

The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

PRICE, TWO PENCE.

Published Six Times a Year.

Annual Subscription, One Shilling.

No. 6.

OCTOBER, 1899.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
VIEW OF THE SCHOOL :		CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN :	
MAIN BLOCK	85	A PROBABLE TWENTIETH CENTURY WAY OF	
LEADING ARTICLES :		TRAVELLING TO BEDE SCHOOL	93
"THE BEDAN" : RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT,		CHEMISTRY AND THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH	93
OR THANKFULNESS AND HOPE	86	RUDE BOREAS	95
THE FIRST EARL OF DURHAM (II.)	87	A WOULD-BE POET'S SORROW.. .. .	96
EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS	90	AT THE BATHS	96
NOTICE TO READERS OF "THE BEDAN"	91	AN EPISODE IN A RECENT CYCLING TOUR.. ..	97
NOTICE AS TO ADVERTISEMENTS	91	THE LEGEND OF ST. KEVIN	98
A TALE OF A CAMERA	91	STUDENT LIFE AT DURHAM UNIVERSITY	99
EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A HOLIDAY VOYAGE	92	NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS	100
		SPECIAL DIRECTIONS TO SCHOLARS WITH RESPECT	
		TO CONTRIBUTIONS	100

SUNDERLAND :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ROBERT ATTEY & SONS, JOHN STREET.

— TELEPHONE 728. —

G. P. Fairman,

Pharmaceutical & Homœopathic Chemist,

"THE PHARMACY,"

24 VINE PLACE, SUNDERLAND.

SOLE AGENT FOR

Reese and Wiehmann's Dessert Chocolates and Bon-Bons,

AND

"Celandine," a Certain Cure for Corns,

1/- PER BOTTLE.

FOR

**HIGH-CLASS
TAILORING:**



A. Anderson,
8 *Holmeside.*

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Real Sealskin Jackets, 23 inch,
12 guineas, original value 16 guineas

Tailor-made Box Cloth Capes,
lined Squirrel-lock, 45/-

Box Cloth Driving Coats,
lined Squirrel-lock, 5½ guineas

Furred Coats and Skirts,
made to measure by our MEN TAILORS, £3 10s.

Long Cloth Cloak,
lined throughout Quilted Silk, with handsome
Caracal Storm Collar, 3 guineas

Smart Cloth Gowns,
trimmed Silk and Velvet, made complete, 3 and
3½ guineas

Alex. Corder & Sons,

LADIES' TAILORS, FURRIERS AND DRESSMAKERS,

21 Fawcett Street.

ESTABLISHED 1856

TELEPHONE 343

Ducklings Fresh Daily.

Spring Chickens Fresh Daily.

Salmon Fresh Daily.

Crabs Fresh Daily.

Lobsters Fresh Daily.

Fresh Potted Cream.

H. BURNHAM, JR.,

CORNER OF

Stockton Road & Vine Place.

TELEPHONE 403

C. & A. Cooke,

BORO'

CYCLE, PLATING, AND

ENAMELLING WORKS.

ONE OF THE LARGEST

Gold, Silver & Nickel-Plating Plants

IN THE NORTH.

OLD PLATE REPOLISHED equal to new.

ALL HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES

RE-PLATED EQUAL TO NEW.

Plating Works:—

STOCKTON RD., SUNDERLAND.

PLATING DONE TO THE TRADE.

Prices on application.

Wilfred Coates,
25 FAWCETT STREET,
SUNDERLAND.

Bookseller,
Stationer,
Fancy Goods & Art Dealer,
LIBRARY
IN CONNECTION WITH MUDIE'S.
Presents for all occasions
AT MODERATE PRICES.

Gowland,
Jeweller & Silversmith,
18 FAWCETT ST.



Lowest
Cash
Prices.

TELEPHONE 112.

MATTHEWS & CO.

ARE NOW SHOWING

Reliable Furs,
Rich Mantles,
New Jackets,
Seal Jackets & Capes at Popular Prices.



New Millinery,
Coats & Skirts,
Children's Coats,

High-Class Dressmaking at a moderate cost.

Matthews, Broxup, & Holsgrove,
62 & 63 Fawcett Street, and Station Street.

BRANCHES:

30 Grainger Street West,
43 Northumberland Street, } Newcastle.

W. Greenwell, ¹³ HOLMESIDE

FOR ALL THAT IS NEW AND CHOICE IN

Sterling Silver, Best Electro Plate,

CLOCKS, BRONZES, AND BAROMETERS.

High Art Brass and Copper Work, ^{The} Finest Selection in the
North, including

Lamps of the most approved and safe description.

NOTED FOR CHOICE WEDDING PRESENTS.
PRESENTATIONS SPECIALLY CATERED FOR.

Telephone 663

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

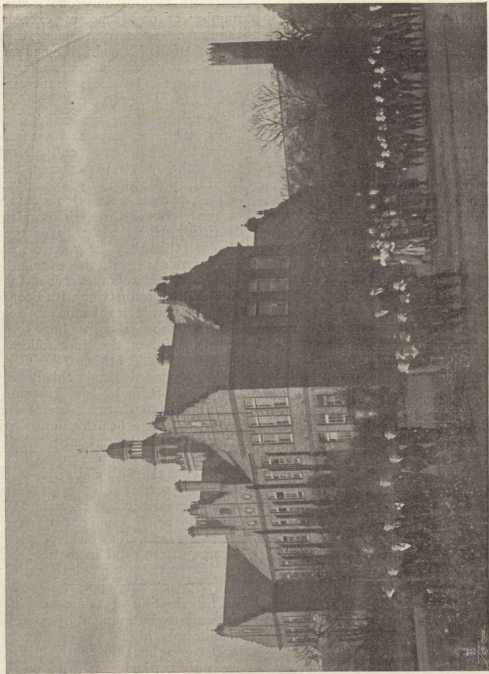
Telephone 663

Alex. Prosser,

The Hatter,

SELLS

Best and Cheapest.



No. 5. October, 1899.

BEDE SCHOOL; MAIN BLOCK.

THE BEDAN :

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT, OR
THANKFULNESS AND HOPE.

THE present number completes the first year's series of *The Bedan*—for it is No. 6, and the promise was given, when the Magazine was established, that it should be published six times a year.

We can look back with some degree of satisfaction over *The Bedan's* course hitherto. No article, note, or letter has appeared which was not written by a teacher or a scholar, present or past, of Bede School; and yet there has been no lack of contributions. Indeed, to find room for all that seemed worthy of publication was a perennial difficulty.

Of the quality of the matter our readers must judge. All which can be said (without evidencing very bad taste) on that score *here* is that it has been so fortunate as to receive numerous unsolicited—and therefore presumably genuine—eponiums both from the Local Press and also from many private persons in no way specially interested in Bede School.

The copper blocks from which the views given in the Magazine were printed were a very expensive item in the cost of its production; but the views have undoubtedly proved an attraction, and we purpose to bring out fresh ones from time to time.

The December *Bedan* will contain a statement of the Accounts for 12 months.

Not an inch of the space available for advertisements has ever remained untaken; and numerous offers to advertise on the front or the back of the cover have had, for the sake of preserving the good appearance of the Magazine, to be declined with thanks.

The average circulation every two months has been about six hundred. This is somewhat larger than was expected for the first year. The number of boys and girls in the school is fully eight hundred;

but, in many cases, two, or three, or even four scholars belong to one household, and therefore require only one *Bedan*. The number of past scholars exceeds three thousand. It is from among these that, now when the Magazine has had some time in which to become known, we may reasonably expect to have a large increase in the list of yearly subscribers.

Of course there are many of our Old Boys and Girls now far away from Sunderland. The names and addresses of such will, however, in numerous instances, be in the possession of present-day Bedans or their parents. And doubtless the bulk of the aforesaid three thousand are still domiciled near the mouth of the Wear. May we, then, beg the good offices of all our friends in bringing the Magazine under the notice of everybody who has ever had any connection with Bede School?

In the new series of numbers beginning with December, 1899, we hope to proceed, in the main, on the lines followed up to the present. That is, *The Bedan* will remain primarily and chiefly a *School Magazine*. School News, Accounts of Old Scholars, and whatever seems likely to keep ablaze a healthy and legitimate *esprit de corps* throughout the little army of Bedans, past and present, will be admitted. That the boys and girls—even those who are just nine or ten years old and who belong to as low a class as Standard IV—may feel it to be, to some extent, *their Magazine*, they (as well as older people) will be encouraged to send in matter for it; and the best articles offered by the scholars will, as heretofore, appear.

