



CHOWKIDAR

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Editor: Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones



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AIMS OF BACSA

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

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

Editor: Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

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'FOREIGNERS' IN INDIA

It is sometimes easy to forget that the Imperial make-up in pre-1947 India was not just composed of Indians and Englishmen. Many other nationalities had sought a home in India, sometimes fleeing persecution in their own country or finding better opportunities for trade there. Such groups included the Chinese shoe-makers of Calcutta, the White Jews of Cochin, negro slaves imported by Arab traders, Armenian merchants and Greek, Portuguese and Dutch communities. Though some of these groups have been examined individually, the book has not yet been written about the impact all these non-English had in India and their relationship to the Company and later the Crown.

Chowkidar has recently received two short biographies of such people, very different in character, but a useful reminder of the 'double' exile of those who served the English outside England. Sergey Tarasovitch Prokofieff was born near St. Petersburg in 1887, the son of a hospital director. Sergey grew up in the cultured atmosphere common to a family in pre-Revolutionary Russia and he was gifted and hard-working. At the age of seven he and his brothers would play violin quartets and in 1901 he was given a violin made in Austria in 1655 that was later, literally, to save his life. After studying civil engineering and obtaining a degree, he worked in the Crimea on drainage construction along the south coast, then in the Caucasus, before being sent to Bokhara where he stayed until 1918. While the Revolution raged in the north, Sergey remained in Turkestan for the next two years, supervising irrigation, dam building and town planning projects. He was based in Tashkent and it was here that he received news of his family's tribulations - his mother had been sent to Kiev, as an 'unwanted person' and two of his brothers murdered. The family home had been lost for ever.

At this difficult time Sergey was befriended by an Englishman, Lieut. Col. Eric Bailey, a member of the Indian Political Service. 'In a rapidly deteriorating situation' our contributor Richard Blurton tells us 'with the banks closed, no salaries being paid, and with arbitrary arrest a common feature', Bailey advised Prokofieff to leave, and he set off for India, hoping his extensive knowledge of irrigation would be useful there. He took with him only the clothes he could wear, 4 roubles, three pieces of jewellery and the precious violin. On the six week journey across Central Asia he was robbed of everything except the violin and survived only by entertaining travellers in wayside chaikhans and caravanserais. He arrived exhausted at the Indian frontier and was promptly sent to a POW camp at Ahmednagar, as he had no documents to prove his identity. In the camp, his musical skills brought him to the attention of the commander, who, on learning of his engineering abilities arranged for him to go to Bombay for an interview with the Municipal Board. The Commander lent him the necessary clothes, shoes and money and Sergey was promptly employed to work on expanding the water-supply and land reclamation schemes there. After a six months trial period he ob-

tained a regular job with a salary of Rs. 750 pm. By 1926 he was Senior Assistant Engineer and the following year was appointed to superintend the Gwalior Drainage and Water Works. In this capacity he carried out the building of the Irwin Power House (the electric generating station), the setting up of a waterworks system and the provision of modern sewers and drains in the city. From 1934 until his retirement he was Chairman of the Improvement Trust Gwalior Government and during this time was able to reduce the great amount of cholera at Ujjain, the pilgrim centre for the Khumbh Mela, by improving the sanitation.

In 1931 Sergey married Emilie Réttère at the Catholic Cathedral, Bombay. Though French, her family had also been in St. Petersburg as coffee merchants. After Independence the Prokofieffs stayed on in Gwalior but eventual illness forced them to retire to Nice and it was here that Sergey died on 21 January 1957. His widow has since returned to India twice, the last time for a wedding in the Royal Gwalior family, and the last link in a chain that started a century ago in Russia.

Our second subject is the Welshman, David Edward Evans, born in 1859 who went out to India in the 1880's. Though a Welshman should not strictly speaking, be classed as 'foreign' at that time the Welsh still considered themselves as a culturally distinct group, with their own language, customs and the strong tradition of 'chapel'. An article written in 1967 by Evans' grandson shows how the small Welsh community in Calcutta formed two clubs where they could sing to their hearts' content and dine on a curious mixture of Indo-Cymric dishes. Evans had originally gone to India to join the Royal Indian Marine Service as assistant engineer, but after a short period in Calcutta he joined the Greek firm of Ralli Bros, an association which was to last for forty years. At that time the firm's main interest lay in the manufacture and export of jute, and Evans' job was to supervise the technical aspects of the jute factories in Bengal. 'Underlying all my grandfather's life in India was an abiding regard for all things Welsh' wrote D.E. Lloyd Jones, the author. 'His roots were in Wales, particularly in his native town (Aberystwyth) where he returned to live in his retirement in 1931'.

Among his papers, carefully tied with pink ribbon his grandson found the history of the two societies Evans helped to found. The first had the resounding title of 'Cymdeithas Gwladol y Cymru yn yr India' and was established in 1898, its objects being, among others 'To bring Welshmen closer together and by reviving memories to make the exile from our native land less felt'. Only Welsh people were eligible and membership was Rs. 10. At the first St. David's Day celebrations a band played Welsh airs and songs like 'Dafydd y Garreg Wen' and 'Ar hyd y Nos' which brought tears to the eyes of the exiles. The menu included Welsh broth, leeks, of course, Welsh rarebit and something called Bektî Holltiedig (bektî being the local Bengal fish). A second society was formed in 1909 with the title (translated) 'The Welsh

Society of Bengal) with a charitable aim of assisting, where possible, 'cases of distress among Welshmen in India'. The first meeting was held at Pelitti's in Dalhousie Square, Calcutta, which survived until 1948, when it became a lunch club. 'One may hope', the author concludes 'that Indians, being an hospitable people, have no qualms, if on St. David's Day, there is heard the ghostly chatter, in an unknown tongue, of a long departed company...and then ascending on the warm air, the sound of old songs carrying all the hiraith of long years of separation up, up to the heavens'.

