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NOTES ON BACSA

The Association was formed in 1976 and launched in Spring 1977 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 almost 1,600 (2008) 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 building up the Records Archive in the India Office Collections at the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments. 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 the condition of a relative's grave etc. BACSA also publishes Cemetery Records books and books on different aspects of European social history out East. Full details on our website: www.bacsa.org.uk

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

Founded by the late Theon Wilkinson, MBE
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A MEMORIAL OF ANGLO-INDIAN HISTORY

Professor Norbert Schürer of California State University recently visited India, and his report, printed here in full, shows how one cemetery in Bihar has deteriorated over the last twenty years, and how its sad decline has been charted from records in the BACSA Archives.

The Nathnagar cemetery in Bhagalpur, Bihar is over 200 years old—the oldest recorded gravestone is for Alexander Dow, who died on 31 July 1779. Until about twenty years ago, the cemetery seems to have been fairly well maintained, and a number of inscriptions were visible and legible. Unfortunately, today the cemetery is completely derelict and in danger of disintegrating entirely, as I discovered on a recent trip to Bihar to visit the pilgrimage site at Jahangira nearby on 15 April 2008. Rather than functioning as a graveyard, the site now serves as a garbage dump and toilet facility. For that reason, it is no longer even possible to walk between many of the monuments and take exact stock of what survives.

BACSA has an extensive file on the Nathnagar cemetery at the British Library, which tells us that the site was dedicated in 1867, 1904, and 1941. A note by the Reverend RS Chalk, who worked in Bhagalpur around the middle of the twentieth century, offers the information that 'A conspicuous sight in the middle of the Cemetery was the vast Mohammedan-style tomb of the "bibi" of a Commissioner (sited originally outside the consecrated Cemetery).' This tomb is still there and among the best preserved monuments. Chalk also describes the burial of three RAF crewmen in 1943 and the interment of seven US servicemen in 1944—though the latter were moved to America one year later.

The BACSA file also contains many photos taken as early as the 1940s and as recently as 1990. One picture from 1988 is titled 'The path through the Cemetery, now a public thoroughfare.' This image shows three obelisks, memorials to the children of Sir Frederick and Lady Hamilton, who died as infants in the 1810s, on the right. To the left stands the largest European tomb in the cemetery, a square neo-classical structure with an octagonal pyramid as its roof. In the distance, you can see the entrance gate to the cemetery. A picture I took from the about same perspective today shows that the thoroughfare is completely overgrown, as are the tombs themselves. (see page 144) The palm trees on the right in the 1988 photo are still there, but of course much taller. The entrance gate is completely gone. Similarly, there is a series of pictures of gravestones taken in 1988, which includes an inscription for John Bateman. According to the *List of the Officers of the Bengal Army 1758-1834*, Bateman was born in 1750 or 1751. He became a cadet in 1768, captain in 1778, major in 1784, lieutenant colonel in 1794, and died in Bhagalpur on 13 July 1799. While the 1988 photo shows Bateman's gravestone complete and

encased in a monument or wall, I only found what was left of the inscription, apparently made by one G. Gibson. The right half of the broken tablet was being used as a cover for the open sewer across from the entrance to the cemetery. The BASCA records say that there were once 248 graves in the Nathnagar cemetery, and the 1927 *List of Old Inscriptions in Christian Burial Grounds in the Province of Bihar and Orissa* records 97 inscriptions. From what I could tell, not a single gravestone encased in a monument or wall remains—the only inscriptions lucky enough to survive are a few that were cut into the monuments themselves. Some tombs have collapsed or fallen over, while others have simply disappeared entirely. In the western part of the cemetery, the memorial for William Gilbert Don still exists. According to the inscription, Don was captain in the 43rd Regiment of Bengal Light Infantry and commanded the Bhaugulpore Hill Rangers until he died in 1852 at the age of 43. Various *Bengal Directories* of the first half of the eighteenth century give the information that Don came to India in 1827, became ensign in 1828, was promoted to lieutenant in 1834, and confirm that he became captain on 3 February 1843. The epithet at the bottom of the square pillar reads: 'In the midst of life we are in death.'

A few younger graves also still exist. Teignmouth Sandys arrived in India in 1827, the same year as William Gilbert Don. Sandys was Civil and Sessions Judge of Bihar in 1850 and Civil and Sessions Judge of Bhaugulpore (as it was spelled then) in 1856, and he seems to have died in 1883 or 1884. In 1879, Sandys built a low monument with the inscription: 'In ever living memory of Anne Elizabeth, wife of Teignmouth Sandys, late Bengal Civil Service, who died 7th June, 1879, aged seventy. Erected by her bereaved husband and children. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' I have not been able to find any information about Henry Macclesfield, who died 27 January 1881 and left behind 'his affectionate wife,' as you can see on one of the nicer remaining gravestones. (The *Bengal Directories* of 1879, 1880, and 1881 list a J. MacClesfield, pensioner, in Bhagalpur, who may or may not have been the same person.) However, the Macclesfields apparently had an experience all too familiar for many British in India: the grave next to Henry's, also well preserved, is that of 'Cecilia Olivia, the fondly loved child of Henry & Eliza Macclesfield, born 26th January 1862, died 20th September 1869.' The Macclesfields had to bury their daughter at the tender age of seven. In contrast to this grave, the Nathnagar cemetery as a whole is not well preserved at all, and as a matter of fact its continued existence seems under threat by the elements—and probably by the growing population of Bhagalpur. It would be a shame to lose this memorial of Anglo-Indian history.

BACSA is grateful to Professor Schürer for his detailed report and we are trying to establish, through our Bihar Area Representatives, if restoration work can be carried out.

MAIL BOX

At the beginning of the 20th century the remote area of Kuala Krai in north-eastern Malaysia (then Malaya), was covered in tropical rainforest. British pioneers arrived about 1909, and the Duff Development Company set up a steamer service, which provided the only means of transport until the East Coast Railway was built in the 1920s. Within the last few years a small cemetery has been found here in a secluded rubber-tapping area at Tanjung Lebir. The cemetery contains the remains of some sixteen Britons and five Christian Chinese. John Gray, a retired Deputy Chairman of the Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Corporation, visited the cemetery in April this year, and reported his finds to the BACSA Area Representative for Malaysia, Michael Rawlinson. It is likely that the men buried here were engaged in the tin-mining industry, and it is clear that some had their wives with them, because Mrs Ferguson and Mrs YD King are also interred here. One of the stones, in good condition, has the following inscription: 'Albert Dixon Forster, the dearly loved son of John Carey and Ellen Margaret Forster, of Clatford Mills, Andover, England, drowned in the Kelantan river, 14 August 1914, Aged 31. "A Fearless Upholder of the right and brimful of human sympathy and cheerfulness." P. Williams, (His Eton House Master.) "No one in the Regiment knew his worth more than I did, the greatest memorial he can have is the affection and respect of all ranks with whom he came in contact." Simeon Stewart, Lt. Col. (Commanding Westminster Dragoons.) "He that backbiteth not with his tongue nor doeth evil to his neighbour nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour." Psalm XV.'

