

St. Hildeburgh's **D**ispatch

No. 2.

Easter Monday, 13<sup>th</sup> April 2020



A fortnightly on-line paper to entertain all in lockdown during the Coronavirus pandemic

*Hoylelake in 1815, by William Daniell*

*A view from what is now the bottom of The King's Gap, looking towards Hilbre Island.*

*Note the "cliffs" spoken of by Anna Seward (below), and the entrance to the 'Lake'.*



*View near Hoyle-lake, Cheshire.*

# *As We Were : Hoylake in days gone by.*

*No. 1 : 1794*

Anna Seward (1742-1809), “the Swan of Lichfield,” was a popular writer and poet in her day and a close friend of Dr. Johnson, also a native of Lichfield. In 1794 Miss Seward visited Hoylake and even wrote a poem about it. During her stay here, she penned several letters to her friends. The following extracts are taken from *Wirral Notes & Queries*, 1893, contributed by the Rev. Francis Sanders, Vicar of Hoylake (1891-1912).



“To : Jas. Mitchel, Esq.

High Lake, Sept. 5, 1794.

I promised to write to you, my dear Sir, when I found myself settled on some coast or other ... This place was recommended to me as yielding waves accessible, from peculiarity of situation, as those of Weymouth itself, where they creep on the shore, disarmed of all their rage ... A kindred serenity is produced here [in Hoylake] by a ridge of sands some miles in length. It rises in the ocean, about half a mile from the shore, and is opposite to these downs. The sea, thus divided from the main, is properly enough called lake, but wherefore the epithet High is added, it might perhaps be difficult to say.

The spring tides entirely cover this sandy entrance twice in the twenty-four hours ; but those of the ebb leave a part of it visible. The glassy smoothness of this marine lake affords charming bathing for cowards. This morning is very stormy, yet I found not on immersing, that the waves were higher than are those of the Yorkshire coasts in their calmest hours. But if Neptune is a placid, he is, however, a despotic monarch at High Lake, nor suffers us, from the softness of his distant sands, to plunge in far receded billows. Near the coast they are admirably firm and smooth, two or three miles in extent to right and left. Whether the waters of the Dee and of the Mersey, flowing into this lake, do or do not somewhat abate its saline properties is disputed. ...

High Lake is a new place ; the house built by Sir John Stanley, was finished only in 1792. The apartments are handsome and commodious, and the accommodation wonderfully comfortable for a situation without either town or even village in its neighbourhood.

The fine downs on which this edifice stands are level and extensive, affording the best walking imaginable. A light and sandy soil leaves them almost instantly dry, even after heavy rain. They extend to the cliffs all round the house, whose side front looks like the main ocean. Beyond the sand island, it is open, and to the eye unbounded. On the left, it flows down at high water into the River Dee, in a broad channel, and the opposite shores of Wales and her mountains are sufficiently, if not sublimely, picturesque. ...”

“To : J. Johnson, Esq.

High Lake, Sept. 20, 1794.

Amidst many other agreeable circumstances for which I have been indebted to your friendship, I thank you for recommending High Lake to me as a marine residence. I like it extremely, and though often indisposed, hope to receive benefit from its pure gales and placid waters. All my fear is an abated degree of saline strength in the billows, by the intermixture of fresh water from the rivers Dee and Mersey, incessantly stealing into the lake amidst the salt green streams of the ocean. We have here a very pleasant society, to the number of about thirty. The music at Liverpool allured a considerable part of it thither ...”

“To : Edmund Wigley Esq., M.P.

(Just returned to Lichfield from High Lake)

High Lake, Oct. 1, 1794.

We miss you on the airy promontory, and on the silver sands. A certain sunny smile is wanted to re-illuminate our little circle, gloomed by melancholy shipwreck, and all its heart-affecting particulars. A ship sunk close to the sand-island on the ocean side, yesterday morning at nine o'clock, overwhelmed by the heavy and stormy seas. Her seven mariners perished, besides the other passengers which probably she had on board. An American vessel, which put into this Lake, a few hours after, and which was itself in great danger, saw her sink within gun-shot, without being able to afford the least assistance to the unhappy creatures, who, with the dire shrieks of despair, were clinging round the masts and shrouds. Boats have been going off to the wreck ever since, whose men return with sad narrations from hour to hour. Ascending the highest apartment of this hotel, we saw the dismal wreck distinctly through a telescope, with the several boatmen which had landed on the island, and were busied about it ; and some of them bending over the dead bodies that lay scattered on the sands. Three of them were found in a dreadfully lacerated condition, and brought into the Lake in a boat last night. These are the shocking circumstances, which to inlanders often counteract the effect of coast residence ...”

