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TALES OF THE TOWN.

THE question of establishing a university in Victoria is likely to arise again before long. When the matter was discussed some time ago, I pronounced myself in favor of the scheme, and, as yet, I have had no reason to change my mind. With the opponents of a university, I agree that a college education does not always make the man, but I do contend that, all things being equal, the university graduate stands the best chance of coming to the front. A friend of mine, who is opposed to the establishment of a university, pointed out to me the other day that the most lamentable failure as a newspaper reporter in this city was to be found in the person of a conceited young man who claims to have graduated from an Old Country university. This I had to admit, but my admission was qualified with the statement that the only proof we had that this disgusting young boaster had ever graduated was furnished by his own statement, and he being an atrocious liar, egotist and, withal, an ill-conditioned creature, who was despised by his associates, the chances were that he never graduated at all, but might have been "ploughed," or, as they say on this continent, "plucked."

The inference to be drawn from recent remarks of the London *Telegraph* is that it is wholly beyond power to tell what influence a university education will have upon the coming leaders of mankind, and it is difficult to foresee whether a boy, who at school exhibits some talent and much worthiness of character, will make his way either to affluence or to celebrity in the world. Sir John A. Macdonald, the most illustrious statesman Canada has ever produced, had only a grammar school education, but he had brains along with it. Abraham Lincoln received the barest trace of a regular education. He learned to read, however, and, as books were scarce, he thoroughly digested the few he could obtain. At the age of nine and twenty, he began the study of law, and eventually became Chief Magistrate of the United States. Benjamin Franklin, the greatest of all Americans, had for all scholastic education one single year's tuition in a primary school, and after his father had unsuccessfully tried to bring him up to his own trade of candle-making and to that of a butler, he apprenticed young Benjamin to a printer. Yet this poor lad, who assuredly owed nothing to a university, was destined to be one of the most conspicuous natural philosophers of the eighteenth century, an Ambassador, one of the founders of the liberties of his country, and in all respects a veritable leader

of mankind. Another distinguished American, Horace Greeley, the son of a New Hampshire farmer, commenced his active life as an apprentice to a printer. Samuel Langhorne Clemens, better known under his pseudonym of Mark Twain, was assuredly not a college graduate. In his childhood he picked up some meagre education at a common school, and at thirteen he began to learn the trade of a compositor, which in early youth he varied by working as a pilot on board a Mississippi steamer. Henry George, the great writer and philosopher, is by trade a printer, and wrote "Progress and Poverty," while working at the "case" in San Francisco.

Coming nearer home, innumerable cases can be given where men of limited education arose to high eminence in the councils of the nation. The late Hon. Alex. Mackenzie was a stone mason, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell was a printer, Hon. Christopher Fraser was a printer, the late Sir Francis Hincks, was, I think, a drug clerk, and hundreds of others cases could be cited of a similar character. But most assuredly if any one of these men had been asked his opinion as to the benefit of a university education he would have pronounced strongly in favor of it. A university cannot make a wise man out a fool, but it offers advantages to the young man of ordinary ability.

Professor D. R. McAnaly has written a serio-satirical book entitled "How Men Make Love and Get Married." He is a bachelor. While he can speak for his class, he is not in a condition to speak for wedded persons. Yet his remarks are often shrewd and sometimes wise. He maintains that love is in the same category with intoxication and insanity. A demurrer is here entered. Love is the highest wisdom, for in the idealization of an adored object it simply tells us what mating is in the spiritual and angelic sense. The ideals of Phidias set forth the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis as the higher forms of the hereafter sexes. Love is an artist whose supremest province is to idealize a human being. Below this idealization is mere passion, which is not to be called love at all because it is highly sensualistic. The love of the Hunchback of Notre Dame was purer than that of the monk. Not every man and woman has the ability to love or else there would be fewer divorces. The professor thinks that the last love is the best and that it is a matter of thankfulness that first lovers do not marry their sweethearts. In this he may be correct. The first love is of the primer class kind. The parties learn the language of the affections later in life. One must know his or her let-

ters before they can read. There are high-strung women who must suffer from ill-mating ere they can know what real mating is. In such cases the last love is always the happiest. So also for men. Professor McAnaly maintains that "there is nothing in the constitution of man to prevent him from loving a hundred times, and the last as earnestly as the first." The same may be said of women if the author had thought a moment. Byron, who is always read by verdant lovers, misleads them by stating that a man's love is transient while a woman's love is her whole being. The fact is the human heart is a very Proteus. School-day love is the root, adult love the body plant and the last love the flowering thereof. There are other gradations in the spiral ascent. Come hither, Professor McAnaly. Let the writer whisper in your ear a great truth. You may know when two people love each other by each being absorbed by the other. There is such mutual impregnation that the male is reflected by the female and the female reflected by the male constantly. Any other is counterfeit love.

From love to suicide, in many cases, is quite a natural transition. Cases of self-destruction are common now-a-days in this western country. Not long ago, an interesting young lady of the city of Winnipeg took her own life, and other cases have been reported along the line of the C. P. R. The suicide mania has visited Victoria, the daily papers having recorded several cases quite recently. The history of self destruction presents a long array of victims. The suicides of antiquity are not considered, for men were educated in those days to embrace suicide when all was lost, but in the Middle Ages the crime was not so common. Outdoor activity and an intensely practical life was the rule of men of sensibility outside of convent walls, and suicide was not common until the eighteenth century, when men of sedentary lives began to multiply. The nineteenth century is conspicuous for suicides, compared with the eighteenth, and the most studious nation of the world, Germany, furnishes the largest lot of suicides. The English are not prone to suicide. Their love of outdoor sports keeps them free from dyspepsia and disorders of the liver, and their native courage and endurance prompts them to cling to life, even when life is but one long ceaseless round of pain. Three eminent Englishmen committed suicide—Lord Clive, the founder of England's Indian Empire; Sir Samuel Romilly, a great jurist and philanthropist; and Lord Castlereagh, a famous statesman and England's representative in the Congress of Vienna after the fall of Napoleon. It will be seen, therefore, that there are distinguished precedents for the man or