Now this struck John Gray as rather a curious inscription, and he wondered what a mill owner's son from Andover was doing in Kelantan in August 1914. 'It was hardly Old Etonian country...he might have been an MCS cadet, or possibly even the District Officer, but if that is so, it is surprising that there is no reference to this on his headstone.' He could have been a 'colonial experience man' or even a 'remittance man', but the most likely explanation is that he was just visiting. 'The reference to the Westminster Dragoons, a London Yeomanry (Territorial) Regiment, is something of a red herring. Forster died only two weeks after the outbreak of the First World War, when the Territorials were only beginning to mobilise. It seems unlikely that the Westminster Dragoons were ever stationed in Kelantan.' It is indeed a strange memorial, perhaps unique in bearing a testimony from an Eton house-master, and also unusual in its copious use of punctuation and italics. The difficulty in accessing the site has undoubtedly protected the gravestones, which lie within a rubber estate. To reach the cemetery it is necessary to hire a boat to make the twenty minute crossing of the Kelantan river, with its estuarine crocodiles.

Then there is a fifteen minute bush walk from the other side of the river through terrain infested with leeches, snakes and even the occasional wild elephant. The land approach is considered even more difficult, through possible tiger country 'and the likelihood of rather large Burmese pythons' adds Michael Rawlinson, who thinks it advisable to hire elephants and mahouts. Meanwhile we wonder if the history of this isolated little colony, and its cemetery, has been recorded anywhere.

Another remote cemetery, with only one remaining tombstone, has been found at Myotha, a Burmese village about thirty miles south west of Mandalay. Its inscription reads: 'Sacred to the memory of Robert O'Dowda The beloved son of Colonel James William and Laura O'Dowda Killed in action with dacoits At Lepaygin Upper Burmah on 5th May 1888 Aged 26 years 11 months'. BACSA Area Representative for Burma, Sally Hofmann, has uncovered the tragic and fascinating details of the young man's death in the aftermath of the brief Third Burma War. Following the war, Upper Burma was annexed by the British, but there was sporadic resistance by groups of dacoits, among whom was 'the notorious dacoit chief' Boh Shwayan. In order to suppress dacoity, police and troops were moved to the area, and it was during one of these small skirmishes that O'Dowda met his death. He had started his career five years earlier, in Mathura, in the United Provinces of India, as an Inspector of Police. On his arrival in Burma in July 1886 he was appointed Assistant Superintendent of Police, Second Class, and by April 1888 he was working in the Kyaukse District where he met his death.

It appears that a small party, consisting of Robert O'Dowda with eight mounted policemen, and Lieutenant Guy LeFanu Williamson with nine men from the Royal Munster Fusiliers, attacked a camp of over 100 dacoits in dense jungle 'driving in their outlying picquets, and getting possession of their main camp,' as the official inquiry later found. O'Dowda, Williamson, and two of the men were killed, and the remaining men retreated. It was not until a week later that Captain Knox of the Hyderabad Cavalry found the bodies of the victims in the dacoits' camp. Boh Shwayan was hunted down and killed and Lieutenant Williamson's sword was retrieved, together with a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition. The officer was buried in the Mandalay Hill Cemetery, but Robert O'Dowda and the two men were buried in the little cemetery at Myotha. His tombstone, carved by Messrs Llewelyn & Co, of Calcutta, at a cost of Rs 280.38.0 is now the only remaining monument here, although markers for other ranks are still visible. After World War Two the tombstone was moved about 100 yards nearer the river for use as a washing stone, although plans are now being made to relocate it away from the risk of flooding.

A few BACSA members can trace their families back to the middle of 18th century India, but surely not many can have found the tombs of their ancestors there still intact. Christopher Corbett visited the old Dutch Cemetery at Pulicat in April this year and found the grave of John de Morgan, his six times great-grandfather. Pulicat, in Tamil Nadu, is about a two hour drive from Madras and the cemetery is in the middle of a small fishing village. Under the care of the ASI (Archaeological Survey of India), it contains some splendid 17th and 18th century Dutch tombs, which are distinctly different from contemporary English tombs. (see page 144) The majority of the inscriptions are in Dutch, but John de Morgan's is in Latin. His name is given as Johannes de Morgan, the 'de' possibly influenced by his first wife Sarah des Pommare, because he arrived in India on 11 July 1710 as plain John Morgan. He became a Garrison Serjeant at Fort St George in Madras, and was in charge of Fort St David at Cuddalore when Madras fell briefly to the French Compagnie des Indes. De Morgan retired in 1748 as a captain, after thirty-eight years service in the East India Company's Army.

Christopher Corbett is descended from de Morgan's second marriage to Mrs Tivill, a widow. Given the low life expectancy for Europeans at the time, there are frequent marriages recorded. The eldest daughter of the couple married three times, and three of her sisters married twice. Our correspondent's forebears were Jane de Morgan, and her second husband Dr Duncan Buchanan, a Madras Army surgeon. John de Morgan's tomb is a humble flat stone in the corner of the cemetery and his inscription reads: 'Hic in expectatione futurae resurrectionis quiescit JOHANNES DE MORGAN centurio Anglicanus quondam, obiit anno MDCCLX in fine Novembris anno LXXVI aetatis suae pietatisque optimaе, patri poni curavit filius Augustus De Morgan' His only surviving son, Augustus, an army captain, was killed at Pondicherry in 1778, leaving a widow and two sons. Our thanks to Mr Corbett for his family's story.

Cuddalore was a town much fought over by the European powers during the 17th and 18th centuries, and for a time stood second only to Madras in importance. A description of a deserted cemetery at Cuddalore has been sent in by Colonel Gerald Napier who was searching for the remains of Fort St David earlier this year. What he did find was an old graveyard 'derelict but not vandalised' containing graves dating from 1795 to 1852. The adjoining church, also derelict, stands in the grounds of St David's School and the tombs are rather incongruously surrounded by modern classrooms. 'There was much rubble and detritus throughout the churchyard' Colonel Napier adds, 'and I am afraid I did not count all the graves and memorials'.

The latest identifiable inscription is to Major Charles Octavius Fothergill of the East India Company's Service, who died on 25 August 1852, and whose memorial was erected by his widow.

