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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 steadily growing membership of over 1,800 (2005) 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 Oriental and India Office Collections in 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 books on different aspects of European social history out East. Full details on our website: www.bacsa.org.uk

The enrolment fee and subscription rates are obtainable from the Membership Secretary.

THE DINDIGUL GRAVES

In today's world when so much information is immediately available, it sometimes comes as a surprise for people to learn that it can take literally years to find a particular grave, or to trace an elusive ancestor. Television programmes on family history are partly to blame, where everything has to be neatly wrapped up within an hour or so. But it is also the very abundance of knowledge that can lead people to believe that every question they ask will have an answer. This is simply not true, of course. There are many questions about the past that will never be answered, as historians and genealogists well know. These thoughts are prompted by a recent correspondence with Colonel Michael Hickey about his great great grandfather, the Reverend William Hickey (1808-1870). This is not the first time that *Chowkidar* has mentioned the illustrious name of Hickey. Seventeen years ago we ran a short article speculating that the Reverend Hickey may have been an unacknowledged son, by an Indian woman, of the great Calcutta writer William Hickey, whose engaging *Memoirs* should be on everybody's bookshelf. However, the intervening years have found the Reverend Hickey's birth certificate, which shows his parents as William and Mary Hickey and the place of birth as Masulipatam.

The young boy was destined for the Church, and he was educated at Bishops College, Calcutta. In 1833 he was given an unusual task. The Nawab of Karnal had been made a political prisoner by the East India Company, and had expressed a desire to be instructed in the Christian faith. William had somewhere learnt Farsi, and this was the common language between him and the Nawab, who was being held in Trichinopoly, in south India. 'However, the Nawab was clearly a man under a fatwah' Colonel Hickey tells us, for one Sunday afternoon, during one of William's tutorials, a party of Muslims entered the church and the Nawab was fatally stabbed four times on the chancel steps in front of his horrified tutor. William was later ordained as deacon in 1837 and served at Dindigul, Madras and Trichinopoly. He returned to Dindigul, now in Tamil Nadu, about 1847 and spent the rest of his life there. On his death in 1870 he was buried at Dindigul by Mr Edward Charles of the American Mission. William's widow, Sophia, sixteen years younger than her husband, survived him until 1894. Her unmarried sister, Sarah Shaw, lived on until 1903, and both sisters, who were the daughters of the Administrator General of Madras, were also buried at Dindigul. Now here is where the waiting part comes in. In 1994 Colonel Hickey and his wife visited Dindigul and found the cemetery there heavily overgrown, and no graves identifiable. 'The Chowkidar and his family apologised profusely and kindly offered to clear the undergrowth so that we could return the next day. 'Our timetable, unfortunately

did not permit this, so I left some money and a note of thanks.’ ‘In August 2005, the chowkidar, Mr Gnananraj returned a copy of my note and a number of photographs of the newly discovered and refurbished graves.’ He wrote that ‘during the month of May 2005 when I cleaned the graveyard, the cemetery pertaining to your grandfather [sic] and his wife was found out...for which the proof of nine photographs are enclosed with this letter.’

The excellent photographs show a very pleasant shady cemetery, with interesting old tombs. Around it a good kutchra wall is being repaired and whitewashed. Symbols on William Hickey’s tomb show that he was a Freemason, and the inscription reads ‘In pious memory of the Reverend William Hickey Missionary S.P.G.F.P. died at Dindigul 14th June 1870 aged 62 years 4 months & 24 days “In Hope” “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day.” The tombstone was carved in Madras by C.S. Trotter. The tomb itself (see page 12) is made of irregular baked bricks covered with stucco, and the inset inscription plaque appears to be carved granite. There are also photographs of the inscriptions on the tombs of William’s wife Sophia, and his sister-in-law Sarah. It has taken many years to get this far, and as Colonel Hickey acknowledges, there are many unanswered questions, but it is a story that should encourage others who are still looking for the tombs of their ancestors.

MAIL BOX

Although BACSA’s main interest is obviously devoted to cemeteries, graves, and inscriptions in South Asia, we should not forget that there are a substantial number of reminders within the British Isles to men and women who died abroad but who are memorialised here. Indeed BACSA Executive Committee member Caroline Whitehead is in charge of collecting Monumental Inscriptions (MIs) in Britain of these same people. The reason for such inscriptions here are often melancholy. Some British people serving the East India Company suffered violent deaths in pursuit of the Company’s expansion from traders to rulers. They have no known grave abroad, but were remembered here by the families they had left behind, whose grief must have been intensified by the sufferings of their kinsmen in such distant places. One such memorial in Eastbourne Parish Church has been sent to us by BACSA member Mrs Dee Stanley, who lives locally. It is a long inscription, but poignant in its commemoration of a gifted young man who left his native town as a boy of sixteen, and was killed ten years later at Patna in 1763.

Henry Lushington had the misfortune of being caught up in two of the most dramatic events of the mid 18th century - the Black Hole of Calcutta and the Patna massacre. The ‘apostate European’ mentioned in the inscription is Walter Reinhard Sombre, sometimes Someroo, or Samru, as he is known today. Despite the immediate British revenge for the massacre, Sombre managed to escape and by the time of his death in 1778 he was a General, and the husband of Zeb-un-Nissa (Begum Samru) of Sardhana.

The memorial inscription reads: ‘Sacred to the Memory of Henry Lushington, eldest son of Henry Lushington DD, Vicar of this Parish and Mary his wife, whose singular merits and as singular suffering cannot fail of endearing him to ye latest posterity. At ye age of sixteen in ye year 1754 he embarked for Bengal in ye service of ye India Company, and by attaining a perfect knowledge of the Persian language made himself essentially useful - it is difficult to determine whether he excelled more in a civil or military capacity. His activity in both recommended him to the notice and esteem of Lord Clive: whom with equal credit to himself and satisfaction to his patron he served in the different characters of Secretary, Interpreter and Commissary, in ye year 1756 by a melancholy Revolution, he was with others to ye amount of 146 forced into a dungeon at Calcutta so small that 23 only escaped suffocation. He was one of ye survivors, but reserved for greater misery, for by a subsequent Revolution in the year 1763 he was with 200 more taken prisoner at Patna, and after a tedious confinement being singled out with John Ellis and William Hay Esqrs was by the order of the Nabob Cossim Ally Kawn and under ye Direction of one Someroo an apostate European, deliberately and inhumanly murdered. But while ye seapoys were performing their savage office on ye first mentioned Gentleman, fired with a generous indignation at the distress of his Friend, he rushed upon his assassins unarmed, and seizing one of their scimitars, killed three of them and wounded two others, till at length oppressed with numbers he greatly fell. His private character was perfectly consistent with his publick one. The amiable sweetness of his disposition attached men of ye worthiest note to him - the integrity of his heart fixed them ever firm to his interests. As a son he was one of the most kind and dutiful as a brother ye most affectionate. His generosity towards his family was such as hardly to be equalled, his circumstances and his age considered, scarce to be exceeded, in short, he lived and died an honour to his name, his friends and his country. His race was short (being only 26 years of age when he died) but truly glorious. The rising generation must admire. May they imitate so bright an example. His parents have erected this Monument, as a lasting testimony of their Affection and of his Virtues.’ Mrs Stanley has found a senior Lushington as a member of the Court of Directors of the East

India Company in the 1700s who was later a Commodore of the Company's Navy. 'I would think', she writes, 'that young Lushington begged a favour from an uncle to be appointed to the Honorable East India Company.' Despite the archaic language of this 18th century inscription, it is hard not to be moved still by his parents' grief.

