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NOTES FOR CONTRIBUTORS

Submission guidelines

The editor is happy to consider articles, letters and information for inclusion in the *Journal*. Receipt of material does not imply obligation to publish. Articles should be no more than 2000–3000 words in length. All submissions should be emailed to editor@fibis.org. Contributors should be aware that as a rule their articles will be posted on the FIBIS website.

Presentation

Manuscripts should be typed in Times New Roman 12pt, double spaced. Quotations should be typed in 11pt, single spaced and separated from the text by a one-line space. References should be given as endnotes, using the 'insert endnote' function, and used sparingly. Illustrations should be supplied as JPEGs and full details of provenance given.

In the 160th anniversary year of the Indian Mutiny:

Front cover: Sir (Joseph) Noel Paton, *In Memoriam*, 1858, Wikimedia Commons. Back cover: Paddy Walsh beside the Roll of Honour, La Martinière College, Lucknow. He is holding a photograph of his ancestor William Walsh (centre back), whose name is on the roll. William's family perished at Cawnpore. By courtesy of Paddy Walsh and Mark Probett.

See inside back cover for membership, subscription and general enquiry details.

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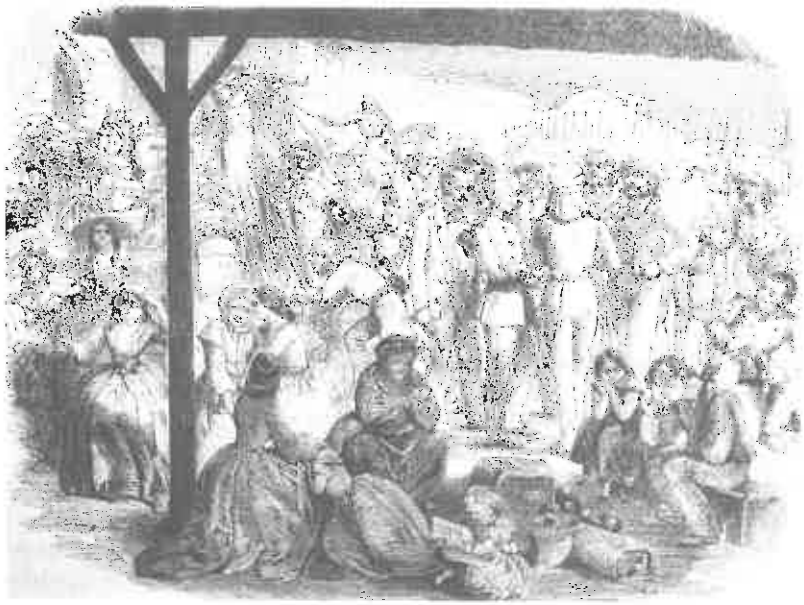


The doomed garrison of Cawnpore

the burning ghats and why elephants never forget. It seemed to me just a collection of amazing stories that I loved very much.

Another fifty years would pass by and those memories, never really forgotten, remained dormant. Until 2011 that is, twelve years after my father had passed away. One particularly miserable day my wife suggested that since I had nothing better to do would I like to read a book my mother had given her some years before, *Zemindar*, a historical novel by Valerie Fitzgerald?[1] The word Bibighar had never really faded, remaining a distant yet troubling memory that *Zemindar* would recapture in the most graphic way. It was as though an unfamiliar world had now presented a face. By connecting the dots I realised that the story of my family and of the Bibighar were inseparable. The hair lifting on the back of my neck I read over and over the same few passages, imagining the worst from every possible angle and experiencing an anguish that was palpable and raw. Taking stock of what I had just read, I realised that all the stories I had heard as a child were indeed true and that a journey of discovery was about to begin.

Those of you having read Andrew Ward's *Our Bones are Scattered* will know where I am coming from. In that book Andrew went to extraordinary lengths to capture what had happened at Cawnpore, recounting at length the privations of the siege and the

agony of over 1,300 men, women and children, for the most part civilian. Nearly all would perish during June and July 1857, often in the most appalling ways. His work is compelling, concise, exhaustively researched and by far the most complete account of that theatre of suffering.[2]

Later in 2011 I had an email from my third son Sam, who was working at the time in Dubai and had a fortnight's leave. He asked if I would like to travel to India and search for where our family had lived and died between 1830 and 1942. My great-grandmother Annie Shields Probett had stayed on in the family home in Allahabad, unwilling to move to the UK with the rest of us. She had died in Allahabad in 1942 aged 86, and was buried there beside her husband Charles who had died in 1918. Charles, only 10 at the time of the Mutiny and a schoolboy at La Martinière in Lucknow, had survived the siege of the Residency when the rest of his family was lost during the fall of Cawnpore.

Sam and I then embarked on the first of several adventures to India that would bring to life everything I had learnt about the Mutiny from my father and books. The transformation since I first visited Lucknow six years ago has been breathtaking, with construction moving at a pace more characteristic of China than India. Yet thankfully all the old Mughal and Mutiny sites remain as they were 160 years ago, courtesy of a government with vision, sensitivity and an eye for tourism.

The Residency is an awe-inspiring site that can only truly be appreciated, and I guess gloried in, with some knowledge of its history. *Zemindar* is a fine place to start since a good half of the book

The Residency 1858

recreates life as it was during the siege. There is also Lady Julia Inglis's journal, which offers a candid account of the hardships of life during five months of unrelenting privation, as does *The Siege of Lucknow* by L. E. Ruutz Rees, which analyses the siege from a military point of view.[3] There are literally dozens of historical works that recount the history of the siege: from the fortification of the Residency under Sir Henry Lawrence to its reinforcement by Sir Henry Havelock, then Sir Colin Campbell's rescue of the garrison in November 1857 and the eventual recapture of Lucknow in March 1858.

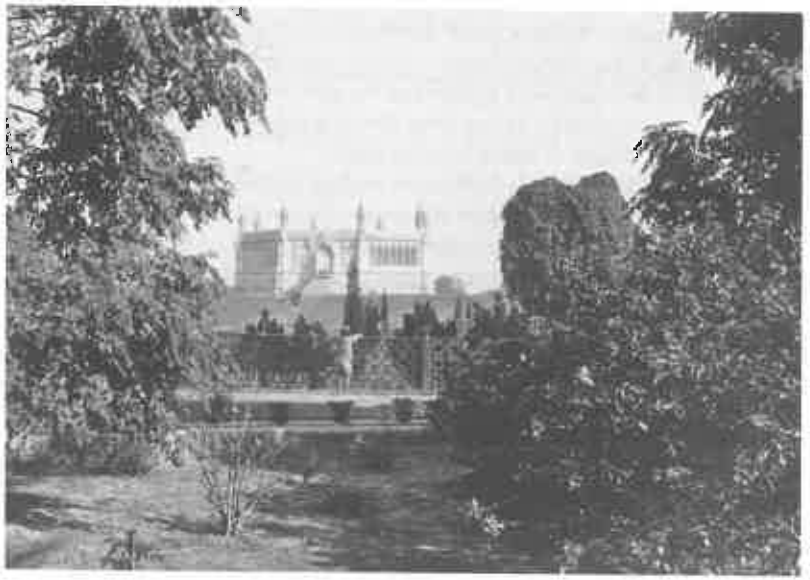
And yes, most of the old brick buildings are still there, many heavily pock-marked by musket ball and 24-pounder round shot, which one can simply wander through and allow the imagination to have its way. The Residency park itself is as it was in 1857 and quite spectacular: set on thirty acres of beautifully manicured grounds that offer a haven to courting couples or those just wanting time alone.

Surgeon Fayrer's house, the Martinière Post, the treasury, banqueting hall, even the old cemetery furthest from the Baillie Guard Gate are all within an easy walk, during which one can stroll around the shallow ruins of St Mary's Church and the mass graves hastily dug. Everything is as it was in 1857, including the graves of Sir Henry Lawrence, his successor Major John Banks and Colonel James Neill.

Of Kanpur (Cawnpore), about seventy kilometres south-east of Lucknow, what can one say? Simply that one has to go there. The journey is less than two hours by first class, air-conditioned train (a must), and the vistas as far as the eye can see of the Doab are quite spectacular: bright canary yellow mustard flowers interspersed with sleepy little villages with people and buffaloes going about their daily routine, much as they have done for hundreds of years. Late December to early January is the best time to capture this extraordinary beauty.

Kanpur on the other hand has a feel about it that is different to anywhere I have travelled in India. Not hostile but perhaps indifferent. One knows of its hidden past but there is little appetite to reach out to visitors and share its dark secrets. There is much to see here still but (apart from Andrew Ward's magisterial work) only two eyewitness accounts penned by W. J. Shepherd and Lieutenant Mowbray Thomson. These two men of honour endured much and I believe only survived by the intervention of higher providence. Each from his own perspective told the story of what befell the garrison of Cawnpore: of multiple massacres and extraordinary sufferings.[4]

That said, Cawnpore holds secrets that if one searches in earnest will be revealed. The Bibighar was demolished after the retaking of Cawnpore and a memorial constructed. The well was encircled by a stone gothic screen, guarded by a central marble angel with eyes downcast, and the whole surrounded by a large Memorial Garden, now renamed Nana Rao Park. It was once said that more visitors from across the Empire came to pay their respects at the Memorial Well than to the Taj Mahal itself. Up to 1947, that is, when the angel and part of the memorial screen, no longer under civil protection and subject to continual vandalism, were carefully relocated to All Souls Memorial Church. Of the Memorial Well itself, the shaft or burial chamber remains as it was when the British left India and is in a state of permanent neglect, traversed by pedestrians and forgotten. That there is not even now a plaque to honour the remains of those 73 women and 124 children mercilessly slaughtered on 15 July 1857 is I feel shameful neglect on the part of Great Britain. It is for this reason that I keep coming back to Kanpur, each time with a different son, so that they too can understand that within that well, some sixty feet deep by five feet wide and near-filled to near the rim, rests their great-great-great-grandmother Ellen Probett, together with her younger sister Bridget and their combined eight children.[5]



The Memorial Garden, Cawnpore, 1860

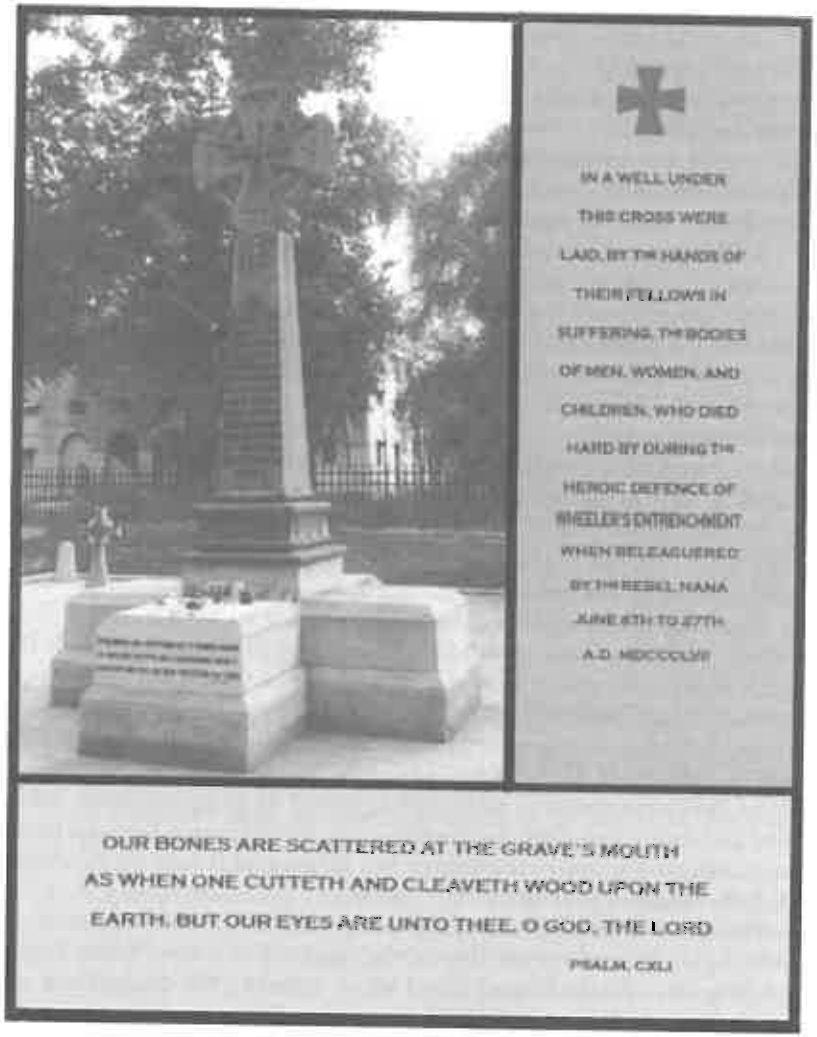
As for remnants of the siege of Cawnpore, there are several significant landmarks to the east that are mostly intact and much as they were in 1857. Each is worthy of respect and has story to tell. First of all, to give perspective, is a visit to Wheeler's entrenchment, located alongside All Souls Memorial Church, which is set on four acres of cantonment land. Unlike the Residency buildings in Lucknow, the shattered hospital and General Wheeler's own barrack were demolished in around 1920. Yet the foundations supply an outline and one can readily trace out much of what was. Your imagination has to work harder but the rewards are there.