To : a lady friend, after Miss Seward's return home.

“Lichfield, October 25, 1794.

My coast residence was at Hoyle Lake, twelve miles below Park-Gate. The air of that grassy mound is remarkably pure, and seldom annoyed by showers. The surcharged clouds, without descending there, draw their dark trains towards the Flintshire mountains, that rise on the left from the opposite shores of the Dee. It is only the all-day rains that fall at High Lake, and but three of those wet days occurred during our stay ...

... Being only one house at High Lake [in which to stay. There would have been fishermen's and farmer's cottages] we all lived together with the social cheerfulness of a large family ... Expressing my esteem for the public spirit of Sir John Stanley, in building upon this oceanic spot, the company prevailed upon me to write its description in verse, which, they fancied would please him, and contribute to the rising celebrity of the scene. ... Standing on the edge of the cliffs, from which we descend to our bathing-machines, and, with our faces to the sea, we discern every object my verse describes. ”



Rev. Sanders adds a footnote in which he says : “In a later letter, Miss Seward speaks of *‘the handsome hotel ... the little appendant white cottages, scattered around, to supply it with milk, butter, &c.’*”

Anna Seward in 1762  
by  
Tilly Kettle

# Liverpool Quiz

*How well do you know the city over the water ?*

*Test your knowledge with these ten questions.*

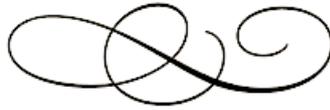
*(Answers will be found on pages 19 & 20).*



- {1} What was the name of the Rathbone family home in the south of Liverpool, now owned by Liverpool University ?
- {2} Name the Lancashire family that occupied Speke Hall for more than four hundred years from the 13<sup>th</sup> to the 18<sup>th</sup> centuries ?
- {3} In St. John's Gardens, behind St. George's Hall, there stands a large Military monument surmounted by a standing figure of *Britannia* ; at either end of the wall below stands two soldiers, one in the dress of 1685, the other in a uniform of 1902. Which regiment does this monument commemorate ?
- {4} In the mid-18<sup>th</sup> century, the population of Liverpool ; the town's salt Boilers ; those of Dungeon (near Speke) and in Cheshire, all suffered from an acute shortage of coal. What was the name of the canal opened in 1757 built to bring coal to the Mersey and Weaver ?
- {5} In 1766, the first Liverpool Directory was published. Named after its founder, it continued in his name for well over 150 years, even after the enterprise was taken over by Kelly's. By what name were the directories known ?
- {6} What is the name of the parish church of Liverpool ?
- {7} Name the Liverpool poet whose poetry includes : *Mount Pleasant* (1777) ; *The Nurse* (1798) ; and *The Butterfly's Ball* (1807).
- {8} Name the 19<sup>th</sup> century Liverpool artist who set out to record and preserve as much of the town's changing and vanishing architecture as possible, drawing and painting over 2,000 scenes and publishing a number of them in his series *Pictorial Relics of Ancient Liverpool*.

{9} What year did Liverpool run its final tram ?

{10} Where did Sibelius first appear in an English concert, and Malcolm Sargent first conduct Britten's *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* ?



*Laughter ~ the best medicine ....*



A kindergarten teacher was walking around observing her classroom of children while they were drawing pictures. As she got to one girl who was working diligently, she asked what the drawing was.

The girl replied, "I'm drawing God."

The teacher paused and said, "But no one knows what God looks like."

Without looking up from her drawing, the girl replied, "They will in a minute."

A Sunday school teacher asked the children just before she dismissed them to go to church, "And why is it necessary to be quiet in church?"

Annie replied, "Because people are sleeping"



Moses' first and last day as a lifeguard.



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## Through the Garden Window

One occasional visitor to Hoylake gardens is also a national favourite – a tiny bird, the second smallest of our regular breeding birds – the Wren.

