



CHOWKIDAR

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Editor: Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

British Association For Cemeteries In South Asia (BACSA)

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Notes on BACSA

The Association was formed in October 1976 to bring together people with a concern for the many hundreds of European cemeteries, isolated graves and monuments in South Asia.

There is a steadily growing membership of over 1,500 (1992) drawn from a wide circle of interest- Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical & Genealogical Societies. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association - the setting up of local committees in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Sri Lanka, Malaysia etc., and the building up of a Records archive in the Oriental and India Office Collections in the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments.

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

The Association has its own newsletter, *Chowkidar*, which is distributed free to all members twice a year and contains a section for 'Queries' on any matter relating to family history or condition of a relative's grave etc. There are also many other publications both on cemetery surveys and aspects of European social history out East.

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Forgotten Island

The Andaman Islands have been a curiously neglected part of India's history, lying as they do in the Bay of Bengal. Their original inhabitants were reported by fearful travellers to have a reputation for cannibalism, though this charge seems unfounded, according to Hobson Jobson. The first Briton to survey the Islands was Lieut. Blair, who developed a small settlement on the island of Chatham, in 1789 and who gave his name to Port Blair. Ross Island is the smallest of the Andamans, less than two square miles, and lies at the entrance to Port Blair's large harbour. The Islands were abandoned by the East India Company in 1796, but surveying started again fifty years later. By March 1858 the first Superintendent of Jails, Dr. James Patterson Walker, had arrived, together with two ships, and the first batch of 200 Indian convicts. Many had been captured during the 1857 uprising, but they were not all soldiers. Some were intellectuals, unused to the physical work expected of them as the dense jungle was pushed back. Sixty per cent died during their first year. Gradually British buildings rose among the lush landscape - the timber Government House, the Jail Superintendent's bungalow, stone barracks for the British soldiers, the Anglican church, Ross pier, houses, a hospital, the club, the treasury, the armoury and the Commissariat. M. M. Kaye the author, who stayed at Government House in 1933, and subsequently wrote an adventure novel based in the Islands, remembers it as 'a large, old and rather gloomy building full of bats and curious echoes. It housed some magnificently carved furniture - the work of Burmese convicts.' Next to the handsome church, with its belfry, lay the cemetery. There were many inscriptions to young people struck down by cholera, dysentery and malaria, dating from the early 1860s.

One of the last English travellers to stay on Ross was Lady Diana Duff Cooper, who was fleeing from Singapore in the face of the advancing Japanese. She noted on 16 January 1942 that 'there is a barrack, a post office, a club, a church and parsonage, a village institute and that is about all, except for an old circuit house, lately turned into a guest house for air travellers'. By March that year the Imperial Japanese Navy were installed and the British were gone. At the end of the war, the Japanese left as prisoners, but the British did not return to their Ross Island houses. After Independence it was considered acceptable to remove door frames, shutters, fittings, etc. for the reconstruction of the capital, Port Blair. Today the old buildings are losing their battle against the verdant jungle. Photographs show the now roofless church, with its skeleton of rafters almost indistinguishable from the overhanging trees. The apse is windowless, with palm trees growing inside. It is as though the jungle has taken revenge for the damage inflicted on it when the land was cleared for building.

The Indian National Trust for Art and Cultural Heritage, from whose journal this account is taken, believe that efforts should be made to salvage what remains on Ross. It is, after all, part of India's history and heritage.

Mail Box

“Khijiri was once an East India Company station” the Skipper explained. “I believe they used to pick up signals from the incoming ships and pass the news up to Calcutta. There’s a burial ground over there too.” As I can never resist the attractions of old tombstones we followed a narrow path through the trees to a walled acre of neglected stones. All was silence and decay, and the living jungle had long since crept into the enclosure to resume possession of its own. Here and there an obelisk pointed to the sky, or a more elaborate memorial leaned wearily on its broken plinth. Some stones lay on the ground, and many had been defaced by the hand of man as well as by the eroding touch of the years. There were forty or more graves in this lost and forgotten cemetery, all dated between 1800 and 1835. Perhaps the station fell into disuse then, about the time when steam came to the aid of sail and took some, but only some of the terrors out of the navigation of the Hooghly.’ Robert Morrison, the author of this descriptive piece was making a journey down the Hugli in the early 1950s, when he came across the deserted little station of Khijiri or Kedgere, some 68 miles below Calcutta. At that time the old square signal tower still stood (though in a dangerous condition), built into one corner of a decaying bungalow with ‘peeling plaster and ravished woodwork’. Morrison’s article was published in Blackwood’s Magazine in November 1957 and was kindly sent in by a BACSA member.

There the story might have ended, had not a letter arrived from Mrs. Faith Page of Oxfordshire, which brought his description to vivid life. Her great great grandfather, James Donnithorne was Master of the Mint in Calcutta, having been earlier a Judge in Mysore. Tragedy hit him in 1832 when he lost his wife, Sarah, and two teenage daughters, all in the space of a year. Sarah was buried in the Khijiri cemetery, which was closed about 1840, and of which no records remain today. Donnithorne took his youngest daughter Eliza Emily, then aged eight, and emigrated to Sydney, Australia, setting up huge cattle ranches near Adelaide. ‘Eliza perhaps became Dickens’ “Miss Haversham”, as she was jilted at the altar, hid herself with her housekeeper in her shuttered large house in Sydney, leaving the wedding breakfast to moulder on the table, and only left the house some 30 years later in her coffin. Dickens’ son was in India I believe with my great great grandfather, so may have known of Eliza.’ In fact the Dickens’ son referred to, Lieut. Walter Landor Dickens, died in 1863 on his way home, aged only 23 so he would not have known Judge Donnithorne personally, though it is quite likely that the bizarre story of the disappointed daughter filtered back to Calcutta, where she had lived, and was passed on to the author in England.

During the ‘Great Hunger’ in Ireland, caused by the potato famine of the 1840s, young Patrick Gavaghan walked out of County Mayo to find food and work in London, as a ticket collector at Hackney railway station. Here his son Lawrence

was born, and the Gavaghan connection with India started. Determined to better himself, Lawrence was later sent out as an apprentice on the Madras-Southern Mahratta Railway, and he did well to win Bertha Matilda White as his wife. She was visiting an Anglican family in Madras and her father had the ‘modest distinction of a Chaplaincy to Queen Victoria’. The couple married in Madras but tragically, Bertha died on 8 January 1886, at Araconam, giving birth to their son. She was only twenty-two years old. A poignant photograph taken in Bangalore shows Lawrence holding the motherless baby, named Edward. Lawrence became Traffic Manager on the Araconam-Madras line, and was killed in 1892 by falling from a polo pony. He was buried in the Quibble Island cemetery, Madras. The six year old orphan Edward was sent to a Jesuit College in England and returned to India as a Chartered Accountant, to join the Audit Department. During the first World War he was commissioned in the Mysore Lancers, played polo at national level, and later became Comptroller General in several Provinces. It is Edward’s son, Terence Gavaghan, born in Allahabad, and now living in Putney, who has sent us this fascinating story, and he tells us how he recently returned to India to find traces of his past. ‘With immense help from Indian friends, the Indian Railways Vigilance Service, Thomas Cook’s network and others’, he took the overnight train to Bangalore, where the photograph had been taken, then on to Madras and by road to the junction town of Araconam. ‘By some miracle [I] found the polished Aberdeen granite headstone of Bertha Matilda in a small disused Araconam graveyard, overgrown but with clear dedications also to Lawrence and Edward’, a family history carved in stone.

Last Autumn’s Chowkidar carried the photograph of a handsome little domed tomb in Poona, to accompany an article by Gillian Tindall. The occupant of this tomb in the French Cemetery has now been identified as the wife of the Chevalier du Dre nec, an adventurous Frenchman who arrived in India about 1773, as a midshipman. Finding the French Compagnie des Indes virtually collapsed, du Dre nec served as a mercenary under Holkar and then Scindia, Indian rivals for power in the late 18th century. In 1803, as the East India Company Army advanced on Delhi, du Dre nec was posted to Poona, in command of 5,000 men, but wisely decided to surrender to the English. He was allowed ‘to go into private life’ and seems to have remained in India. Unfortunately we know nothing of his wife, whether she was French or Indian, nor the date of her death, although it would have been before 1817 when the French Cemetery was closed. It was ‘put in order in 1876’ according to ‘Bengal Past and Present’, although as reported, Madame du Dre nec’s tomb is now the only one in reasonable condition.

