



# CHOWKIDAR

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Editor: Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR CEMETERIES IN SOUTH ASIA (BACSA)

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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.

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THE GUIDES CHAPEL, MARDAN

On Sunday 5th April 1987 the Centenary of the Corps of Guides Chapel was celebrated in Mardan at a service attended by some 150 visitors, from the United Kingdom as well as various parts of the North West Frontier of Pakistan. Sue Farrington was present and she has compiled the following report.

'It dawned a brilliant sunny Spring day, and the chapel looked as immaculate as it must have done a hundred years earlier when its builder, Colonel Robert Hutchinson, would have been putting the finishing touches to his creation. He would have been proud of the scrubbed headstones and paths which now surround the chapel, and from his own plot in the old cemetery near the Commandant's House, astonished at the large turn out, and reception given to the congregation by the Punjab Regimental Centre. The service was conducted by the Norwegian Pastor, the Reverend Keir Valle, and the Bishop of Peshawar, Bishop Khair-ud-din, in Urdu, Pushtu and English. After an address by the Bishop, three plaques were unveiled, including one in memory of her husband, General Goff Hamilton, by Mollie Hamilton, better known as the author MM Kaye. Below the English inscription of this plaque were a few lines in Urdu which translated read: 'Death may take me away, but I live on with my true friends. Ask not where my tomb lies, you will find me among my comrades'.

Wreaths were then laid at the Foundation Stone set into the east wall outside, to the accompaniment of the Last Post played by buglers of the Punjab Regiment. By now the temperature had risen, and the congregation moved to the most welcome shamianas erected just outside the churchyard. While the senior guests, including several widows and and retired British officers who had made the long journey, were taken on a tour of the old cemetery, the Commandant's House and the Mess, the remaining one hundred or so guests were entertained by a band of the Punjab Regiment, and served reviving cold drinks by immaculately pugri-ed Mess staff. This was followed by an excellent lunch, and it was with reluctance that late in the afternoon, the celebrations ended and everyone dispersed, several via the chapel for some moments of reflection on all that had elapsed in the past one hundred years.

The tremendous efforts of Miss Karen Nielsen and Captain Roderick Goldsworthy to make this celebration become a reality should be recorded. It was a remarkable collaborative effort between the various Christian communities, the Pakistan Army who were the most charming and hospitable hosts, and many Muslim supporters which should set up the Guides Chapel well in preparation for its next one hundred years.

یہ کوٹا نے جو ہمیں ان سے کہا وہ وقت آگیا کہ اپنی آدم جہاں پائے میں تم سے پسو کتا  
ہوں کہ جب تک گھیسوں کا دائرہ زمین پر گر کر میرے میں جاتا آگیا رہتا ہے لیکن جب ہم جاتا  
ہے تو بہت سا پھیل لاتا ہے۔ جو اپنی جان کو عزیز رکھتا ہے۔

Above: The Gospel according to St. John Chapter 12, verse 23 in Urdu read at the Guides Chapel Centenary Service. See also p. 107

## THE MAIL BOX

Perhaps some of the saddest cases BACSA deals with are those where a grave has been irretrievably lost and no memorial remains to mark the last resting place of some-one who worked and died in the East. When such an event occurs and is coupled with a royal connection, the unfolding story becomes both poignant and intriguing. Chowkidar has already noted the Fitzclarenc family in India (see Vol. 1, No. 1 p.3) but we were grateful to receive a reminder of another Fitzclarenc whose career in India was shrouded in mystery. The five Fitzclarenc brother were the illegitamate sons of William IV by Mrs. Dorothea Jordan. One entered the Navy, one the Church of England and the remaining three brothers entered the army in India. Of the three, the one who held the highest rank was Lieutenant General Lord Frederick, who became Commander in Chief of the Bombay Army and died at Purandhar near Poona in 1854. His memorial was still visible in 1943. George, the second brother was created Earl of Munster in 1831, shortly after his father's accession to the throne. He committed suicide in 1842 in England. But the third brother, Henry was a more shadowy character. He was omitted altogether from Burke's Peerage and Lodge's Peerage notes him first as a Captain RN who died in 1818 though this was later corrected to 87th Foot and the date of death to 1817.

It was Sir Evan Cotton, the distinguished Calcutta historian who first attempted to solve the mystery of Henry's death. He had noted a reference by Emma Roberts to 'a broken column at Allahabad' which marked 'the resting place of a Fitzclarenc'. With his usual meticulousness Cotton wrote to the Chaplain of Allahabad who reported that not only was there no 'broken column' but no relevant entry in the burial register. A relative could not help either, saying that to the best of his knowledge Henry had been drowned at sea though he gave no further details. Gradually Henry's career was pieced together. After serving as an officer in the 10th Hussars in the Peninsula War he was sent to India as a Lieutenant in the 22nd Dragoons in 1814, under the sponsorship of the Governor General, the Marquess of Hastings. Henry became an ADC to Sir Thomas Hislop, Commander in Chief at Madras, though he seems to have been stationed at Bangalore. The first positive news of his death appeared in the Calcutta Gazette of 18 September 1817 and reported that Henry had died at Allahabad 'on the evening of the 2nd instant, whilst on his progress to the Upper Provinces'. The sad news was confirmed by an entry in the Governor General's own diary on 2nd September: 'I have been pained by the death of Lieut. Henry Fitzclarenc. He was a mild, amiable young man, earnest in seeking information and in improving himself by study. He sunk under the fourth day of a fever...This day we have passed the fort of Allahabad'.

In 1946 our correspondent Lieutenant General Stanley Menezes visited the old Kydganj cemetery there but found no discernible trace of the Fitzclarenc tomb. 'The remains of this forgotten son of a King of England are now resting in an unknown spot at Allahabad, unmarked even by the "broken column" which once commemorated the fact'. Some years ago an Intermediate School was built over the old cemetery,

thus sealing for ever a lonely royal grave.

