



CHOWKIDAR

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NOTES ON BACSA

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

There is a steady membership of over 1,100 (2018) drawn from a wide circle of interest - Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical & Genealogical Societies. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association - the setting up of local committees in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Sri Lanka, Malaysia etc., and building up the Records Archive in the India Office Collections at the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments. The Association has its own newsletter *Chowkidar*, which is distributed free to all members twice a year and contains a section for 'Queries' on any matter relating to family history or the condition of a relative's grave etc. BACSA also publishes Cemetery Records books and has published books on different aspects of European social history out East. Full details on our website: www.bacsa.org.uk

Founded by the late Theon Wilkinson, MBE

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MAJOR HODSON'S TOMB

A disturbing incident took place early last year in Lucknow which did not reach the British press but is a matter of concern to BACSA and its members. The grave of Major William Hodson who was shot dead in March 1858 during the recapture of that city, lies in the grounds of La Martinière College, one of the foremost public schools in India. Hodson was buried here because the site, which lies to the south-east of the city, was in British hands at the time of his death, having been wrested back from its Indian defenders during the Mutiny.

The tomb is a simple box-like structure within a walled enclosure. An elevated plaque bears an inscription with his full name – William Stephen Raikes Hodson – his dates of birth and death, 19 March 1821 to 12 March 1858 and the fact that his father was an Archdeacon of Stafford, a county town in the Midlands. Recent renovation work by the College has smartened up the tomb which is now painted cream with maroon detailing. It is the focus of an annual remembrance ceremony by officers of Hodson's Horse, a prestigious cavalry regiment now amalgamated into the Indian Army. (*see back cover*) The regiment was founded in the dark days of the Mutiny on the orders of Hodson's commanding officer, General Anson. Hodson was a controversial figure in life, as in death. He was described by his teachers at Rugby as 'arrogant, brash and domineering' with a hint that he may have inspired the fictional character Harry Flashman in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. As an officer, Hodson was appointed adjutant of the Corps of Guides, leading it to success in the Second Sikh War, but he was clearly a difficult man to deal with, and too ready to court unpopularity with his own officers, both Indian and British. 'I don't know exactly why this is' wrote Sir John Lawrence, 'he is gallant, zealous and intelligent, and yet few men like him.'

Charges of financial irregularities were made against him (and dismissed) but the worst indictment was that Hodson shot dead three Mughal princes of Delhi in cold blood after that city was recaptured and he had been sent to arrest them. He justified the shooting by saying that a large crowd was threatening his small band of men, but his second-in-command was not convinced. Hodson had already ordered the execution of a hapless band of Anglo-Indian drummers of the 28th Native Infantry who had somehow got caught up in the whole debacle. It was during the relief of Lucknow that Hodson met his own end, shot by a sepoy who had concealed himself in one of the rooms of a small palace fronting the main thoroughfare.

In May 2017 a group of men led by the right-wing historian Amaresh Misra approached Hodson's tomb with the demand that a new plaque be installed listing his atrocities in Delhi. After a stand-off with the

College principal Mr Carlyle McFarland, security staff, police and local administrators, the group members of the 1857 Nationalist Forum, as they style themselves, left the College but headed off to the tomb of Sir Henry Havelock at Alambagh. Havelock's isolated grave and memorial is a protected monument under the Archaeological Survey of India, but the locked gates surrounding it were broken open and a revisionist plaque placed by the obelisk memorial. Neither tomb has been damaged and it is hoped that these are isolated incidents. La Martinière's principal subsequently explained that despite Hodson's reputation, history cannot be simply rewritten to suit today's views. The College maintains the grave in view of the reputation and service of Hodson's Horse regiment in independent India.

On a different, but related note there are signs that a more mature debate on the British Empire, particularly as it affected the Indian subcontinent, is beginning to take place. The historian Dr Kim Wagner (whose new book is reviewed on page 24) writes that 'mindless empire-bashing is as tedious as jingoistic empire nostalgia...and makes for poor history'. He believes that 'a critical and more nuanced understanding of the past is required if we truly want to address the enduring legacies of Empire...' Co-incidentally, this is the theme of BACSA's first public lecture series entitled 'Reconsidering the Raj' which is being held over the winter at the Institute of Historical Research in London. A second series in the autumn of 2018 will further explore this topic and details will be announced in due course.

'I would write thy eulogy but my tears blind me'

BACSA member Tim Willasey-Wilsey has contributed a touching account of the discovery of an ancestor's grave in a Madras cemetery:

'Readers will know the thrills of discovery in family history but few surpass the satisfaction of finding a family grave in India. Arriving in Chennai (formerly Madras) in November 2016 we visited the beautiful St Mary's Church in Fort St George, allegedly the oldest Anglican place of worship East of Suez. In the Burial Registers lovingly kept by the vergers was an entry for G.G.Richardson. However there was more than that; hand-written in the margin was XVII 57, the grave's location in the cemetery.

Here was a marvellous stroke of luck. I had visited St Mary's cemetery (which is in the centre of Chennai near the Central Railway station) a few years earlier and had immediately realised the uphill task facing any family historian. The cemetery is in the centre of a thriving city surrounded by roads but it also serves as a sanitary station for the surrounding population as well as a quiet nocturnal location for alcohol, drugs and illicit love. Furthermore it is overgrown by an extraordinarily aggressive form of creeper, similar to British ivy but with a pink flower.

Gilbert Geddes Richardson was born in 1766. One of eleven children of an innkeeper from Langholm, he and his brothers had gone out to India to make their way in East India Company service. Gilbert started in the Bombay army before transferring to the Maritime Service captaining “country ships” and earning his spurs on voyages to China and Manila Bay. On home leave he met his cousin, the beautiful Eliza Scott, eleven years his junior, from nearby Canonbie. Eliza’s father had served in the Bombay Marine but had lost most of his savings in Caribbean investments. Eliza’s beauty was the one hope for the family to restore its fortunes and her mother’s plan was to marry her to the wealthy head of the Elliot clan, General William Elliot of the Bengal Artillery.

However Eliza refused to marry a man 30 years her senior and so, in 1798, was packed off to Madras to stay with her uncle, General George Harris, soon to be the victor of Seringapatam. Surely a stay at Fort St George would find her a wealthy suitor? However Gilbert Richardson volunteered to accompany her and her sister on the voyage and, after five months at sea together, the couple announced their intention to marry. All went well for the next five years. Gilbert joined the Madras trading house of Colt, Baker and Hart and was given the command of an “extra” Indiaman, *Eliza Ann*, which he sailed to London in 1800 with Eliza giving birth to twins off the Madagascar coast. Back in Madras three more children would follow in quick succession. Financially Gilbert was doing well and had bought a half share in the Indiaman *Cornwallis*. Meanwhile Eliza cut a dash in Madras society with her likeable manner and her fine looks whilst also indulging her passion for poetry for which she would later become well-known; for Eliza Richardson (better known as Mrs G. G. Richardson) would become one of Scotland’s early female poets.

