations, when only "the aged, the widows and the children" were left in charge; the vitalising part of the community being at those times scattered all over South Africa, enjoying a few happy weeks with parents and friends, until constrained by the love of knowledge—or shall we say, by the date on their railway ticket?—to come back again to the shady oaks.

Excepting these halcyon days we cannot complain of a want of life at Stellenbosch. Rather there has been too much of it, as far as the students are concerned, who are expected to devote most of their time to their books.

Our Debating Societies, our Volunteer Corps, Athletic Club and Choral Society are all flourishing. Past students know what that means.

#### FRIDAY EVENINGS.

Amongst the many pleasant recollections of student life at Stellenbosch, the enjoyments of Friday evenings form no doubt a considerable factor. Friday evening is usually spent at a concert, entertainment, reception, or in a lecture hall; and if there is nothing of that nature on then it is looked upon as the evening for making a duty-call, friendly-call or love-call. The student who works regularly on Friday evenings is considered an anomaly.

Hitherto only two Debating Societies have had the honour of inviting the Stellenbosch public to an exhibition of their dramatical powers. During the past year a new competitor for theatrical honours has arisen in the form of the Stellenbosch Lawn Tennis Club. Twice already they have made their appearance on the stage.

Amongst the concerts given special mention must be made of those given by the local Choral Society. Under the able conductorship of the energetic Herr Jannasch the society cannot but meet with continued success. The concerts are rare treats. In April "The Erl King's Daughter," by Niels W. Gade, was rendered to the satisfaction of everybody. On the 24th of August, Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," by Andreas Bomberg,

riveted the attention of the Stellenbosch public.

The usual round of receptions was held by the Senate, the College Students and the Volunteer Corps.

To maintain the proper proportion between amusement and instruction even on Friday evenings, our professors have hit upon the happy thought of giving a course of lectures in the College hall. This was done during the months August and December, '93. The following were the lectures:—

Prof. Logeman, "Een Praatje over Portugal."

Prof. Marais, "A Talk about Number."

Prof. Walker, "The Mind as Storehouse and Studio."

Dr. Neethling, "The A. B. C. of Health."

Rev. Macmillan, "King Lear."

Prof. Morrison, "Matter and what it is made of" (with experiments).

Space does not allow us to expatiate upon these lectures. Suffice it to say they were greatly appreciated. We desire to convey our thanks to the lecturers and to assure them that it will be joyful news to hear that a similar treat is in store for us this year.

On behalf of the local cricket club, Prof. Marais also lectured on "The Mind, the Eye and the Brain."

#### OUR PAST STUDENTS ABROAD

are getting more numerous every year. It is impossible to draw attention to each one of them separately. Judging from reports and examination results most of them are doing well. A few we should like to specify. Mr. B. de St. J. van der Riet obtained the Doctorate in Philosophy in the University of Halle. Mr. Van der Riet has returned to the Colony and is at present working in Capetown.

Mr. J. C. Smuts is continuing his brilliant career. Within the last few months he gained a triple distinction:—At the preliminary and final Law Tripos, Cambridge, and at the Honours Bar Examination, Inns of Court, London. At the Law Tripos, May 1894, Mr. Smuts gained the George Long prize for exceptional merit in Roman Law of Jurisprudence. At the Honours Bar Examination, Inns of Court, London, a prize and 50 guineas were awarded him. Mr. Smuts is the first candidate from South Africa to obtain this Honours certificate. We are glad to see that the Council of the Cape University has not been indifferent to his achievements but has awarded him another £100 for his continued success. Mr. Smuts is at present doing practical work at the Inns of Court in London.

Mr. W. Viljoen (Strassburg) has written a thesis for his Doctor's Degree on Cape Dutch. We hear he has gained his professors' highest approbation. It is rumoured that Mr. Viljoen will succeed Prof. Logeman in Victoria College as Professor of Modern Languages. Prof. Logeman leaves Stellenbosch at the end of this term, to be Prof. Van der Tuuk's successor in the South African College.

Mr. S. de Villiers, who a few months ago finished his Law Studies in London, is to settle in Capetown.

Messrs. L. E. Krause and F. S. Malan have been recently called to the Bar and will soon be back in the Colony. They have had a specially successful course.

Amongst the medical students in Edinburgh, Mr. P. D. Fick, M.B., C.M., won the First Medal in Anatomy, the Third Prize in Practice of Physic and Honours certificates in various classes. Mr. G. D. de Waal passed his Second Professional Examination in Medicine in all subjects; as also Mr. P. C. Luttig, B.A.; Mr. J. W. de Vos passed in three subjects. In the First Professional, Mr. G. Fourie was successful in *all* the subjects; whilst Mr. F. P. Bester took two subjects.

In November last Mr. H. P. v. d. Merwe passed the final B.D. of the St. Andrew's University. Messrs. N. J. Brummer, C. G. Malherbe and P. B. J. Stoffberg did the first half of that examination. These candidates for the B.D. all wrote at Stellenbosch.

#### PAST STUDENTS AT WORK.

The circle in which our Past Students move is ever widening. Gradually they are being called to responsible posts. Mr. E. W. Esselen is State Attorney in the S. A. Republic. Mr. N. Hofmeyr, B.A., has been appointed Lecturer in the Pretoria Gymnasium. We consider this a suitable opportunity to assure Mr. Hofmeyr of our appreciation of his valuable little book "Kijkjes in onze geschiedenis." It supplies a long felt want in South Africa. We trust Mr. Hofmeyr will have more time at Pretoria to devote to literary work of this nature.

Mr. J. S. M. Rabie, B.A., who was for some time connected with "Ons Land" and who had lately been on the editorial staff of the *Express*, has been appointed Secretary of the Board of Examiners in the Free State. Mr. Rabie has our congratulations, and we also wish to pay him our debt of gratitude for his kind assistance in getting the first number of our *Annual* through the press.

Mr. R. J. le Roux, George, has been elected Vice-President of the South African Teachers'

Association. Mr. J. F. Marais, D.Sc., is Headmaster of the Public School, Victoria West.

Students who have gone through their Theological course are most of them working in their various congregations already. The alert and energetic Rev. W. H. Murray has left for Nyassaland to do mission work. Whilst the Rev. A. M. Hofmeyr, B.A., is at Greytown in Natal, and has started a school for training native evangelists.

#### JUNE EXAMINATIONS.

At the recent examinations Stellenbosch has again been well represented. Of course it was inevitable that some of the Stellenbosch Candidates should be counted amongst the unsuccessful ones. We condole with these. Some of them worked hard enough to deserve a pass, but fortune seemed to have been against them. A greater number of their company, on the other hand, is "sad at heart and sorrowful" that they have learned to love their books too late. With a view to this latter class we can only quote in defence of our Professors an old Dutch saw:

"Het leeren wordt niet ingedrongen  
De lust moet wezen in den jongen."

At the Matriculation Examination Victoria College passed 13 candidates, 3 in the 1st Class, 6 in the 2nd, and 4 in the 3rd. The Bloemhof and Rhenish Institute were also represented. Miss Katie Tindall (Bloemhof), and A. F. Markotter, Victoria College, were awarded University Exhibitions; Alex. C. Milne received the Jamieson Exhibition.

At the Intermediate 11 passed from Stellenbosch out of a total of 37; Mr. J. G. v. d. Horst taking the second place on the list, was awarded a University Exhibition. Last year at Matriculation he was equally fortunate.

In B.A. Lit. and Philosophy there were 17 successful candidates from all the Colleges, of these six were from the Victoria College.

In the Science Department B.A., five out of the eight successful candidates were from our College. No one failed. Messrs. W. E. Malherbe and F. P. Roux took the second and third places respectively. Mr. Malherbe received the Maynard Scholarship and the Additional University Scholarship in Science. Last year Mr. H. R. D. Anders, B.A., was awarded the Additional Scholarship in the Literature and Philosophy Department, whilst Mr. E. T. F. Malan received an exhibition at the Intermediate Examination.

The only successful candidate in the Colony for the M.A. Examination was Mr. N. J. Brummer. Mr. Brummer deserves

special praise, as he has been reading up privately for this Examination, whilst at the same time attending the Classes in the Theological Seminary.

GYMNASIUM.

It would be unfair to pass by unnoticed the success of the Gymnasium. This institution is doing particularly well. For the School Elementary Examination 21 candidates were sent in; 16 passed in the first-class, the other five in the second. And, what is better still, a Gymnasium boy headed the long list, and out of the first seven, four were from the Gymnasium. When we bear in mind that at this Examination it is not so much the *clever* child as the *well-trained* child that takes a good position, this success reflects great credit on the teachers. This is a guarantee that the Junior Matriculation Class which, since the commencement of this term, forms a part of the School, will not lose by the change, but will receive that "thorough school-drill and discipline" which they are in need of. The College Professors on the other hand will have more time to devote to the higher classes.

The instruction of Woodwork under a thoroughly competent teacher, Mr. John Cook, must form an additional inducement for parents to send their sons to Stellenbosch. Older students look with envious eyes on the younger ones when they see them working away so cheerfully in the carpenter's room. One feels inclined to exclaim with Wordsworth:—

"Bliss is it in these days to be alive,  
But to be young is heaven."

—)o(—

Friends.

—:o:—

Imagination sees two sparkling flames,  
Surrounding each a sphere of joyous light,  
Moving along in paths to each inclined;  
As they approach their rays together mingle,  
And thus pursue their onward march a while.

But for a while, and then to part again,  
The entangled rays to sever their embrace,  
And each to follow its departing source.

So oft we meet on Life's eternal march  
With those the destinies would have us walk,  
Awhile to feast upon each other's looks,  
To pass a mutual glance, a thought to share,  
To feel the secret fragrance of a Friend,  
Some words to speak, to sweeten and to love.

Life's joys are transient, and well 'tis so,  
We part, with many a beaming glance behind,

Our memories feeding on the blessings passed,  
New Friends to meet, to welcome and to cheer.

Our personalities thus to surround  
By helpfulness and love, and all that's true,  
Will make us better Friends and happier far.

F.S.M.

—)o(—

De Nederlandsche Taal.

—:o:—

Wij willen u thans met geen droog en breedvoerig betoog aangaande de wording, of den aard, of de letterkunde van de Nederlandsche Taal gaan bezig houden, maar wenschen liever het een en ander te zeggen over de gastvrijheid die zij als de taal der meesten onzer vaders op Afrikaanschen bodem geniet.

Dat zij als zoodanig de hulde die haar toekomt niet erlangt, is een feit dat door weinigen onzer kan geloofend worden.

Wat de Brit alhier met zijn zoetklinkend Saksisch verdringt, wordt door den onbarmhartigen patois-dweeper erbarmelijk verbrokeeld, en dat op zoodanige wijze dat zelfs de min of meer beschaafde kleurling er van geniet, als hij haar in zoovele letters op papier te lezen vindt, en in gevallen beslist heeft geweigerd haar in dien schromelijken vorm van den kansel aan te hooren. Er zijn wel dezulken ook, ja, en een niet al te gering getal, die de taal van Bilderdijk en Ten Kate trachten in eere te houden, natuurlijk niet zooals men haar, volgens eene beschrijving van zekeren reiziger, op Natalische grafschriften vereeuwigd ziet:

"Vrone vroeg gestooren vrinden  
Slecht zijt gij, en wat vooruit"  
"Vroome vroeg gestorven vrinden  
Slechts zijt gij ons wat vooruit."

Dit doet ons denken aan zeker geschrift in Holland van iemand die het met zijne overleden gade ongetwijfeld wel meende doch geen oog en hart voor "rustteekens" had, en haar stoflijk overschot versierde met deze woorden:

"Hier ligt begraven mijn vrouw Griet  
in den hemel is zij niet  
in de hel  
dat weet ik wel."

Dat onze taal een rijken schat van woorden bezit boven vele hedendaagsche talen, berekend om de edelste gedachten in de schoonste beelden uit te drukken, zal wel niemand die haar kent, betwisten.

De eigenaardige toestand en levenswijze van het Hollandsche volk en zijne ge-



chiedenis, glansrijk als die van weinige volken, brengen dit mede.

Denkt eens aan den tachtig-jarigen worstelstrijd met den enghartigen dwingeland en Paapschgezinden Filips II., die met zijn volk 'van ijzer'—de Spanjaarden'—dat volkje 'van boter' niet wist ten onder te houden, en hoe eindelijk de dweepzuchtige Spanjaard genoodzaakt werd teleurgesteld en onverrichter zake den aftocht te blazen.

Op verstandelijk gebied was dit volk niet minder beroemd. In de 16de en 17de eeuw, zoowel als in lateren tijd was Nederland rijk aan mannen, die wereldberoemd waren op staatkundig, letterkundig, theologisch en medisch gebied. Er waren er die sedert onbeuglijke tijden berekend hadden, dat 't Hollandsch de taal was, door onze eerste ouders in het paradijs gesproken. Ziet was "Adam" niet maar eene verbastering van "Aardeman," en "Eva" van "Eeuwvat," en wat kon "Kain" anders zijn dan "Kwaazin," omdat die zijnen broeder doodsloeg?

Gorp van Beek immers was een dier potsierlijke taal-vorschers. Bedeeld met eene groote naar-voren-uitstekende kin en eenen langen krommen, tot-aan-den-mond reikenden neus, wist hij dien neus in alles wat naar taalstudie geleek te steken. De meid werd steeds door zijne, voor haar al zeer vervelende uitvindzels lastig gevallen. Op zekeren morgen werd zij weer geroepen en verwittigd van het feit, dat mijnheer tot eene nieuwe ontdekking was gekomen; die was dan dat zijn naam "Gorp van Beek" niets anders was dan "Goropius Beckanus." Of bedoelt mijnheer Goropius "bek aan neus?" hernam de meid, die ongetwijfeld terstond uit dienst ontslagen werd en het hazenpad kiezen moest.

Doch dit maar zoo tusschen twee haakjes gelezen.

Er zijn onder ons die moeite doen ten einde tot de troostrijke ontdekking te geraken, dat zij van Engelschen, Franschen of Duitschen bloede zijn, waarom men zich dan ook gerechtvaardigd gevoelt het zuiver Hollandsch met minachting te bejegenen.

De jonge dames van onzen tijd, en vooral als zij de minneliederden zingen en de hand aan de pen wagen, vermijden het zuiver Hollandsch, en als soms aan "Arm pa en ma" thuis op de "plaats" of op het buitendorpje wordt geschreven dan is het in 't Engelsch. Meer dan een onzer Afrikaners als zij zich—wat wel treurig is—aan het vloeken en schelden wagen, bezigt de Engelsche taal, als of nu die taal juist voor dat doel zoo geschikt is en 't Hollandsch er toe te arm. Leggen onze jongelingen be-

zoekjes bij de dames af, dan kout men in 't Engelsch, en soms is het ook maar een "kauwen" aan 't Engelsch; immers het zijn niet allen koks die lange messen dragen.

Hing nu de toekomst onzer taal van dezulken af, wat wierd er van dan, ja dan wordt zij nooit de taal van 't Duizend-jarig Rijk, al was zij dan ook die van 't Paradijs, volgens Goropius Bek-aan-neus.

Och of er een Vondel ware om ons Afrikaansch Hollandsch volk eens ter dege te geeselen en 'uit te spotten,' zooals de Afrikaner zegt.

Men verhaalt van hem dat hij eens in een reiswagen zittende, in gesprek met zekeren Dominé, zich van het volgende spotticht bediende.

De Dominé deed de opmerking, en met een schijnbaar gevoel van eigenwaarde en gezag: 'Wonderlijk is het dat men in onze taal geen woord vinden kan dat met "appel" rijmt!

Vondel altijd gereed alle aanmatiging "den nek in te slaan," hernam na eenige oogenblikken zwijsen,

"O, ongeletterd predikant  
Neem uw bijbel slechts ter hand  
Lees Job xxx op den rand  
Daar vindt gij het woordje 'Pappel'  
Rijmt dat niet met 'appel'?"

Dit geschiedde in tegenwoordigheid van al de reisgezellen, en men kan zich de verlegenheid van den Dominé voorstellen.

Hoort Vondel eens, als hij begint kwaad te worden.

"O Farizeeuwsche grijns met schijn geloof  
vernist,  
Die 't Groote lijk vervolgt ook in zijn tweede  
kist.  
Gij helhond, past het u dien Herkules na te  
bassen,  
Te storen op 't autaar den Phoenix in zijn  
asschen,  
Den mond van 't Hollandsch Recht, bij  
Themis zelf beweent?  
Zoo knaag uw tanden stomp aan 't heilige  
gebeent."

Dit schreef hij, zooals men weet aan den Lasteraar van Hugo de Groot, die eens in een kist door zijne gade uit het gevaar werd verzonden en nu in zijn doodkist (zijn tweede kist) ook nog belasterd werd.

Hoort een Huygens als hij met de dolle, gekke modezucht zijner dagen den spot drijft:

“Vergeef mij hier geleerde Cats, nu spreek ik in mijn geest,  
Hoe dickmaels raecht niet wol van 't een op 't ander beest.”

Wilt gij onze voorouders, volgens Darwin, door ten Kate beschreven zien.

“Maar grijnzend roskamt de aap omhoog,  
De afschuwelijke jonger,  
En tuimelt met de hel in 't oog  
In schaamteloze sprongen,  
Wien walgt dat schriklijk spotbeeld niet,  
Die hoonlach tusschen 't Scheppingslied.”

Luistert eens naar eene ernstige waarschuwing van Ten Kate :

“De nijd heeft zijn worm en de vrekheid haar vrees,  
De wellust zijn martelaarssponde,  
De zonde is overal de prikkel van 't vleesch  
En de dood steeds de prikkel der zonde.”

Hoort hem nog eens als hij in het zevende tafereel van de Schepping over den Sabbat spreekt.

“Des Heeren Sabbats-dag, telt zesmaal  
duizend jaren.  
En houdt nog immer aan.  
Des Heeren Sabbatswerk, bij dagen noch bij nachten  
Verpoosd, is niet voltooid :  
Het duurt als de asch van dit en talloze  
geslachten  
Reeds eeuwen is verstrooid ;  
Het duurt, zoolang een traan uit menschen-  
oogen paerelt  
In dit ontwikkelingsoord ;  
En, breekt hier 't laatste hart, dan nog, in  
Beter Waereld  
Gaat de arbeid eeuwig voort.”