\* \* \* \* \*

An interesting reminder of the hazards faced by members of the East India Company even after they had left India's shores came recently from a very unlikely source - an article in 'The Motorist' by Chris Hoare. In it he details the strange fate of the three-masted East Indiaman 'Grosvenor' which went aground in the early hours of 4 August 1782 while returning to England. The accident happened on the Wild Coast of Transkei, Southern Africa and the remaining survivors, receiving no help from the unfriendly natives, decided to walk to the Cape which they mistakenly thought was nearby. In fact they were about 600 miles away and set out unarmed with only the meagre rations that had drifted ashore from the wreck. Food ran out immediately and the party were harrassed by locals who would sometimes confront survivors and simply cut the metal buttons off their coats. Many of the group fell ill and were left to die. Others lived on wild fruit, mussels and dead fish. They travelled under constant threat from wild animals.

Months later six castaways reached the Cape on foot. A rescue expedition was immediately launched, but only another twelve survivors were ever found, though there were persistent rumours of white women living among the natives. A hundred years later a small number of gold and silver coins were recovered from the site of the wreck which led people to think the 'Grosvenor' was a treasure ship. Many weird and wonderful attempts were subsequently made to explore the wreck - one bizarre scheme involved tunnelling to it, in 1921 and the entrance to the tunnel can still be seen. Other efforts included an unfinished breakwater round the supposed site, rock-blasting, exploration by giant crane and even the intervention of a medium. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was actually asked to enlist the help of Sherlock Holmes, whom many believed to be a real person, to solve the riddle of the ship. No more than a few cannons have ever been found and the fate of the 'Grosvenor' and the majority of her survivors remains a mystery to this day.

On the other side of the world, at Hankow in China, a young man succumbed to the all too common complaint of dysentery, caused by bad water, and was buried in the English Cemetery there on 3 August 1865. Robert Dence's death was all the sadder because of the early promise he had shown. Born in 1838, he was educated in Brixton and was renowned for his affability, kindness and gentleness. On leaving school he entered his father's business as a tea-broker at 1, Mincing Lane, London and fired by the idea that China held good prospects for tea buyers, agreed to work for the firm of Holliday, Wise & Co. in Hankow. Before setting out he became engaged to a young lady, whom he had known for several years. His career in China was successful and he was highly appreciated by his employers, but nevertheless Robert longed to return to England when his five year contract was complete and he began 'to count the remaining hours of his banishment'. Within three weeks of his expected departure for home, his family



received a garbled telegram 'Bence died Hongkong third' the words 'Dence' and 'Hankow' being mutilated in transmission. Robert's mother and fiancée never recovered from the tragic news and a descendant A.C. Dence asks if the grave might still survive. Sadly we know that all European cemeteries have been razed in China, though copies of some burial registers may still exist and enquiries are in progress.

'The Ghost of Garhwal' was the topic of a recent article marking this year's centenary of the Garhwal Regiment, celebrated in the picturesque little cantonment of Lansdowne. During the first World War the Royal Garhwal Rifles left to fight in France accompanied by their Adjutant, only identified as 'Captain X'. He was a man whose life centred round the Regiment and his devotion to his men, from whom however he demanded efficiency and a meticulous turn out. While the Garhwalis distinguished themselves at Neuve Chapelle they also suffered heavy casualties, among them Captain X. A couple of years later when the depleted Regiment had returned to Lansdowne, a guest night was held and it was then that the spectre first appeared and was seen by men on guard duty and British officers. Motionless, on a white horse, the ghostly Captain was challenged by a sentry who fired in panic as horse and rider disappeared. But the apparition helped considerably to raise the morale of the men and their initial terror turned to one of pride that Captain X had cared enough for them to return from the dead.

Another story involving the supernatural has been sent in from Texas, by Jane Manaster who came across it in the unpublished memoirs of Constance White, daughter of an ICS judge and mother of the novelist T.H. White. A man working in a district in the north of the Bombay Presidency was offered a transfer to Nasik, and both he and his wife were pleased. Then one night the wife had a nightmare, which she drew for the man next morning, a sketch showing a grave with her name on the headstone, and she asked him to refuse the position if the cemetery had a stone wall surrounding it as in her dream. He travelled to see it, saw only a hedge, so they went to live there. Soon after she died. A friend photographed the grave, which looked just like the sketch...and there was a surrounding wall. Apparently a gardener had cleared an overgrown section after the husband's visit and this had revealed a short stretch of wall previously covered with shrubs and grass. Is this a wellknown story? asks our correspondent, or an apocryphal one that appears from time to time set in different locations?

Coming back to the present Chowkidar is always interested to receive newspaper articles on cemeteries in the East and Indian reporters have recently given in depth coverage to two of them. Firstly the Kacheri Cemetery, Cawnpore (Kanpur) where due credit is paid to BACSA and to Zoë Yalland who almost single-handedly has brought this 'feather in the city's cap' to the notice of its townspeople. It remains today, the article concludes 'as reminiscence of the glorious past of the city for the oncoming generation as a beautiful landscape of historical curiosity and tourist interest'. The second cutting from the new Calcutta paper 'The Metropolitan' carried three pages of exquisite

photographs of South Park Street and the Tollygunge cemeteries of Calcutta. More importantly the text details the vandalism at the latter, the poor pay of the resident staff (Rs. 250 per month only for a grave digger) and alerts the city to the continuing loss of some of its finest assets.

'What a pity Spence's Hotel, at one time the oldest hotel in the British Empire (outside the UK) has closed its doors - at least it had in September 1978 when I was last in Calcutta' writes our old friend Roy Hudson, from Thailand. 'A few years ago someone claimed that the Strand Hotel in Rangoon was the first hotel east of Suez to employ British barmaids. I was able to refute this suggestion, as Spence's had British barmaids in its earliest years and they helped to make the hotel a very lively place according to one source. If there are any references to articles or books about Spence's Hotel I would be very glad to learn about them'. Indeed it is high time that some-one with a taste for good food and service brought out a book on 'Hotels of the British Empire'. This at least would have saved your Editor the recent embarrassment of setting out gaily for Firpo's on Calcutta's Chowringhee only to be told that she was 'twenty years too late'. Perhaps we can however, with the help of BACSA members, establish whether Spence's was indeed the oldest Empire Hotel.

