

Registered Charity 273422

ISSN 0141-6588



CHOWKIDAR

Volume 13 Number 4 Autumn 2013
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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 1,400 (2013) drawn from a wide circle of interest - Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical & Genealogical Societies. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association - the setting up of local committees in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Sri Lanka, Malaysia etc., and building up the Records Archive in the India Office Collections at the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments. The Association has its own newsletter *Chowkidar*, which is distributed free to all members twice a year and contains a section for 'Queries' on any matter relating to family history or the condition of a relative's grave etc. BACSA also publishes Cemetery Records books and has published books on different aspects of European social history out East. Full details on our website: www.bacsa.org.uk The enrolment fee and subscription rates are obtainable from the Membership Secretary.

Founded by the late Theon Wilkinson, MBE

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TWO INDIAN SHRINES

Contradictory as it may appear, it is clear that some tombs go on to have a life of their own long after those buried within them have either been forgotten, or have become historical footnotes. Two such examples were sent in recently, that seem at first to be quite different from each other, yet there is a link of sorts. Stories of Christian tombs which have become holy places for Indian villagers are a firm favourite with *Chowkidar* (see the Autumn 2010 issue). This time the tomb is that of Lieutenant Colonel William Carden of the 17th Regiment Light Dragoons, who died in November 1817 and is buried at Ratanpur Village in Gujarat. Quite a lot is known about the colonel. He was born in Ireland, the son of the Reverend Richard Warburton Carden and his wife Alice. Young William was educated at Trinity College and supposedly graduated with an Arts degree, which sounds rather unlikely at that period. Nevertheless, he made soldiering his career and was posted with his regiment to the cantonment at Ratanpur. The nearest town is Kheda, which was known in British days as Kaira. The Light Dragoons were given the task of keeping in check the Pindaris, a loose federation of tribal people who were employed by the powerful Marathas. They earned their keep almost entirely from plunder and pillage, and not surprisingly, were dreaded by local villagers. Anyone opposing them, like the Dragoons, would have been seen as champions by those who had suffered from Pindari raids.

Colonel Carden probably died from cholera, rather than in battle, and the original inscription on his tomb read: 'Here are deposited the remains of Lieut Colonel W. Carden of HM 17th Dragoons and Commanding Officer on the N.D. Guzerat; who died at this place on the 13th of November 1817, aged 48 years. The officers of his regiment have erected this monument not merely to record his eminence as a soldier, but as a tribute of their affectionate regard to his memory, and to express the deep regret which the loss of the numerous virtues possessed has occasioned. A friend to truth, in soul sincere, in action faithful and in honour clear.' The tomb, which stands on a hillock on the bank of the Shedi river, was restored in 1913, when it became a general memorial to the officers and men who died of fever while the regiment was quartered at Ratanpur. But oral history is a powerful tool, too often neglected these days. The villagers know perfectly well that this is the dargah, or shrine, of the Colonel Sahib Pir. Both Hindus and Muslims come here to make offerings in the expectation that his spirit will grant their humble requests. 'He would give away government money to help the poor and fought for exploited people against the rulers of the time' claims a local farmer.

Another explains that 'all our wishes are granted here. The Muslims offer boiled eggs and cigarettes, and some offer English liquor [IMFL, or Indian-made foreign liquor]. Hindus generally offer stuffed toy horses if a wish is fulfilled.' The colonel is regarded as the patron saint of the area, and his ghost is occasionally seen, riding a splendid white horse. While the old cantonment church at Ratanpur is a roofless shell, the colonel's dargah is lovingly kept up and whitewashed annually.

The second tomb is also a shrine, but one with a tragic story, that still resonates even today. It is the infamous Bibighar well at Cawnpore, the resting place of nearly two hundred women and children, mainly British, who were slaughtered during the mutiny. Contrary to popular belief, the site is not marked by the statue of Tantia Tope, one of the rebel commanders, but lies a little to one side. Mark Probett from New Zealand took his son Zeke to visit the area recently, now part of the Nana Rao Park. This was not just a sightseeing trip. An ancestor, Mrs Ellen Probett and her family were among the many killed in the Bibighar house on the night of 16 July 1857, and the family wanted to remember her quietly. 'We had a little memorial of sorts late in the evening. It was a kind of Buddhist/Hindu offering, if you like, for the poor dear women and children who had it so hard, and it was just so nice to remember our family there including Ellen Probett (our great-great-grandmother) and her six children. Quite surprised to see huge fruit bats flying about too, but it was a nice feeling all the same.' (*see page 84*) So a different kind of remembrance from that of the colonel's tomb in Gujarat, but equally sincere and touching, showing that such places still have the power to move us after so many years.

MAIL BOX

Mrs Mary Beresford, a new member, has every reason to feel proud of her great-great-grandfather Andrew Thomas Jaffrey. Born at Govan, then on the outskirts of Glasgow, in 1824, he was trained in horticulture by James McNab, curator of the Royal Botanic Garden at Edinburgh. Jaffrey travelled to India in 1853, where he took charge of the Fort Gardens in Madras and the Agri-Horticultural Society's Botanic Garden. During this time he wrote a short book entitled *Hints to the Amateur Gardeners of Southern India*, and he subsequently became Superintendent of gardens in Bangalore and then Calcutta. There is a small mauve alpine plant named after him – *primula jaffreyana*. The latter years of his life were devoted to the 'Cinchona Experiment' being carried out in Sikkim and the newly-established hill station of Darjeeling. The cinchona or quinine plant, the most effective

preventative against malaria for many years, became known in Europe when Jesuit priests brought it from Peru in the sixteenth century. Jaffrey's task was to see if it could be cultivated in northern India to help combat the rise in malarial deaths, which ironically had increased following the development of irrigation canals there. 'My recent visit to Darjeeling was truly inspiring' Mary Beresford wrote 'and to find the grave and memorial stone was way beyond my expectations and left me in total awe.' An illustrated diary of the visit was compiled that documents the last resting place of this remarkable man. 'My wish is to have his life recognised for the great sacrifices he obviously made, in order to give wellbeing and pleasure to so many following generations.' The Jaffrey tomb is a very modest one in the Old Cemetery, Darjeeling, reached along a narrow, uneven and precarious track. The chowkidar recognized the name of Jaffrey immediately and 'slowly as we negotiated the steep ascent, we were led off to a small overgrown thicket, and there, hidden by undergrowth and wilderness lay the full length memorial stone of our great-great-grandfather. Carefully the caretaker used his scythe to remove the overhanging branches and we were able to see more clearly the grave stone which had lain in that place since 1885, over one hundred and twenty-seven years ago.' The modest stone records that Jaffrey was the first curator of the Lloyd Botanic Garden, with the words 'Let thy loving spirit lead me forth into the land of righteousness This tablet is erected as a tribute of esteem and affection by his widow, children and numerous friends – by whom his loss is mourned.'

