

Liverpool Institute Schools'

MAGAZINE.

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MAY, 1888.

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AT length the time has arrived for us to lay down, for a time only, we hope, our position as Editors, and it is not unsuitable that we should say a few words on our success or otherwise. Altogether, we may, without boasting, look back with pride on the results. When we started we could hardly get a single article from the School itself, now articles flow in in much greater numbers, and it is with pleasure we note that in this number we have a contribution from a Commercial boy. To our predecessors as editors, we feel we are deeply indebted; we had but to improve on their efforts, they had the much harder task of floating the concern.

Financially, we have had a rise and a fall, but we certainly hope that on the whole we shall not have an adverse balance. We hope this number, being the last, will be well supported.

In the Commercial School, the sale of the paper has diminished considerably, but it may be hoped that now a Commercial Sub-editor in the person of R. PRIDE has been elected, the Magazine will be more prosperous there.

We have lately closed an exciting Football season ; we are just beginning what will, we hope, be a successful Cricket season. By the time our readers get this (weather permitting), the first match of the season will have been played, and we shall know whether our great rivals, the College, are defeated.

Finally we desire to express our gratitude to those Old Boys who have so ably assisted us with their pens, and to all our contributors. To all who have in any way helped to make the Magazine a success, whether in the way of selling or writing, we render most hearty and sincere thanks. And now for the Oxford !

W. McL. BROWN,
H. E. LONG,
Joint Editors.

L. I. L. D. S.

A MEETING was held on February 28th, 1888, R. BURN in the chair.

J. H. LL. WILLIAMS opened in the affirmative a debate on "Is a sailor's life preferable to a soldier's?" He maintained that a sailor's life had advantages over a soldier's in health, as a sailor was less liable to illness than a soldier. In exercise, in enjoyment, pay and food, he likewise contended that the sailor was the better off, and also in the time he had for reading.

J. WALLACE, for the negative, held that the soldier was in a better position, because his service was lighter than the sailor's, and his food more preferable. He also remarked that a soldier would receive a pension after service, and commented on the danger and annoyance of rats to a vessel.

TAYLOR and LONG spoke for the affirmative ; BROWN, EWART, and PHILLIPS for the negative ; and MILLARD, DALE, and BURN, neutral. The Leaders having replied, the vote resulted in a tie—5 on each side. The Chairman gave his casting vote for the negative.

A Meeting was held on March 6th, R. BURN in the Chair.

H. E. LONG read a paper on "Ancient Britain and its inhabitants." He traced the gradual growth of civilization from the East to the West, and gave a description of the "Men of the Drift," the Ivernians, the

Goidel Celts, and the Brythons. He touched on the religions of the nations, with special reference to Druidism. He described the customs and form of government of the various races. He remarked also on the relics of these ancient tribes, among others, Stonehenge.

DALE, MILLARD, BROWN, PHILLIPS, and BURN followed with a few remarks. The essayist replied, and a vote of thanks was accorded him on the motion of BROWN, seconded by PHILLIPS.

A Meeting was held on March 13th, R. BURN in the chair.

After private business, H. E. LONG took the chair vacated by R. BURN.

W. H. CHISHOLM opened in the affirmative a debate on "Were the Americans justified in becoming independent?" He thought that the question should be considered from an American point of view. He denounced North's ministry, and maintained that the Americans would have been wanting in self-respect if they had not, by rebelling, upheld the true cause of freedom.

R. BURN, for the negative, showed how the causes of the war came down to taxation, and pointed out the importance of the Stamp Act. He acknowledged that the English Government was wrong in acting coercively, but in the tea matter, thought the Americans wrong. He showed what advantages would have ensued from non-disintegration.

JENKINS, EWART, and LONG spoke for the affirmative : and MILLARD and DALE for the negative. The Leaders replied, and the affirmative was successful by 7 to 4.

The General Meeting was held on April 24th, R. BURN in the chair. A vote of thanks was passed to the Artistes who took part in the Entertainment, and some private business financial and otherwise, was transacted. The Secretary's Report and the Statement of the Editors of the Magazine were read and adopted.

The following were elected Officers of the Society for next session :—
Chairman—*R. BURN ; Vice-Chairman—W. M. BROWN ; Hon. Treasurer—*J. B. DALE ; Hon. Secretary—H. E. LONG ; Committee—J. H. BURROUGHS and W. H. CHISHOLM.

The following Magazine Officers were elected :—Hon. Editor—*R. BURN ; Editors—*W. Mc. L. BROWN and *H. E. LONG. J. H. BURROUGHS was appointed to represent the sixth form on the Magazine Committee.

