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THE STORY OF THE PEARSON FAMILY

From time to time we receive family histories from our members and these carefully compiled papers go to swell the BACSA archives, as well as providing fascinating reading. One such history which arrived recently, is of the Pearson family, by Miss J.F. Freeman and it is an impressive example of what can be done from family papers, contemporary books and research at the India Office Library and Records.

Henry Edward Pearson (known as Edward) was born at Stockton-on-Tyne, Worcs in 1809, the son of the Rev. Thomas Pearson and Sarah (nee Gibbons). Why he was sent to India at the age of twenty is not clear and a letter from the Rev. Pearson only makes his voyage, and indeed the manner of it, more tantalizing: 'It is highly necessary that Edward should sail as soon as possible for his own interests and the comfort of Sarah and it is consequently my intention to go to Town...with the pretence of procuring his outfit but with the real intention of putting him on board an Indiaman and thus saving all concerned much distress and anxiety'. One can only guess at Edward's peccadilloes which led a nineteenth-century clergyman to stoop to such deceit. Edward was not without friends on his arrival in India in 1829. His brother and uncle had established themselves there and he began a slow and steady rise up through the 18th N.I. to the position of Lieutenant in 1838, when he married Fanny Williamson, descendant of a noble French family. The couple produced nine children, five of whom died in infancy, three during one dreadful year at Nainital (in 1856) who must have fallen victim to an epidemic of some kind. None of the four survivors seem to have married. Fanny was probably in England by 1857 with the surviving children, sparing them the horror of the Mutiny, but Edward was not so lucky. By now a Colonel, he was commanding the 18th N.I. at Bareilly and was one of five officers who was murdered by the villagers of Rampati in an attempted flight. Colonel Pearson is today commemorated by a Mutiny monument in St. Stephen's Church, Bareilly, together with the names of thirty-eight others also murdered there. Whatever his youthful misdeeds were, they had been expiated.

A second history received recently was begun in a curious manner. Mrs. A. Rosoman, from New Zealand confessed: 'it was not until after my parents' deaths that I became interested in India and my family history...when I suddenly learnt that my father's marriage to my mother was his second, he being married previously while living in India'. Parental disapproval had apparently been responsible for the secrecy surrounding Leonard Ward's first marriage, but with the help of a researcher in England his daughter established that he had first married Ivy Constance Wallis at Nainital in March 1914. A daughter born of the marriage, Audrey, lived only three-and-a-half years and died in Simla in 1919. Leonard Warde then spent some years working as paymaster for Iran Railways at Baghdad before emigrating to New Zealand in 1924 where he was divorced. Mrs. Rosoman then traced her uncles and aunts, all of whom were born in Calcutta, and investigating further she found that her great-grandfather, Francis Henry Warde had been a Master Mariner in Calcutta, and possibly the first member of the family to go to India. Francis married Amelia Townsend (herself born at Berhampore in 1826) but no record of the date of his death has yet been found. So Mrs. Rosoman's family has had connections with India since the early 19th century and many of her newly discovered relatives were buried there.

THE MAIL BOX

So many Eastern graves have been brought to our attention since BACSA began in 1976 that the casual reader may imagine one only has to step out of a plane at Delhi or Calcutta to find a whole ordered necropolis at one's feet. The reality is rather different as a very informative letter reminded us. In February this year Mrs. M.E. Chick and her brother Mr. A.K. Thomas re-visited India after more than forty years' absence. Because they had a free day during their tour, they decided to visit Cawnpore (Kanpur) where their father was buried in 1933. They had taken the precaution of obtaining as much information as possible before leaving England from a BACSA member and reported that 'having visited the cemetery we realise that we should probably never have found it if we had just arrived in Kanpur as we originally intended to do'. Their letter is full of useful tips, like allowing plenty of time to catch an internal flight in India, for though flights were invariably delayed there were a tremendous number of formalities to go through before getting air-borne. They note taxis are sometimes difficult to find and with isolated cemeteries one should take a packed meal since wayside cafes are infrequent outside towns. It is also important to choose the time of day, if photography is envisaged since morning or evening light can shadow tombs and obscure inscriptions. The chowkidar at the Kanpur cemetery had been informed of the intended visit and was able to guide the couple to the grave; and records at All Soul's Memorial Church, where Mr. Thomas had worshipped, were made available.

Despite some difficulties, Mrs. Chick concluded 'My aim is not to put anyone off, far from it. I found everyone extremely kind and helpful when they could be and to actually visit a family tomb is a warm and overwhelmingly nostalgic experience'.

An isolated grave first seen some forty years ago by a BACSA member, the Rt. Rev. Norman Sargant stands at a road junction near Honnali in Shimoga District, Karnataka, by the Tungabhadra river. It consists of a low flat masonry grave with a stone inscribed 'J.W. Edlin, Wesleyan Evangelist. 29th March 1889. Aged 26' and is surrounded by a low palisade of stout stone slabs. While working as a missionary the Rev. Sargant was told by an old mission teacher that Edlin had been murdered by a fanatical Roman Catholic chowkidar at the Traveller's Bungalow where he was staying. He had been deliberately drowned while bathing in the river, and his grave, like those of some other Europeans was regarded as that of a holy man of reputed sanctity. It was not until fifteen years later the Rev. Sargant discovered that Edlin had come from Nether Broughton, near Melton Mowbray where he worked in a local quarry. He was also a zealous lay preacher and decided to make this his vocation and was sent to India in 1888 to a most remote and unhealthy Wesleyan Mission station. After only a few months he was stricken with malaria and became so depressed that another missionary was sent to join him. It was the sad task of the second man to find Edlin's body in a rocky pool in the river the next morning. The Rev. Sargant subsequently visited Nether Broughton where a school-room adjoining the chapel had been created as a memorial to Edlin and was fortunate to meet Edlin's brother there. In 1976 the Rev. Sargant and his wife re-visited the grave while in India and were pleased to find its condition unimpaired. 'We placed many garlands on it...these I regard as a tribute to all the good things I had learned about James Edlin in England and as a testimony to my belief that here was the grave, not perhaps of a holy man, but of a good man who deserves to be remembered'.

By coincidence an earlier missionary was recalled in an article and letter by George Yeaman. While in Hong Kong recently, Mr. Yeaman visited the Old Protestant Cemetery of Macao with its sunken garden shaded by frangipani and bauhinia. There he found the well-kept grave of Dr. Robert Morrison, together with members of his family and was interested to note that the Doctor had been born in Northumberland in 1782. Being a Northumbrian himself, Mr. Yeaman researched further on this early missionary, who, like J.W. Edlin came from a humble background. In his youth he had received 'only the bare rudiments of education', and was apprenticed to his father as a last and boot-tree maker. Deciding to enter the Church, Robert Morrison began to study French and Chinese and later medicine and astronomy at Greenwich. In 1807 he embarked for China and three years later published his first work there, a translation of the Acts of the Apostles in Chinese. This was followed by the Gospel of St. Luke, a grammar and a Chinese dictionary. In 1816 Morrison accompanied Lord Amherst on a mission to Peking and wrote a memoir of that successful embassy. In 1817 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Glasgow and the next year founded the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca. During a visit to England he was presented to King George IV and, returning to China, worked there diligently until his death at Canton in 1834. For twenty-five years, in addition to his missionary work he had been employed as Chinese translator in the East India Company, a remarkable tribute to a young man who started life in such unpromising circumstances. A photograph of his grave in its flowery surroundings is now in the BACSA archives.

While on holiday this year in Morocco, Chowkidar's Editor visited the Church of St. Andrew's in Tangiers, built at the end of the nineteenth century. The small building was erected by local artisans under the direction of an English firm of architects and is unusual in that the arch before the altar is of purely Moroccan style, with Islamic patterns and a portion of the scriptures inscribed in Arabic. In the surrounding cemetery is a beautiful and unusual tomb to Walter Burton Harris who came to Tangiers in 1886 and was the 'Times' correspondent there for forty-six years until his death in 1933. Like the church, his grave reflects the Moorish influence, with its tiled roof, double Arabian arch and mosaic tile work, and its inscription records simply that 'He loved the Moorish people and was their friend', a sentiment which is well reciprocated today in the loving upkeep of his grave (see p. 5) A smaller plaque, tantalisingly brief, hints at another Moroccan love affair. The bald inscription reads 'In Memory of Emily Keene, Sherifa of Wazan. Born 1849. Married 1873. Died 1944'. How interesting it would be to learn more of this English woman who appears to have married into the Moroccan nobility and whose life spans nearly a century.

In India again and two post-scripts with a Garhwal connection caught our eye. A.A. Halliley tells us that he served in the Royal Garhwal Rifles, a regiment raised by a certain E.P. Mainwaring in 1887. Mainwaring had been born in Kabul in December 1841 and was carried in the great retreat at the end of the First Afghan war by his mother and the redoubtable Lady Sale, whose daughter he later married. One of the few children, no doubt, to survive the dreadful disaster in mid-winter. From an article in the Asia Magazine by Ganesh Saili and Gurmet Thukral we learnt of an isolated grave in the Valley of Flowers near Ghagharia. While photographing exotic flowers and ferns, the pair discovered a grave and 'scraping off the moss read "Joan Margaret Legge. Feb. 21st 1885 - July 4th 1939". A botanist she lies here among the flowers which she loved so much. We place a nose-gay on the grave and tip-toe away from this high shrine of God's own garden' - a lovely tribute from the India of today to that of the past.

THE EARLIEST EUROPEANS

A request in Chowkidar for details of the first Englishmen and women to be buried in Eastern cemeteries brought two letters, linked by a fortunate coincidence. From our regular correspondent in Thailand, Major Roy Hudson came the story of Mrs. Mary Povey, a widow who sailed to Madras in 1675. 'She had gone out', Major Hudson tells us, 'to marry a Tom Jearsay but during the six-month voyage had fallen in love with Samuel White the second officer. Mary went ashore and stayed in Jearsay's house for a few days but soon found she disliked him and returned his tokens. The affair caused quite a flurry in the town and when she married Samuel White, the service was performed by a French padre as the British one had refused to do so. Not long afterwards the Whites went to live in the Tenassarim port of Mergui which was at that time in the kingdom of Siam, though it later became part of Burma. The subsequent history of Mary White is not known but her husband survived the massacre of eighty British in Mergui in 1687 and returned to England with a small, though ill-gotten fortune, dying at Bath six months later.

In 1915 the District Commissioner of Mergui, J.S. Furnivall, I.C.S., was walking along the waterfront when he saw a dhobi washing clothes by beating them on a stone slab. He noticed some lettering carved on the slab, which turned out to be a fragment of a gravestone. Furnivall tells the story in 'Samuel White - Port Officer of Mergui'. * The stone was re-erected by the P.W.D. near a waterpump, the cost being met by the Planters and Mercantile community of Mergui. One wonders if it is still there. Because White had a daughter called Mary, Furnivall would only say that the tombstone was of somebody somehow connected with Samuel White, but one of his successors as District Commissioner, Maurice Collis reckoned it was certainly the tombstone of his wife Mary. The inscription on the fragment reads:
...RE LYETH T../BODY OF MAR.../...SAM WHI.../THIS LIF.../ O DONI 1682/...
Ergo Resurgam/.

Robin McGuire** (who also noted Mary White's gravestone) tells us that the oldest stone commemorating an English person in Rangoon is now situated in the Cantonment cemetery. The inscription commemorates 'Captain John Stewart, for many years a commander in the country service, who departed this life in Rangoon on the 21st Day of August in the year of Our Lord 1808. Born in Scotland. Aged 54 years'. But the stone has not always lain in the Cemetery. The Chaplain found it being used as a dhobi stone, rescued it and erected it in the lych-gate of the Cemetery. How many early inscriptions have been lost by India's sturdy dhobis trying, in Mark Twain's delightful phrase 'to break a stone by hitting it with a shirt?'

* Journal of the Burma Research Society, Vol VII, Part III Dec. 1917)

** Robin McGuire has recently produced (with other writers) the Burma Register a record from the earliest European period to 1947 of Europeans in Burma which is available from the Secretary for £5.

Photographs, opposite page:

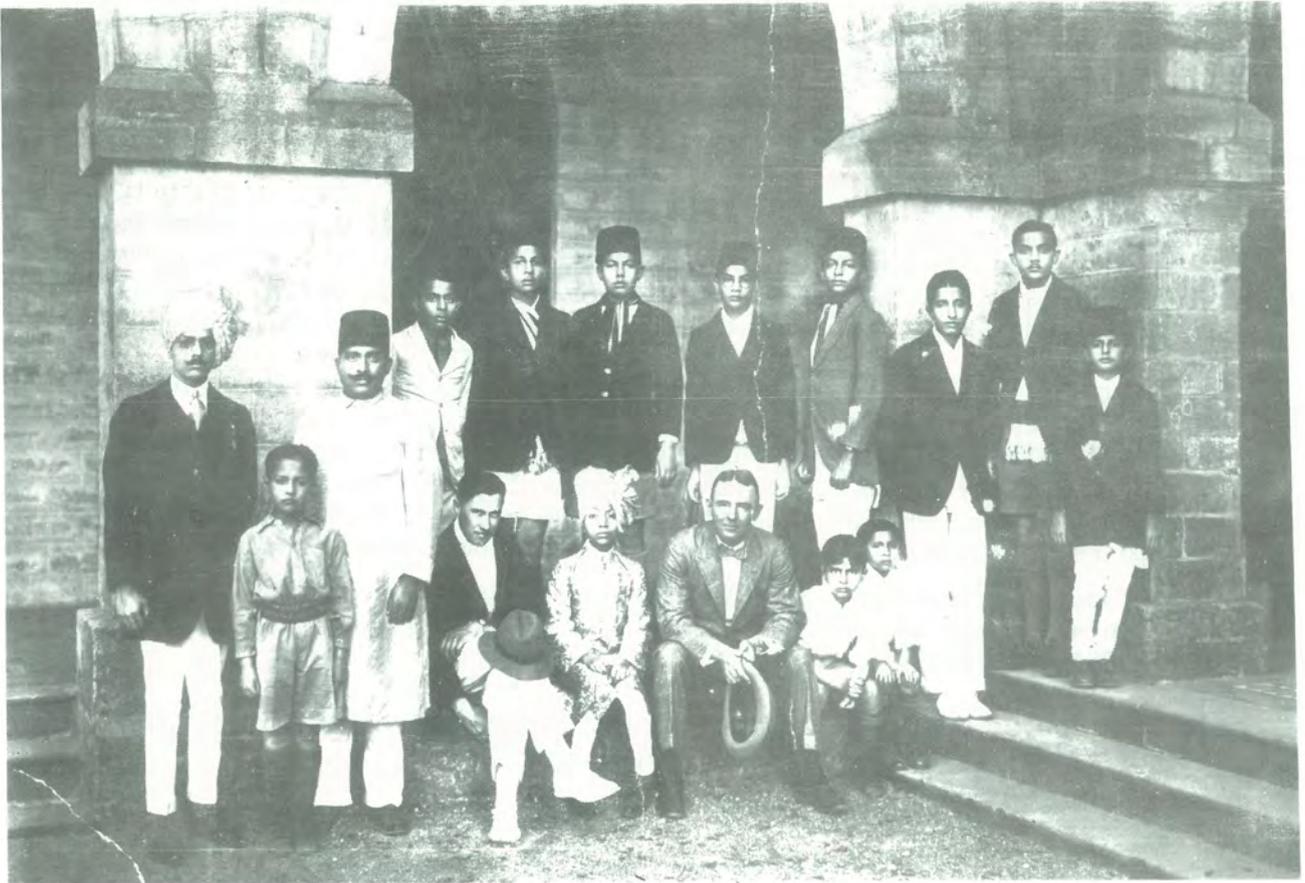
- A. From BACSA's post-card collection, the statue of Sir Hugh Shakespear Barnes, Quetta, undated.
- B. The Moroccan grave of Walter Burton Harris in St. Andrew's Church, Tangiers.
- C. Sir Rodney Pasley at Rajkumar College, seated with his pupils.



A



B



C

OBITUARY

Raja S.M. Bhanja Deo, of Kanika in Orissa, India, died on July 24th at Cuttack. Descended from an ancient family he had a keen sense of history and a great respect and love for Britain which is perhaps why he was dismayed at the neglect of old European cemeteries in Calcutta and elsewhere. As early as 1974 he wrote about Park Street 'There is a rank growth of vegetation between the graves. These graves look most uncared-for. One is always used to see cemeteries well looked after and well maintained. It is sad to see these graves are neglected, as people do not appreciate the sanctity which grave-yards deserve. When I get an opportunity I go round cemeteries reading the epitaphs'. In another letter the Raja described the cemetery at Ganjam. 'The graves were in good condition when I saw them last. The span of life was rather short, and they laid their lives in an alien land and in an unhealthy climate liable to tropical disease without medicine. Some were killed in action. Now I am apprehensive that epitaphs and the marble slabs will have been stolen. Cannot something be done in this direction?' His appeal was referred to Whitehall and elsewhere, but met a disappointing response. However the Raja lived to see the good start that followed on the publication of Two Monsoons and the subsequent birth of BACSA.

We also regret to announce the death on July 25th of Sir Rodney Pasley, aged 83, the author of BACSA's forthcoming book 'Send Malcolm'. Rodney Pasley had been headmaster of the Central Grammar School, Birmingham from 1943-1959 and had previously taught as Vice-Principal of Rajkumar College, Rajkot. Our photograph (see p.5) shows him with the Principal, J.T. Turner and some of his pupils at the College. On his return from India he taught at Alleyn's School where he had worked in the 1920's. He succeeded his uncle as 4th baronet in 1947. Rodney Pasley had long cherished a private ambition to write a short 'life' of Sir John Malcolm to whom he was related and 'Send Malcolm' was the result of almost ten years work.

BATTLE MONUMENTS OF SOUTH ASIA

An ambitious project has been initiated by Michael Stokes to study and record all monuments erected by the British in India, Burma, Pakistan, Bangladesh and Sri Lanka, to commemorate military battles or campaigns. The study is restricted to monuments in commemoration of two or more persons (not individuals) who died in, or as the result of, a particular military action. Thus it does not cover monuments to the victims of earthquakes, epidemics and famines. Nor does it include monuments erected by Regiments to record the names of its members or their dependents who died while the Regiments was serving in a particular Cantonment. The aim of the study is to establish the present condition of each monument, with photographs showing both its past and present state wherever possible and to record details of any authority concerned with its preservation.

The study will involve liason with people living in the areas of the monuments as well as cross-indexing with files and photographs already in the BACSA archives.

Information or questions on the project should be sent straight to Michael Stokes at Willow Cottage, Biddenden, Ashford, Kent.

CAN YOU HELP?

Although a number of queries published in this column go unanswered, a high proportion do receive replies, often immensely detailed and with photographs of gravestones and cemeteries. One such reply came to a query in the last Chowkidar from Mrs. Forster, the wife of the British Ambassador in Pakistan, who was able to provide photographs of the grave of Captain James McCulloch, great-great-grandfather of a BACSA member, Captain Ian McCulloch. James McCulloch died in 1908 and his grave was found in the new Murree cemetery with the moving inscription 'Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers'. The Register in Murree Church also recorded the marriage of two of James' sons and the full details have been passed to Captain McCulloch. Perhaps the following queries will also elicit answers?

