



CHOWKIDAR

Vol. 4. No. 4 Autumn 1986
Editor: Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones



BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR CEMETERIES IN SOUTH ASIA (BACSA)

PRESIDENT

Sir John Cotton, KCMG, OBE

COUNCIL

Mr. B.C. Bloomfield
Mr. V.E. Davies OBE
Sir John Lawrence Bt. OBE
Mrs. K.L. Lewis CBE, MA, FSA
Sir Hugh Mackay-Tallack
Sir Cyril Pickard, KCMG
The Rt. Hon. Peter Rees, QC, MP
Mr. M.G. Satow, OBE
The Rt. Hon. the Viscount Slim OBE
Lieut. Gen. Sir John Horsley, KBE, CB, MC

HONORARY SECRETARY

Mr. T.C. Wilkinson
76½ Chertfield Avenue
London SW 15 6HQ

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY &
DEPUTY TREASURER

Mrs. Rosemarie Wilkinson

PRESS & PUBLICITY OFFICER

Mr. J. Wall

AIMS OF BACSA

This Association was formed in October 1976 to bring together people with a concern for the many hundreds of European cemeteries, isolated graves and monuments in South Asia. There is a steadily growing membership of over a thousand, drawn from a wide circle of interest - Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical and Genealogical Societies, etc. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association - the setting up of local Branches in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Ceylon, Malaysia etc., the building up of a Record file in the India Office Library and Records; and many other projects for the preservation of historical and architectural monuments.

The annual subscription rate is £2 with an enrolment fee of £8. There are special rates for joint membership (husband and wife), for life membership and for associate membership. Full details obtainable from the Secretary.

Editor: Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

CHAIRMAN

Mr. H.M. Stokes

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Mr. F.O. Bell OBE
Mr. J.S. Hewitt
Miss S.M. Farrington
Major A.G. Harfield, BEM, FRHistS
Mr. E.A. Johnston
Mrs. C. Langdon-Davies
Mr. R.N. Lines MBE
Mrs. P. McCandlish
Mr. R.B. Nagor
Mr. M.H. Rossington, CBE
Mrs. P. Saul
Mr. G.E.D. Walker, MBE

HONORARY TREASURER

Mr. J.R.G. Comyn

FAMILY HISTORY OFFICER

Miss E. de Bourbel MBE

135 Burntwood Lane, London SW 17

Vol 4 #4 Autumn 1986

OTHER MEMORIALS, TOO.

It is not only from tombstones that the achievements of the British in India are recorded. Tangible reminders exist in their buildings, others, no less important, in writing, exploration and example. Bill Aitken, from India, in an article entitled 'A beacon waiting to be lighted' recalls the life of a practical, dedicated man who literally left his name in India - Sir George Everest. It was Everest, who became the first Surveyor General of India and carried out the work that laid the basis for most future Indian maps. Often in poor health, he drove himself unmercifully, rising from his bed, wracked with malaria to examine a series of 'beacons' he had got erected between Meerut and Muzaffar Nagar in order to facilitate the surveying of the district. There were fourteen of these sturdy plastered red brick towers and Bill Aitken has found three so far.

Each tower stands square, about fifty feet in height, fifteen feet at the base, and tapering towards the top, pierced by two square windows. The hollow towers originally contained an iron ladder and their purpose was partially that of 'light-houses' so Everest could continue surveying at night, with the help of beacons in the towers. The building at Muzaffar Nagar is still solidly intact but the bricks at the base are being extracted by hungry contractors and 'this sturdy remnant of the year 1835 will soon topple from the mindless vandalism of our progressive age' unless, as our correspondent writes, some organization concerned for India's scientific legacy can save it. Everest was responsible in particular, for measuring the 450 miles that lay between Dehra Dun and Sironj. The first survey showed him to be 3½ feet out. Not satisfied he sent back his assistant Waugh to re-measure, with more sophisticated instruments and this time was content with a deviation of just six inches, an astounding achievement.

It was his unswerving adherence to scientific truth that earned him the accolade of having Himalaya's highest mountain named after him, though modestly he refused the honour at first, claiming it would prove difficult for Indians to pronounce. It is encouraging to learn that Everest's house, (and the office of the first Survey of India) has recently been saved by the UP Government Department of Tourism and will open as an international centre, commemorating his achievements.

Another article from India, this time by Atul Cowshish recalls Col. James Tod, administrator and chronicler of Rajasthan's customs and history. Todgarh, which lies in the Ajmer District, was named after him and is now a small town of some 10,000 inhabitants. At the summit of the town lies a partially restored building, known as Tod's bungalow and Atul Cowshish has been at pains to establish whether this was indeed the place where he lived. Certainly most of the townspeople believe it to be so, though there are a few dissenting voices. A local Christian, Mr. Hamilton Dev believes the building was in fact constructed by a Scottish chaplain, William Webb, before Tod's arrival, but all agree that Tod did indeed 'need to sit on top of the Rajputana of those days' as his job was to contain the troublesome

Local Rawats, a Rajput community given to looting and waylaying travellers. Though the bungalow in its majestic position, with views of the Merwar and Mewar regions of Rajasthan, needs further restoration, a start has been made by repairing, white-washing and tree-planting round about. Tod's other memorial, the Annals of Rajputana are still considered a classic today. A librarian from Jaipur, Mr. Harsh Vardhan compares his work to that of Chaucer, adding 'Tod observed much of Rajputana riding on a horse. The pilgrims Chaucer wrote about astride a horse were imaginary; Tod wrote about living characters'.

MAIL BOX

'From Shanghai to Bhamo' is the title of a fascinating article on Augustus Raymond Margary, the great-uncle of a BACSA member, Col. R. D.H. Phayre. Fascinating because it explores a little known facet of British relations with China and Burma in the nineteenth century and because it tells the story of an adventurous young man whose grave has now vanished from history. Augustus or 'Gus' as he was known, was born at Belgaum in 1846 and educated at University College, London. After mastering Chinese he was sent to take over the Consulate in Formosa (Taiwan) in 1870 and was later transferred to Shanghai in 1874.

Six years earlier, a British Indian mission under Major Sladen had crossed the Burmese frontier and reached the Chinese city of Momien in Yunnan, but was forced back by strong opposition from both Chinese and Muslim authorities who were then struggling for mastery in the area. The aim of the British mission had been to explore the possibility of re-opening the ancient trade route between India and China. In January 1875 a larger British mission under Col. Browne had managed to reach the city of Bhamo, fifty miles inside the Burmese border. By this time the Chinese Emperor had restored authority up to the Burma-Yunnan border and the Peking Government had provided promises of safe conduct for the mission. To make it clear to the mandarins of the western provinces that Browne's mission came from that same nation established in China's Capital and Treaty ports, the British Minister at Peking was instructed to send an officer across China to meet Browne at the border. 'Gus' Margary was chosen for this long and hazardous journey. He could now speak Mandarin, Cantonese and some Yunnanese but he described his mission as 'plunging into the darkness for six months'. It was a darkness from which he was never to emerge.

