



# CHOWKIDAR

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BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR CEMETERIES IN SOUTH ASIA (BACSA)

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AIMS OF BACSA

This Association was formed in October 1976 to bring together people with a concern for the many hundreds of European cemeteries, isolated graves and monuments in South Asia. There is a steadily growing membership of over 1,200, drawn from a wide circle of interest - Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical and Genealogical Societies. 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 Records file in the India Office Library & 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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THE 'ENGLISH' CASTLE OF BANGALORE

When BACSA member Paul Norris moved house to Kenilworth, Warwickshire recently, the recollection of a castle, seen years ago in southern India, jogged his memory and he asked readers if they could provide more information (Chowkidar Vol 5. No. 2). The response to this query has been quite extraordinary, with people writing in from as far away as Australia, with cuttings, reminiscences and valuable photographs. The story that has emerged is an intriguing mixture of fact and romantic fiction and we are still unclear about the inhabitant of the tomb at Kenilworth Castle, near Bangalore.

It started with the building of a fort by Tipu Sultan, which employed the forced labour of British prisoners captured by him, including a Captain Hamilton of the Engineers. The original building was moated and stood on a small hill. During the mid 19th century a sub-collector of Hosur District commissioned a Mr. Latham to erect a fantastical building on part of the fort site, which was known as 'Kenilworth Castle' from its supposed resemblance to the Warwickshire castle. Its alternative name was 'Brett's Folly' (which may be nearer the mark), after the sub-collector, Mr. Brett. The building is said to have cost nearly Rs. 2 lakhs, but to Brett's chagrin the headquarters of the District were shortly afterwards transferred to Salem. In 1875 the building was purchased by the Government for Rs. 10,000, nothing of course like the cost of its construction. Now where the romantic story of the lovesick collector comes from is unclear, but several correspondents refer to it in great detail. It is said that a sub-collector (Mr. Brett?) while on Home leave in Warwickshire, fell in love with an English girl who refused to marry him and live with him in India unless he built a replica of the castle. A few years after its completion, the young bride either died from cholera and was buried there, or according to another version, left her husband, who died disconsolate. The adjoining tomb is therefore either her's, or her husband's. The fact that it has also been identified as that of Walter Elliot Lockhart, Collector of Salem who died in January 1850 adds another thread, though possibly a more prosaic one.

There are many inconsistencies, not least as J.C. Griffiths points out, that the builder was also supposed to be a coffee planter, in an area not known for its coffee. But what does indisputably emerge is the fact that a magnificent baronial castle did stand until the 1960s, and was visited by BACSA members, including Peter de Jong and Mr Griffiths, who recalls walking on its



battlements and through its deserted rooms. (see p. 56) The building has almost vanished today because of structural weaknesses in its foundations and the invasion of a low cost housing colony. A report of 1918 shows that it was even then supported by 'unsightly rods and clamps, which pin and truss together the weaker parts' and spoke of the risk of its collapse into the surrounding moat. None of the recent writers on colonial architecture in India have mentioned Kenilworth Castle, so its rediscovery is something of a triumph for Chowkidar and its readers. As Mr. Griffiths concludes, our original enquirer, Mr. Norris, now has enough material for a talk to his local History Society and we are grateful to him for his initial query.

#### MAIL BOX

The tragic story of the death of Major Charles Burton and his two sons at Kota during the uprising of 1857 was told in the last issue of Chowkidar. Now a BACSA member, Jacqueline Toovey, has been able to add a little more about the Burton family, of which she is a member. The first Burton to have gone to India was Charles' father, who went out about 1810 and was married in Calcutta. He was followed about forty years later by E.F. Burton, the great grandfather of our correspondent's husband. The Burtons went in for large families. One of Charles' cousins, Colonel Richard Burton had eight brothers and three sisters, and his mother Georgiana had nine brothers and eight sisters. All Colonel Burton's brothers served in the Army in India and his father and several uncles and cousins too. Charles Burton did have descendants, presumably through his surviving elder sons, and there were three boys from that line alive in 1950 but unfortunately the family has now lost touch with them.

A more tenuous but equally interesting link with the events that took place in the Kota Residency, where Major Burton was hacked to death, comes from Iris Portal. Her father had been 'lent' to the Maharao of Kota in order to do a Land Settlement, in the State. Her parents became great friends with the ruler and this is how, at the age of seventeen, she found herself spending Christmas at the old Residency there, which had been turned into the State Guest house. She was given a room on the first floor, to one side, with four separate entrances, including one from an upstairs balcony and two leading down from the roof, where the Burtons had made a last desperate stand. That night, though nothing was actually seen, was one of 'cold fear' for the writer, who lay stiffly in bed too

frightened to sleep. The next day she implored her mother to move her, which she did without argument. It was not until she returned to Delhi that she learnt the story of the Resident and his sons, who it seems, had descended from the roof, and were killed in the room she inhabited briefly.

From our regular correspondent R.R. Langham Carter comes a note on the tomb of Lady Elizabeth Donkin, who was buried in Meerut in August 1818 after dying of a fever. She was the first wife of Major General Sir Rufane Donkin of the 11th Foot. After her death, Sir Rufane, became Governor of Cape Colony, and he paid tribute to her memory by naming the settlement on Algoa Bay Port Elizabeth. He also erected there a stone memorial pyramid, which still stands today. Now the Historical Society of Port Elizabeth are getting the Meerut grave 'restored and safeguarded' and the Autumn issue of their journal shows the simple oblong tomb made of brick, with a small overhanging ledge and unusual slate inscription set into one end. The grave stands in St. John's Church with other interesting contemporary monuments and BACSA hopes to carry out its own programme of restoration in this historic cemetery, starting with a booklet.

