



CHOWKIDAR

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Editor: Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR CEMETERIES IN SOUTH ASIA (BACSA)

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AIMS OF BACSA

This Association was formed in October 1976 to bring together people with a concern for the many hundreds of European cemeteries, isolated graves and monuments in South Asia. There is a steadily growing membership of nearly a thousand, drawn from a wide circle of interest - Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical and Genealogical Societies, etc. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association - the setting up of local Branches in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Ceylon, Malaysia etc., the building up of a Record file in the India Office Library and Records; and many other projects for the preservation of historical and architectural monuments.

The annual subscription rate is £2 with an enrolment fee of £8. There are special rates for joint membership (husband and wife), for life membership and for associate membership. Full details obtainable from the Secretary.

Editor: Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

135 Burntwood Lane, London SW 17

THE CHINESE CEMETERIES

The history of the British in China has never been as well documented as that of other Asian countries for several reasons. The initial involvement of Britain through the opium trade is not a matter for great pride, and the British were never able to establish any network of administration throughout the vast continent being allowed to reside in China only under sufferance, despite grandiose treaties made with the failing Manchu dynasty. Apart from the missionaries who were allowed access into remote parts of northern China, Britons were mainly confined to the large cities and ports and this meant that they led circumscribed lives, without the opportunity to build up the contacts, knowledge and sometimes affection for the different Chinese races, which was so strong a feature of British rule in India.

Another, more poignant reason for a general lack of interest in China and one that particularly concerns BACSA is the wholesale destruction of all British graves and memorials in China during the Cultural Revolution. As Chowkidar revealed in its last issue (April 1985) the only records of British burials there are either written or photographed and at first it was thought that these records themselves had scarcely survived the upheavals. But BACSA members have generously supplied us with valuable information over the last few months and we are now able to begin building up a fuller picture of British life in that remote country.

In 1859 four Britons were laid to rest in a Russian cemetery at Peking in circumstances that reflect the violent and tragic relationship between Britain and China. The four were Private John Phipps, King's Dragoon Guards, Thomas William Bowlby, correspondent of The Times, Lieut. R.B. Anderson, Fane' House and William de Norman, Attache of His Majesty's Legation. The four, together with a small detachment of Sikh Cavalry and an equally small party from the French Legation were ambushed by soldiers of the Chinese Imperial Guard, on their way to sign a peace treaty in Peking. Some of the captured party were eventually released, after being held in the Summer Palace, but others disappeared without trace and eventually only the bodies of the four named above were retrieved, each bearing the marks of torture.

It was this incident that led directly to the sacking of the Summer Palace of Peking, for since the British deaths were directly attributable to the Imperial Household it was deemed fitting punishment that the Dowager Empress should suffer rather than her citizens. At that time there was no British Cemetery in Peking, so the four bodies were buried in the local Russian Cemetery, while those of the French dead were interred in the Jesuit Cemetery. But after the establishment of a British Legation in Peking in 1861, it became possible for them to buy 'a parcel of land outside the west wall of the city and to lay it out as a last earthly resting-place for future British residents in the Chinese capital' and it was here that the bodies of the four were re-interred under a massive memorial.

Over the next forty years the original group were joined by other Britons who served in China, some in the Customs Service, in education, in the Church, and one 'adventurous Englishman who was murdered half-way across Mongolia whilst carrying out the extension of China's telegraph system'. By the end of the 19th century however, China was in turmoil again and the Boxer Rebellion led to the two-month siege of the British Legation in Peking, during which 65 people died and 142 were wounded. Over four thousand people including soldiers, Chinese servants and Chinese Christian refugees were holed up in a ten-acre area round the Legation and they were helpless to prevent the dreadful desecration of the British Cemetery, carried out by the Boxer rebels.

Coffins and caskets were torn out, broken open, stripped of their metal furnishings and heaped up in a grisly bonfire. Ironically, only the original monument to the four who died in 1859 remained, protecting those buried below. After the relief of the Legation by allied troops, the cemetery was restored where possible and a chapel built at the expense of the Chinese Government in reparation. Those who had died during the siege were interred and inscriptions recorded include those of Henry Warren, Student Interpreter at H.M.'s Legation, died of wounds July 15, 1900; Private C.W. Phillips, shot near the Main Gate, June 24, 1900 and T.G. Hancock, Student Interpreter, died of Typhoid Fever after the Siege, September 19, 1900.

Today all these graves and the memorial chapel have vanished forever in the final destruction of 1967 and BACSA is indebted to Mrs. M. Donelan for bringing them to our attention. Further cemeteries in China were those of Wan Guo at Shanghai, where a long list records only the names of those buried without dates or occupations, and the Cemeteries at the Port of Whampoa (Canton) on French Island and Danes Island. These latter two give more details of interments and the first noted states quaintly 'Lasynegem, Of Pedenwill, 1st May 1748'. Most of those buried are nautical men, like William Warre, Lieut. of the Bengal Establishment Ship 'Peneborne' Indiaman, 18 September, 1781; Henry Edward Hum, 4th Officer H.C.S. 'Dorsetshire' 30 November 1817 and E.J. Sharp of Dublin, Captain, I.N. of China HICMSS 'Shun Shu' 13 September 1874. But a few mark civilian graves like those of Mrs. Lydia Hale, of New York, the first Lady Missionary to the people of Canton, October 1846 and William J. Couper 'who was cruelly dragged from the side of his wife and daughter by a crew of Mandarin Braves and is supposed to have died in prison at Canton, year 1850'.

The last cemetery brought to our attention has personal associations for a BACSA member, Michael Satow and he has a remarkable photograph (see p. 26) of his great-grandparents at a Memorial Service for victims of the Kucheng Massacre, held in the English Cemetery, Foochow in 1895. Another touching photograph to missionaries and their families massacred at Whasang, near Kucheng the same year shows a sorrowing angel above a plinth recording those who died and the simple message 'They overcame by the blood of the Lamb'. (see p. 26)

THE MAIL BOX

Seldom has Chowkidar received such a prompt and fulsome response to one of its queries than at our last Meeting in April. We had published details of four fine portraits brought from Calcutta by BACSA and appealed for information on the artist A.E. Harris and the subjects of his work. Unknown even to the India Office Library and Records, the artist was a celebrated figure in India for nearly forty years and his daughter Diana Leslie, a BACSA member came forward at our Meeting and was delighted to tell us about him and one of his sitters, Franklin Marston Leslie, an uncle.