From the centre of the entrenchment one is awestruck at the sight of the original well, in amazingly good condition, from which the beleaguered garrison drew meagre buckets of water under fire, costing the lives of countless heroes, including the captain of the well, young John MacKillop. Of the children having to endure the dreadful heat, it is said that many were reduced to sucking on pieces of canvas and tiny strips of moist leather in a desperate bid to slake a thirst from which there was little relief. One can only imagine the agony of their poor mothers.

A little north of the well, is a cast-iron filigree fence surrounding the common grave of those who perished up to around 10 June 1857. Here rests Mrs Hillersdon, the gentle and cultured young wife of the Collector, who died only two days after giving birth. Her husband Charles, senior civilian and advisor to General Wheeler, was disemboweled by round shot while exercising with her after confinement in what was considered a safe zone. Although horrific, this was not unusual during that three-week ordeal in which more than three hundred of the garrison died.

The sepulchral well where most would rest is approximately two hundred metres south-east of the entrenchment. Although we were privileged to visit by special arrangement, this had been a five-year

Wheeler's entrenchment 1857



The sepulchral well, Wheeler's entrenchment

process, granted on compassionate grounds. Of this well I had anticipated the worst, having heard that it was lost to history, abandoned and overgrown with elephant grass. However, India is full of surprises and it was heartening to be escorted by a kindly young major and to find the well refurbished by the military and as it was when completed in 1860. I admit to a few tears here because my great-great-great-grandfather William Probett, an ex- Bengal Horse artilleryman, had found his rest here, along with the many.

Imposing and overlooking the north-eastern boundary of Wheeler's entrenchment is All Souls Memorial Church, completed in 1875 and an absolute delight. Here you might find a gruff Irishman, the Rev. Frank Carroll, pottering about preparing a sermon, or his ever-faithful assistants brothers Kishen Lalji and Mahal Lalji. Take your time here and let the atmosphere wash over you. To say more would be to spoil an overwhelming experience.

Walking north across All Souls and exiting through the north-eastern gate, one crosses the road and arrives at St John's, the old soldiers' chapel built in 1833. There is a lot of history here. The Rev. Xavier is the pastor and a delightful gentleman, so proud of his little church and of his wife Belsi who teaches a class of fifty pupils. They inherited St John's in a derelict state and as a newly formed pastorate twenty-five years ago. The church has now been lovingly restored and is a credit to their dedication. It was good to visit, knowing that my great-great-grandparents had worshipped there for twenty-seven years. To the left of St John's is the Cawnpore Club, which served as the soldiers' library and where young recruits new to India would hang out.

Heading about a kilometre north-east of the entrenchment and parallel with the Ganges will bring one to Satti Chaura Ghat. It is worth taking the time to walk in the footsteps of the immortal garrison along Tagore Road, which will bring you to a small wooden bridge that crosses over a tiny nullah. Turning hard left off the main road, a short walk of about two hundred and fifty metres will bring you to the Ganges, where you will be greeted by monkeys, dogs, holy cows and numerous pigs. At the end is the Fisherman's Temple, now surrounded by a few outbuildings but largely as it was on 27 June 1857. Remember to remove your shoes.

From the balcony overlooking the ghat and opposite the rear of the temple, one can survey the Ganges and stand where Tatya Tope and Brigadier Jwala Prasad stood when ordering the destruction of the garrison below and slightly upstream. It is here that twenty-seven river boats, heavily laden with the broken remnant of human cargo that comprised Wheeler's garrison, were raked by musket and grape-shot and finally slashed to pieces by the sabres of the 2nd Bengal Cavalry. Of the thousand or so people at the beginning of the siege perhaps a mere 130 women and children now survived, many nursing ugly wounds and in a truly wretched state. Only one or two overloaded boats would make any distance towards Allahabad. Sadly the fates of all had been predetermined. Only four brave souls would live to tell of the tragic story that is, and always will be, Cawnpore.

For the next ninety years or so children in every part of the Empire would marvel at what human spirit could accomplish and know that if all else failed one could endure what had to be endured. The battle cry 'Remember Cawnpore' has faded to an awkward whisper with the passing of time and perhaps that is no bad thing. Along with that sadly too the memory of those men, women and children who were forced to endure unspeakable suffering, matched only by unequalled sorrow.

Mark Probett's moving documentary on the Cawnpore massacres, *Indian Sepahi Rising 1857: Remembering Cawnpore*, can be seen on YouTube.

NOTES

1. Valerie Fitzgerald, *Zemindar*, pb edn, Corgi, 1982. Valerie has since become one of my dearest friends and I owe her a debt of gratitude that cannot be measured. Through her eyes I have come to understand India as it was during that epic year of 1857 and I have returned to those 800 pages no less than five times. Her words have been an inspiration.

2. Andrew Ward, *Our Bones are Scattered*, John Murray, 1996.

3. Lady Julia Inglis, *The Siege of Lucknow: A Diary*, Printed for Private Circulation, 1958; L. E. Ruutz Rees, *A Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow: from its Commencement to its Relief by Sir Colin Campbell*, Longman Brown Green, 1858.

4. Captain Mowbray Thomson, *The Story of Cawnpore*, Richard Bentley, 1859; W. J. Shepherd, *A Personal Narrative of the Outbreak and Massacre at Cawnpore, during the Sepoy Revolt of 1857*, London Printing Press, 1879.

5. See Paddy Walsh 'The Walsh Family and the Cawnpore Massacre', *Journal of the Families in British India Society*, 31 (2014), pp. 3-15.

SIR HENRY RAMSAY'S KUMAON FRIENDS

N. C. SHAH

In my article in the previous issue I recounted highlights of the career of Sir Henry Ramsay, Commissioner for Kumaon and Garhwal, and the work he did for the people of the region.[1] Ramsay served in Kumaon for forty-seven years, from 1837 to 1884, and enjoyed the respect and confidence of the local people. He was supported in his work by a company of native friends, wealthy and prominent men who helped him out in times of need.[2]

Amongst the most prominent was Sri Moti Ram Sah Rais of Nainital, his closest friend and helper. Saroj Sah recounts how during the 1857 'Mutiny', as the British called it (the nationalists called it a 'Revolution'), the Rohillas of Ruhelkhanda had captured parts of Bareilly and were advancing on Nainital with the object of killing its European population. The Nawab of Rampur, Raja Man Singh of Awagarh, and Moti Ram Sah all helped the British by lending Ramsay 30,000 rupees. The Rohilla rebels were caught before they could enter Nainital, prosecuted and hanged on trees on the big drain at Tallital, which was afterwards called Fansi Gadhera (The Hanging Drain). In return the government awarded twelve villages near Bareilly to Moti Ram Sah and appointed him as Treasurer of the state of United Provinces of Agra and Oudh (now known as Uttar Pradesh).[3]

Amongst Ramsay's other friends was Jai Shah Thulgharia (Treasurer) of Khazanchi Mohalla Almora. He was the mother's father of the author's grandfather Rai Sahib Harkision Lall Shah of Ranikhet.[4] Ramsay wrote of him:

> Jai Shah treasurer did identify his interest to some extent with ours. At my request he collected grains at his own expense at Almora and advanced money to European Officers at a time when others refused to lend on any terms. In this way, he in the estimation of others who considered our Government unsafe incurred considerable risk, and I recommend that he receives the proprietary rights in a village paying an annual Jamma about Rs. 1000 in the north of Bareilly or Moradabad.[5]

Ramsay also recognised the humble service of Kundon Lall Shah Jagati, resident of Nainital, great-uncle of the author's grandfather

Rai Bahadur Moti Ram Sah

Jai Shah Thulgharia

Harkision Lall Shah, when Ramsay was Senior Assistant Commissioner of Kumaon. He wrote:

> Kundon Lall, who is a most respectable merchant and has considerable dealings with the Bhuteas has been quite as zealous in the service of the Government as Moti Ram. Since the outbreak he has assisted me in every way; and he has not attended to his own trade during the past year, and I have on all occasions received the greatest assistance from him. Kundon Lall has been conspicuous for activity and courage. He went down to the Bhabar during the deadly climate May & June, and secreted Government property that was exposed to plunder there; was engaged with a gang of murderers there. He has been very active and useful in aiding the arrangements for supplies and in obtaining intelligence. I would propose a precisely similar reward to the above for Kundon Lall.[6]

Another close associate was Badri Datt Joshi, a well-read man who held the post of Sadar Amin (Head Native Commissioner) and who counselled Ramsay from time to time. When Ramsay was forcibly taken to England by his son in 1892 he wrote to Badri Datt Joshi stating how unhappy he was there.

One of Ramsay's greatest qualities as an administrator was that he did not differentiate between Indians and Europeans. In one case, in 1884, the European head clerk of the Tarai Office abused and beat an Indian policeman who was on duty at a terminus at Nainital. The policeman's offence was that he had failed to drive horses out of the head clerk's way when the latter crossed the street. The policeman filed a suit in Ramsay's court and Ramsay determined in his favour, requiring the head clerk to pay the policeman compensation.[7]

A heart-warming tribute was paid by the people of Kumaon to the legendary Sir Henry Ramsay, who was known as the white

sadhu, respected as a saint, and appealed to by the locals in times of distress as a demigod. The people of Kumaon firmly believe that 'On yonder hills amid the ravenous clouds, and beyond the vale of tears and injustice, we see in you Sir Ramsay another life, which fades not nor withers away'.[8]

NOTES

1. 'Gen. The Hon. Sir Henry Ramsay: The Uncrowned King of Kumaon', *Journal of the Families in British India Society*, 37, Spring 2017, pp. 36-46.
2. H. R. Neville, *Nainital: A Gazetteer*, 1904, p. 23.
3. Saroj Sah, '*Nainital ke ateet ke Dhandhaya vyaktava: Moti Shah*' (English trans. 'The richest man of the past of Nainital: Moti Shah'), *Patrika Sah Samaj*, May 2005 pp. 7-8.
4. See photo in *Journal of the Families in British India Society*, 16, Spring 2006, p. 48.
5. Harkision Lal Shah, *A Few Extracts from Testimonials & Remarks on humble services of Rai Sahib Lala Harkision Lall Shah Hony Special Magistrate, Estate Proprietor & Senior Partner of the firm of Rai Sahib Harkision Lall Bros. Ranikhet and of his Ancestors.* K. P. Works, 1925, p. 17.
6. Shah op. cit., p. 17. Kundon Lall Shah Jagati was the father of Shri Jai Sah.
7. Arun, K.Mittal, *British Administration in Kumaon Himalayas: A Historical Study 1815-1947.* Mittal Publications, 1986.
8. Ajai Singh Rawat, 'The Legend of Sir Henry Ramsay', *Sharad Nanda*, 2014, p. 96.

The town of Naini Tal from the Tallital side, 1865

IP v. ICS: THE LONG DUEL?

PAUL DEAN

My father chose a career in the IP in somewhat unpromising circumstances. His father had already been in India since 1919 working as a civil engineer for the Public Works Department. He had chosen Mill Hill at which to educate his sons since he was Plymouth Brethren and Mill Hill was a leading non-conformist public school. Thus empowered by the Protestant work ethic, he expected great intellectual achievements from his eldest son, whose interests however were primarily sporting. An exhibition in classics at Cambridge failed to materialise, though a mere place was on offer. There followed an increasingly heated exchange of telegrams: my grandfather declined to fund the prodigal's further education, my father responded that he would get himself a job, to be told that it was entirely a matter for him but the one thing he should not do, under any circumstances, was to join the Indian Police. My father duly sat the exams, passed them and chose to serve in the Punjab. He began at the Police Training College for the Punjab at Phillaur in 1936.

The parental injunction against joining the police was no doubt part of the inbred hierarchical snobbery of British India. The Indian Civil Service was the intellectual envy of the known world, the Ruling Caste, the Heaven Born. The police was an also-ran, on a par with the Forestry Service. It was tantamount to trade. The position is nicely dealt with in the third volume of Paul Scott's *Raj Quartet.* Teddie Bingham, the rather thick soldier who marries Susan Layton, muses of Ronald Merrick, a former IP officer who had been permitted to join the army, thus:

> DSP meant superintendent, the top man in a district after the collector and the judge. He was glad Merrick wasn't ICS. The few ICS men he'd known had been remote clever fellows, too intellectual for his tastes. The police were different, easier to get on with. Some of them envied you if you were Army. Merrick was now satisfactorily placed and explained and in spite of his high police rank Teddie felt pleasantly superior to him in occupation as well as in type, background and—as was clearer the longer he listened—in class. The police weren't always quite as particular as the other services.[1]

Indeed the equivocal if not invisible status of the police is curiously endorsed by David Gilmour in *The Ruling Caste* when, commenting that 'the high reputation of the ICS was never reflected in literature', and explaining that 'this was no doubt partly because civil servants do not make exciting characters in fiction', he goes on to refer to *The Raj Quartet*, noting that the range of Scott's British characters '(apart from some missionaries) are nearly all connected to the Army'.[2] What, one may ask, of Ronald Merrick, surely one of the great malevolent creations of English literature? He wasn't really a soldier, nor a boring ICS man. He was an IP officer and his most egregious offence was when he personally interrogated Hari Kumar and tried to pin the rape of Daphne Manners on to him. Very much police work.

