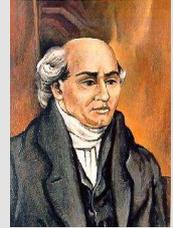


# Carey Family NEWSLETTER



Issue sixteen

2010

CAREY FAMILY ASSOCIATION



Attempt great things for God

**Committee members**

Sally Edwards

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Barry Eliades

**Family trees:**

If you would like a copy of your branch of the Carey tree then please contact me; for UK members trees cost £6.50 including postage, for overseas members the cost is £8.00.

I have had to put the price up a bit this year.

Apply in writing or email please.

**Contributions to newsletter:**

I really need more contributions from members for next year please. If it interests you then it will interest us, short or long, with photos or without. Get them to me by June 2011. Please!

**Photos on front page:**

Some Carey photos you may not have seen before -

Clockwise from top left: Wedding of Olive Carey and William Comber at Sandown Baptist Church; Darjeeling; S P Carey, Alice his wife, Gladys, Elsie and Olive; Tomb of Felix Carey at Serampore; Jonathan Pearce Carey; William Carey's garden at Seramore; S P Carey and sisters Lucy and Ada outside their in Hatcher Street

My thanks to my daughter Lis for typing articles for me.

Mike Comber

Expect great things from God

## Editor

Mike Comber



My apologies for the lateness of this newsletter, no excuse this year – or I cannot think of anything that would be convincing. On the other hand many thanks for those who have contributed to this edition; I am always happy

to receive contributions from you all. Please don't leave it to others to keep the newsletter going.

It looks as though there will be a big change at Serampore next year, that is, if Dr Lalchungnunga gets his way of retiring and it is not delayed by the Indian government's plan to raise the retirement age. This seems to be happening in many countries as the average age of the population gets older. We wish him good fortune in whatever plans he has, I am sure after his hard work at the college he must need a time that he can call his own.

Barry Eliades is busy with his Carey website, and is getting several enquiries from members of the public searching for family tree information. It can be found at: careyorganisation.com. It still needs many photos to be put on and family trees; that I'm afraid is where once again I am remiss and remorseful.

There are articles by Dr Lalchungnunga about Serampore, The Kauntzes by Sally Edwards, Jabez Carey by Ann Savage, News of Carey School in Australia, and news of a visit to India by Edward and Rosemary Williams, and further adventures by Shelagh Stannard and Uncle Andrew on his way to New Zealand. Plus a very late (my fault) article by Robert Mackenna.

We need to have your opinions about the possibility of another reunion in 2012. I am enclosing a short questionnaire for you to complete and return to me.

### **Minutes of Committee Meeting April 10 2010**

**Present** were Kay Carey, David Allen, Barry Eliades and Mike Comber

Kay acted as Chairman; Mike did his best with the minutes.

Apologies were received from Jeremy for health reasons, and Sally Edwards.

The minutes of the meeting last year were accepted as read.

Matters arising:

Kay has not found the list of books in Serampore library that she thought she had; however, she did bring a leaflet about the library that Barry has taken to scan and distribute by email.

David asked Mike how far he had got with renewing material in the website at William Carey University, Hattiesburg. Mike reported that old Carey trees had been removed but still had to replace them.

### **Treasurers** report:

We currently have 43 individual members on our books (35 in the UK and 8 overseas), one down on a year ago. Kay Carey is an Honorary Member.

Subscriptions are also outstanding in respect of two overseas members, namely Claire Moore (South Africa) and Robert McKenna (Australia).

We have had one new member during the past year, namely Susan Hunt who is Shally Hunt's sister-in-law. Two members have resigned, namely Naomi Hemingway and Penny Wadsworth. Sophia Freegard will be resigning from the end of this year.

We have two institutional members – the Carey Baptist Grammar School, of Kew, Victoria, Australia, and the William Carey College, of Mississippi, USA.

We currently have a bank balance of £578 compared with £585 a year ago. The cost of the Newsletter last year was £87.26 compared with £91.36 for the previous issue. The cost of our visit to Regents Park College was £150. Last year we made a payment of £200 to Serampore College and said that it should go towards the cost of salaries in the Theology Department. We need to consider what we should do this year, bearing in mind that one of our Association's stated aims is "donating funds to Serampore College out of any surplus from our subscriptions after running costs".

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David's report was accepted and David congratulated on his endeavours.

Matters arising:

There is a problem with the difficulty overseas members have in paying their subscriptions in pounds sterling at an economic rate. It was agreed that until things change it was better to allow these members to remain rather than have to give up their membership.

David said that he thought we could afford to send £350 to Serampore. It was agreed that this sum should go towards the Theology Department Teaching Staff salaries as last year.

A mention of last year's reunion and its cost led to a discussion about future reunions. It was agreed in principle that we should consider another reunion in 2012. Possible venues were discussed: Regents College had proved an excellent venue and quite central, but a different approach would have to be made; the Baptist church Bloomsbury was always easy to get to and a good base for a reunion. Barry also knew of various venues that he will look into.

#### **Newsletter, Carey tree and the website:**

Mike gave his usual plea that we need more contributions from the members. David suggested that Dr Lal could be asked to write about Serampore College as many members would know little about it. Mike asked David to make the approach when he sent our contribution to the college.

Barry suggested he do an article on computing and the internet. This was thought to be a good idea.

There is a need to ask members for updates on their families, to keep the tree up to date. This will be put in the newsletter. The contacts that Mike gets due to people looking at the website Barry has produced could lead to new members. Barry will also make the website easier for researchers to join the CFA.

The next committee meeting will be on April 9<sup>th</sup> 2011 at 2.00 pm.

The meeting closed at 3.40pm

#### **A short article about Serampore College.**

Dr Lalchungnunga

Serampore College was established by William Carey and his Associates Joshua Marshman (from Bristol) and William Ward (from Hull), in 1818, with just 37 students, 19 of whom were Christians.

Having such a handful of students, he had a massive two floor building constructed with a huge sum of money they had saved from their earnings, which building still stands strong, robust and useful, currently housing the Theology Department Library and the Arts-Science-Commerce department Library with holdings of more than 100000 volumes of old and new books. The College was incorporated by the Royal Danish Charter in 1827 signed by King Frederick VI of Denmark, thus making it the third highest education institution in the Danish kingdom. This Charter granted the power and privilege to the College to give any degree of rank in any subject. The British Government purchased Serampore in 1845 and the Deed of transfer of property between the British and Danish governments upheld the Charter of Serampore College as if it was granted by the British government. When the College attained a hundred years in 1918, the British Bengal Legislature passed the Serampore College Act by which the College's administration was reorganized. Now, the College functions as a degree granting institution of higher education in theology, having 50 theological colleges and seminaries affiliated to its Senate. Every year there are a thousand theological graduates passing out from the Serampore College and its affiliated colleges with the degrees of Bachelor of Theology, Bachelor of Divinity, Master of Theology, Doctor of Theology and other diplomas and certificates. The Arts, Science, and Commerce subjects were affiliated to Calcutta University when it was founded in 1857.

The College is unique for India as Theological education and liberal Arts and Science education are conducted together on the same campus and under one administration headed by the Principal. Christian teachers and students, other teachers and students coming from all other religions and no religion are enjoying the benefit of the services of this historic institution in the cordial atmosphere of understanding, tolerance, and harmony. The Principal and the Theology Teachers and most of the Theology Department Staff are Christians. The 140 Theology students are residential, coming from all Protestant denominations and from all over India and some neighbouring countries. Majority of the Arts-Science-Commerce Teachers, staff and students are from the local Bengali com-

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munity. Between the departments, there are nearly 100 Professors, 2600 students and a few Non-teaching supporting staff.

The Arts-Science-Commerce department is financially supported from the Higher Education Department of the Government of West Bengal in the form of grants given to the college from time to time. The Theology Department has to survive with the fees from the students and donations from various sources including those received from the Carey Family Association, for which we are always thankful. One constant concern for the College Management is the wide disparity between the salaries of the staff of Theology Department and the Arts-Science-Commerce department, The Theology Staff salary level being much lower, because of the limitedness of the available resources. The College is looked up to as a “Missionary College” even by the local people. Staff are proud to work in it and students are proud to study in the college. It is a pleasant encounter when somebody introduced himself with pride as the former student of Serampore College. Occasionally we meet people who say “My grand-father was a student of Serampore College, my father and I were former students of the College, my son is now a student there.”

