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CHOWKIDAR

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Editor: Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

British Association For Cemeteries In South Asia (BACSA)

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Dr Rosie Llewellyn-Jones
135 Burntwood Lane
London SW17 0AJ
tel: 020 8947 9131
email: rosiejai@clara.co.uk

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Mr Christopher Camaghan
42 Rectory Lane
Kings Langley
Herts WD4 8EY
email: cscamaghan@aol.com

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 1,500 (2010) 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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THE SEARCH FOR MAJOR FRANCIS SHIRREFF'S GRAVE

Lieutenant General Sir Richard Shirreff KCB, CBE, Commander of NATO's Rapid Reaction Force has kindly written the following article about the successful search for his ancestor's grave in India.

The start of the Mutiny, the 'Devil's Wind' as contemporary Indians called the momentous events of 1857/8, found my great great grandfather Major Francis Shirreff commanding the 4th Native Infantry of the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior's Army, the Gwalior Contingent. Fortunately for subsequent generations of Shirreffs, his wife Ann had just returned to Scotland with her children and so missed the events of 14 June 1857.

After the outbreak of mutiny at Meerut in May, events came to a head in Gwalior on Sunday 14 June. The story is simply told. Mutiny broke out in the Lines that evening and Shirreff and most of the British in Gwalior were murdered. A few survivors escaped to Agra across the River Jumna to tell the tale. This much was passed down in family history.

What was not passed down was what happened to Francis's body subsequently and it probably would have stayed that way if Philip Geddes hadn't visited me in Basra in September 2006 as an independent media consultant to give me some media training while I was commanding the British-led division in South East Iraq. One evening we discovered that, like so many of our generation, we came from families with a long history of serving the British Empire and that both our forebears had died within days of each other during the Indian Mutiny, hence the plan to visit India in the summer of 2007 with our sons and revisit the places where our ancestors had lived and died. As a veteran BBC documentary producer, it was inevitable that Philip should want to make a film about it.

Before we flew out to India I re-read the family letters relating to Francis's death. Surgeon Captain Christison of Meade's Irregular Cavalry recounts that some of the bodies of the British killed on 14 June were buried properly on the orders of Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, a good friend of the British who no doubt wished to remain in favour should the British re-establish their power. Furthermore, Captain Meade himself, a close friend of Francis and Ann Shirreff, wrote to Ann proposing that a memorial should be erected over his grave in accordance with regimental custom, enclosing a design and inscription for the proposed monument.

According to Christison the bodies were 'interred in 16 graves...being two rows of 8 in each. Each grave ...is covered by a large slab of stone and being numbered and registered, it is known almost exactly which is that of each individual.' A clue as to where the bodies were buried was provided by a map of the Morar Cantonment drawn up by a British sapper officer in the 1870s which I found in the British Library. It showed two cemeteries in the Cantonment. Armed with the letters, the diagram of the monument and a copy of the Cantonment map, we headed out to India.

We arrived in Gwalior by the Delhi train early on the morning of 3 August 2007, met up with our guide Wilson and set off for the Cantonment which still conformed to the 1870 map. Past St John's Church a rutted track took us to a broken-down wall and a derelict gate. Stepping through what had been a gateway, we found ourselves in an overgrown cemetery. Vegetation grew chest high and a herd of water buffalo grazed where they could find grass. Under the greenery we could see a number of tombstones and with mounting excitement we made out two rows of 8 graves, each with a monument and inscriptions; these were the graves of the British killed on 14 June as reported by Surgeon Captain Christison. And there, in the second row, was the grave of Major Francis Shirreff, with the monument and inscription exactly as proposed by his friend Captain Meade.

It was an intensely moving moment. For my son and me this was a close and very personal encounter with family history. Wilson, our guide, was quite overcome. He had, he said, brought other Europeans here on similar quests, but this was the first time he had ever reunited a family in such a way. As a Christian, he swore to look after the grave. He disappeared to the local bazaar and returned with incense and garlands. We draped garlands over the grave, lit the incense and in a moment of silence reflected that Francis would have approved of this very Indian act of remembrance over remains which lie in Indian soil, and will always be part of India. (see page 60)

Since then Wilson has made good his promise to look after the grave. Earlier this year I wired Rs 5000 to him and have since received a photo showing that enough has been done to preserve the monument for some time to come. However, the cemetery is still overgrown, neglected and a grazing ground for water buffalo so time, vegetation and the climate will continue to exact their toll. Nevertheless, my advice to anyone engaged on a similar quest is to give it a go. You may strike lucky as we did!

MAIL BOX

It would be good to think that once the dead are laid to rest they will remain undisturbed. Unfortunately this is not always the case, particularly in some countries in South Asia where new regimes seem anxious to obliterate reminders of a colonial past. Last year BACSA was able to solve a long-standing mystery with the help of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC). The story begins with the death of Donald Frederick Pratt, aged thirty-seven, on 1 May 1945 in the Muntok prison camp on Bangka Island, off the coast of Sumatra. We do not know how he got there, but it is likely that he was captured by the Japanese after the fall of Singapore in 1942 and held as a civilian prisoner-of-war. Conditions were grim in the prison camp, and many prisoners died from malnutrition and disease. The dead were however, decently buried, with a Christian service, in Muntok cemetery and there they remained until the 1960s. Donald Pratt's son, Antony, had long wanted to visit his father's grave and had a photograph of it too, which was sent to his mother in 1949, when it was 'surrounded by others in an immaculate setting'. However, his enquiries over the last two years established that the graves at Muntok had disappeared, and that no-one knew where they had gone. Because the area had been under Dutch administration, the Netherlands War Graves Foundation (the equivalent of our CWGC) was approached, and unfortunately was less than helpful, robustly denying that it had any knowledge of Donald Pratt's grave, or the many others in the Muntok cemetery. Only when Richard Kellaway, the Director General of the CWGC was approached by a BACSA Council member, and promised to take a personal interest in the problem, could it be resolved. After making a number of enquiries, he sent BACSA a letter found in the files of the Office of Australian War Graves, dated 1996, which revealed that 'in 1964, at the insistence of the Indonesians, the remains of British civilians had been removed from Muntok and transferred to the Indonesian General Cemetery at Bandung'. The British remains were put together in unmarked graves, and the area was said to be 'unkempt'. The Bandung Cemetery is presently under the care of the Netherlands War Cemeteries, Indonesia. Now Antony Pratt is planning a visit to the Bandung cemetery and the possibility of a memorial to those who died at Muntok during World War Two is being raised.

