



CHOWKIDAR

Volume 8 Number 6 Autumn 1999

Editor: Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

British Association For Cemeteries In South Asia (BACSA)

President

The Rt. Hon. Lord Rees, QC

Vice Presidents

Mr. V. E. Davies, OBE

Sir John Lawrence, Bt., OBE

Council

Sir Nicholas Barrington, KCMG, CVO

Sir William Benyon

Sir John Cotton, KCMG, OBE

Sir Charles Frossard, KBE

Mr. R. B. Magor

Mr. G. Shaw

The Rt. Hon. The Viscount Slim, OBE

Mr. H. M. Stokes

Lady Wade-Gery

Honorary Secretary

Mr. T. C. Wilkinson, MBE

76^{1/2} Chartfield Avenue

London. SW15 6HQ

Membership Secretary & Deputy Treasurer

Mrs. Rosemarie Wilkinson

Chairman

Mr. A. J. Farrington

Executive Committee

Mr. D. H. Barnard

Dr. R. J. Bingle

Mr. H. C. Q. Brownrigg

Mr. C. Carnaghan

Mr. D. H. Doble

Dr. A. Dunlop, OBE, MB, DPH

Miss S. M. Farrington

Mrs. M. Hywel-Jones

Mr. D. W. Mahoney, FRICS

Mr. M. J. Murphy

Mr. J. A. Payne

Mrs. P. Saul

Mr. J. Wall (Press and Publicity Officer)

Miss C. M. Whitehead

Honorary Treasurer

Mr. J. A. Payne

Editor

Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

Notes on BACSA

The 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 1,800 (1999) drawn from a wide circle of interest- Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical & Genealogical Societies. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association - the setting up of local committees in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Sri Lanka, Malaysia etc., and the building up of a Records archive in the Oriental and India Office Collections in the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments.

The enrolment fee and subscription rates are obtainable from the Secretary.



The Association has its own newsletter, *Chowkidar*, which is distributed free to all members twice a year and contains a section for 'Queries' on any matter relating to family history or condition of a relative's grave etc. There are also many other publications both on cemetery surveys and aspects of European social history out East.

Editor: Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones 135 Burntwood Lane, London SW17 0AJ

THE FINDING OF LIEUTENANT COLONEL EDWARDS

'I always knew that my mother's family had lived and worked in India - mainly in Madras - over a very long period up to 1947, when my father and mother returned with me and my sister to England,' wrote Derek Holdaway. 'During my retirement I decided to try to find out just how far back the family's connection went....' What Mr Holdaway found, through research at the British Library's India Office collection, was not only that his family's connection with India dated to the closing years of the 18th century, and that the progenitor's tomb had been identified in a Madras cemetery, but that he had a whole flock of previously unknown cousins scattered throughout the former colonies.

Their forefather was Lieutenant Colonel John Edwards of the 2nd Battalion Staffordshire Regiment, the 80th Foot, and he had joined the Regiment at its foundation in 1793, when it was raised during the troubled period of the French Revolution. Various expeditions to the Channel Islands and Europe were undertaken, before the Regiment arrived at Madras in February 1797. Edwards was probably involved in action against the Mahratta chieftains and the Nairs of Wynaad, before the regiment was established at Cannanore on the Malabar coast in 1807. By 1816 he was commanding the regiment, which was then ordered back to Europe. But Edwards never made the journey home. Staying at Guindy Cottage, Madras, he was seized with a short, but acute illness 'such as to preclude all Hope of Recovery, which He knew and bore with a Firmness and Resignation seldom equalled and never surpassed.' He died on 6 February 1817, having made his Will two days before and much of the family information comes from this document. Edwards had wisely invested money in Bengal stock and the interest was to go 'to Moodovailah Coppagee, a native woman (resident at Tellicherry on the Malabar Coast) and her Children' - Elizabeth, Frances, William Lindsay, George, Caroline and John. All the children had their father's surname of Edwards, and it is clear that the Indian woman was his de facto wife. 'Coppagee' is a Keralite name, normally spelt today as Kopagi, and it is rare to find the Indian wife or bibi of a European named in full. Moodovailah also got 150 Star Pagodas to spend on herself and the children and two houses at Cannanore and Tellicherry 'for her sole use and benefit'.

It is from the second daughter, Frances Edwards, that Derek Holdaway is descended, and readers of the *Chowkidar* article on the Madras City Police last year, will realise that Derek's father was Walter Henry Cutting Holdaway, and that the Stokoe family are also closely connected. The Secretary of the Staffordshire Regimental Museum told Mr Holdaway that a distant cousin, Mrs Edwards-Brown of Australia, had already been in touch about their common ancestor, and through this contact, the Colonel's grave had been located in the cemetery of St Thomas's Garrison Church, Madras.

Although the Holdaway family actually lived at St Thomas's Mount, they had never realised that an ancestor's tomb lay in the nearby cemetery. The tomb had been visited in 1987 by Kerry Edwards, another direct descendant who found it then in pretty poor shape, but was unable to take any action to put it right.

Now, armed with all this information, Derek Holdaway wrote to BACSA's Madras representative, Malcolm Murphy, who in turn wrote to the Vicar of the St Thomas Garrison Church, the Reverend Mathew and he promptly 'came up with the goods'. Not only did he get the grave beautifully cleaned up, restored and colour-washed, but he sent in handsome photographs which have gone into a short family history. (see page 128) a copy of which Mr Holdaway has kindly donated to the BACSA family archives. Are there any unanswered questions still? Well, perhaps readers could throw some light on Guindy Cottage, Madras, where the Colonel expired? Was it a private house, or an official building, one wonders, and what is its connection, if any, with the Guindy Park wildlife sanctuary?

MAIL BOX

As a teenager Mr Holland of Stamford asked his mother why he had been given the name John. She told him it was the name of one of his father's uncles, but that there was something of a mystery about him, and that he had 'died in the army in India'. It was only years later that the story of his namesake, John Holland, born about 1876 in Sheffield came out. The family had been very poor, and Sam Holland, the first John's father, had lost his trade as a master shoe-maker in Nottinghamshire when machine-made shoes were introduced. As the railway lines were built, Sam followed the work gangs of 'navigators' as the men were then called (the origin of our word 'navvies'), for these labouring men soon wore out their boots. In Sheffield, Sam found a job in the steel works and his family came to join him in a tenement building that opened on to a communal yard. The son John helped out by going round selling kippers, but despite the family's resourcefulness they couldn't manage, and persuaded the boy to join the army. This would only bring in a pittance, but it was one less mouth to feed. John joined up at the Hillsborough Barracks, but was unhappy and soon ran away. Sam Holland found him and took him back to the barracks. Shortly afterwards the 2nd Battalion York & Lancaster (84th) Regiment was sent to India, with John among them. When news of his death in 1897 reached home, his family were struck with grief and guilt, and Sam Holland never really recovered.

The present day John Holland wanted to learn more about his great uncle, and engaged a professional researcher, who within an hour was not only able to tell him where and when the death had taken place, but also to put him in touch with BACSA.

Through BACSA John Holland met Robin Volkers, our representative in Agra, and was able to visit the cemetery and locate the original stone grave marker. (see page 128) He learned that the regiment had reached Agra in the hot season, and that cholera had broken out. His great uncle had managed to survive the summer of 1897, but then developed an abscess on his back which led to septicaemia, and his death on 1st October, at the age of twenty-one. The Regimental Memorial erected in the Agra Cantonment Cemetery is dedicated to the 113 officers and men that were lost during the five years that the battalion was stationed there. The first John Holland had been the thirty-third man to die, in the seventh month of their sojourn.

