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# CHOWKIDAR

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## British Association For Cemeteries In South Asia (BACSA)

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## Notes on BACSA

The Association was formed in October 1976 to bring together people with a concern for the many hundreds of European cemeteries, isolated graves and monuments in South Asia.

There is a steadily growing membership of over 1,850 (2001) drawn from a wide circle of interest- Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical & Genealogical Societies. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association – the setting up of local committees in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Sri Lanka, Malaysia etc., and the building up of a Records archive in the Oriental and India Office Collections in the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments.

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

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

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## FROM SHIPWRIGHTS TO CEMETERIES

When Barry Bobin-Martin was posted to the British Deputy High Commission in Chennai (Madras) for a short assignment, it gave him the chance of a life-time to try and discover the burial place of his six times great-grandfather, John Bobin. Research over the last thirteen years seemed to indicate that John Bobin was the descendant of a refugee Huguenot family who lived in London during the late 17th century. He was born in the early 1740s, and is first recorded on 1 April 1756 in the Royal Naval Dockyard at Woolwich as an apprentice to one Richard Mosberry, shipwright. Two years after the end of his seven-year-long apprenticeship, John Bobin undertook his first voyage for the East India Company to Whampoa in 1765 as carpenter's first mate on board the *Ankerwyke*. As a crew member of an East Indiaman he also had the privilege to trade in his own right. On his return he worked at the Wells shipbuilding yard in Rotherhithe, lodging nearby at Grove Street, Deptford. It was here that he met Mary Wrench, a shipwright's daughter, and they were married at St Paul's Church, Deptford, in October 1767.

John was to make seven more long voyages to the east, on the *Grosvenor* and *The Earl of Mansfield*. It was on the return leg of the seventh journey that he died on 13 May 1785. Captain William Fraser wrote in his ship's log that 'shipwright passed away this day interred at burial ground for Europeans in Kedgeree near Calcutta. He was aged around forty years and left a widow and seven children.' It was this information which finally led his descendant, Barry Bobin-Martin, to a small Bengali village and its adjoining cemetery on a sunny Saturday afternoon in April this year. He takes up the story. 'Over the years the name had changed to Khajuri or Khejuri. I managed to find the place in the end - it is located on the mouth of the river Hooghly, south of Calcutta, roughly a three hour drive from the city, in which I was assisted by my Nepalese ex-Gurkha driver who feared no death.

'Khajuri was once an important starting point for passengers in the 18th and 19th centuries to disembark for schooners into Calcutta. It may have been a busy, bustling place two hundred years ago but it is now very much villagified. I located the "burial place for Europeans" - a walled cemetery in the grounds of an old but large residence. Much of the cemetery is now overgrown, a few of the memorials still stand sadly, no inscriptions remain (see page 132). Consequently I was unable to date any of the earliest memorials - some of which appear to be from the mid-Victorian era. The cemetery itself has been sadly neglected, however one should be thankful for small mercies in that it actually still exists. I am almost certain this was the burial ground where my ancestor was buried. This could well date the site to over two hundred years ago. Khajuri itself is actually a village.

It is now a kilometre from the coast, separated by a wide expanse of salt bed and marshy grassland. Two hundred years ago Khajuri would have been much closer to the coast. Sadly little evidence of its past now remains, except perhaps the cemetery itself. I was unable to locate the grave of my ancestor, although I was not really expecting to do so. However, it gave me the chance to sample rural Indian life, local people were friendly and curious as to why I was in the vicinity.' BACSA is particularly interested in this report, as there is nothing in our records about Khajuri (whose name, incidentally, means simply 'a cluster of palm trees'). Any further information on the cemetery there would be welcomed by Mr Barry Bobin-Martin at <barbobmar10@hotmail.com> or via the Secretary.

## MAIL BOX

Several readers sent copies of an article published in the 'New York Times' on 23 February this year headed 'At a Kabul Cemetery, British Soldiers Honor the Victims of Wars Past'. The report is of particular interest, especially as *Chowkidar* had carried a short report on the cemetery, known as Qabr Gora, in our Jubilee edition. The ceremony referred to in the newspaper had taken place the day before, 22 February and came at the end of a substantial refurbishment by British troops stationed in Afghanistan in the recent peace-keeping operation. Ten of the gravestones of earlier British soldiers, badly damaged by frost in the 1970s, had been reassembled and set into the cemetery's southern wall some years earlier (see *Chowkidar* Vol 7 No 1). Now a new well was dug to provide water for the dying grass, and the old caretaker Mr Rahimullah was paid for the first time in many years. Today's soldiers who attended the re-dedication of the cemetery saw poppy wreaths laid before the graves while a Gurkha bugler played the Last Post and Reveille. A two minute silence was observed, prayers were said, and the National Anthem sung. Local Afghans, shut outside the cemetery, peered over the high walls and from windows and rooftops, sitting in silence during the moving ceremony. The paradox of the event was not lost on the participants, as Major General McColl, leading the multinational force, observed, for here were the British, who had been defeated twice by the Afghans in the 19th century, back again, this time to keep the peace.

One of the officers on the staff of the 16 Air Assault Brigade in Kabul earlier this year, Major Ronnie Coutts, described his visits to the cemetery in the Regimental journal of The Highlanders (Seaforth, Gordons & Camerons) and the editor has given *Chowkidar* permission to use extracts from it. Major Coutts wrote that the existence of the Qabr Gora ('the white man's grave'), was brought to the attention of the Brigade officers during their meetings with Afghan military leaders. 158 military graves lie in the cemetery, representing only a fraction of the thousands who died during the Afghan wars. Ten years ago, the Mujahidin who were

occupying the area, removed all the trees in the cemetery for firewood, and although some gravestones have been damaged there is, surprisingly, little evidence of vandalism. The Brigade Headquarters, who organised the memorial service, not only provided funds for the refurbishment but for future upkeep too. Three of the graves are those of soldiers from Highland Regiments, Lieutenant Cecil Gaisford, Lieutenant St John Forbes and Colour Sergeant JA Drummond, who died in December 1879 during the second Afghan War. Above their newly restored graves, and those of their companions is a slab which reads 'This memorial is dedicated to all those British officers and soldiers who gave their lives in the Afghan Wars of the 19th and 20th centuries. Renovated by the officers and soldiers of the British Contingent of the International Security Assistance Force in Kabul, February 2002. We shall remember them.'

