

Liverpool Institute Schools' MAGAZINE.

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WE ventured to express hopes last month of the permanent success of the Magazine, and certainly the sale of that number hardly seems to contradict that notion. An increase of over fifty in our circulation above our December number is an event of which we may, we think, feel justly proud. We are hoping, should this number be as satisfactory as the last, to increase the size of the paper to eleven pages, but shall not proceed on this course unless the improvement in the sale be fairly maintained. Two gentlemen—Messrs. Ewart and Brown—have had so much to do with this success, that we feel we should be wanting in our duty if we failed to express our thanks to them for their endeavours.

We have not received any correspondence in reference to the Prize Competition mentioned in our last number. It may therefore be taken for granted that the proposition is not much favoured by the boys, and it is with no great reluctance that, for the present, at least, we drop the idea.

The Entertainment in connection with the L. I. L. D. S. will not be held in March, as we announced last month, but in April, the 18th being the date fixed. The programme will be divided into two parts, the first, musical, and the second a dramatic performance, in which some members of the Society will take part.

The great events during the month at Football have been our victory over the Merchant Tailors, and our defeat by the Royal. The narrow victory of the latter was, no doubt, a great disappointment to our team, but it must be taken in conjunction with our victory over them in the first match. And we have to set against this, our defeat of the Merchant Tailors, undoubtedly the second-best school team in the neighbourhood. This victory, great, though narrow, was mainly due to Robson. The team chosen for the Shield Matches, which take place this month, ought certainly to render a good account of itself.

W. McI. BROWN,

H. E. LONG,

Joint Editors.

L. I. L. D. S.

A MEETING was held on January 31st, 1888, R. BURN in the chair. A. WORGAN was elected a member.

V. C. H. MILLARD opened in the affirmative a debate on "Ought Ireland to be disfranchised?" He held that the intellectual status of the Irish did not justifiably permit their use of a vote. He described the suspicious attitude of the Irish Nationalists and their League to America, to the British state, and to independence. He also said that the disfranchising of Ireland would be beneficial by putting a timely end to the Home Rule Question.

H. E. LONG, for the negative, maintained that the disfranchisement of Ireland involved the establishment of despotism, and gave instances where despotism had failed. He held it to be undesirable to extend Mr. Balfour's power, giving instances of his alleged cruelty. He implied that to disfranchise Ireland would be to goad it to insurrection.

PHILLIPS, EWART, BURROUGHS, WILLIAMS, SHEARER and BURN spoke, all for the negative. After the Leaders had replied, the negative was carried by nine to one.

A Meeting was held on February 7th, R. BURN in the chair.

V. C. H. MILLARD gave notice of a motion, and H. E. LONG took the chair vacated by R. BURN.

R. BURN read a paper on "Slang." He divided the subject into two heads, "Cant" and "Slang," giving descriptions of each, with instances and humorous examples. He remarked on the cant derived from gipsies, on back-slang, and rhyming slang. Instances were given of forcible expressions eventually becoming good English. He commented on slang derived from fictitious names, and literary works, and that which is peculiar to every branch of life.

BROWN, DALE, MILLARD, SHEARER, WALLACE and LONG discussed the subject. The essayist replied, and a vote of thanks was passed to him on the motion of MILLARD, seconded by BURROUGHS.

A Meeting was held on February 14th, R. BURN in the chair.

Different matters of private business were discussed.

A. J. EWART opened in the affirmative a debate on "Was the execution of Charles I. justifiable?" He argued that Charles was the sole cause of the war, and that this together with his brutality and repression of liberty justified the execution. The tribunal which condemned him was obviously illegal, but justifiable at such a time.

A. M. KER, for the negative, denied that Charles was the cause of the war or brutal. His action should not be regarded as high treason, but was thoroughly justifiable. The best view of his conduct was contained in his last words to the people.