THE SECRETARY,
L. I. L. D. S.

ON READING.

IT is said that one should never write about anything except that which he thoroughly understands. If everybody stuck to this rule the amount of printed matter in the world would be considerably

*Re-elected.

diminished, and it is perfectly certain that few people would be any the worse for it; yet strange to say school masters will never take this very sound statement as an excuse for a Latin exercise, let us say, which has not been written; so that the boy who nobly upholds a profound truth and scorns to waste good paper by writing thereon bad Latin, is compelled to avert the magisterial wrath by pleading a headache which never existed, or triumphantly exhibiting a note obtained by working on the maternal feelings. Thus is the cause of truth hindered. But this is a digression; so I merely say that with respect to my subject I think that I am in some degree entitled to write on it.

In some writings it is customary for the hero to start by giving a brief sketch of his life, for instance in those novels written in the first person (a thing I hate), or in tracts written by reformed characters to warn others from following in the same evil courses. These people often begin in some such fashion as this: "I was born in the year 18-- of poor but honest and religious parents, &c., &c." Now I am also going to begin with a statement about myself, a statement which some people may not believe, but which is true for all that. I never learnt to read. I never went through the torture of learning the alphabet (except the Greek one, but that was later) with all the punishments and miseries involved in learning it, the memory of which caused the charity-school boy to say that he really did not think it was worth going through so much to learn so little. From my earliest years I was always struggling with some book or other, and I gradually began to get at the meaning of it, but it was all done by myself, and since then I have passed the greater part of my time with books of one sort or another; of course with intervals for those operations which waste so much time, namely eating and sleeping. As a great deal of my reading has been miscellaneous to say the least of it, I always used to feel rather small in the presence of those superior people who tell you that you should go through a strict course of reading, it trains the mind, you know, my boy; gives it tone, and all that sort of thing. Therefore I rejoiced greatly on reading a short time ago an address given by a very clever and learned man to some university students, in which he defends in an able and convincing way the practice of miscellaneous reading. The gentleman in question is he who is generally known to the Irish members of Parliament by the elegant name of "Bloody Balfour;" and if anybody wants an instance of a clever man (not that I presume to be clever) who read every kind of book no matter how trashy, and yet was able to get better known and do better work than some of those good people who train their minds so carefully, let him read that most delightful book, "Trevelyan's Life of Macaulay."

Another bore that he who reads is exposed to, is the person who tells you that you should take notes of every book you read, or draw up an outline of the book when finished, or make extracts of notable passages. Now what I want to know is this, do these people always practise what they preach? No doubt when the eye of the world is on them, so to speak, they work very carefully and laboriously, but how many novels and poems and other books don't they skim over in private with

delightful haste, skipping over all the profound moral reflections &c., which all writers indulge in more or less, even the thrilling Rider Haggard, and hurrying into the next scrimmage. No; believe me, your virtuous people are generally humbugs. But it must not be imagined that I condemn altogether the habit of taking extracts, which is a good and useful one, but I never do it. Many and many a time I have firmly resolved to begin, nay even gone to the expense of buying a thick shilling exercise book to fill with blossom culled from British Authors to use poetical phrase. But alas! like the majority of my fellow creatures I am very lazy, and the sight of that exercise book ever and anon causes feeble movements of that stunted growth which I call my conscience.

There are some people who never read and yet somehow they manage to exist. How they do it is a mystery, and how they pass all their time is a problem unfathomable. I remember once in the wilds of Wales being kept indoors a whole Sunday by such a downpour of rain as would rejoice the hearts of the Liverpool Corporation were it to happen here, and in the whole place there was not as much printed matter as would make headlines for a copy book. It is true that the landlady had a Bible (who in Wales has not?) but then it was in Welsh, and I am happy to say that the study of that interesting language was not one of the inflictions of my childhood, so that after spending some time trying to find how many double consonants you can cram into one word, that source of amusement failed or as the Americans would say "panned out." The memory of that day even now haunts me like a nightmare, and I have a vivid notion of what life on a desert island would be. I certainly think that life without books would not be worth living. It is strange though how little some people need to keep them going. One learned man said that he could get on very well if reduced to Salmon's Conic Sections and the Bible. If he had to give up one of these, the Bible would go. Another man said that he could obtain mental food for a very long time from a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Certainly he would have variety.

