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CHOWKIDAR

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NOTES ON BACSA

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

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

Founded by the late Theon Wilkinson, MBE

TWO TOMBSTONES, ONE MAN

Learned Societies are sometimes the recipients of rather strange donations. The Royal Society for Asian Affairs, for example, was given the head and horns of a very large *ovis poli* sheep by Lord Wavell in 1946. It was an unwanted gift, Wavell explained, so he generously passed it on the Society, where it resides today. The Royal Asiatic Society, home of many precious oriental manuscripts and objects recently received an unexpected gift – a tombstone. Weathered and broken in two it looks of little interest at first, until one reads the name of the deceased – Sir Stamford Raffles, the founder of modern Singapore. (*see page 36*) So connected with the East was this remarkable man that many people imagine he is buried there. Four of his infant children died in Bencoolen and their little graves were almost positively identified a couple of years ago by BACSA member Patrick Wheeler (see Autumn *Chowkidar* 2017). Raffles survived these bereavements, and that of his first wife Olivia, to retire to England where he died at the early age of forty-four.

He was born in 1781 on board a ship near the island of Jamaica. Perhaps it was this that subconsciously set him on a life of adventure, far away from the Yorkshire roots of his ancestors. By the age of fourteen he was working as a clerk in the East India Company and a decade later he was appointed assistant secretary to the Governor of Penang. He became Lieutenant Governor of Java but was to lose his wife to the climate in 1814. Olivia is commemorated with a handsome domed kiosk in what is now the Bogor Botanical Gardens, which were initially laid out by Raffles. In 1817 he was made Governor of Bencoolen, where the East India Company had established itself in the late seventeenth century. In the same year he published the two-volume *History of Java,* married his second wife, Sophia Hull, and was knighted, becoming Sir Stamford Raffles. Through negotiations with local chiefs he was able to add the island of Singapore to the Company's portfolio in February 1819 and he is credited with its foundation as a trading post and ultimately a British colony. He established schools and churches here and one reason for his success, in a period of less than a year, was that he promoted teaching and worship in the local languages, not insisting on English. He was himself a fluent Malay speaker.

Sadly, ill-health brought him, his wife and his only surviving daughter, Ella, to England and retirement in 1824 where he pursued his interests in botany and zoology. He was a founder of the Zoological Society of London, the body that set up London Zoo and he was appointed as its first President. A handsome country house near London was purchased; Highwood House at Mill Hill and it was here that Raffles

was found dead at the foot of a spiral staircase on 5 July 1826, a day before his forty-fifth birthday His body was discovered by Sophia, coming downstairs early at 5.00 am to supervise preparations for the next day. A post mortem was carried out by the leading surgeon of the time, Sir Everard Home, who concluded that Raffles had died from 'apoplexy' a vague term usually signifying a stroke. However, a recent re-examination of the post mortem findings indicates that Raffles may have suffered from a pre-existing condition which finally led to a brain haemorrhage. He had frequently complained of headaches and fever during his working life, a handicap that makes his many achievements all the more commendable.

Raffles took a principled stand against African slavery, particularly the West Indian trade and he abolished slavery, of a different kind, in Java, where poor people would sell themselves and their children to rich men as a kind of bonded labour. But when it came to his funeral, Theodor Williams, the vicar of the local parish church, St. Mary's at Hendon, refused to bury Raffles inside the church. Williams' family had been slave traders in Jamaica and the vicar owned shares in a West Indian plantation that employed slaves. It is hard to think of a more un-Christian act. Raffles was laid to rest in a vault near the church but his family were not allowed to mark the spot. Although a brass tablet to his memory was erected inside the church in 1887, the site of the actual interment was not identified until 1914, when his coffin, with its metal breast-plate was found. St Mary's was being extended at the time, so the tomb was incorporated into the church and was marked by an engraved tombstone bearing his crest with an inscription. This is the stone which was donated to the Royal Asiatic Society by the stone-mason who was asked to carve a new stone in 1999. About to move from London, the mason contacted the Society to ask if it wanted the old tombstone. It was eagerly accepted and in fact it has found a very appropriate home, because Raffles was a founder member of the Society. The new stone in St. Mary's Church bears the Raffles' crest and the inscription: 'Beneath this stone lie the remains of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles Lieutenant Governor of Java 1811-1819 and founder of Singapore 1819 who died July 5th 1826 aged 45 years.' Readers will note the mistake in his age. Sadly this talented man was not to see his forty-fifth birthday. A large marble statue of him by Francis Chantrey was erected in Westminster Abbey in his memory. It was commissioned by his widow, at a cost of £1,500. Appropriately, two statues were raised to him in Singapore, one in bronze by Thomas Woolner and a marble replica on the quay where Raffles is thought to have landed. The marble statue was removed by the Japanese during World War II but reinstated after the liberation of the island. He is a well-remembered man.

MAIL BOX

Towns and cities all over the world often bear the names of their founders – Alexandria is an obvious example – and not surprisingly a number of places in the subcontinent carry the names of those enterprising Britons who established them. Cox's Bazaar, in Bangladesh, Abbottabad in Pakistan, Maymyo in Burma and McCluskieganj in India come to mind. There is also Nasirabad, named after the Mughal title (Nasir-ud daula) bestowed on Sir David Ochterlony by the emperor. Lyallpur in the Punjab was named not after the influential ICS officer Sir Alfred Comyn Lyall, but after his younger brother Sir James Broadwood Lyall who was Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab between 1887 and 1892. During his time in office Sir James sought, and gained permission to establish a new town in the fertile Chenab river valley. It was one of the first planned cities by the British in the subcontinent, predating New Delhi by about four decades. Lyallpur grew quickly and today it is the third largest city in Pakistan. In the late 1970s its name was changed to Faisalabad, after the then king of Saudi Arabia had made financial investments in the city.

Clearly British people were here in some numbers – the arrival of the railway brought increased opportunities for commerce and the export of grain to other parts of India. Yet it seems that only a few tombs survive from this period. The first cemetery for Christian burials no longer exists. It would have been established during James Lyall's time, at the end of the nineteenth century. A new cemetery was opened in 1902 off Club Road and this is called simply Gora Kabristan, the white peoples' graveyard. Fifteen European graves were recorded here in 1982 but of these only four marble tombstones still stand today. Two mark the graves of much loved mothers: 'our darling mums' was Alice Gertrude Lees who died in April 1927, and Ella Grace Cartland, who died January 1912 aged fifty-two was 'our darling mother'. Pte George Henry Cann drowned in the canal at Kot Khudayar in March 1915 and his elegant headstone was 'erected by the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the 'E' Company 5th (Prince of Wales) Devonshire Regiment'. Frank Bertelsen Clough, Superintendent of Police was murdered 'by a native constable who was threatened by dismissal' on 21 September 1908 in the Lyallpur District. BACSA has given a small grant towards the upkeep of these tombs and repairs for the lychgate.

