

SAPERE AUDE



The  
Gulme  
Victorian.



FIDE SED. CUI VIDE

E. Elliott  
D.R.

# The Hulme Victorian.

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## SCHOOL NOTES.

The Prefects this year are all from Form VI. They are Bertha Fryer, Olive Garfitt, Nellie Neild, and Alice Sergeant.

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The school mottoes this term are of a varied nature in the matter of both art and sentiment. Perhaps the most artistic is, as it should be, that painted by Olive Garfitt for Forms VI and V.

The motto of Form I is : "All that you do do with your might.  
Things done by halves are never done right."

Form II borrows its motto from a great writer, as does also Form III.

Form II : "Be noble in every thought and in every deed."—RUSKIN.

Form III : "All true work is sacred."—CARLYLE.

Form Lower IV, like the VIth and Vth, choose a foreign language for their motto.

Form Lower IV : "Quoi que vous fassiez faites-le bien."

Forms V and VI : "Non solum ingenii, sed etiam virtutis."

Form Upper IV again drops into poetry, like the famous Mr. Wegg :

"Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is honest and brave and true,  
Moment by moment the whole day through."

[We hope the girls will live up to their mottoes.—Ed.]

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For some time the girls in the various forms have combined to brighten their classrooms with flowers, but now we want to combine as a school, and to form a society for the providing of good pictures for our walls. As good engravings are expensive, the work will necessarily be gradual, and each form must patiently wait its turn to share in the gifts at our disposal. In order to raise money for this, our Kyrle Society, a musical and dramatic entertainment will be given by the girls in the School Hall, at seven p.m., on Friday, December the 16th. Tickets one shilling each, and for girls in school sixpence.

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During the term the Grammar School members of the League of Pity sent out invitations to a meeting which was held in the School Hall, on Friday, November 25th, Mr. Emmott being in the chair. After explaining the object of the League, Mr. Emmott introduced Mr. How, who had specially come to Oldham to speak to the members of our branch. As a result of his most interesting address a large number of girls and boys were enrolled as new members. Any others who wish to join the League should give in their names to Miss Bott, who has kindly consented to act as secretary for the School Branch.

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As the weather no longer permits of cricket and tennis we are now turning our attention to the Hockey Club. A general meeting of past and future members was held on Wednesday, November 23rd. A vice-president, captain and vice-captain, and secretary were elected, and it was decided that each form should elect one member as its representative on the committee. It was further decided that the subscription for the season should be 1/-, with an additional 1/- as entrance fee for new members. The rules were to be drawn up in accordance with the Amalgamated Hockey Club rules. Officers : president, Miss Clark ; vice-president, Miss Fox ; captain, Miss Ellis ; vice-captain, B. Fryer ; secretary and treasurer, S. Thackeray ; committee, E. Wooster, L. Rye, B. Shaw, H. Smethurst.

A scientific expedition of VI, V, and Upper IV girls, conducted by Miss Semmens and Miss Bott, went on Tuesday, October 2nd, to the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, and to Brinn's Oxygen Manufactory, in Manchester. Although the weather was exceedingly damping, the party of fifteen had an adventurous outing, and returned to Oldham in very good spirits.

### THE GIRLS' CRICKET CLUB.

The cricket club opened this year with only ten members, many of the old members having left the club. From Form IV. several names were added to the list, but as there were then only 17 members in the club it was suggested that Form III. should be allowed to join. This proposal met at first with some opposition, but finally it was decided to open the club to all girls from the Third Form upwards. The number of members was thus increased to 26, out of which elevens were chosen by the captain and the vice-captain, as a match played by the first eleven against the second would be a contest too unequal to be interesting. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons were fixed for the practice of the elevens. It was also decided to have a practice match every other Monday, and to have a final test match once a term during the season. The term match was played on July 14th; Miss Semmens, vice-president, acted as umpire, assisted by Alice Sergeant, the former captain. The captain's eleven was beaten by 38 to 11. During the season the bowling has improved considerably, and the batting is now much better, though the results of the match were poor. The fielding is distinctly weak, and the girls do not yet realise that the success of a game depends on the co-operation of the players. During the term it was found necessary to purchase a bat (full sized), a new set of bails, and three balls. After paying for these and for the tea, the club was left with a balance of 1s.

