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CHOWKIDAR

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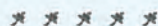
Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

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 1,900 (2002) 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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VICTORIA'S DAUGHTERS

Stories of two very different Victorian women, both with connections in the Indian subcontinent have been sent to *Chowkidar* recently. The first was inspired by BACSA's recent publication *Who was Dr Jackson? Two Calcutta Families 1830-1855*. Dr Jackson turned out to be the great-grandfather of the author, Mary Bennett, and also brother-in-law to the famous photographer Julia Margaret Cameron. Julia was one of seven talented and aristocratic daughters of James Pattle and his wife Adeline de l'Etang. Born in India in 1815, she was sent home for an informal education with her sisters and returned to dazzle Calcutta in the 1830s. All of the Pattle girls found good husbands and Julia married Charles Hay Cameron in 1838. That same year, her new husband was appointed member of the Supreme Council of the East India Company, having already served as one of the Commissioners reporting on the judicial code of Ceylon. The couple went on to have five sons and one daughter.

After a successful career in India, Charles retired with Julia to England in 1848. It was twelve years later that Julia, with her children now grown up, was given a camera by her daughter, to help fill her leisure hours. She started experimenting with portrait photography at Freshwater in the Isle of Wight, and in London. She was the first woman photographer to make a name for herself, and her portraits of eminent Victorians like Charles Darwin, Robert Browning, Lord Tennyson, and indeed her own brother-in-law, Dr John Jackson are expressive memorials to this talented woman. She also specialised in portraits of children, not the stiff and formal Victorian parlour photographs, but pictures of children in flowing draperies and simple backgrounds, foreshadowing the 'discovery' of childhood in Edwardian times by authors like JM Barrie. With the amateur's advantage of no preconceived ideas, she saw no reason why the new medium should not produce works of art comparable to good paintings. (By chance a major exhibition of Julia's work opens at the National Portrait Gallery, London, in February 2003, and is being praised by critics who have previewed it.)

Three of the Cameron's sons had settled in Ceylon, and in 1875 Julia and Charles went out to live with them. This was no mean feat, for Charles was now eighty years old, and his wife sixty. One of their sons, Hardinge Cameron was in the Ceylon Civil Service, retiring in 1904 as Treasurer. Two others planted on coffee estates, owned by Charles - Cameron's Land, which is now part of the Rosita Estate at Kotagala and the Rahatungoda Group in Upper Hewaheta. It was on the Glencairn Estate, Norwood, Dikoya that Julia died in 1879. Charles died two years later at Nuwara Eliya and both are buried in St Mary's Church, Bogawantalawa, in what is now Sri Lanka. It is striking that Julia's biographers have not mentioned, or sought out, her burial place, and no recent photograph of it exists.

Information on the graves was provided by the late Brian Womersley, joint life-member of BACSA with his wife, the founder and until very recently Secretary of the Friends of Sri Lanka Association, who sadly passed away this January. Mr Womersley himself was a tea-planter in Ceylon for twenty years, both he and his wife being born there. A copy of his December 2002 report was being sent to the Bogawantalawa Tea Company 'in the hope that it will encourage them to keep an eye on the Bogo churchyard. I am always surprised by the number of Sri Lankans interested in history, including colonial.' It would be nice to know if the Cameron graves were indeed being kept up at St Mary's Church, and a recent photograph would be welcomed.

The second gifted woman was the writer Charlotte Brontë, and here the connection with India is more tenuous, but none the less of interest. BACSA member Dr Charlotte Cory published a 'Letter from Bombay' in *The Times Literary Supplement* in August 2002 in which she traced the Sewri cemetery grave of James Taylor. For non-Brontë enthusiasts it must be explained that James Taylor was a Scots businessman who went out to India in 1851 to set up Smith, Taylor & Co, a branch of the publishers Smith Elder. On his way, he visited Haworth Parsonage, and proposed marriage to Charlotte. She turned him down flat 'for he was ugly, red-headed and Scottish'. She also added, for good measure, that he had a 'determined dreadful nose in the middle of his face which, when poked into my countenance, cuts into my soul like iron. Still, he is horribly intelligent, quick, searching, sagacious and with a memory of relentless tenacity.' Charlotte did not fancy a life in India, although the pair maintained a correspondence for several years. Dr Cory's article plays the 'what if' game, speculating that had Charlotte accepted James's proposal and gone to live in Bombay, the consumption which hastened her death might have been alleviated, and she might have been able to write more novels. However, James Taylor's actual marriage, to a widow, was not happy, and did not last long, so Charlotte was probably right to refuse him.

But James prospered in Bombay, doubtless using those very talents for which Charlotte had condemned him. He died in 1874 after tripping over in the billiard room of his club. The inscription on his grave, which is in excellent condition, even down to his stone portrait at the top, reads as follows: 'Sacred/to the Memory of/James Taylor/Secretary to the Bombay Chamber of Commerce/and to the/Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society/and Registrar of the Bombay University/who died on the 29th April 1874/aged 57 years/This monument is erected/by the Chamber of Commerce/in testimony of its admiration/of his high character/and of its appreciation/of the able and zealous services/which he rendered to the Chamber/as its Secretary/for a period of nearly 10 years/from September 1864 till his death' (see page 12). Perhaps not a man who was deeply loved, concludes Dr Cory, who photographed his grave, but he rests in a lovely spot.

MAIL BOX

Barry Bobin-Martin's story of his search for the grave of his ancestor at Khajuri, told in the last *Chowkidar*, brought in some more information about this once-important shipping halt at the mouth of the river Hooghly. It was here that the river pilots would be taken on board the East India Company's ships, to guide them safely up to Calcutta, some ninety miles distant, past the numerous sandbanks and shallows. BACSA member Mr TF Morshead has been involved in the interesting task of transcribing the diary of a relative, Captain John Morshead RN, who visited Calcutta and Khajuri in 1832. On Monday 4th June that year Captain Morshead and two messmates walked through the village of Khajuri (which he spelt Kedgeri), noting its thatched mud huts - 'the natives appeared a merry set of fellows although living in great poverty'. Morshead and his friends dined there with a Mr Hatton, the post-master, who resided in what seemed to be the only pukkha bungalow in the village. Mr Hatton was 'a very jolly and hospitable old gentleman' living there with his wife, young son and step-daughter. During their stay at Khajuri, the sailors witnessed 'a very curious procession about two or three hundred natives marching round the village beating [drums] and making a most merry noise' to mark an important marriage. 'They were preceded by three or four ornamented pagodas decorated in the Hindoo fashion and borne on the shoulders of a dozen natives, these were often lodged on the ground for the purpose of singing and dancing round them, this amusement at the end of the march was followed by a wrestling match, or a sham cudgel fight on the beach between the chief men of the party...' After such a pleasant visit it was a shock for the Captain to find on his return from Calcutta that Mr Hatton's step-daughter, Miss Gikey, had died suddenly, and was presumably laid to rest in the cemetery that Mr Bobin-Martin discovered last year.