The adoption of this course inevitably prevents the attainment of anything like a uniformly high level of literary excellence throughout the contributions in any one number, and must, in a measure, restrict the range of subjects dealt with. Yet, on the other hand, it has compensations and advantages so obvious as not to need any elaborate setting forth.

Needless to say, it is difficult for the conductors of a magazine—especially when they are amateurs—to cater, at one and the same time, for the tastes of school children and for those of members of the ordinary reading public. However, it is hoped that *The Bedan*, in spite of the defects and limitations incident to its being, for the most part, simply the organ of a school, may be neither so puerile in style nor so narrow in scope as to contain nothing whatever of interest for the general reader.

In conclusion, we desire to thank contributors for their matter, subscribers and advertisers for their money, and reviewers for their stimulating and encouraging criticism.



THE FIRST EARL OF DURHAM.

II.

AT the end of our first article on Lord Durham it was stated that he was sent out to Canada in 1838 as Lord High Commissioner. A general acquaintance with the condition of affairs in that country at that time is necessary before we can intelligently appreciate the task there set before him.

Though the Province of Quebec, or Lower Canada, had, as the result of General Wolfe's magnificent victory, been a British Colony ever since 1759, the vast majority of the population in 1838 were of French extraction, and Roman Catholics. They spoke French, and many of their ways and customs were quite mediæval—for the Revolution of 1789, which made such enormous changes in France itself, had not swept over the land of the French Canadians.

Upper Canada, on the other hand, was inhabited mainly by English and Scotch settlers, and was Protestant and progressive.

The people of the two Provinces differing, therefore, in race, religion, language, and customs, the relations between them had often, perhaps not unnaturally, been somewhat unfriendly. The Lower Canadians were always jealous lest the Home Government should show any favour to the British Colonists in Upper Canada; while these last—whose chief road to Europe was through Lower Canada by the St. Lawrence—never had

much patience with the easy-going, old-world French farmers and traders of Quebec, who were slow to develop the splendid natural resources of their province themselves, and did not like the interference of enterprising (and perhaps covetous) neighbours.

Moreover, each of the Provinces had its own internal dissensions. In 1791, one-seventh of the waste lands had been reserved for the maintenance of the Protestant clergy. This was the cause then and afterwards of much heart-burning, especially in Lower Canada, where, as we have said, the people were mostly Roman Catholics. In 1791, too, the British Parliament gave each Province the following constitution:—A Governor and Executive Council (appointed by the Crown), a Legislative Council (also appointed by the Crown), and a Representative Assembly (elected by the people). This system worked with tolerable smoothness in Upper Canada—though, even there, the Executive Council, whose members were drawn exclusively from a few wealthy families, were seldom in harmony with the Legislative Council and the Assembly. But, in Lower Canada, where not only were the Governor and the members of the Executive Council all English, but the Legislative Council also was constituted solely of men selected from among the comparatively few British settlers in that Province, while nearly all the representatives in the Assembly were French, friction and dissatisfaction were frequent, and led, in 1837, to rebellion.

Doubtless there were faults on both sides; but the Representative Assembly seems to have had just grounds of strong complaint. It could vote money, but had no power, of itself, to make or alter laws; and if it passed resolutions, they were usually disregarded by the Legislative Council (which had the countenance of the Governor), and by the British Authorities in London. The Representative Assembly asked that the members of the Legislative Council should be elected, not nominated. The Government would not entertain the proposal. The Assembly strongly condemned certain officials, and demanded their removal from the public service. The Government retained them. The Assembly refused a vote for their salaries. The Government paid them their salaries out of certain funds of the Colony. This sort of thing culminated in 1837, when the Assembly declined to vote any supplies or carry on any business whatever.

Public meetings were held to protest against the Governor and against the Home Authorities who supported him. Mr. Louis Joseph Papineau, the Speaker of the Assembly, was the leader of the movement. The Governor replied to the demonstrations against himself by ordering certain members of the Assembly to be arrested on

a charge of high treason. Some of them left the country. Others were arrested, but not until the resistance of their friends and supporters had passed into open rebellion.

Those Bedans who would like to read a full account of this rebellion and of everything connected with it, should consult Mr. Justin McCarthy's delightful *History of our Own Times*. It spread to Upper Canada, and, though suppressed without much difficulty, afforded indisputable evidence of wide-spread discontent. The British Government introduced into Parliament a Bill empowering them to send out to Canada a Governor-General "with full power to deal with the rebellion, and to remodel the constitution of both Provinces." On January 16th, 1838, when bringing in the Bill, Lord John Russell said—"I think it most important that the person to be sent from this country should be one whose character and conduct are beyond exception; a person conversant not solely with matters of administration, but with the most important affairs which are from time to time brought before Parliament. I think he should be conversant also with the affairs of the various states of Europe; and, moreover, that it should be implied by his nomination that he was not at all adverse to opinions the most liberal, and that he was favourable to popular feelings and popular rights." He then announced—"Her Majesty has been pleased to intrust the conduct of this affair, and these high powers, to one whom her advisers think in every respect fitted for the charge—namely, the Earl of Durham."

Lord Durham accepted the position "with inexpressible reluctance." "I feel," he said, "that I can accomplish this Mission only by the cordial and energetic support—a support which I am sure I shall obtain—of my noble friends the members of Her Majesty's Cabinet, by the co-operation of the Imperial Parliament, and, permit me to say, by the generous forbearance of the noble lords opposite to whom I have always been politically opposed."

Never had a public man more right to make an appeal of this sort, and never did such an appeal meet with a baser response!

Lord Durham was called to face a most arduous work—to restore peace and set up a satisfactory form of government in a country where an insurrection had just been quelled, where trade was paralysed, where martial law was in operation, where the two races of inhabitants—the French and the English Canadians—had come to hate each other so heartily that, even before the rebellion, they never met publicly except in the jury-box, and then only (as he himself afterwards reported) to thwart one another and the ends of justice; and where, too, on account of all the civil commotion and internal discord, it was

easy for free-booting adventurers—American dare-devils whom the United States Government could not, or would not, restrain—to make raids from beyond the frontier, and loot and pillage without let or hindrance.

Did all sections of English public men sink their differences and unite in supporting England's representative in Canada? It is scarcely an overstatement to say that, without uniting, they all did what they could to *weaken his hands*—and this, not so much from dislike to him or his policy, as because political feeling then ran very high in England, and led his Mission to be judged, not from the standpoint of Canada's good, but rather as to how it would affect the prospects of this or that political party at home.

Extreme Radicals like Roebuck said that the Lord High Commissioner's powers were too large. Extreme Tories like the Marquis of Chandos said that his Mission was too expensive—although it cost the Treasury only £3,500, Lord Durham (who undoubtedly had a fondness for display) paying £10,000 out of his own pocket! The Tory Ex-Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst opposed his appointment, just as he would have opposed anything else brought forward by the Whigs. The Liberal Ex-Lord Chancellor Brougham did the same thing, but mainly—as was well known—from pure personal animus both against a Cabinet from which he had been left out, and against Lord Durham, with whom he had had a notorious quarrel. The Whig Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, lackadaisical and easy-going—who always met enthusiasts, anxious to remove an abuse, with the well-known formula, "Can't you let it alone?"—gave the strenuous Governor-General feeble and hesitating support.

Lord Durham landed at Quebec in May, 1838. Thinking that he had been constituted a dictator to deal with an exceptional state of affairs by—if necessary—exceptional methods, he at once issued a Proclamation and his famous "Quebec Ordinance." The Proclamation, while declaring that the Governor-General would unsparingly punish anyone thereafter found plotting against the Queen's authority, gave pardon to all persons—except twenty-three—concerned in the recent rebellion. Of the twenty-three, Papineau and fourteen others had already fled from the country, and the Ordinance provided that, if they returned, they should be executed. The remaining eight were men who had been arrested during the rebellion. These, having acknowledged their guilt, were, by the Ordinance, transported to Bermuda, and forbidden to return on pain of death. Lord Chief Justice Denman afterwards contended that the Ordinance disposed of the political prisoners in a perfectly legal way. Most authorities, however, took—and still take—the very opposite view. But, whether legal or illegal,

whether within or in excess of the Governor's powers, there can be no doubt that the Ordinance was, on the whole, wise and statesmanlike. Lord Durham felt that to let notorious traitors free would be madness, and that to have them tried by a jury of their sympathizing countrymen would, even in the face of the clearest evidence of guilt, simply lead to their triumphant acquittal.

