



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 steadily growing membership of over 1,800 (2006) 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 Oriental and India Office Collections in the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments. The Association has its own newsletter *Chowkidar*, which is distributed free to all members twice a year and contains a section for 'Queries' on any matter relating to family history or the condition of a relative's grave etc. BACSA also publishes Cemetery Records books and books on different aspects of European social history out East. Full details on our website: www.bacsa.org.uk

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

THE INDIAN MUTINY

This year marks the 150th anniversary of the start of the Mutiny, and we might have expected a series of spectacular events would be organized to commemorate it, both here and in India. Unfortunately this seems not to be the case. No major exhibitions are planned in either country. An academic conference is being held at the University of Edinburgh in the summer, but this is hardly a crowd-puller. What could have been a golden tourist opportunity for India has simply not been taken. It has been left to tour groups visiting India to devise their own commemorations. A few Indian newspapers have looked at the new phenomenon of 'cemetery tourism' which has caught the imagination of some Government Tourist Departments. *The Times of India* and the *Sunday Indian Express* have both mentioned BACSA in this connection, and the BBC's South Asian website carried quotations from the BACSA Secretary in December 2006. But this is all. Luckily BACSA members and their friends are a bit more on the ball, as our postbag shows. None of the stories below were specifically requested for this issue of *Chowkidar* - they were simply sent in by people for whom the events of 1857 are still of absorbing interest.

The Mutiny, which is also known as the Sepoy Uprising, and in India, as the First War of Independence, was the most traumatic event in the history of British India. The death toll of European civilians killed is estimated to be between 1,250 and 1,500, which is far, far, less than the number of Indians killed in action or in retribution by British troops. The political outcome of the events of 1857-59 was radical. The East India Company, once the largest trading corporation in the world, had become a tool of the British Government, acting as its agent, and no longer concerned with profit and loss. It was frequently criticised both for its lethargy and its sudden, irrational spurts of action like the annexation of Oudh, that was a major factor in the uprising. In 1858, as a direct result of the Mutiny, the British Government took over the administration of India (apart from the Princely States, where Residents were generally installed), and this arrangement lasted until Independence and Partition in 1947.

Mutiny graves and memorials abound in India of course, and we will be looking at them in detail, but it is worth reminding readers that the victims are often commemorated in Britain too. A memorial at Haileybury School in Hertford carries the names of forty members of the Indian Civil Service who were 'sometime students at Old Haileybury College, who lost their lives in the active discharge of their duty, during the outbreak of mutiny and insurrection throughout India in the years 1857 to 1859'. The dead include Simon Frazer, the Commissioner of Delhi, who was killed within the Red Fort, where he had sought shelter, and

Manaton Collingwood Ommaney, the Judicial Commissioner of Oudh, who was wounded during the siege of the Lucknow Residency, and died shortly afterwards. An unusual monument is that erected on the seafront at Dover to the officers and men of the Delhi Field Force (the Force that retook Delhi in September 1857) and who died during the Mutiny. The 1st Battalion 60th King's Royal Rifle corps formed part of the Delhi Field Force, and their Regimental motto 'Celer et Audax' ('Swift and Bold') is inscribed on the monument. The reason it stands in Dover is because this is where the Regiment was stationed for a year on its return to England in 1860.

Helen Freeman found an interesting old photograph of a obelisk (see page 60), and sought BACSA's help in identifying where it stood. Close examination of the inscription revealed it to be one of the memorials in the Residency Cemetery at Lucknow. The inscription reads: 'This monument is erected over the remains of the late Brig. General Neill by the surviving officers of the Regt. as a mark of esteem for their late comrades and in remembrance of their noble example and glorious deeds.' Brigadier James Neill, who commanded the 'Army of Retribution' after the massacre of Britons at Cawnpore, was one of the most feared of men as his troops fought their way on to relieve the beleaguered Residency at Lucknow. He was killed on 25 September 1857 under the gateway to a palace courtyard, which even today is known as the 'Neill Darwaza'. The memorial inscription also commemorates eight other officers, and 352 non-commissioned officers, drummers and 'rank and file of the First Madras Fusiliers who fell during the suppression of the rebellion in Bengal 1857-58'. To the right of the memorial lies the tomb of Sir Henry Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner of Oudh, who was killed early on during the siege of the Residency. The iron railings which surrounded his tomb were stolen during the 1970s.

BACSA's indefatigable member, Sandy Lall, in search of Colonel Legh's tomb at Banda (see 'Mail Box'), also found some Mutiny tombs in the Kali Kuan Cemetery. 'I was amazed to find Lt JH Barber 1857 and Drum Major W Galvin 1859 both present here when the record places them at Kandhar Das's Tank cemetery a few miles away. I found this large ruined and rubbish-filled tank on the other side of Banda town. It has been closely built up all around and enquiries revealed that there had been a cemetery there which had been completely built over many years before. Maybe some of the inscriptions were fortunately removed at this time and re-erected at Kali Kuan? The construction and location of these graves at Kali Kuan would also suggest this.' 'Lt JH Barber's inscription is particularly moving. It reads: "Flying to save his life from the mutinous sepoy's of his own corps at Nowgong in the month of June 1857, and ruthlessly pursued from village to village by the inhabitants of that country thirsting for his blood, he was struck

down by the sun and died alone and untended in the field of M.A. Pundu Perch, Banda; eighteen months afterward his remains were collected and interred on this spot.'" The 'field of M.A. Pundu Perch' may refer to a village on the borders of the Banda and Girwan districts. It is more likely to be the name of a place, rather than an individual.

Continuing his journey, Sandy Lall next found the scant remains of an isolated grave in the village of Khasaura, in the Hardoi District of Uttar Pradesh. It marks the resting place of the two infant children of the Collector of Fatehgarh, WG Probyn. At the start of the Mutiny, the Probyn family were sheltered by Hardeo Baksh and his uncle, Keseri Singh, who also took in the Collector of Burdaun. All through the dreadful summer of 1857 the fugitives were housed in a farm at Khasaura until the beginning of September, when they were able to escape downriver to Cawnpore, which was by then in British hands. 'It was during these three months of extreme hardship and the ever-present spectre of discovery and destruction when the heat and humidity were at their worst, that Probyn's two infant children breathed their last.' They were: Elliot Markillan, (born 25 March 1857, died 25 July 1857, aged four months) and Laetitia Domina (born 7 February 1856, died 12 August 1857, aged eighteen months). Arriving at Khasaura, an old and sprawling village, Sandy Lall walked along a footpath, with a *talab*, or water tank on the right, and towards a neem tree, fifty yards ahead. Near the tree is a small raised triangular bit of earth, to the left of the footpath. 'This patch was pointed out to me as the site of the now disappeared memorial to the Probyn children. Locals confirmed that there had been a tomb there with iron railings, a low wall and a gate. Again, the familiar story of how, till 1947, the site had been well looked after and then left to its fate, the iron stolen, the tomb defaced, the stone used to sharpen agricultural implements on, and the inevitable vandalism and encroachment. I was a bit sceptical as there was no trace whatsoever of a pukka tomb, but locals insisted that there was a large stone buried there and one of them dug down a few inches to reveal part of a large stone slab. Pouring some water on it revealed it to be reddish sandstone. Only a very small portion of this stone was visible and I could see no inscription on it, it could have been face down, or part of the plinth. I was satisfied that this was part of the memorial to the unfortunate mites caught up in the "Devil's Wind" of '57.' We are grateful for this vivid and unique description of the finding of a lost tomb from the Mutiny.

