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THE most interesting event in connection with the School which has taken place since our last number is Burn's latest exploit in the way of prize-getting—a Scholarship at New College, Oxford, of the yearly value of £80. Curious as it may seem, this does not take our breath away to the extent which might be expected. We have got so used to seeing the familiar "R. Burn" at the head of every examination for which it has pleased him to enter, that the only thing that could surprise us would be the seeing of his name second or third on the list instead of first. For anyone to imagine for a moment that Burn could possibly fail, would be to us a sure sign of that individual's fitness for Rainhill. Nevertheless, although we cannot repeat the well-worn and somewhat double-edged compliment of "so surprised and delighted," we can, and do offer him our heartiest congratulations on what is beyond doubt the greatest success even he has yet achieved. Our satisfaction is tempered by the thought that the very fact of his success will take him away from us after Midsummer, but we take refuge in philosophy, and remind ourselves that, as one can't eat one's cake and have it, so neither can one get a Scholarship and stop at school.

Another Institution to whom we offer our congratulations is Fryer—the patient and forbearing instructor of our youth in matters chemical, who taught us which end of the blowpipe was better adapted to our mouths,

and which to the eternal flame of Bunsen. No one could be more worthy of the Sheridan Muspratt Scholarship than he, and we have no doubt that Fryer's success will have as exhilarating an effect on Mr. Ewart as Burn's had on Mr. Owen.

We would draw special attention to two very important letters we publish in another column. The one deals with the Society, the other with the Tennis Club. Whatever may be thought of the arguments contained therein, there can be no doubt about the praiseworthy desire to serve the interests of the School which animates both writers. We very cordially invite discussion on the points raised.

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### A VISIT TO VYRNWY.

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POSSIBLY many readers of this article will have much the same ideas which the writer had before he visited the works which are to supply our town with water. These ideas were certainly rather hazy, especially when the locality of the place was called in question. Except among the privileged few who are versed in the mysteries of the water supply and its variations, little appears to be known as to the whereabouts of Vyrnwy, indeed, the writer has frequently been told that it was "somewhere in Wales." His ignorance, however, was speedily dispelled, when, in response to the kind invitation of a personal friend, he was induced to venture on the unknown regions of the Vyrnwy and the snail-like and anything but stately progress of the Cambrian Railway. Without entering too much into details as to the origin of this water scheme, it may be said that, pressed by increasing demand and diminishing supply, our Corporation accepted the joint report of Mr. Deacon and other engineers on the suitability of this neighbourhood for a reservoir, in April, 1879, and in August, 1880, the bill for the necessary powers received royal assent. The river valley lies about 6 miles S.E. of Bala lake, at an elevation of 780 feet above sea level. The old village of Llanwddyn—or the place where the village ought to be—for it is now submerged—is, perhaps, one of the most out-of-the-way places in the kingdom, lying 12 miles from the nearest railway station. The valley, as discovered by excavations, is evidently an old glacier, one scooped out of the Silurian rock. The area of the lake when full will be 1,121 acres, its length,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  miles, while the rainfall on the neighbouring hills has registered 118.51 inches. The writer can certainly testify from personal experience that, with the exception of the main road, it would be almost impossible to find another which is not inches deep in mud, and frequently a running watercourse, and even the main road is on the average decidedly muddy and wet. The plan pursued has been to run a masonry dam across the valley, and thus store up the water which would accumulate. From a distance the masonry is most imposing, and gives the idea of

an immense breakwater with a row of arches on top. Built into the solid rock, the height from base to top of dam is 136 feet, while from lake bottom to top the maximum is 84 feet. The masonry is brought from a quarry in the neighbourhood, and is of a dark grey colour, and of a most durable nature. The top will be utilized as a carriage drive, and is  $17\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide, the road which runs round the lake passing over it. The great feature of the undertaking is the straining tower, now in process of construction, and designed by Mr. Deacon, to whom the varied modern improvements in connection with the reservoir are also due. This tower stands about half-way up the lake, and through it all the water will have to pass, to be conveyed in pipes via Oswestry and Malpas to Prescott. The lake is filling rapidly, and at the present rate of progress the masonry dam and straining tower will be complete by 18 months. The neighbourhood is most lovely, and the air most bracing; and if any reader wishes to spend a profitable and healthful week, let him go and do likewise as the writer.

VISITOR.

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### EN PASSANT.

