

LIVERPOOL
INSTITUTE SCHOOLS
MAGAZINE.

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SINCE our last number was issued much has happened. Our new Principal is now an established fact, and we are already beginning to feel a new hand at the reins. This is especially the case in regard to sports generally, which seem to have taken a new lease of life, and to have had imparted to them an amount of vigour and enthusiasm which they never possessed before. The Harrier Club has already reached enormous proportions, the Footballers are talking quite confidently of the shield, the Cricketers and Swimmers are looking forward to a prosperous season, the Tennis Club will probably be re-started, likewise the Chess Club, and last, but not least, the Debaters are beginning to talk more than ever. The same improvement is evident within the School. There is already a considerable increase in the numbers of the Commercial, though the High School remains about the same. We are beginning to wake up to the fact that we are not perfect (as many of us think), but that we have many most serious faults, and that the sooner we rectify them the better it will be.

There was a slight profit on last month's magazine, and if there be an increased sale this month, we will increase the magazine by four pages. Last month we sold about 450, and of these not quite 400 were sold to the boys. So that (since some take more than one) there are about 600 or two-thirds of the school who do not buy a *Magazine*, the cost of which

does not amount to more than 8d. per year. Let us hope that the present revival will affect the *Magazine* also, and that the 600 will each and all buy one or more copies, for if they did, we would either be able to double the size of the *Magazine* or to lower the price to a halfpenny. Our ambition is that every boy in the Institute should always have a copy.

We have received very many contributions this month, but unfortunately a large number of them are not original, *i.e.*, in the sense of being quite new, and of the remainder many are not of the type required for a school magazine. We are, however, always glad to receive letters on any current school topic, provided they are not too long, and that they are tolerably interesting.

A. J. EWART, } EDITORS.
F. WOLDE, }

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L. I. L. D. S.

December 5th, 1889.—The essayist being somewhat late, Mr. A. J. Ewart proposed two motions (1) "That no applause be allowed except by clapping of hands," and (2) "That no exclamation be allowed except 'Hear, hear,' and 'Question.'" The first was rejected and the second passed. Mr. Inman then read his paper on "Yorkshire Dales." There was hardly any discussion, but a vote of thanks was passed.

December 12th, 1889.—Mr. Burn was requested by the vice-chairman to take the chair. The subject of debate was "Is a nation the better for having enemies?" Mr. Wolde opened in the affirmative. He said that enemies caused unity, peace, and concord, and also that a standing army was beneficial. Mr. Ewart II. replied. He asserted that the question really was, "Is war or peace better for a nation?" He shewed that war conduced to despotism and innumerable other evils. Messrs. Barnett, Roberts II., Ker, and Rasul supported the affirmative, and Messrs. Armour, Long, Ewart I., Marshall, and Roberts I. the negative. Mr. Burn supporting the negative said, that Mr. Wolde's views were antediluvian, and that he had confounded rivalry with enmity. The voting was—ayes 8, noes, 6, majority 2.

January 23rd, 1890.—Messrs. Hay and Roberts I. were elected whips for the High School, and Mr. Braham for the Commercial. It was also decided that the subscription be reduced to one shilling for the current half-year. Mr. Wolde (proposed by Mr. Long, seconded by Mr. Marshall) was elected as joint Editor in succession to Mr. Armour. Mr. Long opened in the affirmative the subject of

debate, "Should Members of the House of Commons be paid by the State?" He said that M.P.'s were servants of the people, and should therefore be paid. He maintained that at present wealthy members were too numerous, and that our present paid members were the most efficient. He also combated the argument that paid members would be mercenary. Mr. A. J. Ewart opposed. He held that M.P.'s were not servants in the same sense as the Queen. He asserted that a man was none the worse for being rich, but, in fact, rather the better. He proposed that members should only be paid by their own political societies, and maintained the argument about mercenary motives. The expense was also considered serious. Messrs. Braham, Mohammad, and Roberts I. spoke for the affirmative, and Messrs. Marshall and Dale for the negative. On voting, a majority was declared for the affirmative of three votes.

HON. SECRETARY.

