



The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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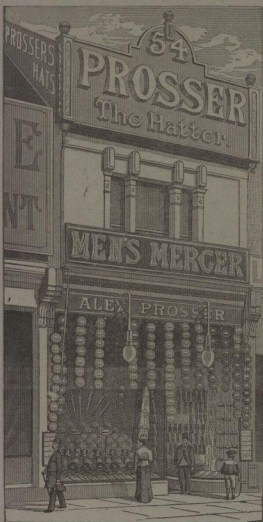
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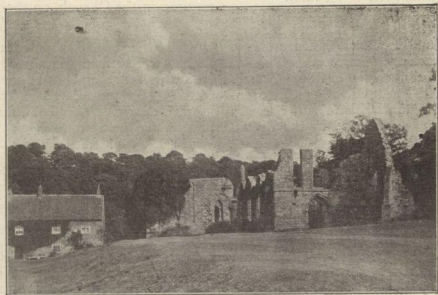


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BEDE SCHOOL : A LESSON IN DESIGN.



No. 11. August, 1900.

FINCHALE PRIORY.

BEDE SCHOOL. NOTICE AS TO NEW SCHOLARS.

After Midsummer there will be some Vacancies both in the Upper School and in the Lower School.

Candidates for the Upper School must be able to pass Standard 7, or to pass Standard 6 exceptionally well.

Candidates for the Lower School must be able to go into Standard 4 or some higher Class.

New Scholars should enter their names on, or as soon as possible after, Monday, August 27th—the Opening Day of the New School Year.

After November 1st, 1900, no New Pupils can be admitted into the Upper School until Midsummer, 1901.

GENERAL HAVELOCK.

THE HERO OF LUCKNOW.

To all Bedans the Havelock Monument is very familiar. Standing prominently on the very top of the hill in the Mowbray Park it must be one of the first things to meet their eyes whenever they come to the east side of the School. The story of the life of the great and noble Englishman whom the statue represents has an attraction for everybody, and may be expected to have a special interest for *them*.

Sir Henry Havelock was born, April 5th, 1795, at Ford Hall, between Bishopwearmouth and Hylton. He was one of a family of warriors. His brother Thomas served in Spain. His brother Charles Frederick, who became in 1854 a Lieutenant-Colonel in the British Army and was afterwards made a General by the Sultan of Turkey, took part in every important battle which was fought in India for twenty years—from Bhurtpore to Goojerat; and had a son killed during the Mutiny, he himself dying in 1868. His brother William was still more distinguished. When only seventeen years old he carried the Colours of his regiment at the Battle of the Bridge of Coa. At the crossing of the Bidassoa he performed an act of heroism which is specially recorded in Napier's "History of the Peninsular War." Leaping

his horse over the rampart of felled trees behind which the enemy were sheltering, *el chico blanco*—the fair boy, as the Portuguese called him—inspired the hesitating men in his rear with his own intrepid spirit, and he and they routed the enemy. Young William Havelock was present at the Battles of Salamanca, Vitoria—where the French "were beaten before the town, in the town, through the town, out of the town, behind the town, and all about the town"—Quatre Bras, and Waterloo. After serving in Corfu he went to India where he had a hand in the Conquest of Scinde and the first Sikh War (1845). In the second Sikh War he was killed while leading a magnificent charge of the 14th Light Dragoons—a charge somewhat like that of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. Lord Gough declared he had never seen anything more brilliant. In All Saints' Church, Maidstone, there is a monument with this inscription:—"Sacred to the Memory of Lieut.-Col. William Havelock, K.H. He served in Portugal, Spain, at Quatre Bras (where he was wounded), and at Waterloo. He fell at the head of his regiment, charging the Sikhs, at Ramnuggur on the Chenab, on the 22nd November, 1848. Aged 56 years."

The father of this band of martial brothers was William Havelock, a Sunderland shipowner and handsome man who married Miss Jane Carter of Yarm, a very beautiful lady. After becoming rich and prosperous he went to live at Ford Hall where his sons William and the future hero Henry were born, and they were both baptized on one and the same day (April 13th, 1796) at Bishopwearmouth Church—a View of which is given in this *Bedan*. We are told that the two boys, while very little, used to ride down to Sunderland on their ponies along Hylton Road—then called "Keelmen's Lonnen", and which, instead of having hundreds of houses near it, was "very dowly". To us who know High Street West as it is at present it

seems almost incredible that, *then*, there was *an avenue of trees* along the road between Bishopwearmouth and Sunderland!

Having removed to Ingress Park, Kent, William Havelock, at the beginning of the century now drawing to a close, sent his sons to a private school at Dartford where Henry acquired a taste for reading, and, out of school hours, was very fond of birds'-nesting, particularly if it involved any tree-climbing. In 1804 the two brothers went to the famous Charterhouse School in London. Everybody knows that General Baden-Powell, of Mafeking, is a Carthusian. Perhaps few people are aware of the fact that General Havelock, of Lucknow, was one too. Havelock's contemporaries at the Charterhouse included several boys who, as men, became famous:—Grote and Bishop Thirlwall, the historians of Greece, Alderman Thompson, at one time M.P. for Sunderland, Sir Charles Eastlake, the great painter, Fox Maule, and Archdeacon Hare. We know few details of his school life; but it is on record that, having got a black eye through interfering in a fight in which he thought that one of his companions was not getting fairplay, he was thrashed by Dr. Russell because, on being questioned as to this striking facial adornment, he would give no other answer than that "it came there." When nearly seventeen he left the Charterhouse. Even then his thoughtful, serious demeanour had come to be remarked, and he had long borne the nick-name "Old Phloss" (Old Philosopher).

His mother particularly wished him to be a barrister, and he became a student in the Middle Temple; but, having a yearning for a military profession, he joined the Rifle Brigade in 1815 as Second Lieutenant. For eight years he saw no active service. In this period he visited France and Italy, studied Hindustani and Persian in London, read very widely, and paid much attention to all branches of the

military art. Exchanging into the 13th Light Infantry he went to India in 1823, and, thenceforward, took part in almost every Indian campaign which there was up to the day of his death. He was Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General in the Burmese War (1824-5), Adjutant at Chinsurah (1827), and then—having passed an examination in the Native Languages—he was appointed Regimental Adjutant at Calcutta. In 1838 Havelock, after 23 years' service, was made Captain, placed on Sir W. Cotton's staff, and went right through the First Afghan War of which he afterwards wrote a narrative.

After spending some time in the Punjab as Persian Interpreter to General Elphinstone Capt. Havelock was, in 1841, engaged in the Second Afghan War, fought in the Cabul Pass, helped to defend Jellalabad, distinguished himself so highly that he was made Brevet-Major and a C.B., and was with General Pollock at the forcing of the Khyber Pass.

Major Havelock in 1843 took part in the War against the Mahrattas, acting as Persian Interpreter on the staff of Sir Hugh (afterwards Lord) Gough, and in the following year he was gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

The three brothers Henry, William, and Charles Frederick Havelock all fought in the terrible Sikh War which began in 1845. Lieut-Col. Henry Havelock was present at the Battles of Moodkee (where two horses were killed under him), Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon (where he lost another horse). In 1849, his health having broken down, he came to England on leave of absence for two years.