Gilbert’s sudden death from fever on 30 August 1805 was a shattering blow. The couple had been genuinely in love. However the financial consequences were also enormous. Eliza would have to pay her passage home and, for all her beauty, few men would be willing to take on the expense of five children. So she would remain a widow living in straitened circumstances until her death in 1853.

At St Mary’s cemetery we quickly found Rajah, the caretaker. He immediately knew area XVII but the task still seemed considerable. Careful study of the few visible gravestones which were not overgrown by the creeper and the separate grave marker stones (little bigger than a domestic building brick at the foot of each grave) showed that the graves were not always in numerical order. We found XVII-49 and 63 but XVII-57 could be anywhere in an area of about a thousand square metres. I suggested to Rajah that he should hire three friends with machetes for two days and I would pay their costs plus a good bonus if they were successful. We would return in a week.

I should have paid Rajah's costs in advance; so it was no surprise that he had not hired any workers to help but he had done a lot of good work on his own and had found XVII-25, 32, 63, 65, 81 and 91. In fact his visitors' book testifies to the help he has given numerous family historians. So we began the quest together. It was hot and dangerous work; shards of bottles everywhere, the occasional syringe and recent evidence of snakes. When, after 25 minutes, I trod on a marker I somehow knew it would be 57; and it was. It took us both 10 minutes to clear the creeper off the grave and there it was. A very simple stone hurriedly arranged by a grieving widow who could not afford anything more elaborate; and a simple line of verse "I would write thy eulogy, but my tears blind me" and her initials CER (Catherine Eliza Richardson).' *(see page 12)*

MAIL BOX

Mr Suthukote Raveendra of Bangalore tells us that he is a keen student of history and all things historical. During a holiday spent at Dharwar in south India he visited the Thackeray cemetery which lies within the old fort there. 'I was appalled at the condition' he wrote, and his photographs show a large, muddy cattle pen, full of cows, with a few 19th century tombs in one corner. The name of the cemetery gives us a clue to its origins. It was opened in 1824 to receive the bodies of St John Thackeray, a Madras civilian member of the East India Company and a small number of British officers and men who had been killed during an ill-judged assault on Kittoor Fort, some twenty miles distant. Thackeray was the Political Agent and Collector in a district that had previously been part of the Maratha empire. When the Company administration took nominal charge, it left in place a number of powerful land-holders including the Chennamma family at Kittoor, then a small fortified town.

Rumours that the young Raja Chennamma was mortally ill had led Thackeray to arrange 'a hunting excursion' conveniently near Kittoor, with the intention of finding out exactly what was going on. The Political Agent needed to know, because the Raja and his queen were childless, and according to the 'doctrine of lapse' decreed by the Court of Directors, the Company was entitled to take possession of petty kingdoms where there was no direct heir. When the British doctor sent by Thackeray to the small palace at Kittoor arrived, he found the body of the deceased ruler laid out on the verandah. Palace staff had documents showing that the Raja had adopted an heir in his dying hours, but British officials decided these were forgeries and got ready to take over the little kingdom. Thackeray also suspected that local people were preparing to rob the rich treasury of the late Raja, thus depriving the East India Company of the anticipated funds when a native state was taken over. Urgent action was clearly necessary.

Thackeray called for military back-up but there was a shortage of troops, due in part to the first Anglo-Burmese war which had taken officers and men away from south India. An incomplete troop of seventy sepoy and their officers from the 3rd Madras Native Horse Artillery was summoned, although four of the company's eight guns were under repair at Belgaum and could not be used. An ultimatum was issued to the Kittoor administration to open the gates of the fort within half an hour or the British would use force to gain entry. Nothing happened. A second ultimatum was issued (always a bad move) and a British officer is reported to have said that 'the discontented chiefs within the fort were like a set of rebellious school boys who would be frightened into obedience'.

It was the arrogant belief that the whole episode was comparable to a public school scrap where the prefects had the upper hand that led directly to Thackeray's death. (He was later to be roundly criticised for his intervention, as a civilian, into what was clearly a military affair.) Two thousand Kittoor matchlock men stood on the walls of the fort and as Thackeray advanced he was 'shot through the belly' then finished off by a swordsman on 23 October 1824. Also killed were Lieutenants R. Sewell and D.B. Dighton, Captain C.W. Black and several private soldiers. The British officers and the sepoy retreated to Dharwar, carrying their dead with them, who were interred in an area within Dharwar fort, now the dismal site that Mr Raveendra has recorded for BACSA. The episode ended with a punitive force from the East India Company's army being sent to Kittoor six weeks later and by December of that year the fort was taken. The unfortunate widow of Rana Chennamma was imprisoned in a separate fort and died in 1829. A large and important memorial to St John Thackeray was erected which stands today next to the post-office in Dharwar. (*see page 12*) Mr Raveendra tells us that it is often mistaken for the grave of Rani Chennamma herself, which may have contributed to its almost pristine state today. Photographs from the last century show that the striking obelisk on the memorial was originally white in colour, and probably made from stucco over a brick core.

A unique musical event took place early this year at South Park Street cemetery in Calcutta. Mr Ranajoy Bose and his colleagues from the Christian Burial Board had the innovative idea of presenting a concert of 18th century Baroque music in the cemetery itself. The line-up included a number of prominent musicians from the Calcutta Symphony Orchestra, the Calcutta Chamber Orchestra and All India Radio and was introduced by Professor Bertie D'Silva, vice-principal of St Xavier's College. Music from the string quartet and a pianist included compositions by Vivaldi, Bach and Handel, which were

chosen to reflect the era of those buried within the cemetery. Audiences of five hundred and more attended the three day concerts which were widely reported in the Indian Press. As Mr Bose says 'This initiative will help citizens of Kolkata, especially the youngsters to get familiar with and to understand baroque music. The baroque tunes have a deep and profound connection with funeral hymns. The ambience of the old cemetery with its colonial architecture will serve as the perfect backdrop for the event.'