Wij hebben slechts zoo iets aangehaald van het schoone, het kleurige, het ernstige, enz. . . . dat er te lezen en te genieten is in de Hollandsche taal ; moge het eenigen onzer er toe aanzetten met die taal nauwer kennis te maken ; zij moet veel gelezen, ten einde veel genoten te kunnen worden, en zonder dit, niettegenstaande onze kennis van de poppetjes en mannetjes der grammatica, blijft hare schoonheid voor ons nog al te vaak “een schat in den akker verborgen.” Er zijn nieuwsbladen in ons land, en er zijn de kansels van onze Hollandsche Kerk, de meesten althans waar men toch nog wars is van de ellendige taalverbastering die elders in de hand wordt gewerkt. Wij bedoelen die partij, om haar nu niet nader te beschrijven, die het door zeker Nieuwsblad eens aan de hand werd gegeven om in eene voorgenomene “Bijbelverbastering” de woorden “En de kamerling reisde zijnen weg met blijdschap”

aldus te verbasteren : “En di zwartjong lat pik, frooliek en opgeruimt.”

In deze lieden zien wij niets minder dan de doodvijanden van de Taal waarin onze vaders en voorvaders hunnen bijbel hebben gelezen en waarin wij als kinderen voor het eerst den Eenen Zoeten Naam aan moeders schoot hebben leeren lispelen. Zij mogen het niet zoo erg meenen, doch onzes inziens is de vertaling van den Bijbel in 't Afrikaansch niet alleen onnoodig maar feitelijk eene ontadeling van ons volkskarakter. Men beweert dat vereenvoudiging noodig is, als of ons volk weer terughaakt naar de slempotten van Jan Salies dagen. Ons volk heeft opwekking noodig en geene aanmoediging tot radbraken en verbrokkelen, tot dat ons ook eindelijk gelijk den woesten barbaar niets meer dan taalteekenen resten.

Wierd er eens gebroken met enkel en meervoud in de werkwoorden, zooals *Di Patriot* doet, wierp men geslacht en persoon geheel en al overboord, de traagheid en slapheid ons reeds eigen, zou dan alleen gevoed en het uiterlijke gewaad van de taal ontsierd worden.

Als het der moeite waard is eene taal aan te leeren, laat haar dan geleerd worden zooals zij is, niets afdoende van hare sierlijkheid haar latende in dien vorm waarin, zij ons dierbaar is geworden.

De moeilijkheden—en ze zijn voorwaarniet zoo onoverkomelijk—en willekeurig eigenaardigheden, zooals men ze noemt, zijn juist die bestanddeelen in eene taal, die haar maken wat zij is, “Vloeibre klanken, waar de ziel zich zelve in mededeelt.”

“Goddelijke gift, met den ademtucht van 't leven aan het schepsel ingestort, en met diens val reeds *genoeg* vervallen en ontaard.”

Laat ons als ware vrienden der beschaving zorg dragen dat onze moedertaal—want dit is zij, omdat onze vaders en grootvaders haar hebben gesproken en den bijbel er in hebben gelezen—niet zoodanig wordt verminkt, door de modder gesleept en ontzenuwd, dat vreemdelingen ons moeten verachten en minachten als harteloos en onnatuurlijk. Als gij spreekt, tracht het zoo zuiver mogelijk te doen, en als gij schrijft, doet het toch niet zoo slecht mogelijk, zoo lamlendig en los als of gij “patroon waart aller slaapmutsen, meelbroeken en soepjurken.”

Wij eindigen met eenige woorden van De Genestet, die elk der lezers van zelf naar lust wijzigen en op het geschrevene toepassen kan.

“k Heb met dat nieuwe niets van doen.  
Vooreerst, het strijdt met ons fatsoen :  
En dan, ik heb een vrouw getrouwd,  
Die 't met den Catechismus houdt.”

## The Newspaper Maniac.

—:o:—  
(RETOLD.)

From Beaufort to Capetown I travelled in company of a young man, who had anything but a youthful appearance. This youth was nothing if not original. As we passed through tunnels he boldly lit a wax taper and illuminated the scene. Did he perhaps regard me as a disguised robber, who would avail myself of the darkness to chloroform, massacre and plunder him, or in modern style, send him aloft with a dynamite cartridge? I pronounce no opinion. I am happy to say, however, that thus far my foes—of which there are not a few—have not insinuated that I resembled a robber-chief. To me this way of self-protection appeared novel, but my young friend assured me, when questioned, that he did so on all occasions by way of principle; moreover, many others did the same. Nobody knows what may happen. Alas, for the suspicion and distrust that are rife in this beautiful world of ours! And yet such scrupulous care is not altogether unjustifiable. If we all, like my companion, should daily feed our minds with newspaper puffs of murders and all the horrors imaginable on and off the rail, we shall soon get to suspect our own shadows. Moreover, if we should carefully consider what modern science alleges about living germs swarming every nook and cranny—diphtheria, influenza or consumption bacilli—the amazing assertions regarding microscopic monsters, threatening death everywhere and rushing into one's body at every innocent inhalation of fresh air, you would not be surprised to see us buttoning up our coats, or dashing out of this world, seeing that even buttoning does not ward off destruction.

In another respect my companion was objectionably peculiar. From Beaufort and onward he sat peering into a worthless little paper with a zeal worthy a nobler cause. He appeared to be getting it up by heart the way he pondered its contents. It was too absurd, but my astonishment turned into amazement when at Matjesfontein, after some refreshment, he most enthusiastically resumed the reading of that bit of trash! What a diseased taste for newspapers rages in our time! It is the principal cause of the rampant superficiality of the day. As we approached Hex River Mountains the country stood forth in all its enchanting loveliness; the scenery charmed and the mountains inspired all the emotions of sublimity and reverence. But my companion saw nothing. He started afresh, like a young lion consumed

by hunger, to devour that rubbish! I could stand it no longer, but turning round said most affably: "My dear friend, do let me offer you something else to read. I would most certainly lose my senses, if I were forced to read such a bit of trash for hours and hours." He gazed at me with surprise, and smiling benignantly, replied: "It all depends *how* you read. The true reader of newspapers can often reason from apparently insignificant items to laws and truths of the highest importance. I often construct for myself a new social scheme from a trifling advertisement, and from a scarcely noticeable political intimation I argue to a new stage in the history of civilisation."

Well, so much for my interference. I was nonplussed and corrected. To 'reason,' to 'argue' and to 'construct' seem to be the true method of reading trash.

Not long ago I read a work in which a man with great erudition proceeded to expound how he had discovered deep down a shaft a fragment of bone belonging to an animal that existed before the Deluge. From this fragment he had 'constructed' the entire bone and from this bone the entire monster as it was built and moved at least six hundred thousand years ago. At this stage he painted the creature on canvas in beautiful colour. The appearance of the animal must have been terrific, being not less than twenty-five yards in length! From this gigantic monster he proceeded to 'construct' the nature of the surroundings in which such an animal could move comfortably. Finally, from this gigantic world our gigantic thinker argued—not to the Creator of this world, on the contrary, he endeavoured to prove that there was no need of a living, personal cause to account for the existence of this world. According to our learned man, the Universe evolved gradually, through an original slimy matter, protoplasm or some such jelly. A genius indeed who can thus calmly construct the entire universe, with all its beauty and intricacy, from the fragment of a bone! But the question remains: Is there ground for such an astounding result?

Well, I suppose skilled readers of newspapers, such as my companion, 'argue,' 'reason' and 'construct' very much in the same way. Should the King of Roumania take a slight cold, the fact would evolve as follows:—Alas if this should turn out to be influenza or should develop into pneumonia and should carry the king off! And should the Russians avail themselves of the favourable opportunity to flood the land with soldiers. They will soon seize the country South of the Danube and by an artful

dodge possess themselves of Constantinople with all its dependencies. And then they are Masters of Europe, and then—The Lord protect us and our little ones!—we shall be devoured like pickled cabbage! What! Is it not then of the utmost importance to read twenty times that His Majesty has taken a cold, and then ponder it carefully for forty times?

Yes certainly, my dear politician. But supposing His Majesty perspired well during the following night and on the morrow was able to take part in a hunting expedition? Or supposing the king was only suffering from a wholesome overdose of sunshine, and the reported cold existed only in the imagination of the editor? Would it not have been better then if you had curbed your speculating tendencies?

I have thus far failed to discover anybody who, by studiously reading newspapers, has improved in modesty or caution. Nothing makes a man more shallow than the constant reading of the dailies, which too often surfeit the mind with horrors, exaggerations and lies, until the poor dupe has lost every particle of taste for the true, the good and the beautiful. I told my companion as much when I had somewhat recovered from my discomfiture, but he deigned no reply. He regarded me with compassion as a benighted bird dashing my head against the bars of my environment.

N.B.

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### A Word on Dr. Muir's Report.

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Of all the official reports laid before Parliament this year the most interesting and important, at least to students of Stellenbosch, was undoubtedly that of Dr. Muir, our Superintendent-General of Education. It is because we deem this to be the case that we take the liberty, after all that has been said and written on this report, once more to draw the attention of our readers to a few of its most prominent points.

There is a great deal in the report that is very encouraging and that makes us entertain bright hopes for the educational prospects of our country. But we are also brought face to face with facts which are anything but pleasant to ponder.

That progress is being made is proved by the 361 schools established in the past year. And what is indeed pleasing is to find that of this number no fewer than 204 are farm schools. The remaining 161 are: First-class public school, 1; second-class public schools, 3; poor schools, 28; mission schools, 31;

aborigines schools, 27. We consider it a good sign that the farm and third-class public schools make out the great majority, and also that only one first-class public school has been established. For we want *really good* elementary schools and not first-class schools in every little village with a B.A. or an M.A. as teacher, devoting seven-eighths of his time to the preparation of one solitary candidate for Matriculation, and that to the serious detriment of both teacher and school. We regret that as many as 28 poor schools have in a year's time come into existence, but we are in hopes that many of them will come to an early end. This may seem to be an unwise statement, but we are of opinion that as few poor schools as possible should be established. With perhaps a few exceptions the existing schools could, with some additional aid from the Department, afford the required education to indigent white children. Schools for the poor, we readily admit, are necessary, especially industrial schools, where the children removed from evil surroundings can be taken up as boarders and brought under good influences. These institutions however must be few and far between. Anywhere and everywhere to establish a poor school alongside an ordinary first, second or third-class school cannot otherwise than prove most injurious to the community. These schools we are sure will in many cases increase the poor children in a very marked degree.

There has, as may be inferred from the increase of the number of schools, also been a most satisfactory increase in the number of pupils. The number on the roll during the last quarter in 1892 was 83,386, while the corresponding number for 1893 was 93,395, an increase thus of 10,009.

Three hundred and sixty-six more schools were inspected in 1893 than in 1892. This however means only five more than the number of new schools established in that year. A few schools were discovered which had not been inspected for four years, and every one of them, we are told, was found to be in a languishing condition. It is very evident that with so rapid an increase in the number of schools additional inspectors will soon have to be appointed.

From the inspectors' reports of 1893 we learn that of 100 children examined by the inspectors, as many as 60 were below Standard II, which means, according to Inspector Woodroffe, had learned next to nothing and that only 2 had passed Standard VI, *i.e.* had finished their elementary school course. "These are facts of vital import which should be graven on the mind of every man who is

concerned for the future welfare of his country."

Another very startling fact is the large number of untrained and even uneducated teachers employed in the Colony. From statistics it appears that out of 1,421 teachers 1,044, *i.e.* more than 70 per cent, have had no professional training. In one circuit the number is as high as 76 per cent., and the inspector adds: "In several of my schools I found teachers who had no idea of the requirements of standards, and not infrequently I had to classify the pupils and organise the school for the teacher." In the division of Bredasdorp the number is as high as 90 per cent. This evil is attributed to the following causes. First of all, the low and perverted estimate of a teacher's qualifications which is rooted in the minds of large sections of the community. Then there is "the miserably small remuneration of teachers," and the fact that the house accommodation for the teacher is often not satisfactory. And lastly it is pointed out that the arrangements made for the training of teachers are wholly inadequate. It is stated in the report that the Normal College at the cost of £2,000 a year has supplied in four years' time—1890 to 1893—52 teachers, and of these there are only 13 in the Colony. The conclusion come to is that for the Colony said Institution produces 3¼ teachers per annum at £2,000. Of the 41 of previous years 28 became teachers in the Orange Free State and Transvaal, and the rest had either resumed their studies at one of the colleges or chosen some other vocation.

This state of affairs does certainly seem far from satisfactory. A regulation now brought in force to the effect that teachers trained at the Normal College will be obliged for at least two or three years to serve in the Colony, will to a certain extent remedy the present evil. We only regret that the healthy competition between the O. F. State and the Colony for teachers coming from that Institution, has not so affected the business as to have made the profession a more remunerative one.

Speaking of public schools, mention is made of the fact that at present there exist several third-class schools doing more thorough work than some first and second-class schools, and yet the maximum salary to a head-teacher of a third-class school in a town is only £144, which means less than a junior clerk in a Government office. It is satisfactory to learn that Dr. Muir is evidently not going to adhere to "the fine gradation of salaries and classes which looks

so neat on paper." The closing words of this paragraph augur well for the future. They are, to quote them verbatim, "I am strongly of opinion that the teacher who can give sound elementary education to the pupils should in this, as in other countries, be paid a living wage, even although the mysteries of Algebra and Latin be not included in the curriculum."

Under the heading, 'High schools curriculum,' we are told that at present the highest work done in some of the better class schools in the Colony is painfully elementary. The desire is that the upper limit should correspond with the Matriculation Examination of the University. The College Councils are—with some degree of injustice it seems to us—partly blamed for the existence of this evil. With some degree of injustice we say, for as a matter of fact circumstances have thus far compelled the College Councils to have Matriculation classes. Without these classes we fear that not many years back in more than one instance, the number of students and professors would have been very nearly equal. Besides, as Prof. Thomson in his most interesting and instructive address given at the close of last session clearly pointed out, the Colleges in preparing candidates for the Matriculation examination are doing only what the Legislature, by its Act of 1874, intended them to do. However, as a first step in the right direction, Dr. Muir with much pleasure mentions that the Council of the Victoria College, Stellenbosch, has agreed henceforth to do away with the Junior Matriculation class. This work will now be done by the First-class Public School.

The most striking improvement of the year has been with regard to the Colleges. The number of students at the time was 333. Stellenbosch heads the list with 112 students, the South African College having 101; the Diocesan, Rondebosch, 72; St. Andrews, Graham's Town, 33; Gill College, Somerset East, 15.

The average cost to the Government of students under the Higher Education Act is as follows: Victoria College, £11 per student; Diocesan College, £12½; South African College, £15; St. Andrew's College, £15; Gill College, £33½.

In the above we see that in each Stellenbosch is at the right end of the list. We need not as yet be ashamed of our *alma mater*. With respect to the Higher Education in the Colony, she is performing the lion's share. May her past students prove themselves worthy *alumni* and, for one thing, soon carry out the suggestion throw

out by the professor in his address above alluded to.

Viewing in conclusion the whole situation the most serious defects are considered as being five in number, viz. :--

1. Short school life of children.
2. Irregular attendance while in school.
3. Small progress from year to year.
4. Low average leaving standard.
5. Want of trained teachers.

These matters are admitted as being unpleasant, but for that very reason the Superintendent-General of Education thinks they should be looked straight in the face.

Of the five the last is deemed the most important. With regard to the remaining four, if the first two could be remedied the third and fourth will vanish. The means to be adopted by which they may be done away bring us, according to Dr. Muir, face to face with the problem of compulsion.

What Sir Langham Dale expressed many years ago, namely, that in some form or other compulsory education will have to be introduced in the Colony, is also the opinion of our present Superintendent-General. This is very pleasing, and we sincerely hope that within a few years the problem of compulsion will be solved. Past students of Stellenbosch may hasten on that day, by taking a lively interest in educational matters, more especially in their own circles, and by trying to remove the amount of prejudice still existing among many sections of the community against compulsory education.

F.

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### Die Nedendaagsche Taalmixture, of een Proeve van 't Kaapsch.

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“Kom,” zei een lid van 't Editoriale Comité onlangs tegen mij, “schrijf u ons een paar volzinnen voor de ‘Stellenbosch Students' Annual,’ geen lang artikel, en ook geen beredeneerd betoog, slechts een paar volzinnen om er mede aantetoonen hoe de Nederlandsche taal hier aan de Kaap door Afrikaners geradbraakt wordt?”

In antwoord of mijn “ja” dat ik toen gaf moet ik nu schrijven, immers belofte maakt schuld.

De taalstudie is nog altijd een belangrijk en uiterst interessant onderwerp van onderzoek. Vooraan in belangrijkheid voor ons staat zonder twijfel de studie van onze taal; en wie durft zeggen dat zij niet interessant is? En heeft zij reeds veel aanlokkelijks in

zich, die aanlokkelijkheid neemt dagelijks nog toe naarmate onze taal gestadig meer en meer afwijkt van 't Nederlandsch.

Denkt men over *onze* taal dan doen vragen als de volgende zich onwillekeurig aan ons voor: Maar wat is nu eigenlijk onze taal? Wat is zij thans, en wat zal zij, zegge over een honderd of zelfs over vijftig jaar, zijn? Wat behoort zij te zijn? Wat moet de verhouding van den Afrikaner tegenover zijn *moedertaal* zijn? En dergelijke vragen meer, vragen bijna zonder tal.

Doch hoe bekoorlijk punten als deze zijn mogen, ik kan mij thans met dergelijke vragen niet inlaten, slechts wil ik het onderwerp dat mij gegeven is met een paar volzinnen ophelderen.

Laat mij beginnen door te zeggen, dat in wat ik nu ga doen het volstrekt niet noodig is voor mij, om op mij imagination te gaan draw ver examples, integendeel dit is maar net om te pick en te choose uit wat een mens dagelijks hoor in die conversations van diegenen met wie hij in aanraking kom.

Mijn plan was eerst om dit stuk klaar te schrijve en dan aan die einde met een klein zedelesje optewind, maar nou lijkt dit voor mij of dit meer force aan mij argument zal geë, als ik somer gaandeweg mij position verklaar tegenover zulk een onding van een language, zooals die waarvan ik nou gebruik maak. Intusschen verzoek ik u om toch niet te zeggen of te denken dat ik exaggerate in die illustrations wat ik geef.

Ach! wat zijn wij in een treurigen toestand! Ik was net in een goeie frame of mind en kreeg zoo recht lust om aantegaan, toen er iemand kwam om mij te interrupt Een tok-tok-tok aan de deur deed mij zoo vriendelijk mogelijk “kom binnen!” uitroepen. Mijn gast, een geachte vriend, was, door omstandigheden, op dat oogenblik—ik moet het bekennen—niet bijzonder welcome, en in stede van mij aangenamer te stemmen maakten zijne eerste woorden een zeer pijnlijken indruk op mij. “Ik vrees ik kom op een fruitless errand...,” aldus begon hij. Deze woorden lieten mijn gelaat onwillekeurig vallen daar zij mij zoo forcibly geremind het daaraan, dat ik met facts te doen het en niet zoo maar met denkbeeldige zaken.