John Gillmon, a BACSA member, had his interest in his family's Indian connections rekindled when he saw a copy of *Children of the Raj* by BACSA author Vyvyen Brendon at his local Waterstone's book shop. 'I was amazed to see a photograph of "Girls at play in front of the Lawrence Military Asylum 1864" and thought it highly likely that my great-grandmother, her sisters or even her mother (Mary Ann), were in that photograph.' The book mentioned a teacher at the present Lawrence School, Sanawar, who had written a history of the school in 1997, to mark its 150th anniversary. John Gillmon quickly got in touch with the teacher, Mr KJ Parel, who was able to tell him that both his great-great grandparents, and two of their children lie in the cemetery at Sanawar, in the Simla Hills, which was restored some years ago by the School authorities. More information came from the School's archives which revealed that on 2 April 1853 Mary Ann Clarke, a 'spinster and orphan ward of the Asylum' was married at the age of seventeen to Philip Clarke, the great-great-grandfather of our BACSA member. Philip was at the time the overseer of the Asylum's buildings, and a year later was described as the steward.

The Lawrence Military Asylum at Sanawar had been set up by Sir Henry Lawrence in 1847 specifically for the children, or orphans, of British troops in the East India Company's Army. It was one of several such schools founded by Sir Henry, a response to the various civil asylums established in the 18th century (see Can You Help? below). Mary Ann Clarke must have been one of the first children to have been taken into the Asylum. Sadly she was not to enjoy a long life. Seven children, including a set of twins were born in quick succession, and by 1866 Mary Ann was dead at the age of twenty-nine. Her husband, Philip, followed her a year later to the Sanawar cemetery, dead from cholera, aged forty-eight. The Gillmon connection arose when James Bryan Gillmon, a storekeeper on the Northern Bengal Railway married one of Mary Ann's daughters, Cecilia Mary. There are Gillmon graves at Sewri Cemetery, Bombay, too, and in 2006 John Gillmon and his wife visited India on a pilgrimage to the family memorials. He found his grandparents' grave in Bombay with its inscription intact, although the tombstone itself is in 'a bit of a mess'. It marks the last resting place of Mary Ann's grandson, Charles Frederick Gillmon, who died in 1913, aged thirty-four and his wife Charlotte Catherine Gillmon, who died in 1911, aged twenty-six. (see page 145)

CAN YOU HELP?

'My great-grandfather, William Bruce Prescott, was Superintendent of the Police Force of the Bombay Baroda and Central Indian Railway in the 1880s' writes new member Jeremy Prescott. 'On 22 November 1885 he and his wife were on their way, in a horse-drawn carriage, to an official function in Broach, when riots suddenly broke out. Their carriage was ambushed and William Prescott was killed by arrows in the attack but his wife escaped. It was later discovered that the wrong carriage had been attacked and his death was a total mistake.' The cause of the riots is obscure, but it seems to have been sparked off by, or been directed against, the Talavia, part of the Parsi community, who had settled in numbers along the coast of Gujarat. The Chief Constable of Broach, which is spelled today as Bharuch, was so sorry about Prescott's death that he started a collection among local people towards a memorial fund. In due course the money, the signatures of the donors and a letter were sent to Prescott's widow, an American lady, who had settled in Clifton, Bristol, with her young son, Cyril. Later on a gold watch was presented with the inscription 'To Cyril W. Prescott from the people of Broach in memory of his father William Bruce Prescott who died 22nd November 1885'. As a continuing mark of respect and regret, candles were lit for years afterwards around the grave of William Prescott, who lies in the old English cemetery at Broach. Cyril Prescott, the grandfather of our enquirer, eventually returned to India and reached the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Army. Any information about the present condition of the grave, if it still exists, would be appreciated, particularly as it does not appear in the Broach records.

BACSA member Robert Walker presented us with an interesting challenge recently. Although he had some information about his Anglo-Indian family background, details of his great-grandfather, William Walker eluded him. Anecdotal information from a very elderly aunt indicated that William had been a school teacher in Madras, had died in service, and had died shortly before the age of fifty. Even the year of William's death was unknown, and could only be calculated as falling between 1867 and 1883. Not much to go on, and of course it is a fairly common name. No less than six William Walkers were found in the Madras Ecclesiastical Returns at the India Office Library, who died within the relevant period. But the sixth Walker turned out to be the right one. With help from a friend at the Library, Robert Walker was able to establish the facts he had long sought. His great-grandfather had died on 29 December 1882, aged 48 years and six months. He had been a schoolmaster at the Madras Civil Orphan Asylum and his remains rest in one of Madras's many Christian cemeteries. The Asylum had evolved from a school for orphans founded in the Madras Fort in the 1680s, and through the philanthropy of the Freemasons, was properly established in the

1780s as the Male and Female Orphans' Asylums. The two separate orphanages were merged in 1871/2 to become the Civil Orphans' Asylum, and today is part of St George's Higher Secondary School, still in Madras. William Walker's own parents, and his place of birth, remain unknown. His wife's name is also not known. Robert Walker traces his descent through William's son, Hastings Little Walker, who himself entered the orphanage, at the age of 13 or so, presumably following his father's death in service. It was one of Hastings' six children, Cyrus, who was the father of our correspondent. Information on the large Walker family who lived mainly in southern Indian would be appreciated, as well as news of William Walker's grave, if it still exists.

Although the history of European artists in India before 1857 has been pretty well-documented over the last 40 years, and named as the 'Company School' of paintings, few women are included among this group. Emily Eden and Lady Canning are probably the only names that come to mind immediately and yet there must have been others who delighted in sketching and painting the exotic scenes before them, and indeed had the leisure to do so. One such woman, whose name is virtually unknown is Eliza Hunter Blair, who was painting in western India and Rajputana in the 1820s. Eliza 'was an artist of quite considerable talent as a recorder of architecture' writes BACSA member, Anne Buddle, and it would be interesting to know who taught her these skills in Scotland, where she was born.

Eliza Norris, as she then was, married Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Hunter Blair in Bombay on 13 July 1820. Her husband, who was born in 1782, had had a distinguished career in the British Army, fighting in the Peninsula War, being held prisoner by the French for several years, and participating in the battle of Waterloo, for which he was decorated. He sailed for India in 1819 where he served as ADC and Military Secretary to the Bombay Commander-in-Chief, and he retired to Scotland in 1831. The majority of Eliza Hunter Blair's paintings are at the family home in Blairquhan Castle, Ayrshire, although she did present one drawing to Queen Victoria, entitled 'Temple of Puttun Somnauth' and signed EHB.