To the best of our knowledge, this is the first time that a concert has ever been held within a cemetery anywhere in the world. BACSA applauds this initiative and hopes it may be replicated in other old European cemeteries in Asia. A number of musical connections can be made immediately. The Scottish Cemetery, Calcutta is clearly the place for bagpipe laments while the Srinagar cemetery could resonate to the once popular 'Kashmiri Love Songs'. Perhaps *Chowkidar* readers can suggest appropriate music for other cemeteries?

Lady Charlotte Canning's isolated grave at Barrackpore, north of Calcutta, has been noted previously. It lies on the bank of the Hooghly river that runs past the former Government House and Flagstaff House, part of the first British cantonment in the subcontinent. Barrackpore was not only an important military post as the East India Company increased its hold on Bengal, but a delightful summer residence for the Governors General and their families too, away from the heat and dust of Calcutta. It was easy to sail up river to Barrackpore for a weekend, and to enjoy its pleasant gardens and its little menagerie at a time when keeping exotic animals was a status symbol for rich people. Charlotte had married Charles Canning, an MP who became the first Viceroy of India, taking up his post in 1856, shortly before the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. It was a childless marriage, though seemingly not an unhappy one.

Charlotte was a good amateur artist and occupied herself in the ladylike hobbies of watercolour painting and collecting botanical specimens. She undertook a number of tours to find picturesque sites for her brush, and it was on the last of these, around Darjeeling, that she caught malaria and died at Government House, Calcutta, aged forty-four. Her husband, Lord Canning, grieved extravagantly and it was said that his wife's early death hastened his own, which took place shortly after his solitary return to England. His grief may perhaps explain why Charlotte Canning was commemorated not only at her burial place with a fine marble tomb (*see page 13*) but also with a handsome memorial on the verandah of St John's Church, Calcutta. BACSA member Roy Barwick had long been concerned about the deterioration of the Calcutta memorial, caused by pigeons roosting in the verandah's roof.

So with the agreement of Father Nanda, priest at the church, BACSA provided funds for a 'pigeon-proof' canopy above the memorial. Inlaid with semi-precious stones, the marble memorial has been properly cleaned and is now an added attraction for visitors to the historic site.

The Barrackpore tomb has long been out of bounds for casual sightseers, because it lies within police property, and is jealously guarded. Luckily a *Chowkidar* correspondent, Peter Moore, himself a retired Calcutta police officer, and his sons were welcomed to the site and allowed to photograph the tomb which is in fair condition. We have to thank Lady Canning for two things other than her extensive collection of Indian watercolours. Everyone you meet in Calcutta will tell you about famous *ledikana* sweets. Rather like the popular gulabjamun, this is a fried flour ball soaked in sugar syrup. It may have been invented by the confectioner Bhim Chandra Nag to mark the Vicereine's birthday. A more lasting memorial is the Angel of the Resurrection, the marble statue that stands today in the grounds of All Souls Church, Cawnpore. This was Charlotte's tribute to the British victims of the Mutiny and was designed by a family friend, the Italian sculptor Carlo Marochetti.

CAN YOU HELP?

The Autumn 2017 *Chowkidar* carried an article about the memorial at Jubbulpore which recorded the deaths of nine British officers who 'sacrificed their lives to their duty.....during the Great Famine of 1896-97'. We asked how these men had died and immediately received a fulsome answer from BACSA member Ronald Chalmers who told us that the majority died from fever, cholera and nervous exhaustion caused by their relief work. Lieutenant Henry Hamilton Moore had spent less than four months on duty when he died in September 1897. He left no Will so his possessions were sold, apart from his sword which was sent to his mother in Hampshire. Lieutenant Henry Erasmus Norton had been born in India in 1865. He was probably discharged from the army, because he died, as a civilian, at Guy's Hospital in London in August 1897 although his name is also on the Jubbulpore memorial. Charles William Burn, the Deputy Commissioner died from enteric fever in 1896 and was buried in Srinagar, where he may have gone in a vain attempt to recuperate. Others died from acute pneumonia, cholera and fever. Saddest of all was George Alfred Jones, Assistant Commissioner at Raipur, who shot himself in November 1897 when the worst of the famine was over. He 'died alone at the post of duty' and the usual slur of suicide was overlooked, his death being attributed to nervous strain and exhaustion. Both Professor Chalmers and Dr Llewelyn Morgan confirmed that the initials ISC after the names of two of the victims stand for Indian Staff Corps which was founded in 1861 to provide officers for the Presidency armies.

BACSA member Virgil Miedema responded to a *Chowkidar* query about one of the Soldiers' Homes established by Elise Sandes to provide a friendly place for serving men in Ireland and India. We asked if any of the bungalows built in the 19th century still survived and the gratifying answer is 'yes'. One Home is still standing in Murree, in Rawalpindi District, Pakistan. Mr Salim Malik, the Director of the Christian School there confirmed that the Sandes building is used for mission conferences and weekend activities for the students. It is still very much part of the Murree Christian School and has been renovated and a heating system installed. The property belongs today to the USA Presbyterian Church to whom the School pays rent. On a separate note, Mr Miedema says he is donating his collection of BACSA books, published between 1981 and 2006 to Dartmouth College Library (the Baker-Berry Library) in the USA, along with past issues of *Chowkidar*. He would like to complete his set of *Chowkidars* and asks if readers could help with the missing numbers:

- 1) All numbers from Autumn 1977 to Autumn 1989 (25, in total)
- 2) Spring and Autumn 1992 (2)
- 3) Spring 1993 (1)
- 4) Spring 1996 (1)
- 5) Autumn 2007 (1)

At the moment, only the Editor and the British Library hold a complete set from 1977 onwards, so back-issues would be welcomed. Copies sent to the Editor will be forwarded to the USA.

REMEMBERING THE BARAMULLA MASSACRE

The events at the little mission station in Kashmir have been mentioned before in *Chowkidar* (Vol 9, No. 4, 2001) and now BACSA member Andrew Whitehead describes a commemorative ceremony that he attended last Autumn: 'Seventy years to the day after the notorious massacre at a Catholic mission at Baramulla in Indian Kashmir, the nuns of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary organised deeply moving memorial ceremonies at the graves of those killed. On the morning of October 27th 1947, an invading force of Pakistani tribal fighters ransacked St Joseph's hospital and convent. Six people were killed: all are buried in the mission grounds. Sister Teresalina, a nun recently arrived from Spain and still in her twenties, lies in the burial plot for women religious. On the other side of the hospital, a tranquil line of graves is the resting place of a British couple, Lieutenant Colonel Tom Dykes and his wife Biddy Dykes; Jose Bareto, the husband of the hospital doctor; a nurse, Miss Philomena; and a patient, Motia Devi Kapoor. (see page 13)

Biddy Dykes had gone to St Joseph's to give birth to her third child - the hospital run by the nuns specialised in maternity and women's health. Tom had come to the mission to collect his family when they were engulfed in the opening chapter of the enduring Kashmir conflict. As the mission was overrun, Tom rushed to protect the nuns and was shot. Biddy ran out to her husband, and she too suffered fatal bullet wounds. Their three sons - then aged five, two and two weeks - all survived. The oldest, also called Tom, is now dead; the two surviving sons, Doug and James Dykes, made the pilgrimage to Baramulla to attend the memorial services. Both laid wreaths at their parents' graves.

