



# 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 (2021) 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](http://www.bacsa.org.uk)

Founded by the late Theon Wilkinson, MBE

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## THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE OF JULIUS SOUBISE

In 1764 a young black slave boy, born at St Kitts in the West Indies, was bought by a Royal Navy captain and taken to England. Little is known about his parents - he was believed to be the son of an enslaved African woman and an English father. It may be that his father sold him to the captain in the hope that the young boy would have a better life in Britain and this is indeed what happened. The well-connected captain presented the ten-year-old lad to his cousin, the Duchess of Queensberry, who freed him from slavery in an act called manumission and gave him the name of Julius Soubise after a French prince. (We do not know his original name.) He was certainly a handsome and engaging dark-skinned man and as he grew up in London he was considered a 'macaroni' the term for a fashionable fellow in the 18<sup>th</sup> century. He was taught fencing by the Italian master Domenico Angelo and horse-riding as well, two skills that he would later put to good use, and he was also a musician, singer and actor, being tutored by David Garrick.

Julius liked to imagine he was an African prince and had his portrait painted wearing exotic robes and a turban plumed with feathers. It was rumoured that his employment with the Duchess of Queensberry may have developed into something more than a servant/mistress relationship. But things suddenly went wrong and the glittering London life ended abruptly when Soubise was accused of raping a maid servant and running up large debts. His protector, the Duchess, died in June 1777 and the next month Soubise was packed off to India arriving in Calcutta in March 1778. There his story seemed to end, and his days of entertaining London society gone for ever. But thanks to recent research we now know what happened when the 23-year-old arrived in India to start a new life. By 1780 Soubise had set up a 'riding academy' in a manège rented from Captain (later General) Claude Martin of Lucknow. The manège was described as a place for the reception of horses, where they were fed, stabled and shod. At the same time Soubise also advertised himself as a fencing master, ready to teach this gentlemanly art to European men in Calcutta. His acting skills led to the staging of 'Othello' at the newly built theatre where he naturally took the title role and the part of Desdemona was played by a man 'of doubtful gender' as the *Calcutta Gazette* has it. A fencing school was opened in 1784 and four years later he set up a new riding school with an opening banquet and ball for 200 hundred people. Although insolvency dogged Soubise's ambitions, he always seemed to bounce back but there was a three year hiatus spent in Lucknow at the

nawabi stables. During this period he rented a bungalow from Claude Martin and also borrowed money from him which was not repaid. Returning to Calcutta he was assaulted by his French neighbour who slashed him with a razor, possibly over another debt or another woman, but he found marital happiness with Catherine Pawson, the daughter of an East India Company officer. The marriage of a black man to a white woman raised several eyebrows, but the couple were clearly devoted and had a number of children. Soubise's final venture was the grandly entitled Calcutta Repository which provided 'spacious, airy and convenient stables' for the horses of wealthy Europeans. It was situated in a prime location at the top end of Chowringhee where the Tipu Sultan Shahi mosque stands today. It may have been here that Soubise met with a fatal accident. Thrown from a horse he was found with a fractured skull and blood seeping from his right ear. He died the following day, 25 August 1798, in hospital in the arms of his devoted wife. He was buried in the Bhowanipore cemetery, then known as the Military Burial Ground at Alipore, which had been opened in 1782. Sadly his grave no longer exists, the cemetery having been extensively cleared in the late 1990s (see *Chowkidar* Spring 2012). But what is even sadder is that Soubise has been completely erased from Calcutta's history. He gets no mention in William Hickey's engaging diaries of the period, nor in Cotton's extensive *Calcutta Old and New*. His name is consistently mis-spelled in Claude Martin's financial accounts (see book review on page 39). Julius Soubise deserves to be remembered as a man who rose from the humblest possible circumstances to become a celebrity in England and India. He was certainly a rogue, both with women and with money but also someone whose remarkable achievements should not be forgotten. He deserves a decent full length biography rather than being side-lined in academic journals.

## MAIL BOX

BACSA member Hugh Ashley Rayner tells us that although he has lived in Bath for nearly forty years and has always had an obsessive interest in Himalayan exploration and map making 'I had no idea that one of my great heroes was actually buried in Bath and in a secluded local cemetery that I had visited off and on, many times over the years.' A search through the website of the Bath Burial Records for St Mary's churchyard in Smallcombe Vale listed Colonel Thomas Montgomerie R.E., map-maker for the famous Survey of India; creator of the first Kashmir maps, and the initiator of the pundit surveys of Tibet and the Himalayas. Montgomerie retired to Bath and was buried here in 1878. 'I managed to locate his grave and cleaned off the worst of the moss

and weeds, so that I could read the inscription and photograph it. (*see page 36*) Montgomerie was born in Ayrshire in 1830, the son of an officer and he was educated at Addiscombe Military Academy in Croydon. He became a lieutenant in the Bengal Engineers, which automatically allotted army ranks to all its military engineers at the time. By 1852 he was working on the Great Trigonometrical Survey, covering Jammu, Kashmir, Ladakh and Baltistan, for which he was awarded the Royal Geographical Society's Founder's Medal.

Montgomerie's health broke down and after recuperating in England he returned to India to take charge of the Himalayan survey of Kumaon and Garhwal. He had already started recruiting and training local people in surreptitious surveying techniques to explore Central Asia and Tibet – surreptitious because these areas were not part of British India, but independent neighbouring countries. These surveyors operated covertly under code names such as 'the munshi' 'No. 9' or 'the mirza', and are known today as the pundits for their knowledge and skills. Montgomerie became temporary Superintendent of the Trigonometrical Survey but sadly recurring ill-health led to his premature retirement in 1873. He had settled in Bath with his wife and three children, all of whom are commemorated in St Mary's churchyard. The inscription reads:

'To the loved memory of Thomas George Montgomerie Colonel Royal Engineers January 31<sup>st</sup> 1878. Aged 47. "Fear not for I have redeemed thee". Also of Jane Montgomerie his wife July 20<sup>th</sup> 1916. "My Peace I give unto you". And of Beatrice Laura Montgomerie died Sept 2<sup>nd</sup> 1943. Major Hastings Seton Montgomerie Died Nov 6<sup>th</sup> 1949. Egidia Oswald Montgomerie died Dec 24<sup>th</sup> 1952.'

Mr Ashley Rayner adds that although the gravesite is not in bad condition, it would benefit from further cleaning and restoration 'to honour the memory of one of India's most important early surveyors and mapmakers'.