Returning to India he was appointed Adjutant-General of Her Majesty's Forces in the East, Lord Hardinge having often seen his gallantry and skill, and noted that his advice had frequently proved most useful to his superiors. In 1857 Colonel Havelock commanded a division in the completely successful Expedition to the



GENERAL HAVELOCK'S MONUMENT.

Persian Gulf. This was the year when the Indian Mutiny broke out, and Havelock and the 78th Highlanders were most anxious to get back to Calcutta as speedily as possible. Unfortunately the "Erin," the ship conveying them, was wrecked at Ceylon. If Havelock had been drowned the Mutiny would, it is safe to say, have been far more terrible than it actually proved; but, happily, he and his comrades were spared to do an ever-memorable work in helping to quell it, and in rescuing many of their fellow-countrymen and countrywomen from the horrible cruelties designed against them by the miscreant Nana Sahib.

The principal cause of the Mutiny was religious fanaticism. In 1857, as in 1900, there were in India British regiments and Native regiments as well, all forming part of the British—that is, the East India Company's—Army. The Native regiments were commanded by British Officers. When the Enfield rifle was issued to the Sepoy troops cartridges, greased with mutton fat

and wax, were served out to be used with it. These cartridges, before being placed in the gun, had to have their ends bitten off. The Brahmin priests seem to have led the Sepoys to believe that the cartridges were smeared with cows' and pigs' fat, and that—since to touch this with the mouth would 'defile' a Sepoy and make him lose caste and be false to his religion—the British Government had introduced the new rifle and ammunition with the deliberate intention of compelling the native soldiers to become Christians! The Sepoys showed an invincible repugnance to the new cartridge. When told that they might *tear off*, instead of *bite off*, the end, they refused to touch the cartridge at all. Then disaffection and insubordination became wide-spread, and the native troops not only would not obey their officers, but in many cases shot them down, and next proceeded to menace British civil servants and merchants and their wives and families resident in India. The total British troops in Northern India numbered only

22,000, whereas the Natives employed in our Army were 120,000 men. No wonder, therefore, that the Mutiny was not easily put down!

Nana Sahib was the chief leader on the Native side. His name will always be execrated on account of the unspeakable atrocities which were committed by his orders. It is but fair to this monster, however, to say that he had a real personal grievance against the British;—for he had been most unjustly deprived of the pension to which, as the adopted heir of the then recent Ruler of Poonah, he was thoroughly entitled.

Immediately on reaching Calcutta Havelock, with the rank of Brigadier-General, was despatched in command of 2,000 men to Allahabad, his orders being to push on to the relief of the British in Cawnpore and Lucknow. Though outnumbered by seven to one his column beat the enemy at Futtehpore, Aeng, and the Pandu Nuddi Bridge. This led Nana Sahib to massacre all the European women and children in his hands. Havelock next, by the exercise of splendid generalship, overcame Nana's troops at Ahirwa, strongly entrenched though they were, and then he and his men entered Cawnpore and gazed aghast on a sickening sight—a huge well filled with the mutilated bodies of those 200 English ladies and children who, by Nana's express command, had been ruthlessly butchered. Tresses of hair, broken combs, bits of frilling, children's little round hats—and blood everywhere: these were the things which, in the room whence the hapless victims had been dragged, made mute appeals to the hearts of the British soldiers.

Having hastily buried the dead at Cawnpore and left a garrison there, on July 25th Havelock set out to relieve the living at Lucknow. The citadel had been besieged since June 30th. Sir Henry Lawrence, its brave commandant, one of the noblest spirits that ever served a

country, and who asked for epitaph nothing but "He tried to do his duty," had been killed on July 5th, and matters were becoming desperate. But Havelock, after winning his ninth successive victory and penetrating to within just a short distance of Lucknow, was on August 16th reluctantly compelled to retire to Cawnpore, death, wounds, cholera, and general sickness having terribly reduced his heroic little army, while the force investing Lucknow was 25,000 strong.

Early in September Sir James Outram arrived at Cawnpore with reinforcements. As Outram was Havelock's superior in rank he was entitled to take command of the whole relieving column of 2,500 men which, with 17 guns, at once began its advance upon Lucknow; but he chivalrously gave up his right in favour of the leader whose dauntless bravery and splendid military skill had already achieved so much—everything, indeed, not absolutely impossible—in the Expedition; and he himself accompanied Havelock as a volunteer. His words to Havelock were "To you shall be left the glory of relieving Lucknow, for which you have already struggled so much."

The British had to win two engagements before they reached Lucknow, and then, on September 25th, most desperate fighting went on in the streets of that town, until the Residency, where the little British garrison and all the European population had long been cooped up, was at length gained just before the enemy, who had mined the place, could blow it up. The joy of the relieved was indescribable. Blockaded for nearly three months; having lost in killed and wounded more than one third of the original garrison of 927 Europeans; and dreading a horrible fate like that which had befallen the English residents at Cawnpore; they had been in terrible straits, and their gratitude and exultation were boundless. The Relief Column's casualties numbered 535.

But the vast horde of the enemy did not disperse. Havelock and Outram, with their own force and the garrison, were, however, strong enough to hold Lucknow until Sir Colin Campbell—who had been sent out from England as Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India—brought a rescuing army which fought its way through into the beleaguered town on November 19th, and formed a protecting column to the women and children when Lucknow was evacuated, without the loss of a man, on November 22nd. One of Sir Colin's officers was Captain Garnet Wolseley, now Lord Wolseley.

On November 24th Havelock died of dysentery at Dilkoosha, five miles from Lucknow. While ill he learnt that the Queen had made him a K.C.B. He was gazetted Major-General, and on November 27th Her Majesty, not knowing that he was then dead, affixed the title of Baronet to his name, and Parliament awarded him a pension of £1000 a year. His widow, the daughter of Dr. Henry Marshman, an eminent Baptist missionary, had the pension conferred on her, and a baronetcy was given to his son, the late Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, V.C., formerly M.P. for Sunderland, who had fought bravely under his father's eyes in India, and was destined, as we now know, to die there.

The news of Havelock's death caused a profound feeling of regret throughout the Home Country—such a feeling as had not stirred the national heart since Nelson died at Trafalgar. The whole country recognised something singularly noble in the character of the General who, by sheer, genuine, conspicuous courage, merit, and ability, without patronage, and, usually, without purchase, had raised himself, step by step, to high rank in the Army; had lived so blamelessly that he could say in his last moments "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear"; had imbued his men with so much of his

own religious earnestness that they were called—and not in scorn—"Havelock's 'Saints'"; and had, in the face of tremendous difficulties, conducted a long series of military operations in such a way as to shed lustre upon the British arms and to render magnificent service to his country at a time of very grave national danger.

There is a statue of Havelock in Trafalgar Square, London. His statue in Sunderland—of which we give a View—was unveiled in May, 1861. It is in bronze, is ten feet two inches high, stands upon a lofty pedestal of granite blocks, represents the hero as what he was—a tall, handsome soldier, of dignified bearing and impressive mien, and is, altogether, a worthy memorial of the greatest man that Bishopwearmouth has ever produced.