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CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR.

UNDER the auspices of our new Headmaster, a Harriers' Club has been started, which has already assumed gigantic proportions. At the first meet 138 hounds started to run, and already over 300 boys have been enrolled as members, not counting several Masters. Mr. Hughes will appoint such officers as are necessary, and there will be no subscription this year. The club will be more formally constituted next winter, and with such an enormous muster roll a subscription of 3d. or 6d. should be found ample to meet all expenses. We notice with great pleasure that the club has met with equal support from both schools.

THE members of the Football Club should feel greatly honoured by their captain, having been played by the New Brighton first against two such noted teams as the Broughton and Birkenhead Park. He occupied the position of centre three-quarter, the most essential post in the game, and one requiring the united characteristics of skill, dash, and judgment, all of which were most ably fulfilled. By-the-bye, when is J. J. W. coming back? How we do miss the *mensae, mensa, mensud* of almost classic fame.

A MUCH-NEEDED want has at length been supplied by the inauguration of a Choral Society. We wish it every success, but are afraid that it will have an uphill task to instil music into the average Institutionian. Up till now we have entirely neglected the voice, and yet its cultivation is not only pleasant but useful. A well-arranged course of singing lessons clears the voice, improves the chest, and strengthens the vocal chords to a wonderful extent.

ON Thursday, the 19th of December, Mr. Sephton gave a farewell dinner to the Institute masters. The proceedings commenced by singing, &c., in which, as

usual, Mr. Book was prominent. During the evening it was discovered that Mr. Sephton was the possessor of a fine tenor voice, and that Mrs. Sephton both sang and played with skill, taste, and brilliant execution. After dinner, Mr. Sephton proposed the toast of the "Institute," to which Mr. Burton responded. Mr. Kennedy then gave Mr. Sephton the Master's presentation gold watch. In the course of a neat speech he referred to Mr. Sephton's having frequently though somewhat indisposed remained at his duties, most probably against the wishes of his wife, and hoped that with his retirement he would become more amenable to Home Rule. Mr. Ewart then proposed "The health of Mrs. Sephton," and made some most interesting and instructive disclosures with regard to Mr. Sephton. Mr. and Mrs. Sephton then replied separately. The party then broke up, and Mr. Sephton broke the last links of his connection with the Institute by bidding a separate farewell to each of the Masters.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Armour, having left school, has resigned the position of co-editor. It is easy to see how much we lose, and nothing will feel it more than the *Magazine*. The football team have been very unlucky in losing such a trio as Armour, Golding, and Chisholm, at one stroke. We can only hope that some new blood will be found to fill the vacant places.

An Association Football Club has been started. It is intended, we believe, more especially for the Commercial, from which it has already received most cordial support. If it has only a tithe of the success the Harrier Club met with, it will do very well indeed.

It has evidently been determined that Institutionians shall thoroughly appreciate the two qualities of regularity and punctuality. At nine in the morning and at half-past one in the afternoon the gates will be shut, and no one admitted after those times. Also, except in most special cases, no one will be allowed to leave early. Such a rule as this has long been wanted, and will, we believe, do much good.

CUSTODIUS.

TEN DAYS A-WHEEL.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

WE soon covered this seven miles, which completed the ninety consecutive miles between Liverpool and Lichfield, and enquiring for the Swan Hotel we put our machines in an out-house, and then, after a wash and brush up, marched round to do the "lions" of the "city." The inhabitants of this "city" ought to be very pious, for they have four bishops staying in the Close at the present time, besides innumerable canons, archdeacons, vicars, curates, etc., down to the choir boys. It seemed as though everyone more or less is connected with the cathedral in some way or another. The cathedral was closed, so we had to content ourselves