'The latest issue of *Chowkidar* with its report on churches and graves in Moulmein had inspired us to do some searching ourselves' writes BACSA member Bill Bastick, who, with his wife, recently returned from a tour of Burma. There are in fact at least two large Roman Catholic churches in Moulmein - St Patrick's, the subject of our Autumn 2005 article, and St Mary's. 'Both are substantial chunks of real estate. We visited St Mary's and were taken to the graveyard nearby. Interestingly, what had obviously been a jungle until recently is in the process of being cleared. The cemetery was covered with chopped and fallen tree limbs and was almost impossible to enter safely. There could be rich pickings here.' Mr Bastick speculates that the interest shown in St Patrick's and the possibility of donations has encouraged St Mary's to review its own graveyard situation. At St Matthews' Anglican Church, founded in 1887, there was nobody around to consult, but we found gravestones lying in the long grass including a plaque that may have come from a wall inside the church. It reads 'In loving memory of Edward Ricker of Cheshire, late chief Officer of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Steamer Yunnan, who was drowned in Irrawaddy River off Pagan whilst in the performance of duty at 9.30am on 5th May 1885, aged 25 years, 9 months and 12 days. His remains were washed ashore five days later at Ailabyin and buried where discovered in the riverbank. This last token of love is erected by his beloved widow who sadly recalls his great loss and untimely death.' Then, drifting down the Irrawaddy from Bhamo, at the village of Kyar Nyat, we found the gravestone of a Captain Vaughn. He and a number of his Indian troops were killed in an ambush, and his gravestone in the shape of a cross says in part: 'Sacred to the memory of Captain EBJ Vaughn 6th Punjab Frontier Force "The General" killed 1886 aged 30 years. Ready Aye Ready. Erected by his friends of the 6th Punjab Frontier Force.' (see page 12)

And still in Burma, BACSA member Cynthia Coulthard wrote evocatively of her childhood there. 'Many of my family lived and worked in Burma and when I was young it was the background to my life. My brothers and I were at boarding school with school holidays spent with Granny as my father and mother were in Namta in the northern Shan States - our letters took six weeks to reach them and there were no phone calls - just a telegram to Granny to let her know that both parents were seriously ill with malaria - they both recovered!'

The writer and BACSA member David Morphet went to Bombay last year to visit the grave of his wife's grandfather, Leonard Sedgwick (see *Chowkidar* Spring 2002 for an account of this talented man's life.) Sedgwick was a member of the 'heaven-born' as the Indian Civil Service officers were called, but tragically he died from typhoid at the age of 42, leaving a widow and four small children. Mr Morphet sensibly contacted BACSA in advance of the visit and was escorted to the Sewri Christian Cemetery by our Bombay member, Mr Foy Nissen. In preparation for the Morphets' visit, the cemetery staff had re-erected the monument's plinth and fallen cross. The inscription had long lost its lead lettering, but the staff, anxious to please, had tried to recreate the name in black paint. It now read 'Laohard Shogyack'. The Morphets decided on drastic action. They paid the cemetery supervisor for a new plot near the main gate and then sought out a stonemason. They were taken to the Jewish cemetery, which employed a competent Muslim stonemason, and rather liking 'the ecumenical sound of this' they commissioned a new stone. Two weeks later they got a first-class piece of work 'word perfect' and the new memorial was put in place and dedicated to Leonard Sedgwick. David Morphet's entertaining account appeared in *The Guardian* in December 2005.

And Foy Nissen has sent us an article from *The Times of India* headlined 'Old dead must yield space to new dead.' The caretaker of the Sewri Christian Cemetery complains that affluent Indian Christians are spending large sums of money on expensive teak and mahogany coffins, which do not allow bodies to decompose naturally. Coffins can cost up to Rs50,000 (about £650) and local priests are trying to discourage 'all kinds of opulence and pageantry', while parishes are urging their members to go for cheap, bio-degradable coffins, which have become more fashionable recently in the West.

To see ourselves as others see us is sometimes an interesting exercise, so BACSA was pleased to receive a page from the French newspaper *Courrier International* headed 'Au "Cimetière Blanc" de Peshawar - Les fantômes de l'empire des Indes' which itself is based on an article by Ali Jan in a Pakistani newspaper. A well researched article, it gives credit to BACSA (l'Association britannique pour les cimetières d'Asie du Sud), and particularly to Sue Farrington for her untiring work. Also mentioned is Cherry Godin, a descendant of the celebrated piano-makers A. Godin, who lives in Peshawar and who constantly brings the deplorable state of the cemeteries to the attention of the local authorities, but with little success, it seems. The foibles of the British who lie buried in the Gora Qabristan (the White Cemetery) are recounted affectionately:

'The English searched desperately to reproduce something of England here. Finding it impossible to get foxes to hunt, they adopted the local sporting eccentricity of hunting jackals. One tombstone evokes the memory of the celebrated "Peshawar Vale"; 'Lieut-Col. Walter Irvine I.M.S. Chief Medical Officer N.W.F.P. who lost his life in the Nagoman River when leading the Peshawar Vale Hunt of which he was Master. 26th Jan. 1919. Ever faithful to duty. Ever loyal in friendship.' Here too is the 'Bandsman Charles Leighton 1st Bn Hampshire Regt. aged 20 years & 5 months, who was assassinated by a ghazi at this station on Good Friday 1899.' But there is no doubt the cemetery is in a bad way. 'Over time' the article continues, 'it has suffered from the combined effects of man and nature. The magnificent bougainvilleas which surrounded the main gateway have been chopped down. When it rains, water gets into the roof of the entrance porch. From the outside thieves can easily scale the back wall of the cemetery. Hundreds of decorative monuments of priceless value have been robbed or destroyed. Many peepal trees are dying or are already dead.' 'The cemetery, and its tombstones' concludes the article 'constitute one of the last vestiges of the colonial history of Pakistan. It is necessary to safeguard this national monument in danger.'

