



# The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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No. 5.

AUGUST, 1899.

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


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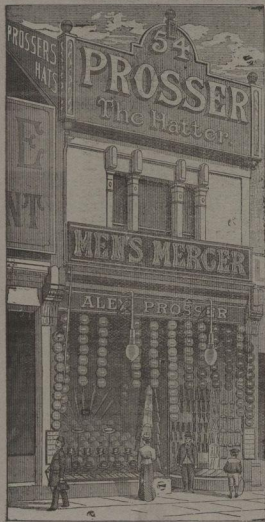
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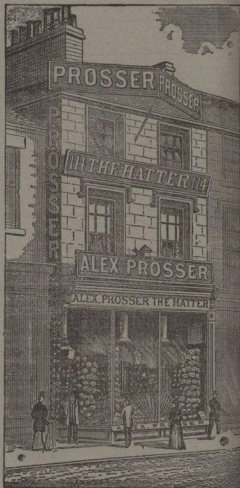
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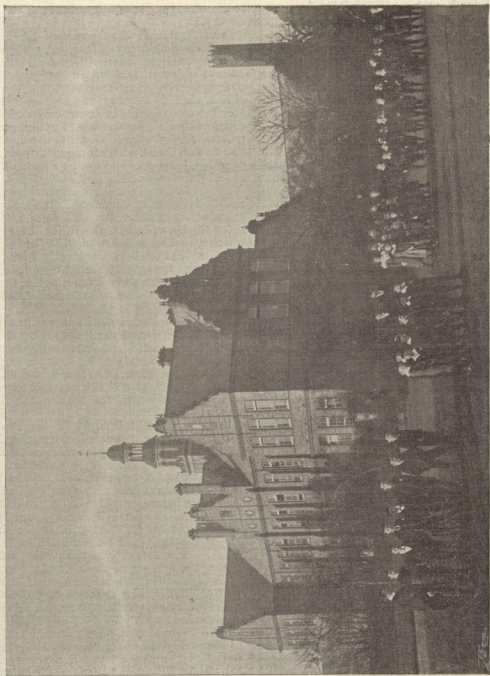
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AND BE BEST  
WEAR  
AND CHEAPEST.





No. 5. *August, 1899.*

BEDE SCHOOL; MAIN BLOCK.

## SUNDERLAND JUNIOR LEAGUE OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

### BEDE SCHOOL BRANCH.

THE NAMES of the Companies, as given in the April *Bedan*, readily suggest some of the higher objects which the Members of the League should keep in view and strive to attain.

Sir Philip Sidney had a pure and noble nature and most winning courtesy of manner. He resembled an old-world knight in his chivalry, and a modern English gentleman in his grace. No lad growing up to be a young citizen could set himself to cultivate a truer politeness than that of the hero "sublimely mild, a spirit without spot" who was mortally wounded at Zutphen, but the memory of whose self-denying kindness to the thirsty, dying common soldier will live for ever.

Lord Nelson and John Hampden fought as patriots, the one against tyranny abroad, the other against tyranny at home. All true men should be willing to do the like.

William Wilberforce, the Emancipator of the Slaves; Tom Hood, author of "The Song of the Shirt"; Lord Shaftesbury, the high-souled, aristocratic philanthropist who procured the passing of the Factory Acts; and Charles Dickens, the writer of "The Tale of Two Cities" which shows how scandalously the Poor of France were treated before they rose in the might of their wronged humanity, at the Great Revolution; were all alike in one respect: they hated *exploitation*, that is, the using of one class merely for the benefit of another—whether it was the Slaves, for the good of the cotton-planters; seamstresses, to minister, by ill-paid labour, alike to the luxury of the careless rich and the comfort of thoughtless people of other orders; children, to swell the wealth of mill-owners; or peasants and *les petits bourgeois*, to toil for unfeeling noblemen, and pay grievous taxes in support of an utterly selfish, unsympathetic Court.

Similarly, each dishonest burgess will hate exploitation, and will do his part to give all persons, as individuals, a *fair chance in life*. For instance, if in his own town there is a district where the houses are in a shameful state and the sanitary conditions abominable, he will try to get the Town Council to compel the landlords to make their property habitable, so that the poor people who live in it may not be distressed and debased by disgusting surroundings which they themselves have no power to alter. But, on the other hand, remembering that mere poverty is not, in itself and for itself, meritorious, and that laziness, filthy habits, and want of self-respect are often simply its concomitants, not its consequences, he

will be careful not to penalize owners of houses for the obvious faults of tenants poor, indeed, but at the same time idle, dirty, indolent, and blame-worthy.

John Ruskin is the Apostle of the Beautiful and of Thoroughness. He would preserve noble buildings, choice scenery, and the fairest of natural objects; and he has no patience with triflers. In a spirit like Ruskin's the young citizen should treasure any fine specimens of architecture which his town may possess; he should abhor all desecration of public parks and private gardens, and all wilful damage to trees and flowers; and, whether at work or play, whatever his hand finds to do, he should do it with his might.

Benjamin Franklin—whose autobiography is a most delightful book, especially for boys—was actuated all through his prolonged and many-sided life by an intense desire for the benefit of his fellow-men: a desire to which his wonderful practical genius kept constantly giving effect. He devised the first lightning-conductor, and to him Philadelphia owes its first public library, its first fire brigade, its first system of street-cleaning.

Sir Robert Peel served his country well by repealing the Corn Laws, thus giving the people cheap bread, and thereby removing what (as we saw last year in Italy) must ever be, in Western Europe, a grave incentive to riot and disorder—inability on the part of the populace to purchase, at a reasonable rate, the flour which furnishes "the staff of life".

Sir Rowland Hill brought in the Penny Post—that excellent means of comparatively ready communication of thoughts and wants, since the introduction of which the inhabitants of the different parts of our island have been brought into far closer touch and sympathy than ever they were before.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, our greatest poetess, was always distinguished for fine feeling, true pathos, and "the milk of human kindness". Florence Nightingale, the lady who, during the horrors of the Crimean War, nursed the wounded English soldiers, testified her love for her countrymen by rendering them, under the most trying circumstances, the services of a ministering angel.

John Howard devoted his fortune and his life to improving the conditions of existence of poor wretches in nearly all the European prisons of his time. He showed that the Christian citizen should not think even the often vile and always miserable class of criminals and gaol-birds—the very people who prey upon civilized society—as creatures with no claims to consideration; and God used him as His instrument to extend "pity to prisoners and captives".

The papers prepared and read to the different Companies might elaborate the brief outlines here given of the Lives and Life-Work of the famous men and women whose names are now associated with the Bede School Branch, and might point out how all these celebrated persons—though belonging, as they did, to different ranks, different periods, and different professions—illustrated nobly, each in his or her own way, some of the finest qualities of a good citizen.