An article written almost half a century ago by Robert Morrison, Chief Engineer of the port of Calcutta, takes up the story. Morrison describes a journey down river which seems to have been made in the late 1940s, in the Port Commissioners' vessel, the *Sir Frederick Dumayne*. Wading ashore at Khajuri, Morrison described how his party climbed the high bund that now protected the low-lying delta and walked along its summit. 'I had not been warned of the scene that met my eyes when we came to a partial clearing in the jungle shrubs of a semi-wilderness of swamps and palm-trees. It was a substantial, indeed a massive bungalow with a square tower in one corner. It was a mansion of other times, betraying its age in peeling plaster and ravished woodwork.' A large room was inhabited by fowls, a couple of goats, and a family with children. A rotten ladder led to the tower and the whole structure and roof was dilapidated and dangerous. This would seem to be the former home of the post-masters of Khajuri, who would deal with last-minute letters and packets sent down from Calcutta to catch the England-bound ships, and of course to send up the long-awaited mail from home.

Nearby stood 'a tapered pedestal of whitewashed, plastered brickwork, a solid mass fifteen feet or so in height with narrow steps climbing up one side' where the signal gun would have stood. Morrison next followed 'a narrow path through the trees to a walled area of neglected stones. All was silence and decay, and the living jungle had long since crept into the enclosure to resume possession of its own. Here and there an obelisk pointed to the sky, or a more elaborate memorial leaned wearily on its broken plinth. Some stones lay on the ground, and many had been defaced by the hand of man as well as by the eroding touch of the years. I managed to decipher a few of the inscriptions. "Charles Russel Crommelan, died 26 September 1822, aged 59, after 41 years service with the Hon'ble Company" "John Barker Caird, L- Boatswain of HC Marine, died 2 September 1800" "To the memory of Horatio Nelson Dallas, Esq, Fifth Officer of the HC Ship Lady Melville d.July 1826". There were forty or more graves in this lost and forgotten cemetery, all dated between 1800 and 1835. Perhaps the station fell into disuse then, about the time when steam came to the aid of sail and took some, but only some, of the terrors out of the navigation of the Hooghly. Forty graves, forty out of the scores of thousands that are scattered over the length and breadth of India, where lie the dusts of men who came to carve careers and build an empire, and who never saw their native land again.'

A visit to the Hansi cemetery, north of Delhi, reported by Barbara Buttimer in the Spring 2002 *Chowkidar* led to a discussion on the violent deaths of Major Robert Skinner and his household who are believed to be buried in the graves there. The Major, suspecting one of his wives of infidelity (unjustly, it seems), killed his family and servants before shooting himself. BACSA member Dr Christopher Hawes has found a contemporary account of the event, in the 'Papers relating to William Gardner' in the National Army Museum, London. William Gardner was a friend of Colonel James Skinner, brother to Robert. Writing on 14 May 1821, William Gardner comments "The Delhi Ukbarru [akhbar] will have informed you of Robert Skinner's Horrible end, after the murder of His 2 Women, 3 slave girls and one Son. I have seen no private account of this act of insanity, and in a letter written by [Colonel] James Skinner's direction to Stephen, he says "R's death took place under unfortunate circumstances."" Gardner adds that 'I had no idea the man was such a Brute, so complete a ruffian, Rohilla in mind.'

Writing from Geneva, BACSA member Count Salina Amorini tells us of the tragic end of his maternal grandfather Major Norman Orr on the North West Frontier in 1923. His story is both a reminder of that (still) troubled part of the world and the fact that some who are buried in India, have memorials in Britain too. Major Orr was serving with the 2nd battalion, the Seaforth Highlanders, at the Khyber Pass. With a close companion, Major Fearnley Anderson, who had joined the Regiment on the same day, the two officers were taking a stroll one sunny Sunday afternoon along the Mullagore Road, about three and a half miles from Landi Kotal.

'There was nothing unusual in that' reported the battalion commander 'all ranks were allowed to walk a certain distance - three miles outside the camp. The two officers were in plain clothes and were unarmed. During their walk, two tribesmen passed them, again nothing unusual. But on the tribesmen seeing the officers, memories of hatred against the British were apparently aroused, as was afterwards learned, for some fifteen years before, a relative of the tribesmen, who was accused of robbery and murder, had been hanged by the British authorities. Seeing the two officers they realised it was an opportunity of satisfying their own feelings of revenge against the British and also of gaining distinction amongst their own tribe. The country was very rocky and rough, and it was very easy to carry out their plan. All they had to do was to wait until the officers reached the boundary, whereupon Majors Anderson and Orr, sitting down to have a talk before returning to camp, the tribesmen crept up to within about 40 yards of them and fired two rounds, and the dastardly deed was done.' The tribesmen were subsequently captured and shot.

Major Orr was interred at Peshawar and BACSA Executive Committee member Sue Farrington has noted his grave in her book *Peshawar Cemetery, Pakistan*, (BACSA 1988 and reprint 2001). A photograph of the tomb was also provided. Seven years after the deaths of the two officers a stained glass window was unveiled in the church of the regimental Depot at Inverness in Scotland. It was paid for by contributions from everyone serving in the 2nd Battalion, as a particular tribute to the two officers, randomly shot down in a long meditated act of revenge against the British on the Frontier.

From Sweden, BACSA member Charles Dawson sends in an interesting article that he spotted in the magazine *Industrial Heritage* (Vol 28) last summer. The article by Peter English describes the technical museums of India as a treasure-trove of functional industrial history. Indeed he goes on to state that India herself 'still resembles the most functional working museum in the world' and lists a number of examples. The Bombay Railway workshops are using old lathes from Cravens of Manchester, dating from about 1910, and the National Asphalt Company operating in Bombay 'see nothing at variance with the latest diesel road-rollers to have its Marshall & Fowler steam rollers from 1911 lay a coat of smooth tarmac that can comfortably pass any acceptance test from the most critical civil engineer's eye.' In Orissa a 1927 Parsons-Rolls Royce steam turbine continues to provide electrical power, along with its pre-1947 Manchester-made switchboards. Steam cranes from the 19th century are still frequently pressed into service, reflecting, says Mr English, good maintenance by their present owners. Unlike Britain 'India has seen fit to retain many redundant pieces of engineering in a host of technical museums.' The principal collections of industrial history at the Delhi Railway Museum, at Chanakypuri (founded by the late BACSA member Mike Satow), the Birla Industrial Museum in Calcutta, the Nehru Technical Museum,

Bombay, Poona Technical College, which retains Rolls-Royce aircraft engines from the 1930s and the Visvesvaray Industrial & Technical Museum at Bangalore. This last Museum, the brainchild of an Indian civil engineer boasts a British water-wheel turbine manufactured in 1920 and a tandem compound mill engine from Lincolnshire, made in 1926. Of course it is India's old steam-trains that visitors love to see, and there are plenty of these, including an old war-horse from Staffordshire, built in 1900 and only retired in 1992, which is preserved just outside Madras railway station. The station itself, built in 1922 'is an unqualified triumph of aesthetic architecture and functional design, where no expense nor standards were compromised'.