Dit is nie juist in mij nature om pessimistisch te wees, maar ik kan dit toch nie help om rechtig sad te worden, wanneer ik zie hoe min selfrespect ons Afrikaners het. Want, ik hou daarop, dat is niks anders dan gebrek aan selfrespect wat die oorzaak is, dat hulle nie één language op een tijd wil use. En dan, wat voor een gebrou is die result van zulk een mixture!

Vrienden, ik voel baing skaam, dat ik mij zoo humiliate om zulk een akelige taal te gebruik, doch ik wil voortgaan en ben zelfs gewillig om nog meer te doen, als ik maar net wist dat daar die slightest chance is om mij object te gain.

Hoewel gij het al dadelijk moet genotice hebben, dat ik geen advocate ben van zulk een language, wil ik het nu rondit zeggen, dat mij object is om allen, die guilty moet plead aan 't gebruik van *Kaapsch*, zoo thoroughly di-gusted met zichzelf te maak, dat hulle in die future liever hulle mond zal hou, als hulle dan nie een fatsoenlijker language kan employ. Ja, duizendmaal liever dit, al moeten anderen daardoor suffer doordat hulle dan nie zal kan bekend raak met die bright ideas wat in zulke minds, ver wie één taal nie sufficient is, misschien kan wees.

Ik weet dat daar maar weinig van een thread in mijn stuk te bespeuren is, doch ik geef niet om al form dit geen connected whole, zoo lang als ik maar op de ééne of de andere wijze kan vent geven aan mij feelings en mij object kan gain.

Mijn bloed kook van skaamte en ergernis. Medeafricaners, waarom toch zoo min self-respect! Neemt toch een voorbeeld aan onze Engelsche vrienden, die hierin zeker natevolgen zijn, zij zeggen: "één language op een tijd, al moeten wij onszelven helpen, en al ziju de uitkomsten soms ook zeer gebrek-kig." Ter opheldering. Terwijl ik hier zit te schrijven denk ik aan een notice die aan de deur van een van onze Koloniale Post Offices te lezen staat. De notice is in 't Hollandsch zoowel als in 't Engelsch en leest als volgt:

Please open the door? en verzoek maak oop den deur?

Tenzij gij naar mijn "verzoek" wilt luisteren dan zeg ik Ikabod!—de good old days van ons forefathers zijn voor altijd voorbij!

True, baing van ons oudere menschen, die met moeite "Di Patriot" kunnen lezen, zullen wat ik hier geschreven heb, gladendal niet verstaan, maar dit neemt hoegenaamd niet weg dat wat ik schrijf waar is. Zoo en niet anders, spreekt een groot deel van onze menschen, vooral van het jongere geslacht, de *spes patriae*.

Ik beschouw dezen toestand van zaken niet anders dan een terrible evil, wat ons moet combat. Ik voor mij ben heelemaal game het mijne te doen om te help om die evil te suppress, of zooals wij gewoon zijn het uittedrukken, die kop onder die water te druk.

Dat het al dol erg met ons gesteld is wordt bewezen door het feit, dat sommige menschen niet meer weten of een woord Hollandsch of Engelsch is, of wel mixed. Het radbraken van 't Hollandsch wordt in den regel tot 't spreken beperkt, doch van waar *geschrevene* woorden als samede, gefail, gepass, gestay, en andere, anders dan dat sommigen in de war raken en beginnen te denken dat deze wel Hollandsche woorden zijn? Toen een zekere vrouw op haar eersten brief "aan mijn man, Johannesburg" geen antwoord kreeg, een tweede adresseerde "aan die *Samede* man, Johannesburg" dacht zij stellig dat *Samede* heelmaal recht was, en daarbij nog al Hooghollandsch voor haar.

Mij dunkt dat het niet ongepast zou zijn deze taal waarvan ik u een proeve gegeven heb, *kaapsch* te noemen. Dit vooral met 't oog op de toekomst, want komt het in de verre toekomst tot een loslating van 't Hollandsch dan kan het niet anders of deze taal zal een belangrijke plaats innemen, immers 't Engelsch zullen wij niet aannemen en voor di Patriot is daar ook maar weinig kans.

Leest bovenstaande proeve nog eens en oordeel voor uzelf of zij niet een trouw exemplaar van 't kaapsch is. Daarin zult gij bemerken, dat er bijna geen sprake kan zijn van regel of eenvormigheid, en toch is dit zooals menschen dagelijks om ons spreken. De Engelsche woorden zijn niet altoos de equivalenten van Hollandsche woorden die moeielijk te vinden zijn, integendeel zijn het juist sommige van de eenvoudigste Hollandsche woorden die vertaald zijn. Zelfs in de spelling van de woorden is daar geen regel dien men volgt. Dezelfde persoon zal soms hetzelfde woord gebruiken en zoo verschillend uitspreken, dat hij het ook op meer dan eene manier zal moeten spellen. Om een paar voorbeelden te noemen, denkt aan schaam en skaam, ver en voor. Voorts, nu eens begint een zin tamelijk grammatikaal terwijl hij schielijk tot di Patriot overslaat, met een paar Engelsche woorden tussehen in.

Kan het zijn dat kaapsch onze taal zal worden? Ik hoop van ganscher harte niet. Lezers, zijt gij een van zin met mij *doet gij dan uw plicht*. Een eik beginne door voor zijn eigen deur te veegen! Ik hoop het mijne te doen al ben ik

"Een voor wie die future baing dark is."

—)o(—

#### A WARNING TO OWNERS OF TIME.

LOST.—Between sunrise and sunset, on Aug. 22nd, 1894, two valuable golden hours, each set with sixty precious diamond minutes. No reward offered as they are lost for ever.

## Extracts from Professor Thomson's Closing Address.

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This address teems with rich suggestions. We regret however that space does not permit us to publish it in its entirety. The remarks on the University system are most interesting and instructive; for this we refer our readers to the address itself, which was published in the *Times*. Here we only insert what is of purely local interest.

After briefly alluding to the general progress of the Colony, material and educational, the Professor said :—

Probably no single institution in the Colony can claim a larger share of the progress that has been made than our own

### VICTORIA COLLEGE.

When we compare the college as we know it to-day, with its large and convenient classrooms, its excellent furniture, its well-equipped chemical and physical laboratories, and its well-appointed examination halls, with the college as I first saw it in 1883—a two-roomed thatched cottage, that leaked with every shower in winter—it is difficult to realise that all this change has been effected in so short a period. To-day our college building is not only the most prominent feature in the town, and the centre of attraction for all visitors, but also the most complete institution of its kind, at least, in the Western Province : but in the early days we were compelled to put up our signboard, and paint upon it the words, "The College," in case of mistakes as to the purpose of the building. On me, just fresh from the associations of a great university, that signboard produced, the first time I saw it, feelings that can be better imagined than described, but I have got over all that long ago, and now I am glad that I have been permitted not only to see, but also to do my own little share in the growth of the little mustard seed of those days into the flourishing tree of to-day. I do not know what has become of that signboard, but it ought to be preserved if possible, so as to remind our successors, as well as ourselves, that we should never despise the day of small things.

After dwelling on the rapid growth of the Volunteer Corps and the increased interest taken in sports, he continued :—"Nor has our progress in a more purely

### EDUCATIONAL SENSE

been less marked. I find that during the period over which my present surveys extends, fifty-one Victorians were admitted

to the degree of B.A., ninety-eight obtained the intermediate certificate, and 164 passed the matriculation examination. During the same period four of our students passed the survey examination, and one obtained the degree of M.A. The importance of some of these figures becomes all the more striking, when it is remembered that during this period the total number of those who obtained the B.A. degree was 174, and of those who obtained the intermediate certificate 272. In other words, nearly one-third of the total number of graduates, and more than one-third of the total number of the holders of the intermediate certificate, received at least part of their education at Stellenbosch. And if I were to include the large number of Victorians that have passed the examination of the Dutch Reformed Church, an examination on lines somewhat similar to that of the intermediate, the figures would be still more favourable to this institution. And here let me add that it is a matter for congratulation that this educational prosperity and progress have been secured at the minimum cost to the State. While higher education will always be a more or less costly affair, it is satisfactory to know that the Victoria College enjoys the reputation of being the most economically managed institution under the Higher Education Act. For, from Dr. Muir's report, I find that the average cost to the Government of students under the Higher Education Act is as follows :—Victoria College, £11 per student ; Diocesan College, £12½ ; South African College, £15 ; St. Andrew's College, £15 ; Gill College, £33½. The increasing number of students, to which I have just referred, is no doubt a satisfactory sign of the progress of the college during the last few years, but to my mind the most interesting feature of that progress is to be found in the yearly increasing proportion of students above the matriculation standard. I doubt if there is any institution in the Colony in which the proportion of matriculated to unmatriculated art students is so high as it is with us, and if this proportion goes on increasing at the same rate in the future, there will soon be no room for and no need of even a senior matriculation class. According to Dr. Muir's report the total number of matriculated students attending the five colleges is given as 121, and of these fifty-nine, that is, practically the half, are stated to be members of Victoria College.

### ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Our progress during the past few years has been, as I have tried to point out, extremely satisfactory ; but it would be a great mistake



to assume that we have nothing further to do, or that there is no room left for improvement. In the Senate's report for 1880 there occurs the following paragraph: "The desirability of establishing scholarships in connection with the college presses itself on the attention of all who have its interests at heart. A dozen scholarships ranging from £10 upwards would enable several of our young men of ability and promise to continue their studies, and thus prepare themselves for filling more important positions and exerting a wider and more beneficial influence in after life." Are there no friends of the college prepared to found such scholarships? Is it too much to hope that the college report for next year may contain the announcement of the foundation of at least six scholarships open to all competitors? It is fourteen years since that paragraph was penned by a too hopeful chairman, and although some progress has been effected in this line, much still remains to be done. The organisers of the Past Students' Bursary Fund, the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, the President of the College Council, the two past students who, mindful of the many privileges enjoyed while members of the college, have not forgotten their *alma mater* in their days of prosperity, the donors of the college medals, and other friends, deserve the highest praise for their efforts to supply this long-standing want in our college equipment, but I do not think that everything that could be done in this line has been done. You are all aware that a sister college some time ago started a College Union, which has rendered invaluable aid to that institution. Now, why should the Victoria College not also have its

#### COLLEGE UNION,

to act as a bond of friendship between its past and present students, and to further its interests in all legitimate directions? With a roll of past students so large as ours, it should not be difficult to find 200 men who have prospered sufficiently well to be able to subscribe an annual sum of ten shillings to the funds of such a union. An income of £100 per annum might be raised in this way with the greatest ease, and this sum—supplemented by the amount already available, and which this year will exceed £300—would go a long way to place our college on a more satisfactory footing, as far as scholarships are concerned. Will no past student, or other friend of influence, start the movement? In this connection let me read to you a paragraph which appeared in the "Cape Times" this week:—

A banquet of old boys of the Diocesan College took place on Saturday evening at

Johannesburg. About forty were present. Mr. H. S. Caldecott (chairman) proposed "Success to the Diocesan College Union," and Mr. E. J. B. Knox proposed "The Diocesan College: Its President and Past and Present Principals." He suggested the foundation of a scholarship, to be called the "Ogilvie Scholarship." The whole affair passed off in a most successful manner. Something over £80 was subscribed at the banquet towards the proposed old boys' bursary.

I hope our past students over the length and breadth of South Africa will read this paragraph and then go and do likewise, and that one of the events to be recorded in June, 1895, will be the foundation of a "Neethling Scholarship."

The want of a properly furnished

#### LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM,

for the purpose of study and reference, and to which attention has been called in the Senate's report, is much to be regretted. I doubt very much whether anyone acquainted with European colleges would credit the statement that an institution of the importance of the Victoria College cannot boast of the possession of a library and reading-room for the use of its students, for it would require a very poetical imagination to be able to call the small bookcase in the Senate Hall a library. It is not an inspiring thing to see students spending any spare hours they may have between classes, lounging about the college premises waiting for the next instalment of mental nourishment from the professional feeding-bottle, instead of cultivating habits of independent study and research in a well-appointed library. When a Cape student first visits the University of Edinburgh and watches the exciting race across the quadrangle to the reading-room that takes place every morning at nine o'clock, when the first course of lectures is over, he must be astonished indeed; and when he enters that reading-room a few minutes later and sees hundreds of students absorbed in their dictionaries and works of reference, he cannot fail to be struck by the marked contrast between the scene before him and his own experience at the Cape. Is it too much to hope that ere long we shall possess a well-equipped library and reading-room, and that we shall see it occupied by a crowd of students all eagerly pursuing some independent study instead of basking in the sun on the college green.

As a proof that the above address was appreciated we have much pleasure in publishing the following:—

[COPY.]

Maitland,  
Capetown,  
11th June, 1894.

DEAR DR. MARAIS,

I have read with keen interest the proceedings at the Victoria College, and specially the admirable and suggestive address of Professor Thomson.

I offer a bursary of £10 for the year July, 1894-95, the conditions of award to be settled by the Senate. Other things being equal, a student in poor circumstances should be preferred.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed.) LANGHAM DALE.

The Rev. Prof. Marais, D.D.,  
President of Council Victoria College.

—)o(—

### A Tribute to Our Alma Mater.

—:0:—

Come, boys, and swell with us the chorus,  
And with the sunlight streaming o'er us  
Sing to the praise of her before us,  
Victoria College dear !

Many the years we've spent beside her—  
May no evil e'er betide her,  
Nor any pleasure be denied her,  
Our Alma Mater fair !

Our College days with keen enjoyment  
Are passing, for the full employment  
Is given our brains, there's no alloyment  
To make our spirits droop.

Our classes we attend with pleasure  
And strive to drink the fullest measure  
Of learning's nectar, wisdom's treasure,  
As o'er their streams we stoop.

And when of study we are weary,  
And when our thoughts would make us  
dreary,  
Off to the football field so cheery  
The merry fellows go.

There in a lively game mingle,  
And with fresh life our spirits tingle,  
And ring our tones o'er plain and dingle,  
As rush we to and fro.

When winter's cold and chill attack us  
We have the football bright to back us,  
Till summer brings her heat to check us,  
Cricket comes along.

We lay aside our jerseys pretty,  
We seize the bat and hum a ditty,  
We make our runs and bowl so witty,  
While summer's sun shines strong.

And then the yearly celebration  
Of sports—a worthy recreation  
To banish toil and tribulation—  
His joyous face does show,

Shining in red and blue and yellow,  
High beats the heart in every fellow,  
And ladies lend their voices mellow  
To cheer us as we go.

Oh how we run and race and tumble,  
Often across each other stumble,  
Roll in the dust, but without grumble  
Go smiling on our way !

And so our days we pass in gladness,  
And though sometimes a spell of sadness  
O'ertakes us, yet 'twere simple madness  
To mope in youth's fair day.

And when at last our time is ended  
Here where thy classes we attended,  
And where each day our footsteps wended  
We nevermore appear,

Yet as the years go rolling ever  
We will forget thee not, and never !  
Never our bond with thee we'll sever,  
Victoria College dear !

—)o(—

### Polumnia.

—:0:—

Onnodig is het mogelijk andermaal te herinneren, dat deze literarische en debatsvereniging alleen uit Theol. Studenten bestaat, en 's Donderdags in de Kweekschool hare vergadering houdt.

Het afgelopen academische jaar werden hare werkzaamheden naar gewoonte voortgezet: recitaties, oraties, improvisaties, lezingen, discussies en het studentenblad werden geregeld en met belangstelling geleverd.

Soms scheen het alsof er niet bij al de leden de gewenschte belangstelling te bespeuren was, doch wij verblijden ons dat het laatste kwartaal van meer moed, ijver en degelijkheid kan getuigen. Wij vertrouwen dat die belangstelling trapsgewijze zal toenemen en dat elk lid in de toekomst ijveren zal, om onze geliefde Polumnia in haar onontbeerlijk werk te doen bloeien en groeien. Onze geachte honoraire leden kunnen hiertoe veel bijdragen door ons Studentenblad uit hunne nieuwere en rijpere ondervindingen te ondersteunen. Er zijn vele vraagstukken en ingewikkelde moeilijkheden welke wij straks te ontmoeten zullen hebben en waarop

zij veel licht voor ons kunnen werpen. In dit opzicht wenschen wij onzen dank te brengen aan die honoraire leden die ons in het afgeloopen jaar met stukken hebben vereerd.

#### DE AFRIKAANDER.

De Polunmia is maar een van de verschillende inrichtingen alhier, die krachtig bijdragen tot de ontwikkeling en vorming van den jongen Afrikaander, zoodat hij de taak des levens eervol zou kunnen uitvoeren. Ons doel is echter niet deze inrichtingen te beschrijven maar de aandacht te vestigen op den Afrikaander met het oog op wiens ontwikkeling zij zijn aangelegd. Letten wij op

#### DE AFRIKAANDER EN DE OPVOEDING.

Verplaatst u met mij in den geest op een Gradendag in de Kaapstad, ter plaatse waar men deze feestelijkheid viert. Ziet hoe de jonge Afrikaanders beurtelings hunne graden ontvangen en velen met hoogen lof; aanschouwt de schare van gegradueerden met oranje kleurige 'hoods' over hunne togas geslingerd, hier en daar afgewisseld met anders gekleurde 'hoods', vertegenwoordigers van andere Universiteiten. Hoort, hoe men melding maakt van onze jongelui die zich schitterend hebben onderscheiden, niet alleen in onze eigene universiteit maar ook in Europa! Laat dan uwe gedachten geen honderd jaren naar achteren gaan, denkt er aan hoevelen onzer voorouders zich moesten getroosten met slechts eenige maanden onderwijs, en gij zult uzelf een denkbeeld kunnen vormen van den verbazenden vooruitgang op dit gebied.

Doch helaas! deze voorrechten zijn

#### VERRE VAN ALGEMEEN TE ZIJN.

Wij moeten het betreuren dat duizenden van onze mede Afrikaanders de gelegenheid nog niet hebben zich van zoodanige inrichtingen te bedienen. En wat wij nog treuriger vinden is het bittere feit, dat er velen zijn die er wel van gebruik *kunnen* maken maar niet *willen*, omdat zij nog onmogelijk de ernstige noodzakelijkheid van de opvoeding kunnen begrijpen. Sommigen hebben het vermogen hunnen kinderen een degelijke opvoeding te bezorgen, maar daar zij beweren zelve goed door de wereld gekomen te zijn zonder geleerdheid, denken zij dat zulks altoos het geval moet zijn. Nog onlangs vernamen wij van arme blanken wier kinderen men kosteloos wilde laten opvoeden op de inrichting daartoe bestemd aan de Kaapstad, doch, hoewel zij eerst gretig toestemden, weigerden zij zulks te doen toen de dag van vertrek

aanbrak! Indien dezen menschen niet de oogen geopend worden, zullen zij spoedig gedaald zijn tot den toestand van vele gekleurden.

