



CHOWKIDAR

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British Association For Cemeteries In South Asia (BACSA)

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Notes on BACSA

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

There is a steadily growing membership of over 1,500 (1992) drawn from a wide circle of interest- Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical & Genealogical Societies. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association - the setting up of local committees in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Sri Lanka, Malaysia etc., and the building up of a Records archive in the Oriental and India Office Collections in the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments.

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

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

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A Swiss Regiment in India

'Serendipity' (the faculty of making happy chance finds) was a word coined by Horace Walpole from a fairy tale about three princes of Serendip, the old name for Sri Lanka. It could certainly describe much of Chowkidar's mailbag, when seemingly random pieces of information come in and can then be fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle. Dr. Konrad Specker of Neuchatel had asked for details of the Swiss in India, and had mentioned the De Meuron Regiment raised in his home town, who served in India. Almost simultaneously BACSA member David Barnard sent in a report on the Garrison Cemetery at Seringapatam, which contains, among others, the grave of Lt. Col. H.D. de Meuron. The large cemetery lies on the bank of the south branch of the river Cauvery and 207 monuments are listed in it, the earliest dated 1800, just one year after Tipu Sultan's final defeat and death. Presumably, Mr. Barnard writes, families either accompanied our siege forces or arrived immediately afterwards. 'It is approached by the side of a paddy field which had overflowed, necessitating a not unpleasant wade through three inches of warm water..... and is half overgrown with lush vegetation and palms and the remainder grass, shaded by large trees. Many fine memorials survive in a reasonable state of preservation.'

The founder of the Swiss Regiment was Major General Charles Daniell de Meuron (1738-1806) and the force of 1,020 men fought originally for the Dutch East India Company. After serving at the Cape, the Regiment fought against the English Company at Cuddalore, but was ceded to them after being defeated in Ceylon in 1795. By that time the Regiment was under the command of Pierre Frederich de Meuron, brother of Charles. Pierre was made Military Governor of Ceylon for a year and his troops subsequently fought at Vellore, Arni and in the Seringapatam campaign of 1799. Both brothers survived to retire and die at Neuchatel, so the grave Mr. Barnard found must be that of a relative. The Regiment was finally disbanded in Canada in 1813. The Seringapatam de Meuron grave and two others connected with the Regiment have been privately restored, and here too is 'a small stone commemorating a 23 year old girl, Naizer Rattan, who is recorded as a native of Tellenga, a good friend of Sgt. Mieville of the Regiment. Altogether a most interesting cemetery, still finely walled, and leaving one with a most remarkable sense of verdant beauty and tranquillity'. (See page 79)

Another BACSA member, Major Ian McCulloch, of the Royal Canadian Regiment, has found two useful books, the first a regimental history (published 1982) by Guy de Meuron, descendant of its first Colonel, and the second by Lt. Frederic de Graffenried, who served on in Canada from 1813 to 1819. Thus a chance enquiry has led to these adventurous Swiss mercenaries being placed in their proper context in India's military history.

Mail Box

Chowkidar's article on Ross Island in the Andamans brought back tragic memories for two BACSA members, Mr. and Mrs. L.K. Rayner. The 30 April 1992 marked the fiftieth anniversary of the execution of Mrs. Rayner's father, A.G. Bird, by the occupying Japanese. A simple tomb on Ross was erected after the war by brother officers to Mr. Bird, who was a reserve army officer and Secretary to the Chief Commissioner, Mr. Waterfall. The Japanese landed on the night of 22 March 1942 and the majority of Europeans made a last minute escape by diesel launch to Madras. Five men stayed on and Mr. Rayner speculates that they may have done so out of a sense of loyalty to the Indian convicts in the cellular jail at Aberdeen. Perhaps they had hoped to hand over the administration, in a dignified fashion, to the Japanese authority, but if so, they had tragically misjudged the situation after the fall of Singapore. Mr. Waterfall and three others survived the war in a prison camp in Rangoon, greatly debilitated. Mr. Bird was publicly beheaded with a sword, after an announcement in the local English language newspaper had ordered everyone to attend the execution. The Indian inhabitants were treated equally cruelly, by starvation and murder, culminating in the massacre at Humphrey Gunge in 1944. Here the local intelligentsia of differing religions, teachers and community leaders who had had previous associations with the British, were shot and buried in a mass grave. A memorial to the 44 civilians who died has been erected by a man whose father was one of those murdered.

On a happier note, the Rayners received a great welcome when they returned to Port Blair in 1986, 'the local people were amazed to meet white people who had lived there as children and had a knowledge (however faulty) of language and customs'. Four of 'Chiri' Bird's surviving children live in England, also his widow, aged 92. Subsequently Mrs. Jyotsna Govil, wife of Vice Admiral Govil, former Fortress Commander on Ross, contacted them while researching the island's history, with the intention of setting up a small museum of local memorabilia. Another BACSA member, author Lee Langley, visited Ross recently while researching for her new novel 'Persistent Rumours' (reviewed on p.82). She took some striking photographs of the ruined church and the derelict British cemetery with its broken tombs embraced by the roots of the encroaching banyans. (see p.78)

Saleem Ahmadullah of Bombay has kindly sent in a photograph of a most unusual tomb at Mahabaleshwar, with an accompanying article. The pyramidal tomb with its twin inscriptions stands in the garden of a bungalow called 'Four Oaks' but is certainly older than the bungalow. The hill station of Mahabaleshwar lies in the Western ghats, south of Poona and Bombay. It was John Malcolm, Governor of Bombay between 1827-1830 who first moved here to escape the summer heat and he was followed by the Raja and British Resident of neighbouring Satara. A British

cemetery was of course established, but this isolated tomb, which stood on land adjacent to Sindola Park, predates it, and is the third earliest burial at Mahabaleshwar. Little is now decipherable from the two weatherbeaten slates, which have been eroded by the annual heavy monsoons. The hill station's history was written by Rao Bahadur D.B. Parasnis in 1916 and he says that the tomb is that of Colin Campbell Robertson, who died on 20 March 1829 and his sister Matilda who died a year later. They were children of Lieut. Col. Robertson of the Bombay European Regiment, and Resident at Satara during Malcolm's time. The Residency bungalow stood nearby and it seems likely that the tomb was erected in the grieving father's garden. Mr. Ahmadullah tells us that 'Four Oaks' is now owned by Dr. Husseini, and, as the photograph on p.79 shows, the tomb is well maintained. He has traced the ownership of the bungalow back to 1897 when it belonged to a Mr. Dinshaw Jamsetjee.