The last issue of *Chowkidar* carried a photograph by Peter Boon of the Jhansi Memorial Well, erected to commemorate some sixty Europeans who were killed after being persuaded to leave Jhansi Fort on the false promise of safe conduct. Historians have long debated whether the Rani of Jhansi was responsible for their deaths, and the verdict today seems to be that she herself was powerless to

act at the time, being unable to control the mutineers. The Memorial Well today is in a sorry state, standing in a bleak enclosure, with encroachments creeping up behind its low walls. But compare today's photograph with one taken perhaps a century earlier, and kindly provided by BACSA member Michael Stokes, from his postcard collection (see page 60). What a pleasant garden it then was. Another photograph from the same collection shows the 'Mutiny Memorial, Old Cemetery Jhansi,' a tapering tower with Gothic arches, on a series of plinths (see back cover). The European victims at Jhansi were led out of the Fort and killed in the Jhokun Bagh, an area near the town's burning ghats. They were subsequently buried in a mass grave, after their bodies had been exposed for some days, but the connection between this grave and the cemetery Memorial is not clear.

In Lucknow the tomb of Major William Hodson, which lies in the grounds of La Martiniere College for Boys, has recently been restored with a grant from Hodson's Horse Association in Britain. Major Hodson was killed in the recapture of Lucknow on 11 March 1858 and he is buried to the south of the city, where the British troops, under Sir Colin Campbell, had their headquarters. Hodson was excessively praised after his death, particularly for his gallantry. The Prime Minister of the day and many fellow officers remarked on his bearing as an outstanding cavalry officer. His widow was granted a grace and favour apartment by Queen Victoria. There is a much darker side to the story, however, as BACSA member William Dalrymple has pointed out in his new book *The Last Mughal* (reviewed on page 62). But Hodson's tomb, at any rate, is now spotless, as is that of Lieutenant Da Costa, killed on 14 March 1858, who shares the same small compound.

Indian officers and soldiers fighting with the British were included, though not necessarily named, on British monuments, like the famous Mutiny Memorial on the Ridge above Delhi. But there were no memorials erected to the rebel fighters before 1947. The many statues of the Rani of Jhansi, for example, that one sees in Uttar Pradesh today, were erected after Independence, not before. There are a few poignant mementos of 1857 and 1858 and these are the 'Hanging Trees,' from which Indians were hanged if they were suspected of being rebels. Many were hanged too, who were innocent, but who fell into the path of the vengeful British. A report of such a tree at Shahjehanpore has been sent to us recently and the large banyan tree, which has now fallen, in the Company Bagh, at Cawnpore was also used as a makeshift gallows. Grim reminders of a bitter conflict, which has not been forgotten 150 years later.

MAIL BOX

'The ravages of climate and war are never more severely felt than when they cut short the career of men who have not yet attained the full distinction which their high character and their previous services appear to promise.' So began a tribute 'In Remembrance of the late Lieutenant Colonel Edmund Cornwall Legh, CB' who died at Banda, in Central India, on 3 June 1859. Colonel Legh had spent his entire military career, since he graduated from Sandhurst twenty years earlier, with HM 97th Regiment of Foot. He had served with the Regiment in places as far apart as the Ionian Isles, Malta, the West Indies and north America. During the Crimean War, Legh fought with the Regiment in some of the bloodiest actions, including an attack in September 1855, when over two hundred men were killed, and only two officers, including Legh, escaped unhurt. He was appointed to command the Regiment in India at the outbreak of the Mutiny, and acquitted himself well in the Jaunpore Field Force and with Sir Colin Campbell's Force in the relief of Lucknow in March 1858. It is all the more ironic that having survived several of the major battles of the nineteenth century unscathed, Colonel Legh should succumb to heat-stroke a year later, at the early age of thirty-six. He had been appointed Brigadier at Banda and suddenly, 'being still engaged to the last in the active duties of his post, he broke down under the oppressive influence of the climate and suffered an attack of apoplexy brought on by the excessive and intense heat'. He was buried in the Kali Kuan Cemetery in Banda, under a monument erected by his brother officers and his wife and children.

Last summer BACSA received a letter from Shigeru Nakamura who lives in Yokohama, Japan. We are not sure of her connection, if any, to Colonel Legh but she told us that his daughter Mary Legh, emigrated to Japan in 1907 and died there in December 1941. Ms Nakamura had only the photograph of the tomb and memorial that Mary brought with her to Japan, and was not even sure at first where it lay. The old photograph showed a sturdy square tomb on a plinth, surmounted by a cross. BACSA member Sandy Lall, who visits India regularly, made a special journey to Banda to establish if the tomb still stood there, and on 23 December 2006, he was able to confirm that it did. 'The Kali Kuan cemetery is a large walled compound', he reported, 'with a substantial iron gate. It is looked after by a Chowkidarin, aptly named 'Bandari', a spritely lady of about seventy, who gets Rs300 a month and lives at the cemetery gatehouse. Colonel Legh's tomb was centrally located and in good shape as this cemetery has not suffered much vandalism.' (see page 61) The tomb was immediately recognizable from the old photograph and even the wall behind the tomb still stands. There are several inscriptions on the monument, some of which were added later, and all of them are intact. Colonel Legh's widow, Julia Parker, of New Brunswick,

Canada, was born in 1826 and died in January 1907. The couple's son, Neville Edmund Legh, who died at Sydney, Australia in 1902, aged forty-eight years old, is also named here, together with his sister, Mary, who it appears, went to Japan immediately after her mother's death. Poignantly her inscription, not to the dead, but to the living, reads 'Mary Helena Cornwall Legh – survived Father, Brother and Mother – Left but not alone'. At the time of her mother's death, she would have been in her fifties. Let us hope she found happiness in Japan.

Guy Smith has a number of distinguished 'Indian' ancestors, including the Hessing and Sutherland families. After contacting BACSA for help last year, he set out at the beginning of December 2006 to search for two ancestral tombs and his report tells us of both the rewards and frustrations of such searches. 'When we arrived at the Roman Catholic Cemetery at Agra, the gate was locked. Apparently its not supposed to be open to the public until 10.00 am. However, a bit of yelling from the guide roused the security guard and within five minutes I was let in.' 'The tomb of John Hessing is impressive, if rather ostentatious.' Hessing, a native of Utrecht, died in 1803 after serving the Mahratta leader, Daulat Rao Scindia. It was Hessing's daughter, Magdelene Sutherland, who provided the link between the two families when she married Colonel Robert Sutherland, who is buried in Mathura (Muttra).

