

The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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
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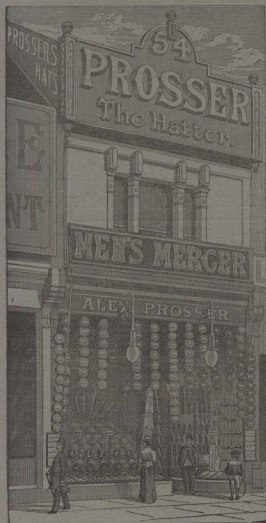
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BEDE SCHOOL: GIRLS AT DRILL.



BEDE SCHOOL: NOTICE AS TO NEW SCHOLARS.

There are still a few 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 as soon as possible, as Monday, August 27th, was 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.

"TIME ROLLS HIS CEASELESS COURSE."

Sir Walter Scott has told us this, in *The Lady of the Lake*. But, even if he had not done so, the fact would have forced itself upon our notice just now—for *The Bedan*, with the present number, completes its Second Year of publication, and we must therefore, at this time, point out to our many good friends that the Third Year's Series will begin with No. 13 in December, and that the Third ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION will then fall due.

We are grateful for the discriminating praise and the stimulating and encouraging criticism of the Press and of many readers from amongst the general public. It has been many times stated that, as regards interest and literary merit, *The Bedan*, from the beginning, set up a standard which, for a School Magazine contributed to by nobody not connected with the School, was somewhat high, and that that standard has been fully maintained. The opinion thus expressed it would be most ungracious for us to question—even if we did not agree with it. We honestly think it, however, substantially correct. But our Contributors must try to make *The Bedan* better than ever!

The Magazine, though not carried on without a good deal of care and hard work, does not involve the persons re-

sponsible for it in any pecuniary loss. The Second Annual Statement of Accounts, which will appear in the December Number, will show that *The Bedan* continues to be a financial success.

The Circulation shows a small increase. Any increase is to some extent satisfactory; but, remembering that the number of Old Bedans is nearly *four thousand*, we shall not feel content until the Magazine has a much wider circle of readers among our old scholars than the present circulation implies. Will *each* boy and girl now at Bede School try to secure *one* Annual Subscriber from the good-sized army of Past scholars, many of whom we believe do not take the Magazine simply because they are quite ignorant of its existence.

And may we ask the Parents of our pupils to *read* the Magazine? Just lately the father of one of our boys wrote to say how satisfied he was with the great progress which his son had made since he came to the school some years ago as a tiny youngster, and then this gentleman went on to ask (we are sure, in good faith) whether it would be possible for his boy to learn sufficient mathematics at this school to fit him to go to be an Engineering apprentice! On being told that not a few boys had, *while at* Bede School, gained Government Certificates for passing examinations in pure and analytical conics, spherical trigonometry, and the differential and integral calculus, he saw at once how really absurd his question was, and said frankly "I did not know that the School had ever had such remarkable successes; and, what is more, I am certain that hundreds of other men in the town—including several School Board Members whom I am acquainted with—are equally ignorant." Well, now, Parents who read *The Bedan* are able to learn a good deal not only about the various pupils' successes, but also with regard to the general character of the school. Indeed, the Magazine fails to accomplish one of its main objects if it is

not a means of inter-communication between the Teachers and the School on the one hand, and the Parents on the other.

One point more. A great many people persist in mispronouncing the Magazine's name. As we remarked, two years ago, the Latin form of the noun Bede is *Beda*, and from the stem of the latter word the adjective *Bedánus* (which means "belonging or pertaining to Bede") is naturally formed—just as the Latin nouns *Roma* (Rome), *silva* (a wood), *urbs* (a city), naturally give the adjectives *Románus*, *silvánus*, *urbánus*. But the English forms of the last three words are *Róman*, *sílván*, *úrban*. Nobody talks about "a Román general," or "a sílván scene," or "an Urbán Council." And nobody ought to talk about *The Bedán*.

Perhaps the proper pronunciation of the word in question can best be indicated by the spelling *Bēd'n*; but anybody who says 'old un', 'young un', 'good un', and so on, will not be very far wrong if he calls the Magazine 'The Beed un'. Almost anything is preferable to the grotesque 'B'dánn' now much in vogue.



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 each other. 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.]

The School is nearly, but not quite, full. At Midsummer there was, as usual, a big exodus of older pupils. Since the Holidays, however, 174 boys and girls have been admitted, and there are now 780 names on the registers.

Attention is directed to the Notice as to New Scholars which appears at the top of page 182.

"Things have been spread very thick to-day, and considerable layers of work invite my gentle

assiduities at this moment", a teacher remarked to us one July afternoon when school was over. Some other members of the Staff would have been justified in making a similar statement every evening of the first week of our New School Year—which began on August 27th. A certain amount of extra busy-ness is inevitable at the beginning, and at the end, of each year; but, now, everything is working very smoothly and pleasantly.

For several issues *The Bedan* has seldom contained more than one typographical error, but the August Number was the first to be absolutely free from any misprint whatever.

We give a few of the Newspaper Notices of the August *Bedan* :—

Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

"The August number of "The Bedan", the magazine published in connection with the Sunderland Bode Higher Grade School, contains several articles of more than ordinary interest, accompanied by illustrations. There is a sketch of the career of General Havelock, the hero of Lucknow, with an illustration of his monument at Sunderland, and of the church at Bishopwearmouth where he was baptised."

Sunderland Morning Mail.

"I welcome the appearance of the August number of "The Bedan". Its high class character is kept up. Most interesting is an article on General Havelock, the hero of Lucknow, who was born at Ford Hall in 1795. The article gives a comprehensive survey of the principal events in the distinguished soldier's life, and graphic descriptions of some scenes in the Indian Mutiny. There is a promising humorist amongst the contributors, who in the present number enlarges on the vagaries of a pet bull-pup. The number also contains a racy description of the Earl of Durham's garden party."

The Reviewer then goes on to speak of Sunderland in Havelock's boyhood: a topic referred to in the Article on the General.

Newcastle Daily Leader.

"A 'BEDAN' AND THE EARL OF DURHAM.—The current number of 'The Bedan' contains, among several interesting features, a particularly sprightly article on the garden party given by Lord Durham at Lambton Castle on June 22nd last. His Lordship, it may be, will be interested in this description of his personal appearance which is given by the observant Bedan :—'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, drawbridge, and portcullis, may dress himself in surcoat 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 mark of his line absolutely refusing to yield to any occasion or call of fashion.'"

Sunderland Echo.

"The general contents of the August number of 'The Bedan' are distinctly above the average. The editor's notes are exceptionally interesting, dealing, as they do, with those who have been associated with the school. The principal article is an illustrated biographical sketch of 'General Havelock, the Hero of Lucknow.'"

Last month the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, Vice-Chairman of the London School Board, visited Bede School, in company with Mr. Wood and Mr. Bryers. Mr. Stanley, whom many people think the best-informed man in England on most educational matters, took away with him many particulars of the school, an August *Bedan*, and copies of the Boys' and Girls' Time Tables. The Countess of Carlisle is Mr. Stanley's sister.