There is another 'Indian' memorial in Bath, this time in the Abbey. Dr Andrew Sargent, editor of the Church Monuments Society Newsletter told us about the fine monument in the south aisle. It commemorates Lieutenant George Willoughby, who died on 12 May 1857. Willoughby had been born in Bath and after training, like Montgomerie, at Addiscombe he was commissioned into the Bengal Field Artillery in 1846. He had the misfortune to be in charge of the Delhi arsenal, or magazine, when the first rebellious sepoys arrived from Meerut in May 1857. The magazine gates were immediately

barred and the rebels fired on from the parapet. A handful of British soldiers held out for over four hours, hoping for relief that did not arrive. Willoughby had ordered that a long fuse be laid to the magazine and when all was lost, it was lit. The resulting explosion was heard all over the walled city of Delhi. Somehow Willoughby and a few others managed to escape but he was caught and killed the next day, 12 May 1857 at a village near the Hindan river. His body was not found, hence the simple but striking marble memorial in the Abbey. It depicts, in carved relief, a cannon, a shako, a sword and a shovel. Willoughby was unmarried, so his mother was awarded a life pension of £150 a year by the government. The Victoria Cross was not then awarded posthumously, otherwise he would certainly have been eligible.

BACSA was contacted earlier this year by Father Anthony of the Holy Redeemer Church, Ambala, in the Punjab. There were problems of encroachment and land-grabbing in the cantonment cemetery, which houses not only the Christian dead of the 19<sup>th</sup> century but also 66 Commonwealth War Graves from World War I. Fortunately the situation seems to have been resolved and during a visit by the CWGC team in July, the tomb of Captain Joseph Davey Cunningham was discovered. Although not that well known in Britain, Cunningham is revered in India as the first foreigner to write a history of the Sikhs, drawing on his experiences during the Anglo-Sikh wars of the 1840s. He was born in 1812 in Scotland into a distinguished family (his father was a poet and his brother, Alexander became an archaeologist). Like Thomas Montgomerie and George Willoughby, Cunningham graduated from Addiscombe and he sailed for India in 1834. He worked at first in the engineering department of the Bengal Presidency, and was later employed by the Political Agent to the Sikh kingdom.

This gave him an unique insight into the kingdom as it fell to pieces after the death of its ruler, Ranjit Singh, thus paving the way for the British take-over. Cunningham published the *History of the Sikhs from the Origin of the Nation to the Battles of the Sutlej* in 1849 and did not spare his criticism of the governor general Sir Henry Hardinge who was commanding the British troops in the Punjab. He was dismissed from the Political Service and sent back to regimental duties in the Meerut District. But something drew him back to the Punjab and he died at Ambala in 1851. Cunningham sounds very much like a number of Britons in India who came to identify more with the people they served than with their fellow countrymen – the ‘Lawrence of Arabia’ syndrome familiar to us today. It is good to report that his grave looks in excellent condition from a recent photograph. (*see page 36*)

The Kanyakumari Reserve Forest is a large area covering more than 150 square miles of dense jungle in Tamil Nadu, south India and at an elevation of 9,000 feet above sea level. It is the haunt of elephants, tigers, bears, cobras and not an easy place for human habitation. Nevertheless, it marks the burial place of an Englishwoman and her two infant sons. BACSA was alerted to three graves by Mr S. Davidson of Nagercoil who informed us earlier this year that he had found the tombs of Louisa Shepherd and her two infant sons all of whom died in October 1872. (*see page 37*) Louisa was married to Lieutenant Frederick Shepherd of the Royal Engineers two years earlier and we know a little about her background because she was the daughter of Bishop Robert Caldwell, a much respected figure from the London Missionary Society whose statue stands in Chennai today.

The tragedy of the three deaths is spelled out on their forest tombstones. The twins were born on 5 October 1872 and were named Frederick Gordon and Robert Saville. Their mother, Louisa, was 23 years old at the time of their birth. Both twins died within three days, Frederick on 7 October and Robert a day later. Louisa died on 28 October almost certainly from puerperal fever, a cruel illness that strikes a few weeks after what may seem like a normal birth at the time. But why are they buried in the jungle? Clearly the three tombs were prepared with some care, surrounded with elaborate ironwork and their remote location has been an advantage in preserving them. Nearby is a disused tea-processing plant, its rusty English-made machinery from Marshall Sons & Co. Ltd of Gainsborough, Lincolnshire still in situ. Mr Davidson wonders if any Shepherd or Caldwell family members can be traced and if so, could they help renovate these lonely graves? And perhaps shed light on what Lieutenant Shepherd was doing here?

The Garrison cemetery of Seringapatam near the city of Mysore is also known as the De Meuron cemetery, because a number of Swiss mercenaries, under the command of Count Charles-Daniel de Meuron were buried here following the defeat of Tipu Sultan by the East India Company's army in 1799. It is a complicated story because the Swiss unit was originally fighting for the Dutch East India Company (the VoC) but then switched sides to join the British. The cemetery had become badly in need of restoration, so with the help of the de Meuron family, BACSA and the Karnataka State Archaeological Department, it was substantially refurbished and re-opened in 2008. It is now on the list of tourist attractions. A correspondent, Mr Mohammed Masood tells us that he recently made an interesting discovery here which he describes as 'an Indian laid resting amidst Europeans'. The inscription on the tombstone, still clear after more than two hundred years, reads:

‘Erected to the memory of Naizer Rattan Girl native of Tallenga Deceased 1st December 1803 aged twenty two years by her good friend A. Mieville Quartermaster-Sergeant of H.M. Regiment De Meuron’

Mr Masood contacted BACSA and we were able to establish that Tallenga was the anglicised version of Telugu Angana, an area formerly within the domain of the Nizam of Hyderabad. The young woman’s first name is likely to have been Nazar, a common name especially for nautch or dancing girls from the Deccan region. The quartermaster sergeant is likely to have been Daniel Isac Albert Mieville, of Swiss origin, who is noted as disembarking in Batavia, then a Dutch possession, in 1790. It is possible that Nazar Rattan had become a Christian during her association with Albert Mieville, or it may be that the Swiss were more broad-minded about who could be buried in their cemetery. Whatever the reason, it is a touching memorial to a friendship between two people from very different backgrounds.