#### BACSA AND THE HERMES

What is the connection between the Aircraft-Carrier HERMES of Falkland fame and BACSA? The link is the Indian Navy which has just taken delivery of HERMES - now renamed VIRAAT (Massive) - and through the Indian Navy the former Royal Indian Navy and the book BACSA published, Bombay Buccaneers, on its history with memoirs of a number of its officers, 1927-1947. On the launch of our book at the annual luncheon of the Royal Indian Navy (1612 - 1947) Association last year, an invitation was received to go aboard the Aircraft-Carrier when it was re-commissioned; a promise fulfilled on 2 July this year when Mr. and Mrs. 'Hon Sec' along with an RIN party including Commander Jack Hastings and Lieutenant Commander Arthur King - both BACSA members - plus a group of UK based families of crew went to Portland Bay for the outing.

It was a gorgeous summer day, not a cloud or a ripple of wave as we went out in Landing Craft to be piped aboard and greeted in royal fashion. We were shown around the various decks, given a breath-taking demonstration of helicopter exercises, taken out into the channel for a short cruise and entertained to a magnificent curry lunch from huge 'dekchies' to cater for every taste. It was a truly memorable occasion and all the time we were surrounded by smart and smiling members of the 700 crew who were so obviously proud of this latest acquisition to their navy. To top it all, BACSA has received an order from the Indian Navy for forty copies of Bombay Buccaneers for distribution to Education Officers so that the young sailors will read of the deeds of their predecessors in the Service. (TCW)

## CAN YOU HELP?

In 1807 a young Scotsman set out for Bombay to take up the post of junior writer in the East India Company. Theodore Forbes was one of the many 'second sons' who had to seek their fortunes outside Britain, not being in the direct line to inherit the family homes. He was more fortunate than most of his contemporaries, as a branch of the family had already established themselves in Bombay as businessmen and he himself had been trained in mercantile accounts in Aberdeen. Three years after his arrival he was posted to Surat as Deputy Post Master and it was here that he met Eliza Kuvork, daughter of a wealthy Armenian family residing there. Theodore and Eliza began a relationship that was to last until the former's death in 1820 and which produced three natural children - Katherine, Alexander and Frazer. The couple were undoubtedly fond of each other. During frequent separations necessitated by Theodore's work, they corresponded in affectionate terms, Eliza referring to him as 'Honoured and Beloved Sir'. Why then did they not marry? It may be because Theodore had already fathered a natural son, named Frederick, before he left Scotland and possibly felt, at first that his loyalty lay towards Frederick's mother, Ann Macdonell. Or he may simply not have been 'the marrying kind' but he did conscientiously provide for all his children and the two mothers.

As was the custom among European families, Theodore took Katherine and Alexander to Scotland to be educated. (The younger boy, Frazer had died in infancy.) It was on the return journey to India that Theodore developed a fatal illness and wrote his last Will and Testament on board the 'Blendon Hall'. Eliza inherited an income of Rs. 20 per month and is later tentatively identified with 'a Mrs. Farbessian, who is named as being among the half-dozen richest Armenians in Bombay or Surat in the 1820s'. The name Farbessian seems to be an Armenianized version of Forbes. Eliza's great-great grand-daughter, Joan Holland wonders if her tomb still survives in the Armenian Cemetery at Surat and if anything else is known about this loyal and enterprising woman.

Another long lasting relationship between a couple from different races was that of Lieutenant General Samuel Need and his Indian bibi, whose name is unfortunately now lost. Three children were born to the couple, Walter, John and Catherine and the two boys were baptized in Meerut in 1812. After the Indian bibi's death, Samuel Need married again, in India to a Scots girl and had five more children, but it is the descendants of Walter Need that our correspondent Margaret Gill wishes to trace. Chowkidar's Editor has been able to establish that Walter Need became a Lieutenant in Lucknow in 1841. He was killed during the 1857 up-rising but left a son, also called Walter. Margaret Gill thought Walter Need jr. may have become Principal of La Martiniere College, Lucknow but a recent enquiry shows this not to have been the case. Where did he go, did he too have a family and are there any descendants still in India? A great nephew of Walter Need jr., Dr. James Walter Johnstone-Need now in his eighties, would be grateful for any news as letters to India have provided no information.

Another 'genealogical problem', this time from Singapore is posed by Elaine Wiltshire. On 4th January 1847 Thomas Dunman, Commissioner of Police, Singapore married Mary Ann Esther Crane when she was just sixteen. Thomas and Mary had nine children and returned to England in 1871. Mary outlived her husband by nearly forty years, dying at the ripe old age of ninety-five, in 1926. But the mystery starts when we learn that Thomas Dunman already had two sons before his marriage to Mary, though he described himself as a bachelor on his wedding-day. The two boys were John Scott Dunman born about 1841 and James Scott, born about 1846, both in Singapore. The boys were sent to England to be brought up by Thomas' sister Eliza, who lived in Kensington, but neither are mentioned in their father's Will, nor do the Singapore records give any details of their mother. Ideas on other lines of enquiry would be appreciated by our correspondent.

The loneliness of remote Indian postings is sometimes forgotten in these days of speedy communications, but it took its toll on earlier generations of Britons, often isolated up-country, miles from their fellow countrymen. One such victim was Thomas Carr of the Indian Forest Service who shot himself at Senapani, Uttar Pradesh on 19 December 1914, aged thirty-four years. In a letter of condolence, the Lieutenant Governor of the State (then the United Provinces) wrote: 'It was a sad occasion in the history of the fine service, to which he belonged and which has thus lost another of its brilliant members - a victim to the sickness and loneliness which attend their labours. His sudden death has been so great a shock to all his friends. To his mother it must be some solace to know that almost his last thoughts were of her'. Thomas was buried at Tanakpur, though a monument over his grave was not erected until 1917. A colleague later described his resting place as 'very simple and very nice. The garden in which it is situated belonged to the civil authorities, but I have since got them to give it over to me. The grave will thus be on Forest Department land and be properly tended and cared for'. The monument was a cross of Italian marble standing on steps with a large slab of local stone. Now Thomas' niece, Mrs. G. Saw Yin Barns wonders if the stone still survives and if so what condition it is in.