It is often the river bridges that provide the most accessible evidence of how good British engineering once was. No-one who has been over the Howrah bridge at Calcutta will ever forget it (especially if they travel in the rush-hour, as your Editor did recently). The bridge across the Ganges at Cawnpore is another favourite too. Although this may not seem to have much to do with cemeteries initially, Mr Dawson points out that some of the engineers who worked on these projects will certainly be buried in India and that relatives visiting their graves might like to visit the technical museums as well. The entrance fee to the Bangalore Museum is less, Mr English notes wryly, than the minimum bus fare in London. It is time, too, that British engineers who worked in India were given their due, and their contribution acknowledged as much as that of the administrators and the military.

By chance, a letter arrived recently about a famous engineer, 'the Great Sapper' General Sir Alexander Taylor 'a hero of the Indian Mutiny'. The writer is Richard Williams of the Egham-by-Runnymede Historical Society, who kindly located the statue of General Taylor when BACSA was editing its *Statues of the Raj* by Mary Ann Steggles, published in 2000. The bronze statue, standing on a stone plinth, was erected at a road junction near the Mori Gate in old Delhi. It was here that Taylor, then a Captain in the Bengal Engineers 'conducted a series of daring and often solitary reconnaissances, under these walls, on ground of which the enemy were in full possession, determined the sites of the batteries and evolved the plan of attack which resulted in the capture of Delhi on 14 September 1857'. The statue was erected in 1916 by Taylor's few surviving comrades and members of the Royal Indian Engineering College at Coopers Hill, Englefield Green, of which he was President for sixteen years after his return from India.

General Taylor died on 25th February 1912 at his Surrey home 'Penhurst', only a few hundred yards away from the College. He was aged eighty-seven and he was buried in the Englefield Green cemetery. He had been severely wounded in the relief of Lucknow in 1857/58 but this did not prevent him from continuing to work until his retirement in 1880. Among his engineering feats after the relief of

Delhi was the construction of the Grand Trunk Road to Peshawar, following the line of the old Mughal road. Some time after Independence, the old engineer's statue was removed from its position near the Mori Gate. As this became known in Britain, members of his family and former students of the College met to discuss the statue's future and how it might be brought to Britain to be re-erected. The P&O Steam Navigation Company then still plying between England and India, offered it free passage, and the London County Council and Shoreditch Training College (who had taken over the Coopers Hill College), agreed to its re-erection in the grounds. The statue was unveiled for the second time in July 1960, a full report being published in *The Staines & Egham News* which Richard Williams has kindly sent us. Shoreditch Training College eventually metamorphosed into today's Brunel University, named after another great engineer, and General Taylor's statue remains safe in the University grounds.

And one more story of the Royal Engineers, while we are on the subject. A little way off the main Hazratganj road in Lucknow lies the burial place of sixteen soldiers, officers and men who were killed on 17 March 1858 in the recapture of the city after the uprising the previous year. The site, which lies between two large Muslim tombs at Qaisarbagh, is neat and well-maintained (see page 12), in pleasant contrast to some of Lucknow's other cemeteries. It is currently lacking the blue enamel notice board of the Archaeological Survey of India. A large paved rectangle surrounded with railings marks the site of the mass burial, and a central marble stone erected by the Royal Engineers gives the names of the soldiers beneath, including Captain AJ Clarke of the Royal Engineers and Lieutenant EP Brownlow of the Bengal Engineers who were leading men of the 23rd Company through buildings in the newly-recaptured city.

The scene is described in *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny* by William Forbes-Mitchell. 'One most appalling accident occurred in the house of a noble man named Ushruf-ood-dolah [Ashraf-ud-daula], in which a large quantity of gunpowder had been left; this was accidentally exploded, killing two officers and forty men of the Engineers, and a great number of camp-followers, of whom no account was taken. The poor men who were not killed outright were so horribly scorched that they all died in the greatest agony within a few hours of the accident, and for days explosions with more or less loss of life occurred all over the city. Two of our most distinguished and promising Engineer officers, Captains [sic] Brownlow and Clarke - lost their lives, with forty of the most valuable branch of the service.' Forbes-Mitchell, an old soldier himself, goes on to say 'I cannot too strongly impress on young soldiers the caution required in entering places where there is the least chance of coming across concealed gunpowder. In time of war soldiers ought to be taught to treat every house or room of an assaulted position as a powder-magazine until explored.' Sadly the warning came too late for those who lie in this now tranquil garden of Lucknow.

CAN YOU HELP?

BACSA member Mark Higton has an interesting family story to tell and an interesting question to ask. 'My great, great, great, great grandfather John Higton was born in Virginia in 1775, the son of a loyalist, also called John, who served in Lord Cornwallis' Central Division. It was said that both John senior and his brother Thomas returned with Cornwallis to Ireland and briefly settled there.' Despite his surrender of Yorktown in 1781 during the American War of Independence, Cornwallis was so highly regarded that he was appointed both Governor General and Commander-in-Chief in India, arriving at Calcutta on 1st September 1786 to take up his post. He was soon engaged in the Mysore wars against Tipu Sultan. But there is an intriguing mention in the Higton family history that one of the brothers met the two little princes, the sons of Tipu Sultan, who were surrendered to Cornwallis as hostages in March 1792. In order to do so, the Higton brother would have had to accompany Cornwallis to southern India, to Seringapatnam, where the little boys were handed over, amidst great ceremony. Indeed, the scene was painted (after the event), by a number of prominent artists, including Robert Home, and here may lie the clue we are seeking.

John senior, his brother Thomas, and John junior were all painters, exhibiting at the Royal Academy in London between 1797 and 1815. Higton family lore relates that Cornwallis treated the Higton brothers 'like his own flesh and blood', and it seems increasingly likely that they were numbered among the European artists who flocked to India in the 1780s and 90s. Among the illustrious painters working there at the time were Johan Zoffany and Thomas and William Daniell, and the Higton brothers could well have formed part of this circle of gifted men. Significantly no trace of the Higton family can be found in England between 1780 and 1795, which presupposes that they might indeed have followed Cornwallis, as Company artists, to India. An expert in Company paintings has already been contacted but *Chowkidar* would be interested to learn from BACSA members if this eclectic American/Irish/Indian family can be traced in other records. Letters via the BACSA Secretary please.

BACSA member Virgil Miedema, an American who lives in Delhi, has already been introduced to readers through his recent study of the Murree hill station in Pakistan (see the Autumn 2002 *Chowkidar*). Now he has turned his attention to the hill station of Mussoorie in India, an equally well-loved place. Mr Miedema is presently involved in a major restoration programme at Christ Church Mussoorie, which has already garnered important financial help from INTACH and from The Worshipful Company of Glaziers and Glass Workers, London. Christ Church is the oldest church in the Himalayas, and the good news is that the roof has been repaired, four of the eight stained glass window restored, thanks to the Company of Glaziers and work is ongoing for the clear glass windows.

