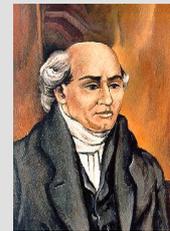


Carey Family NEWSLETTER



Issue twelve

2006

Editorial

Mike Comber



Welcome to you all to this edition of the Carey newsletter. I am sorry it is rather late, but it is not something that can be produced in a hurry; Pam and I had six weeks in May and June of this year visiting family in West Australia, mainly my sister Margaret who emigrated with all her family back in 1962; then transferring to Sydney in the east for four weeks to stay with our eldest daughter, Sarah, and family. We had an excellent time but it does take a chunk out of the year. On our return I ordered a new computer, a process that always takes some time to accomplish, what with transferring files, installing programs and so on. Finally we had our heat wave that quite frankly left me with little desire to work at anything very much! I know the temperatures we had were relatively miniscule compared with other parts of the world, but when we get them

here we are ill prepared all ways. While in Sydney we met up with Lottie Mottram, a member descended by marriage from Felix, her daughter has now taken over her membership. We had an excellent half day together even though it turned out to be one of the rainier days that we had, so much so that we purchased an umbrella. Also in Sydney we explored the Hyde Park Barracks.



These were built by convict labour between 1817 and 1819. As the principal male convict barracks in New South Wales it provided lodgings for convicts working in government employment around Sydney until its closure in 1848.

It has had many occupants since then. It was an Immigration Depot for single female immigrants seeking work as domestic servants and awaiting family reunion from 1848 to 1886 and also a female asylum from 1862 to 1886. From 1887 to 1979 law courts and government offices were based at the Barracks.

They sell bookmarks based on names of convicts, one of which was Carey. Also they have databases of convict names, there were several Careys; the one mentioned on the book mark is a Mary Carey from Taunton, she was convicted of burglary and sentenced to seven years; she left on the Charlotte one of the First Fleet in 1787.



A friend of ours who was a colleague of mine in the first school I taught at back in 1958 gave me a copy of Mary Drewery's book on William Carey. It was one of the books I had borrowed from our library but wanted one for myself so it came as a pleasant surprise when he presented it

to me. It turns out he is just about related to the author via his grandmother's sister who married a George Smith who later married a Gertrude. Their son married Mary Drewery! So it is only a vague connection, perhaps 'related' is too strong a word! We have had an email from Dr Lalchungnunga apologizing for not having Sally Edwards and her group met at the airport. However he does exonerate himself by pointing out that he and his wife Hliri did not receive confirmation of arrival details. So if any of you plan to go to Serampore at any time you will be sure of a great welcome, but be sure to confirm all details.

I am still hoping for more offers of contributions to future newsletters, this is your newsletter, I am only the editor – so should only have to edit! So let's have pens put to paper in the coming months with items from you!

Finally I would like to thank two ladies in my life: First Pam, my wife, who has to put up with me compiling this newsletter and then kindly proof reads to look for my numerous mistakes; secondly Lis, my daughter, who does a lot of copy typing for me, a job I'm not good at.

Chairman

Ruth Wrigley



I send good wishes to all our friends, relatives and members and hope that you

have all survived this recent heat wave without mishap.

For our family it has been a delight to see Carey Graziano, and her grandson Filippo, on her annual U.K. trip.

Last autumn Edwin and I had a holiday with Carey and her lovely family in Sicily. We were accompanied by two of our daughters the reason being they believed that we could not manage the journey on our own. It is true that we had not flown since 1964 when we left Nigeria. We did not need much persuasion to accept their offer of help. Martha came with us on the outward flight and Sophia Tim and Amy came out to escort us home. An invalid chair, with willing slave to push the conveyance, was available for me at Stansted and Palermo; which made the journey really easy.

We were both impressed by the way Carey drove her car through the streets in Palermo, skilfully missing all the other traffic! We were taken to many sites of interest at all times of the day and night; we had a truly wonderful time.

During the past three weeks I have had two projects to complete I have finished the one and am making progress with the second.

The first was a letter to express my anger and disgust at the suggestion that our local hospital in Chichester should be downsized in order to save money. This would mean no A and E, no maternity unit, no paediatric unit, no major surgery and no intensive care facility. It has won many commendations for excellence in recent years. To meddle with this

would be downright wicked. We are all being encouraged to write letters of protest.

The second project is writing something suitable for this newsletter. I have been in the habit of using under the bed space for storage always being a little bit embarrassed about this. Now however this has become an acceptable usage of it as plastic containers are sold specifically for under bed storage. Four days ago I pulled out from under the bed in our guest room a cardboard box containing a medley of items including letters, post cards, family photographs and, what is very special, a newspaper cutting of the naming of a street in India after William Carey; no date on the cutting but the contents make interesting reading which is why I mention it now:

'few people in Paulerspury, the other side of Towcester, yesterday thought of William Carey, the village cobbler who became a missionary pioneer, apostle and statesman. But he was remembered in India.

A street was named after him, a most pleasant thoroughfare which runs along the riverfront in Serampore - the town where William Carey built a college.

He succeeded where two other missionaries had failed. A mission was built in a district which was overwhelmingly Hindu and the Brahmin influence especially dominant.

He fought against odds - and won. He hurled his indignant might against flesh hooks, the men of the lower castes who stuck hooks in their flesh and swung from trees scattering herbs to Siva.

Another habit of the natives was to sing ballads. Carey, the most awed of Sahibs, took up ballad singing, to the amazement of all. It is recorded he said: "the people seem anxious to get the hymns we give away."

In hundreds of other ways he showed his amazing energy and capacity for spreading good among the natives full of ancient religions and superstitions.