The illustrious name of Havelock continues to crop up in the subcontinent. In the Autumn 2020 *Chowkidar* the story of Sir Henry (Harry) Marshman Havelock-Allan was told and his restored grave at Rawalpindi illustrated. Recently a photograph of the tomb of Lieutenant Colonel William Havelock was received, showing the memorial at Ramnagar, now in Pakistan. BACSA has a particular interest in this site because we helped restore the monument in 2000 with the help of the King’s Royal Hussars and ex-members of the 14<sup>th</sup>/20<sup>th</sup> King’s Hussars, as a plaque at the site indicates. William Havelock was born in Kent in 1793 and he entered the British army as an ensign, remaining a soldier for the rest of his life. He saw action in the Peninsular War and at the battle of Waterloo in 1815 before travelling to India to become colonel in the 14<sup>th</sup> Light Dragoons. The encounter at Ramnagar, in which he lost his life, took place on 22 November 1848 as the Company’s army fought for control of the Punjab in the years after the death of the great Sikh ruler, Ranjit Singh.

Although both sides in the battle were fairly evenly matched, the Sikh army had the advantage of fighting on familiar territory, unlike the British, who got bogged down in the wide, sandy bed of the river Chenab. Poor leadership on the British part resulted in an indecisive outcome, even though it was led by the commander-in-chief, Sir Hugh Gough. At one point William Havelock led his troopers on a sortie towards the Sikhs but was mown down with his men. His body was found on the battlefield the following day with his sword arm almost severed. Havelock’s fulsome inscription reads in part that he was ‘regarded throughout India for all that is manly, gallant and becoming in the gentleman and soldier and [in] the words of his brother the best



and bravest of England. Chivalry need not disdain to make a pilgrimage to this spot.' William's younger brother, General Sir Henry Havelock, himself a soldier, was to die nine years later during the siege of Lucknow in 1857. William Havelock was the great, great, great uncle of BACSA's President, Sir Mark Havelock-Allan, who says that as soon as travel restrictions are lifted, he intends to visit both the Ramnagar and the Rawalpindi graves where his soldier relatives lie.

Many people imagine that Howrah, in Calcutta, is just a large railway station on the other side of the river but in fact there have always been a number of settlements here, including the former villages of Howrah and Shibpur. It was in the latter area that the first Bishop's College was established in 1820, named after Bishop Middleton who laid the foundation stone. The College, set up under the guidance of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, was to instruct 'native and other youths' in Christianity, and to train them as clergymen or school masters. In 1879 the College estate was sold to the government and staff and students moved over the river to a more central location. Meanwhile, the newly established Seebpur (Shibpur) Engineering College occupied the old buildings. This was to become the Bengal Engineering College and subsequently the Indian Institute of Engineering Science and Technology. Its campus is not where you would expect to find a cemetery, but BACSA member Dr Neeta Das has explored the area and has sent photographs and details of burials.

It is not clear why those associated with the College were interred here, and not in the main Calcutta cemeteries. Perhaps it was too difficult to transport bodies across the river Hughli before the pontoon bridge was built. Whatever the reason, the Bishop's College Burial Ground was opened and the earliest burial was that of Reginald Craven, infant son of the Revd. Charles Craven and his wife Emily, who died on 17 March 1826. The cemetery was not exclusively for those associated with the College – C.G. Sutherland, late of the 4<sup>th</sup> Regiment Madras Cavalry is commemorated here, but the majority were missionaries and teaching staff. Two former students with Hindu names are noted: Babu Banimadub Mojumdar and Babu Joygopaul Dutt, both catechists, and presumably converts to Christianity.

Among other burials are professors of engineering and chemistry and their families. One name stands out and that is of Adolph Biermann, Curator of the Royal Botanic Garden, which is adjacent to the site. The incident that led to the German man's death was recorded in detail in newspapers and reports at the time. A Bengal tigress had escaped from the menagerie owned by the former king of Awadh, who had established his palace in the area exactly opposite the Garden. The tigress had swum the half-mile stretch across the river and entered its grounds.

Although Biermann had been warned by the Garden's Superintendent to take cover, he foolishly went unarmed in search of the animal which jumped out of a bush and attacked him, causing severe head injuries. Taken to hospital, Biermann seemed at first to recover but he died the following year in 1880. The unfortunate tigress was cornered and shot in fields surrounding the Garden. Because the cemetery is listed under 'Howrah' rather than 'Calcutta' in BACSA's cemetery files at the British Library, it may have escaped attention. It appears to be in reasonable condition and would certainly repay further investigation.

Syed Faizan Raza is BACSA's Area Representative for Bihar and Jharkhand but his interest in old European cemeteries covers the whole of the subcontinent, including Pakistan. Through a network of contacts, he is able to report on little visited cemeteries and isolated graves. It is not feasible nor desirable to restore every site brought to our attention in this way, but at least they can be recorded, which is an important part of BACSA's remit. Here we look at two isolated tombs and a cemetery.

The tomb of Captain A.H. Davidson has been discovered in Secunderabad, situated on a small hillock behind St Mary's Church. It was found by Mr Asif Ali Khan who describes the grave as 'a rectangular enclosed chamber, its roof supported by four square columns. The roofline also has thick and heavy cornices. Over and above the centre of the roof is about a twenty-foot-high square pillar, having flutes on all sides. The attached black granite plaque records 'In memory of Captain A. H. Davidson who died 31<sup>st</sup> of March 1812 – Aged 32 years. This tribute of respect and affectionate regard was erected by his brother officers of the 4<sup>th</sup> Reg. of Madras Cavalry.' It is certainly a very handsome memorial. (*see back cover*) In the Layyah District of Pakistani Punjab, the tomb of Colonel David Ross has been found. Ross was the first commissioner of the Division, a post he held for seven years, until his death in September 1857, which was not, it seems, Mutiny related. The tomb is made up of red brick, and sadly is today in utter shambles and lacking the inscription, had which appeared in the *Bengal Obituary*. From a photograph it appears to consist of a substantial arched structure which looks more like the entrance to a cemetery, but in any case, is worth further investigation.

Warangal, which was part of Hyderabad State houses some notable tombs in its Nakkalagutta cemetery, including those of Philip Sharkey Hudson, who was the Divisional Engineer in the Nizam of Hyderabad's own Public Works Department. He died on 5 June 1888. Also here is William F. Cooper who was a Sergeant Major with the 3<sup>rd</sup> Regt. of the

Nizam's infantry, having transferred from the 1<sup>st</sup> Madras European Fusiliers. Sergeant Cooper died on 28 June 1849, aged 34 years old after suffering a few days' illness. Some of the tombs in this cemetery are broken, while other are devoid of the inscriptions. There are currently plans to excavate some of the old graves for new burials, and the site is now under the Church of South India. We are grateful to Mr Raza and his contacts for recent news of these sites.

