

# LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE SCHOOLS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV. No. 2.

MAY, 1900.

## Some Institute Recollections.

BY DIOGENES, A VERY "OLD BOY."

"'Tis sixty years since."—*Waverley*.

ABOUT as long a period has slipped away since my first visit to the Institute as had elapsed between the fight on Culloden Moor, which ended the rebellion of the Young Pretender, and the publication of *Waverley*. This remark is made to emphasise the length of time one looks back upon. And how the world has changed. Great as were the changes in our country in the last century, made present so vividly to us by the genius of the great "Wizard of the North," they have been far more than matched in the sixty years now past.

I remember well starting early, on a bright sunny morning in the summer of 1842, from the sleepy little walled and castellated town of Conway to make the journey to Liverpool. That journey led to the Institute first visit, the first of many hundreds, perhaps I might safely say thousands, from early boyhood onwards, with more or less irregularity of late, even unto these "lonesome latter years" of the "Old Boy."

We were not yet in railway times in North Wales. The Chester and Holyhead line was a mere project, without form and void. The engineer had not conceived the tube to span the Conway river; he had not planned to pierce and sap the old walls, nor had he measured for destruction our school playground. All that came after. In previous years a small steamboat—the *Conway Castle*—commanded, by the bye, by an old uncle of mine, plied regularly between Liverpool and Conway, and that was the cheapest and best way of making the trajet. But the enterprise was not a money success, and we had to select one of three other routes—

the road by coach, the sea by smack, or a combination, by land to Foryd, and then by water. We chose the last-named, and leaving the Castle Hotel on the top of the red four-horse coach carrying Her Majesty's mails, we passed swiftly down the High Street, and round through Castle Street, towards the bridge. It was a brave show we made of colour and action—the coach itself and its even team of bays, the scarlet and gold uniform of the coachman and guard, the one with his ribbons and whip well in hand, and the other sounding loudly his shining horn, rousing the echoes of the old castle towers as we flew by, leaving them on our right, to clatter immediately along the then comparatively new suspension bridge. It all comes back, fresh as the things of yesterday, as does our noisy drive up to the first stop, at the still existing Bee Hotel, Abergele, one of the few houses retaining, outwardly at least, the characteristics of the older hosteleries of the coaching days. There is not much impression left upon me of the journey on to Foryd, near Rhyl, whence we were to proceed by steamer, but I recollect coming through Hoylake and noticing the wooden beacon light by Hilbre Island. Were it not outside our limits it would not be uninteresting in this connection to notice the changes in the old Hoyle Lake, which in those days, if I remember aright, could float a fleet at anchor, even at low water of spring tides.

The landing at Liverpool was by means of a wretched little cockleshell of a landing stage, by the Seacombe slip, a miserable dirty slope outside the mouth of the old George's Basin. What a change is *there!* But we must not anticipate, and suppose the city of to-day—the Greater Liverpool of 800,000 people—could be content with what served the “good old town” of 225,000. Nor must we forget how conservative Dicky Sam always has been because he bore so long the old things; for many years he kept on bearing, without material change, his old-world exploded methods of ferrying across his highly rising, deeply falling, swiftly running, broad and tidal Mersey river. And he bore also, far too long, the disgust of the sight and the odour of the town sewage poured forth to meet all arriving visitors. We have changed all that, and shall soon change again for the better. But it was my first experience of Liverpool.

What we saw and heard in the town will come next, with our introduction at the Institute Theatre, Mount Street, to Sam Lover, the author of *Rory O'More*, *Handy Andy*, &c., &c., and an account of the many wonderful things exhibited there.

That may be followed by one or two papers dealing in the first instance with my schoolboy experiences at the Institute, and the second with recollections of some of the eminent personages who have honoured the Institute, and been honoured by it, at the Annual Distribution of Prizes.

### From South Africa.

WE are indebted to Mr. Francis for permission to publish the following letter from his son, who is now with the army in South Africa.

25th Feb., '00,  
S.S. *Avondale Castle*.

