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### **The Autobiography of David Dinwiddie Born 1818 Penpont, Scotland – Died 1880 Bangalore, India.**

*A letter written to his brother Alexander, begun in 1864 and finished in 1878, currently in the possession of Brian Duncan and transcribed by Ruth Croft.*

#### **Part 1 (1818 – 1854)**

PALAVARUM,  
Near MADRAS,  
4th February 1864.

My Dear Brother Alexander,

The Dinwiddies are not exempt you see from the consequences of the disobedience of our first parents; troubles in the flesh and spirit grow up with us from our cradle; and as we pass on from youth to manhood, prime of life to old age, we are hourly admonished that “time shall be no more”, that “the longest life is but a span,” and all, even temporary joy, is vanity and vexation of spirit in this transitory world.

On the 4th of August 1818, your humble servant was found amongst the cabbages in the kitchen garden, exactly in the centre of the renowned clachan of Penpont; the Turnpike road to Glasgow and the Wee Burnie ran together close by the west gable-end of the dwelling; the barn and thrashing-mill, byre, stables, stack-yard, and cartshed closed in the north and east, and the high road to Galloway led past the front of the Auld Biggin – a right pleasant place to live in, in youth, and to die in, in old age. May this be the case with the “Soldier Laddie”.

You were born sometime in 1803, at the Eccles-mains, when our father was acting steward over the estate of the late Mr. Maitland; consequently you must be about sixty-one years old, and saw the light fifteen years before I did. I think you and brother James were both at home with our worthy parents on the farm in Penport just before we removed to Woodhead; and you both left to join Uncle James, in Manchester, about the year 1824. If I am wrong in my calculations, I will thank you to put me right. It grieves me to have to record the death of so many of my own flesh and blood in the prime of life, and at the time, too, when most required to provide for their own offspring. I cannot feel sufficiently thankful to Providence for His goodness to me from my youth. I have been an “unprofitable servant,” and have done nothing

for the kingdom of Christ; but still I am enjoying the comforts of life, and have enjoyed them more, much more than the majority of my fellowmen.

How thankful I ought to be, and how earnest in prayer to God for forgiveness, for the day will soon come when I will know the value of a Redeemer and the consequence of having neglected His admonitions. It is a hard struggle to overcome the evil one, but I know well, in spite of the doctrine of Predestination, that we can all go to heaven if we only try (believe).

Prayer, earnest prayer, is the only remedy to keep us from the “broad path;” “the flesh is continually warring against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh.” This world and its cares are always ready to step in and tempt us to offend our Creator. O! how long-suffering God is to let sinners such as I am to live so long on the face of this beautiful world; the longer I live the more I feel how unprofitable I have been, how little I have done for God, myself, and my fellow creatures.

I believe it is nothing else but a cold, careless heart, in the interests of others, that makes myself, for one, so backward in keeping up a constant correspondence. It is not for want of time, but a something which I know will be shewn to me some day, when my conscience lays bare all the sins of ‘omission and commission’. Much good may be done by letter-writing. I have not forgotten the kind and sisterly advice of sister Margaret in her letters to me during the first few years of my exile in India, the good effects of which are still fresh in my memory. This may be my last letter: what a shame it is only my second, so I shall begin at the beginning and give you an outline of my life.

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Until I was about fifteen years old, I never was absent one day from home. To Sanquhar for a cart load of coals, to the Mile end Dumfries with the same for the use of grandmother, and once as far as New Galloway, were the furthest points reached, but always at home the same evening. Shortly before I left my home and “my country for my country’s good,” I had a few narrow escapes. One winter morning at break of day I was jogging along the road to Sanquhar in charge of father’s two cart horses, when suddenly they took fright at something on the side of the road, which led across the face of a mountain through a deep cutting in the hard rock, which hung high overhead. In a few seconds the horses with the carts were rolling and crashing, over and down, to the rocky, foaming river below. I had just time to save myself. The story is a long one, the driver lived to go the same road again another day, but not down the precipice.

About this time of “home life” I had occasion to cut daily a few stones of hay from the bottom part of a stack, which rose high overhead; while cutting away one day with a large two-handled hay-knife I heard a rustling, then I saw the stack slowly move. Before I could run clear of the great, solid mountain of hay above and on both sides of me I was caught and knocked down; my head and hands only could be seen. Half a second later, in running for my life, would have been fatal, as I would have been smothered. I could breathe; that was enough. Providence saved me.

In 1834 (I was then about 16 years old), you had me with you as an apprentice in the “Scotch Trade”, and you know best how I did my duty. Previous to my leaving

Penpont I saw some soldiers at one of the fairs on recruiting service, and one of them seeing me rather interested about their gay dress and ribbons, observed that I would be a soldier someday. This, with the stories told by old John Ross, Mr. Maitland's game-keeper, about the Peninsular War, Waterloo, &c., became impressed on my mind, and from that time I thought of doing mighty deeds some day in the "deadly breach," "playing Shaw," the Life Guardsman," or bearing away the colors of some regiment, like Ewart of the Scotch Greys at Waterloo.

From the above you can gather how likely I was to be successful in the peaceful pursuits of trade. I did believe that if you had ventured to set me up in business, after asking you to do so that morning at breakfast in the "Bull's-Head" Burslem\*, in 1838, I should have carried all before me and made a fortune; but after a second trial with Anderson at Stony-Stratford and Robert Fergusson at Manchester again, I lost all hope of doing well as a tradesman, and I had already proved my inability for handling the plough, scythe, or reaping-hook. On looking at the fingers of my left hand this moment, I can see the cuts and scars of the reaping-hook, which I must carry to my grave; with the scythe I could not keep abreast with my brother Robert, and it was always blunt; the pain in my back invariably being sharper than the edge of my working tools, and a straight furrow with the plough was out of the question. You must remember I was a weak, delicate boy. My mother told me I was the gentlest of the family: and so I was, and am still. I measured five feet ten and a quarter when I enlisted; I seldom weighed above eleven stone; and it is only lately that I weigh thirteen stone. If I had waited until you were able to set me up in business, it would have been much more satisfactory to have had the power and pleasure of helping those of my own kin who may have been in need from time to time; but such was not to be, and many a heavy sigh has it cost me. There was, is, and shall be, a mixture of good, bad, and indifferent qualities comprising my nature – a something I cannot explain, a sort of willing spirit; but the flesh generally got the upper hand. A strong resolution to do right in thought, word, and deed, but a stronger one would have the mastery, and make me act contrary to my good resolutions: when I would do good, evil is ever present: a melancholy foreboding used to possess me of what was to be gone through in this life and that which is to come, a peculiarity I have often heard more common to the Scotch than any other nation. This I believe is the consequence of the Scotch method of instilling into the minds of youth the awful punishment of sin; even whistling a hymn on a Sunday was a "breaking of the Law," and guilty of one sin guilty of all.

You will remember when I left Manchester in 1838, you kindly filled my box with all sorts of clothing for the use of our family at Woodhead. The box arrived safe at home with its contents, but I sailed over to Dublin. You are well aware how I returned to Manchester soon afterwards a Heavy Dragoon, instead of going home to Woodhead.

How hardened must have been my heart then, and how obdurate it is still; how little mercy I had for the feelings of others, even those near and dear to me, then let me reflect how merciful God has been through a life of frequent danger, by flood and field, in war and in peace.

From Manchester the 2nd Dragoon Guards or "Queen's Bays," were ordered to Glasgow in the beginning of 1839. I enjoyed the march very much, as I had always loved to see life (as I called it). Even to this day I should like nothing better than to

wander over the world, both by sea and land. Mountains, vallies, lakes, rivers, ravines, cascades, caves, dense jungles, and sandy deserts, different tribes of the human race, beasts of the earth, the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air (wild and tame); in fact the wonderful and beautiful works of creation, in such an endless variety, have a peculiar charm for me, a Scotch man, who, they say, "is never home, but when abroad." I love a storm when "awfully grand" on sea or shore, but at sea I always felt that there was no "back door" to run out of should the sails and masts be blown away, or the ship be on fire or drifting towards a Lee Shore. These dangers I have been in my day exposed to, but let me go back to Glasgow and continue my story from there.

One cold, wet morning found me walking "Sentry go" in Hamilton Barracks, the depot for recruits and young horses of the head quarters of the regiment which was then doing garrison duty near the Brooinlaw, Glasgow, eleven miles distant. Here I was taking care of the Glasgow "Weaver bodies". It was on the 11th May 1839, and strange to say, a few inches of snow had fallen a day or two previously, and was now melting away with the rain. Wet feet and neglecting to change my shoes and socks, brought on a severe cold, followed by rheumatic pains, which commenced at my thumb, and travelling through every joint of my body, left me by making its exit at my extremities. For six weeks I suffered with this complaint, and then went home to Penpont on sick furlough. I had then been five long years away from the place of my nativity, and on the first sight of the valley of the Nith my heart fainted within me, for instead of the mountains of Queens-Berry, Tynrondoon, Galloway, Closeburn, and Keirhills being high and steep, the rivers Nith and Scar being broad and deep, they all seemed to my imagination just the reverse; mere pigmies of mountains and rivers when compared with the Wicklow Hills in Ireland, and the mountains of Westmoreland in England, the Liffey at Dublin, and the Mersey at Liverpool. This, with the change of neighbours, my school-fellows grown up to be men and women, and my old sweethearts married, took all the conceit out of me, and made me feel as "a stranger in a strange land." However, a few weeks living on porridge and peas-brose at Woodhead, and in the company of brother James and sister Ann at Dumfries, brought me round, and I returned to my Regiment well and hearty, with £30 sterling in my pocket to purchase my discharge. This done, I returned on foot, (from Glasgow, via Douglass-Mill, Crawford-John, and Sanquhar, paying my father's relation, Mr. Thorburn a visit in Douglass-Dale) to Penpont.

I tried Farming again, for I was now in good humour for another change of life, and had dreams of settling down, and being an honest "citizen of the world." When in hospital at Hamilton I recollect making all sorts of good resolutions about this world and the next, but all vanished in due course of time. Brother Robert, and sisters Jane and Nancy were at home on my return. I think brother John was then in Manchester, and all went well for about a year, when one evening, while I was mowing (cutting) barley in the Eccles-Wood, with my brother Robert, a letter came from Mr. Anderson, of Stony-Stratford, Buckinghamshire, offering me another chance to "push my fortune" in Merry England. The sun was setting when this letter came. I laid the scythe quietly on the ground, straightened my aching back, looked south over the Portrack Hills like a true Scot, and said "well, I will! I shall try my fortune again;" and in a few days I bid my dear father farewell, the tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks as he shook me by the hand saying, 'Davy, I fear we shall never meet again in this world.' This was just after dinner, 1P.M.; he then went off to the harvest field

with his band of reapers, while my dear mother accompanied me a little distance towards Burnhead, where I was bound (as I purposed within myself) for a moral character, from the Minister, (Mr. Smith.) My mother seemed to have better hopes of me than my father, and left me pretty cheerful. Mr. Smith gave me a good character; he could not do otherwise as far as my outward walk in life went, for no-one could ever accuse me of being what we commonly call “a wild scamp and a rake” in Scotland. I walked to Uncle James that night, 11 miles; he was then, with his wife Aunt Mary, at Kill-Craft, three or four miles north of Dumfries. Next day I continued my journey southward, via Glencaple Quay, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Peeping-Tom of Coventry. I found my way to Stony-Stratford, and commenced business.

