Liverpool Institute Journal.

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IT was decided at a meeting of the Liverpool Institute Literary and Debating Society that there should be commenced a Journal of which this is the first number. As it is usual on entering on an undertaking of this kind to preface some introductory remarks, we will forthwith indicate the nature and object of the magazine. It is intended that it shall contain in addition to one or more leading articles, papers written by members of the school or old boys, and also general school news, athletic, &c., the editors in every case reserving the right of inserting or excluding matter. There will also be notes of the Meetings of the L.I.L.D.S. contributed by the secretary. If any effusions of a poetical nature are forthcoming a corner will be found for them. Results of public examinations will not be disregarded. The object of the paper may be briefly stated, it is to let the members of the school know what the school is doing. We would close these introductory remarks by expressing our earnest hope that this paper will be most liberally supported by the two schools.

R. BURN.
J. B. DALE.

L. I. L. D. S.

A MEETING of this society was held on October 19th, J. B. DALE there brought forward his resolution to establish a Journal called "THE LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE JOURNAL."

S. R. JENKINS then gave an excellent paper on "ABBEYS AND CASTLES OF WALES," in which he gave an account of the most important in the Principality. There was a very full attendance

of members and several gentlemen gave remarks on the subject of JENKINS' PAPER.

A FULL MEETING of this society was held on October 26th, when T. STUBB'S resolutions, viz—to provide for a Social Evening, were proposed; after a lengthy discussion the debate was adjourned.

W. BROWN'S resolution to provide a water bottle was promptly negatived. An interesting and exhaustive paper on THE FRENCH REVOLUTION was read by W. S. BARKER. The paper shewed signs of careful reading and preparation and was very well received. Mr. BARKER must be congratulated on his first paper.

R. H. GARDNER who lately left the school for business, will be unable to give his paper on "THE PANAMA CANAL."

L. BARNETT will read a paper on "ANTS."

THE SECRETARY,
L. I. L. & D. S.

SHORT LIVES OF THE POETS.

I.—WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770, of a respectable family. As a boy he was sturdy and fond of adventure, and soon began to feel the fascination of verse; but it was not till later on, in 1788, that he conceived the idea and hope that he might be predestined a poet, although there are some verses dated as far back as 1786. He was only 17 when he went to Cambridge, St. John's College, where he took his degrees of B.A. and M.A. in due time. While he was still a Cambridge student, he made a continental trip on foot, with his friend the Rev. R. Jones. It was during a trip to France the next year that he made the acquaintance of a French military officer named Beaupuis, of a brave and altogether exalted character; and became ardent in the cause of liberty. After his return from abroad, Wordsworth resided in London, and from that city made excursions into rural districts, Wales and Somersetshire seeming his favourite spots. About this time, a young friend named Calvert, who was dying, bequeathed to him a legacy sufficient to relieve him from the compulsory adoption of some profession as a means of living. This discerning friend had conceived a strong idea of the poetic endowments of Wordsworth, and the great things he might achieve under favourable circumstances. The years 1798 to 1803 (when he married, and settled in Westmoreland) were devoted to the production of many works. His residence in Westmoreland, Rydal Mount, was quite near to that of his friend Southey. The remainder of Wordsworth's career presents little matter for record beyond what is related to his poems. As to his personal appearance, he is described as a tall, strong man, with a face in which one could soon discern

intellect, careless rather in dress, he was on the whole pleasant and courteous in company. He was temperate, and at one time only a water-drinker. He often wrote at night; but his usual habit was rather to dictate than write himself. Wordsworth was a most true poet—indeed a very exalted and great one, with emotion to move us, purity and simplicity to charm, imagination to upraise, and beauties of art to delight. He died at Rydal Mount in 1850, aged 80 years (having been Poet Laureate 5 years), beloved and honoured by all, and regarded then as the greatest poet of the age.

DISCIPULUS.

