

SAPERE AUDE



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FIDE SED. CUI VIDE

E. Elliott
D.R.

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SCHOOL NOTES.

During the long Summer Term we have had a good deal of tennis, cricket, rounders, and out-door exercise generally, thanks to the fine weather.

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TENNIS.—On Wednesday, June 7th, we held our first Tennis match with Pendleton High School. The match was played in our own grounds; Alice Sergeant and Emilie Thackeray playing for us, against M. Alexander and F. Walls. Our girls won 6-0; 6-2. In the return match a fortnight later, at Pendleton, our girls lost 0-6; 3-6.

This year, for the first time, we sent our best pair to play in the Lancashire League Lawn Tennis Tournament. A party from the school started for Liverpool about 8 a.m., and had time to enjoy the play thoroughly. Though Alice and Emilie were not victorious, we felt very glad to be among the players. Miss Clark and several of the mistresses were on the field, and the day passed very pleasantly. The Manchester High School, Dover Street, won the victory in the final round. Girls are already playing off ties for the School Tournament, which will be decided, Wednesday, July 19th, as we go to print. We hope the weather will favour us as it did in Liverpool.

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CRICKET.—The Cricket Club has flourished this term; though some of the members do not yet devote themselves to steady practice in fielding and bowling, the team has improved considerably. Mr. Pardoe kindly coached the girls in bowling for an hour or so, and gave them some courage to face swift bowling. The first eleven has played three matches with other schools, but has not yet succeeded in gaining a victory. The first match was played against Pendleton High School, June 9th; the second against North Manchester, July 7th (in which some improvement was shewn); and the last against Withington High School, Saturday, July 8th. We are hoping to win next year, if the teams continue to improve.

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ROUNDERS.—A Rounders' Club was formed this term, chiefly for those who could not join the tennis and cricket. The game has proved a very popular one. No matches have, as yet, been played with other schools, but a great many inter-form matches have been played, and well contested. The first team of the Lower Fourth has shown itself the best. Susan Rothwell from the Upper Fourth is the Captain, and Eva Kay (Lower Fourth) the Secretary. Lack of space prevents a more detailed account of the matches.

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LITERARY CLUB.—Only one meeting of the Literary Club has been held this term. For this meeting the book read was the "Voyage of the Sunbeam."

The Annual Literary Club Picnic was held on Saturday, July 15th, and made a delightful change in the Club's record. The weather was fine, and the two parties—16 going by train, in care of Misses Kerly, Bott, and Hugon, and 10 by bicycle and train, in Miss Fox's charge—met at Dunham Park for lunch, and again at Bucklow Hill, near Rostherne, for tea. Ethel Wooster won the prize (chocolates) given by Miss Evington, for the best bouquet of wild flowers gathered by the way. After a long day the parties reached home, tired out, but happy, and ready for another picnic next year.

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We leave the record of Examinations, Music, Drawing, Matriculation, &c., until next Magazine, when we hope to have a good many interesting items to publish, together with the prize list for the year.

"GREATER BRITAIN" AT EARL'S COURT, 1899.

This Exhibition is one which is not only amusing, but instructive. As soon as we enter the gates the scene is changed in an instant from everyday life in London to an Eastern country, and all around is the scenery peculiar to the East, with the dainty minarets and bridges so characteristic of Oriental lands.

The first building contains large gilded pillars representing the annual output of the gold mines of Queensland, and great piles of ore from the different mines are seen on stands arranged down each side of the room. Round the walls are glass cases containing specimens of the more valuable ores. At the end of the pillars of gold is a triumphal arch, representing the total output of all the mines. Next a large fountain is seen, the stand and basin of which are composed of large shells lined with mother-of-pearl; then come specimens of the crops grown in Queensland, maize, flour, &c., and large piles of tinned meats, fish, and fowl, such as we know very well in England.