A third course was open to him. He might have packed a jury with his own officials and have had the prisoners tried before it, condemned, and put to death. This would have been 'legal' enough, but very cowardly; whereas his Ordinance, though perhaps high-handed and arbitrary, was straightforward, honourable, and merciful.

Having disposed of the prisoners in the way that seemed to him best, Lord Durham made a progress right through the two provinces, and studied the whole Canadian question in all its bearings. He prevailed upon the harsh Governor of Upper Canada to deal leniently with the men in custody there for rebellious proceedings; appointed a Land Commission whose labours resulted in a satisfactory solution of the problem of the allocation of unoccupied lands; gave to Montreal and Quebec an efficient system of police; established a Court of Appeal; and set up an Education Commission which devised a scheme of good schools for children of both the races in the colony.

Above all, he thought out a Constitution which, with some modifications, has since been adopted not only by Canada but also by all the larger Colonies of Great Britain—a Constitution, that is, based on the principle that the representatives of the people shall legislate for all the internal affairs of the Colony, and shall have full control of the whole of the Executive except the Governor and his Secretary. He urged that Upper and Lower Canada should have *one joint* Legislature—instead of the two separate Legislatures which had been found to emphasize racial differences; and he was even so prescient and sagacious as to hint at the advisability of a Federal Union of all our North American Colonies.

But his famous Ordinance had—for him—most disastrous consequences. It was stigmatized by his opponents at home as illegal, and Lord Brougham in particular inveighed against it. This, however, might have been expected. But the very Government which had deliberately chosen Lord Durham only a few months before as the best man to deal with the Canadian crisis, now, afraid of losing place and power, basely yielded to the clamour of his enemies, and *disannulled the Ordinance*—actually the first piece of work that he had done as Governor-General!

Lord Durham was furious. To be thwarted, misunderstood, and misrepresented as he had been throughout his Mission by his enemies, was

bad enough to bear; but to be abandoned by his friends was intolerable. He at once threw up his office, though the Home Government begged him to retain it. Along with the letter announcing his resignation and determination to return to England immediately, he sent an elaborate despatch stating and justifying all his policy.

Not content with this, however, when publishing the Proclamation disannulling his Ordinance he issued to the Canadian people a manifesto which was practically an appeal for *their* approval of all his actions as Governor-General. In this one instance Lord Durham's conduct was indefensible, and led the *Times* to call him the *Lord High Seditious*—for his appeal could hardly fail to make the people disaffected towards the Home Government. His splendid services to Canada, his constitutional irritability of temperament, and the extraordinary provocation that he had received, must be remembered as furnishing excuses for this imprudent act—of which, when the Government heard, they at once sent out a despatch requiring him to give up his position.

But Lord Durham was already on the ocean, homeward bound. Mortified by the Government's failure to support him, he had left Quebec—amid, be it said, universal tokens of sympathy and respect. "As he went down to the harbour, crowds stretched as far as the eye could see; every head uncovered, and not a sound but of the carriages." When he landed at Plymouth on November 26th, the Government, in petty resentment of his outspokenness, would not allow him to be received with the honours customarily shown to a returning Governor; but the general public gave him a great ovation.

Lord Durham's Report on Canada, published soon after his home-coming, was a most masterly document, and many of his recommendations were embodied in the Canada Government Bill which passed through Parliament in July, 1840. On the 28th day of that month Lord Durham died at Cowes.

There is something unspeakably pathetic in the thought that this great man—"the most single-minded and high-natured among that company of [Reforming] statesmen who had wrought for our people the great deliverance of 1832", as Trevelyan calls him—whose work established the principles of Colonial Government, should have died broken-hearted and in disgrace before men could see the glorious final fruits of that Canadian Mission of his which, though it marred a career, made a country.

Lord Durham's yacht, with his body on board, sailed from Cowes on July 30th., and arrived in the Wear on August 3rd. The funeral took place at Chester-le-Street on August 10th. The coffin was covered with the finest Genoa crimson velvet, relieved with gold ornaments. Among

the pall-bearers were the Marquis of Londonderry and the Sir Hedworth Williamson of that day. Twenty thousand spectators were present. At Durham, South Shields, Newcastle, Gateshead, and Sunderland most of the shops were closed, and flags were flying half mast high.

The whole country-side did well to mourn his loss. We have called him a great man. What he accomplished would entitle him to that description even if he had had three score years and ten in which to do his life's work. But we must remember that he helped to frame the Reform Bill when he was forty, wrote his celebrated Report on Canada when forty-six, and died when only forty-eight. How many of our present public men would have filled as large and honourable a place in history as Lord Durham does if they had died before being forty-nine years old?

It is one hundred and seven years since Lord Durham was born—not far from Sunderland. In all that period has Sunderland district, or the whole County of Durham, produced another man equal to him in greatness? This is a question which we leave to Bedans and their parents.

This month we have been simply inundated with matter. After leaving out all Views except the Frontispiece we still have far too little space for all the 'copy' sent in and approved. We particularly regret that interesting Letters from "X" and "Another Patriarch" have to stand over until the December number.



EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS.

H.M. Inspector, in his latest Annual Report upon Bede School, refers in congratulatory terms to the "successful establishment of a School Magazine."

In the most recent Calendar of the Durham University College of Science, Newcastle, appears a list of gifts to the College Library, with the donors' names. We notice that "*The Bedan*, Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School Magazine, as issued" is presented by Principal Gurney—who, it may be remarked, recently sent a very kind letter to the Head Teachers of Bede School. "*The Bedan*," he wrote, "is a very spirited and interesting publication, both myself and our students being glad to see it. I congratulate you on the success of your College of Science students in their last examinations, and I wish you a very prosperous and successful year."

Among the local newspapers which favourably noticed the August *Bedan* were the *Newcastle Journal* and the *Sunderland Echo*. The *Sunderland Morning Mail's* review was as follows:—

"THE BEDAN."—I have received the fifth number of the "*Bedan*," a magazine published six times a year in connection with the Bede Higher Grade School. We old fogys who went to school in the old days, when elementary education meant a more or less complete tuition in "the three R's", cannot help feeling astonished at the sound literary ability, the brightness, and the humour displayed in getting out this school paper. The number under notice contains an appreciative notice of part of the career of the first Earl of Durham, and makes it clear to the ignoramuses who care to read it—and alas, the ignoramuses on the subject are too common—the reason of the Doric temple which adorns the summit of Penshaw Hill ("The Bedan," which aims, I see, at literal accuracy, gives it as Pensher). A rather trenchant article is an attack on "slang," which, however, shows more good use of English and sledgehammer style than knowledge of the subject. For the writer says, "Words whose origin cannot even be guessed, and absolutely devoid of rational orthography, are one of the most usual forms of slang." For the student of slang the opposite is known to be the case. In fact nine-tenths of slang words in use in England come from classic and foreign sources which can be traced. Thus "togs" comes from the Roman toga—"Jack it up!"—from the Latin "To throw," a "donah" from the Italian of lady. The editor in a foot note explains the origin of "O.K.," by saying it means "Orl Korrekt" (Cockney lingo). But really "O.K." has an American origin. In a demonstration in an American city a banner bore these two letters. The secretary of the society whose banner it was, was asked for an explanation. "Why," he said, "O.K. means Orl Korrekt." I know the editor of, and writes in "*The Bedan*," welcome any little criticisms of their productions, and therefore I venture on them, at the same time giving my testimony to the high literary style of the publication.

The spelling "Pensher," though common enough, is faulty, and was given in the August *Bedan* inadvertently. "Penshaw" is undoubtedly the correct form. Each part of the word is significant, for *pen* is a hill, and *shaw* a wood; and the name is certainly appropriate to the place which bears it.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

The following are the successes of the pupils of Bede school at the Oxford Local Examinations held in Sunderland last July:—

SENIOR CERTIFICATE (with title of Associate in Arts of the University of Oxford).—Honours, 3rd class: Diana E. Birchall. Distinction in theoretical chemistry.