MAIL BOX

Britons in colonial India were so subject to sudden death from illness or accident that one might assume there was always a well-run army of coffin makers, priests, and cemetery attendants who would take over when these frequent, but distressing events occurred. However, because of the remoteness of certain areas where the British lived and died, funerals did not always run as smoothly as one might think, even during the last decades of British rule. A BACSA member, Jack Willis has sent us an account of an ad hoc funeral he organised during the rains of 1930. As a young man he was living, with his mother in Chikalda, a remote area in northern Berar. An elderly Englishman, George Bright, came up to spend a few days in the Rest House there. 'He was a big, heavy man who had been a great athlete and a big name in Central Indian cricket'. Unfortunately he suffered from angina, for which he always carried capsules to break and inhale if necessary. Early one morning, mother and son were woken by a servant from the Rest House who found Bright dead in his bathroom, out of reach of his capsules.

Jack Willis confesses he had no idea of what to do, there were no other Europeans present, nor assistance. The Willis's had recently bought 'a perfect rosewood square from south Chanda' which perforce had to serve for the coffin. 'Somehow or other a missionary turned up to read the Service. I still do not know where he came from, or what his religion was, or what Bright's religious beliefs were'. Finally, the rosewood coffin was loaded into a little borrowed vanette and driven to the Chikalda cemetery, set high up on the downs overlooking Gwalgarh Fort. 'As the priest read the last of the Service with the aid of a hurricane lamp, the wind whispered across the downs, past the palm trees and the jackals howled in the distance'. Does this lonely cemetery still exist, one wonders?

More evidence of the extempore nature of British burials comes from Vizagapatam and the memorial to Mrs. Frances Dowsett there. Her tomb must be unique in that it records neither the date of her death, nor her age, though contemporary evidence puts it at about 1790. Our correspondent David Cooke found this by far the most intriguing inscription in the cemetery and has tried to piece together something of her life. Frances Dowsett died comparatively young, since it records that 'she reached not the meridian of life', so a stone cut in advance

of some-one of great age is not the explanation. She had a sad life - 'Her day was quickly Clouded by Misfortune' and the eulogy does not mention her husband, whom we assume to be Robert Dowsett, whom she married on 12 May 1776. Indeed the inscription is all the more puzzling since it mentions some-one whose 'more than Fraternal Love/Tried all its tender Influence/To soothe and mitigate her sorrows' and who offered his humble tribute as 'a faithful Friend'. Tantalizingly the inscription concludes 'Frances Dowset/who Died the..../Aged..... Years'. One might imagine that perhaps sudden death removed the faithful Friend and there was no-one left to supervise the last poignant lettering on the tomb.

In 1813 the East India Company agreed, somewhat reluctantly to allow missionaries into India to proselytize and set up bases from which to operate. Pressure had been put on the Company by a growing body of opinion at home who felt that Britain had a moral duty to carry Christianity hand in hand with expanding trade. Until then the Company had carefully avoided interfering with the religious beliefs of their new subjects, so the change in policy was an important factor in the history of India. Chowkidar was therefore all the more interested to learn that four missionaries also penetrated Afghanistan during the 19th century, the last of whom died as recently as 1941. Richard Thomas Burke was born in New York in 1854 and as a young man, went to England to study at St. Joseph's College, London. He was ordained by Cardinal Vaughan and was sent to Ireland to seek men and money for negro missions in America's southern states. While in Ireland Father Burke received an assignment as Catholic chaplain to British troops in Afghanistan and together with three other priests, accompanied the troops during the second Afghan war. Burke's great grand nephew has discovered some of his uncle's letters from Afghanistan and has passed them to a BACSA member, Bill Trousdale, together with a newspaper obituary. The cutting states, wrongly, that Burke received the VC for his work during the campaign. In fact it was a fellow priest, Father Adams who won it for bravery at Kabul in December 1879, the only clergyman ever to do so. Nevertheless the story of Father Burke, who returned to work in America is an interesting reminder of the far flung arms of the Church.

A memorial to a Scots missionary was recently brought to our attention by Sir Fraser Noble who sent in a clipping from 1961. It noted the erection of a cairn to the Rev. Donald Mitchell, first Scots missionary in India who was born in Ardclach on the river Findhorn and died at Poladpur about 1823. The Scottish cairn is a replica of that erected in India to his memory, and overlooks the now disused Parish Church of which Mitchell's father was minister from 1780 to 1811. It is also near the manse where he was born and not far away from the ruins of the school where he received his early education. Are there any reports on the Poladpur cairn perhaps?

The Church of All Saints, Grayland, near Haslemere marks the resting place of another Scot with Indian connections, though details of his life are lacking at present. He was Ranald Douglas Grant Macdonald,

and his inscription, which is in pretty bad condition, records the bare facts that he was born in 1851 at Peshawar, saved in the Mutiny at Meerut, six years later and died in England in 1939. Down the centre of the grave slab, Barbara Meiklejohn told us, is the relief of a sword with 'Faithful/Credo/Courageous' inscribed round it. 'At the top of the slab is an odd shape - like a ship with a very complicated rigging'. Maybe Ranald Macdonald went on to become a sailor, but it would be interesting to learn more of his life in India after surviving the massacre at Meerut.

A further reminder of 1857 came recently from Sir John Lawrence, great grandson of Sir Henry, whose tomb lies in the Residency graveyard at Lucknow. Because this is such a frequently visited cemetery BACSA often receives reports on the state of the tombs and we have been able to monitor the crack which is spreading along Sir Henry's flat tombstone. It is feared that unless the stone is supported (by concrete) from underneath, it will eventually break in two. The cemetery is under the protection of the Archaeological Survey of India, with whom discussions are taking place over the best way to preserve the tomb.