The Victorian engineer Richard Henry Brunton is unknown and unhonoured in Britain, but not in Japan. Born in Scotland, Brunton worked for the Meiji Government between 1868 and 1876 and is revered as one of the founding fathers of modern technology. He built over 30 lighthouses around Japan’s treacherous

coastlines, thereby greatly aiding the establishment of foreign, sea-borne trade. He also laid the foundations for the modernisation of the port of Yokohama. Indeed it can be said that his efforts indirectly led to Japan's place in the world market today. After his return, Richard Brunton set up business in south London, and died at the age of 60 in 1901. Last October the Japanese Ambassador in Britain attended a ceremony in West Norwood Cemetery to dedicate a headstone to the man who is called 'The Father of the Lighthouse' in Japan. Brunton's grave had remained unmarked, but now a handsome marble headstone bearing an eulogy and an engraving of a lighthouse indicate his burial spot. The headstone was donated by the City of Yokohama as a tribute to this pioneer.

From Timoleague in County Cork comes another foreign tribute to a Briton, this time from the Maharaja Sir Madho Rao Scindia of Gwalior to his Medical Officer, the Surgeon General Aylmer Martin Crofts, CIE, Indian Medical Service. The beautiful memorial is decorated with inlaid flowers, reminiscent of Mughal stonework, and records the twenty year friendship between the Maharaja and the Surgeon. His date of death is given as 12 April 1915. BACSA member Denise Coelho, who sent in details, adds that the Maharaja is thought to have paid for all the mosaics in the Anglican church, and that in the porch is a large, sepia, full length photograph of the two friends together. In the grounds of the church lies a tomb recording Lieut. Colonel James Crofts, MD of the Indian Medical Service, who died 7 May 1913, and who was, presumably, a relative of Surgeon Crofts.

The unusual name 'Aylmer' crops up again in a story from Darjeeling, by Noel Lobo. This time it was a George Aylmer Lloyd, Lieut. General in the Bengal Army, who died on 4 June 1865, aged 76. As a Lieut. Colonel, Lloyd had been sent to reconnoitre the deserted Gurkha military station of 'Dorjeling' for a possible sanatorium site. After negotiations with the Raja of Sikkim who owned the land, a deed of grant was handed over in 1835 to Lloyd, conveying Darjeeling as a gift. But instead of the few modest bungalows the Raja had imagined, he quickly found an autonomous enclave growing within his own state. 'Today', writes Mr. Lobo, in the 'Times of India Sunday Review' 'there is not a single memorial to Lloyd's name in Darjeeling for the Botanical Gardens of his name are not called after him but after a banker called Lloyd.' Only the tablet in St. Andrew's Church erected by George Lloyd's widow, commemorates the hill station's founder; 'To his exertions and personal influence with the Rajah of Sikkim the Province of Bengal is indebted for the Sanatorium of Darjeeling'.

Chowkidar's story on the Gardner family (Vol.6 No.2) brought two letters - the first from Charmian Robinson, herself a distant connection through her uncle Col. Charles Gardner. 'Strangely, many years earlier in the 1820s a great great aunt of mine was a friend of Mrs. Catherine Gardner with whom she corresponded. Two of the letters (dated December 1828 and February 1829) have survived. Mrs.

Gardner speaks of her sons, Frank (Francis), Stewart and Alan, also two daughters Susan and Catherine (not mentioned in Burke's Peerage). It was Alan who went to India in 1829 in the ship Duke of Sussex, to join the Bombay Marines, a posting his mother had procured for him.' Whether this is the same as the Alan Hyde Gardner, Captain in the Indian Navy, through whom the peerage passed, is not known, although the birth date seems about right, Mrs. Robinson says. Anthony Camp, Director of the Society of Genealogists tells us that the claim of the Indian branch of the Gardners has long been unofficially recognised in England, and in fact Alan Legge Gardner, who was born in 1881, claimed the title of 5th Baron, 'but could not raise the money to come to England or to employ the necessary solicitors.' In 1956 the old man was living in Uttar Pradesh on a Government pension of £3 a month, having worked in the Allahabad Police Department. If his grandson, Julian Gardner 'can show that he is the next male heir, he will receive a Writ of Summons as the 7th Baron' (not the 4th, as we thought).

'We never hear about the Toungoo Cemetery in Burma' writes Mr. R. B. Magor, who sends us an amusing anecdote about it. 'In 1942 my Colonel, J. W. (George) Kaye was acting as Town Commandant and I, his Adjutant as Station Staff Officer. The Japanese used to bomb regularly and one morning we were waiting at the cemetery for the funeral cortege of an officer who had been killed to arrive, when the daily air raid materialised, whereupon George and I took refuge at the bottom of the open grave. I often wondered whether the chap was ever buried!'

The African Connection

The story of Lieut. Colonel C. A. Edwards, 35th Sikhs, who died at Zomba, Nyasaland, in 1897 was mentioned in the Autumn Chowkidar, and surprisingly evoked a good response from members. Africa is not part of the BACSA remit, and suggestions that an Association similar to ours be set up, fell on stony ground. But there are more connections between the two continents than might at first appear. The Cape was a regular stopping place for travellers to and from India, until the opening of the Suez Canal, and descriptions of it feature in many accounts, its pleasant verdure all the more welcome after months at sea. Conversely it was where East India Company officers often spent their leave, due to a peculiar regulation that allowed officers to maintain their full Indian pay and keep their appointments if they went no further west than the Cape. Dutch influence at the Cape was strong, and Dutch hospitality famous, so it was not surprising that there were many marriages to officers or civilians, who took their new wives to India when their leave was up. Such connections also made the Cape an attractive place for retired Company men, who dreaded the cold English climate after years spent in the tropics. As BACSA member R. R. Langham Carter has shown over the years, many people with strong Indian links prospered in South Africa and are commemorated in its cemeteries. One such notable was Lady Sale, who survived the

retreat from Kabul in 1842 and travelled to the Cape to recuperate from illness, only to die three days after her arrival there in 1853.

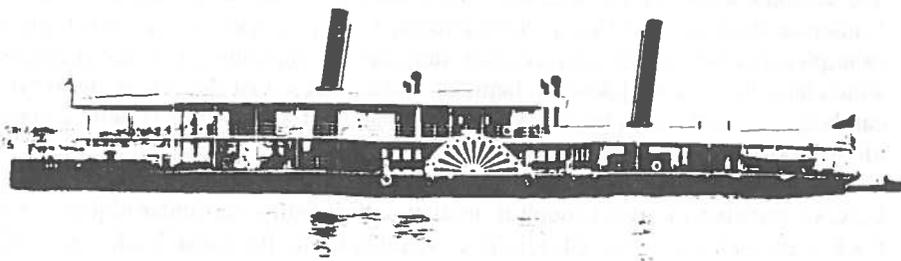
Lieut. Colonel Edwards had gone to Zomba with his Jat Sikhs to wage war on slave traders, and a BACSA member is lucky enough to own not only his Indian General Service Medal but the Central African Medal awarded to Edwards 'for the 1891-94 campaigns against the slavers Matipwiri, Zarafi, Mponda Makinjira and Mlosi. Later he took part in the campaigns against Mlanje and Makinzira and his medal was converted to carry the clasp "Central Africa 1898" and is probably unique.' BACSA member Bill Neale kindly supplied an article about the Zomba based campaigns, that first appeared in the 'Assegai' magazine of 1963, with a picture of Edwards. There were four outstations around Zomba, the furthest 200 miles distant. Each station was commanded by a European officer and garrisoned by locally recruited soldiers, with Sikhs as drill instructors. Indian civilians, too, had followed the flag and set up as traders or worked as assistants in the Army Hospitals, another tangible bond between the two countries.