JUNIOR CERTIFICATE.—Honours, 2nd class: Cuthbert W. King. Distinction in practical chemistry. 3rd class: Dorothy Ross. Pass, 1st class: Edith Bailey, William C. Brown, Elizabeth Eaves, Stewart M. Fairclough, Daisy Filkin, Samuel Lister, William Logan, Herbert S. Lundy, Annie Philip, Irene Tate, Winifred Thatcher, Herbert A. Wood.

PRELIMINARY CERTIFICATE.—Pupils 14 years of age and under. Pass: Norman Fothergill, Reginald W. Giahholm, Arthur Haver, Mabel

Naylor, Bertha Saxby, Mabel Tait, Harold O. Ure.—Pupils over 14 years of age. Pass: Jennie Bruce, Elizabeth Colling, Winnie Curtis, Stanley Dudgeon, Amelia Duncan, Arthur F. Harding, Tom S. Hodge, Mabel Newby, W. Stanley Pope, James Smith, Mary H. Thompson, Robert J. Wilton, Fanny Witten, Violet Young.

We notice that Arthur Newton has recently passed the Board of Trade's Examination for his certificate as Captain, and that Albert Gaskell was placed eleventh out of 474 candidates at an examination (held in Edinburgh last July) for positions as Boy Copyists in the Civil Service. Gaskell—whose father is the Rev. John Gaskell—left Bede School a year ago. His brother Arnold is still a scholar there. Thomas Moore, who, we observe, has lately gained First Class Honours in Engineering at an examination of the students taught by Mr. Cuthert Metcalfe, of Hendon Church Institute Classes, distinguished himself in mathematics years ago at Bede School. We heartily congratulate these three young men on their success.

Boys who left school at Midsummer and who have not yet got posts, are advised to communicate with the Head Master. He is frequently asked by gentlemen to recommend lads suitable for this or that position.

In September the school was visited by an old teacher, Mr. David Foster, now Instructor of Pupil Teachers at Chatham; and an old scholar, Mr. Arthur Jarman, now at the Royal College of Science, London. None of the boys, and not many members of the staff, knew their faces. The lapse of five or six years always makes a great change in the *personnel* of a school.

Many New Scholars have been admitted within the past month.

Perhaps it would be well to point out that, *after the present month, October*, no more New Pupils can be admitted into the Upper School Proper until August, 1900. Boys and girls are eligible for the Upper School when they can do Standard 7 work well, or Standard 6 work exceptionally well.

But New Pupils for the Lower School may, if there is room for them, be admitted at any time during the year.



Notice to Readers of "The Bedan."

The Annual Subscription for *The Bedan* delivered by messenger, regularly every two

months, to any address in Sunderland, is One Shilling, payable in advance.

The Annual Subscription for *The Bedan* sent by post, regularly every two months, to any address in Sunderland or in any part of the British Isles, is One Shilling and Sixpence, payable in advance.

Subscriptions for the Year, December, 1899—October, 1900, are due in November, 1899, and may be sent to the Editor or the Editress of *The Bedan*, Bede School, Sunderland, who will in each case give a receipt.

It is hoped that Teachers and Scholars, Past and Present, of Bede School, and that Parents, will kindly make *The Bedan* known as widely as possible, and do their best to increase largely the List of Annual Subscribers.

Notice as to Advertisements.

1. Advertisements in *The Bedan* are charged for at a uniform rate—£1 per page per issue.
2. No Advertisements are printed on the front or the back of the Cover, or with the text. But half-page Advertisers may have a loose Leaflet inserted into each copy of the Magazine for a charge of Five Shillings per issue.
3. *All the space available for Advertisements is already occupied*, and New Advertisements will be accepted only, of course, in cases where Present Advertisers, after being offered the option of continuing their Advertisements, withdraw them.

Applications to advertise may be sent to the Editor, or the Editress, of *The Bedan*, Bede School, Sunderland.



A TALE OF A CAMERA.

A Bedan boy who has no taste for energetic games Just lately bought a camera, and had to learn the names

Of chemical developers and fixing liquids too, With many other such-like terms which needn't bother you.

Tom often *tried* to snap the milkman pouring in some water,

But hurry made him turn the lens away from the right quarter,

And all his efforts were but poor, for, looking at the best,

We find it simply represents half of the milkman's vest.

But after weeks of patient toil Tom learnt the art at last;

The neighbourhood then realized that peace of mind was past,

He snapped Policeman XYZ a-smoking on his beat:

He took a cycling novice fair, reclining in the street.

He hid beneath the sofa long to snap Sis with her beau,

But Algernon discovered him and shook him to and fro!

And Fred, a former Bedan, who brags of his 'post' and beauty,

Was snapped while cleaning window-panes, part of his daily duty.

Tom's passion grew. He grieved to lose a photographic chance,

And went, these summer holidays, to 'take' Dreyfus in France.

But now, he's thrown his hobby up, and sold his things to Will.

"What for?" you ask. Well, just because he missed my recent spill.

JNO. B.



EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A HOLIDAY VOYAGE.

AUGUST 15th, 1899. Sailed from South Docks, Sunderland, at 10 p.m., in the s.s. Favourable, bound for Bordeaux. Passengers included three ladies, three children, and myself. Did not "turn in" until 1:30 a.m. I was tired, cold, and hungry, long before that time; but not until then did I feel assured that Father Neptune meant to deal kindly with me.

August 16th. All our company on deck this morning before eight bells had struck. Early rising accounted for, partly by inability to sleep—for we had not yet got used to the motion of the ship and the vibration caused by the propeller, and partly by eagerness for breakfast.

August 17th. Off Beachy Head this morning—the last glimpse we get of the English Coast. In the evening, saw the Casquets, where the *Stella* was wrecked. Fare for the day—Captain's version—*Breakfast*: Toad in the hole, tea, bread and jam [kind—like the grave of Moses—not discoverable]. *Dinner*: Soup [in which the salt cellar must have been upset]; beef, with several kinds of vegetables; plum "duff" and bill-sticker's paste; cheese and biscuits, fruit. *Tea*: Harriet Lane or Kit Webster, tinned salmon and potatoes, cakes and preserves.

Sighted a whale not far from the ship. When it came to the surface to blow, its black back seemed about 25 feet long. I'm a mere landsman. A sailor would possibly, in giving these figures, have inverted the digits. Or perhaps he would have said 'yards,' not 'feet'—for I've noticed that your large-hearted mariner hates to deal with small dimensions.

August 18th. Nearing Ushant, an ugly shock of rocks. I felt thankful that it was clear weather. Ship beginning to roll badly. At dinner in the cabin I was the sole representative of the passengers. My fellow-voyagers were either in their berths or on the bridge, where the motion was least noticeable. 3:30 p.m. Off Ushant. Mate placed a large bucket on the bridge. One young lady said she would give all she possessed for a walk in the Mowbray Park. 3:31 p.m. A race for the bucket. Passed Penmark light at midnight. The lights on the French Coast are very superior to those on our own coasts.

August 19th. Took our pilot aboard at 3 o'clock this morning. He was 180 miles from his port when we picked him up. Rather a long way to come to look for work, isn't it? 8 p.m. Saw Bacalan light-house—one of the oldest in the world—at the entrance to the river. Bordeaux is sixty miles further up.

August 20th. Arrived at Bordeaux early this morning. Watched vessels straining at their moorings as the tide came up the river: the tide rises 18 to 20 feet in about 3 hours.

August 21st. Began to discharge cargo. The coal is taken out of the ship in iron tubs; each tubful is weighed before being emptied into the lighter which carries it further up the river. Oh, those mosquitos! They made us all present a sorry spectacle this morning. Surely the Egyptians of old must have found the third plague the most tiresome, if not the most terrible, of the ten.

August 22nd. Very hot day; went ashore, sat down outside a Buvette, and ordered *Limonade à la glace*. The ice certainly cools the drink, but it dilutes it to such an extent that the flavour is lost. Resolved not to dilute drinks in this way again.

August 23rd. Entered a large bazaar in La Rue St. Katherine, and asked an assistant, in French, to show me some embroidered handkerchiefs. I am sure I said "*des mouchoirs*" plainly enough, but the man must have thought that I was calling myself a *smoker*. At any rate he took me to a stall where there was a brave show of pipes and other smoker's utensils. I bought a cigar-holder and departed quickly.

