

A trip From Rangoon to Pegu and back December 27th 1892 – January 2nd 1893.

In his memoirs James Adam writing about his early life in Burma said that:

“... the peak of happiness was a driving expedition to Pegu. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Man, Beatrice (James’ fiancé and the eldest ‘Man’ daughter), Jo, Harry, Dolly, Cecil Lewis who was engaged to Jo, Major Milne, Lieut. Peebles of the Norfolk Regiment, and a Mr. and Mrs. Biederman and a Miss Wilson. We sent on the servants the night before in bullock-gharries with food, bedding and a tent for the men of the party, it being arranged that the ladies would sleep in the Government Dak-houses (rest-houses), on the way.

Bea drove all the way with me in my dog-cart. It was the cool season so we did not suffer from heat. Our first stop was at a place called Sanjewar where we had Tiffin (lunch). After Tiffin the servants went ahead in the bullock-gharries to the next stopping place, Integau, while we rested and followed in the cool of the evening. The same procedure was followed next day, when we arrived at Pegu in the evening, having stopped at Kyauktan for Tiffin. Next day we started on our return journey to Rangoon by the same route. It was a most delightful trip and is recorded in a poem composed by Cecil Lewis and myself, a copy of which I still have. It was a trip I shall never forget.”



An introductory note to the poem elaborates on some of the points mentioned by James above, although there are some slight differences. The note states that the journey began on the afternoon of 26th December 1892 when seven bullock carts containing stores, liquor, personal luggage, etc. started for Thoukyou/Thaukyau [Tharrawaddy]. The next morning (27th) at 6:30AM the Man family [...etc.] in a large waggonette and two tum tums also set out. The note says that the first halting place was Sandgewar where they had breakfast and after that they reached Thoukyau at noon where they had Tiffin [lunch]. They slept at Thoukyau one night but before doing so they sent four bullock carts ahead to Phlegoo. The next morning (December 28th) they reached Phleegoo where they

rested in a government bungalow for three hours. After their rest they went on to Intega where they arrived at 3:00PM and where they spent the night. According to the note James Adam and Biedemann left the party the following morning (December 29th) and returned to Rangoon by train. This fact is at variance with James' recollections. The party arrived at Pegu at mid-day on December 29 where they stayed with a Mr. Fraser till December 31st when a homeward start was made, in the same way and order as previously except Mr. Biedermann, Miss Wilson, Messrs Milne and Pebbles who had all left for Rangoon on December 30th. James Adam rejoined the party at Intergaw. The group arrived safely back at Rangoon on January 2nd 1893 at 10:30PM.

The identity of one individual is disguised as the 'Astrologer' but this is most probably Edward Garnet Man the father of Harry, J. Man (Josselyn), Beatrice, and Dorothy.

The first part of the poem was written by James Adam who is probably the nervous bugler who has to wake the party up in the morning as well as the self referred to 'first poet'. After his departure the poem is continued and concluded by Cecil Lewis.



The identity of some of these individuals above is known: At the back on the far left is Harry Man. The first lady on the left is Beatrice Man, just behind her is her father Edward Garnet Man [EGM], Miss Wilson wears a white hat and beside her wearing a black dress and holding a hat is Katherine Man [EGM's wife], then Josselyn Man and the young girl is her sister Dorothy. None of the men with moustaches can be properly identified, as yet.

The pictures are from two sources. The sepia colored photographs and all the sketches are from Marina Field, the granddaughter of Beatrice Man and James Adam, and the black and white ones are from David Man, grandson of Harry Man.

