



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 1,800 (1999) 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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THEIR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN

How many people looking for the graves of their ancestors in India actually find them? Because BACSA is a charity, and not a Company, we do not have to meet 'performance targets', so we cannot enumerate successful searches against unsuccessful ones. Neither can we explain why quite recent burials from the 1930s and 40s seem harder to find than those from the 19th century. But we can rejoice with the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of people who served in India when they report on a find. And if the grave they sought is in good condition, sometimes a hundred years on, then we are even more pleased. Two of our correspondents had recent fruitful visits, that will encourage readers contemplating similar expeditions.

Dr Catharine Hollman went to Dalhousie, the British hill station, in search of her great-grandparents' graves. William John Buchanan (1835-1905) was born in India, his father George having run away from his Glasgow home to join the 13th Light Infantry. George was killed in 1840 in Kabul, during the First Afghan War, leaving his son William fatherless at an early age. But William Buchanan prospered and became Principal of a school in Lahore, having joined the Punjab Educational Department. He married Sarah (1839-1899), whose surname is unknown, and who was possibly an orphan of the 1857 Uprising. The couple built a summer residence in Dalhousie, and on retirement went to live there permanently. 'Their eldest daughter Catherine McDonald Buchanan (1867-1954) was my grandmother,' writes Dr Hollman, 'and she often told me about this wonderful town in the Himalayas, which fired my determination to go there. She married Sergeant Major John Fraser of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, who had visited Dalhousie whilst on leave. My mother was their eldest child and she was born in Peshawar.'

A photograph of the grave of Sarah Buchanan exists, taken in 1900, a year after her death (see page 36). Armed with this, Dr Hollman went to Dalhousie 'but on arrival found the cemetery firmly locked. As I was wondering what to do a passer-by asked if he could help. Quite by chance he was an ordained minister of the Church of North India, and a retired Colonel of the Indian Army. His name was the Rev Sounder Rajan, and he said he would introduce me to an English lady who lived in the town and who could obtain the key to the cemetery. Thus began my friendship with Mrs Jane Caleb who is married to Bishop Caleb, retired Bishop of Delhi. The cemetery has a fine location on a hillside facing the snow-covered mountains, and planted with deodar trees. I discovered the graves of both William and Sarah Buchanan. Sarah's grave had lost its railings but the marble was in quite good condition. William's headstone was worn and not easy to read. Then, with the help of Jane Caleb, I was able to inspect the register in St John's

Church and found the death entries, and also the entry in 1884 of the marriage of my aunt Elsie Buchanan (Mrs Lloyd). It was a 'truly memorable visit' and the Rev Souder Rajan told Dr Hollman that their initial meeting, outside the locked cemetery, was not 'by chance.' 'He was firm in his belief that it was brought about by the will of God.'

A letter from Lucy Evans to the BACSA Area Representative for Allahabad, tells of an equally successful visit to the Muir Road Cemetery there. On advice from the Area rep, Edwin Wilkes, the family had already written to a contact at the Boys' High School, Allahabad, to set up a visit. On arriving at the School, their contact was away, but with great kindness, two other school-masters took the visitors to the cemetery. 'My first impression as I walked through the gate was what a beautiful and peaceful place it is - a sea of tranquillity within India. We split up to look for the grave of my great-grandfather (my aunt's grandfather), William Alexander Hardie, who died in 1926, but Mr Egbert (one of the school-masters), found it within minutes, despite its location in the "wild" area to the right, under waist-high grass. The grave was cleaned, the grass cut back and a tree removed; we were suddenly looking on a perfect marble grave stone, wondering when a member of our family last visited that spot. In our dreams, it couldn't have been better. The excitement of travelling across the world to India, of seeing the cemetery and of finally finding the grave. In some ways it was spooky, but it was a wonderful discovery, even more so for my aunt who never knew her grandfather. The kindness shown to us by the teachers, who gave up a few hours of their time to find the grave and then take us to All Saints Cathedral, was overwhelming.'

MAIL BOX

'I have news for you Sir, and for BACSA', wrote the Rev Dr P.J. Sunder Rao this July, 'I have found the grave one JOHN SOUTER, who died in Chittivalasa in 1825. The grave is on top of a hill, near the river Goshtani, that flows into the Bay of Bengal.' It had last been noted in the 1905 edition of *Inscriptions on Tombs and Monuments of Madras* by J.J. Cotton (the father of BACSA Council member Sir John Cotton). The inscription states simply 'In memory of John Souter, 1825' and Cotton writes that it was a 'Tomb on a hill opposite the Travellers' Bungalow. Souter, who was the pioneer of the indigo merchants was murdered in his bed by robbers. The local indigo is still put up with the mark "S & M", i.e. Souter and Mackenzie'. The Rev Dr Rao says of the substantial pukka brick and stucco tomb that 'The grave was highly protected, there is a 6ft wall surrounding the 15ft high roof and openings on four sides, the walls supporting the roof. Pipe arrangements, to drain the rainwater from the roof is another feature of the grave. Houses have come up around the monument. The houses are as close as 3 to 4 ft from the wall! The space surrounding the wall is being used as rubbish dump.

'I have taken pictures of the grave [see page 37] and also spoken to the people living near it. I asked for their co-operation and goodwill to restore the monument. Their goodwill is essential; they will prevent others from using the tomb as rubbish dump etc. Mallie and her mother live in a thatched house on the north of the tomb. Mallie brought a stool and chair for me to scale the 6ft wall of the tomb. Her mother was also helpful. The people living on the hill were quite excited when I took the pictures.' He adds that the builders of the tomb took a lot of care to preserve it from wear and tear by weather, especially with the drain pipes on the sloping roof, and it has survived well for nearly 200 years. A hand drawn map has also been sent to BACSA showing the relative location of the tomb, on its hill near the river, to the village of Chittivalasa, with its London Mission Church, and the main road to Bimlipatam, five kilometres away. More information on John Souter, and the circumstances of his death are requested, while a proposal for restoration of his tomb, and the protection of the Archaeological Survey of India is sought. (BACSA is already supporting a restoration project at the Chittivalasa cemetery.)

In January this year Barry Lewis visited Ramandroog, a former hill station on a high plateau in the Sandur Hills, Bellary District, Mysore. He had gone with a colleague to see the remains of an early medieval Hoysala fort, but found something much more recent in the shape of an abandoned British cemetery. Ramandroog had become a hill station, with a hospital and sanatorium, to serve the needs of the British at Bellary in the 19th century. Its height, 4,000 feet above sea level, resulted in a delightful climate, even during the hottest part of the year. Burials in the cemetery date between 1860 to 1890, although there were earlier graves too. A watercolour by James Morant, the Chaplain of Bellary, who visited Ramandroog several times between 1851 and 1856, is captioned 'Soldiers' graves, Ramandroog, January 1855', but all trace of the ten headstones depicted has disappeared, and do not seem to form part of the existing cemetery. The hill station was used as an internment camp for German civilians during World War One, and wounded soldiers were treated there during World War Two. The cemetery site has been affected by one of many iron ore mines in the district, that send a fine rust-coloured dust over everything.