THE BLUE ROBBER OF THE PINK MOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE morning was beginning to break like a lobster turning from black to red when he is boiled. The mountain rose above and the valley stretched out below, which is the usual arrangement when there is no earthquake. Do you ask what mountain? That is an impertinent question, and shows your ignorance of geography. Do you ask what valley? That's my secret and finding is keeping. Besides the sun is rising fast over the mountain and the valley, and he'd make it hot for you if you don't get out of the way, so that you'll not much care whether its the blue robber of the pink mountain, or the pink robber of the blue mountain. But you ought to care all the same, because "Don't Care" came to a bad end, and "Care killed the cat" who has nine lives, so don't expect you'll escape with one, particularly if the blue robber catches you. The morning was breaking, as we said, over the mountain, though what it was breaking, it is very hard to say, as nobody found the pieces afterwards, also nobody can give a reason why the morning should break any more than the evening burst, which it never does. "What has this got to do with the blue robber?" you ask, to which we reply: dont be in such a hurry to know too much at once; besides which you will be very sorry when you do know. So we will begin again at the top. It is best to begin at the top, because it saves the trouble of getting up; a fact which would save climbers much trouble. It is always easy to descend, especially if you slide down, and you can always get a new seat to your trousers in the valley. Perhaps this may account for the ragged breeches of the aforesaid robber, but don't think that we're going to describe him yet. He isn't in sight. Nothing is but the valley and that is green, and the green you know is in your eye. Aren't we right for once? That is more than the robber ever was. The mountain overhung the valley. What is the good of beginning again? you may say: to which we reply that a thing may have twenty beginnings and only one end. You'll be glad enough when you get to the end of this, which we don't intend you should do, if we can help it, so we will start once

more, and we shall start in the middle, if we choose, for this is a free country, and we can do what we like. If we could'nt how could there be a robber, much less a blue robber? The mountain had a top, which implies a bottom unless it was flattened out like dough under a rolling pin. You want to know its height; if you're extra scientific, you will boil water on the top after taking your kettle and thermometer up. But we think you would drop them before you got half way, and you could not find any water to boil on a lofty peak made of stones like brickbats, with no gas or waterpipes laid on. The mountain may be said to be high beyond the possibility of measurement, which proves that the valley was low below the possibility of calculation. The robber lived there because he liked to waste his time on the impossible calculation, but he did not know how high it was, and he did not care. Robbers are low fellows, which makes it wonderful that they should love heights. We now come down to the valley. It is a real 'come down,' for we have nothing to say about it, never having been there. Not of course for fear of the robber, oh no, but because we had'nt money enough, and if you don't subscribe liberally to this paper it isn't likely we ever shall have. The valley was low like most valleys, and was damp. No doubt it was fruitful in rheumatics, anyone who would get up a limited liability company, airing and drying damp valleys, would certainly succeed. We don't seem to succeed, for we began this remarkably instructive and amusing tale last Wednesday, and now it is Monday. Besides our clock is out of order, and marks 12-30 when we think it is 8 o'clock. Thus we are all together mixed up, especially since it gains 15⅔ minutes in every hour. We have said the valley was damp, and therefore are writing this with damp ink, which will, sad to say, be as dry when you get it as the valley will be some day. Even if the valley is damp our description is so dry that you needn't be frightened of catching cold. It was large and spacious, open, wide, broad, flat, airy, and went from one end to the other, and from one side to the opposite. When you looked towards one end as you stood in the middle, you could not see the other without turning round.

> O lovely vale, I turned quite pale, So vast a scale,
> I surely fail Without avail. And really quail
> To tell the tale Of this great dale.

These touching lines express the traveller's feelings on visiting the valley. The robber had no such feelings, but then he doesn't count as he isn't in sight. Though you may be impatient for him, he doesn't mean to hurry for you or anyone. All this is very tedious, but did you ever know a journey that wasn't. And we are not going to skip anything. "You never know what you lose by skipping," as the girl said when she caught her foot in the rope and spoiled her new frock. So here we go on, on, on, and here we go up, up, up till we reach the top of the mountain. Now you have been the whole round, and if you don't think this the best description you ever read, you're only fit to be a donkey pasturing in the valley below, or to remain at the end of CHAPTER I.

IVAN KRILOF.

IN the Summer Garden, at St Petersburg, stands a monument—not a particularly common object in Russia, for the ignorant peasantry cannot understand statues, but call them idols—erected to the memory of a man whose works are little known in England, but whose fables have procured for him, in his own country, a fame and celebrity almost unprecedented.