When we leave this hall we come to the lake where swan-boats ply; these are worked by a man on a kind of bicycle. For threepence we can have a trip round the lake and through an illuminated grotto. From the boat a good view is obtained of the Canadian water-chute. This is a wooden platform on a steep incline down which boats run on rails. The force with which they descend is tremendous, and when they reach the water, they shoot right into the air and down again, covering the occupants of other boats with spray; but owing to the special construction of these boats, their own passengers escape any wetting, but make up for it by the tremendous bump with which they come down.

Soon we get into a "Cairo Street," once inside which it is very difficult to believe that there are not hundreds of miles between us and England. Camels and asses, with Egyptian drivers, are to be hired; Eastern bazaars, with Oriental embroidery, table covers, mats, shoes, &c., &c., may be explored, and "Turkish delight" purchased; and over a pretty bridge are stalls showing all sorts of jewellery for sale.

Another of the chief features is an Arab school, in which real Arab boys are being taught by their aged teacher, Abdul. Last, but not by any means least, is a small boy in picturesque Eastern costume, making a great deal of noise on his own account with a tom-tom.

We pass on now to see specimens of Australian wood, both in its raw and finished state. Further on is a representation of a gold mine, where the ore is being dug up, washed, and sorted by wax figures. Next to this is a facsimile of a miner's hut made of logs, containing only a frying-pan and tin pannikin by way of cooking utensils, and a log bed, showing that "roughing it" is no fancy phrase but a very stern reality. Cases containing frozen butter, lard, rabbits, and meat, are found next to this little camp, and a little further on we can regale ourselves with afternoon tea.

The buildings which here stand round a circle, are very dainty and pretty, being painted pale blue and white. Flags are flying all round, illuminated at night by fairy lamps. There is another large circle like this one, but the buildings are painted cream, and here there plays an English band.

A very interesting part of the Exhibition, especially to Londoners, is "Old London," with its pretty half-timbered houses and quaint old signs. Placed at the end of this street is a model dairy, where you can feed the cows, and where pretty milkmaids, dressed like true milkmaids, with large mob caps, panniers, and quilted red petticoats, serve the customer with fruit and clotted cream or ices in little milk-pails.

The next thing to see is the Kaffir kraal—huts, and black men, women, and children, are the only things to be seen. The huts look exactly like mounds of mud, with a little scooped out to form a door, to enter which the smallest has to stoop. The natives wear all kinds of clothing, thankful for anything to keep off the cold of our English climate. Some are making bead ornaments, some bangles, some combs carved from bones. Dinner-time comes, and with it the chief. The meat is cooked in a common pot over a wood fire; the chief walks up, armed with a sharp pointed stick, and with it spears the meat, and deposits it on the greasy boards brought up for the purpose by the heads of the different families. This distribution is accom-

panied by many remarks and gesticulations on the part of the subjects, but they are only answered by grunts from the chief. The children play about and catch one another just like English children, and seem to enjoy themselves very much. Some fifty or so birds of a soft grey plumage and about the size of a turkey, but with longer legs, live amongst the huts, taking no notice of anyone, and seeming to live principally on stones.

Last, but by no means least, comes the great spectacle organised and carried out by Imré Kiralfy, but this we must leave to be described in another paper at some future time.

MARJORY A. H. LANSDELL, UPPER IV.

GULLS.

One of the most interesting expeditions which the little seaside village of Seascale expects each of its visitors to make is to the "Gullery" at Ravenglass. I wonder how many of you have ever seen a bird colony such as this is. It is probably the largest in the United Kingdom, and is indeed well worth a visit, especially during the nesting season. The birds for the last few years have been preserved by Lord Muncaster, and the colony is in charge of a keeper.