Mrs. Y. Lewis tells us of a story current in her family which she would like to substantiate. After the successful ending of the great Mutiny in 1857 it was said that 'the grateful Queen Victoria had the dining table at Government House cut up and a piece sufficient for a table for six to eight people presented to each of the high ranking officers who had helped bring about the victory'. General Sir Hugh Rose (a great uncle of the writer's mother) who was considered to have taken the major part in bringing an end to the Mutiny was therefore given two ends. 'These, welded together and turned so that the head and foot of the original table are now the two sides are our present dining table and has been in our family since about 1860'. Mrs. Lewis would like confirmation of the table's origin and is also curious about the rest of the table. Who has the other pieces now? She also wonders if anything is known of the English artist Lilian Morton, who specialised in very large paintings of Rajahs and tigers in a jungle setting.

In 1938 Hugh Whitworth visited the old British cemetery at Kaira in Gujerat, while on a trip from Ahmedabad District where he was working. 'I have a vivid memory', Mr. Whitworth writes, 'of numerous army memorials of about 1830 or so, when according to a colleague, the area was a sort of 'north-west frontier' of British India. Clearly there were quite a few troops there in the the 1830's with their wives and children: what I remember is the great number of young officers, wives and children who died of cholera about that time - far more than died in battle'. What is known of the history of the cemetery, asks Mr. Whitworth and what of its present state?

A family with a long and sometimes tragic connection with India is recalled by Lumsden of Cushnie, reminding us of the high price of service in the East. One forebear, John Lumsden, who died in 1818 was a Director of the East India Company and another, Sir Henry Lumsden raised the celebrated Guides Cavalry in 1846. Sir Henry's brother William, second in command of Coke's Corps was killed at Delhi in 1838 and the writer's great-grandfather, John Tower Lumsden, attached to the 93rd Highlanders was killed while storming the Secunderabagh Palace in Lucknow during the Mutiny. Another member of the family, David, was murdered in India in 1841, his brother John, Captain of the 63rd Regiment was eaten by a shark in the same year and a grand-uncle, Gordon Leith Lumsden was murdered while serving in the Army in India. Lumsden of Cushnie would welcome information on the burial places of his relatives, especially David, John and Gordon Lumsden.

C.R.C. Harvey's family also have long links with India and he seeks information on the graves of the Auber family, to whom he is related. The old

Huguenot family of Auber came to England from near Havre in 1685 and were originally silk-weavers in Spitalfields, London. The best-known Auber was perhaps the writer's great-great aunt, Harriet who wrote the famous hymn 'Our best Redeemer'. One of her nieces, Jane, married a cousin, Henry Peter Auber, who died of fever in 1821 at Bencoolen in Sumatra in the house of Sir Stamford Raffles, whom he had taken out in his ship. Henry Peter had three brothers, all called Peter, too (obviously a favourite family name!), one of whom, James Peter, was a Lieutenant in the 13th Madras N.I. and was drowned in 1816 while carrying despatches at Ellickpore. He attempted to re-cross a nullah which had swollen since his morning ride and his servant, who would not desert him was also drowned. Another brother, Captain Charles Peter was born in Ava (Burma) in 1790 and served in the 53rd, 67th and 83rd Regiments, being wounded in the siege of Badajoz. He died of cholera in 1825 at Rome on the banks of the Irriwaddy river in Burma and it is just possible that his grave still survives or has been recorded somewhere.

Henry Johnson went to work at Howrah about 1888-9 as a foreman blacksmith and died shortly after his arrival. His wife Eliza returned to England with their three children and his grand-daughter, Mrs. Margaret Wildman would welcome information on his grave in Howrah.

William Thompson was a surveyor from Dublin who went to India in the 1850's and died of cholera while surveying forts in about 1857. It is possible he had some connection with Kandahar in Afghanistan and a relative, Mrs. F. Thompson of Australia seeks information on him.

Jessie Steven Kennedy was born in Perthshire in 1870 and was living in Hong Kong and Burma about the time of the Second World War. Her married name was Mrs. Chester Cleveland Becker and her family believe she died during the Japanese occupation when she would have been in her 70's. Her death was never confirmed and the family wish to know how they could find out more about it.

James Tait 1798-1879 was the brother of Archbishop Tait of Canterbury and entered the East India Company's army as an infantry cadet, fought in the Afghan, Sutlej and Punjab campaigns and died in his brother's house of Fulham Palace. He is said to have formed 'Tait's Horse'. Any information would be welcomed by a member, Basil LaBouchardiere.

A more light-hearted request that will have BACSA members sifting through their attics and old trunks, comes from the National Army Museum. They are appealing for items of clothing worn during the First and Second World Wars, and the Korean War, such as officers' shirts, gloves, Other Ranks' boots, gas capes (even if they can no longer be opened!) as well as documents like call-up papers, army posters, rail warrants, etc. The items donated or lent will go on semi-permanent display in 1983. Military binoculars and telescopes are especially sought and more information can be obtained by writing direct to Miss E.R. Talbot Rice, Information & Research Officer, National Army Museum, Royal Hospital Road, London SW 3. (All letters about BACSA enquiries to our Secretary Theon Wilkinson, of course).

On page 5 we reproduce a picture of the statue of Sir Hugh Shakespear Barnes which stood, or stands still, perhaps, in Quetta. This is not a direct query about the statue, though we would welcome news of it, but just one example from our growing post-card collection. Several members have begun to donate post-cards to the BACSA archives and old views of memorials, cemeteries and churches are particularly valuable since many no longer exist. At the moment old Indian post-cards are not much sought after and can often be picked up from junk shops for a few pence, but we suspect they will shortly become collectors' items and would like to build up our own collection too.

THE BHAGALPUR CEMETERY

Between 1937 and 1951 the Rev. R.S. Chalk was serving in the Bhagalpur Division of North Bihar as CMS Missionary and Chaplain and he recently set down his recollections of cemeteries visited during that period. 'I found myself also Visiting Chaplain of Purnea and Katihar, my visits to the two latter stations beyond the Ganges being limited to five times each year. Except at the Railway colonies of Jamalpur and Katihar, resident Europeans and Anglo-Indians were very few and interments consequently infrequent. I can only call to mind seven during my fifteen years at Bhagalpur, in addition to ten victims of two air-disasters during the war.

Nevertheless the cemeteries contained the graves of many earlier Europeans, the first burial at Bhagalpur being that of Alexander Dow who died there in 1779. He was one of the earliest English historians of India and something of a playwright and during two visits to England on leave he staged two plays of his own composition. His monument, unlike others, was maintained and limewashed regularly by the Department for Ancient Monuments whereas other graves were cared for by the P.W.D. Originally each grave was marked by a numbered iron plate but the majority of these were stolen by a scoundrelly local blacksmith about 1942 to be made into bullock-shoes. The blacksmith was caught and convicted, with a jail sentence but the plates were never replaced. One still identifiable grave was that of the Rev. Thomas & Mrs. Christian who were sent to the hilltribes of the Rajmahal Hills by Bishop Heber as the result of his pastoral tour up the Ganges in 1824. The couple were pioneer SPG missionaries but both died 'in the third year' after their arrival there of 'jungle fever' - usually another name for typhoid. Most poignant of all, the Rev. Chalk tells us were the five tall pinnacles, each commemorating one of the five infant children of the commissioner of Bhagalpur, Sir Frederick Hamilton and his wife who were there at the turn of the nineteenth century.

One of the most remarkable features was a huge Muslim-type tomb without an inscription and surrounded by a thick wall. According to tradition this was the grave of a 'bibi' of an earlier Commissioner, who to his intense indignation was not permitted to bury her in the Christian cemetery, so retorted by having her buried immediately outside its southern boundary, on a site which was bound to be included when the Cemetery was later extended. This came about in due course, and it seems the wall was built round the large tomb to mark it off from the consecrated ground around. It was the sad task of the Rev. Chalk to preside over two war-time burials, the first the three man crew of a Wellington bomber which lost its bearings on returning from a bombing mission over Burma and crashed in the jungle. The second was an American DC4 with six passengers and a pilot that crashed into the camp jail in 1944. The bodies were later exhumed and transferred to Arlington Cemetery in America and the Rev. Chalk still has their identifying 'dog-tags'.

An extraordinarily macabre tale was related to the Rev. Chalk at Kishanganj during one of his tours of inspection. Local residents claimed that some years earlier a party of strange-looking Sahibs had passed through the town heading south towards the Roman Catholic Mission near Manihari Ghat, bearing with them a body already showing signs of decomposition. Two days later they returned, still with the body, dug a grave with their own hands in the cemetery and at last buried it. All the villagers whose homes abutted the graveyard were made to evacuate them till the 'ceremony' was over. An unexplained mystery, concludes the Rev. Chalk.

BACSA BOOKS (recent books by BACSA members)

India Observed. Mildred Archer and Ronald Lightbown

This book can be described as an expanded catalogue. It was produced in conjunction with the exhibition of 'India viewed by British Artists 1760-1860' at the Victoria and Albert Museum and contains essays on different interpretations of India from the picturesque to the exotic. To read the scholarly yet entertaining criticisms which draw heavily on contemporary attitudes is to approach the actual catalogue details with an enhanced perception and the beautifully reproduced paintings and sketches (some in colour) add to the pleasure of this book.

160 pp 1982 £4.95 Trefoil Books Ltd.

Plain Tales of the Afghan Border. Major J.C.E. Bowen

Any story which starts: "'During the latter part of the nineteenth century' began Zarif Khan one evening, stirring his green tea with a silver spoon ..." is bound to ensure the reader's eager attention to the very last word and this is only one of ten stories told to the author by 'The Prince of Story Tellers'. Major Bowen spent several years serving in the Mansehra sub-division on the N.W. Frontier and transcribed the stories of Muhammad Zarif Khan, the political Tehsildar of Oghi which have now been compiled into this enthralling book. Recommended.

95 pp 1982 £5.95 Springwood Books

A Mountain in Tibet. Charles Allen

The legend of a great mountain at the centre of the world and the source of four rivers, has run through the mythology of Asia and the far East for centuries. The author traces the extraordinary story of the explorers who were determined to find the holy mountain, from the Jesuits who founded the first Christian church in Tibet in 1626 to the fanatical but visionary Swede, Sven Hedin who died in 1952. A feast for geographers and historians.

255 pp 1982 £12.95 Andrew Deutsch

The Life and Murder of Henry Morshead. Ian Morshead

Henry T. Morshead was a soldier, surveyor, linguist, explorer and Himalayan climber who died in bizarre circumstances at Maymo, Burma in 1931. His son, the author, had always been puzzled by the ill-fitting pieces of the jigsaw of published accounts of the murder and decided to return to the scene of the crime, reliving the strange events with some of those who remembered what had happened. Then everything began to fall into place...An intriguing study with a careful reconstruction of Indian life in the 1920's.

1982 £10.50 Oleander Press

The Egyptian Revival. James Stevens Curl

The author has long been fascinated by the Egyptian Revival which was not just an eighteenth century phenomenon inspired by Napoleon's discovery, but which influenced the Graeco-Roman world, the Dark and Middle Ages, Renaissance Italy and twentieth century movements including Art Deco. Beautifully illustrated this will delight the general reader with an interest in art history and architecture.

250 pp 1982 £30.00 Allen & Unwin

THE TIBETAN WIFE

Not very far from the newly restored grave of Rose Alymer in South Park Street Cemetery, Calcutta, lies a simple square tomb bearing this inscription:

'In Sincere Attachment to the memory of Mr. George Bogle Late Ambassador to Tibet who died the 3rd of April 1781. This Monument was erected by his most Affectionate Friends David Anderson and Claud Alexander'.

George Bogle died a comparatively young man at the age of thirty-four but he left another 'memorial' behind which has intrigued a BACSA member, Sir Hugh Richardson, for almost forty years. Chowkidar was pleased to receive the result of his researches recently and to relate the following history.

George Bogle came of a solid Scots family from Uddington in Lanarkshire and after an education at Edinburgh University, he secured an appointment in the East India Company. He quickly attracted the attention of Warren Hastings and was chosen by the Governor General to lead the first British mission to the Panchen Lama of Tibet in 1774. A delightful but fanciful portrait by Tilly Kettle exists of Bogle being received by the Panchen Lama, which was painted in Calcutta on his return. Though the British Ambassador is very oddly attired, the background view of a Tibetan monastery appears authentic. Bogle spent nearly a year as the guest of the Lama, joining cheerful hunting expeditions with his nephews and their female relatives. It was here that Bogle probably met and married a noble Tibetan woman whose name was Tichen, or more accurately, Dechen. This exotic alliance interested our correspondent, the more so since it was surrounded by secrecy, legend and a lack of hard evidence.

It was suggested that Tichen was the sister of the Panchen Lama and Sir Hugh was puzzled that no-one he met while serving in Tibet knew anything of the story, which must have caused as much sensation in Tibet as it did in Scotland. It was not until a Mrs. Nora Heathcote wrote to the Sunday Times in 1948 that the story could be partially pieced together. Mrs. Heathcote affirmed that she was descended from George Bogle and his Tibetan wife, though she believed their union was not blessed by the Church and this had cast an air of secrecy over it. On George's death 'he left two daughters to mourn his loss, named Martha and Mary, who were sent to Scotland under the guardianship 'of Claud Alexander and David Anderson, George's 'Affectionate Friends'. Both daughters married Scotsmen and it was Martha's grand-daughters who told Mrs. Heathcote about her Tibetan great-great-grandmother and gave her a family tree. Mrs. Heathcote also learnt the romantic story of the Tibetan lady wading a river to follow George when he left Tibet, from a distant member of the family, and she found that the tradition of George's foreign wife was current beyond his direct descendants.

Sir Hugh concludes that though Tichen was not in fact the Panchen Lama's sister, she was probably one of his nieces, whom Bogle had described in a letter home as 'remarkable fair and ruddy'. Tibetan women are noted for their sturdy independence and it is not impossible that the niece was determined not to let George leave Tibet alone. But what happened to the lonely lady in Calcutta after Bogle's sudden death and the removal of her two daughters to distant Scotland? The discovery of a pension to Bibi Bogle (the usual term for a native wife or companion to a European) seems to indicate that she was provided for, and she survived her husband for fifty-seven years, dying in 1838 when she may have been over eighty years old. The story is not clear after such a long period of time and was complicated by the fact that George certainly had more than the two children of his

Tibetan marriage, possibly by an Indian woman. But the skillful way in which clues are traced and examined corroborates the memory of the Tibetan wife, whose features re-appeared in a great-great-niece 'with almond eyes and high cheek bones'.

(The full story of George Bogle and his family appears in The Scottish Genealogist Vol. XXIX No. Sept. 1982)

A SHORT SIEGE IN BALUCHISTAN

An exciting package arrived recently for BACSA, from a member, Thelma Munckton. It contained Government of India maps of the North West Frontier, army instructions for military manouevres in the hills, fading photographs, newspaper cuttings and a diary kept by Thelma Munckton's father, Victor Munckton, written while serving with Skinner's Horse in 1918. Shortly before the start of the Third Afghan War, bands of tribesmen led an increasing number of raids on isolated British posts in the N.W.F.P. The diary relates the belief of the tribesmen that the British Government had no army left in India because they had all gone to fight against the Germans. One can easily imagine how gleefully this story would be passed by word of mouth among disaffected tribes awaiting an opportunity to settle old scores.

Early in 1918 the Marri tribe launched a series of violent attacks against the half squadron posted at Gombaz Fort in Baluchistan. Between 1,000 to 1,500 tribesmen armed only with swords, scaled the perimeter wall of the mud-brick fort and hurled themselves against the towers. Only fifty officers and men of the 3rd Skinner's Horse were inside the fort but they eventually repulsed the Marris and the next day 223 dead and wounded tribesmen were counted lying in and around the fort. British and Indian losses totalled only five men dead and twenty-three wounded. Victor Munckton was sent, as a young officer, to reinforce the fort immediately after the fight, only to find that he and his men were besieged again. Heavy rain made it almost impossible to send for help. The Marri tribesmen constantly cut the telegraph wires, food for men and horses was running out and the position became increasingly severe. Victor Munckton managed to send out heliograph messages when the rain stopped, to headquarters, twenty-five miles distant, but it was several days before a small convoy with some food and camels could get through.

Then the siege recommenced. 'Waiting, waiting, waiting', says the diary. 'No attacks made, only a few shots fired when anyone goes out to fetch water. Food getting short. Two deaths from wounds today, burnt the bodies. Shall have to make some more holes in our belts soon. No communications'. On 19th March a plane dropped messages that more relief was on its way and by the time the Brigade arrived, the enemy had retreated to the hills. The short diary records the punitive measures taken by the Army after the raising of the siege. Houses of villagers who had supported the Marris were looted for wheat, eggs, livestock and silver, and bombing raids were carried out in the hills. The story of Gombaz Fort was not widely known, although it was listed among Official Battles and Actions of the Great War. Victor Munckton's diary, maps and evocative photographs vividly recall that fascinating period when tribal warfare was carried on with medieval weapons against a mud-fort while wireless, cameras and planes were being used simultaneously, in a strange juggling of the centuries.

THE MAIL BOX

More light on the earliest Europeans buried abroad has come from a Canadian correspondent James E. Bennett, who has kindly sent details about Mary White, buried in Mergui (now in Burma) in 1682. The mutilated inscription on the tombstone made it unclear whether Mary was the wife or daughter of Samuel White, port officer at Mergui. Mr. Bennett recalled that in a second edition of Samuel White's life by Maurice Collis, a valuable letter was printed as an appendix. From Samuel White himself, the letter dated 20th November 1683 mentioned the death of his wife at Mergui the previous September. She had died from an attack of dysentery which apparently produced a miscarriage. Samuel's two little motherless daughters, Susan and Mary White were sent home the following year, followed by their father in 1687/8. Samuel's death on April 27th 1689 was recorded in Bath Abbey's Burial Register quaintly as 'Samuell White, a stranger, in ye church', and that same year probably saw the death of little Mary White in August.

Shortly after writing about the life of the Chinese missionary Dr. Robert Morrison (Chowkidar Vol. 3 p. 3) the Editor was pleased to see a small exhibition on Morrison's work at the School of Oriental & African Studies, London. Books, letters and mementoes were shown, but the last item, a photograph of the Morrison family grave at Macao was the most interesting because it related the origins of the Old Protestant Cemetery there. Dr. Morrison was married twice, and on the death of his first wife, Mary, he tried to have her body interred in the Roman Catholic Cemetery at Macao. But the Portuguese authorities would not permit this, since Mary was a Protestant. The Chinese authorities strangely refused to have her interred in her infant son's grave in the hills outside the town. So the East India Company, for whom Morrison worked, bought a plot of land for £1,000 at Macao (a substantial sum for those days) and Mary Morrison became the first Protestant to be buried in the new cemetery. On his death in 1834 Dr. Morrison was buried there too, in time joined by some of his children.

