

Liverpool Institute Schools' MAGAZINE.

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THIS month's Magazine has not been enlarged, as we had hoped, on account of the decrease in the numbers of copies sold. The Magazine will, however, still support itself if the size be limited to ten pages, and we are glad that we have a small balance from last number, but not nearly so much as from the preceding number. We may mention here, that the May number will be the last issued this term, as the editors will then have to employ themselves in a very different occupation from that of conducting a paper.

The tickets for the Annual Entertainment in connection with the L. I. L. D. S. to be held on April 18th, are now issued, and can be obtained from R. BURN, Chairman of the Society, or any other member. The programmes will be threepence each, and it is hoped that every one present will purchase one.

It is with great pleasure that we announce that much more interest is being taken in the athletics of the school. A swimming club has been formed, and a very large number of boys have joined it. The subscription is one shilling.

Non-footballers will please excuse the large amount of space allotted to football in this number. The importance of the

Shield matches seemed to require that a little extra space should be devoted to them. We will only say here, that considering Ewart's absence in the second round, the result was not altogether unsatisfactory.

We should like to receive more correspondence; what we have received is not of a kind that we could very well insert in the Magazine.

W. McL. BROWN,

H. E. LONG,

Joint Editors.

P.S.—The pressure on our space this month is so great, that we are omitting the L. I. L. D. S. reports, and another article, both in type. They will appear next month.

A MOUNTAIN ASCENT.

I humbly confess that philosophical articles are beyond me. Such being the case, if the editors of the L. I. S. M. desire anything from my pen, they must expect a contribution of a somewhat different type. While I can read and enjoy such articles as "Laziness," the reader must look from me for something of a description which will not cause such a violent exercise of the brain. No, I have nothing but a simple, if not an ordinary, incident to relate. We cannot always be 'lazy'; we cannot always be soaring in the giddy heights of *Tacitus* or *Covics*; and we must sometimes descend to sober and practical reality. Since that is so, I offer no further apology for the brief anecdote I am about to relate.

Well, you must imagine the scene changed. No longer do I see around me scribbled-over walls and grimy windows; no longer are the sounds that break upon my ears 'amo, amavi' or 'equi-conjugate hyperbolas'; no longer am I sitting upon a narrow form vainly endeavouring to lean against the back of the next desk. No, all is changed. It is the summer holidays, and I am one of a party of four, lying luxuriously among the heather on the moorlands of Scotland, consenting to join in an ascent of a mountain—close by we thought, but not so close by, as we subsequently found to our cost. Strange as it may seem, I had not Todhunter's Trigonometry in my pocket, wherewith to measure the height of that 'inaccessible' object, the mountain, or we might never have made the ascent. But all that's off the

subject, and you will want to know something about the party. First, of course, there was our leader, Mr. X Y Z. He was boldly confident that the ascent would occupy somewhere about half-an-hour, and as for the descent, why, a few minutes would suffice. There was, indeed, a considerable stretch of country to cross before we reached the mountain, but that was a matter of little importance, so we all thought. Then there were two others, beside myself, in the party, of whom one was noted for a dislike of violent exertion.

We had already exhausted about a quarter-of-an-hour, when we found our further progress barred by a deep ravine with perpendicular sides. There was no escape from it, down we must go, and trust to the laws of the Inclined Plane with Friction landing us safely at the bottom. This was accomplished, rather more than accomplished in fact, for we plunged knee-deep in the stream. Finally, we arrived on the other side, and in a perilous manner made the ascent of the opposite slope. Once landed on the top of this, we began to look at our watches. Three-quarters of an hour had gone, and we were only just beginning to ascend. "We'll count the half-hour from now," said Mr. X Y Z, with a shade less confidence in his tone. Yet we were destined to spend considerably more than half-an-hour in completing the ascent! I did, indeed, venture to suggest that such was possible, but, as usually happens, I was pooh-poohed, etc., being all the time quite in the right. However, on one point we were all agreed—viz., that in the three hours remaining before the last steamer would leave the pier near the foot of the mountain, we had "oceans of time" to make both ascent and descent. So we went on till after half-an-hour or so we quitted the region of the heather, and reached at last the bare mountain side. "I think we'd better count the half-hour from now," said Mr. X Y Z. "Now we are really on the mountain, you know. Oh! plenty of time! plenty of time!" So saying, he accelerated his pace, and started off at about five miles an hour. Now, this is all very well when one wishes to take a run along a level road; but it becomes, to put it mildly, rather arduous up a steep incline. I had no intention of flying along at such a rate, and said so, and what was more unusual, did not find myself in a minority of one. Soon Mr. X Y Z became little more than a speck in the distance, and after we had journeyed for some time we came across his coat. He was evidently "doing" the mountain in genuine fashion, and had literally "taken off his coat" to the work, and was going on in his shirt-sleeves. We, however, consulting our watches, did not feel inclined to follow him, so pinning on the coat an inscription written on the back of an algebra exercise raked out from the depths of my pocket, informing him of our departure in a downward direction, we set out on the descent. Any one interested in mechanics (I will not count myself among that number) will not be surprised to hear that when we had started on our descent, our pace became very rapid, so rapid in fact that we were soon reposing on our faces and meditating on the fact that we had only an hour in which to catch the last boat of the day. However, we did finally arrive at the bottom of the mountain, and who should we meet there but Mr. X Y Z, who had run all the way down! There was now exactly $67\frac{1}{2}$ seconds in

