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 always.

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 bookmark 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 my self 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 Lalachungnenga 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 Poulerspury, 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.
His earlier sermons were not en-
ing, 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 Gover-

nor 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 work-

man 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 per-

severance. “To this I owe every-
thing” 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 lan-

guages.

Difficulties never discouraged his mind. After being baptised in the Nene they begged him to be min-

ister at Olney and Earls Barton. His earlier sermons were not en-
couraging, but he won in the end and a few years later, in Kette-

ring, he was leading a society for the formation of a society for sending Missionaries from Eng-

land."

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 mem-

bers 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 re-

port

We currently have 43 individual members on our books, a net in-

crease 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 sug-

gested 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’.

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 con-

struct a website. He will put on the Tree but expressed concern that by adding dates of birth iden-

tities 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 network-

ing 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 institu-

tional 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 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. 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 Serampore College out of any surplus from our subscriptions after running costs”. We subsequently asked Dr Lalchungnanga, 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 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 Lalchungnanga on that basis.

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

March 2006
Our daughter Patricia and husband 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 Penkridge, 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 creatures. God delights  
In such a being: for, her common 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 horticulturist, no news could have been more refreshing or more replete 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 fuses 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.

**Expect great things from God**
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;

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.

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.

We then went to Purry 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, obtained 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.

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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.

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.

Expect great things from God
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 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.

Monday November 27th 1882
I got up again at 7pm and walked the deck until 9pm. Thank the Lord I feel much better.

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.
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 forecastle 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 Farrrer. 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

Expect great things from God
has been most carefully re- 
searched 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 Aus-
tralian Academy of Techno-
logical Sciences and Engineer-
ing. In 1979 he was appointed 
OBE for services to science 
and industry.

Shelagh Stannard’s biography 
pt 3

My sister and I went to board-
ing 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 Amingaon. 
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 sub-
ject 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 Brahmapu-
tra 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 con-
idered to be very good at Arts 
and Crafts and I remember 
making a book of pressed au-
tumn 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 my-
self!

My next school was in Darjee-
ling, 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 whoop-
ing 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 sis-
ter 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 vis-
ts 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 par-
ents. Aunt Mona’s husband, 
Freddy Oakley was the Man-
ger of a tea garden just out-
side 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 beauti-
ful 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 it’s 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 it’s 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 Robertsons 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 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
banged 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 fre-
genly 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 haul-
ing 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 di-
gested! Several times I actu-
ally 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 particu-
larly when I got down on
hands and knees on the lawn
to catch beetles and grasshop-
pers for him to eat. He would
sit on my shoulder flapping his
wings and cheeping excitedly.
I had no compunction in pull-
ing off the insect’s legs and
wings so that he could swal-
low 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 ac-
knowledgements a cozy com-
fortable 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 al-
though 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 jun-
gle.
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 post-
man 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 side-
ways and cawing ceaselessly
for food. We called him Grip.
He was no problem before he
learned to fly but after he be-
came airborne he was a men-
ace, 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 re-
venges!
My father was a terrible chap
for practical jokes. On one oc-
assion he noticed that ciga-
rettes were disappearing rather
fast from his cigarette box; he
suggested it was one of the

Attempt great things for God
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:

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.

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

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

Our next stop was Piddington Church. It was here that William and Dorothy married on
the 10\textsuperscript{th} 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.

In the cottage William had a small workshop for his shoemaking 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.

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

This is how the church looks today.

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

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

Attempt great things for God
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Family trees
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If you want a copy of your branch of the Carey Tree then please contact me. Trees cost £5.00 each including postage. However, if you want the full Jonathan line it will cost you £7.00 or £10.00 for overseas members.