The foundation of cemeteries in India and beyond is sometimes as interesting as the graves contained within them. When William Reid, Director of the National Army Museum was browsing through Sixty Years in Uniform recently, he found an account of an early Graves Commission set up in 1894. It was, at first, a very ad-hoc arrangement, instigated by a group of officers of the Northumberland Fusiliers, who had spent fifteen years in northern India. The Fusiliers had just received notice that they were to be sent to Singapore and this prompted them to remember the 232 men they had buried at various stopping places during their term of service. The first step for the new Commission to commemorate them, was to contact officials at these places, and apart from Agra where thirteen men had died, it was possible to trace all the graves. 'The next thing was to raise funds. Every N.C.O. and man should contribute his St. George's Day pay to a Graves 'Fund', the necessary balance being made up by the officers'. The author of the book, John Fraser, was despatched to an iron foundry and monumental masons at Cawnpore to commission plain iron crosses and inscribed marble tablets for the graves.

The memorials had to be durable and thief-proof as there was always the risk of the metal being taken for bullets or other purposes! 'All this of course was comparatively easy', wrote Fraser 'but the business of getting each cross to its right destination (there were about twenty different places) and seeing it was erected over the proper grave, presented a more difficult problem'. The memorials were sent by rail and road to Peshawar, Nowshera,

Rawalpindi, Mian Mir, Oghi, Thopa, Goa Dakka, Kuddama, Gharid and Murree, and Fraser inspected every one, placed in situ by native workmen. Years later, in the 1920's he noticed that the crosses still stood 'defying interference either from man or nature - a fitting memorial for gallant men'. How many still stand, sixty years further on?

When Lieut. Col. D.G.P.M. Shewen, one of the first BACSA members, died last year, he requested that donations to BACSA should be sent in lieu of flowers, and this much appreciated gesture has happily brought us several new members, amongst them Col. F.M.V. Tregear, a cousin of Lieut. Col. Shewen. Col. Tregear's family have been connected with India since 1829 when Captain William Tregear R.N. bought and sailed the H.M. Picket Emulous to Calcutta. Nothing further is known of the Captain except the curious fact that his ship's engines were later installed in a Jute Mill in Calcutta, where they were still in excellent working order at the beginning of this century. A great grandfather, Vincent Tregear was murdered during the Mutiny in May 1857, leaving a ten-year old son at Bareilly College. The boy grew up to become Major General Sir. V.W. Tregear, K.C.B. and his son, Lieut. Col. Frederick Tregear served in India with the 16th Rajputs. Our correspondent's brother, Lieut. Col. Vivian Tregear served with the 3/12 Frontier Force and the family still possess photographs dating back to 1854 of fellow officers and friends in the I.C.S.

A story worth retelling was recently brought to our notice about a remote, ruined fort near Dehra Dun. All that remains today of Kalunga Fort is a broken wall covered by the dense sal forest at the foot of the Himalayas. It is only occasionally visited by cow-herds in search of fodder. But last year Ashok Nath, an ex-officer of the Armoured Corp, now living in Sweden, went back to the fort which had been the scene of a desperate struggle between the British and a Gurkha army during the Nepal War of 1813/14. Led by Balbhadar Singh, a Gurkha commander, five or six hundred soldiers with their wives and children made a stand at the unfinished hill fort of Kalunga. They were opposed by a formidable British force of 4,400 soldiers, who after reconnoitring the fort, decided it was too strong to be stormed without artillery. The fort stood on the summit of an almost inaccessible mountain covered with impenetrable jungle, with the approaches strongly stockaded. Nonetheless at day-break on 31st October a British attack was mounted and rapidly beaten off by the Gurkhas. This was the first time that the British had seen the famous kukris in action and they fell back in horror, leaving their dead and wounded behind them.

A second brave attempt the same day likewise failed and during it, the British commander Major General Sir Robert Rollo Gillespie lost his life in a vain attempt to rally his men. On November 26th 1814 the British, now reinforced by heavy guns and mortars, launched a third attack at Kalunga, which succeeded in breaching the fort wall. But on attempting to pour through the breach it was found to lead to a sheer drop, at the bottom of which sharpened bamboo stakes stood surrounded by armed Gurkhas. It was impossible to enter, and the British withdrew with the loss of nearly five hundred men. A siege was then laid to the fort and eventually Balbhadar Singh led his depleted force out under cover of darkness to escape to the hills.

It was, perhaps, concludes Ashok Nath, the only Indian battle where the victors built two obelisks, one to their own dead and one to their gallant adversaries, the Gurkhas. The inscriptions commemorate not only Major General Gillespie and officers of the 53rd Regiment, but the 'brave Goorkhas' and their commander Balbhadar Singh, who later died fighting for Ranjit Singh against an Afghan troop.

THE BEACH GRAVES OF MUSCAT

On the stony shores of the Muscat coast, surrounded by forbidding caves and almost inaccessible by land, lie two coves, each bisected by a dry stream bed. On either side of the gully lie narrow strips of land which have been slightly raised and levelled. Here in the shade of a solitary green tree lie the graves of nearly fifty Europeans. The cemetery is well kept and maintained occasionally by sailors from the Sultan of Muscat's Navy and must surely be one of the most isolated grave-yards in the East. A BACSA Corporate member, S.E. Abbott has recorded as many inscriptions as remain and notes that the earliest surviving memorial dates from 1866 (Alexander Kersting) whilst the most recent is to a Dutch doctor who was killed in his hospital grounds in 1967. The stony ground was obviously difficult to excavate and in some cases it seems the coffin was simply left on the beach (above high water level) and a barrel-shaped memorial built up over it.

Although it is no longer possible to identify the tomb of one of the first Europeans buried there, Captain David Seton, there is a strong possibility that he and his three colleagues were interred there between 1800 and 1809. An earlier reference by William Francklin in 1787 recorded 'on the 25th January, Captain James Mitchell, our fellow passenger, died. We interred him the same day on the shore at Muscat' and this sounds like the cove cemetery. After 1809 no Briton resided in Muscat as representative of the British Government until 1861 and it was only occasionally visited by European travellers. The post-1860 tombstones came from firms in Bombay (Hamilton & Co. and J. Brown) and the letters were outlined by dots, presumably of metal, which have all been removed.

Missionaries from the American Dutch Reformed Church Mission in Arabia are also buried there, as is Thomas French D.D. the First Bishop of Lahore and the first missionary in Muscat. He lived for only three months after his arrival there, dying in May 1891. More recent burials record Corporal R.W. Lloyd, REME, who died in June 1958 aged twenty one, and Corporal Swindells who died the same year, aged thirty-one. A photograph of this sombre and remote cemetery is now in the BACSA Archives and Mr. Abbott is trying to obtain some more detailed views.

Overleaf (page 16) Photographs A and B. Two views of Nicholson's Cemetery by the Kashmir Gate, Delhi. An appeal has been launched for a three stage project here with a target of £500. The first stage was to clear a particular area of undergrowth and an immediate instalment of £100 was despatched in December. The second and third stages are to provide electricity and water connections and donations are invited so that this does not fall on general funds, in accordance with the BACSA funding policy.



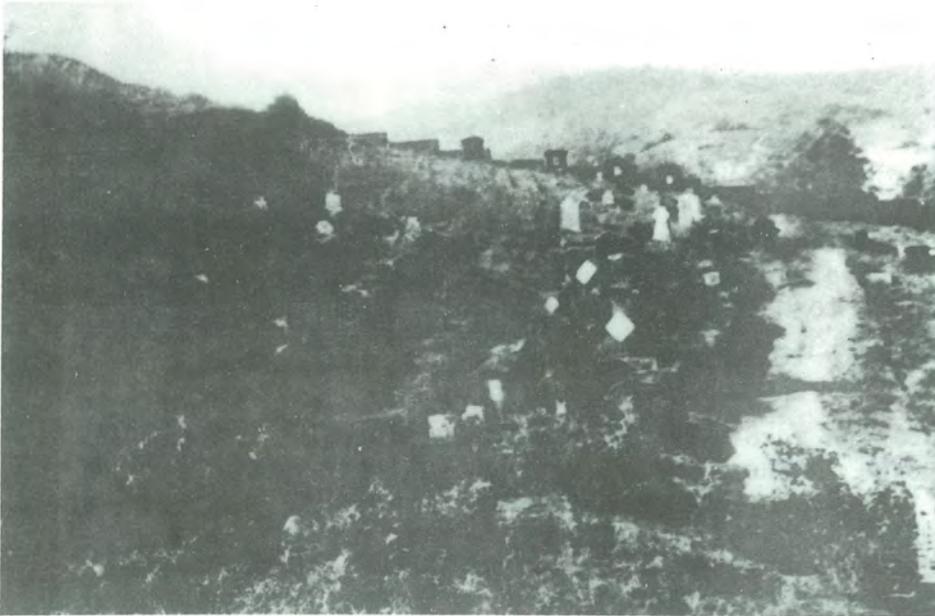
George Bogle's tomb in South Park Street Cemetery.
See page 11 'The Tibetan Wife'.



A



B

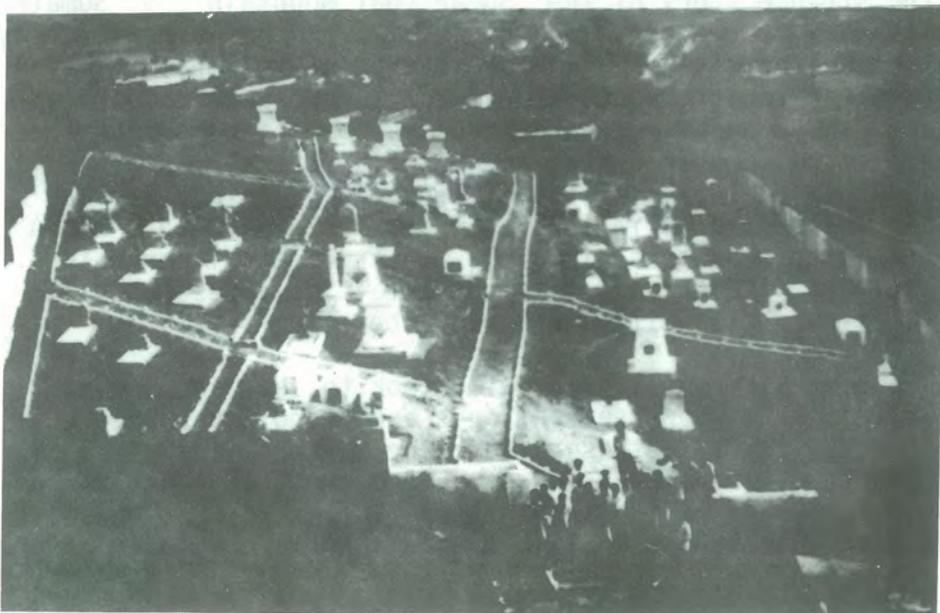


The Marri Rebellion (see page 12). Taken in March 1918 after the second relief of Gombaz Fort. Lieut. Victor Munckton 3rd Skinner's Horse with officers and an Afghan spy (far right) on the corner of the Fort Wall held against 1,000 - 1,500 Marri tribesmen.

C



D



The 'New' Cemetery at Mercara, Coorg, formerly at Raja's Seat. The Cemetery has recently been refurbished under the direction of General Cariappa, who has now accepted Honorary Membership of BACSA.

E

CAN YOU HELP?

Two requests for information published in our October Chowkidar have produced some helpful letters and we are pleased to pass the results on to our enquirers. A brief mention was made of the Lumsden family, many of whom died in tragic circumstances in India during the 19th century. One member, in particular, David Lumsden, was believed to have been murdered in 1841 but research by Elizabeth Talbot Rice of the National Army Museum has shown our information was not quite accurate.

Lieut. David Lumsden was born in Glamorgan on 6th October 1812. He served first in India as an Ensign in the 63rd N.I. and subsequently moved through the 36th N.I. to the 27th N.I. who were sent to Afghanistan during the First Afghan War. In 1841, while in Kabul, David Lumsden married Rosamond Harriett, but the couple's happiness was short-lived. During the disastrous course of the war, Lieut. Lumsden and Rosamond were sent to Ghazni, south of Kabul and were in the city when it capitulated to the Afghans. The couple were detailed to remain with the rear-guard and while in a house awaiting the chance to escape, a mob burst in and murdered all the inmates. Their burial place, if any, is not known. David Lumsden's brother John had died the year before, on 29th September 1841, after his leg was bitten off by a shark, near Rarari Island in Burma. He was buried in Kyauk-pyu Cemetery, our correspondent R. Langham Carter tells us, and his tomb is still visible, or was until recently.

More details on the Auber family were also received in answer to a query by C.R.C. Harvey. But the new information poses a small mystery. Henry Peter Auber, born in 1792, became a close friend of Sir Stamford Raffles and was persuaded by him to settle in Bencoolen, Sumatra. Kathleen Clark tells us that Henry Auber began to open up land at Permatang Balam, twelve miles south of Bencoolen, but he died suddenly of a stroke on 11th July 1821. Raffles, describing his death to his brother, wrote 'he breathed his last yesterday and was carried off in a few days by a series of apoplectic fits which baffled all the powers of medicine. He has just been buried'. It is assumed that Henry Auber was buried near Raffles' house at Permatang Balan, but it is curious that the Burial Register for July 1821 bears no record of his death, nor is there any sign of a grave there.

There is, however, the strange story of the 'Sugar Loaf Mountain', of Sumatra which Henry Auber climbed a few weeks before his death. He had been strongly dissuaded from doing so by the natives who claimed that all climbers of the mountain died shortly afterwards. Indeed, the first European to attempt the climb, Captain Daldorf died soon after, as did Henry Auber's two companions, Dr. Jack and Captain Salmond. Auber's sudden and baffling death must have added strength to the existing legend of the mysterious mountain. Another Auber brother, Captain Charles, died in 1825 at Frome in Burma, and a BACSA member, Geoffrey Grindle tells us that his great-great-uncle, Rickard Lloyd Ferrar of the 41st Regiment died there too at the same time, presumably in the same outbreak of cholera which killed Captain Auber.

Ten years ago, Peter Hutton was compiling a guide-book to Java and during the course of his researches he spent several days exploring the ruined site of the old town of Bantam. 'Fifty metres through the eastern gateway of the fort in a bleak tangle of brambles are the ravaged tombs of another era one headstone now lies next to the Masjid Agung (Great Mosque) tersely recording that 'Here lies the body of Captain Roger Bennett, commander of the

Bombay Merchant on 3rd January 1677'. Peter Hutton believes, rightly, that this is one of the oldest English tombstones to have survived in South Asia and is curious to know more of Captain Bennett. He is also interested in a later stone found in the cemetery of the pretty hill town of Bogor, south-east of Jakarta. 'It is a simple, but impressive structure with a pediment and two detached columns. The inscription, cut into what appears to be slate, reads: 'Sacred to the Memory of Captain J. Drury, R.N. who died on the 1st March 1835, Aged 51 years. Much regretted by His Relations and Friends'. What was a Royal Navy Captain doing at Bogor in 1835, asks our correspondent, and what was his ship?

Incidentally, the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich have asked us to launch a project to record inscriptions with oriental-cum-maritime connections. For example, memorials to commanders and sailors of East Indiamen wrecked off the coast of Asia or even off our own coasts are sought. Assistance in recording and researching the information collected, together with personal anecdotes on sea-faring would be appreciated. Write to the BACSA Secretary Theon Wilkinson.

BACSA would also be grateful for any information on the following queries:

Margaret Lewis (nee Wares) died in 1933 at Asansol in Bengal. She was the first wife of a BACSA member, W.H. Lewis, Indian Police (ret'd) who sadly has been in very poor health recently. A photograph of Margaret Lewis' grave would be greatly appreciated.

Minna Cordner who died about 1870 was buried at Roorkee Cemetery, U.P. and her niece P.M. Walton would like the inscription on her tomb, if it still exists.

The British in India Oral Archive would be happy to hear from people who would consider being interviewed about their working life in India before and immediately after 1947, or who could suggest people to be approached for interview. Please write (in this instance) to J.B. Harrison, Department of History, School of Oriental & African Studies, Malet Street, London WC1 E7HP

Captain Ian McCulloch of the Royal Canadian Regiment is visiting Rawalpindi, Murree, Gilgit, Hunza and Peshawar in May this year, and has very kindly offered to seek out and record graves of members' relatives who may be buried there. Theon Wilkinson will forward requests to Captain McCulloch in Germany and Chowkidar awaits the results of his visit with interest.

Pere Felix Aubert was a French priest who worked in Ceylon, from 1899 to his death in 1950. He was fluent in Singhalese and Tamil, making several translations from the Gospels into the native languages and was much loved by his parishioners. He was probably buried in the village of Katukurunda near Moratuwa, about ten miles from Colombo. It is known that the Archbishop of Colombo presided at his funeral. His cousin, Madame Simone Bousquet, who carefully preserves Pere Aubert's letters from Ceylon, would appreciate news of his grave, and if possible a photograph.

Geoffrey Owens Abbott died of diphtheria in Sialkot in 1915 or 1916. He was only five or six years old and his father was the Deputy Commissioner at Sialkot. He is probably buried in the military cemetery there, and his brother S.E. Abbott would be grateful for information on the state of the grave.

BACSA BOOKS (recent books and articles by BACSA members)

British and Indian Armies in the East Indies 1685-1935. Major Alan Harfield

One of the earliest tasks of the East India Company's army was the setting-up of defences round trading posts in Sumatra at the end of the seventeenth century. British trade in the East often depended on the amount of military protection offered and the early history of the Company's Army was indissolubly linked with the expansion of business and financial gain. The military garrison in Sumatra was plagued by illness and a high death rate and further hampered by the antagonism of Company officials there. The story of the garrison opens Major Harfield's new book which goes on to trace the development of Singapore Island as a base, from its foundation in 1819 by Sir Stamford Raffles through to the pre-war period with tea-dances at the Raffles Hotel. The book also tells the story of Raja James Brooke who founded the Sarawak Unit of Footmen in 1846, which later developed into the elite Sarawak Rangers. Much unpublished material has been used in this wide-ranging, illustrated book.

1982 £14.95 Picton Publishing

The Journals and Letters of Col. Donisthorpe Donne CB Major Alan Harfield

Col. Donne was an ideal Victorian military officer as well as an accomplished artist. He served in Cyprus, Egypt, India and South Africa and his journals and sketches have now been collected and published, giving a lively account of army and social life abroad during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

1982 £35.00 Picton Publishing

Monkey Tops: Old Buildings in Bangalore Cantonment Elizabeth Staley

This is a 'personal selection' of photographs from Bangalore, with a good introduction and maps tracing the growth of the Cantonment from 1809 to the 1930's. The 'monkey top' of the title is the pointed wooden board over the upper part of a window, keeping out the rain and the sunlight and is often as decorative as it is functional. The book also covers the grand classical buildings like the Government Arts College, and Public Library, the hauntingly beautiful Lalbagh Park and the not-so-humble bungalow. There is a section on churches, gateways, military areas and shops, as well as fine details of decoration in wood, pottery and cast iron. A small book this, of only 37 pages, but compiled with great care, knowledge and undoubted affection, it conveys the delightful nature of the Cantonment in a memorable fashion.