Again, the History of Sunderland, the Biographies of its worthiest sons and daughters, the Kind and Growth of its Chief Industries, and its Civic Life, all are things of which every good citizen ought to know something; and they would therefore very fitly form subjects for essays to be read and discussed at the League Meetings. The knowledge disseminated thereby—the “LUX POST TENEBRAS” which is the motto of our School—is calculated to make each Bedan proud of belonging to what is “no mean city”, and we may hope that it will incite each boy and girl to gain renown for, or to do credit to, or at least never to bring disgrace upon, the good town of Sunderland.



## THE FIRST EARL OF DURHAM.

### I.

ALL Bedans know Penser Monument—the open Doric temple 100 feet long, 53 feet wide, and 70 feet high, which stands on a hill nearly six miles S.W. by W. of their school. They have all often seen it at a distance. Moreover, numbers of them have cycled close past its southern base, and a few, doubtless, have walked along the path to the north of it from which the old View here given is taken.

But perhaps not many Bedans know much of the illustrious and remarkable man to whose memory the Monument, completed in 1845, was erected.

John George Lambton was born in 1792, at Lambton Hall—not the present Lambton Castle, which was built in 1797, and largely renovated only thirty years ago. His father, William Henry Lambton, Esquire, a contemporary of Fox and Pitt, after ably representing the City of Durham in the House of Commons, died when only thirty-three years old. His mother was Lady Ann Villiers, daughter of the fourth Earl of Jersey. The Lambtons were a very ancient family, and had lived on their estate, in uninterrupted succession, ever since the Conquest. One of the race was the hero of the well-known North-Country legend of “The Lambton Worm”—to which, however, we must not digress.

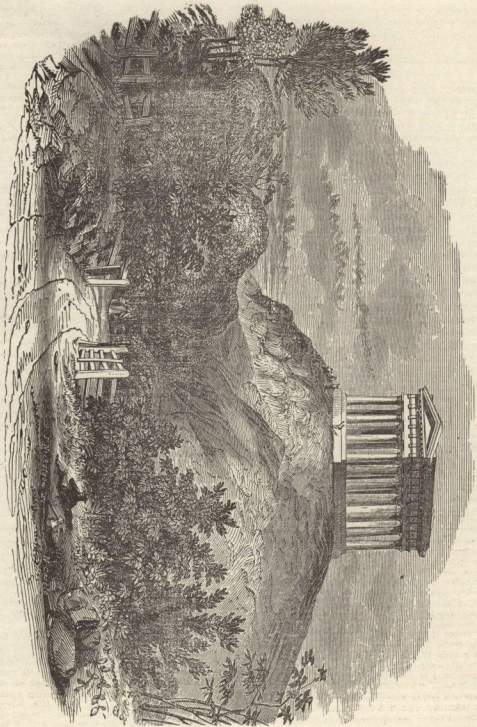
After leaving Eton Mr. Lambton, before he was twenty years of age, made a romantic marriage at Gretna Green with Miss Harriet Cholmondeley—a lady who died three years later. When twenty-one years old he was elected M.P. for his native County, and in 1816 he married Lady Louisa Elizabeth Grey, eldest daughter of Earl Grey, the famous Prime Minister, whose monument at Newcastle is probably familiar to many of the Boys and girls of Bede School.

In 1828 he was made Baron Durham. Five years afterwards he became Earl of Durham and Viscount Lambton. His ancient descent and aristocratic connexions notwithstanding, Lord Durham, first as commoner and then as peer, was always distinguished for his earnest and fearless advocacy of the rights of the common people. He made a striking and picturesque figure in both social life and politics. He lived in princely style, drove four white horses, and practised a lavish hospitality. Tall, handsome, with coal-black hair and eyes and a very expressive face, he had an imposing gait and mien and a somewhat haughty, imperious manner. He was warm and generous in disposition—though, it must be allowed, rather headlong and impetuous withal. On the sands at Bamborough, on July 1st, 1826, he and Mr. T. W. Beaumont, supported by General Grey and Mr. Plunkett respectively, fought a duel arising out of an Election Contest then raging in Northumberland; but, after an exchange of shots, the affair terminated to the satisfaction of the seconds. In Parliament, and on the platform—sometimes before an immense concourse—he was a strenuous supporter of all measures for the removal of abuses, and for the extension of the franchise.

The present Earl of Durham has ability as a speaker. Often felicitous and original, and never dull, he sometimes—as at the unveiling of Bishop Lightfoot's Memorial—makes a really splendid speech. But he seldom, if ever, rises to such a pitch of fiery eloquence as his famous grandfather frequently reached. The writer of this article remembers to have been told, years ago, by one who heard the great Earl, how stirring his oratory was, and what a well-nigh unbounded influence it, and his other remarkable gifts and qualities, enabled him to exert over a gathering of North-countrymen.

In 1821 Lord Durham, while still Mr. Lambton, brought before Parliament a plan of reform by which he proposed to give 400 members to certain districts of town and country in which *every householder* should have a vote—a proposal which was, of course, rejected. In 1832 he was one of the committee of four appointed by his father-in-law, Earl Grey, to draft the great Reform Bill which, as is well known, was passed that year. After having been for a time British Ambassador

PENSHER MONUMENT.





at St. Petersburg he was sent out to Canada in 1838 as Lord High Commissioner.

Lord Durham's subsequent career will form the subject of a second article which will appear in the October *Bedan*.

An article on Sunderland Philharmonic Society, Accounts of two Old Bedans, and some other matter—all of which it was hoped to include in our present issue—are, from want of space, held over.



## EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS.

By common consent the June *Bedan* was acclaimed as better than any of its predecessors. A statement is not necessarily true simply because everybody makes it; but, in the case in question, we are very willing to accept the general verdict. Indeed, it will be most ungracious to do anything else.

The *Newcastle Daily Leader* and the *Sunderland Morning Mail* were among the local newspapers which contained favourable notices of that number. The review which appeared in the *Sunderland Daily Post* was as follows:—

"THE BEDAN."—After the usual interval of two months the fourth number of the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School Magazine has made its welcome appearance. Every issue of this periodical creates a keener interest in the next one, and certain it is that no number is looked forward to with more relish than is this bright, chatty chronicle—not only by present scholars, but by pupils who have long since left the school. The leading article in the June issue consists of stray thoughts on music, in which the writer points out that music must necessarily form part of a complete education. One is surprised, however, to find such an able writer guilty of the common error of revising Congreve's lines, by altering two words in the first line, and yet attributing them to the old author. The editorial news will be found most interesting to young Bedans, and from this column we learn that there are now more scholars in the school than ever before. The old *Bedan* receiving notice in the number is Mr G. E. Clarke, A.R.C.S., or, as he was better known at the school, "Ernie" Clarke. This young gentleman's career is a splendid example of what perseverance and long and serious study can achieve. Primarily educated at the Diamond Hall School, he obtained 1 scholarship worth £36, tenable for three years at the Bede School. When only 17 years of age he won another scholarship worth, in all, about £435, went to London, where he took his degree, and is now science master at the Jarrow Higher Grade School. "Theta" contributes an amusing poem on the troubles of a cyclist who would to Durham go, and the road past the Infirmary comes in for well-deserved opprobrium. The dangerous subject of spring-cleaning is graphically detailed by "Crypto," and some interesting facts are given about dust by "C.K.W." The other articles are well worthy of perusal, especially the "howlers," in which some ludicrous blunders are noted. What could be more natural than the statement that "Sir Henry Havelock was born at Ford Hall, and educated at Hylton Road Board School"? The fact that

the General died at least 30 years before the school referred to was built did not trouble this youthful essayist. Another youngster, says *The Mute Spectator*, "instead of saying 'a fable is a story of something which never really happened intended to illustrate something that does happen'—which, whether a good definition of a fable or not, is probably what he meant to express—answered as follows:—A fable is a story to illustrate something which never happened!" The illustrations in the magazine continue to be as interesting as ever, the fresh ones this time being a view of the middle section of the large room of the boys' school, wherein are pupils receiving instruction in designing; and a view of several girls at drill in their school-yard, in which may be seen the new wing which has been constructed for lessons in manual labour. Altogether the number is decidedly the most interesting yet issued.