A.E. Harris arrived in India in 1890 after studying at the Cardiff School of Art and South Kensington College, and worked first in Bombay for seven years, before setting up in Calcutta on his own. He executed numerous portraits of notable Indians, including Maharajas and Nawabs and prominent Britons in public service. But his talents were not limited only to portraiture - he also painted a fine altar piece for the Armenian Church, Calcutta and later travelled to Tibet, which resulted in three large landscapes exhibited at Wembley.

In 1919 he was engaged by the Amir of Afghanistan to organise a School of Art at Kabul, but the Amir's assassination that same year put an end to this ambitious plan. Harris' work is still to be found throughout India - he travelled widely there and if no catalogue of his paintings exists today, it would surely provide a worthwhile task for a compiler. Involved too with literary and charitable works, Harris was one of the first Directors of the Calcutta Rotary Club and a prominent free-mason. He retired to England in 1927 with his wife Ethel Issard and their two children, Brian and Diana.

The history of Franklin Marston Leslie is equally interesting and was provided by his niece, Cecilie Leslie Hartley, also a BACSA member. It was Franklin's grandfather, Andrew Leslie who founded the family in India, arriving from Edinburgh in 1823. His son, Sheppard John Leslie was the founder and senior partner of a law firm and Senior Attorney of the Calcutta High Court. The lawyer purchased a beautiful house on the banks of the Hoogly at Titaghur, from Lord Lake, Commander-in-Chief, who had built it along the lines of an Italian palace and named it Combermere Lodge. At that time, the turn of the century, India was the centre of world trade in indigo, necessitating many business transactions, and Franklin Marston set up his own legal firm in partnership with a Mr. Hinds. The firm of Leslie and Hinds still exists today at its old address of 6, Hastings Street, Calcutta. It is therefore with added interest and knowledge that Harris' portrait of Franklin Marston can be seen today at the India Office Library and Records.

A rather sad letter arrived from the Archaeological Survey of India this year telling us of the 'old monument called Vaux's Tomb' in the Tapti Light-House area of Hajira, Surat, which has been neglected

since 1962 after it was deprotected by the Survey. Vaux was a protege of Sir John Child, who during his Governorship at Bombay, made him a factor, and later Deputy Governor. In 1697 while Vaux and his wife were enjoying a sail on the Tapti, their boat capsized and both were drowned. Their tomb was a high dome in the Muslim style, situated at the mouth of the river and became a landmark for vessels sailing up to Surat. By 1868 it contained no inscription of any kind and was used as a residence for the lighthouse keepers, acting also as a landmark for sailors. Old photographs or drawings of the tomb would be welcome, with a possible view to some restoration.

Shortly after Commodore Matthew Perry opened the door for British and American trade with Japan in 1854 the 'Foreigners' Cemetery' was established at Yokohama, twenty-five miles south of the capital Tokyo. One of its first inhabitants was a 23-year-old Lieut., Robert M. Bird of the HBM 11 Batt. 20th Regt. whose inscription reads starkly 'cruelly assassinated by Japanese at Kamakura, Nov. 21, 1864, when returning from Dieboots to Yokohama'. The grave, which is in good condition, so fascinated a visitor, Robert Black, that he carried out a careful search for clues and the results of his works are published in the 'Asia Magazine' under the chilling title 'Dead Men do tell tales'.

Bird had been sent to Japan for garrison duty and though the British had established themselves by treaties there, many disaffected bands of Samurai still roamed the countryside, determined to drive out the hated foreigners by the sword, if necessary. Unaware, or heedless of danger, Bird and his good friend Major James Baldwin set out on a picnic on a sunny November afternoon 120 years ago. Travelling on horseback they made for Kamakura where the main attraction was, as it is today, the giant bronze statue of Buddha known as Daibutsu (anglicized irreverently as Dieboots). Shadowed by a band of Samurai the two officers dismounted in a pleasant field, took out their sandwiches and claret from their saddle bags and settled down for a picnic. They were instantly set upon and decapitated. So fearsome was the attack, even at a time of lawlessness that Government spies spread out through the near-by villages and within a month, three Samurai were captured, tried and sentenced to death. The British diplomat Ernest Satow described the scene of their execution. The ring-leader of the group, Shimadzu Seiji, was captured later and executed on December 31st of the same year, defying his executioners to the end. As the blade fell, a single shot rang out - one of Bird's friends, goaded by Seiji's last taunts, made sure that had the blade missed, his bullet would not. Other tombs still stand in good order today in the Yokohama Cemetery, but none perhaps, as evocative as that of the young man who found death on a harmless jaunt all those years ago.

On a more cheerful note comes news from Delhi that the city intends developing an 'archaeological park' at Coronation Park, site of the three British durbars of 1877, 1903 and 1911. The park, which will cover 20 acres will house statues of British monarchs, viceroys and

other personalities who have been moved from their original plinths. Some statues already stand there, shaded by trees, including those of George V, Lord Hardinge and Lord Willington and official recognition of the park means such statues will be well preserved and guarded from vandalism. At the same time comes welcome news from Lucknow that the State Museum Director, R.C. Sharma is proposing a 'British' gallery, where fine marble and bronze statues of Queen Victoria, George V and Sir Harcourt Butler among others, can be re-erected. Lucknow possesses more than 20 statues, gathered from neighbouring towns, of British dignitaries, some of which have unfortunately been vandalised. Sculptors include H. Roy Chowdhury, T. Tarzan, E.R. Mullis and George Harvard Thomas. The gallery should form an interesting sidelight on India's recent history.

Further good news from India, this time at Agra, where restoration of 'Akbar's Church' has been completed and is open for services again. The church was built originally by the early Jesuits under the aegis of the Emperor Akbar. Money for the church was donated by Prince Salim (later Jehangir) and Indian Christians, who flourished in the liberal days of the early Mughals. The beautiful church, described by the traveller Bernier, had a large bell tower and both the Emperors Akbar and later Jehangir would visit it. A later Emperor, however, Shah Jehan, caused the building to be demolished during a Christian persecution and a further hall on the same site was sacked by the soldiers of the Afghan invader Ahmad Shah.