From letters and a journal it is possible to trace Margary's route from Shanghai to Hankow and up the Yangtze in a small boat with the temperature standing at 90°. Margary became seriously ill with dysentery, which he subdued with a mixture of opium and ipecac pills though he was left dreadfully weak. Leaving the river after a journey of fifty days he slowly made his way to Yunnan province. He found the area desolate after the fierce battles of the local Muslim community who had tried to gain control from the Imperial Government of China. The roads got worse and the inhabitants more 'troublesome and dangerous'. Nevertheless on 17 January 1875 Margary was able to meet Col.

Browne and his Mission at Bhamo and get a tremendous welcome as the first European to have travelled the old trade route in modern times. After only a few days' rest Margary set off again with Browne's Mission to retrace his footsteps. Once again the party were among the savage, dirty and unreliable Kakhyen hillmen. On February 14, Margary's journal breaks off. He had been sent ahead of the Mission to prepare the way through to Manwyne but on 22 February, Burmese agents broke the awful news to Browne that Margary had been murdered together with his writer and other attendants. No particulars were given, but it was made clear to Browne that his mission too was in danger. Had it not been for the staunchness of the Burmese there might have been a much worse massacre.

Could it be, speculates Margary's great-nephew, that the Chinese Government feared the British were seeking to establish a friendly Muslim Government in Yunnan? The truth will probably never be known. Margary's body was buried between the junction of two rivers but in the course of later floods this spit of land was washed away. Today there is no memorial to the brave young Englishman who met his death in a gallant but ultimately fruitless mission.

The little town of Chinsurah, lying above Calcutta, was settled by the Dutch in 1725 and exchanged with the British for Sumatra in 1824. During its hundred years of Dutch occupation it flourished as a trading centre and attracted many merchants, including Armenians, French, Greek and of course the British. In the old cemetery lies a memorial to Charles Weston (died 1809) a philanthropist who would distribute Rs. 100 to the poor of the town on the first of every month. (His grave is in South Parks Street Cemetery, Calcutta.) Weston's two married daughters, Mary Diemer and Elizabeth Johnson (died 1782 and 1785 respectively) are buried in the same cemetery together with a grand-daughter, Lydia Fulton who died in 1843. Also here are a Commissioner of Burdwan District, James Henry Bernard, who together with his wife Mabel and sister-in-law Alice Elizabeth, were stricken with cholera and died within a day of each other in November 1907. Their graves were recently visited by a grand-daughter, our correspondent Maurice Shellim reports.

The cemetery is fairly well-looked after, the grass cut and the graves clean, but obviously in need of repair. A mali appointed by the cemetery commission looks after the site. In the same town stands the well-maintained Armenian Church, built in 1695. Dr. Shellim found a tablet there in English, which in its brief inscription tells of a vanished kingdom - it is to 'David, son of the late Freedom Melik Beglaroff, last independent prince of Karabagh in the Province of Tiflis Caucasus'. He died at Chinsurah in 1884.

The Royal Indian Navy has been pre-occupying BACSA recently and one of the results of this is the forthcoming publication of 'Bombay Buccaneers' (see p.77). We were therefore pleased to see a short appreciation of Captain Martin Nott, OBE, DSO, RIN by A.F. King. Descended from

General Sir William Nott who fought at Kandahar, Kabul and Ghilzai in the first Afghan war, Martin was born in 1904 and trained at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. After a brief period spent training new recruits on the RIMS Dalhousie, moored in the Bombay Dockyard, he became a Communications Specialist and joined the HMIS Indus as First Lieutenant. During the second World War, Nott had the ingenious notion of manning dhows with Naval crews, with the idea that they would act as 'Q' ships like those in the Atlantic in 1916/17. Despite opposition, the scheme went ahead, amidst the greatest secrecy. Armed with 2 or 3 pounder guns, these dhows operated around the Baluchistan coast and in the Red Sea. Nott was also involved in the invasion of Iran by the British and Russian troops, for which he was mentioned in despatches. After the war Nott was undecided whether or not to stay on in the new Indian Navy, where he would certainly have been offered a job.

Tragically, while returning to Britain on leave he was killed, together with his wife Rosemary and son William, in an air crash on the night of 27 March 1948. Exactly four weeks after the crash his entire baggage and household property which he had left in safe-keeping in a godown in the Bombay Dockyard were destroyed in a fire which gutted the building, thus erasing the last traces of a gallant and imaginative officer. It is to the author's credit that he has managed to reconstruct in such detail the life of Captain Nott.

So horrific was the great Indian Mutiny of 1857 that it has tended to overshadow earlier intimations of unrest among Indian troops employed by the East India Company, but in fact there were a continuing number of minor mutinies throughout the whole period of British rule. This is not surprising, given the great number of Indian troops employed, the small number of British officers in command, delays in communication and the insensitivity of Company men, often thrown into important positions for which they were inadequately briefed. Elizabeth Talbot Rice has just published an important article on the Vellore Mutiny of 1806 in which nearly two hundred Britons met their deaths. The cause of the Mutiny had previously been assumed to stem from the suspicions of Indian troops when presented with different turbans to wear. Because they closely resembled European hats, rumours spread that this heralded a forcible conversion to Christianity, always a bugbear among unlettered Hindus and Muslims. There was also an unfortunate and misappropriate ruling that Hindu soldiers were to be forbidden the wearing of caste-marks on their foreheads and small earrings.

But Elizabeth Talbot Rice has been able to show that a more likely cause of the revolt was centred round the family of the late Tipu Sultan, who were confined in the fort at Vellore. She believes that the Mutiny was an unsuccessful attempt to regain the Mysore throne and argues her case convincingly from contemporary documents and letters. A contemporary account of the massacre, written by Martha, wife of Captain Walter Syms of the 69th Foot describes how the 2nd Battalion of 23rd NI, stationed in the Fort, suddenly seized arms at 2.00 am

and fell upon the British officers. Most were sleeping and unable to put up much resistance to the attack. The mutineers rampaged through the Fort for six hours until the 19th Dragoons, stationed at Arcot arrived, having been summoned by Major Coats who (fortunately) was in his bungalow outside the Fort, when he heard the commotion.

Today the Fort is still a striking building surrounded by a broad water filled moat. In the town of Vellore, a short distance away, stands the church of All Saints and within its graveyard, a memorial erected in 1863/64 inscribed thus: 'Sacred to the memory of Lieutenants Popham and Eley, 5 Sergeants, 4 Corporals, 1 Drummer and 70 Privates of Her Majesty's 69th Regiment Who Fell While Bravely resisting the mutineers at Vellore on the 10th of July 1806'.