BERTHA FRYER, Secretary.

### LITERARY SOCIETY.

The members of the above society have already held two meetings this term. As is customary at the commencement of a school year, all the officers and committee members retired, and new ones were elected.

VICE-PRESIDENT - - - O. M. C. GARFITT.  
 LIBRARIAN - - - - - A. SERGEANT.  
 SECRETARY - - - - - N. NEILD.

COMMITTEE: B. Fryer, N. Anderton, A. Neild, D. McLalieu, M. Schofield,  
 E. Tweedale.

At the first meeting, held on October 5th, Miss Clark took the chair, and the minutes of the last meeting having been read, the following programme was gone through:—

|             |     |     |     |     |     |                                   |
|-------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----------------------------------|
| N. Anderton | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | "Anglo-Saxon Customs"             |
| B. Bryer    | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | "Keltic and Danish Superstitions" |
| V. Phillips | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | "Life of Lord Lytton"             |
| A. Sergeant | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | "Harold Godwins-son"              |
| M. Viner    | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | "Harold—His Historic Character"   |

The book for discussion was "Harold," and several extracts from it were read, illustrating the various papers. At the second meeting, held Nov. 2nd, Olive Garfitt took the chair. The book to be discussed was "Richard III." Papers were read by

|            |     |     |     |     |     |                             |
|------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----------------------------|
| Miss Kerly | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | "Shakspere's Kings"         |
| A. Neild   | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | "Richard III. of History"   |
| N. Neild   | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | "Richard III. of Shakspere" |

In addition three extracts from the play were given by some of the girls. The committee held a meeting on October 26th, at which the Treasurer (Miss Kerly) read her report. The society had, from subscriptions, about 30s. It was decided: 1—To put away 10s. towards buying a new cupboard for the library books; 2—To buy new books for the library; 3—To give 4s. 6d. to the magazine fund, as that sum was needed to pay the expenses of the magazine. The last meeting of the year will be held Wednesday, Dec. 7th, when the subject will be "The Idylls of the King"—*Tennyson*. Old girls are specially invited.

N. NEILD, Secretary.

## THE PRIZE LIST.

FORM V.—Nellie Neild, prize presented by Mr. Hesketh Booth to the Head Girl of the year. Alice Sergeant, prize for English and Languages. Bertha Fryer, prize for Arithmetic, Mathematics, and Science.

FORM IV.—Ellen Anderton, prize for English, Languages, Arithmetic, Mathematics, and Science. May Whitaker, prize for Languages.

FORM LOWER IV.—Ada Neild, prize for English. Vera Phillips, prize for Languages, Arithmetic, and Mathematics. Eva Kay, prize for Science.

FORM III.—Anna Eaton, prize for English. Ethel Anderton, prize for Arithmetic and French. Elsie Atkins, prize for Science.

FORM II.—Alice Watson, prize for English, French, and Science. Gladys Hollingworth, prize for Arithmetic.

FORM I.—Margaret Maw, prize for English and Science. Harriet Smethurst, prize for French.

## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOARD CERTIFICATES.

Bertha Fryer, \*History, \*Literature, Geography, French, \*Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry. Nellie Neild, \*Scripture, \*History, \*Literature, \*Geography, French, Arithmetic, \*Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry. Alice Sergeant, \*Scripture, \*History, \*Literature, \*Geography, \*French, \*Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry. Ellen Anderton, Scripture, Literature, Geography, French, \*Arithmetic, Mathematics. Emilie Thackeray, Scripture, History, Literature, Geography, French, Arithmetic. May Whitaker, Scripture, Literature, Geography, French, Arithmetic.

## SOUTH KENSINGTON CERTIFICATES (Elementary Stage).

CHEMISTRY—Class I: Bertha Fryer, Alice Sergeant, Maude Siddall. Class II: Nellie Neild.