Guy Smith's next trip took him in search of the Colonel's grave. He had information that it lay in the garden of an old house somewhere in the cantonment area of Mathura. Much of the land here had been owned by Scindia in the late eighteenth century, and a large part had been given to staff within his employ. Colonel Robert Sutherland, like Hessing, had taken service with Scindia, and he was in charge of a brigade in the Mahratta army. He died in 1804. The local vicar, the Revd Jacob Prince was very willing to help, although it proved impossible to enter the restricted area of the cantonment where it was thought the Sutherland tomb might be, without prior permission. After a helpful meeting with the local archaeologist at the Mathura Museum, Guy Smith and his guide were directed down a narrow lane to a 'gatepost' and a tomb. The large old house which had stood there was demolished some twenty to thirty years ago and the whole area built over, with just the tomb and the gatehouse remaining. 'After deftly avoiding all dogs, children and cows along the way, and after asking four or five people for directions, we eventually found the gatepost. Again, after asking a couple of people for directions, we reached the tomb. It was obviously once an impressive and significant tomb and what remained had a base of some 6 feet 6 inches by 13 feet, and was roughly 13 feet high. It also had a tree growing through one side of it and unfortunately was surrounded by rubbish. One rather old man, who'd lived in the area many years, confirmed that the tomb had once had a plaque with

a British surname, but he couldn't remember any more than that.' 'I suppose the grave may have been Sutherland's' reflects Mr Smith 'but I'll never really know for sure. Mathura is certainly not a very big town, and I doubt it would have had many large houses in the late eighteenth century.' Any specific information on the Colonel's tomb, and perhaps its location on an old map, would be appreciated.

'Let us now praise famous men' is a laudable sentiment and it is good to report that recently two such British men have been recognized in India. In October 2006 the Prime Minister, Manmohan Singh, laid the foundation stone for the Hyderabad-Bangalore National Highway. In his speech he praised the Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh, Dr Rajasekhara Reddy, likening him to 'the legendary British engineer, Sir Arthur Cotton, for having embarked on a massive irrigation projects scheme'. 'Sir Arthur created a miracle in the Godaveri delta a hundred and fifty years ago' continued the Prime Minister. 'Treading the same path, Dr Rajasekhara Reddy wants to repeat the miracle across the state.' Praise indeed, writes BACSA member Robin Cotton, who is the great great nephew of Sir Arthur. Earlier last year a most touching ceremony to mark the 203rd birth anniversary of the great man took place in Dulla, a small village on the banks of the Godaveri, which has established a tradition of celebrating Cotton's birth. Five hundred litres of milk collected by local farmers was handed over to a local farmer, Mr Reddy, who had installed a twenty-foot high bronze statue of Sir Arthur in front of his house in 2005. (Yes, it does sound unlikely, but this is what the local newspaper wrote.) Together with Vedic scholars, prayers were offered to the statue, which was purified with the milk. All the villagers, including women and children then got a cup of tea, with sweets and snacks. Mr Reddy described Cotton as an 'unmatched and towering personality in the world of engineering. He gave us our bread and butter, so it is the bounden duty of every farmer in this delta to pay homage on his birth anniversary.' Robin Cotton reminds us that Sir Arthur's brother, Major General Frederick Cotton, assisted him for a time on the Godaveri River project. Other celebrated members of the same family included Sir Sydney Cotton (Sir Arthur's brother), who commanded the garrison at Peshawar during the Mutiny, and two first cousins, both of whom became Commanders-in-Chief.

A more conventional statue of Sir Arthur was erected several years ago in the same area, which was the first statue of an Englishman to be erected after Independence in 1947. Now BACSA member, Robin Stanes, tells us that his grandfather, Sir Robert Stanes, has been similarly honoured. The initiative for the statue came from the firm that Sir Robert founded – T. Stanes & Co. which is now part of Amalgamations Ltd and the school which Sir Robert also founded, the Stanes Higher Secondary School at Coimbatore. The statue, which is made of bronze, and is an extremely fine piece of work, stands on a high plinth in the grounds of

the school. It was unveiled in July 2006 by Martin Dowle, the Acting Director of the British Council in South India. Robin Stanes tells us that he and his two sisters are the only surviving grandchildren of Sir Robert, who went to India in 1858, the year after the Mutiny. Sir Robert chose not to retire to England but to remain in India. He died there in 1936, at the age of ninety five and he is buried in All Saints churchyard in Coonoor, near two of his brothers.

Roy Clogstoun from Australia recently visited Bolarum, near Hyderabad in South India, and went looking for the plaque in Holy Trinity Church dedicated to his great great grandfather, Major Herbert Mackworth Clogstoun VC. This he found in good order and he also located the grave of Major Clogstoun's daughter, Sybella Adeline Clogstoun, which lies in the adjoining graveyard. Most of the graves are in fairly good condition, adds Mr Clogstoun, but this was not the case at Hingoli where the Major was buried after his death in action on 6 May 1862. 'The graves here were in a terrible state of deterioration. Many of the graves have been vandalized and where they have not been vandalized, the authorities have removed the headstones and numbered the graves. The local priest apparently has the records which indicate which grave is which, but he was not there when I visited.'

Major Clogstoun, who was born in Trinidad in 1820, was awarded the Victoria Cross 'for conspicuous bravery in charging the rebels at Chichamba on 15 January 1859, accompanied by only eight of his men'. This was during the period when the remaining rebels from the Indian Mutiny were being rounded up, and Clogstoun's action, during which he was wounded by a musket ball, succeeded in parting the rebels from their plunder, which they abandoned. His Victoria Cross is now at the National Army Museum, Chelsea.

CAN YOU HELP?

In April 1937 Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the Secretary General of the Chinese Aeronautical Affairs Commission invited an American captain to survey the Chinese Air Force. This is not quite as odd as it seems, for Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the then leader of Free China, had been educated in the USA and had many contacts there. At the time, China and Japan were on the verge of war, and Captain Claire Lee Chennault's unofficial brief was to advise the Chinese on how best to defend themselves. Once the Second World War started, Captain Chennault was instructed by General Chiang Kai-shek to raise a volunteer group of American bomber pilots prepared to fight the Japanese in the Far East. This he did, in the face of much opposition in the States. The American Volunteer Group

(AVG) or the 'Flying Tigers' as they became known, existed for only a year, being disbanded in 1942 when the USA's China Air Task Force took over. The AVG had been equipped with P-40B planes which were not best suited as bombers, having no gun sights, nor bomb racks, nor even room for extra fuel tanks. The pilots had to devise their own crude, homemade gun sights, which were less accurate than the optical sights used by the RAF. But in spite of these deficiencies, the Tigers, fighting side by side with the RAF over Rangoon, played a vital role in the war. Thanks to the efforts of the Allies, the Burma Road was kept open for two and a half months after the fall of Rangoon, while precious military supplies trickled into China.