Carey’s presence on the campus is ensured by naming one of its buildings “Carey Library and Research Centre” which was built in 1993 to mark the bi-centenary of the arrival of William Carey in India. The fund for such construction was made available by the governments of Denmark and Norway. It houses the archive of the rare collections of books and documents from Carey’s time, the Carey Museum where some of the relics of things used by Carey and his associates are kept and displayed for tourists. The Carey cemetery has been renovated and maintained. August 17, Carey’s birthday, is celebrated in a big way every year as Carey Day. The Senate of Serampore College has started a Diploma Course in Bible Translation, to keep alive the passion of William Carey. The name of William Carey is known with great respect and admiration everywhere in this part of the world. The College Council, the members of which are drawn from various Protestant denominational churches is always open to receive support to the upkeep and survival of this historic institution established with

great vision by Carey and his friends, through much struggles and hardships.

The present Principal Rev. Dr. Lalchungnunga comes from the Mizoram Synod of the Presbyterian Church of India. He was facilitated by the CFA in 2000 to visit places where Carey used to live and work. He was so inspired by the experience. Staying for days in the home of the late Michael Carey and Kay Carey at Hereford, he visited Paulerspury, Piddington, Hackleton, Moulton, Leicester, Nottingham, Oxford and other places enjoying the hospitality in many homes. Such experience was so useful in introducing the Head of the College to Carey trails and legacies. He remembers the love and affection accorded to him by many, particularly by Michael and Kay. Ten years have now passed and it is quite a time for such visits to be repeated, either from CFA or from Serampore. I fondly remember Kay coming all the way from Gloucester by train to see me at Regents Park College, Oxford when I visited for some meetings in 2005. This kind of meeting renews our bonds.

We are approaching 2018 which is going to be the bi-centenary year of the College. It will be in the fitness of things if we start preparing ourselves to do something great, meaningful, and significant on the occasion as a celebration of the life and work of its founders.

I wish all the members of the CFA all God’s blessings in your lives and works.

### **The Carey Grammar School Symphony Orchestra**

Brief report taken from Torch the school Community News for December 2009

Now there are around 17 boys and 26 girls in Carey’s hard-working Symphony Orchestra, playing strings, woodwind, brass and percussion instruments. They rehearse on Friday afternoons for the whole year and the strings have an additional tutorial to refine bowing and style. Once a term there is an extended rehearsal that lasts for four hours including a break for dinner. In August the senior groups go to Music Camp, a residential weekend rehearsal at which they polish works for coming performances in Semester 2.

The orchestra plays works by classical composers such as Mozart and Haydn with occasional ventures into film music and a movement from a Ro-

mantic Symphony. The repertoire often includes a concerto.



Performances include the Autumn Concert and the Whole School/Spring Concert in September and regular performances at Speech Night. The orchestra performs outside School at the Royal South Street Music Competitions in Memorial Theatre in Ballarat and at the Melbourne School Strings Festival held in Robert Blackwood Hall at Monash University, Clayton.

### **William Carey's achievements in India**

■ Many hundreds of Indians of all castes found a liberating faith in Jesus and were baptised. Caste was never recognised by Carey, Marshman and Ward.

■ Carey believed native Christians were the most effective evangelists.

■ Indian author Vishal Mangalwadi calls Carey 'the central character in the story of the modernisation of India'.

■ Carey translated the whole Bible into 6 Indian languages and parts of it into 29 other languages.

■ The Mission Press was used for widespread communication.

■ Schools were established both for European and for Indian children.

■ Higher education was provided at Serampore College.

■ Medical work was developed.

■ Carey campaigned for social justice in person, by pen or press in India, Britain and the West Indies.

■ He introduced lending libraries and the sharing of knowledge.

■ He saw potential in horticulture, forestry and agriculture for improving the quality of life.

■ Living in a community enabled a large proportion of their income to be used entirely for the Mission.

■ In this way William Carey set a pattern for world mission which continues to this day.

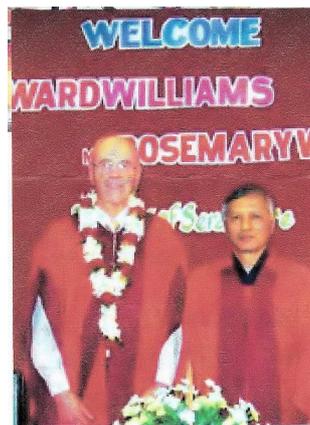
### **News from the Friends of Serampore**

Our surprising news:

We have recently returned from India where Edward was made an Honorary DD by the College (University)! This is really a ThankYou to us both for the work of Friends of Serampore, and so it is a ThankYou to you all also - this is for the encour-

agement and prayer support that we are able to give to the Principal and College, as well as for financial help. But this latter has, during the last two years, enabled the Theology Department to keep out of the red in the last months of the year.

This does also recognise our service there from 1959-68. At first I was embarrassed at the award as being "over the top" for what we had done - but our unease evaporated as we realised how much it meant to those who were giving the award. We are almost the last from the time when missionaries, especially from the BMS, formed a large contingent in the life of the whole college, and those days are remembered with a great sense of gratitude. In the closing words of the Citation for Edward, "We are also expressing our gratitude to the Baptist Missionary Society, the institution Carey himself founded." Our first 3 days were in South India, for the Convocation ceremony itself. As you know, "Serampore College (University)" is a family of 50 theological colleges throughout India which take their degrees under the college's 1827 royal charter as a university, and we soon realised that Indian Christians (even those from the ancient churches of



Kerala) revere “William Carey and Serampore” much as we in Britain think of “St Columba and Iona”. The ceremony moves around on a 10-year cycle, and this year was held in United Theological College, Bangalore, which is celebrating its centenary. The logistics were immense and the organising superb, with about 500 graduates at all levels attending in person (out of an annual total of 1247). We ourselves had a very comfortable room - but the shower was cold water only, and all meals, including breakfast, were variations on curry and rice!

On the day before the ceremony we were invited to share for a while in a discussion session of the College Council, considering the great problem of financing Serampore’s own Theology Dept. It was clear that all the affiliated colleges look on Serampore as “mother college” - but children have their own responsibilities and do not necessarily support their “mother” financially! We were struck by the calibre of those on the Council, and a number of measures were agreed by which the Indian churches would be called on to support the college, including an annual “Serampore Day”. But it is clear that our support will still be a very great help - do please continue to give all you can.

Saturday, February 6, began at 7.15am with a Commemoration Service.

Commemorating who? - Carey, Marshman and Ward, of course! Edward had been invited to give the sermon, prior to which a Mizo choir sang the Hallelujah Chorus (for which the Mizos are world-renowned) and then a beautiful fine woollen shawl was placed round Edward’s shoulders as a mark of honour! It felt like the sermon of his life, with a congregation of 800 including many of India’s present and future church leaders. He spoke of how India had taught him to hold together profound respect for those of other faiths at the same time as presenting Christ as the one who has opened the way to God. (This sermon will shortly be placed on our Friends of Serampore website.)

There were three other honoraries, Revd E. Will (!) from Germany and two Indians: a senior and much-respected Presbyterian leader from Mizoram, and an RC Archbishop from S India. We were so thrilled to be present for this - hitherto when speaking of Serampore as a wonderful ecumenical institution we have had to add, “...except for the Roman

Catholics”, but that will no longer be necessary. There has been one previous Catholic honorary, but that was incidental as she belonged to us all: Mother Teresa.

After collection of gowns and rehearsals (fortunately the honoraries did not have to take part) and a massive group photo which in itself took much organising, the Convocation, in a huge marquee, began at 5pm - including the annual report of the Senate and the conferment of degrees on 500 graduates, it ended at 8.30! We were very impressed by the leading figures, including the Vice-Master, Mrs Hilda Peacock, Principal of La Martiniere College in Calcutta, a fine lady deputising for the Master, Dr Rajaratnam, who was recovering from a heart operation. Among many others present, three will be known to some of you: HG Mithra receiving his DTh, Bp.DK Sahu who until recently was general secretary of the National Council of Churches in India, and KV Mathew who came over from Kerala specially to be with us on this occasion.

The next morning we flew 1200 miles by SpiceJet to Calcutta and on for 4 days at Serampore College itself. That evening (a trip down Memory Lane) Edward had been asked, at 3 days’ notice, to preach at the evening service for students and staff in the old Mission Church along the riverside from the college, with its plaque: “The First Home and Place of Worship of the Serampore Missionaries, Carey, Marshman and Ward”. We also went there for College Prayers each morning at 7am, and Rosemary was asked to give the sermon on our last morning. Opposite the church it was good to see the cross which the college has erected on the riverside to mark the spot where the first baptisms took place.