For James, it was his first time back to the spot where he was born and where, just days later, his parents were killed. Doug - who first visited the graves ten years earlier - also found the ceremony deeply affecting. "It was truly an honour to be invited", Doug said. "It is deeply emotional to come back here after all these years to see our parents' graves." Among the handful of Catholic families in the Baramulla area, several of those who attended had also been bereaved in the violence accompanying the tribesmen's invasion. The initiative to mark the anniversary rested with the thirteen nuns at St Joseph's, all Indian, who run the hospital and attached nurses' training centre. They held an early morning mass, presided over by the Bishop of Jammu, and candlelight processions to both burial plots. The provincial head of the nuns' order also placed a wreath, as did the top ranking Indian general in the Baramulla district.

Tom Dykes served in the Sikh Regiment, and agreed to stay on for a short while after India gained independence in August 1947 to help the transition. He was the head of the regimental centre at Ambala in Punjab at the time of his death. He is buried in the only Commonwealth War Grave in Kashmir and as he was serving in the armed forces of independent India, the army continues to care for the graves. On the same day that St Joseph's was looted, the first ever Indian troops landed in Kashmir, then a princely-ruled state, to repulse the invaders and ensure the region's accession to India. The Indian army has been there ever since. Kashmir remains disputed territory and perhaps half-a-million Indian troops are stationed in the Kashmir Valley to fend off any Pakistani attempt to claim the region by force and to combat a continuing low-level separatist insurgency. Heavily armed soldiers put up a camouflage screen round the graves ahead of the wreath laying while a surveillance drone whirled overhead.

I first visited the mission twenty years ago and met Sister Emilia, an Italian and the last nun at Baramulla to have survived the attack. She's now buried there alongside her friend, Sister Teresalina. I wrote an account of the turmoil into which Kashmir was plunged in 1947, in

A Mission in Kashmir, focusing particularly on the attack on St Joseph's. I was privileged to be invited by the nuns to attend the memorial services, and have written about the Dykes brothers and their journey back to Baramulla for the BBC website (www.bbc.co.uk/news/stories-41996612). From time to time, say the nuns, their order has suggested that perhaps it would be best to pull out from Baramulla, given the alarming security situation. The nuns have insisted that they want to stay. They are already looking forward to celebrating their mission's centenary in a few years time.'

NOTICES

BACSA member Professor James Stevens Curl of the University of Ulster was awarded the prestigious President's Medal earlier this year by the British Academy for his contribution to the study of the history of architecture in Britain and Ireland. Professor Curl was one of the very first people to join, in October 1976, the Indo-British Association which became BACSA in the Spring of 1977. He was also a pioneer in examining what then an unfashionable topic, and his book *The Victorian Celebration of Death* considered the histories of 19th century cemeteries in the contexts of reform, urban hygiene, changing religious attitudes and treatment of the dead. 'As a schoolboy' he writes, 'fascinated by crumbling, ruined abbeys and friaries, with their graveyards almost submerged in nettles dripping under the muttering rain, I explored numerous examples, often experiencing a deep melancholy in those quiet places. Indeed, from an early age, I was aware of the inevitability of Death, and often doffed my cap as long horse-drawn funeral processions clattered by on roads of granite square-setts, the hearses magnificent with their etched glazed sides, the black steeds elegantly accoutred with ostrich-feathers and impeccable harness.' In 1980 *A Celebration of Death* was published which looked at funerary rituals and monuments in antiquity and in Europe. It was inevitable that Professor Curl would also become interested in the great cemeteries of the Indian subcontinent at a time when their architectural, historical and genealogical importance were just starting to be recognised. We send him our warm congratulations.

The East India Club. Valerie Robinson, Events Officer, writes: Thanks to Christopher Penn, who is a member, a small group from BACSA were able to enjoy a tour of the Club on Tuesday 7th November, 2017. We were shown round by the Secretary, Alex Bray. Founded in 1849, the East India Club is situated at 16, St James's Square. The original members were servants of the East India Company and commissioned officers with connections to India. Since those days, the Club has been amalgamated with several others.

Originally a private house, the Prince Regent (later George IV), happened to be dining there on June 21st 1815, when news of the victory at Waterloo was brought to him by the ADC to the Duke of Wellington, who presented him with four captured French eagles and Wellington's Victory Despatch. The Prince Regent then announced the news from the balcony of the present day Ladies' Drawing Room, a scene re-enacted two hundred years later in the presence of HRH The Princess Royal. The Club houses many portraits of former Governors General, Viceroy and Commanders-in-Chief and has a room named after Sir Robert Clive. Members were pleased to see a copy of *Two Monsoons* by our founder Theon Wilkinson, when they were shown the Library. After our tour, we were entertained to tea by Christopher Penn. Our warm thanks go to Christopher and to the Club Secretary for allowing us to make this special visit.

Bristol Museum and Archives. Objects, papers, photographs and films that formed part of the ill-fated British Empire and Commonwealth Museum have found their way to Bristol Museum and Archives (housed at separate sites). The BECM which was not government funded, closed in 2008 and there were initial doubts about the future of its holdings. Now the Bristol Museum and Archives have issued a progress report and confirm that funding to catalogue and digitise the exhibits has now been secured. A number of items in the BECM were donated by BACSA members. Others came from the Commonwealth Institute at Kensington, where BACSA meetings were held for many years. Both the Bristol Museum and Archives say they can now accept further donations of items connected with the British Empire and the Commonwealth. The phone number is: 0117 922 3571.