Not all the brave pilots returned home to America. During training at Toungoo, in Burma, three of the Volunteers were killed in crashes and were buried in the Anglican cemetery at St Luke's Church. Their names were John Dean Armstrong, Maax [sic] Hamer and Peter Atkinson. All died in the latter part of 1941. Bob Bergin, a south-east Asian specialist, is the official historian of the 'Flying Tigers' and he has been trying to trace the graves of these three men. His information is that the Toungoo cemetery was abandoned and destroyed in 1997, although apparently some portion of it still remains. There is also the possibility that the three servicemen's bodies were subsequently moved from Toungoo after the war. Certainly this is what happened to one of their fellow pilots, Bert Christman, who was killed in Rangoon in January 1942 and whose body was later moved to a Calcutta cemetery, before being repatriated in 1950. Any information that BACSA's Burma hands might have on St Luke's cemetery at Toungoo, either past or recent knowledge, would be much appreciated by Mr Bergin, and of course by the relatives of the three 'Tigers'. It may be that photographs taken before the partial destruction of the cemetery in 1997 might show the three graves. Emails please to him at tigerb099@hotmail.com with a copy to the Editor.

Another story from World War Two has been uncovered by BACSA member Roger Perkins, who had requested information on four Indian Army officers, including Lieutenant Colonel VDW Anderson of the 1/14th Battalion, Punjab Regiment. Following a mention in 'Can You Help' in our Autumn issue, Colin Anderson, another BACSA member, got in touch with details of his late father. Victor Dennistoun Winstanley Anderson was born at the turn of the last century and was commissioned as Second Lieutenant in 1921 into what was then the 19th Punjabis. The Commonwealth War Graves Commission Register records his death on 22 January 1942 during the retreat down through the Malay peninsula, although in fact he had been killed twelve days earlier. It was almost impossible, adds Roger Perkins, to compile accurate day-to-day records in the chaos of the time. The India Army List showed Colonel Anderson as still on active service as

late as 1945, because there was no conclusive evidence to the contrary. In fact he was shot and killed on 10 January 1942 at Rantau Panjang, on the south bank of the fast-flowing Selangor river during the Japanese advance. It was the end of his Battalion too, which is recorded in official records as 'destroyed' on the day of the Colonel's death 'a strange and moving epitaph' notes Roger Perkins, 'the Battalion went to its grave that day.' It was not reformed until May 1946 in India. Colonel Anderson has no known grave, but is commemorated on Column 241 of the Commonwealth War Graves' memorial in Singapore.

An interesting query about another foreign grave that is probably lost for ever came in from John Calder of Newcastle upon Tyne. He tells us that his great uncle, also John Calder, was a Commander in the Imperial Chinese Navy in the 1880s. Commander Calder was also the Port Captain at Port Arthur, a natural harbour on the south-east coast, and known to the Chinese as Lushunkou, or Lushan Port. On 8 November 1888, Commander Calder's wife, Alexandrina Tait Calder died, aged thirty-eight years old. She was buried, it is believed, in Calder's garden on the Tiger's Tail, a particular feature of the coastline. (A photograph of her newly erected tombstone and obelisk is of too poor quality to reproduce, but it does appear to lie in a garden.) The present day John Calder wondered if BACSA might have any information on the grave, and unfortunately we had to tell him that it has almost certainly vanished. BACSA's Chairman, David Mahoney, and the Area Rep for China, visited Lushun Port in 1999 and found that former British cemeteries had been demolished and were being used now as 'storage yards, parks, wasteland, or built over, with the smallest of fragments indicating the past.' It is therefore unlikely that Alexandrina's tomb remains today, though of course we would welcome news from anyone with knowledge of it. If Mrs Calder was an Anglican, our Chairman adds, some information may be available in the records of the Lambeth Palace Library, which might identify the location of her burial.

Rosie Greenfield from Australia is trying to piece together her family history and came across BACSA's website recently. With very little information to go on, she knows only that her grandfather, Douglas Westland, was the manager of a tea plantation in the Nuwara Eliya district of Ceylon (now Sri Lanka). He died either late in 1921 or early 1922 and the family story is that he fell from a balcony and broke his neck. Soon after this tragic event, Douglas's widow and young son moved to Australia where the family settled. Our Area Rep for Sri Lanka, Henry Brownrigg, to whom we passed this query, has found mention of two tea planters in the area by the name of Westland, both of whom served in World War One. But no information has been found about Douglas Westland, and we wonder if any BACSA member has come across his grave in the Nuwara Eliya area.

Dr Farhat Taj Andersen from the University of Oslo, is searching for descendants of British civil and military authorities who served in the North West Frontier Province between 1880 to 1910. In particular, she would like to seek their reflections on the memories of the lives their forefathers led in this part of the world. As Dr Andersen points out, many of today's problems in this troubled area were the same as those faced by British officers a century or so ago. The area even then was never fully controlled by the British, who suffered significant losses in wars and campaigns with the local tribespeople. Please contact Dr Andersen at f.t.andersen @skk.uio.no or write to her at: The University of Oslo, Centre for Women's Studies and Gender Research, P.O. Box 1040 Blindern, NO-0315 Oslo, Norway.

THE MOUNT ABU GRAVES

Photographs of two small, remarkably well-preserved tombstones were sent in last year by BACSA member Charles Giles, after a visit to Rajasthan (see page 61). A parcel of land at Mount Abu was handed over to the East India Company in 1845 for use as a sanitarium, a place where ill and wounded soldiers could recover. Although Mount Abu, was never as popular as hill stations like Simla or Mussoorie, it did become the headquarters of the Governor General's Agent for Rajputana, as the state was then known. In fact Rajputana itself was made up of a number of small kingdoms, and with a British Political Agent, or Resident in each, it was necessary for them to be advised by someone close to the Governor General.

Sir Henry Lawrence had been appointed as Agent in 1853, and with his beautiful and talented wife, Honoria, the couple settled down to nurture the 'Abu Lawrence' School, one of a chain of schools established by the Lawrences for the sons of British soldiers. Tragically, Lady Honoria Lawrence died only a year later, on 15 January 1854. Her tombstone records that she was the daughter of George and Sophia Marshall, and that she had been born in County Donegal, Ireland, in 1808. Sir Henry is commemorated both in the Abu Church, by a tablet, and the Lawrence School, but this modest tombstone, which BACSA helped restore, is the only memorial to his wife. Next to her grave is that of Letitia Angelina, the wife of another army officer, Captain Henry Erskine Forbes of the Bombay Lancers, who died on 29 October 1857.



*above: James Neill's memorial in the Residency Cemetery, Lucknow
(see page 50)*

below: the Memorial Well at Jhansi, about 1900 (see page 52)



above: Sandy Lall at Colonel Edmund Legh's tomb in Banda (see page 53)

below: Honoria Lawrence's tomb (right) at Mount Abu (see page 59)



BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

The Last Mughal; The Fall of a Dynasty, Delhi, 1857

William Dalrymple

The Emperor Bahadur Shah Zafar, 'the last Mughal,' has always seemed one of the saddest figures of the Indian Mutiny. While it is true that he kept his head, if not his crown, the ultimate fate of the descendant of the great Mughals was a melancholy one. Unlike the deposed King of Oudh, who was allowed to keep many of the trappings of royalty until the end of his life, the elderly Emperor was banished to Rangoon, accompanied only by his wife, Zeenat Mahal, two surviving sons, a daughter-in-law, and a handful of loyal servants. When the old man died in exile in November 1862, he was buried in lime and the site of his grave immediately turfed over, so that neither body, nor tomb, would become a focus for anti-British protestors. Ironically, the Emperor himself had never wanted to be a symbol of protest. When the mutinous cavalymen from Meerut arrived in Delhi on the morning of 11 May 1857, Zafar, as he is called throughout this book, was as horrified as any of the city's inhabitants, Indian or British. But within hours, any hope that he could slip back into that easy tranquillity he had enjoyed in the Red Fort, had gone for ever, and with it a way of courtly life that had endured for centuries.