From the same correspondent comes a reminder of Indian works of art and curios on show at Newbridge House, in County Dublin, Ireland and explains how they got there. Colonel Thomas Cobbe of the Bengal Infantry had married, by Muslim rites, a lady called Nuzzear Begum, from a Kashmiri family, who brought him a dowry of Rs. 8,000. With this, Cobbe made an enormous collection of Indian goods, which he brought with him when he left Calcutta in the ship 'Robarts', with his wife and ten children. He was never to reach his home, dying at sea on 27 July 1836. His wife decided to return to Bengal, where she had property, but his brother Charles arranged for the children's education, no mean task with ten of them. The youngest son became Lieut. General Alexander Hugh Cobbe of the Indian Army. Much of the Colonel's collection was sold by auction a year after his death, presumably to help pay for schooling, but some treasures were saved and there are still a number to be seen at the Irish house.

One of the best maintained graves at Darjeeling is that of the scholar and explorer Csoma de Koros, who died there on 11 April 1842, on his way to Lhasa. Born in Hungary, his tomb (now protected by the ASI) has become a place of pilgrimage for his fellow countrymen, although he is hardly known in India. De Koros came from a small village in Transylvania and while at the Collegiate School of

Nagyenyed, he and two young friends vowed to explore Central Asia in search of the origins of the Hungarian nation. They believed it had its roots there, among the Hungars or Yugars of Mongolia. Though he was never to penetrate as far as Mongolia, de Koros laid the foundation for Tibetan studies, almost by chance. Refusing the offer of an academic post in Hungary, he started east and reached Kabul in 1822 after spending two years on the road. Near the Kashmir frontier, he met William Moorcroft, the English explorer, who advised him to learn Tibetan and this was the origin of his scholarship in that language. He spent several years in Tibet and on his return to Calcutta, was granted a stipend by the Governor General and given a room in the Asiatic Society of Bengal. He was later made an Honorary member and sub-librarian of the Society. He next turned his attention to Sanskrit, which he mastered in three years, and there is a touching picture of him, surrounded by four boxes of books, in which small quadrangle he laboured and slept. He had not, however, forgotten his initial quest for the origins of the Hungarians and at the age of fifty-eight set out for Central Asia. Reaching only as far as Darjeeling, he was stricken with a fever, which proved fatal. Today he lies, in the old cemetery there, his first mission unfulfilled. In 1977 his tomb was visited by the Hungarian President, who made a pilgrimage to see the last resting place of a traveller and academic.

#### THE MOUNTED GHOST OF SIRUR

Forty miles or so from Poona lies the former cantonment of Sirur, one time headquarters of the Poona Horse, with its Mess, bungalows and barracks. The site was abandoned in 1907 and by the time BACSA member Lieut. General Stanley Menezes visited it in 1943, all that was left was the dak bungalow and the old cemetery. Among the fifty odd epitaphs which could still be read at the time was that of Colonel William Wallace of the 74th Foot who died on 11 May 1809, aged forty seven years. He was also Commander of the force subsidised for the East India Company by the Peshwa. The epitaph records Wallace as a 'man respected and beloved for his ardent gallantry devoted public zeal, honourable rectitude and noble candour' and this eulogy is borne out by his local name of 'Sat Purush' or 'true man'. On his death, the care of his tomb was assigned to his former syce, who received a pension for the purpose. The tomb, like that of some other Englishmen, became the object of a local cult and offerings were made there at harvest time.

Together with this veneration grew up the belief that in times of trouble, the Colonel's ghost, mounted on his favourite white horse, would appear as a warning, patrolling the cantonment at full moon or on moonless nights. About 1845 the Reverend French of the American Mission at Sirur tried to put an end to the tomb worship, which he considered idolatrous. Kipling would have made a good story of the clash of cultures between east and west. According to an aged villager 'the curse of the ghost rested on him who tried to interfere' and the same cemetery shortly afterwards was to contain the small tombs of three of the Reverend French's infant children, all of whom died before their second birthdays. Of course, infant mortality was dreadfully high in those days, and the idea of a vindictive ghost that could harm the living smacks more of vampirism than anything else. Nevertheless it added substance to the story.

The last incident was in 1883 and was known as the Cat Plague. Villagers had become slack in their offerings at the tomb and in June that year over three hundred cats were found dead in the neighbourhood. It was not until a procession of Sirur residents visited the tomb that the plague ceased. Whatever the truth may be, the fact remains that Wallace's tomb, an impressive fluted obelisk, still exists in good condition, with only a small top portion being slightly broken. (See p. 56)

However, the rest of the cemetery at Sirur is in a run down state, the outer compound wall is broken and inscriptions on many of the tombs have been removed. The last Chowkidar Shankar Bandhu Jadhav, supposed to be a direct descendant of Wallace's syce, died in 1980 and is buried in the cemetery. His widow, now thought to be in her nineties, still receives the pension though it will presumably cease on her death. Among other tombs still extant are those of William Saunders, apothecary who died in 1843, Captain Garrick Read of the 2nd Regt. Madras Cavalry, died 1807 aged twenty six and Georgiana Augusta, wife of Lieut. Col. Thomas Tapp of the 1st Bombay Fusiliers and Commandant of the Poona Irregular Horse who died in 1867 at the age of thirty-nine. A plan of the cemetery is now in BACSA's possession, with copies of some of the remaining epitaphs. Incidentally the ghost of Colonel Wallace has not been seen since Independence, make of that what you will!