## **CAN YOU HELP?**

At the end of July *Chowkidar* received a phone call from Mrs Zarene Morrison enquiring about the grave of her father in what was then Malaya. Keith Ramsay died in 1939 at the early age of thirty-five and he was buried in Malacca. We contacted BACSA's Area Representative in Malaysia, John Harding and within a few days John had not only found the grave, but had got it restored at his own expense. Mrs Morrison was delighted and amazed at the speed with which this was done. (BACSA can't always promise such rapid results!) We asked her to tell us a little about her family and she replied: 'My parents were both New Zealanders whose grandparents had gone out in the 1860s. After my father graduated from Auckland University as a Chartered Surveyor, the Colonial Office offered him a job in the Land and Survey Department in Malaya where his first post was in Alor Star in the far north of the country and he found much discontent and ill feeling amongst the different nationalities on the staff: he immediately formed a basketball team to play against other teams and the atmosphere completely changed. Having married my mother in 1929, they spent ten very happy years there until my father died of meningitis in March 1939. By then, aged just six, I had started school up in the Cameron Highlands (in the Pahang district) and the headmistress invited my mother to stay there. She was grateful to do so until her brother, now also in Malaya, urged her to take me back to New Zealand as the Japanese were definitely planning to invade. Reluctantly she left Malaya – the seas were already mined and our ship travelled in blackout. My uncle remained there and died as a PoW in July 1945, just before the end of the war.'

Mr Maurice Lee, a new BACSA member has an interesting family story to tell and a photograph of the well-kept Bangalore grave of his great great grandfather Samuel Lee who died in 1875. Samuel was born in Essex in 1796 and joined the 69<sup>th</sup> Regiment of Foot, which took him to India where he spent the rest of his life. Retiring from the army, Samuel worked for the fabulously wealthy Nizam of Hyderabad

teaching the young princes. It has always been a puzzle how Samuel, whose family background was that of relatively simple farm workers, with only a basic education, rose to become tutor to the Nizam's sons. Samuel married Caroline Hall, the widow of a fellow soldier, and three children were born, the eldest of whom was also called Samuel. It is from this eldest son that Maurice is descended. He was one of six children - his elder brother, Douglas, now 95-years old, joined the Indian Air Force and rose to become air marshal. It was Douglas who discovered the Bangalore grave.

Maurice and his wife Sue visited St George's Church in Hyderabad in 2019, hoping to find the grave of his grandfather George Lee, who was one of the benefactors of the rebuilt church, and other family members. Unfortunately all the graves had been newly white-washed, rendering many of the inscriptions illegible. Mr Lee tells us that in spite of many years diligent searching, comparatively little has been found about Samuel, the original settler in India and he hopes readers may be able to add some information or point the family towards further research sources. In particular he is seeking burial records from St George's, Hyderabad and All Saints Church at nearby Bolarum.

BACSA member Barry Gregson recently purchased a Mutiny medal with a Lucknow clasp, awarded to Bandmaster Carl Ernest Wilhelm Brandes. The medal came with a little information about this musician with a German name who settled in India in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Brandes was the Bandmaster to the 90<sup>th</sup> Light Infantry (the Perthshire Volunteers) a Scottish Regiment raised at the end of the 18<sup>th</sup> century. He served in Awadh (Oude) from 19<sup>th</sup> September 1857 during the first relief of Lucknow and was later wounded at Cawnpore. It cannot have been too serious because Brandes was present during the recapture of Lucknow in the Spring of 1858. Two decades later, still with the 90<sup>th</sup> he fought in the Zulu wars in Africa and gained a further medal clasp. Something drew him back to Cawnpore, perhaps fellow compatriots who were working there in the leather trade. Brandes was buried in the new Cantonment Cemetery near Lal Kurti and Mr Grigson hopes that his memorial stone survives and can be photographed.

Our correspondent Frank Jastrzembki has found an old photograph of an interesting memorial to a group of non-commissioned officers and men of No. 20 Company SO. DN. R.A. who died at Calcutta and Barrackpore between 1890 and 1892. (*see page 37*) 'DN' presumably stands for Division, but what is 'SO'? and where was this stone monument, topped with a Celtic cross? Any ideas would be welcomed.

## PROFILE

*A new series looking at BACSA members and their connections with South Asia. Peter Boon was a member of the Diplomatic Service and served at the British High Commissions in India and Bangladesh.*

As a child I was struck by a photograph of a bearded, bespectacled man on the wall in my grandmother's home below which hung a shiny medal with a red and white ribbon. 'Who was he?' I asked. 'My great-uncle Michael Dunne' said Granny, 'he fought in the Indian Mutiny.' Irishman Michael Dunne was in the indigo business living in Azamgarh, north of Benares, when the 17<sup>th</sup> Regiment of Native Infantry mutinied in June 1857. Having volunteered to support the fight against the rebels, he was attached to the then Captain Henry Havelock who wrote: 'Mr M. Dunne, indigo planter, a volunteer whose sheer love of fight has kept him in the field, wherever there have been hard knocks, for the last eighteen months – assisted me greatly.'

Michael was recognised with the award of the Mutiny Medal and granted rights over 14 villages in the Shumshabad area, west of Azamgarh, where he cultivated indigo. Commenting on Michael's thirst, Azamgarh's judge Henry Keene later wrote of 'Paddy's' reaction: 'I never touch anything now. A bottle of whiskey will last me, it may be, the four and twenty hours. But the clar't, I drink it like watter' which indeed he did. In 1864, Michael was joined by his nephew James Forbes from the USA who took over the estate on Michael's death in 1879. James's wife followed him from Pennsylvania. Granny was the youngest child of James and was swept off her feet by James Smith, Azamgarh's magistrate. Her sister wrote: 'We were playing tennis when he rode over from his camp. I can still see the startled look on his face. I believe he fell in love there and then.' Granny's daughter Enid was visiting India in 1939 when her Indian Police brother introduced her to his colleague George Boon whose grandfather and father had each twice served with the army in India between 1867 and 1923. George later wrote: 'It was indeed a sad day for us in April 1948 when the *Strathmore* pulled away from Ballard Pier in Bombay. We wondered whether we would ever see India again. But it was the only thing to do. The time had come for us to leave the Indians to manage their own affairs. An Indian officer had said to me shortly before Independence "We know it may be a mess, but it will be our own mess and we shall be running it." There was no place now for the British officer. Generally, the parting was between friends; we could be proud that now there was no bitterness towards us whatever the communal situation might be.'