After giving Mr. Anderson and the round of customers a fair trial, I saw that I could not succeed because I had not the will. I could not, and would not take the advice given by my father many years previously, viz., “set a stout heart to a steep hill and you will get to the top of it,” So down to smoky Manchester I felt my way, where I was kindly invited to try my luck a third time. After a turn or two to Runcorn on Robert Fergusson’s account, melancholy forebodings, hypochondria, or some such thing worse took possession of me not for the first time in my life, and giving way to the peculiar bent of my nature, I quietly went down to Liverpool by the Railway on the 14th December 1840, and the following day (after breakfast at a hotel, where I also slept) I took the shilling as an Artilleryman in the Honorable East Indian Company’s Service, perfectly sober, for I seldom went to excess in liquor, and am a teetotaller for a number of years past. I soon found myself under some control and in my proper element; but soon went a “sight-seeing,” viz., to the docks, shipping, buildings, churches, theatres, &c, the churches from without, and the theatres from within; in one of the latter Vanamburgh was then sporting his lions. All these “past-times” were gone through with a wonderfully cheerful heart, which I cannot account for. After Christmas I found my self seated in a Railway carriage with a free passage to London. It was a bitter cold day; the second class carriages being open, every one of the passengers (I recollect we had an assortment, viz., recruits and their wives, sailors, rogues and vagabonds,) felt the cold in proportion to the rate the engine forced us along over the iron rails and the depth of clothing which covered the body; some of them were, in spite of the cold, in the highest glee, and others just the reverse. Your brother David played his part between the two extremes. At Stony-Stratford station, within a mile or two of Mr. Anderson’s house a few minutes were spent in taking in coal, water &c., when I ventured from my seat and spent a shilling in the purchase of a shallow plate of weak English broth; it was hot enough, the skin came off the roof of my mouth, which, however did not give me the least concern having felt so cold, although I had on a warm suit of clothes, viz., a pair of thick Kersey trowsers, drab waistcoat, a green swallow-tail coat, and a Four-and-nine hat.

The train arrived in London half an hour after dark.

Under the guidance of an experienced veteran Sergeant, who took charge of us, recruits from Liverpool, we found our way to the “City-road Inn,” where we received our billets for the night, my lot (with a Canny Cumberland lad) was at some distance from the rendezvous, there not being sufficient accommodation for all the recruits and their wives. So off we trudged, (but not before we had witnessed a fight with half a dozen Lancashire men at the Inn in true Lancashire fashion) to our billet, a public house, which was then undergoing repair. With all the spare beds engaged, we had

the choice of sleeping on the floor or of receiving a shilling to go somewhere else for the night; this was no sooner said than a handsome young girl jumped up and kindly offered me a part of her bed. Very respectfully declining her kind offer, off went again myself and comrades to look for another billet, and after several unsuccessful attempts at several public houses, on account of Christmas, we had at last the good fortune of an offer of a bed at a respectable hotel, provided we agreed to sleep two in one bed, and pay half a crown for it. No sooner said than the bargain was struck, as it was then about 11 o'clock and a cold, frosty night. After giving our shoes to the "Boots", we were led upstairs by a handsome young Chambermaid, found the room and bed clean and neat, with towels, wash-hand basin, &c., so bidding our guide a polite good night, we were soon in the arms of Morpheus.

The next morning we were up early and paid the bill of fare, which included more than the price of our bed, for we did not forget to nourish the inner man the previous night; receiving a hot cup of coffee, we set off to join the old Sergeant at the rendezvous where we were just in time to save ourselves from being put in the "hue and cry" as deserters. On passing through the streets on our way to the steamer below London Bridge, en route to Gravesend, I continued to keep at a distance from my comrades by taking the opposite side of the street, where I was making the best use of my time, by staring about me at the wonders to be seen in the great city. We had not gone far, when I had the pleasure of meeting a countryman with a pack on his back and from which burden I had only a few days previously "cut and run," but was glad he did not know me. I also came in contact with a real Cockney, who had a basket of bread under his arm, and who had the assurance to lay hold of me by the arm, and with a smile on his countenance, pointed to my comrades on the opposite side of the street saying, "I say young man look, there goes a fine lot of cock sparrows to be shot at, eh!" No doubt the baker suspected me to be a fresh import from some provincial town, if not a recruit, for he would not have dared to take such liberty with a true cockney; I smiled, answered in the affirmative and passed on, but thought on the remark, wondering why the material composing the Army and Navy should be so thought little of, and what would England be as the civilizer of the world only for such brave men as that sickly-looking baker saw, made a jest on and laughed at; some of whose number were destined to rise and rank in the society of the aristocracy of the land, and be entitled to appear clad with honor in the presence of the greatest sovereign on earth. I hope you are not going to question me with reference to the being entitled to appear before "The Sovereign Lord of all," and whether the soldier and sailor ever think of striving to deserve the same honor before Him; if so, then I can cheerfully give you an answer, and say by experience that there is as much hope for the soldier in the barrack-room or sailor in the fore-castle as for those in civil ranks of life which contain such Christians as a racing, poisoning Palmer, a double-faced merchant prince Paul; a murdering Townley, whose neck was saved by his aristocratic friends making a madman of him and themselves liars. But go no further than the circle of a gunshot from your door in Manchester, and you will find enough of the works of the devil to deserve a second deluge; crowd all the places of worship in Great Britain to the full, and you will nearly have accounted for all regular church goers; and even the most sincere dare not "throw the first stone" and say he is innocent. How many never go to church, how many more spend their time from Sunday morning until Saturday night in the haunts of the wicked one. But hold! The above is enough; and I hope you will have some charity and allow the possibility of

soldiers and sailors being found true to other colors besides those they have sworn to defend while on earth.

Stepping on shore at Gravesend, we marched to Brompton Barracks, near Chatham and Rochester, nine or ten miles; arriving in time to be told off to our respective companies before it was dark. I soon felt quite at home in a room in which there was a roaring coal fire and made acquaintance with the Artillerymen, who had been there for a few weeks before me, some of whom are still alive, hale and hearty, and doing well in different parts of India. Many have gone to their "long home," and a few have returned to their native land with a liberal pension. A particular friend of mine, named Robert Knox, a Scotsman from Edinburgh, is now Quarter-Master of a Brigade of Royal Horse Artillery at Bangalore. He enlisted at Manchester; and his brother, a stone-mason, used to attend your church under the Rev. Dr. Munro at the time I left Manchester; and very likely he is still there.

Sister Marian was the first to astonish me by writing a very affectionate letter soon after my arrival in Brompton. No doubt she remembers the correspondence which took place between us.

During the time I remained at the Depot (as the barracks for the East Indian Company's Troops were called) I had a second attack of rheumatic fever: being well taken care of by the Doctor, I was quite well when we embarked at Gravesend for Madras, which was about the same time that brother Robert went to America, viz., in the spring of 1841.

All the accidents and incidents common during a three month's voyage to India occurred on our way out, round the Cape of Good Hope, in the good ship Larkens, of 900 tons burden; and on the 19th August we dashed through the dangerous surf of Madras in country Masula-boats, which said surf I have crossed many a time since in the service of my country. By nine o'clock the same evening I found myself at Saint Thomas's Mount, eight miles distant and four miles from Pallavaram, the pleasant and clean cantonment in which I now (1864) reside. After a few days rest, and ruminating over the peculiarities of the people and things in India, and having gone through the terrible ordeal of drinking a strong dose of salts and senna every alternate day for six days, formed up in line in the presence of the doctor. We marched to the Mount River, 2 miles distant, for a swim and a bath on the days we did not face the doctor and his gallipot: thus we were informed that the salt junk eaten on board ship for 3 months was washed clean out of us, and that we were now fit for our exile in India for 21 years, when we would be entitled to a pension and allowed to go back to our mother. At Madras, myself and about sixty more men were picked out and sent to join the Horse Artillery at Bangalore, two hundred miles distant; where we arrived on the 2nd November and commenced drill.

In the six months after our arrival at Bangalore, some of the recruits, including myself, were on our way back to Madras with the C. Troop Horse Artillery en route for China, where we arrived safe and sound after a three month's voyage. I shall not attempt to describe what passed during the time spent in the Celestial Empire, further than "we came, we saw, we conquered." The Angel of Death did his work during the war in many shapes and forms. We had land marches and sea voyages; the fleet of

seventy ships sailed 200 miles up to the city of Nankeen on the right bank of the river Yansekang, when peace was proclaimed.

It was on this river, after the storming of Ching-Kiang-Foo, I had occasion to go in a boat with other men of my Troop, to a large transport vessel of 1200 tons, on duty. The sailors in charge of the boat had an extra dram and could not manage it when at the ship's side. The river was running at the rate of 5 miles an hour, and before the sailor told off for the purpose, could make proper use of the boat-hook, the boat left the ship's side, and myself, leaving me hanging by my hands with my feet nearly touching the strong current below. I had got hold of the Mainstays below the broad foot-board, with a view to keep the boat close to the side of the vessel, but was not strong enough to do this even with the aid of 2 other men; so the boat left the side of the vessel without me; the other two men threw themselves back into the boat. In a few seconds I felt my hands and arms begin to tremble with the heavy weight of my body; and looking down at the current below with certain knowledge of drowning, I had to act while I had strength sufficient to do so, and with a desperate spring from the side of the ship, I had the good fortune to hook my heels in the Main-stay above my head. It was an effort to save my life, and in another second I had a firmer grip with my hands, and was quickly on the main deck, thanking God.

The boat with my companions went a drift, but they ultimately found their way to their own vessel, and I joined them the same evening. They had given me up for lost, for even a good swimmer would have been forced down with the current of the mighty river, to rise no more alive.

It was at the storming of Ching-Kiang-Foo, where the wives and children of the Tartar soldiers threw themselves into deep wells to be drowned rather than run the risk of falling into the hands of the Barbarians as the Chinese called us, it was also during the China war that I had to go sentry-duty fully accoutred with sword, pistol and carbine bare-footed: the musquitos having stung my feet to such a degree that I could not put on my boots.

During one of our marches in China a dozen of us Artillerymen had a miraculous escape from being destroyed, several of the men with lighted pipes in their mouths having quietly laid down to sleep on straw with the floor beneath covered with powder.

We again sailed down the river, and on the 15th January 1843 were once more on terra firma in Madras, then on the 18th March went on to our old station, Bangalore, where being finished off by the drill department as a horseman, swordsman, gunner, &c., I was made acting corporal.

About the end of 1844 the C. Troop Horse Artillery (to which I had been posted in 1840) was ordered to join an army then employed in quelling a rebellion in the Kolapur district, between Bangalore and Bombay; but before the troop reached the scene of the action, the rebellion was crushed; so we struck out across country via Bellary and Sholapore, to Jaulnah, which is about seven hundred miles north-west of Madras, arriving on the 6th January 1845. On the march to Jaulnah I was made full corporal and drill corporal, and considered myself a smart young fellow no doubt, drilling recruits and breaking-in young horses.



Soldiers must go to church whether they like it or not, and it was here in 1845 I first saw and loved the lassie, who in 1847 I took unto myself as a wife. One of the conditions of the marriage contract was that I should go to school first and fit myself for something higher in the army than drill corporal; of course I was not going to lose the lass with the “bonny blue e’en whose smiles were the sweetest as ever was seen &c.,” and the chance of a little more learning to boot. So to school I went, and soon knew the difference between the singular and plural number, thus fulfilling my promise to those concerned. You will be able to judge from the orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody of this letter what progress I have made since I saw you last in the classics; and whether I would be able to take “the shine out” of Dommie Kellock of Penpont or not in “teaching the young idea how to shoot.”

On the 15th February 1847 I married Mary Mackenzie aged nineteen. Her father, Hugh Mackenzie, was from Glasgow, and died a warrant officer in the Ordnance department in Bangalore in May 1832. Her mother’s name was Mary Pritchard, whose father was from the county Mayo, Ireland, and whose mother was from Dublin; her maiden name was Doyle. Thomas Pritchard, senior, also died a warrant officer, viz., a rank below that of a Commission. He died at Madras; date not known. Thomas Pritchard, Junior, my late wife’s uncle by the mother’s side, is still alive in Madras, and living twelve miles from where I am now writing. I believe you saw him when he was in England in 1849 or 1850. He went to Edinburgh and passed his degrees for Veterinary Surgeon there in two years, being well up as a judge in horse flesh. Since his return to India he has held the situation of Veterinary Surgeon to the Governor’s Body Guard, Madras.