CAN YOU HELP?

South west of Aligarh in present day Uttar Pradesh state, the main road passes through Sikandra Rao and the larger town of Etah. The countryside here is flat, mile after mile of cultivated fields and trees, broken by small, picturesque villages. But it was a very different scene two hundred years ago. Then the land was subject to raids and plunder by powerful local zamindars or chiefs, who built themselves fortresses and kept their own trained bands of soldiers, rather as robber-barons did in early medieval England. With the changing fortunes of the early 19th century, as the East India Company spread its rule across India, General (later Lord) Lake, the Commander-in-Chief, set out to attack these fortresses and their owners. Lake's sorties became known as the Mud Wars, from the crude building materials used by the zamindars, but the forts were well defended and 'were not carried without the loss of many lives, among whom was the gallant Major Nairn, who fell before the fort of Kachoura on 12th March 1803'. Major Robert Nairn was in command of the 6th Regiment, Bengal Native Cavalry and clearly a sportsman too, for he was described as 'the famous Major Nairn of tiger-killing memory'. The year before his death Major Nairn and the General had been on hunting excursions in Kanauj, 'where wolves, jackals and tigers secluded themselves in the ruins of splendid edifices'. Nairn chose to hunt a

very large tiger armed only with a spear, and on horseback, an unusual and risky choice. Luckily for him General Lake was on hand with a pistol, and shot the animal dead after Nairn had speared it. Major Nairn was buried at Rathbanpur, in *tehsil* Sikandra Rao, and the inscription on his tomb concludes with the rather odd words 'Reader, of him might in justice stand up and say to all the world This was a man'. A photograph from the 1930s, or possibly earlier, shows a large square tomb with a tall tapering obelisk above, and the whole surrounded by a square brick wall (see page 13). An accompanying photograph of the inscription, shows that it had been crudely repainted, losing some of the lettering. Could it possibly still survive today, near the village of Bhadwas? Perhaps an Indian correspondent could help? As for the tiger, his skin and Nairn's spear were sent home and presented to the Prince Regent on General Lake's behalf.

The Autumn 2005 *Chowkidar* carried a short item on a poignant little tombstone found at the old Residency in Hyderabad (now part of Osmania University). It marked the burial place of Fui and the inscription told us that Fui's owner was Alison Lothian. Very quickly Alison was identified as the daughter of the penultimate British Resident, Sir Arthur Lothian, but imagine our surprise when Mrs Alison Lothian-Anson herself wrote to us from Scotland, having been shown a copy of *Chowkidar* by BACSA member Ian Page! Our story brought back for her many happy memories of the Hyderabad Residency, and the glamorous period of the Raj including her 21st birthday party held in 'that glorious hall under the three beautiful chandeliers from the original Brighton Pavilion'. Sadly, shortly afterwards the family had to leave Hyderabad on 25 November 1946 and 'I had to have my beloved Fui put down on the day before, because I was being sent home alone to the UK. The future could only be guessed at.' Fui was a chocolate brown apso, from Tibet. A photograph of the little dog's tombstone has now been sent to his owner.

Malcolm Brentford from Cheshire is trying to find his father's grave at Kasauli, which now lies within Himachal Pradesh, northern India. He has already consulted the BACSA file on Kasauli at the British Library, but without success. His attempts to contact the Bishop of Amritsar, in whose diocese Kasauli falls, have been singularly unproductive, Mr Brentford tells us. But what information he does have, may, it is hoped, lead to an identification of the grave. Bernhard Brentford was born in 1887, and he grew up to become an architect working in India. One of his projects was to design the Lady Linlithgow Tuberculosis Sanatorium in Kasauli, for this pleasant hill station had become a well-known resort for TB patients.

Mr Brentford senior died in the British Military Hospital, Kasauli, in June 1943 from heart failure, at the comparatively young age of fifty-five. Few people think far enough ahead to design their own headstones, but as an architect, this is what Bernhard had done. 'It was rectangular' Malcolm Brentford tells us 'carved from sandstone, and incorporated an Aladdin's lamp. If it is still standing, then it would be quite distinctive. It was the same [design] as that for his mother, who is buried in Lahore.' It certainly sounds unusual, and what is the significance, if any, of the Aladdin's lamp? Ideas would be welcomed, and perhaps someone remembers this architect?

Noel Gerald Brudenell Kirwan was born about 1881 and made his career in the Indian coffee trade. By 1911 he was established as the Proprietor and Manager of the Arabidacool Coffee Estate at Chickmagalur in Mysore. He was a keen Volunteer and served for many years in the Coorg & Mysore Rifles as a serjeant, before being commissioned in 1915 into the Indian Army reserve of officers as a captain and adjutant. Returning to India after the war, he continued to work on the 200-odd acre coffee estate, and was a member of the Mysore Planters Association and the Indian Planters Association. In 1935 he was awarded the Jubilee medal, and eight years later, on 2 June 1943 he was awarded an OBE in the King's birthday honours. By then Noel Kirwan had become the Vice-Chairman of the Indian Coffee Market Expansion Board in Bangalore, and the Director of the Chickmagalur Coffee Estate. He was presented with his medal on 11 August 1943 by Lieutenant Colonel Denholm Fraser, a former British Resident in Kashmir. It is not known where or when he died. BACSA member Kimberley Lindsay is looking for information on Noel Kirwan, and if possible, a photograph of him as well. Interestingly, the Agents for the Arabidacool Coffee Estate were the Volkart Brothers, based in Mangalore and London, but part of a Swiss company who are known today as Volkart Haus. Any suggestions please to: thelindsayhouse@web.de or at Hirschstrasse 32, 71282 Hemmingen, Germany.

Fergus Paterson is hoping that readers may be able to come up with information about the High Court at Agra between 1862 and 1872, where his grandfather, William Paterson was a judge. (The story of William's parents was told in *Chowkidar* in 1992.) The High Court did not stay long at Agra, for it was moved to Allahabad, where it remains today. In his diary, William Paterson mentions the names of fellow judges and colleagues, and it is here perhaps that the names Ross, Gubbins, Lean, Wylly, Roberts and Alexander, may ring a bell. Strangely, very little has been written on the judiciary during the period of the British Raj, although as Mr Paterson points out, 'while not so obviously glamorous as the Army in

India, its influence must have been equally important.' It may be that diaries or letters still exist that mention these men, and perhaps there are photographs tucked away in an old album? Any ideas would be welcomed, via the Secretary.

BACSA member Eileen Hewson is seeking information for a new Cemetery Records book, following the success of her recent book on *Christian Cemeteries and Memorials of Assam & North-East India* (published by BACSA last year). In particular, she is researching Darjeeling and the Dooars for isolated graves on the tea plantations. Please contact her on: kabristan@talk21.com or write to her at 19 Foxleigh Grove, Wem, SY4 5BS.

