

**The Gaverners
of Ireland**

Volume V

TAVERNER Genealogical Family Tree Taken from Chauncey's "Hertfordshire" 1272 - 1652

Ralph le Taverner -- had Lands in North Elmham in Norfolk about the beginning of King Edward I. Anno 1272.

Warin le Taverner -- had Land there about the latter end of King Edward I. Anno 1300.

Sir Nicholas le Taverner -- William le Taverner -- of Donwiche in Suffolk who had a Corrodie in the Abby of Sibton in Suffolk. Anno Edward I

John Taverner -- had Lands in Norfolk 26 Edward III and in North Elmham 16 Richard II 1393. Married Cecillie Gelham.

Henry Taverner -- Counselor at Law in Henry 5 & Henry 6
: had land in North Elmham and died 6 Edward 4. John Taverner -- a Soldier at the Battle
: of Agin-Court, & in the Wars in France. William Taverner -- Freeman of Lon
: obit 1454.

Nicholas Taverner -- lived in the time of King Edward 4 & Henry 7 and died 1492. Henry Taverner Thomas
: Married - Margaret daughter of Thomas Dethick 2d son 3rd son
: of Wormegay alias Wrongey in Norfolk.

John Taverner -- Held lands in North Elmham 2 Henry 7. he died 37 Henry 8. 1545 & lies buried in Brisley Church. Robert, 2d son of Nicholas, a Cann
: Alice. 1st Wife. Sole daughter and heir of Robert Silvester of Brisley in Norfolk, Gent. the Monastery of Walsingham in No
: Anne. 2nd Wife. Daughter of Crow of Bilney in Norfolk, Gent.

James Taverner -- : Possessor of : North Elmham. : Married sole : daughter of : Russell of : Wigton in : Norfolk.	Thomas -- : Lord of Manor : of Ketelsdon : in Noarfolk.	Margaret : Wife of : Newgate : in : Norfolk.	Richard - of Wood Eaton in Cow. Oxon, : Esq. Clerk of the Signet to King Henry 8. : J. P. & High Sheriff of Oxon died 1575. : (Taverner's Bible - 1539 - issued under : the patronage of Thomas Cromwell.) : Margaret, 1st wife, Daughter of : Walter Lambert Esq. of Cashalron : in Surrey by Margaret his wife, : daughter of Sir John Guilford of : Crawhurst in Surrey, Kent. : Mary, second wife. Daughter of : Sir John Harcourt of Standon : Harcourt, Oxon, Kent.	Roger -- of : Upminster in Essex, : Esq. Surveyor Gen- : eral of the King's : woods this side of : Trent. Had issue : John Taverner Esq. : Surveyor of the : King's woods. Who : wrote book on : forestry. d. 1601.	Robert -- of : Arnold in : Lamborn in Essex. : Esq. Surveyor of : the King's woods : beyond Trent. M. da : of Charles Newcome : Father of Thomas of Arnold : Father of Robert & of Arnois : & of Thomas of London a merchant	Silvester -- of : in Bedford : of Silvest : Thomas, Jo : Richard, & : Sea Captain
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Harcourt Taverner and a daughter Penelope ma. to Mr. Petit Capt. of the Trainb., in

Richard -- of Wood Eaton 26. : Elizabeth. Married Elinor : daughter of John Henton : Sergeant of the Larder to : Queen Elizabeth, lived at : Norbeton Hall, Kingston on : Thames Edward VI. He had : special licence to preach : Protestant Doctrines any- : where in England and : consequently he preached : before Oxford University : wearing gold collar & sword, : as he was also High Sheriff : 1564. (declined knighthood) : Lived mostly at Norbeton & : was buried at Parish Church, : Kingston on Thames.	Peter -- of Hexton. : Married Frances : daughter of : Thomas Dorwra of : Patteridge in Hertford. : (Bought Hexton : Manor 1593.) : Died 1601. Frances : died 1636. Both buried : in St. Faiths Church, : Hexton. With coat of : arms over tomb.	John -- A Divine. : Died : without : issue.	Edward -- of Soundness Ox. : J.P. 3rd James I. : Married Lucy daughter : of Charles Hales, by his : wife, sister to Sir : Thomas Lucy K. C.	Jane --	Margaret --	Martha -- Wife of : E. Calfield, re : of Oxon and Jud : Assizes & fathe : Sir William Cal : Lord Calfield i : Ireland.
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John -- Soldier, served under Lord Lambert. Died in Wars in Sweden.

Francis -- of Hexton Married Joan dau. of Edward Needham of Wymoraly Priory, Herts. John -- Professor Gresham Collage. Rector of Stoke Newington. Died 1638.

Mary -- Wife of Edward Wingate, Esquire.

Richard -- Soldier served under King James & Nathaniel Barrester of Grays Inn. "Dick" Taverner mentioned in State papers.

John -- of Soundness. Married Judeth Smith of Wriought, Somerset. Edward b. 1629

Edmund -- Secret: Peter I Pembrol Chamber Died 16

b. 22 Oct 1601

Richard -- Married Martha daughter of Mathew Bedell who fined for Alderman of London 1636.

Francis -- (1637) Lord of Hexton Manor.

Richard -- (1638) Died Young.

Joan -- (1639) Died Young.

Edward -- (1640)

Edward together with Thomas, John & Henry sold (1674) Hexton Manor to John Crosse of London whose son possessed in 1728.

Mathew -- (1641)

Peter -- (1644)

Thomas -- (1645)

John -- (1647)

Henry -- (1648)

Granado -- (1650)

Jeremy -- (1651)

Robert (1652)

NOT LIKELY SINCE FRANCIS DIED 1661 IN HEXTON!

Thomas -- (1750) Said to have come originally with two sons from Carlisle to Lisburn, hence to Upper Ballinderry. James T. gave out the tradition that ancestors came over with Baron Conway, were offered, but refused land by the Baron. The settler who got this land gave 2/6, a gaecoc and a bottle of wine.

Henry -- Married Jane Addis of Ballinderry. b.1736 d. 1820 at age 84.

Thomas -- Died without issue.

John -- Died of consumption when young.

James -- Served in the Royal Artillery and was killed by the bursting of a cannon in

Nancy -- Married Crosse a Corporal in the 14th Regiment of Foot. Issue two sons. Alexander, born in Ireland and married Elizabeth Hull, issue a large family who were Weavers on a small farm in Upper Ballinderry. Henry was born in Trinidad, and served in the

Mark -- Born 1777. Married Sarah Ann Hendren Ballinderry, Ire., who was born in Mark a Stonemason died 28 Oct. 1851 Sarah Ann Hendren died 23 Feb. 1873

Ann -- B. 1812. Married Higginson.

Rachel -- B. 1814. Married George Thompson

James Mark -- B. 3 May 1816 M. 27 May 1844 Sarah Ann Harvey (B. 4 Oct 1821) (D. 18 Dec 1908) Daughter of William George Harvey of Castleblayney. Royal Irish Constabulary 1838. Liverpool Constabulary 1844. Farming in Ireland 1851. Liverpool Gas Works 1860. Mersey Forge Co. 1862 - 1880. Retired 1880, D. 28 Apr 1902.

William John -- B. 1818 Emigrated to America.

Henry -- B. 1821. Emigrated to Australia. Married Mary Lorge. D. 1890

Jane -- B. 1823. Married Dixon. All children died.

Mark Jr. -- B. 1826. Married 1. Susanna Copson 2. Catherine Mullineux D. 1892

Sarah Ann -- B. 1828.

Alexander -- B. 1831. Died without issue.

Isaac -- B. 1834. Married 1. Susanna 2. Kate White D. 1916

Jacob B. Died with issue

Mrs Sarah Peel -- Mrs Rachel Lawry -- James Alfred Rowley --

William -- Ka

Nelson -- James -- George

Sir John - Robert Henry - George - Frederick - Louis - Sarah

Arthur -- Mark -- Emigrated to Canada. Jacob -- William Henry -- B. 18

Herbert -- Grace -- Candy Merchant

Henry -- : B. 24 Sep 1844 : Married : Sarah Youds. : D. 13 Feb 1917	Sarah Jane -- B. 11 May 1846 Married John Haynes D. 13 Oct 1912	Mark -- B. 24 Jun 1848 Died young.	George -- : B. 27 Feb 1850 : M. : Ann Jane Parkhill : D. 1939	Robert James -- B. 23 Apr 1853 D. 19 Apr 1856	Alfred Blayney -- : B. 4 Sep 1855 : D. 8 Mar 1887 : M. 1882 : Elizabeth Dodd	Elizabeth Ann -- B. 21 Jan 1857 D. 11 Jun 1859	James Harvey -- : B. 6 Dec : M. 1 Sep : Henriett : Olivia W : (B. 24 : M. 29 Feb : Sarah Ma : (B. 18 f : James Har : D. 4 Sep
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Alfred James
B. 28 May 1883
M. Edith Simpson

Charles Austin Pemberton B. 18 May 18??	Mary Margaret -- B. 23 Aug 1878 D. 13 Feb 1936	George Victor -- B. 24 May 1883 D. 1929 M. Lilly West	Amy --	Herbert Parkill -- M. Florence Doogie	Lilian Harvey -- B. 9 Jun 1886	Daisy Evelyne -- B. 3 Mar 1890	William Fred -- M. Violet Foster	Isabella
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Serald Harvey -- B. 25 Aug 1886 M. 2 Dec 1915 Ethel Clough Children-Katherine, Ronald & Nancy D. 6 Feb 1955 Auto accident.	Dorothea -- B. 5 Feb 1888 Unmarried Missionary in Philippines Prisoner of Japanese During WW 2 D. 7 Jul 1980 Church Stretton, England.	Percival Whyte -- B. 30 Sep 1889 M. 26 May 1920 Ella May Coy Children-Edith & Dorothea. D. 4 Jul 1966	Myra -- : B. 11 Aug 1891 : Emigrated 16 Jul 1910 : M. 15 Oct 1912 : Lawrence Franklin : Green, Gladstone, ND : D. 9 Feb 1957 : Lake Worth, FL : Lawrence died 22 Apr 1962 : Stockton, California	Leonard -- B. 18 Aug 1893 D. 1960	Winifred -- B. 8 Jul 1895 Unmarried School Teacher D. 5 May 1982 Church Stretton England	Archibald -- B. 15 Apr 1910 Served in Br Army during in France. Married Ethel May Ti D. 21 Aug 19 London, Engl Without issu
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Lenora Frances Green -- B. 1 Mar 1915 M. 27 Jun 1937 at Minot, North Dakota Marvin O Welliver of Sismarck, North Dakota Children -- Douglas Marvin Judith Elaine David Allen	Paul Whitefield Green -- B. 12 Jul 1917 M. 22 Oct 1944 Constance C Cross Middletown, New York Served in U.S. Air Force during WW 2 in England & over Germany. Children -- Roger John Dayna Lois Paul Mikles Myra Frances Gary Thomas Daniel Edward	Edith Roberta Green -- B. 19 Aug 1918 M. 1 Mar 1947 John M Weston Stockton, California Children -- Kathleen Ann	Gertrude Mae Green -- B. 2 Aug 1919 M. 15 Jun 1941 at Kaukauna, Wisc. John W Kennedy of Shiocton, Wisconsin Children -- Philip Wayne Richard Lawrence Karen Kay Linda Lorraine Mary Elaine William Andrew	Dorothy Elizabeth Green -- B. 25 Sep 1925 M. 30 Jan 1948 Benjamin B Fisher Stockton, California Children -- Donna Ruth Debra Gail Fredric Thomas Paula Esther	Franklin James Gr B. 14 Mar 1928 Served in U.S. Air Force 1946- Attended Milwau School of Engin 1949-1950. Emp as Electrician Columbus, Wisco 1950-1951. Join Western Electric at West Palm Be Florida 5 Nov retired 3 Dec 19 Miami, Florida.
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On the face of it the origin is Latin : Tabula = a board. Taverna = a shed, tent or booth. In Roman times there was a tribe called Tabernae inheriting what is now Flanders or N. France. In time the "b" came to be softened into "v". Bearers of the name from being dwellers in tents came to signify inn keepers.

Spelling : The continental form is generally Tavennier. The English has many variants. The earliest form taken from official documents is le Taverner (See genealogical tree of Norfolk & Hertfordshire T's at end of this script. State documents show an occasional Tavernor. Church registers in Lancashire (Bolton & Bigan) show the Taverner form, & about Nuneaton Tabberer. I have seen it also in the form Tafner, Taviner. Possibly Verner is a variant. Sir Ed. Verner, who is at a loss how it was derived, directed me to write to Scotland but the answers I got were negative. In 1685 the house of one Verner, near Belfast, became a shelter for persecuted Scotch refugees after the battle of Botherwell Bridge. There was a Christian Taverner who brought a dowry to a member of the Gladstone family located in south Scotland.

Hertfordshire Taverners.

The possession of the village of Hexton nr the Gt. North Rd. from London to Scotland carrying with it the Manor of 4000 acres, made the family of Peter & his descendants very important in their day. There was the celebrated Richard - clerk of signet to K. Henry VIII & prominent in the Reformation of that period, another Richard, master of Q. Elizabeths larder - an adward, a sort of chamberlain in K. Charles I household, & various monarchs. There is one Richard (whom I failed to trace) who is supposed to have represented the port of L'pool during the Commonwealth period but I have not seen any documentary proof. He may have owned the large estates about Orrell, Lancs., about which there was some litigation 25 years ago.

The question may arise : did any of these Hertfordshire Taverners take any part in the Plantation of Ulster ? The answer is, possibly they did.

Frances Taverner who died in 1636 (see general tree) was born Poczra. Probably it was her brother Sir Henry who, in 1609 took an army to Ireland to quell the Tyrone revolt. The land afterwards confiscated was handed over to 12 London Companies who transplanted 119 families from England to occupy the territory of 40,000 acres. Perhaps Dick Taverner or Captain who served in King James army (see State Papers) was a relative who did his bit over there. Maybe some of his relatives went over to till the earth & subdue it !

As Lisburn was an important military centre in those days the Irish reaction to this so-called settlement was here felt severely. During the massacre of 1641 a battle was fought in and around the town which ended in favour of the settlers. But it was not until a few years later when Cromwells army came to avenge by fire & sword the slaughter of Protestants both in the N. & S. of Ireland that the alien settlers were really able to consolidate their position in Ulster. The rebellious spirit was for a time kept in check & more lands were distributed in the way of pay or otherwise to induce the English soldiers to settle in Ireland. So far as the lands of Lisburn & Killultogh were concerned Cromwells punitive force did little damage to churches. Crumlin church is the only one that they demolished as far as I can gather. The middle church at Ballinderry (to replace the old church at Temple Cormac) was built mainly through the influence of Jeremy Taylor whilst in seclusion at Portmore, and the older church seems to have escaped notice of Cromwells men. Likely enough, in the distribution of the spoils some soldiers bearing the Taverner name got a share in the spoils in both N. & S. of Ireland. At all events

according to papers preserved in Magheragall church (between Lisburn & Ballinderry) there was a Robt. Taverner who paid the Hearth Roll tax in 1666.

Lisburn church show baptisms on the register for 100 years from 1667.

Then there is the Francis Taverner who is the central figure in the Haddock ghost story. It is clear from the evidence he gave before the court presided over by Bishop Jeremy Taylor in 1662 that his father had been in possession of a farm 5 years previously (The nearest church, Dunmurry, unfortunately has no entries of Taverners in their books.

Really this Francis deserves more than a passing reference. He was a sort of body servant to Sir Arthur Chichester (A Devonshire magnate) who, like Sir Henry Docwra was sent over with an English army to quell the revolt in Ulster. A distinguished officer under Sir Arthur was :-

Sir Fulke Conway of Flint & Ragley Manor, Warwick. For the latter services he was recommended as an Undertaker and was granted leave to bring over suitable men from Wales or Warwickshire to settle Killultagh, an estate covering 100 sq. miles. In the book left to me by my father called "Heterogenea or Medley" published for the benefit of the poor by John Moore Johnston (Printed in Downpatrick in 1803) there is a list of the tenants who built the town of Lisburn, all of English or Welsh extraction. Amongst the old English names of Browne, Norris, Richardson, Calvert, Dilworth, Smith, Burke, Leech, Walker, Freshbourne, Goldsmith etc., there is the name of William A. Verne.

Seemingly all these tenants were from Conways English & Welsh estates, and on considering the name A. Verne, it occurred to me that by adding T to the front and R to the back it might have some significance for me. I thereupon wrote Canon Pouden, the then Vicar of Lisburn and asked if he had any such name as Averne on his Church Register. He replied, no but had many of my own name, and gave me the list already spoken of, commencing 1667.

This Sir Fulke Conway also deserves more than a passing reference in connection with the settlement of the lands round about Ballinderry. It was he who built a Manor House at Lisnagarney (the ancient name for Lisburn) the ruins of which may now be seen in Lisburn Castle gardens, also a church, now the Cathedral at Lisburn. He died 1624, and was succeeded by his brother, Sir Edward Conway whose grandson (Also Sir Edward) was created Earl of Conway. This earl built Portmore Castle near Lough Neagh shore, designed by Inigo Jones, and it was in a suite of rooms there, under the protection of the Earl, during the stormy Cromwellian period, that the famous royalist divine Jeremy Taylor wrote some of his finest literary works. At the restor'n Taylor was made Bishop of Down & Connor.

At the death of the Earl in 1683 the estates were willed to his maternal cousin, Popham Seymour (A favourite of Charles II) who assumed the name Conway, he was killed in a duel in 1690, and his brother Francis (who assumed the name Conway) became owner & was created Baron Killultogh. His son Francis was first Marquis of Hertford whose name appears on the lease of land held by my Gt. Grandfather Harry. This Francis died 1794. His Gt. Grandson (4th. Marquis) bequeathed his estate & valuable collection of antiques to Sir Richard Wallace - donor of the splendid Hertford House & its treasures in London, & donor of the Wallace Park in Lisburn.

I was not altogether satisfied with the results of my enquiries re the origin of "Averne", & as I was in a mood to persue the matter so as to ascertain, if possible, whether any of the :-

HERTFORDSHIRE TAVERNERS

did really take part in the Plantation scheme. I got into communic'n with the Agent of Lord Hertfords estate in Warwickshire. Under date 26th. April 1906, Mr. T. Horne, the Agent wrote me from Ragley Estate office Alcester :-

"The Hertfords estates are confined to Warwickshire entirely. His father had an estate in Suffolk and from various records which I have looked through, the family have also possessed estates in Dorset, Devon & Huntingdon, but I can trace no mention whatever of Hertfordshire estates, or even any in Wales.

He had sittings in No.18 pew just opposite the pulpit. Harry was of medium sized stature, well built & apparently of more than average intelligence, for when the Orange Order was formed in 1795, at what is known as the Diamond in Co. Armagh, not far from Lough Neagh, Harry was elected Master of the local Lodge. He must also have formed one of the 150 in ~~County~~ County Captained by the Marquis of H. for on 7th. June 1798, when the Antrim Fight occurred, Harry & a neighbour, Dickson, responded & young Mark (then about 21) accompanied them. The fight was over when the Ballinderry contingent arrived on the scene, but the exciting event was the talk of local fire-sides for years after. Harry lived till 84 years old & died in 1819 or 1820. The funeral was largely attended, & was a notable testimony of the respect in which he was held in the neighbourhood. Jenny, his wife, survived him 16 years.

Mark, their only surviving son married Sarah Ann Hendren about 1811 or 1812, for my father, who was born in 1816 remembers his grandfather Harry & all the talk about his wonderful funeral.

The children of Mark & Sarah Ann were :-

Ann : born 1813. Married a Mr. Higginson, no doubt connected with the well-known local family of that name. Issue :-

Nelson, who enlisted in a Highland Regiment. There were later two grandsons, Nelson & Arthur.

Rachel : born 1814. Married George Thompson. Issue a son, James H. Tavener, now about 84. Remembers his grandmother, 6 feet tall. Was taught to read while his mother attended to the weaving. His son George living in Belfast 1936, but gather that though married has no children

James : 3rd. child & eldest son of Mark & Sarah Ann was my father, born in May 1816, and it may be appropriate at this point to attempt to attempt to describe the surroundings of the Ballinderry household during the upbringing of Mark's large family until my father left the old home in 1837. How did Mark make a living ? He could not well rely solely on the crops from his small holding, and the explanation seems to be contained in what my father wrote in 1880, as follows :-

"My father Mark was by trade a stonemason or builder, he was engaged in all the public works of the parish such as the Church school houses, bridge, besides private houses. Also he was eagerly sought after as a builder". Though my father James does not specifically mention the fact, his younger brother, my Uncle Isaac, when an old man, told me on a visit to Ballinderry in 1909 not to forget that grandfather Mark built the octagonal spire of the new Ballinderry Church with his own hands. Lest the next generation would forget this fact, it was laid upon me to compose the following lines on examining a pictorial representation of the Church.

Behold this picture, as brown as a berry,
Showing the Church of Upper Ballinderry,
Solid & high it stands anigh Lough Neagh's shores
Its spire seen for miles around, o'er field & moors.
For one hundred years it has stood storm & shine
There succeeding worshippers have blest its shrine.
Now away with disdain, your mind this retain,
Your grandsire Mark shared in rearing its frame,
Whilst the graceful, octagonal globe-capped spire,
His own hands built it - Who would not admire ?

Not only was my grandfather Mark an assistant at the building of the new Church (1824-7) but he was a supporter by his attendance at its services all his lifetime. My father wrote in 1880 of his father Mark : "He paid for or bought sittings in 36 pews of the new Church. He also was a regular attendant & a communicant at the early Communion at 8-o'clock on the first Sunday in the month, also a very strict keeper of the Sabbath". Mark evidently was rarely short of a job in his own particular line, and the work attached to the farm was by degrees taken over by his sons, of whom my father seemed to be the favoured one, being a quiet & handy sort. Moreover, just about this time Lisburn (6 miles off) was becoming a hive of the linen industry

7th.child : Mark, born 1826, died March 1892. Lived & died in Ballinderry as a small farmer on a 7 acre holding. Married twice. By Susanna Copson (died 1864) Mark had a numerous family, mostly daughters, one of whom married a sea captain, & the other a Mr. Jos. Lowry. The others died when very young. By his second wife, Catherine Molyneaux Mark had Sarah (married Wesley Peel) died 1936, aged 67, left 4 or 5 daughters; Rachel (married John Lavery): 3 sons & 1 daughter; James Alfred Rowley, married & has 2 daughters. Rachel & James are now living in Lisburn & Magherall (Magheragall?)