*above: the Montgomerie grave in Bath (see page 26)*

*below: Captain Cunningham's grave in Ambala cemetery (see page 28)*





*above: the jungle graves of Louisa Shepherd and her infant sons (see page 29)*

*below: the memorial to non-commissioned officers and men (see page 34)*

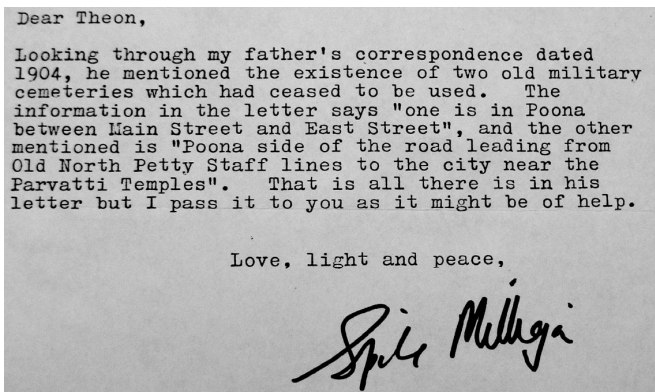


## NOTICES

Members will recall that the last edition of *Chowkidar* highlighted the creation of a BACSA Cemetery Records Officer (CRO) post to coordinate the process of adding further information to our Burials Database. Much work has been undertaken on this Project in recent months, mainly concentrating on photographs already received and information gleaned from BACSA's files at the British Library, and a large amount of data has now been amassed. Should some BACSA members wish to assist in the future transcription of this information for adding to our website, information on the intended format and guidelines for the work will be included in the Spring 2022 Issue. In the meantime, the CRO, Ian Rees, would very much welcome offers of future assistance in principle as well as photographs of graves and monuments in BACSA's area of interest not already included in our Burials Database. His email address is [CRO@bacsa.org.uk](mailto:CRO@bacsa.org.uk).

### **Spike Milligan's Letter**

One of the finds made by Ian Rees among the early BACSA files in the British Library, was a letter to our Founder, Theon Wilkinson, from one of the Goons. The Goon Show was a BBC radio programme broadcast in the 1950s which introduced a rich vein of English surrealism into the drab post-war period. Spike Milligan wrote many of the scripts and played several characters, while Peter Sellers voiced the crusty old Major Bloodnok, a caricature of the retired Indian officer, then a familiar figure - ('no more curried eggs for me!' was his catch-phrase). Milligan was born in Ahmednagar, India in 1918 and grew up in Poona where his father was a captain in the Royal Artillery. He wrote to Theon in 1977, shortly after BACSA's establishment and his letter speaks for itself, with its charming valediction:



Dear Theon,

Looking through my father's correspondence dated 1904, he mentioned the existence of two old military cemeteries which had ceased to be used. The information in the letter says "one is in Poona between Main Street and East Street", and the other mentioned is "Poona side of the road leading from Old North Petty Staff lines to the city near the Parvatti Temples". That is all there is in his letter but I pass it to you as it might be of help.

Love, light and peace,

*Spike Milligan*



## BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

### **The Estate of Major General Claude Martin at Lucknow: An Indian Inventory** ed. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

Claude Martin (1735-1800) was a Frenchman who entered the army of the English East India Company in 1760, became superintendent of the nawab's arsenal at Lucknow in 1776, and resided in the city for the remainder of his life. In addition to his duties at the arsenal, he became one of the wealthiest Europeans in India at that time, with interests in property, finance, and business, particularly indigo farming. When he died in September 1800, an inventory of his estate was made encompassing the contents of his principal houses in Lucknow - the Château de Lyon and Constantia, his Najafgarh estate near Cawnpore, and his business affairs including rents and debtors. This document forms the subject of this book.

Few of Martin's possessions can be identified today with certainty. Amongst these is a dagger in the Wallace Collection, London, that bears his name scratched into the hilt. A sword with a jade hilt, bestowed on him by the nawab Asaf ud-Daula (r. 1775-1797), carries a gold inscription naming General Martin, giving his rank and titles with an Islamic date which can be interpreted as either 1786-7 or 1796-7. The inventory is therefore the principal surviving record of his lifestyle and interests. Preserved in the British Library, it is clearly the work of several clerks checking and recording every item they saw as they walked through the properties, room by room. Studied in its raw state the list is therefore rather random, neither arranged by material nor by subject. The book remedies this with selected topics examined in detail by a number of renowned experts in their fields.

John Ford examines Martin's means of travel as itemised in the inventory, including his nineteen carriages, and his palanquins, horses, and boats. The most remarkable mode of transport favoured by Martin was the hot air balloon, although none appear in the inventory. Martin has been described as a man of the Enlightenment, and the record of his scientific and mathematical instruments reveals him to have been a polymath in the best 18<sup>th</sup> century tradition. Jane Desborough discusses these, and also his clocks and watches, in Chapter Three. Robert Elgood discusses the artillery, long guns and pistols, many characterised by distinctive silver mounts and silver barrels. Elgood has published widely on India and Islamic weapons, and brings his expertise to bear on the range of unusual weapons acquired by Martin.

This reviewer would take issue with him on the interpretation of the date on the sword presented by Asaf ud-Daula mentioned above, but this is a relatively minor point in this chapter. Charles Grieg reviews the paintings, silver and jewellery in the inventory in Chapter Five. A group of natural history paintings commissioned by Martin are held at Kew. Textiles and garments form a significant section of the inventory discussed by Rosemary Crill. Listed fabrics included textiles for furnishing and personal use, such as gold and silver threaded brocades, silks, muslins and chintz. The largest group of fabrics were piece goods, lengths of material to be cut and used for garments. There were also European carpets and a set of Gobelin tapestries. Chapter Seven by Jean-Marie Lafont highlights the extraordinary range of Martin's interests. The library, perhaps the largest owned by a European in India at the time, included many classics and books on history, travel and languages. It extended to military works, mathematics, astronomy, physics and chemistry. Modern topics included books on electricity and on understanding the atmosphere so that he could fly hot air balloons. There were books on medicine and natural sciences. It is the library of a true polymath. This is followed by a catalogue of the books sent to Calcutta to be auctioned, giving full details of the author, title and edition for each volume, thus expanding the bare list of titles given in the original inventory.

