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Letter from Ceylon

Bridget Thurgate

In 1850 William Upton Tripp (1804-1873), a solicitor from Devon, emigrated to Melbourne, Australia. With him were his wife, who was also his first cousin, his five daughters and his son William. In business ventures and in politics, which he felt to be his metier, he always sailed rather too close to the wind. He was a charming but weak character and had it not been for his wife, the family might well have come to a very different end.

Elizabeth, born Leigh (1809-1899), was made of sterner stuff and it was largely through her efforts that the family survived, indeed prospered. She saw the need in this new colony for good schools, which would provide the settlers' children with more than just the three Rs. She started a school for young ladies that was successful from the start. When they were old enough two of her daughters, Margaret and Florence, joined her in the enterprise. Together they founded Toorak College, Melbourne, which is still one of Australia's finest public schools. Joan Lindsay, the author of *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, was taught by the Tripp sisters and she remembers them as having a genius for catching and keeping a child's interest.

In 1872 Margaret Oliver Tripp (1839-1902), her mother's trusted deputy, decided that she needed a visit to Europe to investigate the latest developments in education. During her year and a half away she wrote a huge number of letters home, nearly all of which survived. I have chosen some, written in the form of a diary in Ceylon, where the passengers were to change ships. I hope it may interest readers and even perhaps aid someone's research. It does give a very good idea of the immense difficulties of travel to and from "home" in those days, conditions which would have been familiar to so many of the forebears of the members of the FIBIS. The notes in square parenthesis [] are mine and are meant to elucidate.

*"The Oriental Hotel, Point de Galle
Monday morning January 22nd 1872*

Here we are safely arrived dearest Mother, and I am quietly writing in my bedroom, my fellow travellers having dispersed, I know not where in this rambling and eccentric house. But I shall try now to give an account of the finish of this first part of our voyage. Since I last wrote it has been exceedingly hot and the nights in my cabin

have been so stifling that I have slept very badly. Otherwise I am well, though still getting thinner.

On Friday 19th I had a long talk with the captain who is a Cornishman and knew Uncle Robert's name [Rev. Robert Tripp, Vicar of Altarnun, Cornwall]. That day the *Behar* pitched and kicked dreadfully so that several of the ladies were ill again ... I feel it too if I stay below, but am considered a capital sailor and always manage to do my duty at dinner. Saturday was very hot, but a pleasanter day as there was less motion. We crossed the Equator at about 11 ... the sunset this evening was something so gorgeous, the colours of indescribable variety, intensity and graduation and in the east pink clouds from horizon to zenith.

On Sunday I was quite knocked out by the heat. We had Morning Service as usual and I spent a very quiet day, chiefly reading or watching the lovely sea. In the evening I sang several hymns to Mrs Sholtowe and Mrs Boyd (you see I am in request and a success as a singist) and then sat talking until quite late with Mr Field. [A London lawyer who had been to Australia to recuperate after an accident with a cab driver's runaway horse in London!] We are on such pleasant, friendly terms, that we talk or are silent just as we like, and he is so right-minded and kind that he is a real comfort to me. He is going to lend me a bag to take ashore at Galle. Oh! how hot it is. I really cannot write better for I stick to everything and am now inseparable from a fan.

Well, we sighted land about six this morning and by half past I was standing in my berth with my head out of the porthole, looking at a faint cloud on the port bow. I began to get up and to pack my goods and chattels. Dressing is a lengthy process when one is forced to sit down and fan oneself vigorously every few minutes. I went up on deck before breakfast and there was Ceylon - looking so intensely green and very pretty with an undulating skyline.

After breakfast came a very busy hour of packing. I have given my luggage into the care of a steward and have made a list.

From the deck what a queer and pretty scene. The shore is covered with bright green coconut palms. The houses peep out most picturesquely with white walls and reddish brown roofs. One steamer the *Baroda* is in harbour with five or six other ships. The *Behar* itself was besieged by a swarm of native and other boats, the natives singing and jabbering in the most lively manner - swarming on board in every variety of undress. And their boats the queerest things any body ever saw. A red handkerchief round the head was a prominent article of costume to which, those who were dandies, had added a sort of straight red petticoat, absolutely without fullness.

I came ashore with Mr and Mrs Wemyss and Miss Martin at 11.15 and straight to the hotel through crowds of coolies, women, children and beggars. We passed the old ramparts, brown and mossy, through such a lovely avenue of short trees. I have not yet clearly made out the hotel. It is very large and rambling. The front is a large deep 'parish' balcony, where the gentlemen sit and read and smoke. One sits there or in one's bedroom. The natives congregate offering articles for sale. From here opens a public room, very lofty and open on both sides (doors and windows are superfluous). It is there that they are now laying the table for luncheon, for which meal I am quite ready, and there are such lovely flowers on the tables.

A long and lofty passage opens out of this hall. You pass a wide staircase on your right and on your left is a balcony looking onto the gardens where bananas and caladiums grow. After the staircase come the bedrooms, mine is number 20. There is no glass in the window but a wooden jalousie. There are *two* clean beds and a crib all with mosquito curtains, a bath, a dressing table and a wash-hand stand. Mr Field's room is nearby for which I am glad, it is' powerful lonesome ' at present. [I am convinced that the friendship of Margaret and Mr Field really was innocent - she would never have written so openly had it been otherwise.]

