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CHOWKIDAR

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NOTES ON BACSA

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

There is a steady membership of over 1,200 (2015) drawn from a wide circle of interest - Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical & Genealogical Societies. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association - the setting up of local committees in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Sri Lanka, Malaysia etc., and building up the Records Archive in the India Office Collections at the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments. The Association has its own newsletter *Chowkidar*, which is distributed free to all members twice a year and contains a section for 'Queries' on any matter relating to family history or the condition of a relative's grave etc. BACSA also publishes Cemetery Records books and has published books on different aspects of European social history out East. Full details on our website: www.bacsa.org.uk

Founded by the late Theon Wilkinson, MBE

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A BRITISH GRAVE IN PONDICHERRY

The southern Indian city of Pondicherry was under French rule, with a few interruptions, for nearly 300 years. It was not until 1954 that its citizens voted to merge their union territory with that of India. The French-appointed Governors of Pondicherry were nominally in charge of other French 'establishments' in the Indian sub-continent too, which meant, in effect, only the little town of Chandernagore in Bengal, over a thousand miles away. It was one of the later Governors, François Pierre Rodier, appointed in 1898, who gave his name to the Rodier textile mill in Pondicherry, which was established in the year he took up office. The Rodier Mill was one of several in the city that became an important centre for cloth production and it was here that James Heywood from Lancashire came to work as a cotton mill engineer. His great grand-daughter, Mrs Patricia Redford tells us that he sailed with his wife Clara from Liverpool Docks in the early 1900s.

James must have prospered because by 1913 he had been joined by other members of his family including Mrs Redwood's father, then aged just three years. But sadly James died on 19 October 1919 and his family returned to England. We do not know the cause of his death - he was about 60 years old. Last year Mrs Redford visited India hoping to find her ancestor's grave, having wisely consulted BACSA in advance. We were able to advise and in return received a long report and photographs of a successful mission. 'We had a driver/guide from the local area who at first took us to the French Cemetery which was very rambling and overgrown and eventually met poor people who apparently lived in the cemetery. Our guide explained and we showed them the old photo of my great grandfather's grave. They immediately recognized it and said it was in the British Cemetery on the opposite side of the road and took us over there. (*see page 36*)

It was a walled cemetery with a locked door; on it was a phone number to ring for entry. Our guide phoned the caretaker and he arrived within 10 minutes and unlocked the door for us. It was quite a large area and would have taken us a long time to search through, however with the help of the cemetery dwellers they took us to where they thought the grave would be. They found it straightaway as the grave was very recognisable from the original photograph, although it had sunk into the ground, it was visible and I could still read the inscription: "In loving memory of James, the beloved husband of Clara Heywood who died 10th October 1919." The 'dwellers' immediately brought water and washed it down but it was still in good condition considering the age.

The actual cemetery, although quite run-down and with very old gravestones sinking into the ground, was in fair condition. It was not overgrown with weeds as was the French cemetery and I found it very peaceful and certainly not neglected. Although we were unable to speak their language, with the help of our guide/driver who spoke a little English, we all managed to communicate. We gave them money which they were delighted with and our guide said they will now look after the grave.' The cemetery is in present-day Ambedkar Marg and appears to be an ancient one, having first opened in 1784 when it was known as the Uppalam or Cemetery of the Parish. As for the Rodier Mill, it later became Anglo-French Textiles Ltd, and is now one of the largest cloth producing mills in India. It is good to think that an Englishman had a hand in it all those years ago.

MAIL BOX

In 1838 the Sultan of Lahej was persuaded by Britain to give up 75 square miles of territory around the port of Aden. This was the start of the British presence in Yemen and the resurgence of the ancient town. With the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, Aden became the main coaling station for steam ships, hence its 'Steamer Point'. Inevitably there were European deaths and the need for cemeteries. It is estimated there were originally nine Christian cemeteries in and around the Aden Protectorate before British withdrawal in 1967.

Merilyn Hywel-Jones, BACSA's Area representative for Aden (as well as Bombay and the Punjab) tells us: 'The cemetery in the Crater is now mainly a car-park and the Holkat Bay Cemetery has probably also been built over. We recorded what we could find in 1997 and 2006. At Steamer Point and Tawahi, the Sapper Bay Cemetery had already vanished by the 1860s. Barrack Hill Cemetery is now an unofficial football ground surrounding a few remaining graves. These were recorded in 1995 and 1997. Small cemeteries and single up-country graves have vanished. The cemetery most people will know of is Ma'alla Cemetery, opened in the 1860s and still in use, with a mixture of civilian and Commonwealth War Graves. It was fully recorded, photographed and mapped by 2008 and was always carefully tended by local staff. It was railed on one side and surrounded by residential buildings on the other three sides. Sadly, during the current war in Yemen, the Ma'alla cemetery was thoroughly ransacked by people from the north on 5 August this year. They desecrated the graves, breaking up tombstones and overturning crosses. The people of Aden will be distressed by this wanton destruction' adds Merilyn.

Through all the upheavals of the past 60 years, the cemetery was respected and in fact counted as part of Aden's history, along with the statue of Queen Victoria, which had been returned to Crescent Gardens. People who have sailed into Aden over many years will remember the Prince of Wales Pier, which was the landing stage. This used to be known as the War Memorial, because it housed memorial plaques from World War One. Some years ago many of these memorials were removed to the Ma'alla Cemetery, while the Pier itself was recently bombed and completely destroyed. We are waiting for a statement from the Commonwealth War Graves Commission but meanwhile can only emphasize that the recording of cemeteries and inscriptions is a vital part of BACSA's work. Our records from the Aden cemeteries may soon be all that remains of its once thriving British population.

