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CHOWKIDAR

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Editor: Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

British Association For Cemeteries In South Asia (BACSA)

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 1,800 (1998) 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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THE JAVA GRAVE OF CHARLES PILLIET

Last Autumn a New Zealander called Michael Pringle set out in search of his great-uncle, Charles Pilliet, who had led an adventurous life in the Dutch East Indies as a geologist, explorer and pearl fisher before finally settling in Lawang, east Java, about 1926. Pilliet had been born in New Zealand in 1869, and left on his travels at the turn of the century. What he did and how his story was pieced together is told in the words of his great-nephew. Michael Pringle was aware of some family stories about Charles, and of the letters he had written home to his sister, from about 1910 until the Japanese invasion. Charles died in 1959, aged ninety, so Mr Pringle was hopeful of finding someone alive today who might have known his great-uncle. 'Lawang is a small town near Malang, reached by crowded minibus for a few pence.' A young motorcyclist took him to a small shop in Jalan Pendowa 'where I showed my photograph of Charles to the shop keeper. He recalled that an old European man had lived in the street, and indicated the house where he lived. A neighbour who could speak English was fetched. She informed me that they did know Charles Pilliet but the person who knew him best was Mrs Supiyo in Singosari, and the motorcyclist was instructed to take me the few kilometres to her house.'

'Conversation was difficult but I had found the right place. Two photographs of Charles were on the walls, and several large pieces of his furniture filled the tiny rooms. I was able to fill in the last twenty years of Charles' life, from the time just before World War Two when he had unofficially adopted Mrs Supiyo and her sister, the nieces of his housekeeper, as his own, until his death. Before the War he had run a vegetable plantation on the hills near Lawang. He had been held in an internment camp in Singapore during the Japanese occupation, and after release he returned to his house in Lawang still inhabited by Mrs Supiyo, her aunt and sister. He was however reduced to poverty, and spent the last years of his life boiling buffalo bones in his garden to make rheumatism oil for the girls to sell on the street. On his death, his books and papers were lost, and only his furniture and two model pearl-fishing boats went to Mrs Supiyo. She told me that Charles had been buried at the Catholic cemetery at Sentong Baru, three kilometres into the hills above Lawang, but she did not believe that his remains were now in the same grave in which they had been placed in 1959. His body had been shifted in 1965 and again in 1982. Both times were to make way for the enlargement of the Chinese cemetery, but was still somewhere at Sentong Baru.'

'The next day I organised a motorcyclist to take me up to Sentong Baru, and on route, we stopped at a timber factory where the manager, who could speak a little English said he would come and join what was to become a small party intent on finding the grave. The cemetery was disappointingly scrubby, dusty and unkempt, but from the few headstones that remained I could tell it was the area that had

been set aside for European burials. An elderly woman who had been clearing scrub around graves was despatched to fetch a map and after examination of the accompanying list of European burials we were able to determine that Charles lay in grave No. 49. This was located by comparing the names on surrounding graves with their location on the map. It was a satisfying end to my quest and a cause of great interest amongst family back home in New Zealand. The Javanese had displayed great kindness and determination to help. Anyone contemplating a similar journey should be prepared to allow plenty of time, to let events take their course, and to carry a generous supply of rupee notes for those little thank-yous'. (see illustration on page 80)

MAIL BOX

An under-researched area of British India is surely that of its Botanical Gardens, set up not only in the Presidency towns but often in smaller, out of the way places too. The Royal Botanic Garden in Calcutta seems to be the earliest, founded by the Bengal Engineer Colonel Robert Kyd, who became its first Superintendent in 1786. During a visit to Assam ten years earlier Colonel Kyd had found wild cinnamon plants there and his success in growing them in Bengal, at a time when the cinnamon trade was substantial, exemplifies the connection between botany and commerce, often forgotten today. Tea and quinine are only two of the products of the plants that flourished here. So it was particularly interesting to receive a letter from new member Geoffrey Rowson whose great-uncle, William Graham McIvor (1825-1876) was sent out to Ootacamund in 1848, after training as a horticulturist at Kew, to take up the post of Superintendent of the recently established Botanic Gardens there. 'I have suppositional evidence' writes Mr Rowson 'that he was responsible for persuading his nephew, my grandfather, to join him in Ooty in 1869, thus beginning my direct link with India, which ended with my father's death there in 1946. The family went into tea-planting.' Mr Rowson, at school in England during the war, later trained in horticulture and says there must be a genetic link between the generations! He has sent a charming photograph of William McIvor's grave in St Stephen's churchyard at Ootacamund, still in very good condition. (see page 81)

Major Michael Jones from Brecon spent a few months in Central India some years ago and sent in two inscriptions he noticed on tombstones in the Panchgani cemetery there. 'I wonder if your readers can throw any light on this double tragedy, separated by exactly ten years?' he asks. The first reads: 'In memory of Henry Venall Faulconer, killed in a storm on the Parsani Ghat, May 29th 1882' and the second: 'In memory of Elgar Vivien Sylvester aged 13 years and 4 months, Edith Florence 11 years one month, John Kennett 7 years and ten months, the beloved children of Charles J P Williamson, who were killed in the Parsani

Ghat on the evening of 29th May 1892, by being precipitated down the hillside in a torrent of hail and rain unprecedented in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant.'

Timothy Davies from Dorset has sent in a most interesting family tree tracing his roots back to the 17th century and across Germany, Ireland and Scotland, with strong Indian links. His great-great-grandfather was the celebrated German evangelical missionary, the Rev Johann Andreas Wernicke (1816-1861), who with a group of young farmers from Brandenburg set out in 1837/8 for India 'with almost no funds, absolutely no training or experience of foreign places, no language other than German and ended up pioneering in Darjeeling, with their descendants being driven to tea planting'. The Wernickes inter-married with other missionaries, the Stolke, Niebel and Lindeman families to be precise and several of their graves are still to be found in the old Darjeeling cemetery, one of BACSA's current restoration projects, in collaboration with the local cemetery committee. (see page 81)

Johann Andreas Wernicke lies there with his infant son William Benjamin, and nearby is Carl Gottlob Niebel 'who preached the Gospel for 23 years to the people of these hills, and who fell asleep in Jesus on the 9th October 1865 aged fifty-five years. By his side rests his beloved child Maria Rachel, aged 2 years'. It was this dedicated man who translated the scriptures into Lepcha for the local people. In notes left by Timothy Davies' mother, Kathleen, she describes the cemetery on her last visit in 1928: 'Besides the members of our family, and most of them closely grouped together, lie the bodies of my Wernicke great-grandparents, my grandfather James Andrew Wernicke, his son Henry who died as a boy at St Paul's School, and my father Ernest Andrew Wernicke.'