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER,

We are now somewhere off the coast of Spain, and are having what I should call very rough weather; the sailors say it is a bit squally; anyhow, we have been ordered below, as the seas are sweeping the decks. I intend when I write to give you a sort of diary of daily events, and then you can show it to each other. I have had a little dose of seasickness, but as soon as I was sick I went and ate something; if that came up, I got something else, and so on, and I believe I have beaten it. I think we shall touch at Las Palmas first, and I shall post this letter there. I shall hope to hear from you at Cape Town or Durban. I was so glad to get your last letter, pater. It was on the table as we were getting dinner on the *Avondale Castle* for the first time. I got a letter from Jim Stubbs, with a sheet of paper requiring my signature *re* superannuation. This I shall also post at Las Palmas. Last, but not least, I got a letter from—, and altogether when I sailed was as cheerful as possible under the circumstances, with nice letters from father and chums. Just as they were casting off from Southampton Quay, someone shouted for Syd. Francis, and I went to the side. There was Ted Ellis's brother. I was too far away to shake hands with him, but had a short chat at the top of my voice. I am quite comfortable and am feeling in very good health. There are over a thousand troops on this ship, and we are divided into nearly 90 messes of 12 or 14 men each. Each of these messes has two orderlies per day, who look after food, cleaning, tables, &c. The boat's gross tonnage is 5,531 tons, and nett 3,500 odd.

I think that I shall try and write a sort of interesting diary of the voyage, and will commence now.

23rd Feb., *Friday*. I told you in my card about the railway

journey and breakfast, &c., and will now inform you from the time we got on board ship. As soon as we touched deck we were told off into messes under the charge of a corporal or lance-corporal, and the two orderlies were sent to the galley for dinner, consisting of soup, roast mutton, and potatoes. I was just sitting down to this when word came that we were casting off. I rushed up on deck and found the boat just moving away, and a man with a cornet on the quay playing "Auld lang syne." As soon as he finished some one on board struck up "God save the Queen," which was joined in heartily by all of us. We soon cleared away from the quay, and we shortly passed down the water, past Netley Hospital and the fort. We passed two men-of-war in the Solent, and they manned the yards, dipped the ensign, and gave us three cheers; we returned the compliment. We passed down the Solent, and after clearing the Needles, which just looks like three ships under full sail, we made our way down the channel. Shortly after, the "rooti-call" sounded for tea, and I did full justice to the tea, bread, butter, and marmalade that were provided. Tea over I went on deck, and found that it was too dark to see, and the wind was rising and whistling through the rigging, and the swish of the waves altogether made one feel very strange and eerie. At eight o'clock all hands piped down for hammocks and blankets, which were slung to the hooks above the mess table. I got in mine very soon, and could hardly keep in it for laughing at the comical scenes presented. One hero jumped at his hammock and got in at once—and also out again at the other side with a bump. This was a very common mistake—"Vaulting ambition that o'erleaped itself and fell on t'other side." I got to sleep very soon, but at 8 bells, or 12 midnight, I was called to turn out to stand my watch, four hours on the port side, to report lights, see that our lamps were kept burning, and prevent anyone "leaving the ship without leave." Nothing happened during my watch, and I turned in and slept till reveillé at 7 o'clock.

*24th Feb., Saturday.* After rolling my hammock and putting it away, and having had a few buckets sluiced over me, it was time for breakfast—coffee, chops, bread and butter, and porridge. I ate some of each of them, went upstairs and fed the fishes with it; had some more and kept it. On making enquiries I found that I was in the Bay of Biscay, and it justified all its pretensions. I was ill several times before dinner, but managed to eat some boiled mutton, drink some soup, and eat some rice and stewed fruit, which went the same way as breakfast—over the taffrail. I had some bread afterwards, and kept that also. Several of us determined that when we were sick we would laugh at it and eat some more, and I found this plan the best in every way. Tea I ate and got rid of, and turned into bed about 7 o'clock.

*25th Feb., Sunday.* The morning broke bright but squally; two jibs and a mainsail were hoisted, but were lowered again before dinner-time. I ate a good breakfast—porridge, fried herrings, coffee, and bread and butter, and then had a good smoke after it.

It was intended to hold a church parade afterwards, but as we could not stand without holding on to something, and as the waves were washing over the deck, the idea was abandoned. Dinner to-day consisted of boiled beef, soup, and plum duff. I did justice to the lot, and went on deck. After being drowned by one of many green seas that broke on deck, I came below and started writing. The wind freshened into a gale, but fortunately had no more effect on me. At 2 o'clock I was put on watch, where I remained till 10 at night. I was also on watch from Friday midnight till 4 Saturday morning. The wind grew stronger and stronger, and the speed of the boat was reduced to about five or six miles an hour to minimise the racing of the screw. At 10 p.m., when I turned in, the gale was at its height. Our hammocks were bumping the roof of the deck; one mass of kit-bags, plates, dishes, tin pans, &c., &c., all drifting about with every roll of the vessel. I heard one poor wretch praying, and saw another on the verge of tears. Anyhow, I slept through it till reveille.