A sense of the men's isolation and longing for home cries out from some of the grave inscriptions. That for Pte E Grant who died in September 1897, aged twenty years, reads: 'No Father no Mother to see him die/No Brother or Sister to say goodbye/No friend or relative to give him their hand/But hope they will meet him in a happier land.' Almost a hundred years to the day, our correspondent was able to kneel by his great uncle's grave and scatter some English soil on it, hoping that this simple symbolic act might enable family members to rest in peace too. Later, with the help of Robin Volkers, he got a marble gravestone cut and laid, with the inscription 'John Holland/born in Sheffield, England c1876/Joined the army for the sake of the family purse/ Died at Agra 1st Oct 1897 aged 21 years/Erected 100 years later by his great nephew named after him.'

Dr Brian Chadwick teaches Earth Science at the University of Exeter, and his work takes him to India regularly where he has a collaborative project with the Department of Mines and Geology, Government of Karnataka. 'During field work in December 1998, we came across the grave of Captain Leonard Munn in Lingsugur, Karnataka. He died in 1935 and is remembered as a local hero for his contributions to groundwater development. His grave is marked by a slab of granite', which reads: 'Captain Leonard Munn/OBE (Mil), Belgian Croix de Guerre/Younger son of the Rev. George Munn/Madresfield, Worcs. Born 31 May 1878/Died at Lingsugur 21st October 1935.' The inscription records that Captain Munn was first employed as a mining engineer with the municipal survey of the Nizam of Hyderabad in 1909. He served with the Royal Engineers in France between January 1916 and November 1919, and was later re-employed by the Nizam from April 1928 until his death. He was then Director of the Geological Survey and Special Officer in the well-sinking Department 'during which period he and his staff sank or remodelled more than 1200 wells in the Famine Zone of this Raichur District where his name is a household word. "Blessed is the man who passing through the valley of weeping make it a well" Psalm 84, 5-6' There is also a notice beside the grave explaining Munn's work and his wells in more details, erected by the Archaeological Survey of India. Dr Chadwick has copies of Leonard Munn's publications in the Journal of the Hyderabad Geological Survey from 1934 to 1938.

Unfortunately the old British cemetery is in a sad state, over-run with thorn bushes and grazing pigs. There are some ruined sarcophagi, but only one surviving inscription of 1844. But some of Munn's wells are still in use, with a characteristic hexagonal shape and a stone lining. Dr Chadwick and his Indian companions would like to smarten up the area around Captain Munn's grave, and to publish an article reminding people of his work. So far it has been established that Munn studied at the Camborne School of Mines in Britain in the late 1890s, and was working in an Australian gold mine in 1902. But what was he doing between 1919 and 1928? Comments and ideas please to Dr Chadwick e-mail B.Chadwick@exeter.ac.uk or via the Secretary.

Another well, but this time thousands of miles from India, at Jedburgh, in Scotland. Known grandly as the Inchbonny Memorial Fountain, or not so grandly, as 'Dribbly Well', this rather sad monument consists of 'a leaking stone chalice protruding two feet above a carpet of soggy leaves, and under a veil of bramble and ivy, a faded sandstone panel which is inscribed to: "The Women and Children who suffered in India during the Sepoy Mutiny 1857". Why this should have been erected in a border town has been traced in an interesting article by John Wood. The first newspaper, The Teviotdale Record was founded in 1855 under a local solicitor and historian, Alexander Jeffrey. The paper naturally carried long reports on the Indian uprising of 1857 and its dreadful aftermath, and Jedburgh responded generously to the 'Indian Mutinies Relief Fund' for survivors of the tragedy. The recapture of Delhi by the British late in that year led to spontaneous celebrations with a bonfire and fireworks. Plans were laid for a grandiose monument to commemorate those who were massacred, especially as Jedburgh did not contain a single monument to commemorate any important event that had occurred locally or elsewhere'. The memorial fountain was to utilize an existing spring which would flow into a stone basin, with a ladle provided for thirsty travellers, and the whole structure topped with a cross. But the building that actually emerged fell short of expectations, certainly of Alexander Jeffrey's expectations, and he described its 'miserable dirty entrance' and lack of paved surrounds. Two local families who had lost relatives during 1857 were thought to have raised the fountain, and it soon became known as the Mutiny Well, after the Bibighar Well at Cawnpore, the grave of so many women and children. [With acknowledgments to *Border Life*]

'May BACSA flourish!' exclaimed a delighted Canadian doctor who got a rapid response from our Secretary to a query of his. Dr Mark Doughty had inquired about the grave of his great uncle, George Whitehead, who had died in Amritsar in the 1880s. A long shot, you might think, but by an extraordinary coincidence this was one of the names which Theon Wilkinson had jotted down over twenty years ago, when 'sampling' the Catholic Burial Registers there, in the course of researching for *Two Monsoons*.

He was able to tell Dr Doughty the date of death (12 October 1885), the Regiment (West Yorkshire Regiment of Foot), the age of the deceased (35 years) and to suggest the place of burial (Putligarh Cemetery, Amritsar). Dr Doughty had imagined he would be directed to the British Library records (tricky, since he is in Canada), but no, thanks to Theon's chance notes 'you have given me all the confirmation I was seeking!' wrote Dr Doughty. 'The name of the Regiment was all important...and the information has given life - alas! not literally - to a pencilled entry about a deceased brother by my grandmother in the little Black Book....' Further information was soon provided from the British Library by our Area Representative for the Punjab, Merylyn Hywel-Jones. We can't promise that every query will receive such a satisfying response, but we do our best.

Not all chowkidars are as helpful as BACSA's, as an article in the Australian Sri Lanka Journal demonstrates: 'Had it not been for a violently deranged caretaker, a recently restored historic cemetery in Kandy could have been resurrected years ago. The Anglican Church, British settlers and Government officials had to wait fifteen years until the caretaker - who threw stones at everyone and everything that passed the cemetery - died last year to begin clearing the Kandy Garrison Cemetery of weeds, mud and squatters.' The cemetery which is on a hill slope, near the Buddhist Temple of the Tooth, was officially opened in 1822 though it seems to have been already in use because it contains the bodies of soldiers who died during the capture of Kandy seven years earlier. Among the notables buried there are Sir John D'Oyly, the first British Resident, who died in 1824 and Lady Elizabeth Gregory, wife of the Governor of Ceylon in the 1870s. Humbler denizens include John Spottiswoode Robertson, 'the seventh and last European to be killed by an elephant'. It was Christopher Worthington, a retired planter and Durant Gunatilleke, a former Church trustee, who were instrumental in organising the cemetery's restoration. With the help of the British Wives Welfare Group, funding was obtained from the British High Commission and the Ministry of Defence. BACSA had made a grant in 1984. Help came from the trustees of St Paul's Church which led to the repossession of the former Chapel of Rest from its squatter occupants. The chapel has been re-roofed and turned into a small office-cum-museum for the cemetery. 400 truck loads of mud were removed from the graveyard, revealing Sri Lanka's colonial past and the graves of some of those who had shaped it. (see page 129)

According to a newspaper report India's oldest beauty contest 'the Simla Queen' has been revived in the hill station. The contest apparently started in 1917 and until 1942 was open only to British women. It was usually held at the Cecil Hotel at the end of the May Ball, and the 'Queen' was elected by a show of hand. After Independence, the contest continued and became the leading pageant of its kind, until it was stopped for 'political' reasons. I would more interested to have comments from readers on how they remember it, and whether we still have any former winners among us.