Als men let op de eigenaardige toestanden en behoeften van velen onzer landgenooten, dan merkt men dadelijk, dat er voor hen in ons systeem van opvoeding niet genoegzaam voorziening gemaakt is. Sommigen moeten meer bepaald voorbereid worden tot nuttige burgers van de maatschappij. Inplaats van hun Latijn, Grieksch en Geometrie in te pompen, behooren zij een bijzondere opleiding in de doeltreffende onderwerpen, e.g. Engelsch, Hollandsch, Rekenkunde en andere onderwerpen van practisch belang, te ontvangen.

Een treffend bewijs van vooruitgang in ons schoolstelsel, is de gelegenheid welke gegeven wordt tot 't aanleeren van handwerken. Hierdoor leert men gereedschappen van allerlei soort hanteeren en, wat veel meer zegt, men brengt velen onzer arme Afrikaanders van die dwaze gedachten, alsof het onteerend is als men zijn bestaan door handenarbeid verkrijgt! Wordt het onderwijs meer algemeen dan zal het ons niet ontbreken aan Afrikaanders, die in elk opzicht hun land en volk kunnen dienen en voorhelpen.

Zeer gaarne ze ik hier het een en ander over den Afrikaander en zijn taal doch ruimte ontbreekt, derhalve iets over den

#### AFRIKAANDER EN ZIJN KERK.

De godsdienst en den Afrikaander mogen wij niet van elkander scheiden, want deze laatste bestaat er als gevolg van de eerste. Hier rijzen onwillekeurig voor onzen geest de heldendaden van onze Hugenoten-voorouders. Wat offeringen lieten zij zich niet getroosten ter wille van het Evangelie! Zelfs nog mogen wij er trotsch op zijn, dat onze Afrikaanders over het algemeen diepen eerbied koesteren voor hunne kerk en hun Bijbel. Wie van ons durft het succes der Vrijstaters en Trausvalers in hunne vele moeilijkheden aan iets anders dan een Hoogere Macht toeschrijven? En waarin zal ons verder welslagen bestaan? Voorwaar niet daarin dat wij onzen godsdienst beginnen te minachten en na te laten onze Kerk krachtig te ondersteunen; noch daarin dat ons jong geslacht op Kerk en Bijbel neerziet, als iets verouderds. Integendeel, zulk een houding bij ons zou niets anders zijn dan een gewis voorteken van onzen hopeloozen ondergang! Dit was altoos het geval geweest in andere landen en onder andere volken.

Eerbied en liefde tot Kerk en Bijbel waren altoos kenmerken onzer ouders, en onnatuur-

lijk en ongepast zou het zijn indien men hieromtrent onverschillig wordt. Een Afrikaander die ons diets wil maken, dat hij geen behoefte heeft aan godsdienst en niet kan gelooven, is een basterd en geen Afrikaander meer! Hij heeft zijn beter zelf verkracht, en doet zijn volk schande aan! Niet de zoogenaamde ongeloofige maar de eerlijk geloovige, wordt door allen hooggeschat en geëerd. Laat derhalve geen Afrikaander zich die zothed inprenten alsof hij zich een naam kan maken door roekeloosheid en oppervlakkig ongelof.

#### DE AFRIKAANDER ALS LEIDSMAN.

Bij de voortrekkers en op slachtvelden is het steeds gebleken dat de Afrikaander best Afrikaanders kan leiden. Op politiek gebied staan zij stellig niet op den achtergrond. In het parlement beteekent de Afrikaander heel veel in onzen tijd. De hoofdzetel op de rechtbank wordt door een Afrikaander gevuld, en zoo kunnen wij velen opnoemen die groote macht en gezonden invloed over ons volk uitoefenen.

#### NETELIGE KWESTIES

vermenigvuldigen zich in ons land, en de Afrikaander zal het zijne moeten bijdragen, om die op te lossen. Hij verstaat beter dan iemand anders de verhouding tusschen blanke en gekleurde, en kan dus alleen vraagstukken als de arbeidersmoeilijkheid uit den weg ruimen. In de Opvoeding wordt het hoog tijd dat Afrikaanders de zaken in het rechte sturen. Het moet daartoe komen dat Afrikaanders vrijwillig naar minder wenschelijke posten, tegen gering salaris, zullen gaan om hun volk te dienen.

Leeraar en onderwijzer moeten samenspannen om de armen, onkundigen en gevallen op te beffen en te veredelen. Vele genieën leven en sterven onopgemerkt onder ons volk, omdat zij niet de gelegenheid hebben de sluimerende krachten te doen losbarsten. Doch geeft ons tijd en wij mogen het beste bopen waarvan wij reeds voortteekenen hebben opgemerkt.

Dikwijls hoort men de klacht: de Afrikaander is onbestendig en onvertrouwbaar. Is dit het geval, dan kan hij onmogelijk leidsman worden van mede Afrikaanders. Op dan, Afrikaanders! Laat ons dien blaam van ons afschudden door met de daad te toonen dat er pit en ruggegraat in ons zit; dat wij woord houden en recht handhaven. Door dit gezegde wil ik niet beweren dat wij beter zijn dan andere natien; maar dat, zoo wij onszelven gelijk blijven, wij toch verreweg best beantwoorden voor ons land, volk en kerk.

## A Look Round.

—:—  
"One single glance will  
Conquer all descriptions."—*Tipper.*

A look round at our students, apart from the institutions with which they are connected, can do no harm and may afford some profitable reflections.

Observe the recruiting ground of our students, causes operating in it, the notions which possess some of our rural youth, and the conduct of the young hopefuls at the portals of knowledge.

From prosperous towns inland; from grassy plains where cattle rove; from undulating tracks where wheat consoles the farmer's heart; from narrow valleys where the vine flourishes; from the wilds where game still entice the hunter's wiles, representatives flock to the fountain of learning here. The observant eye can presently catch the characteristics of the several divisions. The youth from the mining centre, taught to regard riches as the only qualification for gentility, shows little appreciation for knowledge, but indulges in lavish expenditure. The stock-farmer, used to boundless liberty, finds the restrictive rules of these institutions rather irksome. He worries not at his parents' complaints about hard times for the farmer, and finds his only real hardships in Mathematics and Classics. The farmer on the other hand, knowing by sad experience difficulties awaiting his youngsters in his own lines, is but too anxious that they should all turn out "predikants." But the son, an inveterate smoker, usually winds up his College career by a failure at Matriculation and then takes recourse to the Agricultural School. Here he does his work with interest, and may turn out quite a progressive farmer, and, may be, an M.L.A. If more successful, he may graduate B.A., and get to herding men instead of cattle.

The farming element of the wheat-growing districts is poorly represented. It seems as if the wheat-farmer finds the task of extracting wealth from the precarious soil so hard, hands so scarce, market price so low, that he is compelled to forego a decent education for his children, except perhaps for the girls. This class is recognized as hardworkers.

The greatest proportion of our students, however, hail from the vine-growing districts in the neighbourhood. They are better to do and nearer the sources of civilisation, and so fairly recognise the value of a liberal education.

It is an interesting study to watch the new comers, how they select their like and segregate into groups. The independent,

careless air marks the son of the village parson, held in high esteem. This youth, taught from infancy the responsibility and force of example, assumes the reins wherever possible, be it only at Sunday school. In the lecture room he soon reveals himself by venturing to question the lecturer's statements. His place at the Annual examination is not usually very high, a comfortable position allowing him to look down on both extremes. However, he is invaluable in giving tone to the boisterous elements coming from other quarters.

After the heterogeneous factors have run on together for some time, they begin to assume a common air, and much less difference is observable than at first. They begin to be conscious of a common interest and co-operate with more appreciation for one another's humanity.

The student returning from Stellenbosch differs vastly both from himself before resorting to Stellenbosch and from the native of the place. No longer dependent upon professor or teacher, he faces the world on his own responsibility, in his own resource. There is no longer the cover on which his peculiarities were labelled "students' tricks." On the contrary, those about him cast a scrutinising eye on him and he often trembles at the bar of public opinion. Then only are the defects of his education so many lighthouses of warning. The pride he took in religious services is of no avail now, deeds and deeds only can qualify him for his position.

He who enjoyed every liberty as student and acquired no backbone is now sure to go to the wall. To our country folks a show of learning is sufficient to satisfy them as to the competency of professor or teacher, while on the other hand, a single slip, one default is to them abundant evidence that the institution that turned out such a man, should be swept from the face of the earth. Unfortunately the social side of our students is as a rule most vulnerable. Probably this is owing to the boarding establishments. The student's social conduct has to be decided by himself, and if he is not allowed his predilections in this respect, he soon seeks pastures new, where he may indulge his freaks to his heart's desire. I will not discuss the respective claims of resident and non-resident colleges, but wish merely to indicate what to my mind conduces most to the student's social imperfections. It should, however, not be lost sight of that our Colleges are as a rule purely coaches for examinational purposes; the development of the other aspects of the youthful character is

allowed only a secondary place, or left to the youth himself. Bearing this in mind, no one need be disappointed when his boy comes home with some rough edges added instead of removed.

V. C. STUDENT.

—)o(—

Ligaam en Gees.

(DIT IS EN FEIT.)

—:O:—

So als mister Stead sij 'Thought' sê, dan zal ons naderhand in vier, in plaas van dri sweere rond sweef. Daarbij kom nog, in kort, dat ek, b.v. te Stellenbos en mij vrind in Palestina lekker kan gemeenskap hou—al's in di gees—ek denk hier en hij skryf daar neer, bijna onwetend, wat ek hier dank. Di volgende gebeurtenis is van imand, wat di teeoori wou pebeer.

Ni so lauk geleede, staan ek een dag vroeg in di môre, vóór sons ondergang, voor mij huis sij deur, en so 'n end van mij af op een bult, sien ek een vaal kol stof uit slaan. Ja, dit het gelijk net's di *fight* tussen Napoleon en Kederlaomer te Brintjeshoogte. Ek saal toe sommer op, om te gaan kijk wat gaat aan. In 'n oomblik vaar ek dat ek ge'n hemel of aarde kon beken ni, mij geliefde was daarbij en was verplig om in trane uit te roep "hij is verlore!" Maar kijk! een end van di stof wolk, kom ek op een snaakse ding af. Hier sien ik its wat onglooflik is, was dit ni dat dit *waar* was en dat ek het self gesien het ni. Ik kom 'n vaal gestalteji tee-e. Dit was baaië snaaks on hom te sien. Hij staan so *pen-orent*, hand in di sij, en di maag so met 'n punt, toe ek bij hom kom. Om kort te wees, hij het gelijk net 's een *Oerang-oetang*, di na di vage vuur moes gaan. Ek was nou tot barstens toe niesgierig en vra "Wat makeer"?" Die outji druk so parmantig met al twee hande in di sij en sê "*I is the kees of Hans Koor-kans, dont you know me*"? Ek leg toe bijna vier stewels in di lug, want ek kom toe agter dat di gees van di beroemde en bekende Hans Goorgans uit sij vel gespring het. "En waarom dan so stof gemaakt"?" vra ek. Ons maat duie hom toe nog bietji meer uit, klop so op di noordpunt van di alvaam en se: "*I is no fool.*" Met eens vlieg hij weg en loop dat di aarde dreun, en ek agter na. Maar ag! naderhand kijk ek om en—ek het gedenk die wereld virgaan—ek moes net skree: "Hans mij bossies"—want dit was in mij velt. Toe kom Goorgans seif agter mij virbij, dat sij perd elke vijftig yards grond vat: Oo'e, mond,

oore en nuesgaate, wijd oop gerek. Hij is nou agter sij gees aan. Ek druk toe ook met di hakke so hard als ek kon om verder di spiets te sien. Nu en dan hoor en sien ek 'n vloek waai van Hans. So het ons toe, "geparreka, parreka," tot dat di bandiet naderhand in 'n ert vark gat getrap en geval het. Di ligaam was toe gelukkig ook net wij. Daar sien ek, Hans uit di stubeuls, op di grond. "Blikskottel van 'n gees," se hij, "ek het jou; vrek, maar los kom is min." Een bonnel stof op di ander, totdat ek ook naderhand daar was. Nou moet ek Hans help om di gees weer in te krij. En hier het ek so gelag, dat mij geliefde nu mij di a'end gevra het, of ek uit di dood op gestaan het. Ek het Hans nou hande vier voet laat staan, met di mond wijd oope en di maag goed op geblaas, want anders kon di gees ni in ni. Ek pak toe di gees agter di nek en bij di stert—want hij het 'n lank golmestiek stert—en prebeer toe om hom bij Goorgans sij keel in te druk. Maar net 's ek di kop in Hans sij mond het, dan skop di gees, stamp Hans sij tong te'en sij taane, en ek moet weer uit ruk. Ek het hom tog toe naderhand in gekrij tot bij di alvaan, hier het ek weer naar gesukkel. "Wat? di ding het uintjns gevreet, hê?" se Hans. "Druk sij maag plat!" Ek het toe di maag gedruk, op di rug gevrijwe en onder di voete gekieli, tot dat ek Hans kon op lig en di plamploet in-skudde.

Dit is di eerste maal wat mister Stead sij teoori geprebeer en in oefening gebreng is. Di heer Hans wou met sij vrind Mausbil in Utopia, geesgemeenskap hou. Di reede waarom hij di ding ni reg gekrij het ni, is omdat hij miskien verkeerd gewerk het. Hij was te gerus, want hij het reeds een nieuwe gees, di owe is so als ons weet in een kwaga gevaar—dit het weer gekom uit mister Darwin sij teoori.—Hans het di gees-kamerji te wijd en lank oope laat blij. Daarbij was di prisener te veel besmeert—en nou baaie glat—met filosoofi *essens* met sielkunde gekook. Ook het Hans di môre *teeosofi*, met te veel visooli gemiks, gedrink, sij keel was lekker glat. Net een gaap was genoeg en dit was ook so. Toe Hans weer toe knijp was di *plamploet* uit.

So als almal weet, is Goorgans ni meer so jonk ni, en dit is maar *waar*

"Di grijshijt  
En di wijshijt  
Maak tog nooit  
Een paar."

JOHN JENKINS,  
College Student.

## The Union Debating Society.

—:o:—

NIL MORTALIBUS ARDUUM EST.

—:o:—

The article which appeared in last year's edition, being the first of a long series which is to deal with an institution of several years' standing, was necessarily introductory. The present contribution, the second, has to take up the matter where the former left it, and to treat of development since that time and of present activity. The first is the introduction to a contribution which, in the end, must appear to have formed one organic whole. It introduces a subject which is to be arranged under various headings, each of which is concerned with a year's life of our U.D.S. These chapters will have be denoted thus:—No. 1: existence and activity of the Society in the second year of the *Students' Annual*, 1893-94. No. 2: existence and activity of the U.D.S. in the third year of the S.S.A., 1894-95, and so on *ad infinitum*; or rather, till either the U.D.S. or the S.S.A. will have spent itself, and the contributor for the time being have to write the valedictory.

The historical introduction has brought us to the present time. It has gone over a great number of years, and landed us where we are to remain nearly stationary. It could not for the limited space allowed to it, give an exhaustive treatment of the subject. So that while it prefaces our *x* number of contributions, it allows of the others going back when necessary for reference, for comparison and for proof to the history of the U.D.S.

We speak of growth and of a present platform on which we have been landed. Thereby we presume that through progress we are a bit in advance of those behind us. We look down on them not with contempt, but with gratitude and respect, acknowledging that we owe them very much.

But after the lapse (say) of ten or fifteen years, there will be successors to us who will be able to boast of still greater growth, and of their having been raised on to a still higher platform. We will beg these to remember what *they* owe to the founders of the U.D.S., and we will ask them not to despise our humbler efforts, our lowlier beginnings.

I maintain this on behalf of us who begin this series of articles that we have a right to expect of our successors:

1. That when Chapter 15 in the year 1894+15 shall have been written, and been proved to be superior to the articles of the

time of starting, the writer and readers bear in mind that all their success is *via* our efforts. 2. That the articles always improve in every way—an improvement worthy of the growth of the Societies, their Organ, the S.S.A., and the College and other institutions. 3. That the increase in excellence be in Geometrical, *not* in Arithmetical Progression. The writer in the year 1894 + 15 is to be above the first writers not only for what he may have become more brilliant, but also for the effect that all the grown and growing institutions of the place, and the times and the advancement of the Colony, may have on him.

The part assigned to the present article is then—the Union Debating Society as we found it in '93, as we worked under its auspices, and as we leave it for '94. We will have only good to report—or rather, we will report only what is good. For none can reasonably expect us to tell aught to the discredit of our Society. If any friend has to hear of the negative side, let us refer him to our private weekly meetings, there to find out the censure passed by the one on the other when it is needed. We refer him to our annual report and our journal, but let him be a friend. Adverse criticism we can get from these and other private sources—not a word in these friendly pages. Therefore if we only praise, it is not because we do not see faults, but because we do not mean to expose them in this way.

Therefore we maintain that this has been a successful year of our life, crowded with most successful items, plenty of energy, “a great amount of animation.” We have maintained all the old institutions—the annual, the quarterly, the fortnightly; even the daily fixtures have been observed.

Our *Excursion* now takes place regularly every year, in the month of February generally. When the classes in the beginning of the year have re-commenced, and when the first and second meetings have quieted the minds of the members for work, then a voice is presently heard to disquiet us by the call, “Excursion.” Presently the desire takes the form of a definite proposal, and the extreme desirability of the event is discussed. It is no more the question: “Shall we have it?” but it is: “When shall we have it?” and “Is the fruit ripe?” and “How will the funds stand it?” But when once the appetite is whetted for fruit, fun and music, then ways and means are soon found.

That large rock Platklip, twenty minutes' walk from the Crossing, is the goal of our ambition. It is not so much because it is

easier to draw a full wagon down hill, and an empty one up, that we prefer that place,—not so much that we have no other fitting place to resort to, or that we can have a fire on the stone and a good walk after the feed,—but it is the idea of the vast solid mass. We seem to feel that, as yearly we resort to a place the very emblem of strength, so we by solid hard plodding work modestly desire to establish our institution on as powerful a basis.

And that stone,—the fruit, the songs, the speeches, the cheering and the romance of a fire in the big black night, afterwards the pull homewards, the serenading, the swim or bath to wash up, this all makes it impossible to regard this excursion as any other than an annual event which is to last as long as the College and U.D.S. exist.