Back to the Scottish connection for our last story. Robert Grant of Dundee submitted an amusing account of the visit of a fellow countryman to the Scottish Cemetery, Calcutta, which has been fully recorded for BACSA by Bunny Gupta. He was intrigued to find an 'assistant' caretaker there at work, in the shape of Moses the goat, whose job is to keep down the long grass by munching his way through it, between the tombs. Perhaps this is an idea that other Chowkidars could adopt?

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Chowkidar is delighted to congratulate our Secretary Theon Wilkinson on his award of Membership of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire which Her Majesty the Queen was pleased to bestow on him, in Her New Year's Honours List this year. This is in recognition of his ten year service to BACSA. Theon has been characteristically modest about this well deserved tribute but Chowkidar hopes to publish a picture of Rosemarie and Theon at the Palace, in our next issue

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From the Calcutta Government Gazette of 1823 comes a fascinating little snippet in the form of an advertisement by Yeatherd & Co. Undertakers, Inscription Cutters and Monument Erectors (sic) at No. 45 Bow Bazar, Calcutta. Prices are carefully spelt out: 'Gilt letters at 5 annas each. Black letters at 4 annas each. Europe marble slabs at Rs. 16 square foot and best country slabs at Rs. 12 square feet.' In similar vein is a line from the accounts of St. Mary's Church, Madras, for the year 1804. '25 funerals and Tombs at 3 pagodas, 7 tombs at 5 pagodas, total 110 pagodas.'

CAN YOU HELP?

The shock felt at the assassination of President Kennedy is still vivid in the minds of most people today. It was compounded by many unresolved mysteries which led to a corpus of books and films examining the 'conspiracy theory' of his murder. Much less well known is the story behind the assassination of an earlier president, Abraham Lincoln, who was shot while attending a play at Ford's Theatre, Washington DC on 14 April 1865. His killer was certainly identified immediately - John Booth Wilkes, or as he was more commonly known, John Wilkes Booth. He was a failed actor, younger brother of the better known thespian Edwin Booth, and after the murder he escaped on horseback to Virginia with his fellow conspirators. Twelve days later the party were found in a barn, and, refusing to surrender, Wilkes Booth was shot dead.

Or was he? Rumours began that he had managed to flee the barn and after many adventures found his way to India where he spent the rest of his life. Research suggests that the wrong man had been killed by the American police, desperate to find the President's murderer and that a 'cover up' job of massive proportions lulled the country into thinking that a rough justice had been done. Leonard Gutteridge writing from Virginia has been trying to follow up reports of the grave of John Wilkes Booth, which was noted at the end of the second World War, near the town of Gauhati, in Assam. In April 1945 an American serviceman stationed there wrote to his mother '...we looked for (Wilkes) mausoleum. It is no more. The British built a road and the mausoleum was in the way so they took it apart and moved the coffins about 15 miles away to a graveyard. I found the gravestone, and it reads "John Booth Wilkes 1822-1883". It was the original stone from the mausoleum'. The grave was photographed then, but our correspondent wonders if it exists today, possibly in the war graves cemetery at Gauhati. But perhaps more important is the idea that Lincoln's assassin may have escaped punishment. Was the reversal of his surnames a crude attempt to throw off pursuers? The burial records gave his place of birth as Sheffield, England and date of birth as 1822, whereas the President's assassin was supposedly born in 1839 an American citizen. If indeed Gauhati cemetery contains the remains of Lincoln's murderer then it seems he himself laid down a false trail which continues to baffle us from beyond the grave.

Another 'larger than life' character from the 19th century, though this time of impeccable standards was 'Hellfire Jack' or to give him his proper title, General Sir William Olpherts VC. He was an ancestor of Ann Collister, and her husband Peter, also a BACSA member, is writing a book on his life. The General won his VC after entering Lucknow with Havelock's Relief column in 1857. He had joined the Bengal Artillery in 1840 and served in Gwalior, Sind, the North West Frontier Province and the Crimea, where he commanded the Bashi Bazook detachment of the Turkish army. He later became Colonel Commandant Royal Artillery and died in Norwood in 1902. Peter Collister would

welcome information on 'Hellfire Jack' and also his brother Lieut. Col. Henry Olpherts who died at Landour in 1860. BACSA is now in touch with the local Cemetery Committee at Landour and we hope to follow this up.

News of another cemetery, this time in Rangoon would be appreciated by a BACSA member, Anthony Gowan. A Burmah Oil employee, R. Douglas Thorburn was buried at the Kemmedine Cemetery there, and a photograph of his grave was published in the Burma Register, by BACSA. But Mr. Gowan heard disturbing news last month from Canon John Matthew of Rangoon Cathedral that the cemetery was 'over-built with Hundreds of squatters' huts and there was a fire some time ago. Huts were built over the graves and the marble slabs removed'. News from anyone who has recently visited this cemetery is anxiously sought.

Early in 1903 a young soldier went out to India to join the Welsh Regiment stationed in Delhi for the Durbar. Second Lieutenant Harold B. Wauton spent his first three days in India witnessing the splendours of that great event, then marched with his regiment to Ambala. Sadly near his destination he died of enteric fever and our enquirer, Brigadier J.W. Kaye has a particularly poignant reason for asking if Wauton's memorial could be found 'at Ambala Cemetery or somewhere nearby', for his parents had 'adopted' Wauton as their protégé and his early death greatly affected them.

A.H. Stevens from Bristol is interested in the Volunteer Company of the Gloucestershire Regiment which served during the Boer War and in particular in the career of Francis Bruce Carlisle - an officer of that Regiment. Badly injured in South Africa when his horse fell on him, he left for India at the start of the first World War as a Major with the 4th Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment. Carlisle arrived at Jubbalpore in December 1914 but tragically on the last day of the year died of a fractured skull after being thrown from his horse. His grave was listed in the 1932 Provincial list of inscriptions, but if any more information about its condition or the accident is forthcoming, our correspondent would be grateful.