Underneath our rooms is a long row of shops. These are vaulted places where quantities of jewellery is sold, some very pretty and the stones look to me to be good. Polite Singhalese gentlemen in white dressing gowns offer one a chair, and a swarm of friendly brown gentlemen, lightly clad, buzz round like bees offering lace, elephants' teeth, tortoise shells, baskets etc.. I have bought a set of baskets for three shillings and a couple of paper weights made from elephants' teeth, four shillings each. A sweet looking little brown boy who affectionately styled himself "my boy" insisted on carrying them back to the hotel - for which he demanded a gratuity.

I must try some sketches this afternoon. Everything is so new and interesting. Pigeons fly up under my eaves and coo to me in Singhalese, and I hear the most inexplicable noises all round me.

I hear that we are to transfer to the *Surat* - a fine large vessel. She is not in yet, but I believe we are to sail on Wednesday.

Well, darling Mother, I stopped yesterday for lunch and am now waiting in my bedroom for the breakfast bell. I have given my watch a holiday and am freed to judge the time from the ships' bells in the harbour for we are close to the sea.

After lunch yesterday Mrs Boyd asked me to join them in a drive to the Cinnamon Gardens, which I was delighted to do. Our party consisted of the Boyds, Dr. Belisaris (who is very jolly and pleasant, and whose heart I have won by mending his coat yesterday) and I. We had such a lovely drive, past the ramparts, then through streets lined with native houses and filled with queer carts drawn by bullocks and buffaloes and crowded with natives. Close to the houses grew palms and all sorts of flowers, many that I know well as garden flowers with us. The road was narrow and overshadowed by trees through which we caught glimpses of the sea on our left. This is the Colombo Road. After crossing two rivers and a drive of 4 or 5 miles we arrived.

We were beset by natives offering glass rings, cinnamon sticks etc., the smell of coconut oil was sometimes rather over-powering. Mrs Boyd had brought her Singhalese boy, whom she styles "her little blackie" for the express purpose of keeping the others off, and he was very useful. He looks about fifteen and is simply clothed in a white duster which falls from his hips to just below his knees.

The Cinnamon Gardens are very pretty being on the bank of a river where there are alligators. We tasted fresh coconuts, saw the cinnamon tree, nux vomica, bananas, castor-oil plant, breadfruit and Traveller's Palms which a boy climbed and cut into with a knife whereupon a little stream of water trickled down. The leaf of the Cinnamon tree smells strongly of cloves, the bark of cinnamon and the roots of

camphor. One little girl gave me a bunch of flowers and of course expected the inevitable gratuity. So at last I refused everything. Poor miserable deformed beggars crawl after one, their cries are surprisingly noisy.

Dinner was at 7.15. Figs stuffed with delicate forced meat. Brinjal something I think, then tripe and duck followed by banana fritters.

I slept tolerably well, too excited to sleep much, I rejoiced in the comparative coolness after my cabin on board. A servant brought me a cup of tea and got me a warm bath this morning. I hear that the *Surat* is likely to be full, and that there are 25 passengers from China alone, so that I fear my chance of a cabin to myself is small. I hope I may be put with Mrs Sholtowe. We are not now to leave before Thursday, or perhaps Friday, which I very much regret on account of the expense of living at an hotel, but I do not much wish to go on board early while that dreadful coaling is *going* on. I have no books, having come on shore with but one handbag, but luckily brought some work and do some sketching. On the balcony two great red punkahs keep us cool. I gave some clothes to be washed to the dobie in faith that he will turn up on the *Behar* to be paid."

"Wednesday January 24th

I have been on board the *Behar* with the Boyds and Dr Belasaris escorted by Bahp our Singhalese boy who goes with us everywhere, carries our parcels and is a perfect cicerone. Dr B I find, is from the West Indies, his parents were Spanish but he is a thorough Englishman.

How often I wish you were here to enjoy these new sights and sounds. I am afraid Florence and Frances with their dislike of black people would not enjoy it as much as I do. When I went down the passage to bed last night I passed two or three recumbent figures who rolled their eyes at me.

I think the climate here must suit me, I feel so well. Everyone says that our passage here was the finest that has been made for two years. Today there is a great crowd from the steamer just in and we are rumoured to be going to Mirzapore through the Suez Canal I!"

[The next letter is not really "From Ceylon" as it was to be posted in Egypt, but I have included it because it still describes Ceylon and also some of the other passengers, which might be useful for family historians.]

"Septuagesima Sunday 28th January on board the *Surat*

Before coming on board we visited the Market. I wish I could describe the scene, heaps of fish, grain and fruit laid out on the ground, the fruit especially so colourful -breadfruit, custard apples, jack fruit, papaya and betel in every stage and people chewing it everywhere.