which to walk—we certainly could not run—the mile to the pier. Mr. X Y Z, however, assured us that we should be in time, and we were in time. “We’re back in time,” he remarked to one of the party who had not accompanied us. “In a trifle over half-an-hour,” said the individual addressed. However, “all’s well that ends well,” and we none of us came to any harm from that day’s events, though our belief in Mr. X Y Z’s power of “estimating at sight” the time required to ascend a mountain was shaken.

I have done. Anybody who thinks this article bosh is at liberty to think so, and tell the author. I promised no philosophical article and I have given none. I have delivered a plain, if not unvarnished, tale of fact, and liberty is given to readers to grumble. The author will not complain.

CLIMBER.

THE SAILOR'S YARN.

CHAPTER III.

“Sir! when I looked at our poor cap’n I was nearly melted to tears. I’m a purty ‘ard-earted chap, and have been used all along to these sort of things; but I was mighty near breakin’ down then. The sight of him in itself warn’t what would fill a chap like me with much pity, although the white mass which lay so unhuman-like on the deck was bespattered and streaked with life-blood; but still, sir, I couldn’t look at him without thinkin’ of the way he’d been treated; how that cruel old serpent of a mate had taken advantage of his uncommon good nature and played the deuce with him; and it made my blood boil. Well, we must get him looked a’ter, thought I, and so one of the other chaps and myself carried him down into his room and left him there, well looked after by the third mate. On deck, the chaps were standin’ around Jack discussing what had been going on, when the first and second mates came aft. They had evidently been casting an eye to the wreckage for’ad, and when they came to’ards us, the first asked if the captain had been hauled inboard yet. Sir! d’ye know that was said a bit too on-guarded-like for us chaps, and so Jack shouted out, ‘Just wait till the ship gets to Rio, you old skunk! and we’ll report you for what you’ve done to-night.’ These words were barely out of his mouth when the villain, who was still going aft, turned round and struck him full in the face, knocking him over. Well, sir! that blow spoilt the mate, for myself and Bill Jones and another old tar rushed at him and knocked *him* clean down. But he was up in no time, and calling some of the crew to him—for mind yo there was a black spot among us too—he set himself in battle array, as the saying goes. This meant a pitched fight, so we got our belayin’ pins and stood opposite them ready for the onset, with Jack at our head. It was a strange sight, for the sun had just begun to peep over the wide waste of waters and the greyness of a gloomy morning made everything, especially in our new