CAN YOU HELP?

A small mystery today, but it must have been a major cause-celèbre at the time! These were intriguing lines in a letter from BACSA member Hugh Rayner, who has a collection of early photographs from India. One particular pair which he got a few years ago hint at a tragedy of which he can find no further details. Both sepia snaps are by Mullick Bros of Quetta and the first shows the grave of Nellie Hooper, aged 23 '....Beloved Daughter of Thomas and Fanny Hooper of Mere, Wilts, England/who was shot by a native on July 30th 1908. She preferred death to dishonour./ This Stone is erected by the officers/N.C.Os and men of Jutogh garrison.' (see page 129) The second photograph 'appears to be a police or prison portrait of an anonymous, and somewhat truculent-looking Indian male, bearded and with an injured arm in a sling and bandaged head. As these two cards came into my possession together, I am tempted to assume that this is the portrait of the offending native who shot poor Nellie. Is there a reader who knows anything more about the murder in 1908' he wonders? *Chowkidar* has subsequently learnt that Nellie Hooper's nephew, Colin Gooch, is also seeking information about his aunt's death and says that she was employed as a nursemaid by an army officer.

Coralie Younger from Sydney, is researching Australian links with India, and has come up with a fascinating story. In 1909 Elsie Thompson, an Australian actress, married the Maharaja of Tikari, Gopal Narain Singh, and became his second wife. Although the marriage took place in Lucknow, according to Arya Samaj rites, Tikari is actually a zemindari estate near Patna, and clearly did not appeal for long to the young bride. Elsie was soon to be found in Calcutta, and was particularly fond of horse-racing and breeding dogs. She eventually left the Maharaja and ran off with an Australian exporter of horses, Ernest Ivan Jones. Her end was tragic. She was incarcerated in a mental hospital in Melbourne for claiming to be a Maharani. Her file read 'suffers grandiose delusions' and she was buried in an unmarked grave. Dr Younger visited Tikari last year, and adventurously went out into the Hazaribagh jungles to the Maharaja's hunting lodge, now totally decrepit. There to her astonishment was a portrait of Elsie over the mantelpiece. Elsie was by no means the only Australian to marry well in India. Joan Falkiner from a leading pastoral family in Victoria married Taley Mohamed Khan, the Nawab of Palampur, and Margaret Elsip was one of the wives of the Nawab of Rampur. Dr Younger says 'it would be the icing on the cake' if any BACSA members could provide further information and reminiscences. e-mail coralie@accsoft.com.au or letters via the Secretary.

After the success of his first book *Poor Relations*, the study of the Eurasian community in British India before 1833, Christopher Hawes is hoping to bring the story up to 1947, when many Anglo-Indians emigrated to Commonwealth countries.

Although the history of these enterprising people is better known today than it was even a decade ago, there are still important gaps to be filled. In particular Dr Hawes is researching two prominent characters of the 1920s, about whom BACSA members may have some details. Henry Barton was Secretary to the Telegraph Trade Union, and had been educated at the Lawrence Lovedale Military School. He was active in community politics and a member of the Legislative Assembly until he clashed with Sir Henry Gidney, who was President of the All India Anglo Indian Association. The second person is ET McCluskie, who is best known as the promoter and founder of McCluskieganj, Bihar. This was an imaginative effort to provide Anglo-Indians with a tiny homeland in India, a model town of their own, run on democratic lines. Sadly, McCluskieganj never fulfilled the hopes of its founders, and faltered through lack of capital and farming expertise among the community, though it still exists today, albeit in a very run-down state.

'I was most fortunate to have escaped from Sumatra two weeks before it fell to the Japanese in February 1942', writes Patrick Gibson. 'Unfortunately I left behind Mr and Mrs W Stanley Cookson, the headmaster and his wife of Highlands School, Kaban Djahe, also Miss (or Mrs) LM Smith, Mr and Mrs White and Mr and Mrs Yates. According to the Dutch records all these people were interned at Bandar Durian, about 30 kilometres north of Rantau Prapet. Although Mr Gibson has checked with various Dutch organisations and the Imperial War Museum, he has been unable to discover if these internees survived their ordeal. Can any BACSA members help, he wonders?

Eddie Johnson is a new and enthusiastic BACSA member who is trying to obtain more information about his direct ancestors and their Indian backgrounds. What he has found so far conforms to much of what we know about life in British India. His great great grandmother, Georgiana had already been widowed once, while still under twenty, when she married John Frederick Duff, in Bombay in 1868. One daughter was born to the couple before John Frederick's early death in 1873. Georgiana then went on to make two more marriages, while caring for Edith Mabel Duff, the child of her second union. When Edith grew up, she married a man from Battersea, Robert Archibald Tweddle, who worked as a Police Officer, although his rank is unknown. It is through Edith's daughter, named Norma Muriel that Mr Johnson traces the line of descent, because Norma was his grandmother. Norma married into the family of John James Gill and his wife Rose Caroline, who had managed, unusually, to raise fifteen children, only one of whom had died in infancy. Gill was an Inspector of Customs, probably in Calcutta, and when he married Rose Caroline, she herself was little more than a child, being only fourteen years of age, to his twenty-seven. Any information on the Duff, Tweddle and Gill families would be welcome, and our correspondent adds, perhaps half in jest, that his family's commitment to India may be understood by referring to his initials: EIC Johnson!

A similar story of widowhood comes in from new BACSA member Marion Yeldham, who is researching her great great grandfather, whose unusual name was William Lawless Seppings (1813-1845). He was an Ensign in the 4th Native Infantry Regiment, stationed in Bangalore and subsequently rose to be become a Lieutenant. In 1834 he married a young widow, Isabella Georgiana Catherine White, and the marriage produced three children. In 1842 William Seppings resigned from the Army, rather than face a court martial over his financial position. His wife then took the unusual step of petitioning the East India Company for restoration of her widow's pension, because she was destitute. On William's death in India in 1845, Isabella married for the third time, only to be widowed yet again, this time with another three children to care for, making six in all. Marriage with all its risks must have seemed preferable though to existing on a meagre pension. Our correspondent believes that the grave of William Lawless Seppings probably lies somewhere in Bangalore, but confirmation would be appreciated. She would also like information about the fate of James Edward Seppings, one of William's sons, who was born in Bangalore in 1838.

BACSA member Ron McAdam is researching the Indian connections of the poet Robert Burns' two sons. Both boys were left fatherless at an early age, and it was the charity of the poet's friends that enabled them to be educated and then sent out as cadets in the East India Company. The elder of the two, William Nicol Burns, was born in Dumfries in 1791, and was schooled in the Academy there. He sailed for India when he was sixteen years old, and during an adventurous career where he saw action in the Third Mahratta War, he became the Colonel of his regiment. His marriage produced no children and he lived out in final years in Cheltenham as a widower.

His younger brother, James Glencairn Burns was born in Dumfries in 1794 and followed the same pattern, arriving in India in 1811, and working his way up to the brevet rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He became an expert in Hindustani, and on his retirement to live with his brother in Cheltenham, he taught the language to young men about to leave for India. James had married in 1818, but only one daughter, Sarah, survived from the three that were born to him and his wife. James's son (the poet's grandson), died in 1821, at the tender age of eighteen months, and was buried in Neemuch cemetery. He had been christened Robert Shaw Burns, but with his death the name of Burns died out. Curiously, although William and his brother James became highly respected members of the community on their retirement to Cheltenham, then a favourite place for those who had served in India, Ron McAdam has been unable to find any private papers of either man. He has checked the obvious places, like the India Office file, the Cheltenham Archives and the Burns Federation, without success. He would particularly like to know more about their regimental careers, and wonders also if the little grave survives at Neemuch today.

