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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 almost 1,500 (2010) drawn from a wide circle of interest - Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical & Genealogical Societies. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association - the setting up of local committees in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Sri Lanka, Malaysia etc., and building up the Records Archive in the India Office Collections at the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments. The Association has its own newsletter *Chowkidar*, which is distributed free to all members twice a year and contains a section for 'Queries' on any matter relating to family history or the condition of a relative's grave etc. BACSA also publishes Cemetery Records books and books on different aspects of European social history out East. Full details on our website: www.bacsa.org.uk

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

Founded by the late Theon Wilkinson, MBE
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THE RESIDENCY CEMETERY OF BABULBONA

Earlier this year BACSA member Michael Manser and a friend adventurously set out to tour the countryside of West Bengal. This is almost completely off the map as far as foreigners are concerned, and even Indian friends in the state capital, Calcutta, say apologetically that they haven't got round to visiting it yet. Before he left England, Mr Manser asked if there was anything he could do for BACSA, and was charged with finding the Old Residency Cemetery at Cossimbazaar, which your Editor had failed to locate on her visit last year. Confusingly, the cemetery turned out to lie in nearby Berhampore, and in fact the BACSA archive file in the British Library was misleading on this occasion, placing it a few miles away from its true location. Berhampore was developed as a military cantonment of the East India Company shortly after the battle of Plassey in 1757. Having defeated the Nawab of Bengal and won the right to collect the land revenue tax, the Company set up a sizeable establishment here of parade ground, officers' bungalows, sepoy's huts, a chapel, and of course a cemetery. The small town of Berhampore was in existence long before the British came on the scene, but its development as an important army base was due to the Company wishing to be near Murshidabad, then the old capital of Bengal. Cossimbazaar seems to hover between the two, not helped by a drastic change in the course of the river Bhagirathi, but this is a place of early British settlement, the first English agent arriving in 1658.

The cemetery is hard to find and it was only by showing photographs of it to local people that it was discovered. It lies on the Babulbona Road, hence its name, on a turning near a level crossing in a heavily congested area. 'It is narrow and not easy to spot amidst the general chaos of the area. About 150 yards down the turning there is a blue sign strung across the road saying 'Residency Cemetery'. A little further on is the cemetery itself - locked - but the very charming local people advised us to climb over the wall. It is large - 2 to 3 acres possibly. We estimated the number of monuments as being about 150. They look much restored. The cemetery is kept in very good order by the Archaeological Survey of India...but the only inscriptions remaining are a handful cut into stone or marble.' The cemetery seems to have been in use comparatively recently, for one of the remaining inscriptions is to Stanley Vernon Rouse, missionary of the London Missionary Society, Calcutta, who died in October 1936. An earlier stone is 'To the Memory of Isabella Sneyd the beloved wife of Lieut F.P. Bailey 7th Regt. N.I. who died 13 March 1856 aged 27 years'. But we know that the cemetery also contains the remains of Captain James Skinner, who died in 1773, and is, presumably, a relative of the more famous Colonel James Skinner who is buried in his own church in Delhi.

Here too is that old rogue George Thomas, the so-called Rajah of Tipperary, one of the most notorious freebooters of the late eighteenth century. Born in Ireland about 1756, his illiteracy was no bar to a brief but spectacular military career, which saw him working for the Begam Sombre of Sardhana and later becoming 'king' in the small independent kingdom of Hansi. French mercenaries leading the army of the Mahratta chief, Daulat Rao Scindia, eventually defeated him. Thomas was honorably treated and allowed to leave for his native land with several lakhs of rupees. But years of heavy drinking had taken their toll, and he collapsed on his way to Calcutta, dying from fever at Berhampore on 22 August 1802.

As Michael Manser's photographs show, the cemetery today is a splendid funerary mixture ranging from extravagant eighteenth century pillars, domed cupolas and pyramid obelisks to the plainer Victorian box tombs. (see page 84) Hopefully a record will exist somewhere of the names of all those buried here. (*The Bengal Obituary* gives only a partial list.) For the moment we would urge visitors to Bengal to explore this delightful backwater, with its grand, ruinous buildings and lush scenery, and to imagine the early days of British rule in India.

MAIL BOX

Although much of BACSA's work is 'impersonal', in the sense that we restore cemeteries irrespective of who is buried in them, there is something particularly poignant when we are able to help people find the graves of their relatives. Two recent cases come to mind, both concerned with graves in one cemetery in Pakistan. Mark Vanstone first contacted BACSA in October 2009. His father, Peter, had been brought up as a child in Rawalpindi, now in Pakistan, but then part of British India. When he was five years old, a little sister, Hazel, was born, who sadly died at the age of seven months. The grieving parents took a photograph of the grave, but over the passage of time, the details were forgotten, until Mark Vanstone starting researching his family tree and contacted BACSA. We were able to confirm that the grave was in the Harley Street Cemetery, Rawalpindi and that it had last been surveyed in 1993 by Sue Farrington when compiling her book on the Rawalpindi cemeteries. Mark Vanstone wondered if it was possible to get a photograph for his elderly father, and this proved almost harder than finding the grave itself. Because of present unrest, the whole area is out of bounds for British Embassy staff for security reasons. Eventually the deadlock was broken by the Defence Attaché in Islamabad, Brigadier Stephen Kilpatrick, who requested the Pakistani Army to photograph the grave. This took six months to organize, but finally the photographs arrived on Mr Peter Vanstone's 83rd birthday in April this year. (see page 84)

'It was overwhelming to receive them and to see the memorial stone still in quite good shape,' wrote his son 'despite all the intervening years that have gone by. I was speechless when the photos came through, it was truly amazing to see them and once more I thank you so much for your trouble.' The inscription on the little grave reads: 'In loving memory of our darling Hazel, beloved child of F/S Sgt [Sergeant] and Mrs Vanstone, who passed away April 3 1932 aged 7 months. Jesus called a little child unto him.'

Also in the Harley Street cemetery is the grave of Major Edward Le Marchant Trafford, the great, great, great uncle of James Baxendale. This gallant major was a soldier all his life, having joined the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers Regiment of Foot, as an ensign, at the age of twenty. After serving in South Africa he was appointed lieutenant in 1870 and was posted to India, where he was based in various hill stations. One suspects he found life enjoyable, but rather quiet until the 1st Battalion was informed by telegraph to prepare for service in Afghanistan in October 1878. The battalion's task was to clear the country of raiders and to protect convoys going to and from Kabul through the Khyber Pass. A year later and the battalion was poised to return home when news came of the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari, the British representative at the Kabul court. Much to its frustration, the battalion was again on guard duty, holding forts and keeping the road from Jalalabad open 'with none of the compensation of a good fight'. Major Le Marchant Trafford received the Afghanistan medal for his part in the campaign, but little is known of his subsequent career.

