



CHOWKIDAR

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NOTES ON BACSA

The Association was formed in 1976 and launched in Spring 1977 to bring together people with a concern for the many hundreds of European cemeteries, isolated graves and monuments in South Asia.

There is a steady membership of over 1,100 (2024) drawn from a wide circle of interest - Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical & Genealogical Societies. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association - the setting up of local committees in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Sri Lanka, Malaysia etc., and building up the Records Archive in the India Office Collections at the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments. The Association has its own newsletter *Chowkidar*, which is distributed free to all members twice a year and contains a section for 'Queries' on any matter relating to family history or the condition of a relative's grave etc. BACSA also publishes Cemetery Records books and has published books on different aspects of European social history out East. Full details on our website: **www.bacsa.org.uk**

Founded by the late Theon Wilkinson, MBE

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A PERSIAN PLAQUE IN SCOTLAND

Kilspindie Churchyard lies on a Scottish plain known as the Carse of Gowrie in Perth and Kinross. The humble Parish Church is a listed building but of particular interest to *Chowkidar* readers is a neighbouring structure - the Moody-Stuart family mausoleum. It is a walled, open-roofed stone building and was constructed as 'A Monument of filial Affection' to General Robert Stuart who died in 1820 aged seventy-five. (*see page 36*) The General had led a highly adventurous life in the Bengal Presidency Army, having joined it as a young man about 1760. He is not as well-known as some of his contemporaries and has not yet attracted a biographer. Working his way up the army hierarchy, he was a lieutenant colonel commanding the 6th Native Infantry Brigade on the western frontier of Awadh (Oudh) with orders to resist excursions by the Sikhs. On 3 January 1791 he had the misfortune to be captured by a leader, Bhanga Singh and his armed followers, who withdrew into Sikh territory with their prisoner.

Unusually, Stuart was allowed to correspond with the British authorities who soon learnt that Bhanga Singh was demanding a ransom for his prisoner. Copies of the letters survive in the Scottish Archives and they chronicle the ten months of captivity and efforts to persuade the East India Company officials to organise an armed rescue attempt instead of negotiating. Many of the letters are to Begam Samru, the ruling princess of Sardhana, north of Delhi, whose small territory lay between that of the Sikhs and British India. The Begam acted as an intermediary in the negotiations and supplied Stuart with food and clothing. She succeeded in persuading the Company not to storm the prison where Stuart was being held and later that same year he was released after a payment of Rs15,000.

His subsequent career was equally as colourful and this is borne out by a unique inscription above the entrance to the Scottish mausoleum. It is an oval metal plaque, beautifully engraved in Persian, which translated reads: *Pillar of the State, Distinguished Leader in the Kingdom, General Robert Stuart the brave, Sword of the Realm, in service of Shah Alam, the King Emperor 1797 AD*. The Scotsman had clearly done something of great value for the Emperor and from what we know it seems to have been the capture of the family of Ghulam Muhammad Khan who was causing trouble in Rohilkhand, a princely state north of Awadh. Similar awards from grateful Muslim rulers to Britons were issued in the form of a *farman*, a decorated letter embossed with gold leaf which would be accompanied by a robe of honour and lavish gifts presented during a Court ceremony. The citations could be copied on to ceremonial swords, on to rings or medals and marble plaques erected on the buildings of the favoured few.

The Kilspindie plaque may have adorned Stuart's house in India, or he may have had it specially engraved on metal to bring home when he retired about 1804. He also brought home with him two sons born from a relationship with a Mughal princess, who was possibly a daughter of the Emperor Shah Alam himself. This would have given added poignancy to the plaque. The boys were Kenneth Stuart who was born in India in 1783 and he was followed by Robert Stuart two years later. The General had accumulated a large fortune during his service abroad – this was in the days when those lucky enough to return home were called 'nabobs' by their envious neighbours. Robert Stuart spent his retirement at Annat Lodge on Kinnoull Hill near Perth. Plans to build a castle at Rait did not mature. It was a daughter of Kenneth's who inherited the estate and married the Revd. Alexander Moody, thus combining the family names. June and Xan Moody-Stuart who kindly provided information and photographs of the mausoleum and plaque are direct descendants of the General.

MAIL BOX

A short article in the Spring 2004 *Chowkidar* about BACSA member Dr Guy Dickinson's relatives in India brought a fulsome and fascinating response from another BACSA member, Mr Antony Mallaby. Dr Dickinson had told us how Lieutenant Henry Fitzgerald, his wife Louisa and their infant child were murdered as they tried to escape from Fatehgarh in July 1857 during the Indian mutiny. Mr Mallaby who has studied the period in detail confirmed that the killings took place at Manpur (not Rampure, as published). He also told us about his own ancestor's part in the event and he has an extraordinary souvenir too.

'There were two boats and the Fitzgeralds were in the second one. There were 44 people on the boat and, crucially, no native boatmen. The boat got into difficulties and grounded, while the first boat drifted on, out of sight. The men got into the water to push her free, but she was stuck fast and a pursuing boat-load of sepoys caught them exhausted and unprepared. Of the 44 passengers 27 were killed, either shot or hacked to death or drowned, 13 were taken prisoner and four escaped. Those taken prisoner were marched back to Fatehgarh and then on to Farrukhabad, where they were kept in atrocious conditions and later massacred, on the orders of the Nawab of Farrukhabad, on the Parade Ground at Fatehgarh. The four who escaped were Major Robertson, badly wounded, who died of his wounds a few weeks later, in hiding; Padre Fisher, who had a broken thigh, but somehow managed to catch up with the first boat and went on with it to Cawnpore and death. Thomas Churcher, whose brother he had seen shot dead on the boat and who survived, hiding in the jungle.

He was never the same man afterwards and was a bit soft in the head and who can blame him for that? The fourth was Gavin Jones, my great grandfather, who was badly wounded by a musket ball in his right shoulder, but managed to swim and wade eight miles down the Ganges and catch up with the first boat. Luckily, being pretty near death, he decided to take his chances and stay in the friendly village of Terah, where he was befriended by the headman and, after many adventures, survived to tell the tale.

Gavin Jones was one of very few to put up much of a resistance when the boat was captured. The official report into the massacre identified only two of the sepoys as being killed. Gavin killed one of them, shooting him at point blank range with a musket he snatched from the hands of Bandsman Wrixon. While trying to reload he was hit in the shoulder and knocked off the boat into the water. Earlier he had been in the water, with those trying to push the boat free and had jumped back on board to fight, when the rebels' boat appeared. He rushed for the stern to pick up his rifle and revolver, only to find that they were both in the possession of the enemy. He records that he found the Fitzgerald family in the bow, he clutching a musket, with his wife and child clinging to him, both weeping. He seemed rigid and unable to act and Gavin implored him to give him the musket, but he seemed incapable of action. It was then that Gavin grabbed the gun from Wrixon, who was just emerging from below the deck.'