We rowed from Ravenglass (the starting point of the little railway up Eskdale to Boot), across the channel, into which no fewer than three rivers—the Irt, the Mite, and the Esk—empty themselves, to a sandy marsh, covering about fifty acres, the lower part of which is quite covered at high tide, but on the upper slopes of which a good deal of long coarse grass grows. After walking up a fair expanse of sand, we were warned, first of all by the peculiar and rather harsh cry of the gulls, that we were approaching the birds' territory, and soon afterwards thousands and thousands of gulls were circling round our heads, showing most emphatically by their cries that they resented our intrusion.

The keeper now cautioned us to be careful where we trod, and on looking down we found his warning was by no means unnecessary, for the nests were so close together that a careless or a very short-sighted individual might easily step on an egg or young bird; in fact, we saw traces of many such accidents, for the birds, almost as soon as hatched, have a way of hiding themselves underneath the nest or the nearest tuft of grass, and are often not noticed except by an intent observer.

The gull does not take a great deal of trouble over the nest. It is made out of the coarse grass that grows so conveniently near, and looks more like a wisp of hay very loosely twisted together than anything else. Many of the nests were empty, the eggs they once contained having been hatched, and the little birds were not far away, hiding underneath tufts of grass or any green they could find. Some of the nests, however, still contained one egg, some two, and several three, but we never saw a nest with more than three eggs in it. The eggs, which are rather larger than pigeon's eggs, differed very much in colour, some of them being quite a dark brown, with still darker marks on them, whilst others were of the prettiest shade of pale blue-green, with dark green, or brown marks. The birds which are represented, and which breed on this colony, are the black-headed gull, the oyster catcher, the common tern, the lesser tern, the sandwich tern, and the sheldrake.

We saw young birds at almost all stages of their career, from the babies that were only just struggling out of their shell to the rather more grown-up brothers and sisters who were considerably stronger and able to fly a little. Some of the small ones of an adventurous turn of mind wandered to the top of a steep slope of sand, and making one false step with their unsteady little legs, rolled down to the bottom, and had to be rescued by their respective fathers or mothers.

We were surprised to find how darkly coloured all the young birds are; they are brown, mottled with yellow, and look very much like little chickens, except that their feet are webbed and they have a much longer bill. The keeper told us that they do not get their white feathers until their second season. They stay in England until October, then fly to warmer climes, and it is not until they return about February that we see them in their glossy white plumage, so white that, compared with them, the whitest of our handkerchiefs looks grey.

M. H. F.

SOME SIXPENNYWORTHS.

Books are like friends, subject to our own choice, and liable therefore to be ill-chosen and ill-treated more often than we should perhaps like to own. One of the books I should like to have in our library, because it reminds us of the happiness we can get from our book-friends and others, is called the "Pleasures of Life," written by Sir John Lubbock. It is now published for a larger audience than ever as a sixpennyworth. Some of the elder girls will, I think, find this book very inspiring. It is a good book and full of good things. One of the "Pleasures of Life" is ours when we read it, viz., that of recognizing quotations from well-known works. Here we have them to our hearts content—Tennyson and Shakspeare, and all the great writers whom we know and do not know, are made to give us of their best. But this is only one interesting feature of the book, it is bright and confident in tone, healthy and hopeful, and steadily certain that happiness is to be found by all who have the courage and the industry to be happy. "If a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault," is the quotation with which the book begins.

Now, I think, many girls have an idea that good books are all dry. Perhaps they share the opinion of "Alice" that a book is no use unless there are pictures and conversations in it. Let such girls read the third chapter of my sixpennyworth. It is called a "Song of Books," and from that let them learn from Isaac Barrow that "He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend and a cheerful companion." Then let them turn to Chapter IV on the "Choice of Books," and taking courage in hand, look at the "Hundred Books" selected as the best. Ah! a terrifying list! enough to damp any girl's ardour.