It would not have been possible to locate the grave without BACSA's help, reported James Baxendale, when he went in search of it. 'The cross was missing, and the plinth (with the inscription) had to be literally dug out of the ground. The iron railings, if there ever had been any, were no longer here.' (see page 85) Mr Baxendale is hoping to restore the grave, with BACSA's help. The inscription, when it was uncovered, read simply: 'Edward Le Merchant Trafford, Major 5th Northumberland Fusiliers. Son of the late Major General T.S. Trafford, who died Rawalpindi 9th January 1888. Aged 42 years.' There is also a monumental inscription in the church of St Telios in Pennybont, Wales, which was erected by his brother officers.

A similar query to that of the Vanstone family, above, came from Australia recently. Melissa Honour lost a four-year-old sister eighty years ago in Penang. Helen Margaret Smart was born there in 1926, and sadly died in childhood. She was the daughter of Edward and Ethel Smart, both of English descent. BACSA was able to tell Ms Honour that her sister is

buried in the Protestant Section of the Western Cemetery, Penang, and that the inscription on the little tomb reads: 'In ever loving memory of Lettie Helen Margaret Smart taken from us, 18th February 1930.' The enquiry was passed on to the BACSA Area Representative for Malaysia, Michael Rawlinson, and within what seemed like only hours he had emailed photographs of the grave to Melissa Honour and advice on how to obtain a copy of her sister's death certificate.

BACSA member Henry Brownrigg, whom members will know as the Area Representative for south India, recently did some restoration work of his own on a family grave in what was the old Central Provinces, and is today Madhya Pradesh. The story is best told in his own words: 'I never met my grandparents, but there is a 1904 photograph of them with my father, aged two, in a sailor suit and his older brother Jock wearing an Eton collar. Within a year my grandmother was dead of enteric fever. My grandfather, a Royal Engineers colonel, died four years later in a fall from his polo pony, and Jock was killed in action in Mesopotamia aged nineteen. My father was brought up by fierce Saki-esque aunts and took the first opportunity to join the Navy. It was not until last year that I found an old photograph showing my grandmother's grave in Mhow, near Indore in Madhya Pradesh. Through a BACSA contact I was put in email touch with two local residents, Aruna Rodrigues and Dev Kumar, who very kindly offered to look for the grave. By a miracle they managed to locate it though it was in a neglected corner of the cemetery and in ruinous condition. In March this year we all went to see it. The marble surround was broken and the cross had disappeared, though there was another cross lying nearby.

'It so happened that the Commonwealth War Graves Commission was working in the cemetery, and their workmen agreed to restore this grave once their own task was finished. There remained the problem of the cross. To get a new cross carved would have been difficult and would have meant missing the window of opportunity offered by the CWGC workmen. I looked at the other cross. There was no sign of which grave it had originally come from, and it fitted Grandmother's grave well enough. I reasoned that it would be more sensible to reuse it than to leave it to be removed by pillagers. The work is now complete and the restored grave looks splendid. The only point is that the cross sports a relief of Prince of Wales feathers. I think this means that my grandmother is now a Royal Welch Fusilier.' A photograph of the grave as it originally looked is on page 85 and the inscription then read: 'Evelyn Mary the dearly beloved wife of Lt. Col. M.J. W. Brownrigg RE died of enteric fever at Mhow Dec 2nd 1906. Mors Janua Vitae. [Death is the Gate of Life] 'She was his life' and 'Thou hast called me to resign What most I prize.'

A useful reminder that BACSA deals with European graves in South Asia, as well as British burials comes in a letter from new member Henning Hoffmann in Germany. Mr Hoffmann has been punctilious in following up information about German prisoners-of-war who were interned in India during the second World War and who unfortunately died in captivity. These men were not combat soldiers, but were German citizens living and working in India when the war broke out. As many as a thousand 'enemy aliens' were held in the detention camp at Dehra Dun, so it is not surprising that the cemetery contains a number of graves of people who died in detention. The Dehra Dun cemetery is not particularly well kept up, and recent efforts to contact the cemetery authorities there have failed. Mr Hoffmann is hoping to involve the German War Graves Association (Volksbund Deutsche Kriegsgräberfürsorge) in a possible restoration of the graves. The Association appears to cover both military and civilian war graves of German citizens. We have a photograph of the grave of one such PoW, Reinhard Geisse, sent by Mr Hoffmann but the inscription is unfortunately illegible.

A query with another European dimension came recently from Dr Alex Glogowski of Jagiellonian University, Krakow. He is researching the lives of Polish airmen who joined the Pakistan Air Force after Partition. 'They were veterans of Polish squadrons who fought in the UK during World War Two, some of them were Battle of Britain heroes. I know some of them died in Pakistan in air crashes.' BACSA was able to confirm that Squadron Leader Zbigniew Kossakowski, who was born in Poland in 1923 was killed in a flying accident in 1959 at Rawalpindi. In the same cemetery, Harley Street, is a memorial to Wladyslaw Banach, born in 1919, who worked as a pilot for the Attock Oil Company and who was killed while on duty in December 1964. His baby son, Julian Michael, who predeceased him by four years, is also commemorated here.

On a more cheerful note, *Chowkidar* is fond of stories about graves of Britons which have become Hindu shrines in India. This one, sent to us by a corresponding member, Mrs Vicky Singh, is a cracker. In the Rajasthani village of Auwa 'faith triumphs yet again over reason' reports Rohit Parihar in *India Today*. A group of camel-breeders from the Rabari community gather regularly to worship at the tomb of Captain George Henry Monck Mason of the Bengal Native Infantry, who was Political Agent at Jodhpur during the Mutiny. Monck Mason was killed on 18 September 1857 in a minor skirmish with the Auwa headman, Thakur Khushal Singh that is hardly mentioned in any of the standard histories. According to local legend, Monck Mason was beheaded and his head displayed on the Thakur's fort. His body seems to have been buried in a

plain isolated grave, which today has no inscription, but is verified by the present Thakur of Auwa, as his burial place. A Jain trader is said to have constructed a small shrine on top of the grave and at some point the Rabaris began offering prayers here on festive occasions. Today the grave is covered in marigold garlands and incense is burnt and prayers offered. Folk songs are sung here too, praising the British: 'The English brought an iron cart that could run on rails without bullocks. Oh Britons, your skills were too great!' What Monck Mason would have made of all this, we will never know. A chaste memorial in County Wicklow, Ireland records his death in action, and there is also a memorial inscription in St James's Church, Delhi to this young Political Agent, who was 33 years old when he was killed.

CAN YOU HELP?

