

REDISCOVERING THE GRAVE OF LADY SALE

Thanks to details and a photograph published in *Chowkidar* in 1986, Dominic Medley has found the grave of Lady Florentia Sale, a survivor of the first Afghan war, who died in Cape Town in 1853 after a gruelling voyage from India. Here is his report:

‘Lady Sale was an extraordinary woman. Here are just a few quotes from her much-feted diary and account of the British under siege in Kabul in 1841, the disastrous retreat and defeat at Gandamak in January 1842 and her subsequent captivity of nine months:

"I escaped the bullets that continually whizzed past me";

"I felt very grateful for a tumbler of sherry";

"More than half the force is now frostbitten or wounded";

"I had fortunately only one ball in my arm".

After more than a decade working in Afghanistan training journalists and working for the United Nations and NATO, I'd always wanted to track down more on Lady Sale. I'd read she'd been buried in Cape Town, but only in 2019 did I finally start some research. Luckily a photo and accompanying article in *Chowkidar* from 1986 helped, in addition to a 1995 archaeological survey completed for developers by the University of Cape Town and online references especially at ancestors.co.za.

Lady Sale's grave is at Maitland Cemetery in Cape Town. In the late 1800s and early 1900s many of the graves were moved here from the Somerset Road Cemetery on the foreshore of Cape Town as the waterfront area was developed. The 1986 photo published in *Chowkidar* initially had me on the wrong tracks when I visited Maitland Cemetery. The mountain in the background is clear, as is the chapel. I'd spotted two chapels at Maitland from Google Earth satellite pictures so thought I knew where I was going, and both chapels had similar exterior designs. However, walking around the cemetery, I just couldn't find the stone obelisk marking Lady Sale's grave. Fortunately a cemetery official recalled another chapel being demolished (the one in the 1986 photo). Once we were on that bare ground the obelisk was easy to spot. There's also a photo of the obelisk, probably taken in the early 1900s at the Somerset Road Cemetery, showing the grave surrounded by iron railings. But I presume those were either not moved with the grave or since lost or stolen at the Maitland location.

The plaque is in remarkably good condition. (*see page 108*) The inscription reads: ‘Beneath this stone reposes all that could die of Lady Sale. Her heroism, her fortitude, and her patience under arduous circumstances are part of her country's story. Her piety, total abnegation of self and the true tenderness of this woman's heart are best known to the sorrowing children who raise this monument above her ashes.’

And translated from Latin:

‘Mother. We shall go to you. And you will not return to us.’

Tragically Lady Sale died in Cape Town on 6 July 1853 just a few days after arriving from Calcutta. A letter to the editor of the *History Today* magazine in March 1960 (following an article on Lady Sale in the magazine in 1959) notes the obituary published in the South African Commercial Advertiser newspaper. Lady Sale was described as a ‘distinguished lady, whose imprisonment and rescue at Cabool have associated her name with one of the most brilliant achievements of the British Arms in India...’

Lady Sale was undoubtedly a remarkable woman. Her calm under fire and willingness to accept the deprivations of siege, forced march and imprisonment earned her fame and much respect.

David Loyn, former BBC correspondent in Afghanistan and India and author of *Butcher and Bolt* writes that when the British were collapsing:

‘Leadership to the end came from Lady Sale. When Afghan weapons became available, not a single British soldier agreed to carry one, fearing the worst if they were seen armed. Morale had been crushed. Lady Sale sealed her formidable reputation when she said, ‘You had better give me one, and I will lead the party.’”

Dominic Medley OBE worked in Kabul from 2002 to 2018. For the last two years he was a strategic adviser to General John W. Nicholson, the commander of U.S. and NATO-led forces in Afghanistan and a collateral descendant of ‘Nicholson of Delhi’.

Editor’s note: Mr Medley also reported on another memorial from the Maitland Cemetery, that of Ellen Maria Warden, wife of John Warden of the Bombay Civil Service who died in 1829. It was commissioned from Francis Chantrey, the leading English sculptor and is now in the Iziko Museum, Cape Town, where it is known as ‘The Chantrey Marble. (*see page 108*)

MAIL BOX

Visitors to areas that fall under BACSA's remit, which means anywhere the East India Company set foot, are encouraged to photograph and report back on local cemeteries. It is from such reports that BACSA monitors the condition of the cemeteries and more importantly builds up a record of those interred within, through inscriptions on surviving tombs and burial registers, where they still exist. Recently Mr Michael Kellett from Lancashire visited Macau, a sea-port in southern China, with a long history of European involvement. He took the trouble to photograph every tomb in the Old Protestant Cemetery including close-up views of some of the inscriptions which were difficult to read. (*see page 109*) In addition he gave BACSA two booklets including one by the late Sir Lindsay Ride, soldier, surgeon and vice-chancellor of Hong Kong University who took a keen interest in this cemetery, and whose ashes were interred here in 1977. All the known burials and memorials are recorded with much useful information, so for example we learn of Hiram Tarbox, a forty-year old American who died in 1844, Caroline Rebecca Crockett, five years old, died in 1835 and a number of the Sutherland and Wedderburn families with their strong connections to India. Mr Kellett wonders if a Captain William Havelock, buried in 1836 may be related to BACSA's current President?

The large number of Americans buried here seems puzzling at first. What were they all doing? The answer is both political and economic. The United States had forfeited its access to many markets when it declared its independence from Britain in 1776. But conversely this also meant that now it was no longer a British colony, it could trade direct with China where the potential for making large profits lay. Tea could be freely imported from China and in return silver dollars were welcomed by the Chinese, whose own domestic supply of silver was limited. So there were fortunes to be made by bold Americans even though the Macau cemetery was a painful reminder that not everyone would return home.

The origins of the cemetery itself are fascinating. It was the adventurous Portuguese who first arrived in Macau in the 16th century and won trading rights from the Ming emperors. Two hundred years later the East India Company had moved in and a Protestant burial ground was urgently needed. The idea of enclosed cemeteries was foreign to the Chinese so burials of Europeans had been previously carried out in an ad hoc manner in isolated hillside plots beyond the city walls, purchased from local landowners. The Catholic Portuguese authorities could not be persuaded to sell any land to the Protestants until the death of Mary Morrison the wife of the well-known missionary Dr Robert Morrison. So popular was Dr Morrison that the Portuguese now agreed to sell a plot of land near the Company's headquarters, the Fundação Oriente, as a burial ground for other foreigners.