As if this was not exciting enough, Mrs Beresford then visited the Lloyd Botanic Garden, with its magnificent trees and shrubs, and orchid houses. The old office of the Head Ranger contains a large ledger with a wealth of information from Andrew Jaffrey's time, and perhaps even more remarkable is that the Curator's House still exists, although in a derelict condition with bushes growing inside and out. Sadly, money is not available for its restoration, but at least Jaffrey's great-great-grandchildren have been able to see where their dedicated ancestor lived and died.

In 1995 BACSA provided Tony Wales-Smith with a plan of the graveyard surrounding Christ Christ at Kurseong, another hill-station just twenty miles distant from Darjeeling. It enabled him to find the grave of his grandfather, Arthur John Smith, who was born in the Cape (South Africa), and who qualified as a doctor in 1885 at Westminster Hospital. The young man joined the Indian Medical Service and was appointed civil medical officer at Kurseong, where he used to visit his

patients in the surrounding tea estates, riding on horseback. Sadly, Dr Smith was not to enjoy a long life. He died of cholera on 20 May 1899, aged only twenty-six. Now, years later, relatives of BACSA member Patrick Wales-Smith, wanted to see if the grave was still there. Using photographs taken on the first visit, Michael and Rosemary Foster found the grave still in pretty good condition earlier this year. 'It really is a marvelous location, very, very peaceful', they noted. 'We found that all the lead lettering is intact and we could clearly read the whole inscription, right down to the stonemason's name, which was Llewelyn of Calcutta. We washed off some of the lichen, and could see that the cross was white marble, but did not wish to make it too noticeable.' The following day the Fosters planted some lily bulbs at the tomb and draped it with marigold garlands. (see page 84)

Although Dr Smith died at an early age, he had clearly made a lasting impression on his contemporaries, for the inscription records that the headstone was 'Erected by the Planters and other numerous Friends in token of their great Respect and Esteem.' One of these friends was Charles Kerr, manager and co-proprietor of the Mullostar Tea Estate. Kerr had pre-deceased Arthur Smith, and was buried in the same cemetery, the two graves lying adjacent to each other. The young doctor had been married for only two years before his death, and his widow Margaret (grandmother to the Wales-Smiths) recalls that the cemetery path was moved, so that her husband's grave could be next to that of his friend. The cemetery is now under the care of Goodrickes, the world's major supplier of Darjeeling tea, and the local manager, Mr Pranab Mukhia is hoping to restore the cemetery, which has been very neglected. He is even contemplating opening a small tea shop in the sexton's cottage. What a splendid idea!

The wish to record European graves, particularly in the Indian sub-continent, is both long-standing and deep-rooted. The great *Bengal Obituary*, first published in 1848 and reprinted in 1851, is the best known of these early works. It was followed by the series of Monumental Inscriptions issued by provincial governments between 1894 and 1935, and this in turn was supplemented by Colonel H. Bullock's list of two thousand inscriptions culled from the pages of *Bengal Past and Present*. (There seems to be no collective noun for these kinds of books – half obituary, half inscription, and latterly published with extensive photographs. Perhaps members can come up with a suitable name?)

Julian James Cotton's first book, *List of European Tombs in the Bellary District with Inscriptions Thereon* is a typical example, published in 1894 when he was assistant to the Collector of Bellary. Situated on the road between Bombay and Madras, Bellary, in the present-day state of Karnataka, was an important cantonment town in British days and not surprisingly, its cemeteries are full of army personnel and their families. Although there was a military cemetery there, the army dead are also found in the Church of England and the Roman Catholic cemeteries too.

We were reminded of the appeal of these cemeteries even today, to people born long after the British left India, by a message from Mr Ashok Kumar which was forwarded to BACSA via the British High Commission in Delhi. Mr Kumar, in his early forties, works for an insurance company, and he photographed a few of the Bellary tombstones earlier this year. They appear in remarkably good condition, probably because they are simply engraved granite stones, without lead lettering, or marble slabs, or iron railings, all of which are tempting to thieves. Cotton has recorded the deaths of Private H. Evans on 11 December 1888, aged 22, and Private W.E Cassidy on 17 January 1889, aged 38, both of the 1st Battalion, Duke of Cornwall Light Infantry. But Mr Kumar's photograph shows that a single tombstone did duty for both men, and that it was erected by the Officers, non-commissioned Officers and Men of their Company 'as a mark of their esteem'. Private E. Neale of the Welsh Regiment died on 24 July 1898, aged 28, and too late for Cotton's list. But little William Arthur Gabbett, the beloved son of Colonel Gabbett, who died from enteric fever aged four years old on 25 March 1885 is not mentioned at all by Cotton. Ominously, the background to these photographs shows new buildings, and a large pile of broken stones in a heap on scrubby ground which looks as if it is being cleared for further development. The stones may already have gone since they were photographed this January. It shows the importance of recording inscriptions, which may have escaped an earlier survey. Mr Kumar adds rather touchingly that 'Whenever I pass through this place, my heart goes out to those great souls, who were born in Britain and died in Bellary.'

Spring 2013 *Chowkidar* carried a watercolour painting of South Park Street Cemetery, Calcutta painted during World War Two by John Strickland Goodall. By coincidence, more than forty years later the same cemetery was depicted, again in watercolour, by a man with the same surname. BACSA member Sir David Goodall tells us that during

his time in India, when he served as High Commissioner, he drew one or two views in the Calcutta cemetery during visits there, and also in the cantonment cemetery at Meerut. Sir David corresponded with his namesake, John Goodall 'but reluctantly came to the conclusion that we were not related', he says. Nevertheless, this adds to a small portfolio of sketches made in Indian cemeteries. (*see page 85*)

CAN YOU HELP?

New member Mrs Kathy Fraser comes from the celebrated Fraser family of Inverness and is researching her family's history, in particular the history of two brothers who died in India. There were five Fraser brothers in all who went out to join the East India Company in the early nineteenth century. William, who went out in 1805 and subsequently became the British Resident in Delhi in 1830, is probably the best known. He had become thoroughly Indianised, with his gift for languages, his fine country house on the Ridge (now part of Hindu Rao hospital) and his many bibis. He was assassinated in 1835 by a disgruntled nobleman and his burial place today is in the main graveyard at St James's Church, 'Skinner's Church,' near the Kashmir Gate in old Delhi. But William had four other adventurous brothers too, although only one, James Baillie Fraser, was to return home to Scotland. Edward had died in St. Helena and George John, the youngest boy, who was working as a surveyor in Nagpur, died at Aurangabad in 1842 on his way to the Nilgiris to recuperate. But where is Alexander Charles Fraser's tomb?

