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WE are glad to be able to announce that the Wavertree difficulty has been practically settled. It is true that at the time of writing no formal agreement has been actually arrived at, but from information which has reached us from a reliable source, we think there can be little doubt that we shall this year hold the ground at Wavertree, on pretty much the same conditions as we did last. Should this prove to be the case, as we are confident it will, Mr. Ewart is to be heartily congratulated on the success which has attended his arduous and unselfish labours on our behalf. We understand that had we consented to share the ground with another club the terms would have been considerably lower, but we are heartily glad that no such compromise was effected. There would, almost inevitably, have been disagreeables of one sort or another, and in addition to this, some restriction must have been placed upon the days set apart for practice. As matters stand, we shall be able to come and go any time we like, and not be tied down by any irritating conditions. Let us hope that, with all these advantages, both cricket and tennis club will give a good account of itself.

As will be seen elsewhere, our indefatigable correspondent "Janus" is confident that he has at length fathomed the mystery surrounding the authorship of the comedietta. As he deals at some length with the subject of the entertainment, we have preferred leaving the matter in his hands, to touching upon it ourselves.

We are unable to find room for a quarter of the contributions which have been sent to us this month. We have been literally deluged with "copy" of one sort or another. Although we are naturally pleased at

this response to our appeals, we are sorry to have to disappoint so many of our contributors. We hope, in the ensuing months, to be able to atone, to some extent at any rate, for what may possibly be thought a lack of courtesy on our part.

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L. I. L. D. S.

March 11th, 1889.—The subject for this date was a paper by Burn, on "The Microscope." He dealt with the question both historically and optically, illustrating the latter by diagrams. With regard to the former he discussed the question of the inventor of the microscope, and in the latter connection remarked on Real and Visual Images, Chromatic Aberration, and Achromatic Prisms and Lenses. The uses of the instrument were also mentioned. At the close of the paper, members were enabled to see slides under the microscope, which proved an interesting addition to the essay. There was no discussion.

March 19th, 1889.—This week we had quite a novel kind of meeting, viz., a debate with Canning Street Presbyterian Church Junior Association on the question—"Ought the present policy of Free Trade to be maintained in this country?" Aff., L.I.L.D.S. Burn, who opened the case, after giving a history of the Free Trade Movement, endeavoured to show, (1) The advantage of Free Trade, (2) The disadvantage of Protection, &c., (3) The probable effect in England of a return to Protection. In an able speech he dealt at some length with these points, and said that there is only one doubtful benefit of Protection. The subsequent speakers for the Institute were Long, Armour, Nolan and Ewart. On a division, 11 votes were given for the Aff. and 3 for the Neg.

March 25th, 1889.—In the absence of both Chairman and Vice-Chairman, Dale occupied the chair. The subject of the evening was a paper by Zagury on "The American Humourists." After making some remarks on wit in general, the essayist proceeded to show wherein the wit of the American humourist lies. Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and Max Adeler, were very fully dealt with, and exceedingly amusing extracts from each were read. Zagury declared the American humourists to be the best in the world, and the best among them to be Artemus Ward. In the discussion which followed the paper Long, Barnett, Chisholm, Armour, Ewart, and Dale joined.

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EN PASSANT.

THE murder's out! or, to speak more accurately, it will be out by the time you've finished reading this. It is not Hayward, it is not Armstrong, it is not Spencer. Everybody was wrong—even *I* (italic, please) shared in the general fallacy. To come to the point at once, it is my mercurial friend "Hermes," who at one time used to adorn these pages with humorous, or at all events would-be

hum—"What's that, Mr. Editor," *old and respected contributor, is he?* "oh, very well then, I'll leave that sentence unfinished"). Well, as I was saying when I was interrupted, the mysterious playwright is "Hermes," or in other words—"what's the matter, now?" *musn't divulge surname, musn't I?* Eh? *Sacred secrecy of the press!* Walker, my dear sir, all Walker, undiluted moonshine. *Respect his scriptures*, indeed you might as well say respect his dram(a)s.* But if you must, I suppose you must"). The author, then, is "Hermes." I made my discovery by means of Chisholm. I saw that young gentleman on a certain day last month affectionately hugging a little black exercise book, from which, later on, he curiously began to copy. Jumping with my usual rashness (or intelligence) to the conclusion that it contained the MSS. of the *comedi-tta*, I kept edging nearer and nearer the writer, and at length conquered my conscience sufficiently to take a backward glance (*Bifrons Janus*, you remember) at the writing. That glance was sufficient. I should know that writing among all the examination papers which have ever been written, crooked, crabbed, backward, abbreviated, almost illegible, every attribute was there. I didn't wait any longer. Deny it who would, I was positive I'd got my man. To make quite sure, I made a special visit to him, and forced him to confess. He gave in immediately I mentioned the hand-writing, and merely intimated an ardent desire to kick Chisholm for bringing his MSS. to school. As I did my best to mollify him, however, I trust the "coming man" of the Institute has sustained no damage.