'The abandoned cemetery is a desolate place. The tombs and graves are overgrown and the low brick wall that surrounds them is partly tumbled down. These facts, the lonely beauty of the place and the heightened sense of cultural isolation that is inescapable in India compelled me to do *something* so that Ramandroog and its cemetery do not vanish without a trace', writes Mr. Lewis. He decided to post his findings on the Internet, www.staff.uiuc.edu/~blewis/ramandroog.htm together with a list of graves, in the hope that relatives of the dead will contact him with information. Each grave has its own photograph, and there are photographs of five as yet unidentified graves.

Predictably, many of the graves are those of infant children, sons and daughters of officers and men, who died within months or a year of birth. Private William Gilmartian of HM 76th Regiment was killed by lightning on 12 June 1867. Georgiana Isabella, beloved wife of Staff Serjeant Porter of the Commissariat Department died on 10 September 1863, 'leaving her husband and five children, besides a large circle of friends and relatives to deplore her loss.' A young bandsman, Michael Rooney, of the 18th Regiment died on 14 May 1875, aged 17 years and 9 months. His brother bandsmen erected his tombstone. Lt Col Charles James Villiers of HM 74th Highlanders died on 10 May 1862 aged 39 years. His tomb, Mr Lewis says, is one of the two Ramandroog graves noted by J.J. Cotton in his 1905 *Inscriptions*, and was then 'a handsome monument surrounded with railings'. Today the monument is in ruins and the railings have disappeared. Perhaps even sadder are the 'unfortunate souls' for whom no grave has yet been found, but who are known to have been buried here. These include the German civilian J.R. Harnburg, who died during the World War One, and of Arthur Hathaway, of the Madras Civil Service, who died on 17 April 1866, aged 45 years. Cotton writes that [Hathaway] 'died in his bullock-bandy [cart] near Yettinahatti, on the road from Bellary to Ramandroog, having been attacked by fever some days previously. His service dates from 1839, and he had been Collector of Bellary since 1859. He was educated at Sherborne School, which he left in 1836 for the East India College at Haileybury.' Comments and information for future research would be welcomed by Mr Lewis via the BACSA Secretary or e-mail him at: blewis@uluc.edu

Contenders for the oldest British resident to die in India have been coming in since we noted the Bangalore grave of General John Wheeler Cleveland in the Spring *Chowkidar*. The General was 92 years old at the time of his death in 1883. BACSA member Mr Robin Stanes reminds us that his grandfather, Sir Robert Stanes, about whom he is writing a short biography, died aged 96 years at Coonoor in the Nilgiris, in 1936, having been born in London in 1840. A grave at Chunar is 'Sacred to the memory of Mrs Catherine Mingle, born 16th March 1760, died 22 November 1869', though I think that given the lack of official birth certificates in the 18th century, that might be a slight exaggeration. Three long-lived inhabitants buried in what is now Pakistan, and noted by Sue Farrington, are: Jane Briscoe Wilson, died 26 February 1927, aged 96 years (St Andrew's Church, Karachi); Joseph Greig Laing, died 1939, aged 96 years (Karachi Cemetery) and Isabella Knowles 'Mutiny veteran and wife of the late Rev Samuel Knowles, Missionaries at the Methodist Episcopal Church Mission United Provinces. Born 11 May 1834, died 3 December 1924, aged 90 years'. David Barnabas from Bangalore, who started the discussion with his photograph of General Cleveland's tomb, has found another old-timer in the grounds of St George's Cathedral, Madras: 'Mr G Winter, Master Tailor, who departed this life on the 18th June, 1872, aged 95 years and 3 months.'

A short article entitled 'The Beer Heritage' is not what you might think at first glance! George and Elizabeth Beer went from England to the Godavari Delta in 1836, to found what is now the Godavari Delta Mission. They were accompanied by another couple, William and Elizabeth Bowden, and the names of these devout Christians are commemorated in the Bowden-Beer Memorial School, which is run by the Mission. Dr Ernest Lucas, the great-great-grandson of the Beers, recently visited India, where generations of his family lived and worked, and we are grateful to him for this account. His grandfather, Dr William Beer, was Assistant Director of the Pasteur Research Institute in Coonoor from 1924 to 1937, and Dr Lucas found both the house where his grandparents lived, and the Union Church where they married, as well as several people who still remembered the good work they had done. Dr William Beer is buried in the Old Cemetery, Bangalore.

Dr Lucas then travelled to Narsapur to meet Miss Joy Tilsely, great-great-granddaughter of William and Elizabeth Bowden, who runs the Girls' Hostel there. Apart from 'a few hundred churches, the back-bone of the work', there is the Bethesda Leprosy Hospital, the Narsapur Christian Hospital, the Jayothi Press (producing Christian books in Telegu), and a vocational training school. In the small Bethany Cemetery at Narsapur, Dr Lucas found the graves of his great-grandparents, Charles and Henrietta (neè Wardman) Beer, and other family graves. There had been a small burial ground nearby in which the first generation of missionaries was probably buried, but it has been washed away by the river. George Beer, one of the Mission's founders, died at Masulipatam from 'contusion of the brain due to heat-stroke', unfortunately still a cause of death for local people today. 'As a result of following the Beer trail', Dr Lucas concludes, 'I left India feeling both that I understood my family background and upbringing better but, strangely, also feeling that I was leaving a bit of myself behind.'

A surprisingly sympathetic account of the old Peshawar cemetery was published in *The Independent* newspaper in April this year, by Robert Fisk. Brought up, he writes, on tales of the Raj and G.A. Henty novels, he found the inscriptions on the flaking tombstones strangely moving. Robert Adams, 'Staff Corps and Deputy Commissioner in the Punjab, called to Peshawar as an officer of rare capacity for a frontier...wise, just and courageous, in all things faithful, he came only to die at his post, struck down by the hand of an assassin on 22 June 1865, aged 43.' Lt George Richmond of the 54th Regiment, 27th Punjab Infantry was 23 years old when he died on 27 October 1863 'of a wound received on the previous day in the defence of the Eagle's Nest Picket at Umbyla Pass.' Lt George Bishop of the 6th Bengal Cavalry was 'killed in action at Shubkudder in an engagement with the hill tribes on 5 December 1863, aged 22 years'. The surrounding graves record other soldiers killed in their 20s, and Bandsman Charles Leighton of the 1st Battalion, the Hampshire Regiment was aged 20 years and 3 months when he was assassinated by a Ghazi at this station on Good Friday, 1899'.

So the 'ghazis' really existed outside the pages of G.A. Henty, remarks the writer, who mourns the fact that many of the inscriptions will soon be too weathered to read (though they have been recorded for BACSA). At the entrance of the graveyard, 'the old noticeboard informs me that I too can be buried here for 100 rupees', surely a bargain to lie with such illustrious company!