The following is the List of Bede School Candidates successful at the Oxford Local Examinations, July, 1900:—

JUNIOR EXAMINATION.

Honours, Second Class: Ida W. Farrow (No. 11), with distinction in Heat; Bessie Eaves (No. 42); Lawrence Smith (No. 100); Jennie Grimstead (No. 101), with distinction in Drawing (bracketed first of the Junior Candidates).

Honours, Third Class: Mabel Newby.
Pass (Candidates under 16 years of age): Jennie Bruce, Frank N. Marsh.
Pass (Candidates over 16 years of age): Fanny Witten.

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION.

Pass (Candidates under 14 years of age): Harry Goldsbrough, Wm. A. Hardy, Jas. B. Ramsey, Geo. C. Watson.

Pass (Candidates over 14 years of age): Jno. H. Blacklock, Elsie Bruce, Florence Ellis, Edith Lumley, David Macnair, Ella Marsh, Victor C. Mitchell, Alf. R. Murray, May Pike, Geo. S. Purse, Robert Ross, Ethel Wallace, Eva C. Young.

In a geography lesson it is not well, when stating the name of the place in Ireland and the name of the place in America where the ends of the principal Atlantic Telegraphic Cable are situated, to assume that children know exactly what a Telegraphic Cable is. A Bede School Teacher found this out the other day;—for she had no sooner said, in somewhat unfortunate phraseology, that the Cable begins, on our side of the ocean, at Valentia Island, than one little mite put up her hand and asked "Please, *what time does it begin?*" (!)

About a dozen of the biggest lads cycled to Durham one of the finest Saturdays this summer, saw almost every place of interest there, and then came home delighted with their trip. Another Saturday they went to Lambton Park. The Head Master wishes to thank Mr. Simpson, who accompanied them on both occasions, and planned things in such a way that the lads had two thoroughly enjoyable whole-day outings.

Here are some extracts from a letter which we have received from Mr. Kilburn, the Conductor of the Sunderland Philharmonic Society:—

"It was quite refreshing to read the [June] *Bedan's* notice of the dear old Phil., and I thank you most heartily. The spirit which animates your Article is admirable and ought to do us all good. We want, amid the strivings of this our too competitive condition, more of those efforts which accept mutual help and a kind of brotherhood for their standard and inspiration. Your kindly sentences have this full in view . . . I hope every Member of our Committee, and many others, may read your Article."

A Football Match between teams from Bede School and Valley Road School was played on the Police Ground, Hendon, on Friday evening, October 12th, and proved most enjoyable. Each side was made up partly of teachers and partly of boys. Bede School was represented by Messrs. Ferguson, Scholefield, Park, Blyth, Wordsworth, Chapman, Scott, and Lister, with Herbert Wood, John Hurdman, and Watson Gibbs; and the principal members of the opposing team were Messrs. Woolacott, Robinson, and Wilson. Mr. James Turner, of Hendon, kindly acted as Referee.

The teams being of a decidedly 'scratch' nature all sorts of jerseys—for instance, white, brown, blue and black, blue and white, black and red—were worn, and all sorts of 'form' shown. Chapman, fresh from College and in good training, played very well; and so did Wood, the lad hurt in the Laboratory accident some weeks ago but who now seems stronger than ever. Blyth, the old League player, was, of course, the best man on the field; and Wordsworth, the old Nomads' full back and nearly as good at Association as at Rugby, was just as heart-breaking an obstacle to goal-getting as "The Valley" used to find Dick Littlehailes in years gone by. The three Valley Road teachers whom we named at the outset, all played well. To specify the *worst* player on each side would not be *kind*. Neither would it be *easy*—for there were several pretty bad ones.

Soon after the kick-off Blyth put through, but was given off-side. Then Ferguson scored from a capital pass by Park. Just before half-time Scholefield, when gallantly defending, hard pressed and with the wind against him, inadvertently scored against his own side.

In the second half Chapman kicked a fine goal from a long way out; little Hurdman, after a magnificent run, got another; and Chapman put through splendidly from a penalty. The final score, therefore, was

Bede, 4 goals; "The Valley", 1 goal.

The onlookers included, of course, a good many of the boys of the contending schools; and we also noticed amongst them a few Old Bedans

(Beal, Bolam, Chappel.) One Old Bedan, Hedley, as a present Valley Road teacher, had to play against his old school. Mr. Walton, of B. Litt., of Burley, Mr. Foster, of Rochester, Mr. Armstrong, of London, and others who have taken part in past matches between Bede School and Valley Road School will notice with interest that "The Valley" is still unable to claim *one* win in all the long list of pleasant contests between the schools.

Do any of our friends know of a good field which Bede School could rent, on reasonable terms, as a Football Ground? Tunstall Road would be the best situation.

We are glad to notice that Mr. Harry P. Brown has gained a good appointment in the office of the Chief Surveyor of Engineering in the Telegraphs Department of the General Post Office, London. He is a son of the esteemed Superintendent of Telegraphs, Sunderland. He and his brother George (now long dead) were among the boys who came to Bede School on the Opening Day, April 28th, 1890.

Mr. Lynn Wilkinson, also one of the original Bedans, and a close companion, when a lad, of the George Brown just alluded to, has been on a visit to Paris. A few years ago Mr. Wilkinson won some successes as an oarsman.

The other day another Old Bedan who had been "over seeing the Paris Exhibition" called at the School. This was Mr. F. W. Armstrong, of London, who has recently gained a National Scholarship at the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, and of whom a good deal will be said in our next Number under the head "Old Bedans, No. 7".

The inauguration of the window-boxes in the Girls' School was mentioned in *The Bedan* some months ago. Since May 23rd, marks have been awarded week by week, much excitement being attendant on this ceremony in the lower part of the school.

The prize, given by the Head Mistress, which consists of an aspidistra, and a small sum of money to be devoted to the plant fund or to a fund for buying seeds, etc., for next year, was gained by Miss Taylor's girls, last year's Standard V. The boxes of Standard VI. and the Upper School were highly commended.

Six Bedans whom we spoke of in the August Number began their studies at the Durham College of Science the first week of the current month. Their names we announce once more with great pleasure, for again they have proved

themselves a credit to Bede School by passing successfully the first examination for the degree of B. Litt. The results were announced on Saturday, 6th October. May Stella Bailes, Diana Birchall, Kate Burnett, Nora March, Muriel Watson, and Lily Wright continue to win the success they deserve.

Everybody has heard of the famous book *On Snakes in Iceland*, that had only one chapter, a very short one, which was as follows:—**THERE AREN'T ANY.**

One would have imagined that a book *On Snakes at Bede School* would have borne a close resemblance to that sententious treatise.