There is one book that everybody probably reads at some time or other, that is to say, that wonderful book the newspaper. In it there is matter suitable for every taste. Those of a lively imagination, especially if is untrammelled by the restraints of culture, take a deep and fearful pleasure in accounts of horrible murders, crimes of violence, police court reports, and the like. Dear to them are the details of the trials of noted criminals, while they spell out the words of the death sentence with a relish and a gusto horrible to hear. I am here calling to mind the habits of a nurse who looked after me long, long ago, and thrilled my infant mind with tales of horror.

Others find their daily pleasure under the heading of sporting news. All sorts and conditions of men find pleasure in the newspaper. In conclusion, as they say in sermons, I know that those who already read, need no exhortation to go on doing so, whilst you who don't read, are not likely to be influenced by what I can say, but I would just point out to them what they lose; how long journeys are shortened,

and dull hours are lightened; how cares are driven away, and troubles forgotten; how new friends are made who never give trouble, while if they become bores, all we have to do is to shut the book and there is an end of them. If they ever come to feel all this and more, they will agree with me that the man who invented printing, deserves the biggest, finest, and costliest statue that it ever entered into the mind of man to erect.

THE SAILOR'S YARN.

Chapter IV.

“IT was still light when I recovered, but when I was enabled clearly to gaze about me I saw that night was fast approaching. Away in the western horizon opposite, me the sun, swollen to almost double its size was slowly sinking into the sea. Already its lower limit was hidden, and a bright red gleam lit up the waters, and cast the shadow of one of the stanchions over my feet. The clouds were beautiful and the storm which had just passed over us had left the whole scenery bathed in an almost dream-like clearness. But it was soon gone, and the clear light was displaced by an impenetrable blackness. With the beautiful sunset all my sentimentality went, and with the thickening darkness came ominous and troubled thoughts. At two o'clock, as four bells pealed, a slight noise for'ad attracted my attention. The stir increased and before long all was in confusion. For a long time I knew nothing except what I could divine from wild yells and dreadful groans, but at last a loud hurrah told me that one side had conquered, and almost immediately someone rushed past, shouting “Jim.” It was the voice of Bill Jones, and when I replied he came and plumped himself right down beside me. I'd no need to ask him anything for out it came: he spoke as though his mouth had been slowly filling during the fight, and he was then spitting it out. From what he said I learnt that they had forced their way out of the fore-peak, and had rushed at, and overcome the watch-on-deck before any help could be rendered by those below. At any rate those who had been the victors weren't able to do much now, but were safely stowed away in the lazarette. As for Jack, poor fellow, the rascals had shut him up with the prisoners, and instead of getting better he had gradually become worse, and they were afraid that he was now in the clutches of “Yellow Jack.” You can easily imagine, I think, the way I felt when I heard this last, but I don't think that you can realise how deep and heart felt my feelings were after being loosed from my bonds. I made for going to see how Jack was, but it was no use, sir, I was held back, and it was better, for if I had gone I should have caught it sure as death. Nothing to do but wait.

* * * * *

The ship reached Rio at last, but bad management and a small crew could not drive her very quickly. When I reached Rio, I had a lot to do at the Consul's office, about this affair, telling my share of it, and

being probed about the share of others. After the cessation of this, or rather after it had subsided a little, I bent my way to the hospital to see Jack. I was told that he was still bad, but in a week I should be able to see him. It was a terrible time to wait, but I the more joyfully set out, probably from a sense of his being then well, which I had not when first I went. That meeting was splendid. I tell you, Sir! we had plenty to talk about, and we did talk. Jack was fast getting strong, so that after another week or two he would be able to sally out for a little.

* * * * *

Well Sir! I'll skip over everything that passed from that time, and only tell you what occurred at the end of our voyage from Rio to Glasgow, and which was to me, except for this little occurrence, uneventful. We were going home as passengers, and as Jack and I sat together on the poop, one fine day about the middle of summer, he told me he was going home to see “Mary.” “Good Gracious! who is Mary?” asked I, and when he told me that she was the lovely daughter of the minister in our little village, I could have died; I could have—but no matter: you see, Sir! I was in love with that same Mary. How hard it was to be friends with my deadly enemy! As Jack went on telling how she had plighted her love to him before the voyage, and that now he was going to marry her; I could have driven my jack-knife up to the handle in my dear friend. But I subdued or tried to subdue all these passions, and to think that there were many good reasons why pretty Polly had chosen Jack instead of me. You see, Sir! I was deeply in love with her, and before we, that is, Jack and I, went on our voyage, I had told her of it and asked hers in return for it, but I was, alas, not to be made happy for with much feeling in her tone she said, that her heart was another's. Long had I cherished hopes that I should yet meet my rival, but little did I think that I was continually meeting him in the person of my dearest friend. No wonder then that I was down-hearted for the rest of the voyage.