No sooner had *Chowkidar* mentioned a magazine called 'The Dinghy' published by the Calcutta Mission to Seamen at the beginning of this century, when a call came from the Archivist of the headquarters of the Mission, in the City of London. All copies of the magazine, which was published in different ports, have been retained, and they might well provide valuable leads in following up sea-going relatives in the East.

A dilapidated clock-tower at the Red Sea port of Aden was pictured in the Spring *Chowkidar*, with a plea for more information about it. Marilyn Hywel-Jones, who has spent time in the Yemen said she had never heard the clock referred to as 'Little Ben' and that this must be a new name given to it after the British left in 1967. She believes the clock was erected about 1900 to Brigadier General Adam George Forbes Hogg, who was the Political Resident in Aden between 1885 to 1890. It was then called simply The Clock Tower or The Hogg Tower, and has never had any chimes. It was in place before the statue of Queen Victoria, which was subsequently erected in the Crescent at Aden.

HOW TIMES CHANGE!

Since this will be the last *Chowkidar* of the 20th century, (for the next issue will be Spring 2000), it is no bad thing to stop and look back at changing attitudes over the last 150 years towards the Indian cemeteries. South Park Street in Calcutta is quite rightly admired today as the grandest European burial ground in the sub-continent, but this was not always so, as BACSA member John Fraser reminds us. He came across two articles, the first published in *The Naval and Military Gazette* of March 1859 where 'Our own Correspondent' in Calcutta is having a thoroughly miserable time: 'I visited a few days ago the English cemetery here, and can say nothing in its praise; it resembles as nearly as possible a Mahomedan burial-ground, and is full of huge obeliskes, with unsightly mausoleums roofed with a dome, which you can enter by an iron gate. Nearly all are built of brick, which is covered with plaster, to imitate stone; and many are falling to rack and ruin, while around the newly-erected ones stands the scaffolding unremoved. The ground is so choked up with these unsightly erections, that it can hardly be said to be capable of being kept in decent order, while the only tree that I noticed, a single weeping willow, looks strangely out of place. I was much surprised to find the neighbouring Roman Catholic cemetery [now demolished - Ed] full of the same hideous monuments, and nothing like those pretty churchyards full of simple crosses covered with *immortelles*, and green with grass and evergreens, which one stumbles across in some of the most out of the way spots in Ireland and on the continent. Modern Christian art in India is certainly at a very low ebb, and in this respect at least we are far behind the rest of the world at home.'

Fifty-two years later, *The Graphic* of December 1911 admitted in an article entitled 'The Rank and File who have given us India', that some funerary inscriptions might be of interest, though it managed to poke fun at the less literary efforts. It implied a certain amount of pretentiousness on the part of 'the rank and file' of ordinary Britons, whose 'chief idea seems to have been to erect huge blocks of masonry pillars and obelisks, and to chisel imposing epitaphs...' 'The only beautiful burial-ground is at Agra' *The Graphic* declared firmly. 'It is very interesting, chiefly on account of the curious style of the graves, which are Mohammedan in character, with Arabic or Persian lettering, a Qalam-dan (a pen-case, always found on a man's grave) and a Christian cross together on the top. The graves are mostly in good condition.'

THE PIONEER OF SIAMESE PRINTING

BACSA member Roy Hudson from Chiang Mai admits that he is an admirer of Ann Hasseltine Judson, whose jungle grave in Burma was described in the last *Chowkidar*. This remarkable American woman, wife of the missionary Adoniram Judson, made the first attempt to introduce the Protestant faith to the Siamese, when she came across a small colony of Siamese prisoners of war in Rangoon. While her husband busied himself with learning Burmese, Ann studied Siamese, and was able to translate one of her husband's catechisms with the help of a Burmese monk who knew Siamese. 'She sent the short tract to the headquarters of the British Baptists established in the Danish enclave of Serampore, a few miles up river from Calcutta. This mission had a printing workshop and foundry where religious material was being printed in about eight Indian languages. At Ann's request their skilled artisans cast the first ever font of Siamese characters and printed an unknown number of copies of Ann's Siamese catechism. Today there is not one copy extant, not even at Serampore College.'

As it happened, Captain James Low had written a book on the Siamese grammar and language while serving in what is now Penang. When he learnt of the existence of Ann's font he forwarded his manuscript copy to Serampore where it was published in 1828 - the first book to be printed containing Siamese characters. Some years later the same Siamese font, together with its printing press, was sent to Singapore where it was used to print Christian scriptures. It was Dr Dan Beach Bradley who eventually, in 1835, bought the press 'made of wood and stone and very ugly' and had it set up in Bangkok, as Siam's first printing press. It was extensively used in printing translations of the Bible; by 1840, 58,000 copies of the New Testament had been distributed. The Siamese authorities also used Ann's font for printing government edicts. Major Hudson tells us that Ann Judson died with her baby daughter in 1826, and although her tombstone does not record the fact, presumably mother and daughter were buried together.

NOTICE BOARD

Anglo-Indian Web Site

BACSA member Withbert Payne tells us that he is continuing his research on the Anglo-Indian community, and is regularly updating his wide-ranging catalogue entitled *About Anglo-Indians*. Details can be accessed through a new web-site www.anglo-indians.com. The catalogue covers topics including Ancestry Research, Associations, Bookstores, Dissertations, Movies, Reunions and Schools. Mr Payne can be contacted on paynebert@aol.com

Another good website for those researching their ancestors in India is INDIA-L@rootsweb.com (you need to type SUBSCRIBE). Excellent for all kinds of fascinating snippets and discussions too, and not just about genealogy.

Nostalgic Trip to Cawnpore

This is being planned by Mr F. R. Johnson, who served in the RAF at Cawnpore during World War II, and is scheduled for departure on 19 November 1999. The idea is to visit places well-known to ex-servicemen, including Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra and Naini Tal, as well as a day in Delhi to visit the Commonwealth War Graves cemetery. When the trip was announced, several people contacted Mr Johnson to tell him about the fatal crash of a Liberator aircraft at Chakeri aerodrome, near Cawnpore in June 1945. Its British personnel were subsequently re-interred in the Delhi War Graves cemetery. The twelve-day trip is very reasonably priced at £1,177, including flights by BA, hotels, travel by coach and train, and breakfast and evening meal. A minimum of fifteen people are required to make the trip viable, and it is open to everyone, including younger people. Contact Mr Johnson on 01642 656034 or write to 38 Tunstall Road, Stockton-on Tees, TS18 5LX.

The British in India

'.....from a Nabob's Collection' is the title of a conference to be held in Shropshire on 25th and 26th September 1999. There will also be a visit to Powis Castle, to see the Clive Collection, followed by lunch at Walcot Hall, Clive's first home. For more details contact Julia Ionides or Peter Howell on tel: 01584 874567 or e-mail dogrose.trust@virgin.net

Errata

'Can You Help' (*Chowkidar* Spring 1999) mentioned Henry Samble Staley, Inspector in the Indian Education Service. His daughter's name should have read Dr Margaret Elmes.