Of course, in addition to providing a literary character of the highest stature with which the ICS cannot compete (the district officer, Turton, in *A Passage to India*, is but a feeble bigot), the IP also produced a writer of the highest quality, one Eric Blair, better known as George Orwell, not that he gave the IP in Burma much credit for anything. But if Eton can claim him as an alumnus (which it does), so can the IP.

And let us not forget, as most people have, if they ever knew, that in *The Long Duel*, released in 1967, the hero was a IP officer played by none other than Trevor Howard. The love interest was provided by a simpering Charlotte Rampling, and the cast was made up with Harry Andrews, as a crusty, old-style IP man, and Yul Brynner, no less, as the put-upon tribal leader with equivocal form. There was a wholly ineffectual ICS man whom I didn't recognise. The cinema was more or less empty but you can find it on Amazon and it has provided the title for this article.

At this point I should say something about the structure of

the Indian Police but first a word about sources. In the 1960s a history of the IP was written by a former ICS man, Sir Percival Griffiths, entitled *To Guard My People*. In his preface he writes that 'As a former member of the corps d'elite of India' (there's that superiority complex again), he was painfully aware of the injustice done to the police and the book was an attempt to 'give the service its proper due'. And in the 1970s the IP Association produced some collected memoirs of various IP officers, under the title *On Honourable Terms*, which was published by BACSA. Various others produced their own books, including Leslie Robins, a policeman largely in the United Provinces, who called his *Policing the Raj*.

In *The Men Who Ruled India*, an abridgement of his two-volume history of the ICS, Philip Mason, of course another ICS man, wrote that after the Mutiny:

> A new service was coming into existence, the Police. There was a new Act, the Police Act of 1861, which introduced a uniform system that was gradually to be extended to the whole of British India . . . To each district there was to be a Superintendent of Police . . . [who] had to be a man of parts. He had to recruit, train and discipline his men, build up their physical strength, their self-confidence and their integrity; he must also be a shrewd judge of his officers . . . Half the crimes reported to the police in India are fabrication; they are meant to get someone else into trouble or to provide a defence for some anticipated counter-charge . . . The Superintendent of Police has to reckon what the judge's or magistrate's reaction [to this] will be. He needs to some extent the judicial mind. He needs the detective's mind. He must be a trainer. His men must fear him without being frightened.[3]

Having introduced this paragon, Mason's book is thereafter decidedly light on references to the IP. This may be attributable to the corps d'elite syndrome, if I may call it that, or perhaps to the confusion that reigned as to its proper title. Sometimes it was known as the Indian Imperial Police, though this name was never officially promulgated. In 1907 epaulettes with IP were introduced but the term Indian Police Service began to be used at about the same time, no doubt in imitation of the ICS, and by 1912 another one, that of the Imperial Branch of the Police Service, was also in use. IPS was given renewed currency in the report of the Islington Commission and it took until 1932 for the word Service to be definitively dropped in deference to the wishes of the IP Association, when the simpler designation Indian Police was officially and finally adopted.

If policing in India was a body, then the IP was its head. Each province had its provincial police force which formed the torso. The

Presidency towns had their own police forces which formed three of the limbs; the fourth was formed by the Princely states, to which IP officers were often seconded to assist in training and running their police forces. The ranks of deputy superintendent and below were recruited locally by the provincial police forces and employed by them. Above them were the Indian Police, who filled the senior ranks of the police in the provinces but were centrally employed. Their numbers were significantly smaller than the ICS. On 1 January 1940 the sanctioned number of IP officers was 616, 422 Europeans and 194 Indians. The war had done little to reduce its size since it was an essential service and officers were seldom released to join up, though many wanted to.

Within the head each of the ten provinces had its higher policing command provided by the IP. At the top was the inspector general (the IG). The only policeman in India senior to him and his peers in other provinces was the director of the Intelligence Bureau in Delhi, the senior police officer in India. Beneath the IG were a number of deputies (DIGs), the number depending on the province and its size. Since my father was in the Punjab, I shall describe the situation there. The Punjab had an area of 99,000 square miles and a population during the 1920s and 1930s of about 24 million. Its provincial police force consisted of about 21,000 officers and men. The IP contingent was about seventy to eighty. Beneath the IG were four DIGs. Three of these were responsible for the three ranges into which the Punjab's twenty-nine districts were divided. The other was in charge of the provincial CID and the Railway Police. Each district had a superintendent of police (an SP), though in some provinces he was known as the district superintendent of police (DSP). He had about 700 policemen under him. He was assisted by an assistant superintendent of police (an ASP), the rank at which IP officers started after their training.

Beneath the IP were the provincial police forces. Our heroic SP headed a district police force consisting of about 700 men organised around police stations under inspectors or sub-inspectors, depending on size. Within a district there could be over thirty of these. At each station there would be about twenty policemen, sergeants and constables. These were recruited as a deliberate policy on the basis of mixed class, caste and race so there would be no favouritism or lack of readiness to deal with ethnic disturbances.

In the country, each station also relied on a force of village chowkidars (the title adopted by BACSA's excellent journal) who played an important policing role, though they were not policemen. Leslie Robins in *Policing the Raj* waxes lyrical:

> The chowkidar was a village servant whose chief duty was the watch and ward of the village in his charge. Theoretically he was appointed by the District Magistrate, but in fact he was appointed, rewarded, punished, equipped, supervised and finally discharged by the Superintendent of Police. He lived in his village and usually carried out his work as a cultivator. He was issued with a uniform and had many duties for which he was paid the princely sum of 3 rupees a month. He attended the local police station twice a month as a routine duty when he reported births and deaths, which often had been written up for him, on a special board he carried for this purpose, by a literate villager. He also reported the arrivals and departures of suspicious characters and on the movements of listed criminals. If a crime occurred in his area he had to make an immediate report to the Police Station for which a special journey was made, being paid an allowance of 8 annas.[4]

Much of the SP's role involved touring his district and checking-up on his police stations and his policemen as well as his chowkidars. He would himself be checked-up on by his DIG.

There were two routes to the head of this policing body: recruitment in England or in India. In England the candidate took an exam and was interviewed. He was usually from a public school but had seldom been to university. He was young, aged nineteen to twenty-one. In India there were two recruitment routes, the first was also by exam but a degree was required and the age limit was higher, the second was for policemen who had risen to the rank of deputy superintendent in a provincial police force. According to *On Honourable Terms*, the latter 'by virtue of that promotion became members of the Indian Police. In this they were more fortunate than the members of the Provincial Civil Services who, however high they rose, were never accepted into the ranks of the ICS'.[5]

Though recruited centrally, once recruited a new IP officer was assigned to a province, for which he could express a preference but had to take what was offered. He then took a passage to India, often a transformative experience, and arrived at his province's police training college. These colleges were for the entire provincial force. Probationary ASPs formed only a small class but they were taught Indian criminal law and the Punjab Police Rules. They had to learn Urdu and Punjabi. They were there for a year with a break in the hot weather to go to a hill station.

From Phillaur my father went to a district as an ASP. At various times, he was at Dera Ghazi Khan, Gurdaspore, Gurgaon, Jhelum and Shekapore, as well as working with the CID in Lahore. As an ASP, or a fully fledged SP, relations with your local ICS officer were critical to the satisfactory running of a district. Usually such

Photo of my parents John and Muriel Dean in 1947 at Gurdaspore, my father's last district. He was then an SP.

relations appear to have been good, though Leslie Robins tells of problems he had on one occasion with his district magistrate, a man who had joined the ICS after the First World War in a special entry for ex-officers. He had, curiously, previously been rejected by the IP, an unusual if not unique situation which perhaps, Robins thought, explained his apparent animosity. Relations deteriorated to such a degree that a directive emanated from on high that they should never work in the same district again. Robins concludes: 'it was a very dangerous situation when the District Magistrate and the Superintendent of Police didn't get on for any reason. The Indian population soon realised this and they fished in troubled waters to their own advantage'.[6]

So what did policing in India involve? There was, of course, traffic policing, which in Calcutta and Howrah in 1936 attempted to deal with 'the ubiquitous herds of cows, a light railway that ran unfenced through some streets, grossly overladen bullock carts, rickshaws, hooting private cars, cyclists and 'tikka gharries'. The latter were like diminutive Wells Fargo coaches drawn by two small ponies'.

I have mentioned the Railway Police, which had an important role in tackling crime on and from the railways and at railway

workshops. In addition, there was dacoity. My father often talked of dacoits. He once had to follow one into a sugar cane plantation but survived to tell the tale.

The Thuggee and Dakoity Department had been founded as far back as 1835. Whereas thuggee had been largely stamped out by Sleeman, dacoity was alive and well and there was still the occasional case of suttee. The 'trafficking' of young women was also a persistent problem. There was murder, burglary and theft. There was fraud. These were the common criminal problems, sometimes but by no means always the work of the criminal tribes. The process of criminal prosecution was not made easier by the rule under the Indian Evidence Act 1872 that a confession by the accused made to a police officer was *not* admissible in court. This was no doubt designed to discourage the routine beating of confessions out of suspects, in Ronald Merrick style. The effect of this ban was somewhat mitigated by the exception that an admission could be relied on if it led to the discovery of relevant facts. So if a police officer found a blood-stained dagger hidden somewhere, he could give evidence that the accused had told him where it was but not that he had used the dagger to murder his wife. Unsurprisingly, conviction rates were often pretty low.

There was also public order. Increasing Congress activism meant that much effort was expended on attempting to deal with civil disobedience, which could easily spill over into riots. In 1922 a police station was set on fire at Chauri Chaura in the UP and twenty-two policemen burnt to death. This led Ghandi to suspend that particular campaign but others followed. The police then had to develop a new role, that of 'rounding up the usual suspects'. There were also communal disturbances in which the wise policy of recruiting a mixed force proved itself. In Bengal and the Punjab there was terrorism to deal with too.

Policing did, however, have its lighter side. If the District Magistrate was not a Christian, an SP could conduct a civil Christian marriage and Robins at one point found himself refereeing a world title wrestling match between an American and a Punjabi despite not knowing the rules. His guaranteed impartiality, according to him, was more important than his knowledge.

Policing in India was in many ways ahead of that in England. Griffiths argues that the Thuggee and Dakoity Department was the forerunner of the Special Branch, the CID and the Intelligence Service, pointing out that such departments operated in India before they were introduced at home. Perhaps the most outstanding

example of this was the development of the use of fingerprinting evidence. While various methods of identification were being investigated throughout the world during the latter part of the nineteenth century, it was in India in the 1890s that a reliable system of fingerprinting was devised. This system was introduced in England in 1901.

Other duties might fall to an IP officer. In my father's case, as the ASP at headquarters in Dera Ghazi Khan, which was the only district in the Punjab entirely situated to the west of the Indus, he had the additional responsibility of commanding the Baloch Levy, a small field force of some 200 men, quite separate from the police, designated to patrol the area between Tribal territory and the plain and to deter incursions. It was centred around two forts, Vehoa and Lakhani. My father greatly enjoyed his time with them.

In the early 1990s the chairman of the IP Association was Stephen Robinson, KPM, IPM. KPM stands for King's Police Medal and was an award for gallantry or distinguished service instituted in 1909 for members of police forces throughout the empire. In 1932 a lesser award, also for gallantry or distinguished service, was created for the IP alone, called the Indian Police Medal (IPM).

Stephen Robinson had been in the Punjab, having joined somewhat before my father. In 1938 he had been ASP in Dera Ghazi Khan and Commandant of the Baloch Levy. H is KPM reads:

Early on the morning of 27th September 1938 while on tour at Vehoa, the northern most town in the Dera Ghazi Khan district, Mr. Robinson was awakened by shots fired by a 'Lashkar' of Mahsud dacoits who had entered the Hindu quarter. Mr. Robinson at once turned out the Baluch levy detachment in Vehoa, 22 strong, and attacked the dacoits who numbered 80 or 100 men. He wounded several raiders with his own revolver and led his men with such skill and gallantry that in spite of their superiority in numbers the raiders beat a hasty retreat to the hills west of the town. After making certain that the town was clear of dacoits Mr. Robinson with his small party took up pursuit. On entering the pass leading into the hills he divided his force, sending the main portion along the hilltops on the right while he took charge of the left. His party quickly gained contact with the dacoits' rearguard who had taken shelter behind a rear barricade of stones. Shots were exchanged and Mr. Robinson and his party managed to advance by short rushes to within 200 yards of the raiders. Realizing that it was essential to dislodge this rearguard in order to engage the main body Mr. Robinson decided to rush the barricade. He arranged covering fire by a small portion of his force while he and four men charged the barricade. Unfortunately the dacoits' rearguard was

stronger than estimated and the covering fire proved inadequate. Mr. Robinson and two of his men were so badly wounded that immediate pursuit had to be abandoned.[7]

This story gives a flavour of what police work on or near the North West Frontier could be like. It sounds akin to the sort of policing in which Trevor Howard was indulging in the *The Long Duel*. My father's stint in command of the Baloch Levy was, thankfully, altogether more tranquil. During his time in the IP he played a lot of cricket and a lot of hockey, thus fulfilling his father's fears. After Partition he wisely opted to go to Oxford instead. He always thought he was a better schoolmaster for his experiences as a policeman in India.