A little-known episode of the 1857 Uprising was brought to our attention by Dr. Suresh Chandra Sharma from Mathura in Uttar Pradesh, northern India. So many deaths occurred so quickly as rebellion spread across the plains, that the murder of Lieutenant P.H.C. Burlton barely registered.

What makes it of interest today is that Burlton's isolated tomb survives, although in a fragile condition, and it was the centre of a ceremony earlier this year. On 29 May 1857, or 30 May according to some accounts, as trouble loomed it was decided to transport some four and a half lakhs of rupees from the district treasury at Mathura to the safety of Agra Fort. Frightened British residents had packed their valuables too and all was to be escorted by a company of soldiers from the cantonments. Lieutenant Burlton of the 67th Native Infantry was in charge of the transport party and as the chests were being loaded on to the carts one of the sepoys suddenly called out *'hoshiyar, sipahi'* (on guard, soldier!) and Burlton was shot dead, together with a treasury official. 'It was evidently a pre-concerted signal' a report later concluded. The mutinous sepoys took possession of the treasure and ran to the Magistrate's court-house, the *kacheri,* which they set on fire, destroying all the records. Next they broke into the jail, freed the prisoners and took them to the old city, where blacksmiths struck off their fetters. The sepoys then marched towards Delhi where the last Mughal emperor, Bahadur Shah Zafar, had been persuaded to head the insurrection. Dr Sharma tells us that Burlton's grave, which lies in the grounds of the old court-house, is the focus of remembrance for the man who shot him, the sepoy Akhtiyar Khan, who is regarded today as a martyr of the Uprising. *(see page 36)* We do not know what happened to Khan but no doubt retribution was swift, and he is unlikely to have a marked grave, so a pragmatic solution has been found by remembering him at the grave of his victim. The inscription on the Englishman's tomb reads 'Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant P.C.H. Burlton 67th Native Infantry who was shot by a detachment of his regiment and of the 11th Native Infantry near this spot on 30 May 1857. This tomb is erected by his brother officers.'

Hopes were raised for the future of the old Jewish cemetery in Baroda earlier this year when the Israeli prime minister, Benjamin Netanyahu visited India and met his counterpart, Narendra Modi. A community of the Bene Israel had long been settled here and some of its members served the long-lived Maharaja, Sayajirao Gaekwad III at the end of the nineteenth century. David Gershone Agarwarkar was an aide-de-camp to the maharaja and Judge Kehimkar administered justice in the princely state. A sizeable portion of land in the Nizampura area of the city was donated to the community by the maharaja in 1875 and it contains a number of burials and a handsome domed tomb. *(see page 37)* The inscriptions are in a mixture of Hebrew, Marathi and English, reflecting the different worlds in which the community operated. Today only a small number of Jewish family remain in Gujarat, and probably none in Baroda (now Vadodara) To its credit the Municipal

Council has sought to preserve the cemetery against encroachment and illegal constructions within it, but it may be facing a losing battle. Although Netanyahu has apparently agreed to help develop the cemetery, called Yehudi Kabristan, into a heritage site, this is not the first time that Israeli help has been promised, but has not materialised.

A number of British families have connections with the Indian subcontinent that go back not just decades, but centuries. The Shore family of Warwickshire is one of them. The foremost member of the family was Sir John Shore, governor general of India between 1793 and 1797. He was a close friend of Sir William Jones (see below) at a time when Calcutta was a centre for scholarship as well as government. Mr Iain Shore, a descendant, visited India a couple of years ago to commemorate the death of his grandfather, Lieutenant Colonel Walter Francis (Frank) Shore who died at Saharanpur in December 1916. Colonel Shore was buried in the local cemetery and his grandson managed to find the grave, which was in a neglected condition. It has now been restored and the Commonwealth War Graves Commission has pledged to maintain it in future. *(see page 37)*

Saharanpur lies today in Uttar Pradesh and is known for its riding academy and horse-breeding stables. Frank Shore had grown up among horses. He was born in 1869, and his father William was huntsman to the Duke of Buccleuch. Young Frank trained at the newly established Veterinary College in Edinburgh and at the same time became a successful jockey. He joined the Army as a veterinary surgeon in 1895 and was sent to India. Two years later he took part in the Tirah campaign on the Frontier, although animal transport here was chiefly by mule, not horse. Frank's main posting was to the Army Remount Depot in Saharanpur and there he was appointed Senior Veterinary Surgeon, and Chief Equine Procurement Officer, which involved travelling to Argentina and Australia to buy horses. When the Great War was declared Frank's work increased significantly as did the need for horses, particularly in Mesopotamia where two Indian Army cavalry regiments were posted. He was promoted to lieutenant colonel as well as Commandant of the Depot, so in effect he was doing the work of three people. At the age of forty-four, Frank married twenty-one year old Constance Watling, the daughter of the Military Censor in India. A son was born to the couple but tragically Frank died from a stomach haemorrhage only a few days after the birth. It had been brought on, said his deputy, by sheer overwork.

Another Shore relative was Major Arthur Garrett of the Royal Engineers, and a keen astronomer. He was appointed assistant state engineer in Jaipur by Sir Samuel Swinton Jacob who was then director of the Public Works Department. Major Garrett was given the task of

restoring the famous 18th century Jantar Mantar astronomical park with its stone instruments, which had fallen into disrepair. Iain Shore inherited the set of drawing instruments that Garratt had used during the restoration and appropriately he has now presented them to the Director of the Albert Hall Museum in Jaipur.

CAN YOU HELP?

It is some time since we heard from our correspondent Mark Davies, nearly ten years in fact after he sent us photographs and an article on Chunar, the convalescent depot for East India Company soldiers in today's Uttar Pradesh. Now he plans to revisit India this November for some 'unfinished business'. The story begins in the middle of the 18th century with the birth of Matthew Leslie, a sixth generation ancestor of Mark Davies. Leslie made his career in India, beginning as a humble writer, or clerk in Calcutta in 1773. Clearly a talented man, he became a Collector in Bengal, a judge in Patna and was subsequently appointed 'First Judge of the Court of Appeals and Agent to the most noble Marquis Wellesley' the governor general of Bengal. He was also a member of the Bengal Board of Revenue and the senior judge in Benares. These important posts meant that he had to travel between Calcutta, Patna and Benares.