I have no end of relations by marriage in India, some are in good circumstances, some just the reverse, and similar to those of our own relatives on your side of the world. With the powerful help of Mr. Thomas Pritchard and a few other officers in India, (one of whom was the late Colonel Sheriff, an uncle to Mrs. Lauderdale Maitland,) and a little exertion on my own part, I have got pretty well up the ladder of promotion, and have no reason to complain; but I live in hopes of getting higher up still. I might have been worth a little hard cash, but somehow or other I never knew the knack, although from the North of the Tweed to make hay even “while the sun did shine.” Well, now to proceed. Six months after marriage I was promoted to the rank of Sergeant. This, however, did not give me so much pay by about ten pence or a shilling as drill corporal did; but it gave me a better position for pension should I have risen no higher. Five months after I was made Sergeant, my daughter Mary Jane was born. I always call her Jane, and then commenced troubles in the flesh which I am not going to tell you about. Six more followed the first in regular succession; four are still alive and are with me now hearty and well. The mother and three are gone to a better land I trust. Jane is now nineteen years of age, a fine sprightly young queen, and as good as she is bonny. She can play the piano, and has learned a good deal; but I have been too long living in the jungle far from good schools; on long marches from place to place, or on sea voyages from port to port, to have given her a first-rate education. Let us be thankful for what we have received. Thomas David, Robert, and Alexander are fine-looking, healthy, strong, boys, good tempered, obedient and anxious to learn, and by the blessing of God I will try to make them good scholars, the only fortune I expect to leave them.

I lived in Jaulnah doing duty with my troop from the beginning of 1845 until the end of 1851 (which was the longest stay I ever made at one place since I left Woodhead in 1834) when the troop was ordered to St. Thomas's Mount, a 700 miles march over bad roads, and often no roads at all. I accompanied on horseback the troop, which was composed of six guns, 165 horses and 115 men, one-third of which I had charge as Serjeant of a division, under the command of an European Officer. The troops were well trained to gallop over hill and dale, when necessary, ford a river, march through bogs and mires, leap a fence or ditch, when such obstacles came in the way en route. Such must be the Horse Artillery in India, and such material saved the country in the mutiny of 1857 and 1858.

Mrs. Dinwiddie and two children, viz., Jane and James (Robert the first having died a short time previous to our leaving Jaulnah), with the other families, about fifty, belonging to the troop, found their way in covered carts in rear of the troop, picking out the best track across the country; each cart being dragged by a pair of bullocks marched at a slow pace, always arriving some hours after the troop at the encamping ground. The troop and families invariably commenced the march from camp to camp about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning: the distance travelled over being from ten to twenty miles. Such was our mode of travelling in days of yore, but now railways or good roads have, of course supplanted these.

Arriving at Saint Thomas's Mount on the 22nd February 1852, we were settling ourselves down expecting a few years rest in our new station; however, such was not to be. On the 31st August of the same year the troop embarked at Madras in three vessels for Burmah, and arrived in Rangoon on the 10th September, the strength of the troop having been increased to 160 men and 204 horses. Except myself and thirteen men, the troop was never engaged with the enemy during the war.

In the beginning of 1853 the troop was removed from Rangoon to Prome, a large town about 200 miles up the river Irrawaddy, where it remained until the beginning of 1854, when the Burmese came to terms. Garrisons were placed along the frontiers of Burmah Proper and our newly acquired province, viz., Pegu or Lower Burmah, which was formerly an independent kingdom rich in timber and rice. The troop was then ordered down to Rangoon en route back to Madras. We accordingly embarked in July in one vessel, which was more than sufficient to carry back all that remained of the troop after two years of service in Burmah. The climate did not agree with the horses especially; and those alive, about thirty, when the men embarked were left behind for the use of the Foot Artillery. These soon died also, besides forty more sent over from Madras, which had joined the troop while at Prome. Exposure to the heavy and constant rain, in the open night and day during the monsoon was the principal cause of such heavy losses in horse flesh. About thirty of the men also died of dysentery, fever, and cholera; many more were sent home to Madras, being unable to do their duty suffering from various forms of disease.

During the two years in Burmah, the married men had to remit a part of their pay to support their families who were left behind at Saint Thomas's. While at Prome I was sent in command of a detachment of about a dozen gunners of the troop, to assist in manning the rockets, guns, mortars and act as cavalry, or drive a couple of teams of gun horses in an expedition against a noted Burmese leader in the Province of Donabew, on the river Irrawaddy, between Rangoon and Prome. I gained much credit

for the manner I conducted the duties of my little band. The force had very hard marching and severe fighting in the midst of dense jungles, losing about two hundred officers and men killed, including those who fell victims to disease, out of a small army of 1,500 Europeans and Sepoys of India, besides two hundred camp followers who died of cholera and hardship. The ground was, in this campaign, our bed, and the canopy of heaven our covering; hard biscuit and bad water often our only food and drink for many a long day and weary night.

During this time I had excellent health, and although engaged a dozen times with the enemy and in close quarters too, I escaped without being wounded, being only once slightly touched on the leg, although the bullets of the enemy flew thick and fast, often whizzing close past my head, between my legs, under my arms, striking the ground at my feet, throwing the dust about in clouds, smashing the timber and bruising the iron work of the guns while in action. Imagine about 5,000 half-naked savages yelling and cheering in fancied security behind their strong and high breastworks of felled trees, laid horizontal with upright supports: frightened and wounded horses plunging and neighing in harness, draft bullocks and buffaloes bellowing and running about, wild uncontrolled, through the midst of the turmoil and uproar of battle; imagine a dense jungle in the rear and left flanks of our position covered by marshes or deep creeks of water, groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying men heard on all sides, many of them unseen through the heavy smoke of powder between the contending armies. Lastly, the British cheer on advancing to storm the position, hand-to-hand fighting, death and victory, and the final retreat of a brave enemy. Then picture to yourself the fun of all this kept up for several consecutive hours, and so often repeated in a short campaign of a little less than two months.

As I kept notes of this campaign, I may on some future day send you a fuller account; but my exploits in China and during the mutiny will, I fear, remain a dead letter, as I unfortunately kept no daily journal. If I had done this since I left home I might have had enough of interesting matter to make a book.

*[Continued in Journal 10]*

\* The Bull's Head at Burslem is still at St. Paul's Square, is served by the Titanic Brewery, which makes real ale, is on the real-ale website, and regularly hosts live music events. (Ruth Croft)

## **The Condell Family in India**

*By Dian Montgomerie Elvin*

*(I apologise for the length of this article but I have also included other names that may be of interest to other readers. The square brackets are my queries or additions)*

I am looking for my Indian Great Great Great Grandmother, said to have been "an Indian Princess", who died young, not long after her daughter Mary Agnes Alexander Condell was born. Who was She? Is the answer somewhere in all these records? Did she marry Joseph Alexander Condell Jr ?

Joseph Alexander Condell Jr.'s service record follows. It is his Indian wife or mistress that I would like to find out about, as she was the mother of my Gt. Gt. Grandmother Mary Agnes Alexander Condell, born 1830-31 in Bangalore - or so it was stated in the City of London census of 1871. In the census of 1861 her birth-place was given as "East Indies", another name for India in those days. Mary Agnes married James Joseph Collins, a master tailor. Their R.C. Marriage around 1845-9 is so far completely elusive. The earliest date for this family is the birth of their first child, James Joseph Collins Jr. in Stratford, Essex 1850. The second son Charles Vincent Collins was born in Stratford in 1852. There were four more children but these two boys eventually emigrated to Australia and were estranged because they married Protestants.

Joseph Alexander Condell Jr. was born on the Island of Madeira around 1786 (according to his cadet papers, (below), the baptism records were washed away in a great flood in October 1803). His father was Joseph(us) Alexander Condell Sr., a wine merchant from Edinburgh, Scotland, and a partner in the Company Condell, Inne & Co. His mother was Martha French, who was born in Madeira to Irish/American parents in 1749. The family was Roman Catholic.

Joseph Alexander Condell Jr. was listed as one of the "scholars of the late Mr John Taylor" at the Grammar School of Musselburgh, Edinburgh, in 1795. His grandparents, James Condell and Agnes Waugh were brewers and wine merchants in Edinburgh & Leith and no doubt were looking after him there, while his parents were still in Madeira. Both of these parents cut Joseph Jr. out of their wills, the father (Josephus Alexander Condell) in 1807 and the mother (Martha Condell) in 1829 - a long time to keep up a grudge against their eldest son. This was not a religious vendetta as he remained Roman Catholic while his brother Henry Condell, first Mayor of Melbourne and a Protestant, inherited enough money to buy a brewery in Tasmania in 1830.

Back to Joseph Alexander Condell Jr. I found his cadet and service papers, in the British Library India Office Records, when I was in London a few years ago, dated 28th February 1806. (ref: L/MIL/9/113/299). His Service Record (ref: L/MIL/11/39/333) states that he was "Admitted on Establishment (General Orders, 16th Jan. 1807)" and he had been made "Ensign" on 27 June 1806.

His Service Records continues: Made Lieutenant of the 16th Native Infantry on 20th June 1811. Shared Prize for the capture of Mahidpur in 1817, as Lieut. of the 16th

N.I. (Vol. 2 Actual Captures fo: 450) and shared Prize "captured" in the War against the Pindarries and certain of the Mahratta States in 1817/18 (Vol. 5 General Captures fo. 1138). He was given the 'Army of India Medal' when he was in the 16th Native Infantry.

Joseph was appointed Interpreter and Quarter Master of the 2nd Battalion of the 16th Regiment Native Infantry (General Orders 1st May 1819).

He was given leave to the Sea Coast on sick certificate until 21st June 1819 (G.O.C.C. 22 Dec 1818). [R Budd from the same regiment went at the same time. I have found his marriage to Caroline and the birth of at least two children but have not had so much luck with Joseph and his Indian lady]

He was made Captain of the 16th N.I on 23 May 1821

[I found an interesting reference in the 'Bengal Hurkaru' in General Orders of 29th July 1822 Item No. 14: "Doubts having been entertained as to whether the Children of Soldiers, whose Mothers are Natives of this Country, are allowed to accompany their Fathers or Friends to England, the Commander in Chief thinks this a fitting opportunity to explain to His Majesty's Corps in India that no prohibition exists to the Children of European Soldiers, whoever their Mothers may be, accompanying their Fathers or Relations to Great Britain at the Public expense". I had also read rumours to the contrary, so that was good to read there was re-iteration of this in about 1833]. It does not suggest that mothers might also like to go with their children!

According to the writing in the margin of his service record he was Captain of the 31st Native Infantry by 10th July 1823.

He was granted 'Leave to Presidency until 1st April 1824 (G.O.C.C 5th Dec. 1823) for seven months' and 'Furlough to Europe (P.A.-Personal Affairs) (G.O. 9th December 1823). Sailed 4<sup>th</sup> March 1824 (AL- assumed Annual Leave)

[I found, in the '*Bengal Hurkaru*' 12 Mar. 1824, a reference to the sailing on 3rd April - not the 4th March - of the "homeward bound Ship '*Hope*', Captain John T. Flint" with passengers for London: Mrs. Yates and family, Mrs. Foote, Mrs. Pugh, Mrs. Harper and Family, Mrs. Patoon; Rev. Mr. Harper, Col. Ogilvie, Lieut.-Col. Yates, Major Yarde, Captain Condell, Captain MacDonald, Captain Warlock, Lieut. Patoon. H.M. 54th Regt., Lieut. Thornbury, Lieutenant Campbell, Lieutenant Sutherland, and 65 Privates.].

He returned from Europe and was "readmitted on Establishment" from 20<sup>th</sup> October 1825 (General Orders 30th Dec 1825) having been away for 18 months. I found his return to India in the '*Bengal Hurkaru*' of 20 October 1825: The English Ship '*Carn Brae Castle*', Captain Thomas Davey, from London 5<sup>th</sup> July: List of Passengers per '*Carn Brae Castle*' from Portsmouth: Mrs. Bourdieu, Mrs. Hawes, Miss Holgate, Miss Littlejohn; Captains Bourdieu, Young, Condel; Lieut. Smith, W. Hawes Esq., Messrs. Hurry, Ross, Storey, Feldwick, Sheikburgh, Butler.]