The Autumn 2009 *Chowkidar* carried a short article on the Remount Depot cemetery at Babugarh, near Meerut and noted an inscription to a Surgeon Captain John Francis Fitzpatrick, which had been photographed by BACSA member Sergeant Roy Barwick.

John Holloway from Australia, was able to claim Captain Fitzpatrick as his wife's great-grandfather, whose grave they had been trying to find for several years. The Captain died in March 1906 and the date of death, writes Mr Holloway, fits in 'with our JF Fitzpatrick who was born on 11 November 1841. He began his career as an Hospital Apprentice and on 10 October 1857 he was acting as an Assistant Apothecary with HM's 79th Highlanders during the Mutiny.' Although not quite sixteen, he was awarded the Mutiny Medal, which is in the family's possession. He retired on a pension in 1896 when he was still at Hamirpur working in a civil capacity and as Superintendent in charge of the local gaol. But his presence and death in Babugarh can be explained when he and his wife were visiting their widowed daughter-in-law, whose husband Edwin had served as Farm Overseer in the Remount Depot until his death in 1903. Captain Fitzpatrick's great grandson, Arthur Fitzpatrick, celebrated his eightieth birthday in December 2009 and BACSA was delighted to send photographs of the Babugarh tomb as part of his birthday present.

BACSA member Captain Peter Elphick has pointed out an error in the last *Chowkidar* when we reported on the Funchal Cemetery in Madeira. The cemetery contains the grave of Lady Sophia Bligh, who died in 1809. She was not, as wrongly stated, the second wife of Captain William Bligh of *Bounty* fame, but is likely to have been the wife of Admiral Sir Richard Bligh (1737-1821). Apropos of Funchal, Rosamund Huebener points out that when she and her husband were visiting the English church there in 1986, they were told that it had been built by the same engineer officer who built St Andrew's Church in Madras. In turn, the Madras church is closely based on St Martin's in the Fields, in central London.

Yercaud, a hill station in Tamil Nadu has been described, rather snobbishly, as 'the poor man's Ooty' but it contains two tombs of great interest. In the cemetery of Holy Trinity church is a memorial to Robert Bruce Foote (1834-1912), who was an influential figure in the world of Indian archaeology and geology. In 1863 Foote discovered a Paleolithic stone hand-axe at Pallavaram, near Madras which effectively pushed back the history of early man in India by many thousands of years. Later he discovered more than four hundred prehistoric sites in southern and western India and he became known as the 'Father of Indian Prehistory' while working as Superintendent for the Geological Survey of India. Foote died in Calcutta at the end of December 1912 and it was assumed that he had been buried there. But research last year by the archaeologist Dr Shanti Pappu found that he

had in fact been cremated, which was unusual for the time. His ashes were brought to Yercaud where he had spent his retirement and were interred under a sturdy monument. The last lines of the monument's inscription read: 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith'.

In the same cemetery is the grave of Foote's father-in-law, the Reverend Peter Percival, another highly talented man. Percival was a Tamil and Telugu scholar, and published the first Tamil translation of the Bible, as well as hundreds of Tamil proverbs. He was also the Registrar of the University of Madras, Professor of Vernacular Literature at Presidency College and a founder of the Jaffna Central College in Ceylon. Dr Pappu reports that both graves are in good condition, thanks to the work of local people and the parish priest. We are grateful to BACSA member Pat Threadgill for sending us the article from *The Hindu*, which tells this exciting story.

A charming story of 'BACSA in reverse' comes from another article in *The Hindu* and reports that two distinguished visitors from Andhra Pradesh, Mr Yarlagadda Lakshmi Prasad and Mr Mandali Buddha Prasad were recently in London and made 'hectic efforts to locate the graves of Sir Arthur Cotton and Charles Philip Brown, two Englishmen who had endeared themselves to the Telugus through their work.' The two visitors wanted to place wreaths on the tombs and finally tracked down Sir Arthur's tomb in Dorking, on which he is described as 'Irrigation Cotton' for his work on aqueducts, canals and bridges in India. The tomb of Charles Brown, who compiled the first Telugu-English dictionary, was found in Kensal Green cemetery, London, but was in 'a highly dilapidated condition. The tomb had sunk partially and was under threat of being encroached by other tombs.' It is highly gratifying to learn that the Telugu Association of London has undertaken to renovate both tombs of these warmly revered men.

Mention of the Anglican cemetery at Margherita, Assam in the last *Chowkidar*, prompted BACSA member Alan Lane to tell us about the nearby Digboi Christian Cemetery where his father-in-law and brother-in-law are buried. 'This cemetery contains a few British and Anglo-Indian graves and it is in a very sorrowful state' Mr Lane says. The cemetery comes under the control of what was originally the Burmah Oil Company and is now part of the Indian Oil Corporation, Assam Division, but 'it seems that the oil company has no interest in maintaining even a semblance of jungle clearance'.

BACSA member Caroline Seville recently toured southern India in search of family graves and has kindly sent us the following article: 'In 2002 I was surprised to get a phone call from the Society of Genealogists in London asking if I was descended from the Lavie family. This was because the Lavie Research Group, based at the Society, had been researching the life and times of this French Huguenot family. Part of the research involved tracking down the various branches of descent and I was, apparently, the lost scion! I remember my great grandmother, Florence Lavie, very well indeed. She died in 1967 aged 97. As a young girl, I listened to her tales of life in India in Victorian times and I promised I would visit the grave of her husband, Leslie Lavie, who died at the age of 28 in Vizianagram in today's Andhra Pradesh. Inspired by the Lavie Research Group and helped by BACSA, I fulfilled that promise in November 2009.

