

LIVERPOOL

INSTITUTE SCHOOLS

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HAD we been content to have continued the L. I. S. M. on the old lines, namely, to print it on poor paper of an inconvenient size, the measure of success which our last number attained would have been fairly — only fairly — satisfactory. But we thought that a Magazine which represented the largest school in Liverpool was worthy of a better dress than had hitherto lain in the power of previous Editors to give it; and we also thought—foolishly, as the result has proved—that our efforts in this direction would meet with cordial support from every section of the school. With the honourable exceptions of the High School Juniors, and the Sixth Form, this has not been the case. Neither the High School nor the Commercial School has done what we reasonably expected they would do, in the way of helping us. More than this, we have the strongest reasons for believing that practices were resorted to by certain members of the school, which were as discreditable to the parties concerned, as they were prejudicial to the interests of the Magazine. We have no intention of particularising these practices, nor do we intend to specify the principal

offenders; we prefer leaving it to their consciences, in the hope that they are thoroughly ashamed of themselves.

Thus it has happened, that although our sales have been fully up to the average, we find ourselves, on account of the cost of the improvements we made in the Magazine, in a deficit—not immediately serious—but decidedly discouraging. In these circumstances, we wish to make a special appeal for support to every individual member of the school. If every boy, from the Third to the First Form in the Commercial School, and from the Third to the Fifth in the High School, would become a regular subscriber, we should be able to devote the proceeds from the Sixth Form and the Juniors, to the improvement and enlargement of the Magazine. In the hope that you may all enjoy your Christmas Holiday, in exact proportion as you buy this number, we bid you, farewell, till February.

A. M. KER,
EDWARD J. PHILLIPS, } JOINT EDITORS.

L. I. L. D. S.

ON October 29th, 1888, Barnett gave an exceedingly able paper on the "Song of the Nibelungen." He described the nation of which the poem treats, and then gave a picturesque outline of the story, adding some explanatory remarks anent the metre. He devoted special attention to the character of Siegfried. He also showed, after commenting upon the MSS., that it was, with one exception, entirely historical. After a short discussion, in which Phillips and Burn took part, the meeting terminated.

November 6th.—After the election of Drinkwater, Long opened a debate, "Was Bonaparte's character utterly despicable?" opposed by Brown. Long condemned the "whitewash" principle, and was of opinion that the leading motive of Napoleon's life was a desire to make everything subservient to himself. Brown maintained that this did not prove Bonaparte utterly despicable. He showed his humanity, and other good points in his favour. After a long discussion, during which the light went out, the vote showed a victory for the negative by 8 to 4.

On November 12th, Chisholm read an interesting paper on "Arctic Explorations." The paper was for the most part historical, and provoked little discussion, Long and Ewart being the principal speakers.

On November 19th, Ewart read one of the best papers which has been given at the society on "Darwin and Darwinism." After a few remarks on Darwin's life, he gave an explanation of his great theory. A great part of the paper was devoted to answering objections to the theory. The paper was followed by an animated discussion of the evolution theory, most of the members opposing it.

MY HOLIDAY ADVENTURE.