Always a delight when one is spotted hopping about, easily distinguishable by his cocked-up tail and loud trilling song, although his reddish-brown coat is not particularly remarkable, even if the barring on his wings, tail and undercarriage provide some relief.

Such is our feeling for the tiny Wren, that we have even applied an affectionate nickname for them – Jenny Wren – an appellation we bestow on the male as well as the female. A few ancient lines of verse relate to his friendship with the Robin – another national favourite – Robin, courting the Wren, promises her cherry-pie and currant-wine if she will be his mate, going on to promise her a fine new dress of feathers too :

*“I’ll dress you like a goldfinch,  
Or any peacock gay ;  
So, dearest Jen, if you’ll be mine,  
Let us appoint the day.”*

Jenny replies :

*“Cherry-pie is very nice,  
And so is currant wine ;  
But I must wear my plain brown gown,  
And never go too fine.”*

**We even honoured the Wren on our pre-decimal coinage. From the first farthing during the reign of King George VI in 1937, to the last minting of the little coin during the reign of our present Queen in 1956, the Wren replaced Britannia, who continued to appear on the penny and half-penny. Demonetised at the end of 1960, the farthing had been in circulation for over 677 years.**

**The male Wren often goes to the trouble of building several nests, then invites his mate to choose the one she likes. Two broods are the norm, and the male may move the first brood to roost in one of the rejected nests while the female is incubating (about 14 days) the second clutch.**

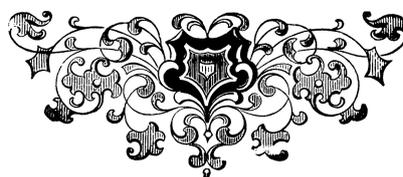
**Despite our love for the Wren, until fairly recently it was the victim of a cruel custom. In many parts of the British Isles, on St. Stephen's Day (December 26), youths would go out beating hedgerows, attempting to kill every Wren they encountered. No one is quite sure how this barbaric ritual originated, but it is thought to stretch back as far as the Bronze Age.**



**Wrens are to be found across every landmass and on virtually every island. The British variety is the Eurasian Wren, a member of one of 19 genera covering 45 species. Evidence of the notion that they are a rather special bird is to be found in folklore from India to Africa ; Europe to the tribes of North America.**

**Wrens eat insects and their larvae, spiders, small seeds, and even tadpoles. However, they are rather partial to grated cheese, oatmeal and small breadcrumbs. So, if you wish to attract them to your garden, try placing a little of these where there is low cover – they don't usually take to bird tables – and you will find that they appreciate the change from their normal diet.**

**Not our smallest bird, as some folk may tell you, that distinction goes to the Goldcrest (the Wren being about a ¼ inch larger), but for such a diminutive fellow he delivers a powerful song, sending forth two notes at the same time, adding to the charm of the garden, and present with us all year round.**



# Word Search Puzzle

## Books of the Old Testament

Z G Y I

ENEHEMIAHKJDORCFFFLEVITICUSNUN  
 AYAYOFTQQZCZZECHARIAHJEREMIAHA  
 EAEFFLHIPUL LH XKABNQKTBHCBH  
 MDVWNXVR WRPDIX IFXOWORSIOKU  
 RDMZG JDCESCZBEJ HBOEZCPIIRM  
 MF PISOCNCT1JKMJY HABAKKUKAB  
 V SAJYWAGDPCKATZEORN TPMJJOBKQ  
 W YOCKXVBBGLPNUJONAHQ OAJFUOKG  
 L MOFLMPKXAEXDOLERUTHO HAGGAIK  
 V WPSALMSTNSH2FBNJOELRU QXXXLP  
 B EZRATEFPXIPCRWREAIWCFW QTZLV  
 P MCELRQXMGARHSIHLWCCKKYDJ SEVG  
 N LPSWSELPYSERAMOSQYSEICI DPBJ  
 C HOGENESI STTOSBGLBMAEYQG EHIZ  
 E UFXSVCDIQEUNEKNJOUVUODF UARD  
 S BZLOGFJXJSXIREWIUMYRTNR TNJA  
 T VNPKNLHVHAJCRXKLFNUIDKE EISN  
 H QWKGMUMVPAKLEWLRMYRWPWZ RAJI  
 E PZQOTORFKMJE1AND2KINGSE OHOE  
 R HFIFTKWWVASSPROVERBSSGK NESL  
 C UBSSHOSEAHOUZCZQFWJKVGI ONHI  
 D OLAOMALACHIYVATEXODUSQE MOUM  
 P BJIL1AND2SAMUELKXLWLQXL YOAI  
 C AUAOBEPMHXJFLZDTSQJTLYZ ZEOC  
 Y DDHMXBIGUHQKPIHLPBTDFNP WCAA  
 PQ IGOOSXMTKQRF LAMENTATIONSGH  
 AEINJCPOP NUMBERS  
 HSKHAP UFZNOK  
 MCM SNVCJ