8th.child : Sarah Ann, born 1828. No accurate details, but believe she married a Mr. Lunny. Emmigrated to Australia, after which our family lost touch with Aunt Sally Lunny.

9th.child : Alexander, born 1831, died when 55-60 years old. This son was mentally deficient & was a burden on the family as long as he lived. He was harmless in his dealings with others & was happiest when smoking thick twist tobacco. My brother Henry saw a good deal of him in the '80's & told me that his Uncle Alick was fond of boasting, when idling with loungers, that he belonged to the "proud Taverners". This Henry interpreted as his way of observing that the family generally was reserved in their attitude to the neighbours. No issue.

10th.child : Isaac, born 1833 or 4. Died 1916. Married twice :

1. Susanna Larmour - issue : 4 sons.
2. Catherine ? (nee Bradshaw) Widow White. Issue : twins (son & daughter) more details later.

11th.child : Jacob, born 1835. No issue. This son seems to have been somewhat delicate in health. He joined the R.I.Constabulary, but served only a few years. Said to have been taken ill in Limerick, was brought home & died.

More about the sons of Mark & Sarah Ann Taverner 1837/1851.

The year 1837 must have been a memorable one for the Tansy household at Ballinderry. My father James, the eldest son, came of age in May, & no doubt the question of a career was often discussed round the fireside as the date became imminent. The size of the family at that time, probably 9 children as the two eldest girls were probably married, made it clear enough to James that his room would be more welcome than his presence seeing that William John, Henry & Mark were treading on his heels as it were, Isaac toddling about the place & Jacob uneasy in the cradle. Being of good appearance, 5ft.10ins. tall well-knit & courageous withal, why not wear a uniform to set it all off, & what more suitable than that of the R.I.Constabulary ? Preliminaries were gone through, including the provision of a testimonial from the then Vicar of the Parish, Rev.Savage Hall, which read :

"I have been well acquainted with James Taverner ever since I came to the Parish of Ballinderry in the year 1835, & consider him to be a strictly honest, sober & quiet young man. His family are members of my congregation & bear a most respectable character. It will at all times give me sincere pleasure to hear of his welfare".

In 1838 my father joined the R.I.Constabulary & was 3 months in training at the Barrack Hill Depot, Armagh. He was then drafter to Tullraghan, Co. Monaghan, where he remained for about 18 months, being afterwards transferred to Castle Blayney, where he served as Constable until 20th. September 1844. Meantime William John had left home, also Henry, who followed his eldest brother James' example & joined the RIC. Occasionally the two brothers in arms were to be seen together in Ballinderry and (according to what my mother told me, I suppose on the authority of Aunts Rachel & Jenny) a handsomer pair was not to be seen in Ireland.

Mark junior appears to have had no desire to leave Ballinderry and when 22 years old secured the hand of Susanna Copson whose parents, then ageing & a brother ill-suited to farm work, lived on a 7-acre holding within measurable distance of the Tansey. By marrying-in & running the farm on behalf of all, Mark was to come into full possession

in due time. Much labour & anxiety had to be endured before the desired end came within his grasp, and the wonder is that he survived at all. His was a consistent struggle against adversity. The farm itself was burdened with debts, & what with lack of help & multiplied sorrows following upon the deaths, first of the old folk, then of most of the children born to him (eight, of whom six were girls), then last of all the death of Susanna herself when in her prime, it speaks mightily for the man's stamina that he was able to see it all through successfully. He was a real brick, & a more genial & knowledgeable man so far as mixed farming as well as weaving went I have not often met. He seldom wrote to my father when our family settled in L'pool, but when he did so his letters were greatly relished, so full of shrewd sayings they were, with guesswork spelling of his own that made the thing signified vivid before the mind's eye as one read. Susanna died 1869 or 1870, & Mark's only surviving children by her are :-

Mary Ellen, married Joseph Lowry of Belfast (1 son, Isaac & 1 girl).
Elizabeth, married a young sea captain, no details.

Mark's second helpmate was the 19 year old Catherine Molyneaux by whom he had :-

Sara : married Wesley Peel (who died in Ballinderry 1936, leaving 4 daughters) aged 67.

Rachel : married John Lavery, both still living in Lisburn.

James Alfred Rowley : married ? , issue 2 daughters living in Magheragall.

My Uncle Mark died in March 1892.

Returning to the Constable brothers fortunes. I have already written elsewhere as full an account as possible concerning my Uncle Henry, the younger of the two. I suppose he may have been considered the most successful of all the brothers brought up in Ballinderry. He was the most eager to 'get on' and to take hazards, and seems to have realised his ambition. He worked for his own hand - he hated working for others - and he worked almost to the last, for he did not live long to enjoy retirement on his son's farm, where he died aged 69. His wife survived him 18 years. His renowned son, Sir John, was such another strenuous worker and he died when 67 years old. His eldest son Robert Henry, of less romantic turn and more prosaic habit is enjoying life as a retired Railway official and is 85 years old (1936). His son Percy has 2 sons. My other cousins in Australia are :- Lewis Morgan, born 1855; George, born 1856; Sarah, born 1858; Fred, born 1860. They are still all alive at the time of writing.

Both Henry & his eldest brother James were animated by the sentiments expressed by the latter's favourite poet Bobby Burns :-

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather year by every wile
That's justified by honour.
Not for to hide it in a hedge
Nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independant.

It would be invidious to conjecture which of the two brothers caught most of the smile. Both had ups & downs in the chase and, as far as I can judge, both kept to the highway of honour, so that if (as is likely) neither was quite satisfied that he had attained the privilege itself, the pursuit was glorious to look back upon when in their honoured old age. Henry & Margaret in the Antipodes and James & Sarah in the Homeland spoke of the days of Auld Lang Syne.

The career of James merits a more detailed account than the 3 brothers already mentioned, as his connection with Ballinderry did not cease altogether after he left to join the R.I.C. in 1838.

The agitation about that time which, under Dan'l O'Connell aimed at the repeal of the Union was dying down, but the Physical Force Party which followed kept the police force in Ireland busy. So

far as Co. Monaghan was concerned, where my father was stationed until 1844, nothing very alarming happened. Indeed, when this part of his career was afterwards referred to in family conversations, only his gay doings, especially boating excursions on the lakes about Castle Blayney, came to the fore. He had his wild escapades there, sure enough, even on his death bed he seemed to be depressed about them when he spoke confidentially to me. Of course I assured him that his after life had expiated any misdemeanours of callow youth. Happily he came into contact with Sarah Ann, eldest daughter of George Harvey, a carpenter & builder in Ca. Blayney and his wife Betty Ann (nee Grier), and being very much in love defied official regulations & married her in 1844. When this was discovered he had no option but to leave the Force and, carrying with him good recommendations from his superior officers, took his wife to L'pool., where he soon obtained a post as Constable in the Force there - 10th. October 1844. The pay then was 18/- weekly. They resided in the Scotland Road area as my fathers beat was near the docks. Then children began to arrive : Henry was born in 1844; Sarah Jane in 1846; Mark in 1848 (but died in infancy) and George in 1850 (at 21, Hornby Street).

With my fathers steady income - later £1 per week- and mother's thrifty habits the family seemed to be holding its own. But a change was to come over the scene. News from Ballinderry was disturbing partly owing to the failure of the potato crop in successive years, and later due to the state of grandfather's health. He was too old (73 or 74) to continue his old business and there was little or no ready money coming in. Father was appealed to. There was room for him & his family in the cottage and if he would come & take charge the place would in time be his. The promise was not given in so many words, but that was the implication. Mother strongly objected to breaking up her home but eventually yielded to my fathers determination. So on 5th. September 1851 James & Sarah Ann Taverner, with their children, Henry (aged 7), Sarah Jane (aged 5) and George (aged 18 months) arrived at the Tansy. Grandfather Mark was seriously ill in bed at the time, and on 28th. October 1851 he died, aged 74 years.

Events in Ballinderry 1851 to 1860.

With my father & family settled in, the Tansy household consisted of :-

- | | | |
|--|----|-------------|
| James, Sarah & family | 5. | } 9 in all. |
| Grandmother, strong & active. | | |
| Alexander unreliable. | | |
| Isaac aged 17 but strong & vigorous. | | |
| Jacob aged 15. Also active. | | |
| Sarah - possibly. Doubtful if she was at home. | | |

Grandmother was nominally the head of the house, but who was to be responsible as tenant now that grandfather Mark was dead ? No doubt the question was often discussed now that James failed to find the will said to have been made by his father in his favour. So long as the money brought by my father (£45) held out all went well, but what would happen after the first half years rent (probably with arrears) had been paid ? My father duly paid the rent, and on returning from the Agents office was asked by Grandmother to let her see the receipt. Unsuspectingly he, in the presence of his brothers, showed it to his mother, when his brothers Isaac & Jacob set upon him & in the scuffle Grandmother secured the paper, concealed it in her bodice and said "Now James, you may go back to Liverpool", his brothers using abusive language the while. Highly indignant, my father kept his temper, saw how matters stood, but was determined to hold on where he was. He took refuge in silence & enjoined the same upon his children. The two families now led separate lives, having no dealings with one another. My father & family appropriated the outbuilding called the "Wing" and he hired a field to till on his own account. He also got (I suppose) a separate loom to start weaving, as otherwise money was unobtainable. In 1853 my mother gave birth to a son Robert James, who did not live long. Two years elapsed & Alfred Blayney was born.

It must have been about this time that Uncle Isaac attained his majority, & being apparently bent on maintaining his position, no doubt with the full consent of his mother, he introduced Susanna Larmour into the house as his wife. On 14th. October 1856 their eldest son Arthur John was born. Such a state of affairs was unendurable and either in that year or early in 1857 my father & family moved to a vacant cottage at Hightown, where a sister of mine, Elizabeth, was born but died early in 1859. At the end of that year the writer of these notes, James Harvey Taverner, first saw the light. I was the youngest child of James & Sarah. The rest of Isaac & Susanna's children born at the Tansy were : Mark, born 20th. July 1858; Jacob, born 16th. July 1862, and William Henry, born 30th. January 1867.

I have enlarged elsewhere upon my fathers activities whilst living in Hightown, where he had made a name for himself for his versatility in many fields of endeavour. These brought little food into the house, however, and mutterings of discontent from the younger members of the family who had had some little experience of town life and did not relish the return to rural barbarism, brought matters to a crisis. My father decided regretfully to return to L'pool which, accompanied by my mother, Henry aged 16, Sarah aged 14, George aged 10, Alfred aged 5 and myself, a babe in arms, we did in September 1860.

Intercommunication between L'pool & Ballinderry between the years 1860 & the death of James Taverner in 1902.

Attempts to re-establish the family in L'pool were much hampered by two disappointments. The L'pool Police Force was closed against James because of his age - 44. However an Inspector friend of his was able to introduce him to someone in authority at the Gas Works, where he obtained a labouring job for a while.

The second disappointment was the action of my eldest brother Henry who, after obtaining a junior clerkship in the L. & Y. Rly., Gt. Howard Street goods station, refused to live with his parents & took lodgings in L'pool east, then south. His was a chequered career. He was ever squirming whenever anything in the guise of discipline threatened his movements. He did not resume acquaintance with the family for 15 or 16 years. When, after trying soldiering in India, he came back to L'pool it was to a railway clerk's desk once more, and that was where he finished.

However, James & Sarah survived this rift in family unity & my father was fortunate enough to obtain a job as fitter in the Mersey Iron & Steelworks which gave him, with some few interruptions caused by strikes, continuous work until he was 64 years of age, when he was retired on account of age. For 22 years he lived in retirement depending upon his savings and some little help which his sons George & myself were able to afford. For some years he & my mother had the privilege of living together in the 4-roomed house at No. 6, Holmes St., off Smithdown Rd., this seems to have been the nearest approach to that independence he was yearning for. He died in March 1902 aged 86, after only 1 days illness. Before dying he wished me to see that he was buried in the Taverner plot in Templecormac graveyard. I am sorry this could not conveniently be done & he was buried in a grave in Smithdown Rd. cemetery bought when grandmother Harvey died.

Needless to say, during the 42 years above mentioned great changes had taken place both in L'pool & Ballinderry branches of the family. But for occasional letters between my father & Uncle Mark, and occasional references to Ballinderry affairs in letters received from Uncle Henry, who kept up a correspondence with Grandmother till her death, the relationship may be said to have almost ceased so far as epistolary communication was concerned. But my father, as will be apparent from what I have already written, never lost interest in Sweet Ballinderry, the place of his birth, and though as time went on less & less apparent when the subject of the abortive visit came up for family discussion there was rankling in my father's mind the feeling that he had been wrongly deprived of his inheritance. No amount of religious philosophy that it was "better so", advanced by my mother

had any effect upon my fathers mental attitude on this matter. When beaten in argument he would take refuge in sullenness of mood & silence.

My father, during his retirement visited Ballinderry at least twice - on one of these visits I accompanied him. We stayed at Uncle Mark's, where my father stayed when visiting alone. When Henry visited the place himself Uncle Isaac was not called upon, and when he set up pig farming sometime in the '80's and remained for a year or two in a futile attempt to gain a living, it was only to Uncle Mark that he resorted for advice or help of any kind.

Note parenthetical : For my part I saw no utility in nursing old time grievances, & in 1909 my wife Sarah Marie & myself on a visit to Ireland called upon my Uncle Isaac and I had a pleasant interview with him. Not one word did he say about my fathers action (the wisdom of which was open to question) concerning the 1851 adventure, & he was loud in praise of the work he did in Killultagh Sunday School. He did not approve of his three sons, then of course all married men, signing their name Tavener in place of Taverner, as He spelt it.

Let me cite as well as I am able with the scanty materials at my disposal what happened to the Tansy household after James & family found separate shelter, first at Hightown then in Liverpool. After the birth of William Henry in 1867 (Jan.30th.), the last of Susannas children, there were living at the cottage :

Grandmother now nearing 80; Alexander, about 55 - 60;
Jacob had died some years before; Isaac, then about 33;
Susanna, between 28 & 30; Arthur John, aged 11;
Mark aged 9, and Jacob aged 5 (Jacob junior).

Jacob jun'r. & Wm.Henry have vivid recollections of their tall and religiously disposed grandmother, especially her habit of praying aloud in her bedroom morning & evening. They had no sentimental affection for Ballinderry and its amenities and they knew nothing of the "feud" between their father & mine anent the 1851 affair. They tell me that their schooling was of a meagre character, & when Jacob was 12 years old and Wm.Henry when 14, they were apprenticed away from home & visited it only on rare occasions. I do not know when Arthur John left home, but no doubt very early in life. I do not know in what year Mark emigrated to U.S.America.

Grandmother must have become troublesome at times. A para. in a letter from my Uncle Henry to my father dated 30th.December 1870 says; - "I hear from my mother regular & she complains sadly about the way Isaac & his wife treat her. Isaac's wife has got some money left her".

A few years afterwards Grandmother died, and Susanna was not long before she was also carried to her last resting place in Temple - cormac.

To be without womenfolk in the house must have been a trying time for Uncle Isaac. Probably with the death of Susanna he came into the money mentioned on the preceding page, and this may explain the remark made by my cousin Jacob about his father having built a fine house with his own money. Anyway, Tansy was vacated & my Uncle Isaac about 1877 married a widow named White who also had some money or property or both, and in due time a new family sprang up.

On 21st.February 1878 twins are born - a boy (Wm.White) and a girl; Mary Bradshaw.

On 30th.September in the following year Kate was born.

I understand that Uncle Isaac let the Tansy cottage but kept the land for grazing cattle of his own. Uncle Isaac died in 1916, aged 82 or 83. When I visited the district in 1933 I found that the cottage had been converted into a summer sleeping place for occasional visitors to the nearby new bungalow built by a Belfast lady who had purchased the whole property from Wm.White Tavekner, the owner of his deceased mother's property, who had sold up & left the district.

Up to now I have mentioned only the visits paid from L'pool to Ballinderry over a period of years. Towards 1870 the pendulum swung the otherx way. First Wm.Henry & his wife Jane came over and

called upon my parents who received them cordially. This kinsman appreciated such help as they were able to afford him, and some years later I was touched to hear from his own lips that he regarded my father with more filial feelings than his own. On more than one occasion he described the latter as "hard", though his brother Jacob has remarked that he could not so describe his father.

When Wm. Henry got established, his eldest brother Arthur John left the shop he had in Lurgan and worked in L'pool. Wm. White, step-brother came over also, but has returned to Ireland and lives in Newcastle, Co. Down. Jacob, established in Fivemiletown, has frequently visited L'pool. Mark came over from U.S.A. on a visit some 25 years ago.

Returning to L'pool where the younger generation of James & Isaac Taverner's families seem now to be localised, I may finish this abbreviated sketch by remarking that when my mother died in December 1908, six years after my father's decease, the position of her family was pretty much as given below :-

Henry with his wife & son Charles were living in Anfield. (Henry died aged 70).

Sarah Jane with her husband John Haynes and their family of 4 daughters & 1 son were living in Oswaldcroft, Wavertree, and it was in their house that my mother died.

George with his wife Ann Jane nee Parkhill, & family consisting of : George Victor, Mary Margaret, Herbert Parkhill, Lilian Harvey, Daisy Eveline and Wm. Frederick were living in St. Michaels Hamlet.

Alfred Blaney had died in Bootle aged 32 years leaving a widow Elizabeth (nee Dodd) and 1 son, Alfred James.

James Harvey with his wife Sarah Maria & family of 7 children born of his first wife Henrietta :- Gerald, Dorothea, Percival Whyte, Myra, Leonard, Winifred & Archibald were living in Waterloo, near L'pool.

It is this James Harvey, now approaching 77 years of age, that has felt moved to pen the foregoing facts concerning the family from which he has sprung, so as to encourage the growth of the historical sense amongst the new generation of the Taverners about Merseyside, in Australia and the uttermost corners of the earth.

Given at the residence of his daughter Winifred, at No.33, Morningside, Great Crosby, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-six, one hundred and twenty years after the birth of his father James.

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Copy taken from copy of the original in the possession of W.H.Tavener, Greenacre, Links Hey Road, Caldy, Wirral, Cheshire.

R. Tavener-Smith, Killeshandra, 53, Osborne Park, Malone, Belfast, 9. 24th. April 1966.



Tenny



HENRY



MARN



Loose

THE HADDOCK GHOST.

(From Bishop Hebers life of Jeremy Taylor)

Thomas Alcock Secy to Bishop Jeremy Taylor gives the fullest account of the story related below and adds:-
This Taverner with all the persons and places mentioned in the story I knew very well and all wise and good men did believe it especially the Bishop and the Dean of Connor Dr Rust"

Late on Michaelmas night in the year 1662 a lusty, proper stout fellow called Francis Taverner about 25 years of age then servant at large, afterwards porter to Lord Chichester, Earl of Donegal, was riding to his house near Belfast from Hillsborough when he came to the drawn bridge near Drumbeg. At the foot of the bridge his horse stopped suddenly. Taverner dismounted, urged the beast forward and as he started again, was aware of two shadowy horsemen beside him. At the same moment a third horseman in a white coat was at his elbow and turning, Taverner perceived a resemblance to one James Haddock formerly an inhabitant of Malone where he had died five years before. Taverner asked the apparition who in the name of God he was. It told his name and bade him not to be afraid reminding him of an accident that happened five years before when "I and two other friends (referring to the two horsemen riding noiselessly on before them) were at your fathers house, and you, by your fathers appointment brought us some nuts". Taverner asked why he appeared to him rather than any other. He answered because he was a man of more resolution than others, and if he would ride his way with him he would acquaint him with a business he had to deliver to him which Taverner refused to, and would go his own way, for they were now at a quadrivial (i.e. 4 cross roads where the path from Dunmurry to Lismoyne crosses the Belfast road) and so rode on homewards. But immediately on their departure there arose a great wind and withal he heard very hideous screeches and noises to his amazement. Presently morning broke, the cocks crew and slipping off his horse Taverner knelt in prayer to God and so came safely home.

The next night as Taverner sat by the fire with his wife, the ghost of Haddock appeared again and asked Taverner to send a message to Elinor Welch - formerly his wife and now married to one Davis - that their son should be righted in the lease (held of the Lord Chichester and of which the son was deprived by his stepfather Davis) Night after night the ghost of Haddock appeared to Taverner sometimes when sitting up, at other times when in bed, though never visible to his wife. This lasted for a whole month until the neighborhood was full of the story.

At length Taverner went to Malone to the house of Davis but when in reply to his question if Mrs Davis maiden name was not Elinor Welch, she said there was another Elinor Welch beside her, Taverner took himself off without delivering the message. The same night being fast asleep in his bed Taverner was awakened by something pressing upon him and saw the apparition of Haddock with white coat as at other times, who asked him if he had delivered his message. Taverner answered that he had been there, whereupon the apparition looked more pleasantly upon him. But on learning that he had failed to deliver the message, it appeared in more formidable shapes and threatened to tear him in pieces if he did not deliver it. This made him leave the house where he dwelt in the mountains and betake himself to Belfast where he sat up all night at the house of a shoemaker named Pierce along with one or two of Lord Chichesters servants desirous of seeing the spirit. About midnight they saw Taverners countenance change and a trembling fell on him. He presently espied the apparition in the room opposite where he sat. Taverner got up took a candle and resolutely asked in the name of God wherefore it

threatened to tear him in pieces if he did not do so speedily, and changing itself into many prodigious shapes vanished in white like a ghost. Next day Taverner being much dejected went to Lord Chichesters house and with tears in his eyes related to some of the family the sadness of his condition.

Note - in evidence afterwards Pierce stated that a mist came over his eyes and what was spoken to Taverner was in a low hollow voice and he could not understand what was said.

This story was told to my Lords Chaplain Mr James South, who advised Taverner to go to Malone and deliver the message but first they went to Dr Lewis Downs Minister of Belfast. The three accordingly went to Davis's house where Taverner delivered the message, and thanking the two for their company visited his brother at Drumbridge. Two nights after, the apparition again appeared and asked Taverner if he had given the message. He said he had done so fully, whereupon he was told he must go to the Executors also. Taverner asked if it would do him hurt to which the spirit answered somewhat doubtfully at first, but at length threatened that it would hurt Davis if he attempted injury to Taverner, and so vanished away in white.