Earlier this year BACSA member Professor John Richardson visited the historic site of Badli-ki-Serai in north Delhi. Here stands a sandstone memorial to the officers and men who fell on 8 June 1857 at the start of the siege of Delhi. The soldiers, of the 75th Regiment of Foot, were led by Major General Sir Henry Barnard and succeeded in driving the serai's defenders out, thus clearing the road to Delhi. It is one of the most significant battles of the Great Uprising and the site is on the itinerary of most Mutiny tours. Thus Professor Richardson was horrified to find that the site had been partially bulldozed by a property developer (known as land sharks in India). The memorial stands on a mound, raised high above the large vegetable market that now surrounds it. Within the mound were buried the men, mainly Scots, who were killed on that June day. Although the memorial itself was undamaged, the bulldozer had cut into the mound, exhuming a number of bones. (*see page 36*)

Ashok Kumar, the chowkidar, who has been looking after the site since the 1970s quickly mobilized some of his friends, and they bravely lay down in front of the bulldozer, stalling the work. Arguments followed, but the demolition crew left. Professor Richardson contacted the British High Commission and alerted BACSA. High level talks followed when the High Commissioner, Sir James Bevan met Shri Arvind Kejriwal, Delhi's Chief Minister who promptly ordered his divisional commissioner to conduct an inquiry and submit a report. Unfortunately that is where the matter rests at present. What did emerge was that the memorial is not protected by the Archaeological Survey of India and that the sandstone cross was not erected until fifty-four years later, being unveiled during the 1911 Delhi Durbar. By then, the 75th Regiment had become the 1st Battalion, the Gordon Highlanders, so the memorial is known as The Highlanders' Monument.

The passage of time certainly produces some strange twists of fate, as the *Times of India* reported on 9 August this year. *Chowkidar* has published stories in the past about old British tombs that have become shrines today for Indian villagers. (In fact we probably have enough examples now to make a small book.) From the village of Shairpur, near Aligarh in Uttar Pradesh comes the latest, which was headlined in the newspaper. ‘Nine British soldiers who died fighting rebels in the 1857 freedom struggle near this village are now worshipped by the descendants of the villagers. The locals, who believe the souls of the nine soldiers protect them from evil spirits, have turned the memorial plaque into a shrine with lit candles, incense sticks and sacred red threads.’

The incident in which the soldiers were killed was considered of such little importance that it was not mentioned in P.J.O. Taylor’s definitive histories of the Mutiny. But the shrine memorial was recorded by Edward Blunt in 1911 and the inscription reads: ‘In memory of the brave men who fell in the hour of victory at Gangiri on 14th December 1857, and whose mortal remains rest here upon the field of battle:

George Wardlaw, Captain	Robert Chapman, Private
John Hudson, Lieutenant	Walter Cosser, Private
Sydney Vyse, Lieutenant	Allen Eastwood, Private
Joseph Barnett, Private	

All of H.M.’s 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabineers)’

The action was described by Major William Hodson, the controversial commandant of Hodson’s Horse and it sounds anything *but* a minor skirmish. 800 rebel horsemen and a mob on foot met the British troops who were escorting a convoy of grain and stores to Cawnpore, led by Brigadier Seaton. The Carabineers were ordered to capture the enemy’s guns, which they did, ‘charging in the most gallant style’. In all, 23 men were killed or wounded. There was, however, an implied criticism that the deaths of Captain Wardlaw and Lieutenant Hudson ‘were perhaps unnecessary’. Wardlaw ‘dashed single-handed, with a cheer, into a knot of matchlock-men waiting to receive him and was shot dead instantly’. Hudson was shot when he rode past an armed

rebel lying concealed in a field of wheat. Whether the present day villagers know much of this is speculative. The sturdy red sandstone memorial stands today in shrubby rice fields in front of a peepal tree. On holy days (of which there are many in India), local people, particularly women, worship the stone plaque. They offer flowers to the souls of the dead soldiers. ‘It is certainly ironic that the descendants of the rebels who fought and killed these men offer them prayers today’ said the local primary school headmaster, Jai Vir Singh. But one of the villagers claims that not only do the locals worship here but that the families of the dead soldiers visit annually from Britain to pay homage to their ancestors. If so, BACSA would certainly like to hear from them. And at least the memorial is being well looked after.

Syed Faizan Raza from Bihar has sent a detailed report on the old Saheb ka Qabristan cemetery at Bhagalpur, on the southern bank of the Ganges. This is particularly useful because it gives the inscriptions on some of the remaining stones, and also biographical details with carefully sourced references. It is a model of what a cemetery report should be and Mr Raza is to be commended. The name ‘saheb ka qabristan’ means simply the Graveyard of the Sahebs and it is situated on the left side of the road connecting Bhagalpur railway station with the Tej Narayan Banaili (TNB) College. When Mr Raza visited the cemetery a few years ago he found it in a dismal state. ‘It was like a dumping ground of garbage and filth and was encroached upon by the fellow neighbours. Most of the stone tablets were either taken away by the neighbours or damaged for reasons best known to them. With much labour I could find barely 15 to 20 graves with the majority of them in great shambles. Not only the inscriptional stones but also many a grave had disappeared without a trace. There were several tombs which had spires and cylindrical columns which must have once added elegance to the graveyard. So far as I could gather information there was no church committee or organisation whatsoever which was responsible for its upkeep.’

Among the tombs which were found was that of Anne Elizabeth, the wife of Teignmouth Sandys of the Bengal Civil Service. The couple were married at Purnea in November 1843 and Anne lived until the age of seventy, dying in June 1879, mourned by her husband and children. Another is that of Captain William Gilbert Don (?) of the 43rd Bengal Light Infantry, commanding the Bhaugulpore Hill Rangers who died on 21 January 1852, aged 43 years. There are a number of infant deaths too, including in 1853, the daughter of Henry Lucius Dampier, a member of the Bengal Legislative Council.

Mr Raza has thoughtfully added pictures of Teignmouth Sandys and Henry Dampier at the end of his article. Another European cemetery has also been found recently, containing later tombs including that of Sister Mary M.E. McDermot, C. St. J. who died at Bhagalpur on 31 May 1917 after devoting herself to the sick 'both rich and poor' of the city. Clearly the older cemetery, with its still magnificent tombs, should be protected and BACSA would welcome ideas on how to go about this.