Jambusar lies south west of Baroda, in the Baruch area of Gujarat and is today home to the world's largest pharmaceutical amber bottle-manufacturing plant. But it must have been a vastly different place in the early 19th century, when Eleanor Roe died there of fever in 1827. Eleanor had been born in 1796 to Henry and Martha Bennett of Liverpool, and in 1823 she married Captain Thomas Roe, who was serving in the 6th Native Infantry regiment of the East India Company's army. The couple arrived in Bombay later that year, and Eleanor was never to see England again. Two babies arrived in quick succession, in 1824 and 1825. Thomas had been given the job of raising a new regiment of native troops at Kaira in Gujarat, and because living conditions there were 'pretty unhealthy', he decided to leave his wife and young children in Bombay. But Thomas's brother John reported that he found his sister-in-law, Eleanor, 'in a state of misery and uncertainly owing to the separation' so it was decided she should join her husband. Within months, her youngest child, James, was dead, aged only four months. Another daughter was born two years later, but Eleanor never really recovered from the birth. Her husband, in desperation, decided to take her to the coast, but during the journey she died of fever and was buried 'at Jumboosir'. No cemetery of the period has been found at Jambusar, so we are assuming that Eleanor was buried in an isolated grave, which sadly, has probably vanished, given the industrialisation of the area. But any information would be welcomed.

REPORT FROM MHOW

The following report has been kindly sent to us by Brigadier Ian Rees, Defence Attaché at the British High Commission, Delhi. 'Mhow is a small cantonment town in the Indore district of the Malwa region of Madhya Pradesh State, in India. It is located some 20 kilometres south of Indore, on the Agra-Mumbai Road.

After the Third Maratha War, the pacification of Central India was entrusted to Sir John Malcolm. His policy was to recognise all existing rights of local chiefs to territory and tribute, and to place them under the guarantee of the British Government. During this period (in 1818), Mhow was created as a military garrison under the terms of the Treaty of Mandsaur between the British Government and the Holkars of Indore. Mhow is commonly held to be an acronym for 'Military Headquarters of War'. Formerly the Headquarters of the 5th Division of the Southern Army (a Division comprising only British units) during the Raj, it is today home to the Army War College, the School of Infantry and the Military College of Telecommunication Engineering. During a recent visit I spent an afternoon looking at its churches and cemeteries. The Church of the Sacred Heart is in very good condition, and was being refurbished. The pews (which may have been moved from the older St Andrew's Church) are original, and many are fitted with slots for rifles (a common practice after 1857). Near the church is the Catholic or 'New' Cemetery, a large site with a robust wall around it, containing 200-300 British and Irish graves, including those of a number of WW1 soldiers additionally commemorated at the Commonwealth War Graves Cemetery at Kirkee. A significant proportion of these came from the Brecknockshire Battalion of the South Wales Borderers. The cemetery currently receives no funds for maintenance, although the Chairman of the Cemetery Committee told me that they receive a modest income from farmers who cut down the long grass for fodder for their cattle. This means that much of the cemetery is reasonably accessible, although some thick undergrowth at the bottom end still remains to be cleared. A chowkidar supervises the site - while not paid any salary, he has free accommodation, and makes a living by assisting with funerals in the well-used contemporary part of the cemetery.

The rather older St Andrew's (Protestant) Church, now under Catholic control, is collocated with the St Andrew's (or Scottish) Cemetery. A smaller site than the New Cemetery, it appears to predate the formation of the Garrison in 1818, containing a sizeable monument to Major General R. Hampton, who died in 1812. Only half of the site now contains any graves, although those that do remain are in very good condition for their age, with clear and well-preserved plaques and inscriptions. These include a small number of memorials to those who lost their lives in Indore and Mhow during the events of 1857. The upper (empty) area of the site shows signs of regular grass-cutting. Nobody lives on site, although the original wall is in amazingly good condition, and this (plus the fact that easy access is only possible through the adjacent church and occupied prayer centre) seems to be keeping potential destructive forces at bay.

THE FAMILIES IN BRITISH INDIA SOCIETY

The Families in British India Society (FIBIS) is an organisation devoted to members with an interest in researching their ancestors and the background against which they led their lives in 'British India'. Its Secretary, Peter Bailey, has sent us the following report, and in return BACSA has been able to provide similar information to the excellent FIBIS journal.

'Although this figure requires to be checked, it is estimated that over 3 million Britons and Irishmen lived and served in India and South Asia over the three and a half centuries of our presence there. Coupled with the explosive interest in family history in general, it was decided seven or eight years ago to establish a family history society devoted to genealogical research in India and South Asia. From small beginnings, our membership is now approaching 600 and includes devotees from the world over. A number of us are fortunate enough to reside close enough to London to facilitate relatively frequent visits to the British Library at St Pancras, where the greatest numbers of India-related records are deposited. These include the fundamental records of Baptism, Marriage and Burial plus huge numbers of lists of individuals who served in the many and various occupations necessary to provide the administration and control of the jewel in the crown of the British Empire.

With the help of the staff of the India Office Records Section, FIBIS volunteers are transcribing large numbers of these records and placing them, in searchable form, on our own and on the British Library's web-site, thereby making them easily accessible to researchers the world over. We also offer our members research services, two Journals and two Newsletters each year plus lecture meetings each six months, all designed to assist researchers to establish the history of their families whilst resident in India or with connections there. Some of our members claim descent from Governors General, others from private soldiers who were court-martialled and sentenced to transportation to Australia for life. Some of our Members are able to claim specialist knowledge of certain aspects of activity or occupations in British Indian society and may be able to help either other members, or researchers in general. We take pride in the success of our Society, which is largely due to a hard-working Committee whose enthusiasm is communicated to our members, many of whom are active in their own research and who attend our meetings in increasing numbers.' The annual subscription is £10 and details can be obtained from the Membership Secretary at 14 Gables Avenue, Brighton, Sussex BN1 5FG or from the website: www.fibis.org