PEGU POEM

A Poem by James Adam and Cecil Lewis

26th December 1892

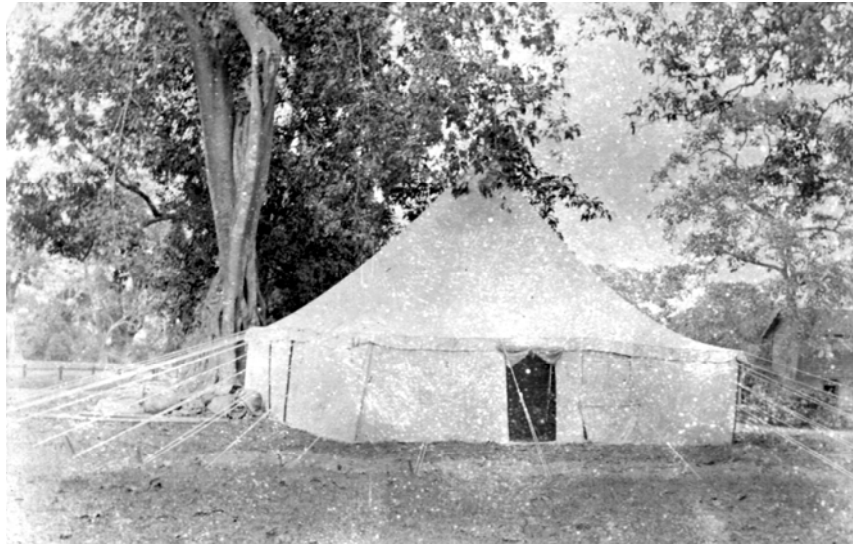
In Rangoon town there lived a man who took to
studying stars
He could tell you the position both of Sirius
and Mars
But the smoke that came from Pryoyendoring did
so obstruct his view
He determined with his telescope to travel to Pegu
So he said unto his family and several friends
as well
We'll drive together to Pegu and wait
there for a spell.
We'll take with us the telescope and on Pagoda
high
We'll study all the planets that appear upon
the sky.
So he called a solemn conclave arrangements
for to make
Some people said they'd bring the tea if others
brought the cake
Biedermann said he'd bring liquor and Adam
would bring cards
Milne said he'd bring tents and the girls
would bake the lards
The intelligence department was hous'ed by
Peebles bold.
The party I may mention numbered 13 souls
all told.
Young Lewis represented Her Majesty the
Queen.
And the Ladies of the party were the fairest
ever seen.
The Expedition started off upon a Tuesday
morn,
And as each tum tum drove away the bugler
blew his horn.
The luggage and the eatables had left the
night before.



Well packed by the astrologer in gharries half
 a score.
 There were sausages and bread and cheese, French-mustard
 whiskey beer
 Mushrooms and a corkscrew and very kind of
 cheer.
 The first halt of the journey was made at
 Tangewars
 Said Biedermann we are hungry don't let us
 go too far
 Without some light refreshment, so they brought
 out tea and eggs,
 He ate up half a dozen after which he had two pigs
 Then up spoke the astrologer, we must now resume
 our way
 We can't stop here to eat and drink refreshments
 all the day
 So after having packed away the tea things
 and the soda
 The expedition started off to inspect the
 old pagoda
 The ladies said they would like to walk
 a little way
 The men being told to do likewise of course
 had to obey.
 But after walking half a mile the ladies said
 "oh my"
 We're very hot and tired and they near began
 to cry.
 By some good fortune there appeared upon the
 dim horizon.
 Two Chinamen with a handcart, they fondly
 cast their eyes on.
 The Master of the tents said "Hey now, girls
 we'll have a lark
 You all get in, we all push behind" and they
 did all embark.
 They reached Thaukyau at mid-day and there
 they camped all night.
 But sitting at their dinner, they saw a
 brilliant light.
 Said Peebles "it's a rocket" the ladies said
 "oh no"
 It only is a bonfire, let's on with dinner
 go.
 But presently "The tent's on fire" with one

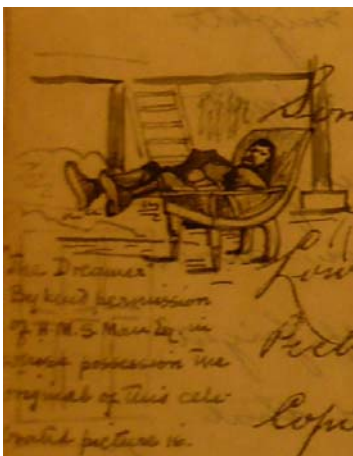


accord all cried
 And rising from the table all wildly
 rushed outside.
 "Bring knives" cried the astrologer "let's cut the
 sides away."
 "Let's pull it down", said Milne
 Said Biedermann, "Let's pray."
 Then all worked hard, with might of main,
 to subjugate the flames.
 Where all behaved like heroes, we will not
 mention names.
 But we shouldn't be at all surprised in next
 Gazette to see.
 That Milne obtained a K.G.B. and Peebles the V.C.
 Then outside in the moonlight, we sat a pleasant
 while.