To make Zafar the main character in a major book, as Dalrymple has done, is a bold step, for although his story is one of the utmost poignancy, the Emperor himself comes across as an ultimately insubstantial person. He was unduly superstitious; given to furious outbursts and to extravagant gestures while his relatives lived in poverty within the Red Fort; full of impractical notions that he could influence the thinking of the East India Company, and much else. For all his gorgeous apparel and jewels, shown in exquisite detail in August Theodore Schoefft's portrait of 1854, and reproduced on the dust-jacket, there is something missing behind the eyes. Zafar had succeeded to the throne in 1838, when he was already in his sixties. Rather than confront the increasingly powerful East India Company, who had captured Delhi at the beginning of the nineteenth century, he submerged himself in a world of poetry, theology, calligraphy, kite-flying and the creation of gardens within the Fort. At the time of the Mutiny he was eighty-two, and had not aged well. His accomplishments were those of an aristocrat, not a leader of men, which is what the rebellious sepoys from Meerut were looking for when they burst rudely into the palace within the Red Fort on that fateful May morning.

Because Zafar remains, in spite of Dalrymple's best efforts, something of a cypher, much of the interest in this superb book is necessarily with the characters who surrounded the Emperor – his wily doctor Ahsanullah Khan, whose vivid account of life under siege in Delhi during the summer of 1857 provides invaluable information; his court poet Ghalib, whose melancholy observations on the ruin of Delhi were tempered by his ingratiating efforts to get back into the good books of the British; and the British themselves, of course, from Sir Theophilus Metcalfe and his amazing escape from the mutineers, to the proselytising Reverend Jennings; from Edward Vibart, who went literally mad with grief after his father's murder, to Brigadier General John Nicholson, whom Dalrymple robustly describes as a 'great imperial psychopath'. This is clearly, as readers will have gathered by now, not a conventional mutiny history.

Reviewers of *The Last Mughal* have picked up on the publicity surrounding the almost previously unknown 'Mutiny Letters,' which were found by the British when they recaptured Delhi in September 1857. These Persian and Urdu letters, available in the National Archives in Delhi, have never been published, or indeed much used by earlier scholars. It is to Dalrymple's credit, and that of his translator, Mahmood Farooqi, that we are now aware of the day to day progress of the siege, through the eyes of those trapped within the city walls. What strikes one, even in just going through the catalogue of these letters, is both the mundane and the extraordinary events that took place simultaneously during that summer. The nobleman, Mirza Bande Ali Beg, for example, complains to Zafar (as if the Emperor did not have enough on his hands), that he has not been able to get his clothes back from a certain washerman. Two days later, on 17 July 1857, the Commander-in-Chief of the rebel forces (another busy man, one would have thought), is detailing Colonel Mohammed Khizr Sultan to retrieve the Mirza's clothes from the *dhobi*.

These are fascinating domestic details that should, and hopefully will, make a book of their own. Dalrymple has been slated by the historian Professor Irfan Habib for describing Indian scholars as 'lazy' because they have not utilized the 'Mutiny Letters,' which are readily available in Delhi. Although the author denies the use of the word 'lazy,' he does point out that the majority of these letters have not seen the light of day since they were catalogued, by the British, in 1921 and published as the *Press List of Mutiny Papers*. Credit is therefore due to Dalrymple for winking out these letters, getting them expertly translated, and bringing them to public notice. While it is true that there is little about the events going on in other parts of northern and central India during 1857-58, by focusing obsessively on a single city, and examining every detail, every personality, and

every rumour in Delhi, the author has produced a very satisfactory book, which is both authoritative and engaging and is highly recommended. (RLJ)

2006 Bloomsbury 0 7475 8639 X £25.00 pp578

Researching Ancestors in the East India Company Armies

Peter Bailey

This is an extremely useful handbook, not just for the people of the title who are looking for their soldier forebears, but for anyone interested in the structure of the East India Company's Armies. Newcomers to the field are often at a loss to understand why, for example, British officers were found leading a 'native infantry' corps of sepoy (Indian soldiers) when there were Indian officers listed too. And how does the researcher establish the difference between the Company's three armies, and British Army regiments, which also, confusingly, seemed to be fighting in India too. These questions are concisely answered by Peter Bailey, one of the leading experts today on the miles of military records from the old India Office Library, which are now housed in the British Library. Bailey sets out the various stages through which a young man would pass to enter one of the Company's armies, starting with sponsorship for an officer cadet, or recruitment for a soldier. Army life is traced through years of service (if the soldier was lucky), to retirement and a pension. On the way the reader comes across fascinating tidbits like the fact that junior officers would sometimes (unofficially) club together to a retirement fund for an old senior officer, which would then enable others to climb up the promotion ladder. The relevant India Office records are fully listed, together with microfilms of these records made by the LDS (Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints), which are available at LDS Family History Centres in Britain and abroad. A visit to the British Library is not always necessary. The book's glossary is invaluable, giving all the ranks of officers and soldiers, and the meanings of Indian titles like *jemadar* (lieutenant). For hapless civilians who have been too embarrassed to ask, the differences between a regiment, a battalion, a troop, a company and a platoon are clearly explained. Highly recommended. (RLJ)

2006 The Families in British India Society (FIBIS) Obtainable from Elaine MacGregor, 14 Gables Avenue, Brighton, BN1 5FG. ISBN 0-9547-116-1-0. £6.95 plus £1.50 for postage & packing pp106

Richard Burton: The Indian Making of an Arabist Simon Digby

In 1919 the Royal Asiatic Society decided to establish a formal annual lecture to commemorate the great British scholar-traveller, Sir Richard Burton. A few years

later the award of the Burton medal was given to the invited speakers. Among holders of the medal have been some of the great names of Asian scholarship, including St John Philby and Freya Stark. It was entirely fitting then that the author of this short (seventy page) monograph should have been awarded the medal at the lecture he gave in 1999 in the old RAS premises in Queen's Gardens. Simon Digby is one of the most revered figures today in the field of Oriental studies and as an intrepid traveller, a translator and above all, a scholar, he is not dissimilar to the subject of his book. Burton (1821-1890) has attracted a number of biographers. His later exploits, including his journey in disguise to Mecca and the discovery of Lake Tanganyika in Africa, have tended to overshadow the start of his career as a cadet in the 18th Bombay Native Infantry. Arriving in India in 1842, he threw himself 'with a kind of frenzy' (Burton's own words) upon his studies and a year later was appointed as Hindustani interpreter to his regiment.