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I knew something was up. What, I couldn't tell, but I was sure there was *something*, and I'll tell you why. Somewhere about the beginning of the year it struck me that I had n't seen Burn for some time, so, like a true friend, I went and visited him. I found him sitting in a comfortable chair, spectacles on, feet somewhere about the ceiling, with a book in his hand. Nothing very extraordinary in that you say, gentle reader. Wasn't there? It's evident *you* don't know much about it. "What was the book?" you say. Ah! that's just the point; what was the book? (and please to remember this was in the holidays, a fortnight after the Cambridge, and six months before the Indian), *Colonel Quaritch*? Oh, no! *Robert Elsmere*? Oh dear, no! *Mr. Barnes of—*? Certainly not! *The Leavenworth Case*? Wrong again. Give it up? Well, then I'll tell you. Todhunter's *Theory of Equations*!!!

AN esteemed correspondent writes to ask me the three most popular fellows (excluding the present fellows) I have come across during my Institute career. He also wants the names of the three most unpopular; also, what single fellow I shall remember most distinctly in after-life. This is what the Americans call a rather "large order," and I shall have to leave some of it unfulfilled. To begin with, having cast my eye over the past eight years, I have come to the conclusion that the most popular fellow I ever knew during that period was Alfred Dwerryhouse. After him, perhaps, comes T. E. Eggington, who is at present shedding the light of his presence on Rosario, in the Argentine Republic. Eggington was without exception the fastest talker I ever knew; and he never seemed to lose his breath, but, like Tennyson's "Brook," had the gift of going on

for ever. Third in my list comes Fred. Dodgson, of the unimpeachable dress, whose brief sojourn in the High School gained him countless friends. Of course, I don't for a moment suppose that everybody will agree with what I have just said. I was asked to give an opinion, and I have done so. *Voilà tout.*

The second question I must leave unanswered. "An I would, I could," but I won't. My answer to the third query may, again, be nobody's opinion save my own; but be that as it may, I answer with far less hesitation than I did the first. Armour—not the present member of the sixth, but his elder brother. R. L. Armour. For any one who was ever in the same class as Armour to forget him would seem to me little short of a miracle. To say nothing of his excellent general abilities, his bubbling vivacity, his impromptu wit, his "extensive and peculiar" knowledge of pantomime songs, past and present, must always serve to impress very deeply his personality on the memory of those who at any time were his classmates. He is now metamorphosed into a sedate cotton-broker.

Christmas-tide has been viewed in many lights, but, as far as I am aware, no one has pointed out the aid it gives to the furtherance of hypocrisy. The adjective over which so many excellent people stumble is the word "seasonable." When a dark, cold fog, a slight drizzling fall of dirty snow, and the slippery remains of shallow pools of ice are all present outside, and tempered by a raw east wind, the weather humbug is in his element "Cold and wet, eh! Oh, no, not at all! Just what I like—(His teeth chattering violently in proof of this assertion). Besides, it's so 'seasonable,' don't you know. Got a cold, have you? Oh, that's nothing! Quite in the fashion—ha! ha! ha!—(Sneezes repeatedly). You *don't* mean to say you wear a muffler? Well, I never. You should harden yourself like me. I never wear a muffler—(As if one cared a straw whether he wore anything). See, neck quite exposed. Haven't had a cold for years—(Coughs violently). Eh, coughing now, am I? Oh, that's nothing! Been in the family for years, in fact. Why, my grandmother"—and so forth. This is the attitude of the nuisance when the weather comes up to his standard. If perchance there should be one or two fine days in the winter months, one meets him with the most forlorn look imaginable—coat collar up, woollen gloves, etc. "Terrible weather this. 'Clear, warm air,' you say. But it's so 'unseasonable.' No, give me the old-fashioned Christmas, and none of this sultry weather. Why, I remember when the Mersey was frozen from stage to stage." If you venture to remind him that the incident took place several years before he was born, he's not put out in the least. "Ah, dare say it did. Possibly it was the Forth I was thinking of. Oh, yes it *was* the Forth in—let me see—eighteen—ah—I forget the exact year, but you never saw such a sight in your life. I am told such things are common enough in Scotland, but I've never been beyond the Tweed. Eh!

Said I'd seen the Forth, did I? Oh, I daresay that I was thinking of the—er—the"—("Sefton Lake, likely?"). "Of course—(Clutches eagerly at the idea)—it *was* Sefton Lake. Of course. How stupid of me! You never saw anything like it. Why, I actually"—and so on *ad nauseam.* JANUS.

### THE BROOK.

Through shady woods thou glidest, murmuring low,  
And lovingly bend down the hoary trees,  
To tell to thee the forest's mysteries,  
The wondrous fairy lore of long ago.  
Through emerald leas I see thee, gleaming, flow,  
And bathing white-cupped water-lilies' knees,  
And purple flags, that tremble in the breeze,  
That bend their proud heads, flushed with dusky glow.  
Thou glidest onwards, prattling joyously,  
Bright Naiad, singing 'midst thy sedges rank,  
Sweetly and low, on-flowing without cease.  
Give thy nepenthe, tranquil Brook, to me,  
Who, thinking on the past, stand on thy bank,  
By memory tortured, and imploring—Peace.