[Bedans will find that a good deal of the matter, and possibly two or three phrases, of the foregoing Article are taken from the "Life of Havelock" in Brockie's "Sunderland Notables"—an interesting book which they can get out of the Free Library. We notice that not a little of Havelock's Biography as given by Mr. Brockie agrees *verbatim* with what appears in the Article 'Havelock' in Chambers's Encyclopaedia. McCarthy's "History of our own Times" deals very fully with the Indian Mutiny.]



EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS.

[The Editor and the Editress would be very grateful for items of news of Old Bedans—as to appointments, successes, details of careers, or any other matters on which Bedans may be expected to like to have information of one another. Even now this News Column is, by common testimony, read with much acceptance. It might be made interesting to a very wide circle if Old Bedans—whether at home or abroad—would be a little more communicative. Let this be remembered: Whatever directly concerns one of the big band of Old Bedans appeals in some measure to all the rest.]

We append some of the newspaper comments on the June *Bedan*:—

Sunderland Daily Echo.

"The organ of the Sunderland Bedo Higher Grade School improves as it grows older. There are many interesting features about the magazine, none being more captivating than the very promising efforts of some of the younger contributors. The work of the Philharmonic Society is reviewed at length in a valuable article, and the editorial notes are quite up to their usual standard. 'The Evolution of the Bow,' 'The Inspector Inspected,' 'A Vision in May,' and 'A Fairy Story for the Children,' are among the racy articles."

Sunderland Morning Mail.

"I have received the tenth number of 'The Bedan'. The publication keeps up its excellent literary character. The number contains a well-written and appreciative sketch of the history of the Sunderland Philharmonic Society, from which I gather that the Society was formed just forty years ago, having risen out of the ashes of a previous organization called the Sacred Harmonic Society. The bent for science which the laboratory lessons at the Bede School gives to the pupils peeps out in a short article on the evaporation of gold—literal and figurative. A very amusing parody of 'Who killed Cook Robin?' deals, under the title of 'Who spilled the Cyclist?' with the present state of the streets in Sunderland. A clever and humorous article is contributed by 'Crypto', relating a dream in which a school inspector is supposed to be inspected. Some of the questions set him are worthy of the pages of *Punch*. There is also a charming fairy story entitled 'A Ray of Sunshine'. The thoroughness of the instruction in literature given at the Bede School is shown by some deeply critical remarks on the characters of Rosalind and Jaques in Shakespeare's 'As you like it'. The value of the number is heightened by views of Bede School chemical laboratory and manual instruction workshop and of Lumley Castle and Ford Hall."

"Vagabond" in the Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

"To my knowledge several cyclists have already gone down to remember the inception of electric tram-lines in Newcastle, for the Northumberland Street operations have been responsible for not a few accidents to machines and their riders. These unfortunates may, therefore, find some consolation in the following lines by a fellow-sufferer from a similar cause in the Wearside town, which appeared in the June number of 'The Bedan', the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School magazine:—" [Here follows the whole of Jones Minor's verses on "Excelsior".]

An esteemed subscriber, very witty, and not afraid of indulging, upon occasion, in caustic criticism, writes as follows:—"You ask me what I thought of the June *Bedan*. Well, I thought it *was never coming*; but, when it did come, a friend and I agreed that it was decidedly the best number we had had."

Our readers will remember that the June number was somewhat late in appearing. This was due to causes which need not be stated here, but which were beyond our control. However, when it *did* appear, it obtained a 'record' circulation, and not a few readers volunteered an opinion of it similar to that of the subscriber already quoted—whose judgment was the only one that we had expressly asked for.

We hope that this encouragement and appreciation will stimulate our contributors to make their Articles better than ever.

The Boys' School broke up for the Midsummer Holidays on Friday, July 13th, and the Girls' School on Thursday, July 19th. Both Schools will resume work on Monday, August 27th; and, doubtless, the bulk of the pupils will not get the August *Bedan* until that day.

The Boys' School-room was used as the Sunderland Centre for the Oxford University Local Examinations, 1900, which began on Monday,

July 16th, and lasted until Saturday, July 21st. The results are not yet known. The Bede School Candidates were as follows:—

Senior.—Cuth. W. King, Wm. Logan.
Junior.—Harold Bailey, Stan. Dudgeon, Norman Fothergill, Reg. Glaholm, Wm. Green, Arth. Haver, Fred. Marsh, Jas. Smith, Lawr. Smith, Alf. Snowdon, Stan. Stephenson, Harold Ure, Jennie Bruce, Bessie Eaves, Jennie Grimstead, Mabel Newby, Mary Thompson, Fanny Witten, Violet Young.
Preliminary.—Jno. Blacklock, Watson Gibbs, Harry Goldsbrough, Wm. Hardy, Cecil Jolly, Dav. Macnair, Victor Mitchell, Arth. Murray, Geo. S. Purse, Jas. Ramsay, Robt. Ross, Robt. Taylor, Geo. C. Watson, James White, Elsie Bruce, Florence Ellis, Edith Lumley, Ella Marsh, Ethel Pike, Ethel Wallace, Carrie Young.

We hope that all these Candidates may prove successful;—for, in order to take the Examination, they have done extra work, paid the University and Local Fees, and given up a little of their Midsummer Holidays. But, even those of them who do not pass and secure Certificates will, we believe, be all the better for the preparation and the experience that they have had.

At the Grange Church, Sunderland, on July 24th, Mr R. W. Willis, B.Sc., Second Assistant Master of Bede School, and a valued contributor to the School Magazine, was married to Miss Eva Johnson. The best man was a well-known old Bedan, Mr R. Littlehailes. Miss Johnson's sister, Mrs Andrew Wilson, is the wife of a former Assistant Master at Bede School.

On August 1st, Mr E. M. Chrishop, now an Assistant Master in Brighton Higher Grade School, was married to Miss J. E. Dearden. Years ago Mr Chrishop was an Assistant Master at Bede School, and, at that time, one of the boys was Charlie Dearden, his bride's brother, a fine lad who died whilst a pupil in the Upper School.

We heartily wish Mr and Mrs Willis, and Mr and Mrs Chrishop, long life, good health, and much happiness.

As usual, a large number of the older boys and girls left school at Midsummer, the close of the school year. They all have our best wishes. The Head Teachers gratefully acknowledge many very kind letters of thanks which they have received from the parents of outgoing scholars. Not a few of the pupils who are leaving the school are leaving Sunderland. One, Harry Burnham, is going as far away as New Zealand!

For the school-year which has just ended Miss Wilson offered a prize for Writing in her class, VIA. Two girls, Miriam Dale and Gwendy Gandy-Mills, were bracketed top of the Writing list.

Mrs. Mills, who has been a most kind friend to the school for many years, generously offered to give a prize equal to Miss Wilson's, so that the original one would not have to be divided.

Any other offers of prizes would be gladly accepted.