More importantly for BACSA members is that all the memorial inscriptions have been recorded. 'Now in order to build up the church archives' Mr Miedema writes, 'efforts include trying to re-establish links with some of major families whose ancestors are remembered through the many monumental inscriptions in the church. We're especially keen eager to hear from descendants of those whose names adorn the church walls, in an effort to detail the histories of these people.' He emphasizes that this is not a money-raising exercise. With considerable ingenuity, Mr Miedema matched the monumental inscriptions in the church against the list of BACSA members and has come up with the following names:-

Allen, Susan, d. 1 June 1863; **Carter**, William Charles Middleton and Richard Middleton, no dates of death given; **Clark**, Margaret Elizabeth d. 28 September 1899; **Gray**, Arabella Kezia d. 25 April 1865; **Kenyon**, Sophia Blaney, no date of death given; **Nash**, Joseph d.1 January 1870 and Diana Margaret d. 16 June 1876; The **Scott** family, Mary Ann d.10 October 1860, Mary Eleanor d. December 1851, Herbert William d. March 1854, Mary Marjory d. August 1867; **Smyth**, Maria Christina d.28 August 1862; **Speirs**, Isabella Christie d.23 February 1965; **Stokes**, John Wilfred d.10 February 1916.

Anyone claiming relationship with these people, or who is able to provide information can contact Mr Miedema on <vmiedema@asaasc.com> or via the Secretary. He is also anxious to trace any of the **Mackinnon** family, who were brewers in Mussoorie.

Albert Thomas Watson Penn was a photographer, born in Somerset in 1849 who travelled out to south India in the 1860s. He probably landed at Madras and spent a little time there before moving on to the Nilgiris hill station of Ootacamund, where he set up his studio about 1868. He continued to work in Ooty for the next forty-two years. On his retirement in 1910 he returned to England (a greatly changed England one imagines), but went back to India two years later. After another spell in England he returned to India for good about 1920, and died in Coonoor in 1924. His great grandson Christopher Penn is carrying out research on the photographer, who was usually known simply as ATW Penn. In particular, he is trying to build up a catalogue of ATW Penn's work, examples of which are held in the major photographic collections in London. An original catalogue would be greatly appreciated, or indeed any information about Penn and his studio.

Christopher Penn has found the grave of his great grandfather, happily in pristine condition in the Tiger Hill Cemetery of All Saint's Church, Coonoor (see page 13). The inscription reads 'Sacred to the memory/ Of/ Albert Thomas Watson Penn/A very dearly loved husband and father/who was born at Street, Somersetshire/March 30th 1849/And in Coonoor church, hearing the/Reading of Jeremiah xxxvi.10 "at the/Entry of the new gate of the Lord's/House" - was called

to higher service/ 19th October 1924/Aged 75 years/In him charity abounded, together/With faith and hope/ "I shall go to him but he shall not/return to me" 2 Sam.xii.23.

The Associated Press at the time reported: 'A sad death occurred at All Saint's Church yesterday morning during the service when Mr Albert Thomas Watson Penn, aged 75 years, while the First Lesson was being read, dropped from his seat and expired.' The Penn family had a photograph of the grave taken immediately after the burial, and with this they were able to find and identify the tomb straight away. 'Of course we are most grateful to all those who have cared so well for the graveyard over the years' adds Christopher Penn. His e-mail address is <christopherpenn@onetel.net.uk> or letters via the Secretary please.

By coincidence there is another query about Coonor and nearby Ooty from BACSA member Jill Probyn. Writing on behalf of Valdez Gardner, now aged 101, she is seeking information on a tea estate there, owned by David Elkington. He was uncle to Valdez and came from a family of silversmiths in Birmingham. According to his niece, he grew 'the best tea in India' at Ibex Lodge, Coonor. As soon as Valdez arrived to stay on the estate she fell off her horse and broke her arm, but despite this setback managed to fall in love with the doctor who called daily while the arm was mending. Letters to the Secretary please.

BACSA ON-LINE

One of the benefits of the internet is that it has led to a huge increase in the amount of genealogical data available. Australians in particular have contributed thousands of family trees and much useful information on searching for ancestors and descendants. Now a list of BACSA's Cemetery Files in the India Office Printed Paper Section (at the British Library, St Pancras), can be accessed on-line, together with a list of over 30 Registers of Burials and a list of over 200 Family History files. In due course a list of British Monumental Inscriptions will also be available. The site is <<http://www.bl.uk/catalogues/indiaofficeselect>> Once into the site, select 'Private Papers' then type BACSA in the keyword box. Scroll down to MSS Eur F370 and select 'contents list'. The Cemetery Files, which form the bulk of the BACSA collection are arranged by the provinces as they were known in 1947. Thus to look up the holdings on Lucknow, for example, you would scroll to United Provinces. You can short-cut this by typing the cemetery name in the keyword box (see above), but remember there can be several variant spellings of Indian place names. Once you have located your cemetery, make a note of the number against it in the left-hand column. (There are over 850 Files, containing information on more than 1,300 cemeteries all over Asia, from Aden to Japan.)

It is emphasized that the on-line information gives only the file numbers to the collection, researchers will still have to visit the India Office reading room in person to look at the actual documents and photographs in each file. Once a Cemetery File has been identified, it can be ordered in the reading room. The BACSA Collection reference number is MSS Eur/F370/ followed by the number of the file, from the left-hand column. BACSA's own domain name has now been registered as <www.bacsa.org.uk> and the web-site is being developed by Executive Committee member Chris Carnaghan. Meanwhile BACSA publications and membership details are available on Cathy Day's web-site, with useful links to other sites of genealogical interest. The address is: <<http://members.ozemail.com.au/clday/bacsa.htm>>

MASSACRE AT MANIPUR

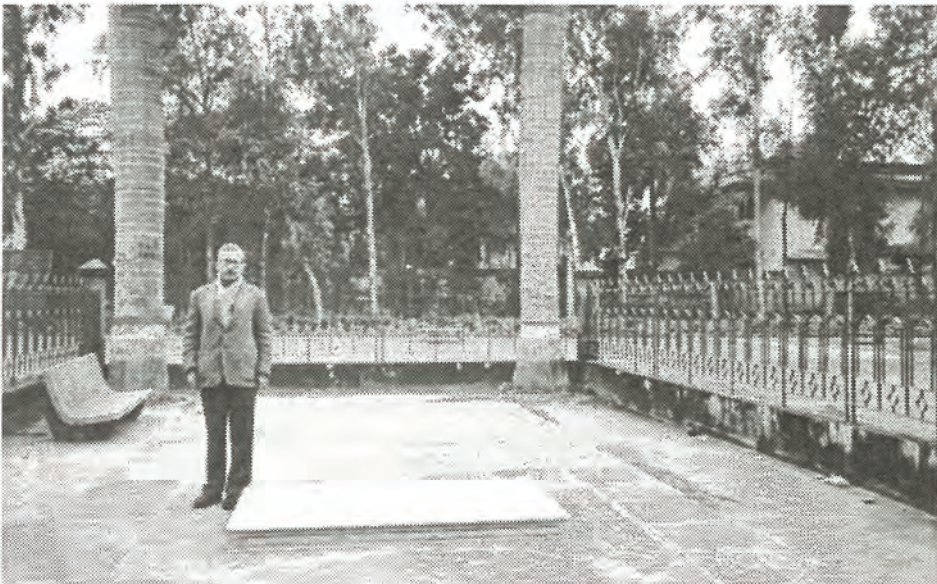
In his travels around India, the High Commissioner Sir Rob Young has found 'another out of the way cemetery, which may be of interest to readers of Chowkidar. It is a small cemetery in the grounds of the Governor's Residence at Imphal, Manipur, not far from the Burmese border. It seems to have been the cemetery for the (few) local British residents, even before the insurrection of 1891 which resulted in the burning down of the Residence and the murder of the British officers there. The present Residence is built on the site of the original destroyed building. The Governor of Manipur is looking after the cemetery extremely well.' Indeed, as the photographs show (page 13 and back cover) the site is immaculate, with neatly laid paths and lush trimmed grass. Sir Rob thinks is likely that many more burials took place here than are now recorded, but that the gravestones have been lost. It does in fact look rather too empty for an area that saw much conflict, as the British tried to intervene during the late 19th century.

