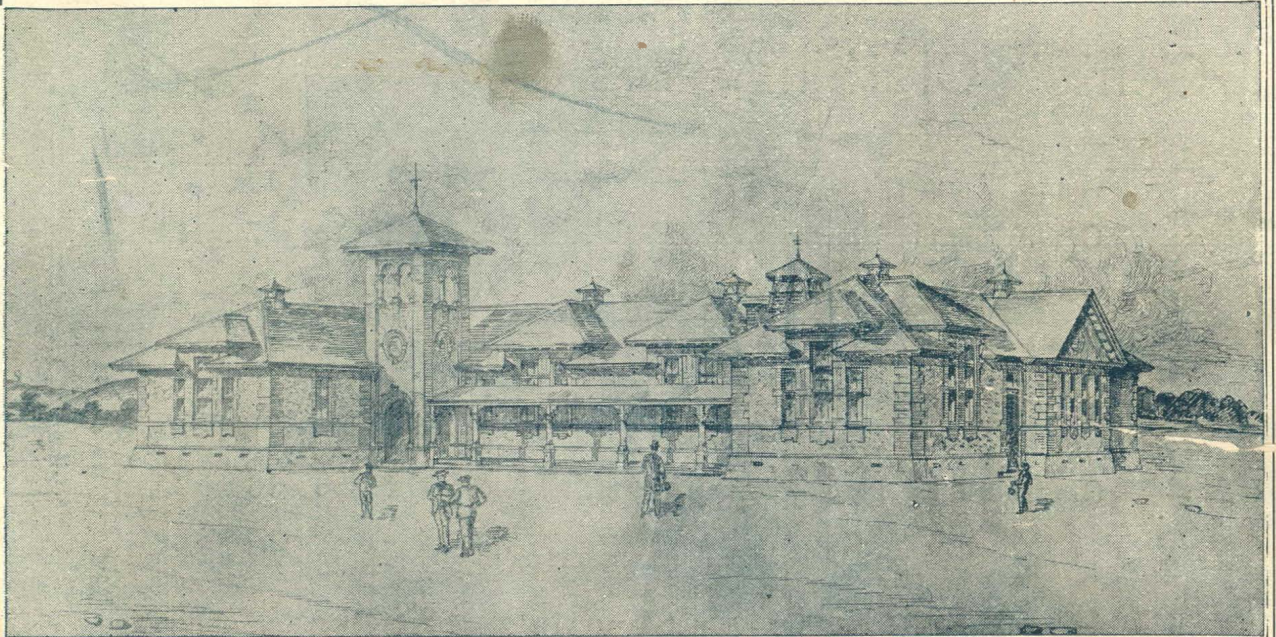
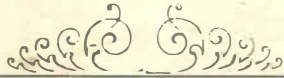


STELLENBOSCH

Students' Annual.



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| Gents' Tennis Hats | ... | 1s. 11d. | and | 2s. 6d. |
| Gents' Tennis Shoes | ... | 2s. 11d. | to | 10s. 6d. |
| Gents' Boots, Black or Tan | ... | 6s. 11d. | to | 21s. 6d. |
| Gents' Shoes, Black or Tan | ... | 6s. 11d. | to | 16s. 6d. |

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Half Hose, Knicker Hose, Walking Sticks,
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STELLENBOSCH

Students' Annual.

1897.

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D. F. MALAN, B.A., representing the Union Debating Society.

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 10/9, 13/6
 „ Black Russell Cord Jackets, 14/6, 15/6
 „ Navy Twill Jackets, very light weight,
 12/6, 15/9
 „ Khaki Jackets, in Sac and Patrol Collar,
 8/6, 10/6
 „ Brown Holland Jackets, 3/9
 „ Khaki Norfolk Jackets, 10/9 13/9
 „ Crash Norfolk Jackets, extra quality,
 hand-made, 17/6

Men's Tassore Silk Jackets, Patrol or Sac
 Collar, 13/9, 14/6
 „ Navy Tennis Jackets, Piped Coloured
 Cord Edges, 9/9
 „ Navy Tennis Jackets, Bound Ribbon
 Edges, 12/9
 „ White Drill Trousers, 5/9, 6/9, 7/9
 „ White Duck Trousers, 7/9, 8/9, 10/9
 „ Khaki Trousers, 6/9, 8/6
 „ Khaki Knickers, Strap and Buckle, 6/6,
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In the Youths' Department we are always up-to-date with the Newest Materials and Make, whilst in the Boys' Department we are continually adding New and Artistic Designs for general wear.

Boys' Norfolk Suits, Splendid Patterns, in Tweeds, Serges, and Worsteds, with either Elastic. Plain or Boxcloth continuations to Knickers. Sizes 3 to 12, 11/6 to 35/-.
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 Splendid Ranges of Youths' Jacket Suits, in Tweeds, Serges, and Worsteds.

SAILOR SUITS. SAILOR SUITS.

All Sailor Man-of-War Suits are complete with Shirt, Lanyard, and Whistle, and are the very Best Cut and Finish.

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A large Selection of Boys' Washing Blouses, in Sailor, York, and Smock Blouses. These are manufactured in White and all the New Art Shades, Sizes 00 to 9.

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Boys' and Youths' White Drill Jackets.
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Hats and Caps in all the Newest Shapes.

Straw Hats, a very Assortment.

All the leading Club Colours kept in stock.


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Every article for a complete outfit.

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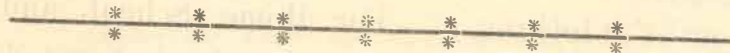


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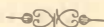


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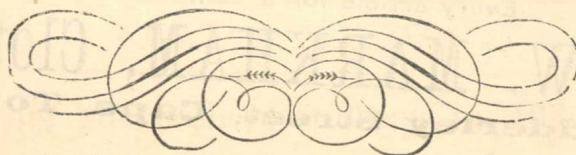
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Prizes for Sports—A Large Selection of Novelties suitable for Prizes and Presents always on hand.

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Preface.

The fact that this is the fourth number of the *Students' Annual* renders it wholly superfluous to write a lengthy introductory page. The demand for a new number is a proof that the *Annual* answers the purpose it is intended to serve : to keep up the close connection that exists between past and present Stellenbosch students.

Perhaps the most noticeable, and certainly not the least commendable, feature about the present issue is that the Editorial Committee consists entirely of students. This circumstance should certainly not fail to be of interest to those many friends who take a kindly interest in student life at Stellenbosch.

The Editorial Committee wishes me to repeat its grateful thanks to many friends in and out of Stellenbosch who have contributed valuable hints or interesting articles to the present number. This continued sympathy on the part of past students has greatly supported the editors in their endeavours to place something readable in the hands of their subscribers. It is to be hoped that the kindly interest shown by several past students in the welfare of the *Annual* may steadily increase with each number.

In conclusion, I beg to add my cordial wishes for the wide circulation and success of this *Annual*.

W. J. VILJOEN.

Victoria College,

November 18th, 1897.

Rules for the Issue of the Students' Annual.

I. That a journal be issued annually, immediately before the Christmas vacation.

II. That its name be *The Stellenbosch Students' Annual*.

III. That it be conducted in connection with the three Students' Debating Societies of Stellenbosch, viz., The Polumnia, the Union Debating Society, and the Vict. Coll. Deb. Society.

IV. That each Society appoint one member to the Editorial Staff (elected annually) who shall report in writing to the Society he represents.

V. That these three editors form a Committee of Management in connection with the undertaking.

VI. That in case of vacancy in the Editorial Staff, the successor be nominated by the Staff, and submitted for approval to the Society from which he is to be elected.

VII. (a) That a list of subscribers be drawn up and kept by the Secretary.

(b) That the three Societies guarantee to cover any deficit that might occur.

VIII. That the three Editors decide in committee upon the department to be treated by each Co-Editor.

IX. That the three Presidents each contribute something in connection with their respective Societies.

X. That additional contributions be submitted to the Committee for approval.

XI. That each Editorial contribution be submitted for approval to the Committee.

XII. That the Committee appoint a Secretary, whose salary shall not exceed £5 per annum.

Thorne, Stuttaford & Co.,

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OUTDOOR GAMES.

CRICKET, TENNIS, GOLF AND CROQUET

FROM ALL THE LEADING MAKERS.

Cricket Bats :—Bartlett's, Corbett's, Lilywhite, &c., 10/6, 12/6, 15/6, 18/6, 21/-, 25/-, 27/6.

Cricket Stumps, 7/6, 9/6, 10/6, 15/6.

Batting Gloves, 6/9, 8/6, 10/6.

Batting Shield, 10/-.

Wicket-keeping Gauntlets, 7/6, 8/9, 10/6, 12/9.

Cricket Balls (Duke's), 5/9, 6/6, 7/9.

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Leg Guards, 8/6, 13/6, 15/6, 18/6.

TENNIS GOODS.—Ayres', Slazenger's, Holden's, Tate's, &c.

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Tennis Nets, 7/9, 10/9, 13/9, 15/9, 17/9.

Tennis Balls, 8/11, 13/6, 16/9, 18/6, 21/- dozen.

CROQUET—Croquet Sets, 17/6, 25/-, 35/-, 42/6, 65/-.

GOLF.—Golf Tools, 8/6. Golf Balls, 16/9 dozen.

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FIRST ASSISTANT:—MISS LEWIS, B.A. Cape University, and Tripos, Cambridge.

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Hopeville Lodge is situated in the Gardens, and is surrounded with extensive grounds, which offer special hygienic advantages, and spacious playgrounds, and which contain a well-laid out Tennis Court. A well supplied Library has been established. To all the previous enlargements the Directors have added to the Institute large Class-Rooms, with Music Compartments, Dormitories, and other Rooms, at a cost exceeding £6,000.

The general Cursus of Instruction includes the English Language in all its branches, Ancient and Modern History, Physical and Descriptive Geography, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, Dutch, Elementary French, Class-Singing, Drawing, Needlework and Dressmaking, and Lectures on Physics and Chemistry.

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|--------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|-----------|
| First Class | ... | ... | ... | ... | £12 | 12 | per year. |
| Second Class | ... | ... | ... | ... | 10 | 10 | " |
| Third Class | ... | ... | ... | ... | 8 | 8 | " |
| Fourth Class | ... | ... | ... | ... | 6 | 6 | " |
| Fifth Class | ... | ... | ... | ... | 4 | 4 | " |
| Kindergarten Class | ... | ... | ... | ... | 3 | 0 | " |

When more than one day scholar is sent out of a single family, a reduction of £2 2s. is made for every such additional scholar, except in the lowest classes. School fees are paid quarterly in advance. One quarter's notice is necessary for the withdrawal of a scholar.

For further particulars apply to MISS MORTON, Good Hope Seminary, or to W. E. MOORE, President of the School Board.

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Largest and best selected Stock of

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Gents' White L.C. Shirts. Gents' Flannel Shirts, all sizes.

Newest and finest assortment of

GENTS' TIES AND SCARFS.

Gents' Cotton and Cashmere $\frac{1}{2}$ Hose at all prices.

Gents' "NATURAL WOOL" Undervests, Pants, and $\frac{1}{2}$ Hose a
Speciality.

**Cricket and Football Club Orders for Ribbons, Caps,
Jackets, Ties, &c., in any colour, have our imme-
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ORDERS EXECUTED WITHIN THREE MONTHS.

Gents' Tweed Suits and Trousers, Diagonal Coats, Jackets and
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Orders from Libraries will receive prompt attention, and specially advantageous terms are offered in the way of discounts and credit.

School Committees and Teachers should consult JUTA'S Latest Educational Catalogue before making up and placing their orders, as valuable information is to be found in it.

Catalogues and Lists to be had Free on Application.

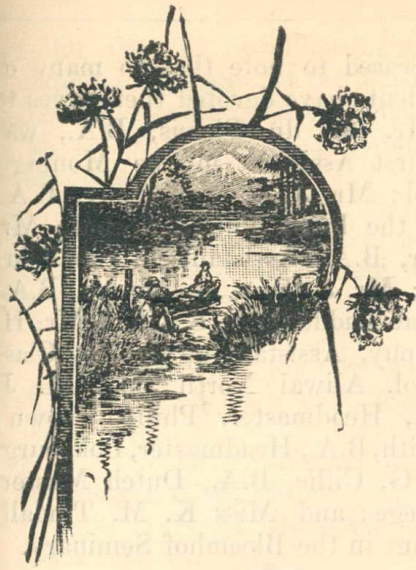
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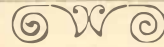
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ESTABLISHED 1853.



1897.



STELLENBOSCH
Students' - -
- - Annual.

Editorial Notes.

The sincere gratitude of the Editorial Committee is extended to those past and present students who have so readily contributed to the columns of this number, or who have assisted in procuring subscribers.

* * *

The year 1896 passed without seeing the fourth number of the *S. A.* issued. The matter was again taken up in July, '97, and with amended regulations it was decided to bring out a number at the end of the year. The Edit. Com. was appointed towards the close of August only. The brevity of time, coupled with the absence of the Editors during the long vacation of the Theol. Seminary, will sufficiently explain the deficiencies of this number.

* * *

For the above reason, also, so few contributions from past students studying in Europe have been received.

* * *

Those who have not yet subscribed to the *Annual* should at once send in their names to the Secretary for a copy (@ 1s.) to prevent disappointment.

* * *

All past students should, without exception, have their names placed on the permanent list of subscribers, and, if possible, become agents for the *Annual*.

* * *

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

A red mark on the cover of your copy indicates that the Secretary is still anxiously awaiting your subscription.

* * *

Contributions from past and present students for future editions of the *S. A.* may at any time be sent in to one of the Editors.

* * *

Changes of address during the year should be notified to the Secretary.

* * *

Victoria College Union.—A report of the V. C. Union is conspicuous by its absence. "There is nothing to report," the office-bearers say. Is the management in able hands? Decidedly! Is there such a thing as *esprit de corps* amongst Africander students of a South African Alma Mater? So they say!

* * *

Some past students, amongst whom we cannot fail to mention Messrs. Jan Marais, Coetzenburg, and K. J. van Zijl, Carnarvon, are brilliant exceptions, the more so because they are so rare. We thank them heartily. We appreciate *their esprit de corps*. It proves that *some* meaning does attach itself to that phrase after all—even in South Africa.

* * *

But what about the complaint of past students that their aid is not invited, *i.e.*, that they are not continually reminded through circulars? Promoters of the V. C. Union, please make a note of this. The South African mind is not very retentive!

Co-operation is fine sentiment; is it true that it is so difficult in practice? Where are our past students with their large salaries and remunerative professions?

Past and Present.

To us it is always a pleasure and a privilege to chronicle the successes of our past students abroad and at home. It is indeed a pity that we do not possess an exhaustive list of their names and addresses. Information about them and their doings will always be gladly received by the Editors.

* * *

Mr. F. P. Crots, B.A., erewhile Inspector of Schools in the Transvaal, passed the first part of the Law Tripos of Cambridge University, and is at present prosecuting his studies at Strassburg, with the intention of graduating in that University. His dissertation for his LL.D. will be "The Jameson Raid."

* * *

Mr. S. de Clerk obtained the title of Cand. Med. at the Strassburg University, and is continuing his studies at Kiel.

* * *

The following is a list of successes obtained by our past students at the Edinburgh University:—

First Professional.

In three subjects: Messrs. J. P. du Toit, A. W. Hauman.

In two subjects: Messrs. A. J. Rowan, B.A., J. R. Bosman, B.A., T. J. H. Hofmeyr.

Second Professional.

In all subjects: Messrs. W. A. Murray, B.A., L. S. Lessing, A. C. Neethling.

Third Professional.

In Medical Jurisprudence and Public Health: Mr. F. P. Bester.

Final M.B., C.M.

Mr. G. Fourie.

* * *

Some of our past students are distinguishing themselves as sportsmen. Mr. A. J. Rowan, B.A., the well-known tennis champion, has already gained three championships, besides several prizes in Scotland. Mr. P. S. Krige, B.A., has won laurels as an athlete in Pretoria.

* * *

Mr. E. T. F. Malan, B.A., obtained honours in his first Medical Examination at Strassburg.

We are pleased to note that so many of our past students have devoted themselves to teaching. Mr. G. du Plessis, B.A., was appointed First Assistant in the Montagu Public School; Mr. J. P. v. d. Spuy, B.A., Assistant in the Paarl Public School; Mr. A. Markötter, B.A., Assistant in the Paarl Gymnasium; Mr. J. P. v. d. Merwe, B.A., Headmaster at Middelburg, S.A.R.; Mr. H. J. van der Spuy, Assistant at the 1st Class Public School, Aliwal North; Mr. M. J. Botha, B.A., Headmaster, Philips Town; Mr. P. A. Smith, B.A., Headmaster, Boksburg, S.A.R.; Mr. G. Cillie, B.A., Dutch Master, Normal College; and Miss K. M. Tindall, B.A., Assistant in the Bloemhof Seminary.

* * *

Mr. J. F. Marais, B.A., D.Sc., has been appointed Rector of the Stellenbosch Gymnasium; Mr. A. B. Baartman, M.A., Docent in de Wiskunde, Staatsgymnasium, Pretoria; Mr. W. E. Malherbe, B.A., B.Sc., Headmaster in the French Hoek Public School; Mr. C. Gonin, B.A., after occupying the position of Dutch Master at the Normal College, has left for Edinburgh, to study medicine.

* * *

Mr. M. van der Spuy, B.A., has been appointed Secretary to the Board of Examiners, Pretoria.

* * *

The Free State is fortunate again to have been able to fill vacancies in its High Court *personnel* by appointing Mr. Adv. H. G. Stuart, B.A., Second Puisne Judge, and Mr. Adv. J. A. J. de Villiers, B.A., LL.B., State Attorney, both of them sons of the soil.

* * *

We have much pleasure in extending a hearty welcome to Drs. P. C. Luttig, B.A., J. W. de Vos, and G. Fourie on their return to South Africa, and wish them every success in their career. Messrs. D. de Waal, B.A., LL.B., and N. J. de Wet, B.A., LL.B., are back from Cambridge, and are practising as Advocates in the Transvaal.

* * *

Twelve students finished their Theol. course this year. Of these Rev. John Hofmeyr, B.A., is qualifying himself in London as medical missionary for Nyassaland, and Rev. A. McGregor, M.A., is prosecuting his studies at Edinburgh. The Revs. J. Kriel, B.A., C. A. Neethling, B.A., and H. v. Broekhuizen are still travelling in Europe.

Of the 13 candidates who passed the Admission Exam. to the Theol. Seminary, in 1896 eleven were old students of the College. Messrs. D. F. Malan, B.A., and J. G. Steytler obtained *cum laude*.

.

Nine candidates passed the Admission in 1897. Eight of these were students of the College.

.

The following are the passes from the College at the various University exams. of 1897:—

(*B.A. (Lit. and Phil.)*)

Honours: G. G. Cillië.

N. M. Hoogenhout.

Pass: H. van Zijl.

D. du P. Steyn.

Kate M. Tindall.

B.A. (Mathem. and Nat. Science.)

A. F. Markötter.

J. W. Louw.

.

Intermediate B.A.

Honours: J. P. Botha.

B. A. Tindall.

Second Class: eight.

Third Class: ten.

.

Matriculation.

Honours: D. G. Malan.

D. P. Marais.

J. P. Schabort.

Second Class: eleven.

Third Class: twenty-four.

Survey Examination.

P. S. Krige, B.A. (second on the list).

o

“Faint, yet Pursuing.”

Methought I had an ear to hear
Music by most unheard, yet clear
To him who, freed at intervals from self, hears
God.

Methought I had a song to sing,
A message unto those to bring,
Whose earth-bound feet the mystic mount-tops
never trod.

Though earth in riddles dark did lie,
Yet deemed I some hid meaning I
Haply might ravel from the vexing mystery;
I sang my song, as me it moved,
And sent it unto one I loved,
One loved and much revered across the sound-
ing sea.

The lay which I, in agony,
Had written with my life blood, *he*
Prized not, nor knew the travail with which
it was born.

No spark of the poetic fire
Flashed, as my fingers touched the lyre,
Forth from the strings; thus spake he, leaving
me forlorn.

My heart was broken! I had deemed
That God's voice I heard—I dreamed!
'Twas not the Heavenly Muse who taught my
lips to speak!

Like a caged bird, with folded wing,
I had no more a song to sing,
I had no courage now the Fire divine to seek.

* * * * *

But now again emotion deep
Stirs me, and wakens me from sleep:
“Rouse thee, thy youth flies swiftly by,
thou mayst not bend,
Save to the Voice within—though one
Revered demurs. What thou'st begun
Thou shalt accomplish, agonizing to the end.”

And though my wound still bleeds, I rise
Girding myself. Hope never dies;
And kind resistance nerves my palsied arm to
fight.

Like birds rise on th' opposing air,
And adverse winds ship onward bear,
So I, cast down, yet unsubdued, rise to the
Light!

LEINAD.

In Memoriam.

REV. F. W. WEBER, B.A., PH.D.
Died at Tarkastad, 2nd March, 1896.

We know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

REV. W. J. NEETHLING,
Died at Mochuli,
18th February, 1897.

Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

Some Thoughts on the Africander Race.

To the thinking young Africander of to-day nothing can or must be of greater interest than the contemplation of the manner in which the race to which he belongs has proceeded on its course, ever since the first settlements were formed under the shade of venerable Table Mountain.

Such contemplation will undoubtedly, if conducted in the proper spirit, carry with it numerous lessons and warnings of the utmost importance, and, what is more, it will most probably suggest to the young man the best manner in which, by a proper use of his faculties and opportunities, he can promote the amelioration of his race, and in this way it may tend to call forth ambition and energies which cannot fail to ennoble his earthly career.

The contemplation we speak of can of course have regard to any of the many different attributes of the race, and will vary accordingly. It may, for instance, be directed in turn to the physical, moral, social, political, agricultural, commercial, industrial, and any other development of which a race of human beings is capable.

Let us for a few moments direct our attention to the manner in which our typical Africander (meaning the Dutch race originally imported from Holland, subsequently increased by the advent of the Huguenots, and now generally known by the appellation of "Boers") has survived in South Africa to the present time.

A fact which at the outset strikes the observer is that the Africander has from the commencement of his career, until quite recently, been pioneer, squatter, rancher, or farmer, pure and simple, revelling in the sober delights of a boundless freedom of existence.

It is remarkable, though not unaccountable, that from the time when living in the near vicinity of Table Mountain and the Castle, when excursions into the uncontrolled interior were new departures, the Kapenaar, as he was then also known, chafed at the trammels of law and ordinances. Needless to say, the gradually increasing and extending treks eastward immeasurably fostered this spirit of independence, so much so that there may in some cases have been grounds for the suspicion that he had in the end become impatient of all legal control whatsoever.

In spite of this, however, the Africander Boer, taken, say, at the time of the Great Trek, rises before our mental vision a noble personality; honest, Godfearing, simple-minded, self-

reliant, intrepid; in all things essentially a man, a staunch friend and indomitable foe.

His free and roving existence over practically boundless pastures, coupled with the fact of the native tribes having been from the earliest times his slaves or servants, has imbued him with an unfortunate though pardonable aversion to any menial employment or common handiwork; he is, at this period, with a faint resemblance to the old Highland Chieftains, nothing more nor less than a Ranger of the Plains—whose mere word to his family and attendants is law—a by no means unfitting type of Patriarchal Rule.

A noteworthy factor in his life is his constant veneration for the Bible. How much this factor has preserved his race from complete degeneration during a lengthy period of rough isolated wanderings it is almost difficult now to realise. History teaches us how the Boers, in their untiring efforts to escape beyond any alien rule, trekked farther and farther away from the western extremity of the Cape Colony; how they were repeatedly checked and disappointed, and how finally, in spite of numerous obstacles, they came to form permanent settlements under a Republican form of government.

Be it remembered, please, that making this a merely cursory disquisition, we pass over many interesting processes, and hurry on to this present time in the year 1897; and we ask ourselves how the Africander of to-day stands as compared to his voortrekker-ancestors? Has he realized the many brilliant possibilities which lay dormant in the man of 1838?

Alas, alas, that our reply should be so unsatisfactory! Everywhere, amongst the descendants of the Boers, we meet with a sad amount of decadence, though fortunately there are not a few bright exceptions. We have to admit that, on the whole, the sterling class of men of former days is fast disappearing. Owing to unavoidable causes, the social condition of the Boer has for the last 30 or 40 years been gradually deteriorating. His wants, due to the requirements of a more conventional mode of living, have enormously increased; land has become scarce; farms have been subdivided; and, instead of roaming at will over endless pastures, he is now hemmed in by a barbed wire fence; climate has deteriorated; competition is increasing; in a word, our friend has to meet absolutely novel conditions in his system of farming.

The fact, resulting from all this, is, that whilst the Boer race physically is full of vitality and increases at a high rate, a large number of individuals and even families are

being rapidly reduced to absolute decadence and want; families which in former years were the proud owners of extensive farms are now reduced to the state of mere "bijwoners" or even of hangers-on of town!

And, sadder still, the social decadence has resulted to a marked degree in moral degradation. Whilst in former days every man was as good as his neighbour, we find now the process of classification going on actively, and already we have to face a pauper class of Afrianders. What makes this portion of our subject more painful still is the reflection, forced upon us by daily experience, that the impoverished classes, owing to complete absence of any regular training or discipline and an iniquitous contempt for manual labour of any kind, are slowly but visibly sinking into a state of heathenism worse than that of raw savages. The natural question in this connection, and the question which this paper is intended to emphasize, is as to what can be done to stem the tide of pauperism and retrogression?

First, let me say that, if we have a right to expect some reply from anybody at all, it is from those young Afrianders who have by wise and careful parents been educated to a sense of the danger which is threatening the submerging of a large portion of their race. Let us not dismiss the subject from our mind with the thought that the evil has no remedy.

The one sure remedy must be found in the co-operation of three factors: first, our D.R. Church must make provision for a special system of work amongst the poor whites; secondly and thirdly, Government must step in and introduce compulsory education, coupled with compulsory labour. The descendants of the Boers of former days must now realise that they have to adapt themselves to the altered times; they must turn into the many bye-lanes which are still open to them, and become tradesmen or shopkeepers or railway hands, &c.

This is essentially the time to preach the gospel of labour, and unless a remedial system be promptly entered into, we have grave apprehensions for the future—apprehensions which to every true-hearted Afriander must be apparent. We shall in that case become the witnesses of a social revolution in which the poorer classes of Afrianders will have to go to the wall, and make room for their betters.

Then let us be up and doing!

H. G. S.

JUDGE: "Colonel, I understand you are acquainted with warfare in all its forms?"

COLONEL: "No, Judge—no; not in *all* of its forms. I'm a bachelor!"

My Neighbours.

I.

In the case of city life where one's next-door neighbour is a total stranger, and of distant farm life where he lives six odd miles away, the precept "Love thy neighbour" is, if not an easy one to carry out in practice, at any rate not, perhaps, directly applicable. But between these two extremes there is the life in a small inland village, and there it is that neighbours are a source of sore trial and vexation, and difficult to love.

The Karroo village where I live is, judged from the point of view of natural scenery and climate, as fair and desirable a place as could be found anywhere. So did I judge when I set eyes on it the first time. Determined to make it my future home, I bought a comfortable cottage there and set up in practice. (I am a doctor).

Within a short time, and from exceedingly mysterious sources of information, my neighbours knew as much of my personality and antecedent history as I did myself—and, indeed, a great deal more. However, so long as their interest did not extend beyond mere discussion, I let them discuss me as much as they pleased. It afforded them amusement, and did me no harm. But gradually, by pressure of circumstances against which I was powerless to contend, I was absorbed into their midst, and became one of them, a neighbour to my neighbours. And in course of time, in spite of myself, I married one of my neighbours who was related to every one of the rest in varying degrees of consanguinity too confusing to remember. After that I felt confident that I should never get away from the love of my neighbours. The chains that bound me to them were too strong. I tried to resign myself, but the task was hard.