The day following Bishop Taylor was to keep Court at Dromore and told his Secretary Mr T. Alcock to ask Taverner to come along. There he was cross examined by the Bishop who came to the conclusion that his story was a genuine instance of an apparition of souls of the dead. Lady Conway and a fashionable company being at Hillsborough at the time asked the Bishop to have Taverner brought over and the case tried. This was done, and the Bishop gave Taverner a number of questions to ask the ghost when it appeared. Taverner along with his brother was then sent to lodge the night at Lord Conways house in Lisburn. About 9'clock as Taverner and others were talking indoors, Taverner had a fit of trembling as before, and being loth to make a disturbance in Lord Conways house, he and his brother betook themselves into the courtyard where the former saw the spectre come over the wall clad in a white coat. Taverner gave the questions he was told to ask, but the spirit made no answer, and crawling with hands and feet over the wall again vanished in white with a most melodious harmony.

Notes - some of the Bishops questions were:-

Why do you appear in so small a matter when so many widows and orphans in the world are defrauded of greater matters?

How are the spirits of the other world regimented?

The lease was eventually made over to the boy Haddock after a formal trial of the case in Belfast.

THE BALLINDERRY TAVERNERS.

1) Local tradition has it that during 17th and 18th centuries when lands in Antrim & Down fell vacant, they were given to men who had fought in the wars under English officers resident locally or in England. The assumption is that Thomas Taverner who, my father told me, came from Carlisle via Whitehaven & Carrickfergus to Lisburn accompanied by his two sons about the year 1745, was a soldier by profession.

There was at that time probably more than one family of the same name living in Lisburn where Thomas and his two sons might have stayed until he had secured a holding. Tradition is that he declined a large property offered by Baron Conway or his agent which ultimately was taken over by another who in exchange made over to the acting proprietor - a game cock, a bottle of wine, and half a crown in cash. Eventually Thomas came to a place near the

2) Ballinderry Presbyterian Meeting House but shortly after moved to an 8-acre holding called the "Tansy".

In 1805 Harry (younger of the two sons) held a lease of this place from Francis Marquis of Hertford for 21-years or for the lifetime of John Tavener - Probably Harry's eldest son as it was customary in life leases to include the name of a child.

The elder son Thomas having died soon after settling at the Tansy, interest in the family centred in Harry who, I reckon was born about 1736. He married a Jane Andus or Addis - of a family located in Ballinderry but of English or Scotch extraction, and they had the following children:-

John died young.	James who became soldier & was accidentally killed by bursting of a shell.	Nancy who married in Crossey & brought up a family living in neighborhood for many years.	Mark Born 1777 died 1851 who married Sarah Ann Hendren.
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3) Here follows an attempt based upon papers left by my father and by what he and my mother told me in course of conversation to construct the history of the several branches of the family of Mark & Sarah Ann Taverner or Tavernor from the year 1837 onwards with special reference to the years 1851 to 1860 until the disappearance of the name amongst the residents of Ballinderry in 1930.

Sons of Mark.

My father James, 3rd child, eldest son, was born in 1816 When 21 he joined the Royal Irish Constabulary, was sent for training to Armagh then drafted to Monaghan and afterwards to Castlebrayney where he was stationed for about 5 years. In 1844 he, without official leave, married the eldest daughter of George & Elizabeth Harvey, the formed in business in that town as Carpenter and Builder, and left for Liverpool where my father obtained a post in the Constabulary at 18/- per week.

4) In Liverpool there were born to them:-
Henry in 1844..... Sarah Jane in 1846
Mark in 1848..... died in infancy.
George in 1850.

(Sons of Mark contd)

William John, 2nd son born in 1818. Left home and emigrated to Canada but no details are available as to what ultimately became of him.

Henry, 3rd son born in 1821 joined the R.I.C. when of age and was stationed in Dublin area. He married Margaret Large and both emigrated to Australia in 1850.

Mark, 4th son, born in 1826 married when 22 to Catherine Copsan residing on a farm at Templecormac and lived with her parents there eventually coming into possession of the farm.

5) Daughters of Mark & Sarah Ann.

Ann, born in 1812 was the eldest, married in due time to a local farmer named Higginson. The name had a high reputation. In 1780/1800 a William Higginson acted as agent to the great landowner Lord Hertford and his eldest son., Rev Edward Higginson was for a time Rector of Ballinderry. It was, no doubt, this Parson Higginson who, as told by my father, used to call at the Tansy when great Grandfather Harry was old and often induce him to accompany him to church by handing him his Bible to carry.

Ann had one son Nelson, who joined a Highland Regt: and later in life acted as porter in the Belfast City Hall.

6) Daughters of Mark & Sarah Ann contg:-

Rachel, 2nd daughter, was born in 1814. She married a local resident named George Thompson the fruit of the marriage being 2-sons. Of the one who died I have no details. The other, aged 80 when I saw him in 1930 was named James Henry and his general appearance reminded me of my own father at the same age 80. He remembered his grandmother Sarah Ann - a tall woman 6-feet. He had had no schooling. He learned to read alongside his mother, seated at the spinning wheel, she gave him a halfpenny occasionally if he was able to read certain passages of Scripture for her. James Henry has a married son George (over 50) residing with him in his old days. George has no children.

7) Janes, 3rd daughter was born in 1823. She married a cottager names Dickson. They had a large family but I understand it is now wholly extinct owing to the scourge of consumption. On my first visit to Ballinderry with my father 50 odd years ago, we called at the Dickson cottage where one of my cousins a fair complexioned cheery faced young man was throwing the shuttle in ordered fashion. He tried to explain the weavers art to me, but I was glad to get out into the open air after our short stay, so damp and disagreeable was the air indoors.

The youngest daughter, Sarah I have no certain knowledge about. If she was the Aunt Sally Lummy that used to be mentioned in the family circle in my young days, she emigrated to Victoria calling at our house in transit, and I remember the nice tie pin she sent to my brother George when she got settled in Australia.

8) Events at the "Tansy" with particular reference to James & Sarah Ann Taverner and family.

The position in Ballinderry when sons and daughters drifted away starting with my father in 1837 and ending with my Uncle Mark say 1848 was none too good. Grandfather's health began to fail and that was the most serious menace to the family exchequer. Food was scarce owing to failure of the potato crop in successive years. The two sons Isaac age 17 and Jacob about 16 were rather young to cope with the critical situation that arose in 1850. Correspondence began to pass between the "Tansy" and the Liverpool households. Apparently an appeal was made to my father to leave Liverpool with his family and come to help the Ballinderry folks to tide over the crisis. No written promises so far as I know were made him as to what return he was to receive.

9) in exchange but it was tacitly understood that the Tansy was to be his on his fathers death, and he was to provide for Grandmother and Alexander then about 24 years of age, but not quite sane. Isaac and Jacob would in due time be able to fend for themselves.

The pressing invitation came early in August 1851. Some letters must have miscarried for grandmother in her note of 28th August (the only writing I have of hers) mentions a previous letter apparently not received by my father, whom she urges to come without delay, and to let her know when, so that she can send the cart to the station to carry the family. There were great searchings of heart in the Liverpool constable's household. My Mother was against the breaking up of her home. Fathers pay of 18/- per week was small, but it came in regularly and enabled her to feed and clothe her three children and have a little saved for a rainy day. But my

- 10) father could not resist the appeal. He had power to relieve his parents in their present hour of need. He had in hand a few pounds already saved, thanks to a careful housewife. His position in the force was often very irritating as he was under the odium of being an Irishman and might not this venture lead to the realisation of a fuller life for all, and to that much desired goal his favourite Bobby Burns sung about

"The glorious privilege of being independant". The die was cast. He resigned his post on 1st September 1851. All debts were paid - that was one thing that would not be left behind - some furniture disposed of, all the cash gathered together, about £45 and the Liverpool immigrants left by the steamer "Blenheim" on 4th for Belfast, arriving at the Tansy on the afternoon of the following day, 5th September.

- 11) Grandfather Mark died on 28th October 1851. When my father came to look for his will, none could be found. A Mr Johnston of Ballinderry was said to have it but it was not produced and this must have caused some unpleasantness especially as the money my father brought with him became less and less. However, matters were not long coming to a head. There was sufficient to pay the 1st half-years rent (probably some arrears also). After repairing to the agents office my father settled accounts there and returned to his waiting Kinsfolk. It looked as if the reception he got had been prearranged. My Mother described it to me. Grandmother asked my father if he had the receipt and, suspecting nothing, he produced it, when he was at once set upon by his brothers Isaac and Jacob. In the scuffle Grandmother obtained the paper, concealed it in her bodice and said he might now go back to Liverpool, his brothers using abusive language the while.

- 12) Highly indignant at this brazen conduct, my father kept his temper in check but retreat he would not. He took refuge in silence and enjoined the same negative attitude on his children as far as their relations were concerned.

My Father, mother, and two brothers and sister occupied the "wing" and evidently fended for themselves. My father hired a field for which he paid £1 per annum in order to cultivate crops for his own use. He had also to start weaving again as money was otherwise almost unobtainable in those days.

How the two families moved in and out of the same premises without speaking to one another for months on end, is a puzzle. Perhaps surly men might manage, but I cannot imagine Grandmother not lending a hand and having a sympathetic word with my Mother when she gave birth to a son - Robert James in 1853 and again to another - Alfred Blayney two years afterwards. Both women were imbued with religious sentiments and these as well as a common maternal instinct must have sometimes brought them together. Robert James soon left his home for a better one.

My fathers religious convictions took the form of encouraging his children to read and commit to memory passages of the Bible. He had a number of other books generally of the heavy theological type "Mosheims Ecclesiastical History". "The whole duty of man", "Harveys Meditations", Josephines History etc. Like his father and grandfather he was a regular worshipper at church and a strict observer of the Sabbath. He was not long before becoming acquainted with a number of sober minded men like himself living nearby and with their co-operation he was in a few years able to open a Sunday School in Killblagh School House where the children were taught to read the Scriptures. He was elected Supt: and continued in that office until 1860. My fathers energies never overflowed into Irish Politics.

- 13) He was not a member of the Orange Order although his grandfather Harry years before was Master of a Lodge shortly after the institution of that notable body about the year 1795. My brother George who seemed to have a love of music - not a prominent feature amongst the family characteristics, tells me that when about six years old he once got a good "hiding" from his father because he had followed out of bounds the local Orange Fife and Drum Band. The punishment of course, was for disobedience not because of fathers dislike of Orangemen.

Time passed, for five years and over the two families had

lived as aliens the one from the other. In 1857 my mother gave birth to another child - a daughter Elizabeth Ann. There were now two girls and four boys in the family. Uncle Isaac had attained his majority, and rumours had it that he was sweet on a Miss Larmour, and Grandmother smiled at the choice! There must come an end to the feud.

15) At Hightown 1857/1860.

Once more the Liverpool immigrants were on trek this time to a vacant cottage in the neighbouring townland of Hightown. I have no information about this spot or whether any land was attached to the cottage. Probably there were a few acres rented along with the cottage which latter is in ruins today. It was here no doubt occurred the incident father often mentioned to me. He was lacking a plough and having cut down a tree he and another man shaped it and ploughed it on one and the same day. I have no reason to doubt the story as my father could turn his hand to almost anything in the carpentering and cobbling line. I often in later years used to watch him mending boots and when I asked him one day to let me try my hand at putting a few sparrow bills on the sole of a boot he ordered me out of the cellar of the house where we then lived, and to go and take a book in my hand. At all events he

16) was a master craftsman at the weaving of the material known as cambric. It was at this employment that all hands about the cottage had to concentrate. Mother and Sarah at the winding of bobbins, Henry and George to go to Lisburn market for supplies of yarn. George tells of a "Sheltie" (or Shetland pony) which was sometimes used for this and other purposes. I never heard of there being any other animals about the place although I imagine there were some poultry about as father used sometimes speak of the high reputation the Ballinderry "Blackreds" had - whether as layers or as fighting cocks I do not know, probably the latter.

On the whole, the family seemed happier than at the Tansy but, here again loss and gain marked its fortunes. Early in 1859 the two year old baby Elizabeth slipped out of this worlds turmoil to my mothers great grief whilst I was sent in at the last month of the same year, as some sort of compensation to her, perhaps!

17) Whether or not I - James Harvey Taverner - now aged 76½ was the last of the bunch to be born of parents who, I am glad to say, in spite of years of hardship and a fierce struggle against bitterly trying conditions came out of all without harbouring feelings of resentment against their lot but rather charged with a fund of human sympathy that was always in after years accessible to any who desired to draw on it. When, as sometimes did happen, in more prosperous years the conversation turned on old times my Mother would use the word "obstinacy" in describing my fathers attitude, nothing harsh was said about the conduct of Grandmother and the two boys and she was always glad enough to enlarge upon the kindness shown by her sisters in law Rachel Thompson and Jenny Dickson. Uncle Mark and George (Thompson) were good friends of the family especially to father - but Mark's family lived so far away the Hightown & Templecormac families seldom came in contact.

18) During the winter of 1859 while the shuttles were clattering merrily and the infant newcomer nestled in his cradle, my respected parents must have had their quarrels about the progress they were making towards betterment. Sometimes sullen looks and perhaps mutterings of discontent from their eldest born son Henry made them uncomfortable for what prospect was there for a boy of 16 to make his way in the world if they held on there.? Then there was Sarah, a strapping girl and George the bright and merry-hearted one, ready for anything and no scope for his energy. Then Alfred the toddler in and out of mischief and now James the baby - all of them to be thought of.

Both had known the amenities of town life, Mother was brought up in Castleblayney, and both had sampled together those of the great seaport Liverpool. Little use in having your quiver full of arrows if there is no target worth shooting at.

- 19) And so after 9 years of struggle and endurance James and Sarah Ann Taverner turned once more their faces towards the great seaport this time not alone but accompanied by five hostages to fortune in the guise of four boys and one girl, their ages ranging from 16 years to 10 months.

No doubt there were some tenant farmers like himself who would miss the undaunted man who had been tricked out of the "Tansy" and might have encouraged him to await further developments in that direction, but within the past four years two sons had been born to Isaac and Susanna and my father's dreams of possession of land seemed to fade into thin air with a new generation on the threshold of the Tansy. Reluctantly he had to own defeat and told his neighbours so, and on learning that my father would again try his luck in Liverpool they wrote a commendatory.

- 20) letter which is here appended. It was an independent testimonial and sincere so far as it went and for that reason need not be considered worthless. Perhaps they thought it might help in getting him back into the Police Force.

And so farewell to Sweet Ballinderry!

In September 1860 James Taverner (40 years of age) with his wife and family landed on the quay of the Clarence dock with not a friendly face to greet them. They must have formed a pathetic sight trudging the streets looking for lodgings. At last in Mitchell St, off Scotland Road they obtained temporary shelter.

- 21) James & his family in Liverpool 1860.

During their stay in the north end of Liverpool, first in Mitchell St, then in Collingwood St, my father and Mother met with some sore disappointments. The first was when on presenting himself at the office of the Chief Constable he was told he was too old to be taken on the force. However, Inspector Horn wrote a recommendation to some person in the Gas Works and my Father was employed there as a labourer for some time.

Meantime Alfred and I were sent to All Saints day school and in the same school George, after proving his aptitude as scholar was appointed monitor and received 20/- quarterly as pecuniary reward for his services. All the children went to All Saints Sunday School and attended Church Service after morning school. I received first prize in 1865 (History of Joseph) whether for good attendance or conduct is not stated. My sister Sarah was employed as domestic servant in houses belonging to shopkeepers in the neighbourhood.

- 22) The second disappointment was in connection with my brother Henry, who did not come within my mental horizon until I reached manhood.

It appears that Henry became junior clerk in the goods dept: of the L & Y Rly sometime round 1862. An omnivorous reader and chafing at home restrictions on his movements, he finally cut adrift and took lodgings away from home. Contact was made with him from time to time, but he rejected all overtures to return. Having a great desire to see the world he eventually listed in the Army and for a time was stationed in Ceylon. But Army restrictions were not to his liking and as during this period he kept up correspondence with a Miss Youds at whose house he had been lodged, when in Liverpool a bargain was seemingly struck that if Henry was "bought out" he would return to England and marry Sarah. The latter was a school teacher in Everton, had some property but suffered from the disability of having no right hand, only a stump.

- 23) While Henry's schemes are developing let us again glance at the Collingwood Street family in the 60's.

I notice that the next prize - this time a Prayer Book and H.T. I received for attendance at church school, was from St John the Baptist School Toxteth Park and the date September 1866. So that the family must have moved from Collingwood St, to 46 Combermere Street, Toxteth Park early in 1866. My father had then been some years working in the Mersey Forge Caryl St, and it was a drain on his strength to walk from the former address

when the job became a constant one. A few years later the family removed still nearer the forge, Harlow Street. In the 70's he was working in the Fitting shop of that Foundry in charge of a lathe and many a time I brought his rations to him when working late and watched with interest the steel cutting devices to a fraction of an inch as the shaft of some steamship in the stocks of some shipyard moved on its iron table to and fro.

In 1880 Father was retired on account of his age - 64

24) and what was my brother George doing in the 60's and 70's. He did not remain long pupil teaching. Henry's defection put a strain on the family purse and George nothing loth looked for more lucrative employment which he readily found in the job for similar to that vacated by his brother - clerking in the L & Y Rly. (He did try cabinet making but soon relinquished it) Having in his spare time mastered a knowledge of shorthand he was with this qualification enabled to obtain a seat in the Manager's office of the C.L.C. In his interview with the Manager) Mr English - the latter was suspicious that George might possibly be Irish - fate impossible, but satisfied himself that the name was not. So George entered on what may be regarded as a successful commercial career - he still enjoys and has enjoyed for many years a pension of £10 per month.

His wife died at 70. They had a large family of whom now survive:-

- Herbert - married Florence Darge - issue 1-son.
- Wm Alfred. - married V.Foster..... - issue 1-son and 1-daughter.
- Lehan) Both unmarried.
- Daisy)

25) Soon after the family resettled in Liverpool in 1860 my sister Sarah Jane entered domestic service and rarely was out of a situation. She was always helpful to father and mother, industrious and thrifty. She was much appreciated as a cook. In 1879 she was married to a gardener John Haynes. They had three daughters and one son. It was in their house in Wavertree that my mother lived (then a widow) for a few years before her death in 1908.

My elder brother Alfred Brazney was not so fond of book learning as either Henry or George and shunned the popular Educator and other periodicals which my father purchased to encourage his sons to improve their mental faculties. He left school at 13 (the usual school leaving age) He could not concentrate on learning shorthand like his brother and only stayed a short time as office boy in two firms before he found his position in the National S.S.Co as outdoor passenger clerk. He had much to do in arranging for the reception and temporary lodging of emigrants from Foreign ports before embarkation for N.S.N. Unfortunately he acquired irregular habits that interfered with promotion when it came its way, as he being of a genial disposition was well liked by his employers. When readjustment took place in the office Alfred found it incompatible with his wishes and left to take up the role of barman. He had previously married a barmaid, Lily Dodd who proved an excellent wife and eventually both jointly managed a Public House in Bootle. It was here he died when only 32 years odd.

27) The removal of the family from North to South end of Liverpool marked a new era - it was like moving from Connaught to Ulster. Combermere St was inhabited mainly by Lancashire folk and it was soon noted that James Taverner who had a job at the Mersey Forge and who never mixed with the public house set was something of an Irish man. However, in time, when the neighbours found that he and the family were church goers, first to St Thomas Grafton Street, then to the Chapel of ease in Windsor St, prejudice died down. Moreover he was looked up to in time when James Senior became Bombadier in the 8th Liverpool Artillery Volunteers, George his son one of the Bandsmen in that Regt, and for a short period, Alfred in the Rifle Regiment. And did not little Jimmy Taverner entertain some ex soldiers in neighbouring stables at times with singing patriotic songs learned at St Thomas's school. The favourites were
The British Lion is a noble scion, and
Come Cheer up my lads.

28) I must not deal too minutely with my own recollections during the period covering 1866 to 1882 as I have detailed these sufficiently elsewhere. I am more concerned here with the ups and downs of the family as a whole.

When in Combermere St, my Grandfather & Grandmother Harvey came to live with us in 1876. The former died in 1872 aged 74. The latter died in 1887 aged 89. Their son Blaney a builder in Philadelphia paid regularly for their keep. More than once he came over on a visit. Their eldest son Alexander a ne'er do well visited us from time to time. Their daughter Susanna and her husband Wm Cooke with some of their children visited us en route to U.S.A. Their youngest daughter Alicia visited us going to and returning from U.S.A. but these visits were made when we resided at 68 Harlow St, 18/3/80.

29) For about a year I was a scholar at St John Baptists school Wallington Rd, then was sent to St Thomas Grafton St, and when 13 worked in the latter school as Pupil Teacher for 5 years as apprentice receiving £100 in yearly instalments of £20. This amount proved a sort of next egg for family finances. I remained an assistant master for a year after my term of apprenticeship then obtained a post at £40 afterwards increased to £50 at St John Paptists school. The move to 68 Harlow St in 1878 was made so as to be nearer the school as well as nearer the Mersey Forge.

It was when I was approaching manhood that I fell in with some of my most valued friends - Tom Tuebuck, Jack Dunbar, Harry Branbeth, Frank Fairbrother and the Westlakes.

The two former became clergymen and my father

30) offered to see me through St Bidans if I chose to follow their example. I elected to remain a layman for various reasons which I need not specify here. The visit of a distant relative Henrietta Olivia Whyte (my grandmother Harvey (nee Grier) was her mothers aunt, to us when in Harlow St, put other visions in my head and really finally decided me on choosing a commercial career as the speediest method to make those visions come true. Following Georges example and with his help in more ways than one I have now no reason to regret the decisions then taken. Her sister Sarah Marie had been a welcome visitor with us before the light of Henriettas eyes shone on me.

In 1875 my brother George left home to get married to Ann Jane Parkhill a lady living in St Michaels in the Hamlet hailing originally from Carrickfergus.