Author Anne de Courcy is writing a book about the 'Fishing Fleet', the rather unkind name given to girls and young women who went, or were sent, out to India from Britain to find a husband. As travel to the Indian subcontinent became easier and quicker, particularly with the introduction of steam-ships, so the number of hopefuls increased, all in search of a good catch. Although it might be easy to poke fun at these young women, as many did, there is a serious side to the story. Many of these female passengers had been born in India where their fathers were serving in the Indian Civil Service, the Army, in business, or in tea planting. They would have been sent home to be educated when they reached the age of seven or so, and a decade later would be considered ready for marriage. Why couldn't they find husbands in Britain, one might ask? Part of the reason is that British families in India had, on the whole, in spite of hardships and disease, an enjoyable lifestyle. A higher standard of living was possible, even for those of modest means, because the cost of living in India was so cheap (to the detriment of Indian workers, of course). It was understandable that young women, born and brought up during the heyday of the Raj, would seek to recreate the life their parents enjoyed. There was a sadder reason too. After the loss of so many young men during World War One, there was a dearth of eligible bachelors. British India, with its dashing young officers and a 'terrific social life' seemed the answer.

Anne de Courcy is looking for people whose mothers and grandmothers may have been part of the 'fishing fleet', particularly if they left letters, or diaries, or unpublished memoirs. It may be almost too late, for the generations are passing away, and a considerable amount of work has already been done on the 'Raj' families and the memsahibs. But if you can help, please either email our enquirer on anne@annedecourcy.co.uk or write to the Secretary who will pass your letters on.

Queries to BACSA often provide us with previously unknown material, and it can be very much a two-way exchange of valuable information. A case in point was a recent enquiry from Heather Gale about the grave of her grandmother, Agnes Helen James (nee Brailey) who was buried at Maymyo in Burma in September 1914. Heather Gale is planning a visit to Burma and wants to know if the grave, of which she has an old photograph, still exists. Agnes James's story was a tragic one. The thirty-eight year old woman died of septicaemia, or puerperal fever, following the birth of her second daughter. Agnes' widower, Thomas Leslie James, asked one of his sisters to travel out to Burma and help bring up the little girl. (The elder daughter, who was born in England in 1911, was presumably being cared for by relatives there.)

After nearly a decade of working in Burma, Thomas James moved to Lahore in 1919, where he took up a post as Divisional Engineer of Telegraphs. He decided to return to England, possibly on leave, rather than retirement and had booked a passage for April 1921. But shortly before Christmas 1920, he took his own life and died from a gun-shot wound. He is buried in the Taxali Gate Cemetery in Lahore. The fact that he committed suicide was unknown to his descendants, who were told he had died of a 'broken heart'. The truth may well be that he never got over the death of his wife, but it was thought kinder not to give the family the real cause of death. A photograph of his grave, if it still exists, would be welcomed.

BACSA's Area Representative for Burma, Sally Hofmann, was able to trace Thomas James's career through the Ecclesiastical Returns and Service Records in the India Office at the British Library. In return, Heather Gale has sent precious family photographs of the house where the James's lived in Maymyo, and of her grandmother's grave, which was recorded in the *Burma Register* published by BACSA in 1983. A researcher in Burma is checking whether both house and grave still survive at the moment. Sadly the Maymyo cemetery, which was closed in the 1980s has been subject to vandalism and desecration since. Headstones identified in the last two decades cannot be found today, and at least twenty graves were completely obliterated when a number of mature pine trees were felled without supervision.

Mis-spelt, or mis-heard, Indian place names can lead researchers on a merry dance when they try to tackle nineteenth century British census records, now on line. You can imagine the Dickensian scene as an old India hand spells out the unpronounceable name of his birth place and the unlettered census clerk attempts to transcribe it. This is what we think happened in the case of Corporal Charles Birch, great, great, grandfather of our enquirer, Meryl Hirons.

Charles Birch first saw service in the 69th Regiment of Foot, which was posted to India in 1805. He would have been a very young man at the time, as there is a record showing his birth in Madras in 1791. But Charles prospered and in 1824 a son, William, was born. (We do not know the name of Charles's wife.) This was where the census problem arose, because later, in 1861, when William attempted to give his place of birth, it was recorded as Wallagbabul, which of course doesn't exist. Meryl Hiron sought BACSA's help to find William's birth-place and in doing so, to learn more about Charles Birch. BACSA suggested that the place name might be Walajabad, now in Tamil Nadu, and when it was found that the Regiment maintained a presence here between 1823 and 1825, things started to fall into place. However, it appears that while William went to England at some point, his father Charles remained in India. At the time of William's marriage in England, in 1854, his father's occupation was given as 'Soldier' showing that he was still alive, and presumably still working at the age of 62. Had he perhaps left his Regiment to work for a local Indian ruler, as some Europeans did? It brings us no nearer to finding his burial place, however. Any suggestions for further research would be welcomed, and we add a gentle reminder that Asian place-names in the British census records may not be all they seem.

Although it is clear that BACSA can't answer every query received for the 'Can You Help?' column, it is surprising how often our members *can* help. In the Spring *Chowkidar* Professor Stafford from Cardiff asked for information about the Chulsa Polo Club after acquiring a beer tankard of 1900 with four names inscribed on it. Our indefatigable member Alan Lane was able to tell him that the Chulsa Club is still in operation and gave him brief details of the players from the book *Recollections of a Tea Planter*. One of the men named on the tankard, Fred Thompson, worked on the Sam-Sing tea estate and was described as 'a fine fellow...an athlete who could play all games. In 1908 he was killed as a result of a gunshot when firing at a tiger at close quarters, or being mauled by the animal...' The Chulsa tea estate is today part of the Duncan Goodricke company, of which BACSA's late President, Peter Leggatt, was the chairman. We wonder if they have a record of Fred Thompson's grave on the tea estate?

Here is another offbeat query, this time from Mrs Ferguson, head teacher at Creetown Primary School in Scotland. Creetown granite was much sought after in the nineteenth and early part of the twentieth centuries for war memorials, we are told. There are granite memorials in Newfoundland and Iceland, and it is believed in Sumatra and other locations in South Asia too. Mrs Ferguson asks if BACSA members might have any information about these memorials, or the use of Creetown granite in graveyards abroad?