I hear that the concert portion of the entertainment is to be even better than usual. Miss Annie Richardson, Mr. Anthony Book, and one other well-known local "star" will sustain the vocal part of the programme, and Zagury and Barnett the instrumental. As in past years, Mrs. Ramsen will be the efficient accompanist. The programme will, as usual, be priced threepence; but I believe some scheme is to be devised by which those who desire to, can contribute a rather more handsome sum for the benefit of the society. For such a high class concert the charge of threepence is simply ridiculous, and I should think there will be few who will refuse to give an extra mite.

I have been favoured with a copy of *The Atom*—the journal of the South Shields High School. It is a brightly-written paper of five pages, and is sold for twopence. The South Shielders seem to go in pretty heavily for tobogganing and hockey. I have often wondered why such an enjoyable game as the latter is not played more frequently here. It seems to me to be much more exhilarating than football, and infinitely more lively than rounders.

* We have every reason to believe that this is intended for a joke. As might have been expected, it is "hermetically" sealed up.—Eds. L.I.S.M.

Speaking of football, I am sorry to hear that Henderson has broken his collar-bone, as well as something else, while playing that delightful game. I believe he will have to keep indoors for several weeks in consequence. Henderson will be known to most fellows as the crack player in last year's tennis club. I'm afraid, poor fellow, that that won't be the case this year.

JANUS.

ANOTHER DAY'S OUT AT VYRNWY.

A FEW months ago a favourite song, which we heard from boys, as well as from hurdy-gurdies, was "I would I were a bird." In something like the same words, I could say, "I would I were a City Councillor." If any of you are inclined to look aghast at this revelation of my ambition, I must hasten to explain that it is not for the dignity of going to the Town Hall, and distinguishing myself in the solemn deliberations of the worthy councillors in that august assembly, but rather for the sake of the pleasant little trips described so graphically in our papers. How, on the admirable pretext of inspecting the water-works, certain of our City Councillors had arranged to travel in a special saloon carriage from Lime Street to Llanfyllin. Arrived there our city fathers were to rest in one of the hotels for a night, and the next morning were to proceed in open waggonettes to Eynant Hall—a beautiful house on the hill, with a splendid view of the valley of Llanwddyn. Next day, again the papers told us that these City Councillors would stop from Saturday to Monday. Of course, all this was at the ratepayers' expense. My business in this paper is to tell you how (without having any expenses paid by the city) I came to have "A Day's Out at Vyrnwy." For some years past I used to spend my holidays at a farm called Keel Mawr, situated on the banks of the river Vyrnwy, a little below a village, not much known to fame till recently, when it was brought into notice by the part it took (in common with other places in Wales) in standing out against the levying of tithes. It is called Meifod, and has no railway station, the nearest being Brongwyn a little roadside station, having neither station-house, points-man, station-master, nor porter, and where you are only let down after a previous solemn agreement made with the guard, and where you are taken up again by hoisting a signal yourself, whereupon the train shunts up to the platform obligingly and takes you on, like a tram-car. From this roadside station we have a ride of five miles, through some beautiful mountain scenery, to our valley farm. Many a pleasant excursion have I made from this centre, but the most pleasant of all was one we undertook one fine summer's morning up to Llanwddyn, the source of our future water supply.

If, in the country, we were to go "straight as the crow flies," much of the charm of travelling would be lost. For instance, before we could reach the high road, we turned our backs upon it, and went right in the opposite direction. Then we drove in a direction parallel to it, though about a mile distant. Even