Yet, a few weeks ago, a 'real live' snake was found in the street just outside the school gate. How it came to be there is a mystery. Fearing it might do harm to some of the children, a passing workman bruised its head. One of the girls, filled with a laudable desire to add to the collection of curiosities in the School Museum, then carried the reptile, now apparently dead, upstairs, where it was deposited on the hearth in the Head Mistress's room, and readily showed itself to be still very much alive.

The poor creature, though badly hurt, wriggled sufficiently to inspire dread in the hearts of some of the Bedans who were suddenly confronted by it. And, truly, the sight was sufficiently startling, though the snake, no longer full of life and activity, could hardly have hurt anyone aware of its presence, and therefore able to avoid it.

It was quickly decided to kill the poor thing outright, that being the most merciful course in view of the fact that it was more than half-dead already. Mr. McIntyre, the Caretaker, who is always equal to the occasion and who is in a very real sense our 'handy-man', thought it possible to kill the animal by squeezing its head very hard. But the poor thing wriggled again in a very determined manner, and, finally, we decided to put it out of existence as painlessly as possible by drowning it.

So our distinguished visitor came to an ignoble end in a large basin!

The creature was about two feet long, and was very prettily marked—something like a mackerel. It is being preserved in spirit, and will take its place along with the Crocodile and Brother Bones as part and parcel of Bede School.

Outsiders may perhaps need to be told that B.B. is a human skeleton which for the past ten years has, in an ordinary way, often figured prominently when physiology lessons have been going on; but has at Christmas time and on other festive occasions sometimes been arrayed in a tall silk hat and a long frock-coat, and, with a pipe between its teeth—or should we say *his* teeth?—has, somewhat like poor Samson of

old, "made sport": not, however, for cruel Philistines, but merry Bedan girls.

At the Pupil Teachers' Annual Scripture Examination, in September, the two Bede School Pupil Teachers both gained prizes, Robt. W. Scott being second of 34 in the Scholarship Year, and Angelo J. Smith second of 30 in the Second Year—and just above Alfd. E. Watson, an Old Bedan now working in Valley Road School.

Since the foregoing paragraph was written it has been pointed out to us that very nearly ALL the Pupil Teachers' Scripture Examination Prizes have fallen to Old Bedans. Mildred Davidson gets 1st Prize in the Scholarship Year, Kate Robson 1st Prize in the Second Year, Nellie Brown 2nd Prize in the First Year, and Daisy Beadle 1st Prize, and Beatrice Cawe 2nd Prize, in the Candidates' Year.

We commend this rather remarkable fact to the notice of people who publish, and people who believe, the time-honoured, silly fiction "Oh! They teach *nothing but Science* at the Bede Higher Grade School!"

By the way, Alfred E. Watson gained some notable successes at the Science and Art Examinations this year. It is decidedly difficult to get *either* a First Class in Third Stage Mathematics, *or* a First Class in Advanced Practical Plane and Solid Geometry. He got *both*, and also a First Class in Advanced Perspective. We congratulate Valley Road School on having so clever a youth amongst its junior teachers.

There was a goodly show of girls of all [Bedan] generations at the Re-union on September 28th. The only regrettable thing about these gatherings is that there are always a few old girls who don't come because they are afraid no one will know them. They may rest perfectly assured that if everyone else has forgotten them—a thing almost impossible to imagine—the Head Mistress won't have done so. In many cases some of the old comrades or teachers of these absent ones make special enquiries about them, thereby showing that they are by no means unremembered.

We have, unfortunately, strong reason to believe that not a few of our boys are addicted to smoking—cigarette-smoking principally. A short time ago a gentleman of position in the town here sent us word that he had just met two Bede School boys—one thirteen years old, the other ten!—going boldly along the street, puffing away at cigarettes.

Now, whether moderate smoking is harmful or not to grown-up people is a disputed point. Authorities agree, however, that *to smoke at all is*

undoubtedly injurious to boys. Growth can only go on when the living tissues are free to be oxidized and disintegrated. But tobacco arrests such oxidation. Smoking, therefore, at any time before full maturity is reached, is plainly deleterious, for it impairs the development of the system, and causes physical degradation and premature manhood.

Besides, smoking wastes both time and money; the smell and the spitting which accompany the practice are very objectionable; and, worst of all, the habit so grows upon many people that they become its abject slaves. We trust, therefore, that Bedan boys will resist all enticements to this real evil, and keep themselves "strong and free".

Do our readers know what King James I. said of the use of tobacco? He called it "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and, in the black, stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless!"

In September Mr. John Barron left Bede School where for three years he had been a distinguished pupil, and then, for three years more, a valuable member of the Staff, to go to Oxford. We have perhaps never had a finer lad or a better teacher.

Wednesday, October 3rd, was Sunderland Election Day, and all the schools in the town were closed.

We notice that, at the Ladies' Swimming Gala held recently, Miss Annie Jack was a prize-winner. Miss Ida Brewis, whom we were glad to meet at the Girls' Re-union, used to figure prominently at the Gala some years ago.

A fortnight ago James N. Day, using a pair of crutches and with his foot in a sling, called to see his old school. In the past year he has been very unfortunate. First, the "Maggie Macnair"—which, by the way, is the name of a present Bede School girl—the ship that he was serving his apprenticeship in, was wrecked (happily without loss of life) in the Scheldt, when nearing the end of her voyage from the River Plate to Antwerp, through a collision with a German steamer. And next, when bound from Rotterdam to Cardiff in the "Magnus Mail"—which, again, is the name of a past Bede School boy, who, by the way, once contributed a very readable Article to the Magazine—he had bad weather, the vessel encountering, between the Dutch coast and the Goodwin Sands, on the Saturday before the August Bank Holiday, a terrific gale in the middle of which he was blown

against the bulwarks with such force as to smash his leg very badly. When landed at Dover twenty-five hours afterwards and taken to the hospital he was in a sad case, and the doctors thought that his leg would have to be amputated; but, fortunately, they contrived to save it after all. Day, who is very cheerful—as he always was—managed to travel home to Sunderland six weeks after his accident, and expects to be able to walk quite well by Christmas!

Professor and Mrs. Wright brought a large party of men and women students belonging to the Normal Department of the Durham College of Science to see the School on Thursday, October 4th.

On Friday, October 5th, Mr. Gordon, the Inspector of the Upper School, spent the day with us. He expressed himself as well pleased with the year's scheme of Work in Drawing suggested by the new Art Master, Mr. Hawkins.

Maurice Jacoby has passed the Preliminary Examination of the Pharmaceutical Society. He is now a Registered Apprentice at Alderman Harrison's, Bridge Street.

Last week Alan Pilling—of whom a rather long Notice appeared in *The Bedan* for April, 1899—won a Scholarship entitling him to a two years' course at the Durham University College of Science, Newcastle. Various Engineering Firms had the right to nominate one Competitor each for this Scholarship. It is gratifying to note that both Pilling, the winner—who was nominated by Messrs. Clark, of Southwick, in whose Works he has been for two years—and John Neill, No. 2 or No. 3 on the list—who, we believe, was nominated by the North Eastern Marine Engineering Co.—are Old Bedans.