For the *Annual Entertainment* we were privileged to draw an audience two nights in succession. The hall was filled with visitors, the great majority of whom came as friends and with the expectation of friends. They came not to censure, but to be pleased and instructed. After the first (musical) part, the play: “She Stoops to Conquer,” was brought forward and warmly received. We are assured of a very fair degree of success attained in this reproduction of a picture of Goldsmith's age before a nineteenth century audience.

It will not do for us to say how well we succeeded. Properly to judge of this year we will wait to mark the expectation with which next year's entertainment will be looked forward to. We are however confidently able to thank our friends for the amount of enthusiasm with which they have always greeted our efforts. It will stimulate us to do our level best not to disappoint them in any way.

There is another yearly event which deserves a passing notice. *The Open Meeting*. This is our time-honoured institution, the reproduction on a large scale of what we do every Saturday night in our usual meetings.

Our programme for the occasion had necessarily to be cut short so as to allow more time to a full journal and to a more thorough discussion. The question of the evening was the “Advisability of Extending the Suffrage to Women.” It was negatived by a large majority. If the United States allow too much to the gentle sex, and England too little, the Colonies may strike a privileged mean.

We thank friends for what praise they accorded to this event. An audience like the

one we welcomed to our Open Meeting surely did not expect a display of exceeding excellence. Their kindness made allowance for difference of place and circumstances. A large strange hall with an expectant audience may unnerve the stoutest heart. We for ourselves feel that it is impossible to produce from such a platform that same homeliness which is so often bred by our meetings on Saturday night.

Shortly before the Exams we had the opportunity to meet together for our *Convivial Meeting*. Many members were gathered together with us for the last time. Many were there who needed to be brightened up after the hard work of past months and in the face of the long sittings close at hand. Many were there who had come to chase away for a few hours the dismal prospect of a too likely failure in the Exams. And indeed all were quite successful as well in entertaining as in being entertained.

The Hall—our Union Hall—could accommodate between sixty and seventy of us, members and friends. The limited space even added to the feeling of at-homeness. Our friends, old members, representatives of the College Debating Society, and especially two of the professors, helped to rouse us all to quite a pitch of enthusiasm by remarks which tended to show that, in spite of appearances, all the various institutions were in reality one large body, working to one single goal. The speeches dealing with the various subjects still further proved to us how large a number of interests were grouped around our student-life at Stellenbosch.

The Professors were truly one with us in the pleasure of the evening. They enjoyed "the evident animation and the superabundance of spirits" on this as on many other nights. They led us to expect results which even the most sanguine do not dare to dwell upon, when they looked forward, away from our meagre beginnings, to a time when large associations, like that of the European Universities, shall have grown out of these societies of ours.

It was eleven o'clock when we separated quite satisfied with ourselves (of course) and with our friends.

But to give to friends and past members a correct idea of our Society, as it is at present, we require not only to mention, but fully to dwell upon, certain other details, which are essential to our existence as a society. We allude to our rules and by-laws, our roll of attendance, funds, room, name, and items of the programme of a Saturday night.

Present members of the U.D.S. need not be afraid to maintain that in no way is our Society behind the late Stellenbosch Gymnasium Junior Debating Society. As time passed all the above points have been undergoing changes, and when we look back we can mark how these have invariably been for the better. The strides forward have been for the most part almost imperceptible, but we perceive in this case too that slow progress is the surest.

Our bye-laws needed revision. They were taken in hand by a committee specially appointed, who added and excised as was needed, subject to the approval of the members, and printed it in small booklet-form. Our roll of attendance is very large—perhaps too large. And yet none will dare to propose a division of the number, as a section of the members two years ago threatened to do. A certain eager few believed that it would benefit all if the 60 members were divided into two companies (Soc. A and Soc. B) as this would afford more opportunity for delivering recitations and for all to speak in the debate. This radical reform was never submitted to the society.

United in one body are students from the College, from the Theological Seminary, several from the town itself, and a very few from the Gymnasium. It is eminently a representative list, as there are from all parts of the Colony, and several from the Transvaal and Free State. At least forty villages are at present having one of its sons in our Society. And then what a large number have in course of time left our ranks for all parts of the Colony, to fill every kind of post. What honours have not these old-members gained for us, "what loyalty maintained"! We would just like to mention the names of a special few, who are now reaping their laurels in European Universities.

Of course the College has done the most for these. She is the Alma Mater properly speaking! Oh yes, we agree, but we assert that this is only partly so. The College may be Alma Mater of the learning, degrees, honours, etc., but the Society is the Mother of their many-sided by-development, their gentlemanliness and their patriotism.

UNIONIST.

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### Note on Anarchism.

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The times are out of joint, now as in the days of Hamlet; the difference being that no mortal man now labours under the delusion that *he* was born to set them right. Instead



of the individual reformer we have now extensive affiliated societies, propagandist organisations, sitting in innumerable committee-rooms; instead of the solitary voice crying in the wilderness, the air is now rent with the war-cries of a thousand fads, movements, reforming and pioneering associations. Of these one is noted above all the rest, for the frankness with which it avows its real objects, the extraordinary methods by which it seeks to realise those objects, and the apparently unique self-sacrifice of its devotees. The newspapers remind one almost every day that the age of chivalry, with its enthusiastic battling for threatened ideals, is not past; that the chapter on reckless martyrs is not completed in church history. What is the explanation of this phenomenon? He who considers that Vaillant, for instance, had failed in his profession; that he had been many times convicted of larceny; that in his defence he quoted, among others, Mill, Darwin, Spencer, and Marx, as the authors of his faith; and that he approached the guillotine singing hymns to the great cause for which he was to die,—will understand the complexity of the problem presented by contemporary anarchism. Who will unravel the tangled skein of anarchistic motive? Who will undertake to say how much is due to failure and disappointment, how much to hunger, how much to criminal propensity, how much to science, how much to faith and the violent clutch of faith at its alluring visions? Let us approach the subject from another point of view.

The propaganda of anarchism has for its object the destruction of contemporary society with all its oppressive institutions and iron laws, the wreck of the social machine which at the one end grinds out millionaires and at the other the hungry millions of workers. Such is the avowed object of its frankest exponents. They want to vindicate the individual against society; they want to return to that state of nature, with the glowing picture of which Rousseau fired the hopes of the Revolution. At present, however, being purely materialistic, they repudiate the ideal side of this picture, and maintain that life will be worth living only when, in the state of nature, the individual has free enjoyment of the material and other pleasures of life. Until that state is attained, and for its speedy attainment, they advocate the most drastic procedure. Bakounin, the great Russian anarchist and, according to M. Laveleye, the inspirer of all revolutionary anarchism since 1865, held that the first object of the social reformer must be the establishment of anarchy in the sense of the

“unloosing of all the passions now called evil and the destruction of [so called] public order.” And the Revolutionary Catechism teaches that to the revolutionist “there is but one joy, one comfort, one solace, one reward—the success of revolution. Day and night he must cherish but one thought, one aim—inexorable destruction. While we permit no other activity than that of destruction, we recognise that the form in which this activity is exercised may be manifold; poison, the dagger, the rope, all alike are hallowed by the spirit of revolution.”\* And they have the courage of their convictions, witness the scaffold, the guillotine and Siberia.

What is this “Society” against which anarchism is marshalling its forces? The investigation—so far as that is possible—of the origin and progress of civil society may throw some light on this remarkable phenomenon. The earliest forms of civil government are so weak or so hampered by the social customs on which they are founded that the individual or rather the family closely resembles an independent power. And the great empires of antiquity have been well described as mostly “tax-gathering.” The sphere of public law is then almost infinitesimal compared with that of private law. This is illustrated even by early Roman history: the despotic, almost unlimited power of the *paterfamilias*, his power of life and death over his slaves, his children and even his wife, seem to indicate that the early *civis Romanus* resembled more a member of an unequal alliance than a subject of the State. Perhaps the Licinian Rogations formed the first statute in which the State ventured to intrude into the private domain of the citizen; and that statute was passed only after unparalleled struggles between the various parties at Rome. In this early stage of civil society, when the power of the citizen is almost unlimited, it is of course absurd to think of vindicating the claims of the individual against the State. But about the middle of the last century before Christ a great change had occurred; the individual had dwindled, the central power of the State had become almost absolute, and that power was used to maintain gross social, economic, and political evils. Here were the necessary conditions for the appearance of anarchism; and these conditions produced Catiline and his myrmidons. It is safe to say that, if the republic had not perished of civil war, it would have perished of anarchism.

The same line of political development has been taken by the various Teutonic and

\* See Royal Commission on Labour. Foreign Reports, vol. V.

Romance peoples. For a time the Church restrained the growth and tempered the exercise of central civil power; but in one day the victory of the State is complete. The Protestant Churches have apparently confined themselves more and more to religious matters, and the Vatican is to-day mourning the loss even of St. Peter's patrimony. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the emancipated proletariat of Europe have ceased to look to the Church as an organisation for help. And experienced observers have noted that even the religious ideals are visibly waning in the minds of the people. From the State they get their education and civil protection; from the State they expect to obtain protection against the iron laws of capital and the gradual removal of the bitter wrongs under which they live. The State is fast becoming their father, though as yet its conduct is often enough stepmotherly. They have determined to make the State their own. And considering the great victory of the Trades Unions in the recent English coal strike against the most powerful combination of capital the world has ever seen; considering the fact that Social Democracy has in Germany far the largest vote of all the political parties, and that the French Government may any day be upset by a Socialist Opposition, we must conclude that in Europe collectivism is rapidly marching to victory, and that its victory will render the State practically omnipotent. The question is, What will be the relation of this State to the individual? Will it favour the development of the individual, the growth of the personality in all its infinite variations; or will it not rather weigh like a deadly incubus on the individual, dwarfing him to the dull commonplace of paralysed existence, to the level of a State-fed pauper? Revolutionary Anarchism has already declared the present State and the society with which it is identified, intolerable. Will the future State, though nominally omnipotent, be so unwieldy as to be forced to leave the individual alone where his interest is not distinctly anti-social; or will it be an active and vigilant bureaucracy against which the individual will strive in vain to maintain and effectuate himself? If the latter alternative turns out to be true, then there is a great future for anarchism,—unless, indeed, the Caucasian is soon to be played out. If matters ever come to this dire pass, and Europe sinks under the octopus grasp of the Collectivist State, then the peoples will call on their reserve forces, the forces of human nature that slumber behind Society and the State. Society is

mostly founded on convenience; human nature is grounded in passion. If ever—in the course of a wrong development—Society sets itself against the individual, the convenience of the many against the primary requirements of the individual, then convenience and passion will have to measure their relative powers. It must be a very transcendent convenience that finally asserts itself against human passion. Human nature with its stormy reserve forces, slumbers like a latent volcano beneath the placid surface of social convenience and utility. Disturb that surface too violently, or make it press too heavily on the substratum of passion, and an explosion will take place whose violence will be proportional to the amount of passionate resistance called forth. Here will be a function for future anarchism to perform. If the State ever tries to rob the individual of those natural liberties that are essential to his development, then anarchism will sound the alarm; and behind it the fiery steeds of Revolution will be pawing the ground and champing their bits.

So far only the revolutionary side of anarchism has been referred to. But one of the most significant aspects of the European upheaval is religious anarchism. The same country that produced Bakounin, the master spirit of revolutionary anarchism, has also produced Tolstoi, the noble and heroic leader of the religious movement. Tempering the wild, self-assertive energy of the Western races with the lofty idealism and spirituality of the East, he has produced a revised version of Christianity, in which non-resistance to evil and devotion to the ordinary active healthy life of humanity are leading features. He too aims at the disappearance of the State and the present over-wrought complex Society—not, however, along the lines of violence which Bakounin has sketched out, but by the gradual upbuilding of the ideal and spiritual Civitas Dei. The two movements, though so different in method, perhaps tend to the same goal; and Europe may yet need them both.

J.C.S.

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Cambridge Universiteit.

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In den laatsten tijd hoort men nog al veel van een doceerende Universiteit en in verband daarmee wordt op de oude Engelsche Universiteiten gewezen als voorbeeld van zulk een inrichting. De Engelsche hoogescholelen zijn echter niet zoo goed bekend in ons land, dat een paar woorden van toelichting geheel van onpas zullen zijn in een

Studentenblad. Voor men twee instellingen met elkaar kan vergelijken, of een critiek daarover kan uitbrengen, en zal die critiek iets meer beteekenen dan een bloot vertoon van onkunde, is het noodzakelijk dat men bekend zij met beide inrichtingen. Dit spreekt van zelf, doch het geval wil dat deze waarheid maar al te dikwijls uit het oog wordt verloren. Men houdt niet van een nauwkeurig en, meestal onbelangrijk, onderzoek en de verbeelding wordt dan maar ingeroepen waar kennis gemist wordt. Mijn schrijven moet niet te lang zijn, en ik zal de critiek grotendeels aan den lezer overlaten.

De Cambridge Universiteit heeft aan haar hoofd de Chancellor en wordt bestuurd door eenen Raad waarvan de Vice-Chancellor voorzitter is. De professoren worden door den Raad aangesteld, en de toegang tot hunne voorlezingen is in den regel vrij. Dan zijn er ook "University Lecturers" die hunne salarissen trekken uit de kas van de Universiteit. De examinatoren worden gekozen uit de professoren en "lecturers." Zoo vindt men, dat de student van heden de examinerator van morgen is, de leerwijze en beginselen der vaderen zijn die hunner nakomelingen en, dood bedaard, wandelen zij steeds voort in de aloude en beproefde wegen. Of dit nu de gewenschte toestand van zaken is, of het goed is altoos nieuwen wijn in oude zakken te storten, oogluikend de vroeger onbekende behoeften der maatschappij voorbij te gaan en de ooren te stoppen tegen het geroep van veranderende omstandigheden, valt licht te beslissen.

Een "College" is niet veel meer dan een groot logieshuis, een "Te Huis" of "Eikenhof" door een vergrootglas. Aan het hoofd van een "College" staat de "Master" en hij wordt ondersteund door een aantal "Dons" of "Fellows." Gemiddeld heeft een College vijftien studenten voor elken "don." De Master en dons kiezen van onder elkaar een of meer "Tutors," wier plicht het is de studenten, die het niet zelf weten te doen, in orde te houden. Het wordt hier verondersteld, dat al de studenten kleine kinderen zijn en derhalve een kindervachter noodig hebben. Bij ons aan de Kaap wordt verwacht, dat al de College-studenten hunne kinderschoenen ontwassen zijn. Waar komt men nader aan de werkelijkheid? Sommigen der dons geven onderwijs in de Colleges, doch de meesten worden betaald voor de eer die zij hun College aandoen door hunne werkelooze tegenwoordigheid. De don heeft zijn oorsprong in de begeerte om de verstandelijke ontwikkeling te bevorderen door aan talentvolle mannen de gelegenheid te geven origineel werk te verrichten, en door hunne

tegenwoordigheid en voorbeeld de studenten aan te moedigen, en een weetgierigen lust gaande te maken. In onze dagen is een don voorwaar niet een al te bezielend wêelde-artikel!

De studenten kunnen in twee klassen worden verdeeld.

1. *Zij die aan een College behooren.*—Dezen staan direct onder opzicht van een Tutor en moeten allen tezamen in de College-zaal dineeren. De dons hebben eene afzonderlijke tafel en de niet-dons houden het er voor dat aan die tafel veel lekkerder gegeten wordt. Zelfs deze College studenten kunnen in tweeën gesplitst worden. (a). *Zij die in 't College wonen.* Ieder student krijgt een zit- en slaapkamer, die hijzelf moet meubileren, en een provisie-kamer met ledige rakken. Zijne kamers worden door een "Jip" aan kant gemaakt, doch verder moet hij zijn eigen potje koken. Zijn koffie en thee maakt hij zelf en stapt zelf naar den kruidenier om zijn boter, suiker, enz., in te koopen, een echt ou-joukmans leven!

Dan hebben wij onder diegenen die aan een College behooren (b) studenten *die niet op College wonen.* In verband met de Universiteit bestaat er een syndicaat, dat al de logieshuizen onder zijn opzicht heeft, de prijzen der kamers vaststelt, en macht heeft de licenties van een huishouder weg te nemen in geval er ongeregelheden in zijn huis plaats vinden. Is er in College geen plaats meer te krijgen, dan moeten de studenten in een of ander van deze logieshuizen gaan en de huisbaas moet nauwkeurig rapport doen van al wat er toegaat. Om tien uur 's avonds wordt de deur gesloten en komt iemand later in dan wordt hij "gegate." Is hij na twaalven nog niet binnen, en kan hij geen bevredigende rekenschap geven dan "he has to go down."

2. De tweede groote klasse studenten zijn *zij die aan geen College behooren.* Men kan lid der Universiteit zijn en in al de voorrechten er van deelen zonder lid van een College te zijn. Twintig jaren geleden was dit onmogelijk. Later werd aan een langgevoelde behoefte voldaan door het vormen van een "Non-collegiate Board" met een "censor" aan het hoofd. Deze studenten zijn verlost van de grootste ongerijmdheden waaronder de College-studenten moeten bukken.

Komt een student te Cambridge dan is zijn eerste stap "Previous" of "Little Go," vóór welke hij niet tot eenig Universiteits-examen wordt toegelaten. "Previous" staat min of meer gelijk met ons Matriculatie. Na dit gepasseerd te hebben heeft hij twee wegen voor zich:

1. "Honours" of "Tripos" graad. Gaat

hij hiervoor in, dan begint hij dadelijk met zijn speciale vak en heeft niets meer met de andere onderwerpen te doen. Voor denzelfden "Honours" graad kan hij maar eenmaal ingaan, en wordt zijn staart eens geplukt, dan heeft hij zijn kans om een "Honour's" graad te krijgen voor altijd verbeurd. Hij mag voor zijn examen niet ingaan voordat hij negen "terms" (drie jaar) of na hij twaalf terms heeft gehouden.

2. Dan heeft men *den Specialen Graad*. Voor dezen graad moet de student twee examens afleggen (a) "*General Part*," meer of min gelijkstaande met ons Intermediaire B.A. met minder werk en (b) *Special Part* waarvoor hij een onderwerp alleen behoeft op te nemen.

Hoewel het veel moeilijker is om den Honours Graad te behalen krijgt hij die er voor ingegaan is, ook maar een B.A. achter zijn naam. Drie jaar na hij zijn B.A. heeft behaald en nog een som geld heeft opgedokt—zonder verder examen—wordt hem den graad van M.A. toegekend en is hij in staat om in al de voorrechten van de Universiteit te deelen.