Six of our senior Bedan girls are entering the Durham College of Science, Newcastle, in September. Stella Bailes, Diana Birchall, Lily Wright, Nora March, and Kate Burnett intend to work for a Science degree. Muriel Watson leans to literary studies. Never before in the history of the school has such a large number of promising girls entered on their degree work at one time. These six girls have always been especially distinguished for their industry. Doubtless this excellent quality, and some others which we are happy to know that they possess, will stand them in good stead when they become University students. The good wishes of their late teachers go with them.

After all, in a school as large as ours, there ought to be a big contingent of students leaving every year for one University or another. What a pity it is that only a very small proportion of our young people realize that "wisdom is better than rubies"! Moreover, rubies may be lost or stolen; but a well-furnished mind is a source of life-long happiness.

Of course nobody supposes for a moment that all the boys and girls who enter the School will proceed to a University. Such a consummation is for many reasons utterly impossible, and, even if possible, would not be desirable. But we do think that, the facilities which the School offers its pupils for doing higher work (both in general subjects of study and in science and art) being what they are, each year more than *one per cent.* of our 800 boys and girls might, with reason, be expected to go straight from the School to a University or a University College.

And, if the pupils who proceed to a University are, of necessity, few in number—consisting, as they almost exclusively do, of those who mean to follow a professional career—there is no good reason why the *bulk* of both our boys and our girls should not stay at school until they are *sixteen* years old.

Doubtless girls fourteen or fifteen years old may be of some use at home, and boys of a similar age may often obtain employment which brings them the immediate benefit of a small wage or salary. But we have noticed time after time how pupils after they are fourteen years old, their reasoning powers having then developed to a considerable extent, make far more real progress at school *each year* they stay thenceforward

than in *any two years* before that; and we are convinced that, if Parents realized fully what great permanent advantages—in the shape of a better-trained mind and wider knowledge and power—a fourteen-years-old boy or girl of average intelligence and industry can gain by continuing at school a few terms and doing steady, uninterrupted work, very few pupils under sixteen years of age would be withdrawn from school for any reason whatever.

Since the last issue of *The Bedan* the Girls' School has been very much beautified by handsome plants in window-boxes. The Head Mistress has offered a prize to the class which keeps its window the gayest during the season, marks being given every week. A second prize would, no doubt, be enthusiastically received by the girls—who provide for their own pockets the necessary funds for seeds, etc., and who so far have shown great interest in this new departure.

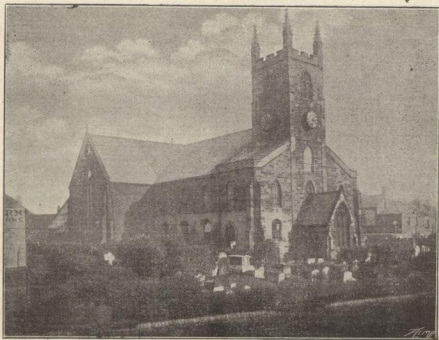
In the hope of teaching the girls something of the various places of interest in and near Sunderland, and of developing their powers of observation and their love of the Beautiful, a series of "school-journeys" has been organised. The Docks have been visited, so have Durham and Finchale Priory, and two classes have walked along the coast to South Shields. Mrs Bentham, of Park Place East, whose little daughter is in the School, accompanied the first party to Finchale and very generously made arrangements for tea, defraying a considerable part of the expense. The exercises which are written the day following the "journey" prove the value—if proof were needed—of these *al fresco* lessons.

A View of Finchale Priory appears in this month's Magazine.

We congratulate Mary Wilson, daughter of the Rev. John Wilson, B.A., B.D., on passing the London Matriculation Examination in the First Class last June just before she left school. On looking down the list of successful candidates we are glad to see the names of the following Old Bedans, now Pupil Teachers:—Jos. Robinson, Alf. Cowen, Jas. H. Thompson, and Richd. F. Coates.

R. Littlehailes, Exhibitioner of Balliol College, Oxford, who gained a Second Class in Mathematical Moderations in June, has been granted leave by the College Authorities and the Board of Education to go to the University of Kiel for a year, and then to return to Oxford.

We have long been able to say that, among Old Bedans, there are graduates or undergraduates of *every University in England*. Littlehailes goes abroad in August; so, before the most of



BISHOPWEARMOUTH CHURCH—WHERE GENERAL HAVELOCK WAS BAPTIZED.

our readers see this paragraph, Bede School will have a representative—and not one to be ashamed of—at one of the principal *Continental* Universities.

On Friday, July 6th, three of the Senior boys—two of whom were preparing for the Oxford Senior Local Examination—were left for a short time in the Chemical Laboratory to finish an ordinary experiment. They finished it just before twelve o'clock, put their apparatus away, and then, unfortunately,—prompted, perhaps, by thoughts of the Mafeking Relief Celebration Fireworks—instead of coming straight to their class-room they took it into their heads to get some strontium carbonate, sulphur, and potassium chlorate, and make "red fire." Next, one boy, Herbert Wood, put some potassium chlorate, potassium nitrate, and a little red phosphorus into a mortar. Advised by one of his companions not to have anything to do with this compound except in the open air he carried it out to the Laboratory back-yard, and, knowing himself that the mixture was dangerous—though not realizing *how* dangerous—he did not blend the ingredients by means of a pestle, but used his fingers instead, as likely to cause less friction. Their warmth, however, exploded the stuff, shattering the mortar, cutting Wood's hands badly, and scorching parts of his face. After his hands had been bound up the Head Master

immediately sent him, with Mr. Richardson and Mr. Blyth, in a cab to the Infirmary, and then went and told his father of the occurrence.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the lad's patience and uncomplaining endurance after he was hurt. Without saying so much as "Oh! dear!" he let his hand be stitched, and his face, eyes, and eye-lids be examined and dressed, though he was perfectly conscious all the time and must have been in great pain. He received the utmost kindness and attention from the Infirmary doctors, sisters, and nurses, and made such a rapid recovery that in a week he was able to go home; and we are very glad to say that now it is believed he will suffer *no* permanent ill effects from his mishap. He was sorry to be prevented from taking his examination which, as one of the steadiest and cleverest boys in the school, he would almost certainly have passed with credit; but, directly after the accident, he said he would take the examination next year, and try to do all the better in it for having had an extra twelve months' preparation!

Wood contributed a very readable little Article to the April *Bedan*.

Though the School has been established more than ten years, and sixty boys and girls, on an average, use the Chemical Laboratory daily, no Laboratory accident of any moment, except that just described, has occurred. The two Rules

forbidding pupils to be in the Laboratory without a Teacher, and forbidding them to go into the Store-room without express directions, have hardly ever been relaxed—never, indeed, except on rare occasions when only a few individuals among the Senior Scholars have been concerned. Henceforward they will *always* be stringently enforced. The following Notice will always appear on the Store-room Door:—

"Pupils are strictly forbidden to go into this Store-room except by the orders and in the presence of a Teacher."