Norman Stone, having completed his apprenticeship as an Engineer, has gone to the Rutherford College, Newcastle, with a view to preparing to compete, a year hence, for a Whitworth Scholarship. We believe that, hitherto, no Sunderland man has won a Whitworth Scholarship. Stone's former teachers at Bede School, remembering his earnestness and good work even in his very youthful days, wish him success in his arduous undertaking.

Some time ago Ernest Warburton went to South Africa, mainly in the interests of his health. He is doing very well there, and the climate suits him.

We are sorry to hear that Charles Gibson—who was a contemporary of Warburton's at School—has been obliged, on account of indiffer-

ent health, to relinquish the good post which he held in the N.E.R. Company's Audit Office, Newcastle. He is going out to the Cape, and will sail on November 3rd.

We notice that, of the five lads whose names appeared on the Bede School Fourth Stage Mathematics Pass List in 1892, only *one*, Joseph Cottee (who is in Mr. Westoll's Shipping Office), has settled in Sunderland. John Nimmo is an Engineer in Sydney, New South Wales; Richard Littlehailes is a student at the University of Kiel, in Germany; Howard Duncan is a Science Master at the 'Salt' Schools, Otley; and Gibson, as we have said, hopes soon to be in South Africa.

Everybody connected with Bede School—from the Head Teachers down to the youngest scholar—regrets that Mr. John McIntyre, who has been the Caretaker ever since the School was opened, is about to resign his post. Kind, courteous, cheerful, and attentive to duty, he was an universal favourite and commanded general esteem. Mr. McIntyre was formerly a petty Officer in the Navy, and was present—along with the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, not then a Captain—at the Bombardment of Alexandria. In the past ten years he has spun many a delightful yarn to Bedans of all sorts and sizes. Like most men who have been in the Navy he is fond of nautical phrases, and has a good-humoured contempt for "mere civilians" and "shore-going people".

Mr. McIntyre has been appointed School Attendance Officer for the Hendon District. The good wishes of all who have known him in his present capacity will follow him when he goes to his new sphere of work.

Many newspapers would make us believe that, nowadays, English people and French people hate one another like poison, and are not on speaking terms. But a rather comic incident which came under the notice of a Bedan teacher, going home one sunny afternoon in September seems to prove the contrary. He had distributed some new French books to his boys just before leaving school; and, at a street corner which he had to pass, he saw two of these youngsters hobnobbing with a French onion-lad, showing him a copy of the new French book, and listening open-mouthed to his voluble comments on its merits and demerits! The trio of juveniles, the onions, and the grammar made up a somewhat ludicrous but not unpleasing picture.

Here and there in England one may find an old churchyard with a lich-gate—that is, a gate over which there is a sort of rude, rustic porch or shed, whose roof generally has a ridge and two slopes, and is supported on four posts or pillars. The name 'lich-gate'—pronounced

'litch-gate'—really means 'corpse-gate,' and was given to such a structure as we have described because, when a funeral procession arrived at the churchyard, the *bier* (or wooden frame) on which the coffin was *borne* was placed under the porch or shelter;—and, indeed, sometimes remained there during part of the burial service.

A few weeks ago a party of Bedan girls went with one of their mistresses to Whitburn, and were shown, along with other things in that pretty village, the lich-gate at the entrance to the churchyard. The teacher explained to the girls what a lich-gate was, and thought that they all understood her. Afterwards, however, when they were asked at school to give an account of what they had seen in their afternoon's outing, one girl, who evidently knew that funerals are often converted into convivial gatherings, and who also seems to have confused *lich* with *liquor*, wrote that "the lich-gate was the place where the mourners used to *rest and put down their BEER.*" (!)

This month we give Views of the School (Girls at Drill); Rocks at Roker (near which Ho Mantis had his 'Reverie'); Fawcett Street (with an Old Tram-car: perhaps the very one that took part in the 'Dialogue' narrated by N.S.+); and Hylton Castle (where Colonel Briggs died last week).

As usual, a good deal of matter is crowded out—including an Article on "Some Sunderland Solecisms": it will appear in the December Number, and will, we think, be of some general interest.



A HORSES' TALE

(that is, A TALE OF HORSES).

SUNDERLAND PARLIAMENTARY STAKES, 1900.

BY A BEDAN VOTER AND VERSIFIER.

[Our Rhymester has regarded the late Election as an Equine Struggle. The Principal Persons engaged in it were therefore bound to be written of as Horses. He hopes that none of them will object to being made to assume, for the nonce, the character of the noblest of quadrupeds.—Ed., *The Bedan.*]

THAT ancient steed, Sir Edward G.,
A compact formed with Sir T. D.

—At least, so people said—

Which might a struggle have averted.—

"This makes the town", some folks asserted,
Politically dead!"

"We'll have a race", the Liberals cried:
"Agreed!", young Tories straight replied.—

Do Bedans ask the reason?

Those wished for C., as well as G.,
These wanted P. much more than D.,

At this Election season.

The Unionists adopted Dox.,
And gave some rather vigorous knocks

To the presumptuous Pember:—

"That colt's not fit to drive or ride;

He's got an independent stride;

Our team will be too hard to guide

If he's of it a member.

Some men like animals of *spirit*:

We think *docility* a merit,

And want *that* in our nags.

Perhaps this beast's the proper colour;

But why's his temperament not duller?

How fierce his tail he wags!"

Official Whigs and Tories thus

Affirmed that for the Union 'bus

Young P. would never do.

But he had fanciers who declared

They'd run him, howsoe'er he fared,

And would not 'scratch' him, or be 'squared',

Unless Sir T. and he were paired

To pull the Red brake through.

The Tory Junto could not *choose*:

'Twas odds *their* horse the race would lose

If they held out and dared refuse

The offer of proud Pem.

That offer was a sour repast,

But yet they gulped it down at last,

And P., too, forthwith broke his fast,

For gibes, threats, taunts against him cast—

Well, *he* now swallowed *them*.

The Radicals? Were they all right?

Ah no! Quite wretched was their plight.

Their Caucus made a sorry sight,

And uttered many a moan.

The old war-horse could not be broke:

He scorned a *Liberal* colleague's yoke;

He'd amble, but *alone*.

"We want a *pair*", his Party shouted;

"Since you've the *Liberal* carriage flouted

We'll get two quite new horses,

We'll turn you off. Farewell, old steed;

You must not grumble at this need;

You've kicked, and ta'en strange courses!"

But J. J. Cand. proved fractious too:

F.S. did all that he could do

—In vain—to make him run.

For Cand. had hoped to go with Gourley,

"And G.'s behaviour's tried me sorely!"

He told S.S.'s son.

No hack at all had yet been found,

The Party's eyes gaze all around;

F.S. himself's entreated:

"Be like your sire, and for us gallop;
Your flanks we'll neither goad nor wallop;
Oh! would that you competed!"

But no! Fred didn't wish to race;
Perhaps he couldn't "go the pace"
Required at this Election.