But it is his early career that has prompted Mark Davies' forthcoming visit. The role of Collector involved not only collecting the land revenue from the *zamindars,* the land-holders, as one would expect, but maximising income too. One way to do this was to establish market places that would attract traders who would pay a fee to Company officials for the hire of premises at a secure site. Duties were also levied on the goods sold. In northern India such a site was known as a ganj, usually a central street lined by small shops. A well-built ganj could be closed at each end with gates and patrolled by chowkidars, or watchmen. It was natural that men who established these areas would choose to add their names to the ganjes, so we have Leslieganj, in the Ramgarh district of Chotanagpur. This was Matthew Leslie's legacy and this is where Mr Davies had hoped to visit in 2009. Unfortunately the area, now in Jharkhand, but formerly part of Bihar, is a remote and difficult place to reach, made unstable by the Naxalites, a pro-communist, anti-government movement that began in the late 1960s. Two attempts were made to reach Leslieganj, in the company of Mr Bulu Imam, the local BACSA contact. There was an impassable water-logged bridge, a fallen tree across the road, and a man armed with an axe demanding money to remove it. On the second attempt the couple got within nine miles, as far as Daltonganj (which sounds like another British-founded site), but a sudden Naxalite ban on road transport meant they could go no further.

Research on Matthew Leslie has continued, however and an interesting description from 1811/12 notes 'several small towns in the vicinity of Patna containing each from 100 to 125 houses, one called Lesleygunj, being founded by Mr Lesley, was once large, but has of late gone to decay'. (Leslieganj is in fact a considerable distance from Patna, so might Matthew have established two sites? Or was there more than one Mr Leslie/Lesley?) Ganjes may have declined once their founders moved away, although Leslie had houses in Patna, which he bequeathed to three of his *bibis*, his local mistresses. They were named as Zehoorun Khanum, a widow, Heera Beebee and Zeban, and one of them is possibly an ancestor of Mark Davies. Among his inventoried possessions were a 'Europe-made landau post-chariot, nine horses and two elephants'. Leslie's death occurred on 25 January 1804 at a place called Burmeah Nullah when he was on his way by river from Calcutta to Benares. This hasn't yet been identified, but was somewhere in the Berhampore area, and it was in Berhampore cemetery that Leslie was buried. Unfortunately, although the tombs remain in this cemetery, all the inscription tablets were removed at some time in the past, so individual graves cannot be identified. Further information on Matthew Leslie and Leslieganj would be welcomed from readers, particularly if they are familiar with the area.

Another victim of the 1857 Uprising and one similarly forgotten, like Lieutenant Burlton (above) was Lieutenant Ralph Mitford Ingilby, late of the 7th Bengal Native Infantry. Ralph, who was born on 25 April 1829 came from a Yorkshire family with a strong military tradition. An uncle had fought in the Peninsular Wars and at Waterloo and an elder brother, Charles Henry Ingilby rose to become a major general and to fight in the Crimea, being badly wounded at Sebastapol. At the age of sixteen Ralph enlisted into the East India Company army and he was among a group of cadets who sailed on the *Gloriana* in July 1845. The young men arrived in Calcutta after a five-month journey and Ralph immediately enlisted into the Dinapore Native Light Infantry as an ensign. It is unlikely that he ever returned home. Our correspondent Caroline Wakefield tells us that Ralph had been entirely forgotten by the family and it was only when she began researching her Colvin ancestors, that his story came to light. There is little information on Ralph's career until the fateful events of July 1857, when we find him in charge of a party of loyal Sikh soldiers in Bihar. He had volunteered to lead his men towards Arrah in an attempt to rescue a party of Europeans and Indian soldiers who were trapped in an isolated house surrounded by the rebel chief old Kanwar Singh and his men. The town of Arrah lies at the confluence of the Sone and the Ganges rivers. Twenty-five miles away was the cantonment of Dinapore and it was

from here that two river steamers took 400-odd soldiers, including Ralph's men towards Arrah. They disembarked on a small island and commandeered local boats to take them across to the mainland. Poorly led, hungry and tired, the soldiers began the sixteen-mile march to relieve the beleaguered group, but they were set upon by rebels before reaching the house. Those inside the fortified building heard the sound of firing nearby, and expected to be freed by their fellow countrymen when inexplicably the noise began to fade away. The rescue party had been forced to retreat back to the river, only to find that the boats needed to take them across to the steamer had been roped together by local people who were sympathetic to Kanwar Singh. (A better officer than Captain Dunbar who was killed during the march, would have left guards with the boats.) Desperate efforts were made to untie the boats while firing from the rebel sepoys continued. It was here that Ralph met his end. He was shot in the head and plunged into the river, dead or dying from the wound. His body was recovered and taken back to Dinapore where it was buried in the cantonment cemetery.

BACSA's Area representative, Mr Syed Faizan Raza, whose family come from Patna, has kindly offered to search for Ralph's grave and those of his fallen comrades. The abortive rescue mission to Arrah led to the deaths of 170 men, with another 120 wounded, a dreadful toll. Yet strangely enough the episode has been virtually forgotten, although the successful defence of the Arrah house (which was relieved on a second attempt), was crucial in defeating the rebels in Bihar. Had Kanwar Singh's men been successful, they would have opened up the road to Calcutta, the seat of government. Can readers throw any more light on the subject? Any additional information on Ralph Ingilby would be welcomed by Caroline Wakefield and if the grave is located then *Chowkidar* will publish a photograph in due course.

Mr Raza has also been requested to visit another cemetery at Nasirabad in Rajasthan. Although this is an old and prestigious site whose Cantonment Board was established in 1818, its old Christian cemetery is in a very sad condition. Mr Raza did in fact try to visit it three years ago but he tells us 'I could not muster enough courage to gain an access to it as it was studded with wild woods and poisonous snakes. The locals asked me not to visit the cemetery as it was, and still is, quite dangerous. Its condition is very deplorable. ' His photographs bear this out. *(see page 38)* Mrs Valerie Robinson, Area representative for Rajasthan has a query from relatives of Heather Yvonne Read, a little girl who sadly died at the age of five on 1 December 1934. She was buried in Plot F, grave number 398, but whether this still survives today is doubtful. BACSA would remind all visitors to cemeteries in South Asia to be particularly careful after the monsoon when snakes including

the thin and deadly black krait, lurk in the long grass. Any useful contacts that readers may have with the Cantonment Board at Nasirabad would be welcome with a view to getting some restoration started here.

