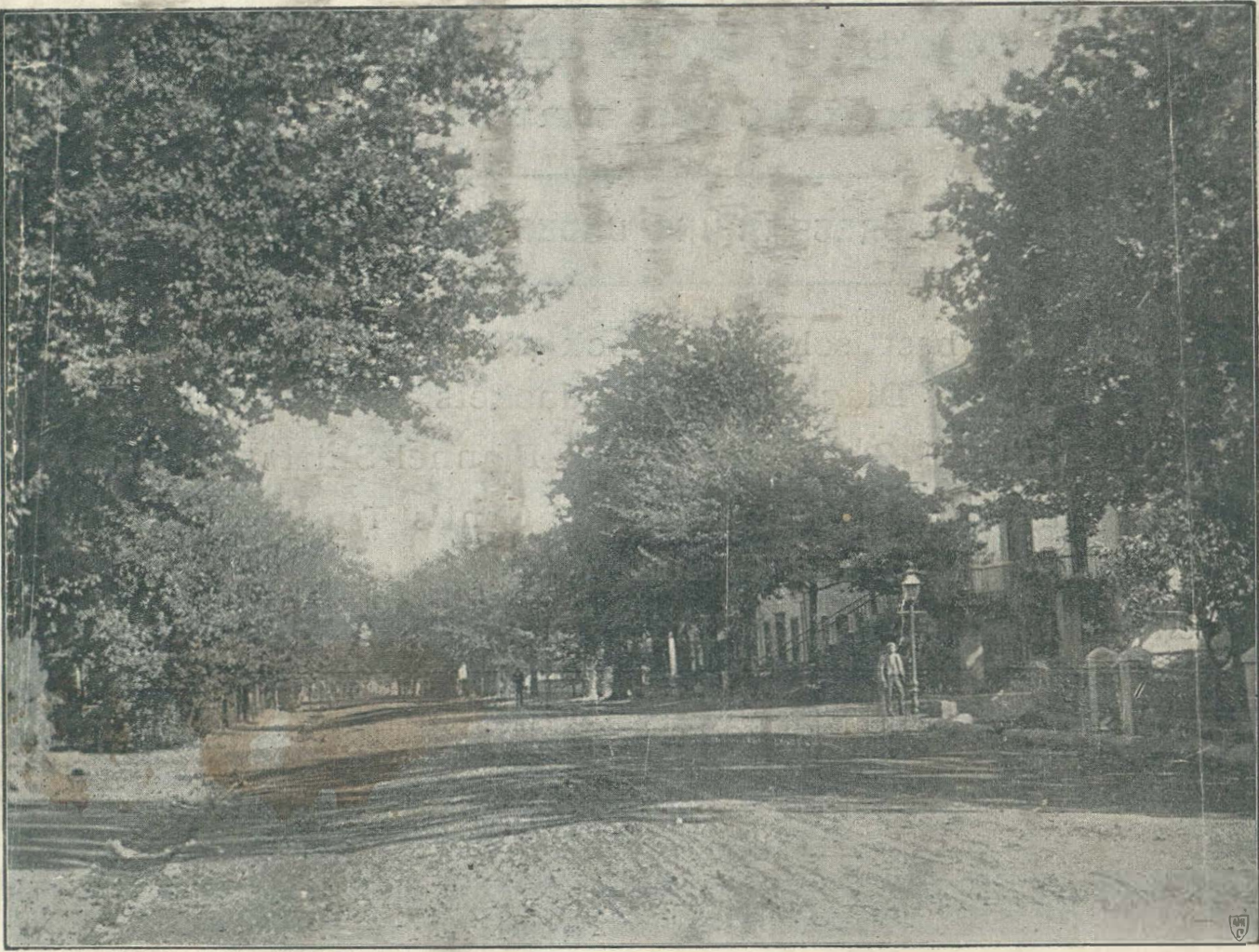


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STUDENTS' ANNUAL.



1895

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Students' Annual.



1894-1895. - ~~1895~~



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Preface.

The Editorial Committee of the Students' Annual has asked me to say a few introductory words. The fact that this is the third issue of the Annual renders any but the shortest introduction unnecessary.

To my mind the most interesting and distinctive point about the Stellenbosch Annual is its genuinely student character. It is not written for students by outsiders, but by students for each other and for their friends, especially for those friends who were once Stellenbosch students and who still cherish a kindly interest in the place and its work. The Editorial Committee is thoroughly representative, and the work is shared by students connected with all the institutions. It is pleasant, moreover, to note that in this year's issue, as in its predecessors, several past students show their continued sympathy by contributing articles to its pages.

This is as it should be, and the combination does good all round. Stellenbosch students who have gone out into the wider world should be able and willing to write what will be of interest and advantage to those who are getting ready to start on the same journey. On the other hand the students now in residence are able to keep past students informed of what is going on, and to assure them that the old interests and pursuits—whether studies or amusements—are kept up without any flagging of spirit.

I cordially recommend this Annual to all who feel interested in Stellenbosch and its institutions, and I wish its promoters all success in their enterprise.

T. WALKER.

Victoria College,

Stellenbosch, December, 1895.



Stellenbosch Students' Annual.

Editorial Notes, 1894-95.

—:o:—

The Editorial Committee acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following: "St. Andrew's College Magazine," "Dale College Monthly," "Gill College Monthly."

**

Contributions to the *Annual* may be sent in at any time to the Secretary of the E. C.

**

The columns of our *Annual* are open to all past and present students of any of the local Institutions.

**

Copies of previous numbers of the *Annual* may be obtained on application to the Secretary, and enclosing P. O. O. for 1s. 3d.

**

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

**

Those, who have not yet paid last year's subscriptions, may do so now.

**

In our last number the promise of a College song was made. Owing to unavoidable circumstances, the promised song is still conspicuous by its absence, and the fulfilment of the promise must stand over till our next.

**

The thanks of the Committee are due to those who have so generously supported our efforts in the past. Thanks above all to those who have contributed to our present number.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Among the notable events in our history during the past year must be reckoned the appointment of two past students of the Victoria College to professorial chairs.

**

After finishing his philological studies at the Universities of Leyden and Strassburg, Dr. VILJOEN has returned to us as Professor in Modern Languages and Literatures, and History.

**

Dr. VAN DER RIET, who had completed his chemical and geological studies at the Universities of Halle and Heidelberg, has returned to us as Assistant Lecturer in Geology and Mineralogy, and Assistant Professor in Chemistry.

**

By these appointments our *Alma Mater* has gone far to prove her proud boast, that she is the most *national*—in the best sense of the word—of all similar institutions in this country.

**

By continuing to act on this national tradition in the future as she has done in the past, and thus keeping as closely as possible in contact with the widening life of our South African people, she will no doubt perform unique services to our future educational and national development.

**

Mr. J. F. W. KUPFERBURGER, B.A., B.Sc., formerly Headmaster of the Public School at Philippolis, has been appointed an Inspector of Schools in the Free State.

With the exception of Mr. BROMWICH, the Senior Wrangler, the Cape students, who have done brilliantly in the Cambridge Honour Schools, are old students of the Victoria College.

**

Mr. N. J. DE WET, B.A., after a course of only two years, succeeded last June in getting bracketed with another candidate as first in the first class of the final Law Tripos.

**

Mr. De Wet was also awarded the Chancellor's Gold Medal for distinction in English law, an honour which has only once before fallen to a Cape student.

**

Mr. HERMANN BRINCKER, B.A., took a first class in the Natural Science Tripos.

**

The names in this examination are arranged alphabetically in classes, but it is an open secret that Mr. Brincker stood very near the top of the list.

**

Mr. Brincker has since been elected a Foundation Scholar of St. John's College, and obtained a scholarship in St. Mary's Hospital, London.

**

As a student of Natural Science, Mr. Brincker has shown himself to be one of the best students the Cape has ever sent to Europe.

**

Nor ought we to forget to make mention of Mr. D. DE WAAL, who passed his first and most difficult part of the Law Tripos after a course of only one year.

**

Mr. P. C. LUTTIG, B.A., and Mr. J. W. DE Vos have taken their M.B., C.M. degrees in the University of Edinburgh.

**

Dr. De Vos will probably be back in the Colony before the end of the year.

**

Mr. W. E. MALHERBE, who graduated B.A. in 1894, and was awarded the Maynard Scholarship and an additional University Scholarship in Mathematics and Science after a year's work as Teacher of the Public School at French Hoek, proceeded to Edinburgh, where, immediately upon entry, he passed the first part of his B.Sc.

**

Mr. W. MURRAY, B.A., passed in the subjects of Botany and Physics for his first professional in Medicine.

Mr. L. S. LESSING passed in Botany and Zoology for the same Exam., and Mr. A. C. NEETHLING in Chemistry.

In Memoriam.

P. D. FICK, M.B., C.M.,
Died at Caledon,
26 . 8 . 95.

"But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred
shears,
And slits the thin-spun life."

VERLEDEN EN HEDEN.

Aangenaam is het ons, bij het overzien van het derde levensjaar van ons Stellenb. Studenten-Jaarboek melding te kunnen maken :

(a) Van promotiën en onderscheidingen, waarin sommigen onzer oudstudenten zich te recht mochten verblijden,

(b) Van examens, afgelegd door studenten onzer *Alma Mater* aan de kaapsche Universiteit.

**

Allereerst dan denken wij aan de groote onderscheiding, die Dr. J. B. M. HERTZOG is te beurt gevallen, doordien hij tot Rechter in den Oranje Vrijstaat is benoemd. Deze benoeming is niet alleen wél verdiend maar ook wél besteed.

**

Tot opvolger van den heer Nic. Hofmeyr, B.A., thans Docent in het Nederlandsch aan het Staatsgymnasium te Pretoria, werd als Sub-editeur van de *Express* benoemd de heer J. S. M. Rabie, B.A.

**

In één adem met bovenstaande dient mede gewag te worden gemaakt van de benoeming van den heer C. G. MURRAY tot Editeur van de *Volksbode* en van die van den heer F. S. MALAN, B.A., LL.B. tot Hoofdredacteur van *Ons Land*.

**

Na volbrachte studiën in de Rechten te Cambridge, bracht adv. Malan geruimen tijd door op het vasteland, hoofdzakelijk in Frankrijk en Nederland. In laatstgenoemd land hield hij zich onledig met het schrijven van een uiterst nuttig en onderhoudend werkske, waarvoor hij, blijkens den titel—*Een Wijnbeerzoon in de Fransche Wijngaarden*, de gewenschte gegevens had bijeengebracht in het Land der Hugenoten.

Intusschen scheen het alsof de heer Malan voor iets beters dan juridische haarkloverijen in de wieg was gelegd. Want, al pleit een advocaat ook lekker door, die schrijven kan met loopende hand, is uiterst bruikbaar voor *Ons Land*. En dat wij over deze eer een studiegenoot ten deel gevallen, in-blij zijn, hoeven we niet met even zoovele woorden te zeggen.

**

Niet minder aangenaam is het ons, uit naam onzer mede-studenten, hulde te brengen aan het adres van Advoc. J. C. SMUTS. Van harte heeten we hem welkom bij zijn thuis-komst uit den vreemde, waar hij zich als student grooten roem heeft verworven.

**

Lang heeft onze *Janus Secundus* het geduld van het hem beidende *rostrum* niet op de proef kunnen stellen. Gevolg gevende aan een hem uit Kimberley geworden uitnoodiging is hij onlangs voor eene volle zaal opgetreden met een merkwaardige rede over den heden-daagschen politieken toestand. Die eene redevoering heeft voldoende bewezen, dat zijn naam ook op dit gebied een goeden klank heeft.

**

Na een jaar afzijns zijn tot ons weergekeerd de eerw. proponenten BRUMMER, LIEBENBERG, NEETHLING en DU TOIT.

**

Na den graad van M.A. aan onze Universiteit en dien van B.D. aan die van St. Andrews verworven te hebben, bracht de heer Brummer eenigen tijd in Schotland, Nederland en bij name in Duitschland door. Dat de kennis en ervaring door hem elders opgedaan ds. Brummer zeer te stade komen zal, dat hij juist uit hoofde hiervan de rechte man zal zijn, om over eene groote en belangrijke gemeente als Jansenville den herdersstaf te zwaaien, zal wel niemand betwijfelen.

**

Wie als de eerw. proponenten Liebenberg, Neethling en du Toit eenige maanden in de achterbuurten en stegen van Londen heeft doorgebracht, wie evenals dezen, zich gereed maakt het "kamperk van het leven in," "die steile bergen op" te gaan, hoeft heusch niet te worden herinnerd aan "het stroodak in de verte" of gewezen op "het eenzaam huis der smarte."

**

Eindelijk, als die *Schwalben heimwärts zogen*, is tot zijn thuis teruggekomen een ander zoon der zoele zuider-stranden--de heer F. H. WEBER.

**

In Utrecht ging onze vriend door voor een *rara avis*, omdat hij de eerste was, die zich

had aangemeld voor het Examen in de *Bespiegelende Wijsbegeerte*, een vak dat, zooals men gewoonlijk zegt, niets geeft. Hoogst tevreden over dit epitheton legde de heer W. zijn examen af en ging als Phil. Cand. naar Duitschland.

Te Straatsburg bracht hij eenige semesters door onder leiding van Prof. WINDELBAND. Aan het begin van dit jaar verwierf hij den graad van Dr. der Philosophie, met *proefschrift*: *Die genetische Entwicklung der Begriffe Zeit, Raum und Unendlichkeit*.

**

Voor alsnog moet zich dr. Weber, bij gebrek aan iets beters, bezig houden met het lesgeven aan de Openbare School te Tarkastad. "Met vreemde honden is het kwaad hazenvangen!"

**

In het afgelopen jaar zijn van ons gegaan op de wegen van hun werk:

Uit de kweekschool: de proponenten JOHN MURRAY, B.A., en H. W. GEYER;

Uit het college na hun promotie tot B.A. der Kaapsche Univ.:

P. C. ANDERS, thans onderwijzer te Cradock;

S. A. HOFMEYR,* naar Johannesburg;

J. P. R. VAN HOYTEMA, naar Pretoria;

SCHAB. KRIGE, als Onderw., naar Natal;

C. LANGENHOVEN, naar Langlaagte als onderwijzer;

D. F. MALAN, W. A. KRIGE, en AND. ROWAN, onderw. te Heidelberg, Z. A. R.

**

Naar Duitschland zijn ter voltooiing hunner studiën vertrokken: de hh. H. R. D. ANDERS, B.A., en E. T. F. MALAN, B.A. Eerstgenoemde gaat in de Philosophie, laatstgenoemde in de Medicijnen studeeren. *Glück auf!*

**

Van de vijftien studenten, die dit jaar tot de kweekschool werden toegelaten, zijn dertien oudstudenten van het College.

De heeren D. J. MALAN, P. J. MARAIS en H. J. PIENAAR, B.A., slaagden bij het Admissie-Examen *cum laude*.

**

Ons Spreekuur. Op initiatief van Prof. VILJOEN kwamen den 2den Aug. eenige studenten van de kweekschool en het college bijeen ten einde de wenschelijkheid der oprichting dezer klas te bespreken.

**

Deze bespreking leidde tot de oprichting van een vereeniging, waarvan op de eerste vergadering het bestuur als volgt werd samengesteld: C. T. VAN DEN HEEVER, Theol. Cand., Praeses; H. J. PIENAAR, B.A., Theol. Stud., Vice-Praeses; P. A. Roux, Theol.

* De heer Hofmeyr werd dezen dagen aangesteld als Assistent aan het Paarlische Gymnasium.

Stud., Secretaris, en D. J. MALAN, Theol.
Stud., Onder-Seer.

Het aantal leden bedraagt 12.

**

Voor alsnog kennen velen deze vereeniging alleen van naam. Feitelijk heeft zij er nog geen. Zij moet haar naam nog maken. Om dat te kunnen, heeft zij steun van buiten noodig, van allen, die verheven zijn boven de alles overstelpende laksheid dergenen, die alleen van *prescribed work* weten.

**

Van harte hopen wij, dat dit rijsje in het verborgene geplant, mag opgroeien tot een boom.

In Memoriam.

P. J. CRUSE, Theol. Dr.,

*Predikant te Franschoek, overleden te
Worcester,
6.11.94.*

“Evenals het schoone zomerweder in zijn strijd met den herfst aanhoudend opflikkert om toch ten laatste in regen en koude voorgoed weg te sterven, zoo worstelde ook onze vriend met den dood, die hem eindelijk zachtjes van ons wegnam.”

Love and Life (a Fragment).

—:o:—

The vernal sun with light-filled brush was tracing

Morn's rosy figure on the floor of night,
The lark was up; dew-footed hares were racing

Among the flowers slow waking to the light.

The joy and love divine,

From Nature's face that shine,

Slept with serene repose upon the magic sight.

And in the garden 'neath the oak far-shadowing

He said his farewell; claspt her arms around him.

Her still eyes, large with sorrow, gazed bright-glowing

Into his, feeding on the soul within.

Long are the coming years,

Counted by lovers' fears,

When having lived together, their parted days begin.

“Ah! wherefore,” said she, “must grim Fate now sever

The plants that fed together on Life's ray?
Why not leave Love's deep roots to twine for ever

Far down, beyond the reaching of decay?

Ah, me! my soul's own sun,

Your course for me is run;

The night of broken hearts follows my life's first day!”

“There is no final night,” said he, sad-smiling;

“No, nor the final day for which you pine;
For ever labours Time's dark builder, piling,
Now day on night, now night on day's bright shine.

But down the Soul's far deeps,

Where twilight ever sleeps,

There seek the jewel of Peace within Life's secret shrine.

“Within Life's sea, whose currents strain our vessel,

With passion's stress, there lies another sea,—

The Soul's calm water, where no storms e'er wrestle,

Wherein are mirrored the great Forms to be,—

Ideal aspirations,

Prophetic intimations—

Time's fleeting shadows robed with Immortality.

“Through your Soul's blue Love's growing orb is wending

Its upward path; its light and beauty, far
The smoking taper of its birth transcending,

Must ever glow, e'en though the seasons mar

Its earthly counterpart,

And from your bleeding heart

Is torn the earthly image you thought your Soul's own star.

“When first I met you, now four springtides going,

This world within the world I did not know,

A thoughtless boy, I was forever following,

Enraptured, tireless, this world's glorious show.

You came; the show departed;

To life the young Soul started,

As o'er the broken storm rises the seven-hued bow.

“Then in the rays of passion's early morning
We basked awhile by love's bright-glancing stream,

And our young souls, athirst with life's first dawning,

Drank the deep draughts; nor ever did it seem

That they could drink enough,

For souls live but of love,

And love in youth makes life more than fairy dream.

"Then left I you; the morning haze of
passion
Broke from me and the world appeared
anew;
But oh! how different, now the soul could
fashion
The world beyond the young eye's natural
view.

The eternal Element,
The Soul's environment,
Rose, radiant far beyond aught else I knew.

"My passion for you mounted then still
higher,

But grew quite calm—an ether-poised cloud
Rocked in the blue deeps 'neath the Sun's
mild fire;

The Ideal's radiant hues played all about,
The reflexes unseen,
The harmonies serene
Surrounded snowy Faith without her shadow
Doubt.

"Alas! too soon I lost that heaven-born
vision;

And when it vanished a deep longing stole
Into my mind, which grew to the decision—
Never to rest, ere reaching life's last goal,
Till I had found again,
And ever could retain

That clue to life divine, that vision of the
soul.

"And now I go to the far land of morning,
Where human passion first became divine;
Where first the groping heart saw God's dim
dawning,

And treasured it in epic, bible, line
Of mystic-riddling verse
And aphorism terse;
Haply there still lingers the light for which I
pine.

"Farewell, until beyond the years that sever
Heart from its sister heart we meet again.

Flee from the straits of passion raging ever,
And to that hidden sea of Peace attain,
Where, beyond passion's world,
The Soul's white sails unfurled
Catch the fair breezes from beyond Life's
main."

"O could I," said she, "hear you ever
chiding,

My heart rebellious! But it may not be.
That voice, whose music like soft balm is
gliding

O'er my soul's ache, will soon be gone
from me.

But I shall work, and fill
My life with prayer, until
The soul's true light illumines my heart's dark
vacancy.

"And if the slowly circling years, nor
bringing

Light to the soul, nor staunching my
heart's pain,
Should still life's throb, and then your spirit,
winging

Its homeward flight, should pause where I
am lain,

Oh, may that selfsame place
Together us embrace!
May one sweet bed of earth together us
contain!"

She ended softly, and with heart slow-
breaking

And swooning eyes she looked her last
farewell;

Then started trembling, like a slave awaking
From dream of country in the oppressor's
hell;

For he, her life was gone,
And she, a shadow torn,
Clung to Love's broken pitcher by Life's
dried up well.

J.C.S.

—)o(—

De Invloed der Platonische Ideeën- leer op het begrip van natuurwet.

—:o:—

De schrijver van dit beknopte opstel
beoogt aan de Studenten zijner Alma Mater,
die in wijsgeerige vragen belangstellen, slechts
eene proef te leveren, dat de filosofie geen
prullevak is, dat filosofische systemen geen
hersenschimmen zijn, die in het ledige han-
gen, en waarmede enkel abnormale geesten
tot tijdverdrijf zich bezig gehouden.

Het wijsgeerig denken is als het ware de
concentreerende haard, waardoor de onbe-
wuste of, in alle geval, vage en nog niet
duidelijk geformuleerde gevoelens en gedach-
ten tot helder bewustzijn worden gebracht.
De functie, welke het wijsgeerig denken in
het groot voortdurend zich ontwikkelende
organisme van het menschdom verricht, zou
men best kunnen vergelijken met een prisma,
dat den zonnestraal samenvat, concentreert
en in zijn elementaire bestanddeelen ontbindt.
De synthese is het middel tot een vollediger
analyse, en deze geeft op hare beurt weder
aanleiding tot eene hoogere synthese.

"Hoedanig wijsbegeerte men kiest,"
zegt Fichte, "hangt daarvan af hoedanig
mensch men is." Immers een wijsgeerig
stelsel is geen levenloos huisraad, dat men
naar welgevallen zou kunnen gebruiken of
ter zijde stellen, maar het is beziel door den
geest van den mensch die het omhelsd heeft."

Philosopheeren en het van *buiten* leeren van zeker handboeken over de filosofie staan lijnrecht tegenover elkander. Philosophereen beteekent zelfstandig onderzoek; het is de *innerlijke* worsteling met wereld- en levensproblemen, onstaan uit den dorst en drang naar een harmonische wereldbeschouwing. Wanneer men zijn waarschuwend stem verheft tegen de filosofie als een onnoodige, ja zelfs gevaarlijke studie, dan komt deze bange kreet gewoonlijk van hen, die zich nedervleien op de sponde van intellectueele traagheid.

In een filosofisch stelsel weerkaatst zich niet alleen de persoonlijkheid van den wijsgeer, maar ook het milieu van zijn tijd. Het oude afgezaagde argument, waarmede men aan de filosofie het jus existentiae wil ontzeggen—dat zij van den dag harer geboorte tot heden toe zich nog altijd met dezelfde problemen bezighoudt, ruikt zoo sterk naar het diletantisme, dat geen wederlegging ervan noodig is.

Het zij mij echter vergund den een of ander lezer van dit opstel te doen opmerken, dat de waarde van het speculatieve denken niet zoo zeer in het wat, als in het hoe der oplossing gezocht worden moet. Slaan wij de genetische ontwikkeling van de begrippen gade, waaruit wij ons wereldbeeld construeeren, dan blijkt het duidelijk, dat er een gewichtige vooruitgang heeft plaats gevonden, die hierin bestaat, dat het menschelijk denken in zijn ontplooiing zich tragsgewijs van de macht der zinnelijke indrukken losmaakt, welke hem in de dagen zijner kindsheid overstroonden en gekneld hielden. Door dit streven naar de innerlijke, intellectueele vrijheid verheft de mensch zich op een hooger niveau van bestaan.

Hegel's standpunt, volgens hetwelk *de geschiedenis* der wijsbegeerte de eigenlijke wijsbegeerte is, moet derhalve ook onze goedkeuring wegdragen.

Wij bewonderen de onweerstaanbare verzekerdheid, waarmede een onzer kennissen zich het recht aanmatigde de vierschaar te spannen over de historische opvatting der filosofie, waarop men sedert den tijd van Hegel vooral in Duitschland zooveel klem en nadruk is gaan leggen. Het spreekt van zelf dat, indien men de ontluiking van het menschelijk denken slechts bestudeert aan de hand van een handboek als dat van Lewis, hetwelk krachtige denkers, zooals Kuno Fischer en Windelband treffend gekenschetst hebben als eene "vergadering van curiositeiten," zoo een de geschiedenis der filosofie slechts als een encyclopaedisch kader moet toeschijnen.