We reproduce this extremely well-written notice from the *Post* in full, partly because it seems, from internal evidence, to be the work of some journalist himself an Old Bedan, and partly to acknowledge the perfect justice of the only stricture which it contains. Congreve's Lines on Music are—

"Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,  
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak".

The writer of the Article on Music, in the June *Bedan*, not having at hand a copy of *The Mourning Bride*, the play in which the lines appear, misquoted them from memory thus:—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."

This second version, though it is the common rendering of the passage, was not given without a little misgiving—doubtless the result of some lingering trace in the writer's mind of the correct form of the words.

The moral for all contributors to *The Bedan* is to aim at absolute accuracy, and never to give quotations without verifying them.

In the July number of *The Library Circular*—a useful little periodical giving information as to new books added, from time to time, to Sunderland Free Library—there appeared the following review of Miss Gretchen Körner's *Cloud Tales*:—

Robert Nicol, the delightful poet, who was allured from the Highlands to the editorship of the *Leeds Times*, wrote in one of his pieces:—

"Laugh on! but there are souls o' love  
In laddies herdin' kye."

And why not a poet or any other *litterateur* from the Higher Grade School of Sunderland? Look at its creditable two-monthly production, *The Bedan*! Laugh as you may, but there you have the outcome of budding academic genius, modestly put forward. And from Miss Körner, who was some time a student at the same school, comes this tiny little volume, written with distinct literary skill. It is an allegory, and the allegorical is not always equal in force and vividness, but the pen that has produced *Cloud Tales* may yet do better; and it ought, hopefully, to make the attempt.

W. D.

ELLA HOPKINS,

DIED, JUNE 10TH, 1899.

Aged 14 Years.

Little Ella Hopkins was at Bede School for about two years. Gentle in nature and manner, she was loved by all her teachers and school-friends.

Mr. W. Walton, B.A., and Mr. C. K. Witter, B.Sc., have visited the School lately. They were warmly received by their old colleagues, and by such of their former pupils as are still scholars.

In the April Magazine we gave the names of a number of Old Bedans who passed the last Queen's Scholarship Examination in the First Class. The name of Miss Emily Marshall, now an Assistant Mistress at Chester Road School, ought to have been given then, but was accidentally omitted from our list.

We heartily congratulate Mr. T. Toft, who served his Articles with Mr. G. Y. Cross, and who has recently passed the Final Examination of the Incorporated Law Society, and will be admitted a Solicitor in September. Tom Toft came to Bede School on the opening day, and was there for two or three years. Some of his sisters are at present in the School. He is, we believe, the first Old Bedan to qualify as a Solicitor.

We are happy to be able to chronicle, this month, several other recent successes of Bedans, past and present, and we offer all the students concerned our hearty congratulations.

At the June Convocation of Durham University the only lady who gained the B.Sc. degree was Miss Kate Smith, who left Bede School three years ago after a very brilliant course there, during which she matriculated at London University, and was placed *First in England in English subjects* at the First Class College of Preceptors' Examination.

At the same Convocation Mr. D. M. Chapman gained the Diploma of Associate of Science. Markwell Chapman, who afterwards became a Pupil Teacher at Valley Road School, was contemporary with Tom Toft at Bede School for at least twelve months. T. Cooper Dawson headed the list that year.

The Names of Candidates successful at the June London University Matriculation Examination were published a few days ago. They

include no fewer than six Bedans—three present and three past. Norah H. March and Stella Bailes have passed in the first division; Angelo J. Smith, in the second: these three are still scholars. John Barron, George Goldsbrough, and Lindsay Littlehailes, who are all placed in the first division, are now Pupil Teachers in Sunderland—Barron at Bede School.

William Nimmo and Eldred Stephenson Wightman, two Old Bedans, looked in at the School recently. The one has gone to Edinburgh to qualify as a Chemist there; the other is in a Bank at Barnard Castle.

The General Examination of the Upper School was conducted on June 14th, 15th, and 16th, by three of the Science and Art Department's Inspectors—Mr. Gordon, of Darlington; Mr. Fenton, of Norwich; and Mr. Dufton, of Sheffield.

*The attention of Parents is specially directed to the paragraphs below, numbered (1) and (2). Further, both of these should be carefully noted by any Boys and Girls who intend to join Bede School; and Boys and Girls who have already spent one or two years in the Upper School there should take notice of (2).*

(1) New Pupils can be admitted to the Lower School—Standards 4, 5, 6, and 7—or to a Class preparatory for the Upper School, at any time during the year, if there is room for them.

*New Pupils for the Upper School Proper can be admitted during the months of August, September, and October only.* Boys and Girls are eligible for the Upper School when they can do Standard 7 work well, or Standard 6 work exceptionally well.

(2) A Special Certificate is now granted by the Science and Art Department to scholars who stay at least three full years in the Upper School, take the full curriculum of literary subjects, and pass in the Advanced or Honours Stage of at least three of the obligatory Science subjects of their course.

This is a new departure. *The Special Certificate will be very valuable as a Government Guarantee* that the holder has both gone through a three years' systematic and comprehensive course of study, and has also reached a certain standard of attainment.

The last of the Annual Examinations—the Oxford Local—finished on Saturday, July 22nd. The School broke up on July 27th for five weeks. We wish both Teachers and Scholars fine, thoroughly enjoyable Midsummer Holidays. A good many boys, leaving school, were directly recommended by the Head Master to posts where they have already begun work. To them, and to any other older boys and girls who will

not return after the Holidays, we now bid good-bye.

The Re-opening Day is Monday, Sept. 4th.



### THE LITTLE LIST.

A Bedan boy who finds a joy in larks—if they're not low—

Has made a little list—has made a little list  
Of some friends who are always with us, but who  
really ought to go,

And who never would be missed—who never  
would be missed.

There's the prim, grave little maidens in the  
school that's overhead,

Who march along the corridor with slow and  
solemn tread,—

And the irritating damsel with a supercilious  
smile,

Who thinks that she is perfect, and that all  
things else are vile,—

And "mother's little darling", who in pouting  
will persist:

They'd none of them be missed,—they'd  
none of them be missed.