On our arrival in Glasgow, we started at once for the little village about ten miles off. It was dark when we neared our goal and the lights could be seen in the vicarage. But before we reached the manse we had to pass by the churchyard, which, with common consent we entered. Oh! how changed it looked! Jack grew unusually solemn, and spoke of some departed ones with much feeling, but when we saw a beautiful little monument in white marble, towering above the other head stone, we made for it; I was first and therefore first noticed the inscription

Sacred

to the memory of

MARY MAXWELL, youngest daughter—

that was all I saw. Hurrying on I called Jack after me and was delighted to see how quietly he came. But some thing seemed to possess him and for a moment he stood, halting, but almost

immediately afterwards darted for the monument. "Oh horrors!" he cried, "It's Poor Polly," and fell lifeless on the grave.

Poor Jack! This sad news upset the villagers terribly, for they had all loved him, and the residents of the manse were especially troubled for they had a deep interest in him.

Well, I went to sea again, got money by several strokes of good fortune, and when I at last settled down, boasted of having Nelly, Polly's sister, for my wife. That is my tale, Sir! and here is my wife. I saw his wife, a beautiful comely creature, or rather "auld bodie," and have often since enjoyed the story of Jack and Polly.

THE END.

PARODY.

(See *Last Magazine*.)

Night has fallen on the earth,
Day has ended its career;
Prowling cats are holding forth,
In a chorus loud and clear.

Bedroom window opens now,
Figure leans out on the sill;
Pussy gives a final "Miaw"---
Boot-jack flew with right goodwill.

Down the window goes again,
Figure dozes off to sleep.
Seeking solace for his soul,
In the silence calm and deep.

Hc.

ENTERTAINMENT.

THE Annual Entertainment in connection with the L.I.L.D.S. took place on April 18th, the room being crowded. Mr. Book was evidently the most popular singer, being twice encored. Miss Richardson was also once encored for her song, as was Mr. Constable for his recitation. Miss Francis's playing was exceedingly good, and the other artistes were also capital. The second part, consisting of an amusing farce called "Furnished Apartments," was a brilliant success, all the actors doing very well. Burn as "Fuggles," and Taylor as "Telemachus Thompson," were particularly good, as were Dickson and Burroughs as "Squill" and "Dr. Planus," respectively. Altogether both Concert and Farce went off very well indeed, and the best thanks of the Society are due to Mr. Book, for the pains he took to provide a good Entertainment to close the Session.

A WORD FROM THE CLOCK.

NOW, boys, I think I hear some of you say, "Whatever can the old Clock have to say to us? and why has he not said it to us before now?" Well, the fact is, I have had no opportunity of having a word with you until I saw you had started a monthly paper, and then it struck me—I often *strike*, you know—that you might possibly like to hear what the cranky old clock thinks of you. It is many a long day since I was perched up here—really it must be more than fifty years ago now—and from this elevated position I have seen many things that have both pleased and saddened me.

Mine has been no enviable post in the Institute, I assure you, for have not I to bear the not always amiable looks both of the boys and masters, just because I do my duty and reprove them silently when they have failed to "come up to time?" And how often have I heard it said, "Oh! the old thing is wrong, it never is right," when the wrong was in the speaker's want of punctuality. I don't wish to sermonize, boys, but let me tell you that from long experience I have seen that the "unpunctual boy makes an unpunctual man." Remember the old maxim, "Punctuality is the soul of business." Then I am sure it cannot be a pleasant occupation for a healthy boy, to spend hour upon hour in a stuffy room, writing innumerable lines as a penance for his want of punctuality. But I think I hear someone say, "What a *cheek* the clock has to lecture like this." Now, I have plenty of *face*, but as for the *cheek* I leave that commodity to little boys, who I know have sometimes over much of that article. I have often watched your merry pranks, pranks which your fathers, uncles, cousins and brothers have played before you, but although I know that "Boys will be boys," let me remind you that when "fun," becomes cruelty, and "frolic," bullying, the perpetrator of such kind of fun and frolic, is not worthy of the name of "boy." I have been so long associated with boys that although I can see their many faults, believe me that I am not blind to their good qualities.

Your two excellent editors have informed me that they have only a very limited space to give me in your magazine, and I daresay you are already tired of the preaching of your old clock, but if I had only space allowed me—I have plenty of *time*—I could tell you of the many great men who have passed by me into the hall beyond, men who have left their names in the history of their country, and who have spoken words of golden advice to your fathers. I could tell you of Institute boys who have sat on the same benches that you sit on, who have played the same games that you play, and who have gone forth and made their mark in the world of letters, science and commerce. I could tell you of boys who have gone to their "rest," but are remembered with love and regret by those who have taught them. That you, who read these few lines, may live to be a credit to your school is the sincere wish of the "old clock," which will now "stop short," but whether "to go again" will be left to your editors.