situation, seem so strange. There was a little bit of useless parley at first, like as always is you know, but afterwards the two leaders rushed at each other furiously, and, throwing aside their weapons, engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. Well, contrary to what you’d think, sir! we stood as though rivetted to the boards, and I for one seemed to be awed by the sight before me. Age and youth, clumsiness and agility, mate and seaman grappled fiercely with each other for above a quarter of an hour. Poor Jack sometimes got the best of it, but afterwards he was knocked down and th’other fellow falling heavily on him took hold of his hair and dashed his head on the deck until his eyes closed and his hands fell helpless by his side. He had fainted. Oh, Jim! thought I, won’t you help your pal now; but no, sir, I couldn’t, and I guess they were all like me, I was as fast bound as if I was lyn’ buried under my feet. My legs I couldn’t move, and when I tried to stretch out my hands I just fell straightforward. Ah! I was alight then—that had brought me to my senses, and with a wild yell I drew him over on top o’ me, with Jack in his arms. I squeezed his neck until a shriek, a gasp, and a groan made me feel frightened and I somewhat slackened my grip, but I was then clutching fiercely at his throat. Around me I could hear scuffling of feet, horrid yells, and dreadful groans as the chaps, now awakened to a feeling of their true positions, were venting their rage upon each other. At last I turned dizzy, the weight upon me was awful, and I was unable to clearly make out any more sounds. I then seemed to forget all that was going on about me, and pleasant thoughts of home flitted through my mind. Instead of fighting the mate I at one time was playing eagerly a game of cricket with my chums of the school, and at another time was walking the pleasant lanes in and about my native village, filled with youthful hopes; still, no matter how, I was enjoying again that portion of my life which I have since regretted, because it was so unfruitful and contained too much of a desire for pleasure and too little of a desire for good substantial knowledge. These dreams, however, were far too momentary; they too soon died away. I opened my eyes to find myself lyn’ propped up against the fo’c’stle with a man standin’ over me. I recognised in him one of the mate’s gang and was consequently aware of my unhappy position. My mates were below from what I could understand of the shouting an’ ordering going on around me. But was Jack among those who were below or was he killed or thrown overboard? Should I ever see my most true friend any more? ‘I’ll ask the man that’s standin’ over me,’ I says to myself; ‘he can’t say anything to me for a question like that.’ I accordingly attempted to put forward my hand to attract his attention; it was no use, I was bound. Ah! Ah! Ah! most nat’ral now; a mutiny to a ‘T’. However, ‘Slinker,’ says I, ‘Where’s Jack? Is he with the rest?’ But I got no answer. I ventured again, but that time got too much answer, for, turning round to me, the ruffian gave me a smart rap with the belayin’ pin in his hand and said ‘There, take that for yer imp’dence.’ I again fainted.”

(To be continued.)

SOLITUDE.

Night has fallen on the earth,
 Day has ended its career;
 Twinkling stars are peeping forth,
 Moon is shining bright and clear.
 Twittering birds are quiet now,
 E'en the rustling leaves are still,
 And from yonder mountain brow,
 Silent flows the trickling rill.
 Thus alone I love to stroll,
 Nature, and the world asleep;
 Seeking solace for my soul,
 In the silence calm and deep.

HERMES.

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR.

Truly "Science hath charms." Those youths who voluntarily trudged through the snow the other day to attend an extra chemistry class at 8-15 a. m., and found the master not there, must be devoted students. How different to the assemblage at the Light and Heat class, when but *two* arrived! Really, High School, this is disgraceful.

The School did not cut a particularly brilliant figure in the Shield matches (Football) this year. Certainly we got into the second round, but then we were knocked out by 8 points to 1, and that by a club we had beaten previously. However, the absence of our gallant captain no doubt told against us.

Cricket begins this month, and it remains to be seen whether we shall continue this season the slow but steady improvement we have achieved the last two years. Let the club try, now they have got a decent ground, no longer to rest content with the defeats double the victories. Let them try to be as successful as the footballers were this season.

Whatever be the faults of "the powers that be" at the Institute—and that they have faults I will not deny—over-generosity in giving holidays is *not* one of them. Here is Burn, first-class senior in the Cambridge, with a sizarship for being first in Mathematics. And yet we have to put up with a Saturday afternoon!

O Jupiter! O ye gods! What are we coming to? What an event! Last month I virtuously chronicled in this column the reported purchase of a new brush by the Institute, but now—would it be believed?—a new wall-map of England has been purchased! No longer will it be necessary for the master examining in English geography to say "What place would be here if the map weren't torn?" What *does* this portend?

CRICKET.

As we announced last month the L.I.C.C. has succeeded in obtaining a ground at Wavertree, mainly through the exertions of Mr. Ewart. Three gentlemen, Rev. J. Sephton, Mr. Ewart, and Mr. Sharp, have consented to hold themselves responsible for the rent. Is it not rather strange that the Liverpool Institute cannot afford thirty pounds to pay for a cricket ground for the School without appealing to the boys? The three gentlemen named above, are very kind to voluntarily hold themselves responsible for it, and therefore it is hoped that the boys, not members of the cricket club only, but *every boy* in the schools will show their appreciation of this kindness by assisting to raise the required sum of money.