By the middle of the 18th century the building was practically in ruins, but renovation in the 1760's initiated by Fr. Francis Xavier Wendell resulted in the church which stands today. It is unique for its Mughal features of red sandstone panels of flower patterns and engrailed arches with flat roof of stone slabs. Even the godless Walter Reinhardt, better known as Sombre or Samru, was moved to help in the restoration and the church was finally completed in 1772 according to a white marble panel over the west door

More evidence of the fertile mix of cultures in Agra comes from an article by Thomas Smith, a BACSA correspondent, who tells us of the anglo-indian poet and dancer, Janet Armston, who charmed Indians and Europeans alike with her beautiful Urdu lyrics and music. Janet adopted the Indian name Jamiat for her performances and was nicknamed 'Hourai' (fairy of Paradise) by her many admirers. On her death in January 1885, aged 57 her husband, Major L.B. Armston of the 31st British Infantry Regiment built a beautiful monument over her grave near the Shah Jehan Gardens at Agra Fort, but sadly the tomb is now a heap of rubble. The inscription which once graced the tomb, and was traced with difficulty, read (in Urdu) 'Jamiat has risen from this world' and asked the Virgin Mary to intercede for her. A similar tomb of another anglo-indian poet, known as Sitara Begum, who was the mistress of Lieut. Shairph, survives near the Delhi gate of the Agra Fort, with the Persian couplet 'Oh Jesus, give the date of her death. The star of the firmament of beauty and grace has set' and the year

1804. Because these tombs appeared to be Muslim they were overlooked by Blunt in his 'Christian Tombs and Monuments in UP' though from their inscriptions, they are those of Christian women who imbued themselves deeply in Indian culture.

A new BACSA member, Mr. Paul Nicachi-Norris writes with a most interesting family history and a plea for information on the Greek Church at Calcutta, now in a rather neglected state. Our correspondent is a descendent of Alexios Argyree who arrived in Bengal in 1750 and later won permission from Warren Hastings to found a church in Calcutta for the thriving Greek population of traders there. Hastings himself contributed generously to the Church, as did other 'English Gentlemen' but it now appears to have been moved from its original site and stands today at the end of Chowringhee Road extension. Members of Mr. Nicachi-Norris' family acted as assistant secretary to the Viceroy in the mid 19th century and as Judge of the High Court in Bengal. His great grandfather arrived in Calcutta from Corfu in 1857 (a British subject, since Corfu was part of our Empire from 1814 - 1864) and died in 1873/4 having worked as a Landing and Shipping Agent in the New China Bazaar. Since the Greek community of Calcutta has now dwindled almost to nothing, our correspondent feels that urgent steps should be taken to record what remains of its history from memorial inscriptions and would welcome any information on the now empty church and its cemetery.

An old newspaper cutting reminds us of the Simla graves of children of two celebrated figures in Indian history. In the oldest (unnamed) cemetery stands a handsome marble cross marking the grave of the eldest child of Lord and Lady Roberts, who died aged just over a year old, and a stone added later records the deaths of two more of their infant children, neither of whom survived beyond their first birthdays. Near by, in dense foliage lay the remains of Sir Alexander Lawrence, son of Sir Henry Lawrence who was killed at the early age of 26 when riding on the Hindustan-Tibet road by falling through a bridge which had broken. The young man died on 27 August 1864, seven years after his father's tragic death at Lucknow.

POSTCARDS OF INDIA

(The following article has been kindly contributed by BACSA Chairman Mr. Michael Stokes).

Books of photographs of the great buildings of British India and of various aspects of life there abound, because of the recent wave of interest in the 'Raj'. Far less available are pictures of the cantonments, clubs, bungalows, memorials, churches and (since this is BACSA) cemeteries of India in the early years of the century. I have discovered that postcards help to fill this gap. They are readily available from dealers and junk shops (I have accumulated 1300 in twelve months) and comparatively cheap, since while many people are hunting for postcards of airships or Edwardian music-hall stars, few people collect cards of British India. Most date from between 1900

and 1920 and, until 1914 they were printed in Germany. They were largely marketed by Indian firms (two of the largest were Moorli Dhur and Hernam Dass, both of Amballa), although Higginbotham's and Spencers both published their own. Most easily available are cards of the big towns and of the hill stations (although strangely enough I have found none of Abbotabad, Mount Abu or Lansdowne) but almost every cantonment had a photographer who produced cards, though again, oddly, I have seen none of Nagpur, Bareilly, Dehra Dun or Jhelum. Perhaps not surprisingly there seem to be few cards of cemeteries; I have only Amballa, Bareilly, Cherat, Jhansi, Meerut, Poona and Trincomalee.

Much of the fascination of these postcards comes from their texts. These are usually banal enough - personal news tended to be conveyed by letter so that one does not feel that one is intruding in private lives. A few of my favourites: 'I like it here. We do not have much work as the natives do most of it. We even have one to go round and shave us and strangely he generally does that while we are in bed. It seems a proper lazy man's country'. 'This is the view from the sentry-box near the magazine where all our ammunition is kept'. (A breach of security here, surely?) 'This is the Soldiers' Home where we have our suppers and spend most of our time singing and playing games'. 'A thousand thanks for corsets which arrived Saturday intact but a little soiled and no wonder after six months kicking about'.

Occasionally cards such as the 30 or so I have of Quetta before the 1935 earthquake may prove of interest to historians and indeed Alan Harfield has used some of my cards of Dalhousie to illustrate one of his articles. Again, Sue Farrington has recognised the memorial shown on a mound at the back of the Edwardian card of 'Half Way House' on the road up to Mussoorie, as that to her grandfather, which she had photographed herself only a couple of years ago. But perhaps the greatest value of this collection lies in the vivid picture which it provides of the lives which the writers led seventy or eighty years ago. Naturally, if anyone is interested in a particular place or subject which might be included in my collection I should be very pleased to hear from them. I should also be most interested to see any postcards which BACSA members might be willing to show me.

CAN YOU HELP?