Finally, a full transcription of the inventory is provided, enabling readers to appreciate the range of material owned by Martin. This section will also facilitate further research by others. These specialist chapters are book-ended by an introduction and concluding remarks, by Llewellyn-Jones, who has written extensively on Martin and Lucknow elsewhere. She gives details of his life, his houses and his personal affairs including his Indian mistresses, or *bibis*. This book is a stand-alone volume, but the contents are immeasurably enriched when read in conjunction with her other work on Martin by including her biography of him and his edited correspondence. It will appeal to anyone studying the interests of an eighteenth-century Enlightenment figure in India and will be a valuable addition to any library. Several aspects of Martin's life remain obscure and details await discovery, as Llewellyn-Jones notes, including the source of the seed money which launched his extraordinarily successful business career and his undiscovered correspondence with Dr James Crichton, his agent in China. This important book will not be the last word on this remarkable man.

**Michael Spink**

2021 Cambridge Scholars Publishing ISBN 978-1-5275-6085-7 £64.99  
pp358

## OTHER BOOKS THAT WILL INTEREST MEMBERS

### **The Astonishing Story of Mary Alice Berners**      Simon Pearce

Five years ago *Chowkidar* published the story of Mary Warwick (née Berners) and it was indeed astonishing. Born into a prosperous family in 1868 and unhappily married, Mary spent the last twenty-five years of her life in India as a man, having adopted a male persona and calling herself Major Michael Warwick. This engaging book came about as the result of two serendipitous events: Mary's great grandson, Anthony Spender and his wife were visiting the churchyard at St Michael's in Woolverstone when they met the author, Simon Pearce, who has lived in the small village for forty years and was familiar with the history of the Berners family, the local gentry. At the same time, and five thousand miles away, Vikram Srivastava had posted on Facebook some photographs of the house near Nainital where he lives. Why was it called the Warwick Estate, he wondered? Mr and Mrs Spender travelled to India to meet him and to see where Mary Warwick had lived. A number of her possessions were still there including, incongruously, a lawn mower, kitchen scales, furniture and books, as well as the small chapel she had built.

The central question of why Mary, at the age of 45 chose to return to India and live there as a man, has not been answered. Perhaps it never will be, but a clue might lie in the wretched behaviour of her husband Charles Warwick. He was a womanizer, a drunk and a bully, hitting his wife about the head and attempting to drown her. Some of these assaults were witnessed by the couple's Indian servants, something almost as shameful as the actual blows. Mary and Charles had married in secret and she accompanied her soldier husband on his postings abroad, including a spell in Lahore. Two children were born but the marriage was doomed and Mary obtained a judicial separation in India, a highly unusual procedure for the time. She had become a Catholic and her later life, as a man, was intensely bound up with charitable work and religion. In the last photograph, captioned Brother Michael Warwick, she is wearing the robes of a monk. So convincing was 'Brother Warwick' that it was not until after death in April 1944 that her sex was revealed. It really is a very strange story and the author has garnered much information, painting a vivid picture of the two very different lives lived by his subject.      **Rosie Llewellyn-Jones**

2021 Published by the author and copies available from 29 Main Road, Woolverstone, Ipswich IP9 1AX. ISBN 978 1 80049 549 4. £18.15 including postage. pp373

## **Peace, Poverty and Betrayal: A New History of British India**

Roderick Matthews

This is an important book. However it has an anomalous, not to say quirky, structure which may put some readers off. The history of British India does not start till page 79 and before that we are faced with a lengthy preface entitled ‘Reshaping the Story’ - a series of essays in rough chronological order designed to explore issues that are necessary in order to understand the history. The first is entitled *Whigs and Empire*. British India was first shaped by the success of the Whigs following the Glorious Revolution of 1688. The author makes the point that 18<sup>th</sup> century Whiggism was not concerned with democracy. The freedoms it brought were very much to the advantage of an elite, but an elite which permitted discussion and even dissent without the risk of major upheaval or worse. In many ways this was attractive to Indians also. The author makes it clear that many Indian interests coincided with those of the British and enabled the latter to succeed.

The author grapples with imperialism and colonialism. Imperialism, he suggests, was never an ideology, but ‘a jumble of cultural and political attitudes, born of victory and sustained by dominion, fond of hierarchy and uncritical of supremacism’. In its British manifestation it was also ‘tempered with humanitarian concerns and an occasional taste for self-criticism’. Matthews distinguishes it from colonialism in that, uniquely, the British conquest of India was not about land. The rest of the Empire involved to a greater or lesser degree a take-over of land for British farmers. By contrast India had a sophisticated system of land tenure, so that someone wanting to start a tea garden had to buy the land from the existing owner at the market price. It was also the case that the British had a weakness for sustaining the zamindars (land-holders) – under the impression they were, or could become, country gentlemen with a penchant for public service. The zamindars would have had few incentives to want the British out.

Another strand in the book looks at how events in England might have moulded the nabobs, the ICS and other British people in India. Until the Great Reform Bill of 1832, the idea of paternalistic toffs managing the lives of landless peasants was how things were in Britain, and it would not have seemed that different in India. However as democracy set in and the franchise in Britain was expanded, especially by the Reform Act of 1867, this was no longer true – hence late 19<sup>th</sup> century/early 20<sup>th</sup> century British unease at how India was governed.

Yet a further strand were the Presidency armies, which after 1857 were deliberately kept large to protect British interests – far beyond what was actually needed, and costing huge sums of money which might have been used for more useful things such as infrastructure. This book contains amusing thumbnail sketches of some of the main characters - it is suggested that Lord Lytton's habit of lolling about was due to piles and that Sir Alfred Comyn Lyall had an unhappy marriage – it may be true, but I have had reason to study Sir Alfred and it is news to me. Whether the odd structure of the book is justified, I rather doubt. There must equally be a case for putting 'Reshaping the Story' *after* the historical narrative and it certainly repays re-reading at that stage. Or it might have been broken up into smaller sections to introduce each of the narrative chapters. But there is no doubt that the author has given us plenty to think about, not just subverting 'woke' simplifications, but also showing how British attitudes to India changed over the nearly two centuries of the Raj.

**Richard Morgan**

2020 Hurst ISBN 9781787383852 £25.00 432pp

### **The Mission House**

Carys Davies

Carys Davies is a relatively new name in literary circles. A prize-winning short story writer, her first novel *West* took the Wales Fiction Book of the Year in 2019. Her latest publication *The Mission House* came out in full pandemic mode - no Hay Festival, no readings or signings. That has not prevented her growing band of admirers from discovering it. With two short story collections and two novellas to her name, some themes are emerging. The first is in her preference for the novella genre. A genre for our times: environmentally friendly in its reduced number of pages, convenient for reading on a commute (remember them?!), a pick-up-and-put-down format for busy mums and home carers desperate to remember who they are beyond the current day's tasklist.