Joseph was advanced 1000 Rupees by the Bengal Government (Nov 1824) on the responsibility of Captain James Bourdieu (who had been on board ship with him). [There is a letter to Colonel Casement about this loan which was granted and later paid back by 1826 although there was some correspondence about it in 1828 (Bengal Military Corr. 29th Feb. 1828, Nos. 14 & 15) which I have not seen].

In 1831, Captain J. A. Condell is with the 1st Native Infantry in Jaulnah [Could Mary Agnes Alexander Condell have been born there, perhaps?] A baptism of Mary A. Caldwell is shown in Madras in 1831 and Caldwell is a name mistakenly given to J. A. Condell on the *Alfred* below.

Joseph Alexander Condell was then invalided in India 10th Jan 1832 (G. O. 10 Jan 1832) and posted to the 1st Native Veteran Battalion (G.O.C.C. 13th Jan 1832).

He was appointed to command the 1st Native Veteran Battalion from 10<sup>th</sup> October 1834 (G.O. 28th January 1834). He was then permitted to return to Europe and to retire from the service from the date of his Embarkation (G. O. 2nd May 1834)-Furlo' List

In the '*Bengal Hurkaru*' of Monday June 30th 1834: "passengers on the '*Alfred*' lately from Coromandel, Madras included: Thomas Teed, Hon. Co.'s solicitor, Calcutta, June 3rd 1834: Mrs. Buckley and child, Mrs. Nutt and child, Major Caldwell" etc. Was this a mistake or a mis-spelling on purpose?

The G. O. reports his arrival in England per '*Alfred*'. [I found the arrival of the '*Alfred*' in the London Times: "Passengers Home. Expected per '*Alfred*' from Madras": Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Nutt, Mrs. Buckley, Mrs. Atkinson; Thomas Teed Esq., H.C. Solicitor, Capt. M. C. Chase, commanding Governor's Bodyguard, Major J. A. Condell, Capt. T. Anderson, 4th L.C., Capt. W. H. Simpson, Deputy Asst. Qtr. Mast. Gen., Capt O. St. John, 13th L.I., Lieut. Pears, Engineers, Lieut. Cannan, 40th N. I., Lieut. D. S. Cooper, Royals, L. Legrew Esq., H. M. 13th L. Dragoons; S. Magan, ditto, Mr. H. Showers, seven children.].

J. A. Condell was described in 1837 and 1847 as John A. Condell, retired. At this time he was living in Aberdeen Scotland, having married Margaret Sangster in January 1836.

In all those references where should I look for a mention of an Indian wife/mistress and child? Or were they never referred to? The General Order about payment of children's fares would suggest that the subject was discussed.

## **Extracts from: “Warley Magna to Great Warley” by George Harper**

The Dickens Publishing Co. Ltd. (ISBN: 0-946204-66-7)

**(Reproduced with the kind permission of the author)**

*Submitted by Ian Howard*

### **Introduction**

The parish of Great Warley is some 20 miles from London and falls just within the Essex boundary. It is one of several, long and narrow, sloping away from a high wooded area in the north towards the Thames.

There were two manors in the parish, Abbess Warley, belonging to Barking Abbey, and Warley Franks. The former eventually took the same name as the parish, Warley Magna. Some two miles north of the parish church, Barking Abbey built a sanatorium for its sick nuns. It was around this establishment that the village of Great Warley came into being. As the manor's community living around the church disappeared, so Great Warley prospered. From the shrines of Walsingham, Bury St. Edmunds and St Albans, 14<sup>th</sup> century pilgrims moving south to Canterbury would either cross the Thames at Tilbury, or, travelling further to the west, take the West Thurrock ferry to Gillingham. It has been suggested that due to pilgrims using this second route, Great Warley developed on the site it occupies today. Lay landlords moved in and the first estates appeared.

### **The Camp on the Common**

Great Warley first became aware of the military presence around 1740 when Warley Common became a training ground for the militia. From this time, and during the Seven Years War, entries begin to appear in parish records concerning military personnel who were stationed within the parish boundary.

The American Declaration of Independence on the 4th July, 1776 signalled another period of war for Great Britain, not only with the colonists but with a number of European countries. The French, seizing the opportunity to avenge the defeats of the Seven Years War, declared war once again in 1778, Spain followed in 1779 and Holland in 1780; Russia, Prussia, Sweden and Denmark formed the unfriendly 'Armed Neutrality' about the same time. The militia was called out to strengthen the standing army and large bodies of men were stationed in strategic places, primarily in Kent and Essex, the two most likely targets for invasion. Earlier military camps were not annual events but the souring of relations with other countries, particularly with the French, encouraged a more regular military presence at Warley. The camps were still not permanent, being set up around April or May and disbanded in October or November.

### **Before and after Waterloo**

The first decade of the 19th century was far from peaceful; war with France, disputes with America, insurrection in Ireland, naval engagements in the Mediterranean and skirmishes in India. The new century had barely begun when the War Office made a decision which was ultimately to have a big influence on the population of the parish.

It was to make Warley Camp a permanent station rather than the ad hoc camp it had been previously. In 1804, 116 acres of land was purchased from George Winn, owner of Great Warley manor, at a cost of £5,400 and in the following year, after site

clearance, building began. Barracks were built for two troops of horse artillery, the accommodation being for ten officers and 306 men; 222 horses were to be stabled. All work was finished and the barracks ready for occupation by early 1806 and the number of troops in the area must have been greater than those previously assembled for the annual camps.

Most of the European unrest culminated in the Battle of Waterloo. In May, 1842, it was decided that the East India Company, whose training centre then was at Brompton Barracks in Chatham, could advantageously transfer to Warley Barracks. The latter could accommodate better the increase in the number of men that the Company was about to enlist to strengthen its army in India.

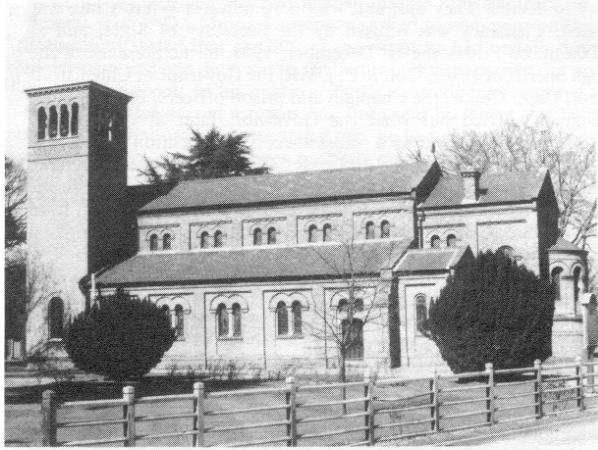
The East India Company, founded in 1600, enjoyed for almost two centuries a monopoly of trade in the East Indies. Factories were set up at Surat, Calcutta and Bombay. These 'factories' subsequently became the centres of political activity. The French defeats and the fall of the Moguls placed a large part of India under direct political control of the Company and it became a powerful imperialistic body. It had powers of legislation and justice among its own servants overseas and by implication the power of making peace and war beyond the Cape of Good Hope. The Crown could send neither army nor navy beyond the Cape so the Company had to protect its trading posts with its own private army of sepoys under British officers; thus the Company's soldiers virtually comprised the British Army in India. Its monopoly of trade with India was broken in 1813 and the East India Company became an administrative instrument for carrying out the British government's policy in India.

One particular carrot used to induce the East India Company to move across the Thames was the hospital accommodation at Warley. The Company probably lost more of its officers from tropical fevers and diseases than from combat. The small hospital at Chatham had never been large enough for the sick shipped home. It was also pointed out to the Company that there was little difference in the distance between Brompton Barracks and Gravesend and that between Warley and Tilbury and that embarkation facilities at the latter were equally as good as Gravesend. Nevertheless, it was with some reluctance that the Company took up residence at Warley in 1843.

The price paid was £15,000 which, allowing for the inflation rate since 1805, would seem reasonable, but presumably the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the Company stemmed from the knowledge that major alterations would be required to house the seven officers, 21 staff sergeants and 800 men. Stable ranges and lofts had to be converted to infantry quarters, the larger hospital was still not big enough and had to be enlarged, adapting what had previously been the riding school; the gun shed became the chapel.

When the Company moved in, it was decided that a more permanent place of worship should be built. The budget of the Company was controlled by the Commissioner for Affairs of India and there was an inordinate amount of lobbying before the Commissioner approved £2,147 for the project, the largest sum he would allow.





*The Essex Regiment Chapel.*

The new chapel is one of the few buildings of the period standing today, now the Essex Regt. Chapel.

There is a memorial to Major-General Hay who commanded at Warley when it was the depot of the East India Company.

The Indian Mutiny had quite an effect on Warley. Recruits flowed in by the thousand. By the end of 1857, 2,500 men had passed through the barracks and had been shipped to

India. Training had previously only been for artillery and infantry but the Company decided to raise four light cavalry regiments. By August of 1858, 3,092 cavalry recruits had been despatched to Calcutta. The barracks, despite additions, was very overcrowded and many men had to be quartered in surrounding houses. Warley became a garrison town and, not surprisingly, public houses sprang up like mushrooms to slake the thirst of the troops.

The Company's sojourn lasted only seventeen years. The administrative rights of the East India Company were transferred to the Crown in 1860 and the War Office invoked a clause which had been inserted in the original Bill of Sale to the Company that H.M. Government was to be given first choice of purchase should the barracks become available. The War Office took possession in 1861, a depot battery of Royal Artillery moved in and in 1864, Warley became a depot for the Guards. When the Guards transferred to Caterham, the depot of the Essex Regiment was moved to Warley from Colchester.

### **The Old Order Changeth**

The Georgian enclosure acts had a disastrous effect on numerous villages, as agricultural workers found themselves unemployed and forced into towns to seek employment. Great Warley survived, but the opening of the Eastern Counties railway in 1843 brought London within easy distance. In the old days of isolated, self-sufficient villages such progress, even only three miles away in Brentwood, would have had little effect but times were changing; a list of residents living in the new Warley area only a few years later listed a number of professional men such as accountants and stockbrokers who were obviously commuting daily to and from the City.

The arrival of the motor car and later the buses made villagers more and more independent of each other. So the inevitable happened and today Great Warley is, in the main, populated by men and women engaged in trade or the professions and only a few still pursue agriculture.

Ironically, the convenient route discovered by the pilgrims from East Anglia to the Thames ferries, which played a part in the foundation of the village, was found convenient by travellers from the Dartford Tunnel, up Great Warley Street, to

Brentwood and beyond. Now, juggernauts and cars thunder in a never-ending stream along the M25 running near the western boundary of the village.

By 1958, Warley Barracks stood empty, the troops dispersed to other quarters, and demolition began. The site where the barracks once stood is now occupied by the Ford Motor Company's Central Office and car parks, a small shopping precinct, a community hall, flats and houses. Only the Essex Regiment Chapel and the Officers' Mess (now The Marillac, a home for people with disabilities) remain but local roads and landmarks recall the long military presence: Eagle Way, Gibraltar Close, the Keys Hall, Chindits Lane, Clive Road, Pompadour Close and Guardsman Close.