Imperial India: Find your Ancestors is the title of a 14-day tour from the 17th to the 30th of October 2018. It is led by your Editor and will trace the history of the British Raj from its last capital in Delhi to its original capital in Calcutta. Visits en route will include Meerut, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Serampore and Chandernagore. The tour is organised by Indus Experiences, the long-established tour company based in Harrow. The group is limited to a maximum of 18 people and the cost is £3,885 including flights. Indus Experiences says: 'We know that people on the tour may have specific requests and family graves to visit. We encourage you to let us know about these in advance, so we can research and incorporate them into our visits. A donation of £25 per person joining the tour will be given to BACSA.' Please contact the company for booking and further information: on 0208 901 7320 or email: yasin@indusexperiences.co.uk



above: 'G.G. Richardson 38 years on 30th August 1805 I would write thy eulogy but my tears blind me CER' (see page 4)

below: memorial to St. John Thackeray at Dharwar (see page 5)





above: the Barrackpore tomb of Lady Canning (see page 6)

below: graves at the Baramulla mission (see page 8)



IN SEARCH OF THE TERRIERS

Professor Peter Stanley of the University of New South Wales in Canberra is one of Australia's most active military-social historians. He was formerly Principal Historian of the Australian War Memorial, Australia's national military museum from 1980 to 2007. He has published more than thirty books, mainly in the field of Australian military-social history. Now he has been able to return to the field of British Indian history with *White Mutiny: British Military Culture in India 1825-75*. Here in an exclusive article for *Chowkidar*, he tells us about research for his new book:-

'I'm presently in India, tying off loose ends on a manuscript that I'm due to deliver to my publishers in April. The book, *'Terriers' in India: British Territorials 1914-19*, will be published later in 2018, the very first book devoted to the experience of the 50,000 or so British citizen soldiers who served in India as Territorials during the Great War, about a thousand of whom died between 1914 and 1920. The project actually began in the cantonment cemetery in Ferozepore, in the Punjab, in October 2012. I was in India to visit the battlefield of Ferozeshah and the cantonments of the Punjab and the Simla Hills in order to get details right for what became my 2014 novel *The Cunning Man*, which is set in the opening days of the first Anglo-Sikh war. In the cantonment cemetery I noticed that as well as British graves dating from the 1840s, it included headstones commemorating members of British Territorial units - gunners, Kent and Hampshire Cyclists, men of the Queen's Royal West Surreys, the Buffs, the Devons and the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry - who died in India during the First World War. Intrigued, I soon realised that almost nothing had been published on these units' Indian service during the Great War beyond a handful of transcripts of journals or collections of letters. Their regimental histories practically ignored them, understandably, to focus on the sacrifices that their Regular, Territorial and New Army battalions had made mainly on the Western Front.

Work on what became 'Terriers' in India entailed research trips to India and to Britain, consulting the abundant records held in county archives and regimental museums which had lain virtually unused for a century. Fittingly, the last research involved further visits to more of the cemeteries in which Territorials are interred or commemorated. In the course of researching and writing the 'Terriers' book I have visited 'Indian' Territorials' graves in a dozen cemeteries, including those in Agra, Allahabad, Bengaluru, Chennai, Dagshai, Dinapore, Kolkata, New Delhi, Pune-Kadki, and Varanasi, in addition to Ferozepore. My present visit to India has been as rewarding as ever. Cemeteries and memorials, and registers of graves, can be richly rewarding sources, in

addition to the emotional charge they offer in bringing us into the presence of those about whom we write. This visit has also encouraged me to reflect further on British military graves in India.

As readers of *Chowkidar* will realise, the way in which the graves and memorials of the dead of Britain's armies are preserved - or not - in the sub-continent is a complex and often highly political matter. Not only do British burial and commemorative customs differ from those followed by the great majority of Indians, but the dead are often members of a force whose main function was to ensure the maintenance of foreign rule by force. As BACSA members know, Christian iconography can be the subject of vandalism, as the virtual desecration of even the major Scottish Cemetery in Kolkata demonstrates. My various visits to the cemeteries holding graves and memorials to Territorials offer a range of the ways in which they are regarded and treated. Because the thousand or so 'Indian' Territorials who died all fall within the ambit of the Commonwealth (formerly Imperial) War Graves Commission, all of their graves and memorials are under its care and protection. For many years this was not clearly the case. While those Territorials who were interred in established war cemeteries have always been cared for by the Commission's staff, many - perhaps the majority - who were buried in cantonment cemeteries ran the risk of neglect and even loss. In the past decade or so the Commission has begun to take an interest in the wartime graves over which it has a duty of care, regardless of their location. When I first visited Ferozepore in 2012 I realised that the Commission had (possibly recently) surveyed and identified their graves, actively taking up a responsibility which it had previously left in abeyance.

Practically, 'Indian' Territorials' graves were formerly distributed over at least 67 cemeteries across India. Some isolated graves and small plots have been virtually lost as small Christian communities, invariably desperately poor, understandably devote their resources to more immediate causes. Some cemeteries (such as the large cemetery formerly at Sewri on Colaba Point, Bombay/Mumbai) have been moved, while small cemeteries have effectively been abandoned despite the Commission's best efforts. The remains from Sewri were re-buried in a mass plot at Kirkee. Likewise, the inscription of British soldiers' names on memorials in Madras War Cemetery (Chennai) and Kirkee War Cemetery effectively means that all British war dead of the Great War are commemorated individually even if their graves can still be traced in cantonment or church cemeteries. This is particularly important because, again, as BACSA members appreciate more than anyone, the number of British graves in Indian cemeteries is greater than the resources practically devoted to their care and preservation.

Outside the major Commission cemeteries such as Madras (Chennai), Bhowanipore (Kolkata) and at New Delhi cantonment, it is already apparent that the maintenance of graves identified by the Commission cannot be guaranteed. In the course of my various visits while researching my 'Terriers' book I found (for example) that graves in the Allahabad New Cantonment Cemetery were inaccessible because rubbish blocked the cemetery entrance and thick vegetation concealed the graves. In the cantonment cemetery at Varanasi it was clear that if the graves of Territorials who died in Benares had not been immediately at the entrance they too would be concealed by tall grass. (It is of course imprudent to walk in thick grass in India due to the danger of snakes, and impractical to travel with what Australians call a whipper-snipper: a strimmer.) In other cemeteries, such as the massive 'Indian Christian cemeteries' at Bengaluru, military graves are so scattered among literally hundreds of civilian graves, extending from the early 19th century to the present that it is only chance and persistence that enables any to be found at all.