Everyone who cares about colonial graves, whether in the East or in Africa will be glad to know that the battle site of Isandlwana, where the 24th Regiment of Foot was annihilated by a 20,000 strong Zulu force, has now been declared a protected area. (The desperate struggle waged beneath the great rock was portrayed by the Victorian artist C. E. Fripp, in a painting at the National Army Museum, London.) Publicity was given last year to the desecration of the simple cairns marking the graves of the fallen soldiers. Looters were after the badges and buttons on the uniforms of the 24th, which were then sold to collectors. The Royal Regiment of Wales (formerly the 24th Regiment), together with Zulu dignitaries, moved swiftly to protect the site, and exactly 112 years after the battle of 11 January 1879, it was declared an historic reserve. Twenty-four square miles of land between the Isandlwana Mountain and the Buffalo River have been fenced off, and the entrance marked by iron gates bearing the coats of arms of the Zulus and the 24th. The Regiment and the people of Brecon, in Wales, also provided money for two new schools for Isandlwana. The reserve is being stocked with antelope, zebra and giraffe, and is an excellent example of what can be done with co-operation and goodwill to protect historic graves and attract sympathetic tourists.

Can You Help?

Readers must often wonder how many of the queries in 'Can You Help?' are actually answered. Responses to questions about specific graves are occasionally disappointing, although it is gratifying how many can be answered by knowledgeable BACSA members. Such letters are passed on to enquirers and do not always find their way into Chowkidar, but it is useful to look at some recent answers. (Replies do not always come in immediately, as Chowkidars seem to circulate for a long time, so please be patient!)

Charles Dawson's enquiry about the steamship AVA of the Irrawaddy Flotilla brought learned responses from two readers. David Barnard helpfully suggested an approach to the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich and he enclosed details of their monograph on the Flotilla, which listed a number of ships of the same name. The nearest to Mr. Dawson's ship seems to have been the second AVA, built in 1869 and probably still in use in 1908 on the Irrawaddy river. She was capable of towing two barges each containing large tanks of oil, and was crewed exclusively by Chittagonians from eastern Bengal, apart from a European captain and Chief Engineer. So lonely were the voyages that captains were allowed to bring their wives with them, and Captain Powell-Brown's wife later published her experiences of the 1908 trip, entitled 'A Year on the Irrawaddy'. A fine illustration of this paddle steamer does exist (see below). A second reader, Malcolm Murphy (whose name was wrongly given in the last Chowkidar), has also found a possible Kennedy relative for Mr. Dawson, a Frederick C. Kennedy who was 'Manager in Burma' of the Irrawaddy Flotilla from 1885 to 1896.



Paddle Steamer AVA, Captain Powell-Brown's command on the oil run.

A query about the Kohlhoff family of southern India brought three answers. Mr. E. F. Harben, from South Australia gave the genealogy of this large family, and is now in touch with Mr. Foy Nissen, our original enquirer. Peter de Jong, who knew one of the last Indian members, Malcolm Kendall Kohlhoff in Coonoor in the early 1950s wrote in, and his account is echoed by that of new member Mrs. Pamela Jaques, who was brought up in Ooty and whose grandmother was a close friend of the Kohlhoffs. Furthermore, a book by Elizabeth Kohlhoff, who also lives in Australia, about her illustrious family, has just been published. Entitled 'Pastoral Symphony' it is reviewed in this edition of Chowkidar.

Another satisfied enquirer is Mr. E. J. Boys, who was hoping for news of Lieut. Col. William Harris, one of the survivors of the Charge of the Light Brigade, who

died in Poona in 1858. BACSA member Mrs. J. Hepworth was able to pass on details of his marble memorial tablet on the wall of St. Mary's Church, which she in turn had received from Col. Cole, resident in Poona.

Mr. Boys is endeavouring to trace all those who took part in the disastrous Charge, and parallels could be drawn between his work and that now being undertaken by David Saunders of the Gallipoli Association. Here too, Britons suffered enormous casualties, though there were survivors, and again, some may have gone on to serve in the sub-continent. The Association would like to hear of any memorials to those who fell during the campaign of 1915-16, or whose subsequent memorials contain a reference to service at Gallipoli. Information will be used in the Association's Journal, 'The Gallipolitan', and should be sent to Mr. Saunders at 'Woosung', Pointfields, Hakin, Milford Haven, Pembrokeshire, SA73 3EB.

Another book on the 1857 uprising may seem superfluous, but Jane Robinson, who has been commissioned by Penguin, wants to tell the story this time based on the experiences of Englishwomen who lived through the dramatic events. Some army and civilian women published harrowing accounts once they reached safety - Katherine Bartrum and Emily Polehampton, both of Lucknow, are two typical examples. But Ms. Robinson feels there may well be unpublished or oral accounts which have been handed down in families, and it is these that she is seeking. If you can help, please write to her at 23 Harbord Road, Oxford, OX2 8LH, with a copy to Chowkidar.

BACSA member Monica Clough is another author with a particular request. Her book is provisionally entitled 'Glasgow Merchants and the India Trade' and will look at the "privatisation" of the East India Trade and the successful attack on the Hon. Company's trade monopoly mounted by the Free Traders of Glasgow (and to a less extent by Liverpool) between the Charters of 1793 and 1813'. A number of Scottish merchants established themselves after the second Charter, including Alexander Stewart, agent to James Finlay & Co. Stewart's grave lies in the Scottish graveyard of St. Andrew's Kirk, Calcutta, recording his death as 1834. With a partner, Mr. Ritchie, he was partly responsible for the setting up of Chambers of Commerce (a Glasgow invention), in Bombay, Calcutta, Madras and Colombo. Information about other pioneers of early Free Trading in India please to Ballavoulin, Milton, Drumnadrochit, Inverness IV3 6UA, Scotland.

Although many countries other than Britain sent their citizens to the sub-continent, only Holland seems to have established archives of graves, and that only recently. BACSA therefore continues to channel requests about European ancestors, often with some success. The most recent query comes from Dr. Konrad Specker of Neuchatel, Switzerland. He is particularly interested in tracing the lives and activities of the Swiss in India. At first, it may seem that there were few

connections, but in fact there was a whole regiment which served in India between 1799 and 1806. Called De Meuron's Swiss Regiment, it had been raised in Neuchatel in 1781. Then there were Swiss traders and missionaries, like the Volkart Brothers Co. and the Basle Mission. The well-known engineer and manuscript collector, Antoine Polier, was born in Lausanne, though he subsequently worked for the East India Company in the 1760s on the new Fort William in Calcutta. (He was not allowed to rise past the rank of Major, because of his foreign birth.) More recently, the Swiss hotelier Miss Hotz, ran hotels in Agra and Delhi but sold up after 1947. BACSA members can no doubt add others to this list and letters can be forwarded to Dr. Specker through the BACSA Secretary.

The Dutch presence in India is of course better known, and new member Ben Martin-Hoogewerf tells us of his family's long connection there. He has traced ancestors back, via a headmaster in Belgaum and a member of the Travancore State judiciary to an adventurer of Dutch origin in the Travancore army who fought at Seringapatam and whose own father was a military officer. A genealogist is working through records in Holland, but it would be useful if members could keep an eye open here too for this unusually named family. (A word of warning, the spelling of names may vary considerably.) In particular, details of the following are sought: Samuel Martinus Hoogerwerf, Hugli captain about 1730, died before 1735; Petrus Bernardus Hoogerwerf, a soldier of the Dutch East India Company (VOC) and later trader at Amboyna in the Moluccas in the 1740s. He died at Batavia, naming his brother Samuel Martinus as heir, and leaving bequests to his slaves and their children; Captain Joanis Hendrick Hoogewerff, resident in Travancore in the second half of the 18th century. All the family are likely to have been Roman Catholics. Any information please to our enquirer at 8 Cumberland Mansions, West End Lane, London NW6.