*This Article was submitted by Ian Howard. Ian's paternal great-grandfather, William Howard, came from Aberdeen. The EIC Register of Recruits shows he joined the Bengal Artillery, embarking on the 'Sir Robert Sale' in July 1857. He was stationed at Bareilly where in 1859 he married Margaret Rossiter. Their 3<sup>rd</sup> son, Stuart William Howard (b.1873), became an engineer and married Mabel Violet Rix in Bombay in 1906. Mabel (b.1881, Belgaum) was the daughter of Walter Burton Rix. Walter came from Chelsea and had joined the Bombay Engineers, arriving on the 'Windsor Castle' in 1860. In 1865 he married Elizabeth Alice Brock (b.1849, Nasik), daughter of Benjamin Brock and Charlotte Summers [also gg-grandmother of Geoff Summers]. Ian worked for 30 years for the Ford Motor Company, the last 6 at their Central Office in Warley, overlooking the Essex Regiment Chapel, coincidentally on the very site of the EIC depot through which both his paternal great-grandfathers would have passed in between enlisting and sailing for India.*

## **The Jokai Tea Estates**

*By Dick Barton*

I was born in Tinsukia in 1924 whilst my father was Manager at Tippuk for the Jokai Company. He later moved to Panitola as Superintendent.

In 1986, I was lucky enough to have to travel to Assam on a consulting job for Oil India Ltd. We managed a short Saturday afternoon by taxi to Panitola. The 15 mile journey took over an hour as the road surface was awful and the traffic varied from 'pi' dogs and pedestrians through bullock carts, manual & motor rickshaws, cars and hand carts to large swaying lorries of miscellaneous vintage, size and slowness.

The 'burra' bungalow was just as I remembered it from 56 years before except it now had a corrugated iron roof instead of thatch. The current Manager could not have been kinder and showed us the office where my father worked and the bungalow – now considered too large for use except for distinguished visitors. The lychee trees, surrounding the compound, which I used to climb and eat the fruit were still there. We were taken to the Panitola Club – rather a shadow of its former self but with 6 tennis courts, a swimming pool and squash court added – for 35 members! There was an ancient bearer in the bar serving our beer AND he remembered me and my sister because we used to hide his cleaning cloths. My father used to play polo and my mother played golf. Many golf balls were stolen by crows. Both parents played bridge in the Club too. The polo field and golf course were somewhat desolate though there was an excellent course at Zaloni used by the Oil Industry personnel.

I well remember playing with empty cartridge cases in a tin bath. Going out green pigeon shooting with many friends my efforts with a cork pop-gun were often acknowledged as having shot down a particular bird. Vaguely remembered was a fishing trip to the North Bank staying in a 'Dak' bungalow. We crossed the river complete with car on a catamaran type raft and playing 'poo-sticks' under that was great fun.

The burra bungalow had a large room over the entry drive which was encased with mosquito netting. It was great fun to run down the room, bounce against the netting and run back again. I still have the scars to show how I did that once too often when the netting was taken away to be renewed.

Like everyone else, I wish I had asked my father more about his life and especially about his experiences as a Tea planter in Assam from 1903 until his retirement in 1938. I was so lucky because I had a second chance to learn.

My niece, a skiing instructor was flying from Australia to Christchurch in New Zealand and was asked to stay the night by her fellow passengers. When they got home, Granny asked her if she would like a cup of tea and would tea bags be alright. She would love a cup but her grandfather would not have approved of teabags. "Why not?" asked Granny. "He was a Tea planter" said my niece. "What a co-incidence," said Granny, "So was my brother".

That is how I was introduced to Richard Palmer whose first job on arriving in Assam at Christmas 1929 was to help my father move his furniture and family into the

‘burra’ bungalow at Panitola. My father had just been made up to Superintendent of 6 Tea gardens. From Richard, I learnt something about the life of a planter and the growing and making of tea.

John Weatherstone describes some of the early life but unfortunately for me his book finishes in 1900. Things had improved a bit by the 1920s but I still remember seeing a tiger full in the road by car headlights when being driven home in the dark. The smell of opening a new packet of Tea still takes me straight back to the factory in Tippuk.

My father, Archibald Norman Barton, served an engineering apprenticeship at Vickers in Barrow-in-Furness. His eldest sister married a Tea broker from Londonderry. Was that why young Archie decided to go into Tea? At that time, Assistants going into Tea were classified as Engineers or Gentlemen. Perhaps he was a bit of both.... !

Another book, well worth reading is by Sir Owain Jenkins. He only arrived in India in 1929 and was an office ‘wallah’ in Calcutta but describes an early visit upcountry to visit a couple of Tea estates.

The Dibru-Sadiya Railway delivered him to Muttok to visit George Farmer and to have dinner with Mr. Leader, one of the three Superintendents. He later went on to Panitola to see my father. His words are evocative:- “ ... fellow Superintendent was small, active rubicund with a choleric blue eye. A man, I found, constantly at war. Against bad agriculture, against the London Board who denied him the wherewithal for his proposals. Against the Calcutta office who were the Board’s mouthpiece. In particular he was at war with himself. As an individual he was a frugal man. As a planter he was a lavish spender on improvements – sometimes at the expense of his own share of the profits”.

He describes some of the facilities of the Old Dibrugarh Club and other local Clubs. He does not explain that a working day might start around 5 am and not finish before 7 pm. It was only at the weekends that there was time for polo, golf or bridge in the nearest Club or to travel many miles to visit friends.

Many names have been mentioned by Richard Palmer – too many to list here – but there is one ‘Jokai’ name that must appear:- J.W. Tweedie who started in Assam in 1877 (until 1927). When he arrived the Dibru Sadiya Railway had only just been made. There were no pukka stations. Tickets were issued from thatched sheds and a train would always wait for 5 to 10 minutes for a passenger if he sent a ‘chit’ to say he was coming to join the train. It would also stop opposite any bungalow that was not very near a station if notice were given. J.W.T was believed to have shot the last Rhino in Assam, it was a young one which had fallen down a ‘kutchha’ well and no-one could get it out. His son, Max Tweedie joined in 1920 and left in 1949 to superintend the Jhanzie Tea Company. Max shot two tigers with a left & right near the turbine ‘nullah’ at Joyhing in 1923. It should be remembered that tigers were responsible for the loss of huge numbers of cattle plus – in one case – 40 people. This was the one that John Collins shot soon after his appointment as Superintendent on the North Bank. Usually tigers become man-eaters because they are injured and cannot hunt faster ‘game’. In this case though it was a well-fed tigress that had turned to eating man perhaps from sheer laziness.

Jokai was formed in 1872 by Dr John Berry-White and he also set up the Berry-White Medical School in Dibrugarh. One of the Managers at Hukanpukri, George Ramsden, left Jokai to become Superintendent of Doom Dooma Company. His daughter Rosemary married Frank Christie who was one of my father's Assistants at Tippuk and their daughter was Julie, the film star.

Tea was always 'plucked', not picked, and transported to a factory where it was withered, dried and packed. Around 1931 a C.T.C machine was developed (Cut, Tear & Curl) which produced smaller leaf ideal for such innovations as 'Quick Brew' and Teabags.

### **Books to read**

*A History of the Assam Company.* H.A.Antrobus. (Printed by T&A Constable Ltd, Edinburgh. 1957).

*A History of the Jorehaut Tea Company.* H.A.Antrobus.

*The Tea Industry in India.* S Baildon. (1882).

*Indian Tea, its culture & manufacture.* Claud Bald. (Calcutta & Simla 1922).

*A History of the Indian Tea industry.* Sir Percival Griffiths. (Weidenfeld & Nicholson 1967).

*The Early British Tea and Coffee Planters and Their Way of Life.* John Weatherstone. (Quiller Press Ltd 1986). ISBN 0 907621

*Merchant Prince.* Sir Owain Jenkins. (Michael Russell Publishing). ISBN 0 85955 1547

I propose to transcribe my letters to and from Richard Palmer with a few other notes and a photo or two and 'burn' onto a CD. This will cost about £1 for the blank CD plus postage.

## Civil Service Records at the OIOC

*By Tim Thomas*

In 1681 Josiah Child declared that the East India Company should 'establish such a policy of civil and military power, to create and secure such a revenue to maintain both, as maybe the foundation of a large, well-grounded, sure English dominion in India for all time to come'. Thus it was that in the search to maintain English dominion in India that the Company created their 'Civil Service', and the term came to be used by them to distinguish it from its military, maritime and ecclesiastical establishments. During those early days the Company chose as 'factors' (the term used to describe those who worked in the factories or trading posts) men who had acquired some knowledge of the eastern trade which they had either picked up in the Levant, or elsewhere. They were generally in the prime of life, but such men were in limited supply and more and more the Company found that they had to send out raw youths to their posts in the East, and especially so to India. Haileybury was established in 1806 for training new recruits.

From this we can see that the first 'civil servants' were going out East to act as 'traders' - to buy and sell at the Company's trading posts and deal with the accounts and to report back to headquarters in London as to how business was progressing, insights into the rulers of the areas in which they worked and the feuding between themselves and foreign traders. However, as we have seen, men like Josiah Child were looking ahead to a time when such clerks would be overseeing an Empire. Let no one fool you into believing that the British Empire came through 'a fit of absence of mind'. Men like Josiah Child were there doing the spadework for what was to come.

The first great change came with Clive's victory at Plassey in 1757, after which the British became a force to be reckoned with. Don't forget that Clive himself had started off as a 'writer', but out of sheer boredom changed to the Army. After 1757, the 'civil service' side of the Company began to expand and by the time of the Mutiny was much more like the government civil service we know today. However, it is the Mutiny in 1857 that really changed the role of the British in India. Almost overnight a trading company was changed from a department, which is allowed to rule India through the British Government, to a proper Department of State. There was then an India Office in London presided over by a Secretary of State and in India a proper Government of India with a Viceroy at its head.

Also, its civil service began to change. The Mutiny had made the British realize that they had been somewhat heavy-handed in their dealings with their Indian subjects. We see, in fact, a new type of civil servant appearing, apart from those who were involved in the day-to-day administration of government business, the commissioners of local areas, the magistrates, more specialized personnel came on the scene involved with the railways, the building of bridges, engineers for the creation of canals, those who were involved in overseeing agricultural policy and the maintaining of the forests. It was at this time that one can really speak of the Indian Civil Service, or 'I.C.S.', as they were sometimes known, either to distinguish them from the British civil service or even snobbery as 'the heaven born'.

Indeed, there had been records before, kept by the Company about the careers of their servants, but now with an ever expanding army of government officials, it was decided that proper records of ICS personnel should be kept, and so came into being two of the most important biographical sources held in the OIOC, and of great assistance to family historians - the Histories of Service (V/12) and Civil Lists (V/13), both to be found in the indexes of the Official Publications in the OIOC Reading Room.

Taking the **Histories of Service (V/12)** first - this originated in a Government of India Circular of 30 November 1872 enquiring into the possibility of each government (Presidency) maintaining records of the character and merit of its officers. At first there was a reluctance to such records as it was feared that they would be 'character books'. The Government of Bombay went ahead anyway and published the first 'History of Services', and the Government of India found it to be 'a very useful publication'. After this, the other presidencies/governments followed suit, and each was left free to determine the contents, arrangement and date of issue of its own annual volume. The Government of India, Home Department, was instructed to compile a 'History of Services' of its own officers and to include those of other departments prepared to furnish the necessary details. Indeed, it was to the 'Histories of Services' that the India Office turned when it decided to produce the first 'potted' biographies in The India Office Lists in 1886. and at the same time had requested production of histories of service for all departments of the Government of India. Finally, in 1890 the Service Registers, which had been in use until then, were abolished and replaced by 'Histories of Service', and at the same time the responsibility for their production was transferred to the Accounts Office of each government/presidency.

What is in it for the family historian/genealogist? A great deal. The time frame covered by the Histories of Service is 1875-1955 and they are arranged in two separate series by province and by department. The main information provided includes dates of appointment, various postings and leave - and I have found in some cases, wages. Prior to 1914, date of birth for European members of the ICS is not given and in the series for the provinces, birth dates only start to appear c. 1930. In some cases education details are also shown.

Just by looking at the indexes for the V/12 series for India, dating from 1890, it is interesting to see the departments covered, e.g. Home, Foreign, Revenue, Legislative, Agricultural, Commerce and Industry, Education, Health and Land, Political, Labour, Indians Overseas, Public Service Commission and so on and so forth - the list goes on. There is even one section with the heading 'Miscellaneous'. So, just through this recitation, one can form an idea of the area it covers.

