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CHOWKIDAR

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NOTES ON BACSA

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

There is a steady membership of over 1,300 (2014) drawn from a wide circle of interest - Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical & Genealogical Societies. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association - the setting up of local committees in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Sri Lanka, Malaysia etc., and building up the Records Archive in the India Office Collections at the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments. The Association has its own newsletter *Chowkidar*, which is distributed free to all members twice a year and contains a section for 'Queries' on any matter relating to family history or the condition of a relative's grave etc. BACSA also publishes Cemetery Records books and has published books on different aspects of European social history out East. Full details on our website: www.bacsa.org.uk The enrolment fee and subscription rates are obtainable from the Membership Secretary.

Founded by the late Theon Wilkinson, MBE

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THE STRANGE STORY OF DR BUTCHER

It was a haunting story and just right for the very first issue of *Chowkidar* too. An intrepid female doctor, wicked tribesmen, Annie Besant, an embalmed body, faithful native servants....all the elements for a properly creepy story by Kipling. This is how it appeared in 1977:

'A macabre tale is related by Mary Kaye-Webster, of her Aunt, Flora Butcher (a Victorian doctor), whom British prejudice would not allow to practise as a doctor in her own country. So after working in India, she crossed the Khyber Pass and established a hospital in Afghanistan, in the 1920s. Dr. Annie Besant, who had kept in touch, as the Nearest White Woman, realising that Flora Butcher was late in sending her pack ponies for supplies, made enquiries and learnt on the grape-vine of a small group of wanderers beyond the Khyber Pass and their new religion. The wanderers proved to be the remnants of Flora's hospital staff, all Indians, who carried with them a litter, in which reposed the doctor's body, perfectly embalmed by her faithful servants. She had been murdered by Afghan tribesmen, and most of her staff massacred, apart from a few who had been out collecting herbs. When they returned they rescued the remains of Dr. Butcher, who was finally given an honourable burial in British India.' Great stuff. Except that very little of it was true. It was only when Mrs Kaye-Webster died last year and left a sum of money to BACSA to restore her aunt's grave, that the story started to unravel.

There is absolutely no suggestion that BACSA was deliberately misled. This was clearly a family legend that had been passed down and was told to us in good faith. What it illustrates is how such stories can be innocently embroidered, or half remembered, although somewhere deep down, there is usually a nugget of truth. Unpicking this story has so far taken over six months and a lot of dedicated footwork, mainly by BACSA member Sue Farrington, who initially became involved because it was assumed Dr Butcher's grave was somewhere on the North West Frontier. Doubts began to creep in when no such grave was found listed in BACSA's extensive records for the area. It was pointed out that Annie Besant spent most of her time in south India, deeply involved with the Theosophical movement, rather than on the wild frontier with Afghanistan. The embalmed body carried miles by faithful servants to ensure a Christian burial quite possibly comes from the story of Dr David Livingstone's last journey. (Dying in 1873, in what is now Zambia, his embalmed body was carried to the coast by his loyal attendants, and eventually buried in Westminster Abbey.)

Livingstone was a member of the London Missionary Society, and here may be the link with Flora Butcher, who went to India as a member of the Baptist Missionary Society. Her photograph appears in the *Missionary Herald* for 1896, and is captioned: 'Miss Flora Butcher M.D. has been accepted for Medical Mission work at Palwal, where her services are urgently desired. Miss Butcher, in addition to a course of medical and surgical training at different hospitals, has had some insight into Medical Mission work at Dr McCall's and at the Canning Town Settlement.' Palwal is just under forty miles south of Delhi, and Flora Butcher settled in very well. She was still there in 1904, but the following year she seems to have suffered a health problem and by November 1905 had left both the Palwal Mission and the Society too. There is mention of her subsequently working at the Ludhiana Medical School, perhaps as a teacher, but also a hint that she might later have worked independently and established her own hospital.

Dr Butcher, who was born in Chesham, Buckinghamshire, came from a large family with five sisters and one brother, and their father, Joseph, was a banker. Probate records reveal that she died, aged fifty-seven, on 13 November 1926 at Banbassa, now in Uttarakhand State, near the Nepalese border. Her home was at Tanakpur, six miles away. A photograph of her grave at Banbassa is in the British Library. What BACSA needs to know now is whether the grave still exists today. If anyone should be travelling in that area, we would be most grateful for any information. It's certainly a less exciting story than the one we had been given all those years ago but, nevertheless, it is a record of a life of service, that ended in India. Incidentally, her younger sister, Adah Butcher, also worked in India, but predeceased Flora, in 1914, and is buried in Lucknow.

MAIL BOX

Two unrelated contributions received recently remind us that death in pre-1947 south Asia didn't always fit into neat categories and that British burials can turn up in unexpected places. BACSA member Dr Annabel Gallop was visiting Indonesia last summer and on the northernmost island of Weh, near the port of Sabang, found a decrepit tombstone in the small Dutch cemetery there. The inscription, in English, starts 'In memory of my beloved husband Thomas Edmund Casserle [?]officer MV Phasianell who died Sabang...February 1907'. Nothing more can be gleaned. Since there was no British cemetery here, officer Casserle was interred in what seems to be the only Christian cemetery on the island.

Goa, on the south west coast of India, is usually referred to as a former Portuguese settlement. It was established in 1510, only twelve years after Vasco da Gama made the first Portuguese landfall on the Malabar coast, and it remained part of the sovereign territory of Portugal until 1961. So it was a surprise to learn that a substantial British cemetery exists in Panjim, near the gates of the present Raj Bhawan (Government House). Mr Guy Dowman found it in the autumn and became intrigued, particularly as he could find no inscriptions on the tombstones, and therefore not much chance of any restoration by BACSA. 'I wonder who maintains it now?' he asked. 'When I visited it last month [August], it was signposted from the road but locked behind rusty gates. (I have to confess to rather naughtily climbing over the gate as I was determined to see it, having ridden all the way there on my moped.) There was high grass and weeds growing everywhere, making it look very forlorn and abandoned.'

The cemetery is on the southern side of the river Mandovi, opposite Fort Aguada, and is now the only physical reminder of the brief British occupation of Goa, from 1799 to 1813. The cemetery was established in 1802 to serve the British garrisons stationed at Fort Aguada, Fort Mormugao and Cabo. Over a thousand troops from HM's 75th, 77th and 84th regiments had been ordered into Goa by the Governor General, Marquess Wellesley, following the discovery of Napoleon's intended invasion of southern India. The Portuguese governor was said to have welcomed the friendly 'invasion' with the 'most perfect cordiality, and the most distinguished attention.' A financial arrangement was made between the British and Portuguese governments, the latter paying the former to defend the little enclave.