When Gavin Jones was reunited with other survivors at the beginning of August, he was described as 'a tall spectral-looking figure...naked except a piece of cloth wrapped round his waist, much emaciated and dripping with water'. The 'piece of cloth' was the famous pair of pants now in Mr Mallaby's possession. (They are illustrated in Zoë Yalland's book *Boxwallahs: The British in Cawnpore*.) 'The pants are a faded terracotta pink and they hang, suitably framed, together with his Mutiny medal, in my office. They are a much treasured family possession....I like to think that at the end of the Mutiny that Gavin, with no money, no influence outside an admiring bunch of Mutiny veterans and wondering what to do with his life, took a long hard look at his pants, realised the enduring quality of native cotton and founded his cotton empire in Cawnpore.' Mr Mallaby adds: 'My son and I followed Gavin's amazing adventures a few years ago, retracing his escape and visiting all the main places that feature in his story. Manpur no longer exists, long since swept away, as the river flooded and changed course. It is just a bit of bare Ganges bank, with no particular feature, save a newer bridge of boats just downstream of the massacre site. There is no monument and nothing to record the tragedy. Just the river, the bank and a few lorries rumbling over the bridge.' The Fitzgeralds are recorded on the memorial tablets in All Souls Church, Cawnpore and on the memorial erected on the Parade Ground at Fatehgarh.

Coringa is a harbour port in Andhra Pradesh. It has a particular interest for BACSA member Kevin Wells, whose ancestor lived there in the early 19th century and he tells us the story of the Master Attendant's wife. 'Recently I happened across an old sea-captain's chart which detailed the late 18th century maritime features of an area centred on Coringa, an Indian port facing the Bay of Bengal. Trade in cotton textiles, timber, rice, spices and indigo once flourished along the eastern coast of India, and shipbuilding and ship-repair became major industries along the tidal banks of the Coringa river. For over 300 years, Dutch, French and English interests were often in conflict with each other over the control of this trade, and its associated ports and factories. One particular feature on the map which caught my eye was the small drawing of a dwelling located above the mangrove-smothered banks of the Coringa river, adjacent to the main village of the same name. It was simply described as 'Company's House' but it is surely the enduring structure built by the East India Company for the accommodation of whoever was their resident Master Attendant in charge of this port.

The novelist Joseph Conrad described a master-attendant [as] 'a superior sort of harbour master; a person, out in the East, of some consequence in his sphere – a government official, a magistrate for the waters of the port and possessed of vast but ill-defined disciplinary authority over seamen of all classes ... miserably inadequate that it did not include the power of life and death.' A little harsh perhaps of someone whose job it was to collect mooring fees, provide pilotage and row-boat hire, and to keep the local lighthouse well-stocked with oil, fresh water and food. A mounting increase in compulsory paper-work demanded by the Company irritated impatient, burly sea captains who often snarled at the 'useless office' of the master attendant. In April 1839, one of my ancestors, Charlotte Mary Innes, married James Flower Esq. (aged 26) in St Mary's Church, Madras. James was one of seven children of Austin and Elizabeth Flower, whilst Charlotte was the youngest of General James Innes' family of eight children. At the time of his marriage James was a Clerk of the Peace, Madras but following his appointment to the Master Attendant's position at Coringa, he was granted a month's leave in order that he and Charlotte could marry, then travel by sloop to Coringa to settle into his new role.

A lighthouse had been built near Coringa in 1805 but it required another to be erected on the western shores of nearby Hope Island. By 1839 the keeper of the Hope Island lighthouse was a young man, William Larkins Pascal, who was appointed keeper of the facility. William and James Flower became good friends, and James is recorded as having to row supplies out to William's lighthouse several times a week. That winter an even more damaging cyclone devastated Coringa. The storm, on 16 November 1839 is

still regarded as one of the world's greatest natural disasters. It killed thousands of people and animals. Hundreds of vessels were wrecked along the coast. William's house (a new one!) was completely washed away, also along with every article it contained. He wrote that by midday on Sunday all was calm again, and 'we found five corpses on the shore'. Coringa was more or less abandoned after this event and new port facilities were developed further north at Cocanada, a harbour still within the protective wing of Hope Island. James continued his work as a master attendant (based at Cocanada after 1847), and the lighthouse on Hope Island was repaired, with William Pascal remaining in charge.

A personal tragedy befell James Flower not long after when Charlotte Mary died in June 1840, probably of cholera. The distraught husband was granted a month's leave. It is believed that Charlotte is buried in a small cemetery at Coringa where there are only one or two headstones remaining. Nearly four years later, on 24 June 1844, there was a double wedding celebrated at Coringa. The Revd. Lewis, chaplain from Masulipatam, officiated over the marriages of James Flower to Mary Rayneau, and William Pascal to Celestina Perry. James Flower died at near-by Ingaram, near Yanam, in 1856, while William Pascal died at Vizagapatam in 1867.' [A longer version of this article appears on the BACSA website: www.bacsa.org.uk]

The city of Bhuj lies to the north of Gujarat State, in the old province of Cutch with its semi-desert surroundings. Bhuj is not really on the map for either Indian or foreign tourists, though it has some notable buildings that have survived two devastating earthquakes, the most recent in 2001. British involvement with Bhuj dates back to 1816 when Captain McMurdo was appointed as British Resident, reporting to the East India Company through the Governor of Bombay. McMurdo wrote that the local people were 'wretchedly poor, abominably debauched and full of disease' so it was not a promising start. Moreover Cutch was riven by internal feuding, threats from neighbouring Sindh and rampant piracy. A decade later the number of British troops had been increased to 6,000 officers and men which the rulers of Cutch paid for. In return the Company guaranteed it against foreign and domestic enemies. Colonel Pottinger, now the British Resident, was put in charge of Cutch's young heir (who later became Rao Desal II) and he was educated by the Revd. Mr. Gray, the chaplain at Bhuj. This then explains the British presence here and accounts for the substantial British cemetery about half a mile north of St Andrew's Church. Photographs show dilapidated but substantial tombs, some with barley twist columns, and others quite ornate with balusters and decorated capitals. Inscriptions date from the early days of British intervention like that of Miss Mary Ann Thomson who died in 1825 and Colonel J. J. Smith of the 1st Battalion, 3rd

Regiment Native Infantry who died aged 45 in September 1825. Because comparatively little is known about those buried here, BACSA asked the Centre for Heritage Conservation at CEPT University in Ahmedabad to investigate and record the graves at St Andrew's. This has now been carried out and 150 graves were visible, 66 of which are pre-1940s. A full list of these older graves and their inscriptions, where visible, has been made. The cemetery was visited earlier this year by the artist Lorna Tresidder, who has established a school at Bhuj and who kindly illustrated the cemetery for us. (see page 36)

The Spring *Chowkidar* of 2015 told the story of the rediscovery of the tomb of Heinrich (Henry) Blochmann in Lower Circular Road Cemetery, Calcutta. Blochmann, who was born in Dresden in 1838 was a brilliant Oriental scholar, an authority on medieval India and Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal. He died in July 1878 due, it was said, to overwork and the climate. A bust was commissioned by the Society and was executed by the English sculptor Edwin Roscoe Mullins but was no longer on display at the Society. After a long search it was found hiding in a cupboard, awaiting repair. At the time it was noted that the then German Consul in Calcutta seemed quite uninterested in the twin finds of Blochmann's tomb and bust. Happily the situation has now changed and *Chowkidar* was informed earlier this year that the present Consul, Miss Barbara Voss has commissioned photographs of the bust, which can now be seen at the Society and on wikipedia by googling Heinrich Blochmann.