De metaphysische behoefte van den menschelijken geest dwingt hem, zich boven de wereld der verschijnselen te verheffen en naar den eeuwigen, onveranderlijken grond van alle bestaan te zoeken. Deze onweerstaanbare drang, welke in de wijsbegeerte in schitterende wereldsystemen te voorschijn treedt en op het gebied der poezie in diepzinnige lyrische ontboezemingen "zangerig omhoog stijgt," berust op de den menschelijken geest aanklevende metaphysische behoefte.

De ionische filosofie van het voor-sokratisch tijdvak meende den onveranderlijken achtergrond aller dingen in een materieel beginsel te kunnen aantoonen. Deze poging mislukte echter, want van lieverlede beseften men, dat de zinnelijke ervaring ons enkel gedurende verandering deed zien, en toen dit gewichtig psychologisch feit vooral den diepzinnigen Heraklit met zijne bekende stelling *πάντα ῥεῖ* tot helder bewustzijn had gebracht, zocht men den achtergrond van alle bestaan in het onstoffelijke. Dit was de onsterfelijke daad van Plato. Niet het concreet-materieele maar de algemeene, logische begrippen, de onstoffelijke Ideeën, zijn volgens hem de prototypen der zinnelijke dingen; door haren stempel op de vormlooze stof af te drukken, doen zij het individueel-materieele, de stoffelijke voorwerpen, ontstaan. Deze komen en gaan, terwijl de ideeën onveranderlijk blijven bestaan. Men ga niet over de ideologie van den grooten meester glimlachen, welke op haar best in de rommelkamer van *oudheden* t'huis hoort. Groote waarheden, welke in de geschiedenis van het menschelijk denken zich openbaren, — veranderen weliswaar haar gewaad of vorm, maar gaan wat haar eigenlijk gehalte betreft, nooit verloren, wanneer zij eenmaal tot het bewustzijn van den menschelijken geest zijn gekomen. Elk groot wijsgeerig stelsel heeft zijn roeping gehad en zal ook in de toekomst zijn roeping blijven behouden.

Het platonisch Idealisme heeft in tijdvakken van groote omwentelingen op geestig gebied telkens den machtigen vleugelslag gegeven aan gevoel en gedachte.

Volgens Plato moeten wij den grond van alle stoffelijk bestaan in de ideeën, d.w.z. in de algemeene logische begrippen zoeken. Deze bewering schijnt, van ons modern standpunt beschouwd, dwaas, want het logisch-algemeene wordt immers door abstractie van het individueele verkregen, en het laatste kan derhalve nooit zijn ontstaan aan het eerste te danken hebben. Plato blijkt derhalve oorzaak en gevolg met elkander op een wijze verwisseld te hebben,

welke wij van zulk een grooten denker niet zouden verwachten. Er is wel iets waar in deze tegenwerping. Men vergete echter niet, dat de groote meester ruim 300 jaren voor onze tijdrekening heeft geleefd. Wij moeten hem derhalve naar het licht van zijn tijd beoordeelen. Bovenal moeten wij ons voor de fout wachten wegenszekere tekortkomingen en gebreken de eigenlijke bedoeling en diepe waarheid van het platonisch idealisme over het hoofd te zien. Zelfs de uiterst scherpzinnige Aristoteles heeft in zijn Kritiek aan de ideeën-leer niet recht laten wedervaren. Wanneer men de ideologie van haar mystiek gewaad ontkleedt, zal het wel blijken dat een klassiek bestanddeel d.w.z. eene voor alle tijden geldige waarheid er in schuilt. Een heel eenvoudig voorbeeld moge dit ophelderen: De groote prachtige eikeboom voor de theologische kweekschool bestaat, om op platonischen trant te spreken, ten gevolge van de idee of het begrip "eikeboom." Hetzelfde geldt ook van den eikeboom naast hem, hoewel de idee zich minder duidelijk en volmaakt wederspiegelt. In al de verschillende eikeboomen weerkaatst zich dezelfde idee in grooter of geringer mate van volmaaktheid.

Uit het boven gezegde blijkt, dat Plato een beslist protest zou hebben aangeteekend tegen den schrijver van het beroemde werk: *The origin of species*, want de soorten zijn volgens het platonisch idealisme afdruksels van de vaste, onveranderlijke en eeuwige ideeën, welke chaos in kosmos herscheppen. Op denzelfden trant redeneert Aristoteles, wanneer hij beweert, dat bij het organisme het geheel vroeger bestaat dan de deelen.

Het volgende beeld zal nog duidelijker doen uitkomen, dat de platonische ideeënleer niet ver van het moderne begrip van natuurwet verwijderd is. Wanneer ik een steen in de hoogte werp, valt hij in zeker mathematische verhouding naar beneden. Zoo dikwijls ik ook een stoffelijk voorwerp in de hoogte slinger, de uitkomst blijft toch dezelfde: Het naar beneden vallen in een vaste mathematische verhouding. Uit deze gegevens heeft men de wet der zwaartekracht geabstraheert. Maar dit bewijst geenszins, dat deze wet slechts eene afgetrokkenheid is; zij blijft hare waarde als reële macht behouden. Het is niet toevallig, dat een stoffelijk voorwerp altijd in dezelfde verhouding naar de aarde valt; in al de enkele gevallen openbaart zich dezelfde idee of gedachte: de wet der zwaartekracht.

Het dogmatisme van stof en kracht, door **zich** op de natuurwetten te beroepen, brengt,

zonder willen of weten, hulde aan de idealistische, ja zelfs aan de theistische wereldbeschouwing. In het begrip natuurwet ligt immers een onstoffelijke, ideale factor opgesloten. "Geheel de wereld is de verschijning, openbaring en belichaming van ideale kracht en werkelijkheid" (Carrière). Deze waarheid is ook de kern van Plato's ideologie. Men heeft getracht de ideeënleer te wederleggen door de opmerking, dat de ideeën of algemeene begrippen op een zeker plaats in de ruimte zich moeten bevinden, en dat zij derhalve niet iets algemeens, maar iets individueels zijn. Plato zou over dit betoog geglimlacht en geantwoord hebben:

Indien iemand van mij eischt, dat ik de categorie der ruimte op mijn ideeën moet toepassen, dan kan de zoodanige het ook niet in mij laken, wanneer ik hem of mijn beurt vraag, hoeveel voet of liever, hoeveel millimeter zijn gedachten lang zijn.

De idealistische opvatting van natuurwet is geenszins verouderd. Zij heeft zelfs in onzen tijd een verdediger gevonden in den schranderen natuurkundige Fechner. In zijn geschrift over de natuurwetenschappelijke en wijsgeerige leer der atomen beweert hij:—"Aan kracht hecht de natuurkundige geen hooger waarde dan die van eene hulpuitdrukking tot voorstelling van de wetten van het evenwicht en beweging. Wij spreken wel is waar van wetten der kracht, doch bij een nader beschouwing blijkt het, dat wij slechts met wetten van evenwicht en de beweging der atomen te doen hebben, die bij de tegenoverstelling van materie en beweging zich doen gelden. . . . Onafhankelijk van de wet weet de natuurkundige van kracht volstrekt niets. Men zegt, wel is waar, dat er een oorzaak bestaan moet, dat de zon en de aarde zich in elkanders richting bewegen, en dat men aan deze oorzaak den naam van kracht geeft. Doch uit natuurkundig oogpunt beschouwd, is het niets anders dan de wet. . . . Indien de kracht zich ergens bevindt, dan zetelt zij in de wet, die levenskracht van wet bezit, d.w.z. hetgeen zij uitspreekt dat wordt ook volbracht.

Deze beschouwing vond tegenspraak bij Lotze en Ulrichi, die de krachten als het bedrijvige en de wetten als de uitdrukking van hare gelijkmatige openbaring beschouwden. Maar hetzij wij ons op het eerste, of op het laatste standpunt verplaatsen; hetzij wij ons met het platonisch transcendentisme of het met imminente idealisme van Aristoteles en Hegel vereenigen, in beide gevallen blijven wij ons bewegen op idealistischen bodem.

Den dubbelen schakel tusschen de platonische ideeënleer en de moderne idealistische opvatting van natuurwet hebben wij te zoeken in Kepler en Baco. Beginnen wij met laatstgenoemden wijsgeer.

Hoewel Baco den draak steekt met de Aristotelische redeneerkunde, is niettemin zijn leer der inductie blijven wortelen in de vormenleer van den grooten Griekschen wijsgeer. Van hem kan men terecht zeggen, dat hij Engelsch vuurwerk uit Aristoteliaansch kruit heeft afgestoken. Baco is ook de beschouwing van Aristoteles toegedaan, dat ware erkentenis in de erkentenis van oorzaken bestaat; en van de vier, het eerst door Aristoteles duidelijk geformuleerde oorzaken, hecht hij aan de formeel oorzaak het grootste gewicht. Het wezen van een ding bestaat in zijn vorm ($\epsilon\acute{\iota}\delta\omicron\varsigma$) of, om met Plato te spreken, in zijn idee. Dus heeft, volgens Baco, het algemeene begrip reële beteekenis; en gelijk een begrip uit verschillende kenteekenen samengesteld is, bestaat ook het concrete ding uit zijn verschillende vormen ($\epsilon\acute{\iota}\delta\eta$). Van deze veronderstelling uitgaande, is Baco's methode van onderzoek feitelijk niet inductief, maar een zuiver syllogismus, want volgens zijn meening bestaat er een bepaald, eindelijk, ons bekend getal van zoogenoemde eenvoudige vormen. De major premisse is derhalve eene disjunctieve en de minor premisse een ontkennende copulatieve stelling. "Die Induction Bacon's steht in keinem Gegensatz zum Organon des Aristoteles" (Sigwart). Uit gebrek aan tijd en ruimte konden wij slechts de hoofdpunten in Baco's leer der Inductie aanstippen. Het gezegde moge echter volstaan om den lezer te doen inzien, dat het platonisme door middel van de Aristotelische leer der vormen een beslissenden invloed op Baco's begrip van natuurwet heeft uitgeoefend. Wel is waar heeft deze invloed belemmerend gewerkt op de empirische wetenschappen. Baco staat nog met een voet in de middeleeuwen. Locke en Hume moesten eerst door hun nieuwe denkbeelden de oude traditionele wereldbeschouwing verbrijzelen, voordat men uit den methoep der Scholastiek de parel van blijvende waarde kon opdelven. De ontwikkeling van het begrip natuurwet heeft immers gelijken tred gehouden met de ontwikkeling van het "substanz"—en oorzake-lijkeidsbegrip.

Met meer vrucht heeft het platonisme *rechtstreeks* zijn invloed doen gelden op het moderne denkbeeld van natuurwet. Kepler was in zeker opzicht pro-platonist. De spil van zijne aesthetische wereldbeschouwing was het denkbeeld van een algemeene wereldharmonie, welke te weeg gebracht

wordt door de geheimzinnige kracht, die in het getal sluimert. De zinnelijke quantitative verhoudingen erkent de mensche-lijke geest op grond van de hem aangeboren *zuivere*, intellectueele verhoudingen (Verhältnisse). Vast overtuigd, dat de geometrische denkbeelden—ideeën volgens Plato—zich in de stoffelijke wereld realiseeren, is Kepler een formule gaan zoeken, welke de wetten der planeten zou toelichten. In zijn onderzoek is hij niet zuiver inductief, zooals John Stuart Mill dit in zijne logika voorstelt, maar deductief, of indien men wil, tentatief te werk gegaan. Nadat hij de geometrische plaats van Mars proefondervindelijk had vastgesteld, beproefde hij de wet der beweging en de snelheid van deze planeet te bepalen. Als major premisse veronderstelde hij het eerst het oude denkbeeld van de cirkel-beweging der planeten, en na eene lange reeks van andere hypothesen beproefde hij uiteindelijk de ellipsis, en ziedaar—het raadsel was opgelost. Uit de eigenaardigheden dezer meetkundige figuur leidde de groote sterrenkundige de wet der beweging en de snelheid van Mars af. Hij had dus bewezen, hetgeen hij wilde bewijzen, de harmonie van geest en stof; de verwezenlijking van algemeene denkbeelden of ideeën in de stoffelijke wereld. Kepler's quantitative wereldbeschouwing vormt, wel is waar, eene scherpe tegenstelling met de kwalitatieve wereldbeschouwing van Aristoteles, maar zoowel de spoorslag en drijfveer van zijn denken als de pit en het merk zijner opvatting van het wereldstelsel heeft Kepler buiten kijf aan platonische denkbeelden ontleend.

Plato sprak van ideeën, Aristoteles van vormen, en heden spreken wij van natuurwetten. Deze verschillende uitdrukkingen echter geven een en dezelfde gedachte te kennen, dat er vaste vormen of typen, algemeene, blijvende denkbeelden of gedachten zich in de vergankelijke wereld der verschijnselen wederspiegelen. Zelfs het moderne materialisme — het consequente materialisme der oude atomisten behoort immers tot het verleden—moet toestaan, dat in zekere opzichten het algemeene aan het individueele moet voorafgaan, of met andere woorden, dat in de stoffelijke wereld een onstoffelijk bestanddeel, een ideale factor ligt opgesloten.

Wanneer Pythagoras en zijne school en na hem de Platonisten aan de harmonie der sferen geloofden, dan drukten zij slechts op dichterlijke wijze uit, hetgeen hun diep gevoel instinctief beseft: dat het eeuwige en onstoffelijke het eindige en stoffelijke overschaduwde; dat, om met Carlyle te

spreken, de oceaan der eeuwigheid het eilandje van het eindige omsluit, "tinging all things with its eternal hues and reflexes, making strange prophetic music."

Het is geenszins ons doel geweest de ontwikkeling van het begrip natuurwet in den breede te bespreken; wij wilden enkel den jongen, belangstellenden lezer het bewijs leveren, dat in de Ideeënleer van Plato een klassieke factor, eene parel van blijvende waarde te vinden is, en hem derhalve aansporen tot eene degelijke zelfstandige studie van den grooten, diepzinnigen Griekschen wijsgeer. Om Plato recht te begrijpen, moet men zich niet tevreden stellen met het lezen van zeker handboeken, maar men moet met noeste vlijt en ijver zijne dialogen zelve gaan bestudeeren, en zoodoende, zich verdiepen in de ideale atmosfeer, waarvan de geschriften van dezen verhevenen denker gloeien en tintelen.

In onzen materialistischen tijd en ook ten onzent, waar men geneigd is slechts de leuze "Commerce" op zijne banier te schrijven, is voorwaar eene idealistische strooming zeer wenschelijk. Zonder idealisme geen hoog ideaal, en zonder hoog ideaal ook geen waar nationaal bestaan. Wanneer het ons niet gelukt ons uit den roes van eigenbaat, uit het lage lokaal patriotisme tot een nationaal patriotisme en waar idealisme te verheffen, wanneer wij voortgaan alles uitheemsch na te apen, en ons met den mantel der oppervlakkigheid blijven dekken, dan zal, helaas! het bekende woord van de Génestet ook op ons van toepassing wezen:—

"Wees u-zelf!" zei ik tot iemand;
Maar hij kon niet: hij was niemand."

F. WEBER.

—)o(—

A Ballade of Success.

—:o:—

With a fondness both touching and rare
He doated on x and on y ,
And with vigilance past all compare
He pursued the indefinite π ;
And never an asymptote shy
His affectionate grasp could resist,
From his reach not a tangent could fly;
So he's passed at the head of the list.

Tho' a bugbear to wits somewhat dense,
The construction that's surnamed Oblique
To *his* onslaught could bid no defence
In Latin, nor even in Greek;
And his equal was surely to seek
In tracking the sly Aörist,

Why! he loved it as Taffy his leek!
And he's passed at the head of the list.

Now he's gained the object he sought,
But he's missed all the fun of the fair;
And his honours too dear have been bought,
For his brow wears the impress of care;
And his friends with deep sorrow declare
That his system has got a bad twist;
Greek roots are his favourite fare
Since he passed at the head of the list!

ENVOY.

Friend! Hope is not dead yet, nor Joy
If *you* haven't the thing that you wished;
Dame Fortune is friendly if coy,
Though we're *not* at the head of the list!

C. M.

—)o(—

"Living Pictures" in Edinburgh.

—:o:—

I. THE AFRICANDER.

The little lane running from Roseneath to Argyle Street is a very favourable resort for beggars. A scene that repeats itself several times a week at this spot deserves brief mention. A somewhat tall, slank nigger, of typical mouthpiece of privileged dimensions and dull black visage, struts haughtily up the lane. His inheritance from the civilised community, as far as dress is concerned, does not promise largely in regard to the other crumbs that fall to his lot. His outfit is a complex one, and the several parts probably hail from very different owners. His general appearance is that of one who is gradually being worried to desperation by the entanglements of civilisation. And yet there is an amount of self-assertion about our countryman which gives the impression that he is perfectly sure of his definite rights and just claims. As he walks up and down a few times before the end block of buildings he seems to deliberate as to the advisability of presenting his claims in any other way than through his exceptional colour. However, as no immediate response is vouchsafed to his presence, he reluctantly hauls forth an old flute, casts a contemptuous look at it, taps it on his palm, blows in at the wrong side and looks indignantly at the third and fourth storey windows. He now gathers himself into an attitude of "attention!" lifts his flute to his lips, and in a naughty school-boy fashion, who is forced to do something at his master's bidding, he runs off his usual programme, while he marches like a sentinel up and down the sidewalk. To one who has known these children of "natural liberty" in

their original condition, the difference between their joyous effusions on the "goorra" and this humiliating school-boy exercise is astounding.

II. THE PAVEMENT ARTIST.

The sun is slowly setting in the west, as may be inferred from the occasional patches of thinner cloud-drifts, which allows a glimmer of the passing orb to penetrate to us below. The cold wind seems to battle with the surplus water so plentifully shed during the day, and shows its effective strivings by ashy streaks on the ridges of the streets. As I emerge from the Argyle Street on the meadow side, I notice a youth squatting on the cold, damp pavement, his head bare, and his clothing, tatters, clinging closely to his body with their watery weight. With severe trouble he has succeeded in clearing a square space on the slushy pavement and evaporated the obnoxious wetness. On this somewhat dry spot he has skilfully worked out in dry paint a landscape of great credit to himself. Along the fringes of his painting are seen in large letters of various colours such phrases as: "God is Love," "It is better to give than to receive," "Remember a poor artist," &c. He cowers on the one side of his masterpiece endeared by frequent repetition, while he stretches out with his left hand his ill-used and threadbare little cap. From his face stare wretchedness and entreaty. His nakedness peeps through the numerous ventilations of his improvised suit, while his face is perfectly disfigured with injuries which cry aloud at the company he keeps.

A little crowd of children gather round the picture and render the artist invisible to the passing life. Men and women hurry to and fro, casting an occasional glance at the bright picture without observing the poor lad. A dandy comes along and stops, regards the picture with polite condescension, throws down a little copper coin and passes on with a satisfied look, smoking his cigar. The interval is over. Another shower pours down, the children scamper off and the picture is no more.

III. A VOICE CRYING IN THE NIGHT.

It may be ideally possible to accustom oneself to the most disagreeable circumstances, so that the "Prisoner of Chillon" leaves his familiar cell with reluctance, and the great factory hand hears no sound amidst an overwhelming noise. Granting this, it cannot be denied that even in such cases there are times of disturbed emotional condition, of reversion to the normal sensibility, when these same

experiences are converted into a series of excruciating jars upon the nervous system, they stamp themselves on the memory in all their hatefulness, and no amount of succeeding association ever overcomes the so-called prejudice. This is, *mutatis mutandis*, the case with the cry of the newspaper seller in Edinburgh. The cry taken by itself, hoarsely indefinite, mingled with elements of tin cuttingly shrill, somewhat sounds like a broken reed whose splintered tones refuse to blend, but grate simultaneously on different parts of the sensitive ear-drum, determined to have their several incisions. Naturally this cry has absolutely nothing in itself to induce one to regard it with indifference. When, however, it calls to mind the saddening look, shivering shabbiness and exhausted form of the youth howling as for dear life, in the forlorn hope of a possible penny; and when it is remembered that this is rendered doubly hard to secure in the fierce competition of other yells of a more unearthly character, it requires a stubbornness of soul and irresponsiveness of ear-drum never found in this world to regard the circumstance with derision. One may at least try to condone thus far, but when the brain has been toiling hard up to eleven at night, and one has made himself cosy in bed, and has just entered the vestibule of Morphia's temple, to be then mercilessly bombarded with yells of "Dishong," "Spats," "Dishong" (2nd Edition, Dispatch), is simply adding insult to injury by jerking cold steel through a heated brain. I am very much mistaken if the city fathers of Edinburgh will escape their just punishment for suffering such a condition of affairs.

IV. THE NEW HAVEN FISHWIFE.

One of the most agreeable sights in Edinburgh is undoubtedly the New Haven Fishwife. These Amazonian figures which every morning, fair or foul, file into the various streets, spread a wholesome aroma among the soot-infected city classes. They form a class and type by themselves, easily recognisable by anyone who has once carefully observed them. They have their own peculiar customs, usages and superstitions. Rumour has it that they originally hail from the coast of Holland, and have preserved their purity with Jewish scrupulosity. How very unlike are they to the fisher folk at Arbroath—those stunted, shrivelled, tobacco-smoking women who involuntarily repulse the interested spectator!

The New Haven fishwoman is healthy, strong, and not without a certain stateliness and natural beauty. She haughtily refuses to

become a wage-earning slave, but with severe simplicity and determined industry maintains an independence and a life of sufficiency. The husbands wrestle with the waves and deliver their booty at the haven, then these hardy women with sinewy arms fill their huge baskets with shiny fish, swing them on the back, suspended by a broad strap round the forehead, and boldly march along in single or double file to their respective clients. Clad in their gala blouses and spare old-fashioned skirts, they move steadily on, regardless of the curious gaze of the passer-by. With their natural blush of health and cleanly dress they presently win the appreciative interest of the stranger, who never tires of casting a pleasant look at these "brawny" women as they march past with bare head and impossible burdens. After all there still is dignity in honest labour, and its dignity is quickly made real by the character of the labourer.

V. HOW STREET ARABS ENJOY THEMSELVES.

The merciless wind whisks along furiously as I hurry down Lauriceton Street and turn in towards Haymarket. The sun has set, but patches of blue sky still peep down dolefully, lending a sort of feigned light, which makes the careless wanderer believe the day less gloomy than it really is. As I hasten my steps to warm myself a little, I notice two urchins of about nine and ten respectively, skulking in the nitch of an old gate, restlessly busying themselves with the ground between them. They seem to regard the lowering sky with sovereign contempt, or, judging from the eagerness with which they are engaged, they are trying to forget the weather around them. They are *sans* jacket, *sans* hat, *sans* shoes; with one pair of braces between them, and trousers variegated by patches and holes. They seem to start at my approach, and irritated at my calling them back to the reality of their condition. The younger now removes his bit of a clay pipe, and hands it over to his partner, who seizes it feverishly, and drawing a long whiff, swallows the smoke and slowly returns it through his nose. The other meanwhile forgets his cards and calmly regards the tantalizing sight. The intensest bliss seems to pass from child to child with the changes of the pipe. They anxiously count the "pulls," and seem to know exactly how many of these the pipe contains. The game of cards completes their ideal of perfect happiness. "Your deal," cries the lucky possessor of the pipe, while he presses himself more thoroughly into the corner and raises the beloved weed for "pull" number two.

VI. A NIGHT SOUFFLE.

Coming away from Leith one night late with a friend, we took Princes Street, tired and anxious to get home as soon as possible. Some straggling wanderers were still to be seen at intervals on the pavement. Not far in advance of us two girl forms were slowly moving on, apparently enjoying the weird light of the gas lamps, which seemed in mortal combat with the gathering darkness. Suddenly they are met by three young men; the one moves out and audaciously slings his arm round the one girl's neck attempting to kiss her. The other girl promptly rushes at him with such a volley of blows that he was obliged to beat a hasty retreat. This, however, infuriated him, he turned on his heel and struck her a blow that sent her prostrate on the pavement. We hastened to the scene, sent the roughs about their business and helped the girl to get up. She did not seem very much the worse for the fall she had, except that she limped slightly, and held her hand to the spot where she had been struck. We begged them please to go home and not further expose themselves to such insults at this time of the night. They hesitated at first, and then slowly turned round and walked back reluctantly.