My great grandfather, Leslie Lavie, wrote over a hundred letters to his fiancée, Florence, when she was living in Secunderabad with her sister, who was married to the Captain Adjutant of the 5th Madras Infantry stationed there. They were married at St John's, Secunderabad, in September, 1896. The Lavies had served in the Indian Army for three generations. Leslie's grandfather, Colonel Tudor Lavie, had fought in Robert Clive's army and his father and various uncles and cousins had also been officers in the Madras Infantry. I was determined to go and follow in their footsteps. My own research led me to BACSA, which I joined in 2008. The cemetery books were an enormous help. Tom Inglis, BACSA representative for Andhra Pradesh, gave me a contact in Vizianagram, who organised the restoration of my great grandfather's grave in St Mary's Cantonment cemetery. We hired a car to visit the cemetery in Vizianagram, where a little service was held round the restored grave. The original gravestone had been found about a foot down, buried by earth and undergrowth. The people in the church were very welcoming, garlanding us and inviting us to their homes. We then flew to Chennai where Colonel Tudor Lavie's nine children were born while he was stationed at the Fort. We were able to see the baptismal records for some of them at St George's Cathedral, although sadly the earlier records (pre-1840) are not available. We also found the grave of the ninth child, who died in infancy, in the beautifully tended cemetery. (*see page 60*) Our final destination was Coonoor, where my grandmother was born in 1897. Her father, Leslie Lavie, had died after only seven months of marriage and his wife had left the heat of Vizianagram to come, with her sister, who was also pregnant, to the cooler, fresher climate of the Nilgiri Hills for their confinements. Both sisters named their babies Leslie in remembrance of the young officer whose death from an abscess on the liver was so premature.

We saw the entries in the baptismal registers at All Saints and also those in Ooty, where more Lavies from previous generations serving in the Indian Army had been born. Both sets of records, at All Saints and at St Stephen's, were in excellent condition, as were the cemeteries. As in Vizianagram and Chennai, the presbyters of the churches were very helpful and welcoming. Having visited these places where so many of my ancestors had spent a large part of their lives, I felt very close to them. It was like reading an historical novel in which the main characters were members of my own family. It is amazing how they survived the heat!

Geoffrey Radcliffe was born in 1896 in Norfolk and was a professional soldier throughout his life. He fought in Europe, Mesopotamia and Egypt during the first World War, with a brief spell in India and subsequently worked at the War Office in London. Early in 1934 he returned to India, and the following year took up his post as Staff Officer in New Delhi, where his wife Barbara and young son Martin joined him. Tragically he died suddenly of pneumonia on 30 December 1938, aged forty-two and was buried in the Prithviraj Road Cemetery in Delhi. Three months later his distraught widow and son, then five and a half years old, found themselves at Southampton Docks on a cold, grey, rainy day, having left India for good. A photograph of the Delhi grave was taken about 1947, probably just before Independence and probably by Geoffrey's brother Cyril, who later became 1st Viscount Radcliffe. It was Cyril Radcliffe, a lawyer, who was given the unenviable task of dividing up the subcontinent between India and Pakistan. Over the years, the place of Geoffrey Radcliffe's burial had been forgotten, until BACSA member Mrs Francis Radcliffe, contacted us for help. Mrs Radcliffe was Geoffrey's daughter-in-law, through her marriage to his only son, Martin. With the help of the redoubtable Father Ian Weathrall of the Cambridge Brotherhood in Delhi, and visiting BACSA members, the grave was found in fairly good condition in December 2009 and has now been well restored and planted with simple flowers.

CAN YOU HELP?

Only a small proportion of the queries received by BACSA find their way into this column. If we were to publish everything you ask us it would take up a whole issue of *Chowkidar*, so we have to be selective with enquiries that come in from all over the world. Some can be answered fairly quickly from BACSA's books and records. Others need more detailed research and we sometimes have to make a small charge, or recommend a paid researcher.

In some cases we will never find the answers, and we have to be honest about not raising unrealistic expectations. But our success rate is pretty good, thanks to a dedicated team of Area Representatives, members and friends we can call on.

For example, recently Jennifer Duguid asked us where the burial place of one of her husband's ancestors might be. He was Lieutenant Colonel James Walker (1782-1824) and was with the 3rd Regiment Madras Light Infantry when he was killed in action on 5 December near Rangoon during the first Anglo-Burmese war. His brother officers and friends erected a fine memorial to him in St Andrew's Church, Madras (popularly known as 'The Kirk'), which is reproduced on page 61. Sally Hofmann, our Burma Area Rep then established that a second memorial existed to a Major Walker in the compound of St John's Catholic Church, Rangoon, which was noted in *The Burma Register*, published by BACSA in 1983. The difference in his military title is probably explained by brevet rank promotion to Lieutenant Colonel, a not uncommon event during sudden skirmishes where senior officers were killed or wounded. Whether this memorial exists today is not known, because all Christian cemeteries in Rangoon were forcibly relocated by the Burmese Government in the 1990s. It may have survived within the protection of the church, and if so, it might be possible to obtain a photograph. But again, it is only a memorial, so the actual grave of James Walker, who was described as 'one of India's best and bravest soldiers' will probably remain unknown for ever.

Anne Seymour is hoping to find the grave of an ancestor during her forthcoming visit to India. He was Lord Edward Percy St Maur, the second son of Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset. A pathetic letter exists to his brother, dictated just two days before his death on 20 December 1865 at Yellapur, now in North Karnataka. The twenty-five year old Lord Edward wrote 'I am in a bad way from the bite of a wounded bear in the knee. Two army surgeons unanimously declare that amputation above the knee is the only chance of life....so I have just decided to let them amputate this afternoon.' The short letter ends 'Send my best love to all my sisters - I have not time to write to them. Good-bye. Do marry, is the advice from your affectionate cripple.' A recent letter to Anne Seymour's brother reported that the grave was in poor condition, so one of the objects of her visit is to see if restoration is possible. The Yellapur cemetery was only in use for sixteen years, and Lord Edward's burial must have been one of the last to take place there. North Karnataka is unfortunately one of the places where

BACSA does not have an Area Rep or any contacts so we have only been able to provide phone numbers for the local clergy, in the hope they may be able to help.

The location of the grave of Lieutenant General Sir Edward William Huthwaite in Nainital has recently been confirmed from a brief report in an old number of *Bengal Past and Present*. This was in response to a query by Mr Philip Bergqvist, who traces his descent from Sir Edward through his grandmother's line. The inscription on the grave, recorded in the last century, reads: 'In memory of Lieutenant-General Sir Edward William Huthwaite KCB Colonel Commandant of the 16th Brigade Royal (late Bengal) Artillery. Born 23rd June 1793, died at his residence "Sherwood", Nynsee Tal, East Indies 5th April 1873 after a highly distinguished service of 63 years. This tomb is erected in affectionate remembrance by some of his brother officers.' Although the quaintly named 'St John's in the Wilderness' cemetery at Nainital was visited last January by our Area Rep Mrs Valerie Robinson, she was unable to make contact with the local priest, the Reverend Sunder Lal, who spends the winters down in the plains. We are particularly anxious for a detailed report on this cemetery because BACSA member Mr John Richardson is also trying to find four family graves which he knows are here, and which he wishes to restore. If anyone plans to visit Nainital this year, please let the Editor know.