The present situation is that all British war dead in India are commemorated individually - the Commission's fundamental undertaking and obligation, which it meets in abundance and at such a cost - but that not all British war graves can be maintained individually. It is hard to see how the Commission, still less individual congregations, individuals or even voluntary organisations like BACSA can continue to preserve them. As BACSA members know all too well, those with an interest in war graves are in a sense fortunate. Those with an interest in or connection to the graves of civilians or soldiers and their families before 1914 face even greater problems. Yesterday I sought out the graves of six Territorials interred in St Mary's cemetery on the banks of the Cooum River in Chennai. They were all identifiable with the aid of the Commission's cemetery plan (not that plans are always available: that was one reason I had failed to find all Territorial graves at Bengaluru and Wellington during this visit). Five were in the Commission's locked enclosure and one had been carefully cleared and was evidently being maintained, even though I was the first visitor to record my name in the visitors' book in eleven months. But anyone seeking any of the other military or civilian graves in St Mary's cemetery would find the task impossible. Partly because the cemetery was inundated repeatedly during Chennai's recent floods and the entire cemetery (except for the Commission's plots) is covered by a thick carpet of creeper, and is full of refuse and used as what Indians call an 'Open Defecation Area'. However hard it may be to find Terriers' graves, it is nothing compared to the difficulties of finding earlier graves.

Finally, however diligent BACSA has been in identifying, recording and preserving British graves and cemeteries in South Asia, we can only actually focus on graves that have survived. Having written about the experience of European soldiers of the Bengal Army in the early-to-mid-19th century, I am of course aware of the massive mortality rates suffered by soldiers and their families. Comparing the sheer numbers who died from endemic disease, year after year, and the number of graves, headstones and memorials which remain visible in cemeteries today, I am struck by the realisation that in fact the great majority of British graves in South Asia have already been lost. Despite the number of headstones erected by grieving comrades, friends and families, it must surely be the case that many of the dead, particularly private soldiers, must have been commemorated on wooden crosses or panels, material which in India's climate simply rots, and quickly. The graves of the great majority of the Terriers have at least survived thanks to the efforts of India's Christian communities and, overwhelmingly, the work of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission.'

BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

Lost Warriors - Seagrim and Pagani of Burma The last great untold story of WWII

Philip Davies

In his foreword to this inspiring story of courage and resourcefulness behind Japanese lines in Burma during World War II, Viscount Slim remarks that this book is long overdue. The events it describes with authentic detail were in danger of being forgotten, as they gradually slip beyond first-hand memory. However, with Burma once more making headline news, it is appropriate to be reminded of this epic struggle between two empires and its enduring impact. Philip Davies employs his detailed knowledge of this fascinating country to retell the interwoven story of two inspirational heroes with a freshness borne of painstaking research. Rather than a mere historical account of their adventures, the author's descriptive powers provide an insight to the driving forces that sustain both men through unimaginable hardship. The prologue recalls events of summer 1985 when villagers from Hugh Seagrim's home in Norfolk and his loyal Karens gathered to commemorate the unveiling of a village sign depicting Hugh and his brother Derek - the only members of the same family to have won Britain's two highest awards for gallantry, the George Cross and the Victoria Cross. Present was the other subject of this story, one of the most intrepid escapees of World War II, Roy or Ras Pagani. Davies proceeds vividly to describe the shattering Japanese attack on Rangoon and how this event precipitates the six feet four inches tall Seagrim into becoming a charismatic and spiritually motivated guerrilla leader. One of five sons of a village rector, he inherits his father's mischievous

delight of pranks while developing into a fine cricketer and goalkeeper renowned for coolness under pressure. He travels widely during his early service with the Indian Army, developing powers of endurance and a solitary nature that will serve him well. Commanding Karens in the 1st/20th Burma Rifles, he develops an affinity with these deeply moralist and loyal people who had been natural converts to the Christian faith with its parallels to their previous belief in messianic deliverance. Volunteering to lead irregular forces remaining behind Japanese lines, Seagrim in many ways becomes the Karens' messiah and ultimately sacrifices his own life to save them from further torment at the hands of the Japanese. Ras Pagani enters Seagrim's beleaguered jungle world when the latter most needs determined companionship. They launch the Karens into offensive operations that eventually provoke the Japanese to mount sustained operations to capture Seagrim, after Pagani has set out alone to continue his escape from Burma. A remarkably resourceful soldier, Pagani, aged four, is seized by his father and raised in a French convent. Returning to England in his mid-teens, he works in hotels including London's Park Lane. Joining the East Surreys on a whim and almost refused entry at a height of five foot three, he marries his beloved Pip in 1939 before departing for France with the BEF a week later. Escaping from Dunkirk alone and seeking further action, he is posted to Singapore. After his troop ship sinks and he is immediately thrown into fierce fighting, Pagani refuses to obey the order to surrender to the victorious Japanese and takes his chances in commandeering a sampan. His island-hopping journey is an epic in itself, but he is ultimately destined for captivity. Being put to work on the infamous Death Railway, Pagani becomes the only European to escape. Unable to conceal his conspicuous appearance, he narrowly avoids recapture before joining Seagrim in the Karen hills. Both men end up as PoWs, with each enduring capture in their own exemplary ways. While Seagrim is executed alongside his faithful Karens, Pagani miraculously survives to be rescued by the liberating 14th Army.

Lost Warriors is illustrated with maps and photographs that assist the reader in imagining these increasingly distant events, while chapters are headed with inspirational poetry. Overall the book does credit to two very different heroes, both providing exemplary role models in demonstrating remarkable courage and perseverance in the face of overwhelming odds. While Seagrim is imbued with the spirit of service and self-sacrifice driven by the highest principles of Christianity, Pagani finds his faith in a remarkable instinct for survival and self-discipline to keep his word to return to his wife; in their different ways they are both driven by a love of others that transcended morale-sapping deprivation and brutality.

Philip Davies tells this story of human endeavour in a thrilling and inspirational narrative, which will appeal to those who seek to understand human nature as much as those interested in one of the bitterest military campaigns of modern history that is now a little less forgotten thanks to this admirable book. (ACF)

2017 Atlantic Publishing ISBN: 9781909242852 £20 pp280

The Uprising of 1857

ed. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

There is perhaps no event in the long history of the British empire in India that continues to exert so strong and abiding a fascination as the great uprising of 1857. Referred to variously as the Indian Mutiny, the First War of Independence, or the *ghadr* (rebellion), the sheer volume of writings on the subject over the last 150 years bear testimony to the enduring nature of its appeal. A recently published bibliography alone runs into over 850 pages (Harold E Raugh Jr, *The Raugh Bibliography of the Indian Mutiny: 1857-1859*, West Midlands: Helion, 2015). This edited volume is published in collaboration with the Alkazi Collection of Photography, New Delhi. Its title comfortably bridges the gap between colonial and nationalist perspectives, and sets the tone for the balanced and well-nuanced essays that appear within its pages. The volume consists of nine essays, introduced by the editor, who is a well-known authority on the culture and history of Lucknow and old Awadh. The book is remarkable both for the quality of its written content as well as the visual delight afforded by the inclusion of numerous rare photographs, maps and illustrations, which mark its association with the outstanding Alkazi collection. As may be expected, the quality of images reproduced in the volume is of the highest standard.