An example of how BACSA can help, when other organisations fail, comes from Mr David Hamilton. He had been trying for some time, without success, to find out if his great uncle, Lance Corporal Alfred Appleby, had a grave. The Joint Casualty & Compassionate Centre at the Ministry of Defence was unable to help, but suggested Mr Hamilton contact BACSA. Lance Corporal Appleby, born in 1906, joined the Royal Corps of Signals and was posted to India in 1929. Sadly he died from a hernia in November 1932 at the Military Hospital in Abbottabad, at the young age of 26. A message to BACSA member Sue Farrington, who has surveyed nearly all the Christian cemeteries in Pakistan, brought an immediate response. A headstone in the Abbottabad cemetery reads: 'Sacred to the memory of No. 2316856 L/Cpl Alfred Appleby, Royal Corps of Signals who died at Abbottabad on 25th November 1932. Aged 26 years. Erected by all ranks of 1st Indian Divisional Signals Rawal Pindi'. A photograph of the headstone has been sent to Mr Hamilton. Many people are unaware that the Commonwealth War Graves Commission is strictly limited in its remit, and that soldiers who died outside the period of the two World Wars, although serving their country, were not entitled to burial in a War Graves cemetery. This is where BACSA steps in and why we record military as well as civilian graves and memorials. Incidentally, members will be delighted to learn that Sue Farrington was awarded an MBE in the Queen's Birthday Honours in June this year for 'Services to British heritage in Pakistan', an acknowledgement of decades of painstaking field-work.

BACSA member Miss Thelma Munckton has very kindly donated two watercolour sketches for sale at the Autumn General Meeting on 28 October this year. Both are impressionistic sketches of scenes in Jaipur, painted in 1931. The artist's signature is M.L. D'Altura, with a monogram above the signature of 'P' and 'W'. Miss Munckton tells us that her mother referred to the artist as Lisa, Baroness von Pott, who had a strong connection to Jaipur. Is anything known of this talented female artist?

FOREIGN GRAVES IN CHINA

Martyn Webster, a BACSA member, has in the past appealed for information about the graves of westerners buried in the vast Chinese mainland, and the results of his research have now been published in two lengthy articles in the *Genealogists' Magazine*. As we have long suspected, no foreign cemeteries remain, apart from that at Whampoa, which *Chowkidar* first highlighted as long ago as 1997 (Vol. 8, No. 2). Hong Kong and Macao, being special cases, retain their cemeteries, although ominously Mr Webster notes that the future of the Happy Valley cemetery seems to be assured only until 2047, fifty years after the handover of Hong Kong itself.

What Martyn Webster has done in his articles is to examine the reasons why foreigners were in China in the first place - initially for trade, and later for missionary activities. He has then charted the destruction of the cemeteries themselves, piecing together reports from the National Archives at Kew, some newly released under the thirty years' rule. Several factors led to the loss of the cemeteries, not least 'China's determination to erase the vestiges of colonialism from everything' including the very soil in which the foreign dead lay. Twelve graves of soldiers from the South Wales Borderers' Regiment dating from World War One at Tsingtao, a former German treaty port, were extensively damaged by the Japanese towards the end of World War Two. Those with long memories will recall the Yangtze Incident of 1949 when *HMS Amethyst* and *HMS Consort* managed to escape during the Chinese civil war, but with considerable loss of life. The victims were buried in Shanghai, and their graves were completely destroyed during the Cultural Revolution that lasted for a decade between 1966 and 1976.

One of the important cemeteries was in fact at Shanghai, the great port city and international settlement area for foreigners. The curiously named Bubbling Well Cemetery was opened in 1898, and was the largest cemetery in China, with well over five thousand graves and some 1,500 cremated remains, including those of 55 servicemen. At least twenty-six different nationalities were represented here in the ten acre plot, with its pleasant walks shaded by plane trees. All this changed abruptly in 1953, when the Communist authorities ordered the whole site to be dug up and the tombstones removed to an obscure area some fifteen miles north of the city. Here the stones suffered a further indignity and one quite unique in the history of European cemeteries in South Asia. All references to imperial or military connections on the stones were defaced, so that in some cases, only the name of the deceased remained. Just imagine how long this must have taken to carry out. But there was worse to come. During the Cultural Revolution 'these very headstones were cleared and dumped in the vast wetlands surrounding Shanghai. Many have since come to light in use as washboards, floors, tables, steps, bridges and foundations. The remains [of the dead] were probably ploughed over. The fate of grave goods and coffin accessories can only be guessed.' Another Shanghai cemetery, the Shantung Road cemetery attached to the Catholic Holy Trinity Cathedral, erected 1846/47 was the first communal graveyard of its kind in China and survived until about 1967. It has now been built over. The Seamen's Cemetery, established in 1855 was in a dilapidated condition in 1948 and is now lost. In the capital Peking (now Beijing), the British cemetery, which had been opened in 1864 on land purchased outside the west gate, was destroyed by Kuomintang soldiers in 1949 who also smashed up the

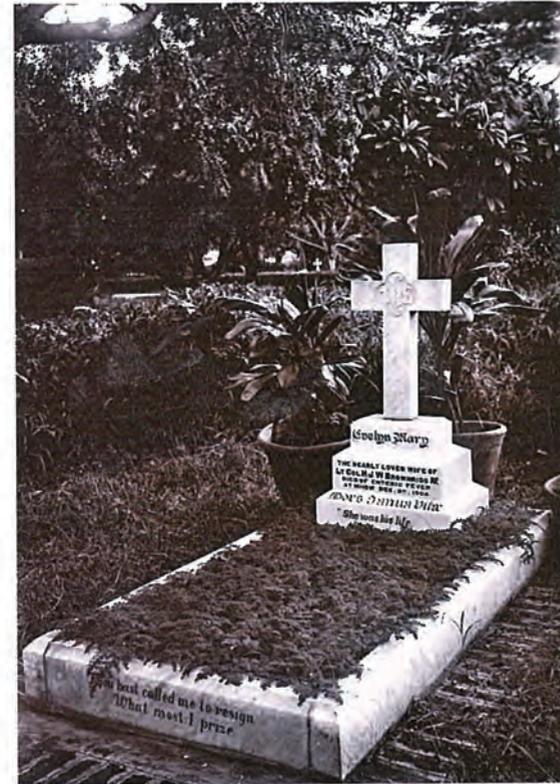
attached chapel. The remains of the dead were removed to a remote village. Victims of the Boxer Rebellion (1900-01) were interred in the old British Legation garden. They were carefully moved to the new British Embassy, only to be sacked, along with the Embassy, in 1967. It all makes very dismal reading. One can't help contrasting the attitudes of the two great Asian super powers, China and India, towards foreign burials. While the former has effectively removed every trace of its colonial past, India has not only assimilated, and come to terms with it, but is actively profiting from cemetery tourism today. Martyn Webster has provided the definitive and sorry story of the loss of European graves in China.