In these years we had frequent visits from Irish relatives on the Harvey side, the Grier side also. Uncle Nicky Sherican, Aunt Scott, Wm Brazney and George Scott, Thomas Grier, Sarah Ralson.

31) In 1879 my sister Sarah Jane was married and in this year the long lost Henry turned up and introduced to the family his wife Sarah and his child Charles Austin Pemberton.

Henry was then working as a clerk in the Belfast S.S.Co His reception was without warmth and he told us very little about his adventures since he cut adrift. Even to me to whom he was very partial the mention of soldiering was taboo. Curiously enough as showing how history repeats itself Henry groused about the humdrum work he had to do at the dock office of the Co and on my fathers retirement in 1880 wished him to go partners in pig farming in Ballinderry. On this occasion the invitation to the old plantation was declined. However, as Henry was bent on making a change and having some money in hand, he crossed to the old spot, took over some

32) old shanty and began as he thought to show the natives how to make money out of pigs. He found after a time that he could never satisfy their beastly appetites and the experiment proved a dismal failure. It was on his return that the influence of his brother George stood him in good stead. The latter was able to get him a job in the Huskisson Dock Goods Station and he was sufficiently long there to entitle him to a pension of £1 per week when he retired at 65. He enjoyed the pension for 5 years. His wife predeceased him and his later years were spent living with his son and his wife. No doctor attended him in his last illness and an inquest was necessary. He died from

pneumonia. On the morning of the day he died he leaped out of bed and cried "Oh what a fine day for Lisburn market". I was the only mourner beside his son when was buried in Anfield. George arrived as we were returning from the graveside.

33) The following excerpts are from my fathers diary.

68 Harlow Street, 6th Feb: 1880. Left work Mersey Steel & Iron Co
the cause being my age.
viz:- 64 next birthday. 1st March 1880
In Bank & Post office and cash in hand
£204. 15. 6.

My father lived in retirement for 22 years. Whilst assistant at St John Baptists school the family moved in 1880 to a newer built house not far from Harlow St, namely 20 Pimbill St. When residing there Alfred got married and rented a house in the next street. I was then the only one earning in the family. The pittance I received as a teacher sharpened my wits and stimulated my energies to find a better way. Shorthand had provided the key for George's debut that seemed good enough for me. I resigned my position as teacher spent three months at home learning shorthand, joined shorthand and latin classes in the YMCA. Mount Pleasant and incidentally studied commercial matters and searched for chances of employment. Later I joined evening classes at the University College for study of French etc.

34) It was when residing in Pimbill St, that our family became attached to St Philemories Church. When the congregation was being formed for the prospective Church, years before and gathered Sunday by Sunday in the old Academy Berkley St, my father was looked upon by the Vicar designate Rev: J.H.Honeybourne as his first Churchwarden. And when St Philemories was set going as a separate congregation I was one of his first conformers., and when the Bishopric of Liverpool was formed and Rev: Wm Honeybourne appointed as Chaplain, I was one of the first voluntary readers appointed in the Diocese 1886. Debating societies were popular in Church circles in those days and some of my literary ventures were called forth and sallies made into the arena of polytechnics and economics in connection with them. Life was life indeed in those halcyon days. But no money hung on to the skirts of those gay doings, clerkships were scarce and although

35) the L.C.Assoc: of which George was a member introduced me to a number of firms requiring clerical assistance the salaries offered repelled £50 was the most offered and I stood out for £65 as a commencing salary. By the introduction of Mr Thomas Lee (of Lee & Nightingale printers) who was known by my brother I was sent over to Mr Blook the Society of Chamber of Commerce.. In his turn I was sent to Mr James Lord Bowes, Vice Pres: of the C & C who was really the person requiring a shorthand clerk and happily in August 1882 I was ensconced on a seat in the office of J.L.Bowes & Bros Wool Brokers Dale St, at the commencing salary of £80 per annum. I remained with Mr Bowes as his private Secretary until his tragic death in a train returning from London in October 1899. Was later employed by his successor in the business until his death in 1919. I was then in receipt of £300 per annum - two years later I resigned my post on account of nervous breakdown.

36) Family of Isaac & Susanna the youngest branch of Mark & Sarah Ann Taverner's family of Ballinderry from 1857 onwards.
Isaac born 1833, died 1916.
Married....(1) Susanna Larmour
(2) Widow White o

In this short sketch of the history of Isaac and the two families he was the head of I have practically no documents to rely on. The basis of it is of an oral character gleaned from time to time in conversation with Isaac himself in the latter part of his life and with his three sons Mark, Jacob and Wm Henry.

The only official document I have bearing any incidence to life in the Tansy after my father left in 1857 is a claim for arrears

of rent for £13. being due for the years 1857 and 1858. It is addressed to James and Sarah Ann Taverner (The latter is identical) with my mothers name but no doubt Grandmother was intended.

- 37) I received the document from my brother George, who presumably had it preserved amongst some of fathers papers. However, the document shows that there were monetary troubles hovering round the Tansy about the time my father migrated to Hightown. Likely enough these were overcome when Isaac married Susanna Larmour in or about 1857 as she came from a well to do family in the district and would surely bring a portion. The family then comprised. Grandmother who must have been well over 70. Alexander 26 or over. Jacob nearing his majority and about to join the R.I.C.

About every two years commencing 1858 children were added to the household, the eldest

Arthur John - then Mark 1860. Jacob 1862
Mary & William Henry 1865.

- 38) Jacob Jr and Wm Henry have vivid recollections of their tall and religiously disposed grandmother in their early days especially, her habits of praying aloud morning and night in her bedroom. They never mentioned having any work to do in connection with weaving and I assume that the attention of their father was confined to farming and possibly something in the building line. (Uncle Isaac showed me, with a certain amount of pride a stone bridge which he built over a brook when I visited Ballinderry in 1908). Apart from what is mentioned above, the brothers Jacob and Wm Henry have little light to throw on their early days and have no sentimental affection for Ballinderry and its amenities. The schooling they had was of a meagre description and so soon as they were deemed strong enough they were apprenticed to the shopkeepers away from home. Jacob when 14, Wm Henry when 12, Arthur John already away when young, ditto Mark. Mary their sister.

- 39) was married to her cousin Nelson Higginson when very young, the match causing much unfavourable comment at the time.

Wm Henry had no compunction in saying to me when conversing with him a few years ago, he considered his father a "Hard man"

A sidelight as showing how things were tending is afforded by a paragraph contained in a letter to my father from Uncle Henry Australia dated 30th Dec: 1870. It reads:-

"I hear from my mother regularly and she complains sadly about the way Isaac and his wife treat her. Isaacs wife has got some money left her".

Grandmother Taverner lived until she was 80. Uncle Alick died when about 60.

Jacob was not long in the R.I.C. Took ill when on duty was brought to Tansy where he died and was buried in the Taverner plot at Templecormac.

- 40) Susanna, Isaac's wife, died at a comparatively early age and was also buried at Templecormac and over her grave is the only headstone erected marking the spot where generations of the family were buried.

With the death of his wife and the seldom visits of his children now scattered far and wide, Isaac was in full possession of the coveted Tansy with a vengeance. But he was not happy living alone and in the 80's he made up to a widow who owned some property and a wee house in the neighbourhood. The match was made up and in time the Tansy was vacated and a new family sprung up.

William White born about 1886.
Kate born ??? married to a Mr Smith.
Living in Ballinderry.

- 41) With the passing of the years old animosities die and there was nothing but cordiality displayed by my father and mother when in 1898 or 9 Isaac youngest son of William Henry knocked at my fathers door in Holmes St and claimed a kinsmans welcome. Wm Henry appreciated such help as his Uncle and Aunt were able to render and some years later I was

touched to hear from his lips that he regarded my father with more filial feelings than his own natural father. No mention had been made by his own or by my father about the 1851 adventure. He was only a boy when he left the Tansy and was told very little of what had taken place there. He knew his father treasured an old flint lock gun (probably that used by grandfather Harry in 1798) and he once heard his father remark that farms round about when they became vacant were usually given to soldiers who had served under local officers.

- 42) Nor did I discuss the rights and wrongs of the 1851 adventure when, in company with my wife I visited Ballinderry in 1909 and made first acquaintance of Uncle Isaac the, to me, principal actor in the piece. A word about that visit.

We drove up to Mrs White T's place - a fine house standing on an eminence - and knocked at the front door, but received no answer. I then went round to the back and introduced myself to my Aunt. I asked if Uncle Isaac was in. She said Yes, but was in bed. Ill? No, then gave a significant remark denoting that he was a bit off color or had the sulks but I might go up and see him. I did so and after a little chat he became lively and friendly. He seemed proud of the way his sons were turning out especially Mark, whose enlarged photo (framed) adorned the bedroom wall - Was he not Mayor of a town in America.? But he did not approve of the abbreviated spelling of the name they had chosen. ENER instead of ERNER. He would see to it that it was rightly spelt on his tombstone.

- 43) He told me not to forget that my Grandfather Mark built the spire of Ballinderry (new) Church (built 1824) He promised the good work my father did in opening and carrying on Killultagh Sunday School between the years 1851/60 would not be forgotten. There was not one word about the rupture between the families. So Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other.

Uncle Isaac died in 1916 aged 82. He was not a man much beloved to the district where he had lived his life. He appeared to be of a harsh domineering turn but hardworking, strickly honest, sober and religious minded if regular church going was anything to go by. If there is any truth in gossip, his first wife Susanna had a hard time putting up with his whims and the bitter time he had with his second wife was no more than he deserved., and his name as carved on the tombstone when I saw it in 1933 had the middle "R" omitted after all.

- 44) In that same year and when I visited Ballinderry (1933) I found the old thatched Tansy farmhouse had been converted into a summer sleeping place for occasional visitors to the nearby new bungalow, built by a Belfast lady, who had purchased the whole property. Mrs White Taverner's property inherited by Wm White T. (his mother having died in the war years) had all been sold out and there was not a family owning the name residing in the district at that time. Today Wm White Taverner resides with his wife and two daughters in Newcastle, Co Down.

- 45) In spite of being thrown into the hurly burly of life in their early years Uncle Isaac's sons seem to have given a good account of themselves.

The eldest Arthur John married Mary Mc Neil.
sons Albert & Ernest George.
Daughter.. Elizabeth.

Had flourishing business in Lurgan general store, sold it, came to Liverpool after his youngest brother Wm Henry had established a Drysaltery & Confectionery business. Helped him for a time. Started another business in neighbourhood. Died when about 70.

His son Albert has since died 1935 (left two daughters)
" " Ernest George (Marine Engineer) lives Cheshire.

- 46) Isaac's second son Mark born 1860 lived in U.S.A. most of his life, married, had two daughters one married and with whom he now lives (1936) a widower in California. When on a visit to this country in 1910 he called on me when residing with my wife and children at 25 Norma Rd, Waterloo, of short stout build with some American assertive points but failed to make a favourable impression on his brothers and in laws residing in Liverpool, as he was always uncomfortably short of petty cash, he was not of a cultured type, all the same he had

strong religious impulses. Told me he had got religion just in time. The drink habit was getting a strong hold on him when on being caught in a severe thunderstorm in a lonely spot in North Dakoton, he made a vow that if he came safely through it, he would touch drink no more. He survived the storm, kept his vow and became one of Esmond's Worthies. Hence the enlarged photo already mentioned. Later Mark and my daughter Myra Green's family, living in N. Dakoten, became friendly.

- 47) JACOB - Isaacs 3rd son Born 1862.
Married Louisa Woods.
One son Robert.

I called on my cousin Jacob when in Ireland 1933. For many years he had a flourishing business in Fivemiletown Co Fermanagh as Storekeeper and Auctioneer. He was then about to sell it and to live a retired life. He has other interests outside business enough to occupy his spare time having been made J.P. some years ago.

A man above average intelligence and agreeable withal. Some time ago he purchased a property of 30 acres outside F.Town and built a handsome house to dwell in.

- 48) The house was built from his own design - also a well 52 feet deep with sufficient water to supply the township - a dynamo to supply the electric lighting of the house which I found luxuriously furnished but, alas, too big for daily use but useful when they have visitors. The land and gardens the latter artistically laid out are in the charge of a special caretaker whose lodge is close to the avenue leading to the house.

The only "Fly" in the ointment is that their son Bobby is not "shipminded" and his adventure in matrimony was not a fortunate one, his wife now having parted from him.

- 48) Wm Henry - Isaac's youngest son by his first wife, was born in 1865 and died in Liverpool, February 3rd 1936. He was married twice.
(1) Jane Wilson, issue Mary, Herbert, Arthur, Elizabeth, Margaret, Alfred, James, Henry, Lily.
(2) Elizabeth Barnes, issue - Grace.

In my opinion Wm Henry was of all his sons most like his father Isaac - energetic forceful to a high degree - bent on making money and stopping holes to prevent its leakage. He seems to have succeeded pretty well, although the final outcome of his estate is not yet known.

In 1933 I had a chat with him in house in Bromboro' Cheshire, once a memorial residence, with croquet, and tennis lawns, glasshouses and out buildings to match. All formed part of an estate of 700 acres which he had bought and was

- 49) selling in plots to builders of house property (What would father Isaac have thought if he had lived?)

He had lands in other parts of Cheshire, to be similarly treated - also 40 acres Wrexham way which latter however were a trouble to him. His medical adviser wished him to ease off work but his many interests required his personal supervision. He had a solicitor whom he could trust absolutely. His three sons were managing the Confectionery branch known as Tavener Rutledge & Co,
Beech Street,
Fairfield, Liverpool.

Wm Henry retaining proprietorship of the Drysaltery Branch.

The word "Leisure" was not in Wm Henry's vocabulary. He was happiest giving vent to his restless energies, and he collapsed at his business, was brought to Liverpool Royal Infirmary where he died.

- 50) In 1933 in course of our conversation Wm Henry said it was a constant regret his Father did not give him a better schooling as it kept him moving in political and social circles. Jacob his brother had no better advantages than he, yet Jacob whose bearing is certainly cultured and refined evidently was able to make good, the short educational cargo his father loaded him with.

I will say this for Wm Henry, he was always very kind to my Father and Mother during their lifetime and whatever sums he borrowed

from them at the beginning of his career in Liverpool he faithfully repaid.

51) Mark - 4th son of Mark & Sarah Ann Taverner.

Born 1826. died March 1892.
 Married twice (1) Susanna Copson in 1848, died 1869 or 1870.
 (in Wm Henry letter to my father dated 30th December 1870
 he wrote -

"I hear Marks wife died last September)

(2) Catherine Molyneaux.

On reaching manhood Mark did not leave his native heath but when 22 married Susannah Copson residing with her parents and one brother, on a farm of about 7 acres near Templecormac. The parents were elderly and the brother of little practical account. The bargain on Mark "Marrying in" was that he was responsible for maintaining the joint household, and in due time to become sole proprietor of the tenant right. Nothing was disclosed about there being large debts to pay off. His was a tremendous job and it speaks well for the stamina of the man that he

52) lived to accomplish so much as he did. But the cost in the toll of lives was terrible and I am not able to say what was the principle cause of this loss but during the 21 years of his marriage he had buried his three in laws, and five out of the eight children, (some twins) born in a cottage and last of all Susannah was laid to rest. The twins died within a few hours of each other and were buried in the same grave. They were well favoured as regards looks - old Miss Hill of Ballinderry to whom I spoke in 1933 said they were angelic looking. Both attended the church Sunday school and on their death the wife of the Rector Canon Sayers superintendent of the school composed some verses afterwards printed which recorded the sad event. The only son was subsequently killed in a tram accident in Belfast. Of the two surviving daughters:-

Mary married Joseph Lowry of Belfast, issue 1-son 2-daughters.
 Elizabeth married a sea captain (died in U.S.A.) no details.

53) Shortly after the death of his last wife Mark married the 19 year old Catherine Molyneaux residing locally, who survived him for 15 years, dying in December 1907. Their children were:-

Sarah (died in January 1936) married a cottager named Wesley Peel. Issue 4-daughters., lived a widow for many years. Small in stature intelligent rather reserved.

Rachel, born 1872 or 1873.

Came to Liverpool and stayed with my father and Mother when living in Holmes St, she was for a time waitress at Eaton Hall, Chester. Returning to Ballinderry she married a widower John Lavery by whom she has three sons, and one daughter, living now in Lisburn. A short stout, capable understanding woman. Though no book worm knows her bible well, and delightful to converse with.

54) James Alfred Rowley Taverner only surviving son of Mark & Catherine about 50 years odd old. Bright, intelligent, had little schooling. Left home when 14 to live in Belfast where he worked as a shoe maker. An accident to his foot causes him to limp, which is a great handicap. He is married, has two daughters, one married, and lives at 16 Warrenbank Drive, Lisburn. He tells me that in his younger days at home his Father had four looms going in the house.

My Father who always stayed with his brother Mark when he re-visited Ballinderry which he did at least twice during his retirement 1880 to 1902) used to praise the view from Marks cottage. From a spot close by could be seen Lough Bay (part of Lough Neagh) Portmore on its shore and Century Hill was a favourite foregathering place for folks round about. He was too old to climb Crewe Hill, which overlooks the whole district, but I did not fail to go to that historic spot when I was visiting the place in 1933. Here is what has been written about it.

CREWE HILL. 1000 years ago when there was a kingdom of ULADH or ULIDIA embracing the countries of Antrim and Down it was on Crewe Hill that the kings were crowned and there still remains on the top of the hill the stone on which according to tradition the coronation took place. Here also the kings had their residence, fortified after the Celtic manner, and which had to sustain many hostile attacks, some of them recorded in the Irish Annals. In 1003 and again in 1099 the Uidians were defeated and driven from the "Hills" by the O'Neills of Tyrone but they took their revenge in 1111 when they marched into Tyrone and at the battle of Tallyhogue routed their ancient enemies.

In 1005 Brian, born King of Ireland came to Crewe Hill to receive the homage of the Ulidian chief, and to exchange presents with him after the Irish custom.

- 56) It is a stiff climb to the top but the view from it is worth the effort. The stone itself seems to be a big boulder of whinstone sloping outwards from the ground in the shape of a chair, the lower part shaped roughly like a seat. Towards the east rises Mount Kemish where St Patrick is said to have herded sheep when a boy.

Note...The Danish historian Saxo Grammaticus wrote:-

"The ancients when they were to choose a king were wont to proclaim their vote in order to foreshadow from the steadfastness of the stones that the deal would be lasting".

Yes, the situation of Marks cottage was "alright", with the spirits of dead kings overlooking it - the round towers of other days shining in Lough Neagh and Ballinderry solemn oak trees breathing barm everywhere.

The scene pictured on page 58 was enacted in a cluster of cottages on the slope of Crewe Hill.

- 57) The cottage comprised only butt and ben. The bedroom when I visited the place with my Father in 1883 contained two beds with a curtain half way down from the ceiling, Mark & Catherine slept on one side and my Father and I slept on the other side of the curtain. I do not remember seeing any cousin of mine then, but when my Father went again in 1884 both Rachel & Sarah were lively girls about the house. Neither Mark nor my father visited their brother Isaac when on these visits, family funerals were practically the only occasions when the brothers Mark & Isaac met one another.

My impressions of Uncle Mark is of a rather bony well set up man with a fine open face, with whiskers on side cheeks and under his chin, shapely nose and high forehead. He was a handy man both at farm work and at the loom indoors, without the weaving Uncle Mark could not have paid his way. Mark did not take kindly to

- 58) book learning, but when he took his pen in hand, he could write an intelligent and amusing sort of letter, as if he was conversing with one. He had a style and spelling all his own and many a good laugh we used to have when he summoned up his courage to wield a pen, to acknowledge one of my Fathers stiff matter of fact epistles to him, although the same often contained tokens of his affection.

- 59) HENRY - 3rd son of Mark & Sarah Ann Taverner. Born 1821 died 1890.

Married Margaret Large of Queens County, died in 87th year.

Bought and brought up at the Tansy, Ballinderry and when eligible followed my fathers example in joining the Royal Irish Constabular when both happened to be at the old home they were locally regarded as fine strapping members of that semi military organization. But that did not frequently happen as my father was stationed at Castleblayney and Henry somewhere near Dublin.

Whilst in the force Henry met Margaret, whose father owned, with some land nearby, all the village of Ballintubba, Queens County. In 1849 or 1850 he married this young lady who eventually inherited one third of the above property. In the latter the couple emigrated to Melbourne where Margaret had a sister married to the Town Clerk of north Melbourne.

- 60) and who doubtless encouraged the couple to emigrate. At all events when they landed in Melbourne Henry was not slow finding employment and I recollect seeing a letter from him to my Father written on blue official notepaper saying that he had become Bridewell Keeper in

some out township. But he did not remain long in that position for, as his own son Robert wrote me "He hated confinement to work in office and under others", so that after a while he speculated in the purchase of a tumbledown place in old Kerany and set up as Hotel proprietor paying an exorbitant price and binding himself with promissory notes. He struggled against many and great difficulties making plenty of money but being robbed right and left by dishonest employees. Meantime children began to come thick and fast starting with Robert Henry who came on the scene soon after arrival in Australia that is, 1851. He is still living (1930).

61) Henry & Margaret.

In 1865 there were five sons and one daughter to the marriage. In that year Henry wrote my father that after his hotel at old Kerany had been destroyed by fire (date not stated) he had set up again at Williamstown but did not stay long there. He and the family left in October 1864 and came to New Kerang 200 miles from Melbourne. There he bought a large hotel with 9 acres of land furniture and bedding for £1500 and stock £200 in all £1700, he writes:-

"I was not worth £1 at the time I bought it. I have it all paid off now but £400 I have got about 14 horses, 100 goats, 58 pigs, some sheep, lots of poultry and I made about half a ton of hams and bacon last winter besides plenty of fresh and corned pork. I pay a blacksmith £2 per week and find him. He does all the work of the neighborhood and wheelrights work, also repairs and makes spring carts., luggage etc. I drive

62) out in my own light American waggon with two horses occasionally. Under the new land act in this colony I have taken up 142 acres for which I pay 2/- an acre for ten years, and then it will be mine freehold for ever. The Road Board office was held in my house for four years, the clerk died last April and I was acting clerk for three months and have been Auditor for six years".