August 24th. A woman with a basket of fruit came aboard. I asked her in French how she sold her pears, "Je ne comprends pas" said she;—at least it sounded like that, and I half expect-

ed that answer anyhow. I tried again, speaking more slowly. It was all right this time however, for she replied "Ah, monsieur wants pears,—five pence the dozen, monsieur." [By the way, five seems to be a favourite figure with fruit-sellers. The orange-women outside of the Newcastle Railway Station portico generally say "Two a penny, hinney; five for tuppence!"] I felt rather sore on finding that my French was understood only with difficulty, and it was a sad humiliation to be answered *in English* by the pear-vendor, who evidently thought that *her* language was quite beyond my comprehension. I opened my grief on this subject to the Mete, who comforted me somewhat as follows:—"Well," says he, "it's like this, you see. A Froggy talks just as much with his hands as with his tongue. Tie up his hands and he is a dumb man. You only know half the lingo, if you cannot swing your arms about like windmills, and use your eyes like flash-lights."

August 26th. Left Bordeaux, light ship, for Bilbao; an eighteen hours' run across the Bay. Steward had very few folks to cater for to-day. Bucket in frequent requisition on the bridge. Exercised myself by trying to go straight along a seam on the poop. Gave up after repeated attempts. Lord Lytton once said "Your wine cup is a marvellous corrupter of ambulatory rectitude." Our captain evidently knew this, for he told me I looked like a drunken man walking a chalk line.

August 27th. Arrived at Bilbao early this morning. Grand service of electric trams here—in a Spanish town too. I could not help thinking how the tramcars *fly* past us in the streets of our town of Sunderland.

August 28th. A Spaniard with a boat load of fruit and vegetables came alongside. I bought a kilo: of black grapes, about 2½lbs, a dozen large juicy pears, and half as many apples. I gave him two threepenny bits, and he returned me two pence. I knew then for certain how my brother Bedans would spend their pocket money in this place. Left Bilbao this evening in another ship, in order to be home in time for the opening of Bede School.

August 29th and 30th. Crossing the Bay. We passed inside Ushant; and were in the English Channel on the 31st. I felt very grateful on getting into smoother waters, for the deck had never been dry since leaving Bilbao. Every time the vessel lurched she took several tons of water aboard. Sailors called the ship a wet lady.

September 2nd. Arrived off Tees late in the evening.

September 3rd Deserted this morning soon after the Customs House Officers had searched

my luggage. In Sunderland again before noon, feeling in fine trim for Monday morning, Sept. 4th.

CRYPTO.



CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

A PROBABLE TWENTIETH CENTURY WAY OF TRAVELLING TO BEDE SCHOOL.

To the Editor of *The Bedan*.

Sir,

The march of Progress quickens
In this year of Ninety-nine,
And the myst'ry of it thickens
In this sluggish *brain* of mine,
As my *fancy* runs at random
And foresees this state of things:—
*We'll reach Bede School on a tandem
Drawn by motor-fish—on wings!*

I can't tell you how I worry
As I wonder what I'll do
In that awful age of hurry
We are surely coming to.
For: in breathless haste some morning
I'll arrive—*not* through the door—
And to smooth your frown just dawning
Say "*I met a meteor!*"

And, if in celestial regions
I should lose myself and fall
In amongst the countless legions
Of bright stars around our ball,
I can of my plight apprise you
By the wireless telegraph:—
Though of course it won't surprise you
To receive—my epitaph!

E. W. W.



CHEMISTRY, AND THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

"It makes all the difference in the world whether we put Truth in the first place, or in the second place."

"What is Truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer."

Most men ask the same question, more or less earnestly, and most men too, like Pilate, have not the patience to stay for an answer. And the child is father to the man. Nay, in my experience, children are even more insatiably inquisitive, and more impatiently eager to know, than

men and women. I once lived with a little boy who was an extreme case. He began his interrogations when he opened his eyes in the morning, and pursued his miserable relatives without intermission until his bed-time brought them a happy release, with enigmas beyond their power to solve. "Could my Faver kill a lion?" "Oh yes!" (with confidence). "Could he kill a tiger?" "Yes, certainly." "Could he kill bofe a lion and a tiger at once?" "Ye-es, I *think* he could." "Well but, *could* he?" "Yes!" (with the boldness of despair). "Could he kill *two* lions and a tiger"? It is true. He used to keep it up like that; and I know by the bitter experience of years that to live with an infant of that type is to realise the height and breadth and depth of your own ignorance, and to learn to make statements with a mental reservation!

I can imagine the case of some sad teacher of the young questioning the existence of this universal curiosity. If children really do desire to know, why is it that he, whose function it is to *tell*, to put them in the way of truth, has often to drive that truth in with a stick, or drag his pupils, unwilling victims, to the fount of knowledge? I have asked myself that question many times, and the answer I have found is this:—

All children want to know: I consider that undeniable; but a great many of the things they desire to know are not worth knowing. What that is, sticking out of Tommy's pocket, and who gave May her pencil-box: these are questions which may occupy a youthful mind for an hour of good time. And after all, there *are* things better worth knowing. The greatest satisfaction which a teacher can have is to feel that he has inspired a pupil with a thirst for some kind of knowledge worth having. One of my kindest recollections is of a young pupil who, thus inspired, embarked on the enterprise of making for herself prismatic crystals of sulphur. She set about her experiment with energy and decision. Having bought a pound of sulphur, she disposed it in a pie-dish, and placed the whole in the parental gas stove. "And such a 'smell' was there"!! I do not know whether my pupil's father was a patient man—I hope he was—but I was told that after long and fruitless efforts to silence that smell under damp soil, he was forced at last to adopt the heroic measure of carrying the whole "concern" into the back garden. Such accidents will happen even to genius when it is on new ground: Sir Humphry Davy once nearly suffocated himself; but think what that girl's zeal was worth!

If Bede School can turn out boys and girls who ask "What is truth?" not like jesting Pilate, but with the serious purpose of acquiring truth, and truth worth knowing, it will have given them "a liberal education." Such boys and

girls, when they grow up, will not fall back upon the tittle-tattle of the afternoon tea-table, or the gossip of the club.

And this brings me to my point. It is exactly because to know *how* to seek for truth is the main point in any child's education that science—chemistry, for instance—is taught at Bede School. I have often wondered what notion the boys and girls themselves have, and their parents too, who probably were not brought up on chemistry, as to the object of teaching it. Assuredly it is not that it is hoped that all the pupils will be chemists some day in any sense of the word "chemists." But it is on this much higher ground, that chemistry teaches a child to seek for truths worth knowing. It teaches him, perhaps, few facts, but it teaches him the truth about those facts. It teaches him, not all there is to be known about water, but how to find out *some* things which are *absolutely true* about it; it teaches him not to say "the candle burns," without knowing what he means when he says so; it teaches him not merely to say that iron railings "corrode," but exactly what it is that happens to the iron, and therefore what he must do to prevent the corrosion; it teaches him, in a word, to seek to know the truth about things which happen around him, it teaches him how to set about finding a truth, and how not to trust to appearances and to hearsay. And finally, it teaches him that patience "to stay for an answer" which is the secret of success. Carlyle once said "Genius is the capacity of infinite taking-pains", or words to that effect. Few children are born with that gift. They desire to know, but they have not the patience "to stay for an answer." They prefer to accept a wrong result rather than wait till the balance swings steady, till the precipitation is complete, till the residue is washed clean. They learn only by painful experience that to *jump* to a conclusion is generally to conclude the wrong thing; that even a conclusion arrived at slowly and painfully must be confirmed, and that if other people's experience does *not* confirm it, it must not be trusted, that it is just by such hasty conclusions that the world has been led on the wrong track and wasted its energy; that by hasty conclusions men have arrived at such beliefs as that of Berthollet, who said that the proportion in which elements unite is not fixed, and as that of Stahl who said that phlogiston went out of a thing when it burnt. And though, when they are men and women, they may forget some of the facts they learnt, they will never forget that in the search for truth they must have the patience "to stay for an answer." So the world will be saved from *some* mistakes. If certain officers of the French army had learnt that lesson, there would never have been a Dreyfus case.

RUDE BOREAS.