Nazira lies to the north of Assam in the Sivasagar District of India and is home to a large tea estate now under the ownership of the Oil & Natural Gas Commission (ONGC). Within the estate lies a substantial British cemetery and this was the subject of a long article in the *Assam Tribune* in July this year. The journalist, Siba Gogoi, had taken the trouble to contact BACSA's Secretary, Peter Boon, who suggested a working group be set up with the local community and ONGC. 'The cemetery is part of the history and heritage of Assam and more widely of the underlying bond between India and the UK' he said. 'It contains the graves of people who contributed in one way or another to what Nazira is today.' It is also a tangible reminder of the Assam Company that was set up by the British Parliament with a royal charter in 1839. This was the year that the first tea grown in Assam was auctioned in London, an event which was to have profound consequences and led to the most popular drink in Britain. Unfortunately today the graves of those who founded the Company and worked on the estate are today almost swallowed up by thick undergrowth, although the walls surrounding the cemetery seem solid enough. The exact number of graves is estimated between 62 and 70 and those buried here are

primarily the officers, employees, tea planters and their families, as well as officials who worked here during the British Raj. Among others is the author William Robinson who wrote *A Grammar of the Assamese Language* (1839) and *A Descriptive Account of Assam* (1841). The cemetery was well maintained as long as the Assam Company existed but with the arrival of the ONGC in the region in the 1950s, it started falling into a state of neglect. There is concern at both national and international level and BACSA is ready to consider an application for a financial grant if approached by a local organisation. The sad state of the cemetery is made the more poignant by an undated photograph showing the cemetery in its prime, where even the trees have been neatly whitewashed. (*see page 37*) Our thanks to BACSA member Alan Lane for bringing this to our attention.

During a tour of India earlier this year BACSA's Chairman Paul Dean and his wife Moira visited Lucknow among other places and they had a brief from BACSA's President Sir Mark Havelock-Allan KC to report back on the tomb of his famous ancestor General Sir Henry Havelock who died during the Mutiny. Having led three charges from Cawnpore to relieve the besieged British Residency in Lucknow, on the final, successful attempt, General Havelock succumbed to dysentery in November 1857. His tomb, which is covered by a large obelisk memorial, was reported in 1996 to be at danger from encroachment in the small cemetery at Alambagh where it stands. An adjacent British tomb had already disappeared. The following year, in a concerted effort with two Indian BACSA members and the Archaeological Survey of India, Sir Mark got the memorial declared a protected historic monument. It was fenced around with iron railings and a chowkidar appointed to open its locked gate when required. Sir Mark's intervention led to the memorial being put on the tourist map and anyone visiting Lucknow today is urged to include it in their itinerary. It is in good condition as Paul and Moira's photograph shows. (*see back cover*)

CAN YOU HELP?

BACSA member Mrs Marion Donaldson has a query that is not strictly cemetery-related but certainly of interest to members. She is curious about 'the methods of travel and the routes taken by British troops and families as they left India at Partition'. Her own father, Squadron Leader Philip Wood, was an RAF Education Officer who was posted to Air HQ in Delhi in January 1947, seven months before Independence. He lived at Quarter No. 42, Central Vista, that straight stretch of broad avenue between India Gate and the North and South Blocks of Rashtrapati Bhawan. Quarter No. 42 would probably have been a tented enclave on the grassed area or temporary barracks. That August he was posted to RAF Changi in Singapore and had

to report there on 12 September, less than a month after leaving Delhi. By the end of August he was at Colombo in Ceylon, where he would have embarked on a troopship for Singapore. It seems strange that RAF personnel did not fly to a new posting but there may have been logistical reasons for this. BACSA members may have similar stories about their parents' or grandparents' sudden exit from India at the time.

Mme Yvonne Matignon lives in Paris and is the BACSA Area Representative for North Karnataka and Goa. She has many links with the subcontinent through her ancestors and is hoping to learn more about her grandfather who was born in Dehra Dun. His name was Sylvester St. Roman Korper and he was a District Judge in Bengal and then Burma. Here he learnt the language, married a Burmese lady and two daughters were born to the couple. At the outbreak of World War One the family had to flee and Sylvester was asked to change his name to something more English, which he refused to do. He was subsequently sent to Southampton in England, presumably with his family and did not return to India until 1933 when he was last heard of in Calcutta. It is a strange story and one that Mme Matignon has been trying to piece together for many years. Why, one wonders was her grandfather sent to England and why did he seem to disappear on his return home to India? And where is he buried? Any ideas would be welcome.

BACSA member Sarah Saunders-Davies would like to get in touch with the descendants of Lieutenant George Willoughby, the Commissary of Ordnance in charge of the British Arsenal in Delhi at the time of the Mutiny. After the first outbreak of trouble at Meerut on 10 May 1857 rebel sepoys had marched the thirty miles to Delhi overnight and taken back control of the old Mughal capital where the East India Company had been in charge for more than half a century. With the threat of the rebels seizing the Arsenal's weapons and ammunition, Willoughby ordered the outer gates of the substantial building to be closed and barricaded while cannon and a howitzer were prepared. Officers inside the Arsenal had refused to surrender to demands from the King of Delhi, who was now the nominal head of the revolt. They held out for five hours, until the rebels put ladders up against the outer walls, climbed them and began dropping down inside the Arsenal itself. Willoughby then took the decision to blow up the magazine to prevent it falling into the hands of the mutineers. A train of gunpowder which had been laid earlier was now lit and the resulting explosion killed many of the rebels and three British soldiers. The Arsenal was only a short distance from the Cashmere Gate which Willoughby managed to reach with some of his brother officers. It was here that he met Lieutenant Danvers Osborn of the 54th Bengal Native Infantry and they

were eventually able to escape the city. Despite the heat and lack of water the group trudged along, trying to get to Meerut. But Osborn had sustained a deep laceration across his thigh from a sabre during a rebel attack in the grounds of St James's Church and he was unable to keep up. The group left him near a village in the hope he would be found and helped. An offer was made to stay with him but Osborn refused so Willoughby rejoined his companions only for them all to be robbed and slaughtered a short time later. The incident is recorded in several publications - the best being *The Sepoy Mutiny* by Edward Vibart. Lieutenant Osborn's recollections, written years later, stated 'Willoughby offered to stay but I forbade him and bidding them to be of good cheer and God speed we made the parting as brief as possible. Little did I think then that I should be preserved but would never behold the faces of my friends again, for they were all waylaid and cruelly slain by a party of natives within three miles of the spot where I was left to perish.' Although Osborn survived into old age and died in Brussels, the fate of Willoughby and his companions caused him great sadness throughout his life. Members of the family were unsuccessful in getting a posthumous award of the Victoria Cross for their illustrious ancestor. Now Sarah Saunders-Davies' interest in all of this is that she is a descendant of Danvers Osborn. 'It is an amazing account of survival against the odds' she says 'and I am keen for the Willoughby family to have a copy, hence this *cri de coeur*.' A copy has been placed in the BACSA Archives at the British Library. Perhaps someone who may know the Willoughby family could put them in touch?