*26th Feb., Monday.* Breakfast—chops, coffee, bread and butter. No porridge, as it was too rough to make it. The waves were running very high, and it was necessary to dodge your breakfast. I held a chop in one hand, my coffee in the other, and bread between my knees. Two or three fellows have been thrown downstairs, but beyond a bruise or two that the doctor has treated, were all right. I was thrown into the lee scuppers with about a score of fellows on top of me, but no bones were broken. Dinner consisted of a splendid piece of mutton and soup, which I enjoyed, although it was difficult to keep the soup in the right place on the plate, as it had a wonderful inclination to sit on your lap. After dinner I went to sit on the poop and read a magazine, and had a smoke till tea-time—bread and butter and marmalade. As evening fell, the sea gradually went calmer, and as it grew darker sing-songs were organised in various parts of the ship, where much talent, good, bad, and indifferent, was displayed. The stars here are wonderfully bright and numerous, Venus, in particular, looking like a small moon. At home we have no conception of the beauty of the night. During the storm and through the night the Psalm "O Lord how manifold are thy works" has been running through my head. By the bye, we were blown 52 miles out of our course on Sunday. I turned in about 8 and slept splendidly.

*Tuesday, 27th Feb.* A beautiful morning that gives promise of a hot day. I got a pal to sluice a few buckets of sea-water over me, and felt fit for anything that might happen. Breakfast consisted of porridge and syrup, haddocks and coffee, bread and butter, all of the best quality. After breakfast I took a book and sat up in the mizzen cross trees and smoked, sitting in the folds of a sail. We are beginning to feel the tropics. No intoxicants are sold, which I think is rather good, but is felt as a hardship by some. We paraded on the starboard side of the saloon deck, and went through a few simple movements, and were dismissed at 12.30. I am now waiting for dinner. It has arrived and I have made a splendid meal.

Monday afternoon I spent lying on the poop watching the officers practising with their revolvers till tea-time. In the evening we sit and smoke, tell tales, and sing songs till about 7.30 p.m., when we turn in.

*Wednesday.* The same routine as usual—wash, breakfast, parade at 11 a.m., when articles of war and the Queen's regulations for troops on board ship were read. I shall now close this disconnected epistle, as they all have to be posted at noon, being now in sight of Las Palmas. Love to all. Am keeping in splendid health. I shall write when I reach the Cape. When you write enclose an addressed envelope.

Your loving son,  
SYD.

### Chat on the Corridor.

ONCE more the Oxford looms in the near future, and we would like to remind those who have entered that it is now ten years since an Institute boy gained the first place in the Senior, and that it is high time that we should show ourselves not unworthy of the preceding generation.

The result of the two Shield matches came as a great disappointment to all who went to see them. To have led by a goal for nearly the whole of the match, and then to have had victory snatched from us in the last minute was distinctly hard lines. However, we must hope that the Shield has only left the Institute temporarily, and that next year it will return permanently to its walls.

A meeting was held last term, and after an address in the Hall by the Head Master, it was decided to raise a subscription through the classes to the Indian Famine Fund. The total amount which was sent to the Lord Mayor from the school was £22.

The Athletic Sports will be held on Saturday, 16th June, and we should like to urge all Old Boys who read this *Magazine* to turn up at Stanley and support the old school with their presence. In response to a generally expressed wish, the Old Boys' race, which is for a distance of 300 yards, will take place earlier in the afternoon, instead of, as in former years, being the last race of the day. Will Old Boys who intend to compete note that the entries will close on Saturday, 9th June? We should also like to remind the Old Boys and other friends of the Institute that there is an urgent need for money for the expenses and prizes of the Sports, and that the Secretary will be pleased to receive subscriptions from any desirous of so supporting the Sports.

The Albert Scholarship, of the value of £45 per annum, tenable for three years at Cambridge, has been awarded to T. Lodge on the result of the Cambridge Local.

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Games Reports.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.—SHIELD MATCH.

On Wednesday, 28th March, we met the College in the final round of the Shield Competition, the Everton Club lending us the use of their ground for the match. We were favoured with lovely weather, and a great number of boys made their way to Everton, there being quite a respectable crowd round the enclosure when the game was started at 3 o'clock. The College winning the toss, Hale started the ball, and for some little time play, which was rather rough, was confined to mid-field. Our forwards, however, soon settled down, and being well supported by their half-backs, various attacks were made on the College goal, J. Mackenzie and Rycroft being prominent, the latter twice making good runs down the wing. The College then took up the running, but could make little way against our backs, Toms and Thompson being repeatedly conspicuous for magnificent defence, and play was once more removed to mid-field. A further attack was then made, our forward line working their way down to the College 25, where Hale obtained possession, and put in a fine shot, which was only partially cleared by their goal-keeper, and J. Mackenzie being up was able to rush in and complete the movement by putting the ball into the net, thus giving us the first goal after about 25 minutes' play.