BARNETT, DICKSON, WILLIAMS, BURROUGHS, BROWN, PHILLIPS, WORGAN and BURN joined in the debate. EWART replied, and the affirmative was carried by three majority, some members not voting.

A meeting was held on February 21st, R. BURN in the chair.

Letters were read from some Officers resigning their posts, but the resignations were subsequently withdrawn.

W. McI. BROWN read a paper on "Louis XIV." He began with an account of France at the beginning of Louis' reign. He fully described the actions of Mazarin, Condé, Turenne, Fouquet and Colbert. He lucidly explained the more important treaties of the time, and gave a description of the war of the Spanish Succession. In conclusion, a dissertation on the character of Louis was fully entered into, and his last words recorded.

LONG, MILLARD, DALE, and BURN criticised the paper. After the essayist's reply, a vote of thanks was acceded to him, on the motion of BURROUGHS, seconded by KER.

THE SECRETARY,

L. I. L. D. S.

THE SAILOR'S YARN.

CHAPTER II.

"Well Sir! we were getting down into the doldrums, or the horse latitudes, as they call it," (this is the district about the equator, after the north-east winds have been lost, and before the south-east winds have been gained) "and one night in particular, the wind was very light, and the ship was going along close-hauled on the starboard tack. It was my turn-out helm from twelve to two, and about one o'clock--- Oh! I remembers it quite plain, I was thinking about home and the fine times there---when I saw a some'at white bob out from the hurrie'n house door. Well! we sailors is purty superstitious sometimes, and this time I confess I was. My heart jumped within me---shiver my timbers! I thought it was old Neptune a-comin' for his boys---but I soon got all right again. It was the cap'n. He had on a white night-cap, a white sleeping jacket, and white p'njammers---all white---and I tell you it made me white. Well Sir! he just came aft, had a look at the compass, saw that I was awake, and then went for'ad over the poop; and blow me if he didn't find the mate on his beam ends, fast asleep. Well Sir! I tell you I heard some dark words then, the one shouting, and the other mumbling, but I was glad that that was all. The mate was soon pacing the poop, and the cap'n asleep in his berth below. Well! four bells was struck, it was two o'clock, and helm and look-out were relieved. As soon as I got off, I cleared down to the main hatch, and joined in the general hubbub. Jack, it appears, had been awake and heard all. The cap'n had said he was very sorry that he'd found things in such a state, but it wasn't the first time, and so the next he would be compelled to send the mate to his room. In his turn, the mate had grumbled out somethin' about being upper side with the cap'n before long. We were taking in all this from Jack and resolving with firm hearts to stand by the old man, for he much needed it. For about three or four days things went on very quietly; the winds were light and variable, and peace reigned generally, except that the old sea dog (the mate), smelt a little more than either tea or coffee, and the weather seemed to change for the worst. The fourth night---middle watch again---weather very squally, and Jack's helm from two to four. No sails had been taken in, and the ship slipping along at about nine or ten knots. Well Sir! as usual, I was lying awake thinkin' about

this 'ere affair when I heard a great crash overhead. The main-top-gallant backstay had given way. I sprang to my feet and yelled out to the chaps around me, lying there comfortably cuddled up and breathing heavily. They awoke, but weren't long in bewilderment: one glance upwards was sufficient to take in the whole situation. They saw what I saw, the main-top-gallant backstay had been chafed, and with the terrible strain upon it had given way, falling down and damaging one o' the boats. In consequence, the top-gallant mast gave way and fell over, bursting the main-top sail. The first shout was for the mate, but looking aft, we knew he was there. Amid the squall and darkness we saw the white form of the cap'n lurching, first to starboard, then to larboard. We were rushing in that direction when we saw him fall heavily. The ship at the same time giving a terrific lurch, rolled him overboard. At this moment we were picking ourselves up, mostly determined to do for the mate. But our courage was completely cowed, for in a seeming wild despair, he rushed down the ladder from the poop shouting 'Cap'n overboard.' We scurried past him, and scrambling up on the poop made for the main-brace as though one man. But Jack had forestalled us, there he was shouting and shrieking at the top of his voice. He had seen the cap'n fall, and leaving the helm, had snatched up the coil and thrown it over. How it had hooked the cap'n, I cannot say, but so it was; and with a little carefulness, we hauled the poor bruised and unconscious fellow inboard."