Forty-six years earlier another Mutiny had broken out at Vizagapatam, north of Vellore. The causes here were less complex. Sepoy troops, having been led to understand they would only be called upon to fight locally, were suddenly ordered to travel to Madras by sea. The embarkation was watched by 'officers and several other gentlemen who had dined at the house of the Governor'. Without warning the sepoys began to fire on them and every other European within sight. Lieutenant Crisp, Mr. Venner a cadet and Mr. Rutherford the Paymaster, were killed on the spot. Others escaped wounded, some on board the frigate which was to have taken the sepoys, and others by concealing themselves in the town. The Mutiny fizzled out as quickly as it had started, but the grave of Kingsford Venner at Vizagapatam still exists as a sad reminder of the incident. He is described on the memorial stone as 'An ill Fated Youth/Who possessed of the most amiable Disposition/ And every Requisite to Form/A good Man/ was precipitated to an untimely Grave/at the Age of 19/In a Mutiny of Grenadier Sepoys/Ordered for Embarkation from this Port/On the 3rd of October 1780'.

More sudden deaths came to our notice recently in a letter from Mrs. A.M. Lewis of Hampshire. In 1939 she was given a photograph of an inscription from Haingyi Island at the south of the Bassein River, Burma. A factory was erected by the East India Company on the island in 1753 after a treaty ceding the land to the Company in perpetuity had been obtained from King Alaungpaya. But 'on the 6 October 1759 Captain W.H. Southly together with Messrs. Briggs and Nulkley Hope and two others whose names are unknown, were suddenly attacked and treacherously murdered while assembled for dinner in the upper storey of the Fort House. The surviving members of the garrison, five in all, were carried away as prisoners to Rangoon'. The settlement was subsequently abandoned and Mrs. Lewis thinks it unlikely that the inscription attached to the wall of the Fort, survived the Japanese invasion during the second World War.

Another remote island grave on the desert island of Perim, just off Aden, is described in a letter from Brigadier J.W. Kaye. It was here that Lieutenant Lawrence, serving with the 1st Yemen Infantry, was stationed on duty in the 1920's. The Infantry consisted of an Arab Unit commanded by British officers and Lawrence's duties were to

supervise the coaling of liners travelling through the Red Sea. After only a few weeks' service Lawrence was murdered by his men who stole all the money and arms they could find and escaped into the Arabian interior. Lawrence was hastily interred on Perim, where there was no graveyard, and forty years later a visitor described his 'lonely grave' which may still exist today 'there being no inhabitants on the island to interfere with it'.

On a lighter note, after so many tragic deaths, comes a reminder from Anthony Dove of the equipment considered necessary for a new cadet or writer bound for India. Apart from quantities of bedding which had to be taken out (as though cotton sheets were not to be found in India), articles of clothing, cutlery, tea, drinking chocolate, sugar and tobacco were thought essential as well. The writer had a 'quart and a pint tin mug' from which to imbibe, while the cadet had the equivalent measures in black jacks, although how chocolate would taste from a leather jack is best left to the imagination, comments Mr. Dove. One item suggested for both cadet and writer was 'pounds of tobacco, in half pounds, to give to the sailors for doing little jobs' though there is no enlargement on how sailors could earn half a pound of tobacco in 1813 for 'a little job'.

Lady Knight sends us an amusing story which should serve as a cautionary tale for all researchers in the Indian field. While her husband was Collector at Dhulia in Maharashtra in the 1920's, the couple had the task of entertaining a mixed company of missionaries and the DSP at Christmas. In the garden of their bungalow, which dated from Company days, was a mound, which the mali claimed, on no clear evidence, was a grave. 'In the bungalow' continues Lady Knight 'was the top of a teak camp table hanging on the wall, on which were carved the names of guests, all male, at several Christmas Camps. One name had been gouged out. Round these two facts I wrote a playlet for three characters, the Collector, his wife and the DSP. The play ended with the wife being on the point of running away with the DSP. The Collector walked in unexpectedly, from camp, drew a revolver, shot the Policeman, then turned to the dining table and gouged it with his knife. Orderlies were called in and told to bury the body in the garden.... Curtain. Many years later my husband was in Dhulia and was shown the grave and the table and was told the story of how the Collector shot the DSP and how he was buried. My husband did not tell the true story (which I doubt would be believed) and I think it is now time to record it!'

BACSA PHOTOGRAPHS (see pp. 65-66)

1. Last August Andrews Roberts of SOAS, London University, was on holiday in Ladakh when he came across a memorial obelisk at Leh. Erected in 1876 it commemorates a Moravian geologist, Dr. Ferdinand Stoliczka, formerly of the Austrian Geological Survey. The obelisk is in a remarkably good state of preservation, on a little platform and carried two inscriptions one in English, the other, a translation in Latin, an unusual feature for such a late date. Malcolm Yapp,

also of SOAS, has kindly added the following notes: Stoliczka was born in Moravia on 7 June 1838 and died at Moorgo while returning from Yarkand with the British Mission to which he was attached as a naturalist. He joined the Geological Survey of India about 1860 and four years later was sent to the Himalayas to work out their structure and revise the fossil fauna. He accompanied the mission of Douglas Forsyth to Kashgar in 1873/74 and travelled across the western half of the Aksai Chin, the region now disputed between India and China. The cause of his death is not stated, merely that 'he fell a sacrifice to duty' and the Government of India 'in recognition of his able and honourable services' had the monument erected.

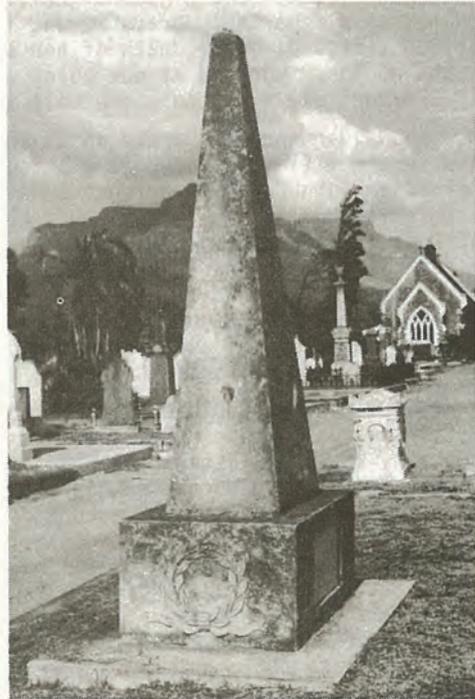
2. Against the dramatic back-drop of Table Mountain, Cape Town, stands the memorial obelisk to Lady Florentia Sale, veteran of the disastrous retreat from Kabul during the first Afghan war. A BACSA member R. Langham-Carter has provided a note to the photograph taken by John Wall in January this year. Lady Sale's husband, Major General Sir Robert Sale had died at Ludhiana in 1846 of war wounds, and his widow decided to recuperate at the Cape. Sadly, following a particularly arduous voyage she died only three days after arrival on 6 July 1853. She was buried in the Somerset Road Cemetery, with a fine memorial sent out from Calcutta and sculpted there by Llewellyn & Co. When the old cemetery was levelled about 1903 her remains and the monument were re-erected in the Maitland Cemetery where our photograph was taken. Lady Sale's journal relating her Afghan experiences showed her as a remarkably brave woman, indomitable in the face of privations, including the death of her son-in-law and a captivity of eight months. Wounded at one point during the retreat, she notes dryly 'Fortunately I had only one ball in my arm!'