Life was hard for these early settlers, as the deaths of their young children show. Another tragedy occurred in the Davies branch of the family more recently, in the 1920s. Our correspondent's father, George Harold William Davies was born in London in 1886 and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, becoming a Classical scholar, a fine sportsman and a humorous writer. He was selected for the Indian Civil Service and arrived in India in 1910. By 1915 he had met his future wife, Kathleen Mary Wernicke, while spending Christmas with her parents on their Darjeeling tea estate. George Davies became Collector at Midnapur in the early 1920s and was subsequently stationed at Chittagong, then in Bengal, again as Collector. On the morning of 20 April 1928 he was at the Collector's bungalow waiting the day's visitors. His orderly, Kala Meah brought in a card with the mysterious words on it 'K.B.R. got title, Lord Byron - residence, Oxford, England.' Timothy Davies takes up the story: 'An apparent petitioner had made a special effort to gain the first interview and was summoned. The orderly retired. At about 8.10 am loud cries came from within. The orderly rushed back followed by

Babu Mahendra Lal Sarkar, leading a small delegation in waiting. The Collector was struggling on the floor. The assassin, Kazi Bazhur Rahman, had pulled a knife from his victim's chest, and was about to plunge it in again. The two Indians fought to arrest Kazi, who was taken to the jail, but my father was dead. He was buried at Chittagong. Expressions of sorrow and heartfelt testimonies poured in from individuals high and low, English and Indian and from associations all over India. Kazi Bazhur Rahman was sentenced to death for murder, but this was later commuted to transportation for life.'

Two memorials commemorate George Davies, described as 'a very perfect gentleman'. There is a brass tablet at Chittagong (presumably in the Church, though this is not stated), which records that he was killed in the execution of duty, and the words 'Clean hands and a pure heart'. His grave lies in the old cemetery, with a simple Celtic cross. (see page 80) Recent reports show that this cemetery continues in good shape, and it is visited periodically by BACSA representative Peter Leggatt.

The Spring 1998 *Chowkidar* noted that the Indian Police Force was often supplied with men who had formerly served in the army and Frederick George Pettifer is another example who has been brought to our notice by William Brown from California. Frederick Pettifer was born in Ireland in 1872, the son of Private John Pettifer and his wife Eliza. The seventeen year old boy enlisted in his father's regiment, the Rifle Brigade, and was sent to India in 1892. He served in the Tochi campaign on the frontier, for which he was awarded the India General Service Medal 1895. After his army discharge in 1902 Pettifer subsequently joined the Bengal Police, probably as a sub-inspector. It is known that he received the King's Police Medal in 1909 for 'an act of gallantry', Mr Brown believes, but what that act was has yet to be established. Pettifer rose to become Inspector of Police in the Armed Police Reserve at Hazaribagh, in Bihar, and during the First World War was deputed to the Indian Army as a second lieutenant. The last mention of him is in 1930 when he was listed as retired, and living in Jamshedpur, Bihar with the rank of sergeant-major. Did he die in India, wonders Mr Brown? And could anyone supply a photograph or further details of the life and death of this enterprising and highly decorated man? e-mail wbrown@utech.net

Problems of re-adjustment for Britons who had lived a long time in India have not really been explored in depth. Culture shock could certainly work both ways, and some of the most telling stories are those of children, born and brought up in India who arrived 'home' only to find a foreign country. The first surprise was seeing white men performing menial tasks as porters and roadsweepers, and the second was usually the climate, where a sola topee was not *de rigueur*. An interesting old letter from *The Pioneer* newspaper of 1919, signed 'Indian Army Colonel' relates some unpleasant experiences when he retired to England. 'Practically everything

required in the way of clothing, food, and household necessities is most expensive. Rents and values of houses are very high. It is advisable to bring from India as much personal clothing, bedding, especially woollen articles, boots and shoes, curtains, carpets and durries as one can afford. Those who intend taking a house should be prepared to pay high wages for servants; they are very difficult to get. My wife and I find it absolutely necessary to do most of the household work ourselves. In 1914 a man would undertake to do the small garden for two shillings for half a day, now one shilling an hour is the charge. A motor 'bus fare was four pence, now it is seven pence...in a small, very ordinary tea-shop in Folkestone the charge for one boiled egg was eight pence and for a poached egg on toast one shilling. People from India must abandon their easy-going ideas and realise that living in old England is now no easy comfortable proposition!'

CAN YOU HELP?

When Omar Khalidi sent in a query about the Nizam of Hyderabad's Armenian valet, we asked if BACSA members could help trace the grave of the valet, Albert Abid, who had settled in Devon with his Welsh wife, Annie Evans. It seemed like a long shot at the time, but Dr Khalidi now tells us that through *Chowkidar* he has been put in touch with a local Devonshire historian, whose mother actually knew Mr and Mrs Abid. 'I truly appreciate the wonderful work BACSA is doing' says Dr Khalidi, who has kindly sent us his article based on the new information. After leaving Hyderabad with their four young children about 1890, the couple bought Dulford House 'a staunch mansion of white bricks and narrow windows' in the beautiful village of Broadhembury, near Exeter. There was no shortage of money for, after all, Abid had been valet to the richest man in India, and some of it had undoubtedly rubbed off. But although he was generous with his money about the village, patronising local charities, church and club, and generally acting like a benign squire, he and his wife were not accepted into society. Their invitations to their neighbours for afternoon tea remained unanswered. 'Nobody came to Dulford House.' The Abids were not only foreign, they were, at a time when such things mattered, working class, Mrs Abid being reputedly the daughter of a sergeant-major. Her husband had certainly tried hard to fit into the different worlds in which he had found himself. His original family name had been Avieteck, but he had changed it to Abid ('devotee of God') on entering the Muslim Court.

As their children grew up, the Abids became more reclusive. Sometime before Annie's death in 1922 'Squire Abid had had an elaborate eastern-style mausoleum erected in the grounds of Dulford House, and there she was laid to rest. Her husband would visit the vault from time to time, once becoming inadvertently locked in for two days and frightening the life out of two garden-boys when they heard his knocking coming from inside the vault. Abid joined Annie in death in

1925, and his son, William Evans, who had adopted his mother's maiden name, subsequently sold the house, which was demolished. Dulford Nursery stands on the old stable block and garden now. The bodies of the couple were disinterred from the mausoleum and reburied in St Andrew's Church, Broadhembury, with a simple headstone bearing the dates of their deaths and the words 'Peace, perfect peace', at the end of two adventurous lives.

Kimberley John Lindsay, currently working in Germany, is researching the life of Lieut Colonel Vernon Maurice Hervalwil 'Mervyn' Cox, late Indian Army, a member of the Indian Political Service, and the last Resident in Waziristan. Cox was born in 1898, and may have been a relation of Sir Percy Cox 'one of the great Politicals'. VMH Cox was sometimes known as 'Pansy' because of his clipped accent and immaculate dress. He was a good tennis player, winning the Mens' Doubles at the Peshawar Club in 1939, with his partner Sir George Cunningham. Despite having found a fair amount of information about Cox (through the Indian Political Service Association, and BACSA Council member Sir John Cotton, who took over Cox's job as Secretary to the Resident at Rajkot in 1944/5), the man himself seems curiously elusive and Mr Lindsay has yet to find a clear, positively identified photograph of him, ideally in an Indian setting. Can anybody supply one, and/or more details of this interesting man's Indian service? Suggestions to Mr Lindsay at Hirschstrasse 32, 71282 Hemmingen, Germany, or via the BACSA Secretary.