Now I want to make a selection for you. Some of these books may be your friends; others (for we must choose friends whom we may understand) can only be strangers to us, names to be revered from afar. In the first group of course the "Bible," the "Imitation of Christ," and the "Pilgrim's Progress," as well as the "Christian Year," are probably friends we all know a good deal of already. In the second group I am inclined to think "Plutarch's Lives" is the only one for us. Homer, Virgil, and the "Morte d'Arthur" we cannot as yet do more than look at, and many others must be passed by for a long time, if not altogether.

But some of our friends are here, and let us keep them near us. Shakspeare has a word for every occasion, and music that always "soothes the troubled breast." Scott, Spenser, Wordsworth (in Matthew Arnold's selections), Tennyson, and Gray should stand ever within reach.

Green's "History" every girl of fourteen or fifteen may grow to like; Emerson's and Macaulay's Essays may need an effort, but are worth it; "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pickwick" need no recommendation from me, in fact all those in the last column might well be kept on our list.

These are not so many as Sir John Lubbock gives, but I should like to add a few others for girls who are beginning to make friends. Get to know "Jane Austen" as soon as possible; read "Persuasion" and "Northanger Abbey," and laugh at them as much as you like. "Cranford," too, may be one of your companions. Then, until you can read the classics for yourselves, take the "Stories from Livy," Homer, and Virgil, and the Greek Tragedians, books now in your school library, and thus make the acquaintance of the heroes of Ancient History. Perhaps we shall be able to find some other sixpenny-worths to add to the number by the time our next magazine comes out. For the present remember:—

"He who has a thousand friends
Has never one to spare,"

is as true of our books as of our other friends, and "who knows most, him loss of time most grieves," is a fact that we must keep before us constantly when we make our choice of the "Pleasures of Life" as our companions.

EDITOR.

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We think all will be interested in the following notice:—

"BIRTH.—On Sunday, June 18th, 1899, at St. John's Rectory, March, Cambs., the wife of the Rev. S. S. Walton (née Miss Foxall) of a daughter; Alice Ellen Walton."

"ARIEL."

"Where the bee sucks, there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry ;
On a bat's back do I fly

After summer merrily—
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

This is one of the daintiest and most fairy-like of Shakspeare's many beautiful songs. There is a rippling sound which flows through every line, so that we seem to see the happy little sprite, flitting free as air from flower to flower, gathering all the sweetness of life. It is the history of a tiny spirit life, perfectly free and perfectly happy—existence without a care. It is not the record of a human life, containing no passion, no regret, yet there is after all a touch of sadness in the sweet lines to us, for it is only the story of a life which lasts but a season. We think that when the snow comes the merry little thing must fade away, deprived of its sunshine. It is much the same with Ariel, the singer of this little song.

Ariel was an ethereal spirit, not human ; without a soul, he yet possessed feelings ready for sympathy with the sorrows of mankind. He was a very faithful spirit, always at Prospero's side to do his bidding. "Ariel and all his quality" were ever ready to perform some service—"Be it to swim, to dive into the fire"—anything in fact, possible or impossible. Although he longed to be able to follow his own sweet will, he did not revolt from his servitude, but always carried out all commands with promptitude. He was, moreover, tenderhearted, feeling very sad when he saw Alonzo's grief over the loss of Ferdinand ; but like all sprites he loved mischief, and was only too delighted to play a prank or sing a teasing song, whether the "monster" Caliban or the hapless Ferdinand was the object of his fun. On one occasion only he seems grave and solemn—"a minister of fate"—and the next minute he is riding on a cloud of fire, or diving into the sea, or playfully working Prospero's will on the plotters against that "master of a full poor cell." Prospero himself loved the dainty elf much, and expressed his great regret at leaving him when he said goodbye to the island and set Ariel free once more.

EMILIE THACKERAY, FORM V.

MY VISIT TO A COAL MINE.