In touch

Readers can e-mail the Editor on llewelr@sbu.ac.uk



above: newly restored tomb of Lieutenant Colonel Edwards at Madras (see page 118)

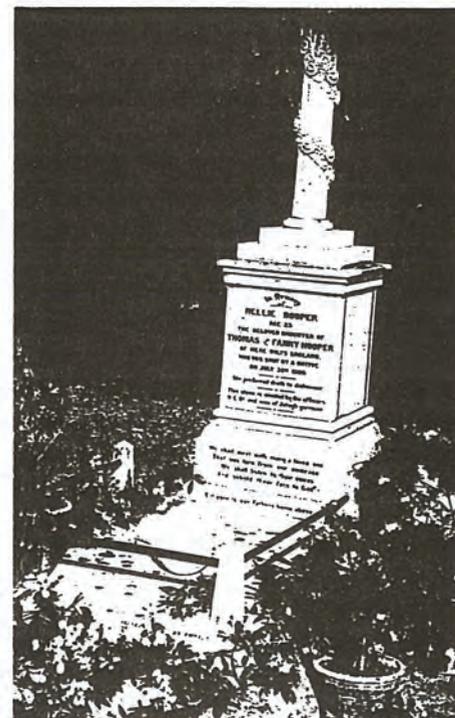


left: grave marker of John Holland, died 1897, at Agra Cantonment cemetery (see page 119)



above: the Old Garrison Cemetery at Kandy, Sri Lanka, recently restored (see page 121)

right: Nellie Hooper's grave at Jutogh (see page 122)



BACSA BOOKS [Books by BACSA members. These can be ordered via BACSA, at no extra cost to the purchaser and will be sent with an invoice.]

Hostage in Afghanistan Peter Collister

Few scholars of Central Asian history were surprised when Russia withdrew her troops from Afghanistan in the early 1990s, admitting a tacit defeat in the country she had foolishly invaded twelve years earlier. The surprise, if any, was that Russia had imagined she might succeed, where Britain had failed. After the most recent debacle, honest Russians admitted that they should have studied the history of the Afghan wars, or rather the British defeats, of the nineteenth century rather more closely. This useful little book under review certainly reinforces the picture of the traditional Afghan warrior, brave to the point of foolhardiness, completely without mercy to civilians and wounded soldiers, yet at the same time, extending protection and even hospitality to those who became his involuntary 'guests'. As the author reminds us, hostage-taking is not a modern phenomenon, but one that seems to have arisen in Central Asia and the Indian sub-continent, where 'it was not uncommon for the sons of a prince to be freely offered as surety...quite often the hostages would be held under tolerable conditions and would be returned when the political situation had improved.' Some of the 116 or so British hostages in Afghanistan in 1841-2 had been offered up voluntarily, but most ended up as prisoners of the wily Mohammed Akbar Khan, who kept them on the move for nearly nine months before they were released.

Part of the reason for the hostages' continual journeying through eastern Afghanistan, up to Bamiyan and back, was that their captor was not in complete control. Other tribal chiefs offered to 'buy' the hostages, as an investment, while some wanted to sell them into slavery. (How much they would have got in the Bokhara market for the indomitable Lady Sale is debatable.) The story of that dreadful retreat by the British/Indian force of 4,500 men and 12,000 camp followers in mid-winter is well known, but the parallel story of the hostages has not been told before in any detail. Perversely, it was their captivity that saved most of them, for out of those who set out from Kabul on 6 January 1841, apart from the hostages, only one British medical officer reached safety at Jellalabad, only thirty miles away. The Kabul Gorge is a fearsome place, even in high summer. It was a death trap for thousands of inadequately clad and armed people, picked off at every turn of the narrow track, and falling in the snow.

This book is a sober and down-to-earth short account of one of Britain's worst defeats in its Imperial history, only mitigated by the fact that most of the hostages survived. It showed that the British and Indian armies were not invincible, as many had thought.

There are some curious asides: the fact that as Spring approached, the hostages were allowed to go for botanical walks in the hills, identifying fritillaries and asphodels, and that by the time the English women were released, most had adopted Afghan dress, including bourkas. It would have been useful to have an attribution for the illustrations that appear. *Hostage in Afghanistan* is published posthumously, by Peter Collister's children in memory of their father. It is a fitting tribute. (RLJ)

1999 Pentland Press ISBN 1 85821 636 2 £10.50 plus postage pp142

Cobra Road: an Indian Journey Trevor Fishlock

It may be my imagination, but the number of 'travel books' on the Indian sub-continent seems to be dwindling. Hundred of books are published yearly on Indian themes, as well as the modern-day gazetteers for travellers, but the general travelogue, that attempts to give a taste of the country, is falling out of favour. This is not really surprising, given the vast size of the sub-continent, and the increasing sophistication of its tourists. If a book of 264 pages, as this one is, attempted to cover the continent of Europe, including Scandinavia and western Russia, by an author who spoke no European language, it could only provide superficial glimpses of differing places and people. Fishlock was resident foreign correspondent for *The Times*, based in Delhi, and travelled extensively, from Simla to Rajasthan, and Bangalore to Bombay, with journeys to Pakistan. One of the most vivid chapters is about Kashmir, which he calls 'The Poisoned Garden'. 'India will never let Kashmir go. Pakistan will never possess it' he forecasts. The deterioration of this beautiful land is clear, from the casual violence in the streets, to the uncontrolled pollution, the rotting houseboats, and the complete collapse of the tourist trade, which provided incomes for many.

Travelling alone, to new places, as the author did, can be a lonely experience. 'Shouting at India' as one chapter tells us, is all too common in Europeans. No matter how laid back and liberal when they set out there is something about Indian bureaucracy that brings out the stormtrooper in the best of people. A 'returned' Indian in a similar rage does cause a certain amount of *schadenfreude* though, it must be said. Although Fishlock met plenty of people on his travels, those he has recorded are mostly at the far ends of the Indian social scale, maharajas and princes, or taxi-drivers and servants. Little, or indeed, nothing of India's middle classes are here. He never seems to have enjoyed a good meal or conversation in a suburban house, but instead stayed in hotels, converted palaces and the Bangalore Club. If he feels any affection for India, it is not made clear in this book. (RLJ)

1999 John Murray, London ISBN 0 7195 5516 7 £18.99 plus postage pp264

Lines from a Shining Land ed Derek Brooke-Wavell

To mark its fortieth birthday the British-Burma Society has produced this collection of memoirs of life in that neglected country, Burma (now re-named Myanmar). They are written by some thirty of the Society's members and their families and cover the years 1910 to 1980, interestingly spanning the last phase of British rule and the first of Burma's independence. There is no attempt to provide a general historical survey but inevitably some of the great events of the time come into the telling. Certain themes stand out: childhood and schooling, journeys up country, village customs, the war, the post-war political situation. The whole has the causal intimacy of a family album and, indeed, there are some fine and evocative photos. It is a very worthwhile read.

Many of the situations will be all too familiar to old Indian hands, eg Stella McGregor's account of childhood and schooling in Rangoon and the hills, which can stand for the experience of the generation which grew up out East between the wars. The editor has been allowed to borrow from two books: Sylvia Molloy's *Burma Bride* and Maureen Baird-Murray's *A World Overturned*. The former describes what must have been a highly educational and at times arduous tour of the Shan States, followed by the shock of the Japanese invasion. Baird-Murray's deeply-felt memoir is of life as child in Burma under Japanese occupation, an aspect rarely touched on. The reader will want to get hold of their books and learn more about them. The war is reported from the soldier's angle in a few extracts. When we get to its aftermath, within sight of the end of British rule, the narrative is largely taken up by the new breed of academics, civil servants and diplomats, Nick Fenn and Nick Larmour among them. Larmour gives a first-hand account of that most calamitous of events, the murder in 1947 of Aung San and his Cabinet, Aung San who had been the guiding star and the one sure hope for the future.