SOUND, LIGHT, HEAT—Class I: Emma Elliott, Bertha Fryer, Nellie Neild, Alice Sergeant, Ellen Anderton. Class II: Maude Siddall.

## ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY'S EXAMINATIONS.

HONOURS CERTIFICATES—Division I. (Flat Objects).—Marjorie Lansdell, Susan Rothwell, Ethel Johnson, Mary Schofield, Elsie Mallalieu, May Stuttard. Division II. (Foreshortened Planes and Curves).—Mildred Faull, Mary Hall, Ethel Wooster. Division III. (Models).—Alice Sergeant, Emilie Thackeray, Dorothy Mellalieu.

PASS CERTIFICATES.—Division I.—Hannah Cocker, Edith Cooper, Lizzie Hall, Amy Jagger, Jane Sidebottom. Division II.—Susan Lees, Ada Neild, Edith Andrew, Florence Bentley, Gladys Hollingworth, Janet Lawton. Division III.—Bertha Fryer, Marion Brown, Lilian Johnson, May Whitaker. Division IV. (Plant Form, Casts, Design).—Olive Garfitt, Nellie Neild, Maude Siddall.

Examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music, and the Royal College of Music.—Emilie Thackeray, Beatrice Shaw.

West Riding County Council Scholarships.—Fourth Year Examinations.—Bertha Fryer, 5th in the West Riding (1st Girl), and 2nd in Huddersfield Centre.

Of these excellent results we may well be proud, and our most grateful thanks are due to our mistresses who have enabled our School, though but three years old, to gain so high a place among the long-established High Schools throughout the country. A. B. C.

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The following new Girls have entered the School this term:—Form II.—A. Buckley, F. Hartley, M. Letham, F. Mills, D. Mayall, V. Shaw, A. Walls. Form III.—E. Bright, D. Lee, A. Liversage, A. Norris, H. Whitaker. Form Lower IV.—G. Siddall, G. Smith, B. Dyer, M. Letham, F. Buckley, M. Kershaw. We are glad to welcome back again Elsie Taylor and Gertrude Holden, who had left us owing to long illness.

\*First Class.

## SPEECH DAY.

The two schools united this year, and had a joint Speech Day, on Saturday, November 12th. On this occasion the prizes were given away by Mr. E. Lyulph Stanley, who, when Member for Oldham, did so much to obtain for us our school. On the entrance of the Governors, a bouquet was presented to Mrs. Emmott by our head girl, Nellie Neild, and also one to Miss Clark, by Phyllis Rye, the youngest girl in the school. The proceedings began with the old Latin hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus," sung by both boys and girls. After a speech from Mr. Emmott, our chairman, Mr. Andrew read the annual report of the progress of the boys' school, and Mr. Emmott, at Miss Clark's request, read her report of the girls' school. Mr. Stanley then gave a very interesting address, speaking to boys and girls as well as to the visitors. The distribution of the prizes followed, Nellie Neild receiving the prize given by Mr. Hesketh Booth to the head girl. At the close, Mr. Emmott called upon Mr. Platt to move a vote of thanks to Mr. Stanley for his kindness in coming to Oldham to give away the prizes. The proposal was seconded by Canon Rountree, and supported by Dr. Yates. Mr. Stanley, in replying, moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Emmott for having presided. The National Anthem was sung by all, and the proceedings terminated with hearty cheers, given by the boys, for Miss Dorothy Lees, who has so generously promised to have the football and cricket field levelled for them, and also for Mr. Stanley, the Ladies, and the School.

S.C.L., UPPER IV.