Place names in the Indian subcontinent are a continual source of interest and challenge. We have seen how settlements were named after their British founders, but this doesn't begin to address the question of pronunciation and changes during the last three hundred years or so. Names were changed by Indian rulers as well, to honour an ancestor or a saint or a battle. Mark Davies was baffled by Azimabad while researching his ancestor Matthew Leslie until he realised that this was the 18th century name for Patna. Similarly Shahjehanabad was used as a synonym for Delhi. It can take hours of enjoyable research in the Gazetteers or with old maps to track down particularly obscure names. British pronunciations of Indian place names were influenced by fashions at home, so we get the long drawn out 'Cawnpore', instead of the crisper and more accurate Kanpur of today. A similar shift took place when 'Pawl Mawl' became the better-known Pall Mall in central London. In an attempt to standardise spellings in British India, the grandly named Permanent Committee on Geographical Names for British Official Use, based at the Royal Geographical Society in Kensington issued a definitive list in 1924, which makes for rich reading. What the Committee would have made of name changes today in the subcontinent can only be guessed at. As a general rule BACSA employs the place names in use before 1947 and so, for example, we have the town of Palamcottah in Madras District.

Today this is Palayamkottai in Tamil Nadu and this is where Mr Ashokumar Calvin lives and works as a telecoms engineer. He tells us that he first became interested in graveyards during his honeymoon in Ootacamund (Ooty) where he was 'lured to a British-era pristine cemetery. It all started there!' His home town Palayamkottai was a cantonment in British days and he remembers a large graveyard there from his childhood. Then, he says, came the big move. The 'good' graves were allowed to rest in peace. He continues: 'the remainder of the graves were razed to the ground and a big Prayer Hall, and Prayer Garden sprang up. What exactly is a good grave and a bad grave? I suppose the bad graves would be those which have crumbled due to the age and due to the wear and tear of sun and the rain. Since the area is under the management of a church, the headstones of the demolished tombs were heaped in the form of a rectangular structure. *(see page 38)* A few good tombs still keep standing. A pavement has been constructed flanked by gardens inside the cemetery. Most of the good graves which still stand are neatly whitewashed, but the headstones are

begging for our attention. If not now, it might be never! most of the headstones of this cemetery are indecipherable. You need to sit, touch and look closer to make out what these headstones say. You can't read them in full. The heaped headstones are far worse than their standing counterparts. Leave alone the wear and tear, also the age. Even people contribute a bit in making the headstones worse. Some feed crows and squirrels on the headstones. Though the premises are being taken care of in a note-worthy way by the Church management, the headstones go a-begging. The only thing BACSA can do about this cemetery is to revamp the headstones. They are in need of re-chiselling by stone masons. Of the 80 plus graves which once dotted this cemetery hardly 20 remain still standing. For the rest, we don't have graves but only headstones.'

From the photographs that Mr Calvin has sent us, the inscription on at least one can be deciphered. A square plaque of grey granite relates: 'Sacred to the memory of Chas. Shaw Campbell Woodgate eldest son of C.H. Woodgate C.S (?) and Alice Frances his wife, born at Madura on the 23rd September 1852 died on the 20th December 1853. For such is the kingdom of heaven.' Mr Calvin has kindly volunteered to catalogue the graves and has already made a good start on those headstones which are still legible. Again, more information on this cemetery, which seems to have housed a large number of Britons, would be welcome.

One of old Calcutta's most intriguing characters was William Coates Blaquiere who arrived in India in 1777 with his father Jacob, a merchant. Exceptionally long-lived, he died at the age of ninety-four and is buried in Lower Circular Road Cemetery, Calcutta. Among others things he was a Sanskrit scholar, a friend of the great Sir William Jones, a Magistrate, a prominent Freemason and a sitter for the artist Johann Zoffany in the famous painting of The Last Supper in St John's Church. Photographs have been sent by the Christian Burial Board to BACSA which is funding the restoration of six tombs in this cemetery. The inscription on Blaquiere's tomb is in a sorry condition and difficult to read in parts. He died on 13 August 1853, and is thus not recorded in the *Bengal Obituary* which was published two years earlier. An internet search has not found a copy of the complete inscription. Can anyone help? If so, a longer notice on him will be published in the Spring 2019 *Chowkidar*. Suggestions to the Editor please.

NOTICES

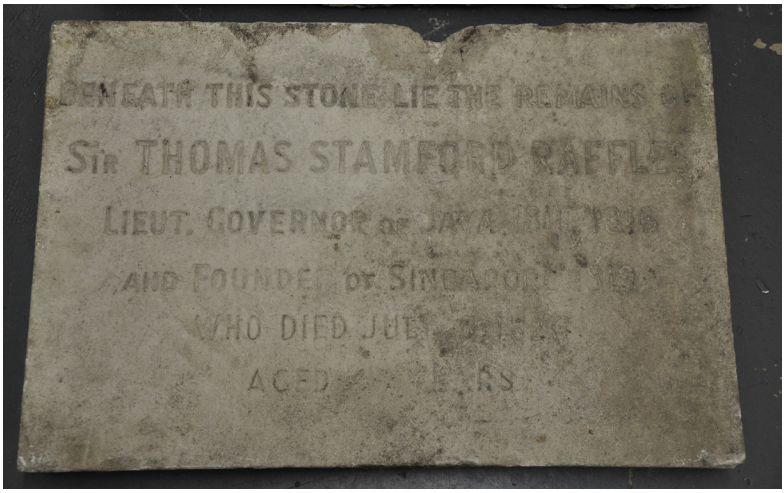
The Kabristan Bookshop BACSA member Eileen Hewson founder of The Kabristan Archives has launched a new online bookshop featuring the BACSA cemetery publications and others in paperback, CD, or e-book format for the Indian subcontinent, the Himalayas, the

Far East and Sri Lanka. Many of the BACSA publications have been compiled by members about graveyards which no longer exist and are collectors' items. Eileen's passion for old graveyards has been the inspiration for her travels in the Indian subcontinent. From the former British hill stations across the Himalayas, to the tea plantations of Assam and Ceylon (Sri Lanka) she has searched for the Europeans who died there. Eileen Hewson is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. She is also BACSA's area representative for Ceylon/Sri Lanka, Ladakh and Kashmir. The Kabristan Archives are also the first publisher of books, CDs and e-books for the genealogy of Sri Lanka. Please see the list of publications on www.kabristan.org.uk and also view the blog Genealogy Sri Lanka. To browse through the bookshop see: https://www.kabristanbookshop.com/ Payment is by Paypal or credit card even if you do not have a Paypal account or by cheque on request. Special terms are available to libraries, family history societies and book shops. Please contact info@kabristan.org.uk for details. The Kabristan Archives, founded in 2007 is part of the Kabristan Group of websites, comprising Genealogy Sri Lanka, The Kabristan Bookshop, & Himalayan Miscellany.