His cheerful whinny, though, ('tis said),
To attract some racer in his stead
Did much to save the troop he led
From utter, deep dejection.

Next, Alderman B. was asked to canter,
But said that he could only saunter,
And much preferred to *walk*.
"No! no! my friends. I am no prancer.
You're very kind; but take my answer:
Your hopes I'm bound to baulk."

A Temp'rance Candidate was sought:
He'd win, some people said they thought,
So they began to pray
"O Mr. Backhouse, can you trot?"—
"I can, but I would rather not",
Was all that he would say.

At length the Liberals got a team—
A most unusual one, ('twould seem):
A draught horse, black and stout,
Labour by name, and Scotch by birth;
And a grey race-horse, of great worth,
Called Capital, and small in girth,
And Sunderland-bred, no doubt.
These two went wondrous well together,
Rough roads and smooth, fair and foul weather;—
At least at exercise.

But, as they'd come from Tyneside here,
And were not known well on the Wear,
There was not much their hearts to cheer
In their bold enterprise.

For full a week all four nags neighed,
(Their hearers said they sometimes brayed!)
On subjects vast and many:—
The War, the Strike, and Early Closing,
Army Reform, Schools, Drink, and Housing,
Pensions, the Church: some topics rousing
Much interest; some, not any.

And if one must be frank and free,
And tell the truth quite openly,
What one would say is this:
The four chief steeds could neigh—well—*fairly*,
One longed to hear them—*very rarely*;
To listen was *not* bliss.

"What steeds" (you ask) "that 'paced' the four
Had neighs which beat theirs, o'er and o'er,
Beyond comparison?"

"Roche, Garcia, Wight, and Gordon Bell,
Who one and all neighed very well;—
And likewise Harrison."

Olympia twice was thronged to view
The Candidates, by two and two,
Have prefatory 'spins'.

The partisans of each side thought,
From these displays, that *their* team ought
To gain, when'er the fight was fought,
The easiest of wins.

The charger, Lambton, crowned with glory,
Curvetted gaily, yoked with Storey:
They made a gallant show
And got a fine reception, *here*.—
[Poor compensation, though, we fear,
For the defeat, big, bad, severe,
Which on Tyneside, in contest queer,
They'd soon to undergo!]

For days ere Sunderland Race came on
Bede School with party favours shone;
Allegiance was divided.
Some boys and girls, both 'Reds' and 'Blues',
Wore bows as big as navvies' shoes;
And more than once, to 'back' his 'views',
A lad was known his fists to use;
And groups that 'sported' different hues
Occasionally collided.

But Bedans young, old, great, or small;
Of opposite 'views'—or none at all—
Took holiday with glee
When the great day at last appeared
On which the rival teams careered,
Striving for victory.

A satisfactory race was run,
No 'savaging' at all was done,
And the 'Red' team the prizes won,
As most folks had expected.
In spite of all the erstwhile pother
The horses seldom splashed each other,
And none used mud his foes to smother:
Foul play was clean rejected.

The veteran D. first reached the goal,
Then P., yoked to the same brake-pole,
[With details I'll not trouble you.]
Third, G.H., running very fast,
And, after him, of steeds the last,
Came Alexander W.



A CONVERSATION BETWEEN AN OLD TRAM-CAR AND A NEW ONE.

SCENE: THE WHEAT-SHEAF DEPÔT.

"I HOPE", said the old Tram-car, "that you
have been able to get in without scrubbing
your paint. The lines are very near to one
another, and I was very much afraid that your
smart new varnish might suffer by contact with
me. Doubtless our Corporation will, before long,

see that we have more spacious accommodation, but we must not expect too much all at once. I say "we"; but I imagine that in fact *my* time is almost expired, and, to tell the truth, I shudder when I think what may be in store for me in the future. A mere exile, or even confinement, I could endure; but mutilation would be frightful! However, it is for *you* to look forward, not backward. I truly hope you will be a success, my dear. You are certainly very beautiful, and, I hear, very clever; but you must not expect to be popular unless you are useful and dependable too."

"Really", replied Number 1, "you are very kind. Let me respond to your good wishes by expressing the heart-felt hope that, when I reach your age, my disposition may be as sweet as yours. Indeed, I have found out already that the lot of a Sunderland tram-car is trying, and that a restraining hand must always be kept upon oneself. I feel the strain already, for my constitution, as you know, is delicate. You must not deem it a reflection upon yourself when I say that I am very highly organised. I cannot bear strains which would probably not incommode your more robust and slower nature. In vulgar parlance, I have not your staying-power, and I have already felt misgivings that I might be laid up if care were not taken with me. I cannot be too thankful that my lot has been cast in a level country. I have relatives in Bradford and Halifax who spend their days in ascending and descending hills of fearful steepness. It sometimes happens to them that, in spite of the application of the brakes, (and in these towns each car is provided with several,) they lose control over themselves, and rush down the slope with fearful velocity, occasionally finding themselves unable to remain on the lines. This must be a severe shock to the mechanical system of any car, and, I believe, *is regarded with a certain disfavour by the persons within*. Such shocks I hope never to sustain, but I find the continual wagging of the tongue of my own bell almost as trying in another way. I seem to have to be perpetually reminding people that I am there!"

"I have sometimes thought myself that you were rather noisy," said the Ancient, "but at least you may congratulate yourself that you are by many degrees quieter than those fearful motor-cars which used to run along our streets. And you do not *smell*—at least if people will have the wisdom to open your windows. I had a *passing* acquaintance with several of the motor-cars, and I used to think that, if they were continued, it would be necessary, in self-preservation, for all Sunderland folk to wear nose- and ear-preservers."

"Speaking of smells," said Number 1, "is there no way, I wonder, in which I might insist on my windows being always partially open?

My inside is frequently far from pleasant, and I feel for the passengers who are obliged to breathe my bad air against their will. I also resent extremely the habit which certain people indulge in of spitting upon my floor. It seems to me a very dirty habit, and ladies particularly must find it very disagreeable. I would myself suggest that a notice should be printed upon me condemning this habit in strong terms. It might do good, and could certainly do no harm."

"I approve of your suggestion," said the Old Car, "and I hope sincerely that you have enough influence with our Corporation to induce them to take the matter up. In some towns (Belfast, for instance) it is done, I know; and I believe that I have heard of its being done in the great city of Liverpool. Some such Notice as the following is posted up in the Cars:—

'Whereas Spitting in Cars is a most objectionable practice, Warning is hereby given that Any Person found Guilty thereof is Liable to bring upon himself the Disgust and Loathing of his Fellow-Passengers.'

"I have great hopes", said Number 1, "of being a satisfaction to my masters, financially and otherwise. I am quite agitated when I think of the reckoning-up of the first year's profits. I wonder if there will be any. May I ask, by the way, if it was the custom in your time to use paper tickets? I strongly disapprove of them myself, for I think, and I hope you do not consider me priggish, that they give my floor a very untidy look. Nearly everybody throws his ticket down, and, as no receptacle is provided for disused tickets, one can hardly blame people".