## CAN YOU HELP?

An enquiry in the last issue of Chowkidar from Mr. George ffoulkes about his ancestors, the Zemindars of Salem has brought in a number of memories from readers, though none unfortunately have been able to throw light on the current state of a Muslim lady's tomb, the Makhan, which was the focus of the original query. The fullest description of 'Daddy ffoulkes', as the last Zemindar was known, comes from J.C. Griffiths who was posted to the Salem District as sub-collector in 1940, having served his apprenticeship there earlier. Mr ffoulkes was then a middle aged man 'of a somewhat grey and grim appearance, though pleasant enough in conversation'. He did not entertain much but was a regular visitor to the Salem English Club, then in decline. Frequently he was the only person there, apart from the Club butler. The story was that an ancestor 'a high ranking officer in the Army, had, as happened in those days, married an Indian lady of wealth and good family, presumably a Muslim. With her, had come the Zemindari'. 'Daddy ffoulkes' was supposed to have been educated at Eton. Two other readers recall him as a well liked man 'though felt to be rather mysterious and somewhat "gossip worthy" in respect of his private life' and confirmed that his Muslim forebear was known as 'Nani' which means grandmother. Though no one recollects seeing her tomb Peter Gwynn points out that an earlier Salem Zemindar, George Frederick Fischer, was buried on 28 August 1857 at St. George's Church, Madura, aged 67. He was known as the last of the great 'adventurers' or non-official English, in Madras and was probably a grandson of Col. John Jorgen Fischer, member of the Tranquebar Council who died there on 15 August 1778.

More evidence of the relationship between Indians and Britons comes from a new member with a famous name - Michael Hickey. During the past few years, he tells us, he has taken up the quest for William Hickey's unacknowledged progeny, from one of whom it seems that he is descended. While William Hickey's liaison with his Indian bibi Jemadee (nicknamed by him 'Fatty') is well known, much less is recorded about his other mistresses, of whom there were several. It seems that a son of one such relationship, also called William, was the great great grandfather of our enquirer. Hickey junior was born about 1808 and spent his entire working life as an Anglican missionary in India, mostly in the Madras presidency, having been ordained deacon at Calcutta in 1837. He married a European woman, Miss Evans, and their first son Robert, also devoted his life to the Church, retiring as vicar of St. Oswald, Accrington, near

Manchester. He died in 1895. The ecclesiastical tradition has been maintained in the family to the present day, and Michael Hickey's cousin is assistant Bishop of Leicester. Now that he has William Hickey junior's death certificate, he needs details of his birth. So far the only clue lies in a painting of Hickey senior at the National Portrait Gallery, London where he is shown being attended by a 'swarthy handsome youth who carries the unmistakable "Hickey Chin" borne to this day by the family'. It may be of course, that the birth was not recorded, or at least not in British records. Hickey the writer was so prolix about his life that anything not mentioned in his Memoirs might well be impossible to find. Nevertheless, BACSA readers may be able to help with ideas.

A strange little mystery which has never been solved, concerning one of the many Campbells resident in India, was brought to our attention by a new member, M.M. Stuart. Referring to an incident in Captain Buckle's History of the Bengal Artillery, it tells of a pathetic note written on the wall of a small mosque a mile away from Chunar Fort. In smudged charcoal the note recorded the building as 'the place of confinement of Annie Wood,' wife of Lieut. Wood, who was taken prisoner by Jaffer Beg, commandant of Siraj-ud-daula, who sacked Calcutta in 1756. It was after this sack that the 'Black Hole of Calcutta' incident occurred. Alexander Campbell, then eleven years old, was captured with Annie Wood and acted as her companion in the little prison for four years. When Jaffer Beg threatened Mrs. Wood with death if she did not consent to live with him, the couple escaped by boat to Chinsurah, arriving on 11th May 1762, when it was found that Lieut. Wood had died of grief at his wife's supposed death. Campbell wrote that he had been 'made an eunuch' by the commandant and that he had returned to the latter's service. The note was obviously written after the escape, but as our correspondent asks, why did the young boy return to his captors after the flight to Chinsurah? Was it, one wonders, that he felt so despoiled by his treatment that he thought there would be no future for him in European society? Or was it because Mrs Wood died on 27 May, shortly after hearing of her husband's death, and he was left friendless? The message ends with a curse on Roger Drake, Governor of Calcutta who, with others, fled shamefully before the Nawab's troops, leaving his countrymen and women to their deaths. Was the inscription genuine, or a later British invention to discredit Drake? We shall probably never know.

A different query comes from Anna-Maria Misra, who is writing a thesis on the history and structure of British managing agency houses in India between 1919-1949. What she finds fascinating is the way these firms adapted to the changing economic and political circumstances in the years leading up to Independence and why some of these agencies were unable to maintain their pre-eminence in the Indian economy. Were they perhaps unable to accommodate themselves to progressive Indianisation? And how much contact and influence did the 'box wallahs' have with the British Government at home and in India, or with the I.C.S? She would like to contact people who worked for these agencies in the inter-war period and would welcome information on the whereabouts of company papers, that must surely survive in some archives. Anyone who feels they can help should contact her at 30 Richmond Road, Oxford, or via BACSA's Secretary, Theon Wilkinson.

Finally, Peter de Jong is anxious to find an out of print book, which is badly needed by an Indian contact - On the Indian Hills by Edwin Lester Arnold. Again, any information through BACSA's Secretary please.