Anthony Verrier, a BACSA member has been commissioned to write a biography of Sir Francis Younghusband of Tibetan fame and he is interested in learning about Younghusband's service in India in the early 1890's before the 1903 mission. Though he has 'a mass of official papers' Mr. Verrier feels 'that a request in Chowkidar would be especially good' and any non-official recollections or memories would be welcome. (Letters to our Secretary please).

Another author, Trevor Royle has also been asked to write an account of the last days of British India, 1945-7. (This will be similar in format to his recent successful history of post-war National Service). The idea of the new book is to interview a cross section of people in India during that last decade and to look at letters or diaries from that period. Trevor Royle is particularly interested in attitudes

towards Mountbatten's policies, and feelings about Independence and partition forty years on. All research papers will be donated to the India Office Library and Records on completion of the book. Of course BACSA is exactly the right place to come for such help and members should write to the author at 6 James Street, Portobello, Edinburgh EH15 2DS tel: 031 669 2116.

A third writer, Simon Berry is working on a biography of the Scottish essayist and poet Alexander Smith (1828-67) and though his subject had no Indian connections, his eldest son Charles went to Calcutta in the 1870's to find work, possibly with his uncle who was a Director of the firm Schoene, Kilburn & Co. It seems likely that he took with him some of his father's manuscripts and Mr. Berry believes that Charles' descendants may still be living in Calcutta. If so, he would be glad if they would contact him at 126 West Prince Street, Glasgow G49 DB.

Not so much a 'Can You Help?' but more a 'Wouldn't it be a good idea ...?' letter came from our regular South African correspondent R.R. Langham Carter. He has recently seen a photograph album given in 1864 to a daughter of Samuel Richard Tickell of the Bengal N.I. (1811 - 1875), himself an excellent painter of Asiatic fauna. Apart from family and friends, there are snaps of Mussoorie, Dinapore, Calcutta, Rangoon and Thayetmyo. 'Considering that photography was hardly more than twenty years old in 1864 the standard is astonishingly high and after more than 120 years all the photos are in perfect condition'. No doubt several BACSA members have similar albums and some might be put on exhibition, suggests Mr. Langham Carter. This sounds an excellent idea and we would certainly be prepared to follow this up, perhaps with a London gallery. BACSA already has a number of such albums and perhaps members could let us know what they have. Please send descriptions of pre-1910 albums, in the first instance, so we can gauge the amount of interest and discuss this proposal further.

Our last 'Can You Help?' reproduced an intriguing picture of a cloth badge, believed to have been worn on the North West Frontier before 1947. We have had several identifications of the badge and learnt that the 'C' which we thought might be a Muslim crescent moon, in fact stood for 'Civilian' while the wavy line below represented the waters of the Indus.

THE MISSING GRAVES OF MANILA

The Phillipine Islands have been much in the news recently during their political upheavals, but most people are probably unaware that for a brief period of a year, the capital, Manila was occupied by a British force sent out by the East India Company. It was the declaration of war with Spain that prompted the invasion by fourteen armed vessels, which set out from Madras on 1st August that year, with a total of 1,670 troops. Manila was, at that time, a well-defended walled city, held under the command of the Marquis de Villa Medina, for the Spanish crown. On the arrival of the Company fleet, in September a series of

letters were exchanged between the British Commanders and the Governor Archbishop Rojo, who had hastily recruited 500 Filipino soldiers to reinforce the garrison of 800 Spanish troops. After a short siege of less than three weeks, the Governor was forced to surrender to the Company troops, who had fought their way in after demolishing some of the fortifications with cannon.

But having occupied Manila the Company were in rather a quandry because the rest of the country remained under Spanish control. Reinforcements were urgently sought from Madras, for as they explained, the occupying force was 'little better than the nominal masters of these new possessions'. It was necessary to send out detachments to keep open routes to the city for natives prepared to bring in food and supplies for the new masters. How long this anomalous situation might have lasted is not clear. One suspects it was with some relief that the occupiers learnt in August 1763 that a treaty had been concluded between England, France and Spain, though withdrawal from the capital did not begin until April of the following year. Casualty figures among the British were low, the total being twenty-one dead, and of these the following names are recorded: Lieutenant George Samuel Fryer, 79th Foot, Lieutenant Peter Porter, RN., Captain Alexander Strachan (or Strahan), Major John More and Lieutenant Hardwick, who was drowned while coming ashore.

Even during such a brief occupation, provision must have been made for a British cemetery, but Alan Harfield, who provided these notes, attempted in vain in 1977 to find any trace of the graves. Moreover, no written records exist locally and letters to representatives of Christian Churches in Manila have remained unanswered. There are two possible explanations. On the British entry to Manila there was a thirty-six hour period of unrestrained pillage and looting, in which local Chinese and Filipinos joined British and Indian troops. Treasure from houses, churches and monasteries disappeared and bitterness ran high among the defeated Spanish. It is understandable that the preservation of British graves should not have been high on their agenda after the British left and they may have been destroyed in the 1760's. Had they survived then the mass bombing by American forces during the second World War, which destroyed much of the old walled city may have provided the final destruction. Nevertheless, the search goes on and David Mahoney, a BACSA member, based in Hong Kong is planning to visit Manila in the near future, to find out if the graves have indeed gone, and to write the postscript to this brief and forgotten chapter in British history.

GOOD AND BAD NEWS FROM INDIA

Despite BACSA's many achievements in caring for cemeteries abroad, there is still an enormous amount of work to do, and the task gets no easier as the Indian subcontinent expands and utilizes more of its land. A salutary reminder came from a letter published in The Times on 17 November 1986 by Air Commodore Derek Walker. He had recently (continued on page 89.....)



Above: From the light-house, a view of Vaux's tomb, Hajira, near Surat, showing the dense vegetation and surrounding buildings.



Left: Missing plasterwork and a bush growing from the dome lead to concern for this 17th century tomb.