His fame gradually spread. In India he proved to be "one of the greatest of God's Englishmen" with his teaching and translations of the scriptures into 11 different tongues. But success never turned his head.

His reply to a British officer seated next to him at the Governor General's table was typical of the man, the officer sarcastically asked him whether he had been a shoemaker. "No" replied Carey; "not even a shoemaker only a cobbler".

That was true enough. His early life in Paulerspury after leaving the low - thatched one room school was spent as a cobbler. He was counted a very good workman and shoes of his making were set in the window of his workshop as examples of the firm's good work.

He was a plodder and full of perseverance. "To this I owe everything" he used to say. He was deeply and fully bent on learning and it is probable some botany book he chanced on in the village gave him his beginning to languages.

Difficulties never discouraged his mind. After being baptised in the Nene they begged him to be minister at Olney and Earls Barton. His earlier sermons were not en-

couraging, but he won in the end and a few years later, in Kettering, he was leading a society for the formation of a society for sending Missionaries from England.'

I am sure I speak for all of us when I say a big thank you to Mike for his work on the family trees and with the newsletter. Also to David Allen for looking after the finances of the CFA, Sally Edwards our secretary and Kay Carey for the inspiration she gives to us all; and other members of the committee - Jeremy Taylor and Barry Eliades.

MINUTES OF COMMITTEE MEETING

April 1, 2006

23, Badger's Close, Horsham

Present

Kay Carey, David Allen, Mike Comber, Sally Edwards, Barry Eliades

Apologies

Ruth Wrigley, Jeremy Taylor
Minutes of meeting, April 2005

These were accepted as read.

Matters arising

Jane Marriott (family member in N Wales) has expressed concern that through the Family Tree there is personal information available on the net.

Mike said he has addressed this and now puts on only basic information.

Further information about individuals or families is only available via Mike's computer

Membership and Treasurer's report

We currently have 43 individual members on our books, a net increase of 2 during the past year

We have 2 institutional members: William Carey College (Mississippi, USA) and the Carey Baptist Grammar School (Kew,

Victoria, Australia) Kay suggested the William Carey College and the Carey Baptist Grammar School should be designated as institutional members with no further fee. Agreed by committee members.

We currently have a bank balance of £ 1040 David said efforts to change banking resolution have not taken place. He will be amending the banking resolution to read: 'any authorised signatory'.

Newsletter and Carey tree Secretary and Treasurer will submit reports

Kay expressed gratitude to Mike for his ongoing work on the Family Tree. Mike said the Tree is growing steadily.

Barry has been adding to his own family branch and will forward his update to Mike.

Website

Barry said this has not yet been set up but he does intend to construct a website. He will put on the Tree but expressed concern that by adding dates of birth identities could be stolen. This may be resolved by putting information in PDF form. The newsletter would be suitable for the website but not to include committee members' names and addresses, only names. Barry said the website could be used as a networking tool - but he expressed some concern that it could be exploited but will put up 1-2 pages. There is a cost involved - approx. £30 a year to set up and run. There can be links via a website to our institutional members.

Serampore News

Kay said she has not heard from Dr Lal at Serampore or Sunil Chatterjee since last year. Discus-

sion around sending money to Serampore College. David will send a letter to Dr Lal with £500 inviting him to advise us of what projects he might have in mind that he would like funded by us.

Discussion re increasing membership fee. If contact is regained with Serampore there could be an invitation to members to donate to specific causes or projects

AOB

Mike has had communication from Anne Savage on a hymn written by a 'William Carey'. It

Keith is a governor of Carey Baptist Grammar School.

Pam and Mike were thanked for their hospitality

CFA Membership and Treasurer's Report

We currently have 42 individual members on our books. Two new members joined during the past year – Lydia Martin (who lives in Australia and has taken over Lottie Mottram's membership) and Claire Moore who lives in South Africa. We also continue to have two institutional members – the Carey Baptist Grammar School, of Kew, Victoria, Australia, and the William Carey College, of Mississippi, USA.

At the time of the Committee meeting which was held on 1st April 2006 we had a bank balance of £1040 compared with £757 twelve months before. The cost of the Newsletter last year was £66.63 compared with £84.16 for the previous issue.

It was agreed by the Committee that the Association should donate £500 to Serampore College in furtherance of one of its stated aims of “donating funds to

the Carey Library and Research Centre or towards the cost of improving the Krishna Pal Meditation Ground, the spot where William Carey baptised his first convert. The balance of view within the Committee was that on this occasion we should respond to the expressed dire need for help in paying staff salaries within the Theology Department, although we do also have concerns about the condition of the Carey Library and Research Centre. The donation was accordingly sent to Dr Lalchungnunga on that basis.



Some of the committee after the meeting in April. L to r Barry Eliades, Kay Carey, Sally Edwards, Mike Comber

CAREY HYMN

GOD, who has called Thy sons
Out of the hidden places,
Fought on Thy chosen ones
Rich measures of Thy grace,
Opened their ears to hear,
Opened their hearts to feel
Beyond the seas and oars,
The far-off name appeal;
Praise be to Thee for Thy work of the vision,
Stirred by Thy spirit, and firm in decision.

<p>Teachers and sabbler skilled, Worked with a world to view, Fighting for challenge, called, Thy Church to remain true; Wrought the uncalculated word, Taught them a stranger tongue, Fishes and wilderness Fought against the cruel wrong; Praise be to Thee for this man whose heart fashioned, Mind had endowed, and whose will had emancipated.</p>	<p>Here in this sacred spot, Hails of this hero tale, Great we may never fail, But mind and will and nerve Strong by Thy Spirit filled, Our eyes and hands to serve, Kingdom of God to build; Praise then to Thee for Thy call to us glorious, Led by Thy Word, by Thy might crowned victorious.</p>
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1938

is not Dr William Carey. It was written by William Carey who was Jonathan Pearce's second son (Dr William Carey's great grandson).