Another depressing report came from Jo Armit who, after several years' research found the grave of her aunt, Marjorie Sullivan at the Chandranagar Cemetery in Dehra Dun. Marjorie had died as a child (we do not know when) and other members of the family were buried there too. Sadly Dehradun is no longer a 'country village' Ms Armit reported. 'Now the capital of Uttarakhand, it has grown hugely in population and building work. I was aghast at the neglected state of the cemetery...a jungle of weed overgrowth and tombs of family members were only discernible after we had dug around a lot and pulled out the weeds covering the marble and inscriptions. Many of the slabs were broken as well as missing bits, like the angel we found on another grave. The chowkidar was elderly but very helpful, though without any garden tools, his job of maintaining the area is virtually a non-starter. I met the Chairman of the Cemetery Committee, the Revd. J.P. Singh who was very pleasant but insisted he needed financial assistance to keep the cemetery properly maintained.' (BACSA is now in correspondence with the Revd. Singh and has offered an initial grant.) The cemetery itself is impressive, but clearly neglected with a large, dilapidated gatehouse and overgrown avenues. It also has the distinction of housing the graves of a number of German prisoners of war from World War Two who died here.

On a happier note it is good to report that earlier this year an impressive dedication service took place at South Park Street Cemetery, Calcutta. With BACSA's help, an inscription was cut and placed on the tomb of Lady Anne Monson who died in 1776. Lady Anne was an extraordinary personality, 'a phoenix among women' both in her personal life and professionally as a botanist and natural historian. Her first marriage, at the age of 19, produced two sons but ten years after the marriage an illegitimate child was born, whose fate, and father, were unknown. Her husband divorced her (not easy in 18th century England) and that same year, 1757, Lady Anne married one of her devoted lovers, the Hon. George Monson, four years her junior. It caused an immense scandal and when George left to pursue his military career in India, his wife was persuaded to live quietly at Fulham, away from society, to 'regain her respectability'.

It was a productive time, spent assisting James Lee, proprietor of the Vineyard Nursery in Hammersmith in translating Linnaeus's *Philosophia Botanica*, which was published in 1760. Linnaeus was so impressed by all he heard of her that he named a genus of South African wild flower 'monsonia'. In 1774, having become 'respectable' again, Lady Anne travelled to India to join George on his second tour of duty. In Calcutta Lady Anne was known as 'a very superior whist-player' who gave good dinner parties. Sadly she died here after exactly 'two monsoons'. Her husband followed her to the grave six months later and the two tombs lie side by side just inside the cemetery wall. Nothing was inscribed on her grave but 240 years later, a member of the family, Lady Emma Monson, her grand-daughter Isabella and family friends gathered at the tomb with its newly-cut inscription. The ceremony, also attended by cemetery officials, and led by the vicar of St Paul's Cathedral, was widely reported in the press. (*see page 37*)

CAN YOU HELP?

Five years ago Jennifer Duguid asked us if we knew where the burial place of one of her husband's ancestors might be. This was Lieutenant Colonel James Walker (1782-1824), of the Madras Light Infantry, who was killed near Rangoon during the first Anglo-Burmese war. At the time we couldn't provide an answer but noted that two memorials had been erected to the deceased officer – a very fine marble at St. Andrews's Church, Madras, and a tablet in the compound of St John's Catholic Church, Rangoon. But where was the officer, described as 'one of India's best and bravest soldiers' actually buried? The answer came as the updated *Burma Register* was being prepared for publication (*see page 43*). According to a note in the *Register*, Major Walker was buried in the earliest Roman Catholic Chapel at Rangoon. This was an 18th century mission house, and his grave lay in its garden. After the Catholic missionaries left, the garden became the general European burial ground and continued in use until shortly after the Second Burma War of 1852 when it was built over. The discrepancy in the officer's title is probably explained by the term 'brevet rank' where an officer was promoted above his rank, often during a military emergency, but retained the pay of his normal rank.

So, one mystery solved and there has been a satisfying conclusion to another long-running story too that began in the very first edition of *Chowkidar* in 1977 with the story of Dr Flora Butcher (1896-1926). The doctor's tomb, initially thought to have been on the Afghan border, was found after considerable research and fieldwork to be at Banbasa,

near the Nepalese border. It was the only recognizable tomb in the graveyard, which lies on the outskirts of the little town, and it was in a sad state, with a large tree growing from the grave. But because BACSA had been left a sum of money for restoration it was our duty to do what we could. Peter Lunn, the stone-mason from Delhi who has worked on other old tombs, volunteered to visit Banbasa, and came up with an ingenious solution. (see page 37) It would have been impossible to remove the tree without demolishing the grave, so the whole area was bricked around and plastered over. The inscription from Dr Butcher's tomb was reinstated and the cross, which had fallen off, was put back. It may not look very elegant at the moment, but when whitewashed, it will be a lasting memorial to the dedicated medical missionary.

Another query that appeared in the Autumn 2014 *Chowkidar* has also been resolved. Peter Bankes told us last year that he was planning to travel to Burma to see if he could locate the remains of his father, Peter Robert Sandham Bankes, who had been shot in the Chin Hills in November 1943. Captain Bankes was buried in an isolated grave in the village of Lamthang (Lampong). During the years the site of the grave had been lost and it seemed a gallant, but probably fruitless quest when the Captain's son set out earlier this year in an attempt to find it. He was helped by BACSA member, Dr Desmond Kelly, whose own father, Norman, had served in Burma with Captain Bankes. Eventually an elderly villager was found who had lived in the village as a boy, and who remembered where the grave was. The old man explained that an elevated area near the village was known locally as 'Bankes manga mual' (which roughly translates as the Mound of Gentleman Bankes) and that it lay 'between two small stone pillars'. In 1980, when villagers dug the area to bury an elderly lady, 'some bones and the fragment of a decayed boot' were found.

Dr Kelly's contact in Burma, a local priest, mounted an expedition to Lamthang which was deserted some 20 years ago. Three diggers/porters accompanied the party, which had to make the final trek on foot over very difficult and hilly terrain. The grave was excavated and three small remains found which were subsequently identified as the heel/ankle bones of an adult. Peter Bankes has since been in touch with the Commonwealth War Graves Commission who have accepted the 'compelling evidence' that this is in fact the grave of Captain Bankes. He will now be commemorated at the Taukkyan War Memorial Cemetery near Rangoon with the simple inscription 'Buried in Lamthang. Beloved husband of Pearl and Father of Peter, lost but never forgotten, and now at rest.'