Long after the British had withdrawn, a traveller in 1855 described the cemetery: 'The massive laterite stone wall which surrounds it is as perfect as the day it was built, the laterite in this neighbourhood being the best I have anywhere seen, but the lofty arched entrance gates have long been despoiled of every particle of wood. The burial ground is used for rice cultivation and the very tombstones are worn down from the sharpening of native tools on them; where not cultivated, it is overgrown with high rank grass said to be alive with deadly cobras de capello. If it be true, as I have heard, that the Collector of Belgaum allows an annual sum to keep in order, I can assure him that not a piece worth of care is bestowed on it.' In May 1869 a request was made by the British government in India to the Governor General of Portuguese India to repair and maintain the cemetery. It was described nine years later as an oblong area, about 180 yards by 145 yards long, and walled

all around, with an ornamental gate of massive teak wood. At this point there were 47 tombstones and 56 gravestones visible. It was repaired again by the British Consul in 1941, when the old wooden gate was replaced by a metal one. The earliest burial according to the tomb plates, which were evidently still in position at that time, was on the 19 December 1808 and the latest on 10 August 1912. No doubt a list of inscriptions is stored away somewhere as a record of this curious little interregnum in Goa's history.

In a corner of South Park Street Cemetery, Calcutta, lie two flat and undistinguished tombstones side by side. They are usually overlooked in favour of the more spectacular tombs here, but in fact are of great interest and mark the resting places of Colonel the Hon. George Monson and his wife Lady Anne Monson, both of whom died in 1776. The Colonel's tomb has a long inscription on his distinguished career, including his last appointment as a Member of the Supreme Council in India. However, this is not an original inscription but was placed here in 1908 by the Government of Bengal at the request of the Calcutta Historical Society. But Lady Anne's tomb remained without an inscription and on a recent visit, a member of the Monson family decided to remedy this. Lady Anne was a great grand-daughter of King Charles II, and a botanist of renown, who corresponded with Carl Linnaeus. By her first husband, the Hon. Charles Hope-Vere, she had two sons. She predeceased her second husband by a few months and certainly deserves to be equally remembered. Now there are practical plans in hand to commemorate her life with a newly composed inscription to match that of her husband. (*see page 109*)

A sad story was told to us by BACSA member Mrs Lesley Cox, who recently visited the tea estate in Assam, where she had lived as a baby. It was 'a tear-jerking day when I found the graves of three of my grandparents' babies who died there in the first years of the twentieth century. I had no idea they were there. The three graves were those of two little girls and a boy who were buried at Doyang tea estate between 1902 and 1904. My grandparents also lost a son in 1900 at a different tea estate.' Understandably, the grandparents sent their two remaining babies, including Mrs Cox's mother, to England to be looked after by cousins and they did not see their children again for many years. It is believed the first member of the family arrived in India from Australia in 1841, and settled there. His son, Henry Walling, was married in Bengal in 1860 to the daughter of a French indigo planter, and worked on the Assam tea estate for many years. Both Mrs Cox's grandmother, and mother, married tea-planters, and she herself was born in Shillong.

While in Assam the Coxes also visited Golaghat, the town that gave its name to one of the subdivisions of the State. A British cemetery was established here in 1876, and this has been imaginatively commemorated by a large painted board containing the names of some of those buried within. (*see page 108*) The names were 'Collected from the writing as found on the graves' and include one of the first burials, that of John Butler, 'A Political of Naga Hills who died on 7 January 1876'. Another Political Agent of the Naga Hills was Charles Henry Parish, who died in the Wokha District in 1886, aged twenty-seven years. There are a number of tea-planters listed here, including Adolphus Wallace, who died in 1894, and Barbara Maxwell McCormac, 'wife of William Hutchison' who died at Dooria in 1908, aged twenty-nine. The condition of the graves within the cemetery is not known, but at least we have twenty-eight names clearly set out here.

BACSA member Mr Tim Willasey-Wilsay became intrigued some years ago after coming across a memorial in the churchyard at Langholm, in Scotland. It referred to William Richardson 'Captain in the East India Company Service and Quartermaster General to General Matthews' army [who] was one of the unfortunate officers who suffered by the cruelty of Tippoo when confined in Gopal Drooge 1783'. This refers to the imprisonment of over a thousand European officers and men who were captured by Tipu Sultan during the Mysore wars. Although the outline of the story was familiar, Mr Willasey-Wilsay became curious to learn more about Gopal Drooge, and after considerable research, extensive use of Google Earth and the help of Indian friends, he identified the massive natural rock formation near the village of Satnur, off the Mysore to Bangalore highway.

Amazingly, the prison where Captain Richardson and sixteen other officers were confined for a short time still exists on the summit of the rock, and looks as if it might have been a powder magazine. The soldiers had previously been imprisoned in Seringapatam for four months after their capture by Tipu and they were forced to march the sixty miles to Gopal Drooge. Here they were given a terrible choice – either swallow bowls of poison, which would of course kill them, or be thrown alive down the sheer rock face. Captain Richardson seems to have been the last to die, falling to his knees and begging for 'confirmation of his sentence'. After the murders, the irons were knocked off the bodies, and the corpses were thrown into the woods to be devoured by tigers. It is a bloodthirsty story, and it is to Mr Willasey-Wilsay's credit that he has been able to explore the actual site where it took place. A photograph of the Langholm memorial would be appreciated when someone next visits the churchyard.

CAN YOU HELP?

This column has been a regular feature since *Chowkidar* started nearly forty years ago, and the answer to our question 'Can You Help?' is often 'Yes, we can.' BACSA members are gratifyingly ready to investigate and answer queries posted here. In the Autumn 2013 issue new BACSA member Mrs Kathy Fraser wrote to ask if the tomb of an ancestor, Alexander Charles Fraser, still existed. It was a long shot because all we knew was that Alexander died in 1816 and was buried at a place called Jokhoulee, a twelve-hour horseback ride away from old Delhi. We deduced that this was an area in Sonapat District, some twenty-five miles north of the Mughal capital. It was suggested that someone in Delhi might care to go out and look for it. Now BACSA member Sebastian Mills takes up the story:

'When I was staying at Tikli Bottom in December, a good friend of Martin & Annie Howard (the owners of Tikli) - Mahinder Paul - who often stays there, read the article about the Fraser tomb in my copy of *Chowkidar*. Mahinder's home village is about 40km from the site of the Fraser tomb so we decided to take a trip and see if we could find it. We drove out from Delhi about 40km [24 miles] to Jakhauli and remarkably quickly were able to find the former site of the tomb which sadly is there no more. We talked to the local farmer on whose land the tomb was located and were told that it was dismantled probably only in the last ten years. The farmer, a charming gentleman called Naresh, asked us back to his house about 200m away from the tomb's former site and we took tea with him and his family. He then took us out to the back of the property and showed us the stone post which is currently part of a fence. He told us that it is a part of the tomb and I would also bet that a bit of research would find other pieces in the area; probably incorporated into other buildings.' The photograph on the back cover shows Mr Mills standing next to a substantial red sandstone block which had formed part of Alexander's handsome Mughal-style tomb. Perhaps it was too much to hope that the tomb itself would still be intact, but at least this was a successful outcome, and another little piece of history falls into place.