On restarting, the School again dashed off, J. Mackenzie putting in a fine run down the wing, finishing with a shot which only just failed to score. The College then took up the attack again, and shots from each wing were successfully dealt with by Collins, Thompson finally clearing. J. Mackenzie was once more conspicuous, but could not get past their right half, who throughout played a fine game. Play slowed down now for a time, and beyond a foul to us, which gave no result, nothing more was done before half-time.

On restarting, the College became aggressive, and fine shots were put in by both inside forwards, one only just grazing the post. The attack was kept up strongly, and several shots were disposed of by Collins before Thompson was finally able to clear our lines. J. Mackenzie and Rycroft then made some way, and a welcome relief was afforded to Thompson and Lumby, who so far had had as much as they could do. A further attack, however, was developed by the College right wing, and a foul against Toms in front of goal looked very dangerous, but the same player headed the resulting shot away, and play was taken to mid-field. A little relief was then given by T. Mackenzie, who was brought up again by the College right, who wound up a run by a good shot which went over the bar. From the kick-out our forwards once more made off for the College goal, and a pass by Hale was steered into the net by J. Mackenzie, who was unfortunately given off-side by the referee, who was some little distance down the field. It was now just on time, and from the free kick the College made a desperate attack on our goal, which resulted in their drawing level, for their inside

put in a fast shot which Collins could not get far enough away, and their centre forward being well up, the ball was returned with a very awkward screw, which managed to find its way over Collins' shoulder into the extreme corner of the net. This made the score one all, and the whistle immediately went for full time, the score well representing the merits of the two teams.

On both sides the backs played magnificently, and a special word of praise should be given to Toms for his clever defence and for the careful way in which he fed his forwards.

The second attempt at a settlement took place on Wednesday, 4th April, under precisely similar conditions to those of the previous week. Toms was again unfortunate over the toss, and Hale started for us with the advantage of a slight breeze behind us. The College were the first to make any substantial advance, and it was not until they were well within our 25 that they were checked by Stuart. This relief, however, was only temporary, as they again took up the attack, their inside right finally shooting across the goal mouth. From the goal kick a further assault was made, and a foul against Toms was given directly in front, but the resulting kick placed the ball in the net without touching any of our side. Our forwards now woke up, and a general advance was made as far as the College 25, where T. Mackenzie swung the ball across to Paddock, who was in a good position, and scored with a really fine shot in the extreme corner of the goal. From the kick off the College immediately attacked, and their centre and inside left put in some good work, the latter shooting just over the bar. From the goal kick they returned to the attack and their inside right this time put in a good shot which also just went over. Lumby then came to the rescue, and play was for a time taken to mid-field, but a return was soon made to our goal, and a particularly fine shot by their inside left only missed by inches. At this stage of the game nothing but the dogged determination of Lumby and Thompson saved us from disaster, as the College forwards kept the attack at high pressure, and had really hard lines in not scoring on more than one occasion. Relief was at last brought by T. Mackenzie, who galloped away down the left and centered nicely to his brother who, however, was not equal to the occasion, as he put what seemed like an easy shot high over the bar. Give and take play in mid-field followed, varied by an excursion to the College goal by Hale and J. Mackenzie, the shot falling to the latter who was again over anxious and shot very wide, the whistle immediately going for half-time.

On restarting, an attack by the College came to nothing, and our forwards then made things very hot for their opponents, J. Mackenzie and Rycroft being conspicuous. This attack being repulsed, Hale and T. Mackenzie worked up to the College goal, and the latter gave the ball to Rycroft who, unfortunately, handled when he had the goal at his mercy. A further attack by the same trio came to nothing, though Hale put in some very fine work in the centre. Paddock next took up the running and centered well, but Scroggie intercepted the pass and transferred to their inside right, who

## ASSOCIATION SHIELD TEAM.

K. J. MACKENZIE. LUMBY. W. J. TOMS. P. T. THOMPSON. STUART.



PADDOCK. BIRD. J. MACKENZIE. HALE. RYCROFT. COLLINS. T. MACKENZIE.

rushed down and passed at the right moment to the centre, who immediately put the ball into the net, thus making the score 1 goal all. The restart was in favour of the College, and for some time play was in our 25, J. Mackenzie finally raising the siege and forcing a corner, which was headed away. Both teams were now rapidly tiring, and play was for some time in mid-field, till a mis-kick by one of the College backs let us through, Rycroft just failing to score with a pretty shot across the goal mouth. Hale and T. Mackenzie then got to work, and the latter forced a corner, which was nicely headed away and passed to the College centre division, who at once rushed down to our goal, and Collins being tempted to run out, disaster followed, and an easy goal was scored by their centre forward about four minutes before full time. Nothing more of interest took place, both teams having had enough of it, and the game thus ended in a victory for the College by 2 goals to 1.