A memorial ceremony is scheduled to take place in November which will be attended by Peter Bankes and his wife Jennie. Mrs Pearl Bankes died on 29 July this year, aged ninety-four. She was one of the founder members of the Womens' Auxiliary Service Burma and endured many hardships during the evacuation from Burma in 1942. Her son, Peter Bankes, adds: 'As regards my father's small remains, I have been wondering what to do with them for some time. The solution was now obvious! Before my mother's funeral I put them in a small black velvet pouch, together with some earth which I had collected from where we held the small memorial service in the Chin Hills, and had them placed in her coffin. I thought this very appropriate, and they were reunited after 72 years!' A moving conclusion to a son's quest to find his father's grave.

Earlier this year *Chowkidar* published an appeal by Christine Polybank for information about her great grandfather's family. Carl Joachim Bechtler was a Swiss watchmaker who prospered after he emigrated to India. The family spent their summers in Mussoorie and several family members were buried here in a cemetery 'on the edge of a forest' that looked towards the Himalayas. BACSA members Hugh and Colleen Gantzer, who live in Mussoorie were quickly able to identify the cemetery as the Camel's Back and found entries in the Burial Register which confirmed the sparse information that Ms Polybank had. One surprise was an entry for another Carl Bechtler, who died in 1893, and this didn't seem to fit the family tree until it was suddenly remembered that the watchmaker had had eleven children, of whom nine survived. Little Carl, an infant, unfortunately did not. Hugh Gantzer, who grew up in Mussoorie also told us that as a boy he remembered 'a cottage there with a corrugated iron roof with the word HELVETIA painted on it. It was, I think, associated with watches and clocks, though I don't know if they sold them from the cottage. HELVETIA was below the Mall on the Kulri slope leading to the Picture Palace, roughly opposite the Police Station. The name Bechtler rings a fainter bell, but I feel I heard it in conversations.' Helvetia, as any stamp collector knows is the female national personification of Switzerland, equivalent to our Britannia, so it all fits in rather well and Christine Polybank is delighted with the information.

Squire Gerard de Lisle of Billesdon tells us that his great uncle, Everard Aloysius Lisle Phillipps was born in Leicestershire in May 1835 and died bravely at Delhi on 17 September 1857 during the Mutiny. Three days earlier he had been recommended for the Victoria Cross on account of his heroic action at the Water Bastion during the recapture of the city.

Ensign Phillipps had initially joined the 11th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry stationed at Meerut. After his regiment's mutiny he joined the 60th Rifles. His citation reads in part: [he] 'would have been recommended to Her Majesty for the decoration of the Victoria Cross, had he survived, for many gallant deeds which he performed during the Siege of Delhi, during which he was wounded three times. At the assault of that city he captured the Water Bastion with a small party of men, and was finally killed in the streets of Delhi.'

Everard Phillipps was buried in the old Delhi Military Cemetery at Rajpura (Plot IV, Grave 4) and the stone slab covering the grave was apparently damaged during riots in 1947. 'Through the High Commission' the Squire de Lisle continues, 'I had it repaired in 1972 but the area is now a poor housing settlement and I presume the memorial could be part of a house wall!' He is commemorated on the Delhi Mutiny Memorial and a public subscription by the people of Leicestershire led to the erection of a fine 'medieval' stone tower to his memory in 1863/4, designed by E.W. Pugin, which has now unfortunately been demolished. Naturally the brave young man, only twenty-two when he was killed, is mentioned in a number of books and a recent article in the *Leicestershire Historian* (2013). But is there any further information about him, one wonders? The Squire de Lisle would be most interested and can be contacted through the Editor. Incidentally, Ensign Phillipps' VC, awarded posthumously to his family in 1907, is on display at the Imperial War Museum, London.

Janet Smith, a member of the Wandsworth Historical Society (as is your Editor) recently visited India for the first time and discovered an obscure little cemetery at Bakloh, in Himachal Pradesh. Ms Smith was in search of her half-brother's grave, but had little information to go on. His surname was Williams, and his Christian names were Frank Allen. He is believed to have died as a small child between 1940 and 1945. BACSA has no record of the Bakloh cemetery, so we were particularly pleased to have some photographs, as well as a written description. 'I hired a driver for the day...it was a very twisty journey to get there – but what stunningly beautiful countryside! We found St Oswald's church easily enough but, to my dismay, there was no graveyard attached. Persistent inquiries by the driver eventually led us, via a very circuitous route (steps, a back garden, a couple of fields) to a small, gated, British cemetery. It was locked but luckily the wall was low enough for us to jump over. The graveyard was not big – perhaps 20 to 30 gravestones, but we were still unable to pin down my half-brother's grave. Most of the inscriptions had worn away, apart from some military gravestones. The notice on the gate said that the keys were available in Dalhousie.'

What Janet Smith would like to know is who to contact about the grave and indeed for further information about her half-brother. Meanwhile BACSA is pleased to add another cemetery to its files. We have established that Bakloh is part of the Dalhousie cantonment and has been a base for Gurkha regiments since the mid-19th century although it is considered rather out of the way and only one battalion seems to be stationed there at present.

Over the years *Chowkidar* has published a number of stories about animal graves in South Asia – plenty of horses and dogs of course, but we were intrigued by a query from Professor Julie Hughes at Vassar College in America. 'Have you ever come across any references to a gravestone put up for a tiger named Selim by 'J.O.' probably John William Willoughby Osborne? If true (and I'm almost convinced it is), it would have been raised around 1860, likely around Bhopal or Gwalior. The inscription is believed to have read: Sacred to the Memory of Selim, A Tiger Who Lost His life in the Defence of His Master J.O. Faithful Unto Death.' This was too good to resist and the story of the faithful tiger, told in *Wide World Magazine*, December 1899 was eagerly downloaded and read. It was related in the magazine by Colonel F.T. Pollock who had got it from an old Muslim shikaree (hunter). It began when the Colonel came across the remains of an old cantonment 'in the South Mahratta country'. There were portions of bungalow walls still standing and ancient roads and compounds which were overgrown with jungle 'excepting a small inclosure, which was tolerably clear, and in the centre of this space I noticed a grave.' 'Sahib!' said the old shikaree 'it is the grave of a tiger, who saved the great Lord Sahib's life by sacrificing his own. It is in my care.' Colonel Pollock jumped over the low wall and examined the sarcophagus. On its marble slab was the inscription (above) which was repeated in Hindustani and Marathi. (*see back cover*)