Chowkidar has covered several stories about the Armenian community in India in the past and now Mr Robin Broadway wonders if BACSA can help him with a family mystery. He tells us that 'My great-grandfather's sister (Amelia Broadway) married a civil engineer called John St Joseph in Patna in 1871 - and he remains a great mystery to his descendants. There seem to be no records of him or his family prior to the marriage. The name St. Joseph is unusual - and we rather suspect that it was an adopted name. There was some vague story in the family about him having Armenian connections and being related to the Setkhanian family. This seems to be consistent with the DNA results of his descendants, my third cousins, which indicate that his family came from the Persia/Afghanistan region. Could he have got his civil engineering qualifications at the Armenian College in Calcutta? I assume that John St Joseph met Amelia Broadway because he was a member of the Baptist community in Patna of which my ancestor, Daniel P. Broadway, was the minister. The Armenians are Christians and John St Joseph might have felt more comfortable - socially and possibly also doctrinally - worshipping with the Baptists rather than the Church of England.' There may be a connection with the family

of Joseph Johannes, the old-established merchants in Lucknow in the 19th century – ‘the name is intriguingly close’, adds Mr Broadway ‘and I do get the impression, (rightly or wrongly) that the bridegroom was disguising his ancestry.’ Any ideas would be welcomed.

A BBC radio programme in June this year broadcast an extended interview with the writer Susannah Herbert, whose grandfather was governor of Bengal during the 1943 famine which is estimated to have killed some three million people. There were complicated reasons for the dreadful event and these have been examined in detail on the History Reclaimed website by Professor Tirthankar Roy. (historyreclaimed.co.uk) Susannah Herbert confessed that she didn’t know where her grandfather’s Indian grave was, so your Editor looked up the Ecclesiastical Returns in the British Library and found that Sir John Arthur Herbert died on 11 December 1943 of stomach cancer. He was clearly a sick man during the worst months of the famine. He was buried in the ‘Government House Private Park’ at Barrackpore, north of Calcutta. This was the summer retreat of the Bengal governors and is no longer open to visitors. It is likely that Sir John’s grave is in the same pleasant area as that of Lady Canning.

BACSA member Michael Harris is trying to trace a relative who may have died in Burma perhaps in the 1920s. His name was George Scott Harris, born in 1883 and educated at Repton. By 1910 he was employed by the timber merchants at Moulmein in Burma, Messrs. T. & D. Finlay & Sons and he worked for at least a decade, becoming an Assistant Forester. ‘He then fades away altogether’ says Mr Harris ‘against his name in *Burke’s Peerage* is his date of birth, followed by “died unmarried”’. George Harris does not appear in the *Burma Register of European Deaths and Burials* published by BACSA in 2015, but this doesn’t mean he isn’t buried somewhere in Burma. Burial records of Christians were largely destroyed in the 1960s and BACSA’s *Register* was put together from what we could find. George’s details may be recorded in the Ecclesiastical Returns in the British Library, because Burma was then considered part of India for ecclesiastical purposes. Another avenue to explore is where George would have been trained. This may have been at Cooper’s Hill, London which was also known as the Royal Indian Engineering College, or it may have been at the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or Edinburgh, all of which trained officers for the Imperial Forestry Service in the early 20th century. Further ideas would be welcome.

Richard Morgan, a member of both BACSA and FIBIS (Families in British India) our sister organisation, is working on a booklet about Indian crops – tea, coffee and jute. A useful source of information has been a book

published by BACSA in 1993 entitled *Above the Heron's Pool* by Heather Lovatt and Peter de Jong. The book detailed tea production in Travancore in south India and used numerous quotes by a tea planter called J.E. Piggott who wrote a memoir called *Two Hundred Percent Retribution*. This does not seem to have been published and is not listed in BACSA's extensive archive at the British Library. Any clues would be appreciated.

BACSA member Lionel Knight has discovered that the habit, and now the rule, of driving on the left hand side of the road was introduced in England in 1755. This made him wonder when the same rule was introduced into India. Many would argue that it was never introduced at all, or if it was, it was roundly ignored, but let's try and get a sensible answer, if there is one.

THE MALAKAND FIELD FORCE

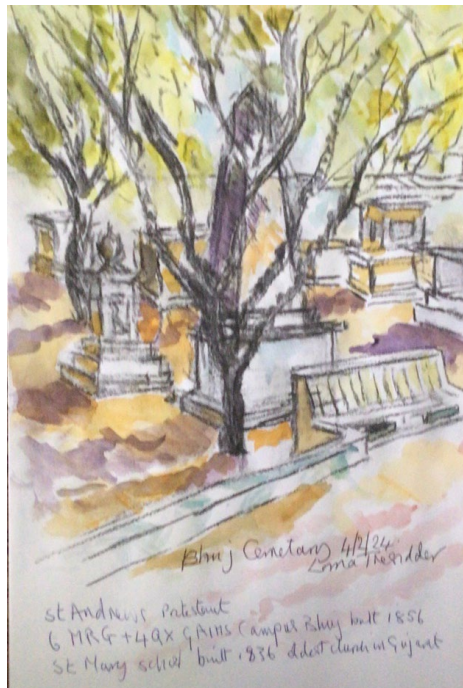
Our regular correspondent Syed Faizan Raza has details on the military cemetery at Malakand, now in Pakistan. It was here that a British garrison was besieged for a week by Pashtun tribesmen in the summer of 1897 before a relief column under General Meiklejohn was able to lift the siege. Among those coming to the rescue was the young Lieutenant Winston Churchill who subsequently published his account of what he described as 'an episode of Frontier war'. It was in fact part of the Great Game played out between Britain and Russia and using Afghanistan as a buffer zone. The garrison was not contained on a single site but was spread out in a number of camps which were variously attacked and defended. Casualties were heavy on both sides and British losses included Sikh soldiers and engineers from the Madras Sappers and Miners.