A photograph of a handsome Celtic cross marking a grave in Bangalore was sent in recently by BACSA member Christopher Penn. The inscription at the base reads: 'To the beloved memory of Francis Pemberton Campbell of Trumpington, Cambridgeshire, Lt. Colonel XIV King's Hussars who died whilst in command of the regiment at Bangalore on the 4th June 1876, aged XXXIX and is buried here. This cross has been placed by his sorrowing mother.' (see page 108)

Francis came from the distinguished Pemberton family who could trace their direct ancestry back to the early sixteenth century. His mother, Frances, was an only child, and at the age of eighteen she had married a Captain Campbell, who soon left her widowed with three young children. Francis, who was born in 1837, followed the conventional military route of an officer, being promoted from cadet to captain, major, and finally lieutenant colonel in April 1875. He had seen service both in the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny, being present at the relief of Lucknow in 1857.

He must have seemed at the peak of his career when he was appointed to command the 14th King's Hussars shortly before the regiment sailed for Bombay in January 1876. Arriving there the following month, the soldiers travelled by train, via Poona, to Bangalore. It was here during the summer heat that Francis was struck down with acute dysentery, and lingered for a week before dying on 4 June. He was buried in the cantonment cemetery the following day, with full military honours, and his funeral was watched by many residents of Bangalore. Christopher Penn's query is two-fold – firstly he would like to know if the handsome memorial still exists, and secondly, was this photograph taken by his great grandfather, the celebrated photographer Albert Penn, or ATW Penn, as he was better known? There is reason to believe it may be, because the image appears on one side of an album page, with a photograph by Penn on the reverse. It's quite possible that the Pemberton family, who still live in Trumpington, may have a copy of the photograph and could confirm this. A memorial window to Francis Campbell still stands in the parish church of St Mary and St Michael in the village.

Many years ago, in October 1985 to be precise, *Chowkidar* asked a question which has only been answered late last year. It concerned a memorial to two Royal Engineers, Lieutenant Richard Bedingfield and Lieutenant Philip Burlton and to a Dr Beadon. The three men were killed at Nongkhlaw village, in the Khasi hills, near Gauhati. The area today is in the small State of Meghalaya. All three men were engaged in the East India Company's settlement in the Upper Assam valley, following the first Anglo-Burmese war. The engineers were surveying, and building a road. The doctor hoped to set up a sanatorium. It was thought the area had been pacified, but suddenly the Khasi tribespeople 'decided to expel the British and surrounded their bungalow on the morning of 4 April with five hundred armed warriors. Bedingfield, on attempting to reason with the crowd was killed almost immediately.'

Burlton was able to hold out for twenty-four hours in the bungalow with a few sepoy of the Assam Light Infantry, but was forced to make a break when the thatched roof was fired. 'The end came on the road towards Cherrapunji when a sudden shower of rain rendered the British powder and thus their firearms, useless. Burlton was cut down while extracting an arrow from his wrist.'

The story had been sent to us originally by Mr DFS Papworth who had inspected the memorial to the men, which then stood next to the site of the engineers' bungalow. It was in reasonable condition, apart from an intrusive tree, but the plaque commemorating the officers was missing. 'Do any readers recollect the memorial, and perhaps the wording?' we asked at the time. Fast forward to October 2013 and a letter is passed to BACSA from the Grand Council of Chiefs of Meghalaya, who wish to restore the memorial. Luckily the marble plaque had been photographed by a former village chief before it vanished. It's a poor photograph, but the following can be made out: 'Sacred to the memory of Lts Bedingfeld [sic] and Burlton, Ben Arty who were barbarously murdered by the Cossays of Nuncklow on the 2nd and 4th April 1829 and of [H.] Beadon Esqr Asst. Surgn who was killed 25th May 1829 while nobly avenging their death.' The abbreviation 'Ben Arty' stands for Bengal Artillery.

Back in 1985 of course, the internet was not available for public use, but today we can find a little more information on the two engineers. Lieutenant Richard Gurdon Bedingfield was born in Norfolk in 1802, and Lieutenant Philip Bowles Burlton was a year younger, and born at Ravenstone, Leicestershire. Less is known about H. Beadon, apart from the fact that he had been appointed Second Assistant Garrison Surgeon at Fort William, Calcutta in 1826. It is a tragic story, but perhaps now BACSA can work with the Grand Council of Chiefs to restore this memorial.

A prompt answer to another query from India came in response to a short article about Colonel William McCulloch in the Autumn *Chowkidar*. Mr Singh, from Imphal, had told us that the Colonel, a Political Agent in Manipur, had married a local princess with whom he had a number of children. He asked if we knew where Colonel McCulloch was buried. Not in Edinburgh, his native city, was the answer. Then BACSA member Anne Inglis told us that she believed he had remained in Shillong after his retirement in 1867. This was quickly verified from Eileen Hewson's book entitled *Assam & North-East India: Christian Cemeteries and Memorials* (BACSA 2005).

A memorial tablet had been put up in the old All Saints' Church at Shillong, which is called the 'old church' for a good reason. Consecrated in 1877, it was completely destroyed by an earthquake twenty years later. Some of its marble tablets were retrieved and re-erected in the new Church, which contains a window brass 'In memory of Colonel McCulloch, for many years Political Agent of Manipur who died at Shillong, April 4th 1885. Erected by his daughter.'

However, in the cemetery at All Saints' Church lies the grave of Mrs Mary McCulloch, 'wife of Colonel W. McCulloch', who died in 1888. So where does the princess, Ningthoujam Thotpi fit in? Mr Singh had referred delicately to 'the hidden relationship of the two families' but Mrs Inglis recalls a rather blunter reference to the Colonel 'and his harem'. One of the McCulloch daughters (we assume by his wife Mary), married into the Inglis family, members of whom lived in the area at the time. Mrs Inglis adds that Colonel McCulloch, the son of an Edinburgh doctor, was an exceptionally clever man and a great linguist. He would surely have needed both skills to keep his two, very different, families going at the same time.

BACSA member Mr Waqar A. Khan from Dhaka tells us that he 'is earnestly seeking help from descendents, relatives and family friends of Britons of the former British Raj in India who once lived and served in various capacities, professional (civil, military, police) or otherwise, in East Bengal in places like Dhaka (Dacca), Narayanganj, Chittagong, Sylhet, Jessore, Comilla, Dinajpur, Noakhali, Pabna, Khulna, Bogra, Rajshahi, Natore and Barisal between 1858-1947 and who have left behind diaries and especially rare, old photographs of the period, are requested to contact him at: heritage.wala@hotmail.com

Mr Khan is currently engaged in a visual research of the British Raj period in East Bengal and hopes to compile and publish a visual document on Britons and their families then living in what is now Bangladesh. Any help with scanned old photographs (with captions) and records of diaries shall be duly thanked and gratefully acknowledged.'