with an inspection of the outside, which is in itself a sight worth seeing, although, as the inhabitants tell us, nothing to the inside. The west front is adorned with numerous statues of the bishops, and of saints, martyrs, etc., etc. At eight o'clock the next morning we bid good-bye to Lichfield, with her stately spires, and hurried on to Coleshill, being over eager to reach our destination, and being pleased with ourselves at covering so much ground on the day before. The roads begin to get undulating and so troublesome, either up hill or down, with very little level running. At last Coleshill "heaves in sight;" as its name implies, it is perched on the top of a sudden rise, with its church on the loftiest point, whose stately spire rises still higher, showing to all men for miles round that there is a village located near; it is at first the only building visible. Now we come into the Midland cycling district. The roads about Coleshill are crowded with cyclists from Birmingham and Wolverhampton on Saturday afternoons. Coleshill boasts a Speedwell Cycling Club of no mean importance. It is ten miles from Coleshill to Kenilworth; this is covered in the space of an hour or less, and we have a wash and brush up, so as to look fresh when we arrive in Warwick, which is five miles further on. Of course, as all know, Kenilworth is famous for its castle, and made still more famous by Scott's novel; and who has not read the latter? Perhaps the most pleasant five miles of the journey is that from Kenilworth to Warwick through Guy's Cliff. We arrived at Warwick at 11.30, and put up at the Woolsack, where we donned more civilised attire, and sallied out to see all that there was to be seen—St. Mary's Church, Leicester's Hospital, the Town Gates, and last, but not by any means least, the Castle. On the next day we went to see Coventry and get sundry repairs done to our machines. The three spires of Coventry are famous all the world over. The chief industry of the place is cycle making. It used to be the home of the watchmakers and ribbon weavers, but not so now, and in their places the fast increasing manufactory of bicycles, tricycles, sewing machines, etc., is carried on. Coventry itself is a scrambling town. There are at least half-a-dozen different houses which claim to have the window from which "naughty" Peeping Tom snatched his glance at Lady Godiva. On the following Monday we started back for Liverpool, intending to go through Worcestershire, Shropshire, Denbighshire, and Cheshire. At 8 a.m. we started from Warwick, and rode through Stratford and Alcester to Redditch, the home of the needle manufacturers. Going through Redditch to Alvechurch we stopped for the day at a little place two miles distant from the latter. In the afternoon we boated and fished. Next morning at 9.15 we made a fresh start, and making Bromsgrove we got on to the Kidderminster road, through which town we rode without stopping. Just outside Kidderminster there is a hill. Oh! it is a hill. We made up our minds to climb it, and every time we turned a corner there was a bit more. When we arrived at the top, which we did after a quarter-of-an-hour's steady working, we saw a notice board, "This hill is dangerous for cyclists to descend." Oh! that they had put that board at the bottom, and we should never have attempted that hill. However, after a minute's rest in the hedge, we mounted again, and after a long descent of nine miles, we turned a corner, and this is what met our view. In the far distance in front of us and disappearing again on our left hand was the broad stream of the stately Severn, flowing in a valley between two lofty banks, the right bank suddenly sinking to almost the level of the river. On this spur is built Bridgnorth, looking like a mighty fortress, overlooking the most lovely stretch of country which one can imagine; a country of woodland, meadow-land, and agriculture, with the Severn winding in and out like a silvery snake. Riding through the lower town, and crossing the river by the bridge, the higher town seems to rise up sheer above you. The houses seem to be built one over the other. Cries of "push your machine up, sir," greet you on every side. On arriving at the top of the hill, a whole town, with wide streets and market-place, opens before you. A very interesting town it is too. We put up at the "Crown and Royal" for dinner, intending to go on to Shrewsbury in the afternoon. After peeping round and having dinner, we set off for Shrewsbury, via Madeley and Wellington. There were some nasty hills just before getting into Wellington, but for the last two miles