(To be continued.)

THE ETHICS OF PROMPTING.

ALTHOUGH it must be candidly admitted that the true prompter is born not made yet I think that, as in the case of poetry, this aphorism has been greatly strained in order to afford an excuse for neglect of friends under the trying ordeal of going on, on the one hand, and, for an indiscriminate and inconceivably pernicious system of perpetual babble-babble all you know (or don't know) on the other. It is as unfair to compare the chattering, audible and fidgety magpie who infests all forms, be they upper or lower, alike with the trained and experienced prompter as it is to institute a comparison between the purveyor of doggerel to a society journal and Lord Tennyson. The impartial and unprejudiced outsider may think that the above is a self-evident fact and did not require stating. Alas! He little knows the warped mind of the average master and I dare say will scarcely credit me when I tell him that so far from talent being recognised and rewarded, it is actually held up to opprobrium and visited with humiliating punishment, generally entailing the utter loss of two precious hours which otherwise might have been devoted to the fascinating

study of probability, or, were recreation needed, to that most healthy and exhilarating pursuit, Greek Grammar.

This tyranny would be more bearable if it only struck at the perverters of the art who will prompt anybody at any time in any conceivable subject whether they know anything or nothing about it. Unfortunately, however, the conscientious and reliable students of the art, who speak in a practically inaudible undertone, and who have learnt to keep silence when they are ignorant of the matter in hand, are treated, if detected, with far greater severity than their less scientific brethren. In fact, it would seem as if some of the masters were determined to keep genius down with an iron hand. But though the art labours under such heavy disadvantages, it still exists; nay, not only exists but, even according to the testimony of nearly every master in the school, steadily progresses and flourishes. This confirmation of our hopes, coming as it does from so hostile a quarter, is very encouraging and should spur us on to fresh efforts in the cause of Truth and of Equality. The purblind pedagogue will doubtless sneer at this, but I nevertheless maintain and will maintain against all critics that prompting conduces (1) to truthfulness; because it diminishes to a minimum the ridiculous errors which daily occur, for example, in the recital of propositions in Geometry and in translations of passages from foreign languages. Some perverted mind may urge the advantage of a crib. I repudiate his suggestion with disgust. No, sir, I am a man (or boy) of honour and I reject all resorts to Dr. Giles, etc., as tending to degrade the high tone of scholastic morality which it has always been my best endeavour to promote. If you cannot get prompted, learn your lesson; but a crib—my very soul recoils from the bare mention of such a thing: and (2) prompting furthers the cause of Equality, for the student who can rely upon being prompted in his lesson is under no degrading necessity of learning it, and the dunce who, otherwise, would assuredly be placed at the bottom of the class is raised to the level of top boy by this same invaluable system. This latter quality will doubtless commend itself to those of us who are of a Socialistic tendency, especially when it is remembered that in this case it is all levelling-up and not down.

I had originally intended to give some instructions as to the perfecting of the art among those students who were already fairly proficient in it, but, after hearing on unimpeachable authority that the standard of excellence was far too high to render such a proceeding necessary, I thought it would be more advantageous to the cause if I gave instead the above explanation and defence of our principles, hoping thereby to increase the number of its adherents and extend its sphere of usefulness. Whether I have been successful, results alone will show. I shall esteem myself fully rewarded for the trouble I have taken if only one opponent has been led to inquire more diligently than hitherto into the principles of that much maligned though invaluable art-science, Prompting. If he do this conscientiously I have little doubt as to the conclusion at which he will arrive.