When his regiment sailed for Sind, Burton was transferred to work as a surveyor under Captain Walter Scott, a nephew of the novelist, and this led to the publication of his first major work *Sindh and the Races that inhabit the Valley of the Indus*. At the same time he embarked 'upon his first prolonged explorations of oriental life...disguised in native costume' and took on the fictitious persona of Mirza 'Abd Allah, a travelling draper, who might well have come from *The Arabian Nights* which Burton was later to translate into English. Burton's foreign, almost Arab features, aided his disguise. A fascinating and erudite study of one great Orientalist by another. (RLJ)

2006 Orient Monographs, Jersey. Distributed by Melisende Publishing Ltd, Pennine Way Office, 87-89 Saffron Hill, London EC1N 8QU. ISBN 0 903971 02 X. Price 10.00 plus £1.00 postage. pp71

The Way We Were – Anglo Indian Chronicles

ed. Margaret Deefholts & Glen Deefholts

This is the title of a well-known Barbra Streisand song that fills the bill admirably as the title of a book written by Anglo-Indians about their past lives in India before most of them had emigrated to the UK, Australia, New Zealand and the States when Indian Independence and Partition forced them to think seriously about their future status in the land of their birth. Each chapter points up a particular aspect of being an Anglo-Indian and I was struck by the cheerfulness and kindness displayed by a people who had every reason to bemoan their fate and to hate some of the British people in India who gave them such a bad time. They were party animals on the whole and loved to entertain friends and strangers alike, and it must have been so hurtful when they were rebuffed by some of the

less sensitive British (and Indians). I had some lovely Anglo-Indian friends during my time at Mount Hermon School Darjeeling in the early 1940s. There was a warmth and humour about them that will remain forever in my memory, and I loved the way a few of them would say, "Come on my girl!" to me, just as their mothers used to say to them. It was so heart-warming and very comforting to a little home-sick boarding school wallah. To-day, in my advancing years, I realise, too, how very well-educated most Anglo-Indians were and how nasty it must have been for them when they were looked down upon by less literate as well as posh and prejudiced Brits. The book's chapters deal with so many aspects of Anglo-Indian life and should be compulsory reading for anyone who has lived in pre-Independent India. Many bells will be rung and there will be many revelations, as there certainly were for me, one in particular being the wonderfully matriarchical stance of mothers and grandmothers, who played such a part in the upbringing of the children. One learns too about the meals produced in Anglo-Indian kitchens, and the disciplines practised by the older generation in bringing up the young, all of which were closed books to me during my time in India. Why, oh why, couldn't we all have mixed and learned from each other? Thanks to *The Way We Were* we are learning at last. (The book is published by 'Calcutta Tiljallah Relief' the charitable organisation set up by Blair Williams, dedicated to helping indigent Anglo-Indians, both old and young, who are unable to help themselves.) (HMC)

2006 CTR Inc. Publishing. Obtainable from Jean Chambers, Solent Breezes, Warsash, Southampton, Hants SO31 9HG, UK. ISBN 97809754639-3-2. Price £10.00 postage extra pp240

BOOKS BY NON-MEMBERS THAT WILL INTEREST READERS

Goodbye India Marjorie Eeles

A fictional romance set in India, this is the story of Joanne Walker, born in a hill station, and growing up during the Second World War. Her father, Major Walker, was an Army dentist, and as such Joanne, and her mother Edythe, had to move every time the Major was posted to a new station. After one such posting Joanne meets an American soldier in Dehra Dun, but the path of true love does not run smoothly. The interest in this book lies not so much in the love story, but in the picture it presents of middle-class British domestic life at the end of the Raj. The author, who lived in India between 1929 and 1946, says that many of the details are from her own observations and that some are true incidents. Now unfashionable ideas are presented here in the form of fictional discussions at

the dinner table, like the statement that though the Indians and Burmese wanted independence from Britain, both relied on the British to save them from the advancing Japanese (surely not an unreasonable view?) The often neglected role that America played at the end of the war in the East is brought out here, together with the sudden collapse of Singapore and the retreat through Burma of refugees, British, Indian and Burmese. Wartime India is vividly evoked with the silver barrage balloons flying over the Howrah Bridge, the voluntary work by civilians, particularly women, seeing the awful effects of war on wounded men from the Front. But the author has not been able fully to blend in the factual information about contemporary political events with her narrative and her characters, which makes for disjointed reading. The complete lack of any Indian people in the story no doubt reflects the enclosed way of life, in which many British families at the time managed to isolate themselves entirely from their surroundings, apart from their dealings with servants and shopkeepers. (RLJ)

2005 Serendipity, 1st Floor, 37/39 Victoria Road, Darlington DL1 5SF. tel: 0845 1302434. ISBN 1-84394-142-2 £7.95 plus postage. pp179

From Mann to Mysore: The Indian Careers of Col. Mark Wilks FRS and Lt. General Sir Mark Cubbon LB Thrower

The author, a professor of botany and biochemistry, settled in the Isle of Man in 1985, after a distinguished career in his native Australia, Hong Kong and Papua, New Guinea. Having no particular Indian connections, he admits it was a fluke coming across Sir Mark Cubbon's name in a history of India. 'Cubbon is a Manx name, so how did a Manxman come to govern Mysore?' he ponders. Not only did his research uncover the story of Cubbon, whose fine equestrian statue still stands in Cubbon Park, Bangalore, but also the story of Cubbon's uncle, Colonel Mark Wilks, who preceded his nephew to India by some twenty years. Both men were the sons of clergy on the Isle of Man, the Wilks family being incomers to the island early in the eighteenth century. It was the raising in 1779 of the Manx Fencible Corps (a kind of early Territorial Army of volunteers), that first gave Wilks a taste for military life, and with the help of influential Manx patrons, he arrived at Madras in 1783 to join the 6th Madras Native Infantry as a cadet.

In spite of two periods of serious illness, the first of which meant he had to travel home in 1795, he rose to become a Brigade Major and Assistant Adjutant General. On his return to India four years later, he had to re-establish his career and was fortunate to be made Military Secretary to Lord Edward Clive (Sir Robert Clive's son), the Governor of Madras. As Acting Resident in the city of Mysore, Wilks built the Residency there, which is the present day Government House. During

his convalescence, Wilks met his young nephew, who was named Mark after him. Mark Cubbon followed his uncle's footsteps and became a cadet in the 5th Madras Native Infantry in 1801. He learnt Hindustani and Persian, and a series of lively letters between uncle and nephew show a keen intellectual interest, with Wilks sending his young relative books by Montesquieu and Beccaria, as well as a remedy for curing his ailing horse. Wilks continued his career after leaving India in 1808, and he later became Governor of St Helena, where he met, and enjoyed conversations with, Napoleon Bonaparte. Meanwhile Cubbon persevered in India, working his way up to Commissary General, which meant much touring round southern India. He was appointed Commissioner for Mysore between 1834 and 1843, where he stood as de facto Regent for the Maharaja. His headquarters were at Bangalore, and his country residence was at 'Nundidroog' some distance north of the city. There is a good description of him at this time by Thomas Babington Macaulay, a member of the Supreme Council of India. 'The Rajah resides in his Palace with royal state. But he has no powers beyond the walls of his residence. The whole civil government of Mysore is administered by Colonel Cubbon who reigns - for that is the proper word - at Bangalore, over a country probably as large and populous as Scotland. He is a very fit man for so high a post.'