That the Burmese people have retained their elan and sweetness of character in these last awful decades is a source of wonder. Their presence is felt on almost every page. 'For us the Kyaikkuk experience was a special one, since we viewed the night's proceedings from the top of an ox-cart at the invitation of a landless peasant.... At first light, when the crowds had begun to disperse, we trundled with him, his wife and two children whom she had been suckling all night, to their one-roomed dwelling, perched on stilts on the edge of a clearing. In a trice she had pursued a scrawny chicken and, within the hour, had converted in into a memorable curry breakfast.' Burma gets as bad a press as any country these days. It is good to be reminded that some of the nicest people on earth live there! (JW)

1998 Britain-Burma Society, 40 Kidmore Road, Caversham Heights, Reading RG4 7LU, Berks ISBN 0 9534054 0 0 £10.95 including postage for BACSA members, non-members £14.95 pp 209

The Lamp is Lit: Leaves from a Journal Ruskin Bond

Everyone who enjoyed *Scenes from a Writer's Life*, the first volume of the author's unconventional autobiography, will find equal pleasure in this sequel. We last saw the young Ruskin Bond returning to his Indian home after a few unhappy years abroad in England and the Channel Islands. As an impoverished writer, he makes light of the hardships in earning money from the most difficult profession in the world. A simple room in Dehra Dun, with no electricity, a dining table, typewriter, paper and notebooks, were his tools of trade. What else does a writer need? Perseverance obviously, but also the ability to engage the reader's attention, as Bond invariably does. He is a great story-teller, writing about his own family in Thurber-like episodes, including 'Grandfather's Earthquake' (the disaster of 1897 that found Grandfather in the bath in his bungalow), and Uncle Ken's cricket match, when a simple misunderstanding led to the involuntary impersonation of a touring English celebrity. There are tales from Delhi, from Dehra and from Mussoorie, the author's home for the last thirty years, where he lives with his adopted family. There was the night the bear got into the bar at the Savoy Hotel, driven in during a harsh winter in search of food and how it created mayhem with the Christmas tree. 'Ghosts of the Savoy', 'In search of John Lang', 'Kipling's Simla' are all appealing vignettes from the past. Delhi in the 1970s reminds us how much it had changed during the previous thirty years, when Bond, in war-time India could walk into the fields bordering the Najafgarh Road 'finding old wells, irrigation channels, camels and buffaloes, and sighting birds and small creatures that no longer dwelt in the city'. Where did the village pond, its banyan tree and its *jheel* go, he wonders. Bond's thoughtful meanderings, both physical and mental, his humour and narrative ability have produced another delightful book. Next volume please! (RLJ)

1998 Penguin Books India *Rs250 pp200

Zanzibar and the Bububu Railway Kevin Patience

This is the third in this author's 'Zanzibar and...' series. We have so far had *The Shortest War in History* (*Chowkidar* Vol 7, No 2) and *The loss of HMS Pegasus* (Vol 7, No 5). Despite its title, this book actually covers two steam railways and two mule tramways. The first railway (1881-8) was the result of replacing mules with a tiny Bagnall 2' gauge locomotive on a line which transported the Sultan and his entourage from Zanzibar Town six miles away to the seaside palace at Chukwani. The second was a more solid 3' gauge public line which ran seven miles northwards from the Town to Bububu ('bubbling' after its spring water). Built in 1905 by an American company, it was originally equipped with three American Porter tank engines, three classes of passenger carriages, and freight wagons.

The railway proved both a blessing and a menace to society. It was enthusiastically used by up to 50,000 people a month, mainly to trade between town and country. Freight carriage by hand went free, and 3rd class tickets were 2 annas each way. A passenger strike thwarted an attempt to raise this by 1 pice in 1909. However, the line ran through a town street so narrow that there was 'not more than 2' to spare between carriages and walls...it stands as a serious threat and unjustifiable menace to the health of the community.' So wrote an outraged official in 1907. But the same danger appealed to tourists: 'one of the most thrilling railway journeys of my life,' wrote a contemporary lady traveller. Optimistically captioned 'Zanzibar Express' on one illustration, the train averaged only 10½ mph. Despite improvements and a government buy-out in 1912, the line was deemed to be more of a social service than a paying proposition and was thus closed in 1929 - well ahead of Dr Beeching. The text is a readable balance of technical details and social/historical context, based on a good selection of primary sources (regrettably not annotated). The book's greatest strength is its wide range of photographs, both railways in operation and of present day remains. The standard of reproduction is very good for a low budget publication. (RJB)

1998 Published by the author in Bahrain £6.00 pp56

Chittagong Christian Cemeteries Susan Farrington & John Radford

The civil cemetery in Chittagong is known to have been in continuous use since 1763, perhaps even earlier. Inevitably not all the headstones survive, but this comprehensive publication has integrated inscriptions from all known sources, including the *Bengal Obituary* and *Bengal Past and Present* to produce the definitive account of burials here. The earliest surviving stone is to Hannah Ross, who died in 1774 at the age of nineteen, already married. The cemetery lies to the north of the city, in the Sholashahr district, under a small hill. Inside the new gateway, the oldest part lies to the right, and contains burials from 1763 to 1823. Additional land has been incorporated several times to extend the cemetery, notably in 1851, 1927 and 1946. The oldest memorials are of brick, with brick plaster rendering. The tablets set in the tombs were generally of marble, but the majority have been stolen. There are some 'mutiny' burials of sailors (including a Commander) from vessels sent to protect the residents of Chittagong. In 1864 a famous Baptist missionary, the Rev John Johannes was buried here and a year later the first interment of a local tea planter took place. The names of the dead are listed in this book in three ways - alphabetically, chronologically and by profession. There are many good photographs of individual tombs, taken within the last two years by Ronald Bose and Errol D'Cruze.

1999 BACSA ISBN 0 907799 63 9 £12.00 plus postage pp130

Java: British and Empire Graves 1743-1975 Justin Corfield

Following the publication of the Protestant Cemetery records at Bangkok, the author has collated a huge amount of information covering the whole island of Java. The large number of European graves will surprise people, and the inscriptions (some of them in Dutch) will make this a valuable source book for genealogists and other researchers. Every small town seems to hold at least a couple of graves, though many are now known only from previous written records. It was not possible to visit every single site. Tasikmalaja for example, in West Java, had a European cemetery with some twenty-three graves dating from 1878 to 1920, but does it still exist today? The earlier records are based on work by the Dutch archivist, PC Bloys van Treslong Prins, who published three volumes in the 1930s. Corfield has provided an additional forty years worth of records, including British and Indian soldiers killed during World War II.

One of the best known cemeteries was at the old Dutch hill top retreat of Buitenzorg, established in 1745 when the Governor General van Imhoff built himself a country retreat there. It subsequently became the semi-official capital of the Netherlands East Indies, equivalent to Simla in the Indian hills. The cemetery is located in a plantation in the grounds of the Governor General's residence, (which later became the Presidential Palace of Sukarno), and has thirty-four graves, mainly those of officials. Near the cemetery is a small monument to Olivia Raffles 'Wife of Thomas Stamford Raffles, Lieutenant Governor of Java and its dependencies who died at Buitenzorg on the 26 November 1814'. Although Olivia died here, she is actually buried at Tanah Abang, Jakarta in a large and well-preserved tomb.