Mike has a new book written by Dr Keith Farrer from Australia who has written on William Carey - missionary and botanist.

costs”. We subsequently asked Dr Lalchungnunga, the Head of the College, how he would wish to spend this money. He indicated that the College was in dire need of funds for payment of staff salaries in the Theology Department. Otherwise the money could go towards the cost of maintaining

Comings and Goings
September 2005

Just a quick note to say Emily and Kevin Johns-Putra became proud parents of Leo David this morning! He weighed in at 6lbs 12ozs and was born at Enfield Hospital.

David and Sally Edwards



Leo David Johns-Putra

December 10th 2005
Shelagh Stannard's daughter
in law Christine, wife of
Michael, died from cancer.

March 2006
Our daughter Patricia and hus-
band James Shepherd had a
son William David James. Our
first grandchild is a delight to
us.
Bob and Jeannette Ellison

Letter from Peter Carey

Dec 23 2005

Dear Michael

I enclose a copy of a letter I received today which may be of interest to other members of the association. But I guess I ought to explain how my wife, Joan, and I came to meet the writer. We celebrated our Ruby Wedding earlier this year by holidaying in the USA and Canada, and one morning we went in a bank in Vancouver to change \$US into \$Canada. Just inside the door was a very imposing Asian security guard, not to stop the ungodly getting in but stop 'em getting out! Something (maybe the 'providence' Raj refers to) made us get into conversation with him. It transpired that he was from Calcutta, with a very good degree in chemistry, and was working as a bank guard

until he could get a job where he could use his scientific expertise. When I mentioned my (very remote!) family connection with his 'point of origin' and told him my surname, his eyes lit up. He seemed to know as much about Rev William as we do. Anyway we exchanged addresses, and after we got home we sent a picture postcard of Penkrige, not really expecting to get a reply. So you can imagine our delight when the postman called today.

Peter Carey

Letter from Rajkumen Ghosh to Peter Carey

Dear Mrs and Mr Carey

I received your postcard. I can't tell you how happy it makes me to have made your acquaintance. I feel it was providence.

I have told my family and friends back in Kolkata about you and they can hardly believe my luck.

William Carey is held in high regard in Serampore and Kolkata. The people remember the first and foremost missionary for establishing Baptist Missionary College (now Serampore College), setting up the printing press, his role in initiating English language education, and on top, his efforts in abolishing the practice of Sati (Suttee).

I have spoken to two gentlemen in Vancouver who are originally from Bangladesh, and have come to know that in Bangladesh history textbooks at secondary level devote a brief section on William Carey.

It was indeed my pleasure and honour to have got to know you.

Mary Carey part one

From 'Great Baptist Women'
The Carey Kingsgate Press
The 1790s may well be called the era of great sisters. Soon after the Baptist Missionary Society was born in 1792 there began an important friendship between a famous brother and a sister who, although less widely known, helped to inspire his work by her imaginative sympathy and love for all created things. Of Dorothy Wordsworth her brother, William, wrote:

*Her very presence such a
sweetness breathed,
That flowers, and trees, and
even the silent hills,*

*And every thing she looked
on, should have had*

*An intimation how she bore
herself*

*Towards them and to all crea-
tures. God delights*

*In such a being; for, her com-
mon thoughts*

*Are piety, her life is gratitude.
(The Prelude, Book XII.)*

These words might equally well have been written by that other great William of the day: William Carey. During the years which followed the founding of the B.M.S. and Carey's departure for India, he must have been repeatedly upheld and inspired by the letters of his sister, Mary, suffused with the same spirit of piety and gratitude which so impressed Wordsworth in his own sister.

Like Dorothy Wordsworth, Mary Carey was several years

her brother's junior, and this led her to regard William not only as companion and playmate, but also as instructor and guide to the secrets of nature. 'Of birds and all manner of insects he had numbers', she wrote in her recollections of their youth after William's death. 'When he was from home, the birds were usually committed to my care. Being five years younger, I was indulged by him in all his enjoyments. Though I often used to kill them by kindness, yet, when he saw my grief, he always permitted me the pleasure of seeing them again; and often took me over the dirtiest roads to get at a plant or an insect. He never walked out, I think, when quite a boy, without making observation on the hedges, as he passed: and, when he took up a plant of any kind, he always examined it with care. His natural fondness for a garden was cherished by his uncle Peter, who was then settled in the village, and often had his nephew with him, not having any child of his own. My brother seldom left any part of his father's garden uncultivated: he was so fond of flowers.' This love of nature was to remain a bond between them even in absence. Mary reports in one of her letters that a young nephew and niece have gone to Pury Feast to get their uncle in India some bluebells of a kind which did not grow around their own home in Cottesbrook, while David, another nephew, is sending him a parcel of seeds. To Carey, the tireless horticultur-

ist, no news could have been more refreshing or more redolent of the atmosphere of home. It is often assumed that, because Carey was himself a cobbler, he came of humble, illiterate stock, and his brilliance as a linguist is thereby made to appear the more pronounced. The fact is overlooked that both his father and grandfather were parish clerks and masters of the Paulerspury school where Carey himself received his early education. That Mary Carey could write such long, neat letters in a period when few girls were educated in anything other than related directly to their domestic duties lifts her out of the common ruck into the small company of those countrywomen sufficiently literate to give expression to the concerns of daily life. The majority of women letter writers of the eighteenth century were town dwellers, writing of a sophisticated society and its fashions. Their correspondence, even if it told of the feelings of the heart, was dictated by the head. It is the more refreshing, therefore, to find in Mary Carey one who wrote out of the sheer overflow of love and devotion of the heart. Untouched by any of the prevailing sophistication, her letters reflect the simplicity and ingenuousness of one who had no concern but the members of her family and their part in extending the Kingdom of God. But if the actual events they relate are confined to a narrow domestic

sphere, the vision which suffuses them is as wide as the universe itself. Carey in India, Felix his eldest son, in Burma, Jabez, a younger brother, in Malaya, all are included within the scope of the thoughts of this remarkable woman, tied to an invalid bed in a remote Northamptonshire village.