MAJOR GONVILLE BROMHEAD'S TOMB

On 31 January this year, the *Independent on Sunday* ran an excited article headlined 'Rorke's Drift hero's grave lies in ruins.' A dramatic photograph of Major Gonville Bromhead's tomb at Allahabad, with its marble cross toppled off its plinth and broken in two accompanied the article. 'Last resting place of soldier portrayed by Michael Caine in "Zulu" lies mouldering and desecrated.' it went on. The journalist, Jonathan Owen, contacted BACSA for comments and was told that the damage to the grave was more likely to have been caused by an animal straying into the cemetery than a resentful Zulu who had waited 131 years to take revenge. But it wouldn't have made such a good story. BACSA Council member Lieutenant General Menezes contacted the Sub-Area Commander, Allahabad, because the cantonment lies within the jurisdiction of the Indian Army. The Brigadier in charge immediately went to the cemetery and personally interviewed the *mali* (gardener) and *chowkidar* (watchman) who both confirmed that the tomb had been damaged by *neelgai*, the substantially built Asian antelope. Within days the tomb was expertly restored by the Army. The toppled cross was eased back onto the plinth, and the break, just below the arms of the cross, was cemented together. The tomb was cleaned, so that the veins of the marble are visible again, and the inscription carefully relettered in black. (see back cover) Both BACSA and Brigadier David Bromhead, the great, great nephew of the hero, have offered financial assistance, but for the moment nothing else is needed, except perhaps railings around the tomb to prevent further antelope antics. The inscription reads 'In memory of Major Gonville Bromhead V.C. 2nd Battn The South Wales Borderers (24th Regiment) born 29 August 1845 died at Allahabad 9th February 1891. This stone was erected by his brother officers of both battalions in token of their esteem.' Interestingly the standard reference works give his death as 1892, although the inscription clearly states 1891. Bromhead died from typhoid at Camp Dabhaura, Allahabad, one of Britain's greatest heroes of the nineteenth century.



above: the Babulbona cemetery at Berhampore (see page 73)



above: the grave of Evelyn Mary Brownrigg at Mhow (see page 76)

below: digging out the tomb of Major Edward Le Marchant Trafford in the Rawalpindi cemetery (see page 75)



right: Hazel Vanstone's grave at Rawalpindi today (see page 74)



BOOKS that will interest readers

The Man-eater of Punanai Christopher Ondaatje

This beautifully illustrated and intriguing account of Christopher Ondaatje's journey to Sri Lanka, the country of his youth, for the first time in 44 years is far more than just a travelogue set in the 1980s during the civil war. As we travel by his side we return to the places of his childhood and capture his longing for times past and people who will never come again. Halcyon days before his alcoholic father squandered the family fortune and his mother went to England so her children would have some chance in life. She survived by running a boarding house. We also learn the Ondaatjes (a family of Dutch Burgher extraction) were considered to be high achievers and had a reputation for being either brilliant or mad.

Christopher Ondaatje's subsequent emigration to Canada in the 1950s in search of wealth was so successful that life as a businessman and publisher eventually lost its flavour. Twenty years later, his obsession for leopards and a longing to see the country of his youth has become so overwhelming he finally sets out on his pilgrimage. For years he had identified with predators, realizing those who control the territory have the power, like the British who controlled Sri Lanka (Ceylon) and now the Tamil Tigers who were trying to do the same. Finally he decided to walk away from his business territory and explore that of the leopard.

As the memories of the past come flooding back we share his thoughts as he goes south to the old Dutch city of Galle, to Yala, the national park through the village of his youth, which he greeted with rapture, and finally to Punanai in the restricted north in search of the legend of the man-eating leopard shot by Captain Shelton Agar in 1924. The reward was 100 rupees. The journey is sometimes quite daunting as the travellers narrowly escape run-ins with the Tamil Tigers and JVP (Janatha Vimukthi Peramuna) rebels. It is also full of interesting gossip and thought-provoking anecdotes. Why did Leonard Woolf, the Government Agent of Hambantota, writer and husband of Virginia Woolf need forty volumes of Voltaire's works at his residence and can you really find a spell that binds an errant lover to you? The answers remain a mystery. This book is for all lovers of the beautiful island of Sri Lanka. Wander through its ancient cities and along its jungle paths, and gaze in wonder at its flora and fauna. Once started it is impossible to put down and can be read over and over again. (EFH)

2009 Rare Books & Berry ISBN 978-0-9557119-3-0 £12.95 including postage and packing pp237

'In Oriente Primus' A History of the Volunteer Forces In Malaya & Singapore

Jonathan Moffatt & Paul Riches

As with the Indian subcontinent, increased interest in the young men who went out to seek their fortunes in far-flung parts of the Empire has been serviced by a number of well researched reference books. This latest one has been written by, and primarily for, collectors of medals to the men who served in various Volunteer units in the Malay Peninsular.

Described as a history of the volunteer forces of Malaya and Singapore the authors, in the first few words, stress that this is not a comprehensive history of volunteering there, as this has already been dealt with elsewhere. Thus, in a disappointingly brief 20 pages some 180 years of volunteering is covered, although the interesting chapter on Captivity should stimulate further reading on the subject. A reading of *British & Indian Armies in the East Indies (1685-1935)* by our late member and Area Representative for Malaya, Alan Harfield, and other books in the bibliography, would be worthwhile before enjoying the undoubted strength of the remaining 470 odd pages of this book, which provide a vital biographical resource for medal collectors, but don't be put off by this. These pages comprise an outstanding 'Who's Who' of several hundred men and some women of volunteer units stretching from Singapore northwards through Malaya up to Thailand, but only for those who served during the period 1941-45 – potted biographies of an eclectic mix of tin miners, rubber planters, public works engineers, civil and commercial administrators, accountants, car salesmen, lawyers, etc – including Sir Alastair Blair-Kerr who later conducted the notorious Godber corruption enquiry in 1970s Hong Kong – who fought, escaped, died in combat and captivity (some on the infamous Thai/Burma Railway), and those who survived.

Following some excellent photographs is a comprehensive and very useful list of recipients of awards and medals – including the unlucky Sir Franklin Gimson who arrived in Hong Kong to take up the post of Colonial Secretary on 7 December 1941, the day before the Japanese invaded, but who survived three and a half years of captivity to be rewarded with the Governorship of Singapore. Gathered from a wide selection of sources this information provides a valuable resource not only to collectors, researchers, historians etc. but also those of us interested in the lives of men who sought their fortune, and sometimes died, in the jungles of South East Asia. This is a very creditable effort by the co-authors, and is highly recommended – perhaps best read under the casuarinas on a Penang Beach. (DM)

2010 Jonathan Moffatt, 49 Coombe Drive, Binley Woods, Coventry, CV3 2QU ISBN 978 0 9536470-5-7. £31 including postage and packing pp494

In the Wake of the Raj: Travels in 1950s India Desmond Higgins

Do you have a collection of old diaries or letters recording exciting episodes or events of your youth? You are probably too embarrassed to dig them out and read them, but you think that your grandchildren might be interested, and that is good enough reason to rescue them from oblivion. Private papers can be a mine of information, and oral history is big. It can give insights into the past which do not appear in the written records. It also provides social anthropologists with the primary evidence for researching and analyzing whole classes of people and professions. The observer is not just observed, but categorized within a theoretical framework undreamed of by the subject. Desmond Higgins to his credit has overcome whatever misgivings he may have felt in reviving and publishing an account he wrote as a young diplomat in the late 1950s when travelling round mainly north India, and briefly Pakistan and Nepal. He leaves us guessing who his original intended readers were. Presumably he travelled to get to know India to inform his work as a diplomat. But these are far from being official reports. His thumbnail sketches of Indian government and society are jauntily written, the 1950s time frame of his narrative is unaltered, and his own newness to India at the time mean that they must be considered of limited value as an authoritative source of information either of India as it was then or today. They are perhaps an aide memoire of what he really thought at the time. Very appropriately the book is dedicated to his grandchildren, who will surely have access to enough information about India to take what he writes with an affectionate pinch of salt.