It was opened in 1821 and immediately a number of people whose relatives had perforce been buried in hillside plots now sought permission to re-inter their loved ones in the new cemetery. This is why some dates of death precede the establishment of the old cemetery. Thus the earliest recorded death is that of George Washington Biddle, from Philadelphia, who died in 1811. The cemetery was closed by the Portuguese in 1858 when it was agreed that no further burials should take place within the city limits and the New Protestant Cemetery was opened outside the city walls. It is refreshing to report that the old cemetery is very well maintained by a Board of Trustees including the consuls general of Britain, America, Germany and Denmark, whose nationals rest in this peaceful setting. We are grateful to Michael Kellett and his photographs will shortly be placed on the BACSA website.

Last year Mr Jerome Mostyn and his son Mark visited Ranikhet, the hill station in Uttarakhand to search for the grave of Jerome's elder brother Michael, who had died as a baby of ten months from enteritis on 27 July 1926. His burial took place the following day. Jerome Mostyn had visited the grave many years ago in 1967 and found it then in good condition, although the cross above the stone was broken. At the time the cemetery was well maintained, neat and tidy with a caretaker present and arrangements were made to repair the damaged cross. Things were rather different on the Mostyns' return visit more than half a century later. Although only one Christian cemetery was initially identified in Ranikhet by the Mostyns, there are in fact at least four burial grounds here – the old cemetery, opened in 1860 and closed in 1945, the closed Chaubattia cemetery, the closed Dulikhet cemetery and the New Cemetery, consecrated in 1878, where the grave of baby Michael was found.

The Mostyns had done their homework before the visit in March 2019 by contacting BACSA and the Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) who confirmed there were no Commonwealth graves in the area, information which later turned out not to be correct. The new cemetery was easy to find through google maps - it lies some 4 kilometres from the town on the Ranikhet Road. A narrow track leads down from the main road to a blue-painted entrance arch. The unlocked gate under the arch led to litter-strewn rooms on either side of the gatehouse 'with the walls damaged and covered in graffiti' as Jerome Mostyn reported. 'Interestingly there is a green plaque on the front of the arch stating "At this location there are Commonwealth War Graves."' The cemetery walls are in reasonably good shape over six feet high and enclose a wooded area about the size of a football field, sloping down sharply at one side, while most of the graves lie on terraces cut into the slope. It is an open cemetery, that is, burials are still carried out here, although the local Christian population is small.

The Parish Priest of St Bonaventure Catholic church, Father Ivan Crasta had the Burial Register dating from 1921 to 1984, and both the graves of Michael Mostyn and a Colonel John Archibald Turnbull DSO, died 27 July 1933, which was also being sought were identified from the Register. Michael's small grave was found after an hour's search, partly covered in earth and with the cross broken into pieces. (*see page 109*) Colonel Turnbull's grave was thickly covered with moss, which was cleared to reveal a broken cross laid on the grave which was in good condition. Father Crasta also produced a recent maintenance agreement between the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and Ranikhet New Cemetery, which indicated there were 12 war graves here, each with a CWGC plaque on the back of the headstone. The CWGC representative Mr Kenei Sekhose subsequently visited the cemetery and confirmed there are in fact 20 war graves here. The 12 headstones noted by the Mostyns on their visit were replacements for the original stones and had been installed in 2015. Jerome Mostyn estimates that there are over 200 graves in the New Cemetery, the great majority of which appear to be connected to the military. It was the British who established the headquarters of the Kumaon Regiment here in 1869 and the cantonment that grew up around it. Mr Mostyn has made a number of recommendations, including fitting a good padlock to the entrance gate, a one-off tidying up for the graves, clearing the litter, and re-plastering and painting the gatehouse. BACSA is currently considering this as a future project.

A SEARCH IN SOUTH INDIA

The Spring 2019 *Chowkidar* carried a query about the Vanderhyde/Vanderhide family in south India. They were of Dutch/Portuguese origin and may have been settled there before 1750. A Captain Horatio Vanderhyde had been Commandant of the force known as the Nair Brigade in the service of His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore. A descendant, Margaret Murray, told us she was going to Trivandrum hoping to search the baptismal records of the old Catholic churches there and to learn more about the Nair Brigade and Fort Anjengo. Her quest was ultimately unsuccessful, illustrating some of the difficulties of tracing non-British ancestors in India but as her report shows, there were plenty of willing hands en route to help.

'BACSA very kindly put me in touch with trusted friends in India in the search to trace Vanderhide ancestors in the Travancore area, following up an obituary from the *India Catholica* of 1881 which indicated this was the place where our family had settled in the early days before they moved to Bombay. Mr Chekkutty, BACSA's area representative in Calicut, was my first point of contact.

‘He was very understanding and helpful and put me in touch with Dr Elizabeth Thomas and Ms Uma Maheswari who both lived in Trivandrum where we would be based. Elizabeth, or Bina, as she is affectionately known, is an enthusiastic and knowledgeable archaeologist with a close knowledge of local history. She regularly gives up her time to promote interest in local history and to lead walking tours of historic sites, despite being a busy professional person. Uma is a recently-retired archivist at the city’s record office, with a detailed knowledge of available historic records. She is currently engaged upon the transcription of ancient palm-leaf scrolls and is also a writer, the official biographer to the royal family of Travancore, no less. Both of these ladies worked hard to ensure that the groundwork for our visit was in place prior to our arrival. We were guided around the city, taken to the national archives and local churches as well as being given a guided tour of Fort Anjengo by Bina, where our ancestor had worked, according to the only piece of evidence we possessed, the obituary from 1881. Uma arranged for us to meet with Vysakh, an energetic history lecturer who was enormously helpful in taking us to meet new contacts.

‘His Beatitude Cardinal Baselios Cleemis granted us an audience and agreed to ask local priests to check in their own churches for the baptisms we were seeking. I made an appeal on the local TV news channel for information from anyone who might be able to help. We were also introduced to local experts who had studied the history of the Nair brigade, in which our ancestor had served. One, a former university professor, even gave me a copy of his PhD thesis on that same brigade. We could not have been accorded more kindness and generosity than we received from our new-found friends in Travancore. I wish I could report back on a needle-in-the-haystack discovery, to cheer all of those aficionados of family history research who struggle for years to batter down stubborn brick walls, as I have done. But despite all the careful preparation and the combined efforts of several very skilled academics, we failed to unearth any records which would reveal a trace of the Vanderhide men we sought. I suspect that the records have crumbled away to dust over the centuries.