A more recent but equally tragic death was that of James Murray Scoular who died on 18th August 1946. After being a POW, James Scoular returned to Malaya to re-organise a firm he represented, leaving his wife and young son to follow in a few months time. He died in an accident and was buried in the Civilian Cemetery, Kuala Lumpur. His widow was never able to visit the tomb, but a friend had a stone slab erected over the grave in the early 1960s with the simple inscription 'I thank God of every remembrance of you'. His widow, through a friend and long-standing BACSA member, Daphne Clay, would be so grateful for reassurance that the tomb is still in good order.

Members may also be able to help with three brief queries:

John William Hanson was a Troop Serjeant of the 11th Light Dragoons and died on 17 July 1832 at Landaur, Uttar Pradesh. Any information about him would be welcomed by a descendant Mr. L.E. Edwards.

Lieutenant James Pembroke served at Lucknow 1860, Moradabad 1864 and Multan 1868-1876; his daughter Catherine Louise Pembroke was born in 1865 and married in St. Joseph's RC Church, Rawalpindi 28 December 1887. Her brother Charles Herbert Pembroke was resident in Ambala in 1897. Catherine's husband was George Joseph Rogers, born about 1860 and Superintendent of the Residency Office at Srinagar from 1891 to about 1919. Their son George Denzil Rogers, our enquirer's father was born on 23 May 1897 and served in the 2/Lt. 40th Pathan Infantry from 1918-1920. Any details of those named above would be welcomed by Peter Rogers.

Robert Jarman, who is based at Doha in the Arabian Gulf is writing a history of the Christian Cemeteries in Bahrain and Qatar and would appreciate any help members could give him on people who may be buried there. \* \* \* \* Letters for those requesting information through our Secretary Theon Wilkinson please.

Several years ago Pat Barr, the author and BACSA member published a book entitled The Memsahibs about Victorian women in India. She has now been commissioned by her publishers, Hamish Hamilton, to write a similar book about British women in India from Edwardian times to Independence. To bring coherence to such an unwieldy subject, she intends to concentrate on the following: a) women working in India, teachers, doctors, missionaries, governesses etc. b) women working alongside their menfolk as planters, tradespeople etc. c) women (whether married or single) who took an active part in some aspect of Indian life - education, religion, the struggle for Independence d) women who had particularly exciting/harrowing experiences in India during the second World War. Pat Barr will be studying material available in Libraries and archives but hopes to draw upon unpublished letters/journals etc. and first-hand accounts by women who lived in India at the time. If members can help in any way, by providing or suggesting source materials and/or talking to her personally about their experiences, she will be most grateful. Please contact her at: 6 Mount Pleasant, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 2DG tel: 0603 55544.

BACSA gets all kinds of requests for information and services, some of which we have to turn down, but we think members may be able to help in the following cases: Christopher Shewen, a third generation BACSA member (his late grandfather, then his father were members), is the largest specialist dealer in Japanese swords in Britain. He is anxious to purchase more, as well as daggers, armour, helmets and other related items including second World War officers' swords. He has generously agreed to make a substantial donation to BACSA on any sales effected through this advertisement. Please contact him at Well Cottage, Lowton, Nr. Taunton, Somerset.

John King is an Indian Railway enthusiast and is after unwanted tickets or timetables, particularly a copy of Newman's Indian Railway Bradshaw c. 1930 and tickets from minor railways though all are of interest, including recent tickets. Please contact him at: 174 Hangleton Road, Hove, Sussex BN3 7L5

#### THE GOLLEDGE FAMILY

Photographs arrived recently of a sturdy family tomb in South Park Street Cemetery, Calcutta. Long before BACSA came on the scene, Stephen Golledge had got the tomb (to Isaac Golledge) restored in 1954 before his departure for England. He first became aware of his family's Indian connections from William Hickey's Memoirs, which mention a Mr. Golledge coming aboard Hickey's ship to guide it up the Hoogly to Calcutta. It was after the second World War that Stephen Golledge discovered the tomb of his ancestors and was able to confirm from records at the old India Office that Isaac Golledge had been employed by the East India Company. Isaac had a house at the corner of Chowringhee and Entally Road, Calcutta, probably where Whiteaways Store was later built. He had a Bengali *bibi* by whom his first child was a daughter (of dark colour).



" CHOWKIDAR "

" SAHIB - IDHAR BAHOUT  
THANDA HAI. "

A splendid Chowkidar  
forwarded through  
Ian Page.

Provision was made for the next child, if a son and sufficiently light in colour, to be sent home for education. But Isaac was dead before the boy was born, and his friends had to carry out his wishes. If the son was schooled in England, he obviously returned to India since the Calcutta tomb marks his resting place too. This year Stephen Golledge and his son, were able to research the English side of the family at Batcombe in Somerset. There they found Batcombe Church contains a flag-stone in the nave to a Golledge who died about 1800, possibly brother to the more adventurous Isaac. (See p. 108)



Left: Theon Wilkinson at Buckingham Palace on 17 March 1987 after receiving the MBE from HM the Queen, for services to BACSA, with Rosemarie

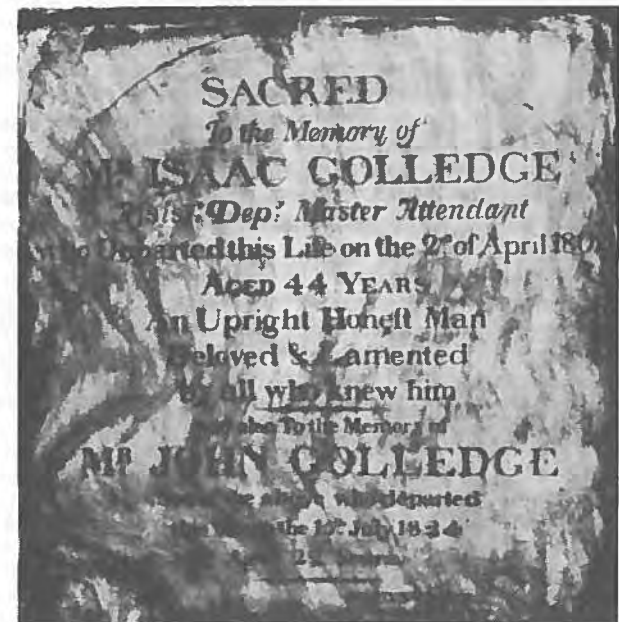
Right: The Golledge family tomb at South Park Street Cemetery, Calcutta in 1954. (See p. 106)