With many jests the Astrologer the evening did beguile
 And Biedermann was not behind in witty repartee.
 Nor yet was Master Harry, and also Dorothee.
 At 10 O'clock we all retired, to sleep away the night.
 The bugler had his instructions to blow with all his might,
 his horn the next day at 5 a.m. to wake the ladies fair.
 The ladies said in accents fierce "Just do it if you dare".
 The bugler, being nervous, was in such a state of fright,
 That he hardly had a wink of sleep, the whole of that
 long night
 But he mustered up his courage in the morning and
 at last.
 At 5 O'clock, as ordered, he blew a mighty blast.
 His blast awoke the ladies, but you'd think they got
 up then,

No they merely said “Oh blow it¹” and closed their eyes again.
 But two more blasts were sounded, loud enough to wake the dead.
 Which had at last desired effect, of bringing them from bed.
 A simple meal of tea and toast was quickly hurried through.
 Then the expedition started on its journey to Phleegoo
 Where they arrived at 9 O’clock and breakfast being late.
 Some travelers got hungry and said they couldn’t wait.
 So they strolled away to the bazaar and there did dis..... [?]
 Some plantains and some oranges likewise a cucumber,
 Which kept them going till breakfast after which we went down stairs.
 Some practiced shooting bottles whilst others slept on chairs.
 Lowis read amusing tales at which we all did laugh,
 Peebles then brought his camera and took a photograph.
 Copies of which 8 annas each in any quantities,
 May be obtained, reduction made for schools and families,
 The party was reduced by two that very afternoon.
 Biedermann and the poor bugler returning to Rangoon.
 Milne rode ahead to Entagaw to shoot some teal for dinner.
 Here Poet No:1 breaks off another will continue.
 The cavalcade proceeded on about the hour of four.
 Along the road of brick-dust red that leads to Integaw
 And ere the sun had sunk to rest, that is soon after five



Tired but elate at Integaw the travelers arrive.
 And as they trundle up the street, they soon are made aware,
 That a right royal welcome is ready for them there.
 The rugs are spread, the curtains hung, the arch of triumph spawned.
 And there in due humility the village elders stand.
 Ready to furnish firewood, milk, water, eggs on straw
 For Fraser’s ‘Hukum’ has gone forth, and Fraser’s word is law.
 The party wanted all these things but more than all desired,
 To stretch their weary legs a bit, for they were very tired
 Of sitting bolt upright so long, so while the evening meal,
 Was getting ready, one and all they strolled towards the

Jheel

A wide expanse of weed and mud that stretched along the plain.
 The haunt of ducks and paddy birds and different

¹ Oblivious of the fact that the unfortunate individual was blowing it to the utmost extent his lungs would permit of. But such is woman kind.

kinds of crane.

The ducks, though visible, were coy and so no sport was got.



Above the rest house at Thaukyau. On the verandah can be just seen a table covered in a white cloth. On the original version underneath this picture was written: "Thaukyau Bungalow. The mistily seen recumbent figure visible below the house is popularly supposed to be one of the girls of Rangoon who lay upon straw".

Although the party's hunter, Milne, went out to have a shot.

Yet strange to say although to get a bird no one was able,
Some most delicious teal appeared that evening on the table.

And dinner done we longed for port, of which we saw a bottle.

But no glasses were small enough and so some one cried "What'll

It matter if from egg cups we do take our invalid Port.

The rest of us did quite agree and all cried "Happy Thought"

Then after this we walked across to see a Burmese hut. No doors were closed – t'was scarcely odd there were no doors to shut.

So in we went & Lowis who can talk Burmese so well.