Another British painter working in India during the 19th and 20th centuries has come to light recently. He was William Roxburgh Tucker who was born in 1849 and worked for the ICS until his retirement in 1903. Tucker was posted at Jhansi for some time and also sat on the Oudh Commission. Returning to England, he died in 1908 in St. John's Wood, London, having never married. Probably an amateur artist, he painted The Fort at Jhansi in 1889 and it is this picture which is now in the possession of a BACSA member, Dr. Maurice Shellim. Tucker had four sisters and two brothers, one of whom, George Boswell Tucker died as recently as 1932, in the same house in St. John's Wood. Dr. Shellim wishes to present the painting to any one of Tucker's relatives who would like to have it, and notes that several nephews and

and nieces of the painter bear the following surnames - Stallard, Guerrier, Cockburn, Brooks and Roxburgh. Perhaps BACSA members could help in tracing them?

An interesting letter from a television film-maker, Martin Pick has been sent to us. Perhaps as an antidote to so much 'Raj' material lately on our screens, Mr. Pick, together with an Indian film-maker Partap Shama is making a series of documentaries called 'The Raj through Indian Eyes'. To be shown next year on Channel 4, the film-makers are seeking BACSA members who may have correspondence, photographs, drawings etc. which throw light on relationships between the British and Indians during the period. They are particularly looking for anecdotes and insights into such relationships, whether formal, or informal, official or social. Most of the filming will be done in India early next year, but the producers would like to interview some British and Indian people here in Britain as well. If you can help, please write to Mr. Pick at 2, Beresford Terrace, Highbury New Park, London N5 2DH, telephone 01 359 3466.

An old newspaper cutting of 8 June 1935 passed to BASCA this year, has the intriguing headline '"Kim family" in Earthquake: 4 members killed at Quetta: Son and daughter among them'. The family concerned were the Beattys, and it seems that the father, Mr. F.M.A. Beatty and his wife were injured in the disaster and lost two children and two grandchildren. But the newspaper (as yet unidentified) goes on to state confidently that Mr. Beatty was the original model for Kipling's Kim. Mr. Beatty is described as one of the most picturesque personalities in Quetta, a superb athlete, a member of the Baluchistan Police and sports secretary of the Quetta Club. Are there any BACSA members who perhaps remember this family and could throw light on the interesting idea that Kim was based on a real person?

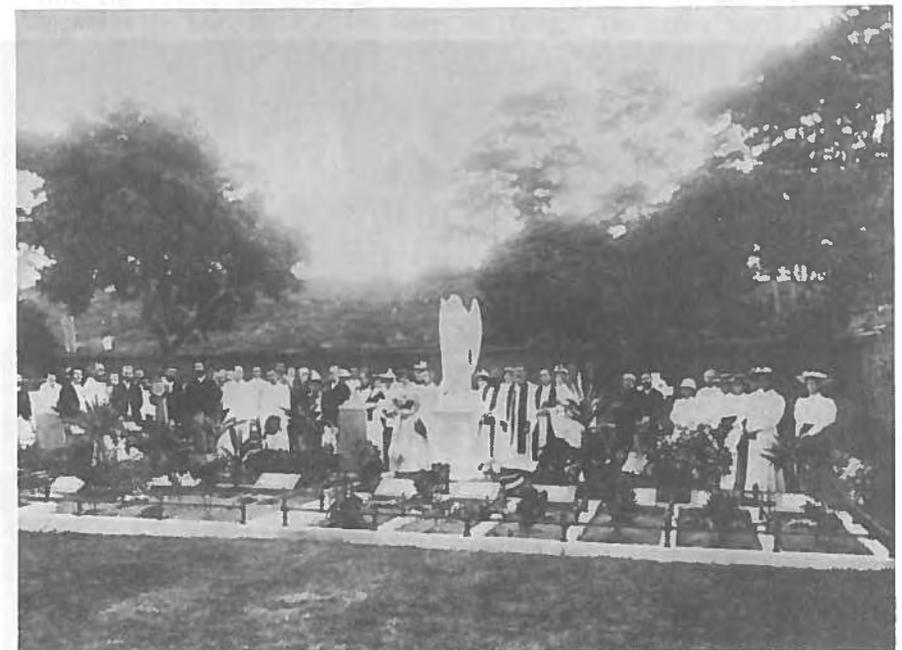
From Mrs. Ursula Nyss of London comes a plea for help in tracing her husband's ancestors before they went to India! John Shearman Nyss was born about 1794 and married Lydia Smith Johnson at St. John's Cathedral, Calcutta on St. Valentine's Day 1817. His occupation was that of Writer in the office of the Secretary to Government, and he later moved to the Political Department. John Nyss died in 1849 and was buried in the Circular Road Burial Ground, having fathered ten children. But our correspondent is most interested to know where John Nyss was born. She thinks it unlikely to have been in Britain, for various reasons, and wonders if any members could help her with this unusual surname.

In the last Chowkidar we carried an old photograph of a church in Upper Burma and asked if any readers could identify it. To our surprise we received two positive identifications, one siting the Church at Thayetmyo, situated on the west bank of the Irrawaddy, about 300 miles from Rangoon, and the other placing it at Maymyo. If indeed it is the Church of All Saints at Maymyo there is an amusing story attached to it which the former Church Warden, Billy Rivers, related



left: the memorial angel of Foochow, China, recording the 1895 massacre of missionary families (see p. 19)

below: the memorial service for the victims, held at Foochow. Present are a BACSA member's great grand-parents (see p. 19)





left: the brick column erected to commemorate Lieuts. Richard Bedingfield and Philip Burlton at Nongkhlaio, near Shillong. (see p. 28)

below: the Post-Office at Murree, from Michael Stokes' collection of old post-cards. (see p. 23)



to us. 'At first' he writes 'we had only an iron ladder to get us up to the Tower, but the Chaplain Rev. G.A.R. Thursfield got up in the pulpit one day and said "If you saw what I see when showing ladies round the Tower I am sure you would all subscribe to a spiral staircase" and within no time we had a spiral staircase'. Chowkidar, is however, awaiting positive identification of the Church via a Burmese correspondent and we hope to solve the query in our next issue.