Paulerspury Re-visited

Ann Savage

I first visited Paulerspury on William Carey's birthday, 17th August 1961, for his bicentenary celebrations on a beautiful sunny day.

There was a thanksgiving service in Paulerspury Church led by the Rector, the Rev John T Lewis. The Rev D D Black, Secretary of the Northants Baptist Association, read Isaiah 54: 1-8 the passage on which William Carey had based his famous Association sermon at Nottingham in 1792. My father, W H Brenton Carey, read Ephesians 2: 1-8 and Dr E A Payne, General Secretary of the Baptist Union, preached the sermon on this text.

The hymn writers, William Cowper and John Newton, both lived in Olney and we sang 'God moves in a mysterious way' and Newton's 'Glorious things of thee are spoken'.

Between 400 and 500 people attended the service. We came with my fiancé, John, my uncle and cousin, Basil and Richard Carey and other family members Bob, Michael and Tony Carey, Millicent O'Hara, Elsie and Christopher Nestor.

Refreshments were in the Rectory garden where William Carey had first been fishing in the moat.

We then drove to Moulton to continue the celebrations;



Members of the Carey family and Baptists at Paulerspury Church

Carey came to be schoolmaster in 1785 and then also became the Baptist Minister there after being ordained in 1787. We saw the cottage

where he and his family lived and had his school room and a workshop for his shoe making which he did later to add to his meagre income.

In the evening there was a bicentenary service at the Carey Baptist Church in Moulton which included the same passage from Isaiah and an address by the Rev E G T Madge, General Foreign Secretary B M S.

We then went to Pury End, the small village near Paulerspury where William Carey was born.

We saw a derelict cottage on the site where he was born, part of a row of cottages. I was told that Carey's cottage would have had a

lower roof which was thatched and the derelict cottage had been built later.

My uncle, Basil Carey, ob-



Carey's birthplace, Pury End

tained the keys so we could look inside the cottage. He wanted to buy it but was not allowed to do this as it was unsafe.

In 1965 the row of cottages was demolished and a cairn with a plaque was made, using stones from the derelict cottage, to mark Carey's birthplace.

On 16th September 1967 there was an unveiling and dedication service of the cairn and plaque which my parents, sister, Jeannette, her husband Bob and other family members attended.

My father, W H Brenton Carey, read Isaiah 54: 1-8 from William Carey's own pocket bible.



W H Brenton Carey reads the lesson.

Miss F H B Williams, Librarian at Serampore College, unveiled the cairn and plaque and they were then dedicated by the Archdeacon of Northampton, the Venerable Bazil R Marsh. The address was given by Rev E G T Madge and a blessing by the former Bishop of Colombo. The ceremony ended with a recording of hymns sung by members of Serampore College.



Paulerspury Church

I returned to Paulerspury with my husband and friends at the end of August 2003. We met Mollie Dunkley, the church warden, and Delia Pope in Paulerspury church. Mollie had sung in the choir at the



Ann at the font in Paulerspury Church

1961 service. Mollie showed us the font where William Carey was baptised on 23rd August 1761 and where she and Delia were also baptised. We also saw the plaque on the North wall of the chancel given by the Northampton Baptist Association in 1942 to commemorate the 150th year of the Founding of the BMS, a plaque to William Carey in the porch and Edmund and Elizabeth Carey's grave in the churchyard. Mollie and Delia were dismantling a flower festival held to coincide with the date of the baptism of Carey. We visited the present school and saw the playground which was the site of the school and schoolhouse to where William Carey moved when he was six when his father, Edmund, became School master following the death of his grandfather, school master Peter.

We then drove to Pury End to see the cairn and plaque at Carey's birthplace in Carey's Road. We saw the fields where he first worked when he left school and where, as a young boy, he walked to the church, played and loved learning about nature.

Andrew Carey's Diary 1883 part one

Diary of my voyage from London to New Zealand commencing Nov 25th 1882.

Andrew Fuller Carey was born in April 1863 in Wolverhampton. He worked in Pawsons, a drapers shop in London before emigrating to New Zealand to set up his own business. He

died in Christchurch in July 1937.

Saturday Nov 25th 1882

This is the starting day; I have to be on board at 11am. I got up at 7:15am and after scribbling a line to Ernest Lake, completed my packing. Had breakfast at 8:20am at 5 Canal Road where I have been staying since I left Pawsons, left there at 9:30am in Mr Gills van, George Gill and William, their man going with me, reached the East India Docks at 10am and after having a pass from the policeman at the gates, we proceeded to the spot where the 'Bevan' was lying during her loading, on arriving there we discovered she had moved to the Basin of the Docks, we found her with very little difficulty, but she looked far from ready to start. There was a little trouble in getting my luggage on board but that was soon overcome and the van being discharged, George and I went aboard. We had scarcely turned round when Hood, my senior at Pawsons came on deck. We amused ourselves looking and prying into everything. In another minute or so, Barham, another chum at Pawsons came on deck. We repaired to my cabin to inspect the premises that were to be my home for 3 months. To all appearances we were not ready to leave for some time, but looking out for Mr Gill senior, whom we expected, we caught sight of Clarence Pryer and Edward Walker, two Lea Bridge friends, who were nearly exhausted with running,