There's the youth who in translating "Fire  
away" puts "Ignis via,"

He'd surely not be missed,—I see he's on the  
list,—

And his chum who never fails each day to rouse  
his teacher's ire,

He never would be missed,—he never would  
be missed.

Then the lad who surreptitiously puts pins upon  
a seat

And who, when he's discover'd, beats a very  
quick retreat,—

And the boy brought out for punishment who's  
pachydermatous

And who doesn't care a cockle when his master  
makes a fuss;

And the Bedans' pet aversion—the Examination  
List—

Will truly not be missed,—if bad, it won't  
be missed.

Then the teachers of the Bedans, both the present  
and the past,

The clever physicist,—I don't think he'd be  
missed,—

The chemist, and the artist who takes "Shading  
from the cast,"

And the brilliant pianist—they'd none of them  
be missed,—

There's the tall and pleasant gentleman who  
shaves but once a week,

And his itinerant fellow-teacher who's less slim  
than he is sleek,

The musical instructor, with son 'Ray' and father  
'Doh,'

And the man who plays at football but who now  
is rather slow,

With his friend from 'o'er the water',—our first  
teacher bicyclist:—

They'd none of them be missed—they'd none  
of them be missed!

W.W.

[NOTE.—FROM JEST TO EARNEST.

Just in fun a loyal Bedan, once a member of the  
staff,

Has framed this little list—it's a comprehensive  
list!

Of course he isn't serious, and but means to raise  
a laugh

By this inclusive list of those who'd not be  
missed.

For, if all whom he enumerates were really "to  
go,"

There'd well-nigh be *no* Bedans left upon this  
earth below.

Nay, nay, my dear two W's; it surely wouldn't  
do

For us to lose *some* boys and girls, and *all* the  
teachers too.

If such a wholesale exodus took place some  
morning fine

I'd put on sackcloth—ashes too—and ceaselessly  
repine.

To lose *one* man as good as you gives things an  
awkward twist,

But, if the whole staff left the School, they'd  
woefully be missed.

Ed., *The Bedan*.]



### SCHOOL TREATS.

Some of the memories of the time when I went  
to Sunday School treats are very vivid. I be-  
longed to a school which nearly lived up to its  
reputation of never getting a fine day for its  
Treat, and the squelchy feeling of water in my  
boots on one melancholy occasion made a deep  
impression on my infant mind. However, in  
spite of our school's notoriety for bad weather,  
we, the scholars, always looked forward to the  
trips, though they never came up to our ex-  
pectations—indeed, they would have had to be  
very splendid to have quite done that.

Nowadays Sunday School Treats are to me no  
cause for rejoicing. I regard them merely from  
a spectator's standpoint, a school which is in my

neighbourhood providing me with most of my present-day knowledge of them. This school is training up a Boys' Brigade, and the pride and glory of the Brigade is its band. Nobody can help knowing when the Brigade is out for a constitutional; the band indicates the fact only too clearly. I hear it in the distance even when I am not fated to see the procession pass. When the school is having its annual Treat the band is very much to the fore. The boys who play flutes—evidently with some anxiety as to whether they are going to hit the right note or not—tootle with an earnestness that brings the blood to their faces. The youngster who beats the drum seems to regard his post as no sinecure, judging by his serious countenance as he thumps in time to the music; but he evidently enjoys his position. You can truly say that the air throbs and pulses when that drum is being played. The houses for a considerable distance round about seem to shake. After the band comes the rabble—I don't wish to hurt their feelings; but they really march in sad disorder—of small boys and girls, some bearing aloft little flags, and most of them carrying mugs. Generally these mugs are firmly attached to the owners' waists, and the eldest of a family is marked by a choice assortment. I have speculated as to the result if the hapless mug-bearer were to stumble, and wondered if it was with a view to that contingency that the drinking vessels in evidence on these festive occasions are mostly made of tin.

The various Sunday Schools differ widely as to the places that they choose for their Treats. Some like to "march all the way." The rendezvous is then, perhaps, a field near the Workhouse. Some like to "go by train." Coxgreen or Ryhope Dene is possibly the spot fixed upon as the scene of the revels. Others again, with larger ideas and funds, but fewer scholars, go by rail far afield to such places as Alnwick, Hexham, or Barnard Castle, or take brakes to Finchale Priory or Lambton Park. I know a village in the South of Scotland where, on the annual Treat day, each of the farmers in the neighbourhood makes it a point of honour to send at least one long cart, with good, stout deals fastened across it to serve as seats, and drawn by a strong horse well-groomed and decorated with ribbons for the occasion and in charge of a trustworthy man, for taking the bairns to the trysting-place, which is generally some field six or seven miles away. The Scotch are not considered a demonstrative people; but on the Treat morning in the village alluded to, just at the time of starting out, the shouts and hurrahs of the lads and lasses, the noise of the cart wheels and the horses' hoofs, the jingling of the harness and the merry cracks of the drivers' whips, the wild waving of

little flags and the streaming of gay ribbons, the youngsters' looks of delight and the sober glances of interest and satisfaction which the mothers, standing at their doors, cast on the animated procession, are stirring sounds and a picturesque sight. If anybody asks, "Have the carts got springs? And are the seats hard?" the answer to the first question is "No," and to the second "Yes." But the inquirer is probably an adult. Boys and girls when out for their School Treat pay no attention to such trifles.

Apart from the journey, how does the average Treat afford pleasure? By swings and skipping ropes, bats and balls, races and prizes, scientific games like cricket and unscientific ones like "Rise, Sally Walker," and, above all, by "the tea." For the "inier man" of each boy and girl manifold mugfuls of the beverage that cheers but not inebriates, a bun or two, several jamtarts, and copious supplies of "loaf," are indispensable. One thing ought never to appear on the table on these occasions—at any rate it never does: I mean mere bread-and-butter. Towards evening an orange and a packet of 'bullets' are, at some Treats, handed to each scholar as a sort of stirrup-cup.

Of course Johnny, who thinks he ought to have won the fifty yards event, often comes in third or fourth; and Jemima—a far better skipper, in her own estimation, than Mary—sometimes trips her foot and loses the prize; and Jim, after hugging some stumps about for the whole day, may find that cricket is impossible; and Jane, at the very moment when she is going to put out her hand for the last piece of cake on the plate, may have the mortification to see Matilda appropriate it. And, of course, not only may Jim, Jane, Johnny, and Jemima have the particular grievances referred to, but they, and all their companions, may come home wet, tired, sleepy, and disappointed. This, however, is by no means always the case. Indeed, on the whole, children get much genuine enjoyment out of School Treats, and are probably quite as often successful in their pursuit of pleasure through them as men and women are in their search for happiness by other and less simple means.