‘However, I do not count our search as a failure, by any means. It was a disappointment in the fact that we came home empty-handed, but we had always acknowledged the likelihood of that happening. Instead, I draw comfort from the fact that we left no stone unturned in our resolve to unearth the past and, in doing so, we made new friends and saw wonderful places including the Western Ghats, tea gardens, coconut groves, cardamom and spice farms, wild elephants and other animals, forts, cathedrals and palaces with their many art treasures. In our many adventures, we gained rare insights into daily life in Travancore as it might

have been more than 300 years ago, for life and culture in India are not so quick to change over the centuries as they might do in some other countries. We felt extremely privileged to have been afforded a glimpse into the lives our ancestors led and to have seen for ourselves where they lived, worked and worshipped. They came from the Netherlands to a most beautiful part of the world and they stayed. Their descendants still walk the streets of Mumbai and possibly of Travancore, also. So, take heart if you are looking for what seems like the impossible and, as Uma is fond of reminding me, in the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson: “Do not go where the path may lead; go instead where there is no path and leave a trail.” Don’t give up! Please pass on my sincere thanks to all those in BACSA and FIBIS who give tirelessly of their time and labour to help others to retrieve the past.’

CAN YOU HELP?

Reports on animal graves are always welcome, particularly with a story attached. BACSA member Rana Chhina, who recently had the honour of escorting Prince Charles around the Commonwealth War Graves in Delhi, has sent a touching little anecdote. A retired Air Marshal, whose name we don’t know, was posted as Air Officer Commanding (AOC) to Gwalior in 1995. The Officers’ Mess is a very grand building, formerly the British Residency and the AOC’s bungalow was located behind it. The bungalow was an old building with an odd internal design indicating it was probably the former stables. The roof was about 15 feet high in all the rooms, except the dining room which seemed to have been added later. The bungalow had been done up with plaster and floor tiles and had a beautiful garden. At the back was a regal pillared gazebo constructed with red sandstone. In its floor was a large slab, about five feet square, clearly a grave. These words were inscribed on it: ‘To the Memory of Glancer who died on 25th February 1814’ followed by a long eulogy to the late hound:

Departed worth the Muses tribute
claims,
Nor sinks without its meed,
In Glancer’s praise her humble
effort aims,
To tune the vocal reed.

If beauty’s praise the muse
delight to sound,
None ever could rival thine,
No hound could boast a head or
form so round,
Thy tail was beauty’s line.

How graceful hung thy ears;
What varied guise adorned thy coat so sleek,
But who shall paint thy full expressive eyes,
Those eyes that seemed to speak.

The poetic inscription continues like this at some length. Glancer was clearly a much loved dog. But the most interesting verse is:
Midst Baltic waves and Russia's vast domains,
O'er many a Persian hill,
Through stormy Gulphs and India's sultry plains,
His faithful servant still.

It should not be impossible to trace Glancer's owner or the unit to which he was attached, serving in the Baltic, Russia and Persia before being stationed at Gwalior, during the reign of Maharaja Daulat Rao Scindia. The eulogy would almost certainly have been published in a contemporary newspaper. And does the memorial still exist? Perhaps someone from the Officers Mess or a visitor could investigate further?

BACSA member Alan Lane is the son of a retired tea-planter, John Lane MBE, who worked in Assam from 1938 to 1967. Alan, who was born in Bombay, spent the first five years of his life in Assam before being sent 'home' for his education. He was subsequently appointed by the Inchape Group as a service engineer for the Crossley diesel engines that drove the tea factories in north-east India and he remained working there until late 1968. As such Alan attracts a number of queries from the children and grandchildren of tea planters in India and one arrived recently from Mrs Shirley Pritchard, née Gifford who lives in California. She was able to provide the following information: 'My father, Walter Gilbert Gifford, was born on a plantation in the Nilgiri Hills in Southern India. His father, George Harrington Alcock, was an Englishman who, for property reasons, legally changed his name to Gifford. Grandfather went out to British India in the late 19th century to plant tea. He married a Mary Smith about whom we know very little. It is suspected that the reason for this could be ignorance or outright subterfuge as she might have been Indian or mixed race. Because of this union, the family was ostracized by the proper English community and, eventually, George's brother, who had married a Lady North, with evidently the right connections, wrested the estate from Grandfather. Dad's parents died at a fairly young age and the eight daughters and four sons, after being schooled by the nuns and priests in Ootacamund and Coonoor, eventually scattered throughout India.' What Mrs Pritchard is looking for is information about the family's former tea estate, which was known as the Helen Estate, part of the Ouchterlony Valley group. A century ago there was a cemetery 'maintained and looked after by the proprietors of the Helen Estate where members of the European Community are interred.' It was not uncommon to establish impromptu burial grounds in remote estates often out of necessity and perhaps someone can provide further details of this particular estate and cemetery?

New BACSA member Miss Peppy Barlow is seeking the grave of her grandfather George Thomas Barlow who was born on 11 March 1865. After attending Haileybury and the Royal Engineering College at Coopers' Hill, he was appointed executive officer of the Ganges canal in 1897. He later became the superintending engineer and subsequently the chief engineer and secretary of the Government Irrigation Board. George Barlow died on 17 April 1917, at the age of fifty-two. It is assumed his burial took place somewhere in the United Provinces, possibly at Aligarh. One thing that marks his grave is that his friend, Sir Edwin Lutyens designed it as a miniature version of the cenotaph in London which must surely make it an unique memorial, though one that is not listed among Lutyens' works. Perhaps a Lutyens expert could throw more light on this?

One of the results of digitizing forty years worth of *Chowkidars* (see BACSA website: www.bacsa.org.uk) is that people are now able to search through back copies for specific names. Unfortunately it has not been possible to retain much of the correspondence that generated the stories and queries that have appeared over the years. BACSA has never had an office and our archives at the British Library are limited to cemetery files, photographs, a few family histories and Minutes of meetings. A case in point was a query published in 1998 about a French lady, Marie-Suzanne le Seigneur, who lived all her life in Patna and had a long relationship with Scottish-born William Maxwell, chief of the East India Company's revenue department in Bihar, who died in Patna in 1781. Five children were born to the couple although very little is known about Marie-Suzanne except that she was 'so soon deprived from her young children'. Nothing more could be learnt about her but it is worth speculating that she may have been Franco-Indian and that the children were sent 'home' to be educated in Britain, bearing their father's name. One of the children was William Wentwell Maxwell (1776-1848), a military officer in the East India Company from whom our enquirer today, Miss Mackenzie Clavin, is descended. The internet has of course made research easier and it would be interesting to know if more can be discovered today about Marie-Suzanne.