The variety of ways in which my neighbours undermined my temper was infinite, but there was one method which they adopted in common. They all slept (when they *did* sleep, which, I reflected, was unfortunately not for ever) like logs; no noise could disturb their peaceful slumbers. And each of them kept three or four or more perfectly worthless, barking dogs, whose united aim in life was evidently to harass me. By some marvellous instinct each one of these brutes knew precisely on what particular nights I felt tired or unwell, and sadly in want of quiet, undisturbed sleep; also at what exact moment I was just on the point of dosing off. Then, as on some given signal, they would all start simultaneously, and bark. You never heard such barking

Meanwhile their owners, my neighbours, slept. It did not disturb them. Now and again in the day-time one of these dogs would come straying on to my premises, but my wife on these occasions always restrained me from killing them, because they invariably belonged to some relative - a great uncle, for instance, or cousin-in-law, as the case might be. Once, when she was away gossiping at a neighbour's and I observed a dog helping himself to a nest of delicious fresh eggs in my backyard, I took advantage of my freedom and fetched out my gun. As luck would have it, in the exciting anticipation of my triumph, I missed the dog, and instead of him shot my favourite pony.

The Ackermans were intimate friends of my wife, and lived just across the street. There never were such people for knowing to a nicety what was the most awkward hour for receiving visitors. When I had an amount of correspondence to prepare for next post-day (we had only one post a week) there would be sure to be a knock, and in they would troop—father, mother, daughter, and baby—and remain until half-past eleven, the baby being all the time the one topic of conversation.

"Oh, isn't she a darling?" Mrs. Ackermann would enquire, beaming upon me. The darling, meanwhile, sat upon my wife's lap, piercing the air with demoniacal yells.

"Baby, nicey, dearie dolly, wolly," my wife would observe, rationally.

So it went on, and I had to sit by and smile. Sometimes the baby was put on the floor and given some valuable book of mine to amuse himself with, which he would promptly proceed to tear into shreds with an air of business-like determination that was full of promise.

The Stempels lived next door, and kept a small servant-girl, whom they employed in running continual errands between their house and mine. They used to borrow any conceivable or inconceivable article, from a tooth-brush to a saddle, and never dreamt of returning it. (Never mind the tooth-brush!—Ed. S.A.). No sooner was the Post in than the girl Mietje would come tearing in to ask for the loan of my *Weekly Times*, which I had not so much as opened. "Baas wil daar gou iets in zien, hij zal dit sommer weer (summer-weather! I thought of thunder-weather) terug stuur." The day after I generally sent for it again myself, mostly to find one or two important pages torn out for waste-paper.

Once the Stempels borrowed my large hall-lamp for a children's party, smashed it, and said they were sorry. So was I—the more so as it did not occur to them to pay me for it.

My next-door neighbour on the other side was old Karel West, who stood at his garden gate in all weathers to stop me as I passed by, and invoke my sympathy for his multifarious ailments. One day it would be rheumatism, the next day gout, then influenza, then incipient symptoms of heart disease, and so on, as though it was something to be immensely proud of that one man could be subject to so many afflictions. He never obtained my advice professionally; not he. Diseases, he evidently thought, were too cheap luxuries to risk losing in any case, least of all if it was to be accomplished by means of expensive medical treatment.

Another neighbour of mine was a Mr. Somershaus, a butcher by trade and a metaphysician by choice. I have heard somebody define a metaphysician to be a man who talks about what he does not understand to another who does not understand what he means. Well, Somershaus might understand what he talked about; I certainly never understood what he meant. And he used to assure me that he enjoyed a talk with me upon topics too deep to discuss with common people.

These were only a few of my trials. I might tell you what I suffered at the hands of Jones, the practical joker, who put castor oil into one's coffee, or a snake into your pillow, with an occasional scorpion dropped without previous notice into the back of your neck by way of variety; of Burgers, the man with the many children that stole my grapes and threw stones into my window panes, and then stood quarrelling among themselves as to which of them it was that did it; of Schalk, who came to my house regularly at 11 o'clock in the morning to take a glass of my port wine, and never invited me in return; of Van der Kant, who had a sickly wife, and hauled me out of bed at all times of the night and never paid my account, and of all the other neighbours who each in his own way contrived to be an eyesore and a nuisance.

II.

The fever epidemic of last year will long be remembered here. There is not one family in the place that was not called upon to give up one or more of its members. Many were the victims that succumbed to the dire scourge, and the fearful gaps it made in many a whole household will take years to be filled up again. During these days I had no rest night or day; but, in the face of my steady, dogged perseverance, the dread enemy carried off his prey by dozens. At last he attacked my wife and servant, and then myself. I kept up as long as I could, but, after I had watched by the

bedside of my dying wife for one whole night, I fell down prostrate in the morning, and tossed on my bed for the whole of the next week in raging delirium.

When I recovered consciousness, weak as a little child, somebody was sitting on a chair at my bed, solicitously looking at me. It was old West, the hypochondriac. The fever had not so much as touched him. I heard later that he had been there day and night throughout my illness, and nursed me as a mother would her only son.

I would have spoken to him, but found I could not articulate a syllable. He motioned to me tenderly to keep quiet, and gave me some draught, whereupon my ideas grew more and more blurred and hazy, and I lost consciousness again in a deep and quiet sleep, from which I awoke next day greatly refreshed and feeling much stronger, though, when I tried to lift my arm, I could feel how powerless I still was. When I opened my eyes, old West was still in his place.

"Where is Maria?" I asked, yearning for my wife as I had yearned for her in the sweet days of our courtship when she went away for a fortnight.

"She is very ill," replied West, with a break in his voice, "and cannot come to you to-day."

"Then let me go to her; I want her; take me to her." I tried to raise myself up, but sank back powerless.

"Not now, Dr. Gray; you must keep quiet now. Do not exert yourself. Take this and sleep again."

He smoothed my pillow and passed his hand soothingly through my hair. I felt so tired, oh so tired, after the slight exertion, and slept again. When I awoke I took it as a matter of course to find old West at my bedside. I was now much stronger and could think connectedly. The old man saw the question in my gaze.

"Mrs. Gray is still very ill, Doctor, I regret to tell you."

"Tell me the truth, is there still hope? No, do not tell me the truth if there is no hope. How is she, my darling?"

A tear trickled out of the old man's eye and fell upon my emaciated hand.

"She is dead;" I saw his lips frame the words which his voice could not utter. "She is dead, and was buried four days ago. Her last words were of you. We were to ask you to think of her kindly, and forgive her for not having always been all that you desired. You were to remember her, she said, as she was to you in the happy days after your engagement. With these words on her lips she died."

So she was dead, and I had not even been there to watch over her last moments. I closed my eyes and thought it was not true, that I was still delirious. I called out, "Maria, Maria!" and knew not whether I should open them again, to see that she was there or to be disappointed. Over the grief and reproach of the next days I will draw a veil.

When I was a little composed, old West related to me all that had occurred during my illness to distract my painful thoughts.

"The neighbours were very kind, Doctor Gray, or I do not know how I should have been able to do for you all that was necessary. Somershaus and his wife nursed Mrs. Gray to the end, and made all the required arrangement—." He stopped himself, and proceeded again.

"Jones has been running errands for me all the time; when there was anything wanted here, he was always at hand to send for it. Mrs. Ackermann and the baby died on Tuesday within an hour of each other. That night you were so bad! and there was no one to assist me, and the poor stricken husband and father, who had not slept himself for three days and nights, came and assisted me to hold you down in bed. The Stempels sent their girl to prepare food, although they were both feeling the first symptoms of the disease coming on them. They are both down now, and in a precarious condition. Burgers, poor man, lost two of his children. One died while he and his wife were here to see if they could be of any service."

So these were the neighbours whom I had disliked, and this was their neighbourly love as compared with mine.

In the churchyard there are many new graves. My wife lies there among those of my neighbours whom I shall never look upon again in derision and dislike.

As I stand by the freshly-turned-up grave, and vainly wish for what cannot be restored to me, I thank my God that there are some of my neighbours left whom I can love and honour.

C. J. L.

Wolraad Woltemade.

De stormwind loeit, de stormwind giert,
In woede om de Baai;

De stormkaap huilt, de stormkaap tiert
En schuimt, tot aan de kaai.

Er is een onheil aan de lucht,
Het spookt door't kletterend zwerk;

De regen plast, de stormgeest zucht;
Vernieling is aan't werk

De hooge branding slaat als sneeuw,
 En 't hart met sidd'ring vult ;
 O wee ! wanneer de Zuider Leeuw
 Aan zijne kusten brult.

O wee het schip ! dat zorg'loos thans
 De wilde golf trotseert ;
 Wee ! als het Noord West weêr den glaas
 Van't Zuider-kruis ze weert.

En wee is u ! gij die daar rijdt
 Naar't ver Oost Indien ;
 Gij 'Jonge Thomas' die daar glijdt
 De woeste plassen in.

Gij zijt een reeds gedoemde schip.
 Zie ! hoe de diepte kookt ;
 Zie ! hoe tot aan den haven lip
 De branding schuimt en rookt.

O wee is u ! die zulk een weêr,
 Die zulk een zee veracht ;
 Ach, zij is ankerloos, o Heer !
 Met zulk een zielenvracht.

De diepte kookt, en sist, en spot,
 Hoogolvend haar op haar ;
 Helaas ! reeds buldert, schot op schot.
 't Kasteel : gevaar ! gevaar !

Helaas ! daar kraakt haar hooge mast :
 De stormwind knakt zijn steel
 Gelijk de zeis het koorn ; wat last !
 Zij siddert in elk deel.

Zij siddert in den fellen storm,
 Doorwond als met een dolk ;
 Zij kruipt, zij kruipt, gelijk een worm ;
 Zij waggelt in den kolk.

De Jonge Thomas is gedoemd ;
 Helaas, is straks vergaan ;
 Wie straks de Jonge Thomas noemt
 Ziet 't nutt'loos wrak slechts aan.

Zie hoe d' orkaan haar grijpt, haar rukt,
 Haar scheurt met woesten tand ;
 Hoor haar gekerm ! helaas, zij bukt,
 Zij breekt op 't rotsig strand.

Ach, welk een wee, rijst uit de zee ;
 " Behoud ons wij vergaan ! "
 O welk een kreet ! wie hoort gedwee
 Die jammerklachten aan ?

Een akelig gegil, die 't hoort
 Vergeet ze nimmer meer ;
 Wiens hart dat noodgeschrei doorboort
 Smaakt nimmer vreugde weer.

Ach ! is er dan geen vrienden hand
 Die gretig hulpe biedt ;
 Zoo na aan 't land, zoo na aan 't strand :
 Niet een die 't hoort of ziet ?

Niet een ? geen enkele helden ziel
 Bij zulk een woest gevaar ?
 Dan, uit den weg ! elk lafaard kniel
 Voor gindschen grijsaard dáár.

Hij komt ! God dank ! hij ziet ! hij spoedt !
 'T is één uit duizenden ;
 Elk bloeddorp golft met heldenmoed,
 En gloeit van menschenmin.

Een zeventig winters sneeuwt zijn kruin ;
 Nog is hij fier en jong,
 Als, toen hij op de witte duin,
 Als knaapje lustig sprong.

Zijn golvend haar, zijn golvend' baard
 Een zeventig winters siert ;
 Zijn vurige ros is onvervaard
 Als hij, en sterk gespierd.

'T is Wolraad Woltemade, hij ;
 'T is één uit duizenden ;
 Hij glijdt de bange schaar voorbij,
 En stormt de golven in.

Het zeenat schuimt rondom den held,
 Rondom het eedle dier ;
 Maar elk trotseert het stormgeweld
 En naakt het wrak ; hoe fier !

Het eedle paard, de eedle hand :
 Goddank ! zij redden twee ;
 Hij zet ze veilig op het strand,
 En duikt weer in de zee.

De diepte kookt, de diepte woedt ;
 Geen nood ; hij komt, hij gaat ;
 Hij gaat, hij komt : hoe ook het bloed
 Verdwijnt op't bleek gelaat.

En keer op keer, snelt hij terug,
 Verdwijnt in't brnischend nat ;
 En keer op keer brengt hij terug
 Een kostbren zielenchat.

Tot zevenmaal, tot dat de held
 Gansch machtloos nederzigt ;
 Tot 't eedel paard, op't natte veld,
 Naar zijnen adem hijgt.

Maar liefde vuur, maar liefde gloed
 Wie dempt hun kracht zoo groot ?
 Neen, liefde is sterker dan die vloed ;
 En sterker dan de dood.

En nogmaals tot de woeste golf
 Rukt hij met fierheid op,
 En vliegt den huilenden zeewolf
 Stontmoedig op den kop.

Wie beeft ?—niet hij bij 't doodsgevaar ;
 Hij naakt het wrak eens weer ;
 En roept : " slechts twee ! slechts twee ! voorwaar,
 " Slechts twee, geen enkele meer ! "

Een tweetal ruimt het veege wrak ;

Helaas ! Een *derde* komt !

Ai mij ! 't is een gebroken tak,
Die met den drenk'ling kromt.

Helaas ! zij zinken ; 't is gedaan !

Het paard met ruiters zinkt !
Met eeuwigen glans der roem belaan ;
Waar 't sissend water blinkt.

Helaas ; ook Wolraad is gedoemd ;

Neen ! neen ! hij blijft bestaan !
Wie Woltemades naam ooit noemt :
Hij roemt zijn heldendaan.

Hij noeme hem met Curtius

En met de Decii ;
Hij roem' hem met een Regulus,
En met de Horatii.

Hij noem' hem met dien monnik, grijs,

Die op het strijperk zonk,
Toen Rome 't laatst den bloed'gen prijs
In 't Coliseum schonk.

Al siert geen steen het roemrijk strand
Waar u de golf bedekt :

Uw glans, O Wolraad ! eeuwig brandt,
Uw roem blijft onbevlekt.

THEKA.

Orthodoxie en Ortho- doxisme.

“ De letter doodt, de Geest maakt immer
levend,”

Zoo sprak weleer Gods “ uitverkoren vat,”
Alzoo de Grondwet van het Rijk ons gevend
Van Hem die 't pad der vrijheid steeds
betrad.

En ziet, door al de Christen eeuwenkringen
Is steeds de leuze van Gods volk geweest :
“ Tot vrijheid broeders, wijl in alle dingen
Gods kind geleid wordt door des Heeren
Geest.”

Hoe anders toch, in onze droeve dagen !
Hoe wordt het vroom gevoel al niet geschokt,
Hoe wordt het mugje op de tong gedragen,
En hoe de kemel veelal ingeslokt !

Hoe groot de klove tusschen Leer en Leven,
Alsof het Leven niets waar', en de Leer,
Indien slechts zuiver Dortsch, den mensch
kan geven
Al wat begeerd, vereischt wordt tot Gods eer.

“ Gereformeerd ” en “ Calvinistisch,” deze,
Gefossileerd, verwrongen en bevekt,
Zijn veelal in de plaats gesteld dier vreeze
Die door Gods Geest in 't hart slechts
wordt gewekt.

Gij hebt het, achtbre held der Reformatie,
Toch zeker *zoo* bedoeld, toen g' in der tijd
Het leerstuk neêrleidt der Praedestinatie,
Dat men het toch van 't blinde Noodlot
scheid'.

Ja, God regeert, beschikt ons lotgevallen,
Dat weten wij, 't is troost in onze smart,
Maar 't vocht thans in bedompte Augeasstellen
“ *Dat* moet er uit,” zoo spreekt het Christen
hart.

Praedestinatie, geen Determinisme,
Dat vind ik in de Evangelieblaân,
Een godlijk “ trekken ” is geen fatalisme,
God laat zich niet in ijzeren banden slaan.

“ *t Is God die 't willen werkt,*” O troost des
levens !

“ *Die wil die neme* ” ook zijn recht erlangd !
Harmonisch één, hoe godlijk, menschlijk
tevens !

Schoon tot in eeuwigheid slechts God de eer
ontvangt.

Al weder schallen Strijdenburgs trompetten,
Waar, volgens orthodoxe krijgsluits leer,
Calvijn Maria strenglijk zou beletten
Met Martha nêer te knielen voor hun Heer !

Bazaars, niet Dortsch ! zij werken meê tot
slooping,
Van Christus kerk ; hoewel men 't zelfde
heeft

Met dien verstande dat men 't noemt “ Ver-
koop,”
Als 't Hollandsch maar 't Arabisch over-
leeft !!

In kranten krabben baardelooze knapen,
En braken ongestraft hun gal, op hen
Bij wie zij wellicht minder zijn dan apen,
Schoon eigendunklijk “ helden van de pen.”

De Kinderharp en d' arme Ordonnantie,
“ Ach ! weg met beide, Zions wachters
waakt ! ”

Maar met ons vijanden in alliantie,
Dat is door niemand dus ver nog gewraakt.

De Kweekschool en de achtbre Professoren,
Ook zij zijn door die vierschaar reeds ver-
doemd,

Terwijl de rotte boel in *andere* kantoren
Door vele monden luidkeels wordt geroemd.

Wijl een genootschap als van 't “ Christlijk
Streven ”

Wordt uitgekraamd als Satans eigen werk,
Stelt niemand door een heilverspreidend leven
Aan al dat zamenzweren paal of perk.

Den Jood een Jood, den Griek een Griek te wezen,
't Mag niet geduld daar waar men Hollandsch preekt!

"Het Engelsch preeken is als pest te vreezen,"
Wees stil, het pseudo-Calvinisme spreekt.

Ja, zelfs het bidden om Gods geest is zonde
Zoo groot, dat God haar nimmermeer vergeeft!

Dit vreeslijk leerstuk hebben wij bij monde
Van een Profeet die in ons midden leeft.

Ziet daar, studenten nog aan d' Alma Mater,
Den strijd waartoe gij thans wordt aangejord,
De vraag is: "vloeit destroom van levenswater
Van uit Gods troon alleen, of slechts uit Dort?"

Dankt God voor Dort, en d' achtbre Dortsche
vadren,

Voor alles dat Hij door hen aan ons gaf,
Het bloed van Helden stuwt ons door de adren,
Zij *leven*, schoon zij sluimren in het graf.

Dankt God voor 't dierbaar drietal Formulieren,
Waar in Gods waarhêen zuiver zijn vervat.
En telkens zoo g' Hervormingsfeest mocht
vieren,

Toont u waardeerdere van dien Dortschen
schat.

Maar, weet dat bloot bezitten van de waarheid
Geen ziel zal redden van den eeuwgen dood,
De Geestesdoop, ja, *die* geeft licht en klaarheid,
En 't bloed van Christus redt uit allen nood.

Zijt ruim van hart tot wie van u verschillen,
Wij allen reizen naar het Vaderhuis,
Maar laat dit woord van onze kansels trillen:
"Ik geef geen splinter af van Jezus kruis."

AJAX.

Some Phases of Student Life in Edinburgh.

I wish I had begun to write this during my first year in Edinburgh, for then the things that strike a stranger as being different from what he has been accustomed to would have been still fresh to me.

However, I shall have to sharpen my memory, and try to recall my early recollections here.

As I am a Medical, and not an Arts or a Divinity student, and as the study of medicine seems to have cast a peculiar fascination over the minds of our South African students, I shall confine my remarks to the study of medicine.

UNIVERSITY CURRICULUM.

Our year consists of two sessions, a winter (October to March inclusive), and a summer

session (May to July inclusive), with two vacations in between.

About one thing there is no doubt, and that is that a fellow must *work* during the session if he wants to pass his exams. There are four of these in the whole curriculum of five years, and are called respectively the First, Second and Third Professional, and the Final. Of these the stiffest is undoubtedly the Second. Oh, that Second! How its very name strikes terror into the hearts of those who have not yet passed it! How its name recalls memories of "midnight oil" and "small hours of the morning" to those who have been fortunate enough to escape or survive shipwreck on its rocky shores! Once through your "Second," and all the way seems downhill, with a mail steamer at the foot of it to carry you "home" again.

But to proceed to a more detailed description of our work.

In the first year the student attends the classes of Chemistry, Zoology, Botany, and Physics, as well as Anatomy. As most of our students coming here have done some Chemistry and Physics before, their work is a little easier. At the end of the first winter and of the first summer session the student must pass in two of the above four first-named subjects, and then he has passed his "First." During the next 18 months or two years he studies Anatomy, Physiology and *Materia Medica*, for his "Second," which he is expected to pass at the end of his third winter, and so on.

Now, one of the difficulties of study arises from the fact that the student has to obtain his knowledge almost entirely from his own notes of the Professors' lectures, and that these notes are often so incorrect and imperfect, owing to fast speaking or bad enunciation on the part of the Professor, that he very often cannot trust them at all. This is a very real difficulty, and can only be overcome in course of time by long practice. Very few of the Professors prescribe any books from which the subject may be studied.

THE BOTANY CLASS.

Just a word about some of the classes. In the first year the subject of Botany is indelibly stamped on the student's memory by the fact that the class-room is 2½ to 3 miles distant from the part of the city where most of the students live, and that he has to be there by 8 a.m. every morning, having to walk all the way. Then, also, the Professor takes his class out to different places in the surrounding country on Saturdays, and this is a very good way for a stranger to become acquainted with the locality. That reminds me of the first time I went. After hanging around the Professor

for an hour or so, trying to find out what he was teaching about the structure of different plants, leaves, and flowers, some four or five of us from the Cape, who had had the forethought to provide ourselves with biltong, dried fruit, etc., sat down near the footpath in advance of the class, to enjoy our frugal meal. So engrossed were we in this, that we never noticed the Professor till he was upon us. Oh, the smile he gave! This was botanizing in a new way.

AND THE ZOOLOGY CLASS.

Then the class of Zoology. I came here with great ideas of learning how to heal the sick, to bind up the wounded, and in other ways to prove myself a benefactor of suffering humanity. Imagine my feelings when I was compelled in this class to cut up frogs, snails, pigeons, rabbits, and even lobsters. My disgust knew no bounds. And then charging 6d. for a frog, too! It was preposterous. How my people chaffed me!

MY FIRST OPERATION.

In the second year begins one's Hospital work. This is more like the real thing, you think. You go in to your first operation, and, as like as not, you'll remember it to the end of your days. You enter the operating theatre,—bah, how hot it is, how suffocating it smells. Some one whispers to you that this is due to the carbolic and chloroform. You sit and watch with a dreadful fascination how the clerks who are to help in the operation handle the glittering knives, the curved needles, the forceps, and what not. Your imagination requires no further stimulus to fancy one of those keen knives buried in your flesh, and you shudder in anticipation of seeing the red blood spout forth. At this critical moment the patient is brought in—perhaps a delicate looking little girl, with such an agonised look on her face, and clutching in terror the arm of the sympathetic nurse, who tries in vain to soothe the excited child. A chloroform towel is put before her nose, and she is told to shut her eyes. In a few moments her agony is so overmastering that she shrieks aloud, and tries to throw herself from the narrow table of torture. She is restrained, and strapped down tightly to prevent this. The surgeon now comes in and smilingly converses with his assistant, as if he had never hurt so much as a fly in his life. He washes his hands, puts on his long aseptic mackintosh-apron, and then for the first time deigns to notice the patient. The latter, in the meantime, has been passing through the various stages of chloroformism, as one might say; she shrieks and struggles, then subsides into talking and sobbing, which

relapse into a piteous moaning, which is pitiful in the extreme. At last she is silent. Her arm is stripped of its dressings, and again washed with carbolic. We learn that the hand is to be amputated to the wrist joint. The surgeon approaches, examines the wrist, and asks if the patient is under chloroform. In another minute the chloroformist assents, the glittering knife is raised and carried swiftly in a circle around the wrist. There is no very great flow of blood, as a tourniquet (bandage) has previously been applied higher up on the arm, but still a little blood escapes and trickles down, staining the surgeon's hands and apron a bright crimson. The knife is heard grating and grinding as it severs the strong tendons and separates the bones; the patient moans and tries to move. Crash! What is that? Oh, only a student who has fainted. For the last five or ten minutes the poor fellow has been manfully trying to overcome the weakness he feels stealing over him, though he has been growing paler, and ten thousand canary birds have been singing in his ears. At last he yields, and sinks into perfect oblivion. But so suddenly, that his head has struck the floor with a crash, and he is half stunned by the fall. In one minute he opens his eyes languidly, only to see a crowd of strange faces above him. He dimly wonders what they are there for, and where he is, and why on earth some one is trying to loosen his collar. "Keep his head down;" "Stand back, and give him air;" "Take him outside into the fresh air," are the somewhat contradictory orders he hears around him. He tries to rise, but fails; however, he is helped to his feet, and goes outside, feeling keenly what an ass he has made of himself. This is an experience he will not soon forget, nor his companions either, which is worse. However, he takes his revenge by beguiling non-medical students and other friends into that awful den, too, when he has got somewhat hardened to it, and takes a fiendish delight in seeing them turn pale and collapse just as he did. Such is man.

THE DISSECTING ROOM.

Another most interesting department of medical study the second year student enters upon is—Dissecting. The dissecting-room in a way is almost worse than the operating theatre, as not only are your sense of sight and your imagination shocked, but also your olfactory organs, and they most powerfully. The odour in midsummer is positively awful. It sticks to your hands, to your clothes, all over you. I must say it is distinctly unappetising to become aware at dinner time, in a most unmis-

takable way, that you have not washed your hands so thoroughly as you might have since last you fondled the muscles and nerves and arteries of a deceased man's leg that morning. Some students say they don't mind that at all. I do. Working with mere bones and skeletons is not so bad; the other is much worse. Ah, well! It is wonderful how one gets accustomed to things. Some students do not even mind if they discover they have been strolling about the dissecting room with a human Sartorius dangling from their coat tails. But enough of these horrors. I fear that, if I thus expose such practices, I shall give some ground for fresh accusation against our much-maligned but indispensable profession. So I refrain.

RABBITS.

In our class of Physiology, we have as lecturer a man of rare talent and application—Professor Rutherford. He has inevitably aroused the enmity of a strong body of people, the anti-vivisectionists, who, though their intention is excellent, do not always base their accusations on sufficient grounds. It seems they obtain but little sympathy amongst the students, since last winter session, out of a class of over 400 students, only three said they wanted the experiments on rabbits, cats, etc., performed before the class, to be done away with. And this in a class in which I know there are dozens of true Christians. I may add that these experiments are performed with proper anæsthetic precautions, and that makes a great deal of difference.

STUDENTS' CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.

This brings me on to speak a word before closing on Christian work in our University. We have a Medical Students' Christian Association, comprising some 100 active members, in a Faculty of 1,600 students. So you see that there is a great field still around us for aggressive personal work. Then, too, the members of the M.S.C.A. hold short services in each of the wards of the great Edinburgh Infirmary every Sunday morning, and meet together in the Chapel for half an hour afterwards for prayer. Services are also carried on in the Fever Hospital and Sick Children's Hospital. A *conversazione* is held at the commencement of every session, to which all freshmen are invited, and then they are brought into touch with our Association. Bible circles are held weekly by small groups of members, one of these being unique in the fact of its being exclusively for South African students, and to its being mainly conducted in Dutch. This "circle" meets on Sunday evenings about 8 p.m., after evening service. Unfortunately, owing to some reason or other, this is not as well attended by S.A. students

as we would like to see, but we have good hopes that in the coming winter session the attendance will be much larger. Owing to its peculiar nature, this circle is not limited to five or six, but is open to all Dutch-speaking students or friends who care to come.

THE S.A.U.

Allow me just a word in closing (I fear this article is far too long already) on the South African Union in Edinburgh. This is a building at 14, Buccleuch Place, which contains a reading-room, stocked with "Home" and British newspapers and magazines; a billiard-room; a meeting-room, in which our meetings, both social and business, are held, as well as the Annual Christmas Dinner; and a cosy library, containing a choice collection of books of reference, science, travel, and fiction. Sir Donald Currie gave us £100 worth of books, and many other prominent men in South Africa aided us nobly. Sir James Sivewright, who is this year our Hon. President, collected over £2,000 for us, that we might buy and firmly establish this Union. Its main object is to further the interests of South African students in Edinburgh. Just a week ago as many of them as were in town were invited to a "tea" in the Union library, to meet Dr. and Mrs. Brebner, of the Orange Free State, and to every one of us it was a great pleasure as well as privilege to meet them. There were present, also, on the same occasion Rev. and Mrs. van Wijk of Murraysburg, and Rev. Steven of Fauresmith. Unfortunately, Prof. Walker, of Victoria College, was unable to be present.

Our membership is at present about 50, though there are still a dozen or more Cape men in Edinburgh who do not belong to the Union.

The men whom we want as medical students in Edinburgh are men who have sufficient moral principle, and still more who rely upon God for strength, to overcome the subtle and awful temptations which surround us here on every side. Without these qualities a man in almost every instance is the worse for being here. We want students who can live upright, consistent, moral lives, and can thus be an example, and can help to raise up others who have yielded to the powers of evil around them. I would that not another man came over here who is not fully convinced of his own weakness and inability to withstand temptation, and his dependence upon God for strength. Then we shall have *men*.