Stuart Plumley tells us that his grandfather was Sergeant William Plumley of the Gloucestershire Regiment. Born in 1857, he met his wife while stationed in Hyderabad, and the couple married in 1888. After he was demobilised, he returned to India, and having become interested in the Methodists, he helped open a Mission at Jagdalpur, Bastar State (now in Madhya Pradesh). In 1909 he was working as an Assistant for a firm of timber contractors, 'in the remotest of jungles' and shot 'about eighteen tigers which were cattle lifters or maneaters. When he retired the couple stayed with us and died in our bungalow in Jagdalpur, where father was working as State Engineer. They are buried in the Mission graveyard, where I hope they are being looked after by the Mission.' Mr Plumley left India for good in 1947, but has revisited it through his poetry. He has sent us a poignant verse entitled 'In a Colonial Graveyard - Scenes from boyhood at Vizianagaram 1940', which reads:

Silent and sad I wandered round the graveyard:
Ghosts rose from the tombs with their tearful mourners:
Here a young girl for a year-old daughter,
There a stern-faced soldier, trying his utmost to
Hide in Spartan control, the tears that flowed within.
Yet there a young man weeping unabashed,
Ensnared by the stolid coffin laid to rest.
Each gravestone cried aloud with certainty;
It was a graveyard of the young.

THE THAI POLICE FORCE

BACSA was recently able to provide details of the Ames family of Bangkok, to Brother Anthony of St Cassian's Centre (De La Salle Brothers), Hungerford, who has written a well-researched family history. Samuel Joseph Bird Ames was born in Weymouth in 1832, and was Captain of a large four-masted cargo ship, travelling to south Asia and the Indian Ocean. Many visits to Bangkok decided him to leave the sea and try his fortune on dry land. At first he worked as a building contractor, building an iron bridge across the city's canal, until he was invited by the Siamese King, Rama IV to set up the Thai Police Force about 1860. Before that date, policing had been confined to the royal palace area, but the forward-looking King became concerned about the constant threats to peace

caused by violent robbers in Siam, and he determined to set up a nation-wide police force similar to that in other countries, and particularly in India. Captain Ames was appointed to a rank equivalent to Inspector General of Police. His force was known as the Kong Police, and was initially very small, consisting mainly of Indians from Malaya, or India itself (many of whom had been merchant sailors on his cargo ship).

The new police force faced an unexpected reaction from the people of Bangkok - laughter at the way they stood to attention and scrutinised members of the public! There was also, not surprisingly, a language problem, but the Indian police officers worked hard, and went from strength to strength, soon outgrowing their original home, and moving to the Police Hostel Junction. Captain Ames' 'biggest headache was trying to control the Hang Yee Plong Liam, perpetrators of a lot of violent crime.' Members of this gang were mainly Chinese coolies, but gradually they were subdued. In 1871 King Rama V gave Captain Ames authority to organise the police throughout the country, and to buy what he needed for the force from abroad. By the time Ames retired in 1892 (having been given the Thai name Luangratyathibanbancha), a new central police headquarters had been sanctioned, and the Thai Police Force was on a sound footing.

Captain Ames died at Bangkok on 29 October 1901, of an 'intestinal haemorrhage', and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery. In the early 1860s, he had married Catherine Sophia Brown, ten years his junior, who came from Chester. The couple had a large number of children, some of whom Brother Anthony was able to trace through BACSA's recent publication of burials in the Protestant Cemetery, Bangkok. There is a familiar litany of infant deaths: a baby, probably named Thomas, who died on 28 June 1862, twin daughters, Beatrice and Florence, who died on 24 April 1869 and 29 April 1869, and then the death of another girl, Janet, on 28 May 1872, followed the next day by Catherine's death at the early age of 29. But at least two children did survive, Samuel and Kate, who were sent to live with their aunt Sarah (Captain Ames' sister) in St Helier, Jersey. Evidently Captain Ames remarried, because the cemetery records show another infant child (unnamed) as dying on 4 April 1880, eight years after his first wife's death.

Captain Ames was awarded the Order of the Crown of Siam of the Third Class, by the King of Siam, and received a Certificate from Queen Victoria, dated 12 July 1887, permitting him to accept this Order, together with 'all the Rights and Privileges thereunto belonging' though he was told that this did not authorise him to assume any title 'appertaining to a Knight Bachelor' in Britain. But Samuel Ames' record speaks for itself, as a dedicated and versatile man who made his own name in a distant country, where he is still remembered as the 'Founder of the Thai Police Force'.

CAN YOU HELP?

Mrs Joan Scott was in India recently, in search of two family graves. She describes Darjeeling as 'not quite what it was when I last saw it some fifty years ago' and was disappointed at being unable to find the tomb she was looking for there. But in Calcutta at the Lower Circular Road Cemetery she was able to locate her grandfather's grave straight away. He was Captain Russell Pymm, a long time resident of Darjeeling, a keen racing man, and some-one of 'considerable literary abilities', according to his obituary. He was a 'Volunteer' for forty years in the N.B.M. Rifles, where he had risen to become Captain. He died on 12 August 1919, of cancer, at the age of 57, and his grave was endowed 'in perpetuity' eight years later. When Mrs Scott saw it earlier this year she reported it as 'rather overgrown, the kerb broke, and the lead lettering picked out long ago, presumably to sell. It was just a little bit sad to see it - but it could have been worse.' She has left some money with the parish priest to have the inscription restored by incising it into the stone, and to have the grave covered with a concrete slab, so the grass will not grow on it. Captain Pymm was well-known, it seems, for his newspaper column entitled 'Under the Cryptomerias' and Mrs Scott would like to know which paper this appeared in. (In case you are wondering, the cryptomeria is not an exotic burial place, but a species of Japanese cedar.) His grand-daughter also has a wallet, initialled 'R.A. Pymm. Albert Club, Calcutta', and wonders if anyone can shed light on this previously unknown Club.

Another BACSA member, Peter Charlesworth, has also been tracing his family in the Darjeeling area. 'My mother and her brothers and sisters were brought up at Kurseong in the very beginning of this century. I have just recently re-discovered their old home, still standing, empty since they left in the 1930s and still full of furniture!. There were five children, but the youngest Celia Lascelles Ward, died in infancy (about 18 months old), sometime between 1905 and 1920. All I know about her is that she was buried at a church of which I have a contemporary photograph (see back cover). I suspect it has been much rebuilt since then.' Anyone who can identify the delightful little church in the Darjeeling/Kurseong area, should contact him via BACSA or e-mail: peter@charlesworth.demon.co.uk Incidentally, Mr Charlesworth has kindly provided BACSA with several photographs of the grave of George Everest, the subject of a new biography, reviewed in this issue. The very modest site is in the churchyard of St Andrew's Church, Hove, Sussex, and the inscription also records the deaths of his two infant daughters in 1852 and 1860. Everest himself died in 1866.