fearing they would lose the ship. We rather laughed at them for this but they were right, it was then 12 o'clock and at 5 minutes past 12 o'clock unknown and unfelt to us all, we quickly moved off from the dock. George should have gone off, being required at home, but this unconscious moving off prevented, so we were all off for Gravesend at least. After going all over the ship and noticing the different spots of interest such as North Woolwich Gardens, Woolwich Arsenal, Greenwich Observatory etc. we, that is to say passengers only, were called to dinner of roast beef and vegetables. This was rather tantalising to our friends, who had come to see us off, they were doubtless as hungry as we were, but while we were eating a hearty dinner, they had to content themselves with looking on which, according to their looks and remarks, was hardly as satisfying. Dinner over George Gill very kindly came down and assisted me to make my bed (or bunk) and unlock my box. When we had finished our sundry jobs below we were in sight of Gravesend where I had to say my last farewells, they having contacted with a waterman to take them ashore, gave me a hearty shake of the hands all round, with plenty of well wishes and left me entirely alone. When all the passengers' friends had gone and none but passengers left, I was able to see how many of us there were. To my delight there were only 10 steerage passengers and two

second class and no saloon ones. There are 3 cabins and a mess room in the steerage portion of the ship. Two of the cabins to accommodate 4 single men in each and the third for a married couple. My cabin is the centre of the three, and occupied by a middle aged gentleman hotel keeper in Dunedin, a young man (a sailor 9 years in NZ) and another young fellow called Williams, a Barristers son, 2 or 3 years older than I. We had tea at 7pm and after that I set to work hanging up our things and otherwise furnishing our cabin. From 8-10:30pm I walked the deck with Maclain the ship being fastened to a buoy at Gravesend. Went to bed at 10:30pm.

Sunday Nov 26th 1882

Got up at 8am had breakfast at 8:30am. The ship still fast to buoy. A head wind in channel so we decided to stay the day in Gravesend or rather off there. At 10am a missionary from ashore came over to see us and had service for 17 minutes, 12 of us attending. I occupied the rest of the morning writing letters. Had dinner at 1pm, started more letters after dinner. At 3:30pm Hallam and I went ashore to post our letters. I called to see Mrs Richard (formerly of Stoleys) stayed to tea. Got her photo. Left Gravesend again at 6pm, walked the deck till 10pm. Moonlight night. Thinking of London friends and where I might be. Feeling very miserable but moving off at midnight for the Downs brightened me up.

Monday November 27th 1882
Got up at 8am just in time to say goodbye to the Pilot. The sea was very choppy and so was I, sea sickness came on toward mid-day and by the evening I felt really ill. We passed Dover, N and S Foreland and other towns we could not ascertain the name of. The tug left us at Dungeness, there was a head wind and we hardly ran 2 knots an hour the whole day. In fact at 7pm we were not out of sight of Dungeness Lighthouse, splendid moonlight night but very rough and of all the horrible feelings in the world sea sickness is I think the worst. I hope though I shall soon be alright.

Tuesday November 28th 1882

Had an awful night of sickness, could not bear my head up. Did not get up all day, ate nothing since yesterday morning. Head wind still prevailing and sea awfully rough. Towards evening it came over very wild and about 7pm I got up feeling very ill and weak. Had a walk on deck till 9pm saw the light off Cape Harfleur and Beachy Head. Went to bed again feeling no better. One almost wishes not to live, or to be thrown overboard, any thing but seasickness.

Wednesday November 29th 1882

Feeling a little better got up at 8am but had to go to bed again at 10am. I was so giddy and sick I could not stand. We were still dodging about the Isle of Wight. I managed to eat a biscuit and cup of tea at 6pm which seemed to do me good.

I got up again at 7pm and walked the deck until 9pm. Thank the Lord I feel much better.

Thursday November 30th 1882

Lovely morning, calm sea, fair wind, good spirits and better health. Got up at 8am had a good breakfast of porridge and salt pork. Had the whole day on deck, wind in our favour. Kept up 9 knots an hour till 4pm when the wind fell and a dead calm followed, we were left almost stationary off the Eddystone lighthouse. With all the favourable surroundings today I could not help thinking of absent friends and feeling dull and low spirited. I got my haversack from the hold and turned out my album and looked at all the old faces. I hardly know whether this made me feel better or worse, better I think for I congratulated myself that the brighter I tried to make myself, the sooner the time would fly. I feel so much better today. At Start Point, we signalled ashore and gave signs at to our destination. Our friends will see in tomorrows paper that we are alright but I expect will wonder what we have been doing all the week only to get as far as Plymouth but I am told we are lucky to get so far out of the Channel so soon at so late a month of the year. Our meals up to now have been very good, at least those I have had. I had a game of chess in the evening and then paraded the deck until bed time. Wind still very low and progress slow. Retired to bed at 10pm.

Friday December 1st 1882
Got up at 8am still feeling better, the sea rougher and the wind favourable and fair but raining in torrents. First wet day. Just before dinner I felt very queer again and in the afternoon came over sea sick and ill again I was compelled to go to bed again. The fore topsail was carried away with the rough wind today. We skirted the Bay of Biscay, I never saw such a sea before. Towards evening a stowaway was found in the coals. He was brought before the skipper and being too far from shore to send him about his business he told him to go forehead with the sailors and turned to.