Aleck, as he was known, was born in 1789, and rose quickly in the Company's service, becoming a judge. In the summer of 1816 he was visiting his brother William in Delhi, and he decided to tour around the old Mughal capital, perhaps on a shooting expedition. William had lent him a tent and travelling equipment. But Aleck died suddenly on 4 June, in his brother's tent at a place called Jokhoulee, and he was buried here. A very handsome Mughal-inspired tomb was erected over his grave (*see back cover*), and Kathy Fraser's question is whether it still exists today, and if so, where is it? There are several places in India with similar spellings – Jakoli and Jakhauri are both in Haryana and Jakholi is in Uttaranchal, nearer the Himalayas. The most likely place seems to be Jakhauri village in the Sonapat District, a few miles from where the Delhi National Capital Territory meets the border with Haryana. This is approximately 25 miles north from old Delhi and William's house, which Mrs Fraser says was a twelve-hour ride away

from 'Jokhoulee', not an impossible distance on horseback averaging two miles an hour. It is just possible that Aleck's tomb may still be there, and if it is, it might well be regarded as that of a *pir*, or holy man, because of its Indian design. Is there a BACSA contact in Delhi who might be able to spend a day looking for it?

Linda Kemp (née Hall) from Australia has an interesting story to tell and a question to ask. 'We didn't even know until mid-last year we were Anglo Indian! We were told our grandparents were born in Europe (our father was born in India 1928).' The family learnt with astonishment that the India connection on their grandmother's side goes back to 1799, when a Thomas Hogg first landed there. Thomas had arrived, probably from Scotland, as a soldier, but shortly afterwards he became a 'Justice's Constable' and this seemed to set the pattern for the future, because many of the Hoggs took up Police careers right through to 1948. It was a descendant of Thomas, Adelaide Hogg, who married Linda's grandfather, James Hall, in Madras in 1913 and a family photograph of the wedding has recently been acquired. James died about 1947 and is believed to be buried in a Lahore cemetery, although this has not been confirmed. His wife, Adelaide, died about the same time in Karachi, shortly before boarding a ship that was to bring her to Britain. Again, the grave has not been found. It is James's father who is the mysterious figure in the family. He was another James, James Edward Hall, and it is believed the Halls came from a military background and like the Hoggs, entered India in the late eighteenth or early nineteenth centuries. Unfortunately, Hall is a fairly common name, and until James Edward and his wife can be identified, the family history cannot be completed. 'It is hard to explain,' writes Linda Kemp, 'but the need to find our history has become paramount, perhaps now we are reaching retirement, perhaps because I wish to present this history to my children and for them to know their parentage. It is more than evident we are Anglo Indian, seemingly through the female side of our family....' Any suggestions or identification of the Lahore and Karachi graves would be welcomed.

Another correspondent, Mr Edward Mitchell, knows where his grandparents are buried, but has been unable to find out anything further on whether the graves still exist today. 'I have very little information on these grandparents, and I wondered if the graves themselves could throw any light on them through their inscriptions.' Mr Mitchell's grandmother, Mary Ann (née Hewitt) died on 25 April 1910 and is buried at St Sepulchre's cemetery, Poona. His grandfather, Charles Greenwood Mitchell outlived his wife and died in Bombay on

23 December 1919 and was buried the same day at Sewri Cemetery. Both these cemeteries are well known to BACSA, which has passed contact details on to Mr Mitchell, but unfortunately he has received no reply to his queries. If anyone intends visiting either Poona (Pune) or Bombay (Mumbai) in the near future, we can put them in touch with Mr Mitchell.

Incidentally, he tells us that his great-grandfather, William Matthews, was born at Down Ampney in Gloucestershire in 1774 and went out to India in 1795 under the auspices of Sir John Shore. He was granted land for indigo planting, one of the first planters, one imagines, and 'he made a success of it, but in 1857-58 was caught up in the Mutiny at Batogwrah, near Jaunpore and was hounded from his estate with his two daughters. They legged it to Calcutta where he died in June 1858 aged eighty.' William is buried in the Lower Circular Road Cemetery, Calcutta, though it is not known if his grave still exists there.

Mr John Reid, from Essex, has a similar request for a photograph of a grave which may still exist. 'My parents were missionaries with the Church Missionary Society (CMS)' he tells us. 'They served in India from 1925 to 1932. I was born after their return to England, but during their term in India, my mother gave birth to a baby son, named Frank Read, who only lived for about two weeks. I have a photo of the gravestone they had erected in the mission station cemetery and I am wondering if it is still there. My parents served at a place named Lusada, located in the Sabarkantha district of the state of Gujarat, about half way between Ahmedabad and Udaipur, and close to the Gujarat state border with Rajasthan. The baby died on 1 January 1929, and according to my father's diary, the memorial stone was set up on 14 October the same year. I am wondering whether there is someone in India, living not too far away, who could visit Lusada and take some photos of the church and gravestone if it is still there.'

Another request comes in from BACSA member Mr Matthew Wilde, who tells us that his great-great-grandfather, Sergeant Charles Longhurst died in tragic circumstances at Roorkee in northern India on 25 October 1875. Longhurst was born in Brighton around 1836 and was serving in the Royal Horse Artillery at the time of his death. His specific title was Colour and Bazaar Sergeant in the Roorkee cantonment, which had been established in 1853 and was home to the Bengal Sappers and Miners. The small town also had the first civil engineering college in India, set up in 1847 by James Thomason, lieutenant-governor of the North Western Provinces.

Family tradition states that Sergeant Longhurst died in a fall from his horse, and his death certificate gives the cause of death as concussion of the brain and fracture of the skull, which is entirely consistent with a fall. He left behind him a widow, Maria, née Laing and five children, the youngest of whom, Thomas, had been born only two months before his father's untimely death. It was usual, in circumstances like this, for a 'subscription' to be opened for the widow and fatherless children, and the considerable sum of over 1,500 rupees was raised locally. Of this 760 rupees was invested for the children, the eldest daughter being twelve years old at the time of the accident. Various other payments were made to Maria Longhurst, including 83 rupees for 'funeral expense and tomb'. It is this tomb which Mr Wilde would like to track down. Does it still exist in the old Roorkee cemetery, which was opened around 1850? Mr Wilde adds that Maria did not remain a widow for long. A year after Sergeant Longhurst's death she married Benjamin Clapp, perhaps a fellow-soldier of her first husband. Her four daughters all survived infancy, but little Thomas cannot be traced after the age of two, so it is possible that his grave lies near that of his father. Any news of the grave, or graves, would be much appreciated.