From Sussex comes an interesting query about Edward Stirling, one of the earliest travellers in Persia and Afghanistan. Stirling was born in Lanarkshire in 1797 and was the younger brother of Sir James Stirling, the first Governor of Perth, Australia. Edward held various civil offices in Agra and during his time as Collector there, made a trip through Persia in 1828-9. He was the first European to visit certain areas of Northern Afghanistan but his work was never acknowledged by Calcutta and he never published his Journals during his lifetime for reasons which are still obscure. Some of his material has survived but our correspondent, Jonathan Lee wonders where the rest is. John Malcolm, the subject of a recent BACSA biography requested Stirling's draft Journals to show to Lord Clive's daughter, the Duchess of Northumberland but there the trail ends. Any information on Stirling from readers would be passed on to our enquirer.

Photographs of a sturdy brick base have recently been sent to us from Shillong in India and show the memorial to Lieuts. Richard Bedingfield and Philip Burlton, both Royal Engineers, which was erected at Nongkhlaio in the Khasi Hills near Shillong. The story behind the memorial is one that reflects the British push into the remote Upper Assam valley in the 1820's when these two officers were engaged in surveying work, road building and the setting up of a sanitorium in the hills. Relations with the tribespeople had been harmonious for some years when the Khasis at Nongkhlaio suddenly decided to expel the British and surrounded their bungalow on the morning of 4 April 1829, with 500 armed warriors. Bedingfield, on attempting to reason with the crowd was killed almost immediately. Burlton was able to hold out for 24 hours in the bungalow with a few sepoy, but was forced to make a break when the thatched roof was fired.

The end came on the road towards Cherrapunji when a sudden shower of rain rendered the British powder and thus their firearms, useless. Burlton was cut down while extracting an arrow from his wrist. Our Shillong correspondent D.F.S. Papworth writes that the memorial (see p.27) is adjacent to the site of the Engineers' bungalow, and is in good condition apart from damage caused by the root of a tree growing from the top, which could be repaired without undue expense. There is now no plaque commemorating the officers though the space where it would have been affixed is clear. Do any readers recollect the memorial, and perhaps the wording?

Finally two very unusual requests that we put before our readers, confident that they will be able to help. Premola Ghose from Delhi is

spending a short time in Britain trying to find material on the Gaiety Theatre, Simla, with the idea of restoring it to its former splendour and holding plays there. Now an Army Officer's Club, the theatre was once the venue for touring companies and amateur theatricals, and there must be many BACSA members who attended plays there, or even acted on stage. What kind of performances took place? Were there elaborate stage-props and lighting? What did the theatre actually look like inside? Any photographs, reminiscences or scripts from members will be carefully copied and returned if they are sent c/o BACSA Secretary.

Dr. Bierbrier has been pursuing the fascinating task of drawing up pedigrees for leading Muslim families in India for some years and he is particularly interested in the Mughal and Awadh royal families. Though a lot of his research material is in Persian, readers may have come across one or two snippets which could provide useful links in the chain, especially where Europeans, like the Gardners married into these noble families. Letters via the Secretary will be passed on, and incidentally a BACSA member Zoë Yalland has just had an article on the Gardners published in 'The India Magazine' and has been able to interview descendants of the once celebrated family, now residing in very straitened circumstances in India.

IN SEARCH OF TAYLOR SAHIB (1808 - 1876)

(An article kindly contributed by Timothy Ash)

As a boy at school I found on the shelves of the library a volume entitled 'The Confessions of a Thug' by Captain Meadows Taylor of the Nizam of Hyderabad's service. This work, Taylor's first novel, was published in 1839 and recounts the confessions of Amir Ali, whose appalling disclosures as a Thug turned approver lay bare the story of the widespread and fanatical secret sect of ritual murderers and robbers practising 'Thuggee' who infested the roads of India. Ever since being fascinated by the 'Confessions' I have always had an eye open to obtain a copy and a couple of years ago I found it together with Taylor's autobiography 'The Story of my Life' published in 1877 shortly after his death.

As a lad of fifteen, after a few years spent at a second rate school, and a few months in the drudgery of a Liverpool Merchant's counting house, Meadows Taylor was sent to Bombay upon a 'vague and fallacious promise of mercantile employment', but arriving at Bombay the house of business he was to enter proved to be no better than a shop, and its chief an embarrassed tradesman. By the influence and assistance of a kinsman, a commission was obtained for him in the Nizam's Military contingent. At seventeen he was employed as interpreter on Court Martials, and recommended for much higher duty by the Resident; and at eighteen he found himself assistant Police Superintendent of a district comprising a population of a million souls. He taught himself engineering because the construction of roads, tanks and buildings was an essential part of the improvement of the country. He acquired

a considerable knowledge of law, both Hindu and Muslim and English, because he had to administer Justice to the people...he studied geology and botany because he observed the direct bearing of these sciences on the productiveness of the soil.

In 1841 Meadows Taylor was appointed to a difficult political post at Shorapur, a small Hindu State in the south-west corner of the Nizam's dominions. The Raja of Shorapur had fallen into pecuniary difficulties, was unable to fulfill his financial obligations to the Nizam and Meadows Taylor's predecessor had been sent to adjust the State's affairs with the Nizam, but just on the point of success the Raja had died leaving a boy of seven as his successor. The Raja's brother, Pid Naik, was recognised by the Government as Regent but he was a weak man with little following and was opposed by the senior Rani, the mother of the boy Raja. However Meadows Taylor, by his integrity, firmness and inexhaustible patience and kindness to all, finally won and achieved the respect of all. He was destined to remain at Shorapur until 1853 during which time he administered the State and put it on a firm financial basis before placing the young Raja on his throne and handing him the reins of government.

Meadows Taylor's years of devoted service at Shorapur, where he built a house for himself and his wife (who sadly died during this period), though crowned by success in 1853, were to be sadly eroded by the young Raja who fell into bad ways and bad company, culminating in his disaffection during 1857 and his tragic death a year later. From Shorapur in 1853 Meadows Taylor was appointed to a newly ceded district with his headquarters in the vast and interesting fortress of Nuldroog. 'Although I had often before been at Nuldroog' he wrote, 'I had never seen the interior of the fort, nor the English House belonging to it...and now it was to become my residence. I found it a handsome building, although not very commodious. In the centre was a large hall, with two semi-circular rooms on each side; above the hall, a bedroom of corresponding size, with bathroom attached, from which there was a beautiful view all over the fort...in front there was a broad verandah, supported by pillars...there was, too, a good garden about the house, which was very soon cleaned up, and eventually became one of my greatest pleasures - for nowhere in India did English flowers and vegetables grow so well...'