'Probably few people visit Darjeeling without falling under the spell of the toy train that climbs the foothills of the Himalayas', asserts Terry Martin, who is clearly smitten. Having published a book on the railway itself, he is now turning his attention to the people associated with it. 'There must be a wealth of tales and

legends about the eccentric characters, ghosts and the strange goings-on of the area' he writes. The DHR (Darjeeling Himalayan Railway) had a branch line from Siliguri to Kishanganj, and another through the beautiful Teesta Valley. Any memories, reminiscences, stories and family photographs from BACSA members would be most welcome. In particular Mr Martin seeks information about four people who have remained elusive during his latest researches. Franklin Prestage was the Agent for the East Bengal Railway, who first conceived the whole idea of a railway to Darjeeling. After its completion in 1881, he became the DHR Chairman. H. Edwards designed and engineered the railway, and may have been connected with the Calcutta civilian engineering firm of Marillier & Edwards. Thomas Mitchell was one of the contractors who built the railway, and Jimmy Shaw was the works manager at the Tindharia workshops during the 1940s and responsible for some remarkable innovations to improve the railway. Any assistance would be appreciated, either via BACSA or e-mail Mr Martin at: terry.martin@virgin.net

A sad and unusual request has arrived, via the British Library, from Mrs Marie Lawson, of Victoria, Australia. Her mother, Etheldreda Wakefield-Kent, an Australian, married an Englishman Herbert William Stovold in 1933, when both were living and working in India. Etheldreda Stovold was the Editor of the Assam Review Publishing Company in Bowbazar Street, Calcutta, and she was joined by her brother, Eric Wakefield-Kent, as co-editor. 'Tragically, my Mother died of smallpox in Calcutta, whilst working with the Assam Review, on 29th March 1937, when only 39 years old. I was three and a half years old at the time', writes Mrs Lawson. Her uncle, Eric also died later in India, of dysentery. Etheldreda Stovold's death notice was published in The Statesman, giving details that she was cremated at the Municipal Crematorium (behind Lower Road Cemetery), on the same day that she died. Cremation for Europeans at that time was very rare, but when Mrs Lawson's daughter and son-in-law visited the Municipal Crematorium last year, the caretaker had no record of the 1937 cremation, and thus no record of where the ashes were buried or scattered. It is possible that the reason for cremation and the speed at which it happened was for public health concerns, smallpox then being a deadly contagious disease. A BACSA contact in Calcutta has confirmed that there is no trace of her cremation nor any entry in the Burial Register. Meanwhile Mrs Lawson would appreciate any information on the Assam Review Publishing Company, and of course, any personal knowledge of her mother. Letters via the Secretary please.

Shortly before the end of the Second World War, William Sheldon Ridge died in St Michel Hospital, Peking. He was about 70 years old, a civilian with a career in teaching and journalism. His second wife, whom he married as a widower, Anne Frances (nee Butcher), was with him at his death on 18 March 1945. William Ridge, known as 'Shelley', was born in the British Embassy Compound about

1875. He had been interned during the war, when China was occupied by the Japanese forces. A relative, Jennifer Ridge, wonders whether his grave could have survived the many upheavals of war and the 'cultural revolution' in China. She also wonders where his Will would have been lodged during this turbulent period. Any information would be welcome.

This Spring's *Chowkidar* related the sad story of Nellie Hooper, who was murdered in Simla in July 1908. She was buried in the Jutogh cemetery, and we wondered if her grave was still to be found there. BACSA member Hugh Ashley Rayner, who first brought the story to our notice, went to Jutogh last year to look for it. There were (or had been), two cemeteries at Jutogh, one of which had been totally demolished during the 1970s, according to the chowkidar of St Michael's Church. The other cemetery 'is actually still there, but only just!' writes Mr Rayner. 'It is situated on a small spur of the hillside, about a mile outside the town, and about 500 feet lower down, in open countryside. It comprises a small, walled graveyard about 80 or 90 yards square, heavily overgrown with tall evergreen trees and weeds. The entrance porch still stands, and is used as a cattleshed (see page 37). Virtually all of the graves have been stripped of their stonework, so there is absolutely no way of identifying who they belong to. The only exceptions are the graves of three British private soldiers, dating from c1919-1921, whose cast iron crosses are still in situ'. It is not possible to say which cemetery Nellie Hooper was buried in, though Mr Rayner suspects (and hopes) that it was in the one he found, which though almost disappeared, 'is situated in a lovely and very peaceful spot with a pleasant atmosphere.'

Mr J.P.S. Dixon from Western Australia is trying to find information about a Captain John Horatio Robley, born in London about 1800, who served with the East India Company's Army from about 1818 to 1838. His regiment is not known. After twenty years of soldiering the Captain travelled to the Canary Islands, where he married Augusta Penfold. The couple had six children, and Captain Robley died in the Canaries at an unknown date, and is buried there. Not much to go on, but I suspect that the Captain may have been involved in the lucrative export of madeira wine to India, which was the subject of a recent lecture at the National Maritime Museum, London. Perhaps details of his Indian career might provide a clue? Any ideas please via the BACSA Secretary.

Leslie Allen from Newbury, Berkshire recently came across a memorial in an Abingdon Church to a Lieutenant Toombes of the 5th Bengal Native Infantry, who died on the retreat from Kabul ('or as it is more tactfully described on his memorial "the march to Jellalabad" in 1842'.) The dreadful winter retreat, from which there was only a handful of survivors, is well known, but Mr Allen would be interested to learn how many other memorials exist in Britain and Ireland to those who died during the First Afghan War.

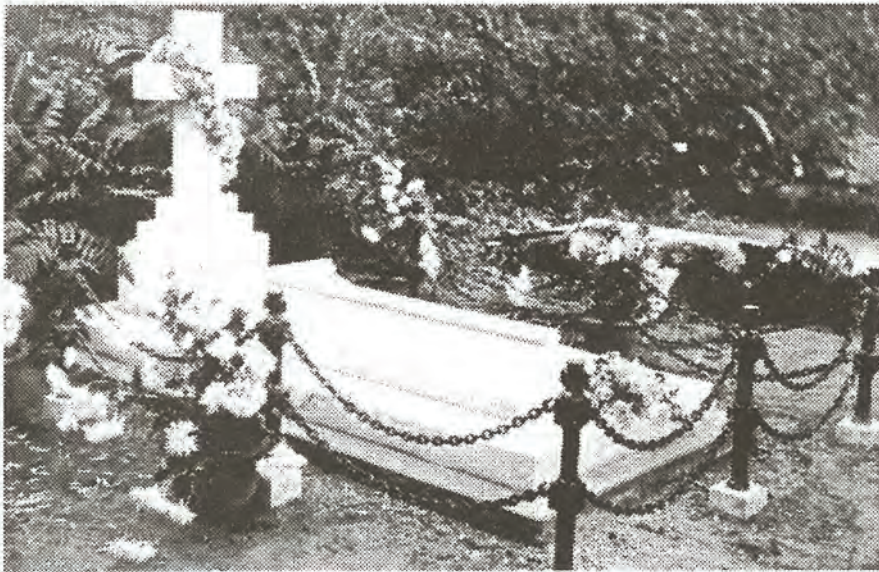
BACSA member Anne Battye is revisiting India early next year, and is trying to trace people who knew her parents, Keith and Joan Battye, or who stayed with them in Jagdalpur, Bastar in the 1940s. (By coincidence, this was the home of our correspondent Stuart Plumley (see page 30). 'I remember Dr Mitchell, who worked at the Jail, and had two sons who would be in their sixties now', she writes 'and my mother told of a visit from Verrier Elwin at some point.' The Battye children used to play with the children of the Maharaja of Jagdalpur, and she remembers that one of the little girls was called Kamala. Any help would be appreciated, either via the BACSA Secretary or e-mail: abattye@totalise.co.uk

THE MULTAN MURDER CASE

'Multan had, yesterday, only one topic of conversation - the case that commenced in the Court of Mr Spencer, District Judge. Mullins and Shouldham, the two accused were present in Court, both men being charged under Sections 302 (murder) 376 (outrage) and 397 (robbery).' So begins a lengthy report in *The Friend of India* newspaper of 15 October 1908. The sub-headings are equally intriguing: 'Finding of the Body', 'A Tell-tale Note-Book', 'The Judge's Warning to Shouldham', 'How the Jewels were Discovered' and 'The Dhubie's Evidence'.