Just a faint growl to finish with. What a pity all the Sunderland Sunday School Treats are not fixed to take place during the Day School Midsummer Holidays! It is impossible—even if it were desirable—to get "the clergy and ministers of all denominations" (if one may borrow the name of a well-known toast) to agree on matters of doctrine and Church government; but surely "the union of the churches" is not impracticable on this one point of the date of Sunday School Treats. There have been Treats galore during the past month, and Bede School

has had some or many representatives at nearly every one of them. It would have been a hardship if these boys and girls had been compelled to attend school, and yet it was tiresome and disadvantageous for them to be absent. But the worst is now past; and, if it should happen that, even when the school resumes in September, an occasional Treat comes "like a man born out of due time", each Bedan Teacher will then at any rate be able to say, in the words which Macaulay, when a boy four years old, once used, "The agony is abated!"

## A PATRIARCH.



## EHEU, JOHANNES JONES!

J. JONES came of a learned stock,  
You'll readily agree:

His mother was a Girton girl;

His pa, a D.Sc.

To follow in their footsteps, John

A scholar would become;

So, at the age of six, he sang

"*Bonus, bona, bonum.*"

When other boys longed to go out

And play with ball and bat,

John simply said, with extra zest,

"*Amo, amas, amat.*"

And on the road to Bede School, oft

He walked with solemn face,

And murmured softly truths like this:—

"*Parco takes Dative Case.*"

On days of almost Indian heat,

When one should have a fan,

John chanted most industriously,

"*Num, nonne, utrum, an.*"

Conjunctions he could name galore:

"*Si, donec, etsi, dum;*"

And if lads cried, "Stop, you're a bore!"

He meekly answered, "*Sum.*"

But Latin caused his death at last;

For, he was such a 'crammer,'

That, one day, op'ning wide his jaws,

He swallow'd his well-thumbed gram-  
mar!

"I'll get some Cæsar now to do,"

He thought, and felt elated;

But, ere to translate he began,

*He was himself translated!*

JNO. B.

A TRIP TO THE BALTIC  
AND AMSTERDAM.

EARLY in the afternoon on a fine day last July, just after Bede School broke up for the Midsummer Holidays, we—that is, another Bedan boy and I—went by train from Sunderland to Tyne Dock. There we took the river-boat to Pelaw Main, where our steamer was lying. She was a Norwegian ship of about two thousand tons' burden, and thirty-four years old. Though not such a good vessel as in her early days, she still went fairly well. Shortly after getting on board, we had a Norwegian supper, which corresponds to what English people call "high tea". Having digested the "horse" which formed one part of our repast, my friend and I and the Captain's son—a lad like ourselves—went to bed, and for my part I never got up again till we reached the Skaw. We had a terrible passage over, part of the bulwarks being washed away, and the seas were so bad that I thought, every minute, the deck above our heads was going to break in. I spent my time in sleeping—which was happiness—and in doing something else—which was misery. These were also the sole occupations of my two companions, and I believe that most boys who go to sea in stormy weather are "held the same way". It was awful. During the first hour I was afraid I was going to die, and in the second I was afraid I was not.

At length we reached the Skaw, but we did not get calm weather till we were right through the Sound. For the next day or two we spent our time in painting different parts of the ship, only stopping now and then to get our meals. On the second evening after passing the Sound we sighted land and took a pilot on board. We soon steamed over the short distance between the ship and the land, and then went up the fjord which leads to Stockholm.

The next few days were spent very pleasantly in Stockholm. We visited various notable places in the town, such as the Palace and the Deergarden. Stockholm is a very fine city, with large buildings and beautiful parks. It is built on several islands, and for this reason is sometimes called the "Venice of the North."

We proceeded to a small town called Oxelösund. It was here that I had a little adventure. We were bathing from the boat in shallow water, when one of my companions proposed that he should row the boat out a little way while I swam after. I was only a beginner, and could not swim more than fifteen or twenty yards. However, he pulled off from the shore and I followed, but when I had got a little way out I became flurried, and shouted to my friend to jump into

the water and help me. He caught me as I was going under and dragged me to the side of the boat. As things turned out, I received nothing worse than a fright; but, without his assistance, I should certainly have sunk.

The same evening we went to a Swedish dinner. To begin with, we had coffee, cakes, and strawberries, and, seeing nothing else, we wondered if this was the whole of what we were to have; but our host presently took us into another room, in the middle of which was a table covered with little Swedish dishes—principally meats dressed in various ways—to which we, while standing, helped ourselves. Then, finally, we were taken to a side-table, where we sat down and had a substantial meal of fish and soup. In spite of having the courses in what seemed to us a sort of cart-before-the-horse kind of order, we liked everything and ate a very great deal—fortunately without any unhappy consequences.

The next morning we started from Oxelösund for Amsterdam. At the Dutch capital we went to the Zoological Gardens. On the Sunday we attended a small Norwegian Church, without an organ, and almost without a congregation. About eight of our ship's company were there, and the rest of the congregation did not, in all, make more than sixteen. As there was no organ, somebody had to lead the singing, and the minister fixed on our chief engineer. Now, the chief engineer had a very high tenor voice, and when he sang the upper notes nobody but the captain could get up to his pitch. These two, therefore, had to do the singing for the whole congregation. The next few days were very hot, the temperature being at about 100° F. in the shade; so we did nothing but loll about in the boat or bathe. After spending about five days in Amsterdam we sailed for the Firth of Forth, which we reached almost exactly a month after our departure from England. Soon afterwards I returned to school with a fresh interest in the geography of Northern Europe.

M. J. M.



## SLANG.

SLANG is a very common feature of present-day conversation, but it is by no means indispensable. The English vocabulary, so far from being limited, is copious and even redundant; hence there is no reason why one should have recourse to coined slang words and expressions.

Slang takes many forms. Words whose origin cannot even be guessed, and absolutely devoid of rational orthography, are one of the most usual forms of slang. One day lately I heard a

boy use the expression to "chun a micky." (Please observe that the spelling is phonetic only). When I asked for an explanation, he informed me that the phrase signified to "do a guy," or to "hook it"—which I knew to mean, in Queen's English, "to disappear from the scene."

"Chun a micky!" When we hear the curious, fantastic, almost weird opening word, our souls are filled with a thirst for knowledge, and our minds wander in the depths of the unknown in search of the derivation of the mystic monosyllable "chun".

A boy will inform the community that "Footer is the most spiffin' stuff out"—which, when translated into ordinary, tame language, indicates his opinion to be, that "Football is the most enjoyable sport indulged in by men."

There is no denying that boys, as a class, are more addicted to slang than girls are; but girls are not quite innocent in this respect. Girls as a rule, (pity the dowdy exceptions!), give a certain amount of attention to the adornment of their persons: in some cases, the end and aim of their being is to "look nice". An elevated ambition truly! In moderation, however, the desire to "look nice" is quite laudable, and generally meets with success. But remember, girls, the prettier the appearance you present, the more incongruous and jarring is the effect of the slang that you use. The tailor-made girl very often has a special leaning towards slang as befitting her costume: she errs if she thinks her charms are enhanced by her use of inelegant expressions like "Beastly shame" and "Blooming rot", and by her habit of addressing a man without troubling to prefix "Mr." to his surname.