I must close. I can assure all V. C. Students that we, its old students here, still cherish a very warm feeling for our old College, the scene of so many pleasant as well

as, let us hope, profitable hours. We follow with keen interest the progress of the College, and hail with delight the proofs of its supremacy in the exams. no less than in the football and cricket field.

AN OLD BOY.

South African Union,
14, Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh.
October, 1897.

Union Debating Society.

"NIL MORTALIBUS ARDUUM EST."

The Office-bearers for 1897-98 are:—

President: D. F. Malan, B.A.

Vice-President: N. M. Hoogenhout, B.A.

Secretary: W. A. Krige, B.A.

Vice-Secretary: H. Gonin, B.A.

Treasurer: S. W. van Niekerk.

Committee Members: E. Dommissie, B.A., C. V. Nel, B.A.

Journalists: J. P. Botha; E. van der Horst; D. Marais; B. Tindall; D. A. Shaw.

* *

Among the many institutions and societies at Stellenbosch which bring students into closer contact with each other, and thus promote that desirable unity of purpose, of action, and of feeling so characteristic of student life, our Debating Society still continues to occupy a primary position. Amid all differences of opinion, of study, of refinement, of ability, the Unionist still feels that he and his fellow-member love the same Society with the same enthusiasm and carry the same interests at heart, and consequently he finds himself attached to him with a fellow-feeling which not even time can destroy or lessen.

* *

Our Saturday night meetings in the old Union Hall, opposite the Theological Seminary, are still conducted on practically the same lines as in the youthful days of the society, thanks to the sound judgment and keen foresight of many a respectfully-remembered past member—the fathers of a now so eminently flourishing institution. Our bye-laws have during all these years in the main remained unaltered, showing their intrinsic value and adaptability, the changes and occasional motions for changes in minor points indicating the continued mental activity and vitality of our meetings.

* *

Our roll at present comprises about 115 members—the highest number ever reached.

For the last few years the average annual increase has been about 20. Though we cannot but hail this sure sign of life and growth and interest on the part of the members, yet we feel that we are thereby inevitably brought to question the desirability of having such an abnormally large number. Though a large body will give a little more friction, and will consequently foster independent and many-sided thought, and will yield well-discussed debates, yet will not members *individually* be less benefited, there being the less occasion for the exercise of their powers (the prime object of membership)?

* *

It would, perhaps, not be out of place, if we here suggest the following possible solution of the problem which doubtless our sister society is beginning to share with us. Let the membership of the two existing societies be open to matriculated students only, special provision been made by the Union for young men of the village wishing to join, but not directly connected with the Educational institutions; and let a third Society be started for non-matriculated students only. The generous offer of Dr. Marais, Rector of the Gymnasium, to our Society, of a room in the New Gymnasium buildings, makes us anticipate that a suitable place for holding the meetings will be easily secured. This remodelling of the Debating Societies will have the following manifest advantages:—(a) The undesirable isolation of the members of any one institution will be guarded against, as Theological students will be fellow members with College students, College students with Gymnasium students; (b) The "inactive" or "silent" member problem will to a very large extent be solved, as most members, at least, being on a more equal footing, will be competent to take part in all the debates brought up for discussion, and, with a diminished roll, there will be the more occasion to do so; (c) The junior members (who now, as a whole, take but slight part in the debates) gathered in their own Society, will feel more liberty to express their opinions among themselves. The advantages of early training being thus supplied, the third Society would prove a most valuable feeder to the other two; (d) A large number of Gymnasium students, now excluded as unqualified, could then be taken in as members.

In such a step should be decided upon, the Union would lose about 45 non-matriculated, and retain about 70 matriculated members. We anticipate that the College Debating Society would be able to retain as high a percentage.

Our usual annual programme of work and amusement was during the year again gone through with the usual interest and enthusiasm. The Annual Excursion in February was a brilliant success. Fancy costumes, the gay, unique "fall in" in front of Bloemhof, the watermelon fight, speeches cheered to the echo, and the waggon-race afforded us not a little pleasure. The Society feels deeply indebted to Mr. G. J. Krige, M.L.A., for having again generously offered his premises for our Excursion purposes. Mr. Krige, we gladly inform old Unionists, with his keen interest in all our proceedings, his occasional attendance at and taking part in our discussions, our high appreciation of and attachment to him, is fast developing into what may be called the "old boy" of the Union Debating Society.

* *

Our Open Meeting was held in April. The College Hall on that occasion was crowded, thanks to the kind interest and generous support of the Stellenbosch public. The motion (a burning question of the day) that "In the opinion of this meeting it is desirable that Government should control immigration," was warmly contested on both sides, a large number of members taking part, and was, on being put to the vote, agreed to by 61 votes to 23.

* *

The Entertainment which was held in May similarly did not fail to awaken interest. After some very taking musical items, Selby's "Robert Macaire" was acted throughout in a lively and attractive manner. The last scene especially, picturing Macaire, wounded and dying, gradually sinking in the arms of his much wronged wife, kept the audience spell-bound till, the last words having left the lips of that guilty, but now confessing and pardon-seeking man, the curtain fell amid thunders of applause. Special mention must be made of the very able way in which Macaire (Mr. Benson), Mrs. Macaire (Mrs. Benson), and Redmond (Mr. C. Rorich) acted their several parts.

* *

The Convivial in June was held with the usual cordiality and fellow-feeling. Singing "Auld Lang Syne" with crossed hands, we bade a last farewell to departing members, feeling that the name Union Debating Society will ever remain a bond that will with fellow-feeling bind members (past and present) into one large united body.

* *

A serious loss has been sustained by us through the departure of Mr. A. M. MacGregor, M.A., for two successive years the much esteemed president of the Society.

Being not only learned and well read, but being besides an acute thinker, an eloquent speaker, and a thoroughly generous man, Mr. MacGregor was very eminently suited for that responsible position. In him were very remarkably united the three Aristotelian essentials of an effective speaker—Good sense, good principle, goodwill. We also regret the departure of men like Messrs. M. S. Daneel, B.A., C. A. Neethling, B.A., G. Rudman, and P. S. Krige, B.A. (Tottie), for many years able and energetic members of the Society. To these, and others who have left us to begin their lifework, we bid a hearty adieu.

* *

We feel that one or more prizes for the best debaters, reciters, or essayists in the Society would be a great stimulus to our elocution, thinking, and speaking powers.

We have produced eloquent advocates and able ministers; we have produced sound thinkers and speakers who can grace any platform; we boast besides of hundreds of old-Unionists, whose united testimony is that they have been very largely benefited by our meetings. Perhaps some of these, to whom the old Union Hall still remains the centre of very many pleasant associations, whose thoughts still in moments of quiet reflection travel back to the old place, will feel their deep indebtedness, and will be willing to do something towards helping us to greater perfection.

Het Athene van Zuid Afrika.

Het wordt al meer gebruikelijk Stellenbosch het Athene van Zuid Afrika te noemen; en de vraag is in hoe ver men daartoe eenig recht heeft. Men doet 't waarschijnlijk niet omdat men meent dat die plaats een grooter aantal geleerden bevat dan eenig anderin Zuid Afrika, of dat hare opvoedkundige inrichtingen talrijker zijn dan die b.v., van de Kaapstad; misschien eerder omdat het Theol. Seminarium van de oudste en voornaamste kerk des lands daar te vinden is; omdat men er een college heeft gelijkstaande met het beste in geheel Z. Afrika, alsook een gymnasium en twee meisjes seminariën die onder de voortreffelijkste in het land gerekend moeten worden; voorts omdat de plaats voor dit alles zoo bij uitnemendheid geschikt is, en er om al deze redenen zulk een bijzonder groot getal jonge menschen uit alle deelen van Z. Afrika zich steeds daarheen begeeft.

Om nu bij dit laatste te beginnen is 't opmerkelijk dat, daar vroeger de welgestelden onder de Hollandsch sprekende bevolking des

lands er meestal opgesteld waren, dat hunne kinderen voor het hooger onderwijs naar de Kaapstad gaan moesten, zij tegenwoordig in den regel eerder aan Stellenbosch denken zullen. Er zijn zeker sommigen die met Stellenbosch minder ingenomen zijn, zooals die klasse van jongelingen die vertegenwoordigd worden door een student die van daar naar een ander college ging omdat gelijk hij zeide, "waar men ook te Stellenbosch bij een kerel komt daar vindt men hem met een boek bezig." Evenmin valt die plaats in den smaak van hen die meenen, dat een jong mensch geen goede opleiding ontvangt of genoeg van de wereld weet, zoo hij niet bekend is met ieder der voorname actrices van den laatsten tijd, of niet bedreven is in de verhevene kunst van "flinging a merry heel," of niet kan vertellen hoe dikwijls hij bij de gezellige samenkomsten onder de tafel is geraakt.

Er zijn echter ook verstandiger lieden die het tegen Stellenbosch hebben, omdat die plaats naar hunne meening gewis vochtig en ongezond moet zijn. Tot geruststelling van iedereen echter kan hierbij gevoegd worden, dat dit gevoelen zijnen oorsprong alleen daarin heeft, dat de prachtige eiken, die aan beide zijden der straten staan, niet zelden boven in de lucht als ware elkander de hand reiken of zelfs elkander omhelzen, en 't er voor sommige menschen alzoo wat nauw en somber uitziet. Neemt men echter de ligging der plaats als geheel in oogenschouw of raadpleegt men de ondervinding der inwoners, dan vindt men spoedig uit dat er niets van aan is. Dan wordt men juist tot het tegenovergesteld-gevoelen geleid, namelijk :

Dat alles te samen genomen Stellenbosch wellicht de geschiktste plaats in het gansche land is om het Athene van Z. Afrika te zijn. Reeds het bovengenoemde feit schijnt dit aan te duiden, namelijk dat men als van zelf er toe geleid werd die inrichtingen aldaar te stichten, en dat zoo velen van alle kanten zich daarheen getrokken gevoelen. Het is als of men onbewust gevoelt welke voordeelen aan die plaats verbonden zijn.

Daar het een matig groot dorp en in de nabijheid van de Kaapstad gelegen is, komen de jonge menschen er genoeg met den stroom der wereld, zoowel van de licht als van de schaduw zijde beschouwd, in aanraking, zonder in gevaar te komen van daardoor te worden weggevoerd. Is er iets bijzonders in de Kaapstad te zien of te hooren, dan is het genoeg binnen het bereik van de jeugd van Stellenbosch om daarmede kennis te maken. Dit zal binnen kort nog meer het geval zijn als men aan die plaats de beloofde goedkooper en versnelde treinen heeft bezorgd. Het is ook hoog tijd

dat het daartoe komen zal. Gedurig komen de jonge menschen van Stellenbosch in aanraking met die van de Kaapstad, de Paarl, en op de speelplaatsen, in debat-vereenigingen en op andere wijze. Het reizen wordt de studeerende jeugd zoo goedkoop en gemakkelijk gemaakt, dat er in de vacantie eer te veel dan te min wordt gereisd, en zoodoende zien zij zoo veel van het land dat zij om wereld kennis op te doen, waarlijk niet noodig hebben hun Alma Mater in eene grootere plaats dan Stellenbosch is, te hebben.

De opleiding die zij daar ontvangen is dan ook volstrekt niet van die broeikast soort waaraan meer dan een denkt die er onbekend mee is. Zoo is dit ook in 't geheel niet de indruk dien men ontvangt als men met eenen Stellenboschen student in aanraking komt, tenzij hij, hetgeen men elders in groote universiteiten ook aantreft, iemand is die de voorkeur geeft aan een soort van kluisenaarsleven. Als b.v. een span uit hen zich naar de meer Engelsche centrum in de oostelijke distrikten begeeft om "football" te spelen, dan hoort men daar van hen zeggen, "een flinke aangename zet kerels;" "wat spelen zij goed?" Daar zij echter in de hotellen niet onder de drinkebroers gevonden werden, kwam men er weleens tot de gedachte dat zij allen "teetallers" waren!

Neen er wordt ernstig aan hunne zedelijke en geestelijke ontwikkeling gearbeid, doch in een gezonden geest, zonder dwang nit te oefenen, zoodat het een vrije, natuurlijke wasdom zijn kan; en niemand zal ook beweren dat zij er allen brave Hendrikken zijn.

Om menschen en wereld-kennis op te doen, behoeven zij ook waarlijk niet alles buiten Stellenbosch te gaan zoeken. Door dat Stellenbosch niet een overgroot stad is, is zij propvol professoren, predikanten, zendelingen, onderwijzers, onderwijzresses en studeerende jongelingen en jongedochters. Deze allen komen er noodwendig in veelvuldige aanraking met elkander. De huizen der leermeesters staan open voor de leerlingen en hun omgang met elkander is over 't algemeen vrij en hartelijk. Iets anders dat de studenten—ten minste zeker die van het mannelijke geslacht—er niet minder dan het pas genoemde op prijs stellen, is dit, dat er zulk een groot aantal jonge dames uit alle deelen van Z. Afrika in de beide meisjesseminariën te vinden zijn, in wier gezelschap zoowel als in die van de schoonen van het dorp zelf zij zich niet zelden mogen bevinden. Het gebeurt dan ook weleens dat men een jongeling bij zijne aankomst aldaar zich in een gezelschap ziet gedragen als een ongetemd kalf; hij is er echter niet te lang of hij is in zulke kringen

en op publieke plaatsen geheel thuis en op zijn gemak. Dit kan men er zelfs gemakkelijker opdoen dan in eene veel grooter stad. Heeft een student een weinig tijd over dan kan hij zich dien op aangename wijze ten nutte maken door hier of daar een bezoek af te leggen, hetgeen hij misschien niet doen zou indien de afstanden veel grooter waren, en 't hem dus zoo veel meer aan tijd en geld kosten zou. Dit geldt ook van al de samenkomsten die studenten onderling behooren te hebben, om elkander in de studie en algemeene ontwikkeling behulpzaam te zijn. Het is zelfs van toepassing op hunne spelen. Zij kunnen goed aan dit alles deelnemen zonder te veel tijd of geld te verkwisten.

Als men van de geschiktheid van Stellenbosch om het Z. Afr. Athene te zijn, spreekt, dan is er nog iets dat niet uit het oog dient verloren te worden. Het kind van Hollandschspreekende ouders blijft er in levende aanraking met zijn volk, zijn kerk, zijne taal verkeeren; terwijl het er—gelijk trouwens bij de examens genoeg gezien wordt—met het Engelsch zoo goed bekend kan worden als op eenige andere plaats in het land; en het gelegenheid genoeg heeft het Engelsche of Schotsche karakter te leeren kennen. De student loopt er niet gevaar van zijn volk, kerk of taal vervreemd te worden, uiteindelijk noch visch noch vleesch te zijn, een kleurloos wezen, door den Engelschman veracht omdat hij zich over zijne eigene afkomst schaamt, het leven van een papagaai leidt, willende voor iets doorgaan dat hij niet is en nooit worden zal, en door zijn eigen geslacht met medelijden of afkeer aangezien en op zijde gestooten. Hij wordt er een verlicht, loyaal onderdaan der Koningin, iemand die het goede in den Engelschman of Schot zoowel als in den Duitscher, Hollander, of Franschman weet te waardeeren, maar die geen van die allen wenscht te worden, dewijl hij door de Voorzienigheid iemand anders gemaakt is en zulks blijven wil.

Het kind weder van Engelsche ouders komt er zonder noodzakelijk zijn afkomst, kerk, of taal te verloochenen, op zulk eene wijze in aanraking met den Afrikaner en zijn kerk en taal, dat als van zelve de bekrompene vooroordeelen moeten wegvallen die men al te dikwijls aantreft bij hen die in een geheel of bijna geheel Engelsche omgeving hunne opleiding ontvangen. Het Engelsch kind is meer aan dit gevaar blootgesteld dan het Hollandsche, daar het laatstgenoemde in den regel beide talen aanleert en het eerstgenoemde niet. Is Stellenbosch niet ook om die reden de aangewezen plaats voor de aanstaande onderwijzende universiteit, of ten minste voor de eene helft

daarvan, terwijl de andere helft in de Kaapstad zal zijn?

Wat ook hier dient in aanmerking te komen is, dat het leven aan deze plaats zoo veel goedkooper is dan in groote steden; zoodat de zegeningen van het hooger onderwijs aan zeer velen ten deel kunnen vallen die er anders van verstoken moesten blijven.

Eindelijk wijs ik nog op het heerlijk en gezond klimaat van Stellenbosch, deschoonheid der natuur aldaar. Het is er overbekend dat indien ziekten die bij wijlen in ons land heerschen ook aldaar aangetroffen worden, het gewoonlijk in bijzonder lichten graad is; zoodat gedurende al de jaren dat het Theol. Seminarium en de andere groote scholen er bestaan, de dood slechts een stuk of wat slachtoffers heeft geëischt uit al die jonge menschen van elders gekomen; en dan was 't nog in een paar gevallen door ziekten die zij elders hadden opgedaan. De N. G. predikant van Stellenbosch roemt er dan ook op dat hij bijna altijd zijn twaalfstal tachtigjarigen in zijn gemeente aanwijken kan. De schoonheid der natuur in en rondom Stellenbosch is spreekwoordelijk en laat zich door mijne pen niet beschrijven. Ik zou meer dan één reiziger kunnen noemen die een groot deel der aarde gezien heeft, en vol verrukking verklaard heeft, dat hij zelden of nooit een schooner streek heeft aangetroffen. Een heer uit Holland liet den schrijver dezes iet wat schrikken, toen hij een van de lieflijkste deelen van Stellenbosch voor zich kreeg en uitriep: O dat is—schoon! Ik zou wel een deel van mijn lijf kwijt willen zijn om dit allen dag te kunnen zien! (Hij zeide echter niet welk deel!)

Wat menigeen vooral treft is de heerlijke verscheidenheid in de schoone gedaante der bergen rondom Stellenbosch. Let op die grootsche bergspitsen die zich boven in Jonkershoek zoo trotsch verheffen, vooral als zij tegen den avond ons zoeken te betooveren met de immer veranderende kleuren die zij vertoonen, of als zij weleens met sneeuw bedekt zijn. Laat gij uwen blik over die berg massa hooger op weiden, dan rust die eindelijk op den welbekenden Sneeuwkop van waar men zulk een verrukkelijk vergezicht heeft. Rechts hebt gij den ouden vriend, Stellenboschberg, die er staat als of hij trouw over het dorp de wacht moest houden. Ziet gij over de Helshoogte in de richting van Pniel, dan verrijzen voor uw oog ontzaglijke rotswanden, als van een vervaarlijk kasteel door Titanen gebouwd. Nog verder naar den linkerkant volgt de zachtglooiende schilderachtige Simonsberg, met de fraaie boerenplaatsen aan den voet er van gelegen.

Aan de tegenovergestelde zijde is het als of de natuur een grootsch terras wilde vormen. Eerst hebt gij den nederigen liefelijken Papagaaischberg aan de zijde waarvan de voornaamste Godsakkers van het dorp gelegen zijn; van welke een Stellenbosche dame verklaarde dat de plaats daarvoor eene welgekozene is, daar nu, als zij in den grooten dag weder verrijst uit haar graf, het eerste deel der nieuwe aarde waarop haar oog rusten zal het bekoorlijke Stellenboschdal wezen zal. Dan klimt gij op tot de hoogten van den Vlaggeberg, en daarna staart gij met eerbied en liefde op het eerwaardig gelaat van den ouden vader, Tafelberg, tusschen wiens knieën de Kaapstad zich verschuilt, waar hij deftig op zijn hoogen stoel gezeten is.

Laat men nu van een dier hoogten zijn blik gaan over het dal als een geheel, of wandelt men langs de straten of lanen van Stellenbosch, zoo liefelijk gelegen langs de boorden van de ruischende Eerste rivier, met de statige lommerrijke eiken aan de beide zijden harer straten, dan verwondert men zich niet dat deze plaats uitgekozen werd om de bakermat der wetenschap in Z. Afrika te worden, maar veeleer daarover dat er tot nog toe geene dichters of dichtersessen, niet meer voorname musici of schrijvers aldaar zijn opgewekt geworden. Wij blijven echter hopen en wachten. Of heerscht de examenkoorts of de materialistische geest der eeuw er te sterk voor de Muzen om daar te wonen?

o

The Strand.

We were not exactly in love with Somerset West Strand, but, as we were in need of a change after a quarter's hard work, we decided to spend our Easter vacation there. So off we go with Kirsten's waggonette and four. The steeds are not much to look at, being only Stellenbosch cab horses, but still they are made to pull and do their best. Our waggon is well packed with rugs, band instruments, and, best of all, the big box of eatables. There are six of us on the waggon, to say nothing of Malampie with his old uniform and cap. We touch at Somerset West Station to pick up our tent, which has been forwarded from Cape Town by Cameron.

When we get to the Strand we have some difficulty in finding a suitable place to pitch our tent. At last we decide on a nice grassy spot just behind Mr. Neethling's house, and without any more ado set about pitching the tent, thinking the place is Nomansland. But we are soon to be undeceived. Just as we get our tent to stand, a man, a perfect stranger to us, comes tearing over the hill, and begins using

tall language about trespassers and "vagabonden." After he has worked off his superfluous steam, however, we manage to pacify the old chap, and he finishes by cordially inviting us to make ourselves at home. As soon as the tent is properly pitched, we arrange our goods and chattels in it, and make everything snug for the night. Our supper consists of some fowl (one chicken was frightfully tough) eggs, bread and butter, which we have brought with us from home.

Leaving old Malampie in charge of our tent, we saunter down to the beach, to see how the land lies. Of course, we are curious to know what people are at the Strand; one or two are particularly anxious about the girls. Our Doctor is one of these. As this is his first appearance in public, he is in full costume—top hat, old blazer, kharkee trousers, bare feet, and white umbrella; somehow he can't do his work without the latter. He is not very long about getting patients. He hardly recognises us when he passes a little later with a girl in a pink blouse on his arm. The Doctor is of tender years, but somehow the fair sex have great confidence in him; he attends them with such brotherly solicitude. We leave the Doctor and Miss Hellier, and join a party playing games on the sands. We don't know many of them, but take French leave and spend a very jolly evening.

It is near twelve before all the fellows are back at the tent. We see that the Doctor wants looking after, and so decide to hold court martial every night, at which the Captain is to preside. We are soon lulled to sleep by old Malampie's peaceful snoring.

Next morning before breakfast, provided with the necessary bathing togs, we go for a swim—all of us except the Doctor. He has forgotten to get the required apparatus. After breakfast he strolls down to one of the shops where he expects to find a man in attendance, but to his dismay finds only a girl in the shop. With a sweet reassuring smile she asks the bashful Doctor what she can do for him. "Oh," stammers our friend, "I only want to bathe." "To bathe," says the surprised young woman; "do you want me to put you in a bath?" "No, no; I only want some things to bathe in." Hereupon the Doctor is made to buy a complete bathing costume, which he keeps to this day as a memento of an awkward half-hour.

After a walk down to Melk Baai we stroll round to the boats, and amuse ourselves watching our worthy factotum Malampie bargaining with the Malays about our fish for dinner. We are obliged to go to his rescue, as they try to humbug him.

That afternoon three of us walked to Strand Halt. We were expecting some friends by train, and we were hoping they might prefer walking to taking a cab. We were not disappointed. Our friends, who, by the way, were ladies, were quite willing to walk. Somehow it took us considerably longer to get back than going to the Station. The walk was not a success in the way of breaking records, but still we enjoyed it. After taking the young ladies to their boarding-house we went to get our supper, and found that our friends had finished, but we managed to do very well on some stewed sweet potatoes and golden syrup, to say nothing of the coffee, which, by the way, we had regularly five times a day.

After supper the Doctor goes out to see some patients. The rest of us stop in, and read about Mr. Pickwick, old Tuppy, Snodgrass, and Winkle. We forget we are at the Strand, and fancy we are on the ice with Samivel or inquiring of old Mr. Weller—"How's mother-in-law?" As the Doctor is not in by twelve, the Captain sends two of us to look for him. After a great deal of searching, he is found on a balcony behind the ever-useful white umbrella.

The following morning, being Sunday, we sleep late. After our bath we sit down to a good breakfast of Ho and fish. I may say here our apparel at breakfast was always of the most meagre description, but the food tasted none the worse on that account.

After breakfast we get ready for church. John dresses in a desperate hurry and clears. While dressing I want my socks, and can't find them anywhere; then Peter can't find his white vest, and last of all the Captain can't lay his hands on his jacket. We hunt high and low, but all to no purpose, and finally have to get other things. When we get to church we see Mr. John sitting prim and proper with the white waistcoat and jacket, and then I can make a pretty shrewd guess where my socks are. After that, when John was busy dressing, we kept a sharp look out on our own dogs, for fear they might want to go out with him.

One morning we were up quite early, as we wanted to go out to sea with one of the boats for a day's fishing. Some of our number knew they were not exactly good sailors, so took every precaution. One had heard that brown paper is a good preventive for sea sickness. When we were half asleep still we heard the crumpling of brown paper, and woke to find our friend had tied five or six sheets of thick brown paper over his—well, the place that feels tired when one is not

very well at sea. Another had laid in a large stock of acid drops. Others took lemons; and one had some stewed onions, not for himself though. We left at three, and for the first hour all was well and gay. We sang most lustily, particularly those who were afraid they might have to feed the fish. They were doing so well that the rest of us were afraid we might be disappointed. We did our best for them, pointing to the phosphorus in the water, and advising them to watch the water as it rippled alongside the boat. One old fisherman, looking down into the water, quite innocently said he could see shoals of fish; but our friends were too high and mighty, wouldn't look down on any account, but gazed up at the stars. At last, however, they had to give in, had to bend their stiff necks over the side of the boat, and groaned. There was quite a competition between two of them, seeing who could hit most boundaries. One thought he could tide off the evil moment by rowing, but he had not given many pulls when he hastily said to the man near him, "Vat die spaan;" and the man did take the "spaan," but not a moment too soon. Then our friend knew only too well what it was to be there. He had little more of stargazing after that, but was content with the reflection of the stars in the briny deep, and thinking what a misery life is.

Our outing was a very pleasant one, and many amusing incidents might be recorded.

Let me close by telling of a midnight visitor. We had noticed that some of our meat got stolen of a night, and couldn't at first make out who the thief was. At last we saw by the tracks that it was a "muskeljaat kat"; so one evening we set a trap for it, which consisted of a box poised on a stick. We waited some time to see whether the cat would come in, but, as there was no sign of the intruder, we turned in. One was reading aloud about Huck Finn and the Royal Nonesuch when we heard the box fall. Of course, we all rushed out just as we were. All was wild confusion. We knew the cat was in the box, but didn't know how to get him out. There we all were, in all sorts of costume, all trying to get at the cat. Malampie, the old duffer, was the worst of the lot. He just kept yelling, "Gee mij net zij staert!" "Gee mij net zij staert!" But that was the puzzle—how to get hold of the cat or its tail. At last the tail came out under the edge of the box. We tied a string to this, and so captured our midnight visitor.

We got back to Stellenbosch on Saturday night, having spent a very pleasant week at the Strand.

Football.

Since no Stellenbosch Students' Annual was published last year, it will be necessary, in the present issue, to give a short report of our '96 season.

As is usual in this town, the Annual Meeting held in March, for the purpose of electing office-bearers for the ensuing season, was most enthusiastic. Mr. J. D. Krige, captain for '95, in reading the committee's report, made mention of the fact that the First XV. had again made a great bid for the much-coveted Grand Challenge Cup, and at one time Stellenbosch were actually the favourites in Town. The Second XV. had again annexed the Junior Challenge Cup in '95. He, Mr. Krige wished the club every success for the ensuing season.

The voting was next proceeded with, and the result was that Mr. J. M. Hofmeyr was elected Captain for '96; Mr. H. D. van Broekhuizen Vice-Captain, and Mr. W. A. Krige (G. son) Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

From the very beginning of the season we possessed a very heavy pack indeed—by far the heaviest in the Province—but, to say the least of it, they were clumsy, and never played a combined game. What was even worse than this, our forwards had not yet got rid of a wonderful notion—a notion which they had had for seasons past, and which they tried to put into practice in every match—that the forwards must score.

They did not play their backs—never gave them the ball decently—consequently, when it did come out, it was unexpected, the backs did not use opportunity well, and the forwards grew stronger in their conviction that *they* must stick to the ball, and if any scoring was to be done, they had to do it.