VII. MAKING HIS WAY.

The first day that I crossed the Meadows towards the University I was not a little disconcerted by a young man coming down the causeway. The sight was certainly peculiar, He moved, or rather rolled, fairly fast, swinging his body violently from side to side, threw his head from shoulder to shoulder, his arms backwards, forwards and sideways, kicked his feet away from his body and contorted his features in harmonious confusion. I first suspected a harmless imbecile that was thus allowed to wander at large. Everybody gave way as he came along, probably more through fright than natural civility. I have since again and again met this curious youth, and have discovered that he is quite sane but perfectly blind. He makes his way at the guidance of the causeway's sound, and protects himself against collisions by these mechanical distortions, which appear to be effected by some unseen electrical connection. I could not possibly accustom myself to this wonderful appearance. It always sent cold shivers through my body, and made me file out of the way much sooner than necessary. This young man, I have noticed, runs errands and carries packets to different parts of the city, but never leaves his favourite hard road.

ONNO.

A Ballade of Failure.

—:o:—

When the session was tender and young,
 He declined to defile it with "cram,"
 Nor till Christmas was heard from his tongue
 Much talk of the coming exam.
 In April—poor innocent lamb!—
 He spurted—alas! 'twas too late,
 A powder lurked hid in his jam,
 For he failed in his aggregate!

His subjects he chose on a plan
 That was charmingly simple and plain:
 "Take just a few as you can,"
 He would urge in half jocular vein;
 So his prudence ignored with disdain
 All Greek,—which he deemed but a bait
 To entice the ambitious and vain;
 But—he failed in his aggregate!

Still he thought that his chances were good
 When he came to the end of the year,
 And his friends—sympathetic their mood—
 All vowed he'd no reason to fear.
 The Professors—their judgment revere!—
 His confidence could not abate,
 Thus he felt exceedingly queer
 When he failed in his aggregate.

ENVOY.

Friend, gay is your mien, and a crime
 'Twere to wish you an ace more sedate;
 But stern your examiner Time,—
 And what of your aggregate?

C. M.

More "Living Pictures" in Edinburgh.

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I. THE AFRICANDERESS.

About one o'clock every day may be seen two ladies walking arm-in-arm in friendly chat past the Infirmary. With much difficulty we recognise in the one a genuine child of "Afric's coral strand." Her hat is disproportionately large, as if to conceal a face to its shades unused. Her dress hangs loosely about her and betrays a greatly wronged body which is taking its revenge by collapsing. The face is thin and worried, with an ashy colour to represent paleness. The effects of the night lamp and coal fire are plainly visible in the tell-tale features. The brightly polished gold rimmed spectacles violate at one stroke all the possible and imaginable laws of taste, and cry aloud for some kind of congruity. Her fair Scottish companion seems to afford her great comfort as they move along. She endeavours to

make the newly won citizen of civilisation forget her father's cows on the green pasture, her mother in the endeared straw hat, the clay pitcher which she has so often balanced on her head, filled with crystal water from the distant fountain, and her beautiful collection of beads which her favourite Tjalongo had presented to her. But in vain. Her pictorial imagination, roused by the chronic bad weather, carries her thoughts away to the blue sky, the sunbeams, and the musical brooks of her father's home. At present she is ill at home. Qualms of conscience mingled with burning home-sickness give her whole external an uneasy hurried expression, as if she fears to be recognised by some invisible visitor from the Sunny South, who would betray her, point at her, and cry out: "Behold the young woman who robbed her father of the five beautiful cows he was offered for her by the brave Tjalongo." She has never succeeded in dispelling from her mind the picture of that friend of her youth in spite of the Missionary's assurances. And now she wastes away, trying to cheat herself into the belief that knowledge brings happiness and civilisation comfort.

II. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Of the many agreeable spots in Edinburgh, no one will dispute the superior claims of the Meadows, with its soft expanse of green and pleasant causeways, enlivened by the constant flow of hurrying men and women. Coming away from the University by the Western causeway, the Southern exit presents to the eye a somewhat unusual arch. Two pairs of huge whale jawbones are planted erect cross-wise at the entrance, and, flanked by groups of trees, make a very beautiful appearance.

As you approach the arch you notice, standing on the right apparently, an old Jacktar, who cannot be better described than by simply saying, "He drips." He holds a string of bootlaces swung over his left arm, and hawks these at intervals at the passing crowd. On the left side of the road a little urchin is vigorously trying to dispose of his waxlights, and becomes somewhat boisterous at times when his urgent appeals find no response. As soon as you have passed through the arch and crossed the road, you are met by two other well-known forms which have grown to this particular pavement. They are the two old-clothes men standing together in friendly competition, each holding a little roll under the arm. They never weary of grunting their "ôl clô" to the same passer-by though it be for the tenth time the same day. The one is a dissipated-looking little

man in an everlasting old Chesterfield, which here and there betrays a substratum of rags. His hair is closely cropped though large patches at the back are no more, while of the remaining patches some are perfectly white and others perfectly black, resembling islets swimming in a ruddy sea. His companion, who has an amused look, and carries his pug nose somewhat higher, is less forward and less repulsive; his outfit is in a better condition too, though, whether in both cases these rig outs were rigged out during the last six months is very questionable.

III. THE FALLEN SINGER.

Our lively discussion of the Gothenburg system as a protective measure against drunkenness meets with a sudden rebuff on our way down the Forest Road. Our whole attention has involuntarily yielded to the spell of a loud, clear and melodious voice rolling along the evening calm, and drawing the listening ear with magnetic charm. Our debate is forgotten and we hasten to catch a nearer glimpse of this gifted singer. Where the side street breaks away from the Forest Road to Grass Market, a considerable crowd has gathered. They stand in reverent silence while the mellow tones pour forth from the middle of the street. As the passer-by comes hurrying across the bridge he involuntarily halts, turns round and yields to the spell with delight; we do likewise, and behold in the middle of the street a young woman of scarce thirty summers, dressed in scanty poverty-stricken garb, with no headgear, barring an old unseemly shawl drawn over head and shoulders. Her niggardly skirt fails to hide a pair of bare feet familiar with the cold. With face emaciated and wan, eyes large and sunk, expression haggard and dull, she stands erect. And yet, taking her as a whole, her outward appearance bespeaks the wreck of a once beautiful maiden. The general outline of her face is perfect, and the features gentle and refined. Her attitude has something coy and girlish rather than decided and womanly, yet one cannot help suspecting something brazen which led to a life of recklessness and indifference.

She has ended her song. As if mechanically she bites her lip, slightly drops her head, and draws the shawl tighter round her shoulders. The musical tones still linger fondly as after-images in the memory of the admiring crowd, as if re-echoed from the resisting air. All are mute before that statuesque presence. Gradually, one here, one there, shily moves into the street, gives his gift and resumes his place. Mute im-

mobility reigns again. She lifts her head, bites her lip, and allows another tremulous stream to drench the thirsty land.

IV. AN UNNECESSARY EVIL.

A winter in Edinburgh involves many evils which are inevitable and profitable as a sedative to impatient natures. But not a few of the most obnoxious experiences are absolutely unnecessary. If these same objectionable circumstances were to show themselves on the Continent (Italy and Spain excepted) they would be promptly dealt with and once and for ever removed.

Part and parcel of Edinburgh winter life, distancing every other by its persistency and ubiquity, which in turns rouses indignation and commiseration, is that never-ending mournful cry of "Caw, Caw" of the coal seller. From early morn till eve these miserable black forms, covered with coal dust to the very eyes, rove the streets and make the air vocal with their inhuman sounds. The numerous cries which simultaneously infest the streets and thoroughfares seem to wait upon one another so as to suffer no break in the continuity of their unearthly "caw, caw." Look at the poor fellow as he comes along, coal dust flying all about him, and his figure seems gradually to crystallise into a pillar of coal. His throat has acquired a chronic hoarseness, and he does not close his mouth before he has finished his hundredth "caw." Sometimes three or four of these sooty characters move along the same street with one or two dark waggons with their black freights rumbling in harmony with their leading criers; they remind one rather unpleasantly of De Foe's descriptions of the Great Plague in London.

V. THE BLIND READER.

Strolling down the Bank Street towards the National Gallery and casting admiring looks at the roofs on the opposite side, which glitter like our African mountains from the drizzling rain which has scarcely ceased today, a low doleful sound as of water dropping rapidly on some huge empty tank strikes my hear. I listen more carefully, it rises and falls in audibility with the cadences of the rushing crowd. Ah, here is the man! What misery! The pale cast of sickness on his face, a victim of the cruel weather, he tries to support himself on the cement ledge of the bridge railing. Round his neck he wears a sign-board with "Blind" and "Upholsterer" in huge letters on it. On his lap lies a Bible with raised letters, along which his benumbed

fingers pass heavily as he sings out the verses in dreary monotone. With quivering and uncertain voice he drones his petitions to the passing stream of fellow mortals. These, familiar with the oft-recurring moaning tone, which melts away in the dull thuds of hurrying feet, mind other things and leave unheeded the language of despair.

VI. GRANDMOTHERLY CARE.

It was nearing midnight as I entered High Street and made for St. Giles to get home as quickly as possible. As usual, the street was still crowded at that late hour with all sorts and conditions of men and women, who gather in little circles, whirl along for a while and then vanish like a soap bubble, only to give rise to other similar whirls subject to a similar fate. Suddenly I am caught in a torrent of Billingsgate issuing from a little lane on the right. It resembles the cracking of thunder to my unaccustomed ear, and sends cold shivers through my whole being. Involuntarily I look aside to see whence the shrill volubility comes, when I notice an old hag-like woman greatly stooping and swinging a stick in her right hand. She endeavours to capture a young thin girl of about sixteen, who is trying her best to rush past into the public street. She contemptuously defies her guardian grandmother, and refuses to obey. As the old woman swings to the right or to the left she changes the attack from bitter vituperations and threats to gentle showers of tears and lamentations, beseeching her orphaned grandchild to return home and for her own sake be an obedient girl. The latter seems likewise to pass through the moods of violent resistance and quiet regret. From the exchange of words between them and the snatches of sense that pour out at intervals from the woman's audacious oaths, I gather that this young girl has spent the last three nights on the public street, returning home at daybreak perfectly drunk. I gather further that the old grandmother keeps a house which leaves the girl not much to choose between it and the street. I turn to the policeman who stands dozing a little way off, and ask him kindly to aid the old woman in persuading the girl to go home and so rid the street of this objectionable scene.

VII. FOOLING WITH MAN'S DIGNITY.

What an hilarious little gathering in George Street to-night in spite of the sleety blasts asserting themselves in chattering teeth. Another wave of laughter and I, too, am present. Lo, a thinnish lad, homeless and

penniless, with mud-bespattered coverings which dally with the merciless weather, holds out a bit of an old headgear, hoping for some reward for the amusement he had afforded. A red-bearded man drops a penny into it and allows the boy to kiss his hand in gratitude. As this ends the first part of his programme, and no more is apparently forthcoming, the little fellow, to whom time is money, proceeds to the second part of the programme, which consists in a repetition of the first. He lifts his old rickety concertina, of which no two notes harmonise, sings in accompaniment a lusty song, and dances in the most awkward manner round and round to the intense amusement of the spectators. Again a silvery laugh runs along the line as the lad's benumbed limbs caricature the motions of a frolicsome dance, and swings the instrument up and down as he comes round as if to balance his tottering body. Amidst antics and lusty song the poor boy's sorrowful heart is ready to break, and utter hopelessness as to the future wrings his face into contortions which render the scene perfectly diabolic.

ONNO.

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The Atheist at his Mother's Grave.

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Nevermore her voice will utter
Words of comfort, words of love ;
Cheering words to hearts that suffer,
Speaking of a heaven above.

Although wrongly thus she trusted
In a life beyond the grave,
Yet on *Love* her trust was founded,
And in *Love* her life abounded ;
She believed that *Love* did save
Love had made us all immortal,
Opened for us all the portal
To a life beyond the grave.

She believed in what she knew not,
'Twas an empty, vain belief,
But could I believe she lives still,
'Twould be balm unto my grief.

What a grief ! Despair consumes me,
Darkness all around me lies ;
Nowhere light my soul to brighten,
Nowhere comfort to enlighten,
Soften these drear agonies,
Tears alone such grief could smother,
Tears of sympathy, shed by a mother ;
But from her chill bed *my* mother never
more will rise.

Chains relentless here confine her,
 Chains of Everlasting Death ;
 Death has laid her low forever,
 She has breathed her latest breath.

Oh, that I could still believe it
 As I did when on her knee
 Prayers to One above I uttered ;
 Childish words of prayer I muttered.
 Then I did believe as she.

Is there now no one above me,
 To protect me, cheer me, love me,
 In this dread calamity ?

Are *they* better than my mother
 Who my simple faith destroyed ?
 Can *their* wisdom now support me,
 Fill my heart's dull, aching void ?

E. T. F. M.

—)o(—
 Het Scheren.

—:o:—

Wat men onder "scheren" verstaat, behoeft nauwelijks verklaard te worden. Immers zijn er ten huidigen dage weinigen van het mannelijk geslacht, die na hun 20ste jaar bereikt te hebben, nog niet met het scheermes in aanraking zijn gekomen, of om den baard, die bij het klimmen der jongelingsjaren zijne verschijning maakt, aante-moedigen van melkhaartjes tot zichtbare haren te veranderen, of om de zichtbare haren zoo erg te scheren dat er niets van te zien is. Hieruit blijkt ook de veranderlijkheid van den mensch. Men verlangt zeer naar baard zoolang men dien nog niet heeft, maar komt hij eindelijk, hoe wordt hij dan verwenscht, waar hij week na week en dag na dag geschoren moet worden,—soms met moeite, die met pijn en smart, ook bloed gepaard gaat, vooral waar het scheermes in der haast niet goed werd geslepen, of niet van het beste staal gemaakt is. Dan is het dat men verlangt den moed te hebben zijn baard te laten groeien in weerwil van spiegels, mode en dames.

De geschiedenis zegt ons niet wie het eerst met scheren begonnen is. Waar zij van scheren ook melding maakt blijkt het altijd, dat het scheermes van metaal was. Wij weten dat Tubal-Kain de vader was van allen die met ijzer werkten, maar of hij ook scheermessen maakte is onbekend. Wij weten ook, dat de Egyptenaren van geslagen ijzer wisten meer dan 1,500 jaren voor Christus, en daar het de gewoonte van hunne priesters was om het geheele lichaam elken dag te scheren, hadden zij waarschijnlijk scheermessen. Onder de puinen van Ninevé werden zagen en dergelijk gereedschap gevonden, en zoo als wij later zullen zien is

de kennis van het maken van gereedschap bijna een met die van het maken van messen zoo scherp als scheermessen. Beide rusten op het hard en zacht maken van staal. Homerus wist van hard en zacht ijzer. Hij spreekt zelfs van een scheermes, en het blijkt dat het temperen van staal algemeen bekend was aan de Grieken in de oudste tijden. Aristoteles (350 v.c.) spreekt van gereedschap gemaakt van zeer hard en broos staal. Pliny (50 n.c.) weet ons te vertellen dat de hardheid van staal afhangt van het water dat voor het temperen gebruikt wordt, en dat voor sommige kleine instrumenten olie het best is. In elk geval, de gewoonte van scheren was zeer algemeen bij de Grieken en ook bij de Romeinen. *Βύρβαρος* geeft dadelijken onderscheid aan tusschen den beschaafden en geschoren Griek, en den onbeschaafden en ongeschoren uitlander Zoo ook het woord "Goth" dat oorspronkelijk dezelfde beteekenis had als *Βύρβαρος*. Pliny verhaalt dat de Romeinen zoowat 300 v.c. begonnen zijn te scheren, en dat Scipio Africanus de eerste Romein was die zich dagelijks schoor. Heden ten dage als een jongeling voor het eerst scheert doet hij het meestal in het geheim, en zou iemand het opmerken en er iets van zeggen, dan gebeurt het wel dat het geschoren gelaat rood wordt. Voor den jongen Romein was het een groote dag als hij voor het eerst het scheermes gevoelde. Die dag werd gevierd, want voortaan was hij een man ! Er bestaat een geschrift van Keizer Julianus, waarin hij tegen baard optrad. Een paar eeuwen voor hem had Alexander de Groote zijnen soldaten het aankweken van baard verboden—wellicht omdat er gevaar aan verbonden was als men handgemeen werd.

Baard wordt niet alleen bij het mannelijk geslacht gevonden,—ook onder vrouwen zijn er sommigen die met baarden gezegend zijn. De gedachte komt onwillekeurig op, of de hedendaagsche dames het niet eene mode zouden maken, als het eenigszins mogelijk ware, om mannen ook in het aankweken van baard na te apen, wie weet hoevelen hunner nu en dan een scheermes over hun gelaat doen gaan.

De langste baard waarvan de geschiedenis melding maakt was die van een Duitscher met name Johan Mayo, die volgens een legende een baard had die tot op den grond raakte als hij recht op stond, derhalve moest hij dien samenvatten in zijnen gordel. Duitschland kent hem als "den gebaarden Johan," en ook kreeg Keizer Frederik wegens zijn rooden baard den bijnaam van Barbarossa. Er zijn vele volken die de namen van mannen en vorsten in gedachtenis houden die bijnamen kregen terwille van hun baard.

Er bestaat eene traditie dat Adam met een baard geschapen was. In het Vatikaan te Rome vindt men een beeld van hem met eenen vollen baard. Men wil zeggen, dat het aan deze traditie te wijten is, dat de Joden nooit scheren. Zelfs toen zij in Egypte meer dan 300 jaren verkeerden, namen zij de gewoonte van scheren van de Egyptenaren niet over. Voor een Jood was de baard iets heilig. Zijn baard onbeleefd aan te raken was hem in zijne waardigheid te krenken. Zoo werd de baard algemeen door Oosterlingen beschouwd. Bij de Turken, Arabieren en Perzen was het scheren van den baard eene vernedering, en misdadigers werden even als nu, van hun baard beroofd, zoodra zij schuldig bevonden werden. De Egyptenaren, zooals alreede gezien is, verschilden van de Oosterlingen. Bij hen was scheren zeer algemeen.

Mahomet, wat het scheren aangaat, was een Nazareër. Nooit raakte een scheermes zijn aangezicht. Wat hij wel deed was dagelijks zijn baard uittekammen. Kwamen er haren uit, dan werden zij zorgvuldig hewaard, en als een man één van die haren nu bezit, dan kan hij als een rijk man beschouwd worden. Eenen langen tijd volgden alle Mahomedanen het voorbeeld van hun profeet, maar nu wordt er niet meer zoo streng op gezien.

Dikwijls vinden wij dat baard gedragen of geschoren werd bij een volk terwille van den koning of keizer. Pieter de Groote van Rusland belastte baard in zijn rijk. In Engeland wou Elizabeth dit ook doen,—derhalve vinden wij, in het begin harer regeering, eene belasting van $\frac{1}{4}$ d. op elken baard van meer dan een viertiendaagsche groei opgelegd. Spoedig vond zij dit onuitvoerbaar, en alhoewel de wet bestond, zag men overal oubelaste baarden. In Spanje werd baard zeer op prijs gesteld, totdat Philippus de vijfde keizer werd. Hij vond het eene onmogelijkheid eenen baard aan te kweeken. In Frankrijk werd het baarddragen ook afgeschafft toen Louis XIII, een baardlooze man, keizer werd, maar later begonnen de Franschen weer baard te dragen, lang nadat het niet meer de mode was, omdat een ander koning het noodig vond zulks te doen. Frans I, nadat zijn kin erg bezeerd werd, bedekte het litteeken met een baard, en aanstonds vonden alle onderdanige kinnen het goed te veronderstellen dat zij litteekenen aan hunne kinnen hadden, die bedekt moesten worden. De invloed van vorsten op de mode van baard-dragen vindt men nog hierin, dat een zeker soort van "moustache" een "*Royalé*" genoemd wordt, terwijl een kleine

bos haren aan de onderlip steeds bekend is als een "*Imperiale*."

De geschiedenis maakt ook melding van gevallen waar de baard de oorzaak was van bittere twisten. Wij weten dat in de Roomsche Kerk alle priesters moeten scheren. De Grieksche Kerk, integendeel, verbiedt hare priesters het scheren. In der tijd outstoud hierover een bittere strijd. Het blijkt echter dat eerstgenoemde zich niet gelijk bleef. Er bestaat ergens eene reeks van gedenkenningen waar op de pausen van Clement VII (1523) tot Alexander VIII (1691) voorgesteld worden als gebaarde mannen. Onder de Hervormers in België ging een zeker deel zóo ver, dat het degenen wou uitwerpen, die niet wilden scheren, en zich niet ten onrechte beriepen op de traditie, dat Christus een baard droeg.

Wij treffen niet alleen scheren van baard aan, maar bij zekere volken wordt zelfs het hoofd ten deele, of geheel geschoren. Gewoonlijk waar men het haar van het hoofd laat groeien bereikt het eene lengte veel langer dan die door den baard bereikt. Op eene der Europeesche tentoonstellingen was eene dame met een haar over de 74 duim lang. Terwijl wij van haar spreken, kan ook vermeld worden, dat er eens eene twijfeling bestond, of het haar van den neger, — "*peperkorreltjes*," zoo als wij het noemen,—wel haar is en niet wol. Men bracht den microscoop ter hulp, en vond dat terwijl het bleek dat wol eenen rand vertoont die getand is gelijk een zaag, peperkorreltjes, even als het haar van den Europeaan, veel op rieten gelijken. Dus spreke niemand van peperkorreltjes als wol!

Als men naar de noodzakelijkheid vraagt, waarom men baard moet hebben, treft het ons dadelijk dat sommige rassen bijna geheel baardeloos zijn. De Aziaat, de Mongool, en de Indiaan van Amerika hebben zoo min haar op het gelaat, dat het den naam van baard bijna niet verdient. Zelfs onder Europeanen en andere harige rassen zijn er enkelen die tot den dag huns doods, wat baard betreft, meer op vrouwen dan op mannen gelijken: en dezulken, zoowel als zij die zichzelf altijd scheren, blijven even gezond als zij die baard dragen. De vraag is nu of baard ook als een van die dingen aan des menschen lichaam moet beschouwd worden, die, zoo ver men weet tot geen nut zijn. Is scheren wel af te keuren omdat het den man van iets berooft, dat hij noodig heeft ter bescherming, of anderszins? Aangaande deze vragen bestaat groot verschil van meening. Geneesheeren bevelen aan het dragen van baard aan de kin en keel, waar

men last heeft van de keel of borst, en snorren en bakkebaard waar men geplaagd is met tandpijn. Voorts als wij er op letten hoeveel baard uitgeforceerd wordt, dan kan er wel aan getwijfeld worden, of dit gezond kan zijn. Scheert men twee maal per week, dan berooft men het gelaat van gemiddeld $\frac{1}{8}$ duim baard. Doet men dit geregeld één jaar, dan forceert men een groei van 8 duim baard, en zeg dat een van zijn 17de tot zijn 30ste jaar dit geregeld doet, en het mogelijk was dat na dien tijd hij al zijn baard kon terug krijgen, dan zou hij de gelukkige (of ongelukkige!) eigenaar zijn van een baard 8 voet 8 duim lang—een baard voorwaar! Scheert men meer dan twee maal per week, dan zou dit natuurlijk nog meer wezen.

Iedereen die met den smid en den metselaar bekend is, heeft zeker opgemerkt, hoe de baard met stof en andere vuilheden bedekt wordt. Was de baard niet daar, dan zou heel waarschijnlijk veel van dat stof ingeademd zijn geweest tot groot nadeel der longen. Menschen die gewoon zijn over stofferige wegen te reizen zullen ook weldoen om het scheermes af te schaffen. Een treffend voorbeeld wordt meegedeeld in verband met de bemanning van een schip dat naar Franklin ging zoeken. Zij brachten achttien maanden door in de omstreken van de noordpool, en al dien tijd waren allen bijzonder gezond. Toen zij echter in Engeland terug kwamen, schoren zij allen hun baard af, zoodra zij landden, met het gevolg dat binnen een week zij allen, zonder eene enkele uitzondering, in bed waren met eene keel- of borstziekte.