In June Mr D. M. Chapman, B.Sc., one of our Old Boys, came back to the school as an Assistant Master. He was a Pupil Teacher at Valley Road School, and a student at the Durham College of Science, Newcastle, and took his degree a few weeks ago. Mr Chapman is a valuable addition to the staff.

In July we were much pleased to have a visit from Wm. Crompton Smith. He has recently distinguished himself highly at the Durham College of Science, gaining the Associateship in Science with Honours in both mathematics and physics, and being bracketed first on the general list with Miss Aldis with whom he divides the Charles Mather Scholarship. We believe that Miss Aldis's uncle was Senior Wrangler and her father Second Wrangler.

Quite unsolicited Smith made a remark which we commend to such of our older boys and girls as are not compelled to leave school. It was this:—"I have always regretted the mistake I made in leaving this school a year too soon. What I should have learnt here, particularly in mathematics, by staying a third year in the Upper School, would have stood me in good stead again and again."

In June John Neill passed, with Honours, the first Examination for the Durham B.Sc. degree in Electrical Engineering, being bracketed first in Practical Chemistry and placed third on the general list. Neill left Bede School twelve months ago after completing a three years' course in the Upper School. As he is far the youngest member of his Class at College—not being seventeen years old yet—we think his success in the highest degree meritorious.

On July 4th, when school was over, Colonel Coulson, of Newbrough Hall, gave the Boys and the Girls two most interesting and effective addresses on the subject of Kindness to Animals.

Now and *At present* are not always synonymous terms. A Sunderland clergyman the other day told a Bedan a story which illustrates this

forcibly. A young woman had just been to him "to put in the banns". On his asking what her father's occupation was she hesitated a moment and then answered, "Well—er—he used to be a joiner; but, *at present*, he's dead!"

Mr J. W. Hawkins, of Darlington, the new Art Teacher, will enter upon his duties at the school on August 27th.

Richard Dodds has passed the second Examination for the B.Litt. degree of Durham, and Tom Rae the Institute of Architects' Probationers' Examination. A few conspicuous successes of Old Bedans at the recent Evening Science Examinations will be alluded to in our next issue.

We regret that, even after cutting out Gem No. 11, a View, and some of the usual Notices, and using a good deal of small print, we are still unable to find room for many approved Contributions. We hope to have space for some of them—including one entitled "To Preliminary Students in the Art of Cycling" already in type—in the October *Bedan* the Leading Article in which will be very short.



THE FAMILY PET.

"SINCE you have got THAT DOG I have never had a meal in peace!" Such is my mother's constant exclamation at breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper-time. 'That Dog' is a bull-dog pup named Teufel. Most of my fellow-Bedans do not know German. I must therefore tell them that 'Teufel' means 'Devil'. However, for shortness we usually call the pup Beelzebub.

He is now eleven months old, and has been with us about seven. His appearance? Well, it is difficult to convey in words an idea of his expression, in which ferocity and amiability are curiously combined, of his turned-in toes and turned-out elbows, and of the absolutely unmitigated ugliness of his face. This I may truly say: his features are not of the sort that anybody would call 'small'; 'massive' describes them very accurately.

Since his arrival he has passed through many ailments, such as worms, distemper, and influenza. He has been run over; but the cruel waggon-wheel did not shorten his life, though it *did* his tail. And once he was 'laid up' for a time because somebody had given him poison. Yet such is the inhumanity of the human race that members of our household have declared they preferred him when he was ill! They say it is better to have him 'in hospital' than 'all over

the place'.

Of course, like all youngsters, he suffers from teething. His only solace is—not Dr. X's Teething Powders, but—wood (good polished mahogany preferred), shoe leather, and calves—cows' calves and anybody's calves. Sitting down on some of the chairs, one cannot but notice a gentle rocking sensation: you see Teufel has gnawed rather more from some of the legs than from others. The scientific boys and girls of Bede School will readily understand that this makes the chairs rather 'coggly'—to use an expressive Sunderland word. A time-honoured kitchen dresser can no longer be trusted with any great weight of plates. Do you say "Why"? Well, simply because Teufel has worried the feet of that stout old piece of furniture with such dire effect that, if he has not driven it quite mad, he has certainly deprived it almost entirely of understanding(s)! Then, as to the family shoes, they are first found reduced to a state of pulp, and, by and by, they are not found at all—though, at such times, Teufel's perceptible increase in girth hints at their whereabouts.

Formerly I used to enjoy long walks in the country, and delight in the elevation of mind which is naturally produced by views of hills and dales and great stretches of level country covered with waving grass and glowing flowers. I still go for walks, but Beelzebub—who, if not ill, insists on being my companion—is so obtrusively attractive and so fond of playing with children, that, alas! my mind is no longer open solely to the influences of inanimate nature. Doggie loves children so violently that he rushes at them and tumbles them down in his desire to offer his caresses. But his affection is seldom reciprocated, and much of my time is necessarily spent in picking up the bodies, hats, toys, and etceteras of the prostrate little ones, and in wiping away their tears. Children of an older growth openly insult him, and the remark 'O my! what an ugly fyecle!' is applied, with a somewhat wearisome iteration, to Beelzebub's physiognomy.

Would that I had the pen of a Jerome to describe the scenes which frequently disturbed the quiet of our own household ere we ourselves fully appreciated his playful ways! It was no uncommon thing for us to mount chairs, tables, sofas, any place or any thing where Teufel could not sample our shoes!

But Teufel is not an unmixed evil. It is sometimes difficult, even for great philosophers, to connect cause and effect; but, on the other hand, the task is often so easy that boys and girls can accomplish it. Bedans, please consider the following case:—

Up to *seven months ago* the midnight slumbers of all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood in

which our house is situated were regularly disturbed by the noise of many peace-meetings of the members of the feline tribe. *Now,*

Unbroke is our rest.—
No cat dares molest!

If I were to ask "Who or what has produced this blessed effect?" I fancy you would all name one cause, and one cause only—"BEELZEBUB!"

P.



LINES BY A BEDAN TEACHER,

WRITTEN JUST BEFORE
THE MIDSUMMER VACATION.

THE girl is too much with us: late and soon,
Patiently prodding, we lay waste our powers.
We don't effect much, but our temper sours.

We'd give the school away, a sordid boon,
These constant babblers, blow them to the moon,
Where we can't hear them, chattering at all
hours,

Or shut them each in separate lonely towers.
They talk so much, they've sent me out of tune.

They tire me out. Great Scott! I'd rather be
Some labourer, shivering in a coat out-worn,
So might I, sometimes, trudging home to tea,

Not feel so weary, worried, and forlorn,
Might feel a stolid, real tranquillity,

Instead of wishing I had ne'er been born.

E.



GARDENS.

A MONTH or two ago, as I was leaving Bede School, I was startled, nay more, I was horrified, to see two young Bedans standing with the utmost unconcern in front of the main building on what had always been to me sacred ground, ground on which the feet of only Teachers and other honoured mortals might tread. If I remember aright, one of the trespassers was armed with a spade, the other with a shovel, and the two were digging away as though all the weight of the first curse ever pronounced had fallen upon them, and they indeed had to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

"Can they be qualifying for lady-gardeners?" I wondered. I knew quite well that Bedans, when their school-days were over, took to all kinds of trades, professions, and occupations; but I had never heard the calling of a lady-gardener so much as mentioned. Consequently, as I could not solve the problem by myself, I made enquiries, and was told that each class was

going to become the possessor of a piece of ground which it might call its own. Think, all non-Bedans, of the honour and importance attached to the possession of a garden—even if it is only one foot by four.