A polite request arrived at BACSA in May this year asking for help in setting up a language institute in Manipur. It came from Mr Ningthoujam Mohendra Singh of Imphal, and while we had to explain that this was not part of our remit, we did promise to try and find out something about a former British Political Agent there. Colonel William McCulloch was born in Edinburgh and was a pupil at Edinburgh High School. He then travelled south to Croydon and joined the Addiscombe Military Seminary as a cadet, being commissioned from it as an ensign in 1834. The following year saw his arrival in Calcutta and from then on he made steady progress up the army ladder of the East India Company. He was posted at Dinapore, Benares, Bareilly and Deolali and by 1839 he was a lieutenant, a quarter-master, and interestingly, an interpreter. He was appointed assistant to the Political Agent in Manipur and in 1845 became the Political Agent there himself. There was often a cross-over between military and civil posts in the Company, which led to complaints from the army that their brightest men, having made a name for themselves, chose the easier option of a political posting. At the same time, the 'politicals' retained their army ranks and could move up too, so by the time McCulloch retired in 1861, he was a lieutenant-colonel. So far, so conventional a career, but what *The Dictionary of National Biography* doesn't mention is the colonel's romantic marriage in Manipur.

Mr Singh tells us that McCulloch fell in love with a princess of Thanga, the area to the extreme east of Manipur. Her name was Ningthoujam Thotpi, and she was the daughter of a tribal chief, Hao-Nar Singh. Reading between the lines, for our Mr Singh's letter is not always clear, it looks as if the couple had daughters, but no sons, and that the 'present queen' in Shillong, may be descended from one of the daughters. It is a 'long hidden relationship of the two families', he continues 'and the memory of Colonel McCulloch and Mrs McCulloch (princess Ningthoujam Thotpi) is a treasure to me'. He adds that although McCulloch lived in the Political Agent's residence, which is now Raj Bhawan and the home of the present Governor of Manipur, it seems the colonel wanted to move out to Pishim, south of Imphal. Mr Singh would like to know the inscription on Colonel McCulloch's grave, but so far this has proved elusive. The colonel retired for the second time in 1867 and there is no indication of whether he remained in Manipur, or returned to Britain. If he did return, he is not buried in Edinburgh. He seems a somewhat shadowy figure and is best known as the author of *Account of the Valley of Munnipore and the Hill tribes with a comparative vocabulary of the Munnipore and other languages*, which was published by the Government of India in 1859. Any information on this intriguing man who seems better remembered in Manipur than Britain, will be passed on to Mr Singh.

If anyone is visiting Madhya Pradesh later this year and is prepared to travel to Sagar (formerly Saugor) could they please contact the Editor? BACSA member Mr Fergus Paterson is very anxious to know the condition of two family graves in the old cemetery there.

Mr Clive Dewey, the historian, is writing a monograph on the Sikh Wars (1845-6 and 1848-9) and wishes to track down every eye-witness account he can find. He has seen everything relevant in libraries and regimental museums, but wonders if BACSA members may have family papers that have not been published. Letters, diaries and memoirs may still exist that would throw light on this interesting subject. Please contact him via the Editor.

NOTICES

Lady Sally Wade-Gery will give a talk on 'Life in Warren Hastings' Calcutta' on Thursday 10 October 2013 at Sarsden Glebe, Churchill, West Oxfordshire. 6.00 pm for 6.30 pm. Tickets are £12.00 and include a curry supper after the talk. Please call Christine Gowing on 01608 658579 to book.

A GRAVE IN KASHMIR

Mr Sebastian Mills has kindly sent in the following account of his recent visit to the Sheikbagh cemetery, Kashmir, where generations of his family are buried, including his great-grandfather Colonel Richard Carew.

My grandmother Winifred Alice Carew, later Mills, was born in Kashmir in 1880 and returned to die there in 1931 having been diagnosed with stomach cancer, probably in 1929 or 1930. She finally succumbed to the disease on 30 July 1931 in Srinagar and was duly buried the next day, aged fifty-one. My father John Walter Carew Mills told me in his last days (he died aged ninety-one in 2008), that he was summonsed by his housemaster at Wellington College in the early hours of the morning of 31 July 1931 to be told that a telegram had been received from Srinagar with the news of his mother's death and that he should show a stiff upper lip (or a similar attitude). Pastoral care at that time, shall we say, was somewhat in its infancy. He had not actually seen his mother since 1928. He was thirteen years old and his younger brother was twelve, not a good age to lose a parent. His father, Arthur Mordaunt Mills, later Major General Sir Arthur Mills, was then serving as the brigadier in charge of the Razmak Brigade in far off Waziristan, then as now, a very turbulent part of the world in the border region of Pakistan and Afghanistan. Arthur was evidently quite devastated by the death of his beloved wife and mother of his four children and following her death, he threw himself into his work, staying four years in Razmak rather than the customary two years.

When my father died, my sister and I were somewhat undecided as to what to do with his ashes, some of which were buried under a rose bush in his garden in Gloucestershire. Others were spread on what was one of his favourite walks near Fairford. We finally settled on the idea of burying the last of his ashes in his mother's grave in Srinagar. Through the good offices of BACSA and Eileen Hewson in Wem, Shropshire, we established that the cemetery in Srinagar was not only still extant but was being well cared for by the local mission school and despite twenty-odd years of turbulent times in Kashmir, was in good condition.

My sister, Teresa Adderley, a friend, Celia Minoprio and myself duly set off on the 29 March 2013 with father in a Lakeland sandwich container and arrived in Srinagar on 8 April. It is still a city under a heavy Indian military presence with quite a lot of underlying tension but was quiet overall.

Continued on page 86



above: the tomb of Dr Arthur John Smith at Kurseong (see page 76)



above: Sebastian Mills at the family graves Sheikhbagh cemetery, Kashmir (see page 86)

below: commemoration at the Bibighar, Cawnpore (see page 74)



below: South Park Street, Calcutta, by Sir David Goodall (see page 78)

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We stayed on one of Mr Ghulam Butt's houseboats at the far end of the Dal Lake. Mr Butt was very welcoming and the accommodation excellent, his houseboats being moored parallel to the lake rather than end-on as is the case in Srinagar. It was evident that times had been very hard over the past twenty years with tourism dwindling to virtually zero but there were signs that business was getting better at last.