In a letter written a few years later, Henry wrote "I have a roadside hotel where the coaches pass four times a week and the passengers dine four times a week. There is more business doing here than in Williamsdown, meals 4/-, beds 4/-, drinks 1/- per glass, 10/- for living of a horse for the night, 8/- for hay alone, 3/6 for feed of oats. The prices seem very good but other things are high. My cook, a man gets 25/- a week, two girls £35 a year each, My groom £1 per week, and I have an old lady as governess for the children £30 a year."

63) Robert Henry commenting upon his Father's letter, which I sent to him (having kept a copy of same) writes:-

"It carries me back to my boyhood (I am now 83) and fills my memory with all the wonders surrounding boyhood and particularly with an outlook as in this case, connected with Aborigines, horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, kangaroo, wild ducks, geese and turkeys, hens and all the excitement connected with country life".

It was in and about Kerany the family grew up, were educated and given a career. When Henry retired he and his wife went to a farm four miles outside Kerany where their third son Louis lived with him family and worked the farm. There they lived quietly until 1890 when Henry died aged 69. Margaret his widow survived him some years, dying in her 87th year.

IN THE BEGINNING

I did not see light on the day I was born for my entry to this world was at 10 p.m on Tuesday, November 6th, 1900. I was the eighth child born to my parents, William Henry and Jane Tavener (nee Wilson) and the fifth son, one of whom Arthur John, died at birth or in infancy, and was buried at Walton Church in the 1890's. I am, therefore, the seventh surviving child. At the time I was born I had three sisters, one more was to come and another boy, who died of measles about 1906. The total family was 10 children - 6 boys and 4 girls, and the surviving family 8 - 4 boys and 4 girls

Whilst I was lying in my cradle and developing an identity of my own, let us take a look at my background and that of my parents. They were born and brought up in Northern Ireland - father at Ballinderry, near Lisburn, and mother at Carnlough, a little fishing village just north of Larne. Little is known on the maternal side except that nearly all the males are lost at sea. Nothing is known of ancestors beyond my maternal grandmother whom the family often visited for holidays and who lived to a very great age.

On the paternal side there is a different story and the tree can be taken back to the days of William the Conqueror, although in my record there is a gap between Ralph Le Taverner, 11th century, and William of Normandy, which I was never able to fit in. However, it is not the intention here to delve into the distant past; that has already been recorded elsewhere, but to deal only with the immediate background of my parents. Suffice it to say that my ancestors lived illustrious lives, have well and truly served the Monarchs of this Realm, and with distinction and reward, as will be seen from perusal of the family record. As my father often said, "Never be ashamed of the family name, Kings and Princes have been pleased to use it to advantage and to their profit. Do not disgrace it and it will not disgrace you."

I go back then only to paternal grandfather, Isaac Taverner, spelled with two R's. He was one of 13 children who came into the world at about the time of the Irish Potato Famine, 1830-40. There was no Free State in those days and Ireland was Ireland, not Eire or Ulster. The family had been farmers for generations but formerly prosperous. In those days it appears that the technique for pest control was nil or near nil, and since Ireland depended on the potato crop for its livelihood, it follows that prosperity in Ireland was irrevocably linked to this crop. The famine hit the whole community, never very prosperous (the English saw to that) and starvation and privacy stalked the land. No help was forthcoming from England who regarded Ireland as a 'cabbage patch' and the Irish as semi-barbarians - both to be exploited for the benefit of the aristocratic landowners. This episode did indeed aggravate the unsettled conditions which had obtained in Ireland for centuries and helped hasten the partition which eventually happened in 1922 when Munster Leimster and Connaught became Eire, and Ulster stood firm to the Crown.

Although Isaac was not the eldest son, nor eldest child of the 13, it seems he was very alert for he manipulated affairs in such a way that he became owner of the family farm, known as "The Tansy", which, as a result of the economic conditions following the famine, had been reduced to waste land and bare walls. There was no stock, no grain, no implements, even no furniture in the farmhouse - all had been sold at giveaway prices to feed the large family and their dependents.

Isaac's methods may not have been honest - in fact they were dishonest. He had no money to pay for farm help and he got around this by inducing his brothers, who had wisely left agriculture, to return and assist him to re-establish the family fortunes on the promise of partnership. To his credit it can be recorded that he did re-establish the old home but there was no partnership and those who returned to help him eventually returned to the land of their choice empty handed.

Conditions in the 1850's must have been atrocious and how so many lived through it is a miracle. I remember hearing, as a boy, talks by my elders about these conditions. Imagine running a farm without implements. The spade had to be wielded to dig the land. The first necessity being to grow food for the family to eat, supplies were sold and the money went back into the farm. Furniture was not acquired for many years and until it was, there being no beds, they all slept on the floor on straw. That they kept their self-respect and enough ambition and courage to spur them on resounds to their credit at a time when in the south of Ireland similar conditions brought riot and bloodshed.

In such extremities MEN ARE MADE. Thrift was developed to a fine art (and has been passed on for three generations) and work, real hard work from dawn to dusk was the only alternative to sleep. Isaac had need to be farmer, butcher, bricklayer, blacksmith, plumber, joiner, painter and even steeplejack, for in the early days he could not afford to employ them. All these things he did with consummate skill and a lasting testimony to his energy and skill as a steeplejack being the spire of Ballenderry Church, which he is said to have erected. In this churchyard he is buried but the stone over him spells his name without the "R" contrary to his wishes.

Sum Isaac up then as an opportunist who would not object to some deviates from the straight and narrow to gain his ends, as honest only as he had need to be. Thrifty, hardworking, deeply religious, as are all farmers, ambitious, painstaking, courageous and perhaps a little mad. For all his faults he was a man to admire for what he accomplished from a start which would have daunted many a greater man.

Isaac had four sons, ARTHUR, MARK, JACOB, WILLIAM HENRY (note the Biblical names) From the tales I heard when young, I gathered these boys enjoyed themselves despite the fact that there was no organised sport, no theatre, no cinema, and they had to create their own fun.

I remember hearing stories of the "Little Folk" who lured you away from home, of the fairies down the garden, of the howling dervishes, the herald of death. Although the locals were superstitious, as are most country folk, my father had much fun at the expense of their credulity. He was definitely not superstitious.

There is the tale of the 'Tavener Ghost' recorded elsewhere and put over the radio on several occasions, and then there was Tim, the village joiner, whose duty it was to get busy when anybody died, for coffins were not kept on tap, but the trouble with Tim was that he was too fond of the bottle, and stood drinking in the local all day and worked well into the night if the job was a coffin.

On one such dark night when he returned to work, the coffin moved a foot down the bench and each time he put his hand on it, it moved away from him. This result had far reaching effects for it gave Tim such a scare that he never worked again at night, preferring to work in daytime, with consequent improvement in his habits. It was, of course, the work of the Tavener boys who had fastened a piece of rope to each end of the coffin whilst Tim was imbibing, and pulled it up and down the bench at the appropriate moments.

Is it to be wondered at that Isaac refused to allow the boys to follow his calling. Not wanting them to have to repeat his battle, and thinking that a trade in their hands would be the surest way to achieve this end, he put all four of them as they became old enough out as apprentices to grocery. In those days, and indeed until 1920, a grocer was a tradesman held in high esteem. Certainly beyond the bricklayer, joiner or plumber, who were referred to as common tradesmen. Whereas no grocers exist to-day - shop assistants merely hand out packets - the grocers of that time were indispensable.

The pay to commence was £5 per annum or, if you were lucky, £10. The apprentice had to live in for he started at 6 a.m. and finished at 10 p.m., except Saturday, when it was midnight, or if any customers were still about, later. He had to know butter and its quality by the barrel, not by the 1¼ lb packet. He tasted his wares and was in a position to advise his customers. He was a judge of quality in all foodstuffs, he bought in quality and in bulk, and after shop hours it was his duty to weigh up in ¼ lb or ½ lb all manner of foods. Butter, margarine, lard (there was no cooking fat in those days) rice, sago, barley, tapioca, peas, beans, currants, sugar and all such goods as are nowadays pre-packed by the manufacturer or supplier. He blended tea, coffee, cleaned currants, made pickles and sauces and knew how to cut up a pig. He was also an authority on

wine. All this and much more was the grocer's lot and although he spent his first year in scrubbing floors and assisting in the domestics of his employer (chopping sticks, cleaning windows etc.,) by the time he had served his apprenticeship, which was seven years, he was really a knowledgeable man, and a craftsman, and ready to become a master grocer as soon as he could save enough money to make a start. Many such men came to England and founded businesses which still flourish to-day.

MARK emigrated to America as did many Irishmen of that day. He settled in CARRINGTON, NORTH DAKOTA, prospered and eventually became Mayor of that city. He returned to his native land once, and visited us in England in 1912. He was a gay old boy, strong as an ox and full of the devil. I passed through Carrington in 1936 but did not stop off for the family had then departed hence.

ARTHUR, the eldest, set up in business in Lisburn only a few miles from his native village but he did not then or indeed at any time make spectacular progress. He was a jovial contented man, rather fond of the bottle, in contrast to his brothers who were teetotal and non-smokers. Arthur had all the vices, even to slow horses. Having little or no ambition he lived a contented life. He married my mother's aunt, a charming Victorian lady, and indeed a lady, who had been brought up and well educated by Freemasons. This union made my mother's aunt, my aunt also.

Arthur had 2 sons and 1 daughter. BERTIE, who later operated a fleet of left hand swing NAPIER taxis - the smartest in Liverpool. He went on the bottle and lost his taxis. ERNEST, who became Chief Engineer for Alfred Holt, Blue Funnel Line, and LILY who remained a spinster as a result of a disappointment in a love affair. They were indeed a very happy and charming family, albeit they could all spend at a greater rate than they could earn.

We will hear more of Arthur later in the story.

JACOB set up in business in Fivemiletown, County Fermanagh on the border of what is now the Irish Free State or Eire. He remained there all his life and from small beginnings built up a business which dominated the area. He built a very fine house and acquired much land in the area. He died only a few years ago, leaving considerable wealth and one son, BOBBIE.

And now for WILLIAM HENRY. He could not get out of Ireland fast enough. Where and how he met my mother I do not know for certain, but suspect it may have been through her aunt who had married my father's brother, Arthur. I do know that in 1884 he took Jane Wilson, my mother, out on Lough Neagh in a rowboat - proposed - was accepted and they were married. Soon after this, William Henry, 20 years old, and his wife, 18 plus, landed penniless in Liverpool, a foreign, cold and friendless city, to begin a battle for survival almost equal to that endured and finally overcome by his father.

LIVERPOOL 1885

When Grandfather Isaac took over the derelict Tansy farm, we now know that he had no capital to work it, and that he enticed labour (relatives) to help him on the strength of his promises. One such relative was his elder brother, James, who like many Irishmen emigrated in the hungry 50's. He went to Liverpool where he joined the Liverpool City Police. Such men as he were welcome to the Force. They had what the Force needed. Health and strength above average, used to long hours of work. Honest, hardworking, thrifty, non-smokers and teetotallers all and fine fellows in a rough house, of which there were many in an expanding seaport like Liverpool. At the time, something like half the Force were Ulstermen who preferred a regular job with good pay and pension prospects in England rather than risk the hazards of farm life in Ireland. Yet very few of them ever rose above the rank of sergeant and this probably was attributed to the lack of education.

James had served 5 years in the Liverpool Police when Isaac sent his SOS and was doing well, having already received two commendations from the Chief for outstanding service. The powers of persuadence brought to bear by Isaac must have been prodigious, for they did the trick, and after consultation with his family, then young, he retired from the Force (to the regret of the Chief Constable, as a letter proves) packed up his traps and returned with his family to the place of his birth and early childhood.

Such was the man, my father's Uncle James - who all his long life went about doing good for friends and relations whom he thought needed help. I never heard my father sing the praises of any man - except Uncle James - for whom he could never do enough, against whom he would hear no word and for whom he would neglect everything if called upon to do so. He told me that his Uncle James had been a better father to him than his own father, always there with sound advice, a helping hand, and if needed (AS IT WAS) a roof over his head and a home.

I never had the pleasure of meeting this grand old man, but his illustrious story shone out like a beacon extorting us to forget self and consider the other fellow. I regard him as being of the missionary or schoolmaster type - one who could talk to and advise young and old - one to whom it was a delight to listen. It is indeed a travesty that Uncle James' influence did not sink deeper into my father's skin, for although he always paid homage to the characteristics of his benefactor and was deeply grateful to him, he never developed the generous and easy nature of his uncle.

JAMES had given up his job and a nice and comfortable house in exchange for the squalor and rigours of the Tansy farm where quite a number of people existed in conditions comparable to those pertaining to the Middle Ages. By dint of hard work by those men and their families, the old farm began to regain its former establishment, but as conditions improved, it soon became clear that Isaac had no intention of implementing his promises. The helpers then began to

go their various ways and left unrewarded.

JAMES returned to Liverpool where his former record with the Police Force stood him in good stead, so much so that, contrary to regulations at that time, he was re-instated and with full pension and promotion rights. He rented a small house on Pimhill Street, South Liverpool (behind Park Road) in what is now a slum area, but which at that time was the type of house in which the artisan and tradesman lived. Small, terraced, but very respectable, neat and clean.

It was to him - the only relative in a cold relentless foreign city, that my mother and father came in 1885.

My father had some doubt as to how he would be received, knowing full well how his father had so shabbily treated his uncle. I learned that there were tears in his eyes at the welcome they received and on being told that they could regard 33 Pimhill Street as their home until such time as they were able to stand on their own feet. At this address the first child, my eldest sister, May, was born in 1887, and the rest of the family continued to arrive at apparently two yearly intervals until 1905. Since there would be little interest in detailing the address at which the remainder of the family was born, I will content myself by repeating my father's statement that he moved house on 29 occasions. I never could reconcile this figure but did assume that it included addresses at which they have lodged and temporary addresses

I know they lived in Litherland Drive, Bootle, (grocery shop), where Herbert and Edith were born, also a grocery shop, corner of Doncaster Street and Hopwood Street, and Garibaldi Street, back Cazneau Street. This was a private house from which father delivered his sauces and pickles in a hand cart. Also Cazneau Street, corner of Beau Street, then to 54 Dryden Street, then to 31 Bute Street where I was born - 183 Conway Street, Birkenhead, 46 Luton Grove, Liverpool, 51 St. Domingo Vale and finally Ashfield, Bromborough.

Having a roof over his head he set out to look for employment, and it is natural that he went to his trade i.e. grocers assistant. It is also natural that he went to a fellow countryman. "SHAW'S MARKET" IN Great Homer Street (it is still there) was a Grocery Emporium and was known far and wide for the quality, cheapness and service offered. Shaw was himself an Ulsterman who probably came over a generation before my father and by dint of hard work, thrift and some slave driving of his staff, was able to offer merchandise at prices below that of his competitors. He claimed to be a patriotic benefactor of the emigrants but the truth was that he exploited them for his own benefit.

In return for their services he paid the princely sum of 15/- per week and all found. The assistants ate and slept on the premises and their week consisted of 6 days from six to midnight. They also had to attend Church with him on Sunday (no Roman Catholics were ever employed), after which they had the Sunday afternoon to themselves.

Married men, or men with outside homes were not employed, lest they help themselves and their families to Mr. Shaws provisions. This then was the first job my father had in England, to qualify for which, according to the Laws of Shaw, he had to pose as a single man.

In later life, he told me that he had had a great respect, or even fear, for 'The Gentlemen of England', this phrase meaning any Englishman in business. He admired, envied and respected the many Commercial travellers who called on Shaw in their hansom cabs and top hats, as was the fashion in those days. The time did come when those gentry were proud to account and respect him but meantime he lived in awe of them,

Posing as a single man and having to live in did not suit him for long and as he gained confidence he became more daring. After they had scrubbed down at night and had supper, he was wont to shin down the water pipe from the fourth floor at the back of the premises, and make his way home to Pimhill Street on foot, a distance of about 3 miles, and, of course, make his way back in time to start next morning. This unbeknown to Mr. Shaw, but within the knowledge of fellow unfortunates, some of whom copied his example. This job lasted for about nine months and might have lasted a little longer but for the fact that Mr. Shaw was waiting for him at the bottom of the water pipe one night. To break the Gospel according to Shaw had but one sequel. In any case it is doubtful if he would have stayed at Shaws Market much longer for he felt the urge to try his hand at trading on his own account, and the very long hours thus rather cramped his style and left him so little time to himself.

He got a job at the docks, not difficult in those days for an Irishman who was prepared to put forth double the effort of local men. Dock labour to-day is principally Irish, no doubt from this origin, but by now those Irishmen have fallen in line with their English tutors. The wage was 21/- weekly but as he had to feed himself out of this, he was little if any better off. However, he did get more time to himself, which he used to advantage.

Amongst his general accomplishments, a grocer knows how to make sauces and pickles, red cabbage, piccalli, and it was in this direction that he turned. With what little funds he had accumulated - remember, no smoking, no drinking, no theatres or other entertainments, no buses, only shanks pony, and he repaired his own and the family's shoes himself - he attended the North Market, Cazneau Street, and bought, after much bargaining, red cabbage, cauliflower, gherkins and such other vegetables as was necessary for his concoction.

Pickled and compounded, and then filled into secondhand jam jars and sauce bottles, which he acquired from cutlers (rag and bone men) he sold them to local shopkeepers. This was his first manufacturing effort which he performed without help in the basement of the house they had now acquired. It was also his first effort as a salesman

These products, which were continued up to 1914, were really good for

I have many recollections of eating them at home as a boy and purloining them in the various stages of pickling when I got the opportunity. His sauce (I never knew how to make it, but I am sure it was made from the most abominable rubbish) was in demand. The grill sauce was, in my opinion, equal to HP sauce and he also made a very excellent Worcester sauce, a la Lea & Perrin, which bore this remarkable phrase on the label "Made from a recipe of a Nobleman in the Country".

Foolishly he made very near copies of HP and Lea & Perrin labels, who objected and threatened proceedings, but now having some confidence in himself and his ability to prosper, he told them both to go to the same place. I don't think they took his advice, for when he inadvertently, or not, put some of his sauce into bottles bearing the famous HP mark in the glass, they came down on him with a bang. He did not even attend Court, but sent a letter of apology and was ordered to behave himself in the future.

This early sales experience in a tough market in very tough times made him a super salesman. Within my own knowledge he has knowingly sold many pups but instead of being thrown out by an enraged buyer, he always got another order. It was said he could sell ice-cream to Eskimos.

He was, however, slack on his credit and allowed much of his money to find its way into his ledgers instead of his bank account.

The next move was to open a shop, not a fully fledged grocery, he had not the capital, but a shop of the general type from which he continued his sauce and pickle effort now established on a semi-wholesale basis, having come to the conclusion that the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board could now get along without him.

He used to tell an interesting story of his early days concerning his exploits on a day which had been unkind to him. He was having a bad day, both for cash and orders and he went into a Cocoa Rooms for a cup of tea. He went with his cup of tea to a table which had just been vacated by three men. As he pushed their crockery to one side he was astonished to see 5 half sovereigns on the table. He consulted his conscience awhile (not for long, I am sure) not knowing what to do. The final outcome was obvious, for 5 half sovereigns was an awful lot of money in those hard times. Satan won - he picked up the gold, left his tea, and made off as fast as his legs would carry him. Hereinafter he did not patronise that particular cafe.

The way of the transgressor is hard, for with those 5 half sovereigns he bought a small consignment of tinned tomatoes and the whole lot proved to be faulty - in fact bad.

The moral he sought to teach by re-telling this story was, I presume "Honesty is the best policy". but we shall see as we go on that he did not practise what he preached or possibly he had cultivated a peculiar brand of honesty of his own make.

The family moved many times in the years between 1885-1895 and were indeed to move many more times - but I cite 1895 as a very important year in my father and family's life. Most of the moves were local i.e. in the Dock area of Liverpool, Bootle and Walton but it is noticeable that each move was an improvement. By dint of hard work and thrift (for the family now numbered six, and remember not a penny State Contribution or Welfare), he was now established as a full blown grocer in his own shop in Dryden Street, Liverpool, where he still carried on with his pickles and sauces and to which he had now added confectionery (boiled sweets) which he made on the kitchen fire. He could not afford gas, and any way they needed a fire.

The property which he rented was very old and surrounded by the relics of houses built 100 years previously. When built they were the houses of the gentry of the town but in 1895 were little better than slums. City Councils in those days showed little interest in town planning, and the area (Gt. Homer Street to Scotland Road) consisted of old houses occupied, old houses unoccupied and open spaces where houses had previously stood. Children used such spaces on which not a blade of grass grew as playgrounds. Locally, they were referred to as "OLLERS" = "HOLLOWS". Opposite his Dryden Street shop lay one of these hollows and my father learned that the Corporation were seeking to purchase it in a belated attempt to improve the locality and house the people, but were unable to proceed because they could not trace the owner.

This was where his quick thinking, energy, and subtlety manifested itself for he sought to get in before the Corporation - buy the land and sell it to them, and at a good profit. Councils in those days were composed of business men and property owners and one of the methods of taking care of their own class was to pay top prices for land.

He eventually traced a shy old lady who had lived all her life in the area and remembered some of the ancient people who lived thereabouts in the prosperous days. By diligent and careful enquiries, he found the owner, purchased some 2000 yards of apparently waste land for 2/6 per yard and then offered it to the Corporation, who were delighted to find the owner. For that land they paid him 10/- per yard without scruple - profit $2000 \times 7/6 = \text{£}750$. This transaction, when his tactics were discovered, earned him the respect, aye, and the envy of many City officials, which stood him in good stead then and for many years afterwards. His shrewdness, astuteness and perseverance in locating the owner and his manipulation of that transaction (and he an uneducated Irishman) was indeed admired in an age when "it was every man for himself and hang the hindmost".

Now £750 in 1895 was a lot of money, possibly equal to £10,000 to-day (1957) - thus after 10 years in England he was in the money. But it did not change him in any respect, for his thrift and energy remained the dominant trait of his character.

Now he could afford to expand. He bought a massive old house at 31

Bute Street (the house where I was born). Preserving his capital for bigger things, he raised a mortgage for that purpose and because he got the mortgage at 4%, a very low rate in those days, he never redeemed it until he sold the property in 1935 or thereabouts. The house had been a merchants residence in a bygone age. Four storeys on top and cellars below. Large rooms, possibly 12 of them, a garden and, of course, stables, as horses were practically the only means of transport in those days. He gutted the stables at the rear and converted them into a warehouse and factory in which he continued to make his "Delicacies" and put in a Sugar Boiler Stove - to be precise, a 3ft square piece of 1/3 inch steel plate with a hole for a copper pan, and a coke fire beneath.