I HAVE often been asked, since I returned from my fortnight's holiday this last Summer, how I got the long scar, the traces of which still decorate my cheek, and after having been so often questioned about it, I think I must at last comply and give an account of it. When I had got the sanction of the head of the firm to my taking my holiday, the question was, where to go? And after much thought and study of guide-books, maps, etc., I at length determined to spend it in that never-failing resort and summer refuge for the people of this part of the country, namely, North Wales. I planned that I would go first to Llangollen, and from thence to Dolgelly, finishing up with the Conway Valley, Trefriw, and Llandudno. As the weather was, to say the least of it, uncertain, I determined to take my fishing tackle with me, so as to be, to a certain extent, independent of the weather. Not that I am much of a fisherman, but more as an excuse for getting off by myself to enjoy the scenery in peace and quietness. And here I suppose I may as well confess at once that I am of rather a romantic temperament, inclined to take a sort of, if I may call it so, three-volume novel view of life; in fact, through reading many novels, I am rather inclined to judge people and incidents from their standard. One result of this is, that I cannot divest myself of the hope that I shall one day, in a similar manner to the hero of most novels, meet some lovely being who will fall in love with me, or I with her, or both, and I have visions of her father (a rich banker or lord, of course) saying "bless you, my children." Of course I might have to expect a little opposition at first, but, no doubt, my personal attractions would overcome that eventually. Well, to return to my holiday, fortunately for me the weather was not so bad after all, and having stayed two days at Llangollen fishing, with not very great success (2½ trout; the half being a very small one), I went on to Dolgelly. On the day after my arrival there I went up Cader Idris, and tried to imagine it was very fine, but in reality it was rather a weak show, and although the guide kept saying "from here you see so and so," it was not true, for the clouds had come round and we could hardly see at all. However I got down again in safety, bringing away as souvenirs two boots-full of small stones. On the next day, after breakfast, as I felt rather tired, and my feet were somewhat sore after the episode of the stones, I thought I would take a gentle walk to see some ruins in the neighbourhood, and having got the necessary directions from "the boots," I started out. The morning was bright, and everything looked fresh and green, as indeed it had good reason to, after all the rain we had had. I walked on at a brisk pace for some time, but presently fell to musing, dreaming and building castles in the air. As usual my thoughts came round to the lovely maiden of my dreams, who was to make us both "happy ever after," and after going through numerous imaginary proposals, stormy interviews with papa, etc., I had just about reached the relenting and "bless you, my children" part when I heard a noise on the road

behind me, and looking round I saw a carriage coming along, at what, even at the distance I was from it, I could see was a pretty rapid pace. I ought to say that just where I was then was the middle of a steep hill with a sharp turn a little further down, a very nasty place for an accident. As the carriage drew nearer I could see that it was drawn by a pair of powerful horses, and the driver was a young lady, far surpassing any I had even dreamt of. She was leaning back pulling hard at the reins, and now I noticed that a gentleman on horseback was galloping furiously after the carriage. Evidently the horses were running away and must dash the carriage to pieces at the corner. Here was my chance to act the hero, and rescue a maiden in distress. The carriage was almost abreast of me now, and after ramming my hat firmly on my head, I made a dash at the horses and succeeded in getting hold of the reins. I was dragged along the road, and then there came a crash as one of the horses came down, narrowly missing putting an end to my existence, and bringing the carriage-pole down on my head with such force as to stun me. I was dimly conscious of somebody shouting, and then I suppose I fainted away. On coming to, I saw the gentleman who had been riding the horse bending over me, but as soon as he saw I was recovering he coolly turned to pay attention to the fallen horse. I staggered to my feet, and waited to be overwhelmed with thanks, but to my astonishment the gentleman turned round and scowling at me said, "What the dickens (ahem!) do you mean by jumping out like a highwayman, upsetting my carriage, and smashing the knees of one of my horses?" "But the horses were running away, and the young lady would have been hurt, perhaps killed." "Running away, you idiot," said he, "why they were going as peaceable as lambs." "Father," interrupted the young lady, "don't be too hard on the gentleman, he perhaps thought he was doing a service," and then she turned away her head as I thought at the time to hide a blush, but as, after reflection, I now think to laugh; indeed I remember I heard something like a symptom of laughter. "Thought he was doing us a service, did he," broke in the gentleman, "then he was greatly mistaken." Ah, me! how are the mighty fallen. After a long lecture and helping to tie up the broken shaft I slunk home to the hotel at Dolgelly, a pitiable spectacle indeed, hat smashed, coat torn, all over mud, and a cut on my cheek, which cut is the cause of this narration, besides feeling as sore all over as if I had had a good beating. I came home that night by the midnight train, and spent most of the rest of my holiday in bed in my lodgings. I have since vowed never to read another novel, and I hope that you will take a warning also from "My Holiday Adventure."

GUPPY.

EN PASSANT.

YET another old boy laid on the shelf! This time it is our friend Armstrong. He has received peremptory orders from his medical man to abstain from all head-work whatsoever, for six months. As a result, he has had to leave Cambridge

in the middle of the term, much to his disgust, as those who know his prodigious powers of work can well imagine.