BACSA member Dr Rosemary Raza recently contributed a chapter to a new Marg publication *Sindh: Past Glory, Present Nostalgia*. Now she intends to expand this article and is seeking pictorial matter relating to Sindh, in southern Pakistan - paintings, drawings, prints or photographs. Very few professional artists visited it, so most known representations are by amateurs. One print in particular has eluded her and that is the house of General John Jacob at Jacobabad, which was published in 1852, after an original by the Hungarian artist Alexander Svoboda. Dr Raza thinks that the descendants of General Jacob, first Commandant of the Scinde Irregular Horse, and Sir Bartle Frere, the distinguished Commissioner of Sindh, might have unpublished pictures and would like to be put in touch with them. Also, if any BACSA members can help with visual material, she would be very grateful. Please email to: rrraza@hotmail.com

John Godl from Australia has become quite fascinated with Kedgerree since he visited it a couple of years ago. Now he intends to create a database of names and biographical details of the people buried there. Kedgerree, now called Khijiri, is a riverside town sixty-eight miles below Calcutta, on low lands near the mouth of the Hoogly. It was

once a bustling East India Company port, where the Indiamen ships dropped anchor. Now it is a sleepy backwater with little trace of its previous busy life, and the old cemetery is long abandoned and overgrown. It is hoped that it will one day be restored, and that information gathered now will help provide a human face to that period of history. Anyone with information about Kedgeree's history or who has ancestors buried there, can contact Mr Godl on: jfgodl@gmail.com. Incidentally, he raises an interesting, if delicate question that has not been discussed before – what happened to the bodies of all those little babies who were stillborn, or who died shortly after birth?

In search of the graves of Victoria Cross holders in India, Area Rep Mrs Marilyn Hywel-Jones came across a 'gem' of information in the BACSA Archives. It had previously been assumed that one of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny, Lieutenant Philip Salkeld VC, who helped to blow in the Kashmere Gate at Delhi, had been buried in the now built-over Rajpura cemetery there. He had been wounded in the attempt and died a month later. But not so, according to a 1978 report from a retired ICS officer in the Bulandshahr file at the British Library. Mr RH Johnston wrote that he had found Lieutenant Salkeld's grave 'quite by chance in the small Bilaspur cemetery at Bulandshahr', in Uttar Pradesh, between Delhi and Aligarh. It now seems that when his regiment left Delhi to join the column marching south under Colonel Greathed at the end of September 1857, Salkeld went too, only to meet his death at Bulandshahr. Also in the same cemetery is the impressive red sandstone tomb of a fellow VC, Lieutenant Duncan Charles Home, 'who was killed by the explosion of a mine when engaged in destroying the Fort of Malaghur on 1st October 1857'. Both Salkeld and Home were Bengal Engineers, and laid the charge that blew in the Kashmere Gate, allowing the British forces to enter and recapture Delhi during the Mutiny. Home's tomb is in relatively good condition, except that the inscription has been painted over with black, perhaps to make it easier to read, although this will be cleaned off by the local pastor. Marilyn Hywel-Jones is anxious to get photographs of both officers' tombs, as well as a copy of the wording, and a map to locate the cemetery. Please write to her at 37 Gowan Avenue, London SW6 6RH if you can help.

Professor GD Stafford tells us that he acquired a 'plated beer tankard' a few years ago, which is inscribed: 'Chulsa Polo Club Gymkhana. 1900. Club v NBM Rifles. Won by C.W. Tozer, F. Thompson, J.F. Church. A.D. Smith.' 'NBM' is probably North Bengal Militia, but does anyone know about the Chulsa Polo Club, or perhaps recognise the players' names? Please contact him on: pontcanna@btinternet.com

CEMETERIES AT MURSHIDABAD

Late last year the Editor got the chance to visit Murshidabad with BACSA member Ram Advani and other Indian friends. Murshidabad was the old capital of Bengal, and a place of great importance during the first half of the eighteenth century when Calcutta was still being built. Not surprisingly it attracted the East India Company, and Dutch and Armenian merchants too. Today it is something of a backwater, but with highly evocative ruined palaces in the European style. There are two English cemeteries at neighbouring Cossimbazar, and an old Dutch cemetery with tall, handsome tombs. The grave of Warren Hastings' first wife, Mary Buchanan is here, buried with her infant daughter Elizabeth in 1759. Of equal interest is the impressive tomb of Mr Lyon Prager, 'diamond merchant and Inspector of indigo and drugs to the Hon. East India Company' who died on 12 May 1793 'having fallen a sacrifice to the Severe heat of the climate from travelling in a Palanquin from Calcutta'. One can only imagine what a terrible journey that must have been in the height of the hot season. On the shore of the Moti Jhil in the old Company Bagh, is a strange little tomb which was relocated here in 1915. Its inscription reads poignantly 'Here lyeth the body of Ewan Keating, who was born on the 26th December 1779 and departed this life on 3 May 1785. Five years, 11 months and 11 days.' (see page 61) This is an area of West Bengal that would repay further study, not just for its well-kept cemeteries, but for its haunting ruins as well.

DONATIONS

BACSA members and friends of BACSA continue to be extraordinarily generous in their support. Donations arrive in many forms, and not all of them are financial. Recently we have been given two very substantial gifts of valuable books and photographs. The late Dr Maurice Shellim, a founder member, willed his fine collection to BACSA, including books on Calcutta, where he lived for many years. BACSA member Charles Gedge has also donated his library to us, in memory of his friend the late Bob Wright who died in Calcutta in 2005. The majority of these books appear for sale in our second-hand book list, while the most valuable will be auctioned. BACSA member John Billington asked if there was anything he could do during a visit to Burma, and on being told there was, donated a considerable amount of his time to providing the most detailed reports we have yet received on the surviving cemeteries. Other people have donated time to transcribe information for the BACSA website, and Philip Geddes has made a film about the Indian Mutiny which is raising money for us. (See Notices below.)