Many persons will doubtless be surprised to hear that even our teachers are not quite unimpeachable as regards the irregular mode of speech that we are discussing. We can distinctly remember a certain occasion upon which we were informed that, if we did not lay stress upon a certain important fact, we would be sure to "come a cropper" in the examination; and several times "one infallible (?) teacher has threatened to "give beans" to certain delinquents. May we be enlightened as to the exact meaning of this term?

The metamorphosis of a simple expression into a "catch-word" often causes a perfectly sane remark to appear ridiculous. For example, when one of our teachers said, quite innocently, "It's a pity about you, N—. You were absent yesterday for the first time this year", the whole class smiled. And when we are informed by the teacher "I'll be back in a minute", our risible faculties are at once brought into play.

Many people, not otherwise vulgar, allow their speech to degenerate into slang when they use certain adjectives modified by wholly inappro-

appropriate adverbs. 'Awfully' really means 'in a dreadful manner'. The true signification of 'tremendously' is 'in a way fit to be feared'. Similarly, the literal rendering of 'excruciatingly' is 'in a manner like that of a person stretched out upon a cross'. Yet one hears every day such expressions as—

"It is awfully jolly to meet you";

"The sea is tremendously smooth this afternoon";

"Toole is an excruciatingly droll actor".

All such sentences are really absurd—for the adverb which each contains, though employed, in a comic ignorance, to exaggerate the force of the adjective which it accompanies, is utterly incongruous and out of place. For instance, what can be more ridiculous than the statement that anything is *jolly in an awful manner*?

To say a thing is "O.K." is a slang expression the meaning of which I don't know. Can anyone enlighten me on this point?

It is interesting to notice the different ways in which the word "study" is translated into slang. The commonest Bedan word is, I believe, "cram"; another school has "swat"; a third, "sweat"; a fourth, "stew"; while the college term is decidedly the most sensible,— "read."

Many people are of the opinion that to use slang is a specially brilliant accomplishment: in their eyes it is witty, bright, and clever. But I think most of them will acknowledge that to be able to make a good pun is better than to use a slang word. Now comes a logical deduction.

If "A pun is the lowest form of wit," and a pun is also superior to a slang expression, it follows that a slang expression must be inferior to "the lowest form of wit": hence a slang expression cannot partake of the nature of "wit", and therefore it cannot be "witty."

RONA.

[NOTE.—We never could answer conundrums about "beans". One of the sorrows of our early childhood arose from inability to find out the correct reply to the riddle "How many beans make five"? We have no idea why "to give beans" should be used as a threat. Many a man—though some people might say his taste was vulgar—would *like* people "to give" him "beans": especially if they gave him bacon too. And in winter time, when poor folks want warmth both on their hearths and in their 'inner man', they would be very glad if coffee-grinders and landsale-owners would "give" them "beans". The common practice of coal merchants is, we believe, not to "give beans", but to *charge* for them—almost as much as for 'nuts'.

But, without being well versed in Slang, we have O.K.—asionally heard the second expression that Rona wishes to know the meaning of, and we venture to offer an explanation of it in the

form of a continued identity, as follows:—

O.K. = Orl Korrekt [Cockney lingo].

= All Correct [Literal rendering].

= Quite Proper [Queen's English].

Ed., *The Bedan.*]



## REQUIESCANT IN PACE.

I stood last eve near the Holeystone

To watch the incoming tide,

And heard the breakers in monotone

Wash into the cave so wide.

"Ho! ho", they cried, "A secret we tell

Of the North Sea cruel and deep,

Of another cave where dead men dwell

Though now in eternal sleep."

"The Fog-Fiend gathered a haze in the night,

And encompassed the good ship round.—

Her crew could spy no Souter Light—

Could hear no fog-horn's sound.

We breakers alone her track might mark

As she took the land abeam—

Might hear the cry on the waters dark—

Might see her lights' last gleam."

"Her sailors' silent watch is set—

How lonely, and how long!

No friendly craft will e'er be met,

No boatswain hum a song.

The bell can ring relief no more,

As they lie near the Whitburn Steel,

Where the racers rush on a rocky shore,

And surge o'er a broken keel."

R.G.R.



## JOTTINGS FROM POPE.

It will perhaps interest Bedans to know that, in these highly cultured days, when everyone quotes *ad libitum* from the poets, there is no poet but Shakespeare so frequently quoted as Alexander Pope. The reason for this lies in the fact that he wrote in highly finished rhymed couplets, which easily fix themselves in the memory, and that he possessed the gift, above almost every other poet, of neatly compressing into these rhymed couplets most terse little epigrams.

For instance, what could be choicer than his lines on 'Hope'?—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast :  
Man never is, but always to be blest.  
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come."

But, though often quoted, Pope is nowadays little read ; and, indeed, in spite of the wonderful popularity which his works long enjoyed, many of them are rather uninteresting. This short paper will allude to only three of his poems—all earlier ones—which those Bedans who have not read Pope may like to know something about.

The first, 'Eloisa to Abelard', deals with a well-known sad and romantic story.

Eloisa, a-dying, wished to be buried by his side ; and it is said that, when her corpse was let down into the tomb, Abelard stretched out his arms to embrace her. Thus these two lovers, so unfortunate in life, in death were not divided.

The second poem 'The Rape of the Lock' is written in a much lighter vein. Belinda, a wondrous beauty, is the care of innumerable sylphs and nymphs. Their duty it is to preserve the fair creature from all harm, to keep her dress from being crushed, and to prevent her hair from coming out of curl. One day they know that



BEDE SCHOOL : PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

Abelard was a very famous scholar of the 12th century, and, like most scholars of the time, dedicated his life to the Church. Unfortunately he fell in love with the beautiful Eloisa ; but, being an ecclesiastic, he could not marry. The misery of the two lovers was intense, and Eloisa quitted the world, and immured herself in a Convent. It is her state of mind in this Convent that Pope paints for us. She knows that, now she has given her life to God, she should renounce all thoughts of Abelard ; but, alas ! that is beyond her power, and her struggle ends only at death ! According to legend Abelard died first, and

some dire calamity is to happen to their charge, but, what it is, they cannot tell. Ariel, their chief, warns them of the black omens that threaten, and, bidding them be diligent, assigns each some special duty ; one is to guard Belinda's fan, another her watch, another her favourite dog, and fifty more the folds of her stiff hooped petticoat. But, alas for all their care ! Belinda goes with other beauties of the Court 'on the bosom of the silver Thames' to Hampton Court. She was the most beautiful there—

'Fair nymphs, and well-dressed youths around her shone,  
But every eye was fixed on her alone.'



One noble Baron is particularly distracted by two shining ringlets which hang upon her ivory neck, and since 'beauty draws us with a single hair' he longs and schemes to obtain those locks. The day goes on and his plans prove fruitless—

'But, when to mischief mortals bend their will,  
How soon they find fit instruments of ill !'

Belinda, with bent head, sips her tea ; a court lady presents a pair of scissors to the Baron. The agitated sylphs try to attract their ward's attention ; but Belinda drinks on, the scissors close, and the lock is severed ! One poor sylph indeed who 'too fondly interposed' is cut in two by the shining steel.