So there we have it. The IP was, probably inevitably, something of a bridesmaid service, at least in comparison with the illustrious ICS, but they nonetheless operated pretty effectively together for the greater glory of the Raj. To answer the question posed in my title, perhaps more of a long armlock than a long duel.

NOTES

This article is an edited version of an address to the Indian Civil Service Association (Incorporating the Indian Police (UK) Association) on 1 June 2017.

1. Paul Scott, *The Towers of Silence* part II ch. IV, *The Raj Quartet*, Heinemann, 1984.

2. David Gilmour, *The Ruling Caste: Imperial Lives in the Victorian Raj*, John Murray, 2005.

3. Philip Mason, *The Men Who Ruled India*, Jonathan Cape, 1985.

4. Leslie Robins, *Policing the Raj*, L. C. F. Robins OBE, 1985.

5. Martin Wynne (ed.), *On Honourable Terms*, BACSA, 1985.

6 Robins, op. cit., *Policing the Raj*.

7. *Gazette of India*, c.1938.

MUNI, MALI AND THE BEETLES

SIR ALLAN RAMSAY

The most formative years are said to be those up to the age of seven. I was six months old when we arrived in India and remained there until almost the age of eight. So those formative influences are, like India itself, undisciplined, muddled, colourful and chaotic. The imprint was lasting but for all its fascination India was probably the worst place in the world to bring up a child since his perspectives could never be those of more conventionally brought up children. My mother's relations—her eldest sister especially—thought it very bad for me to be left to the care of servants. It was just the sort of intrusive bossiness that could be calculated to put my mother's back up, so as a matter almost of principle she rarely intervened after the age of two. The war in any case left my parents with very little time for me and when my brothers were born there was even less. The preferences I formed then remained mine for life: for my own company, for unleavened bread, for rice and lentils, for scent of cow dung fires, for stories full of vehement expression and vigorous gesture. I did not understand them since I knew hardly any of the language but the sense of drama held me spellbound.

Home, first at Ambala, then at Rawalpindi, was the bungalow in which we lived: a large, rambling rather shabby-looking building with a spacious garden which spread all around it, enclosed within walls beyond which lay 'somewhere else' of no interest to me. All that mattered could be found in the heat-stricken spaces of the garden, mostly baked earth with shady trees and secret, untidy corners where I wasn't supposed to go. In the bungalow itself there were large empty spaces too, of high-ceilinged rooms and floors of polished wood. There were no doors, rooms led into each other through arches and privacy was provided by screens. Indoors was full of shadows, hidden behind the broad eaves of the verandah and the shutters through which the sunlight fell in strips.

The two, indoors and out, comprised all the world I knew, the only world I wanted. Within it I was sufficient unto myself, my *ayah* and the other servants there to minister to me. In India a son and heir is venerated as nowhere **else** on earth, **a role** into which I

stepped as of right, as born to it as indeed I was. No one ever questioned the authority conferred on me by birth, reinforced by caste. The world belonged to myself, my small wheeled elephant called Hathi and my mother's smooth-haired black and white fox terrier Sally. No child could have wished for more, no child could have been more self-absorbed or happier. Other children did not exist except in rare instances which usually ended in sulks and tears.

An India child had no need to create a world, one infinitely more seductive and fascinating than any world of the imagination lay all about him. Indoors even the rugs and furniture possessed their own romance, each had its own story to tell. The rugs came from far away, beyond the Hindu Kush. The Chinese lacquer cabinet held fascinating things like ostrich-feather fans and a box of boars' tusks, trophies from pig-sticking competitions, which I found difficult to reconcile with the live animals seen later from a back of an elephant, their triangular greenish eyes watching us warily from a distance. The tiger skin which I first saw pegged out to dry in a hill station, unusually large and pale in colour, had once stalked through the dappled shade of the forest, the king of beasts. For me it still did, even when spread-eagled on the floor. I was incensed when a visiting child sat on its head.

Outside all that was important to me lay in front of my eyes, the world I could smell and touch and see. Its horizon occupied a space of no more than a few feet. My gaze, burdened by the weight on my head of my cork sun helmet under whose brim my eyes were in permanent shadow, was always downwards. The occupants of this circumscribed world, those with whom I became most intimate, were for the most part small, dull and slow-moving, beetles and caterpillars, stick insects, spiders, praying mantises and suchlike.

A stick insect, as it laboured across a piece of ground, had an impact visual, tactile and intellectually stimulating. I was always squatting down in the garden debris to get a closer look at things. The world was, quite literally, at my feet.

Yet it was a violent world where a butterfly's life could be snuffed out in an instant in front of one's eyes by a bird or where, as one watched, a female praying mantis carefully nipped off the male's head as they copulated, or a fledgling might die in the act of struggling out of its shell. The diaphanous flies which wove fantastic patterns round the lamps each evening, watched from just outside the penumbra of light by the geckos, were heaps of bodies by the morning. The precariousness of life was reinforced by warnings

about hornets and jackals, whose bite was said to be lethal. I could hear the latter at night, so close as to seem to be almost in the compound itself. I was told of the wild dogs which hunted their prey remorselessly until it could run no further. My imagination recoiled at the thought of some terrified deer turning to face its pursuers, an image replaced years later by the ghostly hounds of Herne the Hunter, and later still by the sight of an exhausted stag brought to bay on Exmoor.

Dust was everywhere. It was soft, grainy, white, slightly sweet-smelling and adhesive. Outside it lay so thick that by shuffling through it I could work up quite a satisfactory cloud behind me, like the trail of smoke from the train I was pretending to be. The feel of it was almost erotic: like Anteus—about whom I was taught later—I drew strength from it; I imagined the throb of life pulsating upwards through my body to the tips of my fingers. Indoors it lay caught between the planking of the wooden floors and within the wave of the Persian carpets. I had only to lower my nose to one of the latter to smell it and pretend I could also smell the scent of sheep and yak and goats and wood smoke from some distant tribal encampment. Every breath drawn by an Indian child continued its quota of dust. It floated on the surface of the water in his tin tub, welcomed him into its embrace between his sheets and clung to his mosquito netting. It would return with him to England within the pages of a book or in the meshes of an old butterfly net.

The *mali* (gardener) was my accomplice. He used to dribble water from his watering can on to the dust so that I could stir it into a sticky bog. He showed me beetles which I would never have found for myself and a cobra he had killed. His home was near the water tank, shaded by a banyan tree in which bats chittered, whose roots descended from the branches making a forest of their own, where birds with erect tails would scuffle among dead leaves shaped like long brown loaves. The water was dark and uninviting and full of mosquito larvae. When I allowed myself to sink to the bottom my feet recoiled from the touch of slimy deposit. But it was cool, the glare of the day excluded, the blazing sun merely a network of pinpoints of light whose brightness hurt the eyes as if focused through a magnifying glass. I had no fear of water then. That came later when, just before I left India, during a weekend on a sandy atoll off the coast of Sind, a drowned fisherman was brought to shore. He had been in the sea some time and at the sight of his bloated, blueish-grey body water ceased to be the consoling and cooling thing of the gardener's tank but became invested with menace.

With Mali in the garden of our house at Ambala

But the main adult presence in my life was Muni, my *ayah* (nanny). Everything anyone has ever said about the almost infinite patience of *ayahs* and their love of children was true in her case. She was from South India and was very small, very dark, very thin and apparently ageless. I was to be her last charge and perhaps the knowledge of this imparted an additional tenderness to her ministrations. Her grace of movement, of gesture, was exceptional. She smelt faintly of betel juice and sandalwood, her eyes were bloodshot and her remaining teeth stained but these things were forgotten in the warmth of her body and feel of her meagre breasts, which were as great a comfort to me as, no doubt, to her other charges and the many children she had brought into the world. I only had to slip a hand under her tight blouse and feel the loose fold of flesh with its hard nipple for my fears to vanish. She was with me for every waking moment of the day, seconding my explorations of the compound. She was the first person I saw each morning and the last at night. She was the comforting presence squatting by the bedside, her form blurred by the mosquito netting and drowsiness. Whenever I woke I would hear the slight sound of her breathing on the adjacent charpoy, and would fall asleep again almost instantly.

In the hot weather we would sleep out of doors, parents in one part of the garden, children and ayahs at another. The bungalow at Rawalpindi was said to have been haunted by the ghost of a holy man who had been ejected from his home under the banyan tree by the water tank when the bungalow was built. In reality he seems never to have left the place, disappearing for long periods only to be banished again and the cycle would be repeated. After his death his

ghost returned to haunt the place. My mother claimed to have once seen him gazing at her peaceably across the drawing-room. Nobody questioned his presence. There were ghosts everywhere, said the servants; we shared our world with them. They were as real as the living and benign, so long as they mingled with us during the day.

At night, however, prowlers were not welcome. They might be *luss wallahs* (thieves) or worse, and a *chowkidar* (watchman) was employed to patrol the grounds to guard against surprise. Ours was a very old man who would have been useless if it had ever come to the point of having to confront an intruder physically. One night there was a commotion during which I was seized from my cot and taken indoors, where I was immediately sat on the pot. Just as years later in the Army, wrestling with a stoppage on the light machine-gun the drill, or Immediate Action—the First IA—as it was called in the instruction books, was to make the weapon safe, so an *ayah* would first immobilise her charge by potting him before turning to deal with whatever crisis was at hand.

I learnt later that the fuss had been caused by the *chowkidar*, who said he had seen someone standing at the foot of my cot. He should much better have kept quiet because this secret communion between myself and the holy man was something to which I looked forward as part of my private world of Hathi and beetles. There was no regularity, no rhythm to his appearances. There must have been some telepathic sense in operation between us because on his arrival I was instantly awake and we would gaze at each other in friendly complicity until he withdrew, whereupon I fell asleep again. I never mentioned him, note even to Muni. Why should I? I felt no alarm, rather the contrary: there was something very comforting in the knowledge that he was there.

Behind the house, screened by bamboo, lay the godowns—a huddle of storehouses and sheds where the servants would gather from time to time to gossip or entertain a visitor. Sometimes they would bring their children and it was on a patch of hard earth among the godowns that I learnt to pay marbles, making a little hole into which I tried to flick the marble with my thumb. They were small coloured marbles which I chose from the tray of one of the itinerant vendors. The godowns were a richer and more exciting place than the bungalow, full of dark corners, curious implements, sacks, coils of rope, mysterious private packages, teasing scents and hint of crowded intimacy. There would be a pause in the conversation as I entered and I could sense the hint of wariness

in the atmosphere before it relaxed. It lasted for no more than a second; scarcely three feet tall, really no more than a dumpy, self-important body of which the lower half only was visible under my solar helmet, I would have presented no threat. The reaction was instinctive and merely part of their normal defence mechanism, like the habit of the stag beetle in presenting his horns when surprised by the entry of something not immediately familiar into his world. Years later, doing the rounds as battalion orderly officer, and feeling quite as self-important as my earlier, sun-helmeted self, I sensed the same when going into a barrack room: a polite, slightly anxious defensiveness until the visitor's credentials were established and life could return to normal.

My brothers had arrived in 1939 and 1943 and my mother thought that we would be healthier if we moved into the hills, at Gulmarg, out of the way of the war which was getting dangerously close. My father stayed in Rawalpindi and Muni was pensioned off, to be succeeded by Rose. Tall, voluptuous and pale-skinned, she might have been considered beautiful except for a cast in one eye. Her breasts were of the same generous proportions. She would nurse her baby while sitting with us in front of the fire and a bead of milk would be left on the nipple when it fell asleep. They were not mine to share.

In exchanging *ayahs* we also exchanged heat, dust and dryness for coolness, summer pastures and steep valleys full of deodar and other trees backing on to vertiginous hillsides which rose through tumbling grey shale towards jagged summits as often as not lost in mist or cloud. The house was built on two floors. It was made of wood with a steeply sloping roof of shingles. In a high wind the whole building would shudder and shriek in protest, rather, I imagine, as one of my grandfather's wool clippers might have done in a heavy sea. Sometimes the silence would be broken by the noise of grey langhur monkeys scampering across the roof. The old males would grimace and bare their teeth from a distance. They terrified me.