BACSA's Spring Visit on 23 April 2018 was to the British Library at St Pancras. Mrs Valerie Robinson, Events Officer has sent the following report:

There are around 150 million items in the British Library. From various sites in London they were brought together in 1998 and form one of the finest collections in the world. There are two major oriental collections, those of the East India Company from 1600 and the India Office Library and Records. BACSA members were given an exclusive briefing by Mr Hedley Sutton, Asian and African Studies Team Leader, during our visit. Among items we were shown were a log from the 18th century East India Company ship *Suffolk* which regularly made voyages to India and China, a book about internment of German and Austrian missionaries, and cuttings from a ship's newspaper of 1887 'The Goorkha Gazette' gathered together and made into an album when one of the passengers reached Bombay.

After a break for lunch, Hedley took us on a tour of the British Library building, drawing our attention to the library of King George III which has been incorporated into the building. We also saw a giant atlas of 1660, a gift to Charles II from the Dutch. Our final visit was to one of the Reading Rooms where members of the public are able to carry out research. Our warm thanks are due to Hedley Sutton who opened our eyes as to how much the British Library has to offer.



above: the lower half of the Raffles tombstone (see page 25)

below: Lieutenant Burlton's tomb at Mathura (see page 28)

above: the Jewish cemetery in Baroda (see page 28)

below: Lieutenant Colonel Frank Shore's grave at Saharanpur (see page 29)

above the ruinous entrance gateway to Nasirabad cantonment cemetery (see page 32)

below, the awkward solution to the 'bad' graves at Palamcottah (see page 33)

BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

Ribbons among the Rajas: A History of British Women in India before the Raj

Patrick Wheeler

How timely! *Ribbons among the Rajahs* fits perfectly the new 'Me Too' movement ensuring women are recognized and put on a closer to equal footing with men. The lives of British men during the East India Company's presence and through the early years of the British Raj are closely documented. But, asks the author, what about the women? His trenchant, humorous account of the women's experiences in India covers the period up to 1858. Quoting from his extensive research, mostly from journals and letters, he doesn't mince words describing a voyage from England that could last five months in a ship no bigger than the Isle of Wight ferry. Passengers, close-quartered with minimal privacy, suffered inadequate cabins separated by canvas and crammed with clothes, bed covers, kitchenware, perhaps even a piano or harp. Adventurous women, drawn by a quest for a husband, escape from boredom or simply independence were greeted as the 'fishing fleet,' young men mingling with the porters to watch prospective brides come ashore. New arrivals settled mostly in the Presidencies, Madras, Bombay, and up the east coast to Calcutta, while others were more isolated in the *mofussil,* the small towns or rural areas up country.

Chapters blend easily into each other, describing the households and the society in which the women and their families lived, English traditions and lifestyles mingled with the exotic. Social life was codified by rank, occupation, salary and position, and the less formal but equally rigid division of 'gentlewomen or ordinary women' with familiar snobbery reaching from the distant shore. Wheeler explored the treasure trove of letters and journals, a source vanishing in our email age, written by affluent women whose experiences were comfortable, by contemporary standards, to those almost struggling financially, who nonetheless had plenty to write home about. They reveal details about their lifestyles and were as gossipy as they pleased. At unimaginably large dinner parties, the hosts were obliged to tolerate acquaintances who were 'under-bred and overdressed' while they 'all sit round in the middle of the great gallery-like rooms talking in whispers and scratch their mosquito bites'.

In spite of the correspondence about daily life, whether cheerful or complaining, all was overshadowed by the unrelenting threat of death that came often without warning. An invitation to lunch might become a funeral the same evening, children and adults succumbing quickly. Widows must cope, returning to England or finding a way to support themselves - not easy options. Surely there were nightmares deciding about the well-being of children, wrenched from mothers to escape

early death, to receive an English education, or maybe to retain their 'Britishness'. A number of the women ran schools in India, often for the poor and mixed-race orphans. Others ran vast households that were questionably simplified by the number of servants. Day to day the women gardened (or instructed their gardeners on how to grow preferred vegetables), played cards, collected curiosities to display to friends, and organized 'fancy fairs,' the precursor of boot sales.

Despite the apathetic teenager who professed 'I have no curiosity' when offered a book, reading was popular, and when ships brought in newspapers and magazine several months old, women fell upon them for fashion updates, recreating the styles with imported or local fabrics. To keep their pale skin, women used as a base a toxic white lead-based cosmetic that caused the 'loss of eyebrows and a receding hairline,' well garnished with 'a theatrical variety of potions'. The book is a delight to read and has a double bonus. Patrick Wheeler, who is also a physician, describes diseases and the unhealthy surroundings that took lives so early. Further, he has chosen marvellous photographs to complement the narrative and show the vitality and fortitude of the British women in India. (JM)