3. Chowkidar recently wrote about a memorial to Indian soldiers from the remote village of Jangal, who fought for Britain in the Great War. Brigadier John Cornell, Defence & Military Adviser at the British High Commission, Delhi has recently visited a similar memorial, this time at Rudmuli, a small village 60 miles south of Agra. BACSA had made a contribution to the up-keep of the commemorative tablet and it was found in tip-top condition. Risaldar Ranjit Singh, who organised the refurbishment had got a small, discreet fence built round the stone to keep children and animals away and a moving wreath-laying ceremony was held during Brigadier Cornell's visit.

4. Early in 1779 Captain James Stewart, leading an ad hoc Grenadier Battalion against the Mahrattas, was killed at Karla, near Poona. The Captain, known as 'Istewart phakra' (brave Stewart) by the Mahrattas, was buried at Wadgaon on the Bombay-Poona road, but according to local tradition, his head, which was cut off after the battle, is buried in an open field under a brick mound. The main grave is inside the police station at Wadgaon, which was built on the site of his burial in 1889. Well-maintained, the grave is covered with dark blue and white tiles, with an iron cross at its head. A donation box is kept at the foot. Over the years, local people have revered the grave as a holy place and take out a puja each year on 31 December in Captain Stewart's honour.



1. Above: Stoliczka's Obelisk at Leh. (see p. 63)
2. Right: Lady Sale's grave, Cape Town. (see p. 64)



3. Left: the Rudmuli memorial south of Agra. (see p. 64)
4. Below: James Stewart's grave, Wadgaon. (see p. 64)





CAN YOU HELP?

An unusual query was sent to us recently by Chief Inspector H.J. Storer of Melbourne. He has an arm badge which he has been trying to identify for some time. Believed to have been worn on the North West Frontier Province before 1947, its description is as follows: 'Diamond shape, dull red brick colour with an embroidered design thereon consisting of a black circle in worsted thread. Within a circle in the same embroidery is a fort,

wall or gate-like structure in black over a black field with serated top having five points. Upon that black field is the letter 'C' embroidered in white coloured worsted thread'. We suspect the 'C' might in fact be the crescent moon sometimes adopted by Muslims. The Islamic equivalent of our medical 'Red Cross' uses the crescent sign, but we would welcome a positive identification.

During the late 1960's Louise Buckingham from New Zealand lived in India and she tells us she was then unaware that many of her ancestors had served in the East India Company as officers and civil servants. She often wandered through the cemeteries without realising the importance of recording inscriptions at that time and now is curious to know something of her forebears. One in particular interests her - Major George Foulis of the 4th NI Calcutta, born 1766 and died 1805. Officially a 'bachelor' Major Foulis had a relationship with an Indian woman called Bibi Jawan. At least two children were born as a result of the liaison, Elizabeth in 1796 and Robert in 1797. The Major left Rs. 3000 in his Will to Bibi Jawan and on his death the children were sent to Scotland to be educated in the care of a younger brother, Sir James Foulis of Edinburgh. Elizabeth married a Captain David Thomas 10th NI who died in 1825 probably in Bengal. Two other relatives, Captain Michael Lawlor and Henry Warner Kensington, also met their deaths in India - the first in 1824 at Madras and the second in 1825 at Cuddalore. Do their graves still exist, wonders our correspondent and do any readers know more about Bibi Jawan?

Another writer from 'down under', Mrs. June Freeman of Perth is trying to locate the grave of her grandmother, Mary Ann Bell, née Eden. After the death of Mary Ann's first husband, she is then said to have remarried a tea planter with the common name of Smith, and she is believed to have been buried at Mariani Junction, Assam, on a hillside overlooking the station. Family legend has it that the Junction where the tea garden was started was named after her, and the date of her death, as yet unknown, will be after 1911 when she left Scotland to live with her brother in India. Her two children, from her first marriage, were adopted by her brother, after her death. Any information would be appreciated, and it is interesting that Louise Buckingham first became aware of BACSA through the Genealogical Research Directory, in which we have an entry.

Again from New Zealand comes a query with a Chinese flavour. On 5 June 1908 a Gloucestershire woman, Kathleen Brown (née Forbes) and her husband were returning from a Masonic gathering at Shanghai by boat, when they met their deaths in suspicious circumstances. The story goes that they were thrown overboard by a gang of Chinese people accompanying them. Though all European graveyards in China have now vanished, perhaps this odd tale may stir some memories. Betsy Verrent Harvey, who sent it to us, would be interested to learn more about her relatives' mysterious deaths.

Port Said used to be a regular stopping place for ships on their journeys back and forth to India via the Suez Canal. The port has sad connotations for Mrs. Audrey Wetherall, for it was here that her father, Major Charles Forster Connell of the 69th Punjabis, died of small pox on 17 December 1912. He was on his way home for leave and his wife and six-month-old daughter (our correspondent) were waiting for him in England. Major Connell was buried in the local Cemetery and Mrs. Wetherall has a photograph of his grave but would like to know what condition it is in today. How many more Britons were buried there, one wonders, in transit to or from India?

The Spring Chowkidar carried a query on the Dutch Verboon and Urage families of Calcutta and our indefatigable member there Bunny Gupta has located several graves of the families, curiously enough in the Scottish Cemetery. Richard Verboon was, for many years, the Registrar of the Civil Auditor's Office there and died on 22 October 1857. A Mr. J. Urage, Registrar of the Marine Superintendent's Office died in April 1864 and is buried in the same cemetery with his two sons, George Edmund and James Charles, together with Mrs. Jane Urage, presumably his wife. Bunny Gupta has a query herself about the Lindeman family. Peter Lindeman who died aged eighty-five in 1856 was a sculptor and as such responsible for many of the headstones in the Scottish Cemetery. His wife who predeceased him was buried in 1831 and there are other relatives by the same name too. Do any details of this early monumental mason exist?

The Rawalpindi Club of Pakistan has just celebrated its hundredth anniversary and its Management Committee are preparing a history of the Club. They are anxious to collect old photographs of the Club and descriptions of social life and customs before 1947. In particular they are seeking information on outstanding members and events, social attitudes between Britons and Indians, names of Area, District and other Commanders of the time, periodicals and publications found in the Club, Constitution and rules and details on facilities and servants. There must be several BACSA members who can recall the 'Pindi Club and letters should be sent direct to Lieutenant Colonel Abdul Aleem Opel (Ret'd), Secretary, Rawalpindi Club, The Mall, Rawalpindi. A copy to BACSA would be appreciated.