INDIA AND THE GREAT WAR

This is the title of an international conference to be held early in March 2014 at the United Service Institution (USI) in Delhi. BACSA will be represented by Field Marshal Sir John Chapple and our logo will be one of those used in the Great War Centenary Commemoration Project,

which is being organised by the USI Centre for Armed Forces Historical Research, in conjunction with the Indian Ministry of External Affairs. An ambitious programme of research, publications and ceremonies is planned over the next four years. The project organisers remind us that 'Although a colony at the time, India actively supported the British war effort in its bid to gain Dominion status. The overwhelming majority of mainstream political opinion in 1914 was united in the view that if India desired greater responsibility and political autonomy, it must also be willing to share in the burden of Imperial defence.

As a result, India contributed immensely to the war effort in terms of both men and material. Her soldiers served with credit and honour in numerous battlefields around the globe: in France and Belgium, in Aden, Arabia, East Africa, Gallipoli, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Persia, Salonica, Russia, and even in China. By the end of the war 1,100,000 Indians had served overseas at the cost of 60,000 dead. They earned over 9,200 decorations for gallantry including 11 Victoria Crosses. These figures include the contribution of over 26,000 Imperial Service troops who were a part of the Indian States Forces.'

As we reminded readers last Spring, the Commonwealth War Graves Commission have completed their task of identifying and restoring the graves of British soldiers in India who died during and shortly after the Great War. An estimated 2,270 such graves have been found, out of a total of about 2,500 men known to have died during this period. Of course the India referred to by the USI was at that time undivided, and we do not know if either Pakistan or Bangladesh have any plans to mark this important centenary.

The interesting question also arises of where the Anglo Indian soldiers fit into all this. During the Uprising of 1857/58, Anglo Indians were considered as honorary Britons and it was assumed, generally correctly, that they would fight against the rebels. In World War One, the first major conflict in the sub-continent since the Mutiny, the same assumption was made. An estimated 8,000 Anglo Indians were recruited into British units, like the Dorset Regiment. In 1916 the Anglo-Indian Association was asked to raise a battalion known as the Anglo-Indian Force. Some of these soldiers served in Mesopotamia, while others supported war work in India, producing munitions at Cawnpore for example. A rough estimate is that between 50 to 75% of Anglo Indian men saw active service at some point in the war and it seems they were conscripts, rather than volunteers. Did their 'honorary' status cease at the end of the war, as one suspects?

NOTICES

The East India Company at Home Project which began in 2011 has been looking at some of the great houses of the 'nabobs', the men who retired from the Company having made a fortune. Project staff have visited and examined, among others, Osterley Park, Englefield House, Aske Hall and Walcot Hall, as well as considering museum-held artefacts with East Indian associations. Items like Chinese wallpaper in National Trust houses have been studied, and how imported spices and beverages changed our tastes and cuisine. The wider theme of how British material culture developed in a global context during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries has also been researched. Now the fruits of all this study will be summed up in a conference and the following press release has been issued to *Chowkidar*:

On 11 and 12 July 2014, The East India Company at Home Project will be hosting a conference entitled 'Objects, Families, Homes: British Material Cultures in Global Contexts' at the Bloomsbury Campus of University College London. The conference marks the end of The East India Company at Home Project and will bring together a range of international speakers to discuss themes related to imperial families, houses, homes and objects in the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The conference hopes to attract a diverse community of historical researchers (including archivists, curators, family historians, freelance historians, local historians, stately home volunteers and university-based historians) and BACSA members are warmly encouraged to attend. To find out more about the conference and how to register visit:

<http://blogs.ucl.ac.uk/eicah/objects-families-homes-conference/>

Children of the Raj is an informal social group of Indophiles who meet near Woodbridge in East Sussex twice a year. It was inspired by Vyvyan Brendon's book of the same name. Members contribute and share curries, desserts and drinks at Hasketon Village Hall, as well as memories. The Raj was the starting point, but as the years go by, India has the continuing fascination. (It's nice to find a country that has a fan club.) The group has encouraged members to write short memoirs of their time in India, which are read out, and perhaps one day may be printed as an anthology. A potted history of members is included in an address list for those who want to share their experiences.

Details from Natalie Wheatley, 1 Doric Place, Woodbridge IP12 1BT, tel: 01394 382658, or email: natalie.wheatley@tesco.net



above: the Bangalore memorial to Colonel Francis Pemberton (see page 102)

below: Cemetery board at Golaghat, Assam (see page 101)

May their Souls Rest in Peace!
BRITISH CEMETRY, GOLAGHAT (1876-1957)

Sl. No.	Name	Address	Date of Birth	Date of Death	Sl. No.	Name	Address	Date of Birth	Date of Death
1	John Butler	A Political of Nagas Hills	21/10/1876	21/10/1976	18	L. Charles Davidson Fortnes	Southampton	14/11/1911	14/11/1947
2	John L. Loring, Esquire	Head of Samsamung	22/10/1876	22/10/1976	19	Lucia Gordon Webster		18/11/1911	18/11/1947
3	Robert Foster		23/10/1876	23/10/1976	20	Edmund Leigh Churchill Foster		19/11/1911	19/11/1947
4	John		24/10/1876	24/10/1976	21	Edgar Cyril Ellis		20/11/1911	20/11/1947
5	Frederick Charles Baker	Head of Subanga	25/10/1876	25/10/1976	22	Arthur Murray White		21/11/1911	21/11/1947
6	Henry		26/10/1876	26/10/1976	23	Frankie Webster	Head of North Samsamung	22/11/1911	22/11/1947
7	John of James Foster		27/10/1876	27/10/1976	24	Charles Gordon Brown Grant	Head of Subulal Sa Estate	23/11/1911	23/11/1947
8	Charles Henry Fortis	Assistant Political Agent of Nagas Hills, who died at Kohima	28/10/1876	28/10/1976	25	John Henry Wilson		24/11/1911	24/11/1947
9	Lawrence Sebastian Hunter	Two Frontier Areas, who died at Kohima	29/10/1876	29/10/1976	26	Henry A.J. Hunt		25/11/1911	25/11/1947
10	James Henry	Head of Subanga	30/10/1876	30/10/1976	27	George Fulton Hampson	33/11/1911	33/11/1947	
11	Adolphus Webster	Two Frontier Areas, who died at Kohima	31/10/1876	31/10/1976	28	Frederick Arthur Thomas (Clergy)	Head of Kohima	34/11/1911	34/11/1947
12	Thomas Goppley		1/11/1876	1/11/1976	29	Ernest Montgomery Wood	Captain & Soldier, who died at Kohima Sa Estate	35/11/1911	35/11/1947
13	Richard Montague	Head of Subanga	2/11/1876	2/11/1976	30	John Gordon Mcintosh		36/11/1911	36/11/1947
14	Lawrence Stephen George	Head of Subanga	3/11/1876	3/11/1976	31	J.L.L. Marham of Cole	Headed by his Mother	37/11/1911	37/11/1947
15	Bertha Maxwell Mcintosh	Head of Subanga	4/11/1876	4/11/1976					