Not many tourists in Delhi find their way to the cantonment church of St. Martin's, south of the city. Yet it is probably the most striking piece of modern architecture erected by the British anywhere in India, and one that fills the viewer with awe at its simplicity and strength. Begun by Arthur Shoosmith in 1929, the foundation stone was laid by Sir William Birdwood. It is built almost entirely in red brick, and is unique in that it has no windows, only loopholes in the tower. The British never forgot the attack of 1857 around the church at Meerut. The interior is just as plain, the pulpit designed as a stream lined curve flowing out from the wall. There are only two inscriptions, one to the architect, who died in 1974, and the second to British Other Ranks whose wives and children died between 1937 and 1939. There is no attached cemetery. Recently St. Martin's has been hard pressed to maintain itself and an appeal was made for the modest sum of £2,500 in 'The Independent' newspaper. Readers contributed more than twice that amount, so not only is the building now safe, but the little school that the Rev. Raj Murch runs in the church will benefit too. Visitors are welcome, and indeed urged to visit and support this remarkable building.

Another encouraging story of recent restoration, this time entirely Indian inspired, came to Chowkidar from an article by Col. J.V.P. Braganza in the April edition of the Royal Engineers Journal. It told of the small British cemetery at Satara, about 50 miles south of Poona and it began in 1964 when a party of Bombay Sappers, bivouacking there, decided to explore. 'They were astounded to stumble across the grave of one of their Colonels Commandant, Lieut. General William West Goodfellow CB, who died there on 18 September 1901 at the age of 68 years. The stones of the grave had been displaced, and the cross at the head broken by stray animals that had entered the enclosure to graze. The inscription on the three rectangular marble blocks which had formed the pedestal for the cross, was intact.' Information was sought from the Institution of Royal Engineers at Chatham and General Goodfellow's distinguished career was put together. He had been com-

missioned ensign in 1850 and posted to the Bombay Sappers and Miners. He served under Sir Robert Napier during the Abyssinia expedition of 1867, opening up communications to the almost impregnable fortress of Magdala. Returning to India, he was seconded to the PWD, first at Belgaum and then Satara, building many of the roads, bridges and Government buildings still standing today. Both his father and grandfather also served with the Bombay Sappers and Miners, and all three attained the rank of General and were appointed Colonels Commandant of their Regiment, surely a unique record for one family. 'At a short, but moving ceremony on Christmas Eve 1991, the officiating Commandant of the Bombay Engineer group and Centre, Col. T.G. Shanker, laid a new tombstone on the old grave of General Goodfellow after the local Anglican pastor had blessed it.' Two buglers sounded the Last Post, followed by the Reveille. Two gul mohur trees were planted on each side of the grave and an ex-Subedar of the Sappers, living close by, volunteered to keep an eye on the grave. The new plinth of the tomb is of black Cuddappah stone and the original inscription has been carefully copied on to a new marble slab, followed by the words 'A tribute of loyalty and respect of the Bombay Sappers, December 1991'. The original pedestal stones are now safe in the Group Museum at Kirkee and along with the 'Goodfellow Road, serve as a 'singular memento to an outstanding family'.

Chowkidar is always particularly pleased to receive reports on British cemeteries from people living in India, because without this sustained concern it would not be possible for BACSA to function effectively. Theodore Baskaran recently told us that he has been interested in cemeteries for several years, and hopes to send an article on the tombs near Shorapur. His friend, Mr. A.J. Anandan, a senior Police Officer, shares the same interest and has sent in some notes on graves of Kaladagi. This is a village on the Belgaum-Raichur highway and was once the headquarters of Bijapur district and a British cantonment town. The walled cemetery lies about a hundred yards west of the highway, amidst jowar fields. There is no adjoining church. 'The cemetery has 38 graves, of rough sand mortar with crude local slab stones serving with epitaphs. The earliest tombstone found is 1816 and the latest 1859, five years before the Kaladagi collectorate was formed. There are only two epitaphs left intact, the others being just a sentence or two. The one of the grave of Mary Ann King, wife of Lieut. Henry Rice King, who died on 11th July 1822, at the age of 22 reads: "Go thy way and forget not thyself/ Remember that today thou hast life in thy power/ tomorrow perhaps thou may be a breathless corpse". The second tomb is that of five year old Mary Ann Hessing, who died on 12 September 1850, and is unusual in that it was sculptured by her brother G.E. Hessing. Barely a year later, he succumbed to cholera and is buried next to his little sister. Lieuts. C.H. Kensington and Thomas Alexander Stannus of the 14th Regiment, Madras Native Infantry, were drowned when their boat capsized in a nullah east of the cantonment. They were both in their early 30s.

The Hon. Secretary of the Baluch Officers' Dinner Club, Major Mike Farrant has informed BACSA of a distressing report 'in the Daily Mail that remains of British Commonwealth troops, who were forced to work on the railway and infamous Bridge over the River Kwai, were being disinterred by people joining organised package tours from Japan'. Both the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and the British Consulate are investigating. A new found interest in the Second World War has emerged in Japan, and a major television series is currently being filmed, including interviews with British veterans. It is very unfortunate if this interest is now leading to the desecration of war graves.

In October 1982 Chowkidar carried a few lines about the grave, in the Himalayan Bhyundar Valley, of Joan Margaret Legge, daughter of the sixth Earl of Dartmouth. Lady Legge had died in the Valley of Flowers, while collecting plant specimens for friends and for Kew Gardens. Her death, on 4 July 1939, was due to an accident caused by the treacherous nature of the ground after heavy rains. Christel Lorek from Germany, a pharmacist with a keen interest in botany, found the grave during a recent visit and has become deeply caught up in the story, for, as she writes, that there are many unanswered questions. The present Earl of Dartmouth remembers his aunt as being interested in farming and botany, although other members of the family were unaware of this. It was not until after her father's death that Lady Legge began her travels. She was unmarried, and seems to fall into that category of redoubtable English woman, whose talents were perhaps never utilised to the full, although she led a busy life as JP for Staffordshire and County Commissioner. Her love of plants took her to the Valley of Flowers, and her death. Her tomb is a rough cairn of stones, with a marble tablet propped up against it, which appears to have been moved, and certainly cleaned, since 1982. The inscription simply records her name and dates, followed by the lines 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills....' The same lines are repeated below in Hindi, with the name 'Mary', also in Hindi. Surely very few modern English tombs have a vernacular inscription? Who erected the stone, wonders Ms. Lorek, and was Lady Legge alone when she died? 'It is no personal curiosity, but I was so much affected when seeing the grave... as I want to write also about her.' Do BACSA members recall the incident, or are there any memories of the amateur botanist in England? Letters please to the BACSA Secretary. (See page 78)

Can You Help?