More detective work is requested by BACSA member Pauline Rohatgi, who is collecting information about paintings by British artists in the Victoria & Albert Museum, London. Richard Chase was an 18th century 'free merchant', that is, one not tied to the East India Company, and he was a partner with his brother Thomas in the Madras firm of Chase, Sewell & Chase. In May 1798 Richard married Elizabeth Neale, and, though appointed Mayor of Madras two years later, he seems to have returned to England by the end of 1800. Richard brought with him a number of oil paintings by Thomas Daniel, which he had got at the Madras Lottery in 1793 (clearly lotteries were a great deal more fun in those days!). He also had some paintings by Francis Swain Ward, probably bought after that artist's death in 1794. Once back in England, Chase got some of these paintings copied by William Orme and they were published as *Twenty-four Views in Hindostan.* It is Orme's water-colour copies that are in the V & A Museum today. Pauline Rohatgi would like to know more about Richard Chase and his family especially after they returned to England, and of course, his oil paintings. Please write to her at 43 Great Brownings, College Road, London SE21 7HP.

Madam Duvivier from Belgium can trace a family connection with India on her husband's side as far back as 1776. This was when William Augustus Dobbyn, who was born in Waterford, Ireland, took up his post as East India Company

writer in Masulipatam. Here he married Elizabeth Trehee Bullock and the couple had four children, the eldest of whom, Elizabeth Frances, grew up to marry Major William Maxwell, born in Patna in 1776. Major Maxwell was one of five natural children, the offspring of a French woman and another Company official, born in Dumfries about 1744. His name was also William Maxwell, and he became Chief of the Company's Council of Revenue in Bihar, dying in Patna in August 1781. Very little is known about his French lady, Marie-Suzanne le Seigneur, though she is said to have lived all her life in Patna, being born, and dying there. Why the couple did not marry is not clear. All we know is that Marie-Suzanne was 'so soon deprived from her young children', as Madame Duvivier touchingly puts it, for they seem to have been sent to Britain to be educated. All bore their father's name Maxwell, and one at least, Charles, returned to India as Lieut Colonel in a British regiment (perhaps the 67th Foot?). It is about Marie-Suzanne in particular that Madame Duvivier seeks information, though anything on the two William Maxwells (father and son), would be welcome too. Please write to her at Rue Robert Thoreau 14, B-1150 Bruxelles, Belgium.

Malcolm Chase from Hampshire has a query that will arouse differing memories from anyone who knows India well, or who has visited it recently as a tourist. 'I am studying the history of road passenger transport (bus services) in India, pre and post 1947' he writes. 'I believe buses developed very differently in each State. Can anyone help with information about such bus services, for example photographs, timetables, tickets, dates of starting of bus routes, dates and names of bus companies? I am also very interested in current tickets for all the different States.' Indeed the history of the Indian bus, unlike that of the justly celebrated Indian train, seems virtually unknown. One cannot imagine a Bus Museum for example, yet it is the bus that carries people through rural and hilly areas that the railways cannot reach. It is the urban bus, often horribly scarred like an old bull dog, that gets people to work and school every day, once they have jostled their way on. The air-conditioned 'tourist bus' is a comparative new-comer, and very welcome, but it is limited in range by the poor condition of most roads outside the big towns. 'Great Bus Journeys Across India' is still to be written but *Chowkidar* will certainly be interested in the response Mr Chase gets. Please write to him at 12, Kent Road, Fleet, Hants GU13 9AH.

Mrs Shelagh Stannard from London is a descendant of one of the most celebrated names in the history of the Baptist church - Dr William Carey, the missionary of Serampore (1761-1834), who started life as a shoemaker. Mrs Stannard herself has Indian connections, being born there and spending many years of her life there until 1948. She confesses to still feeling a bit homesick when she sees films about India on television. She is particularly interested in trying to trace her father's ancestors especially as her parents separated when she was quite young. Her father's name was Charles Howard and he was the son of Annie Mary (nee

Goodall) and Charles Wood, 'bachelor of Lahore.' It is through her grandmother Annie Mary that Mrs Stannard traces her connection to William Carey, for she was the missionary's great-great-grand-daughter. Any ideas on this fascinating link across two centuries would be welcome. Letters (for the following queries too), via the BACSA Secretary please.

Have you visited the 17th century royal palace at Halvad in Gujerat, asks new member Mrs Oliver of Nottinghamshire? And if so, do you have any photographs or sketches of it? Mrs Oliver tells us that the palace can be visited, but is very dilapidated. 'There is neither a guide book nor a guide. The design is very unusual and this, together with what remains of the wood carvings suggests that it was once a magnificent place.' Any information would be gratefully received.

A similar, though wider ranging request comes from Margaret Deefholts, a freelance Canadian writer who is planning a 'coffee-table type book' on the Forts of India, looking particularly at Rajasthan, UP, Madhya Pradesh and the south. While the book will include photographs and factual information, Miss Deefholts is particularly interested in 'myths, legends, folk-lore, talks of heroism, romance, superstitions, and even ghost-yarns, if they are good ones. Any reader with a story to tell, whether heart-warming, tragic or just plain bizarre' is invited to contact her, via the Secretary or e-mail her at deefholt@axionet.com

Major Allan Bevilacqua of the United States Marine Corps, Ret'd, of Fredericksburg, Virginia is seeking information about whether Ann Hulbert and her daughter Sidney are interred in any British cemetery in the former Malay States. Ann Hulbert (maiden name unknown) was born in Bombay about 1867 and married Henry Lewis Hulbert, a Civil officer in Kinta District, Perak State where he served as a public works inspector (1889) and magistrate (1891). For reasons unknown, Henry then emigrated to America, by himself, during the 1890s and enlisted in the United States Marine Corps on 28 March 1898 in California. He had an extraordinarily distinguished military career, and won the Navy Cross, the Distinguished Service Cross, the Croix de Guerre and four citations for bravery during the First World War. He was killed in action on 4 October 1918 and is interred in the Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia. A destroyer named in his honour, the *US Henry L Hulbert* served with the Pacific Fleet from 1920 to 1945. Any information about the fate of the wife and daughter of this brave Marine would be deeply appreciated, writes Major Bevilacqua.

Some short queries follow that readers may be able to help with:

* Ethel Mary Florence Bountain, wife of Chalmers Bountain, died 2 August 1902, aged 34½ years. She is buried in Karzoo Graveyard in Leh, Ladakh. Any information asks Eileen Hewson?

* Arnold Ganley (or Ganly) died at Ahmednagar, India about 1904, aged five years old, possibly from a snake-bite. His father, Sergeant Joseph Ganley was serving with the Connaught Rangers. Arnold is believed to have been buried in the Military Cemetery. His sister Grace Ganley, now in her nineties is anxious to know if the grave is still cared for.

* Ena Niedergang from Swansea is researching the Welsh in China, and recently sent information about the South Wales Borderers who fought at Qingdao in 1914 to the city archivist of Qingdao. A pair of beautiful bronze or wrought iron gates with the emblem of the Borderers once stood at the entrance to the Chinese cemetery there. What other links between Cymru and China may readers know about, we wonder.