Other views include the 'Old English burial ground at Surat', the Mosque and Mausoleum at Bijapur, the Marble Temple at Dilwara, near Mount Abu and several mosques at Ahmedabad. Little documentation survives about Eliza - the date of her birth is unknown, and no Will appears to exist. We do know that she died in London in 1858, but perhaps readers may have come across more information on this accomplished artist?

Dr Daniel O'Connor, BACSA member, has set himself an interesting task – to research the lives of the East India Company chaplains, from the 17th century to 1858. Although he has done some useful preliminary work at the India Office Library, 'so far,' he says, 'I have come across nothing that lets us into the heads and hearts of the chaplains'. It must be said that Company chaplains have not always had a good press and that greed and bigotry are apparent in several contemporary descriptions. The Reverend Blanchard, Head Chaplain of the Calcutta Presidency, was criticized in 1790 for charging 'permission fees' to allow the erection of monuments in South Park Street Cemetery, and the same man noted cynically that undertakers could get away with exorbitant charges because the relatives of the deceased were 'too much cast down and afflicted by the death of those they love...to examine or dispute the items of an undertaker's bill'.

The Reverend Midgeley Jennings, a chaplain for twenty-five years in India, saw nothing wrong in trying to convert Hindu pilgrims at the great Kumbh Mela festival and denouncing their 'Satanic paganism'. Then there was the Reverend Hyacinth Kirwan, chaplain at Lucknow, who refused, for several days, to bury the child of a Baptist family in consecrated ground, until ordered to do so by the British Resident. Hopefully, these are not typical examples, and there are many interesting questions about the appointment of Company chaplains to be answered, as well as their own thoughts and feelings about their work in India. Information on letters and diaries, published or unpublished, and book references would be welcomed by Dr O'Connor at 15 School Road, Balmullo, St Andrews, Fife, KY16 OBA or email him at: danoconnor@btinternet.com

Another interesting request has come from BACSA member and author Omar Khan. Fascinated by the British Raj, he has built up a collection of old photographs, films, postcards and other visual material. (His website www.harappa.com gives a nostalgic tour through varied images.) Now he is planning a book on early Raj postcards, the golden period from about 1900 to 1920, as he calls it. The picture postcard industry was very successful at a time when cameras were still a rarity, and companies like Raphael Tuck & Sons provided many of the views of the then undivided subcontinent. Not only were photographs popular, but painted postcards too, depicting scenes from urban and rural life in India, including 'trades and occupations', which were directly descended from 19th century mica paintings of washermen, sweepers, watersellers, etc. BACSA postcard collectors are requested to contact Omar Khan, who has a number of questions to pose about dates and painters of these painted postcards. Please either email him at: harappa@gmail.com or contact the Secretary who will pass on messages.

A search for the grave of Major General Hamilton Vetch (1804-1865) who is buried 'in or near Dacca' is underway by BACSA member Keith Stevens, who has sent us a note of the officer's life. Arriving in India in 1823, he served in the First Burma War as Adjutant in the Bengal Native Infantry, and later saw action in Assam. Most of his life was spent in north east India and in 1845 he was seconded from the Army to the Political service. He was Deputy Commissioner of Assam for five years, and on his retirement, with the rank of honorary Major General, he is supposed to have settled on a tea estate until his death in Dacca. Any information and perhaps even a photograph of the grave, if it still exists, would be welcome.

There can be few more out of the way places than the Tate River Township, situated in the far north of Queensland, Australia 'in a part of the world as remote and inhospitable as anyone could imagine'. BACSA member Michael Rimmer, who is writing a history of the area first visited it in the 1970s, when the only people there were a father and son, running a failing store. The township had grown up at the end of the nineteenth century when alluvial tin was first noticed in the Tate river, and a small number of hardy 'tin scratchers' were attracted to the area. The population, at its largest, numbered several hundred, and among them was LDA Montgomery, a store-keeper. Born in 1833, we know not where, his tombstone, in the little cemetery, records that he was a 'Crimean and Indian Mutiny Veteran' who died on 11 November 1908. Nothing more about him is known, neither his regiment/s, nor his family, nor what brought him to the township. If indeed he was a veteran of two of the major conflicts of the nineteenth century, then he must have had many an exciting tale to tell the tin-miners over the shop counter. Perhaps readers may be able to shed more light on him?

A query in *Chowkidar* Autumn 2007 from Henning Hoffman, a German correspondent, has been satisfactorily answered by BACSA member Giles Quinan, who was touring through Bihar. Mr Hoffman had enquired if the grave of Ensign Edward Gilbert was still to be found at Dinapore. Ensign Gilbert, who died at the early age of 26, was the father of Elizabeth James, who later transformed herself into the glamorous courtesan Lola Montez. A memorial stone has been found at Dinapore, now embedded in the perimeter wall, so it sounds as if it has been moved. A photograph has been sent to Mr Henning. Lola's mother appears to be buried in Kensal Green cemetery, London.

We are no nearer, however, to finding the grave of Theodore Hubback, who died in 1942 in Malaya (see *Chowkidar* Spring 2008). However, Cassandra Phillips, whose maiden name was Hubback, and who thinks Theodore was her great-grandfather's first cousin, tells us that the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography has a paragraph on him. Theodore was described as 'the handsomest man who

ever came to Malaya, he was a Viking born out of his time' and concludes 'For two years (1942-44) he was on the run in the jungle, pursued by the Japanese; the exact circumstances of his death (probably in 1944) are unknown'.

THE ENGLISHMAN, HIS HORSE AND HIS DOG

Many years ago, in the 1960s, when Martin Bienvenu was serving as an army corporal with the 28th (Commonwealth) Brigade in Malacca, a US Peace Worker showed him the tomb of 'the Englishman, his horse and his dog' in the playground of the school at Alor Gajah, where he was teaching. The largest of the three tombs, of sarcophagus shape, and supposedly covering the equine remains, in fact bears the following fairly unambiguous inscription: 'To the memory of Ensign George Holford Walker doing duty with 5th Regiment M.N.I. who fell while gallantly leading on his Division to storm a stockade at Alegaza on the 3rd of May 1832. This tablet was erected by his brother officers as a mark of their esteem for one so universally beloved. Aetat 21 Madras'. The 5th Regiment of the Madras Native Infantry had been sent from India following a disastrous attempt by East India Company officials in Malacca to collect taxes from a local chief, Datuk Dol Said, the Penghulu of Naning. The chief asserted that because Naning was independent, it was not liable to pay taxes to the Malacca State. The Company's Field Force that had set out in 1831 were soundly defeated by the Penghulu's forces, and retreated, leaving their artillery pieces behind them in the jungle, which were subsequently used against the British. Ensign Walker's Regiment was part of the reinforcements brought in the following year to renew the campaign. It was accompanied by Sappers and Miners, whose job it was to widen the roadway leading to the Penghulu's camp, and to clear the jungle on either side, with the infantry and artillery acting as escorts.