In Gulmarg I walked straight out on to the mountainside where acres of alpine meadow stretched all around. The insects were not the dry, almost colourless, etiolated things of Rawalpindi, nor were there any dead leaves, sticks and little piles of thorny rubbish to be examined; above all there was no dust. In its place there were greenness in which flowers bloomed and butterflies danced. There were also more sinister and disquieting discoveries like the heaps of disintegrating grey bones discovered on scraping away the turf covering on some odd-looking mounds. Animal or human they were

disconcerting. In winter the sunlight and alpine breezes gave way to cold grey weeks of teeming rain. The hills vanished behind a screen of mist and clinging fog in which I could hear nothing except the steady drip of moisture from the surrounding pines. I went to school, to the Hilda Grove Academy. I remember very little about it but suspect that the discipline required was unwelcome. My mother was not one to reinforce it.

I rode there on a sedate brown pony with a hogged mane. With a *syce* (groom) at his head we would set off along the winding path uphill through the deodars. Fond as I was of him I would much rather have been on my feet since from the saddle I saw so much less. Once, however, rounding a bend, we came upon an excited crowd of workmen looking into a valley which fell steeply away to a river below. Since the *syce* had abandoned me to join them, I slipped off the pony's back and did the same. In the valley bottom, quite some distance below, a large leopard was crossing the greyish green torrent cascading between banks of smooth stones with a jumble of rocks scattered here and there. There was no cover for some distance on either side but the beast seemed to be in no hurry. I saw it leap from one rock to another, pursued by showers of stones. Gaining the other bank it set off up the scree at an easy lope before vanishing into the shelter of some trees. It seemed much less frightening than the langhurs.

When we returned to the plains, it was not to the Punjab but to the Sind, to Karachi, to wait for a passage home. Demand was high, berths on passenger ship scarce. For months we waited in a flat overlooking a *maidan*, an expanse of brown earth criss-crossed with railway tracks strewn with carcases of pi-dogs caught under the wheels of shunted trucks. In these unpromising surroundings I learnt to ride a bicycle, discovering in the process that I was physically a coward. Its unpredictable wobbling was nothing like the slow ambling of my pony and the risk of falling off was greater. Ill health struck for the first time and my chief memory of those long months is of an epidemic of boils accompanied by a series of botched operations which scarred me for life. With England ahead my lack of education had become pressing so I was sent to school in spite of mu sufferings. I had not been there long before the Indian Navy mutinied and the school was among the building damaged when the city was shelled. I was reprimanded for spreading alarm among the other children and sent home with a note asking that I should not return.

Our arrival by train at Karachi had offered a prelude of what we were to leave behind us. The station platform was covered in pools of congealed blood, the scent of which hung heavily in the air. Among the bodies was one of a man who lay propped against a wall with his head split in two. The brain lay exposed, yellowish green in colour so that it looked like two halves of a lemon. Soon after there were riots in which my bearer—Mohammed, a pale, thin studious boy—was killed. Crowds of demonstrators ebbed and flowed across the *maidan*. The bicycle lessons were abandoned.

It was British India's valedictory, though I could not have been expected to know it any more than I could have had the faintest idea of what lay ahead. The small boy, squatting in the dust under his solar helmet, poking with a stick at a heap of dead leaves as Muni and Hathi looked on with Sally beside them already belonged to another world, one in which he had been free to do almost anything he wished. The habits of autocracy, peremptoriness, impatience and impulsiveness were its main bequests. The challenges which lay ahead and the discipline required to surmount them were then quite unknown to me. A more conventional beginning might have equipped me better to deal with them but the riches it bestowed were of quite another order of incomparability.

GETTING TO GRIPS WITH FAMILYSEARCH FAMILY TREE

SHARON HINTZE

Are you one of the many people concerned about where your family history legacy will be fifty years from now? Few of us want our hard work to disappear without a trace, but not all of us are preparing adequately for leaving a legacy that others will easily be able to access.

There are a variety of ways to leave your family history. You can leave well-organised paper files like my grandparents did. You can publish books or articles or scrapbooks like my parents did. You can keep your histories, documents and photos on your computer (with backups) using commercial software. Each person needs to decide what best suits their circumstances. But most forward-planning individuals agree that any decision that does not include online preservation is less likely to be accessible to those living fifty years from now. It is a safe bet that those looking for our work fifty years from now will look first online, if not exclusively online. Your family history will reach far more people online.

So you need to explore your options for preserving your history online. This article won't consider choices such as making a personal blog, Facebook page or website. although there are many attractive examples of these. It will consider online preservation using websites maintained by large organisations. Private online solutions, no matter how elegant, are less likely to be around in fifty years than those offered by much larger organisations.

Your choice of website will depend on how you feel about several factors. You need to decide whether you want to choose who can view your tree, and whether you want to be the only person who can contribute to it. Even if your first instinct is to go for a private, controlled solution, bear in mind that this might be considered similar to a private website or blog since its maintenance and longevity will probably depend on one or a few living individuals.

All of the large commercial websites have provisions for storing individual family histories. They all allow for sourcing, attachments and a variety of display options. In most of the commercial sites, you work on 'your tree', controlling access and editing rights. In most of these sites the same individuals may be represented in many different submitted trees. Ask yourself just how your great-grandchildren will be able to find your particular contributed tree among all the ones on the same site which overlap with your family.

Respected professionals like Else Churchill recommend considering collaborative trees rather than personal trees. A collaborative tree is essentially a 'crowdsourced' tree where lots of different people contribute information, photos and documents. One individual in the tree might have sources, dates or documents contributed by many people who may not know each other. In the collaborative tree model you don't 'own' your family history—you contribute to a community view of the history of your family. In the July issue of *Family Tree* magazine, Else endorses this way of preserving genealogy, saying 'I think that it is only by publishing accurate, well sourced family trees, open to peer review and discussion, that good quality data will rise to the fore and the old rubbish will eventually fade away'.

If you are willing to consider collaboration, you should look for a site with wide reach, which is easy to use, has good help features and seems to be hosted by an organisation which is likely to be around in fifty years. Two examples are FamilySearch and Geni.com (owned by MyHeritage). Both have gone the collaborative tree route, where people in the tree are 'everyone's ancestors' rather than 'my ancestors'. Else's comments in *Family Tree* magazine mention both of these. She says 'FamilySearch Family Tree is open to editing and discussion, but it requires good source citation for every entry, and I think this is where published genealogy is going. A smaller but similar site with good citation and [well] regarded by Society of Genealogists' members is Geni.com'.

This article will not review alternatives for online family trees, whether collaborative or not. It will now shift to discussing features of and hints for using FamilySearch Family Tree, as described in my recent FIBIS talk.* FamilySearch Family Tree is a separate feature of the FamilySearch website, different from the Search features. It is free for everyone to use. Due to the Latter Day Saints' religious commitment to ancestors, FamilySearch Family Tree is going to be functioning for the foreseeable future. It may evolve but it won't disappear, and it will always be free.

1. Sign up as a contributor. Since collaborators to Family Tree can all make changes to deceased persons in the Tree, there needs to be a way to identify who has contributed what. So you need to register for a free FamilySearch account. Find the button on the Home Page top right.

2. Take advantage of the learning modules. These can be found under 'Get Help' in the top right-hand corner of the Home page. Choose Family Tree.
3. Fill in details about yourself and living family members. Living people you add will not be visible to anyone else at all, not even the people you enter. Living people entered by you are private to you alone. If your partner has an account and adds you as a living person, you will have a different Personal Identification Number (PID) in their account than you have in your account.
4. Place names have standards. The software will complain if you don't choose one of their standard versions of a place name. But you can continue anyway and it will store your version. Cemeteries, for example, are usually not included in the standard place name database, but it's a good idea to include the cemetery name if you know it.
5. Keep working backwards until you arrive at a deceased person who is already in the Tree. Look over the details for the person. See which sources are already attached.
6. Explore the features of the 'Details' window and the various presentations of the Tree format.
7. Sourcing is important to Family Tree, and is easy for basic British sources like censuses, civil registration indexes and many parish records. You can add these either by clicking on 'Hints', which appear in the right-hand column (after checking they really are hints for the same person), or by clicking on the FamilySearch logo, which is displayed below the Hints box but also in the right-hand column. When you click on this logo, it searches the FamilySearch databases for references to the individual you are working on. When the results are displayed, look for the symbols to the right of the entry. A little pedigree tree symbol means that the source is already attached to someone in the Tree. A little printed page means the source is transcribed and the transcription can be viewed. A little camera means there is an image of the source.
8. The 'Hints' window is also used to display errors or suggestions. The Tree will tell you if someone is born after the mother or father died. It will notice if a child appears to be duplicated in the Tree, or if there is a gap in the known children which may indicate a missing child.

9. You should check each person to see whether there are duplicates in the Tree. This might be the case if there is more than one version of their christening in the FamilySearch datasets. If, for example, both the parish register and bishop's transcript versions of the same christening have been transcribed, there will be two records of the same event. The process for merging duplicates is simple, enabling you to choose which bits of information from the two people you want to keep after the merger. Be careful when doing this. If you make a mistake and realise it immediately, you can 'unmerge'. But if you continue to work on the surviving person and change or add to their details, it is very difficult to backtrack before the merge.
10. Each person has a 'Memories' tab. This is where you can add photos, scanned documents and stories/anecdotes/life summaries about people. Unlike the personal details, such as birth and death in the Tree, no one can alter what you submit as a Memory. Photos can be tagged to identify all of those shown. When you tag one photo with several people, it automatically loads the same photo into Memories for all of those tagged. Remember to suggest an approximate or concrete date to your title for each photo. It is a good idea to scan and upload all your GRO certificates under Documents in Memories. If you scan them as JPEG files, you will be able to tag all the family members on a marriage certificate, for example, and the certificate will automatically upload to all the people tagged.
11. You can't download a GEDCOM file from Family Tree but you can download photos or documents that someone else has submitted.
12. Neither FamilySearch nor Geni.com want you to upload large GEDCOM files. Both organisations have found by experience that most of the names included are already in their shared trees. Geni currently has stopped altogether with uploads. FamilySearch will let you upload a GEDCOM but it will not appear in Family Tree. It will appear in 'Genealogies' under the Search Tab on the home page. Sources, photos, etc., will in general not be carried over, and changes after the upload are not permitted. Look under Help for how to upload a GEDCOM file.

This article can't possibly include all the features of FamilySearch Family Tree. It is a professional, well-designed tool which will be there in fifty years. You should give it a go.

Many of us have thousands or even tens of thousands of records stored on our personal computers. With the possibility of uploading all of that onto Family Tree excluded, you need to evaluate how to proceed. Personally, I am in exactly that situation. I have extensive trees on my personal computer. The overlap with Family Tree is great. I do not have energy and time to maintain online and offline versions of my tree at the same time. If I tried, something would always be out of synch. I have chosen to contribute to FamilySearch Family Tree in what you might describe as a 'piecewise' fashion. For example, I have scanned hundreds of certificates and uploaded them to the Tree. I tag them all, then I compare my research and sources to those shown on the Tree for the individuals on the uploaded certificate. I check every person in the Tree, correct things if necessary, and add sources and new information using the FamilySearch sourcing tool described above. I do the same with wills I have transcribed. I add the transcription as a Document, then chase down the people mentioned in it and clean them all up in the Tree. Another way to get a grip of parts of the Tree I want to work on is to choose a branch of my tree to pursue. In preparation for a recent family history trip to Wales, I went over all possible information in my database and on FamilySearch for my Welsh families. I cleaned all the people up and put in as many sources as I could find. It made the trip much more productive.

I have accepted that working this way, I will probably never have time to work on all the people in my offline tree to make sure they are properly documented in FamilySearch Family Tree. I try to work on branches that I feel I might be the 'world expert' on. I feel satisfied that future genealogists will grateful for the families I have been able to sort out and document. You will likely experience the same satisfaction of a job well done, even if it is well done for only a part of your tree. You will have left a lasting family history legacy where others can find it for free.

* Sharon Hintze, 'Catching up with FamilySearch', address to the FIBIS Spring Open Meeting, 20 May 2017.

HIDDEN ONLINE LDS MICROFILMS

Many people may be unaware that there are now three different ways that users of the FamilySearch website www.familysearch.org can access the famous LDS microfilm collection. The first two ways are through 'Records' under 'Search' on the home page. This leads to 'Historical Records', which are divided in two parts: those records which have indexes and records with no index available to browse. Some indexed records such as the former IGI (now called England Births and Christenings, England Marriages, etc.) have no images.

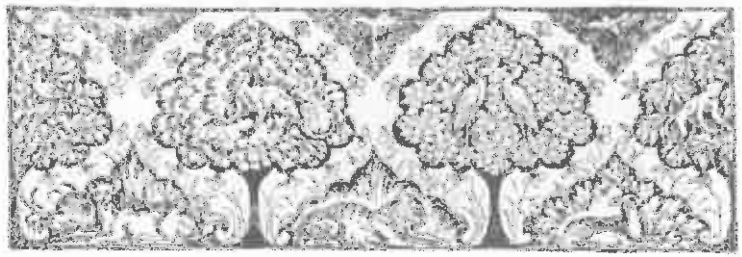
There is now a third way to access LDS films. These films are also shown in a browse format, which means that you page through the film image by image, the way you look at a microfilm. However these new browse films do not appear under 'Historical Records' but are accessed using the FamilySearch Family History Library catalogue. The way to find them is 'hidden', or at least not obvious. Start with 'Search' but choose 'Catalogue' rather than 'Records'. Look for the place you are interested in using 'Place Search', or find a collection using 'Keyword Search'. When the catalogue entries appear, choose the records which are best for your purpose and open the full catalogue entry showing a list of film numbers.