THE HASTINGS MEMORIAL

Five years ago a letter in Country Life reminded us of another significant battle by Warren Hastings, this time not on behalf of the British in India but on a more personal level. Daylesford in Gloucestershire had belonged to the Hastings family since the 12th century but had been sequestered after the Civil War. Despite his impeachment on his return to England, Hastings succeeded over the years in buying back the Estate and the adjoining village. He demolished the old manor house and created Daylesford House, a classical building with a Mughal dome. Hastings was buried in the local church and his memorial stands outside. Now nearly two hundred years after his death it is in sad need of repair. A full survey has been carried out by a conservator who estimates that £4,000 is necessary to restore the handsome urn (inset), made from Coade stone. BACSA members may care to contribute

towards the cost and they may do so either through our Secretary or by writing directly to Myles Metcalfe at Kingham Lodge, Kingham, Oxford OX7 6YL, the architect who is co-ordinating the appeal.

BACSA's latest book (see p. 97) deals in part with the Sindh-Peshawar Railway, so it seems particularly appropriate that we should have received a notice on the 'Sindh Lunch' to be held on 5 May this year in London. Members who have connections either with Sindh or Baluchistan are invited to write for further details to the Hon. Secretary, Sindh Luncheon Club, Colin Gibling, Esq., 41 Uffington Road, London SE27 0RW (tel 761 3468)

VAUX'S TOMB (see opposite)

In Chowkidar Autumn 1985 we appealed for photographs of this isolated tomb in Surat which had been de-protected by the Archaeological Survey of India in 1962. BACSA member Richard Blurton took up the challenge and has provided us with a series of photographs and a detailed description of the sorry state of this 17th century mausoleum. 'Much of the plasterwork and a good deal of the brickwork is missing. Both the chambers of the two storeyed tomb are open to the elements. The interior of the lower chamber is now filled with collapsed building material. When I visited it I was saddened by the fact that this mausoleum, which is of approximately the same date of construction as St. Paul's Cathedral, is likely to fall down merely from neglect'.

returned from Peshawar and noted the sad state of the British Military Cemetery there, which contained the remains of many army personnel buried between the mid-1880's and 1930. Grave stones had been smashed or removed and the whole area much overgrown. A subsequent letter from Nicholas Lines found the same neglect in cemeteries at Patna and Bhagalpur. Our Secretary Theon Wilkinson replied in a letter published on 26 November setting out the way in which BACSA operates by involving all interested parties including the Church, the State, the Archaeological Survey Department, Services and business houses both in Asia and the UK. It is only with the active co-operation of local groups that we can maintain cemeteries in a reasonable condition, and though we can offer advice and funds, any long term work must be carried out by people 'in the field'. The Peshawar Cemetery, which spied off the correspondence is near the top of our list for attention and it is hoped that a forthcoming visit by Sue Farrington will get a local support group going there.

A very sad story reached us recently about the demolition of the 18th century Dutch church at Chinsurah. The church had been founded by a Dutch Governor, J.A. Sichterman, with additions in 1744. 'It consisted of a single prayer hall with an altar and was a massive single storey structure with a steeple rising to more than forty feet'. One of the escutcheons within the church referred to a Governor who died in 1655 so parts of it may have been even earlier. A local Christian, Mr. Hriday Ranjan Halder, fought an unsuccessful legal battle to prevent demolition. The church had not been declared a protected monument though it was listed by the Archaeological Survey as ancient monument, which is not the same thing. The land is to be used for building a law department for the local college authorities. Ironically, as PWD workmen moved in, a representative from the Dutch Reformed Church and First Secretary of the Netherlands Embassy, Mr. G.R. Reinders arrived in Chinsurah with an offer of financial help and support for the church, but he was too late. Now other Dutch relics like the early factory built in 1687 and the tomb of Susanna Anna Maria (1809) may also be under threat. A long newspaper report tells the whole story, and contrasts the legitimate needs of an expanding college with the destruction of an historic building associated with India's past. The lesson to be drawn is surely the urgent need for photographic and written records of historic churches, so that something does remain when land is redeveloped.

It is refreshing to turn from these gloomy reports to two illustrated booklets, both of which have been produced by new history groups set up in the sub-continent. The first is from the Lari Research Centre in Karachi and is the brainchild of Mr. S.Z. Lari, who has started a Foundation for the National Register for Historic Places. The idea is 'to make an inventory of buildings which have survived the developer's bulldozer' and a start has been made by analysing in depth one Karachi street, the Zaibunnisa. Every building of historic interest has been photographed and described and mapped on to a chart. This is to be the first in a series, covering other towns in Pakistan

and Mr. Lari is to be congratulated warmly on his pioneer work. The photographs are clear and informative, the architectural descriptions scholarly and the whole magazine produced to a very high standard.

Another welcome contribution is the first number of 'The Bombay Explorer' produced by the newly formed Bombay Local History Society, supported by the Heras Society there. The range of articles in the issue is impressive - Victoria Terminus, now nearing its centenary, the Horniman Gardens, given a new lease of life by the Tata family, coins of the Company minted at Bombay and interviews with local historians. The impetus that produced the two booklets is greatly encouraging to all who care for the sub-continent's past and point the way forward to a proper documentation of her own history, by her own people.