* The Editor is writing another book about Lucknow, northern India, and would welcome unpublished material on this still handsome city, particularly about its old buildings, and the Europeans who lived and worked there. At least two BACSA members are descendants of people who worked for the Lucknow Nawabs before 1856. Are there any more? Letters to the Editor please, or e-mail llewelr@sbu.ac.uk

OBITUARY

It is with great sadness that we report the deaths of both Bani and Peter de Jong in 1997. These bare facts conceal the shock and sense of loss among their huge circle of friends around the world on learning of Bani's long fight for life over a period of eight months when struck down by a paralysing virus, and Peter's subsequent heart attack a few months later in Singapore on his way to spend Christmas with his daughter in Australia. A number of friends, deprived of the opportunity of paying their last respects to them, have suggested that there should be some sort of memorial, in lieu of flowers, and their daughter has agreed that any donations should go to BACSA with which Peter was much involved as a member of the Executive Committee over the last ten years. Donations made payable to 'BACSA' via the Secretary please.

WAR MEMORIALS IN THE INDIAN SUB-CONTINENT

'Some of the earliest war memorials in modern times were erected in British India' writes BACSA member Michael Aidin, who is compiling a book about war memorials in different parts of the world. 'The Temple of Fame at Barrackpore built in 1813 in the style of a Greek temple is a memorial to those who fell in the conquest of Java and Mauritius between 1810 and 1811. The British built many monuments in Calcutta both recording their losses in war and for the greater glory

of their imperium in India. These reflect the highly developed style of funerary architecture in 18th and early 19th century British India. Many churches have elegant and moving memorials with splendid Augustan inscriptions to those who were killed in war and to those who died serving in India. As the 19th century progressed, the influence of the evangelical movement became stronger so that the memorials to those who perished in 1857 have a much more pronounced Christian emphasis.'

A few of the memorials visited in Autumn 1997 by Mr Aidin and his wife were at Bangalore (obelisk to the Madras Sappers and Miners, First World War memorial), Bombay (the Afghan Memorial Church with the Cross to the men, women and children of HM's 45th Regiment who died of disease between 1865/6), Buxar (memorial to the British victory of 1764 under Sir Hector Munro, now collapsed), Seringapatam (monument to the British troops killed fighting Tipu Sultan, memorial to Col Baillie, and the tomb of Tipu Sultan), plus extensive visits in Bombay, Delhi and Calcutta.

Michael Aidin's impressions so far are, he says, dominated by the All India War Memorial seen in the context of Lutyen's New Delhi. This year he hopes to visit Amritsar (Sikh memorial) Bulbudder (Gurkha memorial) Madras (Lutyen's war memorial) and Mardan (the Guides Chapel). He also wants to visit Plassey, scene of the decisive battle of 1757, and BACSA was able to confirm that this handsome obelisk monument was still standing twelve years ago. (see back page) Suggestions for other memorials to visit would be much appreciated. Helpful information could include the location and access, date of memorial, the artists/sculptors/architects involved, a little historical background and sources of contemporary pictures if possible. Please contact him at The Old Rectory, Wiggonholt, Pulborough, West Sussex RH20 2EL or e-mail maidin@aol.com

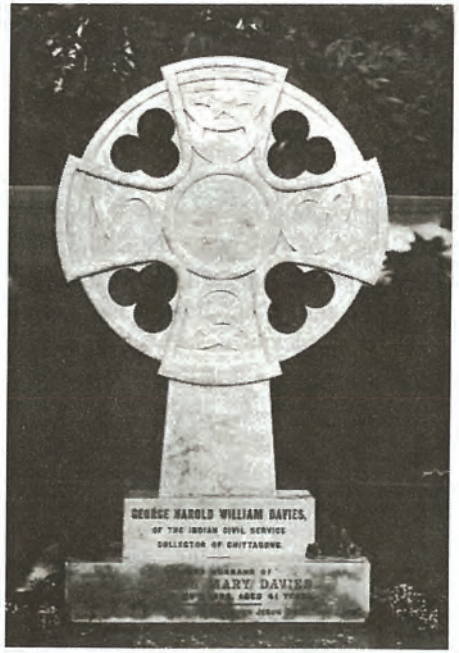
NOTICE BOARD

The Armenians in India Group is a new study and research group dedicated to looking at the lives of the Armenian and Anglo-Armenian communities that flourished in India and the Middle and Far East between the 16th and 20th centuries. Current research projects include computerising all the relevant baptism/birth, marriage and death/burial records at the India Office Library (now incorporated into a splendid reading room in the new British Library at St Pancras); a detailed study of the Armenians and Anglo-Armenians who worked for the Indo-European Telegraph Department in Persia and India; and genealogical research on the families, many of whom subsequently migrated to Commonwealth countries. Contact Tony Fuller and Jenny Law at 81, Rosewood Avenue, Elm Park, Hornchurch, Essex RM12 5LD, enclosing an SAE, or e-mail j.law@lse.ac.uk

The British Ancestors in India Society (BAIS) mentioned in the Spring *Chowkidar* has run into problems and is being re-structured. Alan Hardcastle, the archivist has resigned. Readers are asked not to donate material to the Society at present.

All Soul's Church in the Cawnpore cantonments 'will complete 125 years of service to God and the Christian community on 8th December 2000'. The foundation stone was laid in July 1862 but the church was not dedicated until thirteen years later, by Bishop Milman, the Bishop of Calcutta. The long delay was due to the difficult task of raising funds by public subscription in India and England. The church, which was designed by Walter Granville of the Eastern Bengal Railway was built to replace St John's, completely destroyed during the uprising of 1857, and also as a memorial to all those Christians who died at Cawnpore. It contains some beautiful stained glass, including a rose window, but time and the elements have taken their toll, and major repairs are needed to the stone work, the roof and the glass. Donations are sought and readers who would like further details of this appeal should contact the Editor for a leaflet.