To get the team, then, to play a combined game—forwards, halves, and three-quarters, alike one for the other—was the first task set the new captain. Improvement did come gradually, and before the midwinter holidays we had succeeded in beating both S.A.C. and Diocesan College in our cup fixture. This latter was already cause for encouragement, since for some seasons previous Stellenboschers had always drawn with Bishops. Here, then, we beat them by two tries (one converted) *bona fide* ones, scored by backs against a dropped goal. In the S.A.C. match, too, our tries were scored by backs, and this was a good omen. It was strange that S.A.C. had also scored a dropped goal against two tries. Neither team had thus far broken our strong defence. O.D.s we also played before June, and beat them by three tries to nil.

Every Stellenboscher knows that we always lose the little form we had before June during our midwinter vacation. To obviate this a tour was undertaken down to the Eastern Province, and Graham's Town, Port Elizabeth, Uitenhage, and Cradock were visited.

We cannot enter into details here about this tour. Here are the results:—

S'bosch drew with Albany F.C. no score.

S'bosch " " Grahamstown " "

S'bosch " " Port Elizabeth " "

Stellenbosch beat Uitenhage a try to nil.

" " Combined Port Elizabeth and Uitenhage by two tries to one try.

" " Cradock by 27 points to nil.

The game *vs.* combined Port Elizabeth was a great one, and every one could see what the tour had done for our men. Our forwards played a glorious game. After our return we played Gardens, and they were the first team who crossed our line in a Cup Match. We beat them by 19 points to 3. Now came our great match, *viz.*, Cup Tie *vs.* Villagers. It was a popular fixture, and up to that time Villagers had not been beaten, and had even beaten the Hamiltons.

That game will long be remembered by those who took part in it or watched it; it would be very difficult, indeed, to find better tackling than was seen that day. Ultimately we beat Villagers by the narrow margin of a try.

The following week we met Hamiltons, and lo, how were the mighty fallen! They beat us, and beat us well, too. Our men were over-trained, off colour, and afflicted by many other maladies.

Villagers, Hamiltons, and ourselves were now equal, each having lost one match. According to Union rules it had to be played off on the sudden death principle. In drawing, Stellenbosch got the try, and thus would have to play the winners. In this case Hamiltons proved the stronger team and beat Villagers.

In our match this time our men were all right, and walked over the Hamiltons, beating them by two tries to nil, thus annexing the Grand Challenge Cup for the first time.

Of course Stellenbosch people were jubilant, and gave each of the XV who played in the final match a fine gold medal.

Mr. G. Krige, M.L.A., also banqueted the team and Mr. "Boy" de Waal treated them to a "spree" out at his farm.

Caps were presented as follows:—

Mr. J. M. Hofmeyr, captain, received one from the Mayor, Mr. P. Bosman.

Mr. D. Morkel, back, received one from Mr. P. de Waal, M.L.A.

Mr. H. D. v. Broekhuizen } forwards, received
 ,, P. de Waal } one each from
 { Mr. P. de Waal, M.L.A.
 { Mr. J. D. Krige (ex-captain.)

The team for '96 was:

| | |
|-----------------|-------------------------|
| Full back | Jno. Wege. |
| Three quarters. | { D. Morkel, |
| | { J. M. Hofmeyr (capt.) |
| | { G. Chapman, |
| Halves | { M. S. Daneel. |
| | { C. H. Murray, |
| | { C. V. Nel. |
| Forwards | { H. v. Broekhuizen, |
| | { P. de Waal, |
| | { E. Dommissie, |
| | { P. Bergh, |
| | { D. Kloppers, |
| | { P. Albertijn, |
| | { P. A. M. de Vos, |
| | { C. A. Neethling. |

P. S. Krige also played four (4) matches cup.
 H. J. Bergh ,, ,, three (3) matches cup.

We must mention here, too, that v. Broekhuizen and De Waal played for S. Africa in the final match against English XV, and assisted in beating the Englishmen, too.

'97.

Of course, the annual meeting was a noisy one. One was reminded that in '96 we had taken four out of possible six cups, viz., Grand Challenge and Junior Challenge, as also Second and Third College Cups. The third team cup very very nearly came here, too, Villagers only beating us in the third attempt after two draws.

The same captain, vice-capt., and sec. were chosen as for previous season. A keen interest was manifested in the game from the beginning.

It was fairly late in the season before the town team played together as such, since we tried to give the college as much practice as possible, with the good result, too, that they annexed the *First* and *Third* College Cups.

Early in the season we had a visit from the cupholders of the Transvaal, viz., Diggers, and managed to play them a draw, each side scoring two tries. Bishops, whom we were to meet first for the cup, withdrew, their team being very weak this year.

Soon after that we met the ever formidable Hamiltons in the cup tie. It was a great game, and our forwards deserve special praise for the game they played that day—never did the Hamiltons appear dangerous during the whole game! Result 6 points to nil. On the following Saturday we met the S.A.C.s, and had a hard tussle for it. The college forwards played beautifully, which cannot be said of our pack. We emerged victors by one goal to nil.

This brought us up to our midwinter vacation, and, although a good many objections were raised, fellows unable to go and so forth, still the captain managed to put through the tour to the Border and Midland districts. We had a most successful tour, and, although we had several second XV men, still we scored about 150 points against some 10 scored against us—winning every game we played.

The Gardens were our next opponents, and we managed to beat them by 18 points to nil. In view of the Currie Cup competition down at P.E., several of our men were asked to practise, and ultimately *seven* were chosen to proceed to P.E. This certainly was something to be proud of. We were very sorry indeed that only 4 were able to get away. Before the return of these 4, we met the Villagers, and beat them by 29 to 3, our men, one and all, playing as good a game as they ever played. A week later the match of the season came off, vs. Old D.s, and we will never forget the excitement. Both sides had their backers: Stellenbosch proved its superiority, beating them by 16 to 4—a grand victory. Old D.s had won every other team, excepting Hamiltons, these two having drawn. Thus we took the "pot" for the second time. Our seconds were beaten by Villagers, to the surprise of most of us—Stellenbosch possessing a grand pack. The thirds took the III team cup, having played some very plucky games.

Messrs. Baumann and Brink, from Johannesburg, presented two caps for best forward and best back respectively, and the best thanks of every member is due to these gentlemen for interest displayed in their old club. Mr. W. A. Krige (W. A. son) gave a cap for best forward of III team; we thank him sincerely, too.

Our past season was a great success. Better football has certainly never been played in this town, and many remarked that it was the best team that ever played for G. C. Cup. The team played like one man: an authority said he had never, not even in international games, seen such perfect combination. A dinner was given by the public in honour of the winning of the G. C. Cup, and an exceedingly pleasant evening was spent; pity only that some of our first team were absent.

It is our sincere wish that Stellenbosch may maintain its reputation! It is losing some good men just now, *e.g.*, (Capt.) J. M. Hofmeyr, (Vice-capt.) H. v. Broekhuizen, C. A. Neethling, M. S. Daneel, and Tottie Krige, but yet it possesses material enough, and should be able to render a good account of itself.

Die oude Kanonnetjes.

Ze zijn voor mij vol beteekenis, vol herinneringen aan het lang verleden. Voor den jongen hedendaagschen Stellenbosscher mogen die oude kanonnetjes zooveel rommelarij zijn die men hoe eerder hoe liever in den vuilnisbak doen moest, voor mij zijn zij schakels die het verleden aan het heden verbinden, zoovele schalmen die voorbij gevlogen jaren aan den tegenwoordigen tijd snoeren. Ik heb ze lief, de oude kanonnetjes, zoo nauw verbonden aan de droomjaren mijnen kindschheid, aan de frissche, ontvangbare uren van 't ochtend tijdperk des levens.

'T is een warme zomer namiddag. De school is nog niet aan. Een dertig of veertig tal jongens, groote en kleine, liggen op het groen gras zich te braden op de vlakke daar waar thans de College gebouwen staan. De school waartoe zij behooren is die van den heer Jan Nielen Marais, de 'Oom Janni' van velen. Daar ver in de richting van Idas Vallei vertoont zich iets wit. Eenigen der meest scherpzindende knapen doen eene verkenning, en na zichzelf overtuigd te hebben roept een uit; "Dis Oom Daantje zijn wit perd, hul gaan dril van middag." Het dier komt nader. Een groepje kleine jongens loopen het te gemoet, en beginnen den Hottentot die het paard leidt te onderfragen. Het sneeuw-wit paard, met witte manen en staart, geroskamd, en gepoetst, en geborsteld, totdat de huid glimt als witgewaschen wol, wekt aller bewondering. Zoo 'n dier is geschikt om een koning te dragen. Wij storen ons niet aan de schrandere betoogen van oudere, meer ondervindingrijke kenners, die beweren dat, "Appel al begint 'n bitje stijf te word, en de lede water in zijn achterpoote het, en dat di ou al zijn beste da'e gesiin het." Wat weten wij, jonge levenslustige gasten die wij zijn, van lede water en stramheid der gewrichten die de ouderdom meebrengt. Appel is voor ons kleintjes een vorst onder vorstelijke paarden. Het is het strijdros van Oom Daantje Rijnveld, en nog van middag zal Oom Daantje in rijke uniform, met zijn blinkend zwaard aan de heup, en blinke sporen aan de hielen, als bevelvoerende officier der Stellenbossche Infanterie, en Kavallerie, en Artillerie, op den rug van Appel van af de Drostdy voorbij de kerk en Pleinstraat langs afmarcheeren naar den braak om daar zijne dapperen te exerceeren. De lust bekruipt ons om eene half-holiday te vragen, maar wij zijn te bang voor oom Janni, die trouwens ook officier is, en van middag op parade zijn moet.

De Kanonniërs van die oude Stellenbossche Schutterij waren steeds voorwerpen mijner bewondering. Welke helden schenen zij mij

toe! De breede goudstreep langs den buiten naad van de broek, de Fransche pet, het kort Eton baatje met roode koord afgezet, zweefden mij immer voor den geest in nachtelijke droomen. Met hartstochtelijken eerbied gaapte ik de Stellenbossche Kanonniërs aan wanneer zij op het plein vóór de oude Drostdy, thans de Theologische Kweekschool, gemonsterd werden.

En als de dapperen in de laan, 'di laning,' toen bekend onder ons als 'di Ministerie,'— waarom weet ik niet, tenzij dat woord iets met Drostdy, en met magistraat, en met regeering te maken heeft,—door oû Meneer Kinneburg, een lang, schraal, mager Duitscher gedrild werden, dan gluurde ik omzichtig over den muur, die nog den tuin van den waardigen predikant van Stellenbosch van de laan scheidt. Bedeesd en schuchter stak ik eventjes den kop boven den muur uit om mij te verlustigen in het zielverheffend schouwspel. Ik was bang dat die lange, haviksneuzige, dunne oude officier der Stellenbossche artillerie, door de eene of andere onvoorzichtigheid van mijnen kant, mijmet zijne groengrijze arends-oogen fixeren, en mij ik weet niet wat onheil tegen het hoofd slingeren zou.

Daar marcheerden, en zwenkten, en keerden, en veranderden zij van front, mijne oude keunnissen, de Marais, en Lieschings, en Scholtzen, en Lindenbergs, en Ficks, en Immelmans en anderen wier namen mij thans zijn ontgaan, allemaal in gelid, met die mooie broeken en korte baatjes aan, en die mooie petten op, alles op kommando van den dapperen Kinneburg, voor wien zij drommelsch bang schenen te wezen, en die in mijn oog een grooter man was dan Hannibal, of Napoleon, of Wellington.

Eens waagde ik het na veel peinzen, wikken en wegen, en bij een verzamelen van al den moed waarvan ik meester was, mijn vader vergunning te vragen om mij als kanonniër te laten inschrijven. Mijn vader had veel minder eerbied dan ik voor die mooie 'mondeering' der artilleristen. Ik was te jong, zeide hij, en zoo 'n pak klêeren kostte maar net om en bij drie pond, en dan waren de kanonnen niet te veel te vertrouwen, zij konden 't in den kop krijgen, een in het bijzonder of almaal te gelijk, om bij 't afschieten te barsten, en dan was het met mij gedaan. Bovendien zou dat drillen en die oefeningen mij hinderen, en mij van mijn schoolwerk afhouden. Tegen die redeneeringen had ik niets afdoend in te brengen; mijne plaunen leden schipbreuk; ik werd niet kanonniër, en de gansche schitterende loopbaan van veroveringen en overwinningen die ik mij had voorgespiegeld, een loopbaan die den roem van Napoleon moest verduisteren, en Blucher en Wellington uitwischen, verdampte.

Kommandant Kinneburg is reeds lang dood. Men vertelde aan ons, kleintjes, dat hij geene rust voor zijne ziel kon krijgen, en dat hij leelijk spookte in het huisje langs de Stellenbosch Bank, zaliger gedachtenis, door hem en zijne kinderlooze vrouw bewoond. Ik was dood bang om dat huis 's avonds als 't begon te schemeren voorbij te gaan. Mijne aya had mij al te akelige staaltjes verteld van het gekreun, en gekerm, en gesteun dat duidelijk op straat kon gehoord worden. Als het reeds donker was, en ik de Dorpstraat langs kwam op weg naar huis, dan maakte ik een omweg die mij in de Plein straat bracht om die naderheden te ontloopen. Schrikwekkend waren de verhalen van het gegil en gebrom, afgebroken door militaire bevelen en militaire vloeken, die gehoord werden door de beangste ongelukkingen die het huis in den laten, donkeren avond, voorbij moesten. Die verhalen, door mijne schoolmaats opgevangen, en in verbeterde, opgesmaakte uitgaven rondgevent onder ons tot leering en stichting, deden mij dikwerf eene koude rilling over gansch het lichaam gewaar worden.

Als bijvoegsel werd verteld dat de oude officier der Artillerie uiterst zuinig, zelfs vrekkelig was, en dat hij schatten bezat die in eene ijzeren kist ergens in eene der kamers van het huis diep onder den vloer verborgen waren. Hij was van Duitschen Adel, zeide men, (en het is verbazend hoeveel menschen van 'hooge familie,' 'van adel zelfs,' en van o! 'zoo 'n goeie familie,' mensoms in Zuid Afrika aantreft in de gedaante van loafers, en rondloopers, en onbeschaamde avonturiers,) hij was van Duitschen Adel, en moest zijn Vaderland ontvluchten uit oorzaak van politieke onlusten waarin hij betrokken was. Of al die stories waarheid waren, dan wel of zij opborrelden en opbruisten van uit de overloopende wellen der sterke verbeeldingskracht van ou tatas en ou mémés, die de verdichtselen der oud Afrikaansche tijden als de waarheid, de volle waarheid, en niets dan de waarheid beschouwden, weet ik niet. Wat ik wel weet is dat die verhalen op mij en mijne schoolkameraadjes een diepen indruk maakten, en door ons als zoete koek werden opgegeten.

De groote parade dag was Woensdag, als ik mij niet vergis. Des namiddags ten twee of half drie uren stapte een van mijne schoolmaats die tot de 'bending,' (zooals wij de muziek noemden.) behoorde van hoek tot hoek der straten, beginnende van het agistraats Kantoor, dat thans nog op de oude plek staat. Hoe trotsch en parmantig stapte hij daar heen, de mooie Friki Hauptfleisch die de lust en de begeerte was van jonge dames tusschen de twaalf en zestien

jaren! Ik zie hem nog, de schoone jongeling, wiens regelmatig gevormd gelaat de jalouzie van al zijne makkers gaande maakte. Ik zie hem staan in al de fierheid van een zoon des glansenden Oorlogs Gods op den hoek bij het Magistraats Kantoor om den 'oproep,' het *bugle-call*, te blazen.

Daarna stapte hij met innig zelfbewustzijn van de prachtige vertooning die hij maakte naar den hoek van Ryneveld en Plein Straten, en nam eene positie in recht over het Bloemhof Instituut. Destijds woonde de hoofdonderwijzer der Publieke School, de heer McLachlan, een Schot, die de reputatie had van een zeer geleerd man te zijn, niet minder dan zeven talen machtig, in het hooge huis boven op de verwnlfde kelders gebouwd, welk voor ons altijd iets geheimzinnig, iets duister en afschrikkend hadden. Net aan de overzijde in ééne lijn met het magistraats kantoor, op den hoek, woonde eene dame, Mej. Proctor, die een meisjes school er op nahield, en eenige boarders had. Was het wonder dat de schoone zoon van Mars wat langer dan gewoonlyk bij dien hoek vertoefde, en dat de toonen van de trompet daar scheller en hartroender klonken dan elders? Dan, er zaten immers jonge dametjes van achter de gordijntjes te turen!

Nadat de ronde gedaan was, en de dapperen van Stellenbosch de een den voorhamer, de ander de zaag, de schaaf, de bijl op zijde gelegd hadden; een ander de verfkwast had vaarwel gezegd voor dien middag, en weer een ander den winkel had gesloten, of aan het volk op de plaats orders had gegeven omtrent werk dat nog dien avond moest klaar zijn; de teekenen van dagelijkschen arbeid waren afgewasschen, en men zich in Krijsmans uniform gestoken had, monsterde men op het plein in front van de Drostdy.

De Drostdy van toen zag er indrukwekkender uit dan het Theologisch Seminarium van thans. De front en zij-gevels waren als trapjes uitgebouwd tot boven toe. Groote beelden van kalk, klei, en baksteen, die de onschuld, het recht, en ik weet niet wat meer, in vrouwen vorm voorstelden, en die in zittende houding op den muur die den grooten front-gevel aan de twee zij-gevels verbond waren aangebracht, keken half schuchter, half streng, op het plein neer. De vloeren der zalen waren met groote Bosmans steenen uitgelegd, met stopverw aan elkander gevoegd. Alles ademde een stijl van uit den oud-Hollandschen tijd, den tijd toen de drie en vier dekkers der machtige Oost Indische Compagnie welvaart en rijkdommen naar Holland voerden. de Kaap aandeden, en een deel van die welvaart hier achterlieten. Er was een waas van het

verledene over die oude Drostdy. Zij was een overblijfsel van nit eene periode die was voorbijgegaan, eene schelp, de levende, bewegende inwoners waarvan met hunne liefde en haat, hunne hartstochten en driften, hunne plannen en ontwerpen, hunne grootheid en hunne nietigheid, verhuisd waren naar de onbekende stranden van waar geen terugkeer is. Zij scheen te treuren over het verledene, den tijd van landdrosten en heemraden, van de kamer van zeventien, van direktoren en Oost-Indie zeevaarders.

Ik zie hen nog monsteren! — de ruitery met hunne brieschende, snuivende paarden die den strijd van verre rieken; de ruitery met helmen van vilt en struisvogel vederbossen, die sierlijk naar voren krulden, vederbossen zoo als de helden voor Troje, de dapperen der Trojanen, en het puik der Grieken er hadden; de ruitery met hunne breede, blinkende sabels, breed en zwaar, waarvoor onze moderne ruitery, met smalle, lichte lemmen den neus zou ophalen als te lomp, te zwaar, en te onhandig. Soms werd de Stellenbosche ruitery versterkt door eene afdeeling Bottelarij jagers met korte roode baantjes aan, en 'keppies' op in plaats van de meer statige gepluimde helmen. Dan steeg de vreugde van ons, kleine jongens, ten top, onze trots kende geene perken, het was *gala* dag.

Ik zie hen nog, vol leven, vol fierheid, vol beweging, vol krijgsmans vuur. De dappere kapitein, de Edel-Achtbare heer Daniel van Rijneveld, Magistraat en Civiele Commissaris van Stellenbosch, onder ons, jongens, heel gemeenzaam 'Oom Daantje Rijneveld' genoemd, en cok wel soms met den titel 'Oû Oom Daantje' vereerd, op zijn wit, glansend strijdros gezeten, met officiers pet op het spier wit hoofd, en officiers degen aan de heup gegord, reed statig op en neer in front van de zich vormende gelederen. Voor mijne verbeelding was hij eene afspiegeling van Napoleon op het bloedig veld van Austerlitz, net maar een beetje grooter, een beetje hooger, een beetje werkelijker en glansrijker dan de held van Korsika.

Op het woord van kommando scharen zij zich in marschvaardige gelederen; — voor aan oom Daantje, dan de muziek, dan de infanterie, dan de artillerie, en laatst de kavalierie. Twee aan twee trokken de kanonniërs de kanon wagentjes; anderen marcheerden in gelid achter aan; enkelen droegen lange, dunne ijzeren staven met krom gebogen punten. Op de plaats der bestemming gekomen werden de kromme uiteinden der staven in een knappend vuur gelegd en vuur-rood gemaakt, waarna zij gebruikt werden om het kruit op het "singsat" aan te steken. Tam-

tam-tam-tam bromde de groote tamboer als inleiding, en op den tooverslag van den kapelmeester schetterde de muziek van klarinet en schuiftrompet, fluit en dwarsfluit, trompet en brombas het "Annaatje papegaaitje" van onder de hooge eiken van Stellenbosch uit.

'T was 'n mooi gezicht, zwierig, en lustig, en opwekkend, die rijen van Mars zonen, schitterend in al de pracht van rood, en geel, en goud, gevolgd en omgeven van een stoet van gapende jongens wit, en bruin, en pik-zwart, met broeken heel, of gescheurd, of bontkleurig gelapt, met of zonder baatje, met of zonder kousen en schoenen, met gekamd haar of ongekamde peper korreltjes, een en almaal het indrukwekkend schouwspel met ooren, oogen, neus en mond indrinkende; huppelende, dansende, springende, of in de maat marcheerende knapen die de mooie mannen nabootsten, en schertsende, bewonderende, of snedige aanmerkingen maakten.

Men marcheerde de straat langs, de groote kerk voorbij, den hoek bij het magistraats kantoor om, de Pleinstraat af naar den "Braak," het eigenlijk pl in van Stellenbosch. Daar werden eenige manoeuvres uitgevoerd. De kanonniërs deden de kanonnen bulderen, en wij omstanders berekenden met mathematische juistheid hoe ver achteruit "die kanon zal skop," wanneer het schot werd afgevuurd. Wij kenden haast al de kanonnetjes, en al hunne eigenaardigheden, en wisten precies hoe ver "die, en die, en die, en daardie een zal skop." De infanterie vormden op bevel een vierkant, de bajonetten werden getrokken, gevestigd, en gepresenteerd. De kavalierie kreeg last om op het vierkant los te stormen, en werd met een salvo onvangen dat ze in wanorde terugdreef; en altijd door donderden de kanonnen.

Daarna vormde men weer in gelid. De dappere commandant sprak een woord van goedkeuring, van bemoediging. Hij prees den moed, het beleid, de brandende geestdrift zijner helden. Een hoera! werd gegeven, en de pret was afgeloopen.

Ruitery en voetvolk vormden zich in kleine groepen, en keerden gezellig koutende huiswaarts. Wij sloten ons aan bij de kanonniërs, en vergezelden hen op den terugtocht naar den tronk om de kanonnen te bergen. Hier en daar hoorde men 'So'daat ham!' voor 'Shoulder arms!' "Kwiik maarts!" eene wel-luidende verandering van 'Quick march!' "Rite, lef," "rite, lef," "rite lef," dat dienst moest doen voor 'right left.' De borst van een ieder van ons was vervuld met visioenen van roem, en eer, en grootheid op het slagveld verworven. Ieder kleine jongen was een held. De een wilde korporaal, een ander luitenant,

een ander kapitein, en weer een ander generaal, admiraal, of zoo iets zijn, naar gelang van de hoogte en grootheid die hij volgens zijne opvatting aan den rang hechtte. En die opvattingen waren wijd uiteenlopend, daar meer dan een met niets minder dan den rang van trompetter wilde tevreden zijn; wijl anderen hun hart op de tamboer hadden gezet.

Vaartwel, oude kanonnetjes; mag men u in eere houden. Vaartwel. Nog maar eenige dagen geleden en ik zag op de plaats van Sir J. Sivewright nabij Somerset een oud kanonnetje gelijkende op die te Stellenbosch. Ik begon te mijmeren, te droomen. Op welk oorlogschip heeft dat kanonnetje dienst gedaan? Wie weet in welke zeeslagen het zijne stem heeft doen hooren; welke overwinningen het heeft helpen behalen; hoeveel jonge dartele, levenslustige strijders het de eeuwigheid heeft ingeslingerd; hoeveel wee, en kommer, en smart het heeft gezaaid; welk onrecht het heeft helpen plegen of bestendigen; hoe fier het de gerechtigheid heeft doen zegpralen! Wie weet het? Thans is uwe stem stil, uw knetterende donder is gesust. Gij zijt een overblijfsel van het verledene; uwe grootheid is geweken; gij hebt moeten plaats maken voor jongere, meer krachtige mededingers; gij rust in sprakelooze stilte. Vaartwel, oude kanonnetjes, nog eens voor 't laatst vaartwel!

JUNIUS AFRICANUS.

Een Stoutmoedige Ridder.

ROMANCE UIT 'T STUDENTEN-LEVEN.

Daniel Malherbe is student in de letteren en wijsbegeerte aan het Victoria College te Stellenbosch. Zijne ouders verloor hij reeds vroeg en staat nu onder voogdij van zijn rijken oom. Ietwat romanesk, zoo weinig mogelijk het uitgereden spoor van het alledaagsche leven volgende, bij feesten en recepties zeer opgewonden, tot allerlei dwaasheden in staat, en bij dit alles iemand waarop men gerust vertrouwen kan. Hij is bij zijne medestudenten gezien, zijne professoren zien hem gaarne, hij wordt door zijne kennissen hoog geschat en is boven dit alles een lieveling der dames.

Het is drie uur, Zaterdag namiddag. Malherbe is net van een heerlijk dutje ontwaakt. Daar hoort hij een paar kennissen den trap opstormen, en er klinken eenige stokslagen op zijn deur.

“De reden, waarom wij je de groote eer aandoen hier te komen, is om je te vragen, of je mée gaat, of liever om je te zeggen, dat je mée gaan moet naar Immelmans. Het is de

verjaardig van Retief, en hij gaat ons trakteren!”

Na eenige oogenblikken komen er stemmen van beneden “of ze van daag nog zouden kunnen besluiten om te komen?” waarop door du Plessis wordt geantwoord: “dat men bezig is Malherbe aan te kleeden die te katterig is om het zelf te doen.”

Eindelijk was het zestal vrienden gezeten in Immelmans café en deden zich te goed aan de versnaperingen. Toen men Bloemhof voorbijkwam, zaten eenige jonge dames toevallig (?) bij het venster, en de arendsoogen van onzen vriend Malherbe hadden dadelijk het lief gezichtje van Hettie de Wet herkend. Nu wist Retief wel dat Danie smoorlijk verliefd was, immers nog bij de vorige Bloemhof receptie was Hettie voor niemand anders te spreken. Het was nu reeds eenige weken sedert dien heuglijken avond, en Danie had nog de kans niet gehad Miss de Wet weer te ontmoeten. Bloemhof bezat van toen af aan een groote magneet voor hem; dikwijls werd hij in den avond in de nabijheid gevonden, doelloos slenterde hij rond, Plein Straat op, Ryneveld Straat in, soms tot laat in den nacht. Het gebeurde zelfs eens dat een nacht-officier hem wat onzacht op den schouder tikte en met een knorrige, “Move on”! zijne zoete mijmeringen verstoorte.

Daniel Malherbe was dien namiddag uitermate vrolijk, zijn katterigheid was geheel verdwenen, hetgeen zijne kennissen toeschreven aan de ververschingen, hoewel Retief, zijn beste vriend, er heel anders over dacht, want hij had het vriendelijk knikje en den schoonen blos in het venster opgemerkt.

“Ik zal eens even wat cigaren gaan koopen,” zegt Danie, terwijl hij opstaat en zich verwijdert. Nauwelijks is hij buiten gekomen of een boerenjong spreekt hem aan.

“Meneer, kau u mij alsjeblief zéh waar die Bloemhof school is?”

“Wat moet jij daaruitvoeren?” vraagt Danie.

“Een brief afgé aan die Missies. 't Is 'n aanbevelings brief, meneer! en ik moet daarbij zéh dat die nieuwe jong wat die missies haar zuster op die plaas gehuur het eerst Maandag kan kom; die ou het hom vanmorre een beetje zeergemaak.”

“Zoo, zoo, dat treft gelukkig! geef mij dien brief maar, ik zal hem aan de Principale geven;” en met-een stopt Danie hem een paar pennies in de hand voor zijn boodschap, terwijl de jongen zijn hoed afnemende, weggaat.