After that we desired Bahp to take us to a Buddhist temple which he agreed to do. We drove through luxurious vegetation growing on soil coloured like dark chocolate. I give in to "spicy breezes" which "blow o'er Ceylon's Isle" and I agree that every

prospect pleases as far as I have seen, as to the vileness of mankind I can give only a qualified opinion. [This refers to Bishop Heber's hymn 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains'].

Bahp seems a nice intelligent boy. Mrs Boyd wishes she could take him on and train him as a servant. Many of the natives have a most soft and agreeable expression and sweet smiles and I can testify to the insinuating manners of the gem merchants. The chaffering and bargaining goes on all day on the hotel verandah.

Arriving at the temple we faced a ten-minute steep climb up a woodland path. It was rather late and nearly dark. We were introduced to a gentleman dressed entirely in yellow, the ecclesiastical colour. We were taken to a small shrine with a dark metal image - on a board before it were offerings of flowers, rice, betel etc.. We then went to a larger temple containing many images, the chief being a recumbent figure before which a young man knelt and prayed devoutly. He knelt on a little cloth. Driving back I was chiefly delighted by the fireflies, which were very pretty indeed.

Thursday started with a most lovely sunrise - and then we had heavy steaming rain. We have had no real wind since we came here. Dinner was at seven that night where we had many new dishes. The fish is excellent; the buffalo beef I do not like.

The *Surat* is a very large vessel but slow. We feel the motion much less than in the *Behar*, but neither the cooking nor the attendance is so good. Unhappily I have not a cabin to myself being quartered with a lady from Calcutta, a Miss Birch, she is good natured and accommodating and we do not run up against each other much. All the same it is a great nuisance.

The first night on deck I got talking to a Mr Christopher, a gentleman from Ceylon going on home leave to join his wife and child. I happened to say that I believe I have plenty of cousins in Ceylon though I do not know any of them. He immediately enquired their names and when I said Layard and Gibson he said he knew them well, nice people in the best set on the island. Jeremy Gibson is one of his closest friends and is to marry one of the Miss Layards. I then made another friend a Mr Smale who is a judge in Hong-Kong who remembers Papa well from Exeter days, and of course knows the Luttrell cousins in Hong Kong.

There is a Mr Maxwell from Malacca and a Mr Pearson from Japan, altogether about seventy passengers, 20 from Australia, 30 from China and the rest from India. The sailors on board come mostly from Bombay and are much better looking than the Malays on the *Behar*.

We had a service this morning, very brief, read by the First Officer since when I have been reading and sleeping on deck. It is stiflingly hot and scarcely possible to keep one's eyes open. Well, goodbye Mother for today. I must go down and dress for dinner."

Margaret's letters were carefully kept and handed down through the generations. My thanks are due to Mrs Noel Moline, one of the descendants, who in 1997-98 transcribed them and generously shared the results of her work with the rest of the family.

To Whom We Owe

Alfred D F Gabb

In September 1995, just at the tail end of the summer monsoon, my wife and I arrived in Bombay (*Mumbai*) for a visit to India, the country of my birth, and the residence of several generations of my family during the British *Raj*, which terminated on 15th August 1947. Although the prospect of a warm and exciting holiday was paramount, I did have several other objectives for the visit. These were to show my wife where I was born and brought up, to enjoy a nostalgic return to my childhood haunts, to trace my late dear mother's grave, and to trace and survey British cemeteries for the British Association of Cemeteries in South Asia (BACSA), the charity concerned with preserving former British cemeteries and gravestones and monumental inscriptions in India and elsewhere in south Asia.

In the event the holiday was fantastic in this most colourful of countries, with its most engaging and generous people, not to mention their wonderfully exotic cuisine. The fact that a passing scooter accidentally injured me did not dampen my ardour. The city of Poona (*Pune*) where I was born in 1930, and the military cantonment of Kirkee (*Khadkl*) nearby, where I was brought up, had hardly changed. The latter particularly seemed like it was in some time warp, with only the trees appearing larger than I recollect. Despite large signs warning against unauthorized persons visiting the Kirkee cantonment we cruised around identifying the houses where I lived, and the Ordnance Factory where my father worked. We also saw the Ordnance Club, the hub of all sport and recreational activity. At the parish churches of St Ignatius in Kirkee, and St Patrick's Cathedral in Poona I traced some of my ancestors, including my grandfather's grave in the Caldicott Road cemetery in Kirkee. Others were more difficult to trace there and in the Poona St Sepulchre's cemetery due to the overgrown state they were in, it being the end of the monsoon season. Only the Kirkee War Cemetery was well cared for, with funds provided by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission.