The town of Sardhana, situated near Meerut, continues to fascinate BACSA member Nick Shreeve, who has written extensively about the Begam Sombre and her curious Anglo-Indian family. During a recent visit he walked round the old cemetery again and reported back on it. The cemetery is considered of sufficient historic importance for the Archaeological Survey of India (ASI) to have taken it over. An enclosing wall has been rebuilt and a chowkidar installed. Sadly this was too late to prevent the removal of the majority of inscription slabs from the 250 tombs or so that lie here, many of them substantial monuments. One of the two oldest surviving inscription slabs establishes the age of the cemetery; it celebrates a certain Manuel Cardoza, who was buried in 1795 at the advanced age of 105. Near it is the tomb of 'Major Gotlieb Koine, native of Poland, who was in the service of her Highness Begam Sombre for fifty years, the last thirty-two of which he was Collector of Bhurdhana'. The Major was born in 1745 and died in 1821. He soon achieved renown as the Begam's Court poet, under the name Farasu. His house, which stood close to the palace in Meerut in the Begam Bagh, has now been destroyed, along with the palace, by developers.

'A group of tombs relate to the Reghelini family, whose founder member in India was Antoine Reghelini, the last commander of the Begam's army and the architect of the handsome Sardhana Basilica and the Begam's new palace, the Dilkusha Kothi, now a boys' school. Surviving inscriptions are to his daughter-in-law, Mrs Regina Pascal, who died in 1884, aged sixty-three and four of her children, Joseph, John, Santo and Joseph Batiste, the eldest of whom managed ten years and none of the others half as long. The large number of tiny graves to be found in this cemetery bear sad witness to the brief life expectancy of all too many infants.' Here also is Colonel Jean Saleur, who led the Begam's unbroken army against Arthur Wellesley at Assaye, and who died at the age of eighty-seven in 1812. Not far away lies his successor, Colonel Louis Claude Paethod, who died in office in 1819 at the age of seventy-eight. In between lie the tombs of Carolus Muttu, who died in 1839 and a Captain Rommel, with a Persian inscription.

The largest and most impressive monuments are those of the Dyce family, where the graves are placed within two very handsome domed *maqbara* (see page 132). Although in the style of a Muslim tomb, with a ribbed dome and pierced sandstone screen, or *jali*, there are European traces on the larger monument of swagged curtains in stucco, a Grecian doorway, and most intriguing of all, at the corners of the parapet are funerary urns. Here lies Julia Anne Dyce, granddaughter of Begam Sombre's husband, Walter Reinhard, General Sombre. Also here are her son and grandsons, her mother and the first wife of Reinhard. The Begam's second husband Pierre Antoine Levassoult is here too (it is a complicated family history) and passers-by are asked, in French, to pray for his soul, although the fact that he committed suicide in 1795 is not mentioned here. Surprisingly, for such an historic site, the cemetery is still open for burials, although the recently dead are not exempt from the depredations of grave robbers.

Although BACSA is right to give itself the occasional pat on the back, there are many places in south Asia where we are powerless to preserve cemeteries, especially where the urban pressure on land is so high. One such place is Bangalore, originally a semi-hill station with a temperate and invigorating climate, and today home to a thriving computer industry. Our Bangalore correspondent, David Barnabas has sent in a number of photographs, which, as he says, tell a familiar but disturbing story of vanishing memories of the Raj. Particularly sad is the loss of the Kulpully cemetery chapel, a sturdy little building erected in 1869 which was used for a short prayer at the time of burial. This practice ceased sometime during the 1970s when burials began to take place straight after the service in the church, and the chapel was latterly used as the caretaker's quarters, before being demolished in 1999.

Two entire cemeteries have been lost recently in Bangalore, that of the Sacred Heart Church, which has become a car park and the Fort cemetery which was levelled for residential housing. Again, the pressure on land means that graves are being re-used or gravestones removed and used as boundary walls, or in one case a drain cover in a police station at Agram cemetery. (This particular stone, whose inscription is still clearly legible, was erected to Sergeant Henry Ovens, born in Liverpool in 1780, who died in Bangalore on 11th July 1819 'This tomb is erected as a token of respect by his brother non-commissioned officers'). Just as sad is another photograph of a large pile of tombstones waiting to be reused. Among the depredations some interesting tombs still survive, like the extraordinary pyramid memorial to Mary Anne Charlotte, beloved wife of Captain R.A.S. Powis who died in June 1845 (see page 133) but as David Barnabas writes, we need to photograph and document these before they too disappear.

And yet, the strange thing is, that in some cases an English grave can become the focus of worship by local people, who begin tending it years later. A truly bizarre

example was in the news recently, involving the grave near Lucknow of Captain Frederick Wale (1822-1858). He was the eighth son of General Sir Charles Wale of Shelford in Cambridgeshire, and the General's third wife, Henrietta, daughter of the Reverend Thomas Brent. This respectable man was born in Geneva and educated at Edmonton and Shrewsbury. He was Captain of the 48th Native Infantry and subsequently commanded the 1st Sikh Irregular Cavalry, which he raised. He was killed during the recapture by the East India Company Army of Lucknow in 1858 and was buried where he fell, in the garden of the Musa Bagh.

As in similar cases, rumours began spreading this summer that an offering and prayer at Captain Wale's tomb could lead to people accused of serious crimes being let off by the law courts. Now not only fruit and flowers have appeared around his tomb, but bottles of beer and cigarettes too, the usual tribute to English soldiers. Hymns and prayers have been composed in his honour and he is referred to as Captain Baba or the Gora Bhagwan (white god). The self-appointed official caretaker of this new 'mazaar' or shrine, Sakina, says the captain's help is even being sought by childless women, and those with sexual problems. Thursday is considered a particularly auspicious day for the worship of this new English deity. God knows what poor Captain Wale and his wife Adelaide would have made of it, but at least we can rest assured that his tomb is being well looked after for now.

Barbara Buttimer's visit to the Hansi cemetery and the tombs of the Skinner family was reported in the last *Chowkidar*. She particularly noted eight graves in bad repair around the central, canopied tomb, but all inscriptions had long since disappeared. However BACSA member Valerie Robinson thinks she may be able to help and reminds us of Emily Eden's story about the Skinner family in *Up the Country, Letters written from the Upper Provinces of India*, first published in 1866. 'Skinner's brother' she wrote, 'Major Robert Skinner, was the same sort of melodramatic character, and made a tragic end. He suspected one of his wives of a slight écart from the path of propriety - very unjustly, it is said - but he called her and all his servants together, cut off the heads of every individual in his household, and then shot himself. His soldiers bought every article of his property at ten times its value, that they might possess relics of a man who had shown, they said, such a quick sense of honour'. Valerie Robinson adds that it sounds as if the eight graves noted in the compound may be those of his wives, Robert Skinner himself being buried in the centre, and the barely defined graves outside the compound's low wall, those of his servants. What a gruesome tale! Is there any independent corroboration of it, one wonders?

As Hazel Blyth was growing up in the 1930s she remembers being shown press cuttings about her Uncle George who was murdered in February 1936 on the Galatura tea estate in Ceylon. 'It created a lasting memory' she wrote, for it had

been my father's intention to join him there. Last year Hazel Blyth, decided to visit what is now Sri Lanka for a holiday, but also to see if she could trace the murdered man's grave. The Galatura estate was owned by James Finlay & Co of Glasgow, and the Company's help was invaluable in several ways. From their business archives, now held at the University of Glasgow, the Blyths were able to establish that George Rae Thompson, the estate manager, had been shot and robbed while carrying the wages to the plantation workers' village. He had been driving over a bridge near the village when the ambush occurred on 10 February 1936. Two days later George died, and was buried in the Ratnapura cemetery, where Finlays erected a stone memorial.