Although I have said that the series starts in 1875, one will find records of service for those who started in the 1860s. In fact I have to say that the early histories of service, in my view, are much more detailed and better set out. For the Covenanted Civil Servants there is the date of his joining the service and then an extremely detailed career resume with every post, where that posting was located and the date of taking up the post. Details of examinations passed, such as Higher and Lower standard in Indian languages, exams in International Law etc. may be included.

Better still is the section on leave and furlough. Once again the earlier V/12s have the edge on the later volumes. Not only do they give details of furlough or long leave to Europe, but also leave on medical grounds, leave to take examinations and general leave, which usually seems to last for two to three months and, unless otherwise stated, was taken in India. Any medals or decorations are noted, plus any literary works of merit that have been produced by the individual whilst in service. Even quotes from 'mentions in despatches' appear in the earliest histories of service with dates for the despatch and whose despatch it was.

The Histories of Service are for gazetted officers, and I had always thought it was wholly civil service - and white/European civil servants too. However, I was able to find not only the employees in the various Government of India departments already mentioned, but Army officers and Medical Officers of the Indian Medical service, and thus attached to the Indian Army with the same detailed information as for the gazetted officers of the ICS. Not only that, but even at this early date, there are also detailed histories of service for native Indians who appear to be Uncovenanted Servants and from what I was briefly able to understand - and going over their service records - started off either in the courts in British India, or, in the case of Purshotam Rao Narayan, as a District Inspector of Schools in Bhandara, and ended up in quite high ranking positions in the Native/Princely States.

As can be seen, the V/12 (Histories of Service) is an informative series of records if one really wants a fairly full resume of an individual's career and, of course, it can save the task of trawling through the India Office List year by year. If you know the date of retirement or death of the individual ICS officer you can order up the volume for that year and there, in full detail - and this, even for the V/12s for 1890 and after, is the whole career set out before you.

Turning to the **Civil Lists (V/13)**; these are, as the title implies, all issues of civil lists of the Government of India and of the provincial governments. They were issued at varying intervals from c. 1840-1845, but in the main they were quarterly issues, which were then cut back to half-yearly publications in the early 1930's, which were then further reduced to an annual publication during World War II. I had always assumed that this series was mainly concerned with records of service for the subordinate class of civil servants, but this was not always the case. Coverage is usually restricted to gazetted officers in the main series of the lists, and I have discovered that, once again, rather following the pattern of the Histories of Service, you can find some full records of service. In the India and Home Department volume for 1886-87 I discovered one or two of these aforementioned service records for the Legislative Department.

Again, amongst the Barristers and Secretaries to the Government, I found someone who spent most of his career in the Army, but at some point in his service, he had actually been appointed as Assistant Secretary to the Government of India, firstly in the Home and then in the Legislative Departments. So, for this short period of service he merited a place in the records of the Legislative Department. But, this series really concentrates on the lower echelons of the civil servants and there are a few supplementary lists of subordinate services and also fuller departmental establishment lists which include non-gazetted appointments, in particular the Telegraph, Indo-European Telegraph, Public Works and Railway Departments. The Public Works and



Railways include signalling staff and linesmen and the Telegraph departments include 'artificers and mechanics' from as early as 1874.

What of the actual information provided in the Civil Lists? It does generally include the date of birth and date of appointment of the individual. Also, the length of service is given and the present salary. For example, the list of officers in the Revenue and Agricultural Department for 1887 gives information such as the branch to which the individual was originally posted, if they had passed in exams in native languages or, as it is termed, 'passed in the vernacular', and whether at higher or lower standard and even 'not passed' is noted. Exact age and date of appointment to the department as well as the exact date of promotion to the present grade. Years of previous service are shown as counting towards pension and the officer's present salary. In some cases in the 'Remarks' column, long periods of sick leave and furlough/leave outside India are noted.

The Civil Lists also include lists of casualties by death or retirement since the previous issue and also holders of honours and titles. The lists are arranged by province and by department, but one should be aware that the shifting responsibility for the subordinate departments from one secretarial department to another can cause confusion. However, on the first page of the V/13 index there is a list which shows in which civil list and for what period officers of the main subordinate departments will be found. Something else to be aware of is that there are gaps in the coverage of the Civil Lists, mainly during the 1870's. The main problem with using the V/13 listings is that, although there are some full records of service, most for the subordinate ranks are listed on an annual basis, so unlike the Histories of Service, where the whole career can be given to you just by going to the year of retirement, with the Civil Lists you must go painstakingly through year by year if you wish to have a clear picture of the subordinate officer's postings. However, it is still the best record for those lesser known staff who might otherwise have been forgotten

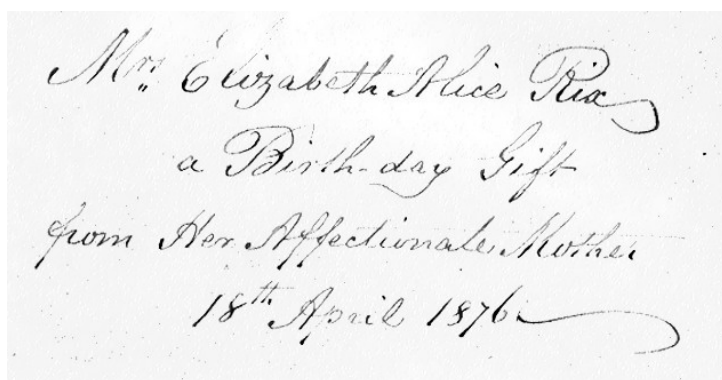
I fear that in many ways I may have just 'skimmed the surface' so to speak, in this talk, but on the other hand I hope that it may have made family historians/genealogists aware of these two series, the V/12 and V/13. Indeed, I have to admit that, having more time to go through the actual volumes, which we do not always have time to do when working on an enquiry, I have been surprised by the wealth of material that I have found, especially in the Civil Lists which appear to contain just more than annual listings in some cases. However, I hope that at least it has whetted your appetites to make more use of these series in your future research.

## A RIX FAMILY IN INDIA

*By Ian Howard*

My history of the RIX family in India starts with my great-grandfather, **Walter Burton RIX**, born April 1, 1842. In May 1860 he enlisted at Westminster for 12 years with the East India Company army. He sailed out on the *Windsor Castle* – at that time the voyage would have taken about 4 months (the Suez Canal wasn't opened until November 1869) - and was posted to the Bombay Engineers. According to Bombay Army registers, he was born in Chelsea and before enlisting had been a clerk.

On October 4, 1865 in Belgaum, aged 23, he married **Elizabeth Alice BROCK**, the 16 year old daughter of **Benjamin BROCK** and **Charlotte SUMMERS**. From the marriage record, we learn that he had risen to be Overseer in the Public Works Department in Belgaum and that his father's given names were also **Walter Burton**.



*Bible Inscription*

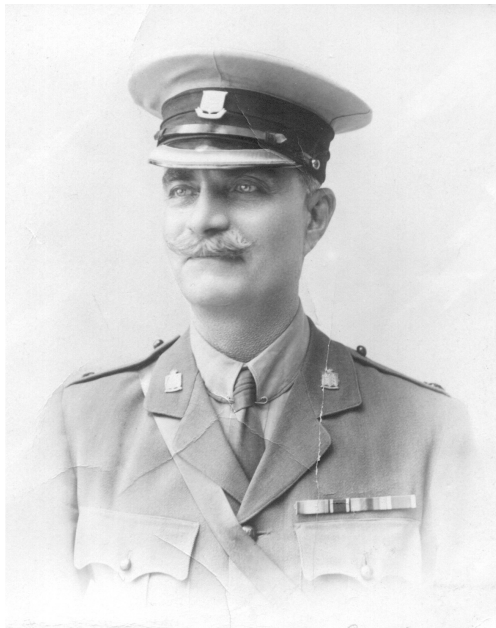
They were to have 11 children, the names and dates of whom (with a couple of minor differences) were all later inscribed in a bible given to Elizabeth by her mother in 1876.

1) Their first child, Charlotte Elizabeth RIX was born September 18, 1866, in Belgaum. She presumably married, but the record has so far eluded me.

2) Walter and Elizabeth subsequently moved to Kolapore where Katherine Emma RIX, was born May 5, 1868. It was the next-of-kin entry on her brother's army record that revealed her married name. On Christmas Eve, 1888, "Kate", as she was known, had married Lawrence HOEY, a Sergeant Major with the Rifle Brigade. This at last also gave a positive identity on an old family photo taken in Barnstaple in 1925 with the enigmatic letters "...oey" written on the frame.



In the 1901 UK census I found Lawrence (46) and Katherine (32) in north London, but the presence of four children, including a *Katherine Emma RIX - 1925* daughter already aged 19, caused some consternation. A blank "Condition" column on their marriage certificate and baptismal records stating the daughter's mother's name was indeed "Kate" compounded the confusion. All was resolved by the discovery that Lawrence had been married before. His first wife, also called Kate, had died in 1883 leaving two children, both born in Ahmednagar, Kate Theresa, on October 15, 1881 and Lawrence Walter, on January 21, 1883. Lawrence and Kate-née-RIX had two children of their own - Gladys Elizabeth born May 6, 1890 in Bareilly, and Frank Walter Charles born April 27, 1892 in Ranikhet. Katherine Emma HOEY died in Welwyn Garden City on February 16, 1944, aged 75.



*Presumed to be Major WHB Rix*

3) Walter and Elizabeth's first son, **Walter Henry Burton RIX**, was born June 8, 1869 in Kolapore. He made a career with the Indian Army Ordnance Department, serving in the Egyptian Expeditionary Force in WW1 and rising to the rank of Major. Another family photo is unfortunately undated and without name, but must certainly be of him.

On September 23, 1895, by then a 26 year old sergeant in Allahabad, he married **Flora BUTLER**, the 18 year old daughter of **Joseph BUTLER**. The ceremony was conducted "*in connexion with the Church of Scotland*". They had a daughter, **Vera Annie RIX**, who died in 1903 aged 5. Flora herself died in 1905, the record of her burial at Dum Dum cemetery being endorsed "*She was Church of Scotland, but was buried by the*

*Church of England*".

The following year in Allahabad, now with the rank of Conductor, Walter married **Daisy KINDER**, the 23 year old daughter of **William Charles KINDER**. Their son, **Albert Henry Burton RIX**, was born February 18, 1907 and, according to his father's army record, educated at St. Winifred's College, Brocksburn [*sic*], Herts. A daughter, **Daisy Margaret Annie RIX** followed on November 21, 1909 but her mother died 12 days later. On April 22, 1911 in the Wesleyan Church in Calcutta, now aged 41, Walter took a third wife, **Kathleen Margaret TATTON**, a 31 year old divorcee, daughter of **William O'Reilly**.

Indian Army Lists and a personal file in the Indian Army Records of Service series (which the OIOC Reading Room staff would not allow me to copy due to its fragility) revealed further details of his enlistment, promotions, decorations - and a sad medical history. A medical report from the Cairo Citadel Hospital dated May 16, 1915 states "*The man has a clear history of having slept on a cold marble floor, and the pleurisy and pneumonia followed on this*". He had three ribs removed and was twice invalided back to England, first in 1915-16 and again in 1920-21 (a "home" address in

Barnstaple ties in with his sister Kate's photograph referred to above). In September 1921, aged 52, after 30 years' service, he was "*permitted to retire in consequence of ill-health*" and granted a permanent disability pension.

Notwithstanding his health problems, he lived to the age of 71. He died on November 4, 1940 and was buried in Christ Church, Jubbulpore. A final note in his army file, addressed to the President of the Medical Board, states "*In considering the widow's eligibility for pension, the medical authorities in India have expressed the opinion that the death of Major Rix cannot be regarded as due to the disability for which he was granted disability retired pay, and the Board are asked to state whether they concur in this opinion*". Underneath is handwritten, "*The board agree ....*". What became of his widow and family remains to be discovered.