[T was once my fate to live in a house of which a suffering brother said in accents of assumed gaiety that if the man who had planned it had turned his attention to windmills he would have made his fortune. Surely a similarly misdirected genius found its fleshly tabernacle in the architect of the Bede Higher Grade School.

Many people consider me, the humble writer of these lines, a cheerful, fairly happy creature. There is, however, an undercurrent of Tragedy in my existence—the Wind as it blows in and out and roundabout and THROUGH our School. When my feelings prove too much for me and I am compelled to seek relief in verse, I shall invoke the aid of Melpomene, the Muse of Tragedy. As a matter of fact during the recent gales I *have* invoked her in my dreams; but dream-poetry, whatever its other merits may be, is not remarkable for beauty of style. I remember hearing once an amusing anecdote of Mr. Gladstone from a lady who was closely connected with his family. The story runs that Mr. Gladstone dreamt poetry one night and awoke from his dream conscious of the fact. He had heard that people never remembered dream-poetry in the morning, and so, anxious to preserve this gem for posterity, he struggled out of bed and committed the precious lines to paper. In the morning he had a dim consciousness of what had occurred. When at last he really woke, he hastened to his writing-table and found this exquisite verse:—

Walk on one leg,
Walk on two,
Something to think of,
Something to do.

This true story has discouraged me when I have dreamt poetry, and so I have little to show for my restless nights.

The shades of Tennyson visited me lately when I slept and I murmured

Blow, blow, blow,
On our window-panes, O wind!
And I would that my tongue dare utter
The thoughts that are in my mind.

O well for the little girls
When the maps fly down to the floor,
O well for the joiner-man
Who's paid for mending the door.

But the teachers' lives are sad
In that school on top of the hill,
They sigh for a land without any wind,
Where the atmosphere's calm and still.

Blow, blow, blow,
Ye gales that are ever here;

For the things that you've blown away for
good
Permit me to shed a tear.

This is of course very terrible, and I have grave doubts as to whether the Editor will allow so base an imitation to find its way into print.

My bad luck in the search for rhymes has maddened me. When I was small I used to read the Boys' Own Paper. I remember in one of the school-stories which appeared therein, a boy called Boshier who aspired to be a poet. 'Tis many years since I read his attempts, but I think one was like this:—

A LOVE SONNET.

I wish I was a buttercup
Upon the mountain-top,
That you might sweetly pick me up
And sweetly let me drop.

I wish I was a door-mat
That you might step on me:
I wish, I wish, I wish—

Here the exigencies of rhyme and rhythm proved too much for the aspiring youth. My verses on the wind have a knack of ending like that. But even Southey, Poet Laureate, perpetrated some curious rhymes when he wrote a description of How the water comes down at Lodore. I wonder if he can have suggested these lines to me!

The wind is a-battering,
The maps all are clattering,
Eight chimneys are smoking,
Eight Bedans are stoking,
[In other words poking];
The desks e'en are moving,
My word needs no proving

For those who have seen them will swear it's the truth.

The doors are a-banging
And flinging and clanging,
Many windows are rattling,
And shaking and battling,
[How I wish the word Gatling

Could be introduced here and likewise the name Ruth!]

But as they can't my Muse reminds me of that beautiful 'ecstasy' by Edgar Allan Poe, beginning

It was many and many a year ago
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other
thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

And these words "trickle through my head like water through a sieve."

It isn't so very long ago

In a city by the sea

That a school was built which *you* all know

By the name of the Higher G.

I should very much like to have put in 'Bede'

But I'm tied by the rhythm, you see.

The H. G. was high, the winds were high

In this city by the sea,

And they blew with a blow that was even a BLI

Double Z and an A—R—D,

And men who loved not draughts looked on

At the victims pityingly.

Perhaps the Editor will offer a prize to the Bedan, ancient or modern, who can satisfactorily work out this idea. Of course he or she would not be allowed to imitate the clerk who led the singing in a country church, and who when he found that the tune he had selected was not of the correct metre, put a bold face on the matter, and, not a whit abashed, sang

Ja—fol-de-lol-de-dol-lol—cob.

I could finish the poem myself on lines like those. But even in dream-poetry I cannot allow myself to descend to such a level.

On the whole I consider that my invocation of Melpomene has been a failure. I opine that rhyme is not her strong point. When next I call upon her, I shall quietly but firmly say

Melpomene! Melpomene!

Whose aid I asked of yore,

Your rhymes were bad, your metre bad,

And your ideas 'pore;'

Unless you promise better things

I'll seek the Muses next door.

THETA.



A WOULD-BE POET'S SORROW.

[NOTE.—Some boys and girls may require to be told that certain goddesses, called the Nine Muses, were believed by the Greeks to preside over poetry, music, astronomy, dancing, and other arts and sciences, and that, consequently, poets, both in ancient and modern times, have often invoked the help of one or more of the Muses. Their favourite haunts were thought to be two mountains in Greece, Parnassus and Helicon. On the side of the latter there was—and still is—a spring of beautiful water, a drink of which was supposed to give poetic inspiration. This spring is said to have burst forth when Helicon was kicked by the famous winged horse Pegasus; and, ever since the days of the Italian Boiardo, Pegasus has been regarded as the horse of the Muses. Ed., *The Bedan*.]

The Bedan's due to come out soon;—

I know that, Mr. Editor.

The thought distresses me, because
I'm debtor: you're my creditor.

I owe you some original verse,

But find I cannot make it.

I promised it for next month's 'Mag.';—

That promise, I must break it.

The Muse has proved unkind and coy

Though I tried hard to woo her,

And begged her aid, and did my best

To make advances to her.

I sprang upon my Pegasus,

And hoped that he would *fly*,

He would not rise from off the earth,

No, not two inches high!

"Perhaps his wings are tired", I thought;

"If so, I'll let him *gallop*".

But no! He will not stir a step,

Howe'er his flanks I wallop.

He's broken-winded, spavined, lame,

Or else he's very lazy;

He shrinks from all poetic flights,

And drives me nearly crazy.

I'd hoped to reach Parnassus' height,

Or sip of Helicon's rill;

But, with this brute, I'll never get

As far as Tunstall Hill,

And so I've got no subject yet,

And certainly no lines;

And I can't keep my word—whereat

My Bedan soul repines.

Your pardon, Mr. Editor,

Pray give—with groans I ask it;

And, when my next effusion comes,

Ah! save it from the basket.

This poor apology is sent

To reach you ere October.

Please don't infer from it I'm *drunk*.—

I'm *stupid*; but I'm *sober*.

K. K.



AT THE BATHS.

[T] would be difficult to find anything more unlike one's preconceived ideas of a school lesson than the scene which meets the eye at the High Street Baths on any fine Tuesday morning during the summer months. Imagine fifty or sixty young Bedans of various sizes and ages occupying the large plunge-bath, swimming, diving, and frolicing, while the ear is almost deafened with the sound of their shouts and laughter. At first sight it is difficult to realise that this is actually an item of school-work, occupying a place on the school time-table; but a little

observation will soon show that, in spite of the noise and merriment, good work is being done and real progress made in the natatory art.

Observe first this little fellow who is attending the Baths for almost the first time. Gingerly he descends the steps at the shallow end, seizes in a desperate grip the iron bar which runs across the end just above water, and stands there bobbing up and down, or occasionally ducking his head, but never once relaxing his hold until he remounts the steps. Well, a boy is not naturally an amphibious creature, and our young friend is quite right in acting with caution (albeit exaggerated) on his first entry into the water. In a week or two, however, he will be found venturing a few feet from the edge, making his first attempt to learn to swim. That attempt is, of course, a dire failure. His feet *will* sink to the bottom, the water *will* get into his mouth, and, as he stands choking and coughing, he feels almost inclined to give up in despair. But now he gets a little practical advice from the master in charge, or from Mr. Brown the genial superintendent of the Baths, perseverance does the rest, and in a few lessons he finds himself able to 'do the breadth.' Probably that will be as far as he gets this season, but next year there will come a glorious and never-to-be-forgotten morning, when, having with much gallantry, not to say spluttering, 'done the length,' he proudly takes his place among the swimmers at the deep end. Then straightway does he look back with lordly condescension on the 'kids' struggling in the shallows, whose ranks he has just left. Now, of course, he must tackle the side-stroke, and though his early efforts remind one painfully of a wounded creature writhing in agony, he generally masters it, and ere long can swim two lengths at a speed which will make him a formidable competitor at the next Schools' Swimming Gala.