*COLLECTED FROM THE WRITINGS AS FOUND ON THE GRAVES..



above: the tomb of Charles Carpenter, who died in 1818, in the old Salem cemetery, Tamil Nadu (see review on page 112)

below: the Monson graves in South Park Street Cemetery, Calcutta. Lady Anne's tomb is on the left (see page 100)



BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

When the Tiger fought the Thistle

Alan Tritton

After the first battle of Pollilur in 1780, the victor, Tipu Sultan, instructed an artist to paint a mural on his palace walls to commemorate the defeat of the East India Company's Madras Army. It is an exciting picture and copies still survive. The sepoy, smart in their white trousers and red jackets, form a large square, the classic defensive position of the time. Within the square, Colonel William Baillie sits in his palanquin which has been placed on the ground. He seems unaware that an enormous ammunition cart has just exploded, sending smoke and flames into the air. In fact this was one of two carts that blew up when they were hit by Tipu's famous iron-clad rockets, thus altering the course of the battle, which had seemed, until then, to be going in the Company's favour. Baillie got out of his palanquin and reformed the square with those soldiers who hadn't run away in fear. But in spite of a gallant last stand, praised even by his enemies, Baillie was doomed. It was his last day as a free man and in a little over two years he was to die a terrible death in Tipu's palace dungeons at Seringapatam. It was one of the most significant defeats for the Madras Army during the Mysore wars, which blighted southern India for almost forty years. Doubts were raised at home over whether the Company could hold on to its possessions in India.

Had the ammunition carts not exploded, then the tactical errors that preceded the battle would have been brushed aside. General Sir Hector Munro, former Commander-in-Chief, seems to have been one of the main culprits, not only for his failure to join Colonel Baillie's brigade column, as originally intended, but then by sending Colonel Fletcher and his men as substitutes. 'All the General's errors arose from an indistinctness of judgement and a facility to be misled by designing men' wrote a contemporary critic. Also to blame, in the author's eyes, are the French, both individually, as mercenaries in Tipu's army, and collectively, as a nation. Wars between England and France during the late eighteenth century meant, by extension, that they also had to be fought in India between English and French settlements there. Both countries were also keen to lend their fledgling, but superior, armies to local rulers, with the result that nawabs and rajas saw Europeans, in their employ, fighting each other, as happened at Pollilur.

The author, Alan Tritton, has a personal interest in the life of William Baillie, because he is a direct descendant of Baillie's brother John. Three years ago he went with family members to a rededication service at the handsome memorial built at Seringapatam to William Baillie.

This was erected in 1816 by Baillie's nephew, another John, who was then British Resident in Lucknow. The memorial has been expertly restored with funds from donors, including BACSA. There are many interesting themes in this book, particularly the discovery in two Scottish archives, of previously unpublished letters to, and from, William Baillie. The preliminary chapters give a useful insight into why so many Scottish younger sons went to seek their fortunes abroad – the 1707 Act of Union meant they could seek army commissions to fight abroad in the rapidly expanding British empire. William's intention was to make enough money in India to support his family and its estate at Dunain, which was by no means wealthy. In this he was disappointed, because his regiments, the 89th (Highland) and subsequently the Company's 4th Carnatic Battalion, were not involved in any major conquests, which meant there was no prize money to share out and send home. His longing to return to Scotland is clear in his letters, but after twenty years soldiering his only reward was a prison cell in India and death. There are a few editing errors in this book and the index is rather inadequate, but William's story is highly and warmly recommended for the general, as well as specialist reader. Refreshingly, there are no footnotes at all, but discursive and elegant chapter headings in the eighteenth century manner. (RLJ)

2013 The Radcliffe Press ISBN 978 1 78076 437 5. £27.50 pp314

Private Blacklaw: the Adventures of Edinburgh's Elephant Man Kenny Munro

Perhaps best described as a tribute, rather than a straightforward biography, this beautifully produced booklet gives an impressionistic portrait of the author's great great grandfather, James Blacklaw, who died in 1891 after an adventurous life in the army. It is rare to hear the voice of a private soldier and Private Blacklaw speaks to us obliquely through a small number of artefacts including an East India Company coin, a quarter anna, dated 1835. The 'elephant man' comes from a tattoo on Blacklaw's right forearm, noted in his discharge papers. The author speculates this might have been inspired by the elephant wagon-trains seen in India during service with the Highland Light Infantry and the Black Watch. On leaving the army, Blacklaw spent the last twenty years of his life in Edinburgh, as an alcoholic, although he worked as a 'plater' in the Leigh docks. 'He is NOT in possession of a good conduct Badge, as he features in the regimental defaulters Book ten times, but has never been tried by Court Martial' was the best that could be said of him on his discharge. Surprisingly perhaps, Blacklaw

was accompanied on his posting to India in 1861 by his young wife Janet Bennie, and a daughter was born to the couple, probably at the hill station of Murree. They were lucky to escape the cholera which later swept through the camp at Peshawar. Two unusual and distinct strands emerge through this family's history, that of 'music and metal'. An ancestor was a musician with the militia at Edinburgh Castle, and Blacklaw's own father was a blacksmith in the same city. The author himself is a prominent sculptor and educator, among other things, and writes that his visits to Bengal have influenced him profoundly. These provided the trigger for him to explore Blacklaw's army life, not just in India, but in Canada, Malta and the Crimea too, where he was also stationed during his service. Blacklaw ended up in a pauper's grave in the Morningside cemetery, Edinburgh. In March 2012 a letter-cut marble memorial was placed over the approximate site of his grave, carved by his great great grandson, Kenny Munro. The author's niece, Rosie Munro, is studying music at Newcastle, and has composed a piece in memory of James Blacklaw, entitled 'My Passionate Journey' inspired by the places her ancestor visited as a humble soldier. (RLJ)

2013 Kenny Munro, The Studio, 7 Strathmore Street, Kinghorn KY3 9UU, Fife, Scotland £6.50 UK, £9.50 overseas pp24.

The Old Anglican Cemetery, Salem, Tamil Nadu Denise Love

During 2009 the Salem Historical Society initiated and completed the restoration and identification of forty graves in the old cemetery in the heart of Salem. Also known as the English Cemetery, it was demarcated for the burial of Christians shortly after the East India Company took control of the surrounding area in 1791. The earliest identifiable monument is that of John and Robert, infant sons of Samuel McMorris, Assistant Surgeon to the Salem Fort Garrison, who died in May and June 1797. In return for a donation from BACSA, we were provided with a photographic record of the tombs before and after restoration, together with inscriptions, where visible. (see page 109) Denise Love has supplemented this information with research in the British Library, and has produced a fascinating booklet. Her efforts have been applauded in India, where *The Hindu* newspaper recently ran an article announcing 'Cenotaph of Peninsular War Veteran found in Salem'. This is Lieutenant Colonel Fehrszen, of His Majesty's 53rd Regiment, who died at the early age of thirty-four. Recommended.