4) The second son, **Charles Harold (Burton) RIX**, born September 20, 1870 in Kolhapur, served with the Royal Fusiliers. After leaving the army, on March 31, 1902 at Jamalpur, he married **Margaret Helen BUTLER**, interestingly the younger sister of Flora BUTLER who 7 years earlier had married his brother Walter. They had a son, **Bertram Walter Butler RIX**, born May 19, 1904 and baptised in St. Paul's Church, Scott's Lane in Calcutta. Charles became Assistant Traffic Superintendent on the East Bengal Railway and died February 4, 1938 in Calcutta, aged 67. His wife Margaret had died there of malaria 15 years earlier, aged 42.

5) The next son, **Robert Benjamin (Burton) RIX**, was born July 9, 1872 in Kolhapur. He became an engineer in the Government Opium Factory at Ghazipur and at 27, on April 16, 1900 in St John's Church, Mirzapur, married **Esther Emma BÖCKER**, the 24 year old daughter (so born about 1876) of **Robert Max BÖCKER**. I have been unable to trace her origins, but there is a baptism for a **Louisa Caroline Mauida Helena BOCKER**, daughter of Robert and Helena BOCKER [*sic*] in Cawnpore on February 6, 1864 - could this be an elder sister? I have a book awarded to Emma in 1892 by Auckland House School, Simla as a "*Prize for Arithmetic and Grammar*".

Robert and Emma's son **Reginald Robert Burton RIX** was born January 17, 1901. They returned to England. Robert died aged 63 in Chiswick in 1935, Reggie in Glasgow in 1959 (leaving a wife, **Jean Kathleen RIX**) and Emma aged 88 in Ealing, in 1964. In her will, Emma left a small sum to her "sister", **Mrs. May HOWARD** - I recall as a child visiting Emma and May who lived together in later life and were referred to by my father as "the Chiswick Aunts", but I have been frustrated in my search to discover any further evidence of May's maiden name, birth, death or marriage to one of my father's uncles.

Sadly, Walter and Elizabeth's next 3 children died as infants:

- 6) **William Oscar RIX**, born November 25, 1873 in Kolhapur, died April 20, 1875 aged 16 months and was buried in Sewree Cemetery. By now, his father is described as a Supervisor in the PWD.
- 7) **George Ernest RIX** born July 9, 1876 in Dharwar, died aged 3½ and was buried May 18, 1880 in Belgaum Cantonment.

- 8) **Edith Mary RIX** also born in Dharwar on March 13, 1878, died aged 2 and was also buried at Belgaum on April 18, 1880, just a month before her elder brother, both burials appearing on the same page of the OIOC records where their father is now described as Sergeant RIX, Sub-Engineer, PWD.

The last 3 children were all born in Belgaum:

- 9) **Harry Brock RIX**, born July 20, 1879, became an engineer and died in Madras in 1903.

- 10) **Mabel Violet RIX** (my grandmother) was born on March 28, 1881.

- 11) The youngest of the 11 children, **Valentine Edwin RIX**, was born on February 14, 1883. On January 8, 1906, aged 23, Val was re-baptised in St. Patrick's Church, Karachi, and on June 3, 1907 he was married by the Roman Catholic Chaplain there to **Muriel Maria Helen Grant MACPHERSON**. They had two daughters, **Felis Muriel RIX**, born August 15, 1912 and **Barbara Marjorie RIX**, born February 12, 1920.



*Val RIX with one of his daughters*

*Elizabeth Alice married 4<sup>th</sup> Oct/65  
To Walter Burton Rix Papa born 1<sup>st</sup> April 42*

*Charlotte Elizabeth Rix. Born 18<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1866*  
*Katharine Emma Rix. " 5<sup>th</sup> May. 1868*  
*Walter Harry Burton Rix. " 8<sup>th</sup> June. 1869*  
*Charles Harold Rix. " 20<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1870*  
*Robert Benjamin Rix. " 9<sup>th</sup> July. 1872*  
*William Oscar Rix. " 21<sup>st</sup> Nov. 1874*  
*George Ernest Rix. " 9<sup>th</sup> July 1876*  
*Edith Mary Rix. " 13<sup>th</sup> March 1878*  
*Harry Brock Rix. " 20<sup>th</sup> July 1879*  
*Mabel Violet Rix. " 28<sup>th</sup> March 1881*  
*Valentine Edwin Rix. " 14 Feb. 1883*

*Harling Mamma died 19<sup>th</sup> Feb 1884*

Elizabeth Alice's RIX's Bible - the Family Register. It was this bible, passed on to me when my father, Walter and Elizabeth's grandson, died, which was the starting point for my research, inspiring so many countless hours of enquiry in the OIOC Reading Room.

Val and Muriel subsequently divorced and, on Valentine's Day 1935, aged 51, he married **Freda HALLIDAY**, a 36 year old widow, née ?**WILBERT**?, with whom he had a son, **G. (Gerald?) E. RIX**. They returned to England after Independence in 1947. Val died in Ealing at the age of 71 on December 23, 1954. References to his career are enigmatic - on his first marriage certificate is written "Assistant [*illegible*]", his death certificate states "Oil Company's employee (retired) - *further details not known*". What became of Freda has not yet been established.

A year after Valentine's birth, on February 19, 1884, **Elizabeth Alice RIX (née BROCK)** died of smallpox and was buried at Belgaum. She had been married at 16, bore 11 children in the 18 years of her marriage and sadly died aged just 34. It was one of her surviving 8 children who completed the family register in the back of the bible given to her by her mother.

At the age of 45, on April 14, 1887, a few years after his first wife's death, Walter Burton RIX was remarried in St. Mary's Church, Belgaum, to **Agnes Helen O'FLYNN**, the 32 year old daughter of **John O'FLYNN**. He had a further three children with Agnes:

12) **Edwin Vignolles RIX**, born in Belgaum on January 19, 1888, died in 1906 in the north of England, aged 18.

13) **Laura Eileen Meta RIX**, also born in Belgaum, on April 24, 1894.

14) **Maurice Hart RIX**, born in Karachi on September 2, 1896. (Walter had evidently been transferred to Karachi, probably taking his youngest children by his first marriage, Mabel and Val, with him.) Maurice died in Devonport Hospital on July 20, 1963. The probate index states "*resealed Lusaka Northern Rhodesia January 14, 1964*" - what that signifies has yet to be investigated!

By 1901, according to the UK census, Agnes and her three children had returned to England and were living in Streatham in south London. Walter is not to be found in the census - presumably he returned later from India for he died in Streatham on December 6, 1908, at the age of 66. Agnes survived him by less than two years, and died on Streatham on August 11, 1910, aged 55.

As far as my grandmother **Mabel Violet RIX** is concerned, she married **Stuart William HOWARD**, an Engineer, in Bombay on December 31, 1906. According to East India Company records, his father, **William HOWARD** (name possibly changed from **THOMSON**) was born in Aberdeen (date and parents' names uncertain - but that's another story!) and had joined the Bengal Artillery in 1857 (the year of the Indian Mutiny). Stuart William and Mabel Violet had a son, my father, **Stuart Roy Thomson HOWARD**, born in Panchgani on May 19, 1913.

Unfortunately, their marriage was not to last. Mabel's passport, issued at Camp Ajmer - "Travelling to Kenya Colony to join her husband" - shows that she disembarked at Mombasa on November 22, 1924, with my father, aged 11. They lived in Nairobi until 1926 when my grandmother and father came to England and she became matron at a boys' school in Otford.

My grandfather went to Ceylon, where the last traces I have are a letter he wrote from Colombo to my father for his 21<sup>st</sup> birthday in May 1934 followed shortly after by a postcard to Mabel for what would have been their 28<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary in December.

In her later years, my granny Mabel lived with us and told us stories I wish I could now recall about her life in India. She died in Hillingdon Hospital, north-west London, aged 81, on May 2, 1962.

If anyone can relate to this family history in any way, I would be pleased to hear from them. Ironically, it has been easier tracing my RIX family history *in* India than before or after. I have yet to find any living descendants, and have so far been unable to trace the ancestry of **Walter Burton RIX**. East India Company records state he was born in Chelsea, and the family register states it was April 1, 1842 (which tallies with the ages shown on the records of his first marriage and his death), but I can find no record of his birth either in the GRO indices or in Chelsea baptismal records.

Ian Howard: e-mail: [ian-howard@talk21.com](mailto:ian-howard@talk21.com)



*Three RIX sisters. Mabel is centre. Left has recently been identified as Kate. Right must be Charlotte.*

***Below:** Three RIX brothers, unfortunately not individually identifiable.*



**Sources:**

RIX Family Bible

India Office Records

Indian Army Lists

Ecclesiastical Records (L/N series - many and various) Rix Family Alliance

Registers of the Bombay Army (L/MIL/12)

Indian Army Records of Service (L/MIL/14)

GRO Indices at the FRC, London ([www.rix-alliance.co.uk](http://www.rix-alliance.co.uk))

Principal Probate Registry, London



# **The ‘European Manuscripts’ holdings of the Oriental and India Office Collections**

*By David Blake*

## **First, an Apology**

I am down to talk about how European Manuscripts can help family history researchers, but I shall really only talk about the European Mss in general – what they are – what sort of subjects they cover – rather than the help they can give to the family historian. I’ll say a couple of things about that at the end, but alas I fear the European Mss. can only be of rather limited help to family history.

## **Still on the subject of the Title**

But this time, not an apology! The name of “European Manuscripts” has been changed. We no longer call them that. Their new name is: “India Office Private Papers”. Why the change? Two reasons:

1. To distinguish them from the British Library’s main Manuscripts collection.
2. More importantly, to give a clearer idea of what they actually are (and are not).

Thus,

- a. they are not about Europe
- b. but, they are closely connected with the India Office and its records, both in geographical scope and subject content.
- c. Though many are ‘manuscripts’ in the narrow sense of the term, i.e. written by hand, many are not – many are printed or typescript. Papers, rather than manuscripts.
- d. Essentially, they are papers which have reached us from private sources, and it is their private provenance which distinguishes them from their big brother, the India Office Records which are, of course, ‘Official’ archives. [Incidentally, in terms of quantity, the India Office Records occupy about 14.5 kilometres of shelving. The private papers about 1.3 kilometres]

However, nothing is simple in this life and, although the private papers come mostly from private collections of one sort or another, they do, in fact, include some official papers as well.

For example,

- a. Officials often took away some of their official files on leaving office. So, the private collection of an ex-member of the I.C.S. or the Indian Police may include official tour diaries, copies of court cases, settlement reports, criminal investigation reports, etc., etc., often giving details of official life and administration at and below the level covered by the IOR and the Private Papers can thereby fill a gap in the official record.
- b. Official documents that have strayed out of official custody (e.g. when the India Office disposed of 300 tons of documents after the abolition of the East India Company) are sometimes purchased by us in the saleroom.

- c. Some of our private collections, though non-governmental, are in fact, the official archives of private organizations such as missionary societies, businesses, trade associations or cultural organizations.
- d. Finally, many documents which are truly private, e.g. diaries or letters to the folks back home, may talk about the writer's official duties as well as purely private matters. Many indeed give insights into official life that you will never find in the bland official record. Again, the private papers fill a gap in the official records. Indeed, the jewel in the Private Papers is down in the shelves of private correspondence which all Viceroys and Secretaries of State exchanged with each other - and of which we have an unbroken run, made up from many different collections – all the way from the first Viceroy, Lord Canning in 1857, to the last, Mountbatten in 1947. In these private letters the two top statesmen responsible for the administration of British India could write more intimately than they would in their official despatches and telegrams. The idea was to try to keep on the same wavelength, to ensure that they continued to sing from the same hymn sheet or, at least, to soften the impact of an official despatch communicating disagreement. In short, to maintain good relations despite the inevitable frictions between London and Delhi. It did not always work and thus we find the Secretary of State telling Lord Curzon that the receipt of his letters was a 'positive pain'.