There may be a red notice in the catalogue description indicating that these records have an online index. This index is NOT connected to any image. But look carefully at the full catalogue description of a particular film number. If it shows a magnifying glass, this indicates that an index is available which can be accessed by clicking on the magnifying glass symbol. A little camera indicates browsable images from this film, or a connected image if there is a magnifying glass at the same time. You need to click on the little camera to see the images.

Note that in the majority of cases, the indexes can be seen at home, while the images found in the catalogue search are often only viewable at an LDS family history centre. Sometimes the images are available at home to those who are logged in with a FamilySearch account. This is due to legal constraints. However many films can be seen at home, so you should always click on the camera. In some cases you need a free FamilySearch account to view images.

If the catalogue shows a picture of a film reel, this is not available online and can only be viewed at a family history centre using a film reader. You need to be aware that if you need to order a film, you must do so before 31 August 2017, as FamilySearch is stopping film circulation as of 1 September. Any order before 1 September will be fulfilled.

Currently there are more than 100,000 films from the British Isles which have images online not viewable through Historical Records. These include such important collections as Principal Probate Registry and District Court Record Copy Wills 1858-1925, all of the indexes and entries for the Irish Registry of Deeds films, surviving First World War service records and many more. More than one million films from many countries are also viewable in this way, and more films are being added each month. You should keep your eye on records of interest to you, and explore this new way to access them.



UNSUNG SERVANTS OF THE RAJ

AN ANGLO-INDIAN FAMILY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

JOHN WEBBER

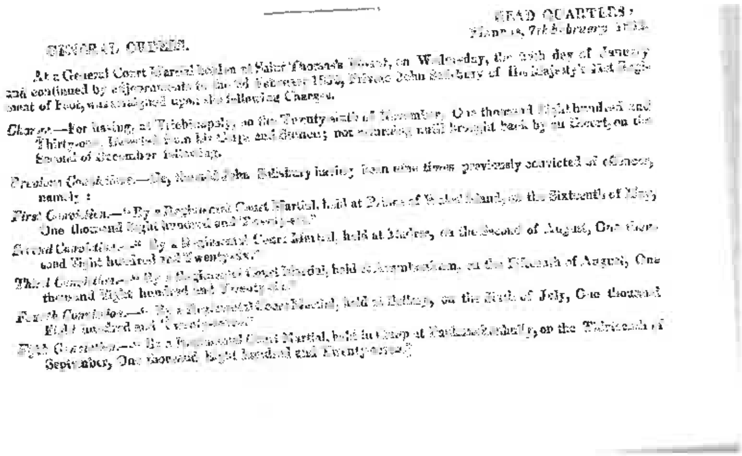
My mother was from an Anglo-Indian family that had roots in India stretching back into the eighteenth century. My father came from Wales and went to India during the war. I was born in India but grew up in Cardiff, very much aware of what would now be called my dual heritage, with a sense of belonging both to Wales and to India. Our home was filled with memories of India. Stories of my mother's family abounded. From an early age I was intrigued and wanted to learn more.

That I was able to do so, I owe almost entirely to my great-great-grandmother Dorothy Tanner, who was born in Madras in 1828 and died in 1896. She kept a record of family events in a small notebook, a haphazard collection of titbits of information. Dorothy was my grandmother's maternal grandmother. The notebook doesn't give a full picture of even just her branch of the family, far from it. But it gave me names and dates that I could use as starting points for further exploration. I remember chasing up some of those names in the India Office Library in Oxford in the months before I made my own first return trip to India in 1968.

Retirement has given me time to research the family more fully. With that has come an increasing respect for the crucial role that the Anglo-Indian community played during the Raj, denigrated though they so often were—the usual fate of a mixed-race community. If a book comes out of my research, I would now like it to be an account not of just one family but of a community, as its history is mirrored in what happened to that one family.

With Dorothy Tanner's notebook in hand, where did I go to pursue my researches? Having spent most of my adult life going back and forth to the subcontinent, I was able to consult the original records still in India. The first date recorded by Dorothy that I was able to check myself was when I visited St Mary's Church, Fort St George, Madras, in 1976 and was shown the baptismal register. It was of her father's baptism on 19 August 1797.

Of course, there are sources closer to hand. There is the material available online, including the FIBIS website, where a random search yielded the record of a five times great-grandfather, John


HEAD QUARTERS: [illegible]

GENERAL ORDERS.

At a General Court Martial [illegible] on Wednesday, the [illegible] day of January [illegible] and continued by [illegible] Private John Salisbury of His Majesty's 41st Regiment of Foot, was arraigned upon the following Charges.

Charge.—For having, at Trichinopoly, on the Twenty [illegible] of [illegible], One thousand Eight hundred and Thirty-one, [illegible] from his Corps and [illegible]; not [illegible] until brought back by an Escort, on the Second of December following.

Previous Convictions.—The [illegible] John Salisbury having been [illegible] times previously convicted of offences, namely:

First Conviction.—"By a Regimental Court Martial, held at [illegible], on the Sixteenth of [illegible] One thousand Eight hundred and Twenty [illegible]."

Second Conviction.—"By a Regimental Court Martial, held at Madras, on the Second of August, One thousand Eight hundred and Twenty [illegible]."

Third Conviction.—"By a Regimental Court Martial, held at [illegible], on the [illegible] of August, One thousand Eight hundred and Twenty [illegible]."

Fourth Conviction.—"By a Regimental Court Martial, held at [illegible], on the [illegible] of July, One thousand Eight hundred and Twenty [illegible]."

Fifth Conviction.—"By a Regimental Court Martial, held in Camp at [illegible], on the Thirteenth of September, One thousand Eight hundred and Twenty [illegible]."

Salisbury, twice court-martialled for desertion from His Majesty's 41st Regiment, when serving in Trichinopoly in 1829, and sentenced to deportation! But for accuracy and sheer satisfaction there is no substitute for the documents themselves. In the British Library are the excellent ecclesiastical records, maintained from the eighteenth century onwards on microfiche, covering baptisms, marriages and deaths. Also held there are massive volumes where the careers of those who served in the HEIC Army are recorded, from enlistment to death, over a two-page spread. And then there are the original handwritten ships' logs, giving a vivid day-to-day picture of voyages made to India. At the National Archives in Kew are the quarterly muster rolls and monthly pay lists of British Army regiments, from which you can get an occasionally vivid picture of the life of an ordinary soldier. That involves days of carefully trawling through the originals.

I have built up a fairly full picture of my mother's great-grandparents, whose lives roughly spanned the period 1820 to 1880. My grandmother's family largely followed the classic Anglo-Indian journey from service in the HEIC Army to running the railways. My grandfather's family were mainly army people. By illustration, here is what I have learned of his mother's parents, the last of my forebears to go out to India from Britain.

One of the stories we grew up with as children was of my grandfather's mother Caroline Owen, born in Wales, the daughter of the colonel of the regiment who went out to serve in Trichinopoly. There she fell in love with the organist of St John's Church, George Salisbury (grandson of the twice court-martialled John Salisbury), an Anglo-Indian and so a most unsuitable match. But they defied convention and married and this triumph of love over prejudice was a treasured family memory.


Muster rolls and pay books, British Library

Once I began my researches, I was surprised to find from Caroline's baptismal record that she was actually born in Trichinopoly in 1851, and her father not a colonel but the garrison sergeant major. That record also gave the name of her father, John Owen, whose life and career I was therefore able to pursue. I started with his discharge papers from the British Army, held at Kew. These are invaluable documents, yielding a wealth of information. I learnt that John was born in Wales, not in Wrexham but in Cardiff in 1798. With details of the regiments he served with to hand, I was able to make a start with those muster rolls and pay lists. At the age of 18 John enlisted with the 53rd Foot, the Shropshire Regiment, in Shrewsbury. His time with the 53rd was short. After only three months, with several others, he volunteered to transfer to the 55th Foot, the Westmorland Regiment. He may have been attracted by the £3 15s bounty that he was paid. They may have wanted him because he was quite a strapping lad for the time, being five foot eight and three-quarter inches tall.

It was ten years before John was to go to India but his time with the 55th did not lack adventure. He served in the Channel Islands in the years after Waterloo, when the army still kept a large presence there for fear of possible French action, and then in England and Ireland. His next move was to take him much further, to the Cape of Good Hope where he was promoted to drum major. As drum major he held one of the most senior non-commissioned

ranks in the regiment and his future with the 55th would seem to have been secure. But suddenly, on 4 November 1823, he was on his way back to England, where he was discharged from the regiment. No reason is given.

John quickly resumed his army career. He joined the 41st Regiment of Foot and three years later, in 1826, he and his new wife Louisa appear on the passenger list of the East India Company ship the *James Sibbald,* travelling with a detachment of 163 soldiers of the 41st on course for India. And so begins the most significant part of his story.

In the *James Sibbald*'s handwritten log, which I consulted at the British Library, we have preserved a vivid picture of the voyage John and Louisa Owen undertook. It describes the weather met every day, the ships encountered en route and, a detail I found particularly fascinating, the work that the ship's carpenters were engaged in—constantly repairing or making new masts.

The voyage started uneventfully. 'Monday 19th June Departed from East India Export Dock at Blackwall . . . Friday 23rd left the pilot on shore. Weighed and made sail with a pleasant breeze from the N.E. At noon passed Dover.'

Almost a month to the day from leaving Blackwall, tragedy struck. 'Tuesday 18th July 1826: at 8 A.M. Mrs. Owen, wife of John Owen of the 41st Regiment was delivered of a child which died in 4 hours.' This was the first time that I heard any mention of this, the birth and death of John and Louisa's first-born.

In November they arrived off Madras. The arriving soldiers were first garrisoned at Poonamallee, on the outskirts of Madras, but John was soon to see a great deal more of India, embarking on an epic journey that took him right across the subcontinent, from Madras almost to Goa. This was at a time when the British were securing control of central southern India.

John had been promoted to sergeant by the time the regiment ended their return journey, in Trichinopoly in July 1830, and of his decision to make India his home. There on 31 January 1831 he was discharged from the 41st and his service in the British Army, to enlist with the Honourable East India Company Army on 26 February. He was recruited as 'an effective supernumerary', the name given in the Madras presidency army to the select cadre of European NCOs who served extra-regimentally. They were recruited largely from the Company's European Corps, and occasionally from NCOs of British Army regiments in India.

John's first child to survive, Edwin, was born in 1830. Did this prompt his decision to transfer to what, we presume, must have

Trichinopoly Fort in the 1890s

seemed better prospects in the HEIC Army? He would have been recruited for a specific job—that was how things were done. And it was as garrison sergeant major of the base at Trichinopoly. He was to stay until he died, serving in that rank for thirty-two years. As such he would have been senior non-commissioned officer in the garrison. Colonels might come and go but John remained, lynchpin in the whole edifice.

Trichinopoly was a centre of British power and control, the second largest city in southern India after Madras. It was an important place, and John and Louisa Owen must have been important figures there. Oh, those Owens, you can hear someone say towards the end of their lives, they've been here for ever!

John and Louisa had nine children, three of whom died in infancy. My great-grandmother Caroline was the youngest, born in 1851. Another daughter Elizabeth married Samuel Bellfield, who was John's successor as garrison sergeant major.

Twelve years after Caroline's birth, John Owen reached pensionable age. He died thirteen years later, of 'old age', as his funeral record puts it. How old that was remains a mystery. His funeral record puts his age as 88 but all the army records indicate he was 78. He may have seemed older to his children than he was. Perhaps he was a bit vague himself as to when he was born. Whatever age he was, his estate was valued at 94 rupees, 10 annas and 5 paisa. In today's values that would be around 200,000 rupees and would have left his widow very comfortably off indeed.

Louisa was to survive him by fifteen years. It was in Madras, in 1891, that she died 'of general debility and old age' and was buried at St Matthias' Church. This is the church where eighteen years later my mother was baptised. Louisa was 84 years old when she died and had lived sixty-five of them in India. Her will is available online, a last touching glimpse of someone I'd like to learn so much more about! She had only one surviving son, Frederick, and the proceeds of the sale of her silver spoons was left to him. The rest of her property went to her daughters.

Louisa's funeral record proudly states that she was the widow of 'the late John Henry Owen, Garrison Sergeant Major'. John may not have been the colonel of the regiment, as family legend later had it, but that that didn't matter one whit. His actual rank of, and long service as, garrison sergeant major was the source of as much, if not more, pride. The boy from Cardiff had really made good.

We started with a love story—Caroline falling in love with the church organist, George Alexander Salisbury, and defying family opposition to marry him. They were to have no fewer than fifteen children. This touching story of love triumphant ends on an ironic note. George's will states: 'Notwithstanding the cruel and unnatural conduct of Caroline Gertrude Salisbury, my wife, towards me, I bequeath to her all she may claim as if I had died intestate'. What that conduct was we can only guess at. But whatever it was, that is certainly a story we were not told!