Een goed scheermes wordt van zeer fijn staal gemaakt. Het onderscheid in het staal van een scheermes en dat van andere messen en gereedschap, hangt af van het temperen van het staal. Staal is of hard of zacht. Maakt men een stuk staal heet, en plaatst men het in koud water, dan wordt het hard; laat men het integendeel koud worden, dan wordt het zacht. Deskundigen vertellen ons dat, wanneer een stuk staal hard gemaakt wordt, het zich uitzet. *Temperen* is eene vereeniging van hard en zacht maken van staal gereedschap ten einde het die hardheid te geven, die het voor gebruik het best geschikt maakt. Wil men een goed getemperd scheermes hebben, dan moet men weten om het tot op een zekere hoogte heet te maken. Geeft men 5 graden te min of te veel hitte, dan deugt het scheermes niet om meê te scheren. De temperatuur van zulke artikels, die nauwkeurig getemperd moeten worden, wordt gekend aan de kleuren van de verschillende samenstellingen die de zuurstof van de atmosfeer vormt met het

metaal waaraan te voren een glans werd gegeven. Lancetten krijgen een hitte van 220° Centgrade, en zijn dan geel. Scheermessen zijn heet genoeg op 230°—235° C., wanneer zij de kleur hebben van stroo. Op 240°—245° C. heeft het staal de kleur van goud, en is dan geschikt voor pennemessen. Op 255° C. is het bruin en geschikt voor scheren. Op 280° C. is het purper en geschikt voor tafelmessen. Op 285° C. is het blauw en geschikt voor veren van uurwerken. Voor het scheermes geschikt is voor het scheren gaat het door de handen van niet minder dan twintig personen.

Bij onbeschaafde volken wordt het scheren ook aangetroffen, en als scheermessen hebben sommigen hunner schelpen, of de tanden van haaien, die geslepen worden, totdat zij scherp genoeg zijn om den baard weg te nemen. In ons land is het ook bekend dat de Kaffers den baard met stukken glas, op porselein,—men wil zeggen, ook met klippen,—afscheren. De Indianen van Amerika scheren niet, maar plukken de haren bij de wortels uit.

En nu eindelijk, de baard heeft ook aanleiding gegeven tot een raadsel in omgang onder de kinderen van Zuid Afrika:—“Waarom draagt een man zijn baard?”—en dit raadsel heeft tot antwoord—“Om zijn kin!” J. R.

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Toddles' Dilemma :

A PAGE OR TWO FROM A LIFE OF DISAPPOINTMENT AND TROUBLE.

—:O:—

I.

In all reasonable probability my friend Jack Toddles was not born with a golden spoon in his mouth. If he was, it is at any rate certain that at the present stage of his existence there are not many conspicuous indications that this beneficial culinary article has retained its position in Jack's mouth. Everything Jack does, and fifty per cent. of what he leaves undone, seems to have some fatality attached to it. The following episode in his career, which is fresh in my memory and more so in his, cost him many a sleepless night—a condition with which I sympathised the more heartily, as he happened at the time to be my room-mate, and the profundity of my slumbers depended upon his.

At 7 a.m. on the date of our last College Reception, Jack Toddles was standing before the looking-glass in our joint bedroom, critically surveying the artistic effect and merits of the last one of about eight new neck-ties which he was trying on one after the

other. Satisfied at last that the article in question was all that even his fastidious taste could desire, he proceeded to busy himself with further toilet arrangements, of which for private reasons I need not give the details. When these were satisfactorily concluded, he studied his appearance once more in the glass, with an attention worthy of a nobler cause, then proceeded to the dressing table, and addressing himself to the photo of a woman of venerable appearance that stood thereon, soliloquised as follows, in an attitude of profound devotion :

"I know that I shall enjoy myself to-night in the company of Mabel, but do not fear, my Maria! that I shall be untrue to you. This is the last Reception, the last time I shall have the opportunity of exposing myself to the danger of becoming unfaithful to you. My wild love for Mabel is only a passing dream—only a temporary whirlpool that has come to disturb the calm and equal flow of my old and tried affection for you, my own Maria, solely, wholly, utterly mine . . ." To what heights and depths this rhapsody might have proceeded is a point of some uncertainty, for I interrupted Jack here by reminding him that it was more than time to go, unless he was so anxious to prevent the catastrophe of becoming a traitor to Maria, as to be particularly desirous of seeing someone else enjoy the company of Mabel. This contingency appeared so absolutely terrible to Jack that, with an expression that would have secured him an ample fortune with Rembrandt as a martyr-model, he proceeded to edify me with a detailed if somewhat incoherent description of the miraculous effect which the infinite charms of Mabel, the Bloemhof girl he was to meet again this evening, had produced upon his sensitive nervous system—only for a time of course. Although he was true to Maria, true as truest steel, would always be true until death should sever . . . , etc., he would have no hesitation to murder in cold blood, with all the accessories of extreme torture that his exasperated imagination might devise, any ill-starred wretch who should this evening attempt to cross him with Mabel. As his muscular development was not remarkably extensive, and discretion was much the better part of his cowardice, I was not immoderately impressed with the horror of this threat.

The College Hall presented the usual spectacle of calm, indifferent-looking girls, and nervous young men biting off considerable portions of incipient moustaches and twisting their fingers into all manner of unnatural combinations, in the laudable attempt of finding something to say. The Bloemhof

looked a picture of such extreme innocence, as formed an effective advertisement of the merits of the institution that supported them. Among them shone Mabel—the innocent cause of my friend's desperate self-conflict, and by her side stood my friend, grinning with intense rapture. As I happened to be in the same quarter of the room, I was in a position to reap, conjointly with the parties immediately concerned, the benefit of the conversation. Without being strikingly characteristic of any brilliancy or originality, this conversation possessed the merit of sufficiently indicating to an unbiassed witness like myself that, under the circumstances, the picture of the absent Maria did not occupy a very prominent position in my friend's range of consciousness. I was about to move away when the advent of a new character upon the scene detained me. With-a-monarch-of-all-I-survey air there arrived the new Gymnasium swell, Jan Hendrik Pretorius Potchefstroom Hugo. No collar was so broad, no cuffs so aggressive, no suit so black as his, and none knew it better than he.

Jan Hendrik, etc., proceeded straight to the side of Mabel, who, to my astonishment, received him with a gushing welcome. The introduction explained it.

"Oh, Mr. Toddles, allow me to introduce my very dear friend Mr. Hugo, who comes from the same place as I, Kroonstad. We grew up together as children, and I am so glad to see him."

Mr. Toddles evidently did not receive this communication in the same amiable spirit in which it was offered. Indeed, to judge from his expression, he seemed to reflect that if, through some magical device, he could instantaneously transport Mr. Hugo back to Kroonstad, or to Jericho, he would derive much pleasure from the performance. However, he protested to Mabel and to Mr. Hugo that the honour of forming the latter gentleman's acquaintance made him extremely happy.

"And how are the Brandts, Jannie? (excuse my familiarity with Mr. Hugo, Mr. Toddles; we are *such* old friends)."

"Oh, they are very well, thank you. They have moved to their new house on the other side of the river; don't you remember it was nearly finished last holidays when we returned by that road from the Kloof Picnic?"

"Ah, that Kloof Picnic, wasn't it just lovely? And the fun we had when we left the others to return in the waggon and found our way home all by ourselves! I shall never forget that day; and, Jannie, are you going home for the June vacation?"

"Yes, rather! Catch me fooling about at Stellenbosch when there is a chance of going

to Kroonstad! They tell me at home that you intend coming down also, is it true? What a godsend to have each other's company for the tiresome journey!"

"It will be delightful. Last time I had to travel all alone through that horrid Karroo. Now that there is a chance of having you for a fellow-traveller, I am simply dying for the holidays to come. By the way, Jannie, where do you board?"

"As it happens, very near to you. I am at Eikenhof."

"You don't say so?"

Mr. Toddles wished it was in his power to invoke an earthquake or some such dread calamity that might devastate Eikenhof and obliterate every vestige of it, including Jannie, from off the face of the earth.

"Won't you come out into the quadrangle, Mabel?" suggested Jannie; "the Band is striking up."

"Yes, by all means; the moonlight is lovely outside, it will remind me of the delicious promenades we had at Kroonstad. Mr. Toddles, I am so sorry to trouble you; would you mind relieving me of this cup and saucer? Thank you ever so much. Good night."

"Thunder," responded Mr. Toddles irreverently under his breath. He handed the said articles to a waiter (now a B.A.) and ran home at an extraordinary speed, alternately delivering himself of unacademical figures of speech, and grinding his teeth. When I reached home about half-past eleven he was sitting at his desk, writing as if the future history of the universe depended upon the maximum of sheets covered in minimum time. A passing glance bestowed upon the multitude of double sheets spread out before him in picturesque array notified to me the frequent recurrence of the proper name "Maria"; and about an hour afterwards, when Jack had completed his voluminous epistle, and finished the necessary arrangements for betaking himself to bed, I sleepily observed through my half-closed eyelids that he bestowed a number of kisses of considerable fervour and pathos upon the photo of the absent Maria. From these symptoms I concluded that the severe struggle between conflicting emotions had at least begun to subside in my friend's breast, and that his chances of maintaining his loyalty to Maria were somewhat stronger than a few hours before.

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II.

Somerset Strand was lively enough last Easter. The weather was glorious, and the extensive display of unselfish affection upon

the sands during the whole of the day, and in certain isolated instances, part of the night, afforded a beautiful and touching illustration of the truth that human nature is not quite absolutely destitute of nobler feelings. Numerous couples were strutting up and down or wallowing in the sand in graceful attitudes, innocently occupying themselves with pouring handfuls of sand down each other's back, or staring into each other's eyes as if they had attained to an advanced stage of petrification, or casting infuriated looks of *Honi soit qui mal y pense* at any rash intruder that might venture to glance in their direction.

Jack and I were there, so was Mabel, and so, as a matter of course, was Jannie. With Mabel was another girl, evidently a stranger to the place, but to judge by their looks, apparently Mabel's sister. They were both chaperoned by an elderly party consisting of an elderly gentleman who wore a tremendous felt hat, a heavy gold chain, a shaven upper lip, and a complacent, intensely Free State demeanour; and an elderly lady of colossal dimensions, who waddled about from one place to the other with great deliberation, and an enormous expenditure of energy.

In the afternoon, Jack and I, coming out of Anderson's Hotel, ran right against them, so there was no other way but to join them and be introduced by Mabel. As we had surmised, the old people were Mabel's parents, and the girl her sister. During the past year, the locusts, hail, blight, rust, and other visitations had considerably refrained from damaging the old man's fields; his crops had been abundant and his sheep had fetched splendid prices at Johannesburg, so he thought fit to take a good holiday and accomplish the grand tour to the Cape.

This first meeting was, alas! destined to blow off all the ashes that had, since the College reception, accumulated over the coals of my friend's undutiful affection for Mabel. Jannie confined his attentions to her sister. I discussed the merits of the Strand with the old people, and Jack was left to Mabel. Casually I heard Mabel tell him that Jannie was engaged to her sister, and that she thought she had already acquainted him with the circumstance on the night of the College Reception. Ah, thought I, this explains why she was so outrageously familiar with him there. I heard Jack's heart beat like a number of muffled drums at a funeral.

In the evening when we had retired to our room, Jack astonished me by cutting sundry violent capers all over, under, and round about the bed, yelling a number of Indian war-whoops, and otherwise behaving like a man whose absence from Robben Island

threatened disastrous consequences to the public safety. It was a long time before I could succeed in reducing him to a sufficiently peaceful frame of mind to elicit from him the reason of this remarkable display of energy.

"The reason? Mabel, man, Mabel. Don't you see it? Mabel. Congratulate me, old fellow; Mabel. By George, Mabel."

"Your talk, Jack, for all its coherence, savours as much of Babel as of Mabel! What about Maria? Do you intend having both?"

"I intend having Mabel. My Mabel, how I wronged you that night of the Reception. I might have known that my Mabel could never, never care for a fellow like Hugo. Ah, were I"

"I interrupted that rhapsody by repeating my question as to Maria.

"Maria? What about her? Do you take me for a fool? Maria, indeed! Can't you see, man, that our tastes are not congenial, that we should never be happy as man and wife? I do believe that half the misery of this world is caused by rash marriages."

I suggested to him that he should apply this philosophical consideration to Mabel's case. He answered by clearly demonstrating to me that his affection for Mabel was immutable, everlasting, illimitable. Then we went to bed.

The next day was ushered in by one of those few really bright mornings Somerset West affords. I took a book—one of the series of Mrs. Wood's Johnny Ludlow—and strolled out to enjoy the bracing morning air. Climbing one of the sand hills, I sprawled down as comfortably as I could behind a "tol-bosch" and began with that pathetic picture of John Whitney's lingering death. Presently my attention was attracted by a rustling on the further side of the bush, but I paid no heed to it and continued my reading. Every now and then I was vaguely conscious of hearing a leaf turned over by some unknown reader in my vicinity, and I entertained an unexpressed, semi-conscious hope that the book he read might be affording him as much edification as mine did me. Some time elapsed. Then I was aroused from my lazy indifference to external matters by a cough which I assigned to Toddles, next a shadow fell on my book, and soon the following conversation ensued. Let me here state that I am not naturally inquisitive, nor constitutionally designed for an eavesdropper, but when accident places me in a position to overhear what does not directly concern, but may happen to interest me, I am not adverse to taking advantage of the opportunity. My dear reader, ask your own inmost heart, are

not you the same?—Well, I say, I happened to overhear the following dialogue:—

"Ahem, ha, ahem! Good morning, Miss Hendrikse!" (I have hitherto purposely refrained from indicating Mabel's rather prosaic surname.) "I trust I do not intrude?"

"Ahem, ha, ahem! no, Mr. Toddles, you do not intrude; unless your somewhat peculiar mode of address is to be construed into incipient symptoms of whooping-cough, in which case I must beg to be excused.—What a lovely morning, eh!"

"It is indeed a lovely morning, Miss Hendrikse—a fitting prelude to what I trust will prove the most divinely happy day of all my life. Let me hasten to say—oh, let me hasten, hasten, hasten to say, Mabel, that I have sought you out this morning to offer you as staunch a hand and as true a heart, true a heart, true a heart"

"Never mind, Mr. Toddles, if your careful and artistic composition has for the time escaped your memory. To attempt to recall it would only be utter waste of time and energy. What about Maria?"

I glanced through the leaves at my friend's visage, and observed it pass in succession through all the colours of the rainbow, besides a good many others. Then he broke off from the bush a twig of considerable size and toughness and proceeded to chew it with extreme voracity, all the while moving his feet alternately up and down like a slave in a mill. Mabel repeated her question.

"What about Maria? Whatever her tastes may be (and a regard to your physical appearance and mental capacities does not render it absolutely certain that they are very refined), whatever her tastes may be, mine are not flattered by hearing a young donkey bray out my name at dead of night, with a vigour calculated to extend the vibrations to the Antipodes. Next time you discuss your private affairs with that silly friend of yours, kindly for the sake of other people's peace of mind, pay more attention to the thickness of the walls of your room."

My friend slunk down the hill with the appearance of a man who had been detected in the act of breaking into the Bank of England or assassinating the Pope. When I met him again he said:

"I have considered your advice, old fellow. Mabel would never suit me, and it would be the part of a madman to throw over so sweet and pure and perfect a girl as Maria. Oh, my Maria! through all these blinding and convulsive flashes of temporary attachments to others, my love for you shines steady and

bright like yonder star." (I wondered where the star was, as it happened to be broad noon-day.) "No Maria, I shall always be true to you, come what may. As for Mabel, pshaw, I thank Heaven that I have perceived my folly in time."

* * * *

By the afternoon's Post Mr. Toddles received a letter from Maria releasing him from the engagement, alleging that his letters were growing more and more fitful and uncertain, and that it was evident that he was growing tired of her. Any further communication he might send would be returned unopened.

Mr. Toddles is now in the habit of traversing by night wide stretches of country on foot, flying from one place to the other as if he were pursued by a pack of fiends. He looks as wan as his great-grandmother's ghost, and is fast developing into a second edition of the Wandering Jew.

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A Climb.

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It was a glorious day. The party started in high spirits for the long walk to the foot of the mountain. It had rained steadily during the night and the ground was all soaked, while the wet grass and bushes glistened in the sunlight. A few early gladiolæ were to be seen, but no one stopped to pick them, expecting to find finer further on. When the Nek between Table Mountain and Lion's Head was reached everyone stopped to look down on the waters of the Atlantic and then back on to Table Bay. Walking along Victoria Road was like pacing a deck.

The sun was pretty high by the time the real climb began. Up Kasteel's Poort the way led, round little bushes, over little loose stones that kept slipping away under foot. Above was the bright blue sky, with its white billowy clouds; below, the dark blue sea with its white-crested breakers; between the two the mountain, with its massy, capable shoulders, on the sides of which grew all manner of proteas and shrubs with soft yellow unbuddings. To the climbers the real joy commenced when the stony path was left behind and they began to feel themselves high up the mountain. The Ranger's cottage on the lower plateau was a surprise, coming unexpectedly into view. Then the delight of water from a large clear stream! Only those who have suffered thirst can realise

how sweet water is as it takes away the bitter taste of dry thirstiness.

The view constantly changed. At one time two peaks of the range were settled, relatively to the gazer, like the limbs of a U nearly meeting at the top, while the lower part of the letter was filled in by the sea. Never could there have been a lovelier scene in miniature. The last part of the ascent led past huge granite boulders of various shapes, one looking much like a sculptured lion uncompleted. It was delightful to scramble between the grey rocks that pushed their way out of the soil, with moss covering their bases and soft moist grass around them. The air was so mistless that the view along the coast extended to Saldanha Bay. On one hand stretched away a great plain bounded by distant mountains, while on the other stretched the great ocean. At their feet lay the City. The streets could be distinctly seen, and various conspicuous buildings were easily recognised. The whole looked like a box of toys neatly set out.

* * * *

It had been a perfect morning when they started. Though they had set out in company, no one in particular was responsible for the rest of the party, and soon they separated in different directions looking for the path. None of them had themselves been up the mountain before. The characteristics of the various party came out very distinctly during that climb. Some were quite content to lag behind the rest and enjoy themselves without thinking much of the glorious heights above them. A few despaired of reaching the top of the mountain at all. In fact, at the very foot of the mountain some were bitterly disappointed that there was none of the expansive and magnificent view they had been told of. Being reminded that it was to be had from the top of the mountain, they expressed honest doubt of the fact, and declared they would not submit to the folly of taking a narrow footpath to attain it. Those who had once found the way, however, were extremely patient with their companions, and used all the means in their power to persuade them to come along with them. They assured them that there is no gain except by loss. Some were keen-sighted, and encouraged the rest to persevere by telling of what they saw. Some had strong shoulders, and they bore the others' burdens. As soon as the summit was reached all feeling of fatigue passed away, and they thirsted no more, for they had found the Fountain of Life, and drank of the stream at its source.

Hints to a New Comer.

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The beginning of another academic year means an influx of new students into Stellenbosch. To such of these as feel strange amid the gaiety and excitement of our lively village we shall endeavour to give a word of advice, and a few hints as to what is expected of them.

After a new student has settled down to his work, he begins to look about him and to consider in what pursuits he may engage beyond his work at College. If he cares about reading there is the Reading-room at College and the Public Library. No doubt his first visit to the Reading-room of the latter will be a shock to him, but, like all of us, he will soon get used to the dust and disorder, forget to grumble because none of the old papers have been filed, and read his paper quite unmindful of the fact that members of the librarian's family are entertaining visitors in the room.

If he takes an interest in sport, he will find there is always something doing, and if he intends staying here another ten years he will be glad to hear that there is every likelihood of his seeing preparations made for a new field for athletic sports. Some years ago it was proposed that money be raised for this field, and as a few of the more energetic lovers of sport have started a fund, we hope that some of us may live to see the day when the new field will be in use.

About the Mountain Club we can supply very little information, but we believe that within the last seven or eight months an expedition up Jonker's Hoek Mt. has been the extent of its enterprise. Perhaps the members of the Club are waiting for new blood to give them a fresh impetus.

The new student should join the Volunteer Corps, but should not put in an appearance at drill more than once a fortnight, as it would be considered bad form by his fellow volunteers, who think that the drill-instructor is under great obligations to them for attending.

Among the various pleasures afforded to the youth at Stellenbosch are the concerts, entertainments, &c., which occasionally take place on a Friday evening. We may inform the new student that unless he wishes to sit behind with those who come for the sole purpose of creating a disturbance, he should ask a young lady for the pleasure of her company. He must on no account include her mother or sisters in the invitation. We do things "*two and two*" in Stellenbosch, be they picnics, concerts, afternoons at the straw-

berry beds, or walks to Church. There will be several receptions during the year to which nearly all the young people in the village are invited, and where we enjoy the rare privilege of conversation with the young ladies of the boarding schools. At the receptions in the College hall it is usual to stay indoors for as short a time as possible, and then request a lady to accompany us outside, where we amuse ourselves by walking round and round the quadrangle. We spend at least half an hour with each lady. As the new comer will no doubt feel strange at his first reception here, we may suggest a few of the common subjects of conversation. Of course he should break the ice by beginning with the weather or examinations, then he might discuss the respective merits and demerits of the Bloemhof Sem. and Rhenish Institute, after which he might entertain his hearer with his family history, and end up with some hackneyed subject, such as the higher education of woman. Should the student attend a sacred concert given by the Choral Society, he must remain seated during the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus, for the public has yet to learn that it is as much the custom to rise for the Hallelujah Chorus as it is for "God save the Queen."

If there happen to be no public entertainment on a Friday evening, we generally call on some lady friend and after spending two or three hours with her we depart, not forgetting to express our thanks for her "pleasant company," and of course receiving the usual reply, "Don't mention it." We advise all who would find favour in the sight of young ladies of Stellenbosch, to enter the Theological Seminary as soon as possible. It will simplify matters considerably when the time comes for making important arrangements for the future.

The new-comer will, no doubt, try to give his absent friends some idea of the place where he has taken up his abode for a time. We hope he will make no slighting remarks about the antediluvian erection at the corner of Plein and Reineveldt Streets, and will remember that "the only fault to be found with the Boys' Public School is with the building." Should he refer to the state of Stellenbosch streets or express his surprise at the absence of a Town Hall, let him remember that Rome was not built in a day. The erection of a Town Hall is not exactly a castle in the air. There is a vague rumour that eight years ago a solemn body of gentlemen was seen perambulating the streets looking for a site. Perhaps in another eight years' time the municipality will rouse itself sufficiently

to begin to prepare to commence to get ready for another procession of this kind, and after generations may see the foundation stone of a Town Hall laid.

We hope our advice will be taken in the spirit in which it is given, and we have no doubt that anyone who follows it will spend a very happy time here, and become a popular young man.

MENTOR.

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Some Faults in our present Educational System.

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A few remarks on our present system of education will not be out of place in the pages of the *Students' Annual*.

Let me try to state clearly the premises from which I draw my conclusions. Education, amongst other things, means the preparing of the youth of a race for future contingencies. This entails the study and accurate knowledge of the present and growing wants of the nation, in order that the necessary provision can be made. Thus the system upon which it is conducted must keep pace with the ever increasing and changing wants of the day, and faults must be carefully weeded out.

Many changes have been made. Many of our readers will remember the days when exams. were an unknown quantity amongst the ills of a school-boy's life. Happy days! Some things have not been altered. The requirements are heavier, the subjects are more numerous, the standards are for ever being raised, and yet the terms and the hours remain the same, regardless of the youth's health and comfort. The hot Cape summer months could not possibly have been intended for study, and surely four hours' continuous brain work is the invention of a man who did not fashion the brain. It is impossible for the human being, in its present state of development, to maintain its health of body and mind if the brain and stomach are not given sufficient time to perform their functions properly.

A session of four consecutive hours with or without a break of a few minutes, means either a five hours fast, or brain work following immediately on a meal and in turn a meal on brainwork before the nervous system has had time to recover its tone and so become able to control the digestive functions properly.

A tiffin at eleven o'clock is a still more pernicious habit, because it adds to the above evils that of eating before the stomach has become emptied of its former meal. This, I need hardly remark, requires a specially devised stomach to keep healthy and able to

supply brain and body with proper nourishment. Small wonder then, that anæmia, indigestion and mental diseases are on the increase. Has an authority on Public Health ever been consulted on the matter? If not, it is surely high time that such a consultation take place.

All these evils are aggravated by warm weather. Consequently, if they are bad any time they are most so in summer, and yet as much work is required in summer as in winter.

I mean to plead now and always for a long winter term, in which all the hard work of the year must be done, leaving the other short terms for practical work and revision. Some such scheme as the following I believe to be practicable:—

First.—A short term of ten weeks from the end of January to the second week of April.

Second.—After a short vacation of ten days, a long winter term of twenty weeks up to the second week of September.

Third.—After a short vacation of ten days, a short term of ten weeks up to the middle of November.

This would leave a long summer vacation of some nine or ten weeks, during which all exams. are to be held. Now, too, students from the most distant parts could go home, where they could get something of the home training and influence impossible to be had at a boarding house.