- |                    |              |                 |
|--------------------|--------------|-----------------|
| 1 and 2 Chronicles | Haggai       | Nahum           |
| 1 and 2 Kings      | Hosea        | Nehemiah        |
| 1 and 2 Samuel     | Isaiah       | Numbers         |
| Amos               | Jeremiah     | Obadiah         |
| Daniel             | Job          | Proverbs        |
| Deuteronomy        | Joel         | Psalms          |
| Ecclesiastes       | Jonah        | Ruth            |
| Esther             | Joshua       | Song of Solomon |
| Exodus             | Judges       | Zechariah       |
| Ezekiel            | Lamentations | Zephaniah       |
| Ezra               | Leviticus    |                 |
| Genesis            | Malachi      |                 |
| Habakkuk           | Micah        |                 |

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Print the above off if possible.

Answers to be found on page 18

# Mr. Sweetie

## A Tale of South Mymms

In 1952, Frederick Brittain wrote a charming pocket-size book entitled *Tales of South Mymms and Elsewhere*, published by Heffer in Cambridge. The following story is taken from that source.

South Mymms (or Mimms) is a village in Hertfordshire, and its ancient church (partly 13<sup>th</sup> century) is dedicated to St. Giles.



**One Sunday morning those of us who were in the choir-stalls in South Mymms church noticed a stranger in the congregation. He was an elderly man with a flowing white beard and he followed the sermon and every detail of the service with the closest attention.**

**As we left the church after the service the Vicar was standing by the door. He shook hands with the stranger, who returned his greeting by saying, “I like your church very much. I’m coming again next Sunday.”**

**“Good,” said the Vicar. “Come into the choir, will you ?”**

**The stranger, not knowing our Vicar’s ways, was obviously somewhat startled at this invitation ; but after a slight hesitation he answered : “Thank you very much. I shall be glad to come.”**

**“Good,” said the Vicar. “Now come into the vicarage and meet my wife : she’s our organist.”**

**When they got into the drawing-room the Vicar introduced the stranger by saying, “This gentleman is coming into the choir next Sunday” ; whereupon the organist, who is severely practical, turned to the stranger and asked, “Can you sing ?”**

**He was silent for a while. His beard moved up and down while he swallowed twice, and then he said, “Well, *I* think I can, but my wife and daughter say I can’t.”**

**“I see,” said the organist. “Then it’s not much use your coming into the choir, is it ?”**

**The Patriarch – we usually call our Vicar that – coughed and said firmly, “I have already arranged for him to come into the choir next Sunday,” and the organist said no more.**

**From that time onwards the new-comer sat in the choir-stalls twice every Sunday. He lived miles away – we never remembered where – and in spite of his age always came and went by cycle. When the morning service was over he used to go into the vicarage for a little chat and then cycle to a roadside café near Hatfield, where he took lunch and tea. Having finished his tea he used to cycle back to South Mymms again and sit on the churchyard fence, sometimes for an hour or more, until it was time for Evensong. His cycle stood by him ; and from its handle-bars, suspended by a loop, hung a flat tin tied very elaborately with a long piece of string. Every now and then he would laboriously untie the string, open the tin, and take out an acid drop or some similar sweet, which he sucked cautiously, as if he was afraid that it might be poisoned. The tin was then carefully tied up again and hung on the handle-bars ; but it was always untied, and its contents proffered, whenever anyone stopped to speak to him. This addiction to sweet-eating led to his being generally known in the village as – “Old Sweetie” ; and the Patriarch, who never could remember his real name, used to address him formally – and with obvious approval – as “Mr. Sweetie.”**