## A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO MANCHESTER.

On Tuesday, October 2nd, the Girls of Forms Upper IV, V, and VI, by kind permission of Messrs. Brinn & Co., went with Miss Semmens to see the process by which oxygen is obtained from the air. On arriving at the building in Oxford Street we first went into the testing room, here the cylinders in which the oxygen is sent out are subjected to hydraulic pressure of about 3,000 lbs. (over  $1\frac{1}{4}$  tons) to the square inch. The cylinder to be tested is suspended in a tank of water partly beneath the floor. The pressure, which is registered by a gauge, is applied by means of a hand pump. The cylinder swells a little under the enormous pressure, and this slight expansion is measured by the amount of water which goes from the tank. If the water flows back to its original position on the gauge when the pressure is removed, the cylinder is considered fit for holding the oxygen, if, however, the cylinder remains expanded it is rejected as weak. Thus, as the oxygen is only at a pressure of 1,800, there is not much risk of the cylinders bursting. We next saw the pumps where the oxygen is raised to the required pressure. As the compressing of gas causes great heat the pumps would become ignited if the oxygen were raised, in one stage, to the high pressure needed. To avoid this danger a system of three pumps is used, by the first pump the oxygen is raised to a pressure of about 30 atmospheres. The gas is sent through water to be cooled before it enters the second pump. Here it is compressed still more, and is again cooled by passing through water. At the third pump it is raised to a pressure of 1,800, and from this pump the cylinders are filled. In the same room is another system of pumps to compress nitrous oxide (laughing gas). This gas is raised to a pressure of about 1,100, when it liquefies and is passed into small cylinders similar to the large ones used for oxygen.

We then saw the machinery by which air is first pumped in and oxygen then pumped out from the retorts. The pumps draw in air, which, after being passed over lime to free it from water and carbonic acid gas, is sent on to the retorts. Here barium dioxide, at a low red heat, seizes upon the oxygen to form barium peroxide, and the nitrogen passes off into the atmosphere. For about five minutes this action continues, but at the end of that time the pumps are automatically reversed. The air from the retorts is pumped out, forming a partial vacuum. Under the low pressure the barium peroxide gives up part of its oxygen, and is again reduced to barium oxide. The oxygen thus given up, passes along pipes to the pressure pumps. This action goes on, the air being alternately pumped in, and the oxygen pumped out from the retorts. A good view of the red hot retorts was obtained through a small opening in the wall of the furnace. As a demonstration of the properties of this gas, a glowing splinter of wood was placed in a flow of oxygen. It immediately burned brilliantly with a light almost as bright as that given by magnesium in air. To show the properties of oxygen, and the uses to which it may be put, a

blow-pipe was used. This was an ordinary bunsen burner into which, instead of air, oxygen was passed. A large steel file was held in the flame, and the heat was so intense that the steel almost immediately melted, giving off showers of brilliant sparks. The ordinary lime-light is an example of the illuminating powers of oxygen.

We felt very grateful to the manager for the trouble he took in explaining each detail, and it was mainly owing to his kindness that the visit was so interesting, as well as instructive.

B. FRYER, FORM VI.

## STORY OF MY LIFE.

TOLD BY A CAT.

I am now growing a very old and feeble cat. People say that every cat has nine lives, but I think I must have been more favoured than the rest, for I have been in danger of my life more than a dozen times. The first danger I had was of being drowned. I do not remember it, but I have been told of it by an old relation of my mother's. When I was one day old, a wicked boy named Alfred came into the attic where I was lying with my brothers and sisters. He picked us up, put us into a bag, and ran with us to a pond. He put a stone into the bag and threw us into the water. But the string fastening the bag snapped, and instead of falling into the water I dropped on the bank. The boy did not notice this, and a minute later he walked away. My mother, who had been shut up in a room and had seen all from the window, was let out, and she immediately ran down to the water's edge to see if she could find any of her children. She picked me up in her mouth and carried me to a safe place, and in a few days I was all right again. Soon after this my mother died and I was left an orphan. I was now taken care of by a little girl called Alice. I had a soft bed to lie on and plenty to eat. I was taught to mouse by a very old cat that lived at our house.