He remained at Nuldroog until 1857 and this place, together with his long service at Shorapur, are the two places where he spent the most settled part of his 36 years service in India. It was therefore to Shorapur and Nuldroog that, having been charmed by 'The Story of my Life' we went in search of Taylor Sahib. Nuldroog is now in Maharashtra and is about 30 miles east of Sholapur. One enters the fortress through massive gates into the open enclosure within the surrounding bastions. Most of the internal buildings are in ruins but one, in good order, was the old Kutcherry and is now utilised as a college. Our unexpected arrival naturally aroused the curiosity of the inmates. When the name Meadows Taylor was mentioned as the

reason for our visit the reaction, to our surprise, was immediate and enthuasiatic. 'Ah, Taylor Sahib; yes, he lived here for a long time, we have a settlement called Taylor Nagar. His house is over there if you wish to see it'. It was as if he had left but ten days before instead of a century and more. His 'English House' though now in ruins was instantly recognisable with its large hall and adjoining semi-circular rooms, the view to the rear from his bedroom over the waters most beautiful. One could see that the garden had been well laid out but now under the Deccan March sun just a tangle of dried weeds, with no-one to work the 'water supply'.

We left Nuldroog feeling that our visit there in search of him had been well worthwhile and rewarding. It was some days later that we progressed to the more remote area of Shorapur which lies some seventy miles south west of Bijapur in Karnataka State. Shorapur has probably changed but little, and even before we reached the town palace, an electoral slogan painted on a wall reminded us of Taylor's problems on his arrival in 1841 - 'Vote for Pid Naik!' We found the palace, which appeared unkempt and unoccupied so we were set for exploration when a smart figure in 'congress' cap, white jacket and dhoti appeared from a doorway. An exchange of courtesies followed and we asked if it was possible to look round the old palace. 'Well', said he to our complete astonishment, 'you'd better come up and see Raja Sahib'. So through courtyards, corridors and up the stairs we followed to be ushered into a room furnished only with a charpoy on which was seated a dignified but kindly looking gentleman of later years, who greeted us courteously before taking us to another room, again unfurnished, where we all sat on a stone bench. 'I don't normally live here', he apologised, 'I'm usually at my farm, some distance away'. I told him that we had come from Bijapur to visit Shorapur. 'A long way to come' he commented obviously wondering why we were there. 'We are interested in an Englishman who once served here, his name was Meadows Taylor' said I by way of explanation. 'Ah, my grandfather's guardian and...' Raja Pid Niak, for that was his name, left us with the impression that Shorapur had never been the same since Taylor left. He produced a number of family heirlooms amongst which was a 'Firman' from the Moghul Emperor Aurangzeb to the Hindu Raja of Shorapur, embellished by his handprint, dipped in ground sandalwood.

Raja Pid Naik directed us to a nearby hill top where we found 'Taylor Manzil 1844', an attractive and well-kept bungalow overlooking the town and now the PWD guest house. If only we had known we could have stayed the night there instead of bumping all the way back to Bijapur that evening after a most satisfying end to a search for Taylor Sahib. Meadows Taylor died at Mentone in southern France on the 13th of May 1876 shortly after his return from a final visit to India. His last words uttered on earth are inscribed on his tomb 'The eternal God is my refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms'. Has anyone noticed it recently, I wonder?

BACSA BOOKS (Books by BACSA members)

Splendours of the Raj. British Architecture in India 1660-1947
Philip Davies

This is a most handsome book and the author is to be congratulated on bringing together for the first time many of the notable buildings of British India which still survive. Their history is traced from the earliest commercial and military structures (often erected by amateurs) through to the expression of Imperial superiority found in Government House, Calcutta, the Hyderabad Residency and many others, when 'architecture was cheaper than sepoy, particularly when the local Nizam paid for it'. After the check of 1857 emphasis moved more to buildings that would benefit the public and the PWD began to recruit civil engineers to drive the railways, roads, and canals through the country, to the advantage of both Britons and Indians. But this led to the debate at the turn of this century between the 'aesthetic imperialists' of the PWD, as they were called, and the 'native revivalists' - British architects who wanted a return to indigenous Indian styles and principles. Lutyens' New Delhi represents the amalgamation of these two ideas, resulting in a successful synthesis, the author believes. The book also explores less controversial aspects of British architecture - the delightful hill stations, the Cantonments and palaces built by the British for Indian rulers, including the truly bizarre Laxmi Vilas at Baroda, whose architect died insane during its erection. Recommended.

1985 John Murray pp. 272 £25.00

Policing the Raj Leslie Robins

The privately published autobiography of L.C.F. Robins, OBE, IPM, who joined the Indian Imperial Police Service in 1928, and served in the United Provinces until Independence, apart from a five year period in Indore on deputation to the Indian Political Department. An exciting account of the murder investigations, trials and riots with which he was involved, including the court intrigues surrounding the case against the Maharaja of Rewa. The illustrations include reproductions of superb paintings of policemen in uniform by Mark Haddon and Ena Robins.

1985 Publisher: Leslie Robins (distributed by BACSA) pp 120 £5.00

On Honourable Terms ed. Martin Wynne

These memoirs record the incidents and activities in the career of Indian (Imperial) Police Officers in the various Provinces of India, including Burma, between 1915 and 1948. Each chapter is a theme in that career - Training: The First Sub-division: The District Superintendent etc. - with the experiences and thoughts of the contributors woven into a mosaic of distinct parts, yet forming a coherent pattern. A number of opinions are expressed, some controversial. They are important as evidence of what individual officers in these situations thought and felt. This is an account of men (and not forgetting

their wives) in the circumstances of their time; the routine and ordinary, the exciting and desperate moments. What becomes apparent to the reader is the awesome responsibility that fell on the shoulders of these officers. And linked with this, the remarkable loyalty of their men, drawn from different races and creeds, owing allegiance to a foreign crown that their kith and kin were challenging, yet welded together through high qualities of leadership. The memoirs were compiled and edited by the late Martin Wynne under the aegis of the Indian Police (UK) Association, with more than twenty contributors who served between them in the nine main Provinces of the Sub-continent. Illustrated.