Below: Close-up of the inscription



Centenary celebration at the Guides Chapel, Mardan. (See p. 98)



## GOOD AND BAD NEWS FROM INDIA

To those who visit India frequently it sometimes seems that for every step forward BACSA takes, local apathy takes two backwards. In this year alone both our Chairman Michael Stokes, and Chowkidar's Editor, have been appalled at the condition of Rajpur Cemetery, Delhi. The walled site has been so heavily encroached upon that some of the remaining tombs can only be viewed by entering the compounds of illegally encroached squatters. The area is under the protection of the Archaeological Survey of India but legal measures to evict the squatters and save the tombs have only just started, though encroachment began in 1966. Indian bureaucracy can still move in a byzantine fashion. It is good to know however that India's newspapers are fully aware of the problems. A long, illustrated article entitled 'Thriving on Land of Dead' in 'The Statesman' this Spring, highlighted the condition of the cemetery in a very sympathetic manner.

On a positive note, it is good to report that the Residency Cemetery, Lucknow is being completely and sensitively restored by the Archaeological Survey. In particular, the tomb of Sir Henry Lawrence, which was giving especial concern (see Chowkidar Vol. 4 No. 5) has been brought back to pristine condition and a BACSA wreath was laid on it last month.

## AUSTRALIAN BICENTENARY

Two hundred years ago next year the first convict ship landed at Botany Bay, Australia, bringing with it a motley collection of unfortunate Englishmen and women condemned to perpetual exile for often trivial offences. For years the convicts' descendants regarded their origins in Australia as a matter for shame. Only within the last decade has the desire to learn more of these involuntary pioneers become an important theme in present day society. Genealogy is booming down-under as its population delves back into the past. It is therefore highly appropriate that the First International Congress on Family History should be held in Sydney, Australia next year, from 18th to 23rd October 1988. Elizabeth Simpson of 2 Stella Grove, Tollerton, Notts is acting as the British based co-ordinator of the Congress and she is arranging travel to and from Australia during its bi-centenary celebrations. There are hundreds of Britons with kin in Australia, we are reminded, and this is a chance for us to visit them at concessionary rates, not normally available, which probably will not come again in our life-times. BACSA members seeking more details should write to Elizabeth Simpson.

## CORRECTION

In the Spring edition of Chowkidar we wrongly stated that the Rev. J.W. Adams was the only clergyman to win the Victoria Cross as a result of his gallantry at Kabul in 1879. The National Army Museum have kindly pointed out that whereas he was the first clergyman to be thus decorated, there were in fact, five other awards to Church members.

## BACSA BOOKS (books by BACSA members)

### The Golden Oriole Raleigh Trevelyan

This book covers a huge canvas - nostalgic, romantic and occasionally chilling - and its picture of India across two centuries alternates between the brightest and most sombre colours. It is long but immensely readable, despite the complexity of its structure. Raleigh Trevelyan made five journeys through the subcontinent within the space of seven years to gather his material. During these he visited both the scenes of his early childhood, from the Andamans to Gilgit, and many of the places in which members of his large and distinguished family and others connected with it, had helped to build and administer British India. The result is a highly unusual blend of autobiography, history and travel narrative - the fruit of years of research and thousands of miles of often uncomfortable travel. His vivid and often amusing accounts of the latter will strike chords in anyone who has ever ventured off the tourist beat. Although he covers historical and other ground which will be familiar to most BACSA readers, the author has incorporated much fresh and hitherto unpublished material, on for instance, the siege of Cawnpore, the events leading up to the Amritsar shootings of 1919 (particularly fascinating, this) and a graphic account of the 1935 Quetta earthquake as his parents experienced it.

The writer's ability to portray character can be seen to particular advantage in his affectionate portrait of his remarkable mother - an attractive but restless person who was quite unable to settle to contentment life. Trevelyan's gifts as a novelist can be shown by his evocation of the atmosphere of faint menace and secrecy surrounding certain people and events, of which he was occasionally half-aware as a child, the reasons for which he has now been able to establish. The text is well supported by excellent illustrations, maps, family trees and an index, the last two of which are essential, because of the intricate contrapuntal form of the whole work. Those who read it will find that this book has a strong individual flavour, which will linger most pleasantly on the palate of any reader who grew up or worked in British India and which will appeal to many who did not. (MS)

Secker & Warburg 1987 £16.95 pp 536

### Bishop Sahib Derrick Hughes

This is a biography of Reginald Heber, who from 1823 to 1826 was Bishop of Calcutta. He was the second Bishop, having succeeded his undistinguished pioneer, Bishop Middleton. His jurisdiction was the whole sub-continent, with Ceylon, Australia and New Zealand thrown in for good measure. He went to Calcutta from the country parish of Hodnet in Cheshire, a family living of which his elder brother Richard, MP for Oxford, was patron; but Reginald had made a mark more widely, as a Bampton Lecturer, as a preacher of Lincoln's Inn, as the author of a Life of Jeremy Taylor, and as the writer of a large number of hymns (of which 'From Greenland's icy mountains' is the most familiar,



but by no means the best). His brief episcopate, cut short by drowning in a swimming-bath in Trichinopoly, was most notable. (In these days of instant communication, it is salutary to read that it took four months for the news of his sudden death to reach England). More than half the tenure of his vast see was spent in a sixteen-month tour, with a remarkable retinue, from Calcutta up to Ganges Valley to Delhi, and then through Rajputana to Bombay. The record of his tour was kept in a Journal, which was prepared for publication by his widow Amelia in 1828, and which was an enormous popular success, influential reviewers from different political standpoints finding it 'instructive, important and delightful'. The events of that tour form a large and vivid part of Mr. Hughes' biography. As Bishop Heber encouraged the construction of churches in most stations which lacked one, many of the cemeteries in north and west India, which are BACSA's concern today must date from Heber's time. Bishop Heber was a remarkable man; intellectually (he was a Fellow of All Souls), physically and spiritually. Mr. Hughes, who has first-hand knowledge of India, has written a most readable account of his life and work. It incidentally throws much light on what Company rule was like 160 years ago. (BSS)