Saturday December 2nd 1882
Still in the Bay and feeling awfully ill with the rolling of the vessel. Got up however at 8am and went to the Captain for some medicine which he gave me and which I think made my head a little better. Did nothing but sleep on deck all day. There are only two things a fellow who is sea sick can do on board ship and that is walk up and down looking back on the past and looking forward to the future. To go down to the cabin means making you more giddy. It is too cold to sit on deck reading, so there's nothing left but thought. But what an important day this is. Lucy is 12 years old today. I should like to be able to let her know I am thinking of her. Today too is the anniversary of the opening new mission Hall at L Bridge. This time last year we were all down there driving in the last few nails and clearing up prior

to the grand opening day. Poor old Mrs Squires housed two of us that night. I wonder whether she's still alive. Do the present committee remember all this too I wonder. I expect they will be having special services tomorrow; who preaches I wonder. Oh I should like to pop down tomorrow but this cannot be. We had tremendous back storms towards evening but wind fair and ship going her course at the rate of 9 knots an hour. We had a narrow escape of collision tonight. A Swedish barque cut across our bow within 100 yards. I turned in just after the alarm at 8.30pm.

Sunday December 3rd 1882
Second Sunday on board the Bevan. We left the Bay of Biscay behind us in the night past and are now full out in the Atlantic. At noon today we were off Cape Finisterre. I was particularly struck with the contrast in the sea of the Ocean and that of the Channel or Bay. The Channel was rough I thought but choppy, the Bay was still rougher and more irregular, and full of cross seas, but the Atlantic is a series of huge, gigantic rollers, very regular about half minute between each. I feel a little better today, it is beautifully sunny this morning so I kept up on the main deck and fore-castle nearly all the forenoon watching the grand waves but I got punished about 12 o'clock quite unawares. One of these rollers came with full power and washed me completely to the other side. The loopholes of course soon let the water out but I was wet through and

had to change. This was the first sea we have shipped but the Captain tells me I must look out for the waves as she will continually take in the waves when rough. In future I shall go on the poop with the Skipper, getting wet through is no joke. I had forty winks the afternoon, got up in time for tea which was exceptionally good. We had a nice hot cake. After tea Mr Anstey, one of our cabin, read us a sermon just to make us feel that it was Sunday. There are only thirty two souls on board the ship so we do not come under the Act of Parliament which enforces the Captain to read the church prayers once on the Sunday if over thirty five souls. After that, it being wet and dark above, we all stayed in the mess room and had a chat.

Monday December 4th 1882
Got up today awfully sick. There was a nasty cross sea on and a head wind so that we were only going barely 2 knots an hour. I went to bed at 10am with an acute headache aggravated by sea sickness. Turned out for an hour or two at 7pm. Ship seeing a good bit of water today.

A new Carey book

In 2005 a brand new book was published about William Carey written by Dr Keith Farrer. It is the first book to have been written emphasising Carey's expertise in Botany. The first part is a general account about Carey and the second is about Carey as a scientist. The whole book is most certainly one of the most accurate about William Carey as it

has been most carefully researched from an extensive bibliography.

It can be obtained from:

Carey Baptist Grammar School
349 Barkers Road
Kew
Victoria 3101
Australia

Who are the publishers of the book.

Dr Farrer is an ex-pupil of Carey Baptist School and a member of the School Board. He is also a scientist being an Honorary Fellow of the Australian Academy of Technological Sciences and Engineering. In 1979 he was appointed OBE for services to science and industry.

Shelagh Stannard's biography pt 3

My sister and I went to boarding school for the first time when I was about ten or eleven years old. This was Pinemount School in Shillong, about a day's journey from Amingoan. Shillong is the summer capital of Assam, 5000 ft. above sea level in the heart of the Khasi and Jainti Hills on the Burma border. The whole area is subject to earthquakes and nearby Cherrapunji is reputed to be the rainiest place in the world. All the houses in Shillong are built of wood because of the tremors that occur every day - very frightening until one gets used to them. To get to Shillong we had to take the ferry across the river to Pandu, then the train to Gauhati also on the banks of the Brahmaputra river but higher up stream. At Gauhati we had to be car-

ried up to Shillong in dandys; a sort of sedan chair carried on the shoulders of two men or four if you were very heavy!

There is a proper road there today but in those early days there was only a rough track and it took us all day to get to the top of the hills, stopping for lunch at a halfway house.

My only memories of this school are of the weekly doses of cold senna pod tea early in the morning and being doled out with three pieces of toilet paper every night! I recall that the suppers were very nice with lots of bread and butter washed down with piping hot cocoa in huge urns. it was here that I got chickenpox and still have white scars left by the pustules. I also made my first communion there. I was considered to be very good at Arts and Crafts and I remember making a book of pressed autumn leaves in various designs and knitting a baby's bonnet for the end of year exhibition, much admired by my teachers and I was very proud of myself!

My next school was in Darjeeling, the Loretto Convent, 6800ft. above sea level in the Himalayas. My sister and I spent two years there and hated it. We were boarders, I got measles and remember waking up one morning to see all the girls staring down at me with horrified eyes and saying, "look at her face all covered with spots". My poor sister got a very bad dose of whooping cough - no immunisation in those days. I used to stand outside the isolation ward of the Infirmary watching her

gasping for breath, with a steam kettle blowing on her.