when we came to the high road, it took us away from our ultimate object. Behold us, then, equipped for the journey, with our rosinante in shafts, setting out for Llanwddyn, and packed close like herrings in a barrel. It is a hot and dusty day, as we bowl along the road. Not far off the Vyrnwy flows slowly along, and, as we take a turn in the road, we pass over a bridge spanning it, from which two fine views can be seen. A little further on we come to the high road, and, following that, past wheat and hay fields, with the newly-mown hay smelling sweetly in the air, we come to where two roads meet, one going to Llanantffraid, the other to Llanfyllin. On we go along the latter, past a small pine forest, now, where you can hear the wood-pigeon cooing to its mate. Up a small hill, until entering into another valley, we come to Llanfyllin, a market town, situated in a slight bend or dip. It has a workhouse, small church, and one irregular street. This is the railway terminus—a branch of the Cambrian line—where our local magnates alight after their toilsome journey, all the way from our famous Lime Street Station. Passing through the town, our road turns up among the mountains, and view after view is opened out, until we culminate at a high point of the road, with a view so magnificent as fairly to take the breath away—a veritable panorama of mountains all around, as far as the eye can reach. Still holding on our course, we come to a steep descent into the valley, and, as we follow the high road, passing some navvies' huts, we arrive at the eastern wall of the reservoir—at this time only half built. The length of the dam across the valley is 1,173 feet, and its width a little over 110 feet. Passing this we go along the road in the valley till we reach the doomed village of Llanwddyn, which contains a church, two chapels, a post-office, and an inn, which is considered the hotel of the place, at which we put up. This inn, otherwise called Powis Hotel, is just opposite the church, where a very gruesome task is being performed at the time of our arrival, namely, taking up the dead and conveying them to another churchyard on the opposite side of the hill. After stabling our rosinante and resting awhile, we begin operations. Rambling along the road we come to a school-house, and turning up a lane close beside it we reach a road, in some places in course of construction. Crossing a stile at the side of this future promenade we find some men busily engaged in making another road. Passing these again we come to a small railway, with trucks carrying stones down to the dam. Following this for a good way we peep at a lot of navvies' huts, and mark the internal arrangements for their comfort. In one we notice a long table, at which all the navvies dine, in others only a table, a few chairs, and some tin cans. Further on we come to where the men are cutting the stones to make the dam. It seems an enormous undertaking, as we look down the valley, soon to be covered with water. The estimated cost was £3,000,000, but it is supposed that it will exceed the estimate. The lake will cover about 1,121 acres. When the bill was passed for the new water-works the Corporation of Liverpool bought the whole valley, including the water-shed, an area of about 21,000 acres,

or over thirty-nine square miles. The greatest depth of the lake at the east end of the valley will be 84 feet, and the total power of the supply when the tributary reservoirs—Afon Cowny and Marchnant—are completed, will be 40,000,000 gallons daily. The total length of the lake itself will be about 5 miles. It will be a little smaller and very much deeper than Loch Katrine, from which the water for Glasgow is obtained. Retracing our steps and gathering flowers as we go, to be pressed as mementoes of the valley, we come back again to the inn (I mean hotel), and take our tea there. Then once more we get into the trap and start for home. As we pass over the mountains dusk falls upon us, and, by the time we reach the dark pine forests, the wind rises and moans sadly through the trees, making us think of the days of old when the ancient Britons lurked in their dens ready to pounce out upon their dreaded and hated enemies the Saxons. Passing along the same road by which we came, we at length reach home again, after an absence of about 13 hours, thoroughly tired out and ready for a good night's rest, but with pleasant recollections of scenes of beauty and of grandeur which will remain fresh in our minds for many long days to come. H. E. W.

THE POLAR BEAR'S TALE.

When I was lately at a show
 All at a country fair,
 A Polar bear, as white as snow,
 Within a cage stood there.

The day, whereon this bear I met,
 Was one in warm July;
 From off his brow great drops of sweat
 Fell down and trickled by.

And then I started back, afraid
 At what this bear did say;
 He opened his huge mouth, and I said
 "It's very warm to-day."

Amazed was I to find this bear,
 In words his thoughts express;
 Still I determined not to fear,
 But pity his distress.

And then to me he told his life,
 And what he used to be,
 And said "How once he had a wife
 Far in the Polar Sea."

He wept; from all domestic joys
 He now was separated,
 And wished that to a colder world
 He'd quickly be translated.

One day, intent on catching fish,
 Beside an icy hole,
 The only palatable dish
 For bears around the pole:

When watching thus with ready paw
 To seize his daily food,
 With anxious eye and ravenous jaw
 In hunger's fiercest mood;
 He seized, at last, his wanted prey,
 And turned his footsteps home;
 The ice had floated far away,
 And left him all alone.

Land and home away a mile
 He saw, but dared not try;
 He sate him down to rest awhile,
 Still floating further by.

Now, every chance of rescue's gone,
 And warmer grows the day;
 Smaller and smaller grows the berg
 By sunlight's fiercest ray.

Until a ship, with sails, all set,
 And cargo richly stored,
 This melting iceberg haply met,
 And hauled him up on board.