(continued on page 62)



above: tomb of Major Francis Shirreff at Gwalior (see page 50)

below: Matilda Lavie's tomb, Madras (see page 54)



left: memorial to Colonel James Walker, Madras (see page 56)

below: Little Ewan Keating's tomb at Murshidabad (see page 59)



(continued from page 59) It is also worth thinking ahead, particularly where members have collected specific information on a topic of interest to BACSA, perhaps for a book, or perhaps just out of interest. Important papers are not always recognised as such by executors and a lifetime's work can disappear unless one leaves instructions behind. BACSA is always willing to evaluate such collections and advise on where papers and photographs can best be kept for others to consult and use. Something to ponder on perhaps?

NOTICES

'The Devil's Wind' Over the winter of 2007/08 BACSA member Philip Geddes travelled to India with family and friends in search of lost ancestors who died in the Mutiny. The result was an hour long film called 'The Devil's Wind', much of it shot in cemeteries. 'It is a dramatic and exciting account of a tumultuous event in history of both Britain and India. History truly comes alive.' The film was first shown at Marlborough College and a much appreciated donation was made to BACSA. Now the film is to be shown at the Gurkha Museum in Winchester on 18 March 2010 in aid of the Museum and BACSA. Speakers are Philip Geddes, General Richard Shirreff, Commander of NATO's Rapid Reaction Force and Richard Holmes, the military historian. Details are as follows: Place: Christ Church, Christ Church Road, Winchester, SO23 9SR. Time: Lecture starts at 6.15 pm, followed by wine and canapes. Price: £15.00 per ticket, (£12.00 for Friends of the Museum) Booking: Tickets available by phone 01962 842832 by Monday 15 March 2010 or email: curator@thegurkhamuseum.co.uk

Photoraj is a new website set up by BACSA member Omar Khan. It is dedicated to photographs from the 1840s to the 1940s in the Indian subcontinent, as well as Ceylon, Burma, Afghanistan and Nepal. The site will also carry news on books, exhibitions, blogs, articles, collections etc. A large database of images is planned together with a directory of photographic collections, collectors, and dealers. <http://www.photoraj.com>

BACSA regrets to announce the death of Anne Maier (née Bulley) our Area Representative for Gujarat and Surat, and the author of one of the most successful BACSA books, *Free Mariner* published in 1992. We are now looking for someone with knowledge and local contacts in Gujarat, and perhaps Surat, to build on the valuable work that Anne carried out for many years. Please contact the Secretary if you can help.

BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

Graveyards in Ceylon Tea Country Vol III

Eileen Hewson

A collection of memorials (about 800 names) found in the graveyards of the tea country of Ceylon from surveys and other written records is recorded in this publication, the first since 1913. Several tombstones have been lost from the early 20th century survey but many others were found in this later one in 2008-09. The churches similar to those found in any English village formed the basis of a community founded by the estate owners mainly Scots and their workers. They also gave the expats a sense of home. A quick look through the graveyards gives an emerging pattern and shows the stranglehold that some families had on the tea industry where dynasties were established through marriage and nepotism prevailed. Depending on British management and investment and cheap imported labour from South India, tea became the major industry of Ceylon as it is to this day. The names behind the memorials together with some biographical details give a fascinating insight into the planters who created the tea trade in Ceylon.

2009 Kabristan Archives, 19 Foxleigh Grove, Wem SY4 5BS. ISBN 978 1-906276-25-6 £9.00 plus postage (for UK add £0.90, for Europe add £1.70, for overseas airmail add £2.70) pp92

Forgotten Regiments: Regular and Volunteer Units of the British Far East

Barry Renfrew

Renfrew is admirably equipped to write on this, or any, subject - with some 30 years as an award-winning foreign correspondent with Associated Press, reporting from some of the world's hotspots. *Forgotten Regiments* provides a potted history of the many regular and volunteer military units in the Far East and the Pacific and includes Burma, Singapore, Malaysia, Hong Kong, the China Coast Treaty Ports, and Fiji. It succeeds admirably as much of the information is not readily available without the most thorough research in the existing records which, as much material has been destroyed in wars, eaten by insects or filed away by post-independence governments, is only accessible in British-based archives, or by reading through specialist books previously published. In an easy flowing unromantic style and explained comprehensively, is the history of Britain's scattered colonies and enclaves, the size of some measured only in acres, which gave rise to the need to form units of part-time volunteers from planters, bankers, businessmen and civil servants, at times of actual or perceived emergency. The requirement to join a volunteer unit persisted

in the Hong Kong Civil Service until shortly before my arrival to join the Government there – one of my predecessors was asked – ‘in the event of an emergency, which service do you wish to perform?’ His reply: ‘escort the women and children from the Colony’ wasn’t well received. In addition to these almost entirely European-staffed Volunteer Units were a number of regiments of regular soldiers recruited locally or, where local men were considered unreliable, from the Indian subcontinent. This latter policy caused much resentment amongst people loyal to their own country, and could have encouraged some to support the independence movement; certainly irregular units raised to fight the Japanese occupation played a part in such movements after the War. However, from this distance we cannot possibly judge whether troops raised from the overwhelmingly Chinese population of Hong Kong in 1941 would have changed the course of history. Certainly the raising of the Union Jack on Hong Kong’s Peak by Volunteers who released themselves from Sham Shui Po POW camp is considered by many to have forestalled the American attempt to return the Colony to Chiang Kai Shek’s China, in August 1945.