Now look at this plump young Bedan. He is already a fair swimmer, but his great ambition is to excel in diving. Balancing himself carefully upon the edge of the bath, he gets into the most approved attitude, hesitatingly sways his body for a few moments, suddenly assumes a look of fierce determination, and—falls flat upon the water. A loud crack resounds through the building, two columns of water shoot obliquely from under his substantial person, and a shout of merry laughter from the onlookers rewards the exploit. But, by the time our hero has regained his feet and rubbed the water out of his eyes and ears, the laugh has subsided, and he prepares for another attempt, 'laying the flattering unction to his soul' that that dive was, upon the whole, a rather neat performance. Let him only persevere, however, regardless of jeers and good-natured banter, and in three months you shall see him mount the diving-board, spring gracefully into

the air, and glide into the water like an eel, leaving scarcely a ripple to mark the place where he struck. Diving as an art has a good many votaries among Bedans, and in a few cases a rare degree of perfection is attained. Many can still remember the beautiful style in which Hubert Rowntree and Arthur Brewis used to fling themselves into the water.

Bedans are inclined to be rather proud of the many excellent swimmers the school has in the past numbered in its ranks. In the foremost place, of course, stand Tom Whittaker and Alec Wilkinson; but there are many others, too numerous to mention here, whose exploits are by no means forgotten. At present there does not seem to be so much enthusiasm displayed about swimming as there has been in other seasons. The attendance at the Baths, though fairly good, is not nearly so large as it was two years ago. It is somewhat to be regretted that more boys do not avail themselves of these swimming lessons, which afford an opportunity of learning, in perfect safety and under proper supervision, one of the most graceful, pleasing, and serviceable of all exercises.

Bede School, having in former days produced not only Boy Champions, but also once, at least, the Adult Champion Swimmer of Sunderland, has a reputation to maintain in the swimming world; and it behoves every loyal Bedan to do what in him lies to uphold the traditions of the past, or even, if possible, to surpass former triumphs achieved by his school "at the Baths."

J. H.



AN EPISODE IN A RECENT CYCLING TOUR.

It was the fourth Saturday in the Bede School Midsummer Holidays. I had ridden seventy eight miles that day, and was flow, at night, unspeakably weary.

Seventy eight miles is by no means an enormous day's ride. Many times on this very tour I rode far more than, and on one occasion nearly double, that distance without being in the least exhausted. But the Saturday alluded to was one of the hottest of the many hot days in August, and I had been prevented from making a start until towards noon. Moreover, a long stretch of the route had lain over the highest pass in Britain—a pass which those who are acquainted with it will easily identify when I tell them that the road on one side of the hills is rough, stony, steep, and narrow, and that the Danger Board at

the summit has the fragments of a bicycle significantly gibbeted upon it, while an awful double turn about a mile from the top bears the name of a crooked part of the Devil's anatomy.

Well, having reached the town where I had arranged to stay all night, I went to the best hotel, found some luggage which had been sent on for me from a place reached earlier in the tour, had a light meal and a hot bath, and went to bed. My room was No. 25. Being, ordinarily, one of those fortunate persons who no sooner lay their heads on the pillow than they find themselves in the arms of Morpheus, I expected, tired as I was, to fall asleep immediately. But it was the unexpected that happened: I lay awake half the night.

And this for more reasons than one.

The bedroom window—which, the heat being almost tropical, I had left open—looked out upon a side street where the Police Station was; and, at intervals, for hours, the thick-soled, heavy-footed guardians of the peace

“With solemn march

[Went] slow and stately by”

—like the Ghost in *Hamlet* in rate of movement, but with a loud and most unghostly tramp along the flags sufficient to make the whole vicinity reverberate.

Still worse, at half past eleven, a whole colony of mice behind the skirting board near the head of the bed, began their revels. The noisy gambols, the racing and chasing, the bumps against the wainscot, and the high pitched squeals of mirth and jollity which these little animals indulged in, had an effect anything but sedative. They were evidently having a regular carnival, and the racket reminded me of the Dance of the Hobgoblins in Grieg's *Peer Gynt*. I could not help musing, too, on the vanity of human greatness—since, on an occasion like that described, the smallest of four-footed vermin can effectually thwart the wishes of any of the “lords of creation.”

Worst of all, at midnight, some horrid man in an adjoining room—I refuse to believe it can have been a lady—began to snore, at first gently, then fiercely, then outrageously; till at length, when he got into full blast, the noise was somewhat like that of a north-east gale at the height of its fury.

By this time I was, of course, as wide awake as a weasel, or President Kruger. When the third cause of disturbance came into operation I recalled Henry the Fourth's words, and plaintively murmured

“O sleep! O gentle sleep!

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,

That thou no more wilt seal mine eyelids up,

And steep my senses in forgetfulness?”

Afterwards, entering into the humour of the situation, I laughed grimly at the odd combination of distracting sounds which an unkind fate was, for the nonce, compelling me to listen to.

But all things come to them that wait. Soon after two o'clock the street grew silent as the grave; the merry rodents raced and squealed no more; the snore sonorous died upon the air;—and the weary cyclist straightway sank to sleep.

The hotel, as regards everything except its aforesaid nocturnal acoustic accompaniments, was most comfortable; but, if ever I stay there again, I shall carefully stipulate that my sleeping chamber be some room other than No. 25.

Q. Q.



THE LEGEND OF ST. KEVIN.

NOT many miles from the far-famed vale of Avoca, of which Moore wrote

“There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,”

stretches another valley of wild and desolate grandeur, and abounding in romantic interest.

Huge mountains encompass it on every side, barren-looking the greater part of the year, but, in the season of “mists and mellow fruitfulness,” one glory of purple heath and golden furze. These hills cast their shadows on two little silvery lakes below.

Such is Glendalough, the Vale of Seven Churches, the grandest of Wicklow's many valleys.

Thither, thirteen centuries ago, came a youth, Kevin by name, the son of royal parents, and an ordained priest.

He was madly loved by a fair young maid, whose love he did not return, and

“Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue!”

Here in this remote and desolate glen, he thought never to see woman's face again.

“Ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.”

High up the cliff, overhanging the farther lake, he found a small cave, and here he dwelt until his retreat was discovered by a shepherd. From all the surrounding district people flocked to hear him teach, and among them came Kathleen.

“Thither she had tracked his feet
To this rocky wild retreat,
And when morning met his view
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,

And with rude repulsive shock
Hurls her from the beetling rock."

So the waves of gloomy Glendalough became gentle Kathleen's grave.

Soon, however, St. Kevin seems to have repented him of his unsaintlike deed, and

"When he said 'Heaven rest her soul!'
Round the lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal tide."

As he grew older the fame of his sanctity spread; seven churches were erected by him in the glen; and now the crumbling ruins of churches and cathedral, the fragments of crosses, and the mysterious round tower, which proudly rears itself aloft—all evidences of the Saint's devotion—are in wondrous harmony with the peculiar desolation of the valley, and form what Sir Walter Scott calls "an inestimably singular scene of Irish antiquity," and which Mr. Gladstone bade everyone go and see.

ELPIS.

P.S.—Bedans are referred to Moore's poem beginning "By that Lake whose gloomy shore"—contained in his collection of Irish Minstrelsy.



STUDENT LIFE AT DURHAM UNIVERSITY.

THOUGH there are hundreds, nay thousands, of men scattered up and down the country who have themselves been at a University, and though some stories of college life have had much popularity, it is still a fact that very many people know nothing of the details of a University student's life, and would, if called upon to describe it, be almost as much at a loss as Lord Justice Bowen's well-known type of hopelessly puzzled ignorance—"a blind man, in a dark room, looking for a black hat which is not there."

If this is true of adults, it is perhaps not too much to venture to believe that it will also hold good of boy Bedans—of whom, by the way, I was once one. Being now a student myself, I may perhaps be able to throw a little light on the subject. In attempting to do so I shall confine my remarks to my own Alma Mater, Durham; though doubtless the daily routine will be much the same at the other Universities.