We received wonderful hospitality as guests of the



Principal and his wife Hliri, whom we had not met before. Among other qualities, she is a fine cook, of Western as

well as Indian cuisine; her scrambled egg was the finest we have ever tasted, plenty of butter being part of the secret! We were invited out by others to

some of our meals, but Hliri refused to let us go elsewhere for our final breakfast! We slept in the guest flat, immediately above our old flat in Carey House and having the same floor plan - to make us feel even more at home, we recognised one of our own old cupboards by its teddy bear stickers!



On Monday a ‘Felicitation Meeting’ was held, with many present and former staff and students from Theology and from Arts-Science-Commerce. One speaker, recently retired from being head of the Physics Department, told how he was “a naughty boy” in lectures - Edward remembered his mischief all too well! We gave greetings

from Edward’s sister Frances, who spent five years at Serampore as Librarian; many remembered her warmly.

It was lovely to meet people whom we had known over 40 years ago; and also to meet and hear the moving story of a lecturer from Orissa, Pratap Diggal, who was himself a Hindu convert. He is son-in-law to our middle daughter’s former ayah, who now works in the Library! The day of our departure was spent in Calcutta with the Parsee family who used to be our best friends in Serampore outside the college, and again some of you will remember them: Manekshana the Jute Mill engineer, his wife Rati (who sadly died some years ago) and daughter Gulnar, with her husband and their 18-year old daughter. This visit brought our final experience of being driven in India, which is hair-raising. The two rules are that you squeeze into the slightest gap, and that you take care not to touch anything that manages to squeeze ahead of you - we did not see a single bump in all that melee but it was unnerving to see Gulnar’s husband, who was driving, constantly on his mobile phone! I asked him at one point, “How many million rupees’ worth of business have you done during this drive?” and he replied, “Not millions”!

### **Edward and George Kauntze**

Sally Edwards

Charlotte Kauntze is my great-great-grandmother and was married to William Henry Carey. One of

their sons was William Carey and one of his daughters was Elsie Mary Carey, my maternal grandmother. William Carey married Rebecca Kauntze, Charlotte’s niece.

This information is about the Kauntze family who came from Hanover, Germany, and is taken from two sources, Bernhard Kauntz and Harry Kauntz, with both of whom I have been in contact.

Edward was born in Hanover, Germany, in about 1783 and was a musician with the 11<sup>th</sup> Hussars.

He had enlisted into the 11th Light Dragoons on the 25 of May 1802. The first muster shows him as a “Substitute for Yearman.” (This was Private Thomas Yearman, who is shown on the same day as “Discharged, found another man”. A total of five men, all with German-sounding names, enlisted into the regiment on the 25 or 26 of May 1802, and all were shown as “Substitutes” for men already serving in the 11th and who were all discharged for the same reason. There is no indication if any of these men had served in a military capacity before, although one had exchanged with a man already in post as a trumpeter.

Edward Kauntze is later shown as a “Musician by trade.” The Troop he joined (Captain Sleigh’s) was then at Dunstable. On the 25 of December 1805, he deserted from Woodbridge, Kent, and would appear to have gone to Guernsey and married, as his eldest son, George Ernest, was born there in 1806. He “gave himself up” to the regiment on the 8 of March 1807.

He was promoted from Private to Corporal in March of 1812 and to Sergeant in April of 1814. He did not serve in the Peninsula campaign, but he is shown as joining the regiment in France, from the Depot, on the 18 of November 1815. A daughter, Mathilda Sarah, was born in France in 1816.

Sergeant Edward Kauntz sailed to India with the 11th Light Dragoons leaving Gravesend for Calcutta on Feb 7, 1819 aboard the Indiaman ‘Atlas’. From the ship’s log his name is together with his wife (named as Anne) and children George (13), Henry (9), Matilda (7), Sophia (18mths). Charlotte, born April 29, 1819 was born on board at the Cape, but sadly, on the same journey a son Frederick died at sea on 24 June, 1819.

Charlotte’s mother, Sarah Anne, died in India and in 1820 and her father remarried a widow, Elizabeth Kilner in 1821. Elizabeth had also travelled

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to India on the 'Atlas' in 1819, as did the Kauntze family. Her first husband, Richard, was a Sergeant with the 11th Dragoons.

Charlotte and her siblings were orphaned in 1822 when her father and stepmother died between March and June of that year:

"Elizabeth Kauntze, wife of Bandmaster Edward Kauntze, died at Meerut, India, on the 3 of March 1822, aged 41 and Edward Kauntze (Bandmaster of the 11th Dragoons) soon followed her, dying on the 5 of June 1822 at the age of 39 years and being buried on the following day. Both burials were in the Cantonment Cemetery in Meerut. No cause of death is shown, but some 200 of all ranks of the regiment had died from one disease or another during the previous two years" (kauntz-online)

Now comes the bit of speculation and perhaps another family member can confirm or deny this information! All this information is collated by Harry Kauntze, 2008.

Edward Kauntze is highly likely to be a close relative of the earlier George Kauntze (born c1760s). It was common practice to employ German musicians in British bands at that time but the fact that they are both from Hanover with the same name suggests a familial tie.

George first appears in records in 1794 as a member of the Coldstream Guards Band: "Name: Counts, alias Kauntza, alias Kauntze" (Source: personal communications with Coldstream Guards Web Forum). These phonetic aliases give us an insight into how he pronounced his name, and if he was illiterate, then the origin of "Kauntze" may have been down to the interpretation of his name by an English clerk when George signed on with the regiment.

The Coldstream Guards Band/ Duke of Yorks' German Band/ Duke of York's Band was the first modern British military band, due to the modernising influences of the influx of continental (mainly German) musicians. The band's formation on 16th May 1785 was due to officers of the Coldstream Guards petitioning their Colonel in Chief; Prince Frederick, Duke of York and Albany (The 'Grand Old Duke of York', Hanoverian prince and second son of George III of England) for a professional band to replace the existing contingent of civilian irregulars (Source: The History of British Military Bands, Volume Two: Guards & Infantry). They had proved unreliable and

this set in motion a chain of events that probably brought the first Kauntze to England.

The Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards had some form of band as early as 1742 which consisted of a Corps of Drums, and a band of eight musicians. However, after the peace of 1762 the formation of military bands began in earnest in the British Army. By 1768 the Coldstream Guards had what was described as 'a fine Band of Musik', comprised of civilians who were hired by the month and paid for by the officers who, not unnaturally, regarded the bands as their personal property. The hired musicians however had several disadvantages.

An inherent conflict between musical and military roles was exposed in 1783, when Lord Cathcart, an officer of the Regiment asked the Band to play during an aquatic excursion to Greenwich; the musicians refused to comply with his request on the grounds that the performance was 'incompatible with their several respectable and private engagements'. This was too much for the officers of the Regiment who petitioned their Colonel-in-Chief, the Duke of York, who was at the time in Hanover, for his agreement to their having a band of musicians that they could use on all occasions. Accordingly, a band was enlisted in Hanover by His Royal Highness, and sent to England. It consisted of twelve performers including the leader, Music-Major C.F.Eley. The instrumentation was: two oboes, four clarinets, two bassoons, one trumpet, two horns, and one serpent. The band came into existence on 16 May, 1785 and on May 20, 1785 The Times reported:

*"This day the new musical band belonging to the Coldstream Regiment of Guards will mount guard for the first time on the parade at St. James's Park. They are young lads from Germany, with a captain who is their master of music, making in the whole eleven in number. They have enlisted for eight years and are under the martial law as a private man; their pay is nine shillings per week per man, and one guinea per week to the captain. In all probability we shall never again hear a regimental band equal to that which is dismissed, they have for many years been a high treat to those persons who have attended the courtyard at St. James's, and we sincerely hope, after so long and faithful service, they will at least be entitled to half pay during the remainder of their lives."*

It is likely that George Kauntze was recruited at the band's inception as a Clarinetist. It appears that he took up residence at 34 Charles Street, Westminster, off Horse Guards Road (in present day King Charles Street); an area that most of the band members lived. George Kauntze must have been an accomplished musician to have been invited to join this prestigious group. He was probably known to Eley, either from an academy or from a regiment where he was already an attested Hanoverian military musician. George's link to Eley may be the best way of tracing back his German roots.

This very short, very rare report from The Daily Universal Register (1787) the newspaper that became 'The Times', and gives us probably the first-named piece of music the band played at Guardmount ever to be put in print:

*"28th July, 1787: The Duke of York's German Band, at the relief of the Guard at St. James's, perform several pieces of music from Gli Scliana per Amore".*

It would seem in the 'New Band's' very early days they were known as 'The Duke of York's German Band', later shortened to 'The Duke of York's Band'. The band was something of a sensation at the time, being reported in The Daily Universal Register and this would have paid well and have elevated the careers of all those involved.