A.

### TELL IT NOT IN GATH!

THE world is not so very large after all, one generally manages to meet old friends wherever one is. Had some of the older fellows (I suppose I must not call them boys) been up at the classic town of Oxford lately they might have seen two youths, who have undergone the pains and pleasures of early education at the Liverpool Institute, disporting themselves on the river. You should have seen the way they flourished their paddles—they were in canoes. Why, to see their strength almost makes my head ache with the remembrance of the punching I got from one of them in the past. This same young man you can see is quite new to canoeing, and yet he wants to pretend he knows all about it, so, splish! splash! in and out goes his paddle, depositing a considerable quantity of the river on his legs, canoe, and up his sleeves. Of course you all know the name of the river which runs through Oxford, but, don't tell anybody, I nearly put it down as Oxford on the Ox. Just let us sit down here on the bank and watch these two budding athletes. The first man, No. 1, the one who knows such a lot about it, is trying to put on the pace, while the second, No. 2, the one with the nipper eye glasses, is waiting on him. "This is beautiful," says 'the knowing one,' "I never thought it was so easy," when, all of a sudden, there is a splash, a scramble, and the head of No. 1 appears above the water as he swims for the bank, puffing and blowing like a grampus, and finally landing in a very draggled state. No. 2 very nearly had an upset also, through laughing at No. 1. However, no harm is done, the paddle cushions are fished up as they are floating around, the canoe righted, and No. 1 runs home, changes his things, and, fortunately, does not even catch cold. GUPPY.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE TENNIS CLUB.

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

GENTLEMEN,—Towards the close of last year a very interesting letter was contributed to these columns by a gentleman who, so far, has succeeded in concealing his identity, which contained a just, though somewhat caustic, review of Institute Pastime in 1888. In that letter special praise was given to the newly-formed swimming, chess, and tennis clubs, and the hope was expressed that they would wax stronger and become more firmly established in 1889. With regard to the first two, I should think there can be little doubt that this hope will be fulfilled, but, from all I can hear, the tennis club is by no means in such a happy position. In the first place (and this, by the way, is a difficulty which will equally affect the cricket club) there is considerable doubt whether the ground at Wavertree will be obtained for us this year. By some accounts it has been definitely decided that we are not to have it; by others there is a hope that we may continue to hold it. Without entering upon the monetary part of the business (which I confess I don't understand), I think it will be a thousand pities if the ground passes from us. It has every advantage save one—that of distance from the South end; and the extra ten minutes' walk is not much to give, considering the secluded position and absolute privacy of the spot. But, supposing the ground secured, there is another difficulty—the large number of members who have left the school: Brown, Shearer, Dale, Henderson and Burroughs for example. Of course there is no reason why these shouldn't continue their membership, but still it is probable that at least half of them went. In these circumstances it is evident that new blood must be let into the club, and as comparatively few fellows play tennis I fear there will be a lack of recruits. Allow me to inform all who have never played that, so far as the rules are concerned, the game is simplicity itself. How to put those rules to good account must, of course, come with practice; but take my word for it, if the practice is there, skill won't be long in coming. Tennis is not like chess, where one only begins to get a grasp of the rules after playing regularly for a month or so. In conclusion, I would earnestly entreat all who have any *esprit de corps* about them to, first, make sure about the ground, and, second, join the club.—Yours, etc. Q.

## THE FUTURE OF THE L.I.L.D.S.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE L.I.S.M.

GENTLEMEN,—I am sure you will grant me a little of your space to draw attention to a fate which the L.I.L.D.S. is rapidly nearing. To speak bluntly, I am confident that by the end of the present session, unless strong efforts are made, it will have ceased to exist. For this lamentable result two causes will be responsible. First, the growing indifference with which the