**Mr. Sweetie’s favourite topic of conversation was the excellence of the food provided (particularly at tea-time) at the little café which he frequented. “I had ten slices of bread-and-butter to-day,” he used to say, “with plenty of jam, three pieces of cake and four cups of tea – big cups, too – all for one-and-three. Dirt cheap, I call it.” He was much less communicative about himself ; but it became known in time that he had been an inmate of a mental asylum, that in consequence many of his former friends and acquaintances now shunned him, and that he, being a sensitive man, felt this very keenly.**

**It was no wonder then if, receiving such a welcome as he did in our village, he felt that he had stepped into Paradise. Singing, moreover, was one of his chief joys, and he was delighted beyond words when he was so unexpectedly made a member of the choir.**

**It must nevertheless be confessed that everyone was not equally delighted. The organist, for instance, stamped her foot one Sunday after Church and exclaimed :**

**“I will *not* have that old Sweetie in the choir any longer.”**

**The Patriarch merely took a pinch of snuff and said, “You will.”**

**“But he makes such a dreadful noise,” she continued.**

**‘The Almighty likes it,’ he answered.**

**“He may do, but nobody else does,” the organist asserted.**

**One must admit that Mr. Sweetie’s voice, though of fairly good tone, was abnormally strong and was used without restraint. It would be less true to say that he sang than to say that he roared and bellowed, nor could he be induced to practise moderation. His methods, too, were most unconventional. He preferred, for instance, to do the greater part of his singing with his eyes shut, repeating whatever his neighbours had sung one beat before. If he sang from a book he was generally careful to sing the same hymn as the rest of the choir, but as often as not sang a different verse. In processions, too, his common practice of walking with his eyes shut often produced disturbing results. Sometimes he would leave a gap of five or six yards between him and the man in front. At other times he walked too quickly, cannoned into the man in front of him, and dropped his book with a crash. Such practices as these, coupled with his immoderate roaring, naturally endeared him greatly to the choir-boys, even though they displeased the organist and some of the congregation.**

**He was missing one Sunday. When he reappeared a week later he explained that he had been to church at Stoke Poges for a change.**

**“And do you know,” he said, “before the service had gone on long one of the churchwardens came and asked me to stop singing. He said I was upsetting the congregation.”**

**“What did you do ?” the Patriarch asked.**

**“What did I do ?” said Mr. Sweetie. “Why, I said to the churchwarden, “What does it say in the hymn ?” and he said to me, “What hymn ?” So I said to him, “Why, the hymn that says ‘Louder still and louder praise the precious blood’.”**

**It was a long time after that before Mr. Sweetie stayed away from us again, and then it was an accident that kept him away. He went cycling one day and was free-wheeling down a hill with his eyes shut when he crashed**

into a wall. He was picked up unconscious and was taken to the local hospital. Some days later a police message reached the Patriarch, who went to see him at once.

“I’m very glad you’ve come, Vicar,” said Mr. Sweetie. “I wouldn’t have liked anything to happen to me until I’d made sure that you knew how to find that café where I have tea on Sundays. The last time I was there I had nine slices of bread-and-butter, any amount of jam, three pieces of cake, and four cups of tea – big, cups, too – all for one-and-three. Dirt cheap, I call it. You’d better take the address down.” And the Patriarch wrote it down.

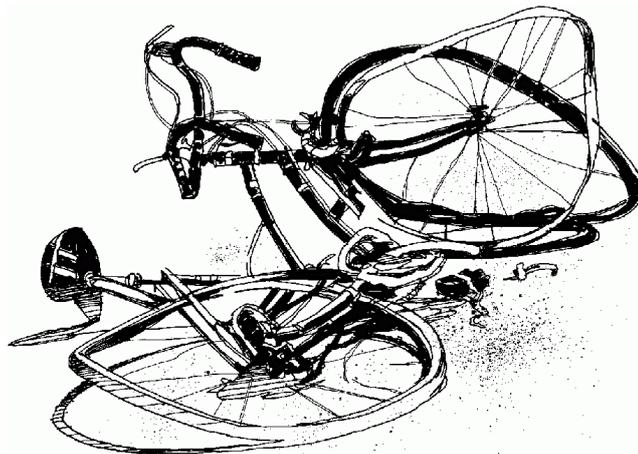
A few weeks later Mr. Sweetie was back in his old place in the choir, and for a good many Sundays he roared as loudly as ever. Then, one weekday, news came that he had been found dead at the bottom of a hill, with a battered cycle beside him.