This passage, taken from an article on Vauxhall Gardens written in January 1950 makes mention of the band when known as 'the Duke of York's Band'. It also throws up the prospect that the band could have been twice as large as the generally accepted strength of the period:

*"On royal birthdays there were Grand Galas, with illuminations, masquerades and special decorations. On these occasions the price of admission was raised from one shilling to half-a-crown or three shillings. There was always plenty of 'curious show and gay exhibition'.*

*But besides the music performed by the vocalists and instrumentalists already described the proprietors provided their patrons with a first-class 'attraction' in the shape of the Duke of York's band, playing between the acts in full uniform. This band has its place in musical history. Frederick, Duke of York, spent seven years in Austria and Prussia studying tactics, regimental discipline and soldiering in all its forms. Some of the military*

*ideas which he brought back with him in 1787 were new to this country. While he was in Germany he engaged a band of twenty-four players. Flute, trumpets, trombone and serpent were added to the two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons usual in English military bands of the period. Three negroes with tambourines and Turkish bells were an innovation which was not permanently adopted by English military bands. W.T.Parke gives an anecdote explaining the origin of this new kind of military band, which may or may not have a foundation in fact.(See Musical Memoirs, Vol.II, pp.239-240.)*

*What is certain is that it became very popular, and drew large crowds to hear its performances in St. James's Park under its band-master, C.F.Eley, so that the proprietors of Vauxhall were providing their patrons with something really new and exciting in these performances of 'martial music'."*

Other eye-witnesses present at Vauxhall Gardens at this time state: *"a noble company of musicians, in number about thirty, most splendidly dressed, and known by the name of the Duke of York's band, performed in a very superior style".* Either way it would seem it was the size of the band, together with its new instrumentation, that seems to have got it engaged at Vauxhall as one of the attractions there.

Music-Master Eley, is remembered today for his slow march, 'Duke of York'.

Composition of the Coldstream Guard band members of 1794:

Clarinets: C.F.Eley, John Rice, George Kauntze, John Gatfrid Hagemann.

Oboes: Elrington, Thomas Cornish.

Horn: William Jackson.

Trumpet: Henry Tamplin.

Trombone: John Zwingman.

Serpent: Rudolph Sickel.

Bassoons: Johann Caspar Weyrauch

'Janissary' percussionist: James Frazier

As well as performing George composed/adapted military movements:

(1) Kauntze's Collection of Original & Selected Music...English, Scotch, Irish & German Composers c.1790, London.

(2) Duchess of York's Waltz 1790.

(3) Tink a Tink 1790.

(4) Croppies lie Down 1790

(5) Troop of the West Lowland Fencibles. Composed, and adapted for the piano forte, harp, two flutes or clarinet, by George Kauntze, late of His Highness the Duke of York's Band. 1796.

George had left the band by 1796 and set up as a 'music seller and composer'

The Coldstream Guards record states:

COLDSTREAM GUARDS BAND MEMBER  
1794: GEORGE KAUNTZE. Name: Counts, alias Kauntza, alias Kauntze. Title: Member of the Band of the 2nd Regiment of Guards.

Occupation :Violoncello /Clarinet/Music. music seller and publisher from 9, opposite. Admiralty buildings in Whitehall, London c1795-1800, 376, Strand c 1800-01; 2, James Street 1802H. Trading: alone c1795-1800; as Kauntze and Hyatt c1800-02; as Kauntze and Co. 1802.

George Kauntze's name appears in an advert in Times (13th Nov. 1797) when advertising for a managing clerk. 'Replies to M.J & Mr Kauntze, Music-seller. Whitehall.'

George Kauntze, widower, married Frances Patin a spinster of St. Marylebone on May 8<sup>th</sup>, 1813 in the Parish of St George, Hanover Square, London. He would have been about 53 years old.

NOW! Given that Edward Kauntze was born in Hanover in 1783, and George was enlisted into the band of the Coldstream Guards in Hanover 1785, is George his father, and did he leave a wife and young baby to come to England? Or did they come to England with him?

A mystery for someone to solve!

To add to the possibility of George being the head of this military family Edward Kauntze had a son, George Edward Kauntz who was a Band Sergeant in the 11<sup>th</sup> Light Dragoons (Hussars) in 1832 and was commissioned into the 3rd Light Dragoons in 1835, later serving in the 42nd Highlanders and finally as a Major in the 7th Dragoon Guards before retiring from the Army in 1868. He, in turn, had a son, Edward Henry Ernest Kauntz who was a Colonel in the Bengal Army.

Note also the names follow a pattern: George, Edward, George, Edward.

### **Jabez Carey**

Ann Savage (Jabez Line)

Jabez Carey was born on the 12<sup>th</sup> May 1793 at Hackleton, Northamptonshire, the fourth son of

William and Dorothy Carey (née Plackett). His father and eldest brother, Felix aged seven, had already left home to travel to India with John Thomas and his family. Jabez's name, chosen by his mother, came from Chronicles Chapter 4 verses 9 and 10. He had two other brothers, William and Peter, who were aged five and three years.

When Jabez was three weeks old, his father and Felix unexpectedly came back to Hackleton with John Thomas who was not allowed to continue sailing on the "Oxford" due to debts he had incurred. Thomas persuaded Dorothy to return with them bringing the children and her sister Catherine (Kitty). They sailed on the 13<sup>th</sup> June 1793 in "The Kron Princessa Maria", a Danish ship, taking five months to reach India, and they arrived in Calcutta in a small harbour boat. John Thomas wrote that Jabez thrived on the voyage.

The Carey family had very little money and moved around during the next few months, living in difficult conditions and Dorothy and Felix suffered from dysentery. They lived in various places before settling in Mudnabatti where William had been offered a salaried job to manage an indigo factory. By now Jabez was one year old but a few weeks after arriving, Peter, aged five, caught a fever and died in the autumn of 1794, leaving the family totally devastated.

The house in Mudnabatti had a pond outside and Jabez grew up speaking Bengali and meeting the natives. His father taught the scriptures in Bengali to a gathering of five hundred people on a Sunday and also went out to preach in two hundred villages and started two schools. At the beginning of 1796 Jonathan, Jabez's youngest brother, was born.

The family moved to Serampore in January 1800 when Jabez was six years old and he went to school there. Dorothy died on the 8<sup>th</sup> December 1807; unfortunately she never recovered from the mental illness she suffered after the death of her son, Peter. Jabez studied Chinese and became very proficient in it. He won a prize in 1809 at the age of fifteen in the Chinese examination and another one a year later. William prayed that Jabez might be a missionary, but in 1812 he chose to become an articled clerk to an attorney, W Thomas. Dr Ryland and his large congregation in England prayed for Jabez and later he became religious man.

Jabez married Anne Eliza Hilton (known as Eliza) in 1813 at Serampore. In January 1814 he agreed to be a missionary in Amboyna (now Ambon, Indonesia) in the Moluccas, known as the Spice Islands, and Superintendent for Schools in the Moluccas. He was baptised on the 22<sup>nd</sup> January at Serampore by Dr Marshman. Then on the 25<sup>th</sup> January he was ordained at a service at the Lal Bazar Chapel in Calcutta when his father and his two brothers, Felix, who had just returned from Burma, and William, laid their hands on him.



Jabez left almost immediately on the “Streatham” to sail to Amboyna. The “Streatham” called in at Java on the way and he met the Revd Robinson who gave him help with the Malay language. Jabez arrived in Amboyna on the 11<sup>th</sup> April 1814 and settled peacefully on the island, farming and keep-

ing poultry. He asked his father to send a few cows and goats. He organised the schools in Amboyna and in June 1815 his pupils were examined by the government and did well. Then in the October of that year he was selected to be Second Member of the College of Justice.

In March 1817 the Dutch reclaimed Amboyna from the British, but Jabez was allowed to stay. His eldest son, William Henry, was born there on the 12<sup>th</sup> June 1817. Jabez was now restricted in his teaching and the local people had become very aggressive. By the following year the family had returned to Calcutta and Jabez asked for his father’s help in getting him a job as a Justice of the Peace.

Jabez then moved to various places in India looking for a suitable place for a mission station and, sadly, he had a daughter who died and was buried in Allahabad in January 1819. In April 1819 Jabez arrived in Ajmeer and decided to set up a mission station and schools for the native children. He became Superintendent for Schools in Rajputana. By the next year he decided it would be easier for his pupils if he taught them in Persian rather than in English. The following year he needed to dig a well in his house as water was scarce. Also he

held a meeting every Sunday with the soldiers posted there. However, by 1821 there was strong opposition to his preaching and he could only discuss religious matters privately.