Well, soon there came a universal digging up. But if you want to know about this, do not ask me, ask the worms. Oh, the thousands that were made wanderers on the face of the earth! the hundreds that were ruthlessly massacred! the tens that managed to hold their own against the army of intruders!

"After a storm, there comes a calm", and after a period of untold energy came one of tidy barrenness, for nothing was to be seen but well-kept soil. At length appeared a single wallflower, and one or two pansy roots, the lonely heralds of the grandeur to come.

But, at the present time, there is a goodly show in front of Bede School. Flowers of all kinds bloom and flourish. Of course some seeds which were sown have not produced plants, and conversely, some plants are there the seeds of which were never sown by Bedans—for weeds thrive apace in spite of the efforts of such of my energetic school-fellows as superintend these gardens.

But yet the Bedanical gardens (other people talk of *Botanical* gardens, so why should not I of *Bedanical*?), although they cannot compete with the Winter Gardens of Sunderland, or be as famous as the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, are possessions of which Bedans may be justly proud, even if it must be acknowledged that they afford (as I have found by experience that they *do*) not only things beautiful, like shrubs, plants, and flowers, but also things which to us girls are somewhat repulsive—I mean worms, earwigs,

ETC.



FURTHER CHRONICLES OF THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHER.

[These evidently refer to Durham University Convocation Day and the Public Presentation for Degrees, June 19th, 1900.]

AND again, I, the ancient philosopher, speak unto you, and I would tell you of a thing I saw erstwhile. It was a great and wondrous ceremony. For, since I had passed through the Hall of Learning—*aliter, Schola Bedae apud Sunderlandium*—where the youths and maidens did become filled with the wisdom of Minerva, I had seen colleges and universities to which many of them afterwards passed. And there many of them worked diligently, not contemning pleasure, but taking it as it came. And they learned yet greater wisdom, and their eyes also

were opened to this, that their knowledge was but as a very little thing, and they became filled with humility and worshipped at the feet of the masters.

Now when they have become imbued with the scientific spirit, and when they can read and understand the Ancient Writers to the good liking and approbation of those set in authority over them—these being satisfied, confer upon them, with rite and ceremony, the degree and rank which they are to hold in the learned world. Now, also, it seemed good to me that I should behold this ceremony; so therefore I betook me to ancient Durham City, where standeth a castle and noble cathedral, and where houses are quaint and streets narrow.

On the morning of the great day it rained; but this, I found, has occurred from time immemorial every Convocation Day, and men regard it now as part of the ceremony. And as I came to the castle I beheld many black-robed students in the streets; many were merry and some sad, and many were searching for the hood, without which no one may be capped, and many bore their fond and admiring relatives round with them,—and these becrowded students looked saddest of all.

After I had passed the dread Keeper of the Gate and entered the Castle and come finally to the Hall, lo, there was assembled there a goodly company, splendidly attired.

The élite were in the seats at the front, even near the professors. And the students, and those without the pale, were at the back. They stood on forms, they clung to window-sills, they were perched in every conceivable place, in every conceivable posture; and some had whistles and some trumpets, and one a banjo and another a phonograph (but this last the assemblage would *not* tolerate), and all had deep and stentorian voices, and cried aloud, and made a great noise.

Now it chanced that I was come early to the place, and I beheld how the students greeted him who ushered the élite to their places, and called him endearing names, and cried 'Pussy' unto him, and said "Oh, shame! Pussy; don't smile so hard at the ladies, Pussy". And now, behold, one cometh with a mace, and after him the Dean, white, stately, and reverend, and then a company, gorgeous as a bed of flowers, in blue and violet, yellow, green and red. These radiant ones are the professors. All then stand, and from the outer darkness, where the students are, comes the sound of many voices, and a noise like the tramping of armed men.

In a little while the silence which ought to prevail does *not*, and the Dean and he who sits on his right hand, both old and reverend, read many things; but what these things are, or what may be their purport, no man knows, for no

man ever hears them, because of the many voices.

Then anon, one of the greatest among the masters riseth and leadeth his students to the Dean (who is Warden of the University), and presenteth each to him, and to each the Dean speaketh, and by his word conferreth on each his own proper degree; and some that have risen very high he taketh by the hand, and looketh kindly upon them. And I noticed that several of the persons presented for degrees were students called Old Bedans, and that at least two of these had obtained the highest honours.

And when the Presentees leave the Dean and come back towards the other students, because of the greatness of the ordeal, and their blushing honours being thick upon them, and perchance because their hearts are humble within them, (but of this last I speak not certainly) they know not how to go, nor where to look, nor yet what to do with their hands. For some look on the ground, and some at the ceiling, and some do suddenly close one eye, and nod to their fellow students, and some put their hands in their pockets, and some swing them like pendulums, and some grasp their chins, and many other ludicrous things they do.

Then their fellow-students applaud with fervour those whom they love, and when they like them not, silence falls; and during the great ceremony they speak many things in a loud voice. And one saith, "Don't be shy", and another, "How pleased mother will be!", and another, "Do hold your head up, please", and yet another, "I say, old chap, go and have a meal. You're too thin", and again, "Got your degree at last, sonny", and yet again, to him who is reading, "Speak up! speak up! We can't hear. That's better. All that on one page! Turn over. Full stop." And oft and again from all sides comes "Who ploughed S . . . ? Who ploughed S . . . ?" But to this there is no answer.

And when we had seen all the newly-made Doctors of Divinity and Bachelors of Science and Literature, and the Associates and Licentiates, I, and all the others, departed—many impressed, many amused, and all satisfied,—save perchance those who, at the Examinations preceding the ceremony, had been 'plucked' or 'ploughed'.

PHILOSOPHUS.



THE HOLIDAY ADVENTURE OF A BEDAN.

[NOTE.—The following jingling narrative describes, in rather prolix style, an incident which actually occurred to a Bedan boy staying in the English Lake District during the Midsummer Vacation, 1899, and which gave him a great

fright;—for, meaning to see how *only a little patch* of heather would burn, he kindled a flame which eventually destroyed nearly all the heather on a mountain side! The raging torrent of fire fortunately did not reach a forest of fir-trees—a contingency which at one time seemed highly probable; but yet its proportions were literally tremendous, and its effects appeared to him at the time wholly disastrous. He was afterwards in some measure comforted to learn that what he had done by accident and without authority is sometimes carried out designedly by properly-appointed people;—that is, all the heather on a hill-side is occasionally burnt off, just to promote a fresh and better growth.