In the above scheme the students' advantage mainly has been studied, but I venture to think that those of the teachers would not suffer from some such arrangement.

Then, too, boys, and more especially girls, should under no circumstances be allowed, except in the winter terms, to have more than two sessions of two hours, making four hours a day in autumn and spring.

I take it that much more thorough work could be done under such a system than the present, and there will be much less chance of a future weakening of the race.

Then there is another matter which the authorities have shamefully neglected, that is athletics. They have been hitherto utterly oblivious to the signs and wants of the times. They have not yet accepted the fact that proper physical training should form an integral part of a civic education. Not only is there no proper provision made, but there is hardly any encouragement given. I do not refer to Professors or Teachers. Athletics have been considered as so much waste of energy and time. In fact the boy who lounged about or over-crammed was thought

more worthy of praise than the one who, by training his body, teaches himself valuable lessons of continence and endurance, besides fitting himself for a life of struggle with nineteenth century difficulties, and laying up a store of health upon which he can draw when the real struggle of life commences.

Therefore, I think the plea that by the above-mentioned proposal the football season is not broken into, while other games are also not interfered with, must have great weight. It is most annoying and discouraging to the boys, to stand the risk of having the team broken up by some of the best men leaving after the exams. during the winter vacation. I honour them the more for not growing discouraged, and the authorities the less for rendering such a thing possible.

I trust these few remarks may do some good towards furthering a cause I think of supreme importance, namely, the health of our youth.

J. H. N.

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“Nationality” or “National Character.”

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE “STELLENBOSCH STUDENTS' ANNUAL.”

DEAR SIRS,—A few words from the Transvaal on a subject which is to my mind of vital importance to all who have been born in South Africa, which category will comprehend very nearly all who have had or now have the honour and privilege to receive their education at Stellenbosch, and which subject will therefore, despite the poor treatment it will receive at my hands, not be out of place in the pages of the “Stellenbosch Students' Annual.”

That subject is “Nationality” or “National Character.”

Is it a matter of any importance in what country one has had the good or ill-fortune to be born? Does it make any difference whether a man be an Englishman, German, Frenchman, or a native of the United States of America; or, to draw a narrower circle—whether he be an Englishman, Scotchman, Irishman or Welshman? Who would answer in the negative?

Is it imaginable that a South African should speak of any country abroad as his “home,”—“I am going home?” Is there any of your readers, who has never met with, or heard of, such lack of patriotism among his fellow countrymen or his countrywomen?

Is it the general experience of the young South African that his sense of nationality

awakens within his breast or bursts forth into full vitality out of its formerly dormant state only when he sets foot on a foreign shore?

Are we often charged with lack of enterprise, energy, backbone, by our friends from the colder and more bracing north? Is this stigma merited?

The above queries will supply matter for serious reflection.

In my use of the term South African I wish to denote those born of European extraction in *South Africa*, disregarding of the separate states or colonies, whatever significance the individual may attach to that state or colony which he may fondly style the land of his birth. We are here dealing with the South African family, not with its various component members.

What do I mean by a sense of “nationality” or by “national character” in South Africa? Nothing more nor less than the spirit which inspired the poet who sang:—

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
‘This is my own, my native land!’
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!” etc.

If my fellow countrymen were all possessed of this spirit there would be no room for complaint.

The spirit referred to offers no quarter to vexed questions like that of the ultimate victory of the English or Dutch language, the superiority of Dutch or English extraction, or of the customs and morals of either stock, but is content to abide by the inexorable law of the “survival of the fittest.” The diversified elements out of which our South African population is made up are not essentially a source of weakness, but can with due care and discretion be welded into a united whole, which will derive strength from the very diversity of those elements. This union lies at the very root of the national character we desire to see cultivated.

Why have we hitherto failed in promoting this union and fostering this national character? I shall satisfy myself by giving just one answer and leave your readers to supplement others. There is too great a divergency between the ostensible objects of the systems of education in vogue in the various states of South Africa. The young minds are far too little impressed with the importance of the other states or colonies to each individual state or colony (no one will deny me, a son of the soil, the right of saying so), where, for instance, the authorities are

content to prescribe for the School Elementary Examination the History of South Africa so far as it relates to the Cape Colony alone, disregarding and utterly neglecting the stirring, and, I do not hesitate to say, instructive history of the Boers who survived the Battle of Boomplaats and their descendants, or of the doughty Pioneers of Matabeleland and their noble 27 who fell under the assegais of the barbarians at Shangani, fighting to the last. I say instructive, for the deeds of greatest heroism in the history of South Africa lie beyond the borders of the Cape Colony, the heroes of which were *kinsmen* of the young Cape Colonist, of whose very existence he is left in utter and ignominious ignorance.

The emotional part of human nature is by no means the least noble, nor is the love of one's country and countrymen the worst passion. It is this element in our character—patriotism—which is left undeveloped and dormant in our school curriculum in the Cape Colony. I appeal to those who have passed through that curriculum to bear me out in what I have stated.

Where are our authors and poets, we ask, and many an explanation for their absence is forthcoming. But are we training *poets*? Could a poet sing in whose breast the theme of his native land strikes no responsive chord?

On the subject of the language question, I shall content myself by saying that the true South African would leave no stone unturned to acquire a knowledge of both the English and Dutch languages so as to place himself in full touch and sympathy with his fellow South Africans, and the system of education which has not this in view is a stumbling-block to the building up of our national character.

I have by no means exhausted my subject (nor indeed did I hope to do), but have raised a few questions and offered a few poor remarks hoping to induce your readers to give this important subject their serious thought. From the above it is clear; I trust, that I do not speak for a moment of a spirit of nationality which will be confined within the borders of the Cape Colony or limit itself to the Transvaal or any other state in South Africa, but which will live and glory in the brotherhood of all these states and colonies and which will hasten on the United South Africa of which our statesmen fondly dream.

OLD VICTORIAN.

Het Theologisch Seminarie.

—:o:—

Onder Inrichtingen voor Hooger Onderwijs in Zuid-Afrika bekleedt gewis het Theologisch Seminarie eene eereplaats. 't Is eene van de oudste en belangrijkste in ons land. Een korte schets van het ontstaan, de ontwikkeling den tegenwoordigen toestand dier Inrichting zal dus, hopen wij, niet onwelkom zijn.

Reeds in de *eerste* Synode der Ned. Geref. Kerk, in het jaar 1824 gehouden, en door slechts 12 predikanten en 10 ouderlingen bijgewoond, kwam de vraag der stichting van eene Theologische Kweekschool ter sprake. Eene Commissie werd aangesteld om een beredeneerd plan te ontwerpen en aan de vergadering voor te leggen. Dit geschiedde; doch men kon niets doen zonder de sanctie van den toenmaligen Gouverneur. Derhalve werd in de *tweede* Synode, die van 1826, besloten "aan elken Ring kopie te zenden van het plan in de Synodale vergadering van 1824 ingeleverd, opdat zij die zoo gewenschte en belangrijke zaak ernstig behartigen en geheel bereid hun plan in de eerstvolgende Synode inbrengen, opdat alsdan die zaak, noodzakelijk ter krachtdadige bevordering en vermeerdering van godsdienstkennis, in werking zou kunnen worden gebracht."

Dat plan was veelomvattend. Het "getal der Professoren" moest "niet meer zijn dan vier en niet minder dan drie." De vakken hun te worden toevertrouwd waren vele en velerlei. De Professor der *Bespiegelende Wijsbegeerte* en der *Letteren* moest onderwijs geven in:—a. de Redeneerkunde; b. Boven-natuurkunde; c. Romeinsche, Grieksche en Joodsche oudheden; d. Algemeene geschiedenis; e. Kerkelijke geschiedenis; f. Welsprekendheid; g. Grieksche, Latijnsche en Oostersche Letterkunde. De Professor der *Wis- en Natuurkundige Wetenschappen* moest voor zijne rekening nemen, a. Elementaire Wiskunde; b. Proefondervindelijke Natuurkunde; c. Wiskundige Natuurkunde; d. Natuurkundige Sterrekunde; e. Beginselen der Scheikunde, Kruidkunde en Natuurlijke Historie der Dieren en Delfstoffen. En "last but not least" moest de Professor der *Godgeleerdheid* onderwijs geven in a. Natuurlijke godgeleerdheid; b. Gronden der Bijbelsche Uitlegkunde; c. Dogmatiek; d. Christelijke Zedekunde; e. Homiletiek en Pastorale Wetenschap.

Dat de Theologie nog al stiefmoederlijk behandeld werd in deze lijst van vakken laat zich verstaan; want er bestond toen geen enkel "College" of Inrichting voor Hooger Onderwijs in het land, zoodat de aanstaande evangeliedienaren geen gelegenheid hadden

elders hunne voorbereidende opleiding te ontvangen en dus in alles van het Seminarie afhankelijk waren. Een toelatings-examen zou er wel zijn; want een onderzoek zou worden ingesteld in de "Latijnsche en de beginselen der Grieksche taal, Rekenkunde, beginselen der Wiskunde, nieuwe en oude Aardrijkskunde, nieuwe en oude Geschiedkunde, Grieksche en Latijnsche Fabelkunde." Een kabinet van natuurkundige instrumenten, een Museum, een verzameling van steensoorten en mineralen werden onmisbaar beschouwd bij het onderwijs in de natuurkundige vakken.

Elk jaar zou er eene prijsvraag worden uitgeschreven, die in het Latijn moest worden beantwoord: welke prijsvragen zoo zouden worden ingericht, dat zij binnen een bepaald getal jaren den geheelen omvang van het onderwijs zullen omvat hebben. De geheele cursus zou over zes jaren verspreid zijn.

Dit plan werd den Ringen door den Actuarius Synodi voorgelegd, doch de geestdrift was schijnbaar flauw; want op de derde Synode bleek, dat slechts de eerste of of Kaapstadsche Ring zich met de kwestie had ingelaten. En daar middelerwijl, in 1829, het "Z. Afr. College" in de Kaapstad tot stand was gekomen, waardoor het oorspronkelijk ontwerp aanmerkelijke wijziging moest ondergaan, besloot de Synode het gewijzigde plan vooreerst aan te nemen, maar achtten velen het "voor de gesteldheid des lands nuttiger en doelmatiger het geprojecteerde Seminarium zoo in te richten, dat het tevens dienen kon voor de vorming van ondergeschikte Onderwijzers in den Godsdienst ten platten lande." Verder werd besloten een subscriptie te openen, een zaak waarin de Kerkeraad van Kaapstad zich gunstig onderscheidde. Eene memorie, ondersteund door een ernstig verzoekschrift van de voornaamste leden der gereformeerde gemeente in de Kaapstad, werd ingezonden aan den Secretaris van Staat, waarin gevraagd werd om een jaarlijksche toelage van slechts £300 voor dit doel. Memorie en verzoekschrift echter oefenden weinig of geen invloed uit: fondsen waren er niet: aan de oprichting van een Seminarie viel vooreerst niet te denken.

Zoo ging de eene Synode na de andere voorbij zonder dat de zaak van "het alhier op te richten Seminarie" vordering maakte. De Regeering wilde niets doen. Enkele gemeenten echter bleven niet achter. In 1847 bleek het dat de Kaapstad voor het doel de som van £62 had bijeengebracht, en dat aan de Paarl eene inschrijving had plaats gevonden, waardoor eene som van circa £750 was toegezegd. Geen wonder dan dat de Synode van

dat jaar het besluit nam: "Dat er een Theologisch Seminarie worde opgericht, waarin ten minste door twee Hoogleraren onderwijs zal worden gegeven. Dat de Synodale Commissie met de oprichting daarvan belast worde, wier plicht het zal zijn de leeraars en kerkeraden op te wekken inschrijvingen en inzamelingen in hunne gemeenten te doen ontwikkelen, en op het noodzakelijke daarvan bij hen aantedingen, of welke andere middelen zij daartoe noodig en wenschelijk achten. Dat zoodra men daarin slaagt en de commissie ontwaart, dat men genoegzame fondsen bijeen heeft om hetzelfde te kunnen vestigen, zij gerechtigd zijn zal tot het benoemen en aanstellen van Hoogleraren."

Een belangrijk schrijven werd door de Synodale Commissie aan de Kerkeraden en leden der gemeenten gericht, de zaak ten dringendste aanbevelende. Ook wendde men zich andermaal om hulp tot de Regeering, met het verzoek, dat het honorarium van een professor uit de Staatskas mocht worden gevonden, terwijl de Synode het salaris van den tweede zou waarborgen. Dit schrijven in Augustus 1848 verzonden werd eerst in Maart 1850 beantwoord; en de gevraagde toelaag werd geweigerd. Intusschen was de kerk ontwaakt. Op de vergadering der Synodale Commissie in 1850 bleek het dat £1,675 was ontvangen voor het Fonds, en dat de gemeente van Stellenbosch het voornemen had te kennen gegeven de Drostdijgebouwen aan het Seminarie ten geschenke te geven. Hierbij bleef het niet: de geestdrift werd gaande gemaakt door de Synode van 1852. Eene kleine minderheid begon nu te woelen en trachtte op allerlei wijze de zaak te doen schipbreuk lijden. Dr. Changuion deed moeite om zelfs in Holland tegenstand in het leven te roepen. Brief volgde brief. Doch het ontbrak niet aan wakkere kampvechters voor het Seminarie. Uit Calvinia liet Ds. N. J. Hofmeyr, thans de beminde Prof. Hofmeyr—zich hooren; en uit Prins Albert kwam een niet te versmaden brief van Ds. J. H. Neethling—thans de warme Zending-, School- en Seminarie-vriend van Stellenbosch; en zelfs uit de Kaapstad weersprak de heer J. M. Brink den geleerden Doktor, op treffende en alleszins afdoende wijze. In Zuid-Afrika werd de geestdrift door genoemde correspondentie steeds grooter. En toen het bericht uit Holland kwam dat Dr. Beets en Dr. van den Ham, die door de Synode tot Hoogleeraars waren beroepen, de benoeming zich niet hadden laten welgevallen, liet men zich niet ontmoedigen. De Synode van 1857 mag wel als historisch worden beschouwd. Voorstel op voorstel kwam ter tafel. De

Kerkeraden van Swellendam en Calvinia hadden een beschrijvingspunt ingezonden: "de Theologische Kweekschool trede zonder langer uitstel in werking." De Predikanten van Graaff-Reinet en Swellendam, beiden nu "rustende van hunnen arbeid," — Di. A. Murray Sr. en W. Robertson, — wilden dat de Synodale Commissie, staande de Vergadering, twee Hoogleraren zou benoemen. Dr. Changuion betoogde, (1) dat de Theologische Kweekschool niet noodzakelijk was, (2) dat de poging om dezelve in deze volkplanting op te richten en in stand te houden, waarschiijnlijk mislukken zou, (2) dat het bestaan daarvan in deze Kolonie voor de Nederduitsch Gereformeerde Kerk niet weldadig, maar veeleer schadelijk zijn zou. Ook gaf hij zijn vrees te kennen, dat zoodanig eene inrichting tot verval van den leeraarsstand en tot scheuring in de Kerk aanleiding zou geven. Doch de Predikant van Calvinia, meerge-noemde Ds. N. J. Hofmeyr, kwam aan het woord, en wederlegde de bezwaren van den geleerde nit de Kaapstad. De Predikant van de Paarl—Ds. van der Lingen—was voor de oprichting van het Seminarie en de aanstelling van Hoogleraren, maar wilde, "dat het voorstel van den Predikant van Graaff-Reinet worde aangenomen onder bepaling dat er waarborg zal worden gegeven, *dat het Nederduitsch bij de Kweekschool zal in stand gehouden worden, niet alleen door de officieele handelingen der Professoren, maar ook door het Nederduitsch spreken in hunne huisgezin-nen en op de studenten Collegieën.*" Die emendatie werd echter verworpen; terwijl het voorstel van Dr. Changuion nog minder bijval vond, en het oorspronkelijk voorstel van den Predikant van Graaff-Reinet met 49 tegen 29 stemmen werd aangenomen.

Aan de Synodale Commissie werd toen opgedragen de Professoren aantestellen. Dit deed zij en benoemde Di. G. W. A. van der Lingen en John Murray. Toen eerstgenoemde bedankte, werd in zijne plaats beroepen Ds. N. J. Hofmeyr, die zich de keuze liet welgevallen.

Zoo kwam het, dat op den 1sten November 1859 het Seminarie te Stellenbosch werd geopend met vier studenten, t.w. de Heeren E. Z. J. de Beer, C. S. Morgan, W. Robertson en W. P. Rousseau. Groot was de feestvreugde. Meer dan 1,300 menschen waren in de kerk aanwezig om de feestrede aan te hooren. Eene schare van 800 verdrong zich buiten de kerk. Het oude Drostdijgebouw was met bloemkransen versierd, en "bogen van groen loofwerk" zoo schrijft een geestdriftvolle ooggetuige "waren hier en daar opgericht," terwijl "het plein voor de Kweekschool in eene lustwarande" was

herschapen. Toen de deur van het Seminarie in den naam des drieënigen Gods werd geopend, stond de talrijke schare met ontbloot hoofd. Toen men binnen trad, werd het loflied aangeheven door een zangkoor, ondersteund door het muziekcorps: "Alles wat adem heeft love den Heere!" In den avond was alles verlicht. Boven de deur van het Seminarie flikkerde de spreuk: "Soli Deo Gloria!" (Gode alleen de eer).

Is het wonder dat een "feestgenoot," onder den diepen indruk van het gebeurde kon schrijven: "Velen zijn diep bewogen. Ik zelf kan mij nauwelijks bedwingen. Want in dezen stond beleven wij de verhooring van vele gebeden, die wij tot God om deze gewenschte inrichting hebben opgezonden"?

—)o(—

Het Drietal.

—:o:—

Waar de bergstroom, westwaarts hellend
Uit het schoone Jonkershoek,
In zijn vaart zich sierlijk kronkelt,
Maalstof biedt voor 's kunstnaars doek,
Waar de eiken statig prijken
In hun groenen zomerdos,
Woont het "Drietal," mij zoo dierbaar,
In het lieflijk Stellenbosch.
Voor dat "Drietal," mij zoo dierbaar,
Neem ik thans de lier weer op,
Welt een lied mij uit de ziele,
Voert de Muze mij ten top
Van Parnassus—berg der zangen—
Waar zoo dikwijls in 't verleên
Outervonken als robijnen
Rolden naar het dal beneên.
Gun mij, "Drietal" mij zoo dierbaar,
Dat ik heden 't needrig lied
Uit een dankbaar hart mij wellend
Met een dankbaar hart u bied.
Offers kan ik u niet brengen
Anders dan van dankbaarheid,
Maar, wat offer immer grooter
Dan waar *Dank* op 't altaar leit?
Grijze Vader Nikolaus
Met Johannes aan uw zij,
Pieter Gerard als de derde,
Dierbaar, "Drietal," zijt ge mij
En zoo lang mij God den adem
Op deez' aarde halen doet
Zal 't mij nimmer, *nooit* berouwen
Dat ik schoolging aan uw voet.
Steeds in mijn studenten jaren
Richttet gij mijn zwakke schreen
Door uw godsvrucht en getrouwheid
Vaderlijk naar Zion heen.
En waar heden Zions Koning
Mij Zijn schapen weiden doet,
Nu eerst voel ik recht den genen
Dien ik indronk aan uw voet.

Spare God u lang het leven,
 Hem en Zijnen dienst gewijd,
 Waar gij Samuel en Timotheus
 Tot den wijngaard toebereidt,
 Waar gij krachten en geleerdheid
 Gode op het altaar legt,
 En als Zion wordt belegerd
 Strijdt voor 's Heeren heilig recht.

Wees gezegend dierbaar Drietal,
 Steeds *ten* zegen voor de kerk,
 En wanneer gij, moe van 't strijden
 Loon ontvangt voor hemelwerk,
 Drukke God zelf op uw schedel
 Met Zijn eigen hand de kroon,
 Waar de wapens neergelegd zijn
 Aan de bruiloft van Zijn Zoon.

B.

—)o(—

Victoria College.

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A SHORT RETROSPECT.

When we think of the great and ever-increasing number of young men and maidens all over our land who have been educated at the various public schools in Stellenbosch, we can hardly realize that all these institutions have had their existence within a period of very little over thirty years. Yet such is the case.

As late as 1860, nothing was being done here for the education of our young people, if we except one or two small schools. There was one kept by an old Scotchman, which had been somewhat famous in its day, but at the time of which we write, its numbers had dwindled down to a very few.

About this time the present Minister of Stellenbosch, then at Prince Albert, where, even then, he had been doing something for the cause of education, received a call to this place; and when Professor Murray wrote that he thought there was a good opening for a school here, it was an added inducement for him to accept it. Nor was it long after he came here, that Mr. Neethling, and the two Professors of the Theological Seminary—then in its infancy—set about working and planning for the establishment of a first class public school for boys. There were many difficulties in the way, however—into which we need not enter here—which prevented their doing anything for several years. But their efforts were heartily seconded by many friends of education all over the Colony, and some of the leading men of this and the neighbouring congregations were found willing to stand security for various sums of money in aid of the school.

Gradually the way was opened, and a Board of Managers was formed, consisting of Professor Murray as President, Professor Hofmeyr, Rev. Neethling, and three of the most influential men in the village.

Their first care was to procure an efficient teacher. Mr. Neethling, as Secretary of the Board, guaranteed £300 as salary for that teacher, with considerable misgivings, but there was no trouble about getting in the money as soon as the school was fairly started. Just then, Dr. Duff happened to visit the Cape on his homeward journey from India. When he came to Stellenbosch, the Committee asked him to send them a suitable man from Scotland, stipulating only that he should be a Christian,—which they intended should be the first requisite for every teacher they should engage in future. "God will bless you for that," said the great missionary; and before long he sent out the Rev. William Braid, who proved to be, not only a Christian but also an able and competent teacher.

Before he arrived, the committee heard that the Rhenish Society were also making plans for the establishment of a "Boys' Gymnasium" here. Some of the members went and talked the matter over with the Missionaries, and succeeded in convincing them that it would be impossible for two schools of the kind to exist together in Stellenbosch. The Rhenish Brethren consequently gave up their scheme, the more so when it was promised them that ten of their missionaries' sons should always receive a free education at the new school, and the Rev. Mr. Alheit, one of their number, was engaged as a teacher of arithmetic there.

On the 1st of March, 1866, the "Stellenbosch Gymnasium" was opened with eighty-eight pupils, and Mr. Braid as its first Rector. The first building used was the one in Dorp Street,—now owned by Mr. Townsend, and still known to some of the inhabitants as the "Old Gymnasium." It was built for this purpose by Mr. J. Joubert, on his own premises, and let to the Board at a very reasonable rate.

But before many years had passed, the number of scholars had increased to such an extent, that this place became quite too small, and the "Gymnasium" had to adjourn to the old Government Buildings, still occupied by the boys' school, but which have been very much enlarged and improved since then from time to time. It is a remarkable fact that, from the very commencement, this Institution has not only been able to pay its way, but that there has never been the slightest difficulty about funds whenever any

repairs or improvements have had to be made.

Mr. Braid continued his work for three years—the term he had agreed upon, and in '69, the Rev. Charles Anderson took his place. This second Rector, too, did excellent work as a teacher during the long time he remained here, and the Institution owes much of its success to him. Under his supervision, the young men were prepared as far as the second class examination, which was equivalent to our present B.A., and, during the very next year five of the scholars succeeded in gaining certificates from the Board of Examiners by passing the Third Class, equal to Matriculation. From that time, up to the present day, students have been sent up for the public examinations every year, and many of them have been highly successful and have gained honours and distinctions—some even in the M.A. examination.

As soon as the Higher Education Act was passed in 1874, the Board took advantage of it by establishing an "Arts' Department," which afterwards developed into the "Stellenbosch College" and was incorporated, also by Act of Parliament, in 1881. During the next year, after the death of Professor Murray, his place was taken by Professor Marais, as President of the Board of Managers, or College and School Council, as it is now called.

Some time before this, even the present premises of the boys' school becoming overcrowded, it was found necessary to erect a separate building for the College Department. The Secretary resolved that this building should not only be large enough to hold an unlimited number of students but that it should also be an ornament to the place. He succeeded in collecting a large sum of money for this purpose, and also in instilling much of his enthusiasm into his own people and many friends in other parts of the Colony; and for some time the future "College" became the subject of paramount interest and importance here.