Chowkidar usually gets some interesting requests for artifacts from the Raj and this issue is no exception. Henry Nelson, Director of the little British in India Museum is trying to collect Indian Army Regimental ties (pre-partition). The condition of the ties is unimportant, and Mr. Nelson is hoping to make a colourful and historical display. It is still possible to buy some of these ties in Jermyn Street, even though some of the present-day Regiments of India and Pakistan have adopted new designs. Strangely, there is no 'copyright' on ties. And when did the wearing of regimental ties become popular? It would seem to be a fairly recent development, judging by the eclectic range of neckwear in 19th century photographs. Perhaps Mr. Nelson will have the answer. Donations please to the British in India Museum, Sun Street, Colne, Lancashire BB8 0JJ

The Tomb Of His Ancestor

Chowkidar has received pictures of two Indian tombs recently photographed at the request of descendants bearing the same names as the tombs' incumbents. BACSA

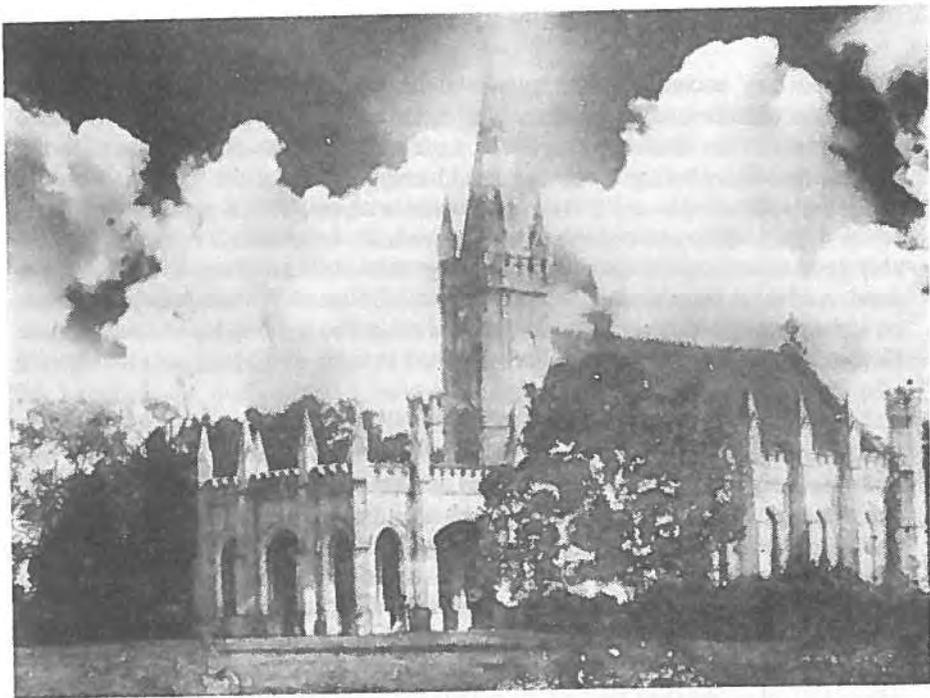
member Rupert Mayne reminds us of his celebrated military forebears and in particular of Captain Augustus Mayne, killed during the relief of Lucknow on 14 November 1857. Both his death and burial passed into the legend that accrued around those dramatic and tragic events. Sergeant William Forbes-Mitchell of the 93rd Highlanders was an eye-witness to Mayne's murder. Just outside La Martiniere a group of Company soldiers came across a naked sadhu 'with his head closely shaven except for the tuft on his crown, and his face all streaked in a hideous manner with white and red paint, his body smeared with ashes. He was sitting on a leopard's skin counting a rosary of beads.' One soldier said he would like to 'try my bayonet on... that painted scoundrel' but was stopped by Captain Mayne who said 'Oh don't touch him; these fellows are harmless Hindoo yogis, and won't hurt us.' Unfortunately Mayne was wrong, for the 'sadhu' pulled out a blunderbuss from under the leopard skin and fired straight at his chest. The murderer was immediately bayoneted to death and Mayne's body placed in a doolie, from whence it was recovered the following day by Lieutenant Frederick Roberts (later of Kandahar fame), and his adjutant Arthur Bunny. In his book 'Forty-One years in India', Roberts described how 'we decided to bury the poor fellow at once. I chose a spot close by for his grave, which was dug with the help of some gunners, and then Bunny and I, aided by two or three brother officers, laid our friend in it just as he was, in his blue frock-coat and long boots, his eyeglass in his eye as he always carried it. The only thing I took away was his sword, which I eventually made over to his family. It was a sad little ceremony. Overhanging the grave was a young tree, upon which I cut the initials 'A.O.M' - not very deep, for there was little time: they were quite distinct however, and remained so long enough for the grave to be traced by Mayne's friends, who erected the stone now to be seen.' The grave was surrounded by iron railings and a chain link, but these gradually disappeared, together with the simple inscription. Now the tomb has been repaired, a new tablet (with the original wording) installed, and a low pukka wall, newly whitewashed, erected around it. Today the memorial lies adjacent to La Martiniere Golf Course and every caddy will recite the story of the English soldier buried with his monocle, as he kindly edges your ball a little nearer the next hole. (see p.56)

Mr. Fergus Paterson, a busy orthopaedic surgeon, told us that two of his ancestors, Lieutenant William Paterson and his wife Charlotte were buried in Saugor, a town in the old Central Provinces. The couple died within a week of each other, in May 1819, aged 28 and 29 respectively. Theirs was a tragic story, but one unfortunately only too common at the time. The Patersons came from Kilmarnock, Scotland, and like so many other Scots families sent their sons to India. William arrived as an Ensign in 1808 and became a Lieutenant two years later. By 1818 he was District Barrack Master on the Nerbudda and husband to Charlotte, the daughter of William Smoult of Calcutta. During the dangerous pre-monsoon season William contracted either cholera or typhoid and died on 20 May. 'Of disposition manly, sincere and generous, he enjoyed in a peculiar degree the esteem and respect of all

who knew him' according to the epitaph on the couple's tomb. 'The tender anxiety of each for the other, under a malady that visited both at nearly the same time, aided the progress of the disease and sped the shaft which had struck the husband to the heart of the wife. Having vainly struggled to support life for the sake of their only child, her spirit fled to enjoy an eternal union with his, after a separation of only seven days.' As the photograph on p.57 shows, the handsome tomb is in remarkably good condition, the carving of the red granite slabs as sharp as the day it was done. And what happened to the orphaned child? Named William, after his father, he was escorted to England by an officer's wife and brought up by a maternal aunt. He was educated at Harrow and later returned to India as a Magistrate and retired as a High Court Judge at Agra in 1872.

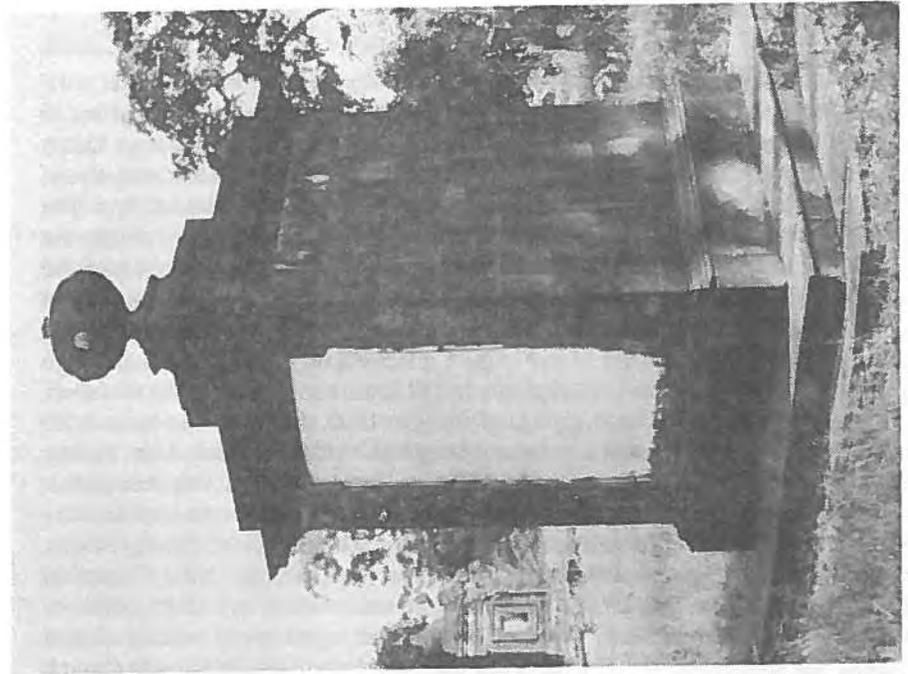
Most people who passed through Calcutta during the second World War will certainly carry fond memories of the 300 Club, founded by Allan Lockhart in 1937. It was set up to cater for a young clientele and more importantly, was open to Indians as well as Europeans. But it succeeded primarily because of the personality of its Secretary, the cabaret dancer and ex-cadet of the Imperial Russian Navy, Boris. Russian dishes like Boeuf Stroganoff and Chicken Kiev were introduced to appreciative diners and after dinner, Boris and his wife Kyra would take to the dance floor. When the Club finally closed in the late 1950s, Boris moved to Nepal, where he had established friendships with the leading families and ran a successful hotel in Kathmandu for many years. Last Autumn the Editor asked a young friend, Julie Bullock, who was going on a trekking holiday, to find Boris's grave. This she did by the simple expedient of asking a hotel owner, who directed her to the little cemetery adjacent to the British Embassy. The flat tombstone bears the simple inscription 'Boris Nikolayevitch Lissanevitch born Odessa October 4 1905 died Kathmandu October 20 1985'. A shallow carving above the wording is made up of curious elements, including an eight-pointed star, a sword crossed by a single arrow, a crown, a row of tassels, furled flags, a second sword with a small cross and something which could be a banana, but is probably a crescent moon. No doubt Boris with his long and colourful history would have approved of these eclectic symbols! (see p.57) Certainly they are a tribute to a remarkable man who is described as enriching the common fund of simple pleasure and who brought much needed cheer to war-time Calcutta.

