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THE time has now come for us to lay down, for a season, at all events, the task we took upon ourselves last November—the carrying on of this Magazine during the winter and spring terms. Whether that task has been accomplished satisfactorily or otherwise it is not for us to say. All we can aver is that, to the best of our ability, we have endeavoured to justify the confidence placed in us by the society. If our readers are dissatisfied, it is the fault of our ability, not of our will.

In order to obtain an impartial account of the L.I.L.D.S.'s entertainment, we secured the valuable services of a gentleman who is intimately acquainted with the working of amateur theatricals, and who, many years ago, received his education at the Institute. Although his name is practically forgotten at his *Alma Mater*, he has not, for obvious reasons, cared to disclose his name, but has signed his criticism with his initials, which may possibly be familiar to one or two of his old chums.

As we close this article we are reminded that we are just upon the annual Mecca of the elder boys—the Oxford. Some of those entering this year are veterans—Dale and Long, for instance—some have had a previous experience in the same direction, and many are making the venture for the first time. To one and all we offer our heartiest well-wish for a “good success,” and so take leave of our readers till autumn.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY'S ENTERTAINMENT.

THE third annual Concert and Dramatic Performance in connection with the plucky little Literary Society of the Institute, took place on the evening of May 1st. There was an exceedingly large attendance, Mr. Owen's spacious room being crowded to the door. The concert portion of the programme was sustained by the Misses Florence Dick, Annie Richardson, and Messrs. Anthony Book, J. Chisholm, L. Zagury, R. Burn, and C. R. Riley. It was Miss Dick's first appearance for the Society, and it is to be ardently hoped that it will not be her last. Her rendering of Piccolomini's "Ora pro Nobis" was at once faultless and sympathetic—a real vocal treat. Miss Richardson is an old favourite and, thoroughly maintained her high reputation. What has been said about Miss Dick may be appropriately repeated in the case of Mr. J. Chisholm. It has never been the writer's fortune to hear "Let me like a soldier fall" sung with more brilliancy or dramatic force than was imparted to Wallace's inspiring ballad by Mr. Chisholm. That pitfall to the amateur tenor, the top A, was given with the utmost ease in both verses—a striking contrast to the display of a so-called "celebrated" tenor who recently warbled the same song in the Philharmonic. The comic element was admirably supplied by Mr. Riley, who also undertook the arduous duties of accompanist with conspicuous success. And what can be said of Mr. Book that hasn't been said a thousand times before? His rendering of the "Toreador" (marred by the inevitable, though none the less detestable, stamping of the feet among some of the audience) was something to be remembered, and the same remark applies to the applause which followed Zagury scored a distinct success in both the items opposite his name, and it was interesting to mark the decided improvement that had taken place in his playing since his appearance on the same platform last year. Last year he was good; this year he was not only much better, but had entirely divested himself of the nervousness which had bothered him before. One of the most successful items on the programme was Burn's inimitable "Long-Fellow" display. So excellent, indeed, was his assumption of the wooden arm that one lady near the front is reported to have said after the performance, that she supposed *his real arm was underneath his jacket!* Taken altogether, it may be safely said that the concert was far and away the most successful the Society has ever had. There was not a single weak item in the programme.

It now remains to speak of the comedietta, "Scholars' Mate," and it must be candidly confessed that the impartial critic is met at the outset of his task with a double difficulty. The first difficulty is the personality of the author. Phillips is and has been for the past three years one of the most prominent members of the Society, and has probably written more in the pages of this *Magazine* than any

two other fellows put together. Then again the reception accorded to the comedietta was nothing more or less than magnificent. The audience was kept laughing from start to finish, and cheered uproariously at the conclusion of each act. At the end the author was brought before the curtain and received quite an ovation, making in reply (taking all things into consideration), a fairly coherent speech. Both the personality of the author, then, and the success gained, make it a most unenviable task to say anything in disparagement of "Scholars' Mate." But, on the other hand, it would be the sheerest flattery to say that it is a faultless piece of writing. To put the matter in the plainest light, it is distinctly crude. The ending of the first two acts are very straggling, and leave the impression on one's mind that they might have come about five minutes earlier in each case without at all obscuring the plot. Then the duration of the three acts is most unequal, the first being as long as the other two put together. A curious slip was made as to time. In the second act *Cocksure* says he ought to go and dress before proposing to *Diana*, and in the last *Dr. Kileure* speaks of the underhand way in which an attempt was made on his daughter's hand *yesterday*. The one passage would lead us to suppose that the action only extends over one day; the other, that it covers two. Perhaps the weightiest objection to "Scholars' Mate" is that it contains too many characters. A farce which only lasts half-an-hour should have at the outside three characters. The one in question has no less than six. To sum up the objections to the piece; skilfully pruned and yet expanded it would make a capital little comedy; but there are too many characters and too much action for the time allowed to make it a good comedietta or farce. Fortunately, after all has been said against it, "Scholars' Mate" contains much that is worthy of praise. The plot is distinctly original, and bears not the slightest resemblance to the seemingly inevitable "Box and Cox." The dialogue is always bright and natural, and at times really witty; and each character has about an equal amount of work to do. But what, after all, made the piece go down so well was the way in which the persons represented and the persons representing agreed with each other. Ker as *Kileure* was the very beau-ideal of a middle-aged doctor, inclined to talkativeness; the *Simple* of Phillips was given with all the *sang-froid* and sham cynicism that the part seemed to require; Burn's *Lylart* was most laughable, not a single joke being thrown away by him or lost on the audience, Chisholm's *Cocksure* deserves similar praise, except that to those who, like the writer, sat (or rather stood) at the back of the room, some of his asides were nearly inaudible. The usually empty part of the page-boy was made of considerable importance in "Scholars' Mate," and it only due to Woodward to say that if anybody distinguished himself on May 1st, above his fellows, it was he; and last, though by no means least, it remains to notice the gifted lady-amateur who sustained with such admirable coolness the difficult part of *Diana Kileure*.