society is treated by its few members; and, secondly, the loss of its chairman. I am not writing to raise false issues, or to launch upon a fruitless discussion as to whether the Commercial School and the Upper Fifth ought to be admitted to membership. These are, no doubt, matters for serious, though subsequent, consideration. What I want to do is to lay before your readers the plain facts of the case, which are staring us in the face more menacingly every day. It is useless to pretend that the society is flourishing. It is doing nothing of the kind, and every member of it knows it as well as I do. Not only is its decadence shown in the meagre attendance, but even more visibly in the paucity and barrenness of nine-tenths of the speeches and criticisms. It has occurred more often than once that a member has risen for the mere purpose of saying that he has nothing to say. He is greeted with a laugh, and no doubt persuades himself that he has done something funny. Then, again, there is one member who ought to be promptly expelled for his perpetual display of brainless buffoonery. It may be impossible to make the mute speak, but it should be quite possible to make the chatterer dumb. These are all blemishes in the society which can be removed by the members themselves, and the sooner they do so the better. Now I come to the second cause of "imminent change"—the loss of our chairman. The question at once arises, "Who is to take Burn's place?" Millard, you say. Hardly, I answer. It strikes me that Millard has given up the society as hopeless, and that he won't bother with it again. If not Millard, then Long. Indefatigable secretary and able speaker though he be, Long is far too pugnacious and intolerant to make a good chairman. Pugnacity and intolerance are very excellent virtues in a "free lance," but they would prove somewhat embarrassing to one who has to keep order in so variously opinionated an assembly as the L.I.L.D.S. No, depend upon it, the only successor to Burn, who would have any real weight, is Ewart. A more reasonable if not more fluent speaker than Long, he has in speaking that calm earnestness which is Burn's chief charm, and would, I fancy, be less disposed than the latter to stand any nonsense. On the other hand, the society will miss in Ewart Burn's unique faculty of always speaking to others as if he were gaining instruction instead of imparting it—the faculty which would cause him to listen to a boy out of the Preparatory with the same earnest deference which he would pay to the Head Master. Still, after all, I'm not trying to prove that Ewart is a paragon. I am only trying to show that he is far and away the best man in the society for the post of chairman, and that if the society pass him over they will lose the only fellow in the school who is competent to keep the society going.

If I have spoken too strongly in this hurried letter, I hope I may be forgiven. My sole object has been to befriend the society, and if I have succeeded in inducing the members to speak more frequently, to attend more regularly, to take more interest in the society generally, and when the time comes to elect a suitable chairman, I shall have exceeded my hopes.—Yours, &c.,

SEUQCAJ.

## CRICKET.

THE annual meeting of the Cricket Club, for the purpose of electing officers for the coming season, was held on Thursday, 24th January, Mr. Ewart kindly presiding. Both schools were represented, about 30 being present. The following officers were elected:—Hon. Sec. and Captain, A. M. Ker; Sub-Captain, W. H. Chisholm; Hon. Treasurer, F. C. Fountain. Committee—J. J. Williams, E. A. Woodward, E. J. Parker, F. S. Taylor, Reichardt. The subscription was settled at 2/6, including card of fixtures, and after it had been resolved that the electing of the Captain of the 2nd eleven should be left to the Committee, the meeting terminated, with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Ewart for presiding.

Fountain will be pleased to receive the subscriptions of those who intend joining, at their earliest convenience.

## FOOTBALL.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1ST.—On this day an extremely weak team of the Institute journeyed to Crosby, and received a thorough defeat by 8 goals and 2 tries to a dropped goal (F. C. Fountain). Owing to the absence of Ker and Drinkwater the Institute backs were disorganised, although J. J. Williams and F. C. Fountain, aided by Ewart and Burn (good old Burn!) strove hard to make matters equal.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5TH.—This match against Cambridge House was played at Liscard, and, after a very even and hotly contested game, ended in a well-earned victory for the Institute, by 3 goals, 2 tries, and 5 minors to 1 try. The tries were obtained by Williams (3), Armour, and Golding. This encounter resulted in the best game in which the Institute have yet played this season, and was far more evenly contested than the score would indicate. Besides the three-quarters, Ewart, Dickson, and Stoddart worked well in the forwards.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, WEDNESDAY, 12TH.—Played on the Royal's ground, and, as in the previous match, resulted in an easy win for the Institute, the score, when the whistle blew for time, reading—Institute, 4 goals, 3 tries, and 3 minors; Royal, nil. The tries for the Institute were scored by F. C. Fountain (3), J. J. Williams (3), Ker (1), Drinkwater kicking the goals. No special mention need be made, as all played well.

PARKFIELD "A TEAM," SATURDAY, 22ND.—Owing to this match being played in the holidays, the Institute were not able to muster their full team, several prominent members being absent, but those who did turn up had the satisfaction of adding another win for the Institute by 2 goals, 2 tries, and 6 minors to 2 goals. The tries for the home team were obtained by J. J. Williams (3), Ewart (2), F. C. Fountain (1). Besides these, Ker and Woodward aided materially in obtaining for the Institute their well-earned victory.

## L. I. L. D. S.

THE following is a list of the papers and debates which have occupied the Society since our last issue (we very much regret that the pressure on our space prevents our giving details):—

November 26th.—Resolution proposed by Burn—"That the doctrine of preparation for war to secure peace is sound in principle."

December 3rd.—Paper, Ker—"The Duke of Wellington."

December 10th.—Debate, Zagury and Armour—"Capital Punishment."

January 21st.—Debate, Ker and Burn—"Was Mahomet an Impostor?"