HERMES.

[We disclaim all responsibility for the opinions expressed in the above article.—Eds. L.I.S.M.]

EPITAPHS.

Having read with much pleasure the article under the above heading in the last number of the L. I. S. M., I gladly supplement it with the following, which may contain some that are new to a few of the readers. None of them are original, but all have been culled from divers periodicals and books:—

“Here lies me and my two daughters,
All through drinking Harrogate waters;
If we'd taken Epsom salts,
We shouldn't be lying in these 'ere vaults.”

“Affliction dug this grave for me,
And Time is digging thine for thee.”

Brevity is a recommendation for the following one:—

“Here lies I,
Killed by a Sky-
Rocket in my eye.”

“The Death-Angel smote Alexander M'Glue,
And gave him protracted repose;
He wore a checked shirt and a number nine shoe,
And he had a pink wart on his nose,
No doubt he is happier, dwelling in space,
Over there, on the evergreen shore,
His friends are informed that his fun'ral took place
Precisely at quarter-past four.”

“Four doctors tackled Johnny Smith,
They blistered and they bled him;”
With squills and antibilious pills
And ipecac they fed him.
They stirred him up with calomel,
And tried to move his liver,
But all in vain—his little soul
Was wafted o'er the river.”

In a churchyard near Worcester:—

“Here lies W. W.,
Who no more will trouble you, trouble you.”
“P.S.—His name was Jones, but it wouldn't rhyme.”

On a drunkard:—

“Dead drunk here Elderton does lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry;
So of him it may well be said
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.”

On the parson of a country parish:—

“Come let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall,
For, egad! had he lived, he'd have buried us all.”

“ Here lies the body of Joe Sewell,
Who to his wife was very cruel,
And likewise to his brother Tom,
As any man in Christendom.
This is all I'll say of Joe ;
Here he lies, and let him go.”

On John Adams, of Southwell, a carrier :—

“ John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A carrier who carried his can to his mouth well ;
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more—so was carried at last.
For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not carry off—so he's now carri-on.”

A potter and a musician joked one another about their epitaphs, and proposed that each should furnish one for the other. The musician soon produced the following :—

“ On earth he oft turned clay to delf,
But now he's turned to clay himself.”

The potter then read his as follows :—

“ In beating time his life was passed,
But Time has beaten him at last.”

“ Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
Spitalfields weaver—*—and that's all.*”

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR.

I heard a report the other day—though on good authority, I give it with extreme caution—to the effect that the Institute had invested in a new brush. What are we coming to? Why I shall soon be hearing that the Laboratory towel has been washed, or the patent “lather-resisting” soap in the same place has come to an end!

Frost and snow have played sad havoc with the Football matches arranged for last month, and we were deprived of the pleasure of wiping out the overwhelming defeat Waterloo High School gave us last season. It is a little strange, too, that of the scratched matches, we stood some chance of winning all.

However, February has not been absolutely fruitless. To lower the colours of the Merchant Tailors, who have beaten all the best schools in the neighbourhood, including the College—without Wood—was extremely pleasant to our team. But the match with the Royal resulted in that most exasperating issue—a moral victory for us!

The matches for the Challenge Shield will be played this month. The College are, we suppose, nearly certain to get it, but our object must be to succumb to none but them. We ought at least to *do better* than last season.

MAN'S DEGENERATION.