There are several reasons why other readers can be grateful that Desmond Higgins has taken the trouble. In the first place there can be few of us who have such articulate narratives hidden in the bottom drawer from any period of our lives. Secondly the author is patently a broadminded and charming man – he is an Irishman after all – and is writing up for the most part a personal journey of discovery of India and Indians, not thankfully a record of expatriate social life. Many BACSA members will enjoy bringing their own counterpoint to Desmond Higgins, and will find his account stimulates their own perhaps unwritten recollections.

However several potential sources of embarrassment suggest themselves. The narrative is pervaded by a dry and somewhat knowing sense of humour. The quirky ways of Indians were just so amusing. No malice was intended but fifty years later, and after a generation of sensitizing and awareness, incorrectly called ‘political correctness’, these attitudes outside an intimate circle do seem just a bit patronising. The Bengalis for example are ripe and generally willing targets for everyone’s ‘essentialising’ generalizations about their character,

including especially their own. I was surprised that Desmond Higgins as an Irishman did not recall the ‘Irish of India’ reputation that the Bengalis had a generation or two earlier, when Bengalis were thought of by Englishmen either as clerks or revolutionaries, – as well as witty, cultured, and (in the word adopted by Nobel prize winner Amartya Sen) ‘argumentative’. But in a comparison I have not heard before, he does call the Rajasthani women carrying sand and cement for the Chambal River development projects, ‘the Irish of north India’.

In this reviewer’s early weeks in India in the mid-1960s, just a few years after Desmond Higgins, I was told by an English ‘old India hand’ that Bengalis, of all Indians, are either ‘quite the nicest or quite the nastiest’. Desmond Higgins gives a very flattering picture of them, Bengali women especially. ‘The women of Bengal are among the finest and most beautiful of India and leave their menfolk far behind’. My wife (who is Bengali) tells me that this is a very true and discerning observation, for an Englishman. He does elsewhere also praise the beauty of Punjabi women and of Delhi University girls. His grandchildren will be happy to know that their grandfather was red-blooded. This is however perhaps one of the instances for which he apologises in advance that – because of the mainly northerly routes his travels took him, – he takes the claims and charms of south India so little into account.

His narrative is not free from the occasional solecism. A Bengali reader then and now would find it very quaint that among the poor of Calcutta ‘few are able to afford the odd bullock which would provide them with a supply of milk’. But another aspect of the narrative, which raised sympathetic chords with this reviewer, is his description of the death-defying experience of driving, especially at night, on what used to be narrow Indian roads where the trucks monopolized the centre of the highway – the only surfaced part even at best. Higgins’s journeys were by car, mine mainly by scooter, a mode of transport that he recommends highly but does not seem to have used much. In the crush of cars in today’s India who remembers the American economist and ambassador J.K. Galbraith’s prescription in the mid-60s for the future of India’s transport system – ‘trucks and scooters’. Wishful thinking indeed.

A further and more disturbing reflection prompted by Higgins’s narrative is his view of the Anglo-Indian community, linked by a blood relationship and ties of sentiment to an England they had never seen and which would not accept them. This was a view then widely shared by English people. In today’s multicultural Britain, with very large south Asian communities few

of whom at the time of their migration to Britain could claim any such ties, these perceptions are very dated, though prejudice itself regrettably is not. Higgins does not attempt to update his narrative, again to his credit. But I do wonder why the narrators of this 'plain tales of the Raj' genre (so successfully explored in print and on radio by Charles Allen) never seemed to revise their judgments of several decades earlier. It might bring them closer to their grandchildren and great grandchildren if they did. (WFC)

2010 Melrose Books ISBN 978 1 906561 41 3 £11.99 pp134

Not Exactly Shangri-La Martin Moir

The author was deputy director of the British Library's Oriental Collections for many years, so knows what he is talking about when he sets his first novel in a remote Himalayan country where intriguing lamas hold sway. Although set in the present, the story has powerful links to the past, particularly to events that happened in the 1940s, when Japan presented the main threat to British India. This is basically an adventure story, with a romantic interest in the developing friendship between a young English academic, Timothy Curtin, and Huma Hassan, an Indian conservation expert. Both find themselves in Kalapur, ostensibly to conserve and translate an important monastic chronicle, although their work seems to be increasingly sidelined as political events unfold. A hidden manuscript, wild, yeti-type creatures, and the enigmatic Abbot Taranatha's behaviour are only a few elements in the tale. This is a good debut novel, not quite polished enough for the reviewer's taste, and with slightly too much emphasis on Buddhist rituals. But there is no doubt that the author has a sharp eye, and ear, for the unusual. The opening chapter, in which a lecture is held in one of London's 'Oriental' Societies, is particularly well observed, and who better placed than the author to set his next novel in the dangerous world of oriental academia? Now that really would be exciting! (RLJ)

* 2009 Rupa & Co. ISBN 978 81 291 1546 Rs295 pp264

Victoria & Abdul: the true story of the Queen's closest confidant

Shrabani Basu

Queen Victoria's penchant for having Indian servants about her has long been regarded as a charming eccentricity and proof of her fondness for her Indian subjects. The *munshi*, Abdul Karim, seemed to be a particular favourite, and was photographed on several occasions with his royal employer. Now for the first time, an Indian author and journalist has looked deeper into this curious relationship and has come up with a fascinating story of jealousy, snobbery and revenge.

It was only in 1887, fifty years after the start of her reign, that the Queen was 'given' two Indian servants as a golden jubilee present. Mohammed Buksh and Abdul Karim, both Muslims, were to serve as waiters (*khitmatgars*) at the royal table on a salary of £60 per annum. Victoria noted in her diary that Karim was much lighter in complexion than Buksh (at a time when these things mattered), and was 'tall, with a fine serious countenance'. The Queen had had the misfortune to lose two men she loved, her prince consort 'dear Albert,' and later her gruff Scots servant John Brown. Karim was to become her last object of affection and to incur the resentment of her family, her courtiers, and successive Viceroys of India. It started innocently enough, as these things do. The Royal Household regularly moved between Windsor, Balmoral, Buckingham Palace (which the Queen disliked), and Osborne House on the Isle of Wight. It was here in the kitchen at Osborne that Karim cooked his first curry for the Queen, using spices brought from his home in Agra. It was pronounced 'excellent' by Her Majesty, who ordered curries to be made regularly, particularly when Indian princes and nobility dined with her.