The ladies of Stellenbosch, especially, had a large share in contributing towards the Building Fund. They devised various means and took advantage of every opportunity of helping the promoters of the scheme. By holding Bazaars, by selling refreshments at the Annual Agricultural Shows, by exhibiting art and needlework, and antiquities of every kind, and in many other ingenious ways they brought together a considerable sum of money.

It was a great day when the foundation stone was laid by Sir George Strahan, the Administrator, and a greater one still when the College was finally inaugurated in 1886.

The next year, being the Queen's Jubilee, the name of "Victoria College" was given to the Institution. Her Majesty's gracious permission had, of course, been asked to this, and was granted, but if any looked for some more tangible proof of the Queen's approbation of this far-away God-child of hers, they have been disappointed thus far. Happily, however, the welfare of this Institution has not been dependent on Royal bounty or favour in high places.

It cannot be denied that this work is succeeding, and has already succeeded, far beyond the most sanguine expectations of those who began it. There is at present a competent teaching staff, consisting of fourteen—seven of these being College Professors and seven teachers of the Boys' Public School, including the Rector and Sub-Rector, and Mr. Cooke, the Teacher of the Technical School. There are also several teachers connected with the Agricultural School, which is under the supervision of Mr. Blerch. Besides these various departments, a School of Mining may be started in a short time, under the tuition of Dr. B. van der Riet, Assistant-Professor of Chemistry; and in the College students will be trained to teach the higher schools.

The prosperity of this Institution has been mainly owing, under God, to the energy and sustained interest of its Managers; to the liberality of many of its friends; to the loyalty and *esprit de corps* of its students,—past and present; and, more than all, perhaps, to the efficiency and the excellency of its staff of Professors and Teachers. We need but mention the names of a few of these last:—Professor Gordon, the first Professor—in point of time—of the College, who died here greatly regretted by all; Professor McDonald, the second; Dr. Walker, the third; Professor Thomson, who has just left us; Mr. Milne, the third and present Rector of the Boys' School, and Mr. Krige, the Sub-Rector. These, and many others, are all men who have identified themselves with the interests and welfare of the School, and whose faithful work has been much appreciated by their pupils and friends.

In concluding this brief history of the College, we venture to prophesy still greater success, and a brilliant future, in spite of any dangers that may threaten, as has sometimes happened in the past. May there ever be a steady increase in the large roll of successful Ministers, Missionaries, Doctors, Teachers, Farmers, Lawyers, and many other useful members of Society, who are grateful and proud to call themselves past students and pupils of the Stellenbosch Victoria College and School.

To Victoria College.

—:o:—

Victoria College, noble pile!
 Our bosom swells with joy
 And love beats warmly in the heart
 Of every college boy,
 When we upon thy glories think
 And note thy path of fame—
 As sweetest music to our ear
 Resounds thy dear loved name!
 We count among our number those
 Not only of to-day,
 But all who e'er increased our ranks,
 However far away.
 What tho' they from thy shade have gone,
 They are thy children still,
 And all things good they hear of thee
 Afresh their spirits thrill.
 Among thy sons are some who've strayed
 Long years in foreign land,
 But doubt not thou their patriot love,
 For to their sunny strand
 The wand'ers come, though one by one,
 Across Atlantic's foam,
 And settle down to useful lives
 And earnest work at home.
 Think not they ever can forget
 The days they tarried here!
 Think not that thou canst be forgot,
 Victoria College dear!
 Thy name it is, that like some link,
 Joins present unto past,
 For in one bond of sympathy
 Are all thy children cast!
 Ah! Alma Mater, bad indeed
 Must be that son of thine,
 Who can without the slightest pride
 Behold thy figure shine,
 Who can upon thy triumphs gaze
 With cold, indifferent eye,
 Nor feel affection true for thee
 At thought of days gone by.
 Where are the rooms so large and wide
 Where we attended class?
 Where the quadrangle in whose sun
 The winter hours we'd pass?
 Where are the glorious balconies
 Upon whose rails we leant?
 And where the three-legged desks upstairs
 O'er which we anxious bent?
 They are unchanged! Tho' we have gone
 Thou standest still the same;
 Thy figure is as grand and proud,
 As glorious still thy name
 As in the days of long ago
 When with a welcome bright
 Thou stretchedst out thy arms and badst
 Us enter in thy light

We're scattered now across the land—

Some far, far from thee roam,
 But in our hearts thou ever art
 More dear than aught but home.

Tho' summers many hurry by
 Ere we thy loved form see,
 Tho' miles a hundred lie between
 Thy elder sons and thee,

Can we *thy* influence e'er forget?

Can we forget the love
 Thou broughtest us when life was young
 And we with thee did rove?

Nay! Till our latest breath we draw,
 Oft mingling in our prayer,

Thou'lt live within our every heart
 Victoria College dear!

FILO.

—)o(—

Extract uit de sluitingsrede van
 Prof. Viljoen, gehouden 7 Juni,
 1895.

—:o:—

M. H. Studenten aan dit College! Ik kom een beroep brengen op uw welwillendheid. Laat me eens toe in dit gezellig *onder onsje* het woord hoofdzakelijk tot u te richten. Ge ziet 't is nog geen acht jaar geleden, dat ik het voorrecht had, een plaats in te nemen, waar ge thans zit, dat ik me mocht beroemen "Stellenbosscher" te zijn. Ach, "Wie herrlich, wie herrlich Student noch zu sein!"

Ja, waarom, vraag ik u, zou ik bij een feestelijke gelegenheid als deze het ontveinzen, waarom zou ik niet juist van avond "mijn beter-zelf" zijn? Nog altijd vloeit me studentenbloed door de aren, want nog altijd voel ik me thuis onder u.

Ge zijt gewoon, dat men u hier ter plaatse aan het eind van het academisch jaar toespreekt, dat men tot u over anderen spreekt. Hoe ongaarne ge wenscht, dat de wereld en, van alle dingen ter wereld, de professor over u in het openbaar spreekt, weet ik bij ervaring zelf te goed. "Wat is ons met hem?" vraagt ge u misschien, doch alleen uit vrees dat *the old boy might tell tales out of school!*

Als ik u echter met de eer, die ieder student in het lijf heeft, verzeker, dat ik niets voor of tegen u zal zeggen, evenmin ten voordeele als ten nadeele van uw persoon zal spreken, zoo zult ge 't me wel ten goede houden, dat ik bij een gelegenheid als deze, waar uw ouders, waar zooveel belangstellende vrienden, en, *last not least*, waar zooveel belangstellende vriendinnen en vriendinnetjes present zijn, eens voor de wanie, eene kleine uitzondering op den gewonen regel maak. Ik wensch namelijk alleen te

vertellen, hoe ge spreekt, althans hoe diegenen uwer spreken, die, even als mijn persoon, met Afrikaansch in den mond in de wereld zijn gekomen.

*1De Stellenbossche studenten zijn doorgaans fijne *talenkenners*, let wel, ik zeg niet *taalkundigen*, want men verwarre de polyglottie niet met de linguïstiek, noch den talenkenners met den taalkundige. Gij zijt talenkenners, want gij spreekt vele talen.

Witgebeft, witgedast, zwartgerokt en *hooggekeild* verlaat de aspirant-predikant onze eikenstad. Deze *preekt*, ik zeg niet *spreekt*, voortaan de *kanseltaal*. In gezelschap der "zwakkere vaten," als de student nog niet op zeer intiemen voet staat, bedient hij zich, natuurlijk om de mode, van de taal der mode. De meeste vrijages, men veroorlove me dit woord, worden dan ook door u in 't Engelsch aangeknoopt, maar als verliefd eens verloofd is geworden, dan, hoe kan 't anders? spreekt ge de taal van uw hart. 't Is zeer opmerkelijk, vind ik, dat ge er nu eens een taal op nahoudt *om den broode*, straks een tweede *om de mode* en eindelijk een derde *in geval van noode!* M.a.w. ge laat u, gedwee als een lam, tot op zeker hoogte althans, binden door het conventionele; voor de ontboezeming der zoetste gedachten weet ge u evenwel van geen ander taal te bedienen dan de taal van uw hart. En al is dat hart ook al gebonden, uw taal is vrij, absoluut vrij. Wilt ge een beeld? Zoo vrij als de vogel in de lucht, zoo gezellig als het kabbelen der babbelende bergbeek, zoo vriendelijk als de jeugdige plant in de eerste lente! Kort, dit is de taal van

"Twee zielen, gloeiende aan een gesmeed
Of vast geschakeld en verbonden
In lief en leed."

En schreit ge wel eens niet krokodillentranen, maar "tranen zoeter dan genuchten," of bespeurt ge bij gelegenheid in uw jeugdig gemoed een welling van "thoughts, which often lie too deep for words," of—zijt ge heel beweging, dan bevindt ge u in het rijk der emotie, dan is het niet meer verbeelding maar gevoel, heldenmoed, die u aanvuurt; dan spreekt niet meer het woord maar het *gebaar*. Ja, M.H., ook de studentenwereld is een speeltooneel; gij speelt uw rol en krijgt uw deel! Menige pantomime wordt door u ten beste gegeven: de gebalde vuist, de warme handdruk, zie daar . . . twee uitersten, de alpha en de omega van het *abc* eener taal, waarvan de philoloog, hoe geleerd hij ook al mag zijn, tot nog toe geen grammatica heeft weten te schrijven, en waarvoor de Kaapsche Universiteit, hoe examenrijk ook overigens, nog

geen examens heeft uitgeschreven! Dit is de taal, die oog noch stem, maar hand en hart behoeft. "Want," zegt ons Bilderdijk,

"Wanneer ge uw hand mij biedt,
'k Gevoel uw ziel daarin; 't onmachtig lichaam niet:
Uw vriendschap spreekt door haar."

Alle goede dingen bestaan in drie! Mag ik u doen opmerken, dat dit spreekwoord voor wijziging vatbaar is. Want behalve de reeds genoemde talen, dient nog gelet te worden op een vierde taal, die in uw mond leeft. 't Is een uit zekere overeenkomst geboren, een afgesproken taal, een taal bij convenientie. Trouwens, het is een bekend feit, dat er niet twee mensen, laat staan klassen van mensen op aarde gevonden worden, die volmaakt dezelfde taal spreken. Iedere stand heeft zijn eigenaardige uitdrukkingen. spreekwoorden en gezegden, zijn eigen woordenschat en woordengebruik, zijn eigen afwijkingen, van wat algemeen gangbaar en geldig is, kort, zijn eigen taal. Absolute taaleenheid bestaat evenmin als absolute onderscheiding. Alles wat de deelen van een geheel verbindt of het onderling verkeer beperkt, dient natuurlijk om de taaleenheid binnen zeker grenzen te stijven. De inhoud van zoo 'n taal kan steeds in overeenstemming worden gebracht met den geestelijken bloei en de zedelijke welvaart van het volk of van het deel van het volk, dat zoo 'n taal gemaakt heeft tot wat ze feitelijk is. Kort, "de taal is gansch het volk!"

Zoo uw taal; uw taal is u; ze is het uitgedrukte beeld uwer zelfstandigheid. Zijt ge studenten in den echten zin van het woord, uw taal is de studententaal bij uitnemendheid. Zij toch alleen is bij machte ons, waar alle andere middelen ontbreken, zoowel omtrent het innerlijke als omtrent het uiterlijke leven en den trap van ontwikkeling van den student inlichting te verschaffen. De student, die in kennis wast en die telkens een hooger standpunt van wetenschap en beschaving inneemt, zal bij elken stap opwaarts ook den rijkdom en den adel zijner taal verhoogen. Naarmate hij verandert, verandert ook zijn taal. De verbetering, die deze ondergaat, wordt steeds gemeten door de verstandelijke ontwikkeling, die hij zelf ondergaat. Blijft hij stilstaan, of gaat hij verstandelijk en zedelijk achteruit, zijn taal volgt hem op het spoor als een schaduw, waarvoor hij, niet ten onrechte, bang is. De academie verlaat hij in het volle bezit van een getuigschrift van geestelijke armoede; met het hoofd gevuld met alles en nog wat, dat niet deugt, gaat hij de wereld binnen en voelt zich in den eersten den besten kring lang

niet op zijn gemak. Zijn tong, alleen gewoon aan *slang*, is hem gebonden. Hier een *pop droog te sit* of *iemand slech te sé*, kan hij niet goed. En, o wee! als ge weet, dat deze zijne lievelingswoorden zijn, zoo is de hoedanigheid van zijn keurigen woordenschat u niet langer onbekend. Zijn moedertaal heeft meneer de student op college zò perfect onder de knie gekregen, dat ze hem nu onder den voet ligt en hij haar—vertrapt! Vernederend schouwspel! Uit valsche schaamte over zijn natuurlijke tongval, bedient hij zich, niet zelden op averechtsche wijs, van eene vreemde taal. Bedroevend schouwspel!

Hoe is het u te moede? Heeft de algemeene ontwikkeling waarover we ons te recht verheugen, waarvan we heden levende getuigen zijn, op uw taal een heilzamen invloed uitgeoefend? Laten we haar eens een weinig meer van nabij beschouwen. We zullen haar op die wijze beter leeren kennen; vuriger leeren liefhebben, geloof ik niet. We kunnen ons tevens van de gelegenheid bedienen, den naam te bepalen, welke aan uw taal toekomt. Ze is . . . *waar*, want ze leidt tot de kennis der *waarheid*. Verder is ze . . . *een onding, een wangedrocht?* Wel zeker niet,—de wetenschap kent dat woord niet. Alles wat is, “het minste wordeken, het kleinste letterken heeft zijn weerde!” Maar, veert ge wel, waarmee ik uw taal zou willen vergelijken? Ze is een pasgeboren kind gelijk, dat nog niet ten doop is gehouden, om dat de ouders van het onschuldig wichtje nog niet doopsgeziud, neen, nog niet eens wettelijk gehuwd zijn. Ze is . . . een zeker ding, dat wel bestaat, maar dat men nog geen naam heeft weten te geven—*je ne sais quoi*, zou de Franschman kortweg zeggen.

En welken indruk zou dit ding nu wel op het oor van onze omgeving maken? Vraagt ge? Best; volgen we Huygens in den laten avondstond in het Voorhout. De nacht kent zijn mysteriën en het nachtwoud niet minder. Ginds bespiedt onze dichter een minnend paartje, beiden tot over de ooren verliefd. Dat zou het bankje kunnen getuigen, waarop ze hun lasten hadden gezet! De dichter luistert deze *late vrijertjes* af. Volgens de goede gewoonte van de zeventiende eeuw laat hij ze gewoon in hun eigen taal of dialect spreken. Het mannetje van dit paartje is vermoedelijk een *klerkje*, een *pennelikkertje*, maar het ding kan ook *soldaat* zijn, en, in dit geval, is het *zij-tje*, het lijdt geen twijfel, — *keukenprinsesje!* Het bruidje moet weg . . . morgen al . . . naar Leiden . . . of elders, en . . . luistert!

“Mijn soulas, mijn vreuchden—voetsel,
Ah! quitteert U. E. la Court?
Sult ghy eeuwich absenteren?
Wilt mijn flames obligeren
Met een expedit retour.”

“En noch een van sulcke Veeren:
Wel bizearre van humeur,
Sult ghij mij sans fin traineren,
Met ideën van faveur?
Neen revesche, neen volage
Dus en mach niet langer zijn,
Mespriseert ghy mijn servage
Aussi fayje ton desdain.”

“Dit,” zegt ons de dichter, “zijn de soete vruchten
Van de vrije Vrijdoms vreucht.”

Maar, wat zegt ge wel van de taal? “Een kluchtig mengelmoes!” Goed; en welk een allerpotsierlijkst mengelmoes vertoont de taal, die *in uw mond* leeft, ik zeg niet *in den mond van ons volk*, let wel, ook niet zooals die in geschrifte is neergelegd.

Het is werkelijk een betreurenswaardig feit, dat onder degenen, die eene degelijke burgerlijke opvoeding hebben genoten, of die op het een of ander college gestudeerd hebben, en die het een of ander hooger of lager examen achter den rug hebben, velen gevonden worden, die noch het Hollandsch, noch het Engelsch machtig zijn, maar zich bedienen van een amalgama. Velen onzer jonge sprekers en—spreeksters hebben de flauwe aardigheid, hunne gewone spreektaal met een heerleger bastaardworden en barbarismen te doorspekken. Deze taalverwarring ontstaat wel eens uit gebrek aan kennis; in de meeste gevallen echter is zij te wijten aan louter onbedachtzaamheid, pure onverschilligheid en—verregaande luiheid: *Linguistic laziness* is oorzaak van menig radicale verandering.

Ik wil niet juist zeggen, dat de ten onzent heerschende taalverbastering mij vreemd voorkomt. Trouwens, niets is gewoner onder menschen, die twee of drie talen naast hun eigen moedertaal spreken, vooral als die talen nog hooger op aan elkaar verwant zijn. Ook wil ik niet beweren, dat deze eigenaardigheid voor de taalwetenschap van alle belang ontbloomt is: Onder al de vraagstukken, waarmee zich de hedendaagsche philologie bezigt houdt, is er geen, dat meer de aandacht verdient dan de *taalmixtuur*. Niet alleen toch biedt zij den philoloog een uiterst interessant arbeidsveld aan, omdat ze onafschheidbaar verbonden is met het leven en de ontwikkeling der taal, maar ook voor den geschiedschrijver is ze steeds een belang-

rijke vraagbaak. Dit voelt ieder, die begrijpt, dat taal en volk steeds onafscheidbaar verbonden zijn. Dikwijls toch worden taalkundige kwesties opgehelderd door de geschiedenis van het volk; vele historische vraagstukken komen ten slotte neer op taalkundige feiten. Hoe zou men anders het gebruik van zoovele anglicismen in ons Kaapsch-Hollandsch, germanismen in het Nederlandsch, gallicismen in het Vlaamsch kunnen verklaren, als men niets afwist van de ligging dier landen of de verhouding dier volkeren tot het Engelsch, Duitsch of Fransch?

Wat ik wel staande houd, is wat ge allen gevoelt, dat deze taalvermenging in ons geval noodlottige gevolgen zal hebben. Gij laat meer varen dan ge wint; ge verleent aan een menigte bastaardwoorden en anglicismen het burgerrecht, terwijl ge aan uw eigen overgeërfde woorden en vormen het recht van bestaan ontzegt; intusschen kunnen deze in de meeste gevallen de gedachte even goed weergeven. Wat moet er, bid ik u, ten slotte resten van de zuiverheid en de nauwkeurigheid van uw eigen taal, waar ge op die wijze het klankstelsel, de grammatica en den woordenschat van uw moedertaal in de waagschaal stelt? Houdt een taal eens op geleden verliezen te vergoeden door iets anders te scheppen, dat de plaats van het verlorene kan vervangen, dan is dit *an und für sich* een klinkklaar bewijs, dat het volk, dat die taal spreekt, aan de tering lijdt. Knoop dit in uw oor!

Dat men woorden uit andere talen over neemt voor begrippen, waarvoor de volkstaal geen woord heeft, of voor voorwerpen, die uit den vreemde zijn ingevoerd, is te billijken. Niet oorbaar echter is de invoer van vreemde woorden ten gevolge van de heerschappij der mode, of de ijdelheid der dameswereld of de luiheid der *spes patriae*.

Dat we streven alle onnoodig geworden of kunstmatig aangebrachte onderscheidingen te nivelleren, kan ons heusch niemand kwalijk nemen. Dat ge geen gevoel meer hebt voor die heerlijke geslachtsonderscheidingen en dat ge ze uit de grammatica wenscht, dunkt me nog al heel natuurlijk.

Is het Engelsch er minder om, omdat de geslachtsonderscheiding in die taal opgehouden heeft te bestaan? Ik en geloof dat niet! Wel nu, even als de Engelschen zijn ook de Afrikaners mannen van de daad, en dat dit het geval is, blijkt uit hunne taal.

Maar wat doen wij?..... Ge vraagt me misschien, of het niet duidelijk is, dat de flauwe gewoonte, waarvan boven sprake was, het gevolg is van ons systeem van onderwijs, dat u noopt uw onderricht door middel van

een vreemd voortuig te ontvangen. Ik antwoord u, dat, volgens mijn bescheiden meening, de wetenschap hoogere bedoelingen met u heeft dan u van uw erfrok te berooven en u in een harlekijnspak te steken, al mag ik ook voor geen enkel oogenblik ontkennen, dat ge u, uit hoofde van ons leerplan, des te gereedelijker laat leiden, uwe gedachten in een mengsel van Nederlandsch en Engelsch uit te drukken.

Van deze moderne welsprekendheid heir eenige staaltjes aan te voeren, dunkt me wel de moeite waard.

(1) Student A.: "*I say, Jimmie, ga jij vanaant clear?*"

Student B.: "Ja, en kerl, ek sal baing blij wees, as jij my kan *afsien* (*to see off*), want, as jij kom, kan jij biki my *luggage* in di *carriage* help dra, of kyk, dat di *guard* mij *boxes label* en in di *van* sit, so lank as ek mij *ticket* koop."

Student A.: "All right!"

(2) Charlie: "Hê jij gehoor di *Matric. results* is uit?"

Boy: "So? Hoeveel het *gepass*?"

Charlie: "Stellenbosch het twee in di *First Class*, vyf in di *Second* en tien in di *Third*; di ander span het seker almal *gefail* in *Latin, Algebra* of in di *Aggregate*."

Boy: "Ja, mar di *Latin paper* was ook ni maklik *stijf* ni!"

(3) "*Laatste* Maandag was dar 'n baing *interesting match* on tussen ons en di *Hamiltons*. Ons *first team* het hul met 'n *try gelick*, hul *thirds* het ons *gebeat* en di *second* was 'n *drawn match*. Dit was ver jou 'n baing *close game* en di *kêrls* het *properly rof* gespeul!"

Troost u, troost u, student onze zusjes zijn in dezen geen beet beter. Wie hooren wil, die hoore:—

Sophie: "*Good morning, Maggie, gaan jij van middag ver 'n walk* or *do you intend going for a ride instead?*"

Maggie: "*No, my dear, I am awfully sorry to say, ek kan ni van middag my usual walk neem* ni, want di *nasty* ou Mrs. B. kom mos *call*, en hoe krij jij haar weg?"

Sophie: "Sê ver haar, jij is ni *at home* ni."

Maggie: "*O, by the way, hoe lijk jij Mr. N?*"

Sophie: "*O, I can't say that I particularly care* ver hom ni; hij was *last night* rechte *rude* in *company*."

Maggie: "Ek gé ok ni baing ver hom om ni."

Sophie: "Het Lizzie haar gistraant *geenjoy* op di *entertainment?*"

Maggie: "Rather. Sij sê, dit was baing *jolly*."

Sophie: "Was dit ni baing *nice van Mrs. M.* om haar te *invite* ni?"

Maggie: "Watter *dress* he-jij angehad?"

Genoeg! Ook eene taal! Hier vrees ik houdt alle gezelligheid op! Dit taaltje gaat alle verstand te boven! Het "maakt den geest des voorzaats wakker!"

A qui la faute? Aan wien de schuld? Aan ons stelsel van onderwijs? Aan uwe ouders die alles, alles, ja hun laatsten penning voor uwe opvoeding over hebben? Aan ons, aan u? Ziedaar de vraag, die ik u mee geef voor de vacantie. Denkt er eens over na en brengt of schrijft me uw antwoord. Eenigen uwer gaan het College uit en de wereld binnen, om anderen te leeren wat gij zelf geleerd hebt. De beste wenschen van uwe leermeesters vergezellen u door 's levens lange drevén. Maakt ons, bidden we u, niet te schande, maar laat anderen het u aanzien, dat gij te Stellenbosch niet alleen *mores*, maar ook eene beschaafde taal geleerd hebt. Vreest ge, dat ge uw eigen taal ontwassen zijt, kiest er u eene andere, maar spreekt die zuiver en weet u in een vreemd huis fatsoenlijker te gedragen dan aan eigen haard!

Tot u gevoel ik mij in de eerste plaats getrokken, die nog waarde hecht aan het populaire, die nog voelt, dat uw eigen taal u goed genoeg is. U die taal te helpen beschaven, veredelen, verfijnen, acht ik eene eer. Maakt u het voorgeslacht waardig en draagt aan het volgende geslacht eene taal over ongeschonden en verfijnd. Zóó hoeden we voor ondergang.

"Wat een tijd, die is heengaan, sprak,
Wat het voorgeslacht uitte als zijn klacht of
zijn groet,

"Als den zucht van zijn wee, als den zang van
zijn moed,

"Wat voor hen, op wier graf onze sprake
weerklinkt

"Eens een vorm was, die dienst deed, maar
brak."