The Darjeeling Himalayan Railway Society. In 1994 a group of enthusiasts and residents of Darjeeling formed a Trust to protect the tiny 2 foot gauge line that runs the fifty-five miles up from the plains, rising twice the height of Snowdon to ascend to the Himalayas. The Darjeeling Himalayan Railway Society is the British branch and was formed last year after the third DHR conference in Birmingham. The Society is producing a quarterly magazine called 'The Darjeeling Mail' packed with facts, figures and splendid photographs of the steam-engines that wind their way up the switchback line to the hill station. The locomotives in service this year range from the 'Himalayan Bird' built 1889, using an 1858 boiler, to the 'Queen of the Hills', 1928. The line is one of the most spectacular engineering feats in the sub-continent, and was constructed between 1879 and 1881 by Gilander Arbuthnot & Co. Its opening reduced the journey time from Calcutta from five or six days to under twenty-four hours, leading to the rapid development of Darjeeling as a holiday and rest area for the British. The new Society has a number of aims, including the 'restoration, renewal and preservation of the railway and its station as a living museum'. (The Society does warn its members that they will not get to drive the Darjeeling trains, unlike steam railway enthusiasts here!) Supporters of the railway have been encouraged by Indian Railways, who are committed to retaining the line and its little trains. Expertise from steam-enthusiasts in Britain who have restored lines like the Welshpool and the Festiniog, can be exported to India, and the newly formed 'Friends of the National Railway Museum' in Delhi (set up by the late BACSA member Michael Satow) have pledged their support. For further details please send an SAE to Marilyn Metz, DHRS, 80 Ridge Road, London N8 9NR, or e-mail m.metz@pro-net.co.uk



top left: a simple cross marks the grave of George Davies, murdered in the course of duty at Chittagong (see page 72)

below: the unmarked grave of Charles Pilliet in the Sentong Baru cemetery, Java (see page 70)

top right: the Darjeeling grave of Johann Andreas Wernicke (see page 71)

below: the grave of William McIvor, Superintendent of the Botanic Gardens at Ootacamund (see page 70)

Books by BACSA Members
[These can be ordered via BACSA, at no extra cost to the purchaser]

Something in India Fraser Noble

It has to be interesting for one former member of the Heaven Born to review a book by another Heaven Born. Particularly so if the author served in the mountainous tribal country of the North West Frontier Province, and the reviewer in the Permanent Settlement province of Bihar, with its teeming millions in the Gangetic plain; the one looking apprehensively to the north west frontier, the other, from 1941, with eyes towards the north-east gateway to India. The personal interest is heightened on reading that Fraser Noble was Assistant Director of Civil Supplies in the NWFP at a time of food supply problems there, similar to the post held by the reviewer in Bihar during the 1943 Bengal famine. *Something in India* also demonstrates the enormous contrasts occurring between peoples and regions of the great country. For instance, in 1946 it was necessary to deploy a division of troops in support of police and the Frontier Constabulary in the Hazara district of the NWFP, in the face of disturbances by violent tribesmen - later, a whole battalion in Peshawar; in the epicentre district of Bihar during the 1942 Congress uprising the rumour, spreading like a forest fire, that 'the British Army has come' sufficed in that volatile but fundamentally docile district (population three and a half million) to help in turning the tide between the loss of twenty-one of the twenty-seven police stations to rioters, and their speedy recovery. The 'British Army' was in fact twenty British soldiers with their two officers and three Bren-gun carriers!

Fraser Noble kept notes and records. He continuously chronicled his doings, and happenings, in letters home, and to his fiancée, Barbara, in Scotland; the doings of a man not accustomed to failure, but only to success. When he eventually came to put pen to paper he was able to record his career in India from 1941 to 1947 in great detail. He describes the places in which he worked and a great number of characters with whom he inter-related, from his hero Sir George Cunningham, and Lady Cunningham, through Pathan notables to his camp clerk Ram Dutt. In a book packed with action and incidents, some features and highlights shine out. Fraser Noble's ability to relate to all kinds of people and the confidence he inspired in his impartiality; his ability in dealing with difficult situations, and his phenomenal rise in six years to become provincial home secretary - the NWFP was a small province, but not short of severe problems; the camaraderie of all ranks of civil and military officers in the NWFP; Fraser's prowess at golf, which did him no harm at all. There is the amusing story of Fraser's wife's understandable apprehension at discovering that three fierce-looking men working in her garden, were convicted criminals from the jail.

We have the account, in the last days, of the sudden silence of the huge clamouring crowd of armed tribesmen when the charismatic Viceroy and Lady Louis Mountbatten stood quietly before them, the silence giving way to a great roar of approval. An account also of Pandit Nehru's disastrous 1946 visit to the Frontier - 'I...realised that something dramatic had happened which would change our lives...More than anything else...Nehru's visit made partition inevitable..' Amen to his comment that 'Our service was truly one of which to remain proud over a lifetime.' Fraser records his discussion with Sir George Cunningham about the text for the proposed Westminster Abbey memorial to the Indian services. Cunningham thought the Micah 6.8 text suggested by Sir Olaf Caroe too long; Fraser suggested omission of part of the text. Cunningham agreed, saying '....did you ever think of Roger or Packy...walking humbly with their God?' And so the climax of the text '...and to walk humbly with thy God?' is missing on the stone in the Abbey cloister. And yet, and yet - one recalls the core humility of one's colleagues, and not only of the recruits of the last years; at the memorial service for the late Edward Lydall (1932 entry) the parable of the Pharisee and the tax collector in the Temple was read. Some may think that was as apt in relation to the generality of the ICS in India as is the hackneyed picture of their stiffnecked arrogance - and would like to see the missing words restored. As a general comment, an index would be enormously helpful, as would a tribal map of the area, with sharper reproduction of the many good photographs. (RNL)

1997 Pentland Press Ltd ISBN 1 885821 5374 £17.50, plus postage £2.85 UK and £6.10 overseas pp351

Faces of Hong Kong Dan Waters

On my return to England after nearly thirty years I was often asked if I missed life in the 'Pearl of the Orient'. In reply I could say quite honestly that I didn't miss today's Hong Kong but did that of the 1960s. *Faces of Hong Kong* opens a window to these old days when the 'Colony' was a peaceful, uncrowded, pleasant and unspoilt place in which to live; and how, inevitably, this changed, with a serious deterioration in the environment, as industrialisation replaced entrepot trade; rapid increases in population from emigration from China and a baby boom necessitated a huge public housing programme - now half the population live in subsidised government housing. With its unique position as doorstep to China (after the People's Republic of China Government obligingly demoted Shanghai from that position), it has now grown to the world's eighth largest trading nation with, at almost US 100 billion dollars, the third largest foreign exchange reserves. It is a container terminal which vies with Singapore and Rotterdam as the world's busiest with a Public Works programme which is breathless in its concept and execution - a wonderful achievement for six million people.

Only time will tell whether the Hong Kong people, whose manners, qualities, customs, and talents, but not failings, are so closely and expertly observed in this book can maintain this pre-eminent position without the guiding hand and protection of the former, and now unfashionable colonial power, which receives no credit in this book for the achievements of Hong Kong. The author is in a particularly good position to observe his fellow man on the Shaukiwan tram, having from his earliest hours in Hong Kong immersed himself in local culture. His position as a lecturer at the Polytechnic put him into close touch with a wide range of young people and from them he was rapidly able to assimilate their experiences, customs and, most importantly, the language. A fluency in Cantonese is achieved by very few expatriates partly because the schoolroom doesn't provide the best learning environment but it is essential for an understanding of the real Hong Kong life. His study and knowledge of the life and history has taken him to the Presidency of the Hong Kong branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. However, I felt that this educational background is reflected in his writing style, and gained the impression that this was someone unloading a lifetime's accumulation of philosophy and fact just to get it all on paper. Consequently it would not be an easy read for those unfamiliar with Hong Kong.