*left: Captain Vaughn's
tomb at Kyar Nyat, Burma
(see page 4)*

*below: tomb of the
Reverend William Hickey
at Dindigul (see page 1)*



*right: the grave of
Major Nairn at Bhadwas
(see page 7)*



*below: graves in the
D'Eremao Cemetery,
Old Delhi
(see page 14)*



DELHI DELIGHTS

Delhi has been so well picked over by now that you would think there was nothing left to say about the cemeteries there. But it can still spring surprises, as BACSA member Dr Omar Khalidi found recently. Accompanied by Honorary BACSA member Lieutenant General Menezes, the pair set off on New Year's Eve 2005 to find the D'Eremao Cemetery, near Kishanganj railway station. Dr Khalidi (author of the recent BACSA book on Hyderabad), is on the trail of more Armenian cemeteries in India. The D'Eremao Cemetery, when found, had been squatted since the 1950s, mainly by Indian Christians, and not surprisingly, is in pretty poor condition, although ruined graves and a battered, domed building still remain (see page 13). Despite a modern stone that labels the site 'Armenian Cemetery' [sic] recent research has found it is probably the first European cemetery of old Delhi, dating back to the 18th century, and thus not exclusively Armenian. The name D'Eremao refers to Captain Manuel D'Eremao, the grandson of Donna Juliana Diaz da Costa. This celebrated lady of Portuguese descent was born in Bengal in 1658. She became closely attached to the Mughal court, and on her death in 1732, left four villages and their income, which had been gifted to her by the Emperor Shah Alam I. In turn, her grandson Captain D'Eremao, inherited the land. On his death in June 1829, he may have been buried here, giving his name to the cemetery, but it was certainly in use before then for it houses the remains of Judith Gascoin, who died in 1808, the wife of Captain Von Der Osten, chief of the Danish Factory at Patna. The earliest Armenian inscription here dates from 1787 and six more Armenian tombstones were noted by the historian Meshrob Seth. More work needs to be done in this exciting area.

A large Celtic cross peering over a high wall near the Red Fort in Delhi, attracted the Editor's attention recently. Made of granite, it stands almost 20 foot tall, on a square plinth, and is surrounded by railings. It lies in a very large compound opposite the Daryaganj Kotwali, on Sunehri Masjid Road. I could not establish who owns the compound, though drains were being laid there, which might herald construction work. The inscription, in good condition, reads: 'This Cross marks the site of the Ancient Cemetery of Duryagunge and is Dedicated to the Memory of those whose remains lie around. MDCCCLXI' (1861) This was where the first British cantonment stood, within the old walled city, established there after the capture of Delhi by the East India Company in 1803. The cantonment was subsequently moved outside the walls, to a more commanding site on the famous Ridge, Nothing of the 'ancient cemetery' remains today except this memorial cross, but it is well worth seeking out if you are visiting the nearby Red Fort.

BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

The Ruling Caste: Imperial Lives in the Victorian Raj

David Gilmour

David Gilmour has done it again! After his masterly reassessments of Lord Curzon (1994) and Rudyard Kipling (2002), he has produced an excellent overview of the Indian Civil Service (ICS) during the long reign of Queen Victoria. This does not supersede Philip Mason's study of the ICS in *The Men who Ruled India* (2 vols, 1953-4) or Charles Chenevix Trench's tribute to the Indian Political Service, *Viceroy's Agent* (1987), but it surveys the whole of the ICS for a new readership, many of whom may know little of the period or the service, and is extremely well-written.

The story covers the Civil Servant's career from recruitment (contrasting the East India Company's patronage-system with the post-1854 'competition wallahs') through the various stages of his career, from District Officer, to more senior ranks, the Secretariat, and the pinnacle of the Viceroy's Council, giving in each case a description of the duties (and pay) of each rank, illustrated by numerous examples. Each chapter concludes with a more extended account of one or more individuals in these posts. Specialists are not forgotten: the Political Service, 'lean and keen men on the frontier, and fat and good-natured men in the states' receives its due, as well as those who opted for the 'judicial line' and served as magistrates and judges. A lighter note emerges in the discussion of the Haileybury 'bad bargains' who went to India nevertheless but 'never mended' and the Black Sheep, the alcoholics, the chronically indebted, a lunatic, the insubordinate, the corrupt, and those involved in sexual scandals; most of these were treated with remarkable leniency by the authorities.

The second part of the book considers various categories, the thinkers and scholars, the sportsmen, the choice of a wife, and the manifold problems which wives and families had to face in India. The final chapter shows that few of those who returned from India (a third of each intake died in India) found second careers; one or two became colonial Governors, but most had to be content with obscurity, and a total lack of appreciation of their previous achievements. The book is based on the judicious use of a wide range of sources: over one hundred collections of private papers in many archives, the voluminous files of the India Office Records, multitudes of Victorian memoirs and biographies, and recent historical studies. Two private sources were particularly useful, and have been quoted frequently;

namely the family correspondence of Sir Alfred Lyall, who reveals his feelings about all the stages of his long career, and vents barbed comments about his colleagues and superiors; and letters sent to the Reverend Lionel Phelps, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, by the former pupils whom he had directed towards careers in the ICS; their comments on India are remarkably uninhibited. David Gilmour characterizes the late Victorian verdict on the ICS as 'impartial, high-minded, conscientious, incorruptible' but carefully avoids such broad generalizations. He shows that there was immense diversity in the service in almost every respect – social background, personality, administrative skill, and leadership – and as a result finds room for critical comments, and plenty to admire; this witty, entertaining and perceptive study can be thoroughly recommended. (RJB)

2005 John Murray ISBN 0 7195 55345 £25.00 pp383

Interesting times in India: a short decade at St Stephen's College Daniel O'Connor

This is the personal record of one of the most significant, yet least written about, decades in post-Partition Indian history. The evocative Foreword by Narayani Gupta, the well-known historian of Delhi, and the emotive Afterword by Gopal Gandhi, an eminent civil servant, a former alumnus of St Stephen's College and formerly Director of the Nehru Centre, London, and present Governor of West Bengal, are both pithy and succinct as to St Stephen's College, and set the tone of the decade in that institution. The Reverend Daniel O'Connor and his wife arrived in India in 1963, in succession to the Reverend William Jarvis, in virtually the sunset year of the Nehruvian era, to live and work at St Stephen's College, Delhi which had been founded by the Cambridge Mission.

This was the beginning of an enduring relationship that was to last almost a decade, the author following in the footsteps of many members of this Mission. It is only possible to note two earlier members in a short review of this nature, mention having to be made of the Reverend CF Andrews, the extraordinary priest-cum-sympathiser of Indian Nationalism ('Charlie' to Mahatma Gandhi) and Percival Spear, the historian of India. To understand the educational scenario that the author worked in, a brief retroview is necessary. At Independence, India's higher education system had many inherited handicaps, some of them left over from colonialism and some from anti-colonialism; some arising from poor management and some from political confusion, resulting in Maoism and the concomitant Naxalite movement. (Naxalism, as it is sometimes known.)