Two correspondents were able to throw more light on the murder of Ronald Beaton, assistant manager of the Putharjhora Tea Estate, Duars which we mentioned in the last Chowkidar. A newspaper cutting sent

in by P.F. Pepperell of the Lawrie Plantation Services Ltd. places the date of the incident in June 1930, two years later than was originally thought. Beaton's murderer was apprehended and tried in September of that year. He was a youth of eighteen, called Gujra Munda of an aboriginal tribe and he claimed that he had struck Beaton dead after being assaulted by him. The judge, Mr. Justice Jack found Munda guilty, and sentenced him to death but the sentence was commuted to transportation because Jack believed Beaton had offered some provocation and because he also took the extreme youth of the accused into consideration. Mr. J. Nimmo of Edinburgh who was working in the Calcutta office of Duncan & Co (the Agency who supervised the Putharjhora Estate) remembers the incident well. Beaton was considered a capable and promising planter, he recalls and continues 'For those who do not know what a tea garden hoe (kodalli) is like I should explain that the hoe head is roughly the shape and size of the blade of a large spade weighing 6 - 7 lbs, or so, mounted on a 4½ - 5 foot handle - quite a lethal weapon.'

A RELIC OF OLD SIMLA

'It is hard to give any adequate idea of the utter desolation of the little plot the good people of those days fancied would be sufficient for their yearly needs. The frosts of fifty years have splintered and cracked the mortar of the tombs and bitten their outlines into rough and jagged shapes: ferns and grasses have taken root and flourish luxuriantly in the chinks and crevices: and one tomb, more weather-beaten than its fellows, has relapsed to a mere heap of road-metal...Even in the midday sunshine the first cemetery is a dreary little place; but to thoroughly appreciate its loneliness and uncanniness you should go there on a dripping July afternoon in the middle of the rains and - always premising that you can stand firm on the slippery hillside - inspect the tombs'.

This passage could easily be a description of an English cemetery, apart from the give-away mention of the July rains in the last sentence. What is more surprising though, is that it was written exactly a hundred years ago, in August 1886 and is Rudyard Kipling's impression of Simla's first cemetery, just past the Bandstand where the Chota Simla road turns downhill. So relevant to many Indian cemeteries today is the article, first published in the Pioneer, that it is worth examining in depth. Kipling's great strength as an objective reporter, allied to his gifts as an observer of the British in India are clearly demonstrated as he wandered among the tombs on those dank July days a century ago. One of the earliest inscriptions then still legible was to Thomas Edward Rees, son of the late M. Rees, Assistant Secretary, Office of the Revenue Department, who died on 14 May 1830, shortly after the cemetery had been established. His tomb, wrote Kipling 'is in fairly good preservation, the white mortar having toned in process of years to a deep brown. They were indifferent stone-cutters in those days - natives who mis-spelt words and whose work must have been touched up by hands unskilled in the craft. On one slab, hidden away

under a deep coating of green slime, came to light four verses of a hymn cut as prose, in which 'guardian' is spelt 'gaurdian' and the y's of all the 'thy's' in the devout lines have evidently been put in by an amateur, for they are scratchy and unsteady.' These remarks are surprising, for BACSA research has frequently shown the numbers and skills of British masons in India. Could it be that so rapid was the development of Simla they had not yet established themselves in the early years of the town's life?

Kipling continues prophetically: 'In a few more years the remaining slabs will tumble from their setting, and the cracked and riven tombs will settle down into mounds of fern and fungus. The graveyard is as damp as a well, and all green things thrive aggressively'. The squat little monument of Captain Matthew Ford, who died at Peshawar, aged fifty three, in the year 1841 was found 'far down in one corner, where the yearly dropping of the pine needles and the summer rains have turned the ground into brown slush'. Childrens' graves, as always, were many - Alexander Duncan Parker, died in 1834 aged eighteen months, Charles Cobett Garstin, eight months and two days and the infant daughter of Captain Henry Zough Turton, one year and eight months.

But the tomb that made Kipling shudder was that raised by Captain Codrington and protected under a pukka shed with masonry walls, though its wooden rafters had rotted. Codrington's wife, infant son and two baby daughters all died within the space of a year. The tombstone was brought from Calcutta and 'below the inscription are two verses - pitiless Calvinist verses - that come as a fit climax to the history of wretchedness on the grave: 'Lord, why is this', she trembling cried, 'Wilt thou pursue a worm to death?'/ 'Tis in this way', the Lord replied; 'I answer prayers for grace and faith./These sad bereavements I employ/From selfish pride to set thee free./To break thy schemes of earthly joy/That thou may'st seek thy all in me'. He must have been a hard man this Captain Codrington - reared in a hard faith and seeing in the wreck of his house the hand of a jealous God. It is not well that this tomb of all others should have been fenced about and protected so that the uncompromising lines might live for forty years a record of trouble and anguish more terrible than falls to the lot of one man in ten thousand'. It is powerful writing like this that made Kipling such an uncomfortable and honest reporter of British India and Chowkidar is indebted to Lieutenant Col. Patric Emerson for bringing his article to our notice.

* * * * *

The Calcutta and Mofussil Scots Society was formed in 1954 and has a membership of just over 120. The only qualification is that one must have worked or lived in the Indian sub-continent at some time. Many members had a connection with the Jute industry in India and about five functions are held yearly, including dances and supper. More details from the President, John Morris, 'Struan', 25 Hazel Avenue, Dundee DD2 1QD, Scotland

BACSA BOOKS (books by BACSA members)

(Authors are reminded that they should ask their publishers to send a review copy of their book to Chowkidar in order to have it included in this section).

To the Frontier Geoffrey Moorhouse

The Frontier of the title is the great North West Frontier between Pakistan and Afghanistan with its rocky defiles and sandy wastes that saw so many invaders pour down onto the Indian plains. Moorhouse approaches it from the south, arriving at Karachi and travelling north to Quetta, Lahore, Peshawar and finally Chitral and Gilgit. Pakistan has been unreasonably neglected by travel writers who find India's instant appeal easier to deal with. Moorhouse, I think, also found Pakistan difficult to evaluate. His book does not carry the same conviction as earlier writings on India, nor paints so vivid a picture. He is more surprised than a seasoned traveller should be over the 'Englishness' of facets of Pakistani life - the dedication to cricket, in Quetta, the close attention to British politics, even from the Chief of Police at Chitral. But he interweaves the country's turbulent past effortlessly with current events. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that on heroin smuggling into Pakistan and the rather ineffectual attempts to arrest it. Moorhouse was right to spot this (in 1984) as one of the most serious problems to confront Zia's Government. It is today causing international concern. His description of wounded Afghan mujahids in a Peshawar hospital is heart-rending and a fine piece of war reporting. Innocently asking a couple of Afghans if they intend returning to the battlefield they reply 'Of course we go back to fight. The Russians have taken our country. Wouldn't you do the same if it was yours?' It is the ever-present conflict next door that gives the edge to Pakistani life today and the author's comments on this form the most valuable part of his book. I think Moorhouse will find Pakistan a more rewarding and interesting country when he re-visits it.