Alas for Belinda ! When she discovers her loss screams rend the air.

'For ever curs'd be this detested day,  
Which snatched my best, my favourite curl away.  
Oh hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize  
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these.'

The wicked Baron exults, and even refuses to restore the lock. Belinda flies at him with lightning in her eyes and

'Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew  
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw.  
"Now meet thy fate", incensed Belinda cried  
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.  
"Restore the lock" she cries, and all around  
"Restore the lock" the vaulted roofs rebound.'

But where is the lock ? Nowhere can it be found ! Only the Gods know, for they have taken it up to the skies :

'With such a prize, no mortal must be blessed'.

The third poem is the 'Essay on Criticism', a somewhat uninteresting production written when Pope was only twenty, but abounding in lines which have now become familiar quotations, of which the following are just a few :—

- 'For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'
- 'Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.'
- 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own'.
- 'For wit and judgment often are at strife,  
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife'.
- 'A little learning is a dangerous thing.—  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring'.
- 'So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng  
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong'.
- 'Good nature and good sense must ever join,  
To err is human, to forgive, divine'.
- 'Words are like leaves, and where they most abound  
Much fruit of sense beneath, is seldom found'.

Pope, who died in 1744 when fifty-six years old, was delicate and deformed from birth, and had an excitable and somewhat querulous disposition. One of the best traits in his character

was filial piety. His success as a brilliant writer made him inordinately vain, and, annoyed by his consequential airs, persons whom he had offended sometimes made cruel allusions to his puny, misshapen body.

We are told that once in the Pump Room at Bath, Pope, in the company of some friends, was translating a Greek manuscript, but found one sentence not very intelligible. A tall officer standing near asked to be allowed to look at the passage, and Pope said in a scoffing manner "By all means let the gentleman see it. He will doubtless tell us the meaning presently !"

However, the officer *did* give a satisfactory meaning, and pointed out that the passage would have been quite plain if the copyist had not, evidently by mistake, left out a note of interrogation. On re-examining the manuscript Pope saw this to be the case ; but, wishing to disconcert, if possible, the man who had translated what had puzzled him, he asked loftily "And pray, sir, what is a note of interrogation ?"

Now it happens that the question-mark used in Greek is written exactly the same as the English semi-colon—thus ; . But the officer evidently kept in mind the shape of the English question mark ?, and, drawing himself up to his full height, he looked down on Pope with contempt, and gave the following cutting reply :—  
"A note of interrogation, Sir, is a little crooked thing that asks questions !"

LATEO.



## CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

THE PROPOSED BEDE SCHOOL SATURDAY  
CYCLING CLUB.

To the Editor of *The Bedan*.

Dear Mr. Editor,

"O Solitude ! where are the charms, which sages have seen in thy face" ! So sang Alexander Selkirk, or the poet for him. And indeed he had a long lonely time. One sympathises. It is commoner, however, to find people suffering from the opposite condition. For instance, at half-past four on a hot summer afternoon, one is particularly alive to the evils of over-crowding, and I can't help thinking that a cycling-run with, say, a hundred Bedans, would be calculated to rouse an exaggerated desire for future loneliness in the breast of the average adult.

This is not meant to be unsympathetic, though it probably has the appearance of being so. Nay, one would be blind not to recognise what very admirable sentiments prompted the young

people who wrote suggesting cycling-runs, in the last number of *The Bedan*. Their letters showed a friendly feeling, which no teacher can fail to appreciate; a desire for knowledge which warms the very cockles of a teacher's heart, when exhibited by her pupils; and a love of fresh air and exercise, the value of which cannot be too strongly insisted on. But I wonder whether they can have any conception of what a cold shudder ran down their teachers' spines when they contemplated the idea of leading forth a large party of young people on machines. When I try to imagine what such a cycling-meet would be, Mr. Editor, when I conjure up a mental picture of "that maddening crowd's ignoble strife," why, "*c'est plus fort que moi*", and for my life I can't help laughing. I hope nobody will be hurt at my laughter. It is neither the idea nor its promoters which arouses my mirth, but the excruciatingly funny vision I have of what it would be if large numbers turned up, as they might on a warm, dry, dusty Saturday. I think I see it now—in my mind's eye, Horatio. The leader of the band, with haggard eye, comes wildly on. One reads upon his brow the marks of "Grisly Care, Grim-visaged comfortless Despair, and Sorrow's Piercing Dart." What that mortal man has gone through, can his tongue ever tell? How many of the hapless band have fallen among thorns! how many by the way-side! how many broken remnants he has despatched, with words of comfort, by passenger train! Between him and the partner of his responsibility lies Pandemonium, enveloped in thick clouds of rolling dust. The above-named refuses any longer to ride in front, having been upset six times. Great Scott! what an aspect of disillusionment there is about her! She is a wreck! Will she sell her bicycle, and go into a nunnery?

There is perhaps a nightmarish look about this vision of mine, Mr. Editor, but I am subject to nightmare, and dare not ride in a club. There are, however, adults of more heroic blood, greater skill, and with a more magnificent indifference to dust and dirt, who are made for club-riding. I hope that if these bolder spirits help to form a club, they will have many pleasant Saturdays; and as for me, old misanthrope that I am, as I ride in lonely grandeur, I shall venture to parody the words of a poet who would have reproved me for my levity, and shall murmur to myself as I think of the club-run:—

"And as upon my wheel I hie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
I see them with that inward eye,  
Which is the bliss of solitude;

And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And I go coasting down the hills".

I am, Mr. Editor,  
Faithfully yours,

A SAGE.

To the Editress of *The Bedan*.

Dear Editress,

After reading the letters in the June number of the Magazine, the horror of the situation that might possibly result from the carrying out of the proposal of N M. and Cyclist appealed to me very powerfully, and a few idle moments produced the following jingle:—

When on July the seventh day  
Upon my restless couch I lay  
A vision haunted me—of cycles,  
Punctured tyres, and such-like trifles,  
Gear-cases battered, handle-bars shattered,  
Pedals scattered, clothes all tattered.

These things I saw as down a hill came coasting  
Bedans young, Bedans old,  
Bedans timid, Bedans bold.  
Some were red, some were pale,  
Some looked strong, and some looked frail.  
Some were panting, some seemed roasting,  
Some were shouting, some were boasting.  
At the bottom of the hill  
Stood an old man very still  
With hands uplifted, eyes upturned.—  
A smouldering fire within him burned.  
Joyously the rout passed by  
While he heaved a bitter sigh:—  
"These be very dreadful ways  
Which come on us these latter days!"

Then came toiling far behind  
A luckless teacher—who'd have fain been  
blind:  
For, when the clouds of dust would let  
her see,  
—Which seldom was one minute out of  
three—  
She viewed her boist'rous pupils on before,  
And feared they'd ne'er reach home in  
in safety more!