Caroline Salisbury in old age

NOT IN BAXTER

A MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCILS OF BENGAL AND CENTRAL LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF INDIA

RICHARD MORGAN

I yield to no one in my admiration for *Baxter's Guide*—the essential tool for tracking down biographical information in the India Office Records.[1] Every member of FIBIS ought to have a copy. Mine shows clear signs of heavy use. So my title is decidedly cheeky. But the point I am making is that even Baxter couldn't cover every single thing. His Introduction talks of biographical sources of primary importance to family history researchers. This article suggests that there were other occupations in British India and sources not primarily biographical that contain useful biographical information.

The earlier career of my distant cousin George Morgan 1867–1957 as a jute wallah in Bengal was described in my article on the Morgan and Landale families, 'Using Thacker's and other directories for Business in India'.[2] Morgan went to Narayanganj in East Bengal and worked for M. David & Co., one of the Henderson companies that his siblings and cousins were associated with, from 1891 to 1907. In the latter year he joined a rival outfit, the Sonakunda Baling Co. By 1913 he had moved to Calcutta to join H. D. Cartwright & Co. jute agents and brokers. He was back in Narayanganj and Sonakunda in 1919. By 1921 he seems to have moved back to Calcutta.

Morgan's political career mirrors this. He had spent eleven years as chairman of the Narayanganj Municipality—presumably in the period 1891–1913. From 1910 he embarked on a career in the Legislative Council of East Bengal and Assam.

Constitutional background

At this point some constitutional history is necessary. Since 1892 there had been an Indian Legislative Council to debate the Budget and question the executive. (This Legislative Council was an entirely separate body from the Governor-General's Council, which was an executive organisation.) The Morley Reforms of 1909 had restructured the Legislative Council to one of 69 Members, some nominated and some elected. In addition there were separate Legislative Councils in each Province. That for Bengal consisted of the Governor of Bengal, the 3 members of the Executive Council and

a further 2024 nominated members (some officials and others not). The remaining 27–34 were elected on a complicated franchise.

In the 1920s, pursuant to the Montagu–Chelmsford Reforms of 1919, the curious electoral set-up continued complicated, with a mix of members appointed by the Executive to handle the various portfolios; seats reserved for certain more or less representative organisations, such as the Bengal Chamber of Commerce; and geographical constituencies, which were also split by race (European and Anglo-Indians and Indians each separately), religion among Indians (since the Muslims demanded their electorate be separated from the others) and, in some cases also, whether urban or rural.[3] Thus in 1932 in the Central Legislative Assembly there was a member described as representing 'South Arcot cum Chingleput: Non-Muhammedan, Rural'.[4] Each Council and the Central Assembly modelled procedure on that of the British House of Commons, with a speaker (called the President), parliamentary questions, divisions, and polite references to 'My Honourable friend', etc. Their proceedings were published in mini-Hansards.[5]

The geographical constituency electorates were often large, the trade and other interests extremely small. For example in 1927 the Bengal Council had electorates varying from 28,002 for Dinajpur (Muhammadan) and 26,352 for Midnapore North (Non-Muhammadan), whereas there were only 52 electors for the Indian Jute Mills Association returning 2 members, 42 electors for the single Chittagong Landowners member, and 54 for the single Calcutta Trades Association member.[6] George Morgan's electors were the (European) Bengal Chamber of Commerce. This tiny electorate of 213 chose no fewer than 6 members (of whom Morgan was one). This rankled with the (entirely separate and Indian) National Bengal Chamber of Commerce, which had only 2 Members chosen by an electorate of 243. This was probably not made any more bearable by the fact the Europeans ensured that their 6 Members were returned unopposed, whereas the National Chamber had genuinely contested elections.[7]

A further complication arose over the Province of Bengal. At the beginning of the twentieth century it comprised a huge area of nearly 200,000 square miles and a population of 78.5 million—more than a quarter of the entire population of India. Next door was the tiny Province of Assam with only 3.29 million in 1901.[8] To Viceroy Curzon the solution was obvious: split off East Bengal and attach Assam to it to create two more even-sized Provinces, with the boundary just to the east of Calcutta and the Hooghly. East Bengal (capital Dacca) had a population of 31 million, West Bengal

(including Bihar, Chota Nagpur and Orissa, capital Calcutta) 54 million. The split has had an appalling press but pretty closely mirrored the division between Hindus and Muslims, as shown by the present-day boundary between India and Bangladesh. The problem was not Curzon's logic but his lack of political gumption. Hindus, in particular, were aghast that their majority in a united Bengal was undermined by the creation of a second Bengal with a strong Muslim majority. The two-Bengals arrangement lasted only until 1912. At the 1911 Durbar George V announced the reunification of Bengal as well as the move of the capital of India to Delhi.[9]

George Morgan was elected to the East Bengal and Assam Legislative Council of 69 members from 1910 to 1912. He represented not a geographical constituency but the Bengal Chamber of Commerce.[10] Although representing a commercial group, he never felt constrained to stick to commercial issues. His questions for example were often on the operations of the police, education, railways and agriculture. When Bengal was reunited, George Morgan moved to Calcutta and it was probably at this time that he sat on the Calcutta Corporation. I have not managed to track down any account of his activities there.

By 1921 the Montagu–Chelmsford reforms were in place. The implicit federal structure of Provincial Councils and central India Assembly was rationalised by listing which topics were provincial responsibilities and which national (and so central matters for the Indian Legislative Assembly). This twofold split of powers between Central and Provincial Councils was called the dyarchy.

A further complication for Bengal was that its land revenue, still grounded in the Permanent Settlement of 1793, gave it an inflexible tax system, and the Meston Award of 1919, which ran alongside the Montagu–Chelmsford Reforms, meant that unlike other Provinces it failed to enjoy the benefit of much of the substantial tax revenues

that its inhabitants paid. In particular the revenues from Bengal jute were denied to the Province of Bengal, a position improved only in 1934–35.[11]

George Morgan in the Bengal Legislative Council

From 1921 to 1928 George Morgan represented the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, in the now reunited Bengal Legislative Council in Calcutta, with over one hundred other members. There is a gap in his attendance, or at least participation, from 22 February 1922 to 23 January 1923 inclusive, when I suspect he was on leave in the UK. Apart from that he seems to have been pretty assiduous in his attendance up to 1928. Expenses incurred in attending the Council could be claimed but it seems that at least in 1924 George Morgan drew nothing, either for travel or residency, though the Council migrated from its main home in Calcutta to Darjeeling in the height of summer and also spent one month in Dacca in compliance with a condition imposed on the reunification of Bengal.[12]

The water hyacinth

A recurring topic in legislative proceedings is the vexed question of the water hyacinth, and it is one in which George Morgan was personally involved. While still at Narayanganj he had been accused of unwittingly perpetrating an ecological crime by importing the Amazonian water hyacinth (Eichhornia crassipes) into his garden pond.[13] It is a heavily invasive species and had by about 1920 overrun all the waterways of East Bengal, clogging them, creating stagnant water in which malaria could flourish, killing fish, smothering crops after flooding, and impeding boats. It has done similar damage in the United States, parts of Africa and other parts of Asia. In India it was described as 'The Curse of Bengal' and has been claimed as a factor in the terrible Bengal famine of 1943 in which 1.7 million died.

The water hyacinth

How the water hyacinth got to Bengal is, and was then, the subject of some speculation. The following causes have been suggested:

- In 1890 it was planted in the Calcutta Botanical Gardens, whence 'some ladies, gardening enthusiasts' transplanted it to their homes in East Bengal.[14]

- In 1897 a Narayanganj businessman brought plants back from Australia (where it had been introduced two years earlier).
- In 1902–05, as noted by the Royal Botanic Garden in Sibpur, the plant was flourishing in pits dug for the building of railways in Bengal and people took them to Calcutta.
- In 1905–06 someone from Narayanganj took plants from Calcutta.
- In 1910 George Morgan introduced the plant.
- It had been introduced earlier into Assam and had made its way down the waterways of the Brahmaputra and its tributaries to Bengal.[15]

It will be noted that Narayanganj, where George Morgan was, crops up more than once. Apart from some uncertainty as to dates, any or all of the second, fourth and fifth of the above might refer to him. I can find no record that he ever went to Australia though he did have a brother there, James Landale Morgan, whom he might have visited.

We do have George Morgan's own account of the water hyacinth affair. In February 1921 a motion was proposed in the Bengal Legislative Council to 'appoint a Committee . . . to devise ways and means for removing the scourge of the water-hyacinth and to combat it successfully'. George Morgan said:

> I have much pleasure in supporting this resolution and, in doing so, I am very glad indeed to hear from the mover and from the last speaker that the weed was brought down to Bengal by the rivers of Assam. Since 1910 I have been accused of having brought it to Eastern Bengal. I understand it is there called 'Morgan's Folly'. As a matter of fact I did bring some plants, curiously enough from Calcutta, and I know myself from what I have seen with my own eyes that it is one of the greatest pests I have ever seen. The flower is beautiful, and that is all that is beautiful about it. It spreads over paddy-fields and dhan khats [paddy[16]] and simply ruins everything that comes in its way. Now it has grown so bad that it is a question whether steamers will be able to ply over small khals or rivers. I have not the faintest idea as to how it would be possible to eradicate the pest, but I support the resolution and I am sure something will be done to do away with this pest.[17]

The Motion was passed but despite George Morgan's hopes, the problem remained. As such it attracted the formidable endeavours of Sir John Anderson, Governor of Bengal from1932 to 1937. On 3 March 1936, at a meeting of the Legislative Assembly of India, there was a question by another member on what the Government of

India was doing about the water hyacinth. Did everyone turn and stare at George Morgan? Did he look embarrassed? We do not know. The answer to the question was that the Bengal Government had the matter in hand![18] In fact the water hyacinth remains a problem in Bangladesh to this day, though other ecological crimes (embankments for railways and roads, flood barrages, etc.) have perhaps done more serious damage to the Ganges/Brahmaputra Delta.[19]

George Morgan in the Central Legislative Assembly

George Morgan was also from 1931 to 1937 a Member of the Central Legislative Assembly of India, where he sat as a European, Bengal; that is to say he would have been elected by Europeans.[20] The Assembly sat either in Delhi or Simla, so he would have been removed from the more difficult atmosphere of Bengal.

Debates were conducted with much reference to Honourable Friends, but there was some animosity below the surface. Consider the following exchange:

Sir Muhammad Yakub (Rohilkund and Kumaon Divisions: Muhammadan Rural): 'Then, again, those who are not acquainted with the country life in India, and, I am sure, Mr Morgan is not . . . '

George Morgan: 'I would like to contradict that statement. I lived in the Muffassil[21] for over 20 years. Of course, I have not lived in the village in the United Provinces, if that is the contention of my Honourable friend.' [22]

Yakub: 'I challenge the knowledge of any European, whether he might have lived 40 years in India, that he knows country life in India.'

Morgan: 'Perhaps not in India as a whole, but I said in the Muffassil of the Eastern Bengal and there are very few villages throughout the length and breadth of Eastern Bengal that I do not know personally, and I also know the life of the people.'

Yakub: 'He might have wandered through a few villages of Eastern Bengal, but that does not make India. Besides the way in which Europeans visit the Indian villages is such that it does not give them any knowledge of the position, and of the customs of the people of India . . .'

The point about the above is that jute (unlike tea, indigo, coffee, etc.) was grown on land owned by peasant farmers (ryots), and the jute factories and others needed to negotiate directly with these farmers to obtain jute, so George Morgan's claim that he knew most of the villages in East Bengal would have been well founded. Furthermore during his time in the Bengal Council, though the proceedings were usually in English, Bengali was allowed and used.[23] A member who could not understand Bengali would have been at a disadvantage.