Ivan Andreëvich Krilof was born at Moscow in the year 1768, according to general report, though some writers think that he was born a few years earlier. His father, a captain of Infantry, found himself, shortly after the birth of his son, at Orenburg, in the east of Russia. At that time the whole of that part of the country was in great confusion owing to a rebellion headed by an imposter declaring himself to be the Emperor Peter III., who had in reality been assassinated some years previously. Nevertheless some stories were afloat to the effect that he was still alive, so that the insurgent leader had not much difficulty in raising a numerous army with which he set the imperial troops at defiance. Once Krilof's father and mother, fleeing from the rebels, halted at a village, and for the time being the future poet was hidden in a large earthenware jar in a cottage.

A few years later the father died, leaving his son very little, except a number of books. After a time the lad, who was then employed in the public service at Tver, left his employment, which he found very unremunerative, and went with his mother to St. Petersburg. He there obtained a position attached to which was a salary of two roubles (then about six shillings) a month. Money evidently went further in those days than it does now. When about sixteen years old he wrote a drama, his mind having become imbued with romantic ideas of classic Greece and ancient Russia. He next produced a tragedy entitled 'Cleopatra,' which, on being shown to a celebrated actor of the time, failed to meet with his approval, and was given up in despair. Another tragedy, 'Philomela,' shared the same fate, but was published nine years after in a collection of Russian dramas. Forsaking the drama for a time, he turned to journalism. Becoming well known in the world of letters by his literary efforts, he was much sought after in society and became intimate with Prince Sergius Galitzin. There were at one time, and may be yet, so many princes of that name, that there is a story that once, when a nobleman attempted to pass over a river without paying, saying that he was a Prince Galitzin, the ferryman indignantly said, "For that matter, am I not a Prince Galitzin too?" as in reality he was. It was while staying at the country residence of this prince that Krilof made that thorough acquaintance with the joys and sorrows of village life which he afterwards showed in his poems.

However, it was not till he was nearly forty years old that he discovered where his strength lay. Having adapted some fables from La Fontaine, he showed them to the celebrated fabulist Dmitrief, who, admiring their spirit, inserted them in a periodical

of the time. From that day Krilof's fame may be dated. He continued writing fables, and in 1809 the first collection of them, containing twenty-three, appeared, followed in 1811 by a second collection of twenty-one more. In 1812 he entered the Imperial Public Library as an assistant, and six years later became chief of the department of Russian Literature, which post he held till his retirement in 1841. Long before that period his fables had made him the most popular writer in Russia. In 1844 he died, aged 76.

Shortly after his death a subscription was opened, and was liberally responded to, for the purpose of raising a monument to his memory. With the proceeds a bronze statue was set up in the Summer Garden. On the pedestal are represented the various animals about which he wrote, and two of his most popular fables are illustrated by bas-reliefs. The monument stands in one of the most picturesque spots in St. Petersburg, and for any one who has read Krilof's fables it is pleasant to watch the gleam of the palace walls appearing through the green foliage, and call up before his mental vision the scenes the poet has so well described, and the quaint animal life with which he has peopled them.

ABBEYS & CASTLES OF WALES.

FLINT CASTLE.

IT is conjectured by Pennant that Flint was a Roman Station, and some fortification probably existed here from an early period. Here are traces of Roman Establishments for the smelting of lead ore dug in the neighbourhood. Many antiquities, apparently Roman, have been dug up in the neighbourhood.

On a rock in a marsh on the Dee a castle was built, most probably by Edward I., a short time before the year 1280; though some writers carry back its foundation to the time of Henry Ist. As the railway traveller proceeds along the Holyhead line from Chester to Rhyl, the remains of the castle are conspicuous on a low rock. It is supposed that the low channel of the Dee once ran close under the fortress walls, and there are still in some parts the rings to which ships were moored The design was a square with a large round tower at three of the corners; and a fourth or keep of huge size and strength, which was called the double tower, and was detached from the main building to which it was joined by a drawbridge. It was in one of the rooms of this castle that the deposition of the unfortunate Richard II. was performed by the Earl of Northumberland, who had him taken to Pontefract Castle, where he was *made extinct* by some means or other, viz:—starvation or foul means.