When the state of Coorg was annexed by the East India Company in 1843, it too came under the governance of Lieutenant General Sir Mark Cubbon KCB, as he had become. His most lasting legacy was his education policy. He insisted that boys and girls should have the chance of an education, with teaching both in the vernacular languages and English. Unlike his uncle, Cubbon never married and apparently had no Indian mistresses. He resigned in 1860, after an ill-judged attempt by the British Government to transfer Mysore and Coorg to the jurisdiction of Madras. On his way home, for the first time since arriving in India at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the old man died at Suez in 1861. His body was taken to the Isle of Man and he was buried at Douglas. This is a well-crafted book, that not only traces the careers of these two remarkable Manxmen, but gives an accurate picture of south India during the period of their lives there. Recommended. (RLJ)

2006 Centre for Manx Studies, 6 Kingswood Grove, Douglas, Isle of Man IM1 3LX. ISBN 1899338-12-8. £12 plus postage. pp207

The Chingri Khal Chronicles Martin Tucker

Chingri Khal means 'Shrimp Creek' and refers to a small inlet near Diamond Harbour, south of Calcutta. It contained an old fort, perhaps built against the French or Portuguese, who would prey on ships making their way as far as they could up the Hooghly. At the beginning of the twentieth century it was a place

where men from the Calcutta Volunteer Rifles would go to practice firing, and to relax, away from the noise of the great city. Harry Hobbs, the author's maternal grandfather, who joined the Volunteers as soon as he arrived in India, obviously had fond memories of the place, because he named three of his Bournemouth houses after it, and his grandson has carried on the tradition - hence the title of this entertaining book. Although it is a family history of three generations, and more, Harry Hobbs is really the star. Leaving what sounds like a wretched apprenticeship in London in a piano factory, he applied for a job as a piano tuner in India and was advanced £2.00 for his expenses on the journey. He arrived at Calcutta in 1883 and 'He boasted - truthfully - that he had never complained about the country from the moment of his arrival in India.'

He must have been a remarkably sanguine young man of nineteen, cheerfully travelling enormous distances by primitive transport (dug-out canoes and palanquins) to tune the pianos that Europeans had insisted on taking to the remotest corners of India and Burma. Indeed the dust jacket shows ten sturdy coolies carrying a grand piano on their heads. By 1893 the firm of H. Hobbs & Co. Ltd was established, first at 4 Esplanade Row East, the very house in which Warren Hastings had lived, and later at 21 Old Court House Street, just around the corner. Hobbs continued with the Volunteers, reaching the rank of Major, and also became a Freemason too, which must have helped his business career. He was the author of twelve books, the first a manual on *The Piano in India - how to keep it in order*. His best known work is *John Barleycorn Bahadur - Old Time Taverns in India* published in 1943. Hobbs was appointed to the Board of Directors running Spence's Hotel, where he was assisted for many years by Miss Briscoe, with whom he had a long affair.

But Hobbs had a wife and family in Bournemouth too. During a visit to Australia, his grandson speculates, he met Jennie Larkin, a pretty Irish-born girl. Although the couple lived in Calcutta after their marriage, Jennie was sent to England for the birth of her third child, two elder children not having survived in India. The author, Judge Tucker, is descended from Dorothy Hobbs, the oldest daughter. Hobbs paid frequent visits to Bournemouth, but it is clear his heart, and his career, lay in India, and he died there in 1956 at the age of ninety-two. He was the oldest European resident in Calcutta, commemorated as a musician, a satirist, a journalist and author, and a businessman. The mayor at the time of his death, Sri Satish Chandra Ghosh called Hobbs a 'distinguished citizen' of Calcutta and the city's Corporation paid its own respects by adjourning its sitting. Hobbs is buried in Bhowanipore Cemetery. This book is drawn not only from his letters and writings, but makes use of other family papers too - like the letters by Dorothy Hobbs on a visit to India and the Far East in the 1920s. Although Dorothy's letters

are reproduced at length, these are rather lightweight, and it must be said that the narrative sags once Harry Hobbs leaves the scene. But this is a beautifully written story, not a word out of place, and this book will provide a lot of good reading. Well illustrated, and recommended. (RLJ)

2005 CK Publications, Chingri Khal, Sleepers Hill, Winchester, SO22 4NB. ISBN 10: 0-9552049-0-9. £28.00 plus £5 postage and packing. pp636

The Bloodless Revolution: Radical Vegetarians and the Discovery of India Tristram Stuart

Food is essential for human survival, and the rules that are created around it are therefore a vital signpost for how we view the world. What we eat, how we eat it, who sits at our table - and whom, if anyone, we thank for it - place us securely in our own personal universe. Tristram Stuart has written a soundly based account of attitudes to food and their philosophical background, and he makes it clear how early the influence of India as the 'other,' powered the interest of certain independent thinkers to stand back from their own Western culture and review its assumptions about the nature of food, and the animal kingdom. Mr Stuart has encyclopaedic knowledge of his subject, which his examination loosely divides into spirit, body and mind, so that the Brahmins and Pythagoras vie for primacy as the great vegetarian chefs of the conceptual world and religion, diet and politics are the Narnian doors through which we enter different aspects of the subject. We are introduced to many sous-chefs and indeed diners in the hypothetical kitchen, who then act as guides to how eastern and western cultures met, intermingled and polarized in their choice of food and relationships with animals.

The book is beautifully presented and illustrated, though it would have been nice to have references in the text to the many apposite illustrations. Mr Stuart can tell a story; he has made a huge amount of material readable and enjoyable, spicy and digestible. Sometimes his use of language verges on the informal; I should have preferred 'doctor' to 'medic', for example. I noticed one area of confusion where 'Georg' Foster appears in the text on page 388, and both he and the seventeenth century 'George' Foster are represented in the index for the same reference. In the bibliography he is 'Georg Forster'. Clearly there are two people involved here, one seventeenth century and one eighteenth, but the floating 'e' is confusing and an 'r' is missing, too. However, one obvious mistake in 446 pages of text can be forgiven. It is impossible in a short review to do justice to the subtle twists and turns of the arguments that have been advanced for and against vegetarianism, and the move from the Christian view that the animal kingdom is there for the use of humans towards a more enlightened view of animals as fellow beings here on earth. Mr Stuart brings the vegetarian discussion full circle in his account of

Gandhi's reassumption of vegetarianism (forsworn in the name of 'progress') as a result of his encounters with western interpretation of eastern thought. Food is essential for physical survival, but it is also a key component in our spiritual existence, and it governs how we connect to and/or polarize from those around us. Mr Stuart has opened that can of worms with skill and dexterity. His book is a *tour de force*. (VRB)

2006 Harper Collins ISBN 10: 0-00-72892-4. £25.00 pp628

Frederick Wilson 'Hulson Sahib' of Garhwal 1816-83 DC Kala

In the Camel's Back Cemetery at Mussoorie, the hill station at the foot of the great Himalayan range, lies the grave of Pahari Wilson and his wife Gulabi Ruth Wilson of Harsil. A new footstone bearing this information was erected in 1992 as 'A tribute from Garhwal'. But following the publication of this biography, the citizens of Garhwal may want to reconsider the wording on the footstone. Firstly there is name. 'Pahari' Wilson sounds a romantic character, the word *pahari* meaning 'of the hills'. In fact this name won't get you very far if you go in search of him in the Tehri-Garhwal district, because he was always addressed as Hulson Sahib, the local pronunciation. His wife, whom he had married 'according to the rights of the hill people' some thirty years before a church wedding in 1875 has been wrongly identified as Gulabi, 'an unlikely name for a hill girl', says the author. Her real name was Sangrami and she was the daughter of a lowly family of drummers who lived in Mukhba village. The name Ruth may have followed a baptism, so she could be buried with her husband in consecrated ground. And the photograph of a handsome tribal woman that hung in Wilson's house at Harsil, and which has been wrongly identified as 'Mrs Wilson' is really that of Raimta, Sangrami's niece and probably one of Wilson's mistresses.