The story was that the young British subaltern (whom we will call Osborne) was fond of shooting and had managed to kill a male tiger on a hunting expedition. But a little cub, about six months old, although wounded, was saved. 'I took the little brute home...he nestled up to me in a way most unusual with even the smallest of felines. I had his wounds carefully attended to and put him among a litter of puppies belonging to one of my Poligar dogs.' The cub was weaned and reared, sleeping on Osborne's bed at nights and following him around like a dog during the day. There is much more in this vein (it is a long article) but the upshot is that Selim, the pet tiger, saved Osborne when the latter was attacked by a man-eating tiger on another hunting expedition.



above: Pat Redwood at her great grandfather's grave in the British Cemetery, Pondicherry. (see page 25)



above: Lady Emma Monson at the dedication service of Lady Anne Monson's inscription, South Park Street Cemetery, Calcutta. (see page 30)

below: the Highlanders Monument on the burial mound at Badli-ki-Serai, north Delhi. (see page 27)



below: the restored grave of Dr Flora Butcher at Banbasa. (see page 31)

The two felines struggled violently and Osborne was fearful of firing in case he hit his pet. The man-eater disembowelled poor Selim who in his death throes managed to kill his adversary. Osborne continues 'I half lifted the faithful dying creature on my knee, blubbing like a child over him. While Selim feebly licked my hands and face we poured water down his throat but in less than five minutes his gallant spirit had fled. Poor Selim was dead.' Colonel Osborne, who died in 1881, had distinguished himself during the Mutiny and was appointed Political Agent at Bhopal in 1862. We assume that it was while serving here the story unfolded and would welcome information about a nearby old cantonment, deserted by the mid 1860s. It is too much to hope that Selim's tomb is identifiable today – the marble slab will long ago have been appropriated. But what a touching story.

British women artists in India. BACSA member Dr Rosemary Raza is writing a book on British women artists in India, covering the period from their first arrival in the late 18th century to Independence. Their achievement was remarkable, though little has been written about it except in connection with prominent names such as Emily Eden, Charlotte Canning, Marianne North, and Constance Gordon Cumming. However, other artists who are to date less well known are in many cases equally interesting. There is probably much talent as yet undocumented, and Rosemary would like to enlist the help of BACSA members who may know about relatives who painted or sketched in India. Please contact her at: rraza@hotmail.com or through the Editor.

Old photographs of a Calcutta cemetery. BACSA member Dr Neeta Das writes: On behalf of Kolkata Scottish Heritage Trust I request you to please go through your old albums and send us any old photographs of the Scottish Cemetery in Kolkata, India that you may find. We need these for the authentic restoration of the Cemetery and its monuments. We would be happy to accept any other trivia that you may have that could enrich our conservation project. Your interest and effort in this endeavour is greatly appreciated. Please contact Dr Das via the Editor.

Holy Trinity Church, Nuwara Eliya, Sri Lanka. BACSA member Mrs Margaret (Meg) Atkins is visiting Sri Lanka this Christmas, in search of her great grandmother's grave at Holy Trinity. 'My ancestors were tea planters there for a very long time. I've never been back since my birth.' Mrs Atkins generously offers to look for graves of BACSA ancestors buried in the churchyard and will photograph any she finds. 'It is so easy to send pictures now by email.' Please contact her at: megandtonyatkins@gogglemail.com

BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

Representing Sindh: Images of the British Encounter Rosemary Raza

Sindh takes its name from the mighty Sindhu or Indus river that flows through it. Today it forms the southernmost province of Pakistan and is bounded by Balochistan and the Punjab to the west and north and to the east by the modern day Indian provinces of Rajasthan and Gujerat. To the south is the Arabian Sea providing Pakistan with its essential sea routes to the rest of the world. The British engagement with Sindh came surprisingly late in comparison with other parts of the Indian Subcontinent – it was not until the end of the 18th Century, prompted by concerns of a possible invasion of India from the northwest, that the East India Company turned its attention to what was then a rather inhospitable and politically unstable area. Suddenly it became of vital strategic importance to the British culminating in the annexation of the province in 1843.

With the new interest in Sindh at the end of the 18th Century came the necessity to obtain vital information about the country. Given the inhospitable terrain of the area it is hardly surprising that none of the great landscape painters like William Hodges and Daniells had ventured into Sindh to record the scenery, despite its ancient and intriguing history. But many British government officials - particularly army officers - were trained in the recently developed art of watercolour painting – and they were ideally suited to record on paper a visual image of the places they were sent to in Sindh from the early 19th Century onwards.

Rosemary Raza's most impressive book looks, in accurate detail, at the encounter of the British with Sindh and the way that its people, the scenery and the splendid historic monuments were recorded. London is the primary place for archival material of British India and particularly for drawings and watercolours held in various collections - chiefly that of the British Library but also other smaller collections residing in key institutions in the city. She has exhaustively researched all the surviving material held in these institutions and supplemented them with further material presently in private hands. The book is lavishly illustrated both in colour and black and white and the publication by Marg is as impressive as we have come to expect from this publication house – it is well laid out, the type script is clear and the illustrations accurate.

So often today images reproduced in art books bear no relationship to the colouring of the originals – here fortunately they are excellent. The author has arranged the book chronologically – early nineteenth century views by artists like Robert Grindlay – the founder of Grindlays Bank – are scarce. The really impressive works are discussed and illustrated in the second and third chapters. During the 1830s Sindh was seen as vital in the defence of British India resulting in the invasion of Afghanistan in 1838 and the disastrous British retreat from Kabul in 1842. Several of the officers who served in the campaign made delightful drawings of the scenes they visited and several of these were used to illustrate accounts of the campaign. James Atkinson's *Sketches in Afghaunistan*, the illustrations lithographed by Louis and Charles Haghe and published in 1842, is magnificent. The subsequent battles in Sindh and the annexation of the country a year later was similarly recorded.