In her introduction, Rosie Llewellyn-Jones broadly examines the imagery associated with the revolt, including contemporary sketches, lithographs and photographs. These are put into current context based on fresh perspectives of the events of 1857. In her own words, the book ‘...marries little known photographs with new texts on the Mutiny by current scholars’. In addition, she has also contributed an essay on ‘Lucknow and the Royal Family of Awadh’ which recounts the sorry tale of perfidy and betrayal that led to the annexation of Awadh and the destruction, not only of the city of Lucknow, but its rich cultural heritage as well.

Three essays, by Shahid Amin, Mahmood Farooqui and Nayanjot Lahiri, respectively, deal with aspects of the uprising in Delhi. The first, by Shahid Amin, ‘History of the Sepoy War: A View from the Delhi Ridge and Cavalry Lines’ revisits ‘the logic of Empire’ and the dynamics of contemporary commemoration through an examination of the linkage between written historical accounts and the images that recorded the events and locations they described. Mahmood Farooqui

in his essay 'Two Muslim Intellectuals of Delhi and 1857' views the complex Indian response to the Uprising through the contemporary writings of Mirza Assadullah Khan Ghalib and Moulvi Mohammed Baqar. Of particular interest is his observation of the manner in which the Indian secular nationalist narrative of the 1857 Uprising has over the years marginalised the contribution of the Muslim Ulema who had played a leading part in the revolt. Nayanjot Lahiri offers an interesting view on the processes of commemoration and memorialisation of the Uprising through a study of the documentary evidence – including photography – in the essay 'Commemorative intent as seen through Images of Delhi'. In 'The House of the Ladies: Cawnpore' Andrew Ward recalls the horrors of the Bibighar at Kanpur, whilst Tapti Roy traces the events of the revolt in Central India in 'Uprising in Bundelkhand'. In it Roy focuses on the involvement of the rebel Marathas and Bundela Rajputs and the role of the three kingdoms of Orchha, Jhansi and Datia, both before and during the uprising. Susan Gole provides a hitherto unexplored analysis in her 'Maps for the Uprising of 1857'. The cartographic images accompanying her article are particularly unique and fascinating. Two of the contributors have specifically focused on the use of photography to document the events, and educate and influence viewers. Zahid R Chaudhary's essay 'Colonial Violence and Photography' examines the use of the camera as a weapon of colonial subjugation while Stephanie Roy Bharath's 'Photographing the Uprising of 1857' discusses the photographers, official, private and amateur, who documented the aftermath of the conflict through their lens. While it is not a book of photographs, the images that accompany the essays within the pages of this scholarly work are undoubtedly unique and set the publication apart from the numerous other books on 1857 that have preceded it. The impact of the images upon the reader is best described by a writer quoted in the book: 'A photograph is a bullet shot from the past into the future.' (RTSC)

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British Ships in Indian Waters: their owners, crew and passengers
Richard Morgan

It is due to the nature of the British Empire and the Honourable East India Company as international actors that the records they produced are often fragmented, scattered, or simply poorly catalogued. As a result, the British Library's collection of Honourable East India Company records can be intimidating for those who have not yet delved into the catalogues of logs, pay books, and other miscellaneous records – let alone linking those records to other archives.

Richard Morgan's guide, then, is of invaluable use to both the veteran and budding historian. However, its real values for the biographer, family historian, and genealogist (which is to be expected, it being a Families in British India Society publication.) In addition to a wealth of knowledge on practical use of a variety of archive collections, Morgan also provides a helpful, if brief, walk through the history of HEICo and interloper sailors and passengers in India. The bulk of the publication is divided into five parts with corresponding appendices, with the first covering HEICo ships, and the second 'Country Ships' (non-HEICo ships operating in Indian waters within the HEICo monopoly.) The third section covers 'Interlopers' (those ships that flaunted the HEICo monopoly), unfortunately very few records exist on these vessels; perhaps unsurprising considering that such smugglers would not want to be recorded. Consequently, Part III is a single page indicating the scant records where one can find information. Part IV, however, thoroughly walks the reader through the history and records of the HEICo's Marine Service; and Part V provides a useful directory of British steam ships in India.

The vast majority of the records produced by the British East India Company are today catalogued in three lists: L/MAR/A, L/MAR/B, and L/MAR/C: while A and B are relatively straightforward collections of ships' pay books, logs, etc., the final list is infamously imposing, consisting of any and all documents that survived the HEICo's documentation purge when it ceased trading in 1833. It is here that Morgan's work really shows value in the appendices; by enabling the researcher to find corresponding records across the A, B, and C series. In this he builds on Anthony Farrington's work for the British Library; Farrington was the first to untangle the confused records saved by Charles Danvers in the nineteenth century. While the ability to cross-reference the above lists offers a unique value, Morgan also helpfully indicates where supplemental records may be found when the HEICo records fall short (such as the Military Embarkation Lists, since few captains recorded all military passengers by name). These are scattered within the relevant chapters: so directions on where to find Wills of HEICo civil servants within the Public Works Department are located in Section IV, which covers the Marine Service. In addition, he gives detailed directions to where information can be accessed, and always in a clear and straightforward manner. Morgan's book is of great use to the biographer and family historian, whether their subject worked the roads to India or China, or in-country within the Marine service. It is equally recommended for those researching non-HEICo crews and vessels, for while records are scarcer Morgan provides useful directions to where

they can be found. In addition to thorough directions to useful sources, the book is also peppered with helpful historiography – which, while brief in interpretation, goes a long way to contextualising the primary materials he helps the reader uncover. Really then, this second edition has been nailed to the mast as a vital tool to anyone, as the publisher puts it, to 'study their ancestors' lives in India'. (CW)

2017 Families in British India Society ISBN 978-0-9570246-2-5.
£5.95 pp108

BOOKS BY NON-MEMBERS THAT WILL INTEREST READERS

Race, Tea and Colonial Resettlement: Imperial Families, Interrupted **Jane McCabe**

Dr Graham's Homes, a charity based in Kalimpong, provides support for disadvantaged Indian children. The charity was founded in 1900 with slightly different objects – to look after the illegitimate children of tea planters. Jane McCabe is a New Zealand historian and is concerned with one particular aspect of the charity – the very considerable efforts by Dr Graham to find work and a home for these children in New Zealand. Dr Graham believed that miscegenation between Europeans and Maori people in New Zealand would allow the Kalimpong children easily to blend into the general New Zealand racial mix. Dr Graham's somewhat naïve understanding of New Zealand, and the success or lack of it of his plans are explored in considerable detail. Dr McCabe is herself a member of one of these families and much of the book is concerned with her personal discovery of this history.