A unique photograph of the old church at Gauhati, Assam, was sent in by George Walker, formerly of the Indian Police. The church was destroyed in the great earthquake of 1897 which wrecked all the Government offices and every masonry building in the town, with consequent loss of life. Thus the photograph is probably the only record of the very handsome building, with its Gothic pinnacles, and tall steeple. The elaborate porte-cochere allowed worshippers to alight from their carriages under shelter during the monsoon. (See p.56)

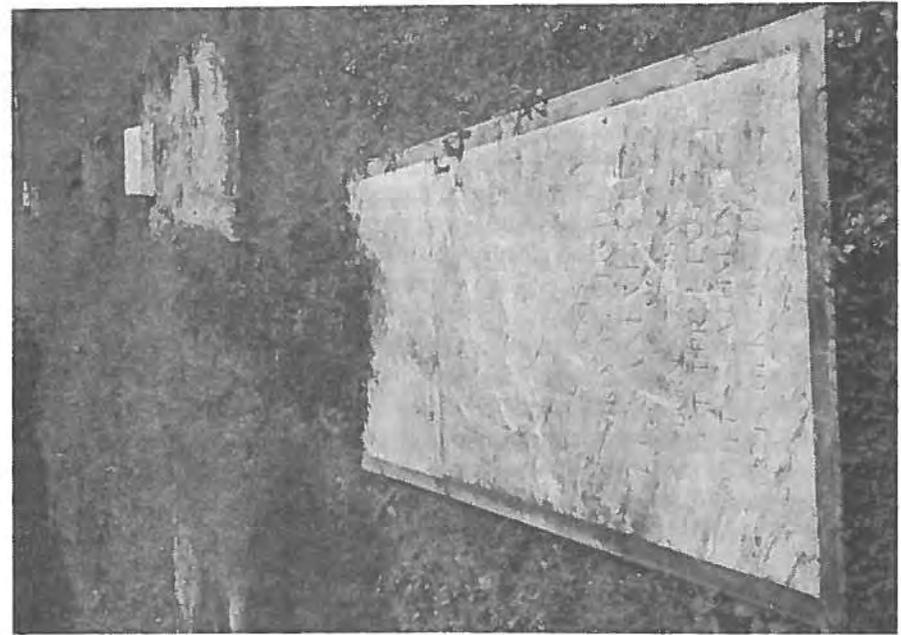


Above: the old church at Gauhati, Assam (see p.55)

Below: the newly restored grave of Augustus Mayne, Lucknow (see p.54)



*William and Charlotte Paterson's tomb
at Saugor (see p.55)*



*Boris Lissanevitch's tomb,
Kathmandu, Nepal (see p.55)*

Books by BACSA Authors

Christian Cemeteries of Vizagapatam and Waltair David Cooke

Today modern Visakhapatnam is a busy industrial port and naval shipyard but in the mid 17th century it was a small trading post, overshadowed by the larger Dutch enclave at Bimlipatam, fifteen miles to the north. Of the three Christian cemeteries, the oldest is near the original settlement and is in reasonably good condition. The earliest surviving grave is that of Anne Owen who died in 1699. Only during the last century has her elaborate surrounding tomb been whittled away until now the inscription stone alone remains. There is plenty of interest in other inscriptions, all meticulously recorded by the author, with numerous photographs. That of Henrietta Ferguson, married to the Head Writer in the Collector's office, shows that although she was not yet 17 at the time of her death, in 1817, she had already borne two sons. Another stone records the death of John Turing, in 1809, the son of the baronet Sir Robert Turing. It was through a collateral branch of this family that Alan Turing, the brilliant mathematician who invented the modern computer, was descended. The second cemetery is the oddly named 'Mors Janua Vitae' (Death the Gateway to Life) cemetery, called after the inscription over the gate. Here, among others, lies the Revd. Edward Pritchett, missionary, who translated the New Testament into Telegu, and who died in 1820. He is buried with two of his infant children. There is a Cotton infant here too, George Michael, aged seven weeks, almost certainly the son of Sir Arthur Cotton, the engineer, who built St. John's Church at Vizag in 1844. There are useful appendices showing the professions of the interred, and the causes of death, where known. (RLJ)

1992 BACSA Publications £15.00 plus £1 postage from the Secretary pp381

Quilon and Trivandrum: Burials 1814-1961

The death of Tipu Sultan in 1799 prompted the signing of a Treaty between the Court of Travancore and the East India Company. At this time the Court was at Quilon, on the Malabar Coast, and a British Resident was appointed with a garrison of troops from Madras. A cemetery was of course needed, and later a site for the church (St. Thomas's) was procured. Meanwhile the Court had decided to move to Trivandrum, about fifty miles south and here another church, Christ Church and another cemetery were established. This little book reproduces the extant Burial Registers of the two closely associated churches. The information they provide is different to that on tombstones, but nonetheless fascinating. Professions are given, and the causes of death, into which one can read much. Planters were, perhaps not surprisingly, prone to liver disease; babies and young children died sadly from diarrhoea and 'teething' problems; several people in their 70s and 80s are simply noted as having died from the 'decay of old age' - a sensible verdict. A useful booklet assembled by Peter de Jong. (RLJ)

1991 BACSA Publications £4.50 plus 50 pence postage from the Secretary pp54

Betel Cutters Henry Brownrigg

This is a beautifully produced book in the form of a catalogue of the Samuel Eilenberg Collection. The catalogue is divided into two parts: the introduction which runs through the history of betel chewing in Asia in manageable sections; its origins, composition, manner of usage, physical effects, the accessories required and their geographical variations, before leading on to a discussion of the cutters themselves. Each topic is succinctly written and apart from a rather haphazard order ('Origin' is the fifth sub-title), well laid out and illustrated, making the whole first part a truly interesting introduction to a rather esoteric subject.

In the second part there are some seventy-six pages of colour plate illustrations of betel nut cutters from the collection of some eight hundred, carefully divided into groups and individually described giving measurements but not usually advancing a date of manufacture. I found the fact that the photographs have been enlarged or reduced in size to fill the appropriate part of the page irritating as it makes it difficult for the reader to assimilate the varying sizes without each time referring minutely to the text. The photographs themselves (by Heini Schneebeli) make an excellent record of the one hundred and eighty-seven items illustrated and are brilliantly lit, often giving a feel of the texture of the materials as well as making an accurate record of the objects. There is a page of miniatures and seven pages of accessories (no sizes and mainly no dates). Finally there is a very modern bibliography (only one source each quoted for the 18th and 19th centuries) which failed me at least thrice (Isabella Bird, Lt. Col. Hendley and Ling Roth) when reading the text. The book lacks two aids for the reader; an index and a glossary which would be especially helpful to a reader who is unfamiliar with Asia. Henry Brownrigg has opened up a new subject with this carefully researched and beautifully presented catalogue. It will be a useful tool and source of reference to everybody with an interest in Asian applied art. (WRTW)

1991 V & A Exhibition Catalogue, Hanjörg Mayer, Stuttgart. £15 plus postage pp135 or March 1992 Thames & Hudson (hardback) £20 plus postage

Free Mariner Anne Bulley

A series of letters by John Adolphus Pope, an observant officer in an English country ship, were handed down in the author's family, together with a commonplace book. Pope described, in his letters, a long voyage between India and China (1786-1788) and his views on what he found, form the core of this book. Word pictures of little settlements on the Malayan peninsula are of particular interest because Pope was visiting them only a few years before trading became a way of life here. His description of Penang places it in a sylvan setting with no more than a handful of wooden houses. Pope was later to settle in Bombay where he enjoyed a fruitful association with the Parsi shipbuilders and it was from this that he translated the sacred texts of the Parsi scriptures. A many faceted man, this book

throws light on the hitherto unexplored world of the Country ships, outside the aegis of the East India Company. Foreword by Professor Peter Marshall.