Also in the Tanah Abang cemetery is the great orientalist and doctor John Casper Leyden, who was born in Teviotdale, Scotland, and who died 'in the prime of life at Molenvliet, near Batavia on the 28th August 1811'. Leyden was sent to India to take charge of the Madras General Hospital and during a visit to Penang, became interested in Malaya and the Malay language. He accompanied the Minto expedition to Java in 1811, and served as an interpreter. His thirst for knowledge led him to Batavia, where he is said to have spent much time in an unhealthy library, contracting fever and dying at the little town of Cornelis. Java attracted not only the Dutch and the English, but the Armenian community too, and there are some handsome memorials in the same cemetery, including a veritable little pavilion over the grave of Gavork Manuk, Esquire 'an opulent and pious Armenian merchant born in Julpha and died at Batavia on the 2nd October 1827, aged about 60 years'. This is a fascinating little book, as these few extracts will show, and the photographs, though not many in number, enhance the very detailed records.

1999 BACSA ISBN 0 907799 61 2 £13.50 plus postage pp188

Books by non-members that will interest readers. [These should be ordered direct and not through BACSA.]

Travellers' Tales ed Frank Herrmann & Michael Allen

The Travellers Club was founded early in the nineteenth century and moved to its present salubrious surroundings in Pall Mall in 1832. Grand indeed are its rooms, and one of the grandest is the Coffee Room where members dine at a central table when they wish to be sociable. With about 1,200 members drawn from many professions, particularly diplomats, lawyers, journalists, authors, and above all, people who travel, interesting stories are bound to be swapped across the table. The two editors had the idea of getting some of these down on paper and there are eighty contributions in this very nicely produced book. BACSA's Henry Brownrigg is among them with 'The Frogman's Watch', and other well known names too, including the doyen of Arabia, St John Armitage, the foreign correspondent Simon Winchester, the travel writer Patrick Leigh Fermor, Wilfred Thesiger, and many others. There aren't any women contributors, because it is a 'men only' club, though women are made welcome as guests of members.

Many of the titles are intriguing: 'The Professor on the Roof', 'Teach yourself Socotran' 'The Tsar's Wine Cellar' (a particularly good one, this), and 'The Crocodile Princess', an unusual tribute to a Cambodian lady. Some deal with off-duty moments from a busy job - exploring volcanoes, trying to catch a train in Mongolia, swimming the Hellespont and other things that the English enjoy abroad. This is not to imply that all the stories are as light-hearted. People working abroad in high profile jobs will encounter dangerous and unpleasant situations as 'An Unlucky Encounter in Salazar's Portugal' by Barry O'Brien reminds us. It says something about the character of the story-tellers that most tales are told in a good humoured way.

Indeed some, like 'Karachi' in which the author had momentarily to assume Icelandic nationality, are irresistibly funny. As one would expect, the writing is literate to a degree. Despite what the editors say about keeping the items much as they were written, there are undoubted similarities of style between the contributors, more so than one might perhaps expect from such a varied authorship. Can it be that members of the Travellers Club do indeed speak with one voice? But this is not a criticism. This is an easy book to dip into and enjoy, and probably more fun to read in the comfort of one's own home, than on the move in remote parts. An ideal Christmas present for the armchair traveller, in fact. A handsome dust-jacket and end-plates by the fine artist David Gentleman, and brief notes on each contributor. (RLJ)

1999 Castlereagh Press, London ISBN 1 901825 01 9 £18.99 pp299

Mapping an Empire: the Geographical Construction of British India 1765-1843 Michael Edney

This is one of the most interesting books to have crossed the reviewer's desk for a long time. It sets out to tell how the East India Company's early map-makers began their work in India and how methods of cartography changed from the time of James Rennell, the first Surveyor General of Bengal to that of George Everest, who gave his name to the world's highest mountain. It shows how the surveys carried out were essential to the existence of the Company, over-arching every department, from the Marine Board who needed coastal information, the Revenue Board who needed land surveys for their District Collectors, the Engineers who had to know where to erect fortifications, bridges and roads, to the military who had to move their troops across India. When the Company first started to spread inland in the mid-18th century, and particularly after the battles at Buxar and Plassey, they quickly found themselves in charge of vast areas of land, but often literally did not know where they were. One of the first European maps was that by the Frenchman d'Anville, in 1752, showing northern India, though because of limited information there were many blank areas across it. Over the next hundred years these spaces were infilled, by a variety of methods, until by the mid nineteenth century a map of India pretty much resembled what we see today.

But how accurate is it? This is the nub of Edney's thesis, for he believes that all European map-makers were bound to impose their own, western, view of India on to their maps, and that not only was it impossible for them to be objective, but also that they consciously fashioned India into a conquered country. This runs counter to the received view of geography (until very recently), for surely a map is a map is a map? But Edney convincingly argues that European map-makers approached India as men of the Enlightenment, with a firm belief in reason, logic and order. Chaotic as it seemed, India could be made to fit into the western conception, with a little pushing and pulling. When contradictory information came from different sources, the rational response of 18th century man was to take as many observations as possible on the assumption that the errors would cancel each other out. Surveyors, who of necessity had to rely on Indian witnesses in order to plot their maps, would question a number of people, then choose a statement from the one who seemed most personable. A short review cannot summarize this densely-argued book. There are questions which remain unanswered, not least of which is why Indians appear to have a different mental map of their surroundings from westerners. And in slating the European man of reason, Edney ignores those Indians who embraced Enlightenment concepts, like Tufuzzil Hussein Khan, who was called 'the Indian Newton'. Nevertheless, this is a very worthwhile book, not an easy read, but intellectually satisfying. (RLJ)

1997 University of Chicago Press ISBN 0 226 18487 0 £19.95 pp458

A Special Corps: The Beginnings of Gorkha Service with the British A.P. Coleman

A truly magnificent and comprehensive investigation into the origins and development of the Gurkha Regiments from their early formations as three irregular battalions drawn from the disbanded soldiers in the territories wrested with so much difficulty from Nepal in the campaigns of 1814-16 to their recognition as regular troops of the Bengal Army in 1850. The book has an emphatic Gurkha bias towards these most loyal and effective fighters, as one would expect from an author who served with the 1st Gurkha rifles (the original Nasiri Battalion) in the Second World War, supported in the Introduction by a retired Major General Brigade of Gurkhas and a Professor of All Souls College, Oxford, both with close ties to the same Regiment, and now a Reviewer from the 3rd Gurkha Rifles (Kumaon Battalion)!

For the military historian and Gurkha officer the book will hold a special fascination as it proceeds with enormous detail and diligence (874 references to original sources) through the origins of the Anglo-Gurkha relationship march-by-march through the campaigns of the Nepal wars from 1814-1816, to the formation of the first three battalions (Nasiri, Sirmoor, Kumaon). To officers of other units in the Indian Army there may well be a defensive reaction to justify the qualities of their own 'jawans' whether Sikhs, Punjabis, Dogras, Pathans, Marathas, Madrassis and the others from every corner of the sub-continent as each was imbued with the same proud spirit that their Regiment, Company, Platoon, Section was the best (as with our own County, Scots, Welsh and Irish soldiery), and I will remember the motto drilled into the minds of every raw recruit at the 3rd Gurkha Regimental Centre in Dehra Dun 'Ma jasto kai chhaina' ['There is no one like me'.] For the general reader, the detail and complication of the various incidents and campaigns with the seeming confusion of names, places, numbers of men and equipment, may make it a hard read but there are compensations with shafts of delightful detail emerging, such as in the account of the two heroes, Ochterlony and Lawtie meeting Lady Nugent, the wife of the Commander-in-Chief, on tour near Delhi. She was shocked to find they had beards and refused to eat beef and pork, noting in her journal that they were 'as much Hindoo as Christian.' Their notorious oriental lifestyle led no doubt to a closer empathy with the men they commanded.