Armed with this information, the Company now contacted Naresh Ratwatte, Managing Director of the Hapugastenne Plantations Ltd, who takes up the story. 'Searches through the records of all the Finlay estates in the Ratnapura District and those at the Municipal Council proved disappointing. The lapse of sixty-five years was too long. We then deployed our troops from Head Office, Ratnapura to make enquiries among the surviving workers of the then Finlay estates. Hurrah! Breakthrough came thanks to 90-year old Mr Sannasy Kalinuttu, a former engine driver on Galatura Estate during the 1950s. He clearly remembered the story and told us that George Thompson had been buried in the Christian section of Ratnapura cemetery. The search team, led by Mr Wimaladasa rushed to the cemetery and the whole of 23 June 2001 was spent in fruitless search of the five-acre site, but nothing daunted, they recommenced the hunt next day. At last, almost at the boundary separating the Buddhist from the Christian section, the searchers came upon the top portion of a monument, well covered with creepers, trees, weeds, sand and earth. The jungle growth was cleared and the team were overjoyed, on reading the inscription, to realise they had accomplished their mission.'

Hazel Blyth and her family found the grave beautifully refurbished and they left on it a copy of an old photograph showing George as a boy, surrounded by his family, together with a single red rose. The simple inscription on the granite cross read 'In memory of George Rae Thompson of Peterculter, Aberdeen who was shot at, and fatally injured on Galatura estate in the execution of his duties. Died at Ratnapura Hospital on 12th February 1936, aged 36 years'. After the visit to the cemetery, driving to the Galatura estate was a poignant experience as the car stopped at the bridge where George was ambushed. The estate manager's bungalow, high in the hills, with a wonderful garden overlooking a valley, appeared to the Blyths very much as it would have done when George lived there. He had planned to go home to Aberdeen to marry his fiancée and take her back to Ratnapura. 'We sat on the huge veranda, chatting and having refreshments. George must often have done the same and this will always remain one of my fondest memories' Hazel Blyth concludes.

Another tale of tragedy, tempered by the kindness of the local Forest Department, comes from BACSA member and author, Mary Ledzion who set out last year to revisit the scenes of her childhood in the jungles of south India, where her father Donald Currie was District Forest Officer. 'I went for my own sake', she writes, 'and hadn't thought of it from the point of view of the present members of the Forest Service so it was very warming to find that, for them, I was a link with their past which has become very important to them.' A few days were spent in Nilambur, near the grave of an old friend of her parents, Peter Dawson. He was a Forest Engineer and built bridges and roads for the Forest Department. Not far from Nilambur is an area of jungle where he was supervising the construction of a bridge. 'Each evening after work was over he used to dive into the river to refresh himself and one day in 1938 he didn't come up. I remember the grave from 1945/6 and was determined to see it again. The Forest Department, who took me to see it, asked me if I could possibly track down his descendants and I wonder if any BACSA members could help here?' It is known that Peter Dawson had two daughters, about six and eight years old in 1930.

Mary Ledzion adds that the Pullangode Rubber Estate is one of the biggest in south India, and used to be run by more friends of her family, the Jacksons. For old times sake, she tracked down the bungalow where the Jacksons used to live, and which she remembered clearly as a child on her visit to the couple. Imagine her surprise when she walked into the main room and found it exactly as she had last seen it in 1946, right down to the chairs she and her sister had sat in as children. Her host, the manager Mr Raghavan, explained that the whole place - bungalow and environs - are kept exactly as they were when Tommy and Pearly Jackson left in 1956. 'It is a shrine to two very much loved people. As far as I could discover, it is not used for anything, just kept as a memory of the past.'

#### CAN YOU HELP?

A *Chowkidar* article published four years ago, entitled 'The short life of a plague doctor' has just recently brought an unexpected bonus from a correspondent in Australia. The 'plague doctor' of the title was Dr Henry Selby, who died on 2 January 1898 in Poona. Shirley Brown has written to say that the undertaker who conducted the burial, E. Duckett, was her great-grandfather, and she added some fascinating detail about the family business. It was Edwin Cole Duckett who started the firm, and his son, Edwin Seymour Duckett who took over the 'Funeral Directors and Monumental Masons' business in the 1900s when the family moved from Petty Staff Lines to East Street, Poona. Edwin Seymour himself died in 1931 and the firm was then managed for his widow, Beatrice Duckett, by her son-in-law, Oliver Asprey. 'Ducketts were the only undertakers in Poona until the early years of World War Two' so the firm serviced all the cemeteries.'

'As children' Shirley Brown writes, 'my cousins and I used the old horse-drawn hearse mentioned in the article to play cowboys and Indians - the hearse being a "stage coach!" By this time it was no longer in use, motor vehicles having taken over. I also remember the East Street Cemetery as it was only one property away from us, down a lane. At that time the cemetery was surrounded by high walls and had double iron gates. As children we would run past if we used the lane after dark. The family eventually left India in 1960 [for Australia] and at that time the property was sold to a doctor who let part of the house to the Bank of India and used the rest as residence and surgery. I believe the whole of the property is now a hospital.' The Poona cemeteries today are generally in poor condition, but any recent visits to the East Street Cemetery would be of interest to Ms Brown, who can be contacted at <heroma18@hotmail.com> or via the Secretary.

BACSA member Peter Grimshaw from Australia is descended from a distinguished family, the Sachés, whose name will be known to anyone interested in 19th century Indian photographs. There are large collections of Saché photographs in public and private hands, but little information about the people who took them. John Edward Saché and his three sons were photographers in India from about 1865 to the 1900s, and Alfred, the eldest boy, was the great-grandfather of our correspondent. The family are thought to have originated from Posen in Prussia, and John Edward Saché (known also as Johann Edvard Zachert) was born about 1824. He arrived in Calcutta, from America, about 1865 and two years later he set up a photographic shop in Lucknow's main street. He is also recorded as having a studio in Rampart Row, Bombay, in 1869. Saché seems to have lived mainly in Lucknow with his second wife Annie and their two sons, until Annie's death on 28 November 1871. The grieving widower photographed her grave, but the Lucknow cemetery where she lies has not yet been identified.

Shortly after Annie's death, John Edward moved to Dalhousie, where his son Alfred ran a photographic studio. John Edward left India in 1882, but after that his whereabouts and even the exact date of his death are unclear. Alfred died between 1886/88, it is thought in Dalhousie, but again, this is conjecture. Mr Grimshaw himself was born in Lucknow and his father was a manager of a weaving mill in Cawnpore at the time. His maternal grandfather was in the Indian Police. Information on this interesting, but obscure family, would be welcomed by Mr Grimshaw at <lanshaw@zipworld.com.au> or via the Secretary.