1986 Coronet Books pp 285 £3.50. (First published by Hodder & Stoughton Ltd. 1984)

A Sapper in the Forgotten Army John Henslow

'Things can happen very quickly in wartime. Those at the top see the overall picture. Those at the bottom of the command structure only see their piece of the jigsaw puzzle and rarely get a glimpse of the whole scene into which they are eventually fitted'. The author became a part of the great jigsaw puzzle of war when he was posted to Bangalore in 1943 as a subaltern in the Madras Sappers and Miners. The book recounts his experiences in the army, fighting in Burma and his first impressions of the East. The story is told in a lively, straightforward style, packed with incident and is sure to appeal to students of the Burma campaign. Quickly tiring of backstage Bangalore Henslow's superiors were mildly surprised at his wish to see a bit of action, but it was not until May 1944 that he tasted front-line fighting for the first time. This was at Kohima, at a crucial stage of

the battle, when the Japs were being slowly and expensively dislodged from their positions in the hills. Their removal from the area was the start of the victorious advance of the 14th Army, which rolled up the Jap carpet in South East Asia. From Kohima onwards, Henslow's unit was in the thick of it. The book can be read as a tribute to the Sappers. To call them the 'Jeeves' of the army is to pay them a compliment, for their enterprise and ingenuity were always taken for granted. They delved, built and bridged their way for months across the obstacles of Burma's tough terrain. Hardly less daunting as obstacles, for the author, were the bureaucracy and complacency he encountered at Army Group HQ in Calcutta when he was rushed over there from the front line, in order to obtain some absolutely vital equipment for the first major crossing of the Irrawaddy. It was delivered in the nick of time for the assault thanks to the goodwill of an American pilot the author chanced to meet in a bar! It is a grimly amusing episode but must have been serious enough at the time. The book, which is illustrated with photos and useful maps, concludes with chapters on Siam and Malaya where Henslow was posted at the end of the war. He was fortunate to have with him throughout the campaign his father's shotgun and a camera. With the former he was able to relieve the monotony of army rations on numerous occasions; with the latter he took invaluable photos of some of the actions described. The book is a well-produced hardback. (JW)

1986 John Henslow pp 270 £12.50 (Portia Press Ltd, Hants)

Charles Masson of Afghanistan Gordon Whitteridge

The author has performed a signal service in presenting this interesting and complex man - Charles Masson - whose pioneering work in elucidating the archaeology, history and political configurations of Afghanistan is still of fundamental importance. Masson (born James Lewis) left England in 1822, served briefly in the East India Company army, deserted and only finally returned home in 1842. Nearly twenty years were spent travelling and gathering information, mostly in Afghanistan and Baluchistan - often in remote areas and in conditions of considerable discomfort. Masson's own personal enthusiasm - both his interest in, and love for Afghanistan and its inhabitants, as well as his antiquarian investigations, proved him to be a man ahead of his time and this inevitably, endears him to us (surely a sign of a good biographer!) He may have been an intuitively fine researcher in the field, but he appears to have had a spiky personality (especially in his later years) and was not one who suffered bumbling fools. His forthright accounts of the activities of the powerful, though clearly ill prepared Politicals earned him many enemies and the fact that 1857 proved his assessments correct was no help to Masson who by that time was dead. Whitteridge makes some most interesting observations about the psychological connections between the debacle at Kabul and the Mutiny. Further he continues that had Masson's advice been more consistently sought before the First Afghan War, relations between Britain and Afghanistan would have been very different indeed. The author is certainly in a position to know, having been HM Ambassador at Kabul between 1965-68. This diplomatic spell also enables

him to give a number of insights into the current situation there. With good reason he quotes Percival Spear: 'Through all their (the Afghans') turbulence and feuds there shone one passion above all others - an objection to outside interference'. Masson's archaeological work remains his best known legacy, due to the publication of his findings in *Ariana Antiqua*, and the collection of coins he made (now in the British Museum), most importantly from Begram. This part of the book is the least elaborated - though anyone seriously interested in the subject can go to the specialist literature. However, the chapter on the investigation of Buddhist monuments in ancient Gandhara is useful and provides fascinating glimpses into that mentality which was schooled to view all artistic accomplishments in terms of Classical antiquity. Sir Aurel Stein was just one who searched for evidence of the passage of Alexander the Great as he marched through the north western subcontinent. Ironically, Alexander's presence has proved to be ephemeral, and it was really his successors - those whose coins Masson so remarkably gathered together - who were to prove to be of lasting importance. The book is, on the whole, well-produced, which it should be, given the price of £18 for a paperback of less than 200 pages. The Index is not comprehensive - a good number of names in the text, were not to be found in it - especially regrettable in a work with very many non-European names. These are, however, minor points and the book is to be recommended. (TRB)

1986 Aris & Phillips pp 181 £18

Oxford and Empire; the Last Lost Cause? Richard Symonds

Wherever you went in the Empire you found Oxford men on top; so observed Cecil Rhodes. This book describes how and why Oxford dominated Imperial policy and administration through its network of classical graduates. It is full of memorable quotes; such as Lord Dalhousie's remark that whilst in England civil servants were clerks, in India they were proconsuls, set against Ruskin's view that Oxford's function was to educate English gentlemen in the elements of noble human knowledge - not to prepare them for clerks in foreign counting houses. And striking statistics; such as Oxford having 52% of the places in the ICS examinations in the 1890's compared to Cambridge's 20% and that in 1938 six out of eight of the Provincial Governors being Oxford men who had all read (classical) 'Greats'. And unusual facts; such as Oxford scholarships being reserved for those born in England (and thus excluding the later founder of the Indian Institute Monier Williams, who was born in Bombay where his father was Surveyor, General), and the rejection of Lord Curzon's plea in 1914 to establish a diploma course in Business Education to overcome the prejudice against going into 'trade'. The debate on this 'last lost cause' is treated in scholarly fashion with entertaining snippets of information from both sides of the argument. It will have a strong appeal to all Oxonians. (TCW)

1986 The Macmillan Press Ltd. pp 366 £29.50

Orchids and Algebra Denise Coelho

Not all Raj children were subjected to the trauma of being sent home to school in England. The British hill stations were full of excellent English boarding schools which offered a sound scholastic education up to an examination called Senior Cambridge, plus games, music, drama and scrupulous religious instruction in either the Roman or Anglican doctrines. Above all the boys and girls enjoyed a healthy life, much of it out of doors in a bracing climate. Denise Coelho is a poet who has put together her memories of life at such a school in the 1930's. Dow Hill, Kurseong, near the Tibetan border opened with fifteen pupils in 1879, moved to its present site the following year and apparently still flourishes, albeit with some alterations to the curriculum after 1947. Girls' boarding schools may have much in common the world over, but the sense of place as here described is unique. These light-hearted jottings and drawings (not to mention the black and white photographs) have such a ring of truth that one can hear the rain, smell the woodsmoke and ache again for one more glimpse of those eternal snows. (CL-D)