A sudden attack from the enemy's stockade, erected on Bukit Lanjoot hill, saw Ensign Walker sent to survey the position and 'as the gallant boy came unexpectedly on this work, a ball took effect in his heart, and he fell dead to the ground...the sepoy, next to his officer, and two others, were wounded by the volley.' After the stockade was evacuated, Walker's body was brought into camp and buried. 'A handsome monument, designed by Lieutenant Smythe, Engineers, has been erected to the memory, and over the remains, of Mr Walker by his brother officers...' The Malacca Field Force brought an end to the campaign with the capture of the Penghulu's headquarters, although Dol Said and a number of his followers escaped.

left: tomb in the Nathnagar cemetery at Bhagalpur (see page 133)



right: the Gillmon tomb in Sewri cemetery, Bombay (see page 138)



below: old Dutch tombs in the Pulicat cemetery, Tamil Nadu (see page 137)



below: 'The Englishman, his Horse and his Dog' (see page 142)



Peace negotiations with various chiefs were conducted, and the Penghulu himself surrendered in 1834 and was granted a government pension. On revisiting Alor Gajah last year, Mr Bienvenu was pleased to find that although the little graveyard with its three tombs is now enclosed within the local school, 'the site is beautifully kept, and the Malay authorities have added a plaque of their own'. The cemetery is still surrounded by its original iron railings, the gateway bearing the entwined letters MNI surrounded with a wreath. As for the tombs themselves, Mr Bienvenu believes that the two smaller ones on each side of Ensign Walker's may be those of other ranks, killed in the attack of May 1832. Each bears a crucifix 'which would not be applied to the grave of a dog or a horse'. Nevertheless, the new plaque, erected by the Department of Museum and Art, confidently states that among the battle casualties 'was an Englishman called George Holford Walker with his dog and horse, which were all buried in this ground'. Of such is the stuff of legend!

NOTICES

BACSA member Eileen Hewson is returning to Sri Lanka (Ceylon) later this year and would be happy to check on any graves of BACSA members' families there. Please contact her at 19 Foxleigh Grove, Wem, SY4 5BS or email her at: info@kabristan.org.uk

Members are reminded that the annual subscription is £7.50, payable at the beginning of January. The Membership Secretary's address is on the inside front cover of each *Chowkidar*.

Sets of BACSA postcards are now available again. There are nine attractive colour cards in each set, showing domestic servants in India at work in the 1840s. They include the abdar, whose job it was to make ice and look after the cellar, and the dhobi or washerman (see back cover), busy ironing a pair of the sahib's trousers. The illustrations are taken from a group of mica prints that belonged to our late Secretary, Theon Wilkinson. Sets will be on sale at BACSA meetings at £4.00 and can be purchased from Miss Caroline Whitehead, 21 Pentlow Steet, London SW15 1LX for £4.50, which includes postage.

The Editor will be leading another popular tour to India during the first two weeks of February 2009 for Palanquin Travels. The theme is 'Foundations of the Raj', focussing on the British in India before and after the Great Uprising of 1857. For further details contact Margaret Percy at: Palanquin@the-traveller.co.uk or phone 0207 436 9343.

BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

Tobacco Wife: Ghana to Coromandel India, A Rural Life – 1960-1986 Natalie Wheatley

Those who lived and worked in India in the forty years after Independence tend to look back on the period with mixed feelings. It seems, in retrospect, to have been a long hiatus, when the newly free country was finding its role, but had not established itself as a major player in international affairs. It was not until economic liberalisation took place in the 1990s that the country began to realise its potential. Before then it was a time of austerity and idealism. Pictures of Mahatma Gandhi decorated public buildings, restaurants and shops. For Britons in India during this time, unless they were cushioned by diplomatic or corporation privileges, life outside the major cities was spartan. The country could not afford to import goods, and Indian manufactures were not then well developed. At the same time, there was both enormous curiosity and kindness shown to the odd Westerner, particularly if they had their family with them. Life in small town India is vividly recreated by Natalie Wheatley, who lived for six years in Hassan in Karnataka and subsequently in Guntur in Andhra Pradesh. Neither town was then on the tourist itinerary and the author, with four small children, including twins, was only there because her husband worked for the British American Tobacco Company and had been posted there to open up new tobacco growing areas. The family had arrived from Ghana in 1964, where Michael Wheatley had been posted during the first years of their married life.

Accommodation was provided and the family employed much needed servants and ayahs, but suffered the same hardships as their neighbours, with running water rationed to a couple of hours daily, faltering electricity supplies and the problem of finding powdered milk supplies for the babies. When the author did find time to herself, there was the perennial problem of not having enough to read, in towns without libraries or bookshops. The companionship of other expatriates made it worth travelling huge distances for parties and social events, and the Wheatley household provided reciprocal hospitality for friends and visitors. Michael Wheatley's work frequently took him away from home, and at one point he was travelling 2,000 miles a week 'and we were exhausted trying to cope with so many people and so many facets of the complicated crop and growing conditions'. Like the Raj families before them, the children were sent away to school, although the schools were in the hill stations, rather than in England, so at least holidays could be spent together.

The charm of this book is both in its narrative, which is never self-pitying, in spite of the hardships encountered, and also in its nostalgic value. It chronicles a very specific period in the country's history, which although only a few decades ago, now seems light years away from modern India. A good read. (RLJ)

2008 Published by the author, available from 1, Doric Place, Woodbridge, Suffolk IP12 1BT. ISBN 978-0-9544680-1-9 £12 plus £3.00 P&P in UK and £5 P&P rest of the world (surface mail) pp245

The Wasikadars of Awadh Malcolm Speirs

Not many Englishmen can claim the distinction of being a pensioner of an Indian royal family, as the author can. Wasikadars are people in receipt of a *wasika*, a pension, which can be passed down through the generations, in ever diminishing amounts. Pensions were awarded not just to the elderly, but to royal relatives and to people who worked for the Indian princes. In Malcolm Speirs' case the pension started with the aunt of his great grandmother, Sultan Mariam Begam, the English wife of the seventh Nawab of Awadh. Originally intended purely as a family history, the author soon realised that the rich material he was uncovering was in fact the story of the great Anglo-Indian families of the United Provinces, formerly the kingdom of Awadh. The first Speirs to go to India was Alexander Speirs, who arrived in Calcutta as a cadet on 9 August 1805. Alexander was the illegitimate son of a rich Scottish tobacco merchant, a fact long suspected by the author's family and established during research in the Scottish National Register of Archives. In turn, Alexander, who rose to become a Brigade Major in the East India Company's Army, fathered at least eight children with his Indian *bibi*, Helen Beg, whose Muslim father was Hosain Ali Beg. The last son of this union, born in 1835, was the author's great-grandfather.