KIPLING AT LARGE

On 31 December 1986 Kipling 'came out of copyright' as the publishing world calls it, and lovers of his books are already staggering under an avalanche of volumes reprinting the short stories and evaluating his achievements. Our prolific BACSA member Charles Allen was one of the first off the mark with Kipling's Kingdom, a selection of twenty-five of the best Indian stories, beautifully illustrated with contemporary drawings. All the old favourites are here: 'Thrown Away' the terrible story of a young soldier's suicide in a remote Rest House, 'The City of Dreadful Night' - a word picture of Lahore during a sweltering summer and 'The Story of Muhammad Din' which still brings tears to the eyes, with its acute observation of a child's world and its economy of style in relating a commonplace tragedy. The author has provided a good literary introduction and then takes the reader through groups of stories. My only criticism is the inclusion of the Mulvaney stories, for despite Allen's comment that 'Kipling's faithful rendering of each man's speech and pronunciation takes getting used to. But persevere; persistence brings its own reward' I suspect many readers will simply ignore this archaic style. Nevertheless this is a highly recommended book. Who could not warm to a man who, in four lines, perfectly encapsulates the chagrin of the young woman of Simla as she finds her potential beaux swooning before a Lucy Hauksbee or Polly Marlow: 'The young men come, the young men go
Each pink and white and neat
She's older than their mothers, but
They grovel at her feet'.

Michael Joseph 1987 £14.95 PP 288

Also recommended are the facsimile reprints by the R.S. Surtees Society, which were mentioned in the last Chowkidar. Soldiers Three and The Story of the Gadsbys are now available at the reasonable price of £2.95 each including postage, from the Society at Rockfield House, Nunney, Nr. Frome, Somerset. These first two volumes will be followed by In Black and White and Under the Deodars

BACSA BOOKS (books by BACSA members)

Architecture of the British Empire edited by Robert Fermor-Hesketh

'Old cemeteries are like beach marks, reliably indicating how far a town had spread by the date of their oldest graves' notes Gillian Tindall, who contributed a chapter entitled 'Existential Cities' to this book. Among other cities she examines closely the history of Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, each developed round the fortified 'factories' of the East India Company when the dead would usually be placed outside the limits of the existing town. The author enlarges on her idea that cities are not always founded in the most sensible places. Calcutta for example grew up simply because it was a convenient monsoon stopping point for Job Charnock and had a particularly large banyan tree to provide shelter. Its dreadful climate and unhealthy situation quickly provided many inhabitants for Park Street Cemetery and yet the city continued to flourish because that is where the centre of administration and trade was established. Gavin Stamp, a co-contributor with a chapter on 'Church Architecture' traces ecclesiastical building through the Empire including some early 17th century churches in Virginia, USA. He has found interesting evidence too of pre-fabricated churches, with iron frames or corrugated iron walls that were designed in Britain and shipped out to the colonies for erection there. He traces the influence of James Gibbs' St. Martin in the Fields on many early churches and later the rise of Gothic, of which St. Andrews, Madras is a splendid example. In this century, Shoosmith's St. Martin's Garrison Church, near Delhi, is rightly praised by the author as 'one of the finest buildings of the twentieth century'. A handsomely illustrated book with recent colour photographs, it can be recommended not just to those interested in architecture, but to the general reader as well.

Weidenfeld & Nicolson 1986 £25.00 pp 224

A Glimpse of the Burning Plain Charles Allen

On Lady Charlotte Canning's death in Calcutta, many of her paintings, journals and letters were returned to England and the author has had the happy idea of showing us India through the eyes of the Viceroy's wife, by these items. Lady Canning or Char, as she was known, sailed for India in 1855 with her husband Charles, newly appointed Governor General. The couple were to live through a turbulent period of India's history so the contemporary accounts by a woman at the centre of power are all the more interesting. She met British survivors from the Mutiny and was able to report back to Queen Victoria, who had begged her to write regularly about life in India. Charlotte was a great traveller and her many water colours show scenes from Muttra, the Nilgiris, Lucknow, the Khyber Pass and the Himalayas. It was during a visit to Darjeeling that she contracted the fever which was to kill her in 1861 as the couple prepared to return to England. This charming book now serves as her well-deserved memorial.

Michael Joseph 1986 £14.95 pp 170

The Emissary

In 1983 at the age of eighty-nine, Ghanshyamdas Birla died at the Middlesex Hospital and was cremated at Golders Green. His ashes were scattered on the Ganges at Hardwar and Ganqotri. In a long life he had become one of India's foremost captains of industry and a munificent philanthropist. Amid the rancorous arguments which accompanied the process to constitutional advance he, for years, made it his object to promote personal understanding between his revered friend Gandhi and the British politicians and Viceroys concerned. As he wrote to Rajagopalachari in 1937: 'While at times I feel disappointed, I also feel that I am amply compensated in having to defend Englishmen before Bapu and Bapu before Englishmen...I believe it is a tragedy that these two big forces in the world cannot combine'. He was much gratified therefore when in that year the Congress Party eventually persuaded itself to take office under the 1935 Act in the provinces where it had a majority. Birla's success in business had been meteoric. By 1926 he was eminent enough to be offered a knighthood, which he refused. He held that India, to be strong, needed a strong industrial base for the creation of wealth and employment, and saw independence as the environment in which it would thrive. Hence his liberal financial support of the nationalist cause. Though a warm friend of Gandhi he was also a candid one, and questioned the morality of Gandhi's negative attitude to the war, when Hitler was over-running Europe. He felt that India should have made a better contribution. Again, he was in favour of the separation of Pakistan long before Gandhi and the Congress were prepared to commit themselves. Amid the heady talk of party politicians, Birla's voice was that of practical commonsense. His friendship with Gandhi came to a tragic end in January 1948 when Gandhi was shot by a Hindu fanatic in the garden of Birla's house in Delhi. Alan Ross undertook this biography at the instance of the Birla family. He himself was born in Calcutta, the son of a Director of Shaw Wallace & Co. and is the Editor of the London Magazine. His treatment of his present subject is well balanced, lucid and readable. Of special interest are his accounts of Birla's talks with the leading personalities, both British and Indian, about the burning question of India's new constitution in the 'thirties. So too are the excellent illustrations. This book is strongly recommended to anyone interested in India affairs and in India's emergence as a free country. (DHC)

Collins Harvill 1986 £14.00 pp 240

Visions of India - the Sketch books of Willliam Simpson 1859-62

Mildred Archer

Simpson was the first official British 'war-artist' and after the Crimean war he went to India to record what he rightly believed was the vanishing way of life after the Mutiny. A working class self-taught artist, he had hoped that his delicate water-colours, which were to be lithographed would earn him the same renown that his contemporary David Roberts, had got with his 'Scenes from the Holy Land'.