At Barnes School, the proud stone-built institution built prominently on a hill overlooking the famous British military cantonment of Deolali (*Devlali*), where I was a pupil between 1940 and 1946, we were given a most friendly welcome by the Principal, Alan Baker. We were put up as honoured guests and given the freedom of the school. It was a great pleasure to meet some of the neatly uniformed and well-mannered present pupils, and some of the school old boys and girls too, who were also on a visit. They were amazed at meeting an old boy from Britain who had left the school 50 years ago. The school still teaches in English and in the British style, but the majority of pupils are now Indian. They were even rehearsing a British play whilst we were there. It was apparent that the school was very crowded, as the demand is so great to get a western style education. Although the school buildings had been expanded since India's independence, the Principal spoke of the need for funds to build a new Christian chapel to free space in the beautiful colonnaded administration building, to accommodate the enlarged school for assemblies and events. A large number of the pupils are still educated at the expense of the school. The open air swimming pool, fondly known in my time as the 'duck's pond', which was damaged beyond economical repair in the 1994 earthquake, was also in need of replacement. The Principal pressed me to try and raise funds in Britain for the school. Barnes

School, like the other 300 or so other Anglo-Indian schools opened in India during the *Raj*, remains a monument to British educational achievement there.

Although I was able to trace and report on many here-to-for unknown British cemeteries, with some graves dating back to the 18th century for BACSA in Poona, Kirkee, Maharbleshwar and Deolali, I had ironically failed to trace the grave of my own dear mother who died in 1949. That is until the night before our departure from Poona. I received a telephone call from a cantonment officer in Dehu Road, near Poona. Next morning we met a humble villager who handed me a 40-year-old dog-eared photograph of my uncle, who had employed him. After showing us the bungalow in the nearby village of Chinchali where my uncle lived in retirement with my mother before her death, I inquired about her grave. He led us outside the village to a bare hillside, where at a small distance from a few other simple graves, in a patch of unconsecrated ground, he indicated a spot where my mother had been buried nearly 50 years ago, with her brother beside her. There was nothing to show for it now but level ground. No cross, no gravestone. He had no recollection of any funeral service. I said a prayer but could not grieve for my dear mother. The quest was ended, but then was it? I could feel nothing. I offered to reward the kindness of my new Indian friends, but they refused to accept anything, even for the two memorial crosses I requested be erected temporarily there, until I could return to install a more permanent memorial.

Post script: I have not been able to return (to India) since. However, the new area representative of BACSA John Payne very kindly visited the place last year accompanied by an Indian Government Guide, who happened to be a lawyer. They found no crosses erected and after consultation with the cantonment officer and other villager referred to, came to the conclusion that their testimony was bogus, or at least in need of corroborative physical evidence!

The Diary of Richard B. Part 1

Donald Jaques

Richard Blechynden was descended from a long line of Kentish squires. He was born in 1859, the son of a City sugar broker. His father died young, in 1775, as had his grandfather, and Richard records in his will that: "the fortunes of my family once so splendid having from Various Causes been so Reduced that I inherited no Patrimony". At least he had a good education and after his father's death an uncle looked after the family.

He may always have intended to go to sea but in any event he became a Midshipman in the EIC Marine. He had probably already made one voyage to the East when in 1780 he sailed on the *Godfrey*. However, a French and Spanish fleet off Portugal captured it. Richard left a vivid account of the capture, imprisonment in Spain, escape to Lisbon and return home via Ireland in a leaky Portuguese ship (to avoid being pressed by the Navy).

Nothing daunted, he then sailed in 1871 on the *Dartmouth*, carrying the 73rd Foot, arriving in 1782 at Calcutta where he left the ship. His Midshipman's log has survived.

On a number of occasions his diary refers to his "poor departed sister". For some unknown reason Lydia had been in Calcutta, and late in 1781 married an officer on the *Grosvenor*. This ship became a cause celebre in England: it was wrecked on the way home on the east coast of South Africa. Most on board got ashore and set off to walk to the Cape. Harassed by the natives, hungry and faced with very wild country, only a handful survived. Lydia, pregnant at the time, did not. (The wreck site has now finally been discovered.) By a sad coincidence, Richard and Lydia must have passed each other in the Bay of Bengal.

Richard became a surveyor, first as a freelance, then as assistant to Edward Tiretta, the Superintendent of Roads for Calcutta, finally gaining that position when Tiretta retired in 1802. His recording in 1799 shows that he could live in some style and that he had 35 servants. He kept a diary from 1791 until his death in 1822, though it has survived only in fragmentary form from around 1810. It combines notes on his health (he developed chronic piles and became deaf from around 1800), his social contacts and business dealings, and most interestingly his love life. (The reason the diary was read was to establish the mothers of his children, since the baptisms did not show a mother.) Perhaps he would have wanted to destroy such an intimate record of what must have been a man who had no one to confide in, but he seems to have died unexpectedly. I think it was his eldest son, who transcribed parts of the diary, who decided to preserve it.

In 1795 Richard appears to have two concubines, one at his main house and the other at his garden house (gardening was his hobby). The latter leaves: "I would freely give a good sum that I never had any thing to do with her -or had not had the first cut of her leaf". Late in 1796 a Moslem woman, with whom he had lived for seven years, "though she was not the first", dies after giving birth to the last of five children, three of whom survived: "an affectionate and kind mother". He obviously thought a lot of

her and in his will ordained that her grave "shall become the joint property of all my fournatural children who are on no account to dispose of the same but to keep it in perpetuity", though no doubt it is now lost.