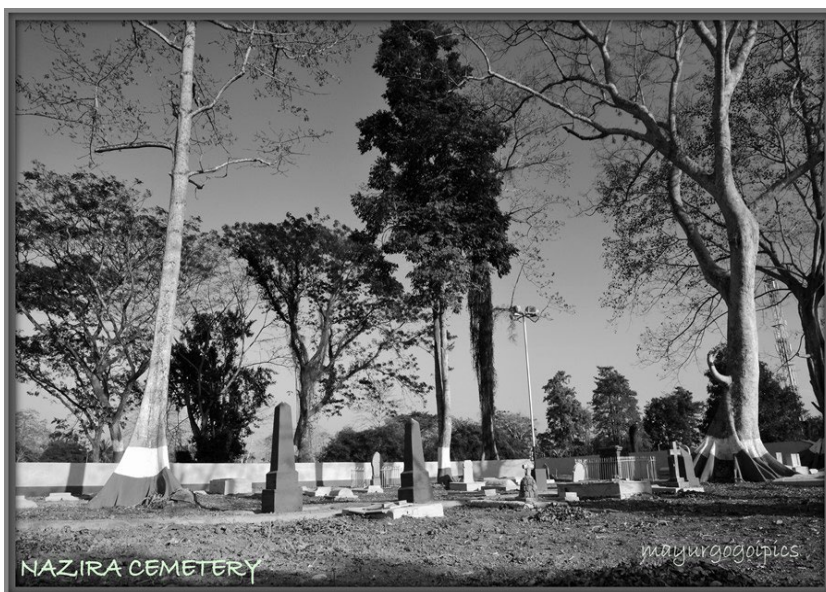
The cemetery is on a sloping site and a jail was subsequently built along one side. Over the last twenty-five years the area has deteriorated and the monument to the Sapper and Miners has lost all but its base. Subsequent building means its inscribed plaque now faces a wall. Graves which are still visible include those of Colonel John Lamb of the 24th Punjab Infantry who died on 23 August 1897 and Lieutenant William Browne-Clayton, HM the Queen's Own Royal Kent Regiment, killed on 30 September. Churchill described how Browne-Clayton was shot dead while watching his men withdraw and that as his body was being handed down over a rock wall thirty Ghazi tribesmen attacked. They were soon beaten off, and the body retrieved for burial. His tombstone now appears to lie on the ground, though it may originally have been upright. (*see page 37*) BACSA is considering a proposal to restore what is left of the cemetery with the help of Area Representative Major-General Syed Ali Hamid (ret'd) and the small local Christian community.



above: Kilspindie plaque to Lieutenant General Robert Stuart (see page 25)

below: Bhuj Cemetery, by Lorna Tresidder (see page 29)





above: Nazira Cemetery as it was pre-1950 (see page 30)

below: the fallen tombstone for Lieutenant William Browne-Clayton at Malakand (see page 38)



BABA WAITE

The grave of Herbert William Waite CIE, CMG is situated in Chakwal, south of Rawalpindi in Pakistan. He was originally employed with the Indian Police, Punjab from 1907 to 1942 and died at Abbottabad on 22 July 1967, aged eighty years. When India gained independence, Waite declined to return to England and moved to Pakistan where he became principal of the Punjab Police Training School at Sargodha between 1949 and 1954 and later Deputy Inspector General. Waite frequented the Chakwal District during hunting expeditions and would spend nights at the houses of Malik Lal Khan and Habib Bakhsh, his subordinates in the police. After retirement he lived mainly in Kalabagh, where the last nawab, Malik Amir Mohammad Khan had his estate. He is described as a simple man and a confirmed bachelor and became something of a legend in his lifetime. He was generous to local people, handing out sweets to the children who called him 'uncle' or 'baba'. At the start of each winter season he would give his servants overcoats or achkans according to their preferences. He even gifted a piece of land to a servant to build a house. During his travels Waite became impressed with the charisma and teachings of a Sufi saint, Syed Lal Shah, and revered his tomb in the Soon Valley on his visits. At his death, Waite willed that he should be buried next to this Sufi saint, and his wish was duly fulfilled. His funeral was attended by more than a thousand people, and he was known to many as Baba Waite. The marble plaque above the simple compound states that Waite lies there 'in eternal repose' and that he was buried 'in accordance with Islamic rites'. There is a short youtube film in Urdu 'Grave of Baba Herbert William Waite in Punjab' about him and the shrine where he chose to be buried.

THE HELY FAMILY IN INDIA

Ellen Stone from Hawaii, in the USA contacted BACSA Secretary Peter Boon earlier this year for help with finding the graves of her ancestors in Calcutta during a visit. Although the cemeteries where they lie were known, finding the graves proved harder. Ms Stone's great great grandfather Denis Hely bought the Berinag tea estate near Almorah in 1865 on behalf of a company. Denis who was 'country-born' had already led an adventurous life having fought in the Indian mutiny as part of the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry, a volunteer force raised in Calcutta. He then joined British forces in the second Opium War and was present at the capture of Peking. After escaping a murder charge he successfully set up three tea estates, of which Berinag was one. He ran it together with his father Captain Frank Hely (born about 1815) who had also fought during the Mutiny and had received a small pension for doing so.

Tragically both father and son were struck and killed by lightning while actually sheltering in the Berinag bungalow and both men were buried in Almorah. It is the graves of their descendants and relations that Ms Stone was seeking, in particular that of Margaret Isabella Hely, born 1821 (possibly Frank's wife?); Francis Hely junior, born 1836 and Amelia Caroline Hely, born 1842 and perhaps siblings to Denis. After the tragedy of the lightning strike Denis's widow Mary Jane was left with an infant child, and she later remarried. Another complication is that the name is spelled several different ways including Healy and Heeley. Margaret Hely, who died in 1878 was buried in the Lower Circular Road Cemetery, as was Francis Hely junior but although Ellen Stone contacted the Christian Burial Board long before her visit to Calcutta, it was not until she actually got to the cemetery that the search for the graves began and then the stone over Margaret Hely's grave was in great disrepair and had to be turned over from where it had fallen.

Ms Stone was subsequently charged Rs750 for searching fees, although only one grave was found. She is now hoping to get Margaret Hely's grave repaired. A further two Hely family members are buried in the nearby Scottish cemetery. Unfortunately this is not as welcoming as it used to be and St Andrew's Church who own the site have put up a board discouraging visitors, which is very disappointing after all the work and funds that have gone into it. As for the Berinag tea estate, this was later purchased by Thakur Dan Singh Bisht and run successfully until his death in 1964. The tea was popular because of its unique taste and was produced as brick-tea, that is the leaves compressed into a solid mass. Unfortunately the estate no longer exists and Berinag tea is now only a memory among elderly tea-drinkers.

GLASGOW MEMORIAL

A new British Indian Army Memorial commemorating the sacrifice of millions of Indian soldiers who fought alongside the British during the two World Wars, is to be built in the Scottish city of Glasgow after the local council approved the plans. Glasgow City Council cleared the planning application recently, subject to conditions, paving the way for finalising the designs for the memorial which is to be built near Kelvingrove Art Gallery and Museum. Scotland's first permanent memorial will recognise the service and sacrifice of over 4 million soldiers of the British Indian Army. An interesting little memorial to Indian soldiers already exists at Kingussie in the Cairngorms and marks the burial place of a small number of Muslim soldiers stationed here during World War Two. What were they doing, so far from the Front, one might ask? In fact they were a detachment of the

Royal Indian Army Service Corps, known as Force K6, which was composed of four mule transport companies and their support units which had been sent from India to Europe late in 1939 to help the British Expeditionary Force against the Nazis in north-east France. In 1942, K6 was in Scotland, helping British infantry train for Operation Jupiter – Churchill’s unfulfilled brainchild for a new front in Norway to help protect the Arctic Convoys that sailed between Loch Ewe to Murmansk carrying supplies to help the Soviet Union maintain pressure on Nazi Germany’s eastern front. Scotland was the ideal training ground for Norway. The men were from north-west India, while their officers were British. One K6 company was captured, but the others escaped to Britain during Dunkirk. It took only a few months and the Dunkirk retreat for mule transport to be seen as obsolete, certainly in Western Europe. There are 9 Commonwealth War graves at Kingussie of men who died while mountain training, of accidents on exercise or of TB. A memorial plaque of black marble was erected in the small cemetery a couple of years ago, inscribed in Urdu, Hindi and English. The Force returned home to India in 1944.

BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

Teatime at Peggy’s - A Glimpse of Anglo-India

Stephen McClarence & Clare Jenkins

The title of this charming book suggests perhaps a sedate afternoon gathering of a few female friends, dainty sandwiches and a convivial catch-up chat. If, however, the ‘Peggy’ was Peggy Cantem (née Mabel Kane) of Jhansi - the leading light in the Anglo-Indian community, the driving force behind Operation Cemetery, and an unfailingly sociable, warm-hearted, person to boot, her house was always open, with much ‘*aana aur jaana*’ (‘coming and going’), then an invitation to tea meant joining fluctuating numbers of friends round a table continually being replenished with cake and ‘small eats’. Excited chatter ranged from Anglo-Indian culture (domestic architecture, food, clothes, pastimes, choices) to fond memories of May Queen Balls, and moonlit dances in the jungle at nearby Orchha. ‘Teatimes’ at Peggy’s would inevitably be watched over by St Jude, flanked by a faded print of the Last Supper. What’s that Bollywood sound? Oh, it’s Peggy’s phone, buried under a letter from the British High Commission. The Mad Hatter is on his way...

Sensing that the incredibly busy Anglo-Indian philanthropic Peggy (‘It was always my ambition to go out and help the poor’) and her friends epitomised a fast-disappearing way of life, Clare, a BBC Radio journalist, and her husband Stephen, a travel writer, recorded conversations with them over a

period of nearly 20 years. Their book is both a delight to read, and a compelling example of oral history. The daughter of a railway employee, Peggy was born in Jhansi in 1923. A crucial junction for trains from Delhi to both Bombay and Madras, Jhansi was home to large numbers of railway staff whose families would send their children to the railway school, take their infirm to the railway hospital, and socialise with each other at the Railway Institute, ‘the *most* beautiful place in the world for railway people’ where they could enjoy games, sport and ‘fabulous’ dances – a little waltzing, a little foxtrotting and a twilight waltz, with the lights turned off!’ Small wonder these octogenarian ladies had so much to reminisce about.

After Independence, most of the 500,000 strong Anglo-Indian community emigrated – to the UK, USA, Canada, Australia and elsewhere. Many others married out. By 2004 the Anglo-Indian Association at Jhansi had dwindled to fewer than 500 members – a far cry from the days when Peggy had to source Christmas toys for 900 children. As well as supporting ‘poor children’ (with books, food, clothes and medication) and ‘poor widows’ within the Anglo-Indian community, Peggy undertook the responsibility of giving the dead ‘the dignity they deserve’, through her Operation Cemetery. With BACSA support, she gradually oversaw the transformation of Jhansi Cemetery from equatorial jungle to a clean, tidy, well-protected 10-acre graveyard of around 4,000 graves. In her 90s, she still visited the Cemetery twice a week, to ensure her designated successor (Claudette ‘Buddie’ Hars) understood the task in hand.

Teatime at Peggy’s is co-dedicated to Peggy’s lifelong friend, Captain Roy Abbott, who introduced her to Clare and Stephen in 2004. Described variously as a ‘burra-sahib’, ‘the last zamindar’, and ‘British India preserved in aspic’, Roy’s meticulously organised daily life was a sharp contrast to Peggy’s. He too practiced philanthropy, but as a benevolent landowner rather than a fellow-suffering fundraiser. In addition to the Abbott family bungalow at Jhansi, Roy owned four village farms covering about 600 acres, through which he oversaw the lives of around 3,000 people, paying for their medical treatment, family weddings, and unforeseen hardships. A one-man welfare state, he built schools, clinics, wells and roads in the villages, and was venerated as ‘Uncle Abbott’.

Inveterate users of the Indian railway network, Clare and Stephen coupled their ‘*Teatime*’ recording visits to Jhansi with research trips to destinations all over the subcontinent, ranging from Okha in the west, Madurai in the south and Ledo in the east. Being ‘travellers’, rather than ‘tourists’ they withstood discomfort and delays, relishing the opportunities for memorable encounters with fellow passengers and observations of platform life.

Their accounts of Anglo-Indian life at Jhansi are interspersed with lyrical descriptions of the timeless landscapes they traversed, particularly at ‘*godhuli bela*’ (‘cowdust time’). BACSA members interested in Jhansi, and/or the Anglo-Indian community in general, will find this book a gem. So too will anyone interested in rail travel in India, or the travellers’ tales about the far-flung destinations visited by Clare and Stephen. (Which of us, for example, would forgo a haircut at the Verma salon in Delhi?)

Rachel Magowan

2004 Journey Books, Chesham ISBN 978 1804 692424 illus. £9.99 pp281

Aryans: the Search for a People, a Place and a Myth Charles Allen

Sadly this is the author’s last book. Charles died in 2020 before it was finished, and it is a tribute to his colleague and co-writer David Loyn that there is no disjuncture in the narrative. The final chapter is as good as the first and this is an outstanding and topical book. A major tenet in the Indian prime minister Narendra Modi’s advocacy of Hindutva is that Aryan culture is indigenous to India and that it spread outwards to civilise other parts of the world. This is the ‘out of India’ theory. Logical thinking today is based on the ‘into India’ theory and this is what Allen sets out to prove in his book and does so conclusively.

He first examines the uncomfortable links today between Aryan supremacy, advocated by the Nazis and nineteenth century German Orientalists like Professor Max Müller who claimed that the Aryans were a distinct group of people who entered northern India from Central Asia around 3,500 years ago and brought the Sanskrit language with them. Müller was originally considered a pioneer of India’s ancient sacred texts and it was difficult in the 1960s and 70s to avoid Max Müller streets and *bhavans* and even postage stamps in his honour. But all this has changed and the professor is now accused of inventing the myth of an Aryan invasion. Worse still he is accused of being an agent of British imperialism – an easy trope to fling at any dead European today. It was Sir William Jones who made the initial correlation between Sanskrit and Ancient Greek, deducing that they came from the common parent source of an Indo-European language. This is why, for example, the Persian word *duktar* so closely mirrors, and means the same, as the English word ‘daughter’.

Moreover it is from the *absence* of certain words in these early languages that philologists deduce there were no tigers or elephants in the geographical area where the Aryans originated. But there were cows and this meant that the local population was, or became, lactose tolerant, unlike, say, the majority of Chinese people.