Having lived abroad himself the author is aware of the relationships that expatriates had with the local community but none of us now can appreciate the constant rigour and anxiety of living in a hostile community, as can be gleaned from reading letters in the Colonial Office series in The National Archives at Kew. Volunteering after a hard day’s work would not always have been welcome. In some places life became easier and Volunteer units were arranged to reflect the strata of local society, as the author illustrates in Shanghai – only the most select joined the Light Horse; the Eurasians (some of whom I had the privilege of working with) joined No 3 Company of the Hong Kong VDC. The book is a useful taster, but is not, as the author claims ‘the first major study of the colonial and volunteer units of the Far East.’ This honour goes to our prolific, knowledgeable, and greatly missed, late member Major Alan Harfield who covered the subjects in his excellent books – *British & Indian Armies in the East Indies (1685-1935)* and *British and Indian Armies on the China Coast 1785- 1985* to which Redfern does not refer. Readers, whose tastebuds have been teased, may hope that, as more archives are opened up, further editions of the book will include more on the HK Mule/Military Service Corps, the last colonial unit to be disbanded, in 1997, the Singapore mutiny of 1915 resulting in 12 Volunteer deaths, and the volunteer units of Wei Hai Wai and elsewhere in China and the Pacific. (DWM)

2009 Terrier Press, 15 Hollow Way Lane, Amersham, Bucks HP6 6JP. ISBN 978 0 9563175 0 6. £25.00 pp246

BOOKS BY NON-MEMBERS THAT WILL INTEREST READERS

Maharaja: The Splendour of India’s Royal Courts

ed. Anna Jackson & Amin Jaffer

This book was published to accompany the *Maharaja* exhibition at the Victoria & Albert Museum, London, which ran between October 2009 and January 2010. (The exhibition has now gone to Munich.) It can be enjoyed without seeing the exhibition, and in fact is part of a growing trend to move away from a simple catalogue to a stand-alone book for blockbuster exhibitions. The disadvantage is that less emphasis is placed on the exhibits themselves, and more on the context in which they were created. Thus for example, the caption to the charming picture of the Maharana of Mewar tying his turban, which was painted about 1810, will not tell the reader that the curious blue and white tiles lining the palace wall behind him were presented to an earlier Maharana by an enterprising Dutch expedition to Udaipur in 1711. There are seven major essays here, interspersed with bite-size articles on various rulers, including those of Tanjore, Jhansi, Baroda, Bikaner, Kapurthala, Hyderabad and others. The essays explore the idea of kingship in India, public splendour through the durbar rituals, palace life, royal patronage of craftsmen, the politics of style and the fascination of many rulers for luxury goods from the West (this last by Amin Jaffer).

Maharajas and other rulers have not had an easy time since their privy purses were abolished by the then Prime Minister, Indira Gandhi, in 1971, although the idea that these wealthy people should be supported by the Indian government was looking increasingly old-fashioned even then, and certainly wouldn’t go down well today. To their credit, the majority have adapted well, becoming hoteliers, businessmen and politicians. Even before Independence, many of the rulers discussed here were not simply gorgeous clothes-horses for fabulous jewels, as most Britons saw them. The Gaekwad of Baroda, Maharaja Sayajirao, for example, apart from being described as ‘a crystallised rainbow,’ took an active part in his state’s government, building hospitals, railways, irrigation systems, outlawing polygamy, and encouraging widow-remarriage. ‘His biggest contribution’ writes Deepika Ahlawat ‘was the introduction of compulsory and free education.’ Maharaja Jagatjit Singh of Kapurthala was a skilled linguist, speaking French, English, Sanskrit and Persian, and he published accounts of his tours to North and South America, Europe, China and Japan.

He was a Francophile, who commissioned important pieces of jewellery from Boucheron and Cartier, as did many of his contemporaries. (Sadly a number of such pieces were subsequently broken up and sold abroad, like the fabulous 'Patiala bib' and the Baroda pearls.) *Maharaja* is splendidly illustrated, as one would expect. There is a lot on Mewar, including photographs of the famous cut-glass furniture commissioned from the Birmingham firm of F & C Osler in the 1880s. This emphasis on the Rajput kingdoms does slightly overshadow other places and the Nawabs of Rampur, for example, don't get a look in. There are a few quibbles. The Battle of Plassey was 1757, not 1756 (page 21) and the photograph of the seal belonging to the last Nawab of Awadh (page 29) has been reversed, which makes it harder to read. But this is an enjoyable book at a reasonable price. (RLJ)

2009 V&A Publishing, London ISBN 978 1 85177 573 6 £35.00 pp240

The Daily Telegraph Book of Imperial and Commonwealth Obituaries

David Twiston Davies

This inspired selection of 92 Imperial and Commonwealth Obituaries published in *The Daily Telegraph* between 1991 and 2009 tells us much more about the concerned personalities' achievements, than the attention they drew in their lifetimes. Take for example Nigel Hankin, the reclusive Englishman who came out to India at the end of World War Two in 1945 as a British officer and stayed on till his death in 2007, in between authoring a glossary of Indian-English words, entitled *Hanklyn-Jancklin* (page 41).

This is the sixth *Daily Telegraph* obituaries book and the first to be illustrated with some delightful photographs, like that of the Anglophile author Nirad Chaudhuri, (page 21) who settled in Oxford and is conveniently grouped reading-wise into the Indian subcontinent, Canada, the Caribbean, outposts like the Falklands, the African continent, Burma, Malaysia, Hong Kong, South Pacific, Australia, New Zealand, Antarctica and Whitehall. *Chowkidar* readers will be particularly interested in obituaries of those connected with the Indian subcontinent and South Asia, including Mildred Archer (page 35), Geoffrey Kendal, of 'Shakespearewallah' fame (page 17) and Iris Portal (page 25). The Introduction by *The Daily Telegraph's* chief obituary writer, and editor of this book is illuminating, 'it is long since children's eyes lit up at mention of the Empire. Once it was the pride

of the British nation exercising a stewardship of those under its possession that justified a leading place on the international stage. Later it was judged to have been a conspiracy of exploitation, a symbol of all that was stuffy and old-fashioned. Both views contain elements of truth, an inevitable reflection of imperfect human nature. Yet the Empire and its successor, the Commonwealth, have not been bettered by any alternative international body. Neither the UN, with its selective focus on an anonymous international agenda, nor the EU, with an ever restricting web of legislation, satisfy the human spirit as this strange creation of unwitting genius did – and still does. When the late Hugh Massingberd and I, his deputy, set about creating *The Daily Telegraph's* first proper obituary section in 1986, with its own space and place in the paper everyday, we recognised that we had two main stories to cover. One was the two world wars and the other the Empire..... Five volumes so far have been devoted to the Armed Forces, but this is the first book dealing with our second great subject.'