BEEFSTEAKS.

IT is now some time since a paper appeared in this magazine on mistakes in exam. papers. Whilst I have been at this school I have heard some very amusing answers, of which I will give some samples. We were *doing* the French genders, and one fellow was asked to give the feminine of *jumeau*. He answered correctly *jumelle*, but translated it jelly instead of twins. The same genius translated *Mardi gras* by fat Mahdi, instead of Shrove Tuesday. In the French part of the modern language prize, *mair* (mayor) was given as the feminine of *cheval* by three who were high up in the "Milk." A warning to too literal translation is afforded by the sentence "*Le thé est feu*," which means certainly that "the tea is late," but in the extraordinary sense of deceased. I have heard, but I cannot vouch for the truth, that a French lady had printed on her cards "*On five-a-cloche à quatre heures et demie*." Then there was a German scholar who translated *blutig* (blood-stained) by hopeful, which conveyed the exact opposite to what was meant. Mr. BURTON elicits some queer answers from the boys he examines at the commencement of a term. One genius declared New York was in England, and when he heard the class laugh, hastily corrected himself, saying it was in Scotland. Mr. Burton gravely inquired if he were not certain it was in Germany, to which he answered "of course it is." "*Labienus fecit Cæsarem certiorum portas clausas esse*," was translated "Labienus made closed gates surer than Cæsar," and "*Aestate dulce est nature*," by "sweet summer is born." Translating "*Cana Fides*" (the hoary goddess of faith), by "faithful dog," is rather like the sorrowful wolf of Tom Brown. There was the making of a Newton in the wiseacre who described nitric oxide as a colourless brown gas, and also defined a circle as a figure contained by one *straight* line. Somebody asked him if nitric oxide had an invisible taste and smell. The latest I have heard was a member of the sixth translating into German, Court (of Napoleon), by a word meaning poultry-yard. As it was about the ambassador from *Turkey*, he had, perhaps, some reason. HERR SACHS was so overcome by this that he had to sit down. If the Masters would keep lists of any exceptional "beefsteaks" they come across, they would, no doubt, give a better selection than

PUER.

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR.

Sad it is to behold the degeneration of the Sixth! Passing their class-room the other day I beheld a half-penny ball being seized by the master, and the day after, the odour proceeding from the fire-place told the same tale. On the latter occasion, a youth was endeavouring to demonstrate practically the indestructibility of matter by pulling the thing out. I believe there have been eight more balls confiscated since! Alas!

The Swimming Club is in a prosperous condition, and full, as the shallow end of Cornwallis Street baths will probably be on Monday and Thursday afternoons.

Here is a small piece of repartee which I have received, and is not by any means bad in its way. Politician, extolling his Leader: "He smote them hip and thigh with a great slaughter." His Auditor: "Ay! with the jaw of an ass!"

The L. I. L. D. S. Entertainment was an undoubted success. Of course there were a few minor matters such as the sudden and instantaneous erasure of Mr. T. T.'s moustache in full view of the audience, in a space of time which will probably beat the champion shaver's performance.

The curtain too, would'nt work at the end, and much frantic rushing about went on behind it. However, those were trifles.

I paid a visit to the Cricket ground the other day. Of course it is a very good thing that we have now got a decent Cricket ground, but the condition of the interior of the Pavilion was not of the best. The dust of ages appeared to have accumulated there, and emblems of the past in the shape of the dead carcasses of deceased flies were plainly visible.

CRICKET.

L. I. C. C. v. Liverpool College Upper School (first elevens).—This match, the opening one of the season, and the first on our new Wavertree ground, took place on April 25th, the Institute being without Bostock (captain) and Taylor, who were much missed. Our eleven went first to the wickets, and though three players were soon out, Barlow and A. Ker made a good stand. Ultimately the total reached 77, of which Barlow made 20, Williams 17, and A. Ker 14. The College lost four wickets for 20 runs, but by some free hitting and bad Institute fielding, won easily. Score:—L. I. C. C., 77; College 85 for 6 wickets.

L. I. C. C. v. Liverpool College Upper School (second elevens). As some set-off to our first eleven defeat, this match, also played on April 25th, resulted in a victory for us. The scoring was small, the top score on our side being 13 not out by Vickess, in the second innings. Score:—L. I. C. C. 25 and 50; College 17 and 7 for one wicket.