IN these days when the lord of creation has his own choice of what he will say and do, it may be well to look at some points in which this creature has fallen physically, from the simple reason that he has considered certain senses quite sufficient to carry himself through existence: that he has neglected the exercise of some others, and that, finally, these dismissed ministers have departed “for once and for ever.” It is common knowledge that “Neglect produces Loss” in everything; if we do not choose to exercise a faculty, physical, intellectual or moral, most assuredly that faculty itself will disappear without leaving the merest trace behind. But the very plausible theory in the other direction is equally true, and admits of clearer demonstration, simply because we have an idea of the original value of the faculty and are able to compare it with present capabilities, namely, that “Exertion produces Strength.” We usually qualify each of these nouns by the adjective “physical,” from having most qualitative experience in that department. But I think that either of the adjectives intellectual or moral would be as applicable and as true in their departmental modification. Certain it is that the effects of strengthened intellect and morality on the life of individual men are greater than the results of proportionally increased physical activity, although this fact may be due to the greater range and influence of the two unseen departments of existence. The blacksmith's biceps muscle of the upper arm and the gossip's temporal muscles of the lower jaw are lasting proofs of the effect of exertion. So are the novelist's versatility, the orator's magic, the zealot's fire.

Let us, however, regard this as a digression too useful to be omitted and proceed to discover whether or not the monarch of all he surveys has not been slightly deceived by his vanity.

At about the centre part of the superior surface of the human brain, we find a body identical in structure and connection with the nerves of the eyes. In fact, the only thing which prevents its acting as an eye is that it has no exterior development. But if we go lower down in the line of animal life we find surprising facts. Thus, the lizard has the “parietal eye,” but it is functionless. Lower still, the humble reptile “Hatteria” with some of its relations has this most convenient organ in perfect functional activity. Clear it is, then, that man or his ancestors have lost this great convenience, an eye at the back of the head. The only reason we can supply from analogy is that it has disappeared from neglect. Here, then, is an example of the points in which the “lower” forms of animal life excel their destroyer.

The only other example I have space to adduce is the peculiarity of the human foot. It is utterly impossible for a human being to move

his great toe in opposition to the rest of the digits. The thumb can be moved in opposition to the fingers and thereby provides a method of prehension, the loss of which would make a remarkable change in human economy. The point to notice is that the monkey, the nearest relation to man, has this desirable power. Who can doubt the convenience of it? In many places and times it might be employed when the hands were occupied. The deplorable fact remains, however, that it has departed, solely and surely. Can it be from any cause but that man has been satisfied with other things?

We see, then, clearly the effect of neglect of exercise. It is very convenient to preach, but it seems that man has been practising *in extenso*, and has achieved a result, pretty, but not on that account desirable. Let it be a warning to the sluggard and a help for the worker. Let none of us ever forsake our athletics and education.

EXCELSIOR.

FOOTBALL.

L.I.F.C. v Merchant Tailor's School.—This match was played on Feb. 4th, at Crosby. During the first half our opponents obtained a try, but after the interval Robson dropped a good goal. The Merchant Tailors' added another try, but this not being improved upon, the Institute won by 1 goal and 1 minor to 2 tries and 1 minor. The match was thoroughly well contested, the Institute playing splendidly. Beside Robson, Ewart, Burroughs and Goulding played very well.

L.I.F.C. v Royal Institution.—This return match was played on Feb. 8th, the Royal being victorious by a goal to a try and 3 minors. Robson gained the try for the Institute. Throughout the game, Robson and Haines, the best three-quarters for their respective sides, seldom had the ball. The Royal's victory was a fluky one, as the game went considerably in our favour most of the time. It is needless to add that Burroughs and Ewart played very creditably, as did the forwards generally.

SPECTATOR.

CRICKET.

WE are requested to announce that a ground has been obtained for the Cricket Club at Wavertree, the one which the Wavertree Juniors previously occupied. It is in very good condition, and far superior to the Sefton Park ground, besides which the Institute team will have it to themselves. The C. C. will now be able to invite respectable clubs to play on their ground which was previously impossible, and as the trams run close by from Lime Street, visiting teams can easily reach it. It is hoped that many will now be induced to join the Club, which was not very well supported last season, as it will not be necessary for the second eleven to play all their matches "at home," as was previously the case; and there is no reason why a third team should not be organised if there are enough members. Our thanks are especially due to Mr. Ewart for the interest he has taken in getting us the ground.