Jabez and Eliza had four more children, Anne Eliza, Felix, Mary Hilton and Jabez, who were born in Ajmeer between 1821 and 1833. In January 1830 Jabez wrote a letter to the Missionary Society giving an encouraging view of the state of his schools.

On the 9<sup>th</sup> June 1834 William Carey DD died at Serampore. Jabez and his father had corresponded for many years and the letters still survive. Jabez’s son, Felix, aged ten, then died on the 26<sup>th</sup> June, also at Serampore.

By 1837 the family had returned to Calcutta and Jabez was appointed a Session Judge in Bengal. He rejoined the Lal Bazaar Chapel. He was a Session Judge for several years but then had to resign his appointment as he felt unable to sentence a guilty man to death in a murder case.

Eliza died on the 1<sup>st</sup> March 1842 in Calcutta and later that year on the 20<sup>th</sup> June, Jabez married Sarah Hawkins. His eldest son, William Henry, married Charlotte Kauntze on the 16<sup>th</sup> August 1842.

George Osmond Beeby, a successful solicitor in Calcutta and honoured member of the Circular Road Chapel married first Mary Hilton on the 19<sup>th</sup> November 1849 and then, after she died in 1853, he married her sister, Anne Eliza, in circa 1855. Jabez’s son, Jabez, left India and married. He died on the 22<sup>nd</sup> June 1879, probably in the Cape of Good Hope.

Jabez stayed in Calcutta and was very useful as a lay member of the Lal Bazar Chapel, visiting it every day until he was no longer able to do so. He was a humble, good and helpful man, giving ad-



Lal Bazar Chapel, Calcutta

vice when needed. He died in Calcutta on the 13<sup>th</sup>

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May 1862 and was buried at Serampore in the Carey vault.

The Lal Bazar Chapel in Calcutta was founded by William Carey DD in 1809 and is now known as the Carey Baptist Church.

### **Memories continued**

Shelagh Stannard

It must have been in the late 1930's that father felt he'd had enough of the Railways and decided to resign. We left for Calcutta and settled into a ground floor flat in a part of Calcutta called Alipore. Father bought a Hillman Wizard car, black and yellow, and began to teach my sister and me to drive. We got as far as driving to and from the Docks before our circumstances changed. It was in this car that my parents had a minor accident one day - a sudden stop and badly cut knees for my mother, since there were no seat belts in those days. All four of us had a narrow escape from death when we were driving along in a taxi one day, in Calcutta the trams run along the centre of the main roads, the taxi driver decided to overtake a tram and did not notice that there was one coming towards us, so we were more or less sandwiched between the two vehicles, a nasty moment for us and a mangled bonnet for the taxi.

The flat in Alipore had a 6 ft. brick wall around the building and an iron gate. We had a dog at the time that my mother was passionately attached to; one evening we went to the cinema leaving the dog indoors. When we came home at about midnight we opened the front door and before you could say Jack Robinson the dog had darted between our legs and gone off through the gate into the congested streets. In Calcutta the traffic has to be seen to be believed, cars, taxis, bullock carts, horse drawn carriages, busses, camel carts and carts drawn by men, with many a sacred cow lying in the middle of the road, and everyone shouting at once. It was into this that the wretched animal disappeared. Mother was frantic and told me to climb to the top of the wall to see where he'd gone so that father could follow in the car. I climbed up and promptly fell over on the other side where piles of rubbish had been thrown; my legs went through a wooden packing case with metal bands around it and I was cut to the bone in one place and bled like a pig. Father forgot the dog, put me in the car and drove to the nearest hospital. I was stitched up and given a Tetanus injection and then had to fill in a long questionnaire about how I had come by my injuries. Then a Police Inspector came and questioned me closely - he was very suspicious - 2 am and this young woman falls off a wall!! Nothing would satisfy him but a trip back to the scene of the accident. Luckily the

crate was still splashed with my blood, yet somehow we felt he was still not very happy about the whole thing!

When father resigned from the Railways he was given a golden handshake and with this money he rented a flat at the top of a building on the main road in Calcutta called Chowringhee. He had decided to start a Night Club. He had it fitted up, engaged a band, called the club The Picardy Club and adopted "Roses of Picardy" as their signature tune. He got the idea from a woman he met; a divorcee with two daughters a little younger than my sister and me, and vent into partnership with her. He soon left us and moved in with this woman and her children and we saw very little of him after that. Occasionally we used to see him driving them about in his car whilst we had to travel by tramcar or walk. The club did not prosper and it had to be closed down after a few mouths leaving father and his woman friend with massive debts. She was completely heartless; when she found that he was penniless she threw him out and he could only crawl back to us. In the meantime we had moved to a smaller cheaper one bedroom flat with a small dining/sitting room. The landlord was an Italian and his son had a beautiful voice and let everyone know it too! He was forever singing "Figero, Figero, figero"<sup>1</sup>. It was here that father slept on the floor having nowhere else to go. Later on, when war broke out, he was called up to serve in the Army spending most of his time in Iran. He continued to send us small amounts of money, but not very often, and it became imperative that my sister and I start working. She was very clever and soon learned shorthand and typing and found a job with a firm of Advertising Agents which brought in enough money to pay for our food. I did my best to master shorthand as well; my sister paid for my lessons bless her, given by a young clerk in the local Police force who did this as a side line to earn extra cash. We often lost patience with each other so some months we called it a day and I began looking around for a job. I went to all sorts of places in reply to advertisements, mostly reputable, but some downright grubby and seedy which horrifies me today; what a risk I took. I got a job at last with General Motors but it didn't last long as the technical terms floored me - I didn't know a big end from a half shaft! I'm sorry to say that, although I was quite fast at typing, I was almost unable to read my own shorthand I soon learned the horror of those words from the boss please read that back Miss Wood

My next job suited me down to the ground, this was in the winter of 1938. Yardley's, the beauty products company in

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London decided to investigate the possibility of marketing their products in India with their headquarters in Calcutta. They sent out their representative, a Miss Olive Gowan, to look around and see if there was any business available. She wanted an English girl as a Receptionist when she set up her consulting room in the Great Eastern Hotel. I got the job. For several weeks before she arrived in Calcutta I had to phone the wives of all the prominent business men in town offering them an introductory free facial treatment; many took up the offer. It was a great pleasure dealing with sweet smelling creams, perfumes and powders. Sadly, however, it was not to last. Hitler was getting belligerent and there were rumours of impending war, so Yardley decided that this was not the time to start a new venture. and they recalled Miss Gowans. She gave me a parting present of all the remaining stock of beauty aids that she had brought with her - it was lovely stuff and lasted me for several years.

Ever since I was a small child I'd wanted to be a Commercial Artist or a nurse when I grew up (my father's three sisters were nurses) so now that the beauty job had folded up my mother thought it would be a good idea, and I agreed, if I joined the QAIMNS normally only open to the daughters of Army Officers, but since my maternal grandfather was in that category I was eligible. They sent us all the papers to sign and said that if I met with all their requirements I would be accepted. However as it happened, the war upset our plans and I chickened out!

By this time we had got fed up with the day long rendering of "Figero" by the landlords son so we moved to a ground floor flat in Park Street, and I started looking around for another job. One day in 1940 my mother was looking through the advertisements in the Statesman newspaper and called out to me "this job sounds just right for you Shelagh, it's the Army & Navy Stores. They want a young English girl with a knowledge of dressmaking to promote the sale of Vogue Paper Patterns - apply to a Mr Stannard". I cut out the advert and went dashing off to the Stores which were not very far away. I asked the first person I saw at one of the counters where I could find their Mr Stannard, and was directed upstairs to the first floor where Mr Stannard was sitting at his desk at the end of the room with a window behind him. When we came face to face it was amazing, we both realized that this was it, we had each found the right person, no question about it. He gave me the job and I started work a few days later at a salary of Rs75 monthly. I thoroughly enjoyed the work; paper patterns were in their infancy then so I

had to advise would-be-dressmakers how to lay out the pattern on the material, what sort of material would be suitable for which pattern and so on. The Stores was a five minute walk from our flat so there was no worry about transport. My sister's salary from the Advertising Agents was more than mine, so she paid for our food and my salary took care of the rent. At last we were independent of father!