37 pp 1981 £2.50 Tara Books, 56 Addison Avenue, London W 11.

BOOKS by non-members, which will interest readers.

Stories from the Raj selected by Saros Cowasjee

Kipling naturally comes to mind as soon as story tellers of the Raj are mentioned, but how many other authors could you name without consulting your bookshelves? George Orwell is not normally classed as a 'Raj' writer, yet his painfully vivid essay on 'Shooting an Elephant' deserves as much attention as Kipling and is given its due here. Another unlikely author is Leonard Woolf, found in this book in the company of Katherine Mayo, Maud Diver and Kushwant Singh, the latter poking fun both at the 'brown Sahibs' of Indian bureaucracy and the insensitive British soldiers of the 1940's. A peculiarity of some Raj writers is to tell their stories from an Indian

viewpoint, often adopting an Indian character as in 'The Rise of Ram Din', included here. This is seldom a satisfactory device, leading frequently to pretentious and archaic dialogue and has happily not been copied by Indian writers in English. Nevertheless this book is recommended for bringing together for the first time a widely differing set of writers with a common theme, and will disturb and stimulate the reader.

271 pp 1982 £7.50 Bodley Head

A new bi-monthly publication The Military Chest contains articles by two BACSA members, Roger Perkins and Major Alan Harfield. The magazine contains a good mixture of military history and current events, from the story of the North West Frontier to the work of the Commonwealth War graves Association.

95 pence from newsagents. Published by Picton Press

NEW BACSA PUBLICATIONS

Not only does BACSA have one of the most prolific literary memberships of any comparable organisation (as BACSA BOOKS above shows) it also publishes books itself and the following titles will show the range of our interests:

The Burma Register R.E. McGuire et al.

From the earliest European period to 1947. Illustrations with full inscriptions and biographical notes. (Quarto)

200 pp £5

Kacheri Cemetery and the Early History of Kanpur Zoe Yalland

To many people the name Kanpur (or Cawnpore) conjures up scenes of the Indian Mutiny, pictures of the Nana Sahib and the Well with its legends of heroism and atrocities on both sides. To others who knew it in the latter years of the British Raj it was the town which produced army boots, blankets, sheets, towels, khaki drill and EP/IP tents; teeming with factories, a sprawling bazaar and a vile hot weather. Yet two hundred years ago it was a small army camp! Zoe Yalland has been working for twelve years on the history of the European families of Kanpur. She has selected 112 epitaphs from the old Kacheri Cemetery there, and embellishing them with biographical sketches has created a picture of early Kanpur. Born in the town, she has used both researched material and her own personal knowledge to 'raise the ghosts' of the old town and her book will appeal to all lovers of India who knew both the old town and who visit it today. (Octavo)

100 pp with 25 illustrations £4

The French Cemetery, Calcutta Basil Labouchardiere

28 pp with 9 illustrations (Octavo) £2.50

Bengal Obituary

Reprint limited edition of 50 numbered copies, with a forward by Mildred Archer. First published in 1848 the Bengal Obituary is an unusual compilation combining miscellaneous memoirs and obituary notices with epitaphs copied from memorial tablets and tombstones commemorating Europeans who had lived or worked in Bengal.

426 pp £18 (£15 to BACSA members)

Send Malcolm! Rodney Pasley

Chosen as the second BACSA book to be published from members' manuscripts, (the first, And Then, Garhwal is now out of print), Send Malcolm is an attempt to release Malcolm from the weight of papers that have held him a prisoner for so long. No biography of John Malcolm (1769 - 1833) has appeared for over a century and this book tells the story of a man who rose to become a close friend of the Duke of Wellington, founded the Oriental Club, wrote copiously on the cultural and political scene in Persia and India, and was Britain's first Ambassador to the Shah of Tehran.

198 pp with 12 illustrations £7.50

Chowkidar Volume 2 Nos. 1 - 5 (September 1979 - March 1982). The bi-annual Journal of the Association with articles, queries, and book reviews. 60 pp with index. £2 (Copies of Volume 1 are still available at £1)

Copies of all the above books may be obtained from the BACSA Secretary. Send cheque plus postage of 50 pence per item to Theon Wilkinson, 76½ Chartfield Avenue, London SW 15 6HQ.

AN INDIAN AERONAUT OF 1892

A fascinating anecdote has arrived that could have come straight from the pages of a romantic, but racy novel. Jean Rowe and her husband were staying recently with the Nawab of Bogra at his palace in Bangladesh and over dinner the conversation turned to the Burial Records of the Dacca Christian Cemetery which Mrs. Rowe has been collating. One entry which intrigued her most was that of 1892 recording the splendidly named Jeanette Van Tassell, whose profession was given as 'Aeronaut' and who died accidentally at the age of twenty four. Was she a 'high-wire' artist with a visiting circus, or perhaps a balloonist? The Nawab brought out a recently published book from his superb private library entitled Race, Sex and Class under the Raj by Professor Kenneth Ballhatchet and Mrs. Rowe was astonished to read on page 117 the following passage:

'Curzon was greatly troubled by the news that the young Raja of Jind had secretly married the daughter of a professional aeronaut of low character and of Dutch or German origin. It always seemed to Curzon that the ruling classes should behave in a dignified manner, he saw this as a 'horrible scandal'. The local press embroidered the story with colourful detail. Olive, the young lady in question, was the daughter of a Bombay barber named Monalescu, and she had accompanied her mother, who was acting as parachutist to an American balloonist named Van Tassell. From Curzon's view point this was even worse'.

We may speculate, given the relative dates, that Jeannette Van Tassell was the daughter or niece of an American family of balloonists or 'aeronauts' and was killed during a flight. Olive's mother, presumably Mrs. Monalescu, may have replaced Jeannette as parachutist after her death. The tantalisingly few facts conjure up an irresistible picture of spangled Victorian ladies descending from the Indian skies to the applause of the local Nawabs. No wonder the young Raja of Jind was captivated, but history is so far silent on the subsequent fate of the marriage which so upset Curzon.

THE SAD STORY OF PRIVATE SPRINGHAM

Shortly before Christmas 1982 BACSA received what seemed at first like a straightforward request for information about a young British soldier who had died in Mhow, India in 1921. His name was 'Jack' Springham and his sister, now eighty-two years old, wanted to reassure herself about the state of his grave. Her son Jack Probitts therefore requested a photograph and a letter was sent to a BACSA contact in India. Lieut. Col. C.A. Kannan, stationed at Mhow was kind enough to spend two days searching the Cemetery there and reported back that he had found Private Springham's grave in a 'pathetic state'. But he arranged for it to be cleaned, painted and photographed and also sent a copy of the Burial Register entry, which was duly passed on to Jack Probitts. The young soldier had died of gun-shot wounds, but not during the course of any military action.

Sensing a tragedy behind the bare facts, BACSA asked Mr. Probitts to tell us something more about his uncle's short life and the story that follows is one of the most interesting we have heard, not least for the social attitudes of the time which it reveals. Jack Springham's parents were 'a very respectable couple but were very "Victorian"' wrote Jack Probitts. 'My grandfather was an ex-Farrier Sargent in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, my grandmother was very strait-laced, had a very good education and came from Cheltenham'. They met while in private service and worked for the then Lord Lieutenant of Essex as head coachman and ladies companion, respectively. 'They were rather strict parents who would stand no nonsense and were somewhat rigid as far as discipline was concerned towards their children.

'When Jack was about seventeen years of age, it seems that a store-room was broken into, some damage done, and the culprits seen by the local vicar who gave their names (including Jack's) to the village constable'. Though Jack Springham always protested his innocence, he was punished with the other lads. He had no alibi and his parents argued that by claiming 'not guilty' Jack was indirectly calling the Vicar a liar. 'To Church-going people as they were, this was nothing but downright infamy and Jack was subjected to punishments at home and for quite sometime he was not allowed out socially, did not have any pocket money and was made to attend Church three times on Sunday to be preached at by the man who had caused him so much trouble'. The taunts of his younger sister at home also grieved him. Not surprisingly, one day when he had had enough, Jack ran away from home to join the army and after training, was sent out to Mhow.

Meanwhile, two of his friends came forward and admitted that when they had broken into the store-room, Jack was not with them but in fact had been out with a girl. They had not revealed this at the time, frightened at the consequences of contradicting the Vicar. When approached the Vicar admitted that because the two boys were companions of Jack's, he naturally assumed Jack had been with them during the break-in. But he accepted his error and regretted Jack

had been misjudged and punished, judicially and at home for something he had no part in. 'When my grandparents heard this, they were heart-broken and filled with sorrow and remorse for the way they had treated their only son. They resolved to atone and made plans for a big home-coming for Jack, only to have their preparations cruelly shattered by the telegram announcing his death, aged only nineteen. No explanation was ever forthcoming for the gun-shot wounds that killed the young man and his death is still a mystery today, despite intensive enquiries. Was the unjust punishment and the loss of his parents' faith in him too much to bear?

The grief of his parents on learning of his death, before explanations could be made, was terrible. 'It seemed as if the light had gone out of their lives, they went into mourning and wore black for a very long time and were always very sombre and unsmiling'. Both parents lived into their '80's but 'still seemed to have an air of sadness, which they carried with them to the grave'.

A photograph of Jack Springham and his newly-restored grave appears on page 27.

NEWS FROM ABROAD

Serious news of the removal of British tombs abroad has reached BACSA from Lucknow. Headlines in the newspaper Northern India Patrika reported that eighteen graves of the 5th Fusiliers buried at Alambagh had been destroyed to make way for a new city development. The graveyard is still marked by an obelisk naming the British soldiers who were buried there, but it is sad that local apathy prevented some more satisfactory arrangement for the removal of the tombs themselves. It was here, in the Alambagh garden that a small force of British troops held onto their precarious position while Lucknow itself was in the hands of the mutineers. From the Alambagh Sir Colin Campbell launched the assault on the city and the rescue of the British from the beleaguered Residency which had been under siege for nearly six months. The snapping of a link with 1857 is a salutary reminder to BACSA that we still have a long way to go in our task of recording, photographing and where feasible, preserving British tombs abroad.

More encouraging news has come from an APHCI member, Mrs. Sheilah Rome who has a report on work in progress at the Scottish Cemetery, Calcutta. Mrs. Bunny Gupta who is recording the graves there says that half of the cemetery has now been cleared of undergrowth and the following tombs have emerged - Samuel Charters Macpherson, who was Political Agent at Gwalior during the Mutiny; the founder of the Baptist Mission Press in Calcutta, a Mr. Pearce, and a Dr. Ewart, a descendant of Major General David Ochterlony, as well as several prominent Bengali Christians. As there are over a thousand graves in the Cemetery, it will take some time before a complete inventory can be made, and as Mrs. Gupta says 'it is too hot to do more than twenty a day'.

A tomb restoration that took place a few years ago in Sind, but which has only recently been photographed, has been brought to our notice by a query from Lieutenant General Sir Ian Jacob. The General wanted to know the condition of the tomb of his famous great-great uncle General John Jacob in the town named after him, Jacobabad, in Pakistan. His query was passed on to a visiting BACSA member, William Trousdale who was able to report that he had photographed the newly restored grave, in a temperature of 118^o degrees! 'While we were visiting the grave, a couple of residents of Jacobabad engaged us in conversation', reported Mr. Trousdale 'wishing to make certain that we understood who John Jacob was. I do not believe either of them could read the texts of the memorials (nor could they speak English) but they were very aware of the greatness of the man commemorated. And so were we. A visit to his grave was our only reason for stopping in Jacobabad.'

The tiled archway shown in our photograph on page 28 was erected some time after 1975 by local effort and is 'a reflection of the reverence on the part of the people of Upper Sind for the memory of Jacob. While the rest of the cemetery is quite ruinous, the grave of the General and the area surrounding it is kept clear of vegetation, the marble slabs kept in repair. There were fresh flowers (marigolds) both on the grave and on the monument which stands beside it'. Photographs and a description of the tombs were passed to Lieutenant General Sir Ian Jacob who was delighted and moved that his celebrated relative had not been forgotten.

THE MAIL BOX

Letters are still coming in almost a year after Chowkidar published a query about the Lumsden family and their graves in the East. Having established that one member of the family, John Lumsden was buried on the remote island of Kyauk pyu in Burma, we have now been sent the inscription on his tomb in the little Cemetery there.

Our correspondent Mrs. J. D. Raw from South Africa visited Burma during the second World War and recalls that Kyauk-pyu was in bad repair. 'The "Queen Elizabeth" had fired on the island and there were several large shell holes about the place. In fact our tents were placed between two such large holes which quickly filled up with water and snakes. The little cemetery had several graves destroyed with stones thrown over and the coffins broken and exposed. I can remember one such of an American missionary (woman) whom we re-buried. Her books, a cook book and bible were exposed. All one could read on the blackened pages of her Bible were the few words...'and weapons of war'.

The Lumsden tomb, which was then intact, read as follows:
'Sacred to the Memory of John Richard Lumsden, Lieutenant and Brevet Captain, 63rd Regiment Native Infantry and Senior Assistant Commissioner in Araccan who, when bathing in the sea in front of Kyouk Phoo, was bitten by a shark and died 29th of September, 1841, aged 32 years, 10 months. This monument was erected by the associates of the deceased serving in Araccan as a tribute of their respect for him as

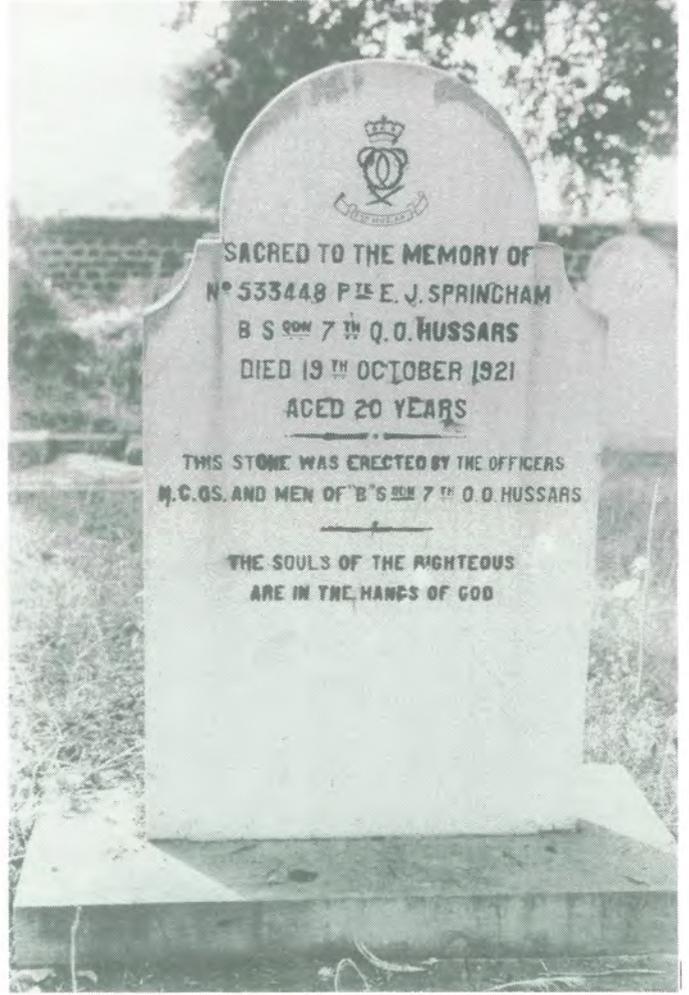
a public officer and in kind remembrance of his worth and excellence as a friend'. Frances, the infant daughter of John Lumsden was also buried there in 1838. Another inscription was to the Rev. H.M. Campbell, and American Baptist Missionary, who died of cholera at Kyauk-pyu on February 22nd 1852, aged 28 years. Mrs. Raw also found the grave of the Rev. Campbell's sister Mary at the nearby cemetery in Akyab. Mary, who had come originally from New York had died a year after her brother, also from cholera and was buried with her husband.

Mrs. Raw goes on to tell us that she was stationed in Cox's Bazaar and Kyauk-pyu during the war and ran mobile canteens for the RAF. Her own family have been in India since 1847 and her grandfather, Captain Charles Mordaunt Stevens died at Rawalpindi in 1899 from an illness contracted during the Egyptian campaign in which he served. From Bangladesh comes a detailed report on the Kajuricherra Cemetery, where Scottish tea-planters and their families were buried from about 1890 to 1920. During the expansion of tea-planting in the last century, one of the districts opened up was called Balisera Valley, between the Chittagong Hill Tracts and the borders of Assam and it is here that the small cemetery lies. By the late 1950's it had become badly overgrown, but thanks to the then director, it was cleared and has since been carefully maintained. The present Superintendent Azad Zaman has supplied BACSA with a full list of inscriptions, which he headed 'Where the Pioneers and their Darlings lie Buried, lest we forget'.

Of the forty-three interments, only half a dozen reached their fortieth year, and ten are infants under three years old. Most died of malaria in their twenties or thirties, though two drowned in the deep rivers of Bengal. All the names are Scottish, from Byron Scott Matheson of Meikleour, Perthshire to Alexander A. Lauder Muirhead, eldest son of John Muirhead, Farmer of Selton in East Lothian, who was drowned at Patra Kholā Ghat, aged thirty-three. Their tombs are all in good condition, clean, standing up-right and legible, and well-cared for by the Muslim inheritors of the planting tradition. A photograph appears on page 27.

Chowkidar's story of the Baluchistan Siege (Vol. 3 No. 2) prompted Major A.H. Grylls to tell us that he still has a memento of the 1918 disturbances. At that time Major Grylls was serving in the Signals in Dera Ismail Khan, the headquarters of south Waziristan. The Marri tribesmen had moved into the Sherrani country, escorted by a column of his Unit and he was sent to a small frontier fort called Draben, where, with four Indian signallers he had to maintain contact with the British column twenty-five miles away. 'This was done from the watch tower at Draben Fort by helio-graph, for the whole operation. In fact I still have the spot mirror used on that occasion, in my possession, which I use daily as a shaving mirror'.

Page 30 shows the tomb of Captain Drury at Bogor, Java (see Chowkidar Vol. 3 No. 2) and the lovely tomb of Olivia Raffles, wife of Sir Stamford Raffles.



Private Jack Springham and his newly restored grave at Mhow.