We travelled into the city on our second day there with our excellent young Kashmiri driver and quickly found the graveyard where a couple of gentlemen were actively engaged in cutting the grass. I had been to the cemetery way back in 1982 when travelling in that part of the world and had located my grandmother's grave then, but it still took an hour's search with my sister, Celia Minoprio and some willing volunteers, to locate her and my great-grandfather. Both graves were in pretty good condition although the cross on my great-grandfather's grave was broken, which appeared to be frost damage rather than vandalism, of which there was little or no sign anywhere else in the cemetery. This was well cared for with a profusion of daffodils in the spring sunshine, rather hard not to imagine that we were not in England. Our driver quickly organised some brushes, soap and some shears with which we cleaned the stonework and cleared the grass away. Once our driver had explained our mission to the chowkidar, he and his numerous helpers entered into the spirit of things with much enthusiasm. They were evidently most taken with the idea that we had travelled so far to inter our old father's last remains there.

My sister, Teresa Adderley, had had a small brass plaque engraved in England prior to departure which we brought with us, so the following day with aforementioned plaque, father in his sandwich box, a tube of Araldite and two small rose bushes purchased in the local market, we set off back to the cemetery and interred our father's ashes under the roses on either side of his mother's headstone. The plaque was firmly attached, photographs were taken and final farewells said. (*see page 85*)

BACSA POST CARDS

New BACSA post-cards were launched earlier this year and a pack of eight coloured views of popular cemeteries and tombs is available from Miss Caroline Whitehead at 21 Pentlow Street, London SW15 1LX. One pack, including postage, is £5.50. Illustrations include the tomb of Major Gonville Bromhead at Allahabad, the restored Garrison Cemetery at Seringapatam, and the Old Protestant Cemetery, Penang.

BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

Lucknow: Families of the Raj

Malcolm Speirs

When the author first visited the north Indian city of Lucknow during a family holiday in 1978, he can have had little idea how much would ultimately develop from the few days spent there. Unlike the majority of foreign tourists (and there are still not many), Malcolm Speirs has a deep connection with Lucknow – his family lived there for 145 years, and a collateral ancestor, the princess Sultan Muriam Begam, lies buried in the Qaisar Pasand cemetery in the old part of the city. The princess's story and that of other prominent Anglo-Indian families was told in the author's first book *The Wasikadars of Awadh*, reviewed in *Chowkidar* Autumn 2008. This book is a sequel, which explores the lives of many ordinary European and Anglo-Indian families who lived in Lucknow during the British Raj from 1858 to 1947. By definition, Speirs writes, ordinary families rarely appear in official records, but there were a few years after the Mutiny of 1857-58 when many such people fell on hard times, having lost their homes, their jobs, and even their lives in the conflict. The compensation claims that these families made to Government form the starting point of the book and they make fascinating reading. For example, the list of property lost by Pascal Sequeira, who had worked in the Lucknow Residency before the siege included: 'about 10 Argand, Solar and reading lamps,' 'several marble statues,' '8 bedsteads complete with curtains, etc.' '1 large Musical box playing 12 airs', as well as fowling pieces, a sun-dial and five horses. The total value of all the goods lost was 13,480 rupees, equivalent to over £100,000 today. Sadly, Sequeira also lost his eldest son Edwin, and his wife Charlotte, who were both killed in 1857.

If we think bureaucracy is bad today, then spare a thought for the people then, some only semi-literate, trying to claim financial compensation from the government in India. In many cases, writes Speirs, payment was considerably delayed (or even refused) because claimants had unwittingly addressed their petitions to the wrong department. Then there were unseemly wrangles over claims because 'succour money', that is the sums paid out for immediate aid, had to be deducted from the final total. Intimate details are laid forth in the petitions, like the description of Ellen Brown, widowed when her husband was killed in the Residency. She was a brunette of 4ft, 11 and a half inches, with a light complexion and a mark on the left eye, who already had an eight-month old son, born when she was only fifteen years old herself. Luckily Ellen was allowed to receive a small pension of 39 rupees a month even after she re-married in 1859.

As we move into the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the mood lightens and there is an engaging short chapter on public entertainments that included 'Recitations' by prominent local citizens and coyly named comedy sketches. For researchers, the appendix of Europeans and Anglo-Indians in Lucknow between 1856 and 1942, which forms the second half of this book, will be invaluable, compiled as it is from ecclesiastical, educational, administrative, military and commercial records. This is a unique picture of a specific community over a period of nearly a century, using records that a conventional historian might ignore. It has resulted in a rich and intricate picture and is highly recommended. (RLJ)

2013 Amazon ISBN 978-1484022245 £10.63 including postage pp380

Mutiny at the Margins: New Perspectives on the Indian Uprising of 1857 Volume 2 Britain and the Indian Uprising: Ed: Andrea Major and Crispin Bates

Historical writing on the 1857 uprising has long gone beyond the clash of perspectives between Indian nationalist historians, for whom the revolt was the first war of independence, and apologists for empire for whom it was primarily an army mutiny. It was not the first such in the East India Company's army, but the first that seriously threatened British control of its relentlessly expanding Indian territories. The search for what Disraeli called 'adequate causes' of the revolt began as soon as the news travelled - always some weeks behind the events themselves. Taking part in the search - or the heart-searching - were politicians and imperial administrators, the media, the non-government institutions - notably the Christian missionaries who had spread under imperial protection and who claimed a voice in policy making.

This volume is one in a series of seven, of which four have so far been published, arising out of a major research project, in which historians from Britain, India and the United States explore contemporary and later accounts of the revolt, either revisiting established interpretations or writing from the point of view of 'ordinary' people who were caught up in the events, 'at the margins'. The editors advise that each volume is to be read 'in the light of the others' and this reviewer has only seen the volume under review. However the volumes and each of the chapters within them can stand alone. They include hitherto ignored or unregarded first-hand accounts, analysed in distinctly contemporary ways, with gendered, national Scots or Irish, religious denominational, class and occupational perspectives.

Rebecca Merritt traces the evolution of press and public perceptions of the Uprising. Initially she sees a common need of the press in Britain to construct a grand ideological narrative which would underpin a commitment to maintain British rule. This gives way later to more fragmented accounts. Responsibility or blame is shifted among people and institutions for whom a British imperial role was justified on mutually contradictory grounds. Salahuddin Malik dissects popular British interpretations, and in particular the 'Muslim conspiracy' theories once dominant as explanations of the revolt. Andrea Major analyses the debate about religious influences on the revolt. Was it a reaction to excess missionary zeal or a punishment for lack of support by the East India Company for Christian evangelisation? She cites the view that post-1857 there was a 'feminisation' of missionary activity, educational and medical missionary activity taking priority over 'muscular Christian' evangelisation.