A surprisingly good response came in after a query in the last Chowkidar, when Jane Robinson asked for little known accounts by British women about the 1857 uprising. It may have seemed that everything was already known of the dramatic flights and rescues of this period, but several BACSA members were able to provide new material. Among them was Lady Bellew of Cheltenham; Richard Muir from Haslemere, who has a copy of his great-great-grandmother's diary from

Cawnpore; Mrs. Ann Macdonald who provided a copy of Madeleine Jackson's accounts from Sitapur and Lucknow; Mrs. Elizabeth Sharp Paul, whose great-great-aunt escaped from Lucknow, and Mr. Cecil Wilkins of Devon, whose great-grandmother, Esther Anne Betts, nee Nicholson, escaped from 'an isolated district of Gorruckpore with minutes to spare'. The opening paragraph of Esther Anne's story begins simply: 'I have often been asked to write an account of my experiences in the terrible year of 1857 and this being the anniversary of the day we had to fly for our lives forty-five years ago, my thoughts naturally dwell on the subject and recall very vividly all that occurred, so that I feel that I cannot do better than occupy this quiet afternoon in writing out my reminiscences, which may perhaps be of interest to my children and grandchildren hereafter...' Mr. Wilkins adds that he has a small photograph of his great-grandmother, taken in 1933 and three items of silver plate which 'were snatched from the breakfast table and flung into a well as the mutineers, accompanied by a bazaar rabble, approached.' It is little touches like this that bring the past so vividly to life and illustrate the value of tapping the knowledge of BACSA members.

The old city of Lucknow often features in accounts of 1857, not surprisingly since its British inhabitants, together with many Indians loyal to the East India Company, were besieged there for six months in the Residency. But BACSA member Dr. G.D.S. Beechey reminds us of an earlier period when his great-great-grandfather, George Duncan Beechey was portrait painter to the Nawabs of Awadh. Dr. Beechey had enquired about his ancestor's grave and the Editor was able to tell him that it is almost certainly in the deserted cantonment cemetery of Mariaon, to the north of Lucknow. Dr. Beechey was also interested in the whereabouts of a splendid portrait painted by George Duncan, of the young Duleep Singh, aged about 15 years. Readers will recall that the Maharaja Duleep Singh was one of Queen Victoria's favourites, and the handsome young man was later painted by Winterhalter. The Beechey portrait shows him unbearded, festooned with jewels and pearls, in a green jacket. It was bought by a Sikh charitable group when it came up for sale at Sotheby's in May 1990. Because most of George Duncan's work was unfortunately lost at sea on its way to an exhibition at the Royal Academy, London any surviving works are indeed rare, and Dr. Beechey would like to contact the present owners of this painting.

Rupert Ridge from Bristol has written in with a fascinating account of his extensive family and its Indian connections. He is particularly interested in learning more about his great-great-grandfather, Major Robert Thomas Ridge who served in the Indian Army and distinguished himself under Cornwallis, either between 1786 and 1793 or 1804-5. It seems extraordinary that only four generations take Mr. Ridge back to his soldier ancestor, but span two hundred years. Major Ridge married his second wife Anna Maria Buthorne, late in life and was an old man when his second family was born. In turn, his son, another Robert Thomas, born

1814, married late and was 66 years old when *his* son was born, his wife living on until 1922. The Ridge family lived at Kilmeston Manor between 1700 and 1801 and information is needed to complete a family history. Rupert Ridge's mother was a Pattle and he himself is married to Mary Blanche Gibbs, his 4th cousin once removed, descendant of James Pattle (1775-1845), whose curious temporary interment in a barrel of spirits was the subject of a rather ribald article in 'The Independent' in 1989. The Pattle family are of course well known in India and England through their many illustrious connections, including the de l'Etangs of Ghazipur, the Ricketts family, Julia Margaret Cameron, the Victorian photographer, the Colebokes, the Duckworths, and Virginia Woolf, the writer. Letters please to Mr. Ridge at Brockley Elm House, Brockley, Backwell, Bristol BS1 93AQ, with a copy, if possible, to BACSA.

The little Hunza-Nagar campaign of 1891 is now almost forgotten, but at the time it was seen as teaching the Russians an important lesson in non-interference with India's northern boundaries. Two British officers, one of them Captain Younghusband, journeying to India through the Pamirs and Gilgit, were ordered to leave 'Russian' territory and a party of Cossacks crossed the Hindu Kush, thus infringing the Anglo-Russian treaty of 1873. It was necessary to send a detachment of the 5th Gurkhas to Gilgit, over the Baroghil Pass in October. Many suffered from frostbite, and it proved difficult to get stores to the men as winter set in. Dr. Henry Daniel McCulloch was sent up from Kashmir to persuade porters over the 13,500 foot pass, to treat any frostbite cases on the spot and to treat soldiers in the Astor hospital. He acquitted himself well, winning praise from the Governor-General. The Hunza chieftain, who had sided with the Russians, was flushed out from his 'almost inaccessible position' and three Victoria Crosses were subsequently awarded. Dr. McCulloch's great-grandson, Major Ian McCulloch of The Royal Canadian Regiment, and a BACSA member, sent in copies of his testimonials and a photograph of the brave doctor. He would welcome further information on the campaign, especially from descendants of his great-grandfather's colleagues, Surgeon Captain J. Chaytor-White, IMS, or Surgeon Lieut. Col. A. Deane. Dr. McCulloch worked for at least six years for the State of Kashmir's Medical Department, being Superintendent of Vaccination, and left in 1895 to take up a post in Gwalior. Letters please via the BACSA Secretary.