At the centre of the present cemetery stands a handsome stone obelisk with polished granite plaques, recording those killed in March 1891. At the time Manipur State belonged to Assam, and was outside British India. However, the Government of India tried to act as king-maker when the succession to the Manipur throne was disputed. The Chief Commissioner James Wallace Quinton, CSI, ICS was sent to mediate, backed up by a force of four-hundred Gurkhas. Attempts to reach an amiable settlement failed and the Political Resident, Frank St Clair Grimwood, was sent to demand the surrender of the *senapati* (the commander-in-chief). This was rejected and an unsuccessful attempt to arrest him led to serious losses among the Gurkhas. The situation was now out of control, the Residency was besieged and Quinton asked for a parley. This was granted with the result that the entire body of British officials present including Quinton, Grimwood, Colonel Charles McDowal Skene, William Henry Cossins and Lieutenant Walter Simpson went to the Fort to negotiate. (continued on page 14)



left: James Taylor's tomb in the Sewri cemetery, Bombay (see page 2)

below: the mass grave at Qaisarbagh (see page 7)



right: Christopher Penn at his great grandfather's grave, Coonoor (see page 9)

below: the grave of Major Trotter at Manipur (see page 14)



(continued from page 11)

All were murdered on 24th March 1891. Lieutenant Lionel Brackenbury and several soldiers of the 44th Gurkha Rifles were also killed on the same day. Their deaths were followed two days later by those of William Babington Melville 'Superintendent' and James O'Brien, signaller of the Indian Telegraph Department at Myangkhang. On hearing the dreadful news, the remaining Gurkhas retreated, with the Resident's widow, Mrs Grimwood, under escort. Eventually they reached the safety of British India, where their story caused a sensation.

Retribution swiftly followed, of course. Several strong columns of men, marching from different points occupied the town of Manipur (now known as Imphal), only to find it deserted. But shortly afterwards the *senapati* was captured with a number of the leaders of the rebellion and brought to trial. The *senapati* and one of his generals were hanged, and the regent to the throne was transported to the Andamans to serve a life-sentence. There is more evidence from the Manipur cemetery of the perilous nature of service for the British in this once remote region. The remaining inscriptions tell their own stories of tragedy and loss. William Francis Trotter, Major on the Bengal Staff Corps, Political Agent at Manipur, died there on 13 July 1886 of wounds received in action in Upper Burma (during the annexation of that country by the British). Unusually, the Trotter grave has a 'footstone' too, marked simply 'WFT 1886' (see page 13). Lieutenant Guy Beaver of the 4th Bengal Infantry died on 21 July 1886 'from fever contracted in the Tamu Valley while on active service in Burmah'. Albert Edward Heath of the Assam Commission and Political Agent at Manipur died on 4th April 1889 aged forty years. He was the predecessor of the unfortunate Frank Grimwood. Sergeant John Lindlaw of the 2nd Battalion Scottish Rifles died on the 15th of May 1891, aged twenty-eight, a long way from home, and another casualty of British expansion eastwards from India.

We are grateful to the High Commissioner for bringing the cemetery to our attention and to Theon Wilkinson, for providing additional material.

NOTICE BOARD

BACSA member Barry Smith is planning a two-week trip to India in the Spring of 2004 and thinks it would be good to have a travelling companion with similar interests to accompany him. He describes himself as male/aged 48/married and with an interest in all cemeteries and the Indian Mutiny. The travelling companion is to be responsible for their own travel costs and expenses. The provisional itinerary includes Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Calcutta and Barrackpore. Please contact him direct at 58A Poplar Grove, Allington, Maidstone, Kent ME15 OAN.

INDIA OVER THREE CENTURIES is an exhibition of prints, drawings, miniatures, photographs and paintings, providing an unusually extensive overview of India from the 18th to the 20th century. Items are for sale, and the exhibition runs from 7th to 14th April 2003 at the Nehru Centre, 8 South Audley Street, London W1K 1HF, opening hours are from 10.00 am to 5.30 pm (closed on Sunday). It is being organised by Mrs Gita Bagai, a long-established art consultant and Yasmin Hosain, who has run Hosain's bookshop, specialising in Asia, since 1979. 5% of proceeds will be donated to BACSA.

THE VICTORIAN MILITARY SOCIETY will this year be staging an exhibition at 'Salute', the major wargames show organised by the South London Warlords. The date is 26 April 2003, time 10.00 am at Olympia 2, in Kensington, London. There will be displays of weapons, uniforms, military equipment, prints and photographs, as well as experts present to discuss and explain what is on show.

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.]

White Mughals - Love and Betrayal in Eighteenth-Century India William Dalrymple

There can be few readers who have not yet heard of this book, or indeed who have not received it as a Christmas present, because it has had a well deserved runaway success, being broadcast as Book of the Week on Radio 4, and there is talk of it even being made into a film. The story that it tells has been told before, the romantic love affair and marriage of James Achilles Kirkpatrick, British Resident at the Nizam of Hyderabad's court at the end of the 18th century, to the bewitching Khair-un-Nissa, great niece of the Nizam's chief minister. But it is clear that the author has fallen under Khair-un-Nissa's spell too, and the result is this definitive book, rich in atmosphere, beautifully written, as one would expect, and handsomely illustrated with many previously unknown paintings. One of these, an Indian miniature of Kirkpatrick, as British Resident, in flowing native robes of transparent muslin and heavily jewelled, shows just how far the cross-over had gone between the 'White Mughals' and the Indian nobility they encountered and admired. (Just to show it wasn't entirely a one-way love affair there is a picture of a Lucknow dinner party, where, although he isn't identified, the chief diner, in a British uniform, looks very like the nawab Saadat Ali Khan, who would surprise his guests by appearing in the dress of an admiral or an English vicar.) There was, as Dalrymple rightly points out, a brief period, roughly between the handover of the Bengal, Bihar and Orissa revenues to Robert Clive in 1765 and the arrival of Richard (Marquess) Wellesley as Governor General in 1798, when Europeans and Indians of a certain social class met on equal terms.