"It was a grievance in my time too", said the Ancient. "You must try to induce the Corporation to hit upon some system equally as convenient as the present, but more tidy. I believe in clean, well-garnished streets myself, although I am old-fashioned, and I wish you success in any attempts you make towards getting a new system. You will find, if you enquire, that the 'League of Good Citizenship' will be always on your side in reforms of this kind. Perhaps it might bring your suggestions before the Corporation. I believe that the members of that body are considered to be as much interested in your welfare as you yourself can be; and the very fact that they have discarded poor old Me is a proof of their zeal in the right direction. Allow me again to wish you success and good-night. You have to be out early in the morning."

N.S. +



TO PRELIMINARY STUDENTS OF THE ART OF CYCLING.

DEAR readers, bear with me whilst I, a little girl, give a few words of advice to all those young Bedans who contemplate substituting two pneumatic-tired hoops for the old-fashioned and much-abused "Shanks's Ponies".

In simple language, then, you want to get a bicycle and learn to ride it. Well, here is my first bit of advice.

Do *not* get a "bike" and then learn to ride it. But—learn on somebody else's "bike" and *then* get your own!

Now, as to the learning to ride.

It is commonly said that "Practice makes perfect".

But I am inclined to think that, in learning the intricate art of cycling, "BUMPS make perfect". So, be warned in time, and expect to suffer.

Store up a goodly assortment of lint bandages, a few bottles of Embrocation, and a jar or two of vaseline. By the way, I notice that, the more *bumps* learners give themselves, the less *bump-tious* they become. This may sound strange, but it is quite true.

Having borrowed a steed, secure the services of two intimate friends, to take their stand, one on either side of it. These two friends must be trusty and faithful—warranted not to depart when the arduous task is only half accomplished. (If two such friends are yours, happy are ye!)

Now, as to the real work. Firstly, you must be deposited on the back (otherwise, the seat) of your iron horse.

Do not hold on too hard to the necks of your friends; for, remember, a collar-bone is very easily dislocated. Ah! How selfish you are! I actually hear one of you expostulating thus:—"But what about *my own* collar-bone?"

Do not mind if you can't "find" your pedals just at first. "All things come to him (or her) who waits." So, in time, do pedals, and handle-bars. Do not repine if your shins are a "weeny" bit sore after the first practice. Use the embrocation freely.

But how to obtain a machine of your own? Well, you must get you hand into the paternal pocket. Do not be shy. Pluck is a virtue much to be desired, in this case. Of course I don't mean that you are to rob your father. Oh no! A little wheedling generally goes a long way.

Well! Let us suppose that after dire opposition from the "Lord of the Manor", you have secured a mount all to yourself.

Do not be too proud.

By this time, you are able to go alone on a bit

of even ground—on your friend's "bike"; but how can you manage on your own?

Rise very early some fine morning, (which you won't get this June and early July if you live in any part of the country near me), and, with the aid of an extra high kerbstone start along a level road. "Look forward", must now and for ever be your motto. If you see a cart of coals coming, do *not* imagine that it is bearing down upon you at the rate of thirty miles an hour. ready to crush you to powder.

Do *not* try to squeeze yourself along at a maximum distance of two inches from the left-hand kerbstone.

On retiring to bed after your practice do not think you have night-mare, if the bed seems to have acquired a circular or "see-saw" motion. Really, there's nothing wrong with the bed; and, as a matter of fact, you haven't got night-mare. Your bed is only *seeming* to make, at night, the movements which your masterful machine *actually* made by day.

"This above all!" Do *not* try, on your *first* expedition, to appear as if you had ridden a bicycle from your infancy. The defiant "I'm-not-a-novice" style deceives nobody; and the Bedan learner who, while adopting it, gets a bad fall, will provoke much merriment and gain precious little sympathy.

L.N.



A BEDAN'S THRILLING RAILWAY RIDE.

"Ah! you will miss it", said a Job's comforter to me one October afternoon as I hurried from Bede School at 4.40 to catch the Newcastle Express.

Determined not to be disappointed I 'put my best foot foremost'—which does *not* mean, gentle reader, that I go 'dot and carry one', or that I am a politician 'on the stump'—and, having bought a local newspaper, I descended, just in time, into our notorious, subterranean railway-station that, by association, recalls parts of Dante's description of Inferno. Doubtless that place (I mean Dante's Inferno, *not* Sunderland Station) will be spoken of at some length by Mr. Wicksteed at one time or another during the course of brilliant Lectures on Dante which he is now giving in the Subscription Library on Wednesday evenings.

When I reached the platform the little porter, with an unerring insight like that of a skilled thought-reader, opened the door of an empty *third-class* carriage: probably he judged from my democratic appearance that a *fourth-class*, had



FAWCETT STREET, SUNDERLAND.

there been one, would have satisfied the late-comer's modest requirements. I entered the compartment, and the porter shut me in. Looking out of the window for a moment I saw on the platform the usual number of young ladies who were saying "Good-bye, love," "Mind you write soon, dear", *etc.*—not to me, but to other travelers. But presently the guard blew his whistle, the young ladies stepped back, and the express, like a ship cleared for action, made a start. It stopped almost immediately, however; and, glancing bridgewards, I perceived the signal light in the murky darkness of the exit by which trains leave for the North blinking at us in baleful red.

Expecting that we should have but a short wait I sat down with my back to the engine in the corner farthest from the platform, and thought, complacently, "Well, I've caught the train easily enough after all". A few minutes afterwards I wished very heartily that I had lost it;—for my compartment became the scene of a horrid single-act melodrama for two persons, and I, most unwillingly, had to play one of the parts.

I took out my newspaper. It was either an *Echo* or a *Post*: the *Mail* was not then in existence, for that Thursday afternoon's eventful ride,

though I can remember every detail of it quite clearly, took place ten years ago, soon after Bede School was established. The guard's whistle again blew, again the train started, and, just at that moment, the door of my lonely compartment opened, and a tall, powerful man of unprepossessing appearance projected his unwelcome presence into the corner diagonally opposite to mine. However, I didn't take very much notice of him, but went on reading; and the train, like a being with a set purpose, soon sped onwards as though bent on making up lost time.

We were beyond Cleadon Lane before I had got through the report of the previous day's Town Council Meeting—motions to rescind old resolutions, refusals to accept Committees' recommendations, loving remarks of aldermen to councillors and *vice versa*, and other ordinary items of municipal business. Suddenly I experienced a feeling—all sensitive natures have done the same upon occasion—that someone was looking at me. At the same moment my eyes happened to light upon a paragraph which stated that a dangerous lunatic had succeeded in making his escape from ——— Asylum! Need I say that my thoughts at once turned instinctively to the Hercules in the corner. Very gradually I

lowered the upper edge of the newspaper, inclined my head, and cast upon him a momentary glance. I have fairly strong nerves, or I should then have uttered a cry of fear, for a more malignant expression on the countenance of a human being I have never had concentrated upon me either before or since. Truly I seemed to have looked into the face of a demon!