To begin with, it must be understood that there are two residential colleges at Durham, viz., University College, with about 40 students, and Hatfield Hall, with about 65. Besides these we also have a large body known as the Non-collegiate or Unattached students, who number

about 60, and who live either with their parents or in licensed lodgings in the city. These three bodies, with the Medical and Science Colleges at Newcastle, constitute at present Durham University. Perhaps, by the time when my boy and girl readers are men and women, the Sunderland Municipal Technical College may be a part of that University. Let us hope so.

The three Durham bodies use the same lecture rooms, have the same professors and lecturers, and go in for the same examinations. In other ways, however, they are quite distinct. Each has its own boathouse and boats on the river, its own football and cricket teams, and so on, though they all use the same grounds—except that the two colleges have their own tennis and fives courts within their own precincts. We have inter-collegiate matches in nearly every kind of sport, including aquatics; and much friendly rivalry is aroused over them. The 'Varsity teams are of course picked from all the bodies, including the Newcastle Colleges, indiscriminately. So much for the athletic side.

Then again the members of the colleges have most of their meals together in the college dining hall, whilst the unattached students have theirs as they please, in their own lodgings. To some people the Non-collegiate may seem to have the advantage here; but, to my mind, it is much more enjoyable to have meals in hall with all the members of the college, than to have them in 'diggings'—in solitary state except when a visitor happens to be present (which usually means trouble with the landlady). Of course, very often there are two or three students in one house, and this makes it pleasanter.

We have in connection with the 'Varsity a Union, of which every under-graduate resident in Durham has the right of membership, and of which one can become a life-member, on complying with certain conditions. The buildings of the Union contain a large and commodious reading room, which is always well furnished with papers, daily, weekly, and monthly, of all kinds; and a writing room where can always be found plenty of writing materials for the use of students, and which also contains a fairly well stocked library. There is also a large billiard room, with a very good table, and facilities for chess and draughts. The billiard table may be used every day from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m., while the Union is open all the week, including Sundays, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. The Union is an institution which I believe is common to all our Universities. At any rate there are Unions at Cambridge and Oxford, and any life-member of either of them is a life-member of ours, and *vice versa*.

Now to take particularly my own college, viz., Hatfield Hall, which I should like to remark is

not a Theological Hall as many people imagine, but just one of the colleges of the University, less than half of its members being theological students. Breakfast is served in the hall at 8 o'clock on week-days, and at 9 o'clock on Sundays. At a quarter to nine on week-days we have what we call 'Galilee,' *i.e.*, service in the Galilee chapel, a fair-sized, semi-underground, beautiful chapel, at the west end of the Cathedral. This lasts for a quarter of an hour. The rest of the morning is taken up with lectures, none of which last for more than an hour, so that we may have as many as four in one morning. Ordinarily there are no lectures after one o'clock. At 1.15 p.m. lunch is served in the hall.

The manner in which the afternoon is spent depends upon the students themselves. Some spend it wholly in sports—boating, football, tennis, &c.; others, wholly in study; while others again do some work and take some recreation, which to me seems the wisest course. Dinner does not come on until half-past six or seven, so that we all go in more or less for 'five o'clock tea,' which is the only repast we provide for ourselves. It is the most sociable meal of the day. We always have plenty of company, and usually have a chat and smoke before we separate. This sort of thing is very enjoyable, and we quite miss it when term is ended.

Dinner is preceded every evening during the week by a half-hour's service in the college chapel—a nice, comfortable little building, with a fair organ, which is played by one of the students. The service is taken by the chaplain of the college. After dinner is the time when most of the private study is done; but reading seldom absorbs the whole evening up to bedtime. Perhaps a short stroll to digest one's dinner is taken. Anybody who happens to be in Durham between half-past seven and eight o'clock will always see a fair number of students taking their after-dinner walk—indeed, perhaps more 'Undergrads' are in evidence just then, than at any other time during the day. Then there are Hall meetings to elect officers for, and transact business in connection with, the various clubs of the Hall. There is a Hall Choral Society, and a Hall Debating Society, each of which holds one meeting a week during the two winter terms. Then again, on Saturday nights we often have a 'smoker,' and so on. However, most of these things are over before ten o'clock, and then we are at liberty to study if we feel inclined. We just suit ourselves about going to bed, as there is no rule as to lights being out at a certain time. The college gates are closed at 9 o'clock, but we are allowed out until eleven. To stay out after that time we must have special permission.

I have already trespassed too much on the valuable space of *The Bedan*, or I could go on to tell you many more interesting things about our student life. Perhaps on a future occasion I may be able to do so.

FLOREAT DUNELM.



Notice to Contributors.

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.



C. Ranken,

F.C.S., F.R.M.S.,

Manufacturing and Analytical

CHEMIST,

Dealer in Fine Chemicals,

Chemical and Scientific Apparatus,

Volumetric Standard Solutions.

Agent for Beck's Microscopes:

Analyses Conducted;

Fees and full information will be given
on application at

No. 11 STOCKTON ROAD.

TELEPHONE NO. 26

R. Attey & Sons,



PRINTERS,

47 JOHN STREET,

SUNDERLAND



First-Class Work.

Prompt Despatch.

Moderate Charges.

CALVERT & CO., Ltd.

Complete House Furnishers,

122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128 & 129 HIGH ST. WEST.,

SUNDERLAND.

The **CARPET DEPARTMENT** of Calvert's, Limited, is reputed throughout the district to be the largest and smartest Carpet and Linoleum Department outside London. Their Show-rooms are palatial, their stock is incredibly large and valuable, the quality of their goods is of the best, the designs are by the best artists and designers in the world. This department is now under the management of one of the most capable men in the trade, who is thoroughly conversant with the theoretical construction of the various fabrics, and as all orders will have his personal attention, promptitude and correctness may be relied upon.

Splendid Bargains in Furniture

Can always be had at Calvert's, Limited. Their Cabinet Department is well worthy of inspection, as is also their immense stock of Bedroom Suites in American and Satin Walnut, Pollard Oak, Rosewood, &c., which are in Sheraton, Inlaid, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Adams, Renaissance, Tudor, and Louis XIV. styles. The Dining Room Furniture Department is crowded with a superb stock of Suites, Sideboards, &c., at most moderate prices. The Drawing Room Furniture show-room contains a most elegant stock of fine examples by the best makers in the kingdom.

Visit Calvert's, Limited, before purchasing, and see the finest stock in the North of England. Competent men sent to measure, fit, and estimate. Patterns and quotations sent any distance by

J. T. CALVERT & CO., Ltd., High Street West, Sunderland.

Hills & Co.,

Booksellers,

STATIONERS,

LEATHER AND FANCY GOODS,

ARTISTIC PRINTERS,

BOOKBINDERS,

Materials for Artists.

19 Fawcett Street,

SUNDERLAND.

E. L. Jodd,

The Central Dress Mart,

230 High Street West.

Specialities :

Stylish Millinery.

Reliable Kid Gloves.

Celebrated C. B. Corsets.

Plain and Fancy Linens.

Dress and Blouse Silks.

Blouses, Shirts, Ribbons,

Lace, Underclothing, &c.

Beaty & Moscrop,

CASH TAILORS

(From Beaty Bros., the celebrated Tailors, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, &c.)

Special Leading Lines, made to Measure :

10/6 TROUSERS **37/6** FIT
or SUITS Guaranteed.

These Suits are made in the Latest Fashion, well Trimmed, and Finished equal to Suits sold elsewhere at 50/-

207 HIGH STREET, SUNDERLAND,

AND AT NEWCASTLE,

LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIALITY.

Ferry & Foster,

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Brinsmead,

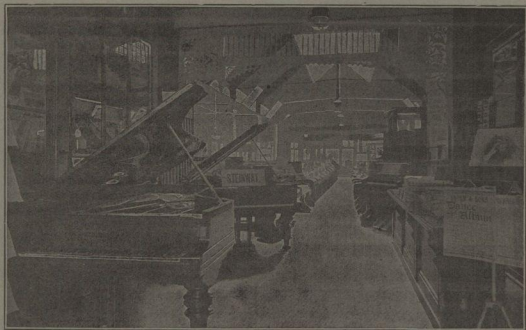
Bechstein, and

Steinway Pianos.

Special Discount for Cash.

Hire System :

Inspection Invited.



3 Bridge Street, Sunderland.

BRANCHES :—

HETTON-LE-HOLE AND TRIMDON COLLIERY.