There was mutual respect among men of letters like Sir William Jones, and his Sanskrit scholars, among Europeans like Richard Johnson, who commissioned Indian artists to paint their own country and its people, and men like Antoine-Louis Polier with his love of Indian dance and music. Because of the tiny number of Europeans in India, especially those up-country, it was not surprising that they adopted the manners, customs and in most cases, the dress of those around them. So we find opposite page 116 the rather stolid figure of John Wombwell, formerly a Yorkshire accountant, now gorgeous in printed muslin, striped cummerbund and *pugri*, enjoying a hookah on the banks of the Gumti.

But the subtitle of Dalrymple's book hints that this love affair was not going to last, and in fact Kirkpatrick's own romance was brought to a sudden, shocking end by his early death (at forty-one years old) in Calcutta, far from his loving wife, Khair-un-Nissa. Only nineteen years old, she was now a widowed mother whose two children had already been taken from her and sent to England to be educated. Worse was to follow. On the way back from visiting her husband's tomb in Calcutta (in the now demolished North Park Street cemetery), she was seduced by the caddish Henry Russell, who had acted as assistant to Kirkpatrick in the Hyderabad Residency. Khair-un-nissa never recovered from the death of her husband and the shameful betrayal by Russell. She died in 1813, aged twenty-seven. The story might have ended here but Dalrymple is too good a writer to leave it without a twist in the tale, which the reviewer won't spoil for those who still have the pleasure to come of reading this contemporary masterpiece. (RLJ)

2002 Harper Collins ISBN 0 00 711226 2 £20.00 plus postage & packing pp580

The Buddha and the Sahibs: the men who discovered India's lost religion

Charles Allen

This book is very readable and almost as vivid as an historical film. It is also well-researched and historically so illuminating that one admires its lack of cynicism about an eastern religion. It first tells the story of Sir William 'Oriental' Jones, an extraordinary Welsh judge in India in the late 18th century, who learnt Sanskrit, and discerned a religion distinct from the majority religion of Hinduism. Evidence mounted that countries as diverse as Ceylon, Tibet, Mongolia, China and Japan among others had shared a religion which had its origins in India, and yet by then, with the revival of Hinduism, had become unknown comparatively in the land of its origin.

British rule brought some enthusiastic soldiers, administrators, and eccentric explorers, intent on rediscovering the subcontinent's lost past, by deciphering the

inscriptions on pillars and rocks. Among such men were the naturalist Dr Francis Buchanan; the Hungarian wanderer Alexander Csoma di Koros searching for the original home of the Magyars; the soldier-turned-archaeologist Alexander Cunningham; and the brilliant scientist James Prinsep. The latter in six frenzied weeks cracked the code of the letters inscribed on the Great Stupa at Sanchi. In doing so Prinsep unhinged his mind, but his detective work led to the rediscovery of the great achievements of the Buddhist Emperor Asoka, in ruling over almost the whole of the Indian Subcontinent, as well as the further rediscovery of the forgotten holy places of Buddhism in Bihar and the foothills of the Himalayas. Unwittingly these men helped, without in any way being cynical, in the revival of Buddhism in India in the 19th century, and its fascinating spread to the West in the 20th, resulting in many new adherents.

One of the attractions of the author's style in these pages is that he is never fearful of making value judgements, without being derisory. It is informed history writing. There is much industry in the author's narrative history which he details with exactitude, furnishing unforgettable images, for instance, the immense moral values, before his early death, of Sir William Jones - his erudition, generosity and his way with languages. The author squeezes out every nuance in his delineations, from the perplexed, to sad (demises). Having said that, while this work is very instructive about those Britons in India who revived an interest in Buddhism, yet it should be said that the book could be more discursive about the Buddha himself, in view of his correct pre-eminence in the title. (SLM)

2002 John Murray, London ISBN 0 7195 5425 X £25.00 plus postage & packing pp322

From Kashmir to Kabul: The Photographs of John Burke and William Baker 1860-1900 Omar Khan

This handsome book tells the story, through their own photographs, of two Irishmen in India, who could have come straight from the pages of Rudyard Kipling. Indeed, Kipling knew the work of John Burke well and praised it in a review written while he was a cub reporter in Lahore. Omar Khan is to be congratulated on this book which took more than a decade to research and write. The title may be a little misleading, for the book is not a description of a journey between Kashmir and Kabul, but a forty year period of photographs taken by these two enterprising men. With bases at Murree, Lahore and Peshawar the two were well-placed to cover local events and scenes, but near enough to reach Kabul during the second Afghan War, when John Burke took 'thousands of photographs during the two-year conflict. Nearly four hundred of them were published, sequentially numbered in two major catalogues'.

Because technology at the time did not allow photographs to be readily reproduced, some of Burke's dramatic shots were turned into wood engravings for the illustrated weekly *Graphic*, thus bringing exotic new scenes before the British public at home.

William Baker was the elder of the two men, and formerly sergeant in the Royal Irish Fusiliers, having probably joined up to escape the great Irish potato famine. He arrived in India with his regiment in 1850, and bought himself out ten years later. He set up as 'House and Commission agent, and Photographer' in Peshawar. Khan thinks he was probably taking photographs while still in the army, where he may have learnt his trade. His photograph of the fort at Peshawar is one of the earliest ever taken, and may date back to 1857. Burke is believed to have gone to India as a boy, possibly with his father, or in the care of a relative. Both men married very young wives, who may have been sisters, Baker remarrying after the death of his first wife. Their picaresque lives are traced in the captions to the illustrations, but it is the photographs themselves that capture the eye. The bazaar at Murree is still smouldering after the great fire of May 1875, when Burke snapped it. The Dal lake at Srinagar, before it was almost halved in size by clogging weeds, is extraordinarily beautiful. The wily Afghans of Jellalabad pictured here are not the kind of men one would want to meet, ever. And there are some fascinating pictures of Robert Shaw in Yarkhand costume, after he managed to reach Kashgar in 1868, and got out of one of Yakub Beg's prisons alive. I would question the captions for some of the photographs of 'dancing girls' though. With their masculine features, incipient moustaches, large feet and hands, despite being splendidly garbed in female dress, they look more like *hijiras* to me. This is a warmly recommended book. (RLJ)

2002 Prestel Publishing, 4 Bloomsbury Place, London WC1A 2QA ISBN 3-7913-2786-0, £39.95 plus postage & packing pp208

Strolling about on the Roof of the World: the First Hundred Years of the Royal Society for Asian Affairs Hugh Leach & Susan Maria Farrington

This centennial history of the Royal Society for Asian Affairs (RSAA) will be of great interest to BACSA members, and not just because the associate author is our own Sue Farrington. The RSAA was founded in 1901 as the Central Asian Society, a name chosen so as not to trespass on the turf either of the Royal Asiatic Society, whose remit was scholarly rather than political, or of bodies devoted to the internal affairs of India - 'the plains' rather than 'the frontier'. However, as the Society's first President, Lord Curzon, made clear in a speech to the Annual Dinner of 1908, Central Asia was defined more in political than geographical terms. It meant anywhere affecting the defence of India, and so encompassed

places as far away as Turkey or China. Curzon went on to say, prophetically, that if the Society was still meeting a hundred years hence, Afghanistan would still be as vital a question as it was then.