1992 BACSA Publications £9.00 plus £1 postage from the Secretary pp250

Great Game, Grand Game T. E. Rogers

The author of this absorbing biography graduated early in the war from the ICS into the Indian Political Service. The reviewer and he were among the 14 officers of the latter, who were selected for transfer to the Foreign Service in 1947 when the British rule ceased in India. Unlike the rest of us, Rogers stayed on for some months with the Pakistan Government. During this period, he was serving as the District Magistrate of Quetta where horrific communal riots broke out in the City during which the Muslim population, inflamed by reports of atrocities being committed on their co-religionists in the Punjab, turned on the Hindu and Sikh minorities and killed with impunity, before order could be restored. From all accounts, Rogers acquitted himself in the best traditions of the ICS.

The significance of the cryptic title of his book stems from the two quite separate concerns which fell to his lot. The Great Game depicts the war-torn years during which he served as a Political officer in the Persian Gulf. Amongst other duties, Rogers was entrusted by his superiors with the task of countering the activities of enemy agents operating in southern Persia who were attempting to subvert the powerful tribal leaders to the cause of greater Germany. The motivation was the acquisition of the oil rich territories of the Middle East and Iran. Rogers drew a parallel between his assignment and the cat and mouse encounters and the battle of wits played out in Central Asia seventy years earlier between his political predecessors and the agents of Imperial Russia. The IPS historian writing much later about this said 'Nine Political officers and two sloops of the Royal Navy kept the Gulf quiet during World War II, showing the personal influence of a few individuals'.

The Grand Game phase of Rogers' career comprised the 24 years starting in 1948, when, as a diplomat, he served in no fewer than seven foreign service posts, gradually ascending the promotion ladder. Postings took him from Bogota in Colombia, to Belgrade and Ottawa, each with totally different problems. In each country, whenever he could get away from his desk, he and his wife travelled widely studying all that they saw and recording the characteristics of the peoples, histories, cultural, artistic and economic. Rogers' powers of observation were unusually acute and his records always meticulous. This fascinating and informative book merits a wide readership for the large and unusual canvas it paints of the life and career of a public servant representing his country in then little known foreign parts. However knowledgeable his readers, they will surely learn something from it of which they were previously unaware. (JRC)

1991 Gerald Duckworth £14.95 plus £1.55 postage pp238

Books By Non-Members (that will interest readers)

Sir Herbert Stewart, CIE - a short biography B. P. Stewart

This is a cameo of a biography, written by the subject's widow. When he died in 1989, in his ninety-eighth year, she feelingly records 'I miss him so much - its like losing a limb.' Commissioned in World War I, he had thereafter been a distinguished member of the Indian Agricultural Service, from 1920 to 1946. His two year training was at the Punjab Agricultural College, Lyallpur, where he became Professor of Agriculture in 1921. Later he became Director of Agriculture in the Punjab, a post he held for ten years until 1942. His Indian career drew to a successful conclusion when he was appointed Vice-Chairman of the Imperial Council of Agricultural Research at Delhi. Thereafter he worked in the Middle East for the UN, as well as undertaking world-wide assignments for the World Bank. In an introductory note, the author states 'I first got to know Herbert Stewart in 1956. He was sixty-six years old; I was twenty-five years younger. We were married a year later. I, obviously, knew nothing about his life for the first sixty-six years. He kept no diary as such, nor scrap book or commonplace book - only little pocket books with appointments entered... my husband was always discreet, so I never knew what he thought about people he met in the course of his professional duties. However I think that his life and times deserve to be recorded'. This she has admirably done, in this affectionate biographical tribute. (SLM)

1991 Published privately, copies available through BACSA Secretary (for the cost of postage and packing only) pp69

Imperial Simla: the Political Culture of the Raj Pamela Kanwar

For a township not yet two centuries old, Simla has its own mythology. The author, a Fellow of the Institute of Advanced Study, located in the former Viceregal Lodge, Simla, has encapsulated this and more in this book, based initially on her doctoral dissertation. It encompasses the 'Simla' of the British years, the latter day 'Shimla', and, allowing for the pun, the 'Shame-la' of today, resulting from the inadequate water supply for purposes of hygiene and sanitation, for the increasing population. By contrast, for the earlier first-time visitor, the most striking thing was the almost complete absence of people. Structurally, of course, it could not be said to have been a planned township, one of eighty odd British sanatoria/hill-stations in India, apart from incidental circumstances, like the Mall being meant for the middle-class and above, and the Lower Bazaar for those below. By the 1880s, the choice of Simla, as the summer capital of the Government of India, was a settled fact, despite the expense of the move, various Viceroys having earlier considered Darjeeling, and even Poona and Ranikhet.

Numerous works have been written as to the mystique of Simla, all listed in the bibliography, which the author has effectively quoted, ranging from Emily Eden

in 1837 in 'Up the Country' and Alice Elizabeth Dracott's 'Simla Village Tales' (1906), through Kipling's verses/stories and Sir Edward Buck's classic 'Simla Past and Present' (1905), to BACSA member Pat Barr's and Ray Desmond's 'Simla: A Hill Station in India' (1978). There are also references to many independent sources, such as the Stokes Papers at the Nehru Memorial Museum and Library, New Delhi. Stokes was a missionary, who, after arrival in the Simla Hills, disapproved of conversions to Christianity, himself became a Hindu and married one, adopting the name Satyanand. He imported the Red Delicious apple from the USA, planting the first apple trees near Kotgarh in 1918, thus pioneering the thriving apple orchards of today's Himachal Pradesh. The author aptly refers to this and similar developments, like the planting of potatoes, as the 'rurbanization' of Simla. (Stokes' descendants were politically prominent, both before and after Independence.) Apart from the plays at the Gaiety Theatre, the author mentions the numerous luminaries who featured at various points of time on Simla's stage, such as the Boileau brothers (1840-1857), who once received the Commander-in-Chief at dinner standing on their heads; A. O. Hume of the ICS, who retired at Simla, and later founded the Indian National Congress; as also inevitably Malcolm Muggeridge. A useful Glossary has been included of the Hindustani/Hindi words used, such as 'dandi', 'jampani', 'khud', and so on. The usage of the latter word was to elicit an outraged comment in 'The Simla Times Advertiser' of 11 June 1894, '...this *khud* in an official report strikes us as rather strange. Is there no English word for it? Why must we be always interpolating our speech not only, but our documents as well with these barbarisms? "Down the Valley" would have read just as well, and would have had the further recommendation of being English!' A nostalgic read, with evocative anecdotes, for the Simla aficionados of yesteryear. (SLM)

OUP New Delhi, 1990, £13.50 plus £1.75 postage from OUP Bookshop, 116 High Street, Oxford OX1 4BZ pp316

Sahibs, Nabobs and Boxwallahs - A Dictionary of the Words of Anglo-India

Ivor Lewis

The author has fifty years experience of South and South-East Asian languages, having been the Chief Inspector of Schools and Deputy Chief Educational Adviser in Malaysia, and Professor of English at the National University of Burma, as also at the Birla Institute of Technology and Science in Rajasthan, and the Indian Institute of Science at Bangalore. This book is both erudite and authoritative, augmenting Yule's and Burnell's classic 'Hobson - Jobson', published first in 1886. Lewis' work contains nearly 4,000 mainly additional words, with, wherever possible, their years of first notice, their etymologies and meanings, along with illustrative phrases, the author observing that 'Hobson-Jobson, otherwise a master-work of mellow, witty and leisurely scholarship, is sadly lacking, for example, in references to the words arising from interest in the main religions of India'. Some of the many additional words sequentially now included are 'atman',

'karma', 'kismet', 'mahatma', 'rishi' and 'Vedanta'. Earlier, in the last century, the poet de Quincey had complained that the spelling of Indian words in English was at 'sixes and sevens, so that most Hindoo words are in masquerade'. Where necessary, the author enlightens us on this facet, commenting, for instance, that 'the days are now gone in India when... Tiruvananthapuram, "the Sacred Vishnu Town", could be transmuted by some Anglo-Indian verbal prestidigitation into... Trivandrum.' This book contains a select but extended bibliography, the author particularly recording his indebtedness to G. C. Whitworth's 'Anglo-Indian Dictionary' (1885), H. H. Wilson's 'Glossary' (1885), G. Subba Rao's 'Indian Words in English' (1954), and R. E. Hawkins' 'Common Indian Words in English' (1984).