Some themes are understandably dwelt upon at length - mixed marriages and Eurasians - revealing that a marriage can result in acquiring not just a family, but a whole nation; that the offspring having had a difficult time in the past may continue to suffer from the very real racial prejudice exhibited by Hong Kong people; that Fung [Feng] Shui, now becoming popular in the west is adopted by even the hardest headed businessman. Not mentioned is the Chinese almanac the 'Tung Sing' which I always consulted for an auspicious date before launching a block of flats for sale - pity was, that so did the triads and a queue started to form several days beforehand. Hindsight is of course an exact science, and having been written in 1995, much of the book is taken up with speculation about the future of Hong Kong after the handback to China last year. Consequently it is only fair to the author that his gloomy predictions, which he shared with some of the best brains around, should be ignored. In reality the Chinese government, no doubt under the influence of the Chief Executive Tung Chee-Hwa, have shown a very large measure of tolerance, sympathy and understanding to ensure the maintenance of stability and lifestyle in Hong Kong, recently allowing the first democratic election on China's soil in its five thousand year history. The cynic will point out that this is part of a strategy to lure Taiwan back into the fold. It is sad that the return of Hong Kong to the motherland has been accompanied by a collapse in the Tiger economies, seriously affecting Hong Kong's shops, hotels, airlines, stock and most importantly the property market on which most Hong Kong fortunes are based. (DM)

1995 Prentice Hall, Singapore ISBN 0-13-324757-0 $12.95 plus postage pp234

The Sapper VCs - The Story of Valour in the Royal Engineers and its Associated Corps Gerald Napier

An enthralling account of Sapper heroism over one and a half centuries and quite obviously a labour of love by this Royal Engineers officer. The book covers fifty-five narratives of heroic Sapper exploits from the Crimean War of 1856, when the Victoria Cross was first introduced, up to and including the Second World War. The Sapper VCs were won by ordinary men, nevertheless all heroes to a man, whose actions reflected enormous courage and endurance. Despite the passage of time, the VC has remained the supreme symbol of bravery on the battlefield. Since its inception only 1,354 have been awarded, with over fifty being earned by Sappers, a corps not always associated in the public mind with the heroic side of warfare. (These figures would have been higher, had it not been that for the first fifty years posthumous citations could not be initiated. Thereafter 294 VCs of the aggregate have been awarded posthumously.) 'First in, last out' is a frequently-used phrase to describe the Sapper contribution to a battle. In his Foreword General Sir John Stibbon, Chief Royal Engineer, writes: 'I...welcome the fact that the stories are told as a narrative in the context of the operations in which the incidents arose. In this way military engineering is seen as an integral part of war rather than a mysterious isolated activity undertaken by a strange body of men often regarded by the rest as "mad, married or Methodist."' There is no current record of the accounts of these Sapper VCs in a single volume. There are books of reference like *The VC and DSO* by General O'Moore Creagh and EM Humphris (up to 1920 only) and *The Register of the Victoria Cross* published by This England, both of which give little more than the outline details of VCs awarded.

Four of the accounts are of Sapper VCs of the Commonwealth engineer corps, fighting alongside the British Army in two World Wars. More VCs would have been awarded to Indian Sappers, had they been made eligible from the start, instead of only after 1911. In the intervening period, they were eligible for the Indian Order of Merit series of awards, as in the Kashmere Gate action in 1857. Five companies of Mazhbi (not Muzbee) Sikhs had been hurriedly raised for siegeworks at Delhi. This force was initially referred to as 'Punjab Sappers', and was the forerunner of the distinguished Corps of Sikh Pioneers. Some of the 14 Bengal Sappers and ten Punjab Sappers employed in the assault were by their valour suitable to be put forward for the award, but this could not be done as they were not then eligible. As to the Mazhbi Sikhs at the Kashmere Gate, another author has recorded that 'they displayed utter recklessness of life'. One does not seek to cavil at small errors in such an outstanding book, but Bharatpur (p35) was not 'a Jat Sikh stronghold' it was a Hindu Jat one. Overall, a compelling read for historians and VC enthusiasts alike. Highly recommended. (SLM)

1998 The Stationery Office ISBN 011 772835 7 £35.00 & postage pp342

Books by Non-Members (that will interest readers)
[These should be ordered direct and not via BACSA]

India: British - Indian campaigns in Britain for Indian Reforms, Justice and Freedom, 1831 - 1947 Kusoom Vadgama

In 1984 Kusoom Vadgama published a book titled *India in Britain: the Indian contribution to the British way of life* with a Foreword by HRH The Prince of Wales. It was a remarkable pictorial history of the contribution, including troops, India had made to Britain, and the author then had said she was conveying the message, this is what Indians have done in Britain, please don't forget it. In her latest book she shows what Britons have done for India, and establishes the Indo-British relationship as a rich one. British values were nurtured in fertile ground in what is now the Republic of India: democracy, the rule of law, the concept of a civil society and the English language, are an integral part of the Indian ethos. Tagore had said, 'Without the British, India would not have been complete'. For its part, India has marked the British as no other member of the Commonwealth ever did. Now fifty years after the grant of Independence to India, history would not be complete without putting on record the contributions made to India by many eminent Britons, apart from the thousands of nameless Britons who in the 1920s and 1930s filled the Royal Albert Hall, supporting British speakers for Indian independence. In doing so they frequently braved the wrath of prevailing ruling opinion.

The work these British men and women did in promoting Indian aspirations in the 19th century was to culminate in the 20th century. To name only a few of the many - John Dickenson who founded the Indian Reform Society in 1853; the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, assisted in the establishment of the Indian National Congress; Allan Octavian Hume, ICS, took the initiative in organising and establishing the Congress in 1885, and became its first and longest serving General Secretary, declining the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor; George Yule, the first Briton to become the President of the Congress in 1888; Sir William Wedderburn, Bt, President of the Congress, 1899 and 1910; Sir Henry John Stedman Cotton, ICS, President of the Congress, 1906; Mrs Annie Besant, an active Fabian in early life, and President of the Congress, 1917; the Reverend Charles Freer Andrews, missionary; and Michael Foot, Labour MP, all personalities who worked for the independence of a country not their own. Overall, this book is undoubtedly a magnum opus in the context of the Indo-British encounter. Diligently researched and excellently produced, it emphasises the more positive aspects of this encounter, and presents a panoramic view in balanced perspective of the resulting Indo-British relationship. The former Indian High Commissioner in Britain, Dr LM Singhvi, has aptly recorded in his Foreword, 'The vignettes and episodes in this book represent an aspect of Britain

which we in India applaud and appreciate. To give an accolade to those who saw India as a civilisation...' The capsule biographies in an appendix are pithy and informative, and include the first Indian to come to Britain on an official visit where he died, Raja Rammohun Roy (1772-1833); the first and only Indian hereditary peer, Lord Sinha (1864-1928); three early Indian Members of the British Parliament, Dadabhai Naoroji (1825-1917), Mancherji Bhownagaree (1851-1933), Shapurji Saklatwala (1874-1936); and the first Indian High Commissioner after independence in Britain, VK Krishna Menon (1896-1974). Highly recommended. (SLM)

1997 Banyan Tree Publishing, 808 Finchley Road, London NW11 6XL tel: 0181 458 3802 ISBN 0-9531630-0-08 £30.00 plus postage pp240

White Mutiny: British Military Culture in India 1825-1875 Peter Stanley

This book is based on meticulous research of the handling of the events of 1859 in India, apt to be forgotten today. That the East India Company's forces were a diverse combination of Indian and European troops is well-known. It had for several years been mooted that the two European forces in India should be combined, ie, the Company's Europeans merged with the Royal troops. The Company's Indian regiments have been extensively researched as a result of the events of 1857, but the events of 1859 affecting its European regiments have been largely glossed over, if not totally overlooked. This is the first book-length account of those events.