2017 Pen & Sword History ISBN 147 389 327 5 £25.00 pp246

BOOKS BY NON-MEMBERS THAT WILL INTEREST READERS

Coromandel: A Personal History of South India Charles Allen

The author, well known to BACSA members, has literally travelled far and wide during his writing career. Beginning in the 1970s with stories and broadcasts about the British Raj, Kipling and the Indian princes, Allen became interested in Buddhism and wrote a biography of the great Buddhist emperor, Ashoka. He then turned his attention to Brian Hodgson, the British civil servant posted to Kathmandu who became known as 'the father of Himalayan studies' in the 19th century. Throughout his career Allen has moved easily between these seemingly disparate subjects, tying them together with impeccable research, gentle humour and an undeniable passion for his subjects. His latest book is no different and it is refreshing to have his candid eye cast over south India, often the poor relation of Indian studies. This is a discursive book that embraces the physical geography of the area lying to the south of the Narmada river, its languages, its monuments including early cave paintings, its history and its peoples. The title of the book was inspired by the Europeanised name for the south-eastern coast - Cholamandalam, the land of the Chola rulers, which became Coromandel and which was the name of the 1955 book by John Masters, the popular ex-Indian army author. Like others who were entranced by Masters' book as teenagers, it doesn't read so well for

adults today - 'not half as good as I thought it was' says Allen in his Introduction 'but the magic of that word Coromandel has always stayed with me, as the very essence of South India in all its elusiveness and allure'. Many of the people in Allen's book will be unfamiliar to readers – their names seem too long, their languages too alien to those brought up on Hindustani in the north. But is it worth persevering because there are rich stories and ideas here. A giant statue, 113 feet high of the Tamil sage, poet and philosopher Thiruvalluvar faces the bay at Kanyakumari, which the British called Cape Comorin. It was funded entirely by the government of Tamil Nadu and took a decade to construct which shows the importance accorded to him today. Thiruvalluvar has been claimed by a number of groups including weavers and semi-nomadic hunters as one of their own. He was certainly a south Indian man but his dates range loosely between the 4th century BC and the 7th century AD. Whether he was a real person is not as important as what he stands for, which was against the increasing Sanskritisation of the Tamil language. He is a Tamil symbol and his long masterpiece *Thirukkural,* written in rhyming couplets, attracted scholars like Francis Whyte Ellis, a Madras civil servant, to make the first translation into English. For those who cannot travel to south India, there is a statue of Thiruvalluvar on the lawn outside SOAS (School of Oriental & African Studies) in Bloomsbury which was commemorated last year by a seminar of Tamil and British scholars. Allen is particularly good on identifying remnants of Buddhist culture that have been almost forgotten as orthodox Hinduism moved south. He postulates that the great Jagannath processions of huge wooden chariots through India's streets may have their origin in the custom of annually parading Buddhist relics – a *ratha yatra*, or chariot journey. There is much of interest here. Sometimes the reader has to dig a little deep and this is not a book than can be read quickly. But it opens up new vistas for those jaded with conventional histories of India and is warmly recommended. (RLJ)

2017 Little Brown 978 1 4087 0539 1 £25.00 pp411

Calcutta 1940-1970 in the photographs of Jayant Patel
Soumitra Das

This unique collection of black and white photographs of Calcutta between 1940 and 1970, together with accompanying text, provides the reader with evocative images of an extraordinary period and fascinating new historical facts and anecdotes. The book owes its existence to the vision and dedication of Lila Patel, the wife of the photographer, Jayant Patel. Lila not only shared her husband's experiences for fifty years, but also kept and documented all his photographs and ensured that a lasting record of his work and achievements now exist in the pages of

this book. She dedicates the book to his memory and says that his 'abiding love of Calcutta and unfailing passion for photography encouraged me to put together this book'. She illustrates this very clearly in her story of how excited Jayant became at the possibility of capturing a photograph of a dramatic lightning storm over the Victoria Memorial, St. Paul's Cathedral and the Nehru Children's Museum in 1969, setting up his camera to record the moment whilst they were away at a party.

Jayant's love of Calcutta is clearly evident in his images of the city's streets and waterways, both of its well-known elegant buildings and skylines, and of its everyday bustle. He often seems to take photographs from unusual angles, so one is either looking down at a street scene from a window (or the top deck of a moving double decker bus!), or up at a rickshaw or boat as it comes towards you. There is an excellent foreword by Gopalkrishna Gandhi which explains how Jayant saw his photographs not only as art, but as a way of recording history in a critical time for India that included the end of World War II, the Bengal Famine, the Partition of India and the birth of a new independent India. As the owner of the renowned Bombay Photos Stores on Park Street, and also the official photographer for Government House (renamed Raj Bhavan after Independence) and the British and American military, Jayant was in a unique position to record many key moments and events.

The photographs are enhanced not only by their captions, but by the excellent preceding text by Soumitra Das, who paints his own picture of the background of each image, placing it in an historical and emotional context. Das gives a fascinating and readable history of Calcutta as a city, and of Jayant Patel as a gifted photographer and family man. It seems Jayant's camera was almost a permanent extension of his body. His son recalls that he took it everywhere with him, taking photographs of everything and everyone he saw. Das goes on to gives fascinating details of the politics behind many of Jayant's photographs, especially those involving the important figures of Partition and India's Independence, such as Nehru, Gandhi and Jinnah. He also shines a light on less well known political interventions of prominent local families such as the Birla family – who hosted Gandhi when he came to Calcutta with a *charkha* and a goat. The Birlas also invited the Chinese military and political leader, General Chiang Kai-Shek, and his beautiful, influential, wife, to try to mediate with Nehru about the non-co-operation movement launched by the Indian freedom fighters. Jayant's photographs of the rows of Birla ladies in their saris and with their heads covered, surrounding the Chinese couple and Gandhi in his traditional dhoti, fascinate me.

Das's anecdotes also include less serious tales of the popular Calcutta venues such as the mansion of the Jewish tycoon David Ezra on Kyd Street, which opened its doors for tea and cakes to all branches of the Armed Forces. Das finishes with a first-hand account of the visit of Queen Elizabeth II in 1961, when he stood as a boy with the crowds by the statue of the Unknown Soldier on the Maidan, cheering as the Queen drove past, standing in the back of an open car. Jayant's final photographs feature the Queen's enduring love of horse-racing as she beams whilst presenting the trophy to the winner of the coveted Queen's Cup at the Royal Calcutta Turf Club races. (JG)

2017 Niyogi Books ISBN 978 938 690 602 1 Rs 1,495. pp224

The East India Company at Home 1757-1857 ed. Margot Finn and Kate Smith

The East India Company at home 1757-1857 is the record of a project which ran from 2011-14, extending far beyond academics to include independent researchers and writers (including BACSA members) in many different fields. The volume contains nineteen case studies, with linking essays exploring the themes of the volume. These include the role of the country house as a focal point for families with Indian connections to establish a county presence which often lasted for generations. Many of these houses were grouped in proximity to the centre of East India Company power in London, though studies also look at their manifestations further afield. The houses displayed objects reflecting the owners' connections with India, the wealth obtained and the connoisseurship often acquired. Independent scholars played a significant role in researching the history of a number of the families and the houses they created, which will be of interest to BACSA members who visit or live nearby – the Childs of Osterley (National Trust), the Benyons at Englefield House, the Amhersts at Montreal Park, the Setons of Touch House, and others. Close studies of objects collected in India will also enhance visits to see them in public spaces – such as the 'silver coffer' of Tipu Sultan, a treasured possession of the Fraser family, now on display in the British Museum, and the ivory furniture widely collected by the well-to-do in India, and now on display in Sezincote, Powis Castle (National Trust) and elsewhere.