Informed them we would like to see them sing &



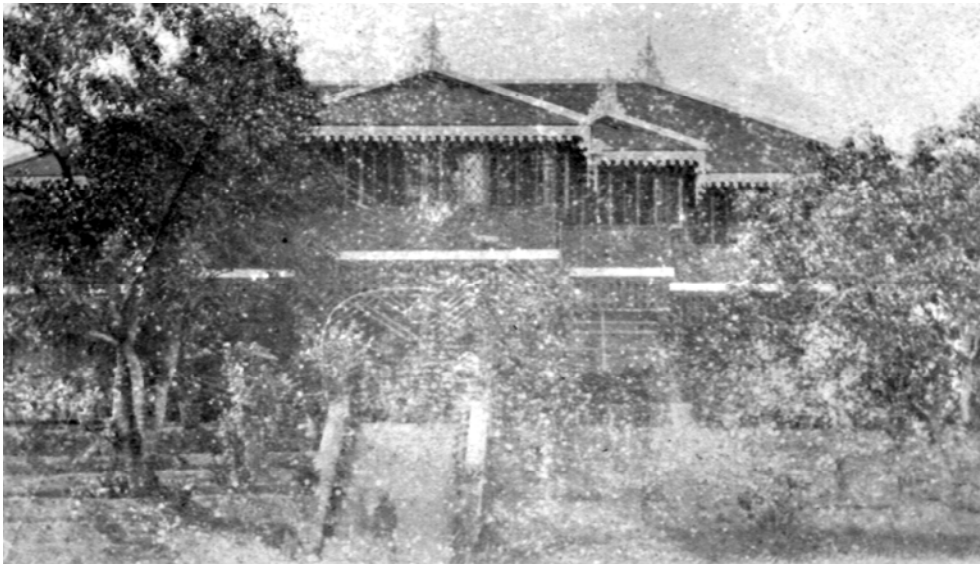
Dance a spell.
 Then many Burmans came so close, the ladies
 grew afraid.
 And casting furtive glances round they to the others
 said.
 In fancy we do feel a dah's keen edge shuck
 in our back.
 "Oh! please take us away from here,
 alack! alack! alack!"



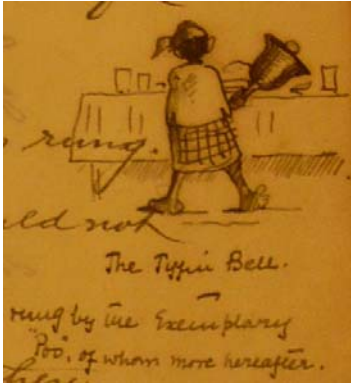
But by many brave defenders, their fears were
 so allayed.
 That plucking up their courage they till after
 bed-time stayed.
 Now when at last we went to rest, we bolted fast
 our doors.
 And shut up tight our gillmills to keep out
 Harry's snores.
 On rising up next morn we found the major
 on his legs.
 Poor chap, he'd only had two cups of teas and
 three boiled eggs.
 Where is my chota hazrie² in angry tones he cried
 "How can a fellow hungry go for such a lengthy ride?"
 When Milne at last had had enough – our journey
 On we wended.
 "What a pity" said Miss Wilson "this trip will soon be ended."
 "Cheer up" said Mr. Peebles "bear in mind your
 little game."
 Princess Paobie – Whiskey, is a first class name"!
 For before we started for Pegu
 A note from Fraser came,

² early morning tea / breakfast

To say a Russian prince was there.
 He did not write his name.
 The girls at once grew anxious, this nobleman to see,
 And to fascinate this Russian Prince,
 Each one did then agree,
 But as they all were anxious, Princesses to become,
 They swain resolved to throw the dice no sooner
 said than done.
 Miss Wilson she threw fourteen, and thought she'd
 got the most.
 But Miss J. Man threw sixteen and beat her on
 the Post.
 Said Miss J. Man "I told you so, the prince was
 made for me."
 Miss Wilson answered sharply, "you horrid thing,
 we'll see!"
 And Chota Hazrie over, they journeyed to Pegu.
 Miss Wilson drove with Lowis Miss Man with horses
 two.
 The pace grew fast and furious, their baggage shared [?]
 the way.
 Miss Wilson having got a start was never caught they
 say.
 But when she got to Fraser's house, imagine her
 dismay.
 The Russian Prince turned out to be a fraud of
 every day!