#### THE TWO GRAVES OF CAPTAIN STEWART

Two years ago Chowkidar published an unusual photograph of a British tomb inside a police station at Wadgaon on the Bombay-Poona road. The tomb is that of Captain James Stewart, a young Bombay Grenadier, known throughout Western India for his bravery and revered even today as 'Istewart Phakde', the heroic Stewart. At the time, we mentioned that only the officer's body was interred in the grave and that his head was buried somewhere else. (The police thana was erected in 1889, carefully incorporating the tomb.) Now a fuller version of the story has been given to Chowkidar, which tells of the ill-fated British expedition to capture Poona, during the Mahratta wars, which led to Stewart's death in 1779. Badly conceived and directed, the troops set out from Bombay, against the advice of the Governor General, Warren Hastings, who called it a 'wild and precipitate expedition'. On their way to Poona they passed through the small village of Venegaon. The village priest, Madhav Bhat was a young man and it was probably his first sight of Europeans, but this encounter with troops on the offensive may have had an incalculable effect, for the priest's son, Dhondu, was many years later to become the infamous Nana Sahib of Cawnpore.

James Stewart led the expedition, until superseded by Colonel Egerton, described as 'a bed-ridden invalid' who pursued a leisurely path to Poona, when a rapid advance would have captured the Mahratta stronghold. At Karla, the troops engaged in a minor skirmish and sadly it was here that Stewart met his death. He had climbed into a tree to reconnoitre Mahratta positions, when he was recognised, and shot, the force of the guns decapitating him and uprooting the tree. His head was buried in an open field where he fell and is today covered by a substantial brick mound (see p. 57) while his body was taken to Wadgaon for interment. At the moment of his death the Mahratta Regent in Poona was ordering the evacuation of the palace and giving orders for its firing before capture by the British troops. The boy Peshwa, who was sleeping in the council chamber suddenly awoke crying 'The Englishman is dead' and this curious instance of telepathy so impressed the Regent that he immediately resolved to stand and fight, now that the redoubtable Stewart was no more. After a shameful debacle, Egerton was forced to surrender and the Bombay Government to pay a 'fine' of Rs. 40,000 to the Mahrattas. The expedition was a failure, brave Stewart was dead, and became known as the only English officer with the melancholy and bizarre honour of having two graves in this fruitless campaign.

#### THE WILKINSONS IN INDIA - THEON AND ROSEMARIE'S CHRISTMAS VISIT

What a rich store of memories we have come back with from our three week holiday in India; our first long holiday since the founding of BACSA more than ten years ago! But then BACSA itself is a recreation and when Calcutta, Darjeeling and Delhi lay on hospitality on such a generous scale it is almost impossible to separate the holiday element from BACSA activities.

We had hardly touched down before we were invited to a specially convened APHCI committee meeting to consider the future management of South Park Street Cemetery after the sad and sudden loss of Sheilah Rome. Then to the cemetery itself where there was a full turnout in the early morning of the APHCI Chairman, Aurelius Khan, Dr Maurice Shellim, secretaries, chowkidars and malis. (see p. 57) Each BACSA event tended to be interspersed with parties composed of BACSA members and their friends including a traditional Christmas Eve party with the Head of the British Council in Eastern India, Robert Sykes and his wife Laura - both BACSA members - and three not altogether unprofitable afternoons at the famous Calcutta Race Course! At

Darjeeling we were lunched by a group of local planters at the Planters Club with conversation ranging round the founders of the Tea Industry who lay buried in the Hill cemeteries while the Himalayan snows treated us to three days uninterrupted viewing. Back to Calcutta for meetings with the Bishop and other churchmen about their local cemetery problems and an outing to Serampore to see the new Carey memorial. Finally to Delhi for gatherings of the various conservation groups in the city specially organised by another BACSA member, Ingeborg Bottrall; followed by discussions with INTACH and the Archaeological Survey of India often in the company of Lt General Stanley Menezes another local BACSA contact. Everywhere we went we were conscious of enthusiastic support for the BACSA cause and it is clear that the first phase of arousing awareness of this rich historical heritage is accomplished and is now being followed by the need to co-ordinate the different approaches that are emerging to ensure a permanent long-term solution. We returned in good health and high spirits after a hectic but satisfying trip which for pure pleasure had also included visits to Agra, Fatehpur Sikri and Bharatpur. BACSA-UK welcomed us with a pile of 174 accumulated letters and book orders!

BENCOOLEN CEMETERY (Extracts from a talk given by Mrs Kathleen Clark at BACSA meeting 28th September 1988)

Bencoolen is situated on the West coast of Sumatra, about 3 1/2 degrees south of the equator. In 1685 the East India Company, in order to break the Dutch Pepper Monopoly, established at Bencoolen one of their early Settlements. On account of the appallingly high mortality, the first Bencoolen Settlement was abandoned in 1714, and a new one, named Marlborough, built 2 miles further south. But the high mortality persisted, because both Settlements were surrounded by malarial swamps - a lethal type of malaria, known as Sumatra fever. Bencoolen's Christian population was tiny - about 60 in 1805, yet there were over a thousand burials in this cemetery between 1714 and 1825, when the British occupation ceased on the Dutch exchanging Malacca for Bencoolen. Not all Christian burials were in the cemetery. Capt. Hamilton, in his will, requested his friend to bury him at King's Cliff, and "put something at small expense over me." Today his massive obelisk stands in the centre of a traffic roundabout! The four infants of Sir Stamford Raffles, Lt. Governor at Bencoolen, were not buried in the cemetery, though Lady Raffles' brother and cousin were. Alan Harfield's excellent book on the Bencoolen Cemetery and Fort Marlborough Monuments,

published for BACSA in 1985, was written specifically to record the history and what remained of this vanishing cemetery. He forecast "it might cease to exist by the end of the century." Accelerating deterioration is evident from the surveys published between 1918 and 1984. Brooks in 1918 described the tombs as "well-tended as far as removal of vegetation and white washing are concerned" but many had huge cracks, probably due to earthquakes. Out of a total of 73, 46 had lost inscriptions. 43 years later, Jaspán found only 22 mausolea and tombstones. He marvelled at the "heroic proportions of some of the tombs" - especially that built by the brothers Henry and William Lewis as a "humble monument" to their sister. This measured 25 feet high, on a base 15 feet square, and 12 1/2 feet square at the centre. We have photographs of this monster, both before and after restoration. Henry, on a small Government salary, was a rogue, who robbed the Treasury of over one-hundred-and sixty thousand dollars. Jaspán also noted the monument to Capt. Tapson, erected by his "much afflicted friend Nonah Jessmina". It measured 6 feet high, 10 1/2 feet long and 4 1/2 feet wide, but our photographs suggest subsequent vandalism has reduced its size, and show bricks and plaster torn away.