From this poor straggler the old man did seek  
An explanation of the freak.—

"It is the Bedan Cycling Club.  
What's more, alas!—yes, here's the rub—  
Fathers, mothers, poor me hold  
Responsible for these Bedans bold—  
These fair young maidens, blithe and gay,  
Whom they this morn have sent away.  
And this upon my day of rest!—

A day to me for ever blest,  
 When free from Bedans' noise and din,  
 I might fresh health and strength drink in,  
 Forgetful of their faults and failings,  
 My own advice and frequent railings.  
 Ah! Cyclist, ah! N.M. — through you  
 I've got these wild girls to pursue.  
 Pity *my* case, and OFTEN say  
 'Let's have no run *next* Saturday.'

## A NERVOUS BEDAN.

To the Editor of *The Bedan*.

Sir,

In the last number of *The Bedan* I see a suggestion that there should be a Bede Cycling Club. Now I don't know whether our Patron Saint would approve of the scheme or not. I am inclined to think not. Be that as it may, however, I certainly think that such a body would be less useful as a touring brotherhood and sisterhood than as a means to furnish cases for a consulting surgery—if the term be permissible.

Bedans who have the happiness to possess a "wheel" will spend their fine Saturdays on it, club or no club; but think what a boon a club would be which could teach the weary body to enjoy next week's work after a good, long, satisfying, thoroughly exhausting Saturday's spin!

But the chief and best use, to my mind, of a Cycling Club of our own, would be as an educational medium. I am on the look out myself for a club which disseminates improving hints amongst non-cyclists and small boys (not Bedans! of course).

It makes me tired to be told *every* day that my "back wheel is going round." I *have* had doubts on the subject, but happily they disappeared long ago. Further, I do not like to be told to "get off and shove."

I often "shove" manfully without getting off, and sometimes, alas! get off without shoving at all!

A club on the lines I indicate would have the warmest support of

Yours respectfully,

A NOVICE.

THE AIR AND SODIUM.

To the Editor of *The Bedan*.

Dear Sir,

In your last number you mentioned a howler perpetrated by a young lady who thought that the air consisted largely of Sodium, and who, when asked what Sodium was like, gave the lucid

answer, "Long Sticks"! You also asked for some Bedan to say what the young lady was probably thinking of at the time. This is by no means easy, but the following two theories of explanation present themselves.

The most likely solution of the puzzle is that the young lady in question knew that any flame—for instance, a simple Bunsen burner flame—when burning in ordinary unfiltered air, is often yellow, and shows, if examined through a spectroscope, distinct sodium lines in the spectrum, owing to the presence of sodium compounds in the dust consumed in the flame. Indeed, she may have heard somebody observe casually, when a Bunsen flame happened to be particularly yellow, "Dear me! there must be a good deal of sodium in the air"—just as that person, when riding along Ryhope Road on a hot Saturday afternoon, in the wake of several cyclists, would perhaps remark, "There's a good deal of dust in the air": without any intention of asserting that particles of grit are an invariable constituent of pure air. The young lady might thus get the idea that air consisted largely of sodium.

With regard to the long sticks, she had evidently confused sodium with sodium hydrate, which is put up in sticks—but not very long ones.

Another theory of explanation presents itself. It has been found that helium and argon, the most recently discovered elements, form about one per cent. of the air. Now this young lady may have heard a more advanced lecture on the atmosphere than she was quite able to digest. Possibly the lecturer mentioned the fact that helium, though not forming an absolutely large proportion of the air, is yet present in a proportion which may be considered large to have escaped the notice of chemists until just lately. Miss Howler-Maker may therefore have made mistake number one by confusing *sodium* with *helium*. As regards the "Long Sticks," she may have remembered seeing the long sticks of phosphorus used in the first step towards the extraction of helium from air.

One or other of these explanations is perhaps the true one. A third suggests itself. Perhaps sheer ignorance and fondness for guessing were at the root of the grotesque answers. But this is an unkind speculation, which I dare do nothing more than hint at.

JNO. B.



## G E M S .

[NOTE.—The choice extracts which appear under this heading are selected with some degree of care from the works of standard English Authors. Either the matter, or the style, or both, will generally be found excellent. These 'Gems' are the only pieces in *The Bedan* which have not been specially written for it, and they are given in the hope that the boys and girls of Bede School—to say nothing of past scholars—may learn them by heart;—and that, not as a task, but as a treat. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and the Editor and the Editress are certain that any boys and girls who now, when they are young and can commit things to memory easily, spend (say) three minutes' time each day in learning these fine samples of good English, will often in after life find them fountains of pleasure and stores of satisfaction.]

## (6.) THE POET'S SONG.

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,  
He passed by the town and out of the street,  
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,  
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,  
And he sat him down in a lonely place,  
And chanted a melody low and sweet,  
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud,  
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,  
The snake slipt under a spray,  
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,  
And stared, with his foot on the prey,  
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung  
many songs,  
But never a one so gay,  
For he sings of what the world will be  
When the years have died away."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON,  
Poet Laureate for Forty-two Years;  
Born, 1809; Died, 1892.

## (7.) THE ENGLISH CLIMATE.

I must needs add one thing more in favour of our climate which I heard the King say, and I thought new and right, and truly like a King of England that loved and esteemed his own country. 'Twas in reply to some of the company that were reviling our climate, and extolling those of Italy and Spain, or at least of France. He said he thought that was the best climate where he could be abroad in the air with pleasure, or at least without trouble and inconvenience, the most days of the year, and the most hours of the day; and this he thought he could be in England more than in any country he knew of in Europe.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE,  
Statesman and Essayist;  
Born, 1628; Died, 1699.

## Notice as to Advertisements.

1. Advertisements in *The Bedan* are charged for at a uniform rate—£1 per page per issue.
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1. *The Bedan* is published on the first day of each of the following months:—February, April, June, August, October, December.
2. Correspondence from any quarter, and Contributions from persons in any way connected with Bede School, are invited.
3. All Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed either to the Editor, or the Editress, of *The Bedan*, Bede School, Sunderland.

## Special Directions to Scholars with respect to Contributions.

1. Read the above general notice.
2. Use foolscap paper only; leave a wide margin; and write plainly.

## Notice to Readers of "The Bedan."

Any person residing in Sunderland who sends to the School a shilling—for which a receipt will be given—and his or her name and address, will have the first six numbers of *The Bedan* delivered at the given address regularly, one every two months. Subscribers at a distance who wish to have the Magazine sent them by post must pay sixpence a year extra.

It is hoped that Scholars, Old Scholars, and Parents will kindly make *The Bedan* known as widely as possible.



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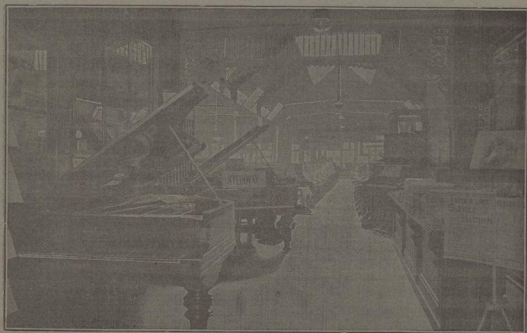
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