By this time I was grown up. I was a handsome cat and possessed a beautiful tail. I was never tired of washing it and playing with it. Up to this time I never went anywhere but just ran about the grounds. But soon I thought I should like to see something of the world. So one day I set out. I went on for some time till I came to a fish shop. I was just going in to ask for a piece of fish when I was seized by one of those hateful dogs. He knocked me about and bit me a good many times. I managed to get on my feet again and I began running away from him. He ran after me and seized me by the tail. I was running so fast and came to such a sudden stop that half my tail was bitten right off. I ran on home in that miserable condition. It took a long time for my tail to heal, and I had a great deal of pain. Shortly after I was well again, a cat who lived near our house came to visit me. He was a very proud cat and he told me that if he were me he would not lie on a patchwork cushion, and that he had a bed of the softest down. I grew discontented after his visit.

One winter night I was sitting in front of the fire when I heard a tap on the window, and looking up I saw my friend the cat. I went out and he told me he had come to take me to live with him. When we reached his home the old lady of the house was having her tea. As soon as she saw me she screamed and bade her maid take me away. I ran home as fast as I could, and for a long time afterwards I did not wish to leave home.

A year after this my mistress had a present of a white mouse. This mouse was very tame and clever, and I grew quite jealous of it. So one day I sprang at it and killed it. After this I dare not meet my mistress, so I ran away. A lady found me crying, and thinking I should please her little boy, she took me home. This little boy nearly teased my life out of me. He never let me rest five minutes together. I could not stand this treatment so I ran away again. Again some dogs saw me and chased me. One caught me and tried to worry me, but I escaped at last and went and lay down under a tree. Here a man found me, and seeing my miserable condition he put me in a bag saying it would be a kindness to drown me, so that I should be out of my misery. But I escaped, and wandered about night and day for some time. At last when I was half dead with cold and hunger an old woman found me. She must have known to whom I belonged, for she took me straight to my old home. My little mistress Alice was very pleased to see me, and quite forgave me for killing her mouse. Many years have passed away since then, and I am still living with my dear mistress Alice.

MARY HANSON, FORM III.

## AN EXHIBITION DREAM.

"Why am I left here, I wonder, among these miserable ghosts of my ancestors? I, who was made for a concert platform! It's enough to turn one's keys yellow with fright. Ugh!" and he shook himself till his soundboard caught up the vibrations, and a sympathetic shiver went through all the sleeping instruments. Yes, he certainly was a beauty—and a bran new "Bechstein," the latest triumph of pianoforte manufacture. How mellow and resonant his tone, and what variety of expression! He could whisper tender little love songs, or roar like an angry sea; and then his bright ebony case and pure white keys, how dingy and yellow they made the others look! They were all companions now, having been gathered together into the pianoforte section of the musical exhibition. They were a curious assembly. Harps, lyres, and dulcimers hung on the walls; the monochord with its solitary string lay on the ground, while all sorts of keyed instruments stood round the room.

It was night, there was no need to be on good behaviour, and so the grand piano went on grumbling and groaning the whole length of the gamut from lower B to C in alt., till the old square Kirkman (who stood on his right) gave one faint snore and woke up. "What is the matter now?" he asked. "Matter indeed," growled the Bechstein. "Look around! What would my family think if they could see the company I am in—these gruesome skeletons with their rattling bones and wheezy voices? My brother travels all over the country with Stavenhagen, while I must remain on exhibition to make music for any paltry strummer who cares to try me."

"Don't despise your forefathers," said the Kirkman, "without us there would have been little chance for your existence."

By this time the Virginal and Spinet had wakened and joined in the discussion. They were first cousins and about the same age. "No, indeed," they cried, "and then you are so young, while some of us are hundreds of years old and have a history."

"Well, I don't envy you, Miss Virginal," said the Bechstein, "you hav'nt a leg to stand on, though you did belong to a queen." Here the Virginal sighed; it was always a grief to her that she had no legs, but then she had known Mary, Queen of Scots.

"My friends, shut up!" called out the Harpsichord, as his lid came down with a bang, "instead of squabbling, let us employ the time by telling our histories."

The proposal was welcomed by all, and the Harpsichord appointed chairman.