But life went on and late in 1796 a Mary Anne presents him with a son: "this makes two children in 10 months and 2 days". But he finds her unsatisfactory: "a very useless piece of machinery -but I am obliged to keep her". She left and a year later he has hired Currim Simone; she gets drunk and sings indecent songs, and in 1799 decides to leave: "She is paid to the end of November, and with all the joys [jewellery] I have given her -I made her sign a paper as having no claim on me -had she offered to stay I should certainly have agreed to it for separations of this kind are the very diable to me who do not like new faces".

By March 1800 a Bebee [*bibi*] is in bed smoking. "She says her name is Mary Walker; her father must have died when she was very young as she does not remember him." Richard sends the woman in residence to his garden house (a black Bebee for whom he "had to make provision or find her a new master"). Mary says she had been in Lucknow with a Captain O'Donnell by whom she had a child who died. She was then abandoned. Richard later gives an account of meeting her in the street and coming to an agreement with her. Things soon go wrong: one Buxoo, servant of Dr Dick spends a night with her. Later there is a noisy party: "the very prostitutes over the road called out shame to the Bebee". Mary now claims that her child had been by Buxoo and that she had slept with him over 100 times. She had to go. But that was not the end of Mary

Family Snippets

Claire Hamon

I have been looking through some of the material that I have in my possession and have come across three pieces, which may be of interest to FIBIS members. The first is a description of the journey to Mussoorie and a little about school life which my great-uncle wrote in the back of a book that he had received and which he gave to my brother. Unfortunately his handwriting is difficult to read, so if I have made mistakes in place names, please feel free to correct them. Information taken from the back of "Barnaby Rudge", given to R L L Hart as a prize at Mussoorie School, July 1898 by A Stokes, Warden:

"Mussoorie School - Where was it and what sort of school was it? Mussoorie was a hill station in the foothills of the Himalayas and I think at an altitude of about 9000 feet.

How did one get to Mussoorie? By railway to Saharanpur, thence by trek Gharoi or Tonga to Rajpur via the Surwallacs and Dehra Dun about 45 miles, this journey taking about 6-8 hours. The horses were changed about every 5-7 miles, at Rajpur, the road ended except for a cart road, which served the breweries and brought down the casks of beer. The carts were drawn by oxen on a hill track. From Rajpur the journey continued by dandy, Palaquin or a sort of sedan chair, manned by four carriers, a distance of about seven miles. One could also hire a horse or pony and ride up. The luggage was carried by a sturdy hill man (Puddie). It was said, although I never actually saw it, that a Puddie could carry a Grand Piano on his back. Pack ponies were also used in droves to carry loads.

What about the school? It was a Public School and very careful enquiries were made before boys were accepted. There were six forms for ordinary subjects and six classes for mathematics. Class VI being the lowest and Class I the highest.

The Head Master or Warden was the Rev (?)A S Stokes, MA and his assistant the Rev (?)J A Lambart, MA and all the masters except the music master were BAs of Oxon or Cantab (Oxford or Cambridge).

There was a consecrated School Chapel and services were held morning and evening and Holy Communion after Matins on Sunday.

The term started early in March and lasted until the end of November. By that time the hot season had come to an end and the boys returned to their various homes in the plains.

At the end of each month there was a weekend holiday, but there was no where to go except when parents or friends had come up to the station for a holiday.

After the rainy season, the air was very clear and Dehra Dun about 6 miles away was clearly visible also the Himalayas, which we boys called The Snowy Range clothed in perpetual snow. At the end of November it was dark in the evenings and we were glad to sit by the fire.

There was a volunteer force called The Mussoorie Volunteer Rifle Corp (MVRC) in which all boys over 12 years of age were enrolled. The uniform was khaki serge with green facings and helmet and buttons covered in white metal. The arms were Martini Henry Carbines and the triangular bayonet, the sergeant having a sword bayonet and the bugler a short sword-like weapon with a cross hilt and a tasselled decoration. The muskets (?) was fired at 200, 500 and 600 yards, seven rounds at each range. Over a certain score the volunteer was called extra efficient and wore a distinctive badge on his cuff.

This school was "B" Coy (Company) and nearly always won the Battalion Shooting Trophy.

There were several other schools in Mussoorie among which St Fidalas was a R.C. School, M.S. being C of E.

"A" Coy was composed of civilian Europeans resident in Mussoorie and carried the long Martini Henry Rifle. The calibre of which was 577/450. The annual camp was held at Dehra Dun."

The second item is taken from a newspaper cutting which unfortunately is not dated, regarding a conference of Railwaymen at Simla:

"Railway Conference at Simla - October 5

The annual session of the Indian Railway Conference Association opens on Saturday October 10 in the Assembly Buildings under the Presidency of Mr D S Burn, Agent G.I.P. Railway.