As a humorous aside the reviewer is compelled to mention that Gyles Brandreth, the columnist has purportedly recently admitted that his favourite vice is reading about the deaths of ageing acquaintances – 'the delight of opening the morning paper and turning to the obituaries and being able to say "do you see old so-and so has gone?"' It gives the reviewer no delight to learn of any one's death though he does read obituaries in *The Daily Telegraph* assiduously for they encompass both literary cameos and historical gems, and such also are these extraordinary obituaries collated in this book. The word 'if' is the central word in the word 'life' as is apparent from most of the obituaries one reads here. For example, what would have been the situation in Zimbabwe today if Joshua Nkomo (page 155) had prevailed instead of Robert Mugabe?

All the obituaries are etched so delicately that one can discern both the Ascent of Man, as for example in Father Les Costello of Canada (page 70) as also the Descent of Man, that is, the modern day Lucifer, cannibalistic Idi Amin of Uganda (page 130). Some of the obituaries are emotive, and some evocative. Some evidence pathos as, for example, Lady Seretse Khama of Botswana (the former Ruth Williams) (page 70). Separately in an earlier *Daily Telegraph* obituary of Sir Karl Popper, the philosopher had been quoted as saying, "History cannot progress, only we, the humans individually can do it...we must become the makers of our own fate". This compilation of obituaries abundantly establishes that. Unhesitatingly recommended. (SLM)

2009 Frontline Books ISBN 978 1 84832 524 1. £19.99 pp298

Victoria Gowramma, the Lost Princess of Coorg C.P. Belliappa

Five years ago *Chowkidar* told the story of the Princess from Coorg in southern India who became a Christian and was 'adopted' by Queen Victoria. An interesting correspondence followed from several BACSA members, including Mrs Anne Phillips who is a direct descendant of the Princess's husband, John Campbell. The author, CP Belliappa, lives in Coorg, and this entertaining book puts the events that led to Gowramma's conversion into context from the Indian point of view. Mr Belliappa admits that he had no access to original research material, but through the internet was able to download the books he wanted as well as to explore *The Times* archives, which had much first hand information. He tells his story 'with a certain amount of dramatising', a device that usually infuriates historians, but which works surprisingly well here.

The former Raja of Coorg, Veerarajendra, arrived in England in 1852 with his 11 year old daughter Princess Gowramma, on the advice of Dr William Jeaffreson, a British surgeon working in India. The Raja's uncle had invested 12 lakhs of rupees in East India Company Bonds in 1833, an enormous sum then and one that would be worth millions today. Exiled by the British from his kingdom in Coorg to a family house in Benares, the Raja wanted to reclaim the capital investment, but the Company would not give the money back. Dr Jeaffreson then made the radical suggestion that the Raja should file a legal suit at the Chancery Court in London against the Company. Because the suit had to be filed in person, the Raja sought permission to travel to England, saying that his daughter Gowramma wanted to receive a Christian education. To this end, the little girl was schooled by Major Drummond of the 3rd Bengal Cavalry, and his wife. Whether Gowramma herself was attracted to Christianity is not clear but she was certainly looking forward to entering British Society. At the same time, another young Indian royal was being carefully educated into British ways, and that was the Maharaja Duleep Singh, whose kingdom of the Punjab had been taken from him by the British. The Maharaja said he wanted to become a Christian too and wanted to go to England. While the Governor General, Lord Dalhousie welcomed these high profile conversions, once he was certain they were genuine, he had nothing good to say about the 'rascally raja of Coorg' as he called Veerarajendra. Queen Victoria took both the Princess and the Maharaja under her wing, and it was almost inevitable that the question of a marriage between these two royal converts would arise. It was hoped, says Belliappa that such a union would act as a catalyst in

encouraging voluntary conversion among the upper castes in India, especially the Hindu rulers. The evangelists, an increasingly powerful lobby, saw the possibility of a predominantly Christian India emerging. It is a fascinating thesis, with subtle and not so subtle pressures put on the two young Indians in Victorian England. In the end, it all went wrong and the story ended in tragedy. Gowramma died from tuberculosis aged only 23 years, after marrying a man thirty years her senior, although the marriage does seem to have been a happy one, unlike that of the poor Maharaja, who died alone in a Paris hotel room in his fifties. The Raja never got his money back from the East India Company, of course, and he also died in exile, an embittered man. This is a well told story, with a genuine attempt to get into the minds of its characters. Recommended (RLJ)

*2010 Rupa & Co, Delhi 978 81 291 1555 3 Rs295 pp234

Birds of Passage: Henrietta Clive's travels in South India 1798-1801

Nancy Shields

The Indian Journals of Henrietta Clive were still in the hands of the Powis family when Nancy Shields started transcribing them. (They are now in the National Library of Wales.) This is the first time they have been published, together with Henrietta's letters to her husband, Lord Edward, the son of Robert Clive, 'Clive of India'. Henrietta and Edward arrived in Madras in 1798 with their two teenage daughters, Harriett and Charlotte. Their two sons, Edward and Robert, remained behind in England at school, in the care of Henrietta's brother George, the Second Earl of Powis. With the India-bound party went Signora Anna Tonelli, the Italian artist, who was to act as governess to the two girls. Lord Edward had been appointed Governor of Madras, somewhat more on account of his illustrious father, than of any inherent qualities of his own, hints the author. Edward took no part in the final Mysore war of 1799 in which Tipu Sultan was killed, his palace at Seringapatam captured, and his kingdom distributed to others. The lively Henrietta found Madras society very dull and this was made worse by a prolonged visit from the authoritarian Governor General, Lord Mornington, who effectually undermined Edward's position and 'tormented' him, in her own words.