1986 KB Mainstone Publications. From Mrs. D. Coelho, 251 Hornchurch Road, Hornchurch, Essex RM12 4TG £5.50 + postage/packing

Indian Cavalry Officer, 1914-1915 Roly Grimshaw

Captain Roly Grimshaw, of The Poona Horse, was clearly an exceptional Cavalry Officer. Not only a fine horseman and equitation instructor, he also had the ability to record in lucid detail his battle experiences with his Regiment during their baptism of fire in the opening days of the 1914-1918 War in France. His diary entries describe the dreadful un-prepared state of the Indian troops, who within a few days of the declaration of war, were on their way to Flanders - still in their tropical clothing with only the addition of a flannel shirt and a jersey, bought out of regimental funds, for they were a Silladar regiment, unsupported by a Supply depot. He records, how, with no possible role for mounted action, and only fifteen days after disembarking in Marseilles, the Regiment was thrown into the front line only three-quarters strong, since Cavalry always had to keep every fourth man in the rear to care for the horses. Apart from their rifles none of the men had any experience of modern weapons yet, after only a few days of hurried instruction, they marched into the mud and slush of the trenches, faced with barbed wire, to fight an Infantry war of the spade, the bayonet and the grenade - often under intense artillery and machine gun fire. Grimshaw's diary describes the horror of this opening phase of hostilities but also conveys his anger over the contradictory orders and inefficient battle planning which resulted in so much suffering and so many deaths amongst his Jawans. He had no time for the Staff. At the same time his daily writing underlines the devotion and concern he had for these men who, often hungry and bewildered and half-frozen in their thin clothing, were being asked to fight for a cause they could barely understand. 'You are our Father and our Brother' they said, 'We will do as you order' - and they did. Roly's first encounter with enemy fire came on the 3rd November but within a few

days the commanding Officer of the Poona Horse had been killed and his junior squadron Officer shot dead - but not before his conspicuous gallantry had earned him a posthumous Victoria Cross. His own luck held out until 20th December when he was seriously wounded. Evacuated to England he slowly regained his health and spent his convalescence visiting his Indian soldiers in hospitals. The second half of the book is an imaginary account, through the eyes of a typical Indian Cavalry sowar, of his personal war - from mobilization and the sea-journey to France, the trench fighting, the death of his CO and his own wounding, his time in a British hospital and his unforgettable honour of an introduction to the King. On being passed fit again, Ram Singh, as the story calls him, is sent back to India where he rejoined Captain Grimshaw and spent the rest of the war training recruits in an Indian Cavalry depot. The book is fully illustrated with pictures of Indian soldiers in France and brings home to the reader a hitherto little-realized insight into the bravery and loyalty of the Sowar, the Sepoy and the Gurkha, and what they endured in the first few months of the Great War. (CRDG)

1986 Costello pp 223 £13.95

The Life and Times of A Victorian Officer ed. Alan Harfield

Donisthorpe Donne, the Officer of the title was born into a wealthy West Country family in 1856 and educated at Sherborne School and Sandhurst. An able soldier he possessed two skills which make him a worthy subject for a biography. He was a fluent writer and a competent artist. The book chronicles his exciting life: in Cyprus he captured the bandits who attempted to assassinate Kitchener and painted the scene in their final hide-out. In Egypt he wore Arab dress in the Camel Corps and was given his own unit, pre-dating the desert exploits of TE Lawrence by a generation. In 1896 Donne was ordered to embark for India as Second-in-Command of the 2nd Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment. Landing at Bombay he joined his battalion at Faizabad and served in the Tirah Expeditionary Force the following year. For his services on the North West Frontier he was awarded the India General Service Medal, with clasps 'Tirah 1897-98' and 'Punjab Frontier 1897-98'. He also found time to execute a number of paintings, including an unusual view of the Red Fort at Agra, from a high vantage point. Though Donne's connection with India was comparatively short, Alan Harfield's book does give a good picture of the kind of life led by a soldier who could expect postings throughout and beyond the Empire of the nineteenth century. It is handsomely illustrated, mostly in black and white, but with a few evocative coloured plates, and extremely well foot-noted and indexed.

1986 The Wincanton Press pp. 231 £35.00

Stop Press: to be reviewed in our next issue is a fully illustrated, lavish book on Planters. Titled 'The Pioneers - 1825-1900, the Early British Tea and Coffee Planters and their Way of Life' by John Weatherstone, it is published at £20 by Quiller Press.

NOTICES AND OTHER BOOKS

From Governor's Pavilion to President's Pavilion Nihal Karunaratna

As Professor KM de Silva says in the foreword to this book, 'the British architectural legacy in Sri Lanka is quite undistinguished in comparison with that in India and other parts of the old Empire'. But the building which was originally the Governor's Kandy residence and is now the President's Pavilion is an exception to this rule. The Pavilion, a white Italianate building tucked away in a secluded position north of St. Paul's Church, is a splendid example of a small 18th century Governor's Residence, almost unchanged, except for a modern extension, since its completion in 1833. It was designed by Sir Edward Barnes, Governor from 1824-1831 (who is said to have traced its projected outline with a finger dipped in claret on the dining table) but was only finished two years after his departure, during the Governorship of Sir Robert Horton. Barnes had no authority to erect a building of such scale or grandeur and there is an amusing account of the running battle between Whitehall and the Governor over the expenditure the latter incurred in providing what he saw as an adequately impressive second residence. (His main residence, the Queen's House in Colombo, was reportedly disparaged by the local nobility as 'plenty small house for great man, all same rajah!') The Pavilion was used by all British governors of Ceylon and Lord Mountbatten, as Supreme Commander SEAC, lived there in 1944/5. Today it is used by President Jayawardene during his visits to Kandy and in 1981 he entertained the Queen and Prince Philip there. Lady Elizabeth Gregory, the wife of Governor Sir William Gregory, who died there in 1873 is buried in the nearby Garrison Cemetery. The author is an active member of the committee which is attempting to restore the cemetery, a project BACSA is supporting and he is working on a guidebook to it. Incidentally, in the grounds of the Pavilion Lady Gregory's dog, Smut, is buried and on the headstone is the inscription 'She possessed all the virtues and none of the vices of humanity'. The book, the product of long and patient research provides a most readable account of the history of this beautiful house and those who lived in it. It is well produced with excellent colour photographs.