Our youthful versifier's effort is of unequal merit. The rhyme and the rhythm (which is not of the easiest to manage) are good throughout, but the diction is at times poor, and some of the stanzas are little better than doggerel. Others are distinctly clever; and any Bedan who resents the imputation of Macchiavellianism put upon him or her in the last stanza but one will surely be appeased by the skillfully-expressed and daring compliment contained in the last stanza of all.—Ed., *The Bedan*.]

ONE sultry, breathless, August day,
When the noonday sun was shining,

I saw a Bedan blithe and gay,
On a mountain slope reclining.

He clapped his hands to fright the sheep
Over rock and heather browsing,
And laughed aloud to see them leap,
His gullaws the echoes rousing.

'Twas holiday, and he was free
From his class-master's inspection;
He shouted "Baa" right lustily,
Without risk of swift correction.

When he grew tired of his own noise,
He produced a box of matches,
And in a manner dear to boys,
He made sundry strokes and scratches.

At length one match burnt bright and clear.—
He applied it to the heather!

"The flames won't spread.—I have no fear.—
This clump stands off altogether."

Then rising he went on his way
To explore a height still higher;
But, looking back, to his dismay
He beheld a *fresh* patch of fire.

As quick as thought down hill he flew,
Just the boy, he did not doubt it,
To make yon flaming spot look blue;—
He would not be long about it!

His soles were broad, and stout, and strong;
He could stamp it out, he knew it.—
Alas, his reckoning went wrong,
When he struggled to subdue it.

Though he danced a fling with antic tread,
In his stern determination;
It hissed and crackled, roared and spread,
Far beyond his calculation.

Oh never, never more indeed,
Would he loose a fire from tether,
To choose its own unbridled speed,
In a time of droughty weather!

In harvest fields, far down below,
Reapers stood in consultation;
From each to each advice did flow
With no small gesticulation.

Alas, their sage remarks grew faint,
Ere they reached our Bedan hero,
Who looked a tortured martyr-saint,
In his nimbus-brimmed sombrero.

At length he owned himself dead-beat,
And with smarting eyes, and choking,
He rushed for breath, and brief retreat,
To the heather not yet smoking.

A breeze had risen, and a wood
Of fir-trees, tall and stately,
Stretched out a mile from where he stood,
And this fact disturbed him greatly.

For nearer, nearer swept the flame,
Like a golden wave advancing;
Or, leaping oft upright, it came
Like a horse to battle prancing.

Grey rabbits ran from out each hole
In a panic-stricken hurry,
While laden bees, the hive their goal,
Buzzed around, and caused him worry.

He groaned aloud in helpless fear.—
The fire! Would it never slacken?
All things lay lifeless in its rear,
The heather, the grass, and bracken.

And where to go, he did not know,
For the natives would be waiting
To catch him if he went below,
Or to harass him by prating.

How could he all the damage pay,
If the law should hold him debtor?—
Perhaps he ought to run away;
He could think of nothing better.

He clambered up a craggy steep
When the evening bells were clanging,
And lay full length to hide and peep
Where the rocks were overhanging.

He called himself "an awful fool"—
With a heart-breaking endeavour,
He bade good-bye to the old Bede School,
And his home and friends, for ever.

He tarried only till the blaze
Should enwrap the firs in splendour,
When he would vanish in the haze;—
'Twould be better than surrender!

Just then he noted joyfully,
That a stone wall barred the distance,
And to the fire's bold march might be
An effectual resistance.

Fierce, sweeping onward to the west,
The flame hugged the fir-trees nearly,
And up to the stone wall it progressed,—
Thank Heaven! there 'twas stopped, quite clearly.

Then hope rose high within his heart;
As for rustics, he defied them!
The Agnostic's, and the Stoic's, part
Should be his, when down beside them.

He shrewdly guessed they had not seen
At a thousand feet, or farther,
The primal spark. And did he mean
To hold his own tongue? Yes! Rather!

Though now the flames had reached the wall,
Which repelled their fitful leaping,
Our Bedan did not move at all
Till the world below was sleeping.

A chilled and hungry boy was he,
When he sought his farm-house lodging,
By slow descent, and cautiously,
And—well—not a little dodging.

He seemed a sadder, wiser boy,
When he took his next day's airing:
Nor could the natives' chaff destroy
His unknowing, stolid bearing.

He wore an air of calm repose,
When with loud bucolic laughter,
They quizzed the blister on his nose,
Saying "What hev yer bin after?"

And in the town three miles away,
People viewed the devastation;
While others gossiped all the day
Of the past night's conflagration.

Folk asked him, "Did you see the fire?"
Or in glowing terms portrayed it;
And one whom science did inspire
To the sun's charge wrongly laid it.

Perhaps you think our friend looked sly,
Or winked.—No, he, being prudent,
Suppressed the twinkle in his eye,
As became a Bede School student.

And still the heath is seared and dark;
Ay, for miles that fire's left traces.—
THIS SHOWS HOW BEDANS MAKE THEIR MARK
IN THE MOST EXALTED PLACES.

E. E. S.



LORD DURHAM'S GARDEN PARTY AT LAMBTON CASTLE.

Friday, June 22nd, 1900.

AS RELATED TO ONE OF THOSE BEDANS—
B.S.—WHOSE PARENTS WERE THERE.

THE etiquette would not be exacting. This was made fairly plain by the newspaper announcement that dress was to be "as convenient" to the comfort of the guests. If one's comprehension needed further stimulus to a proper conception of the occasion it could have been found in an audibly whispered intimation in the train that "it" would be very mixed. Several ladies bridled at the suggestion, amongst them myself, inasmuch as the person making it wore an air which more than hinted that, were it the most exclusive of occasions, *she* would still be there. Fat, fair, and the census-taker knows what besides, there can be no doubt she felt it her duty to stand by the Earl in the trying situation of descending to the *bourgeois* level that would obtain. We other people naturally bridled, because we were made to feel the true inwardness of the family grocer's quotation from the wrapper of one of his wares, viz.:—"This [that is, the stuff wrapped up] is sold as a *mixture of chicory and coffee.*"

However, having put on company manners, I myself showed a proper restraint, helped greatly thereto by the recollection that I had a relative occupying a seat in a Parish Council of which a real baronet was chairman, and that my own father had been a Churchwarden and might be one again. This notwithstanding, I had doubts

of my own *form*, and felt a numbing pain at the heart as I remembered the six inches by four invitation card which I had not brought, but which I learnt from the fat and fair authority was quite the proper thing to bring.

One characteristic of his Norman descent the Earl is compelled to maintain: he is ineradicably dark of visage. He may discard belt and armour, may lay aside the great two-handed sword of his forefathers, may denude his castle of moat, draw-bridge, and portcullis; may dress himself in surtout and stove-pipe hat and display none of the accoutrements of the hero who slew the Lambton Worm; but dark of visage he cannot help but be, this great mark of his line absolutely refusing to yield to any occasion or call of fashion.

How would he take it that I had not the passport? Would his eyes scorch me? Would he lay me waste with a look? Would he summon his minions to cast me forth? Not so! He just took my hand, and with a smile, not darkly conveying a dread judgment, but wholly genial and welcoming and without needing any accompaniment of words, bade me free of his castle, his domains, and his hospitality, without let or hindrance on the point of divers or sundry, and passed me on to the Lady Anne, to be charmed by her grace of manner, and won by her sweet womanly smile.