The Company's European regiments constituted a distinct social and military entity, whose culture long opposed that of the British Army units in India, the latter in turn reciprocating by gibes like 'East India Convicts' on account of the EIC badge worn by the former, the author recording 'The Queen's army was a profoundly conservative institution, its officers grounded in the landed gentry and its men drawn (though decreasingly) from agricultural labourers. The Company's officers were drawn from the aspiring and often insecure commercial middle-class, its men from among uneasy urban artisans.' The Company's European force, apart from providing sergeant-majors and quartermaster-sergeants for the Indian regiments, also provided personnel for services like the Public Works Department and Telegraphs, Police and more recently the Railways, which opportunities were not then available to Royal troops, the Company's European forces thus attracting a superior grade of recruit. The author's reconstruction of the social and military culture of these men, mainly Anglo-Irish - their expectations and living conditions - is fascinating. For the period some thirty years before 1857, the author takes the reader into the barrack rooms and messes of the Bengal European regiments, explains their mores, and exposes the attitudes towards them, followed thereafter

by the European regiments' protest at their incorporation, like livestock, without bounty or consent, into the British Army in the aftermath of 1857 - such a large and effective British military protest, dismissed by Lady Canning as 'a Manchester strike', that till then the British Army had seldom faced, and which resulted in over 10,000 taking their discharge. Some took their discharge in India, but most had to be provided passages to Britain. It would have been cheaper for Earl Canning to have agreed to the grant of bounty, but he had been ill-advised, though he himself had earlier favoured such a separate European force, answering to the Indian government. This work unravels how these European regiments' collective culture, embodying the aspirations and stresses of the then Anglo-Irish society, impelled the concerned officers and men to challenge their higher authorities, being consequently dubbed as 'European pandies' and how their persistence resulted in the further assertion of British military power in the Indian subcontinent, one Other Rank being executed at Dinapore. Progressively, after reconstitution into the British Army, the former Company's units began being rotated and moved to Britain, men being allowed to transfer to other regiments/corps in India, eg in 1869, 205 men dispersed from the Royal Madras Fusiliers alone to twenty-one other corps. On their arrival in Britain these units were deemed to still exhibit the distinctive culture of the Company's Europeans, even as late as 1871, the Royal Bombay Fusiliers therefore derisively referring to themselves as 'Ramchunders'.

The author sagely writes 'Most agreed that in the reconstructed army the backstairs influence once the norm had been supplanted by a system less liable to abuse, but others countered that, if the patrons had altered, the rules remained...The Horse Guards' back stairs, however, were steeper than those of the Directors, and many favoured under the Company suffered under India's new rulers, fulfilling the forebodings expressed before and during the rebellion...India became the British army's second home "perhaps its first", as Corelli Barnett put it.' A pioneering work of social and British military history in India. Highly recommended. (SLM)

1998 Hurst & Co. London ISBN 1-85065-330-5 £20.00 plus postage pp314

Eric Shipton: Everest and Beyond Peter Steele

This remarkable biography of a truly remarkable mountaineer is totally objective, with a pithy Foreword by Sir Edmund Hillary: 'In my younger days Eric Shipton was a hero to me. He did all the things I wanted to do - exploring remote areas, crossing unknown glaciers and passes, and forcing a way through incredibly rough and unknown country. When I was invited to join his British Everest Reconnaissance in 1951 it was like the answer to a prayer.'

And Hillary continues: 'Eric lived up to what I expected of him - tough and determined, incurably inquisitive about unvisited remote areas, and yet gentle and kind to young companions. He was a great explorer and a great man and I will always remember him.' Shipton's well-known journeys through the Tibetan passes, and overcoming the hazardous cirque of the Nanda Devi Sanctuary, are recounted in his own books - as well as in those of his frequent climbing companion, Bill Tilman. The author, a friend of Shipton and himself a mountaineer in the Himalayas, has brought his self-effacing subject to life, by talking to family and friends, and through access to his diaries and numerous very personal letters, spanning five decades, to a succession of ladies with whom Shipton variously had affairs, on occasion even proposing marriage, and under whose beds he often used to leave an ice-axe by way of a love-token.

The author also covers Shipton's youthful Kenya farming days, his extraordinary posting as Consul-General in Kashgar, and his strenuous last journeys in Patagonia. He analyses the controversy which shocked the mountaineering world, when Shipton, whose pre-war high-altitude climbing experience made him the obvious leader of the 1953 British Everest Expedition having led the 1951 Reconnaissance, was nevertheless replaced at the last minute by Colonel Hunt. This is an evocative biography, often also poignant, which does justice to the enigmatic Shipton, who continues to be the role model even for current climbers. The author aptly invokes James Boswell as to Dr Johnson, 'I will venture to say that he will be seen in this work...as he really was; for I profess to write not his panegyrick, which must be all praise, but his Life.' Peter Steele has unquestionably achieved his aim. Highly recommended. (SLM)

1998 Constable Publishers ISBN 0 09 478300 4 £18.99 plus postage pp290

No dogs and not many Chinese: Treaty Port life in China 1843-1943
Frances Wood

This is a fascinating study, a slice of history which existed for a bare one hundred years, now only known intimately to the remaining few who lived and worked there. The book traces their lives from the time when the Chinese considered the Westerners, who ventured unasked into their country, uncouth barbarians of insufferable attitude and definitely intellectually their inferiors! Moreover the foreigners had the arrogance and extreme bad manners to refuse to kowtow before Emperor, Empress or other high official in the traditional way of prostrating themselves by touching the ground with forehead. Into this unwilling land came merchants taking their cue from the East India Company to establish trade and revenues on tea, silk, calico, millet, bran and peanuts, to name but some of the goods. With them they brought opium from India contained in hulks anchored in ports and up rivers.