When I reached the colliery the first thing I did was to examine the ponderous machinery on the surface. In one place was a huge pumping engine, which, I was told, raised 500 gallons of water per minute from a depth of 300 yards. In another place was a large boiler house containing a number of tremendous boilers, and what with hissing steam, flaming furnaces, and terrible heat, I was glad to get away from it and pay a visit to another large building, in which were engines for working a large fan for ventilating underground, and also dynamos for generating electricity. Then to the winding engine, which, I was told, would lower us to the bottom of the pit (340 yards). The huge thing seemed to be able to do any deed, and I began to feel creepy, and this feeling grew worse when I looked down the awful-looking black hole that we were to descend. Now we had safety lamps given us and were told to get into the cage. A hoarse shout was given to the engineer, and we suddenly shot into the dark depths with a most peculiar sensation. It seemed as if we were never going to stop, but at last the speed slackened and we stopped, and then I found that I never had an idea what the bottom of a coalpit was like. We found ourselves surrounded by arched roads brilliantly lighted by electricity, an office to sit down in, and a most refreshing breeze. However, we were not allowed to stop here, and had to push on to where the colliers were working, some three-quarters of a mile away—sometimes going downhill, sometimes on the level ; now a train of tubs would pass us attached to a rope, then a train drawn along by a pony, which seemed to know as much as its driver. Then we must look at a pump driven by electricity, and some hundreds of yards further on an engine worked by electricity for hauling tubs of coal about in all directions. Anon we reached the place where they were actually getting coal—black men picking and hacking at the coal face, others filling the tubs and pushing them about. A little further on we came to the "Iron Collier," a huge thing made of steel and iron, and also driven by electricity—this was for getting coal as well as, or rather instead of man. Needless to say our curiosity was satisfied, and we wended our weary way back again once more to the welcome sunshine.

GLADYS MILLINGTON, LOWER IV.

THROUGH THE DOLOMITES FROM TOBLACH TO VENICE.

Last summer I had a delightful holiday trip, and went right away out of England—"abroad." Leaving London in July by the 11 a.m. express from Charing Cross, travelling by Calais, Laôn, and Bâle, we arrived at Innsbrück, the capital of the Tyrol, on the day following. Innsbrück is beautifully situated on the banks of the Inn, and surrounded by lofty mountains, the highest of which is 11,000 feet, we could hardly appreciate them in our short stay. We took the train on from here over the Brenner Pass to Toblach. The Brenner is the oldest of the Alpine routes, and was used by the Romans, and Toblach is the entrance to the Dolomite mountains, a group of mountains of varied colour. They get their curious name from the man who first drew attention to them. We left Toblach for Cortina, passing through the lofty dark pine woods on the shores of Lake Toblach, to view the highest peak of the Dolomite range. Monte Cristallo resembles a group of giant crystals, it is dazzling in the sunshine: and now we are at Cortina village, in the Dolomites, in the very heart of the mountains. People come here for Alpine climbing. Cortina is on the boundary line between Austria and Italy, and leaving it we reach Piève di Cadore, where we get our first glimpse of Italy. In Cadore, the birthplace of the celebrated painter, Titian, the house in which he was born still stands. Then at Belluno we may say that we are at the end of the Dolomite group. We leave it by train for Venice.

At Venice a gondola awaited us; we stepped in and sailed on the canals to the Hotel Victoria, a very old place built in the fourteenth century. Venice with its canals is a city of water, and all its streets are narrow. St Mark's Square, where St. Mark's Church stands, is very fine, and is the promenade for all Venetians. Cafés abound here and one can listen to the band and drink coffee, tea, or chocolate at leisure. The Lagoons are very much like the sea; we thought it was salt water, though we did not taste it. The well-known Bridge of Sighs joins the Queen of Italy's palace. It was this bridge that the prisoners had to cross; they were tortured on the way, hence the name "Bridge of Sighs." We sailed the length of the Grand Canal, which is studded with beautiful palaces. Venice is very ancient; some of its buildings existed four hundred years before Christ.