And what a castle! What domains! What hospitality! A city father, eloquent in council, a walking encyclopaedia of terms on street lighting, tramways electric and tramways of every other sort, rating, assessments, matters sanitary and matters not; fluent also on municipal post-prandial occasions; found the situation beggarly to his powers, and, after several vain efforts to do it justice, summed it up in the all-embracing, practical, truthful and unclassical expression, that it was tip-top!

Who was there? The butcher and the baker, and as it says in the song, the quiet-looking quaker; the soldier and the sailor—!! No, not the sailor; he was conspicuous by his absence. We saw his mementoes of Ladysmith, but the handyman himself we did not see, because, to use the language of the great Captain Cuttle in explaining to Mr. Toots the reason of his not being able to see Sol Gibs, "he was invisible." Why? Readers of *The Bedan* who have seen the Durham people demonstrate their affection for and pride in Captain Hedworth, will scarcely ask why. Sooner than experience afresh the tokens of the citizens' goodwill he would surely go through the furnace of Ladysmith again, even if it were heated ten times hotter than was its wont. I have read of men hard pressed, white-faced, despairing, spent, in conditions that have awakened my deepest pity and commiseration;

and I have seen one man so situated—none other indeed than Captain Hedworth himself. Truly the love of the Durhamite passeth all understanding, and his hug is like unto that of the bear. The sailor was prevented from attending the Garden Party by his duties. Fortunate man, and fortunate Earl whose garden it was, and even more fortunate gardener who gardened it; for we should have trampled it out of recognition unless he had kept us off with the hose, as doubtless he desperately would have tried to do, had Captain Lambton been present to evoke the rush and tumult of our emotions.

The doctor was there, and the undertaker. It is quite by accident they are mentioned in this order; I am not aware of any reason why they should be; and I can scarcely believe that they were present solely to point a moral or adorn a tale, though they could scarcely fail to remind the thoughtless of the dangers of yielding to the seductions of fashion or of the refreshment tables: that is to say, it would have been so had they been generally recognised. As a matter of fact the doctor was the most unprofessionally-dressed and most cheerful-looking man on the lawns, save and except the undertaker. If they served any professional purpose at all, it was that the one most decidedly increased *the tone* of the occasion, and the other showed that the proper treatment of dull care is to bury it. Long may it be ere we associate with these two gentlemen in any other way.

One must not particularise more.

What was the dress like? That is a question which may be answered in a word. It was like what one may see on any Summer Sunday after morning service at Christ Church, with a man in a blazer added. It was worn, though, without the demure air that goes so prettily with the action of carrying a prayer-book. It made one think of an up-to-date Eden. As the thousand or so creations of the costumier's art wove in-and-out patterns on the green sward, and the bands diffused rhythmic strains throughout the atmosphere, and as one acceded to the quietly solicitous attentions of the still-moving waitresses—or, which was quite as nice, the self-constituted waiters—and as one retained the consciousness that the gathers of one's dress were not being pulled out by awkward male feet, Eden up-to-date it was, no less.

Oh! but it was a great day; a day that will furnish much to muse upon in time to come. It was a proud day for the citizens of Durham, for was it not their Mayor whose splendid home and grounds had been the scene of the Party? It was a laborious day for the Earl—and his domestics and his gardeners. Let us hope, however, that the obvious pleasure which the noble host's personal kindness gave to his

numerous guests may have afforded him some satisfaction.

Grant we may not have made the Mayoralty too responsible an office for him to undertake it again!



THOUGHTS ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

[BY A GIRL, BEDAN.]

I HAVE often heard it said that school-days are the happiest, and I feel quite sure of it, now that I too am leaving school.

Dear old Bede School! How miserable I feel when I think of the dark days coming—days when it will not be my privilege to come within your walls. The end is surely approaching, and will have to be faced: how, I do not know and dare not think. But "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Happily, the occupations of the present are too numerous to allow of much thought for the future. Indeed, I find it to be the best policy to put my nose to the grindstone and work;—for instance, to try to concentrate my attention on Cæsar's account of the attack on Alesia, which certainly does not specially attract me, but which usually keeps all thoughts absorbed, and so gives little chance for the emotions to come into play. Nevertheless, I keep feeling that something is wrong, that some black cloud is hanging about my head. I put it down to an inward monitor, a sort of conscience which absolutely refuses to allow me to become, even for so short a time as a fortnight, totally indifferent to the future. But I am resigned now to my fate.

If I were left to myself, the thought of leaving school would never enter my head: I should be content to spend all my days there. But, after all, I am afraid *that* would be selfish. Yes! And it would be living in a very small area;—keeping ideas and notions confined within too small a sphere.

Further, that it is for the benefit of others as well as myself that I should leave school, cheers me a little, but not very much.

It has been stated in my hearing that Bedans are noted for self-confidence, but this Bedan isn't. I feel rather queer and just a little shaky, on going up College Road, Newcastle, some time past, to pay a visit to the place of my future studies. The size of the building struck me at once, and then, after having noticed the calm dignified silence that reigned within, and having had my vision startled by the spectacle—and *spectacles*—of numerous strange begowned creatures, black winged "omnivorous bipeds", I felt

positively awed. If anything else had happened that day to magnify the College and minify me, I am sure my head would have met my feet with a crash, for I was gradually growing smaller and smaller. I was feeling so impressed that I believe I should have quite agreed with anyone who might have described me as a molecule in a vaporous condition.

Why I should be overwhelmed with doubts as to my managing to "get along" at College, I cannot tell. Not being a pessimist by nature, however, I will shake off this ugly cloak of melancholy and turn to the bright side, and hope that they will not all be geniuses who congregate there, eclipsing the light of a very small flame with their brilliant rays. I'll strap on my armour and gird up my loins, and refuse to be beaten. When any formidable obstacle arises before me I will think of the victories achieved by other Bedans there, and rekindle my enthusiasm.

If I should not be successful, then I will think of the words of the poet—

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood",

and try to be comforted; but oh! the thought of what might have been!

Good-bye, Dear Old School! I do not want to think of the time when I shall have to tear myself away. What shall I do when it comes to last farewells? Ah, there will be tears and "thoughts too deep for words". Even the idea of absence "makes the heart grow fonder". I must hope for the best; hope that one day in the future I may be raised to the honour of being a Bede teacher, and may once more dwell peacefully within the shelter of the same old home.

Dr.



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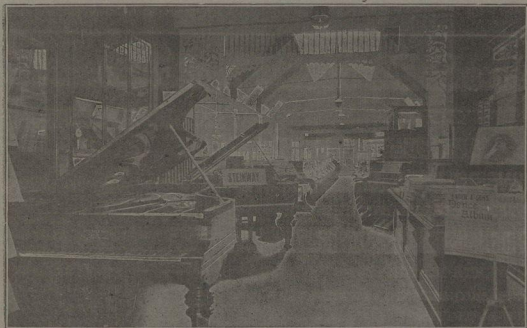
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