The debate had implications for other parts of the empire especially Jamaica, the Caribbean and southern Africa, for whom the Indian revolt called into question the real strength of imperial control. Esther Breitenbach examines Scottish Presbyterian opinion because their missionary activity was in areas largely unaffected by the revolt - the lesson was 'business as usual'. There was little discussion of the unrest or its causes which might have cast doubt on the value of missionary work. The Scottish missionary Alexander Duff, whose account of *The Indian rebellion: Its causes and results* was widely read, acknowledged that there was general hostility among Indians to the British, and he agreed with Disraeli's view that the Uprising had not just been a military revolt. But in contrast to Disraeli he used this as an argument for renewed active Christianisation.

Caroline Lewis analyses the writing, public and private, of two women missionaries, Jane Goodenough (who had been held captive with other European and Indian Christians in Agra Fort), and Mary Weitbrecht, the wife of a missionary and a celebrated propagandist for the missionary cause. Caroline Lewis sees contrasting gender perspectives. One stresses the courage of the manly male missionary in the face of danger and hardship. The other presents the female missionary as an independent agent. Lewis notes in Jane Goodenough's letters from captivity a differentiation of the attitudes of missionaries towards Indians from those of the general European community. In a welcome defiance of post-modern critical sensitivities, several chapters have Indian scholars writing about British views, as well as British about Indian.

Projit Bihari Mukharji examines British subaltern attitudes to imperialism, including Irish and Scottish differentiation of their own patriotism from that of the British - a counter to the view that the revolt consolidated ideas of British national identity. Michael H. Fisher writes on 'being Indian' in Britain in 1857. There was a substantial number of poor south Asians or Indians living in Britain at the time, whose presence has often been overlooked and their views ignored. Sarmistha De looks at marginalised 'lower class' Europeans, including sailors recruited to reinforce European elements in the Indian army. Ira Bhattacharya writes on the experience of 'subaltern' British men and women in 1857 who had little or no stake in the ideology of empire. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones writes on the predicament of marginalised groups both Indian and British, of Indian Christians, mixed race communities, civilians and soldiers' widows, and the many thousands of Indians who were working for the British at the time of the Uprising. In a concluding chapter Jill Bender writes on the career of Sir George Grey, Governor of Cape Colony in 1857 and his initiative in sending relief to India without specific orders. Colonial Office policy-making was highly centralised and Grey's actions were not welcomed by officials in London, but they had an important influence on subsequent thinking on imperial governance. Altogether this book is a stimulating and scholarly work of enjoyable variety. (WC)

*2013 Sage Publications India, 978-81-321-1051-4 Rs850 pp227

Epic Engineering: Great Canals and Barrages of Victorian India
Alan Robertson. Edited and completed by Jeremy Berkoff

Engineers working in India before 1947 are the poor relations of the British Raj, seldom featuring in those nostalgic histories of the period and even less so in romantic novels. In fact one would be hard pressed to name a book or a film in which an engineer features as hero. Yet engineering could be seen as an heroic occupation, particularly at the start of the nineteenth century when young Britons, just out of the military seminary at Addiscombe, were put in charge of enormous projects in India and an equally large workforce. These early engineers were part of the 'technical regiments' of the East India Company, like the Madras Sappers and Miners or the Bombay Engineering Corps, and they retained their army rank even when engaged in civil projects. British military engineers were responsible for many fine buildings in the sub-continent, and were frequently 'lent' by the Company to local rulers to build European-style palaces. When Arthur Cotton was recuperating from a fairly serious accident in 1841, (he had been ex-

perimenting with a steam-engine that blew up), he was assigned the 'suitable light duty' of building a church at Vizagapatam. Cotton, later Sir Arthur Cotton, is certainly one of the two heroes of this book - the other is Sir Proby Cautley, and it is their work in tapping and diverting the waters of India's great rivers, that provides the engineering epics of the title. There had been successful efforts at damming the rivers as far back as the second century AD when the Chola kings built a thousand-foot long barrage across a branch of the Cauvery river. Indeed, the word 'anicut,' used to describe these early riverine diversions comes from the Tamil *anai kattu*, meaning a dam.

Quite apart from the technical details of water control, which are lucidly explained with excellent illustrations, it is the rivalry between Cotton and Cautley, mediated by the East India Company, always watching the rupees, that is explored here in detail. Cotton wanted irrigation canals to benefit the local farmers, while Cautley was more interested in solving hydraulic problems and writing a three volume engineering manual. Today it is Arthur Cotton who is more fondly remembered in India, with a handsome post-Independence statue and a modern barrage across the Godavari that bears his name. He was 'a natural rebel' who believed the Government 'was there to help him realise his dreams, not to demand accurate budgets'. Cautley, on the other hand, was very much a pro-government, establishment figure, who survived the scandal of divorce following his wife's adultery. It has to be said that this handsome, beautifully produced book does lose some of its momentum, once these two characters disappear from the stage.

Sadly, the author Alan Robertson, died before it was finished. After a successful career in the computer industry he took a Master's degree in Imperial and Commonwealth History at King's College, London and had become fascinated with the work of the great Victorian water engineers. The book was therefore edited and completed by Jeremy Berkoff, an expert in Asian irrigation and water management. It is a good read, and no-one should be put off by the word 'engineering' in the title. It is time that the work of these pioneers was properly recognized, and this is a very good starting point. (RLJ)

2013 Beechwood Melrose Publishing. 978 0 9575539 0 3. £28 including postage in Britain from Catherine Hamilton, Beechwood, Ormiston Terrace, Melrose TD6 9SW cathdech@gmail.com pp254