Churchman Publishing (or through BACSA) 1987 £6.95

#### Changes of Address Lee Langley

This is a most unusual novel by a BACSA author. It is the story of a monster - the narrator's mother, nicknamed Moti. Moti was an officer's wife in India, in the 1930s. She leaves her husband and home in Cawnpore, takes her nine-year old daughter with her and sets out through northern India with no other purpose than to have a good time. She doesn't 'go native' - she despises Indians and never bothers to learn more than a few words of kitchen Hindustani. Riots and political events are merely an inconvenience. A 'good time' is drifting from one elegant bar to another, nice restaurants, plush hotels and always a new man to keep her for a while, introduced to her daughter Maggie as another Uncle. Moti was not a prostitute in the usual sense, but she accepted money, accommodation and drink from men as long as they amused her. In return she gave them herself, for longer or shorter periods. She was undoubtedly a witty and attractive woman. But the price her daughter had to pay was horrific. Dragged about, from hotels to Armenian boarding houses (when money was low) the couple often had to make moonlight flits, sometimes with literally only the clothes they stood up in. Reading *Alice in Wonderland* Maggie immediately identifies herself with the heroine who 'changes size, shape, identity, betrayed by familiar objects. Moti was a combination of Red Queen, Duchess and Mad Hatter: like them, she seemed ruled by a logic not available to the rest of us'. Maggie was often left to fend for herself and emerges as a female Kim - a child becoming wise in the ways of the bazaar. Unlike Kim her one desire is to go to school, to be normal and lead an ordered life. Her mother frustrates her at every turn, continually embarrasses her and removes her from every possible new friend or ally. Maggie has exorcised the demon of

of Moti at last, in this novel, but the pain it caused is evident. It is a shocking story - shocking in Moti's total indifference to the country where she lived and its people, shocking in her behaviour which was the antithesis of decent, hard-working family-orientated lives led by the majority of India's Servants. But it is not a depressing book - lucid and beautifully written, as one would expect from an accomplished novelist - it is an often wryly amusing account that moves effortlessly through war time India - a brilliant evocation of low-life during the Raj.

William Collins 1987 £9.95 pp 175

#### The Non-Official British in India to 1920 Raymond Renford

Permission to trade in India was jealously guarded by the Honorable East India Company. In 1793 the number of non-official Europeans in Calcutta (and that included British, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese) was 583 with a mere 281 up-country in the mofussil. Some of these were bona fide traders, others illegal immigrants who had jumped ship and 'run the country'. But a Charter in 1833 gave the non-official British a right to live in India and from then on the numbers that came out to seek their fortune grew steadily until by 1881 they reached some 29,000. Shrewd men and enterprising pioneers they saw opportunities on every hand. Their greatest skill lay in their organising capacity. Whether supplying imported goods for the up-country market or in negotiating for the growth of indigo or taking on labour for the newly established tea gardens or setting up Agency Houses in Calcutta and maintaining links with London, they worked hard and prospered. Some were rogues whose names appear in notorious court cases but the majority settled down to establish family concerns that made a special contribution to the economic growth and development of the country.

Government and army circles tended to look down on the non-officials, dubbing them Box Wallahs and assuming that if a profit was made it could only have been at the expense and exploitation of the natives. But the non-officials saw themselves differently, as being more truly in touch with the people of the country. They were not subject to constant postings, they were able to put down roots and identify closely with the places where they lived. They were great committee members, forming self-help groups for every conceivable need of their local community. The officials might govern India and the army keep the peace but the non-officials argued, it was they who more than anyone understood the importance of co-operation with the Indians. In this book Renford has chosen to cover the whole spectrum, from the early days of the Company to 1920 - it is a pity he did not go a little further and take it to 1947 - using material from his thesis on the subject. As well as the many aspects of the business community, planting, commerce and industry, his survey also includes the influence and contribution made by missionaries, doctors, teachers, newspapermen, barristers and the railway community. The author describes how the community, in self protection against an often unsympathetic government, formed itself into the European Association, the Defence Association and into Chambers of Commerce. These pressure groups played

a recognised and influential role and their leaders were rewarded with knighthoods and honours in more recent years. This is an impressive work, most studiously and thoroughly researched, with detailed and meticulous notes, a valuable basis for serious reading or student research. The very fact that it is a comprehensive study limits the amount of human interest that could be included but the delightful incident recorded in the appendices when the Bihar Mounted Rifles planned to abduct the Viceroy if he forced through the dreaded Ilbert Bill gives a clue to the independent spirit of the non-officials and the high feelings that often lie behind the dry minutes of committee meetings. (ZY)

Oxford University Press 1987 Rs. 220 (Available from OUP London)

Encyclopedia of Indian Natural History R.E. Hawkins (ed.)