The nuns were, surprisingly, very hard hearted and cruel about bed-wetting. Any of the children who transgressed were punished by having to stand on the main staircase in their nightclothes with their wet sheets draped around their shoulders. I never had to suffer this indignity, but my poor sister was only a little thing and will never forget the shame and anguish she had to endure. Our boring life in this school was alleviated by frequent visits from a very dear aunt, my mother's youngest sister, Mona. She used to come and take us out to tea and cakes at a local restaurant; red letter days for us. Sunday in school was pocket money day but we seldom got any from our parents. Aunt Mona's husband, Freddy Oakley was the Manager of a tea garden just outside Darjeeling called Turzum. This garden was a wonderful place and to us a little bit of heaven. The house was a long low thatched one with beautiful polished wooden floors covered in rugs and carpets, and with a staff of well trained servants at our beck and call, and gorgeous food! We spent many very happy holidays there. It was a very luxurious life after our spartan existence down in the plains. To get to Turzum we used to have to take the tiny mountain railway (steam) from Siliguri at the foothills of the Himalayas, get off at Ghoom station where Aunt Mona and Freddy would meet us, get on horseback and ride out to the tea garden

which took two or three hours. The road was a very narrow rough one and I remember on one occasion our riding party met a herd of squealing pigs being driven to market; the horses didn't like it at all and danced about on the edge of the precipice! Turzum also had its own factory for processing the tea. We were able to see the whole operation from the picking (two leaves and a bud) to the tea being put into large crates for shipment to Britain. Freddy Oakley was an amateur jockey and a fine polo player; in his time he had broken almost every bone in his body except his spine! He used to train his own horses, and once when a very valuable animal of his broke its fetlock, instead of putting it down, he and the vet hung it up to the stable ceiling in a sling to take the weight off its injury, and it survived. On the way to Darjeeling there was a place called Kurseong, 4800 ft. above sea level, and some of my happiest memories are of holidays spent there. My father, being a railwayman, was able to make use of a cottage owned by the Railways and rented out to their employees for holidays. It was perched on the edge of a deep gorge out of which would come clouds of damp white mist rolling up the side of the hill and send us children screaming away in panic! The cottage garden was filled with flowers - mostly Cosmos, which when I see any today, takes my mind right back to those happy times. I think these holidays were the only occasions when we ever saw marmalade and jam, since we were not very wealthy! Whenever I taste

Robertson's Golden Shred I remember Kurseong. Another beautiful place we visited was called Almora, also in the Himalayas, 5500 ft. above sea level. It used to be very popular for people suffering from Tuberculosis. There was fishing available in the lakes and the view of the snowy mountains was superb. There was also the Pindari Glacier, 13000 ft. nearby. We rented a little cottage covered with a climbing yellow rose with a gorgeous scent. In the garden was a ruined stone tower and we girls used to run around it throwing stones up to the top; one day a large stone I'd thrown bounced back down on to my sister's head cutting it badly and drawing blood; quite a lot of it. On another occasion we were called into breakfast one morning and in fighting to get through the door I cut my forehead very deeply on the edge of the door. I was taken to the hospital but made such a fuss about having stitches put in that the doctor washed his hands of the whole affair, put a bandage on it and told my mother very crossly to take me away home quickly! The Himalayas have many beautiful song birds and birds of paradise. The one we particularly loved had a four note call which we interpreted as "why don't you come", imagining it was calling us to come up to the hills for another lovely holiday. In the late 1920's we moved to a place called Katihar in Northern India not far from Purnea from where expeditions to Mount Everest used to start. The house was large and the garden was very big; mother engaged a gardener and began to plan a garden. She

did this at every new house we moved to but, sadly, we never seemed to stay more than three or four months anywhere, so just as everything was starting to look pretty, off we'd go again! We began to keep a lot of animals and birds as pets. All our cats bred like mad and we were forever finding nests of kittens in odd corners of the house and garden. The hens laid their eggs under the hedges and bushes and it was like a treasure hunt finding them daily. I don't think I went to school at this time, in fact, thinking about it now, I believe I only had about five years schooling altogether in my life! Our dogs were liver and white spaniels and a mongrel black and white terrier called Peter. These dogs were fed offal every day and on one occasion Peter was so disgusted at his dinner that, after sniffing at it disdainfully, he lifted his leg on it! This poor dog eventually died of canker of the ear for which there was no cure at the time. At first we thought he had rabies and father fetched his gun in readiness to put him down. At that time treatment for a rabid dog bite was a terrible business - one had to go to a place called Kasauli for injections in the stomach. This was the only place in the whole of the Indian continent where treatment was available and since all travel then was by train taking days, the outlook was anything but rosy. Most of our dogs succumbed to Distemper, also incurable then, and I can still remember the sorrow and distress I suffered hearing and seeing them dying. Since then I have been very reluctant to keep pets. Our cats stayed out all night and had terrible fights, torn ears and

bunged up eyes were common. During the night we'd hear then yowling and spitting and were able to distinguish our own cats howls from those of others. My sister and I would leap out of bed and rush outside to rescue our own particular favourites. I think mine was called Tiggy and hers was a moth eaten old tom with a bald head and crumpled ear called Archibald. At some of his existence someone had thrown boiling water over him - hence the lack of hair and his name. It is surprising that when we rushed out at night we never thought of stepping on dangerous snakes and insects, of which there were many. Our dogs often came home with a huge scorpion clinging on to a lip or ear, or their mouths ringed with lion ants holding on with enormous jaws, or foaming at the mouth from contact with a particular type of frog. We frequently heard frogs crying pitifully whilst being slowly swallowed by a snake; we'd rush out and try to save them by killing the snake and hauling the frog out of its jaws, even by torchlight in the dead of night! Sometimes the frog would survive if we were quick enough but more often the poor creature would be dead, and white, and half digested! Several times I actually slit open a snake to release a frog!