He was no longer a retailer. Up went his sign - which he painted and lettered himself.

W.H. TAVENER AND CO. MANUFACTURING CONFECTIONER, DRY SALTER

& GENERAL MERCHANTS - with an S

My eldest brother Herbert was part of his transport system - delivering orders by truck and handcart and a decade later this same mantle fell on me. His expansion included a fair retail trade in Birkenhead which probably explains the bringing in of his brother, Arthur and family. A branch was opened at 185 Conway Street, Birkenhead. It was a double fronted shop, one side retail, and the other wholesale - over the counter for cash.

As what has been written in earlier pages occurred before my time I have had to rely on what I have been told and what I have gleaned from my elders, and now the story comes within my own province and what follows may be considered an autobiography.

I have dim recollections only of 31 Bute Street. I remember being wheeled in a barrow up and down the long passage which was the hall, by my eldest brother Herbert, blowing my father's Police whistle vigorously. What a pest I must have been. Of 185 Conway Street, Birkenhead I have only very dim recollections - such as sailing in wooden packing cases in the flooded cellar- tossing head over heels on the mat before Uncle Arthur, kindly soul, to earn a halfpenny. I also remember being taken to school before my time for the purpose of displaying me in all my beauty to the Schoolmarm. I am told I was a most handsome baby, blue eyes, and blonde hair which fell in curly ringlets down on to my shoulders. Two of these ringlets were cut off and preserved in the family Bible, and are probably there yet. This may be the origin of the conceit with which I am told I suffer and prosper.

My father's eldest brother, Arthur (Uncle Arthur) and his son and daughter, Bertie and Lily, move on to the scene hereabouts, for I began to see a lot of them whilst at Conway Street, Birkenhead. The story is a bit hazy here but it appears that father took Uncle Arthur into partnership with him. I love jovial Irishmen and their blarney, and the capacity to make friends so easily, could sell

anything to anybody although they were not so good at getting the cash in. Uncle Arthur, however, was not gifted with the drive and energy possessed by my father - he was too easy going, and like my brother, Arthur, his namesake, was too fond of the bottle.

It is, of course, probable that this episode was a repeat of Isaac and James. My father most likely lured Uncle Arthur into his business on the strength of promises, which never matured, and it is extremely doubtful that Uncle Arthur received a living wage.

In time - I think about 5 years - Uncle Arthur found, as do most easy going people, that he was spending more than he was earning, and not being gifted with the thrift and capacity to save as his younger brother, made good the difference from the till.

All this over two years or so, and when the embezzlement was discovered, the position was indeed serious for the defalcation amounted to some 200. In those days that was a considerable sum. As a result father tore up the partnership, bundled Uncle Arthur and his family out, and for many years we were never permitted even to mention any of their names. Nevertheless, all of us secretly loved Uncle Arthur and his family. Remember that his wife, Aunt May, was also my mother's Aunt May, a charming, talented, educated and majestic lady, who could not pass in any company unnoticed.

There was no prosecution and I do not think restitution was ever made. This incident was a jolt to father's progress, but he set about putting matters right in a manner which was typical of him.. I can never remember any incident, great or small, which laid him low. The admittance of defeat or even the possibility of defeat was never accepted.

The family went on strict rations. Butter, meats, even bread was apportioned to each according to his age. Potatoes only were ad lib and one privilege not stopped was the usual Saturday halfpenny. Wages for those who received them were reduced. No laundry or washing was sent out. The entire family footwear was cobbled by father who also cut the family hair, no money for barbers or in fact for anything that could be done at home.

It is, however, necessary to mention that this spartan economy persisted for longer than was necessary - in fact for many years after the situation had been righted.

I emphasise that this incident left an indelible mark on all the members of the family who are old enough to remember it, and to a very great extent, accounts for the mean trait in the character of my sisters whose duty it was to keep house. With the female members there was no escape from it, for they were not in a position to earn money sufficient either to alter their ways or to become extravagant.

With the male members it was somewhat different, but the mark was always there, the strict economy and thrift made us value things which other men discount - taught us to get the most out of the

least - multum in parbo - formed habits in our infancy and youth which in later life , as we were building up a business almost from scratch, proved of incalculable benefit as we learned how to live where a rat would starve, and how to manage the unmanageable, and how to defy defeat.

As in life the male has greater opportunities than the female. The male members were eventually able to cast off the influence but whereas Herbert, Alf and myself remained reasonably moderate individuals I am convinced that this incident was responsible for Arthur running off the rails and following the hilarious and extravagant way, which was his wont and his undoing. The sum of money which he wantonly wasted could have been the nucleus of his competence (I have seen him light a cigarette with a fiver). You shall hear more of him later.

Prior to Uncle Arthur's delinquency, all was going well and father could not easily overlook the easy money he had made on his Dryden Street purchase. Having tasted blood, he wanted more. He spent much of his time exploring the vacant spots between Scotland Road and Gt. Homer Street. He chased many a will o' the wisp.

It is true that the council were at last moving in the matter of slum clearance but his problem was WHERE and IN WHICH STREET.

He bribed a Corporation official who told him that the Corporation intended to build workmens dwellings - 3 storey type later known as "The Landings" in Kew Street. There was one vacant hollow or 'oller, otherwise plot in Kew Street and in he jumped.

Alas, the biter was bitten, for the Corporation could not swallow the same medicine a second time. When they learned who owned the land they did not, as he expected, make him an offer, but instead completed their programme in Kew Street 3 feet short of his new acquisition and he was left holding the can. They later built all round him and in the neighbouring street but they would not look at his "Oller"

Things were not going too well. On top of his Kew Street disappointment, as we have seen Arthur "topped the till" and his trouble was not confined to finance alone. When he fired Arthur and his family, his staff was reduced by 3 (he only ever paid them in washers - probably the reason why Arthur fell) and some retrenchment was necessary.

Note the boldness of the decision ;-

1. Build his own new factory and warehouse in Kew Street
2. Let his Bute Street premises
- 3, Close his Birkenhead Branch and put on a traveller and some transport.

It is true that the day we left 185 Conway Street, Birkenhead, is still very clear in my mind. The house being over the shop, the

sitting room (or parlour as it was then called) was on the first floor, and I remember being amazed watching the piano being lowered from the window into the street, a most unusual sight for me. That piano purchased at Cranes was the first and last article that father ever purchased on the instalment plan, and he rued the day he had been persuaded into it all his life. Many lectures did we receive on the de-merits of buying goods which you could not afford, and on the merits of outright ownership through thrift.

His policy was, save for an item BEFORE you buy it, not after. Indeed there is much to be said for it and it is reasonable to assume that the economics of the country would be in a much better position if his policy had been more widely adopted. He did not agree to mortgaging his future, but nevertheless that piano was amongst his assets when he died 40 years later. Perhaps he kept it to remind him and us of the dangers of hire purchase.

Following his policy of thrift the furniture was removed from 185 Conway Street, Birkenhead, to 41 Luton Grove, Walton by his own (horse drawn at that time) transport. Mother and I and the baby (Lily) carried by my mother, walked from the house to the ferry. The fare by tram would have been only 1d but the economy squeeze would not permit even this. In addition to my sister and I, the impedimenta included a cat, a canary in a cage, and a string bag full of odds and ends. How mother managed I do not know - perhaps I carried the cat or the canary, I cannot remember.

46 Luton Grove was a large house, it had to be to house ten of us but was, by current standard, a modern house. Hot water and a bathroom was installed and we regarded this equipment as a luxury. We did not, however, get much benefit from it for we were not permitted, again on the score of economy, to keep a fire big enough to warm the water.

There was also a small lawn in front and quite a large garden in the rear which the younger members thoroughly enjoyed, for we were never allowed to play in the street. In this house the tenth and last child was born, and named Harold Percival Wilson Tavener,

It was, however, an unlucky house, perhaps even tragic, for in it the last born died from measles on January 8th, 1908, and mother from pneumonia. Child welfare and also adult welfare was non-existent in those days, and had we had the advantages of science, medicine and a modicum of welfare both would have survived.

As already mentioned, my recollections of my mother are but meagre. I do remember that she worked like a slave and this is what probably shortened her life. Having produced 10 children (8 of whom were alive at the time of her death) and kept house for such a large family with little or no help and none of the modern conveniences we all enjoy to-day, it is not surprising that she succumbed to what was then an almost incurable disease.

What recollections I have are happy ones. I remember her as a tall

and stately lady - to me always well dressed, except when she went to market in the small hours, winter and summer on Saturday mornings. I never heard her raise her voice and I know not how she quelled the riotousness of 8 children but I do know that she did. I was 7 years and a few months old when she died, and I have not the slightest recollection of any family disturbance of any kind. All was peace and quiet; it had to be. But from my elders I learned of her virtues and later came to the conclusion that if any kindly thoughts, unselfishness, understanding, love, consideration for others, basic honesty, genuine uprightness or sincerity exists in any of the Tavener family, then they indubitably stem from my mother and not, repeat not, from my father.

There were only two of us, Lily and I, who were too young to understand the enormity of the catastrophe that had smitten us. My juvenile reaction can be summed up by adding that I remember stealing a ride on the back axle (as boys were wont to do in those days) of the last coach of the funeral procession, but with the others it was different. Indeed, weeping and wailing there was for many days, and my father and my elders were indeed deeply distressed.

She was buried at Fazakerley Cemetery in January, 1908 where my father followed her after 28 years.

The first important incident in my life was the death in 1908 of my mother, which must have had a greater impact than I thought, for after that date all is clear to me; before it all is hazy. Of course, before 1908 I had not yet developed my senses - I was in fact not an individual but I think the basic reason for the rapidity of my development after this tragic incident, was the fact that I was no longer in the care of my mother.

Both her shield and her guiding hand had gone and I had of necessity to fend for myself. Being next to the youngest of eight and now in the care of my elder sister, I was indeed small fry. Whenever I think backwards I always stop at the year 1908.

Before going on with the remainder, let us take a look at the world into which I was born in the year 1900.

TRANSPORT

It seems remarkable that since the beginning of time until approximately two generations before me, man had not travelled any faster than the legs of a horse would carry him. It is incredible to believe that man made no progress in speed in millions of years and then in the space of 100 years, he jumped from horseback to more than 1000 m.p.h.

It is true that by 1900 the Iron Horse had eclipsed Dobbin for long haulage of goods and passengers. The stage coach by 1900 had almost disappeared, although the local char-a-banc or open bus, drawn by 4 or sometimes 6 horses, played an important part for journeys up to 10 to 20 miles. That other ancient and important, though slow,

system of transportation, England's Waterways, were being slowly strangled by the Railway. It is interesting to note that in time of war much attention is paid to the canal system by which it is still (1959) possible to travel from Liverpool to Leeds or London.

In peace, they revert. Coastline shipping likewise felt the impact of the railway, for whereas the Liverpool/London seaway took 4 days or more according to weather, the railway took half a day.

But for local transport, the horse remained supreme. The bread van, the milk float, the coal cart, muck cart, team wagon and delivery van were all horse drawn. Joint van horses catered for medium sized deliveries whilst Welsh cobs took care of the lighter traffic. The pride of Merseyside was a magnificent array of draught horses, which hauled in team all the heavy traffic, and loads of ten tons were not uncommon. The horse was indeed the pride and glory, not only of his owner, who lavished more care on him than he did on his paid driver, but also of that paid driver who would ensure that his charge was well fed, watered, stabled, rested and groomed, even if these same comforts did not come his way.

The names of some of these team owners still live to-day. John Jarvis whose every horse was jet black, and he maintained 300 of them. Garlick & Burrell, later joined by Will Edwards, (who one time lived in 201 Thomas Lane) William Harper, J.A. Irving, Liverpool Warehouse Co., Arbuckle Smith and a host of others. The horses do not.

Such was the pride taken in horseflesh that one of the great events of the City was the annual Horse Show annually held in May where many a horse was turned out with more care and attention than a debutante, and at which I have seen magnificent animals, weighing over a ton. The May Day Parade, as it was then known, was the public event of the year and where other principal City owners and the Corporation paraded their stock, groomed, festooned and bedecked to perfection. There was judging, prizes and later all the fun of the fair.

How different, how innocent and non political were those May Days in comparison with the political May Days of to-day when contrasting political opponents use May Day as an occasion for rebellions and sometimes bloody demonstrations.

Restricted facilities for transport of goods defined the area of distribution for the manufacturers, who, whilst able to give reasonable service in an area no more remote than could be conveyed by a horse and cart in one day, often experienced difficulty in getting his goods further afield. As my father considered railways to be expensive, his field of operations was confined to Merseyside in particular, and such outside towns as fell within the scope of a one horse day viz, Prescot, St. Helens, Widnes, Ellesmere Port - such was the field up to the year 1920.

He was himself a very good judge of horseflesh, which he himself journeyed to Ireland to acquire, with the result that he maintained a

very fine stable of 6 van horses and one or two trap horses, these latter for his use when travelling.

Local public transport had its beginning and end in the newly introduced electric tram which had only recently replaced the horse drawn tram. There was, of course, the hansom cab (the forerunner of the present taxi) for those who could afford it. Try to imagine streets on which ran only the horse and cart and the tramcar - somewhat like Aberdeen on a Flag Day.

From the maritime point of view the Docks presented a beautiful and unforgettable picture with the tall masts of sailing vessels towering over the Dock warehouses. The waterfront resembled a forest with the trees stripped of leaves, but the stark ugly funnels of steamers were on the increase. Many were the paddle steamers plying from Liverpool, which was then the greatest port in the world.

The Mersey ferry boats are about the only item of transport on which I can recollect but little change in 60 years, except for two points:-

1. Then there were seven ferries, now there are three.
2. Then they made a profit, now they don't.

The Mersey Railway has altered but little in my time but several local steam lines in Wirral have disappeared. Up to 1920 the railways were the principal, if not the only, means of transportation for the passengers and goods beyond the local area.

COMMUNICATION

Try to imagine a world without a telephone, with cable communication few and far between and expensive, No radio, radar, T.V. for such it was. The messenger boy and the 1d post carried the main burden. When a ship set sail she was lost to the world until she made landfall again. The conditions of the time made it difficult to travel far from home and Liverpool residents would spend their summer holidays at New Brighton, Moreton, Hoylake, West Kirby and many other Wirral hamlets and enjoy it.

The horse charabanc with 4 or 6 horses was used for picnics - say a day in the country- but conditions were such as would not be tolerated nor appreciated to-day, for if it rained we got wet.

ENTERTAINMENT

Much practised at home where local talent was perhaps exploited, but almost every household would throw a party (no liquor) about once a fortnight. There would be singing (no dancing) and local instrumentalists and sometimes, if funds were good, a professional entertainer.

The theatre and Music Hall was popular for those who could afford it and I know of more than 40 theatres in and around Liverpool.

However, the theatre and all that went with it were looked upon with disfavour by the elders.

Roller skating took a turn about 1906. In fact it became a rage, but very soon flopped. My father was induced to invest in Roller Rinks and lost a packet when the public turned to the new form of entertainment, the cinema. He foolishly did not invest in cinemas, thinking his money would go the same way as his Roller Rink investment. Many of his friends made a lot of money from their cinema investments. It is strange to relate that the elders attached the same stigma to the cinema as they did to the theatre and I can remember my old Headmaster, S.E.BROWN, holding forth on the evils of the cinema and exhorting us to shun the screen.

Football and cricket, of course, as now, but I am convinced that there was much more outdoor entertainment and exercise than in recent years. Perhaps it is now too easy.

The Public House in those days was not popular for anybody in the artisan class or upwards. They opened at 6.0 a.m. and remained open until midnight. It was considered "infra dig" to be observed either entering or leaving a "pub". Any female in a pub was usually a prostitute. How different in the present day now that many of the old pubs have become gin palaces.

TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY (1945)

The triumph of this chapter will not take long to discover for the events of 1945 are now history and mostly political. Suffice it to say that after six long and dark years, when the fate of Britain was often in the balance, we had emerged safely but badly shaken - in other words, on our knees . But we did have the satisfaction of seeing the pompous black hearted Mussolini strung up by the heels like a dead dog, and the strutting bellicose Hitler burned in a hole like a rat, whilst their Far Eastern allies, the Japs, were the guinea pigs for the A bomb, which finished the war or at least the shooting part of it.

Such was the triumph on the wide front but on the domestic front most industries were planning, in fact had already planned, to fill the gaps in all commodities caused by 6 years of war. Herbert and I were not behindhand in the matter. As I have mentioned earlier neither of us were extended from 1940 to 1945, demand being greater than supply, and we both used the time to advantage. Herbert had mapped out his plan of attack, listed all sales points, and was ready to put his plan of attack into action. He had told me what he wanted and on this I produced a paper "Design for Living" showing just how Herbert's requirements would be met. His plan was eventually carried out but alas without Herbert. I am convinced that had he lived to operate the plan, much more could have been achieved.

So the year 1945 dawned full of promise, we all knew that the enemy was beaten and it was only a matter of mopping up and business was ready to take over again. But the words "COLD WAR", "IRON CURTAIN" had not yet been heard. That is, however, another story with which I am not concerned.

We got off to a good start that year for factory and office worked a full day on Monday, Jan.1st 1945.

If there is any part of the year in which I repeatedly fail, it is Christmas and New Year when, of course, I should be on top form. Early 1945 was no exception and I arranged to go to Dr. Cannon, I.O.M. in early February. However, something happened, I cannot remember what it was, which prevented my going and Herbert and his wife took my reservation on Wednesday February 14th, Rene and I followed on Tuesday, Feb. 27th after a 7 hour stormy passage via Fleetwood. Herbert and Flo met Rene and I as we landed in Douglas, and I thought he looked shockingly ill. He had been taking Turkish Baths in Douglas, which might have taken too much out of him.

At this time I had developed the grandfather of a carbuncle, a 7 headed monster on my thigh, which prevented my sleeping, walking and general well-being. Dr. Cannon played with it, but did no good and my niece, Doreen, then living in I.O.M., finally took care of my carbuncle, rather painfully but effectively. Herbert and I played some golf, restricted of course by my carbuncle. This was the last

golf game we were to have, after having played together for more than 15 years. Herbert and Flo returned to Liverpool on March 7th and we followed about a week later.

On Herbert's return, he still felt unwell and contacted Dr. Bob Reynolds, a Masonic friend, who after a thorough examination, advised Herbert to put himself in the hands of a competent surgeon. On my return I went to see Reynolds - not on my own behalf, but on Herbert's, and with his knowledge and consent.

It will be apparent from what has gone before that there were no secrets of any kind between us. If either one of us got into any kind of trouble, domestic or otherwise, the other pulled out every stop and was prepared to risk all he had to that end. Although 11 years separated us we were like twins and each knew even what the other was thinking.

Together we were a great force - he had what I lacked - I had what he lacked. We thought and acted as one unit. His job was sales administrator - mine production and transport, and it was only on very rare occasions that either of us felt the need to interfere in the field of the other.

Nevertheless, we both knew each detail of the other's work, which fact stood me in good stead after his death.

Dr. Reynolds told me that Herbert had a lump in his belly the size of a football and could not understand how Herbert had not been aware of it sooner. It could be a cyst, in which case it was not serious, and could be easily removed, but it could be more serious and only a surgeon could tell by operating. Dr. Reynolds advised Herbert to consult specialist Bill Thompson, another friend who advised immediate operation.

Here I must mention that for some peculiar reason Herbert had all his life been terrified of cancer - even the mention of the word made him shudder. In these circumstances, I could not repeat to him, in full, details of my conversation with Dr. Reynolds, but confined myself to the cyst and, of course, not mentioning the dreaded word, although pointing out that complications could arise.

After my talk with Dr. Reynolds and my report to Herbert, it was left to Herbert to make the final decision - to operate or not to operate. Medical advice was operate and quick. Meantime he was getting worse, and went to bed on Saturday, March 31st, and decided on April 3rd, being no better, to have the operation. He went into a private ward in Alder Hey Hospital (I took him) on April 7th and Bill Thompson performed the operation on Sunday, April 8th.

I had arranged for Dr. Reynolds to call upon me immediately after the operation to give me the news and it was on that sunny Sunday afternoon that I received the greatest shock of my life - cancer and only a matter of hours to live. My right arm had been cut off. Never before or since have I reacted to news as I did on that

occasion. I recollect it was a beautiful sunny afternoon and we were entertaining a wounded soldier in the garden when Dr. Reynolds called. My legs failed me, my innards turned to jelly, and I wanted to vomit. I shivered with cold and at the same time perspired all over. I could not move a muscle nor speak a word. My world had collapsed around me and at a time when it looked most promising. The doctor quietly let himself out and I was thankful to be left alone for as long as it took me to regain my equilibrium.

Saturday. 5th May, 1945. Took him home from Alder Hey - John Price helped.

As far as the medical men were concerned, it was all over, but they had not reckoned on Herbert's very tough constitution, for although they operated on April 8th, he lived, and in agony for most of the time, until Sept 28th.

To begin with, his wound did not heal and he had a very bad time in hospital. The only thought of the hospital staff (who were very kind) was to get him out before he died for they did not want the inconvenience of "laying him out". I visited him every other day whilst he was in and apart from myself and his wife Flo, he would not see anybody.

With the assistance of my good friend and his, John Price, we brought him home to Huyton on May 8th, but it was not the same Herbert Tavener. He insisted on being properly dressed to go home but it was difficult for his clothes no longer fitted him. He was, however, buoyant and in good spirit (and in great pain) and he believed that he would be back in the office in less than a month. He never knew the nature of his illness although he should have been able to guess. His trusting nature was such that I am convinced that he thought the doctors would have told him if he had had cancer.

From the day of the operation (April 8th) to the day he died (Sept. 25) proved to be a most anxious time for me and for his family. All at Beech Street followed his declining progress intimately. Some nights he slept, most he did not but always he was under the influence of drugs. He was not confined to bed immediately after release from hospital but moved about the house in a dressing gown. His belly, with the growth, increased rapidly in dimension, and instead of him guessing the cause, he joked about it, saying that he was about to give birth to a child.