Daniel Malherbe ging vervolgens cigaren koopen en kwam weldra terug.

“Ja!” hoort hij du Plessis zeggen, “ik heb zoo dikwijls getracht er in te komen, maar 't is.

“Waarin kan je niet komen?” vraagt Danie.

“In Bloemhof!” roept men.

“Och! dat zou zooveel moeite niet kosten!” hernam Danie, een sigaar opstekende.

“Ja! dat is gauw gezegd!” valt du Plessis in, “maar ik zou het je dan wel eens willen zien doen.”

“En ik ook!” roepen een paar anderen.

“Ik wed om al wat je wilt, dat je 't niet kunt!” herneemt Retief met de vuist op de tafel slaande om nog meer kracht aan zijne woorden bij te zetten.

“Zoo!” zegt Danie, “en ik wed om zes glazen lemonade dat ik er in kom en er een uur in blijf, als ik goedviud!”

“Aangenomen! aangenomen!” juicht men van alle kanten.

Spoedig daarop verdween Malherbe met een zijner vrienden, en kwam weldra terug, zijn gelaat en handen bruin geveerd, een grijze pruik op, een grijs baardje aan en gekleed in een oud gelapt pak. Deze ingrediënten waren overblijfselen van de laatstgehoudene “entertainment” die hij spoedig had bijeenverzameld. Een luid bravo! klonk van alle kanten toen hij binnentrad.

“Wel zoudt ge mij nu nog herkennen?” roept Danie zegevierend uit.

“Neen”! Klinkt het uit aller mond; terwijl Retief hem in 't oor fluistert: “Misschien herkent zij je toch!” hetgeen door het leven en het gelach echter door de anderen niet gehoord wordt.

Daniel Malherbe begaf zich met den brief naar Bloemhof, terwijl de anderen van om een hoek den uitslag bleven afwachten. Wel knikten zijne knieën en begaf hem bijna de moed toen hij den hoogen trap besteeg, doch hij hield zich goed en belde.

“Kan ik die missies zien? Ik is die nieuwe huisjong”

“Zoo kom dan maar in! Ik zal haar dit gaan zeh.” Toen de meid terug kwam, zeggende dat zij hem bij de Principale zou brengen, volgde hij haar met een bewonderenswaardige bedaardheid.

“Zoo ben je daar!” zeide Miss B—, “geef mij dien brief maar eens hier! Hoe is uw naam?”

Danie wilde juist een naam zeggen die hem in de gedachte kwam, toen Miss B— den brief inziende, zeide: “O ik zie het al, Cornelis Fortuin!”

Danie haalde gemakkelijker adem.

“Zoo Cornelis, mijn zuster schrijft dat je zwaar ziek waart, maar ik kan het niet meer aan je zien. Je ziet er nog zeer goed uit, voor een man van 59 jaar!”

“Ja missies,” hernam Danie, zich op de lip

bijtende om niet uit te schateren van lachen, “ik is anders altijd rechte gezond geweest.”

“Zoo, maar je hoest toch nog wat,” schrijft mijn zuster.

Danie vond goed hierop hoestende te antwoorden, “Jááá missies!”

“Nu Cornelis! je kunt dadelijk je nieuwe betrekking aanvaarden, ga eens 20 broodjes halen bij den bakker! Saartje! geef Cornelis een mandje mee!”

Verheugd er zoo goed te zijn afgekomen, begaf Cornelis Fortuin zich met het mandje onder den arm naar zijne vrienden, waar hij met luid gejuich ontvangen werd. Hij verhaalde het voorgevallene en zei dat hij nu uitgezonden was om brood te halen.

Er werd toen bepaald dat hij nog een half uur in Bloemhof moest blijven om de weddenschap te winnen. De broodjes werden gehaald en daar Danie aan zijn nieuwe meesteres geen reden tot klagen wilde geven vertrok hij weer huiswaarts.

Bij zijn terugkomst moest hij aan Kaatje de keukenmeid gaan vragen of hij haar ook kon helpen; en toen hij in de keuken kwam zei deze: “Hier het jij een bak met aardappels om te schil.”

“Zoo, kan jij dit zelf nie doen?” vraagt Danie. “Hoor zoo'n vent nou!” riep Kaatje, jij moenie ver jou parmantig hou nie, anders gaat ik zeh dat jij hier moet weg.”

“Nou toe, als jij dan te lui is, zal ik maar die aardappels schil.” Spoedig daarop kwam ook Saartje in de keuken en na wat met Kaatje gepraat te hebben over de ‘Circus’ zag zij om naar Cornelis.

“Alle maskas! is dit aardappels schil! kijk toch Kaatje, hij het die helfte van die goed afgesnij.”

“Ik zal morre dit beter doen,” belooft Cornelis.

“Hoor, daar roep die nooi,” zegt Saartje.

“Loop kijk w t daar nou weer te doen is Cornelis, jij deug toch ver niks anders nie. Maar maak gauw anders word daar weer gebrom om gek van te worde.”

Toen Danie bij Miss B— kwam, zei deze dat zij eigenlijk Saartje geroepen had, maar dat hij het ook wel doen kon.

“Ga dit boek eens aan Miss de Wet brengen, Cornelis! de eerste kamer op den boven-gang.”

De oude Cornelis Fortuin begon te blozen, gelukkig echter zag Miss B— hem niet aan. Hij ging met het boek naar de aangewezene kamer, klopte aan, en toen de hem zoo geliefde zilveren stem van zijn Hettie “Come in!” riep, opende hij de deur. Daar zat zij te lezen. Nu verwacht u, geachte lezeressen, misschien een beschrijving van

haar;—en ik zou u kunnen zeggen dat zij haar bezat, zoo mooi en zwart als supra-fijne gebrande koffieboonen en een hals zoo wit als melk en handjes zoo zacht als fluweel, en dat zij zoo vriendelijk was als de schoone maan opkomende uit de zee; maar ik zal het u in't kort zeggen. Zij was zóó vriendelijk, zóó lief, zóó schoon, zóó bevallig als u zelve is, waarde lezeres! of liever, zoo als u zelve *meent* te zijn, of nog beter, zoo als er geen tien vandaag in Bloemhof zijn—en dit moet heel, heel mooi beteekenen.

Hettie zag even op, maar herkende hem niet. "Miss de Wet, hier is die boek wat die missies stuur."

"Goed, dankje! wil je zoo goed zijn . . . (intusschen had de gewaande Cornelis Fortuin pruik en baard afgedaan.)

"Good heavens! Mr. Malherbe!"

"Ik ben de nieuwe huisknecht, Miss de Wet!" zeide hij lachende.

"Wel foei, hoe durf je hier komen?" en een allerliefst blosje kwam op haar schoone gelaat, daar zij wel kon gissen om wie hij alles gevaagd had.

"Ik wilde je zoo gaarne een bezoek brengen Miss . . . Hettie! en ik wist geen ander middel dan dit om hierheen te komen."

"Maar Danie, (o hoe zoet klonk die naam uit haar mond!) als Miss B— het bemerkt, weet ik waarlijk geen raad!"

"Ja, dat zou lastig zijn, maar nu mag ik toch wel één kusje hebben, omdat ik in de keuken als Cornelis Fortuin aardappelen voor je heb zitten schillen."

Hettie de Wet begon jekker hierover te lachen, waarin Danie een aanmoediging zag om de gevraagde belooning te ontvangen, doch daar hij er zoo potsierlijk uitzag en Hettie vreesde dat zijn donkergekleurd gelaat haar schoon gezichtje kon bezoedelen, sprong zij achterwaarts zoodat haar stoel met een schrikbarend geraas omver viel. Danie had nog juist den tijd zijn pruik en baard in orde te brengen toen Miss B— verschrikt naar boven kwam loopen.

"Wat is het hier te doen?" riep de Principale tegen Hettie de Wet, in haar schrik vergetende Engelsch te spreken, zoodat Cornelis Fortuin kon antwoorden: "Missies, die Miss het mij gevraagt om die blomme daar op die venster water te gé, en bij ongeluk het ik toen teen die stoel aangeloopt," en bemerkende dat Hettie hoog blozende voor de gevreesde meesteres stond, voegde hij er hoestende bij, "en daarvan het die miss zoo bang geschrik, néh?"

"Wel, Cornelis! wat ben je onhandig, en mijn zuster schreef mij juist het tegendeel."

"'t Was . . . 'n ongeluk, missies," stamelde Cornelis.

Door het leven in de kamer was de anders zoo doodsche stilte op eens gestoord geworden, en waren er van alle kanten jonge dames komen toesnellen, die aan de deur dit toeneel aanzagen.

"There is nothing the matter, girls," zei Miss B—"go back quietly to your work;" en zich tot Hettie de Wet wendende die werkelijk zeer bang was, maar waarvan niemand dan Cornelis Fortuin de oorzaak wist, zeide zij:

"Sit down, my dear! here is some eau-de-Cologne. Never mind this clumsy fool;" en tot Cornelis, "Ga dadelijk van hier, en pas een volgende keer beter op, anders kan ik je niet in dienst houden."

Danie Malherbe begreep dat het nu 't best was zich uit de voeten te maken, al kon hij dan ook geen woordje van afscheid nog vernemen van de lieve Hettie, daar er hoogstwaarschijnlijk, als hij herkend mocht worden een verschrikkelijk onwêer boven zijn hoofd zou losbarsten. Hij had zijn doel bereikt, namelijk Hettie te bezoeken, en daarbij nog de weddenschap gewonnen, daar het bepaalde half-uur verlopen was. Weldra stond hij wêer bij zijn makkers.

Onder een schaterend gelach van hunnen kant werd het voorgevallene verhaald, waarbij Malherbe eekter het onverwerpen van den stoel met toebehooren voorbijging, om die episode later aan Retief alleen mede te deelen.

De lezer kan zich voorstellen wat er wel zou voorgevallen zijn toen hij niet terugkwam en toen op Maandag de ware Cornelis Fortuin zijn verschijning maakte.

Kort hierop ontmoette Danie Miss Hettie de Wet aan Strand, en de genotvolle dagen samen daar doorgebracht zullen door geen van beide ooit vergeten worden, want Hettie heeft haar teere hartje aan haar stoutmoedigen ridder voor altoos weggegeven.

JANUS.

Christelijke Jongelings Vereeniging te Stellenbosch.

De gezegende werkzaamheid dezer Vereeniging gaat nog ongehinderd voort. Onder de vaderlijke leiding van den geliefden Professor Hofmeyr draagt de vereeniging veel vrucht. De bijbelklassen des Zondags morgens worden goed bijgewoond. De meesterlijke wijze waarop Professor Hofmeyr met den Bijbel weet om te gaan, de ernstige lessen die van

Wanted.

Wanted a quarterly issue of this paper. Nothing is wanting to make it a success. "We have the men, we have the brains, we'll get the money, too."

* * *

Dale College and Gill College publish their monthlies; Victoria College may, can, must, shall, and will publish its quarterly! So say we all! The Editorial Committee could be chosen twice a year, and the quarterly be published the second or third week in each term.

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Our *Annual* is not the success it should be, simply because it is issued at such long intervals. To obtain a sufficient number of subscribers to the present issue has been an awful bother, and the Editors put it down to the above fact.

* * *

If we start a Quarterly, everything will go more smoothly. Let us all put the shoulder to the wheel to obtain so desirable an end.

All visitors to our village admire our oaks and the streams of cool, clear water, merrily rippling along our streets. It will be hard for them to believe that, in spite of abundance of the most beautifully pure water, we, that is, hundreds of students, are without even an apology for a Swimming Bath? Tell it not in Gath!

* * *

A hole in the river, unless protected by strong palisades against the down-wash of the rounded river-boulders, will answer the purpose for a few years only, and will be unsuitable at its best for many reasons. The manly, useful, pleasurable, and healthful art of swimming ought to be a *sine qua non* in the education of every boy and girl in sunny South Africa, where swimming can be indulged in all the year round.

* * *

In other younger and less opulent villages with inferior advantages, private enterprise, or the Municipality backed by the public, has long ago established what with us is still a desideratum.

* * *

Such a bath should be free to all students, and under the supervision of the Athletic

Club Committee, who should provide instruction in the art of swimming at stated times. Some of us have already been dreaming of the fun of a Water Carnival. Surely this matter is worth discussing in our Debating Societies and to be written about in the coming College Quarterly.

* * *

Perhaps this matter is being considered by the Athletic Club Committee. But their intentions and aspirations are kept so closely dark that even a Mason might take lessons from them. We see their deeds, however, and for these we owe them a truck-load of grateful acknowledgments.

* * *

The public men of our sweet little village could do worse than give this matter their earnest attention. Why not make Stellenbosch, what it ought to be, the place *par excellence* for students to come to.

* * *

Students living here spend their money here—an axiom. [£30,000 and more per annum]. Business men who draw students to this place by adding to its attractions and advantages are alive to their best interests.—A postulate [generally accepted]. How to construct a Swimming Bath.—Problem [of a simple nature].

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Stellenbosch Students' Christian Association.

This organization has come into our midst since the last appearance of the *Students' Annual*, and we trust it has come to stay. My object in this paper is, not so much to give a description of the history and extent of this Association, as just to mention the object of the movement, and to point out what is being done in our midst towards making that object an accomplished fact. The principle underlying this work is that, to win the world for Christ, we must first win the Colleges. Let our students realize the duties of a Christian to his fellow Christians, and strive to perform these duties, and we know that the future leading men in our land will be men who feel that they are called to live, not for themselves and their own advancement, but for the advancement in the first place of the "Kingdom of God."

The Stellenbosch Students' Christian Association has now a membership of about one hundred. The object of the Association, as stated in our Constitution, is a three-fold one: (1) To deepen the spiritual life of the students, (2) To win students for Christ, (3) To enlist students in the work of extending the kingdom of God throughout the whole world. Under the first head we have a Daily Prayer Meeting. As many of the fellows as care to do so, and can find the time, assemble in the College Hall at ten minutes to eight every morning. After singing something, a short portion of Scripture is read, and the rest of the time is devoted to prayer. The average attendance at these meetings is about twenty-five, and many of the young men feel that they are very helpful indeed as a preparation for the College-work of the day. Our Bible-Circles are held in the different boarding-houses, where, once a week, the members come together in small groups for half an hour or more, to read and discuss certain portions of God's word. The subjects have very kindly been arranged by Rev. A. Murray. In this way we have about 150 men who every week study a portion of the Bible together, and so help each other. There has been abundant testimony that this branch of the work has been a great blessing to very many. On Tuesday evenings we have a meeting for those members of our Association who do not belong to the Christian Endeavour Society. These meetings are led by the students themselves, and have been the means more than once of sending us on our way with new courage, and the resolution to love and serve our Master more faithfully than before.

The work of winning others for the cause is one, more of individual effort. It is therefore the most difficult part of the work. We want members who feel for their fellow-students, and who have a great desire to draw them also to the feet of Jesus. The Committee on New Students is expected to manage and organize the effort to reach the new-comers as soon as possible after they come to College or School. They must get fellows who are members of the Associations to make themselves useful to these freshmen, and to gain their confidence and friendship, and then to use these in drawing them to take a decided stand for Christ at the begin-

ning of their career. This is the branch of the work on which, I think, the welfare of an Association largely depends. If the members feel that it is, not only their privilege and right to try and win for Christ the men in their boarding-houses, but also a solemn responsibility and duty laid on them by the Great Captain in whose army they have enlisted, then we can feel confident that the personal work, however difficult it may be, will be done, and the number on the roll will increase, while the members themselves will reap the benefits which are reserved for those who are ready to sacrifice their own inclinations and tastes, and do, in their weak way, what the Master tells them. A small "social," to which all the new students are invited as well as a number of the members of the Association, has been found very useful as a means of getting to know the fresh arrivals. We must, however, not forget that that is only the first step in the work in behalf of New Students.

An occasional Evangelistic meeting especially for students, is another feature of the work. In addition to one or two of these meetings, conducted by members of the Association, we had Rev. Albertyn here for a short mission of two days in February last. His meetings were well attended, and his earnest words led more than one to decide to live the Christian life.

The third branch of our work is in the hands of a Missionary Committee, which urges the claims of the mission field on Christian students by spreading missionary literature and giving accurate information as to the world's need and opportunities for evangelization. Men who decide while at College to devote themselves to Mission Work can make their plans more easily and have a longer time to fit themselves for their life-work than those who only decide after leaving College. We have about ten men here who have decided to do Mission work "if God permit." These have a weekly prayer-meeting, at which some particular mission is discussed and prayed for. With a view to their future work nearly all of them are learning carpentry. Two of those who signed the Volunteer Declaration here have already left us to prepare themselves more definitely for their work among the heathen.

I close with the prayer that this Association may be a permanent factor in our

College and in all the Colleges of South Africa, and may bear much fruit for the honour and glory of God.

Stellenbosch Directory.

For the benefit of strangers knowing nothing about the place.

Vict. Coll.—Cramming and rows.

Class-room M.—Homeric forms and Monroe's doctrine.

Class-room V.—Gothisch—umlaut—ver-gelykende Philologie.

Agricultural School—Rinderpest.

Bloemhof Seminary—Secret correspondence—"Over the garden wall," and female beauty.

Eikenhof—Rowdiness—Latin and Greek peculiarities.

Theological Seminary.—Side.

Rhenish—German element—Cart and horse "made in Germany."

Gymnasium—Corporal punishment—antediluvian furniture.

Home—Mixed humanity—game lot.

Tertia—Giants, Pigmies, Cavaliers, Roundheads and Bondsmen.

Steytler's Boarding House—Law and Order.

Kannemeyer's Boarding House—Harmless theologians.

Loubser's Boarding House—General greenness.

First Football Team—Brag.

Kirsten's Boarding House—Pictures for Punch.

College Square—Scotch element and philology.

Cook's Boarding House—Woodwork; and 'ammers.

Salvation Army—Classical music and mockery.

Bloemhof Library—Penny "dreadfuls" and shilling "shockers."

Public Library—"Ons Land" and dust.

Vict. Coll. Deb. Soc.—Vain babblings.

Mrs. Gordon's Boarding House—Musical talent.

Mrs. Rowan's Boarding House—Dandyism.

Bloemhof Debating Society—Gossip.

Union Debating Society—Common sense.

Immelman—Lemonade.

Cicero—"Pikdraad" and Latin tacks.

Luff—Scientific sweeping and scarcity of soap.

Volunteer Corps—How are the mighty fallen!

College Union—Buried.

Town Hall—Oh where, tell me where!!!

Rhenish Institute.

The number of boarders in the Institute is at present sixty-two, showing that it still continues to flourish. About the monotonous round of school duties there is not much to say. Every year, although fresh students arrive, the same studies are pursued without break or change. Yet all are happy and enjoy life.

Naturally the yearly entertainment creates no small stir, and arouses the interest of even the youngest. All are agreed that these entertainments are worth all the trouble and time they cost.

The examinations! What a number there are, and how they multiply. No vacation, not even the long one at Christmas time, is looked forward to with such eagerness as the June holidays, which ends the school year and all the fag of the terrible examinations.

Though we have not kept up the record number of passes, nevertheless we were fairly successful last year, as the following data will show:—Fifteen passed the Taalbond, seven the Elementary, nine the School Higher, and the Misses L. Jufferbruch and E. de Villiers the Matriculation Examination.

Breakers of the Law at the Rhenish Institute.

Women are notoriously law-abiding citizens, and our household, consisting, as it does, of more than eighty females, would naturally be supposed to be able to keep without breaking the laws of the land. But, nevertheless, we are always doing something to bring down the arm of the law upon us. In fact, the blue-coated policeman of this village is becoming almost as frequent a visitor to the Institute as the pretty girl's bogus cousin.

But please do not imagine that the offenders are teachers, pupils, or servants. No! They are all undoubtedly models of propriety and sedateness. But the domestic animals are the offenders. In all of them there seems to be a vein of lawlessness as

difficult to check as it is to account for. For instance, take our noble steed "Arab." Many a Sunday afternoon, when others are enjoying a well earned rest, the inmates of the Institute have to spend their time in trying to persuade him to leave the pursuit of eating off sweet grass from the Braak. Three-barred gates are to him only pleasing devices to be overcome, and even the right of eating off all the fresh flowers and tramping down the flower-beds of the Institute garden is cheerfully renounced by him, if a gate left open for even a few minutes allows an escape to the forbidden Braak.

Other offenders against the law are our fowls. The smallest opening is wide enough for our proud old Plymouth Rock and six hens to escape through, and, before we have realized the enormity of our offence, down comes the policeman, and, before we are aware of it, that wretched cock has caused us to be summoned before the magistrate, to answer to the dreadful charge of having allowed our poultry to roam about the village streets without a suitable escort.

Even such an inanimate thing as our school clock has a way of developing eccentricities. A new clock at the Institute takes about a week to show a spirit of perversity, and after that period will only go when placed on its side, on its face, on its head, or in some unnatural position. This may, however, be accounted for by the fact, that the young lady whose duty it is to ring the Institute bells, treats it as a woman is said to usually treat timepieces. She winds it up at irregular intervals, drops it on the floor several times a day, and generally treats it in a fashion which any well-regulated clock would resent.

These are only a few of our offenders against law and order at the Rhenish Institute, but I have neither time nor space in which to chronicle the others, so I shall conclude.

The V. C. Debating Society.

1896—97.

Office-bearers.

President: H. Pienaar, B.A.

Vice-President: J. P. Burger

Secretary: H. van Zyl

Vice Secretary: J. MacDonald

Treasurer: J. Raubenheimer

Archive Keeper: Dr. J. H. Neethling

Journalists: P. Albertyn, B.A., A. Hahn, A. Hofmeyr, B.A., J. Hofmeyr, B.A., D. J. Malan, A. Murray.

During the past twelve months a new departure has been made in the appointment of a Responsible Committee, who do the work which would otherwise necessitate the calling of a Special Meeting.

Saturday evening continues to see Prof. MacDonald's class-room filled with a throng of fellows eager to wage the wordy warfare, which affords much pleasure, and also plays an important part in our education and in preparing us for our future life.

The following are some of the subjects discussed at our Debates: (1) Will the policy of Mr. Rhodes *re* a United South Africa be in the interests of the Colony? (2) Has the time arrived for a Teaching University in South Africa? (3) Is the conduct of Sampson and Davies in refusing to sign the petition to be approved of? (4) Wat wekt meer Nationaliteits gevoel op bij een volk zijn Geschiedenis of zijne taal? (5) Zullen de vergaderingen tegen de Rhodes vereering eene gunstige uitwerking hebben op de welvaart van Zuid-Afrika? (6) Is de Transvaalseche Immigratie wet goed te keuren?

Some of the discussions proved exceedingly interesting and instructive. More than one who had hitherto preserved a stubborn silence found himself swept away by the desire to enter the lists in defence of his side, and got on to his feet before he knew where he was. Once there he discovered, to the surprise of himself—and others—that he too could speak, and, having found this out, he has not been slow to make himself heard since.

Our Parliamentary meetings have been dropped for a time. The reason was that they were becoming too lifelike; witness, for instance, the attempt of the Government on one occasion to waste the valuable time of Parliament by introducing a tax on cats and old maids.

The Society has resolved to have an "Open Meeting" once a year, in the place of the Parliamentary gatherings.

This year's Excursion was, like its predecessors, an unqualified success. Our impression, however, is that the time has come to discontinue the usual race between the teams representing the two Societies. Not on account of bad blood caused, which happily is not the case, but because the experience of the past two years proves that this event is attended by too much danger.

In staging "Macbeth" at our Annual Entertainment we required more actors than usual. Our members were, however, equal to the occasion, and several of those who appeared on the stage for the first time this year proved by their good acting that they possess very decided histrionic talent. Although we felt the loss of some of the ladies who had hitherto so willingly and efficiently helped us, all agreed that the performance was a very creditable one indeed.

This year's Convivial saw us bidding "Goodbye" to an unusually large number of our old and prominent members. In spite of this, everybody seemed supremely happy, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent with speeches, songs, and recitations, and the enjoyment of the—to some—even more attractive good things under the weight of which the tables swayed to and fro unsteadily.

Thus another year has passed with the same old events, which are nevertheless ever new and fresh, and which are looked forward to and welcomed as only well-loved friends can be. For another year has our Society flourished and grown stronger, and I feel sure I echo the wish of all, past and present, active and honorary members, when I say that for the future our one desire for the V. C. Debating Society is

"Floreat Nostra Societas."

The office-bearers for 1897-1898 are:—

President: A. L. Hofmeyr, B.A.

Vice-President: J. P. Burger.

Secretary: H. J. Rust.

Vice-Secretary: C. A. Winter.

Treasurer: C. Grundlingh B.A.

Journalists: P. Albertyn, B.A., A. Murray, H. Pienaar, B.A., D. J. Malan, J. P. Perold, D. G. Malan.

Science Jottings.

It is well-known that the small yeast cells that cause grape-juice to turn to wine are found adhering to the skin of the grape, and are introduced into the grape-juice during the process of pressing. It has lately been discovered by an Italian bacteriologist, Dr. Amedeo Berlese, that both ants and flies take a large share in carrying the yeast-cells to the grapes from the cracks in the bark of the vine-stocks where the cells have been harboured during the winter. Dr. Berlese further proved that yeast-cells sipped by a fly are not only uninjured, but even multiply enormously. A captured fly was fed with one small drop of grape must estimated to contain about half a million yeast cells, and thereafter was confined for eight days to a diet of grape-must entirely free from yeast. During that time it continued to emit yeast-cells, and the total number must have fallen little, if at all, short of thirty-five millions. It was further noticed that the multiplication of the cells depended on the temperature at which the fly was kept, and took place very rapidly at temperatures between 70° Fahr. and 80°, and only slowly at 50°. It will be remembered that the house-fly was believed to be largely responsible for the dissemination of the plague at Bombay, and it has been suggested that the mosquito spreads the germ of malaria. It is curious to find that creatures apparently so trivial should affect human life at so many points both for good and for ill.

A new departure has lately been made in regard to steam engines which is likely to have an important influence on steam shipping of all kinds, but especially on steamers for passenger traffic. One of the great objections to the use of high speeds in passenger ships is the vibration which is caused by the incessant oscillation of the pistons of the engines, and which soon increases to the point of unbearable discomfort; but by the improvement now introduced the engines will have the effect of even adding to the steadiness and smoothness of the ship's motion. In the new engine the place of the cylinder and piston is taken by a steam turbine, consisting of a long shaft with from thirty to eighty rings of teeth projecting from around it, the shaft turning within a hollow cylinder, from which an equal number of teeth

project inwards between the teeth of the shaft. The steam enters between shaft and cylinder at one end at high pressure, and forcing its way along presses on the slanting teeth of the shaft, so as to make it turn at a terrific speed, as many as 2,200 revolutions per minute being readily attained. The rotation is so rapid that a single steam turbine of this kind lately used in a steamer had to be replaced by three, working respectively at high, medium, and low pressure, as the screw driven by the single engine tore the water, instead of cutting its way through it. A small steamer of 44 tons, named the *Turbinia*, has lately been fitted with these engines by their inventor, the Hon. C. A. Parsons, and attracted great attention at the Naval Review, as it glided with the greatest smoothness through the long files of men-of-war at the rate of 35 knots or over 40 miles an hour. At this speed a journey from the Cape to England would take only about six days, and, as it appears that the advantages of the new engine are greatest for large steamers, it is quite a possibility that within the next ten or twenty years we may actually be brought within a week of Europe.

The familiar instance of a candle being fired through a door has been recently paralleled in some experiments made at Woolwich. Clay plugs 3 inches long and $1\frac{7}{8}$ inches thick were being fired one by one by a special gun, and, to stop them, they were allowed to strike against an iron plate an inch thick at an angle of forty-five degrees. It was found that, after three or four shots, the iron plate was completely pierced, although each plug weighed only $7\frac{1}{2}$ ounces and consisted of ordinary dry clay.

At the British Association meeting held recently at Toronto, Canada, Sir William Turner gave an interesting address on the characters that distinguish the human body from those of the nearest lower animals. Among other details, he points out that the size of the brain is decidedly larger, but at the same time more variable in the civilised European than in the savage races. He found the average size of the brains of fifty Scotsmen to be $91\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches, and of thirty-nine Australian natives 78 cubic inches. He sums up his address in words we may quote: "The capability of erecting the trunk, the power of extending and fixing the

hip and knee joints when standing, the stability of the foot, the range and variety of movement of the joints of the upper limb, the balancing of the head on the summit of the spine, the mass and weight of the brain, and the perfection of its internal mechanism, are distinctly human characters. They are the factors concerned in adapting the body of man, the guidance of reason, intelligence, the sense of responsibility and power of self-control, for the discharge of varied and important duties in relation to himself, his Maker, his fellows, the animal world, and the earth on which he lives."