In 1984, Edward McKinnon, who has done so much for the cemetery, found only 41 monuments - 5 with legible inscriptions. Encroachment by the neighbouring village had reduced the cemetery to one acre: boundary walls had disappeared. Two years later the adjacent small Baptist Church, wanting to extend, bulldozed part of the cemetery, destroying monuments and disinterring remains. McKinnon reported this desecration to the British Ambassador in Jakarta, which swiftly resulted in the Governor of Bencoolen Province stopping the Baptist extension. The Ambassador then requested Kenneth McAteer to visit the cemetery and report. McAteer, a Scot, constructed office towers and hospitals, and had experience of restoring graves in Indonesia. He reported that substantial reconstruction was possible, if not delayed. When I visited Bencoolen in September 1987 I was greatly distressed at the state of the cemetery - trees growing through monuments, tropical vines strangling tombs, the ground littered with rubbish, goats grazing and children playing football among the graves. I told the Ambassador and his wife, Mr and Mrs Donald, who were deeply concerned about the cemetery, that I felt sure BACSA would help any scheme to improve matters.

Three months later, McAteer, then temporarily unemployed, volunteered to carry out the cemetery restoration. He arrived in Bencoolen armed with a letter from the





Left: The Wallace obelisk at Sirur (see page 49)

Below: Kenilworth Castle (Brett's Folly)nr Bangalore (see page 46)



Above: Brick mound covering Captain James Stewart's head (see page 53)



Above: Rosemarie & Theon Wilkinson in South Park Street Cemetery, Calcutta, with Maurice Shellim and APHCI staff (see page 53)



Ambassador to the Governor, who pledged full support and co-operation at a meeting attended by McAteer, the Mayor, heads of the Museum and Public works and the Chief of Police, who offered McAteer protection in case of trouble from residents adjoining the cemetery. Using his private funds, McAteer proceeded to collect a local workforce, in order to engender good will, rather than more expert labour from Jakarta. For 3 weeks 40 men cut and cleared the vegetation, and removed 50 small trucks of debris. The mess caused by the Baptist Church was bulldozed, and the wooden crosses marking re-interred remains, were replaced by steel crosses set in concrete plinths. The memorial inscriptions had further deteriorated or disappeared, so new Terrazzo granite stones were engraved and gilded: plinths re-cast and monuments repaired and re-modelled - using Harfield's BACSA publication as a guide. The Lewis Monster required the re-location of an intrusive house. A new 4-feet high brick wall with 2 entrances was built at the front of the cemetery, and a new timber fence demarcated other boundaries. Wall and monuments were traditional whitewashed. Imaginative and amusing McAteer provided a small Children's Park in one corner - to reduce the chances of damage in other parts. A large plan of the graves was placed at the centre of the Cemetery, and on a small pillar he installed a replica of "Greyfriars Bobby". This was immediately recognised by the Ambassador as a copy of the effigy of a faithful Scottie dog which stands in an Edinburgh cemetery. To me this Bencoolen copy of the Scottie is McAteer's signature, but I wonder what the Sumatrans make of it!

On the 29th January 1988, trees were planted by the Ambassador and his wife at a ceremony to mark the restoration. Re-turfing completed the work in late February - 2 1/2 months after the start, and McAteer left the cemetery in the hands of a part-time caretaker - with two goats! BACSA has contributed to the restoration, and is in touch with Norman Campbell in Jakarta about the future care of the cemetery.



BACSA BOOKS (books by BACSA authors)

The Forgotten Major David Atkins

This book is a sequel to the author's earlier book The Reluctant Major (reviewed in Chowkidar Vol. 4 No. 3), wherein David Atkins narrated how he did not want to be promoted to Major as he did not wish to leave the exciting life of Delhi, but was kicked out and upstairs in April 1942 to raise 309 General Purpose Transport Company, Royal Indian Army Service Corps, at Jhansi, and thereafter in August moved it to the Imphal front. This follow-on is again anecdotal, and similarly refreshingly honest in relation to his transport company's support to the Engineers cutting and widening the Tiddim track, and the almost insurmountable difficulties confronting them. Every convoy, that moved supplies a hundred and twenty miles to the front, lost 5% of its vehicles, while the casualty rate for malaria was 600% per year, apart from cholera, scrub typhus and dysentery. At the end, he was the officer with the longest continuous service in that area, as he was the only officer who had escaped malaria, and, in addition, had declined a posting out, from attachment to his unit. Since the early 1800s, the author's family on both sides had been connected with India. He himself had been born in Ceylon, but spent his early childhood in Calcutta, where his maternal grandmother is buried in South Park Street Cemetery. (SLM)