The facts of the case were not in dispute. On 8 September 1908 twenty-seven year old Jane Ann Taylor was on her way to join her fiancé for her wedding at Multan. She was seen on to the train at Ghaziabad by her brother, Mr W.M. Taylor, and she was to be met by her married sister, Mrs Shaw, at Multan Station the following day. Imagine the horror of the family when arriving at the Station they were greeted by the dreadful news that Jane had been found murdered in her carriage. Gold jewellery which she had been carrying for the wedding was missing, as was a Pathan knife, which her brother had given her to cut her wedding cake. The knife was used in the Taylor family on ceremonial occasions, and was apparently the murder weapon. The body had been lying in the carriage during the night's journey from Ghaziabad, the murder having evidently been committed the previous evening. The suspects were quickly identified, brought back to the train and questioned 'in a first-class carriage', by the Deputy Commissioner of Multan and a Police Inspector. Both men were described as Eurasians, then the term for Anglo-Indians, and had known each other since their school days. By an awful coincidence Charles Shouldham's father was Inspector of the Railway Police at Multan.

A number of witnesses deposed having seen the two men behaving suspiciously, and testified to Shouldham having changed his trousers on the train. This in itself was not that unusual, for the journey was hot and dusty, and the train crawled at an excruciatingly slow 20 miles an hour. But the dhubie's evidence was important. He



*above: Sarah Buchanan's grave at Dalhousie (see page 25)
below: the Master Tailor's grave in Madras (see page 28)*



*above: exploring John Souter's jungle tomb at Chittivalasa, near
Bimlipatam (see page 26)
below: the abandoned hillside cemetery at Jutogh - a soldier's grave in the
foreground (see page 34)*



said that Shouldham's mother had called him urgently and asked him to wash a pair of trousers on which he noticed traces of blood. Shouldham had left the train at Multan Cantonment and gone home to his parents' house, taking the trousers with him. But where were the jewels? The answer was found in 'the Tell-tale Note-Book', a pocket book in which the number 771 had been scrawled faintly in pencil. This turned out to be the number of an adjoining postal Third Class coach, and when searched it was found that the jewellery had been ingeniously inserted into 'the board of a window slot'. The missing jewellery case, and a tin cash-box had already been retrieved from the railway line between Wadnara Ram and Satgara stations. The motive for the crime was robbery, the cash being taken immediately, and the jewellery hidden away to be recovered later. But the fact that Jane had been 'outraged', that is, raped, was decisive, and Shouldham was sentenced to death and hanged in February 1909, Mullins receiving a lesser sentence.

The lengthy newspaper report is fascinating in its own right, but it is even more interesting because it was sent to us by BACSA member June Wilmshurst, who is a great-great niece of Jane Ann Taylor. Mrs Wilmshurst's comments on the murder give added insight, like the (unreported) fact that the murderer had rubbed chutney into Jane's wounds, taken from the pickles she had with her as part of her trousseau. Mrs Wilmshurst also reveals that Shouldham's wife Blanche, was only fifteen years old, and that Shouldham was being prosecuted by Blanche's mother for attempting to cut her daughter's throat. 'The shock-waves of this murder rippled right through the generations', she adds, and I can remember as a child listening to very grisly stories of poor Jane Taylor's murder!' As a result of her murder the design of Indian trains was altered, so that they were thereafter built without outside foot boards between the carriages, as this was how Shouldham and Mullins had crossed into her first-class carriage. 'Jane was buried on 10th September 1908 in Multan, and I have a photograph which I believe is of her grave. The gravestone has a lengthy inscription, which, unfortunately is illegible, but I believe it gave details of her murder. It would be interesting to know if this grave still exists, and what her epitaph was.'

NOTICE-BOARD

The Indian Civil Service Association has decided to open its membership to the children and grandchildren of former members of the Service as well as others wishing to sustain its memory, spirit and tradition. There are currently some 200 members, and the aim is to keep in touch with them through an annual newsletter, a published membership list, and an annual lunch in London. Details from the Secretary, M.K.A. Wooller, 8 Robin Mead, Welwyn Garden City, Herts AL7 1PP. Tel: 01707 330916, or e-mail 113767.1507@compuserve.com

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

Soldier Sahibs: The Men who made the North-West Frontier Charles Allen

This is the unputdownable story of an astonishing fraternity of young Britons, who together laid claim to the then most dangerous frontier in the world, undivided India's North-West Frontier, which today forms the turbulent border between Pakistan and Afghanistan. Known collectively as 'Henry Lawrence's young men', each had distinguished himself in the East India Company's wars in the Punjab in the 1840s, before going on to achieve fame for themselves as 'politicals' on the Frontier. These young men were Herbert Edwardes, who 'pacified' Bannu; Harry Lumsden who founded the Corps of Guides; John Nicholson who was feared as 'Nikkal Seyn'; 'Uncle' James Abbot of Hazara and several others, including the Sapper, Alexander Taylor, and William Hodson, later to found Hodson's Horse. Confronting them were the violent clans of the North-West Frontier, such as the Waziris and Afridis, who variously were relentless enemies of the British, or worthy allies. Drawing extensively on their publications, diaries, journals and letters, as well as the Sikh kingdom's records in the Lahore archives, the author (whose distant forebear was John Nicholson) weaves together the woof and warp of the events of that era, the narration ending at Delhi in September 1857. While the scholarship in this highly recommended book is unquestionable, there are however some pertinent suggestions for a future edition. In a short review, only a few of these can be mentioned.

The author mentions Brig Gen Nicholson's statue at Lisburn, his place of birth, but not the one at Dunganon, where he had his schooling. The latter statue has a story of its own. It was originally erected at the Kashmir Gate in Delhi, where Nicholson had led the assault in 1857. It was removed a century later to avoid possible vandalism in 1957 and was thereafter moved free of charge to Dunganon by the P&O Steam Navigation Company. (At the same time, Gen Alexander Taylor's statue was moved from the Mori Gate area, to Cooper's Hill, Egham, once the Royal Engineering College, now Brunel University, where Taylor had been the Principal.) Separately, in the concluding chapter, 'The aftermath, September 1857 and onwards', while the killing of the three Mughal princes by the 'ill-starred' and 'the odd man out - as always' William Hodson is correctly mentioned, the earlier killing, on Hodson's orders, at Humayun's tomb of some twenty Eurasian bandsmen, of the 28th Bengal Infantry, is not. The only offence of these unfortunate non-combatants was that they had followed their British Sergeant Major Gordon when he joined the rebels. Their killing on Hodson's orders is narrated by Major Kendall Coghill in a September 1857 letter home (Coghill Papers, National Army Museum, Chelsea).