In het vormen onzer critiek laten wij niet vergeten, dat de Universiteit zooals wij haar van daag hebben niet is de volvoering van een weldoordacht plan, maar het voortbrengsel van honderden jaren van ontwikkeling en vooruitgang. Vele der ongerijmdheden zullen dan duidelijk worden. Men zal dan kunnen verstaan hoe het komt, dat terwijl de Colleges rijk en verrijkt zijn, de Universiteit nogtans zoo arm is dat zij geen M.A. examen kan hebben en dien graad moet verkoopen; en waarom het den College-studenten van heden nog verboden is vóór het Senaat-huis albastert te spelen!

Cambridge is een Academic-stad en niets meer. Terwijl de allergewichtigste vraagstukken—socialisme, overpopulatie, emancipatie der vrouw, het ontwaken van de democratie—der samenleving in de groote steden heftig voortwoeden, gaat Cambridge ongestoord en onbewogen voort met hare intellectueele ontwikkeling. Meer dan een vraag doet zich voor. Is het goed dat het karakter van den leerling gevormd wordt in een onnatuurlijke omgeving, afgetrokken van de levende geestdrift welke de menschen daarbuiten bezielt? Zal de vooruitgang der wetenschappen niet meer bevredigend zijn indien de Universiteit in nauwere gemeenschap ware met het dagelijksch leven? Zullen de geleerden—professoren en doctoren, niet meer kunnen uitrichten indien zij geïnspireerd worden door de brandende invloeden die van tijd tot tijd in de samenleving ontstaan? Een alzijdige ontwikkeling is alleen

daar mogelijk waar de menschelijke natuur in haar geheel in werking wordt geroepen. Mogen wij bewaard blijven van een bendé geleerden die immer profiteeren en speculeeren doch nimmer produceeren!

F. S. M.

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## V. C. Debating Society.

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### PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS 1894.

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"The moving accident is not my trade,  
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts,  
'Tis my delight alone in summer shade  
To pipe a simple tune for thinking hearts."

W.

GENTLEMEN, FELLOW-MEMBERS OF THE V.C.D.S.,—The pleasure, as well as the duty, of appearing before you with the annual Presidential address falls to my lot this evening. Although for various reasons one would rather choose the gold of silence—for silence is golden—on such an occasion, yet through your doings I am now called upon to speak, and consider it a privilege to do so. I wish briefly to direct your attention to what may be termed the general interests of the Society, to which we are all proud to belong.

It is but natural that on such an occasion, passing from the old and standing upon the threshold of the new, we should invite our memory to recall the year that is past, and at least cast a lingering glance upon the outstanding features of that period. Happily the backward look is on the whole a look of fondness. That this is so, is owing to your loyal support and faithful service. It would be a gross and an ungrateful omission were no mention made in this address of the self-denying help, which members were ever ready to lend, when special time and effort were required, say, in preparing for Entertainment, Open Evening or Convivial. Even the powerful clutches of the examination-fiend—that cruel tyrant of the nineteenth century—were powerless to withhold from loyal service those who were called upon.

Looking back then upon the year that is past, there rises before our gaze a series of meetings—when we have assembled here of a Saturday evening to spend a thoroughly enjoyable and instructive time together. Unhampered on such occasions by the restraints of the class-room, and spurning the conventionalities of society, we find ourselves among our equals, upon a common platform, Greek meets Greek, and in open warfare of friendly debate we learn to give expression

to our thoughts, to have the courage of our own convictions, and at the same time respect those of others.

I venture to challenge any member, be he present or absent this evening, to look back upon our well-attended meetings of a Saturday evening without a sense of pleasure and fondness stealing over him. If such there be, it is not hard to say where the rub lies.

The great value of our ordinary meetings is not easily estimated, nay, defies computation. The free-born Africander, accustomed as he is from his very childhood to possess his own home, to live in plenty, to roam over his own extensive fields and play the master over his father's servants, this creature—we are proud to belong to the class—this creature is very liable to become an autocrat and an egotist, who does not like to see his will balked or his opinions contradicted. We inhale it with the free Colonial air we breathe; it is in our blood, nay in our very bones. What better opportunity to have all this native-force trained and brought under control, than here at our regular meetings, where we express our opinions freely, and learn to be as freely criticised and corrected. Merely to take a correction or a censure with good grace, is already a rare virtue that our Society bestows upon its faithful attendant; while it is a boon of still greater value to be taught to agree to differ, *i.e.*, to hold opposite views on the same matter and yet remain friends. This is of greater importance than would at first sight appear. I consider the lack of the qualities above referred to, as one of the cardinal weaknesses in our national character. The unwillingness or inability to bear correction or censure, the unwillingness to allow anyone to differ from his majesty, this characteristic weakness may be found with the rich as well as the poor, the high as well as the low, and has something to do alike with the strifes and divisions in our political associations, such as the Bond, as well as in many other matters of national concern. Many private and public squabbles, nay, even family feuds, may be traced back to Mr. A. not being able to stand Mr. B.'s disagreeing with him. If they disagree they must of necessity lose respect for each other and become enemies. Had Messrs. A. and B. been members of our Society, this would not have taken place; they would have differed, yes, indeed! but they would have agreed to differ and remained friends.

A vote of thanks then to our Society for what it has taught us and is willing to teach us by means of its ordinary meetings.

Time forbids me to stay and offer some remarks upon our Annual Entertainment,

Parliamentary Meetings, Open Evening, Excursion and Convivial. Merely this:—Our bringing the claims of music—vocal as well as instrumental—on the foreground at the last Entertainment was distinctly a move in the right direction, and carried away the approval of our esteemed audience. May we continue and prosper.

In regard to our Parliamentary Meetings allow me to express my conviction that we have not yet learned to make the most of them, however successful our attempts have thus far been. A thoroughly successful Mock Parliament, with every member interested and taking part, is something fully worth striving after; and we must have it, for why should we not?

The Excursion was this year unanimously declared a success; the bursts of song and peals of merry laughter that ascended from around that blazing bonfire will not lightly fade from our memories.

On the whole, then, the returns or output of the past year may be considered satisfactory.

But there are spots, blemishes which mar the beauty of the picture, and, to be honest, I must point to a few vulnerable places in our armour. It must have struck every thinking member that we have in our midst some few who are far too sparing of their melodious voices. Without making light of their difficulties—be it shyness or heaviness of speech—I must point out that the Society claims the pleasure of hearing their voices more frequently.

A word about the Journal. That rightly takes an important position in this Society and is well supported. In regard, however, to the general tone of the Journal and the literary value of the contributions, I believe we have not yet reached the proper standard. Too many contributions are mere cavillings, bickerings over what happened at the last meeting or the breakfast table. The Journal should most decidedly be used to expose error and take up the cudgels on behalf of discipline and what is right; but there is danger of abuse, and we must see that we do not run into it. The occasions are comparatively too few and far between when an instructive, well-worked-out contribution has appeared. We do not want a concoction that could be scribbled off in three shakes of a cat's tail, but something solid, that required thought and perhaps a little study—a contribution showing original thinking and independent investigation. Surely our men are equal to this; and why should our Journal not more often excel in such high class contributions as in lighter and more comical productions?

Before concluding this strain allow me briefly to allude to another element of weakness. Be assured, gentlemen, this is not merely for the sake of finding fault. Say not, "you are only holding up the seamy side." It is only because I am convinced that we have attained to such a standard of excellence—let us say it in all modesty—that we can bear to have our remaining weaknesses exposed, and so aim at something still higher. Bear with me then, when I direct your attention to a certain want of independence of thought and freedom of speech. In regard to the former, it is just possible that we suffer from a lack of this costly article—*independence of thought*. It may be that when one member proposes anything, the rest are liable to agree and blindly follow. Now is this mild indictment true? Are there among us those who say, "You lead, I follow"? Each must answer for himself. It were a sorry thing if every member agreed with every other. The sooner we then close the shutters and shut up shop, the better, for our *raison d'être* would cease to exist. I, for my part, firmly believe that we do not all think alike, but yet let us beware of blindly following a leader. The best I can wish this Society is, that every member thinks for himself, never following blindly, and never using somebody else's brains. A word about freedom of speech; it may happen that members having an opinion of their own, are afraid to speak it out, not having the courage of their own convictions. Fellow-members! we live in a free country and belong to a free society, where the golden law of liberty holds its sway; what should prevent us then from freely giving expression to our thoughts; let others think what they may; "let them say." We come together to learn from one another; each one has to bring forth his share. Iron sharpeneth iron, but whence will the iron come unless we produce it by expressing our thoughts.

As already remarked, we stand on the threshold of a new year. Several of our best and most faithful members have left us. We feel the bereavement. At our Convivial we said the final "Good-bye," and wished them "Godspeed." Let us heartily reiterate it here, and add our gratitude for the honour they have brought upon us in the recent University Examinations. But there is another side to the story;—for this means that we have lost so many good men. Well, and what of that! Are there not among our number those who are able and ready to come forward and fill up the breach? These have virtually but been awaiting their time, when the front rank shall have made

room for them. Let us rejoice that those who have left us, have left such records behind—records that will inspire us, who remain, to do likewise. Let every village Hampden, let every mute, inglorious Milton now come to the forefront of the battle and show what stuff he is made of. Let us sing with the poet:—

" We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind."

And though in the course of the next three months we shall have to sustain some further very heavy losses, we'll be strong and content, deeply grateful for the faithful services rendered and the unimpeachable examples left behind.

And now the vessel is once more to be launched into the unknown deep of a new year. Time and tide may, for aught we know, be against us, but we shall not anticipate the unknown future. Let us only be ready for any emergency. And now as we launch the dear old ship, let us in spirit form a ring, clasp hand in hand, and send her off hopefully, joyfully, trustfully, singing in the words of the American poet:—

Sail forth into the sea, oh ship!  
Through wind and wave right onward steer!  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear!  
Sail on, nor dread to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

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### Musings.

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As the evening shadows gathered,  
Twilight spread across the earth,  
Out I walked into the silence  
To behold the moon come forth.

'Twas the sunny month November,  
And the moon rose bright and clear,  
But I travelled back in fancy  
Over many a bygone year.

And upon Victoria College  
Did my thought at last descend,  
That of bright and happy memories  
Where I many months did spend.

I re-lived my youth in fancy,  
And a student once was more,  
Thro' the College rooms I wandered,  
Drawing wealth from Wisdom's store.

In their places stood the Masters,  
 Ah, I see them still to-day!  
 Truths expanding to us fellows—  
 Ever patient, earnest they!

Then the gong was loudly sounded,  
 Signal for a rush outside,  
 And we thro' the doors came trooping  
 Like the ocean's rising tide!

Oh the pleasures of that period  
 Never pen could fully tell!  
 Never tongue describe our loneliness  
 When we College bade farewell!

Many years have past across us  
 Since we left its pleasant shade,  
 But the affection we have borne her  
 And the pride can never fade!

Students of Victoria College,  
 Past or present tho' you be,  
 Are you anxious that her honour  
 Bright and full you e'er may see?

Do you wish to prove to others  
 That you to her cause are true?  
 Rouse up then and in all earnest  
 Do the best that you can do!

Wide the fields that lie before you—  
 Take your place and lend a hand!  
 Be a credit to your College  
 And an honour to your land!

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### Our Educational Institutions.

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Not unfrequently we meet with persons who ask us questions regarding Stellenbosch institutions, which appear rather absurd to those who are at the little Athens of South Africa. Such ignorance however, is scarcely blamable in those who have never visited Stellenbosch. One might just as well take it amiss that the Queen does not know John Jenkins, who lives in Church-street, Utopia. For the information of such the writer intends treating briefly of these institutions. Those who know all may omit this article, others will, I hope, find it of some value.

#### STRANGE DELUSIONS

exist outside the precincts of Stellenbosch. A good many think the Theological Seminary and the College are one and the same, part being devoted to the training of Ministers of the Gospel and part to other work. Others again believe that at Stellenbosch nothing but Divinity-students are to be found. So two strangers lately came to

the decision, after some altercation, that three teams of young ministers were about to meet the Diocesan College at football! Some again fall into the serious injustice of overlooking the two very efficient Gir's' Schools of which Stellenbosch may well be proud. They have rendered splendid work in the past and promise even better in future.

#### THE STATE OF AFFAIRS

is as follows:—Erected in 1859 we have the Theol. Seminary, where young men are prepared for the ministry of the D. R. Church. They are admitted to an Entrance Examination at least one year after they have passed the Matriculation of the University. A good many however prefer first securing the B.A. degree. The course at the Seminary lasts four years. As this is the only Institution at Stellenbosch that really prepares one for a profession, its importance is supreme. Moreover, if we consider the influence which such an establishment must have, both in the Colony and neighbouring states and our dependencies, we cannot sufficiently insist on its importance. Then we pass on to

#### THE VICTORIA COLLEGE

which is quite a different establishment and has a history of its own. We need not enter into details. Simon van der Stell's favourite spot seems to have been marked out as the place where education is to flourish. Two hundred years ago it had its school already. This was under the special charge of the "Ziekentrooster," an official whose onerous duties covered half that of a modern clergyman and half that of the teacher. He had to teach from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. and then to attend to the spiritual interests of the settlers. His salary amounted to twenty "gulden" per month, at that time a most satisfactory remuneration.

So matters proceeded steadily, for we need scarcely look for improvements under Dutch rule, until in 1795 the Cape passed into English hands. About this time the large sum of £3,000 had been collected by two Dutch clergymen for educational purposes. It was not immediately used however. In 1839 it was added to the funds of the South African College. In 1859 another gleam was noticed in the erection of the Theol. Seminary. Other educational matters were still either non-existent or totally unprogressive. In 1866 the need was felt to make a stir, and so the first Scotch teacher was obtained, and ever since Scotland kept providing us liberally with professors and teachers, certainly a proof of their success.

In 1874 a new leaf was turned in the history of education, when Parliament passed a Bill in regard to the higher education. The Gymnasium of 1866 then became a College, but amid such rapid increase of numbers the old rooms were too small. Rooms were hired in different parts of the village, and so the professors had to labour under a host of difficulties. It was then felt that something better must be secured at all costs. The Government agreed to grant a large sum and the public contributed most liberally. The corner-stone of the College Buildings was laid in 1880, and the buildings, which are an adornment to the place, were inaugurated in 1886. The festivities took place on November 6th, which date is not likely to be forgotten as long as the annual College reception remains in vogue, to commemorate the event.

Such then is briefly the rise of our Victoria College. May we hope that the efficiency it has attained will steadily influence the well-fare of South Africa; and young men from all parts may increasingly resort to it, in order to imbibe the stores of learning which are so freely offered to those who seek after knowledge.

P. d. P. le R.

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### Jocularities.

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A student being asked to translate "clara voce" promptly replied "Sarah calls." It is doubtful whether any particular "Sarah" hovered in his mind just then.

Another student replied to the question "Who was John Bunyan?"—He was a man who travelled all over the world, and wrote a book which was a sort of Murray's guide-book to London.

An amusing incident occurred last December. The apricots were just ripening in neighbour Dod's garden, when Thom observed to Jim and Kees that a feed at 11 o'clock would not be bad. Jim and Kees at once agreed. Unfortunately they were overheard by old Crox, who thought it a beautiful opportunity to have some fun. About ten to eleven he took his rifle, loaded it with a blank cartridge and carefully took up his position among the high vegetation, close to the apricot trees. Punctually at 11 our three friends found their way into the forbidden tree. But what a shudder and thrill ran through their nerves, when a shot was fired at them! In an instant they tumbled to the ground and scampered off. In another second a six-foot wall was scaled and Jimmie parted

with some of his *antecedents*, as in the hurry and scurry he desperately despised sticks and stones. Thom lost a cap and Kees a purse, of which nothing has been heard since. They immediately retired to their rooms, discussing the question whether this was a case of culpable homicide. They came to the conclusion that old Dods was no shot, but won't have another opportunity of practising on them.

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### Ons "Prachtstuk der Natuur."

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Men leest zoo dikwijls van "spelingen der Natuur," doch soms zijn zij met zoo veel wijsheid en kunst daargesteld, dat men nauwelijks aan toeval alleen kan denken.

Zoo wil ik, Waarde Lezer, uwe aandacht eenige minuten verzoeken ten einde bovenstaanden titel te rechtvaardigen. Vergezel mij eens goedgunstig naar een van de schoonste "spelingen der Natuur" waarop onze Kolonie zich kan beroemen, ik bedoel de "Cango Grotten." Hebt gij er reeds van gehoord, maak dan nader kennis ermede, en indien zij u nog geheel onbekend zijn, O wil dan toch deze gelegenheid niet nalaten om met dit wonderschoon verschijnsel kennis te maken!

Deze grotten zijn ten zuiden van de Zwartebergen aan den grooten weg tusschen Oudtshoorn en Prins Albert. De ingang, onder eene krans niet bijzonder hoog, aan den voet van den berg, is zeer gemakkelijk te bereiken. Hier aangekomen, moet de reiziger zich gereed maken voor een onderaardschen tocht van meer dan een mijl.

Al het overtollige wat kleeding en stokken betreft wordt hier achtergelaten. De weg is op sommige plaatsen zeer nauw, steil en glibberig, zoodat men er niet licht zonder vallen van afkomt. Hier leeren de dames hunne afhankelijkheid van de heeren kennen, terwijl de heeren, aan den anderen kant, iets van 't ongemak door dames veroorzaakt ondervinden.

Op dezen tocht volgt de reiziger gewoonlijk de Gibeonieten door gesleten kleederen en schoenen aan te doen, want hij wordt besmeerd met modder en met 't vet dat van de omhoog gehouden kaarsen druipt. Immers zonder kaarsen kan men zich daar niet in wagen, evenmin zonder een bekwamen gids.

De gids leidt den weg in een engen, horizontalen gang, omtrent honderd voet lang, tusschen eeuwenoude rotsen. Aan 't einde van dien gang is er een afgrond van omtrent 33 voet hoog. Hier staat de bezoeker stil, terwijl



zijn hart wat haastiger begint te kloppen, want niettegenstaande 't licht der kaarsen blijft alles stikdonker voor hem.

Hij moet den afgrond af met een ijzeren ladder, door een onzer vroegere gouverneurs gegeven.

Beneden gekomen bevindt hij zich in een onderaardsche zaal 600 voet lang, 100 voet breed, en 70 hoog. Deze is de grootste zaal en wordt ter eere van haren ontdekker "Van Zijls vlakke" genoemd. De stalactieten hier zijn niet de fraaiste wat vorm of kleur betreft.

Daar deze zaal zoo groot is, dat men bij 't licht van 30 of 40 kaarsen bijna niets van de druijstenen aan de wanden en het verwulfsel zien kan, worden er dikwijls "blue lights" in gebrand, die door hunnen rook de steenen gestadig van hunne schoonheid berooven. Door een gedurig druppen van 't water uit het verwulfsel worden de stalactieten aan 't verwulfsel en de stalagmieten op den vloer gevormd, waarvan vele, na verloop van tijd, elkander in 't midden ontmoeten.