A letter from Wales, enclosing an old newspaper cutting about the Chinese grave of a young Englishman who died in 1945, came from Denis Watts recently. The young man was George Aylwin Hogg, and he arrived in China in 1937, straight from Oxford University. By the time of his death, eight years later, at the age of thirty, he had become a legend at Shantan, in the remote northern province of Kansu. George Hogg, who was a school friend of our correspondent Denis Watts,

'became a hero when, as a headmaster, he saved an entire school from certain death by walking his pupils on a 700 mile trek across desolate areas of central China during the Second World War'. He wrote a book about his experiences, entitled *I see a New China* which was published in a Left Book Club edition in 1945. He is virtually unknown in England, although he is honoured in China, where a library was named after him in 1984. Hogg had originally worked as a freelance reporter in various Chinese cities, before becoming headmaster of a school in the central Shensi province. He was immediately marked as an opponent by Chiang Kai-Shek's faltering government, and it was the threat of conscription and inevitable death for his pupils, that determined his flight north. He took with him sixty-three pupils and a huge amount of teaching equipment, piled into two carts. The journey was made through the dreadful winter of 1944, amid mud and snow. Sadly, by the following summer Hogg was dying from tetanus poisoning, caused by a scratch.

During the so-called 'cultural revolution' the ornate tomb in Shantan that his pupils had built for him was destroyed, when anything foreign was being targeted as 'bourgeois'. But a group of surviving 'old boys' personally rebuilt his memorial in 1984. Now, nearly twenty years on, Denis Watts wonders if it still remains today. Any ideas or possible contacts in the area would be appreciated.

*Chowkidar* raised the intriguing question of whether Rudyard Kipling's immortal Kim was based on a real person a number of years ago. At the time the consensus seemed to be that if this were true, then the person most likely to have been the model for the boy who could slip so easily between two cultures, was Frank Beaty who was later described as 'one of the most picturesque personalities in Quetta' in the 1930s. During the dreadful earthquake of 1935, Frank Beaty and his wife were injured and lost two children and two grandchildren in the disaster. Now a descendant of the family, Jeremy Beaty, from Canada, is seeking more information about this interesting man. Francis Montague Algernon Beaty, to give him his full name, was one of fifteen siblings, born in the 1860s, which would make him about forty years old when *Kim* was published in 1901. An earlier Beaty, Major Francis Beaty lies in the Mussoorie cemetery, his date of death recorded as 27 July 1854. Information to <jbt@sympatico.ca> please.

Our Jubilee issue this Spring carried an article about the Sewri cemetery in Bombay (where incidentally Alexander Jacob, the model for Lurgan Sahib is buried). In the same cemetery lies the Scots architect George Wittet, responsible for many of the city's prominent early 20th century buildings, including the King Edward VII Memorial hospital. On the 75th anniversary of his death, doctors at the hospital tried, and failed, to locate any Wittet descendants. Perhaps not surprisingly, within days of *Chowkidar* being posted out, came a letter from Ian Wittet of Edinburgh, George Wittet's grandson, who had been contacted by a

BACSA member and friend. By coincidence, Ian Wittet's own son, Benedict, was travelling back from Asia, via Bombay, at the time, so he was directed towards the hospital and the doctors who had restored the tomb at Sewri.

The Association of Friends of the Waterloo Committee have an interesting project in view. They are compiling a register of memorials to soldiers who fought in the Peninsular Wars and at Waterloo. The resulting research will be published next year. The idea is to record all known memorials to these soldiers, whether they take the form of memorial tablets, headstones, graves, statues, columns or any other form of commemoration. The Association needs the location of the memorial, the wording, and a photograph where possible. Some of the soldiers who survived these battles then went on to serve in India and the East, like Major General Robert Henry Dick, who died at Bombay. Readers will probably be able to think of others, and may contact Janet and David Bromley, the compilers, at <djbromley@derventio.fsnet.co.uk> or via the Secretary.

On a similar note, BACSA member Michael Aidin, who has been listing British war memorials in India is now planning to travel round Britain looking at memorials with Indian connections. Most are connected to the uprising of 1857 like the memorial to General Nicholson in Coleraine Cathedral, Northern Ireland, which shows him fighting at the walls of Delhi, although there is an 18th century memorial in Bristol to soldiers at Madras. Any readers who know of more may like to contact him at <michaelaidin@aol.com> or through the Secretary.

The cemeteries at Whampoa, a natural harbour in the Canton area of southern China, have already featured in *Chowkidar* (Vol.8 No. 2), but Mr TF Morshead from Australia has found mention of another small cemetery on the Tong Koo island, adjacent to Hong Kong. He has been transcribing an old family diary, written by Captain John Morshead RN, who served in the Navy in the 1830s and 40s. In 1834 he was on the *HMS Imogene* which was travelling up river with *HMS Andromache* to Canton at the request of Lord Napier, to protect British interests there. Midshipman Morshead's diary entry for Sunday 28th September relates that 'To our very great dismay, during the past day or two a violent fever and ague has made its appearance in the ship, supposed to be contracted during our stay at Whampoa, many poor fellows being already summoned to their hammocks caused a mournful feeling of alarm throughout the *Imogene*.'

Entries during the next few days list a number of officers and men dying from this unnamed disease, all of whom were interred on Tong Koo island. The death of Lord Napier at Macao is also recorded. On Friday 24 October, Morshead writes: 'Pleasant weather. In the afternoon we sent to Tong Koo to erect a...wood monument to our deceased shipmates, on which was the following inscription "Sacred to the memory of Mr. B.L. Adams (Mate) Mr. W.H. Daniel (Mate) Mr.

E.J. Kingswell (Carpenter) George Smith and Thomas Needham (Marines) and John Tesdell (Seaman) Late belonging to His Britannic Majesty's Ship Imogene Who fell a sacrifice to a malignant fever contracted at Whampoa in September 1834 This monument is erected to their memory by their sorrowing shipmates. May they rest in peace."

Our correspondent TF Morshead assumes that the monument, made only of wood, could not have survived for very long, although he speculates that the East India Company people at Macao might have been able to look after it. He also wonders if Tong Koo was a regular anchorage for the China ships and if other foreigners were buried there too. At present, this appears to be the only mention of European burials on the island. Mr Morshead adds that the rank of Mate, on the inscription, was then equivalent to sub-lieutenant, although the Mate still used the Gunroom on board, and not the Wardroom. Any comments on this interesting snippet would be welcome.