Enthused by her culinary foray into India, of which she had now been Empress for ten years, the Queen decided to learn Urdu (then generally called Hindustani), and asked young Karim to teach her. This he did with great application, devising a phrase book with sentences in Urdu script, roman script, and translation into English. He taught the Queen simple phrases and helped her to keep a Hindustani journal in which she noted daily events. A year after his arrival, the Queen decided to appoint Karim as her official munshi, or tutor, because he had said he was unhappy waiting at table, having been a clerk in his own country. He threatened to return to India. It was true that Karim had had a decent education in Urdu and Persian, as a boy and had later been employed as deputy lawyer to a minor Nawab in Rajasthan. But he had conflated his father's position from that of hospital assistant at Agra Jail, to one of doctor. Much of the later British criticism against him was that he came from humble stock and could simply not be put on a par with upper class Indians. Only in the face of extreme royal nagging, via telegrams to the Viceroy, was the munshi's father appointed Khan Bahadur, a title not normally awarded to a mere doctor, much less a medical assistant. It was equivalent to a knighthood. Queen Victoria either failed to understand, or deliberately misunderstood, that objections to Karim's increasing power, and his wish to promote his family, were not based on colour prejudice, as it was then called, but on simple snobbery.

The story unfolds to its tragic conclusion in Agra. The author has been scrupulously fair in portraying the characters of the leading players. She charts Karim's rapid rise to fame, when the Queen gave him his own Indian servants and carriages. He took part in theatrical performances with the royal family, travelled to Europe on the court's annual visits, and quickly lost his slender figure, due to too much good living. However, just when the reader loses patience with Karim's continual tale-telling to the Queen about real or imagined slights, the author reminds us that he was a brown man in a white country, and we begin to sympathize with him again. This is a beautifully written book. Shrabani Basu has been meticulous in her research in the Windsor Castle archives, at Osborne and Agra. She has drawn an accurate picture of an Indian man who rose from a relatively humble background to become a comfort and a close companion to the Empress of India in her later years. Warmly recommended (RLJ)

2010 The History Press ISBN 978 0 7524 5364 4 £18.99 pp224

The Inordinately Strange Life of Dyce Sombre Michael Fisher

The name of Dyce Sombre, the 'black prince' of Sardhana is virtually unknown today, yet in the mid-nineteenth century world it was almost as familiar as that of Queen Victoria herself. Why the sad and extraordinary story of David Dyce Sombre should have faded entirely from public memory is not examined in Michael Fisher's new book, and indeed might have provided a useful epilogue. One can hazard a guess that because so much was written about this unfortunate man, in such lengthy detail, over such a long period of time, that the general public simply got satiated with his complicated story and switched its attention to something less demanding like the Great Exhibition of 1851. And as the Exhibition opened, David Dyce Sombre lay dying in a Mayfair hotel. He had been a frequent guest at Mivart's Hotel in Brook Street (which later became Claridges), because it provided 'discreet accommodation for royalty and foreign potentates'. David (almost) fulfilled both categories. He was the adopted heir of Begam Sombre, the ruler of the little kingdom of Sardhana, north of Delhi. The Begam's husband was Walter Reinhard, also known as Sombre, possibly from his saturnine appearance. (It was Indianised as Samru.) He was a German Catholic adventurer, whom the East India Company held responsible for the Patna massacre of 1763, when a number of Britons were killed. David Dyce Sombre was Walter Reinhard's great grandson by his first wife, Bahar. He adopted Reinhard's alias of Sombre in a successful effort to gain access to the Begam's fabulous riches on her death in 1836.

As for being a foreign potentate, when David left India for ever, two years after the Begam's death, his status and wealth gave him entrée into high society in England, Europe and Russia. He was introduced to foreign royalty, although curiously he was not considered suitable for membership of London's Oriental Club, and was blackballed. There were many such contradictions in David's life. He was an Anglo-Indian, brought up in the palace at Sardhana by the Begam, who had become a Catholic, as David was. Fluent in Persian, which he preferred for intimate correspondence, he became a parody of the worst kind of Company officer. He gambled, drank, smoked, frequented prostitutes, and caught the inevitable diseases from them. The fact that young Company officers and other Anglo-Indians often accompanied him in these debauches made them no less shameful. He was not physically attractive, being overweight and subject to boils on his body. But money can overcome many imperfections. It was to buy him a short-lived seat in the British Parliament, when he stood at Sudbury, one of the rottenest of rotten boroughs and thus became the first Anglo-Indian Member of Parliament. It also attracted well-born upper-class ladies among whom Mary Anne Jervis, daughter of Viscount St Vincent, got the prize of his hand in marriage. Mary Anne, her relatives, and David's own brothers-in-law were to be his nemesis.

The author, Michael Fisher, like this reviewer, is fascinated by the crossover of Indian and English people during the period of the British Raj, and before. Although there was considerable migration by Britons to India, for army service and adventure, we tend to think that Indians stayed put in India until at least after Partition in 1947. This is simply not so. When David arrived in England there were already several thousand of his fellow countrymen and women here, from seamen (*lascars*) and servants, to scholars, ambassadors and aristocrats. But because David was such a prominent, outrageous figure, his story is particularly worth telling, for its 'multiple meanings' as Fisher calls it. One of the most interesting aspects is the question of David's so-called lunacy. His wife and her relatives had him declared a 'legal Chancery Lunatic' after his increasingly bizarre behaviour towards Mary Anne. This meant he lost control over his considerable fortune, and indeed his freedom, becoming in effect a minor, and a ward of the Crown. The rest of his life was taken up in appealing against the verdict of lunacy and in trying to force the East India Company to return the Begam's property, which had been seized on her death. David managed to escape from the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool to France, where French doctors declared him perfectly sane, as did Russian doctors. So could you be declared mad in England but sane in Europe? What did this say about Anglo/French relations? And as some wag said, wasn't an appeal to the East India Company enough to drive anyone mad?