In the Civil War of Charles I., this castle was garrisoned for the King, by Col. Sir Roger Mostyn, but taken after a gallant defence by the Parliamentarians. It shortly after fell into the hands of the Royalists, but was finally taken by the Parliamentarians, under General Mytton, and was with the other Welsh Castles dismantled in 1647 by order of the Parliament.

DENBIGH CASTLE.

DENBIGH CASTLE has been compared to Stirling Castle, and must in the seventeenth century when the whole of its vast fortifications, including the walls of the old town, 1½ miles in circumference, were entire, have presented a very noble object. The view from the castle grounds is very grand indeed, standing on a hill in the Vale of Clwyd. The great gateway of the castle is a majestic example of architecture, grand even in its ruins. You enter beneath a vast Gothic arch, over which is a stately robed statue of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, the Founder. It was flanked by two large octagonal towers, one of which (the west) remains. David the Treacherous, brother of Llewellyn, held Denbigh in defiance of him, at which time there was a Welsh Castle here. He held it until the conquest of the country, when soon after he was captured and carried loaded with chains to Edward, at Rhyddlan. The King then granted it to Earl of Lincoln, who built a great part of the present structure, but did not finish it in consequence of the death of his only son who was drowned in the castle well. De Lacy was defeated by the Welsh in 1294. Edward II bestowed the castle on the notorious Hugh Despensor, and Leicester made additions to it in the reign of Elizabeth. In September, 1645, the King on his flight from Chester after the Battle of Rowton Moor passed two or three nights here, and then went on to Chirk. The tower in which he slept is still called the King's Chamber. The Parliamentarians were unable to make any impression on the castle which held out until the end of October, when it was surrendered on honourable terms. Charles II. had it dismantled by blasting the walls with gunpowder. Passages and dungeons have been explored on the east side of the entrance to the extent of 38 yards, in one of which the skeleton of a horse was found. These passages led into the town. A chamber near the entrance tower which had been walled up was discovered full of gunpowder.

STREETS OF LIVERPOOL.

CHAPEL STREET.

THE first mention of Chapel Street is in a mortgage of the year 1370 where it is called "le chapel strete." In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the White Cross Market was in this street, taking its name from the Market Cross. Here sellers of goods crowded together. St. Nicholas Church stands in this street, and its site has been occupied by churches for many years. In 1050 it is first mentioned as the church of St. Nicholas and our Lady, from which time up to 1699 it was a Chapel of Ease to Walton. In 1533 on the dissolution of Monasteries it had four endowments for its chantries. The ornaments of the chapel were worth 3d., besides 12 oz. of plate. Opposite the church was formerly an inn called The Salmon which had as a sign a man

holding up a salmon in his right hand. Under him were the line—

This salmon has got a tail,
It's very like a whale;
It's a fish thats very merry.
They say it's catched at Derry,
It's a fish that's got a heart,
And it's put in Dugdale's cart.

Dugdale was the host of the inn and also carried on the business of carrier. His widow afterwards married a fisherman and changed the motto to—

The cart and salmon has strayed away,
And left the fishing boat to stay;
When boisterous winds do drive you back,
Come in and drink at the fishing smack.

The fishmarket used to be held at the bottom of Chapel Street and in 1756 there was a riot in which the stalls were destroyed by the mob. Prince's Dock at the bottom of this street was opened in 1821 after taking five years in building.

FOOTBALL.

On Wednesday, October 20th, the Football Season opened badly for the school. The match was lost by 4 goals and 5 tries, with innumerable touchdowns to nothing. Let us hope we shall do better as the season progresses.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. ROYAL INSTITUTION.

This match was played on the ground of the latter (Sefton Park) on Wednesday, October 27th, 1886. The game was stubbornly contested throughout. In a short time the Royal had one goal kicked from a try gained by a master The game was now chiefly carried on by the forwards, the object being to keep the ball from the Royal's three-quarters. Just before half-time the leather was passed to Robson, who very neatly "dropped a goal." During the next half the game was very fast, and again Robson displayed his kicking powers by dropping a goal. The Institute also compelled the Royal to touch down three times. A grand game ended in favour of the Institute by two goals; three minor points to one goal.

For the Institute—Robson, Atkinson, Vickess, and the brothers Fall, played very well, as also did Mr. Norton and Stoddart for the losers.

S. HILL & Co., Printers, 5, College Lane, Liverpool.