Christopher Dracott is seeking information on his 'grand aunt' Alice Elizabeth Dracott, the writer. While living in Simla she wrote 'Simla Village Tales' (1906) and later published books on Indian folklore and mysticism. Our enquirer believes that another volume, 'Until the shadows flee away - the work of the Church of England Zenana Mission Society in India' by 'AD' may also be from her pen. Could any readers confirm this and add something more about Alice Dracott? Information on other members of this large Simla family would also be welcomed, especially on Mr. Dracott's grandfather, Frank Herbert, and his own father,

Francis Edward George Hammond, who was sent to Bishop's High School, Poona before continuing his education in England.

BACSA member Mr. A.R. Allen tells us that in 1944 he was 'in charge of a small group of vehicles which had to proceed from Badshahibagh, just south of the Timli pass in the Siwaliks to a village not far from Nahan on the other side of the Yamuna in what was then the state of Sirmur'. He had to go the long way round via Saharanpur, Jagadhri and Kala Amb and somewhere on that stretch, stopping for a statutory halt, noticed on the northern side of the road a burial ground surrounded by an 'iron fence. The dogs barked, the caravan moved on and I have never been back.' Was there really a cemetery there, asks Mr. Allen. If so, can BACSA members provide further details? Were these, we wonder, the same tombs described in an earlier number (Vol 5, No 4).

Mrs. Yvonne Lewis is researching her family, and is seeking information on the brothers (and their descendants) of General Sir Hugh Rose of 1857 fame. He later became Field Marshal and was created Baron Strathnairn. He died unmarried. Mrs. Lewis is hoping to find the connection between his brothers and her grandfather George Enderwick Rose, believed to be the General's nephew. Letters please to BACSA Secretary.

Mrs. Sheila Unwin is currently researching in Baluchistan, and kindly sent in photographs of the tombs of two British women found there in the remote area of Gwadar. The tombs stand 'within a household compound not far from the British Residency (or whatever it was called) on the eastern shore of the isthmus'. The local Zikree community identified the site as a place where the British used to go "to drink tea and whiskey"! and it may be a site where Christian services and burials were held. One tomb can be identified as that of Anne (?) Therese, wife of W.J. Towell, dated 1869, but the second is too eroded to make much sense. Mrs. Unwin's own query is about the site of her grandfather's grave, that of Major William Thomas Mills, Royal Artillery. Unfortunately, because of family disagreements, she has no further details, but believes he may have died at sea, possibly off Suez, between 1895 and 1900. She thinks that he may have been the illegitimate son of an aristocratic father, which would account for the aura of secrecy surrounding him, and believes that he may have been put into the Army to provide him with a career. Any information or ideas would be welcome.

Lady Bellew, mentioned above, has a request for a 'little book, more a pamphlet', called 'Our Escape', written by Mrs. Irwin and published by 'The Temple Press' of Dunkalk, Ireland about 1860, which she needs for a book she is writing. Her copy, annotated by W.S. Irwin, the child mentioned in the pamphlet, has unfortunately gone missing, and the India Office Library do not seem to have a copy.

Chowkidar readers may recall that in reporting the 'Art of Death' exhibition at the V & A Museum, London, earlier this year, we mentioned 'footstones' at the bottom of graves, and asked for any Indian examples. Sue Farrington, who has painstakingly covered practically the whole of Pakistan was able to tell us of the Peshawar Cantonment grave of Lieut. Gray Grayrigge, Royal Corps of Signals, who died on 13 October 1931. Touchingly his 'footstone' was brought from his home at Grange Over Sands, Wood Broughton, England, and is a hollowed-out stone that looks as if it was meant to be a birdbath, though it is now filled with dry leaves.

The Story of the Polehamptons

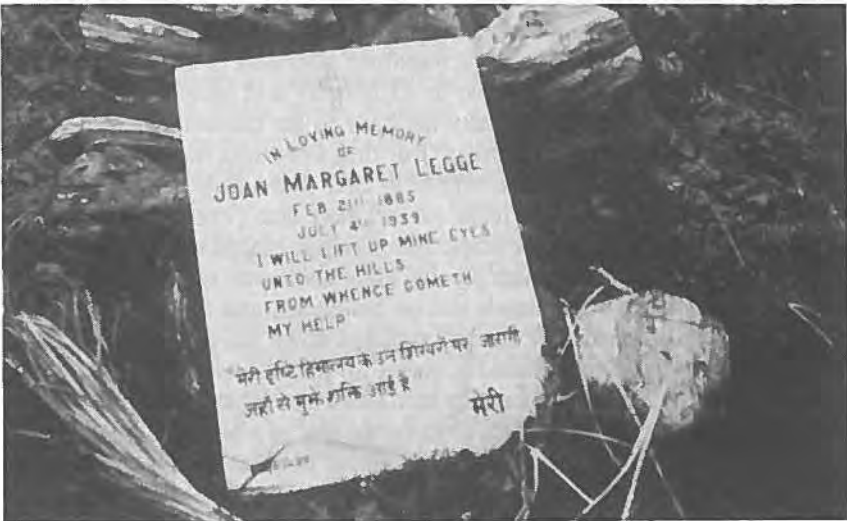
On 4 January 1856 Henry Polehampton and his bride Emily left England in the *SS Pera* for India to take up a post as Chaplain to the East India Company. Henry was born in 1824 at Greenford, Middlesex, where his father was vicar, and after an education at Eton and Oxford, he served his curacy at St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, where his maternal grandfather had been vicar for forty years. Here he met Emily, the daughter of a local barrister, and after a courtship of three years, the couple married in 1855. Travellers bound for the East could now go overland from Alexandria to Suez, and the Polehamptons arrived in Calcutta at the end of February, a journey of less than two months. Henry was given a choice of four stations, and on the advice of his brother-in-law, the artist Henry Salt, chose Lucknow, which Salt had visited. It was to prove a terrible mistake. There were already rumours of insurrection among the Indian regiments, though the couple settled in well enough in the cantonment, after a week's journey up-country. Their furniture duly arrived from Cawnpore, and they acquired a little spaniel called Chloe.