At a committee meeting held on March 26th, Woodward of the Upper Fifth was elected captain of the Second Eleven. It was decided that the subscription should be 2/6, as last season, and that the cards should be sold at cost price. Tuesday evening was fixed for a weekly practice on our ground at Wavertree; but a cricket set will be kept in the tent at Sefton Park for the use of those who wish to practise on other evenings.

The Secretary, A. M. Ker, (6th Form) will be glad to receive subscriptions in the High School, and Mr. Ewart has kindly consented to do so in the Commercial School.

FOOTBALL.

LIVERPOOL SCHOOLS' CHALLENGE SHIELD.

FIRST ROUND

L.I.F.C. v. Liverpool College Middle School:—This match was played on Wednesday, March, 7th, on the Institute's ground. The College kicked off, but the ball was quickly returned, and a minor was conceded to the Institute. After the drop out, a scrimmage was formed near the College goal, and Robson, from a pass by Henderson, succeeded in obtaining a try, which he converted into a goal. After some scrummaging Henderson again passed to Robson, who tried hard to get in, but was brought down on the lines. Soon afterwards, however, Draco ran in, but the shot at goal was rather poor. After the kick off, the ball was soon returned to College quarters, and Henderson by a very good run succeeded in grounding the ball between the posts, but this try was not improved upon. After the drop out, the College got very near the Institute's goal, but our forwards soon carried the ball to the other end. On changing ends, the Institute scored nothing but minors, until Robson made a brilliant run, and grounded the ball behind the posts, the place kick being successful. The game then became much more even, but Henderson, making a splendid run,

carried the ball very near the College goal line, and from the scrimmage Draco obtained a try, which was not improved upon, the Institute thus winning a very one-sided game by 2 goals, 3 tries and 9 minors to nil. Henderson and Robson were best at three-quarters. Neither Williams nor Bingham had much opportunity of doing anything. Burroughs, Ewart and Draco were the best of the forwards.

Institute Team:—J. Bingham, back; W. J. Robson, C. Henderson, and J. J. Williams, three-quarter backs; A. M. Ker and J. Golding, half-backs; A. J. Ewart, (captain), J. H. Burroughs, P. E. Draco, J. Taylor, S. Stoddart, J. Stoddart, F. S. Foster, W. Armour, and C. F. Fraser, forwards.

Royal Institution beat Cambridge House School by 5 goals and 4 minors to 1 try and 1 minor.

Liverpool College Upper School beat Birkenhead School by 2 goals, 11 tries and 1 minor to nil.

Waterloo High School beat Wallasey Grammar School by 6 goals, 8 tries and 6 minors to nil.

Merchant Taylors' School, a bye.

SECOND ROUND

L.I.F.C. v. Merchant Taylors' School:—This match was played on March, 17th, the Institute being heavily handicapped by their captain being compelled at the last moment through illness to absent himself. The Merchant Taylors kicked off, but the game went for some time in our favour, though nothing more substantial than a minor was scored. After this our opponents gained a try, but the place kick was a failure. After a minor for the Merchant Taylors, Robson gained a try for the Institute, but the shot at goal was bad. Some time after the kick off, Williams ran in, but the point was disallowed, and we subsequently gained a minor. Our opponents however put themselves ahead of us by a goal which they got from a try. After the change of ends the game went at first heavily in favour of the Merchant Taylors, who added a try and 2 minors and a goal obtained from a try got by a maul. This proved the last point of the game, however, for the Institute now played up well. Our opponents' capital kicks were well frustrated by Henderson and Williams, and for a time the Merchant Taylors were hard pressed. Their three-quarters gained them ground, the scrimmages going in our favour. The game was in an even condition at the close. The result was an easy victory for the Merchant Taylors by 2 goals, 2 tries and 3 minors to 1 try and 2 minors. Of the individual players Williams played brilliantly, better than he has done this term. Taylor and Burroughs also were in grand form, playing most pluckily. Robson was hardly in as good form as usual, but very seldom in the second half had the ball. Bingham was a failure at full back, and Henderson was of great service. The Merchant Taylors' three-quarters were heavier than ours, and their halves, though small were sharp.

Institute Team:—J. BINGHAM, back; W. J. ROBSON, C. HENDERSON, and J. J. WILLIAMS three-quarter backs; A. M. KER and J. GOLDING

half-backs; J. H. BURROUGHES, P. E. DRACO, S. STODDART, J. STODDART, F. S. FOSTER, W. ARMOUR, W. H. CHISHOLM, J. TAYLOR, and H. D. THOMAS, forwards.