THE GENTLE GARDENER

The Editor writes: Among the Britons who 'stayed on' in the Indian subcontinent after 1947 was the horticulturalist Sydney Percy-Lancaster. He is mentioned briefly in BACSA member David Gilmour's recent book *The British in India* as someone who 'returned to Lucknow' in 1961 'and remained there for the rest of his life'. So this should mean that he died there, and although familiar with the cemeteries of Lucknow, I had never come across a memorial to him. It was an intriguing puzzle and over several months, with the help of Indian friends, Sydney's great grand-

daughter in Australia and research at Kew, the story gradually came together. It started in Meerut in 1886 where Sydney was born to English parents. His father, Percy Joseph Lancaster was manager of the Rohilkund & Kumaon Bank in Nainital, before moving to a similar position in Lucknow. Sydney's mother, Isa Gordon Lancaster was a talented painter of plants and flowers, a hobby that chimed well with her husband, who was a gardener at heart. Already known for cross-breeding the amaryllis lily, Percy Lancaster escaped from the Bank and was appointed by the provincial government to head the Sikanderbagh Gardens in Lucknow (today the National Botanic Gardens). When Sydney was seven years old, his father was appointed Secretary to the prestigious Agri-Horticultural Society of India in Calcutta, founded in 1820 by the Baptist missionary, the Revd. William Carey. It may have been at this point that the family name was changed to Percy-Lancaster, which sounded more distinguished. 'Being an only son' Sydney wrote 'I spent my holidays pottering about the Society's Garden and to keep me out of mischief, father gave me a small plot of land to call all my own. I had seen him pollinating Canna [lilies] so tried my prentice hands and at the age of twelve obtained, among my seedlings, a deep yellow variety which my father took over.'

On his father's death in 1904 and after a horticultural training in England, Sydney was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Society, and a decade later he was its Secretary as well as Superintendent of the Society. Situated on a 23-acre site at Alipore, the Society was not government-funded, but relied on the annual subscriptions of members. During World War Two, soldiers and heavy trucks were stationed in the Society's Gardens which caused havoc to the plants and the main lawn. Few varieties were saved and some of the best plants lost forever. When Sydney retired, he was invited to become Senior Technical Advisor to the Lucknow Gardens, which meant a return to his childhood home. There he specialised in ornamental cultivars (cultivated varieties of plants), particularly bougainvillea and lilies. Sydney and his wife Mary, whom he had married in 1911, lived simply in the Gardens in a converted potting-shed, known as the Gumla Ghar. Two sons were born to the couple, Richard, who became a surgeon in South Africa and Alick, who followed his father's footsteps and became Director of Horticulture in the Central Public Works Department. It was Alick who was responsible for maintaining the thousands of trees that line New Delhi's pleasant roads today and for maintaining the government nursery at Sunderbagh, near Humayun's tomb.

In 1960 Sydney and Mary were persuaded to move to Salisbury, Rhodesia where Alick had settled on his retirement. Sadly both Mary and Alick died within the year and Sydney was left alone in a foreign country. He made the sensible decision to return to Lucknow and his relief was evident when he wrote in verse: 'For I am home, yes, home again, E'en though I be of other race.'

Sydney remained in Lucknow until his final retirement to Dehra Dun. It was here that he died on 5 May 1972. His body was cremated, which answers the question of why there is no grave in Lucknow. But this is not the end of the story. Curious to learn more about the Englishman and his wife who lived in a potting shed for five years, I contacted an old friend in Lucknow, Dr Amrita Dass who almost immediately tracked down Dr Suresh Chandra Sharma who had actually worked with Sydney in the Lucknow Gardens in the 1960s. Dr Sharma, now President of the International Society of Environmental Botanists, remembered Sydney as a reserved, but kindly man, a grandfather figure to the then young botanist. Another memory came when Richard Percy-Lancaster visited the Lucknow Gardens and wrote: 'I wept as one of the malis there recognised the face of my father in me. He cried because my father had treated him as a son.' Sydney Percy-Lancaster was not only a kind and generous person, and a skilled horticulturalist, he was also a fluent linguist in Bengali, Hindi and Urdu, a photographer, poet, prolific writer and a man who genuinely loved the land of his birth. Manuscripts of his poems were found in the library of the Agri-Horticultural Society some years ago and published as *To India with Love*. 'He was' say the editors Bunny Gupta and Jaya Chaliha 'a shining example of secular Indian patriotism'. Sydney's cremated ashes were placed into two urns. One urn was sent to Dr Sharma with instructions to scatter the ashes in the Lucknow Gardens. The second went to the Society in Calcutta where a memorial tablet reads: 'The world more beautiful he made/With loving zeal he plied his trade.' And recently Annabel Percy-Lancaster visited Lucknow and the now famous potting shed to pay tribute to a remarkable man. (*see back cover*)

BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

The Lives of Freda: The Political, Spiritual and Personal Journeys of Freda Bedi

Andrew Whitehead

The author, BACSA member, academic, and BBC journalist tells the astonishing story of Freda Bedi's journey from a middle class home in Derby through Oxford and marriage to an Indian fellow student to journalism, social engagement and politics in India, culminating in spiritual fulfilment as an ordained Buddhist nun. Andrew Whitehead's own marriage to an Indian, and life and work in India, inform his understanding of his unique subject.

Freda Houlston, as she was born in 1911, was far from being among the early wave of British women to marry Indians. This was increasingly common from the early 19th century, when Biddy Timms married an Indian from Lucknow, and, writing as Mrs Meer Hassan Ali, prefigured Freda's writing career with her book *Observations on the Mussulmauns of India*
continued on page 110.....



above: Lady Sale's grave in Cape Town (see page 97)

below: The Chantrey Marble, Cape Town (see page 98)





above: the beautifully maintained Old Protestant Cemetery, Macau (see page 99)

below: Michael Mostyn's grave, Ranikhet New Cemetery (see page 100)



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(1832). By the later 19th and turn of the 20th century, many more Indians were travelling to Britain for pleasure or education, and the increasing number of British women who married Indians inspired novels by writers such as Fanny Penny. By the time Freda was living in the Punjab, she estimated that there were some 300 European wives. What distinguished Freda was that she was Oxford-educated, and shared with her husband, B.P.L.Bedi, life-long interests and commitment that arose out of their shared university experience.