The book is divided into three main sections: the Indian background, the New Zealand settlements; and the aftermath. *Chowkidar* readers are likely to be most interested in the first of these and it has to be confessed this is the weakest part of the book. The author is not at home in Indian genealogical sources and it shows. On p18 she remarks that the children could never know who their mothers were as there were no birth certificates for the children. This is incorrect. The system in India was for baptism certificates not birth certificates (the 'Ecclesiastical Returns'), though they also contained information as to birth. Many of the children were baptized. Some 20 minutes of work on my computer uncovered baptism records for five of the families Dr McCabe writes about and in three of these we have mothers' names. I am sure further work would uncover more. Dr McCabe writes at length about the mothers of the children but has very little to say about the fathers. In view of the distances to be covered round the tea garden (Dr McCabe always uses the word 'plantation' which suggest slavery in the

southern US or Caribbean), it was essential that a planter could ride, which usually meant being of an upper middle class family. Some were packed off to India following youthful indiscretions. Pay at the tea garden was poor, Assistant Managers were discouraged or even forbidden from marrying, and were often many miles from any other European. It is hardly surprising the tea planters took *bibis*. It may also be the case that the women reckoned being the planter's *bibi* was preferable to picking tea all day. The book is a mixture of social history and a journalist reporting a personal journey. Like much modern journalism there is a heavy emphasis on the emotional, which gets in the way of the historical, and leads Dr McCabe to look at matters through 21st century eyes. An example is the disruption caused by uprooting the children from their parents and packing them off to Dr Graham's Homes. No doubt it was a shock to the children and some were bitterly unhappy. But if they had been born the right side of the blanket, something similar would still have happened. They would have been sent away to boarding school – possibly in India or more probably in England. It is fashionable to consider parents who sent their children to boarding school as sadistic tyrants and the children as permanently crippled emotionally. I don't think that was how either children or parents saw it during the Raj.

Another aspect is Dr Graham's determination that the children should have little to do with their mothers. This may seem like callous cultural arrogance. I suggest the main driver here was Dr Graham's devout Presbyterian faith. He would have seen his duty as keeping the children away from paganism. I am sure there were children who did not go to the Homes and when the planter left merged back into the family of their mother. It is easy for our godless age to underestimate the strength of religious feeling of people like Dr Graham. I hope I have not been too hard on the author in criticising the Indian section of her book. The New Zealand section is admirable. She is clearly fully conversant with her sources and has used them judiciously. She explains how Dr Graham got his young adults to New Zealand, the bureaucracy he had to contend with, and his strenuous effort to get his charges jobs – for the most part the boys in agriculture and the girls in domestic service. Ease of access to New Zealand deteriorated over the 20th century as protectionism, racism and the economic depression all came into play. Dr Graham never gave up. He cultivated a large number of well-wishers in New Zealand and was expert in dealing with obstacles. Finally there is the aftermath and again we are back with journalism and get a heavy emotional flavour. Nevertheless the closing chapters on the efforts of the New Zealand descendants to find their Indian (and British) heritage are moving.

Dr McCabe is to be congratulated on a fascinating piece of reportage. Other aspects of Dr Graham's Homes would merit investigation. Only about half the children got to New Zealand. What of those who stayed in India, or came to England, or even in one or two cases America? A new book awaits. (RM)

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The Skull of Alum Bhag

Kim Wagner

The author had an extraordinary piece of luck a few years ago when he was emailed by a couple who wished to dispose of a skull they had inherited from a former landlord of The Lord Clyde in Walmer. The skull had been discovered in a lumber room at the pub in 1963, missing its lower jaw and most of its teeth. It was not anonymous however, because inserted in the eye socket was a scrap of paper relating that it was the skull of *havildar* Alum Bhag, of the 46th Bengal Native Infantry, 'a ruffianly rebel' who had been blown from the mouth of a cannon after the Indian Mutiny. Dr Wagner, a colonial historian teaching in London had been contacted because the skull's owners did not feel comfortable with it, yet did not know how to dispose of it. To his credit, Wagner not only took ownership of the relic but quickly turned it into a cracking good story – a story of a little-known episode of the Mutiny, of how it affected the new cantonment of Sealkot in the Punjab, of the ambivalence of the rebels themselves and of colonial violence in general, both Indian and British.

Many previously unconsidered themes are explored here, in particular the fact that soldiers of the 46th regiment stationed in the Punjab, were as much foreigners there as the British themselves. The majority came from Awadh, a thousand miles away, unable to speak the local language, different in looks, customs and behaviour from the local Punjabis and with the dream of retiring 'home' at the end of a lifetime's service in what was to them a foreign country. Although so far from their native villages, they were not unaware of the turmoil at Barrackpore, Meerut, and Delhi and although only a small number of Britons were killed at Sealkot, their murderers were vigorously hunted down and punished. Using original material including letters from British civilians and American missionaries, the story is deftly told and the 'greased cartridges' given a thorough examination. (Sepoys were not in fact forced to use the unclean cartridges, but it was the fear of losing caste and being polluted that was the more powerful element.) The practice of taking human trophies, like skulls, by Victorian soldiers is considered, although with a little too much extraneous material. There are signs of over-hasty publication too, with a number of errors, including the separation of the captions from the illustrations, but it is nevertheless a lively and provocative book. Recommended. (RLJ)

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BOOKS FROM INDIA: Readers of *Chowkidar* are welcome to place orders for new Rupee-priced books with Prabhu Book Service, Booksellers, House No.557/Sector 14, Gurgaon 122001, Haryana, India.

(Proprietor: Mr. Vijay Kumar Jain - Mobile No. 0091-124-9818727879). Mr. Jain will invoice BACSA members in Sterling adding £4.00 for Registered Air-Mail for a slim hardback and £3.00 for a slim paperback. Sterling cheques should be made payable to Prabhu Book Service.

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If planning any survey of cemetery MIs, either in this country or overseas, please check with 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.

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



Soldiers from Hodson's Horse at the annual remembrance ceremony in the grounds of La Martinière College, Lucknow (see page 1)