The novella is also a challenge to the writer, one to which Carys Davies has risen spectacularly. Her writing is taut, non-flowery. She avoids multi-syllabic words. Her characters, plots and settings emerge from the page fully formed. Some reader-reviewers on GoodReads, new to Davies, are surprised by her style in *The Mission House* finding her 'boring', her prose 'drifting'. *Au contraire*. It is the art of narrating everyday life coupled with the internal monologue of individuals. Like the lake, calm on the surface yet buzzing frantically beneath with the internal monologue of each character, influenced by each person's

backstory, economic circumstances, their health, their dreams, desires and anxieties. This book is about grief and loss, disappointment and hope, the misguided energy of hatred and healing of hurt souls.

*The Mission House* is set in modern day Udagamandalam, though the 'British-built' town is not named. The reader instantly recognizes the hill station floating above the intense heat of the South Indian plains as 'Ooty'. The 'slow, blue train' takes five hours to reach its destination just as it did when the railway was constructed in 1908. BACSA members who know Ootacamund will be delighted to revisit its market with its cloth stalls, the old comfy library, the racecourse now used as a vegetable garden, the Botanical Gardens, the chocolate shop, the lake where you can still hire a rowing boat, now with internet cafés, petrol stations and CD sellers. And everywhere the ubiquitous rustling eucalyptus trees, themselves an unlikely importation. A tired and dispirited Englishman arrives seeking respite from the heat. On the train, he meets the Padre of St. Peter's Church who immediately offers him the use of a bungalow next to his presbytery while the usual occupant, a young Canadian missionary, is away. Coming out of the station, our traveller encounters Jamshed, the auto driver. The base of the tale is thus firmly constructed; the many other characters are branches and leaves from this main trunk, each as well drawn and each playing their full part, including the dog and a horse. We are drawn into the rich cultural, ethnic, linguistic and religious mix that is still 'Ooty' – or was before the rise of the BJP. The tiniest hints of trouble ahead are lightly sprinkled like dew, easily missed if you are not up early enough.

Here is an extract written with BACSA members in mind: 'In the afternoons he went to the library and sat in his usual chair opposite the buffalo's head and tried to read. When he couldn't, he walked out of the library and through the wooded grounds around it to the low wall at its outer edge, and from there up the hill. On these occasions, he told Jamshed not to wait; he would walk home, he needed the exercise. Sometimes he cut through St. Peter's churchyard and took the path between the collapsing gravestones. As he walked he scanned the inscriptions – the names and dates of the British who'd come here and made the place their own: the soldiers and the doctors, the officials and their wives and sometimes their children and their babies; the ones who'd never left, who were planted here in the earth.' For anyone who has spent lockdown clutching their passport in one hand and watching re-runs of Indian Hill Railways, this is for you. **Mandi Abrahams**

2020 Granta ISBN: 9781783784318 £12.99 pp246

Charles Masson, the subject of this book, is one of those names which is difficult to place – something to do with Afghanistan perhaps, and was he the inspiration for Kipling's *The Man who would be King*? If Masson seems an elusive character then this is exactly what he was. For a start, his was an adopted name. According to the author, Classics professor at Durham University, Masson was born as James Lewis in 1800 in east London. Even here, right at the beginning of his story, facts seem scarce. What was his family background, why did he join the army of the East India Company, and how did a private soldier, as he was, learn Latin and Greek? It is an uneasy start to the book, not helped by an over-enthusiastic opening chapter. The rational reader seeks details of his regiment (Bengal Artillery, we are told), and questions just how easy it was to desert from the army garrison at Agra. Masson himself lied about much in his past in his autobiography, leading some to think he was an American from Kentucky and that he had travelled through Rajputana in 1826, when in fact he was still at the time, an army soldier.

But once the story gets going it is indeed an extraordinary tale. The Alexandria of the title is not of course the Egyptian port, but one of the several cities founded by Alexander the Great on his sweep eastwards through Afghanistan and into northern India. Masson became obsessed with finding the Afghan Alexandria and explored a number of possible sites for the lost city. What he did find was the Bimaran stupa near Jallalabad and the exquisite casket with which his name will always be associated – a pure gold ruby-studded reliquary with the figures of Buddha and Indian gods. Although Masson was called an archaeologist there was little scientific discipline at the time, and many of the coins in his large collection came from casual finds by tribesmen, without any provenance. Nevertheless Masson deserves acknowledgement as the first person to identify and record the Kharoshthi script used in the gigantic stone inscriptions set up by the emperor Ashoka. There is much more to Masson's story – he was recruited as a spy by the East India Company, who held the threat of punishment for his army desertion over his head. He met other vivid characters including Josiah Harlan, who *was* American, and certainly wanted to be king of Kafiristan. Handsomely illustrated though no full portrait of Masson exists. It is a good read, but the author's informal prose style throughout the book may annoy some. **Rosie Llewellyn-Jones**

2021 Bloomsbury Publishing 978 1 5266 0378 4. £25.00 pp328

Milly is a Jewish woman, a Bene Israeli, living in pre-independence Lahore, now part of modern day Pakistan. Mother, wife, and daughter-in-law living a 'normal' life under the shadow of the Swaraj movement. The British Raj is on the cusp of its eclipse but no one knows when and if the sun will ever set on the empire, and neither does Milly, nor how the freedom struggle would ensnare the unwary. Milly, the protagonist of Sophie Judah's third book *The Turban Jewel*, could not have fathomed, even in her wildest dreams, what life had in store for her and her family. Does Milly rise to the challenges life presents? Do her children persevere? Does her husband's humanity prevail? The author leaves us hanging by her every word as she weaves a story of suspense and human drama, allowing us to exhale only through the last pages of this riveting story without wasting words to narrate a remarkable tale of perseverance, faith, love, friendship and humanity. The story moves from Lahore to Jwalanagar, an imaginary town in Central India (probably Jabalpur, because her own family, while she was growing up as an army brat, seemed to circle back to it) chugging along like a smoke belching locomotive, building speed as it hurtles headlong into the uncertain terrain of Milly's life.