J. McL. R.

EN PASSANT.

It is really too bad! I had written an elaborate notice of the society's entertainment, and sent it in to the editors, confidently expecting to receive a cordial note of thanks for my promptness. Here is my reply:—"The editors regret their inability to make use of the enclosed MS. It is, to begin with, far too long for their purposes; and, in addition, they have already secured the services of a talented and experienced critic. Such being the case, the editors have much pleasure in returning Mr. Janus' copy, thinking it just possible it may be of use to him." "Talented and experienced," indeed! "Just possible!" I'll, I'll—start another paragraph.

Here is an extract from a letter I have lately received from Canada. The writer will long be remembered in the Institute. He was at once the most entertaining, the most nonchalant, the most widely read, and (with one exception) the laziest fellow I ever knew. His reading was simply gigantic. It embraced history, philosophy, political economy, fiction, and a few thousand other things. He had read all Carlyle and most of Ruskin before he was seventeen. I have no wish to exaggerate, but I should say that, granted there were two thousand well-known novels in the English language, he had read 1990 of them, and was well acquainted with all their plots. If his wide reading has done nothing else for him, it has made him a most accomplished and elegant letter-writer. Here is the extract:—"There is a little comedy going on in a part of the province which reminds one of the days of Robin Hood. A man had a quarrel about some property with a neighbour, and, feeling himself aggrieved, let daylight through him. Then, not feeling safe in the district, but unwilling to run the risk of being hanged, he betook himself to the woods, and everybody seemed satisfied. But after a year, people are beginning to think he ought to be tried, so a judge and 30 or 40 policemen and some militia have gone to capture him. They have been hunting him for a fortnight now. The judge and he had an interview the other day (he being granted a safe conduct), but as he demanded \$900.00 and permission to leave the country, the negotiations fell through. That is just one instance. It would make a fair groundwork for a novel; but I could hardly believe it at first as happening in real life. In their politics they remind me very much of our debating society; they are all in earnest, but every now and then they seem to forget their dignity, and fancy themselves in the backwoods."

Happy thought! I'll pay back those ungrateful editors by another extract from the same letter:—"By-the-bye, why don't you or some one write a really sober article on some topic of the day, or some book. The paper is altogether too scrappy and light. It wants more solidity. I think even such boys as go to the Institute now would like an article that had some solid reading in it. And even if

the sale of the paper was affected by it, as long as the editors maintained a high standard of writing, no thoughts of filthy lucre should affect them."

Talking of Canada reminds me that T. A. Stubbs has just left Liverpool to try his fortunes across the silver streak. Stubbs was a promising young cricketer, and played for the Selson first eleven several times last season. How the 6th of two years ago is getting cattered! Stubbs in America, Bridson in London, Armstrong in Singapore, Richmond at (I think) Bangor. Liverpool only seems to keep a title of its natives.

I am glad to say that Long, who has had a severe attack of pleurisy, is gradually pulling round again, and hopes to make his appearance at Oxford in July. All his science examinations have had to go to the wall, however,

JANUS.

SCHOLASTIC SAVAGERY.

If I recollect rightly, it was once remarked by Sir John Lubbock that a child is by nature a savage, with instincts uncontrolled by reason. Strange; yet it may be verified by anyone who chooses to look about him in this Institute of ours. There are two particular cases of parallelism to which I would call attention.