Arriving at St Hugh's in 1929, she read PPE, which underlay her interest in socialism and communism, shared by many Indian students, including Bedi, who espoused the left as part of an anti-imperialist stance. With Bedi she published works on India, and after her marriage to him in 1933 – controversial at the time – she dedicated herself entirely to India and its cause. When the couple returned to Lahore in 1934, they both continued to write about the country and the issues facing it, but politics played an increasingly important part, especially as World War Two approached. Freda was imprisoned for opposing India's participation in the war, and later for her support for Gandhi's civil disobedience campaign. Meanwhile, her concern for Indian women was reflected in her teaching role at a woman's college, as well as writing articles and books on the lives and problems of Indian women. These interests continued with the couple's move to Kashmir after Partition, where they supported the progressive, secular nationalism of Sheikh Abdullah. Freda joined the Women's Self-Defence Force, and also lectured at the newly-established Government College for women in Srinagar.

But her life was to take a radically different turn in her quest for spiritual fulfilment. She never adopted the Sikh faith of her husband, though she followed both Islam and Hinduism in Kashmir. However, in 1948 she was sent on a short UN posting to Burma to help plan the country's social service. It was her encounter here with Buddhism which changed her life. Although on her return to India she continued to be involved with her former interests, writing for the government's Central Social Welfare Board, particularly on women's issues, and travelling widely round the country, it was Buddhism which became her central focus. This was further emphasised by the Tibetan refugee crisis from the late 1950s, when Prime Minister Nehru involved her in welfare work. She established the Young Lamas' Home School in 1961 and conscious that the role of women was under-represented in the tradition of Tibetan Buddhism, followed this in 1963 with the creation of a small Buddhist nunnery in Dalhousie. In 1966 she was ordained a novice nun, with full ordination in 1972. In the succeeding years she travelled widely round the world, promoting the

knowledge and practice of Buddhism. Her blonde hair was shaved off, emphasising her large blue English eyes, and in her nun's maroon robes she was a singular figure. Her commitment to Buddhism also entailed celibacy. These and other factors challenged normal married and family life, aspects of her story which the author explores sensitively. Bedi, an ebullient and larger-than-life character with a roving eye, was enough to destabilise any normal relationship, though the couple retained respect and friendship to the end. As for their three surviving children, their love surmounted their mother's sometimes difficult decisions which involved long absences, though Freda herself never wavered in her commitment to them.

The author was fortunate in being given access to extensive family archives, as well as recordings which Freda herself made in her later years. The resulting picture is intimate and perceptive – but by no means a hagiography. Freda Bedi was a remarkable and truly impressive woman, though some who encountered her were less awed than others. In taking all this evidence into account, Whitehead gives us a compelling picture of an outstanding character and the age in which she lived. Highly recommended.

Rosemary Raza

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The Anarchy: The Relentless Rise of the East India Company

William Dalrymple

The opening line of *The Anarchy* tells us that 'loot', meaning 'plunder', was one of the first Hindustani words to enter the English language in the late eighteenth century. The timing was no coincidence because this was the period when Robert Clive and others of the East India Company were stripping the Mughal Empire of its treasures. Much of it ended up, Dalrymple continues, 'room after room of imperial plunder... more than on display in the National Museum in Delhi' in the remote Welsh Marches castle at Powis, home of Clive's daughter-in-law Henrietta, Countess of Powis. *The Anarchy* tells of the disintegration of the Mughal Empire in the eighteenth century, undone from within by the inadequacy of its rulers and from without by the plundering of its neighbours, the Rohillas, the Marathas, Tipu Sultan of Mysore and, particularly greedily and successfully, the East India Company. Dalrymple writes with relish. He is a storyteller whose bracing exposition is given historical validity by eyewitness accounts translated from Persian, Urdu and Hindustani when necessary and pinned down, as often as not, by startling detail. To add to the colour are Dalrymple's views, forthrightly expressed without the academic equivocation of the 'perhaps' and 'maybe'. It is irresistible.

A good example is his account of the negotiations leading to the Treaty of Allahabad (1765) in which the Company was granted the *diwani* – the office of economic management of the Mughal provinces in return for administering them – a hugely significant transfer of power. ‘A trading corporation had now become a colonial proprietor and corporate state’, writes Dalrymple. Clive arrives outside Allahabad ‘tormented by bugs and flies’ and meets for the first time the young Emperor Shah Alam whose ‘grave deportment bordered on sadness’. To give the Shah stature he is enthroned the next morning ‘on a silk-draped armchair perched perilously on Clive’s dining room table’ placed outside Clive’s tent. Negotiations do not take long.

Dalrymple tells us that according to the Mughal historian Ghulam Hussain Khan whose *Tarikh e-Gulzar e-Asafia* was translated into English in the 1790s ‘much negotiation was done and finished in less time than would normally have been taken up for the sale of a jack-ass or a beast of burden’. Dalrymple concludes his exposition on the significance of the Treaty by saying, bluntly, that while for Clive and the shareholders of the Company the *diwani* was another triumph, ‘for the people of Bengal it was an unmitigated catastrophe’. The unregulated plunder that ensued reminded him of the Macaulay quote that the Company looked on the Mughal Empire ‘merely as a buccaneer would look on a galleon’.

Shah Alam, whose long life (1728 – 1806) covers most of this book, is for me the most noble and tragic character in it. In old age, despite being cruelly blinded and living in poverty, he defies the Company as far as he is able. He presides over a court of high culture and edits his lifetime collection of poetry, songs, and a 4,000 page novel: the first written in Urdu. Nevertheless, considering the structure of *The Anarchy*, Shah Alam is at times an infuriating distraction. Just when Siraj ud-Daula is about to capture Calcutta (1756) and incarcerate the *firangis* (foreigners including Britons) in the Black Hole, there is a ten-page digression to introduce Shah Alam. Just when Warren Hastings is about to be impeached (1788), one of the most significant events in the history of the Company, there is a whole chapter’s digression to tell us about the fate of poor Shah Alam in the ‘desolation of Delhi’ by the Rohillas and Marathas in the 1770s and 80s, in which the Company played no part.