Although prohibited by an Imperial edict at the end of the 18th century, the ban was not enforced, and the illegal 'poppy' trade became hugely successful. From the first ports of Canton and Shanghai the way was opened up into the interior by river-borne traffic up the Yangtse River to Hankow and Nanking and far up through the Gorges to the very reaches of Tibet. These were also known as Treaty ports, as well as those established all the way up the coast to Tientsin which conveniently led the way in trade to Peking. The missionaries, doctors, bankers and business-men who poured into the country following the traders, encountered enormous difficulties in getting established, not the least the battle against disease and the climate, steamy hot in the south, freezing cold in the winters in the north. Inevitably the newly allocated 'foreign' cemeteries filled with tragic rapidity. The early traders were permitted 'Concessions' in coastal areas leased by the powers from the Chinese government for a nominal rent, though they were at first restricted to staying only a few months at a time and were not allowed to bring wives or families. The Hongs (sets of buildings put up by guilds or firms), were warehouse godowns and 'factories' in which they lived as well as worked. Next came 'Settlements', unused and often boggy areas set aside for the merchants. The Chinese themselves lived in ancient circular-walled cities with gates which were shut at nights against pirates, bandits and the ever marauding Japanese from over the sea. These were picturesque though filthy, stinking and disease-ridden towns of narrow crowded alleyways where fish, pork, fruit and vegetables were sold from fly-ridden stalls. Here the Europeans were not permitted to enter unless on official business. Even doctors, who were welcomed, had to first obtain permits. In times of epidemics the populace wore masks.

Each Treaty port had a consul to administer the law of their own country. The Chinese continued to govern their people with the usual beheadings, torture and floggings. Their troops particularly suffered. My mother, who got permission to enter the walled cities to buy the attractive coloured enamel-ware, told of the agony of hearing the screams coming from the forts up the coast and being unable even to make a protest. In times of unrest and rebellion against the cruel regime to the starving populace, foreign regiments arrived from India. Naval ships and gunboats anchored out in the bays, and impartially watched on as the war-lords battled against the native inhabitants, ready to evacuate their nationals if the situation became acute. In 1912, in the Treaty port of Chefoo in Shantung Province near to the China Fleet's summer base of Wei-hai-wei (which the British had once intended to develop into a northern Hong Kong), my mother and grandmother had a ringside view from their house of the historic landing, in flat-bottomed barges of an army of Revolutionists come to fight the Constitutionalists who though beaten would not lie down. The Manchus let off a few desultory barrages from the fort before the white flag was raised and the ancient dynasty fell bringing twenty-five centuries of Imperial rule to an end. Then plague came to Chefoo, Europeans catching it and thousands of Chinese dying in the walled city.

In the 1930s came the invasion of Japanese who took Pu-yi (the deposed last Emperor who had been living under their aegis in Tientsin) and set him up as puppet Emperor in their conquered Manchuria while their army continued to infiltrate far down the coast. With the attack on Pearl Harbour they declared war on Britain and America, seized control in Shanghai, arrested the Allies in the Concessions and imprisoned them in Internment Camps. The war brought the end of the Treaty ports, yet Western influence stayed on. Schools founded by the British still flourished. Reprieve has been given to many Protestant and Catholic churches as well as to Missions with their doctors, nurses and nuns. Industrial methods are based on those of the West as well as armaments. Chinese cities and towns, despite the skyscrapers are still dominated by the solid buildings of the foreigner, and a form of 'pidgin English' used to communicate with servants and amahs, is still used in pockets. The author of this book is to be congratulated on a brilliant and detailed account of foreign lives lived in a foreign land, a 'must' read to those interested in how the West settled, for a period, in the vast and inscrutable continent of China. (DB)

1998 John Murray Publishers ISBN 0-7195-57585 £25.00 plus postage pp368

The Indian Mutiny of 1857: an Annotated and Illustrated Bibliography
Vipin Jain

The re-issue of this bibliography is a significant event, for it is a unique checklist of books, articles and fiction on the subject of the 'Indian Mutiny' of 1857. It has defects, but it also has merits which make it valuable to the scholar, and also the general reader. It is advertised as 'illustrated', but in practice what this means is that there are sixteen photocopies of title pages (non-pictorial) of relevant books, selected, one might guess, because they are in the possession of the compiler rather than for their intrinsic interest. And thence, immediately arises a problem, and I give here an example: Illustration No 2 is the title page of a book entitled 'Rambles in Northern India with incidents and descriptions of many scenes of the mutiny including Agra, Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Allahabad etc. With twelve large photographic views by Francesca H. Wilson, London 1876'. To someone like myself, who has never even heard of this book, the prospects are mouthwatering. I check immediately via the Internet, the catalogues of both the British library and the Bodleian Library in Oxford and draw a blank. They do not appear to have a copy nor did they ever have one. Where indeed could the scholar let alone the average reader in this country get to see this book? I fear the experience is to be repeated many times on browsing through this bibliography; there is no suggestion that the compiler has invented books, but some are just not available even in the greatest libraries of the world. This is just a statement of fact, not an adverse criticism.

Perhaps a more direct defect is that there does not seem to have been any editing or updating of the original 1993 text, and a number of influential books have been published since that date, notably by Oxford University Press, Delhi, and these books are not mentioned. This is a notable omission. There is no mention either of books written in non-European languages, and this must surely be detrimental to any claim to be a comprehensive bibliography? It is true that the vast majority of serious Indian historians have chosen to write in English on this subject but that does not satisfy the modern Indian scholar who looks to vernacular sources to augment and rationalise the well-known facts of the 'Mutiny.' There is still great merit in this book, it is superior to Ladendorf in its range and scope. It should be on the bookshelf of any serious student of the subject. (PJOT)

1998 Vintage Books ISBN 81-85326-62-2 Rs 275 or £8.00 including air-mail postage from Prabhu Book Service, Subzi Mandi Crossing, Sadar Bazar, PO Box 21, Gurgaon 122 001, Haryana, India. (Sterling cheque payable to Prabhu Book Service) pp174

Editors note: due to the large number of books received we have not been able to review everything sent in. Rather than curtail the current reviews, or to use a smaller typeface, we have decided not to commit ourselves to reviewing any new books until Autumn 1999. Spring 1999 *Chowkidar* will contain the reviews we were unable to print in this issue, including the new two volume Indo-British Review entitled 'The Indian Civil Service: Survivors Remember the Raj'.

NEW BACSA BOOK

Missy Baba to Burra Mem - The Life of a Planter's Daughter in Northern India 1913-1970 Joan Allen

This is the latest book to be published by BACSA and is an evocative personal account of a girl growing up in a Planter's environment in Bihar, meeting and marrying a Planter, Geoffrey Allen, who then goes off to the War as a Gurkha Officer, while she is left with their children, with no fixed home, awaiting news. Eventually she learns that he has been captured at Tobruk, is a prisoner of war in Italy, has escaped and returns to take part in the War against Japan on the north-east frontier. Meanwhile she becomes involved in war-work in Shillong and later, after the end of hostilities, in supporting his new career as a Political Officer in the north-east tribal areas of Assam, and finally in the Tea Industry. The author is a member of the Allen family with roots in Cawnpore, publishing connections with Kipling and involvement in India extending to the present day through the careers of her children.

1998 BACSA £10.50 plus £1 postage, available from the Secretary

Notes to Members

1. When writing to the Secretary and expecting a reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

2. If wishing to contact a fellow-member whose address is not known to you, send the letter c/o Hon Secretary who will forward it unopened.

3. If planning any survey of cemetery MIs, either in this country or overseas, please check with the appropriate Area Representative or the Hon Secretary to find out if already recorded. This is not to discourage the reporting of the occasional MI noticed, which is always worth doing, but to avoid unnecessary duplication of effort.

The handsome war memorial at Plassey in 1987