The sneering tone of Sir Muhammad Yakub must have been hard to bear, especially since—although most British people in India at this period could hardly wait to get back to England—George Morgan sincerely loved India. In 1932, when paying tribute to a minister of the Government of India who was retiring, he said:

. . . we have all appreciated the Leadership of this House by my friend the Honourable Sir George Rainy. There is only one thing I am sorry for, as a fellow-Scotchman—a 'brother Scot' as we say. I am sorry if he is going back to a town called Auld Reekie which translated is Edinburgh. If he is going back there, he will have an almost daily regret—I know that town myself—that the sun has disappeared from the sky. I am quite certain there will be many days when he walks along Prince's Street that he will say 'I should like to be back in New Delhi, even in April'.[24]

So, instead of returning to Britain, George Morgan retired to Morgan House, built for him in Kalimpong near Darjeeling. It is a large house now used as a hotel and reputedly haunted.[25] He died in Calcutta in 1957 in his ninetieth year.[26] His widow Claire Loftus Morgan seems to have lived on in Kalimpong. She died at Darjeeling in 1960.[27]

NOTES

1. Ian A. Baxter, *Baxter's Guide: Biographical Sources in the India Office Records*, 3rd edition, FIBIS, 2004.
2. *Journal of the Families in British India Society*,(Autumn 2016), No 36, p. 35. George Morgan's earlier career is for the most part in para 1, p. 41.
3. For the Montagu–Chelmsford Reforms, I found the following of value: E. A. Horne, *The Political System of British India with special reference to the recent constitutional changes*, Oxford, 1922; and Sir Courtenay Ilbert and Lord Meston, *The New Constitution of India*, London, 1923.
4. The use of the Latin word *cum* for 'with' was copied from the way English rural ecclesiastical parishes were often amalgamated to give rise to titles like (say) Fugglestone *cum* Bemerton in Wiltshire, a joke hardly likely to mean much to the unfortunate Indians.
5. The Hansards are (with the exception of East Bengal and Assam 1910–12, see below) at the British Library IOR V/9/ series.
6. BL IOR V/9/1231, 25th Session, vol XXV, no 3, 11 Mar 1927, p. 31.
7. BL IOR V/9/1231, p. 31, 11 Mar 1927.
8. *Wikipedia*, quoting The Government of Assam 2001–02, *Statistics of Assam Archived.*
9. For the split, see Anthony Read and David Fisher, *The Proudest Day: India's Long Road to Independence*, Jonathan Cape, London, 1997, pp. 86-89, and for reunification, pp.107-08.
10. The 1906–12 Hansard has been 'mislaid' by the British Library, with no copy at the London Library or the Cambridge University Library.

I eventually tracked down a copy (possibly the only one in the UK) at the School of Oriental and African Studies. There appears to be no index.

11. John Wheeler-Bennett, *John Anderson, Viscount Waverley*, Macmillan, London, 1962, pp. 123, 131-3, 146-8.
12. Wheeler-Bennett, p. 154.
13. Sir Robert Reid, *Years of Change in Bengal and Assam*, Ernest Benn, London 1966, p. 51. See also Iftekhar Iqbal, *The Bengal Delta: Ecology, State and Social Change, 1840-1943*, Palgrave Macmillan, Basingstoke, 2010, pp.140-59 for a general discussion of the plant in Bengal.
14. Seth Ducquer, 'On the Rivers in East Bengal', *Geographical Magazine* (Mar 1941), vol 12, no 5, pp. 350-1.
15. Iqbal, p. 141; Proceedings of the Legislative Council of Bengal, BL IOR V/9/1205 2nd section, 21-23 Feb, p. 78 , 21 Feb 1921.
16. Iqbal, p. xvii.
17. Proceedings of the Legislative Council of Bengal BL IOR V/9/1205, 2nd section, 21-23 Feb, p. 78, 21 Feb 1921.
18 *Legislative Assembly Debates*, 3rd Session, 5th Assembly, 28 Feb –17 Mar 1936, BL IOR V/9/132, p. 1826. There seems to be no list of who was present at any particular Assembly Debate and as George Morgan did not speak in that debate we simply do not know whether he was present or not.
19. Ray, pp. 117-39, 190; Iqbal, p. 159
20. *Who Was Who* IV, 1951–56, says he first sat in 1930. In fact he was first sworn in on 14 Jan 1931, BL IOR V/9/93, p. 2.
21. Mofassil (often spelled Mofussil) means provincial, out of the big cities. Rohilkund and Kumaon were in United Provinces, now Uttar Pradesh.
22. Legislative Assembly Debates, 4th Session, 7th Assembly, 17 Apr 1934, BL IOR V/9/120, p. 3987.
23. BL IOR V/9/1214, 8th Session, Part 4, 9 Mar 1922, pp. 105-06.
24. Proceedings of the Legislative Assembly of India, BL IOR V/9/102, p. 2878, 2 Apr 1932. Rainy (so spelt), 1875-1946, had been chairman of the Indian Tariff Board 1923-27 and then Commerce and Railway member and leader of the house in the Assembly 1927-32 (*Who's Who*).
25. Numerous websites, such as http://1001things.org/morgan-house-kalimpong/, and http://www.telegraphindia.com/1040330/asp/silguri/story_3051029.asp, reproducing material from *The Telegraph* of Calcutta, Tue 30 Mar 2004.
26. Will proved in England 10 Apr 1959. He left his property in the first instance to his wife and if she predeceased him to his son David Loftus Morgan. His English estate was valued at £2,299 13s but of course there must have been much more property in India.
27. Administration, London, 2 Nov 1961, granted to Mercantile Bank Ltd, attorney of Mercantile Bank (Agency) Private Ltd. Her effects in England amounted to only £462 2s 9d.

BOOK REVIEWS

Laurence Fleming. ***Last Children of the Raj: British Childhoods in India.*** Dexter Haven, 2016. 2 vols. 439 & 437 pp. Pb. £15 each. ISBNs 978-1-903660-20-1 & 978-1-903660-21-8.

These two volumes are reprints of a work first published in 2004 and present an enthralling account of what life was like under British rule in India during its final years. The experiences related are almost entirely those of British expatriates, although there are a few from Anglo-Indians, who were, quite shamefully, left to their own devices when the British left, although the latter relied heavily on them to run the administration, albeit in subordinate roles.

The British had their own 'pecking order', as labyrinthine as any Hindu caste system, and the majority of these vignettes are by the children of those in senior government positions, most of whom had been packed off to school in the United Kingdom by the age of eight. Although delivered in matter-of-fact fashion, there are some fine examples of descriptive writing. Servants, plentiful and cheap, abounded and few were required to do anything for themselves, even down to getting dressed! It is little wonder that many found it difficult to adapt when they returned to the real world.

There are over 200 illustrations, though it is a pity that the quality of paper used does not allow for good reproduction. Nevertheless, they add considerably to the interest. At the end of both books are the CVs of the contributors—an education in themselves. For those whose vernacular is a little rusty, there is a six-page glossary at the front and it is worth having them just for that.

There are a few solecisms. For example, Jemadars and Subadars were officers of the Indian army, not NCOs; we are told that QAIMNS means Queen Alexandra's Institute of Military Nursing Sisters, whereas it actually means Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service and the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry (FANY) is rendered as Field Artillery Nursing Yeomanry!

This edition appears to have been sponsored by Dr Graham's Homes in Kalimpong, a most worthy cause which seeks to provide a secure home and good education to some of the poor Anglo-Indians of Bengal, mostly the descendants of liaisons between 'poor whites' (mainly soldiers) and Indian women long ago.

Volume 1 covers the years 1919-1939 and is organised geographically, whereas volume 2 (1919-39) is organised chronologically. In both cases they constitute a most entertaining read and are highly recommended.

ALLAN STANISTREET

Jane Gill. *Dance with Fireflies*. CreateSpace Independent Publishing, 2015. 476 pp. Pb. £9.99. ISBN 10-1507880375.

This volume is the first part of the life story of the author's maternal grandmother Phyllis Woollett (née Dover). She married Arthur Woollett in Benares in 1938 and shortly afterwards her husband's regiment was posted back to England. Her Anglo-Indian father had worked for the Maharajah of Bhinga and the family lived comfortably in a large house with servants. Although Phyllis loved India, she knew when she married Arthur that she would have to accompany him to England.

The story starts with their voyage to England in 1939 with their elder daughter, Maureen. Phyllis is already pregnant with their second child. On arrival they go to stay with Arthur's mother Elizabeth and sister Peg in Colchester. Both women resent Phyllis, in part due to their inbuilt prejudice against Anglo-Indians. They do their utmost to make her life a misery, but somehow she manages to cope, although terribly homesick for India. She and her daughters follow Arthur to Catterick, where his regiment is stationed. At the end of the Phoney War Arthur insists they return to live with his mother again. In 1940, at the height of the Blitz, he visits the family in Colchester and instructs Phyllis to take his mother and the two little daughters to Devon, where his sister Peg is now living. Phyllis finds various ways to make money there, eventually running a bed-and-breakfast. Peg tries to steal the younger daughter, Eileen, and for a while succeeds. Phyllis then has difficulty getting her back.

The book is based on family archive material and research by the author's mother Maureen and, although written in the style of fiction, the names used are real. This device was presumably used to enable the author to embellish the facts with details of life during the Second World War, which she does brilliantly.

I was initially disappointed to find that the book was about life in England, not in India as I had expected. However, the author managed to evoke life in India through the eyes of Phyllis in many short flashbacks and the result is very satisfactory.

Although there is plenty of mystery, which kept this reader turning the pages, it is above all a very good social history. Jane Gill has done a fine job in telling her grandmother's story in such a way as to make it a 'good read'. It is also informative and the reader learns much about the difficulties of life for an Anglo-Indian woman arriving and surviving in this country at that time. I look forward to the sequel, which is set in India at the time of Partition.

XANDRA SHERMAN

NOTICES

COMPETITION!

The Journal of the Families in British India Society is seeking a new name. Please email suggestions to editor@fibis.org. The prize for the winning entry is one year's free subscription to FIBIS.

NEXT FIBIS CONFERENCE – SAVE THE DATE!

28-30 September 2018. Friday pm to Sunday midday

In 2018 FIBIS will have existed for 20 years and trustees plan to mark the occasion with a residential conference near Oxford.

We are currently planning the content and activities and will keep members posted via the RSS feed at regular intervals. To register interest and receive updates direct, please contact Penny Tipper via Events@fibis.org.

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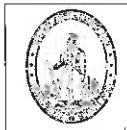
British Association for Cemeteries in South Asia



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Dr Jon Wilson, Senior Lecturer in British Imperial & South Asian History, King's College London, author of *India Reconquered: Britain's Raj and the Chaos of Empire*

Tuesday 9 January
Myth and History: India and the British Raj
Charles Allen, distinguished author of *Plain Tales from the Raj, Kipling Sahib* and others

Tuesday 6 February
With Havelock at Lucknow: Mutiny, City & Siege
Dr Rosie Llewellyn-Jones, historian of Lucknow, and Sir Mark Havelock-Allan, 5th Baronet of Lucknow, G-G-G-grandson of Sir Henry Havelock & President of BACSA

Tuesday 6 March
Afghanistan: Britain's Imperial Misadventures
Jules Stewart, author of *Crimson Snow, The Savage Border* and others

Tuesday 10 April
Independence and Partition
Panel discussion: participants to be announced

Contact bacsalectures@gmail.com to register and we shall forward you an online booking link. Phone bookings: IHR Events Office 020 7862 8740. www.bacsa.org.uk

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

PAUL DEAN is a barrister practising in the Temple and a committee member of the Indian Civil Service Association (Incorporating the Indian Police (UK) Association).

SHARON HINTZE recently retired as Director of the London FamilySearch Centre at the National Archives, Kew.

RICHARD MORGAN is the author of FIBIS Research Guide 2 on *British Ships in Indian Waters* (2nd edn forthcoming).

MARK PROBETT lives in New Zealand and is dedicated to keeping the memory of the Cawnpore garrison alive.

SIR ALLAN RAMSAY is a retired diplomat and BACSA member.

DR N. C. SHAH is a retired ethnobotanist living in India. He is researching British officials who made significant contributions to Indian science and administration.

XANDRA SHERMAN is FIBIS Company Secretary.

ALLAN STANISTREET collects and researches war medals and decorations. He is the author of six books.

JOHN WEBBER is a retired Anglican clergyman who taught history in colleges in India and Bangladesh for many years.

SOURCES OF ILLUSTRATIONS

4: Engraving, Mark Probett.
5: No. 18. The Residency at Lucknow. Photographers: Robert & Harriet Tytler, British Library, Shelfmark: Photo 32/(12).
7: Outside of Well, Cawnpore, 1860. Photographer: Samuel Bourne, British Library, Shelfmark: Photo 394/(60).
8: Major-General Sir Hugh Wheeler's entrenchment at Cawnpore, 1858. Photographer: Felice Beato (detail). Wikimedia Commons.
9: Paddy Walsh & Mark Probett
13: Dr N. C. Shah.
14: Naini Tal from the South-East, 1865. Photographer: Samuel Bourne, British Library, Shelfmark: Photo 222/(101).
16: Theatrical poster for *The Long Duel,* J. Arthur Rank Film Distributors.
20: Paul Dean.
27, 31: Sir Allan Ramsay.
38: J. Lockwood Kipling, in Rudyard Kipling, *The Second Jungle Book,* Macmillan & Co, 1895.
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Members with email are encouraged to place enquiries in the members area of the FIBIS website, the FIBIS Facebook group 'British India Family History' and the RootsWeb India List, as well as using online searchable databases. There are also facilities for accessing LDS films via local Family History Centres. Otherwise, all members should use the India Office Records to which the best introduction is *Baxter's Guide: Biographical Sources in the India Office Records* (3rd edition, published by FIBIS, 2004).

Members requiring further assistance should contact our Research Coordinator, Beverly Hallam, 32 Broughton Road, London, W13 8QW (email: *research@fibis.org*).

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Thanks to the co-operation of the British Library, and many individual contributors, large quantities of biographical data from the India Office Records and other sources have been transcribed and uploaded to the FIBIS website. The project is on-going. If you would like to volunteer as a transcriber please contact the Transcriptions Coordinator, Nigel Penny (email: *transcriptions-coordinator@fibis.org*).