2014 BACSA. ISBN 978 0 907799 94 8. £6.00 plus £1 postage pp28

Murshidabad: Forgotten Capital of Bengal Neeta Das and Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

If you ask almost any foreign traveller who has just arrived by jet in Delhi or Mumbai if a visit to Murshidabad is part of their itinerary, a look of bewilderment crosses their face. Indeed, just a few even venture east of the holy city of Benares on a whistle stop tour of Calcutta and perhaps to the World Heritage site of Konarak before returning to the beaches of Goa and the comforts of Rajasthan. Only the most intrepid venture into Bengal itself to visit the once glorious capital of Murshidabad. In contrast, many Indians visit the city but most are either day-trippers from Calcutta on the briefest of visits or pilgrims for the various religious festivals and they usually stay across the river in Azimganj or further south in Berhampore. Part of the reason for this neglect must lie with the paucity of material written about this historic place. One can only hope that this splendid book, published by Marg, will encourage its readers to spend time in this still beautiful, if decaying, city situated on the banks of the Bhagirathi river. Even more important, one hopes that an interest by travellers and others will lead to the careful conservation of some of the fine palaces, *rajbaris*, and other buildings, as a legacy for posterity. Such would hopefully motivate local craftsmen to relearn and develop their ancient skills – without them a great part of Bengal's heritage will be lost.

As we have now come to expect from Marg, this book is exceptionally well presented - carefully laid out with clear typescript and a wealth of excellent illustrations - both of historic and contemporary images. It is divided into three sections with carefully researched essays on the people of Murshidabad, the buildings - both religious and secular - and finally three chapters on the historic arts and crafts of the city and its environs. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones, in her two chapters, gives an intriguing and informative account of the rise and fall of the Muslim rulers of the City and separately the buildings that were inspired by their patronage and their successors. One learns fascinating details. Who would have expected that the true founder of Murshidabad - Murshid Quli Khan - was born a Hindu? He was then sold as a boy to a Persian nobleman who converted him to Islam, and subsequently he ascended in the service of the Mughals to become Diwan of Bengal - a remarkable meteoric rise at a troubled time in India. It was he who moved the provincial government from Dacca in the east to Muxadabad, as the city was formerly known, in about 1703. Rajib Doogar's essay on the Jains in eighteenth and nineteenth century Murshidabad is an elegantly written narrative of this remarkable

community. Manikchand, a Jain from Marwar, was not only an immensely powerful and trusted banker (he was granted the title Jagat Seth – ‘Banker to the World’ - by the Emperor Farrukh Siyar for his services) but also, as deputy diwan, supervised the revenue collection for Murshid Quli Khan and established a Mint in the city. It was from the profits of the latter that much of his wealth derived. His successors, through their influence and money, were the ‘kingmakers’ in the city, facilitating the rise of Alivardi Khan and perhaps more importantly the defeat of Siraj-ud-daula at Plassey in 1757 and his replacement by Mir Jafar. Ironically, within a few years that event brought about their own decline as the British rapidly assumed power in eastern India. The second wave of Jains - the Sherwali Jains - arrived from Rajputana (today Rajasthan) after 1765. They were initially bankers but gradually expanded their power to become influential zamindars. They left a rich legacy of late buildings in the city and across the river.

Neeta Das is an admirable architectural historian and her chapter on the religious buildings is a model of its kind – concise, accurate and informative – it hopefully will provide an impetus to restore some of the crumbling buildings she describes with such care – how long will the beautiful but deserted and overgrown Futi (Broken) Mosque survive if not conserved? When I myself visited it last year, locals did their best to dissuade me from venturing into the interior as they feared that, if falling masonry didn’t crush one, a snake bite might kill one!

The final three chapters on the historic arts and crafts of Murshidabad are invaluable as a source for those interested in India’s cultural heritage. At its zenith, vast areas of land outside the city were given over to mulberry cultivation for the production of silk. Tussar silk embroideries and woven silk saris from Murshidabad were famous throughout the sub-continent and rivalled some of those produced in Benares. Even today there survives within the city a few weavers producing striking dyed silk – an art that needs to be encouraged and nurtured. Jerry Losty’s impressive survey of Murshidabad painting looks first at the sumptuous Mughal inspired paintings of the great eighteenth century nawabs and then the gradual transformation of the style to cater for European taste, following the ascendancy of the British. To me, the Mughal-inspired paintings of the period up to 1765 are superior to any other provincial Mughal School paintings done elsewhere in India in that period. Murshidabad also was home to perhaps the greatest of all the Company School landscape painters – Sita Ram. He worked for the Governor General, Lord Hastings for a few years after 1814. His watercolours, with their vigorous colours,

animated figures and clever atmospheric effects, recalls the work of arguably the greatest European landscape painter to visit Bengal - William Hodges. He painted at least one oil of the Katra Masjid on his visit to the city in 1781.

The last chapter, by Pratapaditya Pal, looks at a subject that today is highly contentious - ivory carving. It is uncertain when the craft was introduced into Murshidabad and to nearby Cossimbazar and Berhampore. It seems probable that it was revived by Murshid Quli Khan. Certainly by the second half of the eighteenth century, the ivory furniture produced there is the finest that was made anywhere in the world and much still survives - chiefly the superb suites of chairs and settees sent by Mani Begum to Warren Hastings. The tradition of high quality ivory carving continued long into the nineteenth century with the production of both religious objects for Indians and carvings and chess sets done for Muslims and Europeans. Perhaps one of the more surprising facts is that most of the ivory is African - back then elephants were in abundance! This is a craft that should and can never be revived now that elephants are such an endangered species but the formidable carving skills could be turned to wood or even stone. This book is real a joy to read and to look at. Both Marg and the editors must be congratulated for this groundbreaking survey of an almost forgotten, but captivating city. (CG)

* 2013 The Marg Foundation ISBN 978 81 921106-9-1. £34.00 including airmail postage. pp136

BOOKS BY NON-MEMBERS WHICH WILL INTEREST READERS

Bacteriology in British India: Laboratory Medicine and the Tropics
Pratik Chakrabarti

This pleasantly hardbound volume of more than 300 pages is well supported by one-third formed of notes, references, appendices and the index and it is a mine of information about a topic not well represented in other texts. It will appeal mainly to medical practitioners and those interested in the development of India principally from 1894 onwards but not exclusively so since much is written of the time of earlier generations of colonists and others too. The work, supported by a Wellcome Trust University Grant, was undertaken by a senior lecturer in history at the University of Kent and forms one of an impressive series of Rochester Studies in Medical History, the Rochester in

question being in the United States rather than in Kent. The text provides much biography which as so often is especially appealing but maps and statistics appear too, in the style of Florence Nightingale's work, although the illustrations are not prolific.