The story of how Mary Short, daughter of Dr James Short and an Armenian mother, attracted the Nawab's attention and became one of his wives, changing her name to Sultan Mariam Begam, is a romantic one, and is told here in detail. (Another of the Nawab's wives was an Anglo-Indian, the daughter of Colonel Aish and his Hindu wife.) A fascinating light is thrown on the seemingly casual way in which the participants of this story changed religion as it suited them, drifting from Islam to Christianity and sometimes back again. Equally casual were many of their relationships. Mariam Begam's brother, Joseph Short, was left five 'slave girls' after her death, women who had served her in the palace. By these girls Joseph fathered eight children in addition to the seven from his first two marriages.

Such children moved easily between their dual heritage, using both Muslim and Christian names. One of Joseph's children was Emma Short, or Amir Begam and the author had the extraordinary good luck of finding Emma's grand-daughter and her family in Bhopal, thus providing him with previously unknown Indian third cousins. And it was Emma's own mother, Mahboob Jan, a slave girl, who shortly before her death in the 1920s, told her own exciting story about her escape from Lucknow during the Mutiny of 1857. Familiar Anglo-Indian names all weave in and out of the story, and everyone seemed related to everyone else. The family trees in the book are essential to trace the Quieros, Johannes, Braganca, Pogson, Duhan and even the Bourbon family, of royal French descent, and of course the Short and the Speirs families. Hours of research carried out in various archives in India and Britain, including the Wasika Office in Lucknow, have paid off to produce a truly fascinating story, that has been waiting for its telling for a long time. Recommended. (RLJ)

*2008 Rupa & Co ISBN 978-81-291-1307-8 Rs495 pp301

Florence Nightingale and the Viceroy: A Campaign for the Health of the Indian People Patricia Mowbray

The author was born in New Zealand. After a course in Journalism at Auckland University, she came to Britain in the 1950s and studied Art History at the University of London. For several years, she worked with the famous architect, Eugene Rosenberg. The partnership Yorke Rosenberg Mardall designed the new buildings of St Thomas' Hospital, which was opened by the Queen in 1976. The author was then appointed Art Historian to the special trustees of this hospital, and thereafter co-ordinated the setting up of the Florence Nightingale Museum, which opened in the same hospital in 1989. Her insightful knowledge of Florence Nightingale's life and of the personalities of that period was thus established. By circumstance, a BBC TV docudrama on Florence Nightingale was broadcast on 1 June 2008, after this book had been launched, one newspaper unfairly titling it 'Lady without a Lamp', and a subsequent review as 'Lady with a dim Lamp'. Florence, however, in the docudrama correctly described conditions in the Crimea as 'the kingdom of hell' where the then British Army had been launched from the parade ground straight onto the battlefield, not having had any training for the latter. One opens this fascinating book on Florence Nightingale's 40 year long struggle to improve hygiene and sanitation in India, with a felicitous quotation from the poet Rabindranath Tagore about his own passion for India. Florence Nightingale's historic nursing accomplishments in the Crimea (1854/7) spanned just over two years out of a life of 90 years.

Meticulous in detail, despite her recurrent fever after the Crimean War, where she led a group of 38 nurses and nuns at the request of her friend Sidney Herbert, the then Secretary of State for War, her statistical compilation and analysis of the hygiene conditions in the British barracks in India, and sequentially in the country as a whole, revealed an urgent need for improvement in the hygiene, sanitation and clean water supply in the congested British troops barracks, where there were far more deaths from disease amongst British troops than from any military activity. Her call to the British Government was 'our soldiers enlist to die in barracks'.

Strenuous lobbying led to the Royal Statutory Commission on the Health of the Army in India being approved by Queen Victoria in 1859. To further her endeavour, although she never visited India, she had sought the support of all Viceroys from Lord Canning in 1858 to Lord Elgin (the 9th Earl) in 1898, terming them her 'sanitarians,' encompassing Lord Elgin (the 8th Earl), Lord Lawrence, Lord Mayo, Lord Northbrook, Lord Lytton, Lord Ripon, Lord Dufferin and Lord Lansdowne. Florence Nightingale's last great humanitarian campaign in which she invoked the help of many prominent personalities was for improving hygiene and sanitation in India generally and for British troops in particular. The author aptly invokes Lytton Strachey, who wrote *Eminent Victorians*, 'with the intention of knocking an assortment of famous Victorians off their pedestals. In his essay on Florence Nightingale, brilliantly combining fact with myth, waspish criticism with reluctant praise he wrote: "For many years it was *de rigueur* for the newly appointed Viceroy, before he left England, to pay a visit to Miss Nightingale.'" Her battle cry for action to each newly appointed Viceroy was 'Sanitation! Irrigation!' One must also quote Strachey's apt encapsulation as to her, 'at times, indeed, among her intimates Mrs Nightingale (her mother) almost wept. "We are ducks," she said with tears in her eyes, "who have hatched a wild swan". But the poor lady was wrong; it was not a swan they had hatched, but an eagle.'" This book too can be said to soar like an eagle over the period in question, giving us an eagle's vivid view of the concerned Viceroys and Vicereines as well as illuminating details of their lives. It is clear that Florence Nightingale enjoyed her connections with some powerful people, she being prone to hero worshipping, such disparate figures as Abraham Lincoln, Garibaldi and General Gordon. The author's eye for a story is undoubted in her finely-textured narration. Splendidly produced and profusely illustrated. Historically eclectic, in its genre, this is quite a different kind of book, establishing Florence Nightingale's enduring legacy, despite iconoclastic efforts. Highly recommended. (SLM)

2008 Haus Publishing Ltd ISBN 9781905791231 £14.99 pp228

In Pursuit of the Past Christopher Penn

This is a book about Albert Penn, a British photographer who spent his career working in the hill station of Ootacamund from the mid-1860s until 1911. It is written by Albert's great-grandson, Christopher Penn, a BACSA member, who tells the story as it unfolded in his own life – from making the initial discovery that his ancestor was a photographer, through the research and travels that occupied him for six years, up to the point of writing this engaging biography. The narrative takes on the excitement of a detective story as the life of Albert Penn is revealed over several chapters with rich and fascinating details of the lifetime spent recording the activities of the British in 'snooty Ooty'.