He was buried in our churchyard. Before we left the graveside the Patriarch made us sing Hymn 99 :

“Lift ye then your voices,  
Swell the mighty flood :  
Louder still louder  
Praise the precious blood.

One or two persons lacking in imagination gnashed their teeth when they heard what we had sung, and called it blasphemy for us to have sung it ; but others nearly wept.

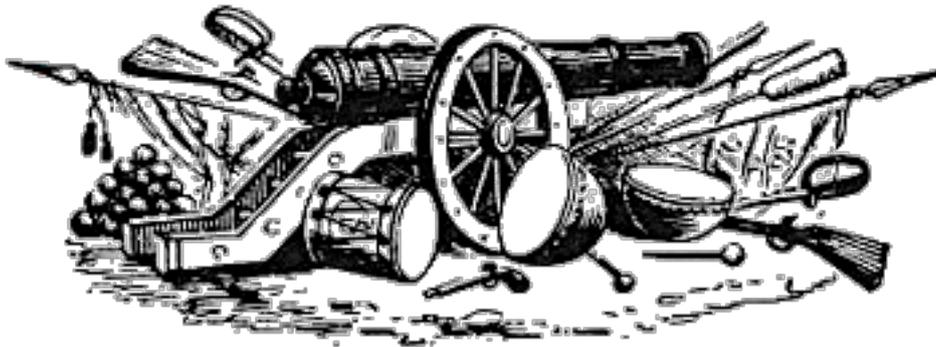
*“The Almighty likes it.”*



**Stanley Holloway OBE (1890-1982) was a popular actor, singer, poet, film star, and Music Hall entertainer ; most famously known for his humorous monologues, especially those delivered in Lancashire dialect. One such Northern monologue, written by Holloway in 1928, concerns an insubordinate old soldier, Sam Small, on the eve of Waterloo in 1815. It was an immediate success and the first of more than twenty monologues built around the character.**

# **SAM SMALL**

**Stanley Holloway**



**It occurred on the evening before Waterloo,  
And troops were lined up on parade,  
The Sergeant inspecting 'em he was a terror,  
Of whom every man was afraid**

**All excepting one man who was in the front rank,  
A man by the name of Sam Small,  
And 'im and the Sergeant were both 'daggers drawn',  
They thought 'nowt' of each other at all**

**As Sergeant walked past he was swinging his arms,  
And he happened to brush against Sam,  
And knocking his musket clean out of his hand,  
It fell to the ground with a slam**

**'Pick it up' said Sergeant, abrupt like but cool,  
But Sam with a shake of his head,  
'Seeing as tha' knocked it out of me hand,  
P'raps tha'll pick the thing up instead.**

**'Sam, Sam, pick oop tha' musket,'  
The Sergeant exclaimed with a roar,  
Sam said 'Tha' knocked it doon, reet! then tha'll pick it oop,  
Or it'll stay where it is on't floor**

**The sound of high words very soon reached the ears,  
Of an Officer, Lieutenant Bird,  
Who says to the Sergeant, 'Now what's all this ere?'  
And the Sergeant told what had occurred.**

**'Sam, Sam, pick up tha' musket'  
Lieutenant exclaimed with some heat,  
Sam said, 'He knocked it down reet! Then he'll pick it oop,  
Or it stays where it is, at me feet**

**It caused quite a stir when the Captain arrived,  
To find out the cause of the trouble,  
And every man there, all except Sam,  
Was full of excitement and bubble.**

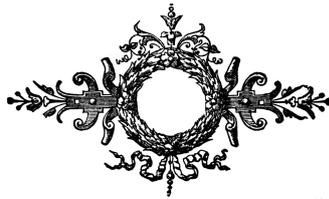
**'Sam, Sam, pick oop tha' musket',  
Said Captain for strickness renowned,  
Sam said 'He knocked it doon, Reet! so he'll pick it up,  
Or it stays where it is on't ground**

**The same thing occurred when the Major and Colonel,  
Both tried to get Sam to see sense,  
But when Old Duke 'O Wellington came into view,  
Well the excitement was really quite tense.**

**Up rode the Duke on a lovely white 'orse,  
To find out the cause of the bother,  
He looked at the musket and then at Old Sam,  
And he talked to Old Sam like a brother.**

'Sam, Sam, pick oop tha' musket'  
The Duke said as quiet as could be,  
'Sam, Sam pick oop tha' musket,  
Coom on lad, just to please me

'Alright Duke,' said Old Sam, 'just for thee I'll oblige,  
And to show thee I meant no offence',  
So Sam picked it up, 'Gradely, lad' said the Duke,  
'Right-o boys... let battle commence.'