The discursive, almost nineteenth century style of this engaging book is well suited to its subject. Mr Kala who lives in the hills himself is the author of a biography of Jim Corbett, and Wilson obviously fascinates him in the same way as Corbett has done. Mr Kala first came across Wilson's name in the 1950s when he read an article by the late Jack Gibson, a BACSA member. Gibson had seen his porters gambling with round brass discs that bore the inscription 'F.Wilson. Hursil. One Rupee.' The discs were tokens, to be exchanged for the silver rupee, then often in short supply. Wilson's progress, from a humble Wakefield clerk, to a timber merchant, bank director and millionaire, wealthy enough to issue his own coins, is an extraordinary story. The nineteen year old youth had joined the East India Company as a private, arriving in India in 1836. He was stationed at Meerut, and the following year went down with dysentery. He had the good luck not only to survive, as many of his contemporaries did not, but to be sent up to Landour to

recover. Here he met a Mr Morrow who sold stuffed and mounted birds, brought from the hills by hunters. A neighbour, Mrs Theodore, ran a hotel at Rajpur and also dealt with stuffed animals, a complete set of 'beasts' selling for £160. Clearly there was money to be made here. Wilson was invalided out of the Army due to ill health and returned to Wakefield. But his imagination had been fired by the Himalayas and he returned to India, working his passage as a purser. With only a gun and ammunition to his name, he *walked* from Calcutta to Meerut in a month, and up to the hills. Here he began his Indian career by shooting musk deer, and selling the valuable musk pod, an essential part of most perfumes.

At a time when the tribal population was sparse, wildlife plentiful and no consciousness of the environment, a good living could be had, and Wilson became a rich and well-known man, acting as guide to wealthy Europeans who wanted some hunting. He struck up an unlikely friendship with AO Hume, founder of the Indian National Congress party, and an expert ornithologist. With the coming of the railways to India, a great demand for timber arose, and having decimated the animal population, Wilson now set about denuding the forests of its handsome deodar trees that take a century to mature. He experimented in floating them down river to Hardwar, where they were cut up and sent on through the Ganges canal. Where log jams occurred, Wilson simply dynamited the obstructions. He controlled a huge work force of 2,000 men including Europeans. But even before his death in 1883, Wilson was being criticized for spoiling the flora and fauna in the area between Gangotri and Mussoorie, ruining a paradise that could never be recreated. This is a fascinating, quirky book, full of knowledgeable asides. Page 104 contains the felicitous phrase 'Not many people are roused by pig-sticking songs now.' Enough to give one a flavour of the book. Recommended. (RLJ)

Ravi Dayal Publisher, 51 E Suja Singh Park, New Delhi 110003. ISBN 81 7530 057 4. *Rs495 pp206

Jamini – an International Arts Quarterly

This is a bright new magazine published in Bangladesh and BACSA member Waqar Khan has contributed a fascinating article on Vintage Photography, published in the September 2006 issue. The magazine comes out quarterly, and contains much of interest. In the same issue is a cool look at the Punkah, that indispensable item in the colonial household and in use in Jessore until the 1970s. Beautifully illustrated, this is a sophisticated publication.

Jamini, House 9B, Road 71, Gulshan 2 Dhaka 1212, Bangladesh or email:

icemedia@citech-bd.com

Notes to Members

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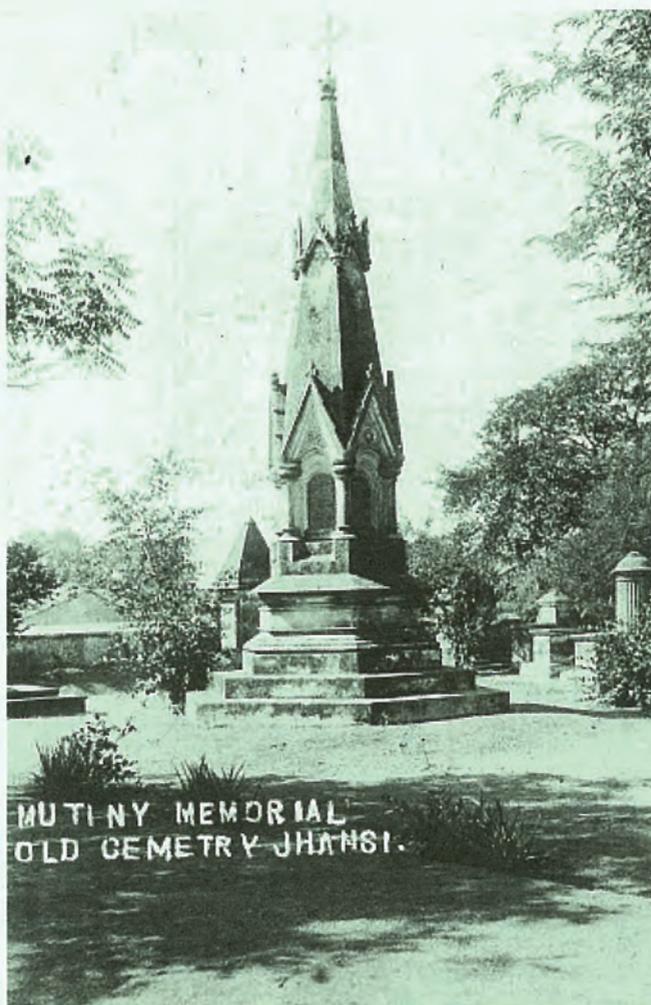
If wishing to contact a fellow-member whose address is not known to you, send the letter c/o Hon Secretary who will forward it unopened.

If planning any survey of cemetery MIs, either in this country or overseas, please check with the appropriate Area Representative or the Hon Secretary to find out if it has already been recorded. This is not to discourage the reporting of the occasional MI notice, which is always worth doing, but to avoid unnecessary duplication of effort.

***Books from India:** where prices are given in rupees, these books can be obtained from Mr Ram Advani, Bookseller, Mayfair Buildings, Hazratganj PO Box 154, Lucknow 226001, UP, India. Mr Advani will invoice BACSA members in sterling, adding £3.00 for registered airmail for a slim hardback, and £2.00 for a slim paperback. Sterling cheques should be made payable to Ram Advani. Catalogues and price lists will be sent on request. Email: radvanilko@gmail.com

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Mutiny memorial in the Jhansi Cemetery (see page 52)