The suggested place where Aryan culture originated in about 3,500 B.C. is an area between the Caspian and the Black Seas. A thousand years later it had extended westwards as far as southern Scandinavia, and this is backed up by the spread of characteristic 'corded ware', pottery which has been decorated by pressing twisted cords into the wet clay before firing. Several clear maps indicate the outward spread from the conjectured homeland.

By about 500 B.C. the eastward Aryan spread had reached the Tarim Basin in Sinkiang, where a number of well-preserved mummies were found in the sand, some of which, disconcertingly, had Caucasian features, red hair, and were wearing something that looked very much like tartan, or at least a woven fabric with coloured squares. The modern Chinese were at first reluctant to acknowledge that there might have been foreign devils present at this early date. Interestingly, DNA tests on the mummies show a mixed ancestry with European and Siberian markers. The males originated in the west, while women had both ancestries, leading to the conclusion that the men, either peacefully, or aggressively, interbred with local women. At the same time, Indo-European language groups, including the Celts are found pushing west and also, significantly, into Iran and northern India. 'Iran' is a version of the word Aryan.

Ancient Indian texts record in mythical form the arrival of the fair-skinned Aryans with their cows and horses, pushing the darker, indigenous tribespeople south and west. The spread of tamed horses was an essential part of this movement and there are many examples of horse burials, sometimes with chariots, in Europe. While the cow is a sacred animal in India today, horses held a more ambivalent position, and horse sacrifice (*asvamedha*) was an important part of Vedic culture. The last horse sacrifice took place in 18th century Rajasthan when the Maharaja of Jaipur revived this ancient ritual. The fact that we, in Britain, don't eat horses, while our neighbours do, is a fascinating little quirk in how Aryan culture spread and was adapted in different parts of the world.

Allen, who was born in Cawnpore, studied archaeology and first became known for his engaging book *Plain Tales from the Raj*. This had started life as a series of radio interviews in 1974 with people who had worked and lived in India before Independence. Twenty-seven years later their memories were still fresh. At a time when the British Raj had been little explored, Allen opened up a fascinating field of study and he certainly paved the way for BACSA which was founded two years later. BACSA subsequently published the reminiscences of his mother, Joan Allen, in 'Missy Baba' to 'Burra Mem'; *the life of a Planter's daughter in northern India* (1998).

Charles moved on to more serious stuff, with a particular interest in Buddhism which included his biography *Ashoka: India's lost emperor* (2012). He believed passionately that without the work of European Orientalists, men like William Jones and others, much of India's ancient history would have remained hidden. It is surprising that this, his last book, has received so little attention. *Aryans* is erudite without being academic, learned without being pedantic and an excellent read.

Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

2023 Hachette India ISBN 978 93 5731 268 4 illus. £25.00 pp387

The Book of the Morgans: A Scottish Family around the World

Richard Morgan

Not many authors have the good luck to be able to start a family history with an engraving by Robert Cruickshank of one of their ancestors being arrested in Singapore in 1824. John Morgan had fallen out with the new British Resident John Crawford who attempted to have him deported to Calcutta. Morgan, an enterprising merchant had not only persisted in firing a morning and evening gun from his schooner on the river but had also consigned a sea-captain to house arrest. However, he escaped deportation and lived for another twenty years, retiring peacefully to Plymouth.

This book is a labour of love. It is limited to 70 copies because the author, who is a member of FIBIS is aware that books on family history do not sell well and he is probably correct unless one has an outstandingly scandalous family. This is not the case here, in spite of John Morgan's arrest. It is, as the author says, an attempt to chronicle the known male descendants of one man, George Morgan, 1754-1829 and in particular to record what is known about Richard's own father's family. What this book also makes clear is the extent of the Scottish diaspora, illustrated by just one family. The Morgans and their relatives 'scattered themselves across the world: Singapore, Batavia, India, Mauritius, Cape Town, Cuba, Shanghai, Egypt and Kenya' during the last two and a half centuries. In this they were not unique as many other Scottish families did the same – some forced abroad after supporting the Jacobites, others by the infamous Highland Clearances. George Morgan settled in Kirkcaldy, Fife as a merchant in 1774, where he had a large family, thirteen in all.

Richard Morgan is fortunate in having two earlier compilations of family history which have been supplemented with an immense amount of additional research. There are no less than six close-packed index pages of Morgans. The two youngest surviving sons of George Morgan both went

out to the Far East and were involved with the East India Company. Alexander joined its Maritime Service as a junior officer when he was 19 years old and travelled from Portsmouth to China in 1806. He was to make seven long voyages east in all, while his brother John is found working in Calcutta for an Agency House, dealing with banking. The story is brought up to date with the author's own family memories including that of his elderly bed-ridden Aunt Maud. When Batavia, formerly Jakarta, fell to the Japanese in 1942, upsetting newspapers were hidden from her because she had lived there happily with her sisters until she was twelve. With such an immense cast family trees are essential and there are seven detailed 'pedigrees', together with footnotes on every page and a select bibliography.

Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

2023 Pagoda Tree Press ISBN 978 1 904289 82 1 £40.00 pp571

Barrington's Afghan Octet

Nicholas Barrington

During the coronavirus lockdown Nicholas Barrington decided to re-read some of his extensive library particularly books on the Indian subcontinent, Iran and Central Asia, countries where he had served as a diplomat. His last posting was as British High Commissioner to Pakistan, so this book is well grounded in practical as well as literary knowledge. For anyone wanting a brief, but intelligent introduction to Afghanistan and its history, this is where to start. The two Afghan wars are covered, with engaging diversions, for example, into Baluchistan and the Khan of Kalat. The players in the Great Game are noted, including Yakub Khan who was held responsible for the murder of the British envoy Sir Louis Cavagnari. Mortimer Durand, who drew the Durand Line between Afghanistan and British India is here too, together with Joseph Harlan, the American explorer and the eccentric Alexander Gardner with his tartan turban. Explorers in the wide area embracing Central Asia and western China include William Moorcroft, the first qualified English veterinary surgeon who travelled to Bokhara in search of suitable horses for the East India Company's army. So is Reginald Schomberg, that mysterious traveller and possible spy who ended his days as a Catholic priest in Oxford.

So this is a book which is strong on interesting characters and although there are no footnotes, Barrington gives the titles of the relevant books from his own library, so readers can follow up the themes and the people who particularly interest them. The *Octet* is well illustrated too, but with such a diverse set of names, it would have been useful to have had an index. The eight papers that make up this book were first published in the newsletters of the Ancient India and Iran Trust, a charity of which Sir Nicholas is a

Trustee. It is a small, learned society and research centre, in Cambridge with its own library of over 50,000 items and it deserves to be better known. Hopefully this *Octet* will encourage readers to join and subscribe to its newsletters: www.indiran.org **Rosie Llewellyn-Jones**

2024 Self-published. No ISBN pp124 free of charge, postage and packing only at £5.00. Copies available from The Royal Society of Asian Affairs. Tel: 020 7235 5122 Email: brionywatson@rsaa.org.uk who will either mail an invoice for a card payment or will take card details over the phone.