Leonard Stannard was a Departmental Manager in the Army & Navy Stores and they had very strict rules about their British staff fraternising with local girls. Their young assistants were brought out from Britain to work in the Stores at great expense to the Company and they did not want them getting emotionally entangled with unsuitable people. Anyone who transgressed was shipped back to Britain pronto. Therefore we had to be very careful with our meetings; at first we used to meet at the back of the department for a chat, out of sight of the rest of the staff, then Len plucked up courage and asked me out to dinner at a local hotel. I was over the moon with delight and made myself a lovely tomato red georgette evening dress. Len arrived to collect me wearing his Calcutta Scottish evening dress uniform of tartan trews, navy jacket with brass buttons and with his glengarry cap tucked under one epaulette on his shoulder. My head was full of love and pride to see him! Before dinner we sat in the palm court having drinks, hoping no one would see us. Mine was a Pimms No.1 and his a large lager which, unluckily, he knocked over my beautiful dress soaking me to the skin. Neither of us has ever forgotten that!

Len lived in a large flat over the Store sharing with four other young British Managers employed in the business, they were all bachelors and all belonged to the Calcutta Scottish which was a volunteer force used as an aid to the Civil Power, if and when, necessary. They spent much of their time after office hours in training and every so often would march through the town looking very smart in their kilts and with the band playing. On New Year's day there was always a very big parade on the Maiden, the armed forces and civil contingents and various officials would be there as also the Calcutta Scottish. Before we went to England in 1930 our parents used to take us down to Calcutta as a treat to see this parade - little did I realize that one day my future husband would be amongst them! Len had a car at some stage and I was told that once after a night out he tried to drive it up the middle of the tram tracks! In February 1941 Len went to a seaside place called Puri for a fortnight's holiday after a dose of fe-

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ver. We wrote to each other every day but after a few days he came back to Calcutta for 24 hours just to see me and, so as not to be recognised by anyone in the Stores, he shaved off his moustache!

I was always an early riser and since we had a dog I used to get into my shorts and shirt and go jogging with the dog before breakfast around the beautiful gardens of the Victoria Memorial; a marble monument to Queen Victoria and housing a museum. Among the exhibits were a lot of papers and information about William Carey, a founder of the Baptist Ministry, who is an ancestor of mine. In the grounds of the memorial there was a marble bust on a plinth of Carey and I remember taking a photograph of my father standing beside it; the likeness was remarkable. The Curator of the memorial was a retired British Army Captain who was a very keen gardener, every morning he would be out seeing that his gardeners were doing their work properly. He and his wife became good friends of ours, and every week he would cut a huge bunch of carnations for me to take home. When Len heard about the morning walks he used to come along as well when he was not out on parade or training with the Scottish.

After some months at the Stores finances at home got difficult, the cost of living was going up and my sister and I could not manage on our salaries. We felt that I ought to leave the Stores and get a better paid job for one reason, and for another, once I was away from the Stores Len and I could be more open about our friendship. My sister's firm offered to take me on as a stenographer at a bigger salary than I was getting so I jumped at it. I gave in my resignation to the Stores and the next thing I knew I was summoned to the Branch Manager's office. Off I went in fear and trembling thinking that he'd heard about Len and me, but I need not have worried. He said he was very sorry I wanted to leave and what was the reason, so I told him about the money angle. To my astonishment he said he needed a Private Secretary and if I stayed and worked for him he'd give me a higher salary than the Advertising Agents! What could I do; I had to accept, money is money and we sure needed it at home. Len was filled with consternation - what to do now?

I enjoyed working in the office as against being behind the counter, but my ability to read my own shorthand was still abysmal. I became adept at inserting vital key words in longhand into my shorthand so that I would know what it was all about! The office in the Stores was a long way away from where Len's desk was so we didn't see as much of each other during working

hours as we used to. However, we wrote hundreds of notes to each other delivered by a faithful Bearer employed by Len's department to wrap up parcels and be a general dog's body.

By this time we were getting knowing looks from everyone and we decided to throw caution to the winds and come out into the open no matter what. Len proposed to me one evening and presented me with an engagement ring. I was over the moon and wore it to office next day - all eyes goggled and there were more knowing smiles and winks. I also wrote out my resignation, giving my reason for leaving that I was getting married. Once again my boss called me into his office and said he was sorry I was leaving, congratulated me on my engagement, and then said "It's Mr Stannard isn't it?" I got a fright thinking he might give Len the sack, but he was all smiles and eventually came to our wedding.

### **Uncle Andrews diary of his voyage to New Zealand**

Tuesday December 26th

I left off here yesterday afternoon, hearing that the cannon was going to be loaded for firing. Of course I immediately went on deck to see the excitement. When the cannon was loaded (after much trouble), all standing back it was set off. The report was very loud but it was only blank loading, there being no shot or ball in it at all. Twice it was set off in this way and the third time they tried it with a ball and shot. This time it was louder than ever and the ball dipped and rose three times in the sea. When this sport was over it was tea-time and now from 5.30pm to 3am I have some extraordinary proceedings to relate. Indeed, when I reflect quietly upon them today (26th December) I wonder we are where we are. I will do my utmost to give as graphic an account of the evening as possible, but I am sure I shall fail to recall vividly the scene of excitement and danger as it really took place. While we (that is the 10 steerage passengers, or rather 9 of the 10 for Mr Ainsley was on deck) were having tea, the Captain, first mate, Mr Gillman (a second class passenger) and Mr Ainsley were playing quoits, and it appears there were two bottles of whisky bet on the game. The game being over and won by Mr Gillman and first mate, the quartet adjourned to the Saloon to drink the prize. It is perhaps strange to record but I grieve to say too here that previous to this the Captain was already pretty well intoxicated. We will leave them

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at the Saloon table playing cards over the grog and now pay a visit to the deck, where the apprentices house is situated. I looked in to see the excitement there and was slandered for refusing to take a drink myself or pay for one for the company. On finding the state of affairs there I retired. On my way back, young Hallam the youth in our cabin came retching long the deck with two bottles in hand. On following hard after him, I found that he took them into the apprentices house, where he smashed them all, they being empty. He came rushing to the wine stores for more, paying £1 for a 4/9 d bottle of Brandy and telling the keeper to deep the change. The next thing I saw was this same youth roaring past me on deck where I had lain down, 'Oh the darling I do love her' and other gesticulations and quotations from Shakespeare. We at once caught him and attempted to take him below to his bunk. He was going to blow all our brains out of course but we knew there was no fear of that as he was totally unarmed. Peck at length coaxed him to his berth and two of us stayed in the mess room to prevent him again going on deck. In two minutes we heard a fall and a scuffle with the pans of water and going in found him trying to stagger up again. We once more put him into his bunk and watched him go to sleep. It was now 8 O'clock. I went on deck after hearing Williams all safe. I was attracted by a row in the Saloon. On approaching, I found the Skipper was making for Gillman's throat and Ainsley trying to prevent him. The steward pitched the Captain and Ainsley into the passage and locked Gillman in the saloon. Of course there was a wrestle and scuffle in the lobby of the saloon and the pair were soon out on the main deck clenching each other and from this the crew from for'ard were nearly all about to see the disturbance. They all of course sided with the skipper and attempted to fight Ainsley. I tried to tear them away but only got kicked so kept out of it. The cause of the disturbance not being ascertained, a free fight ensued and nobody knew who they were striking. The steward succeeded in getting the Captain away to his bed and I persuaded Ainsley to do the same. The affair was soon quieted then, poor Peck coming off the worst with an awful cut in his head and a black eye. I kept Ainsley down stairs for a few minutes and made him take some fruit salts but he pushed me aside before long and persisted in going on deck

again. I stuck close to him and got him in the poop where the first mate and two or three of the passengers (Mrs Randle included) were assembled. Mr Ainsley then sent for some more whisky which really frightened me. He wanted me to join him in drinking but I am glad to think I had strength enough to resist. The mate then got some rockets to set off. I made up my mind to assist him come what might for he was far from a fit state to handle fire. We set off two with a red hot poker and the Mate put the red hot poker in the box with a blue light and three rockets which were soon on fire and had not Mr Napier, the second mate, come to my assistance to throw the box overboard, they must have exploded in midst of us. Within a minute of this we heard a frightful row for'ard which soon brought up all of us to the scene of action. We could not tell then what started it but I have learnt since that it was through a clay pipe. There was even a worse fight than there had been a couple of hours earlier, for the two oldest apprentices were both in the very thick of it and it seemed like lasting for a long time. The youngest apprentice, who is making his first voyage, cried like a child to see his two chums knocked about but I admired the way in which they stuck to each other. All I could do was to wrench one from the embrace of two others and ship him towards the House. While I was doing this the Mate had rushed to his room for a revolver and came running upon us all and threatened to shoot any that did not clear to their beds at once. The decks were soon cleared, Wilson even pulling the trigger of the unloaded Luger. I ran to our Saloon but did not even dream of going below till I had seen the last of it, but he came hurrying towards me so of course I made myself scarce, but he recognised me and called me back and took my arm and we went up on the poop again. He told me that he thought the crew had all come aft and a mutiny would ensue and that was why he had got this revolver. I feel sure that had the crew been as far gone as the officers, and I regret to say passengers too, there would doubtless have been murder. As it was, black eyes were about the worst casualties, and a few cuts and bites. A few more soon joined us on the poop (including Mr and Mrs Randall, Mr Ainsley and the Carpenter) I sat next the Mate, and threw unknown to him the remains of the bottle of whisky. They then, to my alarm, had another bottle of whisky and a bottle of