But though the Private Papers contain much that is official in one sense or another, let me assure you that they also contain much that is indeed purely private:

The diaries, the memoirs, the letters home, the scrap-books, the photograph albums, the memorabilia, locks of hair, membership cards, dinner invitations, garden party invitations, gymkhana programmes, the minutes of hunting or pig-sticking clubs deal overwhelmingly with the private and family lives of the British in India, their socializing, sporting and leisure activities of all kinds. And here, of course, not only do the Private Papers contain types of documents which you are unlikely to encounter in the official records – private letters, private diaries and so on, but the subject area – family and social life – is one which, by their nature, the official records barely touch upon.

Anyway, who are these people whose papers are in the India Office Private Papers? There are all sorts, and there are probably several ways in which they could be classified, but I usually think of them as divided into the following groups:

Firstly there are '**Servants of the Raj**' – that is the civil and military personnel who served the East India Company and then the Crown in India.

- Although 'servant' is a bit of a misnomer for some of them, for example such commanding figures as Clive of India or Lord Curzon – the original superior person.
- The servants are easily the largest group in the Private Papers. At the top we have the papers of fifteen Viceroys and twelve Secretaries of State for India.

- Lower down there are some fifty Provincial Governors – Song Book from Government House, Rangoon. Sir Harcourt Butler, respected but both sexist and racist – more so than I would have believed!
- Large number of East India Company Servants and Indian Civil Servants
- Also members of the specialist services – the Political Service, Indian Police and the Ecclesiastical, Educational, Engineering, Forest and Medical Services, Captains of East India Company ships.
- On the military side there are collections of only six Commanders-in-Chief, but lots of Indian Army officers and also some British Army officers.
- The rank and file put pen to paper only rarely, but when they did the result could be graphic. For example, the description by Private William Guess of the exhausting marches, battles and summary executions of rebel sepoys which he experienced during the Indian Mutiny. See also Gunner Luck on cholera.

For most of the period of Company rule its servants went to India to seek their fortunes. And, of course, it was through private trading activities rather than their Company salaries that fortunes were made. However, in the nineteenth century, both salaries and ethical standards began to improve, and crude fortune hunting was replaced by the steady pursuit of a well paid career. Some men even began to feel a sense of service to India and the Indian people as well as to the British Raj. Examples of this type are:

- In the 19<sup>th</sup> century, the two Lawrence brothers, Henry, who ironically died defending the Lucknow Residency during the mutiny, and John who became Viceroy from 1864 to 1867 and who made himself unpopular by his efforts to uphold the interests of Indian peasants against both Indian and European landowners and planters.
- Incidentally, Henry Lawrence is also an example of that large group of clever and ambitious Indian Army officers who went into civilian employ, often as political agents posted to one of the Indian Princely states.
- In the 20<sup>th</sup> century, F. L. Brayne (Indian Civil Servant 1905-41) who was an advocate of muscular Christianity and ‘village uplift’, and the subject of an excellent dual biography by Clive Dewey ‘Anglo-Indian Attitudes’. Dewey questions the efficacy of Brayne’s work, but no-one, I think, denies the vigour of his commitment to improving the lot of Indian villagers.
- Sir Penderel Moon (Indian Civil Servant 1929-43), whose indiscreet expressions of sympathy for Congress prisoners in 1942 forced him to resign, but who returned to serve the independent Government of India 1948-1961, and I believe, wrote their first 5 year economic plan.

## **Secondly – Missionaries.**

For missionaries, of course, the idea of service was uppermost from the beginning. In their own eyes they were in India to serve the cause of Christianity, the Indian people

and, only last and least, the Raj, though many doubtless believed that Christianity and the Raj were mutually supporting.

Their sense of mission could be expressed in various ways. Some missionaries pursued the straightforward aim of converting Indians to Christianity. For example the Lakher Pioneer Mission which was active among the Mara tribes people in the Lushai Hills of Assam from 1907 to 1975.

Others realized that active proselytization might offend Hindu and Muslim sensitivities and therefore promoted Christianity by good works, for example:

- In 1902, Dr Ida Scudder (the daughter of an American missionary family) founded the Vellore Christian Medical College and Hospital which has an international reputation and which is still supported by a group of Friends in this country who still send us their papers from time to time.
- Or, in 1915, British and American missionary societies co-operated to start the Women's Christian College, Madras, to bring the advantages of higher education to Indian women.
- Both the Vellore College and the Women's Christian College were open to people of all faiths.

Some missionaries suffered what might be called conversion in reverse. For example:

- C. F. Andrews who became a tireless campaigner both for Indian independence and on behalf of Indians overseas who suffered discrimination, for example in South Africa and East Africa.
- Verrier Elwin who devoted himself to the welfare of various primitive tribes and himself married two tribal girls – in succession, I hasten to add!

### **Thirdly – Entrepreneurs.**

The East India Company was, of course, itself a commercial body and, as already mentioned, its servants were no mean entrepreneurs on their own account. Clive himself made a huge pile. Most made more modest fortunes, such as:

- Harry Vereist, Clive's friend and successor as Governor of Bengal 1767-69, who retired to England with a modest fortune only to lose it and to die in exile in France where he had fled to escape his creditors.
- Henry Vansittart, an enemy of Clive, who became an MP and established himself as a country gentleman with a country house, Bisham Abbey, which today is a national sports centre.

But it is really only with the termination of the Company's trading monopoly in India in 1813, and the restriction of its servants' activities to administration, that a separate business class began to emerge, a process which was further accelerated by the termination in 1833 of the Company's right to regulate European immigration into India. Examples of businessmen are:

- Bankers. William Prinsep who left a very full memoir written about 1870. He recounts his early days with the well-known firm of Palmer & Co., the trauma of its collapse which triggered the great Calcutta banking crash of 1830, and his own rescue by the prominent Indian businessman Dwarkanath Tagore whose firm he joined and who emerges from Prinsep's pages as a most attractive personality.
- Railwaymen. John Chapman, the projector of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway (papers dated 1844-51)
- Managing Agents. Wilfred Russell of the Bombay firm of Killick, Nixon & Co. (diaries dated 1935-56). There is a tape recorded interview with Sir John Burns who ran Collins Mills in Bombay for James Finley and Co. Walley Mackey who ran tea plantations in Travancore (Kerala)
- Diaries (1840-56) of Thomas Machell who first showed his entrepreneurial spirit as a boy by running away to sea but later turned to indigo planting in Bengal and finally coffee planting at Wynaad in Madras.

#### **Fourthly – Discoverers of India**

This is the name (borrowed from John Keay's excellent book 'India Discovered') which I give to those people who explored India – not just in a geographical sense but also those who explored its history, culture, art and antiquities:

- Two early examples were sea captains.: Thomas Bowrey (papers dated c. 1680-1709) who corresponded with the Oxford academic Thomas Hyde about several eastern languages, and Isaac Pyke who described the cave temples of Elephanta in a journal, dated 1712-13, illustrated with lively pen and ink drawings.
- The most famous discoverer of them all was, of course, Sir William Jones – his appointment in 1783 as a Judge of the Supreme Court at Calcutta simply provided the means of pursuing on the spot the oriental studies for which he had already acquired a considerable reputation. We have only a few items of Jonesiana, but they include a rare copy of an early work, his translation from the Arabic of a treatise on the Muslim code of inheritance.
- Now this copy somehow came into the possession of Thomas Marriott of the Madras Army, who has bound up with it his own manuscript translation made about 1801 of another Arabic legal text. Marriott's work remains unpublished to this day and he is unknown as an orientalist. But he stands as an example of all those British men and women who took a quiet interest in the land in which their lot had been cast.

For some, however, oriental studies became the passion of their lives, easily overshadowing their official duties:

- One of the Private Papers' earliest collections are the papers of Colonel Colin Mackenzie who became Surveyor-General of Madras and who spent almost forty years (1783-1821) amassing material relating to the languages, history, cultural traditions and social structure of south India.

- James Prinsep, whose bust is in the OIOC Reading Room, was an official of the Calcutta mint who sacrificed his sanity to deciphering ancient rock and coin inscriptions.
- Another employee of the mint, Horace Hayman Wilson, achieved fame as an oriental scholar and later became the East India Company's Librarian in 1836.
- The tradition of the scholarly official was maintained right up to independence, as witnessed by the joint collection of W. G. Archer, Indian Civil Service, Bihar 1931-47, and his wife Mildred who, between them, became international authorities on Indian painting (especially popular painting), and western painting in India. Bill Archer became Keeper of the Indian section of the Victoria & Albert Museum and Mildred did a lot to establish the OIOC's Prints & Drawings Section.

### **Last, but not Least, are the Women of the Raj.**

Inevitably in an age before the rise of feminism, women appear chiefly as the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of the servants of the Raj – and it was often women who were the recipients of the letters home which tell us so much of the thoughts of perhaps rather lonely young men who found themselves administering an area the size of an English county or campaigning on some inhospitable frontier.

But having arrived with the 'fishing fleet', and caught their man, the women often took on the job of writing home.

Women letter writers from India in fact get off to a distinguished start with Margaret Clive and Margaret Fowke who went out to India at the age of 17 in 1776 but did not catch a husband until 1786, one John Benn, a relation of Tony Benn.

Women are also well represented among the Raj's diarists and the journals of Honoria Lawrence, Lady Sale and Fanny Eden are merely the best known examples of a large class of material.

The memsahibs of the recent century, like the sahibs, have written memoirs on their time in India. I particularly like the one by Mrs Hall, wife of Harold Hall, Indian Army and IPS (1938-47)....'And the Nights were more terrible than the Days'

And both sexes have contributed to the Private Papers' Oral Archives Collection.

### **Conclusion**

I hope that I have now given you some idea of what the India Office Private Papers contain but, to revert to the question with which I began, what do the Private Papers do for family historians? It's a question I suspect many in this room can answer better than I can. In fact, my own short answer is 'not very much'. Why should this be? Basically because they are a chance collection of papers – they lack the long systematic series of documents which are to be found in the Official Records. For example, if your officer ancestor was in the Bengal Army, you will be very unlucky if you do not find his entry papers in the Cadet Papers (L/MIL/9). Or, if he was in the ICS, you are almost certain to find him in the Histories of Service (V/12)

By contrast, you will be very lucky indeed to find any of his private papers. Why?

1. because he may not have written any.
2. even if he did, they may not have been preserved by his family.
3. even if they had been preserved, there is no law which says that they must be deposited in the India Office Private Papers – they may be in the Cambridge Centre for South Asian Studies, in a Local Record Office, in the BL's main Manuscripts Department – they have a lot of India-related material – or still with the family.

In short, even though the India Office Private Papers is the largest collection of its kind, it is purely a matter of chance whether any particular individual's private papers are here or not.

The chances, incidentally, are better the later the date in which you are interested. The Private Papers do begin in the seventeenth century, but there is not much for that period. More for the 18<sup>th</sup> century especially its second half. Plenty for the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

However, thanks to Peter Bailey, I do not need to end on quite such a negative note. Peter pointed out to me that, although your ancestor may not feature in the Private Papers, someone very like him probably does. In other words 'Adopt an Ancestor'. Thus, if you want to find out what your ancestor's lifestyle was like as a Bengal Civil Servant in the 1830's but he is not in the Private Papers, then look for someone who was – the diaries of Hawkins James, for example.

Your great-grandmother was a memsahib, then take a look at the letters of Lady Strachey. Your grandfather was an Indian Forest Officer, look at the diaries of Sir Harry Champion.

How do you find simulacra of your ancestor? Go to the India Office Select Materials Catalogue on the British Library website:-

[www.bl.uk/catalogues/indiaofficeselect](http://www.bl.uk/catalogues/indiaofficeselect)

Search under the name of the service and confine it by date. For specialist services you will not get too many hits. For ICS you would, but it is divided by Province. More generally, you can search under 'Diaries' or 'Memoirs' and 'Women'