Zóó rijst dan allengs 't gebouw, "dat den
kostbaren schat

"Ons bewaart van de schoonheen dier taal,

"Waarin vader ons leerde en waar moeder in
bad,

"Waar de zachtheid van 't lispende loover in
schuilt

En de kracht van het dreunende staal."

IK HEB GEZEGD!

De Polumnia.

—:o:—

Wij hebben ons hier niet ten doel gesteld onze lezers 't een en ander omtrent de Kweek-school mede te deelen, dit vindt men op een andere bladzij.

Wij willen slechts onze oud-studenten te kennen geven dat wij nog aan het leven zijn —en wel aan het groeien.

Van de andere debatsvereenigingen hier ter plaatse vindt men iets in dit boekje. Onze Polumnia moet niet uitgelaten worden.

Gedurende het afgeloopen Academisch jaar, hadden wij geregeld, des Donderdags avonds, onze bijeenkomsten—wij zeggen geregeld—dit wil niet zeggen dat wij van de oude gewoonten geweken zijn nl, om lotten op dien avond te houden. Zoo dikwijls er een vizors van de kandidaten of tweede jaar studenten inkwam, was de vergadering altijd gereed geen bijeenkomst op zulk eenen avond te houden of haar wat vroeg te verdagen.

Wij zeiden zoo even dat de Polumnia aan 't groeien is—wat het getal leden aangaat —heeft zij zeker veel gegroeid gedurende het afgeloopen jaar, wij meenen dat daar ook meer belangstelling in haar betoond wordt.

Daar er slechts twee kandidaten in de Kweekschool waren gedurende de laatste twaalf maanden was elk een hunner natuurlijk Primus van de Polumnia, een voor de eerste zes, en de ander voor de laatste zes maanden.

Bij onze eerste vergadering na de lange vacantie, Sept.—Nov. 1894, werd de heer H. Geyer tot Voorzitter van de Hollandsche Polumnia gekozen, terwijl de heer Jno. Murray gekozen werd tot Voorzitter van de Engelsche Polumnia. Na de eerste zes maanden werd de toestand van zaken natuurlijk veranderd, daar er slechts die twee kandidaten waren.

Het is niet noodig de namen van al de ambtenaren hier te geven, genoeg zij het te zeggen, dat wij geregeld onze oraties, improvisaties, lezingen, recitaties en discussies hadden.

De Polumnia telde gedurende het jaar 1894-1895 slechts vijf en twintig leden, nu, na de aankomst van de vijftien jonge broeders, telt zij acht en dertig: dat zij moge bloeien gedurende het pas begonnen jaar is de ernstige wensch van den schrijver.

Rhenish Institute.

We have been requested to furnish a statistical report of the above school—the oldest in Stellenbosch now extant. It dates from the year 1860 and is therefore now 35 years of age.

Since our school year ends with December the numbers quoted on the school roll, etc., are for 1894, our last complete year. They are as follows:—

Number on the school roll during the	
year	161
Boarders (exclusive of Teaching Staff) ...	60
Cooking School	14
Infant Department	41

Statistics are proverbially dry; but as the reason assigned for the need of these is that they will interest friends of the school, we make no apology for quoting the examination results for the last four years at length. Acting on the pleasant supposition that those who are interested at all, will be very much interested.

1892.

SCHOOL ELEMENTARY.

11 entered, 11 passed, 8 with honours.

SCHOOL HIGHER.

5 entered, 5 passed, 3 with honours.

MATRICULATION.

1 entered, 1 passed, 1 with honours.

ELEMENTARY TEACHERS.

2 entered, 2 passed.

1893.

SCHOOL ELEMENTARY.

14 entered, 13 passed, 4 with honours.

SCHOOL HIGHER.

10 entered, 8 passed, 2 with honours.

MATRICULATION.

2 entered, 2 passed, 1 with honours.

The last mentioned obtained the History Prize, and a free scholarship which enabled her to continue her studies at the South African College.

MIDDLE CLASS TEACHERS.

2 entered, 2 passed.

ELEMENTARY TEACHERS.

2 first grade, 7 second grade.

1894.

SCHOOL ELEMENTARY.

12 entered, 12 passed, 9 with honours.

SCHOOL HIGHER.

8 entered, 7 passed, 1 with honours.

MATRICULATION.

1 entered, 1 passed.

PUPIL TEACHERS.

For 1st and 2nd year, 6 passed.

MUSIC EXAMINATION.

Harmony higher division, 3 passed.

Piano higher division, 3 passed.

TAALBOND EXAMEN.

8 deelgenomen, 8 geslaagd.

1895.

SCHOOL ELEMENTARY.

19 entered, 12 passed, 5 with honours.

SCHOOL HIGHER.

10 entered, 4 passed.

MATRICULATION.

4 entered, 3 passed, 1 with honours.

TAALBOND EXAMEN.

Hooger Afdeling.

3 deelgenomen, 3 geslaagd, 1 met lof.

Lager Afdeling.

8 deelgenomen, 8 geslaagd, 7 met lof.

It is worthy of mention, as this year has been one of unprecedented misfortune in the matter of examination results, that the years 1890, 1891, and 1892 were utterly unsullied by any record of failure.

—(o)—

Bloemhof.

“Bloemhof” has been assigned to me as my text, but in case any reader does not know what volumes may lie in this word, let me say that “Bloemhof” is a first class public school for girls, and has been established for upwards of twenty years.

Girls of all ages from three to thirty-five have passed through its portals for education.

The School is divided into lower, middle and upper departments. The lower or preparatory school includes the Kinder-Garten classes and Standards I. and II. Work in this department, perhaps more than in any other, demands from a teacher patience, method, management, energy, and an ever ready sympathy; but there is often a large amount of amusement to be extracted from the small pieces of humanity that come under her care. They make quaint and irrelevant remarks, and show irrepressible desires to practice gymnastics at wrong moments; the

antics sometimes being forcible reminders of Darwinian ancestors. It is a little surprising when one expects to see a child, to observe only a pair of legs, and then to find the owner thereof grovelling under a form. The frank way in which these small children criticise moral characteristics, defects, physical or otherwise of their teachers is rather entertaining. One day after a small boy had been reprov'd, he looked long and earnestly up into the teacher's face, and when asked why he gazed thus replied:—

“Because you are so ugly.”

The middle and upper school includes all classes from Standard III. to the Matriculation, and there is also a department for the training of pupil-teachers.

Besides the usual Language and Mathematical subjects, Zoology, Botany, Physiology and Hygiene are taught. The practical work in these subjects affords much interest and pleasure to the pupils, and it is amusing to see the excitement produced by the dissection of a frog or a worm, though it is not comforting to hear of the escape of any of the aforementioned, and to feel that they have the run of the apartments of the house. We are still expecting to have the episode of the mistletoe bough repeated within the walls of Bloemhof, and thus may one day come across the skeleton of one of our captured live-stock. If any Stellenbosch friends observe a Bloemhoffer digging about on the “Flats,” they may suppose she is bent on scientific research for vegetable or animal treasures, to be carried home for further investigation. Chameleons seem to have an affinity for some of the members of lower standard classes, for occasionally one is discovered careering about a class-room after a recess time!

But of course as a teacher is always anxious to foster what may be a budding interest in Natural Science—however dubious be its form of manifestation—these little visitors are either cordially welcomed or quietly ignored.

It is a pleasure to visit the dressmaking class, and to see so many being initiated into the mysteries of the cutting out and making of dresses, some of which when completed would compare very favourably with those turned out by professional dressmakers.

Last year fifty garments were made in the needlework classes, for distribution in the mission field; the funds being supplied from the Bloemhof Missionary Society.

A peep into the Studio would often be a revelation of “striving after the beautiful”; the struggles of would-be artists over still life studies such as flowers, fruits, sea-shells or stuffed owls, are interesting if not anything

else. And judging from the black-board productions of members in the teachers' class we will hope that their future pupils will find their teaching very interesting owing to the profuse way in which the lessons are illustrated.

One of the most novel of our art classes is that for Pyrography, or poker-work, in which the members learn wood etching, so that they may be able to ornament useful articles for their homes, such as:—Tables, chairs, brackets, photograph frames, etc. Any visitor wishing to inspect the work will be very welcome any Tuesday afternoon about 4 o'clock.

I think I may, without any boasting, speak of the good name our Bloemhof School has all over the Colony for its musical education. The facility with which the girls can read the tonic-sol-fa notation is somewhat astonishing to visitors.

We are very proud of our library, which would compare very favourably with those of most of our English schools.

We often hear of old Bloemhof girls filling posts of usefulness and honour in the Colony and elsewhere; and to all such we send hearty wishes for future success, whether as teachers, missionaries, wives or mothers, and we trust that the succeeding generations of girls who leave the school may add to the honour and success of their Alma Mater.

“FILIIUS VOLUNTATIS.”

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V. C. Debating Society.

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS, 1895.

GENTLEMEN, FELLOW-MEMBERS OF THE V.C.D.S.,—

Twenty-six pages of our Society's history have been written, and we have the 27th placed before us this evening. Various Captains have steered this boat of ours through twenty-six years of her existence, and all honour to them who have kept her afloat in stormy seas of which we can form no conception. We have found her drifting along on very calm waters, and we need to bear that in mind, as we boast of being freed from revolutions, stormy periods, Reform Bills, and such like monsters which 1879 witnessed. There is a light and a dark side to all struggling. For then it is that dormant spirits are roused to action, and develop to manliness. But it is better for us perhaps to see only the dark side of struggling and to be thankful that we have been spared the experience.

It is our privilege, then, to begin this year under very favourable circumstances. Before proceeding, however, Rule 11 of our constitution demands the presidential address, which I am privileged to give this evening. I deem it a privilege for various reasons: The past year has been so extremely enjoyable that one gladly takes a retrospect, however brief. Your support has been so cordial that I cannot repress the desire of telling it you. Our success has been so marked that all our fears for the future have been put to shame. The old truth has been brought home again, that men always rise to the occasion as opportunity offers. This was the case last year, and it will be the case always, as long as conscientious members fill our ranks.

Our object this evening will not be, exclusively, to review the past from step to step; for that will mean traversing pretty much the same grounds as in bygone years. By no means, however, do we intend passing by in silence some of the chief phases of our Society-life, be it but a glimpse at our *Entertainment*, *Excursion* and *Convivial*, for they seem to be the culminating points of the year's labours.

The *Entertainment* gave proof of hearty co-operation. Judging from the criticism, both friendly as otherwise, we may, with all modesty, claim to have scored a point; and the fact that "Hamlet" was successfully acted deserves to be preserved in our archives. When the decision fell on Shakespeare, and on that play of Shakespeare, more than one thought it was a venture. Well, it was a venture, and a successful one.

February will not soon be forgotten by us. The foot of Papegaisberg will have many a story to tell in after days when old age shall have crept in upon us. *Excursion* will be enough to make a whole act rise before us of the little drama played at Stellenbosch. What can an uninitiated imagine of our annual outing, and what does it not bring before our mind's eye!

Likewise the *Convivial*, peculiar in its enjoyment, will be looked back to with mingled feelings. Moments when one has to sever ties of friendship; moments when men who have worked together for years appear for the last time as active members, are never pleasant. But we feel proud to think that some are sent also from our body, who take no mean part in the making of our history. At the bright prospect of the future all sentimentality dies away; yes, even the examination fiend staring us in the face, seems to have lost his grip for the evening.

Passing from the culminating points, as we have called them,—for the fruits of the year's labours are not wanting in graceful motion, ready speech, and effective recitations at these gatherings,—passing from these, we would ponder the working of the ordinary meetings, and more especially *Journalism* and *Debate*.

We place *Journalism* first, because generally more stress is laid on Debates. Well, it is a Debating Society, thus it is no wonder; but we maintain that *Journalism* is an equally important factor in our practical development.

Our object is not to depict the merits or demerits of our journal. For there will, undoubtedly, be a diversion of opinion. The man who has to undergo the cutting criticism of our keen censors, of which there are not a few, would be inclined to find the journal a mere stronghold for the enemy, a means for fostering the spirit of cavilling. This opinion will change entirely, when we have come to value the good of being told the truth. We come from our own village or town with numerous ideas about ourselves and our abilities, only to find, to our disappointment often, that there are other men who know equally much, and a good deal more; and worst of all, we are made to feel this through the medium of our journal. Like all medicine this is unpleasant and painful sometimes; but it is wholesome. What one does not know, you have to be taught; and if you have never had a good look at yourself, the sooner you are brought to do it, the better.

There are, unfortunately, some men who will do nothing but find fault. May their number be small, if there are any in our Society! What is there in the world with which one cannot find fault? What is there that you cannot present in a ludicrous light? If that should be the predominant spirit of our contributors, we miss the aim of our Journal. Instead of its being a training school for accuracy of thought, neatness of expression and richness of diction, it becomes a mere cavern from which the darts of the enemy, hidden behind the ramparts of a pseudonym, are hurled on the victim. This venomous outbursting does not edify the writer nor any one else. 'Tis a mere bubbling over without much thought. May the day be far off that our Journal should degenerate into that. A pity only that traces of this spirit are not entirely defaced from our pages. Gladly do we see censure pronounced where it is necessary. Yes, and all irregularity severely denounced; but above all our endeavour should be to better ourselves by what we write.

When flaws are exposed in our garment, Gentlemen, it means nothing short of honesty. It is good for us to look our defects in the face and to break friendship with them. Do you detest bickering? Very well, then don't imitate it. There is a nobler end to put our Journal to, and that is what we mean to emphasize. Here a field opens for our development which we have not learnt to value sufficiently yet.

Our contributions have undoubtedly, of late, attained to a fair state of pre-eminence, but we are far from having reached the zenith of perfection.

Have we all valued the advantage of writing? Writing for our paper, or for any of the public papers? If we succeed in making the members feel the enormous difference between hearing a fluent speaker, or reading an eloquent speech, and writing it ourselves, we will have spoken to some purpose. To read an eloquent speech is one thing, but to sit down and put one's thoughts on paper in neat form is altogether another. And application is the only means of attaining to it.

We have dwelt upon this point at length because it is generally passed over with a few remarks. The other, "Debate," is so self-evident, and has so frequently been brought before us, that very little need be said about it. And furthermore, we all know by experience what an ordeal our maiden-speech was, and how that dread for our own voice died away.

A new element introduced a few years ago has undoubtedly been the means of fostering freedom of speech. For more liberty is allowed in our Parliamentary meetings than in our Debates. And when an unguarded remark escapes the opposition, and the ministry, supported by the house, demand an apology from a recalcitrant opponent, such a spirit of excitement is evoked that eleven o'clock finds two or three of the younger members on their feet at the same time. This is what we want. Men having an opinion, and the courage to speak it out. And this is the place where that trait of character is developed.

Thus we are stepping into the new year with a fruitful past and an unknown future; but shoulder to shoulder all difficulties will be lifted out of the way, and success will be our reward. May the desire of each member ever be that

Floreat Nostra Societas.

The V. C. Debating Society.

AT ITS WEEKLY MEETINGS.

Prof. Macdonald's class-room still remains the favourite resort for Saturday evenings. The place where all class-distinction falls away. And a happy place it is where all irksome formalities can be shaken off awhile!

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Old members who have fought hard for the change of program will be glad to learn that a Debate and Journal alternately are working well. Protracted meetings are exceptions now. If there are any, well, then they have a sufficient cause.

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An apology is no easy matter at any time, except at the beginning of a speech. Thus when the ministry, in our Parliamentary meeting, feels a little shaky and can happily turn the tables upon the opposition, demanding an apology for an unguarded remark; why, time is of secondary importance then. The question is: shall the apology be made or not?

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These are moments when bursts of eloquence are heard from corners where silence is wont to reign. Even after the hammer has fallen, the street-corners witness the enthusiasts, as the clock approaches 12. "Ought the Speaker, when he twigs the position of the meeting, to have brought the procedure to a close in the heat of the discussion?" is the point at issue.

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Could the Speaker have done anything else? is another question. When the temperature of the meeting rises moment by moment, and the time runs on, boiling point is not long in coming. The proceedings must be brought to a close. Even if speakers rise on all sides, one more anxious to be heard than the other,

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Besides being the means of keeping the chief phases of political life before us; our Parliamentary meetings are an unailing remedy for want of confidence and excessive nervousness. Who is concerned about his nerves if he wants his point carried? The poor desks need more consideration as fist after fist falls mercilessly on them.

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The *Debates* are by no means neglected. It is no unusual thing to see the hall fairly crowded, if not with eloquent orators, why not with our future political leaders?

We have no inclination to show the seamy side of our members, otherwise we would emphasize the necessity of thorough preparation of the debates. Debating does not consist mainly in refutation of arguments. An independent fact clearly stated, and resting on solid ground, has more weight than half-a-dozen attempts at presenting the opponents' arguments ludicrous.

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Extemporizations, introduced with the change of program, are a fair test of the standard to which our speakers have attained. Subjects like "Elocution," "The Cape Consolidated Company," "Verplichtend onderwijs" treated in a lucid, attractive style, after a very short notice, speak for themselves.

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The pulse of the Society is beating fairly regular. The negligent are by no means passed by in silence when our Journal appears. It is a healthy sign if the great majority are prepared to pronounce their indignation at any wilful oversight or irregularity.

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Mr. Chairman and gentlemen: "I am very sorry, but I did not see my name on the Syllabus"; or "I must plead guilty; but I thought there would be no meeting," and such like perorations! have to undergo a rather unpleasant experience. When they are met with a proposal, supported by the meeting, to the effect that only a written apology be accepted, the culprits look a little surprised, and no wonder. The absent members must get an idea, more than the minutes will give them, as to how such behaviour was received. If a man has a duty to fulfil the next best thing is to do it.

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The Union Debating Society,
1894-95

"NIL MORTALIBUS ARDUUM EST."

OFFICE-BEARERS.

- President*: E. T. F. Malan, B.A.
- Vice-President*: C. H. Murray.
- Secretary*: D. F. Malan, B.A.
- Vice-Secretary*: C. A. Neethling, B.A.
- Treasurer*: D. Mostert.
- Archive Keeper*: J. D. Krige.
- Committee Members*: M. Daneel, B.A., G. Rudman.
- Journalists*: H. Gonin, B.A.; C. Nel; J. Radloff; G. Rudman; A. Rowan, B.A.

The above members, with the exception of the Journalists, form the "Managing Committee." They are entrusted with the framing of the programme for the evening, the right of decision as to the number of meetings, the power of accepting members or striking off any name from the Society's roll, and with the arrangement of the details of any extra event such as the "Entertainment" or the "Excursion." Office-bearers are elected annually, and are directly responsible to the Society. The number of members now (July) on the roll is 63. These may be classified as follows:—

Theological students	8
Victoria College students	45
Gymnasium boys	2
Past students and other young men	8

or arranging them according to University Degrees, the members may be divided into the following groups:—

M.A.	1
B.A.	11
Matriculation	35
Below Matriculation	16

The intellectual position and line of development may be judged from some of the Debates discussed and the results of the voting. The majority of members approved of the following measures:—

- (1) A compulsory Scab Act; (2) Treks are justified by the internal state of the Colony.
- (3) Compulsory Education. (4) Immigration to be under control of Government.

And disapproved of the following:—

- (1) The Taalbond; (2) The appointment of Teachers as Examiners; (3) The Rhodes Cabinet; (4) The House of Lords; (5) the buying up of farms in Western Province by English Company; (6) The appointment of Sir Hercules Robinson as Governor and High Commissioner.

During the year the usual routine of work and amusement was gone through. In November, Sidney Grundy's farce "A Pair of Spectacles" was rendered to a large audience in the College Hall. To all appearances our friends seemed satisfied with the evening's entertainment. The excursion to "Platteklip" came off in February. The parading of the streets in "Fancy Costumes" and the now classical "Watermelon Fight" were kept up in grand style. The "Open Meeting" in April was a brilliant success. The debating power of the Society has probably never appeared to such distinct advantage. The discussion was about the "Advisability of encouraging the operations of the English Company which had then begun

buying up farms in the Western Province." By a large majority the members disapproved of the action of the farmers in selling their properties.

Just before the University Examinations the Society bade "Farewell" to its departing members, at a "Convivial" meeting held in the "Union" hall. The programme included several musical items among which the Quartette "On the Swaney River" was most excellently rendered by Messrs. Rowan, McGregor, Rudman and C. Heese. With the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" with crossed hands we bade a last adieu to the scene of so many happy recollections.

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The Annual Athletic Sports.

The Victorian Athletic Club celebrated their usual sports this year on the 16th November, rather later than usual. But the competitors, despite the somewhat summery temperature early in the afternoon, showed no lack of zest, and the lists of entries have never been better filled. The palm, in the shape of the "Victor Ludorum" Cup, was borne off by Peter de Vos, 21 points, closely run by H. van Broekhuizen, 20 points and both were applauded to the echo by the many spectators who gathered in a truly picturesque group round Mrs. Macdonald and the representatives of the Bloemhof and Rhenish at the distribution of prizes. The scene was certainly a beautiful one, and the grounds of the Theological Seminary would be hard to beat anywhere for this the crowning ceremony; but as a racing field it is far too cramped, so that all Victorians look forward with eagerness to the time when our young athletes will prove their mettle on the broad and well-laid tracks of the projected Athletic Field.

The following particulars regarding the different events will be of interest:—

1. Throwing the cricket ball: 1. C. K. Jooste, 96 yards; 2, J. du Toit.
2. Place Kick for Goal: 1, P. J. de Waal; 2, H. Baumann.
3. Mile Bicycle Race: 1, W. Krige; 2, J. P. Roux.
4. 100 yards Flat Race: 1, H. van Broekhuizen; 2, C. Gonin; 3, H. Gonin.
5. 100 yards Flat Race (boys under 15): 1, J. Beyers; 2, K. Rood.
6. Long Jump: 1, H. van Broekhuizen (18 ft. 6 in.); 2, G. Rudman.
7. Menagerie Race: 1, A Lizard; 2, A Tortoise.

8. High Jump: 1, A. Hofmeyr (5 ft. 4 in.); 2, G. Rudman.

9. Three-legged Race: 1, Louw and de Wet; 2, Brothers de Vos.

10. Putting the Stone (16 pounds): 1, P. A. Bergh (31 ft. 8 in.); 2, P. Myburgh.

11. 220 yards Flat Race: 1, D. Morkel; 2, C. Gonin; 3, E. Versfeld.

12. 220 yards Flat Race (boys under 15): 1, J. Beyers; 2, K. Rood.

13. Volunteer Race, 220 yards: 1, Sergeant J. Raubenheimer; 2, E. Versfeld.

14. 100 yards Flat Race, (boys under 12): 1, P. Kirsten; 2, W. de Vos.

15. Mile Race, open to colleges and schools: 1, P. Peter de Vos, 4 min. 50 sec.; 2, M. Louw; 3, J. P. de Waal.

16. Tilting at the Ring: M. Louw and M. Krige, equal.

17. Hop, Step and Jump: 1, G. Rudman; 2, H. van Broekhuizen.

18. 440 yards Flat Race, open to colleges and schools: 1, Peter de Vos; 2, P. Myburgh; 3, F. Retief (S. A. College) and E. Versfeld, equal.

19. Hurdle Race: 1, S. Krige; 2, M. Daneel; 3, H. van Broekhuizen.

20. Mile Walking Race: 1, Philip A. de Vos; 2, D. J. Kloppers.

21. Obstacle Race: 1, D. Morkel; 2, J. H. de Wet; 3, J. Raubenheimer

22. Consolation Race: 1, J. Neethling; 2, H. J. van der Spuy.

23. Tug-of-War, open, seven-a-side: Country beat College.

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Cricket Season, 1894-95. V.C.C.

Compared with the three foregoing seasons this last cricket season may be styled most successful. Last season especially was a most disastrous one to us, every 1st team match ending in defeat. This season, however, out of the eight matches that were played four were won, three lost, and one ended in a draw in our favour. Considering the difficulties with which cricketers have to contend here, this ought to be considered very satisfactory indeed. Owing to the ground being so far distant, and the summer afternoons generally so intensely hot, it is extremely difficult to get anything like a good practice. May the new athletic field soon be a reality! As yet it assumes the appearance of a mirage. However, the young fellows of Stellenbosch are at last doing something for this field. At the beginning of the year the Cricket Club with the generous aid of the ladies of this place raised a goodly sum for this purpose,

by selling refreshments at the Agricultural Show. Now, it is whispered about that the two Debating Societies are working together for the purpose of giving a grand Musical and Dramatic Entertainment in aid of the funds of this field. Further—a Flower Show is to be held for this purpose. Bravo! Go ahead, you fellows!!