Peter Gibson is trying to track down more details about his grandfather, William Charles Gibson, who was born in 1857 in Agra. After the death of his father, who was paymaster of the 107th Regiment, William was sent to La Martiniere School, Lucknow as a Foundation scholar in 1865. That is the last firm date we have, but it is known that he was subsequently sent to Arbroath High School, in Scotland. A greater contrast between the sultry plains of India and the spartan Scottish highlands can hardly be imagined. But William survived, and returned to India to study at the University of Calcutta where he obtained a Bachelor's degree. He worked as a clerk on the Oudh & Rohilkhand Railway at Faizabad, a station master at Hathras, and traffic inspector at Tundla and Howrah. He was a member of the East India Railway Volunteer Rifles, and after returning to Britain in 1910, he volunteered for a temporary commission during World War One. What Peter Gibson would like is to be able to fill in some of the dates of William's education, but his letters to Calcutta University, and La Martiniere have drawn a blank. Ideas would be welcomed by Mr Gibson at <peter.gibson2@virgin.net> or via the Secretary.

## THE FAIRY QUEEN

April 2002 marked the beginning of the year-long 150th anniversary celebrations of India's railways, for it was in April 1853 that the first locomotive travelled between Bombay and Thana. To start the celebrations, 'The Fairy Queen', the vintage Indian locomotive, and the oldest working engine in the world, built in 1855, went for a 20 mile spin from Delhi to Sultanpur, carrying a number of lucky people. She was given a proper send off by the Prime Minister Atul Beharee Vajpayee, as befits this gallant old steam-engine. The Bombay-Thana run has been marked too, by a two-bogey steam engine retracing that historic first journey.



*left: the Khajuri cemetery  
(see page 121)*

*below: handsome tombs in  
the Sardhana cemetery  
(see page 124)*



*right: pyramid tomb in  
Agram cemetery, Bangalore  
(see page 124)*

*below: Frederic Roberts'  
grave in Varanasi  
(see page 135)*



## A REMARKABLE FIND

'About a century ago a subaltern of the Middlesex Regiment found himself commanding a burial party at Benares. It was a routine event; a soldier had succumbed to disease and was being interred in the cantonment Cemetery. While the padre intoned the words of the service, the Lieutenant's eyes wandered over inscriptions of nearby tombs. He was amazed to realise that amongst them was one of his own relations, buried there some fifty years earlier, unbeknown to the family. The young Edwardian officer was my grandfather, William Lloyd-Jones, who was later to transfer to Africa and make a name for himself, winning the DSO fighting Abyssinian slave-raiders in Kenya. He appears to have returned to the cemetery and sketched the memorial in a strangely inaccurate drawing.

'The essential points of Frederic Roberts' life are summed up on his handsome neo-Classical monument. His father, the Reverend William Roberts, Rector of Llandeiniolen in Wales, had thirteen children, and Frederic was the eighth surviving son, not the ninth, as the sketch indicates. The eldest brother, named William, after his father, had a distinguished military career, rising to Lieutenant Colonel of the 98th Foot, and seeing active service as a major in the First China War of 1842 and the Second Sikh War of 1848/9. We still have his campaign medals, plus an ornate lacquer sewing box full of tiny ivory thimbles, as well as a large Chinese gong with an imperial dragon on it, said to be loot from the Opium Wars. Frederic's years in the army may have been less adventurous, but he can still be traced from old Army Lists.

'Already twenty-five when he entered the Army in August 1837, it seems possible that after qualifying as a doctor, probably from Edinburgh University, Frederic tried to establish a civilian practice. No doubt his brother William encouraged him to move into a military medical career and within three months he was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the 59th (2nd Notts) Regiment of Foot. Assistant Surgeon was a lowly position indeed, for several years he features at the very bottom of the list of officers in his regiment. Frederic travelled with the regiment to various foreign postings, including Malta, Corfu, and the West Indies. In 1846 he transferred to the Medical Department of Army staff, and was upgraded to Surgeon of the Second Class. In 1852, then aged forty-two, he was promoted to Surgeon of the First Class. The date of his arrival in India is unknown, though it may have been very shortly after becoming a staff officer, for which he might have deliberately applied in order to go east.

'In the absence of his campaign medal, we do not know if our surgeon had participated in any of the battles or sieges of the 1857/58 uprising, which would have appeared on its clasps. Nor do we know whose staff he was serving on at the time of his death. The cause of his death, however, was almost certainly cholera,

known to have been rife in the area at that time and to which fatal disease a doctor would have been unavoidably exposed. The fact that "his brother officers" paid to erect such a fine memorial shows that he was a popular man, and presumably a good doctor.'

Ralph Lloyd-Jones, a new BACSA member, has written the short history of Frederic Roberts, which is summarised above, but what prompted his interest in the Victorian staff surgeon is a story in itself. The sketch of the tomb had been in the family for almost a century, but it was an invitation to attend a BACSA meeting that prompted Mr Lloyd-Jones to enquire whether the grave at Varanasi (Benares) could somehow have survived, and if so, exactly where was it? With the assistance of Lieutenant General Menezes, an honorary BACSA member, enquiries were made through a military contact in the Varanasi cantonment area, where a closed Christian cemetery lies. To everyone's surprise the tomb was quickly found in good condition, and it was tidied up and photographed by a kind Indian Army officer (see page 133). Details of Frederic Roberts' Indian career are still sketchy, he does not appear in the medical or presidency lists, but at least, through BACSA, we know now where his tomb stands.

## GENERATION AFTER GENERATION

BACSA Secretary Theon Wilkinson reminds us of a tradition of service which is far from over.

'...certain families serve India generation after generation as dolphins follow in line across the open sea'.

When Kipling wrote those memorable words he would have been astonished that the same family continuity is still very much in evidence in the essence of BACSA. Take Sir Miles Irving, for example, who was mentioned in the Jubilee *Chowkidar* as the father of our first Honorary Treasurer, Mrs Molly Henry. Molly has passed on to join the ranks of the 'great majority' but her daughter, Mrs Anne Tatham, maintains a strong link with BACSA and an abiding interest in his great work on the Christian Tombs and Monuments in the Punjab, North-West Frontier Province, Kashmir and Afghanistan which was published with a complementary volume by Mr GW Rhé-Philipe - one on monumental inscriptions, the other with biographical notices - in 1910 and 1912.

Then what about Rhé-Philipe? And we find that his grand-daughter, Mrs Eileen Lindon, has been a stalwart supporter of BACSA for many years and was one of the band of volunteers that undertook recently to index our collection of British monumental inscriptions.

The Cotton family are legendary, with our late Vice-President, Sir John Cotton, being the sixth in line - father to son - who served in India. His father, Julian J. Cotton compiled the monumental work on inscriptions in the Madras Presidency, published in 1905. His second son, Johnny, has taken over his mantle in BACSA where we also find his niece, Mrs Joanna Barker, the daughter of his elder brother Henry, who was a founder member of BACSA.