Their happiness seemed complete when a son was born to them at the end of the year, but he only survived a few days. Henry's letter to his mother about the brief life of his child, is described by Veronica Bamfield, who sent in this account, as 'one of the most moving letters I know, in its honesty and simplicity'. Henry borrowed a 'little closed carriage' to carry the baby to the cantonment cemetery 'the only ride we shall ever have together! But first there was the cruel task of taking him away from his mother. She begged to have him a little while longer... and wept over him in a manner which made me feel more than I ever felt in my life. Then she had the coffin put where the cradle had been and placed him in it herself, and put some little dark red roses which grow in great luxuriance in our garden and of which she is very fond, in his hands and on his breast, and then she bravely covered him up, and I carried him out and fastened down the coffin out of her hearing. I cannot tell you how I suffered at seeing all this. Captain Hayes and Dr. Partridge took the coffin, carrying it slung at each end with a white cloth, and I read the service. I had had a brick grave made close by the side of a beautiful little tomb under which Mrs. Forbes' little girl lies. Captain Hayes who has always shown the



Above: The abandoned cemetery on Ross Island (see p. 70)

Below: Lady Legge's grave in the Himalayas (see p. 73)



Above: Lt. Col. H.D. De Meuron's tomb at Seringapatam (see p. 69)

Below: The Robertson tomb at Mahabaleshwar (see p. 70)



greatest feeling, threw a rose in upon the coffin. We stayed and saw the grave arched over - and then I left my first born to lie there, till the sounding of the Archangel's trumpet. When I came back I found Emmie very calm and so she has continued ever since.'

Six months later Henry himself was dead. As the uprising of 1857 exploded in a night of violence, the Polehamptons fled from the cantonment to the precarious security of the Residency in the heart of the city. Here Britons, Europeans and Indians were besieged, constantly under fire from near-by snipers. As Emily nursed the sick, Henry ministered to the dying, and was wounded early in July. He might have recovered, but was struck down with cholera and died on 20th of that month. It was impossible to bury him next to his baby son, and he was interred near the Residency church where he had preached the Sunday sermons. Emily survived the siege and the long journey to safety at Allahabad. She had little to take with her from Lucknow, except Henry's sermons which she carried in a large pocket round her waistband, an 'overland box' and the only other thing 'I really cared about was my harmonium which I valued very much because it was given us by the 52nd Regiment (Queens). It has been lying in the church uninjured throughout the siege, and this I have managed to save'. The harmonium was carried down to Calcutta by wagon, and safely shipped aboard the *Himalaya*. Emily returned to England in June 1858 and she later married Henry Marion Durand, who became Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab. She died in 1905. Both the Polehamptons are commemorated by tablets at St. Chad's with St. Mary, in Shrewsbury, Henry's memorial is marble and Emily's (under the name Durand) in bronze. They are a far cry from the little brick grave in the cantonment at Lucknow, now an isolated, walled site among quiet fields.

Notice Board

Royal Commonwealth Society Library

When plans were announced to sell off the Library earlier this year, many people were saddened that a unique collection should be split up. Newspaper articles wrote of a wealth of material, including much of interest to students of the Indian sub-continent and of course, further East. Now it is hoped that a British University may be able to take the Library as a whole and fund-raising plans are underway. The Library is still in situ at Northumberland Avenue, WC2 and can operate a limited service, although readers should telephone first (071 930 6733).

Periyar Dam, Kerala

If any BACSA members are visiting the Wildlife Sanctuary at Periyar, could they please check on the condition of the cemetery located near the dam on the lake? It may perhaps be more easily reached by boat than by road. The cemetery

apparently has 14 graves and was abandoned in 1960. Information and photographs would be welcomed by Henry Brownrigg, and of course, Chowkidar.

Chiang Mai Foreign Cemetery, Thailand

Roy Hudson sends the following brief report: Funds rose by 7% in 1991 despite the cost of extensive repairs to the caretaker's house. Major repairs to the roof of the Wood Memorial Chapel were met by a donation from Miss Rose Wood. The cemetery was established in 1898 when the British Consul approached the local authorities on behalf of American missionaries and British teakwallahs for land to use by foreign nationals resident in the north of Siam. The cemetery committee, which cares for the 82 graves and monuments, is an Associate Member of BACSA and the Chairman is now John Shaw, HBM's Honorary Consul in Chiang Mai. Copies of *De Mortuis: the story of the Chiang Mai Foreign Cemetery* by Major Richard Wood are available from the BACSA secretary at £1.50 + postage 50p

The Afghan Church, Bombay

Funds are being raised for the restoration of the church of St. John the Evangelist, known as the 'Afghan Church', which was conceived as a memorial to Britons who fell in the first Afghan War of 1838-42. It was the first Gothic Revival church in India, and many of the interior furnishings were designed by William Butterfield, with very fine stained glass windows by William Wailes. The spire is nearly 200 feet high. Now urgent repairs are needed and a group of people have come together, from many different religions, to form the Friends of the Afghan Church. The British Chapter is being co-ordinated through Mr. R.R. Hardcastle, Lawn Cottage, Camden Park, Royal Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 4TN, to whom donations may be sent.

The Nehru Centre

This summer saw the opening of an Indian cultural centre in the heart of London. The Nehru Centre is intended to provide a focus for events that will interest Londoners, and has already hosted a symposium on Bombay and a celebration of Dadabhoi Naoroji, the first Parsi MP to be elected to the House of Commons exactly a hundred years ago. As yet, programmes of forthcoming events have not been published, but those interested may phone the Director, Mr. Gopal Gandhi on 071 836 8484 to find out what is planned.

Books by BACSA Authors

Persistent Rumours Lee Langley

When the author's last book 'Changes of Address' was reviewed in Chowkidar (Autumn 1987) I described it as a most unusual novel 'lucid and beautifully written', because it was simply one of the best books published that year. It sunk almost without trace. Now, five years on, Langley has produced another excellent novel, set in the Andamans, and this time, reviewers have been falling over themselves to praise it, complaining that they knew nothing of her earlier books. Well, the answer is, 'read Chowkidar'! At the beginning of 'Persistent Rumours' Dr. James Oakley, a geographer, and his wife Daisy fly to Ross Island, James's birthplace, for what seems like a conventional holiday. But there are already hints of sadness, with two older siblings who died in infancy and were buried in the Ross Cemetery, and mystery, in a painful flashback. The eight year old James is at an English boarding-school when an embarrassed head-master breaks the news. 'Best not to beat around the bush. To put it plainly, your mother - Mrs. Oakley is - she has, um, died... it seems she was drowned... it's a bad business, my boy. But you'll get over it'. His mother's death haunts James through childhood and colours all his adult life. It makes him afraid to trust or to love people again, in case they, too, abandon him, as his mother seems to have done. His wife, Daisy, who fell in love with her future husband as a child, realises that she can never, quite, match up to his expectations. This makes her uncertain about her own role. A hitherto confident woman, she goes shopping for clothes, but finds 'she no longer knew what she was - Was she French Connection or Jean Muir? Laura Ashley or Jaeger?'