1985 Published by BACSA pp. 248 £7.50

Raj and Post Raj Col. W.I. Moberly

Attached initially to the Hampshire Regt. stationed at Razmak in the NWFP in the 1930s, the author's introduction to India was in one of the remote frontier posts on the border, where even a game of football outside camp necessitated the turning out of duty piquets to hold the surrounding heights. From there he travelled and worked in most of the major north Indian towns until the outbreak of war found him serving in Italy. After presiding in post-war India over the Referendum held in the NWFP to ascertain whether the population wished to accede to India or Pakistan, Col. Moberly joined the British Army and later postings included Cyprus, the Suez Canal and Singapore. A wide ranging, illustrated book, which is well detailed on the minutiae of an officer's life.

1985 Pentland Press pp 231 £9.00

A Fatal Friendship Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

BACSA members familiar with Chowkidar and our activities in the European cemeteries of South Asia will appreciate the approach to the enlivening of old records and inscriptions through biographical sketches of those buried there. Here, in this book, by the same process applied to buildings instead of monuments, Chowkidar's Editor has brought to life the Nawabi days in Lucknow from the 1750's to 1850's. In a cemetery a community tends to be seen as sectionalised, the Christian British, with only occasional references over the wall to the wider India. In Lucknow one is dealing with Muslim and Hindu, to remind us of the realities of former Moghul domination; with English and French, to remind us of the incursion of Europe into Asia; and with officials and non-officials in the East India Company's terms, to remind us of the attempts to expand trade and impose order. And all this in an inherently anarchical situation where there was a heady mixture of fantastic wealth and a confusion of standards: religious, moral and cultural.

Using architecture as her medium Rosie Llewellyn-Jones picks her way through all the main buildings of Lucknow, giving a scholarly account (32 pages of references): the Nawabi buildings erected for the British,

such as the Observatory, the Iron Bridge, and hospital; the Residency; the Cantonment; Claude Martin's buildings; the four palace complexes - the Macchi Bhavan, the Daulat Khana, the Chatter Manzil and the Qaisarbagh; and the Old City. Through these buildings and those that lived in them, their plans and planners both Indian and European, the bricks and mortar used and how they were manufactured, the author pursues her theme of how the ferment of ideas between East and West, between free-trade and Company controls, were reflected in the development of the town.

The book abounds in social anecdote throwing light on the attitudes of the time, and the Europeans do not always emerge with great credit! There is a reference to the import of mouse-traps and cucumber slicers, as evidence of an unshakeable belief of the superiority of British-made goods. A mention of the great height of the walls surrounding the Nawabi houses - exceeding the height of a man standing on an elephant - to ensure the sanctity of the zenana. And a comment on the contrast between the extreme cleanliness of the inner courtyards of Muslim and Hindu houses, and the utter filth that collected in the narrow streets outside, revealing the lack of any sense of 'public' property by our standards. There are 19 fascinating photographs, with numerous house and town plans; something in it for everyone but essentially an authoritative book with a message and a special appeal for architects and those who know Lucknow, undoubtedly one of the most interesting cities in India. (TCW)

1985 OUP India pp. 284 Rs. 150

BOOKS by non-members that will interest readers.

Templer, Tiger of Malaya John Cloake

This is a full-length biography of Field Marshal Templer, who died in 1979. The author has researched and interviewed on a grand scale, to do justice to the extraordinarily varied career of a first-class soldier. Templer served his country in many places: Flanders 1917, Palestine in the 1930's, France 1940, Anzio, post-war Germany and, of course, Malaya, where he first earned public renown. We are given generous background surveys of these momentous events and trace the development of his great gifts - the dynamism, the ferocious dedication and the uncanny skill in getting immediately to the basics of any problem. Like Monty, he had the knack of picking quality in his colleagues and subordinates. He became CIGS in 1955 but the years at the top of his profession were not happy ones. He found dealing with politicians 'a most distasteful and uncongenial business' and he was at first bewildered and then disgusted at their conduct over Suez. For one so passionately devoted to the regimental spirit and traditions of the Army it must have been agonizing to preside over its dismemberment in the 1950's. How did this nervy, quick-tempered man come to command so much loyalty and affection? His directness, however intimidating at first, and utter honesty won people over. He was a traditionalist and a conservationist, and we are told something of this side of his activities; more's the pity that no mention is

made of the invaluable support given to BACSA in its early days. 'He had a strong romantic streak. His feeling for the Empire was full of it, and above all of an intensely romantic love of India and all that it meant in terms of the Armh and the Empire - an India where he was never himself to serve, but where his forebears and so many relations has served both as soldiers and as civil servants'. (JW)

1985 Harrap pp. 520 £14.95

The Frontier Scouts Charles Chenevix Trench

In all the well-documented history of the Raj, the intriguing and colourful tale of the Frontier Scouts is one which has not hitherto been told. It is a singular example of poacher-turned-gamekeeper: the poacher having been the Pathan tribesman who lived along the critical North West Frontier dividing India from Afghanistan and, ultimately, from Russia. This tribesman's most precious possession was a modern rifle, his pride was to call no man master, his pleasure to raid the villages in Britihs India, to snipe at travellers on the frontier roads and pursue his blood feuds according to his tribal code of honour. The frontier was not heavily garrisoned or fortified; indeed the Pathans who lived in 'Tribal Territory' on the Indian side of it were not even administered. While naturally discouraging raids into British India, the government did not much mind what mischief the tribesman made in his own territory so long as he did not make it on the roads or at the expense of government servants. No attempt was made to govern of tax the tribes but Political Agents stationed among them had to devise some means of weaning them from their wicked ways.