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port which excited them to argument and caused them to make so much noise as to wake the Skipper and bring him up to the poop. He turned us all off the poop and we then adjourned to the main deck. Here Mrs Randall, evidently fearing lest the Captain should do any damage, fainted or went into hysterics or something. We loosened her clothes, bathed her head threw water at her, gave her some soda and brought her too. A ship which had been gaining on us all day now passed us and the Mate in shouting to her for her name and distinction, fell from the top rail of the poop right on to the main deck, a height of 16 feet. I picked him up and he appeared to take no notice of it. The Captain now took Ainsley into the saloon and kept him there I waited a long time in the hope of getting him below with me during which time Mr and Mrs Randall went to bed. Also while waiting, a very sharp squall struck with a downpour of heavy rain. The man at the wheel was drunk and there was not an officer on board to turn the ship for the squall in fact the ship was left for seven hours without an officer to command though perhaps it was better without one than with for they were all (except Mr Napier) were under the influence of drink. The consequence was that we were making straight for London when the rain was over. The man at the wheel steering pretty accurately however when he found her turned round, brought her round again and kept her fairly to her proper course, There being no chance of getting Ainsley downstairs all the rest having turned in, and I feeling very tired, followed the other, it being 3am when I got to bed. Thus ends my first Xmas at sea. It is said one can generally remember Xmas and I can testify to the verity of that statement, at all events with regard to this one. I shall never forget the 'Bevan' with its surroundings I need hardly say how alarmed I was all night, indeed I think there was good cause for it too, for not only was the ship left to the mercy of the waters, but nearly all hands on board caring no whether they killed another or not, there were only about 10 out of the whole crowd that were really sober. New years Day is an important day for the Scotch and the Captain and officers being Scotch it is feared lest they keep up, as they call it, New Years Day. I only pray that they will abstain from liquor, if they do proclaim it a holiday, as I dread to think of another repetition of last night's proceedings. I have heard what drunkenness can do, and have read of it but could not be-

lieve it has such influence over men as last night proved. May I be forever spared from another day and night like that. When the Skipper was at tea he put the match in his mouth for a pipe, and when he finally procured his pipe, was filling it with marmalade from his plate instead of tobacco, so completely senseless the drink had made him. Mr Napier, the second Mate, being in the saloon during the performance naturally laughed, at which the Captain aimed the marmalade jar, lamp, a tin of salmon and two plates at him, all of which, of course, missed him. The breeze was pretty fair all day and though no official count of knots were kept, I should imagine we were going about 6 knots.

Tuesday December 26th 1882

I was up at 6am this morning trying to doctor the injured and revive the dull and sleepy. None of the drunken ones remembered anything of the affair, save that there was a row and they were bruised somehow and had bad head-aches this morning. I made one or two of them sleep and pumped over them to wake them up, bathed and dressed heads and hands and finished up my bottle of fruit salt with doses to one and another no one worked again today. The poor Mates finger is horribly worse and I don't know what to make of it. He used it last night as if it were alright but he will have to suffer for it I fear. The main deck this afternoon looked quite a sight, nearly all the worst cases after a mouthful of soup for dinner lay stretched out asleep. It looked for all the world like a battle field of wounded. Mr Randall had gone asleep with the others and I had to take care of his wife who was very ill with the fight. I got her some tea after which she also went to bed. In the meantime I put a patch on my old trousers, which took me nearly 2 hours. Everyone was eager to know all about the disturbance they all took part in. The first mate and one of the passengers continued drinking again today and through insubordination to the Captain, the mate was suspended from office and locked up. How things will eventuate I cannot dare to think. Some fear it will be reported when we get to Dunedin, by those of us who were sober. I hope not though. We overtook a Brig bound for the same port as ourselves today. They asked our longitude to regulate their chronometer with, we answered of course. This was done with flags. We soon left her a long way astern. I had a chat this afternoon with Mr Gardiner, the other saloon passenger. He locked

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himself in his cabin last night. His home is near Tiverton, Devon. He is a Plymouth Brother and knows my father well. I went to bed at 8:30pm to make up for last night. Here ends Boxing Day 1882.

### **The surprise**

I found a tiny sprouted seed one day,  
It's origin unknown,  
I put it in a pot of soil,  
And hoped that it would grow.

The weeks passed by and winter came,  
The wind was very bitter,  
The snow lay thick upon the pot,  
And the birds had stopped their twitter.

The tiny seed, all snug and warm,  
Within the pot did sleep,  
Awaiting nature's call to wake,  
To rub its eyes and peep.

At the world so large and beautiful,  
And full of other plants,  
Where it would have to fight for life,  
And humankind enchant.

In time the air turned warm and bright,  
The sun was so intense,  
The tiny seed at last did stir,  
It's journey to commence.

It pushed its head up through the earth,  
And had a look around,  
And thought "I think I like this place –  
My niche in life I've found."

As months and years did pass away,  
It grew with speed indeed,  
What I wondered could it be,  
A Rose? a Daisy? Clematis? a weed?

At last when it was four years old,  
and after the snow and rains,  
It grew some lovely yellow blooms,  
That hung in golden chains.

And then I knew just what it was,  
A gorgeous Laburnum tree,  
With leaves pale green and bole so stout,  
A bonny sight to see.

One morning early - when I looked out,  
I saw a Missel Thrush,  
Perched high upon the little tree,  
Pride into my heart did rush.

For then I knew my little seed,  
Now a tall and handsome tree,  
Had come of age and was a home,  
For butterfly bird and bee.

Poem by Shelagh Stannard

### **Article**

Robert McKenna

In the thirteenth issue (2007) of the Newsletter mention was made of a new biography of William Carey by Keith Farrer. I had the pleasure of meeting Keith at Carey Baptist Grammar School in Melbourne recently and spent a very pleasant few hours with him discussing his biography and being shown over the school and the school's Carey archives. I was made welcome at the school also by the Headmaster Mr Philip de Young and his personal assistant Narelle Gassner. Keith is a very active nonagenarian and is on the Board of Governors of Carey Baptist Grammar School, being both an alumnus of the school and having played a significant role in the food industry in Australia. His biography of Carey is well written, very readable and enlightening on aspects of Carey's significant contribution to botany, agriculture and science in India, matters which are largely neglected in other biographies which understandably focus on his missionary activities. The school's archives have beautiful reproductions of the Carey botanical drawings from Kew Gardens in London.

This was all very interesting for me as I had only become aware of my descent from Carey in 2001. I knew that my McKenna great-grandfather was associated with missions in India and I was researching my McKenna forebears when the Carey connection appeared. My great-grandmother Mary Penney, Angus McKenna's wife, was William

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Carey's great-granddaughter (through Felix), which made William Carey my 4x gt-grandfather. Both she and Angus were missionaries in India and her father, James Penney, was a contemporary of William Carey and a leading figure in education in the missions. Ironically at the same time, Angus' father, John McKenna, was a surgeon with the East India Company which was largely antagonistic to missionary activities generally. He subsequently became Inspector General of Hospitals in the Madras Presidency.

All this and much more was talked about and laughed over during my meeting with Keith Farrer whose book I enjoyed greatly and which I would recommend.

(Due to the fault of the editor this is very late)

### **Family Tree**

Mike Comber

Many of you are very good at supplying me with updates for the family trees; however, I would appreciate it greatly if many more would keep me supplied with updates, so that the trees are accurate. However, please don't do it by phone, it is better by email or letter, then I can 'spike' it and use it when I'm using the computer.

Also if you have any photos of Carey interest, modern or not so modern, that would be useful for the Carey web site, please send either to me or to Barry. I think you can trust us with originals, then we scan them and return the original to you.

### **My Mysterious Condition**

Aisling Hailes

Around Easter time this year (2010) I went on a trip to the Brecon Beacons with a group from my college in Horsham to complete my Gold Duke of Edinburgh practice expedition.