The leitmotiv that runs through the book is the diary of Elizabeth, James's mother, who as a young bride, in the 1890s, records her own impressions of Ross, the prison island, with its indigenous tribes, including the Jawara, 'so hostile that not only the villagers but the troops go in fear of them'. The counterpoint between the almost cosy English life led in neat little bungalows in Ross and Aberdeen and the primitive, dangerous world outside makes for dramatic reading. The book's climax brings together all the themes so carefully explored earlier, James's determination to solve the mystery of his mother's death, Daisy's long suppressed feelings for her husband, and Elizabeth's tragic fate. A masterly work, meticulously researched, lovingly written, that deserves all its accolades. (RLJ)

1992 Heinemann £14.99 plus £1.50 postage pp294

City of Gold: the biography of Bombay Gillian Tindall

This book was first published in 1982, and is now reissued in paperback, but is well worth noting, because it is the most comprehensive urban history of India's premier port. It is hard to realise today, standing on Ballard Pier, that the huge sprawl of Bombay is constructed over seven small islands, which account for less

than half the present land surface. Gradually, as the Portuguese, and then the British moved in, areas were drained and linked together, a process that has accelerated today, as the Back Bay Reclamation scheme shows. Bombay never rivalled Calcutta, with its Chowringhee mansions, as a handsome place. It remained, during the 18th century at least, provincial. But it was to become India's first industrial city, the very model of a prosperous Victorian town like Birmingham, even down to the typhoid and cholera epidemics which haunted both India and Britain in the 19th century. Ironically, in the light of Birmingham's almost complete success in eradicating all the interesting Victorian buildings at its heart, Bombay is today, one of the finest examples of a neo-Gothic city anywhere in the world. It has a toughness about it too, as though those mid-Victorian engineers in their stove-pipe hats, with their new technology, were still somewhere at work. In a new Foreword for this edition, Tindall brings the story up to date, and finds, encouragingly, that although a little has been lost, including the sub-Post Office in Khetwadi, Dr. Wilson's old bungalow 'a piece of pointless destruction' there is a new interest in Bombay's history, and valuable work is being done on restoring buildings like the Victoria Terminus, the Law Courts and the Rajubai Tower, which are now floodlit at night. The Flora Fountain too, is now re-plumbed, and its garden rejuvenated. Bombay is thus fortunate that her citizens have come to appreciate their heritage and that in fact, most of it is still there to appreciate. (It is a pity that this present edition does not include the photographs of the hardback book.) (RLJ)

1992 Penguin £6.99 plus 50p postage pp217

John Chalmers: Letters from the Indian Mutiny 1857-1859 ed. Richard Terrell

In 1904 the letters of John Chalmers, a soldier who fought during the 1857 uprising, were published in Edinburgh. Recently, one of his descendants thought that they might be worth reprinting, and approached the author, who has woven them into this instructive book. Terrell has examined the causes of the uprising in some depth, concluding that the main reason was the growth of the evangelical movement in the early 19th century, which alienated Hindu and Muslim alike. He sets the scene for the spark that lit the troubles, and gives a brief account of John Chalmers, born in Dorset (though of Scottish origin) in 1821. Little is known about his life, except that he married Sibyl Hughes in the mid 1840s and that he worked as an engineer on the Lahore-Peshawar trunk road, presumably rejoining the Army in 1857. But his letters bring him vividly to life, and it is the trivial but fascinating details in them which are valuable to the historian. Quite matter of factly he writes from camp near Amballa 'It has been proposed to burn every village within 3 miles of the road, and shoot every man not a soldier or camp follower found within these limits after a certain notice; and this, no doubt, would be effectual, but I hope it will not be ordered until we have got past, as I should not like to be delayed from the grand business [the recapture of Delhi], and that hanging and village burning,

although a necessary, is but a dirty business at best.' There is more in the same vein, and of course, plenty of military detail, backed up by Terrell's thoughtful analysis. A well constructed little book, nicely presented. (RLJ)

1992 Michael Russell Publishing Ltd. £14.95 plus £1 postage pp192

Hell's Foundations, A Town, Its Myths and Gallipoli Geoffrey Moorhouse

The author has written an interesting account of the relationship between the Lancashire town of Bury, the men who volunteered for service in the First World War, and the action at Gallipoli. The book covers the story of the town and its relationship with the Lancashire Fusiliers which had Bury as their regimental home. In the Gallipoli landings of 25 April 1915 and in the months that followed the town lost a large proportion of its youth. The author records that by May 1915 'some 7,000 Bury men had already gone to war'. Many more were to follow before the end of the conflict. The Lancashire Fusiliers lost 1,816 men killed at Gallipoli alone, and during the whole of the Great War 13,642 officers and men of the regiment had been killed. Moorhouse writes that the 'Six VCs Before Breakfast' won by the Lancashire Fusiliers in the Dardanelles could not be regarded as compensation for the casualties.