The solution was ingenious. The Agents needed their own private army, which would not be subject to the normal military hierarchy (as it was so frequently at variance with the local political authorities), so the Frontier tribesmen themselves - nearly all Pathans - were recruited. They were formed into corps, each at the disposal of a Political Agent, and were known collectively as the Frontier Scouts. Though in the early days gamekeeper sometimes reverted to poacher - with dramatic results - the experiment was a success. The Frontier Scouts were led by young officers of the INdian Army and by very experienced officers of their own tribes, all carrying far more responsibility and at considerably more risk than their counterparts in the regular army. An extraordinary affinity grew up between the Pathans and the carefully selected young officers - each vetted by the tribal corps he wished to join. This made tolerable a hard and dangerous service. This absorbing book is about that life. Largely in the words of British and Pathan officers themselves, letters and diaries or memories recorded on paper and tapes, it tells of everyday events in isolated, fortified outposts; of patrols moving 30 miles a day over rugged country in blazing heat or ice and snow; of dawn swoops of outlaw strongholds; of localized battles which in the years of peace between world wars were savage. The book is handsomely illustrated with good photographs and is memorable for its frank detailing of the

life led on the Frontier. No punches are pulled, but then they weren't pulled at the time and the book is an accurate, honest and affectionate account of the unique collaboration between two groups that, in a strange way, shared the same code of honour.

1985 Jonathan Cape pp. 298 £15.00

Yes, Your Excellency V.E.O. Stevenson-Hamilton

An auto-biography covering familiar ground of army life in the NWFP in the 30's but written with such charm and lightness of touch that the reader is engagingly swept along. The author later took up the post of ADC to HE the Governor of the Punjab and his varied social duties 'behind the scenes' of stiff, formal occasions led to a succession of hilarious anecdotes. Badly hurt during a parachute jump, the author later rejoined the 4th Gurkha Rifles and saw service in Burma and Italy. 1947 found him in Amritsar during the turmoil of Partition which so sickened him he felt it was time to leave India for good. Well written and illustrated the author brings a fresh touch to well known territory.

1985 Thomas Harnsworth pp. 229 £9.95

A BACSA member, Fred Pinn has recently put together an interesting little booklet on Louis Mandelli (1833 - 1881) the Darjeeling tea-planter and ornithologist. This self-taught Italian who over the short space of ten years became an authority on the birds of the Himalayas, parts of Sikkim, Tibet, Bhutan and Nepal was unfortunately not to know the importance of his researches. At least five birds carry the name 'mandellii' in his honour and towards the end of his life he was elected a member of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. But tragically he eventually felt unable to cope with the full-time job of manager of the Darjeeling tea estates and a succession of droughts, cholera, debts and ill-health caused him to take his own life at the early age of 45. Another BACSA member, Major Poole is a great grandson of Louis Mandelli and the author was able to provide him with much valuable information on comparatively little-known ancestor.

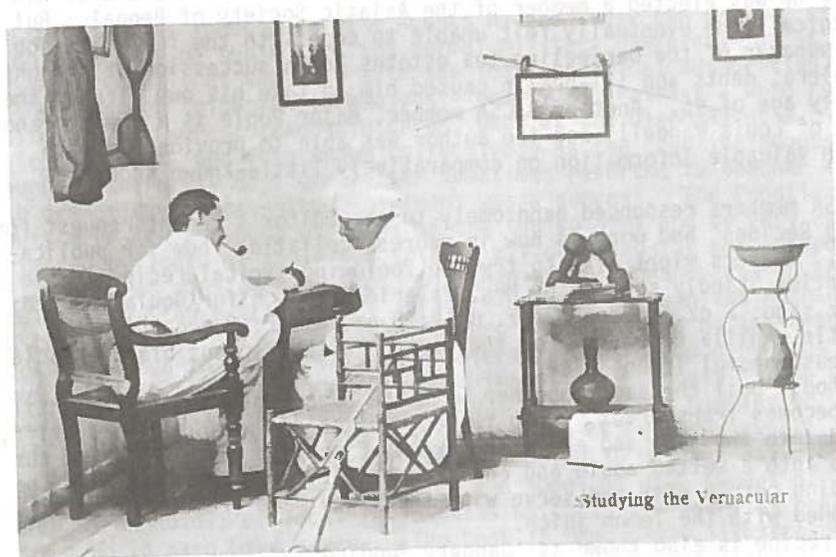
BACSA members responded handsomely to the Editor's recent request for 'Raj Recipes' and work is now in proress collating them for publication. Members might like to try the foolowing typical recipe in the meantime, kindly sent in by Mrs. Valerie Robinson for Goula Malacca: 3 oz.sago: 2 oz. sugar: 12 oz. milk; 8 oz. water: 2 egg whites: a little vanilla essence. For the sauce - 6 tablespoons black treacle 2 teaspoonsful lemon juice.

Method: boil the sago together with the sugar, milk and water until it becomes transparent. Whip two egg whites and when they are stiff, fold into the sago and add a few drops of vanilla essence. Pour the sago into a wetted mould and chill in the fridge. When set turn the pudding onto a dish and serve with the sauce made from black treacle thinned with the lemon juice.

The recipe is also known as 'Jaggery Pudding'.

'Koh-i-noor' is the name of a bright new magazine published in England that will appeal to British and India readers alike. The name is deliberately chosen, with an acknowledgement to Disraeli's celebrated phrase that India was the 'Jewel in the Crown' of our Imperial Empire and the reminder that the famous stone was not only part of Indian royal heritage for many years but then became the 'Pinnacle of Excellence in the British crown jewels. A symbol of that often fraught but enduring relationship between Britain and India, the magazine has a lively spread of articles in its first issue, ranging from an interview with Countess Mountbatten, to an article about Polo, a profile of Rajiv Gandhi by the editor, Rajpal Chowdhury, and a feature on the Rolls-Royces of India by John Fasal. BACSA members will also enjoy two articles by a fellow member, Charles Allen, in one of which he analyses our current fascination with the 'Raj', coming to conclusions which are both stimulating and perhaps controversial. The magazine is handsomely produced, with many colour photographs and is valuable not only for its new look at 'British' India, but for its sharp analysis of India today, reminding us that the great sub-continent saw 1947 as a beginning, not as an end. The magazine is available by subscription (£10 for 4 issues) from Asian Recorder, Ltd., Clarendon House, 17/18 New Bond Street, London W1Y 0BD

The Fourth Australasian Congress on Genealogy and Heraldry is being held in Canberra, Australia from 8 - 11 the May 1986 and BACSA members who are interested to learn more about the scope of the Congress can get a copy of the application from Elizabeth de Bourbel, 9 The Beach, Walmer, Kent CT14 7HE (with a SAE) or directly from The Registrar, Fourth Australasian Congress at GPO Box 666, Canberra, ACT 2601.



'Studying the Vernacular' from Michael Stokes' post-card collection.