BOOKS THAT WILL INTEREST READERS

The Art of a Corporation – The East India Company as Patron and Collector 1600-1860 Jennifer Howes

The rather unpromising title of this book disguises a most impressive and interesting study of the diverse collection of artworks commissioned and assembled by the East India Company over its long history. In 1985 Mildred Archer catalogued the remains of this collection held by the India Office Library and it was published in a poorly produced book: *The India Office Library Collection of Paintings and Sculpture*. Although it contained useful information it made turgid reading. Jennifer Howes' book is very different. The book takes a chronological approach starting with the very early paintings commissioned before the Company had a permanent home. It required impressive detective work to trace and bring back together these diverse early commissions. The second chapter looks at the career of the first, but little-known, professional landscape painter to visit India – Francis Swain Ward – and how his work reflected the British expansion in India in the third quarter of the 18th century. Ten of his paintings, sold to the Company in 1773, still survive in the British Library. They reflect not only the artist's military career in Southern India but more importantly the Company's rapid expansion and territorial acquisitions during this period. The next chapter looks at how the neo-classical discourse became deeply embedded within the Company through commissions of sculpture – the new 'Empire in India' being directly compared with the Roman Empire.

Peter Scheemakers' impressive full-length sculpture of Robert Clive of 1764 casts him in the role of a Roman Emperor – a self-fashioning that sought to elevate a commercial organisation onto a higher plane. Howe then turns to the deep scandals that were so pervasive in the East India Company at its zenith in the second half of the 18th century. In London at this period art was frequently used as satire for the scandals of the age.

The downfall of Clive's reputation from his excessive greed and the perceived mismanagement of government by Warren Hastings resulted in numerous clever cartoons deriding their characters. The Company sought to exorcise these wrong doings through a series of commissions including the magnificent memorial to Stringer Lawrence in Westminster Abbey (by William Tyler in 1777) and various impressive portraits. George Romney's full-length portrait of 1795 of Warren Hastings marked the end of his long impeachment trial and his acquittal on all charges. The Company itself showed little interest in Indian sculpture despite the pioneering work of scholars like Sir William Jones and Charles Wilkins. But in 1809 the Oriental Repository Gallery in East India House was opened to display sculptures that were gifted to the Company. These included superb sculptures and bronzes from Bihar, the Carnatic and even Ceylon. Amongst these was the magnificent sculpture from Bihar of Surya, donated by the gifted artist Samuel Davis and the equally splendid statue of Parsvanath from Garsoppa, in the Carnatic, sent to the East India House by Colin Mackenzie – both survive in the Victoria & Albert Museum.

Howe concludes her fascinating book with a brief look at the dispersal of the collection and how this corporate collection reflects both the Company's complexity and its own interpretations of its difficult history. In a post-colonial world it is all too often over-looked how useful art is in understanding Empire and the role of capitalism. My only criticism is that for such an expensive book - £110.50 on the publisher's website – one would have expected at least some colour illustrations – all are in black and white!

Charles Greig

Routledge 2023 ISBN 978 1 03 236117-8 illus. £110.50 pp218

OLD BOOKS NEWLY REVIEWED

The Indian Empire - a Short Review and some Hints for the use of Soldiers proceeding to India was published in 1917. It is a small book, 5 x 4 inches, so literally a pocket book that would fit into a knapsack. It was also cheap as well, retailing at sixpence, though for comparison one could buy 30 cigarettes for that price at the time. A pocket at the back holds a map produced by the War Office showing India and adjoining countries, though perhaps a little more of India and a little less of places like Mongolia would have been useful. Thanks to a concerted push in the latter half of the 19th century, soldiers in World War One were considered the most literate generation to have fought, so there was a good chance the little booklet would have been widely read.

But a delicate balance had to be struck in what was written, because at the time of publication soldiers were proceeding *from* India, Indian soldiers that is, who had volunteered to fight in Europe and who were known as the Indian Expeditionary Force. (There seems to be no comparable booklet in Urdu or Hindi telling them what to expect when they got there.) So British soldiers were still needed in India, firstly to replace the Indian regiments sent abroad and secondly to support the numerous cantonments in the subcontinent and to keep an eye on the north-west Frontier. The booklet is comprehensive. Chapter Five for example covers ‘The Indian Soldier – popular errors regarding him – advantage of sympathy between the two races – mode of address – slaughter of cattle – offers of food – Indian officers – Class composition of units’.

Other chapters cover ‘The Fighting Classes’ because this was written at a time when the martial race theory was still current. Rajputs, Sikhs and Pathans were all martial, as were the gallant little Gurkhas, but not the dreamy, intellectual Bengalis. Civilians could be tricky. ‘Indians are, on the whole, a very excitable people, and all of them are liable to violent fits of anger or enthusiasm, in other words they “see red”. But it was best not to enrage a crowd of these excitable people. ‘If you are out by yourself or with one or two companions and you see trouble brewing, get away if you can.....if you have a gun with you never shoot towards or over the heads of natives in order to frighten them; it always makes matters worse.’ This was a lesson that General Dyer failed to learn two years later when his troops were ordered to open fire in the Jallianwala Bagh, leading to what is known today as the Amritsar Massacre.

Particular emphasis was placed on relations between British and Indian soldiers. These were not the officer classes, who would have had a broader education and quite likely relatives who had served in India. It was directed at raw lads who had joined up to fight the Germans and now, unaccountably, found themselves somewhere quite different. ‘If you want to speak to an Indian soldier, do not try any fancy terms of your own....if we use the word *bhai* (brother) to an Indian comrade we cannot go far wrong.’ (How comfortable, or uncomfortable both Indian and British soldiers may have felt with an imposed foreign sibling is not related. But this does echo the *ma-bap* relationship Indian soldiers are supposed to have felt towards their regiments.) These same British lads now found, for the first time in their lives, that they themselves had servants – cooks, sweepers, water-carriers, grooms and washermen. They were advised it was best not to beat their servants, because in most cases the latter had ‘neither the strength... nor the pluck to stand up to you’. ‘So, for every reason, keep your hands - and boots - off the natives.’ A fascinating glimpse at British India.

Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

NOTES FOR MEMBERS

A member wishing to contact the Honorary Secretary may do so via email, letter or telephone (details on inside front cover). If writing to the Honorary Secretary and expecting a reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

If a member wishes to contact a fellow member whose address is not known, they should:

- either send an email to the fellow member via the Honorary Secretary or the Editor who will forward it.
- or send a letter to the fellow member c/o of the Honorary Secretary or the Editor who will forward it unopened.

In both cases, it is at the discretion of the member to reply or not.

If planning a visit to a cemetery, either overseas or in the UK, a member should check with the Honorary Secretary to find out what has already been recorded and whether there is action associated with the cemetery that the member might assist with.

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



BACSA Chairman Paul Dean and his wife Moira at the memorial tomb to General Sir Henry Havelock, Alambagh, Lucknow (see page 31)