De doodsche stilte die hier heerscht wordt broken slechts door 't druppelen van het water en 't klapwieken der vleermuizen.

"Hier waar nooit een kiem onsproot  
Woont 't zwijgen bij den dood."

De bezoeker gevoelt zich hier geheel en al afhankelijk van zijnen gids, want hij bevindt zich in een net-werk van donkere vertrekken aan elkander verbonden door kleine openingen.

In een kleinere zaal, grenzende aan de eerste ziet men overal namen van bezoekers geschreven, van waar zij den naam, "Registratie Kantoor" kreeg.

Gaat hij door deze zaal, dan komt de bezoeker in een andere, 140 voet lang, omtrent even zoo breed en 50 voet hoog. Deze is een van de prachtigste zalen; de druijsteen doet zich hier in verschillende vormen voor. De oplettende bezoeker ontdekt lijstwerk aan de wanden, vensters behangen met zilveren gordijnen, kandelaars, bloemen en boomen. Aan den eenen kant van de zaal staat een preekstoel, waarin meer dan een aanspraak werd gehouden, en niet ver van daar een prachtig altaar. Ook treft men er vormen van verschillende dieren aan; onder andere den kop van een grooten bul. Een pilaar wit als marmer, 50 voet hoog en 9 in omvang, prachtig versierd en als met diamanten bezet, prijkt in 't midden der zaal. Een meesterstuk, door een reus begonnen en door een juwelier voltooid.

Het verwulfsel van deze kunstkamer is als bezaaid met stalactieten, de afdruijpende

druppen en glinsteren in 't kaarslicht als vallende paalen. Bij het bewonderen van dit hemelsch gezicht gevoelt men zich als door een tooverroede aangeraakt.

Deze zaal leidt naar vele andere vertrekken, in sommige waarvan nog nooit iemand is geweest. Doch wij hebben geen tijd in alle een kijkje te nemen. In een vertrek dat wat moeilijker valt te bereiken, schijnt deschoonheid van vorm en kleur haar toppunt bereikt te hebben. De sneeuw witte wanden en de fonkelende stalactieten zijn nog alle ongechonden; overal ziet men waterdruppelen uit het rotsgevaarte biggelen als een snoer levende juweelen. Een schouwspel verblindend voor het gezicht!

Het wordt echter tijd de grotten te verlaten, hoewel 't oog en de nieuwsgierigheid nog niet bevredigd zijn.

Verscheidene verhalen worden gegeven omtrent de ontdekking dier grotten, onder andere dit, dat een moordenaar tegen 't einde van de laatste eeuw uit den kerker ontsnapte en zich daar eenige weken schuil hield, slechts des nachts uitkomende om voedsel te krijgen. Hij werd opgespoord en uren lang vervolgd van grot tot grot. Uiteindelijk viel hij van een pilaaren werd dood opgenomen.

En komt mijn verhaal je min gelooflijk voor, Omdat je het niet vindt in oudere schriften Dan moet je, daar dient de *verbeelding* voor, Maar zelf een ander verdichten.

Nog een groot deel van deze grotten blijft onbekend. Eene schoone gelegenheid voor iemand van een ondernemenden geest om nieuwe ontdekkingen te doen.

Moge de nieuwsgierigheid, mijn geachte lezer, uwe voeten bevlugelen en u op enen ontdekkingstocht voeren. Misschien gelukt het u nog een weg onder den berg door naar Prins Albert te vinden, die als tunnel voor den Zuid Westelijken Spoorweg kan dienen!

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## Knysna and its Surroundings.

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### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

It was winter time, we were on a strange road. Already during the day we had wandered from the path. It was close on sunset, and we were still some distance from our destination. We had been driving along a level plateau for some time, and the sun had now just set, when we found ourselves on the heights above a deep valley, into which the road wended its way. It was a beautiful scene before us: the road winding down the hillside; below, a quiet homestead, a valley with winding river, the hills beyond.

But there is no time to ponder on the scene ; darkness closes round, and we must hurry on. Down the Phantom Pass we went, a long continued descent, and by the time we reached the bottom darkness enshrouded us. Moreover, one of our horses was showing signs of being knocked up. And now, picture our state. Darkness, on a strange, rough road and a horse knocked up, all this following on a tiring day. Given these conditions, and the state of mind resulting is better imagined than expressed. Now over stones, then through ruts and holes, up a rise and down again, we jogged along, our eyes strained with peering into the darkness. A light gleams through the gloom ; hope rises ; it must be a village light. We "spec" on the distance, but the road leads away to the left, while the light disappears on the right. A bridge rises before us. Yes, this bridge was mentioned to us, and Knysna is not so far off. We cross. Again a light gleams forth in the distance. This time there are two or three, and we cheer up our horses as we feel sure we are near now. The lights disappear. Ah ! it's just round the corner. But what's this water just ahead of us ? Surely we have no drift to cross, and that in the dark, and uncertain of the tide ! And then we thought of the many accidents of which we had heard which had happened to people crossing drifts affected by the tide. For the sea affects the depth of rivers for miles inland, forcing back the flow of the water as the tide rises. Would ours be an accident or escape ? But soon we find we have vainly distressed ourselves as the road keeps along the bank of the river, with a steep wooded hill on the other side. Again the lights appear, but only to disappear as we round another corner. The sound of voices drifts on our ears, and hope anew lightens our uncertainty. We pass a group of drunken brawlers.

"How far to Knysna ?"

"Oh, just round the turn."

But the turn turns, and there is yet another turn, and yet no Knysna. At last we reach a toll.

"Only ten minutes more, sir."

But the ten are to us thirty before we reach our desired haven.

#### THE VILLAGE OF KNYSNA.

Knysna is a little village picturesquely situated on the banks of a lagoon formed at the mouth of the river. It boasts a jetty alongside of which small steamers draw up, crossing the river bar at high tide. The lagoon affords very pleasant boating with the experience of often running foul on sand-

banks. Where the river enters the sea the hills terminate on each side in two peaks known as "the Heads." The view from here across the sea is beautiful and this is a favourite picnic resort. Let us take up our stand on one of these peaks and look up the valley. Before us is the stretch of waters. On the right bank, as we look up the stream, at the foot of a hill lies Knysna, some fifty to seventy-five houses. The small black jetty projects ; some twenty yards off it lies a small steamer adding to the picturesqueness of the scene. The left bank before us is thickly wooded ; in the distance here and there we spot a dwelling. But on all sides the valley is surrounded by high hills. Many have seen the pretty wood ornaments that come from Knysna—tables inlaid with pieces of wood of every size and colour like mozaic, walking-sticks, candle-sticks, brooches, etc. All this is done by the hand, and it is hardly possible to believe that in a small ornamental table there should be over a thousand separate pieces of wood.

#### THE FORESTS OF KNYSNA.

Knysna is of course noted for its forests. The roads in the district often lead through these. As one passes into a deep gorge thickly wooded, the first impression on one unaccustomed to such an abundance of gigantic trees is unique. From the top of one hill the road is seen emerging on the top of another just opposite, but between there lies a deep gully densely covered with immense trees and brushwood. One wonders how the opposite hill, where the road is visible, is to be reached. But gradually the road leads down, winding in and out amongst the trees, now in one direction, now in another direction but steadily down. Deeper and deeper down we go until the imagination revolves on the lower world and would fain lead one to believe that one of these tracks was left by Mercury, descending to Hades to fetch Persephone or Orpheus in his quest for Eurydice.

At last a stream comes to view indicating the termination of the descent and consequently the beginning of the ascent.

As from the depths below the gaze is turned upwards to the trees which cover the surrounding slopes that extend high up the hillside, the blue vault of heaven appearing above all, the spirit seems to hear the call to ascend. Man feels the smallness of his stature, but realises something of the greatness of his mind. The surrounding beauty is indescribable : the stream, almost lost beneath the overgrowth of moss and ferns, but appearing in a deep dark pool

below ; the trees of all varieties, covered with moss and creepers of every sort. See where the wild vine entwines its dark green leaves up the stem and among the branches of the "geelhout" tree, the dark background showing to advantage the clusters of unripe red berries. Oh for a Horace to sing of our "wedded" forest trees !

Nor do the winged inhabitants of the forest escape notice. Of these there are many and in great variety. The stillness is enlivened by their songs and calls ; the fluttering of their wings is heard among the branches, but vainly does one seek to catch a glimpse of them. Of these feathered foresters the "Loerie" has attained the highest fame for the beauty of its plumage.

#### MILLWOOD GOLD-DIGGINGS.

Knysna being the country of forests one need not travel far from the village to reach a forest. Elephants are still to be found in the Knysna forests, but by strangers they are more often heard of than seen. About four hours' drive from Knysna are the Millwood gold-diggings. The diggings at present are alluvial, though attempts were made to sink shafts. The gold is sought in the beds of streams in the heart of the forest. From occasional reports in the papers it seems that a substantial find is still expected. Millwood, where once some thousands of miners dwelt, now shows a few houses and shanties with three or four families for its inhabitants. In a westerly direction from Knysna and towards the coast lie the Knysna Lakes, of which a beautiful view is obtained from the surrounding hills. They are a favourite strand resort of the farmers from the adjacent districts.

#### KEURBOOM'S RIVER SCENERY.

Leaving the village of Knysna and turning towards the rising sun a drive of four hours brings one to Plettenberg's Bay, into which flows the Keurboom's River. The beauty of the scenery up this river is hardly equalled by any in the Colony. The river is about 200 yards broad and can be navigated by boat for a couple of hours up its stream. The water is dark and deep ; on each side are high hills covered with brushwood to the water's edge. Every bend of the river brings fresh scenery before the eye. Occasionally the fertile growth of brushwood gives way to the tragic beauty of rough rugged rocks, projecting their sharp edges into the water. High up the stream the valley broadens and a landing place is afforded beneath the magnificent forest trees. As the sun sets behind the hills the reflec-

tion of the foliage on the river's brink in the water below is perfect. Now a majestic "geelhout," taller than its companions, casts the reflection of its slim form into the water below ; again a grand old "stinkhout," shorn of its foliage by wind and weather, a veritable patriarch of the forest, like a Gladstone whose day is past, displays its form in the water as in a sheet of glass, each slightest branch and twig apparent. Here a cliff of red sandstone seems to set the water aglow, while there the dark rock reaching to the water's edge, baffles the eye in its attempts to distinguished the reality from its shadow. As the oarsmen rest on their oars the quiet is unbroken but for the flapping of the wings of a late bird returning home to its nest. As the boat glides on the splash of the oars breaks the stillness. The sweet strains of an old ballad love-song, sung to the accompaniment of a concertina, played with true musical pathos to the time of the oars, call forth the last slumbering embers of emotion. The soul breaks forth from the bondage of things temporal, and is borne upward on the wings of imagination into the great inane whence, when recalled by a splash in the water caused by some more practically-minded companion, it loathes to return.

But whatever be the disposition of the sight-seer, poetic or prosaic, idealistic or materialistic, the mind cannot but be affected by the beauties of surrounding nature.

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#### East and West.

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Belonging to the number of those who still attend class, and hailing originally from the Eastern Province, we thought it might not be out of place to occupy the space allotted to us with some remarks on the differences that exist between the Western and Eastern Provinces, in so far as these differences bear upon the student's life.

The West may of course boast of containing the capital of the Cape Colony within its borders, but we are just a little afraid that on the strength of this the men of the West are inclined to think themselves head and shoulders above their neighbours of the East. Be this as it may, we willingly confess that there are many privileges the Western Province enjoys but from which our friends in the East are debarred.

One important point of difference lies in the matter of population.

The traveller from the Onderveld cannot but notice how much denser the population becomes, at least along the line of Railway,

as he approaches Capetown. *Down-his-way* he is accustomed to find small villages lying scattered here and there, few and far between, while *here* he finds Worcester, Wellington, Paarl, Stellenbosch, Capetown and the Suburbs comparatively close together and within very easy reach of one another; and although this denser population oppresses his spirit and makes his freedom-loving soul fret for the boundless fields over which he is wont to roam, yet would he fain admit that this larger population brings many and very substantial advantages along with it. And yet when he shifts from East to West to come and reap these advantages, be it for a longer or a shorter period of time, his native affections remain true and he loves to hear a fellow-countryman tell of the answer given to an Eastern Province friend: "I say, do you get any shooting up in the West?" "No, next to nothing; you might get a chance at some birds; but as to firing with a rifle! the farms are so small that if you fired off a rifle on the one you would run great risk of knocking over the manager of the next." This sentiment every one will admit to be natural and healthy.

In regard to the fountain-head of knowledge the West clearly carries off the palm, and the East virtually substantiates this by sending so many of her sons to the Western seats of learning. This gives rise to the greatest difficulty with which the educational institutions of the Eastern Province have to cope: viz., the want of material on which to work; for while they may each have a perfectly efficient staff of masters, the material is lacking, and thus little higher work is done for the University Examinations. The percentage of passes from the Eastern Province in the Intermediate B.A. Examinations, is out of all proportion to that from the West. The greatest pity is that such excellent men as may be found in the East should have so much of their time occupied with mere elementary work for want of material for higher work. It is this waste of labour that the proposed University Scheme must endeavour to prevent.

\* \* \*

In regard to sport—a matter which we bear very much at heart—the Western Province is for several reasons much better off than the Eastern. The fact of its various centres being within such easy reach of one another tells heavily in favour of the West; for this proximity to each other and the cheap railway fares—both of which are factors that are missing in the Eastern Province—foster a wholesome competition

which is quite essential to success in the sporting line. The South African and Diocesan Colleges are in the very thick of the fight and can without the least trouble or expense meet their many rivals on all sides and so get their sinews strengthened and muscles tightened. The Victoria College does not fare quite as well, but meets a rival frequently enough, besides having a superabundance of material to work on. The Gill College, St. Andrew's College and other High Class Institutions in the Eastern Province are deprived of these privileges, owing to their comparative isolation; the intervening distances, the cost of conveyance, and the time required are so considerable that competitive matches can at best be yearly or six-monthly events. And yet notwithstanding these drawbacks the institutions of the Eastern Province are very successful in some departments of sport. By those-who-know Grahamstown is considered a very hotbed of good cricket, for both the St. Aidan's and the St. Andrew's Colleges have given birth to excellent cricketers, the former boasting no less famous a couple than Tancred and Seccull; while St. Andrew's is termed a nursery of football, cricket and athletics in general.

In this latter department—Athletics—the Eastern Province excels.

The annual sports of Port Elizabeth are famous all over our sporting world; while in such places as Grahamstown, Somerset East and Cradock, the yearly sports form an event long and eagerly expected and to which the whole country-side, as well as many visitors from other centres, flock. In a place like Somerset East this sometimes takes place twice a year; once for the Gill College and once for the district. And then too, as a rule, very valuable and useful prizes are offered; and in such a sensible way is this done that everyone may well take note of it: the prize is valued in money and the successful competitor granted the opportunity to order any useful article he likes from England through the committee. In this way good and useful articles, such as Gladstone bags and cricket bats, are procured for a comparatively small prize in money.

In regard to Football the West naturally far excels, owing both to material and opportunity. This year the Diocesan first xv, with their beautiful field within a stone's throw of the College, are *facile princeps*.

Their second and third teams however fall considerably below the mark and have been beaten by both the S. A. C. and the Victoria College teams.

The efficiency of their first xv is said to be

largely owing to the good coaching of Heatlie, one of their senior men.

In regard to Cricket the Diocesans were likewise victorious in their inter-collegiate matches last season, although they had to deal with a stubborn foe in Rowe of the S. A. C.

However efficient in educational work the S. A. C. is of late years somewhat weak in the sporting line. The reason of this is said to be attributed to the want of a proper sporting ground and the difficulty of getting the men together, scattered over Town and suburbs as they are. In both these respects all the other Colleges are better off than the S. A. C.; the Diocesan being the best off. They certainly deserve every credit for their beautiful Athletic Field finished with so much trouble and expense. In this respect the Victoria College is behindhand and may take a wrinkle. Numbers are not wanting but only a proper field; and if the Diocesans could by their own efforts lay out such sporting grounds, raising by a single Fancy Fair close upon £100, we fail to see why the Victorians should remain any longer without an Athletic Field, worthy of the prestige of their *alma mater*. We advise every Victorian interested in sport to go and inspect the Field at Rondebosch, to get enthusiastic and come back to assist wiping out this blot from the fair fame of his *alma mater*.

Another distinct disadvantage from which the V.C. suffers severely is the fact that it has no Cricket or Football Club entirely of its own, but belongs to a General Athletic Club, to which anyone may belong, if he pays the subscription; thus College and Town are merged into one whole, each losing to a large extent its individuality in the general amalgamation. If separate clubs were formed then fixtures for practice-matches could more easily be arranged. College men, of course, need not be debarred from playing for the Town in competitive matches even as some S.A.C. men play for the Hamiltons. If College and Village were divided it would assuredly do away with much of the loafing about of many College fellows, for then they would have their own College Club for whose honour to fight. In the case of football it would also give more men the chance of playing a proper game, as there are at present too many in the united club to give everybody the proper opportunity of good practising.

In regard to general sports: Someone once remarked: "Is it not wonderful that with so

large a number of young men Stellenbosch scarcely ever produces a man who is particularly good at athletics?" To a new comer it does seem strange, but when you have come to know more of Stellenbosch you are no longer so much surprised at this. It is true there is the annual athletic meeting but pray! do not mind the grounds! For the mile, as well as for the other long distances, the competitor has to run round and round—not even an oval or circle, as one may hope—but a small sort of a square. Every sportsman knows that this is next to impossible and fatal to sport. Given a fine field and a proper oval-shaped track and Stellenbosch is sure to turn out some good athletes before long.

Before closing we wish briefly to touch upon a subject of great importance:—

#### COLLEGE UNIONS.

Of late years the desirability of establishing and maintaining a close bond of union between past and present students has begun to be felt more and more. In order to foster such a bond several of our kindred institutions have wisely and successfully established a College Union. The object of such a union is not only to cement the friendship and interest between Past and Present, but in every way to promote the welfare of the parent institution. The S.A.C. Union has already existed for several years and has done royal service on behalf of its College; through its "Annual" alone it raises as much as £50 a year, to be devoted to Boarding Bursaries for deserving students.

The Diocesans, we believe, have likewise their Union. This we know, that the bond between their "Past" and "Present" is a close one, judging from the way in which their past students in other places, such as Johannesburg, celebrate college festivals. The St. Andrew's have likewise a flourishing Union, and so has the energetic Graham's Town Public School.

The year before last the Dale College started their Union, which is now fresh and green in its young life.