The first is a musical, or rather Wagnerian, matter. The benighted savage, after taking the cast-off garments of civilisation and making to himself an image thereof, which he calls Mumbo-Jumbo, will worship it with devoutly up-turned eyes (vide Carlyle), and an ear-splitting orchestra of primitive drums and such like, accompanying a frantically shrieking, howling, capering, gesticulating ballet. That schooltoys are equally unmelodious, or Wagnerian, in their aesthetic tendencies, no one, who has been in a class-room between the hours, on a wet day, will venture to deny. And alas! this tendency is spreading upwards, and (*proh pudor!*) has even reached the Sixth, which has suddenly called to mind the words of Horace: *Insanire juvat; cur Berecynthiæ Cessant flamma tibice?* It is now no uncommon sight to see the luminaries of that august body, with (but tell it not in Gath!) the ineffable Burn at their head, standing in a row, like sparrows on a branch, and blowing into their fists, thereby producing a distracting sound, suggestive of a Mersey fog-horn on a misty night with an asthmatic steam-engine in the neighbourhood. *Insanire juvat!* The Sixth shows an inclination to relapse into barbarism. They are like the jilted young gentleman, in Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," who expresses a willingness to retire to the backwoods and a life of barbarism, with a savage woman for helpmate; although, it is only fair to add, in justice to the somewhat misanthropical young gentleman's common sense, that he very soon abandoned his chimerical idea and propounds the obvious truism that a few lustres of Europe are preferable to a "Cycle of Cathay."

The next matter is that of hieroglyphics. What do they mean? A friend of mine, in an able essay on "Scribbling in School-books," relates that he was informed by an offender in that way that he, the delinquent, never felt that a book was his own and a schoolbook until he saw his name scribbled throughout. But I doubt whether this theory will hold good for the hieroglyphic illustrations in school-books, which I am inclined to regard as a sort of picture-writing, and hence as a distinct backward step towards barbarism. Surely those bewildering representations of natural objects mean something. My pet theory is this: When, many centuries ago, the Heathen Chince first invented his writing, which expresses ideas by signs, not words by spelling, would he not express a certain idea, say, by the figure of a bird, which fowl would be distinguishable as a fowl, till the forms of such symbols altered in the course of ages, and what was once meant to represent a bird is now suggestive of a combination of a camera, an infernal machine, and a rat-trap? And in the same way may not school-boy hieroglyphics have changed, from being comprehensible symbols, to their modern state of bewilderingly distorted figures of unknown natural objects? Of course the whole matter, with its origin and meaning, is wrapt in the mists of school-boy antiquity, and could only be found fully explained in *legibus barbarorum*.

R.

THE LABORATORY STUDENTS.

I HAVE long been desirous of making public the observations which I have been able to make on the Laboratory Students and their practices, and I have now the opportunity of doing so. My remarks apply chiefly to the students in the Lower Lab, as it is there that I am located. There is a certain rule in force, allowing the boys to bring and eat refreshments during the class, and now when one goes into the Lab. it is difficult at first sight to decide whether it is a Laboratory or an eating house. I have said sight, I should also say smell, for the nose meets with a mingled smell of SH₂, cocoa, PH₃, coffee, bad acetic acid, roast chesnuts, CS₂, from which it is difficult without practice to discern the true chemical odours. The window of the Laboratory looks on the street, and certain misguided small boys are accustomed to come and watch with reverential awe the mighty proceedings of these great experimentalists, when the students find great amusement in dousing these poor small boys with a beaker of cold water. How funny it is, too, to put the jet of a washbottle to a fellow's neck, and then blow a stream of cold water down his back. How funny it is, except for the victim. Another good joke amongst them is to gum a fellow's apparatus to his place. I noticed one student who couldn't make out what was the matter with his apparatus, to the great amusement of these skilled practical jokers. They are awful swells though, now, in the Lower Lab. They have had a looking-glass put up, and you have no idea of how much time they spend before it. Hoping that they will find as much pleasure in my reflections as they do in those of the other reflector, I am, yours, &c.,

THE LABORATORY LOOKING-GLASS.

UN-NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ELEPHANT.

THE Elephant, though a Task-un, is not found in Tuscany, nor, indeed, in any part of Europe, so that puts an end to your hopes (if you had any), on that score. It is a native of Africa and Asia; some of the best specimens having been met with in Siam; but you may not be so sure of this as Siam.

The most remarkable feature of the elephant is its trunk (which must not be mistaken for its chest), and in this organ lies its sense of touch—a touching characteristic. The trunk is possessed of great muscular power, and yet is capable of being exercised in so gentle a manner that it is termed a piano-organ.

You can dis-Czerney's exercises from a great distance. This trunk also answers the purpose both of a hand and a nose, and one blow of it (without a handkerchief) is sufficient to fell a fellow to the earth.

The elephant feeds upon plants, etc., but prefers the palm and sago tree. Thus, although as before stated, the trunk serves the purpose of a hand, this animal holds with the palm. When it sees a sago tree it usually exclaims, "Oh! here's Sago!"