St Stephen's College and its founder Mission stood out as lighthouse beacons in a vast educational sea. The number of students attending universities was almost to triple to some five million annually by the late 1970s, or, as Mrs Gandhi put it, the expansion of education was faster than that of the economy. The price of this was possibly a decline in overall quality. That said, India today has two valuable things going for it, one is its educational institutions like St Stephen's as vividly manifested in this book, and the other its vast population of English-speaking people, English being the second language of the Indian nation. Institutions like St Stephen's, now celebrating its 125th anniversary, help to keep India plugged into the global knowledge economy, providing a highly-intensive education and producing a stream of highly-educated English-speaking people, an educated class apart, like its founding Mission. As an obiter dicta not intrinsically related to this book, but relevant to BACSA, today the last British luminary of this pioneering Mission still residing at the Cambridge Brotherhood, Court Lane, Old Delhi (near Kashmir Gate) is the gallant Reverend Ian Weatherall, now in his mid-80s, a former officer of the 16th Punjab Regiment of the undivided Indian Army, who returned to India in 1948 to be Chaplain of St James's (Skinner's) Church for several decades, and former presiding officer of the Delhi European Cemetery Committee for some twenty years. St Stephen's College was originally located next to St James's Church, before moving in the 1930s to its present location, depicted on the cover of this insightful book. There is a wonderful description of Old Delhi's Coronation Park, at the time when the statues of British worthies were relocated there. (SLM)

2005 Penguin India ISBN 0 14 303345 X *Rs295 pp234

The Last Indian: The Destruction of Two Cultures
Narindar Saroop

The two cultures whose destruction Narindar Saroop has witnessed, he argues, are firstly that of pre-partition Punjab, and the second that of a pre-Thatcherite Tory England. The author is a committed observer of the times in which he has lived and is not shy of asserting the strengths of his traditional loyalties or the biases of the privileged environment in which he grew up. The Punjab of the 1930s into which he was born had been a mixed society. Sectarian divisions between Muslims, Hindus and Sikhs were offset by a common agricultural way of life, common military traditions, energy and enterprise, and often a common ancestry. Narindar Saroop's community, the Jats, have Muslim, Hindu and Sikh branches. They were what the British called a martial caste. In India and Pakistan they

form a significant part of the strength of the two countries' armies. The author's great uncle (whom he called his grandfather) was the eminent Punjabi Jat politician Sir Chhotu Ram (referred to throughout this book consistently but eccentrically as Sir Chottu Ram). He was one of the founders of the Unionist Party which was seen as the bedrock of political stability in the province to within a year of partition. In the rapidly polarised political atmosphere as the British planned to withdraw from India, the Unionist Party was swept aside by Jinnah's Muslim League and the demand for a separate state of Pakistan. Punjab bore the brunt of the bloodbath that accompanied partition and the destruction of the first of the author's two cultures. Narindar Saroop recalls, from an invitation to dine at the Mountbatten family home Broadlands, the last Viceroy's sensitivity to the accusation that this bloodbath might have been avoided.

Narindar as a proud Jat says that their common characteristic is that a Jat will never consider anyone superior to himself. But the rules of the battlefield and those of class and social relations are not quite the same. From a privileged upbringing and family background, a period of service in the Indian army as a cavalry officer in the 2nd Royal Lancers, and a highflying career in the elite ranks of corporate India in Calcutta, Narindar Saroop belonged to all the right clubs and had all the right connections. But he argues that his services were not valued in independent India, under the 'socialism' of Nehru and his heirs. He settled in England in the early 1970s when the Tory party was beginning to realise that they should be tapping the 'natural conservatism' of the Asian community, and he was the first Indian to be adopted as a Tory parliamentary candidate. He fought the 1979 election in Greenwich and lost it honourably. He tells a good story about a constituency meeting at which he infuriated the egregious anti-immigrant campaigner the Dowager Lady Birdwood with the riposte that her late husband would have been ashamed of her behaviour. Elsewhere he tells us that the first Lady Birdwood had been of high social standing, and the second - the subsequent dowager - had merely been a nanny.

Political correctness aside, he has the grace to be ironic about his social prejudices. The presumed death of this aspect of Tory political culture is perhaps less to be lamented than that of pre-partition Punjab. Narindar Saroop has a warm attachment to the idea of England, and it is clearly gratifying to him that his commitment to the ideal of integration by the Asian communities (though he dislikes the label) and his services in British politics have been recognised formally, notably with the award of a CBE. He has a rosy view of the country and its institutions as it might be, but a less flattering view of 'Blair's Britain' which he sees as a

meritocracy destabilised by a mischievous press and lack of authoritative leadership. This is an entertaining and provocative memoir sprinkled with some politically telling insights, and I enjoyed reading it. (WFC)

2005 New European Publications, 14 Carroun Road, London SW8 1JT (tel: 0207 582 3996) ISBN 1 872410 47 2 Special price for BACSA members of £12.50 plus p&p £1.50 of which £1.00 for each copy sold will go to BACSA pp225

BOOKS BY NON-MEMBERS THAT WILL INTEREST READERS

Sahib: The British Soldier in India 1750-1914 Richard Holmes

In the 1870s Lord Salisbury, the then British Foreign Secretary, had said, 'I look on India as an English barracks in Oriental seas'. After many impressive TV series, including 'In the Footsteps of Churchill', and books like *Redcoat: the British soldier in the age of Horse and Musket* (2001) and the magnum opus *Tommy: the British soldier on the Western Front 1914-1918* (2004), Richard Holmes, probably the best known British military historian today, has now researched in great detail and interpreted the British soldier in India, from a period much before Lord Salisbury's pronouncement.

A large book, it has 50 illustrations, 21 pages of endnotes, a rewarding bibliography, and an apt glossary of Indian words/terms used. He has researched, from primary sources, both at the National Army Museum and the Oriental & India Office Collections at the British Library, as also from private collections. The book incorporates most recent academic historiography on the British soldier in India. It does not sanitize the suffering and tragedy of the British other ranks. It is fundamentally a sympathetic book, suffused with admiration for their endurance and courage. *Sahib* is always a wide-ranging book, its subject more extensive than the title suggests. Although its focus is on British other ranks, it includes officers in the circumstances of the events narrated. It covers, inter alia, service conditions, food, alcohol, sex, weapons, religion and recreation. Relatively few were killed in battle, but the mortality rate was nevertheless high, as for other Europeans in India, mostly due to cholera, but also aggravated by the East India Company clothing its soldiers in red woollen coats, even in summer, in order to use up surplus stocks of such material in the home country. Readers will probably find much that is already known, for example, anecdotes from Frank Richards *Old Soldier Sahib* (1930), yet *Sahib* is an omnibus book packed with data, and much that is new and rewarding.