The gondolas are not nearly so pretty as they once were, we were told, for nowadays they are painted black, whereas they used to be brightly coloured. They say they are in mourning for departed commerce, though the Venetians themselves will not own it. An incident in St. Mark's Square I remember; a man was selling Indian corn, and pigeons flocked round him: they were so tame as to come on your hand as many as five at a time, and pick the corn from your hand. I suppose this is an old custom, and no doubt the pigeons have always been kindly treated. I was rather afraid of the mosquitoes which abound in Venice; the beds are protected by fine white netting, which is drawn all round the bed for protection. The little creatures are very small, like gnats, and very tiresome. I also went to Milan, where I saw the beautiful cathedral, built entirely of white marble. It is a very interesting city; it has some very fine arcades and shops, and is different from Venice in every respect, being quite a modern place.

We left Italy by train for Lucerne by the St. Gothard, the famous mountain pass, and went through some of the best known Swiss scenery. Lucerne is prettily situated. Lakes and mountains are around us on all sides. We then go on to Paris, from Paris for home by Dover and Calais, arriving in London in due course, but I must not forget to say we had a terrible passage crossing the Straits, though we had on board no less a personage than the ex-Empress of the French.

MARTHA THATCHER, FORM III.

A FAIRY STORY.

The fairies I am speaking of are called Energetic Fairies. Without these we could not live, for they give us power to do our work. Some fairies, who go by the title of Heat Fairies, drive the machinery in our factories and workshops. Some fairies change into different kinds, for instance Heat Fairies become Light and Sound Fairies. None of these fairies ever die, but they gradually become weaker and weaker. We cannot see or touch them. Some of these fairies go into our brains and help us to do our work. All these are called Forms of Energy, which means that they are very energetic, and help us to do all our work.

H. WHITTAKER, FORM III.

THE LIVE DOLL.

Once upon a time, in a great castle, there lived a little girl named Mary—her mother was a countess. Mary had a great many dolls to play with, but she was not satisfied—she wanted a doll that could talk. One night, when everyone was in bed, little Mary thought she could hear a noise coming from the nursery, so she got up and softly crept out to see what the noise was. When Mary got into the nursery she was very much surprised to see one of the little dolls seated at the piano, while most of the other dolls were dancing round in pairs, and those who could not get anyone to dance with were hopping about alone. Suddenly a noise came from the cupboard! All the dolls stopped dancing and gathered round. One big wooden Dutch doll, the eldest of the number, opened the door, and inside sat a doll who was crying bitterly because she could not get out to join in the fun. However, she jumped out when the door was opened, and the dancing began as merrily as ever. Mary watched them till they all seemed to settle down quietly again, then she went back to bed.

Next morning Mary went at once to the nursery hoping to find the dolls alive, and she could not help crying a little when they received her with their usual placid stare. At that moment nurse came into the room carrying something very carefully wrapped up in a big shawl. "Here, Miss Mary," she said, "mother wants to know if this will do instead of a live doll?" Then she folded back the shawl, and there inside lay a little pink baby fast asleep!

D. MAYALL, FORM II.

SEARCH COMPETITION.

This time we offer a prize (a copy of the next Magazine) for those who obtain the highest marks in each Competition. We hope the younger girls will send in papers. It is not necessary that all should be found before a paper can be sent in.

COMPETITION FOR GIRLS OVER 13:

1.—Where are the following animals found:—(i) The Jabberwocky. (ii) Kaa. (iii) Brer Tarrypin. (iv) Rikki-tikki-tavi. (v) Black Poodle. (vi) Dog Toby. (vii) Grip. (viii) The Jackdaw of Rheims. (ix) The Albatross. (x) Bucephalus.

2.—Give titles, first lines, and authors of as many poems you know on the daisy.

3.—Who were Sam Weller, Una, Lycidas, Perdita, Will Wimble, Elaine, Faithful, Amy Robsart, Cophetua.

4.—To whom do the following apply:—(i) "The stern black-bearded kings waiting with wolfish eyes to see me die." (ii) "O weep for Adonais, he is dead!" (iii) "Who never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one."