Speaking of Armstrong reminds one of the palmy days of the Literary Society, when he acted as Secretary; without in the slightest degree impugning the valued services of Millard and Long, I think there can be no question, that, despite certain peculiarities, which earned him the strenuous and none too generous opposition of a few members, the Society has never had a Secretary to equal him. At that time, twenty members was quite a common attendance; now, alas, if ten can be counted the meeting is considered a good one. Then the debates were not confined, as now, to about four members, but were participated in by pretty nearly the whole Society. Omitting present members, Garrett, Jenkins, Spencer, Hayward, and Richmond, among many others, occur to one's mind as good and constant speakers.

One thing that strikes me amid all the changes which have taken place in the Society during the past two years, is the abiding and all-powerful personality of Burn. When the Society was inaugurated (and I may say in passing that though the matter is involved in considerable doubt, I have good reason for believing that it is to him the Society owes its existence) he was certainly its chief member, notwithstanding the presence of Spencer and Armstrong. Now he is uncontestedly so. Whatever the topic, he has always something to say, always says it well; what is of perhaps greater importance, he manages to keep excellent order and to create a good understanding all round. Long may he continue to fill his arduous post in the Society! The gap which will be caused by his leaving will be absolutely impossible to fill up.

Speaking of the Society, a delightful bit of *naiveté* on the part of Ewart, was allowed to pass unnoticed at a recent meeting. Long had just sat down, after giving an excellent criticism on Chisholm's paper. Ewart, under the impression that Long had condemned Arctic explorations (the subject of the paper) as utterly useless, proceeded in eloquent terms to show their utility. Long was up like a shot, to say he had said quite the reverse, and had rather approved of such expeditions than otherwise. Ewart with the most charming suavity apologised, and forthwith shewed his wonderful power of adapting himself to circumstances by entering upon a violent tirade against all such explorations. The speech was very good in itself, but I valued it mainly as revealing a side of Ewart's character with which I was totally unacquainted. I had hitherto, during my six years' acquaintance, thought him a most logical if somewhat angular individual, whose nature was more closely allied to the compass needle than to the vane. I found that night that I was mistaken.

If any of you are going to London for your Christmas Holidays, I should very strongly advise you to devote an hour to "Niagara in London." I don't know exactly how to describe it; to call it a panorama, would be to class it with those hideous daubs, attaining to the standard of fifth-rate scene-painting, which are one of the principal attractions of a country fair; nothing could be more unjust. M. Philippoteaux (such is the artist's name) and his nine assistants have given the Londoners not so much, perhaps, a work of art as a gigantic realization of a gigantic piece of nature. I have never seen so complete an illusion in my life. The way in which the objects in the foreground (for it is not all canvas) are worked in with the painting is most ingenious, and I defy anyone without an opera-glass, to discover the juncture. Whether viewed in a dusky light, or in the soft radiance of the electric light it is equally beautiful, equally majestic; and with a slight exertion of the imagination one can fancy oneself far from the turmoil of busy

London, enjoying the clear air and sky of Niagara. The only thing one misses is the noise of the water. The electric light machinery, however, does its little best to supply the deficiency. I may add that the French sweetmeats, obtainable at the entrance, are exquisite. How exquisite, you only realise when you receive your change

A sapient student attending the University College informed Prof. Campbell Brown the other day that a molecule "was the biggest portion of matter capable of having a separate existence." It is a pity this gentleman did not speak a little more definitely. I should be glad to know, for instance—What is the greatest amount of iron which can exist by itself? Is it an ounce or a pound? I suppose the separate existence of a ton of the metal is utterly out of the question.