The numerous quotations are apposite and bring out the voice of the former Empire, for example, F. Yeats Brown in *Bengal Lancer*, 'We English were a caste. White overlords or whiter monkeys – it was all the same. The Brahmins made a circle within which they cooked their food. So did we. We were a caste: pariahs to them, princes in our own estimation.' Piquant and poignant, it is always informative, and is a very fine overview of its subject. *Sahib* ends with the story of Drummer Thomas Finn, a 15 year old of the 64th Foot, who was awarded the VC at Lucknow in 1857, but ended his days in a workhouse. The author rightly comments, 'A Napoleonic general once told a British officer that if his soldiers were as good he would look after them better. That is no unfair comment on the men who won and held India.....they deserved better of the land that bore them.' The author is always authoritative, and has a story worth telling, achievements and sins alike. (SLM)

2005 Harper Collins ISBN 0 00 713753 2 £20 pp572

Woolf in Ceylon: An Imperial Journey in the Shadow of Leonard Woolf 1904-1911 Christopher Ondaatje

This book, as the title suggests, follows in the footsteps of Leonard Woolf around Sri Lanka where he was employed for seven years before he returned to marry Virginia Stephen. The author, who was born and lived there until he was twelve, gracefully weaves an intricate tapestry which is in part a present day traveller's guide, part snapshots of his own happy childhood, part literary criticism and part an analytical study of Leonard Woolf's career. This last thread gives a coherence to the whole. Woolf is followed from his first arrival in Colombo to Jaffna in the north. It is a destination avoided by most of today's tourists as the town was devastated by the twenty-year-long civil war. His account is interesting although depressing. Ondaatje considers that the war seems to be 'an argument not between two peoples but between the CTTE [The Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam] and the Sri Lankan government and its army.' Although there is a truce, the problems are not resolved. The north and east are peppered with gun emplacements and check points. Woolf, even though he explored the coast and the adjacent pearl fisheries, admitted that he found the place 'melancholy'. It was probably with relief that he moved on to Kandy. Ceylon was taken from the Dutch during the Revolutionary war in 1796 but the King of Kandy held out in his mountain stronghold until 1815. It was the atrocities committed by him which finally persuaded the Governor, Sir Robert Brownrigg, to take action.

Here Woolf mixed in colonial society. His sister's sociability, when she shared his house for a few months, probably helped him in his career. She was later to write, among other books, the first pocket guide book to Ceylon. In Kandy, where he was involved in the legal and penal systems, he came to admire the Sinhalese people and their Buddhist culture. He also visited tea plantations which to this day are worked by Tamils from South India. He was next appointed assistant government agent in Hambantota and was to remain there for two and a half years.

He administered a remote area of about one thousand square miles with very few Europeans (one of them being a former Boer prisoner of war) and his day to day existence was passed among the peasant population. His bungalow, with its Dutch veranda, lay within sound of the surf of the Indian Ocean but what fascinated him was the jungle, although he admitted to finding it 'horribly ugly and cruel.' He took his work very seriously. He wrote that he was 'ruthless - too ruthless ... both to them and to myself.' He returned to England on 24 May 1911 and almost immediately began to write his most noted novel *The Village in the Jungle* about the indigenous people he had lived among. No white people were involved which was apparently too much for the Bloomsbury group to swallow. Lytton Strachey, his greatest friend since Cambridge days, wrote: 'I was disappointed to see that it was about nothing but blacks - whom really I don't much care for.' But by 1960 Alec Waugh would write: 'You have done what I did not think possible for a Westerner to do - get inside the mind and the heart of the Far East.' It has always been appreciated in Sri Lanka and in November 2005 was republished in England. This novel, his autobiography and his official diaries give an unusually detailed picture of a colonial civil servant's activities but it is possible that they show only a one-sided view of the British occupation of Ceylon. Others, who spent longer there and were more deeply involved in the overall Imperial picture, may place more emphasis on other, more benign, aspects of British rule. Like the author of this book he was a lifelong socialist and a writer, but there the similarity ends. Woolf, apart from politics, devoted himself mainly to literature, the Hogarth Press and the care of his wife and her literary legacy. Christopher Ondaatje, whose ancestor, PPJ Quint Ondaatje, left Ceylon for the Netherlands in 1773 never to return, has written several books of travel, particularly *Journey to the Source of the Nile* of which this book is the latest. It is not only painstakingly researched but also pleasantly discursive and is lavishly illustrated with photographs, both modern and historic, many in colour. (AWM)

2005 Harper Collins ISBN 0 00 200718 5 £24.95 pp326

The East India College at Haileybury 1806-1857

Andrew Hambling

Written by the Archivist at Haileybury, this handsome A4 paperback marks the bicentenary of the founding of the East India College. It was on 3 February 1806 that twenty-three students gathered for their first term at the College, which was initially opened in the Gate-House of Hertford Castle. That same year the foundation stone of the College was laid at Haileybury, some twenty miles north of London, and by September 1809 the boys had moved into their new building. The establishment of the College has an Indian background, as you might imagine. The Marquess of Wellesley, as Governor General at the end of the 18th century, was anxious that the young men coming out to work for the East India Company should learn Oriental languages. He established the College of Fort William in Calcutta as his 'University of the East'. The College, staffed by Oriental scholars, grew rapidly, but was expensive to run. The East India Company's Directors in London at first ordered it to be closed, but a compromise was reached, and the idea of a College in England mooted. Not only would this be cheaper, but the Directors would be able to exercise a closer control on the training of the young men. Haileybury was selected as being near London but not near enough to tempt its pupils out of an evening.

The first tutors, or *munshis* as they were known, were all Muslims – Ghulam Haider, Mirza Khaleel and Abdul Ali and in 1826 Mirza Mohammed Ibrahim joined them as appointed Professor of Arabic and Persian. Apart from learning languages, including Sanskrit, Hindustani and French, other subjects on the timetable included Political Economy & History, Humanity & Philology, Mathematics & Natural Philosophy, Classics, Drawing, Fencing and Dancing. Students were admitted at the age of fourteen, and entrance to the College required knowledge of the four Gospels in the Greek text, the ability to translate a selection of Latin authors, together with some aspects of Ancient History, Geography, Philosophy, and Euclid. Naturally the high academic standards produced some remarkable men, and attracted some distinguished teachers, like Sir Monier-Williams, who became an expert in Sanskrit and the Reverend Henry Keene, who had led a storming party at the siege of Seringapatnam before studying Persian and Arabic at Fort William College. There is much of interest in this well-illustrated book. A brief comparison with Addiscombe College, set up about the same time to train cadets for the East India Company's Army, would have been useful. Both Addiscombe and Haileybury were closed when the Company was disbanded in 1858. But unlike Addiscombe, which was sold off, and built over, Haileybury was reopened in 1862 as a new college, thanks to the foresight of a Committee which purchased the buildings and estate for £18,000. In 1942, Haileybury absorbed the

Imperial Service College, which had already absorbed the United Services College. Today it is a leading co-educational boarding and day school, retaining many of the original buildings from its foundation in 1806, although thankfully the entrance requirements have been somewhat relaxed. Recommended. (RLJ)

2005 The Haileybury Society, Haileybury, Hertford SG13 7NU.
ISBN 0 9542405 4 5 £10 plus £2 p&p in the UK and Europe and £4 p&p elsewhere.
pp72