This enchanting book, apart from an impressive 'Historical Introduction', commences with a brilliant poem, 'The Cumberbund', first published in 'The Times of India', July 1874. The poet's name is not mentioned. Was it not Lear? The whole poem cannot for reasons of space be reproduced in this review, but at least one verse should, 'Below her home the river rolled/ With soft melobious sound,/ Where golden-finned Chuprassies swam,/ In myriads circling round./ Above, on tallest trees remote,/ Green Ayahs perched alone,/ And all night long the Mussak moan'd/ Its melancholy tone.' (SLM)

OUP Bombay, 1991, £25 plus £1.75 postage from OUP Bookshop, 116 High Street, Oxford OX1 4BZ pp266

Kashmir, A Disputed Legacy 1848-1990 Alastair Lamb

The heading which will catch older readers' eyes is 'Jammu and Kashmir and the Defence of British India: the Problem of the Northern Frontier'. The problem has not gone away for succeeding generations however; they will turn to the chapters on 'Partition 1947' followed by 'Accession 1947'. At length they may consider, as does the author in his summing-up, that '...there is no obvious solution in sight to the problem which has bedevilled Indo-Pakistani relations since 1947...' Before he offers that conclusion in 'Final Word' (Chapter XVI), Alastair Lamb progresses with the aid of good maps and end-of-chapter footnotes through the intricacies of a situation which has changed since June 1991 when he finished this well-reasoned work. Change, sometimes in violent form, continues. Kashmiri politics have been further rent by dissension and Kashmiri hopes of independence extinguished. The administration of this predominantly Muslim State by government at Delhi is beset by seemingly insuperable obstacles to the normalisation of relations between Pakistan and India. He takes his reader painstakingly through the intricate - sometimes muddled, even Machiavellian - process which led to the splitting-up of the British Imperial sphere into regions dominated by traditional faiths. But this is no dry-as-dust record of political motives, motivation and manoeuvre. He brings out personal aspects and the personae in this 1947 drama of partitioning a multi-cultural sub-continent.

Broadly speaking, ever since the British conquest of the Punjab in 1847, the position of Jammu and Kashmir has been that of gateway or guard-post for the north-western frontier of India - a defence against invasion by Tsarist or Soviet Russia, against Afghan aggressiveness, against the nebulous menace of Chinese expansionism. A vulnerable situation; and one for which the United Nations found no solution during seventeen years, at the end of which serious fighting broke out between India and Pakistan in 1965. Among the intricacies of this small local war with such wide political ramifications it is interesting to find two Prime Ministers, Harold Wilson and Chou En-lai, involved in discussions. A *select* bibliography running to nine pages testifies to Alastair Lamb's research. His printers and publishers have matched his scholarship in appropriate style. (EdB)

Roxford Books, Hertingfordling, Herts 1991 £25 plus postage pp368

The Devil To Pay - The Mutiny of the Connaught Rangers, India, July 1920
Anthony Babington

During the years preceding the First World War, the Irish demand for independence often featured in the House of Commons, to which Ireland then returned 103 members. However, on the outbreak of war in 1914, the Irish Question was set aside in the House of Commons for the next few years, and the five British infantry regiments recruited from the 26 counties, that were later to form the Irish Free State, sent numerous battalions to fight and die alongside those from the rest of the British Isles, and the British Empire. During 1915, Sir Roger Casement, a retired diplomat and an Ulster Protestant, later executed, sought to raise, not very successfully, an 'Irish Brigade', from among the Irish prisoners-of-war captured by the Germans, to fight against the British for Irish independence. With the restoration of peace in 1910, the demand for Irish independence was renewed. Serious disturbances followed in Ireland. In India, stories began to reach the men of the 1st Battalion, The Connaught Rangers, at Jullundur, with a company each at Jutogh and Solan, of the brutalities being inflicted by the English on their countrymen, particularly by the Black and Tans. 'Why', they asked themselves, 'should we serve in the army of a country, which is tyrannising our own homeland?' Some of them answered this question by mutinying, first at Jullundur, and then at Solan. The whole battalion as such did not mutiny, nor did the entire company at Solan. There was no mutiny at Jutogh.

This battalion had been raised as the 88th Regiment in 1793. It had earned great distinction in Egypt (1801), the Peninsular War (1808-14), the Crimea (1854-5), India (1857-8), the Zulu War (1879), the Boer War (1899-1902), rendering particularly outstanding service at Mons, 1914; Ypres, 1914, 1915, 1917; and Cambrai, 1918. During the Peninsular War, this Irish battalion had been given the nickname 'The Devil's Own' for its prowess, though the official motto was 'Quis Separabit' (Who shall separate us?)

Much has inevitably been written since about this July 1920 mutiny. Apart from periodic articles and accounts in Irish publications, there have also been books like T. P. Kilfeather's 'The Connaught Rangers' (Tralee, 1969) and Sam Pollock's 'Mutiny for the Cause' (London, 1969). The present book by Anthony Babington is undoubtedly the most objective, the prolific author being a British judge of many years' standing. The author records as to the commanding officer, 'his handling of the mutiny is generally adjudged to have been both irresolute and incompetent', and adds 'It is incredible that the Battalion officers should have remained completely inactive at this stage.' Such observations would, however, be valid for most mutinies in any army, both before and after 1920.

14 mutineers were sentenced to death, nine from among those at Jullundur, which latter the author finds inexplicable, as there was no violence there; and five from among those at Solan, where an attempt was made to seize the armoury using only bayonets and iron rods. Two of the mutineers were killed in this attack, the leader, Private Daly, being later executed; the other thirteen originally sentenced to death had their sentences commuted to penal servitude for life, and so on. The Army Department, New Delhi, at the time, explained to the India Office the reasoning for effecting at least one execution, 'The Commander-in-Chief is of the opinion that if condonation is practised, the example of mutiny set in this British regiment cannot fail to react with disastrous results on the Indian Army.' The battalion was thereafter disbanded along with the others recruited from the Irish Free State. (Private Daly's remains were eventually moved from India to Eire in 1970.) This book is an evocative account of an unhappy episode in a tragic period, the author encapsulating the concurrent events leading to the establishment of the Irish Free State in 1922. (Coincidentally, the fabulous silver of these disbanded Irish regiments is currently on display in an exhibition at the National Army Museum, London, including the Victoria Crosses awarded to their personnel.) (SLM)

Leo Cooper, London, 1991 £17.50 plus postage pp208

For the Love of a Begum Bilkiz Alladin

'Nowhere perhaps in the world is there a College like the University Women's College in Hyderabad' writes the author. 'Visitors to the city stop and look at the building, but only a few ask about the man who built it. Only gossipy old women who know the story, sit around on carpeted floors in the curtained and darkened sitting rooms, on hot sultry afternoons under the whirring monotony of the fans, and talk of a love that had bridged two continents and two cultures.' Most people know something of the story of James Achilles Kirkpatrick, who arrived in India in 1780 and ten years later became Resident at Hyderabad. Here he fell in love with the beautiful Khair-un-nissa, daughter of a Nawab, and the couple were married according to Muslim rites. When a son was born, named Sahib-e-Alam (William George), Lord Wellesley wrote a furious letter, for he believed the Resident had

used his station to force the marriage. This was clearly not the case, but the author is incorrect to say that such a marriage was 'an unpardonable offence' in British eyes, for there are certainly other examples, including that of William Palmer, the agent of Warren Hastings, who married a Lucknow noblewoman, which were not condemned. A second child, Catherine Aurora, was born, and the two infants were sent to England, when they were only a few years old. (The artist George Chinnery painted a portrait of the children.) They were never to see their parents again. James Kirkpatrick died at the early age of 41 and is buried in South Park Street Cemetery, Calcutta. His widow remained in Hyderabad. It is the extravagant Residency that Kirkpatrick built, with the zenana for his wife that has today become the Women's College. In its grounds stood a perfect little model of the Residency, constructed, it was said, so that Khair-un-nissa, who kept purdah, could imagine what was inside the mansion she could not enter. Sadly, in spite of appeals, publicised by Chowkidar, the model Residency has almost disappeared. Bilkiz Alladin tells the romantic story well, putting its characters into context. If it sometimes seems simplistic, then this is part of its charm. It would make a perfect present for a child today who wants to know something of the origins of the enduring relationship between India and Britain. (RLJ)