Liverpool College Upper School beat Royal Institution by 5 goals, 8 tries, 3 and minors, to nil.

Waterloo High School—a bye.

THIRD ROUND.

Merchant Taylors' School beat Waterloo High School by a try and 4 minors, to 3 minors.

Liverpool College Upper School, a bye.

FINAL TIE.

Liverpool College Upper School beat Merchant Taylors' School by 4 goals, 5 tries, and 4 minors to nil, and won the Shield.

RESULT OF SEASON'S PLAY.

FIRST TEAM.

During the season 18 matches have been played. Of these four were with Merchant Taylors' School, two each with Parkfield F C, Tue Brook extra third team, Liverpool College Upper School, Liverpool College Middle School, and Royal Institution, and one each with the remaining clubs. The results were as follow:—

Won (10). Parkfield F C (2), Wallasey Grammar School, Tue Brook extra third team, Parkfield School, Waterloo Business College, Royal Institution, Liverpool College Middle School (2), and Merchant Taylors' School.

Lost (7). Liverpool College Upper School (2), Birkenhead School, Merchant Taylors' School (3), and Royal Institution.

Drawn (1). Tue Brook extra third team.

The Institute have scored during the season 13 goals, 23 tries, and 51 minors (62 points), and their opponents 24 goals, 23 tries, and 26 minors (95 points). We may add, however, that no less than 55 of the points scored against us were obtained in the Upper School of the College matches, in which we obtained but one minor!

Of the goals 3 were dropped and gained as follows:—WILLIAMS, 1; HENDERSON, 1; ROBSON, 1. One was gained from a free kick by ROBSON. The other 9 were obtained from tries. 32 tries were gained by—ROBSON, 8; HENDERSON, 6; EWART, 3½*; DRACO, 3½*; WILLIAMS, 3; KER, 2; TAYLOR, 2; BURROUGHES, 2; ARMOUR, 1; and GOLDING, 1. (*The half try is accounted for by EWART and DRACO on one occasion touching the ball down together.)

The season has been a somewhat checkered one. We began very badly, but ROBSON'S absence certainly told heavily against us. Then came a series, not however unbroken, of brilliant successes, the climax being reached in the defeat of the Royal, a result unlooked for by both teams. One or two disappointing defeats have occurred towards the close of an interesting and exciting season. We welcome the result, however, as vastly superior to last year's, and also as the victories decidedly outnumber the defeats.

CHARACTERISTICS OF LEADING PLAYERS.

We append a few notes on the play of the best in the team.

W. J. ROBSON is a very brilliant, though somewhat uncertain, player. Not very successful at the place kick, but occasionally lands a splendid shot over the bar.

C. HENDERSON is not the equal of ROBSON, but safer and surpasses him in unselfish play, passing well. Fleet runner.

J. J. WILLIAMS is undoubtedly inferior to the other three-quarters. He has, however, played pluckily and well at times, notably in the last match of the season. Should pass more.

A. M. KER is a sharp half-back. Passes well. Would be better if heavier. Is far too light for three-quarters.

J. GOLDING is a moderate half. Keeps very cool, perhaps too much so. Good sometimes, but uncertain.

A. J. EWART is a capital forward. Not firm enough for captain, but his value as leader of the forwards is well shown by the last Merchant Taylors' match. Has shown a considerable disposition not to "funk."

J. H. BURROUGHS is a splendid forward and grand collarer. Very reliable, and one of the strongest and most useful players in the team.

P. E. DRACO follows up very fast, and was instrumental in winning for us the first Royal match thereby. Not much good in the scrimmages.

J. TAYLOR is a fleet runner, but selfish player. Very useful at times.

W. ARMOUR, W. H. CHISHOLM, S. STODDART, J. STODDART, and F. S. FOSTER have been good forwards, but their play does not call for special remark.

SECOND TEAM.

The Second Team have done very little this season since out of thirteen matches arranged for, only four were played; two with the Liverpool College Upper School, one with the Birkenhead School, and one with the Merchant Taylors. Of these four matches, two were won by the Institute over Birkenhead School, and Liverpool College respectively, and if the goal kicking of the Institute's second team had been better, the Merchant Taylors' second team would also have been beaten. Altogether, the Institute has scored 5 goals and 12 tries, against 3 goals and 4 tries. GILCHRIST has been the most successful player in the team, since he has obtained 7 tries; DRINKWATER has got 3 tries; HALL and DRACO two each; and STODDART 1.