On the original is written: Deputy Commissioner's house – Pegu. The cow in the foreground is waiting to be passed for slaughter – a pastime much in vogue among the unemployed cattle of this rising town.



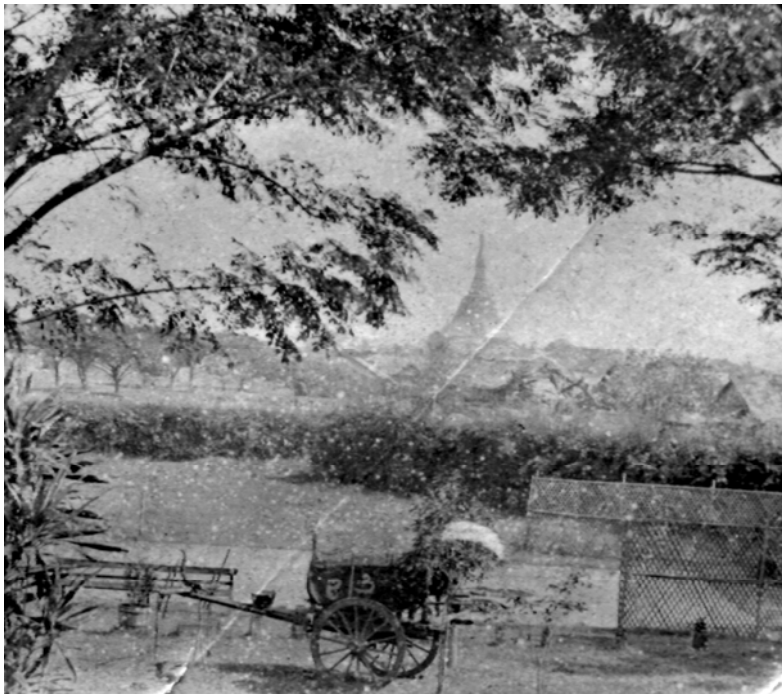
Soon after their arrival the Tiffin bell was rung.
 Miss Man she sat next Lowis Miss Wilson would not
 come.
 But after much persuasion, and hearing there was teal,
 She came and sat next Fraser, and made a
 hearty meal.
 The Tiffin being over, cheroots were lit up soon
 And some adjourned to read and sleep, and one wrote to
 Rangoon.
 At 4.p.m. a challenge came, Pegu Rangoon
 To play

At tennis, Skittles, bowls or quoits
 What answer shall we say?
 T'was then and there decided, the answer it was
 sent.
 Miss Man and Peebles be the pair, Rangoon to
 represent.
 How fared the game of tennis, it bodes me not
 to tell.
 Suffice to say they did their best, and did it
 very well.
 A photograph was taken, three graces seated there.
 Though one came out a little dark, they all were very
 Fair.



Government Rest house at Pegu – from the tennis court.

Meanwhile the gay astrologer had gone off on the
 spree.
 Presumably to look for stars, which none else could
 see.
 But judge of our arrangement, when once more
 looking round,
 A lady fair with golden hair, could also not be
 found.
 The faithful Sam on being asked, said he had
 seen the fair
 Trotting away in a bullock-cart, and to the
 station near.
 The servant pair returned at eve, and said that
 they had been,
 Up to the old Pagoda, but no stars had they seen.
 That night was held a party of fair women and brave
 men.



Pegu pagoda as seen from the Circuit House, with tennis courts (right), on which the match chronicled on
 page Was played. The bullock-cart referred to a little further down on the same page, occupies a
 prominent position in the foreground.