I allowed my eyes to fall again upon the newspaper; but the letters seemed to dance up and down as I thought of the tiger a few feet away, ready to spring upon me, his helpless victim. I tried to conjure up a plan for receiving him on the point of a sharp instrument—after the manner that I had learnt when a volunteer in the Second South Middlesex Regiment; but, alas! my umbrella, the only thing in the carriage which I could have used as a bayonet, was on the rack above me. Knowing myself to be no match, single-handed and unarmed, for my powerful opponent—for I had now come to regard him as such—I determined to avert a conflict by diplomatic methods if possible.

The first problem was to break the spell of that gaze! I scanned my man by looking at the window on my left where the setting sun was being reflected. I beheld him still glaring at me with deadly hatred, but, the newspaper concealing my face, he knew nothing of all this.

"Oh! look!" I shrieked, as the train thumped over the level crossing just outside of Brockley Whins Station, and at the same time I pointed energetically up the branch railway there. He moved his face slowly to one side for a moment, and then again surveyed me. This time I met his eye with a cold, indifferent stare.

"What was it?" he asked, as his look melted gradually into mere imbecility.

"Sir!" said I, "do you speak to me?"

"Who shouted?" said he.

"If you don't know, how can I tell you?" was my rejoinder.

I now had time to observe that he wore a suit of some drab material, partly hidden by a long overcoat. This gave additional force to my suspicions; and, a few moments afterwards, I felt absolutely certain that my fellow-passenger was the poor fugitive I had read of, for he opened the carriage door of the express train and placed one foot outside, evidently as a preliminary to a wild leap.

"Come back, man!" I shouted.

"All right", he answered, drawing in his foot yet still keeping the door open; "*you must go first!*" So saying, he made a move, as if to assist me.

"Sit still, or I'll fetch the keeper", I cried emphatically.

At the word 'keeper' he closed the door, and, like Garibaldi, folded his arms on his big, broad

chest.

By this time the train was speeding through Pelaw, and the horrifying thought flashed into my mind that the long, dark Pelaw tunnel was at hand! I felt as if riding with the Headless Horseman to perdition, and the shrill shriek from the engine of a Sunderland train which we met just at the mouth of the tunnel was like a spook bidding me a vengeful welcome to some gloomy, haunted cave.

The moment we were enshrouded in darkness I changed my seat to the opposite side of the carriage, and at once I felt something brush past me. On emerging into the light of day I was surprised to see the other occupant of the compartment with one of his knees on my previous position, and his hands wildly clutching at the back cushions as if to strangle a victim that ought to have been there, but wasn't! The look of perplexity which came over his face when he saw me quite unharmed was truly comical; and, under any other circumstances, I should have had a hearty laugh. Then, with a moan of helplessness, he gave up the puzzle of appearances, and sank into his old corner thoroughly beaten.

In a few minutes we steamed over the High Level Bridge into the Central Station. The arrival of my erratic fellow-passenger was evidently not unexpected; for, when the train drew up, I noticed on the platform two stalwart men, plainly warders, who took charge of him as soon as he alighted, and at once marched him off. My eyes followed the poor sufferer with a look of pity. Then, heaving a deep sigh of relief, I turned away and plunged into the crowd.

I have travelled between Sunderland and Newcastle over three thousand times;—often with pleasant companions; occasionally with disagreeable ones; but, thank goodness! only *once* ALONE WITH A MADMAN!

R.G.R.



THE GIRLS' REUNION, 1900.

"There was a sound of revelry by night"

issuing from the portals of the Bede Higher Grade School, late on Friday, September 27th, and it was heard till an hour when all good little Bedans should, as a rule, be wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. Once more the Old Bedans of the Girls' School had met to hold their annual Reunion;—when the merry school-days of yore are discussed with smiles of regret, and plans for the future talked over with enthusiasm. Not the least interesting proceeding of that eventful day was the arrival before morning-school of young

Bedans laden with flowers, greenery, vases, etc., which they had brought to decorate the school for a function at which the majority of them would not be allowed to be present. We cannot but admire their youthful generosity, and also the ardour with which, in the afternoon, when preparing the big room, they made the desks fly along the corridor amid deafening noise,—not to mention the housewifely manner in which they carefully dusted chairs so as to save the visitors' Sunday-best gowns. The Boys, too, and their Teachers, before going home that day, kindly got ready a large part of *their* School, so that the Girls might have as much space as possible in which to enjoy themselves.

The rooms have seldom looked prettier, for there was an even more liberal array of flowers than usual, owing to the earlier date at which the Reunion was being held. From 7 to 7:30 the visitors streamed in, their gay dresses adding still more brightness to the scene. At last, above the buzz of many voices, was heard the announcement that a short farce would be given by the girls of the Fourth Year. At once there was a rush for seats, and then silence prevailed.

The farce was extremely entertaining. A certain Mr. Holloway had so consumed the novels of a circulating library that he had reached the state of mind when the most trivial incidents appear tragedies of portentous dimensions. He begins to suspect his own wife of clandestine performances. His suspicions arrive at certainty when he overhears his wife in conference with a cabby, who is giving her a smoking-cap which he has found in his cab, after having taken her for a drive the day before. The unhappy Holloway lies in wait for cabby, and the latter really has a glorious time of it. Of course the smoking-cap is found out eventually to belong to an Uncle, who has returned to England unexpectedly, and the jealousy of the husband is appeased.

Christina Hirst figured as the jealous husband, Connie Johnson as the suspected but innocent wife, Alberta Farrow as the cabby, and Laura Reavley as the maid-servant, who at the end of the play decides to make cabby happy. Lizzie Niel acted as stage-manager.

After the farce, with an interval for supper, the evening was devoted to dancing, a Charade being acted downstairs for the benefit of the non-dancers. About this Charade, which was presided over by Miss Taylor and Miss Wells, strict secrecy had been observed. Visitors knew that there was going to be a Charade of some sort, and many of the present-day girls knew that the sound of some old 'Nigger Songs' had been wafted through the air at practice times several evenings after school; but it was a surprise to most people when a solemn array of Christy Minstrels stalked in, and, to the strains

of a banjo, sang "The Old Folks at Home". Then they plied each other with funny stories and riddles, of which I can only give two examples—the first, a 'chestnut'; the second, rather new.

Two waiters collided in a crowded restaurant. One of them was cross-eyed.

Said he to the other, "I wish you would look where you're going."

"I wish you'd go where you are looking!" was the unexpected answer.

"If a pig wanted to build a house, how would he do it?"

"He would tie a knot in his tail and call it a pig's tie (pig-sty)!"