The Kajuricherra Cemetery, Bangladesh



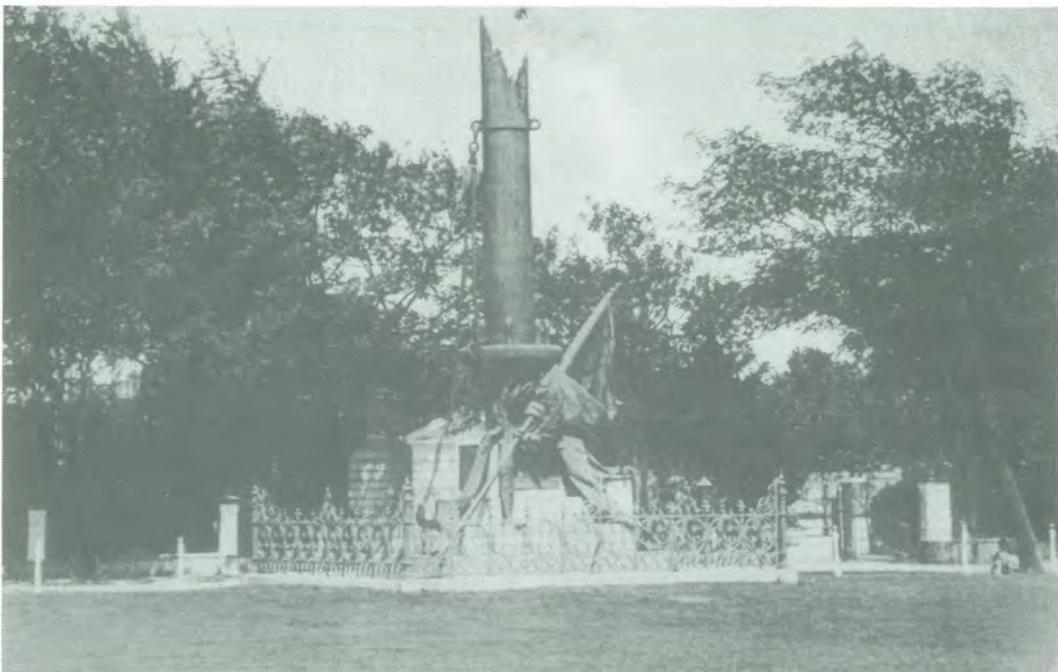
The recent commemorative arch in front of General John Jacob's tomb at Jacobabad and the tomb's inscription.





Muttu Kannammal, the Queen of Candy. Where is the original of this portrait?

Below, the Monument at Shanghai - what does it commemorate?





The restored tomb of Olivia Raffles, wife of Sir Stamford Raffles. The memorial was destroyed in a hurricane in 1970 and later reconstructed



The tomb of Captain Drury at Bogor, Java. The inscription is cut in slate



Detail of the inscription

CAN YOU HELP?

For many years the story of General Wheeler's daughter in Cawnpore has enjoyed a wide circulation and is perennially referred to as one of the unsolved Mutiny mysteries. It was brought to our notice again in a letter from Veronica Bamfield of Shrewsbury who tells us that she first came across it while researching for a book on British Army wives. 'I read a novel by an Indian writer, Colonel Galgonkar about the Nana Sahib and his marriage to Eliza Wheeler, the daughter of General Wheeler of Cawnpore. I succeeded with great difficulty in contacting the colonel in his home in Belgaum. He said the story of the marriage was fictional...but some time later I came across an extraordinary contribution to Blackwood's by a young officer who had been asked to visit an old European lady who was dying in Cairo in great poverty'. From her the officer deduced that she was indeed Eliza Wheeler, who had been the wife of the notorious Nana Sahib, though no details of how she had arrived in Egypt were forthcoming.

It is interesting that this version of the story concludes in Egypt. In other accounts the young officer meets the dying woman still in Cawnpore, and further embellishments have a priest being summoned by a noble Indian family to tend a light-skinned old woman who admitted she was Eliza Wheeler, long thought dead in the Mutiny. Yet another legend relates the mysterious carriage seen for years after 1857 in Cawnpore, with a heavily veiled, but undoubtedly European occupant. Zoe Yalland, in her recent book 'A Guide to the Kacheri Cemetery' throws a slightly different slant on the matter. It seems that General Wheeler took an 'unofficial' Indian wife on his English wife's departure for Ireland. The Indian woman was a close relative of the Nana Sahib's, and General Wheeler's strange decision to defend the poorly protected entrenchment during the Mutiny has been attributed to his complete trust in the Nana Sahib as a family member.

Eliza Wheeler, his daughter is not listed in the Baptismal Records, but again there is plenty of speculation about her fate. Zoe Yalland writes: 'About fifty years after the mutiny Miss Leach, a Missionary Doctor in Cawnpore was called out late one night to go to the bazaar to attend a dying woman. Speaking in cultured English the woman said she was Miss Wheeler and had married the Indian who saved her life at the ghat. It was said that the Nana Sahib, before disappearing had made provision for General Wheeler's family. At that time the idea that a daughter of the General's had remained living in the bazaar for many years seemed so shocking that the story was hushed up. The fate of the Nana Sahib, after his flight to Nepal to escape British justice is equally mysterious. He was rumoured to have been seen as far away as Istanbul or Mecca, but several British claims to have captured him turned out to be will-o'-the-wisps.

But while it is certain that a few marriages did take place between Indian nobles and the daughters of Britons serving abroad, it has always seemed improbable that the Nana Sahib would seek out the daughter of his adversary, unless he deliberately wished to humiliate her, and more extraordinary still that if indeed this did happen,

Eliza Wheeler never found the opportunity to let the British know of her plight. On balance it seems unlikely that Eliza Wheeler, who may well have been half-Indian, survived the Mutiny, but the recurring stories of English girls captured and subsequently brought up and married in Indian families seem to point to a shadowy area in Indo-British relations which both sides have been at pains to keep quiet. Perhaps it is still not too late for the truth to emerge and BACSA would be interested to hear readers' comments.

Readers may also be able to help with the following queries:

Andrew Playfair Shaw who was born in Nova Scotia in 1868 went to India at the end of the last century, possibly to work for the Remington Rand Co. there. He married Gladys Smith, from Karachi and Andrew Shaw himself died in Karachi probably in the 1910's. The three children of the marriage were sent to relatives in Canada and Mrs. Beryl Shaw now seeks more details.

William Cranston and Margaret Kirk were married on St. Valentine's Day 1890 in Kamptee, India. William, who worked as a compositor for the Secretariat Press in Nagpur was an uncovenanted servant, and his wife was a teacher. Sadly Margaret died after seven years of marriage and was buried probably at Nagpur by the Chaplain there, C.M. Barlow. Now their grand-daughter Mrs. V.L. Burrell would like more information on the family.

Laura Elizabeth Hainsworth, born in March 1863 was the daughter of a builder, Richard Outred Hainsworth who lived at Kingston-on-Thames. Laura became the second wife of George Nissen in 1880 and died in Gujerat in 1887. A great-grandson, Foy Nissen from Bombay has spent several years searching in vain for a photograph or picture of Laura which certainly existed at one time. Could any of the descendents of the Hainsworth family help?

Two picture queries have recently arrived for BACSA. The first (which is reproduced on page 29 shows the lovely Queen of Candy, Queen Muttu Kannammal, from the Oriental Annual of 1834. Dr. Maurice Shellim tells us that the original is by William Daniell and was after a sketch in oils or watercolour by his brother Samuel Daniell. The present whereabouts of the portrait are unknown, and any clues from readers would be welcome. 'The Monument in Shanghai' is the only description that Walter Bolk from Germany has of the impressive work shown on page 29. Presumably it was erected to commemorate a naval encounter, and the date is probably between 1900 and 1910, but there are no other clues. Any suggestions?

Elphinstone, Hext and Home. A BACSA member is compiling biographical information regarding officers of these names who served in India, South East Asia and China. If other members can assist with details of known graves, monuments, pictures, documents, etc., would they kindly contact Roger Perkins, Arundel House, Laureston Road, Newton Abbot, Devon TQ12 1HN (0626 2861).

BACSA BOOKS (recent books by BACSA members)

Tales from the South China Seas - ed. Charles Allen. 1983 pub.
Andre Deutsch pp. 240 £10.95

The final volume of 'Tales of Empire' trilogy is set in the Malayan peninsula, Singapore, Sarawak and the little islands under British protection in the Far East. Though playing a lesser part in our colonial history, the area is just as rich in stories of the men who carved the rubber plantations out of dense tropical jungles and who brought but seldom imposed, British administration on a multitude of different races. Indeed, the contrast with the more autocratic handling of India is striking and the number of Britons who 'stayed on', often with a Malaysian wife, and occasionally as converts to Islam, is proportionally larger. Entry to the Malayan Civil Service was strict and the work hard and often lonely, sometimes creating the sad Somerset Maugham characters who lived in lonely postings up-country. The almost inconceivable fall of Singapore is related, when the British found themselves imprisoned with men who had worked under them, but this is not a depressing book by any means, and the deep affection of the British for Malaya and the islands comes over strongly in Charles Allen's engaging interviews.

Up the Country Emily Eden. 1983 Virago Press pp. 410 £4.95

While one is pleased to see modern reprints of nineteenth century travels abroad, Emily Eden's letters home (1837-40) do not give a particularly perceptive view of India. Accompanying her brother, George, Governor General of India, Emily was the Jane Austen of the East. She chronicled the minutiae of camp-life, with all its gossip and petty intrigues, and while no-one could describe a pair of earrings or Cashmiri shawls in more detail, the larger panorama of which she was an important part seemed to pass her by. She learnt no Hindustani, was unremittingly homesick, and reduced the great figures of her time to unremarkable ciphers. Meeting the wives of Ranjit Singh she complains that their 'conversation is always rather stupid; they laughed at our bonnets and we rather jeered their nose-rings. They gave us rather shabby presents...they utterly spoiled my new satin gown by that horrid attar they smear over their guests' and so on. Poor Emily, not a born traveller, one fears.

Words for my Brother John Staley 1982 OUP Karachi pp. 287 £12

Subtitled 'Travels between the Hindu Kush and the Himalayas' this book is not, as first appears, only about spectacular treks in the mountains, but a delightful compendium of folk-tales, history, obscure languages, tribes and amateur anthropology in the best tradition. From Kaffiristan to Kohistan, Chitral and Gilgit, it is the unhurried story of two travellers who had time to sit down and talk to the people they met and the result is a rich book which defies ordinary classification in this too specialised age. (There is also a recipe for 'Tibetan tea' on page 154 which takes at least three hours to prepare.)

Garlands Galore Hugo Irwin 1983 published by the author 'Prospect', Jubilee Road, Totnes, Devon nr. 192 £4.50 including postage and packing.

The riproaring true life adventures of a man who originally went to India as an oil-merchant, but got caught up in all kinds of adventures, sporting, flying, diplomatic and amorous. The index of 'famous people known to the author' on the last page disarms criticism. (Fifty pence from each copy sold is kindly donated to BACSA by the author, please mention your BACSA membership)

The Brave and the Prejudiced Eric Swift 1982 Springfield Publishers, 50 Falmouth Road, Chelmsford, Essex pp. 151 £2.95 including postage.

The story of the Indian Army and in particular the Anglo-Indians and Indians who fought for the British until 1947. The 'prejudice' of the title reflects the views of some British officers towards their native troops, though to claim a 'patronising attitude to all Indians' by these officers, is, one hopes, an exaggeration. The book attempts a broad panorama of British India, which because of the complexity of the subject, leads to generalisations and a necessary lack of analysis. It might perhaps have been better to concentrate more on the role played by non-British men in the Indian Army, but there are some useful sketches, especially during the two World Wars.

The Kashmir Gate Roger Perkins 1983 Picton Publishing, Chippenham pp. 161 £12.95

A single incident during the recapture of Delhi in 1857 provides the kernel of this book, sparked off by the author's acquisition of two medals awarded to Lieut. D.C. Home of the Bengal Engineers for his part in the storming of the Kashmir Gate. The Gate was the principal entrance to the fortified city, and had the raid failed, then in all probability the re-capture of Delhi, symbolic centre of the mutineers, would have been so long delayed as to alter the whole course of events. Duncan Home was the hero of the attack on the Gate, escaping unscathed, only to be killed a fortnight later, while clearing the Melagarh fort of explosives. A number of appendices trace the medals awarded in the incident, a complete list of Delhi VC's and comments on the lesser-known battles of the Mutiny. Excellent illustrations.

Morning Drum John Christie 1983 BACSA pp. 150 £8.00 including postage from BACSA Secretary

The author writes of his early preparation for a career in the Indian Civil Service, the work of a District Officer in Bengal, in the remote Chittagong Hill Tracts and finally his move to the seat of Government in Delhi on the staff of the last three Viceroys - Linlithgow, Wavell and Mountbatten. There are comments and side-lights on many of the men at the centre of affairs, including Gandhi in surprising humorous mood.

"THE PADRE'S GODOWN' AT BHOWANIPORE

Mention Calcutta Cemeteries to most people and they will immediately think of South Park Street, the most famous resting place of the British who died in India, but Bunny Gupta and Jaya Chabha have recently been exploring a lesser known European cemetery at Bhowanipore, near Calcutta. In a long and interesting article written for the Sunday Statesman they recall Calcutta's various connections with the British marked by the tombstones. The Military (originally Fort William Burial Ground) is about three kilometres south towards Alipore and is now known as the Bhowanipore Cemetery. (The slang term 'Padre's Godown' reflects the dreadful mortality among Europeans there in the 18th and 19th centuries.)

The two investigators were pleasantly surprised to find the cemetery well cared for, the undergrowth under control, thanks to the vigilance of Mr. T. Williams. Unfortunately many graves have been razed to the ground, and the crumbling brick work has revealed empty spaces from which the tablets have been removed. Burial records date back to 1826 though the cemetery was opened in 1782 and was 'well-tenanted' by infants and children whose pathetic deaths were recorded in hours, days, and weeks by the British, mainly soldiers of every rank, many of them below thirty years of age. There are also the women, wives, mid-wives, nurses and mistresses of the British, again dying young, many under twenty-five.

On the left-hand side of the cemetery, surrounded by iron railings, is the well-preserved tomb of Sir Henry Spry, a well-known name in India, for he was not only the Assistant Garrison Surgeon but Secretary of the Agri-Horticultural Society of India, and fellow of the Geological and Royal Society of London. This many faceted man met his death from a brain injury in 1842 caused by a fall from his buggy and it is recorded that 'to the Indian community (he was) extensively and favourably known. His death, not suprisingly was 'generally and sincerely deplored'. Many literary connections with India are also recorded here, including that of Walter Landor Dickens of the 26th Native Infantry, who died on the last day of 1863 on his way home on furlough. He was the second son of Charles Dickens and the godson of Walter Savage Landor, and we may suppose that some of Dickens' occasional Anglo-Indian slang came from this connection.

A theatrical note is provided by the wife of Sergeant Major John Leach - Esther, who was known as the 'Indian Siddons'. She made her debut as Lady Teazle in 1826 at the Calcutta theatre which was situated at the corner of Chowringhee and Theatre Road. She continued to be the idol of the city's theatre-going public and when the theatre was completely gutted in 1839 Esther and Mr. Stocqueler helped to raise funds to build the Sans Souci theatre, which opened in 1841. Tragically, her dress caught fire while she was waiting in the wings for her cue, from one of the oil lamps, and she rushed on stage calling for help. She died in 1844 as a result of her burns, and sadly her grave has now been levelled. Her husband, who predeceased her and two children are also buried here. It is a cemetery of as great an interest as South Park Street, and deserves to be as well known, conclude the two writers.

MAIL BOX

A long and most interesting letter has arrived from Susan Furnival, a young farmer's wife from Cheshire who has spent several years trying to discover more about her mother's family in India. Although handicapped by not being able to visit the India Office Library and Records and other such repositories, Susan Furnival has been able to piece together much detail of the long family involvement in India. The first illustrious member was Francis Gladwin (1745-1812) who entered the Bengal Army about 1765. He was also a scholar of Oriental languages, and friend of William Jones, and in 1801 was appointed as first Professor of Persian at the College of Fort William. He was the founder and editor of the Calcutta Gazette and published a Narrative of Transactions in Bengal in 1788. He also translated the work of some Persian writers and in 1809 produced a Persian-Hindustani-English Dictionary, (surely the first ever such work.)

His younger brother Thomas lies buried in South Park Street Cemetery but the whereabouts of his own tomb are unknown. Another branch of Susan Furnival's family are the Catanias. According to family tradition, this was probably not their original name. They were either French or Italian and called de la Riviere. Either for opposing Napoleon in Italy or for falling from favour after his downfall, two members of the family became political refugees and fled probably to Sicily where they took the name Catania, and thereafter to Ireland where the father died. His son married an Irish woman and went to India with Lord William Bentinck. Three members of the Catania family were buried in South Park Street Cemetery in the 1840's and the Editor has found some members of the family working in Lucknow during the 1800's as musicians and piano-tuners for the Nawabs there.

William Catania was Susan Furnival's great great uncle and he married Arabella Kew when she was just sixteen in 1856. William was Inspector of Post Offices at Fatehgarh and it was there that he was murdered when the Mutiny broke out. Arabella was by then pregnant and it is assumed that her baby was born in captivity in Cawnpore, and that they died together in the massacre at the Bibighar. 'I sometimes sit and try to imagine the terrible events which overtook them' writes Susan Furnival. Another Mutiny link is an old family Bible which records the great great great grandparents, Joseph Green, a soldier from Worcester-shire and Eleanor Whealan of Allahabad who were married on May 11 1819 in Dinapore.

Fifteen children were born of the marriage, the first when Eleanor was only sixteen and the last when she was forty-one. Details of their births, marriages and deaths were recorded in the bible which was given to Susan Furnival by her grandmother and which is said to have survived the Mutiny. On the front page is written 'Havelock and Outram read the lessons from this Bible when they were regimental officers in Howrah'. The bible is now very fragile but it is hoped that a good restorer will be able to preserve the painstaking entries in the front, in a faded copperplate hand. Members of the Green family were buried in Chunar in the 1820's and 30's.

A ghostly story with Indian overtones is related by Brigadier F.R.L. Goadby, which began when he found a monumental inscription in the small village of Ipsden, east of Wallingford. The memorial itself stands in the grounds of Ipsden House, near the Woodcote-Crowmarsh marsh by a small pond, and the inscription reads 'John Thurlow Reade/Esquire/Sehaarunpore/ November 25th A.D. 1827/'Alas my brother'. Brigadier Goadby then learnt something of the life and the strange circumstances of the death of John Thurlow Reade. The eldest of eleven children John was the cleverest and became head boy of Rugby when only fifteen. Rather than stay home in idleness, as he might have done, being heir to the estate, he joined the East India Company in order to make enough money to educate his younger brothers and sisters. He sailed for India in 1817.

In those days mail from India was rare and irregular and when news of an arrival came in, John's mother was in the habit of going out to the Wallingford road to meet it. There had been no letter for some time, and one evening, walking down the road, Mrs. Reade saw the apparition of her son coming to meet her and exhibiting signs of the utmost distress. She was convinced that he had died and not received Christian burial; so the following day she arranged with the Vicar of Ipsden to hold a burial service in the church. Both she and the Vicar were strong Protestants and not given to morbid superstitions but both were convinced of the significance of the vision. The next mail brought news that John Thurlow Reade had died of dysentery while on a journey near Sehaarunpore (Saharanpur) and had been buried by his servants in the jungle. The Ipsden monument was erected by E.A. Reade, a younger brother, after his own return from India in 1860 and the site was chosen as that nearest to the spot where the ghostly figure appeared. Another brother, Charles, became a famous novelist in the mid-nineteenth century and he is best remembered for his Cloister and the Hearth.