In 1883, the year Gordon was sent to Khartoum, eight gentlemen of Bombay met to form the Bombay Natural History Society. Its work of surveying, collecting and researching the flora and fauna of the sub-continent, and its well-known journal, have brought it international respect and it has now celebrated its centenary by bringing out a major publication in conjunction with OUP - this one-volume Encyclopedia. It is a delight. It covers, of course, the whole sub-continent, not India alone, and will be of use even further afield, since I cannot think of any work as compact as this which will, for instance, clarify 'Evolution' or 'Molluscs' (the drawings of shellfish are particularly good). Nor is the book too weighty to be used in the field, or by travellers to India who have felt the lack of handbooks on wild life. The book's sections are edited by scholars of repute, and there is a wealth of line drawings and diagrams, the initial letter of the alphabetical sections being charmingly illuminated by appropriate birds and beasts. With over 500 entries, and over 90 contributors, editorial control is important. But more has been achieved than the mere avoidance of scientific jargon. The prose is direct and pleasing throughout, clearing the mud even from the troubled waters of 'Classification' and 'Naming'. To pick one entry at random, how succinctly the 'Camel's foot climber' is described for us: 'Its deeply cleft leaves resemble the footprint of a camel, and are auctioned by the Forest Department as a wrapper for pan leaf. The pods twist open with a loud pop. The stems are used for making suspension bridges and ropes'. A key work, and visitors to the sub-continent will get it at the subsidised price of Rs. 245. (JHJ)

Oxford University Press 1986 Rs. 245 pp 620 (Available from OUP London)

Bhutan and the British Peter Collister

Bhutan has always suffered the indignity of being a buffer state, situated as it is between India to its south and Tibet to its north. Indeed, the first British mission, led by George Bogle of the Bengal Civil Service in 1774 regarded the country as a mere preliminary on the more exciting adventure to Tibet. But it is from Bogle's reports

that we gain an early and valuable picture of the land-locked medieval county, embroiled in internecine warfare. Constant bureaucratic delays and understandable suspicions of the emissaries from India's new master meant that many travellers spent considerably longer in Bhutan than they had anticipated. It was not until the hard-fought war of 1864-5, when the Bhutanese met British troops with bows and arrows that any kind of lasting dialogue was established between the two countries, and then it was naturally on an unequal footing since British India had annexed large tracts of Bhutanese land. Collister has meticulously traced the history of Anglo-Bhutanese relations but one must conclude that despite the 'Men of Vision' both Bhutanese and British, the former received the worst of a bad bargain, in spite of people like John Claude White, an outstanding example of 'the many lesser known administrators' who had a genuine love of the country even at the expense of grumbling from Calcutta. The book is extensively illustrated with excellent early photographs including some of King Ugyen Wangchuk, taken at Bumthang in 1905, where he is quite outnumbered by his female relatives, sturdy and unveiled women. It provides a useful reminder that Bhutan is not just an interesting adjunct to northern India.

Serindia Publications 1987 £16.50 pp 210

Hostages to India Herbert Stark

This book was 'required reading' for Anglo-Indians before 1947 and is a sorrowful indictment of their treatment at British and Indian hands. The earliest European soldiers, the Portuguese, were actively encouraged to seek Indian wives, in order to further trade links and spread the doctrine of Christianity through marriage. The East India Company of the 17th century so far approved, as to give a pagoda to each child born of such relationships. The names of adventurous Anglo-Indians ring through the history of the next century - the Gardners, Hearsays, Skinners, and Forsters. Their especial talents lay in bridging the divide between the rulers and the ruled through family connections and language. But discrimination began by the 1780s for a number of complex reasons. The author traced British jealousy, fear of a possible uprising, as had happened in Haiti and the increasing number of English women in India, which made mixed marriages 'superfluous' though they had been expedient enough earlier. A short review cannot do justice to the vicissitudes and struggles of the Anglo-Indians. Perhaps the saddest page is the last. If India was granted Dominion Status (remember this was written in 1926) Stark wrote 'England must demand and India must guarantee, that we are effectively protected as Citizens of India. We do not seek preferential treatment. We aspire to equal partnership'.

First published 1926 this facsimile reprinted by BACSA 1987 pp 143 £5.50 including postag and packing

The Khyber Connection - the furrow and the Raj Ashley Cooper

In 1977 a young farmer from the Home Counties visited India for six weeks and came home with the normal exhilaration that a first visit

to the sub-continent produces. Nothing unusual in that, nor in his subsequent determination to learn all he could of the country which had enthralled him briefly, as a tourist. But what is unusual about this book is the twist that his later explorations were to take. Talking to local people on the Suffolk-Essex border where he works, Cooper found that India had played a major role in the lives of many of his neighbours, from the old soldiers with their memories of cantonment life, to retired ICS officers and the memsahibs and children of the Raj. This is not however, just another collection of reminiscences, but an original and highly successful attempt to examine the impact of India on one small area of England. Cooper looks at 19th century editions of his local paper 'The Suffolk and Essex Free Press' to see how news of the 1857 up-rising filtered slowly through to the rural community whose sons and daughters were in India. He finds local exports sent abroad, including the splendid 'Elephant Plough' manufactured by Ransomes & May of Ipswich 'for use on sugar cane' and notes local firms dependant on Indian imports like W. Ames Ltd. of Sudbury who made matting from coir yarn. He has also found previously unpublished letters and diaries of neighbours who lived in India.

As news of the author's obsession grew, he found more and more links with India - in casual conversations over a hedgerow with retired soldiers, in mossy tombstones recording those who returned, in an old blanket crocheted at Lucknow in 1919 that kept its maker snug during many English winters. Cooper's book is one that merits the admiration of anyone remotely interested in India and is a work to be noted by historians, amateur and academic. He has examined an important piece of our recent past from a different angle, and has opened up a way of looking at India which had not been previously considered - her impact on the English, in England. There have to be very minor quibbles - his prose does not always flow like an experienced writer's, he makes a few simple mistakes in names, and his title is misleading - the Khyber plays only a small part in his discovery of our Indian connections. But it is precisely his rawness which makes this book so valuable. An historian would have tackled the subject, if he had thought of it, in a pedantic and fact-finding way, a trained journalist would probably have given up immediately. Cooper has ploughed a new furrow which yields a valuable crop and which should be followed by others in their own neighbourhoods.

1986 pp 240 £4.50 from the author at Hill Farm, Gestingthorpe, Hasstead, Essex, including postage and packing.