Hodson spared Gordon's life, even though he had allegedly converted and become Sheikh Abdullah Beg, and, as a former artilleryman, had thereafter directed artillery fire on the British-Indian assault on 14 September 1857, during which Nicholson fell, mortally wounded. (SLM)

2000 John Murray ISBN 0 7195 5418 7 £22.50 pp368

The Bombay Country Ships 1790-1833 Anne Bulley

This is Anne Bulley's long-awaited follow-up to her check-list of Bombay Country ships and mariners, on the open shelves at the Oriental and India Office Collections, and of her previous book *Free Mariner* (BACSA, London 1992). To me, as a researcher specialising in the HEIC's maritime and marine services, it has been well worth the wait. The author has resisted the temptation of regurgitating the research undertaken for her previous book, so the new book comes across as being fresh and, again, it is well written. It is well illustrated throughout and contains lists of both ships and mariners within many of the chapters. It is divided into a number of discrete sections, any of which could be read without reference to the remainder of the book. However, when the book is taken as a whole, it is an excellent example of the amount of complex (and frequently what may initially appear to be conflicting), information that can be digested and produced in readable form by an experienced and enthusiastic researcher and writer.

Whilst the book looks at the history of the Country ships during what was arguably the heyday of the East India Company's maritime and marine empire, it also makes use of, and reference to, other general HEIC and maritime records and the author is to be complimented on her comprehensive use of sources. The book covers just about every aspect of the Country trade, starting with the licensing and building of ships, the people and companies involved in the Country trade and the places and goods in which they traded. Anne Bulley does not concentrate on the obvious, for example the tea and cotton trade with China, but she also looks at the lesser-known areas of trade like, the Persian Gulf.

Perhaps of more importance today, she does not only concentrate on the European involvement in the Country service as owners, merchant-traders and builders. She follows on from her previous book by discussing in more depth the role of the Parsee shipbuilders in Bombay, who built many of the Country ships and the role of the *nacodas* (or native captains) and lascars, in crewing the ships. She also looks at the need for the Country-built ships to trade to England and the role that many ships with well-known names (and which traded as HEIC ships), played in the final period of the Company's commercial dominance in the East Indies. One slight criticism is the lack of reference to the Country trade with America, which

eventually exceeded the level of trade with the United Kingdom, but that aside, the book gives a good and clear overview of Bombay trading life. With the caveat that I feel the author has been let down by some sloppy proof-reading, this book is likely to be the main source of information about the Bombay Country ships for many years to come. It is a mark of the worth of this book that somebody new to the subject could pick it up and get as much out of it as somebody with a longer-term interest, and as such it is well worth the cover price. All we need now are similar volumes on the Bengal Country Ships and the Bombay Marine Service, and researchers would have a full understanding of this fascinating area of the HEIC's maritime and marine operation in the East Indies. (TF)

2000 Curzon Press ISBN 0 7007 1236 4 £40.00 pp288

In Grandpa's Footsteps Douglas Dickins

The subtitle of this unusual book is 'A 92-Year-Old Shows How to Start a New Career at 60', which message should inspire all of us. The author, who was shipped to Calcutta by P&O at six months, admits that travel is in his blood, and it was inevitable that Asia should figure large in his travels. His father was a Brigadier in the Indian Army, and the young Dickins was brought up in India. His grandfather worked in Japan in the 1860s as a surgeon, and later as a barrister in Yokohama. In fact one of the nicest illustrations in the book, is of this grandfather, Frederick Dickins, almost the living image of the author today, even down to the moustache. The 'New Career' of the subtitle was as a photographer, a passion which the author could only indulge to the full, on his retirement from an office job. He had already been writing and illustrating articles for *Country Life*, *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Lady* and other papers, but his first post-retirement commission from the India Tourist Office saw him back in Delhi, after an overland coach journey. This was to be the first of seven tours over the next twenty years, and today his photographic library includes most of Asia.

The book is a memoir, not an autobiography, and it wanders along very happily between the past and the present, from life in war-time India, to scenes beyond the Khyber, tours in Japan tracing grandfather's footsteps, to Cambodia, Iran, Bali, Burma, and Korea among others. Dickins has a knack of 'catching' places at the right time, like pre-revolutionary Iran and pre-Taliban Afghanistan. There is always a balance to be struck between text and illustrations in this kind of book, and perhaps more of the author's stunning and historical photographs could have been used, with an abbreviated commentary. The proof-reader ought to be shot. But this is a lovely book, reasonably priced, and full of unexpected delights. (RLJ)

2000 The Book Guild ISBN 1 85776 459 5 £16.95 pp161

Childhood Lost: a boy's journey through the war Patrick Gibson

Just before his tenth birthday young Gibson was taken on board the *SS Canton* by his grandfather and entrusted to the care of the ship's Purser on the long voyage to Penang. On arrival he was to make his way, alone, to the Eastern & Oriental Hotel for the night, and catch a plane to Bangkok the following morning, where his parents were to meet him. It seems extraordinary to us today that a child could be sent on such a journey, half way round the world, but the author took it in his stride. The last leg was the worst, when the KLM *Dakota*, bound for Bangkok, had to make an emergency landing in a forest clearing, with the port engine and the undercarriage both out of use. The year was 1938, and the early part of this enjoyable and moving book, seems to us now, with hindsight, almost prelapsarian in its account of the simple pleasures of domestic life in Siam. Mr Gibson senior worked for the Bombay Burma Trading Corporation, and during the day Patrick, his mother, and his brother Jon would amuse themselves at the Royal Bangkok Sports Club. In January 1939 the author was sent to Highlands School in Kaban Djahe, Sumatra, a journey of 800 miles from Bangkok. The school was up in the hills, beyond the town of Brastagi, at 4,800 feet above sea level. It was run by an American couple, Mr and Mrs Cookson.

'The war in the Far East came as a great shock to me and all at the school. Our teachers told us that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbour...it was 7th December 1941 and term had just ended.' The author was stranded when flights to Bangkok were cancelled. By mid-December most of the school staff had left, apart from the Cooksons. The Dutch Army commandeered some of the school buildings for their HQ in northern Sumatra, and the games field was suddenly planted with a forest of bamboo stakes, one end sharpened to an arrow point, to deter Japanese parachutists. An attempt by the author to join his parents was frustrated when his flight was diverted to Calcutta, as the Japanese invaded Burma. Sumatra fell to the Japanese on 25 February 1942, sixteen days after he left.

Alone in Calcutta, and believing that his parents had been executed, Gibson was 'adopted' by his father's Company, who promised to look after him until he reached eighteen years of age. He was sent to the Hallett War School in Naini Tal, which he enjoyed as much as he could, in the circumstances. In January 1943 he received 'a letter from the dead', in fact from his mother and Jon. 'They were alive, and so was my Father, though he remained behind in Bangkok. I was not, after all, an orphan.' Eventually Patrick, Jon and his mother got to England, but his father was killed by the Japanese in a makeshift prison camp in Bangkok University. The end of the story was only revealed late in 1999, when Patrick Gibson was informed, through a Dutch contact, of the fate of people he had known in Sumatra. Mr Cookson, the headmaster, was dead by October 1943, and his wife shortly after the liberation of the island.