In the following years professional artists like the brilliant Austro-Hungarian Rudolf Swaboda painted an officer in the Scinde Irregular Horse for Ackermann's *Indian Military Portraits*. In 1843 General Sir Charles Napier was made Governor of Sindh and his primary aim was the pacification of the province and particularly the rebellious northern areas. But Sindh had to wait until the 1850s for any real development. Napier's successor - Bartle Frere initiated the development of roads, canals, the building of Karachi harbour and the railway link between Karachi and Kothi allowing easy access for British civilians into the province for the first time. A number of amateur civilian artists - some better than others – made their way to Sindh in this period. Some thirty years ago a splendid large album of sepia wash drawings of scenes of the great historic cities situated along the Indus passed through my hands. When I acquired the album the artist of these accomplished drawings was unidentified but I was able to ascertain that he was John Le Mesurier – a highly talented amateur. My album is now in the India Office collection at the British Library for all to study. The book finally considers early photography in Sindh starting with those of architectural importance by pioneering photographers like Captain Houghton from the late 1850s and also fascinating scenes of life in Karachi in the 1870s by Michie and Co. Some of the late illustrated books relating to the province are discussed in some detail. Sindh was always famous for its textiles, the glazed turquoise and white pottery of Multan, the elegant tiles of Tatta and jewellery. These were extensively recorded in numerous books written around the turn of the 19th/20th Century – perhaps the most important of which for modern studies is *The Journal of Indian Art and Industry* published by the Cambridge University Library in 1909.

Whatever ones' views are on the British involvement in the Indian Subcontinent, no one can deny the importance of the visual records left by the British and that is as true for Sindh as it is for any other part of India and Pakistan. Were it not for the British obsession with creating records we would have no images of this fascinating part of the world and the author deserves nothing but the highest praise for bringing these images to light for us all to enjoy. I cannot recommend more highly to our members this thoroughly interesting and readable book. (CAG)

2014 The Marg Foundation, Mumbai ISBN 978 93 83243 05 1 Rs 2800/£35.00 pp140

Envoy: A Diplomatic Journey Nicholas Barrington
Nicholas meets Barrington: The Personal Journey of a former Diplomat Nicholas Barrington

Sir Nicholas Barrington is a committed supporter and former Council member of BACSA. His memoirs, published in two volumes, separate the more personal aspects of his life story from his account of his activities as a diplomat. It is hard to avoid the feeling that he has been more than a little self-indulgent in giving so much detail of his diplomatic parties and the amateur dramatics in which he took part. Never mind. There is real interest and substance in the books. They are a record of his whole life, reflecting his many talents and enthusiasms, and he forestalls criticism by laughing at his own occasionally blatant 'self-promotion'. He was clearly a generous and imaginative diplomatic host and took a lot of trouble to research and share his knowledge and love of the countries in which he was posted both with his VIP guests and a wide circle of friends. In his first posting in Pakistan he researched the genealogies of many prominent figures, at a time when the supposed economic and political dominance of the '22 families' was almost a cliché. This reviewer more than once came across Pakistanis who had been impressed and perhaps a little alarmed that a senior British diplomat should apparently know more about their family than they did themselves. But it was a legitimate and useful key to understanding aspects of his host country. He seems less aware that social contact with Pakistanis was not always considered advisable for those of his British colleagues involved in processing visa applications, - a substantial proportion of the High Commission staff. One junior diplomat told me that he had spent three years in Pakistan without making a single Pakistani friend. The distinguished historian Arnold Toynbee on a visit to Pakistan had identified Barrington's enthusiasm

for family history as 'prosopography' – a then newly coined term for a growing social science discipline. The scholarly label was gratifying to him, even as he confesses he did not fully understand what it meant. Some of the personalities he writes about are his 'heroes'; everybody should have them he says, and Toynbee is one of them. They include two diplomats of an older generation with whom he came into contact early in his career; Malcolm Macdonald, who 'helped to create the modern Commonwealth', and Jean Monnet a founder of the European Community who unlike De Gaulle 'always wanted to keep lines open to British membership'.

The Pakistani humanitarian and pioneer of rural development Akhtar Hamid Khan is another hero. The one-time Afghan prime minister (though only briefly) Musa Shafiq Kamawi, who was executed after the communist takeover, was both a hero and a friend. It will be of special interest to BACSA members that Barrington spent more than ten of his 37 years in the diplomatic service in either Pakistan or Afghanistan. His recollections as a witness and participant in the unfolding of the important events in those two countries provide both new political insights, and a rich vein of personal vignettes and anecdotes. His two years in Iran soon after the ayatollahs' revolution and his insights as a Persian speaker are also particularly interesting. He was in charge of British interests under the umbrella of the Swedish embassy slowly testing out a new basis for a restoration of diplomatic relations between Britain and Iran. In the wake of the recent US Iran nuclear agreement Barrington's experiences of 35 years ago seem relevant to the potential challenge of re-connecting the USA and Iran today.

I found his account of his years in Pakistan the most valuable and interesting part of the two books. Many BACSA members will be familiar with the people he writes about. But his travels during postings in Japan and Egypt are also described well and enticingly. The most outspoken are the sections on British foreign policy since his retirement. He pulls no punches in his criticism of Tony Blair over the Iraq war, and warns of the dangers of promoting the idea of a new cold war, with the Islamic world replacing the old Soviet Union as the 'enemy'. But in his eightieth year he is content to pass the torch of foreign policy making to others. In these two books he has given answers to many of the questions we might want to ask him. If there are more we trust he will be around for many more years to come. (WFC)

2014 Radcliffe Press London New York ISBN 97878076 799 4 £29.50 pp536

2014 Radcliffe Press London New York ISBN 97878076 800 7 £24.50 pp259

The Burma Register of European Deaths and Burials

When this BACSA book was published in 1983, under the editorship of the distinguished ICS officer, 'Robin' McGuire, it sold out immediately. Part of the charm of this unique book was that much of its information came from people who served in Burma before Independence in 1948. There is an anecdotal quality about some of the entries, which make them more vivid than the usual cemetery record books. An appeal was made for further information which was published in 1988 as the *Supplement to Register of European Deaths and Burials*. Three years later a programme of cemetery clearance was begun by the Burmese Government and the first casualty was the enormous Rangoon Cantonment Cemetery in the centre of the old city, which was relocated twice, losing most of its tombstones in the process. Luckily the Cemetery had been fairly extensively recorded before its demolition, and photographs taken too. Because so many Burial Registers had been lost or destroyed during World War Two, the *Burma Register* is in many cases the only reminder we have of the considerable number of Europeans, mainly Britons, who lived and died there. The two books, the original *Register* and the *Supplement* have now been amalgamated, the entries put into alphabetical order and new illustrations provided, to form the final record of Burma's colonial past.