But we have been led to wander from our subject. During the past season the Club had three pitches made on the College Square, with the result that more men practised and the team was better able to cope with its strong adversaries.

In all, eight matches were played, as has been said. These were against Western Province C.C. (lost), two against Capetown C.C. (one lost and one a draw), one each against S.A. College (won), Diocesan College (lost), Gardens C.C. (won), Landsdowne (won), and Wellington (won).

The first match of the season had unfortunately to be played during the long vacation of the Theological Seminary, so some of the best men were not present. Not to cancel so important a fixture, the best team that could be raised under the circumstances was sent in to meet the Western Province C. team at Newlands. As was expected, the Stellenbosch team came back thoroughly beaten. To prevent this happening again, arrangements have been made to fix the date of this match somewhat later in the season.

Two matches were played against the Capetown C.C., one in Town and the other here. The first ended in a draw in favour of the Stellenbosch team. Had it not commenced to rain, it would in all probability have scored a victory against that redoubtable Capetown team. The success of the game was mainly due to the good play of J. M. and S. A. Hofmeyr, both being "not out" with 41 and 25 runs respectively to their credit.

	SCORES: 1st INN.	2ND INN.
Capetown	185	—
Stellenbosch	93 for 3 wkts.	—

Result: Draw in favour of Stellenbosch.

The 2nd match against this Club was played on the Stellenbosch ground, and resulted in a win for the visitors by 13 runs—a very narrow margin. It was an intensely exciting match. The visitors, on the one hand, were determined not to be beaten, the local men on the other were equally determined to gain the day. Both scores of the Capetown team were, comparatively speaking, small, owing to the excellent way in which their opponents fielded. The Captain, J. M. Hofmeyr, especially was repeatedly applauded for his brilliant fielding.

	SCORES: 1st INN.	2ND INN.
Capetown C. C.	85	142
Stellenbosch	72	63 for 2 wkts.

Result: Win for Capetown C.C. on 1st Innings by 13 runs.

The rivalry between the three Colleges, Diocesan College, South African College, and Victoria College, in sport as otherwise, has always been keen, so that naturally the matches between them excite more interest than usual. The South African College was the first to measure arms with us last season, but contrary to expectation was defeated with comparative ease.

	SCORES: 1st INN.	2ND INN.
S. A. College	91	45
Victoria College	130	10 for no wkts.

Result: Win for Victoria College by 10 wickets and 4 runs.

The meeting of the Diocesan College and Victoria College was a most disastrous one to the latter. It was most disappointing to see a team that had up to this held its own successfully against stronger adversaries, fall to pieces so utterly. The Diocesan College scored heavily while the Victoria College scored very little. The only men who made any stand at all on our side were Baumann and C. D. Murray. The latter played long and steadily for his 11. The former's innings—38 not out—was an exhibition of very good, sound cricket.

	SCORES: 1st IN.	2ND IN.
Dioc. C.	278	—
Vict. C.	68	56 for 3 wkts.

Result: Win for Dioc. C. by 219 runs.

The next fixture on our card was one against the Wellington C.C. to be played at that place. The only feature in this game worthy of mention is the fast scoring that was done by our team in their 2nd innings. The Captain declared the innings closed when only 4 wkts. had fallen.

	SCORES: 1st IN.	2ND IN.
Stellenbosch	109	156 for 4 wkts.
Wellington	98	104.

Result: Win for Stellenbosch by 63 runs.

The week following this match the Gardens C.C. paid us a visit. Somehow or other the visitors did not seem at all at home on our field. The consequence was that they had to bear a rather severe defeat.

	SCORES: 1st IN.	2ND IN.
Gardens C.C.	95	39
Stellenbosch C.C.	188	—

Result: Win for Stellenbosch by an innings and 54 runs.

The feature of this game certainly was A. Rowan's bowling. During the Gardens 2nd

innings he took no less than 8 wkts. for only 4 runs.

The last match of the season was played here against the Landsdowne C.C. Although it was played rather late in the season and some of our men were wanting, yet our team was able to score a signal victory.

Worthy of mention here is C. D. Murray's bowling. During the whole game he was almost unplayable, taking 7 wkts. for 26 and 8 wkts. for 28 runs in the 1st and 2nd innings respectively. In this game too a most promising young cricketer "came out," — Scheepers. He really won the game by the dashing yet safe game he played in the 2nd innings. Going in first he scored rapidly until time was called, when he retired with a score of 74 runs (not out).

	SCORES : 1ST IN.	2ND IN.
Landsdowne	69	55
Stellenbosch	19	110

for 3 wkts.

Result : Win for Stellenbosch by 7 wkts. and 5 runs.

During the course of the season the Club gave a most successful concert in aid of its funds. One of the items on the programme was the presentation of bats. Prof. Dale, chairman of the Victorian Athletic Club, performed this part by awarding the bat for the best batting average to the Captain, Mr. J. M. Hofmeyr. Average 24. To Mr. C. D. Murray was awarded the bat for having the best bowling average. He took 44 wkts for 344 runs, giving an average of 7.8 runs per wkt. A. Rowan got the bat for best all round man, These bats were presented one by Dr. F. Murray of Durbanville and two by Dr. Weber of Porterville. These gentlemen may rest assured that this interest in our Club is highly appreciated.

Unfortunately two or three of our best men have left us. Who will take their place is as yet unknown. "May we get as good, if not better men" is the earnest wish of every Stellenbosch cricketer.

The following composed the first team :—

1. J. M. HOFMEYR.—Captain; splendid field and good bat; got bad for batting average.

2. S. A. HOFMEYR.—Good wicket keep and good bat; was rather weaker towards end of the season. Interest in the game not keen enough.

3. D. MORKEL.—Good bowler, very courageous; fair field, weak in batting, but improved as the season advanced. Lives on a farm and takes a keen interest in the game.

4. C. NRETHLING.—Good bowler; does not take much interest in the game; should use his bowling to greater advantage.

5. H. BAUMANN.—Good bat, nice style; good field and fair bowler.

6. E. MARSHALL.—Good promising bat; fell off towards end of season; also bowls.

7. C. D. MURRAY.—Good bowler, got bat for bowling average; steady bat and good field.

8. W. BASSON.—Good steady bat; just a bit too slow.

9. J. WEBER.—Fair change bowler.

10. E. VERSFELD.—Very good field; improved in batting towards end of season.

11. A. ROWAN.—Very good field, came off in batting and bowling too; got bat for "all round" man, but takes no interest in the game.

12. SCHEEPERS.—Very promising bat, fields well.

—)o(— Football.

This year football was as popular as usual. The membership is ten above that of last, which was some twenty ahead of the previous season's. This argues well for the vigour and good sense of the students. As ever before, the thing which has hampered good practice is the want of two fields, and the few matches possible with visiting teams.

The season opened with the Intercollege competition for the Anderson Cup. The first of the series was Diocesan v. Victoria College, played here on 11th May. The former as usual, showed their good training and splendid combined play. The Vics. although they had lost heavily in men, such as D. de Waal, Ph. de Vos and others, showed up fairly well, especially Rowan and Watson, but mainly through want of coaching of the pack they were severely beaten in the second half. Score, Bishops one goal and a try to try (Watson). The second match was Vics. v. Sacs. at Newlands on May 18th. This, as was expected, ended in a win for the former by one goal and two tries to nil.

The Vics. second and third teams each hold their cup.

The competition for Grand Challenge Cup commenced with Stellenbosch meeting Bishops at Newlands on 25th May. Result was a draw, no side scoring. Stellenbosch wanted Watson, Daneel the ex-three-quarter playing for him. The forwards all through the second half committed the blunder common to most teams, who do not play many matches, of holding the ball too tight, especially in the enemy's territory. In this match without doubt the blame rests with the rear rank, who because of a dribbling reputation, tried to score with their feet, never giving the backs a chance.

On the 1st June Stellenbosch engaged the Sacs. at Newlands. Score, one goal and two tries to nil, made by Broekhuizen, S. Krige and Watson. The *Cape Times* report was that "though the Sacs. forwards were considered the best in Capetown, the Stellenbosch pack showed equal powers of holding, screwing, heeling and tackling, the play of the backs being good, even brilliant at times."

As per usual, on Whit Monday the Hamiltons brought out three teams to meet our men, on the local ground, in a friendly combat.

The thirds were the first to take the field, but our men came off second best. Although the individual players worked hard, defeat may be put down to lack of combination.

Immediately after their game, the seconds walked on to the field, and although the Hamiltons were the favourites, our men managed to hold their own. Each side scored one goal; for us, Burnhard, making good use of his speed, crossed the opponents' line.

In the first team's match the Hamiltons, very much to their surprise, suffered defeat; fate, by the way, has always been against them on our ground.

In the first half, our men, through good combination, had the best of the game; Watson with a brilliant rush scored the minor.

This combination was not kept up in the second half; and the visitors showing superior staying powers, confined our men to local territory for the greater part of the second half.

Morkel and Rowan put in some indifferent play, and more than once showed want of judgment in passing.

On the Saturday of the same week, *i.e.* 8th June, the Villagers journeyed out with three fifteens.

Our thirds managed to beat their opponents by one try, we scoring two to their one.

Our second team also came off victorious by the narrow margin of one point, they having scored two tries to their opponents' goal.

In the premier fixture, we defeated our formidable opponents by two goals to nil. Our forwards showed much improvement on their previous form: Morkel came well to the fore and registered both the tries for Stellenbosch. The piece of play which resulted in the second try was especially brilliant, as he took a difficult pass from Rowan and made a grand rush over the line.

We had to do without Watson, whose place was taken by Daneel.

Munnik and Hepburn were the absentees for the Villagers, but Jones and Anderson,

the Province centres, more than compensated their loss.

As a Town paper remarked, Stellenbosch had reason to be proud of its performance in beating two such XV's in one week.

As these two teams and the Bishops were considered the best in Town we naturally began to foster the hope that we might bring the Grand Challenge Cup to Stellenbosch.

The Villagers however again put an end to such ambitious hopes.

We certainly were the favourites for this match. However, at the last moment, to the joy of the Villagers and to our consternation Alf. Richards walked on to the field. Without doubt he won the game for our opponents.

His play was perfect, and, as those who are able to judge remarked, he was never seen to better advantage, not even in the late tournament at Johannesburg.

At the end of the game we found ourselves beaten by two tries. Our men played a good game, but we felt the loss of Wege at full-back, he being a very reliable man in that place.

We still entertained hopes of annexing the Cup when a week later we journeyed in to Town to meet the Hamiltons.

From the very commencement of the game our men showed a want of confidence, there was little or no combination.

With two such men as Morkel and Watson amongst our three-quarters we certainly ought to have scored, but, as in the former match, our halves ran away with the idea that they could win the game by sticking to the ball and ignoring the backs; in consequence they were severely handled by the papers. Rudman especially was come down upon.

Hofmeyr "foolishly handled the ball offside," and Rowan was decidedly off-colour.

In these two games our forwards played a splendid uphill game and fairly held their own until towards the end they became demoralized.

In this department of the game Van Broekhuizen and Baumann deserve especial mention.

At the hands of the Hamiltons we suffered a severe defeat.

This team, at the end of the season, was left the holders of the Cup.

Our second team maintained their former reputation, and after defeating the Villagers and Hamiltons remained the Cup-holders.

Against the Gardens thirds our men distinguished themselves, and contrary to expectation defeated their formidable opponents; they could not however do the same to the Villagers, and so were beaten in the final round.

We are to be congratulated on holding three of the six Cups for which we can compete, and we trust that next season we shall

bring them all to Stellenbosch.

The following are the first XV. men:—

WEGE.—Full-back: safe collar and good kick, but apt to fumble the ball when not in practice.

MORKEL.—Three-quarter: good collar, improved very much towards close of the season, especially in utilising his speed. Should punt more than he does. Played in the Transvaal Tournament.

WATSON.—Three-quarter: exceedingly fast, always on the ball; kicks well with either foot. Was chosen for Transvaal Tournament.

ROWAN.—Three-quarter: indifferent collar, punts well and is also good at intercepting passes.

DANEEL.—Three quarter: a veteran; has seen his best football days, and only played two matches last season.

HOFMEYR.—Three-quarter good collar; should learn to pass and punt with judgment.

NEL.—Half-back: plays a hard game; could pass more; punts well; rather given to oratory.

RUDMAN.—Half-back: fast and strong and selfish; should remember that the backs have also some interest in the ball.

VAN BROEKHUIZEN.—Forward: exceedingly hard working and strong; should use his feet more.

BAUMANN.—Forward: the first forward in the team, if he wishes to play; uses his feet well.

KRIGE, J. D. (Capt).—Forward: was very good in his day: dribbles too hard.

KRIGE S.—Forward: hard worker; assists the backs a lot through his collaring.

BERGH, P. A.—Forward: works faithfully good at the line out; should train.

BERGH, H. J.—Forward: played three-quarter until last season; very heavy, but not active enough.

DE VOS.—Forward: works grandly; appears light but tough as nails, and knows how to use his feet.

KLOPPERS.—Forward: works hard; but plays too blindly; very strong.

DOMMISSE.—Forward: an honest worker, always on the ball.

—)o(—
Tennis.

Tennis has certainly gone ahead with rapid strides during the last two seasons. In the beginning of the season 1893-94 the new club courts were opened (on the way to station; on that piece of ground enclosed with the gum trees). Here we have three courts enclosed with a good wire-netting fence. Often on a summer's afternoon one can see this enclosure presenting quite a gay appear-

ance with all the men and ladies enjoying their games there. Pity that the South Easterns blow with such force in that part of the town.

In the tournament held by the W.P.L.T. Association, on their courts at Newlands during Xmas week of 1893, A. Rowan and D. de Waal took part in several events and M. Daneel in the single handicap. In the Double Championship A. Rowan and D. De Waal made a very good show indeed, fighting their way right up to the final and being just beaten by Fynn and Ashby, who were accordingly Champions for the year.

During Xmas week of 1894 J. Hofmeyr took the place of De Waal and entered along with Rowan. These two players also gave a very good account of themselves in the Double Championship, beating last year's Champions Fynn and Ashby, but losing in the final against Dr. Fuller and Syfret, the former playing in grand style.

Our Club also entered for the "Club Championship," and Hofmeyr and Rowan, Daneel and Meyer, Hofmeyr, S. A., and Nel represented Stellenbosch.

Our chances certainly were very rosy, but somehow or other our men were off-colour on the appointed day and Sea Point managed to beat us by 6 points to 3, Hofmeyr and Rowan gaining all their points whilst the other players lost all theirs.

We are losing very heavily just now since S. A. Hofmeyr has left and also A. Rowan; this last named certainly stood head and shoulders above any other player in the place and is a great loss.

After some good practice, however, we should still be able to put a hot team in the field.

—:o:—

Our Volunteer Corps.

I need hardly say to the students of the College that it affords me pleasure to comply with their request to contribute to their Annual a few remarks on one of the branches of their many-sided training. The Annual is a manifestation of corporate life that has all my sympathy, and when the subject is that which has been proposed to me I am all the more ready to acquiesce. And indeed I am beginning to feel that in this matter Cicero's words are becoming day by day more applicable (the Matriculation Class will recognise them):—

"Quis igitur hoc homine scientior unquam fuit aut esse debuit?"

I now rank among the oldest members, and no one now left has had my opportunity for

making a comparison of the present with the past.

It was in 1883 that Dr. Walker wrote to me, in view of the formation of a Corps here, asking for certain information as to the Corps in which I then was ; this may or may not have been helpful in the foundation of the Corps: in any case from that time I have regarded myself as having had a connection with the College Company.

But now the College Corps forms part of a larger organization, "The Western Rifles," and of that I propose first to give a brief account. About four years ago the military authorities came to the conclusion that the existence of isolated companies of Volunteers in the country towns of the Colony was not in itself a source of strength to the Force, and thought that a system of centralization might be beneficial; they accordingly united into one battalion, named the 3rd Corps, 1st Administrative Regiment, the several Corps in the Western Province country towns. This Battalion was placed under the command of Major W. Hewitt of Worcester, whom many of our Corps must still remember, and remember with feelings of affectionate regret. Major Hewitt was a first-class Volunteer, energetic, enthusiastic, and painstaking; a good drill, so that his local company held its own with any; and a fine musician, so that his band, under his personal care, equalled any in the Colony. Every one will admit that his untimely death was a loss not merely to his local Company, but to the Battalion, and to the Volunteer Force.

Soon afterwards the "Administrative" system was abandoned, and a further advance towards unity inaugurated, the Battalion being organized in its present form as "The Western Rifle Regiment." Into the history of the various Companies it is not at present my object to enter; the following is the list of them, with some additional information:

Officer Commanding	Major R. Dale (Headquarters)
Adjutant	Capt. A. H. Mackenzie "
Quartermaster	Hon. Lieut. W. Baxter "
Regt.-Sergt.-Major	W. Lawrance (Malmesbury)

Com-pany.	Place.	Officer Commanding.	Date of formation.
A	Worcester	Capt. Perkins	1885
B	Paarl	Capt. Cook	1885
C	Wellington	Capt. Le Sueur	1885
D & E	Vict. Coll.	<i>See below.</i>	
F	Robertson	Lieut. Jones	1890
G	Oudtshoorn	Capt. Hadfield	1890
H.	Malmesbury	Capt. Rainier	1892
I	Stellenbosch	Lieutenant Ramage	
	Mounted Infantry.		1894

As to the work of the Battalion, it may be said that the main difficulty is that of assemb-

ling for Battalion Drill. When men know that they will have to appear on the ground, with their fellows from other towns, and bear comparisons instituted, companies turn out in goodly numbers drill steadily, and acquire *esprit de corps* (should I say "*de compagnie*"?); as matters are, railway arrangements are such as to render it impossible for Battalion Drills to be held oftener than once a year, or in camp (when full acquaintance with Battalion Drill is presumed, and no sufficient time devoted to it), thus attendance, smartness, and efficiency all suffer. Another serious drawback is the difficulty of obtaining, and keeping up, a proper supply of officers: but I need not pursue this thread further. I hope, and believe, that ere long "The Western Rifles" will be a body of men able, as they are willing, to do good service in the defence of their country, should they be needed. I know that all the present officers are actuated with the most earnest desire to do their duty towards our common country, and towards the efficiency of their Corps, and with that desire, what may not be accomplished?

Now something about the College Companies more particularly. As to previous history,—a Cadet Corps was formed in connection with the College in 1883, and in 1885, 1886, and 1887 stood first in shooting amongst the Cadet Corps of the Colony. The prize money won on the first occasion was expended in purchasing a very massive silver trophy, representing the Arms of the Cape Colony; with the prize money of 1886, a fountain was erected in the College Quadrangle; while in 1887, a clock was presented to the College. In 1888 the Corps became a "Volunteer" Corps, and, in shooting at least, being pitted against the "cracks" of the Colony has not since been able to add to its laurels.

For our history since your Annual appeared a year ago little has to be said. The Officers at the moment are:—

Captains:—P. A. M. de Vos and J. R. Bosman. Lieutenants:—J. Cook, W. J. Theron, H. van Broekhuizen and N. M. Hoogenhout.

Herr F. W. Jannasch continues his efficient direction of the band, and Sergt. P. Moll becomes Quartermaster-Sergeant. The duties of Sergt-Major, second to none in importance, will devolve next term on Col.-Sergt. McGregor.

During the past year not many events of importance have occurred, whether as regards the social or official life of the Corps. The Annual Reception of the corps was held at

the usual time in the beginning of March. Like its predecessors it was an unqualified success, and I am certain that many, in the Corps and outside of it, are looking forward to the next. I wonder whether it would be out of place to give here a little explanation of the lines upon which this little social function is run. When first mooted, it was intended as a social gathering of the Corps, its members alone; this appeared somewhat selfish, however, not to say paradoxically, somewhat too self-denying, for it prohibited the presence of many friends whom members desired to see amongst them; accordingly, on the principle that it was not good for man to be alone, each member was allowed to invite, under sanction of the committee, the necessary complement of his being. Of course the various "grave and reverend signiors," whose friendly interest and kind assistance the Corps is so glad to rely on, are also invited, but no more: this may make clear to some of the members why the invitations are so restricted.

During the Easter vacation in 1894, a Brigade Camp of the Western Province Corps was held at Paarl, or more precisely, a mile so east of Lady Grey Bridge. The Corps that took part in this Camp were a detachment of Engineers from the G.A. and V.E.; the D.E.O.V.R.; the C.T.H.; The Western Rifles; and the M.S.C. Owing to circumstances, only a moderately strong Company of the V.C.V. was able to attend, but they worked well, behaved well, and drilled well. They took part in the most important part of the four days' training, the Field-day manoeuvres on Easter Monday (the "Battle of Nederburg Bridge" shall I call it?), and behaved steadily and well. That day, how-

ever, showed incontestably the absolute necessity for that Battalion Drill (in all shapes and forms) that I mentioned before as requisite for The Western Rifles. As at the late Defence Operations they were, as individuals and companies, eager and enthusiastic, hard-working and patient (and these sets of qualities are not often to be found in combination); but they did not know one another, nor their places in a larger scheme. Well, the Defence Department will, doubtless, in good time be able to impress on the Government that if Volunteers are to be trained efficiently, they must be trained *together*, and then, transport difficulties being overcome, only ourselves will be to blame if we do not vastly improve. One experience at this Paarl Camp I can hardly suppose that any of those present will forget. Do they remember how it rained on Easter Saturday? The Camp ground ankle-deep in water, the tents in many cases tanks (for trenches had not been dug), the food wet, and the mess-tent a shower-bath, the men perambulatory sponges, yet all cheerful and jolly, "With song and laughter free" making up their minds to their condition; and, I am thankful to say, none a ha'porth the worse!

I am extremely sorry that the constitution of the V.C.V. precluded them from taking part in the latest operations; but that need not preclude them from striving to attain the highest degree of excellence in the practice of those duties voluntarily undertaken, which if properly cultivated tend to their own personal development, redound to the honour of their Corps, and may some day (possibly soon) be necessary for the defence of our country.

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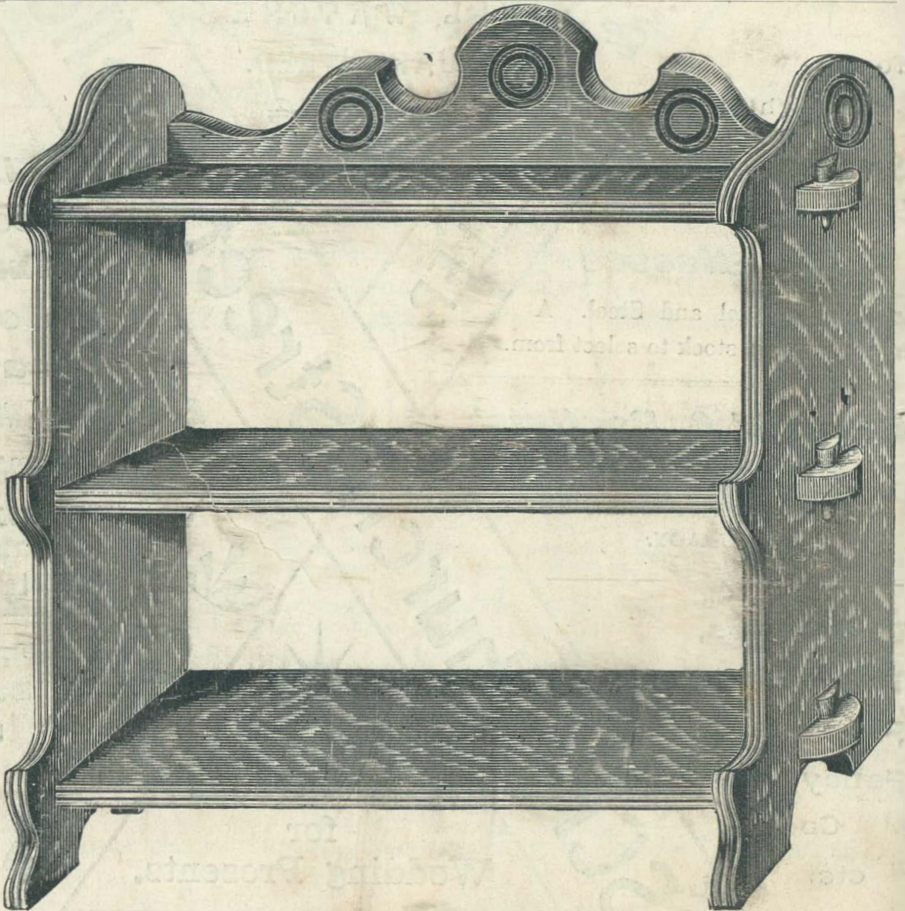
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