Electrically driven cabs began to ply in London in August last. Each cab carries forty secondary cells, and these will drive it fifty miles before needing to be recharged. The cells are recharged by a dynamo at a central station, and thereafter the cab can resume its journeys.

To most people in South Africa the successful investigations that have been made within recent years with the purpose of providing an antidote in cases of snake-bite have a distinctly personal interest. The new remedy, antivenene, can as yet be produced in but small quantities, and is costly. All the more welcome, therefore, is the further discovery that the bile of an animal is also an antidote. Prof. Fraser, who has made this latest discovery, was struck by the fact that an animal could swallow without harm as much venom as would, if injected under the skin, kill 1,000 animals of the same species. He found that the bile destroys the poison, and that the bile of a snake is more powerful as a remedy than even the venom itself as a poison. Perhaps some of our readers could tell us whether the bile or the liver of snakes is in use anywhere in this country as a remedy for snake-bite.

A good deal might be done in the well-watered districts of South Africa in the way of making use on the farms of the water-power that is now running to waste. Prof. George Forbes, the engineer of the Niagara Electrical Works, believes that power can be profitably transmitted by electricity to a distance of 1,000 miles, and is seriously considering the question of using the energy of the Zambezi Falls to work the mines of the Trans-

vaal and Rhodesia. Might not this give a hint towards a solution of the labour difficulty in the coast districts of the Colony?

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Bloemhof.

As in the last number of the Students' Annual a somewhat lengthy account was given of Bloemhof with regard to its past history and the work accomplished, the following article purposes to add only briefly to that account.

With regard to examination work, seven girls entered for the Matriculation Examination; six passed, viz., Misses R. Rabie, M. de Villiers, J. Kriel, A. de Waal, K. van Blerk, and E. van Velden, the first-named of whom succeeded in obtaining the second place among the Stellenbosch students. Six candidates presented themselves for the School Higher Examination, and all passed. Five pupils passed the Elementary. As usual, the music results were brilliant. Out of fifty-seven candidates who took the examinations in Pianoforte, Organ, and Harmony, fifty-three were successful, eighteen obtaining honours.

We were all delighted to learn, after the music examinations were over, that Mr. Jannasch was to have a furlough of three months, in order to visit his "Vaterland." He sailed in the "Gaul" on the 9th of October, having the gratitude and good wishes of all his pupils. After his much-needed rest, we all shall heartily welcome him back again to resume work in our midst.

Those who are interested in Art will be glad to hear that a very successful exhibition of Oil and Water Colour Paintings, Drawings, Woodcarving, and Poker-work was held. Some of our visitors were also much pleased with the specimens of plain and fancy needle-work.

On Tuesday, the 28th of September, there was a public distribution of certificates by members of the Committee. The Bloemhof Hall was well filled with parents and friends.

The 19th of November, being the twenty-second anniversary of the opening of Bloemhof, a reception was held in the Hall; and on the following day there was a Re-union of past pupils of the Institution. It is hoped that this will become a well attended annual gathering, and by this means an ever increasing interest will be felt in our school. All old pupils will be accorded a hearty welcome at their Alma Mater.

"FILICUS VOLUNTATIS."

Bloemhof Debating Society.

About ten years ago one of the American teachers, Miss Clarke, suggested the advisability of starting a Debating Society in connection with the Bloemhof Seminary. She succeeded in getting the girls together, but could not get them to take part in the debates; and, as she could not be opener and opponent and defend both sides at the same time, the Society was dropped for the time being.

In 1891 Miss Bleby took it up again, and a Society was established among the senior girls of the School, of which Miss A. Kuys was elected president. It was decided that Miss Bleby should be an honorary member. After Miss Bleby left, one of the assistant teachers took her place. Later on it was decided that it would be better to have no teacher in the Society, as many of the girls would not speak in her presence. This was found to answer very well.

At times, as the older girls leave the Seminary, the Society is drained of its best members, and often seems in danger of dying a natural death. But, then, there always remain a few able members, who come to the rescue.

At present the Society is in a flourishing condition, with a larger membership than it has ever had. The Society used to meet fortnightly, but since June, 1897, the meetings are held weekly in the Bloemhof library. The office-bearers are elected annually. The following are the present office-bearers: —

President: Miss S. de Vos.

Vice-Pr.s.: Miss A. de Waal.

Secretary: Miss L. Meintjes.

Journalists: Misses D. Krige, Q. Hofmeyr, and A. McDonald.

Committee Members: Misses J. Beyers and M. van Niekerk.

The debates are held in English, with a Dutch one once a quarter. The subjects are varied. Sometimes they are historical, such as:

"Is Cromwell's character to be admired?"

At other times more practical such as:

"Should ladies go in for cycling?" and

"Should ladies go in for professions?"

The debates are generally kept up with great vigour and interest.

A Journal in connection with the Society was started in February, 1895. It is, and has always been, well-supported, and is read once a month. Some of the contributions display good literary talent, and not seldom a poem makes its appearance.

Besides the Debate and Journal, there are recitations and readings.

The aim of this Society is to develop the intellects and strengthen the reasoning powers of its members.

S. D. M.

Naar Grootrivier mond.

Van Ookiep ging het per special:—Een wagentje of carriage achter den trein met circa 12 zitplaatsen rondom. Hij loopt slechts eens per week heen en terug naar Port Nolloth, zijnde de trein eigenlijk voor kopervervoer. Iets eigenaardigs hier:—Bij hoogten op, gaat de engine met een deel der trucks vooruit, om na 30 tot 50 minuten het ander deel met special op te halen. Tegen hoogten af, gaat de engine vooruit, en loopt de trein mijlen alleen, door de zwaartekracht gedreven. Stellig niet een voorzichtige eigenaardigheid. Er zijn voorts geene stations, met platforms, tickets, ververschingen, enz. zooals langs de gewone spoorwegen het geval is. De sporen zijn smal, de trucks van ijzer en klein, en de koperzakjes zoo groot als onze "sugarpockets" van 50lbs., doch circa 3 malen zwaarder. 7 Uur v.m. van Ookiep en 5 n.m. te Port Nolloth, 92 mijlen. Donderdag 3 uur n.m. naar den mond, met 6 vette paarden. Nu gaat het langzaam, meestal op een stapje, want het zand is zwaar. Duinen, alom duinen! Met een os of donkey stapje voort te haasten, gaat nog al, maar met 6 vette moedige paarden voor een open karretje met geen 400 lbs. menschevleesch er in, is toch "hardlines," ja, probaat middel tegen geduld volheid. Doch het kan niet anders. Jobs geduld moet nitgeoeffend worden. Dien nacht, als vader Jacob weleer, onder den blooten hemel overnacht. Dit is introductoir tot wat nog meer zal volgen. Dien nacht viel de dauw als in Kanaan, oudtijds, ja dermate, dat dekens, schoenen, enz. enz., den volgenden morgen eerst aan het vuur moesten gedroogd worden. En dan valt de dauw niet alleen naar beneden, maar zooals iemand terecht opmerkte:—"Dit kruipt overal in," zoodat zelfs onze kleedingstukken vlak onder den karbak verscholen, doornat waren.

Het leven is hier nomadisch,—dit geldt van geheel Namakwaland. Gedurende de maanden Juli tot November trekt men uit met zijn vee naar het buiten veld. De plaatsen zijn nog tot 20 duizend, en meer

morgen groot. De huizen worden meegevoerd, en bestaan uit ronde, 2 duim in doorsnee, sparren, van 10 tot 12 voet lengte, in een langwerpigronden vorm in den grond geplaat, en over elkander gebogen, en rondom overdekt met matjes, voor dat doel gemaakt. Midden in de leegten zijn er twee deuren tegenover elkander, die beurtelings gebruikt worden, vóór de deur is er van groene boschjes, een ronde vuur-maakplek, of noem het zitkamer in de open lucht, waar men's avonds en's morgens rondom een knallend vuur, met gezels en koffiedrinken aangenaam den tijd doorbrengt.

Wij hebben gedurende 23 nachten, 3 in het veld geslapen, en slechts 4 in muurhuizen, de rest in wagens. En het is nogal gezond, en aangenaam!

DOCH AD PUNCTUM.

Maandag half acht v.m. in den zadel, met ons tweeën, naar den mond, en's avonds 9 uur terug. Anderhalf uur den mond bezien, en dus 12 uren in den zadel. Op het hoekje waar oceaen en rivier elkander ontmoeten, braadden wij een stuk vleesch en aten het vleesch met melk, want we hadden ons brood op pad verloren. Nu een pijpje aangestoken en den riviermond, met al zijne bijzonderheden beschouwd. Welk een gezicht! Het laat zich denken, niet gemakkelijk beschrijven.

De rivier kronkelt zich door bergketens naar de zee. Hoe nader naar de zee, hoe lager de bergen, totdat ze circa 6 mijlen van de zee, geheel verdwijnen, m.a.w. de kust is vlak. Waarlijk, indien ergens, dan is hier de naam *mond* van toepassing. De rivierbreedte is 1 mijl, hier vormt ze een meer, circa 8 bij 10 mijlen, en aan den ingang der zee, is ze weer circa 2 en een half mijl breed. Juist den vorm van 's menschen mond.

Daar ligt voor ons het groote zandvlak met hier en daar smalle en bredere waterstroompjes naar de zee. Acht eilanden van verschillende grootten, luisteren het tooneel, met hun groen van gras, boomen en struiken, liefelijk op, terwijl de vogelsoorten, flamingo, krop-en wilde-gans, eend, waterhoen, enz. op het zand azend en in de stroompjes zwemend, er waarlijk leven bijzetten, ter verhooging van het gezicht. De mond raakt bij vloed der zee en laagwater der rivier, geheel gesloten door een zandbank. Natuurlijk moet het meer dan eerst van boven gevuld worden alvorens het water weer in de zee zich ontlast.

Thans is deze doortocht in de zee circa 50 yards breed. Aan het watermerk langs de oevers, is het verbazend te zien hoe onbegrijpelijk groot de watermassa soms moet zijn door de rivier afgevoerd.

Zoover het oog reiken kan langs de kust, ziet men 100de yards breed, eene haast onmetelijke houtmassa: machtige boomen met wortel en tak, boomstammen, takken, palen, bosschen, enz. enz. op, door en over elkander gespoeld. Voorwaar een prachtige warreboel! Lijvige, dunne, lange, korte, kale, knodsige, rechte, kromme ja alle denkbare vormen, in ondenkbare hoeveelheden, door de rivier eeuw in eeuw uit, van Transvaal, O.V.S., Basutoland, Damaraland, enz. afgevoerd, en door de zee op hare kusten teruggebracht.

Hoe grootsch, hoe verheven schoon! Lieflijk contrast! Het vale zandmeer met zijne 100de stroompjes, naar de zee, en de talloze vogels er rond azend, zwemmend en vliegend. De groene eilanden er aardig over verspreid. De nauwe instrooming der rivier in de zee. De onmetelijke en wanordelijke houtmassa op het witte strand. De nimmer rustende golven, het strand beukend, en met een schuimend wit omboordend. Neen, laat eene bekzamere pen het beschrijven; wij deinzen terug!! Spreek van natuurtooneelen in andere werelddelen! Onze Zuidhoek heeft hierin niet ten achteren te staan. Met den ouden zanger Israels roepen wij aanbidde uit: Hoe groot, hoe grootsch zijn uwe werken, o Heere!

W.S.E.R.

Lady (popping her head out of railway carriage): "Is it raining Porter?" Porter: "No, madam, its raining water."

A farmer was busy one day inspanning his mules, when the foot of one of the mules came down with much force on the point of his veldschoen.

"Alla maskas," he ejaculated, "Dis goed mij veldschoen is te groot ver mij, anders het die blkskottel ze ezel mijn toon afgetrap."

Jack (who had been making himself obnoxious by his bragging) "Dick, old chap, now come on, I'll lay you ten to one that my team carry off the cup."

Indignant Dick: "I wish to goodness you'd lay more and cackle less."

Translation as one of the Fine Arts.

Mr. Andrew Lang, in the preface to his admirable rendering of the *Odyssey*, observes that of Homer there can be no final translation. Every age makes its own demands upon the translator, leaves its literary impress upon his work. What suits the Victorian age would not have satisfied the Elizabethan. Chapman's version, with its "daring and luxurious conceits," hardly meets the approval of our *fin de siècle* critic; while the "dignity and correctness" of Pope, well adapted to the age of Queen Anne, will not satisfy the literary taste of the Victorian. The renderings of Maginn, the experiments of Gladstone, introducing as they do the "formulae of the *Volkslied*" into Homeric poetry, should have been more successful. For though Homer, "like the author of the *Song of Roland*, like the singers of the *Kalevala*, uses constantly recurring epithets, and repeats, word for word, certain emphatic passages, messages, and so on," it must not be forgotten that "that custom essential in the ballad, is an accident in the epic." Hence the "demand for ballad-like simplicity and *ballad-slang*" is entirely out of place in a translation of Homer. The recognition of the romantic view in the great Epic of Greece, which gave rise to Mr. Worsley's version of the *Odyssey* has produced a masterly rendering of the original. But every attempt hitherto made has proved that "of Homer there can be no final translation."

* *

But may not this dictum apply to almost any rendering of poetry? The simplest lyrics sometimes defy reproduction in another tongue. Even Voltaire, master of style, in his *Lettres sur les Anglais*, prefaces his translation of Lord Rochester's "Satire Against Man" with the remark that "the restraint of (French) versification and the delicacies of the French tongue will not allow a translator to convey into it the licentious impetuosity and fire of the English numbers." Where Voltaire has failed, who will succeed?

There are gems of literary rendering; but they are rare. When one makes a happy discovery of the kind one is perhaps inclined to exaggerate its importance. Some time ago I discovered in Vosmaer's "Amazone" a very

happy rendering of Horace's famous third ode. To bring out the beauty of the translation I shall first give part of the original:—

Illic robur et æs triplex
 Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
 Commisit pelago ratum
 Primus
 Nequicquam Deus absceidit
 Prudens Oceano dissociabile
 Terras, si tamen impie
 Non tangenda rates transsiliunt vada.

Vosmaer's rendering is as follows:—

Hein was de borst verhard, van drievoud brons
 Ompansterd, die het schip, het ranke aan 't wreed
 geweld
 Der zee betrouwen dorst
 Het eerst
 't Was ijdel dat eens Goden zorg
 De aard van 't onherbergzaam meer
 Afsneed, als 't vaartuig toch vernietel
 Verboden waterbanen overschrijdt.

This is almost perfect. Closeness to the original, a *netteté* like that of Pope, happy combinations, like "onherbergzaam meer" for "oceano dissociabile," or "verboden waterbanen" for "non tangenda vada" characterise the rendering. Vosmaer is a master of the art.*

* * *

As another illustration, let us take a simple Shakespearian lyric. In "Measure for Measure" the following well known ballad occurs:—

Take, oh take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses give again,
 Seal of love, but sealed in vain.

More than one attempt has been made to render this in proper metrical form. Most attempts have been failures. Herder himself, no mean judge, exclaimed "diess treffliches lied—wer kann's aber übersetzen?"

Here is Bilderdyk's attempt, ponderous and characteristic—a failure in every sense of the term, at least as a lyric:—

Neem weg, neem weg, dien afgerichten mond,
 Die lippen vol verraad, met wellust overstreken;
 En dat gevaarlijk oog, die valsche morgenstond.
 Waar d' uchtendzonn van heil gereed schijnt
 doortebreken.

Maar geef, Mein-edige, mijn kussen mij weerom,
 Die panden van mijn min: zij zijn mijn eigendom.

Far better is Burgersdyk's rendering, though lacking the rhythm, the musical flow, the ballad-like simplicity of the original:

Weg, O weg, die mond die zoet
 Ach zoo meengen meeieed deed;
 Weg, die oogen morgengloed.
 Want de dag brengt enkel leed;
 Maar, O brengt mijn kussen weer
 Mijn verzeeg'ing, Ach! niet meer.

No one will consider this a happy rendering. The last line is specially faulty.

But let us compare these two Dutch versions with two German renderings. Take Schlegel's:—

Oeffne diese Lippen nicht
 Vol von Süßen Liebesschwüren;
 Nicht der Augen Dämmerlicht
 Die den Morgen irre führen.
 Nur den Kusz gib mir zurück
 Der besiegelt Miszgeschick.

There is something halting, stilted, unnatural, in this version. Better far is Herder's:—

Wend, O wende diesen Blick,
 Dem Aurora dämmert nur!
 Und die Lippe zeuch zurück
 Von so süßem falschen Schwur.
 Meine Treu nur, hier, ach hier,
 Fest geküst, gib wieder mir.

* * *

Instances like these may be multiplied. The difficulties of translation are great: a prose rendering is seldom perfect. How much less does a metrical or rhythmical version satisfy ear, eye, mind? With regard to the classics the task is almost hopeless. Latin and Greek are taught in such a way that love for literature is not cultivated in the unfortunate student. He blunders through his Horace at the rate of an ode or two a day. The "Iter Brundisinum" has no meaning for him, except as a labyrinthine maze of intricate grammatical and philological rules, with Latin prosody thrown in as an additional burden to his troubled soul. He reads without understanding. He leaves school with a jumble of imperfectly remembered inflexions. Translation as a fine art is non-existent for him.

And as for Goethe and Schiller, Molière or Racine, Vondel or Bilderdyk, he remembers the pitfalls set for him by his examiner, more bent on grammar than on literature, and he shudders at the recollection. Love of literature as such! What can one expect from the average student, who has groaned over his examination papers, and has been taught that philological dissection of a word or a phrase is the highest bliss to which the study of language must lead? Heine once wrote to a friend: "As for Latin, madam, you can have no idea how complicated it is. The Romans

* I have since dipped into Vosmaer's "Ilias" and "Odussee" with ever-increasing enjoyment and ever-increasing admiration of the translator. The rendering is a masterpiece.

would never have had time to conquer the world if they had not learnt the Latin grammar in their cradles. As to the nouns of the third declension—which make their accusative singular in *im* and which in *em*—I paid careful attention to them betimes, so as to have them ready if I should want them in a hurry, and in many a sorrowful hour of after life this has given me much inward calm and consolation!" What Heine said of Latin applies with equal force to the modern languages. How few students really enjoy the masterpieces of Holland, France or Germany! They read at the rate of a page a day through some of the modern classics. They blunder through sets of examination papers with laudable zeal. But as for a grip of the language or an appreciation of its literature! The subject is far beyond the limits of this paper. To render accurately is easy: a lexicon supplies infinite shades of meaning. To enter into the spirit of a writer more is needed. A love of literature as such must be cultivated. Under existing systems this is impossible. I do know of some happy renderings of classical and more modern originals by Cape Students. Judge Watermeyer and W. R. Thomson are names that occur to many. I give but one instance. Happier rendering than the following can seldom be found. It is one of Martial's epigrams:—

Dimidium donare Lino quam credere totum
Qui mavult—mavult perdere dimidium.

Judge Watermeyer presents it in this form:—

Smith asks a hundred pounds on loan: be thrifty,
Give him the half! and then you'll save the fifty.

But Judge Watermeyer lived before the age of competitive examinations!

If the modern Cape Student is to enjoy literature as such, he must be trained differently. Words, rules, syntax, prosody, philological dissections, must have their place in his curriculum. But beyond the husks the kernel lies, and the time spent over the externals may be more profitably devoted to the real heart of the subject, which, after all, is the heart of the writer. The study of words is necessary. That study has become exclusive. As Hobbes has said: "Words are wise men's counters; they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools." We are drifting into a state where all study is becoming *vox et praeterea nihil*.

J. I. MARAIS.

Epitaphs in a Country Churchyard.

Sweet young lady,
Belt too tight,
Want of breath,
Endless night.

Little boy,
Big gun,
Gun bust,
Boy dust.

Big boy,
Pair of skates,
Broken ice,
Heaven's gates.

Little girl,
Box of paints,
Licks the brush,
Joins the saints.

Ebenezer at the Reception.

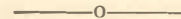
Ebenezer, of course, was at the Reception. Ebenezer is always to be found at "squashes" of all kinds. But at the Students' Reception he came off well. He was a Committee member, and wore a rosette of maroon, old gold, and white, that well became him. He also wore "pumps," and I had the pleasure of watching him put them on. They were too large for him, and he stuffed brown paper into the toes to keep them on. This amused me. But above all, Ebenezer was an usher. Now, the duties of an usher, as some of my readers may know, are such as to give great opportunities for sins both of omission and commission. Whether Ebenezer committed many of these sins I can tell chiefly from hearsay—and I have heard much. Likewise have I seen a good deal. Rumour hath it that Ebenezer committed many sins of commission. Ebenezer on the afternoon before the Reception did no work—he was afraid that it might fatigue him before the evening. Wherein he was wise. As I have said, Ebenezer was in high feather during the Reception. Punctually at half-past seven he was at his post at the Professor's door, and opened the ball by ushering some ladies into the wrong room. It made him feel rather happy and important to know that he had committed a mistake that could not be rectified. People now began to stream in, and Ebenezer's hands were full. I heard him remark thirteen times to different people that it was a chilly night. This I thought a rather unnecessary observation, as the weather

was certainly very chilly. But Ebenezer could hardly be expected to say anything more original. A "students' chorus" came next on the programme, and Ebenezer was in his glory. He stood well to the front of the stage, and sang "Tegere te cura" with much fervour and expression. After this vocal feat Ebenezer was expected to do his duty in handing about tea and cocoa to the guests, but this was a menial duty which it was altogether below his dignity to perform. He and another friend of mine, one Tomkins, have queer ideas on some points. Ebenezer sidled up to me and said: "Nem, old chap, I have a jolly decent lass to talk to this evening. Find some other chap for 'serving committee'." And he passed away.

On the Agricultural balcony there was a bench—there were many benches—but the bench I mean was at the extreme end of the balcony, and on it sat two humans. They seemed to be trying to make one another comfortable, and looked like worms in a condensed milk tin. One I recognised as being Ebenezer, and the other as Liz. Ebenezer's right foot dancing pump had fallen off, and he seemed to be much agitated—he was rather afraid that Liz might see the brown paper stuffing. I passed away. Nextly, Ebenezer appeared to advantage in the refreshment hall. I watched him drink three glasses of lemonade and two cups of cocoa, besides performing certain other gastronomic feats. Liz came to him, and I overheard her ask him to find her a jelly. Ebenezer in one of the side rooms found five jellies, but he ate them all, and came back to report that all the jellies were finished, which was true. I then heard him bragging to another young lady of the number of scrapes he got into at College, and the number of times he had been turned out of class, which was all very creditable. Ebenezer, like Tomkins, Snooks, and myself, is a Natalian—a "banana-skin"—wherefore he was able to tell another young lady of how he had sung "The Ship I love" on board the "Dunvegan Castle," and how he had been encored. He told her how in Natal, mounted upon a fiery steed, he gave chase to the fleet-footed, &c., &c. I admired Ebenezer's powers of romancing. I felt much respect for him as being a master-mind. He told the young lady—who was a stranger—of how he won the mile in four minutes and thirty-nine seconds at the V. A. College sports. He told how he would have won the jumping competition had it not been that the sun was in his eyes. Ebenezer is a genius. I left him. At ten o'clock he is said to have refreshed himself for about ten minutes upon a private hoard of lemonade. After this he was heard to tell some one that

she had no need to wear a fascinator. He then flitted off to some one else and repeated the compliment, likewise to a third. Then he retired to the hall for cake, came out, and promenaded to the music of the band. Thus he sailed through the evening, with a genial, tolerant smile, until the band struck up "God Save the Queen." Then I saw him snatch a parcel of stolen cake from Luff's room, and proffer his services as an escort home to some fortunate member of the fair sex. So Ebenezer enjoyed the Reception. He pronounced it a distinct success, but was of opinion that the success would have been still more distinct had he been allowed to sing "There'll come a time." Now, Ebenezer has ever a dread that Nemesis may hear of his exploits at Receptions and such like gatherings. Nemesis must have heard something, for Bloemhof Reception comes off next Friday, and Ebenezer has no invitation. Whereat he abuses Receptions in general, and Bloemhof ones in particular. He says that Bloemhof receptions are a bore; that he would not go to one even if he were invited. So Ebenezer left the Student's Reception with a girl on his arm and with an air of good-humoured tolerance and pity for us who were not so favoured. But Ebenezer is a decent sort of chap, really—a chap whose good qualities are snugly hidden under an overflowing bushel of folly and wiliness. But we shall be sorry when he leaves us to be eaten by the aborigines of Equatorial Africa—for Ebenezer is going into the mission-field.

NEMESIS.



His Excellency Sir Alfred Milner, on his recent tour through some of our districts, must have had some rather peculiar experiences.

His Excellency, with one attendant, was riding up the steep Zwartberg Pass, a few hundred yards in advance of his wagonette. As the day was very hot, he had taken off his coat. At a certain point they came up with a company of farmers, who had drawn up their horses along the road, with the evident intention of paying their respects to the Governor.

The attendant had to explain to them. "This is the Governor. Do you wish to see him?"

One of the company explained: "Ach nee ou! Jij wil ons net hier staan 'n vergek hou!"

His Excellency, on being appealed to, said, "I am the Governor."

Our friend the farmer, with a knowing laugh, gave the Governor a familiar tap on the shoulder, and replied: "Nee, ou neef! Dit lieg jij! Moennie ons hier wil kom vergek hou nie!"

Education of Women.

A striking feature of the history of mankind during the last 30 years is the place which women have taken up and want to take up. In other words, the education of women is coming with more prominence before the eye of the world than ever before.

We know that, in the majority of cases, men are averse to the education of women. Perhaps they may have good reasons for opposing an attempt at taking a woman out of her sphere and placing her in an element which does not become her.

At the outset we desire to make clear that all endeavours which may be made to obtain suffrage for the woman, and which may lead to her supremacy over man, we consider not to be in the interest of humanity, but are attempts to destroy the present harmony in society and to break the sacred ties of home-life.

Looking at the question in the different countries, we would say: "Grant women more liberty in Germany, less in England, and still less in America." In our youthful Colony we have not yet to face the difficulty. In Germany, for instance, women are not allowed to take any degrees, which may not be so bad; but they are even prohibited to attend the colleges in most cases. At first sight, it does not appear so very unfair; but, if we consider this fact, that, as a rule, hundreds and even thousands of women remain unmarried because they outnumber men, the question arises: What must they do?

All cannot marry, but all have to gain a livelihood and to fight their own battle for existence in the best possible way. One-quarter of the German adult women population is unmarried. In America and England the proportion of the unmarried to the married class is greater still. The only way open to them is to obtain a good education—one that will compare very favourably with that of men. For this reason the competition between men and women in the higher examinations has become very keen.

We cannot but admire the way in which American girls help themselves. To enable them to go through a public school their parents might be in the position, but to obtain a college education is in the great majority of cases well-nigh impossible. The domestic duties in a boarding-establishment in connection with a college enables very many girls in America to receive the higher education. They are admitted at a reduced fee on the condition that they do the domestic

work of the home. According to the number of hours they work is the amount of their fee. Some work as many as four hours per day, which means a reduction of a hundred dollars per annum.

What kind of work do they do? They are engaged in the dining-room, dusting, clearing away, laying the tables, washing up china, glasses, plates, etc. Some assist in the preparation of vegetables for dinner, and others in ironing and mending. It is said that everything is carried on systematically, smoothly, and pleasantly. No difference is made between those that work and those that don't. It is remarkable that, in spite of domestic duties, these workers usually take the lead in the class-room. Thus we see what necessity can do, and the question might be put in regard to women's education, whether this system should not universally be adopted.

In connection with most of the leading Boys' Public Schools a technical department is added, which is giving more and more satisfaction. Could not a domestic department be added to every Girls' School and College, where needy girls could earn enough to pay their way?