#### Beneath the Peacock Fan Marian Fowler

'You can't judge a book by its cover' runs the old aphorism but in this case the reader who shies away nervously from the Edwardian chocolate-box beauty on the dust-jacket, will be absolutely right. The author sets out to examine, from a quasi-feminist viewpoint, the lives of four fairly well-known Vicereines - Emily Eden, Charlotte Canning, Lady Lytton and Mary Curzon. (Emily Eden was of course sister to Lord Auckland, not wife, though her duties were those of Vicereine). Her thesis is the extent to which the four women sacrificed

themselves to India, through their husbands and brother - a sacrifice that in the case of Charlotte Canning, led to her early death in Calcutta. The Letters and Journals of the four are quoted extensively and to put them in context, there are brief sorties through the important events of 19th century India, like the 1857 up-rising and the first two Afghan wars. There is no reason why the lives of the Vicereines should remain exclusively the preserve of Indian historians, and the intent of this book is certainly well-meaning. The idea that many English women in India were suffocated in a strait-jacket of inertia, snobbishness and endless socialising that led to serious impairment of their mental and physical well-being, is perfectly valid. The fact that this strait-jacket was often self-sought and sometimes even welcomed adds more interest to the psychological make-up of the memsahibs. But this book fails to give either a new insight into the zenana-like world of the Vicereines or to add anything new about Victorian India. What we do get is a florid and emotive work - Barbara Cartland crossed with Freud, that is poorly illustrated and badly-written, considering that the author has a Ph.D in English from the University of Toronto. Though extensively referenced it smacks of too hasty research and a failure to grasp fundamental points. On page 59 for example, the author confidently moves the Lucknow Court to Cawnpore for Emily Eden's visit, thus making a complete nonsense of her later statements on the annexation of Oudh. This book will not further the fascinating and important examination of our recent Indian involvement.

Viking Press 1987 £12.95 pp 337

#### Buildings of the British Raj in Bangladesh Nazimuddin Ahmed

The area known today as Bangladesh (once East Bengal) has always been the poor relation of the sub-continent. Dacca has only twice, briefly, enjoyed the status of a capital city, being usually overshadowed by Calcutta. It is certainly not on the tourist's itinerary. Yet, as this book shows, it contains a wealth of buildings erected under the Raj, many of which deserve as much attention as their better-known cousins in India. The author, a UNESCO consultant on conservation, has travelled the country, painstakingly measuring, photographing and researching palaces, churches, indigo kothis, railway bridges and Government buildings. The result is the first full scale attempt to place Bangladesh on the architectural map and the author modestly sees it as only 'a preliminary study'. He traces the earliest churches, erected by Portuguese and Armenian settlers and has a splendid photograph of the tomb of 'Columbo-sahib', an unidentified European who chose to be laid to rest in a two-storied Muslim tomb. Many of the 'palaces' were grandiose Indo-European monuments for wealthy land-owners, like Gauripur Palace, Mymensingh, home of the Kishore family. It is poignant to learn that similar buildings were erected, inhabited and deserted during the last hundred years. Only a few have been adapted to colleges or institutions. The majority moulder quietly in isolated areas, unless they are unfortunate enough to be demolished for their building materials, or washed away by erosion.

A valuable book and a worthy successor to the author's Discover the Monuments of Bangladesh. Illustrated.

University Press Dacca 1987 £6.95 incl. Postage & Packing from Belitha Press, 31 Newington Green N 16 9PU, tel: 241 5566 pp. 151

Dawns like Thunder Alfred Draper

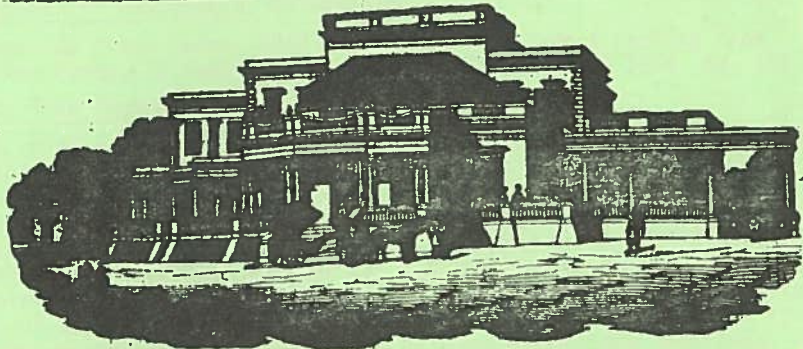
This is an account of the British Army's retreat before the Japanese in the early months of 1942 'the longest and most terrifying withdrawal in the history of the British army'. It follows hard on the heels of James Lunt's very readable book A Hell of a Licking, published last year; both accounts deserve to be read by anyone interested in the Burma campaign. Draper has put together a number of reports, memoirs, official and private, military sources and interviews with many of the survivors. He has done the job skilfully, making a continuous narrative of the patchwork of reminiscence and reporting, taking us from Christmas and tennis parties in Rangoon to the last corpse-ridden river crossing at the frontier of India at the onset of the monsoon a few months later. His style is matter-of-fact and his descriptions of action are forceful and graphic. A good deal of the time we are in the midst of events which are extremely distressing and humiliating, caused in part by organizational blunders. To this day it is still painful to read of the extraordinary lack of preparation on the part of the civil and military authorities in Burma, although, to be fair, the author also points the finger at Whitehall and its years of penny-pinching policies, which led to this state of affairs. The centre-piece of the book is inevitably the account of the battle at the Sittang bridge, the decisive battle, and the fatal blowing of the bridge on February 23rd.

Draper gives no excuses to the two British generals, Hutton and Smyth, but he makes clear the desperate dilemmas and insurmountable difficulties they faced, not least of which was an utterly ineffective communications system. His excellent account does full justice to the tragic theme: enormous confusion, chaos and all the quicksand horror of war, but he sees its epic quality too and the stories of occasional courage and initiative shine out like silver. Draper does not conceal his dislike of Wavell but he reserves his real scorn for the civil administration in Burma and the British way of life. On this topic his tone is savage and unforgiving. He writes of 'decay and stagnation' and paints a picture of a European society apparently made up of second-rate parvenues, their lives enfeebled by selfishness and snobbery. Some of his anecdotes will make the reader blush but on the whole in these passages one senses that Draper has abandoned the role of historian for that of caricaturist. The book is well produced with good maps and photographs but it is odd to come across a publication which is thoroughly indexed yet at the same time lacks a Contents page and chapter heads. (JW)

Leo Cooper 1987 £17.95 pp 302

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