**Population Statistics for Hoylake & Meols, 1819**  
from Ormerod's  
*History of the County Palatine & City of Chester*  
( Three Volumes, 1819 )

**HOOSE :**

Comprises of 20 Houses ; 20 Families.  
Of these, 1 is employed in Agriculture, 16 in Trade, 3 not  
in either class.  
Persons consist 52 Males & 48 Females : 100 in total.

**GREAT MEOLS :**

Comprises of 27 Houses ; 28 Families.  
Of these, 22 are employed in Agriculture, 2 in Trade,  
4 not in either class.  
Persons consist of 71 Males & 77 Females : 148 in total.

**LITTLE MEOLS :**

Comprises of 24 Houses (+ 1 uninhabited) ; 25 Families.  
Of these, 25 are employed in Agriculture.  
Persons consist of 50 Males, 35 Females, 85 in total.



# *The Original Liverpool Philharmonic Hall*

Mention is made in our quiz of the first Philharmonic Hall in Liverpool, opened in 1849 and burnt down in 1933. Here are some facts relating to the building.

The Liverpool Philharmonic Society was established to meet the want of a regular supply of high-class public musical performances. Meetings were held at first in a large room in Great Richmond Street, at the back of St. Anne's Church. The members found the accommodation inadequate, and they decided to build a hall worthy of the object to which they were devoted. The Philharmonic Hall in Hope Street was the result. The cost of the building was about £30,000, and the money was raised by shares. The first stone was laid on September 23, 1846, and the building opened on August 27, 1849. The architect was John Cunningham of Liverpool.

It was in this fine hall on February 13 and 14, 1852, that the Amateur Dramatic Society in connection with the Guild of Literature and Art gave performances of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's new four-act comedy *Not So Bad As We Seem ; or, Many Sides to a Character*, and of a piece called *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*. The primary object of the performances was "to encourage Life Assurance and other provident habits among Authors and Artists ; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence ; and to found a new Institution, where honourable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties." The performers included Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, Mark Lemon, Charles Knight, Wilkie Collins, John Tenniel, and Dudley Costello.

It was here that Thackeray lectured in September and October 1852 ; and it was here too, that the breakfast was given in 1853 in commemoration of William Roscoe. The artists engaged at this hall were always of the first quality and the concerts gave every satisfaction to packed performances.

Sadly, this hall with its superb acoustics, was destroyed by fire during one terrible night in July 1933. By morning only the shell of the building was still standing, the roof having fallen in just as the Fire Brigade arrived on the scene. Thousands came to witness the destruction, even flocking in their hundreds from Wirral. Despite the efforts of 12 engines and 100 firemen, the Liverpool Philharmonic Hall, beloved on both sides of the Mersey, could not be saved.