Edge of Empire: Conquest & Collecting in the East 1750-1850 Maya Jasanoff

A short review cannot do justice to this rich and complex book. It breaks new ground with provocative statements, bringing together ideas that have been brewing among scholars for the last quarter of a century. Now they have found a worthy home in Jasanoff's first book. *Edge of Empire* is concerned with Europeans, empires and collectors in India and Egypt during that century when England and France both looked eastwards, first as traders, then as rulers. It may initially seem curious to link collectors, those 18th and 19th century men and women with their 'cabinets of curiosities' to the story of Empire building, yet there is logic in Jasanoff's argument. She shows how important the collection of cultural objects was (and still is), not only to an individual's status, but to a country's sense of identity too. Recently part of Robert Clive's Indian collection went under the auction hammer to cries of dismay in Britain, because Clive's Mughal treasures (accumulated to boost his own status as a nabob) were seen as somehow 'belonging' here. The fact they were bought for a Museum in the Middle East has not made it any easier. There is a 19th century parallel with the complaints from the French men who had amassed a wealth of Egyptian treasures during the Napoleonic expeditions. When ordered to hand them over to Britain by the Treaty of Capitulation, Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire said 'We spent three years conquering these treasures one by one, three years collecting them in every corner of Egypt, from Philae to Rosetta; each of them is associated with a peril surmounted, a monument etched and engraved in our memories...' This is why the Rosetta Stone, now in the British Museum, was so important a prize in these 'cultural wars'. A highly recommended book with engaging portraits of major collectors of cultural booty. (RLJ)

2005 Fourth Estate ISBN 0 00 718009 8 £25.00 pp404

European Calcutta: Images & Recollections of a Bygone Era

Dhrubajyoti Banerjea

The author is not a historian, he tells us straight away, but someone born in Calcutta and who has lived most of his life there and who loves it. He has been building up a collection of books, photographs, postcards, and maps 'anything with the remotest Calcutta connection' since the mid 1970s. His obsession 'drove me to roam about the European part of Calcutta, ready to pounce on the tiniest bit of history' and this detailed, erudite but entertaining book is the result. It divides the city into chronological and geographical areas, thus 'The Old Fort and the Black Hole' 'Esplanade East to Park Street' and 'The Fort William of Today'. It is particularly useful in that it doesn't stop dead in 1947 when the majority of Europeans left, but gives us stories about what happened to the buildings and institutions afterwards. Thus on p171 we learn the origins of Mohan Singh Oberoi's rise to become an international hotelier, from modest beginnings in Simla and Calcutta. With eighty well chosen illustrations, this book is warmly recommended. (RLJ)

UBS Publishers' Distributors Pvt. Ltd New Delhi ISBN 8174765069 *Rs 595
pp352

A walk through the Historic Cemetery of St George's Cathedral, Chennai, India is the title of an illustrated leaflet produced by this old Madras Cathedral. The first burial took place in 1818 and there are some 700 identified British graves here, Recently BACSA provided a grant to assist the Cathedral authorities in carrying out repairs to the historic tombs and the whole area is now bright and clean. All the inscriptions were recorded at the beginning of the 20th century by Julian James Cotton and as the leaflet says 'it is fortuitous that the very first grave we view on our walk is that of this great historian.' The leaflet deals with an important historic cemetery in a clear, concise manner, that should serve as a model for similar Cemetery Committees and Trusts. There is a good sketch map of the site and the surrounding roads, with a selection of some of the most interesting graves. Mr Francis Paul, author of *The Cross over Coromandel* (Chowkidar Spring 2005) has kindly sent BACSA one hundred of these leaflets. We will post them to members free of charge on receipt of a A5 stamped addressed envelope (9" x 6 1/2"). Applications to the Secretary.

Jabalpur Map (see back cover). This sketch map, showing the position of the cemetery at Jabalpur, was inadvertently omitted from the Autumn 2005 *Chowkidar* article 'Mapping the Cemeteries' by Merilyn Hywel-Jones.

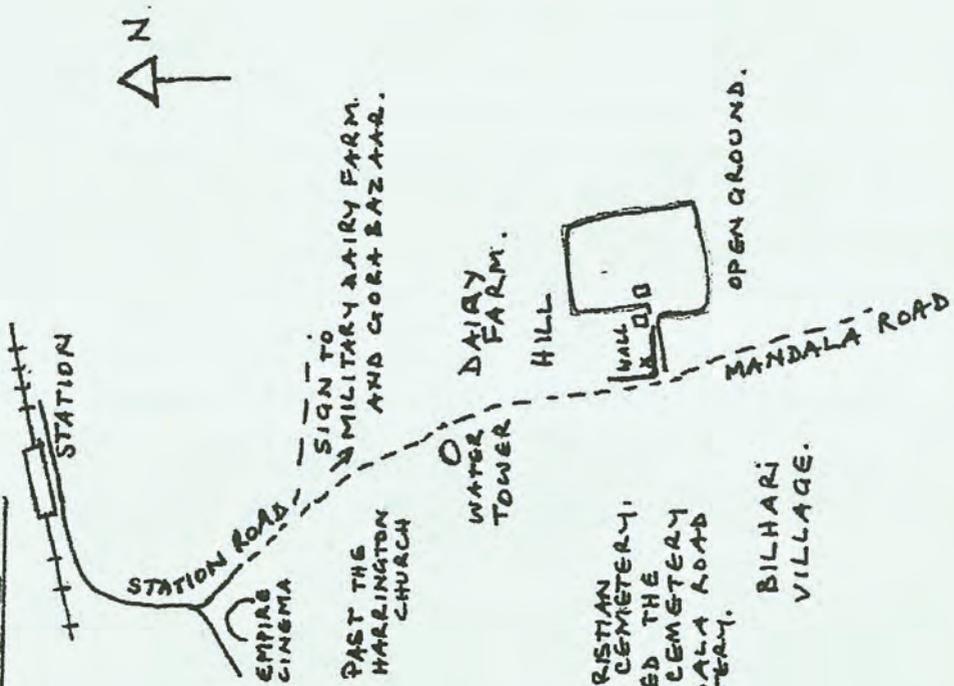
Notes to Members

1. When writing to a BACSA officer and expecting a reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.
2. If wishing to contact a fellow-member whose address is not known to you, send the letter c/o Hon. Secretary who will forward it unopened.
3. If planning a survey of cemetery MIs, either in this country or overseas, please check with the appropriate Area Representative or the Hon. Secretary to find out if it has already been recorded. This is not to discourage the reporting of the occasional MI noticed, which is always worth doing but to avoid unnecessary duplication of effort.

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

Email: radvani@sancharnet.in

JABALPUR.



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