We would also advocate the higher education of women for a reason which is not generally recognised, but which is none the less a fact, namely, *to teach men*. They obtain their education not for their sakes' only, but for others as well. They become the trainers and educators of the infant man. Man is entrusted to woman's care from the day of his birth. Some one has said that the mission of woman is to educate man from infancy to old age. Just think of their influence on men as mothers, sisters, and sweethearts! Unconsciously and indirectly, but, nevertheless, potently and practically, their influence works as the most mighty factor in the make of the nation. The better their education, therefore, the better will they be able to make their influence more deeply felt. Their glory lies in the fact that they live for others; that they teach men that there is something more than claiming of rights, that is, the performing of duties; that there is something more than intellect, and that is purity and virtue. Her calling is to teach man. It is not the lower and more earthly one—self-assertion, but the higher and diviner calling—self-sacrifice. She tempers the coarser, more self-assertive nature of man by the contact of her gentleness, purity, and unselfishness. What she does is not declared on the streets by the blare of trumpets, but is silently revealed by the lives she has influenced. Many a man becomes great because his wife is the power

behind his throne. How many great men have not attributed their success to the early training of their mothers!

If we take such a view of the part played by woman on the stage of the world, should she not be allowed all the privileges and opportunities which go to form her character, and what is better to attain to this end than a good, thorough, well-directed education?

—o—

Student Life in Germany.

The popular impression of a German student is that he is a creature who lives for drinking "Lager" beer and smoking; a sort of animal who is most at home in street-riots and drinking-houses, to whom duels and rowdyism are as indispensable as his morning paper to the average peaceable citizen. Such types are indeed met with, but it is a great mistake to suppose that this sort of people gives one a fair idea of the class of men that can be met with at any of the great German Universities. Nearly all the students live in private houses, where they are practically free to follow their own inclinations. They are waited upon by the women from whom their rooms are rented, and the servility of these people form a danger to which many of the students give way. Thus one often hears of the most degrading and disgusting scenes when these students have friends in to spend an evening with them. More often, however, the students entertain their friends at a restaurant, and here the publicity of the place provides the necessary check on the actions of those who are in need of restraint. To study the German student one must see him at a "kneipe." The "kneipen" are the evening parties given by the numerous students' societies. Smoking and the drinking of beer are carried on to an—to a stranger—alarming extent. Amid all this, discussions on any imaginable subject are carried on in the freest possible manner, and every one can feel assured of a fair hearing being given to his views as long as he is ready to defend them. There is no want of unions or "verbindungen" in a German University. These societies are an important factor in the education of a German student. They watch over the interest of the student in every way, and provide for mutual intercourse. They foster a warm feeling of loyalty for the fatherland, respect for the German language and literature, and an unquestioning confidence in the laws and lawgivers of the land. In this way we can understand that the students cultivate the patriotism and loyalty to the institutions of their country which

characterize the German nation. Duels with pistols are forbidden by law, but the more harmless encounters with rapiers are still of pretty frequent occurrence. The most trivial things are made the cause for these affairs of honour. At most of the Universities one finds societies which have for their object the prevention of these brutal exhibitions. This is a most worthy object, but we must not lose sight of the fact that these duels have a good side, too. The careful way in which the students speak to and of each other must to a large extent be attributed to the existence of this practice. Undoubtedly the German student has very much to draw him away from his work. The endless rounds of feasts and parties, the garden-concerts and theatres, the rowing and hunting parties, the horse and bicycle races, all act as so many magnets luring him away from his books. The best students are, as a rule, the poor men, although one meets a fair number who study for the love of the thing, and to whom money is no consideration. The fact that the students choose their own professors acts as a stimulus to these men to make their lectures as attractive as possible, for fear that some other man will obtain the votes of the majority of the students there. That this privilege is not abused by the students is owing to the thoroughness of the Public School education. A youth when he first comes to the University has already acquired a wonderful amount of information. A pleasing feature in a German University is the interest taken by a large percentage of the men in subjects outside those which they are studying.

It is by no means an uncommon occurrence to find law or medical students in the classroom of a theological professor. Theology is a much more popular subject at a German than at an English University. At the latter there is no talk of religion outside the theological class-rooms; at the former, on the other hand, nearly every one is interested in theology, and ready to enter into an argument on any of the theological questions. The German student is either a fervent lover of religion or an equally fervent hater. He comes out openly for or against it, and has no mercy for the person who tries to steer a middle course in religious matters. On the other hand, they are, perhaps, too liberal in that it is to most of them a matter of indifference what a man believes, if only he can defend his views. This accounts for the fact that even the most religious men are not satisfied until they are able to state and defend their reasons for adopting Christianity. In spite of the numerous and peculiar tempta-

tions met at these places, one does find a fair sprinkling of men who worship God in spirit and in truth, and to whom religion is not simply a matter to be argued about and debated on.

The College during 1897.

So much is written elsewhere in the *Annual* about the separate departments of College life, that little need be given under this heading other than a general summary, such as an old student might wish to glance over.

As regards work within the class-room, the year falls, of course, into two parts—the end of session 1896-97, and the beginning of session 1897-98. Of the former, the most striking feature was the large size of the Matriculation class, which rose to what, I believe, was the unprecedented number of 54. Extra desks had to be put into most of the class-rooms, and even then there was inconvenient crowding. Fortunately, the University Examiners do not seem to have found that quantity had grown at the expense of quality, as they passed 37 out of the number—again a highest on record in our annals. The higher classes were also well attended, the numbers above Matriculation being 68. The University results, while satisfactory in the case of the Intermediate class, can hardly be called so in the B.A. I do not know that this is entirely to be regretted, as our B.A. students may perhaps be led to consider that brilliant success at their final is not entirely compatible with (1) a life of complete leisure during the Junior B.A. year, (2) a whole-hearted devotion to football in winter and tennis in summer, and (3) a simple trust in Professors' notes coupled with modest shrinking from over-exercise of their own powers of reading and thinking. I hasten to add that I hear that there are signs that the lesson has not been quite unheeded. Of other points, the most noteworthy, perhaps, was the success of Dr. Viljoen's "extra" classes for German and for the speaking of Dutch. The Junior Matriculation Class was, of course, in the school, but Dr. Van der Riet came to the aid of the School authorities in the matter of science teaching, the new school building not being finished.

In the present session, the size of the Intermediate class is as striking as was that of the Matriculation last session. During the term now running, the roll of the Intermediate (including some three or four Church Admission Students) has risen to 48. The B.A. is also well attended, numbering in all 23, we believe. The Mining classes show signs of

gradually growing, but the Matriculation class has dropped to the thirties. So far as we can judge, a good deal of interest in work is manifested by all the classes. What is most required is more self-reliant study and more use of the library, either for reading of books bearing on class-work or for general literature. The bilingual training of many of our students, while an advantage in some respects, is certainly a disadvantage in others, and our College, more than any other, ought to encourage her students to the cultivation of good literature, and the constant practice of precise, full, and ready expression.

As regards life outside the class-room, the past year will yield to none in regard to its vigour, esprit de corps, and success. Football and other athletic victories are duly chronicled elsewhere. What concerns us here is that the general bearing of our students has shown that they have known how to take a manly and thorough interest in sport without ungentlemanly roughness or misconduct. I am sure I express the feeling of both professors and students in attributing, at least, some part of the increasing esprit de corps of the last two years to Mr. John Hofmeyr, Captain of both Football and Cricket Clubs. In one point we regret to have to chronicle a backsliding, namely, in the matter of the Volunteer corps. There is, however, hope of recovery, and we may be allowed to appeal to all students to rally round Captain Mackenzie, and help in restoring the corps to its ancient glory.

The aspirations of the College and School as a combined educational institution found expression in the form of a quite unusual series of extensions. The school has left its old quarters, and started work in the handsome and convenient new buildings on the College Square. A new Physical Laboratory, for which, as is well-known, we have chiefly to thank Mr. Jan Marais, is getting slowly completed; and a central building, containing a smithy, assay laboratory, and other rooms, has had its foundations laid. The Council have further decided to enclose the whole square, and put the grounds in good order. When we add that the new athletic field is meanwhile being extended apace, and that a piece of ground has been bought for the erection of a Volunteer Drill-Hall, it will be seen that Prof. Marais, Mr. Neethling, and the rest of the Council have not been letting the grass grow under their feet.

It only remains that some of the younger College Alumni should lend their help, and, by working hard for the College Union, keep firm the tie between those who, either as Governors, Professors, or Students are on the

actual field of battle, and the old students who, though now widely scattered, still, I am certain, keep a place in their hearts for the Alma Mater.

o

The B.A. Student's Farewell.

Long years we've spent together, boys,
A true and trusty band,
In this dear spot where proud we view
Our noble College stand.
Long years we've struggled side by side,
On wisdom's rugged track ;
But many a pleasant mem'ry gilds
The road behind our back.

There are of us have comrades been
From early boyhood days ;
Who since that age of careless joy,
Have trod the selfsame ways.
We loved as children long ago,
We love more dearly now,
When years of toil have left their mark
On character and brow.

How many trials we have shared,
When problems would not prove,
When Latin prose and Grecian verse
Us to distraction drove ;
Or riders in Geometry
Our efforts baffled quite,
We put our heads together, and
The tangled knot untied.

Ah ! boys we've always faithful been ;
When trouble one oppressed,
There rolled a wave of sympathy
Through every friendly breast.
No jealous feelings e'er were ours,
And though we ne'er could be
All equal, yet our comrades' pride
We rest rejoiced to see.

And where are all the games we played
Upon the football field,
Resolved to conquer if we could,
Or full of honour yield ?
We look upon our football garb,
And stifle down a sigh ;
To think we to this football club,
Ere long must bid goodbye !

We'll miss the golden hours we passed
Outside the College walls,
We'll miss as much the sunny times
Inside its lofty halls.
We'll miss the usual gatherings,
The concerts and debates—
We'll miss them all, but, more than all,
The presence of our mates.

Ah, boys, 'tis hard to bid farewell
To those we've known so long,
Who're joined to us by many a bond
Of friendship pure and strong
'Tis hard to feel that we must part,
Ere lapse of many days,
To enter different fields of work,
And walk in different ways.
Yet 'twill be sweet as time goes by,
E'en when old age draws near ;
Upon the happy past to gaze,
The past we lived in here.
'Twill pleasant be to call to mind
The friends of days long gone,
And pray that Heaven's richest gifts
May bless them journeying on.
Then, farewell, boys, a long farewell,
A last farewell to you,
When comes the day to separate
Fresh labours to pursue !
I clasp your hands in silent pain,
And leave you, dear loved band ;
Be noble, boys, and ne'er forget
Your College and your land.

PHILO.

- o -

THOUGHTS

IN THE WAGGON-MAKERS BUSH, SWELLENDAAM.

The light and thoughtless laugh, whose echo
still
Resounds throughout the wood, has died
away ;
And, as if by some viewless, magic hand,
Is checked the mirthful song and merry lay.
All vacant chatter, and all heartless jest
Have taken wings and flown—I know not
where ;
A silent reverence creeps into each heart,
And holds it spellbound and imprisoned there.
For doth not Nature here hold boundless
sway,
In all her fulness since her day of birth ?
And, still untainted by the touch of man,
We may call this " A Paradise on Earth."
Just hark, and you will hear her breathing
soft !
Her lips, they move, and sweetly lisp fond
words,
Kind messages, and secrets soft and low,
To flowers and trees, to streamlet, rocks, and
birds.
And they, they send them on. The laughing
stream.
That capers, hurries, dances down the hill,
Can prattle tease and joke from morn till
night,
But ne'er has learnt the art of being still.

And often, when we'd found a little flow'r
That, lost in thought, had bent its head too
near,

He'd kiss it quickly as he passed, and laugh,
In glancing back, to see it shed a tear.

He'd love to tease those dignified old rocks
That frowned upon his mirthful jollity,
And, with an unexpected bound and splash,
Would leave them there to groan indignantly.

The little ferns that, with their curious eyes,
Are peering at us from their rocky beds,
They do not like intruders such as we,
But grimly shake and nod their little heads.

See here there lies a stem across the stream,
A strong majestic veteran, and yet—dead;
Here, where he reigned for years and years
unchecked,

Here, too, at last he bowed his aged head.

The stream, that nourished first the tiny seed,
That all its growth and strength and beauty
gave,

On whom that tree in manhood gazed in pride,
Has now become his deathbed and his grave.

The little birds, that sing their sweetest songs
From morn till night and all the long year
round,

They sang so low and sadly, when one morn
Their strong protector they no longer found.

How restful this is to the eye, the ear!
How restful to the restless, tossing mind!
To seek the shady, leafy solitude,
And to be lulled to rest by stream and wind.

And would you see fair Nature face to face?
And hear her glorious, wondrous melody?
Come, listen to her laughter, dirge, and song,
United all in sweetest harmony.

Here you'll forget earth's toils and aching
cares;

Your thoughts of self, your pride, you here
must stay,

And here alone, with Nature and her God,
You'll bow your head submissively—to pray

A prayer far too deep for any tongue,
And far too high for any human thought,
A prayer which none has ever learnt
But he whom the Almighty God has taught.

—o—

Apropos Governors. At a garden party
given by Sir H. Loch to the members of the
Synod, Sir Henry was addressing an elder,
mistaking him for a minister.

"I suppose you must find it rather difficult
to preach in English."

The elder, loudly laughing, replied: "Dit
gaat al broekscheur om Hollandsch te preek,
wat wil ik nog van Engelsch praat."

Kobie zijn Pa.

Ons het mos nou laas een shilling en vier
skellings vir ons bokwol gekrij, zoo dat ik
genoeg geld gemaak het om al mijn schuld te
betaal en daarom nog zoo een bietje oor te
hou.

Toe zê ik vir die vrouw, "Trina, kom ons
gaan kuier vir Kobie op Stellenbosch."

Ons het toe een baksel beskuit in een
kussensloop gezit en Trina haar zijtabbert en
mijn zwart klapbroek ook opgevou en ingestop,
en diezelfde aand klim ons op die treia. Ons
het een paar dage bij Neef Zakkie op Welling-
ton geblij en ons kom toe Donderdag middag
naar Stellenbosch. Toe ons bij Kobie zijn
boarding-huis kom en na hom vrâ was hij in
zijn kamer (hij het niks van ons kuier gewet
nie). Hulle laat hom roep en een rukkie
daarna kom hij in, maar zoo een spektakel het
ik lang nog nie gezien nie.

Zij mooi fluweel broek wat Trina ver hom
gemaak het, het die vent bij de knië afgesnij
en hij het zijn lijf in een rooi gôien zak ding,
zonder boortje of das—en dit na dat hij twee
dozijn papier boortjes saam naar Stellenbosch
gebreng het.

Ik het die boch net mooi slecht gezê, maar
hij schaam hom nie eens nie en zê hij gaan
voetbal speel en ons moet saam loop. Trina
was schaam om met hom in die straat gezien
te worde, maar ik doch ik zal toch na die
speuletje gaan kijk.

Daar buite die dorp krij ons toe een spul
kerels wat een bees-blaas rond skop. Kobie
laat mij daar staan en trek zijn baatje uit en
zê hulle gaat nou net begin speel. Eers
skop die een die blaas en almaal begin te hart-
loop en ik doch nou is die speuletje aan die
gang. Maar ongelukkig tel een kerel die
blaas op en begin daarmee weg te hartloop.
Dit maak die ander zoo kwaad, dat hulle hom
vang en op die grond neersmijt, totdat hij
zoo hard als hij kan om "help" skree.
Hulle kom toe van weerskante en begin mal-
kaar daar te stoot om die blaas in die hande te
krij, kompleet nes een klomp beeste wat baklij.
Die blaas rol toe uit en een ander kerel perbeer
om daarmee weg te hartloop, maar hulle het
hom gepak tot hij ook moes skree "help," al
het hij hard perbeer om los te kom. Ik kon
nie verstaan lat hulle almaal oor die blaas
baklij nie—die ding is toch nie zoo veel werd
nie, en elke kant kan zeker makkelijk hulle
eige blaas krij en dan daarmee speel. Ik het
zeker een uur daar gewag maar hulle het nooit
aan speel gekom nie. Ik hoor maar die heele
tijd hoe hulle makkaar in Engelsch vloek, en
Kobie net zoo erg als een van hulle. Ik was

maar danki blij lat ik nie kan verstaan wat "free kick," en "forward pass" en "heel-out" en al die goed meen nie, want dit is zeker woorde wat geen Christen mensch moet gebruik nie. Die baklijerij het aangehou tot donker, en toe sien elke kant lat die ander nie ver hulle die blaas zal laat krij nie om daarmee te speel nie, zoo moes hulle maar huistoeaan. Kobie zê ver mij, lat dit maar altijd zoo tekeer gaat, want elke kant het zeker partij dage zijn eige blaas.

Ik moet zê, lat "jukskei" of "hurkekurke" ver mij een baing mooier speuletje is dan voetbal, maar als die kerels schaars is van beesblâse kan ik hulle een klomp stuur, want ik gaat een heele klomp ou koeie slach hier die winter.

Professor (describing an ancient Greek Theatre): "And it had no roof."

Student (feeling sure that he has caught the Professor in a mistake): "What did they do, sir, when it rained?"

Professor (taking off his glasses and pausing): "They got wet, sir."

Iets omtrent de Polumnia.

De Polumnia is een gewichtig factor, en is het altijd geweest, in de vorming van de karakters harer leden. Vele oud-leden zien nog dankbaar en met heimwee terug naar de genotvolle en leerzame uren in hare bijeenkomsten doorgebracht.

* * *

De man die haar binnen komt met een hoogen dunk van zichzelf, hoekig en vol gemaaktheid, met een slecht humeur enz. zal deze eigenaardigheden spoedig verliezen door de wrijving met zijne mede-studenten. Scherts en bijtende kritiek, broederlijk en welgemeend, dragen het hunne bij om hem op zijn tellen te doen passen vooral wat betreft de preparatie van werk dat hij in de Polumnia leveren moet.

* * *

Het werk van de Polumnia bestaat uit oraties, recitaties, voorlezingen, improvisaties en het debat.

* * *

De orator komt met zijn oratie ter vergadering en meent dat hij zeker de aandacht der leden boeien zal. Hij heeft immers zijn poetisch gevoel lucht gegeven en dat moet bijval vinden. Vooraf is zijn oratie in handen van twee critici geweest, maar die heeren glimlachen slechts op zijn vraag "Hoe vindt u dit?"

Hij bestijgt den Katheder en leest
Hier fluistert men, daar gaapt men, slechts de critici luisteren en een paar weekhartige medelijders. Een tergend lachje doet zich hooren bij het uitspreken van wat hij meent zijn meest poetische gedachte te zijn. Wijzelijk echter leest hij ongestoord manmoedig door. Het gemompel en gefluister neemt af en hij begint zijn hoorders te boeien. Hij zwijgt; een luid handgeklap toont hem dat zijn oratie bijval heeft gevonden, iets dat niet licht gebeurt. Als er weer kiezing is wordt hij misschien nog journalist.

* * *

De critici zijn aan de beurt, elk heeft zeven minuten tijd. Beiden halen hem heftig over de kolen. Fouten in de taal, in den stijl, in de spelling, zelfs zijn schrift, worden niet vergeten. En zoovelen worden er opgedischt dat hij bloost tot in de haren, hij kan zijn eigen ooren niet gelooven. De critici hebben zoo veel te zeggen over zijne begane fouten en stomiteiten dat de hamer van den president het hun belet een paar woordjes van lof uit te spreken.

* * *

Zijn volgende oratie is puik.

* * *

Een 'groene,' de filosoof onder de 'groenes,' moet een improvisatie leveren. O, die kathedr! Maar hij moet er op. Hij leunt voorover, wringt zich de handen, slikt geweldig tegen den adams-appel, die niet maar naar beneden wil, en té vol van zijn onderwerp vergeet hij president en leden aan te spreken, wat natuurlijk als een groote lompeheid beschouwd wordt en de gomoederen der leden gaande maakt.

* * *

Zijn misslag door ernstige apologie hersteld, gaat hij voort met, "Geachte president en heeren, het onderwerp" . . . Eensklaps valt men hem weer in de rede met "Op een punt van Orde, mijnheer de president, het is mijns inziens onmogelijk voor deze vergadering de improvisator te laten voortgaan na de belediging ons aangedaan," "Ja, mijnheer, dat is mijn gevoelen ook," zegt een ander. "En ik zou voorstellen dat die mijnheer daar, gaat zitten." Dat is ook het gevoelen van de vergadering en de improvisatie heeft een einde.

* * *

Bij het kiezen van *het* kosten zal men deze behandeling en de gelatenheid van den lijder in aanmerking nemen en hem misschien nog verschoonen van het kosterschap.

Wordt zoo iemand kwaad dan wordt hij bij alle mogelijke gelegenheden getergd, totdat hij is "Koudgeleid," en inziet dat als men boos wordt kost het toch te veel moeite om weer goed te worden.

Soms stijgt de geestdrift een beetje te hoog voor het geduld van den president, en dan wee den luidruchtige. In èèn woord wordt hij tot groot genoegen der anderen "dronkgeslagen" en zijn kerk is uit voor de rest van den avond.

* * *

Wel is waar, ons geestigheid wordt soms oppervlakkig en onze vroolijkheid een beetje te luidruchtig, maar bij dat al onder de leiding van een bekwaamen 'primus' wordt steeds het edel doel van ons samenzijn in het oog gehouden, en wordt er goed werk gedaan.

Ons Studentenblad! Welk een genot verschaft het ons! De journalisten gedachtig aan het gewicht dat men aan dit blad hecht, doen dan ook hun best hun stof, met groote omzichtigheid gekozen, op de aangenaamste wijze voor te stellen. Jammer maar dat oudstudenten zelden of ooit ons contributies toezenden.

* * *

De 'lollen' in verband met de Polunna gehouden,—de Ontgroenings aan het begin en de Kandidatenlol aan het einde van het jaar—verschaffen ons steeds de grootste pret.

* * *

Bij de ontgroeningslol is het dat de arme groene het wel degelijk gewaar wordt dat zijn lot allererbarmelijks is. Hij gelooft dan bijna dat hij behoort tot een lager diersoort dan het geslacht mensch. Tot welke diersoort? Wel, dat zullen wij maar nu daar laten.

* * *

De voornaamste ambtenaren gedurende 't afgelopen jaar waren:—

Nov. 96—Apr. 97.

Primus—P. A. ROUX

Præsès (Engelsch)—A. MCGREGOR M.A.

Secretaris—J. RABIE B.A.

Apr—Aug—97.

Primus—I. A. KOCH.

Præsès (Engelsch)—J. M. HOFMEYR B.A.

Secretaris—E. DOMMISSE B.A.

* * *

Moge de Polunna in de toekomst bloeien, haar edel doel meer en meer worden bereikt, en de belangstelling in haar onontbeerlijk werk toenemen.

— o —

Mrs. Henpeck (reading): "Here's a poor fellow arrested for manslaughter the day before he was going to be married."

Mr. H.: "Well, some fellows *are* born lucky."

Cricket.

At this distance it is neither possible, nor perhaps desirable, to give a detailed review of our last cricket season. It was not noted for any brilliant success, either as a whole or in part. According to the ups and downs of the game, games were won and games were lost. The College matches were played as usual, with the result that we were victors over the S.A. College, but suffered defeat at the hands of the Dioc. Coll. The annual games against the W.P.C.C. and Cape Town C.C. were also played, but with small success. Other matches were played, too, against neighbouring town clubs, but at this distance it is difficult to recollect just which they were and with what success they were played. Our First Eleven was not quite as strong as during the former season, owing to the departure of some valuable men. This year the team has been still more weakened by the departure of our captain, J. M. Hofmeyr, to whom much of the success of the club was due. In fact, much of the success of sport in general in Stellenbosch during the last two or three years was due to that sportsman's efforts. He captained the First Football XV. for two years, and led them to victory during both seasons. Our tennis team has suffered, too, as he with Rowan (who has also left) held the championship of the Western Province last year. However, all is not dark. We feel these losses, but we are not left entirely desolate. The number of our cricket members has increased wonderfully this season, and we see among them some promising players. Most of the newcomers are young, so that much cannot be expected of them this season yet.

In the last College Annual, if I remember rightly, something was said about the New Athletic Field and its being a mirage. Well, we may just state that the mirage has become a reality. The new football field has been in use already, and the work is progressing steadily, so that within a short time we shall have another football field, a cricket field, and six tennis courts ready for use. The ground used for this purpose is a stony plot, immediately behind Prof. MacDonald's residence, and stretching across the flats almost to the main road which passes the old football field. In all probability we shall still have to play our cricket matches out on the flats during this season—at least the less important ones. However, we do not practise there any more. The "New Athletic Field Committee" have sanctioned the laying of two practice pitches on the margin of the new field. This has been done, and the result is that an unusual number turn out every practice afternoon.

Of the prospects of the coming season we cannot say much yet, but let us hope the more. Important matches are to be played with, if not a weak team, then, at any rate, with one of as yet unknown quality. But yet we hope not to disgrace ourselves.

In conclusion, let us just add that we feel very sure that there is more than one old Stellenbosch cricketer who, if not actually longing, is at any rate very willing to do something for the encouragement of the game here, if only they were asked. Well, we do not know where to find them, but they know where to find us; and they need not fear that their overtures will be coldly received.

The Committee consists of C. D. Murray, Captain; A. L. Hofmeyr, Vice-Captain; M. Jooste, Secretary and Treasurer; Prof. Mackenzie and B. Tindall, members of Committee.

The following composed the first team of last year:—J. M. Hofmeyr, Capt., steady bat, splendid field, good behind the wickets too.

A. L. Hofmeyr, fair wicket keep, good bat, good field.

A. Rowan, brilliant field, unsteady bat, good bowler.

J. Weber, old stager, rather unreliable in batting, but good chance bowler, fast, slight break from the off.

C. D. Murray, good bowler, straight fast, steady bat and good field.

Havers, good bat, pretty style, but needs more practice; lives on a distant farm, very puzzling bowler.

Prof. Mackenzie, steady bat, average field, interest keen in the game.

G. Rowan, excellent field, not much of a bat, very erratic.

W. Basson, reliable bat, good field, but slow.

—o—
 “Bobbie: Mother, were all the bad men destroyed by the Flood?”

Mother: “Yes, my son.”

Bobbie (who had just received a whipping from his father): “When is there going to be another flood?”

Little Boy (writing composition): “I want to use that saying that’s in our copybooks, but I can’t remember it all—‘Man glories in his strength, Woman glories in—’ What’s the rest, I wonder?”

Little Girl: “Let me see, ‘Woman glories in her - her hat.’”

Husband: “Doctor, do you think my wife will ever recover?”

Doctor: “Oh, yes. I told her I already had a wife picked out for you in case she didn’t get well.”

The Grand Challenge Cup.

O hark to the joyous shouting
 That sounds on the evening air!
 Hark to the drums a-beating
 In the moonlight still and fair.
 List to the fleet feet hurrying
 Adown in the tree-lined street,
 And notice the dark forms scurrying
 Where railway and roadway meet.

What means all this eager chatter,
 These footsteps hastening down
 With noisy patter and clatter
 From every part of the town?
 You call it sleepy hollow,
 But is it sleepy to-night,
 As you note how the shadows follow
 Each other so brisk and bright?

We, too, join the hurrying figures,
 And swell the procession long;
 Our voices blend with the others
 In that eager, active throng,
 Like the waves of ocean rushing
 Up the shore at rising tide,
 Or the angry torrent gushing
 Down the rocky mountain side.

No need now to ask the reason
 Of all this excitement loud;
 No need to question the mission
 Of the restless, swaying crowd.
 The youngest urchin says proudly,
 And you see his eyes shine bright,
 That our team has gained the victory,
 And the cup is ours to-night.

The first team cup is ours,
 What wonder, then, all this noise?
 Let us welcome with hearty honours
 The returning victors, boys!
 Let’s take the band to the crossing,
 The gallant team to meet,
 And with music and rejoicing
 Escort them up the street.

But hark! the train is coming!
 You hear its whistle shrill,
 You see its eyes a-flashing
 As it rounds yon little hill;
 You catch a feeble murmur
 On the breeze of evening borne,
 Aye waxing clearer, firmer,
 As the train comes rushing on.
 A loud hurrah floats upward
 From the crowd assembled there,
 And the echoes carry it onward,
 And repeat it far and near.
 And the train halts, puffing, steaming,
 With its gay, victorious band,
 Who alight with faces beaming,
 And a hearty shake of hand.

Congratulations over,
 The eager band strikes up,
 "Oh, when the match is over,
 We shall have the cup!"
 With ceaseless patter, patter,
 Of restless, hurrying feet
 With eager excited chatter,
 They pass along the street.
 From the doorways look out mothers,
 And the girls upon the stoep
 Feel proud that friends and brothers
 Belong to that little group.
 For what tho' their sex detains them
 From sharing in the game,
 No feeling false restrains them
 Their interest to proclaim.