Camping by a stream in the Brecon Beacons

After the wild camp on the first night, having to camp next to a river in the middle of nowhere, then walking up one of the highest

mountains in the Brecon Beacons 'Penny Fan' the next day, I can say I was already looking forward to not having to walk and to spend the night in my own bed. Little did I know I would be spending the next few days at the youth hostel while the other members of my group carried on the expedition without me!

It was the night after I had scaled 'Penny Fan' my hands had become very sensitive to the heat, it was a sensation I had experienced before, I thought, as we were lucky enough to be in the youth hostel that evening I could have a shower and a night out of the elements I would be better. I woke up in the morning and thought I was ok. We started the expedition for that day, my hands were still sensitive, if there was a cold breeze it felt like there were pins being stabbed in my hands! After about an hour of walking the sun came out and that made the pain worse, it became so bad and the pain became unbearable, and to make matters worse my nose and cheeks had become sensitive to the heat, we met up with our instructor, John, and between John, my group and I, we decided it would be best for me to be taken back to the youth hostel.

I spent the rest of the day at the hostel with our other instructor, Tony, and two other members of the D of E group who were getting cleaned up after falling in a bog. Later that day Sarah, another one of our instructors, had just come back with my fellow team member who had just come back from the hospital with her ankle in plaster after she had fallen over on the first day! By this time my hands had swollen up to about double their size. We spent that evening discussing our ailments, and it was arranged for us both to stay at the hostel that night. After explaining my ailments to my instructors they could not work out what was wrong with me, in the hostel the heat was making my skin feel really hot, like it was burning, however my body was cold and I was shivering. One instructor thought it may be heat stroke and sent me to bed with a huge jug of water. I drank most of this before going to bed; this led to a rather frustrating evening as every time I got comfortable in bed I then had to get up again! The next morning my skin was still really bad and swollen and I decided it would be best if I didn't walk that day. I spent the next few days hanging around the hostel, having skin that was affected by any sort of temperature was very uncomfortable,

I was in a lot of pain and no one fully understood what was wrong with me. I had experienced this sensation before, but never with swollen hands. After a few days in the hostel it was soon time to go home, it was the last day and I decided to walk so I joined my group the evening before and camped overnight.

My skin was still really bad and it was becoming more swollen and sensitive. The walk that day was slow and seemed to take forever; all I wanted to do was to be back at home and my skin to stop being so painful. I got picked up earlier in the van as I was in so much pain; my group were picked up by the mini bus around the corner. We arrived at the finish point first, however this was because we had walked half the distance in the allocated time and needed to be picked up or we would not make it back in time.

On the mini bus I sat at the front with the window open as this cooled my skin down however the cold wind was still painful on my skin, the mini bus journey was long and painful but eventually we arrived home. I slept that night with the fan on in my room hoping my skin would be back to normal for me to go to college on Monday, it wasn't, and on Monday I went to see a doctor who couldn't work out what was wrong with me, she prescribed me with antihistamines and told me to come back if the swelling and pain hadn't gone down.

Tuesday was a weird day, I woke up in the morning and went to college, my skin had not improved and there was a rash starting to appear on my hands. It took me 10 minutes to put my socks on and I turned up late to college, I saw all my tutors and they couldn't believe how bad my hands looked. My skin was still really sensitive and my tutor rang my parents and I came home. We went back and saw a doctor about the rash on my hands. He suggested I should go to the hospital, so we were off to East



My hands with a rash and blisters

Surrey and checked in to minor injuries. They couldn't work out what was wrong with me but they took plenty of blood to test for various things,

however could not come up with anything. I spent the next two nights in hospital and on the last day they diagnosed me with having Phytophoto dermatitis which was a reaction between a plant and the sun which would explain the rash on my hand but not the burning sensation.

I went back to the doctor to discuss how I could prevent this from happening on my D of E assessed expedition. He could not answer my questions so referred me to a dermatologist, who was the one I spoke to in the hospital, who then referred me to a photo dermatologist. This was when he suggested I didn't have Phytophoto dermatitis, after looking at the pictures of my hands he suggested I may have Erythropoietic protoporphyria, the test I had done confirmed this was the case. The doctor then went on to describe my very scientific condition to a very unscientific person. So I have copied and pasted a bit from: <http://www.netdoctor.co.uk/diseases/facts/erythropoietic.htm> so you know what I am writing about:-

“Erythropoietic protoporphyria (EPP) is a member of a group of diseases called the porphyrias.

Porphyrias are chemicals that are important for manufacturing blood and enzymes within the body. The porphyrias are diseases in which a problem has arisen with the porphyrin chemical pathway. As a result, a build-up of one or more of the chemicals occurs in the body, making the skin photosensitive.”

As this disorder is genetic, I am just asking if anyone is aware of someone in the family who is, or knows anyone, suffering with this condition. The condition comes from both my Mother's and Father's side of the family with one gene that causes this condition being 'weak and feeble' and the other being a 'complete dud'. So I am interested to know if anyone has heard of anything like this so I can attempt to trace the history of this condition!

If you have any information on this please contact me through my Granddad (Mike Comber)

Thanks. Aisling.

### **Overture and Finale to the Carey Family Association Reunion 2009**

Rosalind Mead

When I first had news of the CFA Reunion in May, 09 in issue 14 of the CFA Newsletter, I lost little time in letting Mike Comber know that John and I

would be keen to attend. This was not only because of the chance to refresh the acquaintances of some years ago when Kay Carey, Sally Edwards and I met at the Hotel alongside Charing Cross to discuss the formation of such an association. It was also the opportunity I had been looking for to see Thomas, our eldest grandson on his home college ground at Christ Church before he finished his degree this year. There had been another fairly direct request from his Grandmother, Jenny MacDonald, in Picton, NZ for UK help in tracking down and errant grandson, Ali (a)stair (he uses either spelling) Carey who had disappeared into the UK musical underground and despite valiant efforts, was proving difficult to locate. At 30 plus he was entitled to his own space but information as to his current choral activities and location would be appreciated. My son Guy and his computer highly literate wife made short work of this quest, and I was able to pass on full web details very quickly to a relieved Grand-ma. He had been in the choir of St Margaret's, Westminster, but having established UK professional form, was now a lay vicar (=professional singer) in an Oxford choir, viz Christ Church! So he took part in all choral services from Tues – Sunday, and on their day off – Monday, Thomas was a member of the amateur replacement choir! (It's a small world!). So I left a message on Alistair's cell phone, and eventually a Saturday supper rendez-vous was agreed, with Thomas to book the venue. Meanwhile John and I took some very good advice and made application for bus passes.

We drove up from Hurstpierpoint on Friday, enjoying a very pleasant lunch with our Acton daughter in law and dear son Simeon who was on study leave for GCSE's. We made the mistake of approaching from the East through Headington, struck frequent road works and children exiting from schools. We eventually made it to the (Lakeside) Guest House on Abingdon Rd. Here fortunately we had alerted them about our arrival (others, who hadn't, we found cooling down on the doorstep the next day and let in with our key!). We lost no time in meeting Thomas under Tom Tower, having found our bus passes a boon. We handed over a fruit cake, had a brief tour with Thomas of some the members (=students) privileged areas, then he returned to his revision in the library. We took on the self-conducted tour of the dining hall with its Lewis Carroll association, and its magnifi-

cent fan-vaulted stair way, had a brief visit to the art gallery (nearly closing time) before joining Thomas in his rooms shared with a fourth year maths student, very handsomely situated on the corner of the building. We moved on from there to evensong in the Cathedral, and as the verger showed us to our seats, I asked whether it would be possible to have a few words with Alistair after the service. This was immediately converted to her escorting us out through a side entrance down to the oldest part of the former monastic building, where a junior choir member as asked to take us to Alistair. So we were able to meet him, introduce ourselves and have a brief chat before returning to our seats for the evening service. The psalm for the 15<sup>th</sup> evening only had 170 verses so we were to appreciate the quality of the choir in its very intimate setting. (Thomas Cromwell, in Tudor times had demolished a large part of the original nave, with grandiose schemes for future development, but, fortunately for him death, intervened before Henry VIII's jealousy was exercise fully).



At Browns' Restaurant on 16th May 2009

Left to right:

Alistair James Roger Carey 22/06/74

Rosalind Mead née Carey 14/10/30

Thomas Edward Carey Venables 27/1/88

Next day, in the evening, we made our way to Brown's Restaurant, met Thomas and eventually Alistair and a good time was had by all. Mission accomplished, though the level of noise in the restaurant made it quite difficult to pursue a conversation. We all look a trifle parboiled: a taxi was our indulgence back to the guest house.