The Society's heyday really began with the inter-war years. By 1922 membership had reached the 600 mark, including three Field Marshals and 37 Generals. By 1939 it had risen to 1,800. The list of office holders and speakers is a roll call of all the great names of the day in the field of Asian diplomacy, exploration and scholarship. Deploying such fire-power, the Society was happy to make its opinions forcefully known in Whitehall. It also became involved in such tangential matters as the founding of the School of Oriental & African Studies and of the London mosque. In 1940 the cerebral routines were interrupted by a moment of high drama when Sir Michael O'Dwyer was assassinated at one of the Society's meetings by a Sikh, who was tripped up by an elderly lady member of the audience while trying to make his escape.

After the Second World War the emphasis inevitably shifted, as proconsuls gave way to oil company executives. Members continued to take their recreational walks on the Roof of the World, but now they sometimes did so in organised groups rather than on journeys combining exploration and espionage. The Society's activities were diversified, and it is these which occupy the second part of the book. Chapters are devoted to the highly influential journal *Asian Affairs*, to the library, the archives, the semi-autonomous Dinner Club, the tours and the Society's educational role. It is a fascinating story, amply illustrated with contemporary photographs. This is a book for anyone with an interest in this wildest and most exotic of regions. I am sure, too, that BACSA members will wish the Society well as it embarks on its second century (HCQB)

2003 Routledge Curzon £30 plus postage & packing ISBN 0-415-29857-1 pp212, with 190 illustrations

The Worlds of the East India Company ed. HV Bowen, Margarete Lincoln and Nigel Rigby

This book arose from a two-day seminar held at the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich, in 2000, to mark the four-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the East India Company in the City of London. It was a particularly appropriate place to hold such a conference, because as the Introduction to the book says 'the relationship between Britain and Asia has often been represented, rather narrowly, as a land-based imperial history. What has become somewhat obscured is that the East India Company was founded in 1600 as a maritime trading company....firmly engaged in maritime commercial activity even as it began to act as the powerful

agent of British territorial expansion on the Indian subcontinent.' The Company's fleet touched many different worlds as well as India, and the fourteen chapters in this book, three of them by BACSA members, explore some of them.

It is surprising just how far Company influence did extend too. In a provocatively entitled chapter "'An Undiscovered Ocean of Commerce Laid Open": India, Wine and the Emerging Atlantic Economy, 1703-1813', David Hancock from the University of Michigan examines the trade in Madeira wine, that used to be such a favourite among the colonists in America and India. Indeed, the sweet wine was an important trading commodity in the 18th century, and its association with the Company started in 1707 when 100 pipes of wine were loaded onto an Indiaman. By 1718 the Company Directors had appointed the firm of Joseph Hayward as the official agent to supply their forts in India with 100 pipes of wine per year. (Annoyingly we are not told how big the Madeira pipe was, but it was clearly substantial.) During the American War of Independence the trade in Madeira declined dramatically, which acted as an incentive for the wine-growers and exporters to look east, instead of west. Madeirans were forced to accept Indian contracts and to develop consumer bases there, or face bankruptcy. Imports into British India soared, Calcutta alone knocking back 4,000 pipes a year. It became a popular drink among some Indians too, and the writer Maria Graham noted that the Parsees in Bombay 'often give dinners to the English gentlemen, and drink a great deal of wine, particularly Madeira'.

Even those of us who are not sailors probably have a vague idea of what the sea voyage to India was like, in the age of the sailing ship. You embarked somewhere along the south coast of England on a Company ship, had a difficult and often dangerous journey, and got off again six months later in Madras or Calcutta. Andrew Cook's chapter rather dryly entitled 'Establishing the Sea Route to India and China: Stages in the Development of Hydrographical Knowledge' soon disabuses us of this idea. In fact this engaging chapter is an eye-opener on the skills of the navigators, the vagaries of the winds, and the fact that India-bound ships spent a lot of time out in the Atlantic, waiting for the seasonal winds to blow them round the Cape of Africa. If you were really unlucky, the Brazil current would land you on the south American coast, where you would have to wait for the wind to change.

Naturally the navigators kept and compiled charts and journals, but there was no systematic logging of this information even a century and a half after the Company had begun its voyages. By 1750 the French East India Company had established a superior lead. 'The French have been at pains, to improve their Navigation and their Charts. Those of the India Seas, by Monsieur D'Après de Manneville, a Captain in their Service, exceed every thing of the kind in Europe.

It is a pity they are not translated into English, for the benefit of our Navigators.' It was the mission of the Company's first hydrographer, Alexander Dalrymple, appointed in 1779, to examine ships' journals 'from the earliest times that Notice may be given of every danger which has hitherto been discovered, and for publishing from time to time such Charts and Nautical Directions...' Ten years later Dalrymple had collated and produced 28 charts, 40 plates of views and over 450 harbour plans and large-scale coastal charts. After his death, the work was continued by James Horsburgh, who had a personal interest in the accurate charting of the seas, having himself been shipwrecked on Diego Garcia in 1786 on a journey from Batavia to Ceylon. By the time the East India Company was dissolved in 1858, the sea routes to India and China were the most comprehensively charted in the world, concludes Cook.

There are many other similarly good chapters, including that by Anthony Farrington on Benkulu on the west coast of Sumatra, where Company officials began trading with the Chinese community settled there, themselves newcomers. Both Professors Om Prakash from the University of Delhi, and Peter Marshall of King's College London have contributed enlightening summaries on the scope of Company trade, its implications, its finances (or lack of them), and also something of the romance of this extraordinary venture, conceived four hundred years ago.

It is a pity the illustrations are so poor, given the price of the book, and it doesn't handle well, the reviewer's copy producing an odd creaking as the pages are turned. But it is definitely worth borrowing from your local library. (RLJ)

2002 Boydell & Brewer Ltd ISBN 0 85115 877 3 £45.00 plus postage & packing pp246

The Indo-British Review: Britain, India and the Diaspora - changing Social and Historiographical Perceptions ed William Crawley

A diaspora is a scattering of peoples, and a word usually associated with the Jewish dispersal after their captivity by the Babylonians. It is perhaps misleading to use it to describe Indians who choose to emigrate abroad. (There is, as yet, no word for those Indians one frequently meets who, having moved abroad, then decide to go back to India, unless it is 'homesickness'.) This millennium issue of the Review, with eleven chapters by different writers, covers an eclectic range of topics, only some of which deal with Indians abroad.