The Anarchy ends with the capture of Delhi by General Lake in 1803 and Shah Alam’s death soon afterwards. Now the Company ruled India. ‘The Great Anarchy’ was succeeded by ‘The Golden Calm’. As the contemporary poet Khair-ud-Din put it in another delicious quote, ‘the country is now flourishing and at peace. The deer lies down with the

leopard, the fish with the shark, the pigeon with the hawk, and the sparrow with the eagle'. Just as the Company's army numbered an establishment of ten supporters (from mahouts to 'votaries of pleasure') for every one fighting sepoy, so by now Dalrymple is supported by an establishment of researchers, translators and typists, archivists and advisers whose assistance has resulted in this incomparable book, the result of six years work.

Unlike many books published today it looks good too, with no fewer than 48 pages of colour prints. They do not include the picture that to me sums up the blind dishonesty of the Company in the eighteenth century. Hanging in its boardroom until moved to the Foreign Office (who have since removed it from public view) is a classical portrayal of a half-naked black female emerging from the darkness, crouching before Britannia lit by shafts of light, to whom she is offering up a cushion dripping with precious stones; Britannia sits on a cloud, hands spread wide by a pearl necklace, as if receiving what is her due. It is called 'The East Offering her Riches to Britannia'. Shah Alam could have written a *ghazal* about it. It is surely justice that when the Company was closed down in 1874 it was with 'less fanfare than a regional railway bankruptcy'. Today the brand name is owned by two brothers from Kerala, Dalrymple reports, who use it sell 'condiments and fine foods' in the West End of London. **Hugh Purcell**

2019 Bloomsbury Publishing ISBN 978-1-4088-6437-1 £30.00 pp522

Scotland and the Indian Empire: Politics, Scholarship and the Military in making British India Alan Tritton

The author and former President of BACSA would probably admit to not being an historian. Nevertheless, this is the second of his two well-researched and entertaining books about the lives of Scotsmen in 18th and early 19th century India. *When the Tiger fought the Thistle* (2013) told the story of Tipu Sultan and Colonel William Baillie, an ancestral relative of the author on his mother's side. It was Colonel Baillie's nephew, John who got the handsome memorial at Seringapatam erected to honour his uncle's memory, a memorial which was restored a few years ago with a contribution from BACSA. In his new book, Tritton continues the story of John Baillie in parallel with that of another prominent Scots family, the Edmonstones. Why did Highland Scots in particular seem to have an affinity with India? asks the author. There were other Highland families too, like the Frasers who sent five sons to India, only one of whom returned home. Punitive measures taken after the battle of Culloden in 1746 led to impoverished Scots families, so the opportunity to make money, if not a fortune, by working for the East India Company attracted younger sons of the Lairds.

Neil Edmonstone was born at Duntreath Castle, near Strathblane and arrived in India in 1783 as a young man of eighteen. His elder brother William was already in Calcutta having been sent out to make a 'competent fortune' by his father. William (whose restored South Park Street tomb was featured in the Spring 2019 *Chowkidar*) died young, without a fortune, but Neil went on to a dazzling career. He quickly learned Persian, then still the language of diplomacy and he was appointed as translator to the governors general. He became Secretary to the Government of India and private secretary to the Lords Wellesley, Cornwallis and Minto in succession. After thirty-four years service he retired and became a director of the East India Company in London. John Baillie, born at Leys Castle, Inverness, chose a military career and as a young captain he was involved in the second Anglo-Maratha war. In a bid to divide the various Maratha factions, Baillie was appointed Political Agent in Bundelkhand and got it incorporated into the Company's territory, for which he was suitably commended. He was later appointed Resident at Lucknow where he had an unhappy relationship with the nawabs of Awadh. On retirement he too became a Company director in London. Like Edmonstone he was a fluent linguist and translated books from Arabic.

The two men, Edmonstone and Baillie, not only knew and liked each other but were able to do mutual good turns too. Edmonstone drafted a glowing testimony for his friend which was signed by Lord Wellesley, recommending Baillie to General Lake. One of Baillie's sons was named after Edmonstone. Both men were professors at Fort William College in Calcutta where new recruits were taught oriental languages by outstanding tutors. But there was another, more curious, bond between the two men. Each had fathered a number of children with Indian women, *bibis* as they were known. Baillie had four children by his Calcutta *bibi* and another three with the mysterious Mary Martin of Lucknow, who was probably Anglo-Indian. Edmonstone had a number of Scottish-Indian children but he refused to give them his name, so they were called Elmore. His two eldest boys, John and Alexander Elmore were sent to Scotland where they were joined by Baillie's seven Indian-born children. The nine mixed-race boys and girls were brought up at Leys Castle by Baillie's formidable unmarried elder sister Margaret. No-one looking at her portrait (plate 4 in this book) could imagine she stood for any nonsense at all with her imposing mob cap and well-scrubbed face. She wrote to the Edmonstone family in August 1813 that John Elmore 'might pass for a very dark native of Britain' but that his brother Alexander would never be so supposed 'by people unacquainted with his birth'. There is so much of interest in this book, not least the author's asides and his vivid pictures of people drawn here. General Lake, for example, who captured Delhi in 1803 was

‘although a man of sixty, always smartly dressed on the parade ground with all his buttons done up and his wig properly powdered’. There are previously unknown contemporary portraits and photographs. The Scottish archives have been plundered again to good effect, not least the University of Edinburgh’s Library where John Baillie’s magnificent collection of Persian manuscripts and papers resides. This book is refreshingly free of footnotes and references so readers wanting further information will need to contact the author, or do their own research. Two minor corrections from the reviewer – the battle of Buxar was fought in 1764 (not 1765) and General Benoit de Boigne was born at Chambéry, now in France (not Lyon). Handsomely produced in Chennai this book is warmly recommended.

Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

2019 Bloomsbury ISBN 978 1 7883 1809 9. £25.00 pp215

Forgotten Masters: Indian Painting for the East India Company

ed. William Darymple

At first glance this is a dazzlingly beautiful catalogue for the exhibition presently at the Wallace Collection in London. The focus is on forgotten paintings by Indian artists working for the British in the last years of the 18th century and in the first half of the 19th century. The exhibition has been curated by the renowned author William Dalrymple and the catalogue includes mostly impressive essays on the subject by the leading scholars in the field. Dalrymple, rightly in my opinion, tries to get away from the old term for such paintings ‘Company School’ and instead focuses on the artists themselves, each of whom was of the highest calibre. The Wallace Collection has been fortunate to assemble and borrow eighteen superb paintings done for the Scottish brothers William and James Fraser in the years around 1815/1816. For many years these paintings were completely unknown to studies until their rediscovery in the late 1970s and their subsequent sale by the Fraser family at Sothebys in two sales in 1979. Since then the folios have been widely dispersed in both public and private collections across the world but they are rightly lauded as the most remarkable commission of Company paintings in existence. New evidence has only come to light this year supporting the belief that the artist of the Fraser folios was closely associated with the Imperial Court painter Ghulam Ali Khan and the exhibition also includes brilliant and colourful works by him, again drawn from various sources.