And so was saved this Polar bear
 Away from ice and snow;
 You still may see him in his lair
 If you go to Jericho.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

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

GENTLEMEN,—In your issue for last month there appeared a letter in answer to "Seuqcaj," which had for its object the vilification of Burn and Ewart, and the glorification of Loug. So extreme were the opinions expressed, that I imagine they must have been written by someone whom either Burn has been crushing, or Ewart "picking holes in." Your correspondent talks about the tumultuous scenes which generally preface a meeting of the society, but do these exist? I attend the meetings of the society pretty frequently myself and I have not yet seen any of them. He also says that "Burn's authority is practically nil." Now, I do not know where he got this opinion from, but I do know this, that a word or a glance from Burn is sufficient to secure absolute silence. Your correspondent then has a hit at Ewart. He says that Ewart is too fond of picking holes in other members' speeches. But how else are you to get at the truth, and does your correspondent not know that the best way to gain your cause is to make your opponents look ridiculous? He also says that Ewart's speeches are almost rabid in their bitter intolerance. Well, this may be so, and in future I shall carefully examine his speeches for this intolerance, which, I must say, I have never before perceived in them.—Yours, etc., ANOTHER MEMBER.

This correspondence must now cease.—Eds. L.I.S.M.

THE INSTITUTE AS IT IS.

To the Editors of the Liverpool Institute Schools Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,—I most heartily endorse every word of the article which appeared in the last number on the "Institute As It Is;" but I think the writer has omitted one feature of the case which is more glaring than any other he has mentioned—I refer to the sale of this Magazine. It is a notorious fact, that although we have a Magazine which in point of neatness, cheapness, and the general excellence of its contents, will compare favourably with any School Magazine published in England, yet the fellows are so stingy, that if they graciously deign to buy one copy per month, they consider they have done all that can be required of them. More than this, I know for a fact that several fellows never put their hands in their pockets at all but wait till some friend has finished reading the Magazine, and then borrow it from him. Ruskin upbraids the English race in *Sesame and Lilies*, because while boasting of their literary taste, they go and thumb each other's books out of a circulating library. I wonder what the venerable professor would think of the magnified meanness of the boy who makes a regular habit of reading his neighbour's magazine without paying a farthing subscription. It is not that the fellows haven't any money. Quite the reverse. They will return to school in an afternoon with their pockets crammed with cheap peppermints, and make life a burden for the rest of the day; but they will grumble at giving a penny a month—a farthing a week—to the support of the organ of their School. Such meanness is utterly despicable. I wonder how the editors have the heart to persevere in the face of such parsimonious apathy. It is true the circulation is tolerably large; but it should be remembered that the price is ridiculously low. To make a comparison, the *Portcullis*, the journal of Warwick School, is very little larger than the *L.I.S.M.*, and its price is 3½d. I am not proposing that the *L.I.S.M.* should be raised to the same figure; on the contrary, I think it was the best thing that ever happened to this Magazine when Burn and Dale reduced its price to a penny. What I want to do is to stir up the fellows; if they already take one copy, to take two in the future; if they take none at all, to start a good habit at once, and see whether a penny a month will ruin them.

INDIGNANT.

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GENTLEMEN,—The only fault I have to find with "The Institute As It Is," published in your last issue, is that the writer has not couched his complaints in sufficiently strong language. No wonder the Institute XV. was beaten by 6 goals and 3 tries by Merchant Taylors'. I think it is a flagrant disgrace to the School that only 40 fellows should be loyal enough to put their hands in their pockets for a paltry half-crown, as I believe that is the subscription to the Club. It seems to me that the first thought a Liverpool Institute boy gives is for himself, then there seems to be very little room left for a thought on behalf of the good of the School. With a pick of 1,100 in a School, a really grand football team should be got together. I think that if half-a-crown is too much for a fellow to pay, the subscription should be lowered to one shilling and sixpence, and all the fellows should be compelled to join. I, furthermore propose to the authorities that all sports and pastimes should be included in one affair, and should go under the name of "The Liverpool Institute Games Club"; that a committee of two fellows from each form in the Schools (to be elected by their respective forms) should rule everything under the presidency of the head-master; that this committee should elect captains suitable for the different games; and that a secretary, should remain in office for a year. No doubt the small boys would object, but they must remember that their day will come.

One thing more:—I think it shows great lack of *esprit de corps* that no athletic sports have, to my knowledge, been held. In fact, a vigorous effort should be made by the older fellows in the School to revive the games, which, in my opinion, do more to hold a School together, and to keep up its reputation, than anything else, and which, as it seems, are rapidly falling into decay.—Yours, &c.,

OLD BOY.