Elderly Britons whom the author had known in Kaban Djahe, were interned in a camp at Brastagi, where they died of malnutrition. Although the bodies of these victims were later transferred to Java, their graves have not been found. This book covers a little-known period of the second World War, and is thus of interest to the historian, but its real strength lies in its factual observation, seen through a child's eyes. Patrick Gibson was originally requested to write down his war-time memories by the Imperial War Museum. What emerges is a book that compares well with *Empire of the Sun* by J.G. Ballard. Highly recommended. (RLJ)

1999 Patrick Gibson, 37 Vivian Way, London N2 OJA ISBN 0 9536443 0 8 £13.99 including postage & packing pp183

Statues of the Raj Mary Ann Steggles

This is BACSA's thirtieth volume in a series about Europeans in South Asia, and is the most ambitious publication so far. It seems remarkable that we have had to wait more than fifty years for the first catalogue of civic British statues exported to India and the East between 1800 and the 1930s. Many of these statues, now largely forgotten, or banished to obscure corners, were made by Britain's finest sculptors, at considerable cost. The extraordinary number of Queen Victoria statues, raised by public subscription, led to her image becoming known throughout the East - the Empress of India. After Independence many, but not all, British statues were moved, sometimes to make way for Indian heroes. The received view was that they had disappeared without trace, but the author, assisted by BACSA members, has been able to find nearly every statue listed in this book, including some which were brought back to the United Kingdom. Over sixty famous people whose statues adorn the Indian subcontinent and beyond are found in this handsome book, with extensive black and white illustrations. *Statues of the Raj* is by no means a complete catalogue of all British statues, that is part of its charm, because it will provoke a 'treasure hunt' of continental proportions for the missing ones. Exactly 200 years since the first statue of Lord Cornwallis was shipped to India, this is a particularly appropriate BACSA book for the Millennium.

2000 BACSA ISBN 0 907799 74 4 £15.00+£1.50 postage pp240

The BACSA Family Trees Compiled by Tony Fuller

This is the first joint venture between BACSA and the Families in British India Society (FIBIS) and arises from a large sheaf of manuscript family records which were given to BACSA in 1985. It was found that they dealt with twenty-one individual families, each of which had connections with the East Indies or India,

frequently at senior or governmental and military level. All appear to be related to each other, and the period covered is from about 1750 to 1896, when the last entry was made. BACSA could not deal with the mass of papers, because we are not a genealogical society, so it was not until the recent founding of FIBIS that collaborative work between the two organisations could begin. The Family Tree Maker computer program was used to input all the data, and gives an alphabetical listing of all 1,928 people identified, with their dates of birth, marriage and death, and the name of their spouse where applicable. Names among those thus listed include Colonel Jasper Desbrisay, General Monteath Douglas, Sir Archibald Edmonstone and Dr John Reid.

2000 BACSA & FIBIS Obtainable through the BACSA Secretary ISBN 0 907799 72 8 £16.50 including postage & packing pp56

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

Through the Jungle of Death: a Boy's Escape from Wartime Burma Stephen Brookes

Although the north of Burma came under the control of the British for a good fifty years, they never really got a hold over the region. The vast and forbidding ranges, reaching far into Tibet, could never be tamed by Western infrastructure. There were no rich mineral deposits to lure the capitalists. It was *terra incognita* to Europeans except for a handful of plant collectors and Frontier Service officials, who did their best to acquaint the elusive tribespeople of the benefits of British rule. Fort Hertz must have been the loneliest outpost of the Empire.

The cruel circumstances of war were to change all that, for it was in these implacable surroundings that many thousands of refugees found themselves in 1942, trying to get away from the Japanese into the safety of India. Their story has often been told but here we have a particularly good example of the genre. Stephen Brookes, now in his 70s, has put on his boyhood shoes to take us on a painful journey. It is an enthralling, if distressing read. The Brookes family were enjoying the congenial life of Maymyo when the Japanese struck. It soon became evident that flight was necessary. A plane to India from China was the obvious choice, but Stephen's Burmese mother turned down the opportunity in order to remain with her husband, a 70-year old English Army doctor. From that point the family were pushed into the human tide fleeing north and west. 'People were using anything from rusty cars to bullock carts, bicycles and human feet to get out of the way of the advancing Japanese columns and the bombers.' For a while they welcomed the protection of a party of Gurkhas; not least of the hazards were

bands of Chinese soldiers, virtual brigands, who were the remnants of the routed Fifth Army. When the monsoon halted the Japanese advance, the weather became the enemy. Mud, leeches, and mosquitoes wore them down physically and morally. Cholera and the sight of the dead became a commonplace as they slogged up and down ridge after ridge in the ceaseless rain. The heart of the book is the account of being holed up in a village in the dreaded Hukawng Valley to await the end of the monsoon, with thousands of fellow refugees, mostly diseased and all hungry, kept going by supplies dropped from the air. Sadly, here, before they can complete the final stage of their journey, the splendidly brave old doctor father succumbs to blackwater fever.

'We were the last of the Empire's children, fashioned for a world of certainties but living in a world in transition.' Brookes is - quite understandably, in the circumstances - critical of the government and the civil administration. In this context it has to be noted that other accounts, in books, reports and diaries, take a rather more sympathetic stance. There were, after all, profoundly complex problems thrown up by the pace of events, the almost total lack of communication and over-riding need to get the army back to India. Civilians always pay a high price when armies spill into their country. This book could profitably be read by students of the Burma campaign. (JW)

2000 John Murray ISBN 0 7195 5445 4 £16.99 pp254

Everest: The Man and the Mountain J.R. Smith

This is a worthy book about a worthy man, whose name is a household word yet who himself remains more of a cipher than a personality. George Everest joined the Survey of India's Great Trigonometrical Survey in 1817, and he remained associated with the progress of this mammoth work, from which two sets of values for the earth's parameters were determined by the accurate measurement of two sections of the meridional arc of India, for the next thirty years. Even so, he was but one of a long line of Surveyor Generals of India who all (including my great-grandfather, who spent the lonely years mapping the boundaries of Afghanistan), in their different ways quite literally put India on the map. What really sets Everest apart is that he had been Colonel Andrew Waugh's predecessor as Surveyor General of India at a time when the latter was casting around for a name to give Peak XV, which in 1852 had been computed by observations from several stations to be the highest mountain in the Himalaya. No reliable local name could be found for the mountain and so, after several years of disputation, Waugh's nomination was reluctantly accepted by the Royal Geographical Society in 1865. If any one surveyor deserves to have had the world's highest mountain named after him it is surely James Rennell, the 'father of Indian geography'

although it has to be said that 'Mount Everest' does sound a lot better than 'Mount Rennell'. Mount Everest apart, does George Everest really merit a biography? Not on the evidence presented here, I'm afraid. Despite solid chapters on the 'discovery' and naming of Mount Everest, the science of geodesy and the instruments employed by the Survey of India, which will be valued by students of Indian geography, J.R Smith fails to illuminate the man himself. He adds little to what has already been written about Everest by Colonel R.H. Phillimore in his monumental five-volume Historical Records of the Survey of India, the finest memorial to this unsung service that is ever likely to be produced.