BOOKS BY NON-MEMBERS WHICH WILL INTEREST READERS

Ganges and Hooghly River Cruise Portfolio Doug Patterson

It was a chance meeting in 2001 between BACSA member Andrew Brock and Ashish Phookan that led to the formation of the Assam Bengal Navigation company and introduced a new generation to the pleasure of cruises on the Ganges. Two boats, the *RV Charaideo* and the *RV Sukapha*, each with twelve cabins, now travel up and down the great river at suitable times of the year. This delightful book by an artist-architect, is a pictorial record of the river journeys from Calcutta to Farakka, on the Hooghly and onwards to Patna along the Ganges. For those lucky enough to have made one of these trips (like the reviewer), it is reminder of why it is difficult to appreciate fully all those European settlements in Bengal unless we see them first from the river. Barrackpore (British), Chandernagore (French), Serampore (Danish), Chinsura (Dutch) the town of Hooghly (Portuguese) and Murshidabad, the seat of the once famous Nawabs of Bengal, all lie along the banks, up country from Calcutta. Boats were the safest, and often the quickest way to travel at a time when roads hardly existed in India, apart from the Grand Trunk Road. Today, only small fishing boats are seen on the river, their nets cast at dawn, to catch the staple diet of many Bengalis. There is no text in this Portfolio, it is simply page after page (some pull-outs) of the old places en route, all beautifully drawn, like the deserted medieval city of Gaur, the extraordinary little Shiva temples at Kalna, the Dutch cemetery at Chinsura, and much else. This would make a nice present for anyone contemplating an unusual holiday, or a reminder for those who have already enjoyed a cruise on one of these splendid little boats. (RLJ)

2012 Published by Assam Bengal Navigation ISBN 97881923125-0-7. £20.00 including postage & packing from Andrew Brock, Lyddington House, 1 Main Street, Lyddington, Oakham LE15 9LR

More Voices on the Verandah – an Anglo-Indian anthology. Ed. Lionel Lumb

As its title suggests, this is another in the series of Anglo-Indian memoirs by CTR publishing which commenced with Blair Williams' *Anglo-Indians: Vanishing Remnants of a Bygone Era* in 2002. For the book under review, a panel of five judges had the task of selecting entries from nearly 100 submissions from around the world.

The final selections comprise thirteen 'yarns' interspersed with several poems, followed by a dozen recollections and rounded off with seven 'musings.' The standard of writing throughout this anthology is high and it certainly achieves its aim of providing a focus for those interested in the Anglo-Indian way of life. The yarns have quite varying subjects. 'The banyan-tree café' by Sylvia Deefholts gives a vivid description of a kite-fight by twelve-year-old boys, while a family is preparing to leave India for a new life in Australia. 'Girl in the middle' by Denise Kiser tells a tale of an Indian woman recollecting being bullied fifty years ago at school. She is protected by an Anglo-Indian girl and later is attracted by her brother, Cliff – leading to a great sense of loss when the family leaves for England. 'The reluctant fugitive' by Jaysinh Birjapatel is an interesting tale of an Anglo-Indian's protection and flight from gang violence during disturbances. 'Where's Olive Oyl now?' by Harry McLure is an intriguing story about an aging film actress, nick-named Olive Oyl, who surprisingly grants an exclusive interview to a young reporter. This has a particularly good denouement. But my personal favourite is undoubtedly 'A voice on the digital verandah' by Rochelle Almeida. This beautifully scripted and very funny piece is written as one side of a mobile phone call between two matrons. As it solely comprises recorded speech, the script gives Almeida full licence to explore the idiosyncrasies of Anglo-Indian speech, with occasional mild swear-words and lapses into Hindi.

The recollections tend, rather naturally, to concentrate on childhood days. 'Pindi days' by Dorothy McMenamin gives a nice description of a secure, safe childhood in Rawalpindi – even though it started in the turbulent time of Partition. 'The first day of school' by Joyce Mitchell vividly describes how, aged only four, she protected her shy older sister on their first day at kinder-garten. My favourite amongst the childhood recollections however is 'But why?' by Dolores Chew. This includes a good description of her loving 'uncle' Carl, an Anglo-Indian who seems to have given up the struggle to compete for employment with Indians following Independence. He rarely worked thereafter and of necessity lived with the family, doting on Dolores and her sister. I was also naturally drawn towards 'Nameless souls in sepia' a passionate edict by Liola Lee to take note of all those family myths, including the ever-present one of having an Indian princess amongst our ancestors. (In my case, the myth turned out to be true!) In 'My brother the storyteller' Lionel Lumb talks with love of his brother, who died of cancer in 1991 and how his tall tales inspired him to take up writing as a career. In 'The Colonel's last campaign,' Jenny Petersen and Jean Schiavon

relate their pride in their late father, Colonel Charles Campagnac, a keen sportsman who commanded the Gurkha regiment at the Dehra Dun training centre. On retirement he migrated with his family to Australia, where his last campaign was the establishment of Nepalese communities in Victoria and New South Wales. And lastly I must mention 'Three score and tenand counting' by Blair Williams, the founder and publisher of CTR books, in which describes how he has always felt himself a 'peripheral' Anglo-Indian, with a slight feeling of separateness from the community due to the fact that his parents were poor and lived on the Andaman Islands. This feeling became exacerbated by his success in becoming an officer-apprentice on the Indian railways, so that he subsequently mainly mixed with Indians rather than Anglo-Indians. Nevertheless since 1999 he and his wife have devoted themselves to supporting less fortunate Anglo-Indians through the work of the CTR charitable organisation that he set up.

The seven 'musings' provide thoughts on various related subjects. In 'Portrait of an Anglo-Indian girl' Sanjay Sircar analyses a 1954 article in a Calcutta magazine about an Anglo-Indian girl, discussing the differences from her Indian counterpart of the period. The subject of dislocation occurs in three of these essays – 'What becomes us?' by Kathy Cassity, 'Dislocation' by Peter Moss and 'Going home – Britain's Anglo-Indians and the anxiety of arrival,' a thoughtful essay on the reasons for emigration by Rochelle Almeida. 'Matrilineal Anglo-Indians' by Ann Selkirk Lobo describes the Anglo-Indians of Shillong, where the females belong to the Khasi tribe. They have bucked the trend of other Anglo-Indians by remaining stable and prospering since Independence. Assuming that the reader likes short stories, there is plenty of variety in this well-written book. Warmly recommended. (MS)

2012 CTR Inc. Publishing. ISBN: 97809754639-6-3. £14 includes p&p from Frank Bradbury, 14 Cheriton Court, 130 Selhurst Road, London SE15 6LW email: frankbradbury@tiscali.co.uk pp240

South Asians and the shaping of Britain, 1870-1950 Ed. Ruvani Ranasinha

This is a curious book, and not quite what it seems at first, but is well worth reading. Selections of short pieces about, or by, people from the Indian sub-continent, some of whom lived in Britain before 1950 are preceded by modern essays. The title is misleading on two counts – there are no contributions by people other than Indians, nothing from