Chapter Two is titled Moral Geographies of Tropical Bacteriology and there 'the conflicts and convergences that took place when the established traditions of tropical medicine met with Pasteurism in India' are discussed; this dilemma recurs today when one part of society, national or international, seeks to impose method and style upon another in the belief that it has a moral imperative to improve, a Whiggish attitude that is not always helpful even when well-intentioned. However, few would argue that the improved health of mankind is not worthy of considerable effort on all our parts – 'While other sciences suffered from apathy in the colony, medicine remained a moral undertaking and the white man's burden' (page 30). Understandably and appropriately, the name of Louis Pasteur recurs frequently in this work. Rabies was very important and Chapter Four, titled "A Land Full of Wild Animals": Snakes, Venoms, and Imperial Antidotes, leads us through research into this frequently fatal condition, fortunately rare nowadays. Thank goodness for quarantine restrictions. Patrick Russell, who came to India in 1785 as botanist to the East India Company, wrote of the Indian serpents he collected and in due course the highly toxic venom of *Katuka rekula poda* was renamed Russell's viper venom and its properties in promoting blood clotting forms the basis of tests used today for diagnosing lupus in man. The Sanitary Commissioner of India in 1896 wrote 'Until we know exactly what the cause of cholera is, it is clearly impossible to remove that cause from a body of men; but we can remove the body of men from [the] cause'. Despite the internal inconsistency of this statement, he was on the right lines because some of the contributing factors to the spread of this infectious disease by means of sewage and contamination of a clean water supply were already known from the time of John Snow (1815-38) between the years 1849 and 1855 and his oft-quoted work on the pump in Broad Street in the City of London. The speciality of Public Health at its best in London and in India.

This very interesting book leads us then through the development of areas of medicine that are associated with laboratory investigation at a time when the study of disease mechanisms was centred largely upon infectious processes and the role of the laboratory was highly complementary to clinical observation. Almost always new scientific techniques, be they based upon the laboratory bench, imaging,

computing, biochemistry, genetics and many other modalities, disrupt established practice. Some of the clinical observations upon which medics thereto have relied heavily are shown to be less sensitive and with reduced specificity. This important book provides us with some of the reasons for these difficulties and guides us, in a very readable and engaging manner, to review our own practices. We should not be destructively critical of the views and sometime errors of the past but instead recognise that those who come after us will find some of our ideas in the year 2014 to be rather peculiar too. (CG-T)

2012 University of Rochester Press ISBN 978-1-58046-408-6. £60.00 pp304

Mimesis across Empires: Artworks and Networks in India 1765-1860
Natasha Eaton

Somewhere within this pretentiously-titled and almost unreadable book is the potentially interesting idea that the Company School of artists - Europeans painting in India before the Mutiny – were able to promote, through their pictures, the virtues of British rule over the perceived misrule and chaos of native administration. If this is indeed what the author is positing, then it certainly bears investigation. Paintings by Indian artists are considered here too, both those that followed, or imitated, European works and the earlier miniatures which were criticized by Europeans for their lack of perspective. Since the author doesn't care to define 'mimesis,' dictionaries tell us that it is a specialized term meaning, in the artistic sense, 'accurate, illusionistic, a representation of the visual appearance of things, an imitation.'

The author's guru is Homi Bhabha, a post-structuralist disciple of Edward Said, and professor at Harvard University, who among other things was awarded second prize in a 'bad writing competition' in 1998. His influence is clear. The author declares in her long and abstruse Introduction that: 'Against the epistemic entanglement of bourgeois liberal modernity, which has been characterised by ideas about the authority of visual evidence...there is another regime of value and efficacy that implicates and determines what we now understand as being the protean development of a vernacularizing capitalism: the economies of the shrine, the bazaar and the nawabi court.' There is much else like this, which makes it difficult to isolate valid observations like William Hodges' fondness for drawing ruined buildings, about which he said '...this fine country [India] exhibits in its present state a melancholy proof of the consequences of a bad

government, of wild ambition and the horror attending civil dissensions...'. The counter-argument of course is that ruins chime well with the fashion of the time for the picturesque, as Giles Tillotson pointed out in his book on Hodges, *The Artificial Empire*.

What is more serious, though, are the numerous inaccuracies throughout the book. Considering the extremely large number of acknowledgements to scholars in the field and the various grants which supported the author's studies, it is surprising these were not picked up on. Five of this reviewer's books are listed in the extensive bibliography, but on one page alone (page 184) I am misquoted three times and the wrong page reference is given. The picture by Hodges of Fatehpur Sikri (page 149) is not of course an aquatint, but a gouache. The Collector of Bihar's name was Augustus Cleveland, not Cleveland. The Deb brothers of Calcutta did not commission full-length portraits of themselves, but three-quarter length images. And why are they described as 'creole oil portraits'? One could go on..... The pictures are nice. (RLJ)

2013 Duke University Press, Durham & London ISBN 9 780822 354802. £19.99 pp331

Last of the Raj Mem Sahibs 1929 to 1945 Lorraine Gradidge

'As I write this in Lymington in 1978, the widow of an Indian Cavalry Officer, I am a member of a dying breed' begins the Preface to this book. The author wanted to correct the derogatory impression of the English mem sahib in India as a mindless female, whose sole interests were drinking cocktails, dancing and 'ordering servants about like slaves'. The passage of time since these memoirs were written has somewhat altered our view of the upper-class English woman in the dying days of the British Raj. There have been further sturdy defences of such women and many similar autobiographical accounts. In the late 1970s the 'raj industry' was just beginning to get underway and it has subsequently resulted in a number of sociological studies examining colonial attitudes and networks. 'Mem sahibs' were frequently sought through BACSA and other channels for interviews by keen young researchers for many years. The reason is clear. As Sir Mark Tully writes in his Foreword to this book: 'It seems incredible that such a life still existed right up to the Second War.' It does indeed. There are the usual descriptions of polo tournaments, Balls given by the Viceroy, hunting parties, parties with Maharajahs, the hierarchy of servants, forty-hour train journeys (first class, of course), and much else that is over-familiar today.

But what this book does reveal, and what makes it worth reading today, is how British India was almost entirely a man's world. 'Women did not seem to belong to it...our lives were lonely and at times dull, whereas our husbands' lives were completely fulfilled with their horses, mess, polo and constant alert for the possibility of active service.' On the North West frontier, where the Gradidges were stationed for some time, Indian women were simply invisible, so there was no possibility of making friends there. Frequent moves did not help either, making it difficult to build up a social circle, although it is clear there was warm hospitality among the British towards people of their own kind.