The following Officers are representing their railways: - A B Railway, Mr R L Bliss, Agent; B and N W Railway, Mr E M Slane, Agent; B N Railway, Mr R D T Alexander, Agent; B S Railway, Mr F H Bibra, Manager and Engineer-in-Chief; B K S Railway, Mr J Fearfield, Manager; B B and C I Railway, Sir Ernest Jackson, Kt, Agent; Burma Railways, Mr B M Crosthwaite, Manager; D S Railway, Mr S R Phansey, Manager; E B Railway, Mr N Pearce, Agent; E I Railway, Mr G L Colvin, Agent; G B S Railways, Rai Saheb Ram Kishan, Manager and Engineer-in-Chief; G I P Railway, Mr A Peel Goldney, Chief Traffic Manager; G L Railways, Mr E J Hope, Technical Adviser to the Administrative Officer; H E H the N S Railway, Mr P H Maflin, Agent; J and D Railway, Mr F C Nissen, Manager and Engineer-in-Chief; J J Railway, Mr B C Roy, Managing Agent; Jodhpur Railway, Major O F Evans, Chief Traffic Manager; J S Railway, Mr G W N Rose, Manager and Engineer-in-Chief; M S M Railway, Mr F B Wathen, Agent; Messrs Martyn and Company's Light Railways, Mr W G L Gilbert, Manager; S S L Railway, Morvi Railway, Mr L

V Parmar, Auditor and Accountant; Mysore Railways, Khan Bahadur A A Khan, Agent; N W Railway, Mr J C Highet, Agent; P S Railway, Mr G W N Rose, Manager and Engineer-in-Chief, R and K Railway, Mr E M Slane, Agent; S I Railway, Sir Percy Rothera, Kt, Agent.

The agenda is a short one and it is expected that the conference will be open over (sic) by Tuesday October 13."

Again regretfully no year is attached. Both my grandfather and great grandfather were associated with the railways. My grandfather retired in 1931, so I suspect this conference probably took place prior to that date. He is not mentioned in the clipping so I have no way of knowing where he was at the time.

The third item is a little sheet detailing 'The Society of Yorkshiremen in Bombay'. I know absolutely nothing about this society, and would be most interested to hear from anyone who does. My 2 x great grandfather's was born in Yorkshire, but it was his son, my great grandfather who travelled to India, and he was born in Sussex. I wonder if there were other Societies for other counties?

The Society of Yorkshiremen in Bombay

Patron

His Excellency The Rt Hon Lord Irwin of Kirby Underdale, PC, GMSI, GMIE
Viceroy & Governor-General of India

Vice-Patrons

His Excellency the Rt Hon Sir Frederick Sykes, PC, GCIE, GBE, KCB, CMG
Governor of Bombay

His Excellency The Rt Hon Sir Stanley Jackson, PC, GCIE
Governor of Bengal

President

Lt Col W T C Huffam, OBE, MC, JP

Vice-Presidents

J Addyman, Esq, JP, MLC

H T Acton, Esq, JP

F W Petch, Esq, JP, MIC

A Kirke Smith, Esq, JP

W R Padgett, Esq

Major R W Clarke

Hon Treasurer

W R Padgett, Esq

Joint Hon Secretaries

Guy Robinson, Esq

H P Hinchcliffe, Esq

Hon Auditor

C G Marrable, Esq

Committee

A Richardson, Esq (Chairman)

C W Hopkinson, Esq

Mrs H T Walwyn

Mrs J B Glass

Major R W Clarke

J C France, Esq
G L Holroyd, Esq
S W Walton, Esq
A Wilkinson, Esq

Benevolent Fund Committee

J Addyman, Esq (Chairman)
A Richardson, Esq
F W Petch, Esq
Capt F L Barnett
Mrs H T Walwyn
Mrs J B Glass
C H Glover-Wright, Esq
T S Gregson, Esq
Seth Johnson, Esq

Entertainments Committee

W R Padgett, Esq (Chairman)
Mrs H T Acton
J Birch, Esq
Mrs J B Glass
G L Holroyd, Esq
C W Hopkinson, Esq
Mrs W R Padgett
Mrs A E Robinson
Mrs Guy Robinson
S W Walton, Esq
D Harrison, Esq
Guy Robinson, Esq (See)

There is also a note giving the address of The Society of Yorkshiremen in London and The Yorkshire Society as 33 Old Broad Street, London EC2 and that the subscription was '1/2 a guinea.' I have no note about the date but suspect it may have been 1920s or 1930s.

National Maritime Museum - Holdings on India in the Percy-Smith Collection

Geraldine Charles

Royal Indian Navy Association, Percy Smith Collection, MS 88/006

E=Exercise Book; F=Folders; M=Manuscript notes; N=Notebooks; P= Pamphlet; T=Typescripts. The Collection comprises 29 items:

Box 1 (1-17)

Box 2 (18-22)

Box 3 (23-27)

2 separate groups of material (28) and (29)

Note that some of the information relates to entries in the East India Register. The National Maritime Museum only holds copies of the EIR for the following years:

1813, 1815, 1817, 1820, 1828, 1830, 1832, 1834, 1836, 1838, 1851-1854

East India Company (All Three Presidencies)