And the proud procession marches,
 So noisy, eager, and bright,
 'Neath the oak-trees twining arches,
 Up, onward, out of sight.
 The drummer's strokes grow fainter,
 Until they die away,
 As the distance waxes greater
 'Twixt us and the party gay.

There is joy in the town this evening,
 And hearts beat quick and light,
 And bosoms swell with rejoicing,
 And eyes flash glad and bright;
 And the tale of the match, revolving
 With an interest never cold,
 Seems ever fresh to those telling,
 And ever fresh to those told.

Oh, all ye lovers of Football,
 That noble and manly sport,
 Rejoice that we've been successful
 In the battle fiercely fought;
 That the crown from the laurel bowers
 Is wreathing our boys to-night,
 For the victor's meed is ours,
 And the cup of silver bright.

'Tis the first time we have won her,
 The cup desired so long,
 Tho' oft we tried to win her,
 And struggled fierce and strong.
 Oh! may no foe regain her,
 His honour to redeem,
 And may we long retain her,
 The glory of our team!

And with each football season,
 Whene'er this match-month comes,
 Oh, may we aye have reason
 To hear the roll of drums,
 To tell us the cup is ours
 Again by victor's right,
 That the laurel leaves and flowers
 Are crowning our boys to-night.

FILLO.

Lawn Tennis.

This game has been making steady progress in Stellenbosch, and the season of 1896-7 saw us with one of the strongest clubs in the country. The debt on the Public Courts, which at one time amounted to a considerable sum, has now been worked down to an amount so small that the present season will probably enable us to pay it all off. Once this is accomplished, the management will have their hands free to do all that is necessary for the players and for the comfort of visitors and spectators. Our membership has reached the limit number—sixty. The annual subscriptions bring in a sum which ought to be quite adequate for all the necessary expenses. It is very probable that we shall have to give up our present courts during the next year, and hire courts from the Athletic Committee on the newly made grounds.

At the Tournament in Cape Town, held in January last, John Hofmeyr and Rowan carried all before them. They won the Championship of the Western Province fairly easily, and in addition to that Rowan carried off the Singles Championship. The newspapers at the time remarked that the play of the Stellenbosch couple was far superior to that of any other couple in the tournament, while a writer in one paper even ventured the assertion that their play reminded him "of the Baddeleys in their best days." In the final for the Club Championship our first team had to meet the Gardens. Hofmeyr and Rowan won thirty-two out of the forty-five games they had to play. They, however, were so badly supported by the other couples, that on counting the games the Gardens were found to be five ahead. We challenged them for a second match, but were again unsuccessful, and so the Gardens got the Championship. Our second team, of whom Van Broekhuizen and De Vos were the best couple, had to meet Sea Point in the final for the Thurston Cup. We inflicted a severe defeat on them, being nineteen games ahead at the conclusion of the play. They, however, challenged us, and the second match was decided in their favour, but by a smaller number of games. Our second team thus won the Thurston Cup for the first time.

Our prospects for this season are not so bright, as we have lost nearly all our best men of last year. We have, however, a good deal of new blood in the club, and plenty of time before we have to play our matches, so that when the time comes we may still be able to give a good account of ourselves.

Besides the Public Club there are several Junior Clubs, all of which seem to be in a fairly prosperous state, if one can judge by the number of players generally to be seen on their courts.

— o ———

An excellent remedy for neuralgia has been discovered by Taut Sarie. The prescription is as follows. Cut off all the finger nails, and all the —, well every single nail of the patient. Extract three hairs on the crown. Place nails and hairs in a bottle. Cork well, and bury the bottle in a spot which is unknown to the patient. It acts like a charm (so much so that there are some who doubt whether it isn't really a charm). A patent has been applied for.

Professor: "Do you know, madam, there was a time when men wore corsets, but they found they were injurious to health, and so—"

New Woman: "Yes. And so they gave them to their poor, weak, helpless, oppressed wives and daughters."

"I tell you, sir," cried the student, "I am going to rise in this world."

The professor eyed him doubtfully for five seconds, and then asked:—

"Balloon, or elevator?"

Sunday-school Teacher: "Who was Noah?"

Pupil: "He was a weather prophet. When he said it was going to rain, nobody believed him."

The Bride: "Kiss me again, dear."

He: "But, Madge, I have done nothing but kiss you for the last three hours."

The Bride (bursting into tears): "Traitor, you love another."

Victoria College Sports.

The athletic sports of the Victoria College came off in lovely weather on Saturday, 6th November, and passed off pleasantly and successfully. Japie Krige carried off the Victor Ludorum Cup for the second year in succession, coming in first in the 100 Yards Flat in 10 2-5 sec.; Long Jump, 18 feet 11 inches; High Jump, 5 feet 2½ inches; and 220 Yards Flat Race in 25 sec. Four firsts and a third in the Hurdle Race fully entitle him to the title of champion. His father and mother were present to witness his performances. It was

surely a proud and happy moment when they saw their boy walk up to receive the much-coveted Victor Ludorum Cup, and to hear the ringing cheers which greeted him.

Results:

Throwing Cricket Ball.—1, J. Pepler; 2, S. M. Laubser; 3, J. van der Merwe.

Placekick for Goal.—1, B. Newmark; 2, A. Devenish, 3, J. Krige.

Bicycle Race (Road), One Mile.—1, K. Roodt; 2, L. de Villiers; 3, Brink. It will be remembered that Karl Roodt won this event last year.

100 Yards Flat Race (final).—1, J. D. Krige; 2, C. Rorich; 3, D. Brink. Time, 10 2-5 sec.

100 Yards Flat Race (Boys under Fifteen).—1, P. Roux; 2, Basson. Time, 12 2-5 sec.

Half-mile Flat Race (Open).—Pieter de Vos; 2 Raubenheimer; 3, J. de Waal. Time, 2 min. 15 2-5 sec.

Long Jump.—1, J. D. Krige; 2, C. Rorich; 3, D. Brink. 18 feet 11 inches.

Three-legged Race.—1, Barry and Brink; 2, Oosthuyzen and Gerdener.

High Jump.—1, J. D. Krige; 2, C. Rorich; 3, A. Hofmeyr. 5 feet 2½ inches.

Putting the Weight (16 lb.).—1, J. J. Krige, 33 feet 6 inches; 2, P. de Waal.

220 Yards Flat Race.—1, J. D. Krige; 2, Geldenhuis; 3, J. Macdonald. Time, 25 sec.

220 Yards Flat Race (Boys under Fifteen).—1, P. Roux; 2, L. Basson. 30 1-5 sec.

Volunteer Race (Full Dress with Arms).—1, J. J. Joubert; 2, Dale; 3, Barry.

100 Yards Flat Race (Boys under Twelve).—1, Gunning; 2, G. Wortley. 14 sec.

Mile Race.—1, Pieter de Vos; 2, J. de Waal; 3, P. Roux. 5 min. 7 sec. A slow race, De Vos winning with the greatest ease by ten yards.

Tilting at the Ring.—1, Van Niekerk; 2, Dönges.

Hurdle Race.—1, D. Brink; 2, Searle; 3, J. D. Krige.

Hop, Step, and Jump.—1, H. Gerdener; 2, P. A. Roux. 38 feet 2½ inches.

400 Yards Flat Race.—1, H. Ackerman; 2, Pieter de Vos; 3, D. Brink. De Vos was favourite in this race, but, having won the mile and half-mile, he could hardly hope to pull off this race too; still he ran with splendid judgment and failed only by half a foot. Time 57 3-5 sec.

Mile Walking Race.—1, Philip de Vos; 2, M. Jooste. Time, 7 min. 2 2-5 sec.

Obstacle Race.—1, Daneel; 2, P. Roux; 3, L. Barry.

Consolation Race (220 Flat).—1, H. Neethling; 2, J. McDonald.

Tug-of-War.— Farmers beat College; College beat Royal Engineers; Farmers beat College; Farmers beat Royal Engineers, and consequently won the tourney.

Mrs. McKenzie presented the prizes. Great credit is due to the honorary secretary (Dr. Van der Riet), to the judges (Mr. Benson, Mr. J. D. Krige, Professor Morrison, Dr. Viljoen), and to the starter (Professor Dale) for the very efficient manner in which they carried out their duties.

In Memoriam.

DS. BENJAMIN DUMINY,
Predikant te Bredasdorp.

Gestorven te Stellenbosch 3den December, 1897

“Zalig zijn zij, die Zijne geboden doen, opdat hunne macht zij aan den boom des levens, en zij door de poorten mogen ingaan in de stad.”

Wanted

In one hundred thousand households in South Africa, a willing, sunshiny daughter, who will not fret when asked to wipe the dishes, or sigh when requested to take care of the baby; a daughter whose chief delight is to smooth away her mother's wrinkles, and who is quite as willing to lighten her father's cares as his pocket; a girl who thinks her brother quite as fine a fellow as some other girl's brother. Constant love, high esteem and a more honoured place in the home guaranteed. Employment assured to all qualified applicants.

Interested Friend: “I suppose you had music at your Reception?”

Student: “No, but we had a band.”

Etiquette requires that in Chinese conversation each should compliment the other and everybody belonging to him in the most laudatory style, and deprecate himself, with all pertaining to him, to the lowest possible point. The following is no exaggeration, though not the precise words:—

“What is your honourable name?”

“My insignificant appellation is Yang.”

“Where is your magnificent palace?”

“My contemptible hut is at Suchan.”

“How many are your illustrious children?”

“My vile, worthless brats are five.”

“How is the health of your distinguished spouse?”

“My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well.”

Victoria College Volunteers.

The Volunteer Corps is a factor, very important and still capable of expansion, in student life at Stellenbosch. It affords opportunities for self-directed and carefully ordered training and discipline that are found in few, if any, of the other students' societies, and cultivates the habit of authority and submission, prompt and unquestioning, to superior authority as no other can. It is often before the public eye, and by the manner in which its members carry themselves affords a ready test of the veritable acquisition of qualities inculcated in the class-room.

But my actual theme is not the benefits, but the history, of the corps, to which I turn. After several months of careful deliberation, due to a general feeling that it were better not to undertake anything that the projectors did not see their way clear to accomplish and make permanent, the Stellenbosch College Cadet Corps was founded in 1883. An instructor was procured, arms issued, drills commenced, and rapid progress was made.

From the beginning great interest was felt and shown by the people of Stellenbosch in the new movement, and every aid, personal and pecuniary, was rendered by the authorities of the College and the local residents. Individual time and labour were devoted to it, and large sums of money lent. (While talking of the money question, I would ask present members to note that at the beginning, and for several years thereafter, each member paid for his own uniform, with a subscription and entrance fee beside.)

Recently the Council has acquired, immediately opposite the College, a property which, I understand, they propose to put at the disposal of the corps for the erection of a Drill Hall and offices. This, with the new Athletic Fields as a Drill Ground, will afford facilities that should do much to give a new impetus to the corps.

As evidence of the interest shown in the cadets by their neighbours, I may mention some of the gifts (besides numerous prizes freely bestowed) bestowed for the reward of of good shooting, namely:—

Gold Cross, and Two Silver Crosses, from the Ladies of Stellenbosch.

Banner (“Ille non timidus pro patria et caris amicis perire”)

And Union Flag, from the Ladies of Bloemhof Seminary.

Gold Badge and other prizes, from the late Wm. Murray, Esq., Ayr, Scotland.

The first Commanding Officer was Capt. H. Muller, who had worked hard for the establishment of the corps, and had seen, while still a student, active service in the Basuto War; and there followed him in the command Captains A. F. Malan, D. J. Marchand, C. Murray, A. B. Bartmann, G. P. v. d. Merwe, R. Dale (later major), and A. H. Mackenzie.

Other Captains have been: N. Theunissen, W. de Vos de Wet, P. A. M. de Vos, P. S. Krige.

Capt.-Surgeon: J. H. Neethling, M.B., C.M.
Chaplain: Rev. Thos. Walker, M.A., LL.D.

Lieutenants: H. Hofmeyr, A. Grobbelaar, W. Buhrmann, G. Hugo, B. de S. J. van der Riet, Paul Nel, P. G. J. Meiring, A. F. Louw, J. M. Louw, P. B. J. Stoffberg, D. de Waal, J. R. Bosman, E. T. F. Malan, J. G. P. van der Horst, J. Cook, W. J. Theron, H. van Broekhuizen, N. M. Hoogenhout, J. A. Raubenheimer. Hon.-Lieut. and Quartermaster, W. Baxter, E. J. van der Horst.

As mentioned previously, it was as a body of cadets that the corps was founded in November, 1883, and they forthwith proceeded to show that, as far at least as marksmanship was concerned, they had arrived. The weapon issued to them was the Snider cavalry carbine, by no means an ideal arm. It was short and light, yet took a full charge and heavy bullet, the consequence being that each discharge was followed by such a kick that many young beginners were quite spoiled as shots through dread of its mulish ways. Still the picked teams of the corps did well with it, and in 1884 took second place, in 1885, 1886, 1887 first place, in the annual competition for prizes offered by Government to cadet corps. The prizes were sums of money (£30 first, £20 second) to be expended to the approval of the Government, and on two occasions this was done by presenting to the College a clock, and a marble drinking fountain. In 1887, being now armed with the M.H. rifle, the corps found itself pitted no longer against college and school teams, but against the crack shots of the Colonial Volunteer Force, with somewhat discouraging results, and under present regulations there seems little or no hope for much change for the better.

Organisation.—Up till 1888 we had been classed as cadets, but now a regulation lately issued, limiting the maximum age of cadets to 19, was found to affect so many members prejudicially that some change became necessary, and it was determined to apply for permission to enrol as ordinary Rifle Volunteers. This was readily granted, the area dependent upon us for protection from a foreign foe being

declared to be the division of Stellenbosch; further came the change in the arm.

Being now a R.V. Corps, we now were naturally brought into closer connection with neighbouring country corps, and in 1894, there being already in existence in Cape Town an administrative regiment of two battalions, the following were formed into the "3rd Battalions, 1st Administrative Regiment," viz. Worcester V.R., Paarl V.R., Wellington V.R., Malmesbury V.R., and V.C.V.R. Naturally, combined drills of these scattered units had to be held, and many old and present members doubtless cherish pleasant recollections of those periodical excursions. Not that it was all play; by no means; it meant for a journey to Worcester, six weary hours, then about three or four hours' steady drill, a long midnight wait for the down train, then six hours home again. That is, if all went well on the rail; if the train ran late, that scored against us. Again, third-class carriages, five occupants to a seat (not to mention the other inhabitants of the carriage, the regular boarders) ten rifles, band instruments perchance, all that does not tend towards oversleeping oneself.

Still, if there was labour and hard drill, we had change of air and occupation, pleasant intercourse with old friends, formation of new friendships, some pleasure in hard work done, and greater efficiency at it. One point, at least, was made clear by these visits (for we went at various times to Paarl, Wellington, and Worcester, and they came to Stellenbosch), that was that the student corps had no cause to shrink from comparison with any of her sister corps, whether as to appearance or smartness, drill or discipline. And here let me remark to the present members of the corps that these results are attained as the reward of persistent steady effort after improvement; they disappear much more rapidly than they are acquired.

In 1893 the Administrative system was abolished, and what had been the 3rd Battalion was re-named "The Western Rifles," of which body V.C.V. were numbered D. and E. Companies, the whole being under the command of Major Dale, Capt. Thacker (W.R.V.), being Adjutant. Nothing new, however, arose out of the change, and the arrangement lasted until July, 1897, when we were formed into an isolated corps, cadets of special standing being armed with the Martini rifle and bayonet, clothed as the ordinary volunteer, but as regards grants under cadet conditions, while firing under the senior class. This change, of course, was not to be wondered at. It seems incongruous that a corps not available for

active service should be reckoned among the effective combatant forces of the colony.

Uniform.—The dress first chosen for the corps was of dark blue serge; facings, red; cap, forage; with black bandolier and rifle slings.

Next came:—Tunic, blue with red facings, and yellow braid; trousers, blue with yellow stripes; forage cap, peaked, blue with yellow band.

Next:—Tunic, scarlet with orange yellow facings; trousers, black with scarlet piping; white helmet, special front plate. Undress: jacket, scarlet serge; trousers same; cap, (Glengarry with badge. Waterbottle and haversack were now added.

There has now been further provided a suit of khaki uniform, likely to prove serviceable.

Camps.—Of the diversions of the corps, few are more popular than the occasional Saturday march-out and the annual camp. And here, again, it is not merely because of the outing that the members take pleasure in them; in both there is plenty of hard work. As to camp, especially, most will admit that where the work was hardest (it never was unreasonable) the leisure was most enjoyed. From 1889 till now there have been nine camps, though not all of this corps alone. Some have been "Western Rifle" camps, some with the Cape Town forces. The favourite grounds with the men have proved themselves to be Worcester and Somerset West, and the last camp held at the Strand turned out most successful and beneficial. In calling to mind these camps I am reminded of an incident that occurred at one camp at Worcester, which shows a truly Roman spirit. A young sentry was doing his beat quietly and steadily, about two o'clock of a dark and rainy morning, when suddenly he became aware of a huge dark figure rushing on him from out the gloom, and roaring as he came bearing a bright bull's eye lantern. Did he flinch? He came to the "Port," he challenged, and was ready to receive his foe at once. His foe, however, thought better of it, and, turning off to the left, went sweeping away on the railway from Hex River to Worcester, having by some deviltry converted himself outwardly into a railway train. But the sentry knew better, the train was due three hours before, and *must* therefore, being on the C.G.R., have gone past before he came on duty.

On another occasion some unprincipled person crept through the sentry line, saturated a pile of firewood with paraffin, and set it on fire. Then "there was racing and chasing on Worcester's fair lea"; but 't was too late, and as they had been warned of the duty of vigilance they were the objects of considerable chaff.

At the same time frivolous attempts to elude the guards were always strictly discouraged.

At most of these camps we had the benefit of the presence of the band—an institution that has existed almost all the time with the corps. At present it is required that bandsmen (practically) shall do all the duties of the rank and file, and attend to their music in spare time. Now, as all corps attendance is in spare time, it readily appears that a bandsman must give twice as much of his time as a private. Let us hope that some means may be found of clearing away a difficulty which is found to be affecting very prejudicially a department of the corps of which all had such well founded reasons for pride.

I have said little of the drill and training of the corps. Happy is the corps that can simply look back on steady work and assiduous attention of large numbers every drill day. At the half-yearly inspections by the Commandant of Volunteers, by no means perfunctory, the corps has always been able to earn commendation; while detachments, such as guards of honour, have ever been a credit to the college. Many former members treasure with some pride in their corps the favourable comments of such authorities as Gen. Sir Wm. Cameron, General Sir H. Goodenough; if present members wish to earn the like, they have a high standard to satisfy.

When our former Professor, W. Thomson, Esq., and the Rev. Dr. Walker assisted so materially in the formation and establishment of the young corps, and in its inauguration on the 13th November, 1883, they laid the foundation of an institution which, let us hope, will ever tend to the welfare of the students—welfare, physical and moral.

On the date mentioned last the nominal roll showed a strength of 67, under the command of a captain, which gradually and steadily increased to 167 in 1891, under a major and 2 captains of companies. From that high-water mark, for various reasons, the tide ebbed till lately, and now once more it has turned and the flow begun. At the present moment the roll reads thus:—Officers, 8; N.C. Officers, 15; Buglers, 2; Privates, 101; Total, 126.

Prospects are bright. The numbers of students from whom the volunteer ranks are recruited have never been greater; and, to my mind, there exists no valid reason why the Victoria College Volunteers should not at once, if the students will only have it so, surpass the best of their own records in every department. You, volunteers, have a new commander; attend every possible parade, pay careful attention to the instruction bestowed on you, and leave him to do the rest. D.

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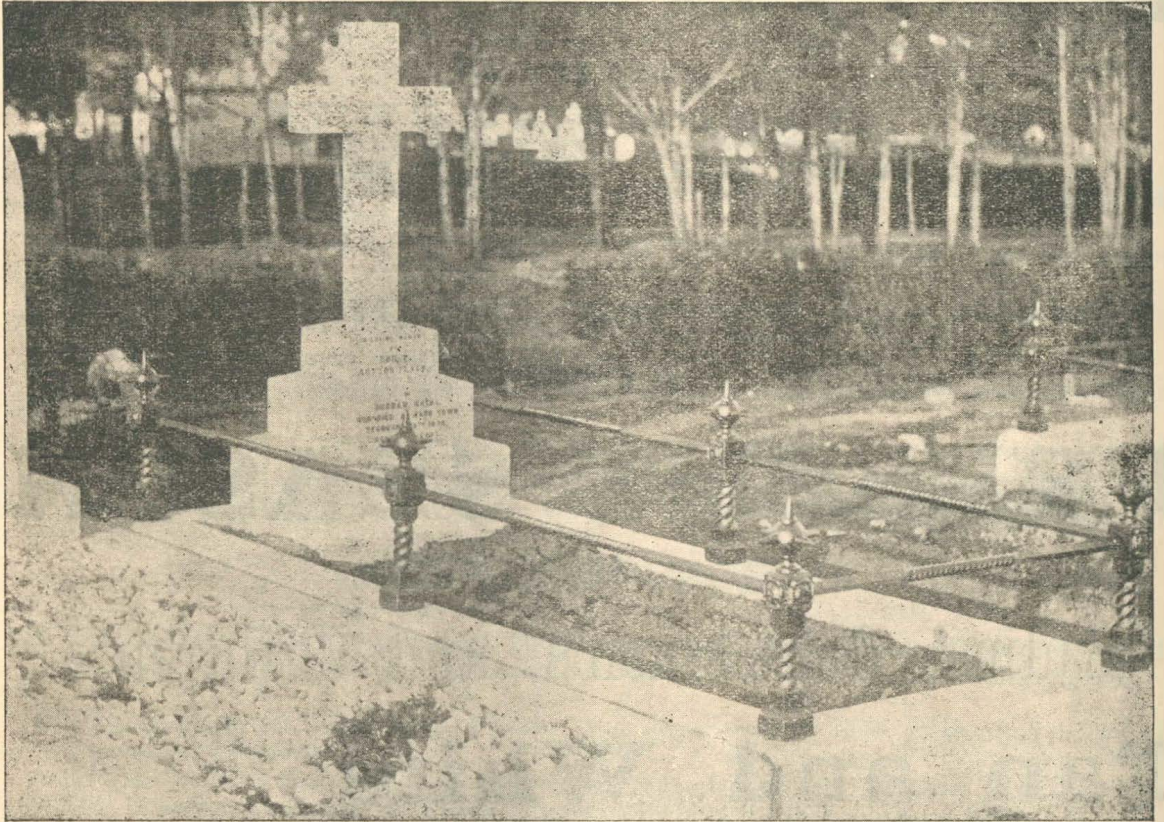
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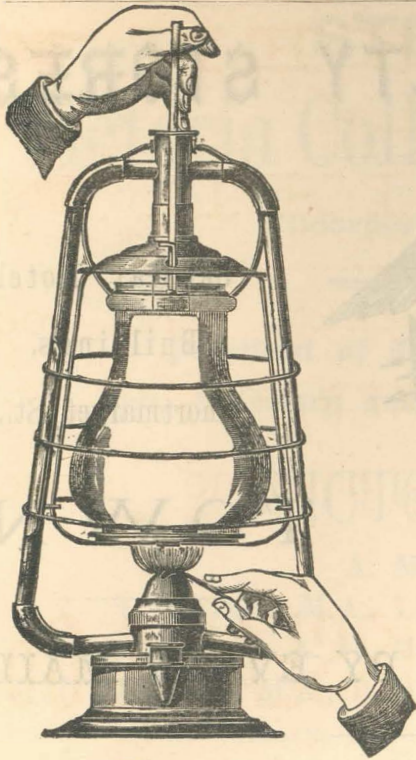
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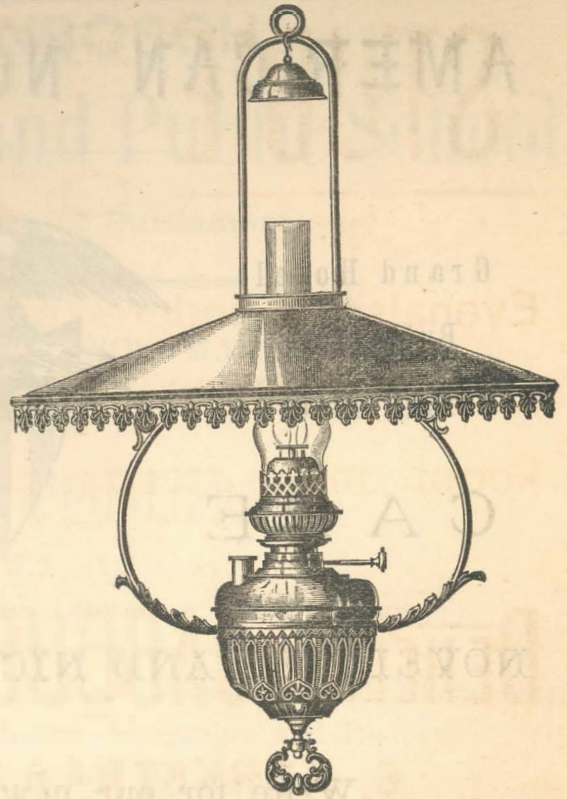
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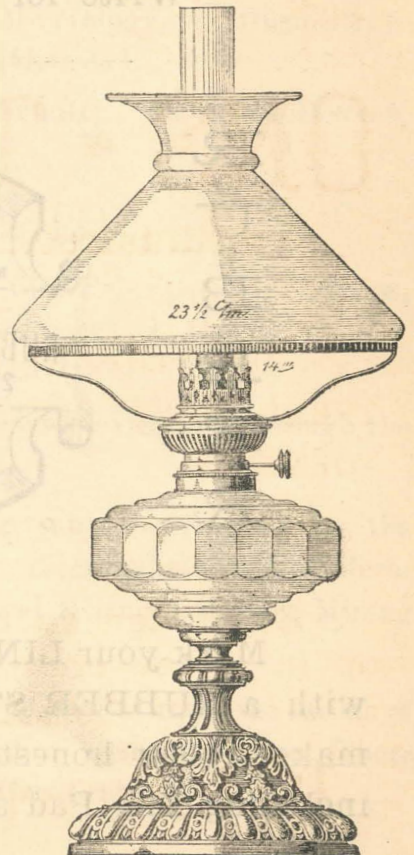
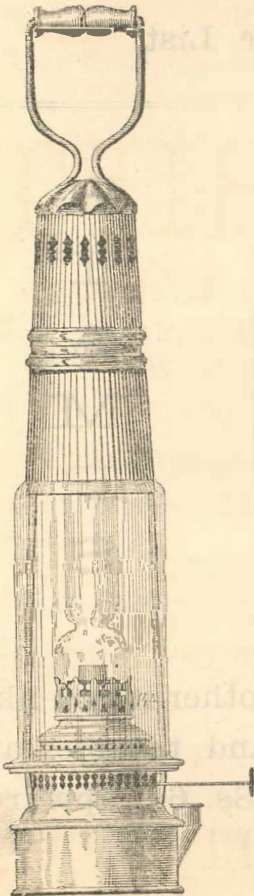
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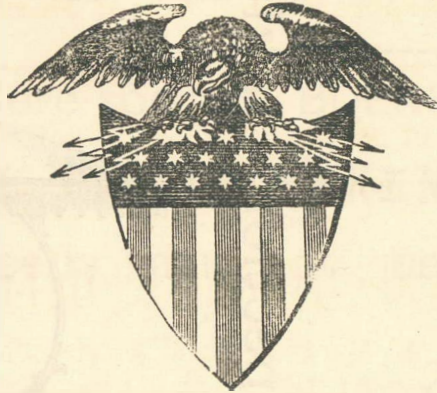
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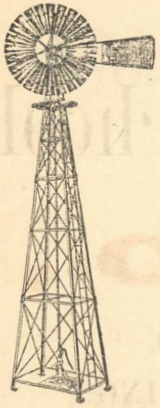
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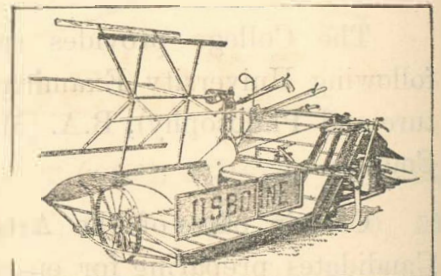
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