By July he was confined to bed and his eldest daughter, Jean, who was then a sister at the Royal Infirmary, relinquished the post to nurse him. In August, the doctors recommended treatment at the Cancer Hospital (renamed the Radium Institute to allay the fears of the patients) but even this incident failed to arouse his suspicions as to his ailment. Why they sent him there I do not know but when I discussed it with the doctors, they replied "Whilst there is life, there is hope".

On one occasion when I visited him at the Radium Institute, I asked

"Are you in pain ?" to which he replied "I never knew the human frame could stand so much". From August onwards the decline was pronounced. Racked with pain and under the influence of drugs he ceased to be the Herbert Tavener I had known and admired as a brother for 45 years and as a friend, colleague and mentor for 25 years.

My last visit was on Sept 27th, my wedding anniversary and the day before his death. By this time he knew his fate, but still not the cause, and he knew he had but one day to live. He told me he was about to shuffle off this mortal trail and with tears in his eyes he added "But I would have liked to have another 10 years"

He was 56 years old.

Flo was present at this last visit, valiant soul. She sat sewing in the room and her demeanour was as if we were discussing a local topic. There was no indication that her husband of 31 years, and to whom she had born 6 children had but a few hours to live. She did not turn a hair and put up an amazingly placid front in the most difficult circumstances. She certainly by her actions, manner and speech, gave Herbert no cause for alarm.

We three chatted for some time (you can imagine against what background).

Earlier in this narrative will be found details of the financial situation of the Company - suffice it here to say that Herbert held 5000 shares and this, as in my own case and in the case of George Rutledge was the sum total of our wordly wealth. He had already made a Will leaving his shares equally divided between his 2 sons, Herbert and John (at that date a minor) and nothing for his daughters or Flo.

Even on his deathbed he was honest and emphatic and he said to Flo "Jane (his pet name for Flo) there is nothing for you nor the girls, and you will not be able to live in and keep up this big house".

The Will was, of course, unjust and unfair, and had he been able to take it I would have argued the issue, but he could see by my expression that I was not happy about his decision and he added "Well, you can trust Henry to sort things out", which I eventually did.

Now let me recount some of the matters affecting the Company during the days between April 8th and Sept 28th, 1945 the period in which for a while he tried to maintain control.

The business background was : - we still operated the factoring business commenced by my grandfather in the last century and although I gained my own early commercial training and experience in it, I had not, since the year 1924, taken but a passing interest in it.

The year 1924 is significant - it was the year of my marriage. I had accepted the responsibility of a wife, and could expect children, and

I could not see my being able to support them in the manner I wished on the meagre profits accruing from a wholesale business. I knew many wholesalers - witnessed the struggle for existence, the hours they worked, and the poor reward (in my opinion) they received.

Having dealt with this aspect in further detail earlier, let me now say that I regarded our Wholesale Department as a contemptuous rival. Contemptuous because although Herbert had developed it to the status of the largest and smartest wholesale in the north of England it was, in my opinion, small, and as a rival because it used capital on which we earned a maximum gross of 16% which the Production side (my baby) could have used to earn 300%

We never knew whether we made a profit or not from the factoring for no separate account was kept, but I do admit that the grip we had on the retail trade through our factoring side made possible the respect introduction of our own productions,

This department was entirely controlled by Herbert but there were often occasions on which I felt it necessary to barge in. He managed it through a very able assistant, Lily Thompson, who joined the Company in 1922.

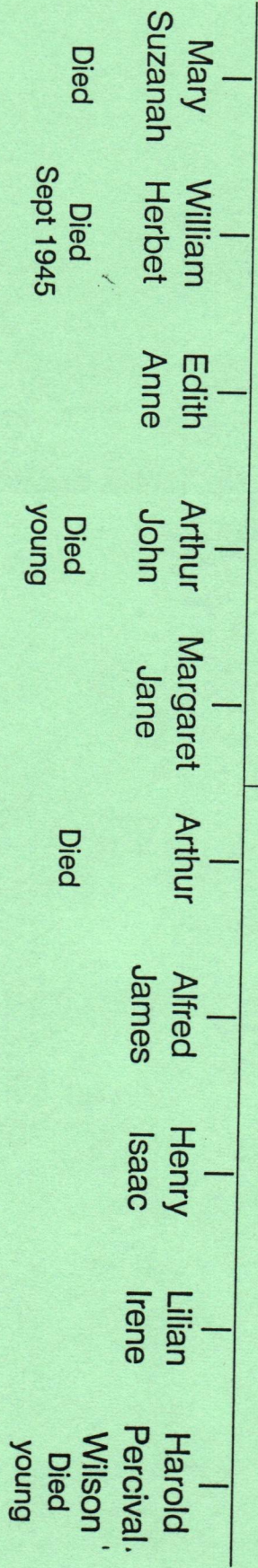
Production at the time was restricted to TFD, unwrapped, NOT SUGAR COATED in 6 lb jars and I believe we still have (Sept.1962) a jar of this product of 1943 vintage and in good condition.

We managed, with certain legal wangles, at which I became adept, to acquire about 3,000 x 1 cwt bags sugar per period of eight weeks from which we produced approximately 70 boilings per day. The staff then numbered (1945) about 100 all told.

It will be seen that my job was indeed simple, bearing in mind the knowledge, experience and energy at my command.

Such is the background to the situation in 1945 which, however, will not be complete without some mention of staff.

William Henry Tavener & Jane Wilson



"Ashfield", Bromborough.

You may wonder why I begin by writing about my grandfather's house. The reason is that, among the Tavener family, he was a Great Man. He died more than fifty years ago and yet he maintained his influence over the family for a further twenty-one years through the medium of his will. At the time of which I write, the first half of the nineteen-thirties we, the Smith family, lived in a small though respectable house in a working class suburb of Liverpool. But we were different from our neighbours for, although we had little enough ourselves, we had connections with money - lots of it. In other words : my grandfather. And in the dreary years of the Great Depression, when my father brought home just enough money to keep the household together and my mother was embittered by the disappointments and frustrations associated with her marriage, my grandfather's house was a visible reminder of a very different past and a hope for better things to come. "Ashfield" was a kind of lighthouse in our lives : it showed that endeavour could be crowned by success, and was therefore of crucial importance. For these reasons I believe it deserves commemoration.

My grandfather was not from a wealthy background : his family had for generations been smallholders in the village of Ballinderry, County Antrim, in northern Ireland. He married in 1886 at the age of twenty and at once moved to Liverpool, at that time in its heyday and the busiest and largest seaport in Europe, to seek his fortune. After many tribulations and endless hard work he succeeded, but that is another story. One of the driving forces in my grandfather's life seems to have been the ambition to outdo his brother Jacob. But Jacob was, like my grandfather, blessed with boundless energy and an infinite capacity for hard work. Consequently he became in due course a very considerable landowner and a Justice of the Peace, with a large house (it is still there!) just outside Fivemiletown in County Fermanagh. So my grandfather had also to be a landowner with a large house, and in a country setting as similar to that of his native Ulster as possible. The result was that early in the 1920's he moved from Liverpool to Bromborough, about five miles outside Birkenhead, where he had acquired a great deal of land, including the "Ashfield" estate. The house was situated in Alport Road, half a mile or so from Bromborough village and quite close to the railway station. In those days the area was still completely rural and the scenery and vegetation, including large numbers of oak, ash and chestnut trees, are indeed very similar to those of Ballinderry. This aspect struck me forcibly on re-visiting the latter area some years ago. The house, "Ashfield", stood in about half a dozen acres of land. It probably dated from the 1850's or 60's, and was typical enough of a gentleman's residence of that period. It was large, brick built and distinctly Victorian in outward appearance; that is, it

was impressive rather than beautiful. The gate lodge stood on Alport Road and was occupied by a family called Fletcher. As far as I can recall they had nothing to do with running the house or grounds, but simply lived there because my grandfather could not bear to see a house without a tenant who paid rent. A gravelled drive ran past either side of the lodge. On one side the drive curved round past a shrubbery and lawns to the front door of the house. The other drive, which paralleled the first for some distance, passed through the shrubbery and led to the stable yard at the rear. Just beyond the lodge a connection between the two drives had a white, five-barred gate which effectively separated the pleasant gardens around the house from the stable yard area. The house itself was flanked on three sides by lawns, one of which was mostly taken up by a tennis court. By the lodge there were big horse-chestnut trees from which we collected "conkers" in the autumn. Shrubberies, mostly of rhododendron and yew, lay between the lodge and the house, as well as opposite the front door and beside the gate to the path which led across the meadow to the ornamental lake. The latter was surrounded by a hedge and there were trees and rockeries around the water. Small fish we called "jackies" could be seen in the lake, which also contained the half-submerged wreck of a rowing boat that had somehow been introduced there by my cousin Herbert, who was about eight years older than me, and so something of a legendary figure. The lake was roughly 8-shaped, with a rather rickety wooden bridge over it at the cross-over point. Not far from the edge of the water, and still within the hedge, was the open top of a deep, brick-lined well, which we children were warned to keep well away from.

At the side of the house and towards the rear, was quite a large kitchen garden which included several long greenhouses, all presided over by old Mr. Lloyd, the gardener. Beyond that was the apple orchard, which also seemed large (to us children). I never had the impression that my grandfather was much interested in either kitchen garden or orchard. Both were somewhat neglected and clearly beyond the capacity of Mr. Lloyd, who was almost always to be seen sitting down and smoking his pipe. Between the orchard and the outhouses of the stable area was a small field mainly devoted to the needs of Boxer, the last survivor of the cart horses connected with my grandfather's business operations based in Kew Street, Liverpool. At this time the horse was enjoying an honourable retirement. Two or three decrepit hen-houses stood in the field just behind the stables and outbuildings. Judging from their state of decay the hen-houses must have pre-dated my grandfather's occupation of the property, but he always liked to have a couple of dozen hens about the place to provide eggs.

The gravel drive up to the house ended in a turning circle before the front door which, during the day, was always left open. A porchway with an inner, glass-panelled door (it had a crystal-shaped glass knob) led into the vestibule. This contained an occasional table on which there was a collecting box for

missionary work that my step-grandmother had an interest in. The dominant features, however, were two suits of armour flanking the entrance to the main hall. They imparted an impressive air of grandeur but had, I believe, been "picked up" by my grandfather some years before at one of the sales he attended. Fitted to the right hand wall of the vestibule as you entered were several beautifully made tall, glass-fronted cupboards, almost like wardrobes. What they were originally designed for I have no idea, nor have I any recollection of anything ever being stored in them. Possibly they were for special and expensive items of horse furniture: bridles, bits, stirrups and so on. But of much greater significance for Norman and myself were the long drawers beneath the cupboards. These contained croquet equipment, including beautiful mallets and, most important of all, the guns, of which more later.

A structure that I can only describe as a sort of rood screen extended from floor to ceiling and separated the vestibule from the main hall. It was of beautifully-grained pitch pine and, since the upper part was mostly long glass panels, you could see through it. The hall was large (or so it seemed to us) and rectangular. It was light and airy, the lightness being due to the presence of a glass cupola in the roof. The airiness could, except in summer, more accurately be described as an arctic frigidity. I can never remember the hall being warm, in spite of the presence of a huge, marble-topped radiator surrounded by an ornate, black, wrought iron grill. The radiator was supposed to be fed with hot water from a boiler in the cellar, but I never knew it to work, presumably because there was no one to stoke the fire. On the marble top of the radiator were some fine souvenirs of the 1914-18 war, brought back from France by my uncles. These included highly polished brass shell cases with the shells still in position. Presumably the charges had been removed! Other armaments decorated the walls: I remember Japanese swords, together with sundry pikes and halberds of medieval vintage. These had also apparently been garnered from sales attended by my grandfather. The only other items of furniture in the hall were a red, leather covered settee with velvet cushions which stood with its back to the staircase and a pair of magnificent, heavy, black (perhaps ebony) carver chairs. The latter were highly ornate, but had black, horse-hair seat covers. They were therefore extremely uncomfortable for small boys wearing short trousers, because the horse-hair tickled and scratched the backs of one's legs! The most impressive feature of the hall was the staircase with its very fine pitch pine banister rail with a wide top, down which one could slide. The stairway curved round into the hall at its foot and at its top divided into two short flights, to right and left respectively.

Two formal rooms led off the hall on the tennis court side of the house: the sitting room (not lounge, since that term had not yet come into common use, though "parlour" had passed into disuse) and dining room. The former contained a foot-pedal organ

which my step-grandmother played (swaying from side to side rhythmically with the tune as she did so) but was otherwise devoid of interest. The dining room I can never remember entering. Both these rooms were, in my experience, rarely used. They were dark, due to the presence of the verandah outside. I think there was a French-window opening from the dining room onto the verandah and certainly there was a connecting door between the sitting room and conservatory. The latter was situated at the southwest corner of the house and was usually entered from the garden, the inner door being mostly kept locked. Wooden racks around the sides of the conservatory carried rows of plant pots and a central bed surrounded by a low wall of white, glazed bricks contained a large, bushy shrub (probably a camelia) which grew almost as high as the glass roof. Because of its aspect the atmosphere within the conservatory was always relatively warm and humid.

The morning room, which also opened off the main hall, was spacious, light and pleasant. It was here that the family sat down to meals when there were visitors. At the far end was a bay window with a window seat (hard, unfriendly cushions!) and venetian blinds. A long, polished dining table occupied the centre of the room, and I remember also a piano and bookcase. The books, like the armour and the weapons, had seemingly been bought as job-lots at sales and, as far as I was ever able to gather, my grandfather had little time for books or reading. I never knew him to read anything other than the newspaper. However, on occasion he would open his bookcase and bestow books where he considered there to be deserving cases. He gave my brother Norman and me very fine, leather-bound copies of the Life of the Duke of Wellington, volumes II and III. Presumably if there had been another of us we might have got volume I as well! As a bonus he also gave me (aged 7 or 8!) a treatise on astronomy by Sir William Herschel. Some rather uncomfortable (I thought) armchairs were grouped around the fireplace, the hearth of which was decorated by two large china replicas of black cats and an ornate set of brass fire-irons. The room was large and the fireplace small, consequently it was necessary to huddle round the fire on chilly evenings if you wanted to keep even tolerably warm.

A dark passageway under the stairs led from the hall and main rooms to the back part of the house. A short distance along this the door to the kitchen lay on the left and that to the scullery on the right. The former was a smallish room in which my grandfather, his wife and their daughter Grace (at that time in her early twenties) mostly lived. It was the only warm and cosy room in the house. The furnishings were unremarkable, except for a black, horse-hair covered sofa on which the young were expected to sit and look at books while their elders and betters conversed. As already mentioned, horse-hair coverings (now, thankfully, a thing of the past, but then still common on old furniture) were horribly uncomfortable for the backs of the legs of small boys wearing short trousers! The scullery, on the other side of the passageway, was

large and contained little of interest except a big, old mincing machine. The aromatic smell from bundles of drying herbs is the only other thing that I associate with the scullery. I spent little time there, as one was speedily given to understand that one was very much in the way.

Beyond the scullery the passage turned sharply right and ended at the back door, where a flight of stone steps led down to the side of the house. Just at the right-angle bend were two doors. One led into a toilet and the other into the billiard room. Both deserve comment. The toilet was long and narrow, for it extended the full width of the kitchen. At the far end was the apparatus itself and it must have represented a very early stage in the development of the water closet! A bench-like structure of polished wood (probably oak) extended across the room from wall to wall and had a front of the same material. In the centre, covered by a large, square, wooden lid, was the opening below which was a shallow porcelain bowl with a narrow outlet at the bottom. Beside the lid, on the right as you sat, was another smaller lid which gave access to a lever you pulled upward to activate the flushing mechanism. This resulted in a flood of exceptional violence and it was as well to beware. For a small boy to sit on the edge of this contrivance, with his feet well above the floor, and avoid falling in required a balancing act of some precision.

The billiard room ran the full width of the house. It was a cold, cavernous place with a distinctly religious atmosphere. A vast billiard table with colossal, squat legs occupied most of the room and, as far as I can remember, the main lighting came from two or three canopy lights over the table. They were suspended from the ceiling by long flexes and hung low over the table so as to give maximum illumination for the players. A very large, carved stone fireplace (the fire was never lit!) at one end of the room was flanked by two small, stained glass windows depicting the story of William Tell. At the other end a low platform stood in front of the bay window that looked out over the drive. But this window also consisted of small panes of stained glass and so admitted little light. On the platform stood a cold, hard and inhospitable sofa, on which I never knew anyone to sit. The floor of the billiard room was covered with coconut matting. This was extremely hard on the bare knees of small boys whose curiosity led them to explore beneath the table. A score board was attached to the wall just inside the door and on the opposite wall was the cue rack. My grandfather liked billiards and usually played with my father when we visited. The table was, even to my childish eyes, a really first-class one. But the complete silence, punctuated only by the click-click of the balls and occasional muted comments of the players, I found depressing. With the dim light, the silence and the musty atmosphere, the place was like a mausoleum. And the cold soon crept into your bones!

At the far side of the billiard room a door led into the workshop, a narrow room, well-lit by windows along one side. Beneath them was a long workbench. There was a pleasant smell of wood, linseed oil and old tools, and indeed, the collection of tools seemed to be extensive. There were drawers and racks full of them and some had the most peculiar shapes. A point of interest was the grindstone attached to the bench. This was well-balanced, with good gears so that one could turn the handle, causing the wheel to rotate very fast, after which it would run freely with a satisfactory humming noise. In this way one could pretend to be the driver of a Liverpool tram!

Side doors opening off the workshop gave access to two small rooms. The first was used for storage and I can only remember that on a table stood a curious, almost conical, brass-coloured metal container. This was the hover in which day-old chicks were reared and it will be mentioned again later. The second door was that of the office, which was at the extreme back of the house. Here were my grandfather's desk and chair, also the telephone. The latter was of the very old fashioned type with a vertical pillar surmounted by a trumpet-shaped mouth piece and a separate receiver hanging on a hook at the side. There was also a fusty-looking filing cabinet in the room and a big, old clock with a white face and Roman numerals ticked away quietly on the wall. The room had a slightly forbidding atmosphere and was of no interest whatever to a small boy.

The upper rooms of the house (there was no attic) were divided into two groups at the top of the staircase. The main bedrooms lay to the right, while the servant's quarters were to the left. The landing, also on the right, was large and well-lit, being directly beneath the glass skylight in the roof. Backing against the rail around the stairwell was yet another settee, with a pale, flower-patterned cover. Like the others, it was hard and uninviting. Beside it was a large, palm-like plant with spreading fronds. The three main bedrooms opened off the landing, but since I scarcely ever entered any of them, I cannot comment further. The bathroom and a separate toilet were here also. Of the former I can remember nothing, but the loo was memorable in being the first example I had ever seen of the "low suite" variety that is now general. This was totally different from the kind of arrangement to which I was accustomed, in which the cistern was at the upper end of a pipe, some way above the toilet bowl and was activated by pulling on a chain.

At the head of the stairs a passage to the left led to six plain, but reasonable bedrooms, three on each side. The first two, to right and left respectively, were the only ones that were furnished and were used by humbler guests, such as ourselves. These bedrooms had no form of heating and so were at most times icy cold. Nor had this part of the house been wired for electricity and so one went to bed, quite literally, by the light of a candle!

Two of the other bedrooms deserve mention. One was used for the storage of apples from the orchard. These were carefully placed in trays, so that they did not touch, and the trays were stacked in racks. I liked this room, for it always had a pleasant smell strongly suggestive of autumn. The other bedroom, the end one on the left, was a great attraction, for it was here that "the trains" were kept. There were passenger coaches, goods wagons and lengths of track that had been brought here for safe-keeping from a model railway formerly in the grounds of "Brookhurst", an even larger and more splendid house further down Alport Road that also belonged to my grandfather. At this time it stood empty, but in the end it outlasted "Ashfield", being sold to house a small private school just after the war. The model railway system had been extensive and one could still see some of its features (tunnels, viaducts, embankments and so on) quite clearly. The locomotives were genuine steam miniatures by Basset Lowke, and the passenger coaches (for example) were almost a metre long (gauge 1) and perfect replicas down to the smallest detail. I don't know what happened to them.

At the back of the house were extensive outbuildings. The coach house (for that is what it had originally been) had very large double doors and was, in fact, an integral part of the main house. My grandfather kept his car there and in the far right hand corner was a Lister electricity generator with a large, shiny flywheel. This engine was well-oiled and looked in good condition. It had been used to supply the house before the days of mains electricity. The stable yard outside the coach house was paved with square, blue bricks with a grooved pattern. The latter was to facilitate drainage when the area was washed down to remove horse droppings which must have been a feature in earlier, coaching days. The yard was flanked on two sides by outbuildings, of which the part nearest the main house had been the coachman's residence. It was two-storeyed and, at the time of which I write, was occupied by a family named Jones. Like the Fletchers, they presumably paid rent, but I do not think they worked for my grandfather. Beyond came the stables proper, where Boxer lived when not in the field. Grain, oats and hay were stored there, as well as meal for the hens, so that there was a strong smell of animal foodstuffs which I always found very pleasant.

Opposite the coach house, and bounding the third side of the stable yard were two or three wagon sheds. One of them was particularly interesting for it housed three of my grandfather's earlier motor cars. One of these was (for the mid-1930's) simply an "old car," in the sense that one could still occasionally see such things on the road. The second was an open tourer of much earlier vintage. The third was a peculiar contraption with mudguards and a steering wheel, but little else that seemed proper for a motor car. I now realise that this one probably dated back to about the turn of the century, for I remember my mother telling me that her father had a car in the days when there were very few indeed on the streets of Liverpool. It must have been my

grandfather's first car! And there they were, all in a perfectly reasonable state of preservation, and drawn up neatly side by side. Why he kept them I don't know and what eventually became of them I don't know either. But they would be worth a gold mine as vintage cars to-day. Anyway, in the early 1930's we had great fun sitting in the driver's seats and moving the steering wheels. The huge old foot pedals and handbrakes were too far away and too stiff for us to do anything with.

With the exception of a couple of pig-sties that were among the outbuildings somewhere, but which I cannot quite place, I believe the above paragraphs present a fairly accurate picture of "Ashfield" as it was at that time. But I think the account would be incomplete without reference to the human element. And so I propose to conclude with some recollections of our associations with the place and of the people who lived there.