Whilst a fair amount of academic attention has been given in recent years to photography in India, this book fleshes out the role of the photographer in Raj society and brings him to life as an individual. The author examines the social status that a photographer would have held within the deeply hierarchical European community as well as estimating how much he would have been earning and how much it cost to run a house with five or six servants (as well as eight children). This brings the individual into sharper focus as the strains upon the photographer become apparent, particularly the difficulties he faced as photography became more accessible to the amateur, gradually edging out the professional. It is interesting to learn that, despite frequent contact with some of the highest officials of the Raj such as Sir Frederick Roberts or Lord Lytton, photographers occupied a fairly lowly position within the British hierarchy. The story that emerges here is deeply touching, as it becomes evident how hard Penn was working in order to make ends meet; even though he was more talented than many photographers at this time, he still struggled.

Even so, the strength and great charm of this book lies in the attention that Christopher Penn gives to the family history, allowing the reader to discover a man who cared deeply about his family and played an important role in the community, in music-making and in church. Penn sang in the choir of St Stephen's Church for 45 years and his fine voice was referred to on a number of occasions in newspaper reports. We also learn about Penn's children. He and his wife Elizabeth, known as 'Zillie', had ten children, eight of whom survived infancy. The fourth child, Harold, led something of an unconventional life, which started well but later fell apart. Harold joined the army as a young man, travelling to Britain and then Egypt where, as a Lance Corporal, he won the DCM at the Battle of Omdurman in 1898. The following year he married and life must have seemed to be going well when in 1909 he won an immense sum of money in the Calcutta Derby Sweeps. Following this, Harold left the army. By 1919, however, he was without money and his wife was suing for divorce, a great scandal at that

time. The sad story of Harold is told in particular detail as he was Christopher Penn's grandfather, but the story also reflects back on Albert and his wife in India, who must have followed the life of their son with pride, then concern and worry. The story of the Penn family is both unique and universal at the same time, and it has a strong narrative drive which will engage most readers. As he readily acknowledges, Christopher Penn is new to archival research but the enthusiasm and thoughtfulness that he has brought to his work is perhaps a reminder to many of us that it is just as important to engage the heart as well as the brain when we are dealing with the lives of men. The institutions and individuals (including this reviewer) that Penn encounters while engaged on his pursuit are all given parts to play in this story and seeing the network of generous and helpful individuals, many of whom are BACSA members, pull together to uncover this story is very touching. The result is a surprisingly moving and emotional story. It is fitting that of all Albert's descendants it should be Christopher who has written his biography as one suspects that, were they ever to have met, they would have found they had much in common. (SG)

2008 C.F. Penn, Pendle, Burdenshot Hill, Worplesdon, Surrey, GU3 3RL ISBN 978-0-955945502 £14.50 pp293 (The author is generously donating a sum to BACSA for each copy sold by him to a BACSA member)

BOOKS BY NON-MEMBERS THAT WILL INTEREST READERS

Tea – a Journey in Time: Pioneering and Trials in The Jungle John Weatherstone

The author was a tea planter in Ceylon. His father and grandfather were rubber planters in Malaya, where, as a small child, he was lucky to escape a man-eating tiger. Maybe all this could be the cause of his love of plantation life and inspired the immense amount of work put into producing this book. It starts with the discovery, in ancient times, of the tea plant native to China (*Camellia sinensis*). Early travellers brought China tea to Europe, eventually paving the way for the establishment, in the 1830s, of the first China bushes in the wilds of Upper Assam, and the discovery that the wild native 'camellia assamica' was already growing in those jungles. The trials and tribulations of the early planters are described in a lively and humorous way, with some noteworthy anecdotes told in the pioneers' own words. The first shipment of Assam tea reached London in 1839. Shortly afterwards the Assam Company was formed. Many troubles beset this new enterprise. Assam was remote and unhealthy and the mortality rate was appalling. But a few tough men with unshakeable faith persevered, until in 1852 the corner was turned. From that time tea growing in India was established.

Expansion continued apace from Assam to Darjeeling, the Dooars, Cachar, Sylhet and other districts. By 1875, the 125,000 acres under tea in India produced 2½ million pounds.

The story continues with the spread of the industry to Ceylon. Here in 1875 began a new supply which would rival India in importance. British enterprise had developed a flourishing coffee industry but a devastating blight wiped out all the island's coffee in just ten years. The planters and the island's economy were ruined. A small band of determined planters turned to tea. After a grim struggle they succeeded and, amazingly, in 20 years 300,000 acres of flourishing tea estates were in production on the island's beautiful mountainsides. Expansion continued, first to Java, then to the African continent. Tea is shown growing in China, Japan, Taiwan, Indonesia, Argentina and Australia. China is now rapidly increasing production and has established a Tea Research Academy. The hitherto haphazard production in countless small holdings is being supplemented by larger and much more efficient units. China could once again become the world's largest producer. The near disastrous nationalisation of the Ceylon (Sri Lanka) estates is touched upon. Happily sense has now prevailed and the properties are again running as private entities, managed by local firms. The author gives credit to Spring Valley Estate for being the first in Ceylon to grow tea by vegetative propagation. This reviewer, having been involved in those experiments when they were first started in 1939, then suspended until after the War, believes they were carried out at the behest of the Tea Research Institute, and may have included other estates.

Illustrations are prolific; with fine colour plates, drawings, engravings and photographs. The culture, harvesting and manufacture of tea are explained in a simple and interesting way. It is made clear that there is much more to the production of our favourite beverage than the plucking of the leaves and their manufacture which produces the liquor in our tea pots. Tea gardens are almost complete units on their own. Most provide their own power, build their own schools, hospitals, train their own artisans to manage machinery and erect buildings. You name it. They do it. If something goes wrong it is the job of the Manager or Superintendent which will be on the line, not those of the Agents or the members of the board of directors. The 'modus operandi' of the Agency House is explained, as is the matter of inspections by their appointed Visiting Agents. There is a chapter on transport and shipment from the days of the tea clippers and country boats. Some planters' bungalows were said to be haunted. That there *may* be something in these ghost stories may be judged by the fact that even some of the toughest and most sceptical characters have been affected.

Here we have a tale of three ghosts at one estate bungalow. After all this is 'The Mysterious East'. The author and publisher deserve congratulations for a fine production and the author has made a most generous gesture by donating the royalties to BACSA. (CBS).