Escape came in March 1800 when peace was restored and it was considered safe enough for Henrietta to set out on a 1,150 mile round tour. With her two daughters, the governess and an enormous entourage of 750 people, not to mention the animals, Henrietta travelled inland, visiting Bangalore, Seringapatam, Mysore,

Coimbatore, Trichinopoly, Tanjore, Tranquebar, Pondicherry and home along the coast to Madras in October of the same year. The hottest months of the year, from mid-May to mid-July were spent at Bangalore, in a charming old palace that had belonged to Tipu Sultan's father, Haider Ali. The main part of this very readable book consists of extracts from Henrietta's tour journal, interspersed with her letters to Edward in Madras, and a few short pieces from eleven year old Charlotte's journal. Like other Europeans of the Enlightenment era, Henrietta was a keen observer of nature and was in a privileged position to form her own collection of plants, animals, birds, butterflies, shells and geological specimens. She met other naturalists, including Dr Roxburgh, superintendent of the Calcutta botanical garden, Dr Heyne, of the Madras botanical garden and the Danish naturalists at Tranquebar. In fact Henrietta's interests were so wide-ranging that there will be something to interest nearly every reader here. In domestic vein she waits anxiously for the newspapers to see if she has won a prize in the Madras lottery, and describes what was clearly her first shower where 'water was thrown over me' in a 'standing place raised with a little wall round it that the water does not spread over the room again or on the clothes and runs off directly.' Out in the countryside the political and social changes are reported after the death of Tipu Sultan, and a visit to the late Sultan's widows finds them living in convent-like seclusion. There is a good map, and the illustrations are from Signora Tonelli's sketchbook. Delightful. (RLJ)

2009 Eland Publishing Ltd, London ISBN 978 1 906011 37 6 £16.99 pp328

Allahabad: where the rivers meet ed. Neelum Saran Gour

Marg, which means 'pathway' in Hindi was founded in 1946 by the writer Mulk Raj Anand, and is the premier Indian publisher of the arts. *Allahabad* is the most recent of the Marg series devoted to a single city. It is a handsome and good-looking book, that will attract many, even if they don't know the city. Eleven different writers have contributed chapters, including BACSA member John Harrison, who has written two – 'For Company and Queen' outlining the development of the city after 1858, and 'The Rule of Law' on the origins and importance of the famous Allahabad High Court. It is a city of great antiquity and some seeming contradiction, being a holy place to Hindus, yet with a Muslim name and many British institutions, that have now been adapted to modern needs.

Its ancient Hindu name was Prayag, although the meaning of this is not explained in a rather confusing introductory chapter 'Avatars and Antecedents'. There is both too much detail, and too little explanation for the non-Hindu reader and the lack of a glossary leaves one struggling immediately with words like *janapada* and *makaramukha*. We are on firmer ground with the development of the city in the Mughal period, when the Emperor Akbar arrived in 1574 to lay the foundations of the great Allahabad Fort. Allahabad's strategic importance was clear to the Emperor, who made it a military centre, as the British were to do almost three centuries later. The fact that today's Indian Army are still in possession of the fort, shows the wisdom of Akbar's decision. And it was to this fort that Akbar's rebellious son, Prince Salim fled in 1600, and busied himself in setting up a *taswirkhana*, literally a house of pictures, where artists produced high-quality albums. Of particular interest to the Prince were European engravings brought by the Jesuits to the Mughal Court, and these were carefully copied by his artists.

After the excesses of the Indian Mutiny, the British turned Allahabad into a garrison town with a gunpowder factory, but also an administrative centre too. The old Pioneer Press, where Rudyard Kipling worked for two years was here, although like its counterpart in Lucknow, both the original premises have been demolished. Churches and cathedrals were built, libraries, exclusive Clubs, railways and colleges. It was the transformation of Muir College into Allahabad University in 1887 that brought more Europeans to the city. Yet the architecture of the British Raj as shown here is mostly not only uninspired, it is often downright ugly, a horrible mish-mash of Indo-Saracenic with the odd Italian campanile thrown in for good measure.

Allahabad's importance during the struggle for Indian Independence is brought out in later chapters and its place as home to many great Indian figures including the Nehru family and Mahatma Gandhi. The sense of post-Independence idealism that lasted into the 1950s is well described in one of the best chapters, by Hemendra Shankar Saxena who taught at the University for forty years. Although it seems churlish to criticise what has obviously been a labour of love, fewer chapters, and tighter editorial control would have made this a better book. Would I want to go to Allahabad after reading it? Probably not, but this shouldn't discourage others who might well prove me wrong! (RLJ)

*2009 Marg Publications, Mumbai ISBN 10 81 85026 94 7 Rs2500 pp180

White & Black: Journey to the centre of Imperial Calcutta Soumitra Das and Christopher Taylor

Although this book is of coffee-table size, with a price to match, it is by no means a conventional look at some of Calcutta's nicer buildings. It doesn't, for example, include the newly restored Prinsep Ghat, and it doesn't have any photographs in colour. What it has, in a series of stunning black and white images by the English photographer Christopher Taylor, is an unflinching gaze towards the battered grandeur that is Calcutta today. It doesn't pull any punches - the interior of Robert Clive's house at Dum Dum, which has been squatted in for years, is Dickensian in its squalour, with peeling plaster in the last stages of decay. But in other images the vibrancy of Calcutta's streets are captured - the seemingly uncontrolled advertising hoardings, the spiderwebs of telephone wires, the lines of washing, the constant piles of bricks on the pavements and much more that will be familiar to those who know the city. Here a tree is not just something with branches - it is a shrine, a place to cook street food, a convenient peg for the barber's mirror, a place to hang clothes, and at night a shelter for the pavement dwellers. There are still magnificent interiors like the grand staircase of the old Royal Insurance Company Building, the corridors of Writers' Building, erected in 1776, and of course Raj Bhawan, the Government House built by the Marquis Wellesley and modelled on Kedleston Hall in Derbyshire. Appropriately this building, completed in 1803, has a chapter to itself. Soumitra Das, who has written the text, probably knows Calcutta better than most. His first book *A Jaywalker's Guide to Calcutta*, published in 2007, was a quirky look at some of the best known streets of the city. *White & Black* seeks out what remains of old Calcutta under the British, and Indian-built structures of the period. A private house near Sealdah railway station has a portrait bust of Queen Victoria in a wreath of showy flowers. The 'agency houses' of firms like Mackinnon Mackenzie are here too, together with the opulent Beth-El synagogue and the old Armenian church. This is a rich book, about a rich subject and is warmly recommended. (RLJ)

*2009 Niyogi Books, New Delhi 978 81 89738 43 3 Rs3500 pp228

A Mystery Statue! An equestrian statue (pictured on the back cover of this *Chowkidar*) stands in Hastings, in south west Kolkata, but its subject has not been identified. We assume it is a British officer of high rank, but who? The statue was not among those listed in the BACSA book *Statues of the Raj* by Mary Ann Steggles, published in 2000, so any theories would be welcomed.

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 £4.00 for registered airmail for a slim hardback, and £3.00 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

The Editor's email address is: rosieljai@clara.co.uk

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*BACSA has been asked for its help in identifying this old statue
in Calcutta (see page 72)*