between Madeley and Wellington it was not necessary to put a foot on the treadle. Without going into Wellington we turned off to the left along Watling Street. Such roads! For seven miles it was as level as a racing path and as hard as rock. *We went.* On our left we left the Wrekin towering aloft, with its wood-capped summit, alone in its glory. Then we came in touch with old Father Severn again, and rode along its banks till we arrived at Shrewsbury, about 5.30 p.m. Here we put up at the "George." In the evening we took a row up the Severn. Have you ever seen a coracle? If not, go to Shrewsbury. The funniest little craft imaginable. Like a round-bottomed tub, with just room for one in it. The inhabitants use them for fishing. They get into them, paddle out to a favourite spot, and anchor there; and there they sit like balancing Chinamen, trying to catch fish. We can't say positively that they do catch any bigger than two or three ounces, but we doubt it, for this reason, that the river about Shrewsbury is so outrageously whipped that the chances of catches are considerably lessened. The next morning we made a start for Liverpool again, via Ellesmere, Wrexham, and Chester. A broiling hot day is not the best of invigorators, but we got our dinner in Wrexham. The country between Overton and Wrexham is very pretty when we get to the valley of the Dee. The road between Wrexham, Chester, and Liverpool is probably too well known to need description. Suffice it to say that we arrived in Liverpool at 5 p.m., all the better for the trip. The best we can say to conclude, is, GO THOU, AND DO LIKEWISE.

A STRANGE DREAM (CONTINUED).

THE lofty houses opposite, which I remembered so well, had all vanished, leaving behind merely a heap of bricks and mortar. The whole neighbourhood was changed—all the familiar landmarks had been swept away. So far as I could see in the darkness, my own house was the only one left standing, and this was probably owing to the fact of its having been built by a person for himself, whilst the others had been tacked on at a later period by jerry-builders. It was impossible in the gathering darkness to discover anything further, so I returned to my house, crept into the warmest corner I could find, and soon fell into an uneasy doze, from which the rats, nibbling at my toes, now and again awakened me. At the first break of dawn I hastily arose and stretched myself, dislodging as I did so several lean and hungry-looking rats, which, during the night, had crept within my coat for the sake of warmth. I now began to feel hungry myself, and so hastily set forth on a foraging expedition. After picking my way for some time with considerable difficulty amongst the ruins which lay on every side, I at length arrived at an eminence, which I recognised as Brownlow Hill. Mounting a heap of ruins which occupied the former site of the Workhouse, I gazed around me. Below, in place of the once opulent and populous city, lay a mass of silent ruins. Here and there an occasional church steeple reared up its head, but no other buildings remained standing. The larger buildings appeared to have been wilfully destroyed, whilst the smaller ones seemed to have fallen to ruins through decay. In place of the fine estuary I had so often sailed on, there only remained a vast, unhealthy-looking swamp. On my right hand lay the ruins of University College, parts of which still held together. I made my way to the refreshment-room, and

after a brief search discovered a number of buns in a state of perfect preservation. These had resisted the decay which had destroyed the strongest buildings. After making a light meal off these wholesome dainties, I went out, and there passing the gates of the College was the most peculiar figure I have ever seen!

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

HARRIER CLUB.

THE first run of the above club took place on Wednesday, the 15th, starting from the tent. The hares were: Hilton, Ker, and A. J. Ewart. There were 138 hounds. At the tent were a large number of spectators and Masters, including the Head Master. The hares were allowed five minutes' start, on a course of over seven miles: through Childwall, round Woolton, and then home. After passing Childwall several of the leading hounds took a short cut, and soon saw the hares leisurely proceeding over a large field. They crept quietly up until almost on them, when they were perceived by one of the hares, and a very exciting spurt was made, in which the hares won. The pace, however, proved too much for several of the hounds, and, also, for one of the hares; for after a few vain efforts to get away the hounds ran into them at about half-way home. The first two in, were Goodwin and A. J. Ewart, the hare leading by an inch or two. The first of the hounds who had followed the proper track, came in about seven minutes after the foremost hare. Mr. Hughes (brother of the Head Master) took charge of the fast pack, and Mr. Bickerstaffe took charge of the slow pack, both bringing in their packs in fine style. There will be a meet every Wednesday until after the end of February.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

ON December 11th, the Liverpool Institute met the Waterloo High School at Sefton Park, and a most interesting game ensued. For some time the game was quite even, but, eventually, Chisholm mulled the ball and the Waterloo got over, and successfully negotiated the place kick. Immediately afterwards, from a bad pass by Bennett, they again got over, the place kick failing. After half time play was again very even until, from a fine dribble by A. E. Ewart, Marshall obtained a try, Ker successfully undertaking the place kick. Very exciting play now ensued, and Ker obtaining the ball dropped a beautiful goal amidst great excitement. During the remaining five minutes play was in favour of the Institute, but nothing more was gained, and at the call of time the Institute were left the winners by 2 goals, 3 minors to 1 goal, 1 try, 1 minor.