And there are interesting references to the wider political scene involving relations with the Sikhs, Afghans and Chinese, such as the cautionary comment of the C-in-C in 1839 to Auckland the Governor General warning him of the potential threat Nepal might still pose. 'Do not forget also that Nepal is tributary to China and that China may, if they are willing to disburse it, put the troops of Nepal in motion.'

This book with its deep research of all available documentary evidence is an important addition to military history. It is beautifully produced in clear well-spaced type with maps, illustrations and portraits of the main characters (four in colour). The proceeds from each sale are being donated to the Gurkha welfare Trust, thanks to the generosity of Ean Ramsay, the great-great-grandson of Major General Sir David Ochterlony (see back cover), who in 1815 first recruited large numbers of Gurkhas into the East India Company's Bengal Army. (TCW)

1999 Pentland Press, 1 Hutton Close, South Church, Bishop Auckland, Durham DL14 6XB. ISBN 1 85821 606 0 £20.00 plus postage pp350

Stop Press: the second volume on the Meerut Cantonment Cemetery by Alan Harfield is ready. It covers the period from 1876 to 1939, and includes the Race-course cemetery and military memorials. Details in the Spring 2000 *Chowkidar*.

BACSA's next book, which will be launched at the October 1999 meeting is entitled *Memoirs of an adventurous Dane in India: 1904-1947* by August Peter Hansen. It is an unusual book by a Danish sailor who joined the Calcutta Police and subsequently worked for the Birla family. Because Hansen was an 'outsider', he had a more objective view of British officials and officialdom than most. Starting at the bottom rung of the police ladder, he witnessed events that his superiors sometimes found hard to believe and life was often difficult for him as he struggled to raise a large family on a sub-inspector's pay.

1999 BACSA £10.50 plus postage

BOOKS ALSO RECEIVED (some of which might be reviewed in the next issue)

Jim Corbett of Kumaon D.C. Kala

A revised biography of the hunter turned conservationist, told by an author who knows the Kumaon and Garhwal districts well and who presents Corbett in a sympathetic light as a 'hero who is still remembered in the region'.

1999 Ravi Dayal Publisher, Delhi ISBN 81 7530 022 1 *Rs175 pp162

The Changing Landscapes of the Indian Hill Stations - Power, Culture and Tradition Aditi Chatterji

An analytical study of Simla and Ootacamund from British days to the present, this was presented as the author's PhD thesis, and is necessarily geared towards an academic audience rather than the casual reader.

1997 Prabasi Press Ltd, Calcutta *Rs300 pp346

Life & Death in Changi ed Brian Kitching

The Diary of Tom Kitching who died in Japanese hands in Singapore in 1944. Particularly interesting for its descriptions of Singapore life before it fell to the Japanese, and for its detailed account of life in Changi prison. What should have been a depressing read is enlivened by the author's pragmatic approach to a dreadful situation, and the courage with which he faced his last days.

1998 published by Brian Kitching, 20 Beechgrove Drive, Perth PH1 1JA, Scotland
ISBN 1 873891 35 0 £11.90 including postage

Burma 1942: the Japanese Invasion Ian Lyall Grant & Kazuo Tamayama

An authoritative account of this unfortunate campaign, in which the Allies seriously underestimated Japanese military capability.

1999 Zampi Press, 6, St Martin's Square, Chichester, West Sussex PO19 1NT
ISBN 0 9521083 1 3 £25.00 inclusive in Britain pp400

Monuments to Courage: Victoria Cross Headstones & Memorials David Harvey

The definitive work on the 1,350 holders of the Victoria Cross, with 6,000 photographs. Boxed set of two volumes. All proceeds to the Star & Garter Home, Richmond

1999 Published by Kevin & Kay Patience £75.00 plus £6.50 postage from Pat da Costa, 124 Oatlands Drive, Weybridge, Surrey KT13 9HL

The Burma Campaign Memorial Library

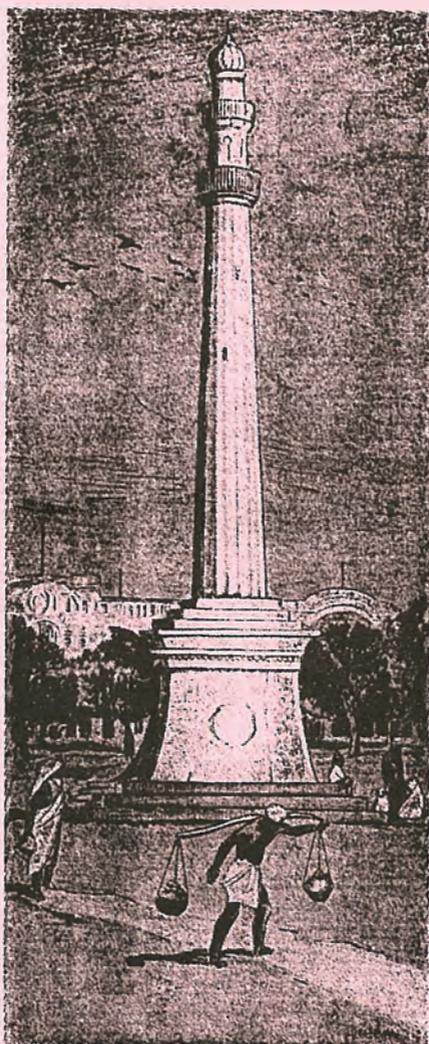
A descriptive catalogue and bibliography compiled by Gordon Graham of the new Library opened earlier this year at the School of Oriental & African Studies. The collection covers personal narratives, newspapers and ephemera, journals, newsletters, pictorial histories, verse and fiction, as well as military books. There is a small section on Japanese books published in English.

1999 SOAS 07286 0305 5 £10.00 plus postage from SOAS Bookshop, Brunei Gallery, SOAS, Thornhaugh Street, Russell Square, London WC1H 0XG. (£5.00 to Burma veterans)

* Books from India: where prices are given in rupees, these books can be obtained from Mr Ram Advani, Bookseller, Mayfair Buildings, Hazratganj PO Box 154, Lucknow 226001, Uttar Pradesh, India. Mr Advani will invoice BACSA members in sterling, adding £3 for registered airmail for a slim hardback and £2 for a slim paperback. Sterling cheques should be made payable to Ram Advani. Catalogues and price lists will be sent on request.

Notes to Members

1. When writing to the Secretary and expecting a reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.
2. If wishing to contact a fellow-member whose address is not known to you, send the letter c/o Hon Secretary who will forward it unopened.
3. If planning any survey of cemetery MIs, either in this country or overseas, please check with the appropriate Area Representative or the Hon Secretary to find out if already recorded. This is not to discourage the reporting of the occasional MI noticed, which is always worth doing, but to avoid unnecessary duplication of effort.



Ochterlony's Monument on the *Maidan*, Calcutta