- 2 List of Managing Owners with addresses and ships (N)
- 2 List of Packets employed by HEIC 1760-18 19 with Commanders (N) and destinations (N)
- 2 Ships burnt, lost, taken or otherwise destroyed 1700-1819 (N)
- 2 List of Managing Owners with addresses and ships (N)
- 2 List of Packets employed by HEIC 1760-1819 with Commanders & destinations (N)
- 3 Ships and their Commanders 1760-1833 (E)
- 4 Officers shown as Pensioned November 1862 (E)
- 4 East India Register 1842-63, by year gives names of persons and East India Register number (E)
- 12 Maritime Service 1760-1833 A-Jones (E)
- 13 Maritime Service 1760-1833 Jones-Wright (E)
- 14 Maritime Service 1760-1833 Wigzell-Z (E)
- 15 HEIC's Maritime Medical Service, Surgeons 1760-1833 (E)
- 19 Lists of Marine Records of the Late East India Company preserved in the India Office, London 1896 (P)
- 21 Miscellaneous Lists and Notes on officers and men (F)
- 22 Lists of Captains and ships of the East India Company 1631- 1822 Includes names of men receiving pensions from Poplar Fund and then following information for HEIC ships Commander, 1st-4th officers, Surgeon and Purser (F)
- 24 List of officers and volunteers in the HEIC 's Marine 1801(T)
- 26 EIC Pensioners (T)
- 27 EIC's Maritime Service, Ships Husbands & EIC Maritime Service List (M)
- 28 List of ships and their officers 1673-1833 (M)

Madras Presidency

8 Madras, Master Attendant's Dept & Marine Board Members 1803-1847 (E)

Free Mariners

- 25 List of Free Mariners (I)

The original sources for all these notes etc can be found in the L/MAR/C series at the OIOC.

Anglo-Indian Research Correspondence - Part 3, N To Z

Tony Fuller and Michael Gandy

In Journals 1 and 2, we produced parts one and two of the index of records at the Society of Genealogists in London relating to the work that the Society did for people in 1948 who were seeking to establish their nationality under the Nationality Act of 1948.

The Society has recently released three boxes of correspondence and information, containing over 400 files of what they refer to as “Anglo-Indian research”. The following completes the list of all the files, which contain varying amounts of material for the researcher, some being quite thick and others containing just one sheet of paper.

SURNAME	Case Number	SURNAME	Case Number
Nagel	129		
Nagle	129	Paddon	260
Nailer	121 (missing)	Palin	128
Nedou	242	Pallister	035
Nestor	325	Parry	450 (missing)
Niblett	298 (missing)	Parsons	103
Nicol	357	Pascal	209
			413 (missing)
Nilsen	168 (missing)	Pascall	037
Norman	303	Passanah	161
O'Brien	087	Patton	112 (missing)
			260
O'Donoghue	459	Paxton	480
O'Hara	032	Payne	204 (missing)
O'Neil	368	Peacock	344 (missing)
Oakley	192 (missing)	Pearce	036
Ogle	430	Pegg	149 (missing)
Ord	025 (missing)	Peile, Babington-	137
	033 (missing)		
Ormsby	040	Pemberton	240
	354		
Ortiger	148	Penn	251
Osborne	034 (missing)	Penny	411 (missing)
Percy-Lancaster	082	Purvis	398
Pereira	420	Pusey	394 (missing)
			395
Perren	259	Pushong	280 (missing)
Perrett	235	Pyne	016
			037
			042
Peters	159 (missing)	Radam	342 (missing)
			343 (missing)

Pezaro	028	Raddock	002
Phaure	427	Rae	359
Phillipi	224 (missing)	Raphael	317 (missing)
Phillips	182	Raye	402 (missing)
	235		
	443		
	487		
Pierce	036	Raymond	250
	171		
Pigg	149 (missing)	Reed	128
			329 (missing)
Pinal	100	Reidy	001
Pinto	200	Reily	083
Plettell	434	Rencontre	127 (missing)
Polybank	026	Renny	365
Poole	179 (missing)	Reynolds	213
Pope	309	Richards	339 (missing)
Popham	018	Richmond	051
Porter	020	Ricketts	222 (missing)
	089		228 (missing)
	274 (missing)		
Powell	332	Ridsdale	126 (missing)
			347 (missing)
Price	219 (missing)	Rishworth	440
Prichard	376	Roberts	155 (missing)
	481		331
Prince	018	Robertson	038
Probett	162	Robinson	216
			324
Pullen	151	Robson	372
Punnett	185	Roche	346 (missing)
Purkis	344 (missing)	Rockley	101 (missing)
Purves	265		
Rodgers	025 (missing)	Seclune	040(missing)
	033 (missing)		123
Rodricks	354	Secombe	086 (missing)
Roe	092	Seeyne	303
Rogers	217	Sellers	296
			360
Romaine	475	Sellman	282
Rosamond	196	Sequira	056
Rose	199	Seymour	041
			186
Ross	383	Shaller	055 (missing)
	419 (missing)		
Roussac	142	Sharman	219 (missing)
Row	260	Sharp	171
Rowcliff	054	Sharpe	120
			171
			311