But on his return and after 'working up' his paintings, he discovered that his publisher had gone bankrupt and sold his work to defray their costs. But for Mildred Archer's welcome work of rediscovery, Simpson would still remain unknown to all but a few. Many evocative paintings show the aftermath of the Mutiny, there is a particularly haunting section from Lucknow and others depict the work-a-day life of India, from the weavers of Amritsar to the shop-keepers of old Delhi and Bombay. Because these water-colours were a kind of diary to be worked into finished products, they are all the more immediate - a detail of Indian jewellery, scribbled notes on the thugs being rehabilitated at the 'School of Industry, Jubbalpore' bring vividly to life the India of the 19th century. A young Indian boy has painstakingly inscribed his name in Hindi, next to his pencil sketch in February 1860 and the school master at Kartapur also identifies his portrait. Touches like these show Simpson as a man who would cheerfully perch in a dusty street or school room to record the passing world. Perhaps one of the most significant images is an impressionistic painting of the railway at Bhor Ghat (1862) a blur of carriages and steam over the new viaduct, heralding the changes that were coming to wake the old country that Simpson recorded so memorably.

Phaidon 1986 £19.95 pp 138

Common Indian Words in English R.E. Hawkins

How could one have missed such a key work? It is a sliver of a supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary and should have existed years ago when I was, but did not know I was, a Duck. But its compiler, the legendary Hawk, a BACSA member of course, was in those days too busy running the Oxford University Press in India to get a book out himself. His speciality at that time was in getting lost. He would exercise this gift regularly in the ghats, preferably with a small party of tenderfoot Ducks, who would toil crimson-faced upwards through the pouring monsoon to find Hawk sitting at the top pensively peeling an orange, segments of which he would then distribute while speculating, though with no sense of its being of any importance, on how many furlongs we were from the track. The effects of this book upon conversation in this country will be far reaching. 'Murdabad!' we shall hiss, 'the nutcut in the kitchen has burnt the rumble-tumble again; pass the rooty and muckin'. Later on, gobbling the chewda and gulping the simkin to fortify us against the mushaira we reluctantly show up at (and a lot of mush is certain to be aired, this being a meeting of poets) we shall discuss ways to dumbcow them - perhaps we could buy their silence by setting up a pish-cash.... Somewhere down near Chowpatty, I seem to remember an Old Paper, Impty (sic) Bottles and Tins Buyer & Seller, whose premises, no doubt owing to the expansion of the packaging industry, expanded over the years. This merchant's correct title, I now learn, is kabaddiwallah. Or is a kabaddiwallah properly speaking only the Impty Bottle merchant's supplier - one of the tightly-disciplined squad who work the city's rubbish-heaps for a living? It is a nice point and the compiler will certainly clarify it, though for the most part he is self-effacing to the point

of inscrutability. Under 'cockup' for example, it says (hist.) BECKTI. Look up BECKTI and you find 'edible fish'. Very like a whale. Or is this perhaps a delicate game the compiler is engaged in playing with his readers, inciting them to a serendipity of their own by leading them a dance through that word's peers? Is it true what they say about DIXIE (degchi-deckshi)? What about WALLUM (wallow-wally)? Tracking down these subtle connections will be the game for BACSA families this year - for those whose thoughtful friends give them this delectable pot-pourri. (JHJ)

Oxford University Press, Delhi 1984 Rs. 20 pp 106

Sunset of the Raj John de Chazal

The 'Sunset of the Raj' is seen through the eyes of a young serving officer, sired by another serving officer, who returned to the land of his birth with the first batches of recruits to leave for the sub-continent after the passing of the Government of India Act 1935. It would be the last such revision of the administration of India before full independence in 1947. Meanwhile, as John de Chazal completes his training and is appointed assistant district officer, there is war in Europe. Its effect is to spill over into Indian politics and then, with Japanese intervention, come new front lines as the boundaries of the British Empire are breached with humiliating ease. The writer candidly describes these events as they reshape life in his surroundings, work, sport, limited social life and his holidays. These are not dry memoirs. They have freshness and vitality as the author frankly recalls his personal feelings. His account is alive with anecdote and humour. It is rural India that the reader is shown, the land of simple villagers and even aboriginals, as well as the very different existence in New Delhi - Lutyens' masterpiece - and the glories of the Princely States. The author also reaches Kashmir and describes the legacy of the fabulous Mughals.

Wincanton Press 1986 £12.95 (£11.45 to BACSA members) pp 268

A Surgeon's India edited by Alick Cameron

These are the diaries of Lieut. Col. Alexander Cameron OBE, IMS, edited by his son. Cameron worked in the Indian Medical Service from 1905 to his death in 1932 and his diaries cover service life on the North West Frontier, in China, East Africa during the first World War, Afghanistan and Persia. In later years there were appointments as Civil Surgeon to various centres in the United Provinces, including the post of principal at the Agra Medical College.

1986 £12.25 including postage and packing from Dr. A. Cameron, 36 Pennington Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN4 0SL

Bishop Sahib: A Life of Reginald Heber by BACSA member JDW Hughes will be fully reviewed in the next Chowkidar together with The Corn Chest by Alex Cain, about Scots in India.