The concluding chorus was "My Old Kentucky Home", after which the minstrels marched out to come in again attired as elderly maiden ladies. A meeting of the Pioneers of Woman's Emancipation is being held for the purpose of hearing the opinions of a candidate for Parliamentary honours. The unhappy gentleman, after a few unfortunate remarks such as that he considers woman's true sphere is in the bosom of her family, tending the youngsters through measles, nettle-rash, etc., proceeds to answer their various questions. His opinions as to total abstinence are that, though he doesn't like to see a man make a beast of himself, he considers the glory of England will decline when her soldiers and sailors take to consuming tea, ginger-beer, and other such iniquities.

These remarks are received with silent disapproval, but matters come to a climax when in reply to the question "What are your views on Woman's Suffrage?" he rashly answers that no really nice woman would want to be seen at a polling booth, and (making bad worse) hastily adds, "But I don't mean to say you would be out of place there at all!" Tableau.

The final scene was short. A hard business man has come to take an inventory of the property of a woman who has run into debt. During the proceedings her feelings are too much for her, and sobs choke her speech. "To think that I, the daughter of the Mayor of Muggleton, should ever come to this!" Her valuable possessions prove to be worth 2/0½, her debts amount to hundreds of pounds. She falls fainting into a chair, which refuses to support her, as its back is broken!

We leave readers of *The Bedan* to guess the word for themselves.

The Charade (as I have said) was performed downstairs, after the supper, at which Mr. Meng, in his kindly way, presided over the arrangements. The big room above was given up chiefly to dancing. The only disappointing feature of the evening seemed to be that nobody could dance upstairs and watch the actresses down-

stairs at one and the same time. It would be ungrateful to omit to mention the very kind parents who helped the festivity by generous loans of clothing, furniture, and odds and ends of every description. Mrs. Reavley, Mrs. Witten, and Mrs. Filkin have always been our good friends on these occasions, and were again to the fore with offers of anything and everything. The Rev. W. Williamson, of Trinity Presbyterian Church, most kindly lent some tables and benches. The teachers of the Girls' School would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who so willingly and liberally came forward.

The Re-union was, as it always is, a great success, and closed at 11 p.m., in the customary manner, to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne".

IGNOTA.



A RATHER RUEFUL REVERIE AT ROKER.

[The esteemed Bedan who sends us this Article styles himself *Ho Mantis*—which is the Greek for *The Soothsayer or Prophet*; but does not give his contribution a name. We have therefore had to christen it ourselves, as appropriately as we could.—Ed., *The Bedan*.

ALONE one night I stood on the Cliff near the Point of Abbs, and looked out across the sullen sea. The fog was thick and murky; the surf moaned to the lone shore; the chill wind crept into the very marrow of the bones; and ever and anon the dismal siren vented its warning of a dangerous coast. And yet the very melancholy of the situation was not without its charm, and induced a pensive mood in which my mind indulged in odd vagaries.

I thought of St. Helena's far-off isle, once the prison-house and restless resting-place of the mighty warrior, Napoleon the First; and wondered whether, during his short sojourn there, he ever pondered on the stupendous misuse that he had made of his magnificent talents. His body now lies in the most superb and striking of all tombs—that majestic mausoleum which some of my fellow-Bedans may have seen in the *Hôtel des Invalides* in Paris, and his spirit has passed into

"That undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns".

and there awaits the "Grand Assize".

But hark! Surely I hear strange voices from the opposite shore of the stormy sea at my feet—the buzz of populous German cities—the busy murmur of great Belgian marts! And how

strangely silent seems the sleeping land around me! I cannot but ask myself

Will this proud Britain once decay—
Become as Greece, with glory pass'd away?

The mention of Greece conjures up a vision before the mind. Athene, why surely thy spear's top shows there, and smiling Peiræus, and many-templed Acropolis! Be those the Athenians' merchant-ships, and these the walls of great Themistocles? I gaze and gaze in admiration mute; but soon the dazzling, splendid prospect passes clean away.

And now a stentorian voice calls out, in the Latin tongue, "*Salve!*" and asks "Lov'st thou thy native land?"

"In truth do I", was my ready answer.

"Then speak thou thus to her:—

'As surely as the mighty fleet of Pericles saved not the ancient Athenian Democracy, nor the possession of many provincial states preserved the power of Old-time Rome, so surely shall nor ships, nor army, nor statesmen great, nor colonies in scores, protect from ruin Britain's glorious Empire, unless its citizens are true of heart; lovers of mercy; friends of liberty; staunch and strenuous in well-doing; and strong in trust of Jove supreme whom they profess to serve.'

For a moment there was silence; but presently the voice—which some strange instinct seemed to tell me was that of Marcus Aurelius the Emperor, a moral hero of the antique Roman world—appeared to sound once more and say

"Be thou a herald, and speak spiritual words. Say to all men, 'Do right, and fear not'. Warn against enervating habits. Preach forth a moral code of self-restraint: a Stoic creed and Spartan rule are nobler far than easy selfishness. Soddiness caused the Fall of Rome. See that Drunkenness cause not the Fall of Albion, and a collapse, therewith, of the Image of Universal Freedom. If England's sons stay the indulgence of their youthful days, and mend the manners of their middle age, her fathers' brows will not be furrowed with lines of anxious, dreadful Care, nor her mothers' tears be wept in Shame and unmixed Sorrow. If Englishmen remember why they are born into the world—to better it; and Englishwomen why they dwell therein—to sweeten it; all will be well with thy illustrious country. If, on the contrary, the people of the land should come to love Riches more than Righteousness, Luxury more than Industry, and "anything that maketh a lie" more than Truth and Honesty, degradation will soon begin, Ruin soon will follow, and Britannia, no longer bearing the trident and dauntless in mien, but plunged in grief and with bowed head, will utter the mournful cry 'Ichabod! Ichabod! The glory is departed!' Do not forget my message. *Vale!*"



HYLTON CASTLE.

The imaginary voice ceased; and, as if to mitigate the somewhat sad and serious frame of mind which I had been brought into, the full moon, hitherto hidden behind black clouds, shone out in mellow majesty and threw a silvery shimmer upon the waste of waters; the fog rolled away; the splash of wave on rock sounded inexpressibly sweet and soothing; and the whole scene became singularly beautiful.

I then went slowly home; had a good night's sleep; and was at Bede School at nine o'clock next morning.

HO MANTIS.

**Notice as to Advertisements.**

1. Advertisements in *The Bedan* are charged for at a uniform rate—£1 per page per issue.
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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, 1900—October, 1901, are NOW DUE, 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.

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1. *The Bedan* is published Six Times a Year, viz., in 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.

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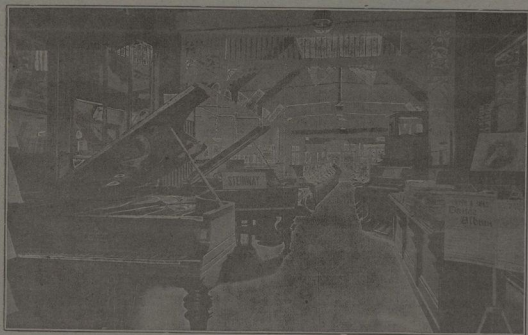
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