Murshidabad in Bengal and Patna in Bihar had each been famous for their Mughal-trained painters working for the Muslim Courts in the 18th Century. With the decline of these Courts many of these remarkable painters migrated to Calcutta to work for British patrons. Influenced by European painters and available prints they adapted their style to suit their

new patrons yet retaining an essentially Indian sensibility in their work. In the late 1770s the Chief Justice Sir Elijah Impey and his wife, both passionate about Indian painting, employed three brilliant painters to create exotic images of Indian birds and animals that are among the most spectacular and colourful paintings of such known to studies. Shaikh Zain ud-Din is perhaps the best known of the three masters for his meticulous detail and the positioning of birds each perched on a branch of a flowering or sometimes fruiting tree. Both his work and that of Bhawani Das and Ram Das retain an essential Mughal finesse and a deep understanding of their subjects. One of the most intriguing and original essays in the catalogue is by Malini Roy. She focuses on another much less known Bengali artist - Haludar. He was employed by the Scottish surgeon Dr Francis Buchanan-Hamilton in the early years of the 19th century to paint animals which he rendered with extraordinary accuracy but at the same time creating works of art of the highest order.

Despite the impressive production of the catalogue, the excellent illustrations of the magnificent exhibits and some really informative and interesting essays - Rosie Llewellyn-Jones's essay on the Master Artists of Lucknow and Jerry Losty's essay on the enigmatic but gifted painter Sita Ram are both splendid - there are too many obvious errors in the catalogue that leave one underwhelmed. The forward by the Director of the Wallace collection makes a false start by stating that this is the first exhibition of its kind held in the UK. Hartnoll and Eyre and then Eyre and Hobhouse held numerous exhibitions of such paintings and of equal quality throughout the 1970s and early 1980s. More worrying is that successive essayists have taken as fact that the patron of the so called 'Lucknow Menagerie' paintings of birds and reptiles was the remarkable polymath Claude Martin. In fact the evidence of any connection to Martin for this group of paintings is extremely thin - yet it forms a significant part of William Dalrymple's discourse. Similarly he suggests that a glorious folio of an hibiscus in the Chester Beaty collection is by Mihr Chand and also tries to connect it to Martin - without any proper evidence! Lucian Harris includes an illustration of a marriage scene as by the great Calcutta artist Shaikh Muhammad Amir of Karaya (fig 32) and yet this attribution is extremely doubtful and some have suggested that it is a fake.

This is very much an exhibition that reflects Dalrymple's personal preferences - but there are just too many Botanical and Natural History paintings and yet the fascinating festival scenes by the great Patna painters like Sewak Ram and Bhavani Baksh are completely ignored. There is nothing in the exhibition by Nevasi Lal despite the wealth of such paintings down the road at the Wellcome Collection and the intriguing Lucknow

interiors and harem scenes hardly get a mention. Despite these shortcomings and there are others - the sheer quality of the exhibits and some excellent scholarship makes this catalogue worth buying and the exhibition itself is certainly a spectacular feast for one's eyes.

Charles Greig

2019 Philip Wilson Publishers 978 1 78130 097 8. £35.00 pp192

BOOKS BY NON-MEMBERS THAT WILL BE OF INTEREST

Twenty-five Years in Kashmir: Headmaster on a Mission John Ray

Hard on the heels of *The Missionary and the Maharajas* by Dr Hugh Tyndale-Biscoe (Tauris 2019) reviewed in *Chowkidar* vol 15, no 4 (Autumn 2019), comes a memoir by John Ray, the last British Headmaster of the Tyndale-Biscoe school in Srinagar (1962-1986). It was written, he says, at the request of his successor Parvez Samuel Kaul 'to give the leaving students of the Biscoe and Mallinson Schools a picture of life in the schools during those years' (p. xiv) and was published first in Delhi. John Ray and his new wife Dr Catherine Ray came to Kashmir as Church Missionary Society missionaries after his previous experience as a Royal Marine Commando; teaching posts at Gordonstoun in Scotland and Lawrence College at Murree in Pakistan. His appointment was as Headmaster of the Biscoe boys school, but also manager of the girls school, named after its founder Miss Muriel Mallinson. His years in Kashmir were relatively peaceful, and he developed a strenuous cycle of activities for his pupils including boat races across the Dal lake, swimming races across the lake and back (seven miles), hiking and camping over several days and climbs to 13,000 feet. The boys bonded over these activities, making a community out of a very mixed group of day boys, Muslim and Hindu, the only boarders being Buddhist boys from Leh and Kargil housed in a hostel.

Ray was supported by many Old Boys in senior positions in Kashmir, some of whom were also parents of pupils, and had the ear of six successive Chief Ministers; this ensured that these Christian schools could work unhindered in a Muslim society. Such protection could not insulate entirely from local politics. Local protests flowed past the school compound, and in 1965 Ray was greeted on his return from furlough with news that the school had been burnt down; lessons continued, and the school was quickly rebuilt. After Ray's departure a new wave of extremism in 1989 forced the Hindu Pandit community to leave Kashmir, an exodus which included pupils and teachers in the schools. Nevertheless the schools survived and in 2012, as Ray records, the schools had 8,000 pupils. Within the confines of his memoir Ray finds space to show his delight in the natural beauty of

Kashmir and affection for its people. He pays tribute to the dedicated teachers of the two schools, the loyalty of the school servants and describes the lives of many humble Kashmiris. His main criticism is directed against the hippies who invaded Kashmir after 1980, but he also showed care for those who fell ill. He was the unofficial Honorary Consul for British citizens, but helped other nationalities in distress.