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Carpet Sahib Martin Booth

Jim Corbett the subject of this biography was an awkward kind of person. He never looks quite at ease in photographs, standing against a jungle backdrop in baggy shorts, rifle at the ready. He was first of all awkward because he didn't fit into the usual categories of the British in India. His family were poor and kept the post office at Naini Tal where Jim was born. He himself, after an Indian education, worked for twenty years on the Bengal and North West Railway, the kind of post more often reserved for anglo-Indians. He never married though he was fond of women. It was Jim's self taught knowledge of the jungle that brought him to the public's attention. By the time his first book 'Man Eaters of Kumaon' was published in 1946 to become a best seller, he was already known throughout India as the archetypal great white hunter. (The book's title is a reference to the usual Indian pronunciation of his name). Jim could have rested on his laurels, he was now on friendly terms with Viceroy, in great demand as a lecturer and a killer of man-eating tigers. But he made another awkward move. At a time when it was thought a gun was the only thing to shoot animals with, Corbett turned to the camera. He began to derive more enjoyment from recording jungle life, than destroying it, and he became an early, if not the first, advocate in India of the conservation movement. The author has produced a well-researched book. Among those who helped him was BACSA member Audrey Baylis, whose family knew him well. But somehow Corbett comes across as a rather unconvincing character, as though he had been invented, then not very skilfully described. Perhaps in the end, he was too awkward to fit between the covers of a book.

Constable 1986 £12.95 pp 278

The Lotus and the Rose Gloria Jean Moore

The Lotus and the Shamrock might have been a more appropriate title, or even the Thistle, since the founders of this family that has India in its bones and blood seem to have gone out originally from Ireland, sometimes via Scotland. There is a great book to be written on the development of the anglo-Indian race. This is not it, nor does it claim to be, but it is, all the same, an evocative and beautifully-written account of some of the experiences of one family, starting with the Mutiny in 1857 and ending over a hundred years later with the family now scattered over the globe. The British people who ruled India and whose children were usually born there, who sometimes even married Indians but whose home was England, had heart-breaking emotional ties with India which of course they could never sever. These people are sometimes called anglo-Indians, but this is not what Mrs. Moore means by the term. Specifically, she is describing a whole race of people of mixed blood who knew no other land but India. They were often spunky and independent, virtuous and dependable. Mostly they ran the railways. They hardly ever married Indians although their forefathers had married Indian girls. Their schools were first-class, but few anglo-Indians thought of going on to Indian universities and one can only imagine the contribution they might have made to

India's life had they done so. Mrs. Moore is justifiably proud of her family. She has taken the written and oral evidence of five key members of it from 1857 onwards, and woven it into a fascinating, impressionistic tapestry of family history. It will be interesting to observe, over the next generation, how much anglo-Indian culture survives its displacement from its home soil. Whatever happens, witnesses like Gloria Jean Moore provide a vital record of the way it was. (CLD)

River Seine Publications 1986 £10.50

The Pioneers 1825-1900 John Weatherstone

It is high time that the tea-planters (the pioneers) of the title), had their history documented and this has now been well achieved in Weatherstone's large and informative book. As early as 1823 Major Robert Bruce had found the tea plant growing wild in Assam and the East India Company, who at that time imported all their tea from China, became engrossed in trying to raise the plant in India. After some false starts, with imported Chinese tea plants dying in Calcutta, the first cargo of Indian grown tea came up for auction in London in 1839. Tea plantations were concentrated mainly in the north-east and Ceylon, and it was in the latter that planters took the imaginative step of introducing the new shrub after a disastrous blight had wiped out the coffee plantations. The value of this book is that it deals not just with the mechanics of the tea industry, fascinating as they are, but examines in depth the lives of the early planters, the difficulties in clearing virgin jungle, constant encounters with aggressive wild life, social occasions and the way they lived and died. The author revisited India and Sri Lanka and has several evocative photographs of old bungalows, some abandoned only in the 1940's where the greedy jungle has almost swallowed them up. The tea planters' cemeteries have been examined, with their catalogue of sacrifices made by Britons to ensure that those at home got their 'cuppa'. Indian men and women who worked on the plantations get their proper recognition too. An excellently illustrated book with contemporary and modern photographs and many coloured prints.

Quiller Press 1986 £20.00 pp 224

More Stories from the Raj edited Saros Cowasjee

In 1982 Cowasjee published 'Stories from the Raj' which was sympathetically reviewed by Chowkidar. This companion paperback volume contains some old favourites like Heera Nand by Flora Annie Steel and The Simla Thunders, by Philip Mason. Less familiar will be the most recent ones like A Prospect of Flowers by Ruskin Bond, a brief but moving story of the curious friendship struck up between an old English spinster Miss Mackenzie, who 'stayed on' and Amil, an Indian school-boy, in whom she instils a love for India's flowers. A long story by Ruth Praver Jhabvala traces her theme of the ambivalent relationship with India that many young women suffer from, or certainly the young women that Jhabvala knows. It says much for the quality of

this book that it has already been rescued twice from friends of mine not particularly interested in India who enjoyed it, before it even reached your reviewer's desk.

Grafton Books 1986 £2.95 pp 288

Canals and Campaigns George Scott Moncrieff

This latest BACSA book is the detailed account of eight years in the life of a young engineer officer in India who later rose to high rank and served with distinction in many theatres of war as a seasoned expert on fortifications and military works. The recollections and diaries are presented here by his daughter, and are full of a freshness of observation and clarity. There are accounts of building bridges, canals, tunnels and railways in peace and during hectic frontier campaigns in some of the unkindest terrain in the world. These are told with stoical understatement mixed with flashes of human interest and including references to his leisure hours, sport and social life in the towns in which he served - Roorkee, Mardan, Quetta, Kasauli and Lucknow to mention a few - giving a picture of an unusually well-balanced, Christian, adventurous and humanitarian man.

BACSA 1987 £7.50

Christian Cemeteries of Penang and Perak Alan Harfield

The latest BACSA volume in the south east Asia series which has covered, among others, Malacca, Bencoolen and Singapore. The book, with seventy-two illustrations examines the several cemeteries in the two towns, including the Chinese Christian cemetery, and lists Royal Navy vessels too. The illustration below of the Church of St. George, Georgetown, Penang comes from this book.

BACSA 1987 £9.00 pp 200