On the day's play the better team won. Our backs scarcely played with the brilliancy which they showed in the previous match, while most of the forwards showed extreme nervousness, and so missed some easy chances in front of goal. On the College side, Scroggie played a remarkably fine game, while their forwards combined well together and got over the ground at a good pace.

We have to acknowledge our indebtedness to the Everton Club for again lending us the ground, and to Mr. Boyle for his careful refereeing.

The following are the teams:—Institute: Collins, goal; Lumby and Thompson, backs; Toms (capt.), Bird and Stuart, half-backs; T. Mackenzie, Rycroft, Hale, J. Mackenzie and Paddock, forwards. College: Kelly, goal; Noble and Gow, backs; Jenner, Rostron (capt.) and Scroggie, half-backs; Wightman, Taylor, Smith, Parkinson and Soloman, forwards.

#### CYCLE CLUB—HIGH SCHOOL.

A GENERAL meeting of boys interested in cycling was held on Tuesday, 8th May, and it was decided to form a Cycle Club. The following officers were elected:—President, the Head Master; Vice-President, J. A. Owen, Esq., B.Sc.; Captain, E. R. Leech; Sub-Captain, H. B. Schneider; Secretaries, L. C. Bellamy, S. P. Morris; Treasurer, H. A. Hamilton, Esq., B.A.

The ride to Hale, down for Saturday, 12th May, having been cancelled on account of the weather, the opening run took place on Wednesday, 16th May. Twelve members turned up at the Landing Stage, and after a pleasant run *via* Clatterbridge, arrived at Burton at 3.45. The return route was through Puddington.

#### CRICKET.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SECOND XI,  
SATURDAY, 5TH MAY.

The first match of the season was played at Sandown Lane, Wavertree, in very fine weather, and resulted in a win for Uni-

versity by 41 runs. Of our opponents J. A. Wilson batted very well, and for us Mr. Parkes hit up 45 very quickly. Our fielding was decidedly bad, and needs considerable attention, while none of the boys played a good innings. We must not omit to mention Tomkinson's bowling, for he took five wickets at a cost of only three runs per wicket, and though he had the misfortune not to make any runs, we are sure he is a most promising player.

In P. T. Thompson's absence, E. J. Jones acted as captain.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.*	
J A High, b E J Jones	1
W H Wood, c Parkes, b Hartog	20
A Summers, c Abraham, b Jones	6
J A Wilson, b J Tomkinson	31
B M Ward, b J Tomkinson	22
S Hayton, b J Tomkinson	18
W J Leonardi, b J Tomkinson	11
E Briggs, b Jones	0
G L Harbottle, not out	0
J P B Browne, c Little, b Tomkinson	1
Extras	12
<b>Total</b>	<b>122</b>

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.	
Mr H R Parkes, b Ward	45
W Ingham, c Wood, b Leonardi	3
E G Turner, b Summers	0
E J Jones, c Wood, b Summers	2
P Little, b Leonardi	0
R Gray, c Turner (sub), b Wilson	3
L Bellamy, b Wilson	4
J Tomkinson, b Ward	0
Mr Hartog, st Browne, b Wilson	2
E Abraham, b Ward	5
W G Withers, not out	2
Extras	15
<b>Total</b>	<b>81</b>

\* University were a man sh rt.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE GAMES FUND.

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" Subscriptions—High School ...	5 8 0	" Hibbard (Footballs) ...	0 19 6
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" Donations ...	2 0 0	" Referee for Shield Match ...	0 5 0
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		" Repairs to Footballs ...	0 4 2
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		Ground ...	5 0 0
		Balance ...	18 14 7½
	<b>£44 14 8½</b>		<b>£44 14 8½</b>

Audited and found correct,  
JOHN A. OWEN.

7th May, 1900.

**Marriage.**

Owen—Thomas. 14th March, at Bootle, O. W. Owen, M.A., to Margaret, daughter of Alderman William Thomas, J.P.

**Editorial Notices.**

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of Annual Subscriptions from the following:—Mrs. Sephton, Mr. J. Brooke, Rev. P. J. A. Francis, B.A., Mr. Spoonley.