Yet another family link has been established through the late Olive Crofton, the compiler of a number of books on inscriptions in Rajputana & Central India, and Hyderabad, published in 1935 and 1941 respectively. She gallantly came to our inaugural meeting when in her nineties to lend her support and now her granddaughter, Mrs Priscilla Busk, carries on the tradition. These are only a few in a long list of families in BACSA, who actively maintain their links with their ancestral past in South Asia, and there may well be others of which we are not yet aware.

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

#### **Murree - a Glimpse through the Forest** Virgil Miedema

This is an enchanting little book about a hill station that found itself on the Pakistani side of the border at Independence, separated from its sister stations at Simla, Mussoorie, and Darjeeling. Murree's beginnings can be precisely traced to November 1849, a few months after the annexation of the Punjab by Lord Dalhousie. It was initially set up, like other hill stations, as a sanatorium for British soldiers, a place where they could recuperate in an 'English' climate, away from the burning plains below. Murree's great advantage was its location, only twenty-five miles away from the Army cantonment at Rawalpindi. Rapidly following the soldiers up the hill came the civilians, bringing with them all the things the British needed to recreate a home away from Home.

Virgil Miedema has wisely concentrated on what made Murree so British. He examines the houses with their evocative names like Nutwood, Claremont, Wimbledon and Kenilworth, the handsome Holy Trinity Church; the Clubs that excluded Indians (except for the odd Maharaja, and then only by special invitation), the boarding schools and the famous Murree brewery. There is something so cosy about the vanished world pictured here, with its sturdy gabled houses nestling among the pine trees. And when these trees were weighed down by winter snows, how welcome must have been the roaring log fire in the chintz-filled drawing room, after a brisk walk. Of course, this is an idealised picture, for like other British communities, Murree was riven with snobbery, and almost

entirely dependent on Indian servants, shopkeepers and labourers. But the great virtue of this book is that it is a well told story and not a heavy-handed sociological study. It is by no means a cursory study, for the author has done an immense amount of research, but he knows how to fashion his material into something readable. If he claims to be an amateur historian, then that is a virtue, for the informed amateur is driven on by his own enthusiasm, and is not a prey to various 'ologies' and passing trends.

The book would be worth buying for the photographs alone. There are a great number, culled from several important collections, that chart the station's development from the 1860s to the present day. Some are contributed by the author, who is clearly not only a good writer, but a pretty neat photographer too. This is a delightfully 'old-fashioned' book in the best sense of the word, appropriate to its subject and full of enjoyment. (RLJ)

2002 Amur Maple Books. Distributed through Pagoda Tree Press, 4 Malvern Buildings, Fairfield Park, Bath BA1 6JX tel: 01225 463552 ISBN 81 88308-00-5 £20.00 plus p&p

#### **The Last Recessional: the Imperial Life of Rudyard Kipling** David Gilmour

The last major biography of Kipling - Martin Seymour Smith's psycho-biography published in 1989 - was a *succès de scandale* in proposing Kipling's ambivalent sexuality as the key to his personality, his writing and his life. David Gilmour has no time for such speculation, focusing more than previous biographers on Kipling's role in public life. His role as imperial propagandist - the pen to Kitchener's sword - is familiar. But although he moved in the highest political and social circles he kept his distance from governments, refused political honours and had a low opinion of most politicians. (Churchill admired, and to a great extent, shared Kipling's views on India, on the empire, on German re-armament and many other things, but Kipling regarded him to the end of his life as the most untrustworthy man in British politics. He despised both Asquith and Lloyd George.) He was personally on quite close terms with his cousin Stanley Baldwin and would even craft fine phrases for his speeches. Baldwin's celebrated put-down of the press barons - 'power without responsibility, prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages' - was (according to Baldwin family tradition), borrowed from Kipling.

But he was suspicious of Baldwin's political views, partly because it was not clear what they were, and was bitterly opposed to the 1931 National Government and Baldwin's role in it. The politician he most admired - aside from his hero Rhodes - was Bonar Law, and that for the strange but (for Kipling), wholly characteristic

reason that 'I love him because he hates.' Kipling was a great hater - of Germans, socialists, liberals, women, English-educated Bengalis, Irish nationalists, even perhaps of himself, as, in his own estimation, a man of words rather than of action. And Kipling once told a younger contemporary, 'I hate your generation because you are going to give it all away' - meaning the empire Kipling was devoted to. But he admired America, and he loved France and French civilisation, as well, of course, as the India of his early experience and vivid imagination.

We are entitled to ask why Kipling's public role - extreme and repellent in so many ways - should be a matter of interest today. Perhaps his eminence as a writer, expressing the spirit of an age that was passing, or had passed, should be enough. But Gilmour makes a strong case for him as a prophet, a Cassandra, whose predictions about war with Germany, the loss of empire, the rising power of the United States, were all accurate, but were destined not to be believed.

Of special interest to readers of *Chowkidar* is Gilmour's account of Kipling's work after the war for the Imperial War Graves Commission (now the Commonwealth War Graves Commission), a gruelling public role which Angus Wilson, in an earlier biography, called an 'unwritten epitaph' to his son John, killed at Loos in September 1915. From 1920, over several years, the Kiplings travelled to war cemeteries across Europe; he chose many of the inscriptions on war memorials, and the evocative inscription on so many graves - 'A soldier of the Great War, known unto God' - is Kipling's own. He was an enigmatic man, no doubt a rich subject for the psychoanalyst. Gilmour charts an admirable median between the love and hate that Kipling invited as much as he gave. (WFC)

2002 John Murray ISBN 0-7195-55396 £22.50 pp351

### **The Stanes History 1771-1964: City of London & South India** Robin Stanes

The best known member of this family with Indian connections is Sir Robert Stanes who went out to plant coffee in the Nilgiris in 1859. During the course of an exceptionally long life, just four years short of a century, Sir Robert set up two schools at Coimbatore and Coonoor, which are still going strong, as well as a Company to process and sell coffee. But he was not the only member of the Stanes family to venture East, as the author, Sir Robert's grandson, tells us. He believes that at least eight members of his family lie buried in south India, including James, the first to go out. This adventurous young man at the age of twenty-two had bought an estate called Runnymede, just below Coonoor, where he intended to grow coffee. He became engaged to a Miss Mackenzie, and she and her father went for the day to the Kulhatty Falls, a local beauty spot, where the river makes some attractive rapids and falls, with a precipitous, rocky escarpment above. It

was from here that James dived in, was caught between two rocks and drowned. (In a family tale, his ghost was supposed to have appeared to his fiancée and father-in-law at the time of his death!) Not all the family were interested in India. There is a large Stanes contingent in Australia, which only recently were re-united with their English counterparts, after more than a century. All the Australian Stanes are descended from Henry Bowen Stanes, born in 1798, who appears in a family painting as a young boy. The author explores several themes in this self-published book, notably the different religious movements that profoundly influenced some members of the family, together with the solid mercantile background in the 18th century. This is a well researched history, of interest to those outside the immediate family too.(RLJ)

2001 Published by the author, available through BACSA £7.50 plus 60pence postage

### **Who was Dr Jackson? Two Calcutta Families: 1830-1855** Mary Bennett

The new BACSA book, the thirty-second in the series about Europeans in South Asia, is a record of correspondence between two families. In Calcutta is John Jackson, an East India Company doctor, placed on the stage alongside his better known relatives - the Corries, Pattles, Prinseps and Camerons, who appear in and out of his correspondence - with the second family, his eldest daughter in England, sent home with the doctor's delicate wife, Mia. Dr Jackson's own family was of humbler origin, his father a captain in the country trade to China. During his unbroken twenty-five year service in Calcutta, Dr Jackson rose to become a professor of the fledgling Calcutta Medical College, then sending its first Indian students to University College London to complete their qualifications.