The men that all were heroes, the maids the fairest
 seen.
 Amidst the jest and laughter, then came the voice
 of fate.
 Upon the following morrow, the force must separate.
 Some clever tricks and curious, with cards did

Fraser show.
 But how he came to do them, nobody seemed to know.
 Poo³ handed round some whiskey jugs, then all adjourned to bed.
 Why, whose afraid said Lowis, as the way he boldly led.
 Arriving at the Rest House, imagine their dismay.
 Curled up upon the table, the astrologer he lay.
 A smile passed o'er his features, then woke as if in pain.
 "I thought you were the angels", he said and slept again.
 He lay there calm and childlike, a night cap on his head.
 His son snored close besides him, enough to wake the dead.
 The ladies having gone to rest, the men adjourned to theirs.
 Peebles and Lowis shared one room, the former filled with fears.
 The night was nearly over when the soldier woke again.
 "Who's there"? cried he, said Lowis you've got the jumps again.
 And then he searched the Building armed with a Bamboo stick.
 "There's no one there" said Lowis, "so put away that stick".
 The morning broke all glorious, some tea and eggs were had.
 The tea was much as usual, the eggs were not too bad.
 And having called their gharries, they to the station went.
 Where the luggage in the a bullock-cart, had previously been sent.
 A sad farewell was taken, the train heaves into sight.
 Some of the party tried to laugh, and others wept outright.
 The travellers now reduced to seven the journey home began.



³ The immortal "Poo" of whom the poet has said: "There was a young man of Pegu, who rejoiced in the surname of "Poo". When called by his master no one could come faster than that willing young man called "Poo". ("British Burma Gazette Book I, Canto III).

Excepting Cecil Lewis, each member was a man
 At Intergaw they halted and there they spent
 the day.

And in various occupations, the time did while
 away.

At evening the party was now increased by one.
 Adam arriving from Pegu our dinner was begun.
 And dinner being finished, all to the compound
 went.

And lighted up the logs of wood, the villagers had
 sent

While sitting round the bonfire we indulged in
 mirth and song.

And happily this New Year's we to all did pass
 along.

And we all retired to rest, we 'Auld Lang Syne'
 did sing.

And hand in hand we danced around the
 bonfire in a ring.

Next morn we all were on our way, about the
 hour of seven.

And reached Thaukyau, our halting place at
 just about eleven.

And here we stayed two days and nights a very
 pleasant time.

T'was here that Lewis did compose this most
 poetic rhyme

There were two young girls of Rangoon
 Who lay on the straw in a swoon.

One read the Spectator, while Pater and Mater
 Went out in the jungle to sp---on.

Lest folks should think the rhyme above at
 first sight seems absurd.

The facts as stated here above, most actually
 occurred.

We left Thaukyau at 4 O'clock on Monday
 afternoon.

And all felt sad our holiday was finishing so
 soon.

But at the old Pagoda our journey we did
 break.

And there upon the grassy slope, partook of
 tea and cake.

And we watched the glorious sunset down away
 upon the plain.

Sad to think it might be long ere we should see



this sight again.
 The moon was rising gloriously above us in the
 heaven.
 As we arrived at Sauyau, just shortly before
 seven
 While waiting for our dinner, we whiled away
 the time
 In sitting on the culvert reciting song and
 rhyme.
 There we dived out in the open, with the cold
 moon looking down.
 After which we played "Up Jenkins" and started off
 for town.
 The moon was shining brightly t'was a cold and
 chilly night.
 The jungle trees stood as clear as though it
 were daylight.
 All hushed in sleep was nature, nor heard we
 any sound
 Save the rumble of our wheels as they rolled
 along the ground.
 And sometimes from the bugler there came a
 fitful blast.
 As a wayside village hushed in sleep, occasionally
 was passed.
 And we jogged along so pleasantly at good
 and steady pace,
 And naught occurred; till nearing town, all
 sudden broke a trace [?]
 Of the astrologer's conveyance which stopped
 us on our way.
 But the driver kept his steeds in hand in
 fashion masterly.
 And taking out the leaders, drove two instead
 of four.
 The others of the party continued as before.
 There was a sound of revelry that night up at
 the Gym.
 And a couple of the party were seized with
 sudden whim.
 To dive up past the ball-room and blow a
 mighty blast.
 To announce that the astrologers, had all returned
 at last.
 When this was done to head-quarters they
 wandered back their way.

And pleasantly conversing we for a while
did stay.
And when at last all said good night t'was
with a heavy heart.
That the jolly trip was ended, and we were
forced to part.
Then here's to the astrologer, his wife and
family too.
We'll none of us forget the jolly picnic to Pegu.
And the wish of all the ladies and likewise of the men,
Is that next year on a like trip we all may
meet again.



The rest house at Intagau