"Who is the oldest in the room?" The Harps and Lyres fidgetted uneasily, but no one noticed them. "You in the corner there—you queer little thing with a long name, tell us who you are." The instrument thus addressed braced up his small triangular body and began in a weak voice. "I am a Clavicytherium, or keyed lyre, a descendant of a most ancient Egyptian race, whose effigies you see here. My family were the first to whom keyboards were attached, about the twelfth century. We had not a very long life, for our strings, which were made of cat-gut, were often out of tune and were liable to break. Still we passed many happy hours in kings' palaces." Then the Spinet, who prided himself on his aristocratic connections, asked "Who was your grandfather?" "I do not exactly know," said the Clavicytherium, "but perhaps the Dulcimer, who is a near relative of mine, might be able to tell you."

But the hammers had rolled away, so the Dulcimer was dumb. Instead of a reply came a faint tinkling from another part of the room. What was the air? A gigue of Bach's! It was scarcely audible at first, but when the ear became accustomed to it the tone was incredibly sweet and delicate, just suiting the rapid movement of the gigue. Even the Bechstein was forced to yield the palm in point of delicacy.

"Surely the spirit of old Bach himself," he cried. But no, it was only the old Silberman Clavichord recalling a strain he had so often sung under the fingers of the composer himself.

The chairman hereupon requested him to show himself, and when seen he was found to resemble the square piano. He had wire strings, and these being struck with a brass wedge gave a peculiar metallic quality to the tone. To prevent the strings vibrating too long, each was provided with a "damper," which fell on it as soon as the finger had quitted the key. "I am the favoured instrument of the great Sebastian Bach," he said. The lid of the Harpsichord again went up and down, for he, too, claimed the patronage of Bach. But the Clavichord took no notice and went on—"Often has he sat and made music with me by the hour; I can recall him in his neat periwig and silk stockings as he composed those wonderful fugues."

"Oh! you are the good tempered Clavier for which he wrote those forty-eight dry pieces," sneered Bechstein. "Which is more than you are," he retorted. "I suppose you mean well-tempered?" But the piano was still young, and had much to learn.

Now the Virginal was called upon to relate her history as she lay upon the table. Similar in construction to the Clavichord her voice was very different. Instead of brass hammers she had quills, called "jacks," to pluck the strings, thereby losing much expression, for the jacks could produce only one quality of tone. The Virginal was handsomer than the Clavichord, and must have been a beautiful instrument in the days when the fingers of Queen Mary touched her sensitive keys. The case was of oak inlaid with cedar, and richly ornamented with gold; the cover and sides were beautifully painted with figures of birds, leaves, and flowers; while on the lid a procession of warriors was depicted. "Far away in a distant convent," she began, "one of my race lived, and often in the dim twilight fair hands would accompany hymns to the Virgin, hence she received the name which we all inherited. Some say it was out of compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who was a skilled performer, or perhaps because it was a favourite of all young ladies, for in some nook of an ancient palace "my love doth sit," saith Spenser, "playing alone, careless, on her heavenlie virginal." Then remembering the sorrows of her ill-fated mistress the Virginal broke down.

Her cousin, the Spinnet, resembled her so much that he was passed over, since the Harpsichord was anxious to make his speech before the audience went off to sleep again.

"You see," said he, "I am something like our friend the Grand Piano."

"In nothing but shape," retorted the Bechstein. "You have no hammers, only 'jacks' to pluck your strings, and you are quite incapable of expression; your tone is like a scratch with a sound at the end of it."

"Yet I was patronised by Handel and Mozart, whom you never knew, and no orchestra was complete without me."

"Only give me the chance," said the Piano, "and I will rival the orchestra itself in volume of sound and wealth of tone, while your strings have only one quality of note, and you have no pedals."

"But I have two keyboards and a Venetian swell!"

"Which merely lifts up your lid and lets it down with a bang."

And so they might have gone on, had not the Kirkman made peace by reminding them that each had served the age for which he was made. Then they went to sleep again, and no one could have suspected that the exhibition room had been the scene of so lively a discussion.