2015 BACSA ISBN 978 0 907799 99 3 £15.00 plus P&P pp212

BOOKS BY NON MEMBERS OF INTEREST

The Persian Interpreter: The Life and Career of Turner Macan
Keith Haines

The author's blurb states that his 'primary interest is biographical research into individuals who have achieved something worthwhile or of interest but who remain little known or have been ignored by historians'. Turner Macan fits that, and his scholarly rescue of the great Persian epic *Shahnameh* is certainly an achievement. But with such individuals neglected by history there is often little in the way of personal biographical material on which to base a full-scale biography. Cyril Connolly said 'Inside every fat man is a thin one signalling to be let out.' Inside this fat book (nearly 500 pages), is a much slimmer work on Turner Macan. The book is rambling and repetitive, and much of it is not biography but biography's evil twin, family history. Over 20 pages are devoted to transcribed Wills.

Chapter 1 detects an affinity between Ireland and India, with discursions on prominent Irishmen in India (astonishingly no mention of William Hickey). Then we have an extensive family history of the Irish Macans generally, which I found difficult to follow. Only slightly easier is a chapter on Anglo-Irish relations in the run-up to the Act of Union. The Macans were from Armagh – border country as it has become now. So only about half the book is about Turner Macan. Only on p133 does he arrive in India aged 15 and the book gets going. His career was certainly unusual: a British Army cavalry regiment (16th Lancers), but rapid secondment to act as Persian Interpreter for the Commander in Chief – Lord Combermere, later Sir Edward Paget and Sir Henry Fane. Macan had a front seat at the Barrackpore Mutiny of 1824 and the second siege of Bhurtpore (Bharatpur) 1825-6.

The importance of accurate translation is obvious, but the floridity and hyperbole used by Persian speakers in diplomatic exchanges were particularly ill-suited to rendering in spare and bracing English. The interpreter had somehow to be faithful to the original while conveying the nuances of the original language – more like translating poetry than prose. At Barrackpore it seems the Mutineers believed their grievances would carry more weight if expressed in Persian rather than their native Hindustani, but the result was ‘barbarous and unintelligible’ and contributed to the series of misunderstandings that precipitated the full-scale mutiny. At the same time Macan pursued doggedly his aim to publish a scholarly edition of the *Shahnameh*, in the teeth of indifference from many who should have known better, and downright opposition from those who with Macaulay thought all oriental scholarship was ‘a hoard of waste paper’. It is clear that Turner’s scholarly standards were of the highest and his edition has stood the test of time.

The background of patronage is well handled. Although it is clear Macan was a brilliant linguist and well deserved his post as Persian Interpreter, he seems to have owed his position to patronage – his brother-in-law was Commandant of Combermere’s Bodyguard. Yet there are background matters that might have been further explored. Was Persian only used for dealings with the Native States and more or less autonomous states like Awadh? Was Persian still being used in India much after Macan’s time? It is also far from clear how and why Macan learned Persian as a British Army officer between the ages of 15 and 20. Macan’s is certainly a story worth telling, but it is difficult to see him as a human being. We have virtually nothing in the way of personal letters or diaries about him, apart from barbs from Sir Henry

Fane’s waspish daughter Isabella at the very end of Macan’s life. So Macan himself is largely seen through his work and appointments. Sharper editing would have helped this book. There are repetitions – in at least three places we hear of the almost drowning of Macan’s brother-in-law in Burma. A reference to ‘prompt ... offers of remarriage .. common on the subcontinent’ cites Richard Holmes’ *Sahib* in support. In fact, Holmes was referring only to other ranks in the army where it was essential for a woman to remarry, so as to continue on the strength of the regiment; otherwise she would be left behind. This book is handsomely if slightly eccentrically produced: good binding and illustrations, but elaborate use of a fancy script, and the footnotes are vanishingly small and hard to read. All in all an overlong, but deeply interesting book. (RSM)

2015 Ballihay Books ISBN978-1-910657-00-3 £50 (including P&P) from the author, 6 Beechgrove Avenue, Belfast, BT6 0NF. 480pp

Deeper than Indigo: Tracing Thomas Machell, forgotten explorer Jenny Balfour Paul

The author is so identified with indigo, the true blue dye, its history and present day use that it was inevitable she would jump at the news of the unpublished journals of an indigo planter in 19th century India. The journals, in the British Library, total nearly 3,000 pages and are what the writer, Thomas Machell, called his ‘Talking Papers’ that he sent home to his clergyman father. It is easy to see how the journals attracted the author too, with their unpretentious watercolours, and frank observations of an essentially lonely young man. Thomas was a born traveller. Aged twelve he persuaded his younger brother Lancelot to run away from their Yorkshire rectory. They walked three hundred miles to Portsmouth, short of food and money, before a family friend forwarded them back to their anxious parents. Thomas leaves home for good, aged sixteen, becoming a midshipman on the East India ship *Worcester*. He arrives in Hong Kong and is an eyewitness to the first Opium War: ‘We saw scenes so distressing it is still painful to recall them. Whole families laying dead or dying, women and children stabbed, strangled or poisoned by their own frantic relatives, more cruel in their frenzied fear than the enemies storming their town.’

The young midshipman then sails on a coaling vessel, the *Ganges*, around Cape Horn to America. On a further voyage, to the Marquesas Islands of Polynesia, he falls, Gauguin-like, in love with a local girl, a ‘nut brown maiden of the Sea’ as he describes her. One senses this was the happiest encounter of his life.

But restlessly he travels from Calcutta to Suez by dhow, assuming Arab dress and growing a long dark beard like his Muslim fellow sailors. A little sketch of the crew performing a devotional ceremony at the start of the voyage emphasises the unique experiences of this curious wanderer. So where does the indigo come in? By 1850 Thomas is unsettled and wandering round Bengal until he is offered a job as manager of the Rooderpore indigo estate, near Jessore. This doesn't suit him for long though, and he is off again, returning to England after surviving cholera, but then back to India where he explores Kashmir and the North West Frontier with Lancelot, who by now has forged a successful military career for himself. Jenny Balfour Paul is right to explore the tension between the two brothers – few siblings could be so unlike. Lancelot, the handsome soldier, Thomas the wanderer with an unspecified physical defect, possibly a club foot, from which he cannot escape, no matter how far he travels. He dies, aged 39 in 1862, and his tomb, discovered by the author and her daughter, still exists at Narsinghpur, Madhya Pradesh.