Burma, or Malaya, for example, and no demonstration of how Britain might have been 'shaped' by the small number of immigrants during the period covered. The chapter on 'Britain's forgotten volunteers' for example, is very timely, showing the huge contribution made by Indian volunteer soldiers during the two world wars, but the majority of these brave men returned to their own homes in peacetime. One man who did settle here was the late Squadron Leader Mahinder Singh Pujji, who joined the Royal Air Force in 1940. He was interviewed by a cluster of academics in Gravesend shortly before his death in 2010. One can imagine the solemn faces around the old soldier, bracing themselves for stories of discrimination, racial prejudice and self-sacrifice for a foreign country. One can also imagine the enjoyment that Pujji took in confounding them. He joined up because he loved flying, it was as simple as that. It was expensive to fly in India, he said 'so I volunteered and twenty-four of us from all over India were selected'. On arrival in England, the group got VIP treatment and stayed in a five-star hotel. Pujji wrote to his father 'I'm having a wonderful time.' When he wanted to see the film *Gone with the Wind*, he joined the end of a very long queue outside the cinema, and 'as soon as the man in front of me saw my turban and uniform he said "Sir, you don't have to stand in the queue"and he was ushered into the cinema and given a free ticket.

If you can get past the right-on attitudes of the four main editors, who introduce the excerpts (described pedantically as 'source material') there are some real treasures: 'A Lady's Day at the Glasgow Exhibition' published in 1888 in the *Indian Magazine*; the narrative poem by General Sir James Willcocks, entitled 'Hurnam Singh' and written in 1917 as a tribute to his Indian troops; an investigation into 'Conditions of the Coloured Population in a Stepney Area' by Phyllis Young (1944) and pieces by the Singalese poet M.J. Tambimuttu and Mulk Raj Anand. 'Textual Culture and Reception' one of four themes in the book includes lively descriptions of British life seen through Indian eyes. It is a pity that the illustrations are so poorly reproduced, because they cannot have been easy to find, and certainly deserve our attention. In particular there is an extraordinary photograph of Sophia Duleep Singh, daughter of the last Sikh prince, selling *The Suffragette* newspaper outside Hampton Court Palace in 1913. (What a subject she would have made for an interview!) So there are nuggets to be found for anyone interested in the relationship between Indians and Britons before 1950, but you have to dig deep. Recommended. (RLJ)

2012 Manchester University Press ISBN 978 07190 85147 £16.99 pp290

THE YULE FAMILY

BACSA member Fergus Paterson was interested to read in the last issue about the Yule memorial tablets in the ruined church at Gullane in Scotland. 'Chowkidar has often mentioned families who made an extraordinary contribution to the British Raj,' he writes 'and the Yules were up there with the best of them. When Major William Yule married Elizabeth Paterson in 1811 they produced three remarkable sons: Sir George Udney Yule (1813-1886) Bengal Civil service; Colonel Robert Abercrombie Yule (1816-1857) who was killed at the head of the Ninth Lancers on 19 June repelling insurgents attacking the rear of the British encampment on the Delhi ridge; and, perhaps the most celebrated of the brothers, Colonel Sir Henry Yule (1820-1890). Henry was a fine Persian and Arabic scholar who seemed destined for the Bar but chose to join the East India Company instead. He was appointed to the Bengal Engineers in 1840 under Captain Robert Napier (later Field Marshall Lord Napier) and performed vital administrative tasks during the Mutiny. After leaving the army he served as President of the Royal Geographical Society, befriended John Ruskin, and wrote a definitive biography of Marco Polo. Henry travelled extensively throughout Europe with his equally talented daughter Amy, said to have been a staunch Jacobite, and a talented writer who created a formidable library at her house, Tarradale, in the Muir of Ord, near Inverness. When she died, unmarried, in 1916 she left her home in trust 'as a place for rest and refreshment for poor scholars and other students, preferably of Highland birth or descent'. Both house and library were later taken over by Aberdeen University, and more recently have reverted to private ownership. Within the grounds of Tarradale is a mausoleum in which Amy is reported to be interred, propped up in her favourite chair, with an open book of poetry on her lap!

It appears that the church at Gullane was used mainly to record the descendants of Robert Abercrombie Yule. Among these was Brigadier-General J. H. Yule whose name became associated during the Boer war with what came to be known as 'Yule's March' from Dundee to Ladysmith. He arrived just in time to take part in the famous siege. The most recent Yule that I have come across was James de Deane Yule (1916-2000), great-grandson of Robert, whose obituary appeared in *The Times* on 11 January 2001. He was born in Murree, North West Frontier Province, in 1916, and followed the family tradition by joining the army (Signals Corps). At the start of World War Two he was captured in Norway and spent the rest of the war in Colditz. All the early Yules seem to have been born in Inveresk, which is of course not very far from Gullane.

Notes to Members

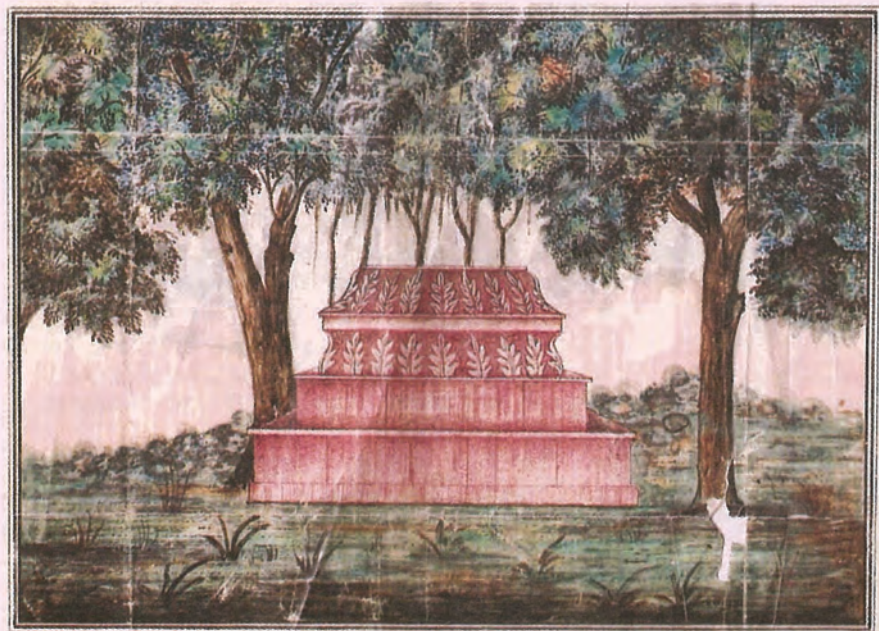
When writing to the Secretary and expecting a reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

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

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

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

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The handsome tomb of Alexander Fraser at Jakhauli, near Delhi. (see page 78)