He married Mia, one of the seven daughters of a senior Bengal civilian, James Pattle, and his beautiful French wife, herself the daughter of Antoine de l'Etang. The Jacksons, John and Mia, had three daughters, who produced twenty-three grandchildren, among them Virginia Woolf and Vanessa Bell. Julia Cameron, the celebrated photographer, was a sister-in-law. The book tells as much of the education of early Victorian girls in London as reflecting the loneliness of the separation Dr Jackson endured in Calcutta when pen and ink provided the only means of communication. It presents a fascinating study of two families with their Calcutta-Bloomsbury connections. The author is a great grand-daughter of Dr Jackson, and the grand-daughter of Courtenay Ilbert, who was the subject of an earlier BACSA book. *Who was Dr Jackson?* is nicely illustrated, with family portraits and line drawings of contemporary Calcutta personalities. (TCW & RLJ)

2002 BACSA ISBN 0 907799 78 7 £12.00 plus £1 postage pp132

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

**Boats of Bengal: Eighteenth Century Portraits by Balthazar Solvyns**  
Robert Hardgrave

F Balthazar Solvyns (1760-1824) was a Flemish artist who specialised in marine paintings. Presumably as a consequence of the political unrest in the Low Countries in 1789-1790 and the resulting loss of patrons, he sailed for India in July 1790 and arrived in Calcutta eight months later. During the twelve years he lived there, he had no great measure of success in obtaining commissions. With limited patronage he faced financial problems and was unable to reside in the more prestigious European parts of the city. He lived in old central Calcutta, adjacent to the 'Black Town'. Finding it difficult to gain acceptance into the higher levels of society, he failed to obtain the recognition accorded to his European contemporaries, artists such as the Daniells, Zoffany and William Hodges, and, a little later, Sir Charles d'Oyly. Nevertheless, if only on the evidence of the oil painting of 'The Residence of Richard Goodlad at Baruiপুর' now in the Victoria Memorial Hall, Calcutta, he was clearly an artist of consequence.

Living in much closer proximity to the indigenous inhabitants of Calcutta, Solvyns directed his attention to the venture with which this book is concerned: *A Collection of Two Hundred and Fifty Coloured Etchings Descriptive of the Manners, Customs, and Dresses of the Hindoos* first published in Calcutta as a limited edition in 1796 and eventually as a folio edition in Paris between 1808 and 1812. As a marine artist, it is not surprising that in the ethnographical survey of Bengal (rather than India generally), Solvyns included the craft that he observed on the waterways of Bengal. In his book, Robert Hardgrave has provided illustrations in monochrome of etchings depicting 31 different country boats, with a further five of maritime scenes which include local craft, although one of these is of Penang. Most of the studies are of river craft, but also included are local ocean-going vessels which would have visited ports in Bengal. Some of these show a European influence in their design. These illustrations are supported by the descriptions given by Solvyns and for each a detailed commentary by the author supported by notes.

The river boats range in elegance from the *budgerow*, that elite form of riverine transport which provided accommodation not unlike that of a Kashmiri house-boat and which was to be superseded by the introduction of mechanical propulsion, to the humble dug-out canoe. There are many more types of country boats in Bengal than are depicted by Solvyns, as there are numerous local variations of the basic types constructed to suit local conditions. It is probably not

an exaggeration to say that every artist who worked in Bengal included river scenes in his landscapes. In these there would be representations of a boat or boats to provide interest and movement. Solvyns was unusual in that he set out to provide a record of various types of craft, with a text describing their construction, characteristics and purpose for which they were used.

It should not be thought that this is a book for historical reference only; anyone who has lived in Bengal will find in here some craft that looks familiar and today it should not be difficult to see, at least, a *pansi* (pansway) and a *dingi*. While it is not a complete record of all craft that were, and still are, to be found in Bengal, this book is made especially interesting by the additional information provided by the author in his commentary and in the notes. The bibliography is most comprehensive and the reader is directed to the work of James Hornell, Basil Greenhall and other more recent writers who have made a study of this subject. It is recommended to all who are familiar with Bengal and as an introduction for those who wish to learn more of the river craft of the lower Ganges and Brahmaputra. (JAP)

2001 Manohar, New Delhi ISBN 81-7304-358-2 Rs500 pp134

**Strangers in the Land: the Rise and Decline of the British Indian Empire**  
Roderick Cavaliero

Detailed research does not always evolve into a good book. In this case it does, resulting in a remarkably well-produced work. The author, an historian in his own right who has lived in India, has been Deputy Director General of the British Council. The title of the book is from Lord William Bentinck's 1807 insightful utterance, 'We are necessarily very much confined to our houses by the heat; all our wants and businesses, which could create a greater intercourse with the natives, is done for us, and we are, in fact, strangers in the land'.

In his Preface, the author postulates that years of apologising for the Raj have encouraged Britons to want to forget the whole experience. Though from the start it was seen as a temporary phenomenon, but when India left the Empire the heart went out of Great Britain. The British acquired, first, an Empire, and then an imperial ideal. That ideal was latterly generally paternalist, or as sometimes described 'an enigma within a paradox'.

The narrative commences with the founding of 'John Company' in 1600 (the Company of Merchants of London Trading into the East Indies), two years before the United Netherlands Chartered East India Company was formed out of six competing municipal companies, the first of which had been set up in Amsterdam

in 1594. Both were to seek markets in the extended world empire of Spain, which, since 1581, had incorporated the kingdom of Portugal and its overseas possessions. For the Dutch, commercial gain at the expense of the Portuguese was part of their war of liberation from Spain. For the English it was a permanent way of singeing the King of Spain's beard'. Before a hundred years were out, 'Scots, French, Danes, Brandenburgers, Flemings and Swedes formed trading companies' to exploit the East.

Thereafter the narration encompasses the social and cultural history of the subcontinent, juxtapositioned with the political and military history. The book probes the British-Indian relationship, focusing on the prominent personalities of the respective periods, enlivened by relevant anecdotes, throughout the long imperial history of India and what was to become Pakistan. The end came quickly at Independence, the British leaving a bitterly divided subcontinent, instead of a unitary form of government, as originally envisaged by the Attlee government.