A quarter of a century ago I was taken to a ridge outside Mussoorie to be shown the ruins of Everest's bungalow, Park House, built just below the 7,000 ft peak of Hathipaon. A building set back from the main house was pointed out to me as Everest's *bibi khana*, where he kept his Indian wife. Alas, no mention of bibis or bibi khanas is to be found in J.R. Smith's biography. George Everest never married until he retired from India in 1846. Perhaps herein lies part of the mystery at the heart of the loaded comment made by George Everest's niece that 'circumstances into which I cannot now enter, led to the destruction of nearly all written memorials of his life.' (CA)

1999 Whittles Publishing, available from Scottish Book Source, 137 Dundee Street, Edinburgh EH11 1BG, Scotland. e-mail: scotbook@globalnet.co.uk ISBN 1 870325 72 9 £37.50 paperback pp298

The Glass Palace Amitav Ghosh

This unusual novel starts with the annexation of Upper Burma by the British in 1886. The irrevocable loss of power by King Thebaw is related in haunting detail as the Mandalay palace is sacked - not by the invaders, but by his own citizens. As they stream in from the streets the gilded halls are filled with the sound of people already at work, '...men and women, armed with axes and *das* were hacking at gem-studded boxes, digging patterned gemstones from the marble floor; using fish-hooks to pry the ivory inlays from lacquered *sadaik* chests. Armed with a rock, a girl was knocking the ornamental frets out of a crocodile-shaped zither; a man was using a meat cleaver to scrape the gilt from the neck of a *saung-gak* harp...' All this is witnessed by Rajkumar, an eleven year old orphan boy from India, who falls in love with one of the royal maid-servants, Dolly. As adults the couple meet again at Ratnagiri, where the Burmese royal family have been exiled, and their story over the next seventy years, forms the core of this book, three generations of the family spread across three countries under British rule - Burma, Malaya and India. Rajkumar makes his living from the timber trade, teak at first, until he realises how profitable the new rubber plantations will be.

Interwoven with the story of Rajkumar and Dolly Raha, is that of Uma Dey, wife, and shortly to be widow, of the Indian Collector of Ratnagiri. Somehow she seems the least convincing character of the book, more a figurehead of increasing opposition to colonial rule, than a rounded fictional figure. It has to be said that the story sags a little in the middle, but picks up again as the second World War begins, and dreadful, life-altering decisions have to be made. If Uma, who becomes a Gandhian acolyte, does not ring true, there is a surprisingly convincing portrait of Arjun, the young Indian officer, who after considerable inner turmoil, joins the INA. The scene between him and his former CO, Lt Col Buckland, shows the author's skill in presenting two sides of an argument that cannot be resolved, more than fifty years on. With the number of recently published books on the flight through Burma, in the face of the Japanese advance, it is salutary to be reminded by Ghosh, that Europeans were not the only victims. The Indian diaspora suffered as badly, if not more so, as family businesses, established over several generations, were bombed and looted. A good read. (RLJ)

2000 Ravi Dayal & Permanent Black, Delhi ISBN 81 7530 0310 *Rs425 pp551

Indika: Essays in Indo-French relations, 1630-1976 Jean-Marie Lafont

If the British Raj in India seems to the general public to be full of stereotypes, then how much worse is the plight of the French in India. After their defeat at Pondicherry by the East India Company troops in 1761, the *Compagnie des Indes* soon faded away. Until recently the received view was that a few brave individuals like de Boigne, Raymond and Allard, acting as military advisers to various Indian rulers, constituted the sum total of later French involvement in the sub-continent. That this picture is now starting to change, is due almost entirely to the efforts of one man, Professor Jean-Marie Lafont, who has been researching Indo-French history for the last twenty years, from the vantage point of Delhi, with strong Lahore connections. The maxim that 'History is written by the victors' is seldom truer than in the almost total neglect of French achievements in India, by historians. For over a century almost the only English-language 'History of the French in India' was that by Malleon, which dwelt mainly on military achievements.

What Professor Lafont has done is to show the diversity of French interests, revealing a rich intellectual tradition that began in the mid-17th century with the collection of contemporary Mughal manuscripts, and continued with the accounts of four great French explorers, Bernier, Tavernier, Thevenot and Chardin. By the end of the 17th century so much information about India (and China) had become available that it was classified in de Molinville's *Bibliothèque Orientale*, published in 1697, 'which was the European philosophers' handbook for over a century'.

By the early 18th century the French, at the beginning of the Age of Enlightenment, were collecting texts on every aspect of India, from chronology, geography, natural history and pharmacology to grammar and poetry in the original languages. The learned Jesuits had by that time compiled dictionaries of Tamil and Sanskrit and the Capuchin monk de Tours, who lived in Chandernagore, had finished his Hindustani dictionary by 1704. The link between the Maurya king Chandragupta and the Greek name 'Sandracottus', was established by de Guignes in 1772, 'a discovery Anglo-Saxon writers still insist on attributing to Sir William Jones ten years later'. In the field of archaeology General Claude-August Court's collection of Graeco-Bactrian and Indo-Greek coins, and his descriptions of sites in Afghanistan and northern India, in the 1820s was remarkable. Court returned to France in 1844 with his Indian wife Fezli Azam Joo and their children 'living a long life in the midst of his souvenirs of Lahore...'

Other chapters cover the Sikh Kingdom of the Punjab, Tipu Sultan and France, the French contribution to 18th century 'Company' painting, 'An Indian Princess in Saint-Tropez: Bannou Pan Dei, Madame Allard', and Andre Malraux's 1931 'Voyage in Gandhara'. The footnotes (ten pages) for Chapter Three alone will have scholars gnashing their teeth in envy, not least for their idiosyncratic contents, combining erudition, instruction and opinion in a masterly fashion. This book cannot be too highly recommended. (RLJ)

2000 Manohar Publishers, Delhi ISBN 81 7304 278 0 *Rs850 pp492

BOOKS ALSO RECEIVED (some of which will be reviewed in the next issue)

Visions from the Golden Land: Burma and the art of lacquer Ralph Isaacs and Richard Blurton
2000 British Museum Press 0 7141 1490 1 £25.00 pp240

Out in the Midday Sun: The British in Malaya 1880-1960 Margaret Sherman
2000 John Murray ISBN 0 7195 5716 X £25.00 pp426

Anglo-Indian Legacy 1600-1947 Alfred Gabb

First published in 1998 (and reviewed in *Chowkidar*), this revised second edition lists an additional 150 Anglo-Indian schools and contains a comprehensive bibliography. The author is kindly donating £1 to BACSA for every copy we sell.

2000 Alfred Gabb, Church Farm Bungalow, Overton, York, North Yorkshire, YO30 1YL ISBN 0 948333 89 8 £8.10 including postage & packing pp162

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.

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



unidentified church in the Darjeeling/Kurseong area