Answers from the Word Search Puzzle on page 9

Books of the Old Testament

Z G Y I

E N E H E M I A H K J D O R C F F F L E V I T I C U S N U N

A Y A Y O F T Q Q Z C Z Z E C H A R I A H J E R E M I A H A

E A E F F L H I P U L L H X K A B N Q K T B H C B H

M D V W N X V R W R P D I X I F X O W O R S I O K U

R D M Z G J D C E S C Z B E J H B O E Z C P I I R M

M F P I S O C N C T 1 J K M J Y H A B A K K U K A B

V S A J Y W A G D P C K A T Z E O R N T P M J J O B K Q

W Y O C K X V B B G L P N U J O N A H O O A J F U O K G

L M O F L M P K X A E X D O L E R U T H O H A G G A I K

V W P S A L M S T N S H 2 F B N J O E L R U Q X X X L P

B E Z R A T E F P X I P C R W R E A I W C F W Q T Z L V

P M C E L R Q X M G A R H S I H L W C K K Y D J S E V G

N L P S W S E L P Y S E R A M O S Q Y S E I C I D P B J

C H O G E N E S I S T T O S B G L B M A E Y Q G E H I Z

E U F X S V C D I Q E U N E K N J O U V U O D F U A R D

S B Z L O G F J X J S X I R E W I U M Y R T N R T N J A

T V N P N K L V V H A J C R X K L F N U I D K E E I S N

H Q W K G M U M V P A K L E W L R M Y R W P W Z R A J I

E P Z Q O T O R F K M J E 1 A N D 2 K I N G S E O H O E

R H F I F T K W W V A S S P R O V E R B S S G K N E S L

C U B S S H O S E A H O U Z C Z Q F W J K V G I O N H I

D O L A O M A L A C H I Y V A T E X O D U S Q E M O U M

P B J I L 1 A N D 2 S A M U E L K X L W L Q X L Y O A I

C A U A O B E P M H X J F L Z D T S Q J T L Y Z Z E O C

Y D D H M X B I G U H Q K P I H L P B T D F N P W C A A

P Q I G O O S X M T K Q R F L A M E N T A T I O N S G H

A E I N J C P O P N U M B E R S

H S K H A P U F Z N O K

M C M S N V C J



*Answers to the quiz questions on pages 5 & 6*

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- {1} **Greenbank House, opposite the gates of Greenbank Park. Built in the early 18<sup>th</sup> century, William Rathbone IV leased the house in 1788 from the Earl of Sefton and purchased it in 1809. The Rathbone family lived there until 1940. It was then requisitioned by the Admiralty who donated it to Liverpool University in 1944. It is currently undergoing restoration.**
- {2} **The Norris family owned Speke Hall from around the middle of the 13<sup>th</sup> century. When Richard Norris died childless in 1731, the estate passed to his sister Mary, who married in 1736 a worthless fortune seeker, Sidney Beauclerk, whose family had it in their possession until 1780 when it was sold to the Watt family.**
- {3} **The monument in St. John's Gardens commemorates the King's Liverpool Regiment whose origins stretch back to 1685, being one of the regiments formed to deal with the Monmouth Rebellion. The monument was unveiled in 1902, commemorating the 420 officers and men who had died in three recent campaigns : Afghanistan, Burma and South Africa.**
- {4} **The Sankey Navigation, Lancashire's first canal, the first stretch of which was opened in 1757. Eventually it reached into the coalfields of St. Helens, and on down to Warrington. With the coming of railway competition, a further extension was opened in 1833 taking the canal down alongside the Mersey from Fiddler's Ferry to Widnes.**
- {5} ***Gore's Liverpool's Directory* was established in 1766 by John Gore (1738-1803) a prominent local bookseller who, for a short period, employed the young William Roscoe. Gore also founded the *Liverpool General Advertiser*, a successful newspaper. After Kelly's took over the directory in the early 1890s, they retained Gore's name until 1921.**
- {6} **St. Nicholas, or, to give it its full title, Our Lady and St. Nicholas, also known as the sailors' church. The mediaeval tower collapsed in 1810 killing 22 people, chiefly young children from a nearby orphanage who had just entered the nave. The mediaeval chancel and nave were destroyed by German bombs in the Second World War.**

- {7} William Roscoe (1753-1831) was the celebrated poet, historian, and patron of the arts. He wrote both serious poems, such as *The Wrongs of Africa* attacking the slave trade of his native town ; and *The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast* for children.
- {8} William Gawin Herdman (1805-1882). He famously said : "*I have done more for Liverpool and its antiquities than any other city, even London, has received.*" Many of his fine drawings and watercolours have been reproduced in books. Examples can also be seen on the walls of the Liverpool Central Library.
- {9} Liverpool's final tram (Car 293) ran from the Pier Head to Bowring Park on the 14<sup>th</sup> September 1957. Bought by a Boston museum in 1958, it was shipped from the Mersey that year and now, sadly, lies neglected and in poor condition in a museum shed.
- {10} The Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Hall. The original hall opened in 1849 but burnt down in 1933. Sibelius made his English debut here, and Sargent conducted Benjamin Britten's orchestral masterpiece in the hall for the first time.



*Editor's Endnote :*

Many thanks to all who took the trouble to get in touch following the issue of the first number of the *Dispatch*. I hope you enjoy this second offering. Should you wish to contact the Editor for any reason, please email : [michael@marinecannon.com](mailto:michael@marinecannon.com)

HAPPY EASTER !

*Michael Nash.*