The Toat Press, Pulborough, West Sussex 1989 £9.95 + P&P pp. 145

Forthrights and Meanders Katharine Lethbridge

Born in Simla in 1904, Katharine Lethbridge followed the conventional pattern of 'Raj' children, being sent home to England for education and returning to her parents in India in 1923. She met and married Jack Lethbridge of the Royal Engineers at Simla, and lived in Roorkee and Rawalpindi before settling for good in England before World War II. But several things about the author's life set her apart from the usual memsahib's role. Her father, Herbert John Maynard, passing the examination for the Indian Civil Service had thought to spend a year in India before becoming an Oxford don. But he became so fascinated by the country, that he remained there for forty years, working as a civil administrator and District Commissioner. Travelling through Europe on furlough he met Alfreda Eppes, a Virginian girl on the 'Grand Tour' who had been brought up in the aftermath of the American

Civil War, and the couple enjoyed a happy marriage in spite of the inevitable separations that ensued. Katharine Lethbridge's earliest memories are of Virginia, memories that were quickly overlaid by life in Devon, where she went to school. Sir Aurel Stein was one of her neighbours and the distinguished archaeologist would walk over on Sundays to visit the family, delighting the youngest daughter Josephine with his fairy stories. Years later when the author met him again in India she found him a formidable figure despite this earlier acquaintanceship, especially when he asked her 'What are you going to do with your life?' This question returned to haunt her, particularly during the frivolous round of Simla society life in the 20s when, like the monsoon 'there was too much of it' resulting in a feeling of satiety. Yet even during this hectic period the author found time to explore the surrounding hills, noting the lack of wild flowers in the vicinity, for they had been plundered to decorate earlier dining room tables and it was only further away that the pink begonias and wood anemones were still to be found. Visiting Delhi during the 1920s she saw the stone masons sawing up enormous blocks of red sandstone as the new capital was built, but it was always the Indian countryside which attracted her most and the happiest days were spent mountaineering in Spiti, near the Tibetan border or visiting isolated lamaseries. Now, looking back she writes 'when I wish to do so I can watch in my mind as though from the tent doorway at evening, the full moon rise behind jagged cliffs and moving slowly across its shining face, two ibex with their scimitar horns and hoary beards passing from darkness to darkness...or sit with Dorje the goatherd, huddled under a rock lost in a snowstorm and share with him not talk, because we had no common language, but a matchbox full of pear drops and a friendship beyond words'. Deep felt reflections and observations like these raise this book above the usual level of reminiscences and into a unique and entertaining work. (RLJ)

Merlin Books Ltd. Branton, Devon 1988 £6.95 + P&P pp 154

#### Coromandel Pat Barr

The author is one of those rare, lucky people who can alternate between writing fiction and fact, using both with equal facility. In Pat Barr's case, research for her earlier book The Memsahibs has provided a wealth of background information on the lives of 19th century women in India, including the soldiers' wives who led a miserable existence, often brutalised by their husbands'

drinking to escape the monotony of cantonment life. These several strands have been woven into Coromandel making it a most satisfactory book because one knows that the background is authentic. Amelia Lang arrives in the Madras of the 1830s, not as an ingenue, but as a married woman with a young baby. She has gone out to join her husband Theophilus, employed by the Raja of Tanjore, in his ramshackle old palace. Her mother-in-law, Marguerite, survivor of three widowhoods is the grand dame of Madras and makes the young woman welcome, before her journey to Tanjore. Unlike the idealised picture of English life in India, but closer to reality, Theophilus is not the totally devoted husband. His real love is Rukmini, a Hindu woman unhappily married to a Government official, HN Moitra. It is Amelia, ignorant of this liaison, who saves Rukmini from committing suttee on her husband's death and brings her, unwittingly, into contact again with Theophilus. After her husband's death from cholera, it is naturally expected that Amelia will quickly remarry. She is astonished to receive two proposals within hours of each other, from recently bereaved widowers, the Reverend Arbuthnot, and Herbert Wardle. The decencies of a long engagement were hardly to be observed in a country with such a high mortality rate and a shortage of white women. Uncharacteristically, Amelia refuses both men and in a surprise decision, decides to make India her home for good. Thus though the novel does have its dramatic, even melodramatic moments (the idea of suttee is one that fascinates British novelists), it is grounded in the realities of 19th century life. Sarah Murphy, wife of a drunken soldier and servant to Amelia, dies in childbirth; Rukmini, disgraced by refusing to die on her husband's pyre, is abandoned to purdah. Theophilus dies from an all too common disease. Coromandel is a well told story that has won praise from Indian critics for its life-like depiction of the period, and will delight Pat Barr's readers. (RLJ)

Hamish Hamilton 1988 £11.95 + P&P pp 287

#### Dust and Snow - Half a Lifetime In India by C Reginald Cooke

The book, a biographical account covering the first half of the twentieth century from 1901 tells of childhood in India, schooldays in England, life in Indian Government service, shikar, official journeys on elephants through unmapped forests, private flying on home leave, wartime in the Indian army, an active role in the Partition of India, the riots of 1947 and finally service in Pakistan.

It comprises 337 pages, two maps and 62 illustrations. A substantial part of the book is devoted to high climbing in the Himalayas, with a note on the mystery of the Yeti.

It is printed privately, and copies are available from the author or through BACSA at £15 - plus £2.45 P&P within the UK. Allow extra postage for overseas.

4 Court Drive, Shillingford, Oxford OX9 8ER

The British Conquest and Dominion of India by Sir Penderel Moon

For some years before his death in 1987 the veteran India hand Sir Penderel Moon, a life member of BACSA, was engaged in what was to be the culmination of his life's work: a large-scale history of the two centuries of British involvement in India - from the battle of Plassey to the final independence in India and Pakistan some forty years ago. It is a masterly account of men and events. To be fully reviewed in our next issue.