While avoiding the jargon which sometimes blights academic writing, the exposition of the themes of the volume by professional historians may seem rather heavy to the general reader, and some of the chapters written by independent researchers have a lighter touch. A particularly engaging study by Joanna Goldsworthy focuses on the irrepressible Fanny Parks, who claimed on her return to England the status of cultural authority on India with her 'Grand Moving Diorama of

Hindostan and Cabinet of Curiosities'. Novelist Penelope Farmer provides a compelling account of the mundane but humanly engaging life of William Farmer, discovered only recently in a cache of family letters. Meanwhile, Diane James, a PhD student, gives a fascinating account of Colonel Robert Smith, engineer and talented painter in India, who recalled the land of his career in architectural fantasies in Rome, the south of France, and in Paignton where his partially oriental extravaganza of Redcliffe Towers can now be visited as a hotel.

Case studies have the advantage of presenting important and interesting new research in a variety of areas. On the other hand, they can seem arbitrary, and there is a disproportionate emphasis on Chinese influences in wallpaper, armorial china, lacquerware and designs for staircases in north Wales. Much of the extensive influence of India in the interiors of country houses goes unremarked. There is little on the use of Indian textiles in interiors, or the clothes of the ladies and gentlemen who graced them. An astonishing range of books, many of them illustrated, as well as paintings and prints of India filled country houses and made India one of the most documented areas of the world. However, two important areas for further research are highlighted: the subsequent lives of the Indian servants who returned with their employers to their country homes, and the fate of the many children of mixed parentage who were despatched far from their mothers to a new life in Britain. The focus of the study on the East India Company, with a terminal date of 1857, provides important new evidence on the interaction of India and Britain in a particular domestic framework. It does not pretend to tell the whole story. It should also be remembered that the influence of India grew enormously in the later 19th century, from the Great Exhibition of 1851, later international exhibitions, the display of gifts given on royal tours, the support given by the British to Indian arts and crafts, and the devotion of the Queen Empress to all things Indian. In architecture, art, textiles and design, the interactions described in this volume were greatly enhanced. The *East Indian Company at Home* is recommended for many new and interesting insights into a very wide subject. (RAR)

2018 UCL Press ISBN 978-1-78735-029-8 £30.00 paperback £50.00 hardback pp509

The Prince who beat the Empire Moin Mir

The subtitle of this engaging book is 'How an Indian ruler took on the might of the East India Company' which is a more accurate description of how the Nawab of Surat, Mir Jafar Ali Khan restored the family fortunes which had been taken by the Company. The story starts slowly, discursively, with probably too much background material. But it builds to an exciting conclusion that will have the reader cheering

along with the British MPs when Jafar, as he is called here, won his case in Parliament against the Company. The port of Surat had risen to prominence during the Mughal period, attracting traders from all over India and abroad, including the Dutch, the Portuguese and the British. Parsi and Jewish merchants were welcomed, with their fire-temples and synagogues and Sufi shrines were popular places of pilgrimage too. Charles II had acquired a number of small islands to the south at Bombay, which he sold to the East India Company in 1668. It was the development of Bombay which led to the decrease in Surat's trade and importance. Almost inevitably Surat and its Castle fell into the Company's hands and by 1800 it had effectively bought off the ruling Nawab Nasir-ud-din Khan. The Nawab was forced to agree that 'the whole civil and military government of the city shall be vested for ever and entirely and exclusively with the English Company'. In exchange the Company agreed to pay the Nawab and his heirs a pension of a lakh of rupees (£10,000) annually as well as a proportion of the annual land revenue (£5,000). Jonathan Duncan, acting as agent for Richard Wellesley, the governor general, assured Nasir-ud-din that the Company would support his heirs 'in perpetuity' and so the treaty was signed.

The Nawab's heir, Afzal-ud-din who succeeded his father in 1821 produced no sons, only a daughter, Bakhtiar-un-nissa. As was common practice in these cases, a boy from a good family was adopted as heir. This was Jafar who consolidated his position by marrying Bakhtiar and the couple had two daughters. On the death of Afzal-ud-din in 1842, the Company tried to wriggle out of its financial obligations by using the 'Doctrine of Lapse' which allowed it to seize petty kingdoms like Surat and Jhansi where there was no male heir. The annual pension was stopped and the bulk of the properties and estates owned by Jafar and his wife were seized. After dignified but fruitless protestations to the governor general, Jafar decided to travel to England and lay his case before the Directors of the East India Company in Leadenhall Street, in person. It was not unprecedented. Indians seeking redress for real or perceived wrongs had made journeys to London before, including the Nawab Iqbal-ud-daula, from Lucknow who felt he had been unjustly deprived of the throne of Awadh.

Jafar's first visit in 1844 is well documented by his interpreter Lutfullah, who was later to write his account of the time spent in London. Jafar's party, including Lutfullah, his two secretaries and his physician, took lodgings in Sloane Street. The case for restoring the pension and the estates was dismissed by the Company who refused to discuss its decision. Frustrated, Jafar returned to Surat only to see his wife die of tuberculosis, leaving his two little girls motherless. Lord Dalhousie's aggressive forward policy as governor general and a paltry

offer from the Company to restore only half the estates with a small pension impelled Jafar to England again. His father, Sarfarez, mortgaged his own property and borrowed money to support his son while abroad. This time a powerful brace of liberal MPs, Sir Richard Bethell and Sir Fitzroy Kelly were on hand to help and advise Jafar who returned to London in December 1853 and who was to stay for another four years. The story of his eventual success in Parliament is well told. It was undoubtedly in the interests of Bethell and Kelly to have a stick with which to beat the Company and they were not alone in their condemnation of the monolith that it had become. Jafar was the perfect figurehead for their fight – articulate, handsome and with an unimpeachable cause. There is much of interest in this book, written by a relative of the Surat family. The publicity machine surrounding Jafar which orchestrated his appearances at the Opera House, Ascot, the Royal Society of Arts and Hyde Park, among others, is fascinating, as is his tender relationship with the English actress Mary Jane Flood, who did her best to integrate into Indian life as Jafar's unofficial wife. Recommended. (RLJ)