The book is a review of the town of Bury, its connection with the disaster at Gallipoli and the myths that have been generated resulting from what was a disaster in naval and military operation. Not only did the Lancashire Fusiliers suffer heavy casualties, but also the Royal Naval Division, and the many regiments from the UK and the Commonwealth, had heavy casualties. However as the book is devoted to Bury and its regiment the emphasis is on that aspect. The 29th Indian Division is mentioned only once but the Indian casualty figure is given in the overall picture of casualties. The book is interesting as a piece of social history writing but really adds little to the story of Gallipoli for the military historian. The book contains a number of illustrations including the famous one from the Illustrated London News 'Lancashire Landing' and comments on the accuracy of the picture which featured Captain R.R. Willis VC. (AGH)

1992 Hodder & Stoughton £19.99 plus £1.50 postage pp255

Calcutta Through British Eyes: 1690 to 1990 Laura Sykes

This is a most amusing and interesting anthology about that most controversial city, Calcutta. Previous books have dealt with it as a British city, and cover its history, manners and social behaviour going back a century and a half. Sykes, who has chosen and edited the excerpts is uniquely qualified to discuss Calcutta in its totality, from its founding in 1690, until the present day, and the half century since Independence. Before that it was a British city. Now it is an Indian, mainly Bengali city. The excerpts are chosen with care and humour, and range in time from the earliest references to recent times. Nostalgia is there. The remaining old names of

streets, square, and houses, institutions, remind us of the past. Sykes' approach is robust and wide ranging and affectionate. It is based on her intimate personal knowledge of many facets of this intriguing city. Her introduction is excellent, as is the preamble to each chapter. Despite the enormous changes which have overtaken Calcutta in the last fifty years, its essential character and that of its people remain. The unexpected kindnesses, the sense of humour, the astonishing forbearance, are all there, as unchanging as the great river that runs through it on its way to the sea. The people may not be aware of those who preceded them and whose ghosts linger in the South Park Street Cemetery, but their aura is still there. This book is easy to read and enjoy, well constructed and laid out. It is engrossing enough to read through at once and then to browse over and enjoy again and again. Its many illustrations are witty and apt. (MS)

1992 OUP India £4.99 plus 50p postage pp168

Williamson Magor Stuck to Tea Peter Pugh

This book, in coffee-table format, is by an author who specialises in books about organisations. It does not set out to be a book about tea, but it does describe the origins, growth and development of one of the major players in the tea industry in north-east India and east Africa. The theme is the progress of a partnership from modest beginnings to its current standing as the largest private tea producer in the world. Along the way we catch glimpses of good and bad times on the gardens, of war, depression and occasionally boom. Life in the commercial establishments in Calcutta is pictured and pretty cringe-making some of it reads today. But above all what stands out are the continual stresses between management in the field, the Agents and Secretaries in Calcutta, their partners in London and the Boards of Directors of the various tea companies, both sterling companies based in London and rupee companies based in India. I was reminded of HOGWET, an acronym I had met during a visit to Jorhat in 1952, which stands for "Horrible Old Gentlemen with Ear-Trumpets", then regarded as descriptive of those who pontificated at a distance and trumpeted disapproval at any minor concession to comfort or proposed change in practice. Well, they did exist and not only in the sphere of north-east Indian tea. South India, Ceylon, Malaysia and Indonesia all suffered and in spite of or, who shall say, because of their influence the industry prospered. The chastening thought is that the young tearaway assistant of yesterday may well be tomorrow's HOGWET.

The final chapters on the adventure in east Africa are interesting and instructive in the manner of operation of an Agency. I found a couple of observations eyebrow-raising. "The introduction of fertilisers has rendered the weed problem obsolete" intrigues me and brings to mind one senior planter who achieved fame through his agricultural policies that made two blades of grass grow, where only one had grown before! On a rather different note, referring to the management of Elgon Estate, started by a "Happy Valley" clique which included a certain

gentleman, a lepidopterist of international acclaim, about whom it is written "...unfortunately he was also a homosexual and it was assumed that this was the cause of his murder...". Surely Happy Valley with its celebrated attitudes should have been able to accommodate a gay butterfly collector! And was it his orientation or his untimely end that was unfortunate?

The book is profusely illustrated in monochrome and colour though some of the pictures fail to reach the standard of the simply magnificent dust-jacket. (P de J)

1991 Cambridge Business Publishing £15 plus £2.50 postage pp211

To be reviewed in our next issue: Field Security: Very Ordinary Intelligence by Lt. Col. A.A. Mains and A Very Ingenious Man: Claude Martin in Early Colonial India by Rosie Llewellyn-Jones.

BACSA Publications

Married to the Raj Margaret Martyn

The story of the wife of a member of the ICS in Bengal in the final eight years of the 'Raj'. Based on diaries, letters home, scrap books and other writings, the author describes her personal and social life, her times as a teacher during the War at the New School in Calcutta and Darjeeling, and her work with the 14th Army in Calcutta, running the leave centre for British troops at the Racecourse. The record of a memsahib's life from an unusual angle.

1992 BACSA £9.00 plus £1 postage pp136

Ulysses in the Raj Paul Norris (Nicachi)

The story of Greek trade in India and the Hellenic presence in Bengal and northern India during the time of the Company. This unique account follows the fortunes of notable families including the Rallis, the Corfiots and the Paniotys, from their origins in Europe to the development and settlement in India. The author, himself one of these families, writes with rare insight on their integration into Indo-British life and provides details in appendices of all known Greek merchants in Calcutta, Dacca and elsewhere in India between 1750 and 1853.

1992 BACSA £9.00 plus £1 postage pp202

Books by Non-Members (that will interest readers)

Lahore to Lucknow ed. David Bloomfield

This is yet another book dealing with the 1857 uprising and despite the large numbers of books on that subject it is a story that is well worthy of publication. The book contains the edited Journal of Arthur Moffatt Lang who had been commissioned into the Bengal Engineers. The Journal has been skilfully edited and contains interesting illustrations by Julian Mann.

It is a gripping story of the experiences of a young officer in India at the time of the uprising and tells his version of the momentous events of 1857 and 1858.

His story is a revealing self-portrait and graphically brings to life his excitement at being involved and his desire to prove himself a good and courageous soldier. His enthusiastic approach, when recording the actions in which he took part, makes it an exciting story and it is surprising that with all the risks that he took that he was not seriously wounded in action. In fact he was only hit on one occasion, near to the end of the conflict, when he was 'sent spinning' when a bullet glanced off his shoulder-belt.