There are two ways of dealing with a question in an examination paper, supposing you know nothing, or practically nothing, about it. The one is to leave it suddenly, and to pass on to the next question. The other, and in my humble opinion infinitely preferable one, is to write a page or two of generalities on either the immediate subject on hand or any other remotely connected therewith. You are sure not to lose any marks, and it is more than possible that you gain one or two. For instance, were you asked to give a succinct account—(examiners always use this word "succinct" in the fond hope that the examinees will pay some regard to its meaning? As, however, the examinees, in nine cases out of ten, have not the remotest idea what it *does* mean, the word is rather a failure)—of the causes which led to the Declaration of Right (concerning which, I take the liberty of presuming, you are in a fog), you might, by a slight deviation from the immediate subject on hand, give a detailed account of the constitution of the Witeagemot. From this you might slide on to the Feudal System, which is comparatively easy to understand, and then give the admiring examiner the benefit of your information on such items of historical interest as the Statute of Labourers, the Barons' War, the Black Death, the Lollards, the Spanish Armada, in fact, any name or phrase that you have a recollection of having seen in your history may be easily and advantageously worked in. You may perhaps find it requisite to skip Charles I. entirely because the parliamentary history of that time is somewhat complicated. You may, however, say something about "subserviency of the various Parliaments of the Second Charles" (much more effective than Charles II.), and whatever you do, do not forget to end up with a lofty panegyric of the "glorious Constitution under which we have the bliss to be governed." Of course I need hardly say that this last sentence must be extended to the bursting point, and that there need be no slavish adherence to grammar. The object is to bewilder the examiner, and nothing is so good for this purpose as a little indefiniteness about the relations of the subject to the verb and a slight mixture of metaphor.

JANUS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the *Liverpool Institute Schools Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,—I noticed in your last issue an article, entitled "Thoughts on the 6th Form by a Junior." Now, I do not know who the author of that article is, but whoever he be, he has fallen into the common mistake of thinking that it is witty to make personal remarks. I think that he must be a "6th Form Boy," for no one else would know the peculiarities on which he remarks, and for him to expose these

peculiarities, is both mean and treacherous. It is all very well to say that he will not expose their names, and then to give a description, which enables everybody to recognise them; but it is most decidedly unfair, as they have no means of retaliation. I also fail to see the wit in telling a boy that "he wants a penny for a shave, badly." I wonder why it is that a boy cannot try to grow whiskers without everybody trying to make fun of him? I suppose it must be jealousy. As I think that this will represent the general opinion of the "6th Form" about that article, I will sign myself

6TH FORM.

GENTLEMEN,—The article which appeared in last month's *Journal* on the "Sixth Form" has strengthened a theory which I have held for some time, on the wit of small intellects. This is, that people of that description have a strong belief that the sharpest wit is that founded on personal appearance. It is for this "Junior" tries to poke fun at us. It is, however, the very lowest form of wit. He also decries the mental status of this form, and gives as an example, the recent Oxford results, which were not considered worthy of a holiday. I suppose he wrote before that happy event came off, but certainly it is a fact, that when Mr. Sopthou was approached on this subject, he offered no opposition, and, in fact said he had intended to give one. His recent speech at the prize distribution, also seemed to show that the Sixth is not deteriorating; and in physical respects also, we are by no means inferior to previous Sixths. For example, in the present football team, two of the three-quarters, the full back, both half-backs, and several forwards, including the captain, are in this class. "Junior" or "Argus" also comments on the fact, that the Sixth have a place in the black book. This is certainly true and to be deplored; but I think that, even considering the difference in age, they are hardly as bad as the lists we hear read out on Saturday, in Mr. Burton's room, when the 1/5 or 2/5 are there. "Argus" seems to think that the custom of carrying a stick has something priggish or affected in it. I admit I don't see how. I suppose that fellows carry sticks for the same reason that they were neck-ties. A tie has very little, if any, practical use; but everybody wears one, and in the same way, very many people carry sticks, simply because man is an imitative animal. While I am talking about priggishness, &c., I should like to ask how it is that some small boys, in the lower classes, congregate round certain members of the Sixth, as if they thought it rather grand to be seen talking to them. I must, however, thank "Argus" for one point he has touched on. For the last month, I have scarcely ever heard an ejaculation, such as used to be uttered, by a certain member of the Sixth. We may be thankful for small mercies. I think that it would be superfluous to say anything about smoking. That seems to be a rather sore subject with "Argus," and might evoke unpleasant recollections. On the whole then, I would say that "Argus'" view of the Sixth is calculated to give a wrong idea of it. Without boasting, I hope I may be allowed to say, that the present Sixth compares favourably in most respects with any that has been.

ARGO-MASTI.