To encapsulate this exceptional book, one can but agree with some of the quotations invoked by the author. Sir Walter Lawrence aptly said in 1928, 'Ruling India was a splendid happy slavery...looking back it seems a divine drudgery, and we all felt that the world was good. We were proud of it; we were knights errant.' GS Sardesai, the Maharashtrian historian, observed, 'That a small western power should come to India from a distance of thousands of miles and subjugate this vast continent full of martial races and illimitable resources is an astounding phenomenon in human history'. John Strachey, in *The End of Empire*, rightly iterates, 'A British writer may be pardoned for the view that of all the great imperialisms, the British contained the greatest proportion of constructive elements'. And Jan Morris succinctly in 1999, '...now the empire is not a matter for wonder, only for shame. Hardly an English child...feels a flicker of pride or even interest today in the colossal imperial risks and achievements.' An absorbing read.

Having said this, it needs to be mentioned that there are nevertheless some errors of omission and commission, which could be corrected in the next edition. A few examples can be cited here - Map 2 shows 'Rajputna' instead of Rajputana, and 'northern Circas' for 'northern Circars'. It is also stated that '...after Independence the term Anglo-Indian, formerly used to denote long-term British residents in India...' is used to describe the children of mixed marriages. Actually the term 'Anglo-Indian' was institutionalised much before Independence in the Government of India Act 1935, for those with a European ancestor on the paternal side. Then 'sowar' is explained as 'a member of a mounted camel corps'. Actually a member of a horse cavalry unit was a sowar, this appellation continuing when these units were mechanised. Its origin is from the Persian 'sawar', a horseman. (SLM)

2002 I.B. Taurus ISBN 1 86064 797 9 £25 pp280

## The Indian Distinguished Service Medal Rana Chhinna

The author, Rana Chhinna, a former Squadron Leader in the Indian Air Force, who saw active service as a helicopter pilot, then became a flying instructor and later served as the Deputy Director of the Indian Air Force Historical Cell, has produced what must be the definitive history of the award of the Indian Distinguished Service Medal. The award of the IDSM was considered to be the Indian Army's equivalent to the British Army's Distinguished Conduct Medal, however there was one major difference in that the IDSM could be awarded in both peace and war, a reflection of the difficult circumstances under which the Indian Army had to operate. The award was instituted by King Edward VII in a Royal Warrant, published on 25 June 1907 and was to be given to Indian officers, non-commissioned officers and men who 'distinguished themselves in peace or on active service'.

By diligent and exhaustive research, the author has compiled an account of all the awards made from its inception in 1907 to August 1947. He has also covered the granting of a second award 'Bar', the requirement for which was not envisaged when the medal was instituted in 1907. It was during World War One that the requirement of a subsequent award became necessary and on 25 June 1917 provision was made for such awards and a further Royal Warrant issued.

The book covers the institutions of the award, the granting of 'Bars' to the medal and, in the first Sections, records details of all awards made between 1907 and 1922, when the Indian Army was reorganised. The information provided gives the recipient's number, rank and name, unit, the issue of the *London Gazette* promulgating the awards and the theatre of operation in which the distinguished service was performed. Recipients are listed under regimental and corps titles and include such minor units as 'Port Conservancy and Construction', 'Military Works Service' and 'Malay States Guides Artillery'. Details of the awards made between 1923 and 1947 are given in Section IV and within this section, under the columns headed 'Personal Particulars' the author has compiled the unit entries in the Indian Army List sequence, and provided the researcher with the name, class (such as H - Hindu; JS - Jat Sikh; PM Punjabi Mussalman, etc), the battalion, or in the case of corps, the unit, date of action (if available) and the *London Gazette* reference. As in the previous listing, the recipients' regimental number, rank and theatre is shown in separate columns.

The author has also provided a detailed summary, by units, of the awards made between 1907-1922, which amounted to 4,035 with 41 bars, and 1923 to 1947 when 1,648 and 14 bars were presented to officers and men of the Indian Army. The work contains an index of the *London Gazette* entries of the citations held in the Public Records Office at Kew, in London, thus enabling the dedicated

researcher to locate easily the citation required. There is a bibliography, a general index which contains reference to regiments and corps, as well as a useful list of abbreviations. There are 12 pages of illustrations which show the various issues of the medal, some medal groups and 25 likenesses of IDSM recipients.

This excellent reference book is a definitive work which will remain as such for many years. It is highly recommended for all medal enthusiasts specialising in Indian Army awards, as well as being an indispensable reference book for any student of the Indian Army. (AGH)

2001 Invicta India, New Delhi. Distributed in Britain through Tony McClenaghan, 33 High Street, Tilbrook, Huntingdon, Cambs PE 28 OJP ISBN 81-87642-00-9 £29.95 plus p&p. Rupee price not given pp357

### **Wailing Beauty: the Perishing Art of Nawabi Lucknow** Saiyed Anwer Abbas

The extraordinary buildings of old Lucknow, created during the brief eighty-year reign of the Nawabs of Awadh (Oude), are a subject dear to the reviewer's heart, and it is gratifying to welcome this handsomely illustrated book to the increasing literature on the city. The author, a retired engineer, amateur photographer and journalist is actively involved with the preservation of the city's heritage, through the Archaeological Survey of India (ASI) and the Indian National Trust for Art & Cultural Heritage (INTACH), both bodies with whom BACSA has links. The buildings under examination here are not among the best known, and most will certainly not be on the western tourist's route, which makes the book of greater interest. One of the most haunting buildings is the tomb of the playboy nawab, Nasir-ud-din Haider, who encouraged many European hangers-on at his Court. So unpopular was he when he died (reputedly by poison), that his tomb was never finished, yet in its stark, undecorated fashion, with its untopped minarets, there is something almost majestic about the massed forms and empty, modernist interior.

Each selected building discussed here is given its precise location, its archaeological status (whether protected or not), a brief historical note, and photographs of its most striking artistic features, sometimes just a corner of richly decorated sandstone or painted stucco. While anyone who knows the city is saddened by the ruinous appearance of so many of its monuments, the author has shown that a surprising number of very fine buildings do still exist, tucked away in corners. But they will not last forever, without some serious care and sympathetic restoration. (RLJ)

2002 Published by the author, and distributed by Ram Advani, Bookseller, Lucknow ISBN 81-7525-271-5 \*Rs1050 pp128

### **Notes to Members**

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

\* Books from India: where prices are given in rupees, these books can be obtained from Mr Ram Advani, Bookseller, Mayfair Buildings, Hazratganj PO Box 154, Lucknow 226001, UP, India. Mr Advani will invoice BACSA members in sterling, adding £3.00 for registered airmail for a slim hardback, and £2.00 for a slim paperback. Sterling cheques should be made payable to Ram Advani. Catalogues and price lists will be sent on request.



A Chowkidar by George Chinnery (1774-1852)  
See BACSA Auction Catalogue, No.34