The book is well worth reading and those interested in Indian military history, or the events of the 'Sepoy Revolt', will wish to add this book to their library. (AGH)

1992 Leo Cooper £19.95 plus £1.50 postage pp190

Mortal Remains: The History and Present State of the Victorian and Edwardian Cemetery ed. Chris Brooks

Although this handsome little book, published in association with the Victorian Society, deals only with British cemeteries, there is much in it of interest to those seeking to preserve, where possible, Asian cemeteries. The urban historian and sensitive architect will also enjoy the learned but entertaining text, while everyone will admire the beautiful photographs of artistic monuments, often surrounded today by verdant greenery. The authors remind us that South Park Street Cemetery, begun in 1767, was 'an essential step in Calcutta's development, and was integral, at a significantly early stage, to the planning of the city that was to become the capital of British power in India. The contrast with the kind of provision being made - or rather not made, in cities back in England is striking.' It predates the great Pere Lachaise in Paris, often incorrectly hailed as the first modern cemetery, by nearly 30 years. By the early 19th century, the urban graveyards of London and other rapidly expanding towns, were literally full to overflowing, leading to disgusting, unhygienic conditions. Country churchyards were usually better managed, although the authors make the interesting point that the reason so many of them stand high above the surrounding streets is because the dead were buried on top of each other, in some cases, representing almost a thousand years of continual interment. The great London cemeteries of Kensal Green, Highgate, Norwood and Brompton, were a deliberate, carefully planned attempt to improve conditions at

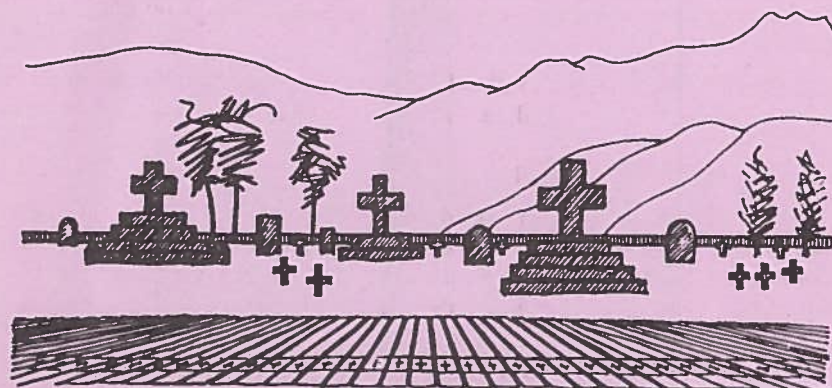
a time when the majority of corpses were still buried, not cremated. Other cities, including Liverpool and Glasgow followed suit. 'Management policy' is a modern term to describe methods adopted to preserve these areas, and the story of Nunhead over the last two decades is salutary, with Southwark Council trying to remedy years of vandalism, as Christianity declines in England. The Friends of Nunhead Cemetery, reciprocating BACSA members, are today striking a sensible balance between conservation where practical, and allowing other areas to become nature reserves. It is already 'a major site for London wildlife'. Interestingly this policy has been followed to some extent in the Nicholson Cemetery at Delhi, although a recent tree-felling has put a check on the expanding flora and fauna. There is a useful, partial, gazetteer in the last chapter, and this book is valuable, because it is not just a nostalgic exercise, but a factual, up-to-date report on our cemetery heritage today. (RLJ)

1989 Wheaton Publishers £14.95 plus £1.50 postage pp186. Obtainable from the Victorian Society. 1 Priory Gardens, London W4 1TT

Life Line Charles Voigt Perrill

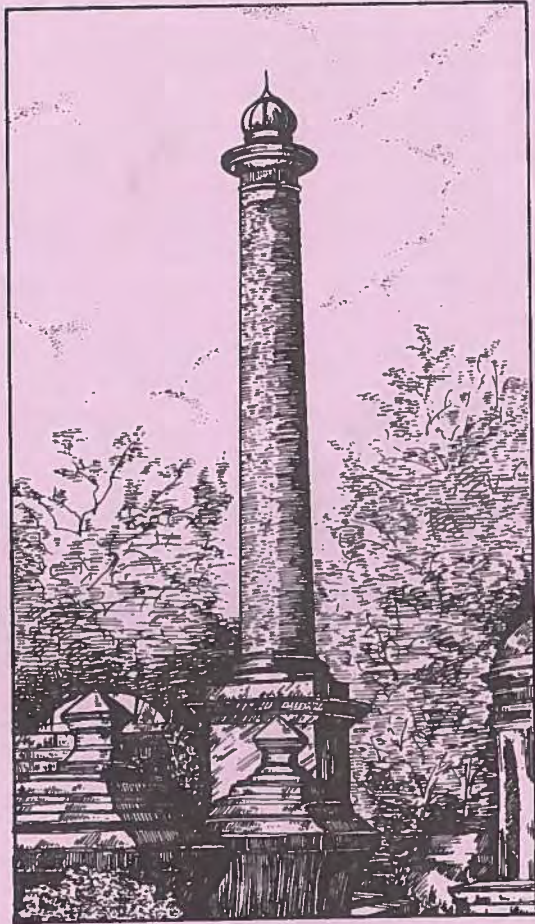
This book is written by an American Missionary Doctor, and gives a fascinating personal account of life in pre- and post-Independence India. It is autobiographical, and hence not all of it will be of major interest to BACSA readers. The India chapters, however, make it a good read for those interested in this period of history. The first section of the book deals with his life as the only child of missionary parents living in small town India. He describes in vivid detail what life was like, and how the missionary children's school in the hills impacted on him (incidentally, most favourably). The second section covers his life back in the USA, completing his studies in school and medical college and reveals the development of a unique and delightful personality. This was to stand Dr Perrill in good stead during the next arduous years. The longest part describes his return to India, together with his new wife, also a doctor. They were a formidable partnership, and were involved in the expansion and modernisation of hospitals at Bareilly and Vrindaban. Including brief periods of furlough, they were to stay in this work for 31 years. There is much medical detail, but the background gives a unique insight into life in India as it actually was, and the impact of Independence on both working and living conditions. Some might find the family detail tedious, but the book was really written to preserve the author's personal experience, as well as to stimulate others. But even if the family passages are not read, the rest of the book is well worth it. The style is easy, due not only to Dr Perrill's gifts with language, but also to the fact that his second wife, Dr Bertha Perrill, is ex-Professor of English, with a PhD from Harvard! Hence the whole comes out as a patchwork of dedication and devotion, hard work, family relationships, and a plethora of odd nuggets of information. It might be described as simple erudition! (MF)

1992 privately (obtainable from BACSA Secretary) £5 plus £1.50 postage pp320



Above: from "Quetta - Monuments and Inscriptions" by Susan Maria Farrington

Overleaf: from "Meerut - The First Sixty Years" (1815-1875) by Alan Harfield



Memorial Column to
Sir Robert Rollo Gillespie KCB
at Meerut