[We think it will be admitted that our Correspondents fairly pulverise "Argus." For our own part we wouldn't be too hard on him; for, after all, what can be expected from a "Third Form Boy"?—EDITORS L. I. S. M.]

FOOTBALL.

THE first match of the season was played on October 6th, at Sefton Park, against Birkenhead School. We had a very poor team, but played up well against our superior opponents, and by a piece of combined play by the forwards Ewart obtained a try. Score—Birkenhead School, 5 goals 4 tries 2 minors; Institute, 1 try 1 minor.

On October 10th we journeyed to Waterloo with thirteen players and an umpire, and we returned home beaten by 7 goals 3 tries 3 minors to nil. Chisholm at full back did good service for our team, several times saving very pluckily.

On October 13th we played Ashford House F.C., and after a very well contested game gained our first victory, winning by 1 goal 2 tries to 1 goal 1 try. The tries were obtained by Fountain and Wallace, and Fountain dropped a goal.

There isn't much to be said about the College match beyond that we played two short, and were beaten by 9 goals 6 tries to nil.

The next match, October 24th, against Wallasey Grammar School, at Sefton Park, resulted in our gaining our second victory by 2 goals 4 tries to nil. The game, although resulting in a win for our team, was well contested, the W. G. S. playing pluckily. The tries were obtained by Fountain (2), Williams, Golding, and Ker. Fountain also dropped a goal.

On October 27th we played Parkfield F. C., and were beaten by 4 goals 2 tries.

The next match was against Merchant Taylors', at Sefton Park, and, after a really excellent game, the Merchant Taylors' won by 5 goals 3 tries to nil. Although the score for the Merchant Taylors' was so great, the game was pretty evenly contested, but the dodgy running and passing of Newsome completely nonplussed our backs.

Royal (10) *versus* Institute (13) was played on a soaking ground, on Wednesday, November 14th, and resulted in a win for the Institute by 1 goal 3 tries to 1 goal. Our tries were obtained by Golding (2), Ker, and Wallace, and the one for the Royal by Steele.

On Saturday, November 17th, we played Waterloo High School, and were beaten by them, for the second time, by 2 goals 1 try to nil. Our forwards played up well, but were slightly inferior to the Waterloo in dribbling; still it was an improvement on the first match.

The Second Team have played three matches. Merchant Taylors', a draw. Defeat by the Waterloo High School—3 goals 3 tries to 1 goal; the Institute played nine men. Defeat by the Parkfield School First Team by 1 goal 1 try to 2 tries (Drinkwater).

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER.

Saturday, December 1st ...	Merchant Taylors'	...	Crosby.
Wednesday, December 5th ...	Cambridge House	Liscard.
Saturday, December 8th ...	Parkfield F. C.	Sefton Park.
Wednesday, December 12th ...	Royal Institution	Sefton Park.
Saturday, December 15th ...	Merchant Taylors'	...	Crosby.
Wednesday, December 10th ...	Liverpool College U.S.	...	Sefton Park.

FORWARD.

CURIOUS SURNAMES.

A GOOD way of spending an odd half-hour now and then is to look through the pages of a directory; you are sure to be amply rewarded by the curious names you come across. For instance, in the Liverpool Directory, there are some very curious ones, of which I append a few:—

1. Among the objects of Nature, we find Mountain, Hill, Rivers, Dale, Town, Lake, Village, Seaside, Billows, Street, Heath, Birch, Pine, Beech, Chesnutt, and Moon.

2. The parts of the Body—Head, Hand, Legg, Finger, Calf, Tooth, Braines, and Foot.

3. The Animals—Buck, Doe, Bull, Cow, Fox, Wolf, Hogg, and Badger.

4. The Birds—Eagle, Sparrow, Swallow, Lark, Rooke, Wren, and Duck.

5. The Fishes—Whale, Dolphin, Salmon, Trout, Pike, Herring, Spratt, Crabb, and Cockle.

6. The Seasons—Spring, Summer, and Winter.

7. The articles of Food—Ham, Bacon, Beer, Cream, and Coffee.

8. The Metals—Iron, Steel, Silver, and Gold.

9. Miscellaneous—Snowball, Church, Coffin, Grave, Farthing, Penny, Pound, Cockshott, Looney, and Sloper.