Legal, medical and academic arguments continued during David's lifetime and beyond. How much of his seemingly odd behaviour towards his English wife would have been perfectly acceptable had he married an Indian lady in India? These intriguing questions are fully explored in this book, and throw light on changing British attitudes towards India during the nineteenth century. It was the late BACSA member Nicholas Shreeve who first brought the Sardhana story back into public attention, with a series of books, including *From Nawab to Nabob*, an edited version of one of David's diaries that survives in the India Office Records. Michael Fisher has paid gracious acknowledgement to these earlier researches, but his book will stand for a long time as the definitive version of the Dyce Sombre story. There is however, one question he doesn't answer. David's behaviour towards his wife was certainly quite irrational at times. He even accused her of smuggling a lover into the marital bed, while David was actually asleep in it, something we would recognise today as extreme paranoia. But at the same time he was being treated for venereal disease with mercury, then the recognised 'cure'. We know now that mercury affects the mind, hence the old saying 'mad as a hatter' because milliners used mercury in the manufacture of felt and subsequently suffered insane fits. Could this explain David's psychotic episodes? Or was there something much deeper going on in the mind of this unhappy and unfortunate man? Recommended. (RLJ)

2010 Hurst & Co. London ISBN 978 18490 40006 £18.99 paperback pp396

Woven Masterpieces of Sikh Heritage Frank Ames

The sub-title of this very handsome book is 'The Stylistic Development of the Kashmir Shawl under Maharaja Ranjit Singh 1780-1839'. The author is an acknowledged expert in his field, so much so perhaps that he sometimes takes for granted that readers will be as familiar with Indian terms as he is. It is annoying, for example, to find that the key element of the woven shawl, the 'boteh', appears in a different spelling in the glossary and is referred to as the 'Indian term for the Paisley design' without elaborating on the importance of Paisley shawls and *their* design. In fact the word *buta* means flower or sprig, particularly when embroidered or woven, and it is that curious conical shape, bulbous at the bottom, with the narrowed top curving over to one side. It is of extreme antiquity, clearly symbolic, and possibly originating in ancient Iran. Its resemblance to the Indian mango is not commented on. The earliest surviving shawls date from the seventeenth century Mughal period and employed single sprigs of naturalistic flowers, widely spaced, against a plain background. How

these simple patterns developed into the riotous, psychedelic swirls that characterize the prized early nineteenth century shawls is the subject of this book. There were artistic influences from abroad, and one of the most interesting chapters shows how Mughal artists copied illustrations from herbal manuals brought to India by the Jesuits. This was first noted by the art historian Robert Skelton, who found direct copies of Mughal flower paintings based on detailed European illustrations. Frank Ames points out that if you were ill while travelling abroad at this period, botanical accuracy was imperative, because all medicines were then based on herbal remedies and you had to be sure of what you were ingesting. Later on Ranjit Singh's court attracted a number of French adventurers, like General Allard, who may have brought new artistic influences with them, but who certainly improved the lot of the Kashmiri weavers by encouraging the export of shawls to the French market. French experts travelled to Kashmir with portfolios of drawings adapted to the French taste for the weavers to copy.

The author claims to find Sikh elements within the shawls, including the dagger, the quoit, the *gurdwara* (temple) and possibly representations of the funeral boat that took Ranjit Singh to his cremation ground in 1839. This would not be surprising, given that the Maharaja did much to revitalize the lot of the weavers following his conquest of Kashmir in 1819. But the case is not made sufficiently robustly. The book is short on technical details. There are only a few lines on the dyes used and no explanation of why the spectrum of reds was so popular. There is nothing about the looms used by these clever weavers. But for anyone wanting a feast for the eyes, and an incentive to look in the attic to see if your great grandmother did own a genuine Kashmir shawl, which today would be worth an awful lot of money, this is the book for you. (RLJ)

2010 Antique Collectors' Club 978 1 85149 598 6 £45.00 pp254

Fate Knows no Tears Mary Talbot Cross

This is a new edition of the book first published in 1996, and reviewed in *Chowkidar* at the time. It tells the story of Adela Florence Nicolson, wife of an Indian army officer General Malcolm Nicolson. Adela was to become better known as the romantic poet Laurence Hope. Her pseudonym will not mean much to today's readers, but she was one of the most popular poets of her age. In 1901 she published *The Garden of Kama*, at first anonymously, although she was soon identified as the author. Some of her best known poems were set to music by the British composer Amy Woodforde-Finden, including 'Less than the dust, beneath thy Chariot wheel' and 'Pale Hands I loved beside the Shalimar'.

Born in Gloucestershire, Adela travelled to India in 1881 to join her father who was the Lahore editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette*. Her husband, General Nicolson, Commandant of the 3rd Baluch Regiment was twice her age, but it seems to have been a true love match, so much so that she committed suicide shortly after his death during a failed operation. The conflicting claims of being a senior officer's wife and a poet, at a time when any literary pretension among members of the British Raj was generally regarded with suspicion are well brought out in this novel. The couple are buried at St Mary's cemetery, Madras, although the original headstone appears to have been lost, or replaced, according to a visitor in the 1960s. (RLJ)

2009 Wakefield Press. Orders to Mr Carter, 6 The Brambles, Lea, Ross on Wye HR9 7SY, England ISBN 978 1 86254 785 8 £15.00 including postage pp422

The Old Cemetery Pachmarhi Walter Reeve

The latest BACSA Cemetery Records book is by someone who grew up in the hill station in central India, as a child, when his father was posted there in 1939. During the turbulent pre-Independence days the family lived in Mrs Booker's Hotel, Pachmarhi until moving to Nowhsera, now in Pakistan. When Walter Reeve returned to India in 2003 on a visit, he found much that was familiar. Going to the British cemetery to see the grave of a childhood friend who had died tragically from malaria at the age of four, he was saddened by the cemetery's condition and determined to record the graves. This short book is the result, compiled from burial registers and inscriptions on the graves themselves.

2010 BACSA ISBN 978 0 907799 89 4 £6.00 plus postage & packing pp47

Epilogue

'I wonder if any other member has brought to your attention the rather charming reference to BACSA in *The Guardian* recently?' writes Robert Graham-Harrison. Researching for the biography of that fine novelist Penelope Fitzgerald, Hermione Lee found the following reference in one of Fitzgerald's letters: 'Of Mary Bennett's short family memoir, *The Ilberts in India 1882-1886*, she writes: "Such a good book. Bought from the BACSA [British Association for Cemeteries in South Asia] in April 1995. I rang up and asked 'is that the publication department?' A man's voice replied 'as far as it exists, I am it.'" This was of course BACSA's late founder Theon Wilkinson, who at that time was not only the 'publications department' but very much else besides!

Notes to Members

When writing to the Secretary and expecting a reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

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

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

***Books from India:** where prices are given in rupees, these books can be obtained from Mr Ram Advani, Bookseller, Mayfair Buildings, Hazratganj PO Box 154, Lucknow 226001, UP, India. Mr Advani will invoice BACSA members in sterling, adding £4.00 for registered airmail for a slim hardback, and £3.00 for a slim paperback. Sterling cheques should be made payable to Ram Advani. Catalogues and price lists will be sent on request. Email: radvanilko@gmail.com

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*The newly restored grave of Major Gonville Bromhead
at Allahabad*