2008 JIG Publishing, Sparrow Hall, Hindringham, Fakenham, Norfolk NR21 0DP ISBN 978-1-899163-85-4 £28.00 pp315

Calamity & Courage: A Heroine of the Raj Belinda Morse

The subtitle of this book 'The Story of Ethel Grimwood and Manipur' promises an intriguing vignette into one of the lesser known events of British rule in north eastern India, and the reader will not be disappointed by this promise. The author's interest in the short-lived Manipur rebellion, when members of the Maharaja's family rose against the British, was awakened by a portrait of Mrs Ethel Grimwood. It had been painted by the author's great-grandfather, the Victorian artist John Hanon Walker and it had been exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1892. Such was the fame of the twenty-three year old, who had married Frank Grimwood, the soon to be appointed Political Agent in Manipur, that Queen Victoria was personally to present her with the Royal Red Cross.

The jacket photograph shows the beautiful young woman wearing the decoration, but in a widow's black weeds, mourning her murdered husband. Manipur, with its capital, Imphal, had always been an uncomfortable posting, 'a Cinderella among political agencies' as an earlier Agent, Captain Durand, had described it. Misgoverned by its Maharaja and wretchedly poor, the Manipuris lived in fear of annexation by the British Government. When the Grimwoods arrived in the Manipur Valley, in 1889, the British Residency, as it was known, was an extensive and pretty bungalow. Its thatched roofs and 'half-timbering' gave it the appearance of a rustic English house, an illusion at odds with the armed Gurkha guards on duty among the flower beds. It stood adjacent to the Maharaja's palace, and was surrounded by a mud wall and ditch. With eight royal princes in Manipur, the offspring of the former Maharaja and his six wives, it was inevitable that rivalries and palace plots would occur. A messy situation arose when the then Maharaja appeared to abdicate, then changed his mind, while a Regent, Kulachandra, was installed on the throne. The Chief Commissioner of Assam, James Quinton, was instructed by Calcutta to sort things out, and it was his arrival that sparked off the insurrection. For one ghastly night, Ethel and a number of British officers, were forced into shelter in the basement of the Residency, while the Chief Commissioner and Frank Grimwood, having entered the palace to negotiate, were murdered. The detailed story of the events, and Ethel's subsequent escape is told from her

own account *My Three Years in Manipur*. Belinda Morse, with the benefit of the passage of time, has put Ethel's story into context, not least by considering the Manipuri point of view as well. She has visited Imphal, and seen the British graves and memorial in the old Residency garden. She has met the Maharaja's descendants, found old photographs and illustrations of the events, and traced Ethel's long life, haunted for ever, it seems by 'the horrors of those hours'. A very good read. (RLJ)

Book Guild Publishing, Brighton ISBN 978 1 84624 215 1 £16.99 pp139

After the Raj: The last Stayers-On and the Legacy of British India Hugh Purcell

In his introduction the author feels that so much has been written about the Raj that there is scope for examining what actually happened to it after it had ended. As he says, 'it did not just disappear'. To explore this, he interviewed some of the small number of expatriates who, having spent most of their working lives in India, had decided to Stay On, very often feeling they had become so alienated from Home that they would become 'Strangers in a Foreign Land' (to quote a recent history of the Raj by Roderick Cavaliero), if they returned.

The result is this valuable contribution to the relatively new historical genre of Living History, that has arisen from the advent of the tape-recorder, and the ease and immediacy with which events and people, their reactions and reflections, can be recorded. An Indian reader might object that those interviewed had nothing to do with the Raj, since none of them had been involved in the administration, the Indian Civil Service –inevitably, since this had been handed over to the Indian Administrative Service at Independence.

Consequently the Stayers-On are not the former Empire builders, or their descendants, not 'The men who put down thuggee, the men who bridged the streams/ And built the roads of India...', who were 'worrying the dreams' of Lord Dunsany in his poem 'A Song in the Ruins'. They belong instead to the rapidly dwindling number, which the author estimates at not more than 50 in the whole of India, from a variety of vocations: a former *box-wallah*, or trader, who had enjoyed a life of considerable opulence (for whom 'Independence appeared to make little difference'), a tea planter, a big game hunter (a former senior army officer), a priest, a former locally engaged member of the British Council; and an Anglo-Indian, Kitty, whose family had been overtaken by a succession of disasters and who now lives in penury and is movingly pictured on the front cover. The

author interviewed the successors of the British Government's legacy in India – the British High Commission and the British Council, concerned respectively with diplomacy and culture, with, according to one Council officer, 'a very British and invisible demarcation line' between the two. Although the author has never lived in India (but has made many visits over 40 years), and disclaims a profound knowledge of the country, the meticulous research that has gone into studying and recording the recollections and reminiscences of those who have spent virtually their entire lives in the country makes this a uniquely valuable study of post-Raj India, and one that will remain unique, since, inevitably, his sources are the last of their generation.

Of particular interest to BACSA members is the author's account of the life and achievements of its remarkable founder, or *mai bap*, the late Theon Wilkinson, who had close family connections with Cawnpore, where his father was a prominent member of the business community and where he lived for a time during the war until he became an officer in the 3rd Gurkha Rifles and saw service in Italy. His sister Zoë Yalland, also a resident of Cawnpore for many years, had written two books on the early British history of the city, and it is due to her, as well as Theon, that so much is known about its cemeteries and memorials, now recorded in the India Office Library. From this BACSA developed in 1977, described as 'the liveliest society in Britain for the deadliest of subjects'. It can be seen, therefore, as an enduring legacy of the Raj, but it was Theon's hope that these last remains should become part of a common Indo-British heritage and that Indians should regard them as we regard Roman remains in this country, surely a noble aim for BACSA members to promote.

The Editor of *Chowkidar*, was the co-leader, with the author, of the tour group who visited sites of the Indian Mutiny in commemoration of the 150th anniversary. The visit was unfortunately misinterpreted as a 'celebration' by members of an extremist Hindu party and led to threats of violence against the group that caused considerably anxiety. This leads the author to the sad conclusion that after 60 years of Independence we are now truly 'strangers in a foreign land' and that the 'special relationship' is over. Is this really justified, when one considers there are now over one million Indians happily settled in this country? – a subject for discussion, perhaps. What is not for discussion is that this admirable and eminently readable book is a 'must' for all BACSA members and anyone interested in the living history of the Raj since Independence. (WB)

2008 The History Press Ltd. ISBN 978-0-7509-4786-2 £20.00 pp214

Notes to Members

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

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.

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 it has already been recorded. This is not to discourage the reporting of the occasional MI notice, 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. Email: radvanilko@gmail.com

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The dhobi (washerman), one of nine cards showing domestic servants at work in India in the 1840s. (see page 146 for more details)