On January 22nd, a practice game was played at Sefton Park. A good many attended, but several were conspicuous by their absence. It should be distinctly understood that the Harriers' Club is intended for those boys who cannot play football. An absence of one hundred members is not felt in a meet of the H. C., but the absence of half-a-dozen at a practice game of the F. C. makes a great deal of difference. We must bear in mind that the F. C. wishes to make a good show in the Shield Competition.

HALF-BACK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Liverpool Institute Schools Magazine.

DEAR SIRS,—If I couldn't write something better than that cursed rot I saw in a paper styled *The Liverpool Institute Magazine*, I'd just crawl out, put up the shutters, crawl in again, shrivel up, and die. Die, I say; and that through having all my editorial ambition blasted out of me by taking one glance and a half at your infernal production, which is "Leyden" with stupidity and Scotch pig-headedness. You are quite at liberty to make whatever use of this you may think fit.

Yours (more or less)

AN EDITOR.

[We are sorry we have offended you so much, by refusing your original contribution, as to cause you to write the above letter. Taking it, however, as a sample of your literary productions, we think our readers will agree that we were right in rejecting it. We hope you will excuse our having corrected your mistakes in spelling and grammatical errors. We have also amended the language as far as was possible without destroying the pristine vigour of the letter. Your right to the title of "Editor" is as doubtful as to that of gentleman.]

To the Editors of the Liverpool Institute Schools Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,—I feel I must trespass upon your space again, or else "Justitia" will think he has shut me up. Such is not the case, however, and I think his latest effusion is weaker (if possible) than his former letter. I am not aware that I am given to "furious vapourings," but I do think it is sufficient to vex a well-wisher of the school to see that the *esprit-de-corps*, which should exist in every school, is conspicuous in the Institute by its absence. I am not in frequent touch with Institute boys, but I hope the public spirit has been aroused by the able little note which appeared in your magazine some months ago, entitled "The Institute as It Is." That is what called forth "Justitia's" first letter, which was written in praise of the school. I have not a copy of that letter by me, but as far as I remember now, he thought that the condition of the school was not so bad, after all. It is not good for a school to be blind to its own faults. I quite agree with your correspondent that sports should have to play second fiddle to school studies, but I would remind him, that were there no recreation or vigorous exercise, boys' bodies would come under the heavy influence of over-cramming. I attribute the successes of big schools like Marlborough, Eton, Rugby, &c., to compulsory games. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is an ideal only to be obtained by judicious admixture of work and play. Schools have reputations to keep up in the football field as well as in the battle field of the Oxford Locals. Not that I think it to be nearly so important, but it is a good thing; it promotes a better idea of loyalty in a boy's mind. Of course, looking at it from a sage point of view, games are not essential, but from the boys' point of view they are an absolute necessity. I feel sure that if more boys would turn out on the half-holidays to play their public games, they would be more healthy in body and mind. It clears the cobwebs from the brain, and prevents the lads from getting rusty, as one of my masters used to say. What I really complain of is that, although there are over a thousand boys in the two schools, such a small percentage of them should have even less public spirit than is necessary to put their hands in their pockets for a paltry three or four shillings necessary to pay a subscription to the clubs; and worse still that a still smaller number of them should think it worth their while to play a game. The boys should join the club in their hundreds, and not in their tens. I am not easily surprised, although your correspondent seems to think I am. Nothing, at any rate, which he says or does would surprise me. I sincerely hope he is not one of the leading lights of the school.

OLD BOY.

[It appears to us that "Old Boy" and "Justitia" are merely disputing over trifles, for they both appear to hold almost the same opinions. In any case, however, the correspondence must now cease. We can vouch for "Justitia's" right to speak on the question, but we have been much amused at the self-confident manner in which he has attacked his opponent, little imagining who that opponent is.]