After overcoming many difficulties the Gill College has also succeeded in establishing its Union during the past year. And now there only remains the Victoria College that has no Union. A thousand pities this. With its long and very creditable list of Past boys it should be able to establish a strong and maintain a flourishing Union. The formation of such a Union is what every well-wisher will eagerly wish for the V.C.

## Reverie.

—:0:—

I sit at the window alone, alone,  
And before me the children play;  
But I hear their joyous voices not,  
For my thoughts roam far away,  
And I see again the slender form,  
And the face so fair and bright,  
With the sweet-blue eyes and sunny hair,  
And the noble brow and white.

'Tis the form of him who ever lives  
In my heart and thought and life,  
Whose presence aye sweet comfort brings,  
When earth with care is rife;  
'Tis the counsellor to whom I go  
When my soul with doubt is torn,  
In whose dear love I aye could bask,  
And never feel forlorn.

It seemed so cruel to part us two  
When we so happy were,  
When our hearts were bound by ties of love  
That made all else more fair.  
We parted coolly, without a tear,  
But the sunlight seemed to die,  
And I looked in vain for my darling's form,  
As the lonely weeks dragged by.

And still I'm sitting alone, alone,  
And the winter sun shines bright;  
All nature is full of life and mirth,  
And the children's hearts are light.  
But I care not in the fields to roam,  
Nor beside the river clear,  
I love not walks, nor strolls, nor climbs,  
Since he no more is here.

And still I'm counting the weary weeks  
Till again the face I see,  
And hear the voice so tender and sweet  
Of my darling come back to me.  
And when I look in his loving eyes,  
And rest in his circling arm,  
I shall be in heaven, and nought on earth  
Will destroy the blissful charm.

I shall know his steps upon the ground  
Ere yet his form appears,  
I shall cast myself upon his breast,  
And weep such happy tears.  
And nevermore will I sit alone  
When the earth is full of joy,  
But I'll roam thro' grove and meadow fair  
In the sunshine with my boy!

AN OLD BOY.

## Past Students' Bursary Fund.

—:0:—

As over 300 circulars for contributions were sent out to past students last year and only about a dozen condescended to answer us, the Committee did not deem it advisable to repeat the experiment this year. Nor do we consider circulars any longer necessary as all past students are expected to be subscribers to this *Annual*, in which they will find particulars about the above fund.

A past student last year promised to contribute £5 towards the funds provided 29 others could be found to contribute an equal sum. Acting on that suggestion the Committee did their best to get the required number. With gratitude we may state that promises of £5 were received from the following: P. J. le Roux, George; Charles Murray, Education Office, Capetown; C. J. van Zijl, Carnarvon; Rev. J. du Plessis, Zastron; B. J. Haarhoff, Bloemfontein; A. Bartmann, Stellenbosch; H. Anders, Durban; Jan Luttig, Pretoria; R. Tindall, do.; R. Aling, do.; Adv. F. Krause, do.; N. Hofmeyr, do.; De Kock Bros. (£10), do.; S. Fick, Johannesburg; H. Hofmeyr, Johannesburg; J. S. M. Rabie, Bloemfontein; G. S. Cloete, Barkly East; P. A. Smith, Murraysburg; Thos. J. Meyer, Somerset East; Rev. D. J. le R. Marchand, Aliwal North; and J. v. R.

It will be seen then that we are still 8 short. We hope that those gentlemen who have not answered the letters sent them by one or other of the Committee members, will make up their minds what to do before the end of the year! Past students who feel inclined to be enrolled on this worthy list, may intimate their desire to one of the Committee members.

At present we have deposited in the P.O. Savings Bank the whole capital, £286 16s. The prospect that before the end of this year the capital will be increased by 30 or more "fivers" is a gratifying one.

The Committee has placed at the disposal of the Senate the sum of £20. The Senate has decided to devote this sum to two Bursaries, to be held by students attending the B.A. Classes.

As some of the members of the Committee are leaving Stellenbosch for good, a new Committee has been elected, consisting of the following gentlemen:—J. H. Neethling, M.B., C.M.; J. D. Krige; C. A. Neethling, B.A.; J. A. Koch; H. T. Gonin, B.A., Hon. Sec. and Treas.

With thanks the following donations and annual contributions have to be acknowledged:—

Rev. H. van Aarde, Van Rhijnsdorp	£0	10	6
J. H. Buhrman, De Emigratie, Ermelo, S.A.R. ...	...	0	10 6
Dr. Steyn, Riebeeck West ...	...	1	0 0
J. D. Krige, Fauresmith, O.F.S. ...	...	2	0 0
C. J. van Zijl, Carnarvon ...	...	1	1 0
D. V. Kannemeyer, Burghersdorp	1	1	0
J. Donges, Concordia ...	...	1	1 0
A. A. Cilliers, Robertson ...	...	0	10 6
D. J. M. Hoffman, Paarl ...	...	0	10 6
Charles Murray, Capetown ...	...	1	1 0
J. D. Krige, The Home, Stellen- bosch ...	...	0	10 6
Rev. P. G. J. Meiring, Capetown	0	10	6
Adv. F. Krause, Pretoria (first instalment of his £5) ...	...	1	11 6

Besides the £5 promises above referred to we have to acknowledge the following promises: A. Maritz, £3; J. G. Joubert £2 2s.; J. Walton £2 10s.; all from Pretoria.

P. B. J. STOFBERG,  
Hon. Sec. and Treas.

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### Annual Sports.

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The annual sports were held on Saturday, 1 September. The programme contained 23 separate events. There were in all 64 competitors. The *Victor Ludorum* cup, which is awarded for the year to the competitor who makes the largest number of points, was again won by D. de Waal. His total was 30 points; Anders followed with 25. The prizes were distributed to the successful competitors by Mrs. Morrison. The special prizes given for the hurdle and obstacle races by the Bloemhof and Rhenish schools were presented by young ladies from these institutions.

The following is a list of the events with the successful competitors:

\* Throwing Cricket Ball.—1, J M Hofmeyr; 2, M S Daneel. 98 yards.

Place-kick.—1, M S Daneel; 2, A T Rowan.

Mile Bicycle.—1, W A Krige; 2, P R J de Villiers.

100 Yards Flat.—1, P Anders; 2, D de Waal; 3, C J Langenhoven. Time (second heat), 10  $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds.

100 Yards Flat for boys under 13. Final Heat.—1, C Mynhardt; 2, C McKendrick. 13 seconds.

Long Jump.—1, J Hofmeyr, 18 feet 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches; 2, N van Brockhuizen, 18 feet 2 inches.

440 Yards Flat.—1, P Anders; 2, M S Daneel; 3, S Krige. Time, 57 seconds.

Three-legged Race.—1, Morkel and Bosman; 2, Hofmeyr and Kriel.

High Jump.—Equal, D de Waal and G Rudman, 5 feet 2 inches.

220 Yards Flat.—1, P Anders; 2, D de Waal. 26  $\frac{3}{4}$  seconds.

Putting the Stone.—1, D de Waal. 34 feet 9 inches.

220 Yards Flat (for boys under 15).—1

C Mynhardt; 2, T Beyers. 31  $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds

Volunteer Race.—1, J Raubenheimer; 2

W Theron.

100 Yards, for boys under 12.—1, J Koster;

2, P Kirsten. 14  $\frac{3}{4}$  seconds.

Mile Flat.—1, T Louw; 2, W McKendrick;

3, S Krige.

Tilting at the Ring.—1, J H Neethling;

2, T Louw

Hurdle Race.—1, D de Waal; 2, M S

Daneel; 3, D Morkel. Fastest heat, 19

seconds.

Hop, Skip and Jump.—1, G Rudman; 2,

N van Broekhuizen. 37 feet 11 inches.

440 Yards Flat Handicap.—1, P Anders;

2, T Louw; 3, S Krige.

Mile Walk.—1, P de Vos; 2, D Strachan.

Obstacle Race.—1, M S Daneel; 2, J H de

Wet.

Consolation.—1, S Bezuidenhout.

Tug-of-War.—Students, Past and Present,

vs All-Comers. All-Comers won. Captain,

Mr. Jan Marais.

—o—

### Students' Societies.

—o—

#### *Polumbia.*

(Consisting exclusively of Theological Students.)

—o—

OFFICE BEARERS, 1893-94.

—o—

#### FIRST HALF-YEAR.

##### *Dutch Polumbia.*

President:—A. F. Louw; Vice-President, W. de Wet.

##### *English Polumbia.*

President:—P. B. J. Stofberg, B.A.; Vice-President, N. J. Brummer, M.A.

Secretary:—J. Murray, B.A.

—o—

#### SECOND HALF-YEAR.

##### *Dutch Polumbia.*

President:—A. G. du Toit; Vice-President, J. M. Louw.

##### *English Polumbia.*

President:—W. de Wet; Vice-President, W. F. P. Marais.

Secretary:—H. Geyer.

*Victoria College Debating Society.*

—:o:—

OFFICE BEARERS, 1893-94.

*President* :—J. Murray, B.A.*Vice-President* :—J. M. Louw.*Secretary* :—W. E. Malherbe, B.A.

—:o:—

OFFICE BEARERS, 1894-95.

*President* :—D. Theron.*Vice-President* :—S. A. Hofmeyr.*Secretary* :—W. Theron.

—)o(—

*Union Debating Society.*

—:o:—

OFFICE BEARERS, 1893-94.

*President* :—W. Neethling.*Vice-President* :—D. de Waal, B.A.*Secretary* :—E. T. F. Malan.

—:o:—

OFFICE BEARERS, 1894-95.

*President* :—A. MacGregor, B.A.*Vice-President* :—E. T. F. Malan.*Secretary* :—D. F. Malan.

—)o(—

*Victoria College Volunteers.*

—:o:—

(D. &amp; E. Companies, Western Rifles, Major R. Dale, Commanding.)

*Captain*, W. de Vos de Wet; *Chaplain*, Rev. Dr. Thomas Walker; *Surgeon*, Captain Dr. Neethling; *Honorary Captain*, the Chairman of Senate; *Lieutenants*, A. F. Louw, P. B. J. Stofberg, J. M. Louw, D. de Waal. *Bandmaster*, Herr F. W. Jannasch.

In November last the Corps took part in what proved to be an instructive Camp-out at Somerset Strand. The College Volunteers being of a 'frugal turn of mind' saved between £80 and £90 of their Camp allowance. This money could have been distributed amongst the members who took part in the Camp-out, but they were generous enough to offer the half of this sum for the use of the College Library and an intended Reading Room, whilst the other half is to be added to the fund being raised for the purchase or renting of a suitable field for athletic sports.

Five of the officers, Captain De Wet, Lieutenants Louw, Stofberg, Louw, De Waal, have resigned as they are on the point of leaving Stellenbosch for good, and the following have been elected to the vacancies:—P. K. A. de Vos, *Senior Captain*; S. Krige, *Junior Captain*; J. R. Bosman, E. T. F. Malan, J. G. v. d. Horst, John Cook, *Lieutenants*.

*Football Club.*

*Captain*, J. D. Krige; *Vice-Captain*, M. S. Daneel; *Sec. and Treas.*, H. van Broekhuizen. This has been a fairly successful season. The first team playing for the Grand Challenge Cup, defeated the S. A. College, played a draw against the Diocesans and were defeated by the Villagers. The second team was successful in all its matches, securing the cup for the year. The third team started off with every good promise, but was unsuccessful in the final match.

The first College team after winning the S. A. C. were defeated by the Diocesan College. The 2nd and 3rd College teams again succeeded in obtaining the College Cups.

P. A. M. de Vos received a cup as the best College forward.

—)o(—

*Cricket.*

*Captain* (1893-94), S. A. Hofmeyr; *Secretary*, J. M. Hofmeyr, B.A.

—:o:—

The following are the best batting and bowling averages of the first team, during last season:—

## BATTING AVERAGES.

Name.	No. of innings played.	Highest score in an innings.	No. of times not out.	Average No. of runs for an innings.
W. Murray	8	33	1	15.7
A. Hofmeyr	8	37	0	10.9
C. Murray	8	25	0	10.3
S. de Clerk	7	20	0	9.9
S. A. Hofmeyr	7	27	0	8.5
D. Morkel	8	16	0	6.9

## BOWLING AVERAGES.

Name.	No. of overs bowled.	No. of maiden overs bowled.	No. of runs made off bowling	No. of wickets taken.	Average No. of runs for one wicket.
P. Euvrard	34	7	80	13	6.3
H. Bauman	71	20	156	22	7.0
C. Murray	129	34	264	29	9.1
A. Hofmeyr	66	15	184	13	14.1
D. Morkel	54	13	131	6	21.8

First team played six matches, in all of which they came off second best. Second team played six matches, of which five were won.

The average bat presented by J. H. de Wet, Esq., was won by W. H. Murray.



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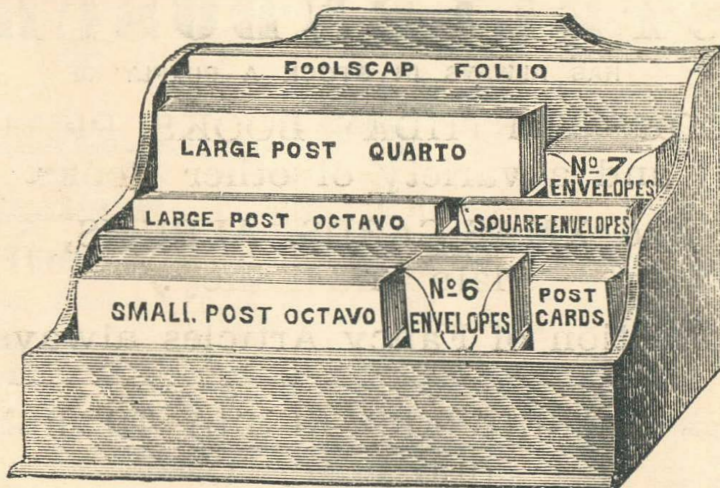
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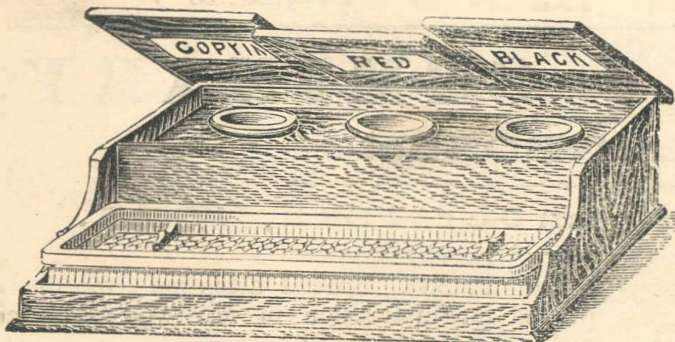
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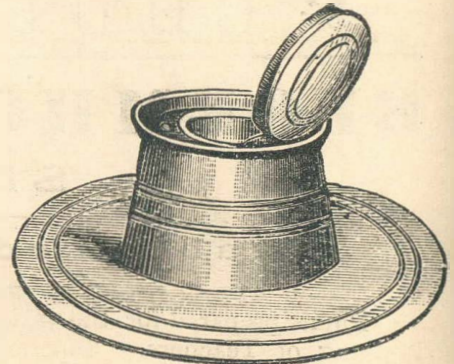
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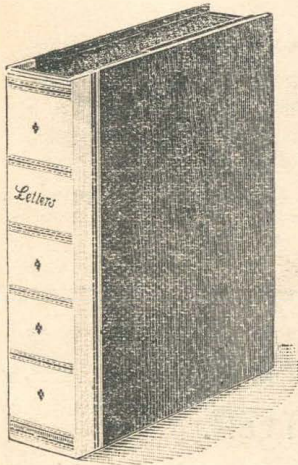
Further information to be had from Mr. J. D. KRIGE, the Superintendent, or the Rev. Prof. DE Vos.

# PIANOS AND HARMONIUMS.

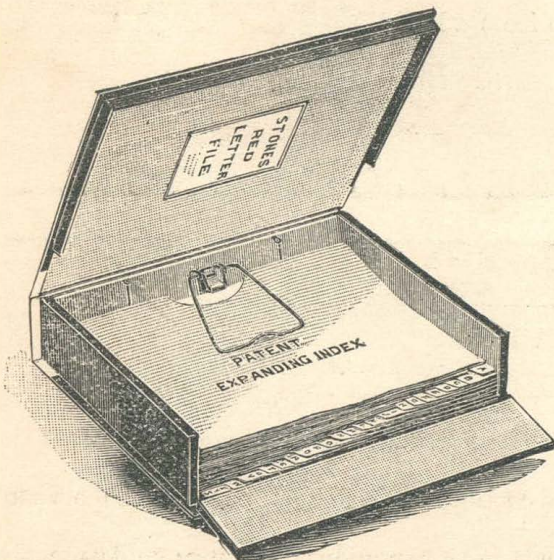
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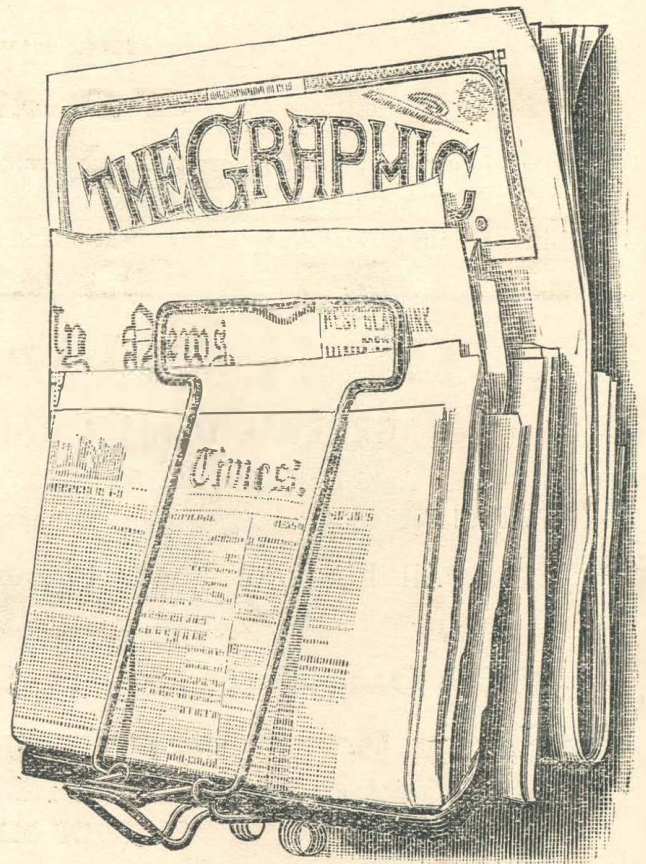


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