Duckworth (March 1989) £60 + £2.50 P&P (Publisher is donating £5 for every copy ordered through BACSA)

A Soldier of the Company - Life of an Indian Ensign 1833 - 1843 ed. Charles Allen

Albert Hervey arrived as an officer cadet at Madras in 1833, being gazetted an ensign in the Madras Native Infantry within a few days of landing. Although he later rose to the rank of Major General, as did his younger brothers in the Bombay and Bengal armies respectively, his account covers his first ten years in the Madras Army. In 1843, Captain Hervey and his wife returned to Britain on furlough; these reminiscences were probably set down in some form during this three year leave. Hervey refers to a planned second book, but if he did ever write such a book, it would appear never to have been published. By circumstance, Hervey's narrative is more social history rather than military history, for, to his considerable regret, his forty odd years' service were militarily uneventful. Neither he nor the Madras sepoys under him ever got the opportunity to put their mettle to the test in the years in question for, as Charles Allen recalls, "Madras remained enveloped in the calm of the Pax Britannica, seemingly intent on justifying the title of the 'benighted Presidency, where no man stirred and nothing of consequence occurred".

Hervey was shown as on furlough in the Madras list of 1877, dying in Edinburgh in the same year. He thus was saved the ordeal of seeing his Regiment, of which he had been the Colonel Commandant, being disbanded in 1882 as a result of Lord Roberts' postulation, decried in this edition by Charles Allen, and earlier commented on by Philip Mason in 'A Matter of Honour' (1974) that some Indians made good soldiers because they belonged to the "martial races", while others - notably the south Indians - made bad soldiers because they had lost their "ancient fighting spirit". Fifty two battalions of the Madras Native Infantry stood firmly by the British in 1857 - to be rewarded with progressive disbandment, as the British Indian Army moved further north from south India and the Deccan. This edition is illustrated with print and line drawings from the National Army Museum sometimes more from the point of view of availability and not necessarily always pertaining to the Madras Native Infantry. (SLM)

Michael Joseph 1988 £15.95 + P&P pp 224

The Road of Destiny: Darjeeling Letters 1839 Fred Pinn

By the 1830s most of the well known hill stations had already been established; Simla, and Mussoorie, Mahabaleswar for Bombay and Ootacamund for Madras. Only in Calcutta did the British have nowhere close to go to escape the heat of the plains. This book is an account of the search and founding of Darjeeling through the initiative of three determined officers, Grant, Lloyd and Campbell, who identified the site with Government backing and then attempted to open it up and overcome all the difficulties associated with organising a labour force and building a road before there was any infra-structure of bazaars and shelters. The whole scheme came very close to failure and the story of this one crucial year in the creation of a hill station is told through an exchange of letters between those on the spot and the Government in Calcutta, supplemented by often emotionally-charged communications of interested parties to the editors of the local newspapers. This is a blow-by-blow account with the author resisting the temptation to edit and summarise. The result is a mine of information to the research student or future historian but somewhat heavy going and repetitious for the general reader, unless the memory of hill stations spurs them on to wade through some of the official correspondence and fasten on the many fascinating details of wages, cost of food, eating habits of Indians and Europeans, flora and fauna in which the book abounds.

There are also some maps, delightful illustrations and a useful index which make the book a pleasure to own. (TCW)

OUP, Faraday House, P-17 Mission Row Extension, Calcutta 700013: 1986 Rs200 postage extra, pp 304

BOOKS BY NON-MEMBERS (that will interest readers)

Trotternama I. Allan Sealy

For anyone who knows Lucknow, Trotternama will vividly recreate its narrow, crowded streets, still handsome buildings, flowery gardens, and above all the palace of Constantia, known today as La Martiniere. Though this book is nominally a work of fiction, it weaves real and imaginary characters effortlessly throughout its many pages, relating the story of the Trotter family, whose founder Justin Aloysius Trottoire bears some resemblance to General Claude Martin. On 21 June 1799 the Great Trotter ascends above his chateau of Sans Souci, which stands near the Dilkusha Palace, in a balloon of his own making. Unfortunately it is his first and last flight, for he is caught in a cross current of hot air and falls to earth. His body is never found, for it has fallen into the canal and is washed out to sea. A substitute body is interred in the subterranean chambers of Sans Souci and his large household of Indian and European mistresses and domestics are thus freed from his benevolent despotism to pursue their own lives. The story ranges over two centuries - from Mikhail Trotter, the founder's son who, like other Anglo-Indians, raises his own troop to fight for the East India Company, from Thomas Henry Trotter who smuggles a vital message out of the besieged Lucknow Residency in 1857 to the relieving forces (and is rewarded with the Victoria Cross) to Eugene Trotter, miniaturist and present day narrator who still lives in Lucknow. On the way it examines in depth the lives of the Anglo-Indians, of whom the author is one, their dreams, humour, ambitions and the shabby treatment meted out to them at Partition. This was a time of indecision for many as to where they belonged - in a new India or at 'Home' which for most was more a concept than an actual country. It is not possible in a short review to convey the richness of this first novel, the wit and imagery of the writer, nor his curious asides that at first seem irrelevant, yet later essential comments on Indian life. Some will not find it an easy book to read, blending as it does, fantasy with narrative, yet I believe it to be one of the most

important books to have emerged from the new genre of Anglo-Indian writing in the present decade. (RLJ)