The author lived in India as a small child because her father was a Calcutta lawyer, and her childhood memories, which open this book, are vivid. After schooling in England, she returned in 1929, aged nineteen, already married, and with a six week old baby. Two more children were born, the last in traumatic circumstances. It seems extraordinary that the children were sent back to England by sea in wartime, risking enemy bombing, in order to get a 'proper education'. Joining the Womens' Voluntary Service (WVS) led to war work in Dehra Dun and Chittagong, before the author finally left India in 1945, to be followed by her husband a year later. This book is very much of its time, and should be read as such, without trying to put a twenty-first century gloss on it. (RLJ)

2013 Podkin Press, Podkin Wood, High Halden, Kent TN26 3HS. ISBN 978 0 9559483-1-2. £18 including postage and packing. pp121

JALNA CANTONMENT AND CEMETERY

In 2007 New Zealander Kevin Wells set off to find the grave of his great, great, great grandmother, Barbara Innes, who died at Jalna (now in Maharashtra) in 1836. The story was reported in *Chowkidar* (Vol 11, No. 5, Spring 2008) and at the time, the number of substantial tombs in the old cantonment cemetery was remarked on. Jalna had been a station for the Hyderabad Contingent, part of the Nizam's military force, led by British officers. The cantonment was abandoned in 1903 and the cemetery lies in open ground today. Mr Wells has returned to the cemetery since that first visit, and has produced a splendid photographic record for BACSA, identifying nearly every tomb, and those who lie here, together with the story of the cantonment. It is a labour of love. The record will be placed in the BACSA Archives at the British Library, where it can be consulted by the public. Our warm thanks to Mr Wells for this very handsome gift.

AN ACCIDENT NEAR RISALPUR

'My granduncle, Albert Edward Rowland, died in an area of British India which is now within Pakistan' writes Tony Proctor. 'The Foreign & Commonwealth Office advise against all travel to this area, so how much could I find about his death without a visit?' Quite a lot, as it happens. Albert's younger brother, George, now aged 87, told Mr Proctor that the death had taken place at Peshawar, and gave him a photograph of the headstone, although he had no further details. The inscription read: 'To the memory of L/Cpl Albert Rowland. 14th/20th Hussars, who died at Peshawar on 29th April 1934. Aged 23 years. This stone was erected by his comrades.' A copy of his death certificate was obtained from the General Register Office, Southport. This confirmed that death took place at the British Military Hospital, Peshawar, from 'Cerebral Haemorrhage, result of motor accident'. Albert's service record, provided by the Army Personnel Centre, Historical Disclosures Section, Glasgow, showed he had enlisted in 1931, and had already served more than two years in Egypt, before being posted to Risalpur in the North West Frontier Province in January 1934.

Mr Proctor found the motor accident was reported in several British newspapers, including the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Telegraph*. The accident happened on a Sunday evening, when a lorry carrying the troops collided with a tree on the Grand Trunk Road from Peshawar to Lahore, near a small town called Pabbi. Two soldiers died the same day – Albert Rowland and Farrier Bottomley, and twelve others were injured, one dying the next day. Using Google Earth, Tony Proctor plotted the route taken by the soldiers. 'My guess is that the troops had been off-duty in Peshawar over the weekend, and were returning to their base in Risalpur on the Sunday evening – possibly in the dark – ready for resumption of duty on the Monday.' But where was Albert buried? Not in the cantonment cemetery at Peshawar, as one might think.

The India Office Library records placed the burial at Risalpur (Church of England), although the precise cemetery was not given. At this point Mr Proctor contacted BACSA, who advised him to check our Archive in the Library. A photocopy of the burial register from the Garrison Church of St Mary's, Risalpur confirmed that the three soldiers, including Albert Rowland, were buried there. BACSA member Sue Farrington had surveyed the cemetery in 1982, when the headstone was still standing, and the inscription intact. A photograph of the cemetery was sent to Mr Proctor, who shared it with Albert's brother George. The long-distance search, conducted entirely from Ireland, had paid off.

Notes to Members

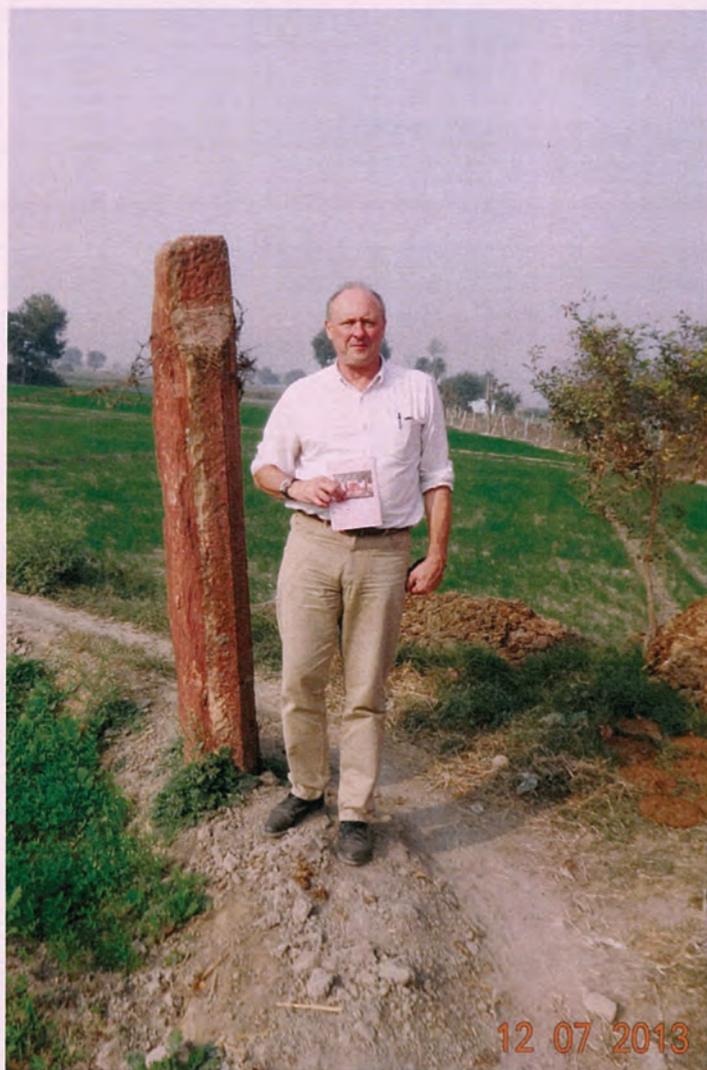
When writing to the Secretary and expecting a reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

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

If planning any survey of cemetery MIs, either in this country or overseas, please check with the Projects Officer or the Honorary 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

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



Sebastian Mills, holding a copy of Chowkidar, stands beside a remnant of the Fraser tomb found at Jakhauli (see page 102)