Our servants used to bring us any young animals they found abandoned; once they brought us two adorable featherless little nestlings we kept one each. My sister's died but

mine survived and grew up to be a lovely golden oriole and I christened it Harry. I kept it in a cage but it was so tame that I used to let it out a lot particularly when I got down on hands and knees on the lawn to catch beetles and grasshoppers for him to eat. He would sit on my shoulder flapping his wings and cheeping excitedly. I had no compunction in pulling off the insect's legs and wings so that he could swallow them easily. This little bird just loved bathing, I used to pour water on him from a watering can and he would fluff up his feathers and shuffle them about and then have a good old preen. At night he'd be back in his cage with his head tucked under one wing with just one beady eye open when I looked in to see if he was OK and to give him a good night pat. He'd make a soft chuckling sound in acknowledgements a cosy comfortable sort of noise.

We tried very hard to rear a young deer whose mother had been shot by villagers, but it would not eat and just faded away. Another young creature was a wild cat; we never did discover exactly what it was, but it was very fierce and although only as large as a full grown domestic cat it knocked spots off our pet felines who quickly learned to keep clear of it. After a few weeks we sent it off to the Calcutta Zoo much to the relief of the whole family.

We once had a python which just lay about lazily curled up and showed no interest in a mouse which our cook put into

its cage. The mouse ended up sitting on the snake's head washing it's whiskers! Father let it loose in the nearest jungle.

One day we were given a small young animal that looked like a domestic cat, but it grew bigger and bigger and when it produced stripes we suddenly realised it looked remarkably like a young tiger. It began to beat up our dogs and cats and when it reached dog size and chased the postman down the drive we had to send it to the Zoo as well. It was a tiger!

One of the nicest pets we ever had, apart from my beloved Harry the golden oriole, was a young raven. He was terribly noisy, refused to stay in a cage, just followed us around all day hopping along sideways and cawing ceaselessly for food. We called him Grip. He was no problem before he learned to fly but after he became airborne he was a menace, ate anything he fancied and ran off with anything that was shiny or colourful. It was very funny to see him having a duel with one of the cats; he would hop around behind it and tweak its twitching tail, at which the cat would cuff the bird over the head. Grip stayed with us for about two years and then suddenly disappeared either decided to return to the wild, or the cats had their revenge!

My father was a terrible chap for practical jokes. On one occasion he noticed that cigarettes were disappearing rather fast from his cigarette box; he suspected it was one of the

servants, and as it had happened before, he decided to set a trap by stuffing several live match beads into one end of a cigarette and replacing it with the others and then waited. One morning our bearer was missing and on asking the other servants where he was we were told that he was ill. Father went to the man's quarters in the compound and found him lying in bed with the sheet drawn up to his nose; on pulling it down he saw that half the man's moustache had been singed off!

Another amusing tale is about the sewage collectors. We had no pull chain toilets at that time only a commode or thunderbox as it is called there. When the enamel container has been used one has to open the outside bathroom door and shout out to the sweeper to come and clean it out. This he does by emptying the contents into a large sewage tank in the garden well away from the house because of the smell, washing it under a tap and then returning it to the commode. Every night the sewage tank is emptied by a couple of men into a two-wheeled tank drawn by a buffalo; it's called a Crowley cart and was invented, of course, by a Mr. Crowley! Now - in summer when the weather was boiling hot we used to have our beds moved outside into the garden where it was much cooler (if you've never slept under the brilliant tropical Milky Way you haven't lived). Father told these sewage collectors not to come anywhere near us when they were doing their work,

but they were too dim or too spiteful to take any notice of him and continued to thread their way past our beds carrying their smelly load. Father lost patience and decided to teach them a lesson - one night he set up a trip wire (well away from us I may say!) across the path that these chaps would take. Well - you can imagine what happened - a clatter and a yell and the men were covered in filth!

Our Carey Experience 2005

Mike Comber

Last year we decided it was time we explored the Carey Country along with Kay Carey, so giving Kay the job of organising it I chauffeured the three of us from Stroud, where Kay lives, to Northamptonshire to follow the planned route.

Our first stop was Pury End to look at William's birthplace, or what is left of it:



All that shows today is the stone near the site of his cottage.

Carey used to walk over the fields from Pury End to Paulerspury Church, using a footpath that came into the churchyard:



Where he could then enter the church:

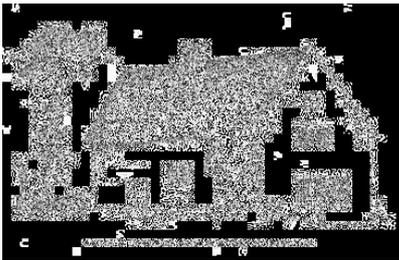


Where William was christened on 23 August 1761, and where we met Molly, who guided us around the church and here is locking up again.



Our next stop was Piddington Church. It was here that William and Dorothy married on

the 10th of June 1781. They set up home in a small cottage in the village, now replaced by a modern house.



In this cottage he started an evening school in order to earn extra money.

At this time he also turned to the Baptists after a long disenchantment with the Church of England. He was working in Hackleton as a shoemaker in a workshop owned by Thomas Old.

He also worshipped at Hackleton



That looked like this in Carey's time.



It was here that he first preached from this pulpit, that can still be seen in the church.



In the cottage William had a small workshop for his shoe-making trade. It can still be seen today, along with a trough in which he softened the leather.



In March 1785 the family moved to Moulton, where they lived in this cottage alongside the Baptist Church.

In the Guildhall in Northampton is a portrait of William Carey along with other worthy citizens of Northamptonshire



We were met here by Jeanne and Margaret who refreshed us with coffee before we explored the church and cottage.

If you would like to explore the 'Carey Experience' phone Margaret Williams, who is the coordinator on 01604719187.



This is how the church looks today.

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Family trees

Mike Comber
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