Viking Penguin 1988 £12.95 + P&P pp 575

The Night Train at Deoli Ruskin Bond

Ever since I saw the film 'Junoon' years ago I have been an admirer of Bond's, for surely anyone who could bring sensitivity and quietness to a popular Hindi film, must be an author of rare talent. His new volume of short stories, thirty in all, and some very short, portrays the same feeling of gentle and melancholy regard for the past, without undue sentimentality. Some of the stories have a similar theme, that of early, often unrequited love. The one that gives the book its title, 'Night Train at Deoli', is a typical and beautiful example. The writer meets a young basket seller on the station platform, and though during two short encounters they only exchange a few words, the vision of the girl with her eloquent eyes, haunts him every time he makes the same journey. One day, she is simply no longer there. The new station master cannot tell him what has happened to her and though he knows that a few enquiries would probably find her, somehow he is afraid of discovering the truth. In the end he refuses to break his journey at Deoli because 'it may spoil the game' but he continues to pass through the station as often as possible. Many of the stories have a strong autobiographical element of the young Bond growing up in the countryside around Dehra Dun, taught by his father to love and cherish nature. On rainy days the two would 'walk beyond the river bed, armed with cuttings and saplings, planting flowering shrubs between the sal and shisham trees.' "But no one ever comes here" he protests. "Who is to see them?" "Some day" his father answers "someone may come this way". There is also the recurring theme of the young writer leaving his childhood home to take up a post in the city, with feelings both of betrayal towards his friends and a sense of excitement at a future opening out before him. Not all the stories are gentle. 'The Man who was Kipling' is properly a ghost story and 'A Face in the Night' though it takes only five minutes to read gave me a very mauvais quart d'heure. Highly recommended. (RLJ)

Penguin Books, India. 1988 £3.99 in the U.K. Postage extra pp 245.





'many friends wrote to ask for his ashes to be brought back to Dehra Dun. This was also my own preference but... I found there were many stringent European Common Market regulations which made this impossible. But it is in the Doon Valley and especially in the Doon School where John Martyn's heart was and where his memory lives on.' (LH)

The biography is sold in aid of the Doon School Foundation. Dass Media £10 inclusive pp 249 from the author: 18 Nemi Road, Dehra Dun 248001, U.P.

The R.S. Surtees Society has now completed its publication of six facsimile editions of Rudyard Kipling's stories originally published in the Indian Railway Library Series a hundred years ago. The six books are: Soldiers Three; The Story of the Gadsbys; In Black and White; Under the Deodars; The Phantom Rickshaw; and Wee Willie Winkie. The books are both an antidote to recent sensation-seeking biographies of the author and a reminder of how good the literature was that travellers could buy in 1888.

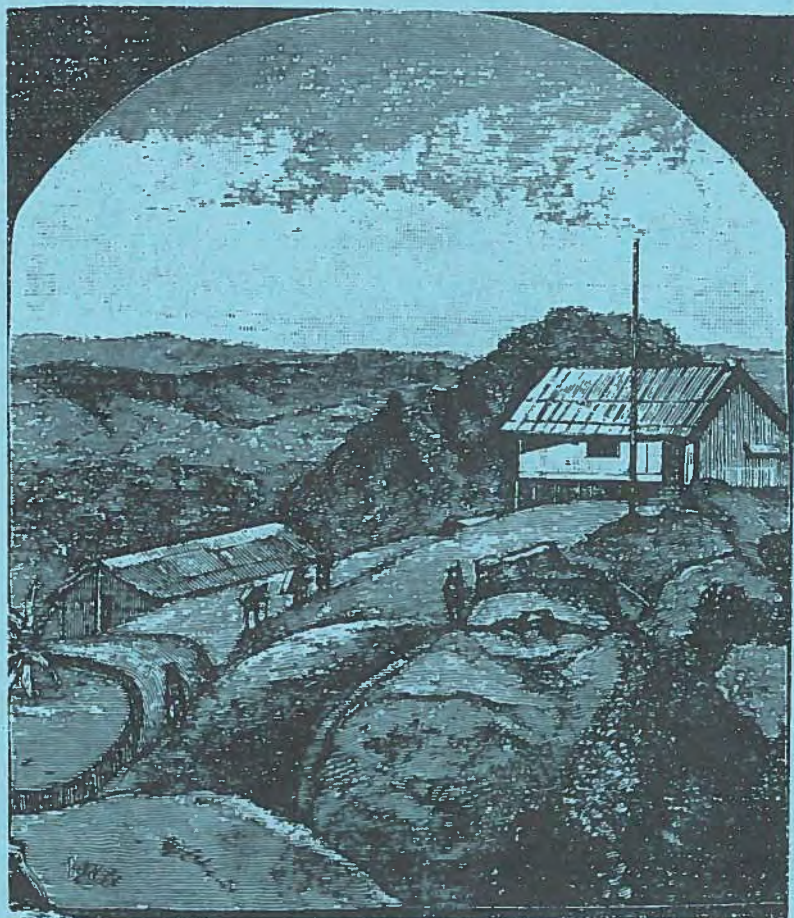
Details from the Hon. Mrs. R.W. Pomeroy, Rockfield House, Nunney, Nr. Frome, Somerset. Tel: 037384 208.

BACSA's latest publication, launched at A.G.M. on 22 March

Far Frontiers; People and Events in North-Eastern India, 1857 - 1947 John Whitehead

This is a lively narrative of some dramatic incidents among the hill tribes on this oft-forgotten frontier of India between 1857 and 1947. There are chapters on the Lushais, Nagas, Lakhers, Abors, Chins and those responsible for pacifying and administering them, concluding with the author's personal memories of the Chins. John Whitehead first became involved with them during the Second World War. After serving with the Mahrattas in the latter stages of the Burma campaign he was posted as training officer to the Chin Hills Battalion, then being converted to an artillery regiment, in which capacity he remained in Burma until 1948.

BACSA £7.50 plus 75p P&P, 220 pages, 15 illustrations (see back cover for sketch of Lewin's house on Sirte Klang)



"Far Frontiers" (see page 68)