Photographs of General John Jacob's tomb in Jacobabad, Pakistan in Chowkidar Vol. 3 No. 3 brought several letters from readers with reminiscences of visiting the town. Mary Mudie remembers going to the Jacobabad Horse Show each year while her father was in Karachi. People would gather from far and near for tent-pegging competitions and horse and cattle judging. Jacob's house had been newly rebuilt to the same plan as the original with a double verandah because the first house had become unsafe due to the rising of the subsoil water, and during the re-building, Jacob's clock had been carefully bricked in. It was a large brass-faced clock he had made himself and the pendulums went down into a well in the centre of the drawing room. The clock was suspended over the well, and the story was that if ever the clock stopped the British would leave India. In fact the clock did stop the day it was announced that the British were to leave India, but this was subsequently found to be due to the rising of the level of water in the well. The clock was maintained by a Jacobabad family, from father to son, and by coincidence a letter from another BACSA member Mr. Halliley said he was sure that it was Syed Darbar Ali Shah, one-time Commissioner for Karachi who told him in March 1968 that the thing he was proudest of was the restoration of General Jacob's clock. Do any readers have photographs of this remarkable clock?

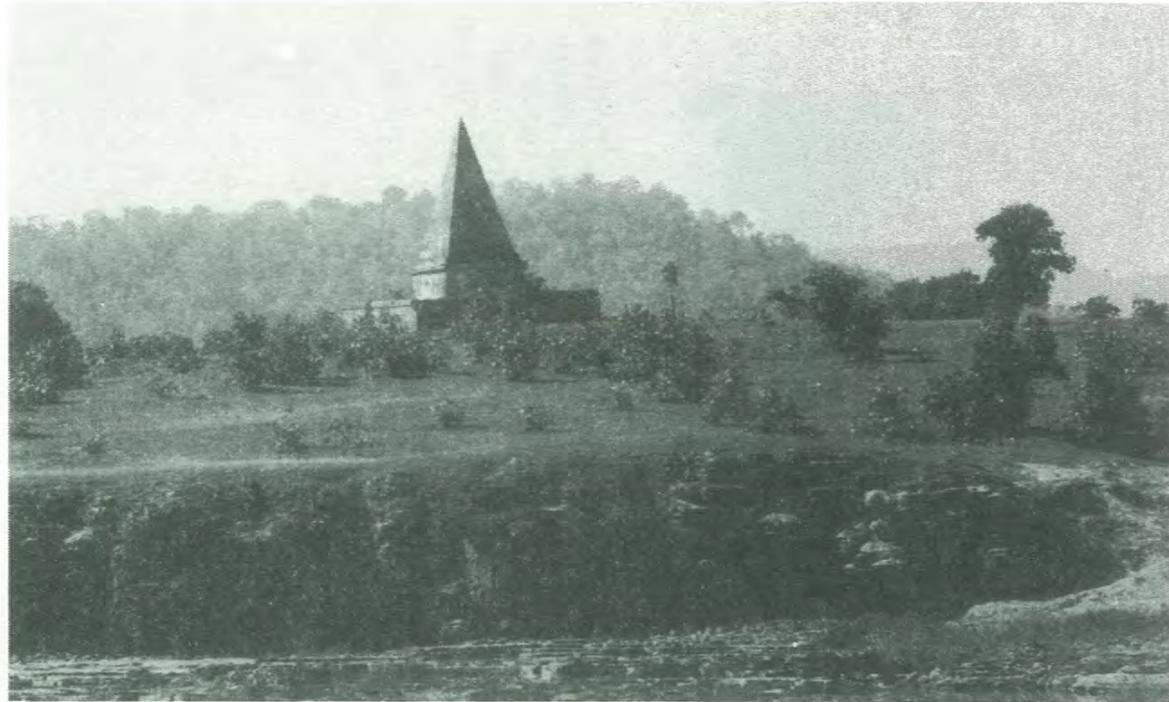
More information on 'Mr. Pearce' whose tomb was recently re-discovered in the Scottish Cemetery, Calcutta has been sent to us by Mrs. Bunny Gupta who is recording inscriptions in the Cemetery. The wording on the tomb states that among other things, the Rev. William Hockland Pearce was a zealous and devoted missionary for over twenty years, founder of the Baptist Press, Calcutta, Pastor of the native church in South Colinga, and one of the first movers of female education in India. William Pearce had been one of the group of 'breakaway' missionaries from the Baptist group in Serampore, who had founded their own printing press. In 1818 he founded a second press in Calcutta which survived until the 1950's though presumably not in its original building as the presses increased in size and complexity.

From the Isle of Man comes a letter about the graves of ex-H.M. gunboat men in the Chinese cemeteries of Kiukiang on the Yangtze and Hanchow. The writer, W.W. Mortimer worked in the River Department of the Chinese Maritime Customs and both the British Navy and the River Department people would keep an eye on the graves. After 1939 there was no chance to patrol the rivers, but reports of the Kiukiang cemetery showed it was still in a fair condition in 1947. Mr. Mortimer also sent photographs of the small cemetery on Table Island Light Station (North Andaman Island) which he took when he worked there as a representative of the Burmese Government as officiating nautical adviser in 1956. At that time the tombs were cared for by the Indian Light Keepers and one shows a clear inscription to 'Seaman John Williams alias Johannes J. von Eiden, H.M.G.C. 'Clyde' aged 22 years died 20th December 1860'. (See photograph p. 39)

A photograph of a handsome pyramid tomb (p.39) near the town of Sarangarh in the Raipur District of Madhya Pradesh has come from Donald Stadtner at the University of Texas, U.S.A. The tomb stands on a grassy plain with a backdrop of heavily wooded hills and commemorates Alexander Elliot who died of a fever in September 1778 while on an 'important commission to the Court of Naugpoor'. The young Elliot, though only twenty-three at the time of his death, had arrived in India as a Writer in 1771.

He became private secretary to Warren Hastings and when news of the declaration of war between England and France reached India, Elliot was sent by Hastings to secure the allegiance of the Nagpur Court. Immediately before his departure on this delicate mission he was sent to arrest the Governor of the French settlement of Chandernagore and it is said that he caught a chill while swimming a river in pursuit of the officer, which subsequently led to his death three months later. Hastings had the pyramid tomb erected 'in testimony of his virtues and of the loss which his State has sustained in his death' and the Nagpur Raja, whom Elliot was travelling to meet, maintained the tomb for years after.

North of Bombay at Katiwar, a memorial plaque was noted by Mrs. D.M. Rogers, whose great uncle, Major Reynolds took part in an action against a large band of Wagheer outlaws there, under their leader Dewa Maneck of Okha in 1867. Major Reynolds of the 17th N.I. stormed



The handsome pyramid tomb near Sarangarh to Alexander Elliot.



Above: Well-kept tombs on Table Island Light Station, North Andaman Island.





Above: St Peter's Church, Tanjore, built by Schwarz the famous Danish missionary in 1780. (The tombs in its churchyard are being restored by a local committee with BACSA aid)



Left: Is this Pott's Folly or the tomb of an unknown Portuguese woman?

the rebel-held hill and though severely wounded in the head by a musket ball survived to see the outlaws slain or fled. During the action Captain H.T. Herbert, 3rd Political Assistant at Katiwar and his companion Captain C.B. La Touche, Assistant Political Agent were both killed pursuing the surviving outlaws. Major Reynolds seems to have been sent home to England to recuperate after his injury, and was married in 1877. He was buried at Lymington in Hampshire, though his tomb has not yet been traced. By one of those strange coincidences which frequently and happily occur at BACSA, our Secretary Theon Wilkinson had been puzzling for several days over a problem picture in his possession. It is a water colour to 'Capt. La 'Torche' and 5 Seapoys' and shows a monument on a hill. There were no identifying names of places or dates, and it was not until Theon Wilkinson realised from Mrs. Rogers' letter that 'Capt. La 'Torche' might be a misspelling of La 'Touche' was he able to identify the site and the picture.

CAN YOU HELP?

Some of the queries received by BACSA about graves of relatives in the East are not always well annotated. Dates of death are wrong or burial places unknown, although readers have subsequently often been able to piece together the facts and answer questions. This winter, however, we have been sent an impeccably documented letter and two photographs which pose a seemingly insoluble mystery, despite intensive research already carried out.

In 1978 Mr. J.W. Le Maitre from Wembley was handed a precious photograph of the late Queen Mary by his mother, who died the same year. At the bottom of the photograph was the following message in Her Majesty's own writing: 'In sorrow and sympathy my thoughts fly across the seas to my Sisters in India, that beautiful Land which I have twice visited. I send you this to do honour to a very brave Soldier of the Empire who died for you and for us in the glorious fight for truth and freedom against tyranny and broken faith. Mary R.N.'

The photograph and message were sent to Mr. Le Maitre's grandmother on the death of her son, Staff Serjeant W.A. Jeffrey, who sustained fatal injuries on the North West Frontier and later died in Poona on 18 August 1923. The second photograph shows his grave. Research by Mr. Le Maitre has revealed that Staff Serjeant Jeffrey, though in the Corps of Military Staff Clerks had probably been seconded to the 10th Baluch Regiment and was attached to the 127th Battalion Queen Mary's Own Baluch Light Infantry, stationed in Peshawar at the time. During the summer of 1923 two Seaforth Highlanders, a Captain Watts and his wife, and a Mrs. Ellis were killed in a raid by tribesmen. Mrs. Ellis' daughter was kidnapped and taken up into the hills, though she was subsequently released. (The incident was recalled in the television series 'Yesterday's Witness' a few years ago.) Though Staff Serjeant Jeffrey is not mentioned in the border incident, these were the only deaths officially recorded as having taken place on the frontier during that year.

The real mystery arose when Mr. Le Maitre began to wonder how common or rare it was for Queen Mary to send personal messages to bereaved relatives in India. No-one could help him. He tried in vain the Imperial War Museum, the British Museum, the Public Record Office, the Ministry of Defence, the National Army Museum, Christies and Sotheby's and then

Clarence House. The Queen Mother was so interested in the message that she asked the Queen and other members of the Royal Family if they could remember anything similar but no-one could. The inference is that Mr. Le Maitre has a unique royal message and he regrets that he never questioned relatives who could have thrown some light on the events. 'I am amazed now at the lack of interest I displayed when I was young', he writes. He recalls only his grandmother's intense grief ten years after her son's death, and his own mother's solemn bequeathal of the photographs to him before her own death.

What was the incident that prompted the sympathetic royal message and what was 'the tyranny and broken faith' which led to Staff Serjeant Jeffrey's mysterious death in 1923? Readers' theories will be most welcome, especially from anyone who was in Peshawar in 1923.

In Chowkidar Vol. 3 No. 3 the perennially interesting topic of the fate of General Wheeler's daughter Eliza, after the Mutiny, was raised again and though after such a long period, no hard evidence is likely to emerge an interesting side light on the fate of a young Englishwoman was suggested by Brenda Bayley from Dorset. She recalled a book long out of print by Mrs. B.M. Croker, published in 1895 less than forty years after the Mutiny. In the novel, Mr. Jervis, the character of an elderly Persian widow living in the hills is introduced, and she reveals that she is in reality an Englishwoman, a bride caught up in the Mutiny and considered dead but entrapped into native life and forced into marriage. 'It is a most moving account', wrote Brenda Bayley 'and I cannot help feeling the author knew of similar stories, as there is no particular reason for the character in the novel'.

On a different subject, another out of print book was mentioned by P.M.K. Mitchell, a former coffee-planter from Coorg. Mists and Monsoons by Cathleen Balentyne was published in the 1930's in Edinburgh and tells the life-story of a coffee-planter's wife in Coorg, in the pioneer days of the 1890's. Mr. Mitchell has tried without success to track down this book and is anxious to buy a copy if one can be found.

Readers may also be able to help with the following brief queries:
(Letters please to the Secretary, Theon Wilkinson)

Adam Gaskell born about 1860 and died about 1920 was a Colour Sergeant with the 2nd Battalion, the Loyal North Lancashire Regt. Later he went to India with his wife and four children where he was appointed Regt. Serjeant Major with the Nagpur Rifles. The place and date of his death are unknown though his grandson Capt. Frank Gray (Ret'd.) recalls seeing a photograph many years ago. Any information, for a family history, would be welcome.

Lieut. Thomas White died at Baroda on 11 October 1805, while serving in the Bombay European Regt. Particulars of his tombstone, if it still exists, are sought by E.F. Harben from Australia, who is also looking for information on Ruth Stone born 5 May 1847 and baptized in Madras on 26 June of that year.

Henry Hanson a midshipman on the East India Company's ship 'Glatton' was drowned near Chumpnee in China on 3 October 1809 aged seventeen and his brother Oliver, also in the Company, died of fever at Broach 'in the East Indies' on 7 September 1823, aged 21. A memorial in Chigwell, Essex records the sad and premature deaths of the brothers, but where is 'Chumpnee'? If they can be identified, Miss Jessica Freeman would like to know if the Hanson tombs still exist.

Mrs. F.A. Mollard was the widow of a 'noble English family' who sailed out to the Danish colony of Tranquebar in 1788 to join her second husband, the General Governor Peter Anker (1744-1832). Sadly Mrs. Mollard died the following year, lamented by the Governor and was buried in Tranquebar. A descendant from Oslo, Mr. Thor Anker would be interested to know if her tomb still exists.

Thomas Alexander a mechanical engineer, left England in 1855 to join his father, Robert, an engine driver in Saharanpur. He married Eliza Pearson on 25 September 1876 in the Presbyterian Church there and details of the two families, (Alexander and Pearson) are sought by Mrs. M. O'Grady their grand-daughter.

The HMS Centaur was moored off Shanghai in the autumn of 1860, when a BACSA member's great-great-grandfather died and was taken ashore for burial. Do any graveyards still exist near the town, or have they been cleared, asks Peter Evers?

A WAYSIDE GRAVE

An unusual inscription on an isolated tomb-stone in the Mawphlang district of Meghalay, India has been noted by two BACSA members, Rupert Mayne and Don Papworth of Shillong who has recently sent us a description and a photograph. The tomb stands just off the old road that used to run from Sylhet (now in Bangladesh) to Gauhati in Assam. Remains of the road, which was intended for foot-travellers only, still exist in good condition. The grave itself consists of a square raised plinth of well-cut stones and an upright memorial which reads 'To a/Child/ Fondly Called/Camilla/Soft Silken Primrose/Fading Timelessly/1843', (photograph p. 39).

Small trees and grassy shrubs surround the site, and though it appears to be untended it is in good condition in a quiet shady wood. Don Papworth reminds us that palanquins would have been used on journeys along the little road in those days, or perhaps 'a bamboo basket contraption in which the passenger is placed then hoisted on to the back of the carrier, the whole supported by a strap from his forehead. The local Khasi name is 'Khoh Kitbriew' '.

No local records exist of the grave but he thinks it possible that an English family travelling along the road suffered a sudden bereavement on what must have been a hazardous journey and that their young daughter was buried by the road-side, the grave later being marked by a properly carved stone. The inscription is unique among 19th century epitaphs, for there is no family name, no cause or exact date of death, no expression of regret, and most strangely, no religious references. Because of its isolated situation and haunting words it has become one of the most interesting tombs from that remote area of India, now recorded in the BACSA archives.

'POTT'S FOLLY' AT CULPEE

Just south of Calcutta in the Diamond Harbour area and a mile inland from the Hoogli, lies the town of Culpee (Kuli), a convenient anchorage for ships going up river. It was here in the early summer of 1782 that the young Emily Warren died on her journey to Calcutta, to the despair of her fiancé Mr. Pott, a surgeon's son. So heartbroken was the young man at Emily's death, that he commissioned Tiretta, the Italian architect resident in Calcutta, to erect a beautiful 'stone' column at Culpee 'among herds of tigers' because 'off that wild jungly place she breathed her last'. William Hickey, the writer, who was a friend of both Pott and Tiretta described how sailors christened the monument 'Pott's Folly' and used it as a landmark during rough weather. Robert Percival Pott, later of Lucknow and an ancestor of a BACSA member, Janet Pott, paid a thousand pounds for the memorial column, a considerable sum of money in those days when labour and building were both very cheap.

In the 1920's a thorough search was made in the Culpee district for the monument and two reports came back of a 'masonry column...which bears the appearance of a Hindu temple but in the form of a solid mass. It is in good preservation, except that the top has been struck by lightning and broken off. The present height is 35 feet. No inscription is visible and the column is known locally as the tomb of Mana Bibi. According to local tradition, a lady died on board one of the ships that used to anchor here to purchase foodstuffs and was brought ashore for burial'. But another local story relates that the unknown woman was the wife of a Portuguese settler called Dunkey and certainly there was an early Portuguese settlement at Culpee. The monument (which was photographed in the 1920's and is shown on p.40) does not seem to be associated with the name Pott in oral tradition.

The base of the monument shown is made up of three decreasing Bengali 'huts', one on top of the other, all with the characteristic sloping rooves of the area. The base of a column is discernable at the top. It is the style of the monument which leaves some doubt over whether it is the Pott memorial. Tiretta was a neo-classical architect, and it is strange that he would design a Bengali monument to a young English woman whose only connection with India was the unfortunate fact that she died there. The monument seems unlikely to be stone, as Hickey assumed, or to have cost £1,000 - it is more probably stucco over a brick core.

It certainly looks like a tomb, but was Emily Warren in fact buried where she died? The absence of the name 'Pott' is puzzling too, since European names, no matter how garbled, can usually be traced in association with their buildings. One could conclude then that there were two monuments at Culpee - one a handsome Grecian-style column of stone to mark Emily's death-bed and the other a rougher tomb for a Portuguese wife. Two distinct stories may have merged over the years to form a composite legend, and Chowkidar would like to know if the monument photographed this century still exists and whether there are any theories on Pott's column.