Rowcliffe	054	Shedden	345 (missing)
Rowland	310	Sheldon	455 (missing)
Rushton	039 (missing)	Shepherd	172
Rushworth	440	Shields	162
Russell	063 (missing)	Shillingford	016
	110 (missing)		029 (missing)
	333 (missing)		030 (missing)
			037
			042
Ryan	450 (missing)	Shillong	173 (missing)
	453 (missing)		
	464		
Sandwell	051	Shunker	076
			213
			214
Sass	216	Shutt	051
Sausman	438	Sinsbeck	128
Saxton	241	Skill	125 (missing)
Schunker	213	Skinner	211 (missing)
	214		
Scott	199	Skinner-Booth	416 (missing)
	426 (missing)		
Scott-Russell	063 (missing)	Slack	106 (missing)
Scriven	208 (missing)	Slater	464
Secluna	040 (missing)	Slatter	131
Smart	054	Stowell	089
	375		
Smith	040 (missing)	Strange	258
	045, 056, 098,		
	143 (missing)		
	152, 271		
	313 (missing)		
	322		
	472 (missing)		
	429 (missing)		
	446 (missing)		
	449 (missing)		
Smyth	083	Strange, Evett-	258
			259
Somerville	109	Strutt	051
	256		
Southwell	444 (missing)	Stuart	377
			482 (missing)
Speechly	128	Stubbs	283
Spellissy	392 (missing)	Sturmey	051
Squire	100	Sturney	051
Squires	435 (missing)	Stute	136
St, Marylebone	269	Sullivan	410
Chamber of			

Commerce		Swanhill	324
St, Romaine	475	Swanston	489
Stace	197	Swaris	391 (missing)
Staines	043	Swartz	309
Starling	287	Sweeney	484 (missing)
Steele	078		
	136		
	444 (missing)		
Stevenson	028	Swift	028
	474		
Stewart	137	Sydmore	036
	192 (missing)		
Stiff	071	Tanner	065 (missing)
			176
			475
Stirling	273	Taylor	120
			246
Teasdale	157	Wadley	070 (missing)
Templeton	059 (missing)	Wahab	062
	077		
Thomas	077	Wall	189
	203		423 (missing)
	387		
	407 (missing)		
Thompson	045	Wallace	129
	093		
	481		
Thomson	128	Walsh	397
Toop	235	Walters	412
Trimmer	026	Watson	047
			236
			312
			316
Trutwein	318	Waugh	205
			237
Turnage	323 (missing)	Weadley	217
Turner	176	Webb	044 (missing)
	324		
	442		
Twiss	105	Webb, Merritt-	104
United Kingdom	196	Webster	377
Citizens Assoc,			
Urquhart	435 (missing)	Wells	042
			117
			184
			319
Vaupell	017	Weston	362
Vernal	046	Wheeler	005
			349 (missing)
Vincent	094	White	076

	136		079 (missing)
			134
			150 (missing)
			424
Vivian	086 (missing)	Whitfield	148
Waddell	119 (missing)	Whittam	440
Wade	464	Wight	381
		Wilcox	369
Wilkinson	018	Wood	049
			422
Wilks	326 (missing)	Woodcock	050 (missing)
			051
Willasey	052	Woodward	136
			361
			391 (missing)
Williams	102	Workman	024
	332		490
	446 (missing)		
Williams, Watkin-	037	Wrenn	393
	042		
Willis	048	Wright	104
			351
Wills	150 (missing)	Wynell-Mayow	052
Wilmot	244 (missing)	Yeats	080
Wilson	024	Yelverton	190 (missing)
	257 (missing)		
	293 (missing)		
Wiltshire	318	Younker	062
Winchester	064	Yvon	040
Winders	242		

Anglo-Indian Research Correspondence

Box 1 = 1-159

Box 2 = 160-359

Box 3 =

	Numbers	Missing
1	001-020	003, 009, 010, 019
2	021-040	021, 023, 025, 029, 030, 031, 033, 034, 039, 040,
3	041-060	044, 050, 053, 055, 059, 060
4	061-080	063, 065, 066, 068, 069, 070, 075, 079, 081
5	081-100	084, 085, 086, 090, 091, 096
6	101-120	101, 106, 110, 111, 112, 115, 118, 119
7	121-140	121, 125, 126, 127, 138, 140
8	141-160	143, 145, 147, 149, 150, 155, 156, 159, 160
9	161-180	163, 164, 168, 173, 177, 179
10	181-200	183, 190, 191, 192, 194, 195, 198

11	201-220	201, 202, 204, 206, 208, 211, 219
12	221-240	222, 223, 224, 228
13	241-260	244, 247, 252, 257
14	261-280	261, 270, 273, 274, 278, 280
15	281-300	281, 286, 291, 293, 298, 300
16	301-320	301, 313, 317, 320
17	321-340	321, 323, 326, 329, 330, 333, 335, 337, 339, 340
18	341-360	342, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 353, 355
19	361-380	364, 379
20	381-400	382, 384, 388, 390, 391, 392, 394, 400
21	401-420	401, 402, 406, 407, 410, 411, 413, 414, 416, 419
22	421-440	421, 423, 426, 429, 435, 437
23	441-460	441, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456
24	461-480	462, 465, 466, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 476, 477, 478, 479
25	481-491	482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 488, 491