The journey from our house in Broadgreen, Liverpool, to "Ashfield" was in itself something of an adventure for the young. It usually began after lunch on a Saturday, when my father had come home from work, had his meal, washed and changed. We had no family car (nor did we ever have one) so it was necessary to carry our bags for the five minute walk along Thomas Lane to the No.6 or 6a tram stop opposite the Abbey Hotel. The journey from there to the centre of the city took about twenty minutes, depending on the traffic. It cost a penny for a child or twopence for an adult and the tram would grind and clank its way along, punctuated by the sharp ring of the bell whenever the conductor wanted it to stop or start. Dismounting at the Pier Head terminus we would hurry down the covered way to the landing stage and board the ferry boat across the Mersey to Birkenhead. The ferry ran every fifteen minutes or so and, as far as I can remember, the fare was the same as that for the tram. Arriving at Woodside landing stage, we would walk up the hill to the Crosville bus stop and the double-decker bus took us from there along the New Chester Road, through New Ferry and Port Sunlight (site of the original Lever Brothers soap factory, now Unilever International) towards Chester. This road, built in the 1920's, by-passed the villages of Spital, Bebington and Bromborough, so that we got off at Roberts's Garage, at the end of Alport Road, on the Hooton side of the village. The bus journey probably took twenty minutes or so. Then we walked for about half a mile down the road to "Ashfield". There were big trees and fields on either side.

Occasionally, instead of crossing the river by ferry, my parents would decide to take the Mersey Electric Railway. This had been constructed in the 1890's and had its terminus at Liverpool Central Station. From there it ran underground to James Street station, near the Pier Head, and thence under the Mersey to Hamilton Square, Birkenhead. Two short branches from Hamilton Square served Bidston and Rock Ferry, where there were junctions with the normal steam trains. We would board the electric train at

either Central Station or James Street, depending on whether we had taken a Church Street or a Dale Street tram and travel to Rock Ferry. Then we would either continue by the local steam train that stopped at Bromborough, or be met by someone from "Ashfield" with the car. Sometimes my grandfather would meet us off the Woodside ferry in his old Salmon car (a make long since extinct, but well thought of at the time). In that case my mother, with Norman on her knee and our bags, would go in the front with my grandfather, while my father and myself would travel in the "dickey" at the back. The latter was a folding seat contained within a kind of "boot" compartment, the lid of which opened upward and backward. Travelling that way was exposed and chilly, even in good weather, for you were sitting quite outside the enclosed part of the car.

There was one famous occasion when my grandfather came up to our house to collect us. That time we crossed the Mersey by the car ferry, which left from the extreme north end of Princes Landing Stage at the Pier Head. Cars arrived on the landing stage by using a long, sloping ramp from the adjacent dock and, to give tyres a better purchase, the ramp was surfaced with square metal studs. As the tyres passed over the studs they made a peculiar roaring noise. Once on the ferry it was necessary to stay in your car until reaching the Birkenhead side, which only took about ten minutes. The opening of the first Mersey road tunnel in 1936 quickly put the car ferry out of business, though the ramp remained for very many years to mark its former existence.

The return journey from "Ashfield" often began with a walk in the dark to the bus stop opposite Roberts's Garage. Sometimes my step-grandmother and Grace would walk with us that far. Then there could be a long, cold wait until the bus arrived. In bad weather I can remember my teeth chattering and my bare knees feeling miserably cold. Those were the days of the Great Depression, there was very little money about, a great deal of real poverty and next to no social security system. I have a clear recollection of a cold night when, on reaching Woodside, we left the bus and walked across to Hamilton Square Station to catch the electric train. My father thought it too stormy to cross the river by ferry. While he was buying the tickets my mother was approached by a poor woman trying to sell bars of cheap chocolate. She had with her a boy of about my age, dressed in rags and with bare feet. He was thin and looked cold and ill. My mother bought some chocolate, but wouldn't give it to us and a little later threw it away. We were well clad, with raincoats, long stockings and good shoes on our feet. My parents had little money, but my mother always saw to it that we were properly clothed. Beggars, and people who were virtually beggars, were common enough in those days, but the above incident made an indelible impression on me.

One of my earliest recollections is of being at "Ashfield", for my step-grandmother kindly offered to look after me when Norman was born. During my stay Margaret, the kitchen maid,

made some elastic garters to keep my stockings up. They were too tight and caused me considerable discomfort, and that is what I can remember. That recollection is closely linked with another of sitting on someone's knee by the fire in the kitchen. I must have been two and a half years old at the time.

In later years Norman and I, on arriving at "Ashfield", always made straight for the long drawer beneath the glass-fronted cabinets in the vestibule, for it was there that "the guns" were kept. There were about half a dozen of them, all in good condition. Probably they had been bought at sales for possible use as wall decorations, but had either proved surplus to requirements, or else nobody ever got round to hanging them up. I can recall a very fine pair of flintlock horse-pistols with polished wooden mountings. Each had on the butt an engraved metal plate with the inscription "Tower of London" and a date. There was also a primitive revolver with six barrels, each having its own chamber. Both barrels and chambers rotated on a central axis, so that each in turn came opposite the hammer. We had a lot of fun with the guns, though they were very large and heavy for small hands.

There were also distinctly naughty episodes as, for example, when Norman and I were discovered trying to extract pennies from the missionary box in the vestibule with the aid of a kitchen knife! The initiative for this early venture in money-making was, I am afraid, mine. An even more calamitous event took place when one year we visited "Ashfield" just after Christmas, taking some of our presents with us. Also there at the time were Uncle Alf and Aunty Emmy, with their son Desmond, the Draytons (Uncle George, Aunty May, Audrey, Cecil and Dennis) and our cousin Doreen. The latter was at that time seventeen or eighteen years old and a trainee nurse at one of the Liverpool hospitals. She was of fairly generous proportions. After tea the children were left to amuse themselves and we did various things, culminating in a riotous game of hide and seek in the darkened recesses of the billiard room, since several of us had electric torches that we had received at Christmas. The fun waxed fast and furious until, being chased by someone, I emerged from the billiard room and dashed along the dimly-lit passageway towards the hall. At the doors to the kitchen and scullery I almost collided with a female person. She called out, "Hullo Ronnie!" and I, being in a state of great excitement (and thinking it was Doreen) responded with, "Hullo fatty!". This was being gratuitously rude to my cousin and quite bad enough in itself. But much worse was to follow, for the person turned out to be Aunty Emmy, who had a high sense of her own dignity! She chose to be deeply offended and consternation reigned. Apologies were the order of the day and the horror-stricken culprit was produced and subjected to extreme castigation. It took me years to get over this and I never felt easy with Aunty Emmy afterwards.

Still on the subject of naughtiness, I can remember, one

bright, sunny morning, being tired of the house and badly wanting to go out to play in the garden. However, I was forbidden to do so, being warned that the result would be wet feet, and I had no spare stockings. In spite of that I went out, Norman coming with me, and such was the beauty of the morning that we wandered into the meadow beyond the garden. But my parents were, of course right : a heavy overnight dew had made the long grass very wet, so that our shoes and stockings were soon quite soaked. It seems best not to dwell on the subsequent distressing recriminations!

We frequently went for walks or longer outings. Sometimes we took a picnic and went by the local train, via Hooton, to West Kirby, or to Parkgate on the Dee estuary. The country around Bromborough was in those days pleasantly rural and there were plenty of walks. A favourite one, though rather long for small children, was to Raby Mere. This entailed walking down Alport Road, past the station, and then turning right along Raby Road for about a mile. On arrival at the Mere (or lake) it was always interesting and pleasant to watch the ducks and the people in rowing boats on the water. Another, much easier, walk was down Alport Road as far as "Brookhurst." This house was built of the local red sandstone and far more imposing than "Ashfield". Inside, the empty rooms seemed vast and the very extensive grounds included a tennis court and a large lily pond with goldfish in it.

Probably as a result of his country upbringing, my grandfather liked to have animals around his house and, in addition to Bonzo, the dog and the house cats, he liked to keep chickens. He never seemed to have much luck with them, however, for I can remember him complaining, in the course of one Sunday morning tour of the kitchen garden and hen-houses, about the deperadations caused by rats. In illustration of this he pointed with his stick to a small feathered corpse alleged to have met its end in this way. On another Sunday morning I quickly became aware, on coming downstairs, of great lamentations and recriminations and it appeared that tragedy had overtaken his latest batch of day-old chicks! These had duly been placed in the hover, where they were protected from draughts and a paraffin lamp left burning all night to keep them warm. But unfortunately someone had turned the wick up too high and all that was left in the morning were small roasted corpses!

In the evenings we would gather in the "morning" room and sometimes (unbelievable as it may sound in these days of television and videos) stand round the piano and sing the old traditional songs, or else music hall songs. The only radio (known as a "wireless" in those days) in the house was a small one in the kitchen. I don't think my grandfather listened to it much, though he had a great liking for the singing of John McCormack. At other times we would sit round the fire and the adults would talk or play cards. My grandfather's favourite game on such occasions was Newmarket or else pontoon, the latter being thought rather wicked.

In these games amounts such as a penny or twopence would be placed as bets and my father, who rather fancied his skill in such matters, would be very elated if he won enough to pay the bus fare back to Birkenhead. But there was one golden rule that had to be observed: grandfather must always be allowed to win the last game!

Going to bed at "Ashfield" was, for us children, always an experience rather to be dreaded because of the darkness and the cold. As I have already said, candles in brass candlesticks provided the only illumination in our bedrooms and there was no heating. My mother saw to it that we had some sort of brief wash, after which we got into bed as quickly as possible. But that was not the end of the matter, for the starched sheets were always icy cold and I can never remember having a hot water bottle. Norman and I always slept in the same double bed and, to begin with at any rate, huddled together for warmth.

I believe that one reason for our fairly frequent visits to "Ashfield" was my father's willingness to do odd jobs on the property, thus saving my grandfather the need to pay someone else! I clearly remember seeing my father at the top of long ladders seeing to blocked gutters; repairing the roof of one of the "snout houses" (a row of small houses with ugly, squat chimneys that belonged to grandfather) and trying to make good the ravages of dry rot on the woodwork at "Ashfield". Norman reminded me recently of another occasion when, something being wrong with the drains, they raised a manhole cover in the middle of Alport Road and grandfather directed the traffic round it while my father worked below! The biggest project of this kind that my father undertook was the bodily removal of the tennis changing pavilion from "Brookhurst" to "Ashfield". This must have taken a good many week-ends to accomplish, for the pavilion comprised changing rooms for ladies and gentlemen to right and left of a common central space. At the front a railed verandah ran the length of the structure. As "Brookhurst" was at that time empty, grandfather thought that the pavilion would look nice next to his own tennis court at "Ashfield", where it would also be put to active use. First of all a suitable site had to be chosen, then foundations dug and brick pillars built to take the base of the pavilion, which stood about half a metre above the ground. Then the whole structure had to be taken to pieces and the wooden sections transported by horse and cart (Boxer being mobilised for the occasion!) to "Ashfield", where they were re-assembled. I have a very clear recollection of riding on the cart, up Alport Road past the railway station one warm, sunny Sunday morning. My father, who had a great deal of strength, skill and patience, must have laboured away at this project for week-end after week-end. He made a good job of it and the pavilion looked very well in its new setting.

And now for a brief account of the people who lived at "Ashfield", principally my grandfather, who was customarily

referred to by his sons and daughters as "the Guv'nor" or "the Old Man". He was well-built, though certainly not fat and walked with a slight stoop. He generally dressed in a rather faded blue, serge suit with a waistcoat and (when outdoors) wore a homberg hat with a bound brim. I can never remember seeing him without a collar, tie and jacket. He had very little hair, but what there was had a sandy colour, as did his small moustache. He smoked an occasional cigarette (apparently on the advice of his doctor!), but I am told that he drank very little, and then only sherry, port or, on rare occasions, a whisky. He was always treated with great deference by his children and to grandchildren was a distinctly awesome figure, so that one did well to keep at a cautious distance. He was most certainly not the kind of Father Christmas figure who bounced his grandchildren on his knee! On the contrary, he seemed to show little interest in us and certainly did nothing to encourage familiarity. On the other hand I can never remember him speaking to me severely. This somewhat remote attitude was heightened by the fact that Grandpa spoke in a way that I often found difficult to follow. I now realise, having lived for fourteen years in Belfast, that after nearly half a century on Merseyside he still had a strong Antrim accent. Even when I could understand the words, he commonly used Ulster idioms that were quite beyond my comprehension. For example, when my parents occasionally went out for the afternoon with other members of the family and I realised that I had been left behind I would enquire, in great agitation, where my mother was. His reply was always the same, "Oh, she's gone to sell a chair!". I could make nothing of this and was even less happy than before. His habit of addressing me as "Little man", I also found vaguely irritating, for I strongly suspected that he was having a little joke to himself at my expense. Perhaps he thought I was too serious for my age and lacked a sense of fun. He may well have been right. But in spite of these minor annoyances I was still very strongly attached to my grandpa. My mother idolized him and never tired of telling us stories of his early life. In retrospect there seems to be some reason for believing that he was closer to her than to his other daughters. Certainly he bought my parents their first house which, as far as I know, was more than he did for any of the others.

My grandfather's first wife had died (of overwork and pneumonia) in the very early years of the century and he, completely occupied with his business affairs yet with a large family of young children, did the conventional thing for those days and married again. His second wife (my step-grandmother) was Charlotte Barnes, known for ever afterwards in the family as "Lotty Barnes". I remember her as a pleasant, motherly sort of person who had probably done a good job in looking after my grandfather's first family, though they gave her very little credit for it. She was a strong Methodist and much involved in church affairs, which my grandfather seemed to consider a harmless and relatively inexpensive occupation. She always appeared to me to be a nice old lady (at the time she was probably some years younger than I am

now!) about whom it is not necessary to say anything further.

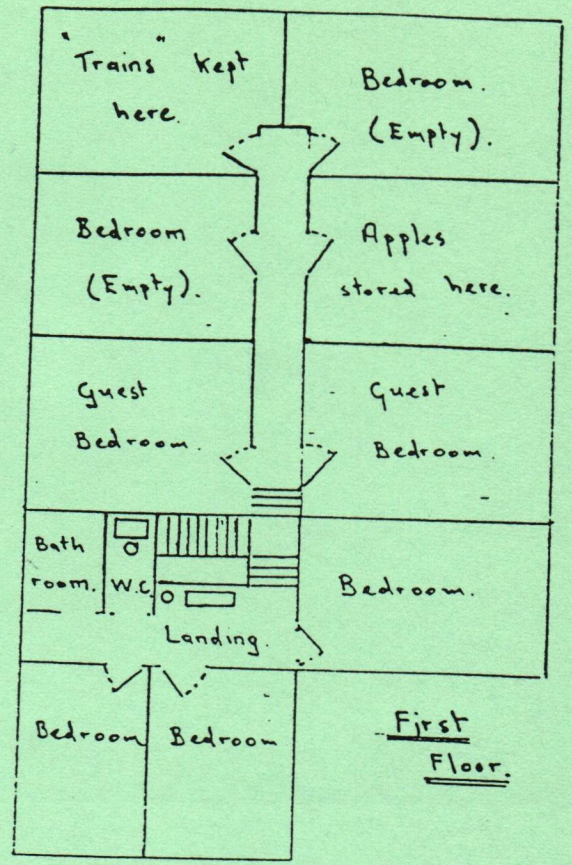
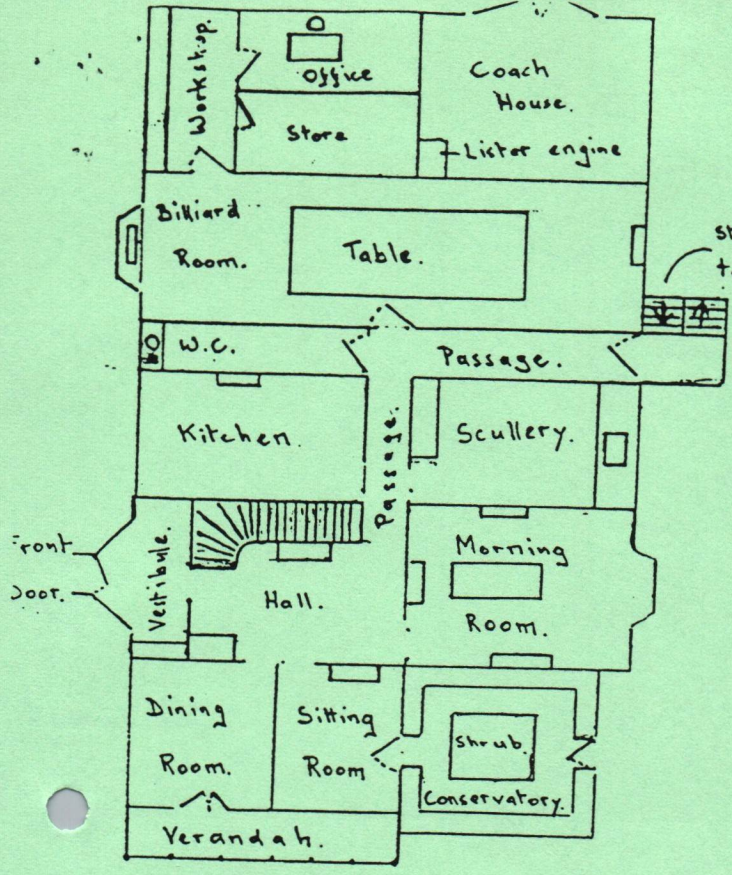
Grace was my grandfather's only child by his second marriage. Being the child of his later life, when a good deal of success had already come his way, she enjoyed many benefits completely unknown to the older children. She was consequently regarded with some disfavour, it being suspected that (as a result of habits contracted at a finishing school in Switzerland) she spent far too much money. I remember her as a pleasant young woman who occasionally met us with the car at Rock Ferry Station. I can also remember her playing a lot of tennis, but otherwise had little to do with her.

My grandfather was the epitome of something the Victorians loved : a self-made man of humble origins, but successful enough to be able to hold up his head in any company whatsoever. He would have been a natural associate of the older members of Galsworthy's Forsyte family. He died in his seventieth year, on 3rd. February 1936 and, after the shock of this unthinkable calamity had passed, the family suffered a complete rift which never healed. The dividing line was clearly drawn between those who benefited significantly from grandfather's will and those who didn't. The will was detailed and complex. It took more than twenty years to unravel, but that is another story. Under its provisions my step-grandmother was given one of the "snout houses" in which to live. With an uncharacteristic, though entirely understandable, display of spirit she refused to go there and moved instead (with Grace) into "Stepping Stones", a very pleasant bungalow further down Alport Road, beyond the station, where she spent the remaining twenty years of her life. The stipulation that "Ashfield" should not be kept on was, though a shock to everyone, very wise, for the place was full of dry rot and besides it would have been far too expensive to run. In 1937 the property was sold to a builder who demolished the house and outbuildings, completely cleared the site - and then went bankrupt! The executors of the will promptly re-possessed the land, which remained undeveloped until about 1950, when a number of houses were built on it. My cousin Clive bought one of them and lives there still. As I write I have before me tangible reminders of my grandfather : some photographs; his cigarette holder; his two-foot rule and the chair in which I am sitting, which was originally his office chair in Kew Street, Liverpool! Within the family opinions of him varied, from my mother's complete devotion to that of Uncle Alf, who I once heard refer to his father as "that old tyrant". However that may be, he was undoubtedly the dominating figure of my early years and for me he will always remain a Great Man.

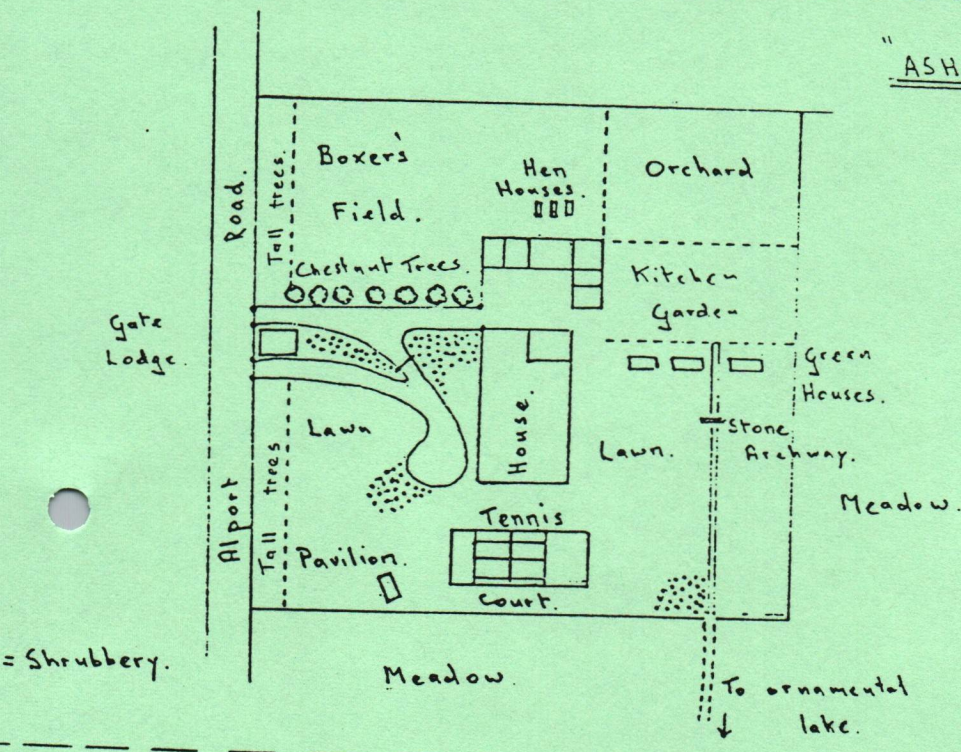
R. Vereen-Sy. D.

Durban, South Africa.

1990.



"ASHFIELD", BROMBOROUGH.



The above plans are drawn on the basis of memories of no than half a century ago. Inevitably some of the proportions are wrong. For example, the rooms at the back of the house are too large relative to those at the front. But in general I believe that the layout is correct.

I see that "Brookhurst Villa" is actually marked & named on the Bartholomew's Half Inch map, Sheet 28, Merseyside, 1960.