BACSA BOOKS (recent books and articles by BACSA members)

Christian Cemeteries and Memorials in Malacca. Alan Harfield

A short, but extremely comprehensive guide to tombs and memorials in Malacca (Malaysia), this updated book describes the four cemeteries and three memorials. Photographs of all the surviving graves in the Fort Cemetery have been supplied by another BACSA member, Peter Hutton and inscriptions, where legible, are given, with brief biographies of the interred. It is noticeable that some of the earlier flat Dutch tombstones are in better shape than the box tombs of the 19th century and the deep hewn names and coats of arms are still clear. The earliest recorded stone in the cemetery is 1670 but it is pre-dated by the inscription from a grave on St. Paul's Hill to Francisco Gonsalvez who died on 29 March 1568. Gonsalvez was a 'Major-Domo of this House of Our Lady the Mother of God for many years' and was married. This must be the first noted grave in Malacca, if not in Malaysia, of a European. It is not clear whether the tomb still survives today, but Alan Harfield notes that the earliest attempt to record Malaccan graves was made in 1713 by the sexton of St. Paul's Church, showing a sense of history which puts others to shame. Over two hundred names are noted in the Index and the book is recommended as an excellent example of an urban history told through its tombs.

pp 82 1984 £7.50 BACSA publications

Ranji: Prince of Cricketers. Alan Ross

This is the first attempt for fifty years to deal with one of the greatest names in cricketing history and Alan Ross has added another dimension to the story by examining the Maharaja Jam Saheb's life in Nawanagar, Gujerat where he ruled a large and impoverished state. The ease with which the Maharaja was able to slip into his other role as owner of a 30,000 acre estate in Connemara makes him an attractive figure, as interesting off the field as he was on it.

pp 256 1983 £10.94 Collins

The Indian Museum 1801-1879. Ray Desmond

In 1799 Warren Hastings suggested to the Court of Directors of the East India Company that Charles Wilkins should be appointed 'Librarian to the Oriental Repository' - a vast collection of uncatalogued material that had been accumulating over the past two hundred years, since the Company had first entered India as traders. By 1879 when the collection was unforgiveably split up, it contained such diverse treasures as Tipu Sultan's marvellous mechanical tiger, botanical samples presented by Sir Stamford Raffles and an unparalleled library of fine prints and manuscripts from all over the British Empire in the East. The historian, naturalist or sightseer of Indian affairs today now has to commute endlessly across London and even then will be denied access to some stored items. Ray Desmond has told the story of the rise and fall of the India Museum admirably and it can only lead one to ponder on the undoubted need for another, permanent 'Oriental Repository' in London.

1982 £25.00 H.M.S.O.

A John Company General. Lieut. Colonel I.A.J. Edwards-Stuart

Lieut. General Sir Abraham Roberts, father of Lord Roberts has suffered the unusual fate of having his Indian career quite overshadowed by that of his more famous son. The elder Roberts arrived in India in 1805 and during a long and exciting life fought against the Pindaris, served in the Public Works Department, commanded the Bengal European Regiment, travelled to Kabul in 1839, speaking out loudly about the follies committed there by the British which led to the first Afghan War and finally helped to negotiate a treaty with Dost Mohammed. The author has himself long family connections with India, going back to 1689 and served in Kohat, Burma and on the Frontier. He brings a soldierly and lively eye to his subject.

1983 £8.95 New Horizon (Transeuros Ltd) 25 Station Road, Bognor Regis PO21 1QD

BOOKS (by non-BACSA members which readers will enjoy)

A Squire of Hindoostan. Narindar Saroop

'Which one of us full-blooded men has not dreamt of a life of adventure and romance?' asks Narindar Saroop at the beginning of his biography of Lieut. Colonel William Linneaus Gardner of Gardner's Horse. No-one would disagree with his argument and it is only surprising that the life of this remarkable 'anglo-Indian' should not have been written before. Gardner arrived in India in 1789, the turbulent year of the French Revolution and remained there until his death forty-four years later. He was both a soldier of fortune, who later served the Company, and a man who though born in America, died a zemindar in Oudh, having married a Mughal princess. His story is told in a most sympathetic and engaging way, bringing 20th century insights to bear on an 18th century man. The author (who collaborated closely on the book with a BACSA member, Iris Portal) has generously donated all proceeds of British sales of the book to BACSA.

pp 178 1983 £5 Distributed by BACSA

The North-West Frontier. A Pictorial History 1839-1947 Michael Barthrop

This book may well become a standard reference work on the area since it covers the entire field of political and military involvement by British India in Afghanistan. For this reason it perhaps lacks the detailed analysis a historian may seek, but such a work would run to many volumes and it is convenient to have the whole history encapsulated here. The pictures (all black and white) are of exceptional interest, from Alexander Burnes in Afghan dress to small aircraft of the 1920's flying through the Khyber Pass. A mule attempting to pull a Light Tank Mark 2 over a ridge during the Mohmand operations of 1935 symbolises a certain stubborn but dotty persistence in British dealings with Afghanistan, terminated only by British withdrawal from India in '47.

pp 184 1982 £8.95 Blandford Press

FIELD WORK IN PAKISTAN

Two years ago Sue Farrington, one of BACSA's youngest members, gave up a secure full time job in order to spend seventeen months recording every single British cemetery in Pakistan. Her extraordinary dedication in tracing British graves was started as a 'light hearted romantic venture' inspired by two faded photographs in a family album and a reading of The Far Pavilions during a convalescence. Chowkidar's Editor recently had the pleasure of interviewing Sue Farrington in London and the first question was inevitably 'How did you become interested in British graves in Pakistan?'

SF: My grandfather was Chief Conservator of Forests in India at the beginning of this century, and my grandmother is supposed to have been the first English woman to drive a car in India, but I don't know whether this is true or not! I did find in their photographic album a grave-stone recording Sir Charles Farrington of the Native Infantry, who died in 1828, and in my father's album was a Mrs. Farrington who died a little later in 1859. I visited Pakistan briefly, for a short holiday, and immediately fell in love with the local cemeteries. I found these quiet places with the bouganvillia falling over the ruined lych-gates quiet islands amid the bustle of local life. Shortly afterwards, I was posted back to Islamabad for five months and was able to pursue my explorations and begin to photograph and record remaining inscriptions.

RLJ: When did you learn about BACSA?

SF: A friend of mine told me about the Association and suggested I send in a query about Sir Charles Farrington's grave near Mussoorie. It was supposed to have been destroyed in a landslide and though I didn't get any response to my query in Chowkidar, I subsequently found it restored further down the hill and confirmed that Sir Charles was a relative of mine. A series of other coincidences then convinced me that the survey should be undertaken.

RLJ: What have you been doing in Pakistan recently?

SF: When I decided to work full time finding and recording the British cemeteries, I was given a list of graveyards made over to the Church of Pakistan in 1947. 184 sites were listed in West Punjab, the North West Frontier Province, Baluchistan, Karachi and Sind. I have been able to trace every cemetery except five, and to visit most of them. In addition I have visited isolated graves, battle monuments and churches and chapels which were not listed. In all I have recorded 221 sites. I usually spoke about my visits directly into a tape recorder (I have 50 cassettes) and kept notebooks and took a lot of photographs. I found that in several cases the names of the cemeteries had been changed, and I was able to find one or two which were not on the original list. I also logged burial registers where they were available.

RLJ: Is anything being done to maintain the cemeteries?

SF: Before 1947 they were maintained by a number of different agencies including the PWD and the Military Engineering Services. As the Church of Pakistan appears to dwindle their members obviously cannot do very much. In fact some of the sites were listed as abandoned even before

1947. Some of the churches are used regularly, but others are becoming derelict. I did find, though, that my visits sparked off some interest. On my second journey to Landi Kotal I found the army had cleared the undergrowth and tidied the cemetery there and at Shinwari I was delighted to find a new signpost saying 'Graves' in English.

RLJ: What was the local response to your work in the cemeteries?

SF: Local people were not particularly surprised, they probably thought I was a dotty memsahib! But once they knew I was seeking a particular cemetery they were extremely helpful in locating it. I think that Muslims, because they inter their dead, like Christians, have a better conception of what a graveyard means to relatives than possibly Hindus might. At one site in the Tribal Areas I was given an armed escort of twelve men, each one carrying his gun and transistor radio. Some-one would always appear out of the crowd in the bazar who could speak English and at Muzzafarghar near Multan I had a long discussion on the Falklands War with an impeccably English speaking elder, while we sat on a charpoy and drank tea. It was slightly surreal.

RLJ: What are you doing now in London?

SF: I have an enormous pile of records, photographs and cassettes. All this information is being transferred to a computer at Leeds University which will obviously make enquiries about British interments easier to answer. It will also enable me to find, for example, the increase of deaths during the hot weather, or the percentage of children dying in infancy. Eventually I should like to publish the whole thing, but I don't want it just to be a list of names, the people in my records are far too interesting for that. They should have brief biographies where possible. At the moment I am working full time for John Blashford Snell organising a world-wide expedition for young people, called Operation Raleigh and I come back to my cemeteries in the evening. I am a member of BACSA's Executive Committee and see my work for the Association as a life-long interest that I want to share with others.

THE MAIL BOX

Though the majority of letters received by Chowkidar centre on the Indian sub-continent, BACSA's wings stretch much further afield, from Turkey to Tibet and Morocco to Macau. We have recently become interested in China and Japan, spurred on by enquiries and information from members visiting the Far East.

An item in the South China Morning Post sent in by Penelope Harland reminded us of earlier British travellers in the East. It tells the sad story of a young English woman, Elizabeth Ann, wife of Captain McIntyre who died at sea on 21st October 1845 on board the British ship 'Castle Huntly' or 'Huntley'. Elizabeth McIntyre was only twenty-three and her grave, on a mountain slope at Shek Kwu Chau was accidentally rediscovered only twenty years ago. Thick foliage and undergrowth had protected it from the elements and vandalism and a photograph shows it almost hidden by palms and wild flowers. The 'Castle Huntly' was on a voyage from China to Bombay and went down some 400 miles south of Hong Kong, while it was probably engaged in carrying opium. Many of the crew were saved, but interestingly, Elizabeth McIntyre's death happened two days before the shipwreck on 23rd October 1845, so she would appear to have died from illness and not drowning. No information on the young woman has been found, despite research, other than that she was the Captain's wife, and we are grateful for having this previously unknown and isolated grave brought to our notice.

From Japan comes the story of the discovery of Colonel William Ross Morton's grave, hidden in a Buddhist cemetery in a small Japanese town. Our correspondent Major J.D. Monkman, an inhabitant of Dogo, a town on one of the smallest Japanese islands, Skikoku, was in the habit on visiting a little cafe in the early 1970's. One evening the cheerful, talkative landlady there asked him if he had ever noticed the 'Christian grave' in the local Buddhist cemetery, near the tombs of her family. Intrigued, Major Monkman decided to explore the cemetery in the grounds of the Gianji Temple and found the ancient graveyard on a hilly slope with aromatic incense sticks producing a soothing tranquillity. 'I climbed the winding path, pausing often to look at the squat Buddhist grave-stones arranged in the short irregular terraces. Following the directions of my informant I soon found her family grave and to my astonishment I saw, slightly behind and above the grave, a plain Christian cross, hewn from the same dark stone as its Buddhist companions. Below the cross was the following inscription, correctly spaced and neatly carved:

William Ross Morton/Colonel R.E./Born at Rurki, India July 9th 1861/
Died at Matsuyama November 21st 1917/'Till He Comes'.

Major Monkman resolved to discover more and first interviewed the Abbot of the Temple 'a crusty old gentleman, who having but one leg had great difficulty in negotiating the precipitous slopes of his graveyard'. He could only conjecture that Colonel Morton had been on duty in connection with German P.O.W.'s but knew that he had died from illness at a local Inn which no longer existed. There was no record of who paid for the stone and efforts to trace it through the Japanese Government were unsuccessful.

The Abbot felt that the British Government should take over responsibility for the abandoned grave, so Major Monkman sent a formal report and photograph to the British authorities in Tokyo. After some delay the Director of the War Graves Commission superintended the removal of Colonel Morton's remains to the War Graves Cemetery in Yokohama, 'surely a more fitting "corner of a foreign field" than a lonely Buddhist graveyard 10,000 miles from home'. But the mystery remains. Who was Colonel Morton and what was he doing in the remote town of Dogo in 1917? Who arranged for his cremation, the burial of his urn, and the erection of the cross? Any information or ideas from readers will be forwarded to Major Monkman in Japan.

From 1864 to 1868 a branch of the Persian Telegraph was operated from the remote Musandam Station on Telegraph Island, Elphinstone Inlet in the Straits of Hormuz. A number of British staff who died there were buried on the adjoining Maqlab Isthmus and a Gazetteer published in 1915 illustrated some of their graves, including that of another Morton, T. Morton, whose box-like tomb stood among the inhospitable barren hills. During a recent spell of duty in the area a correspondent Timothy Ash endeavoured to find the Maqlab tombs, but despite a number of searches was unsuccessful and found that the local Dhahoriyeen tribespeople there had no recollection of any European graves in the area. At one time it seems the sites of the telegraph posts with their rubble supports and the ruins of the Cable Room were still visible, but time has probably obliterated all traces of this remote out-station and unless any recent travellers to the area have found anything we must conclude that the Maqlab tombs are now known only from earlier records.

Another Eastern graveyard noted at the turn of the century has now vanished, according to a report from Keith Stevens who visited Kaohsiung and the Pescadores in Taiwan in May this year. Britons who died there had been buried in the grounds of the former Consulate, which stood in a most attractive place on the crest of a hill overlooking the straits of Formosa and the Kaohsiung harbour. A local policeman who helped Mr. Stevens in his unsuccessful search for the graves, (believed to be of missionary families) could not recall the Consulate being occupied in his lifetime and the site has now been acquired by a local contractor who plans to build a temple to the Chinese goddess of mercy, Kuan Yin, on the site. It would be fitting if the Chinese goddess were to extend her benedictions towards these former inhabitants of her domain, alien though they may seem. BACSA has received what will surely be the last photograph of the ruined Consulate, a red brick building of solid construction, surrounded by piles of building rubble. No other British graves were found in Taiwan though a few French ones still exist on the island.

From Goa comes a recent report of the cemetery at Marrel-Cato, visited in February by Raleigh Trevelyan. Margaret Thatcher had visited the area late last year and there had obviously been a tremendous amount of clearing up done before her visit. The wall round the cemetery had been repointed and rebuilt in places and the grass cut. The caretaker is a woman, Maria de Silva, whose father was chowkidar, so the post is an hereditary one.

There are about fifty-five numbered graves but signs of several more. Nearly all the earliest graves are sarcophagi, but now unnamed because their marble plaques have been stolen. Many of the graves date from the 1880's but an earlier one records Captain James Graham of the 7th Regiment who died on board the 'Lady', off Vergola on his passage to England in April 1829. Margaret, wife of John Reed, 'conductor' of the Honorable Company's Service is also buried here. She died on 19 December 1808 and was 'a virtuous wife, an affectionate mother and a faithful and sincere friend', according to her inscription. Because Goa was only in British hands for a very short period there are fewer British tombs of course, though there seem to have been regular burials throughout the nineteenth century and the most recent was that of Henry William Mayne who was an employee of the Madras Southern Mahratta Railway for many years. He died on 10 August 1912 and his memorial was erected by his daughter. Photographs have been taken by another BACSA member Foy Nissen of the newly restored cemetery and have been put in the BACSA archives.

Much nearer home, a member came across a 19th century reference to the old St. Pancras churchyard which contained the tomb of the last survivor of the Black Hole of Calcutta, Captain John Mills, who died in 1811 at the age of ninety. Jill Hugh Jones visited the cemetery in June and was able to report that the tomb still survives, though it is now broken and rivetted to a stone cross under a plane-tree. Captain Mills, who gave up his place at the window in the Black Hole nonetheless survived to become Commodore of the Company's yacht at Calcutta, but achieved fame on his return to England for quite a different reason. He married Mrs. Vincent, a celebrity on the English stage who played Polly Peachum in the Beggar's Opera, and in typical sailor fashion, the Captain wooed and won her, then whisked her away from the London stage to Bengal. Eventually returning to Camden Town the Captain subsisted on a small Company pension, after having frittered away his fortune on his beautiful wife.

THE BALLAD OF VELLAIKKARAN

A curious little booklet in Tamil and English was sent to BACSA recently relating the story of another English person who has been deified by Indians today. The history of the unknown English officer has been known orally in ballad form for about a hundred years in the Tamil Nadu region of India, but was written down only in 1925. The ballad tells of Vellaikkaran (the general term for a white person), who had worked in the region for some years. He seems to have been a Londoner, and when he returned home on leave he took with him not only Tamil carpenters, but wood from India to build a mercantile ship.

For the mast he chose a tall straight tree from an Indian forest, and great was the dismay of the woodmen when on chopping it down, blood red sap began to run down the trunk. The superstitious workmen and villagers fancied that the tree had been the abode of a demon-like god, Chenkitaikkaran. According to legend, the god, angry at having his resting place disturbed, followed the Englishman to London and accompanied him on the new ship's maiden voyage to India. The ship travelled through the Suez Canal, which dates the story as post-1869, and was dashed to pieces on the rocky coast of Tavittutturai, where the Englishman was drowned.

Thus the god was avenged. But the Englishman's spirit, acknowledging in death the wrongness of his act, appealed for mercy to Chenkitaikkaran, who granted him the unusual boon of becoming himself a minor deity. Today the Englishman's shrines are found in two small villages, near the place of his shipwreck. There are no representations of him in the temples, but a long coat and trousers are placed in the inner sanctum as his dress, together with a cap, a pair of stout boots and a rifle.

Offerings are made by the villagers in the form of brandy, arak, whisky, fried chicken, boiled mutton, cigars and fruits, exactly the things a nineteenth century British officer or trader would enjoy. Who could he have been? Honoured and worshipped by the villagers he had probably spent some time among them, perhaps as an administrator, and obviously knew more than a little about ship-building. It is thought his grave may lie in Pooviyoor, and any theories on his origin would be appreciated.

CAN YOU HELP?

Mention of Sir John Jacob's newly restored grave and the Residency at Jacobabad in the last two numbers of Chowkidar have led not only to a photograph of the General's famous clock, but reminiscences from BACSA members who lived in the Residency. Mrs. Freya Booth, now living in Ireland went to the Residency as a bride in 1937 when her husband was appointed Deputy Commissioner in the 30's. She remembers that the clock which has now been moved to the inner verandah after the rebuilding of the house, also stopped during that time and that the weights were so heavy it took several strong men (and her husband) to lever them up. The ghost of the General was said to walk along the Residency verandah, though it never favoured the Booths with a visit. Their infant son, who died in the Residency in 1938 was buried in front of the General's tomb in the Jacobabad cemetery but very sadly the marble cross marking the tiny grave has been demolished.

Roger Pearce, who was DC between 1943 and 1945 also lived in the Residency and by that time the west end of the building had been demolished, so there was little insulation from the tremendous heat which our correspondents all remember vividly. 'I recall how comforting the solemn tick of Jacob's clock was in the hot weather', he wrote 'it kept very good time too'. Mr. Pearce also remembers the Jacobabad Horse Shows, one being notable as the only occasion on which a guest was mauled by a tiger. Luckily a top surgeon was on hand and operated successfully by the light of batties, the theatre lights having blown all the fuses when they were switched on.

Our query about 'Chumpnee' in China also brought a good response and it has now been identified by three members as Chuenpi, an island at the entrance to the Pearl River leading to Canton, which was used as an anchorage for British ships. It was at Chuenpi that an early agreement was signed in 1841 giving Hong Kong to Britain, but this treaty was later disregarded, hence the leasing of Hong Kong which expires in 1997.

Mike Morris, from Halifax is researching into British surgeons who served in the Crimean War, some of whom subsequently died in India and he wonders if any of their tombs have been noted by BACSA members. One in particular was that of William Dumbreck who died in May 1858 at Lucknow and he would welcome information on others. Another Lucknow query comes from Mrs. C. Coster whose great uncle died there in 1912. He was only 23 and was Private Henry Love of the 8th Hussars. His grave is believed to be in the Lucknow Cantonment.