This is a most unusual memoir of sixteen chapters covering over sixty years. Taken together they present an affectionate picture of Kashmir, infused by Ray's compassion and faith. There are no illustrations, not even of the author and his wife, but a series of drawings by the famous artist Dr Jyoti Sahi of the story of Zacchaeus (Luke 19, verses 2-10) intended for an unpublished school prayer book, and an afterword by Shelby Tucker describing how Ray helped him to recover his faith in 1960. Ray's modesty means that only the dust jacket reveals that he was ordained presbyter in the Church of Pakistan in 1970, and was awarded an OBE in 1979. Read this memoir and learn more about Kashmir, and the work of a very effective missionary teacher.

Richard Bingle

2019 Signal Books Ltd, 36 Minster Road, Oxford OX4 1LY. ISBN 978 1 909930 78 0 £15.99 pp158

India in Edinburgh: 1750s to the Present

ed. Roger Jeffery

For enthusiasts of all matters Indian in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries this book is an absolute delight. It delves into great detail that will be new to many and its 260 pages of densely-packed information is often quite fascinating. There are ten contributors, including BACSA members Anne Buddle, Henry Noltie, and Avril Powell. It is skilfully edited by the knowledgeable Roger Jeffery, professor of Sociology of South Asia at the Edinburgh India Institute. The big names of British Indian history like Robert Clive get just two passing mentions and the British military heroes receive only two pages, but the East India Company features often as a contributor to so much of the material. The imbalance of the normal narrative of the 'India-returned' featuring the fabulously wealthy in fact only really happened in the decades between 1780 to 1830, and the periods both before and afterwards get proper and detailed treatment here.

There are two standout contributions: Anne Buddle describes the remarkable holdings of the National Galleries of Scotland in her chapter 'From Tipu to the Trenches and Simla to Surrealism' and Henry Noltie provides a masterly account of the roller-coaster 350 years story of the Royal Edinburgh Botanic Garden's collections of living plants, herbarium specimens and printed botanical items. 'The Skull Room: Craniological past of Edinburgh and India' by Jeffery and Ian Harper attempts to explain

to a modern readership the bizarre science of skull collection. In 1899 Professor Sir William Turner (1832–1916) published the first in a series of four articles in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, charting the craniological characteristics of the ‘People of the Empire of India’. Turner was a distinguished anatomist and scientist, and for 36 years the professor of anatomy at the University of Edinburgh. He wrote in his first article ‘For a number of years I have been collecting specimens and conducting an investigation into the craniological characters of the native inhabitants of our great Indian Empire, and several hundred skulls have now been under examination, and almost all have been measured.’ Modern anthropology does well to escape some of its strange past!

Edinburgh’s schools have many connections with India and the great expansion of secondary education in the nineteenth century explains the contribution made by Scots to modernising India. The University of Edinburgh in particular features often in this book and its long rivalry with the University of Aberdeen is almost comical. There are stories of traders, merchants, planters, foresters, doctors, policemen, engineers, civil servants, judges, lawyers, local officers, and of course missionaries - that bane of the ICS (Indian Civil Service) known as ‘the heaven-born’. The wealth brought from India to Edinburgh explains the imperial architectural style of Scotland’s capital. The Afterword to the book is a fitting conclusion - a thoughtful and elegant contribution by Bashabi Fraser, poet, writer and academic who has lived in Edinburgh for over 20 years. Recommended.

Geordie Burnett Stuart

2019 Social Science Press New Delhi. ISBN 978-93-83166-35-0 Rs950 pp260

SHORT REVIEW

Sam Wyndham and Sergeant Banerjee. For readers who haven’t yet discovered Abir Mukherjee’s stories set in 1920s Calcutta, a treat is in store. Wyndham is an ex-Scotland Yard detective and ex-Military Intelligence officer who seeks a new life in the Imperial Police Force after the First World War. He is also addicted to opium. At a time of civil unrest in British India there is plenty to occupy him, including murders, maharajas and treachery in the highest quarters. This is historical crime fiction at its best, and even a picky historian will find no fault with the impeccable descriptions of life and death a century ago in one of India’s greatest cities. Not surprisingly, the author, who lives in London, has won a number of awards. Four books have been published so far and the latest - *Death in the East* appeared in November 2019.

NOTICES

BACSA's Spring 2020 visit is to the Wallace Collection's exhibition *Forgotten Masters: Indian Paintings for the East India Company*. It will take place on Tuesday 14 April. Charles Greig, whose review of the exhibition catalogue is published on page 115 has very kindly agreed to give an introductory lecture before the tour. The group will meet at 11 am for refreshments and a welcome from Arthur Bijl, Assistant Curator of Non-European Arms and Armour, before Charles' talk which will be followed by a self-guided tour. Further details and a booking form can be found in the Events Notice posted with this mailing.

Later this year BACSA is planning a programme to attract members in Scotland and the north of England, as well as those from the south. From 17-20 September 2020, a series of lectures, visits and events is being arranged in Edinburgh on the theme of 'The Scots and India'. The programme will begin with a dinner and lecture in Mother India's Café on the evening of Thursday, 17 September. The following day there will be a series of optional visits, including, in the morning, a visit to the study collections of the Royal Botanic Garden, to see some of the drawings and prints of Indian flowers and plants, or a walking tour of the city on the theme of 'India in Edinburgh'. Other possibilities include either a half or whole day visit to Dundee. A self-guided visit to the V&A Design Museum and the McManus Gallery in the morning will be followed in the afternoon by an escorted tour of Verdant Works, one of the few surviving jute mills, preserved and re-displayed to tell the story of the jute industry, Dundee and India. A programme of lectures follows on Saturday, mainly relating to the Scots and their family history in India. In the early evening there will be a visit and reception at Broomhall by special invitation from BACSA member Lord Bruce, who will talk about his Elgin family's associations with India and related material preserved at Broomhall. Sunday morning will conclude the programme with further events, including another guided walking tour of the city.

We hope that BACSA members will welcome and support the programme. Further details and a booking form can be found in the Events Notice posted with this mailing. As numbers are limited, particularly for the outings and events, early booking is essential, with expressions of interest and deposits required by 30 April, and confirmation by the end of June. Applications will be confirmed on a 'first come, first served' basis.

BACSA website. Hugh Purcell, whose review of William Dalrymple's latest book *The Anarchy* is on page 111, has kindly given us permission to reproduce his chapter on our founder, Theon Wilkinson, from *After the Raj: The Last Stayers-On and the Legacy of British India* (2008). It will appear on our new website which will be presented at the AGM in March 2020.



Sydney Percy-Lancaster and the Gumla Ghar, Lucknow (see page 105)