1985 Dept. of National Archives, Sri Lanka. Available from Lake House Bookshop, 100 Sir Chittampalam Gardiner Mawatha, Colombo 2, Sri Lanka. pp. 119 Rs. 300

The Indian Style Raymond Head

Over the last twenty years the influence of European architecture in India has been thoroughly explored in a number of books. An analysis of India's architectural contribution to the West is thus to be warmly welcomed, and Head's book is valuable for several reasons. He has not been side-tracked by the greater impact of Chinoiserie, always more decorative than structural and he carries his researches beyond 1947, in fact right up to Hollein's Rajasthani pavilion erected in Vienna in 1978. While Brighton Pavilion is given its due, it does not overshadow equally important buildings, starting with George Dances' London Guildhall of 1788. It explores in depth, for the first time

the work of Indian craftsmen in Europe and America and examines the 'Fantasy and Illusion' of the cinemas of the 20's and 30's where Hindu temple architecture was thought (oddly enough), to be appropriate for these 'dream palaces'. Of particular interest to BACSA members will be the tomb of Raja Ram Mohun Roy in the Arnos Vale Cemetery Bristol. The Indian scholar and reformer died during a visit to England in 1833 and at first a temporary stone slab marked his grave. Ten years later his friend Dwarkanath Tagore commissioned a more suitable monument from the East India merchant William Prinsep. Consisting of a simple chattri, it was carved by a Bristol mason and was the first use in Britain of the Indian style to symbolise an Indian's association with his homeland. A second commemorative column in Kensal Green Cemetery marks the tomb of Dabode Dawajee who died in 1861. Carved in red sandstone with Indian motifs and topped with a lotus, its sculptor has never been identified. The unusual photographs have been well chosen and Head's book makes a handsome present for any-one who enjoys wandering through Britain with their eyes open for the unusual and exotic.

1986 Allen & Unwin pp 210 £18.50

The London Magazine, edited by BACSA member Alan Ross, deserves to be better known. Probably one of the best arts magazines published in Britain since the War, it contains critical articles on music, film and books and also publishes short stories and poetry. It reflects both traditional and avant-garde ideas and work and is a bargain at £12.50 a year for twelve issues. Subscriptions to London Magazine 30 Thurloe Place, London SW 7

The RS Surtees Society have had the happy idea of reprinting facsimilies of Rudyard Kipling's books, first published in the Indian Railway Library series started in 1888. Soldiers Three and The Story of the Gadsbys are ready this Autumn, to be followed by his five remaining books. Cover illustrations are by Kipling's father, Lockwood, and Philip Mason, C.I.E., O.B.E., has provided the Forewords. Details from the Hon. Mrs. Robert Pomeroy, Rockfield House, Nunney, nr. Frome, Somerset.

Bombay Buccaneers is the title of BACSA's latest book to be launched on 2 October 1986 at our AGM. Edited by Commander Jack Hastings, it tells the story of the Royal Indian Navy seen through the eyes of the men who served in it between 1927 and Independence. With over twenty black and white illustrations, it is available from BACSA at £7.50.

Detective Inspector Roger Tucker is a collector of Police Insignia and as such is anxious to obtain badges of the Police Forces of India, Burma and Ceylon prior to 1948. He is willing to pay for such items, or make donations to BACSA. As he points out, it is a sad fact of life that such items are treasured by their owners but often mean very little to the next of kin. More information can be obtained from Roger Tucker at 17, Kingsway Drive, Kidlington, Oxford.

BACSA BOOKS: A series of books, starting in 1981, about the lives of Europeans in South Asia; written by BACSA members, published by BACSA through a member- sponsorship scheme, with a wider public in mind. (Postage and packing averaged at 75p per item, available from the Secretary, Theon Wilkinson)

Send Malcolm: the Life of Major General Sir John Malcolm 1769-1833

Rodney Pasley

A friend of the Duke of Wellington, first Ambassador to the Shah of Tehran, fought in major battles in Western India, resettled conquered districts and was appointed Governor of Bombay. Illustrated.

1982 pp 198 £7.50

Morning Drum John Christie

The life story of an ICS officer between 1929-1947, first in Bengal, then in Delhi and on the staff of three Viceroys; finally 'staying-on' in business capacities in Delhi and Kanpur. Illustrated.

1983 pp 155 £7.50

The Gordon Greeds in Afghanistan ed. William Trousdale

The memoirs of father and son in the first and second Afghan wars. Illustrated.

1984 pp 210 £7.50

The Fighting Ten Evelyn Desiree Battye

The story of the famous ten Battye brothers in the last half of the 19th century, with a Foreword by Major General Goff Hamilton; featured on 'Timewatch'

1984 pp 250 £7.50

On Honourable Terms: the Memoirs of some Indian Police Officers: 1915-1948

ed. Martin Wynne

The training and life career of a police officer as recalled by over twenty men (and a few of their wives) who served between them in the nine main Provinces of the sub-continent.

1985 pp 250 £7.50

Peacock Dreams Bill Tydd

The reminiscences of a Police Officer in Burma, 1929-1942.

1986 pp 208 £7.50

Bombay Buccaneers: memories and reminiscences of the Royal Indian Navy

ed. Commander DJ Hastings (see p. 77)

1986 (October) pp 250 £7.50

And Then Garhwal Audrey Baylis

First published by BACSA, 1981; reprinted privately by the author.

1983 pp 216 £8.85

A Squire of Hindoostan Narindar Saroop

The story of Lieut. Col. William Gardner who raised Gardner's Horse. Printed in India; the author has given BACSA total proceeds.

1983 pp 178 £5.00



Books and Booklets on records, MI's and biographical details of Europeans in Asia. (Postage and packing averaged at 30p an item)

South Parks Street Cemetery Calcutta by 'APHCI'

1978 pp 20 £1.00

French Cemetery, Calcutta Basil Labouchardiere

Comprehensive record (1786-1847) of the cemetery which was 'cleared' in 1977.

1983 pp 28 £2.50

Chiang Mai 'De Mortuis' the story of the Foreign Cemetery R. Wood

1980 pp 40 £1.50

Burma Register of European Deaths and Burials RE McGuire et al

MI's and biographical notes from earliest European period to 1947.

1983 (2nd edition) pp 200 £8.50

Pollibetta, Coorg: burials at Christ Church, 1892-1962

Typescript of burial register with index of names, plus notes

1985 pp 18 £1.00

Malacca - Christian Cemeteries and Memorials Alan Harfield

Complete photographic survey of Fort Cemetery plus photos of St. Pauls Cemetery St. Pauls Hill, etc. The earliest tombs date from the 1560's (Portuguese), the Dutch from the 1650's and the British from 1816.

1984 (2nd edition) pp 82 £7.50

Bencoolen: the Christian Cemetery and the Fort Marlborough Monuments

Alan Harfield

Brings together all that is recorded about the British graves in this little-known settlement, on the west coast of Sumatra between 1685 and 1825.

1985 pp 112 £7.50 (non-members £9.00)

Kacheri Cemetery, Kanpur: a complete list of inscriptions with notes on those buried there. Zoe Yalland

Comprehensive list of all the epitaphs at Kacheri Cemetery which presently exist, or which have been known to exist.

1985 pp 140 £7.50 (non-members £9.00)

The journal of BACSA, 'Chowkidar' is published each Spring and Autumn, with articles, queries and book reviews. Each series of five issues is bound in a volume with an index: Vol. 1 (1977-79) @ £1.00. Vol. 2 (1980-82) @ £2.00. Vol. 3 (1982-84) @ £2.00. 30p extra for each volume for postage and packing.

* * * * *