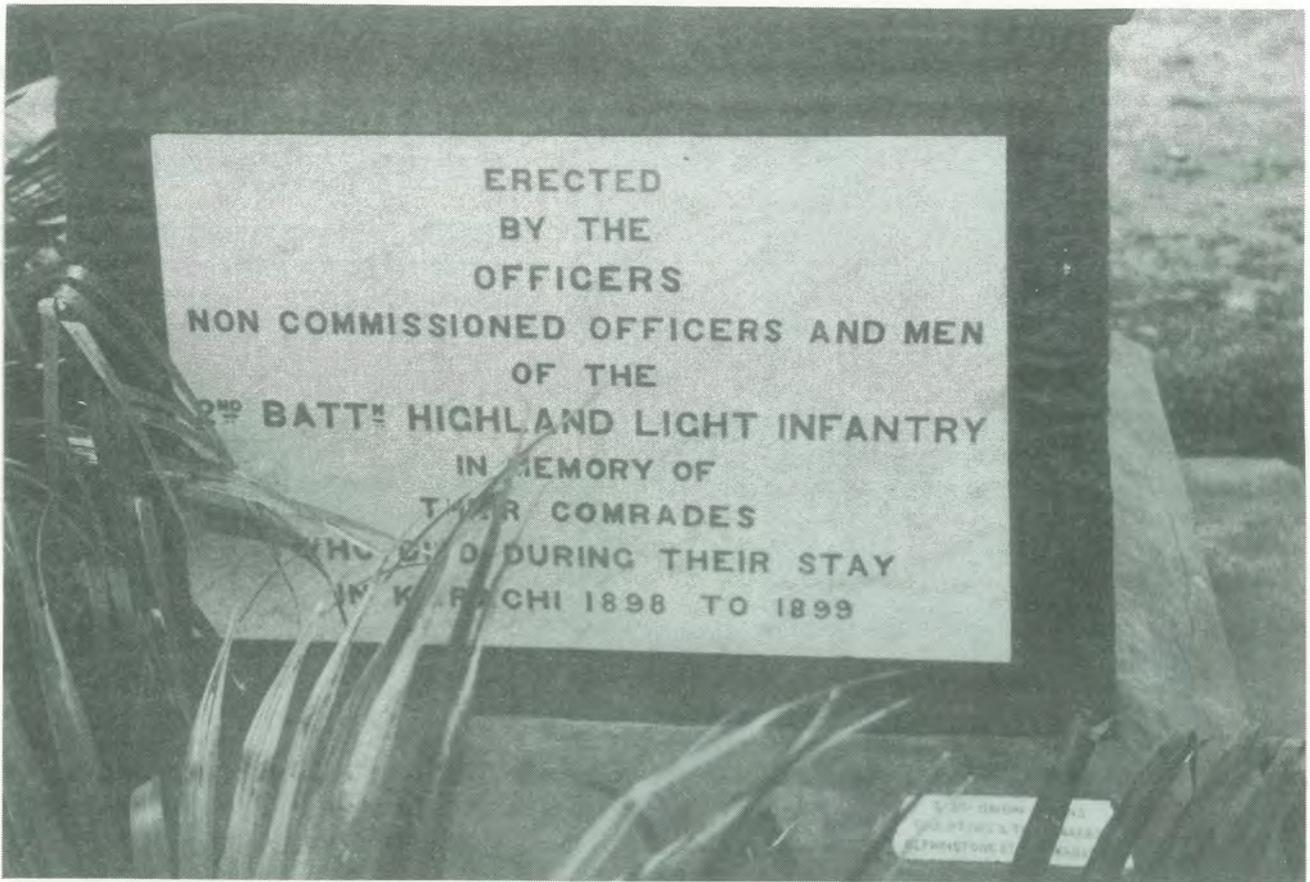
Mrs. Crystal Brown is seeking information on her father-in-law, Dr. Charles Brown who was Veterinerary Surgeon at the Government Hospital at Kakinada (then Cocanada) in Andhra Pradesh. He died there in December 1924 and is probably buried in the Anglican cemetery, though the name of the cemetery is not known. Mrs. Brown's husband's grandfather, Christopher Brown also died in Andhra Pradesh at Rajahmunday in 1925 and the family have a medal awarded to him commemorating his service in the 3rd Burmese War when he was serving in the 21st Madras Infantry. Perhaps these two fairly recent graves can be located?

From Mrs. Bunny Gupta who has been assiduously recording the Scottish Cemetery in Calcutta comes a general query and several more specific ones. The shipping industry which played such an important part in Calcutta trade does not seem to have received the same amount of attention as the tea and jute industries there. Many companies have changed hands, or been merged and Mrs. Gupta is seeking information on shipping firms operating from Calcutta between 1820 and 1960. Together with her co-worker Mrs. Jaya Chaliha, they have uncovered more interesting graves in Calcutta and seek details on the following:

John Gray of Burn & Co., leading architects in Calcutta, who died in 1860

Charles Sunder, died 1863, school master at La Martiniere, Calcutta.

Facing page: Memorials in Karachi. Top - detail of monument to the Highland Light Infantry at St. Andrew's Church, and another view bottom left. Bottom right - monument to the Derbyshire Regiment, from the Malir Road cemetery. Photographs taken recently by a new BACSA member, Richard Blurton.





Left: the clock designed by General Jacob which originally stood over a well in the old Jacobabad Residency. (see p.51)

Below: the old Residency at Jacobabad which has now been re-built. (see p.52)





Bottom: Cliffden House about 1895, home of James Charles McCulloch at Muree. Recently visited by his great great grandson Ian McCulloch the house is still standing in good condition.

Left: Ian McCulloch's great grandfather Henry Daniel with his wife and mother-in-law. Henry was surgeon to the Nizam of Hyderabad.



Mrs. Elizabeth Andrews, who was born in Saharanpur is seeking news of her great grandfather, Edward Thomas Pinniger who went to India in 1857 as a Lieutenant and remained in India when his regiment returned home. He probably died in Lucknow in 1919 and one of his daughters died in Ambala Cantonment about 1942. Mrs. Andrews is an old girl of La Martiniere High School, Lucknow and since it seems difficult to get away from that city in this issue, one more query from Barbara Groseclose of Ohio State University who is seeking photographs and information on British figural sculpture in the city during the 18th and early 19th centuries. She is also collecting similar material for the whole of India and anything on statues of statemen, royalty or heroic figures would be welcome.

Finally, the Editor of Chowkidar is planning a book on 'Recipes of the Raj' and would be most grateful if BACSA members could dig into their memories for favourite dishes with a particular Anglo-Indian flavour. Reminiscences on Indian kitchens, the kind of fuel used and the role of the khansama in suggesting menus would be greatly appreciated and all items will be credited. Recipes will also be tried out.

PRESS CUTTINGS

As BACSA becomes better known both at home and abroad, the Association has started its own file of press cuttings reporting events, meetings and interviews with its members. The Indian Press, in particular have recently given prominent coverage to two visiting BACSA members and frequently report on aspects of pre-1947 British life in their feature pages.

Miss Anne Buddle, who works at the Victoria and Albert Museum was in south India earlier this year at the invitation of the Karnataka Government and she gave a series of lectures on Tipu Sultan, the 18th century ruler defeated by the East India Company. Tipu has long been regarded as something of an ogre in popular British histories, fostered of course by his famous automaton of a tiger mauling a Company soldier. Now this Victorian view is being challenged and the Indian media welcomes new research on its past leaders. Miss Buddle, in a talk well reported by the Indian Express, Hyderabad and the Urdu Daily Salar, Bangalore, showed that the Sultan, despite his reported cruelties was by no means an unthinking despot and in fact treated his British captives with considerably more care than his contemporaries did.

Zoe Yalland, whose booklet on the Kacheri Cemetery, Kanpur was recently published by BACSA, received a warm welcome when she returned to the city, and was interviewed by The Times of India, who described her as an 'activist' glowing with a sense of history! Details of tombs in the cemetery were noted in the paper and the importance of reconstructing Kanpur's history from these inscriptions stressed, under the headline 'Dead men do tell tales'. Zoe also told reporters about her life in the city as a young girl, with moonlight picnics, river cruises and the annual New Year's Day cricket match at Green Park where 'the ladies team played against the men, who gallantly fielded left-handed'.

In London, the Evening Standard wrote a rather light-weight piece about the Indian Army Association's annual re-union which several BACSA members attended. The difference in coverage between the British and the Indian papers is quite noticeable. Reminiscences of pre-1947 India are still treated as something of an endearing eccentricity in Britain, whereas Indians credit them as a serious part of their history, which of course they are. The Standard did however interview BACSA's Secretary Theon Wilkinson who told him that young people are becoming increasingly interested in our colonial past and travelling and researching for themselves in India.

BACSA has its own television slot at the beginning of October in the BBC 2 series 'Timewatch' when Evelyn Désirée Battye will be talking about her new book The Fighting Ten to be published very shortly. Theon Wilkinson will also present some of the history and current work of BACSA and it is hoped a video recording of the programme will be available to the Association for future viewing.

BACSA BOOKS (Books by BACSA members that will interest our readers)

Lives of the Indian Princes. Charles Allen & Sharade Dwivedi

In Lives of the India Princes Charles Allen has pursued his successful policy of building up a picture of pre-Independence India, but this time his interviewees are not British administrators or their wives, but the descendants of the princely rulers whose kingdoms varied in size from the enormous state of Hyderabad to the tiny principality of Sachin (all of 49 square miles). He has built up a splendid panoply, whose names cross the pages of this handsome book like banners - the Gaekwad of Baroda, the Begum of Bhopal, the Rajmata of Jaipur and the Maharao of Kotah, to mention only a few. The reminiscences of these former rulers, officially deprived of their titles by the Indian Government are welded into a composite, if sometimes confusing picture of benign autocrats who, it must be said, led their lives in almost total isolation from their feudal subjects.

Many of the young princes and princesses were brought up by English governesses in their royal surroundings, who believed strongly in discipline, keeping the children away from their parents, and castor oil. At the same time they were imbued with a sense of duty and kingship, which enabled them in most cases to govern their states well, if remotely. There is little of the gossip here that surrounded, and still does, these once royal families, apart from a few hints that the Maharaja of Alwar's behaviour left something to be desired (he was deposed by the British in 1933) and the general tone of the book is understandably nostalgic. The Rajput princes who claimed descent from the sun or the moon, but were in fact originally from Central Asia, feature prominently. Names like Udaipur, Jaipur and Jodhpur pepper these interviews and it is interesting that it is these older, most highly regarded families who have best adapted themselves to the new India, by turning their palaces into tourist hotels and organising shikar parties. There are over 100 beautiful colour photographs and the very reasonable price makes this book a sumptuous Christmas present.

1984 Century Publishing pp. 352 £12.95

In Clive Street. R.N. Sen

Accountancy is one of those unfortunate professions that lack glamour and excitement (except presumably to other accountants) and In Clive Street, the autobiography of an Indian accountant, was approached with some trepidation. It is entirely due to the author's credit that he has made his story so interesting and takes the reader effortlessly through the intricacies of the major Calcutta businesses, whose head-quarters were often thousands of miles away in Britain. Mr. Sen was unusual in that he trained in Britain as a Chartered Accountant in the 1930's only to find on his return that his qualifications were so high for an Indian that it was difficult to get work in Calcutta.

'The British did not like to put Indians with similar foreign qualifications alongside their British counterparts' but his persistence paid off and he started work with Price Waterhouse Peat & Co., rising to become their first senior Indian partner. His views on British employers pre-and post-Independence are succinct and frank. He records acts of individual kindness and appreciation by some, as well as the petty discriminations against him by others. In the course of his working life he observed examples of tax evasion and questionable deals by British firms though he believes that in general the British business man behaved better in India than any other group of foreigners would have done, despite their employment policy based on racial considerations. He is sad that Bengalis did not fill the vacuum left by British management after '47 and that many of the businesses are still run by non-Bengali Indians. He concludes that business morality has deteriorated in India since the Second World War, as it has in the rest of the world, but his honest appraisal gives hope that when this decline is recognised it can be tackled and he is optimistic about the future of the Indian economy.

pp. 187 1981 Distributed in Britain by BACSA Books, 76½ Chartfield Avenue, London SW 15. Price £5 of which a percentage has kindly been donated to BACSA.

Mountain Battery. Pat Carmichael

Little has been written about the first Burma Campaign and the Retreat of 1942, so this story by Pat Carmichael, who was a subaltern with the Mountain Battery throws light on a hitherto unrecorded episode of the Second World War. The author has long felt that what the troops endured and achieved during those bitter opening months of the Burma War has never been adequately recognised and this book goes some way to redressing the balance. The story is a personal record, but also a salute to the units and the men and animals who served with them.

Though of necessity full of technical detail the lively style of the book should appeal to a wide audience, and the author has kindly donated a small sum from each book sold to BACSA.

pp 246 1984 Devin Books, 68 Idlesleigh Road, Bournemouth, Dorset BH3 7NH Price including packing and postage £8.20

The Kipling Journal

The Kipling Society was founded in 1927 and has attracted many notable literary and academic figures, and its lively journal should appeal to the general public. It holds five meetings annually, maintains a scholarly Library in the Royal Commonwealth Society and provides speakers at various events. The Editor, George Webb gave a talk to BACSA members last October on Kipling's Burma and though, as he reminds us, Kipling left India for good aged only twenty-three, his Indian writings form some of his best work. Every issue of the Journal carried something on the Indian period and BACSA members should find many common interests in the Society's work.

For more information write to the Kipling Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ

Books by non-members that readers may interest readers.

Every Rock, Every Hill. Victoria Schofield

Victoria Schofield has attempted an ambitious book on Afghanistan and the North West Frontier, which only partly succeeds in what it sets out to do. The history of the area, from Alexander's invasion to 1983 is such a vast subject that it probably cannot be tackled in one book and the first half, to the end of the nineteenth century, relies too heavily on often repeated sources where the author is not prepared to analyse or draw conclusions. But when Ms. Schofield begins interviewing people who worked in Afghanistan this century, the book comes to life. She has cast her net widely, from Sandy Gall ITV journalist who filmed in the Panshir valley recently; to Ralph Pinder Wilson, archaeologist who was at one point condemned to death by the present Russian regime and subsequently released due to the interventions of his British friends; and to Brigadier John Prendergast, military attache in Kabul during the late 1940's.

It is instructive to realise the continuation of strands beyond 1947, the cut-off date for many colonial historians. People, luckily, do not arrange their lives tidily between certain dates and it is good to know that the son of the Faqir of Ipi (who gave the British so much trouble in the 20's and 30's) is now believed to be fighting the Russians today. Similarly the sense of timelessness is well illustrated in an amusing story from Lieut. Col. Sir John Dring, Political Agent in Waziristan during the 1940's, whose colleagues suspicious of foreign interference were alarmed to learn that two Italians had been seen 'lately' near Kabul. Further investigation revealed that they were two Jesuit priests on their way to Peking in the 17th century!

The effect of British withdrawal from India in '47 on Afghanistan is examined briefly and Nehru's rough reception among the tribes which led him to realise there would be no support for Congress on the Frontier is a subject worthy of further investigation. One minor quibble - the lovely poem 'A Pathan Warrior's Farewell' at the end of the book is not anonymous, but a translation from Pashtu by a BACSA member, Major John Bowen. Ultimately the strength of Every Rock, Every Hill lies in the later interviews with survivors from the area, a method successfully adopted by Charles Allen in Plain Tales from the Raj and this would have formed a valuable book in itself.

pp. 352 1984 Buchan & Enright £10.50

The Making of Colonial Lucknow 1856-1877. Veena Talwar Oldenburg

Veena Oldenburg is herself a member of an old Lucknow family and has shown in this lively, scholarly book how many of the institutions set up by the British immediately after the Mutiny still form the basis of civic administration there today. The city was greatly altered by the British who drove wide military roads through the heart of the crowded old area and demolished quarters near the river so that they could never again provide defensive cover if a new uprising occurred. Miss Oldenburg carried out a number of fascinating interviews with an old courtesan who was able to recall from her grandmother's stories something of the courtly sophisticated life of the nawabi city and the changes that came with British rule. It is a pity that the book carries no illustrations, but it is well recommended as a good urban history of colonial administration.

pp. 280 1984 Princeton University Press.

Indian Diary. Edward Ardizzone

Years ago, long before I ever visited India I came across a delightful Ardizzone drawing in Punch showing a portly European getting into a tonga surrounded by a motley crowd of sightseers, dogs and small boys. The drawing, a caricature had the tonga horse dangling from the shafts, suspended by the European's weight on the tonga step, while the white moustached tongawallah, whip in hand, pondered on the relative merits of such a well endowed customer. Several people have subsequently related this incident as though it had happened personally to them, so it is nice to see the original drawing reproduced in this book, with Ardizzone himself, in the central role.

Indian Diary tells the story of a six month stay during the early 1950's when the author was part of a four man team sent by UNESCO as part of a visual education programme. Ardizzone filled his note books with pencil sketches of the people he saw on his travels - villagers, beggars, musicians and travelling companions, with an occasional water colour of a temple or country scene. He was most interested in people, and with a few strokes could delineate them standing there with the folds of their dhotis or saris hitched around them giving them something of a Roman appearance. His prose does not match his acute artist's eye though, and is merely a familiar terse record of frustrations in bank queues, irritating minor illnesses, difficulties in teaching silk screen printing and the round of social events, often with too much whisky consumed. He writes in a curiously detached manner as though the Indian scenes round him were nothing more than a film which left him unmoved, but as soon as he begins to draw, the essence of India unrolls from his pencil. At half the price, and a quarter of the text, this book would have been better value, but its sketches will bring nostalgic nods of recognition from anyone who has kept their eyes open in an Indian street.

1984 Bodley Head pp. 159 £15.00

BACSA itself has been publishing books for some time, and the latest volume is The Gordon Creeds in Afghanistan 1839 and 1878-79, edited by a BACSA member, William Trousdale.

The memoirs of the Gordon Creeds are one of the rare father and son combinations covering the first and second Afghan Wars and constitute a unique contribution to the literature of the frontier and beyond. While most contemporary accounts are full of the noise of battle and the deeds of the participants, the enduring value of these memoirs - published for the first time - rests in the careful observations of places, human activities, industries, and in their descriptions of monuments, and of life in the camps of armies on campaign; marked by intimacy, warmth and humour. In this sense, they do not duplicate those earlier memoirs but contribute valuable additions to our knowledge of British and Afghan life beyond the Northwest frontier in an ancient land now in turmoil. The manuscript has been copied in its entirety including the numerous original sketches inserted in the text and brought into modern-day focus through the scholarly textnotes of William Trousdale who is steeped in the history of Afghanistan and has visited almost every place described in the present work.

pp 210 1984 BACSA £8.00 including postage and packing from the Secretary.

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Prepared by Basil La Bouchardière

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