A negro boy, by way of a joke, will sometimes fix a lance in the ground, point uppermost, upon which the elephant incautiously impales himself, and the young imp hails (impales) the result with delight. If you try this stratagem you'll find it'll lancer.

The neck is the next thing to observe, which being very short, compels the animal to wheel round, in order to discover an enemy from behind (he is short to do this), and this will show you what an unwheddy creature it is.

The elephant is fond of water, but always disturbs it before drinking, because it likes thick waters—indeed, the hinder parts of the animal are thick quarters. It is impracticable to keep elephants in a shed, although they are willing to shed their teeth—in which practice they would appear to imitate mankind—who daily clear away their teethings. Like the Russian, the elephant is nothing without his snout; but this is, between ourselves.

OUR LUNATIC CONTRIBUTOR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CICERO AND HOME-RULE.

To the Editors of the Liverpool Institute Schools Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,—There is something in a classical education after all. I do not refer to the many old-standing arguments which have stood the test without fail hitherto. No; I mean so in quite a different sense, and one in which all, in the present unsettled state of politics, will take an interest. I have found that even Cicero has anticipated Home-Rule. See his marvellous foresight in his "De

Officiis," ii., 22. Here is the quotation for those who have not the book at hand :—
 "Qui vero se populares volunt, ob eamque causam aut agrariam rem tentant, ut possessores suis sedibus pellantur, aut pecunias creditas debitoribus condonandas putant: ii labefactant fundamenta reipublicæ: concordiam primum quæ esse non potest, cum aliis adimuntur, aliis condonantur pecuniæ: deinde æquitatem, quæ tollitur omnis, si habere suum cuique non licet. Id enim est proprium (ut supra dixi) civitatis atque urbis, ut sit libera, et non sollicita suæ rei cuiusque custodia."
 General apologies, of course, to those who do not agree with Cicero. Anyhow, I don't think we know the true value of our classics yet.—Yours, &c.,
 V. C. H. M.

Rosario, April 4th, 1889.

GENTLEMEN,—With all due apologies for referring you back to your February number, I must call your attention to an answer to a correspondent's question as to who were the three most popular fellows during the writer's career. I felt proud to see my name amongst them, but why—*why* did it not suffice to mention my name without giving me the character of a chatterbox? This habit of talking quickly is due to my having been born in the Argentine Republic, and having lived there the greater part of my life. Now that I mention the Argentine Republic, allow me to recommend any young fellows about to leave the Institute, and who have not *extremely* good prospects before them, to come out here, where they are sure to get on. Not that I mean to say that this is an "El Dorado," but that if a young fellow is willing to work, has any capabilities, and as soon as he obtains some slight knowledge of the language of the country (Spanish), he would be able to make enough to keep himself, and have a fair amount of pocket money besides. This is—I think you will confess—more than you can do in Old England. Salaries usually begin at about £70, and are soon raised to £100. I would be quite willing to answer any letters addressed to me on this subject. Now I must conclude, or else you will be saying that the fellow who gave me the character of a chatterbox (I suspect E. J. P.) was not far wrong. Apologising for taking up so much of your valuable space, believe me, yours truly,
 T. E. EGGINGTON.

N.B.—Letters should be addressed—Care of John Eggington, Rosario, Argentine Republic.

GENTLEMEN,—I have read with much interest, but I cannot say with much pleasure, the correspondence on the article entitled "The Institute as it is," and the article itself. It is not patriotic to praise up your school, whether right or wrong; but neither is it patriotic to find fault with your school for things which cannot possibly be prevented. Let me remind the author of that article and his supporters that it is very easy to find fault with a thing, but that it is infinitely more difficult to remedy it; and let me ask them to devote the time which they now spend in fault-finding to remedying the faults of which they complain. The root of all that they have objected to lies in the following facts:—The Institute is essentially a school where the boys are rapidly pushed on their mental acquirements, and, as a natural consequence, the average age of the boys when leaving is lower than that of almost any other great school of its kind. The boys are too young for athletic sports; they are still enamoured of the peg-top, marbles, &c.; and even if they were old enough, they could not become proficient in both mental knowledge and physical acquirements. If you devote yourself to the one, the other wholly or partially suffers. The author of the article complains of the conduct of some boys. Publicity in such matters is very unlikely to do any good to the boys complained of, and it does positive harm to the school. Let me remind him that boys will be boys, and that among 1,100 boys there are bound to be some "black sheep." But I cannot understand why, if it is right to smoke at all, it is wrong to smoke a clay pipe or "a pipe with a tarnished brass mount." It is the same as saying that it is wrong to wear an old coat even if one cannot afford a better. He then reminds us of the Institute motto, which is a very nice one, but unfortunately 999 people out of a thousand translate it as "Nobis solum, non toti mundo nati."—Yours, &c.,

JUSTITIA.