A. M. MITCHELL.

## A VISIT TO BUXTON.

On Saturday, July 23rd, Miss Bott and Miss Kerly, with twenty-three members of the Literary Society, paid a visit to Buxton. In spite of somewhat showery weather, we enjoyed the walk out to Poole's Cavern and the view of Buxton, with which our excursion began. The Cavern Museum is only a small one, but contains many interesting things. There was some very old-fashioned furniture, and with it were two lovely spinning wheels. There was a large oak bedstead with four posts and a top. I should not like to sleep in it! In one glass case near it, was a mummy; and in another case, a model of the first Church of England. Many of the objects in the Museum were found in the Cave, such as coins, and some very pretty stones. The cave has existed for many ages. The cavern itself extends for three miles, but is only accessible for visitors for about a mile. When we first entered, we felt the cavern cold and chilly. The conductor's torch was the only ray of light. The entrance was rather low, and tall people had to stoop to get in at all, but further on the cavern widened out and became higher. It was very dark, but the guide lit up the gas jets as we went along. When we had gone a little way we had to keep to a narrow path, which was railed off to keep us from falling down below. When we were nearly at the end of our journey the path became rougher, and we had to climb up some steps; once we had to cross a little stream by means of stones. In one part of the cave the roof was formed like a dome, and the guide showed us another recess the rocks being formed like an organ; he pointed out the pipes. In another part yet, he put the light behind the rocks, which we then saw to be transparent. All along the path little stalagmites were being



formed. We saw one stalagmite which had a hole in the top formed by the water dropping in it. One rock was like a pillar, and is called Queen Mary's Pillar. It is said that Mary, Queen of Scots, visited the cavern, and wished something to be called after her.

All along the cavern side we passed little stalagmites, which appeared like poached eggs, even the tops were yellow. Others were more like oysters. One rock has taken the shape of a lion, and another of an elephant's head. From the roof large stalactites are forming, and one was exceptionally large, and had been also long. Some mischievous visitor, however, had thrown a stone at it, and had thus broken off a large piece which had taken thousands of years to form. The Cavern is supposed to have taken its name from a robber named Poole, who used to live in one of the many recesses within it. The part he inhabited is not accessible to the ordinary visitor. The guide showed us where the coins, seen in the museum, had been found. This shows us that the cave must have been inhabited. After we left the Cavern, we went for a beautiful walk to the Lovers' Leap, where high cliffs closed in the road on either side, and then, at last, we had to return, having spent a most enjoyable day at Buxton.

V. PHILIPPS }  
A. NEILD } UPPER IV.

### EDITORIAL.

Everyone connected with the Hulme Grammar School will be grieved to hear that Miss Semmens has decided to leave us. Miss Semmens has been with us from the founding of the school three and a half years ago, and mistresses and girls alike will miss her energy and ability in every direction. We are very sorry her home duties take her away from us, but we wish her happiness and success wherever she goes.

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The Librarian reports that few books have been used in the library of the Literary Club this term. This is bad news, and as new books, including several standard works of reference, have been added, we hope the members of the Literary Club will take advantage of them.

\* \* \*

All H.G.S. girls, old and new, are invited to share in our new Search Competition. The quotations are all to be found in Shakspeare's comedies. The following rules must be observed: (1) Answers must be written on one side only of the paper. (2) No help is to be obtained from the mistresses. (3) Answers are to be sent in by March 1st to the Editor.

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### FIRST SEARCH COMPETITION.

1. By whom, of whom, and when were the following spoken :—(a) "Burn but his books." (b) "In maiden meditation fancy free." (c) "I never did repent for doing good." (d) "We are such stuff As dreams are made on." (e) "What thou seest when thou dost wake, Do it for thy true love take."

2. Quote the next line, and mention the occasion when the following were spoken :—(a) "The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark." (b) "His eyes were green as leeks." (c) "The more my wrong, the more his spite appears." (d) "The quality of mercy is not strained." (e) "Some are born great."

3. In what place do we learn what is "necessary for a cutpurse."

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