COMPETITION FOR GIRLS UNDER 13:

1.—To whom did "Puss and Tiney" belong—which had the better temper?

2.—Why did Father Williams "incessantly stand on his head?" What did his friends say of it?

3.—What price was paid for Mowgli? Name his brothers.

4.—Who wanted the wind to "blow Conrad's hat away?"

5.—What babies were said to enjoy the following:—(i) Cakes with gridirons instead of currants. (ii) Pepper.

6.—Describe Brer Rabbit's visit to the honey-jars?

ANSWERS TO LAST COMPETITION:

Three papers have been sent in in answer to the last Search Competition. Two of them have obtained full marks, E. Thackeray and N. Neild. A. Neild has also found all the quotations.

I.—(i) "A mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before."

This quotation is found in Tennyson's "Lord Burleigh," and refers to the stately mansion which the supposed landscape painter took his young wife to see. He then disclosed to her the fact that this same house was to be her home, and that he himself was in reality a wealthy nobleman.

- (ii) "Dark house, by which once more I stand,
Here in the long unlovely street."

This quotation refers to the home of his (Tennyson's) friend, in whose memory he wrote "In Memoriam." It is found in the first verse of No. VII of "In Memoriam."

- (iii) "So this unhappy land, long divided in itself, and severed from the faith, will return into the one true fold."

This quotation is an extract out of the sermon delivered by Father Bourne in Act I, Scene III of Tennyson's "Queen Mary." He is referring to England, which, Protestant under the mild rule of King Edward VI, he said, would become Roman Catholic, and "return into the one true fold," under the sway of Queen Mary and the "Holy Legate," sent by the Pope to give "Holy Absolution" to the English nation.

- II.—(i) "A maiden of our century, yet most meek."

This passage occurs in "The Brook," by Tennyson. It refers to Katie Willows, the one child of Philip, the old farmer, and is said by the man, brother of Edmund, who is relating the story.

- (ii) "What fear ye, brawlers? am I not your Head?"

This passage is found in Tennyson's "Princess." The words were said by Princess Ida, the Head of the Woman's College, which she had established.

- (iii) "And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."

This passage occurs in the one hundred and eleventh section of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." He is still referring to his friend Arthur Hallam.

- (iv) "Ye think the rustic cackle of you bourg
The murmur of the World."

This quotation is found in "The Marriage of Geraint." Geraint said these words to the armourer in the village where he wished to obtain harbourage. The armourer was so engrossed with his work that he did not answer Geraint's question, who became impatient and said these words.

- (v) "Coom thou 'eer—yon laädy a-steppin' along the streät,
Doesent tha knaw'er—sa pratty, an' feät, an' neät, an' sweeät?"

This passage occurs in the nineteenth verse of Tennyson's "Northern Cobbler." It is said by the cobbler to his wife's brother, a sailor, who has just returned from foreign lands, when pointing out to him his wife, who is then coming up the street.

- (vi) "Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence."

These words were said by the Duke Orsino of the Lady Olivia in Act I, Scene I of Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night."

- III.—"To ride abroad redressing human wrong,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it;
To honour his own words as if his God's."

This vow was sworn by all King Arthur's Knights of the "Fair Order of my Table Round," "A glorious company, the flower of men."

EDITORIAL.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following Magazines in exchange for the "Hulme Victorian":—The Oldham Hulmeian, the M.H.S. Magazine, the Wyggeston Girl's Gazette and Our Magazine, Kensington High School Chronicle, and the Nottingham High School Magazine.

All Contributions for the next Magazine should reach the EDITOR not sooner than one month before the end of term, and not less than three weeks before the last day.

All Contributions for the School Notes, whether from present or old pupils, should be sent to S. C. LEES or V. PHILLIPS. Will Secretaries of the School Clubs please remember this and duly send up their reports?