1989 Privately published £5 including postage from the Secretary pp79

I'll Send You All My Love in a Letter Elizabeth James

Elizabeth met Kenneth in Calcutta on the 15th December 1956. She was 20 and he was 19. She was five months pregnant by a sailor called Roy who had deserted her. At their first meeting they liked one another: there was nothing more to it than that, *except* that she had met the first man who did not lie to her. Ken's ship sailed in January 1957 to Singapore in the east, then back to the Middle East, on to London and New York in the west, only returning to Calcutta in August 1958 before he sailed away again. Throughout 1957 and 1958 they exchanged letters: she wrote him 121 and he sent her 59. Elizabeth was in Calcutta with two little girls who made it impossible for her to get work to support herself and them. She felt desperate, living in a shared flat in urgent need of Kenneth to help her conquer her helplessness and fears and despair. Ken's letters developed from silly, sentimental ones to more mature ones giving her strength and encouragement and the will to live. She poured her heart out to him in letter after letter. "I've been living on two slices of bread a day and two cups of tea" she wrote in September 1957. These frank, honest and very moving letters reveal her courage in facing great hardship, while his loyalty and love for her come shining through. Strong as she was Elizabeth was weak enough to trust another sailor called Bill. He too made her pregnant and then abandoned her. By the time she was 22, Elizabeth had three little girls, Patsy born in 1954, Carolle in 1957 and Desiree in 1958. Her struggles to feed and clothe them and to get and keep work as a shorthand typist are described vividly to Ken. It was not till January 1959 that Ken returned to Calcutta to marry

Elizabeth. They were married on 23rd January 1959. As Kenneth's wife, Elizabeth acquired U.K. nationality. Her days as a stateless Anglo-Indian were over. (BREL) PJP Printing, 13A St. Patricks Road, Yeovil, Somerset BA21 3EX 1991 £12.95 plus postage pp271

Pastoral Symphony. The Family and Descendants of Johann Balthasar Kohlhoff Elizabeth A. Kohlhoff

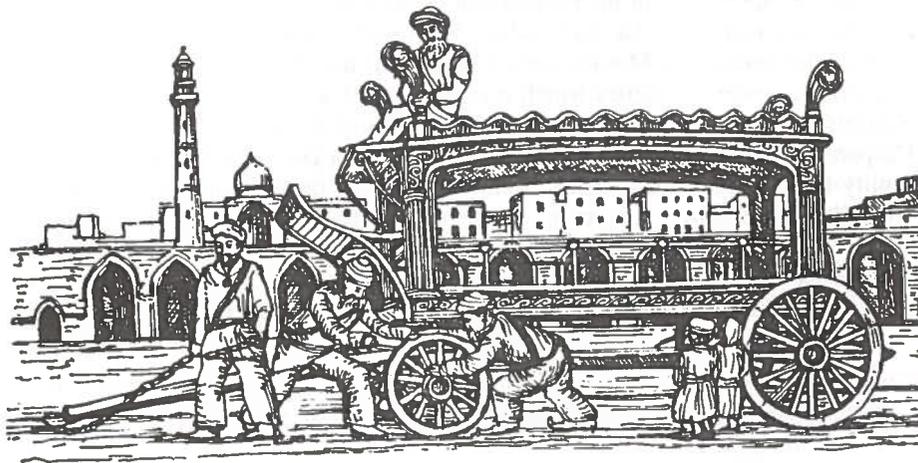
Some readers of Chowkidar may recall seeing the name Kohlhoff from time to time and those who study the Burials Register of Christ Church, Trivandrum will find the details of no less than nine members of the clan. Johann Balthasar Kohlhoff was born in Neuwarpe, Pomerania in 1711, where his father Caspar was Burgomaster and his mother Regina Hesse, the daughter of the Pastor. Ordained in 1736 he set out almost immediately to join the Royal Danish Mission in Tranquebar, taking up his duties in 1737 where he died, much revered, in 1790. In this remarkable family history Miss Kohlhoff has explored the intricacies of the Kohlhoff family from Johann's birth in 1711 to that of Nicola Jane Buckland, born in 1989, the latest recorded member of the family. By now there may well be others, for the complexity of the dynasty may be judged from the facts that 121 Kohlhoffs are listed in the excellent Index, of whom 55 are females of which only 12 were, or are unwed. This has created an enormous family which spans the globe, the ramifications of which have been diligently uncovered and charted by the author, whose brother and cousins all provided support. A large number of unions are explored, among the earlier ones being White, Earnshaw, Nell, Stevenson and many others. The family tree is a masterpiece of lucidity.

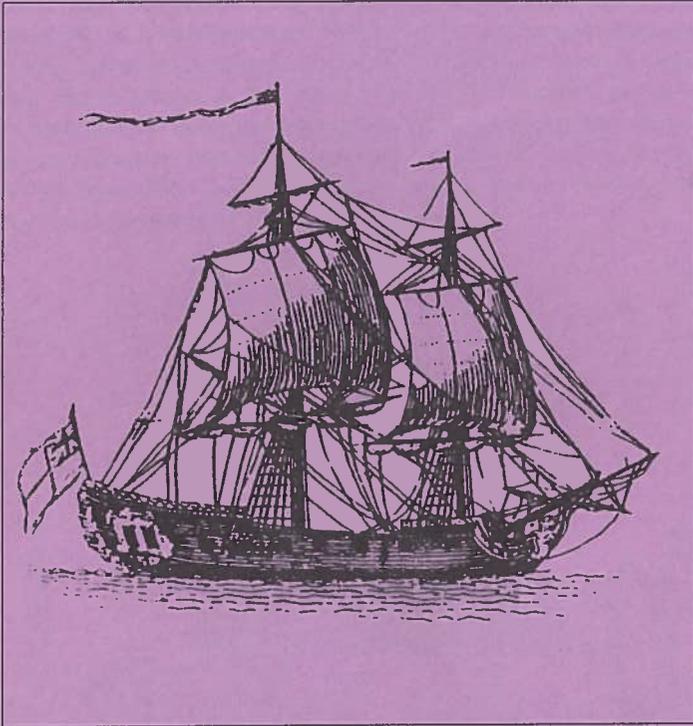
The early chapters set out the background of the Kohlhoffs, the German heritage and JBK's travels to India via London. The middle section concentrates on the work of the Tranquebar Mission and others such as the SPCK, the London and the Church Missionary Societies which involved John Caspar and Christian Samuel Kohloff in their own separate fields. Finally Daniel Frederick, brother of John Caspar, through the marriage of his daughter Amelia Dorothea brings the Baker family into the picture; a family destined to play a most important part in the educational field in Travancore, at the time that their cousins by marriage continued to exert considerable influence in the administration of adjacent Cochin, as well as in the churches of the Diocese of Madras. The book is plentifully illustrated with family and other photographs and many excellent line drawings. (P d J)

University of Western Sydney, Hawkesbury, Richmond NSW. Australia. 1991 £15 plus postage pp268 (in the event of difficulty Mr. de Jong c/o BACSA or Tel 081 788 8667)

Tailpiece

A recent small exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, examined 'The Art of Death' between 1500 and 1800. Artefacts connected with the ritual of English death had been assembled from churches, graveyards and other museums. Because the exhibition organisers had confined themselves only to objects produced in England, there was no mention of the elaborate tombs built for the English dead in Asia. Because of the speed with which corpses had to be interred in the tropics, it is unlikely that the full panoply of death rituals could be employed. Were there, for example, funeral biscuits handed out to mourners? Did Indian undertakers produce trade cards, like their English counterparts? Were there coffin stools in Indian churches? There is obviously a need for research on European funerals in India and to consider related objects which may be lying unrecognised in churches there. It was fascinating to learn, for example, that graves sometimes had two stones - the headstone at the top, and a smaller 'footstone' at the bottom. Are there any examples of these in European cemeteries abroad, one wonders. In short, a thought-provoking exhibition, carefully annotated and catalogued, although a learned institution like the V & A should know that the plural of *sarcophagus* is not *sarcophagus's*!





Free Mariner