Sophie Judah's first book, a collection of short stories, *Dropped from Heaven* spans from pre to post-independence India, partition of India and Pakistan, Hindu Muslim conflict, the Bene Israel and the land of their forefathers - Eretz Israel. The stories narrate the brutality and generosity of humans with equal sensitivity. Many of those same characters are subtly inlaid in Milly's world in *The Turban Jewel* and stumbling upon them feels like *déjà vu* as we try to tease apart their identities, much like Jack London's Alaskan characters in every story he writes about them. Although *The Turban Jewel* is a story about a woman, it is not a feminist novel. It is a story of survival - of one woman, her family and her community. It also delves into the customs, traditions and lifestyle of the little known Jewish community in India describing life as it is; narrating the good and the evil with equal deft and objectivity. We watch community events, friendships and other relationships develop or deteriorate. We watch Milly pay the price for every decision she makes. We watch the victim become the perpetrator. We see what guilt, revenge and neglect can do to ordinary people. The same circumstances have a different effect on each of Milly's children. A good read.

**Sherona Varulkar**

2021 Austin Macauley Publishers ISBN:9781645758327 £9.99. pp212



## OLD BOOKS NEWLY REVIEWED

Young Englishmen who joined the East India Company towards the end of the 18<sup>th</sup> century travelled for months to find themselves in a land of exotic culture, climate, and language. These stumbling blocks challenged their mandate to expand trade between Britain, India, and certain Asian countries. As they adapted to climate and culture, not always happily, language instruction came more directly in *The Indian Vocabulary, to which is prefixed the forms of Impeachment*, a small book by Weeden Butler of Hindustani words translated into English, printed in London for John Stockdale in 1788. The date was not coincidental as the book's lengthy prefix explained the preparations for the impeachment of Warren Hastings, former Governor General of Bengal, whose seven-year long trial, ending in exoneration, was about to start on 13 February 1788.

The lexicon was surely welcome. After the prefix, and with little ado, the book simply listed the vocabulary alphabetically with a jumble of the different languages in common use at the time. This was perhaps along the same lines as American and English words, acceptable in one country, offensive or unmentionable in the other. After the vocabulary, an assortment of miscellaneous information included John Stockdale's announcement of further books printed 'opposite Burlington-house Piccadilly.' The prefix described in minute detail preparations for Hastings' impeachment on the grounds of corruption and other questionable behaviour, known today as 'white collar crimes'. The pages are arguably as important as the lexicon. In the years preceding his trial, Hastings, a supremely energetic and bold man was credited along with Robert Clive, for laying the groundwork for the British Raj. As though in recompense for the endless trial, for which he footed a large part of the costs leaving him almost penniless, he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1801 and exalted as a Privy Councillor. He is buried in the Norman church at Daylesford near his Gloucestershire estate.

The vocabulary supported Hastings' endeavours to enable young men to feel more confident and competent in their new positions in India. It clarified currency names, also weights and dates and the important distances measured in *coss*, generally around two miles, but which varied a little from one part of the Company's purview to another. Beautiful fabrics including muslin came with different properties: Bengal cloth was so fine 'the body was visible through it' and it 'could be folded inside one's nail, then unfolded large enough to cover the world'.

*Abroo'an [abrawan]* was chosen for the 'King's seraglio,' *kanauts*, much coarser, served to wrap around tents of the wealthy. *Doreas*, [*doriyas*] striped muslins, must not be confused with *dooreas* or dog-keepers. *Soocies [soosies]* referred to a type of silk cloth, *surdar* to silk winding, and *kincobs* described Indian silk brocaded with silver and gold flowers.

As if the size of the surrounding population was not sufficiently mind-boggling (to use a modern expression), the diversity of smaller communities was bewildering and perhaps a little biased. Among these, *Colleries [kallar]* described a tribe whose profession was 'theft in certain places'. The *Mulucs* were tribes having no prohibitions with respect to food. *Dawks* held exhausting positions as postmen stationed 10-miles apart to convey letters. *Coffrees*, a general name for those brought to India from Africa, were admired for their bravery and steadiness in the field. The very word *coffree* begs explanation, derived from the Arabic 'kafir,' signifying unbeliever, it has today become derogatory and no less a British institution than Waitrose has had to drop naming one of their products 'kaffir lime leaves.'

The vocabulary supplied a 'sub-category' of slaves, reaching beyond the simple *doss*, the catch-all word for slave. The lengthy inventory included, among others, *karreut*, a purchased slave, *lubsereer*, one found by accident (meaning chance, perhaps?) and *opuukut* a 'voluntary' one. *Chelas* were favourites adopted by their masters, the *eenaked berut*, also favoured, were saved in time of famine. A *pungeet* lost his liberty due to gambling debts, and an *umwullid* described a female slave who was emancipated after she bore a child to her master. The book is a treasure house of 18<sup>th</sup> century customs and credulity: *mentrashy*, 'cutting off the hair of a person to be adopted' and *oola* which when beaten with oil, becomes a hair ointment for 'the vulgar women of Bengal,' surely intending something less damning!

**Jane Manaster**

**Editor's Note:** *The Indian Vocabulary* is among the first, if not the very first, printed dictionary of Hindustani as it was spoken in the 18<sup>th</sup> century at the time of Warren Hastings' impeachment. Jane Manaster has generously donated an original copy of the book to BACSA and the money raised by its sale will go towards our restoration work. At the moment, while travel is still restricted and reports on South Asian cemeteries limited, *Chowkidar* readers are invited to submit short reviews of old books on South Asia which they feel may have been unjustly neglected and may be of particular interest to BACSA.

**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.

Prabhu Book Service issues catalogues of current and out-of-print books on various phases of Indian studies including the Raj period and the freedom movement from 1857-1947 which will be gladly sent on request.

E-mail: [prabhubook@hotmail.com](mailto:prabhubook@hotmail.com)

## NOTES FOR MEMBERS

A member wishing to contact the Honorary Secretary may do so via Email, letter or telephone (details in the annual report). If writing to the Honorary Secretary and expecting a reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

If a member wishes to contact a fellow member whose address is not known, they should:

- either send an email to the fellow member via the Honorary Secretary or the Editor who will forward it,
- or send a letter to the fellow member c/o of the Honorary Secretary or the Editor who will forward it unopened.

In both cases, it is at the discretion of the member to reply or not.

If planning a visit to a cemetery, either overseas or in the UK, a member should check with the Honorary Secretary to find out what has already been recorded and whether there is action associated with the cemetery that the member might assist with.

The Editor's email address is: [rosieljai@clara.co.uk](mailto:rosieljai@clara.co.uk)



*The handsome tomb of Captain Davidson at Secunderabad (see page 32)*