2018 Amberley Publishing, Gloucestershire ISBN978 1 4456 8692 9. £18.99 pp220

The Last White Hunter: Reminiscences of a Colonial Shikari
Donald Anderson with Joshua Mathew

This is a curious book that won't appeal to everyone. The subject, Donald Anderson, seems singularly charmless – boastful, vain and by his own account irresistible to scores of women. Yet there is an interesting story to be told here and Joshua Mathew, who met Anderson during his last years, tells it very well. It clearly took many hours of patient listening to extract facts from the old man's reminiscences and inevitably this has led to some repetition. Mathew was an admirer of the author Kenneth Stewart Anderson, who was known as the Jim Corbett of south India and who wrote not only about killing man-eating tigers but perceptively on his life in the jungle living with tribal people. In 2003 Mathew was astonished to learn that Kenneth Anderson's son, Donald, was living in Bangalore, almost a near neighbour and he sought him out and eventually persuaded him to tell his life story. It is a sorry tale of decline. The Andersons were from Scotland and several generations had worked in India. They were wealthy and bought land in and around Bangalore. Donald was born in 1934 in the splendid family home on Sydney Road called 'Prospect House'. There were plenty of servants too, including a much-loved ayah, Catherine, to whom young Donald became deeply attached. With his sister June, he attended Bishop Cotton School but he was not academic or indeed motivated towards anything other than hunting.

He was given his first gun at an early age and like his father lived an outdoor life, killing animals that threatened jungle-dwelling villagers. As the family fortunes dwindled Donald found employment as a clerk in the local 'Binny Mills'. After twenty-five years service he had risen to a managerial post (which doesn't quite accord with his devil-may-care white hunter role). His finest moment came when he was hired as Stewart Granger's double in *Harry Black and the Tiger,* shot in India and produced by Lord Brabourne. There are nostalgic pictures of Bangalore before it morphed into cyber city. Donald's last days were miserable, lived out in a garden shack and wracked with illness. It was the kindness of friends that paid for his hospital operations. He died in 2014 and this book is an extended obituary of an odd character. (RLJ)

2018 India Source Books, Mumbai ISBN 978 93 85509 12 4 Rs650 pp265

Oxford Jones

No-one who visits South Park Street Cemetery can miss the burial place of Sir William Jones. His huge pyramid tomb towers high above the domes and obelisks and broken columns that mark the dead of eighteenth-century Calcutta. The tomb even has its own tiled path. Sir William is one of the best known figures of the Enlightenment, a humane man whose radical ideas on universal suffrage, and the rights of the peasantry over greedy landowners in Britain almost jeopardised his chances of an appointment to the Supreme Court in Calcutta. A fluent linguist not only in the western classical tradition, he quickly learnt Persian and Sanskrit and he so identified himself with India that he composed a series of 'Hymns to Hindu Deities'. On his death on 27 April 1794, aged forty-seven, he was laid to rest in his adopted country with a resounding epitaph that reads in part: 'Here was deposited the mortal part of a man, who feared God, but not death…who thought none below him but the base and unjust; none above him but the wise and virtuous… ' He was known colloquially in India as Yunus Uksfurdi 'Oxford Jones' after his studies at University College. Across the road from his College is the University Church of St Mary the Virgin which contains a little-known memorial to Sir William. So little known, in fact, that on a recent visit your Editor had first to locate it, because none of the church staff knew where it was, and then give a short talk because none of them knew who Jones was. The memorial is awkwardly situated at the back of the church, near the font and under an arch. Its Latin inscription makes it less accessible too. A Brahmin bull and two lotus flowers top the sculpture and flanking the inscription on either side are two figures. *(see back page)* On the left is a Brahmin, holding a tablet of sacred scriptures. To the right is a woman in Grecian robes holding the *fasces*, a bound bundle of wooden sticks which symbolise power over life and death. (Her left hand has been broken off, leaving only a metal stump.)

These figures are open to interpretation. Do they commemorate Jones's astonishing range of languages which enabled him to connect Sanskrit with ancient Greek and to posit a proto Indo-European language? Or do they acknowledge the blending of Hindu law and British justice practiced in the Supreme Court of Calcutta? Perhaps the Grecian figure was holding a set of scales in her lost hand? When questioned about the missing hand, a churchwarden told your Editor that marble hands are very expensive to replace. All the same, a rich city like Oxford should be able to stump up enough money for the odd hand or two.

Crossing the road to his alma mater, University College, one finds the better known memorial by John Flaxman in which Jones is seated at a low table writing in a book while three learned Indian men sit on the floor in front advising him. Directly below the figures is the inscribed caption 'He formed a Digest of Hindu and Mohammedan Laws.' A banana tree in the background makes it clear where this important intellectual exchange is taking place. This memorial was originally intended for St John's Church in Calcutta, which at the time of Jones's death, was a cathedral. This is certainly where Lady Jones, his widow, intended the memorial to be sent. But the East India Company offered to erect a memorial in St John's at its own expense, so the Flaxman tribute was offered to University College. Friends of Sir William had already subscribed for an engraved and carved plaque to be placed here, but the superior Flaxman memorial took precedence and so it was erected in the chapel. The surplus plaque, with its Brahmin figure and Grecian woman was carried across the road to St Mary's Church and erected in its present rather unsatisfactory site. The East India Company didn't keep its promise, and no memorial to Sir William stands in St John's Church, Calcutta. There is a statue of him in St Paul's Cathedral, London by John Bacon, which shows Jones in unlikely costume, his chest naked and a toga-like garment draped around his waist.

The Flaxman memorial has come in for criticism from some Indian scholars who complain that it shows Indians in an inferior position, sitting cross-legged, or squatting on the floor, while Jones is on a chair and thus higher than them. There have been the inevitable calls for the removal of this 'colonial' piece of work. The protestors failed to appreciate that sitting on the floor was the natural position for most Indians in the eighteenth century. Chairs were foreign and uncomfortable pieces of furniture to be shunned as non-Indian. Jones, who suffered from arthritis in his adult life, would have found it impossible to sit on the floor for any length of time. Thus the statue is an accurate representation of the dialogue between him and his *pandits* and *maulvis,* all four men too engrossed in their work to worry about what future generations might think of them.

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

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

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

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

Printed by Joshua Horgan, Oxford

The memorial to Sir William Jones in University Church of St Mary the Virgin, Oxford (see page 47)