Janet Dewan in the first chapter, deals in fact with an Englishman abroad, and an embarrassing one at that - the Barber of Lucknow. The story of how George Harris Quigley, a London hairdresser, changed his name to Derusett and made his

fortune in 19th century India has been told before, but bears retelling. He was taken up by the nawab of Awadh, Nasir-ud-din Haider, and soon found himself in charge of many of the nawab's domestic arrangements, becoming a powerful figure at court in his own right. The extent of his influence, and his eventual downfall was first related in *The Private Life of an Eastern King* by William Knighton, published in 1855. The book caused a sensation, it was discussed at Westminster, and played some part in the British annexation of Awadh a year later. But was Derusett entirely to blame? Janet Dewan, who is related to the Derusett family, thinks not entirely. Readers will have to make up their own minds. The story of what the barber did after leaving India, being declared bankrupt in London, and emigrating to Australia, where he left a large number of descendants is not however covered.

'Raja Rammohan Roy in Bristol' written by Rohit Barot, the second chapter, is a well-drawn portrait of this remarkable man, who taught himself Hebrew and Greek so he could read the Bible in these languages. Through his connections in Calcutta with the Unitarian Christians, he already had contacts when he arrived in England in 1830. Remarkably he worshipped and preached at Lewins Mead Chapel in Bristol, while retaining his own strong Hindu faith. 'His attitude towards the West was neither that of surrender, withdrawal or conflict. It was one of comprehension.' *Chowkidar* has reported in the past on the state of the Raja's tomb in the Arnos Vale cemetery and the erection of his statue in 1997. A plaque under the statue describes him as 'Philosopher, Reformer, Patriot, Scholar, A Founding Father of the Indian Renaissance'.

Further chapters describe the work of Annie Besant in India; the life of Scottish Presbyterian missionaries in Bombay; and provide a reassessment of Jinnah and the partition of India. KH Ansari, in discussing 'Attitudes to Islam and Muslims in Britain 1875-1924' has found the interesting figure of 'a prosperous Manx solicitor, Quilliam, who had converted to Islam in 1887 after a trip to Morocco. The timing of his efforts, however was not particularly good. [General] Gordon's assassination in Sudan in 1885 had outraged public opinion against Islam.' Quilliam's attempts to set up a mosque in Liverpool were fraught with difficulties and prejudice. The muezzin's call to prayer was met by jeers outside the mosque from zealous Christians and there were threats to 'burn Sheikh Quilliam alive'. It is a pity though that Ansari does not discuss the intellectual appeal that Islam undoubtedly has for non-Muslims (including our own Prince of Wales). Nor does he separate the quite justified criticism of Islamic fundamentalism from unjustified religious prejudice. Altogether an interesting, if uneven book. (RLJ)

2002 Published by the Indo-British Historical Society, Chennai. Available from the Indo-British Historical Society, 22 Holyoake Walk, London N2 OJX, tel: 0208 444 9414 £7.50 plus £1.00 postage and packing pp162

There have been such a great number of books written about the Mutiny that one hesitates to add another to the groaning shelves. But it is a topic that continues to fascinate the historian, holding out its siren-like arms with the promise of yet undiscovered material, more laurels to the writer's brow. The author, Saul David, has recently completed a PhD at Glasgow University on the origins of the Mutiny, and one can quite see why he wanted to publish his findings. It is such a good story, and oddly, despite so much inhumanity on the parts of both British and Indian, it is somehow a very human story, of bravery, loss, cowardice, joys and sorrows. Most of us, I suspect, still see the Mutiny as it was presented to our Victorian ancestors. It was a story of individuals, caught up in the most terrifying event of their lives. All those whom it touched, never forgot. The stream of books, memoirs, photographs and paintings, that continued to pour out until the end of the 19th century were, together with the survivors, a living memorial of all those left behind, in the well at Cawnpore and the graveyards of Lucknow.

The Victorian presentation, though strong on personalities, was weak on the causes of the revolt. It was too easy to use the story of the greased cartridges to explain the year of madness that swept across northern India. David is a sophisticated historian and puts up some interesting ideas including the greatly reduced opportunities for the sepoys to sell their services, as the British annexed one state after the other before 1857. On the annexation of Awadh, the year before, more than half of the men employed in the last nawab's army had been dismissed, including some long-serving European officers. On their discharge, the men could not be disarmed, because they owned their weapons. A substantial, disaffected, armed force of men, going back to their villages without prospects, was not a good augury. On the other hand, the men's pay was several months, if not years, in arrears, and to his credit, Sir James Outram, the new Chief Commissioner, got this paid, so the picture is more complicated than first seems.

Other historians have cited agricultural discontent, allied to fear of forcible conversion, or simply the wish to prevent the British taking over their country entirely. The idea that the Mutiny was a war of independence, though premature by almost a century, is not discussed at length here. Neither is the premise of Indian loyalty to the 'clan' or village, which often over-rode all other considerations. A keen sense of injustice over past wrongs was not just a British characteristic, either. While David's book tells the story well, there is, ultimately, something rather Victorian about his own presentation. This is bound to happen if mainly British records and books are employed. Putting names and motives to the (mainly) nameless Indian protagonists is far harder. (RLJ)

2002 Viking ISBN 0 670 91137 2 £20.00 pp504

Christian Cemeteries and Memorials in the State of Malacca Alan Harfield

This book is the culmination of two years' research in archives in London, Amsterdam and Singapore, which, together with a visit to Malacca, has produced much new material that was not included in the previous volume by the same author published in 1984. This completely revised edition deals with the Christian burial grounds and memorials from the arrival of the Portuguese in 1511, through the Dutch occupations between 1641 to 1795 and again from 1819 to 1825. The 17th and 18th century tombstones in the ruins of St Paul's Church and at Christ Church have been re-examined. Burials during the British periods of control are dealt with and revised biographical detail added. (Burials after 1867 are not included in this volume.) Also listed and illustrated are the remote 19th century military graves at Alor Gajah and Rasa New Village, together with a brief account of the Naning campaign of 1831/2 and the Sungei Ujong campaign of 1876 in which officers and men lost their lives. This book also lists the service casualties and their dependants who died during the Malayan Emergency and who were buried in the Terendak Camp Military Cemetery, which at present is not under the care of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission.

2002 BACSA ISBN 0 9077799 663 £18 plus £1.20 postage & packing pp214

Himalayan Headstones from Ladakh, Kashmir Eileen Hewson

The main burial ground in the town of Leh, formerly the principal market place in this Himalayan region, was the European Cemetery, once part of the British Resident's garden. Leh attracted travellers and traders, being on the old route between Kashgar and Kashmir. It also became home to the German Moravian missionaries, who, prevented from reaching their goal of Tibet, decided to settle here, bringing with them medicine, education and Christianity. The first Moravian cemetery was a little way out of town, and land was acquired for another at Khalsi, on the Leh-Srinigar road. There are also some isolated graves south of Kargil, north in Baltistan and at the Karakorum Pass, on the route to Kashgar.

Not surprisingly, given the area's remoteness, few graves remain today, but it has been possible to compile epitaphs and biographies for some of those buried here, from other sources. This little book is intended as a final memorial to the people who braved harsh and difficult conditions, to explore, live and die in Ladakh.

2002 BACSA ISBN 0 9077799 79 5 £6.00 plus 50 pence postage & packing pp34

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 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.



The obelisk at Manipur