Interspersed with Thomas's travels are those of the author, their paths frequently crossing, particularly in southern India so 'that I couldn't tell whether I was stalking him or he was stalking me'. This approach to her subject, trying to enter the mind of a man long dead, even at one point doing a 'past life regression' with an Indian psychotherapist, will annoy some readers. It dilutes the content of the book – is it the story of Thomas Machell, or the author? Despite a number of coincidences, intuitions, and chance discoveries, this biographical and auto-biographical approach doesn't really work. All good biographers try to get into the minds of their subjects, but there are ways of doing this and imagining one *is* one's subject, removes the boundaries of objectivity. There are two books struggling to get out here, both equally interesting, for the author is a gifted story teller, but both are weakened by their juxtaposition. There is a long diversion when an American great great nephew of Thomas is found and two fictional chapters on how Thomas might have recorded the last six years of his life, including a report of his own death. A better editorial hand would have teased out these various strands – autobiography, novel, and history and guided the author more closely. Her achievement in rescuing Thomas from obscurity is commendable and perhaps his journals will be edited and published now. But one senses this book has been overlong in its writing, since a number of acknowledgments are to people no longer with us. There is no index, as there should have been. (RLJ)

2015 Medina Publishing ISBN 978 1 909339 53 8, £22.95. pp320

Tears of the Rajas: Mutiny, Money and Marriage in India 1805-1905

Ferdinand Mount

Ferdinand Mount comes from one of those large sprawling families who used to be known as Anglo-Indians, not because they were of mixed blood, but because they lived and worked and sometimes died in India. They were not, generally speaking, from the aristocracy, but from families who had either got lucky during the heady days of unregulated fortunes made by East India Company staff or who sought an adventurous life abroad as a soldier. The Company's Army offered a route into lucrative offices as a Political Agent or even Resident, which is why many of these powerful men had military titles while carrying out civilian roles. A disproportionate number seemed to come from Scotland, like General Sir John Low and his son General Sir Robert Low, round whom this story is loosely based. Between them they covered the hundred years that started with the Vellore Mutiny and ended with the partition of Bengal in 1905.

The author is descended from Sir John and is thus connected to many of the 'Anglo-Indians' including the Metcalfes (Sir Thomas et al), the Shakespears (the dashing Richmond) and the Thackerays (Company writer and grandfather of the novelist William Makepeace). David Cameron, the Prime Minister, somehow comes into it too, because his mother is Mount's first cousin. It was a great aunt, Ursula Low 'a classic maiden aunt' who first sparked the author's interest in India when he rediscovered her book *Fifty Years with John Company: from the letters of General Sir John Low of Clatto, Fife, 1822-1858*, published in 1936 and thereafter sternly ignored by her very extended family. There is a wealth of material to draw on, not only family letters and papers in archival collections like the India Office Library, but from numerous published books, including the reviewer's.

The period between 1805 and 1905 is one of the most exciting in Indian history, and one of the best documented too – meticulous recording by the East India Company and later the Government of India, and of course a rich mine for historians (though I fancy we may be nearing the end of some seams shortly). Mount cannot resist an engaging gallop through events where John Low was not present, like the siege of Delhi in 1857, but luckily other people were like Theophilus Metcalfe, Magistrate, whose beloved family home, Metcalfe House, was destroyed during fighting. Theo erected a gallows in the garden, made from fire-blackened timbers and 'strung up any Indian he suspected of having taken part in the Mutiny'.

He shot 21 villagers who had betrayed one of his servants to the rebels and complained that the King of Delhi, Bahadur Shah Zafar was still alive. It took Sir John Lawrence, later Governor General, to stop individual civil officers from 'hanging at their own pleasure'. Mount makes no apologies for men like Metcalfe and he does his best to draw fair pictures of the numerous princely rulers who were displaced in the Company's expansion – the hapless Peshwa Baji Rao, Lakshmi Bai the Rani of Jhansi and Wajid Ali Shah, the King of Awadh. There are a few errors – Begum Hazrat Mahal was not the King's first wife and this reviewer's name is consistently mis-spelt. The term 'White Mutiny' usually refers to the officer-led revolt of 1766, not the events at Vellore nearly forty years later. But readers will enjoy this blockbuster of a book with 76 pages of footnotes and illustrations. The melancholy photograph of General Sir Robert Low, the hero of Chitral, at the end of his long career, shows the price that many of the 'Anglo-Indian' families paid. (RLJ)

2015 Simon & Schuster ISBN 978 1 4711 2945 2. £25.00 pp773

BACSA's Spring Outing. A enjoyable visit to Belmont House at Faversham in Kent took place on St. George's Day this year, arranged by Mrs Valerie Robinson, the Events Officer. The 18th century house, set in large grounds, was designed by Samuel Wyatt, and was purchased by General George Harris with his prize money from Seringapatam. Our group was warmly welcomed and guided expertly through the handsome rooms, with their collections of paintings, silver, china and the largest antique clock collection in private hands. A good lunch in the Orangery was followed by a stroll through pleasant gardens. Our warm thanks to Valerie Robinson for organizing the visit.

The Battle of Perambaukam, September 1780. This was sent in by BACSA member Dr John Staley following the review of *When the Tiger fought the Thistle*, by our President Alan Tritton. The battle of Perambaukam, perhaps better known as Pollilur, led to the capture and later death of William Baillie, an ancestor of Mr Tritton. The poem is believed to be by Edmund Bull.

To-day along the scorching sand The Tamil ryot drives his kine,
Nor cares that underneath his land Lie countrymen of yours and mine.

Only his children sometimes race To sell into a stranger's hand
Buttons and shot – the only trace Of Baillie's men and Baillie's stand.

Notes to Members

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

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

Members' email addresses will not be given out, If an email is sent for a member, via the Editor or the Honorary Secretary, it will be forwarded to that member. It is then at the discretion of the member to reply or not.

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

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

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The Tiger's Tomb (see page 35)